

The Agiot

6th Edition

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Been Green!

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

There is no need for Agios Ioannis to go green; it has been green for at least forty years.

The first tourists of the modern-era to visit the island, young “hippies”, came here, found themselves welcomed by the traditionally friendly locals, pitched their tents in the olive groves, still referred to as “The Cactus Hilton”, by the plateia in the old village, patronised Kosta’s Taverna, and stayed for weeks at a time. Some of those original visitors have returned every year since then and still meet here for their annual holidays.

Very soon an old mansion at the plateia, dating from the French occupation, became a Youth Hostel, obviating the need for tents, while some of the cottages and houses along the village street were transformed into holiday apartments without noticeably changing their outside appearance.

More recently the Youth Hostel has become the Hotel Merida. It provides a Continental Breakfast, but otherwise still sends its residents

across the plateia to Kosta’s Taverna to enjoy their good quality traditional Greek and European cuisine. Kosta’s and Nitsa’s younger daughter, Anna, and her husband, Nikos, have shared in running the taverna and more recently taken over much of the responsibility from their ageing parents. The taverna is celebrating its centenary this year.

Throughout the summer the taverna attracts visitors from all over the island as well as catering for the families who spend their holidays in the village. Parents sit at the taverna tables scattered around the plateia, chatting, sipping, nibbling or enjoying a full meal while watching their children mingling with others, local and visitors, playing in absolute safety and in a magnificent mixture of languages that they all seem to understand.

A Dutch cycling holiday firm has chosen the village as its centre. To increase accommodation they have constructed an unobtrusive row of holiday cottages along a little side street. Their local office and cavernous workshop with storage space for more

than a hundred bicycles is hidden beneath those cottages and therefore in no way detracts from the old-world charm of the environment. From April to October family groups from the Netherlands stay for a week or two to enjoy the novelty of cycling up and down the hills that their homeland lacks.

Fifteen years ago Kosta’s older daughter, Lula, returned from working in Britain, bringing her husband, Paul, and their two infant sons. They renovated for their own use Villa Sofia, an ancient family property, at one time the village school, that had become somewhat neglected. Nearby was another old ruin, at one time the residence of Kosta’s forebears. It had been sold out of the family, but Lula and Paul recognized its potential, bought it back and set about restoring and enlarging it into a luxury holiday villa. Villa Theodora, its original four rooms now augmented by two bathrooms, spacious kitchen-diner, a very large lounge, all with modern conveniences, extensive patio and pool with attractive se-

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Been Green! - garden, has been attracting visitors ranging from honeymoon couples to six- or seven-member family groups for the past eight years. Care has been taken that all renovations should blend in with traditional neighbours. For the last four years Villa Theodora has been the venue for Agios Ioannis Music Week in September.

Such was the success of Villa Theodora that small Villa Spirithula, without a pool and accommodating four persons, hidden amongst the nearby olive groves, has been built, together with Villa Persephone, with pool, accommodating five, a new holiday-home in the valley below the old village, owned by regular visitors for whom we rent it out when they do not need it. Thus within the small compass of the old village there is now accommodation for visitors ranging widely from simple twin-bed apartments with shared toilet and showers, through more spacious apartments with cooking facilities and hotel rooms, to luxury villas.

However the old village has preserved its essentially rustic character and offers an "away from it all" relaxed holiday. A sound-system has been added to the taverna, but it usually plays Greek folk music. There are a good minimarket, a bakery, a pharmacy, a number of tavernas, a gourmet restaurant, as well as Aqualand, in the newer part of the village, within easy walking distance. For any visitor who wants discos or wild night-life Town or seaside resorts are a few kilometres' drive away, but those have no place in traditional Agios Ioannis.

The villagers are very much involved in tourism; it affords employment to many of them.

The village "mayor", Georgos, lives near the centre and is totally committed to the community's activities. He spends hours of time as well as personal expense in festooning the plateia and its trees with strings of lights for all festivities, setting up a crib at Christmas, the fireworks for Easter, and providing the adjuncts of the panegyrie in June. A team of children from the local primary school in traditional dress gives a dancing display on one night of the panegyrie and on the other an older group performs similarly. Celebrations here are really something! We have visitors for all such occasions even though some are out-of-season.

Following a few years of association with a tour operator we now operate independently. Most of our advertising is by word of mouth and many of our visitors return annually. Our office with its website handles villa reservations. Anna, who owns many of the apartments, deals with most of bookings for those, but all owners cooperate in finding suitable accommodation for prospective visitors. This system is working well without any detriment to the environment.

Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

Visitors this month have included Phil and Julia Tilley, Robin Winder and Christine Rogers. They enjoyed a spell of fine weather with plenty of warm sunshine, but the bottom temporarily dropped out of the thermometer later. The tranquillity of Agios Ioannis was shattered by the screech of chain-saws hacking firewood.

All around the village the locals have been taking advantage of the good weather to prune trees and shrubs and generally to tidy gardens in preparation for the prolific spring flowering. Already some flowers are out and mimosas are cloaked in gold.

Life has been somewhat disrupted by a succession of strikes, mainly by government employees protesting at changes to retirement, pension and tax procedures. What's new? It merely shows that even remote Corfu follows current trends. However a strike by petrol stations introduced some novelty into proceedings! It could be a move to reduce levels of pollution, although we have not yet seen any representatives of Greenpeace in Agios Ioannis.

Somewhat unusually the Christmas decorations have disappeared. In past years they have remained to serve also for Easter. Perhaps it is because Pascha is late this year, 27th April; Clean Monday is well into March so the first of the carnivals will not take place until the 24th of this month.

Where not to build in Corfu

By Paul McGovern
Editor

The new laws affecting land building have yet to be introduced, the political shenanigans are still holding up any implementations. At our office here we are following the political situation daily, well Lula is actually, so those amongst you who own land, or are about to do so, will be informed in good time of any permit applications you need to make.

As developers ourselves we definitely welcome building restrictions. People come here to enjoy and live in a green and pleasant land. If the current orgy of land clearance in certain areas is not restricted then it will ultimately no longer be so. A recent example is not untypical. I asked a local developer, who is building eight bungalows on a sixteen stremma plot not far from our village, why he had lev-

eled much of the area of trees, including a line of stately cypresses. He pointed to the opposite valley and said "to have a view". I almost laughed. I could imagine a developer on the opposite side saying the same thing. Two glorious views of barren hills with stumps.

Underlying these trends is the need for prospective buyers to consider very carefully the location of any land they have fallen for. A few dos and don'ts may be useful:

- Do ask previous British buyers in the area what their experiences were.
- Do take the time to send e-mails to such people for any information they can provide.
- Do look at alternatives to virgin land – an old house to renovate for example. A village cottage.
- Do look around you to ascertain what other development may oc-

cur after your purchase. Customers have bought their idyllic plot with fantastic views only to find themselves five years on hemmed in by new builds, with no view and difficulty in selling their dream.

- DO NOT believe what agents and developers tell you about surrounding land. A true example was a buyer being told by a developer that his lovely view would never alter as permission to build in front of him would never be approved. It was. And guess what? It was built upon by the very same developer.
- DO assess road access. Today's country lane will ill-support the traffic attracted to tomorrow's Suburban Estate.

BEWARE!

Featured Property

By Paul McGovern
Editor

Keeping the theme of 'beware where you build in Corfu', today's featured property is property known as the Panorama Development in Agios Ioannis.

On the edge of the village is a plot of two stremmas upon which are to be built two 100 plus square metre villas linked each with its own swimming pool.

The eastern property has already been sold but at the time of writing the western property is still for sale at a price of 326,000 euros, all inclusive.

The property overlooks a deep valley and it is physically impossible for any future development to the south of the plots.

Access is by a quiet lane with ample parking space on the property. The views from here are truly gorgeous and unspoilable.

The added advantage is that the villa is merely a minute's walk from the old plateia and taverna and a little further away are restaurants, shops, schools etc.

We welcome enquiries for this property which is featured on the main page of our property website.



Panorama Development

Growing up in wartime (part 1)

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

War-clouds were gathering in the summer of 1938, although stupid self-deluded politicians were waving useless scraps of paper and proclaiming "peace in our time". Grandfather's shoe factory had been rescued from Great Depression "cut-back" by a massive order for Army boots and my father had been "called-up" by the Ministry of Works to take charge of a team of builders constructing accommodation, workshops and hangars upon new airfields that were springing up rapidly all around the country.

Because mother had left us nearly three years earlier, father's departure had meant that I had gone to live with my paternal grandparents, a move that met with my full approval. Tiny demure grandmother was a wonderful cook and sturdy robust grandfather, although he had been by all accounts an absolute tyrant to his own children, was a big softy to me.

However I was not in the slightest interested in the international situation; something far more important had my attention. I was starting at the city Grammar School. For a long time I had admired its scarlet and gold uniform, envied its pupils. My "best friend" had become one of that exalted band the previous year and now I was to join him. It was all very exciting! Spinster Aunt Louise, also a member of our household, was entrusted with seeing to my outfitting and I exploited her comparative ignorance of little boys' affairs to add a few non-essentials to the list of necessary clothing and equipment.

The great day arrived. Weighed down with satchel containing packed lunch and writing materials together with a sports-bag holding gym and football gear, I boarded a bus into the city centre where I, together with a couple of older boys from the village, changed to another bus full of scarlet and gold splendour that took us out to the school.

Arrived completely awestruck, I was directed to a form-room by a young god wearing a prefect badge who seemed to be somewhat amused when I addressed him as "sir".

In the form-room a surprisingly young goddess wearing academic hood and gown showed me where I should sit, always in strict alphabetical order of surname in every room, and the locker for my possessions. She spoke good English but with a foreign accent, explained a few minutes later when all had arrived. "I am your form teacher. My name is Mademoiselle Dupont and I shall allow you all a week to learn how to pronounce the 'du' correctly." Her impish smile belied the ultimatum. Teaching French, she was one of only two women on the large teaching staff. I think that everyone in the place worshipped her and she was exactly what any new boy wanted as his first mentor.

But what was this? There was another foreigner in our midst. He spoke perfect English, better than most of us, but Niklaus Goldschmidt was certainly not an English name. We soon learnt that "Klaus" was a refugee, son of Jewish father, Catholic mother, driven from his beloved Vienna by the barbarism of the usurping Nazi hordes.

I thoroughly enjoyed my new school with the exception of the gym periods. Our instructor was a Sergeant Thompson, a typical ex-Army drill-sergeant bully. That I was the smallest boy in the school and unable to reach some of the apparatus immediately aroused his unconcealed contempt. "Don't help him. He has to do it himself," was his oft repeated cry when a form-mate made to lift me. If heavy rain precluded football, which I enjoyed, we were sent on a cross-country run. I hated that; getting thoroughly soaked and covered with mud was not my idea of a congenial activity.

"Does anybody here read music?"

Our first lesson in the Music Room. With three or four others I raised my hand.

"What do you play?"

"Piano, sir."

"We have an orchestra here and we need string players, is anybody interested? All tuition is free. The leader of the City Symphony Orchestra comes in to teach and conduct."

Together with the other volunteers I professed interest, but with my "greater musical experience", nearly six years of piano playing, it was deemed that I should play viola. I was too small to handle the larger instrument, causing some amusement, so a violin was fitted with viola strings and dubbed a "violetta". Twice a week a sixth-former took me to an attic room in the "Old School" during lunch break and gave me half-hour viola lessons. He was in fact a very good violinist unwillingly playing viola in the school orchestra until a replacement could be trained. Accordingly he was not over-patient, but I enjoyed the lessons and was equally anxious to become proficient in order to replace him. Within a few weeks I was scraping away in the Second Orchestra of tyros that met for an hour one afternoon after school.

Our school hours were 8.45 a.m. to 4.45 p.m. with a twenty-minute morning break, an hour for lunch and a quarter-hour afternoon break. As first-formers we were given only one hour of homework daily, but with the need for piano and viola practice every day too, I was quite busy! I still sang in a suburban church choir with a practice every Friday evening and services on Sunday morning and evening. I also went with grandfather to 8 a.m. Holy Communion at our parish church next door.

Growing up in wartime - *Continued from page 4*

After Sunday dinner grandfather always retired to the living-room to smoke one of his cigars, the pleasant aroma of which permanently permeated the entire house, and then to "snooze" for an hour or so. That was a time for my music practice in the adequately distant drawing-room housing the piano. "Are you coming with me today, Lionel?" Grandfather would break into my playing. I always went with him on his "Sunday constitutional", whatever the weather, around the "four-mile square" of roads that bordered our village and included a large tract of woodland that he owned. I felt rather honoured to be with him when he was greeted respectfully by everyone whom we met. Grandfather's builders had erected most of the houses in the newer part of the village and he had named the streets. As we strode at grandfather's brisk pace he would tell me of his early days in a Lincolnshire village, of his struggles in building his twin businesses, a large shoe factory and a construction company, and of his business ethics. His boyhood experiences showed as he would often break off to show me the tracks of a wild animal, to comment upon a wild plant, even a broken twig or crushed foliage, explaining what they indicated. Those walks were very instructive. I was grandfather's eldest grandchild in Britain and I think that, although he encouraged my musical ambitions, he hoped that one day I should inherit his businesses.

At least once a month my grandparents invited as many as a dozen friends to a Musical Evening. Well before the great day grandmother would be busy preparing delicacies. Everyone attending was expected to perform at least once, either singing or playing an instrument. As well as singing and playing piano pieces I was soon playing viola solos accompanied by Uncle Lionel. Those were exhilarating experiences as they included singing at sight any part-songs that visitors might bring.

That Christmas twelve of us, every member of the family living in the U.K.,

sat down to dinner. None of us then knew that it was the last time that we should all meet. For the first time I spoke briefly to some Canadian uncles, aunts and cousins by telephone.

Did the sun always shine throughout the entire summer in those days? That particular season remains in my memory as about the most glorious of all. At school I was introduced to formal cricket (as opposed to earlier very informal games in the street) and from that time I was completely captivated. I have never been afraid of falling, except from a height. Being small I have not far to go, so throwing myself around as wicketkeeper meant that I participated very fully. Though never reaching a School XI, I was regularly chosen for my form team.

However there were ominous signs that our tranquil existence was threatened. One evening we were visited by a team of men proclaiming themselves Air Raid Wardens. They fitted each of us with a gasmask stinking of rubber and tested its efficacy by placing a sheet of cardboard over the front of the filter. If breathing then resulted in the contraption collapsing claustrophobically against ones face it worked! Also grandfather needed to complete a form giving details of every member of the household and in due course we were each issued with an identity card to be carried at all times. During both Easter and summer holidays I went cycling around the countryside with my desk-mate from school, "Monty" Montague. (Surnames or nicknames were de rigueur amongst school friends, never Christian names.) Increasingly we found roads blocked by barbed wire perimeters of airfields or other military establishments. Aircraft, including the new monoplane fighters, Hurricanes and Spitfires, were seen more often. A deep pit was dug in the garden for a brick and wood air-raid shelter to be sunk in and covered with a thick layer of earth.

Father came home "on leave" at the end of August and four of us, father, Aunt Louise, sister and I, went to our usual venue in Lowestoft for our sum-

mer holiday. We took our gasmasks with us and I was amazed at being stopped by a policeman at the entrance to the docks when on my early-morning fish purchase. He made me show my identity card and instructed me to carry my gasmask with me next time I came. I noticed that some of the fishing-boats had been fitted with guns and minesweeping gear. While playing on the beach during the day we saw aircraft, including Sunderland flying-boats, as well as an occasional warship, patrolling offshore.

Our holiday was supposed to be for a fortnight but on the night of Friday, 1st September, the town was blacked out, all the kaleidoscope of lights extinguished. The Nazis had attacked Poland. That evening we went to the cinema and when we came out afterwards father struck a match to light his pipe. Immediately a voice yelled from the darkness, "Put out that light!"

Early the following morning on my walk to the docks I passed groups of soldiers and sailors erecting artillery along the seawall. They greeted me with cheery banter, especially when I returned with a big bag of herring! Passing through the park near our boarding house I saw the electric boats in which I had so often sped along the waterways lying forlornly at their moorings. It reflected my sadness. We had decided to cut our holiday short and were returning home that day.

Later that morning the railway station was controlled chaos! Long lines of school-children escorted by teachers, each child with a suitcase or bag, some chattering excitedly, others weeping, were waiting to be put on to a train to evacuation destinations. At every one of the six platforms no sooner was a train loaded and dispatched than another took its place, disgorging uniformed sailors and soldiers before engorging a load of children. It was a trainspotter's dream, with locomotives and rolling-stock from every corner of Britain. We needed to wait three hours before a "civilian" train was available to take us home. The slow

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Growing up in wartime - *Continued from page 5* journey lasted about three times its usual duration and the train was so full that we stood in the corridor all the way.

Back home father and I helped grandfather and Uncle Lionel to construct wooden frames covered with thick black felt to fit the windows. The adults made the frames and tacked the felt in place for me to complete nailing it on. It was deemed impossible to blackout the windows that comprised most of the walls of my bedroom over the front porch; the light was rendered permanently inoperative and throughout the war I often dressed or undressed in the dark. Even today I always fold and place my clothes in exactly the same order; old habits die hard!

At church that Sunday morning only the vicar was in his stall at the beginning of the service. We were singing the psalms when the assistant curate came in and whispered in the vicar's ear. The singing finished and the vicar turned to the crowded congregation. "The Prime Minister has announced that we are at war with Germany. Let us pray." No doubt that the congregations of many German churches were also bombarding God with prayers for victory. I have often thought that He must have a well-developed sense of humour that He should bear with the endless monumental stupidity of the human race.

After the service we choirboys were enjoined to hurry home; it was expected that the full might of the Luftwaffe would descend upon us. Only a few minutes after I arrived the ululating sirens bleated and we hurried into the garden shelter. We sat in expectant silence for about twenty minutes before the all-clear rang out. False alarm! That afternoon grandfather and I went on our usual "constitutional". "We might see something," was grandfather's cheerful pronouncement. Nothing happened.

There were not yet enough shelters at school for more than a fraction of the seven-hundred boys so for that autumn term each age-group attended only one day weekly. As a second-former my day

was Tuesday. The teacher of every subject would give a lesson and set plenty of homework from our textbooks. We had two sets of exercise books, leaving one set to be marked and collecting the others for the next week's work.

Somebody once said that war was one per cent sheer terror, two per cent excitement and ninety-seven per cent utter boredom. He was not far wrong, except that I found myself far too busy to be bored. As well as the great amount of homework I had all my music activities. Of course school orchestral activities were temporarily suspended, but I started having weekly individual viola lessons with our conductor; fortunately he lived less than a mile from my home. Too I had changed church choirs when our talented young organist had been called up into the R.A.F. and our old vicar had died, replaced by a very earnest young tooth-and-Brylcreem cleric. From being a sixpence-a-week choirboy I became the ten-shilling-a-week "baby" in the semi-professional choir of a city church. Now I warbled alto along with three young ladies, with six lady sopranos, four tenors, four basses, in the west end organ gallery. After Evensong every Sunday our organist-choirmaster, my original piano teacher, would hand out the next week's music and woe betide anyone who had not mastered it by the following Friday evening rehearsal; Mr. Rush was not over-patient! The lancet windows of our ancient church were easily blacked-out, enabling us still to sing Evensong on Sunday evenings, whereas most churches, unable to cover their large windows, had to transfer Evensong to Sunday afternoon.

Christmas crackers were very difficult to obtain, but otherwise food rationing did not seem to have greatly affected the meals to which we sat down. Already our relations in Canada were sending us food parcels and there were always farmers and butchers who were only too willing to supply produce in return for a customised pair of shoes. Our tennis court and ornamental gardens had all been turned over to vegetable plots.

Full-time schooling recommenced after the holiday. That was a very severe winter; I recall vividly walking the short distance from home to bus-stop along a footpath cleared of snow that was piled higher than my head on either side! No formal games were played at school, but every break was a glorious snowball free-for-all. Three hearty cheers! My tormentor, Sergeant Thompson had been summoned to make hell of Army recruits' lives. His successor was cheerful, helpful Mr. Scurfield, who also taught us Biology. I came to enjoy gymnastics.

Klaus was back with us. He had been missing for a term; later we found that he and his parents had been interned as "enemy aliens" until somebody knocked sense into some bureaucratic heads. Klaus was a very bright musician; a cellist trained by a member of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra, and had been welcomed into the school's First Orchestra as principal cellist, though only a first-former, as soon as they had heard him play.

It was the time of the "phoney war". The expected air-onslaught did not materialize, but at school we regularly practised going out to the shelters located at the perimeter of the playing-field. In every classroom there was displayed a plan of the route to be followed. "Walk, don't run." It soon became standard that staff and all 700 boys could be down their allocated shelters, even from the science laboratories on the second floor, in little more than one minute! Every shelter accommodated two forms, thirty boys either side, seated in strict alphabetical order for ease of checking. We carried our gasmasks everywhere although there were gas-curtains at either end of the shelters. Summer Time, one hour ahead of Greenwich, was retained throughout the winter in order to put back the hour of evening black-out, though that meant arising and breakfasting while it was still dark outside. Double Summer Time, two hours "fast", was introduced in the summer allowing more time for gardening.

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