

THE CASTELLORIZIAN NEWSLETTER, FEBRUARY/MARCH 1985.
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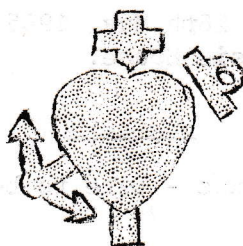
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THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE CASTELLORIZIAN ASSOCIATION OF VICTORIA.
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This Month's Newsletter No. 27, contains details of our 60th Birthday Party to be held at our Club Rooms on the 3rd March, 1985, at 2.30 p.m.

192560 Years1985

SUNDAY, 3RD MARCH, 1985, AT OUR CLUB ROOMS

"60TH BIRTHDAY PARTY AFTERNOON TEA -
THANK YOU TO OUR SENIOR CITIZENS".

A most enjoyable programme has been organised by our Special Sub-Committee: Mrs. Katina Voyage, Mrs. Marika Bisas and Mrs. Renee Adgemis.

Mr. Stathis Raftopolous, well-known Melbourne poet will recite a number of Greek Poems to commemorate the arrival of the early Greek settlers to Australia.

Mr. Con Tsicaderis and his musical group will entertain our guests with a Medley of old and original songs.

ALL WELCOME TO OUR 60TH BIRTHDAY PARTY!

192560 Years1985

ANNUAL 60TH BIRTHDAY DEBUTANTE BALL

SATURDAY, 6TH JULY, 1985

Leonda Receptions.

Tickets: \$35.00 Single.

Bookings are now open at \$70.00 Double.

Please forward your cheque to:

Cassie Ball,

P.O. Box 112, South Melbourne, 3205.

Would all Debutantes please contact Dianne Spartels as soon as possible so that Dancing lessons can commence.

Ticket Secretaries:

Dianne Spartels

- 5961787.

Anna Adgemis

- 8484447.

Christina Pavlou

- 5982925.

192560th Birthday1985

KEEP THESE DATES FREE:

St. Constantine Helen's Day - 26th May, 1985, at St. Constantine Helen's Church, and afterwards at Cassie House.

Cocktail Party for Steve Malaxos - Date to be finalized.

Art Exhibition by Castellorizian-born Vangeli Sakaris, at our Club Rooms on April 20th, 21st and 22nd.

Annual General Meeting and Elections - 18th August, 1985.

We remind all members that this year is Election Year and the new method of electing members will apply in 1985. Members will vote for President and all Office-Bearers. Executive positions will be decided by members and not by the Elected Committee.

SUNDAY, 17TH FEBRUARY, 1985:

A Pleasant Day was held on Sunday, 17th February, at Michelton Winery. Over 70 members, families and guests enjoyed a day of wine tours, barbecues or dining at the bistro. Amongst the guests were Mrs. C. James of Sydney, with her daughter, Dianne Spartels, and Roza Yeronikola of Rhodes, Greece. Roza is the sister of Manoli and Jack Yeronikola.

The youngest to attend the Picnic were the Adgemis twins, with their proud parents - John and Irene and even prouder grandparents - Anna Adgemis and Jack and Maria Miriklis. The attendance, although not as good as we had expected, was nevertheless a most pleasing one for your Committee. It is hard to understand why these functions are not better supported, as Michelton has just about everything required to make it a pleasant day, - Swimming Pools, River, Picnic Grounds, Bistros, Barbecue and Playgrounds.

AUSTRALIAN GREEK WELFARE SOCIETY:

The Australian Greek Welfare Society will hold a Pleasant Sunday Morning, at 52 Chapel Street, on March 18th, 1985. All welcome! All proceeds to the Australian Greek Welfare Society. Don't forget - Males only, at 52 Chapel Street, St. Kilda. Bring your friends and make this a pleasant and successful function.

IN MELBOURNE:

From Sydney, Vanyia Pitsikas, staying with his daughter and family - Mr. and Mrs. A.B. Salvaris.

HOLIDAYS:

In Sydney - from Melbourne - Mr. and Mrs. Peter Saris.

Back in Melbourne after two weeks in Surfers Paradise, Chris and Val Lazarakis with family.

In Surfers Paradise, on holidays, Sam, Cherry Alexander.

In Melbourne visiting his inlaws, Steve, Renee Adgemis, Luke Lucas.

Michael and Marcia Miriklis in Hong Kong and Singapore.

Lynette and Cameron Anderson on a snow holiday in Europe. Lynette is the daughter of Herb and Mary Vyriakos.

HOLIDAYS (Cont.)

In Melbourne, from Germany, Mr. and Mrs. John Jetter, with daughter Catherine. Mrs. Jetter is the daughter of Chico and Mary Dimitricus. Mr. and Mrs. Jetter have been stationed in Germany for 3 years.

Visiting Melbourne from Sydney, Mrs. Kostantia Moratis, - Mrs. Moratis stayed with her sister, Mrs. Evangelia Mangos, and with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Glikeria Christofas, and son Theo, who lives in Melbourne.

In Sydney on holidays, Tony and Roza Stabelos, visiting their son and daughter-in-law.

In Sydney, Luke and Maria Lucas.

CONGRATULATIONS

to Leah Pavlou, daughter of our Hon. General Secretary, on gaining her B.A., at Latrobe University.

WEDDING

In Sydney for the Wedding of George Manettis to Marietta Andrews, Leo and Helen Koutsoukis with family, Christani, Tina and Yvonne, and Jim Kapanis with children, Nicolette and Eleni.

Wedding at St. Spyridan Church and Reception at the Wentworth. Couple will honeymoon in America. Master of Ceremonies: Mr. John Mangos, son of Con and Dorothy Mangos.

V A L E:

Mr. Costas Flonistas died in Cairo, Egypt, on 25th January, 1985. Costas is the eldest brother of the late John Fronistas, who died on 1st August, 1979, in Melbourne.

The following have donated to the Castellorizian Society in Memory of the late Mrs. K. Adgemis, who died on 11th January, 1985:

Mrs. Maria Karpoozes	\$10	Dr. Andrew & Chrissie Varigos	\$10
Mr. & Mrs. Fonde Josephidis	\$10	Mr. Tony and Roza Stabelos	\$10

In Memory of the late Chrystulla Antippa, who died on 19th January, 1985 -

Mr. & Mrs. Michael Kyriakos have donated \$10.

CASTELLORIZIAN CLUB OF NEW SOUTH WALES

We congratulate the Castellorizians of New South Wales on taking possession on 1st February, 1985, of the Castellorizian Nursing Home, Kensington.

The Castellorizians of New South Wales should feel very proud that this project has come to fruition after many years of hard and dedicated effort, in particular by the Ladies' Auxiliary.

This home is the first step in a major programme that is being undertaken by the N.S.W. Castellorizians. The next step is a two-level car park. The Car Park will have a new gymnasium and a full-size basketball court.

WEDDING

Peter and Kathy Christofas with Family in Sydney for the Wedding of Eleni Christofis, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Christofis of St. Mary's. Eleni was married to George Boyatzis.

BIRTH

To Christine and Alan McAuliffe, a baby Boy on February 16th, 1985, at St. Andrew's Hospital. Christine is the daughter of Herb and Mary Kyriakos, and we congratulate the proud grand-parents on their first grand-child, and to Daisy and Letty Mangos on their first great grand-child.

To Mr. & Mrs. Tassakos, a baby Girl, Maria-Anna (Crysobalindou) on the 10th January, 1985. First child for Kathleen, and first grand-child for Con and Martha Diamond. We extend our best wishes to the proud parents and grand-parents.

THAAO PENGLIS

Fourteen years ago Thaaos Penglis went to the U.S.A. on a trip won by his brother. Despite his parents' disapproval, he stayed on to become an actor. He came back home a star.

In the U.S.A. Penglis has been one of the most recognisable faces on television, and one of the most highly paid for several years now. His dual roles of Count Tony and Andre in the daytime soap "Days of our Lives" have seen to that. "Days of our Lives" is not the first daytime soap in which Penglis has worked. After guest roles in several T/V. shows, including "Kojak", he was signed to play millionaire Victor Cassadine in "General Hospital". Originally, he was to be in the show for 13 weeks, but he did such a good job that his contract was extended to 12 months. Then came "Days of our Lives", and over the last couple of years movies included "Slow Dancing in the Big City", "The Bell Jar" and "Sadat". He recently said 'yes' to a pilot for another series called "Rialto".

The first part of his story in next month's Newsletter.

STEVE MALAXOS OF PERTH, WEST AUSTRALIA:

We are looking forward to Steve arriving in Melbourne, and a date for a Cocktail Party to welcome him to Melbourne will be arranged and announced in our March newsletter.

Steve is the son of George and Des Malaxos. Des was a 'Xanthis' before marrying George Malaxos.

Steve Malaxos is a Physical Ed. Teacher and for some time taught at Hollywood High in West Australia.

BANK CALENDAR:

The National Bank of Greece through its branch at 114 William Street, Melbourne, have released a 1985 Calendar. This beautiful calendar is entitled "The Aegean Border Islands" and features on its front page "The Lady of Rho" "Despina Achladioti 1890-1982".

The Island of Castellorizo is also well presented in the calendar. The calendar is printed in Greece and available from the Bank of Greece, Melbourne.

A letter from Mario Modiano is set out hereunder, Title: "Castellorizo - A Passionate Love Affair".

Also the first part of our two-part on "Immortal Castellorizo". We regret that space does not permit us commencing the two-part story of Thaa Penglis. This will now commence in our next Newsletter.

"Seven down in two months", lamented Papa-Yiorghis, the priest of Kastellorizo. "First there was the old woman who died the other day. Then a girl married some-one from Euboea and decided to settle there. And then a whole family of five left for Rhodes so the children can go to secondary school."

Papa-Yiorghis, young and sociable, moves about the seafront, mixing with the locals and tourists, escorted by his pet, a white baby lamb. He sees little hope that Kastellorizo, an island of 180 inhabitants, can survive the effects of distance and neglect.

"The island is dying out", he says. "There are 14 pupils left in our school. There is no barber, no cobbler and if your tooth hurts you make sure it is Wednesday or Sunday when there is a boat to Rhodes, seven hours away".

One night last month, when a woman had a heart attack, Papa-Yiorghis went by motor-boat to the Turkish mainland opposite to get a doctor. Later he was tried in Rhodes for offending the honor of the Greek state by appealing for help from the Turks. The official charge was: "Leaving the country without travel documents". A broad-minded judge acquitted him.

Officially known by its ancient Greek name of Megisti.- The largest, Kastellorizo is the smallest of the Dodecanese islands. An arid rock of three and a half square miles, just off the Anatolian coast, it is 72 miles east of Rhodes, so cartographers find it difficult to accommodate it in maps of Greece. The result is that Greece's eastern outpost usually ends up as an inset.

The ardent patriotism of the Kastellorizians somehow goads the collective national conscience of the Greeks. Until a couple of years ago a Kastellorizian shepherdess lived on the neighboring islet of Ro for the express purpose of hoisting the Greek flag each morning.

The present Government has allocated the equivalent of 5 million pounds for public works here, including a 6000 ft. airfield, a new pier, a dispensary that can cope with emergencies, interest-free loans for those who want to resettle here and the conversion of the medieval barracks into a museum.

To stimulate tourism it offers free passage on the boat from Rhodes. But this is valid only for third class and the islanders complain that it brings only moneyless drifters.

Kastellorizo's ideal tourists, of course, are the pilgrims - second and third generation Kastellorizians from the 50,000 expatriates who live mainly in Australia, but also in the United States. They are descendants of the original emigrants who fled from war and foreign conquest.

In its heyday, at the turn of the century, Kastellorizo had 14,000 inhabitants who controlled the transit trade of the eastern Mediterranean, thanks to the business acumen of its sailors and a string of commercial colonies they built up along Turkey's south coast.

The island was so rich that when the King of Italy visited this possession in the 1920s, every inch of the quay was covered with valuable oriental carpets. The Greek islanders were criticised for this act of submission. They retorted: "We just wanted to make sure he would not set foot on Greek soil".

The sturdy Kastellorizo sailors, however, refused to believe in steam power. They lived to regret it. An abortive insurrection against the Turks in 1913 in favor of union with Greece, which Athens prudently rebuffed, cut its traders from their lifeline, the Turkish hinterland. It was after the Italians took over from the French in 1920 that the exodus began in earnest. The islanders would exchange their sailing caiques for a one-way ticket to Sydney or New York.

(Cont. next page).

Now their children and grandchildren are coming back in quest of roots, identity and property. They fall in love with the island. Every night at the island's seafront cafes, alive with music, dancing, tourists, soldiers and passing yachts, the pilgrims question the locals in the hope of piecing together the jig-saw of their family history.

If there is any prospect for this island, it lies in the passionate love affair between it and the expatriates.

Mario Modiano. "

"IMMORTAL CASTELLORIZO"

We thank Mrs. Katina Voyage for the loan of her book "Immortal Castellorizo" by Daniel Spartalis. We print parts of the short publication in this month's newsletter. What you will read is an edited version of two commemorative speeches - the first on 12th September, 1983, during a Formal Mass in the Church of St. Constantines and Helen in Castellorizo.

The Mass was led by the Metropolitan of Rhodes and the Bishop of Neapolis of the Ecumenical Patriarchate.

Every year the Island celebrates the 13th of September, 1943. On that day it was liberated by Greek and Allied Forces during an historic attempt of the Middle East Military Headquarters to create a temporary bridge in the Nazi-occupied Lower Balkan. The article consists of 16 pages. This month we will print 8 pages and next month 8 pages.

PART 1 OF "IMMORTAL CASTELLORIZO".

THE TRUMPETS OF MEGISTI SOUNDED THE CALL !

"The sweet metallic ring of the church bells was heard and Kastellorizo once again spread its invisible wings, under the deep shade of the mountains, to cover tenderly all its children.

Sweet and warm is the embrace of our mother-island; healing and refreshing the milk of the maternal bosom.

And we have come to the island, full of yearning and filial love, to pay homage to the heroic rock.

Ardent admirers of our heritage with love so great as the wide and bottomless sea of our shipgoverning parents, we have hurried happily and have come here.

We have come to our roots to feel what soil remains; to soften the hard sun-heated rock; to find the mildew in the guts of the dry earth, to hold it with awe in our trembling hand and like an icon to bring it to our cracked lips and kneeling with exaltation to partake in the communion of her Sacred Gifts. We have come to say "God bless you" and to thank God for enabling us to make this pilgrimage.

Double is the celebration today, Your Honours; Double is also our joy. Our soul rejoices, our heart fills with exaltation for this occasion which has brought us today under the venerable roof of this beautiful marble place of our yearned-for pilgrimage - this place which is the pride of all Kastellorizians the world over - this holy and most venerable church of the two God-crowned Saints, Constantine and Helen, to sing the victory hymn in order that our voice, rejoicing and gloryfying, be raised to His eternal throne. And the tear, dear representatives of the nation and of the island, the tear of gratefulness, dear Mr. Mayor, that too is a hymn, a very great one indeed. It is a tear all too dear, shed like myrrh in memory of the pioneers of freedom; shed a spiritual requiem for those first ones who bravely stood in front of the enemy's bullet and opened the winding holy and bright road, where their blood, like watering drops, fell on the tree of freedom. And the tree grew to be great, and then greater, until it could touch heaven.

But poor are the words and poorer in speech am I whose lot it is today to speak before you. I am overcome by awe and emotion for the great task ahead of me;

how will I, humble and lacking in wisdom, be able to depict the greatness of this historic day and most heroic sacrifice of our named and anonymous compatriots?

The 13th of September, 1943, was the day, the hour, the moment, the instant, if you will, Mr. Mayor; it was the smallest particle of time which entire generations of our compatriots had been waiting for in long slavery and which they whispered and recited as another creed. They waited ardently for the resurrection, the liberation of their land! And they turned that moment into song; they turned it into gloryfying song!

A short recount of the history of Kastellorizo, dear friends, shouldn't be considered as a plain, tiring repetition of events already recounted manyfold. I would never wish my tale to be reduced to cheap stale food that would be offered to tease the patriotic hunger. No! Never should it be thought of in this way. For we Kastellorizians know and believe one thing. The old men and women, those who still live on the heroic island and those in foreign lands, as well as the younger men and women, those who were born and made their living abroad and those who are still trying to survive on the sacred rock and in whose memories the Kastellorizo of another time (before the war) still lives - one thing, let me repeat, we know and we want our brothers who honour us with their presence today to know: that WE SHALL SURVIVE!

We shall survive because we want to. And we beg you only this, we beg you our brothers: bend, our friends, bend over the well-preserved picture of our island that is kept in our museum and count. Count ships, count houses, noble houses. Count churches, count life. Count joy!

And then come into reality. Walk in the stone-paved streets, leap over the corners, and count - if you can - the destruction. Let your glance embrace the empty port. Smell around you the fire and gun-powder, the outcome of war. But for God's sake, don't cry!

Don't cry. Neither we nor our great dead would want such a thing. Let us honour their wish. Our dead want us to bend, to bend over the native soil, little though it might be. They want us to take care of the tree which they planted with their bullet-pierced bodies and watered with their blood. They want us to nurture it with tender love and care, to love it with all our soul, all our might, and all our intelligence - with our whole being. They want us to love that tree, the tree of freedom and peace. They want us to make it big and mighty.

Kastellorizo is celebrating today the 40 years of its liberation.

But the story of its slavery is long, very long. Primeval darkness, like the un-liftable rock of another empty tomb, fell and pressed on the hearts of our fellow islanders. But inside the empty tomb, in the deep darkness under the heavy rock, the living spirit, the Kastellorizo soul, the eternal Greek spirit was making preparations for the great event - the Resurrection of Kastellorizo.

Then the hour came, the moment when the bells spread the message of resurrection. And the sea wind took it and scattered it among our brothers in slavery: "Here is light!"

September 13, 1943.

It is a quiet, routine, and ordinary morning. The peaceful citizens are attending to their daily tasks. The younger ones are talking secretly in the stone-paved streets, and in the "Kafeneia" the news on the pirate radio station can be heard. The housewife stirs the lentil soup on the fire, for the next day is the Day of the Cross.

Then it was!

Suddenly and unexpectedly, as though in conspiracy. The grey bow of the metal ship, in whose stern the blue and white flag waves, and on whose middle mast the captain has raised the battle signal, parts the waters of the quiet port. This is the ship "Navarhos Kountouriotis", which in the eyes of the slaves becomes a God-like figure with all its splendour, because it brings hope. In its metal bowels it carries century-old longings. It brings Greece to the island, it brings the great mother who in deference to her unliberated children bends down and kisses the blood-wetted earth, the first liberated part of her maternal body. The mother embraces

her young daughter.

The repetition is worthwhile. Once again let me read the text of the issued order of the captain of the Greek battle ship:

DESTROYER

NAVARHOS KOUNTOURIOTIS

Kastellorizo

13 Sept. 1943.

Permanent Order No. 24.

Summary: Liberation of Kastellorizo.

Officers in command, other officers, and sailors :

God willed for us to feel today one of the greatest gratifications we can ever feel in our lives. A little while ago "Kountouriotis", first among all the allied ships, landed occupying forces on this small Kastellorizo, the first liberated corner of Greek earth.

Think how proud our families will feel when they will hear that the glorious name (Kountouriotis) opened symbolically today the path which will lead them too to freedom.

The Captain Baltatzis

The First Mate, Pervenias.

At last! The longed-for moment! The great moment! The moment which was preceded by so many centuries of patient waiting and so many sacrifices has come. The thrice happy moment, the moment of joyful cries and liberation, the moment of Greek pride has drawn near. And behold! It embraces the island from end to end.

A quick imaginary trip, a speedy flash back into the moulded centuries which completed their orbit and came to rest their weight on this historic day, would not be, I think, anything but the least possible offering, a necessary and simple tribute to those who led the way and showed us the bright road of goodness, honour, and duty. This is the road which every unliberated Greek corner followed, which led to the great lighted avenue, and which brought back the scattered islands to the sweet maternal body.

* * * * *

The Kastellorizians held on to their rock for many years. Their roots go back countless centuries. They can speak of Doric columns and remnants of the looted tomb of Megisteas - King of the Land - who gave his name to the island. Megisti it is called.

Centuries passed, years passed in slow pace. The people of the poor tent-maker of Tarsus came, and they taught love with the word of God. Then old Poseidon, like a spent athlete, relinquished his golden trident, which Nicolas of Myra grabbed and held in his strong hands. Opposite the island, on the coast of Asia Minor, is the place of the saint. And later the Kastellorizians would tell their muse about the saint of the waves who was also the protector of the sea:

St. Nicolas of Myra, you with the grey beard

I beg you my child bring me, for I am afeard.

The inhabitants of the island brought from Patara of Lycia the granite columns of the ancient temple of Apollo. They brought them on ship lines and placed them in the beautiful cathedral of St. Constantine. And the saint became patron of the island along with his mother, a greater saint. The island was filled with places of worship for the new god.

The years rolled on, toward their endless destination. Then the people from Levante (Crusaders) came with the cross abreast, defeated, after a long and hapless campaign to the Holy Land of Christ. They made a stop at the island of Megisteas, and built a great fortress, one that reigns over the sea and defies its pirates.

The sun would redden at its rise and setting, casting its golden rays on the land. Kastellorizo would acquire a reddish blonde ("rosso") colour. This is why they named it Kastellorizo (Kastello-rosso).

(Continued next month's Newsletter).