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Dear Miss McGlynn.

I've been away from my base for a few days - and on my return find that another news letter has arrived - As always it certainly makes fine reading - though the past few weeks have been reunion time here in Italy - with Rustin Lodi - dropping in- and letters from Pineault, "Big Ed" and Bob - I hadn't heard from John for about a year - and it was really great to get some word from him - I wish I could have seen him while he was nearby but someday he may be put into Italy again.

Russ -almost flooded me when he walked in. I didn't recognize him at first and when I did recover from my surprise - I found that he has changed but little since the last time I saw him at Salem. Like the rest of us - he seems to have become a little more mature - we must have been a care-free group at school and while we aren't exactly

[Page 2]

"old men of the mountains" now - a few years especially at our age certainly makes a big difference - but you should be able to see that yourself. From what you have seen of the fellows who have returned - in some cases it is more noticeably than others. At any rate Russ and I spent enough time together to have a long talk about the "ole days" at Salem.

I told you I had been away - and the place I visited was the Isle of Capri - It has been taken over by the Air Forces as a rest center for Air Corps personnel and what a deal. We stay at the finest hotels - eat meals in a real salon- music et al - sleep between sheets and on comfortable beds - (don't tell Malony this - when he found out that there were some WAC's [Women's Army Corps] stationed nearby - from one of the newsletters he obtained that info - he was all for joining our forces here in Italy).

Two of us spent our "rest time" tramping from one end of the Isle to the other - seeing just about all there was to see - We were not able to see the

[Page 3]

famous blue grotto - as during - our stay, the water was too rough to enable us to enter the narrow opening into the cavern.

Some of the places we did see were the ruins of Tiberius's Castle [Villa Jovis] - which stands on a high peak atop the Island. Our guide showed us the spot where the Emperor was want to push his current wife into the sea below - and believe me it is a long way down - when he grew tired of her. I guess the Romans had no faith in divorce proceedings.

The village of Anna da Capri [Anacapri] - was very pretty- and here too we faced the ancient church of St. Michale [Michele] - The church itself is more like a good size chapel - It has a marble alter [altar] that was once inlaid with diamonds - when the French took the Island many years ago - some of the French soldiers were quartered in the church and proceeded to remove the stones - all that remains now are the places where the chips used to be. The floor was made of baked clay - and had a tile-like appearance - On the floor - baked into the clay - was painted the story of the Garden of Edna - this is supposed to

[Page 4]

be the only floor of its kind in Italy. The ceiling was bare - which in very different from most of the churches and have seen so far here.

The Island itself is very small about 3-5 miles I'd say. Very steep slopes reach to the water's edge and there are only two or three places where boats are able to tie up to the shore. It is a very hilly bit of land and to go any where one finds himself going more - "up and down", than forward.

There are only three roads large enough for vehicles - the remainder of the Island is reached a-foot - as on mules - The "streets" are little more than sidewalks running between two walls and the only time you can see - out to either side,- is when you reach a high hill and are able to look over the walls.

The people are a friendly lot and all have a smattering of English to throw at you. Some of the younger folks can talk fairly fluently in English to you and even the youngsters understand most of what you say -

Outside of the recent trip

[Page 5]

things are about the same - school has closed for a “spring vacation” but I don’t intend to do any more teaching this year - pulling regular duty and trying to make the class worth-while is a little more than I was able to do - to my own satisfaction - I enjoyed the experience very much - and as I told Ed in my last letter - I feel that I have chosen the rite vocation in any event if I do not make the grade as a teacher - it will be due to my own shortcomings and not because I do not like to teach.

I hope that your family is all well and that the “finals” are not causing too much uneasiness among the students yet -

Arrivederci,
John

P.S. I finally found a church in Italy
with something that resembled our pews.