

The Agiot

12th Edition

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Village News

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

The last week of this month is known around Greece as "The Little Summer of Saint Dimitri" and usually affords a spell of good weather before the onset of autumn. The feast of Saint Dimitri is observed on the 26th. So far, fingers tightly crossed, October has been a very pleasant extension of summer, but the fire planes have gone into hibernation. The seaplane yet remains buzzing around.

A national holiday is celebrated on 28th, "Ochi Day" (No Day), by wreath-laying and parades, with a general "knees-up" to fol-

low. It commemorates the day in 1940 when the Greek president, Ioannis Metaxas, rejected the Italian ultimatum demanding that their forces should be permitted to occupy parts of Greece, Mussolini's attempt to ape the aggression of his German partner. Legend has it that Metaxas replied "Ochi" (No), but it was more likely "Alors, c'est la guerre" ("Then it's war", French being the language of diplomacy in those days). The Italian army invaded, was lured into the inhospitable Greek mountains in winter, soundly beaten and chased back deep into Albania. It required the intervention of

Hitler's Wehrmacht to save them. Corfu was bombarded by ships of the Italian navy; some of the scars remain to this day.

Recent visitors have included Walter and Martin Stuart, Udo and Regina from Hamburg, Steve Young and family, Derek and Carole Pullen, Ron Woolven returning, Lee Palmer, Kevin Borvek, Carol Gee, Jackie Dickinson and Phil Mawson. Paul and Micky dropped in for four days to dry out in sunshine, having seen our excellent weather forecast. We are looking forward to greeting Robert Bennett and Sue Nallon and family.

OVERSEAS SERVICE

Part Two

By Dr. Lionel Mann
Contributing Editor

About midway through my military service, when I opted to spend "recovery leave" at 5th Division Church House following the harrowing experience of

assisting at the Ravensbruck Concentration Camp trial, I did not know that I should be "requisitioned" from War Crimes by the Chaplains' Department to pass the rest of my army time at that very comfortable posting.

The news was broken to

me by the Chaplain, a major, within minutes of my arrival "on leave" and I offered no protest. Every one of my postings in the army seemed an improvement upon the previous one and all of those, after the initial six weeks' training,

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were very congenial. In this mansion I had an extremely comfortable bed-sitter, with a magnificent view down the valley between the forests, and en suite gleaming marble-and-chrome bathroom, serviced daily by one of our German staff. I attached my large radio (twelve hundred cigarettes' worth) to the military telephone line that passed outside my window, thus obtaining a seven-mile aerial affording reception of most radio stations around Europe! An added advantage was that when anybody rang the radio buzzed and I could dash downstairs to my office below to answer the call.

My main job, Administration Sergeant alias Hotel Manager, was really something of a sinecure as my secretary, Frau Schroeder, very efficiently organised the running of the establishment and almost all I had to do was to sign the official documents that she prepared for me. The Padre too had a secretary, Fraulein Krantz, who had represented Germany in the last Winter Olympics before the war. We enjoyed expert skiing instruction in the winter!

Besides the Chaplain and myself our British army staff comprised a Librarian in charge of our comprehensive library; a Sacristan responsible for the Chapel, vestments, etc.; a lance-corporal cook; Transport Corporal and two other drivers; the Padre's batman-driver. All were keenly aware that this was the most "cushy" posting in the army and we were a very happy team. Only once did I need to "pull rank" and that stemmed from outside interference. The twenty members of our German staff were all Displaced

Persons, refugees from the Soviet Zone. They lived with their families in well-appointed cottages in the valley below the "schloss". The place had at one time been taken over by the Nazis as a Hitler Youth sports centre and all accommodation was very comfortable.

Upon my one later fleeting visit to Headquarters, British Army of the Rhine, to collect the remainder of my gear from my previous unit, I staggered out with that big radio under one arm. The Chaplain, who had accompanied me on a "liaison trip", observed, "I am not going to ask you how you came by that, but now you are at Church House I would suggest that you find another use for your cigarettes!" We received one-hundred-and-fifty "free issue" cigarettes weekly. What was I to do with them? I started smoking, "holy smoking" I called it when asked to account for later addiction.

Most of the one- or two-week Religious Instruction courses were for forty young soldiers, but occasionally we had a course for officers and once even for senior officers. It did my self-regard no harm to know that the Army Commander was occupying the V.I.P. suite above mine with identical facilities!

Only a few weeks after my arrival we were sitting at lunch in the elegant panelled dining room with its three refectory tables each seating twenty, when a picture cord broke and the picture fell to the floor with a crash of shattering glass. "That means someone here is going to die," a visitor remarked casually into the stunned silence, evoking a chorus of humorous rejoinders.

Rather over an hour later I was relaxing reading in my room when a flurry of footsteps on the stairs was followed by a battering on my door. Our Cook Lance-Corporal

was accompanied by a panting young soldier.

"Two of our blokes have fallen into the swimming pool and haven't come up," the latter gasped.

I sent the cook to fetch the padre, directed the soldier to our drivers' room and then hurried down to my office to ring our nearest Royal Army Medical Corps hospital. One of the German staff went to fetch Frau Schroeder to look after the office. When they hurried in, a driver was sent with his vehicle to the end of our long drive to meet and guide the ambulance and the Transport Corporal fetched his truck for the padre while I set off at a run for our "swimming pool", in reality a massive bomb crater left by a jettisoned Allied "blockbuster" fed by a mountain stream, some five hundred metres from the schloss.

Our men had floated a raft of oil drums and planks and had great sport in the warm weather.

Before I was halfway there Corporal Hanley with the padre overtook me; I jumped on to the running-board and clung on, ducking overhanging branches. When we reached the pool most of the forty young soldiers were there, merely standing uselessly around. Most military training is aimed at producing automata who will blindly obey orders but lack initiative when faced by anything unusual. Not one of them had thought of going to the aid of their comrades. My query, "Anyone here know artificial respiration?" met with blank stares.

We discovered what priests wear under their cassocks in hot weather - very little. The padre and Corporal Hanley quickly stripped down to underpants and plunged in. Knowing my swimming limitations I remained on shore!

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It was very clear what had happened. The two unfortunates had pooled out on the raft and had called our drivers' big black dog. In scrambling on to the raft the animal had caused it to tilt, plunging the pair into the water. At some time in the past a big tree had fallen into the pool and the pair had become entangled in its branches. Less than a minute passed before Hanley scrambled on to the tree and kicked to dislodge a body while the padre tugged and then brought the inert form to shore.

"Come on, give us a hand. He won't bite." A couple of bystanders emerged from their trance to help me lay the lifeless shape clear of the water.

Memories of a P.E. session at Grammar School surfaced. Our gymnastics instructor was also our biology master and he had demonstrated artificial respiration to us. I forced open clenched teeth, checked tongue and then, kneeling astride, commenced rhythmic pressure. (These were times before the advent of mouth-to-mouth resuscitation). "Press - two - three. Press - two - three. Slow waltz time, isn't it, Mann?" "Yes, sir." Was there anything our teachers didn't know?

The first pressure produced an encouraging flood of water from the mouth with reducing trickles from subsequent squeezing. ("Put some effort into it. The ribcage is a tough old bit of bones - you won't break it.") In the meantime the padre and Hanley had brought the other body to shore and were likewise working on him.

I was beginning to tire from my exertions when I was tapped on the shoulder. Irma Krantz leaned over. "Lionel, I will take over

now." (The first time I had been anything other than "Sergeant" to any member of staff except the padre.) She slipped her hands beneath mine without any break in the rhythm while I rolled off and she took my place. The padre and Hanley were similarly alternating on the other casualty.

It was about a half-hour, during which the two pairs of us operated in turns, before with a roar of engines and screech of brakes our leading truck drew up followed by an army ambulance. Two orderlies and a medical officer jumped down and hurried over.

"All right, sarge; he's ours now.." Thankfully I yielded place to an orderly while the officer plied stethoscope. He shook his head. "How long have you been trying respiration?"

I told him.

"You've done your best, but he's gone, I'm afraid." He repeated his diagnosis on the other and the bodies were loaded into the ambulance.

"Don't blame yourself, Lionel. You tried well." Irma shook hands with me and I thanked her for her help. We strolled back to the schloss together chatting amicably. Although on duty we retained the formality of "Sergeant" and "Fraulein", off duty we enjoyed many friendly conversations. Irma was very interested in music and from time to time we would sit in the library listening to and then discussing one of the extensive collections of records.

The subsequent Court of Enquiry into the death of the two young soldiers completely exonerated us from any blame, but we nevertheless required our drivers to dismantle their raft, to the great disappointment of most of our British staff - and the children of our German staff who had enjoyed

great fun in the pool when we were occupied with "business".

Daily routine at Church House was well-ordered: 7 a.m. Holy Communion; 8 a.m. Breakfast; 9 a.m. Matins; 11 a.m. Coffee (voluntary, served in the lounge); 1 p.m. Lunch; 4 p.m. Tea (similarly voluntary); 6 p.m. Evensong; 7 p.m. Dinner; 9 p.m. Compline; 10 p.m. Lights Out (not rigidly enforced as long as there were little noise). Attendance at church services was not mandatory for staff, but the Sacristan, Librarian and I attended all.

We took it in turn to serve at Communion and to read the three daily offices if the padre were away, except that I never read Compline as I accompanied on the organ the Nunc Dimittis and the Office Hymn, "Before the ending of the day" ("Te lucis ante terminum" if no course were in!), to traditional plainchant. Attendance at Communion was also voluntary for members of a course except on Sundays when it, and therefore breakfast, were an hour later. Some officers from nearby units and members of the Control Commission for Germany were regular visitors for services and following meals. Our kitchen staff, L/Cpl. Rogers and his two German assistants, prepared mouth-watering meals, served by immaculately-dressed waiters, that were often wasted on our young visitors, who hankered after sausages and chips. The families of our German staff benefited considerably from the visitors' suspicion of good cooking.

One bleak March morning after Matins I was settling to a session of listening to records in the library when the padre came in carrying a large album of thirty-two 78 r.p.m. records.

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"You'll probably be interested in these, Lionel. They were supposed to be destroyed because the performers were Nazis, but I managed to save this set. Treat them carefully; they're superb and completely unique."

They were a recording of J.S. Bach's "St. Matthew Passion". As principal viola in the school symphony orchestra I had come to know some of Bach's concertos, and as an organist a few of his better-known works for that instrument, but otherwise, with the exception of maybe six isolated movements from cantatas, I knew little of his choral works. For the next three hours, impatient at the need to change records about every four minutes, I was submerged in the greatest musical experience of my life. Of course the text was sung in the original German, but I knew the story well enough to follow the narrative. The work is arguably the greatest in all music, and I later participated many times in performances at organ or harpsichord, every time marvelling at its exquisite beauty.

I went in to lunch absolutely stunned by what I had heard. Nazis or not, the absolute sincerity and the mastery of the performers, and of course the supreme genius of J.S.B., were superbly revealed. After lunch I settled again in the library for a second hearing - and thereafter borrowed the records at least once a month!

Our supreme master in B.A.O.R., known irreverently but universally as "God" behind his back, was the Assistant Chaplain General, a dour, humourless, acid ultra-Protestant. He had the disconcerting custom of descending upon us

without prior warning, and his visits were never welcome.

One evening just as we were preparing for Evensong celebrating a major saint's day, "God" stalked into the chapel. He stared round at the myriad of candles with which we adorned the place at festivals and peremptorily ordered, "Remove the excess lighting." As a result the office started late with the A.C.G. officiating, with no reference to the festival and a new set of hymns of his choice, nonconformist junk.

Afterwards he sent for me in the padre's office. "Sergeant, the staff here are completely sloppy in their appearance. Smarten them up and get their hair cut. That's all." He transferred his attention to something on the desk.

I was seething, but one does not argue with a God having purple collar-tabs and a crown with a triangle of pips on his shoulder. Next morning I gave the necessary order to the British staff. It was not well received and I needed to "pull rank", the only time in my stay at Church House. One of our German waiters, also a good hairdresser, alias Herr Kutz, was busily employed that day.

The padre was away the following day and in his absence it was the Sacristan's turn to conduct Matins. We were reading the appointed psalms, alternate verses by the officiant and the congregation, the Librarian, myself, a visiting officer and a girl of the C.C.G.

Reading Psalm 68 in Coverdale's glorious prose (since abandoned owing to the decline in literacy of the Anglican Church), the Sacristan came to, "God shall wound the head of his enemies: and the hairy scalp of such a one as goeth on still in his wickedness."

Together with our visitors I responded with the following verse and wondered why the Librarian

seated beside me was silent. I looked and saw him doubled up with silent laughter. Then I understood and was immediately myself convulsed.

"That thy foot may be dipped in the blood of thine enemies: and that the tongue of thy dogs may be red through the same." The Sacristan calmly pursued his dire X-certificate pronouncements, blissfully unaware of our barely-suppressed hilarity.

It was too much. Librarian and I made a dash for the door, almost fell out and collapsed on to the floor, writhing in hushed merriment. Seconds later the Sacristan also erupted from the door and joined us. Presently our two visitors emerged, clearly puzzled by having been abandoned. When, between bouts of wild laughter, we explained, they too joined in our amusement. We all waited for a half-hour and then started again, this time surmounting the hurdle with no more than wide grins.

My date for demobilisation approached. I was tempted to sign on, but there was no certainty that I should remain at that unit. Our charismatic padre had been posted away, replaced by one far less scrupulous in his religious observances. University entrance and a musical career beckoned. I quit, but I have very fond memories of my time at Church House.

Featured Property - "Special Giannades"

By Paul McGovern
Editor



The prospectus of this villa, written by the Italian-Serbian owners is attached, as being particularly interesting.

The Giannades village:

The village is situated in the central west area of corfu island, connected with the national road to Paleokastrita.

In Giannades you can find all facilities, working all year around, like butcher, bakery, post office, medical help, 3 supermarkets, 3 restaurants, 2 bars, school, kindergarten and a theatre.

There is also the possibility to buy fresh fish and vegetables from the merchants, which are passing by daily with their trucks, announcing their arrival with their loudspeakers.

Giannades village has his own secret beach, named Yali, a small bay just behind the hill, which is reachable by a path or by boat, and it is near to the most famous beaches of the island, named Gli-fada, Pelekas beach, Hermones

beach, Yaliskari, Mirtiotissa and Paleokastritsa beach, in the surroundings of 10 - 15 min. drive.

Giannades is one of the secret still traditional villages, protected from tourism. There is only a few tourists passing by occasionally and only a few very special foreign people, which own houses, mostly artists, who enjoy the quiet and familiar atmosphere.

Before you arrive in the village you have a rustic, traditional bar, 'TRISTRATO' where they offer live music during the summer and winter months.

The village offers you as well during the summer month the traditional 'panagiris', which are traditional festivals with live music, dance, and a lot of food. Specially in the month of august the village become alive for at least 10 days, where you get entertained in all ages.

About the house:

The house is located in the old part of the village and its one of the first houses in the surrounding. Most of the houses are attached with the Theotokis villa, which is one of the most famous villas on the corfu island, owned by the landlords.

The house was builded approx. 250 years ago by maltesier builders, paid by Theotokis family. It was used by that time from the people who worked for Theotokis family on the olive plantages.

From the moment that we started renovating the house (july 2007), our idea was to keep the rustic and traditional stile of the house, combined with an artistic and handmade touch.

The house is fully renovated.

Renovation details:

There was no entrance area. Stonebench and table, with pergola are product of our renovation. The first room on the entrance can be used like studio or small bedroom. The toilet, which before was outside, is completely new made, with a touch of luxury. (The view, when you take a shower.)

Like it is in all this villages of corfu, the black water from the toilet is going in the septic tank.

His position is under the studio and bathroom with the size of 2 x 2 x 2 m. The septic tank is open on the ground, which is helping the water to go away, and closed on the sides to don't have the bad smell.

The gray water from sink and kitchen is going in the village canalisation.

In the kitchen and livingroom area we left on the right hand side the stonebench, which was there from the time they build the house. Close to the bench we have the open fire, probably made in the period after the 2. world war, renovated and in function.



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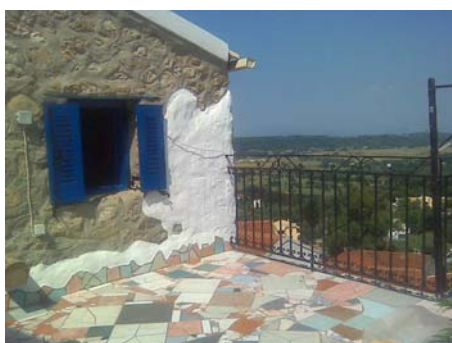
To give more light to the living area we made the small window on the sealing.

Going out from the small door it brings you to a small area where you have the woodstorage, and the boiler above.

The sleepingroom upstairs on the first floor is reachable from the steps outside. There is the possibility to make the steps inside. We left the space in the sleepingroom close to the entrance door and in room downstairs. Our plan actually it is to cover with the grapes on the pergola the whole entrance area, which will give you enough privacy from the neighbours and passing by people.

In the sleeping room we kept the old floor from when they build the house, made from cypress wood. We took it out, changed the main beam on the wall and other 2 beams, which were not good anymore, sanded, sealed and stained the boards. And put them back on.

The sleeping room roof is completely new and double isolated.



From the steps which leads you to the sleeping room, on the right side you have the entrance on the roofterasse. Like on all the other floors, you will see the handmade mosaikfloor which gives the main artistic touch to the house. The roofterasse its made with the syntetic wood, which gives more stability and with perlobeton like

good isolator and light surface.

From the terasse you have the view on half of the island, starting from your left hand side the Pantokrator, whole Ropavalley with a small small far seaview, until Pelekas and Varipatades.



More detailed facts:

- All the wood you see, is double protected, double painted and double varnished with special yachtvarnish. We chose the colour blue to give the feeling of being on the sea, and to have the fresh atmosphere during the hot summermonthes.
- All the stonework is made with the gray plaster, in some parts more dark, to give the old touch. We painted the whole stonewalls with non shiny protection varnish, which gives back the original colours to the stones.
- We kept the water- and electricity pipes visible, like it was before in the old houses.

The first neighbour, with who we are separated by the fenche, is living in Athens, 84 years old. She is coming only once a year in August for 2 weeks. But actually there is no really neighbours in the closer surrounding, so there are very few people passing by. Like this you are actually in the middle of the village, but you feel like being alone with a compleat silence.

There is a possibilty of parking a small car just 30 m before the house.

We put a high speed, wireless internet through ‘GO BROAD-BAND’ company. The antenna plate is on the right wall of the terasse, connected with the main antenna on the Pantokrator.

Any time you want, you have the possibility to activate or deactivate your access. (usually monthly payments).

The house will be sold furnished. Some of the furnitures you see, are actually old furnitures from the house, which we restaurated and repaired.

All the work we have done is documentated in pictures, and on request available.



**For More Details
Please Go To:**

www.propertycorfu.org

**Or Contact the
Ocay Property Office on**

Tel. 0030 26610 58177

PROPERTY PAGES



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.

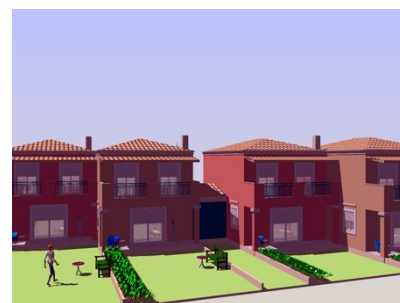
Price: € 1,200,000



Vine Cottage - Hlomatiana

Just 5 minutes from Messonghi, this village house has been totally refurbished. The dwelling size of this property is 65 square metres and features two-bedrooms, a shower room and open plan kitchen, dining area and lounge. Patio doors lead on to a verandah with sea views over the West Coast.

Price € 93,000



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 (each)



Agios Martinos

This is a modernized, old stone, mid-terrace cottage. Only five minutes away from Acharavi and features magnificent views across to Albania. This property has a small central room/hallway with two rooms leading of which could be used as bedrooms or one as a lounge area. A new kitchen (English) has been fitted along with a refurbished bathroom/shower room.

Price € 85,000



Land in Katounas

These are two adjoining plots of land, each of 4,000 square metres. This gently sloping land is easy to build on and features fantastic uninterrupted sea views. Both plots can be bought together (combined cost of €340,000), or separately each priced as below. Nearby is the beautiful village of Kassiope with its traditional harbour.

Price: € 180,000 (per plot)



Land in Danilia

This is a very picturesque piece of land. The buyer would have an option of dividing this piece of land and building two separate properties each of about 130 square metres. Water and electric utilities are nearby, and this land lies a short distance from the main route between Gouvia and Aqualand.

Price: € 110,000

PROPERTY PAGES



Hlomos

This is a two-bedroom village terrace cottage situated in the beautiful mountainside village of Hlomos. Newly modernized and renovated it features a working fireplace and a good quality spiral staircase leading to a top floor with amazing views. This is a new property to our website and well worth viewing.

Price € 120,000



Pearcroft Villa - Ag. Ioannis

A four-bedroomed detached house in the Ropa Valley, Agios Ioannis. This house features a very large family kitchen with solid oak units, a large lounge with corner fireplace and a wooden staircase with marble steps leading to a large landing area, suitable for converting to a snug or study. Well maintained lawns and gardens surround this property.

Price € 360,000



Velonades Mountain Property

A small terrace cottage in the village of Velonades. This property also includes a piece of land 30 metres from the cottage, which is buildable. This property could serve as a temporary home whilst building on nearby land, and could then be rented out. An ideal buy for someone in the building business.

Price € 42,000



Rose Villa-Afra

This is a three double-bedroom bungalow, 110 square metres in size and about ten years old. It is situated in Afra with perfect accessibility for Corfu Town. It features a modern kitchen with fitted hob and oven, a fireplace in the lounge, oil-fired central heating, air-conditioning, water purifier and double glazing.

Price € 214,000



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 website below for details)

Price: € 326,000



Villa Alan-Ag.Pandeleimonas

Situated in the quaint village of Ag. Pandeleimonas, is this charmingly renovated and restored house, 160 square metres in size. It has two bedrooms, a bathroom, kitchen and open-plan lounge-diner. On the ground floor is a garage and workshop. A gallery on the first floor gives out to extensive views. Included in the price is an integrated 40 square metres self-contained studio flat.

Price: € 230,000