

## Visit by Professor Hadjiyannakis to Perth in August 2008

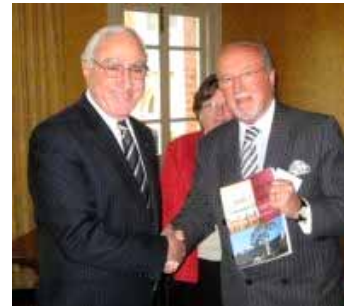
By Allan (Agapitos) Cresswell

Professor Evangelos Hadjiyannakis and his wife, Mbouli, recently visited Perth for four days. The Professor is the President of the Worldwide Educative and Cultural Society of Kastellorizians (Athens).

They had also visited other States and attended Castellorizian functions in Adelaide, Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane. Professor Hadjiyannakis also attended a medical conference in the Eastern States.

The Western Australian Castellorizian Association of WA held a cocktail evening on Thursday 21<sup>st</sup> August 2008 to meet Professor Hadjiyannakis and his wife. This function was very well attended by our members and a great evening was held. Speeches were made by our President, Jim Manifis, Tony Koufos and the Professor. Awards were presented during the evening (see President Report on Page 3).

On Friday the 22<sup>nd</sup> August 2008 His Excellency the Governor and Mrs Julie Michael held a Morning Tea in Government House to welcome Professor Hadjiyannakis and his wife to Western Australia.



Included guests were committee members of the Castellorizian Association of WA, along with other Castellorizian community representatives and various members of the Michael Family. An excellent morning was experienced by all those attending.

The professor outlined how appreciative he and his wife were at the various functions, excursions and dinners held in their honour during their four day visit to Perth.

See photographs for both the Castellorizian Association Cocktail Party and the Governor's Morning Tea welcome for Professor Hadjiyannakis, on Page Four of the *Megisti Messenger*.

Do also remember that our *Megisti Messenger* is also available online and in colour at:

<http://www.castellorizo.org/newsletter/>

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**CASTELLORIZIAN ASSOCIATION OF WA**  
Cordially invites you to the

## ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING



To be held at  
Castellorizian House  
160 Anzac Road Perth WA

Wednesday 29<sup>th</sup> October 2008  
commencing 7.00pm

# SOCIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

Prepared by Catherine Papanastasiou  
and Allan Cresswell

Every issue of *Megisti Messenger* will display details of Birthdays, Engagements, Anniversaries, Marriages, Deaths, Get Well, Congratulations, Travelling Abroad/Interstate and other announcements of interest to the Castellorizian community. It is **not** a requirement that a person be a member of our Association. Please contact the Editor or a Committee Member to advise of the event so it can be included in the next newsletter.



## **BIRTHDAYS**

*Congratulations to Jim Neates and Helen Grapsas (nee Marazis) who celebrated their 80<sup>th</sup> birthday recently. Congratulations to Christine Ventouras (nee Sertis) who celebrates her 70<sup>th</sup> birthday. Congratulations to Peter Georgis who had his 82<sup>nd</sup> birthday a few months ago.*



## **MARRIAGES**

*Congratulations to Elise Anastas and Arthur Papamihail on their recent marriage.*



## **BIRTHS/BAPTISMS**

*Melissa (Malaxos) Smythe and Adam Smythe - girl - Lucy Melissa*

*Helen (Katris) Battalis and Evan Battalis - girl - Photini Felisse*

*Gemma (Kostarelas) Macmillan and Troy Macmillan - girl - Aria Eve*

*Christening on September 6<sup>th</sup> for Joanna (Anaia) Kakulas – Parents Peter and Soula, Godmother Eleni Palassis. Also Christening on September 7<sup>th</sup> for Yianni Kakulas – Parents Neil and Dimitra (nee Souris), Godfather George Souris.*



## **GET WELL SOON**

*Arthur Athans, George Macrides and Con George Kailis.*



## **VALE**

*Our deepest sympathies are passed onto the families and friends of Kathleen Coroneos (nee Kakulas), Lucas Pitsikas, Eva Manifis (nee Antonas), Kyriakos (Jack) Verevis, Stamatios (Stan) Stamatiou, Vangjel Koroveski and Nicholas Apostoles.*



## **HOLIDAYS/TRAVELLING**

*Steve and Helen (nee Manifis) Anastasas are touring Greece. Also Arthur and Katrina Ventouras are also travelling on holidays in Greece. Allan Cresswell together with his wife, Jean, and sister, Stacey and her husband, Gerry, are presently travelling in Greece and Turkey. Tony Bellos, Leffy Gelavis and Nick Zounis are also in Greece and some hope to have a Cazzie WA get together in Castellorizo around October 1st. Safe travelling to you all.*



## **ANNIVERSARIES**

*Mick and Lola (nee Simeon) Tsolakis congratulations on your 60<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary. Congratulations to Andrew and Helen (nee Marazis) Grapsas on their 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary.*



## **CONGRATULATIONS**

*To the President and Committee of the Castellorizian Association of WA for a great social year. Special thanks also to all the helpers during the last twelve months. Well done everyone!*

## **EDITORIAL**

Thank you for all the support and feedback for the *Megisti Messenger*. However we still require additional information regarding social items concerning Castellorizians. Please do drop a line or make a call to the editor by mail, telephone or email. We especially want to be advised on Anniversaries, Congratulations (Achievements Etc), Get Well Soon and other items of interest. Much of this information is not widely available unless family members or friends pass the message on. Your support in this area is needed.

**Note:** Editor is away from home Sep 18<sup>th</sup> to Oct 23<sup>rd</sup> 2008 but will still have internet access whilst overseas.

# PRESIDENTS REPORT

Written by President Jim Manifis

There have been a number of events since our last Megisti Messenger and the standout has been the visit of Professor Evangelos J. Hadjiyannakis and his wife Mrs Hadjiyannakis from Athens. Mr Hadjiyannakis is currently the President of the Castellorizian Association of the world. A cocktail function was held at the Castellorizian House to welcome the couple to W.A. Mr and Mrs Hadjiyannakis were on a national visit to Australia and visited nearly all the capital cities. The reception which was held for Mr and Mrs Hadjiyannakis was well patronised by the Castellorizians of W.A. Mr Hadjiyannakis is also well known around the world in his medical profession as a specialist in liver transplants. Mrs Hadjiyannakis is also heavily involved in the production of the Castellorizian news.

During the evening Mr Hadjiyannakis presented a number of medallions to Castellorizian's for their services to the Castellorizian Association of W.A. Recipients were Con Kailis, Tony Bellos, Jack Pitsikas, Peter Kanganas and Darcy Papanastasiou.

Two plaques were also presented for honorary services to Antoni Koufos and Jim Manifis. For myself it was a great and proud honour to receive my plaque from Mr and Mrs Hadjiyannakis, with only two years involvement in the association. I do hope I can be involved in the association for a number of years to come.

I would like to thank all the people who attended the evening and their contribution for the food and sweets.

We are soon approaching the end of term in office and I would like to thank the committee for their support during the year. The year has been very successful in which a number of events were held. The Sunday luncheons have been very successful and has given Castellorizian's who have attended these functions an opportunity to socialise and to meet up with old friends.

The introduction for the Megisti Messenger would have to be the most successful achievement for 2007/2008 and I thank Allan Cresswell for a job well done. A friendly reminder that subscriptions for 2008/2009 for the Kassi News (\$50) (Tony Koufos) and for the association membership (\$10) are now due.

The A.G.M for the association will be held on **Wednesday the 29<sup>th</sup> of October 2008**. Your attendance to the A.G.M is of utmost importance as the association does need your support.

Finally I'd like to thank all those who have passed on their condolences to all our families on the passing away of my mother, Mrs Eva Manifis. She will never be forgotten.



In the first edition of the *Megisti Messenger* on April 1<sup>st</sup> 2008 the Social Announcements Section highlighted the visit by Mrs Christina Panos (nee Kakulas) to Greece to speak there and the award she received for her services to the community. Here is a photo of Christina together with her son, Barry and daughter, Margaret Kouts, all holding the award. Well done Christina!

Photo Courtesy Barry Panos



# PROFESSOR HADJIYANNAKIS VISIT IN PHOTOS

Photos courtesy Con Kailis  
and Allan Cresswell



# EULOGY – CHICO DEMETRIOUS

Prepared by Michael Demetrious  
Melbourne September 2001



Chico in 1939



Chico in 1993

When I sat down to prepare this eulogy, I agonised over how to represent the extraordinary life of Chico Demetrious, also known as Jim - the man who has been my father for 50 years and who seemed well placed to break the century barrier until only two months ago.

How do I summarise a life that began in a vibrant Greek settlement in Asia minor, on the mainland of Turkey in 1905 (some say 1903) - of a young child who spoke Turkish and Greek, who had such a flair for traditional dancing that when he accompanied his father, a poor market gardener, to the coffee shops of Kalamaki, he would dance to the music of the wandering minstrels to the delight of all and they would give him their small change for the pleasure.

How do I convey the pain and anguish he carried with him till the last days of his life, because as a little boy, he watched his devoted older brother Dimitri taken at gunpoint from his home by Turkish militia to be used to support their Gallipoli preparations. Or how he must have felt to see Dimitri somehow manage to stumble his way back home alone some months later with a bullet and gangrene in his leg, only to die shortly after. Within days of Dimitri's death, Chico's mother, two newly born twins and another young brother, Spiros, all died from a plague or flu that was raging at the time, and Dad had to help his father bury them all.

How do I capture the essence of a man so enigmatic, that to this day, the evidence relating to his birth and migration to Australia, remains uncertain and contradictory, along with so many other events and aspects of his life, even down to his surname. How do I paint a faithful impression of an apparently quiet and simple man, yet one of such depth of character, wisdom and delicious complexity, and one who generated respect and goodwill wherever he went.

In the months before Dad was diagnosed with lung cancer, I was determined to pin down his entire oral history, but every time I started to ask a new question, it just grew richer, deeper and more elusive. I felt I needed another lifetime just to understand his past, so wonderful and fascinating were his stories and so razor sharp his recall.

Dad was smuggled out from Turkey to the Greek Island of Castellorizo after the First World War to avoid his brother's fate and spent a few years there living with his aunty. Castellorizo (from the Italian for *Red Castle* to describe some ruins there from the Crusades) was the island upon which the film comedy *Mediterraneo* was shot just a few years ago.

While Dad's father Mihali and sisters eventually followed to Castellorizo, Dad could not live with a step mother who tried to poison his sister and whose parting words to him when he was sent alone to far-off Australia as a dutiful young teenager in the early 1920s were: "Good riddance and I hope the ship sinks and takes you down with it." The tension between her and Mihali's children broke Mihali's heart and Dad's as well. But in time, it merely served to build Dad's strength of character and accentuate his strong sense of the importance of family closeness and love. These values remained paramount to him throughout his life.

One delightful story Dad told me just days before he died was how he and his mates would regularly pinch freshly made Turkish delight and dried chick peas from the confectionery store on the harbour front of Castellorizo without

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#### **Eulogy – Chico Demetrious - Continued From Page 5**

ever being caught. The irony of this, which only became apparent much later in his life, was that the store was owned by one Constantine Markos Raptui, his future father-in-law and the only Bapou or grand-father I knew.

At that later time, he had his eye on the biggest sweet of all, of course – my beautiful Mum. A second irony was that Constantine, who himself migrated to Australia in the early 1920s, taught Dad how to make confectionery, which he did for a living for a few years after he returned from the Australian Army in 1943.

When Dad left Castellorizo, he never saw his father again. In 1975, he finally returned with Mum to visit Castellorizo. His primary mission was to find the grave of his long-lost father, who had died a pauper. But he could not find it and Mum retells how he just stood in the graveyard for hours weeping inconsolably.

Dad's first years in Australia were spent in Port Pirie and Adelaide where he worked in restaurants and hotels, and his brother-in-law's farm, before he moved to make Melbourne his home. These early years were tough as he struggled in low paid jobs to earn enough money to send back to support his impoverished father and family and to bring each of his siblings over to Australia as soon as he could afford to do so. Two of them, Evangelia and Chrysanthie, are no longer with us, but they are represented here today by their children and grandchildren, including Maritsa, Tammy, Mary, Thelma and Con.

Dad worked long hours, was paid little and often slept on chairs or floorboards. The discrimination and rejection he felt as a foreigner in those days wounded him deeply, but he rose above it through his determination, good humour and a facility for quickly making new friends. His experience also shaped the development of his philosophy and politics.

When I was going through some of his private documents on Tuesday night with my sister Maria, we noted that his identification papers referred to his occupation as 'erghatis', or 'worker'. And of the working class he proudly remained all his life. He believed passionately in the need for unions to protect workers from exploitation and actively participated in the socialist movement in Melbourne in the 20s and 30s. He abhorred capitalism and imperialism. He believed everybody deserves to be treated with respect and human dignity. No person is better than any other. He was the inspiration behind my own political awakening as a young teenager.

Although Dad had only a small amount of primary schooling to his name, he was vitally interested in world affairs, politics and history and read both the Greek and Australian newspapers regularly. He had an incisive mind, a formidable memory and a strong reasoning and debating ability.

A couple of days before he died, he was still fully mentally engaged in discussion with me about the implications of the New York terrorist attacks on world stability and international relations. At some point Mum intervened to suggest I shave him, as he hadn't the energy at that point to do it himself. He wasn't really feeling up to it so I put it to him that if he let it grow any more he might be mistaken for a member of the Taliban. His lightning response was : "Stuff the Taliban".

Somehow, Dad never seemed to lose friends because of his strong beliefs and viewpoints. I'm sure that's because he treated others with respect and consideration, even when he disagreed with them. In the final days before he died, he was still making new friends from the parade of doctors, nurses and carers who attended to him at home. Call it Chico charisma or Jim charm. Dad simply had a presence and openness about him that most people found irresistible. He commanded respect and attention when he spoke, but most of all he generated warmth, cheer and love in those who were privileged to meet and know him.

One Mary Markos, an angel in disguise who migrated to Melbourne from Castellorizo certainly found him so irresistible that she agreed to marry him in 1941. In the Greek way, she had expected to be married by proxy and had been promised to a much older man, who presented himself to her father as a successful businessman with a large factory in Queensland.

Dad, however, had other ideas after he met this stunning and intelligent young woman. He undertook some research which discredited his competitor's claims on her, then showered her brother Michael and brother-in-law Mick with food, beer and no doubt a few good yarns in his Port Melbourne fish and chip shop. Mary had sent them on a mission to check him out after she met him. Michael and Mick left drunk, happy and more than willing to vouch to Mary what a great bloke and catch he was. Somewhere along the way, he wooed her with his mandolin and love songs - long before Captain Corelli thought of it.

And that was it. A brilliant life together followed, filled with romance, competition ballroom dancing, wonderful parties that I can remember right through my childhood, enduring friendships, lively Greek music and dancing, picnics, two children, endless laughter, five grandchildren, beachside living and an active, vibrant and happy retirement together. Mum and Dad have always been inseparable. Their love and companionship for each other just grew stronger as time went on and it seemed to me that they were always holding hands if they were going out, like two young love birds.

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#### **Eulogy – Chico Demetrious - Continued From Page 6**

There are so many interesting stories that could be told. Many of you here today can tell me much more than I know about earlier periods of his life, and I really hope you will share them with me some time in the future. Dad was a great raconteur with a memory like a steel trap and a way of easily tying threads and relationships together that came from a strong oral tradition and sense of history.

I only wish you were able to help me now Dad, because I just feel overwhelmed with the responsibility of trying to do justice to your unique and extraordinary life.

Dad was a lovable rogue with a very mischievous and irreverent sense of humour. When he, Mum and I went to arrange their pre-paid funerals two years ago, he told the Director's wife Jenny that the reason he had lived to his grand age was his special arrangement with St Peter – namely that whenever he called, he would tell him he wasn't ready yet (or perhaps less polite words to that effect).

While Jenny was preparing the papers before us, he figured he could occupy himself more profitably and motioned for me to accompany him to the coffin display room to the side. Mum caught on, took off first and made a bee-line to the most economical coffin at the end of the room. Dad took his time, arms behind his back, quietly surveyed the options and then walked purposefully towards the grandfather coffin of them all – a beautiful super-expensive mahogany number with gold fittings, innerspring mattress and untold other creature comforts. After examining it tenderly, he turned to me and nodding his head, said simply, "Mmmmmmm....do you think this one comes with an electric blanket?"

Dad loved his beer, he loved his food, he loved a good joke and he loved Greek music. But most of all, he loved his family and the company of others. He loved people. He was an incorrigible charmer.

When I went up to the Chelsea shopping centre with Mum a couple of weeks ago to replenish the home supplies, I found myself bumping into person after person, whether it was the chemist, fruiterer or delicatessen lady who asked where Jim was and could I please pass on their regards and best wishes for his improvement. One women retailer said she'd recently missed his little gifts of lollies and told me what a wonderful man he was and how much she enjoyed seeing him.

Going through his papers the other night, I found a letter from his urologist to his GP with the post script: "He brings me the most beautiful flowers." Only two days before he died, a new visiting nurse knelt next to his chair to say she was now leaving and was there anything else she could do for him. To the delight of us all, he slowly raised his weary head, fixed on her with his beautiful hazel-green, tired eyes and after a further short pause, puckered his lips. She melted.

Dad was a man with a big, generous, loving heart. What was his, was yours. He'd literally give you the shirt off his back if he thought you needed it - even if you didn't need it. He welcomed strangers as friends. If dinner was on, there was always plenty for anyone who dropped in. He abhorred showiness and pretence and expected people to accept him as he was, just as he accepted others. He had not time for falseness or hypocrisy.

He had stature and a powerful presence, but he was a gentle giant of a man. I remember as a child how he always carried me on his shoulders as I struggled to hold on to his trademark bald head. I remember him lugging sleepers around single-handed in Box Hill when he was in his late eighties. But I wouldn't like to have crossed him in his early days working on the wharves or as a difficult customer when he ran his Port Melbourne fish and chip shop. When the undertakers came to remove his body on Sunday, they had to move the bed to manoeuvre him out. They were taken aback to discover a strategically hidden meat cleaver at the head of his bed to protect him from intruders.

Dad had resilience, tenacity and great courage. He showed that to us all as he slowly died without complaint over the past two months and with wonderful dignity from a wretched illness that sapped his strength and energy. Up to the day before he died, he would quietly shake his head in disbelief that he couldn't throw this one off, so invincible was his self-image.

But he could also be very obstinate in having things done in the way he wanted them. This manifested itself no better than in matters to do with the way he organised his beloved garden. Dad's greatest pleasure was his garden, and the ability to give away its flowers, herbs and fruits to anyone and everyone he met was his favourite pastime. He literally spent hours in his garden every day and still dragged himself to plant and water in it until just a few days before he died. He especially loved fragrant flowers and plants like daphne, gardenia, orange blossom, basil and something very special he called 'fouli'. I know he was so pleased to have survived through to Spring to see and smell his lovely garden all in bloom and to share it with us all.

My sister Maria told me that a handyman friend of Dad's named Ron Casey called her on Tuesday. He told her that a few months ago, Dad asked him to lay down a narrow concrete path at the back of the house between two thin strips of

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#### **Eulogy – Chico Demetrious - Continued From Page 7**

garden bed. When he returned the day after laying it, Dad inspected it with him and commenced to jump up and down on it vigorously with his full 16 stone. Ron asked: “What are you doing?” Dad replied: “Is this strong ? Ron: “Yes it’s strong”. Dad: “No Cracks ?”. Ron: “ Now would I leave cracks in it Jim?” ....By the way Jim, how old are you?” Dad: “96 in August”. Ron: I’ll tell you what Jim, I’ll give you a lifetime guarantee”. Dad: “Good”.

On the same occasion, Ron said to Dad; “Who gave you that lovely statue of the Greek Goddess in the garden?” Dad: “Oh my son did.....it’s rubbish!” Ron immediately sprung to my defence: “It’s not rubbish Jim, it’s beautiful!” Dad: “No it’s rubbish”. Ron: “But it’s not second hand. He would have spent a lot on it.” Dad: “Nah! If he really loved me, he would have bought me a real woman, not a stone one.”

Dad was brought up in the Orthodox church, but he rarely did things in an orthodox way. I remember the occasion, just before Mum and he shifted from Box Hill to Chelsea, when I discovered to my horror that all my primary, secondary and university work books and text books had suddenly disappeared from Dad’s shed. Mum had given up waiting for me to take them and asked Dad to ditch them.

The good news was I discovered it the next morning when my wife Cate and I visited them, it being a Saturday. Mum referred me to Dad, who said: “Mummy asked me to do it. Don’t worry I know where they are.” Then, Cate and I , with Dad as navigator, proceeded to visit and immerse ourselves in scores of stinking rubbish bins all the way from home and through the Box Hill shopping centre trying to retrieve what remnants of my educational past we could find, to the amusement of countless onlookers, and eventually our own. Boy, did I smell delicious.

Dad was a good businessman and provider. His range of occupations throughout his life included market gardening, restaurant and hotel work, clothing manufacture, confectionery production, running fish and chips shops or mixed businesses, and working as a chef in the Army and the RACV.

He was also strongly community-minded and he put much of his time, encouragement and money in supporting the Greek Community, particularly the Castellorizian Greeks in Melbourne. He helped many migrants to this country and was there whenever people needed him. He remains very widely known and respected and loved in those circles as one of the last patriarchs of the early wave of Greek migration to this country. His roots and links in the Greek community are extensive, but again so difficult for most of us to pin down. There’s the enigma again. There was always so much more to him than met the eye.

Above all, Dad was a family man. There was nothing that made him happier than to see his children, grandchildren and relatives around him. If he could have had his way, we would all have been living with him and Mum under the one roof. He derived his strength and spirit from having us around as much as possible and always complained he never saw enough of any of us.

Dad believed fervently that one of the most important things in life is to love and honour your mother and your father. Maria and I both recall how he would take us aside from time to time and say: “ I want you never to forget what I’m going to tell you.....if the king dies, they will give you a new king. If the queen dies, you’ll get a new queen. If the prime minister dies, you’ll get a new prime minister. But God only gives you one mother and one father who will love you forever and when they die, you will never have another person to love you in the same way”.

Another enigmatic facet of Dad’s life was his attitude to God and religion. As far as religion goes, his experience and knowledge of the Greek Orthodox Church taught him to be wary and cynical, yet he never missed an invitation to a christening, funeral, birth or key dates such as Greek Easter. Somehow, he was at peace with this internal tension. Somehow he managed to relax his traditional upbringing and find acceptance and comfort in this Protestant church community.

While he rarely spoke of it, he did believe in God, but his experience of him was very personal and very hard to penetrate. Perhaps because he couldn’t publicly relinquish his political worldview and his belief that men, not God, are responsible for the evil and injustice around us.

He believed that the spotlight should remain squarely on ordinary, decent people to struggle for the overthrow of tyranny, repression and exploitation here and now, not to just flick all the responsibility over to God.

Dad has lived a grand and wonderful life and while we will sorely miss him for the rest of our days, we are not here just to mourn for him – we are here to celebrate his triumphant and marvellous life and the rich legacy he has left behind for us all.

What would he say if he was with us now ? I think he would be delighted that he is surrounded and honoured by his loved ones and so many of his friends and he would humbly want to thank you all for coming to recognise and celebrate his life.

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#### **Eulogy – Chico Demetrious - Continued From Page 8**

I think he would want you to know Mum, that you have been an angel on earth to him, the love of his life, his unswerving companion and support through wonderful and hard times, his moderator, his joy, his Castellorizian princess. And I think he would want to assure you Mum that you will be safe and protected by the loving web of family and dear friends you have built up together through your deep love and devotion to each other, and that you will therefore never be alone.

To Maria, his cherished daughter, that you shouldn't worry that you missed him in his final hours because he shared his finest hours with you throughout your life and enjoyed your daily calls to him from Germany over the past weeks and that he has been closer to you than you think in your grief.

To his second daughter Christine, the mother of his 'Three Musketeers', who was always there over the years whenever needed and who loved him almost as much as her own father, he would simply say: "Eise kali kori ke se aghapo parapoli."

To his devoted grandchildren Mark, Tele, Lee, Katie and Adrian he would say that each of you was so special and precious to him and that you'll just have to tickle each other to pieces from now on because he's taking a little rest.

He would have special messages for every one of you. To Maritsa, his niece from Adelaide who looked on him for his kindness and generosity as his fairy godfather when she arrived from a war-torn country and poverty, that he thought of you on his birthday in August when his grand daughter Katie surprised him with a home-visiting belly dancer. He would tell you how he reminisced fondly about how you used to dance so beautifully for him and Mum when you were a child.

To Mary and Thelma, his nieces from South Australia who responded immediately when they heard he was very ill last week and came over to stay and support him up to the day before he died, he would say efharisto from the bottom of his heart and he was looking forward to being with your mother, his beloved Chrysanthé, once again.

To Glikeria, Mum's first cousin, that he has a few good jokes to share with your Peter when he catches up with him in heaven.

To Sylvia, my aunty and her sons Peter and Colin, that he is looking forward to spending time with Jim again and learning the ropes about his new home.

To Pauline, who called him Uncle, he would acknowledge the depth of your love and support for Mum and him over the years, and most especially during his recent illness. He would say to you, look after Mary for him till it is time to see her again.

To Marie, Connie and Greg, his nieces and nephew, he would want to assure you that he will be having a few words with Sandra when he sees her, and sampling a skewer or two of Mick's delicious marinated souvlakis with him over a beer or two, and of course a few good jokes.

Dad, from all of us, we celebrate and honour your wonderful life and thank you that we have all been privileged to be part of it. God bless you and keep you always in his service. You will live on strongly in our hearts, our memories, our thoughts and our deeds. You just cannot slip away that easily. May this time of your passing be a time for healing and reconciliation for all of us.

May we see you and speak with you again soon in our dreams. Kali nihta, oli nihta Dad.

#### ***Additional notes provided by Connie Gregory, first cousin to Michael Demetrious and Chico's niece by his marriage to Mary (Glykeria) Markos.***

Firstly, a note on names, which illustrates how difficult it is for the researcher to search for records:

Chico was born in Kalkan, (Kalamaki) Asia Minor, and his family name was Aslanaglu. His first name may have been "Kimon" according to his daughter Maria Jetter. He originally spelt his name in Australia as Tsiko, but people found it difficult to spell and he simplified it to Chico. His Australian army registration is for Chiko Aslanaglu Demetriou. He was naturalised as Chiko Demetriou. His application to bring his sister Chryssanthi to Australia was in the name of Jim Demetrious and he gave her surname as Demetrious. When Chico came to Australia he ditched his Asia Minor name, as so many immigrants from that area did, and adopted as his surname the name of his adored dead brother Demetriou. So to go through the litany again: Kimon Aslanaglu, Tsiko Aslanaglu, Chiko Aslanaglu Demetriou, Chiko Demetriou, Jim Demetrious (because people made fun of the word "Chiko" he was called "Jim" for years) and then finally he was known as Chico Demetrious. When the family fled to Castellorizo he mostly stayed with his beloved Thea Maria, his mother's sister, and from there came to Australia.

His father Mihali and stepmother and her children, and his two sisters settled in Castellorizo, and from Australia Chico always sent money to his father to support the family. He brought out his own two sisters - Chryssanthi who went to Port Pirie and married Panayoti Athanassis, and Evangelia Sarandis, who married before coming to Australia and settled first in Port Pirie and then in Adelaide.

Chico Demetrious' niece, Maritsa Odontiadis, daughter of his sister Evangelia Sarandis, has written a book about the family. I will forward a review and/or publication details to The *Megisti Messenger* editor within the next six weeks or so.

# John Mangos and the Excel Café in Melbourne

By Steve Zervos

John Mangos, a pharmacist's assistant, arrived in Australia in 1926 from the tiny Greek island of Kastellorizo. A few years later, in 1928, he married Evangelia Christofis who had arrived from the same Greek island several years earlier. Their first child, Con, was born the following year.

John Mangos was better known to his friends as 'Pitsikas'. In the early 1930's John went to work with his brother Arthur who owned a cafe in South Melbourne. He later went into partnership with another brother, Mick, also well-known in Melbourne's Kазzy society and together they opened "The Oriental" cafe in the suburb of Windsor.

In 1940 John decided to venture out on his own and opened the "Excel" cafe in Elizabeth St Melbourne, close to the heart of the city.

The years of WW II were hectic and the Excel cafe was very busy catering to the many British and American servicemen that flooded the city. By this time John and Evangelia had 4 children, Con, Mary, Peter and Chrissie. Their three older children were attending school, but due to work commitments the parents could not give the baby Chrissie the proper care and attention that her young age demanded.



Marriage John Constantine Mangos to Evangeline Christofis Melbourne 1928

At the age of two, Chrissie was put in the foster-care of her Godparents (Lazaros and Krissie Atherinos) in Adelaide, where she remained for the duration of the war. After the war her parents brought her back to Melbourne to begin her schooling.

Continued on Page 11

## John Mangos and the Excel Café - Continued From Page 10

John's eldest son Con completed a course in junior education and taught for a number of years at the Ascot Vale primary school before joining his father in the family restaurant. Mary enrolled in a dressmaking course for a short while before she also returned to the family business.

Peter went to work with his father soon after leaving high school. He remained in the business until it was sold, except for a short break when he had to do his National Service. Peter was a record collector. He had an amazing collection of 45 rpm vinyl records (numbered in the hundreds) and an awesome knowledge of the artists and songs to go with it. His ambition, if he didn't stay on in the family business, was to become a radio disk-jockey.

Chrissie, the youngest of the family, graduated from Penleigh Presbyterian Ladies College where she was a popular house-captain, prefect and editor of the school's magazine. She went on to attend the Emily McPherson College for five years where she earned her Diploma of Needlecraft. She also enjoyed a number of years as a fashion designer for "Alyssia" gowns. During this time Chrissie also studied piano and music theory earning several degrees in both from the Melbourne Conservatorium of Music. In the evenings and weekends Chrissie would join her parents at the busy restaurant, eager to assist in everything from cooking to counter service.

Con married Melbourne girl Dorothy (nee Zervos) and Peter married Sevasti (nee Lucas) from Perth. 'Sevy' passed away unexpectedly in tragic circumstances, leaving Peter to look after their three young children with the help of his mother.

Both of John's daughters married in Sydney, Mary to a cafe owner and Chrissie to an Electronic Engineer (me), proprietor of a TV and Electrical sales and service business.

Chrissie helped her husband in his Electronics business for several years until he decided to branch out into the nascent field of computer technology. Chrissie stayed home to care for their three young children until they had reached school age. She later became involved in the pastry business after volunteering to stand in for a friend who had taken several months long service leave. A year later she was persuaded to return to the pastry business and eventually became manager of the "Denelle Marie" patisserie.

John's grandchildren have found careers in a variety of fields including computers, electronics, academia, corporate management, education, media and catering.

John worked hard to make the business the success it became. He was always willing to help out friends and relatives and was an active member of the Kastellorizian and Greek Orthodox Church communities of Melbourne. He owned property in Windsor and Ascot Vale and made several nostalgic visits to the island of his birth, but he never had any intentions of returning there permanently to retire.

Tragedy struck in 1961 when the "Excel" cafe was damaged in a fire while John was in hospital recovering from an eye operation. A few months later, as luck would have it, the property immediately adjacent to the damaged Excel went up for auction and John was the successful bidder. The "New Excel" was launched in early 1962, only a few months after John's youngest daughter Chrissie married and went to live in Sydney.

Due to incrementing health problems, John and Evangelia reluctantly retired in the early 70's, handing over the business to their sons Con and Peter who, with the help of Con's wife Dorothy and their eager son Kevin, kept the "New Excel" cafe running until 1976 when they decided to lease it out.

John Mangos passed away in 1978 after a short illness and Evangelia passed away in 1992. The business and property were eventually sold in 2003 and both sons are now retired.

John Mangos' youngest daughter, Chrissie, is my wife. --- Steve Zervos

## HISTORICAL PHOTOGRAPHS

This is a regular feature in the *Megisti Messenger* in displaying photographs from Castellorizo and Australia depicting people and events from times gone by. Submissions always welcomed and photographs always returned.



**Mandolin School - Perth WA 1937**

Photo Courtesy of Jack Sofoulis



**Junior Girls Class 1930 Castellorizo**

Photo Courtesy of Ethel Xanthis (nee Simeon)



# UPDATE ON AFK ACTIVITIES

Submitted by Marilyn Tsolakis  
Co-ordinator of Australian Friends of Kastellorizo

Below is a brief summary to bring you all up to date with the activities that have taken place on Kastellorizo this northern Summer.

July was the month when we experimented with the Youth Festival and Katharo Kastellorizo Day. The feedback we have been receiving has been positive.

It started with a boat ride around the island sponsored by the Municipality of Kastellorizo for local and visiting children aged 12 – 16 years. It was an excellent way to begin the Youth Festival with some 30+ children and 5 supervising adults participating. After seeing the grotto, Island of Ro and St George Island a number of the local Kazy girls started singing and dancing on the boat spontaneously. It gave me the opportunity to ask them (Carpe Diem) if they would teach the Australian children to dance. The following night it happened catering for a range of ages. This moment proved to be the beginning of a lovely interaction taking place between the local and Australian children.

The army extended their hospitality by providing lunch for 20+ local and visiting children and explained the use of firearms and how to use the radio equipment. The Army has undertaken to extend the tour for 2009 and obtain approval to include a visit to the ammunition stores.

The Duvli competition was the 'hit', so much so that adults were requesting an adult competition. Maybe next year ! I will organise a trophy that will allow for plaques to be engraved announcing the winner for each year. We had 2 divisions and prizes for runner ups, winners of each division and overall winner. This trophy will be displayed on Kastellorizo so that visitors to the island can be made aware of this annual event. Congratulations to Luke Lazarus (Sydney) who was the overall 2008 winner.

Perhaps one of the measures of success was indicated to me during the last event of the Youth Festival when one local boy asked me "What are we doing tomorrow"? I asked him if he had any ideas and he thought of an art workshop and competition. Something to consider for next year. Overall the inaugural Youth Festival was considered by locals and visitors as an excellent bridge for the local Kazy and Australian children to build deeper friendships. Also, the festival enabled these bonds to develop between all Australian children in a way that would not be possible in Australia due to the breadth of the continent.

Thank you to all of you (total of 68) who participated in the Katharo Kastellorizo Day. The role-modelling that Australian and other tourists to the island displayed was wonderful. We had American, Italian and Athenian visitors join us in the clean up. We collected over 100 bags of rubbish and cleaned up around the Limani which was divided into 4 sections including the back streets, as well as Mandraki. Some people volunteered to clean St George of the Mountain, Ayia Triatha and Paleocastro. One local, Antonis Patiniotis (sea taxi owner) offered his boat to take 4 volunteers to clean the Limani. It is our intention to build on this event for next year. An Ouzo Bar was set up by the limani to thank everyone courtesy of Sylvia & Peter Parras and Eva & Dimitri Savvas. The Katharo Kastellorizo-Omorfo Kastellorizo caps handed out to all who participated on the day have become a collector's item – thanks again to sponsor Victor Kailis of Kailis Fish Market Cafe of Fremantle.

We used the opportunity of gathering at the Agora for the Katharo Kastellorizo Day on 18 July to present the airline tickets to Alexandros Metollari and Panayiotis Zamagias who are currently in Australia on student exchange. It was an important public acknowledgement and the Mayor made a speech welcoming the visiting diaspora youth and undertaking to build on the joint AFK-Megisti Municipality initiatives for 2009. Just to let you know that the student exchange is going well and many positive messages are being sent home to Kastellorizo by the boys. The boys have left Perth and are now in Melbourne for one week before they finish in Sydney. Thank you to all who have assisted, especially those of you who have opened your homes as host families (Denise and Kikko Matsos, Kevin and Barbara Mangos, Chrissie Verevis and John Andronicus).

Thanks to those of you who helped support the Youth Festival and Clean Up Kazy activities, varying from people who had their Bronze Medallion & Life Saving Certificate that assisted in any risk management issues, as well as people who donated prizes and gave moral support for the aims of this organisation. We will certainly build on all of these activities for 2009.

Finally, I will let you know by a further broadcast once we have updated the AFK webpage with photos and video of the Youth Festival activities, Katharo Kastellorizo Day and of course 19 July Water Day Glendi.

**See Photographs on Next Page re AFK Activities**



**Let's Dance**



**Army Visit**



**Blue Grotto**



**Girls on Boat**



**Duvli Tournament**



**Eight Year Old Champ**



**Radio Control**



**Future Commander**

## STUDENT EXCHANGE AT ST. ANDREW'S GRAMMAR

Extracted from the Vema Newsletter

At the start of the Second Semester, St. Andrew's Grammar hosted two students on exchange from mainland China and one student from Germany.

On Monday 4 August, two students from the island of Kastellorizo, Alexandros Metollari and Panagiotis Zamagias joined St Andrew's Grammar School on a new formal reciprocate Exchange Programme.

The Principal of the local school on Kastellorizo, Ms Betty Mouzak advised that the two boys were very excited to be selected for this first ever exchange to Australia. The island and the School are very excited about this positive energy and promotion by the Australian Friends of Kastellorizo, coordinated by the Co-ordinator, Ms Marilyn Tsolakis.

The students will spend one week in Perth, attending St. Andrew's Grammar and will then attend Sts. Anargiri Greek Orthodox College in Melbourne and St. Spyridon College in Sydney.



**Photograph: Ms Eva Tsapazi Coordinator of Greek Studies Part Time Programme, Mr Vladimir Ludera Relieving head of Senior School, Panagiotis Zamagias, Mr Angelo Karsakis Coordinator of Greek Studies Day School, Alexandros Metollari and Mr Craig D'cruz, School Principal**

### ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

**The Castellorizian Association of WA Annual General Meeting will be held at Castellorizian House on Wednesday October 29<sup>th</sup> 2008 commencing 7.00pm. Please support your association by attending this important meeting.**



# HAPPY HOUR 20's to 40's HELD SEPT 12<sup>th</sup> 2008

Photos Courtesy Con Kailis

The second Happy Hour for the 20 to 40 year olds was held at Castellorizian House on Friday 12<sup>th</sup> September 2008, which commenced at 8.00pm. A total of 54 young men and women attended. Food, refreshments and music was enjoyed by all.

Both Con Kailis and our President Jim Manifis spoke to those attending on the possibility of holding future social evenings of this nature and the proposed organisation and administration of same. Those in attendance indicated that they would support such proposed future events. They also said the control and supervision and running of such functions they would like to see remain totally within the charter of the Castellorizian Association, with support and supervision of the Castellorizian Committee and Con Kailis.



Photos Continued on Page 17



# HAPPY HOUR 20's to 40's - PHOTOS

Photos Courtesy Con Kailis



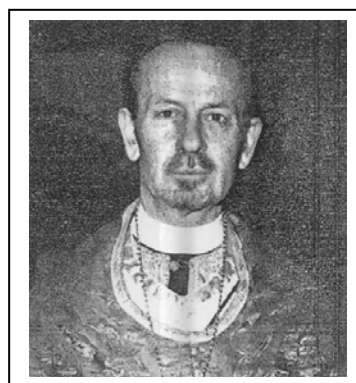
## CAZZIE TRIBUTE



This early photo was titled:  
Rev. Ch. Manessis  
Rector  
Greek Church, Port Pirie SA



The Manessis Family  
Perth WA 1927  
Evangelia (nee Spartalis), Father  
Manessis and baby Mary



Reverend Father Manessis

Compiled by Allan Cresswell

### REVEREND FATHER CHRISTOPHOROS MANESSIS

Christophoros Manessis was born on August 1<sup>st</sup> 1898 at Kallimasia, Chios, Greece. He was the eldest son of Constantine and Maria (nee Boyatzis). During World War One he served in the Greek Army as a non-commissioned officer (Army Chaplain) and was discharged in 1923. He migrated to Melbourne in 1924 per the ship *Ville de Metz* and moved to Port Pirie South Australia to work on the lead smelting works. Numerous Greek immigrants worked at the smelter during these early, back breaking and tough years. On November 18<sup>th</sup> 1925 he married a Castellorizian girl, Evangelia Spartalis, the daughter of Sotirios and Eleousa (nee Kefalonitis).

He was a deeply religious man and in December 6<sup>th</sup> 1925 at Melbourne he was ordained as a Greek Orthodox priest. He returned to Port Pirie as 'Rector of the Greek Orthodox Community of Port Pirie, all of South Australia and Broken Hill'. Late in 1926 he was transferred to Perth with his wife and young baby daughter, Mary. Manessis performed his religious duties in the Hellenic Hall prior to the completion and consecration of the Church of St Constantine and Helene on April 18<sup>th</sup> 1937 where he was installed as its priest. Father Manessis was humble by nature and his concern for his parishioners contributed to his success and popularity.

Father Manessis played an important role in spiritual and community activities for the Greek Community. He assisted with fund-raising ventures, advised his parishioners on various matters and was involved in teaching at the local Greek school. He travelled throughout the State, notably to the goldfields and the south-west. During World War 2 he was a part-time chaplain in the AMF, attached to the army camp at Melville. His Service Number was W15054 and he held the rank of Lieutenant. He was discharged on September 2<sup>nd</sup> 1944

Manessis also worked closely with representatives of other religious denominations, particularly Anglican and Catholic clergymen. In 1955 he was involved in a dispute with a number of influential Greeks over the provision of services to country communities and the suggestion that a second Greek Orthodox priest be ordained to lessen his workload. Dismissed from his duties, he moved to Melbourne where he was appointed a relieving priest.

On his return to Western Australia in 1957 he found a second Greek Orthodox church under consideration. In December 1958 Manessis became foundation priest at the Annunciation of Our Lady (Evangelismos) Church, West Perth. From the early 1970s he shared his religious duties with another priest. Manessis retired in 1975. Survived by his wife, four sons and three daughters, he died on June 7<sup>th</sup> 1980 in his home at Wembley and was buried in Karrakatta cemetery.

Father Manessis had a huge impact on the Castellorizian and wider Greek communities of Western Australia during the 1920's to the 1970's. Many Perth Cazzies over 50 years of age were Christened by Father Manessis. I cannot remember my own Christening but I do of my sister when I was five years of age. He was a fine man and I recall him at all the Cazzie weddings at the Embassy Ballroom and at Anzac House during those post World War Two days. He was very popular and his strong leadership contributed greatly in later years to the integration of the wider migration of non Castellorizian Greeks to Western Australia, especially post World War Two.

#### SOURCES:

Jack John Hondros (Grandson)

Dr John N Yiannakis

B, D and M - Registration Office SA

DVA World War Two Nominal Roll