

The Agiot

55th Edition

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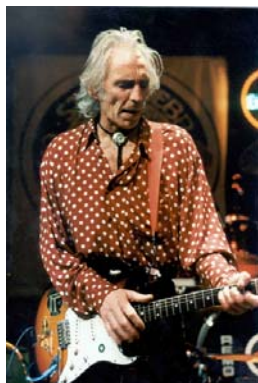
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Agiotfest 12 AUGUST 25TH IN YOUR CALENDAR

By
The Minstrel

This year we are really excited about the Fest. We can't wait for the return of Steve Gibbons and his band.



"Steve Gibbons"

But that is not all. Three other bands will appear, arguably featuring the best three rock/blues lead guitars on Corfu.

In alphabetical order;-

BLUES LATITUDE
NEMESIS
OMEGA 5

But that is not all. A newly formed all-Greek band will be warming up the crowds, there will be a DJ between acts and look out for some surprises.

The next three issues of this magazine will reveal much more on this UNMISSABLE party.

Plus

Keep a check on up to date info for Agiotfest 12 at:

www.agiotfest.co.uk

Supporters of Agiotfest

Carol Stroud Fantastic news! everyone should go to this event-so good xxx

Richie Henderson Damn..I got 2 gigs in the Edinburgh Festival that week! Played with Steve Gibbons there 3yrs ago, great band!

Diane Carden Steve gibbons band!!! Yes yes yes! Pleeese make sure we can b there!! X

Susie Manetas Great how about some R&B???xx

Susanne Ternald We are coming in August :) Only for a couple of days, but...from Sweden

also



"Sally's Bar - Ipsos"

FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO WANT THE AGIOTFEST TO ROCK AND ROLL DOWN THE YEARS

On the 25th of August the fourth Agiotfest (Music Festival) takes place in Agios Ioannis. Over the last three years crowds have averaged over three hundred, attracted by both international and local bands.

Financially the festival is struggling and needs help if it is to continue. Its supporters are predominantly of an affluent English and Greek profile, many of whom are fulltime residents, and we believe your business and enjoyment of our island has the potential to benefit from association with the Agiotfest.

With this in mind, we are asking for your sponsorship. As a Sponsor your business will receive exposure/advertising not only on the night, but throughout the Summer, on various websites and in periodicals. For those of you who prefer anonymity, that will be respected and implemented.

Involvement can be at three levels:

- 1) As a Main Sponsor, with a payment level at your discretion.
- 2) As a "Shareholder" giving a more modest contribution to the costs of the Festival.
- 3) As a provider of a prize for the Raffle/Tombola on the night.

Of course it would also help if

you were willing to advertise the festival and promote ticket sales, either personally or through your business.

This is a unique Festival with 4/5 hours of top quality music, this year headed by the famous Steve Gibbons Band and supported by great acts, which will attract a strong fan base, who we hope will support your future business as well as enjoy the music.

There will be a complimentary cheese and wine evening on May 25th at Villa Theodora in Agios Ioannis at 7.30pm. specifically to encourage sponsors to step forward and have the chance to show their interest.

Please would you consider helping in some way this year?

If you would like to attend this cheese and wine evening, an appetizer for the Fest, please RSVP by May 23rd, as we wish to be able to approximately assess your numbers for catering purposes.

Thank you so much for your consideration, on behalf of all connected to our festival and village.

THE MINSTRELS

PLEASE think before you book...26 April 2012

BBC report highlights danger of all-inclusive holidays

All-inclusive holidays have been blamed for damaging local businesses in the tourist hotspots, such as Spain's Costa del Sol and the Dominican Republic.

Tourism Concern claimed on BBC Breakfast that local restaurants were being forced to close because tourists no longer spent money outside their all-inclusive hotel.

It claims that in Turkey, just 10% of tourist spend from all-inclusive holidays found its way into the local economy.

In the Dominican Republic, it said all-inclusive hotels have been blamed for restaurant closures and increased negative attitude towards tourists.

Tourism Concern conceded there was a demand for all-inclusive holidays, sales of which have risen 50% in the past three years and now account for a third of all package holiday sales.

"However, the implications for employees, other local businesses, the destination economy, and the tourist experience in terms of meaningful cultural exchange, throws up some serious questions about the sustainability and ethics of this tourism model," it said.

TUI brand First Choice will switch to selling exclusively all-inclusive holidays from this summer. TUI distribution director Nick Longman said the operator was keen to work with local restaurants to ensure money from tourists continued to filter into the local economy.

He said restaurants could work with all-inclusive hotels offering guest dine-around programmes and similar initiatives.

Article submitted by Sue at Castaway Travel, Akharavi.

When Nitsa was Young

By
Lord Biro

Chapter 4: The Civil War.



"Nitsa with Costa"

It is 1946 and Nitsa's youngest brother, Adonis, is one year-old, and her father is dead. These are hard times for her mother Sofia and her nine children, the others being Ioannis, Spiros, Giorgos, Renee, Froso, Teo and Prokopis. The older children and Sofia and parents and in-laws are hard at work in the fields, with their potatoes, corn, wheat, beans, onions, tomatoes, garlic, looking after their two cows and the calves they produce, pigs, sheep and chickens. Their industry makes them almost self-sufficient; the advent of the Americans to war-damaged Corfu provides such 'luxuries' as powdered milk, hard cheeses, pasta, macaroni and rice. At the end of the Second World War 'friendly' bombing killed a 50-year-old woman in Afra, shrapnel entering her stomach. Near town where Council Flats now stand a man with his wife and four daughters heard the planes. The wife rushed out of the house with two of the children and suffered a direct hit. The man was slow to run from the house with the other girls, which is what saved them. This family was known to Nitsa's family.

There was a dairy standing

where Aqualand now is. Much soft cheese was produced here. Nitsa worked here at the dairy and cut and dried the grass to feed her little herd. A little later when she was seventeen or eighteen she joined a group of around ten young women and went by truck up into the mountains for olive picking in the Sinies/Perithia locality. The girls stayed for the winter in a house near Kendroma, working the groves from November to March (8.00a.m. to 5p.m.) with a break at Christmas. It was a lot tougher work back then;



"Lazaretto island"

there were no nets so each fruit was grasped from the ground by dozens of nimble fingers. The reward was a princely 10 Drachmas per day for each girl. In the summers Nitsa was back to Agios Ioannis, tending the vines, harvesting the wheat and corn, and looking after her young siblings. She handed over her winter wages to her Mum, who put a portion away for Nitsa's dowry. Such thrift enabled Nitsa to end up with 10,000 Drachmas by the time she was married. Much of this 'fortune' was from the sale of a calf, which could fetch 5000 Drachmas. Sofia her Mum, despite being a widow with nine children, even managed to acquire tracts of land along the main road where now stands God's Garage. Sales of excess milk were a handy bonus but purchases still had to be made; sugar,

macaroni, rice, pepper, salt, coffee and tea.



"R.I.P."

The Civil War was gripping Greece. Luckily, most of Corfu was not directly affected, but there was a darker side. The off-lying island of Lazaretto was a killing ground for captured Communist agitators, political activists and criminals from the mainland. Up to 200 men met their ends here, some as young as fifteen. They were shot for their values and many were heard crying out for their mothers prior to their execution.

In 1947 'responsibility of Corfu' passed from the British to the Americans under Paul Porter in Athens.

When Nitsa was 22 she worked in the river by the current Bridge café at Trikline, hauling large buckets of sand up from the bed each day, to be sold road-side by a builder. She managed about 100 lifts per day. People would come in their carts to carry away the sand. Near Pelekas she was employed carrying large rocks from the Potamos, also for building purposes. At the Ropa Valley she cut clover and grass at the Botis Mansion. When dry, she would carry these bales uphill for animal feed.

In those far-off days spraying of the olive trees was done with a mixture of water and molasses. Fifteen or twenty girls would draw water from the well at the Moscos mini-market and carry it up to Yalinas (near Dr. Stephens' house). The whole locale was treated in this way.

Village News

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

It is very distressing to report so often the deaths of my neighbours. Eleni, wife of old Giorgios, had been housebound for some time. One April morning Giorgios prepared a coffee for her and then went down to the mini-market for supplies. Upon his return he found Eleni dead, a terrible shock. She will long be remembered for her cheerful courage; although partly crippled she regularly stomped laboriously down to help at their smallholding and always exchanged pleasant greetings with passers-by.



"Easter Celebrations"

Despite unpleasant weather Easter was celebrated with all the usual festivity; the rain stayed away from all the main functions. My Canadian Cousin Vickie arrived late on Great Friday night, but I called her out early the next morning to go to Town for the procession and pot-throwing. The austerity fuss had made no impact upon the number of visitors; Town was

jammed full. Midnight celebrations in the village plateia went off without a hitch although a blustery wind necessitated the frequent re-lighting of candles. The firework display was quite spectacular.

About thirty sat down to the Easter Sunday dinner at the taverna. All Nikkos's relations had come from Athens. Micky, Ricky and Vickie (sounds like something from Disney) were there as well as Ingrid White, Martin Stuart, Mark and Jenny, Terry and Sue, Paul, Sally and Ella. The meal lasted about three hours and included the customary roast lamb and red eggs; I think that mine had been nobbled as it survived only three encounters before I condemned it to join a salad. There was dancing to traditional Greek music. Kosta gave two virtuoso solo performances spurred on by granddaughter Aegli smashing plates. Sue and Ingrid jived. A good time was had by all.

Later in the month Walter Stuart arrived. Stella and Barry Knight have also visited staying part of the time at Mousehouse, a recent addition to the villas that we have helped to build.



"Another birthday another Whisky"

Seated in my lounge one day I was surprised when Aspros, alias



"Andy and Purrsephone - photo by Stella Knight"

Chief Cat, Fatty Feline, Megamog, stalked in wearing a superior smirk on his whiskers and asking to be fed. I had thought him to be outdoors and accordingly went to investigate. When I moved in a small pane of glass was missing from a bedroom window so I taped a rectangle of card to keep out the draught. Brainy Beast had freed three sides of the card to make it a cat-flap. I have since resealed the card, but each time Persistent Puss opens it again. Summer has eventually come so I shall accept defeat and the increased ventilation. Fortunately Hedges, Misty, Rameses, Josephine, Samson and Hercules do not avail themselves of that amenity - yet!



"Lionel and The Old Cock"



"Clarky and Mrs White"



"Vickie and Lionel"



"Ricky"

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

(This recipe was given to me by a good friend of mine)

Apricot Sponge

Ingredients

1 Can Apricot halves in syrup
(about 500gr)
2tsp Golden Syrup
150gr Self-Raising Flour
75gr Fresh Breadcrumbs
90gr Light Muscovado Sugar
1tsp Ground Cinnamon
2tbsp Sunflower Oil
175ml Skimmed Milk

Go:

1. Preheat the oven to 180°C. Lightly oil a 18 cm soufflé Pyrex dish. Spoon in the Golden Syrup.
2. Drain the Apricots and reserve the juice. Arrange about 8 halves in the dish. Puree the rest of the Apricots with the juice and set aside.
3. Mix the Flour, Breadcrumbs, Sugar and Cinnamon together and then beat in the oil and milk. Spoon into the dish and bake for 50-60 minutes or until firm and golden.

4. Turn out and serve with the pureed fruit as an accompaniment or with Fresh Cream (*or both*).

Bon Appetit !!

Nordic Walking on Corfu

By
Sabine Bussman



Kick-start your daily exercise with Nordic Walking on Corfu

On the most northern island in Greece, Corfu, we offer you a week full of healthy activity. We teach you how to use Nordic Walking poles more efficiently so you can easily and safely get started with your own regular exercise. The training gets tougher as more muscles are activated, but it does not get more difficult.

The aim is to inspire you to a quick and safe way to better health and wellbeing.

Why is Nordic Walking better than just walking?

Nordic Walking increases your heart rate, oxygen consumption and caloric expenditure without increasing your perceived rate of exertion. You don't feel like you're working any harder but, in addition to working your legs, you're experiencing a full range of motion that engages the abs, arms, shoulders, upper chest and back muscles. The poles provide additional stability and help reduce stress in the knees and other joints. Bone density can be increased through this sort of resistance training, and posture also improves through use of the proper technique and arm motion.

Clinical and anecdotal reports



indicate that this type of exercise may prove beneficial in broad range of conditions, including the arthritides, back pain, cardiac syndromes, chronic pain, fibromyalgia, obesity, osteoporosis, repetitive stress injury, thoracic outlet syndrome, depression, mood disorders, and more.

Keep Walking!

Right now, we are finishing the program planing for some lokal offers for residentials or tourists who are already here as well. So have a look next month here again or just visit us on www.NordicWalkingCorfu.com to be actually informed!

Circuitry and bees

By
Simon Baddeley



The colours of wires for electrical connection shift over time. Wasn't once black for negative, red for positive - still is on car batteries - and green for earth? Now I have two three wires on my power mains - one a blend of yellow and green which I know is earth, since that is how earth, if not covered by cloud, looks from the upper atmosphere, with the other two brown and blue, which I'm pretty sure are positive and negative respectively. But I have to connect these three to our boiler which needs a new element. Earth is a simple connection on the rim of the element plate but brown and blue must connect to a red and blue terminal on the thermostat housing.

"Just to be quite sure about the connections, Yianni. It's blue to blue and brown to red? Yes?"

I pointed to the points of connection on the thermostat he'd sold me.

"No"

"Surely it's brown to red and blue to blue?"

"Yes. By all means make this connection. You will blow up your boiler and burn down your house"

"But...?"

"Look" He ran his figure over the circuit diagram I hadn't noticed, in relief on the plastic housing.

"See the numbers?" They were also there "Brown goes to one and blue to four"

I wrote it down, muttering "brown to one, blue to four"

"Like that?"

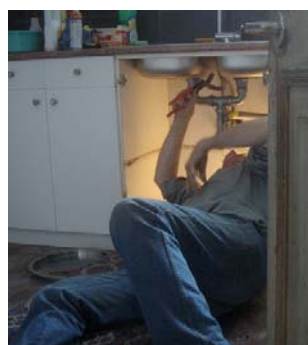
"Yes of course"

"Thanks Yianni. Bye"

Others jobs - fitting new taps to the washbasin, tightening the mixer tap in the kitchen. Flash photos show the fixing so's I can select the right bottle spanner.



Getting under, lying on a foam mattress, I apply penetrating oil and wait. Water's turned off but pipes in their nature drip. Fiddling, fitting, trying and finally turning reluctant nuts on rusted threads. We've got plumber's wadding thread and the right wrenches. When the water's on again with no leaks we get pleasure. Work that once I wouldn't have attempted will seem easier next time. It must be as good when someone learning to read late in life can get through the first pages of a Ladybird.



Das Boot

My ignorance of this or rather my willingness to own up to it, apart from my interest in avoiding a minor disaster, is a sign of C.P.Snow's two cultures. It ought perhaps to be a shameful to me to reveal such ignorance of the simplest electrical wiring connection as for someone else who in secret embarrassment says they've lost their spectacles when faced with being shown something to read. Two people including Linda had already made the brown-red, blue-blue connection clear but I'd not even seen that circuit diagram on the thermostat housing. Would that such shame could attach to denying the chronology of evolution and the wondrous antiquity of the universe. "Just remind me again. If there was a history book whose pages were of rice paper and one page covered a century of human history, the length of the close packed bookshelf needed to hold the history of our universe - ο κόσμος μας - would be ten miles long - possibly ten and three quarters if you add in a bit of statistical uncertainty and varying types of paper - the distance from Ano Korakiana to St Spyridon's Church in the city travelling on the Sidari-Paleo road.



My KJV - a mere 23,800 years

Hiraeth: A very sexy cement mixer and a not so sexy Frenchman

By
Dai the Nant

Tom Roberts was always a good man to have round when mixing footings. He was very strong, started early, always turned up and could be relied upon to bring his old mixer to the party. It was a diesel powered two barrow mixer called the Mighty Atom. Of course it had seen better days and the compression was pretty poor by the time I got to use it. One barrow load was about its big enough then.

You started the mixer with a handle, holding down the valve lifter until the bell started to rumble, then one big kick with plenty of follow through and off she went. That was how I started it, but Tom liked to start it by turning the bell by hand. He was immensely strong even though 70 years old.

Starting the mixer by turning the bell was made slightly more difficult by the half hundredweight of mortar that Tom had allowed over time to go off in the bottom. This dead weight also made the bell turn eccentrically. One day I thought I would give him a chance. I got out my brick hammer and a small cold chisel and started to chip out the mortar.

It was hard going and after three hours I had barely made an impression: my elbows were soon bleeding from scrapping the rim and I developed Tennis Elbow in my right arm which lasted for three months. When I mentioned this to Gerry in the Crown he said "In the old days, I don't know if its true mind, they used to light a fire in the bell". As soon as he said that the penny dropped. Of course, the bell would

expand and the mortar would go ping and break away. I felt a right idiot.

When I was building the garage I bought the mixer from Tom and I had it a few years before selling it to Arthur Morgan. Arthur paid me most of the price I asked but I could never get the last 20 quid out of him. One day I managed it. It was on carnival day and I was sitting outside the Crown at one of the tin tray tables that Gerry used to put out to create a Parisian Cafe style to the main street. I had just sat down with my pint when Arthur's mother walked past.

"Have you met my mum?" asked Arthur. "are you really Arthur's mum" I asked her. She said yes. "Well in that case consider yourself kidnapped. You shall have to sit here until Arthur pays your ransom which is the 20 quid he owes me on the mixer."

Arthur tried to get her to come with him, but she was having none of it. Apparently it was the first time she had been kidnapped and yes she would have a port and lemonade please. Whilst waiting for him to find some cash she told all and sundry that she was destined for the slave trade, all because Arthur wouldn't pay his debts. "its not right " said Arthur later, paying over the cash. "you've embarrassed me now". But his mum had had a wonderful time and whenever I saw her in the village she used to ask me whether Arthur owed me any money and could she be of assistance.

Later that summer I took the family off to the South of France for a bit of sailing on a charter yacht. We pulled into a big bay

which was home to a nudist colony and I put the anchor down. At about the same time a ski boat roared up. The driver threw out the anchor, ripped off his kit and lay back on the bench seat at the back. His pretty companion shed her kit and pretty soon they were going for it hammer and tongs.

When I got back to Wales, I needed to borrow the mixer so I went looking for Arthur. He was up a mountain with Gerry fixing up someone's cottage. After we had agreed terms on the mixer, I told them about this Frenchman in the ski boat. "The thing is," I said, "I had heard that these French fellows could keep going for ten or twenty minutes, no bother, but this fellow was finished in about 45 seconds". They looked at each other, quite mystified, and then, both together: "What took him so long?"

Corfu Weather

April:

Spring time in Corfu with temperatures going up, more hour's of sun and the number of days of rainfall drop to about 6 over the month. The island is full of wild flowers and you can see the boom of life all around. It is truly a special time (many years ago this was the start of the tourist season).

News from the North will continue next month.

Obnoxious Al was not feeling Obnoxious enough this month.

Christmas 1938

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

Part Five:

On Christmas morning grandmother rose at five o'clock to stoke the kitchen range, to finish preparing the turkey and to put it into the range oven; it was far too big to fit into the gas-stove.

She called me at seven so that I might have first use of the bathroom and not hold up any of the adults. All six bedrooms were occupied as the family gathering had increased our household to mine. Keeping clear of grandmother bustling around the kitchen I went into the dining-room and tried to warm bare knees and hands in the meagre heat emitted by the newly-kindled fire, standing in the hearth but quickly stepping out to avoid ridicule if I heard anyone approaching. Christmas 1938 was neither white nor wet nor particularly cold, but I have always hated any chill.

Grandfather and I went every Sunday to eight o'clock Holy Communion at the 'new'village church next to home and today was Sunday as well as Christmas Day. Today, because of the occasion, the whole household, four aunts, father, uncle, grandparents and myself, would be going, a one-off event. Predictably there was a great deal of milling around before all were ready to leave, yet we managed to arrive at the church just in time. The big building was nearly full, but the vicar and his curate were assisted by two visiting priests so the service was not unduly protracted; we were back home by nine o'clock.

Breakfast on Christmas Day was always an especially large meal: eggs, bacon, sausages, fried bread, fried tomatoes, bubble-and-squeak, hot buttered toast, marmalade, tea. Mercifully, however, porridge was not on the menu; I detested that and ate it only to placate grandmother. Preparation of the meal saw the kitchen a hive of activity with four aunts and grandmother

busily wielding utensils, with gas-stove and kitchen range used to full capacity, apart from the range oven where the turkey was gently sizzling. I was also conscripted to toast slices of bread using a toasting fork in front of the range fire. I liked that; it was pleasantly warm!

My friend, Roy, called for me before I had finished eating; he was kept happy munching on a mince-pie. Walking briskly down the long hill to church he told enthusiastically of the presents that he had received. I could not reciprocate as most of my presents were still under our Christmas tree and would not be handed out till later.

As usual on this occasion the church was packed for the morning service; even with chairs brought from the church hall filling gaps between pews there were yet numbers standing. At each of the four Christmases that I sang in that choir our anthem at Matins was "There were shepherds ..." to "Glory to God" from Messiah. I always felt that I could have made a better job of the recitatives than the older boy who sang them! Throughout my time as a choirmaster I gave my choirboys a little Christmas gift from Santa Claus, but there was no such tradition here. After the service Roy and I hurried home to sample the many delights on offer.

As well as chocolates, sausage rolls and mince-pies, preserved figs and dates helped to keep teeth occupied between meals. Uncle Victor, Aunt Gladys, their infant son Peter, and my sister had arrived while I was away. Grandmother and Aunt Louise were busy in the kitchen and the rest of us munched and chatted in the lounge awaiting the return of Uncle Lionel before distributing presents.

Except in really severe weather Uncle Lionel walked everywhere at a very brisk pace. In the First World War he had served in Light Infantry and still kept to their rapid march. Captured by the Turks at Kut where an entire British army surrendered, one of the many disasters inflicted upon our forces through the ages by stupid incompetent leaders, uncle would never

talk of his time in the hands of the Turkish savages. Now in charge of the music of a city church, he regularly strode the two-and-a-half miles between there and home in both directions.

In due course uncle arrived and all came to receive presents. I had bought each of the ladies including sister a little lace-fringed handkerchief. Aunt Louise and grandmother watched with quiet amusement as I submitted to being kissed; they knew how I hate being slobbered over. Grandfather smoked little cigars, father a pipe, Uncle Vic cigarettes; I had found no difficulty in buying small packets of sweets as well as a little box of Uncle Lionel's favourite peppermint creams, all well within my limited budget before a punitive tax was imposed upon smokers. Too an eleven-year-old received polite service at a tobacconist's before Big Brother intervened.

I always knew what would be my present from grandfather; a few days earlier I had been told to call in at the factory where I stood on a sheet of paper upon an office desk while Uncle Lionel, the manager, drew around my stocking-ed feet. A fine pair of shoes resulted while grandmother complemented them with a pair of school socks. Various visiting aunts and sister gave me handkerchiefs or sweets. From Uncle Vic I had as usual another carriage for my clockwork model railway. In response to my declared wish Aunt Louise and Uncle Lionel obliged with a miniature score, a pocket-size edition of the orchestral conductor's music showing the notes played by each instrument, respectively of Bach's Suite in D and Mozart's G Minor Symphony, the foundation of a library that grew over the years to more than two hundred.

Nothing from father except a couple of books in my stocking last night? When all the presents had been handed out nothing remained apart from a small envelope addressed to me. Mystified I opened it expecting perhaps a pound note or two. Instead I found a little card, "Look in the workshop." What now?

Continued on Page 9

Christmas 1938 - Part Five
Continued from Page 8

I hurried out to the workshop. There where it housed the bicycle that had served me since I was seven and was now rather small for me was a gleaming new machine; actually it was not new but bought by father from a friend whose son had grown out of it and it had been fully overhauled by another friend who owned a cycle shop.

Father had followed me and we soon found a spanner to adjust the saddle to my height. "You'll want to try it out, won't you? Off you go."

For something like a half-hour I rode around the village; this bicycle had a gear lever on the crossbar connected by a wire to a hub gear-change, an exciting novelty to me. When I returned I received a gentle reproof from grandmother for cycling in my best school uniform and another from Aunt Louise for being out without a coat. "You'll catch your death of cold." Neither made a great impression though I was careful to appear repentant!

We were not superstitious; thirteen sat down to dinner unless little infant Cousin Peter, seated on Aunt Gladys's lap, counted as only a half. Grandfather carved, grandmother served turkey, two sorts of stuffing and small sausage-meat balls while Aunt Louise added sprouts, carrots, roasted potatoes and roasted parsnips. We helped ourselves to gravy and a thick onion sauce. Of course children, my sister and I, were served last. I seem to have slipped up somewhere and received the least desirable at both ends of life. Today it is we oldies who are the outcasts of society.

This opulence my first taste of turkey, awakened memories of my earlier years during the Great Depression when our Christmas chicken dinner provided by the sacrifice of one of our fowls, was a great luxury, a most welcome addition to our weekly meat meal, a rabbit stew. Today I feel deeply for those millions around the world who are suffering as a result of the dis-

aster inflicted by the perennial greed, ignorance and stupidity of financiers and self-styled 'economists'.

Christmas pudding followed,, a present from a friend of the family living in London, accompanied by either custard or cream or both. We drank only water or fruit cordial; grandfather was strictly teetotal and his word firmly held sway.

After dinner the smokers lit up and nobody objected. The meal had been served to make sure that it finished in plenty of time to allow for making a telephone call that had been booked well in advance. It was another first for me as when everyone else has finished I had a minute or two to speak to some of my many cousins in Canada whither three of my uncles had emigrated nearly thirty years earlier. Our telephone was a pedestal type with a heavy detachable receiver held to ones ear.

Then came yet another first that made that Christmas so memorable. At three o'clock we heard on the radio the voice of our new King George VI, speaking rather hesitantly, laboured even, but all the more intimate for that; this was not a monarch making some august pronouncement, but a friend sharing his thoughts with us. Through the craven defection of his older brother catapulted into responsibility for which he had not been prepared, together with his gracious Queen he dispatched his obligations with conspicuous success, including sharing the privations and hazards to which all were subjected; a truly great exemplar.

Then, while some cleared away and washed up, the rest of us went to the lounge, leaving grandfather to 'snooze' as usual in his favourite chair in the dining-room. Uncle Lionel and father entertained us with piano playing and I had a chance to give my party pieces an airing as well as a viola piece or two with uncle accompanying.

Punctually at four o'clock as was his Sunday custom grandfather looked in. "Are you coming, Lionel?" Quickly I put on cap and coat and we set off on his 'constitutional' four-mile march

around the village. Uncle Vic's party including sister had left to spend the rest of the day with Aunt Gladys's family when we returned.

This was Sunday as well as Christmas Day so those of us with musical duties would need to turn out again for an evening service at our churches.

Five o'clock was far too early for another meal so we were fortified by a slice of Christmas cake and mince-pies to taste washed down with a cup of tea before setting out again. Roy called for me and this time I could tell of all my presents, especially the bicycle, as we walked to church. For the Carol Service the place was just as packed as it had been that morning. It was really Evensong with all the usual sung portions replaced by appropriate carols and a few more added; the Nine Lessons and Carols format, devised by grandfather's cousin and his Dean, now almost universally used was then only twenty years old and not so widely known. Broadcast to the world every year by the B.B.C. at three o'clock on Christmas Eve with a repeat on Christmas Day has made it popular.

Back at home everyone had been to the local church so a meal was still being prepared. Anyway the wait while Uncle Lionel marched back from his city church merely added edge to appetite. 'Tea' on any Sunday was always another substantial feast featuring ham, pork brawn (grandmother's speciality) with beetroot and tomatoes from out garden, preserved when out of season. These were followed by fruit, also from the garden, in its own thick sweetened syrup; I particularly remember apple slices flavoured with cloves. Grandmother was an excellent cook, which must have weighed heavily with someone of grandfather's imposing stature.

It was well past my bedtime when the meal finished and I doubt that I protested when sent to bed at the end of a very memorable Christmas Day.

Continued Next Month

English 

Let the fish-doctor give you a unique treatment that will refresh your feet , as it smoothly nibbles (it has no teeth) and removes the dead skin from them . Meanwhile, the fish-doctor produces diethanole , an enzyme that largely contributes to the rejuvenation of your skin.

The sessions with the Gara Rufa fish are wide-spread all over the world as a top skin caring method , suitable for conditions such ekzema, psoriasis , dermatitis or just tired skin.

After a session with the fish-doctor you will feel light and fresh , as various acupunctural points are activated , both balancing your nervous system and increasing the blood circulation at your feet , also diminishing symptoms from conditions such as diabetes.

The whole procedure is completely safe , as the little fish are harmless to human , while you and the tanks are being sterilized in every stage of the session , ensuring high levels of hygiene.

Open the flyer for this information in your language:



Evg. Voulgareos 43 street
☎ 2661 300375

Evg. Voulgareos 35 street
☎ 2661 300369

Paleologou 63 street
☎ 2661 300375



Nik. Theotoki 43
☎ 2661 300006



Fish Spa



10€

Enjoy
a session with the
fish doctor



5€

The fish doctor offers
natural peeling , skin rejuvenation
and increases blood circulation !

Vickie's Visit - Easter 2012

(A Selection of photos sent in by Vickie De Rouville)

