

A book about how history, in real life, does or does not remind theater

Our grandpas during the occupation by Germans

It is natural that a set of pages titled “Our grandpas during the German occupation” starts with the narration of that particular grandpa that all of us students and teachers, for years, have been seeing year after year, on the memorial day, lay the wreath on the monument of the fighters killed during the resistance against the Nazi Germany. So let’s begin with the “Diary of Vangelis Yiannopoulos” whom kids, but also many young men, in our port where he lives, just call “grandpa”, and who, as we’ll see, during German occupation, had as pseudonym, the name of a hero of the 1821 revolution, as many fighters had; he had chosen the name “captain Kanaris”, the marine hero.

**DIARY OF
VANGELIS YIANNOPOULOS**

In 1927 I became conscious of myself and went around several jobs.
In 1934 I was drafted. I was released from service in '36 because the revolution intervened. General Kamenos was a democrat. Kondylis wanted to bring the king. They did not agree and that's how the revolution came about. It lasted for forty days, I was released from duty and came home.

With my father's help and my savings I bought a caique and started work.
In '37 I got engaged and in '38 I got married.
And in '40 I went to Albany to the war and in '41 I came back. On May 17.
From this point my activity starts. Until October I was carrying patriots. I took them to
Psarra and there major George Kalambokas received them.

On October 13 they arrested me and my sailor, named Kostas Morphoulis, or Akritos, from Skopelos.

They tortured us very much. The name of he who betrayed us was*, son of....The mayor and doctor Margaritis managed to save us and in November I hit the traitor. There was a meeting. In it we drew lots, me , the mayor Donidis Ioannis, the commander of Skopelos, Margaritis the doctor, it fell on me to kill him at 10 at night , with a knife not with a gun so that Italians do not realize we had guns. He was with two Italians, upstairs in his home, I knocked, his wife came out , I told her to tell him to come down, as he was coming out I stabbed him in the belly and left immediately for Pelion. Colonel Pilioreitis wanted me and I met him there.

*In this copy we shall not mention names that may make some people sore. If somebody thinks this makes the validity of its content suspect we tell him that the names are available for him to make any study that he trusts. He can ask the present writer for a copy.

It was decided that I go to Volos and meet the port master Stavros Koutoupis. I met him and on the next day we went up Arkouda in Pelion mountain. In the meantime he took all mail. We were organized with official papers that we were going to Chios for oranges and tangerines. Colonel Henry, British, and port master Koutoupis and major Nikitas and head sergeant Kostas Cypriot, gave me the caique of Befanis Kairis and I left for the Middle East. It was February 2.

By morning we were in Skyros “Treis Boukes” (“Three Mouths”). A crew of ten. From here I had Mitsos Papadimitriou. From Skopelos Thanasis, I don’t remember his last name, maybe Koumas, who on the eighth trip got killed, and seven men from mountain Pelion. At night we left Skyros. The weather was snowy, there was a big storm, we could not go on and in the morning we stopped at cape Karabamba in Turkey, we went to a good exit with a big storehouse. We had just started heating water to boil chestnuts in the hold below, up on the deck it was very cold and snowing, we heard voices, I said to Cypriot to go out and see what they wanted, he spoke Turkish. It was the Customs Office, they asked for our papers, I gave them to them. They took me and my mechanic. The signal was “we were going for oranges to Chios and the weather brought us here”. This I said when they took us to the police. The commander was a major. When we entered he started on us with a whip to tell him the truth. When I had left the Colonel had told me to tell them, if pressed, to call and ask the Greek and the British consulate. I did this and then the major gave orders to take us for food. We went to a square, Saipi. By the time we finished eating a car came full of provisions and with our papers. Along came a Greek and an Englishman and next day we went to the port of Gry where was the basis from which we would load a cargo of 100 balls of clothes and two wooden boxes of English pounds. These boxes had labels “Death Danger”. Inside were pounds in bill notes, we’re talking about millions, and in two days we left. The name of the basis commander was Amour. Colonel Henry had given me as cargo escort somebody with the pseudonym Karafotias. We left for Greece, there was a big storm on the way, we suffered a lot, we went to Treis Boukes and at night we left. The caique was slow, it only went at 5 -6 miles. I had to pass through St George of Skopelos. There were left 2 miles to go near St George when two flares were shot, two red. We shot two green. It was German pursuit ships. Right away I woke them up, we threw the craft to the shore, we unloaded the cargo then I took the caique to Agnontas, wrecked it and tied it. Then we left. The pursuit ships saw it wrecked and they left for Volos. After darkness we loaded it again and we left for mountain Pelion. I had sent the escort to the prow, when we were near St Ioannis he came back where I was steering and told me “can I tell you something?” “What do you want?” “These wooden boxes have English pounds inside”. “How do you know?” “I know it very well. If you want to live listen carefully to what I’ll tell you. Let’s kill everybody: We’ll drop the boat to sea, we’ll take the boxes with us, we’ll pour benzene on the deck around the dynamite balls, they’ll explode and the caique will sink” I told him to go to the front. We were still in open sea, right away I said to Kolokotronis* “Come up and wake Mentzelos”. I told them to go to the front and tie Karafotias on the mast. They told me they were afraid. I took out my pistol myself and went and told him

*Many resistance fighters used as pseudonyms the names of heroes of the Greek revolution of 1821 against Turks. Kolokotronis was a great general of that revolution. The pseudonym of kyr Vangelis, as we’ll see, was “Kanaris” a famous sea captain who had blown up with explosives the flagship of the Turkish fleet. Miaoulis that we’ll see was also a sea captain and Karaiskakis was a mountain hero.

“Don’t move”, I called Kolokotronis and told him to tie him on the mast, arms, legs and waist, as I was holding the gun on him, then I sent Kolokotronis to the back. I asked Karafotias whom his ninth bullet was for and he told me “For you. If you managed to kill me before I killed you then OK” I handed him to the colonel tied up, when I told him what had happened they put him out of sight, I don’t know what they did to him. After this they did not give me an escort. Now I will write how I went and took Scamanga’s caique in Volos.

In ’42 on December 25, the regiment called me and proposed to me to go to Volos and meet Nicholas Scamangas who owned a craft. I had five men with me. Before going there I got an empty petrol oil barrel, took it to a factory and had a hole drilled to pass the exhaust pipe, and around I had many small holes drilled, to make the engine as inaudible as possible. It was a new craft and the Germans were going to get it that’s why they called us to get it first, so we got it and left for south. We had our pistols and six hand grenades. In the morning we were in Yura. When we entered a side harbor that we were using, a fisherman was there and told us that in the main harbor there was a caique that had two Germans besides a captain. We took the fishboat while the rest walked and we went to the harbor, the captain asked if we had fish, I told him we did, he said “come and give us”, we did go. At the side the Germans were having coffee they didn’t pay any attention. We went over them and pointed our guns to them, they lifted hands up, we tied them on the mast, then we sent for our ship, we took the Germans in, we tied the caique to tug it south and left. In the morning we were in Psarra, major Kalambokas was there with whom I was collaborating. The next day I went to Agrelia, my base. The commander called me and told me to get prepared to leave for Cyprus. I took with me the Germans and the caique we had caught. The captain’s name was Dimitrios Paxinos. I reached Cyprus on February 15. In Cyprus for about two months, I left for my base on April 10, then I made five trips. Until early December I stayed in my base, then I went to Cyprus again, I stayed there for a month and left for my base. When I reached there I found there two crafts. I loaded them and they left for north. The caiques returned on February 20. One of the captains was Miltiades Kairis Athanasiou. The other was Dimitrios Metaxas. He was from Syki. This little village is across Skiathos. I had left for Cyprus, I returned loaded on March 16, I loaded the caiques and they left for Pelion. I left for Cyprus, loaded and came back to my base. I arrived on March 28, left the caiques at the base to load and go to Pelion. On April 6 a meeting was held and we decided to hit the guarding post of the Germans. It was on the island of Psarra. I said I could go and the major sent one commando and two British. They made the operation and it failed. One wounded, one killed. Fortunately I had told the captains to change course, go down Sofrano from Mytilini north of Limnos and be near the Turkish shore. No fear there, we used a Turkish flag on the mast and then no fear. They came to the base and I told them the news. The caiques came on April 15, they stayed until the end of April, while I was collaborating with major Kalambokas. He came to Agrelia and told us the news. The Germans were calm again, we held a meeting, he set me arranging the operation. I first sent the caiques north and told them by which way to return. They left on May 15. On May 20 the operation took place. I took the caique called “St John”. It was heavily armed. Major Kalambokas took with him my man, Mitsos Papadimitriou, and also Thanassis Yiakimis from Skopelos, and two Cypriots. We went to Psarra by night.

Kalambokas had with him a man from Psarra with a boat. All night I was thinking how I would do the operation. In the morning I took the boat, using the glass I saw there were plenty of fish, I threw two hand grenades and hit many, I lay them on the deck, the caique went to the cape, there were three hundred meters from our boat to the guarding post, it was about eleven o'clock, I was at the front and I was looking into the sea with the glass, Kolokotronis at the front too was holding the harpoon next to the glass. I had fixed a big fish on the harpoon, Kalambokas was rowing, another was at the stern pretending he was readying the net, and another next to him was hiding an automatic machine gun. There was a balcony-like rock where the Germans were, so they wouldn't be able to see what was happening right below on the shore. As we were approaching they saw us and two came down and called us for fish. Kalambokas talked to them in German "come and choose what fish you want", they came on the boat and we gave them a needle and a chord and they were passing the fish they wanted. Our man at the stern looked up and we had reached the point that was not visible from above. Right away Kalambokas drew his pistol and he with me took their pistols. We put them down and fishing we left. We passed the cape and we tied ourselves to the caique and we left for our base. The next day two caiques went there and got the rest of them and so the island of Psarra was free for us and for our ships to pass from there. These two Germans were a doctor lieutenant and one lieutenant. After two days I took them to Cyprus. The rest were taken to Chios.

The Admiralty was in Amagusta. The Admiral was Londos. On May 27 I was in Cyprus. In that interval I had to pass from Skyros. Twenty five Italians had gone to Linaria and after that it was difficult for us to go and stay at Three Bukes. So we held a meeting about how to drive the Italians out. I was given the floor and I asked to be given the caique St John and go to Skyros until we got ready. The caiques came and said that the harbor of Linaria was mined. The harbor master and all the fish boats told us. They had sent all the crafts to the harbor across as not to have any contact with the mined harbor. I told the caiques to load and to wait for me to come back. I knew the harbor of Linaria quite well. I went to Skyros, to Akitsa, where there was a good hide out, two islands near the land. I put the caique on the inner side and I took Kolokotronis and two Cypriot brothers and went up to the village and I arranged for a small boat to be ready. I came down, I followed the barbed wire and left. At night we came down to the other harbor, I took the small boat that was ready and went near the outing, the night was very dark. I also took my stiletto with me and a pair of scissors so as to cut the wire and take the mines. With me came Mitsos Papadimitriou whose pseudonym was Kolokotronis. I dived and cut the first mine I found. He took it to the boat. I cut the second, we went out and took the boat and rowed to the ship and left. The mines were made of clay. The Italians were checking every morning, when they found two mines missing, they sent for two caiques to come and take them away. That way Skyros was freed from their presence and we could go there without fear. This operation finished on July 15. On July 19 I took the small caique to go around all islands for espionage. On July 21 I came to Skantzoura at 5 in the morning. I had with me Kolokotronis, I went to the monastery, the wife of my friend was outside and gestured to us to hide and in fear, with her husband, they told us that down at the harbor there was a German pursuit craft and all the crew were drunk, they had roasted two goats and by now they were singing. Right away I sent for everybody, we got our

guns, all automatic, and two hand grenades each. This island was full of guarding posts made of stones. And the monks had all around the monastery heaps of stones for the pirates. There was a sandy stripe, about five meters, and in the middle they had lit a fire and had roasted the goats. One of them was still half eaten. They had gotten drunk and were lying down around the fire. We counted nine, one was missing. I gestured to the other not to strike yet, the prow of the caique was out on the shore. I got on it slowly and without noise. Through the scuttle I saw a young man snoring. I gestured to them to throw three hand grenades. They did and nobody had the time to react. I stayed by the door and when he got out to see what was going on I pointed my gun to him and told him "here partisans". Kolokotronis came inside, we tied him up, we collected their automatic machine guns, put them on deck, the craft had heavy weaponry, a high speed machine gun at the stern with firing range up to five kilometers, on each side a two barreled machine gun and another gun like that on the prow, we also found enough ammunition, ten belts of bullets and enough bands. The machine guns were Russian and the high speed guns were Lancaster. On the 23rd, at 4 in the afternoon, I tied the small caique and left for south, no more fear, we threw the corpses to the sea, I took the young man to Cyprus, where we arrived on August 2. I handed the young man to Admiral Londos. Then the Admiral told me to have a rest for a while in Cyprus. I pulled the caique out in Amagusta. There was a nice shipyard there. We stayed for 40 days, we fixed the caique very well, we painted it both inside and outside, we also took care of its engine and of our weaponry. By October 5 the Admiral called me and fixed for me a course for taking two groups of marines across, I left on Saturday night, since we would only reach 5 miles from land there was no fear, except for some air-plane, that's why we traveled by night, we arrived at Karavonisi at 4 in the morning, there was a plain there besieged by a battalion of Greeks, their major was Spyridon Palidimopoulos, it was the best battalion, about 50 kilometers from Terna. I remember the major told me that in five days at the latest they would have taken Terna, they wished me well, took the marine groups and left, and on Monday night I left for Cyprus and we arrived there on the 15th of the month, Tuesday morning at 7, October '43. General Alexander received me with joy and with love along with the Admiral. When the general read the document that I gave him he rose and kissed all of us. Then he told the Greek captains who had come to the caique to see me "you see mister captains, he serves to free Greece, he himself had brought you here, some of you are working in black market, some worked with Germans, some take 200 pounds per person", the pound then was 73 drachmas. Then he said "we put on your caique a big engine for a light tank, it can go at 10 miles". There were many captains, among them were Nikos Salpadimos, Theoharis, Stavros Tsoukas from Limnos, Mitsos Paxinos. He told me "Kanari, tomorrow come to the Admiralty, I want you" (Kanaris was my pseudonym). I stayed in Cyprus for the whole of October and I left on November 10, loaded with sterilized food provisions, meats, potatoes, onions, and egg powder, and I reached Gry harbor on the 20th of the month. There Mitsos Metaxas and Miltiadis Athanasiou loaded. We stayed there and I left the caique to have it prepared, and left for Cyprus on November 25 and reached there around the end of November. I remained there until December 10, loaded sterilized meats and egg yolk, onions and potatoes, same cargo. On December 16 I reached Agrelia, my base. I found my caique prepared, we tried the engine, it was going very well, we stayed there until April. On April 20 the base received a signal for a ship around 4000 tons, two caiques loaded with

loot, and a corvette escorting them. I was ordered to fix my caique and take with me with food and fuel. On May 1 I took with me a captain and we went to the Sporades islands on the small caique. We arrived at Yura. I showed them where they would hide the corvette. In Yura at Lidromitiko, as it was called, There was also a hideout for two torpedo boats, one at Kyra Panagia another at the dirty well of Kyra Panagia. We took them there on May 4. At 10 at night the submarine came and took the captain and I had to go to Theodoros Lykourgos Athanasiou to receive espionage information*. We left on May 5 in the morning, I arrived at Xero and I went to the harbor of Tselios. This closed harbor had been made by Tselios, the greatest pirate of the Aegean. I received espionage and at night we tried to start the engine, but the cap of the first cylinder had a fracture and the engine couldn't start. At 7 at night we took the cap off and I sent Karaiskakis, a pseudonym, to Skopelos with a boat to get the cap and at night take a small engine boat and come over. But he met his brother who was a fascist. His brother then betrayed him to the Gestapo and they came and got the caique and took it to Skopelos. On the one of the pursuit crafts the captain was from Skopelos and the other the captain was Also in the pursuit was These crews were from Skopelos :,,, and many others. Then I took my mechanic and Athanasiou took the others, Artemis Miaoulis, Kolokotronis Dimitrios Papadimitriou. And Fanis Triantafyllou who didn't come again. Along with my mechanic we took a boat and a young woman, she passed us through Vasiliko in Alonisos. The woman's name was Evangelia Malamou. Then I couldn't find a boat, they took all of them to the harbor... We were on the island for over three days hiding in the forests without food or water... Then it rained at night and we licked the tree leaves out of thirst. We had reached the lowest cape of the island, Skopelos was across, at night the two pursuit crafts were going one south one north. Our only hope was to fall into the sea and pass to Skopelos, in between was only St George, if we could reach there we could rest and on the next day we would pass to Skopelos if there were no sea currents. We decided to fall into sea. I felt my mechanic was losing courage on the plan. I told him "Fellow fighter, you are not known as a partisan by anybody, if you get caught you'll say you thought I was a fisherman and you didn't know I was a captain of partisans and that they told you in Volos that a fisherman had a problem with his engine and that "we agreed for 10 days and he would bring me to Volos. And I see the pursuit coming and I ask him "What's going on?" and only then he told me he was a partisan" Say this if you get caught. If I get caught I'm dead". I had taken my pistol from the caique and I had 100 cartridges on me. We fell into the sea, in the open sea I lost him. There was such a strong current, I could only go with it. I had been swimming for quite some time when I saw the current was hitting me on the face and the star of tramountana had come to my side whereas it had been behind... How I was found inside a hole I still cannot understand even when I think of it now. How did I pass through as if a man had helped me. I had the company of three seals. When I woke up

*Later completion: at the point where I'm writing about the ship and caiques with the loot and the corvette escorting them to Salonica and about the torpedoes I had hidden in the islands of Kyra Panagia. On the fifth day they had set an ambush in the castle of Skiathos and they sank the ship and caiques. The corvette was hit but she made it to Pelion but partisans waited there and caught 70 Germans. The naval battle and the sinkings took place on May 25. I was in Cyprus.

and saw such darkness I thought I was in a dungeon and felt desperate. But I looked up and saw stalactites hanging over. I was very cold, I came to a little, I saw I was half out of water half still in water. After I realized I was in a cave I looked at my side and saw three huge lack bodies and when I stood up they immediately fell into the sea . Then I realized they were seals. There' s nothing better than sleeping in embrace with seals. After this I never hunted seals again. I thought it was the seals who got me in there. I went out, the sun had set, I sat outside , I was wet , I took my cartridges out and cleaned them. Also my pistol. My clothes had half dried. I came out on the road to Agnontas. (near there I had hidden a change of clothes. Clothes of my commander Koutoupis, lieutenant commander and harbor master of Volos, from when in February 1942 I had gone to Volos with Kolokotronis, Mitsos Papadimitriou, when Nikitas was major and colonel was Petros Piliotis,. I also hid my writing material there). Now on my way to Agnontas I went home and knocked on the door and Pavlos Paleologos' mother came to the window and told me "Go away,was here a while ago and was asking about you". She meant the Gestapo collaborator , his other similar was, there were many of them, also,,,, many. I could not speak clearly, my throat was closed, then Spyros Poullos heard us , he took me by the hand and into his house, sent his wife to milk the she goat and gave me to drink, but some went down, the rest was pouring out of my mouth. Then I asked for paper and pencil. First I wrote him to take me with a boat to Trohili. Second to go to his aunt and ask for clothes of his , both a suit and underwear and to be careful not to be noticed and to also go to Skopelos and bring Margaritis the doctor telling him my throat was closed. All this was done and in the evening the doctor came and gave me two injections and gave me a liquid and I drank it. I had come to a little and I learned from the doctor that my mechanic had been caught, he had jumped from a rock and had broken two ribs and next day he would be sent to Volos, later on I'll write how he was saved, now back to my own story. On that same night I passed to my village Glossa where I contacted my Service, I stayed at Glossa for two days and passed to Skiathos. There I communicated through a wireless of a British major named Mike, and of a Greek. Also ten partisans were guarding the wireless. I stayed with them for one night and next day I went down to the town of Skiathos. The militia command was there. There were no Germans in Skiathos. I went to the command, when my commander saw me he told me there was a surprise waiting for me, he took me to a room and what did I see. About seven men captured by the commander for having hunted me. They thought I was drowned. Then von Kostas told me "Well done captain, saved from that black open sea" . The commander had brought me a bottle of cognac. I sent for two glasses and I treated them cognac. Then von Kostas told me "Instead of killing us you're treating us?" Then I asked for a fisherman and I put them aboard to take them across to Pelion. We went to St Helen, there I slowed down to watch out for some pursuit craft, it was 8 in the morning and I saw my caique that I had left in Turkey, loaded. I shot a red flare and they slowed down, I went aboard and asked for an explanation, why they left the harbor in Skantzoura by day. They had gone to Skopelos, sailor on board was Thanasis Yakimis, they sat and started drinking, they got drunk and left at 5 o'clock. After the fish boat and the escort was out on land , on the way to Zagora, and I had spoken with the captain, I saw something like three birds, before I had time to say "what are these black spots?" they had started with air torpedoes. I ordered "to the sea" and the captain told me that in the hold there were 120 containers of benzene of

120 degrees for the planes, they were shooting air-torpedoes besides their machine guns mowing the sea. These planes were going across to Pitonisos of Evia that was surrounded by partisans and occupied themselves with us for about half an hour. Fortunately nothing went into the hold so it didn't catch fire. When we got out, next to me was, touching my right shoulder, Apostolos Panagiotou, 2nd mechanic. I was wounded in my right hand, a missile had hit two fingers*. I tied it to stop bleeding, a boat took us to the caique, we started the engine and we went to our base. They immediately took us to the hospital, they bandaged the wounded, the 1st mechanic was killed, Yiannis I don't remember his last name. Yiakimis was killed too. Wounded were 1. Avgerinos 2. Antonis Falkis 3 The captain in the belly lightly. When I came to the islands I set him captain, I stayed for 4 days and I left for Cyprus. On my second day there I was ordered to take fuel and pass across to Terna a group of Greek marines, I stayed all day and at night I left, in the morning I was in Cyprus, and in a few days I left for north.

Here's how my mechanic had been saved. He was found in a cave and they shot him. He fell and broke two ribs, the Germans sent him to the jail "Pavlos Melas" of Salonica but they needed a mechanic for a pursuit craft. Our men heard of it, they sent two young girls, one of them was flirting the German guard and then they kidnapped him and he was saved.

*I didn't lose them, the nerves were cut. They just can't catch.

And now I will write about my wife.

My wife began with me in the same Service PK3, office of espionage information, last name Chiote, pseudonym Bouboulina* . She had worked very hard with me, she had great faith in the struggle, whatever she had she sold out to help survive two kids and two old people, my mother and father. When they started hunting me they took my wife and kids and my father and mother to the highest mountain in Skiathos, to Profitis Ilias, my brother had a hut there and they kept them there. 500 meters from there was the wireless, two British, and ten Greek partisans guarding the wireless. My brother also lived there. This was in '43. They worked until the Germans left and Volos was taken by the partisans. After this, ELAS came to Glossa and stayed in Loutraki, in the house of the teacher Efthymia. They left on February 17. I came on March 20. On April 15 the Bouradades arrested me and took me to the prison Rigas Fereos in Volos. Then they found the opportunity and took my wife from the arms of my father and mother. On October 13 they took her to the sea. They tied her legs and were dragging her behind the caique. They had made three rounds in the harbor. Somebody went to the captain and told him that this was the wife of Captain Kanaris who was working down in the Middle East, George Houlis with whom we were brotherly friends turned ashore and in secret took out his knife and cut the rope and shouted "guys, the rope broke, the woman got drowned and stuck at the bottom", they told him to leave and he left for Skiathos. The Customs officer, good man and good friend, named Christos Politis, and another friend of mine, George Pistikos, a friend of hers Dimitra with the husband, Vasilis Orfanos and his wife, washed the wounds she had on her head, untied her feet, they made a stretcher and took her to the village drugstore, it was 4 in the morning, her head's wound took eighteen stitches, she had pains for months, how could I have taken her to the doctors when I only came home on March 15 in '50? And we didn't have money for doctors. I took her in '54 when I did have the means. It was late by that time. My wife until '90 could hardly go to the toilet, she could not drag her feet, until '60 she could still make some use of her feet, then she was paralyzed from waist down until she died in '98.

*A heroine of naval battles in the 1821 revolution against the Turks.

Continuation:

On May 26 of '43, at night, the Admiral took to his office with General Alexander and told me to take fuel for 200 miles and food provisions because we would be going to Alamein. On the next day, in the morning, we left for Alamein. We arrived on June 2 because we were only traveling by day, not by night. Where we went, was the ship (Amphitrite?) a Greek destroyer of open sea, with a crew of 840 men. I went aboard with the Admiral and the General and his private secretary, Archimedes, a professor of theology from Icaria. Not a soul was aboard, just a sailor guarding the ship. The Admiral and the General left, the secretary, Archimedes, stayed behind. The sailor came and I asked him "Where is the crew?" and in answer he said "Who? The Bulgarians?". At that point I hit him hard, the secretary took me away by force, I left him in order to follow the Admiral and the General. At that moment I heard a great uproar, from an elevation about ten meters above the ship. I ran there because I immediately guessed about the crew. They were enclosed in a camp with barbed wire, they had two taps running and at each tap an Indian soldier with an automatic gun was guarding. At that point a higher officer threw me his hat and I filled it with water. They had gone without water for two days, that one would be the third day, in that heat. As I was filling the hat the Indian came to stop me. I hit him and he fell off the elevation. The second Indian came with the same result. I filled three hats with water. I could not give anymore, the secretary came and took me away by force again and told me that they would kill me if they saw me. We went to the building where the Admiral and the General had gone. In that building was the Greek Government, Tsouderos, Kafantaris, George Papandreou, and Sofoulis, God bless him. At that moment Kafantaris was talking and was saying "the people who are imprisoned must be executed. Because if we release then we will not be able to govern. They are all criminals". At that point I rose to leave and the Admiral stopped me. Kafantaris finished and Sofoulis took over. At that moment Sofoulis said the following "Are you out of your mind Mr Kafantaris? You know who will be in the prisons? All the higher officers, the professors, the pure patriots. Here we have the captain who will tell us who were executing the patriots in the cities". He called everybody to go near the table and told them "The accomplices and instigators will be released, the physical perpetrators will be held in prison. If they have documents proving the ones they had executed were collaborators of the Germans or of the Italians they will be released". He asked George Papandreou "Do you agree chief?" "I agree" he said. "Sign here all of you". They all signed. They were seven. I don't remember the names of the other three. Sofoulis asked me "Who were executing the patriots in the cities? Who was hanging with cables and ropes from the lamp-posts the people they captured?". They asked me and I answered in nerves that the ones who hanged others were the collaborators of Germans and Italians. They were hanging patriots, not patriots them. At that moment they applauded and I asked them to give me five minutes to talk. My first discussion was that I told them "That crew that you have up there, the 840 men in the wire, you will need them to fight and their guns will turn against you" Right at that moment they called doctors and gave orders to let them free to go to the ship and to be taken care of by the doctors so and not to fall from thirst to water and something happens to them.

Completion:

Among the 840 men in the wire there were also two men from Glossa. Christos Paleoplogos and Yiannis Skiathitis.

Continuation:

We left immediately, we went to the ship, they prepared food for us and the Admiral tells me "Kanari, get the ship ready". We took fuel and food and left for Cyprus. We arrived there on June 12. I left and went out to go to the office to talk about what I heard and I saw, and about what was going on. There I found Makarios, God bless him, and I told them all that had happened. The private secretary came and took me for a walk and to go to a restaurant. He told me that all of us 10 should be very careful because we would be taking on a very dangerous mission. I asked him "What dangerous mission is this?" He tells me "The Greek battalion has besieged Terna and they will send tomorrow two groups of marines whom only you can take there because only you are heavily armed" Indeed, the next day the Admiral with General Alexander called me and they told me "get the craft ready, fuel, enough ammunition, missiles and bands of cartridges for the machine guns". I tell him "My General the mission that you assign to me is difficult. From here to Karavonisia it's many miles. I would not be able to go. The Germans and the Italians have many air planes and maybe they have some ships out there". He tells me "All our shores that have been taken by Greeks and British together are heavily armed with cannons etc. No airplane can go up to there. We have ships out there. You'll leave in the morning, you'll be escorted by airplanes and by a torpedo boat until it gets dark. We have counted the miles. At 8 o'clock it will get dark, at 6 you'll be there, don't worry about a thing". Indeed, I took the two groups, 44 men, and we left Cyprus in the morning, and the next day, 6 in the morning we arrived at Karavonisia, above cape Saroum. As soon as I reached there a major and a captain came. The major was also my major when I was in Albany, Konstas was his name. They received the two groups, they gave me all the documents and he told me "Today we'll take Terna and on about August 15 or 20 we'll also take Benghazi. The Greek battalion proceeds very well. Say this to them". I left from there one hour day, escorted by two British pursuit planes. It got dark, they left me and went away. I headed for Cyprus. From Cyprus three planes flew and were guarding the open sea when day broke just in case a plane showed up and hit me, that way they took me to Cyprus. We reached the harbor, I went to the headquarters, I gave the documents and to get some rest I went to Amagusta and pulled the craft outside. It was beginning of October and I could hardly go on. On October 18 I dropped the craft into the sea, I dropped anchor near the headquarters and went to the Admiralty to tell them to have me loaded and send me to Greece. The Admiral told me not to hurry. I guessed something but didn't answer. I left. In the evening I went out and met the Admiral's secretary Archimedes and he told me all the secrets, what had happened. The Greek government with the craft that was in Alamein was preparing to go to Greece because the Germans were in disorderly departure. The next day he called me to the admiralty and ordered me to load only the hold of the craft, not the deck. He tells me "You'll also take two colonels". Indeed in the morning they brought me goods, dry food, potatoes, meats, onions, egg yolk powder, all sterilized, in tins, and about 20 sacks of rice, pasta, and about 10 sacks of sugar and about 20 sacks of flour. One ball of dresses for the crew, their wives, mothers and children, and one ball of suits for them themselves. I was ready to leave but they held me over, I don't know why, and I left 20 days later. One morning the secretary came and he called me to go have coffee together. There he told me the best news, the Germans had evacuated the islands and they were preparing to leave from everywhere in Greece, from all towns. I left, asked to be given all signals and

watchwords, the Admiral tells me this: "Companion captain, do you want to stay with us here in Cyprus?" I tell him "But now I've loaded. I must go home, I have a family, children, mother, father, my wife. I don't know how they're doing". He tells me "Alright, go, no signals and watchwords are needed, the islands are all free, you'll go to Volos freely". So I left, on December 5, I arrived at Chios, to stay there for two days, tied at dock, then the submarine "Iatridis" came in. As harbor master served some Evelpidis, partisan colonel. I stayed three days in all, they gave me many things, ammunition etc to take to the partisans. Also they gave me a second lieutenant of the gendarmerie to hand over to the firing squad. They brought him aboard, I put him in a cabin and I had him guarded. Out of curiosity I went out and asked the harbor master "What has this man done and you bring him to me to hand over to the firing squad?" He tells me this: "Listen captain, this boy is innocent. His father was head of the police here in Chios. The first lieutenant of the gendarmerie who was working with him was young, about 35 years old, and loved the sister of the second lieutenant, but his father the head of the police did not want him to marry his daughter. He had two partisans kill the head of the police and because now his son does not want him to marry his sister, he made a case that he was a traitor and they had him arrested and brought him to you to take him for execution". I left that night for Greece, we were drinking coffee in his cabin, his name was Aristos, I can't remember his last name, out of curiosity I asked him "Please tell me where you're from. From here or a stranger from somewhere else?". He started crying, a young man over six feet tall. He tells me "I'm from here, from Chios. My story is long. I'll tell you that during the trip" I tell him "Do you have a mother? A father?" Of course I knew. He tells me "I don't have a father, he was executed by his own first lieutenant" "Where's your house?" "My house is in Mista from where we'll now pass. It's by the sea, on the shore. If you want, please, let's pass from there to see my mother and my two sisters, to leave an order to them". I dropped anchor in the harbor and we went. The house was by the sea. At night we left his house and we were on our way for Volos, the Germans had left. We reached Volos on December 10. I took him, gave him civilian clothes, I didn't want to be a target to my people, and I handed him over to the head of the police of Volos, named Kantarakias. I left him, gave him his uniform, he gave me the civilian clothes that I had given him, the head of the police congratulated me and kept my pseudonym and my last name. I went on with my work and did not go to Turkey again. When the government came, a group of partisans surrounded the mansion of Vatis where the government stayed when they returned from Egypt. After surrounding the building the partisans wanted to blow it up. Then George Papandreou came out on the balcony and spoke to the partisans. "Boys, don't blow us up, we'll split Greece in two". The partisans said "We'll hold elections and you'll give us those ministries that we want". Then the partisans' leader did not agree to participate in the government but to split Greece in two. Greece was split and, as commander of the Aegean that I was, I was ordered to take my craft and one more that I had, two caiques, and pass from the islands of the Aegean to take all the civil guard from all islands, Skiathos, Glossa, Skopelos, Alonisos, and take them to Moudania. The leadership of ELAS left and went to Tsaizi and from up there ELAS took all Macedonia. I was ordered to make my base in Amouliani, across Mount Athos. Some time passed and in '45, on February 17, I was ordered by the headquarters to take both caiques and go home. I came to Glossa on March 20. But my caique, armed as it was by Germans weapons, I didn't take with me as I was ordered, I left it in

Amouliani for security reasons. On April 5 , at midnight, the bouradades came, a lieutenant and a sergeant of the gendarmerie named Arvanitakos. My father and Arvanitakos recognized each other. He was from Mani. Their villages were half an hour's distance apart, my father from Kyta , he from Skalounous. He promised to my father , don't be afraid no harm will come to your son in my hands, I'll take him to the prosecutor and from him to the prison. He took me to Volos on February 22, he took me to the prosecutor. His name was Kativenis and the name of the first instance judge was Manolopoulos. They interrogated me and Manolopoulos with Kativenis ordered that I go to the Rigas Fereos prison. They took me there , I was locked up and on June 5 in '45 I faced my first court martial. I was tried by the military judge Laganis. I was acquitted unanimously. I was taken back to prison. In 1945, on September 21, I faced criminal court, that I kept guns, cannons etc in which I was acquitted with 11 votes. They took me from there and to Trikala, in the police. I had with me a suitcase, a jailer came named Varoof , he took me to the detention ward. When I got in I saw two killed men , blood was coming out of the ears of one and out of the nose of the other. I said to myself that the same fate awaited me. The jailer was ordered to take me upstairs. He took me to the commander. He put handcuffs on me and took me to his office. When I stepped in, the commander looked at me and asked my name, I told him "Evangelos Yiannopoulos of Vasilis". He tells me "Didn't you have a pseudonym?" "I had" "What was it?" "Kanaris Efstathios". He looked in my eyes carefully and laughed .Immediately he told the jailer "Take the handcuffs off quickly and leave". He took them off and left. He offered me a cigarette, he spoke on the phone and they brought us two coffees . The one gendarme told him "Do you want anything else, Sir?". He told him "Yes. In the room where you gendarmes stay at night you'll change blankets and the detainee will sleep there. Be very careful, not even the nose of this man should be hurt" "Yes Sir" "You'll also put his suitcase in the room and there'll be a guard outside all night. The jailer will have no responsibility, responsible will be you and the sergeant of the gendarmerie". I was ecstatic with what I was hearing, how this man says all this about me? What does he know? How did I hear so nice things? Next day I would face the criminal court. As we were sitting in his office drinking the coffees he asked me "captain Kanaris, you still haven't recognized me?" I tell him "No, Sir I don't know you". He was a captain of the gendarmerie. He tells me "Did you ever pass from Chios during the occupation?". I tell him "I did. Actually the first craft that passed was me. Then came the submarine "Iatridis" with some commandos". He tells me "Did you take anything from Chios? Did the port authorities give you any man, or files, to bring to Greece?" I tell him "Yes. I took a young second lieutenant of the gendarmerie whose father was a commander in Chios, I don't remember his name". Then he started crying, he embraced me and called me his savior. He tells me "Don't you remember when you brought me to Volos and handed me to commander Kantarakias?". We were both crying at that point, we embraced, he took me downstairs, he handed me to the sergeant of the gendarmerie, he told him to put a guard all night outside my room, he told me to change clothes, I did, we went to the hotel and had dinner together and at 12 o'clock he took me to the police station , I got in my room and slept. Next day, at 8, he came by himself, called me, I got dressed and six policemen took me to the criminal court to be tried. There I was tried for having a craft with cannons etc and killing people by firearms and the like. The president of the court was a Cretan, I don't remember his name, something like Varouxakis maybe. The

commander himself spoke and said “This man did not kill men. He saved men. He saved me too». And I was acquitted with 11 votes. Another witness came, named Grigorios Filios, a warrant officer serving in Skopelos. He said it was me who freed the whole of the Aegean. He said I drove 40 Italians out of Skopelos and similarly in Skyros. I was acquitted, the commander gave me 5000 drachmas and four policemen took me, and he himself gave a file that I had saved him and they sent me to “Pavlos Melas” in Salonica. They took me to “Pavlos Melas” and next day four policemen took me to transfer me to the Prison at Polygyros. After they took me they did not take me to prison but to a Turkish dungeon, one kilometer far from the prison.

They locked me in there, it was horrible, it had three steps, up to the lowest it was full of garbage and waste water and the place was stinking. They locked me in and left. In the prison of Polygyros there were 250 detainees. It had three rooms. One was called Varkiza, one Potsdam, the other San Francisco. In San Francisco there lived seven men. General Vouros, colonel Kallikratidis Nicholas from St Nicholas of Chalkidiki, a Venizelos Kollias, major of the gendarmerie from Mytilini, a professor of theology from Salonica, his name I don't remember, a Bolkas from Paliouri in Chalkidiki, and two others from Chalkidiki whose names I don't remember. And they notified them, the general because every prison has its president, that captain Kanaris is coming. They waited for me and every day they asked the jailer “Where did detainee Kanaris go? Where do you have him?” and he said “We don't know. They sent him three days ago” and indeed the man didn't know. I was locked up in that dungeon, that horrible place. On the second day a policeman and a soldier came. They brought me a metal plate of food, mixed with spittle and snot, I threw it to their feet. On the third day they brought me a white sheet of paper and a pencil to put my signature. I tore it and threw it away. And broke the pencil and threw it into the garbage. Then the soldier tried to hit me in the eye with the lance of his rifle to, I pushed the rifle aside and the lance went to my nose. I fell bleeding, blood was coming out my mouth and nose, they left thinking they had killed me. Across, about two hundred meters beyond the barbed wire, there were two tents with gypsies. I started shouting and a young gypsy heard me and immediately went to the police. Immediately came the commander, the prosecutor, the judge and a doctor. They came, they cut the wire, they entered, and they took me to a drugstore. They sewed my wound and took me to the prison of Polygyros. After four days I was alright, I could talk, the prosecutor called me along with the head of the police in the office of the head of prison guards and asked me who had hit me. So I told them “a policeman and a soldier. He who hit me was the soldier”. They asked me “What kind of place was there?” and I told them “The place stinks. There must be corpses in the waste water”. Indeed they made a search in the mill with that Turkish dungeon and they found a corpse in decay and two killed men in a horrible state, that's why that place was stinking so much. They took me to recognize the policeman and the soldier, they put all of them in line, but they were not among the ones I saw. I remained in that prison until March 15. I got out of there with Sofoulis' decongestion. I came to my house and started working here and there because my family was in a terrible state. It was in the beginning of '47. They arrested me again on arrest warrant and took me to Larissa. I stayed there until 1948. On March 22 of '48 I was tried in court martial on charges like I caught crafts in open sea, killed the crews, sank the crafts and took their belongings to my house. Then there was a newspaper coming out in Volos, called “Anagennisi” (=Regeneration) and someone wrote there that one of us is

being tried in Larissa for killing crews and sinking caiques. This was read by two captains, one Stavros Tsoukas from Limnos who happened to be in Volos and Dimitrios Paxinos who was from Volos. They read the paper, they saw my name. The Germans had taken their caiques, and them two along too, they had loaded loot, and they were taking them to Salonica. I had caught them in Skantzoura, got their paper, also took the Germans, and then took them to my base Agrelia and took the Germans to Cyprus. On the day I was being tried they came as witnesses without me knowing it, I don't remember the date. The military judge, a colonel named Doganis, and the royal judge advocate, major George Papageorgiou, when I rose to defend myself against the charges against me made by the president of Glossa George Mitziliotis and his council, the moment I rose, the military judge asked me if I had a lawyer or a defense witness. I told him "I have neither lawyer nor defense witnesses". Immediately a lawyer rose, his name was Antonios Sitras and he was a nephew of Plastiras. He immediately said "Sir, I am his lawyer and he has two witnesses who are captains whose caiques the Germans had taken and loaded with loot and he caught the Germans and took them to Cyprus" The military judge immediately called them and interrogated them and they said that all these things were lies out of hatred, because this man had freed all the islands. Which caiques did he sink? Which men did he kill? They were all lies. I was acquitted but I was held in prison.

My wife was arrested on October 13 of 1948. They tied her by the feet behind a caique and dragged her at 8mph around the harbor. One of them boasted: "The woman we're dragging is captain Kanaris' wife. The captain, George Houlis, being a friend of mine, took a knife out slowly and in the night's darkness cut the rope, and shouted "Guys, the woman got drowned and she got stuck in the bottom. The rope broke". There was a guard at the harbor, Ioannis Karvelis, and the Customs Inspector, Christos Politis, friends of mine both. They each shot once and the captain shouted "Guys, it's her husband. He'll kill us all". Right away they left for Skiathos. The woman, managed to swim because the rope tied around her legs was a little loose. She reached a craft and grabbed an iron part and shouted "help". In the craft itself lived a couple, Vasilis Orfanos and his wife Dimitra. Immediately they got hold of her and took on board but her head and her whole body were full of blood, the sea was dyed red, they had given her a haircut and along with hair they were cutting flesh, it took eighteen stitches to sew the wound. It was 2 after midnight, they made a stretcher with a bedsheet and took her to the village uphill, there were no cars then, only goat roads. They woke up the two doctors that existed, Papadimitriou and Diomis, they also called the pharmacist, they washed the wounds, the blood could not stop running, eighteen stitches were needed for her head. The woman had had intense pains from waist down ever since. Her husband got out of jail in 1949. He had seen in the newspapers that they had hit her and then, as grace, he was released. I came to the village, Glossa. I found my wife in a terrible condition, she had terrible pains, and I took her to a famous doctor in Salonica. He passed her through X-rays and he told me that if he had a gun he would kill me because I only took her to a hospital so late. I laughed and the doctor told me "Your wife's made useless and you laugh, captain?". Then I told her of my past and he said "You're right. The people who did this are to blame". Since then, from '50 to 1998, my wife could not go to the toilet, she was on an invalid's chair, her legs were rotting, the bones under her waist had gone out of place during the dragging and couldn't go back in place because she had not gone for surgery in time. By 1997 she had become confined to bed and I was paying 70.000 to a woman to be taking care of her. In '98 she died. Whatever I had or didn't have I sold out to protect my wife. There's nothing else to say.

Today, May 17 2006, after funeral mass in the church of St Nicholas in Loutraki, kyr Vangelis was buried in the cemetery of Glossa. He was 95 and died very quickly without time to collapse. He looked all alive in the coffin. He had overcome a little problem he had with a leg sprain lately and he had started going on foot, again, from Kolonaki to Loutraki.. It's just that he had some pains which he preferred to stand than tell his people about, and by the time he did tell them it was too late for the hospital to do anything. Besides being so loved by everybody, he had written , with his deeds, history, so it's proper to accompany his funeral with a couple of words: not more than a couple because everybody knows him. And if someone among the younger hasn't heard the name Vangelis Yiannopoulos , then he just knows him as "the grandpa". Many also often accompanied "grandpa" with the phrase "grandpa's a nobleman. "Words are poverty" so we won't say more about him, especially in front of people who already know him. And only for the ones who still haven't heard enough from their parents or grandparents about the grandpa and his wife Moshoula, we have copied everything from a notebook of his and we have added what he told us in the joints that he frequented, and those pages we'll put in the Glossa library and we'll say to parents and grandparents to tell their kid to go there and tell Diomitsa to give them the notes to read. And for his friends to feel they "see him off" once more, like they saw him off in this funeral, we'll leave a copy of what he was saying at each of the joints where he might have said it at some point in his life; his friends may thus feel they hear him once more. So we'll leave a copy, at Maria Varlami's, at Karveli's, at Petrino, at Dina Mada's. If there are more such joints and want a copy let them call us at the high school , 33698, and we'll photocopy the pages for them at once.