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98th Edition

The Agiot



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Από τη χθεσινή "πλημμύρα" ερωδιών και άλλων πουλιών, στο ΚΠΕ Κέρκυρας (Αλυκές Λευκίμμης). Αν πάτε, μην πλησιάζετε πολύ και μην κάνετε θόρυβο!

From yesterday's "flood" of herons and other birds, the CCI Corfu (Alykes Lefkimmi). If you go, do not get too close and do not make noise!

[Κέντρο Περιβαλλοντικής Εκπαίδευσης Κέρκυρας](#) on Facebook





A Night at La Tavola Calda

Standing a few metres down a small alley off Guildford Square is La Tavola Calda, a small and cosy Italian restaurant in Corfu town.



'A perfect niche'

This is the territory of Nino Frezza[44], from Napoli. Nino has been at his craft for a long time, learning at Chef School in Napoli, later travelling all round Italy gaining experience in Hotels and Restaurants. From there he travelled Europe, working in London, Germany, Paris and finally Athens, where he arrived in 1995.

There he stayed for over ten years, forming the ambition to own his own place on a Greek island. After much deliberation he chose Corfu, 'for the nature' and because it had a fair-sized population.

In 2006 he was achieving that ambition, starting in Alepou, then moving into the city, where we find him now, where he lives with his French wife Patty and his young boy and girl. He regularly works a sixteen-hour day for his passion, and the end-result clearly shows this.



'Get Set'

Opening times are 7.30 p.m. to 12.30 a.m. seven nights a week.

'Time to Eat'

I am not going to talk about his food; it speaks for itself. What I would urge is for you to try this excellent haven.



Check out his rating @ http://www.tripadvisor.co.uk/Restaurants-g189458-c31-Corfu_Ionian_Islands.html or join him on <https://www.facebook.com/La-tavola-calda-369869703150181/?fref=ts>



'Italian Style'

This is mostly an on-line magazine, but a few copies will be printed and left in various locations in Central Corfu. Cut out the coupon below, present it to Nino and his staff, and you will be entitled to a 20% discount on your meal during December!

'Always Friendly'



20% DISCOUNT
Arranged by
OCCAY VILLAS @ www.ocayvillascorfu.com

Courtesy of Nino Frezza

La Tavola Calda is at
[P.Giotopoulou 10-12](#) Tel for reservations on
2661 044480 or [6998345630](tel:6998345630)
[Corfu, Kerkira, G](#)



Nick The Clock's World

Hi Folks,



'Brothers Cottage'

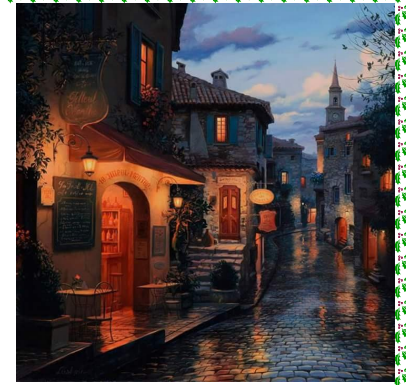
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU ALL.

I hope you are liking my page in the Agiot. Thought I would tell you of my plans for the holiday.

About three years ago my brother, who lives not far from Portsmouth, won the National Lottery.

After that, for some reason he converted to Islam and took three wives. As if that wasn't enough he bought this lovely pad in the Hampshire countryside. And he wrote me, inviting me to come over and stay with him over the Festive period. What could I say rey? I'll tell you how I got on in January, if I survive.

Allahu Akbar,
Nick



From the Ed:

We would like to apologise for the duplication of the CHEM-TRAILS video link last month.

We will try to include the video link for CITY STATES in a future publication.

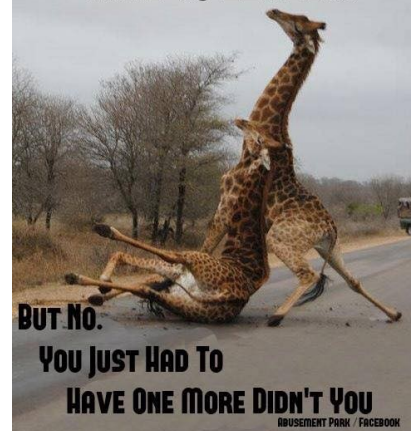
BREATHTAKING VIEW OF THE MILKY WAY



SEEN FROM MARS

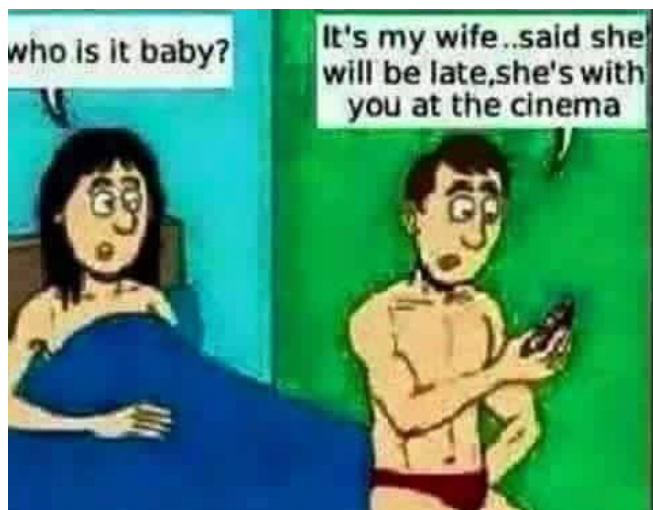


I TOLD YOU IT WAS TIME TO LEAVE...



BUT NO.
YOU JUST HAD TO
HAVE ONE MORE DIDN'T YOU

ROUSEMENT PARK / FACEBOOK



Salary Earnings

Salary of a Retired Prime Minister	£285,944.71
Salary of a Retired Politician	£110,338.62
Salary of House Speakers	£140,012.54
Salary of Majority/Minority Leader	£120,392.12

Average Salary of a soldier	£25,095.09
Average Income for Pensioners	£6578.53

I think we found were cuts should be made!
Like and share if you agree with this

Continued on Page 4



Nick The Clock's World

Continued from Page 3

Monsanto under fire?

<http://www.wakingtimes.com/2015/11/14/two-big-legal-wins-could-mean-the-end-of-monsanto-in-mexico/>

**AS CHILDREN WE ARE TOLD
TO ASK QUESTIONS**



**AS ADULTS WE ARE TOLD
NOT TO**



**IMAGINE A WORLD WHERE TERRORISTS
BLOW THEMSELVES UP**



BUT THERE PASSPORTS REMAIN IN TACT.

TIME'S UP



FOR THE 1%



'Sunblock'

Naturally, the common people don't want war, neither in Russia nor in England nor in America, nor for that matter in Germany.

That is understood. But the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked, and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger.

It works the same way in any country.

—Hermann Goering
during the Nuremberg Trials



bewareofimages.com



bewareofimages



Corfu Town as seen from Vidos island in the first half of 19th century. — I

Alison King.

That's All Folks!



Ocay Villas Christmas offer:

Book Villa Theodora before the
New Year and get 10% off for
any dates within 2016

Book now at:

[www.ocayvillascorfu.com/villa/
villa-theodora](http://www.ocayvillascorfu.com/villa/villa-theodora)



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Book your **tee time** and...

Pay the fee on arrival at the **Club!**

Pre-booking of the golf car is necessary

**Retail price, greenfee and clubs € 65. Buggy, €30*



18-Hole International Championship
«One of the greatest courses in Europe» Encyclopedia of Golf
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shoppe in Norwich.

We now deliver
Nationwide!

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Visit here at the Agiot next month for a
full article by the owners.



Agiotfest Extension

The Minstrel

Since last month's article, there has been a fair bit of traffic on the subject.

So, it seems sensible, nay essential, that the D-Day decision on 2016 is deferred until January [actually January 4th], when the next Agiot newsletter comes out.

Also extended will be the period for buying Early-bird tickets at 12 Euros. These will now be on sale until March 1st, when single tickets will rise to Euros 15. There have already been a few early takers.



Paul [Mr. Guitar] Fennell with some of his charges.

So far we have had a very encouraging response for Junior Sponsorship Membership. The following people have so far stepped forward to pledge. It is terrific. Some of them cannot even come next year, but their love for Agios and Corfu induces them to do their bit to keep our treasured event going from strength to strength;

[In order of correspondence, nothing else]

Neil Hendriksen, Mike Grice, Mickey and Jack Lowe, Anne Hodgson, Tracey Stuart, Miri Widdicombe, Victoria [Corfu Gazette], Henk Van Der Does, Bob Bakker, Robert Bennett, Dave, Cecilia and Jackie Dickinson, Clifford Owen, Steve Young, Paul and Jan Scotter, Daniel Blom, Derek and Carole Pullen, Barry and Stella Knight.

Nicos Vernicos has pledged a financial contribution outside of membership.

If you think you can make a difference and join this band of brothers, please mail in and let us know. YOUR contribution may be the one that makes the difference!

Don't forget please, by the end of 2015 the final decision must be made.

Next year there will be an Agiot reunion coinciding with the event. Make your plans please.

The Corfu Light Railway is expected to lie on a shuttle for August 27th.

Our major Sponsors have stepped forward again. Where would we be without them?

On our Facebook pages 128 people have stated they will be coming thus far.

We are going for Motown/Soul as the headliners, but there is some exciting stuff going on in the background. Our long-time supporter and journalist Spyros Hytiris has come up with; 'This year I've got back my radio programme and we will be able to pay tribute to Agiotfest before it happens presenting its history with samples from every year'.

And this is in now from our great Agiotfest mates

3 κ ι ο κ ο ύ κ ο ς - Ion Ensemble) who played this year.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=af4kNqr-dQQ>

Jonathan Watts from Leatherat;

Hi Paul, I trust all is well? I wondered if we might be able to get an official quote from you as festival organiser; that we can include in our 2016 promotional material? Something good wink emoticon

Easy-peasy Jono;

'Agiotfest 15, Corfu's fast-growing rock, folk and jazz summer festival, was headed this year by Leatherat.

This was our seventh year and we have been entertained down the years by Joe Brown, Steve Gibbons Band, Jimmy James and the Vagabonds and the like.

In such exalted company, Leatherat glittered and charmed their way with their first Greek performance. They were superb, both off and on-stage

We would recommend them to any festival in the UK or abroad whose emphasis is on fun combined with excellent musicianship and highly-creative song-writing.

One of our sponsors who attended said 'I loved the day, but Leatherat were Absolutely Brilliant and I will travel to see them throughout the U.K in the future, as I'd never even heard of them before.'

Agiotfest says; so far this is a seriously under-rated band. You have been warned.'





Agiotfest Sponsors



Fully licensed under Greek law, OCAY Property Services offers both land and property for sale, mostly in the central region of Corfu. They can also handle the entire design and construction of a home including all licences, taxes, etc.

Daylong have been working in the compression hosiery market for over 50 years and have a wealth of experience in providing the right solution for their customers. They stock one of the widest ranges of products available in the UK including specialist medical products, sports ranges and a full range of fashionable support stockings and tights.



Vrionis With us since 2009, every year Bill Vrionis supplies the best of sound and lighting. Visit his excellent shop on town

If you are looking for a travel agent who will spend the time to come up with the exact holiday that you want, in the right place and at the right budget for you, and knows what they are talking about as well, Spear Travels can provide a huge choice and offer holidays with the smaller tour operators that are often not available on the High Street.



100 + Club



Design of temporary structures in tube and fittings and various proprietary scaffolding systems including temporary roofs, facade shores and difficult access solutions all designs carried out in accordance with all current British and European standards and regulations.



Boatman's World is a full service chandlery adjacent to Gouvia Marina in Corfu, Greece



British Corner Shop

The largest selection of British food in Greece. Favourite leading brands including Waitrose groceries and Iceland frozen foods. Plus a selection of confectionery, ice cream, soft drinks, beers & wine, dairy produce, household cleaners, personal care, newspapers, magazines and greetings cards.



Corfu Beer



Sally's Bar
Ipsos



Green Island

Holiday Accommodation on the Greenest Island of Greece: Corfu. Specialized in the Dutch & the British tourist market

Nikos Pouliasis

A local and much-respected architect and Mekanikos, Mr Pouliasis has been designing houses across Corfu for many years. He is always kind, patient and fair-minded. Also, his rates are consistently competitive!

Sunrise Cars

Discover the hidden beauties of the island with the hospitality and security of Sunrise Rent a Car. Situated on the main road opposite the customs buildings at the New Port, this company has been operating since 1980 and due to its experience can offer the best services and prices



And:

Aqualand
Simon & Lin Baddeley
Big Bite Restaurant, Benitses
Blue Bar, Gouvia Marina
Alex Boukis
Pat & Gina Brett
Bob & Jill Carr
Micky Clark
Chas Clifton
Compass Café, Kontokoli
Corfu TV
David Dickinson
Sue Done
Dionysus Camping, Dassia
Eco-point
Evenos Woodcraft. Alykes
Gouvia Marina
Rob Groove
Ken & Jan Harrop
Hotel Telesillas, Kontokoli
Spyros Hytiris
In Action gym
Kafe Arkoutha, Corfu Town
Kafe sas Too, Ag. Georgios. South
Barry & Stella Knight
Spyros Kouloudis. Dentist
Dimitris Krokidis
<http://corfuwall.gr/>
La Tabernita Mexicana
La Tavola Calda
Lionel Mann
Maria. Driving School
Nikolas's Taverna, Agni NSK
Hilary Paipeti
Vassilis Pandis Posidonio Restaurant, Agios
Giordis
Paul & Jan Scotter
Sephora Shop
Jo & Mel Sperling
Michael Spiggos, Firebrand Radio
<http://www.firebrandrr.co.uk/michael-spiggos/>
Star Bowl
Lucy Steele
Martin & Tracey Stuart
Sue & Terry Thompson
Steve Young
Mary Walker
Adrian Ward
<http://realcorfu.com/>
Les & Chris Woods
Sarah Young
Nick & Penny Zajak



The Swedish experiment.

After spending holidays in Agios Ioannis for more than 40 years, Len and I decided to try the winter in the village to see how we liked it. We contacted the editor of this magazine and asked if he had any suitable house we could rent. And he answered that Villa Theodora was available which suited us perfectly.



'Garden Here'

So we left our small Swedish island for the much bigger greek one, and we have now been here for a month and we are starting to settle down.

The first weeks Kostas taverna was open and life was not so different from our holidays. We went to the taverna for food and drinks, met some really nice people and made new friends. Anna, Nico and Alexandra took as usually good care of us, Nicki and Chris came to eat almost every night same as our new friends Les and Chris. Now the taverna is closed and we have to start a more ordinary life in the villa, including cooking, cleaning, watch TV and other mundane things.



'It could be almost summer'

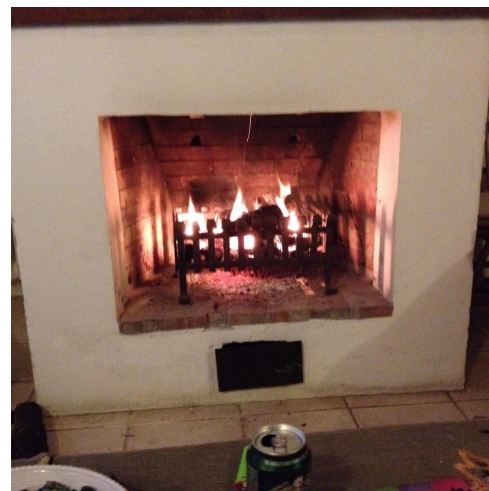
Since we not hired a car yet Les and Chris have been incredibly nice taking us everywhere, including our greek classes every tuesday. The classroom is situated at Sallys Bar in Ypsos where Aleko is trying to teach his somewhat eccentric students the greek language .And, of course, due to the location of the classroom our school days (a one hour lesson) tend to last

for at least four or five hours. Sally do have very nice wine and snacks.

'Lennart in formal wear'



Now we are waiting for some friends to come and visit, Margareta from Sweden is coming in two weeks and she will stay with us for a month, Christine from Scotland will come to see us for a week in december. And of course our two children and my mother are coming to spend Christmas with us, something we really looking forward to



Valhalla

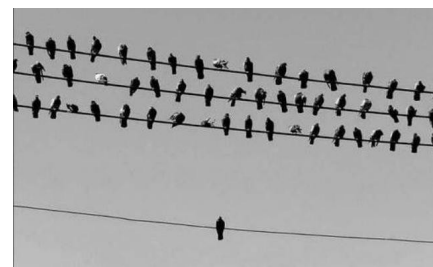
Love to all our friends out in the world.

At the keyboard
Sanna





Letters to the Editor



ED: Welcome to December, welcome to the first of the month, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and welcome to two new contributors; Gooners Gags and Sanna Ternald. Thank you all for supporting us through another year!

Sanna Ternald [from Sweden, but currently in Agios Ioannis]

Hi Paul!

I have to do this as a e-mail we don't have Word on our computer, hope it's OK. And can you please correct the worst grammar and spelling mistakes? It is so much more difficult to write in english than speak it. I think my written language is very clumsy Will we see you tonight? Are you coming to the Mikis T thing?

Sanna xx

ED: I don't know why you say this Sanna, your English is fine How's your Greek though? X

Cecilia Dickinson from Colchester wrote;

Hello gentle writer,

that is a wonderful picture of Lula and Beba!!

Xxx

ED: Thank you my dear friend Thank you!

Richie Henderson from Edinburgh;

I remember playing one of the first Agiotfests at that very spot!!



Dick Mulder from Agios Ioannis;

Take me down to my boat on the river
I need to go down, I need to come down
Take me back to my boat on the river
And I won't cry out any more



Rev. Dr. P. Clifford Owen

Dear Paul

You may just remember me as Anglican Chaplain in Corfu 2002-2008.

First of all may I thank you for the November issue of the AGIOT. I read it with great interest and enjoy reminiscing over the articles. Most of them still ring bells for me. Please give my regards to Hilary Paipeti and I'm pleased she is cooking for Holy Trinity Wednesday lunchbox. This latter has become an institution in its own right! Also my fond memories to Lionel Mann and tell him that I haven't forgotten how we loaded his organ on to a trailer to ship it to HTC for Christmas services in 2006??

I am busy as ever...just been to St. Michael's Paris to stand in and will be back in Genova in January. Apart from that I work a day a month in Ely Cathedral and have services locally most Sundays. However as you will see from the attached article I am busy on Wednesdays with the Nene Valley Railway. If you want to publish the article in the Agiot you are very welcome to.

Meanwhile thanks again for the Agiot and keep up the good work.

All good wishes

Clifford (Owen) Ely

ED: Thank you Clifford for your well-wishes I am happy to publish your article but need to stress that the Nene Valley Railway has a different gauge to the Corfu Light Railway! Regards to Avis.

Continued on Page 10

**Letters to the Editor - Continued from page 9**

Tom Daltas from U.K.

on November 4, 2015 at 4:55 am

Dear Lionel,

This is a message of thanks and well-wishing.

You won't remember me though perhaps you will remember my mother, Susan Daltas, who is more present in the Corfiot English and Church-going community. This would hardly be a surprise as I can't have been much older than 10 when I met you and indeed now, at the age of 27, I have been living in the UK for over 10 years.

We first met at Church in Corfu. As far as my hazy memory carries me I recall that, along with the appointment of a new vicar in the 90's you also appeared as the new organist. You were undoubtedly the only person I remember deserving that title as you clearly knew what you were doing on the organ which had only ever emitted tortured screeches under the well-intentioned but ham-fisted efforts of your predecessors and successors.

Retrospectively I now assume that in the run-up to Christmas you and the vicar made a concerted effort to get the children a bit more involved than usual in the annual carol services. You must have had an impressive word with all the mothers because sure enough I found myself among a large number of the kids my age facing you at the first carol rehearsal.

At a point in my life when, due both to my young age and my generally shy, reclusive and reluctant disposition, I had rarely ventured outside of my comfort zone this first rehearsal was not something I wanted to attend at all. In fact it was one of the rare events when I remember my parents insisting that I should at least try it before making up my mind not to go. Although very unhappily present I had instant relief in the presence of Christopher, a childhood friend and all-round hell-raiser who brought out the openly mischievous and rebellious in me. With each other for company we were absolutely determined not to take the practice session seriously and so agreed in whispers to disruptively bellow our way through "Away in a Manger". And bellow we did: loudly, out of tune and whilst swaying side to side and pushing the other kids around. To your credit you allowed this to carry on all the way through to the end and then regarded us quietly for a moment as we hummed with suppressed mirth.

This is when you delivered your "bomb shell", the benign impact of which I still marvel at:

"Well, obviously that needs some work but, do you

know what, there are 15 people here and I could only really hear the two of you over there" you said, indicating me and Christopher. You carried on to say something along the lines of "you two have good voices, keep it up".

Now, a cynic would say that this was reverse psychology. I however would counter that you expressed positive affirmation, which is the key to successful education. This is not to be sniffed at since genuinely successful education is, in fact, life-changing.

I was completely thrown off by your positive affirmation. The thought of giving up never again crossed my mind and I enjoyed every single rehearsal and the final performance itself. The effect was also similar for Christopher although we didn't talk about it.

I should be clear at this point: I did not subsequently become a professional singer or musician. I have however taught myself to play guitar and sing for my own and others' enjoyment and I am saving up to buy a piano to teach myself once again. I am now entering a phase in my adulthood where thinking and remembering, both esoteric activities, are taking an increasingly important role in my life over the exoteric such as doing and pursuing. It is fascinating to observe in oneself and others how seemingly minor events, an image or a sentence, enter the unconscious and influence the ways we think about who we are and what is possible for us to achieve in life. I am pleased to say that friends and strangers have often complimented me on my musical/artistic abilities, and I of course always recognize the under-current and true meaning of these words: if he or she is "not musical" by their own declaration when I ask, I urge them to give it a go as even the most basic skills of self-expression in music are a life-long path to joy. "You already know this", I say "otherwise you wouldn't have noticed or enjoyed what you just heard".

Now, in the grand scheme of things I am still only 27 so what do I know about anything? Nevertheless, I hope and aim to continue to push myself and gently push others out of their comfort zones for as long I have the life in me. I have experienced the value of this approach myself and I owe it, in no small part, to you.

Best wishes,

Tom Daltas

Ed: Thank you for this Tom. I read your mail to Lionel and he was very chuffed. In the next article you will see a response from him here.



Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by
Hilary Paipeti

Bread Memories

It seems strange to those of us now habituated to supermarkets selling an ever-diverse display of goods, but not so long ago the product variety was much more limited. Thirty years ago, the choice of cheese was 'yellow or white', the white being feta and the yellow some form of hardish locally-produced graviera or kefalotiri. Its furthest provenance was the Mainland.

Bread, too. The choice was white or white, and you bought it from the village bakery, at government-controlled weight and price: a kilo block, baked in a tin, or if you were lucky a thick baguette, nicer because it had more crust. Then a couple of bakeries tentatively began producing wholemeal loaves, and even ones made with cornmeal. Tentatively, because generations of villagers had grown up with the hated 'barbarella' or 'bobota', a heavy cornmeal bread, sometimes just a mix of meal and water.

Most households had a domed wood-fired oven where the week's bread was baked in a batch. The 'barbarella' was made from a leavened mixture of cornmeal and wheat flour in the case of wealthier families, while the poor made it solely of cornmeal, bulked out sometimes with bran. Families grew maize for the bread, and would have it ground at the local mill, which would also supply them with wheat flour - if they could afford it.

'Often in the small hours when I was doing the washing,' remembered a local woman born in 1912, 'I would boil some milk and throw in cornmeal and sugar to make a sort of sweet polenta, and I'd eat like a queen.

Before we set off for work, we filled a pinta [a big tin mug of a pint capacity] with roast barley coffee, added plenty of sugar and soaked a good chunk of barbarella in it. This breakfast was called papara.

'The poor used to mix cornmeal and water,' she continued, 'then they'd wrap the paste in leaves and bake it on a hot stone. One day, my future mother-in-law made one of these, a kouloura [baked in the shape of a hoop], and left it on the kitchen table. Someone entered the house and stole it. It threw her into a panic. "What are we going to eat today, now my kouloura's gone?" she cried. Because that was all they had.'

Ilias Mavropoulos remembers how they used to make bread in the village of Stavros:

In our village, back then, a single bakery supplied all the population. That is, all those who lived in the five contiguous neighbourhoods (Makrata, Loukata, Halkidata, Dafnata and Komianata). And the bakery also sent bread to the outlying neighbourhood of Kornata. It was able to supply all the settlements because most of the villagers did not eat the wheaten bread it produced. They couldn't afford it; their income was low and scarce, and insufficient to buy 'ready' bread; it was expensive, and due to its good quality, they tended to eat more if it was available.

In order to have enough bread to get through the week,

most people had an oven, and they would buy maize and even barley, of the type that today is fed to horses, donkeys and chickens.

Then they would load their donkey with containers full of the corn and walk to the mill, which was located on the Messongi river, taking about two and a half hours to get there and the same back. Each person waited their turn to get the corn milled, after which they would give the miller a small quantity of the resulting flour as payment. Then they'd reload their donkey and bring the flour back to the village.

The housewives would decide on which day they would bake the bread, enough to last all the week. This corn bread was called 'barbarella'. The name derives from the alternative word for corn, 'barbaro' (the usual Greek word is 'kalamboki'). On the first day after baking, the bread was quite edible, being warm and soft, and somewhat pleasant in taste. But as the days progressed, it would harden and its flavour was not so nice...

What could the poor villagers do but eat it with thanks? Their labours were hard, and their fields distant from their homes. Hunger stalked them. They thought they were lucky to get just that little piece of bread...

*The bakery was located in Loukata, in the premises where it exists today *, but of course a different baker runs it now. It's well known that bakers, to prepare the dough for the oven, have to get up shortly after midnight so the bread's ready by eight.*

Sometimes the villagers who baked their own 'barbarella' for the week ahead would run out, either because they hadn't enough flour or because the amount of work they had to do prevented them from baking. In this case, they would go to a neighbour and ask for some bread on loan, on the promise that they would give the same quantity back next time they baked. This happened on numerous occasions in my family home.

One day my parents sent me to weigh some bread at the village store. The shop stocked just a few vital day-to-day items, like sugar, pasta, rice, beans and a few other foodstuffs in small quantities. Usually it opened at sunset, because the villagers were out at their fields during the day, some hoeing and ploughing, some picking olives and others doing various jobs; everyone was out between dawn and sunset.

After nightfall, folk would gather at the store to sell whatever produce they had to spare. The men of the neighbourhood would also get together to drink a glass of wine or ouzo, to chat, to tell a story or to joke with each other, for there was no other form of entertainment, not even a radio. But live theatre would happen by itself, maybe when someone a bit thick was around, or someone worth teasing, or perhaps someone who had drunk a little too much. For them, this was the best entertainment, better than real theatre.

Continued on Page 12



Hilary's Ramblings
Continued from Page 11

So I went down to the store with the bread to weigh, so we could give our neighbour back the same amount she'd lent us. It was dark, and there was no electricity as there is now, just a lamp to light the place up. As I approached the door, I heard our neighbours Gerasimos and Nikos arguing. Gerasimos had a dog, which Nikos claimed had gone into his henhouse and killed his chickens. Gerasimos was having none of it, denying it for one reason and another. And that's how the argument ended; to this day no-one knows whether Gerasimos's dog killed the chickens or not.

As soon as Corfu's village population grew less cash-poor, from the 60s and 70s onwards, domestic ovens went out of use, and families obtained their daily bread from the local bakery. Every village of any size possessed one. The bread was invariably white, soft and spongy, a contrast to the despised 'dark' stuff of former times. Wholemeal was not prestigious; eating it seemed a throwback to past times, an indication of poverty - and families, however hard up, were desperate to avoid that label. But today the newer generations, with no memory of the hated *barbarella*, snap up the healthier wholewheat options.

And there are plenty of options, now that the era of the 'bread boutique' has arrived. It began in small shops in and around Corfu Town, and was later taken up by the supermarkets. Most of these institutions actually source their supplies from village bakeries - AB, for example, receives a daily order of massive variety from Kato Garouna. With the exception of LIDL, these stores have not (yet) gone down the road of 'in-house baking' - actually a cheat, since the loaves are prepared elsewhere and brought in frozen for a last-minute blast in the oven. It does not compare with the bread lovingly prepared by a village baker with those aeons of tradition behind him.

* The bakery stands on the left of the road as you go up through the Stavros neighbourhoods, a long, low building with olive trunks supporting the veranda roof.

Talking of bread, I have recently discovered the best bruschetta on the planet - avocado on toast. Toast some good chewy wholemeal bread (AB multiseed is excellent, but not exactly toaster-friendly!). With a fork, mash some ripe avocado in a bowl (just before eating as it will go black if it sits around) and add a good pinch of salt. When the toast is ready, rub one side with half a peeled clove of garlic until well impregnated. Spoon on the avocado and eat immediately. Half an avocado will do for 3-4 slices of toast (rub the exposed flesh of the other half with olive oil and cover with clingfilm to eat no later than the next day). For a posher version, suitable for guests, pile a tablespoon of finely diced peeled tomato flesh on top of the avocado, and scatter with fine dice of mozzarella cheese. You may omit the garlic.

I meant to comment extensively on the Iranian Women's Football Team (of which eight of the Burqa-clad players

are reported to be blokes awaiting gender reassignment as babes), but events in the Middle East are running too fast for what I have to say in this monthly publication to remain relevant. What I was going to write as a starting point was this:

Yes, you heard that right. This 'Axis of Evil' state, notoriously ruled by strict and fundamentalist Ayatollahs, permits sex change. I'd like to see anyone trying that in Saudi Arabia, where even the thought would likely provoke severance of parts of the anatomy.

Yet Iran is vilified, subject to sanctions and slated by politicians and the press, while Saudi Arabia is regarded as a valuable international partner, its leaders welcomed to party in London and even invited to attend royal occasions and dine at state banquets.

The clue to why this is so rests in a little-known event that took place in 1946, on an island in the Suez Canal. This meeting between representatives of the House of Saud and the USA resulted in an agreement that is affecting our lives today, as the parallel and well-known Yalta Accord no longer does, since the Cold War it kicked off fizzled out around 1990.

It is called the Bitter Lake Agreement, and those wishing to learn about it in more detail than I can offer here should watch Adam Curtis' film of the same name, available to view on Youtube (unless it has been pulled). Essentially, the agreement secured Saudi oil for the American market, and in return (amongst other concessions) gave Saudi Arabia free rein to promote worldwide its strict Wahhabi version of Islam.

That's right. You read it correctly. The good old USA endorsed the hard sell of the ideology behind Islamic fundamentalism.

This nearly 70-year old deal underpins much of the plight of the Middle East today, including the awful beliefs of the Islamic State in Iraq and Syria, and shortly coming to a town near you...[ED: Afra?]



Aunty Lula's Love-bites

APPLE STRUDEL

Ingredients:-

Combine together::

500g of green apples, peeled, cored and thinly sliced.

80 g of raisins

50g of chopped walnuts

Grated rind of half an orange

100g sugar

1 tsp of ground cinnamon

¼ tsp of nutmeg

¼ tsp of salt

—

100g dry breadcrumbs

250 g of filo pastry

A mix of melted butter and sunflower oil for pastry brushing

[The ingredients are sufficient for three strudels].

GO:

1] Place a sheet of pastry on a clean worktop. Brush it evenly with the butter and oil mix.

2] Sprinkle a tablespoon of crumbs. Repeat layering. [Reserve 2 tbsp of oil and butter].

3] Spoon the apple mixture onto the bottom end of the pastry, leaving a 6-7cm border on three sides.

4] Fold the side borders over the filling; roll up from the bottom like a Swiss roll.

5] Place the roll seam side-down in the greased tin and brush with the remaining melted butter and oil.

Repeat process from 1-5 if wished.

Bake at 180 degrees for 40 minutes until golden.

Cool in the tin on a wire rack for about 30 minutes. Cut into thick slices and dust with icing sugar.

Καλη ορεξη

Video Corner

How Ancient Greek sounded

<http://mitosculture.gr/audiovideo/>

How Modern Irish sounds

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ee_N3g4ORLk

Merry Christmas

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=kAOm3APJopM>

Killed by bear

<http://www.express.co.uk/news/world/265455/Bear-s-eating-me-girl-told-mum-in-call>

Audience Discretion Advised!

<http://www.frequency.com/video/billy-connelly-sums-up-religion-in-under/171546061/-/5-2920>

Jacque Frescoe talks sense

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4m3wzTULrWQ>

Corfu Town One Afternoon Part 1; courtesy of Panagiotis Dimisianos

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=w9OhrYnbL00>

Wheelie Good

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=heTu_u8WqTY

Anti-poacher

<http://truththeory.com/2015/11/24/people-hunt-endangered-animals-so-this-woman-hunts-poachers/>





Village and Island News

By
The Editor

An eventful sort of month; let's be fair, some days are eventful enough by themselves hereabouts. On a personal front baby-sitting is a new past-time. This, I enjoy on the three to four time a week we are 'on shift'.



'Purrsephone'



'Spiros & Melina'



Look, here come some Viking Invaders, to try a raid and colonisation for the winter; long-term Agiots Lennart and Sanna from Sweden. You can read about their progress each month in this magazine, as writ by themselves.

There are ferry strikes and balmy days, heavy rain and thunder later in the month but never long enough to become oppressive. This is a most unusual November, as Kostas taverna remains open until the 26th of November. And there is no need for heating in our kitchen stove until that same day-most peculiar.



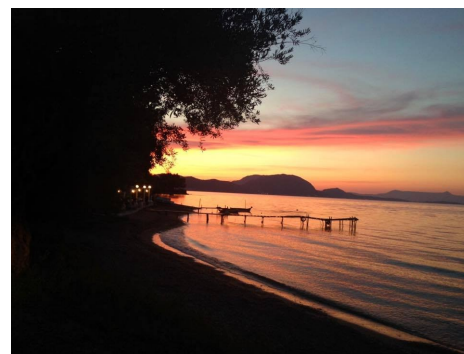
supplications and the glorious blue skies work their magic; so many jolly nights are had in the cosy den.



'More Digging
in town'



'Two guys loitering'



'Paradise'



'The beautiful
island'



'A City Facade'

The taverna should have been long-closed, that was the intention. But here we have the Swedes, Les and Chris, Martin Stuart, and Nikki and Chris Dartford, all inhabiting the perimeter of the plateia and putting amiable pressure on Anna to stay open. Their

There are other gatherings too, at Brook Meadow, Villa Theodora, and Villa Sofia. If we are not careful we will become a clique. And into this mix arrives Barry [newly-retired] and Stella from Sutton Bridge, out-of-season tourists for a week; the taverna is fairly rocking on occasion.

We have boy-racers newly-arrived in Agios, in the main strip late at night. That's loud. Oh, and a police raid on Kouna's bar. But the summer upon a summer over-rides these sediments.

Continued on page 15



Village and Island News
Continued from page 14



'Village morning mist'

November the eighth and it's hot enough for a barbecue on our patio. Lennart and Sanna are there, and Lionel, and lots of food and drink; can't complain about any of that!

Only a couple of days later six of us enroll in Greek lessons in Ipsos, under the tuition of kindly teacher Alekos Damaskinos. He will have to be kind to handle us lot. The second time I went I took him an apple to impress him. It didn't. He gives us homework. Mmm. The upside is you are allowed to drink in class; very avant-garde.

Chris Woods had her birthday party in the taverna, which she did not expect. Her scary-brained husband made a devious and cunning plan. The night was notable for a dog-fight between Andy and Milo. While I was trying, not very successfully, to separate them, Nikos assisted by pouring vinegar over me. I THINK he was aiming at the dogs. I left the fracas smelling just like one of the chips I was eating.

EMFIA is on the cards for us down-trodden yokels, so it was queuing time to pay-off the Banksters for their piracy [Actually happened the last day of October]. We had planned to have a few days away off-island, but we much preferred to spend our money as above.

An earthquake on the morning of the 17th; its epicenter was Lefkada and it was six point something. Many people here felt the tremor. I didn't; no sense, no feeling. Unfortunately, two ladies on Lefkada were killed by falling masonry. <http://www.google.org/publicalerts/alert?aid=bfe688b0931c0c32&hl=en&gl=UK&source=web>

Emptied Lake Inferior, the goldfish pond, for the first time. The plastic liner has stood up well to about ten years of falling rocks and diving dogs but what

shelf-life is left to it? What a stench from the morass at the bottom but I know this treacle will be brilliant compost. I'm looking forward to tackling our garden this winter, also to experiment with foods and the like, eat lots of porridge and molasses, drink rainwater when it falls from vessels left for it in the back garden, and walk the pack far and wide. It should be that healthy pre-Christmas period, if I can oft-times body-swerve the newcomers, as much as I love them. Made a first batch of Organic Apple Cider vinegar; should be ready by June.



'Wild weather by George Goudelis'



'Wild weather'

Lionel celebrates his 31st year in Agios. Where did those decades fly to? He is fairly well for 88, but is definitely frailer this year. Alekos Pangrakiotis is not feeling so good and his mother Ioanna died on the 24th. Two days later she was buried in our small churchyard under thunder and heavy rain.

R.I.P.

And the month rounded out with the Anglican Church Winter Fair, which was very well-attended. Won a box of chocolates on the raffle, which will make an excellent Christmas present for Lionel.

Shhh!



Saturday Walks December

Saturday, 5 December: Strinilas and the Karst Plateau (** 2 1/2 hours). Meet at Stamatis, Strinilas, 10.00 for 10.30 start, with short onward car journey. Lunch at Stamatis. NOTE: One of our top-rated walks, but rough underfoot. This is the previous week's cancelled walk.

Saturday, 12 December: Vatos and Mount Tsamourou (** 2 hours). Meet at 19th Hole Bar, Vatos (next to the petrol station, near the entrance to the Golf Club) 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Tristrato. NOTE: Hopefully, we shall be able to use some newly-discovered sections.

Saturday, 19 December: Benitses Back Roads (** 1 1/2 hours). Meet at Big Bite Restaurant - Benitses South End, 10.30 for 11.00 start. Followed by Walkers' Christmas Lunch at Big Bite. NOTE: This will be a play-it-by-ear walk depending on conditions. Lunch will go ahead even if it rains. Bookings are being taken on hilary.paipeti@gmail.com.

Saturday, 26 December: Sinarades and the West Coast Loop (** 2 hours). Meet at Sinarades Square, 10.30 for 11.00 start. Lunch to be arranged. NOTE: Some of the best views on the West Coast.

Saturday, 2 January: Kombitsi Pine Forest Dry Circuit (** 2 hours). Meet at the Old Kafenion (Brusko), near Kombitsi Square, 10.00 for 10.30 start. Lunch at Brusko. NOTE: This walk avoids the mud that the Forest is notorious for.

The World of Simon

People like me don't usually fly the Union Jack. But while I was thinking about how to scare off birds from my vegetables it occurred to me that the Union Jack served well (Jack is also my stepfather's name). The flag's presence was (politely) questioned during a plot committee (on the general principle of not flying any national flags on an allotment) but our Hon Sec pointed out that my flag had 'iconic' links with the place, linked to the photo of the young Winford Fagan in Handsworth Park (next to our allotments). Winford says "I had that flag on my bike for as long as I had the bike. A union jack was something you would have then, not just for bunting. People asked me, "Why not a Jamaican flag?" but I didn't know about Jamaica. I was born here. My parents came here 50 or 60 years ago; I was one of the first generations." When Vanley Burke took this picture in 1970 I had not even moved to Birmingham and I didn't come to Handsworth until 1979. The picture of me on my plot was taken this year only a few yards from where Vanley made his photo of Winford Fagan 45 years ago, and Vanley has an allotment only yards from mine. His is a cornucopia, the finest garden on the Victoria Jubilee. I also regularly travel to and from my plot on my bicycle.



Winford

And

Simon



- See more at: <http://democracystreet.blogspot.gr/#sthash.dLkhNOcb.dpuf>



**All Welcome
Christmas Carols &**



100+ Club December draw

At Villa Theodora

22nd December - 7:00 p.m. start

**Please bring a bottle or plate of
something**

(Hosted by the Vikings)


www.SallysBarCorfu.com

Corfu Weather Statistics November 2015

Read more at:

http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbUGCtGf.99

Temperature

Max Temperature

Mean Temperature

Min Temperature

Degree Days

Heating Degree Days (base 65)

Cooling Degree Days (base 65)

Growing Degree Days (base 50)

Dew Point

Precipitation

Wind

Wind

Gust Wind

Sea Level Pressure

Max

Avg

Min

25°C

21 °C

14 °C

19 °C

16°C

10°C

16 °C

11 °C

6°C

14

5

0

0

0

0

16

10

0

21 °C

13°C

4 °C

29.0 mm

3.0 mm

0.0 mm

50 km/h

7 km/h

0 km/h

74 km/h

48 km/h

32 km/h

1029 hPa

1018 hPa

997 hPa



Actually also outside my house 2 mins up from town!!!! [ED: Axharavi]

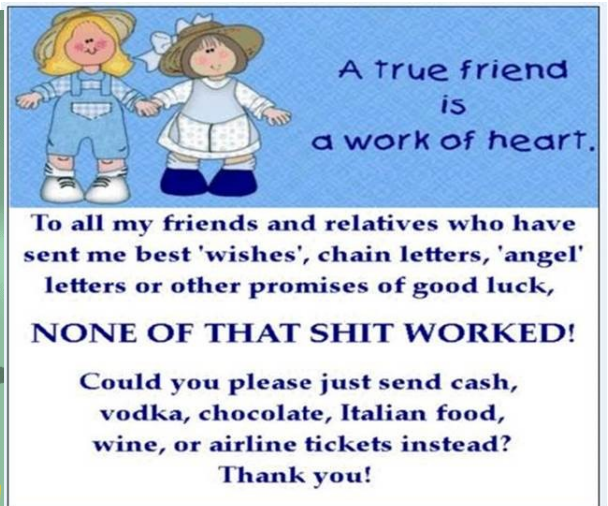
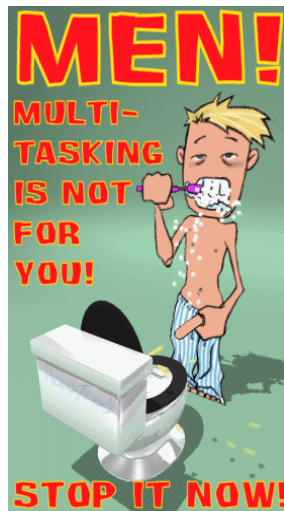
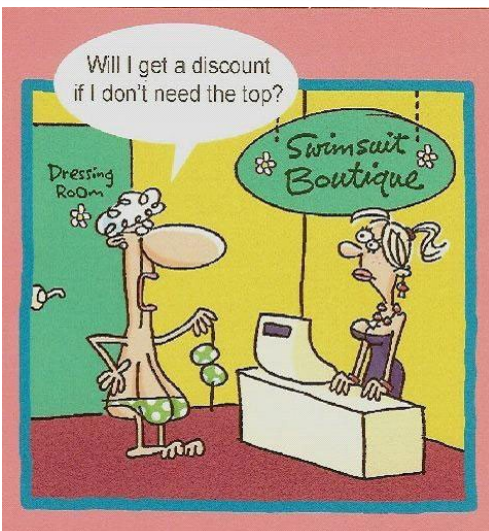
[Ed: Obnoxious AI referring to snow settling in the north of Corfu]



Gooners Gags,



Then I said; "the hell with it & dug out my old bikini....."



"Lately, I've been feeling lethargic, listless and apathetic, and if I stand up too suddenly, I get dizzy. My daughter says she has to smoke two joints to feel like that."

If we meet offline
and you look
nothing like your
pics you're buying
me drinks until
you do!



THE ARK ANIMAL WELFARE CHARITY

CHRISTMAS RAFFLE

Ticket sales for the Raffle are going very well and the list of Prizes is growing by the day!

I attach a tentative list of Prizes, to date, just to give you all an idea of what can be won on the day, many of them very good quality and useful items. As you can see, this list is not complete and will still be added to as prizes are offered by our very kind Friends and Supporters.

Tickets can be obtained from the ARK Shop in town; Ileana Trivoli, the ARK Treasurer; the British Corner Shop; myself and many others around the island.

As previously mentioned, the Raffle will be drawn at
**12 noon on Saturday, 19 December in the ARK Shop at Ag. Dimitrio
11 in town.**

Do come and join in the fun and, if you intend buying any tickets please come early to enable us to do the 'paperwork' and have the tickets ready to include in the Raffle which will start at 12noon sharp.

Lucy Steele, M.B.E.
Raffle Organiser





THE ARK CHRISTMAS RAFFLE

To be held on Saturday, 19 December 2015, at 12noon

Prize

Donated by

**BOSCH 'Sensixx B10L' Steam Iron
and Station (Valued at €79)**

Large Fluffy Dog

Oil on canvas

Sunday lunch for 2 persons

Beauty aids

Print, framed

Decorative candle, wine

**Hardback: 'Modern drama'
by Monica Ali**

Print of ?

Cinese Caligraphy Set

Silver Serving spoons

Italian Man's Sweater

**Lesson for 4persons followed by
drinks, mezes at Poolside Bar**

Print of ?

Antique Italian leather

Cigarette case

Italian writing set; pen, nibs, ink

Snack for 2 persons

Oil on canvas

Beauty aids

Meal, wine for 2persons

Decorative tulip candle

Decorative 6row necklace

**Hardback: 'Healthy Lifestyle' by
the editors of Prevention**

Paperback 'Sagitarias Rising'

2 bottles wine, red/white

Beauty aids

Indian Head massage

Meal for two persons

3 White wine

ARK

supporter

Paul and Jan Scotter

Natalie McIlwraith

Kafesas Too

Sephora shop

Kalouris

Brian Cogan

Caritas Catholic

Charity

Stephi Clash

Ark supporter

Ark supporter

Ark supporter

**Croquet club of
Corfu**

Suzie Clarke

Ark supporter

Ark supporter

Navigator's Bar

Natalie McIlwraith

Marks & Spencer

Big Bite Restaurant

Ark supporter

Ark supporter

Caritas Catholic

Charity

Lucy Steele

Gouvía marina

Sephora Shop

Sarah Young

Da RobertoeFei Gouvía

Steenis Wine Store

Continued on page 21



The Ark Christmas Raffle
Continued from page 20

Cafetiera coffee maker
Hoodie head scarf
Panasonic digital cordless phone
Satin decorative table cover
Beauty aids
Rohnson coffee maker
Caftan)
Cigarette case)
Key case)
Towel)
Bag)
2 Bracelets)
Ceramic dish filled with baklava
Beauty aids
Ladies Sheepskin boots, size 37/38
Water heater
Presentation pack of soap

Various Jewellery items

Other possibilities:

Diellas, Gouvia – electrical item?
Public Store ?
A.B. Store ?

Germanos Store ?-
Vodafone Store ?
Wind Store ?

Electronet Store
Plous Store, Solari
Kotsovolos Store
Lord & Taylor
Hatselenis Store, Solari
Export Store

Scafandro Store, Gouvia

Emeral Patisseri
Avon cosmetics
ARK supporter
Dimitra Market
Patounis Soap Makers





Six reasons why the Paris attacks may have been (another) 'false flag' event *Hussein al-Bretani*

1) **The Timing.** Friday the 13th? Why did the attacks occurred on what is traditionally our most-feared date? It's because the people who may actually be perpetrating these events cannot resist symbolism. First of all it satisfies their own warped mindset; then they know that, by using significant numbers associated with fear, they can induce suppressed fraught emotions; and the dates morph into a conveniently easy-to-remember acronymic titles with fearful connotations. No-one fails to recognise what you are talking about when you mention 9/11 or 7/7, and Paris on Friday the 13th will join them in creating a frisson of terror. 911, by the way, happens to be the emergency telephone number in the US, and thus people associate it with alarming events; and 7 is a powerful number in occult circles (especially when repeated). Interesting, too, that the attacks happened a couple of days before the G20 summit (in Turkey!), at which the main theme of discussion was hurriedly switched from Climate to Security. And also shortly before a vote in the British Parliament about whether to go to war in Syria... (see below).

2) **The 'Hallmarks'.** Every incident always 'bears all the hallmarks' of the current bogeyman. Recent past: Muslims + bombs/guns/knives = 'all the hallmarks of Al-Qaeda'. Now: Muslims + bombs/guns/knives = 'all the hallmarks of ISIS'. These bogeyman outfits may never exist as centralised organisations, but perhaps only as flimsy umbrellas to whose spokes long fragile threads are lightly tied.

In his novel Foucault's Pendulum, Umberto Eco demolishes the concept of underground groups working in concord: Three bored workers at a vanity publishing firm specialising in esoteric and conspiracy works 'discover' (invent) a secretive society - ancient and ongoing - that 'has its fingerprints' all over their company's literary submissions. In a very funny chapter, they uncover encoded in an old archive a Templar plot to conceal treasure (the plot at the centre of the Templar legend) that seems to prove their thesis of a Giant Conspiracy; after a period of huge excitement, they realise the old manuscript is a laundry list. In the meantime, these three publishing assistants encounter a contemporary secretive group that dabbles in alchemy and the occult. The latter group chance on the publishers' product-of-boredom fictional society, and announce that since they themselves comprise an occult group, and there existed a much older occult group (though we readers know it was imaginary), the two groups are obviously one and the same! This leap of illogic has dreadful consequences.

The point being that anyone anywhere can claim membership of - or the much vaguer 'affiliation with' - any group, real or suppositional, if they feel it gives them more credence (or 'street cred'). Makes 'em feel more important, dunnit?

And equally, the authorities can easily ascribe 'hallmarks' to any group.

3) **The Passport.** There's always a passport, with which the authorities can conveniently identify the perps. Remember the 9/11 one, supposedly belonging to one of the pilots? Remarkably, this paper document survived the fireball of the plane hitting the skyscraper, and subsequently became the only object to remain intact (and not even much singed!) after the fall of the building, in which metal objects such as girders and pipes were reduced to dust. Then it was expediently picked up off the street by a cop, thus proving beyond all doubt that Al-Qaeda diddit! (Faced with these facts, and with eyes tight shut, hands over ears and screaming 'NOOOOOO!', an acquaintance well known in Agios Ioannis - whom I shall not name in order to spare his embarrassment - offered a different scenario: that in the last second before hitting the tower and with death literally in his face, the pilot opened the cockpit window and chucked his passport out...)

Yes, a passport was found on the body of one of the alleged Paris gunmen, thus identifying him as a Muslim terrorist! If I were enacting a terrorist event (I'm not! I'm not!), I would make sure I had no identity on me in order to render the job of the security agencies more difficult, not easier.

4) **The Exercise.** And there's always an exercise. In Paris, the services ran one, that very same morning, involving shootings in multiple locations. On 9/11 at exactly the same time as the buildings were hit, NORAD was running an exercise involving airliners flying into government buildings. On 7/7, a private firm was running one involving multiple simultaneous bombings of tube and mainline stations - at almost the same locations as the bombs went off, and so close in the timing that the involved personnel 'switched to live'. At the Boston Marathon, spectators had been warned that bombs would go off - 'it's just an exercise,' they were assured. Granted, exercises take place regularly. But is the fact they take place nearly every time there's a 'terrorist' event too much for simple coincidence?

Continued on Page 23



Six reasons why the Paris attacks may have been (another) 'false flag' event
Continued from Page 22

5) The Perps. Who was Al-Qaeda? Who is ISIS?

George Bush to his best mate: 'Hey, remember that guerrilla database we set up in Afghanistan? We're going to resurrect it as a terrorist organisation so we can blame stuff on them and make loadsadosh on the back of a nice war. We need a fake Leader. Howabouts if we take a photo of you looking all charismatic, then our enemies can use any pic of a guy with a beard and a long nose wearing Arab robes and say it's their Leader. No-one will notice it's not you.'

Osama Bin Laden: 'Sounds like a good idea to me. I'm up for it!'

So who IS ISIS? Ask the guys who funded it - the usual suspects.

6) The Result. Following the attacks and out of the blue, Cameron produces an unprecedentedly heavily toolled-up force to protect crowds at Wembley, and no-one questions it. Security forces are rubbing their hands in glee at the prospect of extra funding and more guns. And at the time of writing, it looks as if the British Parliament will vote in favour of military action in Syria, as they failed to do in 2013; and the 'yes' majority shall have been prompted by outrage at the Paris attacks. Bombing will doubtless morph into 'boots on the ground' at some stage. RESULT!

THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION ANNUAL

POPPY APPEAL - 2015

Dear Friends and Supporters of the Poppy Appeal:

I do not have the final amount collected for this year's Appeal as I am waiting for a few more donations to come in.

BUT, I can happily tell you the amount is in excess of last year's total!!

I will give a full account in the January 2016 issue of The Agiot Magazine.

In the meantime, I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy, Healthy and Prosperous New Year!

All the best, and many thanks.

Lucy STEELE, M.B.E.

Poppy Appeal Honorary Organiser



Vicars, Retirement and Railways!

Many clergy eagerly long for retirement if they are feeling the strain of the years, but it can also be a frightening and threatening time. Vicars are often counselled to prepare well in advance for their retirement because as well as the relief of no longer bearing the pastoral responsibility for a parish(es) it may also mean loss of purpose, perhaps 'status', or even very identity. I remember visiting the retired clergy home some years ago at Mannormead near Hindhead. Our Farnham Deanery Chapter always held an annual meeting there and the retirees were always glad we came. One of the things I immediately noticed was that most of the 'inmates' kept their clerical collars on! Even a bishop sat there in his immaculate purple stock. It forewarned me that retirement for a clergy-person inevitably means facing up to the question of 'Who am I underneath this uniform?' It is in this area that I was urged to think of which hobbies and interests one wanted to return to in the early more active years of retirement before anno domini kicked in and I joined the arm-chairs at Mannormead! These days many clergy are being ordained later in life and so probably have good pensions and have had a halflife career first. In my case I was ordained at 30 after ten years in the Royal Navy. I had always had a sense of guilt that the very expensive training I had received at taxpayers' expense was somehow being thrown away. However I have had a lifelong interest in railways and always intended to get a job on a heritage steam railway when I retired. I must have talked about it because when the time came to think about my retirement at nearly 70, a member of the congregation in my last churches, in Brugge and Oostende in Belgium said: 'Would you like to work on a heritage railway?' 'Well..yes, 'I replied. 'Well...what would you fancy doing? We've got this form to fill up from the Nene Valley Railway and they want to know which departments you are interested in!' Unknown to me the congregation had been planning my leaving present: five years membership of the Nene Valley Railway! I decided that having been trained as an engineer originally and with marine steam engineering as a specialisation I would volunteer for the locoshed/workshop. I could not have had a better start than to be asked on my first day as a volunteer to rub down (with light emery) Thomas the Tank Engine's undercoat and paint his driving wheels with topcoat in 'Thomas Blue' (that's what it says on the tin!) Since then I have enjoyed needle-gunning (taking down thick rusty plates to bare metal with a pneumatic gun) helping to reassemble Thomas' main wheel bearings and

lower them on to the axles. Cleaning up flat surfaces for steam slide valves, wire brushing gauge glass mount-



ings, and learning how to fit together a host of parts which have been beautifully cleaned and restored and lying on the workshop floor. But the most poignant job of all was being sent out on a cold winter's day to clean a visiting celebrity loco 4-4-0 Morayshire down from Edinburgh. I was shown how to mix steam oil with paraffin in my bucket and slowly with paint brushes and rags to clean off all the 'gunge' below the running plates and around the motion and cylinders. I thought to myself: 'What on earth is a 72 year old retired vicar doing on a job which many 15 year old schoolboys would have dreamed of doing in the 1950s!' Loco-cleaning was the first step in the old railway 'link system', which school boys did on the way to becoming a steam loco driver. It was poignant in another way because it was precisely the job my grandfather would have done seventy years previously in Aston railway depot in North Birmingham. He finished as a skilled loco fitter. My wife has traced our various family trees back and on my father's side. She discovered that we all go back to the West Midlands and virtually all of the men worked on steam locomotives!...many as drivers and firemen. They even reach back almost to the beginning of the London to Birmingham Railway. When my age was in single figures I used to visit my grandparents in Erdington. Nearly always the conversation got around to 'What do you want to be when you grow up Clifford? Would you like to work on the railways like grandad?' 'Flickers of joy came to my heart as I contemplated the thought, but nearly always granny would seriously chip in with: 'I think this boy will be a vicar, I do, I really do' Was granny in touch with someone I wasn't? Maybe railways and engineering are as much a vocation as being a vicar! Revd Clifford Owen



Conversations with Dr McGoo

BY LANCE MAGNUSSON

Dr Magoo Learns Greek

I've always believed that if you live in a country other than the UK, you really should learn to speak the locals' language. It's only polite, after all. And the locals here are always reminding us of that: POLEITAI notices are everywhere, especially on the walls of old houses and the gates of building plots. (I know, I know; they spell it different, but the meaning is apparent to anyone with even a fraction of my own mental capacity!) So I thought I'd follow their instructions, be polite and learn Greek.

Of course, a large part of the language is perfectly obvious to a super-intelligent person like me. I mean, 'nay' is so easily understood as 'no'. Though the waitress in the plateia keeps bringing me an ouzo when I say 'nay' (thus confirming my theory, increasingly recognised by innumerable international bodies, that all Greeks are stupid). And it's self-evident that 'oki' is linguistically derived from 'OK' and therefore means 'yes'! You shouldn't be surprised that I know all this; when you've got an intellect the size of mine, languages come easy.

I can't say, though, that I can get my tongue around their word for 'thank you'. Isn't it just typical of these stupid Greeks to employ a polysyllabic word (that means it has lots of letters) for the simplest of sayings? So I just say 'farry'. After all, in English we shorten 'thank you' to 'thanks' (and some folk even shorten it further to 'cheers'), so I don't see why the Greeks can't do it too. They really ought to follow my example!

I understand that when you arrive at a very advanced stage of Greek grammar, you have to make the definite and indefinite articles agree with the noun they determine, according to whether they are masculine, feminine or neuter. Well, honestly! Trust the Greeks to add a totally unnecessary complication! Anyway, I'm not quite at that top-flight level yet, but I can assure you when I get there I shall ignore this silly language anomaly!

Of course, the Greek language has lots of words nearly identical to English ones. Taxi, for example. 'A taxi, a taxi', they tell each other, even when I can't for the life of me spot one. Only their pronunciation is not quite right, and it

always sounds like 'en daxi'. Someone should really instruct those Greeks to articulate their words in a less negligent manner, so people like me who are not yet a hundred percent fluent in the language can understand.

When you are as brilliant as I am at languages, you can work out for yourself what words mean. The other day I went to the doctor in town. There were lots of brass plates at the address, with the doctors' names on. I peered at them, and noticed that they all ended in 'logos', which is clearly related to 'logic' in English; and doctors have to be logical; so 'logos' must be the Greek word for 'doctor'! When you enjoy my talents in the fascinating field of entomology, it is all perfectly simple! And just as an aside, this example demonstrates what I have always maintained: that most Greek words derive from English!

(I suppose that makes my name Magoologos in Greek, since I am a doctor, you know - a Doctor of Philosophy. That's 'Philosophia' in Greek - another word they nicked from us.)

After I'd been to the Logos (you see? I am already employing Greek words in my vocabulary) I paid a visit to the Chemist, or Farmacy, as we entomologists are prone to call these establishments. From the name, I deduce that this type of store was originally set up to sell agricultural goods to farmers, and they subsequently must have branched out into purveying medicines to humans. You must understand that a knowledge of this field of linguistics also endows on one an ability to chronicle historical contexts in the evolution of language.

With my ever-expanding vocabulary, contributing to debate is a simple matter. 'Oki', 'nay' and 'farry' all have their place, but I do find 'bah!' and 'po po po' useful as well, especially when you vary your tone of voice to give a different nuance of meaning. You would never guess that I've not had a single formal Greek lesson, would you! While I'm waiting for my appointment as Associate Professor at a Uni in Wisconsin whose name I can't recall, I think I shall establish myself as Worldwide Consultant in Language Development, so that all of you less linguistically gifted than I may benefit.



The Good Life, Corfu.

By
Les and Chris

The weather for most of November has been amazing, the village and the island are still bathed in late autumn sunshine but the nights getting a touch cooler now and the smell of freshly lit wood fires hangs in the air around us and our thoughts turn to lighting our own wood burning stove.

But not quite yet as our newly built home and the high level of insulation is certainly paying off in keeping the inside temperature comfortable without having to light the fire just yet – dam!

I am like a little boy with a box of matches dying to light a fire!

The late autumn sun has been a bonus for us, as it has allowed us to make the most of our vegetable plot.

Cabbages, Broccoli are blooming, so much so, we think most of them are going to be ready for picking at almost the same time.

We are sure we will have enough to supply some of the villagers and our neighbours!



*The man who fell to
Earth*

Potatoes, Onions, Leeks, Garlic and even the late planted broad beans are all coming along amazingly.

What started off as an end of the season experiment has proved to be a bonus for us as it has already started putting food on the table?

Sad to report, our efforts to obtain some chickens to complete our homestead has been unsuccessful.

Several friends have helped us in our search but it appears that we may have to wait until spring.

So our chicken coop and compound will have to remain empty until then, but you never know?

It is a strange sensation to see the village getting quieter day by day as the late summer visitors leave with

their promises to return next year ringing in our ears. Most telling us that they do not want to leave.

A whole new experience for us as only a short time ago it was Chris and myself feeling sad at leaving and making such promises to return as soon as.



Serious business this eating

We held a surprise birthday party for Chris at the village taverna on 10th November.

Anna & Nikos prepared an excellent spread and copious amounts of local wine.

Chris thoroughly enjoyed herself along with everybody who was there, a really had a good night was had by all.

One of the things that we always planned to do in the cooler autumn months was to start exploring the island by foot.

It has been wonderful getting out and about on virtually empty roads and treading little used footpaths that have lead us to discovering some amazing little coves and beaches, which we had completely to ourselves.

On one occasion we spent almost 6 hours walking the coastal paths above Liapades and the only people we

met were some of the locals tending to their Olive trees and setting out the nets under the trees to harvest the olives.



Castaway

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The Good Life, Corfu
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Also getting out to some of the more remote villages of which Afionas in the North of the island was by far the prettiest, even if the village church did have a WW2 torpedo under the bell tower?



Prettiest of villages

Views from the little headland out towards the islands off shore were beautiful and need to be sampled.

Even though most if not all of the summer visitors have left us, there is still so much happening on the island.

Walking groups have started, one of which we have had the pleasure of joining and have met some really nice people from different parts of the island, most who have lived here for a number of years and offering plenty of tips and good advice to us.

There are still many tavernas open, if not every night of the week, most open at the week-end and many have local music to keep us entertained.

Also as tavernas close, people start to entertain family and friends in their homes and having somewhere between 10 to 15 people sitting around a table to eat, drink and be merry is not unusual, normally followed by a sing-along!

Eventually during the last week of November I managed to convince Chris that it was cold enough for me to light the wood burner – yippee!

Some of my lovingly foraged kindling was placed in the wood burner and with the aid of a fire lighter block I soon had a roaring fire going and hot water circulating through the radiators, warming the whole house up.

The glow from the fire and the effect of the flames dancing on the walls around us was magical, this is

what it is all about we both said.



A picture paints a thousand words

We dug out our two high backed easy chairs, opened a bottle of wine (or three) and enjoyed the rest of the night staring into the lazy flames, no radio, no TV, just chatting the night away - bliss.

Greek language lessons have started at Sally's bar in Ipsos.

We have attended the first two lessons but are struggling to become more disciplined in practicing what we are learning, partly because so many people on the island speak English, and want to practice their English on you. Sounds like an excuse – well it is!

The main reason is - after class we tend to spend the rest of the day in the bar and cannot remember much of our lessons the next day, how shameful!

We are going to have to make a concerted effort over the winter months, we have every type of language CD, DVD and on-line course going and need to do some cramming to get up to speed.



Greek lessons are 'ard

Will keep you updated on our progress – or not?



Christmas 1940

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

I cannot pretend that my wartime Christmases were in any way typical. Early in 1940, although aged only twelve, when my school music master had been taken seriously ill, I had been "conscripted" into becoming organist-choirmaster of a choir of twenty-four boys at a suburban church with a local reputation for the high quality of its music. Until I went to St. Martin's my experience as a church chorister, from the age of six, and indeed the ethos of my home, had been somewhat austere, gloomily Protestant, but my new place was very much Anglo-Catholic. From my very first encounter I was totally enthralled by the glorious music, the dignified ceremonial, orderly observance of seasons and festivals, beautiful vestments and exquisite furnishings. All was akin to emerging from murky mist into sparkling sunlight. The impressive liturgies for Holy Week, Easter and Whitsun had been a stunning revelation, but whenever I remarked upon them I was told, "Wait till you see Christmas!" Now Christmas had come. After Evensong the previous Sunday, walking down the darkened church to the choir vestry to dismiss the boys, I had been seized by a keen sense of anticipation. The solemn music and ceremonial of Advent was finished and our next appearance would be accompanied by all the brilliant music that we had been rehearsing for weeks. In those days Christmas did not start until midday on 24th December; it was "just not done" to perform Christmas carols in public before then, except at school where we should not attend at all during the festive season. However, the war had led to "Post early for Christmas" with shops displaying seasonal wares much earlier than usual so that parcels might be sent in good time to troops serving overseas. Our last choir practice before the great day was on the Monday evening. Although it meant turning out during the blackout, these practices always received full attendance. "In this choir voluntary means you must do it; compulsory means you'll be kicked out if you don't," the Head Chorister had unsmilingly imparted when apprising me of local customs. Seven- and eight-year-olds thought nothing of walking alone a mile or two in the dark, even in pouring rain; despite the constant threat of air-attack Britain was a much safer place for the elderly and the young in those days than it is today. Too, the infectious enthusiasm of those choristers and their pride in being members of St. Martin's Choir is now rarely encountered. The next morning, early at the church in order to practice my organ music for the festival, I found the place already a hive of activity: severe Advent purple being replaced by festive white, silver and gold; holly and ivy being draped upon every projection; candles and incense cones being placed

in every recess. Nobody objected to my playing. "It's just what we need to start Christmas." In mid-morning I went to join everyone in persuading a large tree through the door and erecting it in the front north corner of the nave. Back at home, my grandparents' because mother had left us and father was away building airfields, I was dismissed from the bustle in the kitchen with a hot mince-pie until lunch was ready. In the meantime I donned my finery in preparation for a very busy twenty-four hours and then retired to the lounge where an aunt had just finished decorating the tree, real small coloured candles being part of the decorations, carefully placed to avoid fire hazard. After lunch, having satisfied grandfather's meticulous inspection, I caught a bus into the city. I often wondered what other members of the congregation at the Cathedral thought at seeing a little squirt wearing the scarlet and gold blazer and tie, grey shirt and shorts, grey socks with scarlet and gold turn-down of the junior forms of the city grammar school, being solemnly virged into a place beside the choirstalls by none other than the Head Verger. For months I had attended there at Saturday afternoon Evensongs in order to familiarise myself with the great music of the Anglican liturgy and had become known as a "regular". Moreover they always arranged that copies of the music should be provided for me to follow. The Head Verger was the uncle of one of my St. Martin's choristers. Was it the merest flicker of a wink that he bestowed upon me when we gravely bowed to each other as I took my place? That Christmas Eve at the crowded Cathedral was my first acquaintance with the splendour of the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols and from the very first magical impact of a distant solo boy's voice singing the opening verse of "Of the Father's love begotten" to the concluding torrent of sound from the second-largest organ in Britain crashing out Bach's prelude on "In Dulci Jubilo" I was completely captivated. Afterwards, apart from pausing briefly in the nave to admire the massive Christmas tree decorated with coloured electric bulbs, a recent innovation, I hastened home for tea, impatient to reach St. Martin's in order to try out some ideas given me from having heard "The Doctor", as he was known all over the county, performing at the Cathedral. Although it was midwinter, daylight was only just fading when I set out on my bicycle for St. Martin's at soon after five o'clock. Summer Time had been retained through winter during the war and Double Summer Time introduced during summer in order to give people daylight after work to "dig for victory" in their gardens and allotments. At home our tennis court and ornamental gardens had all been converted to vegetable plots. After the war it was years before I could again face a turnip, swede or parsnip! The congregation at First Evensong of Christmas at St. Martin's was made up of even more children than usual, more than two-hundred.

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Christmas 1940

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As on all big festivals the double doors at the west end of the nave affording access to the Church Hall were fixed open and rows of chairs arranged, thereby about doubling our seating to five-hundred, yet we had reached standing-room-only by the time the service started. Nevertheless I was able to play only softly beforehand because it was unthinkable that mindless chatter should disturb the sacred serenity. Many persons had arrived quite early; entry, and exit after the service, was a rather elaborate exercise owing to blackout regulations. Supervised by the duty sidesman about twenty would cram into the porch, lighted only by a single blue bulb high up inside the outer door, which would then be bolted. Only then would the inner door be opened allowing entry to the nave, lighted dimly from chancel at the far end. When the porch was empty the inner door was locked and the sidesman would open the outer door for another group to enter. Punctual attendance was encouraged as entry was forbidden once a service had started and the nave lights were switched on. St. Martin's was one of the few churches in the city that had an efficient blackout system enabling us to hold services during hours of darkness; every window of church and hall had tightly fitting outside shutters that our Verger closed at appropriate times. Six musical chimes of the sacristy clock broke the expectant silence, the nave was flooded with light and I played softly just three notes, D, F sharp, G. "Once in Royal David's city ..." sang the Head Chorister from the entrance to the choir vestry at the back of the nave. "He came down to earth ..." Everybody joined in the second verse, a veritable roar of sound, while the eight pairs of choirboys were led down the centre aisle by crucifer and two taperers, bearing cross and candles. When they had taken their places in the chancel choirstalls a second procession emerged from the door beside the organ, a swarm of acolytes followed by two priests, our own Fr. Morgan being assisted at greater festivals by elderly Fr. Lucas who came out of retirement for such occasions. Anglican Evensong, the envy of many other Christian churches (yet today ousted by muddle-headed illiterate "informal worship"), proceeded upon its orderly course, psalms, lessons, office hymn, canticles, Creed, responses, prayers, anthem, a little carol. Then, "Let us proceed in peace," was intoned by Fr. Morgan, to which all responded, "In the Name of the Lord. Amen." We burst into the first verse of "O Come All Ye Faithful" as crucifer and taperers led off in a ceremonial procession down the north aisle with the two churchwardens carrying their staves of office moving ahead to clear the way through the overflow congregation. Following the choristers came two more taperers, the thurifer swinging his censer, accompanied by his diminutive boat-boy with the boat of incense granules and spatula, another acolyte bearing a bowl of holy water and his partner with the sprinkling rod, the "bookboy", yet two more taperers and then Fr. Lucas, Fr. Morgan. Though we were using the extended version of the hymn I yet needed to "improvise" between verses (prepared and written out in advance - I knew my youthful limitations!) in order to spin out the duration of the hymn. Halfway around the back of the nave the procession stopped and closed up for the Blessing of the Crib. A beautiful model of the stable with exquisitely-

moulded figures of the participants in the Nativity was censed, sprinkled with holy water and blessed, and then the procession resumed. Before the last verse came another break while Fr. Morgan, surrounded by acolytes, chanted the Christmas gospel from the top of the chancel steps. The sermon followed. Our priest never preached for more than five minutes; "If you can't strike oil in five minutes, stop boring!" People (even the choirboys, than which there is no higher accolade!) listened to his sermons and remembered them. The singing of "While Shepherds Watched" accompanied the Offertory and "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing" provided a hearty conclusion after the Blessing. Then I finished playing my voluntary at least half the congregation was waiting patiently to leave through the "light-lock", but I found the choristers waiting rather impatiently for me; we all had an important engagement to keep. With the assistance of the Sacristan we "pulled a fast one" using the sacristy as our private "light-lock" and avoiding delay. Moving rapidly we made for our Head Chorister's home about a half-mile from the church. There Chris's mother with four or five other "choirmums" was waiting to feed the hungry hordes. How they managed at that and the following wartime Christmases to provide such plenty, despite stringent rationing, I cannot imagine. A large variety of sandwiches, sausage rolls, mince pies, cakes, jellies, tinned fruit, cream, custard, soft drinks was quickly depleted and yet some was left "for later". Throughout the evening groups chatted, played board games or went up to one of the four bedrooms to slip off shoes and lie down to snooze. Soon after eleven o'clock sleepers were wakened and the remainder of the bounty was consumed. Attendance of probationer choirboys at the midnight and early morning service was voluntary, but has anybody ever tried to keep a boy in bed at Christmas when excitement is offered? Making our way back to the church we joined a steady procession of pedestrians all going in the same direction, calling out the season's greetings to one another. Throughout the war we discovered that very few nights are so dark that "it is impossible to see your hand in front of your face". Too it was apparent that both the R.A.F. and the Luftwaffe had a holiday at Christmas; no drone, whether even of friendly or uneven of hostile aircraft, infringed upon the stillness. A long queue had formed at the "light-lock". Extra buses ran across town to St. Martin's at festivals, crewed by volunteers who wanted to attend services. Again we used our privileged access through the sacristy. The nave was already full when we arrived and the hall was filling. Acolytes were busy lighting the myriad of candles placed upon every convenient ledge and the incense cones in the window recesses. In 1940, as in every year for the following sixty-five, whenever playing for Midnight Mass I performed J.S. Bach's "Pastorale" (BWV590) beforehand, its delicate thirteen minutes perfectly suited to the occasion. The sacristy clock tinkled midnight and I played two notes, C, F. At the far end of the church the boys, conducted by the Head Chorister, sang unaccompanied the first verse of "O Little Town of Bethlehem". The nave lights flashed on, organ and everyone joined in the second verse while choir and then servers and priests processed to their places.

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Christmas 1940

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The local army barracks was not much more than a stone's throw away so there was always a substantial male presence in our congregation, often adding the tenor and bass that the choir lacked. The resultant welter of sound was probably audible back at the barracks! The hymn finished and immediately, while Fr. Morgan censed the altar, the choir chanted the glorious Christmas introit psalm 19, "The heavens declare the glory of God, ..." For the Mass itself we used a three-part setting by an obscure Italian early classical composer, probably written originally for a convent. Its simple gaiety made it a great favourite with the boys, and we trotted it out on most great festivals. The text was in Latin, but in those days all educated people knew at least a modicum of that language, and anyway our congregation had the English translation in their prayer-books. Our priest never preached at a midnight service. "They don't want to be kept from their beds while I exercise my tonsils." He merely imparted Christmas greetings, and then we launched into "O Come, All Ye Faithful" for the Offertory. The chancel at St. Martin's might have been designed with the size of our choir in mind; with a bit of a squeeze all twenty-four choristers and I, kneeling side by side, fitted along the altar rail to receive communion. Then we performed most of the Christmas carols in our current repertoire while the congregation was communicated; even with two priests ministering it lasted nearly a half-hour. Conforming to the Book of Common Prayer we sang the "Gloria in excelsis" at the end of the service and again concluded with "Hark the Herald Angels Sing". All lights in the church were switched off, apart from a couple in the chancel and the organ console lights, providing a dim glow throughout the building, and both inner and outer porch doors were opened allowing the congregation to disperse without hindrance. In those days I always played a transcription of the "Hear, King of Angels" chorus from Bach's "Christmas Oratorio" after Midnight Mass; it lasted not much more than three minutes. Even so only two choristers remained when I went into the vestry to remove cassock and surplice. (Nobody was allowed into the chancel unless wearing ecclesiastical robes.) The pair were my "escort" part of the way home and we usually met up on the way to church too. We always left our bicycles in the same place behind the church so that we could easily find them in the dark. Our front lamps were screened by cardboard discs with a narrow slit about an inch long across the centre, throwing a slender beam of light on to the road about four yards ahead. We had red reflectors on the rear mudguards and wore small fluorescent discs pinned fore and aft to our clothing. About a mile from the church my companions turned right into a new housing estate and I veered left beside the old, disused aerodrome, across the heath, through woodland, downhill and home. More than half the walls of my bedroom over the front porch were windows and it had been deemed impossible to blackout. The gas light (grandfather thought electricity dangerous) had been fixed off and I learnt to dress and undress in the dark, always placing clothes meticulously in the same order and position. Actually it was often so bright with moonlight that I could surreptitiously rise when everybody else was asleep in order to copy

out, seated at my dressing-table, instrumental parts of music that I had written for the school orchestra but had lacked time to prepare during a busy day. On this night I crept quietly to my room and was asleep before two o'clock. My alarm woke me at seven. I was far too excited to feel tired. Grandmother was already up preparing Christmas dinner and she always insisted that I should never "go out on an empty stomach". A round of toast and meat-dripping, washed down with a cup of tea, satisfied her requirements. The route to church was marginally more uphill than the return, taking me about twenty minutes. I needed to wait only briefly for my "escort" at our rendezvous. It was still dark when we reached church, daylight saving in reverse, yet already people were streaming in through the "light-lock." Although probationer choirboys were excused attendance at the eight o'clock Mass, three or four turned up and were rewarded with being given surplices to wear over their cassocks and allocated places in the full turn-out of singing-boys and choristers on this occasion. The music was slightly more simple than at midnight, but communion took just as long because our congregation at this early hour was equally as large as it had been earlier. All our carols had another outing! To save going home for breakfast I accompanied Chris to his house where we were treated to a great feast. His father was away commanding a North Sea M.T.B.; his mother and sister ministered to our needs. Soon after ten we left for the "final fling".

High Mass on Christmas Day was always the absolute highlight of the festival. Well over six hundred crammed into St. Martin's. Three or four double-decker buses were parked in the streets near the church. As well as all the music we had used at midnight there was a ceremonial procession to the Crib. I found it all immensely inspiring, enjoyed every minute, thrilled to produce such exhilarating sounds from the beautiful instrument at my disposal. Afterwards in the choir vestry I found all twenty-four boys lined up and being given their Christmas present, a little pocket-torch, by Fr. Morgan. The elderly Colonel and his family from the nearby barracks was also there; he pressed a half-crown into every hot sticky little hand, a custom he observed every one of those wartime Christmases. Needless to say that he was great favourite of the boys! I must admit that I liked him too; he always took me aside and graced my hand with a crisp pound-note. Back at home everyone was awaiting my return before gathering in the lounge to hand out the presents piled around the base of the tree. Then at about two o'clock we sat down to Christmas dinner: grandfather, grandmother, my father and sister, two uncles, four aunts, myself. It was always turkey with all the trimmings, followed by Christmas pudding with white sauce. Home was a strictly "alcohol-free zone"; I cannot remember what we drank, probably water or maybe fruit-juice. Grandmother always prepared at least a dozen Christmas puddings but we never ate one of them; they were grandfather's presents to his most valued employees who had been with him since he first set up "on his own account". Instead a friend of the family who had been "in service" as a cook and now lived in London always sent us one.

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Christmas 1940

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On one of those wartime Christmases we needed mine-detector when eating the pudding; almost every bite yielded a little silver sixpence. Before we had finished the telephone rang. It was the cook. Please would we save all the coins? She also prepared a pudding for their local orphanage and had sent us the wrong one. I had never before seen grandfather laugh so much! At three-o'clock we always listened to the broadcast of the King's Christmas Message, delivered in a rather hesitant but attractively intimate style, and then we all left grandfather alone for his "quiet snooze". Punctually at four, as also on Sundays, he would come looking for me. "Are you coming, Lionel?" We would set out on his "constitutional", walking at a brisk pace round the "four-mile-square" of roads around the village. He would regale me with anecdotes from his past, and impart his business ethics and his philosophy of life. I was his oldest grandchild in Britain and, although he encouraged my ambition for a musical career, I think that he never ceased to hope that I might succeed to his business. Brought up in the country, he had a keen eye for nature and would point out animal and bird tracks, showing what they revealed of whatever had made them, or any other phenomena. Evensong on Christmas Day was said and not sung unless the day was a Sunday, which never happened during my time at St. Martin's. I had no need to turn out again that day. "High Tea" on Christmas Day also consisted of many delicacies. Grandmother, a little slip of a thing, smaller than thirteen-year-old I (and I was small for my age!), had been given six months to live at the age of eighteen. She actually lived to be ninety-six, having produced twelve children, surviving sturdy, robust grandfather by nearly thirty years! She was also a divine cook, which obviously weighed greatly with one of grandfather's physique! Her pork-

brown that always graced our festive tables melted in the mouth. Does anyone make it these days? Throughout the war we frequently received food parcels from our numerous relatives in Canada. Despite rationing I seemed never to go short of anything much, except for bananas and oranges, but now I realise that other members of the household must have stinted themselves in my interests. On Boxing Day we relaxed between meals while grandfather spent some hours striding around the locality, distributing largesse to his employees. Choir practices at St. Martin's followed their usual routine except that during school holidays they took place at four in the afternoon instead of seven in the evening. Daily I went to the church for organ practice. The last of the great season's events was the Festival of Nine Lessons and Carols that replaced Evensong on the Sunday after Christmas. That 1940 occasion was my introduction in that celebration. For very many years I could never eat a full meal before playing for any big occasion and I am certain that such must have been the case for that event. As Organist-Choirmaster I was required also to read the Third Lesson, a requirement that I found more daunting than playing all the music needed for the festival! Again the church and hall were crammed to capacity. One of the highlights was the old Colonel's dramatic declamation of the Eighth Lesson; one was almost impelled to applaud. Herod was certainly denounced as an utter rotter! Years later, when as headmaster I was required to read that lesson at my school's Carol Festivals, I attempted to reproduce the C.O.'s florid style. The pupils loved it! Afterwards I went to Chris's place with some of the older choristers to celebrate the end of a very successful, and in my case excitingly revealing, few days. Its delights are still very fresh in my

It's Not All Roses

