



The KYTHERIAN

The Newsletter of the Kytherian Association of Australia
PO Box A203, Sydney South NSW 1235
www.kytherianassociation.com.au

MARCH 2008

Nicholas Anthony Aroney Encouragement Awards Night

We are inviting Students of Kytherian descent to submit their Year 2007 HSC Results and UAI scores for the Nicholas Anthony Aroney Encouragement Awards.

This lovely Awards Dinner function will be held at

Venue : Twin Reception Centre

560 Botany Street, Alexandria

Date : Saturday 5th April, 2008

Time : 7.00pm

Cost : \$50 Adult & \$25 Children

Please send Results (copy of UAI result and Higher School Certificate marks) to:

Nicholas Anthony Aroney Encouragement Awards

c/- The Kytherian Association of Australia

PO Box A203 SYDNEY SOUTH NSW 1235

Any enquiries should be addressed to Victor Kepreotis on 0408 216 108 and for bookings please call Kathy Samios on 9349 1849.

The closing date for applications is 19th March 2008.

KYTHERIAN LADIES AUXILIARY MOVIE DAY AND LUNCHEON

Thursday 13th March 2008

“THE OTHER ANNE BOLEYN”

starring Natalie Portman, Scarlet Johansson,

Eric Bana, Kristin Scott Thomas

Synopsis: Two ferociously ambitious sisters, Mary & Anne Boleyn, are rivals for the bed and heart of the 16th century English King, Henry VIII. Based on the best selling novel ‘The Other Boleyn Girl’ written by Philippa Gregory.

TIME: 10am – movie to start at 10.30am

PLACE: The Ritz Cinema 43-47 St Paul St Randwick

LUNCH: At a coffee-shop close by

COST: \$35.00 (includes movie and lunch)

BOOKINGS: Matina Samios - 9665 7225 / 0414 657 225

Mary Moutzouris - 9310 0410

Kyrranne Thomas - 9764 6636 / 0402 809 050

NB. Bookings are essential

So come and enjoy a relaxing day with friends!

KYTHO CALENDAR

FRIDAYS 8TH FEB. - 11TH APRIL

Weekly dancing lessons for Term 1
(see page 12 for details).

THURSDAY 13TH MARCH 2008

Ladies' Auxiliary Movie Day
(see front page for details).

SUNDAY 16TH MARCH 2008

Greek National Day wreath laying at
Cenotaph. March to Opera House.

SATURDAY 5TH APRIL 2008

Nicholas Anthony Aroney
Encouragement Awards
(details on front page).

SUNDAY 27TH APRIL 2008

Easter Sunday (Pascha)

WEDNESDAY 7TH MAY 2008

Mother's Day Morning Tea (see page 4)

SUNDAY 11TH MAY 2008

Agios Theodoros Ton Kytherion Liturgy.

SATURDAY 24TH MAY 2008

4WD Trivia Night
(details to follow in April newsletter).

SATURDAY 31ST MAY 2008

Kytherian Debutante Ball (see below).

MUMS & BUBS

"Mums and Bubs" outings
are held on the last Friday of
each month, for babies and
children up to 5 years. For
more information please call
Erenie on 0410 318 053.

Kytherian Debutante Ball

*To be held at Star City on
Saturday 31st May 2008.
Enquiries to
Esther Calligeros
Phone: 9344 0298.*

Editor's Note



Whatever happened to the English language?
Can someone please explain to me at what
point in time did we manage to destroy
it.....because I really want to know.

When I was young (I can hear my kids groaning now)
it was considered swearing if you simply heard some-
one say "shut up". Now all of us find it so easy to vent
our anger by swearing as we have been desensitised
by the constant use of it.

I am so sick of the "f" word. You would be hard
pressed to find a movie that does not use it repeatedly
as a noun, verb or adjective in its dialogue. As a
viewer, I resent having to constantly listen to it. When
did it become acceptable to swear so much?

You can't even walk into a trendy clothing store (not
that I frequent them that often) without hearing it in the
lyrics of those horrible rap songs. Who writes this
garbage? Are these so called artists incapable of
writing an articulate piece of work?

Today's pop culture makes it very difficult for the
younger generations to appreciate that swearing is not
acceptable behaviour. Very few people stop to think
about who may be listening to them when they use foul
language in public. I feel so sorry for parents with
young children because it is difficult to protect them
from hearing that kind of language.

If the swearing aspect is not enough, just listen to
everyday conversations and it will make you cringe.
I was paying for something the other day and the
young man serving me told me "good on ya" and to
have "a good one". Who is "ya" and what on earth is
a "good one"? A good hair day, a nice lunch, a lotto
win.....what? Why is it so difficult to simply say
"you" and "have a good day"?

Now I know that I am being pedantic but I must have
been in a grammatical coma for the past 35 years since
I left school. For the life of me, I do not remember
when the plural of "you" became "yous". There is no
such word. The word is "you"...always has been and
hopefully always will be.

These may seem like trivial issues but how we speak
defines our image in society. For our children, it is far
more relevant. Many of them are at that stage in their
lives where they will learn that first impressions are
very important in whatever you do, whether it is a job
interview or simply meeting new people.

If you have been fortunate enough to have had an
education (as most of us have), then we have no
excuse. English is our language and we should nurture
it as much as we can to prevent it from being further
eroded.

Kythera-Family.net

for the world-wide Kytherian Community



Multilingual

search

Go

VLITA

From our message board:

Dear Kytherians:

I was lucky enough to get some wonderful VLITA SEEDS that I want to plant in New York this spring 2008. What advice can the elders give me for thavma crops this summer?

Effharisto,

Adrienne Kalligeros

frankargos@aol.com

Death on Kythera

Is the fragility of life linked to seismic activity? While the Greek mass media speculates about a futuristic natural catastrophe, this week Kythera has been plunged into deep grief with the sad passing of two popular people, boat-builder Dimitri (Vlahos) Diacopoulos and professional diver Polychronis Chrysafitis, both of whom lived larger than life.

Dimitri (Vlahos) Diacopoulos, aged 63, was a modern-day Poseidon and one of Greece's remaining traditional boat-builders. A Kytherian enigma, Dimitri could be found at his boat-shed at Agia Patrikia constructing a caique (wooden fishing boat) or at Moustakia's Taverna in Agia Pelagia adding his laconic remarks to any political debate.

Part-poet, part-philosopher, Dimitri was an incredible boat builder and carpenter: his knowledge of sea vessels was unmatched in Kythera. His woodworking capabilities were a bridge to a time long gone. Unafraid of whom he was, the often gruff Dimitri had amassed an impressive collection of by-gone woodworking tools.

A deeply caring man with short curly hair and bright ocean blue eyes, Dimitri could recognise where a 'caique' (fishing boat) was built, from afar. Always a big-man Dimitri had various medical complications that intensified with age, recently underwent a serious operation that he never recovered from.

Dimtri leaves behind his wife Irini, children Mihalīs, Nicoletta and Ourania and grandchildren. It feels as if the bright candlelight of Agia Patrikia has been snuffed-out.

The tragedy of the accidental death of Polychronis Chrysafitis aged 36, feels insurmountable. Polychronis, the eldest of 'the Baker Boys' (the Chrysafitis family have long owned the Bakery in Potamos, delivering bread to most of the island) was a gentleman, who lived an inspirational and dignified life pursuing what he loved best - adventuring.

In the Navy he became a 'frogman' with the elite diving corps. Once released from the Navy, he went on diving professionally and travelled internationally diving to recover ships.

Much beloved by all, the gentle and softly-spoken Polychronis had a deep respect for life. He wasn't a person to shout and bellow and yet he pursued his own path with absolute determination. While the first generation of Baker Boys now in their 60s - Tassos & Jimmy recently retired passing the business onto their sons - Tassos's sons Polychronis & Nikos along with Jimmy's sons Polychronis (nicknamed Seinfeld) and George, Polychronis maturely walked away from the lucrative bakery to set up a Diving/Fishing shop in Potamos.

The elder Polychronis was born with a deep love of exploring the natural world, even as a teenager he was an accomplished spear-fisherman and mountaineer. He had explored many of the island's most inhospitable rock-faces and coastlines in detail. Perhaps you joined Polychronis on one of his climbing tours along the Kaki-Lagada.

The painful stillness of Potamos as people helplessly gathered last night outside the iconic Potamos bakery in shock, needing to hear that it wasn't true, was eerie. While details of his passing are still vague it has been reported in the media that he was diving at the Scaramanga Ship Yard in Attica when the accident happened. The tragedy is heightened by the fact that the accident occurred at a depth of only 4 metres.

There is a deep lament for all the dreams Polychronis will not realise. In order to start Kythera's own diving school he recently bought a building in Potamos to relocate his shop and business, looking forward to being permanently based here. His deep love of Kythera and all he planned to do here is now also lost.

Like Dimtri, Polychronis was loved by many and will be missed by all. I feel sadness for the young people of the island who will never come into contact with these two truly individual beings, but the best lesson we can now hope to have from them is that we can learn by honouring their work and their love of our island.

Today Wednesday 26 February 2008 Kythera cries for its Fallen. May They Both Rest in Peace.

Anna Cominos, KFN Lead Reporter on Kythera
acominos@hotmail.com

You are the authors! Kythera-Family.net - the online cultural archive for Kythera - aims to preserve and reflect the rich heritage of a wonderful island. Members of the community are actively invited to submit their family collection of Kytherian stories, photographs, recipes, oral histories, and home remedies etc. to the site. Uploading directly to the site is easy and free. Thus we can help make available valuable and interesting material for current and future generations, and inspire young Kytherians to learn more about their fascinating heritage.

The Kytherian Ladies' Auxiliary invites you to a

MOTHER'S DAY MORNING TEA

Wednesday, 7th May 2008

**VAUCLUSE HOUSE TEA ROOMS
WENTWORTH ROAD, VAUCLUSE**

10.00AM – 12.30PM



**Includes: High Tea enjoying the beautiful Gardens of
Vaucluse House.**

Free parking

**BOOKINGS: Rene Condoleon - 9363 5915
Paula Giaouris - 9547 2747
Mary Moutzouris - 9310 0410
Kyrranne Thomas - 9764 6636 / 0402 809 050**

NB. Limited numbers - please book early!

GAPA'S 2008 MASQUERADE PARTY



HOLLYWOOD NIGHT

There is a rumour that lots of Hollywood celebrities will attend THIS function. So bring your autograph books with you...

**DRESSED BETTER THAN THE STARS
AND WIN THE ULTIMATE REWARD...**



**When: Saturday 8th March 2008 -
7:30pm to 12:30am**



**Where: Lemnian Association Hall,
44 Albert Street, BELMORE**



Tickets: \$35 (Members) - \$40 (Non Members)
Includes a spectacular cocktail food spread



RSVP: Tuesday 4th March 2008.

Contact:

Kathy: 0405 498 935

Maria: 0404 073 286

Music by DJ TonyA



Design: OranikaCommunications

Social News

Engagements



Paul Raissis, eldest son of **Mina & Helen** of Chipping Norton, announced his engagement to **Caroline Balasopoulos**, daughter of **Nick & Kathy** of Collaroy.

Chrisy Cassimaty, only daughter of **Arthur & the late Roula Cassimaty** of Rydalmere, has announced her engagement to **Emmanuel Christou**, only son of **Anthony & Georgia** of Dulwich Hill.

Anthony Cassimaty, second son of **Pipitsa & the late Theo Cassimaty** of North Parramatta, has announced his engagement to **Rheannon Williams**, eldest daughter of **Rhys & Leanne** of Orchid Hills.

Tous euxomaste kala stefana!

Birthdays * 50th *



Congratulations to **Sandra Kepreotis** who recently celebrated her 50th birthday with a party at the Bankstown Sports Club. Good food and music ensured that family and friends all had a wonderful time. Husband **Peter** and sons **Luke, Andrew and Mark** were on hand to celebrate along with relatives, some of whom had travelled from Queensland to be present for the occasion.
NA TA EKATOSTISIS!



Christenings



Michael & Mersina Kalos of Denistone baptised their son **Andrew**, at St Andrew's Church, Gladesville. Godfather was **Paul Apostolou**, and a reception later followed at Castel D'Oro Function Centre at Five Dock. **Andrew** is the first grandchild for **Andrew Kalokairinos**, who travelled from Kythera to be present and seventh grandchild for **Helen Kalos** of Auburn. Also proud grandparents are **Alex & Niki Yiamarelos** of Casula.

Birthdays * 21st *



Chrissie Cassimaty, daughter of **Jim & Helen** of Kingsford, recently celebrated her 21st birthday with a wonderful party at the Bardwell Valley Golf Club. Friends and relatives had a thoroughly enjoyable time partying well into the early hours with great food, music and lots of “kefi”. **Chrissie** is the grand-daughter of **Chrysoula** & the late **Nick Cassimaty** of Randwick and **Nick & Maria Psaltis** of Mascot.

NA TA EKATOSTISIS!



Christenings



On 19th January, **George & Patrisia Tzoukas** of Beverly Hills christened their daughter **Tiana** at St Spyridon Church, Kingsford. Her proud Godparents are **Sam & Vesna Tsatsoulis**, parents of son **Nathan** and daughter **Katerina** of Kingsgrove. Grandparents are **Angelo & Melba Tzoukas** of Redfern (10th grandchild) and **John & Dina Karedis** of Kingsford (5th grandchild). **Tiana Fay Tzoukas** was christened **Kostantina Fotini Tzoukas**. She is named after her grandmother **Dina** and belated great grandmother **Fotini Lionas** of Stranoma Nufpactos, Greece. **Tiana** is sister to brothers **Evan**, aged 7 and **Jonathan** aged 4. **Tiana** celebrated her christening with her grandfather, **John** who celebrated his 67th birthday with a surprise birthday cake at the reception that was held at **Phillip & George Sclavos's** Roslyn Gardens Function Centre, Peakhurst. A wonderful time was had by all.



PIRATES OF THE MEDITERRANEAN - Part VI

By Luke Kepreotis

In an old Greek apartment sat an old Greek man watching an old Greek television. He was alone, and the reason for this was his two failed marriages and his failing memory. He was fed up. He was finished. And all he wanted to do was sit and sulk, because if it's one thing old Greek men do well, it's waste time.

Harry Tsigounis, a certified recluse, sat back in his ratty leather recliner to indulge himself in his only (and therefore favourite) pastime; watching television. Harry may have decided with all the strength of steel that the world is too cruel to live in, but that didn't mean he wouldn't keep in touch. Thanks to the idiot box, Harry didn't miss a beat in the bolero of life. On this particular autumn afternoon Harry felt undecided. On one hand he wanted romance, and on the other he wanted the melodrama you can only get from treachery and betrayal. Lucky for him the channel he flipped to was screening a movie entitled *Pirates of the Mediterranean*. It was poorly shot and the acting was atrocious, but for some strange reason unknown to Harry, he could not look away. He couldn't quite put his finger on it, but it was as if the screen was trying to *speak* to him.

Harry, why must we hide it any longer...?

Something prehistoric stirred in the old man's head. It was like an animal circling a cage.

Years and years...hidden...a secret...

Memories, weak, but memories nonetheless.

Where the willow tree grows...

Slowly, the animal arched its back.

Make my life...bright and golden...

And bared its teeth.

My treasure...

Growling, snarling, the animal pounced, bringing with it a flood of antique memories. Harry took off from his seat like a rocket, snatching his car keys from the mantle and fleeing the room in such a hurry he almost ran into the door. In the silence of the apartment, the television flickered.

If ever we are separated, for however long...you will find your treasure again, Harry, I promise...

It was a quiet evening in the Pits. A wind blew over the olive-hued plains, swaying the grass and catching the trees in their branches. It was the kind of wind that surrounded you with sounds. A flock of birds took off against the breeze, circled and then vanished skyward over the horizon. And a rustic maroon sedan trundled down a winding dirt path. The sedan came to a stop in the middle of a plain, right at the foot of a lonesome willow tree. The driver got out of the car, peered at the leaves, and then noticed the figure resting against the trunk.

'I've been waiting for you,' said Leo, stepping out from under the canopy. 'I'm glad to see that you got my message. You know, it's quite a bit more expensive than the phone, but far more secure.'

'You haven't changed a bit, you old sinner,' said Harry, hoarsely. 'Still hanging onto the dream of being so rich you could pass a gold kidney stone?'

Leo ignored the old thief. 'Where's Dim?'

'He isn't into Romance.'

'Not a problem. All the more for us,' said Leo as he tossed his old comrade a shovel.

'Time to collect?' asked Harry.

'Time to collect,' nodded Leo.

The duo ambled over to the foot of the willow and, with a shovel each, began to dig. As they mined into the ground, a string of memories slowly slipped underneath their noses, like the hint of an aroma blown in from the sea. Memories from thirty years ago when white hairs were black and bones moved freely without ointment...

Under the gaze of a curious seagull, who was perched in the branches of the willow tree on the night of the heist, three strange men with strange shapes, had finished burying a crate and were patting the topsoil.

'Phew, glad that's over,' said Harry wiping his brow.

'Good work,' said Leo. 'Let's see the feds try and get their hands on the Kurush now.'

'My back hurts,' said Dim. 'Can we go home now?'

'No,' said Leo, shooting him a gaze.

The mastermind collected the shovels and returned them to his knapsack, then huddled his fellow thieves around the tree roots.

'My friends,' he said, 'as you know, times are hard. And after the country gets wind of a missing shipment of Kurush, things are going to become even harder. Border Patrols will check every bag. Customs Officers will make transporting the gold impossible.'

'So?' said Dim.

So we cannot spend our loot! Not here. Not now. Too many eyes are on us.'

'So what do we do?' said Harry.

'We keep it hidden.'

'For how long?' asked Dim.

'Until it's safe. Geez, Dim, what are you using for brains these days? When the world forgets, then we can return to spend our treasure!'

Leo huddled his comrades over the spot where the gold was buried and produced from his pocket a long iron key. Slowly and silently, he handed it to the rock of the trio. The only man who he trusted more than himself. In the dead of the night, in the shadow of the moon, Leo handed the key to Harry.

In the branches of the willow, not far from the thieves, the curious seagull began to take notice.

'Finally!' cried Leo, tossing his shovel out of the hole. It was a moonless dawn following a moonless night. It had taken both of the aging crims almost twelve hours to dig the hole. But they didn't care. It had taken them over three decades of tentative waiting. What was one more day in the grand scheme of things? On Leo's command the duo heaved with all of their strength and managed to overcome their arthritis and lift the gold bullion out of the ground.

'It's here! It's finally here!' cried Leo, rubbing his hands zealously.

Harry scrambled out of the hole. 'I can't believe it. After thirty years of waiting!' he cried through a mask of dirt.

Leo couldn't contain himself any longer. He was finally staring at the fruits of his labours. All his pain and suffering, all those sleepless nights and bottles of liquor. Every last thought and ounce of energy he had spent over the last three decades were about to be paid of in full.

'Hurry, hurry, hurry! Open it, Harry,' he squealed, his tortured knuckles at his mouth.

Harry Tsigounis knelt by the crate and patted around his outfit.

According to the young Harry's memory, which (coincidentally enough) was almost entirely different from the elderly Harry's memory, a curious seagull swooped down on that faithful night of the heist and knocked the key from his hand.

Unfortunately for Harry, that curiosity was contagious and found an empty head to settle in.

The empty head picked up the key and slipped it into his pocket.

'I don't have the key,' said Harry, utterly grey-faced.

'What?' spat Leo. 'Then who does?'

'Dim.'

The name resounded in Leo's head like the ring of a cast-iron bell. His head was spinning. He could feel his knees buckle. Luckily Harry caught him before he fell in the hole. 'I can't believe it,' he moaned. 'That bastard has the key?'

Leo collapsed at the foot of the willow tree and there he sat, languid and heart-broken. His temper had faded, replaced by a sickly feeling in the pit of his stomach. The animal couldn't get angry. It was far too old and far too tired.

A long moment passed, as did another. Harry loyally picked up the shovels and began packing the car.

'Wait!' cried Leo, standing bolt upright. 'I could find him!' said Leo. 'All we have to do is make another movie! Yes, that's it! Another movie! I'll hire back all the actors and start a new set!'

Harry rolled his eyes, angrily. 'You and your bloody movies! You think every problem can be solved with making a movie.'

'This one can!' spat Leo. 'Now quickly, tell me what kind of movies Dim watches!'

'Calm down, Leo,' he said, wearily. 'You're starting to lose it. Making *one* movie nearly killed you. Where are you going to find the money let alone the energy to make a second?'

Leo grabbed his comrade by the collar and barked at him nose to nose. 'I said tell me what kind of movies Dim watches!'

Harry winced. 'Are you sure you want to know?'

Leo nodded, slowly and hotly.

Harry whispered the answer into Leo's hairy ear.

The director's head rolled back, staring distantly at the flowing canopy above. Harry was right. It was all over. Because no matter the treasure, no matter the journey, no matter the blood, sweat and tears, even Leo Leonidas did not have the energy for X-rated erotica.

THE END



The Kytherian 4WD & Recreation Club

Upcoming Event

Turon Gates Weekend Away

Camping or Cabin Accommodation

18th, 19th, and 20th April 2008

It's on again. Come along and join us for what is a great weekend away. Great fun for all the family. You do not need a 4WD to be part of the fun.

For anyone who has thought about going camping but didn't feel confident this is your chance to try something different.

Our committee are there to help out if needed.

Here is your chance, just do it, your kids will love it and so will you !!!!!

This trip has been run for the last 9 years and has been a fantastic success every time.

Come and join us in April 2008.

Website: www.turongates.com

Telephone: (02) 6359 0142, Cabin Bookings (02) 9969 3818

Address: Turon River, Capertee, New South Wales, 2846

How to get to Turon

Gates:

At Lithgow turn right towards Mudgee. Turn off to the left just past Capertee. Refer Map below; Travel time is around 3 hours and can be travelled by conventional vehicles.

Camping: \$22 per car per night. Additional \$6 per trailer.

Cabins: Minimum Charge per Cabin \$360 - \$480 minimum charge. Cabins must be booked in advance. Cabins to be booked and paid for directly on phone (02) 9969 3818. No booking required for camping



however first in get the best spots.

Please contact any of the committee members below if you are coming.

Committee Contacts

Peter Tzannes 0419 993 000, Gina Ambele 0408 429 042, Tina Economy 0421 310 150, Victor Alfieris 0417 230 743, Spiro Coolentianos 0418 213 990 and Peter Poulos 0409 666 238

**Books & CD's for sale -
can be purchased from the
Kytherian Association of Australia:**

- *History of Kythera* by Peter Vanges \$30
- *The Greeks in Queensland-A History from 1859 to 1945* by Denis A Conomos (RRP \$49.95)
- *Ta Tessera Spitia* by Jim Saltis \$20
[Jim Saltis, 47 Market Street, Randwick 2031]
email saltisjim@optusnet.com.au
phone (02) 9399 9767
- *Katsehamos and the Great Idea*
by Peter Prineas \$35 available Plateia Press
32 Calder Road, Darlington NSW 2008
email plateia@ozemail.com.au
Phone: (02) 9319 1513 Mobile: 0429 322 857
- *Aphrodite and The Mixed Grill. Greek Cafes in Twentieth-Century Australia*
by Toni Risson. 130 Woodend Road,
Woodend QLD 4305.
email: s131107@uq.edu.au -\$49.95 plus
postage & handling. Phone 3281 1525.
- *By George*, Harris George. Life stories by
Harris Tzortzopoulos, parents born Karavas,
Kythera. Naval Officer later prominent solicitor
in Maryland, USA.
Available George Poulos \$35
- *A Touch of Greece. The Greek Café Owners of
Junction St., Nowra* by Robyn Florance.
phone: 4429 3564 (BH)
email: rflorance@shoalnet.au
\$17.50 including handling & postage.
- *Journey to Kythera* CD-ROM for Apple Mac
ActionPoints@hotmail.com or 0417 590 194].

**CULTURAL ARCHIVE
WEBSITE FOR KYTHERA**

Kythera-Family.net

<http://www.kythera-family.net>

Donations can be sent directly to:

The Treasurer

**Kytherian Association of Australia
PO Box A203
Sydney South NSW 1235**

Cheques should be made out to:
**Kytherian Association of Australia -
Kythera Family Website Account**

More information about sponsorship can
also be obtained by contacting:

George C Poulos

Ph: 02 9388 8320

Email: transoz@bigpond.net.au

Angelo Notaras

Ph: 02 9810 0194

Please forward any items you wish to be included in our Newsletter to

The EDITOR

PO Box A203

SYDNEY SOUTH NSW 1235

or

kaanewsletter@optusnet.com.au

Please Note:

Those submitting articles to this Newsletter are advised that these articles may appear on the *Kythera-Family.net* website.

The deadline for articles is the 23rd of each month.



Kytherian Association of Australia
www.kytherianassociation.com.au

CHECK OUT OUR BRAND NEW WEBSITE!

Keep up-to-date with all the latest KAA news & information
as well as details of our upcoming events.

Logon now & tell us what you think:
feedback@kytherianassociation.com.au

Enquiries: Peter Samios

GREEK DANCING CLASSES 2008

FRIDAYS 8TH FEBRUARY - 11TH APRIL

(TERM 1)

Matraville High School cnr Anzac Pde & Franklin
Sts, Matraville.

Infants 7.00pm-
7.45pm

Primary 7.45pm-
8.30pm

Junior High School 8.30pm-
9.15pm

Senior Group 9.15pm-10.15pm

