

The Agiot

5th Edition

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2007

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Corfu Losers' Cup 2007

By Paul McGovern
Editor

Late December saw the 5th Corfu Losers' Cup, sandwiched between the gorging festivities of Christmas and New Year.

A field of fifteen contested the five events. It would have been seventeen but for the late withdrawal of Sally and Mrs White, both suffering from, er, jetlag. There were scheduled to be six events, but pressures of time and total lack of any organisation whatsoever- a keystone of the Annual event- led to the exclusion of the popular Boule.

Unfortunately, the defending champion and Founder of the Cup, Barry Allsworth from Folkestone, was unable to defend the Title he won so convincingly last time out; he has been concentrating on preparation for the South American version of the trophy.

It was a nice mix of contestants with a healthy sprinkling of competitors proudly waving the Greek flag; Anna, Alexandra, Aegli and Lula.

Kontokali was the setting for the first event; Croquet. Contestants split into groups of four, two playing against two. Points were awarded for each time a team got the ball through the little hoopy things. Aegli had the best style without doubt, swinging the mallet elegantly between her legs, and sinking a very long shot clean through the target

without touching the sides. From this event Peter, Paul McGovern, Kostas, Jan, Lula, Chris, Rich and Karen came away with the maximum seven points. Anna spent most of her round falling about laughing.

On to bowling. The winner over two games was Paul Scotter, admitting under torture that he had played before. Bringing up the rear was Anna again, who just wasn't taking this serious competition seriously.

Table tennis was next. A fierce competition. People were pretending not to really try-but most were by now. Rich beat Paul in the Final yet there were close games throughout.

Time for lunch. Moumouris was the venue, and everybody took this to be another event, resulting in some of the competitors retiring at this point, leaving a field of eight to contend the Darts. This was held at The Astrodome, Triklinio [Ioannis' Bar] and there was a mild panic whilst Ioannis hunted for the board, and tools necessary to affix it to the wall.

This achieved, Paul McGovern cruised home, despite his sons' not unreasonable comments that he would be far too drunk by this event to see the board, let alone win. It should be said at this point that previous years have witnessed NONE of the players being able to finish on a double, and one time Dave won

without realising he had done so. Could these facts have anything to do with the copious amounts of Tsipro dispensed from behind the bar by the beguiling Kristina?

Last up was Pool, the field further reduced to five diehards as the gruelling schedule took its toll. This was won by Peter as his father collapsed into oblivion.

And the winner was.....; a tie between Kostas and Paul McGovern on 41 points, with Rich from Hythe breathing down their necks with 40.[the Folkestone area is obviously a hotbed of talent for this marathon].

The Unorganisation Committee would like to thank all the competitors for a great day out. A special thanks to newcomers Judith, Chris, Rich, Karen and the aforementioned Greeks.

Well done to Paul Grove, who took part despite the handicap of a recent operation.

Best Sport; Anna, who came last but was the happiest and therefore the real winner.

Thanks to Paul and Jan Scotter for at least trying to create sense amidst confusion.

Well done to Aegli for finishing first in her [Pure Greeks] class.

Well done to stalwart Micky for fighting 'til the end and causing good cheer throughout.

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Corfu Losers' Cup 2007 - Con- The inscribed Trophy can be seen and drooled over at the offices of Oca Services, Agios Ioannis. Viewers may touch the sacred relic for a small contribution. Photographs are **NOT** allowed.

Position	Name	Score
1st	Kostas McGovern	41
2nd	Paul McGovern	41
3rd	Rich Quilter	40
4th	Peter McGovern	33
5th=	Karen Quilter	25
5th=	Paul Scotter	25
7th	Micky Clark	23
8th	Judith	22
9th	Jan Scotter	14
10th	Chris Hughes	13
11th	Paul Grove	11
12th	Aegli Kaloudi	11
13th	Lula McGovern	10
14th	Alexandra Kaloudi	8
15th	Anna Kaloudi	3

The Mismanagement Committee looks forward to the 6th Losers' Cup in 2008...

NEC Photos

By Peter H.
Contributing Editor

One interesting feature of our stand at the NEC were all the architectural models, designed and created by our very own Alan Barret...



Fantastic models...

Village News

By Dr.Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Christmas and New Year visitors to Agios Ioannis have included Denis and Linda Oxlee, Richard and Karen Quilter, Paul and Sally Grove, Micky Clark and Mrs. White. Alexandra, Aegli, Peter, younger Kosta, Dimitri Martini, Varna's Christos and Valerie were all home from university.

Very many saw in the New Year at Anna's and Nicholas's new home. A great time was had by all and many departed in a very happy condition, none more so than one (who shall be nameless) whose car finished in a ditch.

New Year's Day was also Kosta's 80th birthday. He celebrated in great style, attending a celebratory dinner with many guests at Paul's and Lula's Villa Sofia, and was later seen wending an unsteady way back to the taverna where a party of his friends was waiting to continue proceedings. He is recovering well!

The plateia has been beautifully decorated again by Georgos. The crib in the bandstand has once more provided a welcome dormitory on these cold nights for all the local cats who enjoy sleeping with the infant Jesus, warmed by the illuminations.

Law Change Imminent

Paul McGovern
Editor

As discussed in previous issues, the rumoured law change regarding building plots draws ever nearer.

The word on the street is that by the end of this month rumour may become fact, and so for those of you who own or are about to own land on the island, on which you intend to build, and have not yet applied for a Building Permit, we strongly urge you to do so now to avoid disappointment.

Village property should be unaffected, but the Intermediate Zone will probably be abolished, making plots of 2/3 stremmas currently buildable-unbuildable.

Furthermore, you may have a requirement of 6/8 stremmas to build on in the countryside coming into effect during 2008.

Contact me on 00 30 697 493 2408 for further information.

You have been warned!

Featured Property

Paul McGovern
Editor

got to be on **YOUR SCHEDULE FOR VIEWING.**

This month's featured property is in the south of the island, in the village of Chlomotania.

An old cottage built about 1850, it is in the course of refurbishment and modernisation and work will be completed in about a month from now, by the English owners. It is small and dinky, perfect for a couple, has good views with glorious sunsets, and has easy access to the Southern beaches. At 99,000 Euros this place has



Parents & Teachers

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

"The first handicap that most children have to overcome is their parents – and the second is their teachers." With those words my headmaster started his welcome to me before I set foot in a classroom on my first day of teaching in 1952. I was not sure that I agreed with the second part of his assertion, not at that time having seen to what extent the new much-vaunted "enlightened" system had debased British education, but I certainly concurred fully with the first part of my new mentor's statement.

Whether or not my father had "married in haste" I never knew, although I, his eldest, was born more than a year after the wedding, but I know for certain that he had plenty of time to "repent at leisure". Mother, a little demure sweet slip of a thing in public, was an absolute virago, a vicious vixen, behind the doors of home. Kindly, softly-spoken father, the eleventh of twelve offspring, had been dismissed from his family circle, "Never darken my doors again", in true Victorian melodramatic style by grandfather, for having "married beneath him". He had most definitely been guilty of that "heinous crime".

My memory of all my earliest years is darkened by recollection of mother's incessant screeching, continual carping, but even worse her pursuing father from room to room brandishing carving knives, forks or cut-throat razors, while my sister and I screamed for the horror to cease. Father was twice mother's size and could easily have overpowered her, but who believes that the sweet little wife is the aggressor? In court he would never have had the slightest chance of being acquitted of domestic violence. It was years before I understood his apparently spineless flight. He would escape outside, jump upon his bicycle and disappear. Some nights he would return, push me gently to one side and share my bed rather than to go to the room that he shared with mother.

I came to hate my mother, though I learnt early to dissemble. At times quite caring, she would unpredictably lash out for no apparent reason, and often punished me violently for my sister's misdeeds. Up to the age of six I spent most of my time in bed, suffering from every known childhood illness and a few that seemed to puzzle our doctor. Upon one of the rare occasions that I was fit I fell downstairs and was immediately back in bed with mild concussion!

All these indispositions proved surprisingly beneficial. From my earliest years father provided me almost daily with books, at first merely pictures, but then with text becoming more advanced as time passed. However before I reached the age of five the supply of children's books ceased. The Great Depression, result of the perennial cupidity and stupidity of the U.S.A. in general and of Wall Street in particular, hit us. (I admit unashamedly to having been later one of the many millions around the world who laughed and cheered at the sight of the Twin Towers collapsing!) The supply of books dried up because father was thrown out of his work as an insurance clerk. Fortunately there were very many books at home so at that tender age I was forced to seek recourse in adult literature. Books had become my refuge from the harsh realities of domestic strife. Lost in the pages I was completely oblivious of everything around me. Now, though, the light was seldom switched on in hours of darkness in an effort to keep bills to a minimum and I would huddle in bed with my head under the pillow in a desperate effort to shut out the noise of conflict downstairs.

We never starved. Father had been given our big house with its extensive garden as a wedding-present from his parents before grandfather had become aware of his new daughter-in-law's deficiencies. Under father's "green fingers" the garden yielded a copious supply of fruit and vegetables, and at the far end was a large hen-house, perpetually well stocked. Giv-

ing credit where it is due, moreover, mother was an excellent cook. But articles of furniture would disappear, usually under the cover of darkness, when father would borrow a neighbour's handcart to take them "for repair". I never cease to be astonished at adults' underestimation of children's perception!

There must have been a trickle of funds into the house as father was organist of a plurality of churches in the city, but I should think that it could only have been the merest of trickles as I in turn sampled the meanness of the Church in rewarding its musicians until I was in a position to demand and receive adequate recompense for my efforts and for those of my choristers. Sometimes in my occasional bouts of fitness father would strap a cushion on to the crossbar of his bicycle for me to straddle. He would take me to church to sit beside him on the organ-stool while he played for a service. One of my most vivid memories of those times is watching fascinated one such evening the keys of the organ turning red. Father had cut his fingers that afternoon in removing from mother's grasp the razor with which she was threatening him. I doubt that he ever tried that again!

One afternoon when I was six my sister burst into my bedroom excitedly declaring that they were playing a new game downstairs, "camping out". The dining table and chairs had gone, replaced by four small and one larger packingcases. Priorities were right; whatever else went, some books, mother's sewing-machine, father's radio and the pianoforte remained. Musically I was reared on opera and oratorio of Wagner, Weber, Verdi, Mendelssohn, Handel and Co. which drifted up to my room from below on those merciful occasions when mother was either visiting her

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Parents & Teachers - *Continued from page 3* family, in her room suffering from "migraine" or unwontedly subdued. Reception by the massive radio with its aerial stretching the full length of the garden would have driven a modern hi-fi fanatic to distraction, but to our early-thirties ears to hear anything at all seemed miraculous.

A few weeks later I saw mother emptying the last few coins from her purse to pay the doctor who had just examined me to discover my current ailment. That evening my parents gently lowered me on my mattress, enmeshed in bedclothes, on to the floor; the bed, dressing-table, chairs and wardrobe were all going "to be repaired". Until that time my bedroom, the only room that the doctor, almost our sole visitor, ever saw, had remained fully furnished. One must preserve appearances!

It suddenly dawned on me that my illnesses were a constant drain upon the family's steadily diminishing resources, and in fact partly responsible for it. The next morning I rose, dressed myself and pronounced myself cured. Since then I have had exactly one half-day from work through sickness; I have always been far too busy to be ill. There is nothing like exciting work and a dose of poverty for ensuring good health.

I had not yet started school although a year overdue. It must have been a school holiday because I had to wait for a day or two before embarking upon that big adventure, and it must also have been March or April because my sister, a year younger than I, was also due to commence her schooling. One morning mother accompanied me and dragged bitterly weeping sister to the nearby village school where a really sweet Miss Jones and rather austere Miss Pleasance welcomed us new arrivals. Despite my "advanced" age I was placed along with my sister in the infants' class.

Miss Pleasance rather belied her name and I never came to like her, but I must admit that she was exactly what I needed at that time. I spent just one term in her class during which she taught me to love the order of numbers, praised and en-

couraged my reading which was streets ahead of any others in the class, and cured by vigorous application of a stinging right hand incipient "dyslexia" in my writing. (Whilst I am hesitantly just prepared to accept that "dyslexia" may be more than a curable "handicap", I yet believe that if you tell a child that it suffers from a disadvantage it will be cursed with that burden throughout life, although effective treatment, not necessarily violent, is possible. Many years later I willingly received into my school pupils completely cured of "dyslexia" by a couple of dedicated elderly women who ran a small school especially for that purpose.)

Although we were supposed to be shunned by father's family, and mother's relatives lived rather too far away for any but very rare excursions, father's mother and his younger brother, Uncle Victor, slipped in occasionally for surreptitious brief but very welcome visits. One Friday a few weeks after I started school we were seated on the packing cases having our evening meal when I saw grandmother coming in the front gate. We waited in silence as she entered the back door and came through to the dining-room.

For a few moments she stood in the doorway, lips pursed in obvious disapproval, then, "Lionel, Patricia, get your coats. You're coming with me."

I looked at father. He nodded. I stood, made my way into the hall and took my coat from its hook. My sister followed.

We were just leaving through the front door when mother burst from the dining-room, screeching obscenities, and tried to slap diminutive grandmother. Father seized her and literally threw her yards back into a heap on to the floor of the dining-room. I inwardly exulted to see him at last exercise supremacy.

Our paternal grandparents lived but a couple of hundred yards away. They must have thought that we were starving because we were literally stuffed with food by solicitous aunt and grandmother before we were put to bed, sinking into the soft mattresses in the well-appointed guestroom.

That evening grandmother brokered reconciliation between father and grandfather. She was about half her sturdy robust husband's size, but when she said quietly, "Fred, do you think that's right?" he considered very carefully. At the age of eighteen she had been given six months to live. She died at the age of ninety-six! I have always regarded medical pronouncements as questionable!

The Depression had hit grandfather's businesses hard, but although running at a loss he had refused to turn on to the streets those employees who had been with him since his earliest ventures. His shoe factory staff had reduced from sixty to six; his team of builders from twenty to four. To the latter he added a carpenter, father. Carpentry had always been one of father's hobbies; many of my toys were produced by him. Within a year grandfather had come to regard father as his right-hand-man in that side of the business as much as Uncle Lionel was at the shoe factory. It was good to see the three of them meeting every Saturday evening to discuss the past week's work and to plan ahead.

My sister and I returned home after tea on Sunday. Mother was less aggressive for a few weeks but soon suffered a relapse. "Mummy, Mummy, stop it, stop it. Please, Mummy, stop it. Please, PLEASE." Our neighbours, hearing the screams of Patricia and me, appealing for peace, as Mother, brandishing a carving knife, her favourite weapon, pursued father from room to room, called the police. Over the next eighteen months the police were summoned three times.

"I wonder what the children think of this." A big police sergeant looked down at me as I lay sobbing bitterly in an armchair. I wish that I could have told him.

After the last police visit mother went home to her mother, and blissful tranquility graced our house. Father's sister, Aunt Bessy, stayed for a few days to look after us until father employed loving caring Miss Helmsley for that purpose. What a contrast. Home, sweet home!

Parents & Teachers - Continued from page 4

At the same time as starting school I had also joined the choir of the local parish church - it saved me from having to attend the sugary, smug Sunday School with which I had had a brief nauseating encounter. I was so small that even with everything shortened I regularly tripped over the hem of my cassock. In those days the elegant prose of the psalms and hymns posed no difficulty to me nor to any of my fellows only slightly older. Returning from twelve years overseas some forty years later I discovered how grossly and reprehensibly the British nation has become illiterate; I needed to teach most of my choristers to read the words before they could sing them.

Also I started playing the piano, taught for one term by a local organist-pianist but then, because lessons could not be afforded, teaching myself. Father would not teach me, saying that for a parent to teach his child could impose stress on family relationships. However he made me free of his considerable music library and would occasionally offer advice if he heard too many wrong notes!

It was decided that I showed musical aptitude and I transferred to the choir of a neighbouring parish where the choirmaster was also a lay-clerk at the cathedral. He, together with members of father's family, wanted me to apply for entry to the Cathedral Choir School. Grandfather too supported the idea to the extent of offering to pay any fees. However father vetoed the proposal. Rather disappointed, it was some years before I discovered the reason for his negation.

At school I had shot through four classes in two years, so fast that I forget now the names of my teachers. School was fun; school was exciting contact with numbers, words, ideas, knowledge; school was refuge from the horrors of home until mother left. Arrived in the top class of tens and elevens at the tender age of eight, at about the same time as mother's disappearance, I came under the tuition of Mr. Buck. Through-

out my entire schooling I enjoyed close rapport with all but two of my many teachers; they were a wonderful succession, totally dedicated to the welfare and instruction of their pupils; nothing was too much trouble. Mr. Buck, however, was one of the supreme amongst a company of excellence. The three years that I spent in his class were idyllic beyond words.

I remained a voracious reader, visiting the local branch of the Public Library at least once a week if not more often. It was mile away down a main road, but in those days even a seven-year-old could walk that distance in absolute safety. The city was the centre of an agricultural region and in those days it was nothing unusual for a long string of traffic to be held up following a herd of cattle being driven along a busy street. The worst thing that happened to me was being pinned, terrified, to a wall by an amorous cow which licked my face while onlookers laughed uproariously. Since then my only interest in cattle has been as milk, butter, steak and leather!

The way from the library passed grandfather's factory and I would often slip in on my walk home. There was an intriguing game to play. A hydraulic punch riveted eyelets into the lace-holes prepared in the uppers of shoes and I was allowed to operate it - completely unthinkable in today's over-regulated climate! Stacks of uppers would lie ready beside the punch; I would select the appropriate size and colour of eyelets and set to work. Place an eyelet on the prong - fit the hole in the leather over it - press a pedal - thud - job done. It was great fun!

Of course there were other more conventional games to be played with my friends. Peashooters, popguns, cap-guns, marbles, spinning tops, conkers, football, cricket, cigarette cards, all had their seasons. Once, inspired by reading of Robin Hood, I introduced bows and arrows, made from saplings and shoots from the nearby woods. All the local cats and dogs went into hiding until a stray arrow shattered a neighbour's window and archery was brought

to a sad and sudden end! Of course any tree, especially the larger ones in the woods, was there to be climbed. Sometimes we fell, but there seems to be a providence that protects silly little boys from serious damage.

With improved family finances I became the proud possessor of a bicycle and joined my friends in chasing at breakneck speed around the village streets and the tortuous tracks across the nearby heath. Grazed knees, elbows and noses were not uncommon, regarded as natural concomitants of the activity. Danger from motor vehicles was minimal; we might encounter with awed admiration as many as two a day in our side-streets. Fresh air was genuinely fresh in those days! The grocer, green-grocer, baker, milkman, fishmonger, and coalman all came around daily with horse-drawn cart, wagon or van. A bucket, dustpan and brush were hidden just inside the front gate ready for a quick sortie to be the lucky winner in the race for manure for the garden if a horse obliged nearby.

Aircraft were a source of great wonder. The sound of an aircraft engine, maybe once a month, had everyone racing outdoors to peer excitedly upwards. As well as such antiques as Tiger Moths, Hawker Furies, Bristol Bulldogs, I saw the immense shapes of the R100, the "Graf Zeppelin" and the "Hindenburg" passing low overhead.

All through this time I practiced daily at the piano as well as singing in the church choir. From my earliest days I had been determined that I would become a musician, but also, having seen father cast on to the heap of rejects, that I should be so good at my job that I should be able to "call the shots", to dictate the terms of my employment, to work only for those whom I could respect. In later years four headmasters and eight clerics, including two archbishops, discovered that to their cost, and my resolve always led to something better.

Another result of improved income was that we went for two weeks every year on holiday to

Parents & Teachers - *Continued from page 5*

Lowestoft. I had a little room under the eaves of the Pakefield boarding-house all to myself and was entrusted with rising early every morning to walk about a mile-and-a-half along the seafront to the harbour where a half-crown (12 ½ p) would buy thirty fresh herring from a newly-docked trawler to provided breakfast for all my fellow lodgers. In those days there were so many trawlers and drifters docked there that it was possible to walk right across the harbour from ship to ship. I relished that daily stroll in the crisp early-morning air when I seemed to have the town all to myself.

Then came 1938. Calling in at the factory one afternoon I was amazed to find the door locked and when I rang the doorbell a complete stranger answered; he made me wait outside until Uncle Lionel came. However I had seen enough. The place was a hive of industry, every machine working and fully staffed. My uncle regretfully told me that I could not enter and when I arrived home grandfather was waiting. He enjoined me strictly to tell nobody of what I had seen; it was an important national secret! I later discovered that it was no more than that they had received a massive order for Army boots. Whatever politicians might have proclaimed about "peace in our time" they were hedging their bets!

More importantly for me, however, was the "eleven-plus" examination. Of the thirty or so pupils in Mr. Buck's class only a girl and myself were sitting it, the others, apparently completely devoid of ambition, were content to slide into tedious mediocrity. Our teacher spared no effort in preparing us for the great day. I often stayed after school for extra tuition although Elsie, my partner in the endeavour, was prevented from participation. She was "little mother" to two younger siblings, required to help her widowed father around their house. Those after-school sessions, one-to-one with my teacher, were sheer delight, exploring the intricacies of mathematics, English and General Knowledge.

All that effort paid off. When the results came out I was placed seventh in the entire county and was offered a scholarship at a very prestigious Public School. Elsie was also successful and Mr. Buck was delighted. However father again vetoed such an exalted proposal; it would turn me into a "snob". I was to attend the city Grammar School; what had been good enough for him was good enough for me! In later years I cursed his two vetoes at the ages of eight and eleven. To have accepted either of the chances presented would have been a great asset to my subsequent career. "The first handicap that most children have to overcome is their parents..."

We returned from our summer holiday on a Saturday at the end of August. Waiting on the doormat was an official envelope, a bombshell. Father was required by the Ministry of Works to take charge of a team of builders constructing accommodation at new airfields - commencing the following Monday! He spent some time on the telephone and everything became a hectic rush. I was to go to live with my grandparents, Patricia with Uncle Victor and his wife, and Miss Helmsley would go to complete her nursing training. Uncle Victor would see to the sale of our house and all its contents. I needed to sort through the books and toys that I wanted to keep, severe limitations being imposed upon what I could take with me. Aunt Louise, also living with my grandparents, would see to my outfitting for Grammar School. That Sunday afternoon I bade goodbye to my childhood home.

Letters to the Editor

We invite you to send letters for publication in next month's edition of the Agiot. The writer of the best letter will receive £25. Send to:

letters@theagiot.net

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



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



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: € 200,000