

# The Agiot

92nd Edition

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"Time to stop counting time"

We'd packed up the car Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> May, had a lovely time in Kath's garden, with Diane cooking lunch for us, farewells to our family and then we were Dover-bound from Ellesmere Port.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=WUOtCLOXgm8> came on the radio, fitting the moment to a tee.

After battling our way around the M25- an experience in itself and a reminder of one reason to leave- we stayed overnight at the Premier Inn, Dover.

Next morning we are at the ferry for the 7.00.p.m sailing. Being Scousers we were pulled by Security;-

'Any guns or knives?'  
'Why, do you want to buy any?'



"Scouser"

We were through and an easy passage to Dunkerque, the only time we had to show our passports on the entire trip!

## I Want To Break Free [On The Trail To Corfu]

By  
Les and Chris

We are on the road in rainy weather to Bruges, through western Flanders [Je Ne Regrette Rien'] <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fFtGfyrurOU>

Our destination is a big old house called Lokkedize self

-catering holiday flats, in which we have taken a studio. There is parking for 2 Euros per day. We dine on chicken curry with sweet and sour and wine. Out exploring we find an Irish pub-home from home- which has Irish cider if no Irish people.

By the way, Belgium is not boring. The people are friendly and the chocolate is to die for.

Two nights stay here and then we are away in torrential rain. Because of this we decided to give Mons a miss. It is Wednesday and we drive 500km into Burgundy and on to Troyes.



"Beautiful Bruges"

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On The Trail to Corfu  
Continued from Page 1

We arrive late on a pleasant evening at the pre-booked Ibis Hotel. We go for a walk, like what we see, so decide to stay here and chill for a couple of days. We have a full tourist day and 'do' all the churches. On our IPAD we book ahead to Strasbourg and another Ibis Hotel. On Friday we arrive in Strasbourg after a 350 km drive. We are not in a rush and are stopping somewhere or other every two hours or so. We have a 12-hour cool box for traveling in style. We walk around and explore Petite France, with its beautiful canals and street cafes by L'ill River, which flows into the Rhine, so we have Rhine by the Wine [hic!]. We think Strasbourg well-worth the visit!



"Strasbourg"

Saturday morning: off to Mulhouse and the border crossing to Switzerland, where we buy some road tax for 40 Swiss Francs. We give 50 Euros and get 7.50 Swiss Francs in change. At the last service station in the country we get rid of this shrapnel on a tub of ice-cream and a lolly-ice.

Our recently-acquired Honda CRV is a beast, and the SatNav has been useful. But at the top of the Andermatt mountain snow-deep, it mistakes a railway track to be the ferry we are seeking out. Here we are winding round a scary pass, with

Chris still in her flip-flops, with the temperature on the gauge plummeting from 24 to 2 degrees in minutes. And we are lost. By asking we are soon put on the correct route.

We had pre-booked our stay at Tavetsh-Rueras but when we got there they knew nothing about it. The elderly couple showed us a small accommodation for which they wanted 60 S/F plus 80 S/F for cleaning and 8 S/F TAX. Ouch!! We cannot accept that.



"Swiss Alps"

Back the same way in the mountain snow and we come off the motorway to find a pretty little village called Chiggiogna, where there is a camp complex with full facilities. We enjoy a meal with wine for less than 150 Euros-which they accept here- a nice room and breakfast next morning.

Here in this 'Sound Of Music' valley we watch a Dutch family with their two kids, who are skipping. Chris wants to join in.

But we must press on. It is Sunday and we are off to Lake Lucerne and Italy. As Chris did not get her skipping in her thoughts changed to cheese so we headed for Parma. Just outside is a small place called Bagni Di Tabiano, pretty but economically run-down. We are into the excellent Hotel Boomerang where the manager Roberto is a fountain of local knowledge and recommends that our next stop should be at Sinigallia on the way to Brindisi.



"Sinigallia"

Bright and early Monday we are off. We reach our Hotel Bologna which is nice, good food and right on the beach; close by is the jewel of the old town.

On Tuesday we drive to Marina Di Sanvito where are found restaurants on stilts on the seafront. In the Blu Mare Fish Bar here [Italian version of the Blob shop] we met local gay lunatic Rudi, who drives a Jaguar and supports Liverpool.



"Rudi and Friend"

During the afternoon we drink copious amounts of Pochteca/cherry brandy and beer. We are invited further to a beach party on the beach in the evening, but decline. We do go out again, however, after a shower.

Continued on Page 3



On The Trail to Corfu  
Continued from Page 2

We have been on the road for ten days now and are definitely 'churched out'. We are intrigued by the fish restaurant up on its stilts but the woman there says it is closed. We leave but turn to take photos. The lady sees this and beckons us back. She opens a bottle of banana liqueur for us as she prepares menus, chatting away in half-English. It becomes clear she is religious. Chris gives her a bottle of Lourdes Holy water as a gift-always handy to have one of these when travelling in Catholic countries!



"Restaurant on Stilts"

We had been trying to book a ferry from Brindisi to Corfu by internet but could find no internet connection. Also, in the south of Italy we were now finding it harder to get a decent meal. Nick Goodwin, among others on Facebook, gave some good advice at this point. The next morning [Thursday] we booked the ferry and we are off on the coast road once again and along the dual carriage-way. We are trying to get a print-out for our ticket. We nearly crash as a 'lady of the day' comes into view.



"Lady of the day"

We have driven 1800 miles, used three ferries and spent maybe too much [150 Euros] on road-tolls. But at last the dream is our new reality. Look out here for our further chapters.



"Corfu-bound"

We detour to Foggia [night-mare driving], then Bari in search of a printer. but need not have bothered as we got it done anyway in Brindisi.

An uneventful crossing to Igoumenitsa and then the slow-boat from there to our new home.

## *Aunty Lula's Love-bites*

### YOGHURT & PINEAPPLE DIP

#### **Ingredients:**

5 tablespoons Greek strained yoghurt [10% fat]  
200g cream cheese  
75g ham, finely diced  
6 tablespoons crushed pineapple, drained well.  
Salt and pepper.

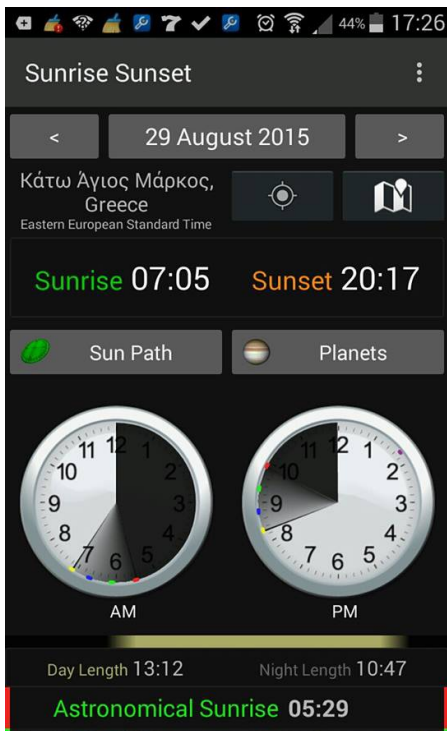
GO:-

Place the cream cheese in a bowl and stir to soften, then gradually mix in the yoghurt.

Add the ham, pineapple, salt and pepper to taste, and mix well.

Place the dip in a bowl and serve with a selection of vegetables or cream crackers or both.

***Bon appetit!***



**87**  
**DAYS**



**TICKET DISTRIBUTORS FOR AGIOTFEST 2015  
YOU CAN GET YOUR TICKETS FROM ANY OF THE  
FOLLOWING:-**

OCAV Services RING (0030) 6974932408 or enquire with one of these Distributors:

Ken & Jan Harrop on (0030) 6946949545 North Coast Corfu

Paul Scotter on (0030) 6948701369

Chas Clifton on (0030) 6985074464

British Corner Shop, Perama

Sally's Bar, Ipsos

Boatman's World, Kontokali

Dick Mulder on (0030) 697 5584 507

NSK, Dassia on (0030) 6942699109

Adrian Ward at <http://realcorfu.com/> - (0030) 6945848021

Nikos Sellas at Kanali Hotel, Sidari - (0030) 6984441397

Sue Done on (0030) 6976843659



*"Leatherat - Reading"*



*"LocoMotive"*



*"Rob Groove -  
Ace photographer & Creator"*

**NEXT MONTH PROGRAMME AND RUN-DOWN ON THE BANDS**



## The 100+ Club

The 100+ Club.

The 2nd draw of year 3 was held today Wednesday 27th May 2015 at Sally's Bar Ipsos.

A Big Thank You to Sally for hosting the event .

The winner of the 100€ was Number 93. Kathy Boyland & John Legg, drawn by none member Carl Martin.

The winner of the 50€ was Number 114. Lynne and John Mcaloon, drawn by none member Paul McGovern.

Number of people present 16.

Members present 10.

Excellent afternoon, thank you to all who attended

A big thank you to the 106 members who support The 100+ Club, also a big thank you to,

Paul & Jan Scotter central area co-ordinators,

North area Co-ordinators, Louise

Taylor & Sandra Klouda.

Agiotfest, Paul & Lula McGovern.

Business supporters

Hovoli Acharavi, Mediterranean

Corner Mkt Roda, Chippy Chippy

Sidari, Darryl Bill Butchers shop

Perithia, Sally's Bar Ipsos, UK

iMPORTS, Sidari, Corfu Barber,

Sofias 41, 49100 Corfu, Scoobys Bar

Sidari, Oscars Roda, AK Travel agents

Sidari, The British Corner Shop,



*"Commander Ken in full flow"*

Perama, The Agiot, JJ Sports Bar Roda, ©The 100+Club Corfu Corfu

Gazette & The Corfu Panto Group.

The 100+ Club, representatives present, Ken & Jan Harrop, (Project

Leaders).

If you are interested in supporting The 100+ Club please contact us on Tel 6946949545

The 100+ Club supports Corfu

Charities

the100plusclub@groups.facebook.com

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/the100plusclub/>

THE JUNE DRAW WILL BE AT THE BRITISH CORNER SHOP.



### Agiot and Agiotfest Links

<http://democracystreet.blogspot.gr/>

<https://www.facebook.com/events/1427706954166861/?context=create&source=49>

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

<https://fabrily.com/agiotfest14>

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

<https://twitter.com/>

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

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

[http://www.robgroove.com/photography/agiofest-2013/#prettyPhoto\[gallery-5959\]/22/](http://www.robgroove.com/photography/agiofest-2013/#prettyPhoto[gallery-5959]/22/)

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=61beYf24Ux0>

<http://realcorfu.com/?s=Agiotfest>

<http://www.the-green-island.co.uk/>

<https://www.facebook.com/corfugazette>

<http://leatherat.com/2015-an-exciting-year-for-leatherat/>

## Agiotfest Sponsors



Fully licensed under Greek law, OCAY Property Services offers both land and property for sale, mostly in the central region of Corfu. They can also handle the entire design and construction of a home including all licences, taxes, etc.

Daylong have been working in the compression hosiery market for over 50 years and have a wealth of experience in providing the right solution for their customers. They stock one of the widest ranges of products available in the UK including specialist medical products, sports ranges and a full range of fashionable support stockings and tights.



**VRIONIS** With us since 2009, every year Bill Vrionis supplies the best of sound and lighting. Visit his excellent shop on town

If you are looking for a travel agent who will spend the time to come up with the exact holiday that you want, in the right place and at the right budget for you, and knows what they are talking about as well, Spear Travels can provide a huge choice and offer holidays with the smaller tour operators that are often not available on the High Street.



Design of temporary structures in tube and fittings and various proprietary scaffolding systems including temporary roofs, facade shores and difficult access solutions all designs carried out in accordance with all current British and European standards and regulations.



### 100 + Club

*Boatman's World* is a full service chandlery adjacent to Gouvia Marina in Corfu, Greece.



### Corfu Beer



### British Corner Shop

The largest selection of British food in Greece. Favourite leading brands including Waitrose groceries and Iceland frozen foods. Plus a selection of confectionery, ice cream, soft drinks,

beers & wine, dairy produce, household cleaners, personal care, newspapers, magazines and greetings cards.



### Green Island

Holiday Accommodation on the Greenest Island of Greece: Corfu. Specialized in the Dutch & the British tourist market



### Sally's Bar Ipsos

### Sunrise Cars

Discover the hidden beauties of the island with the hospitality and security of Sunrise Rent a Car. Situated on the main road opposite the customs buildings at the New Port, this company has been operating since 1980 and due to its experience can offer the best services and prices.

### Nikos Pouliasis

A local and much-respected architect and Mekanikos, Mr Pouliasis has been designing houses across Corfu for many years. He is always kind, patient and fair-minded. Also, his rates are consistently competitive!

And:

**NSK**

**Paul & Jan Scotter**

**Ken & Jan Harrop**

**Steve Young**

**Jo & Mel Sperling**

**Lionel Mann**

**Sue Done**

**Tavola Calda**

**Nikolas's Taverna, Agni**

**Vassilis Pandis**

**In Action gym**

**Star Bowl**

**La Tabernita Mexicana**

**Barry & Stella Knight**

**David Dickinson**

**Sarah Young**

**Simon & Lin Baddeley**

**Bob & Jill Carr**

**Chas Clifton**

**Rob Groove**

**Michael Spiggos, Firebrand Radio**

<http://www.firebrandrr.co.uk/michael-spiggos/>

**Dimitris Krokidis**

<http://corfuwall.gr/>

**Tony Barker**

<http://villaoasiscorfu.com/>

**Adrian Ward**

<http://realcorfu.com/>

**Maria. Driving School**

**Spyros Kouloudis. Dentist**

**Martin & Tracey Stuart**

**Posidonio Restaurant Agios**

**Giordis**

**Aqualand**

**Gouvia Marina**

**Hotel Telesillas, Kontokoli**

**Sephora Shop**

**Compass Café, Kontokoli**

**Big Bite Restaurant, Benitses**

**Pat & Gina Brett**

**Les & Chris Woods**



# Hilary's Ramblings

Contributed by  
Hilary Paipeti

## The Virtual World of Publishing

I own up - I read the Mail Online, a confession which fills many folk with horror. It's nothing to do with politics (in fact, I quite like the liberal Independent, but not the Guardian), nor any tribute to its writing standards (apart from senior writers, the writing is dire, especially headlines and captions, and verges on illiteracy at times), but to an easy-to-use website format which has helped earn it the position of the world's top internet news hub. The site's home page presents a mix of all the stories - news, health, politics, sleb news, Femail and so on - and you just scroll down to see and click on what you wish to read, instead of having to switch between a dozen separate pages so that you could easily miss something of interest. For example, I would not normally even bother to click on the menu to view a showbiz section, but since showbiz news is in front of me on the Mail site (albeit in a separate column on the right) I sometimes open and read an item about a person who has caught my interest (George Clooney! David Gandy!! Poldark!!!).

Ah, yes. That 'sidebar of shame' which even dedicated Mail Online readers moan about. You can guarantee it will carry the following stories 1) Kardashians/Delevingnes/Miley Cyrus type slebs being naughty 2) baby bump/post-birth abs 3) bikini

body/'curves' (aka 'fat') 4) wardrobe malfunction/stylish look 5) Coronation Street/Eastenders 6) Princess Beatrice's latest holiday. I would guess that some of the stories are sourced from opportunist members of the public with smart-phone cameras, with the rest from publicists whose job it is to keep their sleb-list clients in the public eye.

Readers of more serious articles often place comments deriding this sidebar, which appears on the right side of most stories as well as on the home page. Admittedly it can seem a bit surreal to be reading about a serious political issue, and catch a glimpse of a male pop star (usually a member of One Direction) falling out of a nightclub with a half-naked blonde on his arm.

But if those serious readers engage their brains and actually think for just a second instead of engaging in a knee-jerk reaction, they would realise that the majority of the sidebar articles are nothing more than click-bait. Showbiz slebs have a large following, and fans will pounce on any story that concerns their fave (I'm sure some slebs get clicks because people hate them and want to read something derogatory!). The more clicks a site gets, the more the site can charge for its ads, and the more ads it attracts. Thus, the 'sidebar of shame' subsidises the more serious stuff that the knickers-in-a-twist (KIAT) brigade think should be all the site communicates. And the combination of click-bait and serious stuff is what has propelled the Mail Online to its worldwide top position.

It's somewhat strange these days

that such folk can still confuse the format of the print media with the one of the Internet-based sector. The KIATS would rightly be up in arms if they spent actual money on a print copy of the Mail, and found that one third of the pages were dedicated to sleb culture (as about a third of the home page space is dedicated to the 'sidebar of shame'). By its nature, a print edition has a limited number of pages, and each of those has a value proportional to the cost of the publication. While readers do not expect to be interested in everything (she may not like sport; he may not read about fashion), no-one would want to buy the print-issue Mail and find they have a poor man's Hello! in their hands.

In contrast, Internet news sites are not constrained by the number of pages an edition contains. The Mail site could carry a thousand stories about slebs, but they will never replace the serious stuff. They just share a virtual space in the ether which is the Internet. You don't like it, just ignore it, and tell yourself it's all free of charge anyway.

Bringing this theme closer to home, The Agiot has always been a free on-line newsletter - it is in virtual space and thus does not utilise real paper pages - and it is free! Our Esteemed Editor therefore has no constraints on the number, the content, or indeed the literary merit, of his virtual pages. If you don't like the article, skip it and don't complain. There are plenty more sites out there if you've got nothing to read. The Mail Online for one!

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Hilary's Ramblings  
Continued from Page 7

Talking about free entertainment on the Internet, I have been watching the weirdest BBC programme ever! Weird because it is so unlike any film made in the post-MTV world of convoluted plots, manic commentary, loud soundtracks and three-second-long shots. In fact, the film consists of a single uncut shot almost two hours long, no commentary at all, and a soundtrack purely of the natural noises picked up by the camera. It's called 'All Aboard - The Canal Trip' and it is simply is the outlook of a camera fitted on the prow of a narrow boat chugging along the Kennet

and Avon Canal. It's not speeded up or time-lapsed, just a walking-pace view of the canal and its immediate environs. All you hear is birdsong, the quacking of the odd duck and the wind in the trees. The sole nod to modern technology is the occasional graphic on the water ahead of the boat giving snippets of the canal's history, and a few fade-in-and-out old sepia photographs. One critic called it 'the perfect antidote to this mind-numbing election and all the other trials, tribulations and irritations of our frenzied modern world', and I agree; it calms and mesmerises. Watch it in full screen mode and you'll almost feel you are sitting on

that prow yourself.

I propose that the BBC initiate a project to film the complete English canal network in this way. I would watch every minute.

You can find it (for the moment; I hope the Beeb judges it too unimportant to take down) on YouTube at [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4Tm4\\_vC9AU8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=4Tm4_vC9AU8)

If you frame Spring by the start and finish of the usually majestic seasonal flowers - wave after wave of floral displays - she arrived late, stayed about two weeks and went off in a huff. And it's not even summer yet!

## Conversations with Dr McGoo

BY LANCE MAGNUSSON

### Magoo Becomes a Doctor

I thought I'd tell you about how I became a doctor. No, I'm not one of those medical ones - after all, all they do these days is google your symptoms on their laptop and wave you off to the chemist's with a squiggle on a piece of paper. I'm actually a Doctor of Philosophy, though I don't know why it's called that as I've never read anything Aristotle wrote.

What happened was, a guy came up to me at a party, and he asked me if I'd like to be a doctor. I replied, I can google my own symptoms just as well as any doctor can, thank you very much! But he said he meant a degree so as I could put Dr in front of my name and everyone would know I was clever. He told me he was from the University of Somewhere. Can't remember the name, but it's affiliated with Milton Keynes College of Embroidery and that's good enough for me. He asked me what would be my field of study. Theoretical Particle Physics, I answered like a shot, and he seemed quite impressed. The subject? he continued. I thought for about one and a half seconds, and told him: 'Why the

Tree in My Garden is Not Solid'. Anyway, to cut a long story short, he gave me the go ahead. I suppose the 2000 euros he demanded covered the cost of the nice gold-embossed certificate he sent, and I'm sure the rest will go towards publishing my thesis under the auspices of the Whatever-its-Name University Press.

Well, it took me two days (I lie, two and a half) to write my thesis. I did do some research beforehand - after all, you don't write a Doctoral Thesis without doing some research! The central hypothesis of the dissertation was 'All gardens have trees. I can't find a tree in my garden. Therefore the tree in my garden is not solid.' Good thinking, eh?

How did I do the research? Well, you know I'm rather short sighted, so I went outside into my garden and flailed my arms around a bit whilst walking up and down, and I didn't come into contact with anything that could be described as a tree. So I proved that the tree in my garden was not solid! Obs!! QED!!! (for those of you who don't know what that means, it's short for 'Quite Easily Done.) Sounds like David Eye Eek, you say? Who's he? Oh, he's got a lot of stuff on the Internet, has he? Well, if it's on the Internet it can't be true. And he's not got Wotsit University Press as a publisher, has he?

Someone commented a couple of days ago that people spend years studying for a doctorate, and writing their dissertation, and told me that the two and a half days I spent on mine (plus the research in my garden, don't forget!) is an insult to those hardworking students. Well, let me just say that if it took them all those years of studying those hardworking students cannot possibly possess my intellect, intelligence and insight! Not to mention, the Thingy Uni did not even ask me to defend my thesis (because it obviously was so brilliant!), which I gather is the normal procedure for students with lesser capacities.

My dissertation ran to 1361 words, which with double line spacing and wide margins (for the examiners to write their comments in; I expect bytes like 'Stupendous thinking!' and 'This will set the world of Theoretical Particle Physics afire!') ran to six A4 pages, and I also submitted a sketch map of my garden, showing possible locations for the non-solid tree. I don't suppose many doctoral candidates go so far as that!

Am I comparing myself to Stephen Hawking, you ask? Isn't he that guy in that film, who won the Oscar recently? Well, I may be short sighted, but I've done more in my life than merely sit around in a chair all day!



# Village and Island News

By The Editor

From Middle-Earth



"Middle Earth"

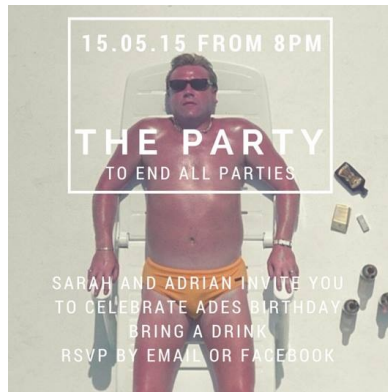
The summer is getting on top of the Spring, though not without some cloudy skies, some rolling thunder and a little rain.

The visitors are definitely arriving now, drifting south in small groups from time to time, some on holiday, others semi-resident, some should really get Easyjet Season Tickets. Ron and Lesley of Villa Persephone fame were here for their Spring break and had a jolly time. Barry and Stella Knight with Barry's sister Edna were hard on their heels, celebrating Stella's birthday at the Venetian Well in Corfu Town.



"It is Stella's Birthday"

There have been several parties hereabouts, Adrian Ward's birthday party at Potamos [hic!],

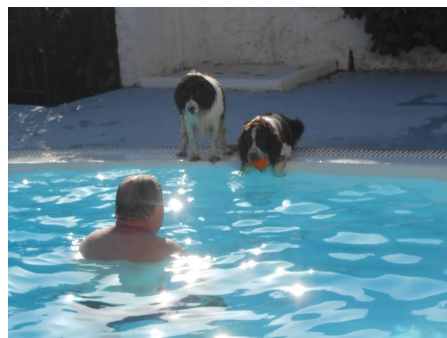


"Adrian & Sarah"

Chrissy Vasiliki's mega party bash, which started in Villa Theodora but continues to ricochet around the island into June [hic! Hic!],



"Girls just wanna have fun"



"Pete Mandy and Andy"

Kostas and Elina's name-day on the 21<sup>st</sup> [hic again!],



"The clans gather"

Mary and Tony's going away party in Ipsos [hic,hic,hic!!], not to mention the latest 100+ Club draw. I said not to mention that. [hic,hic,hic,hic!!] No wonder the sky is often spinning overhead. The worrying thing is I avoid a lot of invites-not because I don't want to go-but rather that my liver would for sure explode. Just when things look calmer Mr and Mrs Woods emigrate here and Arsenal win the Cup.[ Quadruple Hics!]



"Arsenal"

It was a particular pleasure for me to see my old Agiotfest mates the Cukes, back again in Ipsos and playing some great stuff. They are definitely becoming Honorary Corfiots. And Mary, thank you for the bears!

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Village and Island News  
Continued from Page 9



"Bears"



"Cukes Conquer"



"How to dry metal-work Greek-style"

On a personal note I am pleased to report that Eleni Vlahou has made great inroads on the toe, literally.

I'm not pleased to announce the death this month of Giorgos Halikia, our neighbour in Main Street, Agios Ioannis. Following the death of his wife Eleni he moved to Germany to live with his son, returning one time to visit. The centre of our lane is a sadder place now they have gone. It is also sad that Helgy, retired window cleaner, has been suffering with prostate cancer in Ath-

ens. He is out of hospital though and staying to convalesce with his son Sandros in the Capital. Anybody who wants to cheer him up can ring him on 0030 6946757170.

And Alekos Pangrakiotis is not in the best of health either, but maintains his cheeky humour nonetheless.

On a cheerier note it is a joy to see Betty Zoupa zooming round the plateia pushing a pram with her Grand-daughter Lisa inside!



"Anonymous snap of CLR trials"

During all this there was the TOE, the Greek crisis and a fair bit of building work going on. Building sites are dangerous places at party time.

### Corfu Weather Statistics - May 2015

Max	Avg	Min	Sum	
<b>Temperature</b>				
Max Temperature	29 °C	25 °C	19 °C	
Mean Temperature	22 °C	20 °C	16 °C	
Min Temperature	18 °C	15 °C	11 °C	
<b>Degree Days</b>				
Heating Degree Days (base 65)	5	0	0	352
Cooling Degree Days (base 65)	8	3	0	0
Growing Degree Days (base 50)	22	18	10	115
<b>Dew Point</b>				
Dew Point	20 °C	14 °C	5 °C	
<b>Precipitation</b>				
Precipitation	2.0 mm	0.0 mm	0.0 mm	48.51 mm
Snowdepth	-	-	-	-
<b>Wind</b>				
Wind	35 km/h	6 km/h	0 km/h	
Gust Wind	47 km/h	37 km/h	27 km/h	
<b>Sea Level Pressure</b>				
Sea Level Pressure	1021 hPa	1013 hPa	1005 hPa	

Read more at:

[http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req\\_city=NA&req\\_state=NA&req\\_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTGf.99](http://www.wunderground.com/history/airport/LGKR/2013/9/1/MonthlyHistory.html?req_city=NA&req_state=NA&req_statename=NA#PFq1VRYHlbugcTGf.99)



# Nick the Clock's World



"Water Garden"

WELCOME to nick the clocks north Athens back garden. I'm now looking for a long legged Mongolian water dancer or a Scottish witch doctor to help maintain the garden for the rest of the year....the salary will be paid in pearls tax free by the Athens pearl divers; all applicants will first be vetted by David Icke  
Have a great month.  
The Clock



Athens Pearl Divers

*A drunken man staggers in to a Catholic church and sits down in a confession box and says nothing. The bewildered priest coughs to attract his attention, but still the man says nothing. The priest then knocks on the wall three times in a final attempt to get the man to speak. Finally, the drunk replies: "No use knocking' mate, there's no paper in this one either."*

*A man walks into a bar with a steering wheel between his legs and the barman says, "You've got a steering wheel between your legs!" The man replies, "I know its driving me nuts!"*

*A very fat woman comes into a store and tells the clerk, "I would like to see a bikini that fits me." Clerk, "me too..."*

*I was so depressed last night thinking about the economy, wars, jobs, my savings, Social Security, retirement funds, etc., I called the Suicide Lifeline. I got a call centre in Pakistan , and when I told them I was suicidal, they got all excited, and asked if I could drive a truck.*



*A politician walks into a doctor's office with a frog sitting on his head. The frog looks at the doctor and says, "Hey doc , can you get this wart off my ass?"*

That's all folks!

## Letters to the Editor

Mr and Mrs Winterbottom

My wife and I have been regularly readers of the agiot for over a year now we love reading about village and island life we remember Lionel's page for his love of cats we have 3 wonderful kittens we wish to give away... we were wondering if Lionel would be Interested we can have them delivered to his front door the same day by R A T S who we have used many times... if he would like more info and pictures we can send we have enclosed are Email look forward from hearing you kind Regards Mr and Mrs Winterbottom

ED:-

Dear Sir and Madam,

It is true that Lionel has a big Pride, but at his age he should not be encouraged to have too much pussy!

A mixed bunch of articles this month, I hope such extremities of viewpoints-in some areas-might encourage our Gentle readers to put pen to paper, or at least finger to keyboard. The Editor may or may not agree to a greater or lesser degree to some or all of the content herein. After all, this magazine is not censored.

Sarah Raney, Norwich

Hi loved the article in agiot mag tried to print it off page 18 but could not do Alice wanted to take a copy back with her she goes on .Sunday xx

ED:-

Winging its way to you right now Sarah!

Pilot Baz from Sutton Bridge

*The daughter asks her Dad, "Dad there is something that my boyfriend said to me, that I didn't understand."*

*"He said that I have a beautiful chassis, lovely airbags and a fantastic bumper."*

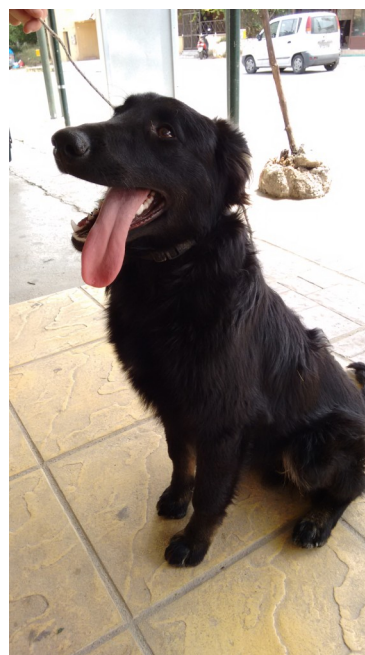
*Her Dad answered, "You tell your boyfriend that if he opens your bonnet and tries to check your oil with his dipstick I will tighten his nuts so hard that his headlights will pop out and he will start leaking out of his exhaust pipe."*

Graeme Tickle St.Helens

I await it's arrival in my inbox every month ( that sounded rude, but I didn't mean it to!!), keeps us in touch with a place & people that is always in our hearts

ED:

Thank you Graeme, your words inspire the continuation of our chapters.



Beautiful young dog found abandoned.

Looking for a home.

Please contact  
Tel:  
6974932408



## "Graccident" Will Trigger The Demise Of The ECB And The World's Toxic Regime Of Keynesian Central Banking

*Submitted by David Stockman via Contra Corner blog,*

It is not surprising that in a few short months Yanis Varoufakis has proven himself to be a thoroughgoing Keynesian statist. After all, what would you expect from an economics PhD who co-authored books with Jamie Galbraith? The latter never saw an economic malady that could not be cured with bigger deficits, prodigious printing press "stimulus" and ever more intrusive state intervention and redistribution.

In what is apparently a last desperate game theory ploy, however, Varoufakis has done his countrymen, Europe and the world a favor. By informing his Brussels paymasters that they must continue to subsidize his bankrupt Greek state because it is the only way to preserve the European Project and vouchsafe the Euro, the Greek Finance minister blurted out the truth of the matter, albeit perhaps not intentionally:

"It would be a disaster for everyone involved, it would be a disaster primarily for the Greek social economy, but it would also be the beginning of the end for the common currency project in Europe," he said.

***"Whatever some analysts are saying about firewalls, these firewalls won't last long once you put and infuse into people's minds, into investors' minds, that the eurozone is not indivisible," he added.***

He sure got that right. People who believe in democracy and economic liberty anywhere in the world should pray for a Graccident. During the next several weeks, when \$1.8 billion in IMF loans come due that Greece cannot possibly pay, there will occur a glorious moment of irony for Syriza.

If it holds firm to its leftwing statist agenda and takes Greek democracy back from the clutches of the EU/IMF apparatchiks, Syriza will strike a blow for democracy and capitalism in one great historic volte-face. That is to say, defiance of the Germans and the troika would amount to a modern monetary Marathon; it would trigger a thundering collapse of the ECB and the cancerous superstate regime built upon it in Frankfurt and Brussels—and, along with it, cast a mortal blow upon the worldwide Keynesian central banking regime, too.

The hour comes none too soon. In a few short years under Draghi and in the context of Europe's fiscal and economic enfeeblement, the ECB has been transformed into a hideous reverse Robin Hood machine. So doing, it has gifted financial gamblers and front-runners with hundreds of billions of ill-gotten gains in the euro debt markets.

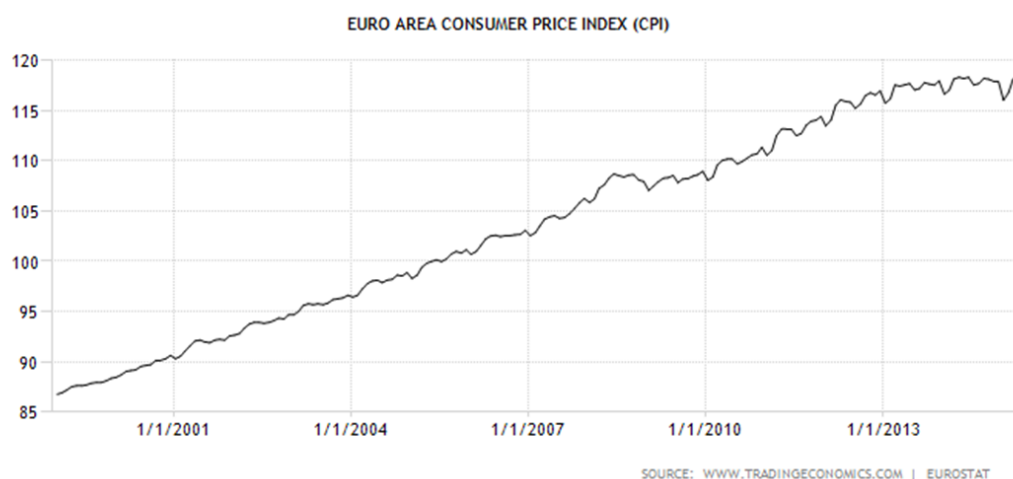
In the days shortly before Draghi issued his "whatever it takes" ukase, for example, the Italian 10-year bond was trading at 7.1%. So speculators who bought it then have made a cool 350% gain if they were old-fashioned enough to actually buy the bonds with cash. And they are laughing all the way to their estates in the South of France if their friendly prime broker had arranged to hock these deadbeat Italian bonds in the repo market even before payment was due. In that case, Mario's front-runners are in the 1000% club and just plain giddy.

While it is extremely difficult to think of a reason that would justify such wanton redistribution to financial gamblers, the ECB rationale is so astoundingly threadbare as to be laughable. In a word, Draghi and his minions claims that Europe's economic torpor stems from too little inflation and too little borrowing by private households and businesses. Hence, they have no choice except to drastically falsify prices in Europe's entire \$20 trillion bond market in order to rekindle 2% inflation and get economic growth off the flat line.

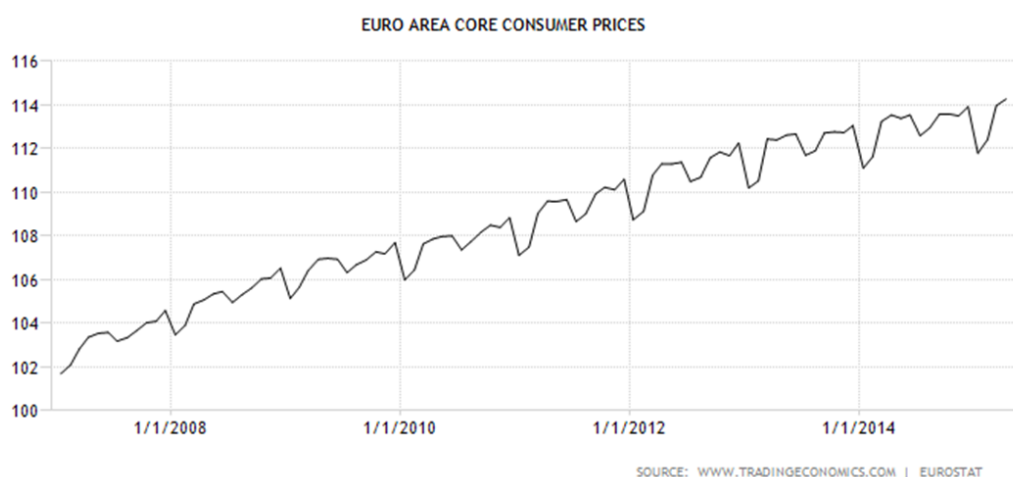
Oh, puleeze. The Eurozone economies have had no problem whatsoever in generating an ample quotient of inflation ever since the inception of the single currency—as if that had anything to do with the growth of real production and wealth anyway.

In fact, the European CPI has gained an average of 2.1% per annum during the last decade and one-half. Self-evidently, the temporary flattening of the inflation curve in the last year is a consequence of the plunge of oil and other commodity prices, not anything that could possibly account for Europe's languishing growth rate.

“Grexit” Continued from Page 13



In fact, the euro area core CPI is up by nearly 1% during the last year, and has gained about 1.5% per annum during the past eight years during which time global oil prices have soared and collapsed twice. Quite simply, low-inflation is a myth invented by the Keynesian money printers to justify massive monetization of the public debt.



So there is really nothing behind the low-inflation mantra except the spurious argument that consumers will defer purchases unless assured that prices will continue to rise and eat away at their paychecks.

No, Mario, European consumers are not spending owing to the fact that their incomes are not growing. Household “demand” is tepid because take home pay everywhere in the eurozone is being eviscerated by high taxes. And consumers are not borrowing because their balance sheets are already saturated with more debt than they can sustain.

Indeed, private sector borrowing nearly tripled during the decade before the financial crisis. That it has flattened out since then only means that the supply of credit worthy borrowers has been exhausted, not that there exists some mysterious economic malady that can be cured by the ECB’s printing press.

Stated differently, even after accounting for the stagnation of loan growth in the last few years, private sector loans outstanding still represent a **6.0%** per annum gain since 1997. And that compares to an average nominal GDP growth rate in the eurozone countries of just **3.3%** annually. At some point, every debt addicted economy runs out of balance sheet runway—a condition that Europe attained long ago.

Continued on Page 15



“Grexit” Continued from Page 14



The good thing is that this whole misbegotten euro project cannot survive the impending Greek default. The ECB alone is now on the hook for \$138 billion of Greek liabilities—an amount that is equal to the remaining deposits in its entire banking system. Needless to say, when the impending “Graccident” explodes onto the front pages, there will be pandemonium at the ECB, and in Brussels and capitals throughout the 19-nation Eurozone.

Did the German politicians and voters really understand that their Bundesbank representatives in Frankfurt were not ferocious watchdogs of monetary rectitude after all; and that in crab-like fashion they backed their nation’s central bank into \$35 billion of liabilities——debts that are owed by a Greek banking system and central bank that is hopelessly insolvent?

No, the Greek banking system is actually such a complete financial zombie as to make the US savings and loan industry of the late 1980s look like a paragon of financial health in comparison. For crying out loud, most of the Greek banking system’s so-called “capital” consists of deferred tax assets; and the collateral posted for its \$87 billion of ELA loans consists of the debt and guaranteed bonds of a Greek government that is self-evidently insolvent.

Never has such a gargantuan scam been pulled off in plain sight by official national and superstate institutions. Never has a central bank accepted such outright financial trash as collateral for massive advances to its member banks.

Yet week-by-week the clueless apparatchiks in Frankfurt have been metering out a couple of billions of ELA funding to keep the Greek banking zombie alive. When the scam finally blows, there will be a witch-hunt in the halls of the ECB’s grandiose new \$2 billion palace like Europe hasn’t seen in generations.

FIGURE 1  
Official exposure to Greece in EMU by country and type (April 2015)

	Member states		Eurosysteem		Total	% of GDP	Nominal GDP (2014, € bn)
	Bilateral loans	EFSF	SMP	Intra Eurosysteem liabilities	€ bn		
Austria	1.6	4.3	0.8	3.1	9.8	3.0	329
Belgium	1.9	5.2	1.0	3.9	12.0	3.0	402
Cyprus	0.1	0.0	0.1	0.2	0.4	2.4	18
Estonia	0.0	0.4	0.1	0.3	0.8	4.0	20
Finland	1.0	2.7	0.5	2.0	6.2	3.0	204
France	11.4	30.9	5.6	22.4	70.3	3.3	2,143
Germany	15.2	41.2	7.1	28.5	92.0	3.2	2,908
Greece	0.0	0.0	0.8	3.2	4.0	2.2	179
Ireland	0.3	0.0	0.5	1.8	2.6	1.4	185
Italy	10.0	27.2	4.8	19.5	61.5	3.8	1,617
Malta	0.1	0.2	0.0	0.1	0.4	5.0	8
Netherlands	3.2	8.7	1.6	6.3	19.8	3.0	656
Portugal	1.1	0.0	0.7	2.8	4.6	2.6	173
Slovakia	0.0	1.6	0.3	1.2	3.1	4.2	75
Slovenia	0.2	0.6	0.1	0.5	1.4	3.9	37
Spain	6.7	18.1	3.5	14.0	42.3	4.0	1,058
<b>Total</b>	<b>52.9</b>	<b>141.9</b>	<b>27.7</b>	<b>110.0</b>	<b>331.4</b>	<b>3.3</b>	<b>10,012</b>

Source: @FGoria

The fact is, the ECB can’t survive the coming Graccident. It will not only be technically insolvent, but, more importantly, it will also be stripped of every vestige of credibility. How in the world, it will be demanded, did Draghi and his clueless posse loan \$138 billion to the massively insolvent banking system of a bankrupt economy which is on the verge of economic and civic anarchy?

Moreover, it will also become swiftly evident that there was no Draghi miracle at all—just a giant, preposterous con job. Accordingly, the front runners parade of the last three years will turn into a panicked selling rout among the fast money gamblers who have made a killing on paper, and the dim-witted bond managers and European bank investors which went along for the ride.

Note: Exposures are reported in nominal amounts. For SMP, EFSF and Target 2, national exposures have been allocated according to the ECB capital key. Source: Barclays Research

"Grexit" Continued from Page 15

The truth is, Europe is a socialist fiscal time bomb waiting to explode. There is not one honest price left in the European sovereign debt market, including the 10-year German bund trading at 58 bps. Its all been an illusion conjured by the foolish Mario Draghi, who had no clue that all that soaring peripheral debt about which he was taking endless victory laps was actually being rented by the day by heavily leveraged speculators with their fingers on the sell button.

In short, when the taxpayers of Europe wake up to the \$350 billion euros they have loaned the bankrupt state of Greece, and when the feckless politicians of Spain, Italy, Portugal, France and much of central Europe discover they can't fund their bloated state budgets with 1% money after all, the financial furies will be unleashed throughout the continent.

**Nor is there any hope for escape.** The euro-19 area is now close to having a 100% debt to GDP ratio, and that's flattered by German surpluses from an export boom that is rapidly cooling, and the fact the for a few quarters Mario's printing press has conferred huge interest rate subsidies on their depleted fiscal accounts.



**The pending Graccident will puncture that illusion, tipping most of Europe into acute fiscal crisis and political upheaval** of the type that has already roiled Greece and was starkly evident in Spain's elections last weekend. The odds that the European superstate and the ECB's Keynesian monetary regime will survive the resulting upheaval are, thankfully, somewhere between slim and none.

And there is a silver-lining, too. Someday the historians will point to the image below and say that the end game of Keynesian central banking started here. It could not commence too soon.



***time bomb waiting to explode"***





# The World of Simon

## Tilth

“I’ve just had a woman complain my compost is full of worms! She was all the way down towards Benitses. Asked me all sorts of details about the compost and then ordered one bag. I delivered it. Next thing I heard, she’d warned another customer not to buy t h e c o m p o s t ... ” “Because it was full of worms” we chorused.

“The worms for goodness sake show it’s not manure any more..that the compost is well on its way to being humus. I know, Mark, because when I handle it, there’s no discernible smell, it crumbles and mixes nicely with our present soil. It’s darker than the compost we’ve made with kitchen waste and green stuff from the garden.”

Fortunately the women complained to a another Greek who explained the function of earthworms to her” I keep turning over in my head thoughts about the earth on our allotment in Handsworth. I’d been warned on Day One - back in June 2010 - when I, at last, signed up for a plot, full of excitement, and delight, that the one we wanted was available.

I’d been warned there was clay just below the surface; that the ground was full of large stones; that it would drain badly because new poor quality topsoil had been spread over earth compacted by the works vehicles used in building the neighbouring houses that had come with the S106A that had delivered the allotments to Birmingham

City Council. The soil was also full of annual and, worse, perennial, weeds, mares-tail but especially couch grass whose rhizomes spread swiftly just below the surface of the soil leaching nutrients, spreading grass where it wasn't wanted. I knew all that. I've been dealing with the problem since - digging over and over, removing large stones, adding commercial compost, weeding constantly with the extra help of pegged down weed suppressing textile. What I did not know, what I've just begun to understand is what good soil should be like; how it should be created; how maintained. It was not until I was pointed to the book I've mulling through for two months now, that I began to grasp the depth of my ignorance . *Gardener's Earth* it's called by Stan Whitehead. Barry Luckhurst who knew and liked my stepfather's programmes on TV, found me on *Facebook*, pointed me to this book; all the while mocking TV gardeners as entertainers feeding dreams rather than offering education. The soil is a universe, alive, ever changing. It plays only a small part in the final success of what I grow - other factors being the plants or seeds I start with, the weather, insects and other predators, my skills in sowing and tending the growing plants. But that small percent on mainly the first seven inches of ground is a fascinating world, intriguing. Luckily Mark and I share this interest at the moment.



Our compost heap - leaves, roots, vegetable peelings, egg shells, vacuum cleaner dust etc



Our compost after just a few months



The composted manure we had from Mark



Plot 14 on the Victoria Jubilee Allotments



Greenery for our compost heap from Lin's gardening

We've been discussing earth, manure, compost and humus, over drinks at *Piatsa*. How to get good tilth? He's been digging into a couple of piles of three year rotted horse manure at Sally's stables; distributing it via customers on the internet in 20kilo sacks of compost.

Organisms in the gut of the horse starts the decomposition as part of digestion. The process continues outside when dung meets air. When the manure has lain a while exposed to rain and sun, mixed with straw from the stables, worms start accelerating the composting, creating humus, that spread on and mixed in with existing soil, enriches the earth, helping please the plants; creating conditions that enable other good things to happen in the soil.

The World of Simon  
Continued from Page 17

COMPOSITION OF ANIMAL MANURES Per 100 lb. weight

Animal	Water lb.	Dry Matter lb.	Nitrogen oz.	Phosphorus oz.	Potash oz.
Cow	84	16	7.68	2.4	7.6
Pig	85	15	6.08	3.04	6.72
Horse	74	26	10.72	4.32	9.12
Sheep	66	34	23.36	6.88	12.16
Hen	55	45	20.8	12.8	14.4

Young growing animals take more nutrients from their food than older ones. Their manure is therefore less valuable. Again, dairy animals take more from their food than animals being reared for meat, while work animals yield the richest manure.

Manure is also variable in composition according to the kind of bedding with which it is mixed. Approximately 50 per cent of the nitrogen, 66 per cent of the potash, and up

Food for the soil rather than the plants

There's far more to it. I'm only starting to understand the subject, aware that good farmers, good gardeners, have known about the earth intuitively; learned it from parents, from direct experience, not books. The vital thing about compost is that, applied properly - there's the rub, it can improve and maintain the soil. To understand that I have had to grasp what is meant by good soil, gardener's earth; what is meant by both the composition and the structure of the soil, and how it is constantly changing and how what is needed to arrive at the best growing medium - good tilth - requires an understanding of the kind of soil I've started with.

Colloids are particles of earth which do not dissolve in water but form, depending on whether soil is more sandy, loamy or clay, varying sized clumps, giving the earth greater capacity to hold moisture and plant food. Soil forms into clumps - sticky or less sticky, hard, soft, soggy - depending on whether it's predominately clay or, at the other end of a spectrum of types of soil, sandy. Each type of soil needs different treatment to create colloids and so approach the composition and structure that suits what I want to grow in it. Another phenomenon I've yet to understand is flocculation - a process by which added lime creates greater aeration within the earth.

Even if the ideal tilth is approximated, growing things, even when successful, changes that approximate ideal, demanding continued work to keep the soil fecund. Growing things in it makes earth more acid. The balance of alka-

linity-acidity (pH value) has to be created, restored - constantly.

LIME FOR THE LAND

On the pH scale precise neutrality is represented by the reading pH 7, which is also the pH rating of pure water. All lower readings imply acidity. All higher readings indicate alkalinity. Approximate readings are as follows:

Neutrality pH 7		
pH		
Extremely acid	Below 4.5	Very slightly alkaline
Very strongly acid	4.5-5	Medium alkaline
Strongly acid	5.1-5.5	Strongly alkaline
Medium acid	5.6-6	Very strongly alkaline
Slightly acid	6.1-6.5	
Very slightly acid	6.6-6.9	

The majority of garden plants, especially food plants, and soils with a pH rating between 6.2 and 7.5 most favourable to

The soil must also have holes in it, space between the particles - aeration - allowing roots to spread and gain nourishment, and - amazing - allow, in many cases, the growth of a fungus that attaches itself to those roots - *mycorrhiza*, which grows on humus - and in a mysterious symbiosis enters the roots of the plant, becoming a partner that makes other nutrients in the soil more available to the plant. How far this seems from paying over the counter at garden shops for fertilizers in sterilised sacks and boxes and bottles, containing, if you examine the labels, the key ingredients - nitrogen, potassium and phosphorus plus small trace elements known to be important...

...These things, writes Whitehead, feed the plant, not the soil. Better he suggests to create the conditions for these to develop and remain in the soil mingling with myriad millions of microorganisms nurtured by well mixed-in compost. He understands the power of artificial fertilization and the need for it by farmers who need to make their living from the land in the market, but better, he argues, to fertilize the soil rather than what grows in it; better to work on the soil's native fertility rather than use artificial fertilizers which may, in promoting growth in one season, exhaust the soil the next of its natural capacity to produce the commercial nutrients you've added. Once reliant on artificial fertilizers for the growth you expect and need, you, or the plants you want to grown, can be hooked on them. Whitehead's no fad-dist. Artificial fertilizers used with discretion can be good so long as you know the principles at work and can make appropriate adjustments, rather

than head towards total dependence on products you have to buy. I can see why one may be tempted to buy nutrients. There's an art to creating the conditions under which the nutrients needed by what you want to grow will occur naturally and in the



EC FERTILISER NPK Polymer-Coated Fertiliser 17-17-17. For horticultural use. Total Nitrogen (N) 17.0% (Nitrate Nitrogen (N) 5.0%, Ammoniacal Nitrogen (N) 4.6%, Ureic Nitrogen (N) 7.4%), Phosphorus Pentoxide (P<sub>2</sub>O<sub>5</sub>) soluble in neutral or alkaline citrate and water 17.0%, Phosphorus Pentoxide (P<sub>2</sub>O<sub>5</sub>) soluble in water 16.0%, Potassium Oxide (K<sub>2</sub>O) soluble in water 17.0%, Cobalt (Co) 0.0065%.

right balance in the earth. That's how far I've got. Knowing far more about my ignorance; knowing, as I did not a year ago, things I didn't even know I d i d n ' t k n o w . I am not that keen to return to Birmingham - too much work on the untidy house and its delinquent plumbing, but then there's babysitting duties - the pleasures and frustrations - work with Handsworth Helping Hands, even some paid work teaching, the need to help edit the recovered 'Out of Town' episodes for broadcast on Big Centre TV, drafting an Aristeidis Metallinos catalogue, getting back to the defence of Black Patch Park, tidying our neglected garden and the allotment - from which I'm expecting a better crop than before, a prospect that excites me but also reminds me that I am about to move from being delighted at managing to grow things to growing them in the right amount and sequence for cooking and eating, as well as observing the rotation of crops needed to keep the soil working for me. I'm also hoping that I am getting closer to making my own compost instead of buying it in. I shall make a plan that shows each bed and keep notes - a growing diary, and a reminder of how little I still know but how much I've learned in four or so years.



# VE-Day – and more

By  
Dr. Lionel Mann

The recent celebration of the seventieth anniversary of VE-day awakened for me some vivid memories. On 8<sup>th</sup> May 1945 I was in the Army, stationed with fifteen others, a Sergeant-in-charge and an army clerk in a mansion at Clapham Common in London. Every week-day morning we took the Underground to Tooting Broadway where we went to Tooting Technical College to be taught shorthand and typing by a pair of elderly spinsters and army administration by our Sergeant. We were given weekend leave from midday on Saturday to 8 a.m. on Monday, allowing me to rush to Liverpool Street and catch a train to Norwich, have Sunday at home and return overnight to London.

All our evenings at the billet were occupied with practicing taking dictation and reading our shorthand so I had no opportunity to learn my way around the capital. When we were given leave to go to join in the celebrations on VE-day one of my fellows whose home was in Tottenham took me by Underground to Leicester Square and gave me direction to train-centres before he set off home.

We had hardly emerged from the station when tankards of beer were thrust into our hands. I had been brought up in a teetotal household and found that I did not like the taste of that beverage so I quickly found a table upon which I set down the glass to, my companion's great amusement. Throughout the day food and more acceptable drink was being given to me. I wandered through the crowds to Trafalgar Square and then along the Mall to

Buckingham Palace where I was pushed to the front of the crowd just as the King, Queen, two Princesses and Churchill came on the balcony to be met by a tremendous roar of acclaim. For the rest of the day I wandered around the Wet End exchanging greetings with all and sundry. We were supposed to be in by ten o'clock but when I returned to Clapham only the cook was back. He prepared a sumptuous supper for us which I particularly remember as including sharing a tin of pineapple chunks, a tremendous rarity in those days of wartime shortages. Nobody else had come in by the time that we went to bed and there were some very bleary faces at breakfast the next morning.

For the past six years there had been the feeling of a great unity of purpose throughout the nation. The few treacherous scabs who had tried striking in our time of danger had been quickly suppressed when faced with strict sanctions including imprisonment. That great VE-day was the climax of the endeavor. VJ-day in August lacked the feeling of immediacy. Japan was remote and had never seemed to pose a real threat. By that time Britain was under a far less imposing government.

At the end of the year I was sent to Germany as clerk to a War Crimes Prosecution officer. As I was travelling independently and was not part of a group the Military Police detailed me to become part of the escort of a prisoner, a deserter consigned to military prison. At the time I was only a corporal and therefore not the senior member of the three-man escort. The sergeant who was permanently handcuffed to the

prisoner had to remain awake all night had fought in Africa with the Eighth Army and in Europe since D-day. He had a large fund of stories and I too stayed awake to hear them as the train crawled relentlessly over track that had been badly damaged. I was surprised to see that every town and village through which we passed was a blaze of floodlight. The sergeant explained that every German housewife, as soon as she had finished her housework, would go out to shattered sites, collect bricks, chip off plaster and stack them. At the end of their school-day children would do the same and then throughout the night men, working under skilled supervision, would be engaged in shifts in rebuilding. When I went out there Germany was a sea of ruins, when I went home on demobilisation nearly three years later, our train of spotlessly clean coaches sped over perfect track through beautiful new towns and villages, the result of the unified effort of a well-governed populace.

We returned to a Britain where a filthy train took six hours to travel from Harwich to York, the bombed sites had not been cleared and wartime rationing was still in force and aimless bunches of brainless drongoes had destroyed unity, employed 'divide and rule' in an attempt to hide their ineptitude, preached class-hatred, attacked business and industry, the foundation of national prosperity and welfare, further damaging an already weak economy. I was completely disillusioned with this descent into rabble-rule and for seventy years have seen the Britain of which I was once so proud becoming increasingly degenerate.

Continued on Page 20

VE-Day - and more  
Continued from Page 19

In 1935 we saw on cinema news-reels a pretty little girl sitting beside her handsome father and mother and her majestic grandfather standing on the bridge of the Royal Yacht as it steamed for hours through lines of battleships aircraft-carriers, battle-cruisers, cruisers destroyers, submarines and smaller warships on the occasion of the grandfather's Silver Jubilee. Only three years later we saw the same elegant little princess standing with her parents, now King George VI of Great Britain and the world wide British Empire and his consort as he took the salute of a the same battle fleet. Then fifteen years later we saw our beautiful new Queen and her handsome consort performing a similar duty upon her Coronation. Sixty years later at her Diamond Jubilee that same Queen stands on a barge moored on the Thames watching rowing boats and motor launches passing. For seventy years Britain has been governed by bands of moronic politicians, the result of a largely inadequate education system, and the slavish following the poisonous lead of a primitive cretinous horde of American cowboys. UKIP is looking the wrong way. Britain's danger lies not in the east but in the west.

Recently when I said that I had not bothered to vote on elections for many years a silly oaf told me that I could not thereby criticise the government. Why should I vote for a numbskull who I would not trust to sell prawns on Southend pier?

On 8<sup>th</sup> May 1945 I felt so proud of my country that I am ashamed of the despicable mess to which it has declined, It would be far better governed by the experts in Brussels than by the idiots in Westminster whom we see and hear behaving in an unruly infantile manner that I should never have tolerated from my Kindergarten class.

## Ocay Villas by Paul McGovern

The villa letting part of Ocay is improving. The young blood of Peter and Kostas is modernising our service and scope by the week.

Kostas is creating a new website, to be launched very soon. The existing one at [www.ocayvillascorfu.com](http://www.ocayvillascorfu.com) I thought to be pretty good. But they are not content with that, so watch this space. And as I'm pretty much a Nube in such areas, I should maintain a lower profile.

There is still availability this summer on a range of villas and apartments and prices so please mail in to the website above.

## Bespoke Constructions

We are pleased to announce the completion of the villa called Brook Meadow.

Now, it is time for furnishing and landscaping.

Here are some snaps.

If you like what you see mail in or ring 6974932408



## Video Corner Plus

Can Canadians drive?

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HYcsW48HHXM>

Downtown Agios

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=HYcsW48HHXM>

Gentlemen, you have been warned!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=eyduncFpzl4>

Music to type to

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5\\_qlHwSxsbk&index=1&list=PL7HnftTWffXKkfmudK0U\\_ciMOgaPdJxjw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5_qlHwSxsbk&index=1&list=PL7HnftTWffXKkfmudK0U_ciMOgaPdJxjw)

[v=5\\_qlHwSxsbk&index=1&list=PL7HnftTWffXKkfmudK0U\\_ciMOgaPdJxjw](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=5_qlHwSxsbk&index=1&list=PL7HnftTWffXKkfmudK0U_ciMOgaPdJxjw)

# *Divertimenti in Corfu*

*Patron Chrysanthos Sarlis*

**Lubomir Havlak** - the first violinist of the world renowned Martinu Quartet from Prague **Libor Kanka** - the eminent second violinist in the Martinu Quartet **Cynthia Liao** - violist of the famous Radio String Quartet Vienna. **Bernard Gregor-Smith** - the world famous cellist of the great Lindsay Quartet **Odysseas Karydis** - Greek clarinetist from Corfu, principal clarinet in the Thessaloniki Orchestra

**Tuesday 2nd June 21.00** The opening concert of **Divertimenti in Corfu**

The Historic Ionian Academy. A Viennese Evening in conjunction with Corfu International Rotary Mozart: String Quartet K458 in Bb major "The Hunt" Beethoven: String Quartet op 95 in f minor "Serioso" Schubert: String Quartet no 14 in d minor "Death the Maiden" Tickets €20 on the door. Advance purchase advisable email: [cmhf@otenet.gr](mailto:cmhf@otenet.gr) An after concert dinner in En Plo €20 Reservations 26610 81813

**Wednesday 3rd June 21.00**

The wonderful Ambelonas Winery in the centre of the island at Karoumbatika. A chance to see the vineyards, herb gardens and some traditional olive and wine machinery and enjoy an excellent Corfiot meal in a stunning setting with amazing views. Then a superb concert. Bach: Solo Suite for cello no 2 in d minor Haydn: String Quartet op 74 no.3 "Rider" Schubert: String Quartet no 14 in d minor "Death and the Maiden" Tickets €20 on the door. Advance booking advisable with limited number of seats [cmhf@otenet.gr](mailto:cmhf@otenet.gr). An a la carte dinner with local specialities and wines 6 - 8 p.m. reservations 6932158888

**Thursday 4th June 18.00**

Kefalomandouko Cultural Centre. A talk on Aspects of Chamber Music by the outstanding Cellist Bernard Gregor Smith for 40 years with the world famous Lindsay Quartet A limited number of places so please reserve at [cmhf@otenet.gr](mailto:cmhf@otenet.gr) Entry free

**Friday 5th June 21.00**

The historic St George's Church in the Old Fortress. Haydn: String Quartet op 33 no 3 in C Major "Bird" Dvorak: String Quartet op 96 in F major "American" Mozart: Clarinet Quintet K581 in A major Tickets on the door €20 Reservation advisable as limited seating.

[cmhf@otenet.gr](mailto:cmhf@otenet.gr)

**Sunday 7th June 21.00**

Ambelonas Winery at Karoumbatika see details above Dvorak: Terzetto op. 74a Dvorak: String Quartet op 96 in F major "American." Brahms: Clarinet Quintet op 115 in b minor. Tickets €20 on the door. Advance payment is advisable with a limited number of seats. Email [cmhf@otenet.gr](mailto:cmhf@otenet.gr). An after concert three course dinner with local specialities and wines. €20 Advance booking 6932158888 is necessary.

The Musicians are guests of the Nafsika Hotel Dassia