

The Agiot

2nd Edition

This Month

Building law changes
page 1

The Agiot online (improved)
page 1

Village News
page 2

Upcoming (NEC Stand F-96)
Page 2

A Woeful Waste
Pages 3-5

Property Pages
Pages 5-6

Building law changes!

By Paul McGovern
Editor

A rumour has been spreading round the island recently of new laws affecting the building of property on Corfu.

A friend of ours, Julia, was the first to mention this to us during a recent visit here, so we have sleuthed about since.

In an island abounding in rumour and counter-rumour, it is probably best not to invest too much effort in second guessing. Be that as it may, something is surely afoot. The present Government is committed to land reform if re-elected. The fairly common view of those 'in the know' is that the Intermediate zone for building purposes (2000 sq. metres minimum requirement) will be scrapped entirely, the country zone will require eight stremmas minimum (8000 sq. metres) of land to build, instead of the current four. And as before, forests will

be, at least in theory, taboo. If these new laws are applied villages will naturally expand their limits to cope with demand, leaving the beautiful forests and groves less molested.

This is, of course, the correct way to preserve our island for future generations, but it is certainly a flawed theory. Or is it merely a coincidence that thousands of acres of forest have been set fire to by Arsonists this summer? 'No forest after the fire, I own 20,000 stremmas of bare land now - maybe I can get building permission for it'. Crude, but very effective, with no serious laws on the statute to counter such action. It should be noted that there may well be other motives for the firemakers.

Much land is in dispute as traditionally tenure of land in many parts of Greece has been people-based rather land-based (as in a Land Registry). Until recent times many plots

did not have deeds; borders were long-agreed (or disagreed), their circumferences marked by hedges, ditches, rocks and trees.

So, when will this new system arrive? Again, guesswork, but there may be leeway up until next summer, as the already inefficient bureaucracy struggles to cope with the implementations.

There will be a rush of applications this winter, many from the imperilled Intermediate Zone.

Any further news on this one will be discussed in future issues.

Property Corfu are sponsors of both the Agiot newsletter and the Agiot WWW site. Please visit them at:
www.propertycorfu.org

The Agiot online (improved)

By Peter H.
Contributing Editor

Since our July 24th launch of the AGIOT online at:

<http://www.theagiot.net>

We have had 39 souls register as well as many thousands of visitors. There are many pictures in the galleries and the forums are filling up with chat,

news and gossip. There is also an interactive AGIOT Chat area. We look forward to seeing you there.

Village news

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Visitors this month have included, some with their families, Robert Bennett, Colin Briggs, Paul and Sally Grove, Terry MacDonald, Julia Foidl, Richard and Karen Quilter, Ron and Lesley Woolven, Elizabeth Kovacs, Brenda and Dimitri Watt. Preparing for Music Week Richie Henderson, Jim Knight and Elke Hornig have flown in.

The MacDonald-Foidl four children were thrilled to be greeted upon their arrival at Villa Persephone by the Kydd family. It is not every villa that offers pets to entertain visitors. William, Ilona, Anna and Freya immediately made friends with the four goats that had come to welcome them. Unfortunately the flowers around the villa did not benefit from

the attentions of the quadrupeds! Ducks too rather enjoyed periodic visits to the villa's pool. With the occasional sheep dropping in also to sample the begonias the place provided many interesting surprises to delight the guests.

Though there have been many disastrous fires around Greece, Corfu has been very fortunate in being spared any serious conflagrations. Our little fireplanes have spent many days sleeping undisturbed in their little corner of the airport.

Kosta and Nitsa celebrated their fiftieth wedding anniversary quietly, refusing any great celebration, and went about their daily tasks at the taverna.

Sandy is recovering well from

her accident. Now she even manages to climb the stairs up to our office door.

Alfie regularly goes for rides on Nikkos's scooter but is unable to drive himself as his tail catches in the rear wheel.

One evening the plateia was filled with all the local children staging an entertainment before themselves being entertained with games. Many of them had passed weeks at the camp on Vidos.

Upcoming (NEC Stand F-96)

By Paul McGovern
Editor

On the 28th to 30th September inclusive, we will have a Stand at the NEC in Birmingham, showing our wares, offering advice, exhibiting models of our designs for buildings, and providing visitors with a snapshot of what we can offer the discerning customer. All are welcome and will be given our usual hospitality. Please note above the new number of our position at the Exhibition.

Anybody who contacts us through this site will be sent free tickets to the event. Why not have a pleasant day out and learn a bit more about the pros and cons of property owning in Greece? We have a full range of Real Estate on offer, for people retiring, wanting a second home, as an investment, to emigrate to... And, of course, we are not the only stand

there!

We are about to build five villas, all designed by us, not generated from a computer programme. Models of these drawings and costs will be at F-96 for you to see. Come and see the dream shape into reality, as every aspect is explained and discussed. You will have questions; about design, cost, legalities, finance, timing, alternatives. We don't pretend to know all the answers but we can promise to try to find most.

Ours is a friendly Stand (*but not cliquey*) and we are expecting quite a few existing customers and friends to pass through. Why not join them?

All souls who cross our threshold will be issued a raffle ticket (for free) which will entitle the winner to a free one-week stay in Villa Theodora, Agios Ioannis during May of 2008. The Winner may bring five others to

the villa. The winning ticket is transferable to friends or relatives, should he or she not be able to come to Corfu at that time. Please note that we do not pay for flights nor do we bother Visitors during their stay with our business. If the winners want to enquire that is different, as our office is only 100 metres from the villa with pool.

As a jolt to the memory banks, because of our involvement in the above, unfortunately there will be no October issue of this NEWSLETTER but we will be back, hopefully with a bang for November 5th.

Our OCAY office will still be open during the time of the Exhibition so it's business as usual here in Corfu for anybody who has a question but won't see us in Birmingham.

A Woeful Waste

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

It was a very unusual race. Two days after 1940 Sports Day afternoon break was extended so that the whole school of about 700 boys might watch and cheer on the contestants.

At Sports day the Second Form mile race had provided a great sensation. The winner, "Windy" Walters, the sou-briquet reflecting his fleetness of foot, had lapped the field of eight and in fact caught the last two runners a second time before breaking the tape in a time that had the time-keeper doubting the accuracy of his stop-watch. Now a special mile race was to be contested by the Sports Day's winners of the mile from First Form, a twelve-years-old, to Upper Sixth, rising eighteen years.

As well as being a Boy Scout, Windy had a paper round. Every morning from about 7 a.m. he ran the streets delivering papers, his "athletics training". Now, as well as one competitor younger, he was up against five boys ranging from one year to five years older than he. We all watched with eager interest and I think that almost the whole school excitedly cheered for Windy.

For the first lap, 440 yards, the field was bunched, with contestants in roughly age order, but then Windy stretched out a bit and the taller and older ones responded to his challenge. Excitement reached fever-pitch for the third lap when it was obvious that only the Lower and Upper Sixth runners could match Windy's pace and the cheering must have been heard all around the district. The last lap, with all but the first three lapped and even the Lower Sixth runner dropping behind, was just a "two-horse" race. In a photo-finish the Upper Sixth man was adjudged the winner, but nobody doubted who had really triumphed and Windy was chaired back to the chang-

ing rooms by a couple of his fellow contestants.

As well as his morning duties Windy, being a Scout, was also a runner at the local Air Raid Precautions post, his duty to carry messages, either by bicycle or on foot, if telephone communication were disrupted. He had a very busy night some four months later when the city was "blitzed". Living out in the suburbs, I spent most of the night sheltering under the stairs as the bombers cruised unopposed overhead, showering death and destruction on the city centre, a mile or two distant. At school the next morning Windy and my desk-mate, "Monty" Montague (we always sat in strict alphabetical order in every classroom), also a Scout and attached to the same post as Windy, came in rather late, still in Scout uniforms and distinctly grubby round the edges, obviously tired but cheerful and excited.

There was a repeat performance the next night and, wonder of wonders, we had the protection of no fewer than eight anti-aircraft guns, shipped in that day! It made no difference except that the guns became an additional target and since four of them were sited near my home we experienced a few near-misses that removed a couple of windows. At school Monty arrived late again, even grubbier than before and I nudged him from time to time to keep him awake. Windy did not come in but that caused no immediate concern. Monty reported that Windy had been given routine leave that night. He might well still be recovering from his previous exertions.

Since it was my one day weekly clear of after-school musical activities, I cycled with Monty to his home. It was on my way and Monty wanted to show me the damage that his house had sustained through some very near misses.

The area was roped off and the policeman on duty inspecting our identity cards did not want to let me pass me as a non-resident until we convinced him that we wanted to do our homework together. First, however, Monty called in at the A.R.P. post to find out if he would be on duty that night. I waited outside and my friend seemed to spend rather a long time inside. He came out weeping, accompanied by a warden with his arm around Monty's shoulders.

"The bastards have killed Windy." Uttered through clenched teeth.

With his mother, grandmother and infant brother, Windy had taken refuge in the family "Anderson" shelter, a sort of pressed steel hut buried in the garden, when it received a direct hit. Few shelters of that time could keep out a bomb. The four were instantly vaporized. All that they ever found of our classmate was his Scout hat with fragments of brain attached. Do not let anybody ever tell me that war is holy, righteous, noble, honourable, justifiable, the ultimate test of courage. Anybody who declares war or goes to war should be immediately locked up as a danger to humanity and the key thrown away. That weekend, when the five-hundred or so fatalities of the blitz were buried in one great ceremony, Windy was given a separate funeral with parade of Scout troops from all round the county, banners and bugles, but I wonder what was in the coffin decorated with a wreath and a Scout hat; it was borne easily from hearse to grave by the six Patrol Leaders of his Troop, the school Troop.

Continued on page 4

A Woeful Waste - Continued
from page 3 From the A.R.P. post I went to his home with Monty and we completed our homework. He had recovered and we examined the repairs that had been carried out to his house, windows covered with transparent plastic, a door boarded up.

At school hardly a day passed when we did not stand for a minute in silence after the Headmaster had announced the death in action of an Old Boy or two or more. It had added poignancy the following morning when it was the name of a pupil that was proclaimed, mercifully a unique occasion. For the remainder of our time together as Form 3C, 4C and 5C (C for Classics as opposed to S for Science) we numbered only twenty-nine and there was that empty desk, a constant reminder of Windy. When we paired for some activities West, Wilson and Young formed a threesome.

About that time too I twice briefly met my Cousin Bill, serving with the R.C.A.F. Some months later he disappeared into the North Sea with the crew of his Beaufort torpedo-bomber, shot down whilst engaged in a ship-strike.

His daughter has visited me here. She has no memory of the father who left when she was less than six months old "to fight for freedom". What freedom? The pitiful illusion of freedom existing in the police-states that politicians, through their absurd aggressive policies, have made of the U.S.A. and the U.K.? In the latter a man may be shot dead through running to catch a train!

Our form-master for that year, and Senior History Master, was highly popular and greatly-respected Dr. Wilkinson, "Wilky" to everybody except to his face! In the earlier bout of madness that had convulsed the world he had been a Royal Flying Corps fighter pilot with a D.S.O. and M.C. to

show for it. Now he was also County Commissioner of the Boy Scouts as well as C.O. of the school Air Training Corps. We never knew in what dress he would appear in the morning, either uniform or dapper in suit, shirt, tie. We were expected to be smartly dressed in school uniform and our teachers were likewise always neatly attired.

Some eighteen months later in a history lesson Wilky was regaling us with an account of the "Hundred Days" in 1815, Napoleon's final fling, culminating in the Battle of Waterloo. We listened enthralled, taking notes, to Wilky's narrative, delivered in the racy, pithy style that I later tried to emulate in my own teaching. Years later I visited Waterloo and found the site to be exactly as Wilky had described it, save for the massive monument erected in the centre of the ridge that had sheltered the British infantry from most of the French cannonade throughout that horrible day.

Wilky reached the climax of the battle when, all other alternatives having failed, Napoleon launched the hitherto invincible Old Guard to the attack. Swept by a veritable storm of British musketry and grapeshot that annihilated their front ranks the Old Guard faltered and then turned to flee. Wellington gave the famous order, "Up Guards and at 'em!" and the British line, having spent all day on the defensive, advanced, driving the French before them while Blucher's timely-arrived Prussians rolled up Napoleon's right flank.

"Whizzoo!"

An excited boy at the back was carried away with enthusiasm.

"Who was that?"

It was the only time that we saw Wilky angry.

The boy stood, but Wilky immediately waved him down.

"Sit down, West. Sorry, it's all right."

He paused.

"War, boys, war is the ultimate negation of civilization, a complete return to utter barbarism. War is excrement deposited on this beautiful world by self-serving, ruthless, power-crazed politicians - and the armed services are no more than sanitary operatives trying ineptly and ineffectually to clean up the filth. 'Dulce et decorum est ...' is no more than political propaganda intended to produce willing cannon-fodder, and I've seen more than enough of that! I hope that the present lunacy will be over before you become involved, but if not you must resist being corrupted into becoming murderous maniacs, brainless butchers."

He pointed to a desk in the second row. "This morning at Assembly we stood to honour the memory of Flight Lieutenant John Hall. It seems only yesterday that he was sitting there, bright and with a great future before him, and now he is gone, totally obliterated." He indicated the empty chair in the back row. "You all knew Vincent Walters; he was one of you. He was one of my Scouts, a remarkable athlete. What a race that was! Such great promise. And he was just blown away - a terrible woeful waste!"

We saw tears trickling down our teacher's cheeks. He really cared.

Wilky recovered himself. "Ah, where was I? Yes, the French ran, and nobody ran faster than Napoleon. That night he had to share his coachman's chamber-pot. In the panic he left his own behind and now it adorns the Officer's Mess of a British regiment. I believe that they drink toasts from it." He beamed at our delighted laughter.

I have never forgotten that lesson and from

Continued on page 5

A Woeful Waste - Continued from page 4

time to time have passed on Wilky's observations to my pupils. Note, however, that we were taught never to hate, because hatred destroys reason. For that matter, there are very few nations upon earth that have not at some time been suborned by posturing pompous power-hungry politicians and their mindless misbegotten military minions into spreading havoc. "Let him that is without sin cast the first stone."

"They shall grow not old ..." Unashamedly I confess to weeping whenever I see on television the cascade of poppies at the close of the Remembrance Day observance at The Royal Albert Hall. What might the slain have accomplished had they been spared to live productive lives? Also what of those badly crippled and condemned to lead a permanently handicapped existence? Today's desperate dearth of truly inspired or even simply competent leaders is a direct result of the bloodbaths that have culled the elite of so many nations. It was so often the most enterprising, the most adventurous, the most committed, the most perceptive who were sacrificed on the altars of political ambition, economic greed, colonial aggrandisement, or even sometimes nothing other than crass ignorance.

Patriotism slays; nationalism kills; xenophobia murders; bigotry slaughters; racialism massacres; chauvinism destroys. "Blessed are the peacemakers ...", its corollary being "Cursed are the warmongers", instigators of and participants in the world's wicked woeful waste. "Those who live by the sword ..."

Nobody should doubt the value of learning history. Who was it who declared so perceptively, "Those who forget history are doomed to relive it"? Look around the world at the beginning of the twenty-first century and see what distress and chaos ignorant leaders are still bringing upon us.

But there is hope. After centuries of internecine strife the peoples of Europe are coming together into the European Union. Of course it has teething troubles and there are those who, seeing that the E.U. diminishes their own "importance", seek cynically to sabotage it, yet it is one of mankind's greatest achievements and a heartening promise of a brighter future.

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



Coastal village

This charming traditional cottage nestles in the hillside village, overlooking the sea on the east side of the island, not far from the village of Ipsos. This property has a very large garden either for relaxation or cultivation, or possibly for future development.

Price € *Negotiable*

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 € 85,000

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



Pikoulatika Development

In the hamlet of Pikoulatika this new development is scheduled for completion in the Autumn of 2007. Set in 13,000 square metres of countryside, with extensive views overlooking Corfu and the sea, the properties consist of three detached villas, each with its own swimming pool.

Price € 430,000

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: € P.O.A.

For Sale



Hoeck / 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.

Price: € 200,000