

The Agiot

56th Edition

This Month

Summer Festival.

Page 1

Sponsors' Evening
for Agiotfest 12.

Page 2-3

Village News.

Page 4

Corfu Weather.

Page 4

For all Your Gar-
den Maintenance.
(Advert)

Page 4

Aunty Lula's Love-
Bites.

Page 5

News From The
North.

Page 5

Hiraeth.

Page 6

Christmas 1938 -
Part 6.

Page 7-8

The Ark Summer
Fayre.

Page 8

Summer Festival

Holy Trinity Anglican Church
Zambeli Street
(Old Ionian Parliament)

Friday 15 June 19:00 - 23:00

Jazz & Pop Evening

Performance by Stefania (vocals) and Spiros (keyboards and drums)
€15 ticket includes "Hint of India" food and a glass of wine

Saturday 16 June 11:00 - 15:00

Art Exhibition and Bazaar

Organic Produce, Home Produce, Second Hand Book Stall, Crafts,
Cream Teas, Children's Entertainment
Impromptu live music with local performers
Free Admission

Saturday 16 June 19:00 - 23:00

Chamber Music Evening

Performance by Costas Zervopoulos and local musicians
€15 ticket includes "Hot Mezes" food and a glass of wine

Tickets & information - Email: rob.sherratt@gmail.com
Phone: 6936873776

Sponsors' Evening for Agiotfest 12

By
The Minstrel



"Steve Gibbons Band"

Oh what a night, late in May in 2012 at Villa Theodora, Agios Ioannis, a warm-hearted group of Agiofest supporters gathered for a fun cheese and wine evening in aid of our beloved Music Festival.

We want firstly to thank everybody who attended the evening and those generous souls whose contributions will go towards the not inconsiderable cost of producing what we hope is going to be another great night of music and dancing on August 25th.

Spyros Hytiris arrived with his seemingly inexhaustible trove of music, to back-score the evening from start to finish.

Agiotfest mainstay Steve Dell was

down from Sidari to warm up the crowd, explain the motive of the evening, and point them towards the boards indoors, which are reproduced on this page below.

Paul and Jan Scotter, ably assisted by Debbie from Rokit Jewellery, were keeping everybody happy with liquid refreshment and munchies.

Lula was baking a cake for Agiotfest stalwarts Jan and Ken, whose wedding anniversary coincided with this happy day. Mat and Matt of Century films were there to witness the occasion.

The cost of putting on this year's festival is in excess of 7000 Euros, and that does NOT include any payments to the bands. An Optimistic Bucket was supplied and our generous patrons put money in to sponsor shares in such diverse items as advertising, the stage, bunting, transport, loos, sound systems etc

Here below is a list of those who sponsored on the night, though there were a couple of generous donations by people who wished to preserve anonymity, which we of course respect. There were others



"Spyros is quite clever"

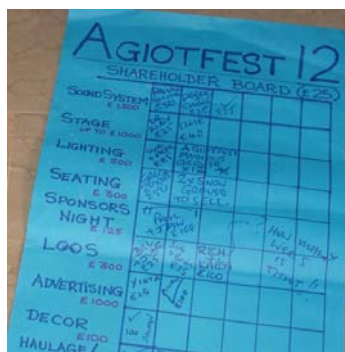
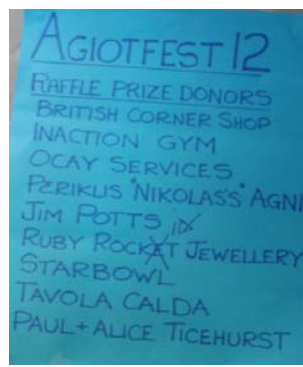
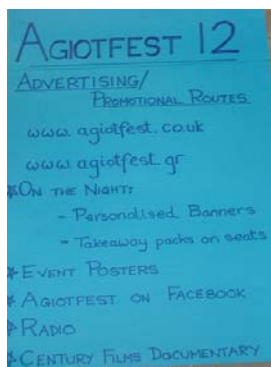
who donated gifts for the raffle which will be drawn on the 25th August. These donations are also published below.

We collected 1165 Euros on the night, a very useful start to our warm-up for the event. We should say at this point that we already have sponsors onboard who appear below on the main sponsors' page.

People who sponsored a shareholding on the evening or by pledge were; Dr. Lionel Mann, Tony Barker, Paul and Jan Scotter, Rob and Carole Sherratt, Rich and Karen Quilter, Paul and Alice Ticehurst, Adrian and Pat Batten, Ellie Potter [a rich three-year-old], Carole and Derek Pullen, Yiota Tsoligis, Sue Done, Pauline Buchan, Sue and Peter Anderson, Greg Zoxios, Bill and June Williams, Sarah Young, Ethniki, Vasilis Pandis, Jane Hewett and Mark Reeve.

Dougie and Helen Potter are providing a supply of Grouse and Ginger Beer [Yummy!]

Chas and Brenda Clifton took a sizeable ticket supply away with them; every year they give freely of their time to spread the gospel.



Continued on Page 3

Sponsors' Evening for Agiotfest 12
Continued from Page 2



"Young Agiotfester 'Ellie'"

Steve Young from London for his stirring efforts in raising our sponsorship profile in the U.K.

The event is gaining pace and sponsors are joining continually, as well as other contributors.

On a personal note I heartily thank all of you who have stepped forward, to help improve and prolong this wonderful summer night. Special thanks to Steve and Spyros for giving their time freely, to Karen and Rich for their industry and artistry, as well as their sponsorship. And last but certainly not least to Paul and Jan Scotter, without whose input this special evening would not have taken place.



"Steve advising Lionel which buttons to press"

If I have overlooked anybody I apologise, but rest assured all of our sponsors and supporters will be adequately mentioned and recommended in the coming weeks. Keep a look out in the July and August Newsletters for much more on sponsors and sponsorship.

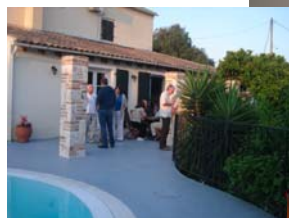
SPONSORS' PAGE

www.daylong.co.uk

Spear Travels
Ocay Services

Prizes for our GRAND RAFFLE and supporting tables are pledged thus;

- In-Action 1 week in their splendid gym and 1 Facial treatment
- British Corner Shop Shopping voucher worth 100 Euros
- Shellac A manicure and pedicure (worth 60 Euros)
- Ruby Rockit Fine jewellery
- Nikolas Taverna, Agniria A weekend in a super holiday retreat in Zagoria
- A dinner for two at Nikolas Taverna
- Some fine wine
- Starbowl 5 Games of ten-pin
- Tavola Calda A dinner for two
- Jim Potts An autographed book
- Paul and Alice Ticehurst A bottle of 5-star Metaxa
- Ocay Villas A week in Villa Theodora
- Sarah Young A facial treatment



Village News

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

Despite the gloomy media presentation of Greece and the unusually variable weather we have welcomed a steady trickle of visitors including Gordon and John McCabe, Christine and Sarah Ramage with a friend, Walter Stuart, Trevor

Whybrow and Diane, Paul and Sally Grove, Robert and Jane Bennett, Tony Carey and party, Mike and Kate staying with Derek and Carole and Danny and his wife from Belgium as well as a number of Dutch cyclists and walkers.

Even braver are Jane Hewett, Mark Reeve and daughter Alik, who have emigrated here in these uncertain times. So it can't be that

bad, can it?

The village panegyri takes place on 23rd and 24th of this month, unless any of our aspiring Valentino Rossis is killed in the meantime. Andrea's elder son had a fortunate escape from serious injury recently when he came off his machine while trying to avoid potholes in the road near Aqualand; wisely he was wearing a helmet.

Alice will be visiting her grandparents this month; we do not know if she will be bringing her owl this time.

Waldo and Danielle are organising the Dutch cyclists this year. All the ladies in the village are billing and cooing over four-month-old Stella while little Luke is attending the local school. And on a personal note I am getting to like Bono.

Corfu Weather Statistics

May 2012

Maximum Temperature - 27.2C
 Minimum Temperature - 13.5C
 Average Temperature - 18.3C
 Windspeed - 64.4km/h.
 Gust-speed - 66km/h.
 Rain - 21.8mm



FOR ALL YOUR GARDEN MAINTENANCE

SECURITY SERVICES

GARDEN CLEARANCE

LANDSCAPING

PATIOS AND CONCRETING

REPAIRS

TREE CUTTING

PLASTERING

PAINTING AND DECORATING

GENERAL BUILDING WORK ETC.

PLEASE RING WITH YOUR PREFERENCES

Telephone Tony on (0030)6989871916 or submit your request through this site.



Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Kleftiko

Ingredients

2kg Leg of Lamb
 2 Lemons (each cut into 6 wedges)
 4 -5 Large Potatoes, washed (not peeled), each cut into 6 wedges
 2 Onions, chopped
 3 Garlic Cloves
 A few Plum tomatoes
 1tbsp Oregano
 200ml White Wine (or more if you are a Keith Floyd follower)
 100ml Olive Oil
 Salt & Pepper

Go:

1. Wash and pat dry the lamb. Make

several deep slashes in the meaty parts with a sharp knife.

2. Transfer the lamb to a roasting pan that has been lined with heavy duty kitchen foil.

3. Squeeze half the lemon wedges over the lamb and rub the juice all over the meat.

4. Push the squeezed lemon wedges into the slashes made in the meat.

5. Place the potatoes, onions, garlic and tomatoes around the lamb, squeeze over the remaining lemon wedges and add them to the pan.

6. Sprinkle over the oregano, salt and a generous amount of pepper .

7. Pour the olive oil over the lamb.

8. Add the wine to the base of the pan.

9. Seal with more kitchen foil to retain the moisture while cooking. Allow a small air gap, but ensure the edges are airtight so that the moisture form the cooking lamb is not lost.

10. Put the sealed roasting pan into the oven that has been pre-heated (160°) and leave to cook for 4 hours.

11. Remove from the oven and let rest for 15 minutes before serving.

Bon Appetit !!

News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
 Contributing Editor

What a to do it all is, Greece playing chicken with the Eurozone by bluffing to come out if there is no relief on austerity and the Eurozone (in the form of Germany) saying go then and hoping Greece dont. Its quite obvious that for Greece to go back to the Drachma will lead to raging inflation and we will all be Drachma millionaires if we have a couple of quid in the bank. On a serious note my bank manager in Bulgaria phoned me up to say get any large capital out of Greece because it is his banks private view that should the drachma come in, the first goverment move will be to block any large currency from being transferred out of Greece !!! I am no expert but having been seriously caught out in the crash a couple of years ago I now take warnings from banks outside of Greece with a lot of respect.

Of course, I have heard it said that Germany would not be in such a

strong position if 60 years or so ago England and America had not poured millions of quid into Germany to put them back on their feet, and countries they decimated are still struggling. !!!!!

Thankyou all for the response to our utube video "Is it safe to holiday in Corfu" we did of course do a sequel "Riots in Corfu" Although be warned the people I interviewed were a wierd cross section of expats. I have heard that Mat (With one T) and Pete from Century films are getting along well with the series they are making for ITV. It should be very interesting when it comes out.

Along with many old Corfu hands, I can remember when the season started in April and May was the busiest month apart from August. Now it looks like the season starts June.!

The local Demos has only now started to clear the seaweed of the beaches up here which is appalling, the winter holes in the road have not been

repaired . Usually done in April. The growth at the side of the road up here in the hills has not been strimmed making the hill roads very dangerous due to lack of vision ahead. I suppose this is austerity.

One or two new bars have opened in Roda and Acharavi, but many more have stayed closed and some tourist shops.

Another interesting thing this year, I have some property to sell and last summer I had only one viewing all season. So far this season the agents have been doing showings at the rate of one a week. No surprise, property prices are bottoming out and now is the best time to buy if you have cash and young enough to weather out the next few years. Good investment. On one of my houses I have slashed 60,000 euros off to get buyer interest. AND THAT HURTS.

All there is to say,

I am and always will be,
 Obnoxious Al.

Hiraeth: Spanker Vernon and Tom's new watch

By
Dai the Nant

There's nowt so queer as folk, and top of the list in our little Welsh village was Vernon, a shop-keeper in the local town, who sold jewellery. He also, from time to time, up-ended young women who came into his shop and gave them a good spanking. He did this if he thought they had been "naughty". Most, he says, enjoyed the experience, but one didn't and she took him to Court.

I think Vernon must have been in that Club. You know the one, where they put aprons on and have funny hand-shakes. Anyway, the judge found him guilty as charged but only fined him £25, which Vernon considered a moral victory for Spankers everywhere. Of course after that no one could look him in the eye without starting to giggle, so he was left pretty much to himself.

Round about the time this happened, Tom Roberts turned 80 and Marjorie, the lady Mayoress decided we should give him a surprise party. You cant ask for one of these. People must like you sufficiently well that they give you one out of sheer affection. So Tom got his party, and he never knew it was coming until he walked into the Town Hall. How Marj kept it from him (he was into absolutely everything) I don't know.

The plan was that 20 of his closest pals would form a guard of honour up the middle of the Hall, each holding two candles. Marj and Cliff, her hubby would pretend to take Tom for a meal and find some excuse to stop and get him into the Town hall which was blacked out

for the purpose. When he opened the front door he walked up the aisle of lights in a daze. Afterwards he said that he thought he had died and gone to heaven.

Of course there were a lot of people there (including Vernon) and we had speeches and present giving under the watchful eye of John the Mike. Tom opened his presents and piled them on a little table which John was using to hold his notes. When they had all been opened, the stripper appeared. She was Gareth's idea, and I quite liked her, but most people thought it was a bit tasteless. Of course Gareth was forgiven when she said to Tom (on the floor, on his hands and knees) "Well Tom, they tell me you are sixty today".

"Yes, give or take a few years" says Tom, quick as a flash. Whilst the stripper was doing her thing, Arfon (who'd had a few) started shouting "Smack her bum Vernon, Smack her bum" which could have been embarrassing. (Vernon didn't smack her bum, by the way).

Tom had a wonderful time and we all stayed till late. Tom picked up all his presents and the following day went round the village thanking everyone. "I had some lovely presents" he said to Gerry in the Crown. "But I don't know who gave me this lovely watch". On his wrist was John's watch which he had put on the table to keep track of the time whilst he was MC-ing the party. Gerry went to see John and told him to put the old fool right but John couldn't bring himself to tell him.

So in the end Gerry told Tom who was of course tickled pink.

Next thing you know he has stopped John in the High Street and shown him the watch. "What do you think of this lovely present. I don't know who gave it to me" says Tom. "very nice" says John, "To tell you the truth Tom, I wouldn't mind a watch like that myself". Tom kept it up for a week before he gave him his watch back.

Oh yes, I nearly forgot, right at the end of Tom's party, as people were getting ready to leave, some clot goes up to Vernon and in a very loud voice says "Tell me Vernon, I've been meaning to ask, are you a fore-hand man or a back-hand man" Seizing the moment Vernon started laughing, then everyone else started laughing and after that nobody had to tip-toe round the subject any more.

Vernon became just another member of the Queer Folk Club in our village.

"When Nitsa was
Young will continue
next month"

Christmas 1938

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

Part Six and Final Part:

On Boxing Day grandfather always strode around for miles delivering his Christmas gifts to his employees. I never knew him to take a taxi and he would use a bus only when going into the city. Uncle Lionel was another habitual walker; father cycled; Uncle Victor had a firm's car but seldom used it for personal travel. Not many persons owned cars and air was genuinely fresh in those days.

In the morning my friend Roy and I went for a bicycle ride, I enjoying the luxury of my Christmas present. The area open to us was very limited owing to the widespread construction of airfields and other military installations on the flat countryside. Only a narrow segment of some miles of hilly woodland was untouched and I relished the novelty of having gears on my cycle. At one place we needed to ford a small river and first inspected it to see if winter rains had made it impassable.

It did not seem too deep so we rode back up the steep hill to prepare for a speedy approach. Roy went first and a bend in the road prevented me from seeing how he fared, but he shouted back to announce success. My new larger machine thrilled me by the speed of my approach. The bottom of the ford had been concreted affording a safe surface. Feet up on the front forks, I went through in a shower of spray and yet remained dry. Great fun!

Lunch, some cold remnant of yesterday's feast, was ready when I returned home. Uncle Victor, Aunt Gladys, little Cousin Peter

and sister had arrived. Though we did not then know it, that was the last time that all grandfather's family resident in Britain would sit down together; wartime duties prevented any subsequent complete family gathering and grandfather had died before I returned from military service in Germany. I deeply missed him, a truly great man. Grandmother survived him by nearly twenty years, dying aged ninety-six the day after she had bustled around cheerfully gossiping while she cooked lunch for me before I left on my way to take up a musical appointment in New Zealand. At the age of eighteen doctors had given her six months to live. I have always questioned medical pronouncements!

That Boxing Day afternoon father and Aunt Louise took sister Pat and me to the pantomime at the city theatre.

Pantomimes are not my favourite form of entertainment; to me their clumsy, often coarse, 'humour' and weird traditions whereby a girl plays the leading 'boy' and a man the 'dame' seem utterly ridiculous. This time, however, I was delightedly amused by the crazy antics of Dick Whittington's 'cat' accompanied by larger-than-life purring, mewling and yowling. When at the final curtain call it removed its 'head' to reveal a broadly-grinning boy who had painted his own face with black 'whiskers' there came a torrent of laughter and a storm of applause.

Throughout the afternoon maiden aunts had been leaving, returning to their natural habitats and after "high tea" father was collected by the bus going to the new airfield where his team was con-

structing hangars and accommodation.

On Tuesday Aunt Louise and Uncle Lionel went back to work, but I was still on holiday and had a slack day. I never lacked something to do, playing piano or viola, listening to radio concerts, reading, model-making in the workshop, going for a cycle ride.

Grandmother was very busy in the kitchen; the last Wednesday of every month was our Musical Evening. About a dozen friends would come and for nearly three hours we would sing and play our instruments. Everyone was expected to perform at least once, with the exception of grandmother whose contribution was the delicacies that she had been preparing for days. All could sight-read music, an accomplishment that seemed to be lacking these days, and our visitors would bring copies of music borrowed from the libraries of choirs to which they belonged; we comprised a four-part choir and Uncle Lionel accompanied on the piano, a duty that devolved to me when wartime fire-watcher service required that he spend every night at the factory. Grandfather, bass, and his closest friend, Mr. Clough, tenor, our local J.P., always sang Balfe's "Excelsior" duet, a piece of Victorian drama, "a youth bearing a banner with a strange device across a world of snow and ice" (those days too suffered from 'activists'; predictably the poor starry-eyed kid dies of hypothermia, a clear case of 'child-abuse') and the "Gendarmes' Duet" from a French comic opera, "... We'll run them in, we'll run them in, for we're the bold gendarmes" (a clear case of 'power-abuse'). They were always well received. As well as singing I also contributed my latest "party pieces" on piano and viola.

Christmas 1938 - Part Six and Final Part
Continued from Page 7

Friday evening was taken up with choir practice and library visit as usual and on Saturday Roy came to tea. We passed the afternoon in the lounge setting out and playing with my model railway, the first time that I had it out since coming to live with my grandparents. It covered most of the floor, but was only clockwork. We thought with envy of the remote-controlled electric layout that we had seen while Christmas shopping. Grandmother served us with tea in the lounge: assorted sandwiches, sausage rolls, fruit, jelly, blancmange, cakes, lemonade. There were no wild children's parties.

Nobody bothered to stay up to 'see in the New Year', a pagan custom.

New Year's Day, 1939, was a Sunday and accordingly we followed our usual Sunday routine. It

was still Christmas so musically at church Christians still awoke and, harkened to herald angels while shepherds yet watched and all ye faithful came again. It is even possible that Good King Wenceslas belatedly looked out, but Three Kings of Orient would not arrive until next Friday.

Monday was a national holiday to compensate for New Year's Day having been a Sunday, so school started again on Tuesday. For three days we were still in Christmas and our hymn, prayers and reading at Morning Assembly conformed.

Now officially reformed as Form 1L (Classics) as a result of the latest examinations, we found two periods weekly of Latin added to our curriculum. Our Latin master augmented the lessons with anecdotes of Ancient Rome, some quite spicy. We enjoyed his lessons! The thirty of us remained together for the next five years with the excep-

tion of one boy killed in our 'blitz'.

After dinner on Thursday evening, Twelfth Night, before settling to homework and instrument practice, I was up and down a stepladder helping to remove the Christmas decorations. Grandparents, aunt and uncle all took part; it was far quicker than putting them up. The tree was stripped of its ornaments and placed in the scullery to be taken in the morning by grandfather and his gardener to the woods and replanted in the hole from which it had been removed. It was none the worse for its adventure and over the years grew to an impressive size.

That marked the end of Christmas 1938, the last truly civilised Christmas. Eight months later the world plunged deep into frenzied savage barbarism from which it has never since emerged.

THE ARK ANIMAL WELFARE CHARITY

Dear Friends of the ARK

The annual Summer Fayre will take place this year on Wednesday, 11 July at the home of the President Sylvia STEEN in Kanoni. John Dryden, Fund Raising and Social Events Manager, will be dealing with advertising the event, details of which can be found in the ARK Shop, Facebook and various other social media outlets.

We have changed a few things this year and instead of a Raffle I will be tending the **Tombola** stall (a new activity for me!). So, I am now in the process of collecting items for the event and I wanted to ask if you have any **bottles** (wine, oil, vinegar, soft drinks etc), **jars** (jam, chutney, pickles etc), or any kind of **knick-knacks** or **small gifts** you may find around the house that you would like to donate. I would be more than happy to accept them on behalf of The ARK.

Most of you know my number **6975 833654** so we can arrange collection or, alternatively, items can be left in the Shop between 10am - 1pm on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday or Saturday.

I look forward to your donations and hope we can make this event a success and raise much-needed funds to help the ever-increasing number of stray and abandoned animals on our streets.

Best regards

Lucy STEELE
ARK Shop Manager