

A Bit of Family History & Lore
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The following is an excerpt written by my maternal Great Aunt, that is the sister of my Grandmother, that is, my Mother's Mother. Eternal Rest Grant unto them all.

These three women were 100% Italian by race and ethnicity, although they were true Americans as well. My Great Aunt wrote a book, which she privately self-published, to her Daughter, my Mother's, and thus my, Cousin. Only six copies of the book were ever made, and those handed out to family members. My Mother received one copy. A few years ago, I was staying at my Father's house, and I happened upon my Great Aunt's book. I read some of it, yet my time was limited. Anyway, some pages I was able to print copies of at the local library, being given my Father's permission to do so. I believe this was around the time of my Mother's untimely passing, in early January 2019.

My Great Uncle, my Great Aunt's husband, may he Rest in Peace, served and fought in the Italian Army during World War II, and at some juncture was captured by the Communist Russians. He was then force-marched, along with many other Fascist (Nationalist) Italians, somewhere in Russia, and imprisoned in a Gulag. In fact, they may have been moved many times, from camp to camp. At some point, his feet became frostbitten and he lost some toes. I am not sure of the duration that he was a prisoner of war. It may have been one year or more, or perhaps two or three years. Although, I do remember, if I remember correctly, there was some familial animosity, on the part of my Great Uncle, towards the communists, primarily because of their cruelty, and even barbarity. Unfortunately, that is the extent of the information that I recall from family gatherings long ago while I was just a boy, and from the gleaning I was able to do in reading some of my Great Aunt's book a few years ago.

Incidentally, my Great Aunt had sent me a newspaper clipping from the early 1960s about the assassination of Lee Harvey Oswald by one Jack Ruby. I am quite upset with myself, for, like most of my other private property and personal belongings, due to certain distresses of life, I have long since lost the newspaper. It was an article from a newspaper in Dallas, Texas. Perhaps, *The Dallas Herald*? I cannot remember. Yet, the article described how Jack Ruby was "known" to local authorities. The local police department were very familiar with Jack Ruby. In this absolutely horrible post World War II world, one recognizes the pattern that emerges from conspirators who are guilty by association. Although, that may not entirely be the case, if at all. And even if it were, that would not be an argument to abolish the police-force per se, because some of its members and leaders were corrupt, anymore than one could legitimately argue to abolish the Sacred Institution of Marriage and the Holy Matrimony thereof, because of an adulterer or because of an abusive husband.

Come to find out, Jack Ruby, Jack Leon Ruby, was a Jew, and was in the Jewish mob. Whilst I am not sure if this was mentioned in the article of the time, that might explain how the local police precinct "knew" Jack Ruby. And, to speculate, if he was known to the police, being a Jewish mobster, we might deduce that he had connections within the department. Woe to them who keep the company of evil men. Ruby shot and murdered Lee Harvey Oswald while he was in police custody. Did he murder him in the very same police station where he was, for years previously,

known by and to the police? If my memory does not fail me, that is precisely what the reporter stated. Oswald, was of course charged with the assassination of President John F. Kennedy on 22nd November 1963. Such a conspiracy within a conspiracy, all of which was covered up by the Warren Commission, the official narrative of events, is far beyond the scope of my ability to determine, and clearly well beyond the point of this present work.

I do not know why my Great Aunt sent me that newspaper article. I was only a boy at the time. In fact, I think I must have held onto it for years, and did not really read it, or learn the significance of the information, until years later, about roughly 2013. As I have mentioned, I have since lost the news article. I will say another thing. The author of the article is of an entirely otherworldly stock than the standards of 2021. He was, what I would consider, in my humble opinion, a true journalist. He reported the straight, plain, and simple facts. And for doing his due diligence and duty, he retained his moral integrity and journalistic professionalism. The contrast with the completely Jewish owned, produced, and dominated corporate news media of today, and that of the 1960s is so stark that one might only deduce, that the corporate news empire of today, is utterly untrustworthy, and thus does a perpetual disservice to the truth. That is not to say there was not major Jewish influence in America in the tumultuous 1960s. There was, and in fact, Jewish supremacy has had a death grip on America and the American people since, I would argue, at least 1913 when the Federal Reserve Banking system was formally established. And yet, it is only recently, that we, as a remnant, minority folk, in what should be, our own home Fatherlands, are finding ourselves increasingly residuum, atrophied, and unable to breath.

I do not know why my Great Aunt chose to send me that, piece of the puzzle as it were. But I am glad she did. While my family never once acted in an un-American, or in an anti-American way, bearing in mind that that is often used, by the enemies of our soul and salvation, as a euphemism for antisemitism, I am left with the unsettling feeling that there are family secrets of which I know nothing about, and there is a whole mystery of my family's history that is forbidden to me. I cannot compensate for this omission. And I cannot deny that this deficiency of identity and inheritance has had adverse effects on me. I have a suspicion that this might have something to do with the fact that Italians were severely discriminated against in America, with many being detained in concentration, or prisoner of war, camps on American soil, even though they were Americans. Many Italians fought in the military: I had a Great Uncle who was a grunt in the United States Marine Corps. He died at the age of 21, apparently he left behind no wife and no children. He was killed in combat while fighting the Japanese on the island of Guadalcanal, in the Pacific Theater of World War II. I cannot reflect upon his death, upon his sacrifice, without distress and even disdain. Did he die so that we could "live" or endure, in this sort of anti-Christ, anti-White, anti-National, multi-racial, multi-cultural, multi-religious draconian imperial Synagogue of Satan one world order? No, I do not believe that is what he died for, although his death, like so many countless millions of others, Germans, Italians, Russians, and so forth, is being excoriated by the enemies of all men of good will.

Incidentally, in my research I have come across documentation that in the Old South, there were at least some cases, of blacks being treated far, far better than Whites who were Irish immigrants. These Irish were indentured servants, which is the politically

“correct” term for a White person who was a slave. In the record I am recalling, the Irish men were made to do the most physically demanding and dangerous work, while the blacks enjoyed superior conditions because the blacks were deemed, by the slave owners themselves, as being worth more money, therefore, since Irish were gotten so cheap, the slavers could afford for any number of Irish to get seriously injured, maimed, or killed, whilst slaving away. Yet, the blacks, were more expensive to purchase, therefore, they were a much more coveted and protected investment. In my research, I have also been made aware of the Jewish involvement in the various slave trades of the world, including the Trans-Atlantic slave trade, which produced the slave plantations of the Old South, and also the North African Barbary Pirates slave trade, which captured, enslaved, and killed hundreds of thousands, millions of White Christians, that is Europeans, over the course of centuries. I digress, suffice it to say, that racially speaking, we might hazard a guess to whom the protagonist is and who the antagonist is by who is the louder, more obnoxious, more arrogant, for they tend to claim perpetual victim-hood, all whilst being perpetual criminals, or in league with, and apologists of, the same.

My Great Aunt had a special helper and protector. Namely, Saint Jude. She would pray to him in the Kingdom of Heaven, before a statue of him that stood on her makeshift alter in her modest home. My Great Aunt did not pray to a statue. She prayed to the Saint, the statue of which was a mere representation of. Catholics pray to God, pray to the Lord Jesus Christ, pray to the Blessed Ever Virgin Mary, and yes, Catholics pray to Saints, that is, souls who are known to be at peace and rest with God in Heaven forever, to intercede for them, and their loved ones, to God Almighty, on their behalf. I have heard it said, that we poor sinners need no intermediary between God. That the Lord Jesus Christ is the only intermediary. While the latter is true, the former is not necessarily so. While we might not need, an armed force of men patrolling and protecting our community, such an intermediary between us, and in our example, the bad guys, would be much preferable than if we were to fend for ourselves alone. Moreover, generally speaking, the King, if you will, shall not Himself personally answer every knock on the door to the palace, although He may, in the embodiment of his emissaries, open and answer to all whom it His will to do so. I like to think that true Roman Catholics are not so sinful that they cannot delineate between reverence of God, through his Saints, and sin against Him in flagitious idolatry.

My Great Aunt, like my Grandmother, was a kind, charitable, and saintly woman. Honestly, I cannot recall a single moment spent with my Great Aunt that was not a joyful and special occasion. And I must say, the same is true of my Nana.

Often times, those who give God short-shrift, are very impatient, very condescending, and even abusive towards faithful Christians, who, for reasons perhaps known to only themselves and God, might not have been able to make it to Mass every Sunday, yet nonetheless, accepted the Lord Jesus Christ into their hearts, and loved Him with all they had. I thank God, that I was so blessed with my Great Aunt and my Nana. They were truly remarkable women, and were not of the world they were born into. My mother too, contained within her, the essence of a bygone era. An era which, while I never experienced, nevertheless holds a particular nostalgia over me. God forgive me for saying so, but I am at least somewhat glad, that my Mother did not live to see the 2019 COVID pandemic, and the ongoing mask, lockdown, and experimental injection and medical tyranny thereof. I do not think I

could have endured seeing my Mother donning a mask and going through the additional draconian measures imposed on all. Like her Mother and her Aunt, my Mother had a womanly and feminine strength and character, that had nothing to do with politics, so much as it had to do with the culture, albeit partial, of *our* people. And yes, that is to the exclusion of all others, and rightfully so. While time and place has a lot to do with it, it is the racial, and by further diversity, the ethnicity, and the true legacy and social and cultural identity of the same, that is passed on. Without such tradition, I fear, technology, and those who have weaponized and yield it against us, will vie to fill the void. May we possess the courage to always do what is right.

To my Great Aunt, my Nana, and my Mother, I love you so very much, and I keep hoping to one day be reunited with you in the Kingdom of Heaven.

The following, are the complete pages of 51 and 52 of my Great Aunt's privately self-published book. While only two pages, I believe contained therein is a valuable witness to, not only my Italian heritage, yet to the struggle of all native European peoples and folks of pure European decent, especially regarding Mussolini, fascism, and World War II.

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"According to your father, and to many other Italian subjects with whom I have talked through the years, there were many positive benefits from Fascism, one of which was the tight control kept on prices.

For example, every morning, a "Guardia Municipale" - a town policeman - walked through the town to each store and marketplace, checking the prices being charged for each item. He also checked the prices of the small farmer who sold produce from a table at his front door. It was illegal for anyone to charge above the "calmiere," i.e., the ceiling price allowed. If the item being sold were off-season, the merchant was allowed to charge a bit more. The calmiere included a small profit to which the merchant was, naturally, entitled, but it prevented him from overcharging or exploiting the consumer. If each item were not clearly labeled with the price, the guardia would automatically fine the merchant...a ten lire fine for the "oversight," and an additional ten lire for the official stamp which the guardia placed on the violation ticket which he gave the merchant. This "dieci e dieci" - ten and ten - fine which he imposed assured the townspeople that they were being charged fairly for whatever they bought.

Before Fascism, there was extremely little organization in Italy, under the Monarchy. Merchants were not restricted to a certain number of working hours. Many, with lowered resistance, contracted tuberculosis. Mussolini passed a law forcing merchants to close their stores for two or three hours every afternoon, allowing them time to relax, and, if they chose, to take a siesta while the sun was at its peak, thereby helping them to stay healthy, reducing the risk of their succumbing to tuberculosis, and improving the overall public health.

I have heard people occasionally ask, laughingly, "What did Mussolini ever do besides making the trains leave on time?" The fact is, the train service at that time was not a laughing matter. Before Mussolini's appearance on the political scene, one could never depend on the established arrival or departure time of a train. The system was a farce. There was no one to control the arrogance of the railroad workers, who would leave the station whenever they felt it convenient to do so, stopping whenever they felt like it - along the way, for a snack, an espresso, or for any other personal reason. The helpless passengers had no one to whom they could protest. Mussolini changed all that. Under his regime the railroad workers became extremely disciplined, leaving and arriving at the exact minute the schedule indicated they would.

No doubt, the most important and enviable factor of Fascism, according to many, was the order and discipline established throughout the country. Military men were on foot patrol everywhere, even during the night, so that one need never worry in the least about being mugged, or molested in any way. If the hour were unusually late, they had the authority to stop you, ask your name, and demand to know your purpose for being out at that hour. If they doubted you at all, they would ask to see your "tessera di riconoscimento" - your identification card - which, among other things, also contained a brief record of one's criminal history. You had no problem if you were legitimately returning from a late movie, or from an evening of socializing with friends, but, if your card showed evidence of any criminal activities, you would automatically be detained in the local jail overnight. This, then, made the streets extremely safe at all hours of the night.

Under Mussolini, children were compelled to stay in school until they were sixteen years of age, thereby keeping them out of mischief, and, at the same time, lowering the country's illiteracy rate tremendously. If one missed school without good reason, someone from the Fascist command would go to the child's home and personally escort him to school. Education was not treated lightly. It was considered a privilege which no one should disparage. Mussolini himself had been a school teacher for many years. He knew how important an education was to an individual, and to a nation."

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