

I

N. M. Beh OCT 31 - 93

Dear Alan

Hope you are well. Here, everything is the same... getting older and trying to survive! Today, for the 1st time in months, we had a very cool day, it was welcomed, after sweating for months... How do you feel? and Dianne? I pray that you are both well. The time is approaching for your Voyage, I am sure that you will enjoy it. It is always good to get away for a while. I forgot to put a stamp on an envelope. I don't know if it is the last ~~one~~ letter, or the one before that one. So it was returned here, I wrote on the returned envelope, the information necessary to know your continuation. The last continuation was "Since JEAN-CLAUDE had covered the truck, it was quite dark inside" the letter before was "He gave us 5 days to get ready. JEAN-CLAUDE said Good Bye to the people and took us back to the Station." When you'll read the latest pages, you will find it and

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put them in their proper place. I returned the envelope to you ^{in a new one}. I am continuing with more information. Be well, take care of yourself.

We love & miss you

LOTS OF HUGS & KISSES

Mom & Dad

Since JEAN-CLAUDE had covered the truck, it was quite dark inside... He told us, that it was necessary for safety reasons, while we were in the city, ~~we~~ ^{we} could uncover just the back of the truck, once we were on the road, but to ~~cover~~ COVER the back, if there was some trouble... I had taken my place, in the back of the truck on the right side, my Parents and Brothers were next to me. We kept on rolling for hours, passing small towns. During the trip, Jean-CLAUDE stopped the truck a few times on lonely ^{RURAL} roads, so that we could take care of Nature's needs. Everybody was broken up, especially the little CHILDREN, they cried quite often... We ate some bread, cheese and the Hard eggs, we

III

Took a Vichy bottle with us, we drank a little zip at the time. After a while, a ~~column~~ ^{column} of Italian military trucks, started to bypass us. It was soldiers returning to Italy, they were from the 4th army, that had occupied the South of France, ~~the~~ Grenoble, Savoy and the French Riviera. Jean-CLAUDE went right in the middle of the column, ~~he~~ he would not let them bypass us! Then the column stopped, of course we had to stop too. A high ranking Italian officer, asked Jean-CLAUDE to come down from his truck, he spoke a broken French, but could be understood. He asked, who ~~we~~ are all these people with you? and ~~where~~ where are you going? Jean-CLAUDE explained ~~the~~ to the officer, that we were Jews, trying to escape the Nazis, that were coming soon to occupy the South of France. We were not scared of these Italian soldiers, they were joining the Allies, to fight against the Germans. The officer looked ~~in~~ ^{inside} the

Truck, when he saw women & children, he said "God help you" He told Jean-Claude, that the German army fighting in the South of Italy, might come up to the North, to occupy it, and fight against the retreating ^{Italian} troops. There is a risk, once we come into northern Italy... We might have to fight them... what about these Jewish civilians, what will happen to them? if there is such an encounter? Knowing the German Barbarians they were, he told us that they would kill all of us, even the Italian ~~prisoners~~ prisoners. We were told to think it over! We told the officer that, if we went back, we would be deported and killed anyway... We told him, we wanted to go on... At least, we would have a better chance! The officer told us "Good Luck" he gave us his permission to follow the column. We continue to roll. It was incredible that people like us, would have to go to such extreme, to trying to save our life... We were not so

sure, that we were doing the right thing... When the officer confronted us, we did not hesitate in our decision, we would have begged & pleaded, if necessary... but now, as we were discussing the Situation, we were not so sure, that we had taken the right course! In front of us, soldiers in their trucks, were singing songs and waving at us! We did not understand their words but, the melodies were very beautiful. The soldiers threw boxes of cookies into our truck, we gave them first to the little ones, then the rest for us. We were very hungry and munched them very slowly. We were approaching the frontier. The column stopped, some officers ~~were~~ went down to discuss with the Frontier Guards. A while passed, no trucks were moving, we started to worry, what will happen to us? if they would refuse to let us go through? Then came the good news, we were told we could go on. We thanked God a million

P.S. will continue
to send more in- VI
formations.

Regards to Dianne

Mom

Times! We entered Italy and felt like
we were liberated! Some of the people
said, they would go on to Rome. My
family wanted to go on, ^{to the SOUTH} not far
from where the Allies were fighting.
We made plans for the future, not
knowing what was in store for ^{us} ~~us~~.
We kept on rolling until we arrived
at a small town. The Soldiers stopped
their trucks, they got out of their ~~vehicles~~
Vehicles, they had stopped in front
of a military post, they went in to
get food and drinks and to use the
facilities. An officer came to us, telling
us to go down, he took us to the
Post, where he spoke to ~~at~~ a Soldier
in charge of supplies. We took care of
our immediate need, then we received Bread,
cheese, Ham, cookies, pears and milk
for the little children. We never forget
the kindness of the soldiers, we often
talked about them, the difference
between them and the Germans!
How nice they were, especially to us the
CHILDREN, you could see in their eyes
how SORRY they felt for us. We all
went back to our trucks. Love, Mom

P.S. if you can,
Send us a card
from Germany.
Many

I } I will prepare
more information
for when you ~~come~~
come back - love many
N.M. Bell Nov 8. 93

Dear Alan

Hope this letter finds you in the
best of health. How are you? I
had trouble with some angina.
We had a lot of humidity, and it
affected my heart. I took to rest
several days, it helped, ^{but} it's
a real struggle... There is a place
to meditate, it's too far, and I
don't have transportation to get
there! I started to learn to relax,
the way ~~to~~ ^{you} told me, with my hands
on my hips, clearing my mind, I
close my eyes, saying "Om" a few
times. I still don't
have the knack of it, to call it "Me-
ditation", but with patience and per-
severance, ~~to~~ I know that I will know
it eventually. In 1 letter, I forgot to
put a stamp on it, it was returned,
and I sent it back to you. I hope
that you received the letter, and put it
on the right continuation. I know
you are leaving for Germany very
soon. Have a healthy, safe and
~~Happy~~ Happy Trip for both of you.

#

on this note, I am ending this letter.

Hugs & Kisses

We love you

Mom and Dad

Here is the continuation of our saga
in ~~the~~ world war II.

We left the military post and went
back to our truck. An Italian Soldier
brought us some green military
blankets, to take along with us. We
got one for us. We waited a while,
for the soldiers to get in their trucks
and the column started to roll again.
After travelling for a few hours,
we arrived at a nice little town
named "SEMONTÉ" it was located
in the Valley "STURA" EVERYONE was
told to get off. We were taken to
soldiers barracks. There was many beds,
and we were happy to stretch out there,
some of the smaller children went
to sleep immediately. Some hot
coffee and biscuits were given to us,
the same as the soldiers. We were
told that we would stay a few

hours, and then leave for a bigger
 city called "Cuneo", not too far
 from Turin. There, everyone would be
 on his own, soldiers and civilians!
 Most of the 4th Army would go down
 to the Southern front of Italy, where
 the Allies were fighting, they would
 join them to fight the Nazis. After
 a few hours of rest, everyone, went back
 to their trucks. Jean-Claude had told
 us, that he would return to France
 after leaving us in Cuneo, he did
 not want to take a chance for
 the Germans to take over the Fron-
 tier at the "Col of the Madeline"
 where we had gone through, to
 enter Italy. As we passed towns
 like "BORGO SAN D'ALMAZZO" getting
 closer to Cuneo, ^{we asked ourselves,} where would we go?
 what if the Germans came, and ~~took~~
 took over the town? where would we hide?
 who could we trust? Some of the boys
 decided to take a chance, to travel
 by train, to go on as far as possi-
 ble to the South... others said they
 would hide in some small town...
 awaiting to be liberated, that it

IV

Could not last too long! One religious Jewish man, started to pray in Hebrew, my Father and others joined him. We arrived in Cuneo, a beautiful and lively town, it was full of military Alpine units.... on which side were they? Again we went to another military post, it was ~~big~~ huge and full of ~~soldiers~~ ^{soldiers}. Jean-Claude, told us to get down, he asked us; what are you going to do? are you going to travel? or hide in this Valley Stura? Jean-Claude went with us to speak to the officer, that had been kind enough, to take us with him to Italy, he said, that he had bad news, the Germans had come up from the South, they were quite close to Turin. He said, that they would continue their trip, and if there was a confrontation, they would be ready to fight. Many of the soldiers had decided to desert, some would go in the mountains, to start an underground; to fight the Germans! Some of the people said; they would take the train, and go on.... Jean-Claude

V

Told us, that it was risky to travel by train... or to stay in a big town like this one... that it would be better, to hide in the mountains, until liberation day. Everybody decided then, what they would do? Some said, they would remain in the Valley, not in the city itself, some asked Jean-Claude, to take them to the Station, to wait for a train, another couple and the 5 of us, asked Jean-Claude to take us back, to that little town of DEMONTE, to hide in the surrounding mountains. ^{SINCE} Jean-Claude had to go through Demonte, to go back to France, he accepted, he said let's go away right now, before it's too late, ... I hated to go back to that truck... The people who decided to travel, were taken to the Station, other people, got off the truck, when we reached the outskirts of Cuneo. Now there was only 7 people left, an old couple and us. When we arrived in Demonte, there was a great confusion, the people ~~to~~ were stealing food from an ARMY

Warehouse, they carried flour sacks,
 corn meal, Pike, big cheeses, all
 kind of can goods! The truck had
 stopped on the main square called
 "Piazza ~~San~~ VITTORIO EMMANUELE^{III}
 Jean-Claude got out of his truck, and
 asked a man carrying some food, what
 was happening? the man did not ~~at~~
 understand French, he spoke a dia-
 lect called Piemontese. Jean-Claude
 asked a woman the same question,
 she too did not understand! then
 an older woman, who was curious,
 looking at the truck with civitans,
 had heard us speak French, she
 approached Jean-Claude, and she ~~asked~~
 him, are you French? ~~with~~ in the
 best French a Foreigner could speak,
 Jean-Claude told her, that we all were
 French, that we had arrived in Italy
 from Grenoble, and what was going
 on? with the people carrying food in
 such a hurry? she explained, that the
 Germans were on their way, that the
 Italian Party had left, telling the
 population; to take all the food out of
 the Military Warehouse. Love, Hugs. Many
 Dad

letter N^o 1 - P.S. another letter is coming soon
after this one.
+ Love, Mommy

N. M. Beth. Nov. 16. 93

Dear Alan

You are in Germany now, but you will be back by the time this letter arrives. I hope you are having a great time! and Dianne too! I am glad that you have a warm coat, it will protect you from the bitter German Winter. I hope you both feel well. I am praying for your safe return. I was having trouble with my right foot, I have been going to a Podriat, I have to stay off that foot, for a while anyway... it's a complication of diabetes. Be well and God bless you both.

Love and Hugs

Mommy & Dad

Here are more informations, of our persecution during ~~the~~ world war II

My Father and Jean-Claude went in ~~to~~ to the warehouse, to take some food. They brought back cheese, biscuits, bread and a large can of Fruit Cake, the kind that you eat at Christmas

II

people were emptying the warehouse, they did not want to leave it for the Germans, ... we learn our first ~~new~~ Italian word, they kept on saying ~~Tedeschi~~ ^{Tedeschi}, we found out it meant "Germans". My Father and Jean-Claude came back to the Truck, we sat inside it and ate some of ~~it~~ ^{my food}, Jean-Claude ate etc etc. Then it was time for us to say Good-bye to Jean-Claude, we felt like a family member was leaving us... He was kind of worried about us, he kept on telling us, go to the mountains, it's your best protection, he confided in us that he was going to join the "MAGNIF" in the French Alps. The Germans will probably be there in a short while... He hated the Boche. When he left, we felt kind of lost... we started to walk in the town, people looked at us with a certain apprehension and curiosity... We went in to a small café, the woman behind the bar, asked something in Italian, we did not un-

III

derstand a word! Father pointed to a glass, to make her understand, that we wanted a drink. She brought mineral water that tasted like champagne to us, we were so thirsty... we had no lire to pay with, only francs... the woman heard us speak in French, she looked at us, and said "~~francesi~~" "Francesi" which we understood immediately, it meant "French" we said Si-Si "yes yes" she went inside a room, near the bar, she came out with an old man, he introduced himself in a wonderful French, with a thick Italian accent. He told us, that his name was "Cui-Seppè", he had worked in Cannes on the French Riviera for many years, when he was younger! The woman was his daughter. We told him that we were refugees, we wanted to pay him with Francs, he refused to take any money at all! We talked for a while with him, he heard that Mussolini had taken over again, (Italy was going to be occupied, and the troops were on

IV

their way, very ~~close~~ close to Linceo...
 his Radio was going on ^{constantly} telling the
 news... he said, now our trouble are
 starting here... the Nazis will ration-
 ned everything, they will cause "Hunger
 and fear" He told us exactly what
 our life had been for ^{Nealey} ~~over~~ 3 years...
 We did not want to confine in him,
 we thanked him for his kindness,
 he told us that many people in
 the Area, spoke ~~from~~ French. Many
 of the people had worked in France
 and liked the French people! We
 went out of the little Town, we
 walked out the foot of the Mountain,
 after a while we rested, then we walked
 again, we saw a little ^{HAMLET} ~~Hamlet~~ with
 a tiny Chapel, on the side of the
 Mountain, we wanted to get there
 before night fall. We looked for a
 trail and found it! We started to
 CLIMB, it was ~~lighter~~ higher than
 we thought... we were not optimistic...
 we kept on going, we had to rest
 several times. When we arrived at the
~~Hamlet~~ HAMLET, an elderly woman
 came out of a stable, she asked

Something in Italian, we did not understand her, we told her "Frances" we sat down on the ground, leaning against the Chapel wall. She came out with a young man, he came over to us, he wore Italian army pants and a Kaki Sweater, he spoke to us, we did not understand him either! He pointed to a barn, He made gestures, which indicated that we could spend the night ~~in the~~ on the top of the barn, we followed him inside, it was pitch dark, he took a small oil lamp hanging from a hook on the ^{WALL} wall; he lighted it with a match, he showed us a ladder to climb on, there was lots of Hay that smelled wonderful, we all lay down, my 2 Brothers, my Dad, my Mom and I, we covered ourselves with the army blanket, it was enough for my Parents and I, my Brothers slept in their heavy jackets which were very warm. The young Man left going down the ladder saying something that we could not make out. Now we were in complete darkness!

in a Foreign Land that had been enemy to our Country, allied with the Axis, many of the people were ~~to~~ disillusioned with Mussolini and the Germans! of course, there ^{were} others like the Fascists and black shirts, who remained allied with the Nazis, the Man at the Café had explained the situation very explicitly... and said that the worst was yet to come... As we lay down on the Hay, we talked about all the things we had endured during the German occupation in France, how we had ~~studied~~ ^{alluded} them! So far... that we had to be optimistic, that Italy would be liberated in a short time. We went to sleep feeling warm and safe! The Proctor woke us up quite early, it was still dark... we heard voices of women & men, there was an opening in front of the barn, I looked out and saw a woman carrying 2 pails into the stable, the opening was like a little triangle window, it was very cold and I lay down under the cover to warm up... Love & kisses, Momy & Dad

N.M. BCH. Nov 20
#93

Dear Son

By the time this letter arrives, you will be back from Germany. I Hope you enjoyed your Trip. It is Good to go away for a while, but it is better to come back Home, To the Good old U.S.A. I have sent you a letter marked N^o 1 This letter is marked N^o 2. Uncle ARNOLD'S unveiling was postponed for a week, it will be tomorrow. It was supposed to be the 14 of November. I Hope you are in good health, it is the most important thing in the world, it is wise to get a check-up, especially after age 40 for Men. Take care of yourself my Son, you are very precious To us, because we love you very much. Send our best To Dianne.

Hugs + Kisses

Mom & Dad

Continuation of informations of world WAR II events in our life.

When I woke up the next day, my Brothers and Father were not in the barn, only my Mother. I asked my Mom, where is everyone?

II

She Told me, that the farmer's Son, the young man who had offered us, ~~the~~ To sleep in the barn, had yelled up and gesticulated; showing them To come down. Mother did not go, she wanted ~~me~~ To be there when I woke up! I Told her, why did you let me sleep? she answered, that I needed my rest, that being a child, I needed more sleep than the rest of the Family! We went down the ladder, out of the barn. My Father and Brothers were trying To understand the young Man, his Mom was there too, she said something To my Mother in a dialect, it did not sound Italian, but it had French twisted words, it was more understandable than Italian, I Told my Mother, that she wanted us To go in her House! The Dialect she spoke was

Piemontese "Piemontese" from Piedmont, the region we were in. The Farmer's Mom and her Son exchanged a few words, showing us To follow them. We entered a huge Kitchen, somber, but smelling of good Food, there was a big table and lots of chairs made of rustic wood

style, made of wood, a large furniture, showing dishes and cups, a fireplace with a CAULDRON hanging over the fire. We all sat down at the table. My Father told my Mother that, the young man was trying to tell them something, but they did not understand each other! He also talked to my Brothers who could not understand him either! The young man's Mom brought some CORN MUSH called "POLENTA" smeared with BUTTER and cheese, also small ^{ROLLS} breads with ~~an~~ whole baked apple in it. We were so surprised at their Hospitality! She also gave us hot milk to drink. When we ~~got~~ went out, the Air seemed very chilly, the Fall had arrived, what will the Winter hold for us? We talked about our future plans... we did not want to hide in this particular Hamlet, it was too close, not high enough... we wanted to climb higher, the higher, the better! We went back to the barn to warm up. I had a feeling of doom, I felt that we ~~would~~ will have a tragic destiny... ~~at~~ I think, that at that moment, I felt

IV

more scared than during ~~the~~ all the years that we were on the run... perhaps, being a few years ~~date~~ older, I ~~that~~ became more mature, becoming a teen-ager... and realizing the precarious and dangerous situation we were in... The hopelessness of it all... What about the rigid WINTER of the Alps? Will other people be kind and charitable? ~~or~~ like these people had been with us? or will we freeze to death? or starve with from hunger? I knew, that my family was just as worried as me... we were going to go in a little while, Father, said, that we better rest before going! we heard the Farm dog barking, such a loud bark! we looked up, through the TRIANGLE space, we saw 3 Alpine Soldiers, who had arrived at the Hamlet. Who were those soldiers? were they for or against the Germans? my Father signaled us to keep quiet and sit down... we did ~~just~~ ^{just} that. We heard the soldiers talk with the Mother & Son, they yelled "Tedeschi" ~~but~~ we knew the word by now, "it meant "Germans"

We thought that the Nazis were on their
 way way up... Father said, we better ~~leave~~
 leave now... what about the 3 soldiers?
 we had to take a chance, better with
 them, ~~than~~ ^{than} the Germans.... We came out
 with the hope, that they were on our side.
 The young man walked with them for-
 ward us, one of them was a Sargent,
 he extended his hand, smiling at
 us, saying "FRANCESE" French, he knew
 a few words of French, he tried to
 explain to us, that the Germans had
 occupied DEMONTE, that many will
 go on, to occupy the French Riviera.
 We understood pretty well, what was
 happening! they were deserting the
 ARMY, we also understood the word
 "PARTIGIANI" "PARTISANS" we de-
 cided to go with them, no matter, how
 high and how far... we had to go... These
 Soldiers knew their way! that gave us
 great confidence! We said Good-bye
 to the FARMERS, and left with the
 deserters. We climbed, trying to reach
 another Hamlet, which looked so close
 but was so far! The Soldiers had
 to stop, quite a few times, in account

of us! They had experience! we realized,
 that we were walking the Mountains,
 with ^{3 men} ~~3~~ ^{with} ~~legs~~ To be the first Partisans
 of the region... We were happy To be
 in their company! They were going To
 Organize an underground, that would
 fight an evil, that had a spread
 fear, diseases from Hunger, and
 mostly, Death, ^{call over Europe} Mother would bless
 them in Yiddish, knowing that through
 their courage, many people would ^{be} ~~be~~
 safe! We worried about Father, he
 seemed so pale and fatigued... we took
 some rest. We reached a plateau, there
 was a cabin, that looked good To us!
 for it was colder ~~at~~ now... The Sol-
 diers opened the door, we went in, there
 was no one! they locked the door, we
 looked around, it was a Shepherd's
 cabin, In the Mountains, they bring
 the ~~cows~~ ^{cows} up the Mountains, To grass
 for the whole SUMMER, and they bring them
 down To the stables, for the fall & winter.
 In the cabin, there was a bed made of
 wooden boards, and a mattress, made
 of Hay, there were 2 chairs made of straw
 and a small table. There was a ~~tiny~~ ^{tiny}

VII

window with which was closed. We found a enormous cheese, round like a truck wheel. The soldiers said "Formaggio" "Cheese" one of them, took a small knife that he had with him, and started to cut a small piece of the cheese, he gave my Mom the first piece, Mom took it and was ready to eat it, she saw worms in it, she gave it back to the soldiers, he took it, and scrape off the worms with his knife, he gave ~~her~~ ^{it} ^{BACK} to my Mother to eat it, she refused, he ate it himself, and he kept on cutting the cheese and scraping the worms. No one of my Family would eat this cheese, My Father said jokingly, it could walk by itself, because there must had been hundreds of worms but the soldiers loved it! We remained in the cabin, and we spent the night there... The next morning, when we woke up, the sun was shining through the tiny window. We went outside and looked around, the soldiers said, that they were going to a place called "Santa ANNA de VINADIO" The SARCENT made us understand that,

it was very treacherous to get there,
 you had to be an experienced climber.
 He made us understand in his broken
 French, that we could go on to a higher
 place, and stay at another Hamlet.
 We went with them and realize
 that, as we climbed higher, the
 path became very narrow... at a cer-
 tain point, the soldiers put on ropes
 and tied us with it... They said
 not to look down... we started
 to recognize some Italian words, especially
 me, I could see the similarity with
 French words! we could have taken
 another less dangerous way, the one
 the peasants used, but we could en-
 counter carabinieri and others who could
 collaborate with the Nazis, who were
 searching for deserters and Jews...
 at that time, it was too risky. We
 continued until we reached another
 Hamlet, there was 4 houses, no chapel.
 3 children were running around pla-
 ying, one of the kids, ran into a
 house when he saw us! He came
 out holding his mother's hand.

Dear Alan

I will write again in a few days - Love
 Mommy Dady

P.S. Best regards
To Dianne.

Mom

I

N. M. Beach Nov. 28-93

Dear Alan

We were happy to speak to you on the phone. We are glad, that you had a good vacation in Germany.

We had THANKS giving at Sonia's House, Annie & Charles were there too, they are visiting for 2 weeks.

In 2 weeks Uncle Noah and Aunt Fay, are coming for the winter.

My health has given me lots of problems lately... I am going to my cardiologist Dec. 19, he will give me an intense examination, lots of tests. Seems the old ticker is fired... lets hope for the best! Prevention of sicknesses, is the best gift one can give himself, check ups are important, they can and do save many lives. In January, Dad is getting a full check up. Well my dear son, be well and be happy. We love you. Take care of yourself.

Lots of Hugs & Kisses
Mom and Dad

Here are more informations.

II

The little boy, pointed at us, when he saw us. The mother said something to him, he took his arm down. Both of them, kept walking toward us. She confronted the soldiers, talking to them, she looked at us, she said "Refugiati" we understood that word, meaning "Refugees" it was very similar in French. We nodded with our heads. The sergeant told us, that he asked her, to give us refuge for a while! she responded that she would ask her husband, at his return from the field. The sergeant explained everything to the best of his ability, half in Italian, half in broken French. I was starting to grasp some words in Italian, I was the youngest one, I caught on quite fast... I ^{loved} the beautiful romantic Italian language, it sounded so melodious!! We could not go on with the soldiers anymore, they were going to the top, to go down into another valley... doing it the hard way.... We could have gone on with a small ^{road} ~~road~~, it was too risky. We saw Germans

III

Reconnaissance planes, Hovering over the Mountains.... The soldiers left, the woman had given them Bread & apples. We sat down on a bench, in front of a stable, the woman came back with bread and apples for us too, also some milk. We were starved, & it had been quite a long time since we had eaten a morsel of food! my stomach ached from HUNGER, I ate very slowly, so that I could enjoy the food a little while ~~longer~~ longer! The woman went back into her House. We waited quite a long time, until we saw a young man walking to the House, he stopped to look at us from a distance.... he was limping on ^{leg} 1 foot. He came out from the House with the woman & Child, and walked towards us.... He asked us questions in Italian, we told him "refugiati Francesi" French Refugees he made us understand, that he did not speak French! The language barrier, was our enemy too! Mother said something in

IV

YIDDISH To my Father, the young Farmer, looked at them, and said in a poor German, do you speak German? my Parents said yes, we do, He ~~th~~ thought that YIDDISH was German, the 2 languages are very similar... He told us, that he had served in North Africa with the German ARMY, against the British, he had learned to speak and understand some German, he had been wounded in the leg, he had been in a German Hospital for many weeks, attended by German doctors, and German nurses! He said that he liked the Germans, they did not treat the Italian Soldiers ~~so~~ very well, not like they treated their own! He was repatriated to Italy to an Italian Hospital, he was terminated from the ARMY for good, his leg did not heal too well, he was seeing a ~~British~~ Civilian Doctor in DEMONTE, every 2 months. He spoke very bad German, but at least, we could make out what he was saying. We did not tell ~~any~~ him, that we were Jews...

just Political Refugees! he offered us to sleep in the stable, it was warm in there, because of the cows, they give out a lot of Heat.. we were thankful for that, It was getting colder, especially at night... the Farmer brought us more blankets, we layed on the hay, but the ~~smell~~ smell was atrocious... we didnt think, that we would be able to fall asleep with this Terrible odor, The farmer came in with a big ~~bowl~~ Bowl of cooked Chestnut, not roasted, but boiled, it would be the first Time in many days, that we would not go to bed hungry! we thanked him for his kindness. We fell asleep despite the odor. The next day we woke up refreshed, the Mountain air was so pure, it made us sleep like little Children! We came out of the stable, the Farmer's wife, was feeding the Chickens with corn grains, she said hello, and smiled at us... after she fed the chickens she ~~came~~ ^{went} back to her house, after a few minutes, she came back

VI

WATER

with 2 pails of warm ~~water~~ and soap, we knew, that she wanted us to wash up... Mother said, that her and me, would wash up first in the stable, then the Men could go in after we were ~~through~~ finished. Mother and I washed up, and changed in clean clothes, we only had 2 sets each! Then, ~~the~~ Father and my 2 Brothers, went in the stable to do the same. We sat outside on the bench, My Mother and I, ~~then~~ combed our hair, The Farmer came out with an older lady, he said she was his ~~Grandmother~~ ^{Grandmother}, she was curved and walked with difficulties. She looked at us and smiled, we noticed, she had no teeth left... He took her back to the House, he came back to invite us to eat Breakfast with them! We ate hot milk and ~~the~~ Bread soaked in the grout. We left the House after we finished eating. Father had noticed an old sewing machine, it was not electric, you had to use your foot on a pedal, since he was a Tailor, he said, that he would make some CLOTHES for the ~~father~~

Farmer and his family, it would be a payment for their hospitality. Father asked the Farmer, do you have material for making clothes? He responded, that he did not have any material, only blankets, some very new, my Father went with him to see the blankets, he told the Farmer; if you have a measuring tape, I will take your measurements to make clothes for the family. The Farmer told his wife, she seemed delighted! she gave my Father the measuring tape, and showed him the ~~machine's~~ sewing machine's drawers, where ^{the} thread and buttons were. That day, Father started to work on that sewing machine, Mother helped too, for she had been a seamstress. Father made a pair of pants for the Farmer, his little boy and a skirt for the Farmer's wife. That night we ate chicken, potatoes and turnips for supper, that meal was to us, a remembrance of the meals, we ate before the war, warm delicious food were

P.S. will write again,
in a few days. VIII
Love, Momy!

a rarity for us.... We spent a week with
the family, Father made a jacket for
the little boy, and a jacket for his ~~the~~
Mom too. Then one morning, a friend
of the Farmer, came to visit him,
he told him, that the Germans had
captured deserters and Jews. The des-
erters were shot, the Jews ^{were} put in a
camp. now lunced, he asked the
Farmer; if we were Jews, he said no,
they are French. We were very worried,
when the visitor left, and the
Farmer told us, what had happened
to the Jews and deserters... ~~also~~ we
were also preoccupied about the visitor
questioning the Farmer about why
we were? I know, that the Family
knew, we were Jewish and they did not
care, beside, they were very religious,
statues of the Virgin Mary and other
saints, also crosses of Jesus, were in
all the rooms, they were good Chris-
tians and would not tell on us. The
Farmer's name was Antonio, he saw
that we were uneasy about the visitor,
he told us, not to worry... his friend loved
Mankind. Love you, A Billion kisses
Momy, Dad

I

N. Ol. Beth Dec 5 - 93 =

Dear Sharon

Nice To Talk To you on The phone. I
Received your lovely card. I am
Glad that you and Dianne had a
wonderful trip. How do you feel? I
hope in the best of health, keep
healthy and happy; these are the
2 most important ingredients,
for a ~~longer~~ long life! Dad and
I are OK, I was sick but I
feel better now, at our age, we
have to fight the battle of
time.... We can't wait to see
you, it's only a few months more!
Take good care of yourself for your
sake and ours.

Love you ever
Hugs & Kisses
Mom Dad

Continuation of our life, during the
war Times.

My Parents were not To Sure if
the farmers tried, would not
betray US.... even though Antonio

had reassured us, that his friend
 was a good person, incapable of
 hurting anyone! The next day,
 German planes were dropping pro-
 paganda leaflets, in it were written
 that no one should hide deserters,
 Jews ~~and~~ ^{ENEMIES} communists, that they ~~are~~
 were ~~enemies~~ ^{ENEMIES} of Italy, if anyone
 would do so, they would burn their
 houses and farms. They would shoot
 anyone hiding P.O.W.'S, and
 hiding arms, weapons of all sort.
 Antonio read the leaflet, he looked
 deeply scared... I had picked up a
 leaflet, I read it and could make
 out what was written in it. An-
 tonio ~~told~~ ^{ASKED} my Dad in his broken
 German, are you Jewish? my Dad
 responded that we were. I showed
 my Mother the leaflet and told
 her more or less what was written...
 Antonio went to his house to show his
 wife the leaflet. My Father told my
 Mother, what Antonio had read
 to him, and he knew we were Jewish.
 My Mom told my Dad, she had
 heard Antonio ~~was~~ asking him

that and why? did my Dad reveal that? ^{We were}
 Mom started to cry and said, there is
 no way out for us... we are going
 to perish before the war is over...
 I started to cry too. My Dad and
 2 Brothers, started to talk about
 the situation... Antonio and his ~~was~~
 wife came out to speak to us, he told
 us, that he did not care that we
 were Jews, but he was afraid that
 the Germans, would start to look on
 this side of the Mountain, and if
 they found us, they would burn his
 farm, also they could harm his wife
 and his child and him too, he knew
 the German's brutality, he had
 fought with them... He despised them
 but was afraid for his family! ~~but~~
 Dad told him, that he understood,
 we will leave right away... we could
 see in their eyes, that they felt sorry
 for us... we took the regular road
 road, it was not narrow like the
 one we came in, the other was not
 a road, it was very narrow passages
 the width of a foot... near the rocks
 one slip and it would be over!

IV

This road was used by the peasants, and their mules, to carry some of their crops to the market, it was safer to walk, ~~but~~ ^{but} riskier, because Germans and black shirt Italian fascists, would use the safer roads, even if they were Alpine Soldiers...

It was a very cold day, the ~~arrival~~ ^{arrival} of the winter, was not too far away... we walked in a field, that had some trees on one side, it was a small wood, we rested there for a while, we continued to walk again through the ~~wood~~ wood, until

SAN

JOAQUIN

^{JOAQUIN} ~~JOAQUIN~~ - It was very small, just a few houses, but it seemed that all the houses had families living in them, not like some ~~but~~ hamlets where many houses, were closed up and vacant... when we arrived, a few women were talking among themselves, they looked startled when they saw us! We were some ~~six~~ ^{six} SIGHT! dirty, tired, hungry and ~~th~~ THIRSTY... and scared... Since I spoke a few words of Italian, I ~~voluntarily~~

IV

VOLUNTEERED TO SPEAK TO THE WOMEN. I
 came forward, towards them, & told
 them, that my name was Maria, &
 that my family and I came from
 France, I could see some distrust in
 their eyes, a very old lady asked
 me, in the piemontese dialect, what
 are you doing here? Incredibly, I un-
 derstood every word she said! half
 of the words are more French than It-
 alian, I try to tell her, that we were
 refugees, that we were hungry and
 thirsty.... and cold.... I hoped, that
 they did not see any leaflets... an old
 Man, came out of one of the Houses,
 he was smoking a pipe, he came
 over towards the women, he said
 a few words to them, he looked at
 me, turned around to look at my
 family, then the old lady spoke to
 him, he nodded with his head, made
 a sign to me and the rest of us,
 to follow him. We entered his house,
 a large kitchen, very rural, large
 pans hanging on the wall, big
 wooden table and several wooden
 chairs, he told us to sit down,

P.S. Hugs & Kisses
To you and
Dianne. Mom IV

he did Foo. He asked us, if we were
communists? we understood that
very well... I answered no and so
did all of us, he smiled and got up,
he brought some polenta and
cheese, some wine that tasted
like vinegar! it was Fabe wine,
he sat down again and drank some
wine Foo. He spoke very fast, I could
not understand him Foo well. We
went out with him, I showed him
the barn, asking him, if we could
use it for the night, to sleep
in it, at first, he did not grasp
my question, so I took my 2 hands
put them together and leaned my
head on them, he smiled and told
us to go! he had gotten my question!
Father had no cigarettes, but he had
kept his cigarettes lighter, it was quite
dark on top of the BARN, Dad used
the lighter so we could see better, to
put our blankets and lie down.
We heard people, men and women
talking for quite a while, we knew
we were the Topic! We fell asleep, not
caring what would happen to us anymore.
Love you, Mom & Dad

I

N. M. B. Dec. 12-92

Dear Alan

Thank you very much for the cassette on Meditation, also for the picture and the articles about you. I am real proud of you, and so is Dad. I showed the articles to Annie, Charles and Sonia, I translated some of the words I could make out, I speak German, I do not write or read it, but I translated quite a few words! You look terrific on the small picture, you could pass for 30 years-old easily. We are so happy that you and Diane had such a great time. Dad and I are ok., I hope that you are too. I am practicing Meditation according to the Tape, I need more practice, my concentration wanders away, so I have to practice a lot more! I try it while doing the dishes, the bed and other chores, I try to concentrate on what I am doing! When I sit down, I sit in a straight position, I repeat the words "Chama Israel" the more I practice, I know I will get it real well. Best Regards to Diane, Hugs and kisses from us to you. Love you, Mom & Dad

II

Here start the continuation of our
pains, deprivation, our fears and
our despair--

II

After we slept the night in that place
of San Joragwin, we got up with pessimism,
Pessimism - The people had some leaflet in
their hands, they try to tell us, that
we had to go, they did not want
to loose their farms, they said, the
Germans will burn our homes--
and kill us, We could understand
their fright, we told them, that we
were leaving-- one of the women
gave us some bread to take along,
We thank her, and left. We again
took the main road, we went down,
looking to see if any Germans or
Fascists were coming up-- we had
a very good view! After walking a while,
we sat down to eat some bread, we
took turns at looking down the moun-
tain-- there were some wood in the
distance, we would be secured walking
through them-- as we entered the woods,
we heard a human voice yelling "Who
goes there?", we stopped in our tracks
frozen with terror-- not only did
I stop, my heart stopped with my

III

feet... a young bearded man, jumped out of a Tree, he had a machine gun pointed at us... since I spoke a little Italian mixed with French, I spoke for all of us! I told him about us being refugees from France, he looked at us for a few seconds, then he told us ^{to} Turn around and ^{by} follow us, he would stop and show us where to go. We walked not knowing who he was? If he was going to shoot us in the back... he was not dressed in a fascist's uniform, he was a civilian. After a while, we saw an hamlet, it had a small chapel and several ~~houses~~ Houses. The young man told us to stop, he started ~~to~~ whistling a tune, before we realized it, we were surrounded by a half a dozen men, carrying machine guns in their hands. They took us to the hamlet, We did not know then, that we had encountered the first Partisans of the region! We arrived at the Hamlet, there were perhaps 30 or more men. We were ~~taken~~ taken in front of an officer, he looked at us, and asked us, who we were? I told him, that we

IV

were French refugees... What a joy came over us, he spoke a perfect French, he had gone to a French University! My Dad and my 2 Brothers, started to tell him, that we did not have anywhere to go... that we were looking for a place to stay... The officer's name was Spada, he was not only very educated, he was exceptionally smart, he told us that he knew we were Jewish, that the Germans were after us... then he told us that they were Partisans, that they will fight them and sabotage them. He told us, that we could stay with them! the place was called San Ponzio, Demonte was the main town around these Mountains, we knew the town, we had gone through for a while. The Germans had sent lots of troops to Demonte, ~~the~~ some troops had been established there, some went up to the border and France. We asked Spada what about the farmers? can we trust them? do they accept having an underground in their midst? how will they take having Jews too?

~~AT~~ V

Spada Told us not to worry, some partisans, were related to some of the farmers! they all had one thing in common, the hate for the Nazis... An old woman, called Maria, came to us, she spoke French too! she took an instant liking to us, especially my Mother! Spada Told her, that we were Jews on the run... She crossed herself, and Told us, that we were welcome to stay as long as we wanted! She called on her neighbors, to introduce us to them, they were wonderful human ~~beings~~ beings, there was a family called Melchio, & they had a son called Mario, a girl called Anita, Maria had a son called Costanzo, a daughter called BEINA^{who}, ~~she~~ had a beautiful baby boy, there was another family, they had a grandson called Silvio, he Tolded to me all the time, he was 3 years old and curious as a child could be, he wanted to know all about France, he had a heart of Gold, always giving me apples, and rolls, that his Grandma would bake! I learned

P.S. lots of hugs
and kisses. We love you. III
regards To DIANE - Mom, & Dad

To speak Italian like a native in
a short while, because of Silvio,
he would correct me and give me
children's ~~book~~ school books, for me
to read! I could not have loved him
more if he was my own little Brother!
Little by little, we came to know all the
partisans in the Group, they were a
very courageous bunch, not scared
of going on dangerous missions,
they wanted revenge for the Par-
tisans, who had been tortured
and shot in other valleys... and
most of all, they wanted the Nazis
to leave Italy! Spada use to tell us,
that he did not like any occupation
~~in~~ in his Homeland, whether they were
Germans or French from Bonaparte's
armies... He told us, Napoleon had occu-
pied this region, and that he had not
treated the people well... So many years
had passed, but cruelty stories, had
been told, from Generation To Generation...
This Group called them-
selves "LA Squadra Volante" The
Flying Squad, they used to chase the
Germans in cars, ~~and~~ motorcycles and
trucks with incredible speed. ~~late~~ Mom & Dad

I

Dec. 18-1993

Dear ALAN

I was glad to give you the dicta,
that you needed on the phone. Dad and
I are doing OK. So Far! I am Happy
that you are fine too. Of course, we
miss you a lot, we have missed you,
from the 1st moment you arrived in
Esisco! Thank God, we shall see
you in a few months! we can't wait!
Take good care of yourself. Your cousin
Dennis called us, he talked to us a
long while, he is sick, my heart goes
out to him... We are sending him a care
package with foods, he hasn't seen
anyone of the family in 2 years!
Dad called Roy, Barbie and ~~the~~ Ste-
phanie, asking them to visit him, they
promised Dad, that they will go to see
him, lets Hope they mean it! What
a tragic Family this is, on Uncle Ro-
nald's side... Lots of kisses and hugs.

Love,

Mom & Dad,

I am continuing the informations
of our Saga.

II

Some of the Partisans we liked more than others, our favorite was a young boy of 16 years of age, his name was Paolo (PAUL) he had a voice like that great Tenor "Caruso", he had studied and taken voice lessons with a maestro, he sang arias from the most famous operas like: "LA BOHEME" "M^{me} Butterfly" "LA TOCCA" "LA TRAVIATA" etc... When he sang in the Mountains, the echo of his voice repeating the words, made it sound so pure and so strong! he would sing for hours, for us, it made us forget for a little while, the abominable situation we were in... beside being talented, he was so courageous! ~~his~~ his goal was to sing at "la Scala de Milano" Milan famous Opera House" when the war would be ended, Father told him, he could come back with us to Paris (if we survived) to sing at the opera there. Lieutenant Spada was very strict with the younger Partisans whom he lectured all the time, for their own good, he taught

III

than military tactics, the older ones were veterans of Russia, North Africa Yugoslavia and Greece. These veterans would tell stories about the atrocities of the German Troops occupying the Territories, they had taken so swiftly in their Blitz ~~Karte~~ Krieg. These stories became nightmares for me... I prayed to God, to spare my Family and I, the ^{HORRORS} ~~trials~~ we would have to endure, if we were taken prisoners... We told them that my Mother and I, had been taken prisoners by the collaborating French police, that she had let us escape! during the big round up of the Jews in Paris on July 16 1942... They felt sorry for my Brother Fernand and me, because we were children. While in San Polo with the Partisans, we felt more secure, than we had been since the beginning of the war... they had given us refuge, they and the Farmers, had welcomed us with open arms! it gave me confidence in myself, the Germans had made such bad propaganda about the Jews being SUBHUMAN

IV

WORTH

that at Times, I felt like an un-
worked Human being, dejected
to the dept of my soul... and
wonder of all, ashamed of my
being Jewish! I could not under-
stand, why I did not see any of
the ~~characteristics~~ the Nazis had
come up with, in their propaganda
concerning us. Now, among these
wonderful people, risking their lives,
fighting the Germans, and the
Farmers risking theirs, by harbo-
ring us, I felt like a new
person, reborn in the midst of
a destructible period of Times,
not to be compared to any Times
in history... The Winter was with
us, rigid and cold. The incessant
fall of the snow, kept us inside
the stable for days and nights,
only to go out for indispensable
necessities. Cora and her
Mother Maria, had given us
food everyday... they shared the
little they had... the parkmans
had given us food too. My
Father was sewing jackets,

V

ponies for the Partisans and the Farmers, my Brother Ernaud, was sewing Hats for them, Everything was made of Blankets, my Dad started to make us some warm clothing^{too}. During the day, the Partisans would stay with us in the stable, they were Housed mostly in the barns, and an empty House, which was used as a warehouse. To store feed and food, mostly grains, corn, potatoes and apples. Maria taught me a how to make butter, for helping her, she would give me some for my family. Costanzo, when going to town would bring us back, Tooth paste, newspapers so we could follow the Allied's advances on all fronts... unfortunately, the Germans would lie about it... We know anyway that the Germans were losing, because some undergrounds had connections with England! The BBC of London did not lie! More Partisans arrived, some came from other mountains to join us, they had escaped encirclements, called in Italian, "BASTRALAMENTI" they had fought and many had been killed,

VI

wounded, taken prisoners to be shot or sent to Political prisoners camp, to be sent eventually to force labor or exterminating death camps in Germany or Poland. A Great amount of Italian prisoners, were gassed in Auschwitz. The group had started to sabotage some installations, rails, warehouses, some were wounded, some died in the battle, others were shot or put in prison. The Group started to attack ARSENALS of ARMEMENTS and ammunitions, also food warehouses, the shortage of food was at it's worst. The Germans had imposed rationing for such

Such

a minimum for the civilian population, because their demands for cattle, cheeses, flour, butter, eggs and other food, from the Farmers who were to bring their goods to the Germans depots. Some civilians were helping the Group, supplying trucks, cars, motorcycles and temporary hiding places, such as garages and warehouses for the escaping

VII

partisans that the Germans were changing, after they had stolen goods of all kind or after an act of sabotage... they had to change places all the times, for safety measures... these places were in towns in the valleys... spies were paid by the Gestapo, pointing to Jews and Partisans, they were a real threat to us and the underground... the Partisans despised them more than the Nazis... because they were ITALIAN TRAITORS, selling their own people to the enemy... who would torture them to death... or shoot them at dawn... one Partisan, who was a Communist, was always volunteering for the most dangerous missions, they called him "Il Cosack" "The Cosack", he was courageous and too much of a daredevil... the Group thought, that he took too many risks and that he could endanger all of us... Lieutenant Spada told him to cool it and not take such chances... despite all the warnings, the Cosack kept up his crazy ways, taking incredible chances on his motorcycle... pursuing some

Best regards to
Diane mommy VIII

cars with German soldiers & officers,
He would throw hand Grenades
at them, He would collect their
boots from their dead bodies
and he had quite a collection! He
wore a fur hat and boots, he
admired the Russians, with such
intense admiration! he would sing a
"THE INTERNATIONAL" in Italian! He
also was a drunk, he would steal
Vermouth and drink himself ~~to~~

INTO a stupor ONE day, while he was
drunk, he shot another Partisan,

WHO ~~he~~ got the bullet in his behind!
of course, they were no doctors, so
Spada had to take the bullet out.
I heard the screaming of the vic-
tim, also the cursing of the others,
who were mad enough to kill him.
The COSACK, who was asleep, drum
as one could hear... The next day, he
did not remember anything! He
was told by Spada, to never carry a
gun while intoxicated --- Mother told
us to stay away from him
and his politics!

We love you,
Mom & Dad

GEORGE AND MARIE KAUFMAN
1200 N.E. MIAMI GARDENS DRIVE
NO. MIA. BCH., FL 33179
APT. 502W

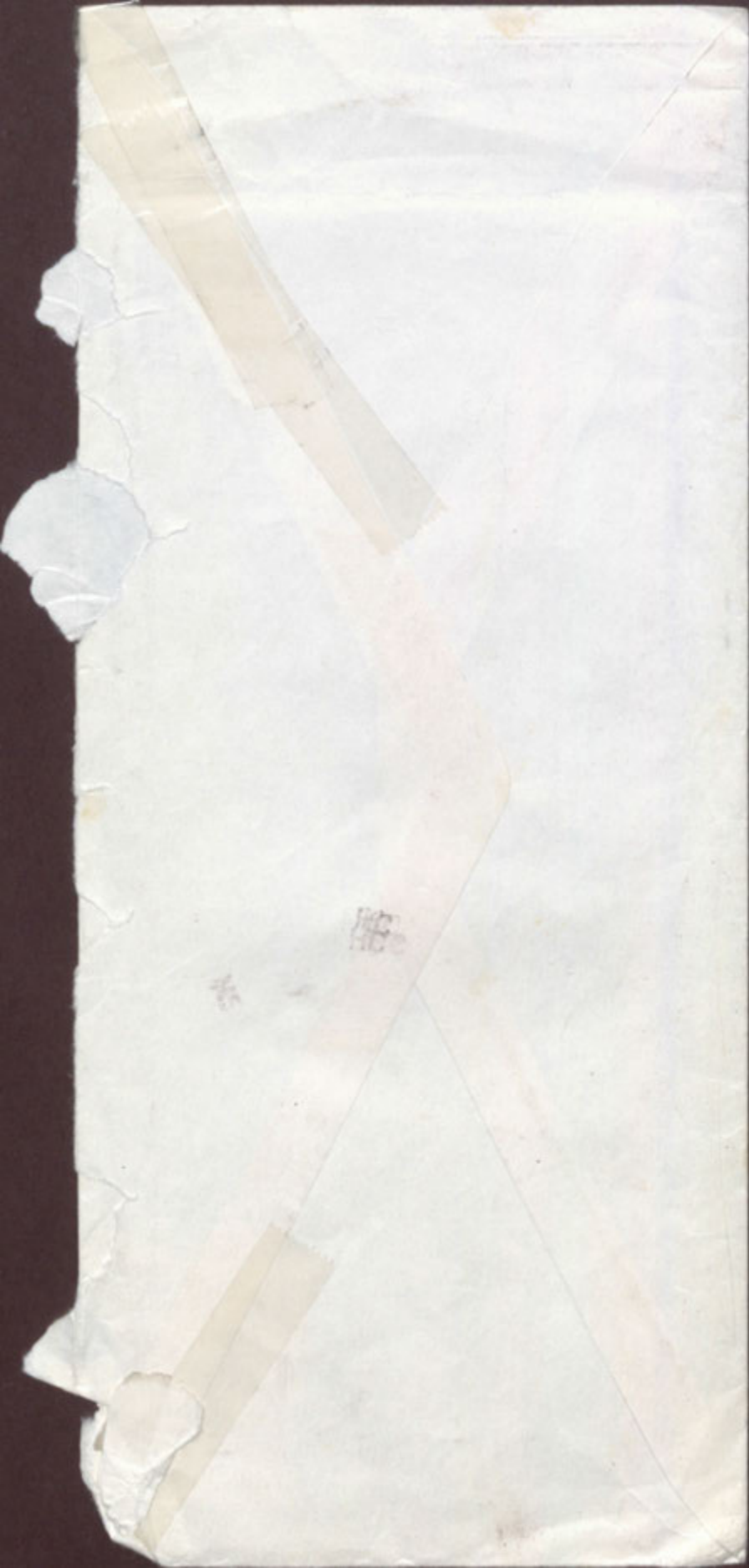
Mrs ALAN KAUFMAN
1126 BUSH STREET

APT: 405 SAN FRANCISCO,

CALIFORNIA 94109

Mom





THE pilot, was an AMERICAN & from the
~~Canadian~~ CANADIAN Border.

M. M. BETH. Dec. 31. 1993

Dear Alan and Diane

How are you both? I Hope very well.
As you know, I have cancer... First
I was in shock... then I became very
afraid... then I sort of adjusted, and
became very philosophical about this
dreary situation... I thought about
when a child is born, the next day
they say "He is a day old" not a day
young! this child will get older and
older, and then die... New generations come
into this world, older generations leave
to make place for them! this is the
wheel of life! I leave it all in the
hands of God, I fear the worst... but
hope for the best! We are leaving for
N.Y. Tuesday Morning, we have to
take the plane from West Palm Beach.
Uncle Noah & Aunt Fay, who came in
Florida to spend the winter, are taking
us to the AIRPORT in West Palm Beach.
I will see the Dr. Proaccino Wednesday
afternoon at 3:45 p.m. I think they
will operate on me very soon. Tell
my dear children, I shall get in
touch with you, as soon as I can.

II

anyway, your Father will let you know, how the operation went. I love you both very much, God bless you and watch over you.
Hugs & Kisses - Love, Mom & Dad

San Diane

Thank you very much for your nice letter, it was sweet of you. I hope that I will meet you one day, I would like that very much! My husband feels the same way about it. If I am recovered from this ordeal, we will come to San Francisco, if I am not capable of coming, for some reasons or others, you can ^{both} come to see us, we will be so happy to have you here.
Love

Mary & George

P.S. Thank you both for the lovely pictures. Diane is absolutely gorgeous, so beautiful. As of you Blair, you are as handsome as always, you look so young, like 25 years old.
Love, Mary & Dad

III

Continuation of the story.

One day, a high ~~rank~~ ranking officer, arrived in San Remo, there were 2 other men with him, his name was Colonel Franco, the 2 men were lieutenants Franchini and Syracuse. Franco was from Rome, he had a military career, he fought in Abyssinia, when Mussolini attacked the country. Mussolini's Black Shirts, were committing atrocities against the ~~the~~ occupied population. Franco protested, they arrested him and gave him a court martial, he was found guilty for refusing to carry out orders, he was put in a military stockade jail, later, was transferred to a jail in Rome. While in jail, he became friendly with a journalist, who was a communist, he had been in jail for many years, He quoted him Marx and converted him to communism. After a while, Franco was left out of jail, he never joined the Army again, he hated Mussolini's Regime, with

IV

Such intensity, and he planned and hoped, that one day, he would help to throw out the fascist Government. As of Syracuse and Franchini, they deserted after Badoglio gave up, to join the Allies. Franco took the opportunity to start Partisan groups in Northern Italy. When General Badoglio gave up, He was quite an Intellect, he was a voracious reader, he amazed me with knowledge of French literature, he could memorize pages of poetry, he always had books to read, accessible to him through Partisan's Families, who provided him them for him, he introduced me to some Italian literature, I was reading by that time, like a native. My first book was ^{an Italian} *I Promessi sposi* (I called "I Promessi sposi") I liked it so much, I read it twice, I read "Dante's INFERNO" also Italian poetry and many other books. Franco treated the Partisans like they were regular soldiers, ^{known} not like guerrillas, he ~~just~~ insisted on

I Promessi sposi

V

discipline.... He told them, that he would punish severely, anyone stealing ^{mercenary} by force (especially the Farmers) who had to supply some food, without being paid for it, and threatened with guns, if they refused... Franco told them to pay for anything they bought. After Franco's arrival, the Partisans became even more active in attacking and sabotaging the Germans and black shirts, he used his military experience in his planning, in an intelligent manner, which was less daring, but more skilled... A partisan, brought a poster with Franco's picture in it, he had been photographed by a spy or a traitor, he wore a hat, that my brother Fernando had made for him! There was a huge sum of money offered by the Germans, for his capture... After that, Franco shaved his beard off, and never wore the hat, during his participation against attacks by the Nazis... The winter of 1943 was coming to an end, there still was snow, but with the sun. there was such hope for us, the advance of the ^{VICTORIOUS} allies,

and the defeats of the Nazis on all fronts, gave us comfort and the will, to want to survive! We sang songs, Together ^{in prison} with the Partisans, we ate with them, when our food was available! It was nearly springtime, ~~it~~ when 2 young partisans were arrested by Franco, they had stolen food by force, from some farmer. They had a trial among them, Franco was the judge, he condemned ^{them} to death by shooting, they were shot the next morning, they were buried in a small cemetery, they were 16 and 17 years-old... I asked Franco, why did you do it? he answered, that he had to set an ~~exp~~ example for the others! after this tragedy, I hardly ever talked to him, I could not forgive him for snuffing out 2 young lives... 2 patriots, who had risked their lives many times over... I felt, as young as I was, that it was a great injustice! it's true, they should have been punished, but not with their lives... I was tran-

VII

motivated by this cruel act, I
cried for days... It was around March
of 1944, when ~~a~~ an American
Fortress, flying over the Valley,
was shot down by the Ger-
man D.C.A., we saw the plane
fall in the next valley, 4 Ameri-
cans parachuted, the pilot and
co-pilot, the navigator and the
runner, landed safely, into a
group of Partisans, who had fought
together with our group, during
raids against the enemy... 2
days later, 2 Partisans, from the
other valley, brought the American
pilot and co-pilot to San-
Ponzio, to stay with us, they kept
the other 2 Americans with them,
they could not feed extra mouths! so
they told Franco, the rest of the
crew from the Fortress, had been
killed in the crash... When the 2
Partisans left us, Franco tried to
communicate with the flyers, to no
avail! they did not speak
Italian, and he did not speak
ENGLISH! he said, How in the

VIII

world, am I going to interrogate these 2 CAPITALISTS? They brought them some food to eat. As most children and teen-agers are, I was curious and fascinated by these 2 pilots! I listened to them speaking English but furious, that I could not ~~under~~ understand 1 word! Here, I spoke French, Italian, ~~German~~ German and Yiddish, but no ENGLISH. My Mother had prepared a little Corn & Mush for us in Maria's Kitchen, she yelled my name, and told me in French, come in the stable, to eat your food. The Pilot stood up and ran towards me, asking me, are you French? he spoke a beautiful French, as good as me! I told him, that I was, he turned and called the co-pilot, they spoke some words between them, then, the pilot told me, that his name was "Alain" When I married, several years later, I named my first born, Alain, ^{5th} after him. The co-pilot's name, was Robert who ~~he~~ was called Bobby for short.

Lots of hugs - Love, Mom's baby

GEORGE AND MARIE KAUFMAN
1200 N.E. MIAMI GARDENS DRIVE
NO. MIA. BCH., FL 33179
APT. 502W

APT: 405

M^{rs} Allen Kaufman

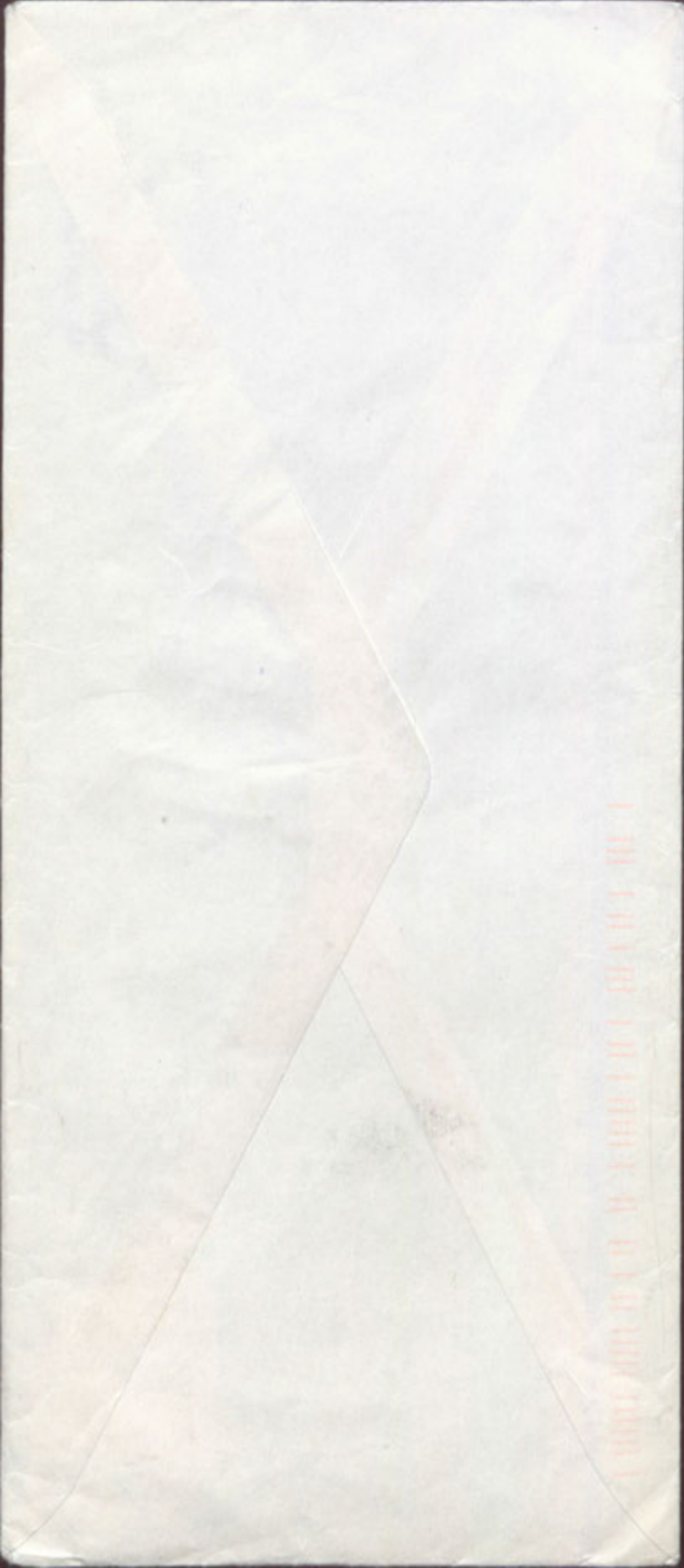
1126 BUSH STREET

SAN FRANCISCO,

CALIFORNIA 94109

MSW





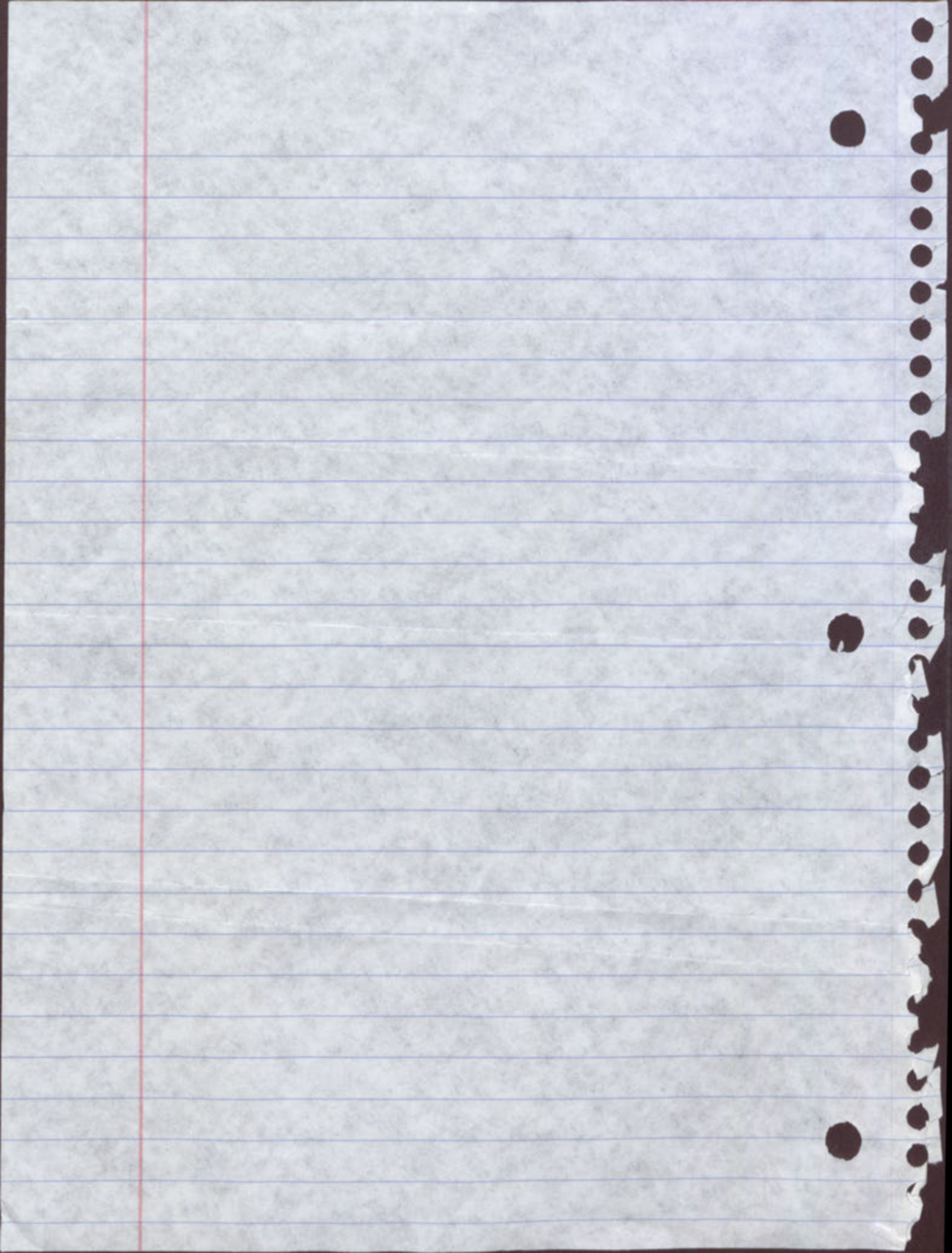
P.S. Dad and I, are so proud of your article & poems. They are beautiful. I have read them over & over. Love,
Mommy

New York Jan. 10. 1994

Dear Alan, and dear Diane

I am very happy to have talked to both of you, on the phone, I feel pretty good right now, except for a little nausea and constipation, which is the result of the sickness. I pray and hope, that my operation will be successful! I have lots of confidence in Dr. Proccacino, it's a miracle, that I could get him to operate on me. He is so prominent, that people have to wait 6 months on a list! to get him, to perform an operation. It is ~~my~~ our 43rd Anniversary of our wedding! This doctor, is the best gift, I could receive! The gift of life! I was saved by Italian people once, now, this Italian American Dr., will save me again. Dear Son, it's your birthday, yours and Howie's, A Birthday card is on his way. Pray for me, my children, all will be well, and we shall see you very soon. Regards & Love from Debbie, Howie and Brandon.

A Billion Kisses & Hugs
from me and Dad, Dad,
Mommy



GEORGE AND MARIE KAUFMAN
1200 N.E. MIAMI GARDENS DRIVE
NO. MIA. BCH., FL 33179
APT. 502W



Mr & ALAN KAUFMAN

1126 BUSH STREET

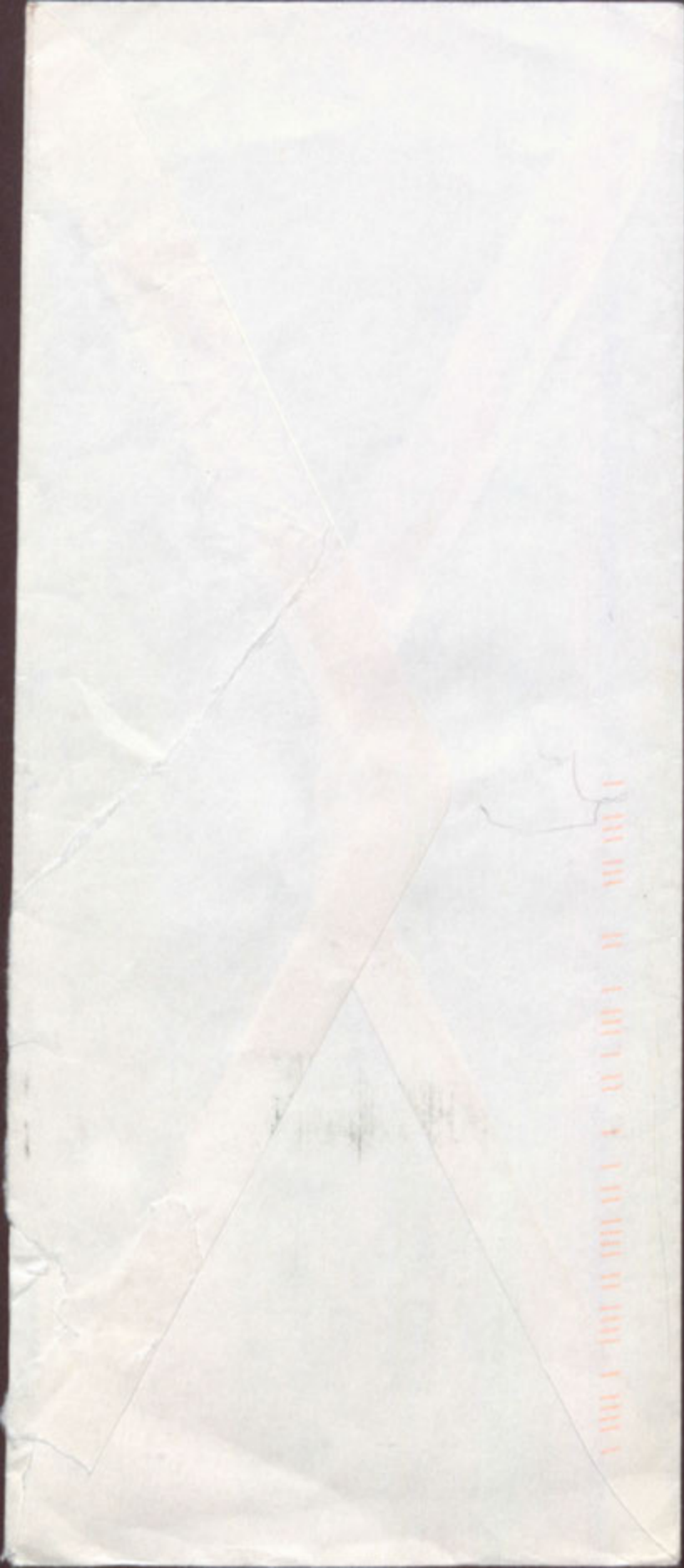
APT: 405

San Francisco,

California 94109

Memo





P.S. We sent you a
Birthday card.

Love, Mom & Dad

New York Jan. 13. 94

Dear Alan and Diane

I was so happy to speak to you
on the phone. The 18 of Jan. I
will go for more tests, at the Long
Island Jewish Hospital, it is for
readmission. The 19, my surgeon
is giving me another colonoscopy.
The 21st I have to see the cardio-
logist for a clearance to enter the
Hospital - a few more tests - The 23rd
I enter the Hospital - The 24 of Janu-
ary, I ~~enter~~ will be operated at 7 AM
As the days approach for my operation
(the 6th major operation) + 6 minor op-
erations) I am pretty scared.... but I
will face it, like the Veteran that
I am.... about sicknesses, operations
and hospitals... So pray for me, my
son. Happy birthday to you, the best
gift, you can give yourself is, take care
of your health! We love you and
Diane, we feel about her, like
one of the family. Lots of kisses
and lots of Hugs, to both of
you.

Love, x x x x x

Mom & Dad

Continuation of our story, during World WAR II

There were rumors, that the Nazis
and black Swiss fascists, were going
to encircle our Valley, and another
one in the Valley above. Franco and
his Partisans, were planning to
fight them, they wanted to protect
the people of the Hamlet, who had
been so kind and helpful to us,
we had used their stables to sleep
in, their barns, their storage room
etc... Franco decided, that we should
hide the arms, the ammunition
that were too heavy to carry up the
mountain, they decided to go to a
~~shepherd's shack~~ (around SAN JOAQUIN -
~~Shepherd~~ - SHEPHERD'S SHACK)

The next day at dawn, we started
to go up the Mountain, the snow
was melting... it was very ~~hard~~
Hard to walk the trail... The
2 American pilots, ~~who~~ were
so brave in the ^{WHO} AIR FORCE,
seemed kind of worried, they
had faced death in the air,

III

but not on the ground... they had been shot down in their Fortress plane, by the German L.C.A., they had parachuted in enemy country, they had seen some of their crew crash and die -- and yet, I could see such fear in their eyes! they had never seen ground battles... We arrived in San Joaquin a few hours later, we passed by the Hamlet, a couple and a child, waved at us! they yelled "God Bless you" Thank ~~God~~ God, most of the population were for us! We arrived at our destination, the shack was much bigger than others, we had seen before, there was a big Table, 3 chairs, 2 spots for sleeping, made of wood and straw. It was very cold inside, since ~~there~~ ^{they} were so many of us... it felt warmer after a while, Humans, generate Heat! We had taken some food, ~~mostly~~ mostly bread, as we ate, we heard the firing of machine guns, it seemed so near - it was in another valley, we heard the mortar shootings, the noises of the firing

IV

Because of the echo of the mountains, it seemed so close to us. Franco and 2 of his lieutenants, were looking through their binoculars, they said, the Germans had burned one of the Hamlets - as the Smoke Rose, we could see it, it was a terrible sight - Bobby and Alan, had been given machine guns, to ^{wait} ~~fight~~ in case the Nazis would come up on our side. Alan refused, he said, give me a plane, I am not a ground fighter, Alan could speak a little Italian by now, he could make himself understood, because of his knowledge of French, still, I had to tell him, what Franco said. He told him, that he would shoot him, if he refused to fight. He grabbed the machine gun, and ~~must have~~ cursed in English.

The battle ended a few hours later, we had been ^{lucky} ~~lucky~~ this time, the Nazis had bypassed us. for now. We

V ~~AND~~ ~~THE~~

spent the night in the shack.
The next morning, we left San Porzio.
We returned to San Porzio.
We heard rumors, that the Germans
had killed and wounded a lot of
Partisans, also civilians... Demonte was
full of Germans, some transients towards
the French Border, others remaining in
place. Franco said, that now, the
situation was more critical than
ever, he was going to get in touch
with all the other Groups, he wanted
to launch a big attack against the
enemy, he left the next day, with
Francellini in charge of our group, he
took along Spada and the Cosack, they
would return in 3 days. Meanwhile,
everyone was preoccupied... most of all
my Parents, Brothers and I... The
war was coming to an end, it could
not last more than a year, we were
prepared to wait that long... but, would
we be able to ~~elude~~ hold on and
elude this terrible foe? After so much
suffering & HUNGER, cold and fear...
it would be ironic, to die, before
the liberation by the Allies...

P.S., Will
write again
in 2 days -
love, Blomby VII

The next day, after Franco left, Lorenzo Spada came over to tell Heukema Spada (they had the same last name) and his guerrillas, that he had taken to Switzerland, ~~the~~ the other 2 Americans from another Valley, they were safe now, the Germans that ~~been~~ been looking for them! and for our 2 Americans! We told the news to Alan & Bobby, they were delighted about it! Alan immediately asked, when are we going? Lorenzo told them, as soon as Franco returns, I will be back! I will take you over the border as soon as possible... Lorenzo brought us some meat, rice, pasta, toilet paste and soap. Alan told me, that Benzo was a wonderful human being, risking his life for others, paying all the expense himself! my mother and Father worshiped him, as for me, I loved him and ~~to~~ hoped one day, I should meet a young woman as good and as handsome as him.

Love & Hugs, Mom, Dad

CONTINUATION OF THE SOGA

Bob, the co-pilot was a tall and thin American of IRISH DESCENT, He ~~was~~ had Red Hair and lots of freckles, he suffered from HEMORRHOIDS, and was in constant pain... Since Alan spoke French, and I, Italian, I became the official translator between Alan and Franco! Alan, was not used to the hardships of our group, he constantly complained about the lack of food, and the lack of Hygiene, He didn't understand that we were occupied by the Germans... One Morning, Alan came over to see me, he asked me, if I had any toothpaste left? I told him, that I was using ashes from cigarettes, the Partisans gave me! he looked perplexed, when he heard it! He told me, How can you put such filth in your mouth? I told him, it is better than not brushing at all! Franco, was getting more annoyed with Alan, who he called a spoiled capitalist! Alan had been based in England, and later in Southern Italy, he had never been

deprived of anything! for him,
it was a hard adjustment... one
day, as he was complaining, about
not having a change of under-
wear, I told him some of the
wrecks of a child of 10, that
I had to hide for years, from
the Nazis, the French Militia and
informers, the anti-Jewish laws,
that the Germans had inflic-
ted on us... the humiliation
I felt, when entering my class-
room with a ~~jewish~~ yellow
patch in the form of the Star
of David, with the inscription
"~~Jewess~~" "Jew" written
in black, making me feel, like
an outcast, the pity I saw
in the eyes of my gentiles clas-
smates... Then later on, we were
not allowed to go to school any-
more... no movies, no parks, no
more ^{Ration} coupons for food... ~~the~~ My
arrest at ~~age~~ age 12, ^{and my escape} the
border crossing from the occupied
zone into the free zone
the hiding by the ~~Sisters~~ ^{mothers}, when
NUNS

my escape
from
the
FRENCH
Police

The Germans occupied the Free Zone, the going to the South of France, in the zone occupied by the Italians, the running away with the 4th Italian army, which General Badoglio, surrendered to join the Allies, to fight against the Nazis and Italian fascists, ^{in 1943} that we went to Italy, to avoid deportation to the East or Germany, because after the retreat of the Italian Army, the Germans occupied the all South ^{of France}. The very first thing the Nazis would do, would be to search for Jews! as I talked, I saw tears in Alan's eyes, he told me, that he was not aware of this happening, that the Nazis were making war ~~to~~ on children, ~~for~~ people because of their religion. He said that he wanted to go ^{cross} through the border to enter Switzerland, so that he could continue to fight, more than ever, that he could rejoin a base in England, Switzerland being neutral, would help him. Alan said, perhaps Franco could help.

him and Bobby, by arranging with a Guide, to pass the Border to Switzerland! When Stan left, I knew, that what I had told him, about my scars, had taken effect, because he was quite humble from that day on, and most of all, much less critical! Bobby seem to get worst with his condition, Frank said that, they had a plan, to get Bobby to a Hospital in Luner, at night time, because it was less risky, and they would force a doctor to see what could be done to help him. The next day, at night fall, they carried Bobby down the mountain, a truck was waiting for them, 6 partisans were participating in the raid of the Hospital, it was a civilian Hospital run by the NUNS. When the Partisans arrived at the hospital, they took him directly to an operating table, one of the NUN asked who they were? What they wanted, the Partisans in charge, told her, this man is dying, we

IV

need help, get a Doctor! 2 Partisans, the one that drove and the one seated next to him, had concealed machine guns in the truck, the 4 others, ~~the~~ ⁱⁿ charge of Bobby, had ~~guns~~ hidden guns... on them! A doctor arrived with the Nun, they entered the room, they asked the Partisans, what is it you want? and who is this man? referring to Bob! one Partisan, took out his gun, he told the doctor to take care of Bobby... To take good care of him, or else... pointing the gun at the doctor, if he dies... so will you. Within a $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, the procedure was done, the bleeding stopped, the doctor gave Bobby some medication to take along, they took the D^r with them when they left the Hospital, they ~~took~~ took him in the ^{TRUCK} ~~truck~~ with them, they told the Nun, do not call any authorities, if you do, the doctor will be killed! The Nun, said, that she would never do such thing, that she was not ~~involved~~ involved in any politics! At the edge of town, they let the D^r out of the truck, ~~down~~

II

close to a CHURCH. They sped away, they spent the NIGHT in Demonte, in the house of a partisan's family. In the very early morning, the Partisans brought back Bobby to SON PONZIO, he was still in pain, but Happy that the ordeal was over. Dan, could not get over the Partisan action.... he had been worried half to death ⁱⁿ waiting for his co-pilot, to return safely. A few days later, a fellow called ~~Lauren~~ LAURENZO Spada (Renzo for short) came to visit us in SON PONZIO, the people of the Hamlet knew him well, since CHILDHOOD, his family owned an INN, ~~and~~ abattoirs and a Butcher Store, they were the wealthiest family in Demonte, he brought a good amount of meat ~~or~~ for the group. We were introduced to him by Maria, he was such a Gentleman and so Handsome! he was engaged to be married, to one of the prettiest Girl in Demonte, he rode a ~~motor~~ motorcycle, on the main roads of the Valley Stura, sometimes, all the

way To Torino (Turin) he Told Franco,
 that he had Taken an Italian Jewish
 Engineer, across the border, To Switzer-
 land, he had false papers as a gentile,
 they had Taken a Train, up to the
 last village, then, they climbed the
 Mountains; To cross the Border into
 Switzerland, when he came back alone,
 he rode all the way in a Train ~~of~~
 crossing the Swiss border legally, the
 Germans had asked for his papers,
 he Told them, that he visited some
 relatives in Switzerland! ~~he~~ ^{it} had been
 relatively easy! He suggested To Franco,
 To let him have the 2 Americans, so
 that he would Take them, across the
 border... he had made arrangements
 To Take the other 2 Americans, in the
 group ^{of} ~~other~~ Valley, they had been shot down
 with ^{another} Alvin & Bobbery. Before leaving,
 Renzo gave my Mom some meat! we
 thanked him so much! We did not see
 Renzo for a while, Alvin & Bobbery could
 not wait... the proportion of their an-
 xxiety was enormous, we kept on ~~telling~~
 telling them, that soon, very soon,
 they will fly in another ~~bookers~~

P.S. will continue
in 2 days.
Love, Mom

VIII

(American Fortress) not to forget
to send us food, ammunition,
arms, parachuting all the mer-
chandise, they could put their
hands on. The Spring of 1944, had
appeared suddenly, the sun was
shining with a beautiful glow!
the snow and the sun together,
made the Mountains look like
a wonderland, that you see on
postcards, during the Christmas
and New Year Holidays! Unfortu-
nately, the Germans and Black
shirts Italian Alpine Troops, star-
ted (BASTARDI) actions. En-
cirlements of valleys, where groups
of Partisans were attacked. Several
valleys had ~~the~~ already been at-
tacked, hamlets were being
burned. Partisans & Jews being
taken, some were killed in
battles, some taken for interro-
gation (the Nazi Method of torture)
others to political prisons or concen-
tration camps. There was a
false rumor, that our valley was
going to have an encirclement.
Love Mom, David

GEORGE AND MARIE KAUFMAN
1200 N.E. MIAMI GARDENS DRIVE
NO. MIA BCH., FL 33179
APT. 502W



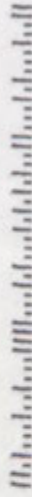
To: Mr Alan Kaufman
1126 BUSH STREET

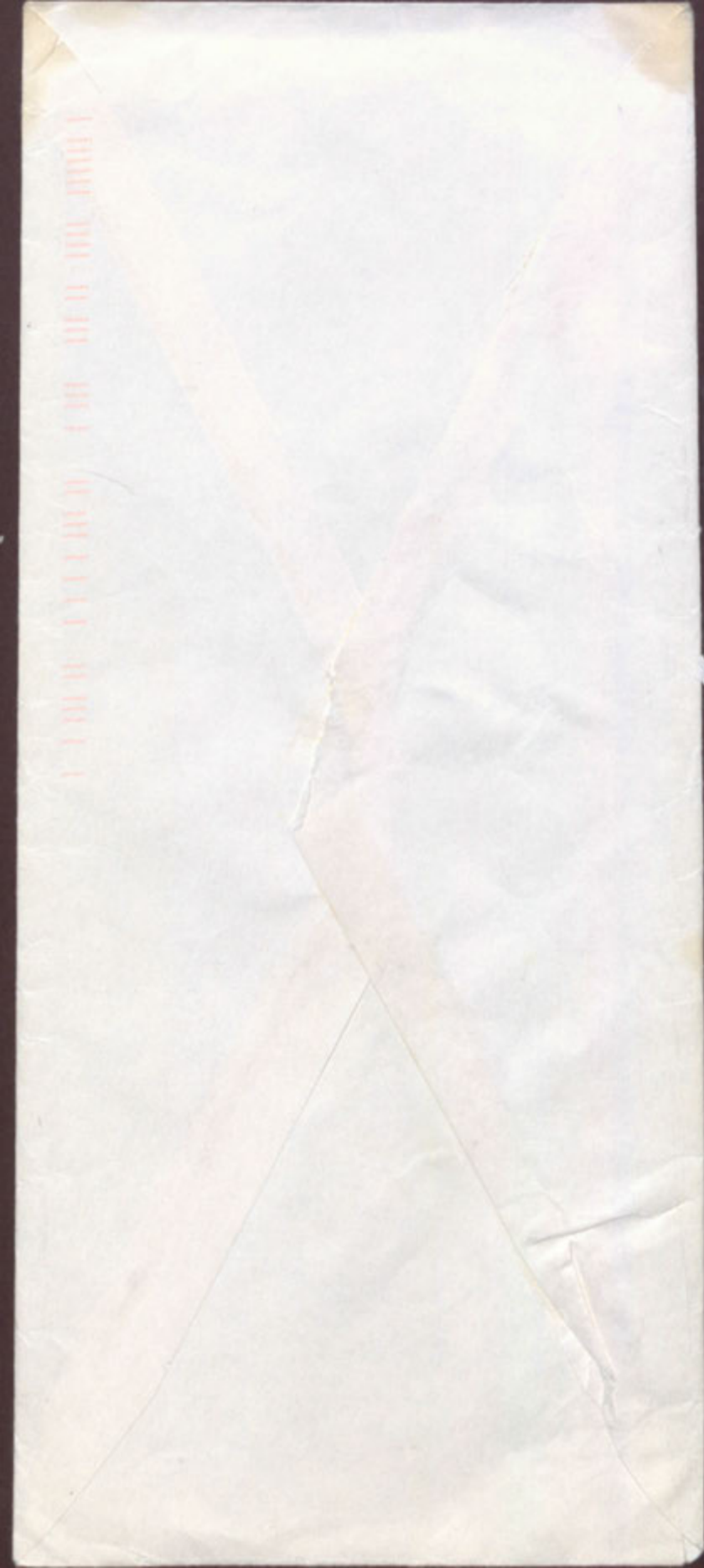
APT: 405

SAN FRANCISCO,

CALIFORNIA 94109

MOM





P.S. I will write
some more, up to
the 22nd

Love, Mommy New York & 16 JANVIER 1994

Dear ALAN & DIANE

I Hope you are well. As for me, I have
to go to the Hospital, for preadmission,
in 2 days - the 18. Then the 19, my Sur-
geon, is giving me another colonoscopy,
the 21, the cardiologist will give me
another Heart test, for clearance, to be
admitted on the 23 At Long Island Jewish
Hospital, the 24, I will be operated at
7:45 AM. After that, the rest is up to
God and the doctors... I have faith
in this surgeon! he is a very capa-
ble man. So, my children, pray for
me, I need that, more than anything
that happened to me before... As the
day approaches for my operation, I do have
some fear and anxiety.. it's a normal
reaction... I hope everything will go well.
I hope you received all the pages that
I sent you. Take good care of yourselves,
we love you very much, and we hope
to see you very soon.

Hugs & Kisses

Love, Mommy
Daddy

II

Continuation of the SOCA

After several days, Franco and his Partners returned to the Hamlet. Franco knew that the other 2 Americans, from the the other Valley, had gone to Switzerland; and that Benzo had done the job! He ~~was~~ said, that Bobby and Alon should go too... they would be more useful flying, than staying with the Group! beside, the Parksons were planning to attack the Nazis & fascists, who had based themselves in a small town near the French border, they planned to get many groups together, to outnumber the Germans! they would fight and sabotage, then run back to the Blue-Tains... All the plans had been done, within a week, they would accomplish their mission... Franco instructed the group, about what would be expected of them... The next day, Benzo Grada came over to get Alan & Bobby, he brought some clothing for them. To wear, he told Franco, that he ~~would~~ would drive close to the border, then get off before the check

III

point, a guide would take him and the 2 Americans, to Switzerland, he had been successful twice before, he was confident, that he would be successful again, he was better informed, and his guide was a native of these ~~the~~ Mountains! Alan & Bobley said their goodbye, & told Alan, not to carry his Tooth brush in his shirt pocket, & Italians did not do ~~that~~ that! I knew that Lanzetta, had a beautiful motorcycle, he loved to ride on the main Road, I wondered who's car would ~~then~~ take the 3 of them near the Border? Before Alan left, I told him, that I would name my first born child ^{MALE} after him! I also told him, to tell the Americans, to ~~hurry~~ HURRY to liberate us soon... that we didn't know, if we could hold on any longer... He promised, that he would tell all that was happening in Italy and other parts of Europe... When the Americans left, there was a void... I had come to love them like brothers some of the Partisans felt the same way! Maria had given them, some

IV

food to take along on the trip, she said that, she would miss plan the most, because they used to discuss in French, he would tell her, all about America, to his family, his desire to become a commercial pilot after the war, I would listen to their discussions, and Maria would always give them some bread & cheese, knowing how hungry they were... I saw tears rolling down Maria's cheeks when the 2 yanks left... she said, that she would go to the small chapel, to pray for their safe return to their bases. Then one day, before the group was going away to fight, 2 partisans caught a spy, he was on his way, to tell the Germans about the group, they found on him a plan, with indications of our whereabouts. Franco held a kangaroo court, and condemn him to be shot immediately, they took him away on a small trail - TRAIL, before dying, he screamed VIVA MUSSOLINI (long live Muss-

~~IV~~ V

golini" one Partisan shot him in the mouth... they buried him standing up... they said that, he did not deserve to ~~to~~ rest in peace, that was the reason, they did not bury him laying down. A week later, the group joined other groups, for the battle in a valley, near the border town. The Germans had written in the Newspapers, ^{where} that the terrorists had suffered a great loss, the true was, that they too, had a great loss... We lost Paulo, ~~and~~ the Cossack and others, some were taken prisoners and shot later on... in losing Paulo, the world lost a second CARUSO, a magnificent voice had been stilled! we were shocked about his death, he was so young, ^{only} 17 years ~~2~~ old... he had given his young life, to free Italy. The end of the war, was still very far away... jails were overworked, Partisans were tortured and shot... many innocent people, were taken from their homes, as hostages, to be shot as ~~hostages~~, for retaliation against Partisan's actions on German troops... One

VI

day, as I was walking with my Brother Leon and some guerrillas on the trail, where the spy had been shot, one partisan took a stick, scratching the soil with it, he showed us some dried bloody hairs, it was the burial site of the spy.... For years, I could not forget the horror that I had witnessed. Several days later, Benzo came to visit with us, he told us that Alan and Bobby were safe in the American Embassy in Switzerland, that they would arrange for them to be sent ^{to} some allies bases, we were happy for them, I asked Benzo, why did you return? He ~~not~~ replied; ~~because~~ Because, I belong here! this is my country, I want to help anyway I can! until we get rid of this NAZI plague, that has befallen on this country, and all of Europe... This was the last time, I would see Benzo alive... Several days later, as Benzo was speeding on his motorcycle, he had an accident, and got ~~that~~ pretty HURT

III

bad, his leg was broken, they put
~~in~~ him in the Hospital in
Demonte, a Hospital run by
the Nuns, ~~he~~ his leg was in
a cast. An informer told the
Germans and Black shirt fascists
about Penzo, where he was... The Nazis
came into the Hospital, they dragged him
of his bed, ignoring the pleas of the
nuns, that he was hurt badly, they
took him to the headquarters, they
tortured him, trying to find out
informations from him, he never
uttered a word about anything!
the informer had told the Germans
about the 4 Americans he had
taken to Switzerland... he denied
it all! a day later, they put a
RED ~~Red~~ gown on him, to show that
he was a communist, they put him
on a tank, they hung him from
a lampost lamp post in the square
of Demonte called "PIAZZA EMMAWRELE"
after the King of Italy. After the war
was over, they renamed the square
"PIAZZA LAURENZO SPADA" after him
He is buried in Demonte's Cemetery

on his tomb is written, How his
 life had been taken by the Nazis
 and fascists.... Renzo had never
 been a communist, he was a
 true patriot! When he was ^{Hungry} ~~hungry~~
~~they~~ the Nazis chased out of
 their home, the entire population
 of Demonte, including his Parent,
 Brother, girlfriend, to witness
 the Hanging... His Brother Battista
 still lives and runs the family's
 INN in Demonte. In 1966, I went
 back to Italy, I stood in
 Battista's Spada's INN, I went
 to Renzo's grave, his picture is
 on his Tomb with the writings
 of ~~his~~ the way he died. Battista
 said that, the American Govern-
 ment should give a special Medal
 posthumously ~~for~~ ⁱⁿ Renzo's name, he
 had saved 4 American lives, he
 paid with his life for it... I wrote
 a letter to WASHINGTON saying
 that, they never answered me!
 When the partisans found out
 about Renzo, they swore to
 avenge him! The NAZIS left

IX

Benzo's body hung for 3 days and 3 nights, we went ~~up~~ further up the Mountain, to see Benzo hang, through binoculars, we all cried at the sight - it was horrible --- Benzo was a Martyr a gentle fellow, with a heart of gold - if not for the war, would ~~not~~ have ^{had} a wonderful life! The Germans were encircling Valley's after Valley's ~~was~~ then one day, as we expected it, they encircled ours, we were attacked every in the day... The partisans had prepared dynamite to take along (one night, Motta and I, had slept on the dynamite powder, thinking it was flour, she asked the partisans, to give her some flour, so she could bake some bread in Maria's Kitchen, they laughed and told us, that it was dynamite powder) the group had hand grenades, machine guns, mortars, heavy machine guns put on the ground, they had a good supply of ammunitions, Franco said, To climb up as high as we could

V

So ~~we~~ they could shoot at the Germans, as they were climbing up the mountains -- as we arrived on a high point, the Partisans set up the mortars, the heavy machine guns, and started to shoot at the enemy -- Father told my Mother, that if the Germans slowed up $\frac{1}{2}$ way, to detach ourselves and hide somewhere, he was mostly preoccupied ~~with~~ me, he told her to take care of me, that he would watch ~~over~~ my Brothers -- the battle was raging, Mother and I, were hiding behind a huge rock, a German light plane, was machine gunning the main UNITS! Some bullets hit our rock, we were paralysed with fear -- A Heavy machine gunner's aide, who was helping ~~load~~ ^{put} the ammunition in it, got hit, since I was the closest ~~to him~~, he called me to help him, ~~put~~ ^{load} the ammunition for his machine gun, Mother got scared, she told me, Stay ~~here~~ ^{Love, Mommy Dad} Here.

to the
gunner

GEORGE AND MARIE KAUFMAN
1200 N.E. MIAMI GARDENS DRIVE
NO. MIA. BCH., FL 33179
APT. 502W

APT: 405

Mr. ALAN KAUFMAN

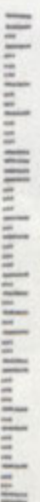
1126 BUSH STREET

SAN FRANCISCO,

CALIFORNIA 94109



MOM





P.S. This letter is the last one, only for
a while. I will  resume writing again
as soon as I  will reorganize. Mommy

NEW YORK JAN. 22 1998

Dear Son

Just a few words to tell you, that I
will be entering the Hospital tomorrow
Sunday 23. The next day is the opera-
tion... I pray to God, that everything
will be alright! remember, we have
a date, with you and Diane in Miami.
I hope you and Diane are well. I
do not have pains at the moment,
I just feel very ~~weak~~ weak and
very tired. Here, everyone send their
love. Bardi loves your article & your
poem, she brought it to her English
teacher, who was very impressed
with it! When I feel better one
day, I will xerox it, so I can have
many copies. Take good care
of yourself my Son, and Diane too.
I love you very much. Dad sends
his best to brother of you.

Love,

Hugs & kisses

XXXXXX

XXXXXX

XXXX

Mommy Dad

Continuation of our SAGA, during
World War II

II

During the Encirclement by the Nazis & Fascists, one German light plane called a Stuka, kept on machine gunning us... The Partisans kept on shooting at it, but could not get it down... it finally left, but 3 partisans died from that shooting, 5 others were wounded. Meanwhile, the machine gunner's helper, who was feeding the machine gun, was wounded and bleeding profusely, the gunner called me over to help him feed the machine gun... I was petrified, as a child would be... He kept on calling me, my Mother kept on telling me not to go! He got real mad, pointing the gun at me, he told me, to come right over to help him or, he would shoot me! He told me, do not stand up, just crawl over... I did just that and took my place next to him... As I fed the machine gun, the pellets from the bullets hit me, I asked

the Partisans, How long do we have to stay? he said, until I see the color of the eyes of the Nazis.... When the Germans were closing in on us, Franco said, it's time to run, each of us must try to save his life! Father and my Brothers, came over to us, they said, that we should sit on our behinds, and slide down the hill, all the way to the next valley, that it was impossible to run down, since the snow was melting, due to the strong sun, that was present that day. The Germans were getting closer, the noise of the battle was infernal, because of the Mountains echo.... Father ~~showed~~ showed us, how to slide down safely! My Mother went next, then my Brother Leon, me and last my Brother Fernand. Everyone went down smoothly, except me! I fell in a hole, that had been covered by iced snow, it had broke under ~~me~~ my weight... it was dark inside, ~~but~~ it was wide but not too deep.... I started

IV

To yell, my Brother Bernard had seen me disappear in front of his eyes, ~~disappear~~ he found me right away, he looked in into the hole, he saw me and told me, I am going to drop my belt half way down, grab it with both hands, I will pull you up... Hurry up, the Nazis are very close ~~now~~, now, I don't know what got over me at that moment, I guess I wanted to be dramatic... I told him, run, save your life leave ~~let~~ me here to die... My Brother ~~he~~ answered, grab the belt, you will die another time! help me pull you out of this hole - after ~~a~~ some struggle, I came out soaked, drenched and frozen, I lost one of my shoes in that hole! my Brother put my foot in a warm hat, he had taken off his head, he tied it with a shoelace from one of his High shoes, then, we both slid down the Hill, where my Parents and Brother Leon, had

V

waited for us anxiously, not knowing about our dramatic experience. Tomant explained to them what had happened to me. IN the Valley, there were many troops of Germans, They were in a small town, they were the avant-garde of the fighting enrichment troops in the mountains. The Partisans were still fighting in some parts, others were trying to escape to other valleys, many were caught and shot. -- Father decided what should be done, he said that my mother and I, should go to the CHURCH of the town and ask the Priest, to let us stay in hiding in his church, he said that 2 women walking towards the village, would not be molested. Mother did not want us to be separated, Father insisted on that plan, he said that my Brothers and him, would hide in the woods and since they were not armed, even in a case of arrest, they would be taken as political prisoners. My Father and Brothers kissed us goodbye before leaving, we made a plan

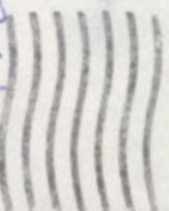
To meet at the Church, after the
 Germans would leave the Valley!
 Mother and I started to walk towards
 the Church, I was walking with
 only one shoe... I was shivering
 from the cold, my Mother too, we
 were so hungry, we ate some snow!
 We got to the Church, we bypassed
 some Germans, who were sitting
 in a car, they were laughing like
 they had a good time. + rapping the
~~bell~~ door bell, we waited quite awhile,
 then the door opened, an elderly
 lady stood there, she looked at
 us with suspicion, she asked me, what
 do you want? + told her, that we
 wanted to see the priest, she let us
 in, in the church, we went to the
 rectory, she told us to sit down
 and wait, after a while, she came
 back with the Padre, he told the
 lady to leave us, she left to go
 to her room. I started to cry,
 I was so emotional, + could not stop,
 Mother started to cry too, the
 Padre took my hand and
 asked me, what was wrong?
 Love, pain, power

GEORGE AND MARIE KAPLAN
1200 N.E. MIAMI GARDENS DRIVE
NO. MIA. BCH., FL 33179
APT. 502W

APT: 405

To: Mr ALAN KAPLAN
1126 BUSH STREET

SAN FRANCISCO,
CALIFORNIA, 94109



Memo



I

N.M. Bch April 5 1994

Dear Alan & Dear Diana

I started my treatments of chemotherapy and radiation yesterday. I feel quite weak and have to rest a lot! I hope everything will be alright... I put my fate in God's hands... it's up to him and the doctors! I will write every day a page about the SOAP, then I will send you all the pages once a week. I love you both very much, I miss you, I hope to survive so I can see you again.

I send you my love
& kisses
your Mommy
G

II

The Padre took my hand and asked me, what was wrong? Mother and I began to cry together, I noticed a ~~great~~ sadness on the priest's face... he waited for us to calm down and after we did, he asked us again what was wrong? and how he could help us? Since I spoke very good Italian, Mother told me, to tell him about our situation. I started to tell him, that we were running away from the Germans, because we were Jews, that we ~~escaped~~ escaped from France with the ^{Italian} army... and we lived in hiding, in constant fear of being arrested by the Nazis. I told him about my Father and 2 Brothers hiding in the woods, starving and freezing from the cold and the snowy weather... We were fed, cheese bread and warm milk, he also ^{gave} gave us warm clothes, some belonged to his servant who was leaving, everything was too big on us... we were thinner, but we were grateful the ~~slow~~ ~~world~~ world kept our ^{lives} lives.

III

feet warm! The priest found out from
~~the~~ the Priest took us to his room
which he told us we could use it, he
told us to rest, the bed was looking
good to us, it was large, made of
rustic wood, it had, soft pillows
and warm blankets! we had not
slept in beds for such a long time...
the priest closed the drapes for
safety measure... there was a big cross
of Jesus hanging on the wall, the
Padre asked Mother if the cross was
upsetting her, Mother replied; why
should it upset me? he was Jewish
like me! I replied to the Padre, he
was persecuted like us... the Priest
said, I would remove it, if you had
wanted too! he smiled and seemed
~~grateful~~ grateful that he did not have
to remove it! he left us and told us
the servant would come up with water
~~and~~ soap & towels, so we could wash
up! a little while later, Louisa (the
servant) came up with warm water,
soap, towels, tooth paste, and 1 tooth
brush for both of us! she came
back with a pitcher of cold water

for smiling IV

and I class, before leaving, she murmured to us; I am going to say a hail Mary for you, she will help you, because you came here in the House of God to find sanctuary, I was so grateful to her, that in the span of the moment, I kissed her on the cheek, thanking her so much! she left us, telling us she would come back later. Mother asked me, what is a hail Mary? I explained to her; that it was a prayer to the Virgin Mary, that was said with beads, ~~that~~ ^{the} ~~was~~ called Rosary. I knew by heart the prayer; I had said it so many times, when I was ~~in~~ in HISINA with the Dominican Sisters. We started to wash ourselves, feeling good about the warm water and soap, we combed our hair with a small comb that we never parted with.... After that, we layed on on the bed and fell asleep. We heard the CHURCH bells ringing, it woke us up, we had been so exhausted, we had slept the all

June through! It was very early in the morning! Louisa knocked on the door, she came in, told us that the Padre had told her not to wake us up! we had slept $\frac{1}{2}$ day + 1 night. Louisa told us to wash up and come to the rectory for some breakfast. We got ready and ~~to~~ went, the coffee smelled good, Louisa told us; that it was not real coffee, she ~~cooked~~ boiled it ⁱⁿ milk, we sat down and we ate hungrily! we heard the people come to mass. Here in this little village, life had continued ~~to~~ to be near normal! But ^{now} the Germans were everywhere... Louisa told us that, when she went to get the bread, the Germans had searched houses and arrested some men ~~of~~ suspected to be partisans... one of the men; had run away and they shot him dead, she had seen his ~~body~~ bloodied body on the street, the Germans left it there purposely, for the ~~pop~~ population to see it. Louisa called the Nazis "Sons of Death" Louisa was starting to cook a minestrone soup, she said it would be for lunch, she also boiled some chermats. I told my

P.S.
I will
again

Dear Son
Start writing VI
on Monday. Love, Mom

Mom, why couldn't the world have
~~have~~ have more people like the priest
and Louisa? Such charitable Christians
with only goodness in their hearts,
risking their lives for us... we
talked to Louisa for a while, she
told us that she had been an orphan
at an early age, went to work at
age 12 as a domestic, had ~~never~~ never
married, she had an older sister, who
had 6 children and whom she loved
to spoil! After the Mass, the Padre
joined us, he had bad news for
us, he had heard from some
parishioner, that 3 men (refugees)
had been arrested in the woods
by the Germans... Mother screamed
with anguish, I started to cry
uncontrollably, the priest and Louisa
who crossed herself, seemed to
share our pain... We knew that it
was my Father and 2 brothers... the
Padre asked us, what and where?
are you going to do and go? He offer-
ed to let us stay for as long as
necessary, for his sake, & Mother
and I decided to go back to SON
DON LID. Love Mom P.D.D.

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APT. 502W

APT: 405

To: Mr & Mrs KAUFMAN

1126 BUSH STREET

SAN FRANCISCO

CALIFORNIA 94109





I

N. M. B. H. April 11 1994

Dear ALAN & DIANE

How are you? I hope well! As for myself, I am taking Radiation about the 3 last days of the Radiation, I will get chemo-therapy again in a succession of 3 days, then, after that, I will get chemo-therapy ~~once~~ once a week for 1 year.... The weather here is nice and warm. I am taking time to smell the flowers, to look at the gorgeous sea and blue sky, the palms and all of NATURE! I live one day at the time, trying to enjoy a beautiful world around me, things that I didn't notice so much before! I love you both, I hope to be able to visit one day. Take very good care of yourselves. Dad sends his love. I send you a billion kisses.

Love,
Mom & Dad

II

Mother and I decided to go back to SAN PONZIO, because we hoped that my Brother Leon, who had CHRISTIAN papers, might return to San Ponzio, we wanted to be there. The Priest told us, that the roads and towns were overrun by German ~~troops~~ troops, that it was dangerous... but we insisted about going. Somehow, we felt that without my Father and Brothers, life was not worth living anymore. The Priest ~~wrote~~ made us a map, showing us, how to go back to the Valley Stura, that's where San Ponzio is located, he gave us some money and a basket with food, he told us, that it was a long long walk, that it will take at least 2 days to reach our destination, that we will have to seek shelter when night comes... We parted with the Padre and Louisa, who was crying... He ~~blest~~ blessed us and we ~~left~~ left. The CHURCH was nearly near the end of the town, we started walking not at a brisk pace, we didn't want to be too

III

obvious -- we saw so many Germans, we had never seen such quantity -- even in Paris -- entire trucks with troops were passing us by -- we later found out that they were going to the far -
ther South of Italy, where battles were raging between the Allies, ~~and~~ Nazis and Italian fascists. We were in the middle of the Winter in 1944. That day we left, was sunny and bright, we felt the warm sun caress us gently, as if God wanted us to be warm. Deep in my heart, I thanked him for it! We followed the directions, just as the Padre had put them down. We were not on the main road, but we could see it, and they could see us -- the snow was melting, our shoes got wet from the inside, we continued our march -- we stopped after a while, to eat some boiled chestnuts that Louise had cooked in the morning. The ground was too wet to sit down, we just leaned against a tree, to rest and eat. We started to walk again, Mother was crying, she feared that my Father and Bernard would be deported --

IV

I told my Mother; it's 1944, perhaps they will not deport them... not knowing at the time, that 1944 was one year of the most deportations, more than 1 million ~~thousand~~ alone were sent to the death camps... and others from all occupied Europe. Some of the German soldiers, travelling on the main road, had noticed us, they yelled something and waved at us. I told Mother, look at the pure Aryans, waving at Jews... How ironic this is... we stopped again, resting on a tree by leaning on it, we ate some bread and cheese. We were getting cold, the sun had gone away, we were still pretty far... by now, our feet felt numb... Night fall was approaching, my Mother and I knew, that we had to find some shelter for the night... we had noticed some houses on some hills, we started to climb on the mountain, we had seen a farm, it was lit, we were happy that we could spend a night under a roof. As we were climbing towards the farm, we heard thunder, lightning followed

V

It was by now raining heavily, we got soaked to the bone. We approached the farm, suddenly, a bolt of ~~fire~~ lightning fell so close to us, it was like a huge fire, falling from the sky. We both froze ~~with~~ on the spot with fear, it could have burned us to a crisp if it had fallen on us, ... We started to run towards the farm, I knocked on the door, a woman opened the door, she looked at us, asking us, what is ~~at~~ it you want? I told her, that we were going to Demonte (the main town before San Donzio) that we needed to spend the night, that we had walked for miles, she said that she did not want to take in Jews, refugees and partisans, that if the Nazis would search her farm, they would shoot her family and burn her farm. ... she was petrified, I begged her to let us sleep in her barn or stable, we were drenched and cold and tired. She came out to show us where the old barn was, she said, ^{that} she wanted us to leave very early in the morning, she went back inside her house, to bring back ~~an~~ a blanket. We told her, not

VI

to worry, that the Nazis would not search for anyone in such ~~the~~ weather, we thanked her so much.... We ran to the barn, it was dark inside, but it was warm, we undressed and hung our clothes on a ladder that was inside, we layed on the straw and covered ourselves with the blankets. We felt warm, we fell into an exhausting sleep. During the night, I heard dogs bark, somehow, I did not care if we would be found.... I was tired of this hardship that seemed to have no end.... If found, I would not implicate the farmers, I would tell ~~me~~ our captors that we were refused to stay in the house, that we entered the barn without permission from the farmers. The next morning, early in the day, the farmer's wife woke us up and told us to leave immediately, she gave us a bag with cooked potatoes. We got dressed in clothes that were not completely dry and we left, thanking her again.

I will write Monday again
Love, Mary

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1126 BUSH STREET

SAN FRANCISCO,

CALIFORNIA 94109

Mom



65

I

Miami Beach May 21 - 98

Dear Alan & Dear Blanche

Hope you are well. I went through hell with the last radiation treatments.

(30 treatments in all) It ~~made~~ made me lose so much weight, 119 pounds was my weight... I had the worst pains and cramps in my belly - constant diarrhea. The doctor gave me pain killers, they made ^{me} sleep constantly. When I had chemo therapy and radiation, I was a total zombie... Thank God the Radiation is over. The chemo therapy has it's side effects too... it makes me dizzy, head-itching, sleepy and some nausea, it also messes up my diabetes which goes up and down... My dear son, I am fighting 3 major diseases, Heart, Diabetes and worst of all, Cancer. I am terribly ~~weak~~ weak, this cancer is a hard nut to crack... I am too old for all this... This kind of cancer I have, rectal - colon has only a 5% survival rate! the ~~odds~~ odds are not much in my favor... this disease has changed my life completely... I don't go out anymore, I am too weak to walk

II

or take buses, Dad does the shopping,
house cleaning and laundry, I want
to get stronger, but I am emma-
ciated, I look like an Auschwitz
survivor... Sonia & Lou take me
out sometimes on the week-end in
their car. There are no places to
meditate here in Florida, they have
Buddhist temples where they chant,
it is not for me, I am too sick
for sitting on floors for God knows
how long and chant, besides, I
am a Jewish woman. I called
Synagogues, Hospitals and other
places, they all refer me to Support
Cancer groups. I have my family's
support. Well my dear Son, I finish
this letter, I will write one page each
day, to continue our SABA. I love
you both very much.

A Billion hugs & kisses
Mom & Dad }

P.S. Tomorrow is my birthday.
Mom }

THANKS FOR THE
LOVELY MOTHER'S DAY CARD.

THE SAGA

III

We left the barn early in the morning, thanking the FARMER'S wife again. We continued to walk towards San Ponzio, following the PADRE's plan. We knew that we were on the right track when we saw a small hamlet called "CORNALETTO" we had gone there once ^{with} my Father, Brothers and, ~~us~~, we remembered how nice the people had been to us, so friendly and helpful! Mother said; Thank God; we will be in San Ponzio in a short time, we were hungry, thirsty, dirty and very tired. We decided to bypass the town of Demonte, there were too many troop movements, we noticed that, there were Black SHIRTS fascists riding in trucks, they were Mussolini's elite troops, like the German's SS, they were just as mean as the NAZIS. When we were close to DEMONTE, we took another road familiar to us, it ~~would~~ would lead us to a trail, going to SAN PONZIO. We arrived in San Ponzio, earlier than we had predicted. Maria, Cortuzzo and the Melchior family received us with tears and open arms.

IV

We went in Maria's House, everyone went in with us! They had heard of my Father and Brothers arrest... Maria wanted to know how we had escaped. We told her and the others, how we had gone to a church and the Padre had kept us in hiding and of his help! Maria told us that, the Germans had arrested a lot of Partisans and they had shot them... but they did not know, if they had ~~shots~~ shot Tenz as well... Mother and I started in to cry, we did not know, how we would find out about my Father and Brothers? were they alive? or dead? or sent to a concentration camp? but fate gave us all the answers! There was a friend of Maria named Stella, she had gone to school with her, she lived in Cuneo for many years, because she had married a Man from there, she came quite often to Demonte to visit her relatives and Maria. We had met Stella when she came to visit Maria and also her ~~her~~ own son who was a Partisan with the Group we ~~were~~ ^{were}

V

Stella in San Ponzio. Stella spoke some French and became close to us, especially my Mom, she would bring us soap, cigarettes for my Dad and candy for me. Because of all the food being rationed more and more, so the Nazis could feed their troops, the population was starving, especially in Linceo. Stella came to see Maria a few days after our arrival, when she ~~came~~ ^{saw} us, she rejoiced with tears in her eyes. She had wonderful news for us, through connections, she ~~knew~~ ^{had} known that my Dad and Brothers were alive! My Father and Brother Ferdinand were in a prison camp in TURIN. As for my Brother Leon, he was in a labor camp for youth. Stella told us that there were scarcely any food in Linceo, Hitler was rampaging. Maria gave her some eggs, butter, bread, CORN ~~flour~~ FLOUR and lard. We knew that Maria could not give her even a few items, she did not have enough for her and her son Costanzo, she was helping us too! Mother offered her some of the money the Priest had given us, she refused to take it, she was very religious and

VI

she had a heart of Gold! Stella told us that she will try to find out more about my Father and Brothers, and see if she could help in some way, she had a cousin in Torino, who worked for the City, he had very good connections! We said goodbye ~~but~~ Hoping she would come back soon again. Maria told us, that Stella's son had been wounded in an encirclement with Fascists, but he was lucky to have been hiding by a Farmer who took him home with to his family, a country Doctor had fixed him up and when he was well enough, he joined another group of Partisans. Mother and I felt better, knowing ~~by~~ that my Dad and Brothers had survived! They did not carry any arms or ammunition, so we thought, that this was the reason they had not been shot... We would find out later, that this ~~was~~ was not the reason! A few groups of Partisans had gotten together to fight the Germans out of ~~Italy~~ Piemonte, the Nazis had sent their troops towards France and the

VII

Southern part of Italy, France was being liberated, but the Southern part still was fighting... The Germans had left a very small detachment of military forces in Belmonte, the Partisans, took advantage of the situation, they engaged in a battle with the Germans and chased them out of the town. One early morning, a M^r Appelbaum who had been a diamond dealer in Paris & Amsterdam, ^{before the war} came to San Porzio to see me and Mother, He told us that, the VATICAN had sent money to some priests, to give ~~the~~ it to the Jews in hiding that needed help, We went with him to one Parish, the priest ask me, How many persons in our family needed help? I told him the story about the arrest of Dad and my 2 Brothers, but now, there was only 2 persons, my Mom and I. The Padre gave me help for 5 persons, he told us, your Father and Brothers might return and you could use the money. M^r Appelbaum went to look for other Jewish people to bring to the Priest for help. The Jewish people in hiding heard of the Churches' help and soon found their way themselves.

I will write next week.

Love, Mom

