

# The Agiot

51st Edition

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## Happy New Year 2012

By Paul McGovern  
Editor

2011 has been quite a year, has it not? We want to wish all our friends and readers the best of fortune in these tricky times. The world economy has long since overheated, the paper money you carry in your pocket's a fraction's worth of the sum printed on it, may be it is time for radical change. According to our friends the Mayans, such changes are due to culminate on December 21st, 2012.

Whatever may lay in store for us it should certainly not all be doom and gloom. Radical change can be as positive as it may be negative. In these times when we are herded about like sheep by the 'watchers' (whoever they may be) do I sense a small but growing awareness among many ordinary people that things are just not right? It is the time methinks for questioning everything we are told. Mainstream media has long been the servant of our masters, I find myself not necessarily believing anything I read and hear anymore. Is that the voice of cynicism or is something getting through the dense grey matter?

I would like to suggest something. There has been growing, some would say, overwhelming evidence that 9/11, for example, was an 'inside' job. Whether that is so or not my question is this; in a true and free Democracy why isn't mainstream news media reporting such controversy on an ever more alarming level? It is never mentioned.

Amidst this surreal landscape appears a saviour. I don't like much I.T. I am too near to being a Luddite. But the World Wide Web sprawls over our globe as invisible tentacles. It forges bridges of communication between peoples of all races which are unstoppable by Government or censor.

There is no mains plug to pull out and stop us talking to each other.

Question everything. Start with simple things like bank interest, which in itself is legal robbery. Have a look on your statements and verify that when the Central Bank puts up its rate your mortgage or loan interest rises immediately. But does it decrease the same if the Bank rate drops. Check for yourself.

Globalisation, that innocuous word we are brain-washed with. Do you really want one

Government, One Religion, One Order? I doubt it. So, keep sharp and have your eyes and ears open before you are herded into the pen. Happy New Year.



# Village News

By  
Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing Editor



On St . Spiridon's Day, 12<sup>th</sup> Dsecember, Lula's nameday, Nitsa complained of not feeling well and did not arrive for the celebratory meal. It was later interrupted when she was reported as being very unwell. Lula, Anna and Nikko hurried away to take her to the hospital. When they telephoned to tell us that Nitsa had been diagnosed as suffering from

strangulated hernia and would undergo emergency operation Peter and Kostas promptly left to take Kosta also to the hospital to be with his wife, leaving Paul and me to finish the meal and to fend off any nameday visitors. However the village Bush telegraph functioned with its usual efficiency and only two came.

Despite complications the operation was successful and Nitsa was back home a week later though spending most of her time in bed. Then on Christmas Eve Kosta fell, fortunately only bruising himself, but he too spent Christmas Day in bed and missed the celebration including a visit from Santa Claus all the way from London's Lapland drawn by an Aegean reindeer. Santa, whose identity was hidden by a consider-

able amount of face fungus, nevertheless spoke with a recognisable accent; Ricky came for a few days to share our festivities.

It is good to be able to tell that both Nitsa and Kosta are now actively engaged in their customary routines.

Old Sandros is still in the clinic. He yet has some difficulty with walking and the work on his apartment is not completed.



## Nitsa



We all join together in wishing the very best for Nitsa's swift recovery.

She has been advised to take it easy but of course she won't. She is the glue that holds us all together, and she and Kostas' absence on Christmas Day left a void in our gathering. It does not seem apt that anyone but Kostas should head our table.

Ricky arrived on Christmas day, laden with very generous presents,

and bringing with him blue skies and sunshine.

Christmas Eve was very jolly in the Big Olive. Paul and Jan had sorted out a group of us for the traditional Guildford Square Carols followed by a slap-up meal at Mrs Miggins' Pie Shop. New victims in the shape of Pat, Adrian and daughter Sam were hazed and probably dumbfounded too. Afterwards, the hardier among us lurched into nearby Dimitri's Bar for several buckets of juice. Ho Ho Ho

## Corfu Weather Statistics

### December 2011

Maximum Temperature - 20C  
Minimum Temperature - 1C  
Average Temperature - 10C  
Windspeed - 35km/h.  
Gust-speed - 55km/h.  
Rain - 159,2mm

# *Aunty Lula's Love-bites*

## Lazy Bread

### Ingredients:

4 cups of flour  
2 teaspoons of baking soda  
1 teaspoon of salt  
1.5 cups of yoghurt or milk  
Quarter cup of water (approx)

### Go:

1. In a large bowl mix the Ingredients together adding extra water if needed until you reach a moist consistency.
2. Turn the dough onto a lightly floured surface. Quickly knead by folding and gently pressing dough for about ten motions or until your mix is nearly smooth.
3. Shape into a round loaf. Cut a cross on the surface.
4. Place on a prepared baking sheet.
5. Bake at 190/200 C oven for roughly 35/45 minutes, until golden.

Serve warm

*Bon Appetit!!*

# News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria  
Contributing Editor

Well it's that time of the year again! What's that song "In the Bleak Mid Winter" It for sure don't get no bleaker than this winter in more ways than one. I would love to look back on the positives, but I cannot think of any!!!

My wife and I own a small piece of land in Temploni, I put a for sale sign on it which cost a few bob, I mean a Stremma of land for 6000 Euros is a bargain even now. Well within 2 days someone had swiped the sign. Mind you, we have a witness and know who took it, but finding the guys house and the time to call on the swine is another

story. Interesting it is the last person that would occur to you. Anyway its Xmas, so Peace on you, you swine.

On the bright side it is end of year all debts and bills paid and we can look forwards. So Happy New Year to all and may it be better than the last one.

I am and always will be,  
Obnoxious Al.

(Ed's comment: Are you suggesting the felon was a church dignitary ?)

*Before you flip your calendar  
To start a New Year bright,  
Reflect for just a moment on  
The year that ends tonight.  
Each joy and every heartache  
Has been etched into your heart,  
But in a few short hours you  
May make a brand new start.  
As you review the days and weeks  
That simply seemed to fly,  
Would you say fortune smiled on you  
Or did she pass you by?  
Since it's not wise to dwell upon  
Those days that made you cry,  
The thing to do is set your sights  
And aim right at the sky.  
Forget those tears and sorrow  
As you bid the old, "Adieu,"  
And welcome in the New Year,  
It's dawning...just for you!  
HAVE A WONDERFUL AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR*

" I MUST BE GETTING MUSHY IN MY OLD AGE" .... OB. AL.

# Corfu Christmas

By  
Simon Baddeley

We embrace our Greek and English friends in the village. Thank you so much for your work keeping the world in touch with beloved Ano Korakiana. Απολαύστε το κρασί και το γλυκό άρωμα των Χριστουγέννων στην Άνω Κορακιάνα. Με αγάπη, Σάιμον και Λίντα.

Enjoy the wine and sweet perfume of Christmas in Ano Korakiana. With love, Simon and Linda



Τα Κάλαντα του Νηπιαγωγείου: Πολύ αγάπη και μεράκι «περιείχε» η χριστουγεννιάτικη γιορτή του Νηπιαγωγείου μας, που πραγματοποιήθηκε σήμερα το βράδυ, στην Πλάστιγγα. Η νηπιαγωγός κα Ανδρομάχη, επιμελήθηκε: ε με ιδιαίτερη ζέση την κάθε λεπτομέρεια, προσανατολίζοντας με επιτυχία το

κεντρικό νόημα της εορτής στη θρησκευτική και κοινωνική επικαιρότητα. Χριστουγεννιάτικα τραγούδια και αρκετά σκετς υπό τους ήχους του αρμόνιου του αρχιμουσικού της Φιλαρμονικής μας, απέσπασαν χωρίς ιδιαίτερη δυσκολία τα ζεστά χαμόγελα και το χειροκρότημα των παριστάμενων γονέων. Στο τέλος, προς ευχάριστη έκπληξη των μικρών μαθητών, ο Άγιος Βασίλης πραγματοποίησε μια έκτακτη εμφάνιση για τις ανάγκες της εορτής, σκορπίζοντας χαρά και γέλιο...

Kindergarten Carols: Much love and care went into our nursery's Christmas celebration this (Thursday) evening. Mrs Andromarche, the kindergarten teacher directed every detail with great enthusiasm, bringing out the religious and social essence of the event. Christmas songs, accompanied by the conductor of the Philharmonic, won spontaneous smiles and applause from parents, and to the young pupils's delight, Santa Claus arrived - spreading joy and laughter...

"Δώρα από σπίτι": Γράφει ο/η Κβκ: «Αυτές τις γιορτές ας πάρουμε τα δώρα μας από το χριστουγεννιάτικο παζαράκι του χωριού μας, στον Αη Νικολόπουλο. Αντικείμενα δικά μας που θα γίνουν



"Christmas Bazaar in St Nikolopoulos, Ano Korakiana "

πολύτιμα δώρα με την αγάπη όσων τα προσφέρουν και τη χαρά όσων τα δέχονται. Ρούχα, παιχνίδια, αντικείμενα σπιτιού, βιβλία, χριστουγεννιάτικα και άλλα πολλά, θα βρεθούν όλα μαζί σε στολισμένους πάγκους για να αλλάξουν χέρια με ένα (1) ευρώ το καθένα. Με ζεστό καφέ και κουβεντούλα να κάνουν τα Χριστούγεννα για όλους μας γλυκά σαν μελομακάρονα και χαρούμενα σαν κάλαντα

"Gifts from Home": At this time of celebration we get gifts from the village's Christmas Bazaar in Agios Nikolopoulos. Our own objects become precious - for the love with which they're given and the pleasure with which they're received. Clothing, toys, household items, books, Christmas ornaments, and more come together in decorated stalls to change hands for a euro. Hot coffee and chat to make Christmas for us all as sweet and cheerful as melodious carols.

## Announcements

### THE ROYAL BRITISH LEGION APPEAL - CORFU - 2011

I am delighted to report that the total collected for this year's Poppy Appeal amounted to 2,188.46 euros a very considerable amount given towards the welfare of our troops, both home and abroad.

This amount converted to 1,813.35sterling (less a very minimal bank charge of 4.14sterling, thanks to the understanding and generosity of Mr Spiros Mathesis, Bank Manager at First Business Bank in Corfu town) so I gleefully mailed the final amount of 1,809.21sterling to the UK on 17 December.

Once again I have to say I am almost overwhelmed by the generous and caring attitude shown to those less fortunate than ourselves, especially during these present difficult days of economic hardship for so many of us.

On behalf of The Royal British Legion I would like to extend my sincere thanks and appreciation to one and all for their kindness and caring.

From:

**Lucy Steele, M.B.E.**  
**Former British Vice**  
**Consul**  
**Corfu**



"Lucy and Friends"

### THE ARK ANIMAL WELFARE CHARITY

The annual Christmas Raffle was held in the ARK Shop on Friday, 16 December 2011.

There were fifty-two good prizes, free refreshments enjoyed by those present, and the total amount collected was as follows:

Raffle tickets	745.50euros
Donations	120.00euros
<b>Total</b>	<b>865.50euros</b>

A grand amount which will go towards helping the abandoned and injured animals in Corfu.

May thanks, and appreciation, to all who helped make this such a successful event.



# Christmas 1938

By  
Dr. Lionel Mann

## Part One:

Everyone had been fitted with a gasmask, drilled in its use, and issued with an Identity Card to be carried at all times. Increasingly the cycle rides of my friends and me were restricted by the closure of country lanes through the construction of airfields and other military installations. Father had been “called up” by the Ministry of Works to take charge of a team of carpenters engaged in such activity so, since mother had mercifully left us three years before and her successor, sweet loving and caring housekeeper, Miss Helmsley, had gone to complete nursing training, I had come to live with my grandparents, my sister with an aunt and uncle. More and more frequently, almost daily, aircraft were seen, a Blenheim, Lysander, Battle, Anson, Wellington, Hurricane, monoplanes replacing the R.A.F. biplanes. (Spitfires were yet on the production line.) Grandfather’s shoe factory, until recently merely ticking over with staff reduced to six, owing to the Great Depression, result of the perpetual greed and stupidity of financial institutions, was now buzzing with activity, its full sixty operatives engaged upon a massive Government order for Army boots as well as producing elegant leather little shoulder-strap cases for carrying the cardboard box containing a gasmask.

All those signs of impending conflict produced no cloud on my eleven-year-old horizon. Christmas was coming and Christmas was the most exciting time of the year. Besides our Prime Minister had only a

few months previously promised “Peace in our time.” (So much for any politician’s pronouncements.)

In those days, before the festival was debased by commercial voracity, Christmas did not start in August; the first indication of its approach was “Stir-up Sunday”, four Sundays before Christmas Day, the First Sunday in Advent. Every member of the household, grandmother, grandfather, Aunt Louisa, Uncle Lionel and I, in turn stirred the Christmas pudding mix and I was allowed to lick the spoon afterwards. We never tasted the resulting six puddings; they became grandfather’s gifts to his six employees who had been with him since he started his business. Our pudding was the present from an old family friend.

Then followed a wait of about three weeks to the school’s Christmas Concert, that year a performance of Handel’s “Messiah” by the school choir and orchestra. This was the end of my first term there and I was one of some thirty trebles in the choir which comprised about a hundred boys with a few members of staff strengthening the tenors and basses. We rehearsed two or three times weekly after school, meaning that I never saw my home in full daylight from Monday to Friday as the other afternoons were taken up with instrumental practice. I was learning to play the viola and already scraping away in the Third Orchestra, training for the Second Orchestra which in turn fed the First Orchestra. Of course all of us in choir and orchestra could read music. Musical notation is simply a graph with symbols showing pitch and duration of sound and we had been taught at primary

school to read graphs. Today it amazes and amuses me that there are those claiming to be “musicians” who yet cannot read music; what would one think of an engineer, electrician, architect who could not read a diagram, a navigator who could not read a chart? I suppose, though, that there are cowboys in any profession. Our Music Master had been at the school only three years but had already built up an impressive organisation. All instrumental teaching was free, the orchestras conducted by the leader of the city Symphony Orchestra, and the school provided the instruments unless boys preferred to have their own. It had aroused amusement that I, the smallest boy in the school, should have been chosen to play the viola. I could not yet hold the larger instrument so a violin was restrung with viola strings for my use and dubbed a violetta. I used that for nearly two years, but I practised hard and grew into the full size viola in time to become principal viola in the First Orchestra. In the meantime the Music Master had set me upon my lifetime career; when being rushed to hospital suffering Peritonitis he nominated me as his successor as organist and choirmaster of a choir of twenty-four boys at the suburban church where he had held that post.

The final rehearsal of “Messiah” took up all of Friday afternoon. The soloists were professionals, the soprano being the only female involved; the other three were lay-clerks from the cathedral choir. The Saturday evening performance saw the school hall crammed with an audience of more than a thousand. Fortunately the buses ran late and I was quite late in bed that night.

To be continued.

# Hiraeth Column: Merry-making at Cock-crow

By  
Dai the Nant

There are many traditional festivals in Wales. One of these is Nos yn llawen, when one village invites another to come and be feasted and entertained. Of course, next year the courtesy must be returned.

Another traditional festival takes place between 3 and 6 am on Christmas morning. It is a service in the Chapel, or sometimes in the Anglican Church and it is known as Plygain. Carols are sung, mostly by men, whilst the women-folk prepare toffee and play divination games. After the service, everyone makes merry in the Chapel, allowing the children to express their excitement at the prospects for the coming day.

Whilst we lived in Wales we noted that several Nosy n Llawen took place, but only one instance of Plygain: Merry-making at Cock-crow. This story is about Christmas Merry-making of a different sort.

One Christmas, Gerry the Oak decided that he would erect a Christmas tree over the front door of the Pub, on top of the small pitched and slated awning that protected the toper from the weather when the door was locked (not often I can tell you).

He and Arthur decided that they would visit the Christmas tree plantation on the mountain

opposite (one of several in the area) and they set off at closing time. They were in Arthur's van and they went up the mountain without any lights and hid the car in the trees just off the road. They then went up through the plantation until they found a group of saplings to their liking and in short order brought one down. At this point, after some thought, Arthur decided that in the spirit of Christmas he would have one as well. That made two trees.

They stopped for Arthur to have a fag and then both thought about Mrs. Hulse. She was a sort of very English Aristocratic bag lady. She spoke like a Duchess, drank like a fish and was never seen to be drunk. She was obviously very well educated and was held in very high esteem by everyone, despite the fact that she had not two pennies to rub together (a matter of no importance whatever to anyone in our village).

So Mrs Hulse had her tree as well. At this point, after they had collected the three trees together, and were about to take them to the van, they were stopped by the sound of a car coming up the mountain road. It displayed only side-lights and was travelling as quietly as possible. "I think we've caught it this time" says Arthur. "bloody hell" says Gerry, "lets get into the thicket and hope he doesn't spot the van".

The car eventually stops, about

50 yards from our heroes, and the driver starts to walk up the slope towards them. They hold their breath, he gets very close indeed. They can hear his breathing and see the frosty breath through the branches. Silence, followed (gently at first), but then with more vigour, by the soft and gentle travel of a saw as it bites into the tree.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" whispers Arthur. "On the count of three" whispers Gerry.

Instantly they are on their feet, charging through the trees, shouting "got you now, you villain, its Mold Assizes for you my lad," and much more besides. Arthur said that the man cleared the fifty yards to his car in less than 2 seconds and went down the mountain like a rocket launched from Cape Canaveral.

"And the beauty of it was" said Gerry later "we got an extra tree for the Memorial Institute, and Arthur got a new saw."

## ocay villas

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**Welcome to a selection of Corfu holiday villas.** Our Corfu holiday homes are the type of places we would choose for ourselves when we go on holiday. We offer a variety of sizes and types of Corfu villas throughout the island, at prices to suit all budgets. All our Corfu villas are handpicked and offer something that little bit special. Whether it's for location or facilities, you won't find better value for money in Corfu. We personally look after all the villas and are always around for any information you might need without intruding – we just provide the service and leave you to enjoy your holiday villa in Corfu.

Below you will find our most popular Corfu holiday villas. If you don't find your ideal Corfu holiday here, we have more villas and apartments which may be what you are looking for. Please [contact us](#) for the full list.

We have been welcoming villa guests to Corfu for twelve years now and have been heartened by the fact that over sixty per cent of our annual visitors are frequent returnees. We are based in the village of Agios Ioannis which is in the centre of the island but our portfolio includes villas all over Corfu. All our Corfu villas are secluded, but close to the beaches and local amenities. They are especially well suited to families or groups of friends sharing. Most of our villas in Corfu have swimming pools or are close to beaches, and all are furnished and equipped to high standards. We can arrange car or bike hire for exploring Corfu at your own pace and can supply many suggestions to help you get the very best from your stay here. If you get back on the plane or ferry with anything other than broad smiles, then we have failed you.

We are also happy to arrange transfers to and from the airport or ferry port. Please feel free to contact us should you require any further information about either OCAY Villas or the island of Corfu.



### [Villa Theodora, Agios Ioannis, Central Corfu. - sleeps 7 - from £790 per week](#)

Villa Theodora is a Corfu holiday villa with pool set in secluded village surroundings and dates back to the 19th century. It has been renovated with modern amenities including central heating, air-conditioning and a private pool. It is situated in the centre of Corfu, 15 minutes from the airport and 10 minutes from the golden beaches of Corfu's west coast. Accommodation comprises three double bedrooms, lounge and a fully equipped kitchen/diner. Outside, in the mature, secluded garden, there is a 10 x 5 metre oval swimming pool with sunbeds and umbrellas, a barbecue area and ample seating for al fresco meals.



### [Villa Aphrodite, Agios Ioannis, Central Corfu. - sleeps 8 - from £670 per week](#)

Villa Aphrodite is situated in secluded olive groves. It occupies a hillside site with glorious views across the island to the sea. It has all modern amenities including air-conditioning and a private pool. It is situated in the centre of Corfu, just 20 minutes from the airport and 10 minutes from the golden beaches of Corfu's west coast. This Corfu holiday villa with pool comprises two double bedrooms, a gallery bedroom sleeping four, lounge and a fully equipped kitchen/diner. A large verandah on the western side faces the spectacular cross-island view and there is a patio surrounding a 8 x 4 metre pool.



### [Villa Persephone, Agios Ioannis, Central Corfu. - sleeps 5 - from £590 per week](#)

Villa Persephone is a comfortable two bedroomed family holiday villa with pool in Corfu and is equipped for five people. There is air-conditioning throughout to keep the villa cool in summer or take the chill off the colder winter days. Villa Persephone is a relatively new (completed in 2006) and is set in a picturesque valley, amongst olive groves. The area around the villa is very quiet and peaceful. At the rear of the villa you will find an extensive patio area surrounding a seven by five metre swimming pool. The pool and patio area is surrounded by a stone wall or secure fencing for extra privacy and security.



### [Mouse House, Agios Nikolaos, SE Corfu Coast. - sleeps 4 - from £250 per week](#)

Mouse House is a charming little gem, nestling in a valley close to the sea in rural south-east Corfu. We know this will be an incredibly popular Corfu seaside holiday rental, offered as it is at very reasonable prices. It is surrounded by lovely gardens, perfect for a truly 'get away from it all' Corfu holiday. The house is comfortably furnished with two bedrooms and everything you need for a self-catering holiday. There is a large verandah at the front of the house for watching village life go by and a garden with sunset views. A few minutes stroll away are some of the best (and little-known) beaches on the island.