Dear Plan,

I am writing you some of the facts that occurred to our family from Jews all over Europe. These facts are about a family of 16 children: 6 boys and 10 girls. The daughter is telling the story of their survival. Please Plan, do not use the real names of the Jutly Family. Choose another one. The parents came to France from Poland in the late 1920s with 4 sons. Then, the 1st French-born was a girl followed by 2 more sons. The youngest of the sons died in infancy. They were not rich but lived comfortably. Then came World War II. France was defeated and the country was occupied by the Nazis in May 4 June of 1940. Three-fifths of the country was under German rule. The rest was under a regime established by Pétain & Laval. The South of France was occupied by the Italian Army. The part of France administered by Vichy was called "unoccupied France." Vichy was antisemitic and started...
ANTI JEWISH LAWS IN 1940, THEY COLLABORATED WITH THE NAZIS WIL-LINGLY IN THE PERSECUTION OF THE JEWS. FRANCE WAS FULL OF ACCOM-
PILICES AND INFORMANTS WHO WERE WORKING FOR THE GERMANS... TO
SURVIVE WAS GETTING WORSE DAY AFTER DAY! THE DEPORTATIONS OF THE JEWS
OF FRANCE TO THE EXTERMINATION
CAMPS FOR THE FINAL SOLUTION
STARTED IN 1942 TO 1944, ENDING
WITH THE LIBERATION OF FRANCE.
IN 1941 THERE WERE MANY CAMPS
"BEAUNE LA ROLANDE" "DANAY" IN THE SOUTH "CURE" THEY WERE CALLED INTERNMENT CAMPS. FROM
THOSE CAMPS, MANY JEWS WERE
DEPORTED TO THE DEATH CAMPS. MY
FATHER WAS ARRESTED IN 1941 AND
PUT IN AN INTERNMENT CAMP AROUND
PARIS, HE WAS IN "BEAUNE LA ROLANDE"
THE FRENCH WERE IN CHARGE OF THE
CAMP. FATHER WENT HUNGRY, COLD AND
FULL OF FEAR DURING HIS EMPRISON-
MENT. ONE OF MY UNCLE (HE WAS
MARRIED TO MY FATHER'S SISTER)
(WIFE) WAS IN THE SAME CAMP.
They were mostly foreign Jews living in France. Father & my Uncle were given a week to be with their families, before being sent to Germany for forced labor. My father had the plans to go back to the camp, he begged my Uncle not to go back, to go on hiding with him. He refused and went back. Father lied with one of my elder brothers who had false papers as a Christian.

A few days later, a representative from the camp who was a Frenchman came to the house to investigate, asking my mother the reason why my dad did not show up for the transportation to Germany, she told him that he had gone to the Unoccupied zone. After that, my father returned to our house again, fearing constantly that they would come and get him any day! My uncle was shipped to Dachau, later on he was transferred to Auschwitz in Poland. In 1942, he survived until 1945, then when the Russian troops were advancing towards the camp, the
Germans evacuated the prisoners who could walk towards Germany during the March, prisoners who could not walk anymore and fell on the ground, were shot in the head by a German soldier on a motorcycle.

My uncle died just before the liberation at the end of the war, leaving a wife and 6 children who had been liberated in France in 1944, after hiding for 2 years, 1942-1944, the year of the Final Solution. The Jews in Italy didn't get along. They were being deported until 1945! Because the Germans were still occupying these 2 countries until 1945.

One friend of my father's uncle was in Auschwitz and was in that March he tried to help my uncle by holding him, but they didn't catch us in days, they were cold and sick, and they were dying like flies... After the War this friend told us the story, we all cried because we loved him so much. Dear Son, I will continue to send you more facts about our ordeal. I include some more pictures of our little Princess Izzy. We love you very much. Mom & Dad
In 1940, towards the end of the year, started the Anti-Jewish laws. First at a low scale; like we were forbidden to go in the PARKS "No Jews or Dog Allowed." Then we had to go in the last car of the Subway or Buses. In 1941 came more Anti-Jewish laws with more prohibitions, they were called "Le Statut des Juifs." Many foreign Jews were arrested and put in internment camps in France, all over France, even in the unoccupied territory or zone. Because the Laval & Petain Government fully cooperated with the Nazis. Also, the French government before the war, was much against foreigners, Jews & non Jews. In 1939, there was internment camps in France with lots of German Jews, Spanish Refugees, Gypsies from Spain. The people who had fled Nazi Germany, "Anti-Franco's Fascist Regime." We couldn't go to more Houses, Theater, or Concert. No more good Rations—we had...
only a few hours to do our food or other shopping. We could only get some food that were no rationed. As a result, we began to be hungry. Also, Jews could not work. Then, my mother and all Jewish Housewives, had to go to a certain place to receive Jewish stars. "Star of David," 12 per each family member member. These stars were made of yellow cloth and black edges, inside were written "Jude" in the form of Hebrew letters in French writing. My mother spent hours sewing these stars on dresses, blouses, coats, pants, jackets, shirts. For some reason, my mother left some of our clothes free of the stars. The Germans threatened us with deportation if we did not wear it in the street. Later on, we found out there were arrests of the Jews everyday: we were a good target—we wore a patch—then came the day that gave us another law, no Jewish children were allowed to go to school! not even to the library. That winter we froze in our apartment, we had no coupons for coal, we could not warm up the stove. Many Jews we arrested in
The synagogue while praying... It was a sure death sentence to go to the Temple.

One of my Christian friends brought me books to read, she had it from the library on her name... That Winter I discovered many French authors. In 1942, many rumors were going around that everyone would be deported, eventually, where no one knew one of my brothers who worked with the French Resistance, was taking French young men into the Spanish border so that they could join De Gaulle's FRENCH ARMY in ENGLAND & NORTH AFRICA. Most of these young men wanted to avoid FORCED LABOR in GERMANY.

My brother went back FORTH crossing the French-Spanish border for several times. One day, he got caught in the act and was arrested by the Spanish authorities who in turn, turned him over to the French who were the police from Laval's Government. My brother was put in an INTERMENT CAMP called "Gurs" having identity as a FRENCH CHRISTIAN, the French Police thought that he might be a spy or a COMMUNIST. He went through horrible torture, despite the pain...
suffered, he denied everything. They accused him of. The police kept
him in cells for several months. The conditions of the camp were abominable,
everyday people died of starvation and diseases. It was so bad that some of
the German Jews who were veterans of World War I (1914-1918) wrote
to the Embassy of Germany in Paris,
to let them go back to Paris to become
prisoners of the Germans! Not knowing
that the Nazis had plans for their fate.
One day, we received a notice that a friend
of ours was in Paris in an prison camp.
It was my brother. They had transferred
him from “Cien” to Paris, to be sent to
Germany for forced labor. We got a pass
to be able to see him. Naturally, we
did not put on clothes with the yellow
star! We were not supposed to be family,
just friends. My brother was so thin,
he had a swollen belly and swollen feet.
He could hardly walk! We had taken
some bread and cheese + 2 apples.
He could hardly swallow the food!
He told my mother that they were
going to be sent to Germany in a
few days. He told us that we should
Come back Sunday, that he was entitled to a last visit before his departure, he told us to bring him a coat, a hat, pants & shirt and shoes. He also assured my Mother that he will be back soon! In the prison yard, we notice so many Cypresses with children, some were breast feeding their infants. (These Cypresses were sent later on to the extermination camps in cattle cars.)

Dear Son

I shall continue with more information on our Odyssey. I'm telling you all this facts to the best of my recollection. As this happened, it is not fiction... it's really quite incredible, but real. I did not mention my Brother's name, Trognes. This story is told by the Sargella. You will have to give them names. You will have to write the story about these people. I know that with your talent as an author, you will do a superb Job! God Bless you.

Your Mom & Dad
Dear Virginia,

I would like your opinion about the start of the story. Love, your Mom.

I will continue in a few days with more facts. Hope you are OK. Hugs to kiss XXX

Dear Sue,

Here are more facts about our life under the German occupation. July 16, 1942, at 5 a.m. the French police knocked at our door. I woke by the noise, there stood a French policeman, with a list in his hands, when my mother opened the door. He asked my mother if this was the residence of the (Jewish) family. My mother said yes, he came in and started to ask where was my father, and my brothers? He named everyone of them. My mother told the policeman that they all had gone to the unoccupied zone. Then, the policeman told my mom, where looking at me, is she (home) your daughter? My mom responded yes, that I was her only daughter. Thegendarme told my mother that he had orders to arrest us, he said that we would be sent to work in Germany. He told us to take all the valuables with us, plus food and clothing. My mother could not believe that they would arrest us since the rumor had not been
very specific, it was to be only men and boys. The policeman let us get in another room to get dressed. Mother told me in Yiddish to take a blouse that had no star of David on and also a light jacket with no star... She did the same with her clothes. She took the money that my father had given her before going to state hide and all her jewelry and put it in her handbag. As we were getting dressed, we looked out the window and saw our neighbors, who lived across our building in the courtyard, being arrested by 2 policemen! They carried violins, blankets, food! Our neighbors were a big family composed of 11 children and their parents, it was lucky that the 7 younger children had been placed in the rural country in different places, because it was July vacation for them season in normal times! But in those circumstances, it was to save their young lives. Anyway, we saw the Father. The Mother carrying a little infant of 3 months, called Hauen, the oldest daughter called Sonia (she was engaged to be married) aged 19, then the oldest son 17 named...
David and Bernard aged 15. Then my mother told me to do exactly what she would tell me. I saw all my mother's eyes terror and fear... she was an exceptional intelligent woman, she never at that moment felt death was our destination. She refused to take anything with us. We came in the living room where the policeman was waiting for us. He told my mother that she didn't pack any valuables or take any food! Mother told him, "Where we are going my daughter and I, we will need nothing that we will have no more needs..." When I heard these words... I realized that I was going to die... I started to cry with no control... The guard looked at me with some pity... He told my mom that we probably be put to work in a Factory in Germany! Mother told him what could a baby of 3 months do? Then she told him, "You should be ashamed to arrest a French National like you are... your own people..." She told him, "I am Polish. I will go with you, but let my daughter go..." I started to cry even louder and told my mom that I will not go without her. When we went down the stairs, she
IV

told me in yiddish that we have to escape if the opportunity presents itself. When we ambled on the street, the spectacle we saw... would remain in our memory for years and years. Thousands of people sitting on vans with little children babies, teen-agers, men and women of all ages and of course so many policemen running left and right. Some of them yelling that some tenants would not open their doors... and were forced to break in. Of course they were French people who sympathized with the Jews that had fled their neighbors and were screaming at the Gestapo men that they were collaborators of the Gestapo! To leave us alone... and so many French people looking out from their windows. All of a sudden a woman told an policeman, she would like to buy some bread to take along with us because we were going to the Velodrome d'Hiver for several days before being deported and we would starve and there was a bakery at the end of the block. The policeman told us to go and keep on going, he turned a way and started to help the people boarding.
Buses to take them away to the Stadium (Vélodrome d'Hiver) Mother and I just walked normally till we get around the corner, then we run to another block, as we run we saw the buses full of people, waving good bye to us... we heard the bellmen's whistles as some Jews tried to escape (they had worn the yellow stars) My mother thought they were looking for us... we stopped in front of a building, we rang the bell to walk in, it was so dark inside we hardly see could see anything... we stood in the corner of the door, shaking with fright! then the concierge appeared with a flashlight in his hands; he looked at us and asked us what was going on? we told him that the Police was arresting people and that we had escaped; we did not tell him we were Jewish but we had a feeling that he knew! anyway, he told us that she is opening the door to look out and see if it's safe to walk out... he came in again and said; I hope you leave where you hide! it is not safe to be here... he looked again opening the door, telling us it was safe to go... he even wished us good luck and cursed the Germans. We
started to walk at a normal pace to not arouse suspicion. We were afraid to take any transportation, buses, subways, or even taxis... The Germans would stop any vehicle if they suspected the people and ask for their papers. We walked for 2 hours and finally arrived in front of the building where my brother (Jack) lived in a large studio. We decided that I would go up first and then Mother would follow. I knocked at the door and my brother opened it fast and told me hurry up inside. He then went in the back to wait for my Mother; they entered fast and locked the door. He knew what had happened, he had seen the police arresting Jews on his street and being put on buses. He was amazed that we had escaped and we told him that Father and my 2 brothers were still upstairs in hiding in the apartment. My brother told us that at nightfall he would get them out and bring them here with us. He made us breakfast and we fell asleep on his bed.

Dear Plan,

If you have time, write me a few lines on a postal card and let me know if you received the letters. We love you ever. Mom & Dad
Dear Alan

I am continuing to write to you more facts about what happened during the war.

My brother, I use another name, was taken to the train station to board a train for transportation in Germany. Since my brother had papers as a Frenchman, he was taken to a group of forced labor, composed of young men in their 20s or 30s. The men and women were kept in the temporary prison camp; to be sent later on to the extermination camps, they were sent in cattle cars. My brother had a plan to escape the transport part. The young men started to climb the stairs and enter the wagons and the real trains. Instead of getting down, my brother entered, but because my mother had brought him the new clothes and new shoes.
new hat and sun glasses he had asked for. He walked out a free man. When our door rang and opened in, there stood Jacque looking more like a Gypsy man than the prisoner he had been! Mother was overjoyed and so was all of us. My aunts went to look for a room in a hotel that was friendly to people in hiding and Jacque went there. The situation got worse in regards to the Jews. My brother Leon was around 16 at the time and wanted to go to the unoccupied France. My older brother (Hymie) and his wife and their only child (Carol) had decided to go to the unoccupied part of France and were willing to take (Leon) with them. First went my sister-in-law (Edwine) with my nephew (Charles) when they passed the demarcation line, my brothers (Hymie & Leon) went away too. Thousands of Jews passed this line to save their lives. This was done with a guide who was paid for this service, it was very risky.
It was considered like a frontier and guarded by so many Germans armed with rifles & machine guns. They also had German shepheard dogs that would swim across rivers to catch and mark their victims. Many did not make it...

We received a letter from all four of them, a short letter with a special code that they were ok. After so many weeks of worrying, we could breathe better. I asked them that they did not have to look at the Beate Boche anymore! Everyday, Jews were arrested. We were fearing for our lives... everyone asked, where did the people go? No news, no nothing. I just disappear out of sight.

July 15, 1942

July the 15 was full of rumors, a few persons who were friendly with the French Police had heard that all the men & children males would be arrested and sent to a camp for work! My mother told my father that he had to hide with my 2 brothers aged 10½ & 14 years old. (Gusm, Bobette & Fernand) But where?
IV

My Brother (Jacques) kept a low-profile and lived in a small studio. Since he was an escapee, he did not go out unless it was necessary. Then my Mother got an excellent idea. There was an empty apartment that had been occupied by a French couple, they had gone away to live with some relatives on a farm because food was so scarce and hunger was very dominant in Paris. Even with coupons, people starved. The concierge of our apartment building was our friend, when we had coupons for wine, we gave them all to her. We also were generous with her for the holidays on many occasions. My Mother asked her if she would give her the keys of the empty apartment, so that my Father and my Brother could live for a day or two. Mme. Gros said that of course, she would give the keys to my Mother as long as she needed them. Mme. Gros had given my Brother (Jean) a birth certificate, also a baptism certificate for my Brother.
This document was from our son Jacques who was 1 year older than my brother Jean. So when my brother went to the Free Zone, he carried this identity which would save his life later on. So my mother and I remained alone in the apartment we were on the 4th floor. My Father & 3 brothers were on the 5th floor. My mom told me to go to bed early because she knew that the police would come to arrest my Father & brothers early the next day!

Dear Son,
I will keep on writing some more facts.

I hope you keep the pages to gather. With your talent as a writer & poet & with this subject, you will have a good book. If you have any questions about those facts, write me a few lines or call me collect when you have the time. Take care of yourself.
We love you,
Mom & Dad
July 30-93

Dear Alan,

We are happy to hear you on the phone. Hope you received all the latest information I sent you. Keep on taking care of yourself. Here are more information.

My brother and I woke up in the late afternoon, it felt like we had had a nightmare! My brother (Jacques) had gotten dressed to go out, he went scouting to our address to see if there was some police stationed there, also to see if it was safe when he wanted to take out my Dad and 2 Brothers. Before leaving, he told us to stay away from the windows. The bathroom was in the hall, my brother would look to see if it was free and no one was in the hall, for us to go. Before the lift, he told us not to open the door if anyone knocked. Not to put the radio on. There were many informers working with the Gestapo who paid them for any Jews they would tell them were in the area. They were killing and the Gestapo arrested them to put them in a temporary concentration camp.
be sent to the next convoy going to the death camps. Many of the New arrested were shot right away because the German law said that any Jew escaping or hiding would be shot... if found. My brother left us and went away. During the hours that he was away, my mom & I were praying that God would watch over the 3 of them. When we heard people walking & talking in the hall, we went panic! It was night, so far no return... then we heard the key opening the door very gently and there they were! the 3 of them. We all embraced and cried at the same time. My father told us that he saw us being arrested in the morning, he wanted to go down, but my brothers (Fernand & Bouboule) would not let him, he though he would never see us again. (Jacques) told us to speak very low, better yet to whisper we were 6 people in one room! (Jacques) told us that the street were quiet but once in a while the Germans would ask for papers... so he walked through small streets instead of the large avenues & boulevards!
When he arrived at our street, there was no one in front of our door. He went to see the concierge who knew him very well, she crossed herself, we had told her that we did not know where he was! She went up to the apartment where my Father & Brothers were hiding. The concierge had prepared some food to bring to them — bread, cheese, apples, but wanted to wait until very late at night, she was afraid she would be seen... My Brother (Jack) gave her money for bread. Saved my Dad and brothers. They left walking separately 2 by 2. After we ate something, we went to sleep not knowing that we would survive the dark coming days! What would happen to us! The next day, Jack went out to buy some food. Used our money. Not in the neighborhood as not to arouse suspicion... he bought some bread too. When he came back, he said that there was another round-up of Jews by the French Police, not as big as the day before, but big enough! This was July 17–1942 (Jack) went in a Bistro to get a cold drink, because the heat was intense, the Radio was on, they were talking about the arrest of the Jews who...
had been taken to the Velodrome d'Hiver which was a large parisian indoor sports arena, it was not only used for sport events, but also for political rallies and during the Nazi occupation for propaganda and antisemitic demonstrations. Given before the war, there was a demonstration against Jean Blié who was “Premier of France (1936-37)”,later on “1946-47” attended by notable antisemites like Xavier Vallat and Arquiére de Frontenay. It was very apropos to put the Jews at the Vel. They packed 7,000 adults and 4,000 children on the 1st round-up of July 16, 1942. France received that same day 6,000 people. The Vel could only receive the maximum of 15,000 people. The round-ups were to be 28,000 under arrest. So between France’s 6,000 and the Vel’s 11,000 all the rest of the 22,000 would go to the Vel! That would be another 11,000! We found out from some members of my family who were survivors and came back after the war from the death camps that the conditions at the Vel were atrocious, the people spent days nights on the wooden shelves, packed like sardines.
dines, those who had taken some food from home could eat a little at first 2 days after that there was no food nor water and no facilities... they could not sleep for there was no place to lie down -- with all that the heat was at its higest degree! people were getting sick all the time in particular the children and old people who were the most vulnerable. The Geman were not so happy about the amount of Jews arrested they suspected to take in 28,000 but only 9,800 July 16-1942 and 3,000 on 17th July 17, 1942. The total was less than 3,000 because thousands like my mom and I had escaped... later on, another 4,000 Jews had been captured in August of 1942 all were taken to Arancy which was compared to the extermination camps of the East. The misternees were hardly fed and many died of sicknesses like dysentery and tuberculosis. When they were sent later on to the death camps, many died on the way in the cattle cars. Arancy was under the French authorities, they collaborated with the Nazis with ardor... On the other hand, many Condarmes looked the other way! saving thousands of lives while many of the
would be arrested eventually and die in the
camps of Buchenwald, Dachau, Rumbriick
and Treblinka. The Germans would try
to capture Jews. Many Jews
had not gone to the Prefecture of Police
to have their identity stamped with the
word "Jew", for men and "Jewess" for
women. "Jew & Forest" in 1940 or 1941. Unfortu-
nately most went. My own family I
the reason that if you didn't go, there were
would not be any ration coupons for food,
then were promising that those who would
get to stamp their identity papers cards
would receive ration coupons again. At
the beginning of the occupation, they did
give ration coupons, after that, when things
got real bad, hardly anyone would go and
risk their lives -- there was, went, never
came back. My brother (Jack) had only the
ration coupons for himself, he try to feed us of the last
of his ability and we were starving. My
father and my brother discussed the situation
they said that we should try to get to the
occupied zone. To do that, was a
very great risk! We would have to pass
the DEMOCRATIC line.

Dear Bobbe, I will continue to write
more.
Love you, Hugs & Kisses. Mom & Dad
Dear Son

How are you? I hope well. I was ill for a few days but I am feeling fine now. I am sending you more information.

My Father & my Brother (Jacques) discussed the plan for passing from the occupied zone to the free zone. They decided that the children would go first. It was more or less a week that we were in hiding at my Brother's (Jacques') place. We were going to go at the beginning of August 1942. Meanwhile, my nephew (Charles) grandparent on the Mother's side and their granddaughters (Helene) who was 7 years old at the time had gotten in touch with (Jack) through another relative who was in hiding herself. They wanted (Jack) to take them to the free zone and they wanted to hide with us until we would pass on the other side. They came at midnight with a taxi, but not in front of my brother Jack's building, but a block away... in case something went wrong, they did not want to jeopardize all of us. They came to our door, since we knew they were...
coming, we opened the door quickly and let them in. Now we were 4 people in a studio! 5 adults & 4 children... so little place to move... only 1 large bed where my mom, Helene's Grandma (Bubba) Helene and I slept just the width of the bed instead of the length! The men & the boys slept on the floor on blankets and pillows. Of course some problems arose... we were hungry and hot and the sanitary conditions were most primitive! We were supposed to leave just us children with Jack, but Helene's Grandparents didn't want to let her go without them! So the plan was changed and the Grandparents came along with us children... against my brother "Jack," better judgment! 30 adults and 4 children... it was quite risky! 7 people are not so inconspicuous inconspicuous! But we would walk in 2 groups, a distance away from each other... My Parents were staying in the place until Jack would return for them to pass the demonstration line. In the first week of August 1942 we left... my Brother "Bernard" and Helene's Grandparents in a Taxi to meet us at the Station, then (Jack) Bubba...
Helene and I left in another taxi. I was happy to get out of that room which I called the cell... Many years later, when I read the diary of Anne Frank, I had understood her pain and fear because I lived it myself. I was scared for my parents because they were left behind.

"Jack" had given them some provision that he had gotten from a Catholic organization that helped Jews and people from the de Resistance who were hiding. Before Jack had been a prisoner in Gurs, he had passed many people, especially young de Anjouists who wanted to join de Gaulle's D. He knew all the dangerous routes, the points of inspections by German and French Militia ("General's people" for Police).

We traveled by train in the late afternoon. We arrived in a small town, the station was nearly empty. Jack told us, he had to call some connection on the phone. A few minutes later he came back telling us that a couple was coming to fetch us. We waited for hours and then they were. Of course we had no values, "Jack" had a small knapsack with a few things that he carried on his back, like a change of underwear for each of us and toothbrushes and downwards to smock on!
we followed the couple and arrived at a large house. At the couple went inside, then a little while later, the grandparents of Helene and Bernard went in, we waited a little while and went in. Helen, Jack, and I, we were glad to be inside such a huge house... beautifully furnished. An elderly lady came in, Jack went over and gave her an embrace, she said that it had been a long time since she saw him. We were introduced. The lady's name was Odette. She had cooked some soup for us and urged us to sit down and eat. To us it was the 1st hot meal since July the 16th. We were served a Baltzert, 2 steins of wine and some bread. They had a beautiful garden and they grew vegetables and raised rabbits for the meat, they did not suffer hunger like the people of the cities. We slept on lovely beds with clean sheets! The next day we took tours on boating, children first and then the adults... We remain 2 days and 2 nights. It was 2 days of Heaven in a World of Hell. The 3rd day of our stay, we left in the early afternoon, again...
The young couple (Jeanette and Pierre) who was "Odette's nephew", was to buy the tickets at the station and (Jack) met them outside and they gave him the tickets. They stood a few minutes talking, they shook hands and left. I was standing near the window watching them. I wished that I could have such a peaceful life with no fear, no hunger, clean clothes and being able to take a bath everyday! Like this young couple!

The train arrived on time, we traveled for quite a while. We arrived at destination that was before the demarcation line.

(Jack) told us that we would have a lot of walking to do. We had a problem with "Bouta" she was overweight and could not walk to well. We had to stop quite often so she could rest. (Jack) was worried that it will be very difficult for her to pass the frontier and might have to run from the German guards and their vicious dogs. It had happened quite often on previous trips he had taken before he was wounded in CWRS. It seems we walked for ever, we took secondary roads to avoid military transports of Germans and they were
plenty of them! We could hear them sing "Lili Marlene" far from far away. We were in FARM COUNTRY. Some peasants would pass us by on their bicycles, one in a while, looking at us with surprised expressions—We the children smiled and waved at them.... Some of them showed indifference, others responded with a smile and gesture. Finally, we arrived at a small farm. "Jack" shook hands with two old people, "Wife & Husband" then with a young woman carrying a baby boy. We sat down exhausted, we took our places. To ease the pain, the old lady "Madeleine" sat us in the kitchen which was also the living room. She served soup, bread & cheese. Later on, "Madeleine"'s son "Jean" came in, he was big and smiled all the time. He said that there was no justice in this world when children had to hide and run for their lives, innocent kids who had the right to play like they were supposed to be! We slept in a barn that night on bales of hay. The next day, after breakfast of hot milk and bread, "Jack" coached us children what to say in case a German patrol would stop us.
Dear Alan,

Here I go again, writing more information.

Before we left in the early afternoon to try to pass to the Free Zone, my Brother "Jack" coached us to know what to say if we were stopped by the Germans. That Helene was his niece and "Baltzky" and me, his cousins, "Fernaud" his sister, his younger brother, also that we were hiking on the countryside because we were in summer vacations from school. "Jack told Bubba to send me’s Grandparents to keep behind us at a distance and if stopped by soldiers to tell them that they were going to get some food at the farms around there. He told Bubba not to open her mouth and talk, to let little Bubba speak because she had a poor command of the French language with a thin, jowlish accent, while spoke fluently French. So, all us children left 1st with "Jack", we walked towards the road on a country road, we marched pretty fast if there was no one, slowing down if there were peasants working on their farms. Just before entering
The words, we were supposed to take a small path that would lead us to a small stream and get back to the woods to continue until we could see a field with a rail fence and get through it, and we would be in the free zone. Unfortunately, it went wrong as we approached the path. A German officer and a German soldier stopped us. The soldier was holding a bike, he looked at us straight and folded something to the officer. The German officer started to question "Jack" asking for his papers which were in order, indicating that he was a Freeman and a Christian. He asked about us the kids aged 9, 10, 12, 14 what we were doing so close to the demarcation line? That officer spoke French like a native... "Jack" told him we were relatives and taking us for a hike... the officer told us to turn back and hike somewhere else, that it was not safe around this park. Luckily for Bubba & Zedd, at a great distance from us, because Bubba couldn't walk, we always complained about the pain in his feet, when seeing the Germans stopping us, had been smart enough to go in a farm asking for a glass of water, they were in a state of panic.
and the peasants understood that something was wrong, they tried to calm them down. Meanwhile we turned back on the road and started to walk, we were wondering what had happened to the old folks. Jack kept on saying "THANK God" they were walking so slow if they would have kept at a small distance the Germans would have seen them and we would have all been arrested and sent to the concentration camps. As we walked, we heard someone saying <...> coming from a farm that we were passing by. It was ZAP, he said: 'come in, come in... We ran inside Happy to be out of sight! The peasants turned out to be on our side, very patriotic and hating the Boche. They fed us and told us that there was another way to pass on the other side, to walk until it got a little darker. Jack and the farmer walked through the field and the showed him how we could pass with less change. But, that if it would take longer, much longer and they were less guards! The farmer and Jack returned to the Farm. Bubba was still in a state of panic... and we tried to calm her down.
WE WRITTEN until the Sun went down. The FoHRERS told us to walk in small
Group, preferably 2 by 2, but not to distance ourselves too much because it was easy to get
lost around the woods... We bid Good Bye to the FoHRERS before the Sun
went down and we started to walk. Jack
and Béthea first. Béthea and I - Fernand
by himself and then the Grandparents. Needless
to tell how scared we were... We heard some dogs
bark but otherwise it was very quiet...
We marched and marched, following the
Track and Jack turning around to
see quite often to see if we were following
him, we were marching at the edge of
the woods. After a long while Jack and Béthea
stopped and waited for us. At this moment
and I joined them and a little while later
Fernand. We waited for Béthea and Zaida and
finally they appeared, totally exhausted! Now
we were supposed to be in the fringe
through the woods to reach a field where
we would have to go through a barbed wire.
Thank God the wood was not too deep, mostly
shattered out in the width. We did not
not talk, we walked and walked without need
thing. Finally we reached a large field to be
crossed I say I except for Helene who would be carried by Jack. Jack told us to wait at the edge of the woods hiding behind the trees, he wanted to go and see if there was German patrols in the field. He came back a little while later, he took Helene and carried her across the field, I went next by myself, walking straight across the field, my heart pounding thinking that some Germans were watching me and would shoot me. To my relief, I saw Jack & Helene both on the other side of the barbed wire, they were in the free zone! As soon as I arrived, Jack opened the and shotched the wire as much as he could and I went through it easily, because I was very thin. Then came Boucule, a little while later Fernand, we were in the free zone and felt safe... We waited for butter and eggs, we were a distance from the wire as Jack had told us to walk away a few meters. We were worried because the old folks had not arrived yet! Night fall was near already but the summer night is still pretty light, it takes a long day of many hours to get real dark!
Jack was not poor and said that he might have to cross again to look for them. Could have them been arrested? He knew the roads well and reassured her that Zaida was very intelligent and would know what to do! That he would not get lost since he & Bubbe had to walk in a straight line! We were walking, sitting on the grass, we were so tired... and thirsty... we saw them coming... we were so overjoyed... Zaida holding Bubbe who could barely walk anymore! Jack and Zaida stretched out the wine for Bubbe to go through, she was scared to get hurt, she said she could not do it. Jack got mad and told her, it was better to get smashed a little than die at the hands of the AD/NAZIS! Bubbe was grossly overweight, it took a long time until she went through, she was stuck, her dress stuck in the wine... she was searched all over her legs, farms. Zaida was not no problems with him... thank God we were all of us in the unoccupied zone!

Dear Stan,

I hope you are well. If you can, write a few lines in case you have any questions. We miss you and love you.

Hugs & Kisses, Mom & Dad
Dear Alan,

How are you? Dad and I are OK so far. It's very hot here in Florida, over 90 every day... We can't wait for the cool weather! I hope that you are OK. We are glad that you write good letters of yourself. We love you very much.

Love, Hugs & Kisses

Mom & Dad.

I'm sending you more information.

We were in the free zone! Jacques told us that we were free from the Germans, but we had to be still careful from Retain, and Lapal's family. They were just as bad as the Nazis! We started to walk towards the 1971 Road. It was getting dark. We held hands so that we shouldn't get lost. Jacques had never crossed the border on this particular side, and had been used to crooks where the Germans had stopped us on the first try... He also had connections there... After a long walk, we
We reached the main road. We walked and never saw a car or truck. It was completely deserted... finally after a long while, we could see some lights, houses, and a church. We entered the village, we heard some talk and laughter that came from a Bistro (café) that we were passing by. We all entered the bistro. There were some young people at the bar and some were sitting... We were strangers, so they looked at us... for a while... We sat down at 2 tables, the owner came to our table and asked us what we wanted to drink. He looked at us kids and told Jack that he had lemonade for the children. Jack asked him if we could get some food too, the owner said that the kitchen was close for that food, but he could give us some ham, cheese, jam, salami, and bread. When we heard about those food, we were overjoyed, it sounded like a feast to us... we were starved! and so thirsty! The bistro owner put all the food and drinks on the table and we
started to eat. After we finished our meal, Jack paid the bill and asked the owner of the Bistro if there was an inn. He told him there was one, but not on the main street, he gave Jack all the instructions of how to get there. We left the place and started to walk again... Thank God it was not too far! The Inn was very lighted and we could hear a radio playing nice music. We entered the Inn and there was quite a few people. Jack asked a waiter who was holding a tray with drinks, who was in charge of running room. He told him that he would get the man in charge. After waiting a few minutes, the waiter came down with an elderly man. Jack asked him if he had 2 rooms free, he answered that he had 1 large room with double beds, 1 smaller room with 1 bed. We took the smaller room with Helene sleeping between Bubba and me. The man took the larger one. The next day Jack knocked at the door... I opened
It and let Jack in. He told us to
get washed and dressed, that we had
to catch trains, he said that we
should come in this room when
we were finished. A little while
later we joined the men. They were
all dressed and ready to go. Before
going down the stairs, Ethel gave
Jack some money to buy
their tickets for Bubba, Helene
and him. They were going to a
different town than us. Helene's
mother and father had gone away
a few months before to prepare
for Helene and her grandparents
for when they would come in
the free zone. As for Jack, Bubba,
Fernand and I, we were going to
join my 2 brothers, Hymie and
Leon, their my sister-in-law and
nephew. Jack said the Inn owner
for the rooms and he asked him
where was the station? He was told
how to get there. We left and start-
ed to walk towards the station.
We arrived at the station, there
was no one there... we sat down.
and waited. After waiting a while
a couple came in and sat down
for. More people came in later on.
The man who sold the tickets opened
his window, Jack and I went over
to buy the tickets, the man told
us that our train would arrive
in 2 hours, as of Zbida's train,
it will be only 1 1/2 hour. Zbida's
train arrived on time, we said good
bye and if we survived this war
we would get together again ... We
did not see them until 1945.
Meanwhile we waited for our train,
Jack bought a newspaper. We
heard the whistle of the train. I
was delighted to get on it... We
traveled for hours, we had reached
the Lake Region, it was beautiful
looking out the train window.
I could see many castles, beau-
but fields, peasants working their
fields and waiting as us ... We
arrived in a town called Besançon.
It was a lovely town, we went
to a restaurant to eat some
food, Jack asked the waiter
if we could get a train to Persuee. He told him that the train would only go up to Liége and then we could take a bus to Persuee. We did just that and arrived in Persuee. The family was overjoyed to see us, they had heard of the roundup of the Jews and they had been worried sick about us. We did not know how my parents were doing, my brothers and I talked to Father who was quite upset about dangerous situations. Also he was very suspicious of people since the anti-Jewish laws had begun. In the occupied zone... Jack stayed only 2 days with us, he wanted to cross the demarcation line of people and bring back my our parents and his girlfriend. I felt bad about my parents having to go through the ordeals of passing to the free zone. I worried especially for my dad because he had a bad heart, when the Germans were coming towards France, after the invasion of Belgium, he had a heart attack.
My dear son,

I was very happy to hear from you on the phone. I was glad that you understood my information on the other hand, I felt like you were hostile against your dad and I. I don't know, nor do I understand why? Most of all, Dad and I were very glad that you were going by invitation to Germany. When you were invited the 1st Time by the Germans and Austrians, we told everyone about it, we were proud of pride for your success. The 2nd Time even more, now it's the 3rd Time and we can't even express how we feel... maybe the word "EXUBERANT" is appropriate.

My son, I think that you don't know your parents so well! I feel bad about it! As for asking me, how come I never ask about your work, about details, let me tell you that I was too scared to ask questions, because you wrote me once in a card that...
you were not in a communicative mood. So we thought that you did not want to tell us anything about your work, your life or anything else. We understood and respected your privacy. So, no matter what we do, we are wrong! We thought that if we would ask you questions, you would think that we are crazy. We are sure - the people, not complicated, were raised by our parents, who were simple people like us! As for your poems, when we got the book, Dad and me read it, from one end to the other end, Dad even explained to me the meaning of some words that I did not comprehend. I was born in France and did not speak a word of English until I was 17! And it took me years to fully understand and English... not your fabulous English, but the plain Common English! Again, I am telling you no one loves you and is proud of you, like we do... and we would all starve if we did not know that you are successful. God Bless you, Mom & Dad.
P.S. Here are more information.

After Jack went back over to the other side and we didn't hear from him at my parents, we were terribly worried. We could not write, nor could they, because letters were censored... Meanwhile, my oldest brother Hyman said that we should prepare a place for them. Leon and they went looking away from the village. They thought that the gendarmes were looking at us a little strange. We were too many, 7 in 2 rooms! The gendarmerie (police station) was located at the beginning of the main road, it was very small and the doors were constantly open, most of the time, there was only 2 gendarmes. When we had to go to Coteau to get necessary supplies, we would take a dusty secondary road, so to bypass the gendarmerie, for we were afraid that they would ask the reason why we were in Reseux... We did prepare ourselves to tell them that we chose to live here because we might get bombed by the British and Americans, also because...
there was no food in Paris. In case of being questioned by them, we were not to tell them! Hyrmie
found a place (a tiny shack) for Jack, his fiancée, Fernand and me. Jean & Bourjouin would
remain with Hyrmie, his wife and son Charles. Finally, the day came when they arrived. My parents
had lost so much weight for the lack of food, they looked so pale and so frightened... they took
the same road and fields like we did... and they did not encounter many obstacles... Jack heard me
most in Paris that, there might not be a free zone for too long! My brother's wife started to cook
a rabbit with carrots and durnys. She gave my parents, Jack and his girl, some bread and cheese. That
evening, we ate the rabbit for supper. It was a big rabbit and we had plenty good portions.
They told us that things were worse than ever in Paris - the Germans
were arresting Jews, young men to go for forced labor, that food was so scarce that bread lines were longer than ever. There was lots of sabotage against the Germans by the Maquis (French Resistance) because of it, the Nazis took hostages in quantities, men & women and shot them in reprisal. The situation was very critical in the Nord, little so far no solutions to end it! everyone prayed and waited for the liberation of France by the Allies. People listened clandestinely to the BBC of London, who gave us the real news of the war, General de Gaulle and Prime Minister Winston Churchill gave speeches and encouraging words of hope. The Germans' war information were pure lies, claiming victories on all fronts, when they were losing! That night after we ate, Hyamie & Leon took my parents, Jack, his girlfriend Lee, Fernand and me to the Shack. It was still light because of the summer
Long days, light outside but pretty dark inside... and the smell was horrendous... there was only one tiny window full of spider webs... the floor was dirt, not paved, just earth! When I entered, I saw lots of straw in a corner, lots of hay... Leon & Hyemie had put it there for us to sleep on it! They said it was temporary for they would try to get mattresses for us the next day... there was no electricity either. Hyemie and Leon went away, before cleaning. They said that, they would return in the morning with soap, a basin, a pail to fetch water in from a nearby brook, and also a petrolium lamp, matches, food and other necessities. That night we spread the hay in different locations, we slept with our clothes on, we left the door opened in account of the terrible stench... it was a miserable way to live but, we were happy to be together and alive! The next
NearBye

morning, a rooster from a nearby farm woke us up quite early. We got out to look around and realized that there was no roads! except at little path that would lead to the main road or a secondary one. As we had walked that evening going to the Sack, we were so involved in conversation with each other that we didn't realize where we were walking! anyway, we felt much safer being isolated from civilization, it was a perfect spot for the moment. With the daylight, we could really see the horror of that Shack! it was filthy and pretty depressing ... we hoped that we won't have to spend too much time there! Mother said: we have to make the best that our goal is to survive ... and that the survival was worth all the inconveniences, the suffering and sacrifices that we have to endure! This Shack was very big, it must have been a storage room to store feed for Animal farms. We put all the hay together in one corner and our things of...
Our meager possessions on it. We waited outside, sitting on the grass that was a little wet from the morning dew... leaning on the walls of the shack. Then we saw my 2 brothers and a farmer carrying supplies on a donkey... 3 blankets to put on the baby, 2 pails for water, a cot, 4 old pillows, a washboard, a large pot for cooking (we stored food in it) 2 old cutters and food, also small camp and milkies. The farmer knew my brother Hymie, who had bought some food from his farm. Hymie had seen him in the village, where he was buying some bread. Hymie asked him if he would sell him supplies, he said he had very old stuff, but that the stuff was still useful... they went to his farm and bought the supplies... and they brought it on the back of a donkey.

Dear Blain,

I will send you more information in a few days. Dead and I love you.

Mom, Dad
Dear Alan,

I hope this letter finds you in the best of health. Dad is fine. I am having some bad asthma lately, the heat & the humidity is disturbing me. The Doctor told me that, if the temperature is over 90 degrees, I should not go out of the House, to stay under the condition.

We know that it is cool in France, one of the Channel gives us the degrees of all the U.S. cities. You had also a lot of hot days... I hope your Friend ANNE will be able to go to Germany with you. It is 4 years we have not seen you, you are always in our heart and thoughts... I hope that next year, God willing, we will see you. We miss you so very much.

Lots of Hugs & Kisses

Mom & Dad

P.S. Regards to Anne.

I am continuing to give you more information.
After Monseur Boudine the Basiree went away with his old donkey. We covered the Hay with the blankets and the pillows. We ate some of the food. We talked about the progress of the Allies, hoping that the war would end very soon. When we went to sleep that night, we were full of hope, not knowing what was in store for us, and the end of the war not come for years! The next morning, we took the pencils and fill them up with wash. That day, my older brother came to see us, and he carried a newspaper to show us that some Jews had been arrested, not so far from us... it seems that the Germans were demanding that anti-Semitic laws should be applied in the Free Zone! There was no escape for us... Marshal Pétain who was still in power, was losing his power to demand as head of the Free Government... naval did everything to please the Nazis. We had gone through hell, coming to the Free Zone, with which was not so free after all! The question...
Now was, what should we do now? Where shall we go? There was an Italian zone in the South of France, the Italian occupants had not bothered the Jewish people, they were against arresting Jews. Many rich Jews had gone to the Italian zone to hide there! The Belgian and local government had jurisdiction of that part of France! We had to make plans, to see what could be done. There was a Christian organization working with Jews passing for Gentiles. They were placing Jewish kids in Gentile homes, farms, convents. My parents and older brothers were worried about us, the younger children. They decided to get in touch with one organization, to place my younger brother, Bernard, Fernand and me.

Do, Mr. Hymie, his wife and child who was 7 years old at the time, decided to leave the Seine and go into hiding in Savoy, in the Alps. The organization took me to a Catholic private boarding school which was run by the Dominican Nuns.
The school was in the Louis region, it was called "Sœur Thérèse de l'Enfant Jésus" (St. Thérèse of the Child Jesus). It was a large building attached to a church. It was austere looking but, very clean. I was not alone going there, there was 5 other Jewish girls with me. Monsieur Levy, who took us there, had told us that we should not discuss anything on the train. He had given each of us a small book to read... Of course, every time we saw a policeman at the station, we stopped during the trip. We were afraid. We were happy when the train started again. I guess all us girls, had been traumatized by past events! When we entered the school, the Mother Superior received us with open arms, she told us not to worry, that God would watch over us. I think everything would be all right. Looking at that kind face, I took a liking to her immediately... Monsieur Levy talked to the Mother Superior for a while, and then lie
bid us Goodbye and left. The Mother Superior talked to us, telling us that we will change our family name and be given French names. We could keep our first name. I was called "Marie Durac." Another nun came to take us to another room, where we were given clothes, underwear, stockings and tights (sort of a Hot-pants popular in France) also shoes. The clothes were uniforms, navy blue skirts, white blouses, navy blue jacket and stockings and navy blue tights. The shoes were black. To me it was a luxury to have such nice clothes. I had so little to wear and it was practically New... We were taken to a dormitory and assigned beds, were told to get naked and dressed and be ready to meet the other girls. After a while, a nun came in and told us to follow her, we went to a recreation room, where we were doing homework. The nun in attendance asked us our names and introduced us to the students. She asked about age and grades. We were thirteen. Living in Paris.
We told her and she put us on different benches. She gave each of us books, note books, pencils, pens, books etc... all school supplies. We were given also a catechism book and a Latin book. After a while, a bell rang, we followed the girls in the main hall, we stood up like the others and we prayed, then everyone sat down to eat supper. To me, that food was a luxury... Before going to bed, we sang a song to the Virgin Mary, it said: "Good night my dear Mother, bless thy children, receive their prayer of a grateful heart, it will be to please you, that we shall rest on your Mother's heart, we shall fall asleep." I thought about my Mother and I wept before going to sleep. A few weeks later, Mother Superior called me in, she had informations about my family. Monsieur Xing (he had another name, calling himself "Siblan") had gotten in touch with her, telling that my parents were in the Italian zone, that my Brother Boulou was hiding his the PRIARS in
The Lake Region for, that my brother was in a youth camp, near Clairemont Fenan, not far from Vicky! she told me that everyone was safe... so far. The Mother Superior told me that there will be no more communications with Leray or my family, until the end of the war, it was too risky for everyone concerned... We were at the end of September 1942. One of the Jewish girls' parents were arrested and put in a French camp... All the Jewish girls had gotten information, the same as me. The days went by very fast. We were busy with school work, I was exceptionally good in Latin and Catholicism! Also in French literature (my favorite subject) one day, as we sat down for Breakfast, one of the Nuns told us, that the Germans had occupied the free zone... that they were in the town. I could not believe that it could happen... The 6 Jewish girls were very worried and felt unsafe, for many occasions,
some of the Gentile girls had become a little suspicious of the 6 of us asking their name we never took communion, never had visits from relatives. No mail either. We did go to Church. We were not too worried as long as there were no Germans. On the other hand, some of the girls Catholic or Brothers were in the French Militia (French Fascists) but being in a Catholic institution made us feel safe. But now the situation had changed. We knew that if the Germans had occupied the free zone they had plans to look for Jews, that it would be their first task. When we went to town for a promenade, as we often did, I saw the German soldiers and officers, chills went down my spine. I was in total panic. We always sang during our march, but at this time, I could not utter a word!

I will continue to write in a few days.

Love you ever,

Mom.
I

N.M. B.H. Sept 10-93

Dear plan,

How are you? I hope you got all the letters I sent you. By the time you get this letter, it will be BE-SHANAH (Jewish New Year). May you have a wonderful new year full of good health and happiness. May God Bless you always.

Love and Kisses

Mom & Dad

I continue with more information.

That day, when we came back from the town, I could not concentrate to do my homework... I told the attendant nun, that I was sick—my stomach hurt... I was sent to the Infirmerie, and then to bed. I had supper in bed. That evening, a cereal and cooked fruit. The next morning, after church attendance, the Mother Superior sent for me and another Jewish girl. She told us that she was going to send us back to Mike Levy's place in Roanne. The Mother Superior told us the reason— it was getting very dangerous for us...
The six Jewish girls, for the Nuns and for the Jews...the Germans were searching for Jews everywhere. Jews were the target for the Germans...2nd target were the French resistance (le Magis) 3rd target were the Communists! Mother Superior told us, that perhaps some girls, whose Fathers were French Militia, had talked about us...not taking communion in church, not having any Visitors or mail! The other girls and I understood the situation...we cried a lot! She also told us, that she was going to tell, the other girls 2 by 2. She had sent a letter to M. Levy (Monsieur Le Blanc) she had written to him, telling him that we were not well...that we were going to come home...before we left to eat our Breakfast, she blessed us and kissed us, she told us, that she will pray for our safety...When Lydia and me entered the dining room, the girls looked at us sympathetically...
Perhaps they thought that we had been reprimanded. After Breakfast, some of the girls asked us, what happened? We told them that we were going back to Paris, our parents wanted us back at home!

A few days later, we met with the Mother Superior. She told us that she would send a Nun to take us to the station, and when the train arrived, the Nun would give us the tickets... the other girls would also go that way, 2 by 2 in the next few days. She told us to be dressed in our school outfits... it will be safer since these outfits were worn by students of Catholic School. We were given Mrs. Leblanc's address in Praha, and told not to talk to anyone! That in times like this, not all enemies were uniform:

We were given a small basket with bread and apples to eat on the train, also vitamin crackers, hard as a rock! Lydia and I arrived at the station with the
the Nuns. At the station, they were a lot of German soldiers and officers. The Nuns told us that, in case the train was searched, we must be Maur at some stations, if they asked us who we were, and where we were going? To tell them that we were sisters going to Meaux to visit with our parents. After the train arrived, the Nuns put us in it, she said goodbye and left. We were supposed to be Lydia and Marie Deneal DUVALL. It was very cold on the train, we were in the month of November, around the middle of November 1942. We were in a compartment with 2 men and a young girl of about 17 or 19 years of age, she was extremely pretty and dressed beautifully. Lydia was 14 years old and I was 12 1/2 years old. Weboth were blondes with blue eyes, and very Aryan looking. So we thought she would help us be safe on the trip. We traveled a while, and then, the train stopped at a
Station, some people came off the train, some went off. Lydia and I ate some food. The young woman asked us from what school we came from? We told her the name of the school. She asked us that she had gone to a Catholic School too... in another Region. Then the train stopped at a station. It was Le Cateau. We knew that Boannes was not far... we felt a sense of relief. Most of the trip was done; in a little while, we would be in M. Lery's place. I was thinking, where will M. Lery send us to hide? What will happen to us? Did Mary hear from our Parents? Were our Parents and Brothers alive? Will we ever see them again? A thousand questions filled my head... I had an urge to cry, but did not... I was scared to stand out! I feared the worst, but hoped for the best... We finally arrived at Boannes, we asked one of the Station employees to tell us, how to set up this address.
he told us that it was not too far... he explained to us, how to get there? We followed his instruc-
tion, it was not easy to find. We had to ask again... we went into a wine store, the storekeeper showed us, how to get there? When we arrived in front of a very old building that was only 3 floors. We went up to the 2nd floor, We knocked at the door where the name LEBOEUF was written... a young woman let us in, she was Mrs. Levy. Her hus-
band came out of another room to welcome us, happy that we were safe! He asked us about the trip, if there were any stops that Germans got off the train, to ask people for their papers... we told him that we had not seen any Germans asking for papers so anyone! that there were many Germans on the train and asked some French Mili-
tia!

Dear Son

I will continue in a few days. Take good care of yourself. Regards to Grande, love, Mom
Dear Son

I hope that you are well. Last night we were invited to Sonja's house for Eastertide. She and Sonja are wonderful kids, they have two beautiful daughters that we adore! When we are ready to go home, the oldest one (Kevin, nearly 3 years) wants to go home with us - he adores your Trisha. My nephew Charlie and his wife Annie, one coming to visit Hawaii & Family, they'll be here in a few days. I thank God that I have family here... otherwise, we would be alone! Family is very sacred for me, I am very family oriented.

Dean Dean, what's going on with you? Your work? If you have the time, write me a few words, I love to read you. And and I, always talk about you, because we miss you so much. We are so proud of you, of what you are accomplishing in your life. It's much harder to write Poetry, than to write you have done both. You have been a very young editor. Not many people...
many people have done that! and to think that we are your parents... it's a great feeling! when i heard it a neighbor, who has a son in a doctor, and says about him, i felt her that my son is a poet, an author, and an editor, that's being creative... especially when i read out, that he is a chiropractor! what hurts, is that you are so far away... take good care of yourself. i pray to god, that with this new year, my children, husband and grandchildren, also, my relatives, should all be well! most important, good health and happiness. let god bless us in the book of life. i have had a lot of good days, health wise. i am fighting the battle of time, also the battle of my illnesses; it is not easy, i try to keep a good humor about it, for when you smile, the whole world smiles with you, but when you cry, you cry alone... just like a song, i heard. i finish my letter. sending you a billion kisses. mom, dad
He are more informations of our war S.O.S.

After Mr. Levy (le Blanc) asked us all kind of questions about the school, the trips, how we felt, during the time we spent at school? We told him that school had been a blessing, the ashes were had been wonderful to us, sympathetics about our plight. We had never to secure since the Nazis’ occupation. Now we were scared and uncertain of our future, that it looked grim...

I asked him about my parents and brothers, if he had heard of any of them lately? He said that he would get in touch with my parents through an organization in the south of France, that was occupied by the Italian Army. As of Lydia’s parents, they had been deported, she would have to place her in a farm not in the Darié Region which was overrun by German troops and French collaborators. There was a 4 year old boy hiding in Levy’s home, a beautiful child...
With huge brown eyes and dark curly hair, his name was Michel. The child had been given by his parents so that he could be placed with Christians, so that he would be safe. He had been there 10 days, and to far, had not been placed... his parents went in the French underground to fight the Boche. That night, we slept on 2 cots. During the night, a car with the siren so loud, stopped brusquely in a straddling noise, we recognized the sound of that siren, it was a Gestapo CB! We had heard plenty of them. Mr. Levy and his wife came in our room carrying little Michel leaf asleep, in his arms. They did not put the light on... they put onicker on one of the cots, they told us, do not to speak or make any noise... Levy took out very carefully a the corner of one of the wind windows, we heard German voices screaming loudly, we heard the car's door slamming very hard and the
departure of the car, 2 men had been arrested, just a few yards away from our building, they were Maquisards who had been denounced by other French tractors. They had been hiding in an apartment, the owner of the flat was also a resistance fighter. Luckily, she was not there, at the time she lived remained in the woods with the partisans! The Germans had found guns, hand grenades, rifles, a real arsenal. These poor fellows were doomed... and would be tortured for information. When Levy went out the next day, he had gotten all the information from neighbors, running the Nazis... The concierge of the building, who had 2 sons in the Maquis, said that, if she was younger, she would join the Resistance! To kill all the Boches... That day, in the afternoon, 2 other Jewish girls arrived at Levy's house from the school. They were so happy to see us, they told us, that the other 2 girls would
arrive the next day. We also heard from the girls, that there was a checkup by the Germans on the train, they had asked for identity papers, and they asserted a very old couple. The girls being young children of 10-11 years old, had not been asked anything being dressed in uniforms from a Catholic school, had helped the situation... they had been severely frightened, but they had had the sense of control, they had been laughing between them, making believe that they were telling jokes with the emotion they encountered during the trip... and had been forced to hide, they suddenly started to cry. The boy's father consented to let them, telling them that one day, little children will play again, pick flowers, sing songs, and be free from tyranny... the next day, the last 2 girls arrived from the school. They told us that there was no more children on the train, everything was smooth! the day before their departure, one of the pupils had asked...
the 10 years old Jeanine, if she was Jewish, she told her that what would I be doing in a Catholic school if I were Jewish? She told us that she was glad to had left the school.... it was not safe anymore. The Liny's decided to get in touch with several organizations that worked with them through all of France. We were 6 girls and 1 little boy, M. Ed. in bed for 3 girls to sleep on it, the younger girls; the 3 older girls would sleep on chairs, put together, 2 chairs per girl... M. Levy and his cat, Mr. Levy on a cat with little Michel. We were not allowed to go out, to look out the window. If someone would knock at the door, we would have to go in one of the bedroom and close the door. The food was scarce, we had very little to eat, the milk was for Michel. One night as we ate at the table, M. Levy told us that our parents were coming to get us, except Rydia's parents who had been deported. Christmas was very near, the French people were
in a few days, Mom

P.S.

Getting ready for the holidays, we would read in the newspaper about the purchase of toys for their children, and some of the goodies available. For us, the Jewish children, there was only hunger, fear, deprivation and separation from our loved one... Why were we punished? Why did the Germans and French Saints hate us so much? I felt like, being Jewish, was a stigma! a humiliation... a pain, yet I knew that most of my people were good, decent, hard working, who loved their family, who had the highest moral code. So why was this happening to us? We, Jewish children, had aged beyond our years... we were not children anymore, we were little adults... our childhood had been taken away from us... we would never be children again! After several days, a couple took Michel away, they were so young and very nice, they had relocated to another town for safety measure. Michel cried bitter tears, and so did we...

The next day, after Michel was taken away, one of the girls' parents took her away.

Dear Dean, lots of hugs. Millennium
Dear Diane

I received your most welcome letter. It is a wonderful letter; it lifted my moral! Dad loved it so much and so did I! I agree wholeheartedly with what you wrote in this letter, especially about the irony of my persecutors of my childhood, their descendants paying you! It’s incredible! Yesterday, was Yom Kippur. I lighted 9 yyr 9 prcty glazed for our dear departed ones, Dad’s, and my family that we lost during our 43 years together. Donald being the latest... it was a sad day & for us, and for all the Jewish people in the world... I said a prayer for the 6 millions that died in the Holocaust. I am glad that Diane is going with you to Germany, it will be like a vacation and linuxiness combined. Well my dear Son, take good care of yourself. Despite all the obstacles and problems, live is still a great gift that God gave us, a very precious gift that we must appreciate and keep for a long time. We love you very much. Lots of hugs & kisses. Mommy & Dad

P.S. Our best regards to Diane I

Mom

MIAMI BEH. Sept. 26-92
The rest of the girls and I waited patiently for our parents to arrive. Several days later, my parents arrived. I could not believe it! At that time, they were smiling at me as they extended their arms to embrace me. Seeing the other girls faces covered with envy, I told them that their parents would come too, very soon, but in my heart, I wasn't sure if I was giving them false hope. In those terrible times, anything could happen......we all sat at the table, listening to my Father talk to Nana. He told him that a check up on the train had occurred, that it was a stop in a town. My Father had seen the Germans and French Militia at the Station, the grizzled one of the Germans say, that they were ready to go on the train......to check the passengers. My Father, who spoke fluently German, had understood. He told my Mother, speaking very low in Yiddish, so that the other passengers would not understand, to follow him. Once they were in the corridor of the train, they went in the
bathroom, not locking the door, so that the outside lock would read “not occupied” the Germans by passed it, thinking that no one was in there… that’s how my witty Dad Witty Dad and my Mom made it safely! Mrs. Levy wrote down the name of the town, the authorities searched the trains. Mrs. Levy made coffee, not real coffee, it was made of turnip grain, she served it with bread and a jam that she would serve for special occasion. That afternoon, we left the Levy’s home, I was happy to go, but sad to leave my friends and the Levys, I had become very fond of them, they risked their lives to save Jewish children, they were kind and devoted to each other and to the kids in hiding. Before we left them, Mr. Levy told my Dad that they would relocate to another address, because they feared that some of the neighbors would see too many different people and children entering their places… he said that the organisation would know where to build time, because he was always
ni France with them, were supplied
him with clothes, so be placed. We
went to the station, where my dad
bought tickets for us, to go to the
City of Grenoble, under the Italian
authorities. My Parents told me, that
the Italians ignored the orders of
the French (Sauval Government)
To arrest the Jews of the region.....
My Parents said, they had found
a room, in a tiny Alpine town,
that was located on the highest
Mountain, where they were safe
from the people with Tuberculosis.
This Village's name was called
"St. Hilary De Touvet" Some of
my relatives, an uncle, aunt and 2
Cousins, were hiding in the same
Village. I asked my Parents, what
did they do for money? They told us
that there was an underground Jewish
Committee, that helped the Jews in hiding.
This committee not only gave money,
they also gave information and
advice for survival. I had put on
the clothes (uniform) from the Catho-
lic School) for the train trip.
It was very cold, the end of December 1942. Inside the train station, it was as cold as the outside. My mother had a large bag, like a small valise; she opened it and found a shawl, that I put around my shoulders, over my jacket. We had a long wait for the train, there was quite a lot of people. My parents did not talk a word between them, they had a very Polish accent. When I heard the sound of the train, I was the 12th one to get up from the bench. We got on the train, we had wanted to sit near the bathroom in case of a check up of the passengers. My parents told me to sit across them; they said that in case of an ascent, I should not cry or scream. To stay calm, that I should continue the trip to St. Vittoria at Tournai. They had given me some money and the name of a café in the village that the owner would take me to my relatives, who were friends with the owner, who hated the Boches because his older brother had been a soldier and was killed in the war in 1940. His older brother had
been in charge of the Café, after their father's death. Now, the younger brother was in charge of the business and a sick mother, who never got over the oldest son's death. She became very ill as a result. I thought that if my parents were arrested, I would not want to go on myself.

After travelling for hours, the train stopped at the same town, where the authorities checked the passengers on the train, that my parents had taken to come to Ruseen, to fetch me. My parents got up, I followed a minute later, they were in the bathroom hiding. I went in an closed the door, it did not lock up, on the outside, I read "Unoccupied". The Germans were searching the whole train, you could hear their loud voices. We heard the screams of a woman, we waited and waited, my father who had a bad heart, was as pale as a ghost. When the train started to roll again, it was the most wonderful noise I had heard in my life! We had fooled the Germans.
again! I think that God was our ally. When we arrived in Cro- 
 nobles, coming off the train, I 
saw the first Italian soldiers, with 
feathers on their hats, they had grey 
uniforms. Most of them looked 
so kind, I did not fear them at 
call! Even the French population 
seemed so relaxed! Compare to the 
Zone occupied by the Nazi's, it was 
like night and day, like a dream 
and nightmare! Father did not 
want to take the bus to go to the 
Village; instead, we took the 
Funiculaire, it's a special train that 
has a rail line, it takes you straight 
up the mountain, instead of rolling 
up the ground, this train goes 
up straight on the mountain, from 
the bottom to the top. It was kind 
of scary for me, I had never taken 
that kind of transportation... it was 
very quick. We arrived at the Villa-
Be, hungry and exhausted. My Aunt 
Toblet had left some food on the 
Table for us, Mother had left her 
our keys, in case we did not return.
I am finishing now. I want you to know that I am happy about writing a book about being a child of a survivor. With the information I have given you and will continue to give you, you can have 2 fabulous books. Don't underestimate yourself, you happen to have a fantastic gift for writing! Remember, that one of your English teachers told you that your writing was in the style of Hemingway! Your compositions as a child were hanging on the wall of the classroom. How about using the best story story in college? You have at your disposition, so much information, that combined with your talent of writing, will be nice books. I have great faith in you. I have a feeling that you will give to the literary world 2 masterpieces. Some writers wrote wonderful books, when they were much older than you... you are only 41, that's young yet, you are a known good poet.

Love, Mom F. Read
Dear Son,

I hope this letter will find you in the best of health. I had a very bad cold, I shook all over, when a diabetic gets a cold, it's like the Flu to others... I feel better now.

Charlie and Bonnie came to visit Minnie and family, they took a nice cruise to Alaska. What's new with you? Dad and I can't wait to go to Frisco, to see you! We hope to go there around next June. How is your book coming along? I know you are doing a great Job. I am sending you hugs and kisses, so does Dad. We love you very much, we always think of you.

A billion kisses,

Mom & Dad

I continue with the informations of the war.

The new year arrived, it was 1943. We hoped that the war would end that year. My stunt Tobele told my Parents, that there was
A clandestine Jewish community, helping the Jews in Ben Tre puzzle. The next day, my uncle Maurice (Tobele's husband) took my father and me to Ben Tre puzzle, we spoke with the Jews. Maurice had told us, that many Jews had come to the Italian zone, after the occupation of Nazis into the free zone. My Parents knew that, because they had come, before many other people, even before my relatives, who had arrived just a few weeks before my Parents left, to fetch me. My cousin Lucienne (we called her Lucky) had also come along with us and, during the trip, she told me, that she had not been to school at all for 1 year, I told her that having been hiding with the Nuns had its advantages, I had learned Latin, French, old and new, maths, social studies, religion, arts, cooking, sewing, literature. We wondered about all the time, we will be missing school— it was quite pessimistic. I told her, not to worry about education in these uncertain times, that the Jews might not survive the war... let's concern
I tell on survival, that it was a challenge... not to give up on life if it was possible... We arrived at a house, quite deteriorated, we went down a basement, my uncle knocked 3 times in a row, somebody opened the door to let us in, and quietly closed it. Many people were scared on chairs, some little children sitting on their mothers' laps, some young girls and young men, also some old people. I noticed that it was not very light in the room. There were 2 men and a woman, sitting by a table, with scattered papers all over it. The woman asked my dad his name, have many people hidden in his family? Then she told us to sit down and wait for our turn to be interviewed. One young man told my uncle, that a large movement of the Maquis (underground) had been recruiting Jewish young men and Jewish girls, that he was joining too, things were going bad here too... many Jews had been arrested by the Gestapo... entire families...
In the children's home, people who saw an orphan did not want to take the children, who were very special. The children in the institution were just like all the children in the institution. They had a lot with all the children. The children's names were not known. They selected the children's names to take care of them. They started to take care of the children, as they helped. The children were very nice. They were very sweet. The children were very kind. They were very nice. They were very kind. They were very nice. They were very kind. They were very nice. They were very kind.
Story, I knew that the Germans were killing us. What other reasons would they have to arrest babies? My mother had known all the time. What was in store for the Jews? She had often said, that time was a plague, it was called Nazism, that it would kill us all, if the war did not end soon. My father had heard the story of the children there were tears in his eyes. Finally, my father was called by one of the men, sitting at the table. He asked him all kinds of questions. He asked if there was any children, my dad called me over, he fed the man, that I was his daughter. When he presented me to him. After the questioning, father was given money. We were also given a choice of clothes which did not fit any of us! We were so thin. Father & mother, fixed all of the clothes to fit us perfectly. They were Taylor & seamlessless by trade. We were more than happy. To be able to change our clothes more often, it was very cold in the
Mountains, and we were grateful for warm clothes! When we came back, my Aunt Tobe and my Son Francisco were waiting, quarreling with my Mom in our room. They were relieved to see us back. We were bombed with a million questions! Where were my Mimé in town? Did the Italian soldiers asked for papers? Were we followed? As for the Mimé, we had seen only 2, walking with not so nice girls, busy in their domestic adventures. As for the Italian soldiers, they could not care less about asking for papers—-they were regular army soldiers, most of them unionists, many were frustrated with the German policy and the war—... Fannie told the story about the children of the institution, after that, there was great silence in the room... no words were said, but the expression on my relative faces, said it all—-bright, fear, despair and no hope were showing on their faces—... That night, I had a terrible nightmare, I saw little children being thrown in the air—-they looked like crying
Angels. I woke up and looked through the window. My mother woke up, and came near me, asking me if I was not feeling well. I told her about my nightmare, also that our life was similar to my nightmare... and how long will we have to live this way? Françoise, his sister Lucienne and myself were teenagers, that we had a right to continue our studies, go to parties, enjoy life and, that little children should grow up with their parents taking care of them! Mother told me that God would save the Jewish people very soon, from the clutches of the Nazis. I wanted to believe it, with all my heart, but, deep inside, I could not make me believe it! We had gone through hell, since the German boots, walked on the soil of France. The arrest, the anti-Semitic laws, the Hunger, the bombings, crossing the demarcation line and most of all the fear... the constant fear... and not knowing when it will end? and how it will end? for all of us? I went back to bed and slept late...
that morning from mental exhaustion! That day we met another couple in hiding, they were very young and very much in love, the wife was expecting a child in the spring. The parents of the boy, her husband, had been deported, her girl's mother was hiding in Lyons, her father had died just before the war. They took a liking to my parents and came to see us often. We lived day by day, devoting the news in the papers, following the Allies' progress, and with every little victory, a new hope would awaken in us! Once in a while, we would hear about assets of Jews and French maquisards (underground) who had committed sabotage against the Italian occupants. Even though life was very hard, not enough food, no coal or wood to warm us, not much freedom, we were thankful for every day that we survived. We had to keep a very low profile for our benefit.

Dear Helen,

I end it now until next time.

Love you always,

Mom, Paul
Dear Son

Hope all is well with you. Here everything is the same, no changes at all. The weather is still hot as Hell, we are waiting anxiously for cooler days... what is new with you? Next month, you are going on a big trip. The years are going so fast... 'Bundi' is going on 15! I can't believe it! Dad and I are getting old... trying to be around a little longer! We watch our diet and take vitamins, the rest, is up to God. Here are some more informations.

We love you.

P.S. Lots of love, Hugs & Kisses

Regards to Simone

Mom & Dad

One day, in early Sept. of 1943, my father and I went to 'kreislof', to the organization that gave us help with money. As soon as we came in, we remarked that something had happened... there was only 1 man sitting at the desk, no papers on the table... Only 1 family a father, mother, and small boy, they were waiting to get their money. The man at the
desk, told us to sit down and wait.
A few minutes later, the man called the
father, wife, and small boy to the desk.
He gave the money to the husband, and
said, that the organization was dissolved,
that it was the last time he would get his
money, that it was opened for 3 days only,
to give help to a few more people. After that,
he said, that he was going to join the
underground movement that had become quite active these
days... lots of sabotage against
the Italian troops. He gave us the
money due to us, the man said,
that you heard the story and the reasons
why you did not hear. It seems
that General Badoglio, commander
of the Italian armed forces,
had gotten in touch with the Allied
forces in July, to join them, and fight
against the Germans. He had said
that Mussolini had been arrested
and put in prison, that General Ba-
doglio had brought back King Em-
manuel of Italy for a little while
while the General & the King took over.
the Government. The Allies were in the south of Italy, fighting Italian and German troops. The man told us, that the Italian troops will be leaving the south of France, my day now... and the Nazis would come to occupy. The 4th Italian Army had already become to send from south of Nice, Cannes, the French prisoners back to Italy. Many Italian soldiers and officers had deserted the army, they joined the French Maquis to fight against the Nazis, whose policy of killing Cypriots and Jews, had never been accepted by them. Only the Black SHIRT fascists had the same policy... they were, at times, worse than the Nazis... My Father was really scared and worried, he asked the man where could we hide? There was no more places to run anymore... he asked, how long will it be until the Germans would arrive in our region? He told him, perhaps a week or 2 or 3, but no longer than that... he said, of course the Nazis first priority, will be arresting the Jews in masses... and deport
them to the Concentration Camps. The London Radio had sent a message to the Jewish people in hiding not to try not to be caught. The message received by the Magui did not specify why... but rumors had been going around that terrible things had been done to the Jews and other underprivileged groups by the Germans... We did not know the whole Truth yet... and many young Jews, Girls, and Boys, had joined the Underground... but what about mothers with little children? Older women and men? Sick people, families? and children of my age? what were we supposed to do? The man told us that there was a chance to go to Switzerland but it was risky, some Jews had tried and were caught, some other had passed the frontier successfully! and where would we get the money to pay the guide? It was known to everyone that guides for the passage to Switzerland demanded high prices! He told us that there was another way... we could join a convoy of recently repatriated Italian soldiers...
To Italy, he said that some Jew I had already done that. Telling us, that we could get a Frenchman to drive us to Italy. He gave us the name of a Frenchman, who had helped the organization, when they needed him. The family, with which we then were interested in going for. The father of the little boy told us that he could get more people to come along in the truck, that among all of us, we could pay the driver, each of us dividing the amount to be paid. My dad thought it was an excellent idea. My father, and the little boy’s dad, made an arrangement to get Faustetru, where a few Jewish families scattered around the hills of Grenoble were hiding. The small boy’s dad said, that he would get in touch with them and layout the plan. He told my Dad, to come to his place 2 days, and meet the other people, and perhaps we would be able to leave in 2 weeks. My father took his address, he told him that we would go to the driver’s house, and tell him about our plan. The man of the organization wished us good luck, we thanked him for the suggestion he gave us...
we wished him good luck too, all of us shook hands, and we parted... We did not know how we would get to the driver's place, because of the militia, we did not want to take public transportation. A lady who was walking her dog, told us that it was far, too far for her, to give us the right directions! We walked a couple streets further away, we asked a café owner, if he could help us, with some directions, he was a very friendly man, inviting us in the café. He told us to sit down at the table, we ordered a drink, while he brought a man with a book under his arm, the book had maps and names of the streets in the city and suburb. I asked him, if he could get me a paper and a pencil, so that I could write down the directions. It was very far and we had to walk and walk quite a lot... It took us nearly 2 hours of walking, before we arrived at the driver's address. It was a small building, very clean with well kept lawn, our apartment was on the ground floor, we found it immediately. We knocked at
The door, a few minutes later, a woman opened the door. She looked at us with a kind of worried look. She asked us to whom we wanted to see. We told her our name. She told us to wait a moment and closed the door. After a while, she came back, opening the door, and telling us to come in. When we entered the room, a young man, in his early thirties, we assumed, came over, and shook hands with us. He asked us to sit down, he wanted to know how we got his address.

My father told him about the man of the organization. He seemed very relieved. He introduced the lady as his wife. He told her to close the window, and pull the drapes together. He said that we could not talk any cleaner with the neighbors. The man's name was Jean-Claude. He was short, but very robust. He told us that we must be Jewish and in hiding. He told him the truth, we also told him, the reason we came to his place, he listened carefully. Talked with his wife in the kitchen. A while...
later they both came back in the room. Jean-Claude told my FATHER, that his truck was very large, but not large enough to accommodate so many people. My Dad told him, that we could see for ourselves, that he could come with us in 2 days, so he could make all the necessary arrangements, how many people could be seated, and we could discuss the price of the trip. Jean-Claude asked us, if we came by public transportation, we told him, that we walked! He offered to take us in his truck, to the Félines laïque station, we were more than glad and grateful by his offer. As we bid Good Bye to his wife, and we left with him, he sealed us inside of the truck, in the back, it was safer this way. When we arrived at the station, he told us that he would pick us up in 2 days at a certain hour, to take us to the family's place. He told us, that it was far, he said we should take the earliest Félines laïque, we inquired about the schedule for an early departure. He told us the hour, more or less, that he would pick us up— Love Momz & Dad.
Dear Plan,

How are you? Here we are ok. As always we miss you. Every month that passes by, I am counting the leaves. Many months I have left to come to see you! How is your work? Very soon, you will be on your way to Europe with Diane. I wish you the best. I pray that you will have a very nice trip and a safe one. I know that it will be successful. Take good care of yourself. Be well.

We love you,
Mary & Dad

He are some informations again.
After your Claude left, my Mary and Dad and I didn’t have to wait too long for the Funiculaire, it arrived in a few minutes. My Father was anxious to be home, he wanted to tell my Mother and relatives about the planning of our departure for Italy. When we arrived alone, my Mother, my aunt Isabelle and my cousin Élie were at home waiting for our return. Seems I shock their head.
news, from a French Lady, who heard on her Radio, that the Germans were coming any day to occupy the South of France. Father told my Mother, not to worry, that we made some arrangements to follow the surrounding Italian Troops, who will fight with the Allies, against the Germans. He told her all about Jean-Claude, he told her the all story! Mother was not so sure, that it was safe to go with troops, that might have to fight the Nazis, in case of an encounter... My Aunt said, that she will not take such a chance... My Dad said, there is nowhere to go, to hide, at least we could be protected by the Italians, if we went away with them, also, if we could reach the South of Italy, we could be liberated by the Americans fighting there... If we stood in St. Hilare du Touret, we could be denounced by some informer... The Germans would arrive very soon... in reality, we had not much choice. My relatives decided not to go to Italy, instead, they would move somewhere else and stay...
a chance, by moving constantly from village to village. That was a good plan for them, they were full of jewelry and money, they dealt with them when they left Paris, before the big sweeps arrested them. As if to us, we were broke most of the time, and even there would be no more help from finance. The money that had been given to my Dad by the organization was the last we would get. Mother was happy, that she could pay Jean-Claude for the trip. We would still have some left to live on, for a while. Mother said, if necessary, they could sell their wedding bands and a watch that my brother Jacques gave to my Dad. It was definitely decided that my Dad's parents and I would leave as soon as everything would be ready.

The next day, before lunch, we heard a loud knock on the door, my Dad did not know whether he should open it or not... he was so pale, that I was afraid he would collapse... then we heard
a very familiar voice saying, it's me. Why, open the door! I could see the relief in my parents' eyes. My dad opened the door, there, stood both my brothers. They were carrying two small bags. They came in, and we embraced. My mom had tears in her eyes! They sat down and told us that they heard that the Germans were going to send all the young men, that were in the youth group, to work in ammunition factories in Germany. Several of the young Jewish boys had gotten forgotten to discuss the situation... they could not be protected anymore, if they were sent to Germany. Those French administrators of the youth group, who were hiding the Jewish boys, were leaving, they were scared and went into hiding... it was a desperate penalty, to hide Jews. My brothers, Fernand & Leon, had saved some money from their pay. They traveled by bus, they took a few different buses, also walking in between rides, to avoid checkpoint points of larger cities. They had been on the go for 2 1/2 days, before
arriving here, we sat down for dinner and Father told them about our plan to go to Italy. They were all for it, they said, that they had seen many Jews arrested, entire families. The region of Clairmont-Ferrand, where they were in the youth group, had so many collaborators that would help the Germans in the hunting of Jews and foreigners too... also the underground (the Maquis). The Nazis were the hunters, their favorite prey, were the Jews, we were their prey... My brothers wanted to go with my Dad, to make arrangements for our departure, my Dad refused, because 3 men could get the attention of the militia. So the next day, my Father and I, went to Creuze to meet with Jean Charles.

At the Fermi station, we were waiting impatiently for a while then we saw him. He greeted us and told us to sit in the back of the truck. It was safer, it was covered. When we arrived at the place of the family we had befriended, at the
help organization, he was waiting for us near the door, he told us, that there were a few men, three in his apartment, they came without their families, because it was safer with less people... We had told Jean-Claude, about the arrival of my 2 Brothers, now we would need 5 places for our Family. The Men talked about the number of their families, they said that the little children could sit on their Mother's laps, or even on their Father's laps. A lot of talking went on! Finally, Jean-Claude said, I can not take more than 20 people with the children included... We were going to be 5 people in our Family, 3 people in our Friend's Family, 1 couple + a teenager son, making 13 people more, then there were 2 more couples with 5 small children among these 2 Families + 1 middle age couple woman with one Teen- age Daughter who were related to our Friend. We were 22 people. Jean-Claude said, we will be packed like Sandines! He made a very reasonable price for the trip. All the arrangements we made, he gave us 5 days to get ready...

Lots of HUGS - Love, Mom & Dad
Dear Jean,

I am very happy to hear from you. We are glad that you feel good. I am sure, it would help me! I am continuing with the story. Take care, be well and God Bless you. Hugs & Kisses.

Love,

Mary & Sandy

Jean Claude said good-bye to the people, and took us back to the station for our return home. He made plans and told us and the people, that we would meet at a certain deserted place in the early afternoon. He said, the best way would be not to take any victuals, just a bag will contain toilettry, foods, comb, tooth brushes,
After part, a towel and one set
of change for every family member.
She told us to wear sweaters and
jackets; that it would be very cold
at night, going travelling through
the mountains. We were veterans
or knew what to take with us...
we had done it before...
we had arranged the day, even the
shoes, we were not supposed to be
together, only each family, we
would have to distance us from
the others, but not too far...
his would pick us up, one or the
first the price was mentioned for
and every one had agreed to it.

It was a fair price! The
question was, were we going to
make it? Was it realistic to
undertake such a trip? Going to a
place where we knew no one!

Exactly of the Germans—would some
faithful fascist tell on us?
We did not speak or understand
Italian... With all these fears, there
was a ray of hope! With Italian troops
facing the Allies in the South of
Italy, they could liberate all of Italy and it would be the end of the war for us! We returned home and we told my brothers of the plane. We all agree that it was the best solution for us, under those circumstances... We would take with us some bread for the trip, it would be a long voyage, we would have to survive a few obstacles... but then this was nothing new to us, the persecuted, we had done it for 3 years... perhaps, we did not have the strength to overcome all that was befalling us, but we sure had the stubbornness and the strong will to survive despite all the troubles and sacrifices that came our way. The day came for our departure, Mother and I prepared the 2 bundles, we packed very fast, for there was hardly anything to pack... We left a note with the keys, to the man who had rented the room, we wrote that we were returning to Paris. The room had not been big enough for us, but it had been our home...
Toward a while, we had felt safer than anywhere else! The French underground were all over those mountains. The Italian occupants had not participated in roundups of Jews. If, and when, some arrests had been made, it was done by the French police, who had been tipped off by some witnesses. We had been very discreet and not very visible. During the times we were lucky. It had been very hard for us the children, we were teenagers now but we had become adults, before our time! We knew very well, that our life was at stake every minute. We were disciplined by life—by being alert, days in days out. It would be the only way for us to continue to live! My relatives came to say goodbye. My Aunt Felice had bought us some bread, ½ dozen hard-boiled eggs, a piece of hard cheese. She had bought, on the black market. She was in tears and said that she would pray for us, if we all survived, we would meet in
Paris after the war, we promised, that we would do all that was possible to meet her one day in Paris. We went away earlier than we needed to, my father and brother Leon, would sit together on the Eiffel Tower, my mother, brother Fernand and I would sit somewhere else. When we arrived at the station, we inquired about a bus going to the street, that Jean Claude had written for us, they told us, that the bus would not go that far, they told us the name of the street to get off, we would have to walk a few blocks to reach our destination. Before getting on the bus, my dad told us, that we should walk separately, my parents together, my brother Fernand and I, my brother Leon by himself. It was a very beautiful day, a little cool but with some sun, I felt that it was a good omen! We got off the bus, we started to walk straight up, like the man at the station, had indicated as we walked, we realized that.
We were walking out of town, very few houses, there were hardly any people... as we walked, we saw a family waiting already for Jean-Claude, as we passed them by, my Dad asked them, if anyone else were waiting, they didn’t know for sure. We continued to walk, we stopped after a while and waited there, my Brother Fernand and I continue to walk, passed our Parents after a while we stopped, my Brother Leon passed us and stopped a little further away. As we were waiting, other families passed us by. Jean-Claude arrived in his truck, he picked up the 1st family, then my Parents, then Fernand and me, and he did that all the way, picking up others. After everyone was loaded, Jean-Claude started to count us, we were 11 people, the little children sitting on their Parents laps, 1 boy about 10 years old and 2 teen agers, sat on the floor of the truck. We started to walk, we were not too comfortable, the truck was big and wide, but, we could not move much! Jean-Claude had put the cover on the truck. Dear Dean, I will continue in a few days...