

The Agiot

69th Edition

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Andy

By
Paul McGovern



It is very sad to report the disappearance of our lovely dog and friend Andy.

He came to us 'from the streets' on the 27th January 2008. What hand in the Sky had conspired to bring into our lives another Springer Spaniel? Not only another Springer but, like our dear Sandy, who had died from natural causes the previous year, a liver and white one. And some of the markings were uncannily similar. Not quite as pretty, of course, but that was only to be expected, for this one's a boy!

It happened like this:- when I had shared a pleasant hour or so on his daughter Robin's 13th birthday with Peter Halford a week or two previously he had told me of this Sandy-lookalike stray living in the Bay area of the village near the wheely-bins, not far from the traffic lights. I was reluctant at first but he persisted in reporting on the dog several

times thereafter and my resistance was crumbling. Eventually I said 'if it is still there in a few days you can bring it over'. Lo and behold he turned up on the afternoon of the 27th with Andy. What else could I have called him? Andy was sitting in the passenger seat next to Peter, as calm as punch. P.H. zoomed off as I spirited Andy into the kitchen, where Lula and her Mum were gossiping. There followed an interview with this redoubtable pair but there was really only token resistance, at least from Lula. I brought Lionel down to inspect the newcomer, he was mightily impressed, and our Peter struck up an instant bond.

Andy was dreadfully emaciated, especially in the haunches. He wolfed down the food we gave him at 100 m.p.h. When put into the back garden he clung to the half-paned door like a limpet, gazing at us imploringly.

Since those days he has become somewhat of a local legend. No, actually, his fame is spread far beyond these shores. We have had a visitor's book at Villa Theodora for thirteen years and since 2008 Andy has dominated many of the comments left by our friends and visitors. There are several drawings of him too and I wonder how many family photo collections he has entered? He would play poolside with people, and in the pool too if they let him,

for hours and hours, especially with children, who share better fun with doggies.

A week ago at our village Panygeri, at about one or two on the Tuesday morning, Andy vanished. When my son Kostas came home at about three Andy was nowhere to be seen, ever since he has dominated thoughts and dreams. We have searched high and low and plastered social media but the paragraph I posted on Facebook yesterday is the scant reward to date. We won't give up on our friend but it is horrible.

'I have just come back from the Ropa valley, went up one side and found a good vantage point, not far from the big gypsy camp, Scoured the area with binoculars. I thought Corfu was small. It is until you are searching for something much smaller. Saw several dogs, heard many more. Not the right one unfortunately. Same exercise at the small gypsy camp. I'm not saying gypsies have he, it is one of several possibilities. A youngish girl from Agios reported seeing Andy following a young man on a motorbike late on the night he disappeared. The man had fallen off of his bike prior to this. The man wore an orange top. The girl did not see which direction he took at the village traffic lights. This is the only real lead to date but flimsy.'

Come home Andy, if you are able.

Agiotfest - 31st August

By
The Minstrel



<https://www.facebook.com/groups/21290489990/?fref=ts>

SEE THE TROGGS LIVE AT THEIR VERY SUCCESSFUL RECENT GERMAN TOUR:

[00004 Back To the Sixties CC Leopoldsburg 22 juni 2013 - The troggs- Wild Thing](#)

SEE VINCE VORTEX AND THE CUCUMBERS - STUDIO EDITION;

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=M7Yqa8XPkUA>

See This Great Website:

<http://corfuwall.gr/festivals/agiotfest-2013.html>

A NEW WEBSITE FOR AGIOTFEST

Check out our new website at:

www.agiotfest.com

As you can see it is under construction but will be 'complete' in a few days.

Any criticisms or suggestions would be welcome to:

letters@theagiot.net

This site replaces the outgoing .co.uk site.

We apologise to our Greek friends for interruption of the agiotfest.gr site, which we hope to resurrect shortly.

Find us on Facebook:

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

Anybody who reads this far, without nodding off, can you please go on to Facebook if you can and register a 'like'? Better still ask your wife or husband or friend to do similar. Every piece of exposure we can get in this way is definitely driving us onwards and upwards. Thank you!

FOLLOW US ON
TWITTER
<https://twitter.com/agiotfest1>

Interact with Agiotfest at:

<http://pinterest.com/agiotfest/>

Agiotfest - 31st August—continued from Page 2

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Rachel & Nikos at Dionysus Camping (0030) 6976771846

A cry for help

"How can buy tickets from the UK, please. Won't be arriving until 27/8 and don't want to miss out as we are coming specially for Agiotfest. Many thanks"

Jane Baker

Agiotfest 2013 Sponsors

OCA Y Property

Daylong

MouseHouse

The British Corner Shop

Spear Travels

Vrionis

NSK

Sunrise

Boatman's World

Dyonis Camping

Green Island

Famous Grouse

Nikos Pouliasis

Sally's Bar

Sofia Kasfiki

Eco-Point

Paul & Jan Scotter

Ken & Jan Harrop

Steve Dell

Steve Young

Jo & Mel Sperling

Lionel Mann

Sue Done

Michael Spiggos

Tavola Calda

Bill & June Williams

Spyros Hytiris

Brenda Pangrakiotis

Nikolas's Taverna, Agni

Vassilis Pandis

In Action gym

Star Bowl

Greg Zoxios

Forthnet

La Tabernita Mexicana

STOP PRESS

At an impromptu meet George Cheimarios and the Minstrel agreed that the excellent band X-LOVERS will perform at Agiotfest 13.

George (known by some as Jose Mourinho) heads two bands, the other being Amalgama.

Look out for the excellent X-Lovers on AUGUST 31ST.



"X-Lovers"

STOP PRESS

Spyros Hytiris has arranged a 3-page spread in the highly influential Rock magazine SONIK

<https://www.facebook.com/pages/SONIK-Magazine-Official/343807321498?fref=ts>

The piece will be split between the history of Agiotfest and an exclusive interview with the Troggs by Spyros. The article is scheduled to be published in September.



"Spyros Hytiris - to the left"

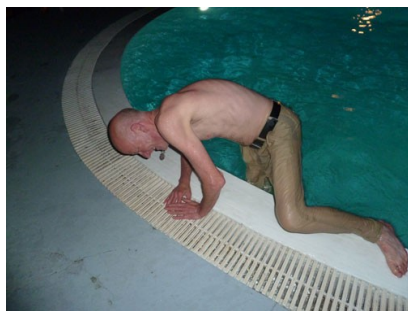
Sponsors Evening and Mini Auction

On the 21st June at Villa Theodora, the annual Sponsors' evening was hosted at Villa Theodora by Paul and Jan Scotter.

A really healthy crowd of about sixty braved the blue skies to have nibbles and sips, to listen to the music (under-powered speakers-apologies to Agiotfest DJ Spyros Hytiris) and be encouraged to join as sponsors or to 'buy a share' on the Sponsors' board.

Derek and Carole Pullen kindly donated a bottle of champagne for the August raffle.

Sarah Young donated an Indian Head Massage Voucher for the raffle. Thanks muchly to these friends!



“Nasty Little Hobbit”

The mini auction proved popular:

Pauline Buchan's successful bid of 30 secured a Mexican meal for two at Tavola Calda as did Derek and Carole's similar bid.

Tony Barker bids 30 and will get a meal for two at La Tavernita Mexican restaurant by the New Fort.

Chrissy's Mum Margaret bid 40 and secured a meal for 2 at Niko-laos taverna, Agni.

A big thank you to these tavernas for their continued support and to those who sponsored and those who enjoyed. Oh, and somebody else jumped in first this year.

There were some generous donations on the night and here below is a snapshot of the 'shares'

ITEM	SPONSOR	AMOUNT [Euros unless stated]
Sound System	Marian and Hubert	Not known
“ “	Len and Helen	10
“ “	Anonymous	Not known
“ “	Pauline Buchan	25
“ “	Mark Reeve	20
“ “	Nigel	20
The Stage	Niko and Anna from Afra	20
	Len and Helen	20
Lighting	Mark, Jane and Alik	20
Seating	Anonymous	£100
Loos	Anonymous	50
Décor	Janka and Lola	10
Flights/transport	Sofia Katsfiki	100
Admin/taxes	Fonda	!!!
All other stuff	Deb	10

100+ CLUB AT SPONSORS EVENING

An additional attraction this night was the third draw of the growing 100+ Club.

Hosted by Ken and Jan Harrop from Nimfes.

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/the100plusclub/?fref=ts>

3rd draw, 1st quarter, took place at Villa Theodora, Ag Ioannis Triklino. 8 people joined on the night, making a total of 43 members. This month's 70 Euros for the winning ticket was won by George and Jean from Agios Ioannis. Well done folks! The ticket was drawn by Mary Gregson of Ipsos.

THE NEXT 100+ CLUB WILL BE AT 8.00P.M. AT ARGOS POOL BAR BENITSES ON SATURDAY 27TH JULY. COME AND JOIN THE FUN AS WE KEEP THE ROADSHOW GOING.

“Ken Harrop”



Village News

By
Dr Lionel Mann

Summer has truly arrived with day after day of cloudless sky and only a brief thunderstorm or two. Kostas is complaining of the constant need to water his garden. However there has often been a cool breeze to temper the sunshine and that breeze has sometimes grown into a howling gale.

Visitors last month included Martin, Ricky, Dimitri, Paul, Sally and Ella.

Panegyrie did not suffer from the recession; both nights saw a

good attendance and it was especially noticeable that numbers of children were wearing the elaborate picturesque Corfiot dress.

Andy's disappearance has seriously disrupted domestic routine. He used to wash up the cats' plates leaving Bonno to put them away. Now a very disconcerted Bonno merely inspects and goes away looking puzzled.

Henk's donkey has been recovered - unfortunately too late for Ascot.

Corfu Weather Statistics

June 2013

Min. Temp: 23°C

Max. Temp: 38°C

Avg. Temp: 30.5°C

Very little rain in June, scattered showers in some places.

High winds at times.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor

I enjoyed your article on Edward Lear in the April edition of the Agiot-

The thought that some of his Limericks and poetry were based on the escapades of the folk of Episkepsi was particularly amusing and I have no doubt that this is not far from the truth!

Every village has its characters and some more than others.

In partaking of a pint or two (!) of hand pulled ales in our local hostelry, I have observed many characters which I've used myself for reference - Albeit in a different medium as an animator. There is the guy who sits at the bar and has the most unusual way of communicating. He responds to the staff with an incomprehensible array of throat clearing and mumbling accompanied by a vigorous shaking of the head, whilst simultaneously shaking his head which results in a lip flapping cheek

wobbling ordering of his drink. - How they can decipher this - I have no idea - but they manage to get his order correct - every time!!

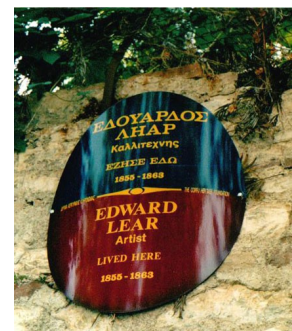
He was obviously used as a reference!

I regularly watch peoples ticks and walks. Some, if I animated the walk I have seen, would be rejected as bad Animation! And some just add to the quirkiness of the little characters I am working on. Like my wife's swinging right arm when she is walking fast - I don't know if it propels her forward when she is in a hurry - I certainly don't walk too close - just in case the swing comes within reach (ouch).

I am a particular fan of Lear's paintings and drawings after visiting the exhibition last summer. This was followed by a Christmas present of Edward Lear's Corfu years book - (from said arm swinging wife) the diary of his years on Corfu and was captivated by his style and the charm of each piece.

I particularly warmed to the man when I read of his servant in Corfu, who became ill and Lear sent for him to come and live with him in Italy to look after him.

Steve Thomas



“Hot Gossip from our International Roving Reporter”:

"Ricky seen with mystery lady"

Hot gossip from the tables tonight, Ricky left 3/4 of his wine when he left to walk back to Aqualand with a lady he met this afternoon.

Fleshpots Of The North

By
Mark Thompson

Even today in and around Corfu there are constant reminders of the historical British military and civilian presence, despite the fact that the garrison departed as long ago as 1864. The building near to the entrance to the port in Corfu Town that may or not have been the magazine for the storage of munitions apparently still belongs to the British Government, which may account for its current state of repair. The drains around Corfu Town also form part of that legacy as does ginger beer and possibly the Boxing Day/ St. Stephen's (Agios Stéfanos) Day holiday.

The establishment of cricket is well known, first fixture taking place on 23rd of April 1823 between representatives of the British Garrison and a team provided by the Royal Navy. Whilst cricket did not continue uninterrupted in Corfu thereafter it is now an established part of Corfiot, and in many ways Greek, life.

Perhaps less well known is the history of horse racing in Corfu. With the help of my old friend 'strong drink' I have been able to uncover much of the story. However given that betting is an essential element of the sport and, despite EU directives, the monopoly that OPAP continues to enjoy those I contacted could not speak as freely as I would have wished.

I have confirmed that the first official horse racing fixture took place around the same time as cricket started and unfortunately in the same place. The instigators were of a regiment of light dragoons, McGinty's Mounted Foot that stopped over on the way to Egypt. They raced around what is now the cricket pitch adjacent to the Liston. The circle was very tight and both horse and rider soon became dizzy.

Members of the regiment then marked out rough course on the site of the now revamped Lidl store near the airport. Efforts are underway to obtain

Lidl's permission to erect a 'Blue Plaque' where the finish line is believed to have stood. Thence the track was moved to where the airport is now.

Some say that if you look closely at the photos at the airport of its creation and development, you know the ones that have been printed the wrong way round, there is a figure in the middle distance in full riding gear including saddle cloth and whip. This is held by some to be Lester Piggott's father, Keith, arriving for the Corfu Spring Cup, of which more later.

Finally horse racing found a permanent home near what is now the golf course in the north west of the island. Given the prevailing weather conditions and in consideration of the crowd, but not the horses-this is Greece after all; meetings tend to take place in the spring and autumn.

All race meetings in Corfu take place under the Rules of Racing and the auspices of the Corfu Jockey Club. Many say, and rightly in my opinion, that the judges and stewards of the CJC as the best that money can buy!

The first fixture of the year is in April when the main event is the Spring Cup. Indeed, I always feel that with coming of the Spring Cup and that arrival of those friendly ladies on the road between Roda and Acharavi, you know the ones who seem to have no other purpose but to stand, wave and smile at all passing male motorists, that winter has in all likelihood loosened its icy grip on the island.

This years' card was as strong as I can remember with entrants from all over the island, the mainland and even the UK and Ireland. Whilst not quite Group 1 standard there was a veritable feast of racing for the enthusiast. I backed the winner in feature race and with 6/4 of *The Gelina Mare* that passed *Apartment House* with plenty of room and left *Mother-in Law* nagging in the rear I covered my day's expenses and more besides.

I like to think I invested my winnings wisely but also in the traditional

way by enjoying a few pints and a curry. We are lucky in my part of the island in that we're well served with curry houses not a few of which open early in the year to cater for the post racing crowd. I'll list a few that we like, in no particular order: The Bengal Palace and the Aagrah in Sidari, the Rajput in Roda, the Red Fort in Agios Spiridon, Tariq's Balti House in Agios Martinos and the Koh-I-Noor in Kassiopoi. But in the end we plumped for Akbar's Kashmiri Restaurant in Perithia and good time was had by all or at least I think so from the little I can remember.

And now for this month's quiz which is in 2 parts: 1. *Tell me the catchphrase that is believed to have originated in the brothels of New Orleans at the end of the 19th/beginning of the 20th century, used by the 'ladies' there to encourage their clients.* 2. *The full name of US presidential candidate with whom the phrase is inextricably linked, though perhaps not for the reasons the candidate believed.*

The two winners, providing the correct answer to both 1 and 2 above, must be present here in Corfu in the month following the publication of this article to claim the usual prize-a bottle of local wine.

The prize is offered at no expense to the Agiot and the usual competition rules apply. My decision as to winners is final and no correspondence can be entered into.

Yours in the fleshpots
Mark Thompson

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Yoghurt Ice-Cream

Ingredients:

1 kg of strained 2% Greek Yoghurt
 200g Icing Sugar
 Dash of Vanilla Essence

For Strawberry Ice-cream add:
 500g Strawberries (pureed & sieved)

For Banana Ice-cream add:
 2-3 Bananas (if you like a tangy taste - roast first)

For Peach Ice-cream add:
 500g Peaches (peeled & pureed)

Go:

1. Gently whisk the icing sugar into the yoghurt along with the vanilla essence, stopping before it becomes too 'runny'. Or alternatively use an ice-cream maker if you have one.
2. Add fruit of choice, if desired.
3. Pour the mixture into a bowl and allow to freeze until the desired consistency is achieved.

Bon appetit!



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The World of Simon

By
Simon Baddeley

My hearing

I noticed his name badge - Phil Ypres-Smith. He was the expert at City Hospital Hearing Treatment Centre where I had an appointment on Friday morning, much sooner than I'd expected after my slightly grumpy encounter with the audiologist at my GP's, who's more or less pushed a *hearcheck screener* in my ears and asked "How many sounds can you hear?"

"Sorry? What? What? What do you mean how many sounds can I hear? None! No. Maybe three. I don't know"

I apologised later for being so brusque.

"I've been telling you for years" said Lin later

I didn't know what I didn't know. It's so easy to compensate. Guess what people say. Read your lips. Just say 'what?' or 'sorry I was thinking about something, say that again. I cycled to City Hospital where reception directed me to the low building next to Western Road. As I approached carrying my folded bicycle two doors swung open. I beamed at the receptionist

"Good morning. Did you do that for me" i said with a grin. I was blanked

"Have you your appointment letter? (pause, checks screen) Take a seat for me"

Then in comes a maintenance man covered in clips, chains and holsters

"Hullo, John" she says warmly "You coming in then?"

"Blimey. I didn't get that" I mutter "The leaflet says 'City Hospital Hearing Services Centre - where everyone matters"

A miniscule raising of an eyebrow by the other receptionist. I can almost see the 'thinks' bubbles popping from her head "We've got one here. Alert alert!"

I don't take a seat of course, but wander the waiting area checking the pamphlets and a glass display cabinet full of expensive looking hearing aids - I mean, deaf aids.

"Mr Baddeley? Come with me please"

A mild tall thin man about forty beckoned me. He invited me to sit on a plastic metal-legged chair in a small quiet room lined with insulating board framing a glass panel where after he'd put earphones on me, he sat opposite a screen to watch the effects of sending me sounds to which I was to respond by pressing a hand held button on an extension cord.

Now, I thought, I'll have a more convincing test. The door was closed. I was enveloped in blessed silence, my slowest breathing all I could hear. Bleeps came through. I pressed my button. This made sense. Not "how many sounds can you hear?" but "press the button when you hear something"

After noting several obvious bleeps, some came through quieter and I had the distinct impression of hearing sounds that were almost inaudi-

ble, so that I wondered if trying to prove something I was imagining them. Certain recognisable sequences were repeated. No doubt to test just this possibility. After a while. I was too interested to think of time, the door was opened and Phil Ypres-Smith sat me down beside him so's I could see the audiogram on his screen.



"Your wife is right and you are right"

"Go on"

A pair of graphs appeared on the screen; the one on the right for my left ear.

Phil traced his finger over these going almost too fast for me to follow. Far from patronising me I thought he's assuming I'm quite bright. I was certainly intrigued. How could Lin be right and I too. Things don't work that way between us.

"Did you work with loud noise?"

"I used to shoot quite a bit when I was in my teens - rifles and shotguns"

"Which shoulder?"

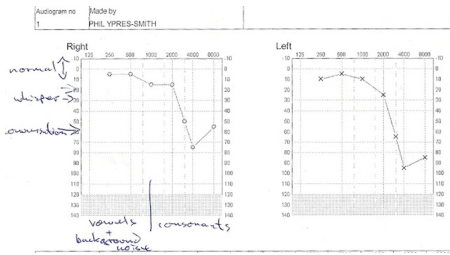
"My right"

"That's interesting. The deficit in the left ear matches problems caused by just that sort of thing, and that's where the report goes if you have the gun in that shoulder"

The World of Simon
Continued from page 8

"Blimey. Come back to visit me after 50 years, like the ankle I broke when I fell off a horse when I was fifteen. Gives me twinges in chilly damp weather"

"Your hearing left of the graph is in the 'normal' range for both ears. See where the line dips?"



"There is a loss of hearing in the higher registers. That's what your wife is telling you about"
"Oh. Right"

"You can hear her say 'bed' but you might think she said 'red', because you heard the vowels but you may be confusing the consonants in a higher register. You may also have difficulty with whispering and conversation with several people especially if there's background noise"
"How did you get 'Ypres' in your surname?"

"My grandfather had sixteen uncles. When he was born they were getting killed in France"

"Smith was changed to Ypres-Smith?"

"Hm"

"Have you been to the Menin Gate?"

"It's on my bucket list. The thing is that if you see a sentence in just vowels you can make little sense of it. With just the consonants there's

more chance you can. 'ao a e'? 'bcn nd ggs'? It's consonants you may mishear, but I am not sure a hearing aid would help. If you turned it to a setting that would amplify this area" - he points to where the audiograph dips - "you'd be getting too much volume here" He points top left to where the graph is nearly level. Thinks about it anyway. if things get worse come back, direct in the next few weeks, via your GP again after a year"



Nick the Clock's World

They Walk Among Us!

One day I was walking down the beach with Some friends when someone shouted.....

'Look at that dead bird!'

Someone looked up at the sky and said...'where?'

They walk among us!

While looking at a house, my brother asked the Estate agent which direction was north because He didn't want the sun waking him up every morning.

She asked, 'Does the sun rise in the north?'

My brother explained that the sun rises in the east And has for sometime. She shook her head and said, 'Oh, I don't keep up with all that stuff.....!'

They Walk Among Us!

My colleague and I were eating our

lunch in our cafeteria, when we overheard an admin girl talking about the sunburn she got on her weekend drive to the beach.

She drove down in a convertible, but said she 'didn't think she'd get sunburned

because the car was moving!'

They Walk Among Us!

My sister has a lifesaving tool in her car which is designed to cut through a seat belt if she gets trapped. She keeps it in the trunk

They Walk Among Us!

I was going out with a friend when we saw a woman with a nose ring attached to an earring by a chain. My friend said, 'Ouch! The chain must rip out every time she turns her head!'

I had to explain that a person's nose and ear remain the same distance

apart no matter which way the head is turned...

They Walk Among Us!

I couldn't find my luggage at the airport baggage area and went to the lost luggage office and reported the loss.

The woman there smiled and told me not to worry because she was a trained professional and said I was in good hands. 'Now,' she asked me,

'Has your plane arrived yet?...' (I work with professionals like this.)

They Walk Among Us!

While working at a pizza parlour I observed a man ordering a small pizza to go. He appeared to be alone and the cook asked him if he would like it cut into 4 pieces or 6. He thought about it for some time then said 'Just cut it into 4 pieces; I don't think I'm hungry enough to eat 6 pieces.

They Walk Among Us!

Summer 1976

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

Part One:

In April 1976 I returned to Europe after having spent nearly twelve years in the comparative isolation of New Zealand. So as to re-establish contact with the life and culture of the continent and to revise my French-speaking, to practise my newly-learned German, I had a three-month pass allowing unlimited first-class rail travel around Western Europe. My intention was to travel widely, but mainly in those countries whose language I spoke.

I had flown back with no more than a suitcase and a holdall; most of my possessions were coming by sea.

I should need to find employment in the autumn so before setting out on my travels I spent a few days in London preparing job applications and inserting advertisements in professional journals. Once that had been done I took the ferry to Ostend where I set up a Poste Restante facility at the post office; I should visit every fortnight and that was a convenient place from which to return to Britain if need be. It was the weekend so on the Sunday morning I went to the English Church and made myself known to the organist. We shared playing for the service and arranged that for some months he would have alternate Sunday mornings clear!

Except for my Ostend mail visits I spent the next month in Paris, not yet using my rail pass. The weather was fine and I explored much of that beautiful city. "Europe on Five Dollars a Day" led me to good

cheap lodging and eating places. The pension near the Military Academy provided a comfortable clean room and continental breakfast; I lunched off a quiche and fruit in a park of by the Seine and dined very well at a succession of back-street cafes along with cheerful noisy Parisians.

Time to start travelling; first stop Rouen for its connection with William the Conqueror and Joan of Arc, but I moved on after only two nights when I found that the hotel where I was staying was a "house of ill-repute"!

At Le Havre I found that they were celebrating an anniversary of their liberation at the end of WW2 and unwisely mentioned when booking into a pension that I had been in the British Army in 1945.

The next five days are blurred in my memory, a seemingly endless riot of parties and exhibitions for which I had not to pay a centime. It was very exciting and I was greatly impressed with the way that so much of the town, badly damaged during the war by R.A.F. bombing of the German naval base, had been so graciously rebuilt.

Staying by the sea in the glorious weather, Bordeaux, Bayonne and Biarritz were the following centres that I visited, each a new delight.

After another "mail weekend" came Avignon, Arles and Nimes for their historical connections, though I also saw a Concorde in flight and three parked the other side of a wire fence from the rail line. The local dialect caused me some comprehension difficulty.

Days were becoming definitely hot so back to the seaside, but this time to the Mediterranean. When I emerged from the station at Nice I

was approached by an elderly lady asking if I had booked accommodation; she preferred to choose the clients at her pension rather than to have them sent by the tourist bureau. When I entered the dining room for dinner that evening a young couple seated at the table stared in obvious amazement.

Then, "You're Lionel Mann, the organist," the girl exclaimed.

The pair were on holiday from Wellington and had often attended concerts that I had given in the Town Hall. The world is becoming smaller!

Mornings and evenings were pleasant, but afternoons were scorching; once I took refuge in the cool of a cinema, very pleased that I could follow the dialogue of the films.

The next week was passed in Marseilles where I sampled the spicy offerings of little cafes and explored the shady narrow alleys near the docks. The manager of the hotel was horrified when on my last evening there I told what I had been doing. "It's dangerous for foreigners to go there." Then he chuckled. "But you speak like a Parisian; they probably thought that you were a gangster on holiday."

So much for French; now it was time to try my German.

(Part Two follows in the August Newsletter.)