

# The Agiot

59th Edition

## This Month

Agiotfest 12  
Page 1-2

Thursday at Pelekas.  
Page 3

40 Year Reunion.  
Page 3

Agiotfest: Thanks a  
Bunch.  
Page 4

Facebook Page.  
Page 5

Back to the Future.  
Page 5

Raffle and Auction.  
Page 5

Corfiot Initiative.  
Page 6

Advertising.  
Page 6

Village News.  
Page 7

Corfu Weather.  
Page 7

Aunty Lula's Love-  
Bites.  
Page 7

Heat.  
Page 8

The Corfu Adven-  
ture.  
Page 9-10

Precious Cargo.  
Page 10

Traffic Lights.  
Page 11-12

Monthly Jokes.  
Page 12

## Agjotfest

Corfu soul, rock & folk Festival



By  
The Minstrel



The show opened on the evening of August 25<sup>th</sup>, at the New Cactus Hilton. With not a hint of rain to alarm, it was rather the sweltering heat during the day that challenged each act as they turned up for their sound-checks. Lots of bottles of cold water were ferried from beneath the stage to keep the musicians hydrated.

This year's sound-check went okay, but the sudden withdrawal of Blues Latitude from the line-up, owing to their singer being sent to hospital with a 40 temperature, caused a temporary reshuffle of set times. With

Bill, Richard Wilson and Steve Dell in charge it was quickly sorted.

Try this Link for The Steve Gibbons Band sound check: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=TxMtwbbMSbM>

At 6.30 the gates opened and a steady line of people entered. Sally's bar had a small marquee under which Rob and Vickie dispensed home-made hamburgers. A little further along Corfu Beer was taken in large quantities, the bar ably run by Karen and Rich Quilter. Next door wine and soft drinks were served by Peter and Kostas.

T-shirts were sold by Ce-

cilia and, as per normal, Lucy Steele and Jo Parker sold raffle tickets, the prizes were subsequently mostly snapped up.

The gate was managed all night by Brenda (our Janet having to rush to England to look after her mum) and her sidekick Lionel, with help from Jan and Pat.

### Angela Jones · Agiot- fest Music Festival

· "Well done everybody, especially the organisers and Steve Dell, you guys did great. Any chance I could nick that stage.....it would look really cool in my garden!!"

### 'Two organists'

'Thanks Rob Sherratt for your continued kindness with the festival and for encouraging others to come'. And to the invincible Lionel for being all-around Agioteer and supporter!'

Continued on Page 2

Agiotfest 12  
Continued From Page 1



The stage looked magnificent, the skeleton had been transformed by clever Karen, and Brenda had brought 7000 metres of bunting from Geordie-land.

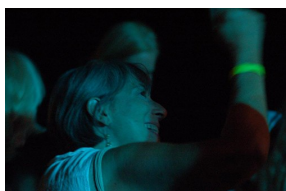
First band on was the Multi Band, a group of musicians put together this year by Sonia Grammatikou. They did not disappoint, despite having not a lot of rehearsal time under their belts. Greek, English and French were sung by the elegant Sonia in front of a very appreciative and growing crowd.

Russian dancers Jungle and Alexandra were up next, gyrating to sounds from DJ Spyros Hytiris, taking a break from his City groove.



We had a young lady (13) Alik Hewett on next, singing a couple of songs to tracks. This poised young girl is a real talent, and seemed totally un-phased before an audience which eventually topped 300.

The rock bands came up as the sun went



down.

Omega 5 were on for their third appearance at Agiotfest. The common feedback was it was their best so far.



They were superb, with a replacement drummer from over the water and an exciting lead guitarist Richard. Where does Barry find these great lead guitarists?

Nemesis came on with their unique Anglo/Greco sound and showed what an accomplished set they are.



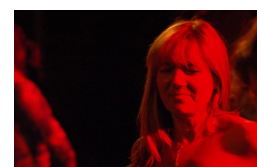
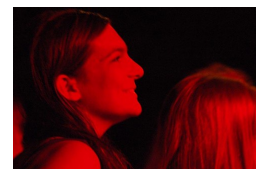
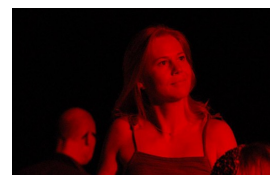
Then, finally it was the Steve Gibbons Band, who had been our guests since the previous Wednesday. You don't get to play in front of appreciative audiences as long as they have without being good. And of course, they were. I've grown to really like this band, and towards the end they wound up a gear and welcomed would-be performers, er, and others onto the stage.



When the lights went down and the throng departed, many band members and fans mingled up at Kostas taverna in the plateia. The mood was very chilled and I was quite surprised to notice it was 6.00AM as Steve Gibbons, Ian Ramage and I wound our tottery way down the lane arm in arm.

Agiotfest 2012 saw its biggest

audience to date, I hope an indication that it has finally arrived as a musical force in Corfu, and should now go from strength to strength. Thanks to all Friends of the Agiotfest and newcomers for making this another great night. And thanks of course to the bands, who all gave their services at very reasonable cost to make Agiotfest happen.



*Thanks for some great photos, notably from our friend Dick Mulder of Geen-Island.*

## Thursday at Pelekas

By  
The Minstrel

The original thinking-if there was any- was to grow this Festival into a weekly affair. With the invasion of the Old Guard and the famous Pelekas Panygeri on our doorstep, this season very much had the feel of a weekly event.

On the Thursday we kidnapped the Steve Gibbons Band and took them off to an impromptu jam at the Hawaii Bar Pelekas, courtesy of Rodoula. They

had borrowed a couple of guitars and with a squeeze box and beer bottles for percussion they gave us a couple of songs. Then we took them down to the Zanzibar and sat before the stage of the Panagyri. Lula's Lovebites leapt away and came back with a lot of lamb and thus were our band introduced to our local festivities.

They bigly enjoyed it, and partook of many a reel to the music. There was a motley crew of us at our tables and everybody was having a hoot. The SGB were also introduced to the niceties of Tsipiro, which galvanised them for an encore up then hill at the Hawaii. This

was a much longer set. A small yet very appreciative band of followers gathered around our seated minstrels, on stools or scattered across the floor in beaming delight. Magic!



"Steve Gibbons Band at Pelekas"

## 40 year re-union and all that jazz

By  
The Minstrel

It would not be the Agiotfest without its share of peculiarities.

This year was famous- apart from the Grouse- by the coincidence with the festival of a 40 year re-union of some of the original Agiots.

From Scotland and Sweden and England and Athens and Germany and Holland and Italy came Robert Bennett, Brenda Pangriakotis, Martin and Tracey Stuart, Ricky Collier, Ian Ramage, Monkey, Jim Clegg, Andy, Lennart and Sanna, Paul and Sally Grove, Ella, Nick The Clock with Angela, Alex Porteous, Antonio Bandido,

Elizabeth Kovacs, Ray Bacchan and



© Can Stock Photo - csp9779201

"Ella Ray!!\*\*! "

Lynne Cahill, to name the main culprits. Hatto and his lady qualify as newer Agiots., as does Vaughan. As does Jackie.

Despite the hot conditions and oil wells of alcohol there were no serious bothers. A little arm wrestling and

neck grabbing ensued, some fell on the dance floor and injured their ribs, a microphone stand or three were imperilled, somebody missed a plane home. There was much singing and revelry apart from the official music. Great party.

On the evening of the Fest a fruit mouse was taken out by a small dog on a lead. This led to an altercation between an animal rights person and the dog owner. It got quite heated until, someone said. 'What the .... Do you want to take the dog to Court?'

The most infamous tale concerns Nick The Watch [aka Nick The Clock]. That may surprise many of you. There are many tales already of his latest Maritime venture, but the best penned must be left to Monkey (AKA Iain), who reported the event to us as shown below.

### Mind the Gap

Tragedy was narrowly averted at Ipsos Marina on Sunday last, when an elderly English tourist, Nick the Watch, was saved from certain drowning - we must ensure that this sort of thing never happens again.

Thankfully there were witnesses who reported fully on the drama. The victim, a retired naval officer and entrepreneur, was making ready to join friends on a boating jaunt and had just stepped onto the jetty when he was unexpectedly struck by a powerful gust of Hurricane Aspro and plunged into the crystal-brown waters of Ipsos Bay. His quick-witted companion, busty Italian beauty Angelina Ballerina (22-ish), prevented Mr. Watch from drifting too far by grabbing his ankles, bringing from him grateful cries of "Let go my glub glub glub ankles you dozy glub flub guggle!" Meanwhile rescue efforts were being co-ordinated from the shore by Dr. I. Damage, Turret's Professor of Rhetoric at Edinburgh University, who offered timely and effective advice, none of it helpful. The corpse was eventually hauled from the water, piece by piece, by two local experts in the field of recovering antiquities from the seabed. Reports of this part of the drama are unfortunately vague as eyewitnesses by this time were rolling on the floor, overcome by sympathetic weeping. Artificial respiration pumped several pints of liquid, some of it water, from the victim.

News of the tragedy very soon passed round his circle of acquaintance, who roared with sympathy and repeatedly asked the lucky eyewitnesses to tell the full story, omitting no detail. Local waitress Anna (23) collapsed on hearing the news, rolling on the ground clutching her sides in pain and shrieking hysterically.

Asked that evening to tell his version of events, Mr. Watch said far too much, not all of it fair to his friends or their parents.

Tonight's film show will include *Above Us The Waves*, *Finding Nemo*, and *The Underwater World of Nick Cousteau*.



# Thanks A Bunch

'This year our crowd broke through the 300 barrier, and for the first time in our history we are not in the red on the Agiotfest.

Despite there being a local village wedding in Agios Ioannis at the same time, our numbers went up. Most pleasingly, there was a marked increase in Corfiot Greeks and Dutch, German and other Nationalities. This is what we want.

Thanks go out to a lot of people, the Bands, the Audience, The Sponsors and of course the Agioteers.

The list of people to thank is long and growing. This list is not comprehensive, because of time restraints today. The Agiot Forums will daily carry the names of our friends and supporters. Some have wished to remain anonymous, nonetheless their contributions are priceless.

I want to thank Lula first of all. She works tirelessly to help in all sorts of ways, despite having a home and business to run. I don't know how she copes!

Paul and Jan Scotter, who devote hours and hours of free time, because they *believe*

Paul Grove; number one Agiot lover and provider of land, sponsorship, support and ideas

The same goes for Karen and Rich Quilter, always cheerful and persistent.

Ken and Jan Harrop; consistently top ticket sellers from the North and Masters of the Coach.

Bill Vrioni; put simply, the lynchpin on the day.

Steve Dell; our long-time compere and member of Omega5 is gold-dust.

Barry Packman; musician plus with his sterling efforts to help with the backline and to provide instruments. Thanks here also to Simon's Music Studio.

Brenda Pangrakiotis. An able deputy for Jan Pumford. Brenda is our Mrs Fixit. Nothing is too much trou-

ble for this lady.

Peter and Kostas. Despite early misgivings on their part they came up trumps.

Lucy Steele. Hard-working, organised, consistent, Mrs Raffle is much more than just that.

Sally's Bar at Ipsos, yearly supporters, this year caterers.

Boatman's World at Kontokali, fervent supporter each year.

Spyros Hytirs [the Professional]. The Encyclopaedia of Musical Trends, Spyros is always at the forefront of what we are trying to do.

Richard Wilson; every year he is our sternest, yet often most adroit critic. And absolutely top-drawer stage manager.

Jon Watts at Truetype; always on the ball with our website postings.

Spear Travels [Peter Cookson] who every year sponsors because he believes.

Nikos Pouliasis; a new sponsor and builder of the stage this year.

Natassa Katehi; probably our number one Greek supporter and has been since day 1

Chas Clifton; my cheeky Cockney mate who comes up trumps every year.

Ridoula at Hawaii, for the generous contribution of her bar and facilities.

Jo Parker for her humour and helpfulness.

Sue Done who is about to become a major figure in our band of brothers.

There are others who need mentioning and thanking; they will be on the forums and on our main websites. Please, please forgive me if I have omitted you here

But Jan wants her tea; I've kept her long today as it is. And this must go out! Thanks to Jan, who regularly puts up with my madness with no complaint.

Thank you, thank you all of you lovely Agioteers for building this event into a truly phenomenal entity'



## Facebook Page

If you go to the page: [www.facebook.com/agiotfest](http://www.facebook.com/agiotfest) during the next few days/weeks, we will pose a few questions about the Agiotfest there. It would be very helpful if you would kindly answer them, if we get a good feedback we can measure the answers and point ourselves in an improved direction.

The first question will appear Sunday the 2<sup>nd</sup> September, and their should be a further question most days.

Thanks from the Agiotesters (AKA Friends of the Agiotfest).'

## Back to the Future

It looks as if the Agiotfest might yet have a rosy future.

With a growing band of supporters- we are not so conceited we don't realise we have our detractors too-we hope to continue to expand and grow synergy with Corfu Beer, a perfect match for us, and also Dionysus Camping at Dasia.

We had a number of private sponsors this year, and some lovely friends like the Knights and Youngs in the U.K., who could not be with us this year but chipped in anyway.

Advertising is new to us here. Tony Barker is the first. We hope others will join.

## Raffle and Auction

'As we have said before we have been blown away by the number of prizes donated for the raffle, proceeds of which will be shared between Agiotfest and local charities.

As we had simply so many, we are retaining the excess prizes for now and holding a cheese and wine party at Villa Theodora 28<sup>th</sup> September [Friday] at 7.00pm.

The event is being supported by Dougie and Helen Potter's Famous Ginger Grouse.

Here below is a comprehensive list of prizes:

### AGIOTFEST 2012 RAFFLE PRIZES

- |      |  |
|------|--|
| 1st  | One week at Villa Theodora (date to be arranged)                 |
| 2nd  | Two nights for two persons (Bed and B'fast) at Koukouli, Zagouri |
| 3rd  | One Page Web Site from True Type Solutions                       |
| 4th  | 100euro Shopping Voucher from British Corner Shop                |
| 5th  | One Shellac Manicure/Pedicure from Sarah Young                   |
| 6th  | Meal for two persons at Nicholas Taverna, Agni                   |
| 7th  | 5 x 1 Game Vouchers from Star Bowl                               |
| 8th  | Wine Hamper from Nicholas Taverna, Agni                          |
| 9th  | One Bikini from Elexis Underwear                                 |
| 10th | One Pair of Ladies Pyjamas from Elexis Underwear                 |
| 11th | One week Gym Membership from In Action                           |
| 12th | One Facial Treatment from In Action                              |
| 13th | Dinner for two persons at Kostas Taverna, Ag. Ioannis            |
| 14th | One Day-ticket for two persons from Aqualand Water Park          |
| 15th | Free cocktails for two persons from Hotel Telesillas             |
| 16th | 24hr Internet Card from Compass Cafe, Kondokali                  |

### AGIOTFEST 2012 - RAFFLE PRIZES TO BE AUCTIONED

**Book(s) Jim Potts**

**1 x 5\* Metaxa Paul, Alice Ticehurst**

**Jewellery Ruby Rocket (Deborah)**

**Meal for two persons;La Tavola Calda**

**Case of 10 Famous Grouse; Dougie and Helen Potter**

**2 x Snow Grouse Whisky;Dougie, Helen Potter**

**Osmosis Machine;Eco Point (Natasha)**

**Ladies Hairstyling Evolution Hairstyling**

**Cotton Guest Towel Marks & Spencer**

**Ladies Fashion Bags Sephora Shops**



## **Corfiot Initiative NGO**

Non Profit Organization  
(Culture-Enviroment-Social Welfare)

Contact : 26610 34066, 26610 33191, 693 7255366, 6951 324892, 6973793826

E-mail: [kerkyraionprotovouliaamko@yahoo.gr](mailto:kerkyraionprotovouliaamko@yahoo.gr), [politonexousia@gmail.com](mailto:politonexousia@gmail.com), [politonexousiamko@hotmail.gr](mailto:politonexousiamko@hotmail.gr)  
<http://politonexousia.blogspot.com/>, also Facebook: Κερκυραίων Πρωτοβουλία - Πολιτών Εξουσία ΜΚΟ (team) and Κερκυραίων Πρωτοβουλία ΜΚΟ ( profile ).

The Corfiot Initiative NGO was formed in Corfu on March 2011. It is a non profit organization founded by caring members of the public sensitive to the needs of the island and its people by volunteering their time to the cause of Corfu. Although the current economic crisis is proving to be one of the most difficult times in Greece's modern history the members of The Corfiot Initiative NGO have completed twenty volunteer actions with great success and continue to:

1) Perform volunteer actions that have an environmental character to protect, care and help keep clean the environment such as the cleaning of beaches, forests, historical monuments and recycling as well as the education of children in schools in how to recycle and help the environment.

2) Perform volunteer actions that have a cultural character in the preserving of and saving of the islands' cultural inheritance and local history such as the historic old town of Corfu which is listed by UNESCO.

3) Perform volunteer actions that have a social character to support and help families, children and people in need of clothing, food and shelter. To help other charity groups those are in need. To encourage others and similar groups that wish to offer their help.

We believe that people have a lot to offer, there are many people that would like to make a change but do not know how or where to begin, they need to be made aware that they are not alone and that through a volunteer network they can offer whatever help they can and whenever they can.

Contact: Adriana: 26610 34066/Spyros: 26610 42777 or 69774-33991



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# Village News

By  
Dr. Lionel Mann

A number of aging foundation Agiots, staging a reunion, were among last month's visitors, many coming for

Agiotfest. Of course there was prancing on tables and one of the gang fell into the sea when they went on a boat trip. A good time was had by all!

Late one night I suffered an invasion by a hoard of B52 hornets. Armed with tennis raquets

the two Giorgios came to my aid and slaughtered more than forty of the creatures. If ever the pair visit Wimbledon Federer and Nadal will need to look to their laurels.

A couple of Albanians came to open my roof and to remove a nest that measured 50cm in length and 30cm in diameter. It was thick with eggs.

## Corfu Weather Statistics

July 2012

Maximum Temperature - 39°C

Minimum Temperature - 29°C

Average Temperature - 34°C

Windspeed - 40km/h.

Gust-speed - 55m/h.

Rain - 0mm

# Aunty Lula's Love-bites

## Briam

### INGREDIENTS:

4 medium Courgettes  
4 medium Aubergines  
4 Potatoes  
4 Tomatoes  
2 cloves of Garlic  
2 Onions  
2 tbsp of chopped Basil,  
2 tbsp of chopped Parsley,  
1 tbsp of Flour  
200gr of Feta cheese cut into cubes (optional)  
200ml Olive oil  
350ml water with 1 cube vegetable stock  
Salt and pepper

### GO:

- 1] Cut all vegetables except two of the tomatoes into round slices.
- 2] Puree the two remaining tomatoes.
- 3] Put these into a bowl and mix in well the rest of the ingredients.
- 4] Place all ingredients in a large oven dish and bake in a pre-heated oven at 200 degrees for an hour or so, until water has evapo-

rated, leaving oil only.

- 5] If you like it more tomatoes add a tablespoon of tomato paste.

*Kali Orexi*



# Heat

By  
Simon Baddeley



We left Birmingham amid rain, flying through the night. A mix of reading, dozing, with now and then a touch of turbulence to mark our steady passage through the darkness. Lin's picnic of bread rolls and ham with mustard, a cup of coffee from the trolley to sip, an exchange about the time. I turned my watch forward two hours; read some more – Henning Mankell's Italian Shoes – enjoying its icy Baltic landscape. Catnapped. Our almost unnoticeable journey – made easier by staff kind enough, without charge, to place us in a front row with leg-stretch space – comes to an end with a familiar descent, a tiny bump, a reaching up into lockers for hand baggage, a ludicrous bus ride under 50 metres to the ramp into the terminal at Kapodistria, a few seconds examination by a young woman immigration officer, a few minutes as luggage bumps onto the carousel and we're on our way in a car left for us at the airport; the quiet pleasure of arrival laced, not with the strangeness of a new place, but with the delight of weaving a familiar route through the sleeping city, along the esplanade, onto the dual carriage way to the T-junction at Tzavros where the Paleo road turns away from the sea and we draw closer to invisible mountains, tak-

ing the turning at Doctor's Bridge on the road to Sidari; after two kilometres the sharp turn right for Ano Korakiana, whose street lights start to show through the trees "There's a nasty pothole just here" I mutter

"I know I know"

But it had been filled in since we left in May. Then we're stopped on the road above our steps with street light to see the way down. I cart our cases to the door; fumble with keys – one carrying an LED to show the keyhole; let myself into our house's hot interior, turn on water and electricity, plug in the fridge; get the kettle going for a cup of tea and coffee. Lin joins me, unpacking food from England to go in the fridge. I turn on the air-conditioning for 30 minutes while we get used to expected but unaccustomed heat, halve our last picnic roll and sit with our hot drinks, before turning in to sleep as the light grows outside.

We sleep until midday – 10am UK time – then rise, creakily, still stunned by heat. "Shall I turn on the air-conditioning again?"

"No you will not" says Lin "Have you any idea how much electricity those units use? Open more windows"

Outside is as hot as inside. Heat is in the stone of our deep thick walls, the concrete steps and path, stored in the village. Blood heat weather makes me dozy until I get used to it, slowing myself. We'd come in August to attend Paul McGovern's Agiotfest event in a small dry sloping field behind the houses in Ag.Ioannis, a mini-concert supported by local businesses. Sally who runs a bar in Ipsos sold hot

dogs and beefburgers. Another stand sold light and heavy Corfu beer and village white wine – all chilled.



Lin and I pulled up chairs at a vantage point below a venerable olive tree, and enjoyed the music. Friends appeared, as you'd expect on an island. Mark came up and and tapped our shoulders. So good to see him. "Hi you two" He'd just left work "I've driven across Greece today, from Evvoia"

"How's everything?"

"Fine. Busy"

We saw Lionel, Paul M and Lula, Hilary P, Sally from Ipsos, Colin, Sue, Kostas and Georgia – sometimes sitting with them and they with us. Later I stood beside the towering speakers beside the stage to watch the acts more closely and when Steve Gibbons arrived, round midnight, Lin joined me and we danced.



# The Corfu Adventure

By  
Martyn Clark

We first came to Corfu in 2001 for a weeks holiday, staying at the Pantheon in Messongi. It was our first time in Corfu and if history was to repeat itself it would be our last visit as we had always vowed never to go back to a holiday resort when there are new places to visit. So what is it that brings people back to Corfu again and again and so many settle here. Is it the climate, the people, the way of life its probably a bit of everything although in the current economic climate its certainly harder to move over here than in years past. Anyway I digress after that first holiday both me and my wife Jo thought that we would possibly like to live here the problem was that it was something we couldn't do until we retired. I was due to retire in 2012. Then the British government changed the pension system meaning my wife Jo could not now retire until she was 65 in 2018 which effectively meant we had lost an income if we were to move to Corfu earlier than that. We had never contemplated moving to Corfu lock, stock and barrel we always intended keeping our house in the UK and spending six or seven months over here. My retirement did though give us the opportunity for an extended stay in Corfu, its all well and good liking a place whilst you are on holiday but living there is a different proposition so the extended stay would give us an understanding of life on the island. It then all started to become a reality in September 2011 when we found an apartment in Spileo which is not far from Messongi. A basic agreement was reached which unfortunately fell apart when the

landlord wanted more rent, when we contacted him earlier this year. Step forward a certain Mr Paul McGovern who I had been in contact with over the past three years after attending the Agiotfest in 2009. Paul said he may be able to twist the arm of his his sister in law Anna who had a house in Dassia, thankfully he succeeded, so the Corfu Adventure was on again. It was still though not to be plain sailing as a chance e mail to Paul a week before we were due to depart mentioned that we were booked on the Venice to Corfu ferry with Minoan, We were advised to check with Minoan to see if the service was still running, only to find out that the service had indeed been cancelled so there was some hurried work on the internet to book with Anek after we had turned down an offer from Minoan to sail from Ancona. With virtually everything packed there was still more drama to unfold with my elderly mother rushed into hospital in Coventry on the Wednesday prior to departure. There was certainly no good news from the hospital as the following day she was diagnosed with Sepsis which for a person approaching ninety years of age is not good news and the hospital did not hold out much hope for her. This left us with a real dilemma, to travel or not to travel. After some discussion with the family it was decided that we should travel and if we were required to travel back to the UK then we would reach our destination and return by Easy Jet. Our son Adrian who is a Senior Specialist Registrar in Emergency Medicine advised us to expect the worst as people of my mothers age often did not recover from Sepsis. So on Sat-

urday 7 July off we set to spend the day in London with Adrian and then travel to Dover on the Sunday morning to catch the cross channel ferry. The trip on the M25 to Dover resembled something like a demolish derby, the rain was absolutely tipping it down and we saw three accidents in the space of a mile caused by people driving too fast in what were abysmal conditions. The remainder of the trip and the ferry crossing though passed without incident and early on Sunday afternoon we set off on the long drive across France. Friends had said to us before we left, plan your route and make sure you have a good road atlas. So I bought the maps and set about planning a route after about half an hour of trying to sort out which roads we would be driving on I had got lost about three times. It was back to my favourite method, select half a dozen towns/cities between your setting off point and your destination and just go for it and that was what we did. One of the first places we had highlighted was Reims and that was also to be the first stopping off point. Driving into Reims was no problem but trying to find a hotel, now that was a different proposition, we saw the hotels we had hoped to stay but no way could we find a way to get to them..

After thirty minutes of getting lost every two minutes we gave Reims up as a bad job and continued our journey. We eventually stayed in Verdun that night and the rest of the journey to Venice was pretty uneventful.

Continued on Page 10

The Corfu Adventure  
Continued from Page 9

Two further overnight stops in Lucerne in Switzerland and then Verona in Italy, Verona is a really lovely town with much of the architecture reminiscent of the Venetian architecture in Corfu. Verona was the ideal stopping off point as it is then just a matter of an hour or so to Venice. Venice was to be the only place where we missed a turning, the first and only signposted turning for the port is in the right hand lane of a four lane road and yes you've guessed it we were in the far left hand lane. Without too many problems we did find our way back to the port where we were told the boat would start loading at 1500 hours, two hours later we were still sitting in the baking sun as the Corfu bound vehicles were to be the last to be loaded. If we make the trip again we will ensure that we do not arrive early. Eventually we boarded and we were on our way but little did we realise the treat that was to be in store for us. With it being our first time in Venice we did not know that to reach the open seas the ferry had to pass down the Grand Canal.

What a experience that was with the sun starting to go down, the light was absolutely magical as we saw for real, sights that we had only ever seen photographs off. The cabin on the boat was pretty good which is a good job as we had a twenty nine hour trip in front of us. The trip was plenty uneventful but to be honest I was pretty disappointed with the facilities on board the ferry. We docked in Corfu about forty five minutes late and what a fiasco it was getting down to the car decks.

None of the Anek staff had a clue what was happening and in the

end I was directed to the wrong level which meant struggling up a ramp against oncoming traffic with a suitcase and shoulder bag to reach my car. I have a feeling that for the return trip to Italy I could well be on a Minoan boat. Still we had arrived in Corfu and our thirteen week stay was underway. We had arranged to meet Paul (McGovern) and Loula near Dassia but as the house was not ready we were going to stay in Agios Ioannis for a few days so the rendezvous point was just outside the port. First port of call was Costa's tavern where we met Anna and her husband Nicos for the first time, what we didn't know was that they ran the taverna. We were made to feel really welcome and before we realised the time it was 2.45 so it was time for bed with the knowledge that after one or two setbacks the Corfu Adventure for us was finally underway.

Footnote: My mother has recovered but at the time of writing is still in hospital but is expected to be allowed home within the next few days.

## Precious Cargo

By  
Dai the Nant

Down Stoney High Street with all  
sails standing:  
A Maid in full bloom, each curl  
needs handing.  
Smiles from the shoreline, the gos-  
siping throng  
Note her full Mainsail, as she bowls  
along.  
"Name me that vessel, where is she  
bound?"  
"Why, tis sweet Sally-Anne, from  
our very own Town!"

Turning to windward she rounds up  
a treat.  
Not a biscuit toss from me, my heart  
skips a beat.  
The sparkling blue eyes in her figure-  
head show  
She is coming to anchor, about to  
let go.  
Then into The Bull, on the last of  
the tide.  
Straight into the arms of the man  
by my side.

We move out of the Channel, fetch  
up by the Bar,  
Where the estuary traffic is gentle by  
far,  
And there scan the moorings: a seat  
must be found!  
Whilst the soon-to-be matron, calls  
for a round.  
And slowly we settle, the Ebb lets us  
down,  
Wordlessly caught in the Lights of  
the Town.

They slipt away later, on the last of  
the Ebb,  
Made their home port. Soon tucked  
up in bed.  
And not long after she was taken a-  
back,  
And must find a new berth for first  
grandson Jack.

Its a magical thing is a Mother to Be.  
Fair takes your mind from thoughts  
of the Sea.

Cap'n Birdseye 7<sup>th</sup> Dec 2009

# Traffic Lights - Part 2

By  
Dr. Lionel Mann

Preparing last month's article awakened memories of other motoring incidents. Here goes -

During the Fifties London was plagued by "peasouper smogs", thick stinking yellow fogs. One afternoon as a result of a late tutorial I left the College after five o'clock. Daylight was fading and visibility was already reduced to no more than four yards. I managed to join a line of traffic crawling across Hyde Park to Marble Arch. At the start of the Harrow Road a 662 trolleybus was departing and I fell in behind it; that could be my guide all the way home to Wembley!

Night had fallen and visibility was almost nil. Headlights only produced an opaque glare, side and rear lights merely gave a very limited warning of the presence of a vehicle. My progress and that of the cars that had tailed along was necessarily slow as the bus leading us was being directed by its conductor walking ahead with a torch. Not many were travelling so at least we did not often need to wait while he went back to collect fares.

By seven o'clock we had reached only Kensal

Rise. I had friends living near there whom I visited at least weekly so I knew well the layout of the streets; I should leave my car there and complete my journey by Underground, whose automatic train control enabled it to operate with only slight delay.

The bus had stopped so I got out to warn the driver of the car behind of my intention lest he should follow and lead everyone also from the main road. Then I edged cautiously into a side street where I proceeded

on the right hand side with my foot open so that I might follow the Kerb. The chances of meeting another vehicle or that anyone had been stupid enough to park in the street were very remote.

A pedestrian overtook me. "Where're you going, mate?"

I told him.

"That's easy! Come with me." He strode briskly along beside me, conversing through my open window and we soon reached the end of the street that I wanted. I thanked him and he left me so I reverted to crawling until I found my friends' house. They led me into their drive and would not hear of me going any further; I had a meal and a bed for the night.

I was deputy organist of the nearby crematorium and when I phoned him to tell of my whereabouts I learned that the organist, living in Pinner, had rung asking that I should take all duties until the smog cleared as I lived nearer. He did not know how near! I did not need to go to the College again that week and had a very busy and lucrative time as the smog took a heavy toll on those suffering from respiratory ailments.

That summer I was returning in torrential rain from holiday in Cornwall when just past Exeter the motor of my windscreen wiper failed. A hitchhiker thumbed me and I took him in. All the way to London he diligently operated the wiper manually when needed. I took him to the door of his home in Shepherd's Bush. We were both very satisfied!

The next year I changed from my Morris 8 for a Standard 9 just before my Cornish holiday. In those days Exeter was somewhat of a bottleneck and on my return jour-

ney I joined on the end of a line of vehicles waiting to pass through the city. Almost at once the queue started to move up the hill and I engaged bottom gear, but lowest gear in the

Morris had become reverse gear in the Standard and I shot off backwards. A Jaguar speeding down the hill behind me braked urgently in a shrill scream of tortured tyres. Quickly I corrected my error and went up the hill towards the city. The Jag passed me and the malignant glare that its driver directed at me clearly evinced no goodwill.

Soon after arriving home I received a telephone call from the Vicar of a church in Norwich where I was to give an organ recital after Evensong the next day, Sunday. His Head Chorister was visiting his grandmother in Harrow; boy and granny wanted to come to Norwich tomorrow, could they come with me? I like to have company when travelling so I arranged to bring the pair.

On the way to Harrow to pick up my passengers the next morning I stopped at a garage to fill with petrol and to put a pint of oil into the engine. I did not bother to check with the dipstick as I had driven more than a thousand miles around Cornwall and thought that the oil needed topping up. Spurred on by the prospect of the traditional Sunday roast at my family home and an afternoon rehearsal I did not waste time on the journey. We were breezing along at a steady eighty beside Newmarket Heath when the boy, seated beside me, remarked conversationally, "There's smoke coming under the dashboard, sir."

Continued on Page 12



Traffic Lights - Part 2  
Continued from Page 11

Immediately I declutched, switched off the engine and let the car roll gently to a halt by the roadside. When I opened the bonnet a thick cloud of black smoke billowed out; I had overfilled with oil and it had blown open the filler cap, was smearing all over the cylinder head. For about five minutes I let it burn itself out before resuming our journey at a more sedate sixty.

"The man's mad. I'll never travel with him again." Gleefully my host, a friend for many years, reported granny's vehement pronouncement while we were enjoying a cup of tea at his vicarage after my recital.

Perhaps the old girl was right. I was too busy to visit Norwich often unless I had professional enhancements there, so it had been some years since I had last driven along that road when I went home for my grandmother's ninetieth birthday. I was in a hurry as I had stood umpire at a school cricket match for the entire morning. Nevertheless I picked up an Army hitchhiker at Mill Hill. Belting along at a completely illegal speed I came over the brow of a hill to discover that since I had last been that way someone had placed a large circular grassy hump of an island where none had been before. There was no time for braking, no way that I could possibly go round it at that speed. I went straight over the centre post; me airborne.

"Please will you set me down, sir?" My passenger was very polite.

I complied, but could not help sadly reflecting that the army was not what it was when I was in it!

## Monthly Joke

*A duck walks into a pub and orders a pint of beer and a ham sandwich. The barman looks at him and says "Hang on! You're a duck."*

*"I see your eyes are working," replies the duck.*

*"And you can talk!" Exclaims the barman.*

*"I see your ears are working, too," Says the duck. "Now if you don't mind, can I have my beer and my sandwich please?"*

*"Certainly, sorry about that," Says the barman as he pulls the duck's pint. "It's just we don't get many ducks in this pub.. What are you doing round this way?"*

*"I'm working on the building site across the road," Explains the duck. "I'm a plasterer."*

*The flabbergasted barman cannot believe the duck and wants to learn more, but takes the hint when the duck pulls out a newspaper from his bag and proceeds to read it.*

*So, the duck reads his paper, drinks his beer, eats his sandwich, bids the barman good day and leaves.*

*The same thing happens for two weeks.*

*Then one day the circus comes to town.*

*The ringmaster comes into the pub for a pint and the barman says to him "You're with the circus, aren't you? Well, I know this duck that*

*could be just brilliant in your circus.*

*He talks, drinks beer, eats sandwiches, reads the newspaper and eve-*

*rything!"*

*"Sounds marvellous," says the ringmaster, handing over his business card. "Get him to give me a call."*

*So the next day when the duck comes into the pub the barman says, "Hey Mr. Duck, I reckon I can line you up with a top job, paying really good money."*

*"I'm always looking for the next job," Says the duck. "Where is it?"*

*"At the circus," Says the barman.*

*"The circus?" Repeats the duck.*

*"That's right," Replies the barman.*

*"The circus?" The duck asks again. with the big tent?"*

*"Yeah," the barman replies.*

*"With all the animals who live in cages, and performers who live in caravans?" says the duck.*

*"Of course," the barman replies.*

*"And the tent has canvas sides and a big canvas roof with a hole in the middle?" persists the duck.*

*"That's right!" says the barman.*

*The duck shakes his head in amazement, and says ...*

*"What the f.... would they want with a plasterer?!"*

***Sent in by Barry Knight***