

The Agiot

35th Edition

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Agiotfest 10

By
The Minstrel



"Bill ... A Little Bit More on the Floor"

After months of uncertainty and preparation, Agiotfest 10 suddenly happened. Joe Brown and his entourage and separately, Laura Zakian, flew in from the U.K. Kuriri came over by ferry from Igoumenitsa, 4 Square flew in from a Prague gig. One Drop Forward slid in almost unnoticed. Jemma Bartlett and newcomers the Shires for their maiden outing also flew in from the UK, as did Laura Doss from Germany.



"The Good Old Boys and Jemma"

Local groups Omega 5 and The Good Old Boys and songstress Sonia Grammatikos were our island representatives. All was set.

The Friday could not have got off to a worse start. The state-of-the-art M7 mixing desk brought over with the Joe Brown Group did not like the journey or the Corfu conditions, or maybe it was a duff machine. Anyway, it did not work from the start. So Digital had to give way to Analogue, and Bill worked his magic on rearranging the various acts with available channels to produce a Saturday show. But first Friday had to be sorted. Sound-checks were severely delayed following the M7 glitch and were still going on at opening hours. The crowd started to drift into the New Cactus Hilton, pleasing in an odd way to think that the hallowed spot had never before seen such activity.

What a pleasant place this is. Chairs were laid in neat rows but a grassy olive knoll allowed people to relax with their picnics, as an alternative to the good-value

simple fayre offered next to Villa Theodora.



"Stall - Supporters"

There were lots of children coming in, no charge helped many parents with their decision as to whether to come or not. A few stalls were in the approach lane, a modest first try to what we hope will become a thriving opportunity.



"Dan Day in Wonderland"

Just when things seemed as if they could get no worse, they did. The village lost one of its three phases of electricity power. Lights along the Agiotfest trail were extinguished, a communal groan escaped the lips of the audience. Power was redirected to the stage area and two hours behind schedule the show started.

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Luckily, there had been not too many people up to that point, so the steady stream that followed were blissfully unaware of the erst-while hiccups.

During this mayhem it was the hard luck to be on stage for the Shires, the Good Old Boys and Laura Doss. But they coped very well with this setback. Steve Dell, especially, commended the professional ethic of young girls Alice and Aliyah, who sang on unperturbed as the technology around them sputtered and flickered.



"Aliyah and Alice - The Shires"

Omega5 can always be relied on to get things going. Again, they did not disappoint. The Fest was off! No Paul Stenton this year, but Adonis showed his skill was no less, if differently-styled.

Steve doubled as compere, when not rocking out his songs. He was in for a long two days with a round-trip to Acharavi sandwiched between.



"Omega 5)"

Kuriri from Serbia were unknown to Corfu before this night.



"Kuriri from Serbia"

They will not be unknown now. It is not without good reason they are so highly-regarded across the Balkans. Their musical ability and unorthodox presentation were a perfect match. I can give no better tribute to them than that given by our own musical Dr.Mann. 'Kuriri were superb, they really know how to play their instruments', this rare recognition from a musician who recognizes little post - 1890 worth a mention. Well done Kuriri and well done Lionel.



"One Drop Forward"

The night ended with a group much better known in these parts; One Drop Forward. They delivered as they always do, a brilliant presentation of reggae with people dancing and swaying to their rhythms on the improvised 'dance floor' before the stage.

Thus ended the Friday night, saved from possible disaster by some quite wonderful sounds.

The Minstrel slept on the stage overnight and was bitten to death by mosquitoes, but ably encouraged by Andy (the four-legged one) who barked at any stray sounds. Bravo

Andy, we could not have afforded to have any of this gear nicked! In the dawn the other non-



"Night Watchman moving on to site"

human caretaker of the New Cactus Hilton, Ethel the chicken-who slept under the stage, sometimes during the performance- strutted her stuff among the olives, seemingly unphased by the goings-on.



"Resident Rock Chick"

Frightened into super-action by the power failings of Friday, the Saturday morning saw activity beginning a little past eight in the morning. By nine o'clock Joe Brown was doing his sound-check and the other acts followed, almost by the time-table. Things were looking hopeful. The catering side was also better-shaped and prepared for the evening.



"Early morning Sound Check"

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"Sonia Grammatikos"

And so it opened, and on this night there were to be no repetitions of the early Friday failings. The show started at 6.45 pm, only fifteen minutes behind schedule. The first act on was Laura Zakian, with her musically talented trio. Great stuff from Laura. Her act is not a typical turn for hereabouts and thereby the reaction was uncertain, which is why it had been decided not to have the set too long. Now we wish we had, for she was well-received by the growing audience.

Sonia Grammatikos is a local lady with huge talent, singing soulful ballads with her own guitar accompaniment. She had not played on a stage for nine years. We tempted her from retirement and what a gutsy performance she gave us. Short, but sweet.

The Good Old Boys featuring Jemma were back for a second showing; they have a growing fan-base in Corfu. This time they did not have to compete with the technology.

Tommy Cooper kept appearing on stage. Just like that.



"A Real Agiot"

4Square. I don't really know what to say. I will leave it to better music critics than I to write here and elsewhere on later dates. Suffice it to say they probably even outshone the illustrious top-of-the bill, in terms of audience appreciation. Four very likeable young people from Rochdale. Gracie would be 'proudful'.

John Taylor, manager for Joe and his band was impressed, and that in itself is impressive. Towards the end of their act Oca had arranged for a glittering firework display over their stage, maybe a tad loud.....sorry 4S.



"4 Square"

Then came Joe Brown. I had to sit down to this one. I could hardly believe this was happening at last. Joe Brown in Agios Ioannis. On stage. And delivering brilliantly, superbly backed by his son Pete and the rest of the band.



"Joe Brown"

What an exponent of so many instruments, a true musician's musician. It was all worth the months of finger-biting. Thank you Joe for an unforgettable debut at the New

Cactus Hilton.



"Party's Over"

When the show ended the Minstrel was grandly entertained on the terrace of Henk's apartments by Kuriri and their friends, as was Brenda of ice-cream fame. I felt humble in their humble presence. They were such a refreshing reminder of long-gone days of courtesy and manners, often lost in the West of today.

And now to the thanks:

It is hard to know exactly where to start, so I'll just start.

Firstly, all the musicians themselves, without whom this page would not exist.

John Taylor for his industry and professionalism.

The technicians; Bill Vrioni is a genius in my opinion. He and his team saved and made the event.

All who worked on the catering side, including Mike Mahon, Rich and Karen Quilter, Sophia, Mirna and her sister, Anna the cleaner. Paul and Luke, Neil, Ronah and Paul for his haulage work.

Brenda and Jimmy and Stormin' Norman for the chairs.

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Steve for his great compere work, ably interpreted by Kristina from Energy Radio.

The Security provided by Ioannis Fagoginis.

Doug on tickets with Jan, Helgy too.

Agron, Jimmy and Eli, great workers... often going unnoticed in the throng, but responsible for the hard work which any enterprise such as this needs.

Unflappable Mitsos the electrician.

Peter McGovern, for his vizma and energy. Belatedly, Kostas his brother, who worked the Saturday so well.

Paul and Sally, support and kindness as residents in the N.C.H.

Our distributors, supporters and advisors; Richard Wilson from Arcadia, Paul and Jan Scotter, Chas Clifton, Emma Wood, Diane Kondou, Janet from James Villas, Vickie Moss, Micky Clark, The Navigators, Boatman's World, Alex from Re-Max.

Jon from True-type Solutions, always on-the-ball with our website.

Prokopis for his haulage.

Natasha from Novatech.

Spyros Hytiris; a constant source of friendship and encouragement and Hermes of our dream presented to the Greek nation.

Hilary Paipeti for her love of Agiotfest and editorial contributions.

Andy D'Cruz-what a star

Jackie Dickinson; lifelong friend and schmoozer par excellence.

Maureen and Kim.

The Donkey Sanctuary and Ark.

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Corfu Airport and the Port Authority, Gouvia Marina for allowing our posters.

Kerry the cameraman and John and Dimos from Corfu Press, adding professionalism and exposure to our 'baby'

All our many well-wishers, including the ones who could not make this year. All the fans who did make it, especially from abroad.

Our village. Not a single complaint, when you imagine how the status quo is bombed for our weekend, that in itself is testimony to the tolerance and hospitality of all here. Giorgos and Varna Halikia and their families, who could not attend, as they had 09, for the sadness and respect they have for the recent passing of their dear Vallya. Her spirit, I am sure, haunts the New Cactus Hilton, where she tended her flock for decades. She was smiling on us I know for sure.

If, in my haste to meet this deadline, I have missed anybody out, please forgive me.

Four thanks above all others;

Jan and Ken Harrop who brilliantly handled the North at their own expense.

A special mention for Jan, who has put up with my crazy brain during months of planning.

Lucy Steele. I can only describe Lucy's contribution and work-ethic as an example to all. Thank you Lucy.

To my dear wife Lula, who suffers my insanity for trying to bring this dream into a reality for our local community and Island.

To all of you... thank you!!!

It would be remiss not to briefly mention Agiotfest 11, even this early. There is a drive and hope amongst many- I know because I have talked to them- for the show to go on. Well, without too much modesty I think I can safely say that 09 and 10 both delivered, although they differed in many aspects. We will deliver again in 2011, but we need financial encouragement. By that I mean a lot more people buying tickets pre-January, in order for us to gauge the response and solidly book our acts accordingly. We have already got the green light for several artists to appear, but now it is time for the Corfiots to step forward and show us this will not become a 'nearly show'.



"All Boxed Up"

Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

We bade farewell to Valya at the beginning of August. The village seems strangely empty without her leading her sheep out to browse in the mornings, bringing them back home at evening and tending her daughter Varna's flowers. For some years her health had not been good and she had been in agony, bent and walking with the aid of a stick, yet she was sturdily independent, often rejecting offers of help. She is now beyond pain.

I first saw Valya one morning

about ten years ago. Her husband, Theothoros, one of nature's gentlemen, was seated imperturbably in his accustomed place under the plane tree in the centre of the plateia. Valya was up on Varna's balcony screeching at him and throwing things, very inaccurately, while onlookers were convulsed with laughter. Yet when Theothoros died, a few years back, Valya was terribly distressed and never really recovered from her grievous loss.

Derek and Carole Pullen, recently moved into their new villa overlooking the valley and the main road, have held their housewarming. Something like forty guests attended a very warm eve-

ning of good food, drink and company with music supplied by Russ Bartlett. Some, especially the children, made use of the large pool, including a guest who fell in.

Visitors to the village last month included the Sperling family, Ron and Lesley Woolven, Ray Bachan, Will Curtis, Diane Clarke, John Sutton, Malcolm Berry with their families, as well as all those who flocked to Agiotfest 10.

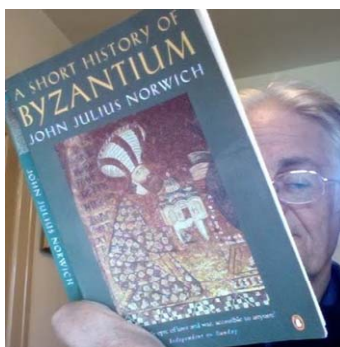
**Land Of The Lev
To Continue Next
Month**

BYZANTIUM.

By
Simon Baddeley

On the train departure and arrival board in the concourse of Thessaloniki Station the place that most of the world calls Istanbul is called *Κωνσταντινούπολις*. There is an enormous gap in my historical knowledge. It covers eleven centuries - between AD 330 when the Emperor Constantine moved his capital from Rome to Constantinople and 29 May 1453 when Sultan Mehmet won the city for the Ottoman Turks and for Islam, the Emperor Constantine XI Palaiologos, revered as a martyr in the Orthodox community, falling in final Greek defence of the city.

I sent two birds to the red apple tree, of which the legends speak. One was killed, the other was hurt, and they never came back to me. Of the marble emperor there is no word, no talk. But grandmothers sing about him to the children like a fairy tale. I sent two birds, two house martins, to the red apple tree. But there they stayed and became a dream. (trad.)



"Pray that you never lose your capital"

We learned at school how the fall of Constantinople caused a westward migration of Greek scholars and artists seeding Western European Renaissance with the culture of Classical Greece and hence, a century later, the early light of the Age of Reason, that terrifying wonderful enlightenment still resisted, even fiercely opposed, by most of the world. I touched on the history of Byzantium at school, mainly as the decadent dominion left in the east after the coronation by Pope Leo of Charlemagne in AD 800 and the rise of the Carolingian Empire in the west, but, except for reading Robert Grave's *Count Belisarius*, I've learned little since. Istanbul, even for a keen archaeologist,

is no Byzantine classroom. The great cathedral - the Great Church - of St Sophia became a mosque and in 1935 under Kemal Ataturk's policies of secularisation, it was transformed into a museum. It's been the historical references in many of Cavafy's poems that has aroused my interest. Cavafy's classical references may be familiar to me, his Byzantine one's - part inspired by the work of the 19th century historian Constantine Paparrigopoulos - not, yet his work, like the work of Paparrigopoulos, connects them. Writer, journalist and translator Maria Margaronis writes of Cavafy:

...that living outside the young Greek state among Egyptians, Greeks and Jews, he could remain committed to a fading, idealized Hellenism free from the crude taint of nationalism and borders. He told Forster that the Greeks and the English were almost exactly alike, except for one crucial difference: "We Greeks have lost our capital - and the results are what you see. Pray, my dear Forster, oh pray, that you never lose your capital."

News From the North

By Uncle Bulgaria
Contributing Editor

You know what really ticks me off? I will tell you. Blasted women in supermarket checkout lines who never have the money ready. Always when the checkouts busy and one is in a hurry. They fiddle around with their silly purses after the the goods have gone through, they do not even bag the goods as they are being checked out but stand like doofers until every thing is passed, ONLY then will they rummage in their bags for a purse then having found it rummage in the purse for a large note that requires loads of change, after which we all wait while they bag the goods slowly. But, whats worse are the men with purses!! it tells me a lot about the personality and character of a bloke who uses a purse. Lets not forget those blasted tourists who spend 10 euros and want to pay with a credit card, which they still have to rummage around for.

Oh Why , oh why dont these people have the brains to put the goods in front of the checkout girl and then get the money ready in their hot sweaty grubby hands, then while change is being sorted by the cashier, start bagging the goods, it does not take Einstien to be efficient.

I am off to Bulgaria so I am writing this before I go, One finds the heat in August a trifle high over here. Is it my imagination or over the last 20 years it has been getting hotter here. Or am I getting older and can't hack it!!!! One thing is for

sure its a damn sight more expensive in Corfu now, nearly 30 euros for a litre of Absolute and only 10 euros a litre in Bulgaria. Is this goverment extracting the urine or what. How can I afford to stay an alcoholic at this rate.

One might say to me if Bulgaria is so good then bugger off and stay there, but at my age I dont feel like learning a new system, better the dog you know (and Ive known a few over the years) and I have an extensive contact list over here, which as anyone knows is essential to living well in a foriegn country. Anyway, I like the Greeks and the Island despite all the new problems occurring.

I forecast that this winter we will see a load more of the Brit tosser type expats running back to England, the sort that bought a Maggie Thatcher council house for 10 grand sold it for 150000 grand and came here thinking they are gods gift to the locals, never worked since arriving and now wonder where their dough is gone. No loss.

Regrettably up this end of the island a few more local businesses will go at the end of the season, and the odd hotel or apartment blocks, there is just not a lot of tourist dough to go around, I truly hope it will be better next year for the local businesses.

We have noticed an increase in fully inclusive tourists, and many are from the Eastern block countries who just do not have the readies to spend in local restaurants. They should check out

www.lillylongman.com and treat themselves to a decent cookery book !!!! Hmmm, am I plugging again?

Well thats it for now, must think about packing, what can a 68 year old fart pack to make himself attractive to those gorgeous slim , lithe young Bulgarian birds ? I suppose a fat wallet would help !!!

No chance of that.

I am and always will be

Obnoxious Al

Get Well Soon Ron

Agiot friend and Agiotfest Supporter Ron Woolven fell from a ladder on Monday 30th August whilst working in his garden at Villa Persephone.

He was lucky his injuries were not worse, yet he still suffered concussion, two broken bones in his left wrist and three broken ribs.

He is recovering in Corfu hospital.

We wish him love and a speedy escape from the clutches of the medical profession. And a thought for Lesley, who waits patiently for her man.

Aunty Lula's Love-bites

Courtesy of
Alan Smith

"Lily Longman's Original 100 Year
Old Recipes"

Roman Pie



Ingredients

Partly Cooked Macaroni
Grated Parmesan Cheese
Any White Cooked Meat
Short Crust Pastry
Any simple White Sauce

Method

There are no set measures with this recipe, any pork or chicken leftovers will work. I made a Parsley Sauce for this and used a standard pie dish. I could not find out what "Veruicella" was so ignored it. Use half the volume of Macaroni to the meat, boil it until almost cooked. Make your white sauce, better too much than too little, enough to fill the pie dish you are using. Add a

generous amount of Parmesan grated Cheese, put in the Macaroni. Cube the meat small and add to the sauce, I also added peas as well for a little colour and texture, Cayenne Pepper or Chili Pepper to taste plus Salt and Black Pepper. Stir well. Grease your pie dish then line your pie dish with Short Crust Pastry and spoon the entire mixture to the top. Cover with a Pastry lid, brush with Milk or Egg White then put in a hot oven until the pastry is nicely browned and cooked.

This makes perfect individual pies.

Bon appétit.

Service

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Between the ages of eleven and eighteen I lived with my grandparents. Mother had left us – mercifully – and father was away on war work with the Ministry of Works.

Grandfather was a typical Edwardian "self-made-man", apprenticed to his village cobbler at the age of fourteen, proprietor of a shoe factory employing sixty and a building business with a staff of twenty by the age of forty. He had also found time to father twelve children!

When I went to live with them in 1938 his shoe business had recovered from the Great Depression that had seen the staff dwindle from sixty to six, highly valued employees who had been with grandfa-

ther since he first set up the firm. Similarly he had kept on his four original building team. "I shall never turn them on to the streets." He had run at a loss but remained loyal to those who had proved so loyal to him.

The realisation of the danger posed by Nazi Germany had saved his businesses. The shoe factory was again fully staffed, producing army boots (gasmask cases too, on the side), and the builders had been called away to construct accommodation on the airfields that were springing up all around the county.

From about the age of seven I had been a regular visitor at the factory and had seen it in its depleted condition. There was a fascinating game that I could play. I was allowed to operate a hydraulic punch that inserted the eyelets into shoes. Select a pile of uppers with the holes already punched and chose a box of the appropriate size and col-

our of eyelets. Place an eyelet face-down on the prong; slip a hole in the upper over it; press a pedal. Thud! Job done. I spent hours at this intriguing sport. It would be unthinkable in today's over-regulated conditions and the return to full staffing had already put an end to my fun.

Grandmother, a wonderful cook, always produced at least a dozen Christmas puddings as well as many other delicacies for other occasions, but we never tasted them; they always went to grandfather's longest-serving employees or those in difficulty. Our Christmas pudding and cake always came from a family friend who had been "in service" as a cook. One year safely eating the pudding needed a mine detector. We were still sorting out the plethora of little silver sixpenny-pieces when the telephone rang.

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Service
Continued from Page 7

Our friend also prepared a pudding for her local orphanage and had sent us the wrong one. Please would we save and return the metal content. I had never seen grandfather laugh so much!

Seeing grandfather's concern for his workers, extending to his anxiety if any were ill or experienced troubles, led me to understand the responsibility that leaders bear to those who serve them. Service is a mutual contract. There is nothing demeaning in service; everybody, regardless of age or position, owes service to the community in which he/she lives and works.

Between leaving school and being called-up for the army in wartime, as well as between demobilisation and starting at university, I worked for the City Council in offices dealing directly with the public. "Never forget that you are here to serve the people. Even if they are arrogant or rude, always treat them politely," was the instruction delivered by my department head on my first day.

Then I was later very fortunate to be appointed Music Director by a truly saintly and inspiring (but also very worldly-wise) vicar who, although a war-casualty cripple with other health problems, spared no effort in seeing to the welfare of every one of his parishioners. When eventually further ill-health would have meant that he would need an operation, leaving the parish without its mentor for a month or more, he retired. "I must make way for someone who can give all his time to serving the parish." (In the event his upstart all-tooth-and-Brylcreem indolent "with-it" successor lasted less than six years before becoming clerk to an estate agent;

disgusted, I quitted after only one!)

I was informed by one of my choristers who had been in the choir, boy and man, that the old vicar had told of an occasion when, newly-ordained, a young curate, he had preached what he thought was a brilliant sermon that had left the congregation apparently unmoved. Lying awake, worried, that night, he thought he heard a voice, "You did not love them; you did not care." That prompted the deep all-abiding concern that governed his every action, a source of inspiration to all who knew him.

On the rebound I became organist at a large Roman Catholic Public School of five-hundred boys and fifty teacher-priests. It was the happiest, most delightful and exhilarating place that I have ever encountered; I never saw an unkind action, heard a harsh word. The staff was totally committed to their pupils' welfare. The rapport between teachers and pupils was an example that I later tried to instill into the schools at which I was principal. I left there only because edicts from Rome led to the adoption of junk music.

Years later I had scions of the nobility amongst the pupils of my school. At least weekly, often more frequently, I would receive a telephone call from their parents asking me to see to their children after school until they could be collected. Those parents would be dealing with an emergency involving one or more of their villages' tenants, anything from a medical complication to a legal problem. Such is often denigrated as "paternalism", but I should far prefer that to being dealt with by the arrogant supercilious Civil Servants who proliferate these days, definitely not civil, only grudgingly serving. Those parents, too, were very supportive of the school, active members of the P.T.A., and

assisting at all functions; their children were always hard-working, well-behaved.

The old aristocracy is brought up to a sense of responsibility, to serve those who serve them, reciprocity, to act as exemplars. It is most of today's "nouveaux riches" who try to "lord it" over their "inferiors" and who flout morality. Current insistence upon "rights", "freedom" and "keeping up with the Joneses" has bred a horde of selfish, ignorant, ill-mannered, voracious oafs, a cancer upon society.

Every one of us owes willing voluntary service to the community in which we dwell, to the persons amongst whom we live, work and play. To ignore such obligation is to damage the world. Today's world is suffering "the death of a thousand cuts".

Corfu Weather Statistics

AUGUST WEATHER STATISTICS

Month's Rainfall: 1.5 mm..
Year's Rainfall to 31st August:
468.6mm.
Maximum Rain per Minute: 1.0
mm at 04.11 on 31st..

Maximum Temperature: 37.4C
at 16.37 on 15th.
Minimum Temperature: 9.1C at
21.07 on 27th.

Maximum Windspeed:
77.7kmh at 21.28 on 26th.
Maximum Gust Speed: 96.2kmh
at 14.12 on 29th.

SCHERZANDO SAYS

Have you ever thought about !!



GREAT TRUTHS THAT LITTLE CHILDREN HAVE LEARNED

- 1) No matter how hard you try, you can't baptize cats..
- 2) When your Mum is mad at your Dad, don't let her brush your hair
- 3) If your sister hits you, don't hit her back. They always catch the second person.
- 4) Never ask your 3-year old brother to hold a tomato..
- 5) You can't trust dogs to watch your food.
- 6) Don't sneeze when someone is cutting your hair.
- 7) You can't hide a piece of broccoli in a glass of milk.
- 8) Don't wear polka-dot underwear under white shorts.
- 9) The best place to be when you're sad is Grandpa's lap.



Whose idea was it to put an 'S' in the word 'lisp'?

GREAT TRUTHS THAT ADULTS HAVE LEARNED:

- 1) Raising teenagers is like nailing jelly to a tree.
- 2) Wrinkles don't hurt.
- 3) Families are like fudge...mostly sweet, with a few nuts.
- 4) Today's mighty oak is just yesterday's nut that held its ground..
- 5) Laughing is good exercise. It's like jogging on the inside.
- 6) Middle age is when you choose your cereal for the fibre, not the toy.



GREAT TRUTHS ABOUT GROWING OLD

- 1) Growing old is mandatory; growing up is optional..
- 2) Forget the health food. I need all the preservatives I can get.
- 3) When you fall down, you wonder what else you can do while you're down there.
- 4) You're getting old when you get the same sensation from a rocking chair that you once got from a roller coaster.
- 5) It's frustrating when you know all the answers but nobody bothers to ask you the questions.

How do those dead bugs get into those enclosed light fixtures?

Answers for August

Sudoku - 5,8,3,5,9,8
were the shaded squares.

- 6) Time may be a great healer, but it's a lousy beautician.
- 7) Wisdom comes with age, but sometimes age comes alone.



VILLA THEODORA CONCERT

RIA GEORGIADIS
(Flute)
Dr. LIONEL MANN
(Organ)

Saturday 23rd October
8 p.m.

Admission 20 Euros
including Indian food
and a
complimentary drink.

PROGRAMME

Sonata in C major Georg Phillip Telemann
Introduction and Allegro ... Georg Friedrich Händel
Sonata in G major Carl Philip Emanuel Bach
Fantasia and Fugue in C minor...Johann Seb. Bach
Andante in C major ... Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

#

Morceau de Concours Gabriel Fauré
Der Nebel Steigt Carl Nielsen
Prelude, Fugue and Variation César Franck
Danse d'un Faun Lionel Mann
Fantasie in E flat Camille Saint-Saëns
Fantasie Mélancolique ... Matthieu André Reichert

#

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Agios Ioannis Music Festival

Raffle Prizes and Winning Ticket Numbers

1st: Villa Theodora, one week in May 2011 - **Ticket No: 0810** - not claimed

2nd: Week-end for two at Hotel Erikoussa - **Ticket No: 0820** - not claimed

3rd: De-humidifier from Novatech - **Ticket No: 0786** - claimed

4th: Three course meal at Hotel Telesillas - **Ticket No: 0695** - claimed

5th: Table and two chairs from Evenos - **Ticket No: 0581** - not claimed

6th: Rechargeable hand drill from Profi - **Ticket No: 0805** - claimed

7th: Dinner for two at Bistro Restaurant - **Ticket No: 0545** - claimed

8th: Free day for two at Aqualand - **Ticket No: 0760** - claimed

9th: 24hr Internet card from Compass Internet Café - **Ticket No: 0730** - claimed

10th: One page Website from True Type Web Solutions - **Ticket No: 0836** - not claimed

11th: Dinner for two at Corfu Palace - **Ticket No: 0808** - claimed

