



NERESINE



QUARTERLY SHEET OF EXILED NERESINOTTI 'S COMMUNITY

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Authorization of the Court of Venice (awaiting reference approval)

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The next Issue is October 2016

This sheet is sent to all families and individuals adhering to Nerezine Community, and paying a voluntary contribution, to all those who require it in Italy and abroad.

It is published in our webs

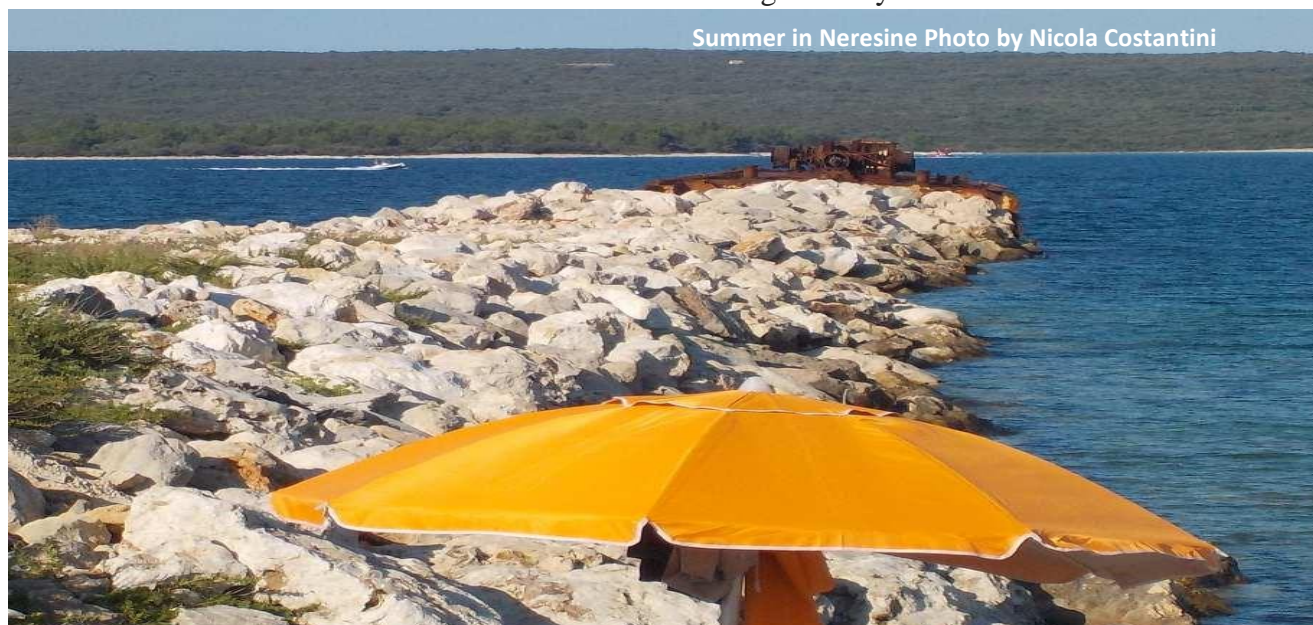
ALMOST FROM A NEWSPAPER TO A MAGAZINE

At the meeting of the Neresine Community Committee held on October 9 of last year had been discussed and approved the wish to proceed to the newspaper registration with the competent court, in this case that of Venice. Must firstly be observed that the decision was a sort of act of duty since any publication organized and structured, and that it is spread out, both in the press than in computers, necessitate by law that the same is properly registered with the appropriate lists deposited in the reference civil courts. So it immediately began the complex process to implement the resolution made. It should be known that to

record a publication, be it a magazine, newsletter or other, it is necessary that the same have a responsible Regional Director recognized by the Order of Journalists of the region in which the publication was born.

For this to happen you must submit a special application enclosing a publication number (in theory should be the number zero) and the name that the property (in this case the Community Neresine) indicates which managing editor, in our case Flavio Asta.

Incidentally we point out that so far in the subtitle of the magazine was affixed the inscription: "Editor in charge: Flavio Asta" so Dir "director", precisely because to claim the title of managing director was necessary recognition by the Order of Journalists.



Summer in Neresine Photo by Nicola Costantini

Let's say that in any case we were not "outlaws" because our open ". magazine could be considered an open letter "although large and dense addressed to the Community registered in this capacity does not require any registration, if anything, could be doubts as to who could be cast individual responsibility in case of possible external disputes. magazine could be considered a "letter. The request to the Order of Journalists has been accepted with Resolution No. 98/2016 dated 15/03/2016 acknowledging Flavio Asta editor of the publication "Nerezine". Soon after he turned to the press office of the Venice civil court to obtain a certificate attesting the registration of the head, certifying that at the time of publication of this sheet the approval has not yet been received and that will be communicated as soon as it arrives and it will appear under the title of the magazine ... pardon, newspaper. The whole operation as above noted somewhat difficult, has cost the Community coffers the tidy sum of € 946.68.

Flavio Asta, managing editor of the quarterly periodical Neresine

Interview by Carmen Palazzolo

Now that the laborious process of your listing of the directors responsible for the Veneto Region and the journal entry in the Court of the same region, has successfully been completed we can congratulate you for the dual important milestone. And you deserve all the merits because the newspaper is one of your creatures, to carry forward almost single-handed the writing, some of the texts, organizing typesetting; operations far from easy. In these years the magazine or newspaper is starting to grown: it has become a fifty newspaper of pages, content-rich. But when, how and why you have thought of a newspaper

The idea came to me by filling the "classic" letter that our community, like all the others, regularly send to their friends and associates to inform, after a more or less repetitive preamble, that on such and such date will be the annual gathering. After the first of these letters, I thought sending another to illustrate the

reasons that prompted the organizing committee first, that elected, later to resume contacts and to reorganize the annual meeting of neresinotti exiled and their families (at that time, only for those residing in Italy, now joining our community was also opened to those residing abroad). I took the opportunity to enter in the same letter a brief description of the happenings at the gathering .and while I was there, the list of deceased neresinenotti who died out that year in Nerezine, in Italy and abroad (the list was then compiled by Mrs. Lea Castellani, Lupis, now deceased (Translator Note) who started in New York City, for the, since annual, Celebration Services in honor of our Blessed Virgin of Health Patron Saint of Neresine, *in November of 1971.*) Also I added the news of the Community website, and even then could not miss, "are we not neresinotti!" a polemic note concerning the resignation of a member of the newly formed Committee. Practically the first issue of the magazine was born

What are the main difficulties that you find in this your labor?

It states that this is the second "newspaper" to which I devote myself, the first time I became interested in them was attending my elementary school, when the teacher, before the Christmas holidays, gave to each alumnus of the class as homework, the laying out of a simple school newspaper. On our return back at school, all of us presented our work, mine in reference to all the others was considered the best, and I remember with pride that was shown in all classrooms of the school. So "some experience" already there, I had on my own. This is not the difficulty but remains the fact that, to bring forward one, now that the number of pages is somewhat increased, I have to devote this much more time and commitment, and share it with activities in which I have to supervise (Including sporting ones) I have little to spare, even though I am formally retired, for which the greater difficulty will be to continue. I cannot, however, fail to mention, and take this opportunity here to thank all those who not only occasionally but continuously collaborate in the writing of the magazine, among them I

quote: Carmen Palazzolo, Nino Bracco and Rita Muscardin.

The greatest satisfaction?

This is a subject in which I talk with real pleasure. They constantly come, expressing esteem and recognition that alone, amply reward the commitment that I have taken, and the trouble to develop received, and I keep the letters, even of people no longer with us, who have expressed, sometimes with words and phrases very simple but heartfelt, their gratitude for as much as I have done, and sometimes in reading them, I do not mind admitting, it moved me, and caused some waterworks.

The newspaper is just as you would like or would like different?

I would not want my answer to be interpreted as expression of lack of modesty on my part or worse, self-congratulation but I think in regards to content, it is fine as it is, while it could improve on the quality of the paper, and the press, it would be nice in full color.

Such as?

Just more "Schei" (money) available. About this I point out, but some readers may have noticed, that in the subtitle of the magazine (giornalino) (I'll always call it so), unlike almost all other publications in the world of Exodus, ***it does not say***: "With the contribution of Law 291/2009 (as per Law 72/2001 - 193/2004 - 296/2006) ".Which means that, for the newspaper, we are not subsidized by any state as almost all other publications of the diaspora, but we publish the newspaper exclusively with contributions, sometimes very generous, of our members, and readers, among others, we can number even someone "highly placed" individuals (wishful thinking one may say).

You even maintain your site www.neresine.it, that, too. It speaks about our country, its traditions and its history but also shows and records the aspects of this present site, and the life of Community expatriates, and often illustrated by numerous photographs. Today these sites are very important because, these portable devices allow consultation everywhere, even on the bus going to work or in a waiting room, and this too is not your sole effort.

You also, promptly insert this newspaper

I know you have tried several times to start a blog but without success. Is there anything you would like to tell our readers about of this site?

Yes, the blog attempt was unsuccessful so I removed it from the site, in my opinion, it should have generated dialogue among all neresinotti, it was suggested by a person resident in Nerezine and could therefore be an informative instrument. (T.N. see "Drustvo Sveti Frane", etc.). I must say that, it was even ignore by us the exiled, and expatriated. Perhaps the advanced age of our community and lack of familiarity with the Internet medium played an important role in not *taking-off*.

However, we tried. In general, and this also applies to the magazine, a great help to "fill" of interesting topics these two initiatives (website and magazine) comes primarily from the news, stories, memorials and anything else that may reach us through the internet travelers, or by those who read the magazine.

I hope that this interview has served notice of most of your effort, that is truly remarkable and for which we owe you the utmost gratitude. With the full knowledge of your labors, having done your experience, I thank you on behalf of all neresinotti.

And I thank you and all the neresinotti friends for the esteem and confidence received.

NEWS FOR THE COMMUNITY

We inform our associates and their families and friends that the next meeting will take place SATURDAY NOVEMBER 12, 2016 in Mes-tre-Zelarino-at the Cardinal Urbani Patriarchal Center, the place and building we have previously attended for our gatherings. minus the last one where we had chosen Quarto d'Altino. It was at first thought Sunday, November 20, but that date was subsequently canceled to give the possibility to some families to attend the festivities of Our Lady of Health, Monday, November 21, directly in Nerezine. We therefore anticipated to the previous Sunday (November 13) however, the two rooms of the restaurant where already booked by other groups. The next available date was the day before, ***Saturday, November 12, 2016.***

Question: Why we came back? Simply for these reasons: The *First*, that had made us change of venue was the clear perception by the (local) organizers, that recommended a better quality food, and services not determined by the restaurant management, where it was previously felt "take it or leave it. *Second*, last year we have willingly abandoned this place and chosen a place, maybe a little 'off the beaten track, but then not too much off it was well served by highway and railway

Lunch in the farm-style we felt was more than good, someone told us great; the space is instead deficient for a group of people, even if not numerous, but eager to get the tables and move freely to meet and greet friends and acquaintances, that was difficult

So we had to change again (are we or not seafarers used to travel the world?). There were heard rumors, that our complaints and concerns on the Zelarino center (about the restaurant) where not the only ours, and that for this reason the kitchen management had been replaced by the owners. We contacted the new managers which we found immediately in tune and therefore have decided to return by booking the date of the meeting in the structure that we know well.

9th PHOTO CONTEST**NERESINFOTO**

Before the summer holidays we communicate the title of next photo contest. For this edition we chose the following: ***"Neresine between past and present, faces and places of yesterday and today "***

Happy holidays and **good ... shooting** at all and do not forget to **participate**.

THE WAY WE WERE.

By: Nino Bracco

From old I happen to think of that childhood, we neresinotti, of my generation, and even older had; This reflection has led me to find that my childhood was something wonderfully happy, perhaps childhood is the period of happy life for all children. However, compared to the current educational canons, those in force once in Neresine I think they were a bit 'out of the ordinary. Because even adults neresinotti seem to have lived a bit 'out of the ordinary, both in the "good" and "bad", so to understand why this "strange" development, I did some anthropological studies research, and the likes, and I think I understand that scholar's child psychology give training the human personality, in large measure, to the education received in their early adolescence, in substance from education received in the family and in society in the early years of life. As a result of the foregoing reflections, I think it is worth retelling the neresinotta education of my time, and because it remains a thing of the past for me wonderful and indelible, but above all because current descendants can make the appropriate comparisons. The babies, just weaned and able to walk, were left to roam around the house, patios, gardens and neighborhood; almost every family had a cat, then it developed into a child-cat association that gave animation to the neighborhood. The first emotional impact came socialization among peers in the neighborhood, and

particular relevance had recurrences traditional that characterized the life of the town through a year.

The Christmas season educationally were a key stage of adolescence. To build a Nativity scene was an exciting event: gathering moss in the countryside, help the elders to position the shepherds (maybe even hampering them), etc.; but what I remember best, and was more emotionally indelible was going to "*Agnoleti*". (Angels), Children of various *stuàgni* (neighborhoods), the evening after dinner in the days before Christmas, they went "To agnoleti," or congregated in procession and a lamp in hand (*feralìc* ') went in front entrances closed doors of the neighbors houses to sing the nursery rhyme just called Agnoleti: *"Agnoleti one by one, the Madona of San Bruno, San Bruno in company, to the rosary services bon Maria. Agnoleti two by two, the Madona of San Nicholas, San Nicolas in the company, to the rosary service bon Maria. Agnoleti three by three, the Madona of St. Three Kings, of St. Three Kings in the company, to the rosary services bon Maria. Agnoleti four by four, the Madona of San Mark and so five by five, six by six, seven ... seven, eight, nine, ten ... "*. At the end of the performance the children asked: *"Did you loved the song?" If the answer from within the house was affirmative, they exclaimed: "As many nails you have on the door, that many angels may carry you, "then the hosts open the doors and let them in offering almonds caramelized, fritters, some piece of nougat candy and other treats of the circumstance. Sometimes to fool the children, the neighbors responded negatively to the request of them likening song, in this case the last chant became: "So many nails you have on the door that many devils may carry you, as many joists you have in the cellar, that many devils may drag you out."*. The joy and the emotion felt by the children, the preparation, and participation in this exhibition were immense.

Another very important event for towns children was on New Year's Day. In this day they selected the biggest quince (La Cugna) they could find, they pierced it with a branch of rosemary (rusmarin) and went door to door in

the neighborhood homes of relatives and friends to extend the New Year's greetings, receiving in return a dime, that was tucked into the quince. Then, after "the Main Holly Mass " in the Main Church, when all parishioners spilled out the churchyard which was also the Main town square, they came into the square, on the busiest day ever, to greet from group to group wishing to everyone "Buon principio"(Good Beginning _Happy New Year) to the onlookers, displaying the quince; men thanked for the good wishes, usually with the canonical sentence:

"Thank you, *da bimmo I clètu*" (thanks, that we may do as well next year), and then, too, they stuck a penny in the quince. The children were returning home at lunchtime showing happy trophy full of coins. (T.N. The coins' routine was only for boys and men – girls never played this routine, separation of the sexes?)

Other key educational events were: San Nicolas, Confirmation, the *stargurizee*, the *marcodlazi*, the *mazmalic'i*, the *carnival*, and more. These events are widely explained in my book of the history of Nerezine so please refer to this for further study.

All children were sent to kindergarten by the age of three, where the great teacher Maria Zuclich, saw to impart the basics of respectful civil and social coexistence. In kindergarten, which lasted until six, we learned to be together, and to play among peers, the personal friendship became an important educational element, which then lasted a lifetime.

The elders, that had already learned the pecking order (learned how to tie the shoes), would tie the Bavarin (bib) provided at lunchtime, to the younger children. To escort the children to school, for the moms was not always easy, because, of the early morning duties they must provide: to make cheese and other demanding chores, then by reaching the age of four the children were taught to go to kindergarten alone, although they lived far away from the school. And also, in consideration that in the town streets automobile traffic was quite sporadic. (T.N. taxis, doctors and only some private). I remember that Maricci Zuclich (Stepancic'eva) who lived in Halmaz, went to kindergarten alone (she was not much bigger

than me), in the morning on the way to school she would stop by my house and took me to school with her, things currently inconceivable! (Unfortunately, at the age of 9 I happen to witness a tragic car accident. We were playing on the main road, I and my fellow peers of the neighborhood my partner Pino Rocconi was

called home to do a task, returning running from home to reach us, he was hit by a car coming up pretty fast-on the road at the intersection almost in front of his house. He was run over and poor



Neresine 1935: Asilo infantile con maestre Maria e Gisella Zuccchi. L'autore di questa storia è il quinto da sinistra della seconda fila in alto

Pino, died instantly, he was only 9 years old!). One of the first educational teachings was the respect (almost deference) towards elders. One of the key requirements was to greet adults upon meeting them on the roads or anywhere, otherwise there was spanking! At about age four to five the children, in addition to learning how to go to school by themselves, they indulged even playing around the town, in Marina, in the countryside to collect the moss to make the Nativity scene, pick up violets, cyclamen, and other childhood activities. Since the town was in an island and the sea was one of the most important elements, it was only logical for the children games to wander around marinas, jumping on boats, fall into the water, then one of the prime necessities was to teach them how to swim. Five or six years old, all new how to swim already, some even earlier. Almost by themselves all learned how to swim,

and an ideal place to learn was in Rapoc'e, right front of the large boulder with a cave (so called with this name), there was a kind of channel, gently sloping towards the open sea and was paved with white round pebbles, very smooth. One entered into the sea by walking in this gully, when the water was up to the waist, one would bend down, and like a kitten try to swim toward shore. After many attempts one could be an adequate floater. Then one would walk into the sea up to chest high, and finally departed from the *mera* (measure), this meant a point up to the neck, when one could reach shore from this point, the game was over, you *were a swimmer!* To this regard I wish to recall the weakling Renzo Berri, who at the age of three was already swimming, (not alone, but with his elder brothers, Bertino, Pio and Toni,) and diving in the Main harbor from the piers.

His diving remains memorable, how from the bow of a largest ship built in Nerezine shipyard and moored in the Magaseni harbor diving from a height of about four meters! - For ten years old boys and older, many were the "standard" games, and all boys during the same stages, played the same cyclical games. The *bisuànca*, the *zo zo*, *bobulo*, *tapo*, *poma*, *lame devil*, *train departs*, the *brodic'i*, the *puòrtic'i*, *scrile*, *colo*, *sc'ùcanize*, *forteze*, and others which I do not remember. The girls also had their games of which I am clueless. The *bisuànca*. Was to draw on cemented or paved grounds with coal or a piece of virgin lime, usually in the courtyards of houses or cemented streets around the Duomo, however, on cemented floors (driveways) a large rectangle as a table with few rows and columns). The object was to walk on these boxes by looking upward and avoiding any of the cells lines in the ground.

The first one entering the table while stepping on the first cell would say "**Pan**" if he was clear off the lines, the team response was "**Salam**"; then he continued in the next cell, repeating **Pan**, followed by **Salam** and so on, if they had trampled the line, the answer was **Mortadela**, and came out of table. Another then would take over and begin again the rigmarole. The winner was the one receiving less **Mortadela**. Completed the cycle by each player, then the first one would start again from the failing cell, and so repeatedly all the others. (T.N. not accidentally the youth main set was often on food.

We need some help for defining better "from where the new cycle restarts once a failing player re-enter the cell." It is needed for all games using cells or boxes).

The **zo zo**, was very similar. But with square cells. The shape was three single cells on line, above which were two in the shape of a "T" then above it one single cell, and on top two more cells as a shorter "T". The object here was to skip hopping on the same leg while pushing a small flat stone (*scrilizza*) with the skipping foot from cell to cell on all eight cells without the stone resting on any line. when the stone rested on a line, the preceding cell would become his property, and forfeit the cycle. The

next player would then start to do the same. Coming to the upper "T" is allowed only one skip to proceed into the returning side. but must avoid stepping on someone else cell, and so on, until all cells are occupied. Whenever a competitor wrongly thrust his stone, he lost his turn and another would take over. The winner is the one who owns the most cells.

Bobulo. This game is similar to the other previous two. In this case the design was a large spiral of square cells like a large snail, from which the name bobulo (snail), and also in this case, hopping with the same leg and pushing a flat stone into the various boxes, occupied them, and so, on.

The **Tapo**. In the tapo game a competitor to become a chaser. The object of the game was that all players would encircle the chaser until a given signal would scatter them all with the chaser trying to tap any one, who when touched would forfeit the game. This was carried out on a limited space (delimited playground) until all players are eliminated, the resulting flavor of this game was to find who is the fastest chaser or catcher, including also that all had a good run for the day. This was a good game to be played in between classes.

The **Poma**. was the classic game of hide and seek? A competitor was sorted off to become the seeker, had to stand facing a wall and count aloud a certain amount of numbers, up to 15 or 20, while the others had to scatter and hide; at the counting finished he would shout: "Who is and who is not I am coming. He then would turn around and try to find the hiding players as soon as he saw one, he would call his name, and become eliminated. This seeking would continue until all player were discovered ending the game.

In these sorting games, the drawing method was to form a circle with all the players, and start counting with a nursery rhyme of words, often nonsensical, but well clearly scanned. The counting among the participants was for example: "an dan des, mire bare bes mire, bare bus an dan dus ", or, " an tan tini, zora catini, zora catiche tac, ana via des ", and even" an baraba cici cocò three owls on the dresser, making love with the doctor's cat, one sow the

other cuts, the other makes a straw hat, paja, pajon, baruto vecio brontolon. "Each syllable corresponded to a count (participant). Then there were others that I do not remember.

The **Lame Devil** was a game in which one, (the one drawn,) had to run hopping on one leg and try to catch any other; the game was run in a fenced place, (or bounded) from which no player could escape, usually in the elementary school front yard. Again the end of the game was, when all players were caught.

Train departs The playing field behind the Elementary School was the ideal place to play this game. The object was to throw a tennis ball or alike, to any player of the game, who must do his best not being caught.

Arrayed in a circle each player selects the name of a city to make his own, at the center of the circle is a small hole, in the ground to hold the ball, at a distance in a location with eyesight, and ample field vision (top of a five feet wall) the caller would seat observing the players and knowing the city name each has chosen.

He would then shrewdly (the idea is to surprise and confuse the players) decide which city to call out, saying "the train is leaving, the train is leaving, few times, for Berlin", the Berlin player then hurriedly has to reach for the ball and while everyone else is dispersing around, must throw the ball to catch one of his choices within a determine time, if caught, he is eliminated, and the game restart, if none is caught within that time, the thrower then is eliminated, and the cycle is repeated until all trains are gone, and the winner is...the last one standing. **Brodic'i** (model boats). All children evidently boys, had a small boat to play with, (T.N. remember this is an island boats and horses are the prevalent mode of transportation) these where beautiful models, and some more frugal, mostly made by the kids or relatives, same even from older generations. The idea was to go by the Marina (along the local shoreline), dragging these model with a stick and twine between rocks tied with string or making a tack if a sail model. They would, also, fabricate little harbors and (Marinas). The points most suitable along the shore was near the big rocks as shelter from the waves. It was

hard work making these marinas, the clearing from the rocks, digging the seabed and moving rocks required help. So this was a group operation, it was a hard work, but in the good season they passed hole days in this effort, then moored their boats, and played together.

Places where **puortic'i** were constructed were: in Artaz (the place now called "by Mirna") by Biscupia and Suria children, behind the house of Biasiol for those of Square, (town center) and by the Friars woods (pineta) by those of that district. Boys from Halmaz made them in Ridimutak. Within these games with **brodic'i**, also, fell the **pusc'evàt, tack** to race the sail models to and from Jetty's and piers of the three harbors of Neresine. Some real Regattas were made there.

In regard to this I recall a very extraordinary and almost dramatic, instance for me, which I never told anyone before, thinking that no one would have believed me, and consider me a story teller. Now that I am old I can tell.

I had a beautiful sailing boat a nice cutter, given to me by My uncle Berto Castellani, was made from a big tree trunk, suitably shaped, well finished, completely dug inside for lighten it, well covered with waterproof plywood, well painted, it was a real model of a sailboat.

It was equipped with a large Marconi sail, a staple, keel of lead, etc. I let it tack from a pier to another and turning very well. One day, I must have been no more than ten years old, I went by the C'uc'uric' Mulic (pier) and I let it tack **pusc'evàt** from there to Magaseni) across the harbor and I let it tack from caic'io to caic'io (rowboat to rowboat) all of a sudden, perhaps for a wrong maneuver, the boat, instead of going in the direction I wanted, it pointed directly to the Riva Nova, there was a good wind Burin and sailing well, I ran into Nova Riva to catch it, but she pointed toward the entrance and left the harbor, I was desperate, I crying I saw it sailing toward the other island (Bora) I was convinced that I lost it. I continued to look at it through my tears and saw that it was heading towards the buoy. The buoy was large moored about 100 meters outside of the harbor, and was used to berth ships for short stays. The buoy was built in robust steel plates, three meters in diameter and about two meters

high, jutting above the sea for at least one meter. My model slammed against this big buoy, it skirted the buoy, and then turned her bow toward the town as soon as it cleared the buoy, it got some breeze and tacked, this time towards Rapoc'e, it was returning to shore! I ran towards Rapoc'e to retrieve it. I took it home happy and never brought it back to sea.

Scrile The game resembled in some way to bowling. On a fairly smooth ground and devoid of grass, the **scrilic'i** are tall and narrow square stone pieces were placed on the ground, next to each other, like small columns, they were not more than 5-6 cm high. Each player had his



Neresine 1915. Elementary School with teachers Tonolli (center, Salata (maybe) and Pia Lorenzoni

own **scrilic'**, then from a distance of 10-15 meters hurling a **scrila** each player would try to strike the opponent **scrilic**. The **scrila** was a thin stone, flat of more or less circular shape, a diameter of about 15-20 cm, and thick, not more than 3-4 centimeters.

Colo. Shoemakers in Neresine during the WWII period used old automobile tires to make soles for shoes, consequently around cobbler's shops were residues of tires including a multi treaded steel cable around the rim; we kids salvaged the remnants containing this steel band, and in a bonfire we burn out the rubber. Cleaned this circular very solid and slightly flexible circle. This was the **colo**. Then we built the **rogadela**, i.e. a kind of metal road guide made of about 3 mm thick steel, suitably fashioned, with a handle at one end, and the other end a fork adapted for housing the cable. Pushing and guiding the **colo** with his tool while running around, even on impervious land. The idea was to race each other in speed,

or just jostling, or promenading to and from places, lots of running, and this was, colo.

Sc'ùcanize. They were drawn from a branch of an elder tree about 20 cm long or short to form a blowpipe. The core of this branch is very soft, and easy to be removed to form a smooth long hole, as a gun barrel. Then, with a more delicate and hard wood peg create a piston with a soft head to seal the air within the barrel. To create this plunger soft head, we chewed at one end so as to create a type of diaphragm seal. And by inserting this piston in the barrel, like a pump the **Sc'ùcaniza** was made. Now the resolve of all this was to use it as a noisy gun shooting hackberries (**pocrivic'i**).

One of the greatest incentive for this sport was the great Hackberry tree (60 feet high and 60 feet wide growing in the main square of Neresine, very shady and a place of markets, full of berries on the tree and on the ground. We gathered these berries as ammunition and use them as bullets on the. **Sc'ùcaniza**. By inserting with pressure the berry at one end of the barrel,

and at the other end the plunger, with compress air within the berry would shoot out making a popping sound ejecting the berry to quite a long distance, and strong enough to pinch the target. The kids play some real battles with strokes of sc'ùcaniza, naturally having previously filled the pockets with ammunition i.e. of **pocrivic'i**. Naturally the following process then, was to build fortresses

Forteze in the various neighboring countryside's, for a certain period kids constructed "fortresses". In large *megnizi* (piles of stones strategically located for protection - these stones were the product clearing the fields for cultivation or grass growing animal corrals) Hard work, a crew of kids would dig a large hole in the middle of the pile (large enough for six to ten to stand inside Build a dry stone wall inside the hole as a room with a labyrinth entrance from the outside perimeter, cover the roof with branches and stones to recover the original appearance of the pile. Added poles with flags and the fortress was made. In these activities they spent entire days to play. They organized themselves with various tasks and eventually carried out battles among the various fortresses.

A Sunday afternoon we all went in Potočine, uncultivated, abandoned and unowned place down the descent on the right side of Saint Rita's chapel, where we organized mock battles between fortresses and other childish military activities. On one Sunday we even organized a great battle against Ossero, (a neighboring town north of us) along with Ossero kids who would reject the attack. We then started the conquest of Ossero with two approaches, one by land, and one by sea. Some of the kids started walking on the main road, and some of us, (about ten) embarked on the "what we called the "Battleship, "which was my grandfathers, large boat (*caiccio*) which stole. We placed some kind of cannon on the front deck and a load of rocks to throw at enemies. Rowing laboriously with four oars we went to Ossero. When we reached Ossero, the land forces posted themselves by the Cavanella on the side of the island of Lussino, we from the sea started to throw stones against the local

esplanade. The Ossero kids never showed up, they chickened out, and sent their fathers, who with few ass kicking and some spanking put the land forces on the run. We from the sea, seeing the bad break of the land brigade made a quick reverse course and run away fast, rowing with all our might towards Neresine. Then the adventure news spread in Neresine, so the evening at home, came the dose of spanking from our fathers.

Besides the true play activities, the kids had other "more useful" pastimes; one of these was the **Creel**, a wicker basket formed as a fish trap for caching fish and shellfish. Most of the kids (8-10 years old) had the small *creel* (nassa or varsa), about half a meter long and about 20 cm, in diameter made of *sip*: an aquatic wicker type plant growing by the sea in the muddy shoreline, made up of long green flexible stems. The traps were left on the shallow water between the rocks, covered with a few stones, with bait inside, usually *ugarzi* (sea snails), *cornari* (garusuli) and *prelepzi* (limpets) appropriately crushed. They catch big *glavoci* (gobies), in Venetian they call them *priate*; at home they were very welcomed because cooked make a delicious *brudetto* (fish stew). The trap maker was named Vlado, he was a kind of a bum. No one knows how he landed in Neresine, probably emigrated from Yugoslavia and lived in the Buàrovo, district in an old house with a high terraced entrance.

The boys also dedicated themselves to fishing for rock crabs (similar but smaller than dungeon) *garmaì*, (called *granzi* in dialect istrovenetian.) The crabs were quite large and found hiding amongst the shoreline rocks, they would seek food in the early evening and at night, in good weather around sunset, I went by the rocks "*cràjen muòra*" almost every evening, from the village cemetery to Ridimutak. Working the rocks, to catch these crabs armed with very large claws which made them very dangerous, so I had to be careful not to lose my hands or fingers, for this I made a single tooth harpoon with a long sharpened iron to nail down the crabs. Every night I would bring home 5 or 6 crabs, my mom would cook them in a *busara sauce* "and then with the "busara" a wonderful risotto.

One evening I remember arriving in Ridimutak, just under the small shack of the marina, I saw in the shallows a big octopus, it too was hunting for crabs, without hesitation, I impaled it with my crabs harpoon, which was once a broomstick stuck with a big, long nail; of course the nail broke off from the broomstick and the octopus tried to escape, then I pierced it again with the broomstick and with a big stone I hammered doggedly on the broomstick

nail it on the shallow bottom below, then I amassed some stones on it to hold it there until it showed no life. After a bit 'of time I began to remove the stones, naturally the octopus was, at least stunned, so I grabbed it and threw it on land, as far away from the sea as I could. Then on a flat rock I hit it soundly with the broomstick until it stopped moving. With that prize I returned



Neresine 1937-38: kindergarten with teachers Maria and Gisella Zucchi

home walking proudly with the octopus hanging from the broomstick on my shoulder, with the tentacles touching the ground. Along the way on the main road I met some women returning from milking the sheep, and proudly I showed them the enormous octopus, receiving in exchange their emphatic congratulations. It was two and a half kilograms when finally, at home it was weighted. I was not yet nine years old when this excitingly emotional catch happened and it remains on my mind indelible, for the rest of my life.

Among the "useful" activities involving kids an important one was fishing of course with the **Togna** (fishing line –T.N. we did not use fishing

rods) from the piers around the harbor, on the banks there was always some kid fishing, catching *spari*, *pierghe*, *lepe*, *chinesic'i* and *glavocic'i* of course also, *bambùie* were nibbling which were immediately discarded away because, it was a bad slimy fish and not edible. The *pierghe* and *lepe* they were found by the boulders and rocks (embankment) behind the Riva Vecia. We also, fish by boats, **batela** or **caicio**, outside the harbor on the channel between the two islands (Lussino and Cherso) (T.N.: again, we were on an island – few cars, but many boats) The bait used was the *boboli* and especially *bumburate* (Hermit crabs), they lure arboni (barbon a kind of red

mullet) and *Cagni* and there were so many that we used to say, "I am going for cagni" (who knows why but, these fish are now extinct from the sea around Neresine), yet they were stationary). An extraordinary bait, especially for *podlânize /orate* (sea bream), *pizzi*, *saraghi* and some *mormora* (ofcizza) was the worm of Rimini, a long worm, thick as a finger and red living in shallow water among rock and sand, to get it come out of its holes and capture, we had to "perfume "the surrounding sea, I will

not tell you with what? The worm was long, sometimes even more than half meter; a bait it is cut in pieces to begin from the tail, and the worm stays alive, when preserved into a sea water bucket, usually hanging from the boat. The kids learned to sail early as the 10 years old, someone even earlier. In the winter we went by boat to *pescafondo*, that is, to fish from the bottom in deep water. to catch squids and cattle fish.



1941 Group photograph of First Communion already published on the No. 15 of February 2012 but now with the caption more accurate,

First line seated on the ground from left: Lino Sigovini (currently in France), Toni Pinesich (deceased in USA), Simeone Soccoli (deceased in USA), Mario Carlich (deceased in Neresine), Nino Russin, Nino Bracco, Pio Berri (deceased in Trieste), Gaudenzio (Denchi) Cavedoni (deceased in Trieste), Toni Soccolich (Postolich).

Second line from left: Ida Camali (currently in Australia), Maria Soccolich (deceased in Neresine), Rita Camali (currently in USA), Clementina Sagani, Gina Marinzulich (deceased in Marghera), Luisa Sattalich (deceased in Neresine), Toni Ban, Padre Ippolito, Romano Bonich, Marucci Burburan, (in Germany), Anna Burburan (deceased in Neresine), Mafalda Radoslovich (currently in Italy).

Third line from left: Roberto Mares (Bastiu), Domenico (Eto) Lecchi (currently in New Zeland), Rolando Cavedoni (currently in Italy), Emilio (Milo) Rucconi (deceased in USA), Tino Maurovich (currently in Lussino), Edda Talatin (currently in Genoa), Toni Bracco (deceased in Genoa), Diana Soccoli currently in Mogliano Veneto), Anita Soccoli, Clementina Canaletti (currently in Venice), Vittoria Rocconi (currently in USA).

Last high line from left: Antonio (Tonic'i) Galvani (deceased in Austria), Antonio Camali (deceased in enoa), Lucio Marconi, (deceased in Mestre),??? Sopelsa, Giovanni Bracco (Georgia's Nino)

currently in USA), Marino Zorovich (deceased in USA), Lino Soccolich (deceased in USA), Giovanni (Nino) Maurini (deceased in Ravenna), Giordano Ban (deceased in USA), Giuseppe Lecchi (deceased in Marghera)

The *Lenze* (fishing lines) of *pescafondo* was a long string of coiled cord *Togna* on, the end of which was tied a lure looking like a fish made of lead, covered with white cloth, equipped with 6-8 sharp fishhooks, on which the unfortunate mollusk would jump on and get caught. This fishing was practiced from late in the afternoon until dusk; the places to fish were in the channel toward Seca, drifting with the tide, current, or wind.

The method was to drop the *pescafondo* (which means fishing *in the bottom*) *fishing line* right beneath the boat until it reached the bottom, which is felt when the line ceases to pull, then you pull up the line about a foot, and from this depth then periodically (every thirty second or a minute) you lull up one or two arm lengths ((use both arms). When the mollusk jumps on the moving decoy a strong springing load is felt, meaning something is hooked; without breaking the stride, continue to pull up the line, and when the catch is close to the surface it lightens up, and then slowly and carefully you continue to pull up watchfully; because, when squids or cuttlefish sense being out of the water, very often, *they squirt black ink in defense*, so you and the boat may get a blessing. If, the mollusks don't bite, you continue the pulling routine until they do; sometimes one can even catch a good size octopus

Other "useful" *children activities*:

In the winter period the children are engaged, with particular commitment, to hunting with traps; *the ràbule*, to catch birds. These traps are set in to the dense **Ilex** (*ciarnìcca*) forests. The object is to clear a pathway, clear dead lives, in the underbrush and fit out a trap on the ground, every three, four meters, on this passage. The trap **Rabula**, was formed with two stones; one a cubic shape serving as a *pillow*, the other, *rectangular or square, if possible and not too thick* served as a *blanket* - slab of about 30 centimeters from side to side and not thicker than 3-5 cm; When this stone is triggered, it falls down like a book and squashes the prey –

reason for not being too heavy. The armament consists in four sticks, two, let say 20 cm equal length-these are the stepping perches, one is shorter -this one holds-up the stone slab, and the fourth one, which lean against the *pillow*, is the shortest -height of the pillow stone. By arranging the three long sticks like three A frames, converging on the one in the *pillow*, this acts as a perch-the two lower ones-and the third one supports the slab, which is erected inclined around fourth five degrees, the clear area under the slab is used to locate any kind of bird feed, such as, berries, like blueberries. Particular birds that are ground feeder come along for a promenade and notice this nice pathway that may conceal some delicious worms or insects, goes along and zap, sees some food under the *awaiting* to be picked, as it is customary it jumps on the perch, and wall...ah, the perch gives away, the slab falls, and the poor bird (sometime, mouse) is stuck under.

Since the kids now, traps can be visited by other subjects, like animals, they periodically would check the traps, *before anyone else will-and find his semi squashed bird*.

The boys would "visit" the **rabule** once or twice a day and find: blackbirds, robins, wrens), also, woodcocks. However, apart from the robins and wrens-woodcocks and blackbirds were welcome, and eaten prepared by mothers as a very appetizing **polenta e svazeto**, (**polenta and bird stew**) dinner.

In the spring they hunt live singing birds to be caged. This was accomplished with other kind of traps with other types of traps-a popular one was the **stuòlcic'** , i.e. a wooden cubic box, of about 20 cm per side, with a leather hinged cover; The **stuòlcic'** was placed on the top branches of a large tree. The arming mechanism was: a large nail and two sticks, one as perch, and the other as trigger. The large nail nailed at the inside bottom holding a flattened area at the center of the perch stick laid horizontally across the head of the nail, the other, a vertical stick, was holding open the cover at about forty-five degrees-pinned on the

perch at the nail location, and the other and on the cover.

Birdseeds, usually millet was spread inside; The bird would come, see the seeds jump on the perch stick inside displacing it from the nail triggering the closure of the cover, remaining imprisoned in the box. At this point, the *stuòlcic'* was taken down, and at home covered with a towel, slowly open the box and gently remove the bird. The birds so captured were *perusule* (Tits), *cùc'ari* (sparrows) and occasionally *lugarini* (siskins). The birds were caged, fed, but very few survive in captivity for a long time- and bartered occasionally for other birds. Another way to capture songbirds, especially goldfinches, was sticks ointed with sticky bird slime called *visc'adele*, placed on a very dense foliage tree, and under or very near the tree position another cage with a songbird to lure a possible partner-songbird previously caught. When an unsuspecting bird comes to inquire it rests on the protruding glued sticks and remains attached to it.

However, this system was more "professional" and utilized by 16-18 years old teenagers.

In fine weather, even boating with the town Caici, batele, was an important source of play; On, Sundays afternoon and evenings, when the harbor promenade were animated by ritual promenading groups of youngsters, and couples, the kids went to *vogarse*, i.e. rowing the boats around the harbor for fun-with some of the passengers being girls.

Sunday afternoons in the summer, the sea channel facing the town was animated by tacking, racing, competing, shoving cleverness youngsters, and not so young in *sailing boats*. Many youngsters had or borrow from relatives the family the sailing boat. And while the fathers were taking the afternoon nap or playing card on the local taverns (Stella d'Oro, Amicorum or Garbaz), the Summer adventure were taking place especially along the beaches where the girls were swimming. The kids, while not yet feeling amorous ambitions, admired the opposite sex and longed for recognition by doing what a good neresinotto should do *SAIL bordersar* - so much so that

some even made his first approaches with the sail, and imitating the elders I took my grandfather's caicio *without permission* and joined the tacking crowd. I started these adventures when I was about 10 years, old. While my grandfather, unsuspecting, was playing cards in a tavern. I went into my grandfather's barn (in Ogradina) took the sail, which was too heavy for me to carry, so I found a partner in crime who joined me. We brought the sail to the boat (this was very large boat, for carrying sheep and people to and from his farm on the island of Cherso, for as, was **BORA**.) in the caicio we raised the mast, raised the sail, left the mooring and out the harbor we went. *The corazzata-battleship- sailing on the Canal-channel*.

At times, while tacking we were tempted to do some mischiefs: inappropriate *grapes* in the vineyards, in Lopari, also, in Buciagne, stealing *pears*, in a large field in Mociuàvni, the left side of Sonte, stealing *mugragni* (Pomegranates) and other such things. Once I had terrible adventure: I was alone on the boat happily taking (bordeggiavo) on the channel, up and down together with many other boats, I was only by boat, I was off *Punta Seca*, unexperienced on weather conditions, suddenly started blowing a strong wind, I looked around, and the sea around me was empty, all the boats were gone, I then understood- bad weather was threatening and in few minutes it unleashed a real storm **bora**. I was sailing with the sail on my right, the wind blowing from behind on the same side, to reach the harbor I should have the sail on my left-to change, even I knew that was very dangerous, could break the mast or even overturn the boat, so I decided to keep sailing as I was, and instead of reaching Neresine I shot straight to San Giacomo (The town further South of Neresine) Where I knew I could find shelter from the *fortunal de bora*, (local very windy storm.)

Meanwhile, on the banks of San Giacomo was quite few people who came looking at this crazy kid in the midst of the storm. Unconsciousness of young age helped me, without much ado I sailed in at high speed with the wind on my sails between high waves, as soon as we pass the entrance of the harbor, I

tacked hard left, the boat turned into the wind, the sail began to clatter terribly while with headway heading toward the pier just passed, I jumped on the deck just in time to prevent a head-on collision with the pier, I jumped into the pier with a rope and tied the boat, then I returned on board, lowered the sail I threw the anchor behind the boat and perfectly berthed my grandfather battleship.

Meanwhile arrived some people to possibly help me, also, my father came, warned by someone, and eventually took me home to the sound of slaps and admonitions for the future.

El *balon*. As everywhere, the game of soccer was common among children, but in town we had no space for a soccer field, the only place where it was played, was the small field behind the elementary school, but it was not very suitable, and slight sloped, and stony ground, which meant bruised knees. Then there was another problem, one of the goal posts was at the end of the field, beyond which was a cliff end then a Marina, so there were many interruptions while retrieving the ball from the Dolaz (valley basin) or the C'uc'uric'evi grounds.

Notwithstanding the lack of soccer fields, Neresine had its official soccer team, and quite relevant great 18 and older players (ToniBracco-Cellini, Riccardo Zucchi, Bertino Berri, and others), and the only soccer field on which we could play was in San Giacomo. We younger players would, also, organize matches among us in the San Giacomo soccer field.

In Neresine children and adults, loved to dance, and sing, it was widespread, especially in winter. We danced every Sunday in *CINE* (ballroom, movie hose and theater), danced in the afternoon and after dinner in the evening. The *cine* was a great place, owned by Garbaz, who, also had the town *BAR*, we had a multi-use room (way before multi-rooms movie houses, came to be) a cinema, hence the, theater's name with a regular stage, ballroom bar-buffet, etc. As pre-teenagers we had free access and secretly (although everyone knew it) we danced in the aisle leading to the toilets. We absorbed and learn by watching the grownup

dance, then try to imitate – the first romantic and musical awakening. We danced to the wonderful sound of Tonzi Morin accordion and various drummers (he was our main blacksmith). However, we danced ONLY in the afternoon, we were not allowed to go out in the evening!

We, even, imitated the grownups at *Carnival* times. We *KIDS*, also, organized and decorated several masked balls, with postcards used as ballots), streamers, the election of queen and king, in short, true and traditional *veglioni* (galas without food or drinks) alla neresinotta, according to the custom. Of course no parent would let us use a part of our houses, so we searched for empty or unused houses of relatives (no break ins). Different houses each time; one was Ancaer's, another was what we called the Panc'a, an uninhabited house located between the Strada Nova curve which runs from St. Anthony to St. Mary Magdalene and the houses of Glavan di Sotto Monte, Biasiol, and others. **We, also, had a big problem** in: Don Mario our pastor. He believed that our dances were sinful, and he was quite contrary to these amusements of ours, and tried to find out where we were dancing to intervene and stop our solace

Therefore, we had one from our group stand outside watchful of Don Mario coming, if, Don Mario showed up, the pole would come and advise us in time to shut down and run. (see he would squeal on us during his sermons. I remember on a Sunday afternoon, after the Rosary, we merrily danced in the Ancaer house when suddenly the pole starts shouting: Don Mario, Don Mario .we all got away, especially the girls; at that time the kerosene lamp hanging (well, we had no electricity pre-and during the WWII) from the ceiling, however, thank God, the heat of the lamp burnt the area around the nail on the joist holding the lamp, the lamp fell into the floor and broke and miraculously self-extinguished itself, otherwise we may have burned down the house.(Yes, also, we do not have firemen in town-we never need them)

As probably already guessed; during these dances we evolved into "*Sympathies*" and almost every kid had a girlfriend, however, given the age, loves were entirely platonic.

Then, by the end of 1943, the heavy effects of war began to be felt in Neresine; the loss of some villagers, through the war, in ships, army and genocide, the four incursions in three years of the **Chetniks** (Serb royalist partisans) and **Tito's Bolshevik Partisans**, the occupation by the **Germans**, and **Ustashe** (Fascist Croatians) other tragic events, put an end to the cravings of the kids play. Then with the occupation of the islands by **Tito's now Communist Partisans** (Genocide) it was all over, adolescence ended prematurely and the tragic exodus began. I left forever the country at the age of 14.

PUNTACROCE, MY BIRTHPLACE

As we lived in the first half of the XIX Century

(Second Part)

By: Carmen Palazzolo Debianchi

The sheep shearing, milking, manufacturing cottage cheese, butter and cheese.

Another great family resource of-wool milk and meat - was constituted by the sheep.

In summer, near the end of milking, sheep were shorn. So "naked" at first they seemed to not recognize themselves, look at each other, and clashed heads. The **wool** was partly sold and partly used at home; to stuff mattresses and pillows and spin to make blankets and clothing. The process to develop yarn from the fleece that covers the animal was quite long. The runi, i.e. the hides of animals were first cleared from thorns, twigs or other impurities, and then in large containers washed in warm water until they became beautifully white. After it was washed well, the wool, was spread out to dry on masiere (the local dry stone walls), and on the hedges around the house. The dry, wool was then unwound by hand or with the help of

adequate sparse metal brushes, my maternal grandmother was the only one in the village having one.

She was very jealous of these brushes and she never lent them out; rather, if, asked she would do it for friends or relatives in their houses. After the brushing the wool started to look fairly close to its appearance as we know it. That of cotton wool and was ready for being spun, using the appropriate *spinning wheel*.

It may be interesting to know how in the past, **cheese, cottage cheese, and butter** was made. Spring was the milking season and occurred in the morning and evening. Around the sheep pens, in the evening, one could get entangled in few romantic relationships, lawful and not.

Depending on the amount of milk gathered, the **cheese** was done once or twice per day. The process began by pouring milk into a bowl of earthenware and heating it slightly before adding rennet, an enzyme obtained from the fourth stomach of ruminants, not yet weaned, which serves to coagulate the milk. Rennet was bought in pharmacies, or extracted from suckling lambs in time of slaughtering; in this case the stomach (*flecic*) of the animal was removed, cleaned and two spoons of salt was inserted in it, tied and stored in an earthenware container.



From the lamb stomach so prepared came a liquid that will curdle the milk, as will the pharmacy product. When the stomach went dry, by adding more salt the process could continue few more times.

The earthenware container with the coagulating milk was kept in the hearth, near the fire, and to keep it evenly warm during the coagulation, the container was periodically spin. to distribute the heat When the milk had turned into a very solid mass, it needs to be churned with a ladle consisting of branch with short stubs, its's bark removed. which alleviated churning the mass. The churning continued until all of the solid mass was floating and the serum remained in the surface.

At this point the curds were gathered by hand into a ball, and squeezed, to remove as much liquid as possible before stuffing it into the small cylindrical wooden molds of the finished product. These molds where then relocated and pressed with a heavy rock for some time until it was ready to be cured with salt. The molds were similar to a wine press which allows the liquid to ooze through it slots

The *cheese* on the mold so pressed where visited evenings and mornings, removed from the molds and around the circular edges, removed the extra cheese from the borders (delicious similar to braided farmer cheese) which the children loved. Again, the cheese was then salted, and replaced on the molds to be pressed again for three/four days. At this time the molds were longer in size, containing two to four cheeses, and again daily inspected, and salted.

As soon as the new cheese was prepared it would be placed on top of the others in this long mold, while the cheese in the bottom was removed and prepared for curing

Ageing cheese. This seasoning process took place in the Barack kitchen (so was the cheese, wine and bread making – our houses did not have a cellar-the Barack was a room in the house where all the dirty work was done, and there was always a cupboard attached to it-for storing cheese, oil,

seeds and fresh meat in fly protecting cages, refrigeration was not used yet)) Some houses had an additional one story kitchen with a square 18-20 inch raised hearth in the middle with a chimney, also in the middle-this was very useful for ageing; cheese, meats and prosciutto (ham) with the creosol from the smoke. The cheese then was placed on a hanging rectangular shelf made of long pegs to facilitate the flowing smoke through it.

Finally, when the cheese was dry enough, it was stored in a wooden crate, with lid. Even at this point, for a perfect conservation, it was necessary to occasionally bring out the cheese from the crate, clean it with a cloth and grease with "oil" (olive oil sediments found on the oil storing container (*cameniza*)-container made from chiseling a block of stone and excavating it to mold it as a container) These containers were used to store: olive oil, meats, cheese and other perishable salted products, it acted as a refrigerated non corrosive (due to the salt used), container. Going back to the lichen hearth to the serum left on the earthenware pot after the removal of solid mass that would become



cheese, gave rise to a different chain of production: that of *cottage cheese* and *butter*. So this serum was poured into a large pot hanging from the hearth chain over a light small

fire. Gradually, under the influence of heat, at the surface emerged a white compact mass: the *ricotta*. Then remove the pot from the heat and let it cool the mixture. The ricotta was then collected with a slotted spoon, poured into a cheese cloth over a container. It is ready to be consumed as well used in the kitchen. The remaining serum from the ricotta was then, drunk as a mild laxative - be consumed with polenta or kneading bread, which gave it softness, or to enrich the Pigs diet. With ricotta you could also make butter. In this case it was collected put into a container, and churned for a long time. When the mixture had become homogeneous and creamy, some very cold water was added and again stirring, by adding colder water it was possible to gradually reach a creamy and white liquid to surface, it was then gathered and put in another container which is placed warming over the embers. Warming, appeared a yellow liquid above the compound, which was the raw butter, and flavorful in our town. For storage, it was placed in glass, earthenware or of porcelain. Removing the butter, the deposit on the bottom of the pot was *Pacia*, i.e. residues, which naturally were not discarded, but at least feed to pigs. The liquid remaining after collecting the white and creamy mass that heated, gave rise to the formation of butter, it could also be subjected to the process for the manufacture of cottage cheese. The result was a cottage cheese a bit 'bland, which was called "*Mad cottage cheese*" consumed sliced and sprinkled with sugar.

The *figs* and their conservation

In my memories, a rainy afternoon in autumn was reserved for the processing of dried figs: last step of the drying process and preservation of this fruit. In Puntacroce, the only fruit tree was the fig tree, it was everywhere, and in abundance. There were several species: The *Belize*, yellow outside and inside-when ripe; the *Carchigne*, with green rind and bright red interior; the *Zemize*, same features as Carchigne, however, it matures later than another species. Then there were the tasty "Blacks *figs*," so called because of their brown color rind, excellent among them, the *Crivuie*.

The abundant summer production of *Belize* was preceded by the *flower of fig (fiordefigo)*, which appeared towards the end of Spring, a few per tree, but much larger than normal Summer fruit, and very tasty, a real treat!

My grandparents had many fig trees, and since each plant gave an abundant production, it was impossible to eat fresh the whole production even with the help of pigs and other household animals. Since time immemorial, the custom then was to somehow preserve the figs for future consumption and with different approaches: preserve figs individually, make jam, grind and make a mass in some shape, or pasted together in a double bowl shape.

Therefore, the first step was to dry the figs to prevent rotting. For sun exposure to dry the grandparent's the owned a fixed structure in the courtyard called **Baraz**. This structure was a rectangular shaped similar to a cane mat for the beach with about two millimeters' fissures between the 5-8 mm. canes. It was set up as a 1.5X5 meters rectangular table, 75mm. high with a gable a roof "A frame" structure to support the covering canvas (made from an old sail) in case of rain. The two triangular ends were also covered. So the figs were laid out next to each other on this cane mat with the stem toward the sun My grandfather made the cane mat himself, he used a local bush **sep** grown in a swampy area near the cemetery, to bind the cane together (these and other similar tasks are made in the winter in the **all working** shack where everything else, (which we, called **Baracca** or **Cantina**) was made, and every decent house had one

Now, with the abundance of all these figs, only the so called white figs were chosen; those with the green skin (could be, because the other were more delicate, and did not look so well when dry) and perfectly ripe and healthy; the so-called blacks were not in fact dried. In particular, the *Carchigne*, which were dried whole, were first arranged on the *baraz*, while *Belize*, were partially cut horizontally in half, and with the fingers carefully opened without separating the two halves, and them too, arranged on the cane mat, with the interior exposed to the sun. When one this side was dry they were turned over to completely dry. The

figs in the *Baraz* where exposed to the sun during the day and at sun down, before the evening humidity or rain appeared they were covered. Once dried, the fruits are they placed temporarily in baskets or in jute bags. After the ripening season and drying operations concluded, the whole figs were put in crates, or large drawers; each layer separated from the next by *bay leaves* to aromatase them and keep out insects. While, the cut *Belize* were selected (the good looking one, only) were preserved separately to make the ***flower of fig***, whereas, the not so good looking one were destined to be grounded to make the ***bread of fig (pandefigo)***. These are the steps that I still remember. For the preparation of ***fiordefigo***, a wooden bowl the size of a cereal breakfast dish, was used to shape a solid round ellipse of figs. They were arranged in layers, pressed manually, and with some *grappa* or *wine* and ??? *sometime almonds or other local delicacies*, basted well together to basically make a delicious candied figs delicacy.

The grape harvest, and wine preparation

I don't remember the grape harvest in the vineyards of my grandparents, because, my grandfather died of a heart attack, while cutting wood in the forest; when I was just six years old. I do remember instead the harvest in the vineyards of mother's brother uncle Roman, and his wife, aunt, Gasparova. The harvest, took place in a beautiful September day; it was a treat for us children. It started walking early in the morning to the vineyard, which was a bit off the town. Once there, my aunt gave us baskets for picking grapes, but we were small, and rather sat at the beginning to eat the sweet and juicy grapes. remember the wasps, but for which we had no great fear, as I noticed the city people did. We got stung sometimes never made a fuss. They usually stung on the hands when we pick the berries, the area would swell, and reddened a little 'for a few days, and then everything disappears without further drawbacks. At noon we rested in the shade of a tree, often a fig tree, we had a picnic with lunch that ant Gasparova brought for all and it was invariably, bread with anchovies, (salty anchovies and wine on a sweaty day was not

inductive to work) and watered down wine was also given to children. In the evening all the harvesters enjoyed the dinner prepared by the owner of the vineyard who were relatives and friends, for such a short harvest no hired hand was needed. My dear mother who always had a good memory and was a good observer tells me, how was the harvest, and in particular the wine, at home her when in her youth. They had a vineyard in the town in Sovragnef, and two out of the in the countryside in Fontana, near the cemetery. Their grapes were almost all black, end when making wine they added some white grapes.

Since the vineyards were not very extensive, the grapes from the town were collected and brought home to be crushed, that of Fontana vineyards were harvested, and crushed on site, they brought a vat and the crusher to the field; some young hansom man would jump on the crusher, stumping with his feet would do the crushing. During crushing the stalks and grape skins- ***marc*** - remained in the upper container (a filter like basket on the upper section of the vat and under the crusher) would be retained for further processing, the must was filtered into the vat. When both containers were full, must and marc were carried home in ***goatskins***. and ***garbellottos*** (three per donkey) they were then loaded on a donkey and brought into the home cantina vats. In the cantinas the vine vats were placed on low stools to facilitate the eventual removal via a spigot. At first the marc was fermented for a defined period, then removed and stored in oak barrels. The marc was pressed and reprocessed to make the robust home vine to be drank watered down ***Bevanda***). To increase the amount of wine for family use, the grandfather poured on the skins, still full of grape juice, sugar water (the mother does not remember the doses), and subjected to a new fermentation. The result was a light and pleasant taste called ***Bevanda***, that anyone could drink because it was low in alcohol. Part of the remaining *vinacce* was utilized to make vinegar. I remember drinking a local Malvasia in Puntacroce a few years ago, worthy of being on a demanding person table, far superior to anything I ever drank before.

Cleaning and disinfection the barrels, after use was an empirical task for my grandparents; the quality of the vine depended on it. The containers were first thoroughly washed to remove any souring residue that, could spoil the flavor of wine, then left to dry. Before being used again, the barrels were sanitized with sulfur (a one-inch-wide strip of material about eight inches long imbued with sulfur was lit and hang on the bung hole held by the stopper, until it burned out, now the barrels were ready to receive any new wine; these sulfur strips were made by worming solid sulfur on a pan until liquid, very carefully by preventing the sulfur to catch fire, then dipping the strips on this liquid and drying we produced the sanitizing strips. It was a very delicate operation because, if you exceeded in the amount of sulfur, the

wine can absorb the smell and taste; if, not big enough the sanitation would be deficient, just enough was right and the wine would not take the taste of it.

A village school

The Puntacroce elementary school, which I attended in the years 1940/45, still exists and is a beautiful building built in white stone, built in the fascist era and entitled, in my day, Vittorio Emanuele III. I remember a large hall on the ground floor, illuminated from many large windows, where students of all five classes gathered. On the two sides of the classroom were the toilets: on one side the boys and the other girls. Upstairs, enriched by two large terraces, was the teacher house.



Scuola Elementare di Puntacroce, una volta intitolata a Vittorio Emanuele III

The building, located at the center of a gravel esplanade, had a few lush side acacia trees and on the other a piece of land, for the most part uncultivated there we had one or two turtles, and where the caretaker sometimes planted some vegetables. Here, during the war, the students were practicing, also to cultivate various vegetables, according to the program for the enhancement of agriculture, sponsored by

Mussolini. Near the vegetable garden was a small cemented area with a well at the center. In my days, this area, and the one in front of the church (also, with the well) were the only cemented surfaces in town. and very important for us guys, because it was safe to play without bruising your knees, and could even skate, if you could get a pair of roller skates. Before the construction of this school, that is, before my mother's time's, the teaching was given in a

room on the first floor of the parish house by the parish priest: Don Nicola Depiccolosvane. My mother, who was born in 1913, attended the five classes of the elementary school years 1921/26 in this room, which was, also Puntacroce's first school, and it was Italian. At First World War end the region returned to Italy. When mom went for the first time in this school building also, aunt Mica, three years older, went; mum still remembers that first day of school; while the teacher drew on the blackboard a series of "vertical and horizontal lines" to be copied in the notebook, she thought worriedly: "How shall I write those things so difficult! At eight years of age, evidently she was not thought how to hold a pencil in her hand, versus today when children are, almost born holding a pen on their hands. In class they were around ten out of a population of about 250 people. They had a book for reading and one for arithmetic for each class. She remembers two in particular: "My knowledge" and "A Bit of Everything". The latter was the book of the fifth class, which was used as a refresher of general knowledge learned during the five-year period, final exam. Aunt Antonia, born in 1907, attended instead the Italian elementary school under Austria in Neresine. The course of study, lasting three years, was given by two sisters who taught reading, writing and make "accounts." Girls were also given some notion of household, and female business. Books were only two, with cardboard sturdy covers, for all three years: one for the Italian language, and one for arithmetic. For exercises there were no notebooks or pads of paper, but blackboards and chalk. My memories of elementary school, is insufficient and fragmentary. I remember that, since there was no kindergarten, taking advantage of the availability of the teacher, Mom sent me to school one year earlier as a "listener". And my experience as a listener was spent quietly until one day, which, is well engraved in my memory, during a dictation the teacher exclaimed: "You have just written! "Somehow, while "listening," I also, learned to write. The teacher could not, in fact, devote much individual care in a multi-class of about twenty pupils. students. Of the real elementary school proper, I still have the image, even physicals of

the first grade teacher (she was beautiful and dark), Antonietta Villio of Muggia (Trieste), which I had while "listening," and in first grade. She deserves to be praised, because she remained in Puntacroce for three years. She assimilated the town life, and played a role of a true cultural animator; indeed. In addition to the morning classes, she held evening classes for adults, and organizing performances. This long stay in the farmland for a teacher constituted the only positive concept I remember, because in that corner of a remote World, teachers usually, stay for only one year. In second grade I had a new teacher, Maria Scrivani, from Neresine. In third and fourth grade we were entrusted to the parish priest, Don Matteo Purich from Cherso, because they were the war school years 1942-44, we were in full World War Two, we no longer had teachers. Finally, in the school year 1944/45, when I was in fifth grade, to the school was assigned a young teacher evacuated from Zara, Fedora Gaspar, and who has just graduated the Nautical Institute of Lussinpiccolo, Antonio Piccinich. They stayed with us until Tito's Partisans seized the Istrian Provinces. in 1945, when school simply ceased. I ended so my elementary school career without the final examination and without admission to middle school, existing in that period somewhere.

In addition to the general painting described, of those years I still remember the efforts of the good Don Matteo, with a wand in one hand, in front of a world map, he tried to inculcate some knowledge of geography. The homework at a friend's house, studying, I then in second grade, awoke in amazement, pity, and disapproval of my friend mother's behavior, who was devising a strange strategy to perform arithmetic calculations; the concern of the two fifth grade teachers, according to them we were of appalling ignorance. As far as everything else ... nothing! I suppose that I to will have planted something in that "war garden" next to the school, but what?

A coetaneous of mine remember, in this regard of this activity, one of her pranks. One day, coming to school she notices some pea seedlings of a companion were much more lush than hers, because his mom, who loved to see her children excel, every morning went to water

his seedlings, she tore up all, one by one. Another pranks, it seems, was to get the most gullible guy to sip ink assuming it was red wine. Others recall the laughter of the older children when the younger did not know something. I do not remember any school life of those years, as if a had a flurry of bora swept everything from my mind. (To be continued)

THE MAIL

Dear Asta

I received the quarterly Nerezine and read the interventions on Surnames. It seems to me that the works among them, are complementary observing from different angles the complex panoramic onomastic which has characterized the Italian eastern border. Overall, the editorial choice was shrewd and careful. Best regards and thanks for sending the publication.

Miro Tasso

Editor's note: The prof. MiroTasso is the author of the full-bodied intervention "Fascism and surnames: coerced Italianization in the Trieste Province" appeared in the last issue. In the topic dept. "The question of surnames". His valuable study had been retrieved by me surfing the internet. And inquiring with him with same means, I asked him for permission to publish it in our magazine, which he willingly consented. I point out that although both living in the Venetian hinterland, and performing the same profession of teachers in high schools we never got to know each other personally. The invitation to the undersigned was greeted with true pleasure and it took place, as he had suggested, in a local public place in Mirano, a place near Marghera. The gentleman, a science teacher in high school in the area, was found to be a very nice person and available at the meeting, which lasted, incidentally, two good hours. He wanted to know in detail our history and particularly that of my family, listening to, my story with real interest. We left with a spirit of true friendship, proposing to meet again and, for his part, he said "he was amenable to additional collaborations"

Mr. Flavio Asta

I am writing to thank you for the great commitment you and your collaborators show on publishing this journal, to carry on the memories, the values, of our people, the beautiful islands with their dear towns. With the beautiful newspaper "Neresine" you tell us many things, some unknown, and keeps us updated on actual news and news of the islands and towns. I am the daughter of maritime Sangiacomino, Spiro Anelli and Osserina, Maria Ottoli, the beautiful osuorca, so they called her. We lived in the Via Carli neighborhood, by his Zucchi relatives house, first in the small at No. 18 during the war, then after our third sister was born in that of your Aunt Catherine at Nr.22, mother of Vittorio and Isidore. Aunt Catherine had died so the children rented it to us, we stayed there until my father departure for Italy, that is, until March of 1956. We were always there in the same courtyard, everyone loved us as, if we were their grandchildren. All aunts for us. I was a child, it was the war, and I remember that your father Mr. Gustavo, a handsome young man, was engaged to Maricci del Giacomo. He came many times to sleep in nona Mami's house. In summer he would stop, and chatted with us kids as we were played in the courtyard, the mothers were sitting, in the evening breeze, on the cistern steps. Good memories, although there was war we children: Ausilia and Ada, then Sabino Buccaran, Tino, and Nicholas Bracco, Mary Russin, and the little Mariarosa we still had fun. A nice group of happy children, was sometimes with Mom Carla Abate, Caesar wanted to go by Sisille, so he called us. There lived his aunt Rosa's sister Carla's mother. Brother Mario he stopped with his cousin Tino Bracco. They were older and were playing checkers. And often came the Ms. Zuve with little Berto Russin. many beautiful memories that can't be erased. Once a week our mothers made together that good very white bread with flour that came from America, and baked in the oven, in the courtyard. For Easter they made *Pinze* (sweet Spanish bread—pandespaña), and the whole town smelled the fragrance of their flavor. Holy Easter draws near so I take this opportunity to send you my best wishes for a Happy Easter, joined your dear ones.,
Respectfully, Sincerely

Aausilia Anelli.



Editor's note: the last issue we published the photo above with the wrong indication of the people portrayed in it. Taking advantage of the letter of Benito who still remembers the races in Neresine, we took the chance to fix our mistake. The individuals are: right, bare-chested, Mirko Soccolich (C'uc'uric '), left Giovanni Bracco (Jive Mercof).

Dear Flavio,

The magazine "Neresine" reminded me, thank to Nino Bracco, races that were once in Neresine the first (or the second?) week of August. Including, also the swimming competitions and the *albero della cucagna* (a horizontal greased power line pole extending over the sea, with three flags at the overhanging extremity to be remove by walking on it - and mostly falling in the water before all the grease is worn out). In one of those regattas amid our local *caicci* (row/sail boats) with my brother Latino we won the regatta. The second I made in the early 50s with the Neresine shipyard crew at that time called "Obalna Plovidba". in the yard I worked as an apprentice and we built the *caiccio* that we raced with. The crew Fabio Ruconich who now lives in New York, even then the champion to beat was Octavio Soccolich (C'uc'uric '), at the end of the race we had almost taken the lead, but we came second, not bad for two sixteen years old! I am in Australia since 1982. I bought my first boat,

which I held for 22, years; raced many times, winning many trophies. Now I bought an Olympic soling (International open keelboat class), a bit 'better than *caiccio* neresinotto! and I race for "Moreton Bay Boat Club" But my roots are always in Neresine.

Benito Bracco



At left, after a race Benito Bracco receiving a bottle of rum

Dear Flavio,

In the last issue of our newspaper "Neresine" was published a letter written by a lady fellow villager, Antonia (Etta) Succich, defining the stories of our tragic exodus, published in our newspaper, as a controversy; textually she wrote: "Lately I see there has been some controversy that do not help our community, and especially to be objective towards our history "(Probably the lady did not read the article. 2-point b, of the Neresine Community Statute). The letter goes on, on a greater explanation, that by now it's water under the bridge, that we have to forget, and that the difference between Croatian and Italian is specious, which must respect the opinions of others because they are enriching, (I suppose she means that of the Croats), even, then she concludes by saying "*what has been has been, (something in the past that cannot be controlled, but must be accepted) there is no remedy.*" Put your heart in peace and come to sleep with me"

"(Editor's note: a song that was sung to the bride)"

Coincidentally, the last issue of the paper (Nr. 27), has reached me via the Internet on February 10, just on the very day is memorialized the Day of Remembrance. As

established by law of the Italian State, (Still reading our newspaper I found the song written by dear Rita Muscardin, which, even she wrote *"the wave of the heart"* claims that on February 10 is the day to remember our history. I used the adjective dear not, only to the great admiration I have for the intellectual gifts of Rita, but, also because I am a bit 'proud to have, probably, some chromosomes in common with her: My father was a first cousin of her grandmother Cristina, through the Rucconich family branch). Moving on. According to the lady who wrote the letter, to remember and retell the *crimes committed by Croats, being villagers or continental, towards "Italian" villagers and other fellows, also "Italian"*, it would *"not be objective towards our history"*, it would be controversial. Remember the arrest and in the Austrian internment camps of "Italian" villagers during World War I *as a result of deletion by neighbors and relatives "Croats"* would "not be objective towards our history"? would be controversial? Still controversial and "not be objective towards our history"? "would the remembering that during World War I the recruited "Italian" villagers into the Austro-Hungarian Army were sent to the Eastern Front, and again enrolled into the assault departments in the front line, where survivals were limited (be killed -eliminated)? These facts have been described by those directly involved who escaped the massacre, because in battle, *aware of their fate*, they threw themselves on the ground pretending to be dead; even one these survivors reported that struggle was not over; instead of returning into the Austrian trenches, where he would be trapped without rations, because believed dead, and choosing being captured by the Russians and becoming a prisoner? These tragic events can also be equated by the many "Italian" countrymen who lost their life (see the commemoration by the teacher of the Neresine Italian School, Tonolli of his disciples? See, pg. 71 of my book, History of Neresine)., In contrast to "Croats "neighbors, sent to the Italian front and returned home alive. Remember the murder and imprisonment of "Italian" villagers after the takeover in 1945 by the Titini **"THE LIBERATORS"** (we used to call them so), would "not be objective towards our

history"? Is a specious argument? Luckily, in our newspaper we have not written much about the Foibe, the massacre of Vergarola, and other criminal actions of this genre, otherwise, the specious argument would become a veritable propagandist instrumentalities of history. in regard to the above,

I wish to emphasize that the "Italian" term was inserted in quotes because in the case of our town not about Italians in the true sense of the word, but assumed, that is, belonging to a *social grouping* considered culturally and even ethnically Italian or as it was then called "Italia feelings."(According to the language vocabulary Italian, ethnic group means social aggregate characterized by a common language and culture). The Neresinotti, meaning those that have inhabited the town since it was founded back in the fifteenth century until 1945 those that led to the civil, social and economic, they are overwhelmingly Slavic; (T.N. possibly Ukrainians running from another scourge, in the Balkans, the--Muslims siege of Belgrade--where after its liberation, followed the Drasa to Ossero, to take care of his lands.) island, at that time belonging to the Republic of Venice, with time has assimilated the culture, language, traditions and customs in force in Ossero, a historic Venetian city settlement and administrative and regional political capital, and Neresine, was for many centuries it's suburb. Long story briefly, we will say that you are with the appropriate time neresinotti language, customs and traditions of Veneto, while retaining their own language, containing a mixture of several languages: Croatian, Slovenian, old Dalmatian and Italian. Since Neresine originally developed starting from less than 10 families, crossing with internal marriages and a few new immigrants it reached just under 2,000 inhabitants by 1945. One can say with certainty, that historic neresinotti are always been totally a homogeneous ethnic group, even all related with each other, then homogeneous, also from the racial point of view. The first divisions policy began in the second half of Nineteenth century, when the Austro-Hungarian Government(The one admired by the son of the author of the letter Renzo Rocconi) started to impose Croatization of the population, as explained in other

writings; Despite this, the vast majority of the population has not embraced this new policy, preferring to maintain, language, culture, customs, and traditions acquired by our ancestors centuries ago, namely that of Venice, then Italian, also because with the naval development toward ship ownership., the Italian character had become synonymous with economic, and social progress. Need, also say that the minority of fellow countrymen who joined the Croatization, advocated especially by Croatian Franciscan friars at that time residents in the town, they still, despite themselves, remained totally integrated to the existing ethnicity so they retained as treasury all other village traditions, typically Venetian-Italian, (the kitchen, the carnival, May, the traditional festivals, etc. and, also the language), in fact, in Neresine until 1945, were absent even traces of customs, language and glimmers culturally Croatian. History, also tells us that the neresinotti have taken more than 500 years to develop Neresine, and take it to the economic and social wellbeing, while the Croatians took less than 10 years to destroy it, both ethnically. and economically; of 2000 inhabitants in 1945, currently living in town are just over 300 people, and of these not more than 50 can be considered native, i.e., having both Parents born in Neresine or in our two islands (2015 data), all others are new immigrants arrived from Yugoslavia after 1945, and their descendants, who ignore our history, our traditions, our ethnic and cultural backgrounds, and even, also ignore our language. These few indigenous neresinotti are predominantly elderly people, it is predictable to say that within a few years there will be no traces of history nor tradition, nor neresinotto e ethnic wealth, though, aware of this, the descendants of the so-called "Stayed," trying in every way to recover, and revive the story, and traditions of Neresine, but unfortunately not enough the five or six people, and including through the "Drustvo Svijeti Frane" Internet site, or similar initiatives, spend heavily to this recovery. Produces in me a bitter reflection unwelcomed in this letter from that lady, who have neighbors (in Neresine) very cordial, friendly, Croatian citizens and, Germans, Austrians (very quiet), and she does not say it, but I would add, also

Italian (Probably noisy), as all summer tourists are. Another of my bitter reflection stems from the observation Mrs. signed a letter with only maiden name, omitting the married one, i.e. Rocconi, perhaps not to draw near the contents of the letter to the ideologies of her son Renzo Rocconi.

Nino Bracco.

As a footnote may be added that the grandparents of the lady were all of "Italian feeling" and because of it had attended the Italian Elementary School of Neresine, and that two of her grandparents were, even Bracco.

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AND ITS MAGAZINE**

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STORIES

THOSE GOLDEN HANDS

By: Sabino Buccaran

Once in Neresine those poor women didn't even have, a free Sunday I see our mama, I see her with those rough hands with that wedding band half worn out from too much work. She made soap. Washed swaddling blankets, and softened water with ashes, and the water she hoisted with a bucket from our cistern. She ironed with a heavy iron full of charcoal. She sewed socks with a wooden egg inside to keep the material tight, and formed Mended shirts, pants and dresses. She made new dresses with a Singer sewing machine. She worked the wool making sweaters, embroideries and doilies. She cleaned the fish and skinned chickens, cut beef, onions, and garlic. In the hearth (fogoler), she made a good beef broth, beef stew, fish stew, crêpes, and stuffed eggplant, and polenta. She fried eggs, and onions, potatoes, animal brains, squids, and sardines, and over charcoal she roasted mackerels, pilchards, sea beams, and

tuna. She cleaned sheep casings at the marina and made tripe. She roasted, and grained coffee To cook coffee for everyone. Dried, and grained figs to make figsbread, she made breakfast for everyone, and for father she brought it to his workplace. During lunch, dried, and then shelled corn stalks that afterward someone would grind (in a stone grinder) to make polenta. She sickled the gain that later was used to make bread, *passaete* (dried thick slices to preserve some form of bread), and sweetened bread in the brick oven behind the hearth. In the morning she would empty the bedpans and made the beds. She would sweep, and scrub

the stairs, and the tiles of the kitchen and dinette. She washed windows, she tended the chickens, and milked the goat. With plums, and prunes she made marmalade, and with tomato paste. She planted tomatoes, lettuce, string beans, eggplants, cabbage, and Swiss chad. She went for fresh bundles of tree branches, and grass for the goat. She cultivated roses, zinnias, giorgines, carnations, and violets, and many other flowers. She was the nurse of the home. Small and grownups run to her for any problem. Gave good advice, and helped the poor. She would ask money to father to do the shopping. The first up – and the last one to bed. Notwithstanding the difficult times and a lot of work, she was always serene and of delicate mind. She liked music, and her preferred instrument was the violin, often she would sing the Toselli serenade. She, also found time to read a book.

My father too had golden hands. He was the shipyard boss, kept the Wynyard, made wine and *rachia* (brandy). He lowered the *nasse* (*creel* lobster fishing traps), the nets, and *Palangar* (*long fishing line with many fishhooks on a short lead line. Anchored at the bottom of the sea and marked with buys, all stored in an open shallow box*), and *Luminava* (*fishing by night with a strong lamp "Petromas in front of a boat catching big fish with a spear*) But, in contrast with my mother, when he finished, he wanted to be served, then he rested on a deck-chair. Nervous by nature, sometimes he would get upset, and would not give much credit to my mother for all that she did, she

never answered nor complained. Always submitted, she was a Saint.

On Sundays he would play cards and drink a glass of wine with his friends by Amicorum (a Restaurant, and hotel)

And so ONCE IT WAS.



A recent foto of Sabino Buccaran together with his lady

AGAINST EXODUS

By: Tino Lecchi

I dont have to tell you my stories of the Exodus, it didn't happen to me, I was born later. For me Nersine is not the lost homeland, abandoned in danger, despairing of ever being able to return. And instead is the object of eternal returns, a constant opposite to exodus. The first time, was in 57, they had just made possible visits to relatives who remained there. The grandparents and uncles, though pleased by the presence of two females grandchildren, had the desire to know their unique male grandchild born in Italy and this Istrian daughter in law.

So, after the complicated bureaucratic procedure for granting visa, my mother and I left. Everything had to fit in one suitcase, only the essentials. Traveling with a small child was necessary to choose a simple path, minimizing transhipments, and the stops, but also the expense. The plan was as follows: night train from Genova-to-Ancona, with transhipment in Voghera, sleeping on seats, berths were already a luxury. Early in the morning we would wake up with a view of the Adriatic Sea. It was

already another world: streaming the wide empty beaches.

Few buildings, very few umbrellas, the Germans deluge was in its infancy. Ancona (indeed, in Ancona) we would arrive in late the morning, and immediately had to go to the harbor, where, the ship to go further, of the beautiful name, Valfiorita, was already waiting at the the dock. To me she looked immense at the quay, painted black with white superstructure. The glasses, the brass portholes, polished, handrails, the teak gratings, high smokestacks, the dark wood interiors, to me, everything seemed wonderful. In reality it was



The Valfiorita at Ancona sea jalopy rotten underneath "Marco Caco" Was still in service. Ancona-Lussinpiccolo-Zara, until 1962

a decrepit 50 years old jalopy of the seas, which was still running on steam. Therefore, in the morning they started igniting the coal-fired boilers, and scattering a sullied black smoke until late afternoon, when we finally could start boarding, in waiting for departing shortly before midnight.

We gave ourselves the comfort of a cabin, it was not provided places on the bridge. At dawn a forceful knock on our door, and a solemn proclamation: *we are in sight of the island of Zabodaski*,. Susak at the garden to starboard and across Zabodaski with its lighthouse, and Artatore. And then entering the val d'Augusto (Augustus Valley – he hid his ships here before the skirmish Anthony, and Cleopatria), and see for the first time, Lussinpiccolo displayed further in like a betlehem nativity landscape. The slow maneuvers to the shore

landing, and then the first contact with Yugoslavia. Layd the Jetty walkway; the customs officers amme on board, surly in their uniforms with the hard cap edged with blue. The debarking passengers must line up on the promenade deck, baggage open luggage, to facilitate inspection. All was searched thoroughly and rudely. Sta nosite tu? (*what do you carry here?*). you? You go to explain why the bouillon cubes "Liebig" (for ant Rosa), The coughing drops of "Re Sole: (Sun King), feor grandfather, or the woolen long johns for uncle Tino, everything was suspect and always at risk of being declared not allowed or subject to duty. Mum looked tense and subdued.

Finally admitted to the landing, the rickety walkway, and then the luster pavement on the shore landing. And here the real problems. For some reason the communication by mail did not work, and there was nobody waiting for us to take us to Neresine. Corriere (Buses) at that time there were not existing. Someone had pity on the poor woman with suitcase and child, and pointed to a possible solution: There is a man here from Neresine with a caicio. (boat)

Was the Doro Lechich, from Suria with her immaculate caicio Galileo Galilei, who was in town for his business. A big man with big hands rough, and hasty ways, and I Luckily had room on the boat, and since we were, even related he willingly took us on board, but he told us to protect ourselves against the sun. There are four hours by motorboat to travel and with this sunshine you will get there all burned up. Sadi. Go soon where they sell strawhats, and buy one for yourself, and one for the child.

So, with the fluttering strawhat we saw passing the whole valley then passing under the privlaka bridge, and the channel, with bigger waves and the spraying, parading in front of Orseri big and small, Lucizza, Sangiacomo, Kolo, Galboka and finally Biscopcia. The Doro escorted us to our grandparents home in the square, where they were not expecting our arrival. Oh Majko Buosia muali je prisal, (oh Mather of God the little boy has arrived), grandmother Jakova she could not stop laughing, and cry at the same time. Total "light" Travel Time,

suitable for small children, over 40 hours and two nights. The return instead was stipulated into more broken times. Usually we passed through Istria. Pola-Lussino by ship, where lived my aunt Romana, and my small cousin Nevja, and then few days Gimino (Zminj) by grandfather Pasquale. When we used to leave, the Grandpa attacked the donkey to the cart and tuck us to the Canfanaro train station. The train ride towards Trieste was not short, given that the line was built in the times of Austria was forced (but still today) had to climb upward towards Slovenia up to Picken where was the change of engine in a small rail station in stone.

Then down we went in the opposite direction, For then finally embarking on the Italian train for Genova. Still, even, so it took twenty hours

of travel. With these rhythms we continued for several years, until the tragic summer of '62. The summer of "overtaking", just that we were not going to Castiglione della Pescaia in spiders, (cars) like Gassmann, we went to Neresine. That year there was also my father, who disembarked from the ship, and looking forward to fishing an entire summer. But, we were not alone, with us was traveling godmother Dume, Toni Anelich de Sangiacomo, with children Lucio and Maria roughly my age, that they were going to spend the summer in Peschi, and Geni Bracco, some years older than me. He was going to his uncle Merchiol in Sangiacomo. One man, two women, three children, a boy, five or six suitcases, a doll, and various thermos.



At the Rocchi's house in Ancona. The guests in the center, the hosts around us. Who is recognizable?

More than a train, would be appropriate far west pioneer's wagon. Everything went smoothly until Ancona. In the radiant morning sun my father rushed to make the tickets at the harbor. My beloved Valfiorita was there as always, imposing as a Titanic. Dad returned dark face, sweating, and with a nervous tic in

the jaw: the ship is damaged. We can't depart today, and we don't know when.

Boga ti ce c'emo delat (God what are we going to do). Bagages in the street, children tired and disappointed, empty thermos. At the little bar in the harbor a juke box evoked bathing pleasures with "when the sun is hot", and

Peppino di Capri, was reminding us that are somebody enjoying exciting vacations in Saint Tropez. instead of one unreachable Yugoslav island. Available alternatives were all painful. Return home was a defeat, venturing by train to Trieste a risk, stop in place an relevant expense without significant prospects. Do you want to check in a hotel, *"ce si mato"* (are you nuts) From the abyss of his stress Dad fished the joker of salvation. Here in Ancona lives one of the Rochic'evi, that was withme in school.

I do not know who, Rochic'eva (can't remember, unfortunately, the name) She was adventurously traced by telephone, and the miracle materialized: not only was she there, but, also, had big house, and in the first floor lived her mother. So the whole tribe could camp for the night. For the children we will place matrasses on the nona ground floor. The next day, again all at the port hoping to see the black smoke, a sign that the boilers had been lit, but nothing. Tony Renis like us was asking "tell me when, when, when, "Celentano, charitable, promising "I will pray for you who has the death in yot dead," but the Valfiorita heart was rejected us "stay away from me, ha ha, ha ha "it went on like this for about a week, we children we had a new playmate, the son of the Rochic'eva, and there was also a garden. While my father continued to look for solutions, among which, the crazy idea of calling uncle Gino to come and pick us up with Rigel across the Adriatic. We with the mothers did some tourism and explored the city, the cathedral, the Passetto, and fixed stage, the port. But poor Valfiorita could not make it, the old boilers had no hope. My father railed against that old goat of Lolli Ghetti, the shipowner, unworthy heir of the old Bibolini, he yes is a big, who sent sailing a rotten vessel from before the WWI or later, a kuraz of ship that can't go on anymore, and I was suffering because I loved the Valfiorita. Then finally everything was resolved. The vilified company hastened to put on line the new liner, which was already on their plans, so, came the moment to free the Rochic'eviline of our cumbersome presence, and take on the whole tribe on the shiny new Gentile da Fabriano, which in record time crossed the Adriatic, and reflecting modernity, and progress over the old Austro-Hungarian

quayside. From onboard Pat Boone was singing "Speedy Gonzales", and on the pier the *kavane* and *slasticiarne* denounced their Balkan resigned look. Customs officers were the same, but no more rummaging in suitcases looking for suspicious capitalist goods, were limited to a distracted nod, the economic miracle was also at the doors for the Federative.



From '56 to ...beginning - '70 was doing the route Fiume-Lussinpiccolo.

After this experience the confidence in the old route was destroyed forever; and almost permanently we turned to the land route. Always night train from Genova, but straight to Trieste, arriving at about nine in the morning. Frantic race to the adjacent bus station to peck (get) the Autotrans buses that left a little after. In Fiume, we had a couple of hours to Kill, eat finally something obviously the remaining sandwiches brought from home, and then embark on Kosta Racin, that departed in the early afternoon. It was a beautiful vaporetto (ferry), smaller and more modest than Gentile da Fabriano, but new, robust and fast, set up in such a simple way, but functional, as befitted a modern socialist country. The lower deck was often cluttered with boxes of merchandise, you could not really define promenade deck, also because of the large grated engine room ventilation windows exuded sounds, and smells, but it was nice all the same, to look inside the engine room, feel the vibration machinery, feel its working power to. The upper open deck, was already prepared for traveling tourists, with many wooden benches for enjoying the voyage. And the trip was really to enjoy. Slowly traveling we saw Veglia on the one side Mount Major, while Fiume was slowly disappearing. Then it came to meet the tip of Cherso, high and massive. The stop in Faresina was very short, then we passed the Faresina

lighthouse, and the whole overhanging coast of Tramontana, followed entry into the valley of Cherso, where the landing was a bit 'longer, and then back out, beyond Punta Pernat, under Lubenizze, and then another stop faster in Martinscica, and even in the valley of Ustrine, to finally arrive in Ossero, from where the Kosta Racin fled quickly to arrive at Lussinpiccolo in the evening.



The Kosta Racin docked in Fiume. From '56 to ...beginning -'70 was doing the route Fiume-Lussinpiccolo

Cherso showed up a little by little in the afternoon sun, and you sniffed gradually the perfumes of the island, Now the shadow of Mount Ossero, and here in front, old Ossero stones welcomed us silently.

In the shore on Cavanella was ready our Rigel, for boarding the few travelers heading to Neresine. Uncle Gino made me get into aft wheel house and away beyond Cavanella, (a rotating bridge) while an old man very slowly arranged to close the bridge with a handle. The right arm of uncle Gino's in these services was Gigi Sigovich caligher (a very good friend of uncle and neighbour-retired), short, almost a dwarf and hunchbacked, but fort this very stable and agile in all conditions of sea. With a small shoulder bag made soon the rounds to collect the few dinars of the tariff and then he sat on the aft gunwale, to also enjoy he short crossing. Inside, the hold were a couple of benches for delicate women (babe), but in the summer always remained empty, they all preferred to sit on deck. Finally we got home before dinner. The journey time was now reduced to twenty hours, With the antiquated and slow decorum of Valfiorita fading into

memories replaced by the excitement of riding the Kosta Racin. Times were changing, it was the time of the car. My father never wanted to get a driving license, argued that, for a maritime that is not needed. So my first trip in the car to Neresineit was thanks to others. That year there was someone merican who was in Genova visiting his family, and that he had plans to go to Neresine: my mother and I we boarded a brand new Fiat 1300 with the merican, and off the highway we went. He was a young mule (triestino name for a younger person), in his thirties, and eager to run, He had short trousers and wore eyeglasses of metal- with the bizarre sunglasses Polaroid lifting lenses, which they were strapped to the eyeglass frame with the special clips. Was engaging, dynamic, and talkative. The spinning the machine in full force, also going to unprecedented peaks of 150 km per hour. The highways were new and empty, there was no traffic, there were no queues at toll gates, just the pleasure of crossing fast the landscape. I was fascinated by the service stations, Agip, BP, Shell, Esso and I would gladly made stops in those beautiful modern bar had a sweet tooth names Motta, Alemagna, Pavesi, but Mom had stocked up sandwiches for *sparagnar* (saveing) time, and money. The motorway to Venice ended, after Mestre we travel on the old state road, but it was all straight and lined with trees, so it was running just the same, and in the shade. it seemed to fly

Left Trieste slipping off downward down, here is Basovizza, a and here is Yugoslavia. A massive red building, with an overwhelming cement roof. The Customs officers now had doubled, first the Italians, and then the *Narodni*. They didn't have celestial hats broadside, but white, and they kept some hostility, opened the trunk to almost all. The heavy thud of passport stamps seemed an affirmation of power. Once through customs, he began the old asphalt road toward Fiume, last paved under Mussolini. On the left slope of the hill, they made a huge writing with white stones "**Zivio TITO**" (*long life Tito*) visible kilometers away. The rural Carso beautiful, landscape, was studded of shabby houses in bare stone or worn plaster, many abandoned, not repainted recently, but there abounded on large walls red lettering

“TRST JE NAS” Trieste is ours), red stars and **TITO**. We spend the same fast speed, beyond Abazia’s Riviera, along blatantly abandoned villas and hotels, leaving behind signs of lacerations post-conflict still evident after twenty years, and immediately was Rabaz.. Here we parted from him because the merican continued with the ferrboat to Cherso and from there the road to Neresine, while we took the bus to Arsa, where at the coal mine we would wait the shift end of grandfather Pasquale, and Nini the uncle, then go together Zminj by the miners bus. However, it was a very short trip, a little over 12 hours, unheard off. The trip speed made even more acute than ever contrast between the exuberant promise of modernity, the new dynamic Italian highways, and the sagging, dusty peasant, and worker backwardness of Yugoslav Istria. There is nothing that makes you feel like a foreigner than to cross the border.



Tween ship of Casta Racin, PREMUDA for the olibians is stil good.

This is a lesson that we who have felt it on our skin, these feelings we should keep well actual in our minds, for these times of new lacerations, where they speak lightly to throw overboard the great achievements of the open European borders. Because, of a few madmen who feel strangers in their own home, and fail to appreciate the diversity as an inner wealth, and are willing to destroy themselves, and others for not knowing how to resolve contradictions, which they bear within themselves.

. A side note:

The memory of that trip had been dormant in my memory; just recently I happened to reconstruct the identity of that undefined ameri-

can individual. It was Leo Bracco, brother of Nino Bracco, who lived in Genoa after the war and then emigrated to America with his parents, while Nino choose to get married and remain in Italy, first in Genova then elsewhere.



The **Klimno**, ferryboat at the end of '60, from Rabaz, it never gets there, and with rough sea, was **radighi**.

I think it was the first time he returned to Europe, and the car was his brother's. Leo had worked as an apprentice in a small carpenter's workshop of my grandfather Constante, under the control of uncle Tino, and had a particular affection for our family, that he wrote to me in his e-mail, which I greatly appreciated. But let's go forward, because progress never stops, though. With the machine, everything changed, you could travel trough freedom and speed, without depending on fixed schedules, in that period one could take behind everything you wanted, not just what fits into a suitcase, you could choose the pace of the trip to your liking. It was mass motorisation. Ships and steamers were things of the past; time for the ferryboat has come.

First there were small ferries for the rare automobiles of the sixties, they were little more than rafts, capable to load twenty cars at a time. there was a line from Fiume to Cherso and one from Rabaz to Cherso, but the slowness of the means, the inability to sustain the heavy sea and the poor load capacity made thema real torment. Motorization increased, the tourist flow increased the service was always inad equate. The last time I happened to make the journey without car was in the 74, I returned to Genova with an examby train for *spara gnar* (save). Fiume had in servicea now a big

ferry, bought in Sweden second-hand, which embarked a bus. Had a bar annexed to a large lounge for passengers, *extravagant*. It was a special day, there was the final of the world soccer championship. Italy fresh from Mexican glories of Italy-Germany 4-3 had shamefully exited with Rivera who stumbled into the soccer and Chinaglia sent Valcareggi to hell, the noses plavi from Oblak, Suriak and Popivoda had covered of glory in their group with 9 to 0 against Zaire, finishing on a points level with Brazil, only to be shipwrecked with the Germans, and the final was the legendary Germany-Holland.



Beginning the '70s: for the Brstova-Faresina route arrived the Kalmar, the second hand from Sweden

The Beckenbauer band had marched fast, and unstoppable, apart from the humiliation with Ossi di Sparwasser, while the Netherlands of total football Cruyff, Krol, Rep and Neeskens, had lavished all, asphalted Argentina and Brazil. In the guests room of Kalmar a large group of crowding German tourists and a small, but euphoric group of Dutch youth, before a black and white small television. The Dutch head start was followed by a relentless German comeback and then a furious struggle by the Dutch, and meanwhile the Karlovackio flowed. There were moments of friction between the fans, but in view of Faresina by now the games were done, and the beer supply run out.

However, with the now coming definitive by car, travel time was not fixed, all went amiss, all depended on the situation by the ferry. Two as the twelve hours, everything, could happen, though still well better than Fiume, you had in

front one towing a boat you went crazy just to pass him, I may never happen for me to find one in front before reaching Brestova that would cost me like a supply of two sandwiches and drinks, of my old mother times, first snubbed because I can stop at an autogrill when ever I want, emergency rations became precious in eternal stops, in the sun, looking frustrated the coastline on the other side so close, and yet unreachable.

Wider roads, new routes, larger ferry, landing new to minimize the crossing, bridges daring to ride over the sea, Croatian motorways. We continue to run back and we always remain behind. We invented the intelligent departures (*not getting involved with other idiots like us*). All of our motorized freedom is stifled by all others motorized freedom like our. But when after a few or many hours you're finally on the island, everything changes. It is 'like browsing a book of old picture, a book that you know by heart, but I will never tired. Every glimpse of the landscape, every curve, every house is associated with a memory. The island unfolds before you in its unaltered deserted beauty, throw open the windows to inhale the fragrances, kilometer by kilometer, you free yourself of the frustrated tourist nervousness, and began to enter into communion with your land, which talks to you and smiles at you. When finally after *Lose*, begins the descent of This painting has a controversial history, also built instrumentally by Croatian Franciscan monks, sent to reside in the convent of Neresine in the mid-nineteenth century; these friars, in support of nationalistic political filocroata strongly advocated by them, have spread the word around the country that *Vier*, and pass the curve, it appears to me in front of the mountain, with Ossero in front, *Neresine Lopari and behind, I look at my place in the world*, to be back by myself. I have never added how many hours of my life I spent traveling to Neresine, but certainly it was never a burden.

The last time, while I was enjoying the waiting of a couple of hours in Valbiska, the first Karlovacko (local beer) on the table of the bar at the shore, I was hearing the *talijani* (Italian) tourists complain of discomfort and waiting, and I thought, "what you want that they know,

who are from Treviso, if they only knew what we went through."



Neresine – Easter Sunday 2016 Tino Lecchi (right) with Flavio Asta.

HISTORY OF THE MADONNA OF GRACES OF NERESINE

By: Nino Bracco

In the church of the Neresine Friars, the left chapel is dedicated to Our Lady of Graces (the right one to St. Anthony). In the great altarpiece above the altar of the chapel is nestled a small painting (40x55cm) representing, in fact, the Virgin Mary holding baby Jesus. The picture is very old and has always been highly revered by the people of the town, because to this Madonna were, also attributed miraculous interventions, as evidenced by the many "ex voto" donated by the faithful.

This painting has a controversial history, also instrumentally instigated by the Croatian Franciscan monks, sent to reside in the convent of Neresine in the mid-nineteenth century. These friars, in pro-Croatian support of nationalistic policy by them strongly advocated had spread the word around Neresine that that the picture was taken to Neresine by the Croatian refugees from Bosnia, who fled as a result of the Turkish invasion of the Balkans. This hypothesis is also supported by the monk Fabianich, which in 1863 wrote a history of the convent and church of St. Francis in Neresine. Where, in addition to telling historical stories entirely false, invented precisely in support of

Croatian nationalism, he ascribes hastily this painting to "Greek brush". It must be said that the church of St. Francis was built by the noble osserino Colane Drasa the early sixteenth century, namely from 1505 to 1509, as demonstrated in the ancient archived documents of the church, which is also that a large part of the furnishings of the church, including the Madonna delle Grazie chapel was completed in 1515 and that the picture of the Virgin was already placed in its place; therefore, taking into account the historical dates, at least a century and a half before arrival to Neresine hypothetical refugees from Bosnia.

The real story of this painting has been told by a very learned monk and expert on art, especially of the Franciscan monasteries, and churches, named Vittorio Meneghin, sent to Neresine the early '40s of the last century, just to study the history of church and convent of the Franciscan friars. His studies and his analysis of archived church documents have been reported in a report written by him, to the effect that: -The original painting of the Madonna delle Grazie was painted by the painter Girolamo di Santa Croce (Venice 1490-1556) of Renaissance Venetian school, a pupil of Bellini, who, also worked in Istria and in the northern part of Dalmatia, especially in Franciscan churches; his paintings are (or were) also in Rovinj monasteries, Malinska, Baska and others, and all signed by him, including that of Neresine. There is also to say that his paintings are preserved in some Italian museums besides the ones in London and Paris.

In 1848, when Franz Joseph of Habsburg became emperor of Austria, he donated to the church of St. Francis in Neresine a sum of money along with religious objects, including a painting of the Madonna; this information comes from the Franciscan Annals (vol. VI 1875). Father Peter Iachetti in his historical research on the subject (1863) says that the painting donated by Emperor belonged to the French queen Marie Antoinette, who kept it in her personal chapel and that after her decapitation was recovered, along with other objects of the Queen, by her companion and she sent them to the Habsburg court.

Returning to Neresine, local monks have been struggling to find a worthy place in the church

in which to install the painting donated by the Emperor, but since the new painting was almost identical to the image and size to that of the Madonna delle Grazie, they decided, also as an act of deference to the sovereign, to overlay the existing one. In 1943 the Italian government, probably fearing the outcome of the ongoing war, issued a decree ordering the removal of all the works of art in the churches of Venezia Giulia and transfer to Rome. Following these provisions, the friars in Neresine announced to the faithful that the venerated painting of Madonna delle Grazie, needed a renovation, so it was removed and sent to Italy to be restored. At this news the inhabitants of the Neresine, opposed to this unilateral decision of the friars, rose up trying to prevent the removal of the beloved, and venerated *“their Madonna”*; on

the day of shipment There were also riots in the streets, the population wanted to prevent that the painting be taken on the bus, it was required police intervention and the picture left. Then the tragic events of the war had the upper hand on the history of the painting and the protest appeased. Not long after, the friars announced with great fanfare the return of revered properly restored painting. The unveiling of the painting in the church was celebrated with solemn religious ceremony, photographs and other appropriate celebrations, with complete satisfaction of all, just because the old and revered painting was returned to his place. Someone noticed some slight differences between the painting in the version before restoration and the next, but the thing was not given much



Immagine della B. V. delle Grazie
che si venera nella Chiesa di
S. FRANCESCO di NERESINE.

1^o quadro



MARIA MATER GRATIARUM

Immagine che si venera nella
Chiesa di S. Francesco di Neresine

2^o quadro

weight, because the competent authorities attributed pretext objections, the usual defeatist. The research art expert Father Vittorio Menegon, (present in Neresine at the period of the removal of the painting for the restoration) lead to a finding that the painting sent to be restored was donated by the Emperor of Austria and was, also of high artistic value, being painted according to him by a madonaro artist (painter of Madonnas) of the sixteenth century Lombard school, while the returned restored painting was, none other, than the original picture, the one painted by Girolamo di Santa Croce, brought back to life.

Which had been superimposed (Father Meneghin says badly superimposed). That's all! However, there are *two photographs* of the painting of the M

adonna delle Grazie, which we quote, one is before restoration, which we will call the *second picture*, (the second father Meneghin *donated by the Emperor*) and one of the following restoration, which we will call the first scene, i.e. the one painted by Girolamo di Santa Croce. Observing well the two photographs, is quite obviously noted the differences: in the first painting, the Madonna holds a *flower* in her left hand, in the second a *cross*. In the first painting baby Jesus has *two arms*, in the second, *only one* is visible, also "*shirt*" the Madonna of the first painting with floral motifs, while the second is a uniform color, however, adorned with a bow, and again, the facial expression of the Madonna is different in the two pictures. The continuation of the story: - In 2004, the Croatian friars have once again removed, without reasonable explanation, in the context of the Madonna delle Grazie, and even in this case, after the timid protests of the faithful few "left", the removal was justified by the need for a new restoration. In 2006, the "restored painting" has finally returned to its place, and the back was written, in the good knowledge of posterity, that the painting had been restored in Venice in 1943. This assumption is somewhat arbitrary (and the above not true); it can be said also that the painting, which has remained intact and well preserved for five centuries, certainly had no need for further restoration after only 60 years from the previous one.

summarily analyzing the current painting, namely returned in 2006 after the alleged restoration, they notice some anomalies: the dimensions of this painting are different from the original, 40x55cm; the frame of the picture, in fact, part of the altarpiece from the altar of Our Lady of Grace is perfectly suited to the most above size, but is larger than the current painting: at least 10 cm in height and 5 cm in width. It is not difficult to deduce that the current painting is a copy, and even a little 'botched, the "last restored painting, for the last restoration". There is also still to be added that it would not be wise to leave an old painting, of great artistic, and economic value in a now closed and unattended church, however, would be quite correct to inform the, neresinotti "left", and "exiles", where was transferred the old painting, so that it can possibly be seen and once again admire and venerated

The painting traceability for the villagers, as well as legitimate is, also justified by the fact that Neresine has already experienced that religious nuns have sold common properties, such as old people's home, and become untraceable

NOTE. Information regarding the decree of the Italian Government issued during World War II, which ordered the transfer to Italy of important works of art of the churches of the then Venezia Giulia, have emerged only recently, as these works of art have been found in the cellars of the Palazzo Venezia in Rome. Following this discovery, it was decided to transfer, again, these works in Trieste, with the intention to enhance, and exhibit them in a just regional museum, hopefully this will happen or has already happened, so that we can go, and see if one of our two paintings of the Madonna delle Grazie is in these works of art.

PUBLIC PRAYER FOR THE DAY OF REMEMBRANCE

Classroom of the Regional Council of Friuli
Venezia Giulia

Trieste, 2 February 2016 by Lucia Bellaspiga

I have always maintained, of Trieste, one of my earliest memories: is here as a child, back when passing the border was difficult, and too painful, my loved ones would bring me to look at the horizon. What was special about the coast line which they pointed out to me indicating to me beyond the Gulf? Because we came from Milano to see with a look a shadow of land, evanescent mirage of which I did not understand the secret? "That's the Istria, there is Pola", they explained to me, but then I spared the rest, as if to protect me from a final bleak. It seemed to be able to reach out and touch her, she was so close, but to prevent it was an invisible wall: we here, Pola beyond. Until the day in which my mother felt ready for the big return, and the wall of glass shattered ... Here at last Pola: really existed! The city where she was born, where she had lived her present carefree of a girl and dreamed her womanhood, the future was there, and her stories took shape, becoming true: so I discovered I have roots like other children, and for the first time I understood what it means to be "daughter of an exiled. "Saw her high school Carducci, the house, the windows of the room where she had been a girl. Remember that a window opened, and a nice lady, with a foreign accent, seeing her crying understood: "you want to come up?" she enquired. The blue-glazed windows were still those during obscurity, but the war had been over for thirty years. On the whole city had settled the gray patina of difficult, and dark years. I noticed that for a strange reason there was little talk, and all in a low voice, as scared for ever... Pola looked like an old decayed ragged lady, in a stylish long dresses, but lies, on the most beautiful, and fragrant sea I'd ever seen.

Among its streets imagining the lives of my relatives now displaced to Australia (spartissadi they said). And there, in the big house in Pula, as I saw my grandmother, I had never known. I knew she was dead of a broken heart in a bed not hers, in the most beautiful and saddest city in the world, the Venice where she had arrived on the run in '47 and where he lived for six eternal years in barracks among the refugees. Now rests - she alone -in the island of San Michele, (Venice's cemetery,) away from

her parents, husband, siblings...; also Spartissade



The journalist Lucia Bellaspiga (right) together with the President of the Autonomous Region Friuli Venezia Giulia Debora Serrachiani.

EXILED

The word I have fully understood the meaning only as an adult, when I tried to live it on my skin. Try! Imagine the moment of final separation: one day get out of your house and you know you will **never come back**. Give one last look at everything, because you not see it again. Pull the door and even turn the key: so tomorrow will enter other people, who knows nothing of your life lived there. Hugs relatives, classmates, neighbors, and you know that is a goodbye forever. The farewell to your little world, that for you is everything. To your things, habits, to the sound of voices you recognize without opening the window. that the noises of the neighborhood, to the market, the tastes, the smells. The farewell to yourself, because you were all this was. The ship that takes you away forever fades away and you keep looking at it, your home, as long as you see, to the last. Then you turn to the new horizon ... It starts from scratch, with nothing, at an undisclosed location, between unknown people. Exhausting travel on sealed trains and cattle cars. On the heart a boulder. To welcome, on arrival, a refugee camp in some parts of Italy, for you who are Italian! Your old dragged with you, or left on the other side of the sea because they would have died ... I became a journalist, I have collected many stories of

then: kids "After days of travel - said Roberto Stanich - we arrived at Monza, was night and it was snowing. At the refugee camp they did not accept us, come back tomorrow they said. But where could we go? They took pity on us, and opened the gates. Inside the large rooms, hundreds of families lived camped, without any intimacy, for walls were military blankets stretched on a rope ... A nun led us to take the bags to a pile of dry leaves with which to fill them: they were our new beds. Mom, Dad and I sat and looked at each other in silence. Finally, we burst into tears. "Refugees they remained until 1960. That was in 109 camps scattered throughout Italy. The Italian boom! ... From Lussino instead fled John Zorovich with three friends, secretly, in defiance of the regime's ban. They tried to sail at night to reach Italy rowing, but at the shore on the deserted western side of mount Ossero waiting for them were Tito's gendarmes ... It was May 10, 1956. The four skulls, with a bullet hole, were fished out 40 years later (a German scuba diver found the boat with the five skeletons, including the old man who sold them the boat). John was identified because the mother had kept the X-rays of the teeth, the only thing left of him. In 2001 they were buried in Lussinpiccolo in the island from which they never left. The *history of a people* is made of the many stories of individuals. But our story was too uncomfortable for many, and decades of neglect have imposed, almost erased. It 'was the former president Giorgio Napolitano to break the curtain of silence with a ***mea culpa disruptive after 60 years***: "We have to take responsibility for having denied the truth of ideological prejudices". he said in 2007. From what had escaped, in fact, the 350 thousand departed from Istria and Dalmatia? That terror might prompt them to risk so much and lose it all? Napolitano explained it: "The tragedy of thousands of Italians imprisoned, killed, thrown into ravines had assumed the sinister outlines of ethnic cleansing". Just in time of "peace", from May 1945 onwards, the fury of Tito's partisans, who had already befallen the Italian lands in the fall of 1943, he found a free field: in the days while the rest of Italy was carried the Liberation by the Americans well here the ***other "liberators"*** gave start to; night

raids, summary trials, the concentration camps. In the other regions were celebrating the fall of fascism, here it was being formed a new communist dictatorship. there was dancing in the streets in Rome. From Gorizia down, up to Zara, the knocking with the butt of a rifle foretold the kidnapping heads of families, gone to hundreds in the night. Then also touched women, children, the old. Shopkeepers, and doctors, teachers; and bakers, priests, and students, workers, and landowners. "Condemned", we read on the cards of the show trials emerged from the archives of the former Yugoslavia. Actually shot behind the house, thrown live in (Foibe) sinkholes in Istria, or in the sea with a stone around the neck in Zadar. Of thousands of disappeared, the families have not ways to received back not even the bones. This is now the strongest chance to ask ***Italy 'that finally pretends to know where they were laid,'*** and give them a ***final rest***. Many children of that time, today moved witnesses, tell the heroic odysseys of mothers who every day went to plead for clemency by the new hierarchy. With faith, or earrings they were paying the promise that the little 'food brought from home would be delivered to the imprisoned husband. The same children comforted the father calling him through the jail grates ... "Until the day he did not answer me anymore," he says". "The movement of hate and bloody fury", I quote again Napolitano, had as its objective the "eradication of the Italian presence from what it was, and ceased to be, Venezia Giulia." They emptied the cities and the countryside. The last was Pola, after the summer of '46, twenty-eight bombs exploded on the crowded beach of Vergarolla they hacked the bodies of one hundred Italians, and the last hope to stay. Vergarolla: the first massacre of our Republic, bloodier than Fountain square, more than the Bologna train station. But how many know it? In what school it was ever even mentioned? The war was over everywhere, but not here. It was the Diaspora, ***"probably the biggest violation of human rights after the war in Europe,"*** has called Debora Serracchiani. But today? Today what remains of all this? And we, we of the second and third generation, what role do we have? What responsibilities?

Mainly. two: The first: to defend a truth not yet shared. of moral vandalism against our memories we are still there and there are still those who justify what happened. We must clarify once and for all a major misunderstanding: our exiles were called fascists just because fleeing a communist regime. And still residual of ignorance-of-pockets facts justify their Holocaust as "just punishment."

In reality

our grandparents, and parents were antifascists, and fascists just like all the other Italians, in Venezia Giulia as in Campania or Sicily ... And there is a second huge misconception: "What are you complaining about? These Julian-Dalmatians? They lost the war, right? ". No. The unholy war, unleashed by the Nazi madness, was lost from all over Italy, he went out all and sundry by the defeat at Trent as in Palermo. Yet to pay off \$ 125 million, of the whole nation war debt, our government used the houses, industries, shops, life savings only of Julian-Dalmatians. Promising compensation ...of course, later reduced to shameful alms. Their lives, in short, have redeemed our: we at least recognize it? Instead, most of them died without having had no said justice, but at least the sacrosanct right to be heard, believed. And I add thank yourselves.

Do it now, at the last minute, until the last witnesses are in life: time to waste is there no more ...I thank the President of the Friuli Venezia Giulia region, Debora Serracchiani, the president of the regional council Franco Jacop, and the whole council, because being for the first time today in this legitimate institutional forum told with no ifs and buts the true history. The second role we have is to ensure that Remembrance Day is not a dusty ritual, but the mighty stone to a conscious future civilization. The Europe of 2000 is now a common house under whose roof peoples inhabiting former enemies, and young people, on the one hand and on the other, deserve a new world based on peace and shared progress. In Slovenia and Croatia - where a few thousand Italians were left for various reasons, not to leave their homes, not to part with their old, or confident in the new Communist regime, or rather because of the same regime they did not get permission to leave - now well at least fifty

Italian Communities continue to keep alive our culture, our language, our ancient civilization. It was them who few days ago, to cover the coils of barbed wire, with flowers, erected to divide Istria in two, to stop new refugees ...

Therefore, after the century of Fascism, Nazism, and Communism it is up to us, to keep up the memory because that was not to happen ever again. The memory, in fact, is the only way for reconciliation: the past is overcome not by removing it but by learning from it. The example of meekness and dignity shown by our fathers, then, is the patrimony of wisdom that can teach you a lot and should not be wasted: they experienced the total uprooting and persecution, yet they have not hated. I recently accompanied an aunt to review for the first time her home in Pola, that she left in a hurry in '47. Starting out, her parents had handed over the keys to the neighbors, a Croatian family: "Go in, inside there is all our lives." Seventy years later, she knocked on the door. Within seconds, a long look and no words. I saw two heads, meanwhile become white, merge into kisses and tears.

In my archive of memories - my personal Warehouse 18 - I have many items, embroidered sheets, some dishes of the grandmother, the great mirror that once reflected the faces of my loved ones disappeared, and for what cherish as the most precious of relics. But more than all this, I keep the examples of spotless honesty with which our exiles everywhere were able to start from scratch, and to matter. November 30, 1946, this was written about us, in the "UNITA" (the Italian Official Communist newspaper): "We will never be considered eligible for asylum who have poured in our cities not under the pressure of the enemy, but frightened by the breath of freedom that preceded the advance of liberators. The black (Fascists wore a black shirt in Italy) bandits, profiteers who have found refuge in the city and will squander the riches robbed, do not deserve our solidarity. " And in La Spezia, where was set up a refugee camp, a manager of the Genoa Chamber of Labor during the campaign of 1948, said "In Sicily they have the bandit Giuliano, we here have the bandits Giuliani." The fingerprints of the exiles just landed were taken. What else had

we yet to bear? For all this deserve the honor and respect of Italy, often we have been the best part of the country! Thanks.

Lucia Bellaspiga data sheet card (Source ANVGD) Lucia Bellaspiga, journalist, and writer Milan, daughter of Istrian exiles, after graduating in classics, became a professional journalist in 1996. She has collaborated with numerous daily newspapers and magazines including The Journal, The Independent, The Republic, La Padania and 2001 she worked as a correspondent in the office of the newspaper "Avvenire", writing mainly of Interiors; She engaged in the sector Dossier, is dedicated especially to services and inquiries. Created and organized in 2002, the journalism award "Tribute to Dino Buzzati" and her was the idea in 2006 to set up the opening of the Year Buzzatiano celebrations for the centenary of the writer's birth. Also on the public figure of the author in the same year the book "God I pray you do not exist." Dino Buzzati, the fatigue of believing. " In 2003 she won the first edition of the journalist award dedicated to the memory of Maria Grazia Cutuli, a journalist of "Corriere della Sera" killed in Afghanistan.



At the end of her prayer, Lucia Bellaspiga is receiving auditorium applause, end is being lauded with some recognition.

The following year he received the journalism prize "Benedetta D'Intino" instituted by Cristina Mondadori and by Basic Books. Editions. It boasts numerous publications including a biography of Carlo Urbani, the first Italian doctor victim of SARS and "The seed of Nasiriyah. children of Brigadier Giuseppe Coletta "on the police sergeant, who died in the massacre of Nasiriyah, written with the widow of the Brigadier.

RESEARCHES

FOUND AND RESTORED ONE OF OUR BOATS USED TO ESCAPE TO "FREEDOM" FROM CHERSO IN THE 50'S

I met MS Roberta Stoppato last year during the "ecological day" (read general cleaning, grass cutting and collection of waste) that twice a year the nautical base of the Lega Navale of Venice located on the Lido, and of which we are both members, organizes. During a break she spoke of Istrian crafts and MS Roberta told me that it was restoring one. Deepening the conversation, I learned that it was most likely one of our boats that had "escaped" (with crew) the war from the island of Cherso. She, also said that the history of this boat, at least one known, had been written by her and inserted in a book published in 2013 entitled: "Wooden boats. "A guide, to restoration, and maintenance" of the Authors: Andrea and Lorenzo Cappai Luxich, publishing house Nutrimenti Mare of Roma, but(www.nutrimenti.net). The cost of the book is € 19.50. Of course I bought it immediately by finding it at the specialized library "Mare di Carta" (S. Croce 222 - Venice, (info@maredicarta.com)). Here are the contents of the chapter in question: I saw Lizzy for the first time in a yard of the Consortium on the Giudecca, about six years ago. It was on a cart, neglected, even abandoned, without protective sheeting, the sails on the deck and garbage piled up inside, not far from where my father keeps his beloved Penelope, the sailboat that had built by Carlo Gallo one 'year after my birth. A life spent on board, beautiful, and very long summers, up and down the Adriatic Sea. Lately, going with my children to find their grandfather by his old boat, passing I tuck a look at Lizzy. I was sorry to see her in that



Lizzy by Giudecca before transfer to Lido

condition; I tried for years, occasionally, to know whose it was, and whether I could purchase it, but they always replied, with various reasons, that was not possible, but I was always discouraged to burden myself in such a commitment, even if the blockage was removed. My family life is challenging and we are always occupied by a multitude of things: a job that makes me live with my two boys; the problems of all the teenagers; the great pleasure to help them grow. But somewhere, in my head, thinking always had time to get back there in that yard. In the lagoon frost nights and pouring rain I used to think about that boat abandoned to the elements to rot slowly. It reemerged with the work I had done for many years in the past with passion (but of stones and frescoes), the custom toward wood of our old Penelope, having seen that boat what I was looking for so long, something that would allow me to be able to turn on my own around my lagoon, maybe even with a friend, with my children. In the summer of 2012 I had shown the "Lizzy" Pier Luigi, a Ferrarese friend who moved to live in Giudecca aboard his Grand Soleil. A few days later, this sent by destiny, he calls me and says that for a few hundred euro could take the boat! I quickly went back to see it, together with Guido, cute carpenter handyman, to see what he thought, and then again with Franco, the legendary racer and shipwright, and again with other friends who encouraged me, and, while recognizing the great work that would await me, assured me well on the design and of the hull seaworthiness. On November 15, 2012 I



The transfer of Lizzy in barge

loaded Lizzy on a transport full of briccole (wooden poles used to define the waterways) and we were brought to the Lido, where my cousin Francis, owner of a construction site, he offered me an area half-covered by a canopy where I will be able to shelter Lizzy. The adventure had begun. I finally got to start taking care of her. I disarmed, clean, and impregnated it with a solution of borax salts against mold, and various microorganisms. I took advantage of some mild days in December for removing paint off the hull with the torch and a scraper. Then I left it well covered, while deciding how to move. One day I track down Marco, an old friend I had lost sight of. One of the last "Mohicans" of the craft in Venice. Highly experienced carpenter, builder of one-off racing as the Timore del Garda, but also the more traditional *sampierote*, protagonists of rare "class" racing for Italian traditional boats, like the mythical Arzento Vivo. Marco, perhaps moved with compassion seeing his generous attitude towards all, he offered to bring the boat in his shed in late winter, where he could direct me in the restoration and help for the most difficult jobs. So in the early days of March, with the help of my son Giulio, we pushed the Lizzy on a cart to his shipyard. This lists chronologically the work that we had ordered and alongside of each, the necessary materials: (we omit the list, so not to bore the reader)

We began with the restoration of the deck, removing the fenders and the frames of the two hatches. We glued the cracked gunwales and we have applied to them a reinforcing board. It follows a long process of removal and

replacement of old tires and mahogany tablets alongside the gunwales. The hull is revealed as larch, flexible ash, the mahogany parts by successive restorations. The hull seems to date back to the years between 1945 and 1950. The metal parts are made of cast bronze, post-war, surely previous to the sixties. All the hardware, is original including the rudder blade, and slightly later. The structure of the deck is original; in fact, some beams have rotted; teak probably dates from the last restoration. The mobile keel was added after the hull: The centerboard case from the sixties of plywood, and the drift is in iron, very old, considered the black rust. The cutting construction of the drift is certainly subsequent to the construction of the keel. The lower part of the centerboard case, and the top replaced with the new support tablets. Inside is an original wooden reinforcement, which looks like a reinforcement to the centerline of a possible inboard engine ever installed. Maybe it was born as a motor fishing boat; Also the size of the keel by the idea that it was designed to be motorized. All of these observations was from Mark, and quickly close to the boat, it was taken from other things. But certainly they helped to increase my "involvement": I had to know more than the boat, its history, what was behind all that time. Thinking it was built in Venice, it was initially assumed that it was made in the yard that built the Delta, a class of small, fast racing boats and elegant that had some popularity in the postwar period. The Delta, while taking its cue from Istrian panole, and launches, but were much faster and elegant, an expression of a real studio design.



The writer during the restoration project

We were in front of a refined hull, with a few massive ribs, where the strakes were welded with flexibles, joined to the shell itself with copper rivets, as they used to do in the Dinghy 12 '. The use of flexible, allowing you to limit the order, allowed to have a lighter boat but still very solid. But it was not a Delta class. Shone through the Istrian or Dalmatian elegance of fishing boat, almost in contrast with its origin, so as to suggest the shipyards of Oscar or Celli, which made beautiful boats for recreational use using flexible bended hot and fixed with copper rivets. it looked like a boat that had been transformed, in some ways an evolution compared to the (best-known) Istrian launches. Many of the "elders" who came to see her in the yard they all said the same thing: "Bèla the Panola". In fact, the "Panola" or "pannola" is also a boat. And better known as equipment for a particular fishing technique, spread throughout the Northern Adriatic, where a multiple line (precisely the "pannola"), supported by a cane or a piece of wood, you slowly pull behind while sailing. But there are many citations of a type of boat with this same name, similar to the "fluke", used just for fishing. With mast and sails, possibly equipped with a bowsprit, or just rowing, the boat was used for fishing, certainly in Istria and Quarnero.

Writes Mauro Volpini of Naima: "This boat (about 6 m) was very seaworthy and was equipped with a nice bow on a long bowsprit, a generous mainsail and a good rudder with extension that could govern from the aft bench off the deck, suitably modified, with a removable deckhouse, only access to the tiny compartment under the deck of any boat, completely free except for the mast. After the war, in a social scenario in which there was certainly room for large recreational boating activities, a farsighted intuition had Chiggiato Arthur, one of the few Italian designers that can be cited without error fears in a yacht design history of the twentieth century. Chiggiato, inspired by this type of boats, designed in 1947 the Pigwig, a pannola pleasure of just 4.50 m in length. It was called "drift utilitarian" and was intended to give a chance to those who had a little 'free time, to pick up the old custom of touring the Venetian lagoon, go fishing for a

Showing St. Christopher, with a walking stick in his hand and the Child Jesus on his shoulders, portraying the wading across the river with the baby Jesus. The symbolism of the saint back to a widespread theme, especially in northern Italy, closely linked the theme of "journey." That connection to what we were told by (some time before) one of the "oldest" of the Lido was immediate. He had indicated that such a boat (perhaps one) had belonged to a certain Marcheto, and had been used to escape from Cherso in Italy, in the fifties. We try to spread the news, contacting associations of Istrian exiles, and after a few days we get a surprising, albeit indirect confirmation. It reads in the obituaries published by the chersini: community newspaper *"Marco Surdich, nicknamed Marcheto, shipwright and for twenty years the head of the Craglietto shipyard of Cherso. He escaped at night from Cherso in 1957 on a small boat built by himself, has long lived in Marghera, and continued to do the shipwright also in Venice. He died at the age of 102 in 2009"*.



***The medal depicting Saint Christopher with baby Jesus
On his back.***

Almost all the "pieces" started fitting together. The old boat was not born for entertainment, such as now It's well understood. It was the result of an evolution, which bear at list a good basic constructive quality. We continued our work, by removing all brass parts and controlling the underlying beams the deck, in part of which the wood presented such a state of disintegration that may require their replacement. We restored the hatch frames, and now we are ready to turn over the boat, and tackle the hull works. To fix the banks of the

hatches, we used the red paste (*two-components based on resorcinol resin*). It's time to finish the sandpapering and removal of the old fillings. The planking no longer shows caulking, watermarks on it, but it's all glued with epoxied resin. Now all this work has even more motivation. Gradually discover how this boat has come this far which induces me even more to make it sail. Each artifact has its own history, and its revelation and what gives it that implicit value, always present, but not always visible.

As written by Lucien Febvre in his Problems of historical method, "the most exciting, no doubt, in our work of historians consists in the constant effort to make talk things mute, and make them say; what they alone do not say about men, and companies who have made them."



Roberta Stappato next to Lizzy at almost completed restoration

Editor's note: Oh, yes, of "things", that boat would have surely in mind to say! Stories of bora, the neverini (westerners, storms), fishing, of escapes, but, we will never know in their entirety. Instead, what we can definitely imagine is its downhearted awaiting the eventual return to "kiss" a sea, which, although the same, can only vaguely remember what the blue and crystal clear, left so many years ago the time of its youth on the windy island of Cherso and Lussino? And, if, it could return? Who knows!

PRESS REVIEW

I invite all our affectionate and loyal readers, before attempting to read the content of this section, to extend a respectful acknowledgment to the late Carmen Anelli Cavedoni (see the obituary in the "sad notes") that has left us in Mestre on March 25, 2016. Since, it is a reminiscence at this point of the magazine? Because this column actually was by her inspired. In fact, a few years ago she made me know that she subscribed to the newspaper from Trieste *Il Piccolo*, and, she used to cut out, and keep all the articles that spoke of Istria, and especially those who reported news of our islands. She lived in Marghera, near the gym where I still teach exercise classes for adults and seniors, so I it was all that much easier for me to visit her, and after giving me a little entertained with some chats and a coffee, she gave me the package of cut out articles. I, always told her that I would then make a choice of the various arguments to insert in rubric, just the ones that I thought would interest more to our people. Then she got sick, and our visits began to thin out. The rubric is now followed by my wife Nadia, and news are retrieved directly from the website of the various newspapers. We then copy them in this column, but the memory of the expecting in Carmen's kitchen, while she went to get the clippings will always remain in my thoughts. Finally, every time I left her house with cutouts in hand, it seemed right to write under the heading the phrase "by Carmen Anelli"; She scoffed herself, and told me that I should absolutely not do that. I hope you forgive me from up there, I do now to your memory: By Carmen Anelli.

The FOIBE's martyr's monument **soiled**
An infamous gesture.

VENICE - The monument to the martyrs of the *Foibe* (sinkholes,) made ears ago in Marghera, has been smeared for the umpteenth time. On the stone plaque commemorating the victims have appeared writings in red paint, including the hammer, and cycle symbol. The President of the Marghera, Municipality, Gianfranco

Bettin, has said, this is the "usual infamous gesture, which makes, even more actual the Remembrance Day." As usual, as almost every year, how an *infamous* ideology *operates* in the dark, also this year underscores Bettin a bit 'ahead of schedule, the soilers of the lamp to the Martyrs of the *Foibe*, in the homonymous square of Marghera, they have reappeared last night and have proceeded to defile the monument in view of the Day of Remembrance, of the tragedy of the *Foibe*, and exile of Italians from Istria and

Dalmatia. Of course, we clean up immediately. Obviously, no one is intimidated or impressed by this cowardly gesture; rather, it confirms the coward relevance of the initiative that every year is repeated throughout Italy and in the city has always been a special meaning. The daubers do not know -he concluded, but their sortie now cloying though no less odious, It's a kind of ritual homage, that the dishonored losers, such as they are, make to those who, finally by history have been *recognized*.

(From THE GAZZETTINO of 26 January 2016)

On the occasion of yet another affront to the monument, our Director sent the following letter to the local editorial staff of GAZZEINO which was immediately after published: Respectable. editorial staff of Mestre I'm a member of the Venetian Provincial Committee of the National Association Venezia Giulia and Dalmatia, and I would say mine on the umpteenth vandalism perpetrated by the usual unknown (so to speak), which pertains to the Marghera monument reminiscing the *Foibe* Martyrs. To them, I would like to remind them that in addition to having done an unintelligent action; since the episode is bouncing in the press, and not only national, you had advertised the great event of the Day of Remembrance, which we will celebrate on February 10th. You, then, once again, demonstrated your ignorance (even if I am convinced that among them individuals, there could, even be some with some schooling) the historical facts focused on the events of our eastern borders. Into the *Foibe*, is yes ended **down** many poor people whose only crime was to be (and to want to

remain) Italian. Or represent (even at lower levels) the National State. But there ended down, also polished and respectable heroic anti-fascists, some to of the communist ideology (As I believe, *are the of sympathizing perpetrators of the stunt*), also finished in *foibe* because, although fighting alongside Tito's partisan movement, they didn't share with them the future delimitations of boundaries which included, as then actually occurred, the passage of most of Venezia Giulia, at the fledgling Federal Republic of Yugoslavia Tito.

Be mindful of these notes next year before you decide to smear again with hammer and sickles before you garnish with red stars the stone margherino.

Flavio Asta.

P.S.: T.N. The (Yugoslavian) selection - *referendum for the free choosing* Yugoslavia /Italy *carried out on the ZONE "B"* by Tito's partisans with a rifle escort to the ONE choice allowed at the urns. I personally witnessed this fact dragged by my mother and the rifle carrying Druse to the voting place (the Asilo kitchen/Post Office of Neresine) How *come that* this part of our destiny was never reviewed, nor ever explained by ANYBODY? My conviction is that for this outcome, we have to tank my new country America, and England its friend for the Zone A & B resolution, especially in view, that the takeover of our two islands was with supply and equipment furnished by England, see, Vojno Kamalic "O.S.N.A. Confessions" book at the now Mali Losing Library. I was there in 1948 when the borders were *still open* while one morning in Ossero awaiting for the *Veza to take us to Fiume and beyond* Mr. Nediello Sokolic (local chief of UDBA) took my mother documents away, until 11-Oct.-1950 when finally, recognized Italian! L.B.

Fincantieri launches the Majestic Princess

This is the third unit of the Princess Royal Class built for the shipping company Princess Cruises, a branch of Carnival Group. Delivery in 2017.

MONFALCONE Today at the plant Fincantieri in Monfalcone was launched the Majestic Princess, third unit of Royal Princess class built for the shipping company Princess Cruises, a branch of Carnival group. In the Isontino plant. Now will begin the phase of the internal arrangements, which will bring the delivery of the ship in spring 2017.



The commander Dino Sagani (at right) next to him Keith Taylor, executive vice president of fleet operations, next, Dion's mother Graziella, and father Giuseppe.

The ceremony was attended by the owner, executive vice president of fleet operations Holland America Group, **Keith Taylor**. While Fincantieri, among others, was Attilio Dapelo, director of the shipyard. Godmother to the ship was **Graziella Dussi Sagani**, mother of the designated commander of the ship **Dino Sagani**, from Trieste. (Editor's note: adherent, like his father Giuseppe, to the Neresine Community. Compliments!)

Made on the basis of the twin project "Royal Princess" and "Regal Princess", built and delivered in 2013 and 2014, the new unit will have a gross tonnage of 145,000 tons and can accommodate 4,250 passengers.

"Majestic Princess", characterized by a new livery, will be the first unit designed, built and prepared specifically for Chinese market. Since 1990 Fincantieri has built 70 cruise ships (47 since 2002), of which 33 built in Monfalcone, while another 14 units are under construction or about to be built in plants of the group.

(From IL PICCOLO of 8 February, 2016)

Lussino has a bright sporting future

LUSSINPICCOLO. The underwater fisherman Daniel Gospić, of the Sports Club "Škarpina" of Nerezine as well as a member of the national team, and bowler Danijela Dumencic, club "Jadranka Hoteli", have been proclaimed Lussino sportspersons of the year 2015. In the ceremony organized by Community Sports of Lussinpiccolo, as the best men's team were honored tennis players of the club "Losinj-Jadranka", while in the female category the bowlers of the club "Jadranka Hoteli". The title of best coach went to Vilim Visak, of the tennis club "Losinj-Jadranka", while the lifetime achievement award was assigned to Željko Milković, of the basket ball club "Jadranka". Among the young hopefuls the annual award was assigned to the tennis player Leopold Mužić and karateka Anamarija Celinić, club "Lošinj", while among the cadets they ticked Kruno Perožić, the club archery "Mali Lošinj" and Petra Ivanisevic, the tennis club. The jury has reserved the right not to award the prize for the best teams in the junior's category, while among the cadets climbed on podium the young of the water polo club "Lošinj", and the girls of the same club basketball group. In the awards ceremony were, also awarded those who have distinguished themselves for particular merits and support for the sector.

(From The Voice of the People Jan,03, 2016)

LUSSINPICCOLO. Now is the big day for Lussinpiccolo and its island. The Museum of the Apoxyomenos, will be inaugurated which will host the greatest archeological discovery of progress made in the eastern Adriatic regions. This is the Bronze of Lussino, a Hellenistic statue dated to more than two thousand years ago, found randomly by a scuba diver in 1996 on the inner seabed of the islet great Oriule, the Lussino archipelago The Athlete of Croatia, as it is otherwise defined, will home in Kvarner Palace in Captains, of Lussino pier in the center of the town a few meters from the sea.

For the restoration of the building, were spent 25 million Kuna (3,000,000 and 330 thousand EUR), divided in half between the town of Lussinpiccolo and the state of Croatia.

Now is the big day for Lussinpiccolo and its island,



The ceremony will begin at the 20th, hour present the President of the Republic, Kolinda Grabar Kitarovi", representatives of the Croatian government and highest authorities of Lussinpiccolo, and Quarnerino-Mountain-Region. Moreover, on the new Museum is very much Afasana.t stake for Lussinpiccolo and Zagreb itself, to increase cultural tourism by expanding the pool of visitors interested.

(From Il Piccolo April 30, 2016))

... Return ...faithful the days of Tito

FASANA. Tito days, days of Amar cord, braving the rain in Fasana. The 13th event dedicated the nostalgic evocation of the past, the figure of Marshal and antifascist values, has seen the presence of a very large number of respondents, equipped with umbrellas and partisan iconography. It has served as a prelude to introduce the exhibition "In memory of Comrade Tito", held at the multimedia center. The author, Velimir Dragas, has proposed a synthesis of previous exhibitions proposing newspaper clippings with news that relate to years of Tito and the former Yugoslavia, numismatic collections with stamps depicting the statesman, and, busts signed by famous sculptors such as Ivan Meštrović and Antun

Augustinčić. particular chapter dedicated to the 60th anniversary of the regatta "Brioni" initiated by the former Head of State in 1956. The big Saturday's popular rally, however, began with a parade of the participants, and cultural artistic programs in which participated as well the members of the Company "Tito" Varaždin and Island. After the partisan songs, also anti-Fascists praising messages as an alternative, to set against the fascist ideology that, it is believed, to be gaining ground in the Country. Intervening speech at the microphone by Ivan Mišković, former Tito adviser on security guard, to say that you cannot erase the past and throw mud on the figure of Tito means to incriminate the partisan fight. For his part, the Istrian Association president of anti-fascist fighters, Tomislav Ravnić, pointed out that Tito, and anti-Fascism are indivisible. Then, words of disappointment for the removal of the bust of Marshal Presidential office, the actions of the Republic of Croatia President.

(A.F) (From The Voice of the People 16 May, 2016)



A moment on the filo-titina manifestation.

The Consul Palminteri in Cherso

CHERSO A. cognitive visit Yesterday by the General Consul of Italy in Fiume, Paolo Palminteri, the archipelago Cherso, and Lussino, where there is a small but lively Italian community, which has the backing of the local authorities in the two island communities. He reiterated the same console Palminteri, he met the mayor of Cres, Kristijan Jurjako and his colleague from Lussin piccolo, Gari Cappelli, as well as the heads of the two Italian Community. "Both Jurjako, and Cappelli words

of Palminteri -reiterated that the two Italian associations are very active in maintaining the Italian language, and culture and have the full support of the municipalities. Cappelli, whose father Stelio was among the founders of Italian community of Lussinpiccolo, he said he could not comment, being accadizetiano, the story Edit, stressing that though in his, and Parents house we were never without the two newspapers, the Croatian Novi List and the Voice of the People. We recall that according to the 2011 census, the Italians in Cherso were 94, those in Lussinpiccolo 152.

Almost superfluous to add that the number of islanders that speak the Italian-or rather the Venetian dialect it is infinitely greater. Without forgetting the help that the Italic idiom gives to the welcoming of tricolor tourists' during the summer season. (A.m.)

(From IL PICCOLO dated May 18, 2016)

FITNESS AND THIRD AGE

HOMEMADE CIRCUIT TRAINING

What is circuit training? (In Italian workout course) is a form of training devised in 1956 by Morgan and Adamson, two professors of the Department of Physical Education, University of Leeds in England. Later this method spread from the school environments in those of sports, and rehabilitation. In workouts training, switching from a "position" of the program to another, each of which consists in the execution of exercise for a time or for a number of prefixed repetitions. The circuit ends when were performed all the exercises in the established order, from the first to the last position of the course, and it can be repeated many times. The workout improves simultaneously some physical qualities such as strength, the power and resistance, but also the cardio-respiratory function ability (including the heart which is a muscle). The workout allows you to train, also with low loads and a limited number of repetitions it is therefore suitable for beginners, young, obese, the elderly, and in all those conditions in which problems security requirements or physical

rehabilitation, exclude intense exercises with the use of high loads. Each workout is composed of a minimum of 6 to a maximum of 12 exercises, and is completed (Including recovery between one position, and the other) in a time between about 10, to 20 minutes. It repeats the entire workout by 2/3 times in the same training session depending on the purpose for which is intended for. In regards to rest between one position and the other Morgan, and Adamson proposed the workout without any rest between positions, and between the same workouts. Subsequently this system is gradually repeated and reformulated depending on the various needs. However, the important thing is that the rest between positions is not excessive, on average 30-45 seconds maximum, this if you want to get a training stimulus, also for the cardiorespiratory endurance. Between a position, and the other is to insert a longer pause (2-3 Minutes) to allow a complete recovery but without getting to cool completely. The best results, are obtained with 2/3 training sessions per week, interspersed with one two rest days. The sequence of exercises that make up the workout must be programmed in so as to avoid the involvement of the same group muscle in two consecutive positions Exercises provided for the workout should be easy to learn and simple to perform, and that's what we will do in the one proposed below. The main place to practice the workout is obviously the gym or sports fields, but for our part we have devised one that you can safely do in the home environment with readily available gear in your home. Let's move on to the practical illustration of our work out, but not before vividly recommending, above all to our friends of the third and ...fourth age group, to talk first with your family doctor, who before starting, may prescribe some instrumental examination, such an electrocardiogram at rest or under stress. Upon your doctors "Placet" (concurrence) you can begin following carefully these rules

-Every exercise should be initially performed for 45 seconds, (controlled through the seconds hand of an always visible watch visible during the exercises you are performing). Gradually, after a month of training you may increase to 50 ", after another month to 55", after another

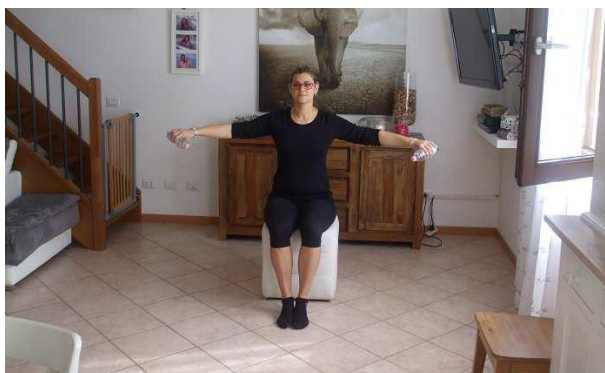
in 60 seconds, and here, broadly, you may stop continuing to train with this work period. Instead, for those not particularly in advanced age and in good health, and 'full-blown physical efficiency may each month thereafter increase working time of 5" to arrive at a maximum of one minute and 15/20 seconds.- between one exercise and another you must wait for 30 to 45 seconds (initially start with 45seconds, after at least a month start to decline gradually until you get to 30, then, although you increase the working time of the various exercises the recovery will always be 30")- Finished the exercises provided by the workout you will rest for three (3) minutes, before repeating them; with the passing of time (Months) will gradually fall to two, and must be respected without falling below of this time -Initially it begins with a single workout per training session, and then repeating every other day (e.g. Monday-Wednesday-Friday). After at least one month you can switch to 2 workouts in the same sitting. Exceptionally, and only for those with the features mentioned above could also be try switching to 3 sessions (and not more)

-To facilitate the execution of these exercises we are not giving specific guidelines on how to breathe. Just use a "normal" breathing rhythm easy and natural. In case the effort If, exercising you experience a breathing too deep with hints of breathlessness, suspend it, and immediately stop exercising. And, of course report immediately the episode to your family doctor. The photos by my daughter in law Maria Carla Iaia, National athlete (shot put level) in the late '90s, then a degree in physical education. Currently she is employed as a specialist at Centro Medico Physiotherapist "Magenta" of Padua, a landmark in the Saint (Anthony) city for patients, among them also known sportsmen with problems related to pain in the muscles and/or joints.

Beside the pictures number 1, 2 and 9, the other after the number that distinguishes them are followed by the uppercase letter (A) to show the starting position of the various exercises while those with the letter (B) show the final position.

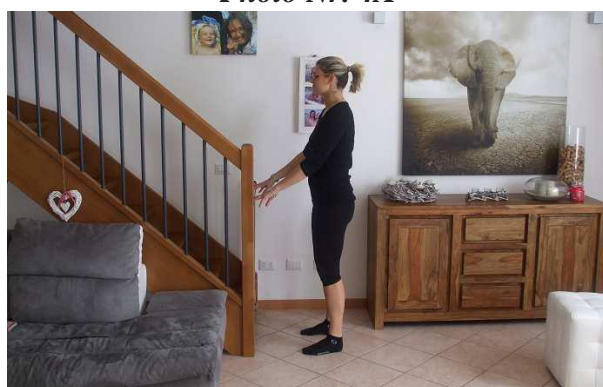
Photo Nr 1**Photo Nr.2**

Exercise of the **first station**: (Warming up) in this case we use only equipment that is, also quite common, but not present normally in every home: the apartment exercise bike. After adjusting the seat height to pedal with regular rhythm and peaceful (photo Nr. 1) without increasing the stress resistance on the pedals (by maneuvering a special knob). If you don't have a bike, the replacement exercise is shown in the photo Nr 2: march in place to Kneehigh widely swinging arms as soldiers during their marches.

Photo Nr. 3A

Exercise of the **second station**: (shoulder toning) Sitting on a support, starting at arm's stretched from the low position holding two bottles (full) of water (photo 3A), initially

weighing 500 grams (1/2liter), and then move gradually to a liter: bring your arms out (Photo 3B).

Photo Nr. 3B**Photo Nr. 4A**

Exercise of the third station: (legs toning) Standing, hands resting on a solid object (Photo 4A) bend your legs as if you were to sit on another chair placed behind you (you can do that) (photo 4B).

Photo Nr. 4B

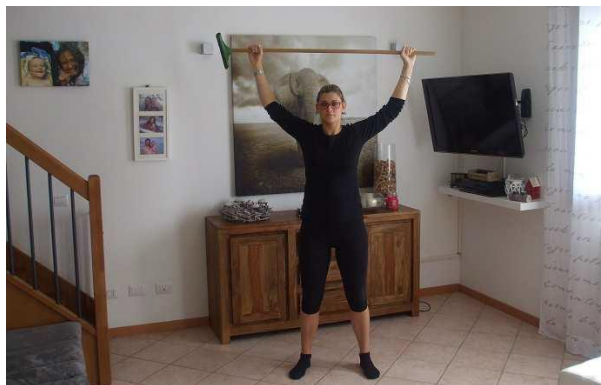
Exercise of the fourth station: (Shoulders mobility)

Standing, legs apart, hold arms outstretched hold a stick at both ends (Picture 5A) (broom handle):

forward, your hands can, also remain resting on the floor for help the bust lifting motion, or, if, you are able to do so, you can lift your arms, and at the same time as the bust, push them forward (photo 6B)

Photo Nr. 5A

Bring the stick, keeping your arms straight above the head, push it backwards from this position twice arm bends (picture 5B), afterwards return to where you started, so repeat below.

Photo Nr 5B

Exercise of the fifth station: (abdominal toning) On the floor. Bust leaning or on a special pad or directly on the living room carpet, legs bent with your feet flat on the couch (Could also be a chair, but in this case goes against the wall to keep it from sliding forward), arms outstretched to the sides of the torso and resting on the floor (photo 6A).

Photo Nr. 6A

From this position, lift the shoulders slightly

Photo Nr. 6B

Exercise of the Sixth Station: (Bust and arms toning) Standing, leaning slightly forward, and place arms folded to a wall (photo 7A):

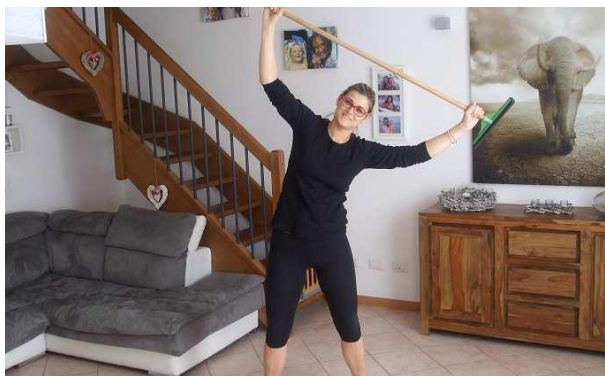
Photo Nr. 7A

Spread, and bend below the arms approaching and moving away the bust from the wall (picture 7B).

Photo Nr. 7B

Exercise of the seventh station: (Hips toning) Standing, legs apart, hold arms outstretched on high, hold the ends of a stick: Tilt with two bust bends to the right (Picture 8A) then the same to the left (photo

8B). Continue below.

Photo Nr. 8B

Eighth station exercise (Balance improvement) Standing, raise one leg, keeping it bent: remain as much as possible in balance with your foot to the floor (picture 9), repeat with the other, and if the preset time has elapsed, repeat.

Photo Nr. 9

*Carla and Flavio wishing you
A good workout!*

JULIAN – DALMATIAN WORLD NEWS

By: Carmen Palazzolo Debianchi

REMORSE SILENCE

Man's curse is - not forgetting.

Is the new show Julian-Dalmatian exodus transmitted in Trieste, Saturday, March 31, 2016, after the National debut February 12 at the movie-theater Gavazzeni Seriate (Bergamo). All exiles associations in Trieste, the National League, the Trieste Pro Patria movement, the Committee February 10 have committed, even selling tickets, to the success of the show, which was presented to the press on the morning of March 18 in headquarters of the Association of Istrian Communities. Great propaganda was also made in the schools. And, their effort was rewarded because the theater Bobbio, (700 seats), Saturday, March 31 was full. I've noticed all the leaders of the associations, some with spouses and children, and all the exiles I know. The show, written and directed by Luca Andreini, 18, years old, and acted by a troupe almost all equally young, it consists of a succession rich in symbolism scenes, expressing through words backed by movements, lights and sounds stroboscopic emotions of the two protagonists, two young Polesani(from Pola) debated the desire between to go or to stay while around them the drama unfolds disappearances, tortures, sinkholes entombments, ...It 'a very impressive, and thrilling spectacle, emotional, not descriptive, which I liked, but while I witnessed I kept wandering if, seeing one unsuspecting viewer saw it what would he have understood, and would he have enriched his knowledge. I think not. But this artistic contribution, objectively valid, it serves to talk about it ... and therefore, all right

The Nautical Company "Pietas Julia" in Pola celebrates 130th, anniversary. The Company was founded in Pola August 14, 1886 by 48 citizens of the middle class under the name of "Club Nautico Pietas Julia "from the ancient

Latin name of the city. It's first office was an old dredger pontoon moored on the bank of mandrač, center of the port, but the meetings of shareholders were held in public places. In 1898 it assumed its present name and even the headquarters, after the sinking of the dredger pontoon, changed. By statute, the Company is dedicated to the practice of sports: of rowing and sailing, but all Italians membership. They looked to the Kingdom of Italy as the homeland of choice and they maintained constant contact with it, in different ways. This did not escape the Austro-Hungarian government, of which Pola depended at that time, that constantly held an eye on the company and, at the outbreak of the Great War, President Oscar Rossi, and other Governing Council members were interned as subversive and the Authority dissolved the Company.

But at the end of the WWI, the interned returned home and reopened the Company that, in the years followed, and in particular from 1926 to 1946, it grew enormously from the competitive point of view, and was noted for the sporting and civil commitment especially emerging specialties in rowing and sailing boats from the names that will become prestigious as boats: Tartini, Mimi, Joe, Euro, Caprera, Argia and Elly (ex Ljebing), owned by President Rossi. In 1946 the company celebrated its 60th anniversary and – although, many of the young athletes called to fight during World War II they did not returned home, the bombing had caused serious damage to the sports facilities, and the future lay ahead uncertain - they were trying to react, it was then organized a major sporting event before the sailing section of Vergarolla, in which it took part a large number of citizens.

But, an enormous explosion interrupted the games causing a hundred of deaths, and numerous injuries. War material deposited on the beach exploded, ***“the authorities claimed that the ammunition was made harmless”***. . A few months later almost all the inhabitants of Pola left the city on the ship Toscana and other made available by the Italian Government. It was the only organized Julian-Dalmatian exodus! The January 21, 1947 also Pietas Julia lowered its glorious pennant, and thanks to a small group of loyal members, assets, and a few

Company's other effects of were made fortuitously brought to Trieste waiting for better times.

And, thanks to the tenacity and attachment of these loyalists, June 13, 1948 in New Marina Panzano, at Monfalcone, the Pietas Julia sprang officially to life again. Its new home was an old and inadequate shed its modest resources, not many new members for which the activity was limited the rowing sector without proposing too many competitive ambitions. But, finally, in 1961, thanks to the enthusiasm and the initiative of Guido Bernetti, the Pietas Julia moved its headquarters in the Sistiana Bay, Gulf of Trieste, in a building made available by Prince Raimondo of Torre and Tasso. Later that year, Bernetti, was elected president impressed upon the Society a new imprint of dynamism and vitality: the number of members rose from 90 to 230 in a short period, and results in sports, even national are not long in coming. Finally, in 1972, the Society settled in a home built especially for it, always in the Bay of Sistiana, which still occupies, where it continues to grow and to change: boating and swimming, practiced long and successful are gradually abandoned while developing the sailing activities in which the Society excels in the international field with National Maurizio Planine, Adrian and Julian Chiandussi, the Blacks-Raffaelli crew, the BorghiPeraino crew, the twins Elisa and Chiara Boschini, Mattia Pressich, the crew P.J. Planine-Budinich, Francesca Komatar, Sveva Carraro and again the Chiandussi / Chiandussi crew, Francesca Clapcich. Today, the Pietas Julia tirelessly continues its activities: It has 30 athletes involved in the three Olympic racing classes, Optimist, 420 and Laser, led by three coaches: Marko Morgan, technical manager, Roberto Ostuni and Sara Iugovaz; coaches a competitive team more than 30 young athletes and runs a prestigious and very popular. Sailing school

In recognition of her efforts, it was awarded CONI, in 1989, the Golden Star of Sport Merit and in 2006, the Golden Collar of Sportsman Merit. In addition, to celebrate the 130th anniversary of its foundation it has launched a direct maxi regatta toward the founding city, which was presented Tuesday, April 12, 2016

at the Caffè Tommaseo of Trieste by the association resident Gianfranco Zotta, and Vice-President Federico Boico, in the presence of a representative members of the Duino Aurisina municipality, the public, and journalists.

ASSOCIATIONS OF EXILED ISTRIAN FIUMANI DALMATI – JUBILEE

It was held Monday, April 25, 2016, in Barbana islet the of Grado (GO) lagoon, a large religious demonstration. In secular terms it can be described as a successful gathering of almost all Julian-Dalmatian exiles associations. 300 present, belonging Association National Venezia Giulia, and Dalmatia, Association of Istrian Communities of Trieste, the Free City halls in exile of Pola, Fiume, Zara, and other expressions of the exodus World that have joined the initiative, almost all represented by their presidents. was as well Antonio Ballarin, President of the exiles Federation t, and, for the remaining, Maurizio Tremul, President of the Executive Committee, with his wife

Alessandra Argenti. They responded to the invitation of the Franciscans Friars Minor, who Care for the Marian Island Shrine, and Walter Arzaretti, organizer of the event.

The opportunity to conduct the event was the death 'anniversary of Egidio's Bullesi exiled from Pola, who died in assumed sanctity in 1929, he was only 24 years old, for contracted tuberculosis performing his apostolate functions. The joint opening in April 16 of the Holy Door of the Mercy 2016, Jubilee in the Marian shrine in the island. So the organizers combined the idea to a Julian-Dalmatian exodus rally, and the world to remember a venerable exiled and celebrate the Jubilee. The place chosen, the ancient Barbanas Marian Sanctuary, in the Grado lagoon, is also significant, because Grado houses many of the Istrian exiles coastal fishermen who have continued to practice here. Among them I remember the Fasanas Villio, brothers of my mother-in-law, who came here with their Fishing boat, and their descendant continue to practice the craft of the fathers.

Onj the 25th everything went according to plan carefully prepared by Walter Arzaretti, who



Photo by: C. Palazzolo, at the time of the bishop blessing and the exchange of greetings, reception, from left, Roberto Di Piazza, Trieste mayoral candidate, Manuel Braico President of the Association of Istrian Communities, Walter Arzaretti former collaborator of archbishop Bommarco, and organizer of the event, Antonio Ballarin president of the Federation of Exiles, a person undetected and Maurizio Tremul President of the Executive Committee of the Italian Union

awaited the participants at the landing stage coming by bus from: Trieste, Gorizia, and elsewhere in Grado, where they embarked for the island, and gathered around the large cross in memory of the year 2000 Jubilee. In procession came, also Bishop Oscar Rizzato, the abbot, and the monks of the monastery attached to the Sanctuary, its curators. Here, after the bishop blessing came the exchange of greetings among the ecclesiastic authorities and the presidents of the exiles' associations, so the crowd has started in procession singing the litanies towards the Holy Door of the Sanctuary, a "narrow gate" and that has been crossed neatly after profession of faith and the recitation of the Creed. Thus it began the rite of the Jubilee, which was completed with Eucharistic communion and the exit from the church by the Main "large" door. The solemn Mass was supported by the singing of the choir Association of Istrian Communities of Trieste; at the end of the rite the reporter, Bellaspiga Lucia of L'Avvenire, Milan newspaper, daughter of exiles from Pola, read, according to agreements, a significant allocution in which, starting from her childhood memories of

parents and relatives who spoke with nostalgia of places, smells and flavors of the land of origin, it has touched all the themes of the Exodus: *the one who left and the one who stay*, the arrival in Italy, suddenly destitute, homeless, and jobless, the welcome, and the Refugee Camps. The shepherding carried out by exiles among the exiles; the bishops of Parenzo and Pola Msgr. Raffaele Radossi, Fiume Msgr. Ugo Comuzzo, Zara Msgr. Peter Doimo Munzani, and Antonio Vitale Bommarco from Cherso that although he was not an exile, gathered around him and took care of people coming from his native island. And without fail to mention the numerous anonymous priests; Don Angelo Tarticchio the martyrs, Father Placido Cortese, Don Marco Zelco, Don Francesco Bonifacio, the same Egidio Bullesi, the laity, Norma Cossetto, and many others. Names for many, especially the younger ones, but for the most old people like myself who have known them, as Father Flaminio Rocchi, the same age as my mother, I met in Peschiera at the annual meetings of the

exiles from the island of Lussino, where we sat next to each other at table and he indoctrinated" me with the fervor that he show right up to the end of his life, one that triggers the concern of the sister with whose family he spent the last years of his life, which in at some point approached us urging to calm down. And, Msgr. Antonio Vitale Bommarco, of whom the organizer of this Jubilee was a protégé, who familiarly called Father Vitale or just Father, that after having repeatedly held the role of the Provincial Father and the prestigious Father General of the Order of Friars Minor Conventual of St. Francis and archbishop of Gorizia, and Gradisca, he retired as a modest friar in Franciscan convent of Via Giulia in Trieste, where the Abbot was Father Enzo Poiana, another of his pupils, now abbot of the Basilica of St. Anthony of Padua. It was the period when I intensively collaborated with him in the management of the Community of the exiles from Cherso, and their newspaper. And I remember well my exodus, at age 12 with my mother and a younger sister, which was not as dramatic as that of many others thanks to his providence who was guilty of being Sicilian, and had escaped a year earlier. He found employment, and a temporary accommodation in a reception center for the families of the military Finance Guards, which he has been. We remained in this center for about a year and then they assigned us an apartment in the second batch of public housing built by the Municipality of Trieste after the war. For me, a sophomore high school student, the exodus meant the abandonment of the town, the home, relatives, friends, change of school, teachers and classmates, that is, I was inserted into a new group, which is not bad, I was welcomed there, but into whose dynamic I was never able to fully participate, and especially it meant fitting into a program of study already moving toward its annual conclusion, because we arrived in March. Despite the aid that my family gave me, my gaps, due to the preparation as a private in my native village in the sixth grade and the frequency of the high school sophomore in Lussinpiccolo without the Latin language, they were huge and I didn't make it. This was good, because the following year began for me a more peaceful transition to

the new reality. It was the start of integrating into a kind of masking my origin, because it was not acceptable to be an exiled, they were considered usurpers of the jobs and homes of residents. (instead of the home and work they had to leave to continue be Italian, to express their ideas and profess their religion without fear for their lives) ...And still other things come to mind, as I believe It happened to all older expatriates.

The Bellaspiga ended her long speech in the words of Don Cornelio Stefani from Lussino - another special acquaintance through Walter - *"Our paradise turned into hell ... but we have not reciprocated hate with hate alternative to forgiveness does not exist for peaceful coexistence. We then have forgiven them, but we have, also the sacred duty to remember."*

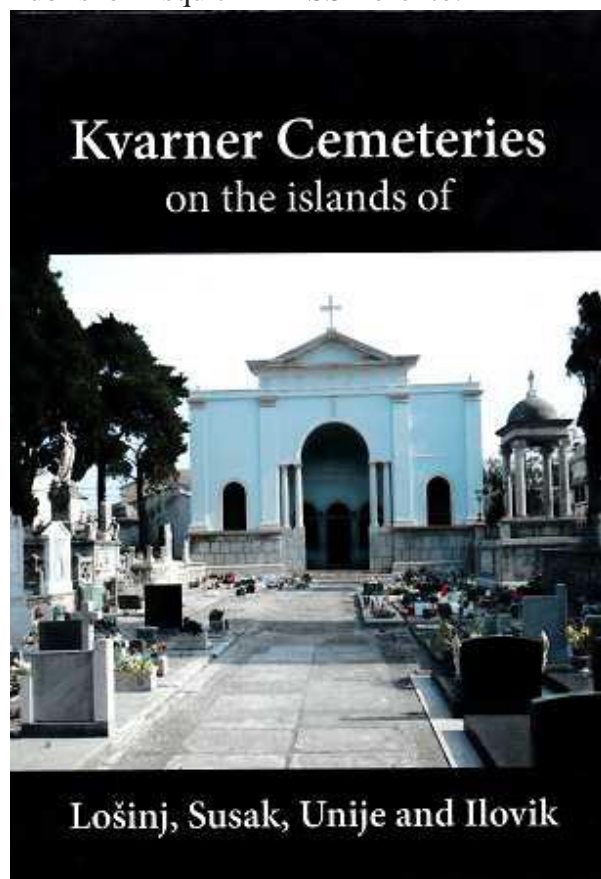
I will limit myself to that *"sacred duty to remember"* because I believe that forgiveness for those who have suffered serious personal wrongs or have seen their relatives to bear such wrongs it is difficult, and personal in any case. After the Holy Mass, always singing the litany, the procession went to the chapel which houses the remains of the venerable Bullesi, where there have been other speeches, and in particular that of President of the Federation of Exiles, Antonio Ballarin, a descendant of refugees from Lussingrande.

Here the representatives of the various associations in attendance, also received a souvenir picture., and finally there was the lunch at the Pilgrim House where, for a modest sum, it was served in reasonable, given the number of those present, an abundant meal, and absolutely decent interspersed chants from the Istrian folk tradition that have spontaneously crop up at various tables.

THE BOOKCASE

I was contacted via the internet from Canada, by Mr. Grant Karcich native of Unie. where he currently resides. He complimented the Neresine Community in his email in general, and myself in particular, for our website that is very interesting for the remarkable historical material, photo and family content therein. in

the same email he mentioned that he had written and published in Canada three books (in English) two of which I later received free as a personal gift (so here I wish to thank you very much), one on the cemeteries of the islands: Lussino, Sansego, Unie St. Pietro dei Nembi (original title *"Kvarner Cemeteries on the islands of Lošinj, Susak, Unije and Ilovik"*) that follows, but more comprehensive, because it brings all the tombstones, and beyond those of Italian origin, (the work of prof. Pauletich from Rovigno (quoting) that we published in the brochure n ° 13 annexed to the magazine in June 2015. On the whole are reported all registrations of gravestones transcribed by the author in the years 2009 to 2014 in the following cemeteries: Nerezine, San Giacomo, Ciunski, Lussinpiccolo, Lussingrande, San Pietro dei Nembi, Sansego, and Unie. The book consists of 197 pages and is published by Publisher Asquith PRESS Toronto.



The other book is called *"From the Kvarner to the New World--Lošinj Mariners and Ship builders in the Americas 1748 - 1974"* In 102 pages, plus some Appendix. It tells the story of many Lussignani (Lussino citizens) and other islanders places that during more than two centuries have left their islands for various

reasons, and continued to live in the "Americas" to illustrate and honor, some up to high levels, the seamanship of 'Kvarner islands. Of these two books, the author upon my asking told me to have printed a limited number of copies that he distributed to friends and acquaintances as well as to some local library. Too bad, because they are two works very original and definitely interesting for those, like us, who are interested in the history of Lussino, and Cherso islands in particular, but not only. Instead the third book written by Karcich entitled: "*History and Families of Unije*" same edition is translated in: English, Croatian, and, Italian it can be ordered at cost of \$ 25.95 plus shipping costs (dollars) to the publisher Llumina Press (Florida, United States) at the following Internet address:

<http://www.ilumina.com/bookstore/genealogy/history-and-families-of-unije-a-compiled-fistory> I have ordered the book, and as soon as I receive it, I shall review it in this section.

IL DALMATICO

(Terza Parte)

Insights on G. Prague writings 1300-1400 words of Spalato and the ancient language in dialect words of: Rovigno d'Istria

The prolific author Marcello Mastrosanti (To his credit about fifteen titles of related works the history of his town, also in relation with the contacts had this city with Istria and Dalmatia, but not only) he has kindly made us have his last relative volume of the ancient spoken in use in Dalmatia in past centuries, which even became extinct at the end of 1800, they have still exercised, when it was still flourishing, a significant influence on idioms who came in contact with it, including the Croatian Serb.

(For example: kupijerta the Serbo-Croatian Ragusa. It comes from the Dalmatian veglioto copiarta; while kuverta, who feels in Arbe, comes from the Venetian coverta. Source: Encyclopedia Treccani); some Dalmatian elements is still preserved in the Venetian, and Veglia dialect. This study represents Mastrosantis third, contribution to this

interesting topic: the first, published in 2014, titled: "Il Dalmatico" the ancient language in the dialect words: Poggio of Ancona-Camerano - Ancona - Agugliano - Numana-Pola (Fianona and Draga) - Fiume - Zara Neresine- Curzola - Spalato - Romania - in Acquaviva Molise "had already been presented in this section in magazine n° 23 of October 2014. second book published the following year (2015) brought the title: "Il Dalmatico - second part. Added significant. The ancient language in the dialect words: Amandola-Dignano from Istria and the remainder Pola with their glossaries. "Here is the first part of the introduction made by the author in his third volume: "Last year, the Gathering of Dalmatians in Senigallia, the books presenter Professor Adriana Jvanov asked me if I intend to draw up a new book, I raised my arms in a sign of who knows "Time will tell." Because at the books stand on display I found the writings of Joseph Prague in three volumes and the vocabulary of Rovigno dialect by Anthony and John Pellizzer, I immediately got working, and as the saying goes "there is no two without three. "Using Prague archival sources, from which I readily took first a more comprehensive study on the tongue the Dalmatico, with no plans to give more strength to the one I already mentioned in the first two essays. Therefore, in this my third written on historical culture the Dalmatico language, deepens the topics by prof. Joseph Prague who was born in 1893 on the island of Ugliano in front of Zara and died in 1958. At his death his remarkable archive was donated to Marciana. Library. Work published in 1954 by CEDAM of Padua and republished in 1981 by Mario Dassovich. (from Fiume). Since 1979 are also condensed in the Institute of the Historical Center of Rovigno. The articles and essays by Professor. Prague remained difficult to find, due to lack of disclosure, and the same Italian academic historians, they stay away from the past of Dalmatia, maybe not to refute the thesis of the Yugoslav scholars. in fact, the Yugoslav and Croatian history have liquidated Joseph's Prague History as "typical of those who could not overcome their irredentism "(Rade Petrović "Dalmatia in the twentieth century ..."and Tomislav Raukar). Now the work of prof. Prague gathered in the "Writings over Dalmatia

"by Egidio Ivetic - Venice: The 1st tome is the year 2012, the 2nd tome year 2013 and the third



volume year 2014. I completed a re-reading of the three volumes, with a discovery of 1300 1400 words in-Dalmatico in mostly from the 1st tome, and I picked those pertaining to about 2200 words that I have in this language. Prague was director of Paravia Library of Zara, founded in 1926, "the Dalmatian Society of

Second guided tour of the Dalmatian School of San Giorgio degli Schiavoni



Photo of the participants together

Homeland History," he is knowledgeable of the German, and Serbian-Croatian, he is paleographer, and medievalist. Besides, I was also lucky for the issue that I wrote, for being the Prague in 1936, superintendent of the State Archives in Zara where the Spalato documents abounds (cont.) “

THE POETIC CORNER

By: Maria Zanelli: Another recollection from my childhood of Neresine that I wish to share.

BORA.

Thumps, knocks at the door!
The grumpy old man is not opening,
It has a bad temper
and yet is part of the family
all envy its mobility
its mighty strength,
but above all its total freedom.
From the cold north It comes
It shakes us and push us,
turning around it awake us
and when pacified it leaves us,
we feel stronger
we have more courage
a renewed desire to live.

The second guided tour organized by Our Community at the prestigious institution in Venice, was held Saturday, March 19, 2016, as announced in the previous issue of this magazine. The institution was, founded way back in 1451 by a group of Dalmatians, then called Schiavoni, from which the name of the school. The other name of the institution " of Saints George and Tryphon", refers to the name of the two Dalmatian patron saints along with St. Jerome, the aims for which it was established, and still seeks, in addition to the countless artwork in it (just envision the famous canvases by Carpaccio), the rich library, the historical objects kept there. They were already mentioned in the recalled number, and others before. Also, on this occasion to lead the large group of visitors, among them many from Trieste, was Dr. Aldo Sigovini, as on other occasions he is recalled, "Guardian Grande" (ancient social charge corresponding to the current president) of the School. The visit, much appreciated by all participants, including some representatives of the osserina (from Ossevo) community, it ended at the typical restaurant "Al Giardinetto" where we enjoyed a good fish based lunch.



Photos of some visiting instances

SAD NOTES

We will be missing:

Antonio Galvani

(Remembrance by: Nino Bracco)



On January 27, 2016 died in Vienna Antonio Galvani former Glavan, known to all by his nickname of Tonic'i. He was born in the Neresine 10/06/1931, his father was John Glavan and mother Carmela Ragusin, was the youngest son, his siblings were Lydia, married to Quirino (Kirin) Marinzulich of Benetovi, then there was John, known as Nino, who wed a Genoese in Genova, then Mario who remained in Neresine and married a Lussignana, Mario was also known

as an artist painter of prevailing local environmental frameworks. Tonic'i, after the passage of our islands under Tito's Yugoslav sovereignty, like many other villagers fled to Italy, from where, again like many others, emigrated to the US, sponsored by his cousin Elsi Ragusin, known as ex deported to Auschwitz, (which we reported on our newspaper, as the book "An American in Auschwitz" Tonic'i settled in New York City and always remained in contact with fellow countrymen living there. In New York, he met an Austrian-born lady, the two married, and after a lifetime of hard and honest work, accrued some comfort, at retirement age, the two decided to return to Europe, and settled in Vienna, wife's hometown. Needless to say they were also in Nerezine, where he restored the ancestral home in Sottomonte, and like so many others spent every summer vacationing in his birthplace. Tonic'i was a very jovial person, good-looking, and gentle mannered, we remember him with affection and great regret.

Don Nevio Martinoli

(Remembrance by: Flavio Asta)



Monday, February 22, 2016 has gone up to the Father's House Don Nevio Martinoli, a great friend. He would have celebrated his 91st birthday on March, 12. Ordained a priest on March 27, 1948, he was pastor of St. Theresa of the Child Jesus in Albaro (GE). He held important positions in the Curia of Genova. Was chaplain of His Holiness and Honorary Chaplain of the Lourdes Basilica, and for many years he has been assistant of the Unitalsi Genova and the Ligurian region. Istrian exile, Don Nevio was Honorary President of the Community of Lussinpiccolo in Italy, the city where he was born in 1925. Monsignor Nevio Martinoli (the title had been conferred by Cardinal Tarcisio Bertone, Vatican Secretary of State, in September 2006) was the son of maritime Mirto commander and Gaudia Piccini. He attended the Nautical Institute "Nazario Sauro" and, after a short navigation period with the father, enrolled and attended the Zara seminary. He took the vestiture of the minor orders in the Lussinpiccolo Cathedral, and after the completion of sub-diaconate in Lussingrande, in the villa of the Sacred Heart, and the diaconate in Zara. Braved the exodus, and on March 27, 1948 was appointed priest in the Seminary of Genova. Only twenty years later, in 1968, he celebrated his first Holy Mass in his native island. At the end of the '60s he organized the first meeting of the Lussignani exiles in Genova. To integrate its many initiatives, in 1999 he collaborated in the birth of the sheet "LUSSINO" which opened a gash on the historical and social circumstances of the Lussino island, and he was immediately the first director. The year before Giuseppe Favrini founded in Trieste the "Community of Lussinpiccolo, of the nonresidents" to recover the history and maintain the Italian, and seafaring island culture. The humanity, and availability towards others, together with the passion for the native island they make so, that Don Nevio be appointed the first president of the Community of Lussino. He celebrated in 2008, his 60 years' anniversary as a priest. In Lussinpiccolo, He wrote: "My life is spent trying to revive our life not only in Lussino, but also in Italy, and other countries where we are. He managed to gather

friends who were living in the US, South America, and South Africa." The last Greetings to Don Nevio was officiated in "his" Church of Santa Teresa in Albaro, on Wednesday, February 24, 2016.

Riccardo Nicolich

(Remembrance by: Anna Marinzulich Berri)

Riccardo Nicolich was born in Neresine back on March 1, 1934. His mother died very young, and so even the father. I remember him a young girl, because often he came to see us. In fact, his mother was a German, sister of my mother's late husband, that even after getting married with my father, she had always maintained a friendly relationship, respect, and affection with her first husband's family. He was still very young when he came to Trieste, leaving with his aunt Desideria. Immediately he embarked on a ship and began working to become independent. He was always an honest, hard worker, gaining the respect and sympathy of all.

He states that as a young man he had normal vision: his blindness started after age 35. Also, after the advance of the vision disease, which prevented him from sailing, he didn't lose heart, and worked for years as a receptionist at a bank, until retirement. We remember with pleasure the figure of the beloved, late wife Mary. We thank you Lord for having placed Richard next to us: You have accompanied him in life. He has given us moments of joy with his sincere laughter born from his heart. Also he inwardly carried painful experiences, but he was able to joke about it with a renewed love for life. We remember his smile that lit up the face. I remember when in the summer months he spends summer in his beloved Neresine home, where he, better than a surveyor, programmed each renovation work: doors, windows, rooms, bathrooms, and backyard. We remember him in his cellar, where in autumn with lots of love, and dedication; he made his wine. For all the gifts received from him we thank you O Lord. Help us to give to others what Riccardo, in his earthly journey, passed

on to us. Receive him into your kingdom of peace, and give him eternal life.

Carmen Anelli

(Remembrance by: her niece Michela Anelli)



Carmen Anelli in a recent snapshot with her granddaughter Anna

Born in San Giacomo di Nerezine in 1933. After the WWII, to avoid "Volunteering" work went by relatives in Pola. Refugee in Roio Pineta (Aquila) in 1950. From 1951 to Marghera as a seamstress. Bride in Trieste in 1973, married neresinotto Denchi Cavedoni, a great boatswan. Widowed in 1999, she continues to go each summer to see her land and her friends in Neresine doing many, many "ciacole". Sick on lymph nodes, had surgery, then back to Marghera, and close to family, in 2006. Debilitated. In 2015 she enters a nursing home in Mestre, where he suddenly died on Good Friday, March 25, this year.

Simeone Soccoli

(Remembrance by: Nino Bracco and Flavio Asta)



On 24 May this year died in New York Simeon Soccoli, Sime, Simic ', last name Sam Soccoli. He was born in Neresine 9 December 1931. e Sime is known for his passion for running, even at a competitive level. He was a "Ultrarunner" (Long Distance Runner), he participated in races of 50 kilometers or more, and in that specialty also he won an American champion title. Among other marathons and endeavors, see second photo of May 25, 2005 he run through our two islands, from Faresina to Lussingrande, in 13 hours and 12 minutes. Through him his sponsors contributed a certain number of dollars for the construction of bathroom facilities at Madonna of Cigale R.C. Church. In our magazine Nr.11, October 2010 we had published in sports column a long letter in which he listed his many sporting achievements made around the world, including of course, also the one cited above.



For the little ones

Our aim with this new rubric to "entice" our children toward some interest in this magazine, and the siblings in our families. Publishing News of their world, anecdotes, achievements in sports, stories like one found after this presentation. The purpose (I wonder if we do) is to encourage them to look for the pages dedicated to them, of their world, to encourage pride in their roots and culture, hoping that one attraction may lead to another, like looking at some pictures, and pick their curiosity toward what we stand for. After the pages dedicated to them they may surprise us to know more about this Neresine, is it a land of the Robin Hoods or Harry Potter? Never underestimate the young!

the bill

Found in "Coffee Break", a supplement to the magazine "To hand "Nr. 50 of the AVAPO Mestre Onlus (Association Volunteers Help Patients Oncology)

One evening, while his mother was preparing dinner, her eleven-year-old son showed up in the kitchen with a leaflet in hand. Oddly, with official appearance he handed the piece of paper to his mother, who wiped her hands on her apron, and read what was written: "To have torn weeds from the driveway: 5 Euro.

For having ordered my room: Euro 10.

For going to buy milk: Euro 1.

For having paid attention to the little sister (three times): Euro 15.

For taking two good times at school: Euro 10.

For bringing out the trash: Euro 7.

Total: Euro 48 ".

The mother stared at her son tenderly in the eye, her mind is crowded with memories. she took a pen and, on the back of the leaflet, she wrote:

For having carried in her womb for nine months: Euro 0.

For all the nights spent keeping watch when you were sick: EUR 0.

For all the times that I cradled you when you were sad: EUR 0.

For all the times I've dried your tears: Euro0.

For all that I have taught you, day after day: Euro 0.

For all breakfasts, lunches, snacks, dinners and the sandwiches that I prepared: Euro 0.

For the life I do every day: Euro 0.

Total: 0 Euro.

He turned over the paper on his bill, and wrote: "Paid in full". Then he jumped into his mother's neck and flooded her with kisses

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“strada” per la chiesetta di Lose

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Summary

ARTICLES	Pages
Almost from newspaper to magazine.....	1
Interview with Flavio Asta	2
News for the Community	4
9 th Photo Contest.....	4
The way we were.....	4
Puntacroce: my hometown	16
The .ail	22
Stories -Those golden hands	25
Agaist Exodus.....	26
History of the Madonna of Grazes Nerezine	33
Public prayer for the Day of Remembrance	35
Researches	39
Press Review	43
Fitness and third age	46
World news Julian Dalmatian	50
The bookcase	54
The poetic corner	56
Second guided tour of the Dalmatian School	56
Sad notes	57
For the little ones	60
Contributions.....	61