

*Alexandros Patsourakos, son of Agisilaos was an excellent gun shooter and served, as most of his compatriots, during the Greek-Turkish War of 1912-13.*

*While serving in the front in Epirus he was got typhus and was hospitalized in serious condition for a long time. His uncle Georgios Patsourakos (Giorgakis) left his village Strotza to take care of him, as Alexandros' brother Evangelos was also serving in the army in the fronts of Epirus and Macedonia.*

*The following are some extracts from his uncle's memoirs, Anargyros Patsourakos, who met them in the rear during the end of the War. Being a medical doctor, he understood the severity of Alexandros' condition, realized the tragic state of the hospitals in the front and decided to accompany him back home.*

FILIPPIADA to PREVEZA, Friday, March 8<sup>th</sup>, 1913.

Today I rented a carriage for 25 drachmas to have it alone because I have my cousin Giorgakis with me who came from Strotza to serve his nephew Alexandros, soldier of the 8<sup>th</sup> infantry division, who got a very serious typhoid fever and entering in the first stage of his recovery, got permission to return to his village for two months.

The military doctors did not want to give him the permission to go as he was still very weak, but because I was also a doctor and I knew somebody from the committee and because I had with me his uncle and nurse, who they knew already, they trusted me.

Alexandros is barely alive; I take him away because according to a military doctor friend of mine, if he remained here he would surely die. They can provide him nothing because they lack everything. They are called military hospitals but in reality they are cemetery antechambers.

So I took with me my sick nephew and my always pleasant cousin Giorgakis who with his care and his humor made him feel much better when he had high fever and was ready to pass away. I was afraid he would die during the journey but with the injections I gave him and his uncle's jokes he was relieved.

During our journey we met Evangelos, Alexandros' brother, and Dimitrios Patsourakos who was later killed during the War against the Bulgarians. Dimitrios gave me a horse that he had found and told me: "Take it uncle as loot", so I attached it behind the carriage. The patient was relieved when he saw that his brother Evangelos was alive.

Nice journey, nice road. We passed by the ancient town of Nikopolis and through the olive grove of Preveza.

After a 12 hour journey we entered in the town of Preveza and stopped at a fine hotel. During the evening Alexandros got worse and as I could not provide him any more help I took him to the hospital of Princess Sophia which is directed by my colleague and fellow student doctor Dontas, to take care of him while we stay in Preveza.

Saturday, March 9<sup>th</sup>, 1913

This afternoon, I issued tickets for a steamer to the port of Piraeus for me, my nephew Alexandros, my cousin Giorgakis and my little horse.

(From the memoirs of Anargyros Patsourakos, Reserve Lieutenant of Artillery during the War of 1912-13)

(Transcribed by: Anargyros (Agis) Patsourakos, May 2009)