

# The Agiot

57th Edition

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# Agjotfest

Corfu soul, rock & folk Festival




## STEVE GIBBONS BAND

**Nemesis**  
*Feat. Special guest Alan Taylorson (ex-keyboard player of Jasper Hart Band (Brian Johnson))*

**Omega 5**

**Blues Latitude**

**Multi Sound Band**

**Jungle & Alexandra**  
*Also appearing: Lucy Layton*

**Agios Ioannis Corfu**

**August 25th**

**Gates Open 6:30**

Price Adult €20.00  
Child €10.00

**4th Great year - Don't Miss it**

book tickets online at: [www.agiotfest.co.uk](http://www.agiotfest.co.uk)  
call (0030) 26610 58177 / 6974932408  
email: [sales@agiotfest.co.uk](mailto:sales@agiotfest.co.uk)




### Also Appearing

## Nemesis

Antonios Leontitsis, Angie Nikos, Chris Yannis

Nemesis band was formed 10 years ago on the island of Corfu by Antonios; the band has played all over Corfu and now with UK members Chris bass & Angie vocals has moved into a Greek & English Rock Band with Nikos on Greek Vocals & Yannis on drums & Antonios on guitar. All are top professional musicians from their past years so not to be missed.



## More Agiotfest 12 - Acts



### Omega 5

Steve Dell, Barry Packman, Richard Murray, Neville Smallwood, Simon Wyett

Omega 5 is a long-standing band on Corfu, a regular at Agiotfest and this year with a change on guitar - from Ireland the amazing Richard Murray, who in his own right is a singer-songwriter. He has album releases and has worked on film & TV scores. Simon on Drums, Nev on Bass, Steve Vocals and Barry on Guitar.



Steve Dell

### Multi Sound Band

(Featuring Sonia Grammatikou)



Sonia Grammatikou is an Insurance Agent working in the family firm in Corfu town. She has trained as a Classical guitarist and pianist and is also a fine dancer. Especially for the Agiotfest 2012 she has formed a brand new all-Greek band named the Multi Sound Band, who are young, talented lads. Look out for the drummer Foivos Anthis (18 year-old music student). The keyboard player is leader of Chore Idro.

### Lucy Layton

UK singer song writer with her new album just about to be released will be on Corfu joining the Agiotfest Lucy is well known on UK TV & concerts in UK

### Jungle & Alexandra:

From the Eastern Russian city of Khabarovk. They attended the Hip-hop Academy in Harlem. Now they are currently teaching choreography in the school of dance called Xorokinisi.

and ..... **Blues Latitude** (Well known Corfu Blues/Rock Band)

## Friends of the Agiotfest

There are less than two months to go to Agiotfest.

We are getting noticed; slowly but surely the quality of the event is sending out ripples; please go to: <http://www.telegraph.co.uk/travel/destination/greece/corfu/35985/Corfu-attractions.html> for a flavour.

We want to thank all of our Friends of the Agiotfest, and the number stepping forward continues to grow. Here below is a list of those kind souls who have thus far joined the fray. Anybody who supports our cause is welcome to mail in or contact us, for a mention. If you are interested in having a fuller advert then please contact for applicable rates.

Go to [www.agiotfest.co.uk](http://www.agiotfest.co.uk) to check on major sponsors, ticket distributors and latest news.

This year it is very gratifying to have Agiots from yester-year, as well as the 'perennials', arriving from all points of the compass;

*Nick says "Thrilled Steve Gibbons Band are @ Agiotfest this year. Should be the best ever. Well done mate. I'll publicise best I can. If you need any help, just ask."*

*[Karen Quilter](#) says "A good, positive article. Hurray! Also a real bonus to see The Agiotfest mentioned too."*

*[Robert Bennett](#) says "Alex Van Der Porteus is coming!!!"*

*[Susanne Ternald](#) says "[Ian Ramage](#) coming. confirmed, Ray and [Lynne Cahill](#) coming, [Jim Clegg](#), confirmed, Nick TW, confirmed, Ricky confirmed, [Robert Bennett](#) of course, and some more..."*

*[Christos Stergiatos](#) says "is going.Top of Form"*

*[Marilyn Thomson](#) says "shared your link: "Stunning Corfu my favourite island xxx"*

Try this link and appreciate the very talented Lucy Layton (Ed: if only I was six months younger): <http://www.videosurf.com/video/lucy-layton-1323987003>

CORFU BEER is continuing to gain a market share. It will be on tap COLD on the 25th.

BRING A PICNIC IF YOU WISH.

COACHES AVAILABLE PLEASE ENQUIRE.

*Spread the word, it is the best Music Festival of its type on Corfu and needs your support to continue and thrive.*



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Snap-shots of some of our supporters and how they can help you!

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We are pleased to say that we are also supported by members of the medical and legal professions, should anybody enquire we would be happy to pass on information.

**We are proud to announce our co-operation with the philanthropic Corfu Initiative:**

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 eighteen volunteer actions with great success and continue to:

- 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.
- Perform volunteer actions that have a cultural character in the preserving of and saving of the island's cultural inheritance and local history such as the historic centre of Corfu which is listed by UNESCO.
- 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 that are in need. To encourage others and similar groups that wish to offer their help.

We believe that people can contribute more, 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 together through a volunteer network we can offer so much help to people in need and the environment. Only by joining hands and uniting to offer help, we can make a change to help us all get through these difficult times that have fallen upon the people of Greece.



Jimmy James & The Vagabonds

## Agiotfest 2011

also featured:

- 4 Square
- Rebellions
- Outboys
- Vince Vortex & The Cukes
- Dora Diohiou



## Find us on Facebook:

<http://www.facebook.com/pages/Agiotfest-Music-Festival/129472247074639?ref=sgm>

wetherspoon news: our drinks

# A Greek classic set to become a golden winner

Greek microbrewery Corfu Beer is set to win the hearts of ale-lovers as its master brewer, Claudio Mouzakitis, flies in to deliver a taste of Greece with his Korobos Ale.



There is no doubting the power and prestige of the Olympics: love it or hate it, it is a global event with no equal and one which, seemingly, the marketing gurus of the world's biggest companies pay enormous amounts of money to be associated with.

Well, when Wetherspoon wanted to mark the Olympics with a collaborative brew, it felt more inclined to follow the Olympic dream of opportunity of David taking on Goliath, of the chance for the underdog to shine, as well as bringing a flavour of Greece – the home of the Olympics – to Britain.

So, where better to find a suitable brewer than in the picturesque village of Arillas, on the Greek island of Corfu?

It is here where the family-run Corfu Beer is located. Now, we are not taking anything on a scale to rival Team GB here – Team Arillas' is small and passionate, with just eight team members – headed up by 37-year-old brewer Claudio Mouzakitis and his partner Spiros Katoudis.

Claudio will be bringing a taste of the Ionian summer with his Korobos Ale, which he brewed at Everards, in not quite so sunny

Leicestershire. As Claudio explains, he hopes to bring something unique and distinctive to Wetherspoon drinkers: "Our team is passionate about real ale, and, although we are very small and have a limited production, we are driven by making real beer from pure ingredients and free from any chemicals, stabilisers and pasteurisation – beer just as it is supposed to be!

"We believe it is this passion which has seen us become the most popular beer company on the island, even though we brewed our first beer as recently as 2007.

"We want people, when tasting our beer, to discover something unique and special. I suppose that it was my curiosity of British microbreweries which opened my eyes to how innovative and different micros can be – we have the ability to be flexible and adventurous in a way which large-scale brewers can't be. This really allows us to express ourselves through our beer!"

The beer which you can enjoy at Wetherspoon this summer is Korobos Ale, a name with an Olympic connection as Claudio explains: "Korobos was a Greek baker who, in 776BC, had the honour of being the winner of the opening running race in the first recorded

ancient Olympic games. So the name seemed appropriate."

As for the style of the beer, it will be a golden ale, with plenty of influences from the superb Pilsener-style lagers which Claudio and his team brew in Corfu. Although keeping the recipe very close to his chest, Claudio was able to give us some pointers on what we might expect: "For the ale, we decided to use a lager malt, along with two other malts. We use a blend of hops which includes a hop called Saphir – which is often used in the brewing of premium German lagers – this will give the ale a really nice crisp and citrus bite.

"Hopefully the beer-drinkers will taste a summer feeling with an Ionian Sea aroma."

By the way, if ever you do get the chance to go to Corfu, do pop along to Arillas and visit the team at the microbrewery where you can be assured of a warm welcome and will be able to see for yourself the pride and passion which this small team puts into every drop of their beer. Oh, and, of course, you can enjoy a little of hand-crafted beer sipped in the warm Greek sunshine.

In the meantime, allow us to bring a little bit of Greece to your local Wetherspoon, in the form of Korobos Ale. We think you'll love it.

WIN with Corfu Beer – see p72



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# Village News

By  
Dr. Lionel Mann



"Blues Latitude to appear at Agiotfest 12"

This year's Panegyri was rendered particularly colourful by the large number of children dressed in local traditional costume. They headed the procession round the village on the first night and gave a spectacular dancing display on the second.

A great time was had by all.

As well as Mickey, Ricky, Martin, Paul and Sally, Carole and Derek's

friends and Nicky and Chris, this month's visitors have included the Marr family from Scotland and the Lakes from Hampshire.

On the same weekend as the Panegyri Jan and Paul Scotter were celebrating their birthdays at a party they threw at the Blue Bar in Gouvia Marina. Here you can see a couple of snaps and the entertaining band for the evening Blues Latitude, who will be appearing at the Agiotfest.



"Jan & Paul Scotter"

The Summer Festival at the Anglican Church was also well-attended and appreciated. Steffie sang perfectly in church on the Friday night and the

bazaar on the Saturday - despite the heat was appreciated muchly.



This article is only partly writ by the good Doctor, as he has recently been given the rare distinction of having been voted onto the Director's Board of the Corfu Light Railway, so is now spending much more time shunting from one place to another and is a great deal less stationary. He is chuffed!



"Let Sleeping Dogs Lie"

## A Big Thank You to our Supporter Simon Baddeley for featuring the Agiotfest on [DEMOCRACY STREET](#)

Friday, 15 June 2012

Agiotfest 2012:

Go to: <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=61beYf24Ux0> (copy & paste into your browser).



It's still a good nine weeks away, but the first place we shall go when we get to Corfu is home - to

unpack, watch the dawn and have a rest - given that we'll get into Kapodistria before four in the morning. In the early evening when it's still light we'll go to [Agiotfest](#) - a celebration held each summer in the vil-

lage of Agios Ioannis in the centre of the island - 15 minutes drive from the city, about twenty from Ano Korakiana. As our friend Paul McGovern, the driving force behind Agiotfest, says: "When many people's domestic finances are at low ebb the Agiotfest and events of its type are just what the doctor ordered to step out of the gloom. So please turn out in your hundreds to enjoy this fabulous occasion where dancing is almost compulsory"

The Steve Gibbons Band which we know from our home town Birmingham is the headline act. Steve was heading the Dylan Project in the very successful first Agiotfest in 2009. This was the clip I made while we were enjoying that good evening of music, dancing, food and drink at Ag.Ioannis...

## Corfu Weather Statistics



### June 2012

- Maximum Temperature - 29.2C
- Minimum Temperature - 17.1C
- Average Temperature - 22.4C
- Windspeed - 40.2km/h.
- Gust-speed - 51.5m/h.
- Rain - 16.0mm

# News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria  
Contributing Editor

Another month gone by, and up here in the North we have about the same number of tourists that a few years ago would be the same as first week of May. Most bars are just scraping by and the Tavernas are serving up the waiters as food stock to cut costs. However with typical Greek fatalism they just shrug the shoulders and say "that's life. Last month I commented the German government are considered part responsible with their hard line stand. I watched Sky News about 10 days ago and they were filming over on the mainland and my comments were mild compared to what the locals over there were saying. I understand from the editor he as had a response to my comments, but regrettably he has not had the courtesy to mail me with it. I stand by what I said The "Marshall Plan" after the war instigated by America put Germany back on its feet, and

now they have a booming economy which allows them to screw poorer EU countries. Shame on them!! Thats my opinion and I am entitled to it. (Ed: see letter to editor below).

Little Al and I are just making another video for Utube which includes interviews with long standing tourists asking why they come year in and year out, great fun. Maybe we will even keep it serious, some chance!! At least it gives the senders of hate mail another reason to have a pop. (We actually do get some posted on Utube including personal threats) It keeps the boredom away. Dont forget Corfu/ channel on utube 21 rubbish films posted so far!!!

Mat and Pete who are over here making a series of episodes for later use on ITV1 are still plodding around I hear, I wish them luck they have a nice piece of camera gear with them, hope they lock the apartment windows at night, not forgotten last years cat burglar episode up here in the North, so far

this year "No Problem" Rah Rah!

One good thing I have had quite a few house viewings on my property this year so people are prepared to buy which is a good sign. After all its a buyers market and property bought now is a good investment for the future. No I am not leaving Corfu, just wish to move off the mountain, I am getting old and the Arthritis is being naughty. This nonsense with the chemists is bad, having to pay full wack for medication because EKA has not paid their bills to the chemists must be impacting on many people, lets hope we get back to normal soon.

Thank goodness Greece did not go back to the Drachma, we would all need wheelbarrows to carry our cash in. any one with a fiver in the bank would be a Drachma multi millionaire. One interesting note I saw on TV that Greece is rated the 5th from top, most corrupt country in the world. Tsk Tsk. who would believe such a thing!

I am and always will be,  
Obnoxious Al.

## Letter To The Editor

Dear Paul,

I'm sorry to bother you with this, however I'm responding to Alan Smith's latest offering and I don't have his details to enable me to contact him direct. Could you please forward this to him.

With regard to the suggestion the UK and the USA 'pumped' millions of dollars/pounds into Germany after the war I would make the following comments: 1. In the aftermath of the war the UK was not in a position to pump millions of pounds anywhere-it was flat broke, indeed had it not been for 'Lend/

lease' it was doubtful that the UK could have prosecuted the war as it did for as long as it did. 2. The Marshall plan instigated by President Harry S. Truman paid out some \$13 billion over a 4 year period to stimulate European economy, the idea being to make Europe prosperous again, of which the UK received some \$3.75 billion. An offer of an equivalent amount to the USSR was rejected by 'Uncle' Joe Stalin, which lead to a rejection of Marshall plan aid by all Eastern bloc countries. 3. Any idea to punish Germany and the other 'Axis' powers following their defeat was rejected in the light of the reparations required of Ger-

many following the treaty of Versailles, which could in part be said to have provided the opportunity for Hitler and the rise of Nazism.

Therefore the ideas that Germany was not punished enough or they were helped to the disadvantage of some or all of the 'winners' is clearly nonsense. The list of countries given aid under the Marshall plan covers most of mainland Europe and includes both the victors and the vanquished.

Thank you for your indulgence,

Best wishes,

Mark Thompson

# Aunty Lula's Love-bites

## Milk Shake

### Ingredients

500ml Cold Milk  
50g Ice-Cream  
Sugar to taste (optional)

### Flavouring Suggestions:

- a) 2tsp Vanilla or any other essence
- b) 1tbsp Instant Coffee
- c) 2tbsp Drinking Chocolate
- d) 100g Fresh Apricots halved and skinned (or any other fresh fruit)

## Go:

1. Put all the ingredients into a blender and blend until smooth.
2. Pour into glasses and add Ice-Cubes if desired.

*Bon Appetit !!*



## Monthly Joke - sent in by Duchess Scarlett

Dave was bragging to his boss one day, "You know, I know everyone there is to know. Just name someone, anyone, and I know them."

Tired of his boasting, his boss called his bluff, "OK, Dave, how about Tom Cruise?" "No dramas boss, Tom and I are old friends, and I can prove it."

So Dave and his boss fly out to Hollywood and knock on Tom Cruise's door, and Tom Cruise shouts, "Dave! What's happening? Great to see you! Come on in for a beer!"

Although impressed, Dave's boss is still sceptical. After they leave Cruise's house, he tells Dave that he thinks him knowing Cruise was just lucky. "

No, no, just name anyone else," Dave says.

"President Obama," his boss quickly retorts.

"yup," Dave says, "Old buddies, let's fly out to Washington," and off they go. At the White House, Obama spots Dave on the tour and motions him and his boss over, saying, "Dave, what a surprise, I was just on my way to a meeting, but you and your friend come on in and let's have a cup of coffee first and catch up."

Well, the boss is very shaken by now but still not totally convinced.

After they leave the White House grounds he expresses his doubts to Dave, who again implores him to name anyone else.

"The Pope," his boss replies.

"Sure!" says Dave. "I've known the Pope for years." So off they fly to Rome.

Dave and his boss are assembled with the masses at the Vatican's St. Peter's Square when Dave says, "This will never work. I can't catch the Pope's eye among all these people. Tell you what, I know all the guards so let me just go upstairs and I'll come out on the balcony with the Pope."

He disappears into the crowd headed towards the Vatican.

Sure enough, half an hour later Dave emerges with the Pope on the balcony, but by the time Dave returns, he finds that his boss has had a heart attack and is surrounded by paramedics.

Making his way to his boss' side, Dave asks him, "What happened?"

His boss looks up and says, "It was the final straw... you and the Pope came out on to the balcony and the man next to me said, 'Who the 'f...' is that on the balcony with Dave?'" .....



# Vivat Regina

By  
Dr. Lionel Mann

One evening late in May 1953 I was visiting some friends in Kilburn. Fred Usher was a London taxi-driver, a great character. His wife, Flo, older son Alan, 18, recently started as a Post Office Telephones technician, and younger son, Francis, 11, a first-former at Kilburn Grammar School, were likewise excellent company. I visited weekly and always left with my sides aching from laughter; conversation between the four was a cross-talk act that surpassed anything to be heard on radio! That evening our talk was mainly concerned with the forthcoming Coronation.

"I'd like to go to see it," Francis affirmed.

"Don't be such a wozzle-nut. They'd never let you in." Alan was scathing.

"We've just got that new T.V. You'll see it all on that," mother offered.

Television was a novelty in those days and the Ushers had just become proud possessors of a 30-inch monster.

"But I shan't be able to say I was there," Francis complained. "I'd only want to be outside to see them coming and going."

"You'd have to stay there all night to get a good place and you'd have to have someone with you," his father stated.

"Not me," Alan hastened. "I'm not standing around all night, not even for that."

Mother agreed with him, and father would be working that day, probably the most lucrative of his entire life.

I had been considering going to join the crowds that would line the routes to and from Westminster Abbey and wondering whom I might persuade to join me. Francis greeted

my offer with delighted alacrity and his parents consented, though all considered me somewhat crazy to consider spending a night on the streets.

On the eve of the great day we left Francis's home at seven in the evening, loaded with provisions provided by his mother, as well as a groundsheet, to catch a train from Kensal Green station to Trafalgar Square. There was no way that I was going to try to drive and find parking in central London that night!

When we emerged from Trafalgar Square underground station we were horrified to find the entire route around the square and down the Mall already lined eight, nine, ten deep. What to do? We decided to try to find a place on the route to the Abbey and then to dash home to see everything else on television. Even that looked doubtful; the crowds on the streets for the outward procession were already at least four deep.

We were walking slowly, hopelessly, behind the crowds gathered along Northumberland Avenue when we were hailed by a man in the back row. "Hey, you two titches, come in here. Anyone can see over you."

People moved over to let us through to the front and Francis immediately confounded their expectations of being able to see by buying the biggest Union Jack of a street-vendor's stock!

"Is he your big brother?" our new-found friend asked the boy.

"If he were my brother I'd buy him a wig for his next birthday." Francis grinned impishly. Although only twenty-six I already had a great deal of face to wash!

Indulging in the sort of banter that made his home such a merry place, my companion kept the people around us chuckling on and off all evening.

"It's bedtime," he announced at

about ten o'clock, after we had made some inroads into our provisions. It had started to drizzle so he wrapped himself in the groundsheet, sat on the edge of the kerb, leaned back against my legs - and went to sleep. All night I stood and chatted with those around me, not daring to move for fear of waking Francis.

Rather before five in the morning, just as dawn was breaking, we were alerted to a disturbance in the direction Trafalgar Square that spread slowly towards us. Newsboys were shouting, but it was some time before we could make out their cries. Then suddenly, "Hillary conquers Everest! Hillary conquers Everest!"

Francis came awake, and enquired what was going on. He sprang to his feet and eagerly seized the newspaper that I bought. It had stopped raining and we read over his shoulder the news that Edmund Hillary and Sherpa Tenzing had reached the summit of Mount Everest, the first ever to do so, together with details of their achievement. What great news to greet the dawn of Coronation Day!

The paper also printed the order of coaches in the procession to the Abbey and the boy spent time memorizing it between bites of his mother's copious supplies. The news provided a constant topic for conversation all around, serving to pass the time quite pleasantly.

In due course police arrived to take their places in front on widely spaced spots painted on the road. They had their backs to the crowd. The days when law and order in Britain have so deteriorated that it is necessary for shoulder-to-shoulder police to scan crowds lay far in the future.

Seeing the constables take their places upon marks in the road led us to wonder what the white circle immediately in front of Francis indicated.

Continued on Page 9



Vivat Regina  
Continued from Page 8

We soon found out. Squads of guardsmen marched along, men falling out to take up posts in those circles.

"Oh, dear. I can't see a thing." Francis anguished.

The soldier inched sideways.

"He's afraid I'll knock off his hat." Francis assertive.

The soldier inched back.

"I didn't mean it." Francis apologetic.

The soldier inched sideways again.

"Isn't he nice? I hope his sergeant's kind to him." Francis appreciative.

Our neighbours enjoyed it and we saw the guardsman's shoulders quivering.

Again light rain started to fall and the first coaches of dignitaries going to the Abbey were closed, but nevertheless all were greeted with cheers throughout their progress while the guardsmen smartly presented arms. My companion used the information gleaned from his earlier studies to tell us who was in each of them. Then came an open coach seating an immense dusky lady, braving the elements and waving enthusiastically. The crowd went wild and cheered to the echo.

"That was Queen Salote of Tonga," Francis announced. "She waved to me. It's a little island in the Pacific, isn't it? I bet it went up six feet when she got off."

Roars of laughter greeted that sally.

"You'd better never go there, sonny," suggested a man beside us. "They'd stake you out to the land-crabs for that."

The rain stopped. Winston Churchill's coach was another that gained an extra loud cheer. It was only eight years since he had announced victory and the memory was still very fresh. The coach of the recently-bereaved Queen Mother also gained added recognition. Londoners recalled vividly how she and King George VI had stayed with them and their home had been damaged during the Blitz.

The approaching roars and sight of

the gleaming breastplates of the trotting Sovereign's Escort of the Household Cavalry brought excitement to a frenzy and then appeared the golden State Coach bearing our beautiful young queen, accompanied by her handsome consort, to her coronation. Nobody so much as stepped from the pavement, though there was nothing stopping them, but the cheering, waving of flags, exceeded by far anything that had gone before. It was absolutely deafening. I was afraid that Francis, frantically waving his flag, would in fact remove the guardsman's busby.

Republics are welcome to their "elected" (usually corruptly) pernicious, pompous, power-crazed, politician-presidents, blots on the face of the earth and the very best of recommendations for an impartial hereditary monarchy. Even the worst monarchs that Britain has suffered have not unleashed so much agony on the face of the earth as it has seen in the last ninety years from the brainless brutal oafs that have held presidential or other leading office in many lands. Great Britain has its gracious Queen, inheriting the wisdom of many generations of forebears - although she may be badly served by her ministers!

The crowd dispersed. Francis grabbed my hand and dragged me urgently through the masses towards Charing Cross station. He did not always realise that I could not penetrate gaps through which he could easily slip.

"Whoa, sonny, take it easy. You got a train to catch?" A young man grinned as the boy tried whisking between him and his girl.

"Yes, and it won't wait either; the driver wants to see his T.V. too." Francis was never stuck for an answer.

The fellow laughed and let us pass.

We dashed into the station. Our tickets had been bought the previous evening so there was no delay. A train was being waved away but the guard saw us rushing on to the platform. He held open a door and we fell in as it moved off. People shifted to make room for us as we caught our

breath. On the journey we finished our supplies.

At Kensal Green station the eagle-eyed ticket-collector halted our dash. Tickets bought the previous day were not current tender. He relented and let us pass when we urgently explained where we had been. I actually won by a short head in the race to the Usher house. Alan answered the door and was nearly flattened to the wall as his brother burst in to throw himself down on the carpet in the lounge in front of the television set.

The ceremony had not yet started so we were able to see it from the very first majestic entry of all involved. In the meantime Flo cooked a meal for us and I can confidently affirm that I saw Queen Elizabeth II of Great Britain crowned while I was eating bacon, sausage, tomatoes, eggs and toast washed down with hot sweet tea.

Without moving from his vantage point Francis had been slipping off overcoat and blazer in stages.

His mother picked them up and went through the pockets. "Here, look at this." She extracted from his blazer a half-eaten egg sandwich.

Her son seized it and stuffed it into his mouth, attached fluff and all. "Thanks, mum. I wondered where that was."

After watching the Abbey ceremony Fred hurried away to his business amongst the crowds, leaving us watching the procession from the Abbey back to Buckingham Palace. Again Queen Salote was winning extra acclaim.

"Look, mum, she isn't half fat - even fatter than you." Giggling, Francis rolled quickly away from the slap that his mother aimed at his rear.

That day in London, all those years ago, 2nd June, 1953, remains vividly in my memory. I was there!