



Nicholas Anastas

30 June 1933 – 3 September 2021

By Don Johnston

We thank Nick's sons Con and Michael for the contributions to this obituary. Nick was born on 30 June 1933 in Fremantle to hard-working migrant parents, the third child and only son to Constantine Anastas and Mary Kanganas. A fun-loving and sometimes mischievous child, he grew up with his sisters Margaret, Eva and Helen, and had many local friends within and outside the Greek community.



Having more important and fun things to do than apply himself at school, he flunked the year 10 junior certificate (apparently passing only woodwork) and re-sat the following year passing, apparently, nothing! He left school at this point of course and had aspirations of being a jockey, with an apprenticeship cut short by a knee injury after a fall. While in Hospital, Nick was inspired by the care received from the resident orthopods, which perhaps contributed to his later choice of career. He never lost his love of horses or riding and has always enjoyed researching the form to find that long-odds 'roughie' on the punt. He went on to sell men's clothes at Roger David in 1952. He also completed a brief period of service in the Army Reserve.

Nick, after a period of self-reflection (and encouragement from his parents) went back to Leederville Tech, applied himself and successfully matriculated in a 12-month study frenzy in 1954. He was accepted into medical school and graduated from the University of Sydney in 1959 with honours. His reward was a shiny red Studebaker that became integral to his young identity and heralded the beginning of a fastidious obsession with alluring classic cars.

He worked at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital in Sydney for a few years as a junior then senior medical officer before travelling to England for further study. He completed the surgical part 1 exam in Dublin in 1964, apparently completing a two-year course in a frantic nine-month study binge. He slept through the whole following day after finishing exams when the stimulants and adrenaline wore off – gritty determination resulting in success at this important milestone. He later went on to successfully sit the College of Surgeons exams in Edinburgh in 1965 before returning to Australia to commence work as a junior hospital-based surgical registrar. He worked in the Eastern states in general surgery and accepted a job back in Perth in orthopaedics simply as a means to return to family and his home state. Career-wise, this was pivotal as he had found a group of surgeons with whom he got on well, within a specialty that turned out to be his true calling and passion. He married Rosalie in 1965 and his sons Constantine and Michael were born in 1966 and 1968.

He was awarded the Royal Australasian College of Surgeons fellowship in 1967. He had long and esteemed careers at Princess Margaret Hospital for Sick Children and Royal Perth Hospital as a consultant orthopaedic surgeon. He scaled back his scope of work in later years to a successful private medico-legal practice. Nick accumulated many grateful patients over the years, some returning to visit in midlife, having been treated by him as babies with congenital orthopaedic disorders.

His career, which was such an important part of the person, in many ways spoke for itself. Nick never spoke of willing retirement, and never did formally retire, but rather, joked of his preferred way of "checking out" by dying in his consulting chair.

But while his career and work were so important to him, there was so much more to the man. Anyone who knew Nick would know of his enormous appetites for all of life's pleasures, including love of good food – especially traditional home-cooked Greek cuisine – and, of



course, seafood, red wine, music and AFL. A staunch South Freo boy from way back, he naturally and loyally supported the Dockers from their debut. Nick would love nothing more than simply spending time with family. Nick was a true Hellenophile, loving all things Greek – sometimes to the point of obvious subjective bias. One thing many may not know about Nick however, is that he was an excellent cook and preparer of food. Nick would enjoy nothing more than simple home favourites cooked superbly with a glass of red from his extensive cellar.

Proud of his Greek Castellorizian heritage, Nick was always there for his family and sons in particular, and generous to a fault. He truly loved his family and close friends. Nick celebrated a great life well lived that touched so many, and died peacefully on 3 September 2021. A most wonderful father, friend and professional colleague.