

Stavros Patsouris, son of Georgios, was born in Madagascar returned to study in Greece and became a Pharmacist. He married to his wife Koula and was ready to start his professional career when the the Greek Civil War exploded. Then he was sent to serve as an Officer of the Infantry in Parnassus, in central Greece, where there were many battles against the communists.

The following is the last letter he sent to his father in Madagascar a few days before he was killed in a battle.

Beyond its emotional value, I think it shows also the passions of that era, that has accumulated so much suffering in our homeland even until today.

Anargyros (Agis) Patsourakos

Parnassos, Chryso village, 11/07/1948

My dearest Father,

It has been a long time since I wrote you because I have a lot to do and heavy responsibilities. I have traveled almost 2/3 of Parnasos and who knows what else this war still reserves for me. My nerves are already broken.

Especially these days I am very upset by the following reasons.

A month ago I was appointed to guard the village of Chryso. They call it Chryso (Gold) and it is indeed. Location, climate, view, waters and very fine people. It is located between Amfisa, Delphi and Itea.

While staying in Chryso I decided to invite Koula for some days. But after I sent her the letter to come and meet me, my company was ordered to a mission in the surroundings. We came back a few days ago, but before we could rest, were ordered again to explore for ambushes for 6 days.

Imagine Koula's disappointment, who was informed of my absence upon her arrival. Fortunately, I had prepared her staying at Mr. Saltaferas' house where she rested for a while. Mr. Saltaferas is a fine man with foreign education. He has lived for many years in Abyssinia and French Somalia.

They haven't let her be upset at all, taking her here and there. The other day, 09/07/1948, while I was returning from Parnasos, I met them in Delphi without knowing anything. I let them finish their little excursion and their visit to the few remaining archeologies, as I was obliged to return to my base, Profitis Elias, a very old and rich monastery, in a place where the eye rests with a superb and variant view.

In the evening I went to Chryso and the next day I returned to Profitis Elias to take over the command of the company as my Captain would leave for a few days. So, still away from Koula and Chryso which I see only through my binoculars.

Sunday, 14/07/1948

I went to Chryso to render honors as an Officer and Commander of the company to a colleague who fall in a battle against the communists. It was a fine funeral.

In the evening I returned back to my base despite the disappointment of Koula. Next day they took her to Arachova to console her.

If they return today they are going to visit me here and after tomorrow I'll send her back to Athens because I cannot think of Koula's grief and at the same time all the different and difficult responsibilities as Officer and Commander of the company.

We took a lot of pictures and gonna take many more and send them to you. I have already sent many. Have you received them?

Don't worry about me and don't think of communists' hand grenades. They'll go to hell and we saw how brave they are, how sneak they are and how they think. As for me, they got to know me very well. They learned that even ifI got old, my hand doesn't shake

and my sight doesn't mistake. I only complain that we haven't met manful face to face to sing them my song. Then they'll dance their cannibal dance till their end. I am only sorry because I see that I'll be away from my family, my work and my hopes for the future for long.

I comfort myself with the hope that sooner or later I'll be back where I seek, calm and happy, feeling that peace is reigning over our beloved Greece. But when?

I hope that by now you have settled in Tananarive and you enjoy its marvelous climate and the company of Andromachi, Costas and Jolande. Don't upset yourself with your works and those of Dimitrios. I believe that he is capable of many things if he thinks what he really wants in the future. I have heard that he is kind of philosopher. Let him philosophize life and he'll find his way.

Has Nitsa arrived in Madagascar? I gave her some olives for you.

Mr Gionis didn't contact us. We haven't received any money for long which would help us a lot.

Mother, I announce you that Koula proudly wears the dresses that you sent her. She looks very nice. I admire her, admiring in her face you who I miss so much.

My dear mommy, when shall I see you again?

I kiss you all.

Stavros

