

# The Agiot

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## New Property-Law News

By Paul McGovern  
Editor

Well, we should apologise to our readers who may have been concerned, in previous months, about the warnings we were issuing over the proposed changes to building laws here.

### NO SUCH CHANGES ARE IMMINENT.

This was announced this week by a Government Spokesperson.

Under mounting pressure, following political scandals, and unsure whether the proposed bill would carry in Parliament, the Government have shelved

any plans for restricting development on plot sizes.

This is good news for some developers, though this writer does not share that enthusiasm.

Ironically, it has been a downward turn in Sterling and the Dollar which has put a brake on overdevelopment. An excerpt here from the Money Markets;

*Following last week's G7 language change on FX developments, we have been highlighting the risk throughout this week of verbal intervention on euro strength/dollar weakness. This bore fruit yesterday, but ultimately with mixed results. First up was our old friend George Soros who noted that there was only*

*room for one reserve currency with his assertion "euro cannot replace dollar as main reserve currency, two major reserve currencies is not a stable system." Whether EZ officials decided the timing was right to take advantage of this sound bite, or whether the timing of their verbal intervention was merely a coincidence is unknown, but both Euro Group Chairman Jean-Claude Juncker and ECB council member Axel Weber both fired warning shots to the market.*

## Agiot Online!

By Peter H.  
Contributing Editor

Eight months since we first went 'live' and we now have 66 registered members. We have at least ten times that number visiting each week - if you are one of those, then please take two minutes to register...

This newsletter saw over 400 downloads in March which is comforting to know, with a steady stream reading the back issues too (see the Newsletter menu on the site homepage).

The AgiotCAM has seen a lot of traffic [sic] since it received its sun-filter. The camera is a little

too sophisticated and keeps on trying to focus on the window-shutters - we will have to install some latches to keep them out of view. Nothing much is happening right now, but as soon as the visitors arrive it will show a plateia full of activity.

We had some technical problems with the AgiotACTION-CAM, but these have now been sorted out. Although limited to one user at a time, this camera shows a live-feed from the same vantage point as the AgiotCAM and can be rotated left and right, up and down to see anything in the main eating area of the

plateia. Lots of fun, so check it out.

Agiot-Chat has proven to be a great disappointment, maybe because of the time difference between here and the UK - or perhaps because it is only visible to registered users. In any case, it will be withdrawn from service at the end of April.

We would love to hear from you if you have any ideas how we can improve the site - features, gadgets - you name it.

Happy (Orthodox) Easter from us all at Agiot-Central!

# Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing Editor

There will be plenty of activity this month. Preparing of accommodation for the arrival of the first visitors will be complicated by the preparations and observance of Easter, which falls on 27<sup>th</sup> April this year. Everything that does not move will be painted white, so never stand still in Agios Ioannis!

In Town there are daily processions throughout the "Great Week" before Pascha; St. Spiridon adds a considerable mileage to his already colossal total and the military bands wear out a great deal of shoe-leather. The "pot-hurling" at eleven o'clock on Great Saturday morning sees many thousands of visitors cramming into the open spaces to witness the unique spectacle and then to watch the marching bands and marching girls. Too they turn out for the procession and greeting of Easter at

midnight at the Liston, everyone carrying a lighted candle. It is followed by a spectacular firework display launched from the Old Fort.

Actually I have not attended the latter function ever since a little girl near me received a bump on the head from a board of candles dislodged from a balcony above and a woman's hair was ignited by a carelessly-held candle!

In Agios Ioannis there is a candle-lit procession around the village in the evening of Great Friday led by a priests, acolytes, visiting band and male-voice choir. Everybody who ventures out at around eleven o'clock the next morning wears a hard hat. That Saturday evening the final preparation for Easter starts at the church and towards midnight moves out to the crowded plateia, illuminated solely by the people's candles. At midnight the traditional Easter hymn is sung, the lights flash on and

the cry of "Christos anesti" (Christ is risen) with its response "Alitheia anesti" (Truly he is risen) is taken up all round while the place echoes to the crash of exploding fireworks soaring from the children's playground. Spiced bread is distributed and then everybody goes home to a meal of soup and kokoretsi.

Throughout the Sunday morning the atmosphere is redolent with the aroma of barbecuing lambs in preparation for massive family parties. Eggs that have been boiled in a red dye feature in the meal, part of the fun being to contest their hardness by cracking yours against your neighbour's in the style of conkers, while wine flows like water. It's really great!

# The Great Hole at Akrokefalos

By Janet P.  
Our Intrepid Reporter

'Twas one evening in early April, when a large and mysterious hole appeared in the ground one hundred metres from my back door. I was alarmed to see many lights shining into my kitchen window from my garden, a place normally in darkness and undisturbed.

'Alien spacecraft?' thought I. No, it was excited people with torches, tramping about and shouting. I joined the throng and in the light generated I could make out this disturbing chasm in the field, which hadn't been there before, cos I check the fields regularly.

Daylight revealed the worst of my fears. I had not slept all night with worry and eagerly rushed holewards to view the phenomenon in daylight. It was a hole several metres across and very deep. How deep? Various people said 40

metres, but I had forgotten my tape measure.

Being conscientious I still went to work, despite the bags under my eyes. My very kind boss wanted to send me back home to check that my house hadn't been swallowed, but my work ethic would not allow this.

Days of uncertainty followed, with men in coats inspecting this THING at the bottom of my garden. Local legend had now had it at 70 metres in depth. Experts came from Athens, geologists were called in and the Media was everywhere. I thought about cashing in on the new tourism hereabouts, by selling home-made cakes and tea. A fence was erected to protect us.

Why had this happened? There had been no warning, unless it was that distant rumbling I'd heard a few evenings before. I'd put that down to hubby's tummy.



**Calling Professor Quatermass!**

Now here we are, still unsure. There has been talk of evacuation, the hole was now reported to have deepened to a hundred metres, but the swingometre has swung to 35/50 metres-this according to a geologist friend of my other half. Dry limestone streambeds underground? Mining? Explosives? Terrorists? The jury is still out.

Watch the Agiot WWW site for regular updates.

# Featured Property

By Paul McGovern  
Editor

Sinarades village is situated in the middle-west of Corfu island, facing north-east, only 13 km. far from Corfu town. It is built on a hillside covered by olives and almond trees. Waters from mountain springs collect in a small river at the base of the hillside, a river that once divided the village in two. The village's name derives from the Byzantine surname Sinaras.

Northwest of the village is a scattering of Roman graves, suggesting occupation as far back as Roman times. Today's village was founded between the 10th and 11th century by the inhabitants of a sea-shore village which was abandoned because of attacks by pirates, however no records exist prior to the 15th century. Stories of assaults by Algerians and Turks have been handed down for generations.

With a population of about 1,200 the village is a self-governing community ruled by a council of seven governors providing healthcare facilities such as a community surgery and pharmacy for locals and visitors alike. There are a primary school and a kindergarten. Its maze of narrow alleys, embossed entrances, ancient houses with small terraces and marble stairways, picturesque churches with soaring belfries, elegant mansions and the famous folk-lore museum, make Sinarades one of the largest and most beautiful villages on the island. The area is served by a regular bus route from Corfu town to Agios Gordis beach. The main occupations of the locals are tourism and farming; the most important products are olive oil, wine, vegetables and fruit.

The village has its own band offering musical training for the young. The band participates in all local observances as well as giving regular concerts and playing in the school dance hall. The community centre of Agios Nikolaos also boasts a church choir. Many facilities exist for the youngsters

of the village to enjoy sporting activities, including football and basketball. In 1982 a folklore-museum was established, the only one on the island and one of the best in Greece, visited in the holiday season by thousands of tourists.

The inhabitants, typical Corfiots, are friendly, hospitable people who are preserving customs by keeping their traditional dances and songs alive as part of the village celebrations. On the Monday after Easter, the myrrh-bearing women's Sunday and August 15th, the Assumption of the Virgin Mary, the inhabitants, led by icons and banners of the churches, process round the village to a great feast in the square. On September 3rd another famous feast takes place on Agios Theoktistos hill.

Visitors stop to have a refreshment, perhaps including the traditional souvlaki or roast lamb or eggs with tomato sauce. Some stay in apartments by the beaches of Agios Gordis, Spais and Kontogialos, enjoying an extensive beach of fine sand, with clear blue sea and many water sports. The more adventurous can try sky diving from Agios Gordis hillside, where a Parapente club is operating. In the evening tourists may join with locals to dine in the small picturesque tavernas of the area, relishing an abundance of the famous local wine and possibly later trying a disco.

Within this beautiful setting is this month's featured property. A quiet lane leads off from the main village street, a few yards up the hill is George's Place, an old stone cottage which has been lovingly and carefully transformed by its current owners. It is a cosy 85 square metres on two storeys, with a further 35 square metres of storage space in the attic.

At the front of the building is an upper and a lower balcony, ideal retreats for sun-worshippers.

The ground floor is one large space with a fitted kitchen at one end, having bags of room for a living and dining area at the other. Sit here on crisp winter nights with a jug of wine, some olives



**Sinarades Retreat**

and bread, and dream away in the dancing flames from the fire. In summer this area becomes a refuge from the fierce sun, protected as it is by the thick stone walls, assisted by the air-conditioning provided.

From here travel up the wooden stairs to the land of nod; two double bedrooms lead off from a quaint passageway.

Pale wooden ceilings throughout open up the living area considerably, enhanced by fine beams. All the woodwork has been given the best of care; in fact, nothing has been overlooked by the owners in their attempt to create a perfect living environment.

There is no garden to this property but that is an advantage for the lotus eaters amongst you. Fine views of the village and hills from the windows and balconies add to the feeling of space.

There is mains drainage in this village - not many on Corfu currently have that particular facility. Telephone connection is also here.

A few yards down the lane and you're in the heart of the village, with shops and restaurants, tavernas, a fine folklore museum, as discussed earlier.

Down from your eyrie and within a few minutes you are in in the resort of Agios Giordis, a splendid beach awaits you with so many choices of eateries and watering-holes; you will need to stay a long time to try them all.

So come to Sinarades and buy this gem, use it for holiday periods, rent it out for summer lets, or retire to the time that land forgot.

Asking price € 110,000 - a must see!



# In Retrospect

By Dr. Lionel Mann  
Contributing Editor

Looking back over my eighty years I cannot but marvel at the way in which seemingly widely disparate and completely random events and circumstances, not always having apparent connection to me, have combined harmoniously to shape my life.

In an age of religious bigotry Protestant great-grandfather (before my time!) left mainly Catholic Belgium, when it gained independence from Holland, and settled in Lincolnshire. (He would have been horrified that I have very happily held Catholic organist appointments.) His grandson, my grandfather, left school at the age of fourteen to be apprenticed to the village cobbler. A typical Victorian-Edwardian "self-made man", thirty years later he owned a shoe-factory with a staff of sixty and a building business employing twenty more.

For my first eighteen years whenever I needed a new pair of shoes I went to the factory, stood in stockinged feet upon a sheet of paper on a desk while the outline of my feet was pencilled; a few days later the shoes were delivered. The result of this close-fitting was that my feet are slightly deformed and unusually small, size 38, a great advantage in nimble organ-peddalling; I can really nip around the pedalboard. This barely perceptible deformity has never caused me physical inconvenience or discomfort, but when I was conscripted into the army in 1945 the medical officer noticed it.

"You can't possibly march with feet like that, can you?"

Not particularly keen upon pursuing a military career, I agreed, although I had played soccer, cricket and hockey at school – and continued to do so past my sixtieth birthday!

I was medically down-graded, excused marching, parades and guard duty, and fitted with civilian shoes. Whenever the platoon went marching I was told to fall out and follow at my own pace, which I needed to moderate in order not to overtake! For many years I had walked beside my Light-Infantry-trained Uncle Lionel to and from town at his fast pace.

With no duties to perform out of training hours I had leave to attend the Forces Study Centre in town every evening to practise upon their grand piano. At the end of my six weeks there I gave a "thank-you" piano recital to a large audience. Also I had leave every Sunday to sing in the cathedral choir, to attend choir-practice and practise upon their very fine organ at other times.

Our platoon sergeant-instructor was no fool. After our six-week primary training's passing-out parade he grinned at me. "Private Mann, you're no more a cripple than I am."

I made to show him my Army Book with its medical endorsement.

"Oh, I know what that says. This war's about finished; get what you can out of this man's army while you've got to be in it!"

The army sent me with fifteen others to be trained as a shorthand-typist. For sixteen weeks we lived in a large house beside Clapham Common and attended Tooting Technical College to be taught alongside rather younger students by two elderly spinsters. Our fellow students, munching sandwiches at a time of stringent rationing, eyed us enviously at lunchtime when our cook brought in very appetising fare. We had leave every weekend and I was able to go home at midday on Saturday, returning overnight on Sunday. All our travel was by travel-warrant, entirely free to us. I was in London for V.E. Day. What an

experience! We had the day off and I was one of only two who managed to return to our billets before midnight. Our Sergeant-in-Charge was not the other one either!

At the end of our course we all met the speed requirements and were sent to a holding camp at Cirencester while the army decided what to do with us. After a couple of weeks enjoying excellent Cotswold summer weather we were told our fate. I was to go to Singapore with a War Crimes prosecution team. In those days the population of Cirencester was about four-thousand and the town had forty public-houses, mainly one-room establishments selling cider. That last night together we celebrated, took over one of the establishments and each ordered a round of half-pints of "scrumpy". Work that out; sixteen half-pints is a gallon! Seated at the end of the table, from time to time I surreptitiously exchanged one of my full glasses for one of my neighbour's empties. At closing-time I was the only one able to walk back to camp. A lorry was sent to convey the others!

However in the middle of the night I was seized with excruciating stomach pains. The Orderly Sergeant called the Orderly Officer who called the Medical Orderly who called the duty Medical Officer and I was removed to the camp hospital under observation. I missed my Singapore posting and spent a few weeks awaiting another.

In the meantime I was sent to sort out the Quartering Commandant's office in town, left in chaos through the demobilisation of his clerk. Living in luxury with the camp staff, my midday meal at an inn in town at the army's expense, and a member of the choir of the great parish church with practice facilities upon their magnificent four-manual

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**In Retrospect -**

*Continued from  
page 4*

organ, I really enjoyed myself. One Sunday I arrived at the church to discover that the organist, deputy at Gloucester cathedral, had been called there leaving me to accompany the thirty-boy, twenty-man choir for their cathedral-style services - quite an exhilarating experience!

Once his affairs were in order, result of a week's intensive effort, the Q.C. took me with him on his daily business trips around the area. Being driven by a captain, having lunch with him at good hotels, and seeing Gloucestershire in all its summer glory was very delightful "military service". The officer wanted me to learn to drive and become his permanent clerk, but War Office decided otherwise. They sent me to York at Northern Command branch of Judge Advocate General's Department as a solicitor's clerk. Our officers were lawyers, civilians in uniform - as also were we. Owing to the sensitive nature of our work with courts-martial and war crimes we did not live in barracks and were automatically promoted as N.C.O.s. I lodged with a family in the suburbs of the city and kept normal office hours. The organist at the village church was taken ill so I took practices and played for services.

Now that the war was finished Northern Command was being "run down". Last in was first out and I was sent to Head Office just off Trafalgar Square in London. Through a friend of my family I found accommodation in Wembley and travelled to work Monday to Friday by Underground with other commuters.

My work as clerk to the Administration Officer included arranging flights all around the world for judge-advocates and barristers. Applying for travel to British Army of the Rhine for Brigadier Lord Russell of

Liverpool and Major Lord Rathcreeden, such mixture of rank and peerage went to my head; I entered Lord Russell's next-of-kin as Lady Rathcreeden and vice versa. Our Brigadier signed the applications, then read them and nearly died laughing. The Admin Officer was not so amused and within a week I was in B.A.O.R. myself, replacing the demobilised clerk of a War Crimes prosecuting officer.

At H.Q., B.A.O.R. there were eight teams preparing cases against alleged war criminals, mainly former concentration camp guards. Each team consisted of an officer-lawyer, his sergeant-clerk, his driver-batman, and was responsible for investigating evidence against guards at one of the concentration camps in the British Zone. A similar arrangement existed in the American, French and Russian Zones, except that in the Soviet Zone at least double the number of teams operated because of the infinitely greater number of war crimes committed in their area. I worked with Captain Potts, our responsibility for bringing staff of Ravensbruck to trial, but when a trial was imminent all eight clerks would work preparing the documents, often till late at night, plied with drink and delicacies by our officers. There was a great commitment to our task.

Here too we were accommodated very comfortably away from the rest of the troops, with no parades or military duties. Handling daily such a horrific record of bestiality, inhumanity, butchery, extreme suffering, earned us our privileges. One could not dwell inordinately upon the details, but merely prepared documents almost mechanically. Additionally we dealt with war crimes committed by combat units, mainly S.S., as well as by civilians who had beaten or killed Allied aircrew survivors of crashing aircraft.

Although such was the number of potential convictions that we were only too pleased to give benefit of doubt wherever it existed, it must now be admitted somewhat shamefacedly that we had a "league table" in the office based upon the number of hangings a team had secured. The Ravensbruck trial brought us to the top! I wonder at the incredible stupidity of those who seek to deny the Holocaust when there are still living so many survivors and others who investigated and saw irrefutable evidence of it. Amongst other grotesque exhibits I have handled a lamp of which the shade had been made of tattooed human skin!

The trial, before a panel of four judges, high-ranking officers, one from each of the Occupying Powers, advised by a Judge Advocate, was held in Hamburg. Afterwards the three of us were sent on "recovery" leave. "Of course, you can go back to the U.K., but there is 5<sup>th</sup> Division Church House in the Hartz Mountains where you can put your feet up and relax. They run religious instruction courses, mainly for young soldiers, but you don't have to bother with that if you don't want to. You can stroll through the forest or even do a little hunting. There are deer and boar there. Give it a go; you don't want all the hassle of travel to the U.K., do you?" Later I wondered whether our Admin Officer had been nobbled!

It sounded good to me, an assessment confirmed when I, a mere N.C.O., was met by a staff car and driver at Hannover station. Arrived at the forty-room mansion, originally built by Baron von Cramm, a tennis star between the wars, I was greeted at the top of the long flight of steps to the main door by the C.O., an army Senior Chaplain, ranked a major. He wasted no time. "You're Lionel Mann. You're organist of St. Martin's Church back home. You've been

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**In Retrospect -** trained in Army Ad-  
*Continued from* ministration and  
*page 5* you're a sergeant. My  
 second-in-command,  
 organist and Administration Ser-  
 geant, is being demobbed in three  
 weeks' time. How about it.?" I had not  
 previously met him but he was a son  
 of the squire at my home village!

"You'll never get me out of War  
 Crimes," I warned him.

He grinned. "God - and the Army  
 Chaplains' Department - move in  
 mysterious ways their wonders to per-  
 form. I've had my eye on you ever  
 since you came out here."

Apart from a fleeting visit to collect  
 the rest of my gear I never returned to  
 Headquarters. For the rest of my ser-  
 vice I was Organist and Admin Ser-  
 geant (hotel manager), the latter  
 something of a sinecure as I had a very  
 efficient German secretary who orga-  
 nized everything for me, the accom-  
 modation and feeding of our guests,  
 chiefly groups of forty young soldiers;  
 all I needed to do was sign the docu-  
 ments that she prepared. A few  
 courses were for officers, even one for  
 the "top brass", and that kept me run-  
 ning around as they expected my sec-  
 retarial skills to be at their disposal in  
 preparing orders or telephoning in-  
 structions to their units, but other-  
 wise mine was a very relaxed life,  
 accommodated in an elegant bed-sit  
 with en suite marble-and-chrome  
 bathroom and daily maid-service!

Every day except Sunday one of our  
 three trucks would go to Hannover to  
 collect rations, mail, etc. and often I  
 would accompany it as far as the near-  
 est town where the church had a fine  
 three-manual organ allegedly de-  
 signed by J.S. Bach. There I would  
 practise for at least an hour until the  
 truck returned. The ancient instru-  
 ment was hand-blown and an elderly  
 local living next to the church would  
 come quickly to offer his pumping  
 services. Every fifteen minutes his  
 hand appeared around the corner of

the instrument and I would place in it  
 a cigarette, the currency in Germany  
 in those days. Since we were given a  
 free issue of three tins of fifty ciga-  
 rettes a week I did not consider his  
 rates excessive! As well as this I played  
 for two or three services daily in the  
 beautiful Church House chapel.

The padre's secretary had repre-  
 sented Germany as an Olympic skier  
 and exploration of our cellars had re-  
 vealed a large stock of Hitler Youth  
 skiing gear. During the two winters  
 that I spent there we received first-rate  
 instruction. The slopes started twenty  
 metres from our front door and we  
 spent hours daily at that exhilarating  
 sport. Of course there was no ski-lift  
 and our martinet of an instructor  
 would not let us remove our skis to  
 trudge up at the end of a run; her-  
 ring-boning is quite a healthy exer-  
 cise!

As well as the padre and myself  
 there were seven other soldiers on the  
 staff, two for the chapel, three drivers,  
 a cook and the padre's batman-driver.  
 Also there were twenty German staff  
 for house and grounds, "displaced  
 persons" from the east, who lived  
 with their families in huts down the  
 hill from the schloss. I think that ev-  
 eryone appreciated the very comfort-  
 able conditions under which we lived.  
 Our army cook was assisted by two  
 women and the meals that they pre-  
 pared were mouth-watering, served by  
 waiters in an elegant dining-room  
 that seated as many as sixty. Many of  
 our guests, reared on bang-  
 ers-and-mash, did not appreciate such  
 excellence. Our German families  
 benefited from their ignorance as the  
 dishes rejected in the house found  
 their way down the hill!

The teenage son of the German  
 Forstmeister who lived in a remote  
 house in the forest, the only one any-  
 where near the schloss, had built a  
 puppet theatre and gave perfor-  
 mances of operas to the recorded mu-  
 sic. The padre and I visited regularly,

taking provisions for an opulent sup-  
 per enjoyed by all during the "inter-  
 val". Weber's "Der Freischutz", first  
 heard there, has remained my favour-  
 ite ever since.

When the time for my demobilisa-  
 tion approached I was tempted to sign  
 on for further service, but there was  
 no guarantee that I should remain at  
 Church House; moreover I had al-  
 ready passed for university entrance  
 so I "signed off". Then in "civvy  
 street" a former army posting proved  
 useful, for when I studied at London  
 University I returned to live in Wem-  
 bley at the home that had been made  
 for me during my time at War Office.  
 All fitted like pieces in a puzzle - and  
 so has it continued!



**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](http://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