

The Agiot

7th Edition

This Month

*Lionel's Birthday -
25th March!*
page 1

Password Problems
page 1

*Google Earth &
Agiot Central*
page 2

Village News
page 2

*Property News for
Corfu*
page 2

Featured Property
Pages 3

*Growing up in war-
time II*
Page 3-6

Property Pages
Pages 7-8

Lionel's Birthday - 25th March!

By Paul McGovern
Editor

In this issue Dr Mann has been very coy about any mention of his 105th birthday (this is only an approximate guess based on ice-core samples). He mentions many things, including Independence Day, but is remiss about his own celebration.

He is, of course, a stalwart of the village and the Firm, not to mention he has gained stealthy integration over many years into our family.

When he first appeared in Agios in the year 19- he was a smoker, a painter and a cyclist. He has given all three up gradually but is still much involved with his organ and pussies.

Too, he comes into the office most days to sleep and get warm ('You can't get the staff nowadays').

The rumours that he whistles continuously at work are untrue. He whistles continually only. He does whistle but only between bouts of snoring, eating and drinking.

His cats are legion and the stories about them are also legion. I am trying to get him to do a CAT-a-LOG in the Agiot, but I don't like to wake him when he looks so comfortable, mid-way between the electric fires.

Most Saturdays we go shopping together, on his 80th bithday I generously retired him from returning the Super Market trolleys to their bay; the



Lionel hard at it last summer!

sound of him wheezing was irritating.

Of late he has hinted at retirement, but it quite clearly states in his Contract - which I can't quite lay my hands on at present-that his duties are only relieved by death or [his] contagious disease.

And so we go, and long may it last.

Any donations to his Pension- Fund will be treated seriously...

Password Problems

By Peter H.
Contributing Editor

Regular visitors to our WWW site: <http://www.theagiot.net> have been experiencing login problems of late. After much hair pulling it became apparent that our hosting service (who shall remain nameless - except to hint that they are the same

bunch who took down tens of thousands of sites late last year), had unilaterally changed our hosting platform without first advising us. The problem is now under control, but one side effect is that some new users did not receive their confirmation emails. All of these accounts have now been automatically en-

abled - so even if you did not receive the email, your chosen username and password are now active.

We continue to see new members joining and we look forward to reading their personal stories about the village.

All the very best (un)Orthodox Easter greetings to all!

Google Earth & Agiot Central

By Peter H.
Contributing Editor

Recently I was mucking around with Google Earth and I decided to see what kind of image they have of our beloved Agios Ioannis. It is hard to determine when the picture was taken (they can be up to 2 years old), although it must have been 'in season' since all the tables are outside of the taverna.

Visit Google Earth and enter the following coordinates to have a nose around for yourself - Latitude: 39°36'56.99"N, Longitude: 19°50'54.48"E.



Satellite view of the village

Village News

By Dr.Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Plenty of springtime rain has fallen, ensuring a plentiful supply of water for the summer. There will be no water-shortage on the island, except possibly in some seaside resorts where development has exceeded resources.

Some important occasions take place in this month; the third and greatest carnival on the 9th is followed by Clean Monday on the 10th. This day, a national holiday, the equivalent of Shrove Tuesday in the West, is the day before the beginning of Lent in the Orthodox Church; people go out to fly kites while fish, especially squid, features prominently upon menus... Personally I always try to sample Nitsa's cuisine on Clean Monday. Squid served at most places resembles fish-flavoured leather, but at the taverna Nitsa manages to make it eminently edible, poli nostimo.

Throughout Eastern Europe the Orthodox Church still uses the old Julian calendar in calculating Easter Day, resulting in a difference from that in the West, which observes the later Gregorian calendar. This year everything is five weeks out. In mainly Orthodox

countries the Catholic Church also conforms to local custom in this regard.

The 25th, the Feast of the Annunciation, is another national giorth, Independence Day, marking the outbreak in 1821 of the War of Independence when Greece started to throw out the Ottoman Turks who had occupied the country for nearly four hundred years. Parades of schoolchildren are held in all villages, and in towns they range from primary schoolchildren through civil organizations to the police and armed forces. In Agios Ioannis the schools march to parade on the plateia. Proceedings in Town last about an hour and exhaust three bands in the process of providing accompaniment (rather out of tune!) for marching past a saluting base. Then a great time is had by all and tavernas around the island do a roaring trade as family groups meet to enjoy the holiday.

The letters that we have circulated to our contacts have resulted in greatly increased hits to "The Agiot". Keep them coming!

Property News for Corfu

By Paul McGovern
Editor

Following on from February's theme, there is a stalling over New Law implementation, affecting the building regulations. Immediate implementation has been put onto the backburner, whilst authorities concern themselves with more immediate concerns.

Not least of these concerns is the plethora of strikes now affecting Government offices, Telephone, The Electric Board, Banks, etc as well as a fair number of independent shops, who have not bothered to open for one reason or t'other.

These are, er, interesting times which we have experienced many times before on our sceptered isle.

Hopefully, the imminence of something important-Easter- will soon put these affairs behind us.

The end of March sees EasyJet providing direct flights here, an opportunity to visit for would-be purchasers. It is far more comfortable viewing land and property in the Spring than trying to do so in the heat of the summer!

Featured Property

By Paul McGovern
Editor

This month we are not featuring a specific property, instead we are alerting would-be buyers to a small selection of tempters we have realized within the last few weeks, none of which appear yet on our website, though they all will do so shortly.

This is an ongoing labour of love to seek out real opportunities and avoid the 'Estate-type' expansion which we hope the recent slowdown in the market will impede.

1. Secluded land [limited] with stunning sea views and quiet beaches, too difficult for the large developers to

bother with, yet with good access for modest development.

2. A local builder [British] is repatriating shortly for personal reasons. He has two well-built villas with permission for pools in a secluded spot only five miles from Corfu Town. They are very reasonably priced owing to the circumstances.

3. Building Land for €39,000 in Agios Ioannis; a 2 stremma plot within walking distance of the village and taverna, set amidst trees which we guarantee not to knock over. See if you can find cheaper, better land hereabouts.

4. Building Land from €75,000 near Varipatades with lovely views of the sea.

5. Two partly-built villas near Ipsos in a quiet lane set on 2000 square metres, one with a pool of 50 square metres. Each villa is 130 square metres on two storeys. The Greek owner has divorced and needs to sell property which had been meant for his own family. The land cannot be split, so this buy would be ideal for an extended family or a buy/rent situation. Total price €220,000 for the relevant buyers a great opportunity.

All of these and more will appear at www.propertycorfu.org within the next week.

Growing up in wartime (part 2)

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

The 1940 Norwegian debacle, the Ardennes rout and the Dunkirk evacuation impacted little upon lives. We had settled into a steady routine of which rationing, black-out and abortive air-raid warnings were an accepted part. Even the threat of imminent invasion made little difference. Father came home occasionally, now wearing the military uniform of the Local Defence Volunteers, later the Home Guard, "Dad's Army". Upon one visit he carried the rifle shared amongst the dozen of his squad; it was his turn to have it that day. Otherwise they drilled with broomsticks! At school we were instructed to report to authority anything that seemed unusual. The family debated whether to send my sister and me to live with our Canadian relatives. Fortunately the nays had it!

One glorious cloudless day near the end of the summer term the whole school was sitting round the boundary of the main cricket pitch (our extensive grounds had six pitches) watching the annual Staff versus Boys match. "Bill" Haydon, a member of the staff who had been a county cricketer, had just hit an enormous six right

through a gymnasium window when a solitary aircraft cruising fairly high towards us briefly caught our attention, a Blenheim. We all turned to watching the cricket again – all but one. "LOOK!" A shrill urgent first-form shriek. We looked. The "Blenheim" was releasing a stick of bombs right above our heads! It was a Junkers Ju 88, very similar in appearance to the Bristol aircraft.

Commonsense says that bombs released high above your head will fall a safe distance away, but under such circumstances commonsense is suspended. The bomber crew must have fallen about laughing if they saw the ant-hill that they had disturbed. We pelted for our shelters. Most of us took the two flights of ten steps down to the entrance in two prodigious leaps to be caught at the bottom by our form-master who then literally threw us sideways through the doorway. We were all seated rather breathless when we heard the distant explosions. Then the air-raid warning sounded, greeted by a roar of laughter. The bombs had fallen two miles away on a factory which was turning ploughshares into armoured cars, a perfectly legitimate target. When the all-clear sounded some minutes later we went back to watching cricket.

The next day the headmaster complimented us upon our "prompt response"; the whole school had been under cover in about twenty seconds! The youngster who had given the warning had been suspicious because his father flew Blenheims and that one had "sounded wrong".

There were no seaside holidays that year, nor for the rest of the war. The entire coast to a depth of ten miles inland was a "Defence Area" with access tightly restricted.

The engines also "sounded wrong" one crisp moonlit November night when I was cycling home from choir practice. The warning had wailed just as I left the church at nine o'clock, but by this time we had come to disregard it as attacks were very rare indeed and then only by single aircraft. This, though, was something very different; the whole atmosphere seemed to tremble with the roar of engines. I kept looking for the next place that might afford cover if a raid materialised, a wall, an alley, a ditch, a hedgerow. However it soon became apparent that we were not the intended target; the aircraft cruised unchallenged high overhead. Father, home for the night, met me at the front gate. "Birmingham, I'd guess." He was not far wrong. That was the

Continued on page 4

Growing up in wartime II - *Continued from page 3*

night of the devastating attack on Coventry, the start of the "Baedeker Raids" on cathedral cities. We knew that our turn must come.

As well as playing in both school orchestras, being introduced in the First Orchestra to the concertos of J.S. Bach, the symphonies and concertos of Mozart and Haydn amongst other works, my musical activities were soon increased by being appointed organist and choirmaster at a suburban church. As our school Music Master was being rushed to hospital with peritonitis he gasped, "Phone Mann. He'll play at St. Martin's tomorrow." Some of the twenty-four boys in the choir were older than I and many were bigger, but they were locally famous and determined to stay that way. I had no disciplinary problems, but the exhilarating and demanding change from the rather gloomy severe Protestant ethos of my home and churches of my former chorister experience to the bright cheerful Anglo-Catholic exultation of St. Martin's, with its elaborate ceremonial and glorious music, was proving a challenge and keeping me very busy. Uncle Lionel was now required to act as night-time "fire-watcher" at the shoe-factory to fight any fires caused by incendiary bombs so I became resident pianist for the Musical Evenings that were still held regularly at home, great experience in sight-reading accompaniments for visiting performers. Also I was composing music for the First Orchestra, and being too busy during the day sometimes necessitated arising surreptitiously in the middle of the night to sit at my dressing table, copying out instrumental parts by moonlight.

One night, however, I was brought awake for another reason. Usually when the air-raid sirens wailed we just turned over and went back to sleep, but this time my room, which overlooked the city, was briefly illuminated by a series of bright flashes to be followed seconds later by the sound of an equal number of explosions. I sprang from bed, grabbed my clothes and burst on to the landing shouting, "They're here!"

As I rushed downstairs father, at that time living with us as his assignment was

nearby, called, "Don't go outside. Get under the stairs."

By the time that I was joined by the rest of the household I had dressed and made myself comfortable upon a bed of overcoats in the deepest recess beneath the stairs. In the bright moonlight aircraft cruised unopposed overhead, dropping their lethal cargoes upon the built-up centre of the city. It was terrifying. Effective R.A.F. night-fighter activity was yet in the future. For years the City Council had dithered over clearing the nineteenth-century slums; the Luftwaffe did the job for them in three hours, but at a terrible cost in lives.

Those deluded individuals who at that time or even up to the present age have suggested that any form of military attack will cow or demoralise a populace could not be more wrong; it serves only to enrage them and to unite them in stubborn resistance. We saw that in the German people whom we met after the war; they had been subjected to an infinitely greater air-bombardment than any of the Allies had received and been defeated only by sheer weight of numbers. They unwillingly tolerated us as victors, but very few welcomed us as "liberators". The morning after that raid was resolutely "business as usual". Finding streets closed through damage or needing to stop and lift my bicycle over fire-hoses, I was forced into detours on my way to school. A few boys, Boy Scouts who had been on messenger duty that night, arrived slightly late, but otherwise school routine was uninterrupted.

The following evening I witnessed a mass evacuation from the city. The main road was choked with people, either carrying or wheeling their most precious possessions in prams or on handcarts, going to pass the night in the countryside. A munitions factory hit the first night was still blazing, a beacon to attract the returning bombers. No fewer than eight anti-aircraft guns had been scraped together for our "protection". They made no difference and merely provided extra targets as the city was again pounded. Four of the guns were sited near my home and a stick of bombs aimed at them came far too close to us for comfort. Fortunately the nearest one exploded deep

in a soft earth embankment thirty yards away and we lost only two windows.

The next morning one boy was missing from our form, but that caused no concern because he was a Scout and could have been too tired to attend school. My desk-mate, also a Boy Scout messenger, told us that his own house had lost windows and doors. I cycled with him on his way home and waited while he checked in at his air-raid wardens' post. He emerged weeping; our absentee had been killed when his family shelter had received a direct hit. That was the only casualty amongst staff and boys of the school, and for the rest of our time together we left that seat in our form empty in every room that we used.

Again people fled in droves as night came. The beacon was still resisting all attempts to extinguish it. This time our defenses had been increased by some barrage balloons as well as more guns, but they were just as useless. That night the city was deluged with incendiary bombs; after the raid the view from my bedroom window was of the whole horizon ablaze. In the morning my detour took me past the Norman cathedral. The lawns surrounding it were a charred outline of the building. Raining bombs had ricocheted from the steep slate roof to burn out harmlessly in the grass; the only three to take hold had been quickly dealt with by the staff.

Respite came when in the late afternoon clouds gathered and torrential rain followed. The blazing factory was at last extinguished and we had no raid. However, that a resumption was expected the next night was clearly indicated by the great increase in the number of barrage balloons and the placing of anti-aircraft guns everywhere in sight. The sky had cleared, but not a bomb fell on the city though that was the noisiest night of all. The whole ring of fifteen miles or so from the coast seemed to be stuffed with anti-aircraft artillery and we heard the alarming whoosh of rockets too, all providing an impenetrable barrage. Decoy fires were lit in the marshes and wild life must have been depleted by bombs scattered widely around the countryside.

Riding to school the next morning with viola case held by a

Growing up in wartime II - *Continued from page 4*

strap over one shoulder, satchel over the other, music-case on handlebars and gym-bag on rear carrier, I needed to dismount frequently to lift my bicycle over coils of wire scattered across the streets. Those coils, fired with rockets to entangle aircraft, seemed to have a life of their own; if touched they writhed violently along their entire length. Motor vehicles could not pass many streets. I came to a large square with an island in the centre. There was just one pedestrian crossing the wide road in front of me and no other traffic, yet I was tired and riding very slowly like a zombie. I could not miss him. The impact was light, but I fell from my bicycle. He picked up my cycle with one hand, me with the other, brought us together again and sent me on my way with a gentle push. "Carry on, sonny."

The following day, Saturday, a mass funeral was held for the six hundred or so fatalities of our local "blitz" and a separate one attended by Scout Troops from all over the county for their comrade. I could attend neither, being far too busy. Saturday mornings were for church organ practice; afternoons included attending Choral Evensong at the cathedral; evenings were passed back at the school from 6 to 8 p.m. for a City Schools' Orchestra rehearsal; The better players from the boys' and girls' grammar schools, the only schools with orchestras, had been chosen to form that group and I alternated with a vivacious young miss of my age as principal viola. We gave symphony concerts regularly in halls around the city. Homework, now two hours daily, had to be fitted in around these activities.

The city had its own Symphony Orchestra and a couple of Choral Societies who also performed frequently. Too we enjoyed regular visits by the now peripatetic London Philharmonic Orchestra. All these concerts were graced by the participation of international soloists and parties of us grammar school pupils were granted admission at concession prices.

Cycling around at night in the blackout presented little difficulty. Our front lights were screened by a disc of cardboard with a narrow slit about an inch long projecting a

beam on to the road about four yards ahead. A red reflector on the back mud-guard was augmented by a fluorescent disc pinned to the back of ones clothing. Petrol rationing had greatly reduced the amount of motor traffic, and nobody parked a vehicle or left any other obstruction in the street without indicating it clearly by a white object some distance away. The only real hazard was fog. I once tried climbing a tree on my bicycle, right outside the hospital of all places! In the fog I had strayed on to the footpath, probably by a vehicle ramp. Fortunately I was cycling very cautiously so tree, bicycle, viola and I suffered no damage.

We experienced no more serious attacks, just occasional hit-and-run raids from aircraft slipping in quickly over the coast only three minutes away, dropping bombs and escaping quickly - if they could. Nearby was a new airfield that housed three day-fighter squadrons for most of the war. It was a hornets' nest if warning were received and they chalked up quite an impressive score; there must be an considerable amount of scrap metal buried in the local seafloor. However a new system of warnings was introduced at school to avoid waste of time. We now disregarded the wailing, but alerted "professional" spotters on the roof would press a button if enemy aircraft were observed approaching. When the buzzers sounded we dropped everything and dashed for the shelters in one glorious stampede. It says a lot for our athleticism that nobody was ever injured in the ensuing scramble. Fortunately we never had a warning when in the showers after gym or games!

At home we had a new Morrison "table" shelter in the lounge. It was literally a very sturdy steel table with detachable steel grills on the sides and a floor of interlaced steel strips upon which we placed mattresses. So that my sleep should not be disturbed through warnings my bed was made up at one end of the shelter. When the sirens sounded the rest of the household would slip in the other end and fix that grill in place without waking me.

When the Nazis attacked Soviet Russia in 1941 our history staff tentatively suggested that a jumped-up Corporal Hitler

was unlikely to succeed where even a military genius such as Emperor Napoleon had failed, and when the Wehrmacht stalled outside Moscow their pronouncements became much more assured. The writing was on the wall!

The impacts that the addition of the U.S.A. to our allies had upon our daily lives were rather negative. The crazily driven vehicles that now hurtled around our roads were a danger to life and limb. We needed now to lock parked bicycles as U.S. servicemen would "borrow" any unprotected cycle for their own use; the fences and ditches outside American bases were copiously littered with abandoned machines. The number of air-raid warnings increased as Luftwaffe "intruders" infiltrated depleted U.S.A.A.F. squadrons returning at dusk from raids, creating chaos around the skies. That the personnel were "over-paid, over-sexed and over here" soon became more than a joke. Seeing the bovinely chewing, loud-mouthed, foul-mouthed invaders, we sometimes wondered if the cure were not as bad as the disease. I certainly never pestered our "transatlantic friends" for "any gum, chum?"

We were twice visited by Cousin Bill from Canada serving with the R.C.A.F. before we had another visit from one of his friends to tell us that Bill had been shot down into the North Sea with the crew of his Beaufort torpedo-bomber when engaged on a shipping strike. At school we stood in silence for a minute almost daily after the headmaster had announce the death in action of one or more Old Boys. Those who callously promote war never consider the terrible slaughter for which they are responsible.

At home nothing was allowed to interfere with listening to the B.B.C. news at 6 p.m. and 9 p.m. and even I, despite all my various distracting interests, could not help realising that dreadful blunders, resulting in horrible loss of life, were being made by our incompetent leaders, particularly in the Far East. The only hopeful sign was the steely resistance of the Red Army against which even the mighty Wehrmacht had been brought to a halt. Then came Stalingrad, the first great

Continued on page 6

Growing up in wartime II - *Continued from page 5*

Allied victory, and the monumental Kursk armoured battle that spelt the end of Panzer supremacy. The result at El Alamein set the church bells ringing and things were definitely looking up – at last!

We were just sitting down to Sunday tea when the air-raid warning sounded. As black-out time was approaching grandfather suggested fitting the frames.

“Not yet, dad. We might see something,” father replied.

We certainly did! He had hardly spoken when three Focke-Wulf 190s in close formation, underslung bombs and pilots’ heads clearly visible, roared across the bottom of the garden, so low that they removed a shower of twigs from the tops of the big trees in the next-door vicarage garden. We all dived under the table, but the howl of more approaching engines led me to risk peering over the edge and I saw three more aircraft follow exactly the same course. Grandfather dragged me down.

“It’s all right. Those were Spitfires.” However nobody trusted my aircraft-identification and we remained on the floor for some minutes.

We heard later that the intruders jettisoned their bombs in open country and then used their superior speed to escape from their pursuers.

As far as I was concerned the impending School Certificate Examination was far more important than the lunatic behaviour of adults who went around shooting at each other. My class-mates and I embarked upon revision with determination not to be the first from the school to fail in anything. The examinations in the various subjects extended over nearly four weeks and I sat about twenty papers in thirteen subjects. At the end of the summer term the results had not yet come out and I went home looking forward to spending my next two school years in the Sixth Form.

The eagerly-awaited results arrived early in August. Not only had I passed in everything, but I had done so well that I was granted Matriculation Exemption, university entrance without further examination. Father, however, again had other ideas; he had left school at sixteen and so should I.

That I had announced my specialities for study in the Sixth, Music, English, Latin and French, had not helped. Although he had been an organist until war duties took over, father had always opposed my intention to become a musician, especially a church musician. “You don’t want to do that; you will always be at the mercy of ignorant clergy and even more ignorant congregations.” (It was not until twenty years later that I discovered how right he was, but by then I was sufficiently well established as to be able to ignore ecclesiastical pettiness.) Through a friend of his, father had arranged that I should be apprenticed to a large firm of civil engineers! My friends commiserated with me over parental stupidity.

I spent exactly two months in my new employment. The compulsory evening classes fortunately did not clash with taking choir practices at church and I enjoyed the Mathematics, rather simpler than I had been doing at school, as well as the Technical Drawing and calculating the load-bearing of various supports. However the days’ work was just drudgery, endlessly sticking stamps on envelopes and cycling between works and office carrying drawings that I never saw. Moreover the long hours interfered seriously with music practice, and all for a miserable pittance. With the aid of Aunt Louise, finding me work as a junior clerk with the City Council in the Vehicle Licensing Department, making me financially independent, I rebelled. Grandfather was supportive; father had once rebelled against him and I think that the old fellow had many a chuckle at seeing his son similarly spurned. Father was definitely not pleased, but there was nothing that he could do; I was no longer dependent upon him. Grandmother screeched at me for rejecting my father’s “loving efforts” on my behalf, but I briefly told her what I thought of those loving efforts and she burst into tears at my “ingratitude”. She recovered.

The war was dragging on and it was clear that I should sooner or later be dragged into it myself, but now I had plenty of spare time for musical activities. The school Music Master telephoned to ask why I was no longer attending the Saturday evening or-

chestra rehearsals. When I told him that I thought myself ineligible as I no longer attended the school he told me not to be silly. To meet again all my friends and to be heartily welcomed back was very cheering, but I very much envied their continued schooling.

Yet I rather enjoyed my work, which entailed meeting members of the public, helping them with their vehicle licensing and learning the various authorities represented by the letter codes of registrations, a good geography lesson! The other members of the staff made me welcome and the office was a happy place. Later as a teacher I was actually grateful for the experience of those months “at real work”. I knew something of the life for which I was preparing many of my pupils. Too many teachers have no such background, having spent all their lives in some sort of school.

In due course my “call-up” papers arrived and I went to join the cannon-fodder that politicians make of their long-suffering electorate. However it was obvious that the war was almost over, despite the Christmas panic in the Ardennes. The Red Army was already bursting into Germany, and even in the Far East the outlook was bright. I later said, whenever asked, that when Hitler heard I was coming he “packed it in”. As related elsewhere I had a mainly very interesting, instructive, useful and enjoyable three years in the army, for which I am grateful. I fully realise that I was very fortunate indeed in my wartime experiences.

For Sale**Vernoukos**

The two-storey three-bedroom centrally heated home stands high above the sea, an infinity pool lies between it and the forested terraces which tumble away to the shore.

The often overused accolade 'Location, Location, Location' is richly deserved here.

Price: € 1,200,000

For Sale**Coastal near Giannades**

This is a quite magnificent development overlooking the sea from a raised position, a short distance from the old village of Giannades. The property is secluded. Set on a piece of land approximately four stremmas [1 acre] in area, there are two detached villas with landscaped terraces dropping down to an infinity pool.

Price € 1,300,000

For Sale**Agios Ioannis**

Set in the village of Agios Ioannis, 5 miles from town, is this new development of 4 linked-detached houses, set in a quiet corner of the village. Plans are drawn and approved and available. Building is due to commence shortly. Each house is of two storeys, comprising 100 square metres altogether, and each has its own small garden.

Price € 175,000

For Sale**Akharavi**

Not far up into the hills above the lively and attractive resort of Akharavi, nestles these two detached villas, set in 1/4 acre of secluded garden. The villas are 80 and 90 square metres respectively. The smaller is two - bedroomed, the larger, three - bedroomed. In the garden also stand a small wooden house and a shed, and a barbecue.

Price € 350,000

For Sale**Kokkini Village**

This well-preserved bungalow was built in 1991/2 and stands on a crest in the village of Kokkini, overlooking the valley below and the mountains fringing the sea in the west. It is 96 sq. metres with 2 bedrooms, lounge, mahogany kitchen. Outside it is surrounded by a verandah [60/70 square metres], giving splendid views.

Price: € 270,000

For Sale**Giannades**

This detached house of 144 square metres lies in gardens which include a 25 square metre garage.

There is plenty of room for a swimming pool.

Price: € 280,000

For Sale**Varipatades**

This is a great little cottage in Varipatades with a lovely orchard garden and a very large outbuilding, crying out to be a grand kitchen.

See it!

Price € 70,000

For Sale**Ano Korakiana**

In an idyllic old world location, amongst the cottages of Ano Korakiana, not far from the National Paleokastritsa highway leading swiftly to town, is this splendid detached house, nestling on the mountain slopes with lovely views below. The spacious three storey house requires renovation but is very sound structurally.

Price € 77,000

For Sale**Faery Cottage**

This is definitely the time that land forgot and this one small picture is to entice the romantic amongst you to seek out this idyllic spot amongst the northern, olive-clad mountains. Come and live in this stunning terrain, and yet only ten minutes by car to the northern beaches and shops.

Price € 120,000

For Sale**Spartilas Bargain**

This cottage tucked away in the sleepy lanes of the mountain village of Spartilas is a good buy for the person who wishes to revive it to its former condition. It is basically sound and therefore well-priced. Spartilas is perched on the mountainside above Barbati with beautiful views to the sea. Well worth viewing.

Price € 30,000

For Sale**Panorama Development**

Stunning, innovative, moulded to the terraces villas, enjoying unspoilable views across the valley. Both three-bedroom villas are one hundred square metres basic with extra covered area in the linkage. The villas are centrally heated and feature spiral oak stairwells.

(See WWW site for details)

Price: € 326,000

For Sale**Hoek / Ropa Valley**

Are you adventurous? Would you like something slightly out of the ordinary? Set in a paddock of 4000 square metres, surrounded by beautiful countryside and yet only seven miles from Corfu Town, is a timber-built house dating from only 2004 together with a separate holiday cottage. The owners have further enhanced this fascinating property by adding a balcony.

Price: € 185,000