Dear Alan,

Hope you are well. Here, everything is the same... getting older and trying to surrender! Today, for the 1st time in months, we had a very cold 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 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 goodbye to the people and took us back to the Station.” When you’ll read the latest pages, you will find it and
put them in their proper place. I returned the envelope to you. Now 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 could uncover just the back of the truck once we were on the road, but to 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 feed 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
took a victory bottle with us, we drank a little nip at the time. After a while a 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. Grenoble, Savoy and the French Riviera. Jean-Clauze went right in the middle of the column. 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-Clauze to come down from his truck. He spoke a broken French, but could be understood. He asked, who are all these people with you? and where are you going? Jean-Clauze explained 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 at the
Trick, 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 troops. There is a risk once we come into Northern Italy... we might have to fight them. What about the Jewish civilians, what will happen to them? If there is such an order? Knowing the German Barbarians they were, he told us that they would kill all of us, even the Italian prisoners. We were told to climb 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 note. It was incredible that people like us, were able to go through such extreme. 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 Schutztruppen, we were not so sure, that we had taken the right course!

In front of us, soldiers in their truck, were singing songs and waving at us! We did not understand their words, but the melody 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 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 formations.

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, not far from where the Allies were fighting. We made plans for the future, not knowing what was in store. We kept on rolling until we arrived at a small town. The soldiers stopped their trucks, they got out of their 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 best where he spoke to 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 forgot 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.
Dear Alan,

Hope this letter finds you in the best of health. How are you? I had trouble with some anger. We had a lot of humidity, and it affected my heart. I tried to rest several days, if 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 they told me, with my hands on my laps, closing my mind, I close my eyes, saying ‘Chime’ several times. I still don’t have the knack of it, or call it ‘Meditation’, but with patience and perseverance, so I know that I will know if eventually. On 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 trip and Happy Trip for both of you.

P.S. If you can, send us a card from Germany, Mom

M.T. Beth Nov 8 93
On this note, I am ending this letter.

Hugs & Kisses
We love you
Mary and Jack

Here is the continuation of our saga in 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 "DEMONTE". It was located in the Valley "STURP". Everyone was told to get off. We were taken to soldiers' barracks. There was many beds, and we were happy to stretch on them. Some of the smaller children were 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. Yvan-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 frontier at the “Col of the Madeleine” while we had gone through, to enter Italy. As we passed towns like “Borgo San Dalmazzio” getting closer to Cuneo, Where would we go? What if the Germans came, and over the town? Where would we hide? Who could we trust? Some of the Jews decided to take a chance, to travel by Train, to go as far as possible to the South... others said they would hide in some small town... awaiting to be liberated, that if
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 appliance units... on which side were they? Again we went to another military post, it was huge and full of military. Jean-Claude told us to get down, he asked us: What are you going to do? Are you going to travel? To hide in this valley? 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
Felt us, that it was risky to travel by train... or to stay in a big farm 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 drive 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 4 people left, an older couple and us. When we arrived in Demonte, there was a great confusion, the people were stealing food from an army...
Warehouse, they carried flour sacks, corn meal, rice, big cheeses, all kind of can goods! The truck had stopped on the main square called "Piazza VITTORIO EMMANUELE". Jean-Claude got out of his truck and asked a man carrying some food, what was happening? The man did not understand French, he spoke a dialect not Piedmontese. Jean-Claude asked a woman the same question, she too did not understand! Then an old woman who was curious, looking at the truck with civilians had heard the speaker 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 France, 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.
Dear Ray,

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 staying safe! 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 Podiatrist 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
Mom & Dad

Here are more information, of our persecution during WWII world war II.

My father and Jean-Claude went in to the warehouse to take some food. They brought back cheese, bread, and a large can of fruit cake, the kind that you eat at Christmas.
People were emptying the warehouse.

They did not want to leave it for the Germans,... we learn our first word Italian word, they kept on saying Todeschi, 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, Jean-Claude ate more. 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 "Maquis" in the French Alps. The Germans will probably be there in a short while... He haunted the Boches. When he left, I 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
understand 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 "Franzetti" "Francetti" 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 is name was "Giusseppe"; he had worked in Cannes on the French Riviera for many years, when he was younger! No woman was this 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...
Their way. Very close to Bino--his Raddie was going on telling the news, he said, now our trouble is starting here--the Nazis will ration everything, they will cause "hunger and fear." He told us exactly what our life had been for 3 years. We did not want to confide in him, we thanked him for his kindness, he told us that many people in the area spoke French. Many of the people had worked in France and liked the French people! We went out of the little town, we walked out of the foot of the mountain. After a while we rested, then we walked again, we saw a little Hamlet with a very chapel on at 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 higher, higher than we thought. We were not optimists, we kept on going, we had to rest several times. When we arrived at the Hamlet, an elderly woman came out of a stable, she asked
Something in Italian we did not understand her, we told her "Franco!" 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 didn't understand him either! He pointed to a barn, he made gestures, which indicated that we could spend the night there! In the fall of the barn, we followed him inside; it was pitch dark, he took a small oil lamp hanging from a hook on the wall, he lit it with a match, he shoved 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 blankets, it was enough for my Parents and I, my Brothers slept in the heavy fac- net which was very warm. The young man left going down the ladder saying something that we could not make out, how 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 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 cafe had explained.

He 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 suffered.

Accused.

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报酬 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, Mary & Doug
Dear Son,

By the time this letter arrives, you will be back from Cresmanaj. I hope you enjoyed your trip. It is good to go away for a while, but it is better to come back home. I have sent you a letter marked No. 1. This letter is marked No. 2. Uncle Arnold's unwrapping was prepared 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 Diane.

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 bass, only my Mother. I asked my Mom, where is everyone?
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" from Piedmont, the region we were in. The Farmer's Mom and her Son exchanged a few words, showing us the 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, standing dishes and cups, a fireplace with a candle on 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 mother brought some corn mush called ‘Polenta’ smeared with butter and cheese, also baked bread with a white baked apple in it. We were so surprised at their hospitality! She also gave us hot milk to drink. When we went out, the air seemed very chilly. The FFA had assured, 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 have a tragic destiny... at that moment, I felt...
more scared than during all the years that we were on the run. Perhaps, being a few years older, I had become more mature, becoming a teenager... 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? 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 TORNATE 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 that. We heard the soldiers talk with the mother and sons. They yelled "Tedeschi"... we knew the word by now, it meant "Germans"
We thought that the Nazis were on their way up... Father said, we better leave now... what about the 3 soldiers? We had to take a chance, better with them, than the Germans... we came out with the hope, that they were on our side, the young man walked with them forward, one of them was a sergeant, he extended his hand, smiling at us, saying "Francois" 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 decided to go with them, no matter, how high and how far... we had to go... those 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 it 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 the evil, that had spread fear, diseases from hunger, and mostly death. Mother would bless them in Yiddish, knowing that through their courage, many people would be safe! We worried aboutfather, 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 now... The soldiers 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 up the mountain to graze for the whole summer, and they bring them down to the stables for the fall and 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...
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 scraped off the worms with his knife, he gave 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 time must have 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 Viescio.” The Sergeant 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 certain 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 encounter carbinesi and others who collaborated 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 playing, one of the kids, ran into a crowd when he saw us! He came our Officers, his mother's hand.

Dear Alan,

I will write again in a few days.

Love,

Mom day
P.S. Best regards to Diinne.

Mom

I

N. M. Beach Nov. 28-93

Dear Allan,

We were happy to speak to you on the phone. We are glad, that you had a good vacation in Germany. We had THANKSGIVING at Sonia's House, Annie & Charles were there too, they are visiting for 2 weeks. In 2 Weeks Uncle North and Aunt Faye 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 fixed ... let's 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 February, Dad is getting a full check up. Will 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.
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 melodic. 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 smaller road, it was too risky. We saw Germans...
Reconnaissance planes, hovering over the mountains.... the soldiers left, the woman had given them bread and 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! 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 one leg. He came out from the house with the woman 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 limiting factor! Mother said something in
Yiddish to my father, the young farmer, looked at them, and said to a poor German, do you speak German? my parents said yes, we do. He thought that yiddish was German, the two 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 very well, not like they treated their own! He was released 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 civilian doctor in DEMONTE for every 2 months. He spoke very bad German, but at least we could make out what he was saying. We did not tell 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 us 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 second spell was atrocious... we didn’t think that we would be able to fall asleep with this terrible odor. The farmer came in with a big bowl of cooked chestnut, not roasted but boiled, it would be the first meal 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 back to her house, after a few minutes, she came back...
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 our clean clothes, I only had 2 sets each! Then, the Father and my 2 brothers, went in the stable to do the same. We set outside on the bench, my Mother and I, combed our hair, The Farmer came out with an old lady, she said she was his Grandmother, she was crippled 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 Bread soaked in the Frost! 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...
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, it will make your measurements and make clothes for the family. The farmer told his wife, she seemed delighted! She gave my father the measuring tape and showed him the sewing machine’s drawers, where thread and buttons were. That day, Father started to work on the 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 reminder of the meals we ate before the war, warm delicious food were
P.S. Write again in a few days. Love, Moritz

a visit for us... we spent a week with the family. Father made a jacket for the little boy, and a jacket for two of his sons. On one occasion, a friend of the farmer came to visit them. He told them that the Germans had captured deserters and Jews. The deserters were shot, the Jews put in a camp near the city. 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. We were also preoccupied about the visitor questioning the farmer about who 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 Christians and would not tell on us. The farmer's name was Antonio. He said that we were uneasy about the visitor, he told us not to worry... his friend treated Mankind.

Love you, A Billion Vices.

Mom, P.D.
N. O., Beth Dec 5-93

Dear Dean,

Nice to talk to you on the phone. I received your lovely card. I am glad that you and Diane had a wonderful trip. How are you feeling? 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 in a few months more. Take good care of yourself for your sake and ours.

Love you ever,

Hugs & Kisses

Mary Badz

Continuation of our life during the war times.

My Parents were not 100% sure of thearness friend would not betray us... even through bitterness...
had reassured us, that his friend was a good person, incapable of hurting anyone. The next day, German planes were dropping propaganda leaflets, in it were written that no one should trust deserters, Jews and communists, that they were enemies of Italy, if anyone would do so, they would burn their houses and farms. They would shoot anyone hiding partisans, and gendarme, weapons of all sort.

Antonio read the leaflet, he looked deadly scared... I had picked up a leaflet, I read it and could make out what was written in it. Antonio told my dad in his broken German, are you Jewish? My dad responded that we were. I showed my mother the leaflet and feel 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 Jews. My Mom told my dad, she had heard Antonio read nothing to him.
We were that and why? did my Dad reveal that we were going to die and said, there is no way out for us... we are going to die before the war is over.

I started to cry too. My Dad and my mother talked to talk about the situation... my father and his wife came out to speak to us, he told us that he didn't like that we were Jews, but he was afraid that the Germans would start to look on his side of the mountain, and if they found us, they would burn his farm, also they could burn his wife and his child and him too. He knew the German's brutality, he lead our family away. He disguised us, I was afraid for his family! 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, it was not marked 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!
This road was used by the peasants and their mules, to carry some of their crops to the market, it was safer to walk this way, because the Germans and black shirt Italian fascists would use the safer roads, even if they were Alpine Solders...

It was a very cold day, the 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, until we reached a place called San Jose... it was very small, just a few houses, but it seemed that all the houses had families living in them, not like some hut 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 sight! dirty, tired, hungry and thirsty... and scared... Since I spoke in few words of Italian, I volunteered...
I volunteered to speak to the women. I came forward towards them, I told them, that my name was Maria and that my family and I came from France. I could see some distrust in their eyes, a very old lady asked me, in the French dialect, what are you doing here? Incredibly, I understood why word she said! Half of the words are more French than I thought. 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.
he did too. 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 bought some potatoes and cheese, some wine that tasted like vinegar! It was fake wine, he sat down again and drank some wine too. He spoke very fast, I could not understand him too 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 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 be quite sure love you, mom and dad.
Dear Blair

Thank you very much for the cassette on meditation, also for the picture and the articles about you. I am so proud of you, and so is Dad. I showed the articles to Bonnie, Charlie and Sonia, I translated some of the words I could make out, I speak Russian, 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 today. We are so happy that you and your brother 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 if 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 “Shema Israel” the more I practice, I know I will get it next week. Best regards to Diane, Hugh and kisses from us to you. Love you, Mom and Dad.
II

The start the continuation of our pain, deprivation, our fears and our despair.

II

After we slept the night in that place of San Josequin, we got up with 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 drank tea and coffee. 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 mountains... there were some wood in the distance, we would be scared 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
foot—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 follow us; he would stop and showed 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 up to had a small chapel and several little Houses. The young man told us to stop, he started playing 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 Fascists of the region! We arrived at the hamlet, there were perhaps 30 or more men. We were taken in front of an officer, he looked at us, and asked us, who we were? I told him, that we
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 two 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 Spw Ponzi. 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, that 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? have they taken having Jews too?
Spada told us not to worry. Some partisan were related to some of the farmers! They all had one thing in common, the hatred 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. There was a family called Melchior, they had a son called Maria, a girl called Anita, Maria had a son called Costanzo, a daughter called Berta. She had a beautiful baby boy. There was another family, they had a grandson called Silvio, he talked to me all the time, he was 7 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 talks that his grandma would bake! I learned
lots of hugs
and kisses. We love you.

To speak Italian like a native in a short while, because of Silvio,
he would correct me and give me
children's 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 band, 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! Spoke use to tell us
that he didn't like any occupation
in his Homeland, whether they were
Germans or French from Bonaparte's
armies... he told us, Napoleon had oc-
cupied 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 genera-
tion... this group called them-
selves "La Squadra Volontaria" The
Flying Squad, they used to chase the
Germans in cars, motorcycles and
trucks with incredible speed.
Dec. 18-1993

Dear Alan,

I was glad to give you the date that you needed on the phone. Dad and I are doing OK so far! I am happy that you are doing too. Of course, we miss you a lot, we have missed you from the 1st moment you arrived in Frisco! 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 goods, he hasn't seen anyone of the family in 2 years. Dad called Ray, Barrie and Stewartie, asking them to visit him, they promised Dad that they will go to see him, let's hope they mean it! What a tragic family this is, our Uncle Bill's side... lots of kisses and hugs.

Love,
Mom & Dad

I am continuing the information of our saga.
Some of the Partisans we liked more than others. Our favorite was a young boy of 16 years of age. His name was Paolo (Pau). He had a voice like that of great Tenor "Caruso." He had studied and given voice lessons under a maestro, he sang arias from the most famous operas like "La Bohème," "M. Butterfly," "La Tosca," "La Traviata," etc. When he sang in the mountains, the echo of his voice repeating the words made it sound so praise and so strong. He would sing for hours, for us, it made us forget for a little while, the unimaginable situation we were in besides being talented, he was so courageous! His goal was to sing at the "Scala di 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 House. Lieutenant Spada was very fond with the younger Partisans, whom he taught all the time for their own good, he taught...
them 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 fallen so swiftly in their Blitzkrieg. These stories became nightmare for me... I prayed to God to spare my family and me, the horrors we would have to endure, if we were taken prisoners... We told them that my brother and I had been taken prisoners by the collaborating French police that she had let 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 Benicio with the Partisans, we felt more secure than we had been since the beginning of the war... They had given us refuge and the farmers had welcomed us with open arms! It gave me confidence in myself, the Germans had made such real propaganda about the Jews being subhuman.
that at times, I felt like an unwanted human being, degraded to the depth of my soul... and worst of all, ashamed of my being Jewish! I could not understand 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 harboring us, I felt like a new person, reborn in the midst of all a destructive 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. Constantly and like my Mother Maria, had given us food everyday... they shared the little they had... the partisans had given us food too. Why Father was sewing jackets...
parts for the Partisans and the Farm. My brother, Bernhard, was serving Hats for them. Everything was made of Blankets, my Dad started to make us some warm clothing. During the day, the Partisans would stay with us in the stable, they were housed mostly in the barns, and an empty horse which was used as a warehouse to store feed and food, mostly grains, corn, potatoes, and apples. Maria taught me how to make butter, for helping her, she would give me some for my family. Costanzo, when going to town would bring us back, toothpaste, newspapers so we could follow the Allied's advances on all fronts... Unfortunately, the Germans would lie about it... We knew anyway that the Germans were losing, because some underground had connections with England! The BBC of London did not lie! More Partisans arrived, some came from other mountains to join us, they had expected encounters, called in Italian "RASSEGNA MENTI", they had fought and many had been killed,
wounded, taken prisoners to be shot or sent to Political prisoner camp to be sent eventually to forced labor or exterminating death camps in Germany or Poland. A great amount of Austrian prisoners, were passed in Buchenwald by the group and started to sabotage some installations, rail warehouses, some were wounded, some died in the battle, others were shot or put in prison. The group started to attack arsenals of armaments and ammunition, also food warehouses, the shortage of food was as it's worth -- the Germans had imposed rationing to 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 German depots. Some civilians were helping the group, supplying trucks, cars, motorcycles and temporary hiding places, such as garages and warehouses for the escaping.
partisans that the Germans were chasing, after they had stolen goods of all kinds 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 Italiantraitors, selling their own people to the enemy... What 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 Cosa" or "The Cospak", he was courageous and for much of a daredevil... the group thought that he took too many risks and that he could endanger all of us... Lieutenant Span found him to cool it and not fake such chances... despite all the wars, the blackout kept up his crazy ways, taking incredible chances on his motorcycle... pursuing some
Dear Diane,

VIII

this 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 say "The International" in Italian! He also was a drunk, he would steal Vermouth and drink himself into a stupor. One day, while he was drunk, he shot another partisan who 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 victim, also the cursing of the others who were mad enough to kill him. The cosack who was asleep, drank as one could be... The next day, he did not remember anything! He was told by Spada, to never carry a gun while intoxicated—Mother told you to stay away from him and his politics! We love you.

Mom & Dad
N. M. Beth. Dec. 31, 1993

Dear Plan and Briebe,

How are you both? I hope very well. As you know, I have cancer... First it 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 others! 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 Faye, who came in Florida to spend the winter, are taking us to the airport in West Palm Beach. I will see the Dr. Procaccino Wednesday afternoon at 3:45 p.m. I think they will operate on me very soon. Well my dear children, I shall get in touch with you, as soon as I can.
anyway, your Father will let you know how the operation went. 
I love you both very much, try your best and watch over you.

Hugs & Kisses. Love, Mom & Dad

Dear 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 recuperated from this ordeal, we will come to San Francisco, if I am not capable of coming for some reasons or others, you can come to see us. We will be so happy to have you here.

Love

Mang & George

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

One day, a high ranking officer arrived in San Remo, there were 2 other men with him, his name was Colonel Franco, the 2 men were lieutenants Francini 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 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 asked Mussolini’s regime, write
Such intensity and he planned and hoped, that one day, he would help to throw out the Fascist government. As of Syracuse and Tranchini, they deserted after Badoglio gave up, to join the Allies. France took the opportunity to form partisan groups in Northern Italy. When General Badoglio gave up, he was quite an intellectual. He was a Veronese reader, he amazed me with knowledge of French literature. He could memorize pages of poetry, he always had trouble to read accessible to him through the Partisan's families. He provided them for him, he introduced me to some Italian literature I was reading by that time like a native. My first book was called "I Promessi Sposi." I liked it so much, I read it twice. I read "Don't's Inferno" also Italian poetry and many other books. Here treated the Partisans like they were regular soldiers, not like guerrillas, he just insisted on...
discipline. He told them that he would punish severely, anyone stealing 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, with a lot during the more skilled. A partisan, brought a poster with Franco's picture on it. He had been photographed by a spy or a traitor, he wrote to that, 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 Allies.
and the defeats of the Nazis on all fronts, gave us comfort and the will to want to survive! We sang songs, together with the French, we ate with them, when our food was available! It was nearly springtime, it, when 2 young patriots were arrested by Franco, they had stolen food by force, from some farmers. They had a trial among them, Franco chose the judge, he condemned 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 example for the others! After this tragedy, I hardly ever talked to him. I could not forgive them for snatching our 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 true...
mized by this cruel act, I cried for days... It was around March of 1944, when a German American Fortress, flying over the valley, was shot down by the German defenses. We saw the plane fall in the near valley. 4 Americans parachuted, the pilot and co-pilot, the navigator and the gunner, 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 our village, 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, in vain! They did not speak Italian, and he did not speak English! he said, 'Huev ni feil'
world, am I going to interrogate these 2 capitalists? They brought them some food to eat. As most children and teenagers are, I was curious and fascinated by these 2 pilots! I listened to them speaking English but curious, that I could not understand 1 word! Here, I spoke French, Italian, German and Yiddish, but no English. My mother had prepared a little corn dish for us in Maria's Kitchen, she yelled my name, and told me I'm French. I come in the stable to eat your food. The pilot stood up and ran towards me, asking me, do you speak French? He spoke a beautiful French, as good as me! I told him that it 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. After him, the co-pilot's name was Robert who the was called Bobby for short. Lots of hugs - love, Mom's dad.
P.S. Dad and I are so proud of your article and poem. They are beautiful. I have read them over and over. Love,
Mom

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 remnant of the sickness. ... I pray and hope that my operation will be successful! I have lots of confidence in Dr. Roccaro. 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 near 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 its 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.
CALIFORNIA  94109

2011 BUSH STREET

THE PLAN KAUFMAN

DATE: 4.05

APR 90
Dear Allan and Diane,

I was so happy to speak to you on the phone. The 13 of Jan, I will go for more tests, at the Long Island Jewish Hospital, it is for preadmission. The 19, my surgeon is giving me another Colonoscopy. The 21, I have to see the Cardiologist for a clearance to enter the hospital. A few more tests - the 23, I enter the hospital. The 24 of January, I will be operated at 9 AM. The day, approved for my operation (the 6th major operation + 6 minor operations). I am pretty scared, but I will face it, like the veteran that I am about sickness, operations and hospitals... So pray for me, my God. 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, xoxox

More words.
Continuation of our story, having
World War II.

There were rumors that the Nazis
and black shirt fascists were going
to encircle our valley, and another
one in the valley itself. 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 munitions
that were too heavy to carry up the
mountain, they decided to go to a
Shepherd's Shack around Son Tio Quiñ....

Shepherd - Shepherd's Shack

The next day at dawn, we started
to go up the mountain, the snow
was melting... it was very hard
to walk the trail... two
American pilots, who were
so brave in the Air Force,
seemed kind of worried, they
had faced death in the sky.
But not on the ground -- they had been shot down in their Fortress plane, by the German B.C.A., they had parachuted in enemy country, they had seen some of their crew washed up and die -- and yet, I could see such fear in their eyes! they had never seen ground battle -- We arrived at Sam Forquin a few hours later, we passed by the hamlet, a couple and a child, waved at us, they yelled "God Bless you" thank God, most of the population were for us! we arrived at our destination, the shack was much bigger than others, we had seen before, it was a big table, 3 chairs, 2 spots for sleeping, made of wood and straw, it was very cold inside, since the time they were so many of us... it felt warm after a while, humans, generate heat. We had taken some food, 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 firings
Because of the echo of the mountains, it seemed so close to us. Franco and one of his lieutenants, were looking through their binoculars, they said, the Germans had burnished one of the hamlets as the smoke rose, we could see it. It was a terrible sight. Betty and Blair, had been given machine guns to fight in case the Nazis would come up on our side. Blair refused, he said, give me a plane, I am not a ground fighter, Blair could speak a little Italian by now, he could make himself understood, because of his knowledge of French, still, I had to feel what Franco said. He told him that he would shoot him, if he refused to go and he grabbed the machine gun, and cursed in English.

The battle ended a few hours later, we had been lucky. this time, the Nazis had bypassed us... for now. We
spent the night in the shack. The next morning we left San Juan. We returned to San Juan.

We heard rumors that the Germans had killed and wounded a lot of Partisans, also civilians. Sanitaria was full of German prisoners. Some were sent 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 a 1:1 exchange of our group, he took along Spada and the Costack, 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 hold on and elude this terrible foe? After so much suffering — hunger, cold and pain... it would be ironic to die before the liberation of by the Allies...
P.S., write again in 2 days. Love, Mom.

The next day, after Franco lost, Lawrence Spada came over to tell Neukirch Spada (they had the same last name) and his guerrillas that he had taken to Switzerland the other 2 Americans from our Valley, they were safe now. The Germans had been looking for them! and for our 2 Americans! We told the news to Plan & Betty, they were delighted about it! Blatt immediately asked, when are we going? Lorenzo told them, as soon as Bond returns, I will see him back! I will take you over the border as soon as possible... Lorenzo brought us some meat, rice, pasta, tomato paste and soup. Allan told me, that Bruno was a wonderful human being, risking his life for others, paying all the expenses himself! my Mother and Father worshiped him, as for me I loved him and hoped one day, I should meet a young man as good as him.

Love & Hugs, Mom, Dad.
CONTINUATION OF THE SAGA

Bob, the carpenter was a tall and slim American of Irish descent. He was had red hair and lots of freckles, he suffered from hemorrhoids and was in constant pain... Since Paul spoke French and I, Italian, I became the official translator between Paul and Franco! Then, 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, Paul came over to see me, he asked me if he had any toothpaste left? I told him that I had using ashes from cigarettes the Bauern gave me! He looked perplexed, when he heard it! He told me, how can you put such stuff in your mouth? I told him, it is better than not brushing at all! Franco, was getting more and more annoyed with Paul, who he called a spoiled capitalist. Then, he had been based in England and later in Southern Italy, he had never been
deprived of everything I loved.
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
events 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 inflicted
on us... the humiliation
I felt, when entering any class-
room with a Jewish yellow
patch in the form of the Star
of David, with the inscription
"Jewess" written
in black, making me feel, like
an outcast, the pity I saw
in the eyes of my gentile clas-
smates... their later on we were
not allowed to go to school any-
more... no movies, no parks, no
Ration... My
parents... My
future... My
people... The
French
Police... The
border crossing from the
corner into the Free Zone... the
hiding in the States...
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 Italian army, what General Badoglio, surrendered to join the Allies, to fight against the Nazis and Italian fascists, 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 on children, on people because of their religion. He said that he wanted to go through the border to enter Switzerland, so that he could continue to fight, more than ever, that he could regain a place in England, Switzerland. Being neutral, would help him. Alan said, perhaps Franco could help.
this and Bobby, by arranging with a Guide, to pass the Border to Switzerland. When plane left, I knew, that what I had told him about my SOE, had taken effect, because he was quite humble from that day on, and most of all, much less critical! Bobby seemed to get worse with his condition. Emma said that they had a plan to get Bobby to a hospital in Crm 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 nightfall, they came 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 NSWC. When the partisans arrived at the hospital, they took him directly to an operating theatre, one of the NUNS asked what they were? What they want? The partisans in cludia told her, this man is dying, we
need help, get a doctor! 2 partisans, the one who drove and the one seated next to him, had concealed machine guns in the truck; the other, in charge of part of the truck, had hidden guns... on them. A doctor arrived with the nun, they entered the room, they asked the partisans, what is your want? and who is this man? referring to Bob! one partisan, took out his gun, he told the doctor to take care of Bob... To take good care of him. A man else... pointing the gun at the doctor, if he dies... so will you. Within a half hour, the procedure was done, the bleeding stopped. The doctor gave Bobby some medication to take. Along, they took the 6th with them when they left the hospital, they took him in the 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 things! that she was not involved in any practices! At the edge of town, they let the 6th out of the truck.
Close to a church, they sped away. They spent the night in Demonte at the house of a partisan's family. In the very early morning, the Parizians brought back Bobby to San Poncio. He was still in pain but happy that the ordeal was over. Plan could not get over the partisan action... he had been worried half to death waiting for his co-pilot to return safely. A few days later, a fellow called Saltoni Lorenzo Spada (Bonzo for short) came to visit us in San Poncio. The people of the Hamlet knew him well. Since childhood, his family owned a farm, a small bakery, and a butcher store, they were the wealthiest family in Demonte. He brought a good amount of meat for the guys we were introduced to him by Nurse. He was such a gentleman and so handsome. He was engaged to be married to one of the prettiest girls in Demonte, he rode a motorcycle on the main roads of the valley...
Way to Turin (Turn), he told Franco that he had taken an Italian Jewish Engineer across the border to Switzerland. He had fake 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.

Crossing the Swiss border legally, the Germans had asked for his papers, he told them that he visited some relatives in Switzerland. 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 at the valley, they had been shot down with Frank & Bobby. Before leaving Renzo gave my Mom some meat! We thanked him so much! We did not see Renzo for a while, Alan & Bob didn't could not wait... the proportion of their anxiety was enormous, we kept on telling them that soon, very soon they will fly in another bothers
P.S. We continue

Am very

American Fortresses. Not to forget to send us food, ammunition, arms, parochializing all the merchandise, they could put their hands on. The Spring of 1944, light appeared suddenly. The sun was shining with a beautiful blue, 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! Unfortunately, the Germans and Black Shirts Italian Alpine troops, started (Filo Decembristi) actions. Encirclements of valleys, where groups of Partisans were attacked. Several valley’s had already been attacked, hamlets were being burned, partisans & Jews being taken, some were killed in battles, some taken for torture (the Nazi Methods of torture). Others to political prisons or concentration camps. There was a false rumor that our valley was going to be leave an encirclement.

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

Love, Mom
New York City 16 January 1944

Dear Alan & Dianne,

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 surgeon 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 9:45 AM. After that, the rest is up to God and the doctors... I have faith in this surgeon! He is a very capable 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 is 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, Mom

Dad
Continuation of the S.O.P.

After several days, Franco and his Parce-
sians returned to the hamlet. Franco knew
that the other 2 Americans, from the me-
ter Valley, had gone to Switzerland;
and that Benzo had done the job! He
was said, that Bobby and Blair should
go too... they would be more useful fly-
ing than staying with the group! Besides,
the Parceians were planning to attack
the Nazis & fascists, who had based
themselves in a small town near
the French border, they planned to get
many gangs together to outnumber
the Germans. They would fight and
sabotage, then run back to the moun-
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 went
came over to get Alan & Bobby, he
crang some clothing for them to
wear, he told Franco that he would
would drive close to the border
then get off before the check
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 mountains! Blau & Bobay said their goodbye, I told Blau, not to carry his toothbrush in his shirt pocket, Italians did not do that! I knew that Lausage had a beautiful motorcycle, he loved to ride on the main road. I wondered who's car would they take the 3 of them near the border? Before Blau left, I told him, that I would name my first born child after him! I also told him, to tell the Americans, that I was happy 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! Thank God given them, some
food to take along on the trip, she said that, she would miss plan to most, because they used to discuss in French, he would fell lies, all about America, to his family, his desire to become a Commercial pilot, after after the war, I would listen to their discussions, and Mama would always give them some bread & cheese, knowing how hungry they were. I saw tears rolling down Mama'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 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 before dying, he screamed "Viva Mussolini" Long live Muss.
Sovini... one Partisan shot him in the mouth... they buried him standing up... they said that, he did not deserve 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 newspaper, the terrorists had suffered a great loss, the true was that they too had a great loss... we lost Paolo, the Cossack and others, some were taken prisoners and shot later on... in losing Paolo, 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 old... he had given his young life, to free Italy. The end of the war was still very far away... just were awoken, Partisans were tortured and shot... many innocent people were taken from their homes, as hostages, to be shot as retaliation against Partisan's actions on German troops... one
day, as I was walking with my brother Leon and some guesstas on the trail, where the spy had been shot, one partition took a stick, scratching the soil with it, he showed us some dried bloody leaves, it was the burial site of the spy. For years, I could not forget, the horror that I had witnessed. Several days later, Renzo came to visit us. He told us that Ben and Billy were safe in the American Embassy in Switzerland. That they would arrange for them to be sent. Some other basics, we were happy for them, I asked Renzo, why did you return? He just replied: I returned because I belong here! This is my country. I want to help anyway I can, until we get rid of the Nazi plague that is befallen on this country, and all of Europe. This was the last time, I would see Renzo alive. Several days later, as Renzo was speeding on his motorcycle, he lost an accident, and got hurt pretty.
bad, his leg was broken, they put him in the hospital in Demotte, a hospital run by the Nazis, he 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, searching the floors of the house, 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 coat gown on him to show that he was a communist, they put him on a tank, they bring him from a longest long post in the square of Demotte called "Piazza Embrionare" after the king of Italy. After the war was over, they renamed the square "Piazza Lorenzo Spada" after him. He is buried in Demotte'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 living, the Nazis chased out of his home, the entire population of Demonte, including his parents, 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 place's inn. I went to Renzo's grave, his picture is on his tomb with the writing of how he died. Battista said that the American government should give a special medal posthumously to Renzo's name. He had saved 4 American lives, he paid with his life for it... I wrote a letter to Washington on that, they never answered me. When the fascists found out about Renzo, they swore to avenge him! the Nazis got...
Benz's body hung for 3 days and 3 nights. We went further up the mountain, to see Benz's body through binoculars, we all cried at the sight... it was horrible... Benz was a martyr, a gentle fellow, with a heart of gold... if not for the war, would have had a wonderful life! The Germans were excavating Valley's after Valley's... then one day, as we expected it, they excavated ours. We were attacked early in the day... The partisans had prepared dynamite to take along. One night, Krotn 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 party had hand grenades, machine guns, mortars, heavy machine guns put on the ground. They had a good supply of ammunition, Franco said, to climb up as high as we could.
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 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 paralyzed with fear... A Heavy machine gunner’s aide who was helping to feed the ammunition in or, got hit, since I was the closest to him, he called me to help him, with the ammunition for his machine gun, mother got scared, she told me stay here.
Dear Son

Just a few words to tell you, that I will be entering the hospital tomorrow, Sunday 22. The next day is the operation. I pray to God, that everything will be alright. Remember, we leave a date with you and Biance in Miami. I hope you and Biance are well. I do not have pains at the moment. I just feel very weak, weak and very tired. Here, everyone sent their love. Bandi loves your article and 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 make many copies. Take good care of yourself, my Son, and Biance too. I love you very much. Dad sends his best to Beter of you.

Love,

Hugs & Kisses,

Many, many,

V XXX

V X

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Continuation of our story during World War II

II

During the Enver-ham by the Nazis & Fascists, one German light plane called a Stuka, kept on machine gunning us -- the Par-tisans 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 load 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 felt the machine gun, the pellets from the bullets hit me, I asked...
The Partition, How long do we have to stay? he said, until I see the color 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 sleds, 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 us, how to slide down safely! My mother went next, then my brother Leon, me, and last my brother Ferdinand. Everyone went down smoothly, except me! I fell in a little, that had been covered by icy snow, it had broke under my weight... it was dark inside but it was wide but not too deep... I started
To hell, my brother Fernand lied.

He said, "Tell me a story". In front of two trees, as far as he could see, he found me. Right away, he locked me into the little, 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 Noris are very close 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 me here to die." My brother answered, "grab the belt, you will die another time". Help me pull you out of this hole. After 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 shovelface from one of his high shoes. Then, we both slid down the hill where my parents and brother Leon lived."
waited for us anxiously, not knowing about our dramatic experience. Father 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 advance guard of the fighting. 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 I, 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 toward 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. I rang the doorbell, 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? I told her, that we wanted to see the priest; she let us in, in the church, we went to the vestry; 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, I could not stop. Mother started to cry too. The padre took my hand and asked me, what was wrong?

Love, Donna Poole
N.M. Beth
April 5, 1994

Dear Alan and dear Siena,

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 everyday a page about the sofa, 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 Mamy
The pack took my hand and asked me, what was wrong? Mother and I began to cry together. I noticed a faint 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 had 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 us warm clothes, some belonged to his servant who was thinly, every thing was too big on us... We were skinner, but we were grateful. The shoes were broken and beaten...
Dear warm! The priest found out from the priest took us to his room with the bed 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 draperies 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 just 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 that he did not have to remove it! He left us and told us the servant would come up with water, soap & towels, so we could wash up! A little while later, Louisa (the servant) came up with warm water, soap, towels, toothpaste and toothbrush for both of us! She came back with a pitcher of cold water.
and I closed. Before leaving, she mumbled 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 for such 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, the one called rosary. I knew by heart the prayer; I had said it so many times, when I was in hiding 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 at 6 am, we had been so exhausted, we had slept the all
Faime 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 1 day + 1 night. Louisa told us to wash up and come to the rectory for some breakfast. We got ready and to wear, the coffee smelled good, Louisa told us that it was not real coffee, she cooked boiled it with, we sat down and we ate hungrily! We heard the people came to mass. Here in this little village, life had continued to be near normal.

But the Germans were everywhere. Louisa told us that, when she went to get the bread, the Germans had searched houses and arrested some men suspected to be partisans... One of the men had run away and they shot him dead, she had seen his body bloody, body on the street, the Germans left it there purposely for the population to see it. Louisa called the Nazis “Son of Death.” Louisa was starting to cook a minestrone soup, she said it would be for lunch, she also boiled some chestnuts. I told my
Dear Son,

Stay safe, writing on Monday. Yes, many Mom, why couldn’t the world 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 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 parishioners, that 3 men (refugees) had been arrested in the woods by the Germans... another someone with a gun, 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 offered to let us stay for as long as necessary, for his sake & Mother and I decided to go back to Son Ron & Co.

P.S. I will again
Dear Ann & Diane,

How are you? I hope well! As for myself, I am taking radiation along 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 a week for 1 year. The weather here is nice and warm. I am feeling free to smell the flowers, to look at the gorgeous sea and blue sky, the palms and all of NANTUCKET! I live one day at a 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 million kisses.

Love,
Mom & Dad
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, so it was dangerous—but we insisted on going. Somehow, we felt that without my father and brothers, life was not whole anymore. The priest made us a map, showing us how to go back to the Valley Straa, the area where San Ponzio is located. He gave us some money and a bucket with food. He told us that it was a long walk, that it will take at least 2 days to reach our destination. He said we will have to seek shelter when night comes... We parted with the Fiacchi and Louise, who was crying... He blessed us as we left. The church was nearly near the end of the town, we started walking out at a brisk pace; we didn't want to be too...
Obvious--we saw so many Germans, we had never seen such quantity--even in Paris--entire trucks with troops were passing as they were going to the farthest South of Italy, where battles were raging between the Allies and Fascist forces. 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 mamma had cooked in the morning. The ground was too wet to get down, we just leaned against a tree, to rest, and eat. We started to walk again. Mother was buying, she feared that my father and Bernad would be deported...
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 Jews 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 warned us. I told Mother, look at the pure Aryans, warning 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 fell was approaching, my Mother and I knew that we had to find some shelter for the night... we had missed some houses on the road. We started to climb on the mountains, we had seen a farm, it was located, we were happy that we could spend a night under a roof. As we were climbing towards the farm, we heard thunder, lightning followed...
It was by now raining heavily, we got soaked to the bone. We approached the farm, suddenly, a bolt of fear of lightning fell so close to us, it was like a huge fire, falling from the sky. we both froze on the spot with fear, it would 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 it you want? I told her that we were going to Demonte (the main town before San Benito) 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 send her family, 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, she wanted us to leave very early in the morning, she went back inside her house, to bring back an old blanket. We told her not
As a matter of fact, that the Nazis would not search for anyone in such 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 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, Mom.
Miami Beach May 21, 94

Dear Alan & dear Marie,

Hope you are well. I went through Hell with the last radiation treatments (30 treatments in all). It really made me lose so much weight, 119 pounds was my weight... I faced the most pain and cramps in my body... constant diarrhea. The doctor gave me painkillers, but made me sleep constantly. When I took chemo therapy and radiation, I was a total Zombie... Thank God the Radiation is done. The chemo therapy has side effects too... it makes me dizzy, breathing difficulties, 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 feeling very weak, this cancer is so hard not to crack... I am too old for all this... This kind of cancer I have, rectal - colon has only a 5% survival rate! The other 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...
I take buses, dad does the shopping, house cleaning and laundry. I went to get stronger, but I am encouraged. I look like an Auschwitz survivor. Sonia & Lou take me out sometimes on the weekend 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 fickle 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 more each day, to continue our S.O.P. 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.
We left the barn early in the morning
thanking the farmer’s wife again.
We continued to walk towards San
Ponziolo, following the poacher’s plan.
We knew that we were on the right
track when we saw a small hamlet
called “Cornoletto.” We had gone there
once with my father, brother, and I, we
remembered how nice the people had
been to us, so friendly and helpful!
Mother said, “Thank God, we will be
at San Ponziolo 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 shirted 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 lead us to a trail going
to San Ponziolo. We arrived at San
Ponziolo, earlier than we had predicted.
Maria, Caterina, and the Melazzio family
received us with tears and open arms.
IV

We went to 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 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 shot Jews 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 remonk to visit her relatives and Maria. We had met Stella when she came to visit Maria and also her own son who was a partisan with the group we were...
Having left San Ponzio, Stella spoke some French and became close to us, especially my mom, she would bring us soft 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 line. Stella came to see Maria a few days after our arrival, when she saw us, she rejoiced with tears in her eyes—she had wonderful news for us. Through connections, she knew that my dad and brother were alive! My father and brother, Fernand, 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 line. Hunger was rampaging. Maria gave her some eggs, butter, bread, corn flour, and bread. 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! Another offered her some of the money the priest had given us, she refused to take it, she was very religious and...
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. Hoping she would come back soon again. Maria told us that Stella's son had been wounded in an encounter with fascists, but he was lucky to have been hiding by a farmer who took him home with his family, a country doctor had freed him up and when he was more enough, he joined another group of partisans. Mother and I felt better, knowing by that my dad and brother 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 not the reason! A few groups of partisans had gotten forgotten to fight the Germans out of Italy. Demantte, the Nazis had sent their troops towards France and the
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 Bercante, 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, my father, who had been a diamond dealer in Paris & Amsterdam, came to San Posso to see me and Mother. He told us that the Vatican had sent money to some priests to give it to the Jews in hiding that needed help. We went with him to one church, the priest asked me, how many persons in an 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. Mr. 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