

The Agiot

53rd Edition

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When Nitsa was Young

By
Lord Biro

Chapter 2: War

Young Nitsa was eight years of age when she met her husband-to-be Kostas. Many events would happen in the years between that first knowledge of each other and their courtship and eventual marriage.

The village in those far-off times was very much the same yet very much not the same as it is today.

The three spinsters Elisabet, Dorina and Ida, who owned and stayed in the hotel Marida, owned much land in these parts, which they later left to Vasilis Kompolitis. These gentrified ladies even had a claim on the church, until the locals rested it from their control after the war.

By outbreak of war five battalions of Greek soldiers had been stationed in the area, one each at Agios Ioannis (by the church), Aqualand, Kokkini, Yalina and Kato Korakiana (Cavalry). On the 28th October 1940 Metaxas issued his

famous 'Oxi! to Mussolini. The battalions were dispersed to fight the Italians in the Albanian mountains, where the poorly-equipped Greek army suffered terribly from exposure and frost-bite.



"Air War: Italian aircraft raid Corfu for twenty-third time (15 killed)."

War came to Corfu in 1941. Italian bombers raided the outlying villages, as well as Corfu Town. These were daylight raids, during which time Nitsa's family (the Analitis) and neighbours sought refuge in the hills behind present-day Aqualand, where there were many bushes and undergrowth. In this place were the village kilns, three metre high cavities hewn from the scarp in which stones from the quarry were melted to produce lime. Other kilns out in the open country produced charcoal. The hillside

kilns were extended into the valley during the war, with wooden framework covered with dry branches and vegetation. When the bombers approached from their bases in southern Italy sirens went off in town (there were radar systems around the island) and the village church bells sounded their warning. The locals rushed to this place from their cottages with their food and water, through a bouka (passageway) and hid. Inside they had made themselves tolerably comfy with beds, chairs, blankets and the like. Mums often dashed to and fro ferrying in more supplies. Away in Corfu town, where the bombing was heavier, anti-aircraft guns laced the sky from the Liston area. Some people were killed by the bombs but as a local saying of the time went 'Wimpy Mussolini desires Corfu like mad, he's bombing Corfu endlessly, but the bombs hit the sea'. Nitsa always thought the Italians' hearts were not really in this war.

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When Nitsa was young— Chapter 2: War
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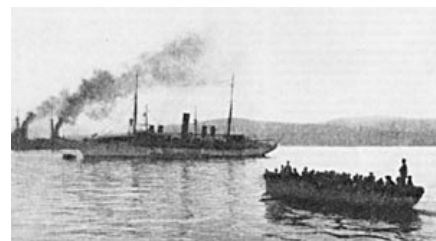
One day at this place (Karmini) the children were outside their refuge, before the sirens sounded. Nitsa was amongst a pile of kiln stones, playing with them, when she was stung on the finger by a small scorpion, which scurried off. She says it was the most intense pain of her eighty years and for the first three or four hours it was almost unbearable. Her screams got everyone's attention. Her Grandfather Ioannis pricked her finger in several places with a needle and sucked at the poison. He then

kept applying milk from the fig. There was but a small swelling at the site of the sting, yet for two to three days the pain continued unabated. From that time onwards her Grandfather would crush scorpions with mortar and pestle and add a little of the mix when dry to her milk. She reckons that when she was stung again, years later at Capri, this home-spun remedy helped to make the pain considerably less.

An ammo dump occupied the olive press which is today's Rika's and Vasilis' Last Resort Apartments, and this dump also included the Hotel and church buildings. Once the Greek army left people armed themselves with the remaining guns. Every male member of each family took at least one. Nitsa's Grandfather was left-wing. The Fascist Italians, put into occupy the islands by the all-conquering Germans, were trying to confiscate arms from men of his political persuasion. There were a few collaborators in Agios ready to point the finger. A trick the Italians once

used to recover guns was to get a collaborator to tell his neighbours that Greek guerrillas fighting in Albania needed arms, hoping the villagers would voluntarily give up their stock to an unknown traitor. Nitsa's Grandfather managed to hold on to his supply during the course of the conflict.

The Italian occupation lasted until 1943, and it was not a brutal occupation. The soldiers would steal but at the local kaffenia they would use Ionian Islands-minted currency (the Cambialis) to pay for their purchases.



"Italian withdrawal"

Village News

By
The Agiot



"Sandros"

Braving a bitter biting icy wind, cramming in relays into the warmth of the tiny church, many villagers attended old Sandros's funeral. How ironic, that in life he was mostly solitary, in death he was thronged. Aged 89, he never recovered from his fall and died in hospi-

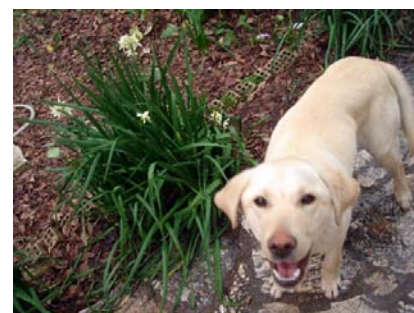
tal without ever returning to enjoy the comfort of his completely refurbished home.

Spring flowers are not yet blooming, late in appearing this year. Beguiled by the very mild Christmas, some came to grace that festival; the subsequent deep freeze soon put an end to their precocity.

The crazy Carnival season has passed. Clean Monday was 27th February and the tang of taramousalata filled the air while every intelligent squid went into hiding. Kites had been brought out of storage and dusted off, but, as so often happens, it rained on and off and there was hardly a flutter of a breeze.

Independence Day, 25th March,

is a Sunday this year.



"Temporary Agiot"

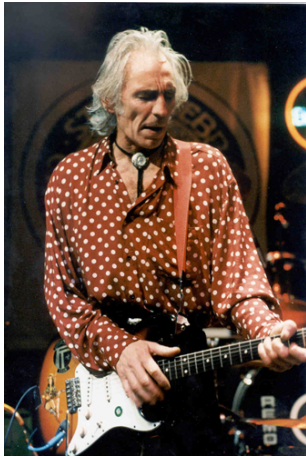
Lucinda was a stray who came into our lives on the coldest day of the winter. We did not have the heart to leave her out, but this left us with a 'dog too far'.

Luckily, Agiots Paul and Jan spoke to their friend Sue from Castaway Travel. She came to Agios to interview Lucinda, and was suitably hypnotized. She will now enjoy a good life in the north of the island. So will the dog!!

Agiotfest 12

Friends of the Agiotfest

By
The Minstrel



"Steve Gibbons"

Agiotfest 12 is set for August 25th this year.

After a lot of ifs and buts it was decided that the Fest is too much fun NOT to keep going. When many people's domestic finances are at low ebb the Agiotfest and events of its type are just what the doctor ordered to step out of the gloom. After last year's phenomenal show-headed by Jimmy James and his wonderful Vagabonds- it is a chal-

lenge to reach those dizzy heights again. But that very challenge is what we like.

Ticket prices have been pegged at 20 Euros [the same as previously] with half price for children. Any block of ten full-price tickets from one source will receive the tenth ticket free. Corfu beer-which was sunk in great quantity in 2011- will be on tap again at sensible prices. Food will be available at fair price, or bring your own picnic, if you wish.

The Steve Gibbons Band will head the bill. Steve was heading the Dylan Project in the very successful first Fest in 2009. He has offered his services again, having been smitten by Corfu we hope,

this time around with his own Steve Gibbons Band.

And he has been very generous in reducing his cost to the Agiotfest, as he too believes in the future of this great annual event.

So please turn out in your hundreds to enjoy this fabulous occasion. Dancing is almost compulsory.

In an attempt to ever-improve this event and ensure that it returns in 2013, this year [in a date yet to be set in May] there will be a cheese and wine evening at Villa Theodora. [ADMISSION FREE]. At this informal gathering Friends of Agiotfest will be incepted. This will be made up of fans dedicated to seeing the event grow down the years, and who will be invited to specifically sponsor, in a modest way, fractions of the total cost of this year's Agiotfest cost. These supporters will be encouraged, we hope, with a greet and meet the bands evening- again held at Villa Theodora- during the week of the festival, and future incentives yet to be detailed.

Follow this Newsletter in the coming months for updates on Supporting Acts and go to www.agiotfest.co.uk from mid-March to follow the lead-up to a magical Saturday in the olive groves.

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Corfu Losers' Cup— March 31st 2012

Hi Everyone,

We are planning to hold this years Losers Cup on Saturday 31st March ... meeting at 10.45 in Agios Ioannis plateia, and likely to include..... Golf "nearest the hole" Putting Croquet Wellie chuck 10 pin bowling Pool darts shove half-penny and depending on the weather table tennis anyone with any skill in any of the disciplines will of course be eliminated/disqualified, as is the tradition of "the Cup"..... any questioning of the fairness of the scoring, will be totally ignored(Lionel has

again total discretion in this area) we are intending to eat afterwards at Anna & Nikos (Kostas) Taverna in the plateia, so at this preliminary stage, perhaps you could let us know if you are intending to take part and if any supporters will be joining the "athletes" for a meal in the evening around 7.30/8.00pm ish. We think the cost for the activities (excluding food & drink) will be around €20/25...EU funding is being requested, but seems unlikely. Hope to see you there,

Paul and Paul



P.S. Public Liability Insurance is not provided. You enter at your own risk. An unfortunate incident occurred several years back when Lionel bit down too vigorously on a cheese pie, the ensuing jet stream temporarily blinding a passing waitress.

News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

What a week Freezing cold and the central heating boiler packs up, Fuming the house out and roaring like an earthquake, gets the guy out to fix it, very prompt German guy he gives the boiler a good service has it running sweet as a nut, very reasonable price. Today the darned thing goes again !!!! guy comes straight out bless his heart peeing with rain and he is on a bike, finds the problem and has it running sweet again, but so much soot has been generated up the exhaust pipe it still stinks to high heaven, seems I must wait for the excess soot to burn off. At least he has told me the boiler burns two and half litres of oil an hour so I can make my budget easier!!

So Athens is rioting, so what, it half full of idiots anyway. The bigger problem is that much of the English reporting refers just to Greece and does not specify Ath-

ens. WE all know that Corfu is not mainland Greece and here we do not have any problems like street riots. But the reporting is for sure going to affect our tourist season this year. To do a little fighting back I have posted a video on UTube. "Corfu Holidays 2012, Is it Safe?" Just Google "Corfual" and you should be able to log straight onto it. If not Go onto Utube and check out "Corfual Channel" If you like the video and think it will help please put a link on your Facebook and Twitter for the video so we can spread it as fast as possible. It is not much but we have to do what we can!! We need the tourists dough and also need some house buyers out here this year.

With this bad weather the days are a bit boring so I have been doing some cooking from The Lilly Longmans Cookbook to fill the freezer. So had a go at making marmalade as I have never done it before. What a disaster, do you think

it would set? NO chance. So I have now invented a new drink for the adventurous, Vodka and Runny Marmalade. Yummy.

I have been going through the process of changing my English Driving Licence for a Greek one. The English one expires at the end of March. Because of my age I can only be given a car licence from England and even then must have an English address for at least 6 months. If I want all my categories I must also hve a medical.

The Greek one will cost me 400 euros for all categories or about 200 euros for a mini bus, car and bike categories. A eye test will be 90 euros a medical another 50-60. BUT the licence will expire at the end of March and I will have to renew it at 60 Euro cost plus eye test and medical. Which will give me another 3 years. What a racket, no wonder many olser Greeks drive without papers at all!!!

Thats the lot for now. Please support the video!!!

I am and always will be,
Obnoxious Al

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Spring Salad

Salad Ingredients

- 1 Head of Iceberg Lettuce,
Shredded
- 1 Bunch of Rocca (optional)
- 1 Apple, peeled and sliced
- 2 Avocado Pears
- 2 Small Cucumbers, peeled and
sliced
- 1 packet (50g) of Croutons

Vinaigrette Dressing

- 150ml Olive Oil
- 2 tbs of Wine Vinegar
- 1 tsp of Sugar
- 1 tsp of Dijon Mustard
- 2 tbs of Chopped Mixed Herbs
(Oregano, Parsley, Mint)

Go:

1. Place the Lettuce and Rocca (if used) in a salad bowl. Add to bowl the Apple and Cucumbers.

2. Place the dressing ingredients in a screw - top jar and shake well.

3. Peel the Avocado Pears and slice them into another bowl. Pour over the dressing to coat. Add to the remaining salad.

4. Just before serving mix the croutons lightly into the salad and toss well.

Bon Appetit!!

Hiraeth

By
Dai the Nant

I once lived in a small village in North Wales opposite a pub called the Royal Oak. Some of the regulars who drank there also sang in Male voice choirs. We had choristers from the Point if Ayre, Old Colwyn and Trelawnedd Choirs. They could all be relied upon to sing a few hymns on a Sunday night in the public bar. This is a story told to me by Berwyn who sings with the Trelawnydd.

Every year, Welsh Communities abroad would approach native Welsh Choirs and invite them to come on tour. The hosts meet all the choirs' expenses except the cost of the air fare.

One year, the Trelawnydd Choir was invited by the Canadian Welsh Community to tour Canada. This was a great honour, and arose because the Canadians had left it too late to get one of the more well known South Wales choirs. These trips are only possible if choristers can put two years holiday entitlement together, and usually this is not a problem for employers who are good Welshmen. In the end

nearly 50 of the 80 voices were able to go. They had never been asked before.

The Choir master and the lady accompanist (piano and organ) were both able to go, but the choir thought they would play a trump card. They would take a Harpist. The Harpist that they invited to go with them was the 16 year old daughter of the local undertaker, Mr Williams, who lived in a neighbouring village. She was an outstanding musician and went on to attend the Royal Welsh College of Music and subsequently became a great ornament of Welsh National Opera.

The old undertaker was happy if the lady accompanist would chaperone his daughter, and the choir were happy if her father arranged the shipment and insurance of her very valuable and antique Welsh Harp.

Shortly before the choir were due to fly out, the undertaker had built a wonderful crate to take the harp and everything was going swimmingly until he tried to get it into his hearse. The crate was about three inches too long and eight

inches too wide. The undertaker did not want to trust to a local carrier, the harp was too valuable. He decided to go and see Alwyn in Abergele, who is a used car salesman specialising in new and used funeral vehicles.

How the undertaker got the Harp and his daughter to the air port; how the choir took all those small towns across Canada by storm and how they all came back four weeks later exhausted, hung over and happy beyond measure, is a story for another day. This is really a story about Alwyn and old Mr. Williams.

The undertaker decides to trade in his ancient hearse for one both wider and longer, and he heads for Abergele. When he gets there, Alwyn opens up the showroom and the old gentleman starts to measure up the interior of each vehicle.

Alwyn is astonished: "You will have no difficulty in getting the largest casket into any of these vehicles!" he says reprovingly.

"Its not the Casket I'm worried about" says the undertaker, "Its the Harp that concerns me".

"I think you're having a game with me Mr. Williams," says Alwyn, "Nobody needs to take a harp when they go, St Peter gives you one when you get there!"

Joke of the Month

Sent in By

Steve Dell

David Cameron was on a school visit when the teacher posed the following question. Can anyone in the class give me an example of a tragedy??

A little boy stood up and offered: 'If my best friend, who lives on a farm, is playing' in the field and a tractor runs over him and kills him, that would be a tragedy.'

'Incorrect,' said Cameron. 'That would be an accident.'

... A little girl raised her hand: 'If a school bus carrying fifty children drove over a cliff, killing everybody inside, that would be a tragedy.'

'I'm afraid not', explained Cameron, 'that's what we would refer to as a great loss'.

The room went silent. No other children volunteered. Cameron searched the room.

'Isn't there someone here who can give me an example of a tragedy?'

Finally, at the back of the room, little Johnny raised his hand and said: 'If a plane carrying you and Mr. Clegg was struck by a 'friendly fire' missile & blown to smithereens, that would be a tragedy.'

'Fantastic' exclaimed Cameron, 'and can you tell me why that would be a tragedy?'

'Well', said Johnny, 'it has to be a tragedy, because it certainly wouldn't be a great loss, and it probably wouldn't be a f....ing accident either

Christmas 1938

By
Dr. Lionel Mann

Part Three:

School had not yet broken up for Christmas so I rose soon after seven on Monday morning.

Breakfast was taken in the delightfully warm kitchen, the only room heated at that hour.

I was not at all keen on the porridge that started the meal and Aunt Louise often "spoil" me by crushing or slicing a banana with cream and a spoonful of jam as topping. (The war put an end to that - no bananas!) Then came egg in some form followed by toast and marmalade. Meanwhile aunt would be preparing and packing sandwiches and cake for her and my lunches. Filling Thermos flasks with hot soup was left until I was ready to depart.

Along with about a dozen boys, some "red caps" like myself, others in the uniform of the city Technical College and a similar number of girls going to their Grammar School or the Convent, we mingled with workers going into the city by bus. Few people had cars and bicycles were the only alternative to public transport. At this hour buses were crowded and we children stood between the seats; it was unthinkable that a child should sit while any adult stood. There were no school buses. However fares were very cheap; my bus pass for a term of about sixty days cost ten shillings, 120 pence and I made four journeys daily, to the city centre and then out to the school in the morning, back in the afternoon - a halfpenny per trip! Often, as on that day, I took up more than my fair share of space with bulky satchel, gym bag and viola case hung on at angles.

Our only observance of the festive season at school in addition to

the Christmas Concert was that the reading, prayers and hymn at Assembly were appropriate; we were far too busy reviewing the end-of-term examinations to waste time on decorations.

Morning school after 8.45

Assembly was five forty-minute periods with a twenty-minute break between three and four. Following a break for lunch at 12.50 afternoon schools of three periods with a break between seven and eight ended at 4.15. "Clubs" followed, in my case at that time Choir, Third Orchestra or viola tuition which meant that I seldom left school before 5.30. Unless anyone at home had an evening date dinner was not served until I returned.

After dinner I went into the kitchen to do my homework. It was a very big room so even if grandmother were busy at one end of the long table I was not disturbed at the other. Homework finished I went into the lounge for viola and pianos practice. That took me up to my nine o'clock bedtime unless I wanted to hear the B.B.C. News with the rest of the household, a daily ritual for them.

The radio, a large portable, was powered by a wet-cell battery, there being no electricity in the house. One of my Saturday morning household chores, in addition to chopping firewood, was taking the battery to a nearby garage for recharging and bringing back the one that I had taken the previous week. Nobody listened to much else on the radio and I was allowed to carry it into the kitchen or the lounge so that I might hear a broadcast concert from a British or Continental station. Sound quality would have driven today's Hi-fi fanatics mad, but at that time we knew no better.

School closed for the Christmas holiday at midday on Wednesday so that boarders might have time for travel. After lunch at home my friend Roy and I went into the city for Christmas shopping.

My finances must have been in good shape as in addition to having saved most of my sixpence weekly pocket money for some weeks I had also saved most of the allotted bus fares by walking to the three weekly church choir rehearsals and services. With my quarterly half-crown choir pay I probably had at least eight shillings to spend, a princely amount for an eleven-year-old in those days when the pound contained twenty shillings, 240 pence, before the stupidity and incompetence of politicians, "financial experts" and economists polluted our currency with rampant inflation as well as inflicting periodic "recessions".

We mingled with the cheerful crowds and I became aware of now belonging to a distinctive club. It appeared that at least half of the Grammar School was Christmas shopping; we met fellow "red-caps" everywhere and most exchanged a friendly wave if not a word or two. Too, for the first time I was addressed as "sir" by shop assistants.

There was plenty to attract out attention in the brightly lit shop windows, especially that of the largest toy shop which was displaying a landscaped Hornby OO working layout to our envious eyes.

We were in no hurry and when our immediate purchases had been seen to we strolled between the stalls of the market, admiring the wide diversity of goods offered for sale, an astonishing variety of fruit, vegetables, clothing, books, tools, food including fish, meat pickles, jams, cakes, cheeses with sausages and prunes, some heated ready; for eating, as well as fish and chips, tea and coffee.

Continued on Page 7

Christmas 1938 - Part Three
Continued from Page 6

Roy and I each invested a penny in a bag of roasted chestnuts and went into the seclusion of a corner of the nearby churchyard to eat them; eating in the street, especially in school uniform, was frowned upon.

There were long queues for buses despite the ten minute service to our village. Standing was restricted to ten passengers, but a conductor called out, "Come you two little ones. You don't count." He jammed us into the recess under the stairs, arousing general amusement.

That evening Aunt Louisa opened the sealed envelope in which I had brought home my school report. I already knew that it was quite good; I had come second in my form of thirty boys, third in my age-group of 120 and had been placed in the Classics stream.

All five ages up to sixteen-year-olds were divided into Classics, Sciences, Commercial or Technical according to ability, thirty boys to each. All received the core syllabus: at least one forty-minute period each of English and Mathematics daily; a double, eighty-minute, period each of Chemistry, Physics, Biology, Art, Woodwork or Metalwork and Games weekly; two single periods of History, Geography, Music, French, Physical Education (Gym) and Religious Instruction weekly. The remaining periods were allocated to a stream's speciality; in our case Latin was added. Additionally every boy belonged to at least one of the many "clubs" ranging from Archaeology to Zoology, that met for an hour after school.

With one exception all comments were very satisfying and rewards of a half-crown from grandfather and a shilling from Aunt

Louisa were very welcome additions to my depleted finances.

The single exception was our P.E. Instructor's "Trying".

Although for two years the smallest of the seven-hundred boys in the school, I never encountered any bullying; all were far too busy working to gain the ultimate qualifications vital for our future careers to waste time in such stupidity. However Sergeant Thompson, our P.E. teacher, a typical brainless Army drill sergeant, made no attempt to hide his contempt for my lack of inches and inability to reach some of the equipment. "Don't help him. He's got to do it himself," he would roar when he caught one of my form-mates helping me. Mercifully he was recalled to military service to make a misery of recruits' lives on the outbreak of war. Our Biology master, a county cricketer, replaced him and under this new helpful tuition I came thoroughly to enjoy gymnastics - cricket too!

Maiden aunts had been arriving. Not all regarded favourably the "pampered precocious brat" newly added to the household. Now on holiday, I had been allowed to "lie-in" and was savouring the luxury of a leisurely late breakfast in the kitchen while acidulous Aunt May from Jersey bustled officiously around, "cleaning for Christmas". A venerable 'grandmother' click, pendulum, weights, chains and all, graced the far wall and the critical aunt decided that its face was dirty. I watched with interest as the self-appointed cleaner poured a pungent solution of ammonia; our chemistry master had warned of its potency. The hygiene fanatic set briskly to work and within five seconds has completely erased the XI and part of the X before she stopped with an exclamation of horror. Gentle quiet grandmother, also watching, issued a strong re-

proof, utterly out of character, later echoed by grandfather. That I had been unable to hide my amusement did not further endear me to that aunt.

The recharge of my finances allowed me again to go into the city that afternoon with Roy, mingling with the cheerful Christmas shoppers. We must certainly have visited the market where there were any boy's gastronomic delights on sale. Currant buns, iced buns, jam doughnuts, a glass of lemon or orange squash cost one penny; for twopence one might buy a hot sausage roll, a Cornish pasty or mug of soup; a big meat pie cost threepence; the ultimate treasure was a "two and four" at a fish-and-chip stall, twopenny worth of chips and a fourpenny hunk of fried battered cod. Did there taste better for having been wrapped in the "Mirror", "Mail", "Sketch", "Chronicle", "Express", "Telegraph", "Times" or the local rag? Opinions varied.

Of course we always returned to the seclusion of the nearby churchyard to eat our purchases and were never alone, munching away seated on a convenient tomb of some long-forgotten dignitary. All were careful to leave no litter; we valued that amenity.

I cannot remember ever having been taken to see Father Christmas. That commercial rip-off is of more recent introduction. Well before my eleventh Christmas I knew who filled the pillowslip that was hung at the foot of my bed, a more practical substitute for a stocking.

There were yet two more days to Christmas and excitement was building, the more so in those days before the great day lost its impact through having been celebrated for weeks in advance.

ocay villas

quality holiday accommodation in Corfu, Greece



Villa Theodora



Villa Aphrodite

GREAT DEALS AT OCAY VILLAS

Hello Campers,

With the summer not far away- you would not think this if you were looking out of a Corfu window today [Jan has just told me the wind has got up. I asked her if she has seen the doctor about it]-we would like to start to fill our vacant summer weeks

Prices on Villa Theodora and Aphrodite were already reduced, to help people with the current financial doldrums, and now we would like to fill our few remaining weeks with as many of our friends and visitors as we can. It seems such a shame to have sparkling blue pools and cloudless skies without the sounds of splashing or squealing.

So, there is a further 10% discount to website prices for you mailing either here or by going to www.ocayvillascorfu.com

Please note there are no further reductions at present for Villa Persephone, Noy or MouseHouse, as these villas are already discounted.

Story from a Minnesota State Trooper:



I made a traffic stop on an elderly lady the other day for speeding on MN State Highway 210 at Mile Marker 197 just East of McGregor, MN. I asked for her driver's license, registration, and proof of insurance. The lady took out the required information and handed it to me. In with the cards I was somewhat surprised (due to her advanced age) to see she had a Conceal Carry Permit. I looked at her and ask if she had a weapon in her possession at this time. She responded that she indeed had a .45 automatic in her glove box. Something---body language, or the way she said it---made me want to ask if she had any other firearms. She did admit to also having a 9mm Glock in her center console. Now I had to ask one more time if that was all. She responded once again that she did have just one more, a .38 special in her purse. I then asked her what was she so afraid of.

She looked me right in the eye and said, "Not a f---ing thing!"

News of the World

February 2012

Corfu Weather Statistics

Maximum Temperature - 18C
 Minimum Temperature - 1C
 Average Temperature - 9C

Windspeed - 55km/h.
 Gust-speed - 82km/h.
 Rain - 138,2mm



The Queen has sent an e-mail

To the citizens of the United States of America, from Her Sovereign Majesty, Queen Elizabeth II:

In light of your immediate failure to financially manage yourselves, and also in recent years your tendency to elect incompetent Presidents of the USA and therefore not able to govern yourselves, we hereby give notice of the revocation of your independence, effective immediately (You should look up 'revocation' in the Oxford English Dictionary). Her Sovereign Majesty Queen Elizabeth II will resume monarchical duties over all states, commonwealths, and territories (except Kansas, which she does not fancy).

Your new Prime Minister, David Cameron, will appoint a Governor for America without the need for further elections. Congress and the Senate will be disbanded. A questionnaire may be circulated sometime next year to determine whether any of you noticed. To aid in the transition to a British Crown dependency, the following rules are introduced with immediate effect:

1. The letter 'U' will be reinstated in words such as 'colour', 'favour', 'labour' and 'neighbour'. Likewise, you will learn to spell 'doughnut' without skipping half the letters, and the suffix '-ize' will be replaced by the suffix '-ise.' Generally, you will be expected to raise your vocabulary to acceptable levels. (look up 'vocabulary').

2. Using the same twenty-seven words interspersed with filler noises such as 'like' and 'you know' is an unacceptable and inefficient form of communication. There is no such thing as U.S. English. We will let Microsoft know on your behalf. The Microsoft spell-checker will be adjusted to take into account the reinstated letter 'u' and the elimination of '-ize'.

3. July 4th will no longer be celebrated as a holiday.

4. You will learn to resolve personal issues without using guns, lawyers, or therapists. The fact that you need so many lawyers and therapists shows that you're not quite ready to be independent. Guns should only be used for shooting grouse. If you can't sort things out without suing someone or speaking to a therapist, then you're not ready to shoot grouse.

5. Therefore, you will no longer be allowed to own or carry anything more dangerous than a vegetable peeler. Although a permit will be required if you wish to carry a vegetable peeler in public.

6. All intersections will be replaced with roundabouts, and you will start driving on the left side with immediate effect. At the same time, you will go metric with immediate effect and without the benefit of conversion tables. Both roundabouts and metrication will help you understand the British sense of humour.

7. The former USA will adopt UK prices on petrol (which you have been calling gasoline) of roughly \$10/US gallon. Get used to it.

8. You will learn to make real chips. Those things you call French fries are not real chips, and those things you insist on calling potato chips are properly called crisps. Real chips are thick cut, fried in animal fat, and dressed not with catsup but with vinegar.

9. The cold, tasteless stuff you insist on calling beer is not actually beer at all. Henceforth, only proper British Bitter will be referred to as beer, and European brews of known and accepted provenance will be referred to as Lager. New Zealand beer is also acceptable, as New Zealand is pound for pound the greatest sporting nation on earth and it can only be owing to the beer. They are also part of the British Commonwealth - see what it did for them. American brands will be referred to as Near-Frozen Gnat's Urine, so that all can be sold without risk of further confusion.

10. Hollywood will be required occasionally to cast English actors as good guys. Hollywood will also be required to cast English actors to play English characters. Watching Andie Macdowell attempt English dialogue in 'Four Weddings and a Funeral' was an experience akin to having one's ears removed with a cheese grater.

11. You will cease playing American football. There are only two kinds of proper football; one you call soccer, and rugby (dominated by the New Zealanders). Those of you brave enough will, in time, be allowed to play rugby (which has some similarities to American football, but does not involve stopping for a rest every twenty seconds or wearing full kevlar body armour like a bunch of nancies).

12. Further, you will stop playing baseball. It is not reasonable to host an event called the World Series for a game which is not played outside of America. Since only 2.1% of you are aware there is a world beyond your borders, your error is understandable. You will learn cricket, and we will let you face the Australians (World dominators) first to take the sting out of their deliveries.

13. You must tell us who killed JFK. It's been driving us mad.

14. An internal revenue agent (i.e. tax collector) from Her Majesty's Government will be with you shortly to ensure the acquisition of all monies due (backdated to 1776).

15. Daily Tea Time begins promptly at 4 p.m. with proper cups, with saucers, and never mugs, with high quality biscuits (cookies) and cakes; plus strawberries (with cream) when in season.

God Save the Queen!

Sent in By

Linda Baddeley

BREAKDOWN OF AGIOTFEST 2011
RAFFLE AND PRIZES:

- PRIZES:** 1st: Villa Theodora, one week in Oct 2011
Ticket No: 282 Claimed
- 2nd: One night for two at Hotel Erikoussa
Ticket No: 006 Claimed
- 3rd: Water filter machine from Eco Point
Ticket No: 207 Not claimed
- 4th: Meal for two at Hotel Telesillas
Ticket No: 104 Claimed
- 5th: Beechwood coffee table from Evenos
Ticket No: 280 Claimed
- 6th: Bath aids from Marks & Spencer
Ticket No: 106 Claimed
- 7th: Dinner for two at Costas Taverna
Ticket No: 014 Claimed
- 8th: 24hr Internet card from Compass
Interent Cafe Ticket: 170 Claimed
- 9th: One page Website from True Type
Web solutions
Ticket No: 293 Not claimed
- 10th Beauty aids from Sephora Shop
Ticket No: 244 Claimed
- 11th Dinner for two at Raffles Asian Rest
Ticket No: 303 Claimed
- 12th Dinner for two at LaPiazza, Barbati
Ticket No: 217 Claimed
- 13th Dinner for two, plus wines, at Toula,
Agni
Ticket No: 153 Claimed
- 14th Two day-tickets for Aqualand
Ticket No: 007 Claimed

**THE ARK ANIMAL WELFARE CHARITY
(Friends of the Animals)**

MOVING HOUSE? LEAVING CORFU?

If you are at the stage of having a good clear-out, for whatever reason, please don't throw your unwanted items away!

Most of you know The ARK has a small shop in town and we will sell anything from a set of cutlery to a washing machine! All items accepted must be in good condition; all electrical items must be in working order.

So, if you have any unwanted items: ie: books; dvd's; clothing; shoes; electrical items; kitchen equipment etc. we will be happy to take them off your hands!

Proceeds from all sales go towards helping the stray and abandoned animals on Corfu, of which there are far too many.

Please call: 6975 833654 to arrange for drop-off /pick-up.
Your co-operation / generosity will be much appreciated.

Visit our website: corfuanimalwelfare.com



The Greek Mainland
Only a few hours from
Corfu
February 2010

