

THE RED HOUSE





UTENSILERIA
SOCIETÀ
ANONIMA
GEMONIO

100 ANNI

1926

SEMPRE
NELLE TUE
MANI

USAG





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WHAT DO FLAMES FEED ON?

STORIES

STORIES SHARED AROUND THE FIREPLACE

STORIES THROWN INTO THE FIRE
TO HOLD BACK THE NIGHT

TO CHASE AWAY FEAR

YOU MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT
ABOUT THE FIREWOOD

BUT DON'T FORGET THAT BOOKS
ARE MADE FROM THE FLESH OF TREES

AND PERHAPS THAT IS WHY FIRES
ARE SO HUNGRY FOR FORESTS

2026,
PRESENT DAY

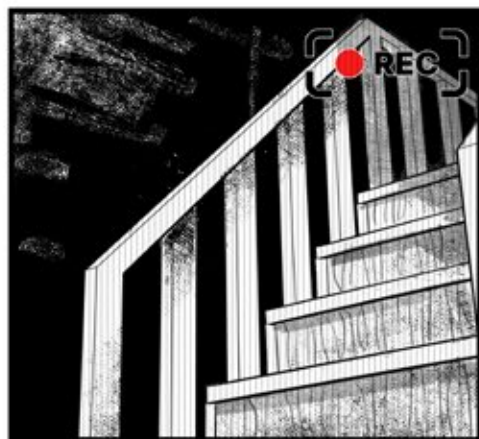
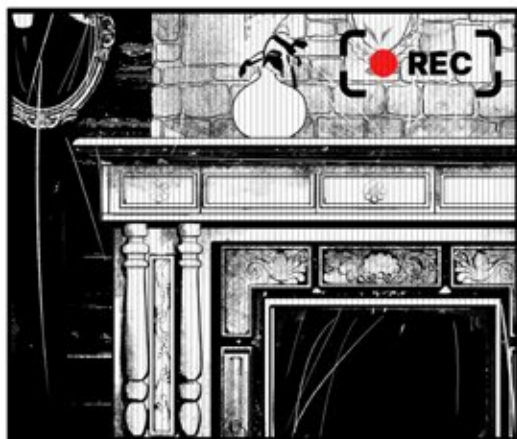
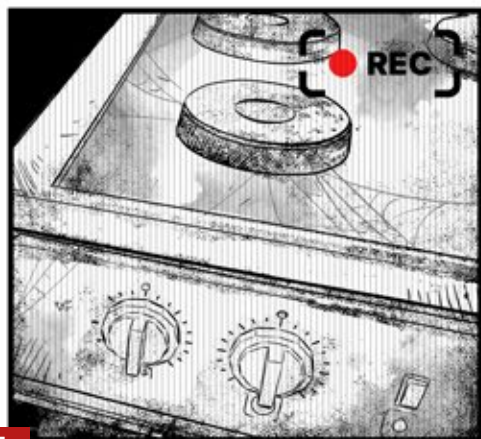
JOE,
SHOOT EVERY FRAME
LIKE YOU'RE CHASING
AN OSCAR.

THE RED HOUSE

PLACE LOOKS
GREAT ON CAMERA
...STILL GIVES
ME THE CREEPS.

IF THIS PLACE MAKES
YOU THINK CLINT
EASTWOOD
INSTEAD OF GHOSTS,
WE'VE GOT GOLD.

GET ME CLEAN
SHOTS OF THE
FIREPLACE AND
THE STAIRS.





WELCOME BACK TO THE CHANNEL.

I'M GIULIA. BEHIND THE CAMERA, JOE.

AND TONIGHT'S EPISODE OF MYSTERY CRIMES.

TAKES US SOMEWHERE PEOPLE WERE NEVER MEANT TO STAY LONG...

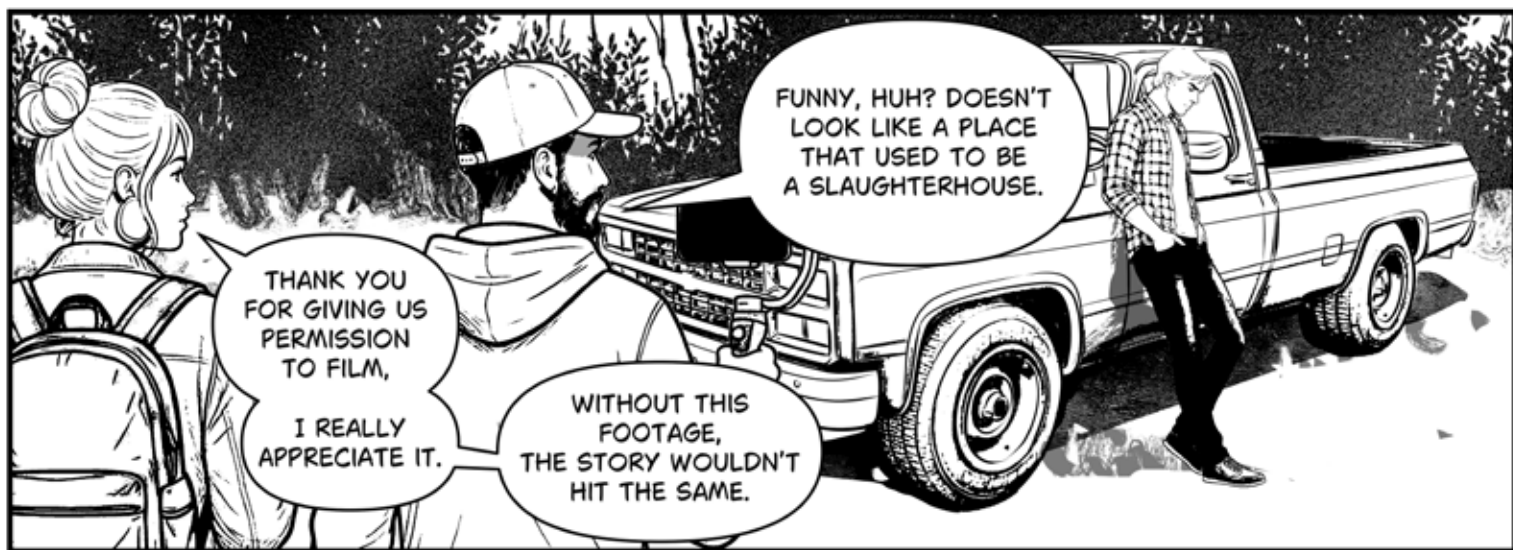
THE RED HOUSE!



SINCE 1996: TWO MURDERS. ONE SUICIDE. SIX DEAD. AND A TRAIL OF STORIES NOBODY'S EVER FULLY EXPLAINED.

TONIGHT, WE SEPARATE RUMOUR FROM TRUTH... BY HEARING IT STRAIGHT FROM THE PEOPLE WHO LIVED IT.





FUNNY, HUH? DOESN'T LOOK LIKE A PLACE THAT USED TO BE A SLAUGHTERHOUSE.

THANK YOU FOR GIVING US PERMISSION TO FILM,

I REALLY APPRECIATE IT.

WITHOUT THIS FOOTAGE, THE STORY WOULDN'T HIT THE SAME.



HECK, JOE!

NEXT TIME YOU MAKE BURGERS, TRY ADDING A LITTLE SENSITIVITY.

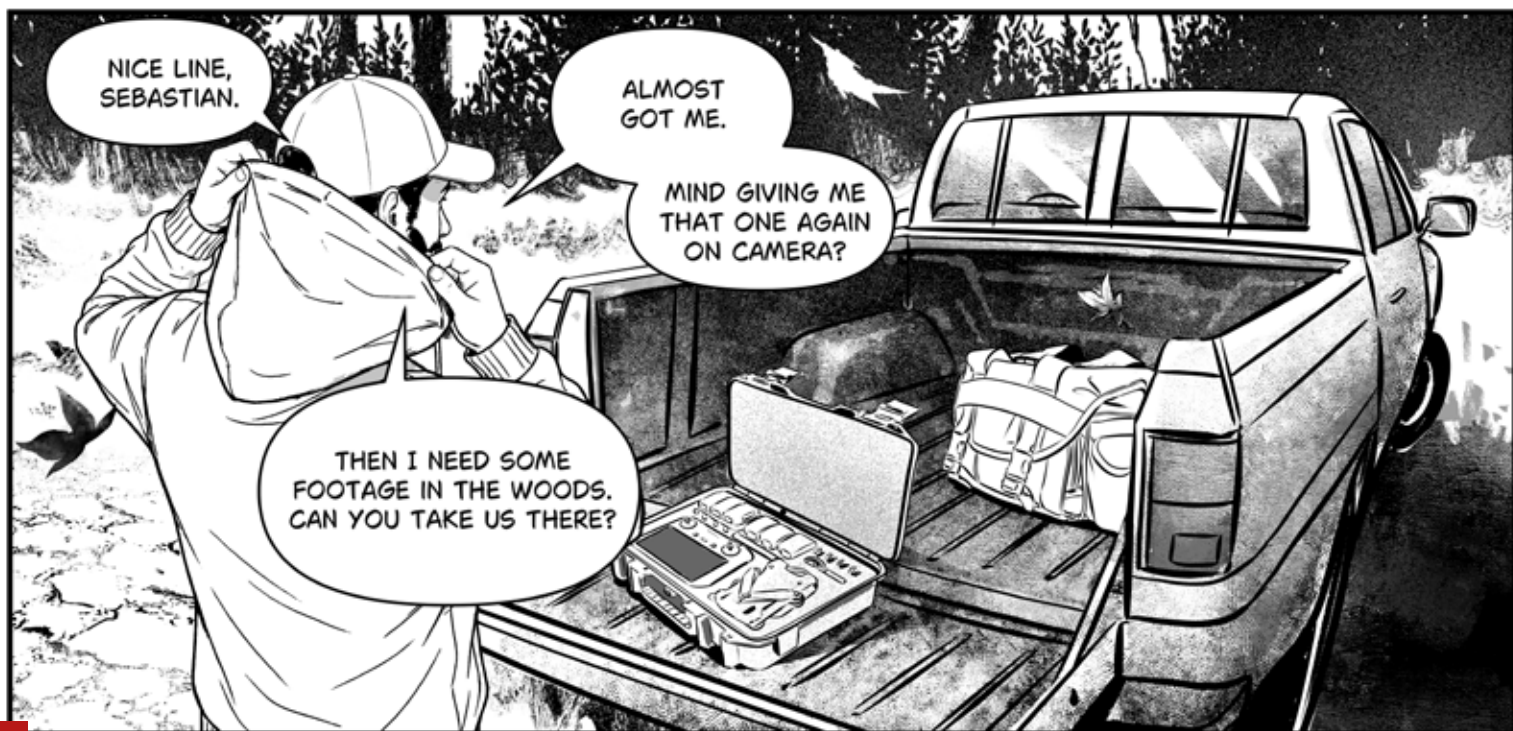
GOD KNOWS YOU'RE SHORT ON IT

STUD



DON'T WORRY. DOESN'T BOTHER ME ANYMORE.

AFTER THIRTY YEARS, YOU MOVE ON. SOONER OR LATER, YOU MAKE PEACE WITH YOUR DEMONS.

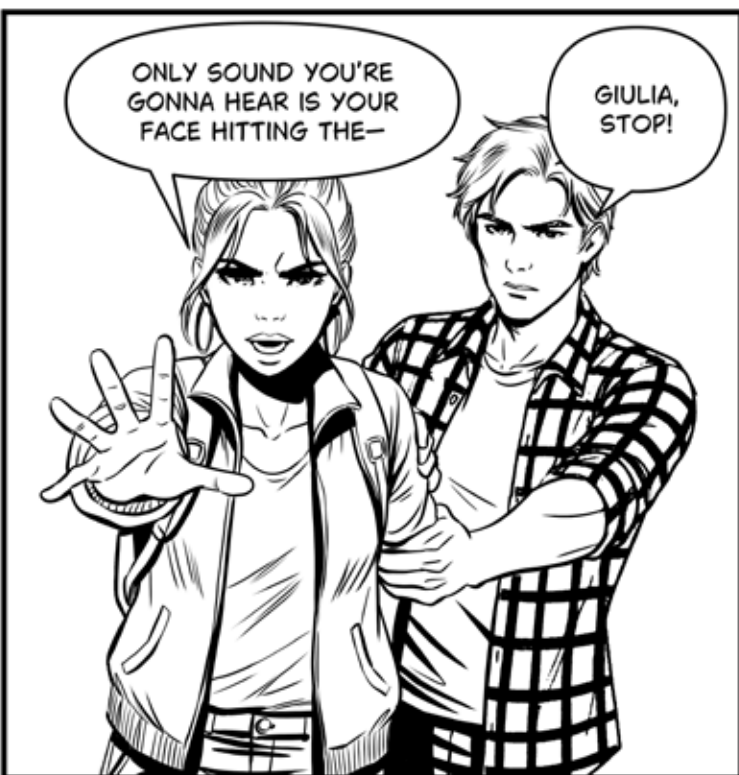
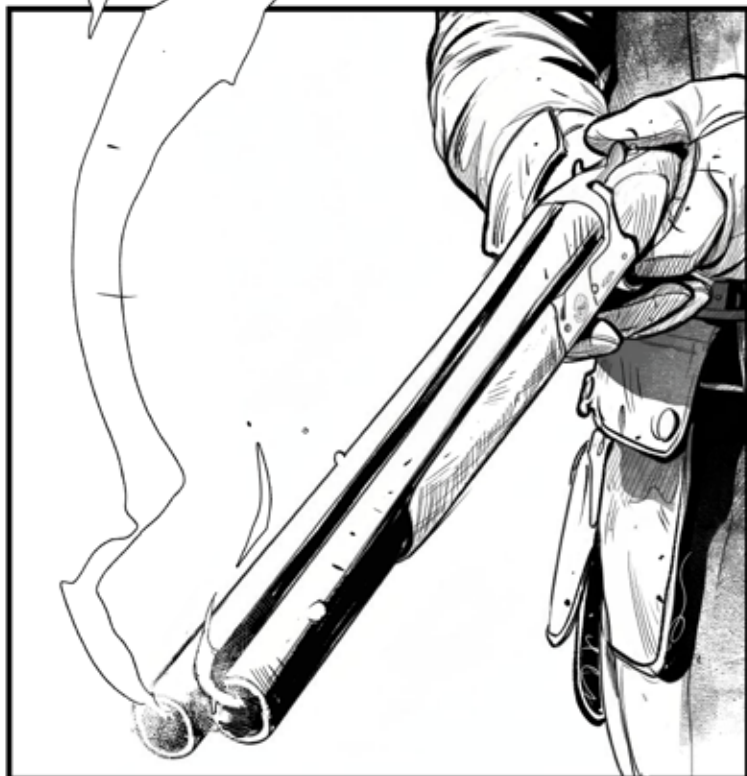


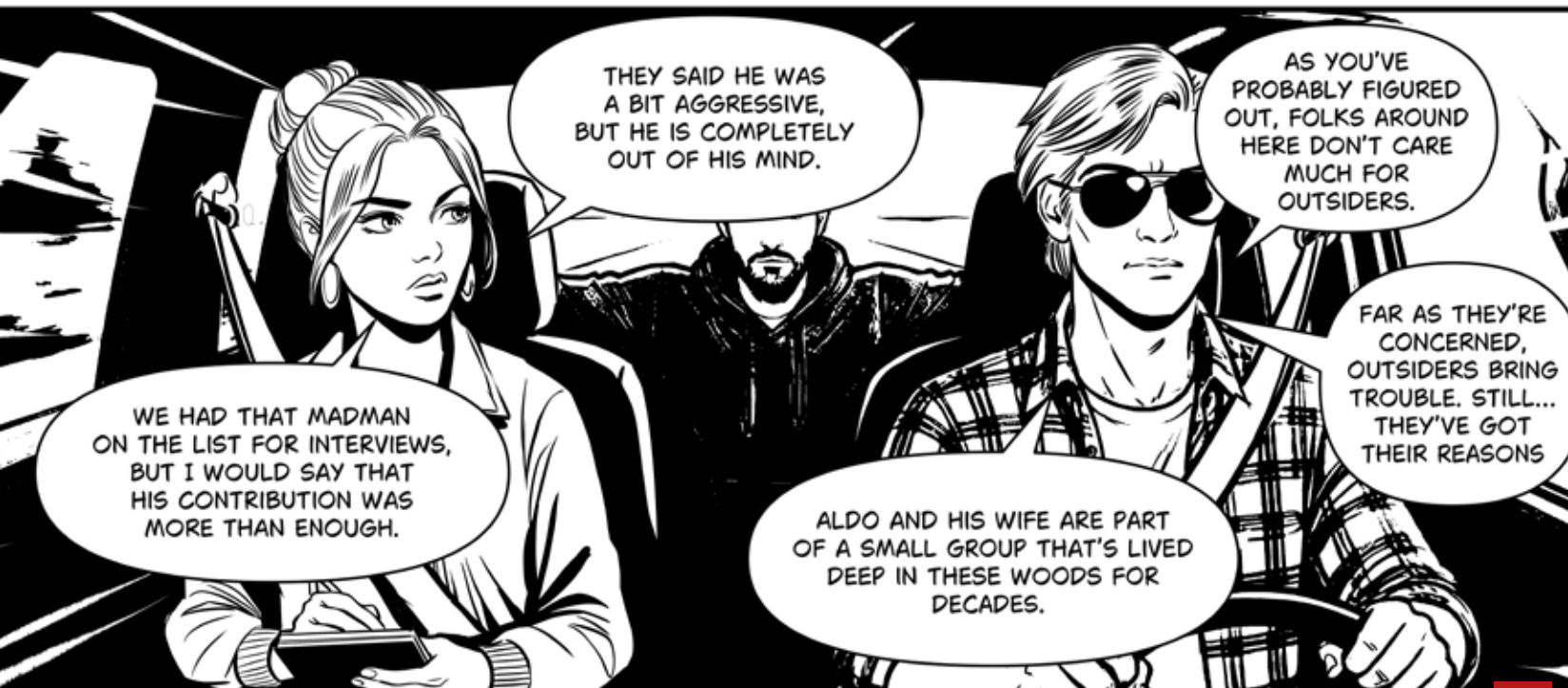
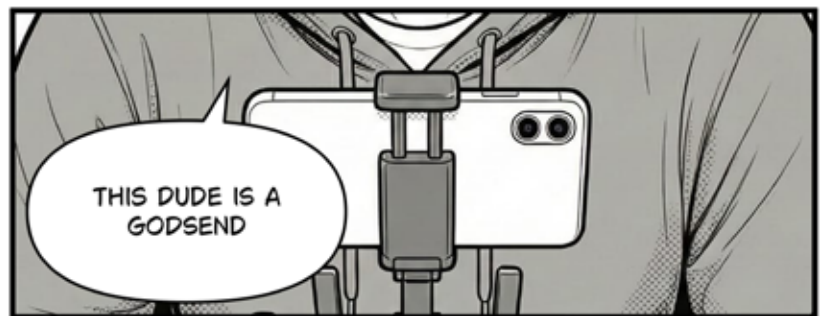
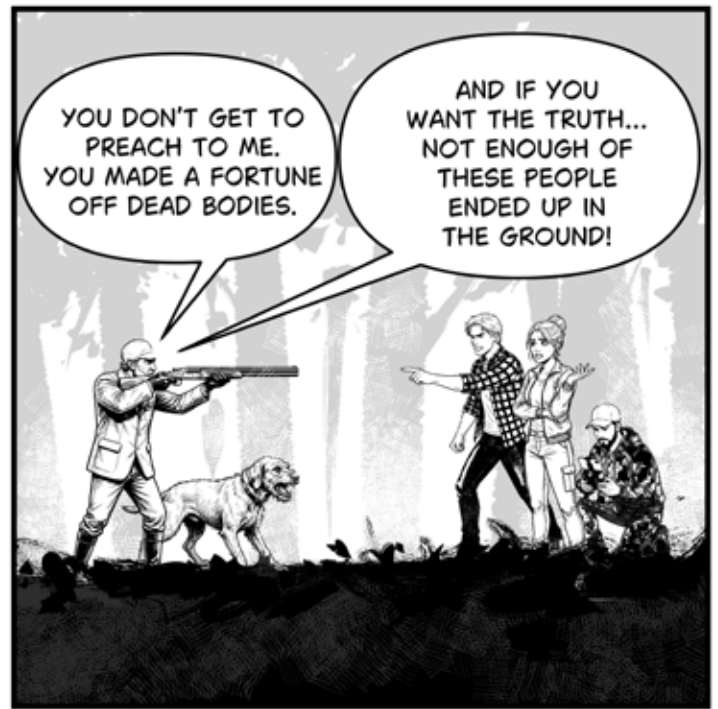
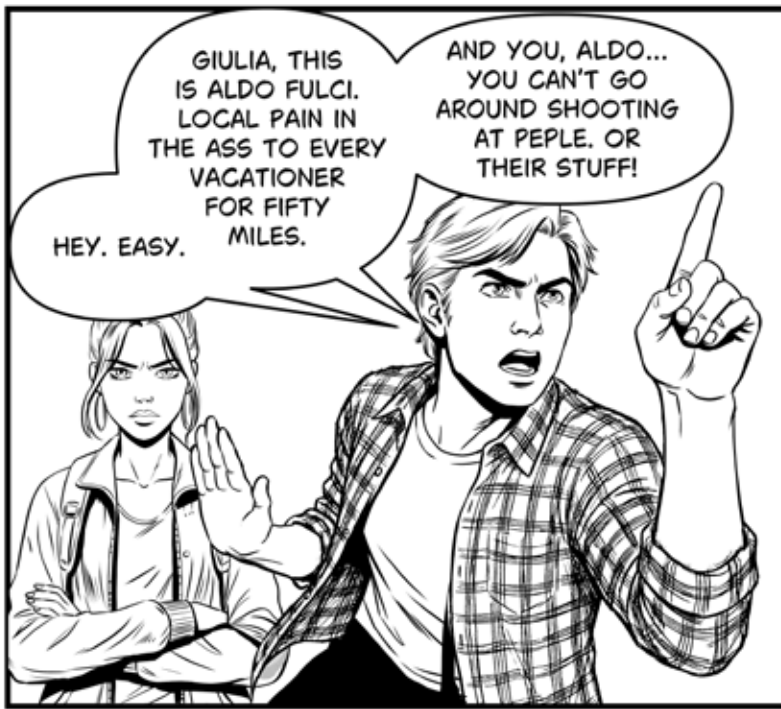
NICE LINE, SEBASTIAN.

ALMOST GOT ME.

MIND GIVING ME THAT ONE AGAIN ON CAMERA?

THEN I NEED SOME FOOTAGE IN THE WOODS. CAN YOU TAKE US THERE?







YEAH.
ONCE WE STARTED DIGGING
THROUGH THE FILES, THE REASON
FOR ALL THAT BITTERNESS BECAME
PRETTY CLEAR. FOR ALDO, HATRED
TURNED INTO A FULL-TIME
OCCUPATION.

STILL...

BUT WE WILL
COME BACK
TO ALDO.



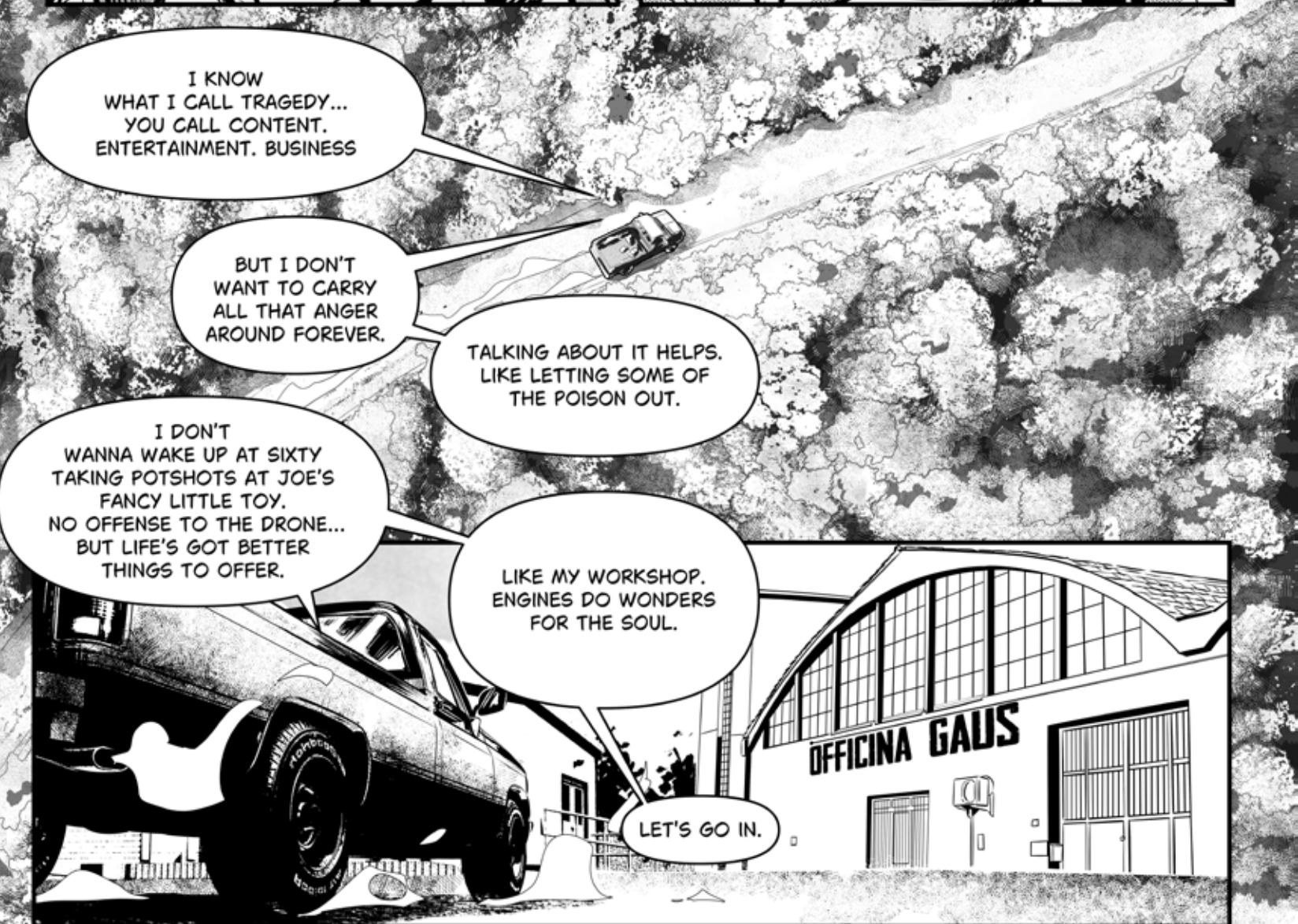
DO YOU FEEL LIKE
DOING THE INTERVIEW?
YOU DIDN'T WANT
TO ENTER THE HOUSE.

I DON'T KNOW
YOU THAT WELL YET.
MAYBE THIS STILL
HITS A NERVE.



I'M FINE.

I PROMISED YOU
MY STORY AND YOU
WILL HAVE IT.



I KNOW
WHAT I CALL TRAGEDY...
YOU CALL CONTENT.
ENTERTAINMENT. BUSINESS

BUT I DON'T
WANT TO CARRY
ALL THAT ANGER
AROUND FOREVER.

TALKING ABOUT IT HELPS.
LIKE LETTING SOME OF
THE POISON OUT.

I DON'T
WANNA WAKE UP AT SIXTY
TAKING POTSHOTS AT JOE'S
FANCY LITTLE TOY.
NO OFFENSE TO THE DRONE...
BUT LIFE'S GOT BETTER
THINGS TO OFFER.

LIKE MY WORKSHOP.
ENGINES DO WONDERS
FOR THE SOUL.

LET'S GO IN.



THIS PLACE IS INCREDIBLE. I'M GONNA CHANGE AND GET CAMERA-READY.

WHEN I WAS A KID, I WOULD'VE KILLED TO SPEND A DAY IN HERE.

HEY, BOSS.

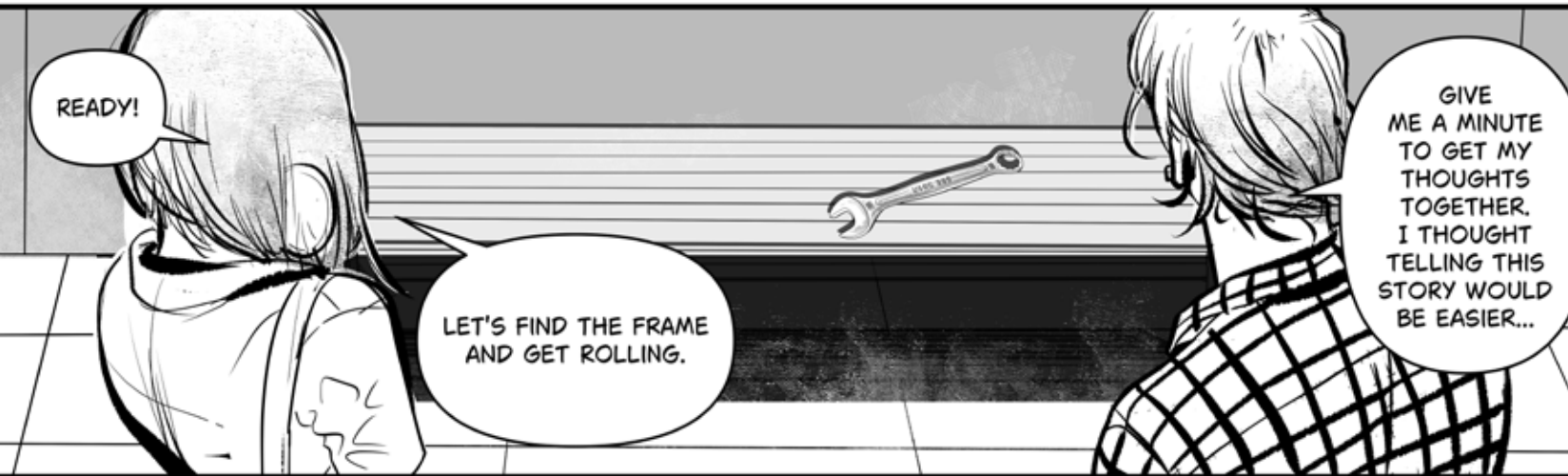
GUYS, WE'RE DONE FOR TODAY. GO HOME. I'LL CLOSE THE SHACK.



miare
AG professional

NON
CERTIFICATA
USAG 2000

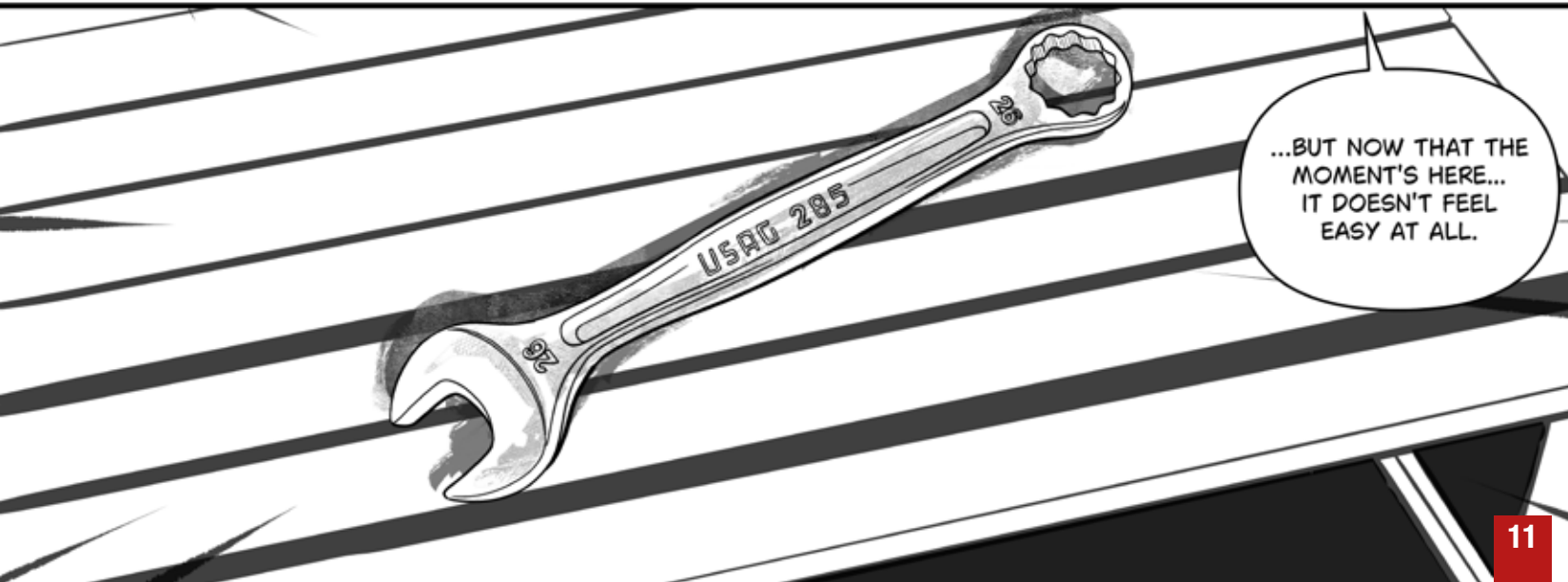
USAG



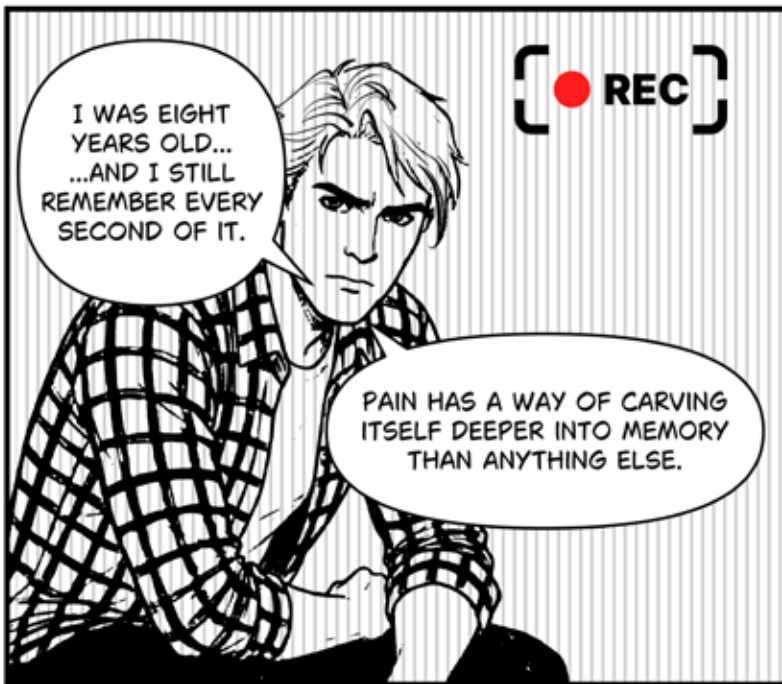
READY!

LET'S FIND THE FRAME AND GET ROLLING.

GIVE ME A MINUTE TO GET MY THOUGHTS TOGETHER. I THOUGHT TELLING THIS STORY WOULD BE EASIER...



...BUT NOW THAT THE MOMENT'S HERE... IT DOESN'T FEEL EASY AT ALL.



I WAS EIGHT YEARS OLD...
...AND I STILL REMEMBER EVERY SECOND OF IT.

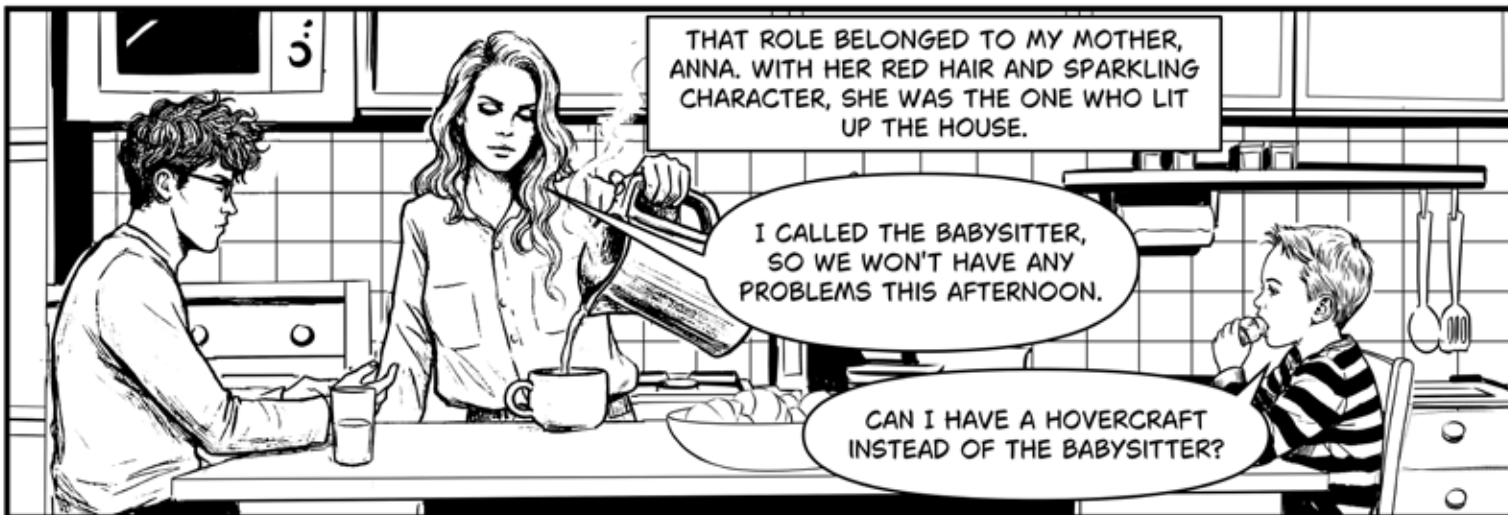
PAIN HAS A WAY OF CARVING ITSELF DEEPER INTO MEMORY THAN ANYTHING ELSE.



1996, THE GIRL WITH THE FIRE HAIR

MY NAME IS SEBASTIAN ROT.

TRUTH IS... THERE WASN'T MUCH SPECIAL ABOUT ME.



THAT ROLE BELONGED TO MY MOTHER, ANNA. WITH HER RED HAIR AND SPARKLING CHARACTER, SHE WAS THE ONE WHO LIT UP THE HOUSE.

I CALLED THE BABYSITTER, SO WE WON'T HAVE ANY PROBLEMS THIS AFTERNOON.

CAN I HAVE A HOVERCRAFT INSTEAD OF THE BABYSITTER?



I APPRECIATE THE INITIATIVE BUT NO, YOU CAN'T HAVE IT.

NICE TRY. BUT NO. HOVERCRAFTS ARE TERRIBLE BABYSITTERS. AND YOU'VE STILL GOT SOME GROWING UP TO DO.

MY FATHER THEO, ON THE OTHER HAND, WAS THE OPPOSITE. SHY, AWKWARD, QUIET.

IN THE VILLAGE THEY SIMPLY CALLED HIM "THE ENGINEER"



AND HE WAS A MAN OF GENIUS, IN FACT.

AND HONESTLY... HE EARNED THE NAME.



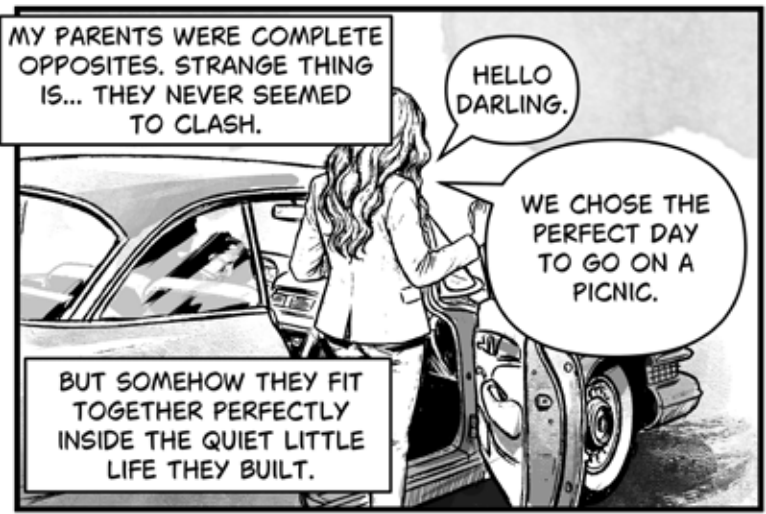
YOU LOOK LIKE A LOST PUPPY.



BE GOOD, SEE YOU TONIGHT.

THE BEST THING ABOUT BEING A LOST PUPPY...

...IS THAT PEOPLE LOVE YOU FOR EXACTLY WHO YOU ARE.

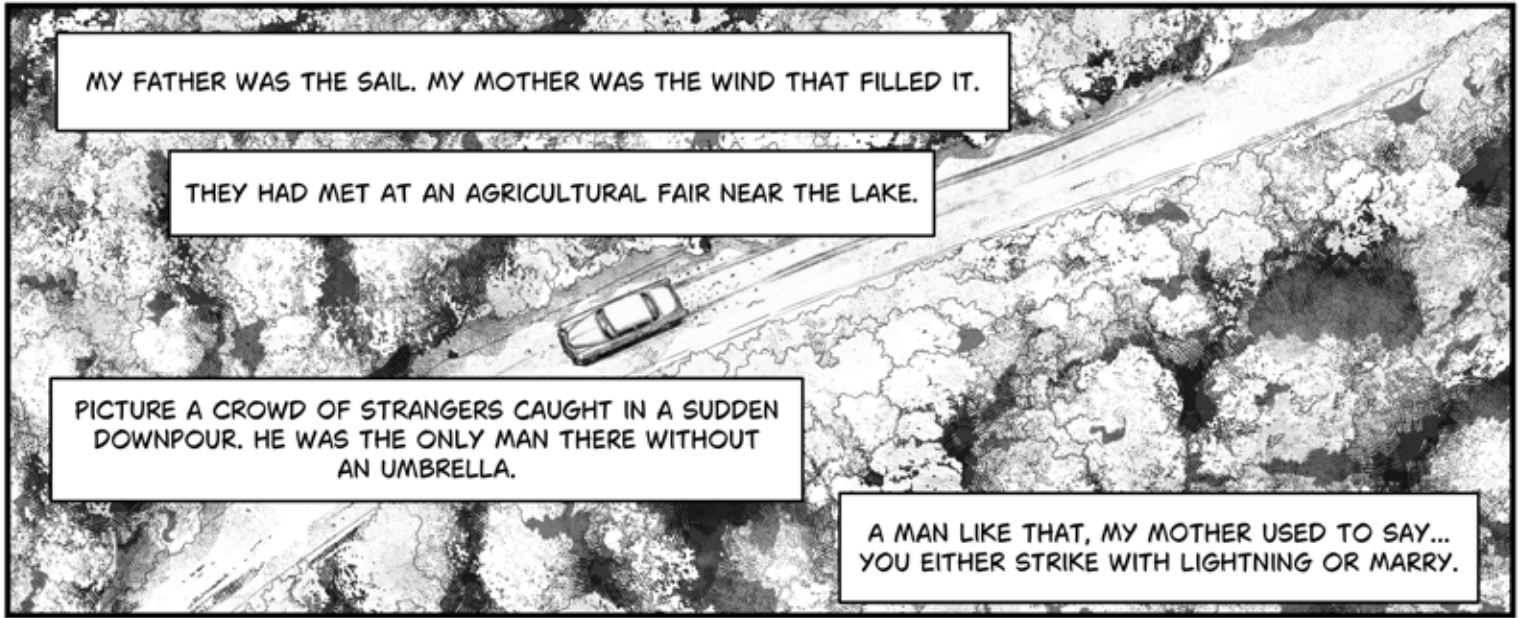


MY PARENTS WERE COMPLETE OPPOSITES. STRANGE THING IS... THEY NEVER SEEMED TO CLASH.

HELLO DARLING.

WE CHOSE THE PERFECT DAY TO GO ON A PICNIC.

BUT SOMEHOW THEY FIT TOGETHER PERFECTLY INSIDE THE QUIET LITTLE LIFE THEY BUILT.

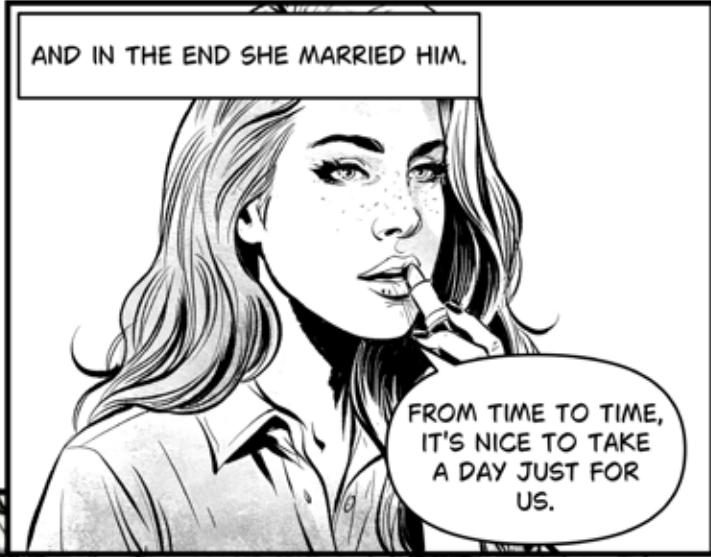


MY FATHER WAS THE SAIL. MY MOTHER WAS THE WIND THAT FILLED IT.

THEY HAD MET AT AN AGRICULTURAL FAIR NEAR THE LAKE.

PICTURE A CROWD OF STRANGERS CAUGHT IN A SUDDEN DOWNPOUR. HE WAS THE ONLY MAN THERE WITHOUT AN UMBRELLA.

A MAN LIKE THAT, MY MOTHER USED TO SAY... YOU EITHER STRIKE WITH LIGHTNING OR MARRY.



AND IN THE END SHE MARRIED HIM.

FROM TIME TO TIME, IT'S NICE TO TAKE A DAY JUST FOR US.



LET'S DO IT MORE OFTEN.

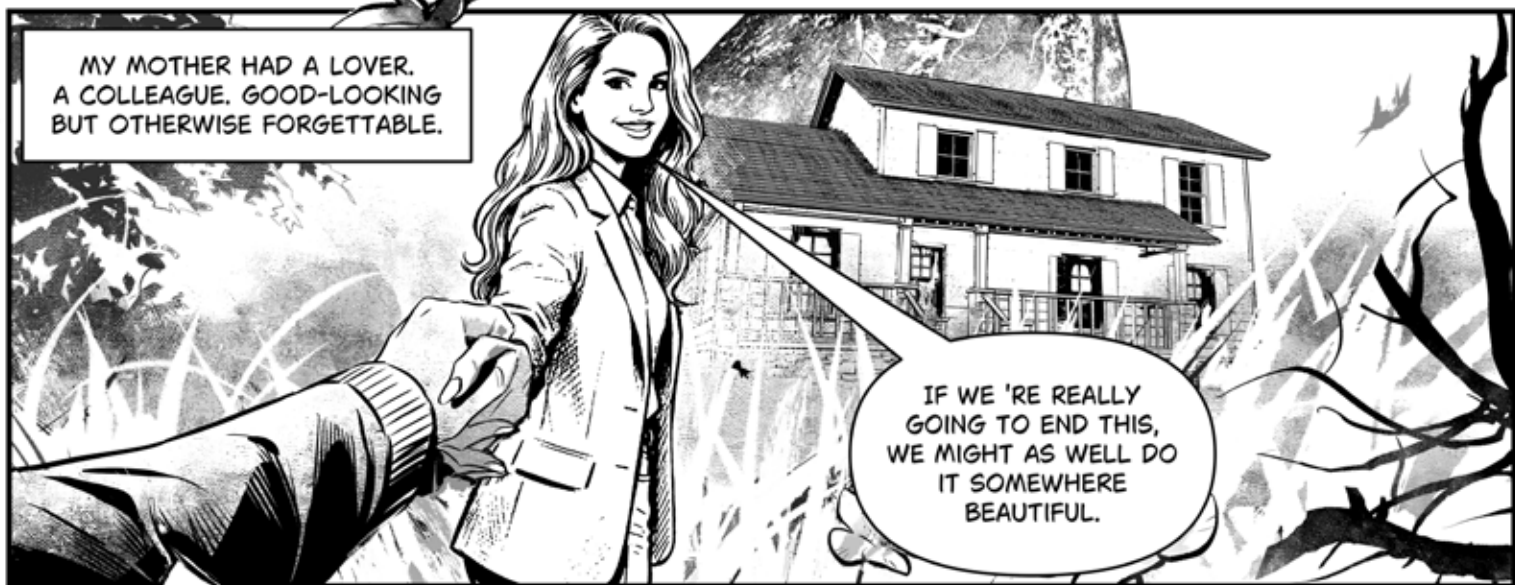


A LOVE LIKE THEIRS CAN LAST FOREVER. IT CAN FILL EVERY VOID.



BUT FOR THE GIRL WITH THE FIERY HAIR IT WASN'T ENOUGH.

ANNA, MAYBE NOW YOU CAN FINALLY TELL ME WHY WE CAME ALL THE WAY OUT HERE.



MY MOTHER HAD A LOVER. A COLLEAGUE. GOOD-LOOKING BUT OTHERWISE FORGETTABLE.

IF WE'RE REALLY GOING TO END THIS, WE MIGHT AS WELL DO IT SOMEWHERE BEAUTIFUL.



STOP WITH THIS NONSENSE

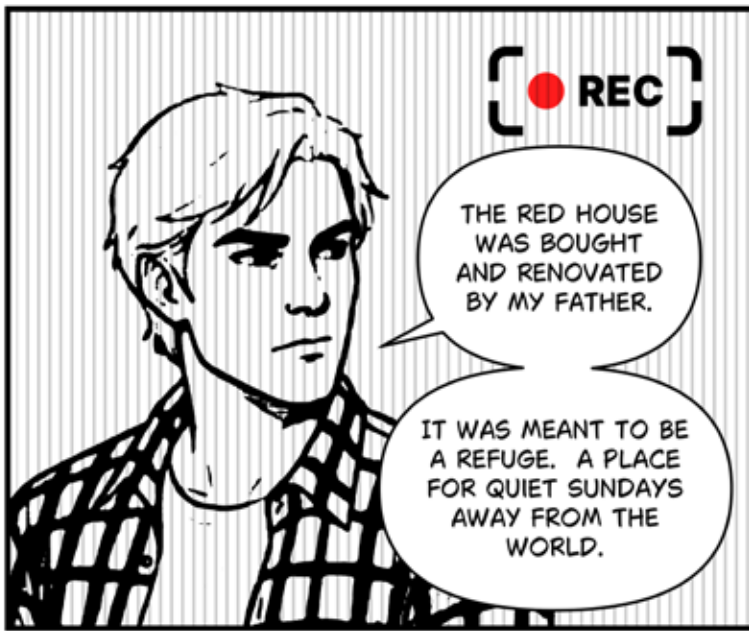
YOU'RE MINE!



SO THAT'S WHAT BROUGHT YOU OUT HERE TODAY? THE URGE TO PUT YOUR PERFECT LITTLE FAMILY ON DISPLAY?

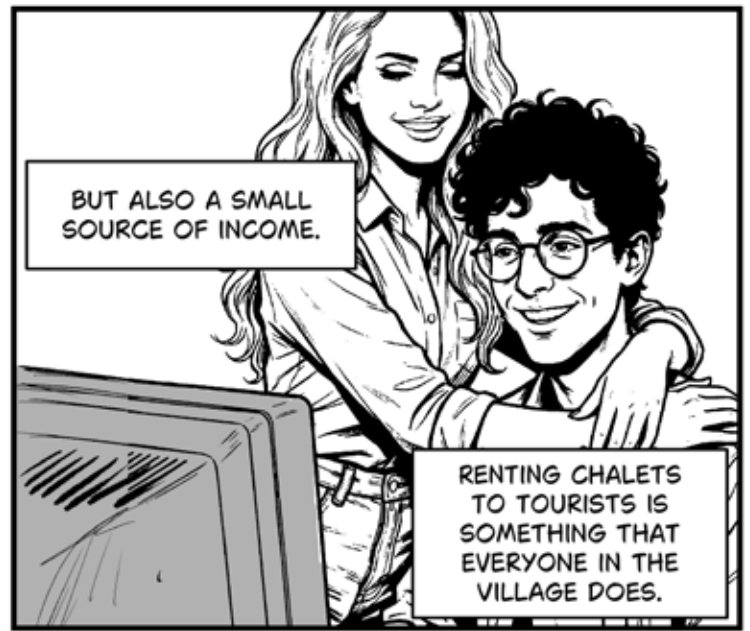
AND YET YOU ARE WITH ME. IN THE LOVE NEST THAT YOUR BELOVED HUBBY GAVE YOU.

DON'T YOU FIND IT HYPOCRITICAL?



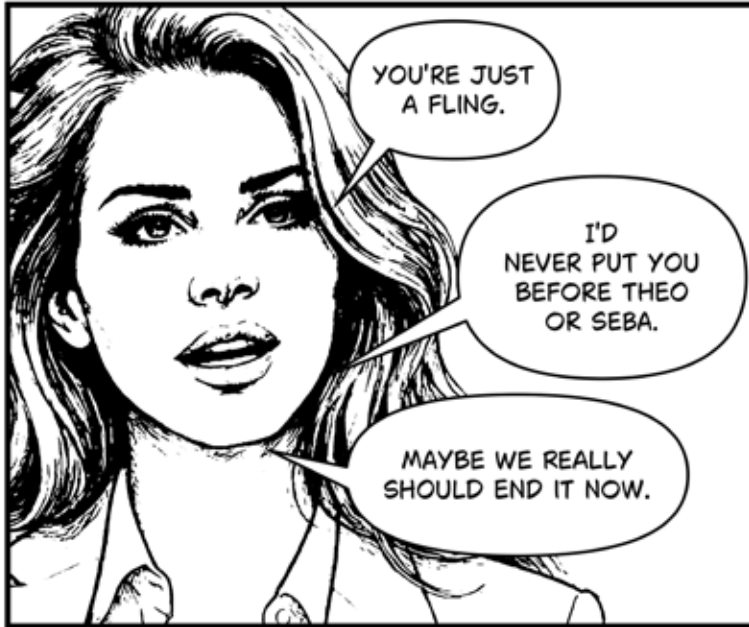
THE RED HOUSE WAS BOUGHT AND RENOVATED BY MY FATHER.

IT WAS MEANT TO BE A REFUGE. A PLACE FOR QUIET SUNDAYS AWAY FROM THE WORLD.



BUT ALSO A SMALL SOURCE OF INCOME.

RENTING CHALETs TO TOURISTS IS SOMETHING THAT EVERYONE IN THE VILLAGE DOES.



YOU'RE JUST A FLING.

I'D NEVER PUT YOU BEFORE THEO OR SEBA.

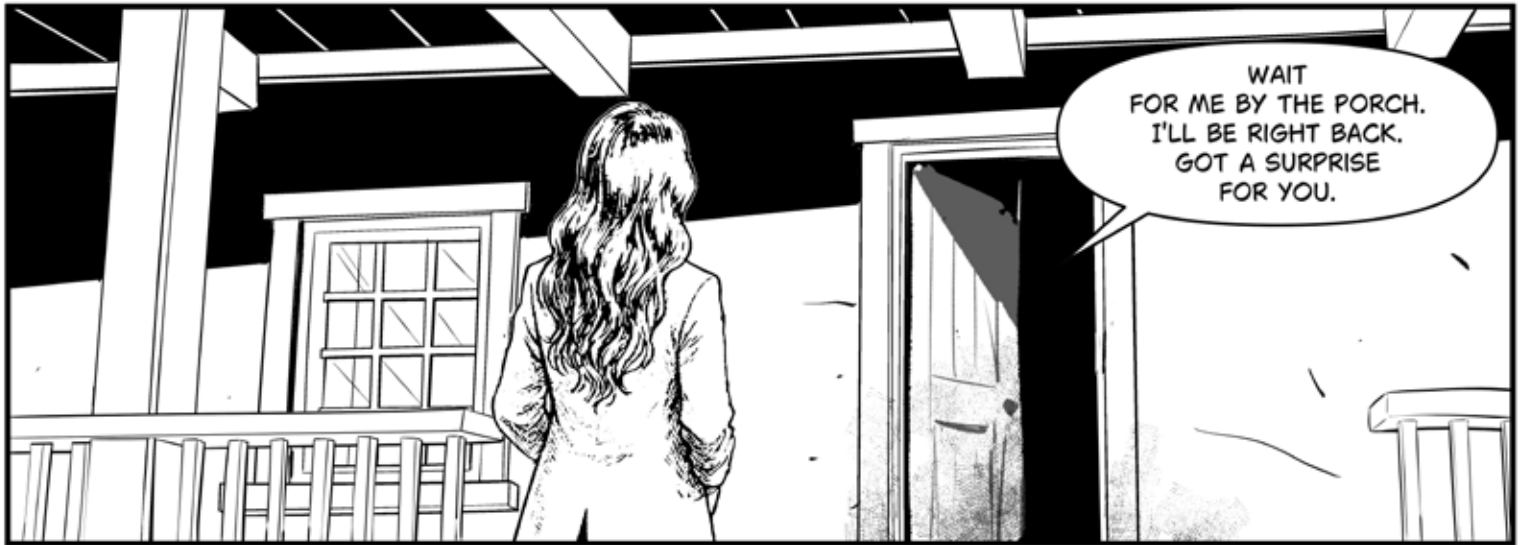
MAYBE WE REALLY SHOULD END IT NOW.



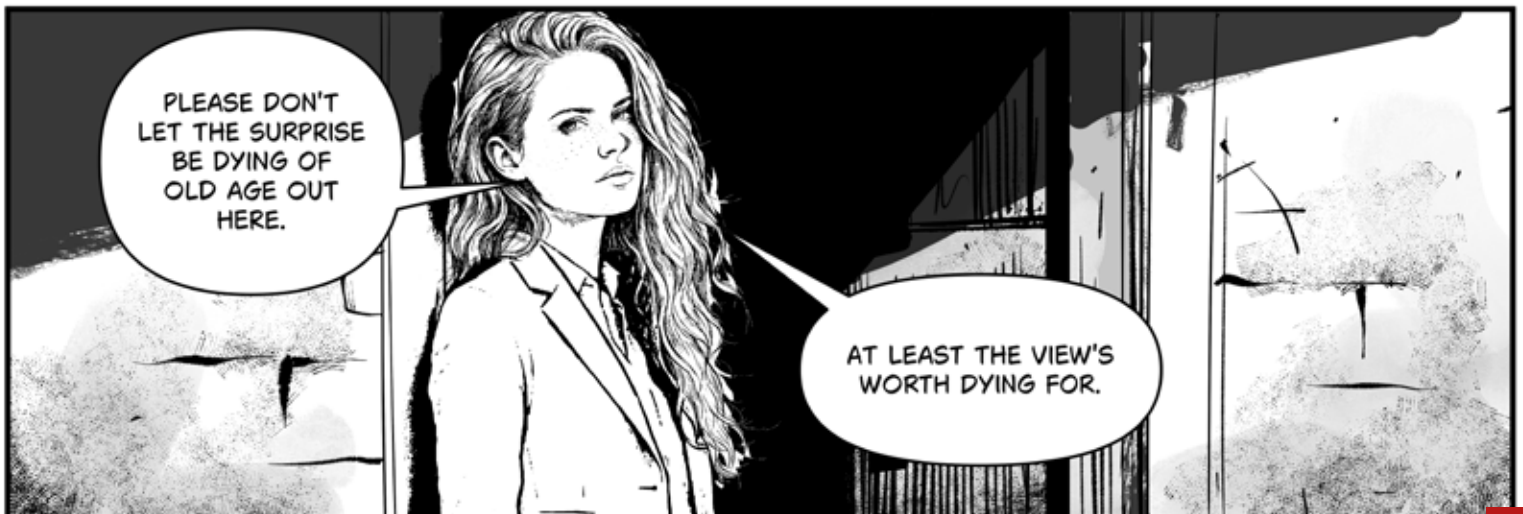
YOU'VE BEEN SAYING THAT SINCE THE DAY WE MET!

AND STILL, YOU KEEP COMING BACK TO ME...

THAT MEANS SOMETHING. AND I CAN PROVE IT.



WAIT FOR ME BY THE PORCH. I'LL BE RIGHT BACK. GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU.



PLEASE DON'T LET THE SURPRISE BE DYING OF OLD AGE OUT HERE.

AT LEAST THE VIEW'S WORTH DYING FOR.



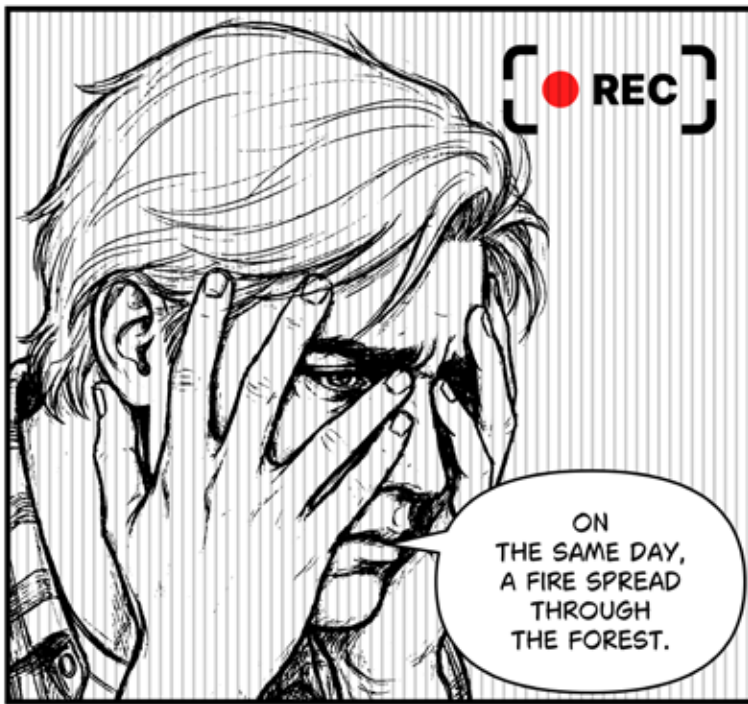
YOUR HAIR DAZZLES ME!



MY
EYES CAN'T STOP
STARING AT IT...
AT HOW BEAUTIFUL
IT IS.



RED FLAMES.



ON THE SAME DAY, A FIRE SPREAD THROUGH THE FOREST.



IT WAS NO LONGER POSSIBLE TO ENTER OR LEAVE THE VILLAGE.



DON'T WORRY SEBASTIAN.

MOM WILL BE BACK SOON.

DAD, I DON'T FEEL WELL.



THE POLICE REPORTS LATER CLARIFIED...

THAT MY MOTHER'S LOVER, AFTER KILLING HER, WANDERED THE WOODS FOR HOURS IN SHOCK UNTIL THE EVENING.

THEN HE LOCKED HIMSELF IN THE CAR

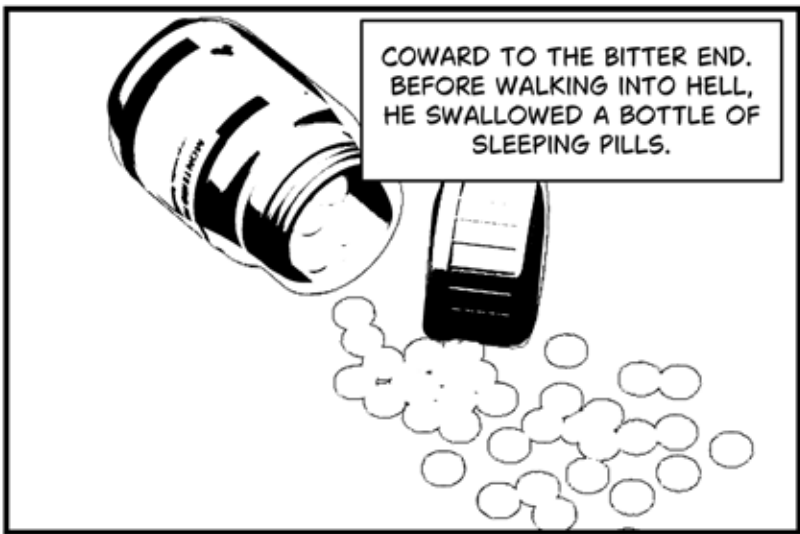
AND BURNED WITH IT.



THEY FOUND HIM BURNED TO A CINDER.

HE HAD A CASH BOX WITH HIM.

INSIDE THERE WERE LETTERS FROM MY MOTHER THREATENING TO LEAVE HIM.



COWARD TO THE BITTER END. BEFORE WALKING INTO HELL, HE SWALLOWED A BOTTLE OF SLEEPING PILLS.

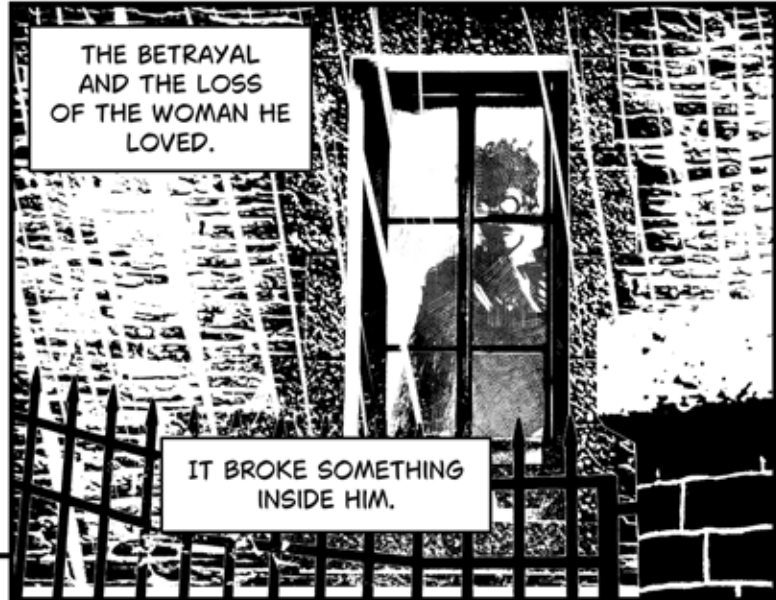


THE NEXT MORNING, THE POLICE CAME TO TELL US WHAT HAPPENED.



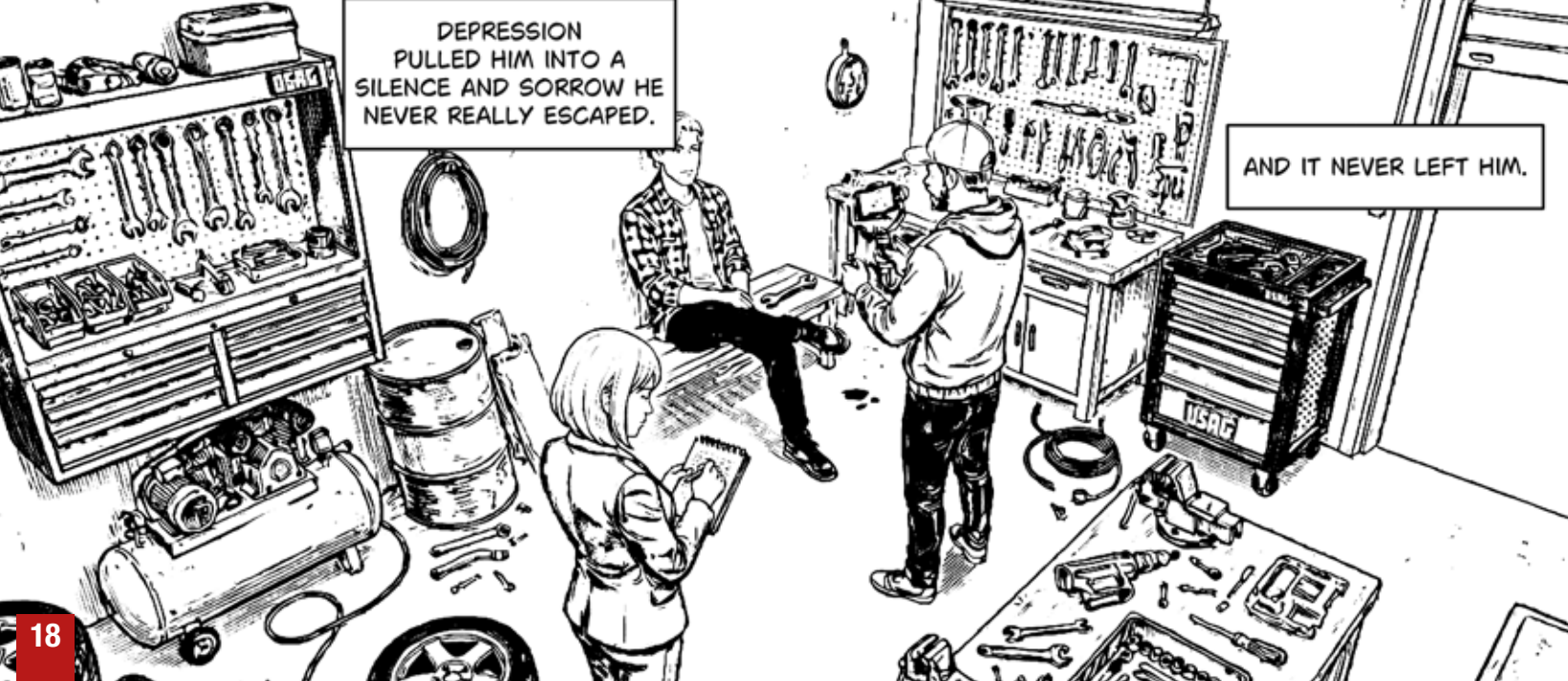
MY FATHER WAS NEVER THE SAME AFTER THAT.

NOT EVEN CLOSE.



THE BETRAYAL AND THE LOSS OF THE WOMAN HE LOVED.

IT BROKE SOMETHING INSIDE HIM.



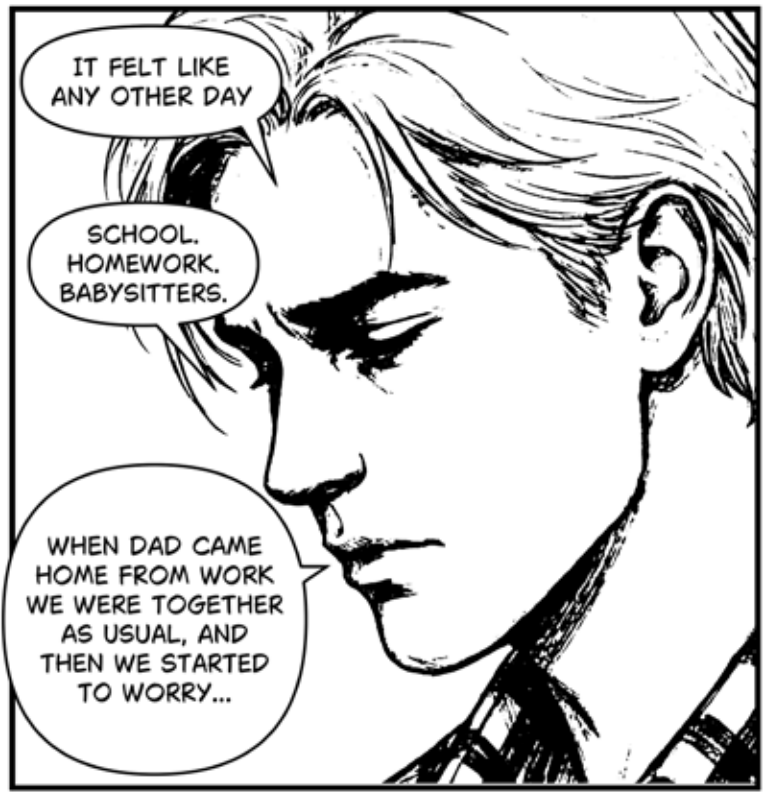
DEPRESSION PULLED HIM INTO A SILENCE AND SORROW HE NEVER REALLY ESCAPED.

AND IT NEVER LEFT HIM.



AND YOU?

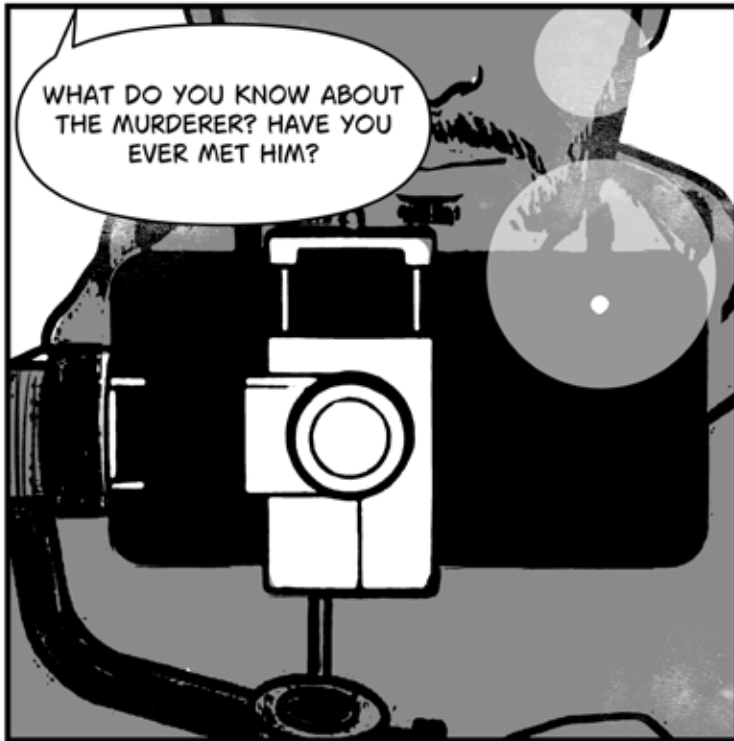
WHAT DO YOU REMEMBER ABOUT THOSE DAYS?



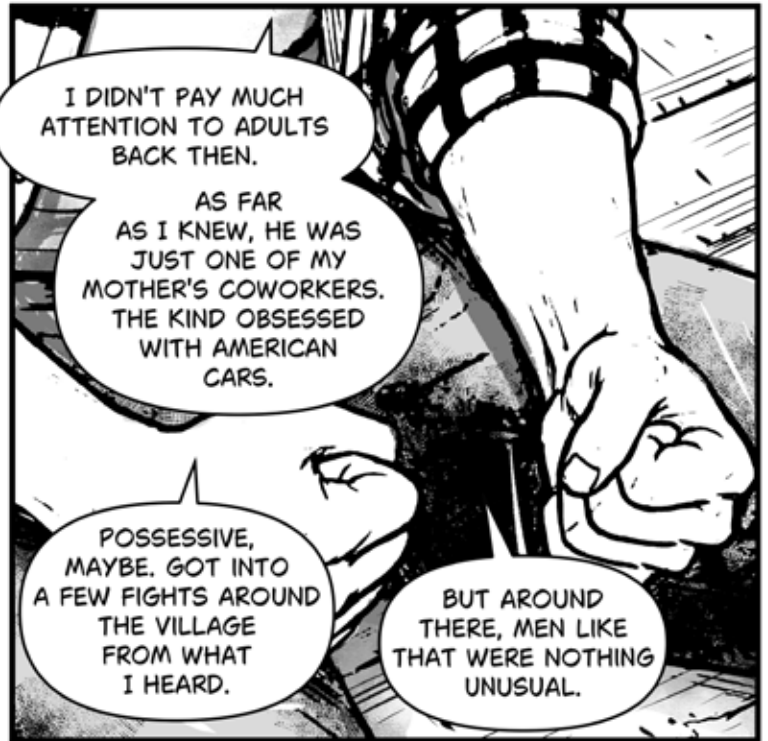
IT FELT LIKE ANY OTHER DAY

SCHOOL. HOMEWORK. BABYSITTERS.

WHEN DAD CAME HOME FROM WORK WE WERE TOGETHER AS USUAL, AND THEN WE STARTED TO WORRY...



WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THE MURDERER? HAVE YOU EVER MET HIM?



I DIDN'T PAY MUCH ATTENTION TO ADULTS BACK THEN.

AS FAR AS I KNEW, HE WAS JUST ONE OF MY MOTHER'S COWORKERS. THE KIND OBSESSED WITH AMERICAN CARS.

POSSESSIVE, MAYBE. GOT INTO A FEW FIGHTS AROUND THE VILLAGE FROM WHAT I HEARD.

BUT AROUND THERE, MEN LIKE THAT WERE NOTHING UNUSUAL.

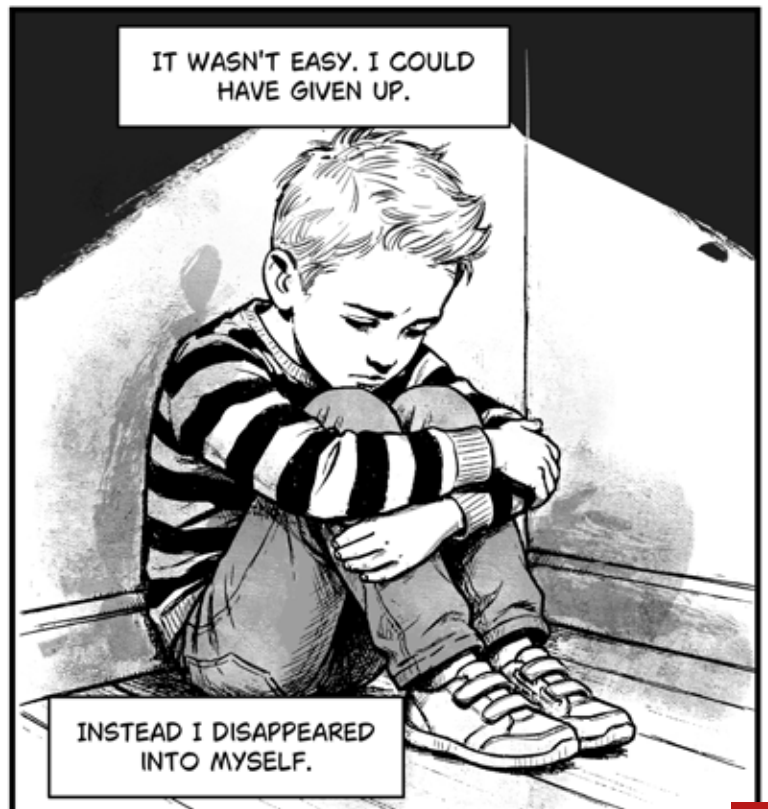


LET ME ASK YOU SOMETHING.

AFTER EVERYTHING THAT HAPPENED TO YOU, HOW DID YOU BECOME A MECHANIC?

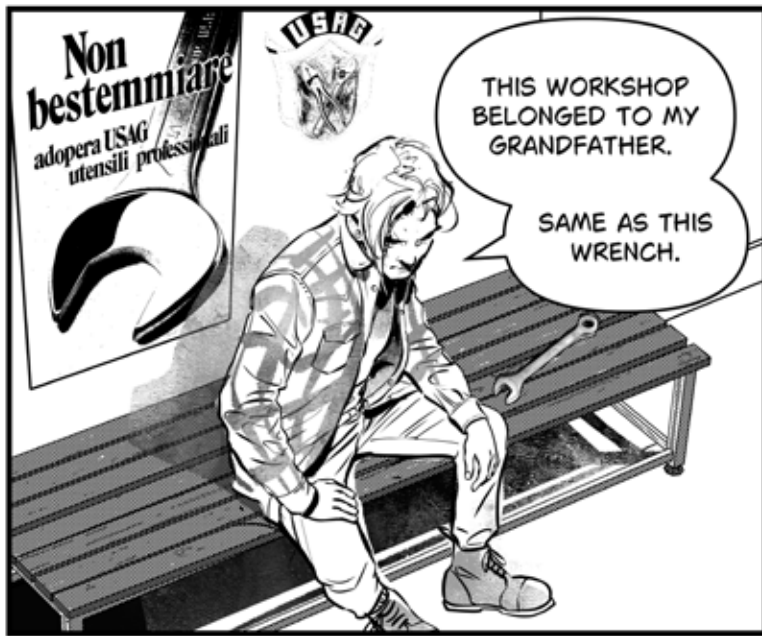
HONESTLY, I EXPECTED A RECORD FULL OF FISTFIGHTS AND WRECKED LIVES.

BUT INSTEAD...



IT WASN'T EASY. I COULD HAVE GIVEN UP.

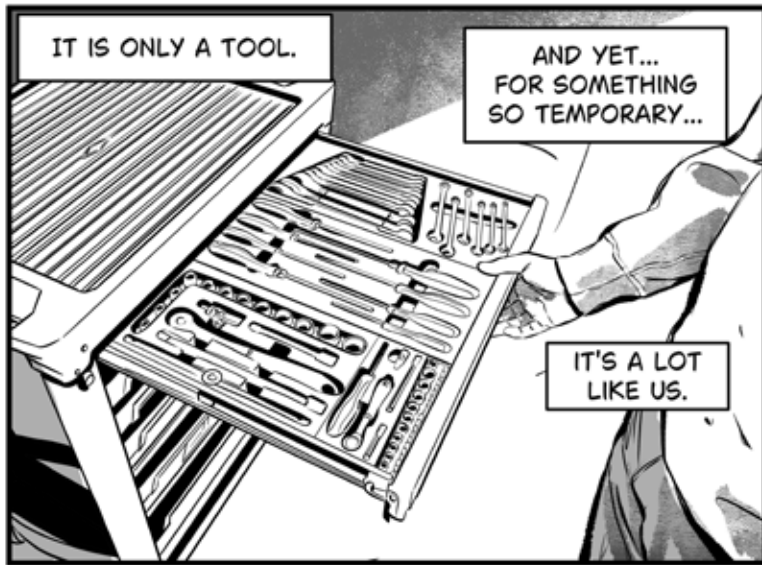
INSTEAD I DISAPPEARED INTO MYSELF.



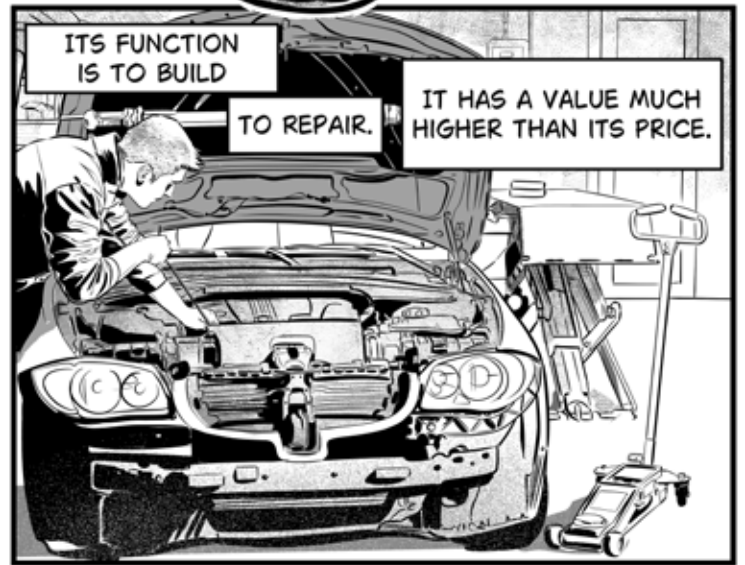
THIS WORKSHOP BELONGED TO MY GRANDFATHER.
SAME AS THIS WRENCH.



LOOK AT IT!
OLDER THAN ME AND YOU...
STILL DOES ITS JOB PERFECTLY.



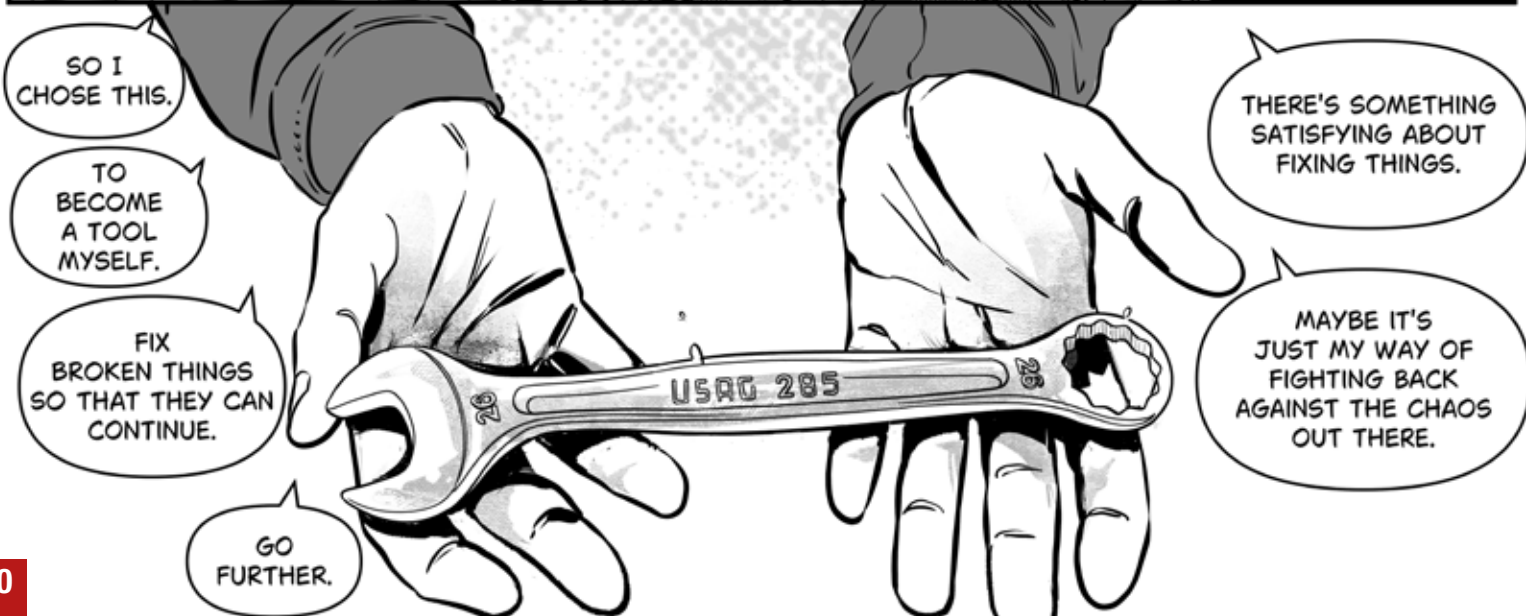
IT IS ONLY A TOOL.
AND YET... FOR SOMETHING SO TEMPORARY...
IT'S A LOT LIKE US.



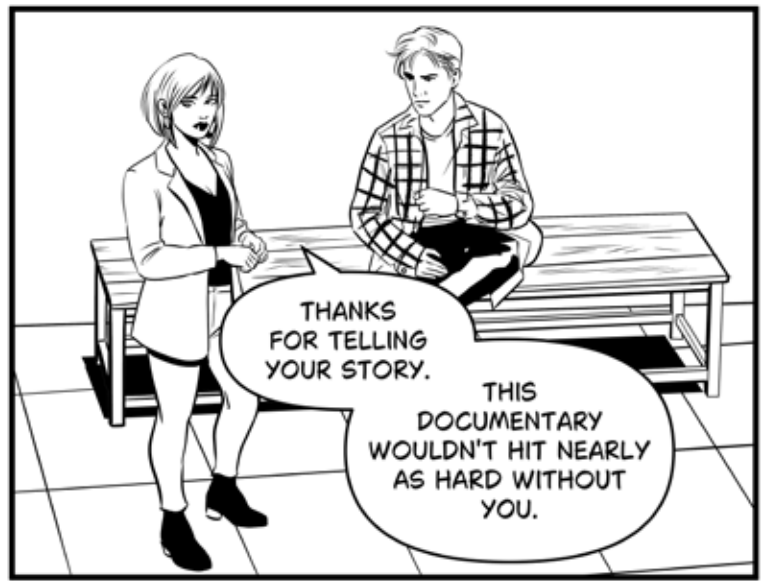
ITS FUNCTION IS TO BUILD
TO REPAIR.
IT HAS A VALUE MUCH HIGHER THAN ITS PRICE.

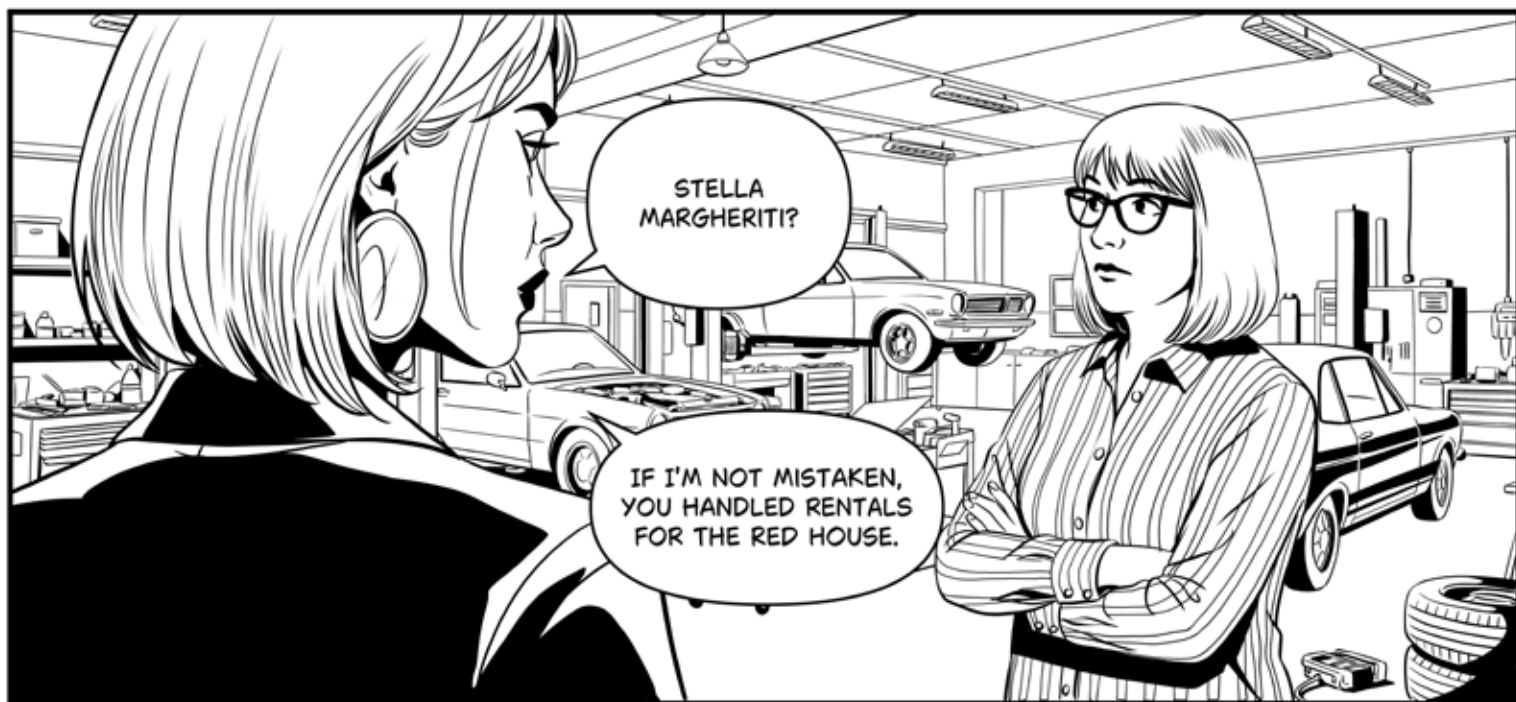


I HAD TWO CHOICES.
END UP BROKEN AND RUSTING AWAY LIKE MY FATHER
OR FIND A WAY TO MOVE ON.



SO I CHOSE THIS.
TO BECOME A TOOL MYSELF.
FIX BROKEN THINGS SO THAT THEY CAN CONTINUE.
GO FURTHER.
THERE'S SOMETHING SATISFYING ABOUT FIXING THINGS.
MAYBE IT'S JUST MY WAY OF FIGHTING BACK AGAINST THE CHAOS OUT THERE.





STELLA
MARGHERITI?

IF I'M NOT MISTAKEN,
YOU HANDLED RENTALS
FOR THE RED HOUSE.



THAT'S RIGHT.

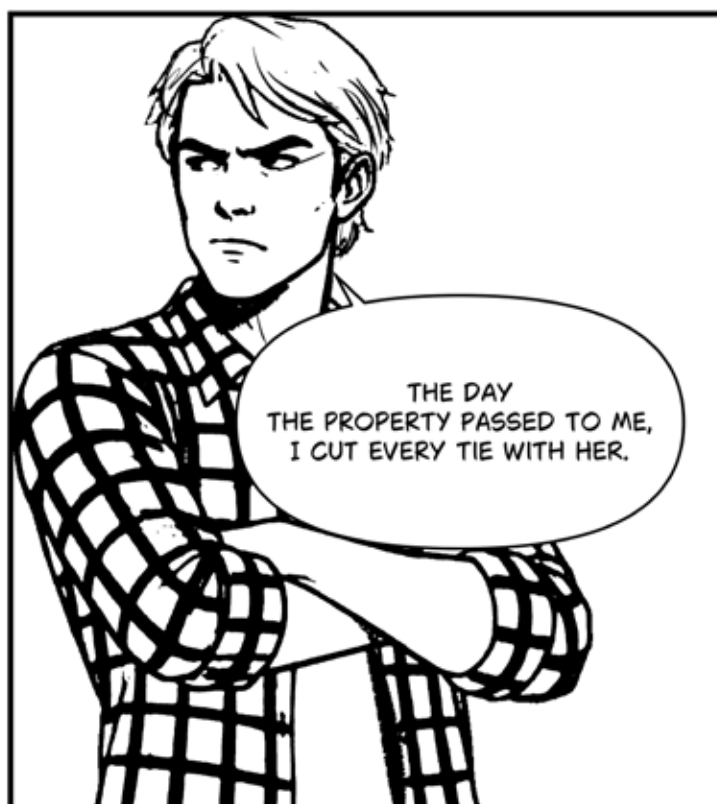
ABOUT SIX
MONTHS AFTER
THE FUNERAL SHE
STARTED LEANING
ON MY FATHER.



SHE WANTED CONTROL OF
THE COTTAGE. NO MATTER WHAT
IT TOOK.



HE WAS NO LONGER INTERESTED
IN ANYTHING, AND AT A CERTAIN
POINT HE GAVE IN.



THE DAY
THE PROPERTY PASSED TO ME,
I CUT EVERY TIE WITH HER.





ON THE REGULAR MARKET, YOU HID THE FACT THAT IT WAS THE RED HOUSE.

JUST ANOTHER ANONYMOUS CABIN IN THE MOUNTAINS.

A PERFECT DOUBLE GAME.

ON THE REGULAR MARKET, YOU HID THE FACT THAT IT WAS THE RED HOUSE. JUST ANOTHER ANONYMOUS CABIN IN THE MOUNTAINS. BUT THROUGH THE HORROR-TOUR AUCTIONS... PEOPLE BELIEVED THEY WERE BUYING ACCESS TO SOMETHING RARE. EXCLUSIVE.



I DON'T SEE THE PROBLEM.

EVERYONE LIKES MONEY.



SPEAKING OF WHICH...

SEBASTIAN, THINK THIS THROUGH!

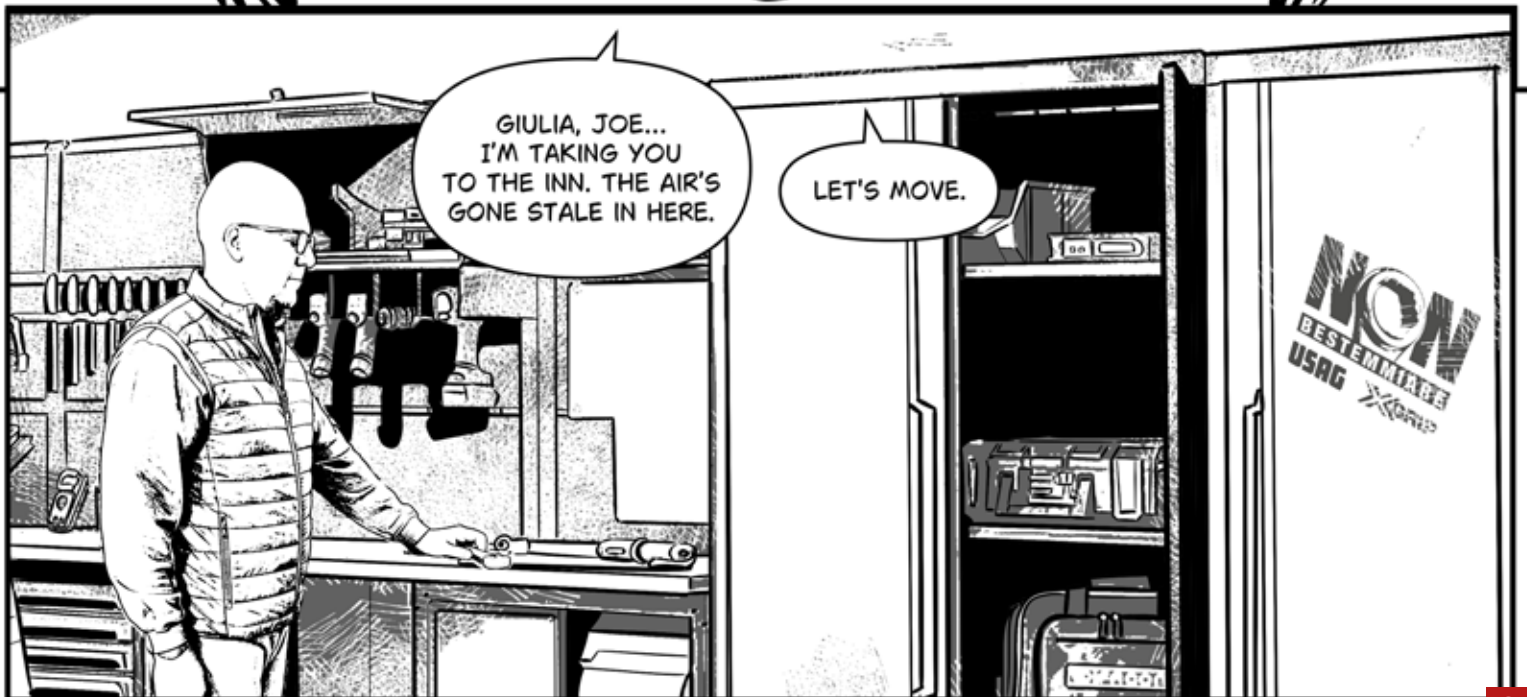
YOU'LL ALWAYS NEED A PLAN B.



ONCE THE DOCUMENTARY GOES LIVE... NEW OPPORTUNITIES ARE GOING TO OPEN UP FOR US.

TELL ME WHAT IT'LL TAKE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND... AND I'LL DO IT.

ANYTHING.





AND THIS BIG GUY IS?

WILKOMMEN DEAR GUESTS.

YOU KEEP HIM BUSY WHILE I FIND US A WAY OUT



MR GIULIO BOLL MAY LOOK INTIMIDATING BUT HE IS HARMLESS.

YOU'RE THE DOCUMENTARY CREW, RIGHT?

YOUR ROOMS ARE READY.



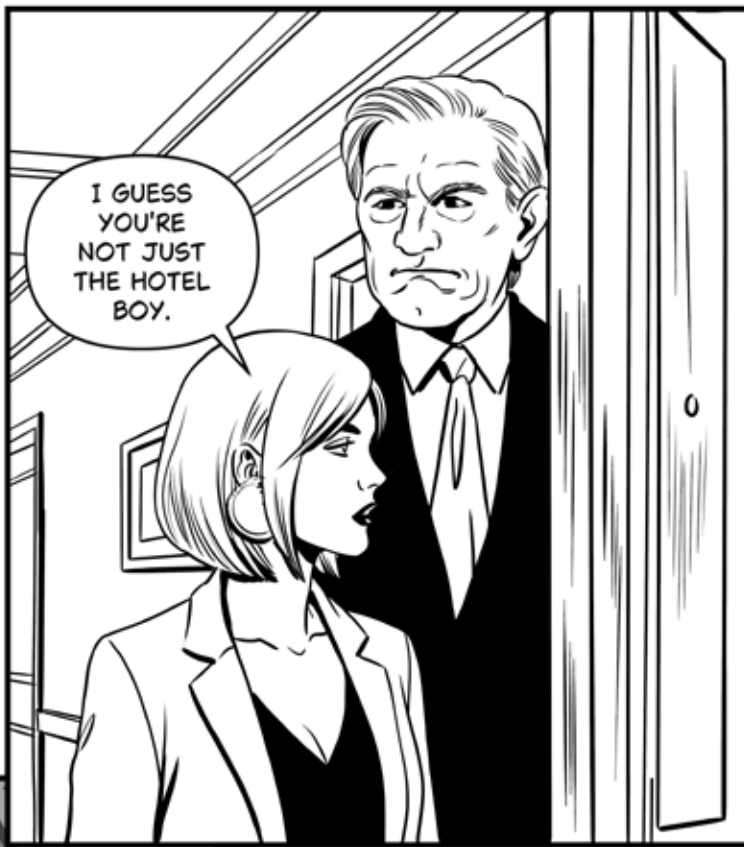
UNFORTUNATELY, ITS THE OFF-SEASON. HARDLY ANYONE COMES THROUGH HERE.

TRUTH IS, WE'RE PRACTICALLY OPEN JUST FOR YOU.

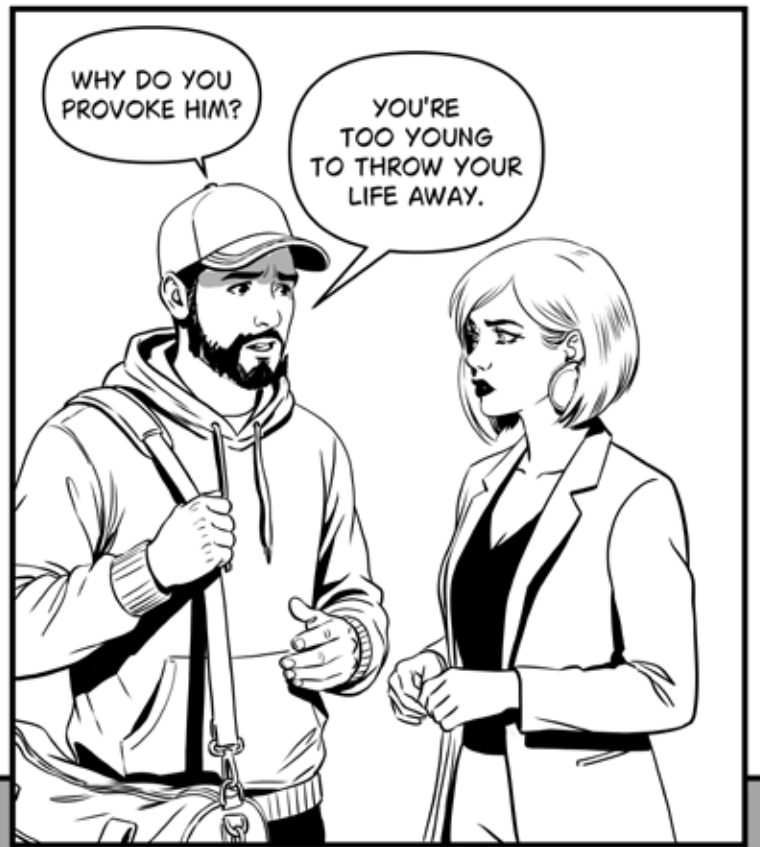
YOU TALK TOO MUCH!

23

32



I GUESS YOU'RE NOT JUST THE HOTEL BOY.



WHY DO YOU PROVOKE HIM?

YOU'RE TOO YOUNG TO THROW YOUR LIFE AWAY.



NEIN!

THIS PLACE IS MINE!

I MOVED HERE OVER THIRTY YEARS AGO.

JA.

WITH ONE MURDER A YEAR THIS PLACE WOULD ALWAYS BE FULL.

AT THE BEGINNING THINGS WERE NOT GOING VERY WELL.

THE GUESTS WERE FEW AND STINGY.

I WAS READY TO CLOSE EVERYTHING AND GO BACK TO GERMANY.

THEN PEOPLE STARTED DYING, AND THE WIND CHANGED.



MR. GIULIO IS JOKING...

OF COURSE.

WE AT OWL HOUSE INN DISAPPROVE OF ANY MURDER, EVEN THE ONES THAT HELP TOURISM.



HERE ARE YOUR KEYS.

IF YOU NEED ANYTHING

...COME STRAIGHT TO ME.



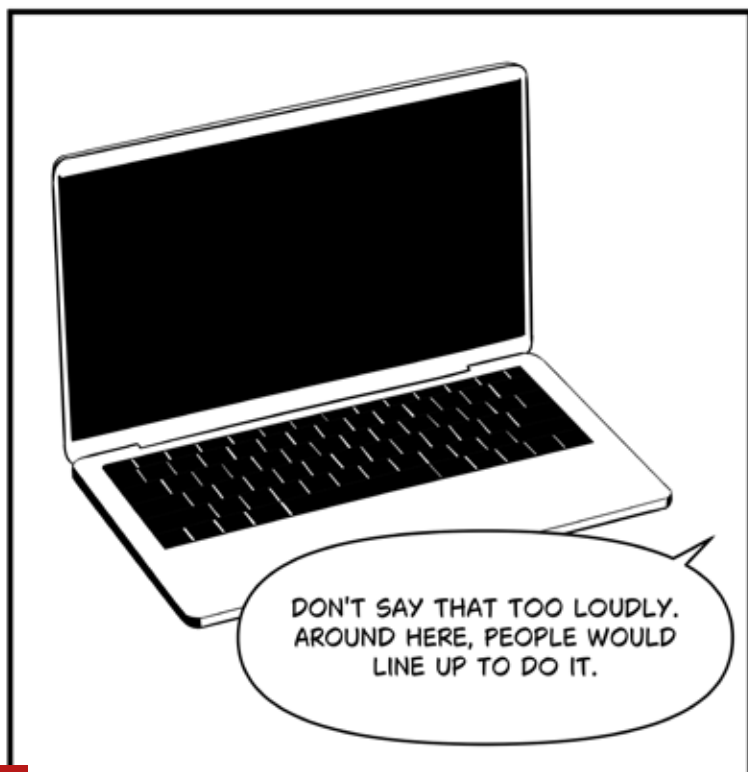
WHAT A CHARACTER!

WE DIDN'T END UP IN THE PSYCHO HOTEL, DID WE?



IF SOMEONE BARGES IN DRESSED LIKE YOUR MOTHER, YOU DEAL WITH IT.

AND HONESTLY, I'D RATHER GET STABBED THAN SKIP MY SHOWER.



DON'T SAY THAT TOO LOUDLY. AROUND HERE, PEOPLE WOULD LINE UP TO DO IT.



I'M GOING TO GET TO WORK.

I'LL UPLOAD THE FILES AND GO THROUGH THE OTHER INTERVIEWS.

I'LL KEEP YOU COMPANY.



WE KNEW NOTHING ABOUT WHAT HAD HAPPENED IN THAT HOUSE....

MY FRIENDS AND I JUST WANTED TO DRINK, SMOKE, LISTEN TO MUSIC AND ENJOY NATURE.

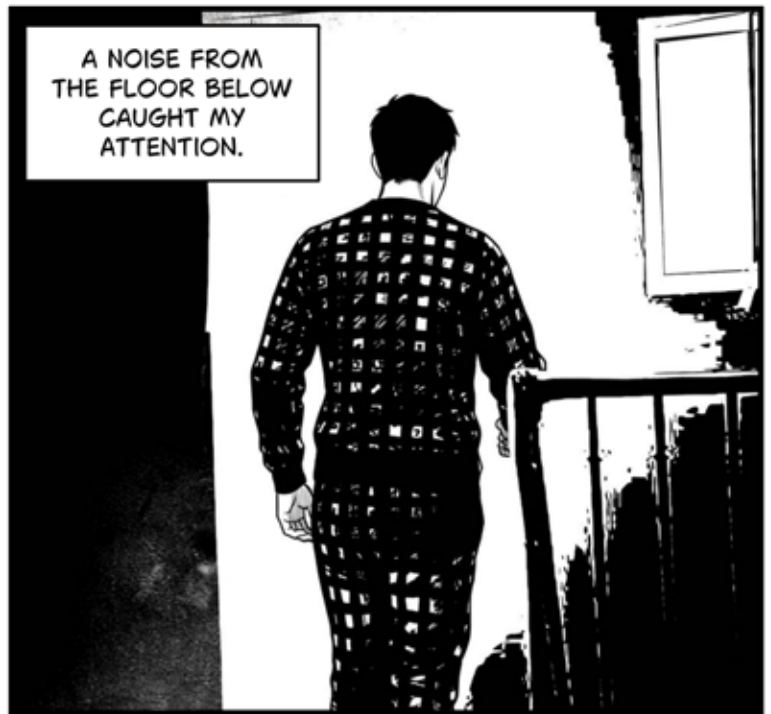






WHY THE HELL WON'T YOU TURN ON?

CLICK
CLICK



A NOISE FROM THE FLOOR BELOW CAUGHT MY ATTENTION.



IT FELT LIKE SOMETHING WAS MOVING IN THE DARK.

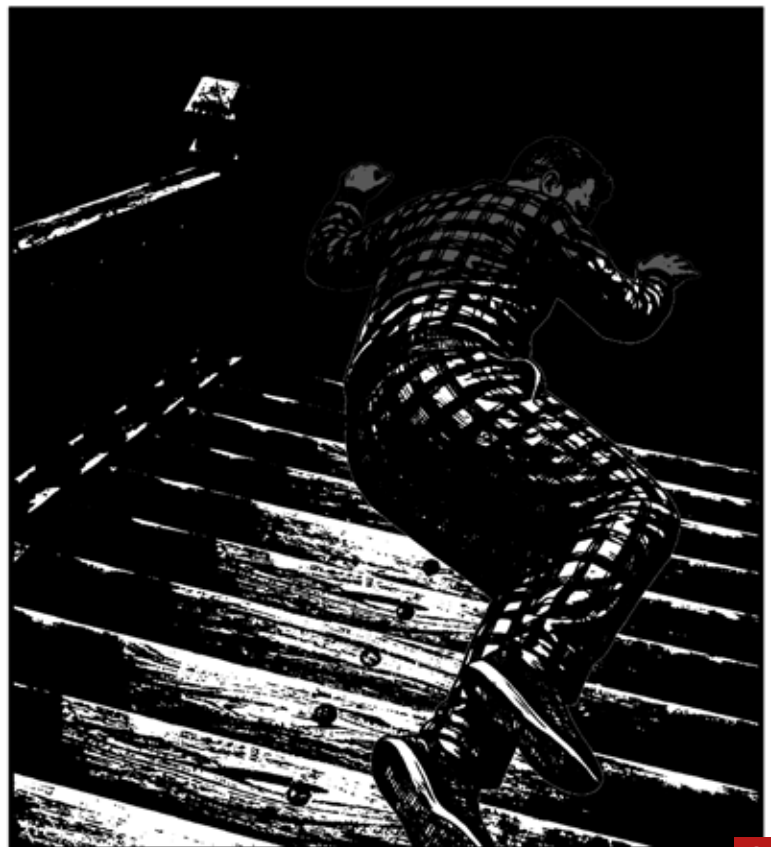


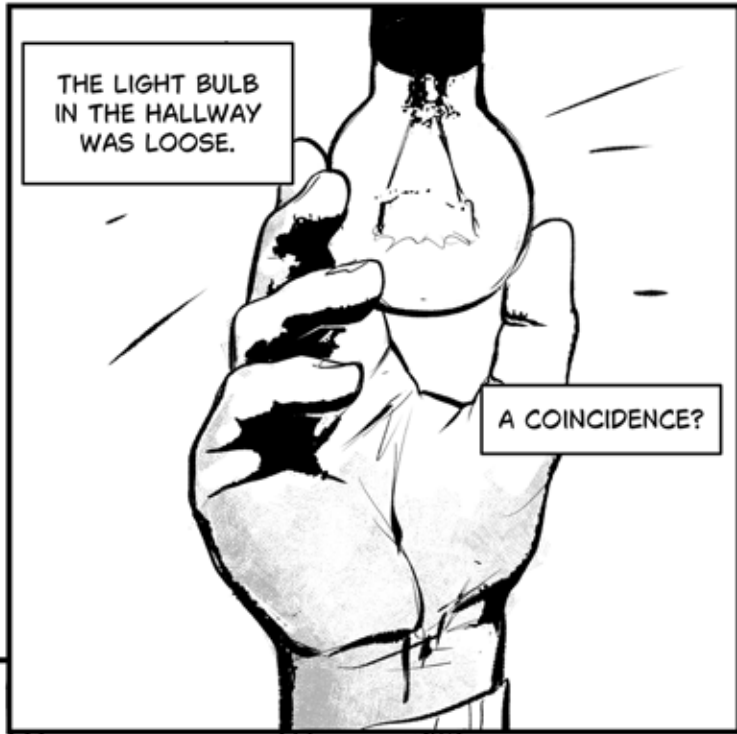
I'M COMING DOWN THERE...

THOSE IDIOTS I CALLED FRIENDS WERE PROBABLY MESSING WITH ME.



CATCH!





BUT WE WERE ALONE IN THE HOUSE, AND WE DID NOT FIND ANY OPEN DOORS OR WINDOWS.



2007, FAMILY OUTING

[● REC]

EVERYONE SAYS
IT WAS ME.

THAT I DID IT
FOR KICKS.

[● REC]

BUT I DON'T
REMEMBER
DOING IT.

TRUTH IS...
I DON'T REMEMBER
ANYTHING.

THAT AUTUMN STILL CARRIED
THE HEAT OF SUMMER

THE SEASON'S FINAL
GIFT BEFORE THE
COLD ROLLED IN.

WE WERE A
CLOSE FAMILY. THE KIND THAT
LOOKED FOR EVERY EXCUSE TO
STAY OUTDOORS TOGETHER.

FOOD
JUST TASTES
BETTER OUT
HERE.

YOU
FEEL THAT
THE AIR IS
DIFFERENT
HERE.

I'M
TELLING STELLA
ABOUT THIS
PLACE.

THIS TRIP WAS
WORTH EVERY
CENT.

AND JUDGING BY
THE SMELL COMING
FROM THE KITCHEN,
LUNCH IS GOING
TO BE DELICIOUS.



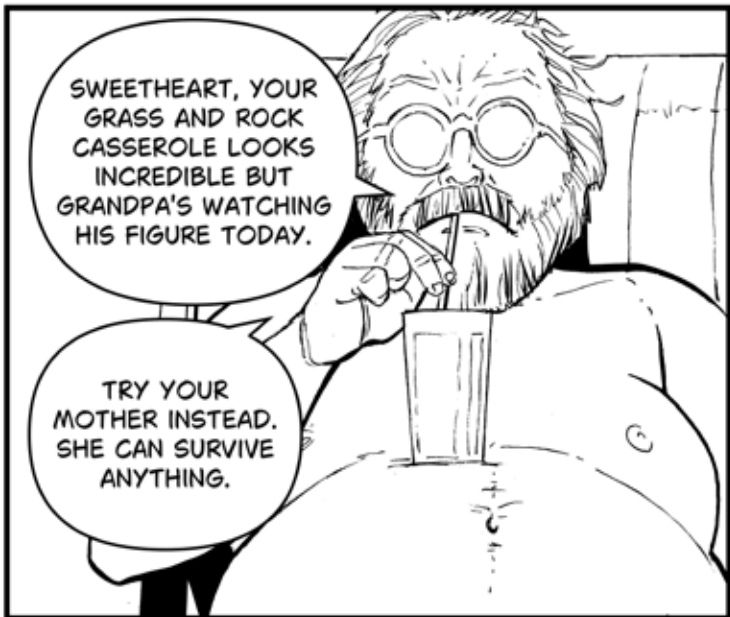
ALICE, DON'T WANDER TOO FAR. LUNCH IS ALMOST READY.



I MADE SOMETHING SPECIAL TOO!

WANT A TASTE?

IT'S MOUTH-WATERING.



SWEETHEART, YOUR GRASS AND ROCK CASSEROLE LOOKS INCREDIBLE BUT GRANDPA'S WATCHING HIS FIGURE TODAY.

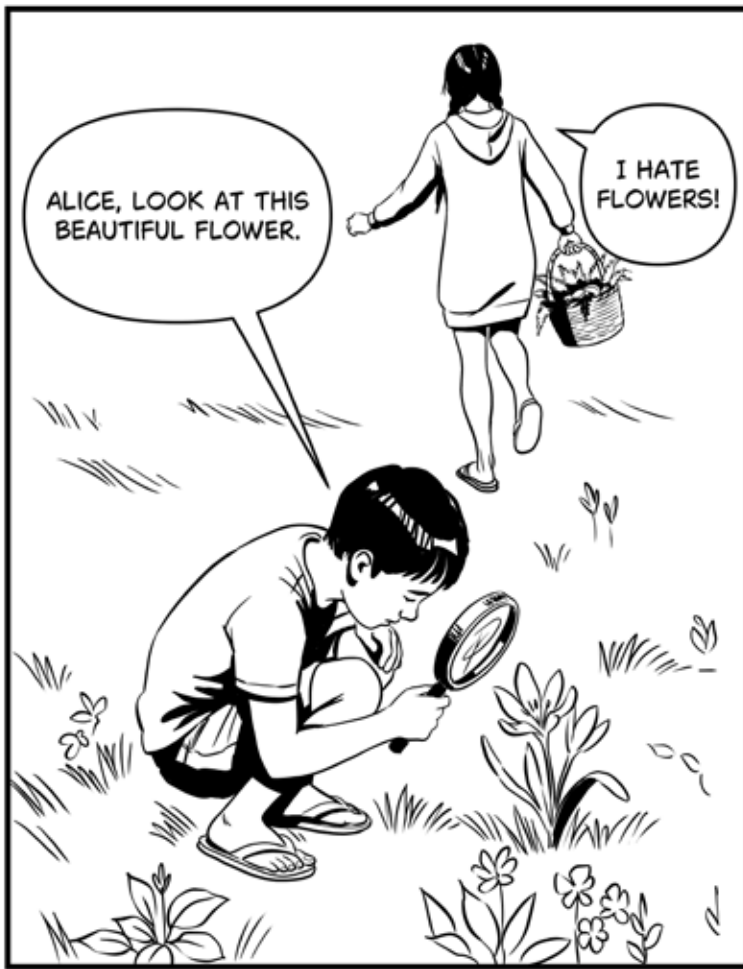
TRY YOUR MOTHER INSTEAD. SHE CAN SURVIVE ANYTHING.



MOM!

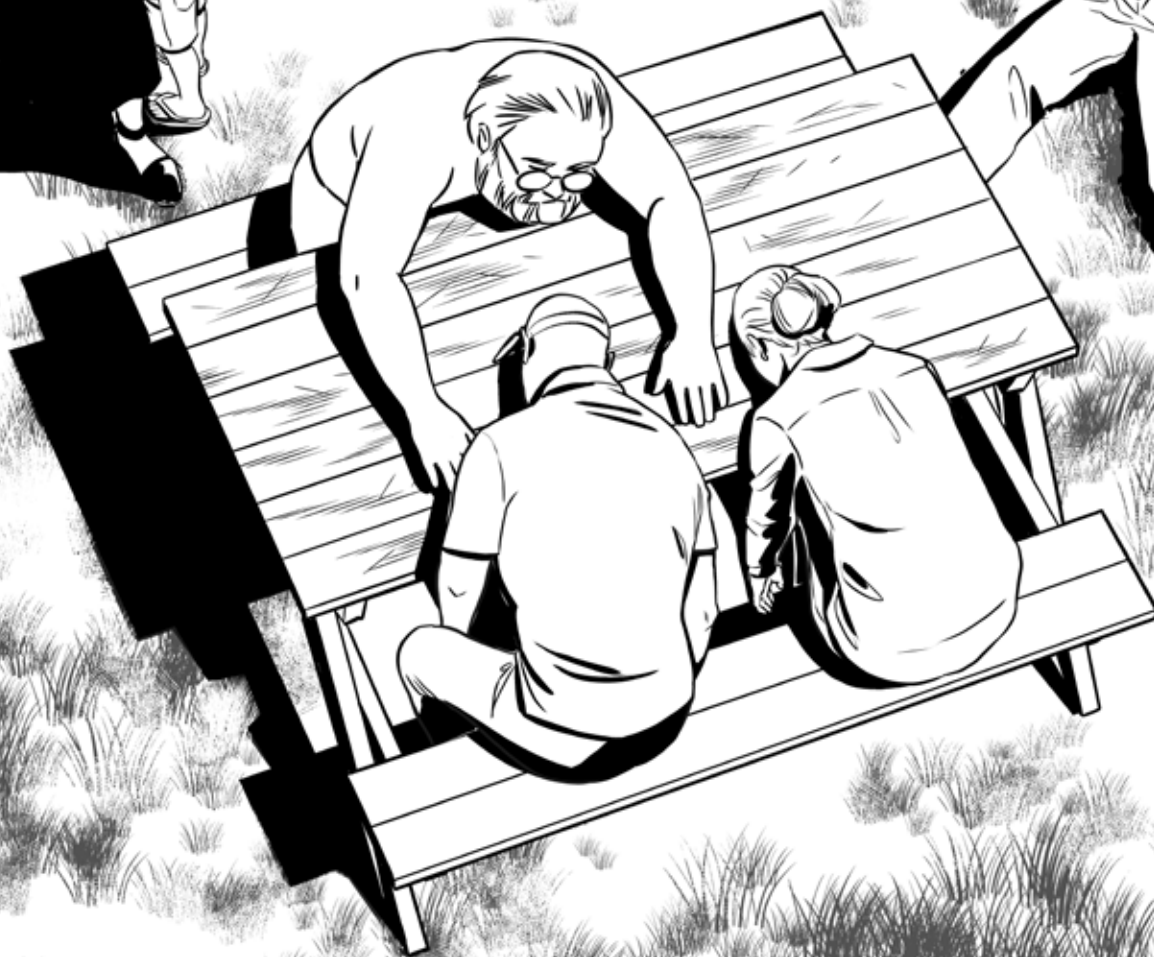
MOM!

I BOUGHT YOU A DELICACY.



8 HOURS
LATER

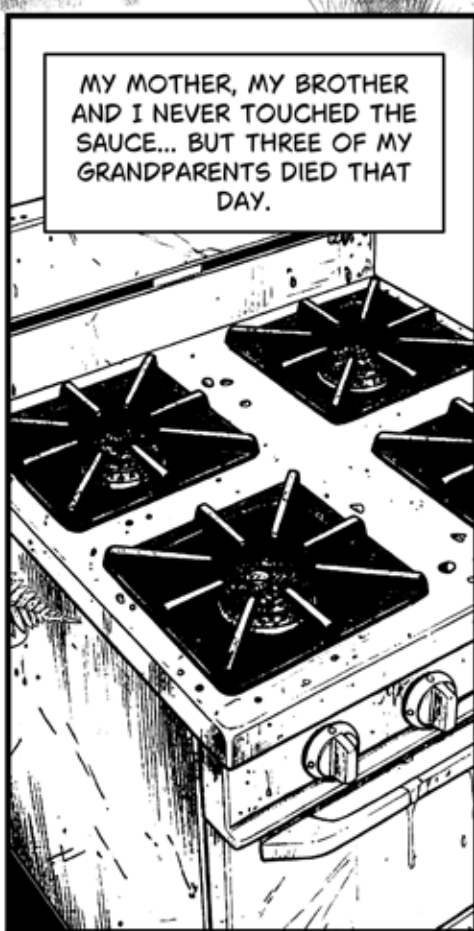
LOOKS LIKE I PICKED POISONOUS
MUSHROOMS SOMEWHERE NEARBY...



THEN CRUMBLED THEM INTO
THE SAUCE WHILE NOBODY
WAS WATCHING.



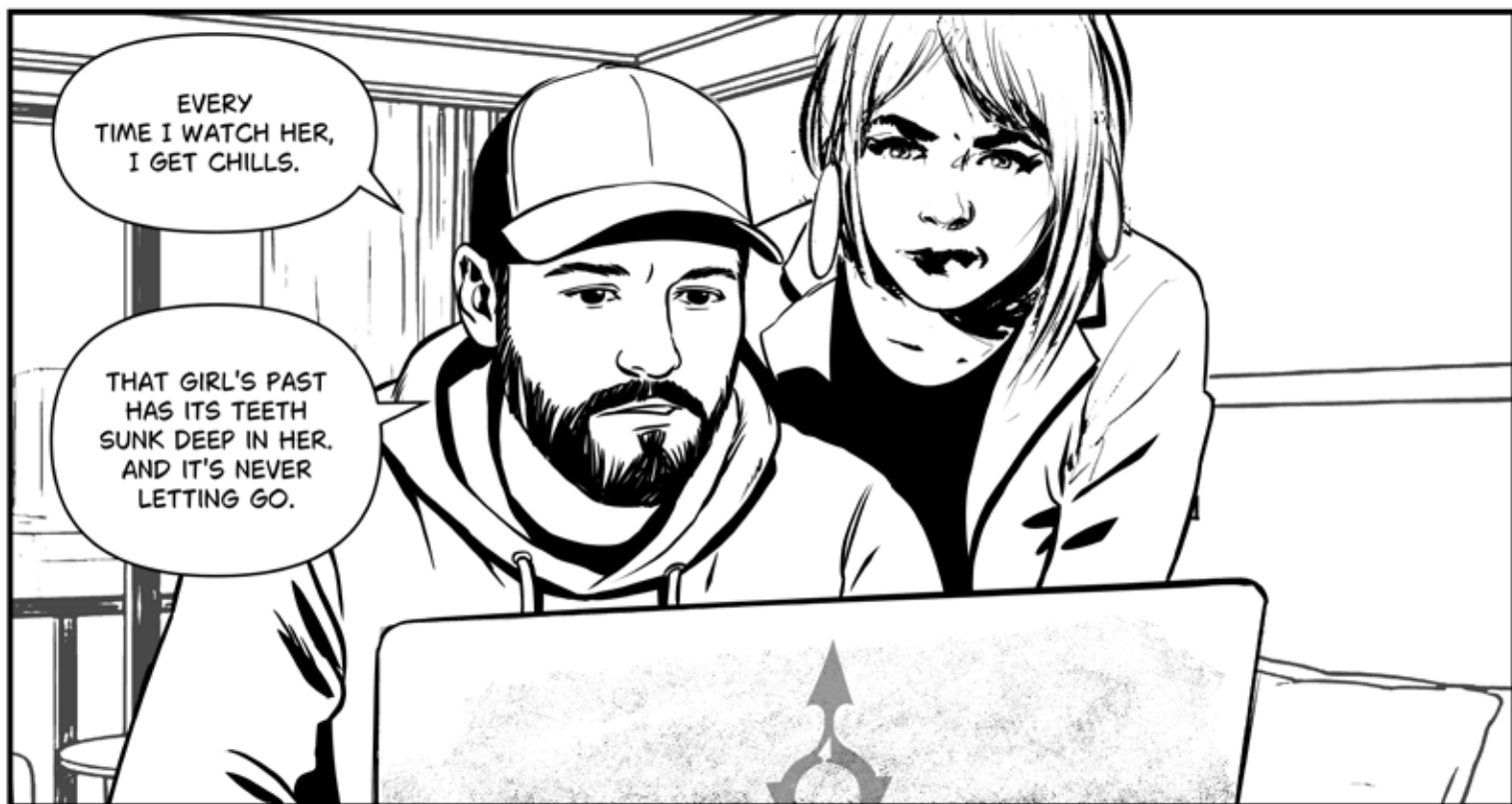
MY MOTHER, MY BROTHER
AND I NEVER TOUCHED THE
SAUCE... BUT THREE OF MY
GRANDPARENTS DIED THAT
DAY.



THE
ONLY GRANDPARENT
WHO SURVIVED AND
MY FATHER WERE
NEVER THE SAME
AGAIN.







EVERY TIME I WATCH HER, I GET CHILLS.

THAT GIRL'S PAST HAS ITS TEETH SUNK DEEP IN HER, AND IT'S NEVER LETTING GO.



BUT NOW I NEED TO STRETCH MY LEGS.



THERE'S SOMETHING ROTTEN IN THE AIR AROUND THIS PLACE.



LIKE THAT GUY OVER THERE. COME AND TAKE A LOOK.



THAT'S KILOMETER.

THAT'S WHAT EVERYBODY CALLS HIM



HE'S THE TOWN ODDBALL.

EVERY SMALL TOWN HAS ONE.

LIKE SOME UNWRITTEN LAW.

YOU BIG CITY PEOPLE NEVER REALLY GET THAT.



HE WANDERS FOR MILES FOLLOWING MAPS THAT ONLY EXIST IN HIS HEAD.

NEVER STOPS MOVING



HIS NAME CAME UP MORE THAN ONCE DURING THE INVESTIGATION.

ALICE HAD CROSSED PATHS WITH HIM IN THE WOODS AROUND THE HOUSE.



IN THE REPORTS OF THE '96 FIRE

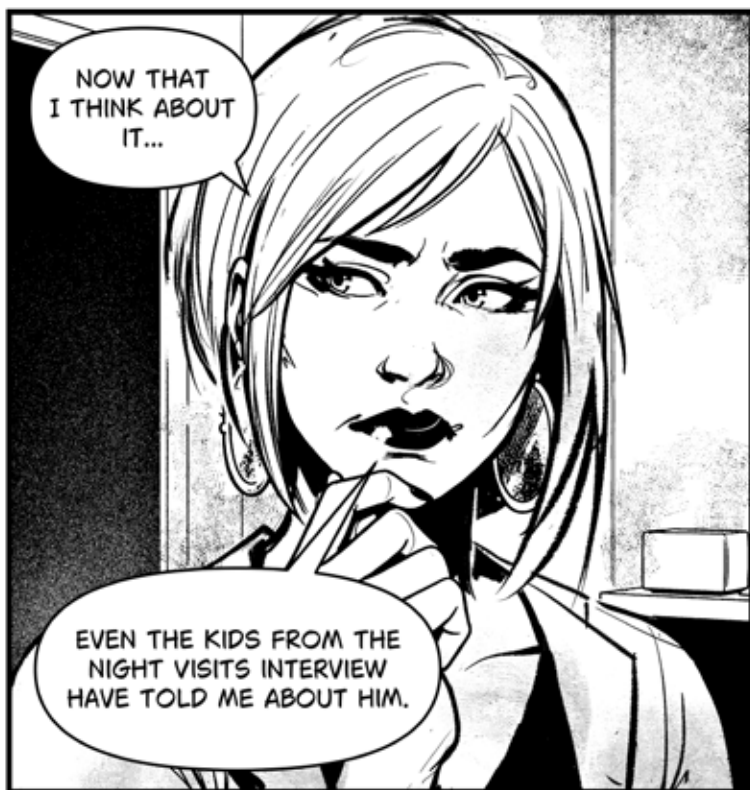
HE WAS RESCUED BY THE FIREFIGHTERS NOT TOO FAR FROM THE PLACE WHERE ANNA'S KILLER SET HIMSELF ON FIRE.



THE HUNTERS SPOTTED HIM ON THE WAY TO THE RED HOUSE.

NEED A RIDE?

FORGET HIM. SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THAT GUY.







WHEN THE RELATIONSHIP WITH SANDRO BECAME SERIOUS, MY SON ADRIANO DID NOT TAKE IT WELL.

HE SAW HIM AS A MAN TRYING TO REPLACE HIS FATHER.

THEY WERE BOTH HARD MEN. EVERY CONVERSATION TURNED INTO A FIGHT.

A FRAUD.

BUT THEY HAD A PASSION IN COMMON...

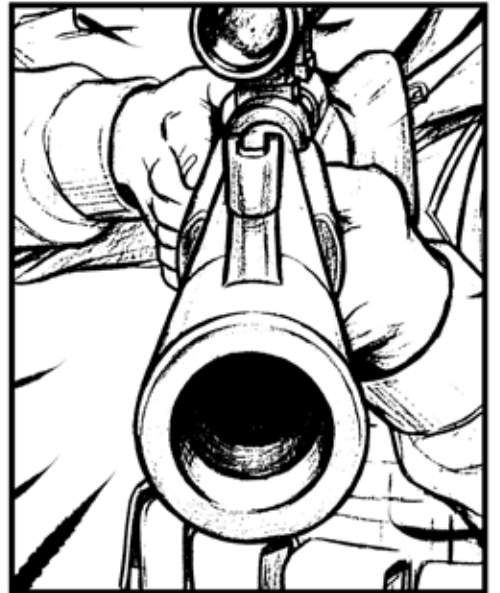
HUNTING.

SO I THOUGHT MAYBE TIME ALONE TOGETHER COULD FIX WHAT WORDS NEVER WOULD.

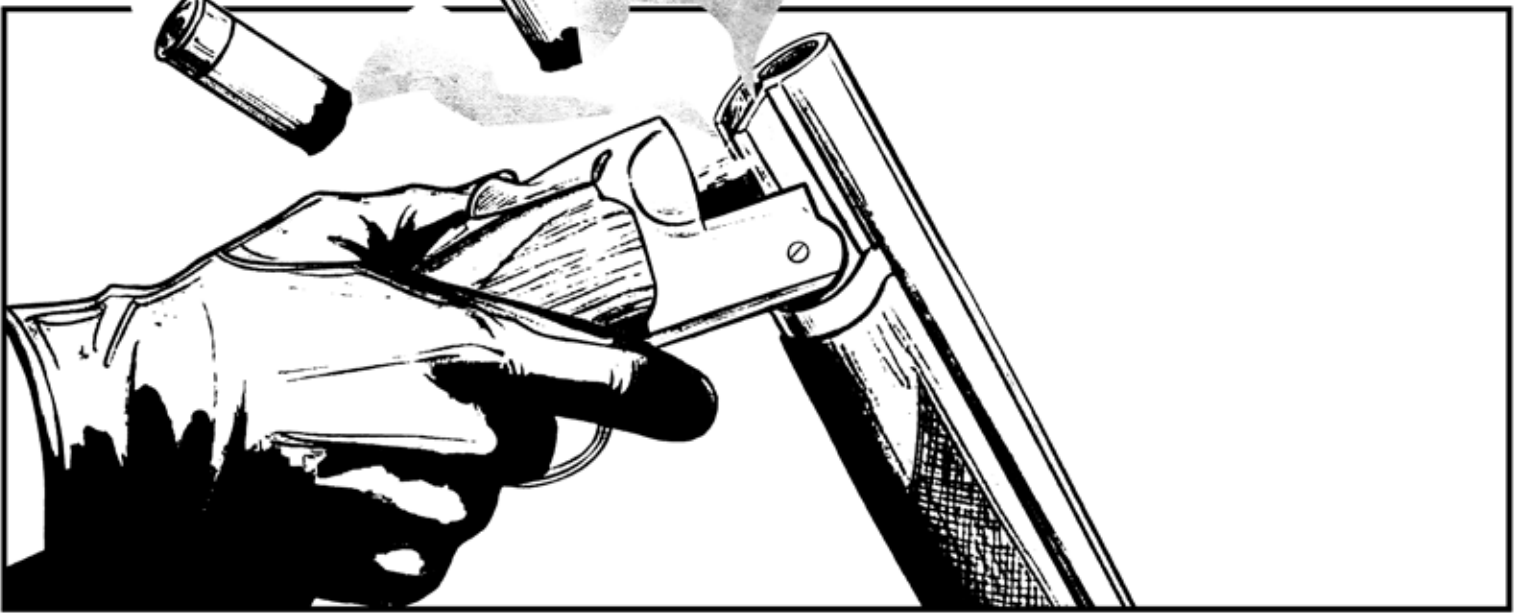
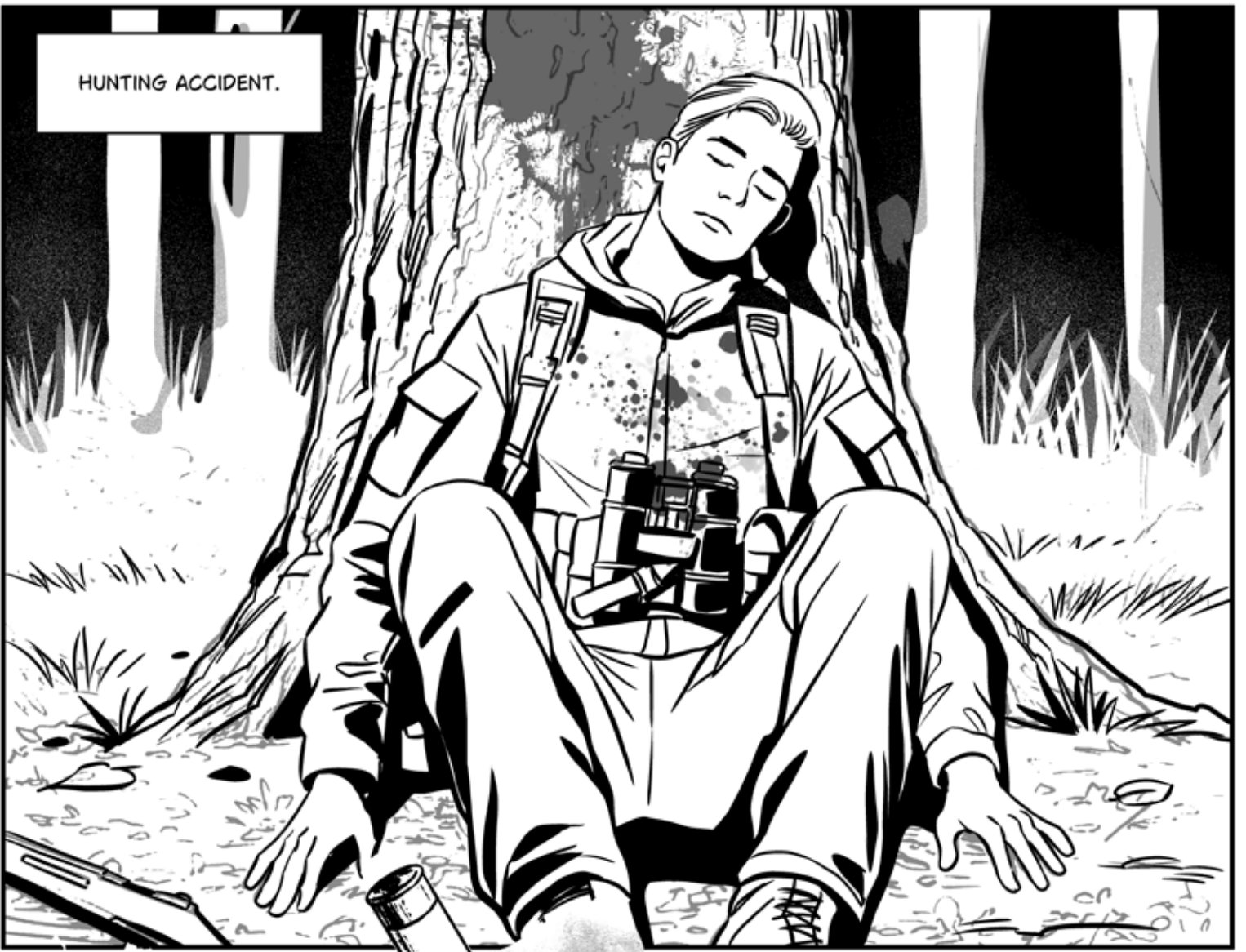
THERE WAS THIS PLACE THAT LOOKED PERFECT.

YOU HEAD INTO THE WOODS FIRST. I'LL CALL YOUR MOTHER, THEN TRACK YOU WITH THE GPS.

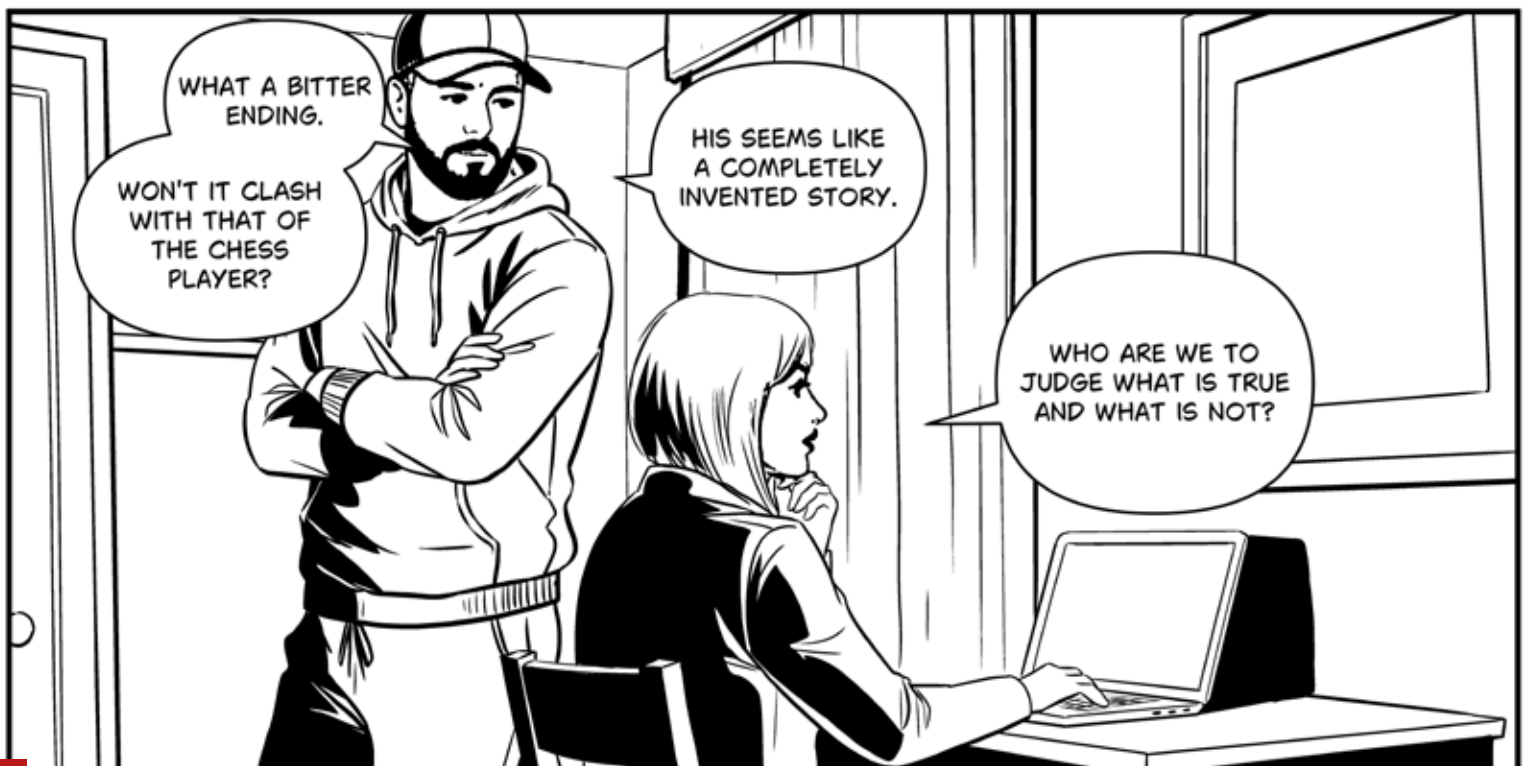
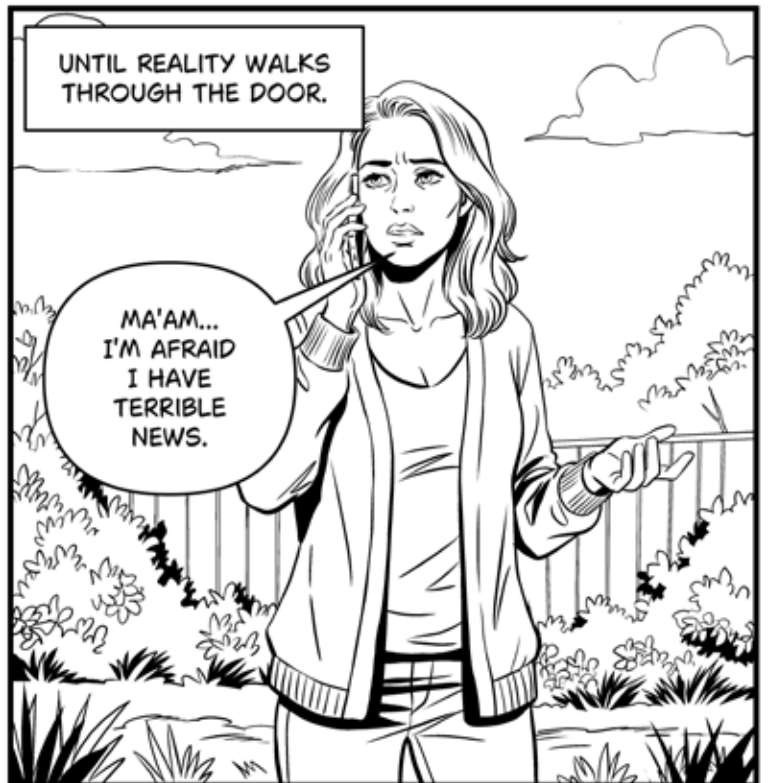
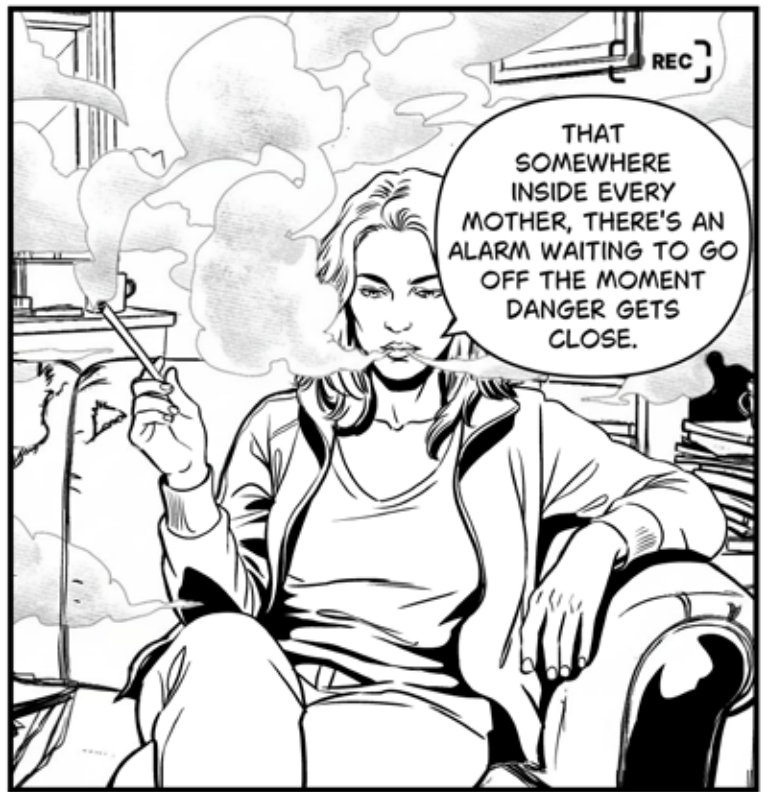
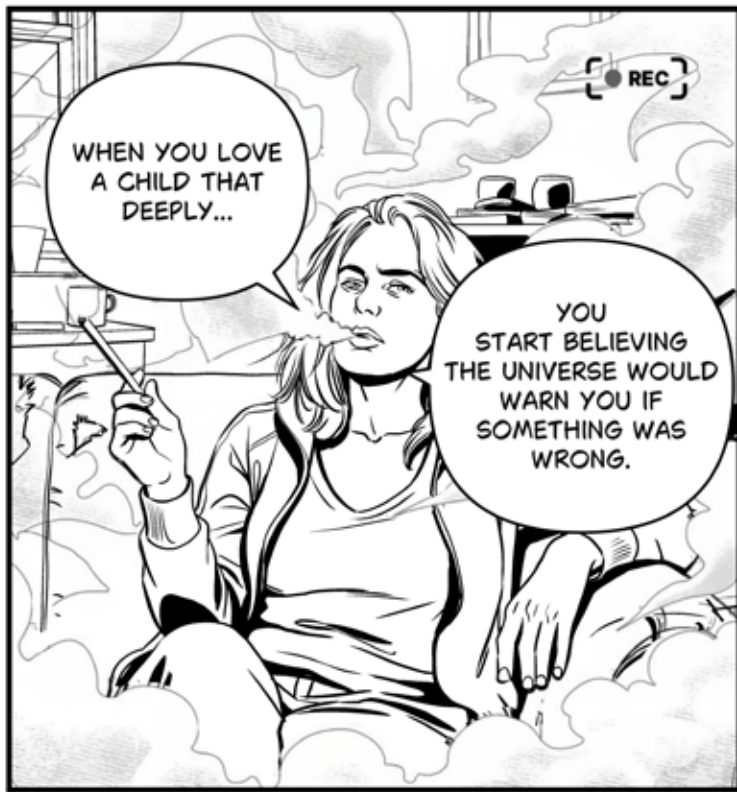
OOOK.



HUNTING ACCIDENT.





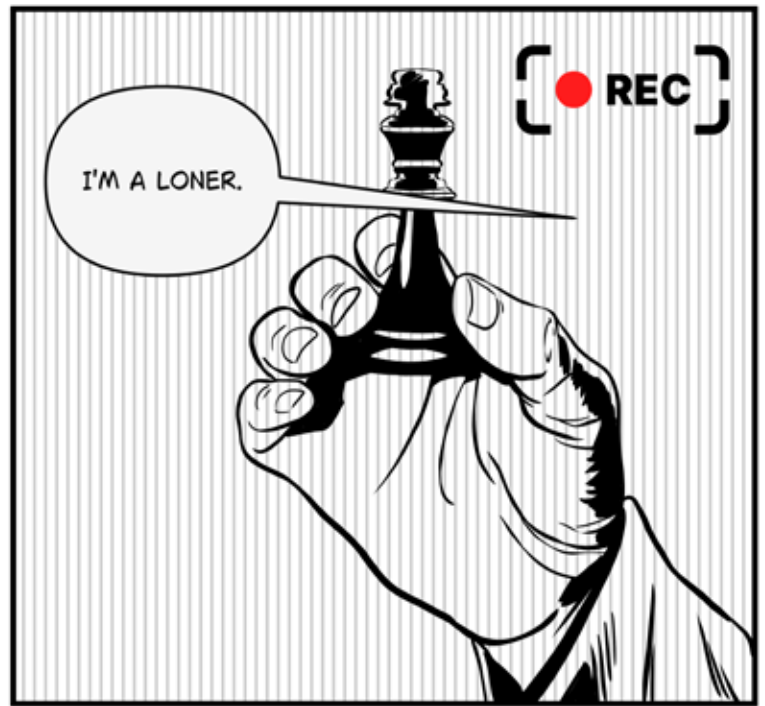


2012,
THE SEVENTH
SEAL

[● REC]

WELL
NOW...

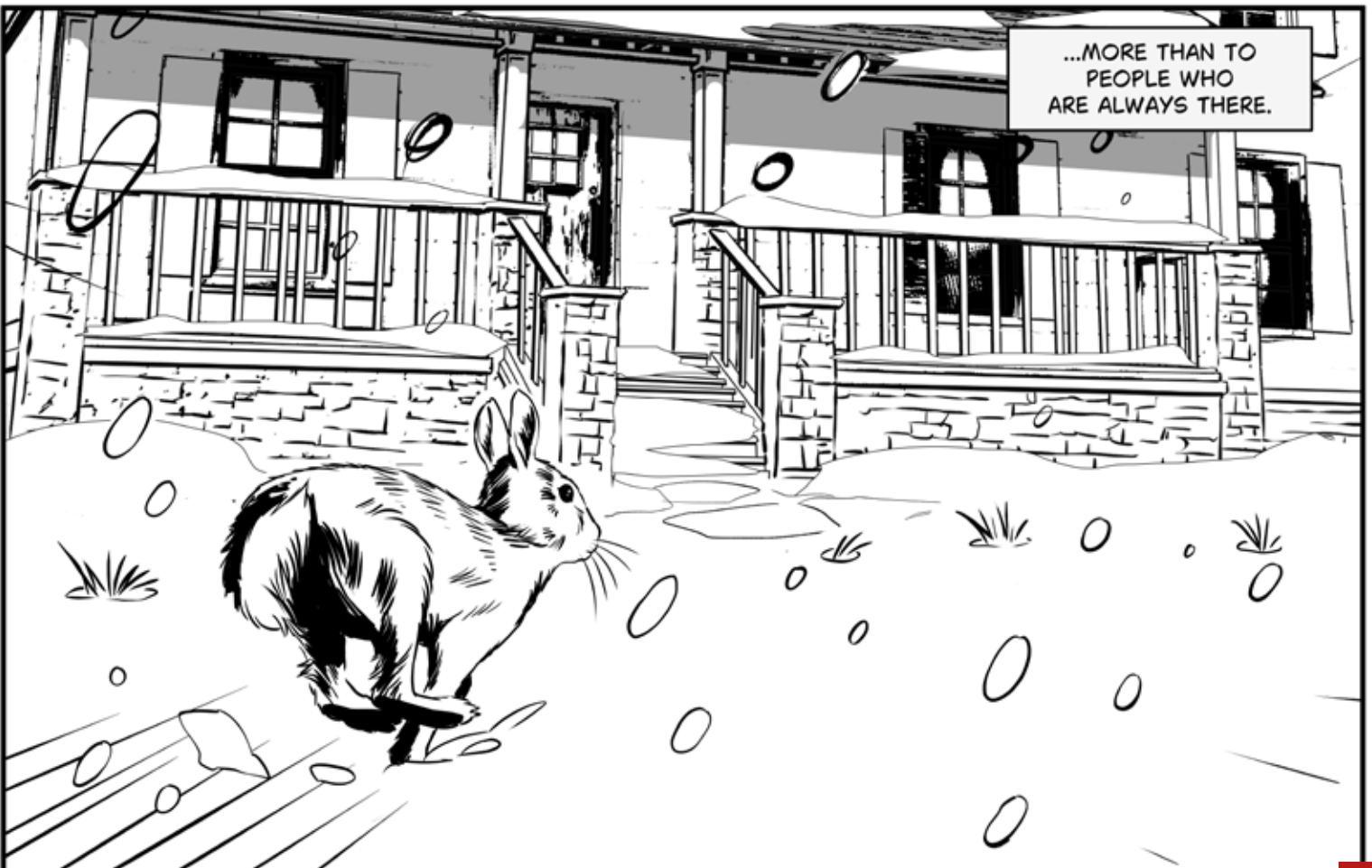
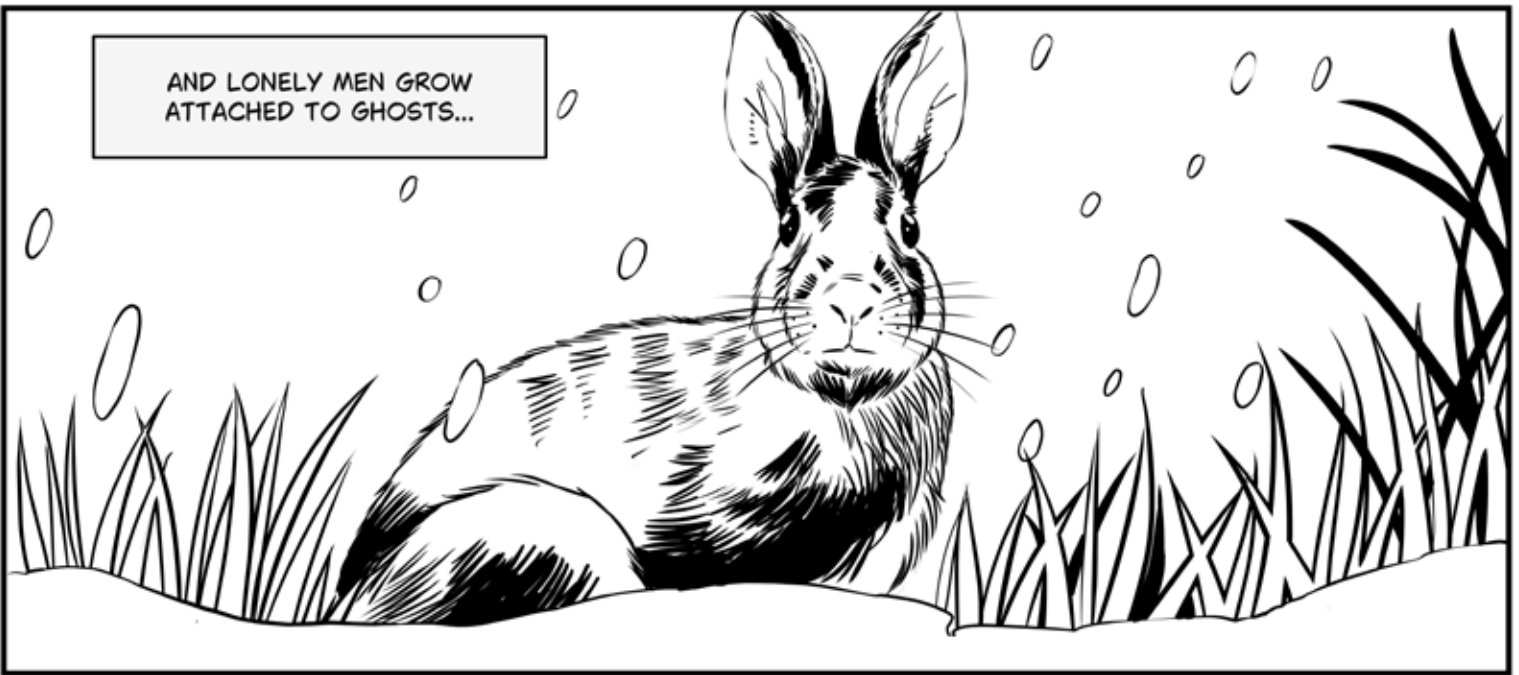
DESPITE
EVERYTHING
IT WAS AN
INTERESTING
WINTER.



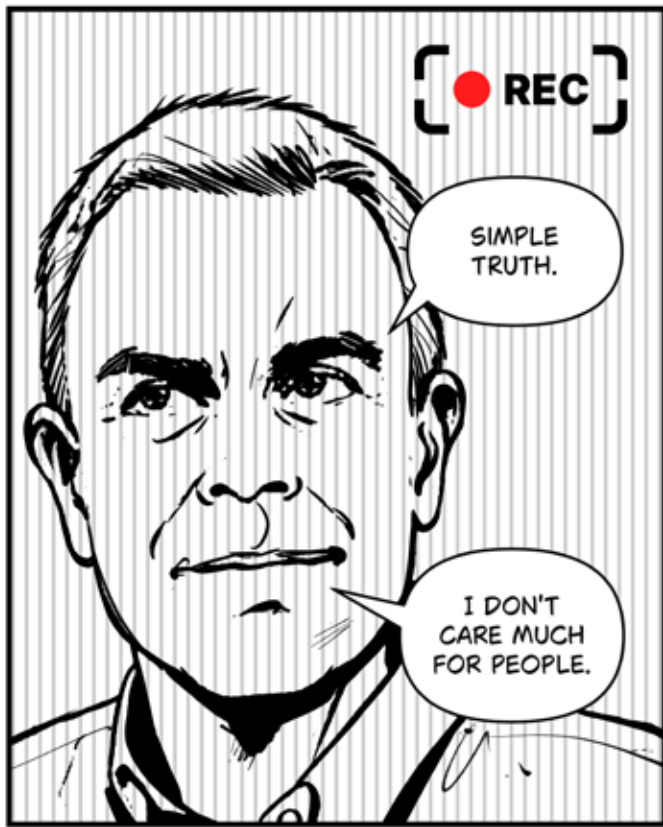
[● REC]

I'M A LONER.

AND LONELY MEN GROW
ATTACHED TO GHOSTS...



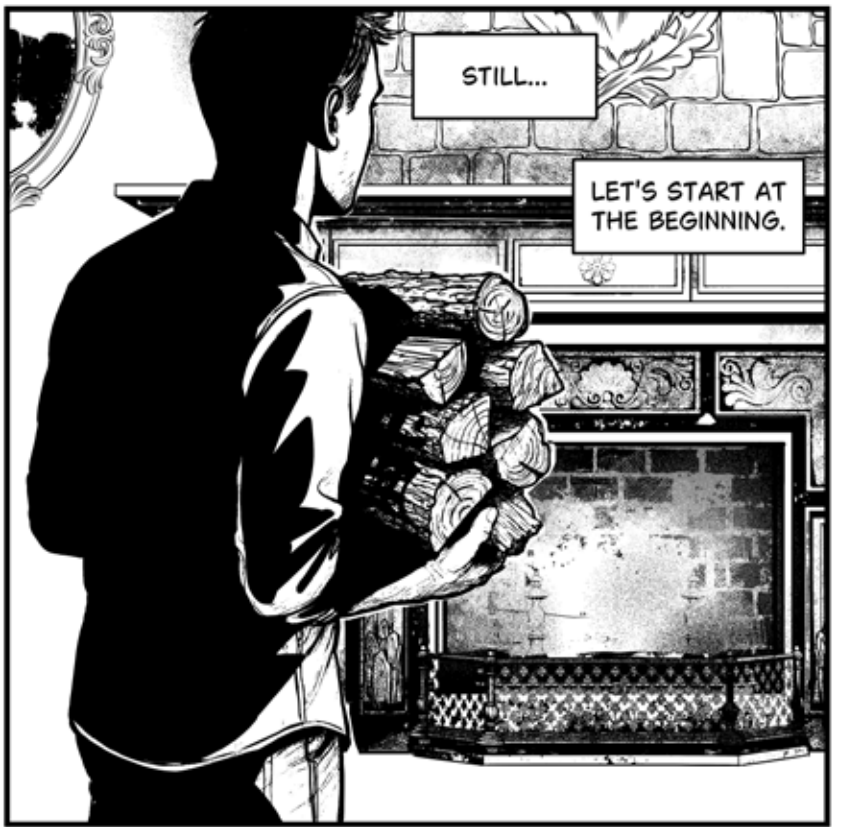
...MORE THAN TO
PEOPLE WHO
ARE ALWAYS THERE.



[● REC]

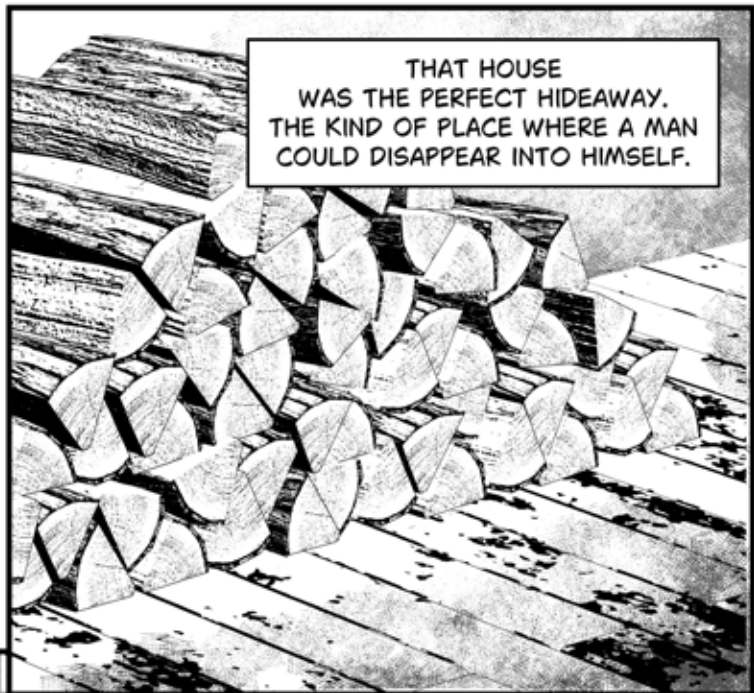
SIMPLE TRUTH.

I DON'T CARE MUCH FOR PEOPLE.

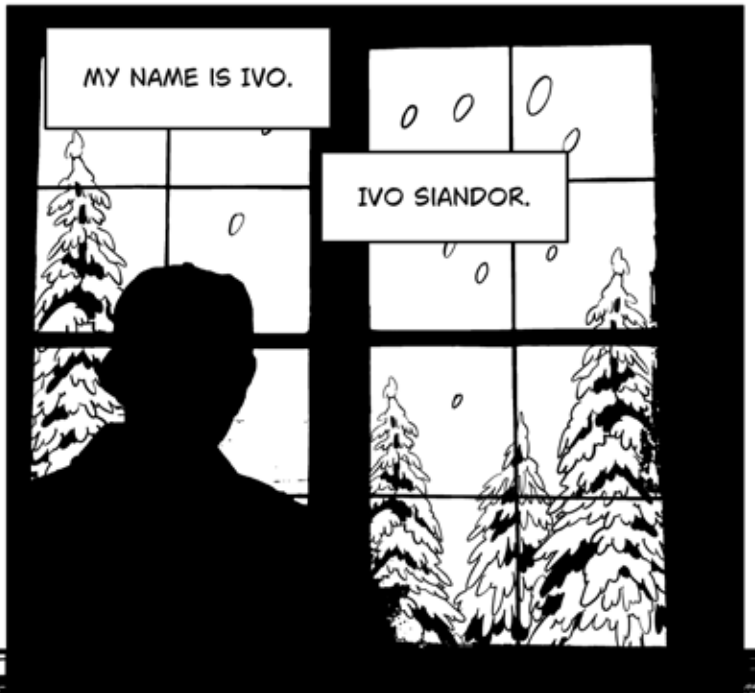


STILL...

LET'S START AT THE BEGINNING.



THAT HOUSE WAS THE PERFECT HIDEAWAY. THE KIND OF PLACE WHERE A MAN COULD DISAPPEAR INTO HIMSELF.



MY NAME IS IVO.

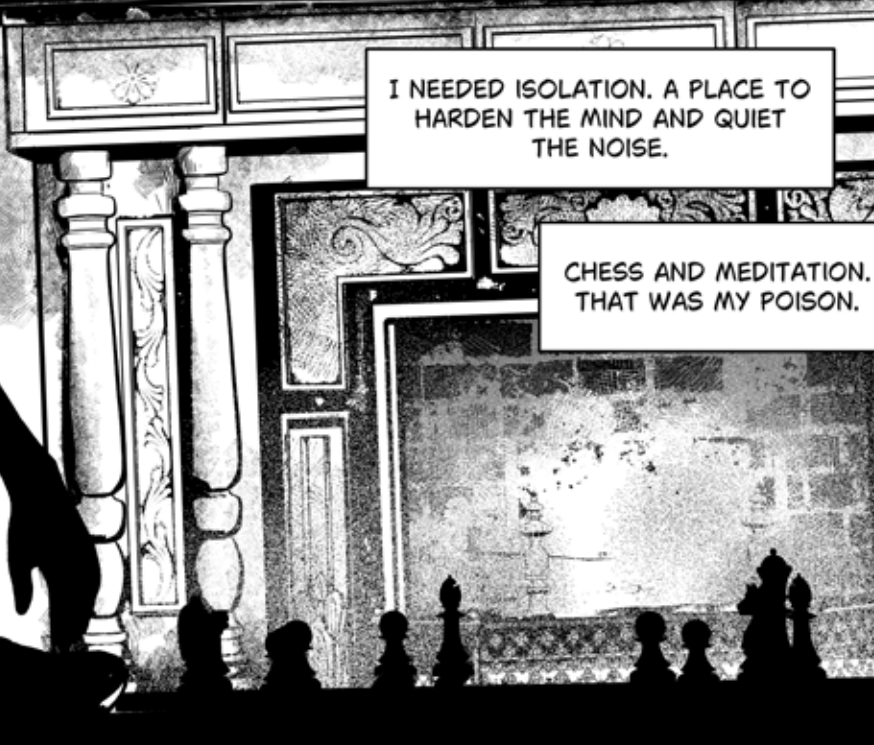
IVO SIANDOR.



I'M A CHESS PLAYER

A PRETTY GOOD ONE.

PROFESSIONAL, YOU WOULD SAY.



I NEEDED ISOLATION. A PLACE TO HARDEN THE MIND AND QUIET THE NOISE.

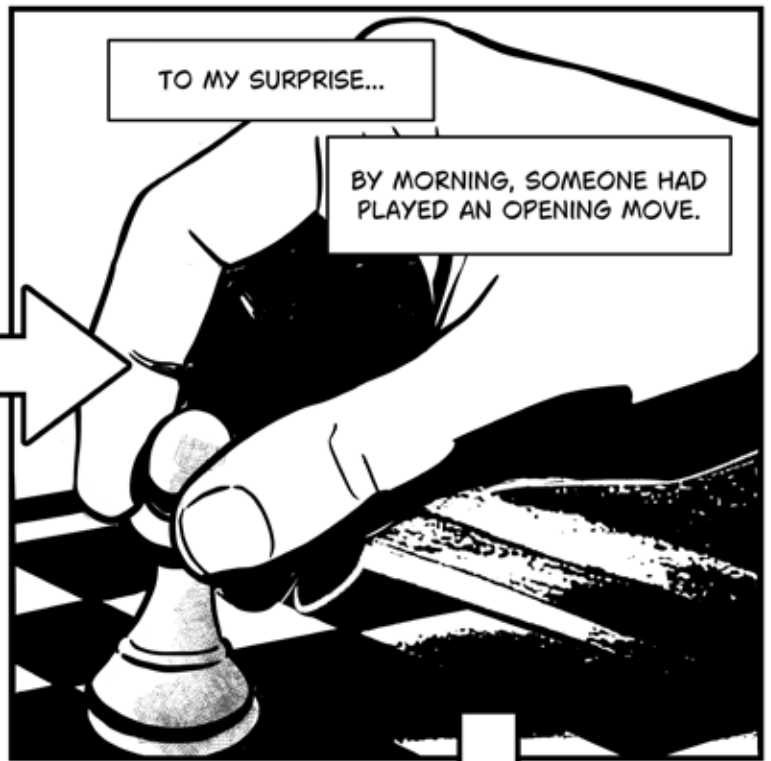
CHESS AND MEDITATION. THAT WAS MY POISON.

ONE NIGHT I LEFT THE CHESSBOARD
BESIDE THE FIREPLACE, THE PIECES
SET FOR A NEW GAME.



TO MY SURPRISE...

BY MORNING, SOMEONE HAD
PLAYED AN OPENING MOVE.



SOMETHING IN THAT
HOUSE HAD MADE
ITS MOVE...

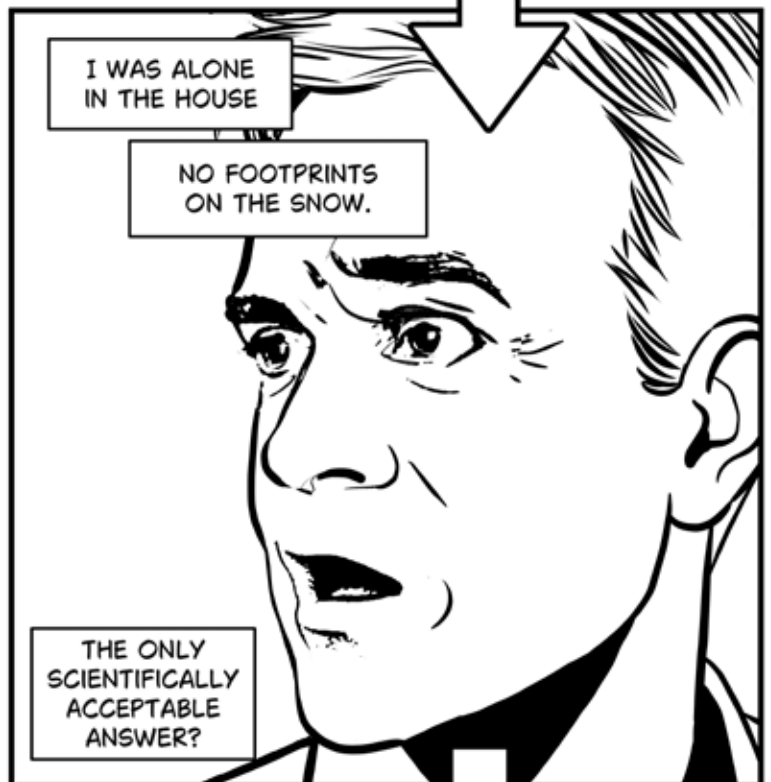
STRANGE THING
WAS... I'D
ACTUALLY
ENJOYED IT.

THEN ONE
MORNING...

I WAS ALONE
IN THE HOUSE

NO FOOTPRINTS
ON THE SNOW.

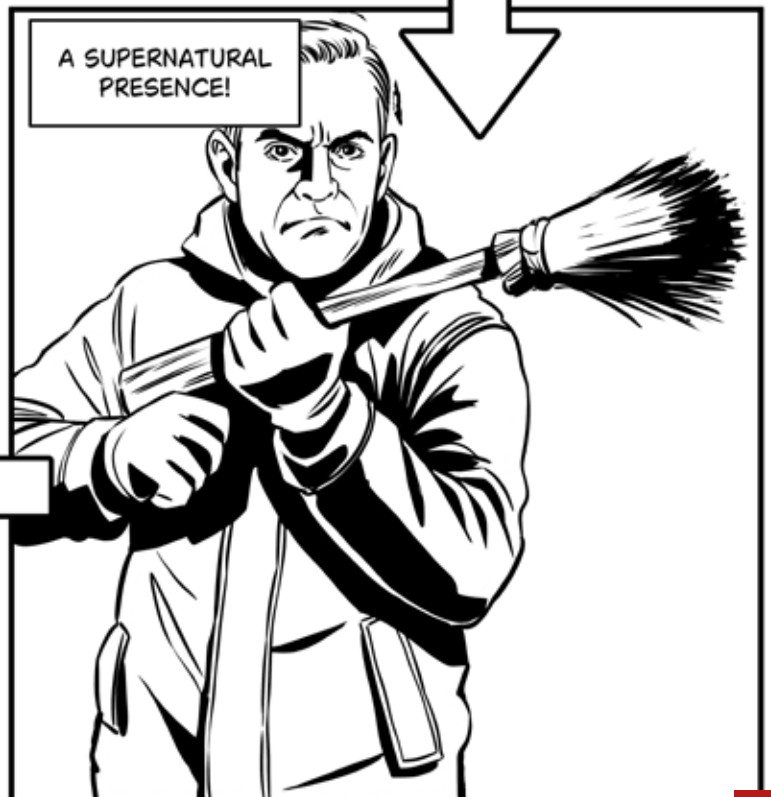
THE ONLY
SCIENTIFICALLY
ACCEPTABLE
ANSWER?



SO I ACCEPTED
THE CHALLENGE

EVERY NOW AND THEN
I WENT BACK TO THE
CHESSBOARD....

A SUPERNATURAL
PRESENCE!



THE BLACK QUEEN
HAD CHANGED HER FACE



A REAL CHAMPION KNOWS WHEN
THE GAME IS OVER.





I FORGOT HOW CREEPY THIS THING WAS.

I LOVE IT!

HE'S BASICALLY OUR HOMETOWN BOOGEYMAN

ALL THIS DOOM AND GLOOM HAS MADE ME HUNGRY. I NEED FOOD.



ENOUGH! WE NEED TO TAKE STOCK HERE.

ADD MY NAME TO THE LIST OF VICTIMS.

THIS THING TASTES LIKE CYANIDE CARDBOARD, BUT WITHOUT SALT.



HOLD OFF ON DYING FOR A MINUTE. WE'VE STILL GOT WORK TO DO...

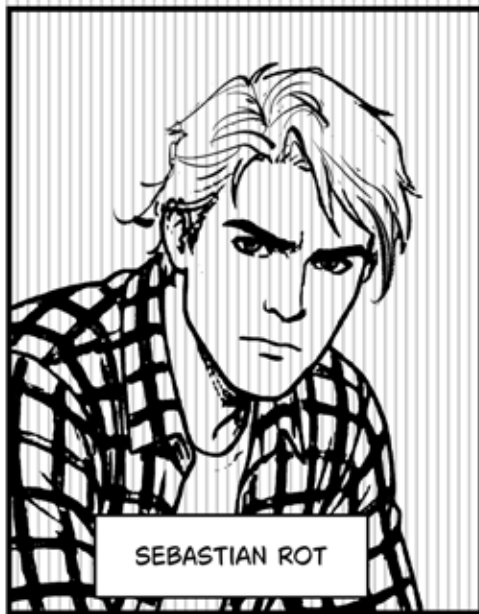


LET'S STAY ON THE FILE. EVERY DEATH WAS RULED LEGITIMATE BY THE AUTHORITIES.

BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN THE STORY ENDS THERE...



THERE MAYBE AN UNSUSPECTED MURDERER.



SEBASTIAN ROT



THEO ROT



STELLA MARGHERITI

SEBASTIAN WAS STILL A CHILD WHEN THE KILLINGS BEGAN.

AND THEN THERE'S THE ENGINEER?

BROKEN HEARTS DON'T ALWAYS HEAL. SOMETIMES THEY ROT.

WHAT IF ANNA'S MURDER TWISTED HIM INTO SOMETHING MONSTROUS? SOMETIMES THE HUNGER FOR JUSTICE TURNS INTO PLAIN HUNGER.

THAT KIND OF PAIN BREEDS MONSTERS. SHADOWS. WAS HE THE MASTERMIND BEHIND ALL OF IT?

A GRUDGE AGAINST THE WHOLE DAMN WORLD.

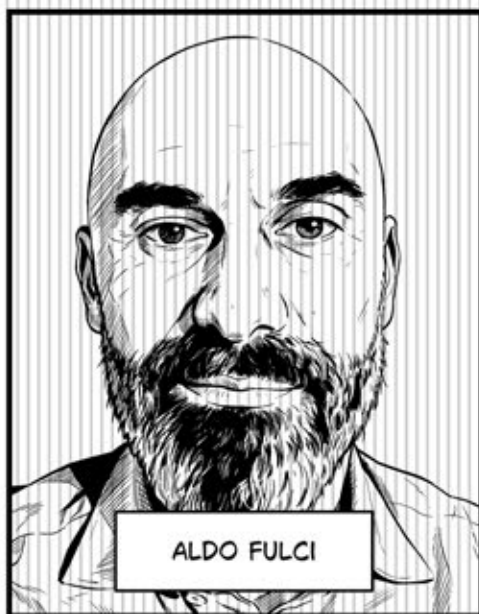
DID HE ACT ALONE? OR DID HE HAVE HELP? MAYBE EVEN HIS SON?

STELLA TURNED THE NIGHTMARE INTO A BUSINESS.

BUT THE ACCIDENTS ONLY HAPPENED TO PAYING GUESTS.

CONVENIENT. STRANGE, TOO.

TEN THOUSAND. TWENTY THOUSAND EUROS DOESN'T SOUND LIKE ENOUGH TO KILL FOR. MONEY CAN'T CHANGE YOUR LIFE. BUT IT CAN CHANGE YOU.



ALDO FULCI



KILOMETER

FULCI LOOKS LIKE A MADMAN DRIVEN BY BLIND RAGE. BUT EVEN RAGE HAS ITS REASONS.

EVEN AN AVALANCHE BEGINS AS A QUIET SNOWFLAKE. HIS SON AND KILOMETER WERE CHILDHOOD FRIENDS. A TOURIST RAN THEM OVER WHILE THEY WERE RIDING THEIR BIKES AT SUNDOWN. FULCI'S BOY NEVER WOKE UP.



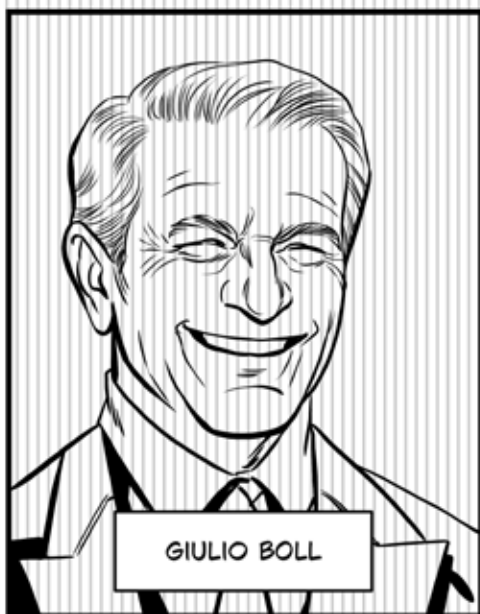
JUST A LONG COMA...
...ENDING IN DEATH.

AS FOR KILOMETER...

HE DRIFTED THROUGH LIFE LIKE A GHOST.

THOSE TWO WERE BOUND TOGETHER BY BLOOD AND GRIEF.

WHAT IF HURTING STRANGERS WASN'T ENOUGH? WHAT IF THE RESENTMENT KEPT ASKING FOR MORE?



AND LET'S NOT FORGET
OUR INNKEEPER...

MR. GIULIO
BOLL.

QUIET.
GENTLE. HONEST. MAYBE TOO HONEST.
CAN SOMEONE ELSE'S TRAGEDY BECOME
ANOTHER PERSON'S FORTUNE? HOW FAR
WOULD YOU GO TO SAVE YOUR BUSINESS?
YOUR LIVELIHOOD?

WHERE'S THE LINE?

MORALITY IS A BORDER DRAWN
IN SHADOW... AND SHADOWS
DISAPPEAR WHEN NIGHT FALLS.

OR MAYBE
SOMEONE ELSE HAS BEEN PULLING
THE STRINGS FROM THE SHADOWS
ALL ALONG.

HUMAN? GHOST?
MONSTER?

YOU!

SO WHAT DO YOU THINK?
WHO'S REALLY BEHIND
IT ALL?

TELL ME IN
THE COMMENTS.

TRAIN STATION,
THE FOLLOWING DAY

SEBASTIAN,
THANKS FOR YOUR
HELP... AND FOR
LETTING US FILM.

I'LL LET
YOU KNOW WHEN
IT COMES OUT.

YOU MOUNTAIN
PEOPLE REALLY
DON'T USE EMAIL?
OR SHOULD I CARVE
THE DETAILS ONTO A
TRAVELING RACCOON?

EMAIL WORKS FINE.
THOUGH WITH THOSE RACCOONS,
I'D WORRY ABOUT THE BEARS
HACKING THEM.

SO...
DID YOU COME UP WITH
A DIFFERENT THEORY FROM
THE OFFICIAL ONE?

WE MADE A FEW WILD GUESSES
ABOUT YOU TOO... BUT THE
TRUTH IS...

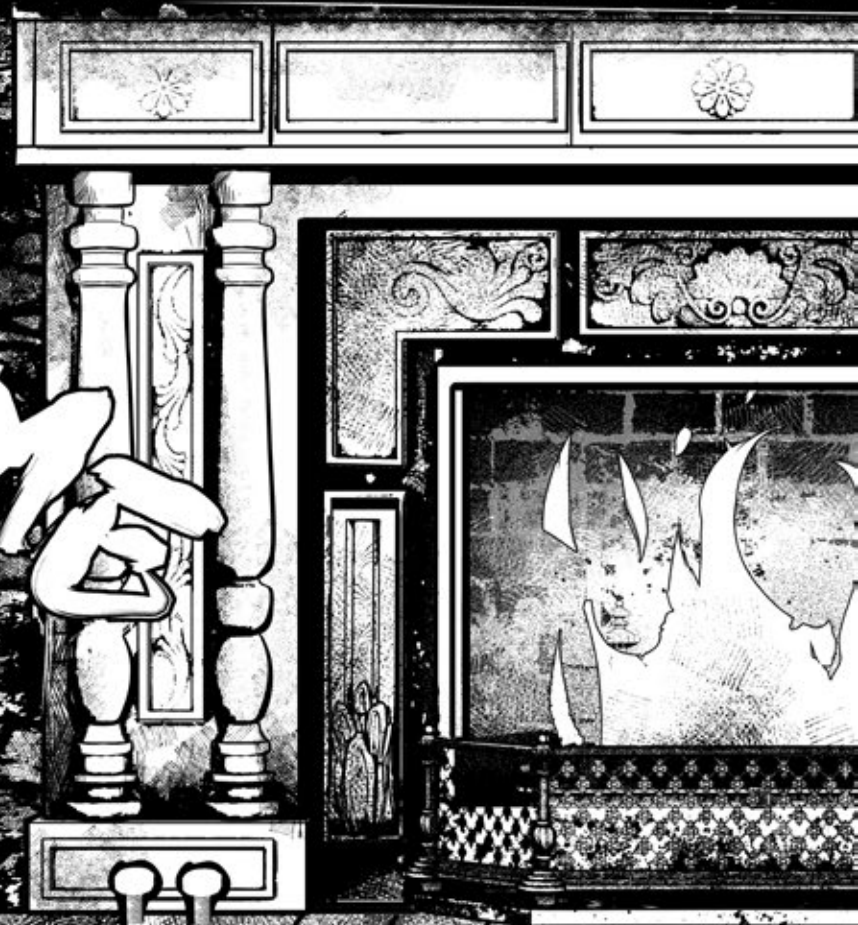
...WE MAY NEVER
REALLY KNOW.

YEAR 2020

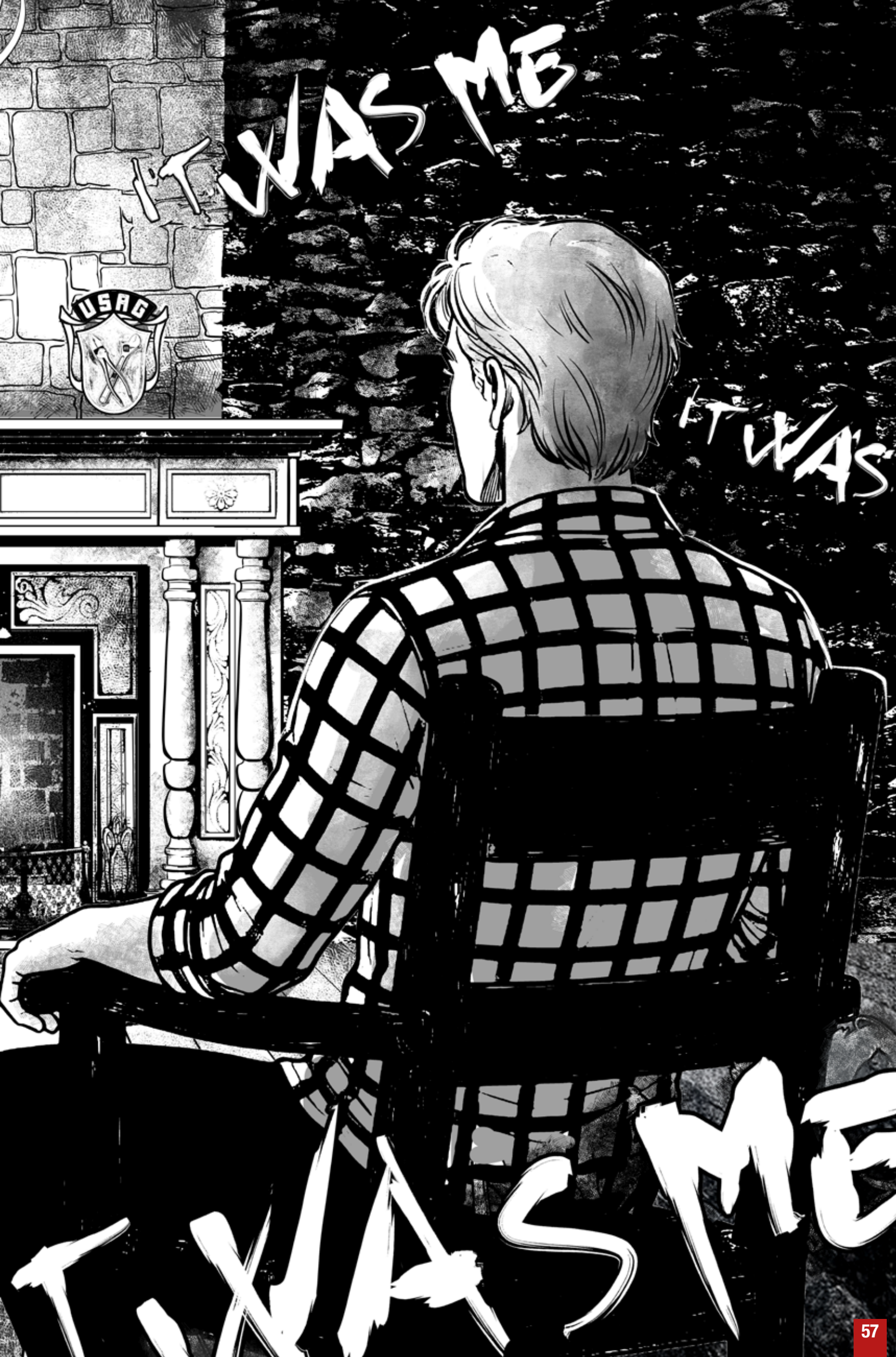
IT WAS ME



IT WAS ME



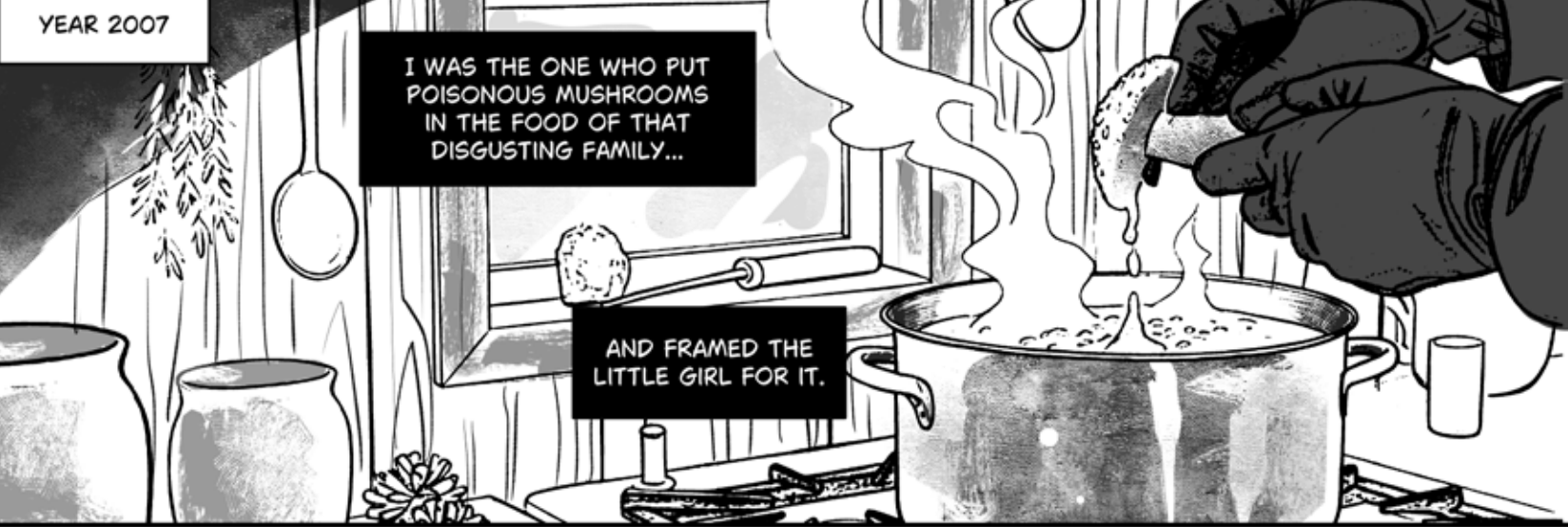
IT WAS ME



YEAR 2007

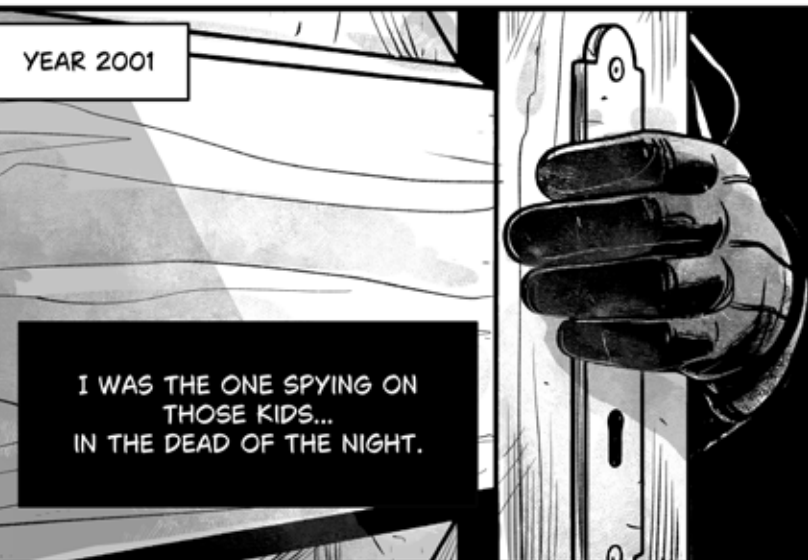
I WAS THE ONE WHO PUT
POISONOUS MUSHROOMS
IN THE FOOD OF THAT
DISGUSTING FAMILY...

AND FRAMED THE
LITTLE GIRL FOR IT.



YEAR 2001

I WAS THE ONE SPYING ON
THOSE KIDS...
IN THE DEAD OF THE NIGHT.



YEAR 2012

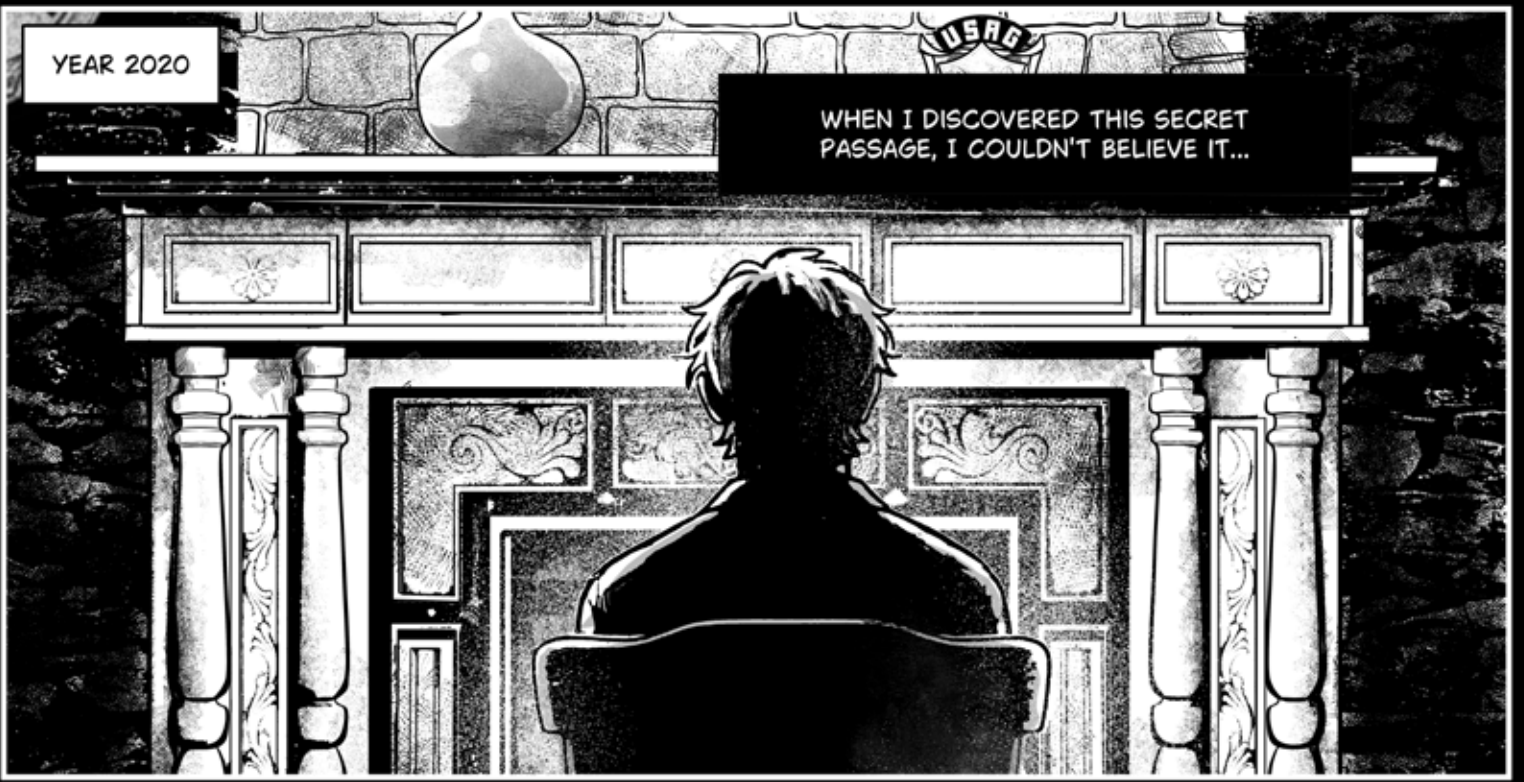
I WAS THE ONE WHO
PLAYED WITH DEATH.

IT WAS ME...



YEAR 2020

WHEN I DISCOVERED THIS SECRET
PASSAGE, I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT...

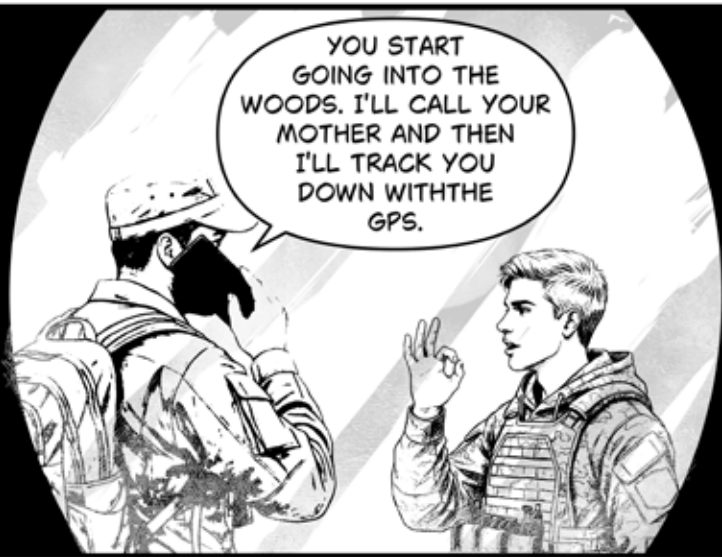


ALL THE DARKNESS I KEPT INSIDE ME...

CAME BACK TO COLLECT ITS DEBT



YEAR 2015



YOU START GOING INTO THE WOODS. I'LL CALL YOUR MOTHER AND THEN I'LL TRACK YOU DOWN WITH THE GPS.



LOVE...

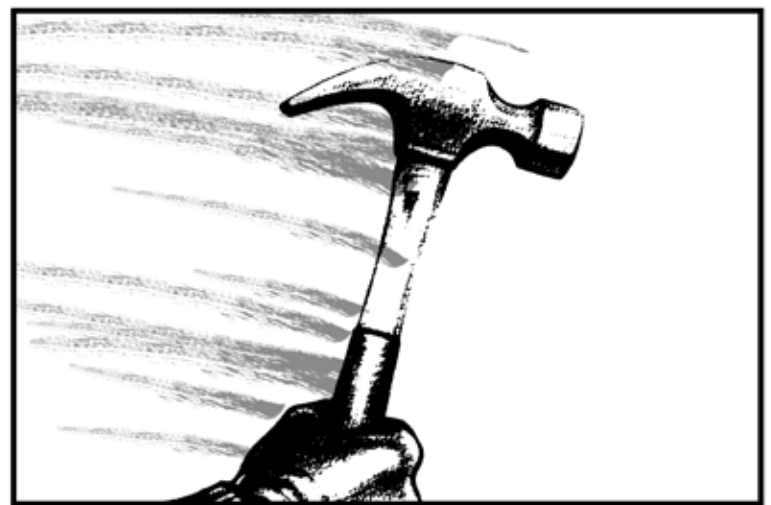
IT'S GOING GREAT. I FEEL LIKE WE'RE FINALLY BONDING.



OBVIOUSLY HE'D NEVER ADMIT IT, BUT HE IS ACTUALLY HAVING FUN.



WE ALSO CROSSED PATHS WITH A REALLY CREEPY GUY, EVERYONE CALLS HIM KILOMETER...





I PICKED UP
HIS RIFLE



AND THANKS TO THE GPS



I TRACKED MY PREY

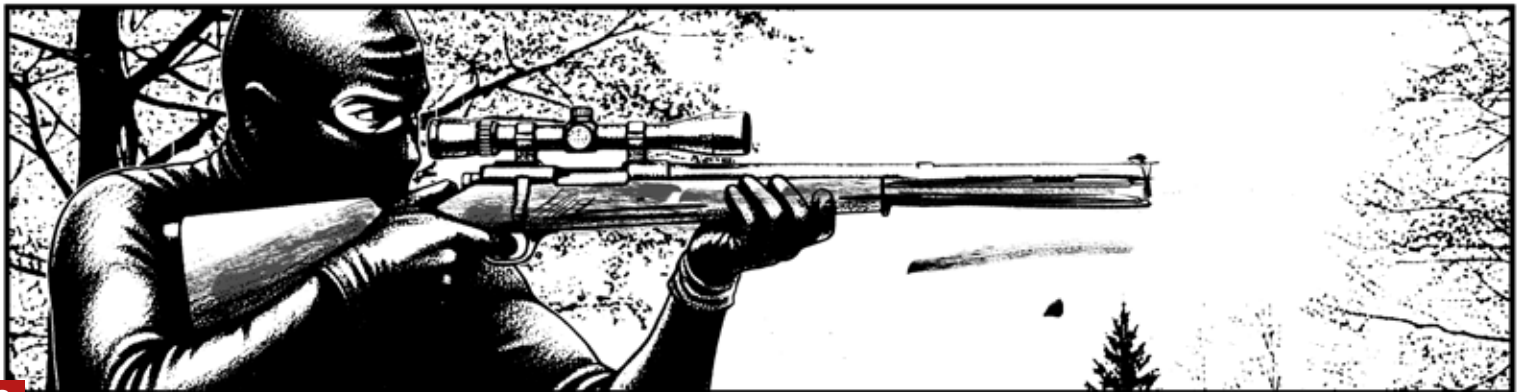
THE BOY.



MY BOOT PRINTS GAVE THE
INVESTIGATION A CULPRIT.



AND A TRAGIC STORY TO
FILL THE NEWSPAPERS.



BACK AT THE RED HOUSE. I SAT THE OLD MAN'S CORPSE IN A CHAIR.



THEN I ERASED THE HAMMER WOUND WITH A SHOTGUN BLAST TO HIS HEAD.



IT WAS ME

IT WAS ME

IT WAS ME

YEAR 2020

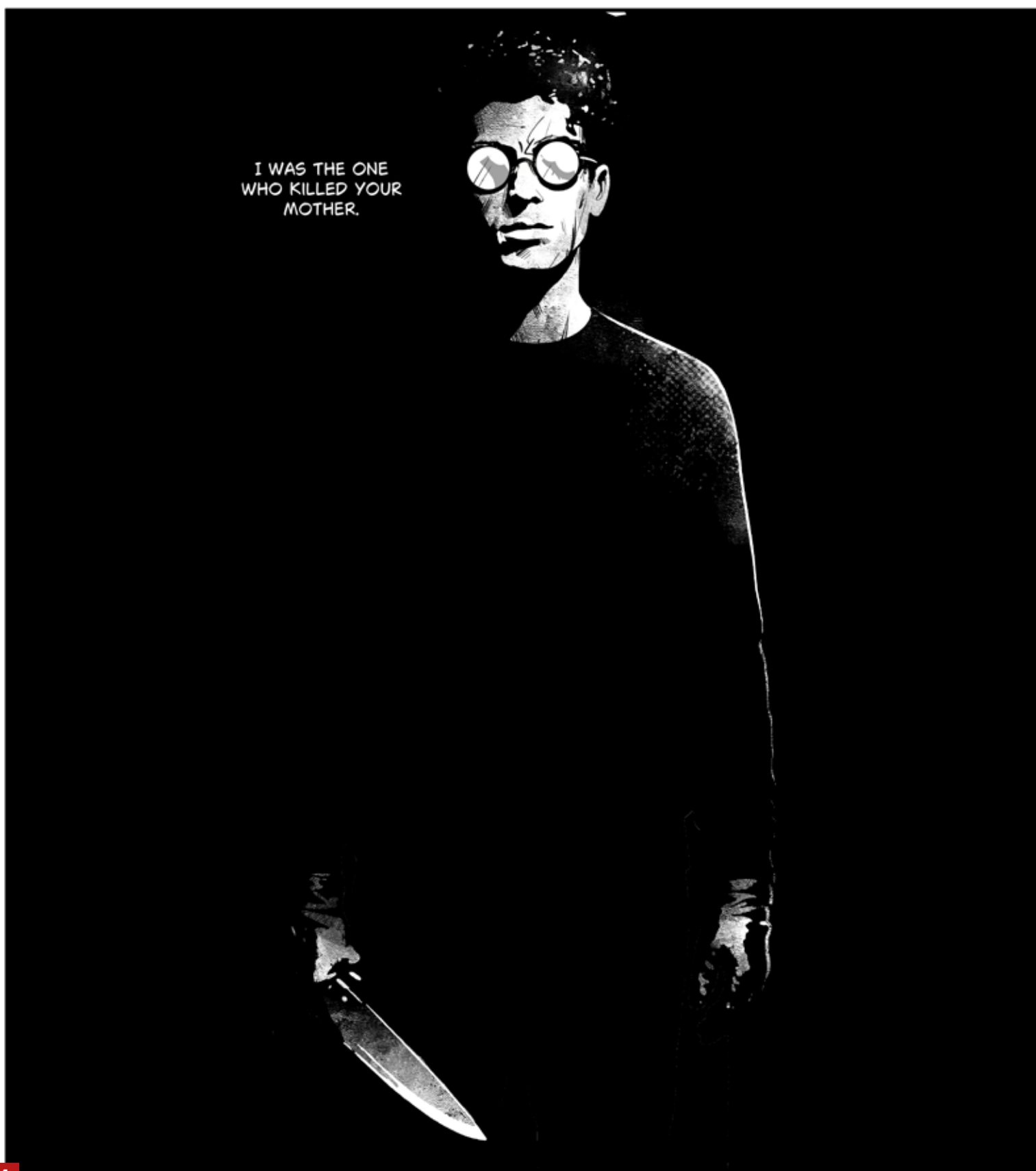
I KNOW...

I DID IT ALL...





I WAS THE ONE
WHO KILLED YOUR
MOTHER.





I'D KNOWN FOR A WHILE...

BUT I NEEDED TO HEAR IT FROM YOUR VOICE... FOR IT TO BECOME REAL.



I WAS JUST A CHILD.

AND YOU BECAME QUIETER EVERY DAY... SADDER.

I WAS WORRIED.



ONE DAY, I SAW YOU ENTER OUR WOODS DURING A STORM.



I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO DO SOMETHING STUPID...

SO I FOLLOWED YOU.

READY TO STEP IN.



WHAT THE HELL WAS THAT CAVE?

YOU HAD NEVER MENTIONED IT IN YOUR LIFE.

I GOT SCARED AND RAN HOME.

YEARS LATER, THAT EPISODE CAME BACK TO ME

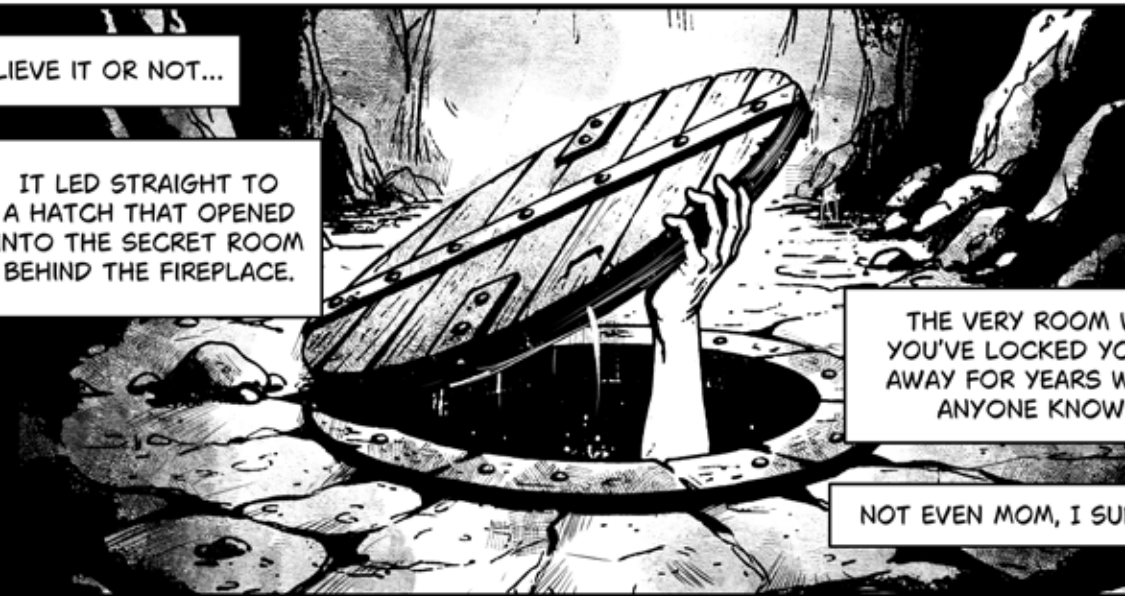
SO I WENT TO SEE IT WITH MY OWN EYES.



A LADDER CLIMBED HIGH INTO THE MOUNTAIN WALL.

AND BELIEVE IT OR NOT...

IT LED STRAIGHT TO A HATCH THAT OPENED INTO THE SECRET ROOM BEHIND THE FIREPLACE.



THE VERY ROOM WHERE YOU'VE LOCKED YOURSELF AWAY FOR YEARS WITHOUT ANYONE KNOWING.

NOT EVEN MOM, I SUPPOSE.

NOT TO MENTION THAT TWO-WAY MIRROR THROUGH WHICH YOU MONITORED YOUR VICTIMS' MOVEMENTS.

EVEN IN A THOUSAND YEARS, I NEVER WOULD'VE GUESSED IT WAS FAKE.



YEAR 2020

ARE YOU WATCHING ME NOW?

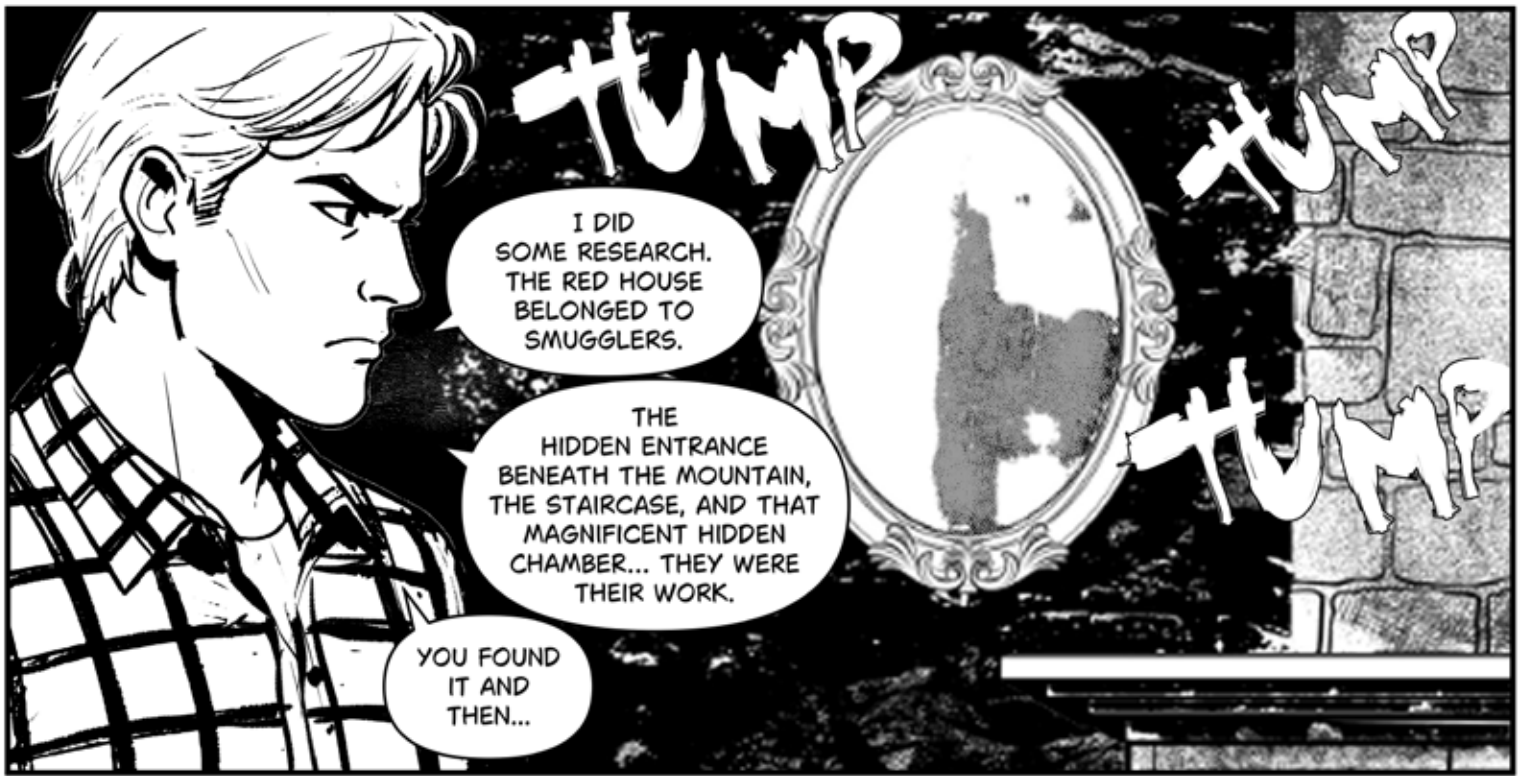
CAN YOU SEE ME?

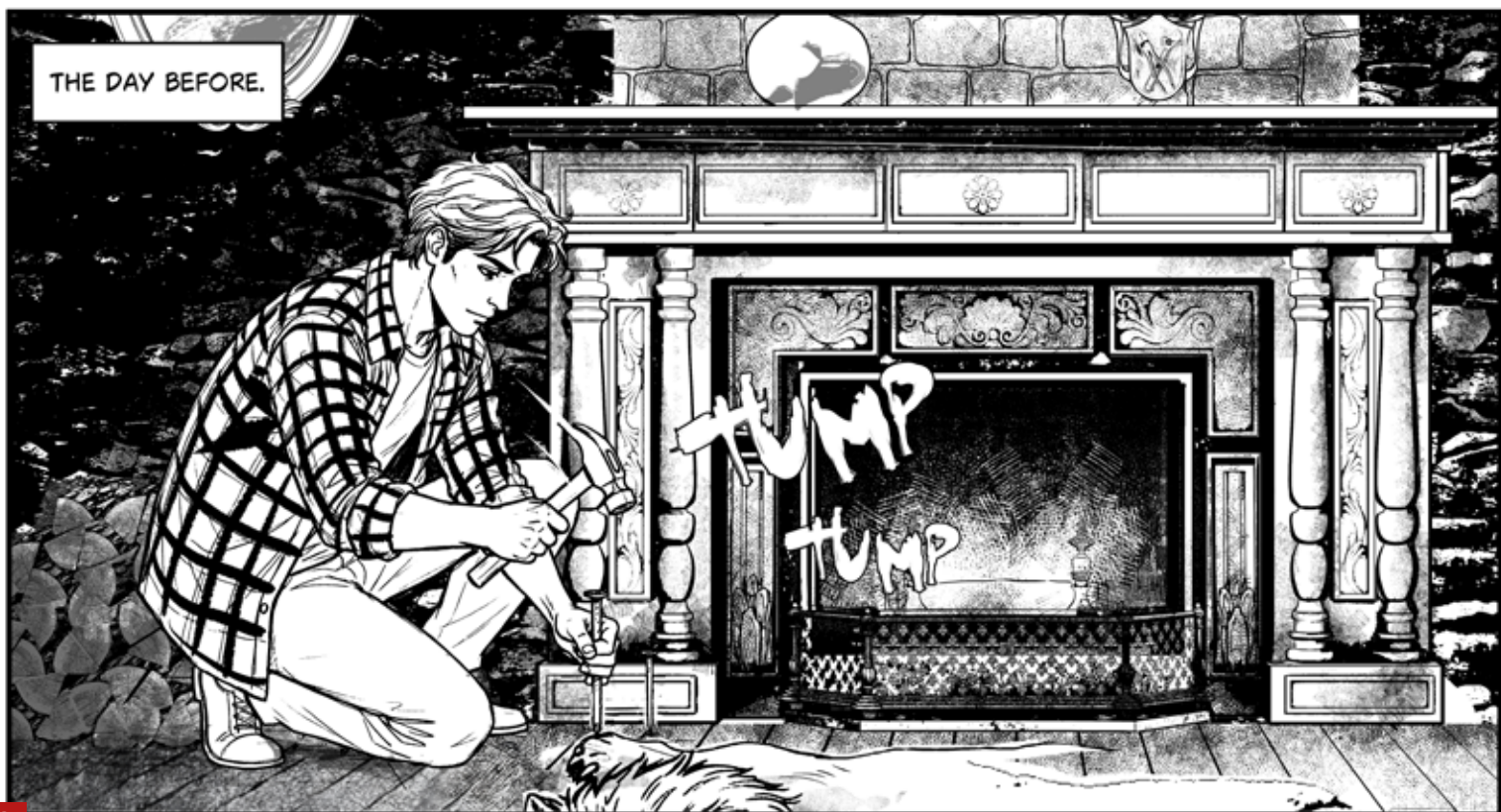
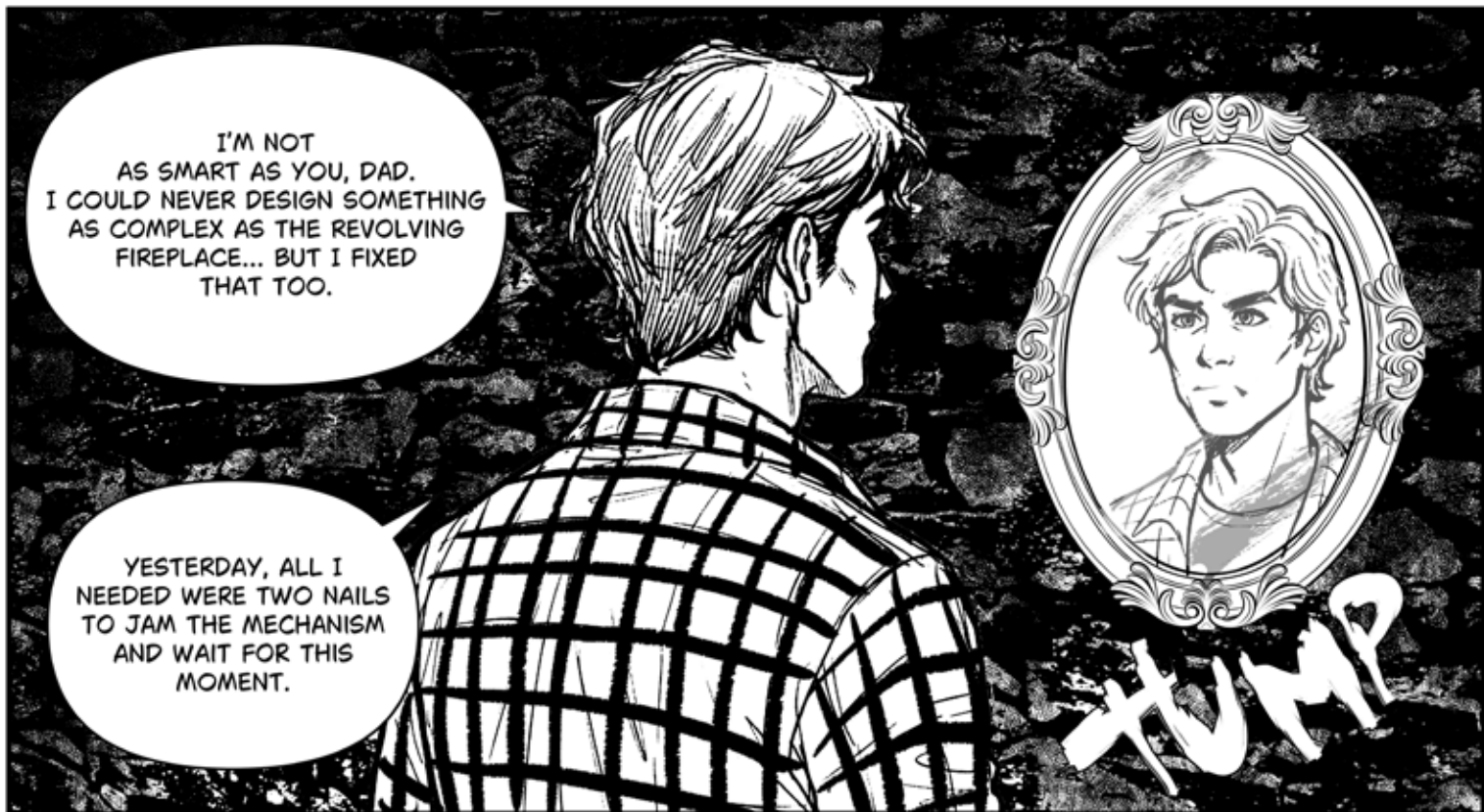
BUT THIS IS YOUR MASTERPIECE. THE THING YOU WERE SURELY PROUDEST OF.

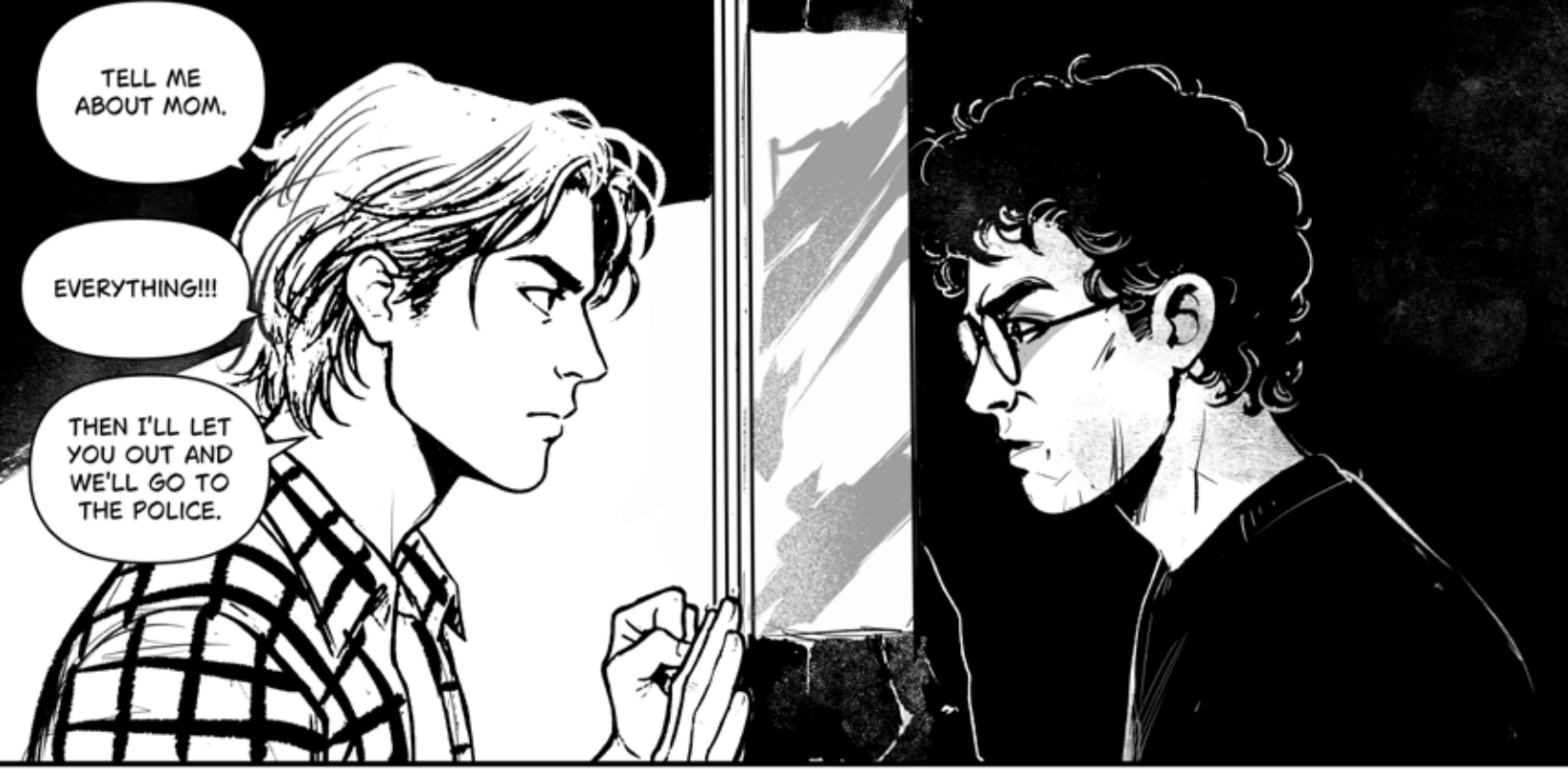
THE MECHANISM THAT LETS THE FIREPLACE ROTATE... REVEALING A SECRET PASSAGE.

THEN AGAIN, YOU WERE AN ENGINEER... NOT JUST SOME DERANGED FOOL.









TELL ME ABOUT MOM.

EVERYTHING!!!

THEN I'LL LET YOU OUT AND WE'LL GO TO THE POLICE.



I NEVER CARED ABOUT THAT WOMAN.

A MARRIED MAN ATTRACTS LESS SUSPICION ESPECIALLY IF HE HAS CERTAIN APPETITES TO SATISFY.

CONTROL

FEAR

MURDER



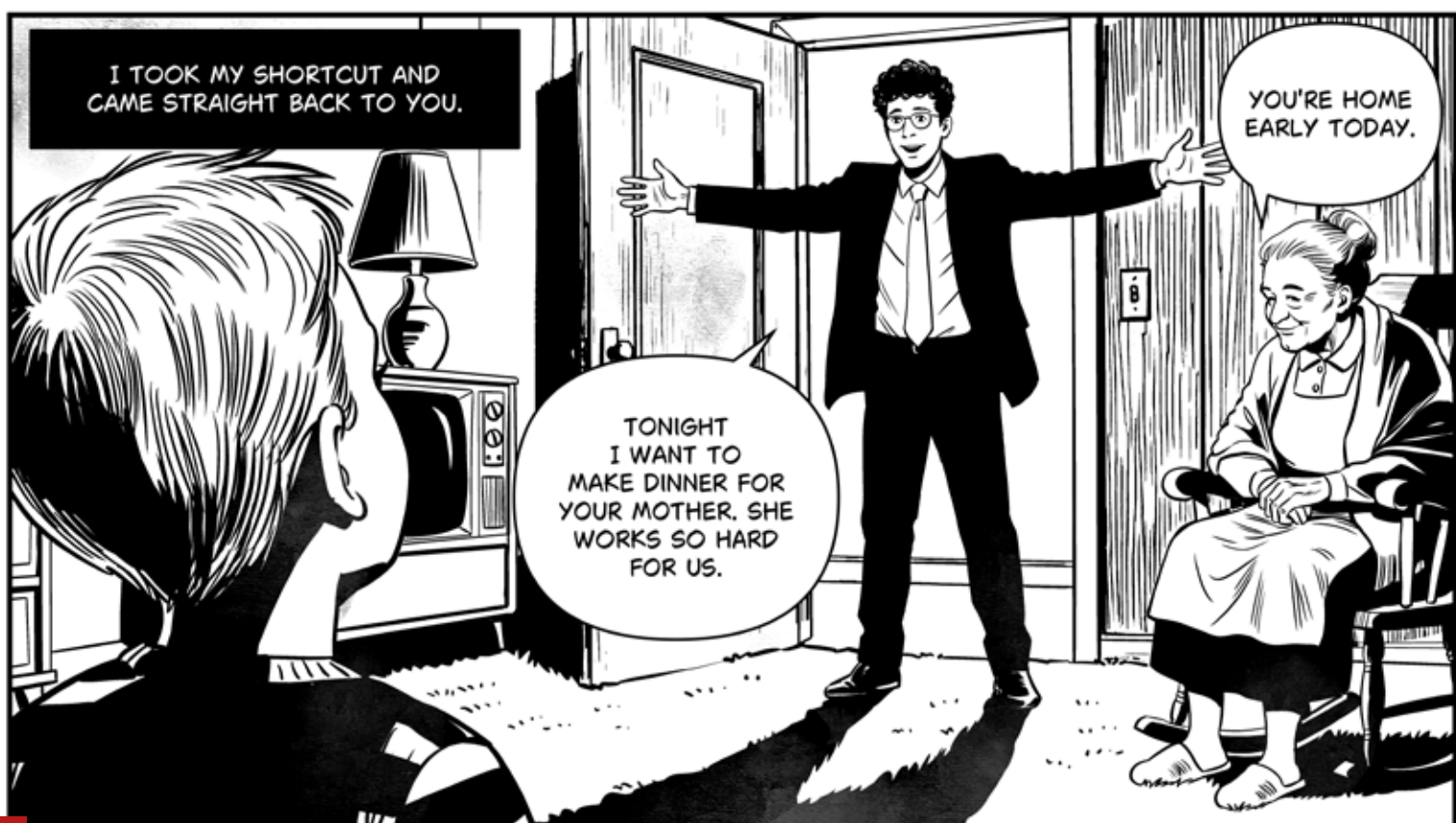
1996

IT FELT LIKE FATE HAD PLACED HIM IN MY PATH.

I WAS THERE BY CHANCE, BUSY WITH MY GAMES AND MY CONCOCTIONS... AND THEN SHE ARRIVED WITH HER LOVER.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT?

IT FELT LIKE A SIGN FOM ABOVE... OR AT LEAST A SIGN THAT I HAD TO DO WHAT CAME NEX





YOU COVERED FOR ME WITHOUT EVEN KNOWING IT.

I LOVINGLY SLIPPED A GENEROUS DOSE OF SLEEPING PILLS INTO YOUR DRINK.

SEBASTIAN.

COME AND HAVE SOME HOT CHOCOLATE.



DAD... WHY ISN'T MOM COMING BACK?

I DON'T FEEL VERY WELL.



WHILE YOU GAVE ME MY ALIBI WITH YOUR CONFUSED MEMORIES, I WENT BACK TO THE RED HOUSE TO SORT THINGS OUT.

I MOVED HIM AND HIS VINTAGE CAR TO A PLACE NOBODY EVER GOES.



IN HIS HANDS , I PLACED A LOCK-BOX FILLED WITH FAKE LETTERS FROM ANNA.

THEN I SOAKED EVERYTHING IN GASOLINE...



AND THEN I WATCHED IT BURN.



ALIVE,
OF COURSE.

THERE HAD TO BE
SMOKE IN HIS
LUNGS SO THEY'D
KNOW THE FIRE
STARTED WHILE
HE WAS STILL
BREATHING.



THE REST YOU
ALREADY KNOW.



END.



1926

UTENSILERIA
SOCIETÀ
ANONIMA
GEMONIO

100
ANNI

SEMPRE
NELLE TUE
MANI



The history of our 100 years.

USAG: mission and values.

The craft of forging metal tools spans more than eight thousand years. It began with the transition from the Stone Age to the Copper Age and has accompanied every stage of technical progress since. Hand tools are, in essence, an extension of the human hand, allowing work to be carried out with greater precision, control, and purpose.

The world we inhabit, from the objects that surround us to the systems that sustain everyday life, has been shaped, directly or indirectly, through the use of tools.

USAG belongs to this lineage. It exists in service of those who build, repair, and shape the world with their own hands: the skilled tradespeople and the technicians of modern industry. This is the mission of USAG: to design, manufacture, and bring to market hand tools and tool storage solutions distinguished by quality, reliability, innovation, and design.



This mission is grounded in two essential dimensions. The first is the ability to design and manufacture, because meaningful innovation can only come from a deep understanding of tools, materials, and workmanship. The second is the relationship with the people who use them. USAG has always maintained a close and enduring connection with its customers, built on trust, continuity, and a shared respect for the value of skilled work, even in an era defined by globalisation.

Another defining characteristic of USAG is its way of doing business. Its approach is measured, confident, and grounded in respect for people. It favours substance over rhetoric and reflects the same dependability found in the products themselves.

USAG is an Italian company and now part of a major American multinational group, yet it has preserved both its autonomy and the distinctly Italian spirit that has long defined its identity. What gives USAG life and momentum is the daily dedication of the people behind it. Their passion continues to shape the company's future, carrying the spirit of its first hundred years into those still to come.



Key milestones.



Founded
as Quadrelli
1926

USAG acquired by
Hermann Amos
1937

Acquisition
of Pastorino
1983

Part of Stanley
Works Group
2006



1930
USAG becomes
the company's
official name

1947
Giulio Amos
assumes ownership
of the company

1991
Part of
Facom Group

2010
Part of Stanley
Black&Decker

The foundation and the early years.

The success and renown of USAG are inseparable from the name Giulio Amos, who led the company for more than four decades. But the story of USAG begins before the Amos family, in a deed, a plot of land and an ambition.

The company the world now knows as **USAG** was founded on **1 April 1926** by Anselmo Quadrelli and Teresita Luraschi, formalised before the notary Bonazzola of Varese under the name “Quadrelli Anselmo e C.”. In the founding deed, Quadrelli transferred to the new company a piece of agricultural land he owned in the municipality of **Gemonio**, home to the now legendary **Ca' Rossa**, the building where the very first USAG hand tools were made. Quadrelli led the technical side; Luraschi handled administration.

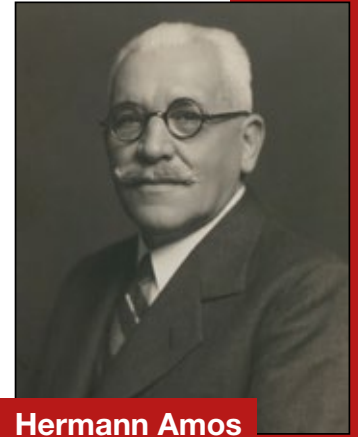
The partnership between Quadrelli and Luraschi, however, proved difficult to sustain. In 1928, Commendator Edoardo Chiesa, at that time the owner of the Poretti brewery, joined the company.

Chiesa moved quickly, buying out Luraschi and then Quadrelli the following year. In 1930, he renamed the company “**Utensileria Società Anonima Gemonio**”, the origin of the acronym **USAG** that has defined the brand ever since.



Hermann Amos and the war years.

1937 marked a pivotal moment in the history of the USAG brand. Hermann Amos, Giulio's father, acquired the company from Commendator Chiesa. Hermann was an entrepreneur of German heritage, born in Aquileia and based in Milan. At the time, no Italian manufacturer was producing hand tools of truly high quality. Together with his brother Eugenio, Hermann had built a prosperous business importing tools from Germany. However, as the Italian government's policy of economic self-sufficiency tightened its grip, and the shadow of war began to disrupt international supply lines, he made the decisive move to acquire a manufacturer and bring production under his own control.



Hermann Amos

As part of the agreement, Chiesa insisted that the company's general manager, Pietro Pastorino, remain in post. Pastorino was the gifted young son of the factory's custodians and already deeply familiar with every aspect of the business.



Giulio Amos

In the early 1940s, Hermann's two sons, Mario and Giulio, joined the company. Yet the outbreak of the Second World War soon plunged both the family and the business into a period of profound upheaval.

Mario, the eldest, was conscripted into the German army and sent to Australia, where he was taken prisoner. He would not return home until 1947.

Giulio was also called up, although he was initially granted leave to care for his ailing father. Hermann died in February 1942, and in the months that followed Giulio devoted himself to the factory, earning the trust and affection of the workforce. On 1 January 1943, however, he was ordered back to the front. He was first sent to Russia, where he was wounded, and later to Normandy, where he was captured in October 1944 and deported to England.

With Giulio away at war, Pietro Pastorino assumed control of USAG from 1943 onwards. During this period, he quietly established a competing business nearby in Cocquio Trevisago. He duplicated USAG's technical archive, drew away many of its most skilled workers and began producing high-quality tools, particularly pliers, under his own name. Matters deteriorated further on 12 September 1945, when the Italian State seized USAG on the grounds that it was owned by German nationals.

In that atmosphere of uncertainty and distrust, the remaining workers carried out an extraordinary act of loyalty. In 1946, they wrote directly to Queen Elizabeth, consort of King George VI, appealing for Giulio's release. Later that same year, Giulio finally returned to Gemonio, only to find the factory gates closed against him by Pastorino. These events gave rise to one of the great rivalries in Italian industrial history, a conflict that would endure for almost forty years.

Through their father's Friulian heritage, Mario and Giulio were able to obtain Italian citizenship in 1947 and reclaim their inheritance. Mario resumed the family's German import business, which continues



to operate in Italy today as ABC Tools. Giulio, meanwhile, took the helm at USAG and, in 1948, at the age of just thirty-two, was appointed Chairman of the Board, marking the beginning of one of the most remarkable entrepreneurial careers in Italian manufacturing.

Reconstruction and the industrial boom: the years of Giulio Amos.



Giulio's first priority was people. He surrounded himself with trusted collaborators, among them Ing. Dehn, a fellow prisoner of war, and later Hans Isler, who would go on to lead the company's commercial operations.

From the outset, USAG set its ambitions high. The company sought to equal the reliability and performance of the finest German tools, while placing particular emphasis on ergonomics, finish and design.

That commitment has never faltered. Over the decades, USAG grew in step with the rise of Italian manufacturing, from the post-war economic boom through the era of European free trade. With each passing decade, the company strengthened its position, ultimately surpassing its German competitors to become the leading professional hand tools brand in Italy.

In 1983, Giulio Amos acquired Pastorino, finally healing the fracture that had divided the two companies for forty years.



Giulio Amos

The sale to the Facom group.

By 1990, USAG had outgrown its facilities in Gemonio. Giulio Amos took the decision to separate production from the commercial operation.



Manufacturing and its supporting functions remained in Gemonio, while a new state-of-the-art automated warehouse and office complex was built in Monvalle to house the commercial and administrative operations, both domestic and international.

With the Monvalle headquarters complete, Giulio Amos sold USAG to the French group Facom in April 1991. The company entered a new era of professional multinational management.



The acquisition by STANLEY and the merger with StanleyBlack&Decker.

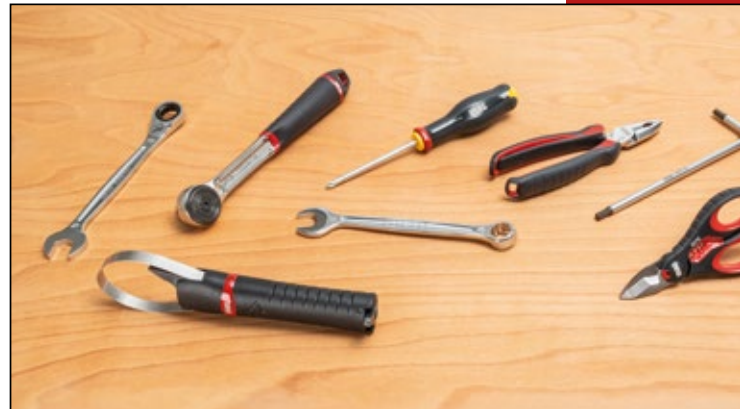
In 2006, the American company The Stanley Works acquired Facom as part of a broader strategy of European expansion, and with it, USAG. However, the structure that emerged proved short-lived. In November 2010, the merger between The Stanley Works and Black & Decker was announced, bringing together two of America's most historic industrial names, both long established on the New York Stock Exchange. The combined group, Stanley Black&Decker, was formally created at the beginning of 2011 and remains today the world's leading manufacturer and distributor of power tools and hand tools.

StanleyBlack&Decker

Through the strength of its reputation and the depth of its expertise, USAG has navigated the age of globalisation not as a passive recipient, but as an

active participant, preserving its identity, its brand and its operational independence within a major international group.

The story of USAG is one of a company that has remained steadfast in its commitment to quality, innovation and Italian craftsmanship. From Quadrelli's first workshop to the entrepreneurial legacy of Giulio Amos, and through to the professional leadership of today, **USAG has crossed its first century with its gaze firmly fixed on the future, remaining true to its founding DNA: forging tools with precision, strength and passion.**



Gemonio (Varese) site



Monvalle (Varese) site

Giulio Amos.

The elegance of precision.

The success of USAG is inseparable from the name **Giulio Amos**. A figure of remarkable depth, both as an entrepreneur and as a person, he stood at the centre not only of the company's history but of the wider European tools industry. Intelligent, cultivated and driven, he possessed a rare ability to turn vision into reality, balancing long-term strategy with decisive, practical leadership. He was not an abstract thinker, but a man of action, who shaped his industry directly through presence, judgement and conviction.



His character combined Germanic discipline and rigour, with a distinctly Italian sense of style and charm. He was precise in his thinking and uncompromising in his expectations of quality. At the same time, he carried an effortless elegance in the way he presented himself, refined, charismatic and naturally confident in any setting. He spoke German, Italian, English and French fluently, moving between cultures with ease. His attention to appearance was never superficial, but part of a broader sense of order, identity and self-respect.

From 1976 to 1980, Giulio served as President of the CEO (Comité Européen de l'Outillage), a role that confirmed his standing on the international stage. At European congresses, he was always a striking presence. His preference for a white dinner jacket became a quiet signature, reflecting a sense of refinement and individuality that set him apart.

It was during these years that his European vision fully emerged. First as a member and later as President of the CEO, he played a key role in shaping the regulatory framework for the manufacture of hand tools, at a defining moment when the European Economic Community and the principles of free trade were taking shape.

His presence was powerful, both physically and in personality, and at times it inevitably shaped the world around him, including his son Hermann, who was himself a gifted and commercially minded individual. This was not intentional, but simply the natural weight of a strong and exceptional character.

Giulio was also a passionate traveller and big game hunter. The **fireplace** in the **trophy room** at Gemonio became a record of his journeys, filled with artefacts from African safaris, each one carrying its own memory and meaning.

It was on one of those expeditions that tragedy struck. His son Hermann contracted malaria and, having underestimated the severity of the illness, died. It remains one of the most painful chapters in Giulio's life, a moment of profound loss within an otherwise extraordinary story.

Giulio Amos remains the defining figure in USAG's history. He embodied a rare balance of discipline and elegance, authority and humanity. Through him, USAG became more than a company; it became a reflection of a way of thinking and building, where precision, ambition and craft were held in the same hand.



Partnerships that leave their mark.

A century of USAG vision between innovation, competition and major sponsorships in world motorsport.

During the 1980s and 1990s, as motorsport entered one of its most celebrated eras, USAG made a strategic choice that would leave a lasting imprint on its industrial identity. It was through the vision of Hermann Amos, Giulio's son, that the company forged relationships with some of the most prestigious names in global competition. The intention was clear: to place USAG tools in environments where technical demands are absolute, where tolerances are measured in thousandths, and where reliability is non-negotiable.

In Formula 1, USAG became Technical Sponsor to legendary teams including **Ferrari** and **Benetton**, the latter achieving **back-to-back World Championships** with **Michael Schumacher**, before the brand went on to collaborate with **Scuderia Toro Rosso** of Faenza, the spiritual successor to the historic **Minardi team**. On two wheels, USAG entered the MotoGP and Superbike paddocks, partnering with **Ducati**, who secured **their first World Championship in 2007 with Casey Stoner**, as well as **Aprilia**, **Cagiva**, **Husqvarna** and **MV Agusta**. These are environments where tools are not simply equipment, but an extension of the mechanic's skill and precision.



From the outset, these partnerships served a dual strategic purpose. On one hand, motorsport provides an uncompromising testing ground, demanding the highest standards and continuously pushing the development of tools that are more precise, more durable and higher performing. On the other, the knowledge and innovation generated in this environment flows directly back into industry, enhancing the performance of USAG tools in manufacturing plants, workshops and maintenance operations across the automotive and motorcycle sectors.

The strength of these alliances lies in the shared values between two worlds that may appear distinct but are, in reality, closely aligned. **Innovation, reliability, and a relentless commitment to performance and improvement define both.** These principles have enabled USAG, then as now, to sharpen its identity and build a brand that moves forward with the same determination as those who live and compete at the very limit of engineering performance.



Why A Comic?

Let's be honest: company anniversary books are fascinating objects... for the first five minutes. Then they tend to find their way onto a shelf, or worse, into a drawer. Beautifully produced, carefully considered, but rarely read.

For our centenary, we wanted to do something different. Not another commemorative volume destined to gather dust, but a project that could be read, shared and remembered. Something that would not only preserve our history, but bring it to life.

That is how the idea of **pairing this monograph with a noir graphic novel** came about. An unexpected choice for our industry, perhaps, but one that feels entirely consistent with the way we approach innovation. Noir carries rhythm, atmosphere and tension. It is a form of storytelling that resists convention, drawing the reader forward, page by page, to the end.

The graphic novel does not set out to celebrate USAG directly. Instead, it does so in a more subtle way, through settings, details and visual cues that quietly evoke our world. In this way, **the book** becomes more than a commemorative publication. It becomes a **storytelling instrument**, capable of reaching readers of all ages, including those who might never otherwise engage with it.

Because for us, marking a hundred years is not only about looking back with pride. It is about finding new tools with which to continue telling the story.



The clues that make a story.

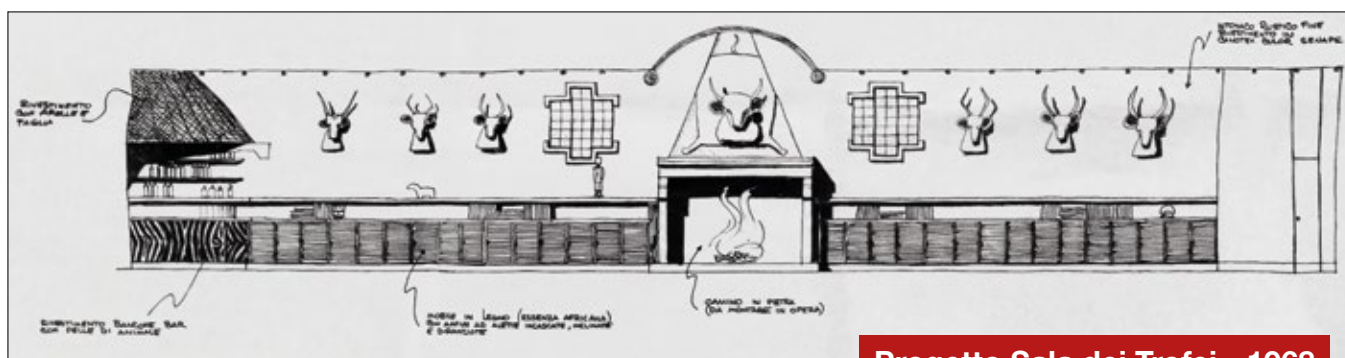
The Red House

The Ca' Rossa, the **Red House**, is the starting point of everything. It was here, in 1926, that the first hand tools were made, and where the company that would become USAG first took shape. In the graphic novel, it serves both as the cover image and the symbolic centre of the narrative. It still stands today within the grounds of the Gemonio plant, exactly where it all began.



The Camino

The **fireplace** in the **Trophy Room** at the Gemonio offices is one of the most storied spaces in the company's history. Giulio Amos was deeply attached to this room, filling it with mementoes from his African safaris and transforming it into something between a private museum and a personal sanctuary: tusks, trophies and memories, all arranged with the same precision and instinct for composition that defined his character. In the graphic novel, it appears at first as a simple scene-setting detail, though it conceals something far darker. Today it remains in place, a quiet guardian of another era, and of the unmistakable presence of the man who shaped it.



Progetto Sala dei Trofei - 1968

USAG's ancient logo

In the graphic novel, it appears above the fireplace, framed like a small painting: the original USAG logo, a visual mark that speaks to the company's earliest identity and industrial roots. From that original symbol comes the logo created for the centenary: a contemporary reinterpretation that holds past and future in balance, continuity and innovation expressed in a single emblem. A symbol that has crossed a hundred years without losing its force.



The lion's head skin

An **authentic lion skin** rug lay in front of his desk, the first thing anyone would see upon entering Giulio Amos' office in Gemonio. Another trophy from his African journeys, it was far more than a decorative object. It was a statement of character.



A symbol of pride, resolve and the quiet authority that defines certain entrepreneurs of his generation. A detail that captures a style, a personality and an era.



Giulio Amos



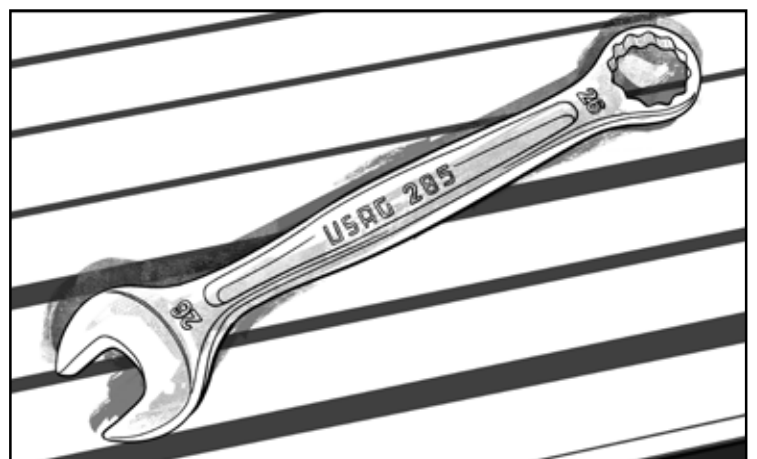
The illustrations portray him as those who knew him remember him: austere and commanding, yet elegant and magnetic in equal measure. More than any other figure, **he embodies the spirit of USAG**. An entrepreneur of exceptional depth, a central presence in the history of Italian and European toolmaking, whose influence spans a century and continues to shape what USAG stands for today.

Quality details

A careful reader will notice other details woven through the story. Among them is the GAUS workshop, an anagram of USAG, and the No. 285 wrench, which perhaps more than any other product captures the essence of the brand: iconic, instantly recognisable and timeless.



Seen differently, the 285 also becomes a metaphor: a tool of uncompromising quality, passed from hand to hand, generation to generation, across a hundred years. It evolves, it renews itself, but it never loses its purpose: to serve those who work. And it is in that continuity that the true meaning of this centenary comes into focus. **USAG. Always in your hands.**



ALWAYS IN YOUR HANDS



**Since 1926, serving those who
build, repair, and create.**

Every tool we make combines craftsmanship and innovation to deliver precision, reliability, and safety in every task.

For a century, we have stood beside professionals and enthusiasts alike, the people who build, fix, and shape the world around us.

USAG is a story of quality tools, innovative ideas, and a constant drive towards the future. But above all, it is a story of people who bring passion, skill, and dedication to their work every single day.



usag-tools.net

