



This is a view from the castle in Poppi looking towards Frensula. The POW camp(PG 38) lies in the middle along the road near the stand of trees. My father used to hide in the woods around Frensula during the times he escaped from the camp.



This is a view of the camp from the road coming from Frensula. Security was lax and one evening my father decided to escape so he exited the camp from the rear into the trees and down the terrace. It was dark and he didn't see a terrace. He fell and hurt his knee, which plagued him for the rest of his life



The main gate of the camp.



My father standing in front of the camp.



This is the back door of the hotel where the proprietor's daughter, Nella, helped my father escape from when the Germans were coming. Left to right (unknown man, my wife, my father, Nella, my mother, the grandson of Gino Yaschi who hid my father. From this door you can exit the walled city and walk down the side of the hill to the Arno river.



This is a picture of Angelina and her daughter in Frensula. The daughter of Gino, she was 5 years old when my father was there. She was the first person we found in Poppi as most had since moved to Firenze. Amazingly she remembered my father and put us in contact with many other people whom my father knew. My father often came to this house in the evening to get food and socialize with the occupants. One time he had to hide under the bed when a policemen stopped by to visit. Near this house is a church where his friends would ring the bell to warn my father if they saw the police coming up the road from Poppi. During the day my father would spend time in a stone building in the woods that they used to store chestnuts. The youngsters would visit him and bring him food. He usually only ventured out at night.