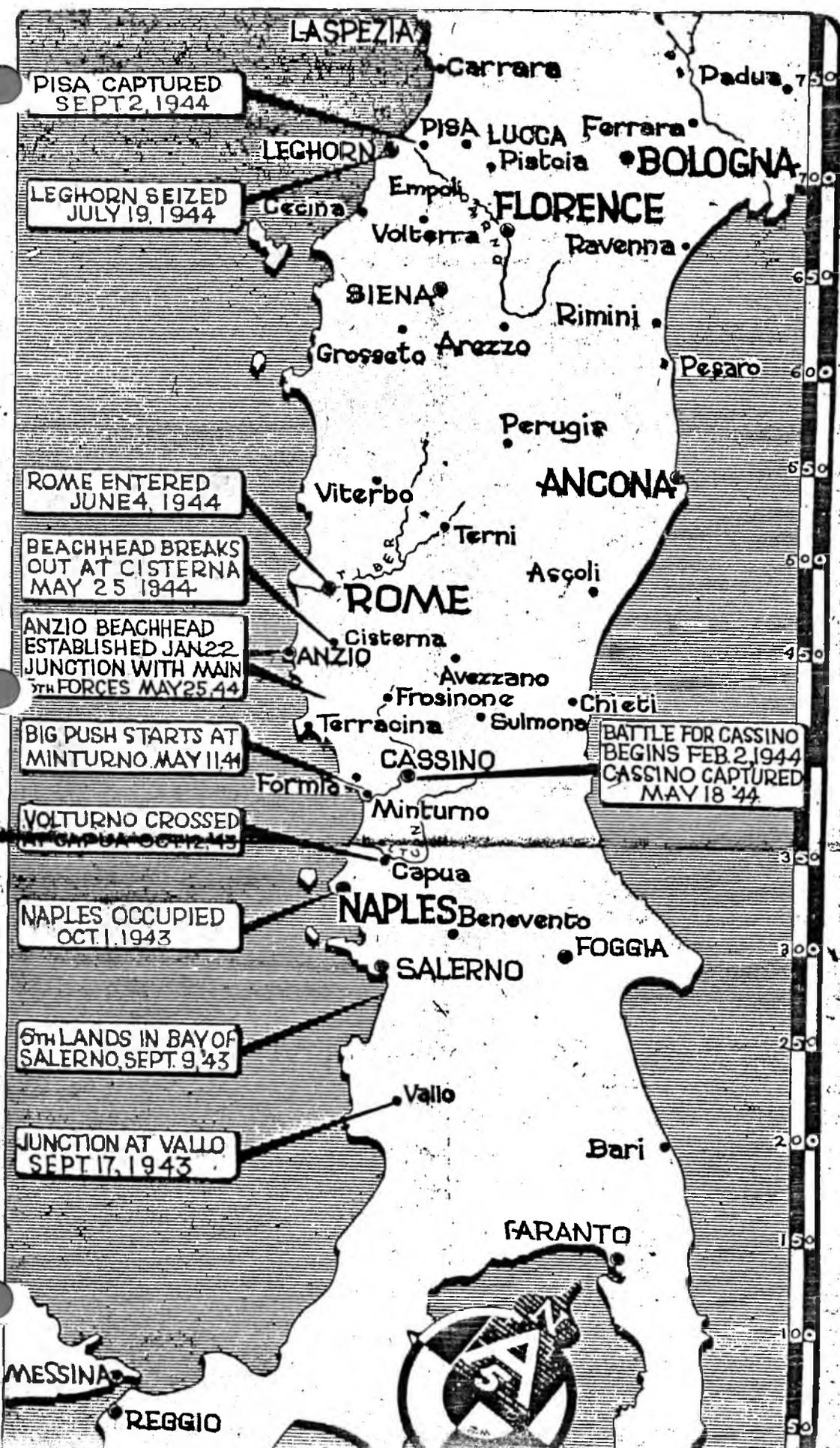


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Copyright





PANORAMA OF ITALY

Dear Mom

If I were an artist, with nothing to do,
I'd paint a picture, a composite view
Of Southern Italy, in which I'd show
Visions of contrasts, the high and the low.

There'd be towering mountains, deep blue sea,
Fifty brats yelling "Shoklat, Joe", at me;
High plumed horses, and colorful carts;
Two-toned tresses on hustling tarts.

I'd show Napoleonic cops, the carabinieri;
Dejected old women, with too much to carry;
A dignified gentleman, with a "Balbo" beard;
Bare-bottomed bambino, both ends smeared.

Castle and palace, opera house, too;
Hotel on a mountain, glorious view
Homes made of weeds, bricked-bats, and mud;
People covered with scabs, scurvy, and crud.

Fine old homes, pride of the nation,
Beautiful to see, but no sanitation;
Well equipped schools, without a scholar,
Temples of learning, surrounded by squalor.

Chapels and churches, great to behold,
Each a king's ransom, in glittering gold;
Poverty and want, men craving for food,
Picking through garbage, practically nude.

A hill-top village, a walled island,
Grimy old hags, all twisted with pains;
Beautiful images, most blessed of mothers;
Scappled monks and alms-asking brothers.

Stately cathedrals, with rich toned bells,
Ricovery shelters, with horrible smells;
Mouldering catacombs, a place for the dead,
Noisy civilians, clamoring for bread.

Palatial villas, with palm trees tall,
A stinking hovel, mere hole in a wall;
Tree-fringed lawns, swept by the breeze,
Goats wading in filth, up to their knees.

Revealing statues, all details complete,
A sensual lass, with sores on her feet;
Big-busted, but never a bra,
Bumping against you, there should be a law.—

Sweeping boulevards, a spangled team,
Alleys that wind, like a dope-fiend's dream;
Flowers blooming on the side of a hill,
A sidewalk latrine, with privacy nil.

Girls with shoe soles, two inches thick,
Unwashed peddlers, whose wares make you sick;
Grapes, lemons, postcards, and nuts,
Dolce and vino, to torture your guts.

Two by four shops, with shelving all bare,
Questuring merchants, arms flailing the air;
Narrow-gauge sidewalks, more like a shelf,
Butt-puffing youngster, scratching himself.

Lumbering carts, hogging the road,
Non-descript trucks, frequently towed;
Diminutive donkeys, loaded for bear,
Horse-drawn taxis, seeking a fare.

Determined pedestrians, courting disaster,
Walking the street, where movement is faster;
Civilian drivers, all accident bound.
We wing and twisting, to cover the ground.

Home made brooms, weeds tied to a stick,
Used on the streets, to clean off the brick;
Bicycles and pushcarts, blocking your path,
Street corner politics, needing a bath.

A crowded train, with fares in the cab,
More on the cow-catcher, breeding a scab;
Miserable busses, which move with a grind,
Packed on the roof, more left behind.

Arrogant wretches, picking up snipes,
Miniature Flats, various types;
Young street singer, hand organ tune,
Shoe-shine boys, a sidewalk saloon.

Garbage strewn gutters, reeking with stench,
Weather-beaten begger, a God-awful wench;
A boy on the corner, yelling "Gier-naïl"
A half-dressed urchin, fly-covered belly.

Barbers galore, with manners quite mild,
Prolific women, all heavy with child;
Duce's secret weapon, kids by the score,
Caused by his bonus, which isn't any more.

No birth-control, in this fair land,
One child in arms, two by the hand;
Page Margaret Sanger, just turn her loose,
Her gospel is needed, put it to use.

A beauteous maiden, a smile on her face,
With a breath of garlic, fouling the place;
Listless housewife, no shoes on her feet,
Washing and cooking right out on the street.

The family washing of tattle-tale grey,
Hung from a balcony, blocking the way;
Native bathrooms, with one extra fixture,
Ingenious device, for feminine posture .

Families dining from a common bowl,
Next to a fish store , a terrible hole;
Italian zoot-suiters, flashily dressed,
Barefooted beggars, looking depressed.

Mud-smudged children, cluttered about,
Filling their jugs, at a community spout;
A dutiful mother, with look of despair,
Picking lice from small daughter's hair.

Capable craftsmen, skilled in their art,
Decrepit old shack, falling apart;
Intricate needlework, out on display,
Surrounded by filth, rot, and decay.

Elegant caskets, carved out by hand,
Odorous factories, where leather is tanned;
A shoemaker's shop, a black-market store,
Crawling with vermin, no screen on the door.

No sense of shame has the soliciting boy,
Unfortunate child, with narry a toy;
Pathetic monstrosity, the hunch-backed dwarf,
Oil-strewn sea-shore, crafts rotting at wharf,

I've tried to describe the things I have seen,
A panorama of Italy, the brown and the green;
I've neglected the war scars, visible yet,
But those are the things we want to forget.

I've traveled in box cars, the forty and eight,
They haul all the men, not fit for freight;
I'm glad that I came , but damned anxious to go,
Give ~~B-D~~ to the natives, I'm ready to blow.
amping against.

Love, your son
Anthony

described in the following report by Col. E. E. Hume, Chief of Military Government, United States Army.

20 October 1943

Hon. Henry Morgenthau,
Secretary of the Treasury,
Care of Lieut. General Mark W. Clark, U.S.A.,
Headquarters, Fifth Army,
NAPLES.

My dear Mr. Secretary:

In compliance with your request I give you herewith a brief report of acts of German cruelty and wanton destruction committed in Naples, chiefly during the three weeks before our capture of the city. This period is called the "Reign of Terror" by Neapolitans. I am, of course, not giving any instances of damage to the city or to individuals which took place as a result of acts of war (bombings, etc.). The things that I list were unnecessary from any military point of view.

OFFENSES AGAINST THE CITY
AS A WHOLE

Water Supply: When the Fifth Army reached Naples we found that there was an almost total failure of the water supply. People were carrying water in pails, jugs, bottles and every type of container. There was a small trickle of water from some of the hydrants but many persons standing in line were unable to receive enough to quench thirst. Naples had been famous for an abundant supply of pure water. The Germans had blown up the main aqueduct in seven places and all of the reservoirs save one had been drained. . . . The Germans were well aware that there was ample facility for our bringing in water for the troops, as was done in the desert campaign, so that this destruction of the city supply was an act of cruelty against civilians, young and old. The enemy likewise destroyed the pumping plants, thereby making it impossible to raise the water, had any been available, to the higher parts of the city. The water mains in many parts of Naples were deliberately cut.

Sewage System: The pumping facilities of the sewage disposal system of Naples were destroyed. Thus, even had there been enough water to enable sewers to function, they would have been unable to do so because much of the Neapolitan sewage disposal depends not on grav-

ity but on a series of pumps. The city is built on volcanic rock so that, even had there been space available for them, it was all but impracticable to dig latrines. The danger of epidemics of intestinal diseases, such as typhoid fever and dysentery, was obviously very great particularly at this season of the year.

Electric Light and Power Systems: Naples was in darkness when we took over. The Germans had destroyed both the generators of the current and likewise the transformers. The Italian metropolis depends largely on hydro-electric power not only for lighting, but for the water and sewage pumps, the mills for grinding wheat, the newspaper presses, the heating of buildings, cooking, and indeed practically all power machines.

Transportation System: The street car system was wholly out of commission both because the electric current had been cut off (see above) and because the Germans carried away or destroyed the greater part of the rolling stock. Buses also were taken away. A large number of them were found to the north of the city where the enemy, unable to carry them further, had burned them. There are of course no taxicabs other than a few old wrecks, and only a few horse-drawn vehicles in the city. People who are not physically strong enough to walk from one locality to another are practically prisoners. This has seriously affected the earning capacity of many. The Germans carried away every automobile, both passenger and truck, that they could find. In some instances they took only the tires and destroyed or abandoned the bodies of the cars. Ambulances and fire-fighting vehicles were not spared.

Communication Systems: The telegraph lines were put out of commission. The main telephone exchange was blown up.

Demolition of Hotels: The group of magnificent hotels along the Via Partenope, facing Vesuvius, used to be one of the outstanding groups of such institutions in the world. Such names as the Excelsior, Vesuvio, Santa Lucia, Royal, etc., are known to travelers everywhere. These buildings, without exception, were blown up and fire set to what remained. They cannot be repaired. The only first-class hotel left was the Park Hotel, which was miserably

Blocking of Tunnels: There are a number of tunnels in Naples built to give ready access from one quarter to another at a saving of much hill climbing. These were blown up.

Demolition of Flour Mills: Naples, like most Italian cities, grinds its wheat a little at a time, rather than converting a whole crop to flour at once. Thus flour mills are an essential feature of the city's economic and welfare system. All of the large mills were wrecked by the Germans.

Destruction of the University of Naples and of its Famous Library: The University of Naples is one of the oldest and most famous in existence. The library of the Royal Society of Naples, one of the great learned societies of the world, was housed therein. It was put to the torch on 12 September, a little more than a fortnight before we took the city. Several witnesses agree that the notorious Col. Scholl, Commander of German troops garrisoned in Naples, arrived in person when the work was finished and read a proclamation in German and Italian announcing that the university had been wrecked as a punishment to Naples. When I first visited the ruined buildings the ashes of the Library of the Royal Society were still warm and the pool of blood on the front steps, where the shooting of the Carabinieri was reported to have occurred, was still evident.

I wish that there were time to give you more details, and to complete the report of the first two weeks of the work of the Allied Military Government of this great city . . . we have been able to keep the city running in something like a normal fashion, despite the handicaps imposed by war and by the German studied policy of destruction.

May I wish you a safe journey home and once more thank you for your interest in what we are doing.

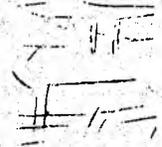
Respectfully yours,

EDGAR ERSKINE HUME,
Colonel, General Staff Corps,
United States Army,
Chief of Military Government.

Soldier's Guide to NAPLES

By Special Service Section, NATOLISA

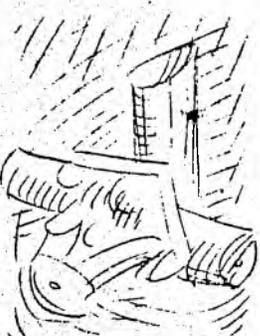
YOUR OPPORTUNITY



Naples with its old world history, majestic Vesuvius, Pompeii, the Castle of St. Elmo, famous churches--these and many other historic sights are important to the soldier. Long an attraction for tourists, Naples has drawn people the world over for a glimpse of the many wonderful places that the soldier may now see. Take time now for this opportunity. ~~Tomorrow~~ may be too late.

Today Naples is a bombed, sacked and gutted city. Order has been re-restored, debris is being cleared away, but for many, many years to come the city will bear the marks of the savage destruction wrought by the retreating Germans.

The Naples of pre-war days is gone. It will be impossible for you to visit that Naples--it may never exist again--but some of the old city still remains, some escaped the ravages of war, and while you can you should see as much as possible in order to visualize the days that were and realize better the vandalism of the sacking, destroying Germans. The Royal Palace is in ruins, famous collections have been removed from the museums, many buildings have been walled in or sandbagged for protection, but despite the damaged areas you will see much of pre-war days that will interest you, much to add to your general knowledge of the world, much you will want to remember.



Some things are beyond the power of the Germans to destroy. Of all the cities in Europe only Constantinople can claim as beautiful a site as Naples, and gutted and sacked though the city may be, the site retains its beauty and holds hope for the new Naples that will rise. The water in the bay retains its remarkable blueness, and the beauty of Mt. Vesuvius, stretching 4,000 feet into the sky and constantly overhung by soft, pink clouds, continues, both day and night, to dominate the city and the countryside. Here lie the fabulous buried cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum which were completely destroyed when the Mount erupted in 79 A.D., but which have now been partially excavated. If it is at all possible for you to do so, you should certainly visit these classic ruins.

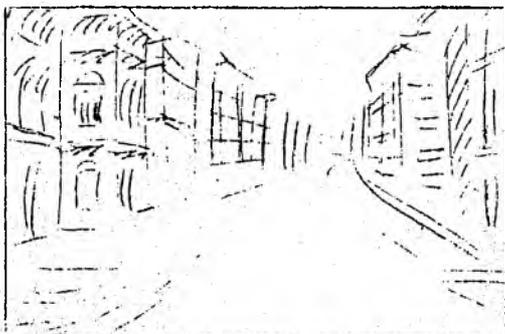
-- HISTORY --

It is generally agreed that Naples was originally settled by the Greeks, subsequently having been conquered by the expanding Roman Kingdom in the fourth century B.C. In more recent times, but while Italy was still a geographical area consisting of a number of independent states, the city was the capital of the Kingdom of Naples or of the Two Sicilies (at times the kingdoms were combined, at times separated). In 1360, during the movement for the unification



of Italy, the Neapolitan army collapsed before the advance of Garibaldi who entered Naples after the flight of the king and queen. A plebiscite approved the absorption into the united Italian kingdom and in 1861 the first Italian parliament met at Turin and proclaimed Victor Emanuel King of Italy.

Naples is situated on the northern shore of the Bay of Naples. The city is built at the base and on the slopes of a range of volcanic hills and rises from the shore like a theater. From the summit occupied by the Castle of St.



In New Naples

Elmo a ridge runs south to form the promontory of Pizzofalcone and divides the city into two natural crescents. The western crescent, known as the Chiaia ward, is a long narrow strip between the sea and Omero Hill and was the fashionable quarter most frequented by foreign residents and visitors. A fine broad street, the Riviera di Chiaia, was begun at the close of the 16th century and runs for a mile and a half from east to west, ending at the foot of the Hill of

Fosilipo. In front lie the public gardens of the Villa Nazionale, the chief promenade of the city, which were first laid out in 1700. The whole edge of the bay from the Castel dell' Ovo to Mergellina is lined by a massive embankment and carriage-way, the Via Caracciolo, constructed in 1875-81.

The eastern crescent includes by far the largest, as well as the oldest, portion of Naples. The best known thoroughfare is the historic Toledo, or Via Roma. It runs almost due north from the Piazza del Plebiscito in front of the Palazzo Reale till, as Via Nuova di Capodimonte, it crosses the Ponte della Sanita and reaches the gates of the Capodimonte palace, thus dividing the city into two parts. Another leading street, the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, winds along the slopes behind the city from the Mergellina railway station till it reaches the Maschio by the Via Salvatore Rosa.

The two crescents have been united by the construction of a connecting thoroughfare on the seaward side of the Castel Nuovo, the Royal Palace, and the hill of Pizzofalcone, while a tunnel (the Galleria della Vittoria) has been cut under the hill. A metropolitan underground railway between the central station at Naples and Pozzuoli also unites the east and west halves of the city.

At a very early date the original harbor at Naples, now known in its greatly reduced state as Porto Piccolo, and fit only for boats and lighters, became too small. In 1302 Charles II of Anjou began the construction of the Porto Grande. In 1740 the construction of a new pier running northeast from the lighthouse and protected by a heavily armed battery, added greatly to the safety of the harbor. In 1826 the open area to the south of the Porto Grande was formed into the Porto Militare by the construction of the Molo San Vincenzo which was subsequently lengthened to more than 5,000 feet, and with the construction of curving moles on the east to meet it, has formed a large outer basin, the



Old Naples

vamporto, and an inner harbor, Porto Mercantile. The depth of the new harbor is from 25 to 30 feet.

In the Bay lies the Isle of Capri where Augustus Caesar, first of the Roman emperors, resided for many years, as did his successor, Tiberius, who



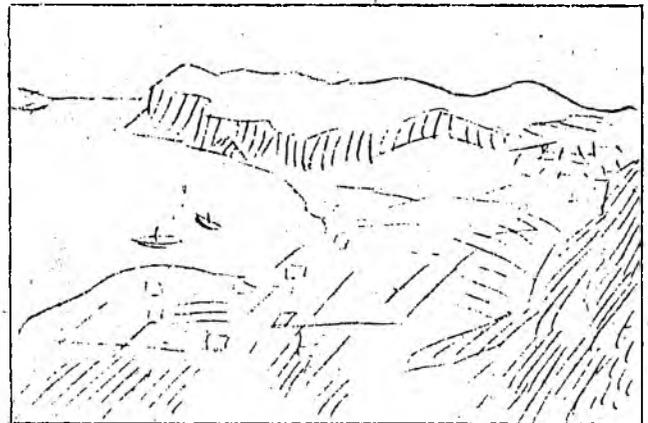
.. Road on Capri

built at least 12 villas on the Isle. Here, too, is located the famous Blue Grotto, the most celebrated of many sea caves known in Roman times and which was rediscovered in 1826. The Grotto can be reached only at low tide and takes its name from the fact that the water of the bay, everywhere remarkable for its blueness, achieves here its most wonderful tint.

On the northeast shore east of Naples is an extensive flat watered by the Sarno, which, in classical times, formed the port of Pompeii. From this flat rises Mt. Vesuvius, at the base of which, on or near the seashore, are pop-

ulous villages as well as the classical sites of Herculaneum and Pompeii. The northwest shore, to the west of Naples, is more broken and irregular. The promontory of Posilipo divides this part of the bay into two smaller bays which are connected by a tunnel through the promontory, 2244 feet long, 21 feet broad and in some places as much as 70 feet high. This tunnel was quite possibly constructed by Marcus Agrippa in 27 B.C. and forms the so-called Grotto of Posilipo; at the Naples end stands the reputed tomb of Virgil, which has recently been restored. Farther south and southwest along the coast are many classic sites, this country comprising what was known in classical times as the Phlegrean Fields, when it was certainly more actively volcanic than it now is. The whole region abounds with fissures, from which steam highly charged with hydrochloric acid is continually issuing, and in many places boiling water is found a very few feet below the surface.

In modern times Naples has increased in size at an enormous rate. On the large areas reclaimed from the sea, hotels and mansions were erected. The gardens at the west end of the town have all been built over. A large zone was set aside to the eastward of the city for the purpose of industrial development. Numerous factories were erected for spinning silk, cotton, jute and wool, and the making of railway plant, automobiles, the building of ships, etc. After the cholera epidemic of 1884,



Viewing Capri

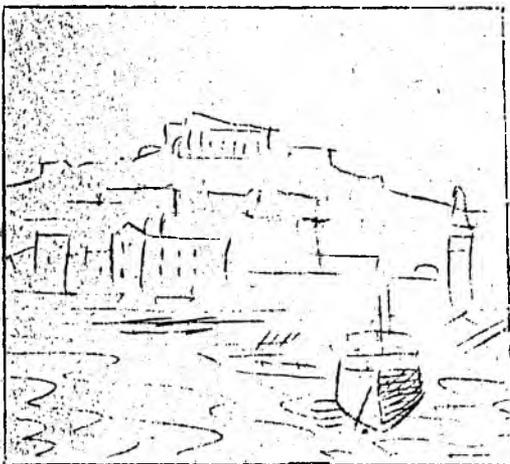
Depretis, then the Italian premier, visited Naples and uttered the famous dictum, "Naples must be disembowelled!" The worst slums, which lay between the center of the town and the railway station, were pulled down and a wide street was constructed from the center of

town to the eastward. A large working class quarter was erected to the north and beyond the railway station, known as the Rione Vasto. New Middle class quarters were also constructed, and an aristocratic quarter in the large extensions made in the Rione Umbrico. The narrow alleys of Porto, Pendino and Mercato have nearly all disappeared. In 1931 the population of the town was 631,420 and of the comune 839,390.

-- PLACES OF INTEREST --

The Castle of St. Elmo, which dominates the whole city, had its origin in a fort (Belforte) erected by King Robert the Wise in 1329. The present building, with its rock-hewn fosses and massive ramparts, was constructed by

Don Pedro de Toledo in 1537-46, and was long considered practically impregnable. It has recently been used as a military prison.



The Royal Palace

palace was begun in 1600, partly burned in 1837, and repaired and enlarged by Ferdinand II. It is an enormous building with a sea frontage of 800 feet and a main facade 554 feet long and 95 feet high, exhibiting the Doric, Ionic and Corinthian orders in its three stories. It housed the National Library (Biblioteca Nazionale Vittorio Emanuele III) which contained valuable books and manuscripts which were recovered from Austria after the First World War, having been taken to Vienna by Charles V in the sixteenth century. Eight huge statues, in different niches in the facade, represented the eight dynasties that have ruled in Naples during the last eight centuries. Another royal palace, that of Capodimonte, contained a gallery of modern pictures and a fine collection of 18th century Neapolitan porcelain.

The National Museum (Museo Nazionale) was, before the present war, the most important building in the city for the tourist, but today he must content himself with seeing only the outside of the building. It contained a vast exhibition, including ancient mural paintings from Herculaneum, Pompeii, etc., the finest collection of ancient bronzes in the world, many renowned masterpieces of ancient marble sculptures, Egyptian and mediæval antiquities, papyri, engravings, coins, vases, paintings and an excellent library. The large bronzes, which survived from classical times, included the seated Mercury and the dancing Faun. The marbles included the Psyche, the Capuan Venus and the huge group called the Toro Farnese (Amphion and Zethus tying Dirce to the horns of the bull), as well as the Farnese Hercules. Today, however, the famous paintings and statues have been moved to safer locations.

The city had 237 churches and 57 chapels, most of which were notable rather for rich internal decoration than for architectural beauty. The Cathedral of St. Januarius was erected in 1294-1323, rebuilt after being burned in the 15th century, and restored in 1837. The general plan is that of a basilica with a nave and two Gothic vaulted aisles separated by pilasters. Beneath the high altar is a subterranean chapel containing the tomb of St. Januarius, the patron saint of the city. In the right aisle is the chapel Cappella del Tesoro which was built between 1608 and 1637 in recognition of the city's gratitude to the saint for having saved it "from famine, war, plague and the fire of Vesuvius", in 1527. In a silver tabernacle behind the high altar are preserved the two phials partially filled with the saint's blood. The miraculous liquefaction of this blood three times a year, on the first Sunday in May, on Sept. 19 and on Dec. 16, forms a prominent feature in the religious life of the city.

Adjoining the Cathedral is the Church of Santa Restituta, a basilica of the fourth century. Its baptistry contains important mosaics of that period. Santa Chiara dates from the 14th century and is interesting for a fresco ascribed to Giotto and monuments to Robert the Wise, his son's wife, Mary of Valois, and his daughter Mary, empress of Constantinople.

San Domenico Maggiore, founded by Charles II in 1289 but completely restored later, has an effective interior particularly rich in Renaissance sculpture. In the neighboring monastery is the cell of St. Thomas Aquinas. San Filippo Neri, erected in 1592-1619, has a white marble facade and contains the tombstone of Giambattista Vico. Santa Maria del Parto, in the Chiaia, contains the tomb of Sanuzaro and is named after his poem, De Partu Virginis. San Francesco di Paola, opposite the Royal Palace, is an imitation of the Pantheon at Rome (1615-18). Equestrian statues of Charles III and Ferdinand I in front of this church have been sand-bagged to prevent their possible destruction in air raids. The Church of the Certosa (Cartusian monastery) of San Martino, has now become a museum. Dating from the 14th century and restored in the 17th, it is a building of extraordinary richness of decoration, with paintings and sculpture by Guido Reni, Lanfranco, Caravaggio, D'Arpino, Solimena, Luca Giordano and Ribera. The monastery has been transformed into a medieval museum.

Other churches with interesting monuments are Sant' Anna dei Lombardi (the church of Monte Olivetto), built in 1414, which contains some splendid marble Renaissance sculpture; Sant' Angelo a Nilo, which contains the tomb of Cardinal Brancaccio, the joint work of Donatello and Michelozzo (1426-28); San Giovanni a Carcerara, built in 1343 and enlarged by King Ladislaus in 1400, which contains the tomb of the king, the masterpiece of Andrea da Firenze (1423), and that of Gianni Caracciolo, the favorite of Joanna II, who was murdered in 1332; San Lorenzo (13th century), the Royal Church of the House of Anjou; and Santa Maria Donna Regina, with its frescoes by Pietro Cavallini. The catacombs of St. Gennaro (2nd century) are in many respects equal to those at Rome.

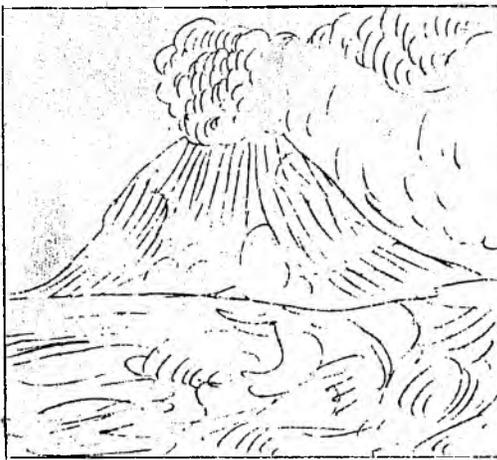
The University of Naples was founded by Frederick II in 1224, and was well equipped with zoological, mineralogical and geological museums, a physiological institute, a cabinet of anthropology, and botanical gardens. The

buildings were originally erected in 1557 for the use of the Jesuits. The famous zoological station at Naples, whose aquarium is the principal building in the Villa Nazionale and which was one of the most famous in the world, was founded in 1872. The astronomical observatory is situated on the hill of Capodimonte.

The San Carlo Opera House, with its area of 5,157 square yards and stalls capable of seating 1,000 spectators, is one of the largest in Europe. It was originally built in 1737 but was destroyed by fire in 1816 and completely rebuilt.

-- POMPEII --

A trip to Mt. Vesuvius is a "must" for all those who can possibly obtain transportation. The eruption of this famous volcano in 79 A.D.--its first in recorded history--completely destroyed the two cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii.



Mt. Vesuvius

Today the buried city of Herculaneum lies under the modern Resina, 5 miles southeast of Naples. The excavations are in part subterranean, and in part under the sky, as at Pompeii.

The site of Pompeii (16½ miles from Naples) was long lost to the world but was re-discovered in 1748 when the Amphitheater and a few other buildings were exhumed. Systematic excavations have been conducted since 1860, and to date about one half of the ancient city has been uncovered. In visiting Pompeii one usually goes from the entrance directly to the Forum, where the most interesting buildings are the Basilica, or Hall of Justice; the Temple of Jupiter, from the plat-

form of which there is a good view of the ruins; the Temple of Apollo; the structure built by the priestess Eumachia and perhaps used as an exchange; the Temple of Vespasian; and the Macellum, a hall for the sale of provisions with a chapel in honor of the imperial family. Leaving the Forum, one sees the Triumphal Arch, the Temple of Fortune and the Terra del Foro. Nearly opposite is the elegant House of the Tragic Poet, and nearby is the House of Pansa, one of the largest in the city. In the same quarter are the House of Sallust, the Bakery, the Tavern, the Fuller's Establishment, the House of the Faun, and many others. From this district one reaches the Walls and the Gate of Herculaneum, through which he passes into the Street of the Tombs. Here are many famous tombs and also the Villa of Dioned with its garden, terraces, wine-cellar, etc. In the southern quarter of the city are the Stabian Thermae (a bathing establishment); the houses of Cornelius Rufus, of Holconius, of Siricus, of the Balcony and others; the Triangular Forum, in which was an ancient Doric Temple dating from the 6th century B.C.; the two Theaters and the Temples of Aesculapius and of Isis. In the extreme southwestern corner of the town is the Amphitheater which had seats for 20,000. Prior to the war excavations were still in progress and more finds no doubt remain to be made.

TOURING NAPLES

Three tours have been laid out to assist the soldier in visiting the major points of interest in Naples. It will obviously be impossible to do everything in one day, and the soldier should arrange his tour to fit the time he has available. With the aid of the accompanying map he should be able to combine portions of the three tours as he sees fit. In the text a number will follow the name of each major point of interest to assist the sightseer in locating these places on the map.

Tour 1. Western Naples.

One may very well begin his tour of Western Naples at the public gardens of the Villa Nazionale (1), which are located between the Via Carracciolo (a street extending along the bay from the Castel dell' Ovo to Mergellina) and the Riviera di Chiaia. In this same vicinity is the Aquarium (2) which, before the war, was one of the most famous in the world.

From the Aquarium and the Gardens one should cross the Riviera di Chiaia and continue north. Between the Via Cavallerizza and the Via Immeo he will find the Church of St. Maria (3), which is one of the most interesting in this part of the city. Walking northeast on the winding up-hill Via Immeo he will enter into the Corso Vittorio Emanuele. Continuing on this street for about 300 yards after it turns north he will come to the Church of San Martino (4). He will now be extremely close to the summit occupied by the Castle of St. Elmo (5) and to the Museo Nazionale of San Martino (6). After he has visited these buildings he will have completed his tour of this part of the city.

It may be more convenient to make this tour in reverse order, and after winding up at the Aquarium, to continue by visiting some of the points in east Naples. By continuing along the Via Carracciolo and its extension, the Via Partenope, he will come to the Castel dell' Ovo which is located on a small island and which forms the starting point for the next tour.

Tour 2. Eastern Naples.

This tour will be laid out to begin with the Castel dell' Ovo (7), although it may just as well be made in reverse order ending at this point. The Castle has already been mentioned at the conclusion of the previous section, and stands on a small island joined to the shore at the foot of the Pizzofalcone by an arch-supported causeway.

After completing his visit to the Castel dell' Ovo, the soldier may continue along the bay following the Via Partenope and the Via Nazario Sauro until it turns into the Via Cesario Console. Following this street he will come to the Piazza del Plebiscito (8). Left of the Piazza is a Church; on the right is the Palazzo Reale, or Royal Palace (9). Continuing northeast along the Via Vittorio Emanuele II he will come to the Castel Nuovo (10). This street runs into the Piazza Municipio, on which thoroughfare, between the Via Medina and the Via Agostino Depretis, is the building which served as the German Headquarters (11). Turning left on the Piazza Municipio the sightseer will come to the Via Roma, or the Toledo, perhaps the most historic street in

the entire city. At the intersection of these two streets is the Town Hall (12). About 200 yards north he should turn east, off of the Via Roma and on to the Via G. San Felice. Following this street into the Piazza Nio. Moore and the Corso Umberto I, he will come, at the intersection of the last named thoroughfare with the Via Mezzocannone, to the famous University of Naples (13).

If the soldier desires to visit the Cathedral of St. Januarius (23), (the most important church in the city) on this tour, he should, after his trip to the University, continue along the Corso Umberto I to the Via del Duomo and follow this street for about 500 yards to its intersection with the Via del Tribunale where the Cathedral is located. After finishing at the Cathedral he may proceed along the Via del Duomo till he comes to the street which, to the right, is known as the Via Floria, and to the left as the Piazza Cavour. Turning left, he should proceed along the Piazza Cavour till it intersects the Via S. Teresa Degli Scalzi (south of the Piazza Cavour the last named street is known as the Via Enrico Pessina). He will now be at a famous Museum (14) with which the sightseer may wish to conclude his tour. (In case the soldier plans to make the tour of the churches on a later occasion he will probably wish to reserve his trip to the Cathedral for this tour. In this case he may easily make his way back to the Via Roma from the University and walk north to the Museum.)

If the sightseer desires to continue his tour beyond the Museum, he will find the Capodimonte Palace (15) located about a mile north of the Museum on the Via S. Teresa Degli Scalzi (which will change its name to the Via Nuova di Capodimonte after its intersection with the Via della Sanita). The Astronomical Observatory (16) is a short distance southeast of the Castle Grounds and the soldier may wish to see it while he is near.

As has been said previously, the tour may be made in reverse order, beginning for example, at the Museum and concluding at the Castel dell' Ovo. With the aid of the accompanying map the soldier should be able to make any variations he wishes, or to combine the tour with the church tour which will be outlined next.

Tour 3. Churches of Eastern Naples.

Inasmuch as the City of Naples had nearly 300 churches and chapels, it will of course be impossible to visit them all. In this guide only the more important ones will be named, and certain other areas where several churches are located in a small district will be pointed out.

A central location at which the sightseer may begin his tour of the churches is the Royal Palace (Palazzo Reale) (9), which faces the Via Vittorio Emanuele II, the Piazza Trieste Trento and the Piazza del Plebiscito. Opposite the Royal Palace, at the corner formed by the junction of the Via Roma, the Via Vittorio Emanuele II and the Piazza Trieste Trento, is the Church of San Francesco di Paola (17); another church is just west of the Piazza del Plebiscito. Proceeding north along the Via Roma the tourist will find, a short distance away, an interesting church at the corner of this street and the Via S. Brigide. Turning east on the Via S. Brigide and north on the Via G. Verdi he will come to the Piazza Municipio; four churches are located in a small area

bounded by this street, the Via Medina, the Via G. San Felice and the Via Roma. Just north of the intersection of the Via Medina and the Via G. San Felice, and on the Monte Olivetto, is the Church of Santa Maria la Nova (18). About 300 yards north on the Monte Olivetto is the Church of Sant' Anna dei Lombardi (19). Continuing along the Monte Olivetto, he will find the Church of the Spirito Santo (20) at its junction with the Via Roma. Retracing his steps along the Monte Olivetto and turning east on the Via S. Biagio ai Librai for about 250 yards, he will find the Church of Santa Chiara (21) on the south and the Church of Gesu Nuovo (22) on the north. Continuing along this street he will pass by some other churches, and also see the University (13); then, turning north on the Via del Duomo he will come shortly to the Cathedral of St. Januarius (23). In this neighborhood are a number of interesting churches, including the Church of Santa Restituta which adjoins the Cathedral. The sightseer should plan to spend a good part of his time on the tour at the Cathedral and at this adjoining Church.

After finishing his trip to the Cathedral, the sightseer should continue along the Via del Duomo till he comes to the Via Floria (to the left, the street is known as the Piazza Cavour) and turn right. (On the way he will have passed three more churches which he may wish to visit.) Making a second right turn 100 yards distant on the Via Cirillo V.S. Giovanni he will come shortly to the Church of St. Giovanni a Carbonara (24) on the left hand side of the street, and the Church of S. S. Apostoli (25) on the right. Continuing along this street he will find, at its junction with the Piazza San Francesco, the Church of Santa Caterina d. Formello (26). (Across the street he will find the Castel Capuano (27) which, while not a church, he might like to visit at this time as it was not included in the other tour of eastern Naples, being off the route.) The sightseer should continue along the Via Cirillo V.S. Giovanni till he comes to the Central Station (28), then, keeping to the right, cross the Piazza Garibaldi and turn into the Corso Umberto I (Rettifiloi). On this street he will pass close to the Church of S. Croce d. Furcat (29), which is to the south. Continuing along the Corso Umberto he will pass other churches, then, on the southeast corner of its intersection with the Via Mezzocannone, he will find the Church of San Pietro Martire (30). This church should conclude the tour, and the sightseer will now be only a short distance east of the Via Roma.

15 MARCH 1944

ANOTHER RAID LAST NIGHT. THIS TOPPED ALL PREVIOUS ONES DURING OUR SHORT TIME IN THE CITY. I MUST HAVE BEEN SLEEPING VERY HEAVY BECAUSE IT TOOK RAY SOME TIME TO GET ME OUT OF BED. IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO REALIZE WHAT WAS HAPPENING.... I THINK IT WAS ABOUT ONE THIRTY. WE COULD HEAR PLENTY OF FIREWORKS, ACK ACK AND BIG GUNS ROARING FOR ALL THEY WERE WORTH. THE NOISE WAS TERRIFIC.

WE HAD SEVERAL PREVIOUS RAIDS WITH THE FELLOWS PAYING VERY LITTLE ATTENTION TO THEM. AT THE TIME WE EVEN OPENED THE WINDOWS TO ADMIRE THE EXCITEMENT. SOME SLEPT THRU. BUT THIS WAS BEFORE LAST NIGHT--SHOULD SAY EARLY MORNING. YOU CAN REST ASSURE, IN THE FUTURE WE'LL ALL RUN TO THE "RECOVERO."

COMING DOWNSTAIRS (THERE'S ONLY ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN), TAKING TWO OR MORE AT A TIME WITH HELMET BOUNCING ON OUR HEADS AND GAS MASKS HANGING OVER OUR SHOULDERS, WE DISCOVERED THERE WAS NO NEED TO USE A FLASHLITE. FROM THE LARGE HALL WINDOWS, ALL THE LIGHT THAT IS NECESSARY TO PLAY A NIGHT BASEBALL GAME WAS ON HAND. CIVILIANS WERE COMING DOWN TOO BUT THE GIS WHIZZED PAST THEM. THE LIGHTING SYSTEM WAS SUPPLIED BY THE MANY FLARES DROPPED BY THE ENEMY. THE EXPLOSURES AND BRIGHT MOONLIGHT HAD A HAND IN IT TOO. IT WAS DAYLIGHT AT MIDNIGHT. LOOKING UP AT THE STARS I COULD SEE TRACER BULLETS CURVING THE SKY AND HEADING TOWARDS THEIR TARGETS.

ARRIVING TO THE ENTRANCE OF THE (R), I NOTICED SOME OF THE BOYS LOOKING OUT AT THE FIREWORKS. OTHERS HELPED THE OLD CIVILIANS DOWN THE (R). IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO TAKE COVER AND ENTERING THE (R) THE FIRST THING TO ENTER MY MIND WAS-----"AND THE ROCKETS RED GLARE". ...THAT'S RIGHT, THE STARS SPANGLE BANNER. WHY THIS WAS SO, I DON'T KNOW, BUT IT GAVE ME A FUNNY FEELING.

THE RECOVERO WAS A NICE SIZE ONE, TAKING CARE OF THE GIS AND CIVILIAN VERY COMFORTABLY. THE WOMEN WERE HOLDING THEIR BABIES; THE KIDS CARRIED FAMILY PICTURES AND OTHER PERSONAL BELONGINGS WHILE THE MEN, CARRIED THE FAMILY VALUABLES, JEWELS, ETC. AS EACH GROUP WALKED IN, THE PEOPLE GREETED ONE ANOTHER. WHAT SURPRISED ME VERY MUCH WAS THE FEELING, ACTION AND ATTITUDE OF THE CIVILIANS. NOT ONE OF THEM WAS EXCITED, NOT EVEN THE KIDS. THE LITTLE BABIES WERE QUIET AND RESTING NICELY IN THEIR MOTHERS ARMS. IF EVER SOMEONE SHOULD A SIGN OF WEAKING, THE GIS HANDED THE KIDS CANDY, THIS QUIET THEM AND THINGS WERE PEACEFUL ONCE AGAIN. IN THE FUTURE, WE ALL COME DOWN WITH CANDY IN OUR POCKETS--SAFTY FIRST. THE FIREWORKS WAS STILL GOING ON AT FULL BLAST BUT THE PEOPLE OVERLOOKED IT. AFTER AWHILE, THEY SAID THE ROSARY OUT LOUD. LOOKING AT THEM, I COULD SEE WHERE THIS WASN'T NEW, THEY HAD BEEN IN A NUMBER AND ONE RAID AND THIS WAS JUST ANOTHER ONE.

EVERYTHING GOT QUIET--THE RAID WAS OVER, BUT THATS WHAT WE THOUGHT. WHILE WAITING FOR THE ALL CLEAR SIGN, THE FIREWORKS STARTED AGAIN AND THE FEW WHO HAD STARTED TO LEAVE, COMING RUNNING BACK.

THE RAID LASTED ABOUT AN HOUR OR MORE. THE SHOOTING STOPPED AGAIN AND THIS TIME IT WAS SAFE TO COME OUT AND GO UPSTAIRS TO BE BECAUSE THE ALL CLEAR SIGNAL WAS BLOWING. RATHER THAN GO UPSTAIRS, WE WALKED OUTSIDE AND FOUND OURSELVES WALKING IN A CLOUD. THATS WHAT WE THOUGHT BUT WE DOON DISCOVERED IT WAS SMOKE SCREEN, COVERING THE CITY. THE STARS WERE STILL OUT, THE NIGHT CLEAR AND AS FAR AS THE

SKY WAS CONCERNED, NOTHING HAD HAPPENED. OZZIE, RAY AND I WALKED UPSTAIRS AND TO BED--THE CIVILIANS REMAINED IN THE RECOVERO, NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES.

THIS WAS THE RAID. AS FOR US GIs, IT MADE US REALIZE HOW CLOSE WE REALLY ARE TO THE WAR. AND THE NEXT MORNING WHILE LOOKING OVER THE DAMAGE, WE WERE CONVINCED. THIS BOMBING WAS PRETTY BIG BUT I LATER FOUND OUT IT DIDN'T COMPARE TO THE ONES WE GAVE THIS CITY. HEAR THIS, I COULDN'T HELP BUT THINK OF THE MANY OTHER CITIES BEING BOMBED DAY IN AND OUT. THE RAID IN BIZERTE WAS NOTHING COMPARE TO THIS, EVEN IF I WAS A SPECTATOR THEN--LOOKING UP AT THE FIREWORKS FROM A FOX-HOLE.

OUR BILLOT, THE "WE THREE" MOVED OUT A WEEK AGO, IS ONLY TWO HUNDRED YARDS AWAY FROM A SQUARE THAT HAS A BOMB CRATTER. THE STREET WAS TORN UP FROM ITS FOUNDATION. CARBLE STONES AND DIRT WAS ALL AROUND A WOMENS' SHOE LAID ASIDE...LAST NIGHT IT COVERED A WARM FOOT, THIS MORNING, ITS COLD, ALONG IN THE GUTTER.

THIS SQUARE WAS A QUIET PLACE, AT LEAST DURING THE TIME WE PASSED IT. WAR WAS HERE BEFORE. FIVE STREETS, EITHER END OR START HERE. COMING UP FROM ONE OF THEM, AND WALKING TOWARDS THE SQUARE A HOTEL RESIDES ON A CORNER. A SECTION OF THE UPPER FLOORS IS KNOCKED OFF. ITS EMPTY NOW, CLOSED FOR THE DURATION.

THE FIRST TIME I WALKED ALONG THIS SQUARE, ITALIAN WORKERS WERE REPAIRING THE STREET. I THINK THEY WERE ABOUT FINISHED; NOW THEIR JOB WILL START ALL OVER AGAIN.

ON ONE OF THE STREETS BRANCHING OFF THE SQUARE, AN OFFICERS MESS HALL WAS HIT. NO ONE GOT HURT BUT THE BUILDING WILL NEVER BE USED AGAIN. A BOMB FOUND ITS MARKINGS HERE AND THE BRIGHT DAYLIGHT WHICH ONCE WAS CUT OFF ON THE ROOF TOP NOW FILLS THE GROUND FLOOR.

ABOUT A BLOCK AWAY WAS THE REAL DAMAGE--HERE LIVES WERE LOST. GIs BURIED UNDER DEBRIS. PEOPLE FROM THE NEIGHBORHOOD WAITING, CRYING, HOPING AND PRAYING THEIR LOVED ONES COULD BE FOUND. NOT MANY CAME OUT ALIVE. THE FRONT OF THIS HOUSE, COVERED AN ALLEY, CUTTING THE PATHWAY LEADING TO A SIDE STREET. FROM BOTH SIDES PEDESTRIANS AND VEHICLES COME TO A DEAD END.

THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STREET LEAD TO THE "REST CAMP MESS HALL." THE PLACE RECEIVED SOME DAMAGE AND IT WILL BE SOMETIME BEFORE THE ITALIAN MUSICIANS WILL PLAY AGAIN. SWEET MUSIC FOR THE LONELY, TIRED GI WILL HAVE TO BE "HELD UP."

CROWDS HAD GATHERED, A LITTLE PANIKY AND WORRIED. THEIR FEELINGS AND EMOTION, WAS SOMETHING TO LOOK AT. THEY ALL LET OUT PLENTY OF STEAM, LOSING CLOSE FRIENDS, RELATIVES AND MEMBERS OF THEIR FAMILIES. I WAS TAKING THIS IN, WATCHING AND THINKING ABOUT YOU BACK HOME. WE'RE LUCKY BACK HOME AND WE DON'T KNOW IT. NO ONE HAS TASTED WAR, ESPECIALLY A BOMBING RAID. RATIONING? THATS A JOKE TO WHATS GOING ON THRO-OUT EUROPE.

THE STREET LEADING TO THE MESS HALL WAS COVERED WITH DEBRIS. HERE GI'S WERE TRAPPED, SOME STILL ALIVE UNDER THIS RECK. WORD COULD GET TO THEM AND THE ENGINEERS, WORKED WITH GREAT CARE TO GET THEM OUT AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. ONE WAS COVERED WAIST HIGH; ANOTHER WAS PROTECTED WITH A LARGE BEAM OVER HIS HEAD. MOST OF THEM WOULD COME OUT BUT A FEW WERE DEAD.

WHILE WATCHING ITALIAN SOLDIERS CARRY OUT BODIES ON STRETCHERS, A BIG "OH" WENT UP FROM THE CROWD. THE BEARERS HAD DROPPED A BODY, ACCIDENTLY. THEY PICKED IT UP AND CARRIED IT TO THE SECTIONS SET ASIDE FOR THE BODIES.

THE FEW WHO HAD GOTTEN OUT LAST NIGHT, WERE WONDERING ABOUT-- TRYING TO FIND SOME OF THEIR BELONGINGS; CLOTHING, VALUABLES; FURNITURE AND OTHER ODDS AND ENDS. THERE WASN'T MUCH TO SALVAGE, EVERYTHING WAS COVERED WITH DIRT, PLASTER AND BRICK WALLS.

THIS WASN'T ALL OF THE RAID. OTHER PARTS OF THE CITY WERE HIT. A SECTION OF THE CITY, HIGH UP THE HILL WAS NEVER TOUCHED DURING PREVIOUS RAIDS. I HAD BEEN HERE THE DAY BEFORE.. IT WAS VERY PEACEFUL. AFTER THIS RAID, WAR HAD LEFT ITS CALLING CARD. A FEW BUILDINGS WERE HIT, KILLING MORE CIVILIANS. THE UP TOWN SECTION RECEIVED SOME DAMAGE TOO. IT WAS A BAD RAID AND THE PEOPLE AND GI'S FELT IT. WE'LL ALL BE ON THE ALERT IN THE FUTURE.

WHILE IN ALGIERS, AND WHEN IT RAINED, THE FELLOWS YELLED FOR GOOD WEATHER. NOW, WE CRY FOR RAIN, ESPECIALLY AT NIGHT. WHENEVER THERES A BRIGHT MOON, THE FELLOWS PREDICT A RAID. AS MUCH AS WE LIKE THESE MOONLITE NIGHTS, WE DREAD THEM BECAUSE A ~~XXX~~ RAID IS POSSIBLE. WHEREVER WE ARE WHEN THE SIRENS BLOW, YOU CAN REST ASSURE WE'LL BE AMONG THE FIRST TO GET UNDER COVER. THIS EXCITMENT WILL KEEP US ON OUR TOES IN THE FUTURE. AND WE'LL BE FAR FROM GETTING BORING AT ANYTIME--BECAUSE COMES A RAID, AND WE BECOME VERY ACTIVE.

German Raid On Naples

NAPLES, March 15 — German night raiders struck at Naples early today in one of the heaviest air assaults the city has undergone since the Allied occupation last Oct. 1.

Enemy planes bent on blasting shipping and harbor installations met a furious barrage from Allied ack-ack guns and were believed to have been attacked by Allied night fighters. To spot their target the Germans used scores of parachute flares, which illuminated the city and its environs. Plainly audible above the crackling roar of the city's defense guns was the buzz of German dive bombers as they shot down into the flak curtain in their effort to find specific targets.

Although a number of the raiders were believed to have been shot down, figures were not immediately available.

1944

Luftwaffe Drops Eggs On Naples

MAAF Heavies Dig At Balkans; North Italy Hit

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MAAF HEADQUARTERS, April 25—From 30 to 40 enemy aircraft dropped bombs in the Naples area last night in an apparent attempt to retaliate for MAAF attacks on German communications in Italy and the Balkans which have steadily mounted in ferocity.

The raiders were over the metropolitan area for nearly an hour. Some damage and casualties were reported, and one of the enemy planes was listed as downed by Allied night fighters.

The attack on Naples was paralleled by a cessation of enemy air thrusts against Allied positions on the 5th Army's bridgehead. For the first time in a week no enemy planes attacked the bridgehead at night, an indication that the Luftwaffe was throwing its main strength against the Naples area.

While heavy bombers of the 15th Air Force were out over Rumania and Yugoslavia yesterday, lighter aircraft continued the bombing of northern Italian roads and rails. Bridges between Florence and Rome were treated to their daily pounding by B-26 Marauders and B-25 Mitchells. Baltimores scored hits on trucks and buildings in the Foligno railyards and started fires in the Aquila terminal.

MAAF disclosed today that at least 29 enemy aircraft were shot down during yesterday's air offensive, 24 falling prey to guns of heavy bombers raiding railyards at Bucharest, Ploesti and Belgrade.

A study of bomb-strike photos showed that yesterday's bombing was one of the most effective on the Rumanian rail centers while the Belgrade aircraft factory received several direct hits. A light force of Fortresses also hit two bridges on the Italian east coast rail line between Rimini and Ancona.

"MY DAY OFF IN ITALY".....This dates back to 28 february 1944.

19 April 1944

Hello, it's the reporter again:

For some reason or other people back home referred to Monday as being a "Blue Day." maybe its because it starts the working week for them; others school. Yes, Monday was a bad day. If one stayed out late sunday night, he'd be holding his head--"morning after the night before."--with a hang-over. But here in Italy the story is much different. the same was true in Algiers. no more do we look forward to a Saturday or Sunday like most people do instead its a Monday. While in Algiers we had some good luck on th day besides having a good time. We hoped to continue this streak once in Italy and therefore asked for Monday off. Ray and I succeeded but Ozzie wasn't as lucky. What follows is the happening for Ray and I on our day¹off. The end doesn't come until, "We Thre get together at night and put the finishing touch to our activities for the day--in typical "OZRAYABBY" style.

since most stories start with the time, place and date, there no reason why I should be different. But since you know all this let's forget it and continue. Theres the weather--a topic always entering a letter at one time or another. Lets get rid of it and tell you its raining. You quickly know a miserable day was before us--waiting for us to start a disappointing "day-off." But such wasn't the case as you will soon see.

After breakfast we were undecided as to what to do. Our plan to visit Pompeii in the morning was out. It was clearing up and Ray still wanted to go. Rather than waste more time than necessary, we went to the Red Cross building. There we could make up our minds because sight-seeing tours and trips to Pompeii or Mt. Vesuvius started there. By this time it started to rain again and we decide to forget the trips. After waiting an hour, it cleared up and we were in time to take the tour around the city. This was a mistake because had we walked about town by ourselves, we'd have seen much more. As it turned out, we didn't see as much as we expected. Note--lucky thing I forgot to type this letter in February because I couldn't tell you about Pompeii or Mt. Vesuvius. And to think I thought this letter had come home to you. I've been referring to this letter in the past. I can see where some of my letters didn't make sense because they followed up the information I gave you in this letter. Ch well, its just another letter so it makes no difference, you'll enjoy it anyway. Besides, I can speak more fræely. Or can I?

At the information desk, we obtained our bus tickets and walked out. It was early so we took a short walk about town. In these few minutes, we saw much more than the hours we will spend with a guide. Walking thru the streets, we took in all the highlit in the neighborhood of the Red Cross. We passed a post office, public building, apartment houses--modern, and other interesting cites. But all had something outstanding which the architect never put ~~it~~ in his plans and drawings.

Some were the results of bombing others were the destruction of the enemy when he was retreating. As we continued, I wondered when all this will be fixed. If ever the city will return to its pre-war beauty and gaiety. The conditions may turn out better than they were; on the other hand, much worse. To me its a toss up, the future of this city and of Italy, will depend on its leaders.

We couldn't walk much further because it was time to return to the A.R.C. building and catch the bus. The bus was ready and I was disappointed to see only five other gi's taking the trip. This ~~an~~ alone was proof enough that the trip wasn't worth while. As the bus went thru the city, we enjoyed a few cookies. Last night at the snack bar, we managed to buy some to take with us. (I'm still referring to the 28th of February because as you will later discover, there's "no more" snack bar). With a mouthful and cookie in hand, our necks turned right and left to take in as much as possible--being careful not to miss a thing. Crowded streets filled with pedestrians, army vehicles, street markets and other interesting cites. Sand bags resting against buildings and protecting statues of which this city has plenty of was another highlite. But the thing that impressed me the most was the debris found along the streets and around many buildings. Men still working to clear the side streets so they could be used again.

We passed a school building. The students were coming out, some with their girl or in groups of three, four or more. Co-eds were standing in the doorway enjoying a friendly conversation--maybe talking over "tonights date." Passerbys didn't pay much attention to these students. I don't think they're interested and yet, the destiny of this city rests on the shoulders of these youngsters.

It wasn't long before the bus cometo a stop. About time, because we wanted to get going and see the more interesting highlites of this city. But we didn't as you will soon hear.

Coming out of the bus, we found ourselves looking at St. Genaro's Cathedral. It was beautiful inside but war had entered heretoo and left its calling card. Sand bags covered tombs and protected important religious statues.

Tombs of Cardinals, Bishops and priests were beneath the Cathedral. Upon the two rows of pillows along the side, rested a statue of the Cardinals of the city. One was empty--laying on the floor. The architect, paintings and sculpture was something worth while. The alter was beautiful--no words can discribe it, you must see it to appreciate its beauty. A mosaic was a treat for us--made in the thirteenth century and still in good shape. This priceless masterpiece is well protected with sand bags.

The patron saint is St. Genaro. Each year a miracle is performed and people from all over Italy come to witness it.

The blood of this saint is kept in a bottle--in a solid form. The miracle is performed when it turns into a liquid. There's much more to this of which I don't know of. Maybe I should have listened more attentively.

From the cathedral we board the bus and traveled in and out of one street after another, going up hill and turning right, then left, etc. All we did was look out of the windows, front, rear, and side until the bus stopped again. Where were we? No place in particular. A city street high above the city. We passed here while going to the garage mess hall a few weeks ago. Remember the letter I wrote about that place? From here we could see all the highlites we hope to see while enjoying our stay in Italy. I hope to visit the Isle of Capri. I visited Mt. Vesuvius and Pompeii. The domes of hundred of churches stuck out like a sore thumb. Every section of the city has a church or cathedral. I'm sure if you walk around the city and mark each church you pass by, you could find your way back very easily, without any trouble.

The aquarium was the next stop although we didn't know about it at the time. This visit was the biggest joke of all. And the one after this was the pay off. But lets take one at a time and laugh twice as much after reading this. Everytime I think about it, I laugh it off.

To get to the Aquarium, we entered a city park but not until the driver showed his pass to the M.P. at the entrance. There's a short driveway to the entrance and as the bus lazily coasted along, we could see the works of many sculptors. Statues are everywhere and monuments galore. Some were amputated--leg, arm, head or other parts still laid on the ground. War paid its visit here too. The working G.I. is the only one roaming the area.

Although the day was comfortable with only a blouse or field jacket, we discovered our overcoats should have been with us. Entering the palace of the fishes we quickly felt the dampness and cold air. It was cold but since we had come to see some sea life, we didn't want to disappoint the fishes. They knew we were coming and therefore were extra careful in cleaning up their respective fish bowls. Mr & Mrs Star and family was there to greet us. We started by going to our left around the room and them walked back on the opposite side. The strange noise you hear is the sound of our teeth chatter and our bones shaking us inside. The gong is supplied to the mathematical rhythm of my ~~knees~~ knees hitting against each other. This wasn't bad enough but to find every other bowl empty of its sea life, madeus mad.

There was a baby octopus who could be Stephen Fetchins brother. From his reaction, I say it was his twin. The darn fish was motionless until the attendant moved it around with a stick. Even then he refused to move. This was too much for me and Ray so we walked out.

The attendant come after us and said he'd put on a special experiment for us. That's what he said, so we humened the poor guy and went with him. We had lost our interast but somehow, found ourselves walking back. He told us to watch a fish bowl-- to us it looked empty. He thought differently but after looking for awhile, we were convinced it was empty. Once again a stick moved around underwater, this time it was hitting the water flowers. With each touch, the flowers crawled back into their stems, like a turtle draws in his head whenever its bothered. It didn't strike us funny. This visit put us in a bad mood for our next one--the pay off blow of the day. It didn't compare to this trip.

Coming out disappointed--all of us--he said he'd take us to a cameo factory. It was the guides brother-in-laws, a family affair. Cameos are plentiful here in Italy. The vendors are getting good prices for them and making a worth while living. We knew them, this was also a business proposition.

We board the bus again and after getting the "go" sign from the MP on the way out, we headed for the waterfront driveway. The ride lasted a few minutes enough to glimpse over the ruins and destruction along the driveway. We were going too fast to see how much damage was done. The little we saw convinced us War left another calling card.

Our trip ended sooner than we expected. The so called factory was a small retail cameo and other souvernir shop. When asked to show us how they cut the cameos, he said, "Today is Monday. Every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday we work upstairs--our factory is closed today." It was a good line for him. Had it been one of those days, then the factory was closed on Mondays, Wednesdays, Friday and Sunday no work. He had us both ways. By this time most of us were irritated. We resented this visit and it didn't take the guide long to realize this. When the guide said, "ok boys, lets go," music filled our ears. We walked out and entered the bus for the last time, it was entering the main street, heading for the Red Cross building.

The bus went thru heavy traffic, being held up often. It got back alright and as we climbed down, the guide waited for us with palm turned up to receive our offers. To Ray and me, the trip was worthless but we contributed our fee for his unsatisfactoru service. "Arevadeci" and off we went to the snack bar to get a bite to eat--coffee and cookies.

For dinner the squadron was having steaks. We didn't know it then and lost out on this delicious meal. One doesn't miss anything he didn't have. Does one? This ended our activities for the morning. What follows for the afternoon and evening is more exciting. But before I continue, lets give the censors a rest. In the meantime, we'll both take a glass of water and pause awhile.

OK, fall in ready to start again. Up from the snack bar, we went to the shower room. There we met Sgt Sterling Holloway, movie star. We've seen him in Algiers and once before in the same place. Ray started a conversation with him. I put my two cents in it too but it didn't last long--he was going out, we were coming in.

Feeling fresh and clean, we walked upstairs to the states lounge. We looked over the states books but didn't run into any name we knew. For the afternoon, we were going to the opera. "Pagliacci" and the dance, "Bolero," was the attraction today. It wasn't long thereafter we found ourselves waiting in line to purchase our tickets. Inside the opera house we admired its beauty. It has a large seating capacity with plenty of boxes. We sat in a box with another GI and an Italian soldier. From where we were sitting, we could see all around the house. There was a highlite here too--the royal box. Our seats weren't bad, even if they were on the fifth floor, near the stage on the left. We were able to see and hear everything--that was the important thing. And for the price of the ticket, forty cents, it was worth while.

The opera was very good, the star, Ferrauto also had the lead in Aida. Thanks to the war, this tenore got his break. Now he's in every other opera put out by the company.

At the end of act I, Ferrauto got a big ovation for singing Pagliacci. For an encore, he went thru the same number again. This was new to me but it didn't take me long to realize what was happening. The opera had ended and we were going back to the squadron and have our supper.

Getting back to the office building, we were in time for mail call. Mail bags galore--about seven in all. Rather than wait and spend a few hours listening to names, I went to chow, leaving my letters for one of the fellows to pick up for me. Just before entering the mess hall, we stopped to read the bulletin board. The notice applied to a few--Ray, Ozzie and me were included. We were to move from our old billets to different quarters. What again? We ate rather fast, not only to go pack our barracks bags but to see how much mail we received. Coming upstairs we could still hear names calling out, this time a new voice. Infact, before all the mail was given out, different fellows took turns in giving out the letters. After about an hour or so, we collected our letters and taking a count, we discovered this was the best deal yet. Ozzie received some thirty odd letters; Ray about ten while yours truly could only find twenty-five. Rather than read them, we put them away and went to the billet to pack up.

Once again our barracks bags received the treatment they were intended for. Fully packed, equipment in order, cot folder, with rifle, gas mask and helmet, we started downstairs. Night ~~had~~ crept up on us and while waiting for the truck, we planned to get a room together.

Naples Blood Miracle Stirs Joy Among Devout

Naples, May 7 (AP).—Church bells rang out in Naples today as it was announced that the blood of St. Januarius, patron saint of the city, had liquefied at 2:20 P. M., 22 hours after the annual solemn ceremony of the liquefaction had begun at the cathedral.

Pious Neapolitans, who regard the phenomenon as an augury for good, were elated.

Had there been no transformation, or as Neapolitans say, miracle of the liquefaction, the people would have regarded it as a sign that unhappy Naples, already devastated by war, would suffer even more in the year to come.

Many explanations have been offered for the annual phenomenon of the liquefaction of what is said to be the blood of the martyred saint, including the theory that the process takes place because of the generation of heat in the crowded cathedral, but Roman Catholic authorities have rejected the theory of a heat-induced transformation as inadequate.

Among those who witnessed the change were a number of American soldiers.

St. Januarius, Bishop of Benevento and patron saint of Naples, lived during the latter part of the third century. Condemned to death because of his faith by the Emperor Diocletian, he passed unharmed through a fiery furnace and a den of wild beasts and then healed his judge of blindness. The judge promptly manifested his gratitude by putting him to the sword.

The two vials of the saint's blood which are shown to the faithful at the Cathedral of Naples in May and in September, are considered by the Neapolitans as a safeguard against the eruption of Mt. Vesuvius.

THE ISLE OF CAPRI

Everything you heard or read about the beautiful Isle of Capri is true. The following will not be found in any travel agency literature.

The Isle of Capri became the Army Air Forces rest camp during W.W. II. Visiting Capri without official rest camp traveling orders could only be accomplished by the experienced GI traveling tourists. No one in the squadron or for that matter, any other Gi in Naples, had ever attempted to experience our adventure.

Our hitch-hiking routine started very early in the morning. It took several changing rides to reach our destination in Sorrento. There, we hired a fishing boat owned by two well seasoned seamen. A pack of cigarettes ~~xxx xxxxxxxx~~ was the convincing incentive for the Italian fishermen to cross the Bay of Naples. They knew, a one way trip makes it a losing proposition since on the returning trip to Naples, there would be no GI or civilian coming back to the main land.

It didn't take us long to realize that we would jeopardize our safety. The small boat almost capsized at the start of our voyage. Second thoughts to quit the trip disappeared when two convincing old timers of the sea said they had the expertise in taking us to Capri.

During the crossing we had enough frightening moments to give up this sea adventure. The last straw came when the sails positioned themselves parallel to the water. Both men disregarded our hand signal pleas to go back to Naples, as they successfully maneuvered the boat to its upright position.

I was a victim of motion sickness on land ~~xxx~~ during the truck convoy from Bizerte to Algiers while in Africa. In the air on the plane ride from Algiers to Naples I succumbed to the nauseating feeling. The crossing from Sorrento to Capri, the water movements caused me to become seasick.

Relief came only when we approached the Isle of Capri. Since we did not have rest orders to stay at the guest hotels, the seamen suggested we debark at the nearby Anacapri dock area. This would avoid coming in contact with the MP's, stationed at the debarkation dock to pick-up intruders without proper accommodation orders. The MP's examined the required papers of all debarking soldier.

The adjoining Anacapri provided us a safe movement to Capri, where we immediately circulated with the vacationing servicement. We quickly purchased a tourist hat and became part of the army crowd.

Without official orders, we could not receive hotel accommodations for sleeping, nor obtain an admitting card for eating at the hotels. The first was easy to solve. An Italian speaking GI was able to local residents to rent us a room, during our stay at Capri for \$1.00 per night.

Ray's rank provided the first calling card to feed two hungry GI's for the first meal. Again with the Italian speaking waiters, maitre-de, I was able to convince them to service us our meals by entering the dining room from the kitchen entrance. In our wondering search and recommendations of the civilian friends we made on Capri, we soon had a choice of hotels for supplying our food at meal times. A pack of cigarettes went a long way. It gave us an advantage of being selective where we ate, our three meals a day.

Getting back to Sorrento was a very serious problem because no G.I. could board the returning ship without orders. We had no choice but to turn ourselves in to the recreational officer-in-charge of the facilities on Capri. This was the only action necessary since we could not find local fishermen to make the one way trip to Sorrento and then return empty handed. Besides, I was not looking forward to duplicating my "ill" experience of seasickness.

On the last night of our three day pass, we confessed our exploration to the Captain in charge. We showed him the pass and after reading it, said, "You two certainly stretch the meaning of '....3 day pass within the vicinity,

of Naples". He accepted our stay as being the first GI's to take advantage of the facilities on Capri without regular orders. We were convinced there would be no punishment for our leisure enjoyment on Capri.

The Captain approved a pass for us to board the ship back to Sorrento. Before walking out of his office he received the most highly respectful salute from two happy GI's. He returned his salute and said, "dismissed".

The truck finally pulled up by the billets after waiting longer than we should. We threw our belongings on the truck and pulled away to our present quarters. Its here where we three have set up our home and made it very comfortable. In the beginning there was only "We Three," then Sgt Al DeCarlo moved in and Cpl barchent was thrown in by the Tech Sgt in charge of this billet. We stayed upstairs long enough to fix our cot and leaving our bags and other belongings alone. We ran out to the Red Cross, the one near our part of town, for coffee and cake. We got there in time and lucky thing for us because this extra work made us hungry. Our letters were still in our pockets. It seems wex were punishing them. We waited a few weeks for them now they could wait a few hours for us--until we were good and ready.

Little did we know we were spending our last visit at this "Nightspot." It was bad news to us next morning to hear the place burned down. Lucky thing its location was on the top floor otherwise the whole building might have received the same ending. We paid it a visit the next day and believe it or not, the whole place was in ruins, completely distroyed.

After enjoying our delicious snack, we left for home. By the time we arranged the bags and equipment in order, it was about eleven thirty. Placing myself under the covers, and with the small bedlight on, I was set to read my letters. Ray did likewise but Ozzie decided to read them tomorrow. The kid was playing hard to get. Each letter was taken from the envelope and place in order. For the next hour or so, I carried myself home, with the family and Mary. Ray did likewise while Ozzie would do the same next day.. The last one and I'll be finished. I reached over the end table and put out the light. Mucking myself under the blankets, my eyes closed for dreamland. The boys had been there before me and I will join them within a short while. My day had ended with tomorrow waiting to start me off again.

As for Ozzie, the poor kid really worked that week--waiting for the following Sunday to get his first day off. Since neither Ray nor I was with him, he found himself someone ~~xx~~ else--a Wacky GI. They & visited Pompeii in the afternoon; took in a show at night and thanks to this date, found a resturant which "We Three" have been patronizing. The food is good and its here we come for our special meals.

Well here's the letter you should have received sometime in March. Instead, its a few months old. And all the time I thought this letter was home and tucked away with our other letters coming home to you.

Solong for now, until something exciting happens--then I'll give you the low down. Give our love to all..

"The Ozrayabby Trio,"

TONY OZZIE RAY

21 September 1944

Home of the "OZRAYABBY TRIO",

The best way to visit Campobasso is to leave all road maps home, forget them, throw them away, do anything with them but take them along on a trip thru Italy. Another thing. Disregard all short-cuts and stay on the main road. The ride will be a smoother one and, if by accident you go wondering off your course, you can always stop a farmer and for nothing (his services come free of charge) will direct you in the wrong direction. Did WE THREE follow the above suggestions which we're passing on to you? You can bet your last dollar we didn't; as a result, our adventures will go down in our "Memoirs of Army Life".

Pilot Ray Farley took the wheel, Navigator Anthony Abitabilo was at his side and Back-seat-driver Ozzie Coletta was in the tail gun position, making up the formation. There was also a fourth party--SUZANE, a JEEP, the best four legged vehicle in the army. So there you have it--the OZRAYABBY TRIO and a jeep, all set to visit Campobasso or bust. Believe it or not, we did both.

The preparation, was our biggest worry during the week and until the very last minute. Everything came off fine, although our hearts stopped a second when upon asking for the jeep, the dispatcher said, "Sorry, there's nothing for you boys". Yet, there was one for us, set aside a few days ago. After a few minutes, time enough for Ozzie to run wild and straighten this mix-up, we got our jeep, filled it with gas and water (this was my detail) and started off.

Although Ray was doing the driving, I was directing it with the aid of a road map. You can rest assured with each turn, Ozzie had a comment. The night before, we laid-out our plans and decided which roads we were to take. The ones we chosed were the "short-cuts" which were to save us a few hours. Instead, they added more than we expected to save. The country we passed was beautiful but very lonely and deserted. Every now and then we'd pass someone along the road. Where he was going, where he come from was a mystery to us because there was no sign of civilization around him. Yet he kept walking, or riding a bicycle with the greatest of ease as though he had all the time in the world.

We passed a few towns along the way which looked like "Ghost Towns". Some were hit by the war, others were lucky and left alone. Looking at the farmers and their farms, gave us the impression that, to them, the war was farther away than it really was--somewhere in another world. We wondered if they knew a war was going on because they went about their business so peacefully. Practically every farm house we passed had their corn crop laid on the ground to dry. They dry out the corn and then grinded it, using it as a substitute for flour.

But this was secondary to the home-made tomatoe paste displayed by these farmers. The people take great pride in making this red color favorite. Since it must be kept in a sunny spot, I think the people follow the sun wherever it goes. And with a stick in their hand, stir it while talking to the next door neighbor about their family troubles. All this hit our eyes as we traveled thru this section of Italy. It was new to all of us. Neither of us had ever been anywhere in this section of the country.

The shortage of food has lead many italian to beg, borrow, or steal anything eatable. Civilians crowd the mess hall areas set aside for the G.I.'s. It's pitiful to see hungry children go wondering about and mothers go search everywhere for food. Going on trips out of the city, takes one away from such local problems, although the problems are the same, if not worse in other cities and towns. Anyway, we took time out along the road to eat a sandwich, prepared by the mess sergeant. This stop gave Suzane a rest, one she well deserved.

While sitting off the road, on large rocks, we noticed a woman walking towards us. She was short and stocky and it seems she couldn't make up her mind whether to come or not. The first thought to enter our mind was the sandwiches. But it turned out differently. Walking up to us she let out with the "lingo". Ozzie and I spoke to her. We offered her a sandwich but to our surprise, refused. She just finished eating and said there was plenty to eat in her house. Yes, the farmers have plenty and they're the only ones well taken care of.

This woman was hoping we were her nephew. He promised he'd come to see her but its been some time since his last visit. He's a G.I. who's father has property in the section we were eating. The woman pointed out his house in the distance before we parted and went on our way.

As I mentioned previously, we had a nice sized road map to guide us. The map helped out but it put us on bad roads all the way. Had we followed the main road (without a map), we'd have gotten there in better shape and much sooner. The roads and highways we were to follow were very nicely laid out on the map but they failed to warn us of "the bombed bridge" or damaged roads that lied ahead. As a result we traveled many miles out of the way.

Meeting a fork along the way was another problem. Each time we were in doubt as to which way to go--right or left. The quickest way out was to toss a coin in the ari or guess the direction. This would have saved us time as well as take us in the right direction. But neither of us thought about it and we let it go. Instead we asked passer-bys. Lucky thing they were around to direct us in the wrong direction, otherwise the trip wouldn't have bees as enjoyable.

At one of these forks, we stopped the jeep and looked around for a passer-by. We couldn't find anyone in sight but, seeing a house nearby, I walked towards it to ask someone. After a few minutes I had walked around. Ozzie called me back and said someone had come out of the front door. I had opened it a short while before but no one was there. Anyway, a young kid came out and I asked for a city which was on the map. She told us and, after thanking her, we took off. To our disappointment, the road ahead was "detoured", so around we turned. Upon passing the house, we waved to them; they waved back. We had turned left at the fork and now went right. But again we were going wrong because this road was leading into the other. Once more we turned the jeep and again we waved to the family. It seemed we were part of the community, going out for a Sunday drive. Ray stepped on the gas and headed towards the open country which awaited us.

This wasn't bad enough because we came to a damaged bridge, and since there was no diversion, we had to find some other means to cross the river, rather than turn around and find another road. After asking a farmer about the quickest "short-cut" to the other side, he directed us to a "ferry service" handled by three local boys--(men in their early fifties). It was a flat top boat with a cable running from one side to the other. By pulling the cable, the boat would float across, the cable rolling on rollers, attached to the side. At the time we arrived at this place, the boat was on the other side but after waiting a short while, we found ourselves and the jeep, plus another civilian vehicle, coasting across the river. Upon reaching the other side, Ozzie gave the operators some cigarettes and off we went.

We didn't last long on the main road ~~XXXXXXXX~~ and as a result, it was impossible for our dear Suzanne to continue. Luckily this point was about a quarter of a mile from a "pease". Here our knowledge of the Italian language served to induce the men of this town (some thirty strong--children included) to lend a helping hand. At first they seemed to be reluctant because of the fear "Their Sunday clothes" might become soil. We did some fast talking and leading the group of men, returned to Ray and Suzanne who was in no position to move. From the time we started to walk down hill to meet Ray, it seemed we were acting a mob scene of a movie. As a reward for their services, they shared two packages of cigarettes, while one man solely enjoyed a whole package of tobacco--for return of the use of his private "limousine". The children, who had come along to cheer the older men were gifted with, "caramelles". As we moved on we turned back to see the men lighting up and the children beaming with joy.

We passed more country and at one place, a one family house was the whole town, listed on the map. Yes, we laughed it off but kept on going. At last, we come to a road sign directing us to "Campobasso". It had large white letters against a blue background. We were coming down the home stretch, finally heading for Campobasso.

As we come into the city we were surprised to see the streets empty. There wasn't anyone in sight, as though they were "out-of-town" for the duration. We received the same feeling you would experience when upon visiting a friend only to find him gone out. The streets were deserted. Ozzie stopped the jeep to take a picture, the name of a street, Elena. At the same time, we asked for his address to the first passer-by. He said it was out of town, passed Campbasso. I then asked for another address which to our surprise, was close by. Ray followed the directions the civilian gave us, with Ozzie and I interpreting. The address was that of relatives of the Russo family.

While I stopped off to see this family, Ozzie and Ray went looking for a gas station. That was our biggest worry upon entering the city. The gas was getting low and we needed a tank fill for our return trip.

At the suggestion of an Italian soldier, Ozzie went off to the local office of the A.C.C. Ray stayed behind to guard the jeep. Finding the place empty, Ozzie descended and ran into a soldier, who appeared to be English. Oz hesitated to speak because, up till then, no Englishman or American had been seen in the town. However, the situation warranted a little embarrassment, so he addressed the soldier and found him not only to be English but to be exceptional willing to help as well. He ~~xxx~~ showed Ozzie the way to the Englishman's billet and introduced him to another fellow who without hesitation, left his bed and escorted Ozzie & Ray to a garage where a third kind Englishman filled the tank, with "Petrol".

When Ray and Ozzie come back, full tank and ready to come home to the USA, (if the gas held out), we asked the people I had gotten acquainted with about the town we were to go. To our disappointment they told us that if we went there we'd have never made it back in time. So we dropped the idea of continuing our trip and looked over the city of Campbasso instead. Before leaving for some adventure within the city limits, we asked the family if they be kind enough to cook us spaghetti. Yes, we took spaghetti and sauce and other little odds and ends to make our meal complete. So while we took in the sights, our favorite meal was on the fire.

The first spot was a bar. A bar in Campbasso is the same as in Naples, Rome and other cities. The place was full of Polish soldiers, not a GI in sight. While riding thru the streets, the people looked at us as if we were strange Gods from another world. They had evidently been few GI's there within the past few months because....We were the only ones representing Uncle Sam and were looked up with great respect by everyone. Upon entering the bar, the Polish soldiers greeted us with big smiles and, while waiting for the waiter, one came over to our table with a bottle of rum and started pouring drinks. Before we knew it, there were a few more over, all offering us to drink with them. These boys can certainly drink but ~~xxxx~~ above all, they're swell fellows. This was our first opportunity to meet a Polish soldier and to the Ozrayabby Trio they'll always remain on top in more ways than one. They were interested in Polish-American GI's. We can guess how they'd treat a Polish-American GI from the attention they gave us. It seemed they, too, had seen few Americans.

The drinking was too much for us so we left in a hurry and took a sight-seeing tour. Johnny one of the family we visited came along with us. He was to be our guide for the tour.

There isn't much to tell about the city, but this much can be said....it's small and very clean. We went to see the Fraticapoli Fraticapuccini Church. Ozzie snapped a picture before we made a few turns around the block and rode into piazza E Gabriele Pepe, the main square of town. It wasn't large but it served as a meeting place for the people. Then we visited a castle which had a history. Today it's a memorial to the soldiers of the First World War. It's name is Monforte, after the ruler of a few hundred years back. So the story goes.....

While this ruler, Monforte, was in power, he made a law whereby every signorina, upon marrying, was to spend her wedding night with him. This went on for some time until a man, (the hero) disguised as a woman, killed him.

Nearby and opposite the castle, stands the Monti Church. It's small but interesting to visit. Both castle and church are located up on a mountain. From there you can look down over the city of Campobasso. We took a few pictures of this site because it made nice scenery. That completed our trip about the city; it was short but complete.

We returned for our spaghetti dinner. What we had given the people was enough, we thought, for at least six people. The woman didn't think so, however and she added some more and expected only the three of us to finish it all. We ~~ate~~ ate about one third of the offerings and left for home.

There was no one thing we saw or did which could be pointed to as the highlite of the trip. We did hear a story though, about a man in Campobasso who would make Henry J. Kaiser look sick, as far as production is concerned.

This man who, at present is only sixty-eight, has a total of thirty-three children. Now wait a second, he had three wives. His first son is married and has eight children; his second has five while his first daughter has one. Quite a family when you get them all together.

The trip coming back wasn't half as bad as the one going. This time we played it safe and stayed on the main road. Once again an Englishman gave us a helping hand, this time advising us to take a different road instead of the one we had planned which lead to a "Dead End". The trip was a little dusty, causing our hair to look grey. With a nice COOOOLD shower before hitting the hay, our activities ended.

We had an enjoyable and exciting time, although the main object of our trip ended in disappointment. As I said, we visited Campobasso and busted--busted because our mission was never completed. Someday, soon, we hope to make another attempt.

So ends another experience for the OZRAYABBY TRIO. Incidentally, this was the first time we three had a jeep. We made the most of it and, after this trip, Suzanne should get a furlough, better still, go home on rotation. She deserves it. Give our love to the family and regards to all.

THE OZRAYABBY TRIO

Ozzie *Ray* *Tommy*
OZZIE (RAY) ABBY

18 Sept 1944

Dearest Mary Ann,

WE've put the the time back one hour and now the days will be much shorter. The weather has changed complete^{ly}--no more does the sun shine bright, instead there's always a cool breeze in the air. And the water is very cold, good to drink but comes winter time who wants to drink cold water.

The OZRAYABBY TRIO managed to get a jeep, the first army vehicle we had to ourselves ^{sent} joining the army. We had a swell time while going visiting Campobasso. Ozzie has relatives there but after taking this enjoyable trip, discovered they live out oftown. We couldn't pay them a visit and therefore returned. Our trip wasn't a total lose because we went to visit relatives of the Russo family. It seems wherever we go theres someone related to this Russo family I'm well acquainted with.

Darling, how's everything at home? We in italy aren't doing too bad. Letters from home have slowed up and now we're sweating out a good "mail call". I can expect a number of letters from you because as yet, I haven't received answers to my typewritten letters. I'll wait Mary, because its worth it. Anything connected with you is worth while waiting for. Your letters are minors compared to your love and kisses. And I'm waiting for both darling, waiting to come home and take all of it for myself.

From your previous letters I see where you're keeping a scrap book, saving everything I send home to you. That's a good deal Mary because I want to look over everything when I come home. Together we'll spend many hours going thru my army experiences. I'll try to send home as much as possible--and the paper clippings will be worth plenty. Mary, how big is your scrap book? From the things you're putting in, it must a nice size one. Inclosed you'll find another clipping to add to the many that will be coming to you. Take care of it darling and remember, put it in straight. I sure like to see your accomplishments--the time you've spent with it and care you've given "Our Scrap Book".

Within the next few days, Joe Logis will be around, either boxing or putting on a show. Tomorrow he'll do some boxing and you can rest assure your Anthony will be a spectator. Too bad you can't come to see him, I'm sure he'll like to have you present.

Bundle of joy, I must end this letter, sending you all my love and kisses. They're all for you darling and hope I come home to start paying off and collecting. Give my love and regards to the family and friends and to brother Nicky. Take care of yourself Mary, especially during the winter months. So long baby, love you always,

Forever yours,

Tony

THE TRIP TO SARNO

On August 15, 1944 while the Allied landings took place in southern France, I was visiting a small, unknown town of Sarno, about 15 miles south of Naples.

Sarno was a forgotten town that was hidden from the war. ~~XXXXXX~~ It ~~visitaxion~~ is not a schedule stop for tourist visitation. In fact it is not included in any tour guides of travel agencies. However, Sarno had a top priority in my travels and it became very important to visit this nothing town. SARNO was the birthplace of my mother where our family roots and history all began.

When my brother Tom and sister Mary had married Helen and Pat from the same family, the parents and grandparents were also born in Sarno. Though my father was born in Caserta, his sister Josephine was born in Sarno. Her son/^{Mike}was stationed in Naples during World War II.

On my first trip, I should not have been surprised to see the wedding photographs, in 8 X 10 picture frames, of both weddings, resting and decorating the bedroom bureau in a little farm apartment in Sarno.

Brother-in-law Pat had served as a butcher/cook with the Merchant Marines. When his ship came to Naples on September 5, 1945, he had already become a seasoned seaman with _____atlantic crossings to his credit. He visited the Persian Gulf on _____, went to England on _____. He experienced more than his share of dangerous attacks by submarines and enemy planes on the earlier convoys while crossing the Atlantic Ocean.

With my Naples address in hand Pat was able to locate my living quarters on Ville DeMille. Our meeting was very informal when it took place on the play street in front of the AAF Headquarters building. I was involved in a volleyball tournament game. Ray and Ozzie had brought Pat to the location as we were completing the final 3rd game of the match.

Upon seeing Pat, I ran to embrace him, shook hands and we kissed in the middle of the street. What a happy reunion. I was topless and wearing shorts. My body was covered with beads of perspiration, flowing down from my face to the rest of my body. The best suntan any GI was wearing, appeared to ~~covered my back~~.to overshadow my sweating condition, and very close to being a running faucet.

Back to the billets, Pat commented on the 113 steps to reach our large privste room. After a shower we celebrated the reunion with all goodies, received from hometo share with Pat. The many packages we ~~receiv~~ saved for such an occassion included several bottles of liquor, italian sausage, salmi, and other delicacies. The hard liquor was not available to enlistedmen but our parents sent us more than necessary. Ray's close friendship with a nondrinking officer provided us his monthly ration.

In Pat's two week stay in Naples, we had visited his aunt in Sarno. His ship was not on its usual assignment in bringing needed supplies, equipment and other war materials. This trip was more pleasureable since his ship would be taking home the troops. The end of the war transferred the ^{MERCHANT} ships ~~mission~~ to bring home the GI's back to the good old U.S.A., for the ^{it} immediate discharge.

The point scoring system for service credit, required the necessary score of 80 points for eligibility to becoming a passenger on Pat's ship. Periodically, this score number would be lowered by 5 points to 75, then 70, etc. and with my 61 points, could be ^{going} ~~coming~~ home before the end of 1954. My score actually brought me home during the Thanksgiving holidays. While on the Lake Champlain aircraft carrier, I had volunteered as a KP on the homecoming trip to the states.

Ray had been in a departing depot waiting for his passage ship to take him home. We all build up hopes that Ray would travel home with Pat. This would have given our buddy-in-arms the VIP treatment of eating all his meals with Pat, plus having the freedom of the kitchen 24 hours a day. Who could have asked a better arrangement? It meant not having to live the overcrowded troop ship with limited comfort facilities and being served only two meals a day while sweating out the long chow lines. What could have been a more leisure trip for Ray, ended immediately when issued orders to go home had placed Ray on another troop ship.

It wasn't a total loss for these preconceived plans. One of our squadron medics was lucky enough to be assigned on Pat's ship. We later learned he received all the special privileges and a treatment that was meant for Ray.

The night before Pat's ship sailed for the USA, Ozzie and I had a special steak dinner with all the trimmings. Pat feasted us like kings.

We said our last good-bye since the next morning the ship would leave ^{the BAY of} Naples. The only consolation was that with my 61 points, I would be spending Christmas holidays at home. It would also be a glorious happy new year to start a new civilian life.

BRUSCIANO VISIT

August 6, 1945, the atomic bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. On the eventful day, I made my first trip to Brusciano, Italy.

Brusciano is another small unknown Italian town about 15 miles south of Naples. The population runs into a few thousand. It can be said that a number of Bruscianesi, leaving their family and friends behind during the early part of the 19th century, came to the Little Italy section of Harlem.

Of all the neighborhood friends within the same age group, only one was born in Italy. Tony E. became a stranger in the Manhattan apartment building next to mine, during our preteen age years of growing up.

Sometime after his arrival from Brusciano to 106th Street, we managed to form a strong friendship bond that grew throughout our adult lives. A few years before World War II, for his confirmation sponsor, Tony selected me to be his god-father, over his mother's objection to select someone else. The formalized photography session of the occasion resulted in sending his grandmother a studio copy of our picture.

Brusciano was not a tourist scheduled attraction during prewar tourist trips to Italy. I doubt if after the war this town would receive any recognition from travel agencies back in the States. It is a town that was overlooked and by-passed by the war years. It was safeguarded from destruction by both the Germans and Allied armies.

The town of Brusciano was not outstanding enough to be listed among the historical brochures with the better known famous Italian cities. However, this little unknown town had been a second shadow from my birth to the time I served in Naples, Italy during World War II.

The person responsible for my early salesmanship training, in the first avenue produce retail markets was named Gaetano. He was the god-father to my brothers Joe and Tom.

My visits to Bruscianno brought me in contact with Cateano's parents, three brothers and two sisters. Responsible for this opportunity was Tony E. since he had given me the address of his grandmother and aunt. The unexpected relatives of other associates from New York City greeted me as a long lost son of each family I visited.

Imagine my surprise upon visiting with Tony E.'s grandmother to find our confirmation picture on the bedroom bureau. Though I knew about this, it was the last thing I had expected to witness in Bruscianno.

I had grown up in the annual celebration of the famous and most outstanding Italian feast of O'Giglio. The feast was always celebrated during the labor day holiday. The five day festival provided all kinds of Italian delicacies from street vendors, carnival rides and games for children and adults to enjoy. The climax of the feast was highlighted by an on going block party, full of entertainment music and dancing in the streets into early morning hours.

Tradition has it that at the turn of the 19th century, the originators of O'Giglio, migrated from Bruscianno to the Little Italy section of East Harlem between 106th-108th streets. Another small town, Nola also celebrated this annual feast.

The main attraction of the feast was the construction of a sixty foot decorative structure that weighed between 2-3 tons. The carrying and dancing of the Giglio required about 125 men to move along the immediate area of the neighborhood. To close off and restricted any vehicle traffic required a special city permit for the feast.

Important dignitaries were always selected to sit with the five piece band and vocalist, who entertained the overwhelming crowd by singing all favorite Italian songs.

I had schedule my trip to Brusciiano to participate in the festivities. I was shocked to see three Giglios. The competition would determine which group performed the best in dancing of the structure while blessing the spectators. The tremendous crown had come from all the nearby towns and villages.

Knowing the tradition of who would be honored to ride upon the Giglio I declined to being placed with the orchestra and entertainer. I could not choose between the three Giglios but more importantly, I did not wish to disappoint the rightful honoree of his recognition. Too many candidates waited all year for this annual search for the distinguished dignitary. Instead, I joined the moving crowd as an enthusiastic spectator, surrounded by the local new friends. I was appreciated and accepted for bringing many of them the latest news from their relatives back in New York City. I soon became their error boy, delivering news from home.

The joy and happiness in celebrating one of the happiest memories of my early childhood had been duplicated on foreign soil. The visits to Brusciiano far surpassed any experienced visitations I had made while touring the many famous, well known cities of Italy.

My trip to BRUSCIANO - Sunday, 5th August 1945

BRUSCIANO is a small Italian town about 15 miles from Naples whose population runs into a couple of thousand. It can be said that a number of Bruscianesi come to New York City leaving their family and friends behind. Such was the case with Gateano D'Amore - God-father to brother Joey and Tommy. I met his three brothers, two sisters and father. Responsible for this visit was Tony Esposito. I had went to see his uncle but before I left, I met his aunts and grand-parents. Other people I know in NYC also have relatives here and a number of them were brought to my attention. I could not stop to talk with all of them but I did see the important ones - Tony's relatives.

But these findings aren't half surprising as my discovery. Strange as it may seem, my picture has a place in this town - taken more than five years ago. How did it get there? With this question I must explain this trip and I will start in doing just that.

Ever since coming to Naples, some nineteen months ago, I knew somewhere in Italy relatives of Tony could be found. In our letters which went back and forth - Italy to England and visa versa - I asked for an address and recently he sent one. As you can see, I wasted little time in taking this trip. I had passed this town many times and remembering the name knew the trip was short and on a main road. Unable to get transportation, I hit the road and after three changes, managed to arrive in Brusciiano within one hour after I started out. It appeared to be good time but later I discovered the train makes the distance in forty-five minutes or less.

It did not take me long to find 151 and though I was misled by a passing civilian, I was soon asking for Luigi Esposito. He wasn't at home but his wife, Regella greeted me with her son John. Her other son Antonio wasn't around and with the father, were the only two I did not see.

From here we walked through town to see Carolina and her husband. This was our meeting place with the rest of the uncles, aunts and grand-father. Aunt Carolino, Rossina and husband were very glad. Your uncle Domenica with whom I stayed most of the time is a swell person. Aunt Maria wasn't home and I did not meet her either. Your grandfather, Antonio was surprised. And cousins who know you from photographs were plenty happy. Antonietta and Raffaella insisted I mention their names to you. It was a wonderful meeting and they all asked about you - when are you coming to see them. We'll hold this question off while we meet your mother's family.

On your mothers side there's your grandmother and grandfather. She, Fillipo Guarino, tries to hold onto all your snapshots you send her but the others manage to "sneak out" with them. They tease her because she wants to hold those pictures herself. Fillipo told me many stories about your childhood days while uncle Domenica has you fit to a "T".

After I met everyone you knew, we took a trip to see Gateano's family. Three brothers - Lorenzo, Antonio and Raffaello; two sisters - Rosa and Carmela and his father greeted me gladly. They were just as much surprised to see me as your people. A long conversation covered my stay with them.

Walking about this little town, a GI is looked upon from all angles. No soldiers "hang around" here - its far from being a soldiers town. Its strictly civilian and a man in uniform looks out of place. Many tried to stop Domenico to ask who I was, although most of them guessed I was a member of the family, looking for someone I knew.

Both families treated me swell, both offering me everything they had. At Carolino's general store, they cooked a steak for me, salad, wine, fruit, etc. I had no two ways about eating - it had to be or else. They told me its a custom for visitors to eat or drink and I told them that I was familiar with such doings that I really wasn't hungry, etc. I lost out because I was sitting by a table, chewing and talking with a knife and fork in my hand.

This little gathering lasted a few hours afterwhich your uncle Domenico took me to see Gateano's family. Walking along the street, I stuck out like a sore thumb - the only GI in town and all the civilians had their eyes on me. Within a short time, I was talking with Gateano's brothers, later sisters and then his father. I didn't stay here because I was returning back to Naples. Hitch-hiking isn't a secure way of traveling, especially when it gets late.

The big conversation was the feast of St. Anthony. Here it falls the 26 of August and I've been invited by everyone that I met. There was no "ifs" or "buts", all they wanted to hear was "YES". I'll try to take a trip for the feast but as yet, don't know whether I can go or not.

I can't tell you Tony how much they are looking forward in seeing you. They feel you can get a furlough and visit Brusciano. I read something interesting (inclosed) which should make things easy for you in trying to visit Italy. Inquiry and ask your CO, maybe you'll geta break and come here for a few weeks. Try your best and it will be a worth while deal.

There isn't much more to say, and with the inclosed letters, you have the complete story in Italian. One went to your mother, the other to Gateano.

Your buddy - (compare),

PS: I had started to write about the city and tell of my meeting with the two families but before I knew it - I was talking to Tony and ended upthat way. Also, Antonio, the one I didn't see, come to visit me on Wednesday. Then Thursday, Luigi Antonio, your uncle come to see me in Naples. They know where I live and can drop in anytime.

HEADQUARTERS
ARMY AIR FORCE SERVICE COMMAND
MEDITERRANEAN THEATER OF OPERATIONS
APO 528

27th August 1945
At Brusciiano - 26/8/45

Beloved Mary -

Yesterday I was in N.Y.C. - 10 years ago. Doesn't make sense? Well then, we'll start anew.

September 2 thru 6 come in August this year to Italy. Why? How? Such questions lead back to the beginning - so its best to take it from there.

The Feast of St. Anthony, the one when a statue (Giglio) is built and carried from block to block, took place in Brusciiano the last Sunday of this month. I spent such a feast with the Brusciianese and became part of the crowd.

The noise, excitement and crowds compared with ours in the states. Big difference though, in NYC we build one large one while here its several small ones which parade up and down the streets, one behind the other - each trying to "show-off" as to whose the better one. Competition is tough which adds to the enjoyment of this feast. This year four (4) Giglio's were built, sometimes six and ten hit the spotlight, so they told me. In all it was a wonderful day, with Luigi Esposito and family playing host.

It didn't take long for the crowd to run over the small town - many strangers and people from ~~near~~ nearby Nola and other towns come to see the feast. Seems the train from Naples had half the crowd when I left early Sunday morning but I was wrong, it was only a small part of the "mob".

At eleven o'clock, the first giglio took off, to lead the parade. Of the four, each commander drew lots to see in what order they were to march and dance the giglio. The procedure, accitment is the same as in the states so there's little I can add to what you all ready know. It was funny to see the crowds gather around the first "lift" then run to another section of the town to witness the second, later the third and last the fourth. The giglios were located in different areas but close-by.

The local square was the "X" spot, center of the commotion and gathering of the crowds. From this spot the giglios would pass and if everyone tried to hold his feet steady and remain in one place, he was able to enjoy the passing of the four Giglios - but such wasn't the case because the innocent bystander was soon pushed, shoved or carried some place he never intended to go and it was always against his will because the crowds had the last word.

In this crowd I was the only GI and with my camera, was given priority whenever going thru the crowd. Later another GI with a

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APO 528

regular "news" camera and was mobbed everytime he lifted his camera to take a shot. The crowd was friendly and gave him all the room necessary to "click". I spoke to this GI and maybe will receive a few shots on the cuff. In exchange, I'll take him a few of mine.

After sweating out the first "lift-job", everyone was on his own. Watching the men dance with giglio resting on shoulders galore, the music filled the area the giglio moved to while a tenore let out Neapolitan and local songs.

Each giglio had its own singing stars - three on each, with them were the musicians. The best trio was on the first giglio and that was the most expensive. The dressing wasn't bad, each making a nice showing. Naturally the one in the states was better.

The music was different than what I had expected - something like NYC. And it was very strange to hear "boogie-woogie" while the men danced the giglio. American music was heard at intervals and I laughed because to me, it was out of place. But everyone enjoyed it, no one questioned what type of music could or could not be played.

I had dinner at Luigi's house - large macaroni, meat, salad and all the trimmings around a tasteful meal - which was very much like home. In all the feast was a big success and I enjoyed the time I spent in Brusciano.

Your Anthony

priority

5/26/93
BRONX TIMES
REPORTER

TN Resident Continues O'Giglio Tradition

by Lynn Gerbino

If you have ever visited the O'Giglio Feast on Waters Place you must surely be amazed by the towering structure which is lifted by local residents in devotion to St. Anthony.

This fervent sign of faith is a custom brought over from Italy and is carried on in an annual tradition in the Bronx.

From the little town of Bruscianno, Italy, which lies near Naples, came the parents of Vincent Avenue resident Anthony Cappola who passed on the tradition to their son. Anthony was a Giglio boy from the time he was young, always joining in the lift.



Anthony Cappola joins in the lifting of the Giglio in 1948.



Vincent Avenue resident Anthony Cappola helped craft 29 Giglio statues before retiring three years ago. He continues to create replicas of the towers as shown above.

His devotion turned to fervor as he has helped craft 29 Giglio statues during his lifetime.

"It takes six months to put together and stands 65 feet high," states Cappola. "It weighs almost two-and-a-half tons, but that includes the band and all. It also takes about 125 men to lift the Giglio."

Cappola tells the story of the Giglio which was built originally to honor Bishop San Paulino who traded places with a little child who was to be sent to prison. When he came out, he was honored with lily bouquets. Thus, the name Giglio - meaning lily-came

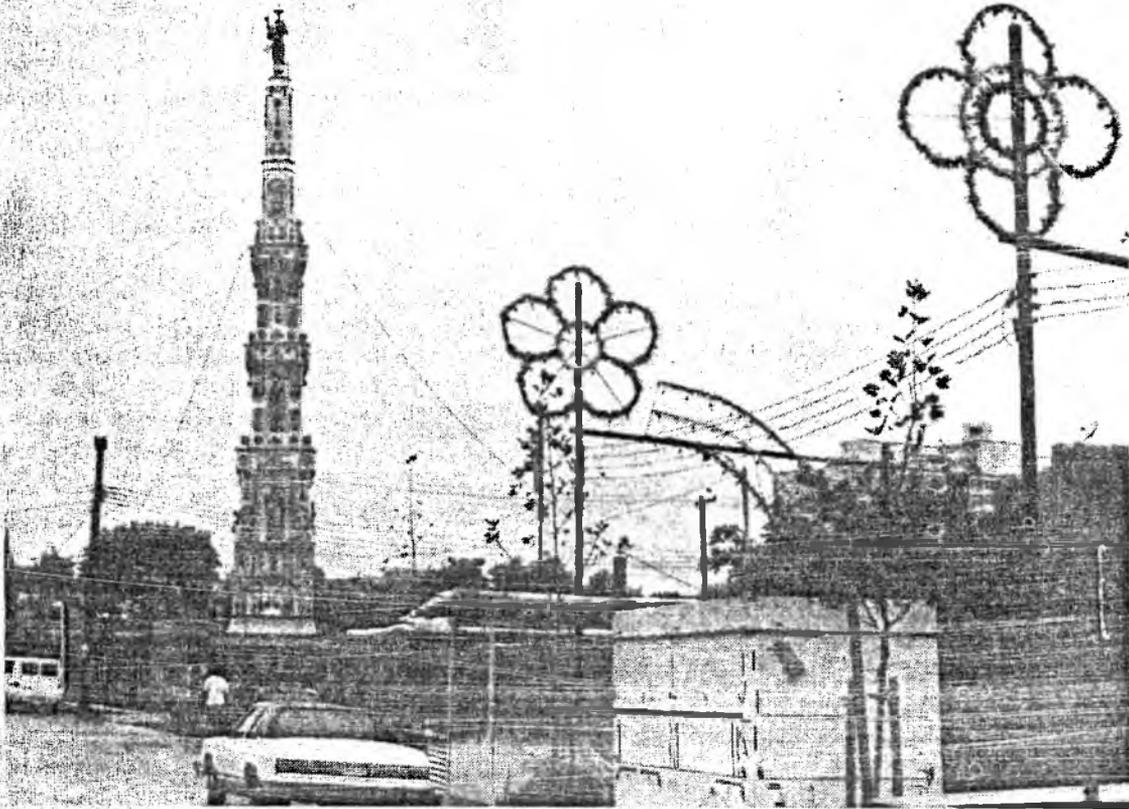
about. In Bruscianno, the feast O'Giglio is in honor of San Paulino.

Cappola retired from building Giglios three years ago and now occupies his time building small-scale replicas of the statue from cardboard and paper mache. Each is beautiful and intricately designed with different saints depicted on the towers.

He also occupies his time practicing the Giglio melody on his organ and his trumpet.

Going full circle, Cappola's life has remained dedicated to O'Giglio and the rich Italian history it represents.

8/1/91
BRONX TIMES
REPRINTER



The 10th Annual Giglio di Sant' Antonio Feast at Waters Place is ready to kick off again starting Thursday, August 1 at 8 p.m., with a Candlelight Procession at the site of the celebration. On Saturday, August 3, there will be a procession in honor of Saint Anthony starting at 1 p.m. The celebration will culminate Sunday, August 11, when 120 men will lift the 1-ton, 65 foot high Giglio monument as they perform the Dance of Giglio. There will be food, games of chance and rides for the kids.

8/16/90
BROWNE TIMES
REPORTER

Scenes From O' Giglio

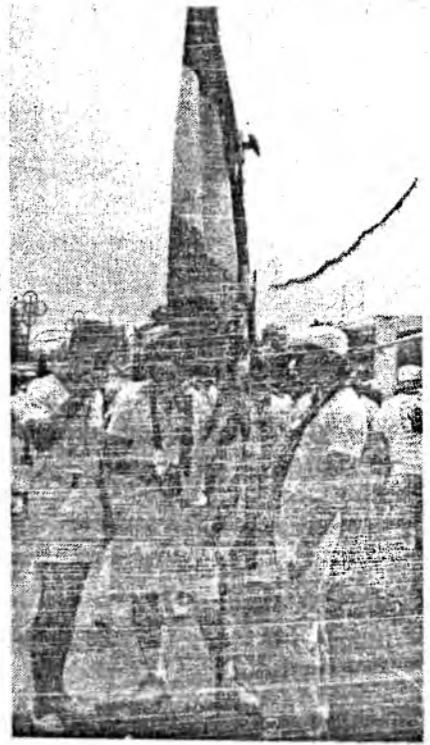
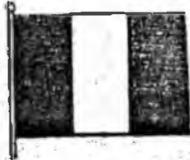
by Michael Hart

If you were looking for good people, delicious food, and an overall great time, then you were most likely one of the many people who came to the Giglio Di San Antonio Feast on Waters Place.

It was in its fourth year at Waters Place after previously running on Middletown Road. The Feast, run by the Giglio Di San Antonio Lodge, traces its origin back to the turn of the century, where it began in East Harlem on 106th Street. Frank Fazzalori, president of both the Feast and the Lodge, described the Feast as a family oriented place with lots of entertainment and great Italian food such as steak, sausage and peppers and zeppoli.

On August 12 at 12 noon, the traditional dancing of the Giglio was performed. In the dancing, 120 men carried a statue with the faces of Saints on the front all around the Feast. The statue weighs about 4½ tons and is 60 feet high. Mr. Fazzalori also added that the dancing of the Giglio still goes on in feasts over in Italy.



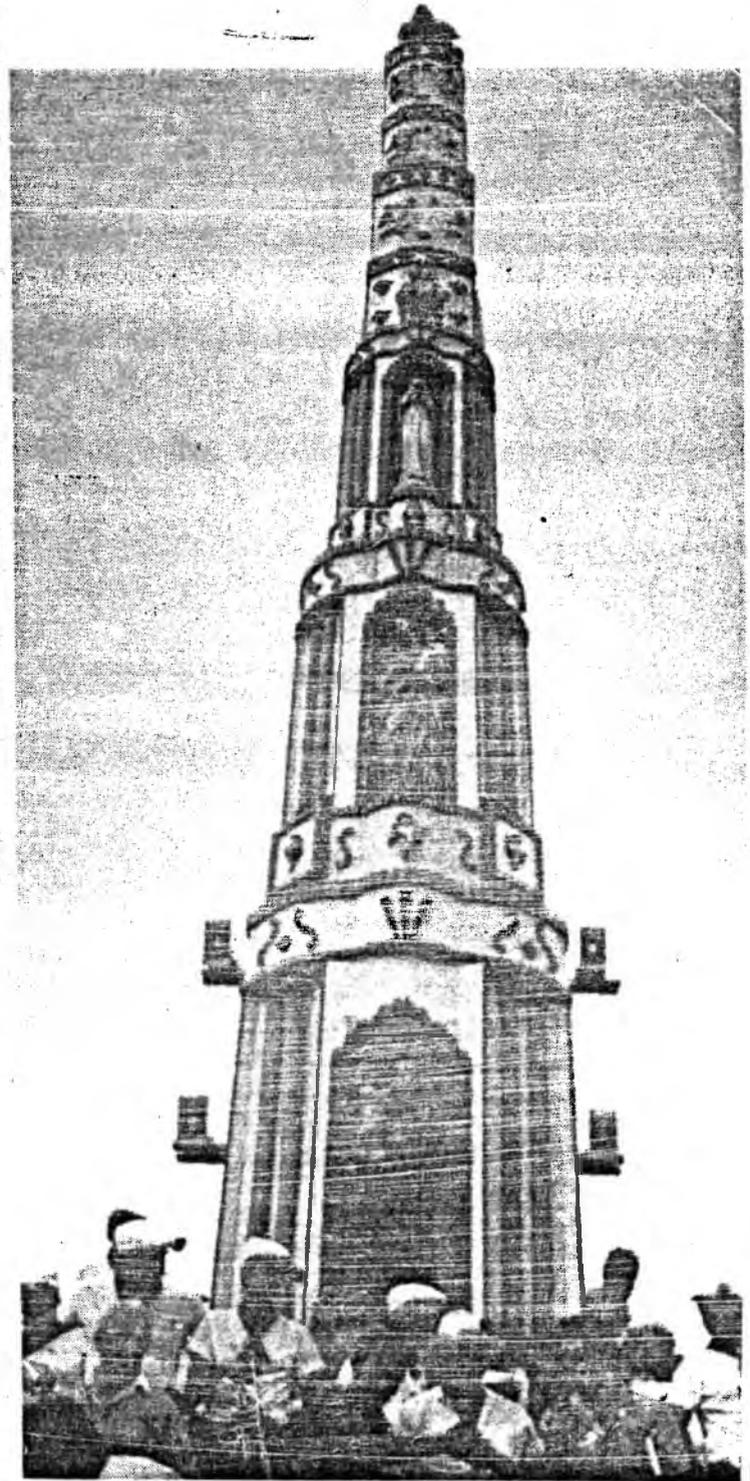


The Giglio Feast was filled with food, rides and tons of fun. The highlight of the feast was the lift which took place on Sunday, August 12. Senator Guy Veleva, the honored guest of the lift waved to everyone before the dramatic moment. See more pictures and story on page 16.

9/1/88
BROWN TIMES
REPORTER



(Photo above) The traditional dancing of the 72 foot high Giglio marked the end of this year's festivities on August 7th. The lifting of the 5 ton structure (photo right), which contained a full orchestra, and political dignitaries is the highlight of the annual event. The O'Giglio Feast is held in honor of St. Anthony of Padua and originated in East Harlem in 1910 through the immigrants of Brusiana, Italy.



O'Giglio Feast: Fun, Food, Fascination

by Lynn Gerbino

Fun, food and fascination were all part of the Feast of O'Giglio held on Waters Place from July 30 to August 9. The fun was unquestionable, the food was unsurpassed and the fascination was unbelievable as the three and one-half ton structure of O'Giglio was lifted and carried on the shoulders of a hundred men.

The feast was held in honor of St. Anthony of Padua and sponsored by the Church of St. Athanasius on Tiffany Street in the Bronx. The O'Giglio feast originated in Harlem, in the area of 106th to 108th Streets, by the residents of Italian origin. This year was the 99th year that the feast was held and the sixth year that it was held in the Bronx.

Zeppole, calzone, calamari, shrimp, clams, sausage and peppers and many other Italian delights were enjoyed by the people who crowded the midway. Booth after booth offered delectable dishes and potent potables.

There were balloon games, water games, ball games and even a game where you could win a live goldfish by throwing a ping pong ball into a cup of water. The children shouted with delight every time there was a winner.

Hair accessories, handpainted T-shirts, hats and computer portraits could be purchased while listening to the music of "Sound Supply".

The children enjoyed riding on

the whip and the many other rides offered by the organizers. Squeals of laughter could be heard throughout the feast.

The most special day of the feast occurred when the O'Giglio was lifted by many strong shouldered men as a renewal of their faith and as a tribute to St. Anthony.

The front of the structure was made in Nola, Italy and shipped to the United States for the feast. The wooden backing and the platform were made by Salvatore Uvenio and Anthony Cappola. After completion, the Giglio stood 72 feet high.

Before the lift, the platform on Giglio was filled with many dignitaries. The Larry Laurenzano Italian Festival Band, Congressman Mario Biaggi, the Grand Marshall, WCBS-FM radio personality Max Kinkel, State Senator Guy Velella, and Father Alfano from St. Athanasius Church were all on the platform bringing the weight of the Giglio to three and one half tons. It seemed the lift would be a

monumental task.

During opening speeches, Congressman Biaggi said he was, "never too busy to share the day with his friends there". He remembered that as a younger man he wondered if he would ever be on O'Giglio for the lifting and his dream came true. Senator Velella said he was, "proud to be there and to be on O'Giglio with Congressman Biaggi."

The moment of the first lift came as capoparanzas Frankie Fazzalari and Paulie Caiano prepared everyone for this arduous task. While the commander called out orders into a microphone, the Giglio was lifted and moved with precision. The complete success of the lifts was due to the hard work and exact movements of the lifters under the guidance of the lieutenants.

Fazzalari wished to thank the Police Department, the Bronx State Hospital, Castle Oil and all the businesses on Waters Place for all the help given to make the feast of O'Giglio the success that it was.

8/20/87
Bronx TIMES
REPORTER



8:30 p.m. at the Vince Lombardi Hospital & Research Center in Lodge. Dinner provided by "Luna Line"

O'Giglio Feast Dates Slated

8/21/86
BRONX TIMES
REPORTER

Final preparations are now underway for the 5th Annual Feast of O'Giglio, in honor of St. Anthony of Padua. This feast, which is sponsored by St. Athanasius Church will be held from August 28 to September 7, on Waters Place (between Eastchester Road and Westchester Avenue) in the Bronx.

The nightly festival features street vendors, selling Italian specialties and international delicacies, games, rides and entertainment. Each year this event attracts approximately 50,000 people.

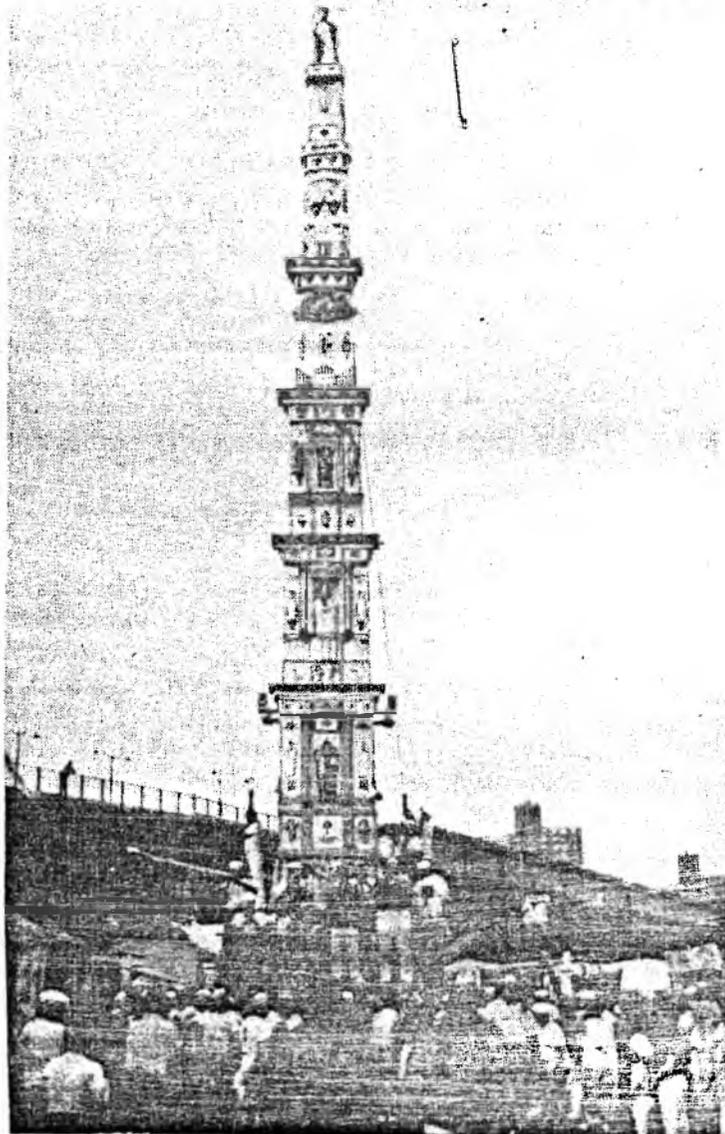
A Candlelight Procession will mark the opening of the feast on August 28. The St. Anthony statue will be carried from the

Giglio Club on Westchester & Wilkinson Avenue to the feast site beginning at 8 P.M. On Wednesday, September 3, a 30 foot high replica of the Giglio will be carried throughout the feast by the children. On Saturday, September 6, a parade will be held throughout the streets of the neighborhood featuring the carrying of the St. Anthony statue. Congressman Mario Biaggi will be the Grand Marshall.

The main highlight of the feast is the dancing of the Giglio, a 72 foot high structure that weighs approximately 5 tons. The structure, which also contains an orchestra and singer, will be carried by approximately 100 men starting at 12 noon on Sunday September 7.

This year's Giglio was originally made and danced in Nola, Italy, a town located several miles from Naples, and is the place in which the Giglio feast originated. Eight Giglios are danced annually in June in honor of San Paolino, the town's patron saint and Bishop in 409 A.D. The Giglio Feast is also celebrated annually in another Italian town called Bruscia.

The feast originated in the East Harlem section of New York in 1910, and is now celebrated in the Pelham section of the Bronx. The originators of the feast in East Harlem migrated to this country from Bruscia, and because the patron saint of that town is St. Anthony, and the feast is celebrated in his honor, the tradition has continued until today.



Last years "lift" highlighted feast

Chronology

EVENTS LEADING TO THE ALLIED LIBERATION OF ROME

- July 25, 1943* Mussolini is overthrown.
- September 8, 1943* Italy signs armistice with Allies.
- September 9, 1943* King Victor Emmanuel III and Prime Minister Badoglio flee Rome; Allies land at Salerno.
- September 10, 1943* Germans occupy Rome.
- September 12, 1943* Hitler orders SS General Wolff to prepare abduction of Pope Pius XII.
- October 16, 1943* Germans round up Roman Jews.
- January 17, 1944* British X Corps crosses Garigliano River.
- January 20, 1944* U.S. 36th Division is smashed at Rapido River.
- January 22, 1944* Allies land at Anzio.
- January 24 to February 12, 1944* U.S. II Corps fights First Battle of Cassino.
- February 16 to 20, 1944* Germans attack Anzio without success.
- February 16 to 18, 1944* New Zealand Corps fights Second Battle of Cassino; Allies bomb Benedictine monastery.
- February 22, 1944* General Alexander submits plan for Operation DIADEM to Allies for approval.
- February 28, 1944* General Alexander explains DIADEM to his commanders.
- February 29 to March 4, 1944* Germans attack Anzio unsuccessfully for second time.

- March 15 to 23, 1944* New Zealand Corps fights Third Battle of Cassino.
- March 23, 1944* Roman partisans kill 33 Germans on Via Rasella in Rome.
- March 25, 1944* Germans shoot 335 hostages in Ardeatine Caves in retaliation.
- April 2, 1944* General Alexander holds second conference with his commanders on *DIADEM*.
- April 17, 1944* Germans and Fascists round up and deport 750 Romans.
- April 24, 1944* First popular democratic government is formed in Italy.
- May 1, 1944* General Alexander holds final conference with his commanders on *DIADEM*.
- May 3, 1944* General strike in Rome fails.
- May 10, 1944* Pope secretly receives SS General Wolff to discuss peace and the salvation of Rome.
- May 11, 1944* Operation *DIADEM* starts.
- May 12, 1944* French capture Monte Faito and Castelforte; British XIII Corps crosses Gari River; Poles fail to take Monte Cassino.
- May 13, 1944* French capture Monte Majo.
- May 14, 1944* German XIV Panzer Corps flees toward Adolf Hitler Line; U. S. II Corps captures Santa Maria Infante.
- May 15, 1944* *Goumiers* capture Monte Petrella.
- May 16, 1944* *Goumiers* capture Monte Revole.
- May 17, 1944* Poles make second attack on Monte Cassino; British XIII Corps cuts Highway 6; French capture Esperia; U.S. II Corps captures Fornia.
- May 18, 1944* Poles capture Cassino.
- May 22, 1944* French capture Pico.
- May 23, 1944* U.S. VI Corps starts breakout from Anzio; Canadians crack Adolf Hitler Line.
- May 24, 1944* U.S. II Corps captures Terracina; Canadians reach Melfa River.
- May 25, 1944* U.S. 3rd Division captures Cisterna; U.S. II and VI Corps patrols link up at Borgo Grappa; General Clark orders change in direction toward Rome; British Eighth Army crosses Melfa River.
- May 26, 1944* U.S. VI Corps changes direction toward Rome.
- May 27, 1944* German Hermann Göring Panzer Division arrives at Valmontone in time to prevent cutting of Highway 6.
- May 30, 1944* U.S. II Corps takes over attack on Valmontone.
- May 31, 1944* U.S. 36th Division captures Monte Artemisio.
- June 2, 1944* U.S. 36th Division captures Velletri.
- June 3, 1944* U.S. 3rd Division captures Valmontone and cuts Highway 6; Hitler agrees not to defend or destroy Rome.
- June 4, 1944* Allies liberate Rome.

32696967

CPL A.C.ABITABILO

MR.S P.ABITABILO

18 DEPOT SUPPLY SQDN.

~~2553~~ 2553 43D STREET

APO 523 C/O POSTMASTER,
NEW YORK CITY, NEW YORK

LONG ISLAND CITY-3,

5 JULY 1944 ITALY

NEW YORK, U.S.A.

HELLO MOM,

SINCE MY LAST LETTER I HAD THE PLEASURE OF VISITING ROME. YES, YOUR SON WENT TO ST. PETERS, RECEIVED THE POPES' BLESSINGS, AFTER HEARING HIM SPEAK TO A GROUP (IN ENGLISH), AND THEN TOOK IN THE INTERESTING SIGHTS, & OF THE CITY. DURING MY SHORT STAY IN ROME I DISCOVERED I RATHER I RATHER SPEND THE REST OF MY OVERSEAS TIME IN THE ETERNAL CITY. AND AFTER LOOKING OVER THE AMERICAN RED CROSS, WE CALLED ROME, "A GI'S PARADISE."

RAY AND I TOOK THIS TRIP, OZZIE COULDN'T GET A PASS TO COME WITH US. RIDING IN A GI TRUCK WASN'T TOO COMFORTABLE BUT THE DIFFERENT CITIES WE PASSED BY ATTRACTED OUR ATTENTION--ALL HAVING "MR. WARS'" CALLING CARD. AT TIMES IT APPEARED TO ME I WAS STILL AT CASINO.

A GI IN ROME RUNS INTO TWO BIG PROBLEMS, FINDING SLEEPING QUARTERS AND PLACE TO EAT. AS YET THERES NO SET-UP FOR VISITING GI'S. THERES A FEW GI PLACES TO EAT BUT SINCE THE LINES ARE BLOCKS LONG, YOU'D SPEND A DAY TRYING TO EAT. AND AS FOR SLEEPING, IF YOU'RE LUCKY TO GET A HOTEL ROOM, YOU SLEEP OUR PROBLEMS WERE SOLVED BEFORE ARRIVING. THANKS TO THE RUSSO FAMILY, WE WERE ABLE TO VISIT THEIR RELATIVES WHO TOOK CARE OF US FOR THE DAYS WE SPENT IN ROME. THEY TREATED RAY AND I AS THOUGH WE WERE TWO SONS COMING HOME ON A FURLOUGH. THIS WAS GOOD ENOUGH BUT OUR LUCK DIDN'T RUN OUT.

BEING IN A NEW AND STRANGE CITY FOR THE FIRST TIME A NEWCOMER NEEDS SOMEONE TO SHOW THEM AROUND. THANKS TO THE DE FRANCESCO FAMILY, THEIR DAUGHTER AND BOYFRIEND SHOWED US EVERYTHING WORTH WHILE DURING THE SHORT VISIT. IT WAS A VERY GOOD DEAL ALL THE WAY 'ROUND.

THERE'S PLENTY MORE TO TELL YOU BUT SINCE I'M WAITING FOR THE PICTURES I TOOK TO SEND THEM HOME WITH THE LETTER I HOPE TO WRITE, YOU MUST WAIT A DAY OR TWO.

WHEN I COME BACK TO THE OFFICE I RECEIVED YOUR PACKAGE OF WHITE LINEN WITH THE CANDY. THERE WAS ANOTHER FROM JOIE & ROSALIE. THERE WAS ALSO A FEW LETTERS FROM HOME AND MARY. I WAS GLAD TO HEAR THAT NEIL WENT TO CHICAGO SINCE MIKE WENT THERE FOR THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION, THE TWO SHOULD HAVE A GRAND "GET-TOGETHER."

MOM, AFTER TAKING THAT TRIP TO ROME, I MADE A PROMISE TO TRY AND VISIT IT AGAIN BEFORE COMING HOME. THERES A PLACE WHICH A GI WILL SAY, "I'LL COME BACK AFTER THE WAR." A FEW WEEKS THERE, AND ONE CAN SEE ALL HE WANTS TO SEE. ACCIDENTLY, OUTSIDE OF SHORTAGE OF FOOD, THERE WAS NOTHING ELSE WRONG. THE CITY DIDN'T SEE OR FEEL WAR. THE CONDITION AND THE WAY THE PEOPLE CARRY ON HAS CONVINCED ME THAT A MIRACLE WAS PERFORMED WITH ALL CREDIT GOING TO THE POPE.

LOVE TO ALL,

6th April 1945 Friday

Dearest Mary,

My recent two day pass developed into a "short" furlough when I made my fifth trip to the Holy City.....ROME. Going to Rome wasn't a furlough or a pass, instead, it was for two days T.D. The purpose being a recording which would go to the states for broadcasting on a local radio station. The trip was exciting and interesting and my time spent in the city limits was very enjoyable.

Riding along the same roads that I did last year I noticed the many changes...enemy wreckage equipment was still idle along the roads and off into the fields; foxholes were still uncovered but grass had grown around them; bombed cities and their ruins remained everywhere and people still wondered about. The roads were clear and not too much traffic passed either way. Few if any people were on the roads looking for "lifts", they too had gone. But the mountaneous scenery and open fields were all around us and we passed the same cities, one after another.

Rome itself had a few changes, for the GI but the city is still admired and looked upon with great respect from everyone. Its a lovely, good looking city and whenever a newcomer visits it, he doesn't want to leave it. When he does, he looks back to his days in Rome and can say, he had a swell time....even if he doesn't do anything but walk its wide city streets. I can't say too much about Rome because it gets me "homesick".....that's how wonderful it is and this is the first city that's done this.

The first thing to do in Rome was to report to the broadcasting office which was to give us every detail about our recordings. We arrived on a Monday and was to leave within two days, infact, the next day we were to be on the road again, heading for home. But such wasn't the case because we could not make our recording when scheduled and therefore were to come back Wednesday afternoon. This left us with time on our hands, to visit Rome and have a good time. That we did and made the most of our time in beautiful, sunny, Rome.

After our preparation had be taken care of at the Rest Camp, we visited the Tiber Terrace Club for enlisted men. Luck was with us and in time for the Easter party. The open play-ground was the center of this special occassion and the attraction and attention took place in this area. Candy, ice-cream, cookies, games, lemonade, and other forms of entertainment was at our disposal to take advantage. Dancing and music, coca-colas galore and with the bright sun overhead, the day was typical of summer, perfect for swimming.

The group was six and we stayed to take our share of the fun... it was an afternoon affair from two to five. We left about four-thirty, to visit the city.

Having been here four previous times, I had seen all I wanted to see and instead of going with the fellows, went to visit the DeFrancisco family, relatives to the Russos. I spent a few hours with them before the driver come to pick me up. We had made plans to visit the Replacement Center somewhere in this area with the hope of seeing Carmine. Other fellows from our outfit had come to this replacement Center and we moved on to pay them a visit.

Cousin Carmine wasn't here, he had shipped out a few weeks ago. The other fellows were out on a problem and therefore could not come out even if they were around. So we left, heading back to Rome to spend the night driving around and taking it easy.

Tuesday the boys spent their time riding around...not being in a "riding mood" I didn't go with them. The trip was rough and therefore decided to walk instead of ride. Anyway, I took a sight-seeing tour of my own.

The Victor Emanuel Monument was opened and I visited it. Its a large white marble monument which can hold its own with the best in the states. From here, I went to the Tiber river and walked along the many bridges that crosses this river which cuts the city in half. I spent the best part of the morning walking about town, then after dinner, went to visit the Pope and received his blessings.

Movies were up to date and I went to see, "Roughly Speaking" with Roz Russell and Jack Carsons. It was a good show. I spent much time at the many Red Cross clubs, eating cookies and cakes which were delicious with coffee. Ice-cream was always on hand and everything in general was tops.

This letter isn't doing Rome justice...that is, I'm not telling you as much as I should about the city. Reason is this Mary, as you remember, I was to send you a special letter about Rome. I looked over my notes on the city and will send it within the near future. It will tell you about my previous trips, taking this one into consideration also.

Mary, I'll end this short letter...it is short because usually my "trip letters" are much longer. Anyway, I'll make-it up to you soon.

How's everything with my honey? Seems you're still feeling blue at times and you think you need some loving. Well, I agree with you Mary and I wish I could give you the love you're looking for. Why can't we get together some night this week. You give me the day and I'll try to be there. Second thought, its best if we "met" half-way. Is it OK with you?

Closing off again darling with love as always and regards to the family and friends. Take care of yourself and don't worry about anything. No gum in this letter Mary but the next one will carry some. So long beloved, I miss you very much and love you deeply.

To you at home... *Dearest Mary,*

26 April 1945

Rome was liberated on 5th June 1944 and a few weeks later, two roaming GI's from the Air Corps entered the city. Since then, they have returned several times to the "Eternal City". Yes, if we should take time out and look back to our previous trips, combine our visits, you will know how Rome appealed to us and what we think of it. This is the letter you have been waiting for, it is long overdue. I hope you get as much enjoyment out of it as if it were written a few days after each trip.

The first time Ray and I went to Rome it was on a three day pass. Everything was confused then...the people were getting accustomed to the soldiers, army vehicles and everything else that follows after the Allies take over a new city. What surprised us the most was the living conditions. Except for the shortage of food, everything else was in much better condition than other cities. The people, their dress and manner in doing things was very impressive. It was unbelievable to find such a clean city, wide streets and beautiful buildings. Compared to the many others we visited, passed by, lived or worked in, this was tops. The others being too far away from being a close second. Rome is in a class by itself, its streets, buildings parks and everything about it, make the GI think of his number one city back in the states. More than one newcomer got "homesick" just by walking about town without doing anything. That's how perfect it is because the "home-feeling" hit everyone visiting Rome.

Early part of August and latter part of December, 1944 found me in Rome again. And more recently, the beginning and end of April, Rome was my home and I became a "Roman" for a short while.

Rome had organized itself well, developing changes to make the visiting GI comfortable and happy. The Tiber Terrace Club opened only a short distance from the Rest Center. Later other clubs followed: Melody, Florida, Gallari and Tavern. Dancing was found nightly at any one of the clubs. Red Cross clubs opened in the city limits, best one of all was the "Cassino Delle Rosa" (Rose Garden Club) in the Villa Del Borgese. Its a grand park with open air section. Then there was different forms of entertainment with plenty athletic equipment available foreveryone. It didn't take long for the capital to be every GI's favorite city.

In the beginning going to Rome wasn't a simple task...GI Joe took chances. Unless you went on special orders, no transportation was provided...both ways. When Ray and I^{etc} the first time, we managed to get a ride straight to Rome. At that time, trucks left our outfit for one day trips, more or less a Sunday drive. We tied in a pass with this ride and stayed in the city, unofficially. Coming back we hitched-hiked and had very little trouble. Then too, there wasn't any accomodations for GI's in Rome, yet, we found the best set-up possible at the time. We stayed with the DiFrancesco family, relatives to the Russo family. They took care of us as though we were two sons coming home on a furlough.

At the time of our first trip to Rome, all along the way we passed hitch-hikers all wanting to come with us. The civilians we passed by either in overcrowded trucks, on bicycles or walking with full packs on their shoulders always brought on a cry for help or a lift. During the next trips, the crowds became smaller. Two highways lead to Rome (who said, "All roads lead to Rome")...the longer one cuts through "Cassino" and stays inland. The shorter one rides along the coast and gives the GI an opportunity to visit "Anzio" if he wishes to do so. Usually, the drivers take one up, the other back.

Riding through new and different country our scenery changes and with it come cities which most of us will never forget. The many city signs we passed by before cutting into the heart of the city were really "banged up"...not only were there holes thru them but some were tore up. Again, names of cities to you will not mean anything because the city was destroyed and with it, its name. These city signs was always an indication of what to expect while passing thru. The signs told the story...the history the city suffered, the price it paid to war. Not once during the ride were we ever misled.

As we passed one destroyed city after another, looking over the "calling card" left behind by raids and artillery fire, we were able to see disbanded enemy equipment, resting off the roads in every position but its correct one. Plenty was hanging around the open ex-battlefields and not all of it was "cleaned up".

During my first trip, something happened which I can not over look. It happened to me for the first time while in the army. While riding at a high speed, the wind decided to borrow my hat...it blew off and back a few hundred yards. Being unable to think of the drivers name, I kept quiet and the result was that when the truck stopped, the distance to run back for one O.D., oversea cap, was twice as great.

After hours of riding, it made us feel good to see the welcoming familiar sign before entering a city...but this last one read: "ROME".

Although there are several ways to enter the city after coming off the main highways, the one that impressed me the most is when the driver turns onto via Dell'Impero, one of the largest streets of Rome. Looking around this is what one sees upon entering: To his left ~~right~~ the Colosseum catches his eyes; with a right turn, the great Victor Emanuel Memorial stands out. This I believe is one of the most beautiful and attractive monuments in Italy...its made of white marble. Continuing on this street, Piazza Venezia takes the spotlight. Here we see the "Mussolini Balcony" where the big boy spoke to his people. From here we move into Corso Umberto.

The corso is a main street, always crowded with GI's and civilians, both window shopping at all hours of the day. This narrow street leads into Piazza del Popolo but rather than travel thru its crowded areas, the truck makes a left turn along the way and heads for the Tiber River. The river divides Rome into two unequal parts with many bridges connecting both sides. We stay with the road runner

parallel with the river but later after a short ride, we cross one of the bridges which directs us toward the Rest Center.

Upon presenting orders to the Italian civilian clerk at the desk, accommodations are made for us...room number, section and floor is handed to newcomers on a card. Another Eytie civilian escorts a group to their room, his services being uncalled for. At one time GI's took a bed and let it go at that. Some never used it because they stayed in town at local hotels. But living quarters other than those Uncle Sam gives out while at the Rest Center were recently declared "Off Limits" and GI Joe had to come back to his army cot. This wasn't bad enough for the "Playboys in Uniforms" because something else was added to the rules and regulations. A bed check was to be taken and each cot was numbered, assigned to each visitor upon entering their new temporary quarters. Many old timers who had been here before resented these changes because it "tied them down", thus not giving them the freedom of doing what they wanted, freely.

Checking passes before leaving and entering the main entrance is the job of an M.P. He always asks for it, resulting in many last minute searching of each ten or more pockets we GI's have before we can find it. Funny but you'll always find what you're looking for in the last place you search. The Rest Center has become "Strictly GI" and it reminds one of his basic training, "Rookie" days.

The location of the Rest Center is found at one far end of town, not quite outside the city limits. To get to the heart of the city, buses run back and forth to handle the GI's transportation. Since the schedule is always "off the beam", many hours are wasted by waiting and it doesn't take the olive drabber long to realize this. So, after not being able to climb aboard the croded GI truck (in Rome we referred to it as being a "bus"), the visiting sight-seer is off on the main road, thumbing a ride to the downtown section. From here the newcomer can wonder off, become a "Roman" and see the Eternal City, one of the oldest cities in the world. This raises a question because though its known for its ruins and antiques, Rome has also grown out of both with its recent modern buildings and developments.

Saying goes, "When in Rome do as the Romand do". How untrue a proverb can be. Every GI tries and doesn't succeed. For instance, everywhere a Roman goes, either to work, vist to his relative, friend or any other place he desired, he used a bicycle. And did we use one? No...our legs took us all over town and sometimes our thumb did some exercising. You will be surprised how tired a thumb can get, holding it or waving it in the air. Try it sometime, its very refreshing because a cool breeze follows with each wave of the thumb.

To see as much as possible in a short time GI's take in the city sight-seeing tour sponsored by the Red Cross. We did this. Then if he wishes, Uncle Sam's bright boy will try to see something on his own initiative...by walking. We walked hours and hours, covering miles after miles. Having been in Rome five times, Ray also five and Ozzie four, you can take our word that we tried every means to see all the highlites, important places and interesting things.

There's no question that the unforgettable experience for GI's visiting Rome is seeing His Holiness, Pope Pius XI at the daily meetings held for this special occasion. Receiving His blessings four times was more than I ever expected. And Ray made a special trip to Rome to hear mid-night mass which His Holiness served on V.M.S.

Vatican City, with the famous "Sistine Chapel" and paintings by the great Michaelangelo is a highlight by itself. The last Judgement on the ceiling is an unbelievable masterpiece. Paintings by Giotto, Leonardo DaVinci and many other "greats" I had only remembered in school, Junior High, were before my eyes to look at. The statues in the Vatican museum are tops. I'll never forget this trip through the Vatican, it was wonderful. Ray and Ozzie also visited it, infact, we each spent much time in Rome to see all there is to see. So when speaking of myself or of Ray and Ozzie, remember its been the same for all three of us.

The guide books read: "In the center of the Piazza San Pietro (St. Peters), stands the Egyptian obelisk, used as a sun dial. On the side stand two large fountains. The church can hold about 50,000 people, having 44 alters, all but two have mosaic pictures; 229 pillars and 391 statues". It is surprising to go into this large open square and walk off to either side to a marked section on the ground. From this spot, the four rows of pillars, forming a semi-circular colonnade, appear to fall in a single pillow, all lined up perfectly behind the other. "Around the church are 21 monuments, the work of the best Italian and foreign sculptors. Many Popes, kings and queens are buried in the crypt".

Visiting the church and entering thru the rear center door, visitors step into the largest Catholic Church in the world. St. Peters is beautiful with an attractive main alter inside. We admired its beauty and walked around, starting from the rear of one side, coming back on the opposite side. A large bronze statue of St. Peter rests on the right side for visitors to touch. Millions after millions passed by and proof is the wearing away of the left foot from constant friction. The greatness of St. Peters can not be written, you must see it for yourself.

With St. Peters, there are other famous churches. S. Maria Maggiore built in honour of the Virgin. St. John Lateran, is the Pope's cathedral. When entering the city from via Appia Nuova, the truck passes by it and newcomers see the first of the largest churches found in Rome.

The "Catacombs" were used as a place of refuge, for the celebration of rites, and for the burial of the dead. Here about a year ago, a couple hundred Italians were murdered to pay for the dead of a handful of Germans. At the time of my visit, a couple were getting married and I snapped their picture.

One of the most historic monuments in Rome is the Castel S. Angelo. In the opera "Tosca" a scene takes place on the roof. That's why I remember it. The Catholic Club is located near the castel, which is close by St. Peters.

There are many other interesting places to see, all too numerous to list. Yet, as tired as GI Joe gets, he always continues and doesn't stop "sight-seeing" until he's home in bed at the Rest Center. There you'll always find several GI's resting at all hours of the day. But it doesn't mean anything because the next day they're out again, doing the same thing only visiting a new section of the city.

During the course of the day, snacks are opened...coffee and cake or cookies in the morning and night while in the afternoon these many clubs serve ice-cream with cookies. Besides the three meals a day, visiting GI's can eat hourly without letting up. Food is plentiful for us.

The meals are well prepared and if we do not wish to eat in camp, we can stop by the several GIM Restaurants found in town. This is convenient because it saves time of going back and forth from Rest Center to downtown. Italian waiters carry food trays to our tables which are neatly set-up. At the restaurants, we are required to pay ten liras and sign our name...no co-signers, no money back, you don't sign your life away, you simply rest a half-hour to eat.

Remember Broadway with its sidewalk photographer? Well it's nothing different for Rome. Here you'll find photographers on every corner, snapping and clicking cameras from all angles. At first we thought this was an advertising scheme because they handed you a card but when Ozzie and I called for our pictures the next day, we discovered it was all right. Rather than buy pictures, we bought the negative.

Picture taking while in Rome hit a new high because I have about fifty negatives taken during my visits. As yet, I have no print but will try to send them home for you ~~have~~ to have a set. I also have other negatives, which I'm holding on to...someday they'll be hon and like yourself, I'm asking the same question, "WHY?"

And so, another letter comes home covering the city of Rome. This last page wasn't written up like the previous ones, that's why you find so many typographical errors. Excuse those and others you found while reading this letter. Hope you enjoyed it.

In closing, give our love and regards to the family and every one at home. Don't worry about us in any way because we're finding letters of this nature should prove it. Reason is, as long as we can "step out", go off on a furlough, take a rest and enjoy ourselves, you know that all is well, even if we're overseas, in Italy, across the ocean. So long for now, until another trip comes up and from the look of things, in the near future we should be making longer and more interesting trips. Russia in Berlin and the Yanks and British moving further north, this European war should come to an end real soon. In the meantime, we'll wait...we in Italy will write our experiences for you at home to read.

"THE OZZAYABBY TRIO"

Love
Tommy

GI GUIDE TO ITALY

Castle With A Hair-Raising Past- Is GI Tourists' Stamping Ground

Italy, as everybody knows, is a tourist's paradise. Century after century has contributed countless monuments and museums of the most profound artistic and historic interest. The American soldier, spending this summer in Italy would do well to see and understand something of the heritage of Italy.

The following article, on the Castel Sant' Angelo in Rome, is the first of a series. The Stars and Stripes intends to run on places of interest the soldier might see in Italy this summer.

By **Pfc. MILTON BROWN**
Staff Correspondent

If stones had voices, the Castel Sant' Angelo could hire a secretary and dictate enough scenarios for grade B thrillers to retire from the tourist trade. The large building which stands on the bank of the Tiber, capped by an angel with a sword, has a lurid past.

The Castel Sant' Angelo served in its time as an imperial Roman tomb, as a fort, as the residence of popes and fortress of the Holy Sec, as a prison, and finally as a military and an archaeological museum. It was besieged by Alaric, Frederick Barbarossa and Charles V. Popes fought for its control and kings and princes coveted it in order to take the church.

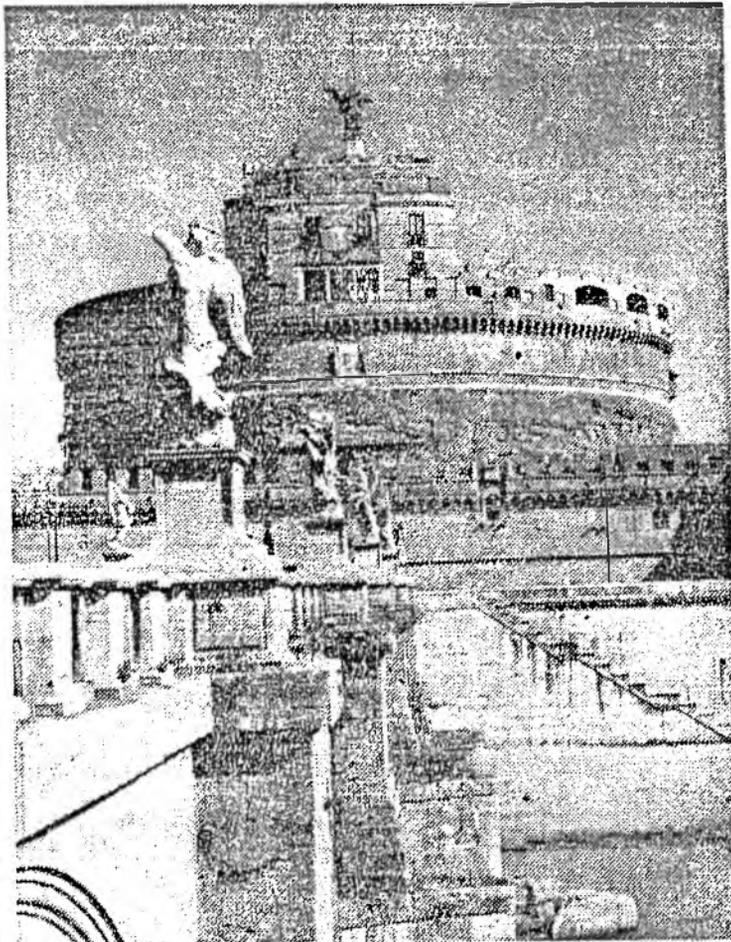
OPEN TO SERVICEMEN

This site of some of the more purple pages in Italian history may now be visited by members of the armed forces. Although it is not a monument of great artistic importance, a tour around its battlements, through its underground passages, its prisons, and its papal apartments will recall exciting stories of many centuries.

Originally the castle was known as the Tomb of Hadrian, the Roman emperor, but he has not an especially modest character, as can be seen from the private cemetery he built himself and the immediate members of his family as a memorial to his eminence. The building is said to have been designed by the emperor himself and was begun in 133 A. D. The result was a circular construction on a square base, decorated with statues in marble and bronze. At the top was a large



BORGIAS SLEPT HERE



CASTEL SANT' ANGELO

cypress grove—that's right, a cypress grove, growing in real earth carted all the way up there to make a gigantic mound.

When the barbarians under Alaric invaded Rome in 410, the tomb was part of the fortifications of the city and the toughest military nut to crack. However, Alaric cracked it. The building was damaged then as well as a century later, when Rome was again invaded by the Goths.

SHORT ON SHELLS

Sometime during the siege the defenders ran out of ammo. Ammo in those days consisted of rocks hurled by catapults, spears shot from large crossbows, and boiling oil and lead poured from the battlements. When they ran out of rocks, somebody decided that all the priceless Greek statues that Hadrian had managed to loot and collect and which adorned the tomb had in their original state been nothing more than stones. The statues were broken up and made into round stone cannonballs.

In the ensuing years the tomb was used as a prison and a fort. It was even known as the Theodoric Prison at one time. It was not very important during the Dark Ages when various characters of minor interest lived there.

It was not until the 12th Century that the castle...

of the Holy Angel. It seems that during the reign of Pope Gregory the Great, a plague raged in Rome. In 590, the pope led a procession to the Church of the Aracoeli to ask the intercession of the Virgin. As they were passing the tomb they noticed the appearance of an angel sheathing his sword, signifying the end of the plague. Hence, the Castel Sant' Angelo.

The bronze angel which now tops the castle was done in the 19th century by a Belgian sculptor named Werschaffelt.

REALLY IMPORTANT

The castle played an important role in Italian and Vatican history during the Middle Ages and the Renaissance. It was said that a pope was not a pope unless he held the Castel Sant' Angelo. During the Great Schism, Pope Urban VI was unable to enter Rome or officiate at St. Peter's because his enemies held the castle. One family held the castle for some 50 years and had the Vatican at their mercy, since the fortification controlled the northern route into the city and dominated St. Peter's.

The popes often had a rather difficult time in those days. He was notoriously fiery and fickle; political matters and during the 12th century, things got so bad that the Papal See was moved from Lateran to the Vatican, the fan castle was restored as a fort and passageway that was built from Vatican to the castle. Then in the case of a siege of the Vatican, the Pope's household could retreat to the comparative safety of the castle. At a time the popes even took up residence there.

The notorious Borgias occupied Castel Sant' Angelo for a while; under them the apartments in the castle became more sumptuous. The Borgias ran very lavish parties in their usual manner. They would wine and dine their guests or entertain them, top it all with a lethal medicine and dump the results through a trap door. The trap door is still seen in the Apollo Room.

RED HOT ART

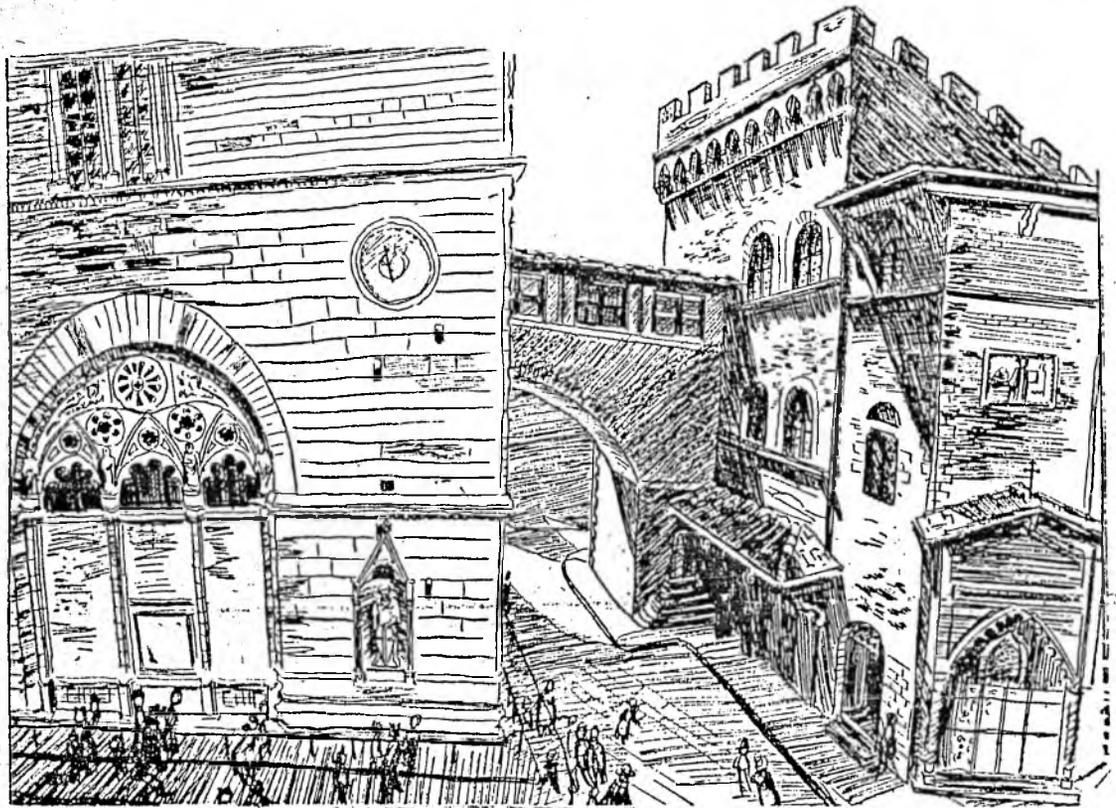
The main apartments, which were decorated by a group of Raphael pupils, show a marked lack of restraint in subject matter. Several chambers, including the Apollo Room, may still be seen and they are even less restrained than certain Pompeian murals. That, however, did not seem to bother anyone, neither the illustrious guests who were entertained nor the notorious personages who lived in the castle.

Throughout its history the castle was used as a prison and was reputed to be one of the most uncomfortable in Europe. Many notorious personages from Catherine Sforza to Cagliostro sweated it out.

In the underground dungeons Benvenuto Cellini has described his own hairbreath escape with the aid of a torn sheet. Many cardinals and princes and just ordinary people were locked up in its cells for crimes ranging from plotting against the popes to counterfeiting papal bulls. Pope Clement VII was imprisoned and held for ransom in his own castle by Charles V.

In more recent years the castle has quieted down a good deal; eventually passed into the hands of the municipality in 1870 and became a jail for political prisoners and finally a museum. Life may seem very dull to the eavesdropper; walls these days, but one wouldn't be surprised if ghosts come out on warm nights, take off their sheet and sit around on their bare ectoplasm and swap tall tales.

GI GUIDE TO ITALY



(Text by Pfc. Milton Brown, sketch by Paul Martin)

Florence has many beautiful churches crammed with art treasures. Among them are the Duomo, S. Croce and S. Maria Novella, but a little barn-like structure called Or St. Michele, which is described today, holds a special place in the history of the city.

Or S. Michele was the heart of renaissance Florence. It was the church of the guilds, and the guilds were the power and life of the city.

Many centuries ago there was a little church on the site dedicated to St. Michael. This was the center of town and a busy spot, so the city fathers ordered the church to be torn down in order to make room for a corn market.

A loggia and a granary were built, and on one of the pillars was hung a picture of the Madonna and Child, which assumed in time the reputation of being miraculous. People came to pray before it, bringing gifts and offerings, and a charitable society was formed to handle the money. During the great plague of which Boccaccio wrote, many Florentines left their money to the society, and it became fabulously rich.

In the 14th Century, during one of the periodic clashes that occurred between opposing parties in the city, the corn market and the shrine were destroyed in a fire. Work was started on a new loggia and public granary. Since the wool merchants' guild was already the patron of the cathedral, the loggia was assigned to the protection of the silk merchants.

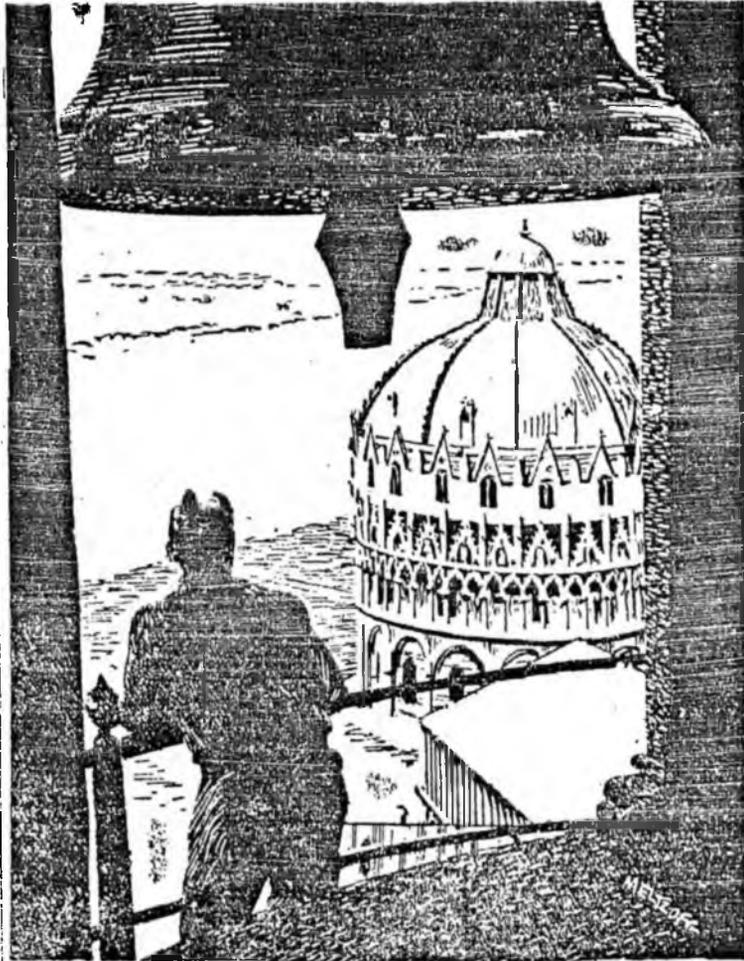
The silk guild received permission to erect a statue of its patron saint, and then all the other guilds wanted to do the same. They vied with each other for the most beautiful and most expensive statue. The six major and 14 minor arts or guilds, contributed statues by such famous sculptors as Donatello, Ghiberti, Verrocchio, Gian da Bologna and Nanni de Banco.

Eventually the loggia was walled in by filling the spaces between the arches. The miraculous Virgin, repainted, was set up inside in a magnificent tabernacle which it took Orcagna ten years to complete. In 1365, the Madonna was declared to be the official protector of Florence, with all citizens obliged to make a yearly offering of a basket of fruit. And so, to this day, Or S. Michele has a place in the hearts of Florentines. that the great Cathedral, with all its pomp, can never have, for this is the people's own church.

Across the street and connected with it by a passageway is the house of the wool guild, the Palazzo dell' Arte della Lana, built in 1308 and restored in 1905. This ancient home of the greatest of all Florentine guilds, which once controlled 200 shops and employed 3,200 workers, today is the seat of the Dante Society, where literati go to hear readings from the Divine Comedy.

The days of Florentine greatness are past, but memory still hovers around this little street where the guilds once flourished.

GI GUIDE TO ITALY



Text by Pfc. Milton Brown, sketch by Sgt. Stanley Meltzoff

THE WHITE HEART OF PISA

Even if the Leaning Tower of Pisa were not one of the wonders of the world, it still would be one of the most beautiful of all campanili, or bell towers. The complex of buildings of which it is a part—the cathedral, the baptistry and the campo santo or cemetery—is the most complete and perhaps the finest in Italy. Done in white and black marble, the buildings are in the best Romanesque and Gothic styles. The one advantage this group has over similar Italian efforts is that it is set in a wide, flat lawn where it can be seen from a distance and as a whole.

Romanesque is the name given to that style of art which immediately preceded the Gothic. It is a less ornate art than the latter. Its characteristics are the round arch instead of the pointed and a simple wall surface with limited areas of intricate and lively ornament.

The Duomo, built in the late 11th and early 12th centuries, and the Leaning Tower, built between 1174 and 1350, are in Romanesque style, while the Baptistry and the Campo Santo, built in the 13th and 14th centuries, are Gothic. But, because they are all done in the same material, the buildings fit very well together. There is actually not much disparity between the sparkling light-and-dark pattern created by the open arcades of the Duomo and the Campanile and the more exuberant, lace-like decoration of the Baptistry and Campo Santo.

Climbing the Leaning Tower and listening to the harmonic echo in the Baptistry are not the only things to do here. There are some very important and beautiful works of art to be seen in this complex of buildings. In the Duomo are the apse mosaics designed by Cimabue, the first great name in Italian art; the pulpit of Giovanni Pisano; and the 12th century bronze doors by Bonanno at the rear of the church. In the Baptistry are the octagonal font and the hexagonal pulpit by the father of Giovanni, Niccola Pisano. The Campo Santo, erected by Giovanni, contains some fine, though badly damaged, frescoes by Francesco da Volterra and Benozzo Gozzoli.

Bells, Bells, Bells... Pisa Groans

PISA, June 3—The Pisans are beginning to be sorry they ever built that tower. Eccentric from the first, later dangerous, it is now driving every last one of them to the breaking point.

The latest crisis in the long duel between the Pisans and their tower can be only indirectly traced to the war. The real blame goes to the generally suppressed but ever-glowing ambition in the heart of Americans to ring large bells.

It all began back in 1194, when a certain Pisan named Bonanno, or "Happy New Year," began one Monday morning to build a tower. When he got back from lunch, the thing was leaning.

Unsafe, unsettling to look at, a reflection on the state of architecture in Tuscany, and a scandal to every upright Pisan, it was nonetheless decided that even a leaning tower was better than none. To the extreme embarrassment of the Pisans, the tower gained a certain note and people soon came from far away as Florence to goggle at the monstrosity. Worse yet was the time when a mad original, one Galileo, took to dropping iron balls from the tower.

THE BELLS TOLL

Still, one grows used to everything in time. Like all good campaniles, this one was furnished with bells. By them the Pisans regulated their lives.

No Pisan who lived within sound of the bells needed a watch, a newspaper, or a calendar. The bells told them that the sun had once more completed its perilous trip around the earth, and it called them to matins. Bells told them it was time for siesta, and warned them to wake up for vespers. The bells chimed

when it was Sunday and when it was a feast day. If a calf were born with two heads, the bells tolled, as they tolled a shipwreck or a fire. The bells rang out the baptism of each and the knell of all.

Such was the state of Pisa for many centuries. Then came Mussolini, the war, the Tedeschi, the 5th Army, and finally PBS and C rations. The bells which had been silent for months began to ring again, and Pisans gratefully began to regulate the normal round of their lives by the campanile.

In the middle of the first morning, bells rang as with a warning of dreadful catastrophe. Shivering at this wild portent of doom, the Pisans hid their silverware, filled the fire buckets with water and ran for the ricoveros.

But nothing had happened. That is to say, nothing had happened except that two T-4s and a Pfc., visiting the tower had tried to ring the bells, and succeeded. Somewhat upset, the Pisans returned to work again until the noon bell rang time for lunch. While eating, Pisans noted to their horror that something had gone wrong with the world. The sun had stopped a third of the way across the sky, and none knew how long it would stay there, instead of advancing to its normal noontime position directly over the Duomo.

This disturbing solar phenomenon was in time explained by the activities of certain members of Dog Company in a regiment of the 85th, who had rung the bells with no chronological intentions whatsoever. By the time the situation was straightened out, the Pisans had lost a good part of the day, but they worked the harder for it in

the afternoon. When the call to vespers came, the people of Pisa flocked to the churches to pray that the campanile would return to its old and steady ways.

Unfortunately, the churches were all locked, because it was too early. A group of eager campanologists (bell ringers to you), from a trucking company were merely trying to play "Old Black Joe."

SLEEP DOESN'T COUNT

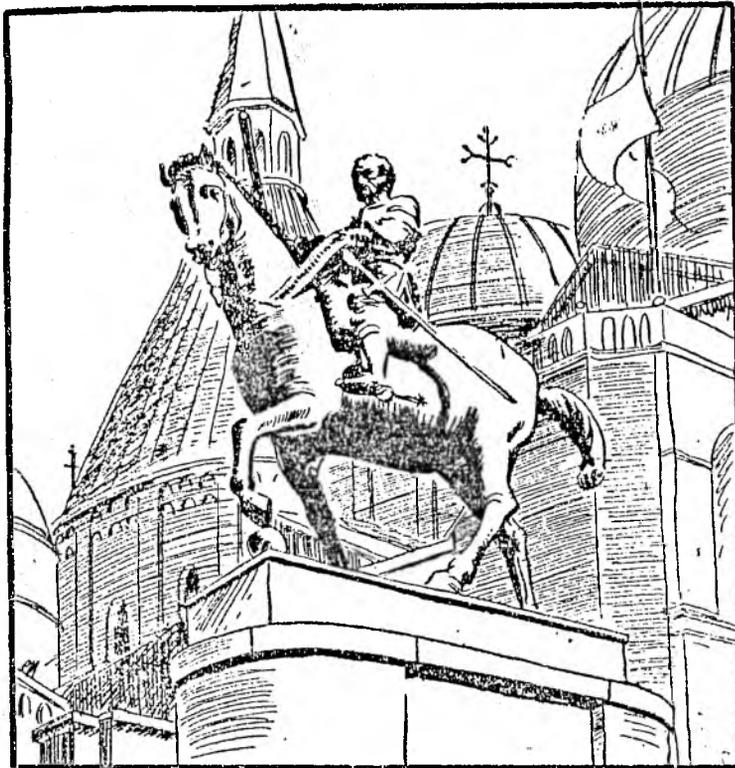
With nerves stretched to the snapping point, most Pisans went to bed early that night in the hope that sleep would cure all. Things still looked dark when matins rang for the the morning. In fact the sun was not up, and a sickly moon made the poorest of substitutes. Several hours later, when dawn came, the Pisans discovered that several drunken officers from a nearby airfield had climbed up the tower from the outside to see if the bell would ring.

It was no better the next day. The bells rang almost continually, announcing everything from midnight to Christmas. The Pisans found their lives deprived of all order, their ears tortured with continual fanfaronades of hysterical chimes.

Sunken into a gradual apathy, unable to work, eat or sleep, the Pisans can do little now but regret that the Tedeschi did not carry away the bells with the wine and the oxen. Their only hope is that the souvenir-hunting instinct of the Americans will prove stronger than the bell-ringing instinct, and that some morning they will happily awaken free of the bells and that deafening ringing in their ears.

—Sgt. STANLEY MELTZER

GI GUIDE TO ITALY



Text by Pfc. Milton Brown, sketch by Paul Martin.

Statue So Good, It's Copied Everywhere

The fact that Donatello's Gattamelata has inspired thousands of uninspiring statues of generals on horseback that clutter up parks and snarl traffic should not be held against it.

The famous bronze equestrian statue which stands in the Piazza del Santo, in Padua, is a monument to the great Venetian "condottiere" Erasmo da Narni, known as Gattamelata, who died in Padua in 1443.

The condottieri were leaders of hired armies that fought most of the wars in Italy from the 13th to the 15th centuries—and there were plenty of wars.

Most people were not over-anxious to spend their time fighting when they could stay home and make an honest buck, and they discovered that it was much easier to hire professionals to do the killing and getting killed. As a result professional armies developed, hired out to the highest bidder, and eventually established a monopoly in the trade.

On the whole, these armies were not very reliable because, like all professionals who fight with one eye on the take, they had the habit of changing sides if the enemy raised the ante.

Like wrestlers, the condottieri bands put on a good show, but they didn't see much point in getting hurt. After all, the men they were fighting were also trying to make a dishonest living, and a prisoner was worth more than a corpse. Then, they never knew when they would switch sides and find their former enemies their partners in a Friday night pinochle game. They often put on spectacular and skillful battles which were about as bloody as a fast game of chess.

Condottieri bands were not too popular with the people. When they hit a town they went straight for—you guessed it—the vino and the signorine, and they weren't always very careful about paying for souvenirs.

Gattamelata was something of an exception. He believed in the old college tie and he really put out for whoever was paying him. The Venetians were very grateful for a neat job he did in saving the Republic from an attack by the Sforzas in 1438 and they permitted his son to erect the monument in Padua.

The commission to do the first monumental bronze equestrian statue since classic times frightened away every sculptor but the Florentine Donatello. He worked on the project for ten years and produced one of the great equestrian portraits of all time. It lacks the verve of the later, Verrocchio Colleoni in Venice, for Donatello was not too sure of the capacities of bronze. That also accounts for the ball under the horse's fore hoof which was not part of a circus act. It was a precaution

The Lido of Venice - VENICE - Padua

July 25, 1945

Air trips along the still blue sky have come to you in the past. Taking out my familiar brown notebook it is safe to say this is not a carbon copy of previous trips. The white clouds above have intercepted the following which is passed on to you:

Flying to Northern Italy a second time was different from the first. Wearing khakies instead of OD's it compared with winter and summer over the Adriatic Sea. In February Ray and I went to Florence, this past week we visited Venice.

How did we swing such a deal? Privilege characters of the Armed Forces are members of the Air Corps. It's a known fact, most everyone will tell you so agree and be a friend.

Our Headquarters meets a quota periodically which is taken from the many units within AAFSC/MTO. My squadron was allotted two openings for Venice trips and the system used for placing a name, rank and serial number on orders was - a lottery drawing - the inductees bad dream. This was the only fair method in selecting two from a large group. Drawing was held Monday afternoon, Ray and I took off Wednesday morning. The other names remained in a hat until another quota is called for.

The Venice trip is one of three which everyone sweats out, hoping to be lucky to take all three before leaving Italy. Lake Coma near Milan and Mussolini's hanging place also leaves when scheduled. The other trip goes to Switzerland. These Rest Camp trips find GI Joes relaxing and enjoying themselves while taking it easy. "For recreation and rest" the orders read, "will

Two GI trucks took us to the airport accompanied by another group going to Switzerland. Base Operations greeted my group while the other went to ATC and be processed thru-channels. Channeled procedures meant weighing in, checking baggage, waiting for names to come over the loud speaker and going through preliminary routines which usually prevent early departures.

"Take number 308" said the sergeant pointing to the second plane on the flying field. Two officers and ten enlisted men followed each other to a waiting silver liner, called "Not in Stock".

Not in stock is a term used daily by the men in Air Supply. Pencils wrote NIS not to save time but to stay within the space allotted on the stock record cards. What am I doing? To get into the technical supply set up of the division is not my intention therefore I will revert to our Venice bound C-53 plane.

Climbing three steps into the open doorway appears to be the same as a C-47. It's not. The C-53 is larger, offering more room for many conveniences. Further comparison was made with the B-26 which took us to Florence. The newly acquainted ship received its passengers gladly, giving them time to look over the ship before taking off. Approval or disapproval to ride this plane had no bearings with the pilot. The engines roared, the plane moved forward as our pilot taxied his ship to the runway.

At this time two P-38's seemed to be in a hurry to come in. We gave them priority and waited. Evidently both pilots had dated the same signorina and were trying to outspeed the other in.

Ordinarily the roar of two engines would silence any attempted conversation. Proof was given in our B-25 and C-47 rides. Having traveled from our parking area to the starting point and with engines racing to pick up the necessary power required before the take off, our eardrums were not strained with any loud sounds. Surprised we were but not for long, we soon discovered the plane was sound proof.

Comfortable upholste# seats took care of our weight and uniform while soft cushions practically put us to sleep. There were five double rows on one side with three singles on the other, leaving a small aisle in between. To the rear four cots were set up in ambulance style. To us the C-53 was a luxurious liner similar to Airway liners in the states and used by private companies. "How come?" we asked ourselves for such a plane overseas. We did not wonder long because someone told us it belong to a General.

The take off was smooth, leaving the ground and heading towards the clouds without a miscoe. It was very quite during this ride and the plane seemed to have a cooling system. I took advantage of these conveniences by taking out my brown book to take notes. Our trip was yet to get underway and my pencil was writing the beginning of this trip to Venice.

Army boners are many and most everyone at one time or another pulls them. Wether it was the atmosphere of the ship or riding in luxury or whether I was mastering the air pressure, I don't know but I pulled a lulu. As for the ride I should have been patted on the should# because I did not get sick.

After riding for half hour I became inquisitive and with some encouragement from Ray wanted to know if Cassino ^{would} wave ~~me~~ to us along the way. Viewing the bombed Monastery from the sky would have been a treat and I never stop to get short change when riding the skyways. A crew member becomes the know-it-all when taking such trips to every passenger, especially to curious tourists like me. When the opportunity was offered, I stopped a shirtless GI by tapping him while passing my seat. He had come out the front door marked crew members only. This door lead to the pilots, radiomen and navigators compartment. Gently I looked up and asked him if Cassino was up ahead. Looking down to me, he said, "We passed that place long ago." A puzzled look met Ray's; we had misjudged the planes speed.

Flying became an easy going experience and with excellent weather on our side we did not get into any ^{A/R} drops. Looking from the window, the plane appeared to be standing still with the roaring engines miles away. Yet the plane was moving forward, leaving behind the many cities we knew so well. Below houses and fields, rivers and lakes, hills and mountains all formed one pattern. Their different colors, shadows and sun spots blended together and it looked like a technicolor newsreel - I was the photographer.

"The trip coming back?" Now why jump the gun to interrupt a good ride with things only starting. That comes later. There's Venice ahead and our destination is coming to an end. Safety belts fastened and no smoking signal has flashed on. We're going down and mother earth is extending her arms to us.

Looking for the airport became a guessing game. For a piper
oub invisible landing fields are expected since they can land most
anywhere but for a C-53 aircrafts the runway should be molto visible.

We found houses and water which all amounted to islands and
canals. "Where is the field" everyone asked his conscious and "how
will we land safely without running into the nearest canal?" The
plane circled an area and with ^{many} pairs of eyes close to each window,
we all felt the plane losing altitude and going down to make a
landing.

The pilot knew his plane and was well acquainted with the
field which appeared to have the minimum space allotted for
landings. He must have been with the Navy, for landing on this
airfield with a short runway required the same preparations as
landing on an aircraft carrier. Here there was no safety cables to
hook the plane - a miss and we would all take a short dip in a
canal. The different type planes on the field gave us some
courage but we held our breaths just the same. The plane hit the
ground and rolled along the runway. We never expected to stop
where and when we did and though we could not see the left over
space, I'm sure the pilot used every inch of the runway. Seeing
the plane turn around, everyone relaxed while the plane coasted
along towards the parking area.

Coming out of the plane we looked over the airport which was
surprisingly small. Yet there were many heavy and light aircrafts
all over the field. It was plain to see it wasn't something that
had come up overnight - that it was here long before we came - that
many other planes had come and gone without anything happening.

Here comes the boner I mentioned previously. The shirtless, bare chested, so called G.I. was fully clothed and waiting for the bus to take us to the rest center. His right collar was sporting two silver bars. Yes, he was a captain and pilot of the plane. I pretended not to see him and turned away to avoid a meeting. This wasn't necessary because to pilots or crew members one passenger is the same as another and a short meeting ends when it starts.

By the airport gate we waited for the bus. Nearby a small canal gladly greeted two British soldiers riding in a duck. This was the first ^{we saw} ~~to see~~ in action and we wondered if this was the best means of transportation on the island. Someone spotted the Airport Bus and while getting set to pick up our bags, we noticed it was a regular 6 X 6 GI Truck - old reliable in person.

The Lido di Venice to newly arrived restees means nothing. He's never been here before and thinks Lido is added to impress the incoming GI's. From the sky we saw many canals separate little islands which we took for granted was the birthmark of Venice. In a little while we discovered it was not Venice but the Lido.

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Charm Of The Lido Becomes Gi Heritage

Lido island, a millionaire's playground before the war, has again become a vacation center. Allied soldiers arrive daily on rest leave to partake of its new brilliance; to enjoy its cool temperatures which even in August never rise above 75 degrees, to bathe in its wide spacious beaches, or to admire its beautiful gardens, wide tree-lined thoroughfares and modern villas.

Whereas the key to the Lido was formerly wealth and fame, now the troops of all the United Nations come here to rest and relax without cost. The Lido, once the locale of novels and motion pictures, has opened the doors of its celebrated Excelsior, Palazzo al Mare and other hotels to the American, British, Polish, Canadians and others who will come and go until late September.

Visitors on the Lido are only a short distance from historical Venice, a 12-minute ride by steam ferry or one of 20 minutes by gondola.

When the Allies first arrived on the island last May they found that the Germans had stripped some of the hotels of furniture, blown up one beach strongpoint and put down mines and barb wire. However, the hotels were repaired, the beach cleared of mines and barb wire, and a military ferry service installed.

Life and vigor has again returned to this cosmopolitan vacation spot, this time to serve its liberator, the Allied soldier.

Hotel Dardanelli was our first stop after a short ride from the airport. The ride kept us along the shore line and looking into the distance, each restee was unaware that the city of Venice was watching his movements.

Ray and I were restees from way back and we knew the procedure at the rest camps is the same. It is necessary to register first and after ten minutes of routine steps, the place is either better or worse than the last one. Jumping off the truck, we ^{were} among the first to follow the new arrivals arrow to the registering desk. Its best to be first because you save time from waiting, besides the better rooms are given out - "first come, first served."

In a clockwise fashion we placed our orders on the desk; signed the register; extended our hand to receive the hotel pass together with six beer ration coupons and took off! The first hotel we had been assigned to was filled up. Someone messed things up because we should not have been sent there in the first place. The distance was about two blocks but we returned calmly. Our bags were comfortably resting on the shoulders of two Venetians who manage to make a living from restees. We received a new room at billet #4, three blocks away from the Dardanelli. This was to be our sleeping quarters. The meals, bar, dancing, other entertainment and pass time activities were to be found at the Dardanelli.

"WARNING -- the whole length of the beach is mined. Do not swim beyond 100 yards from shore." With this sign visible everywhere, Ray & I spent four out of five afternoons on the beach.

It is only fair that we gave swimming top priority because it was the first thing we did after getting set-up at number 4. Walking to the beach area my surroundings appeared familiar but with a few exceptions. The large street along the waterfront (G. Marconi) did not have Palm Trees otherwise the bright sun above could have been in Miami Beach, Florida over Ocean Drive. The two cities are very much alike, except for the trees.

It was a surprise to see clear clean sand but more surprising was the findings on the beach. Very few people laid out on the sunny sand. There was no groups of fives or sixes nor beach blankets with lunch baskets resting on them. A newcomer looking on the sand would never be impressed that the place was ever crowded. Yet there was a large crowd out everyday - from morning 'till night, Venetians would spend a complete day on the beach.

Far back from the water and covering the full ~~xx~~ length of the beach, private cabins are available for bathers. Each cabin has a table with four chairs, two beach chairs, one cot, an awning which shades the sun about six feet from the entrance to an enclosed room. The room is large and used for dressing. Here you find the crowds, the food, the fun and all that goes with a day at the beach.

Not all the beaches on the Lido have these facilities. And not only do the upper crust of society take advantage of them because the cabins are available to everyone - no class distinction.

The early bird catches the worm and so each morning crowds can be seen running from one end of the island to the other trying to get there first. Bus service is operating but the crowds are terrific and transportation isn't what it should be. This condition

forces many to walk the ten minute distance, hoping to arrive before the bus. It's first come, first served for the beach cabins and the unlucky ones find themselves wondering about to other locations where only the hot sand can make room for their parties. It's on these beaches where the familiar crowds like Coney Island are located. Colorful blankets, home-made tents, lunch baskets and other beach highlites all become part of the scenery. The Lido is a wonderful place to spend a vacation, to get a nice tan and to live a life of Reilly.

"For U.S. Personnel Only" is the marking at the entrance to the GI's beach. We have a private place but not as nice as the civilians. The sand, sky and the water is the same - but the cabins are a little worn. Some are broken down shacks. On our beach the cabins run vertical to the water while elsewhere they run horizontal. This prevents civilians from entering our beach.

Across the street stands the "Luna Park Club", a prewar night spot for tourists visiting the Lido. Today it is the beer joint where men in uniform can satisfy their thirst. Bar books are purchased upon entering. It's beer or coaa cola from 3 to 5 and from 6 to 10. There's no limit. Waiters are the only source for ordering and are assigned to a specific section. They must collect bar tickets for each order or no drinks. Sometimes a table waits 1/2 hour or more before the service arrives. The fault lies with the waitresses who are either flirting with 99 GI's at one time or ^a who have disappeared for/while. All is forgiven though when the drinks arrive but for a short time because the same routine follows when the last drinks are gone.

10
Main street on the Lido is the Gran Viale S. Maria Elisabetta ^{which} and cuts the island in half. Not mentioning the hotels, I can say the Post Exchange is one of its bright spots. But the big attraction is the ice cream parlor which is opened from 1 'till 9:30 at night.

Here you would think the restee is put on public display for 7 1/2 hours but if you pass the ice cream parlor, say four times or more, you realize the GI uniform rotates and your chances of finding the same face twice is almost impossible.

Delicious ice cream is passed out daily for the price of 5 lire per cup in four different flavors. A square barchip is given ~~to~~ a Venitian lassie ~~in~~ in exchange for the flavor requested. Chairs and tables outside gives the area a street-cafe touch. From the restess point of view this is a poor layout and it becomes a bad spot during his stay on the Lido.

Picture Times Square, Broadway or the number one street in any large city having a reserved section for a selected few. Give this handful something - anything special which the others can ^{NOT} have but want. Naturally crowds will gather to investigate. That's what happened during ice cream time and not always did a one year old start surrounding the parlor door.

Since the ice cream is eaten out in the open, passerbys criticised, admired, agreed or disagreed with this practice. Either by stopping or while walking in a very slow pace. Yet from the youngsters to the adults, no one begged for a cup, rather, they would ask the GI's to buy them one and hand a ten lire note while asking. To beg, that was out. The people insisted on giving the money or would become offended upon refusal.

How can anyone enjoy something which another person wants but can not have? This fact alone kept many GI's from stopping ~~and~~ to enjoy an ice cream.

Looking around the ice cream area we found many civilians waiting for a GI to break out and buy a few extra cups. Most everyone bought extras to see a baby enjoy it but for the older people it was tough going. The lucky ones were the Venetian signorinas. They had no trouble and there were many dates made - credit going to the ice cream cup.

The Lagoon divides the Lido from Venice and my first crossing was in a Gondola. Restees on the Lido for a second time or permanent party members use the proper means of transportation for this distance - the ferry service. This is a special free service for crossing the Lagoon for all allied soldiers. If they miss the boat, 7 liras pays the fare on the civilian ferry which is similar to the ships used for moonlight sails up the Hudson River. Anyway, Ray and I wanted to get in the groove - feel like Venetians and ride in a Gondola. We did, for the price of \$1.00. We later discovered the standard rate for this ride, put out by P.B.S. was only \$.20. Remember we didn't know the rates so hold any comment to yourself.

Six feet above the water and running from the Lido to St. Marks Square stands two rows of lamppoles about 25 feet apart. This forms the highway on the Lagoon and here the Gondoliers smoothly moves his Gondola through the water towards St. Marks.

14

Your eyes move away from the cleaner than expected water and steps to examine the poles shooting out of the water. Lights no longer rest on top, while the colorful painting has disappeared in different sections. Some are not standing straight while many still have their prewar position.

From the Lido to Venice is a 25 minute ride in a Gondola, on a clear day. With a strong wind against the Gondolier it will take one hour. We know because we met such an experience on our last day. In order to rush back to the Lido we took a Gondola instead of waiting for the ferry boat. We had missed one and thought the Gondolier would show off his speed. Instead it ^{TURN}ed out to be a very slow and aggravated ride. As though we weren't burning up enough, two ferry boats passed us along the way.

St. Marks Square is the attraction and meeting center of Venice. It is the largest starting point for sight seers I've seen overseas. For newcomers who wish to go places in Venice, this is the spot to wander off, alone or in groups.

The first thing to hit restees is not the St. Marks Church or the Ducal Palace or the museum, all of which are important highlites in Venice, instead, the flocks of pigeons flying over the square. The birds were over the restful G.I.'s, local civilians and everywhere, in every place, resting and eating out of the many hands that feed them. The open eating cafes had more birds looking for food than customers. In all available space, birdstands were available to make a purchase of bird seed or corn to feed the hungry birds. If you feed them long enough, they would rest all over your body and became very friendly. In fact, they were too close for comfort.

A new Red Cross Club had opened two days before we arrived and unlike other ARC's this was in the open. A sign, "GI's on Display" could be posted on the entrance door or behind one of the two large glass windows. Evidently a prewar furniture store occupied the premises thus accounting for the full length windows.

Inside sits the restee while outside, the civilians look in while passing by in a very lazy pace. Some curious Venitians stop and express their views on such a set up. Sometimes their facial expressions tell us if they approve. They see OD or khaki uniforms comfortably resting while enjoying a refreshing coca cola. Some find time to sleep and take advantage of the foot stools. The cause for this resentment by the inquisitive passer-bys, especially by old ladies is the newly acquired light delicate furniture of the club.

I witnessed a scene which will long be remembered. It went something like this.

One night Ray and I had been walking for hours over a few of the 400 bridges while visiting a small fraction of the 117 islands. It seemed we tried to cover all the islands and cross each bridge and in this foolish attempt - we lost ourselves. Thanks to a native Venitian whom we thought was giving us the run-around, we returned to our starting point and easily walked a short distance to the club. Being very tired and thirsty we took advantage of the comforts and asked no questions. During this time a pair of stary eyes was following our movements and looking through the large window she saw an eye full

A middle age old-fashion woman systematically doubled timed her eyes vertically and horizontally while staring. Then she sent a cold resentful expression through the window to everyone watching her. It wasn't until the woman returned to her private affairs and walked away that I discovered the reason for similar actions later. The furniture was resently requisitioned from the Opera House where it was originally intended to stand and receive better care. Under its new manager, it will head for a quick fall because of the rough treatment it will receive.

There's no better place to hand pick the different types of Venitians citizens than at St. Marks Square. Here you will find everyone you want to meet - in groups, walking, standing or sitting in the outside cafes. Like our Times Square, this is the most crowded spot of the city.

First are the children who still need their parents care and guidance. This group of youngsters are different from that in Naples and even Rome. No kid runs wild or left by themselves, stranded for 24 hours. Instead, they hold onto their parents hand and stick close by while walking or going anywhere. Then too, in Venice all the children have shoes, better clothing and need not wonder through the streets to beg, borrow or steal everything their eyes fall on. Its very different up north and the children bring our the biggest comparison.

The adults are in a class by themselves also. Their training is handed down to junior the right way and it pays dividends. So when GI Joe walks the streets of Venice, no one asks for cigarettes, carnellas, or anything. No one tries to seel him a nice room or give him the wanna eat or wanna nice girl routine.

The people treat you as though you've been there a long time - that you're part of Venice, the only difference being the colour suit. Other than the clothes, no one is considered a stranger and a friendly attitude is extended to everyone at all hours of the day. Exceptions are the few who ~~wish~~ wish to make themselves known for no good reasons.

One time a little girl tapped on the ARC window after escaping from her mother. She must have been the exception to the rule that children stand by their parents at all times. The Red Cross girl suggested we invite her in to see what she would do with a coca cola. The girl made funny faces while drinking. Later she took over the place when we let her run about. The g GI's who called to her left themselves open for a remark concerning the 12 points for dependants. This always comes up in a conversation when children are involved. The girl made a hit with everyone and when Ray and I left for the lido, she was sitting on a sergeants knee.

Time out for a city tour is a must for all restees. Whether the newcomer wants to or not, he unconsciously finds himself buying a ticket at the Cooks Tour Travel office and falls in line with a group who leave by way of the "gondola-ride".

From the large canal through the smaller ones, the gondoliers move their sight-seeing group from place to place. There is usually four or five gondolas to a group who form a line while going under a bridge. Since there are many bridges they keep this formation throughout the trip.

The Grand Canal is the main highway of Venice. It is the number one ^{WATERWAY} street which forms an "S" shape through the center of the city.

All prewar transportation facilities were handled by small ferry boats, row boats and the Venetian's pride -- the gondola. Likewise the business and trading is carried on in boats. To these means of transportation the Americans have added the duck. The duck can be used on the water as well as on roads.

Truck drivers, cab drivers, private chauffeurs and the Sunday drivers included, all are familiar with the various speed limits within their locality. In Venice there are no vehicles simply because the waterways are not equipped to handle four wheelers. There is no road big enough for a jeep. Thus you would think there would be no speed limits. But you are wrong.

Since everything and everyone moves on the waterways, speed limits are enforced and signs are posted everywhere. The limit on the Grand Canal is 8 miles per hour while on all other canals the limit is 5 miles per hour.

"FORE" is not the all clear signal on a golf course. It's the sound similar to an air raid siren which means to take cover or hit the grass. But if you're on the swinging end, then relax, you're not in any trouble.

For the first time in my athletic activities, I tried the game of golf. Ray had played it before in Rome and spent a few hours to convince me it would be a pleasant way to spend a morning.

In a truck load of so called golfers, we headed for the golf course located on the far end of the Lido. The ride was not only long but very dusty and rough. Yet, traveling through a new section of the Lido resembled a red cross tour.

One outstanding sight on this trip was seeing the left over of the famous Italian luxury liner, "Count di Savo". The steel frame work was the only visible part of the ship. I could not believe seeing this same liner in New York Harbor during prewar days. I managed to get the following story about the ex-liner:

One night after Italy declared its armistice, the liner was attacked by the Germans while it was trying to sneak out of the Adriatic Sea. The ship caught fire and I witnessed the results. We didn't stop to investigate its damages but moved on to the golf course.

Arriving at the club house, everyone made a bee-line for the entrance. This was a necessary move because the few club sets went to the "first come, first served".

We were served. We placed a \$5.00 deposit for the golf clubs with the understanding it would cost \$1.00 for each lost ball. Ray and I drank a few cold canned beers before taking off with a golf bag hanging from our shoulders.

Not being able to find a caddie, we spent little time to lose ourselves while trying to locate the greens. It was a short distance from the club house to the 9 hole course but a stranger easily lost himself in the trees and bushes leading to the teeing-off spot.

Once on the narrow path, arrows directed each turn and the so called golfer became a veteran on high standards with club members.

Ray teed off first and sent his ball straight towards hole #1. Shortly thereafter I took my first golf swing. Surprise caught me when my drive stayed on the fairway. I required four

more shots before sinking the ball for a 5 score. Rays also sank his ball in the cup for a fiver.

After teeing off for hole #2, we noticed the golf course had not been attended to during the war years. The fairways were fairly clean but on both sides, the tall grass and bushes became a grave yard for stray golf balls. Many golfers were hunting for their lost ball when we passed them up.

Lost balls were never found, resulting in a number of incomplete games. Some golfers returned to the club house after playing one hole. Others were lucky to go three or four holes. I never found out the number of golfers who finished but I wager there weren't more than a handful.

Though Ray and I were playing well over par, the important thing was that the balls were still with us. With four holes completed and number 5 coming up, we felt sure of going through the course with one ball.

Lady luck left us on #5. Ray was first to send his ball to the grave yard. Our eyes followed the ball to a fixed spot hoping to find it after my drive. It would seem Ray was duplicating his previous swing because my ball followed his to the identical section.

When we arrived where the balls had landed to advance towards the green, we discovered the balls were nowhere in sight. After 1/2 hour of searching, we gave up and returned to the club, victims of a lost golf ball.

We had tried to buy extra balls when we started but the sale was refused. The shortage of golf balls meant only one to a player.

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The caddies had a racket which we later discovered. Whenever they went after a lost ball, it remained lost and the poor golfer had no choice but to quit. Later the caddies would return to the spot where the ball had disappeared, dig up the ball which they had buried during the game. This digging was worth \$.25. You see, the club house manager was paying \$.25 for each lost ball and selling them for \$1.00. You can be sure there was perfect cooperation between the caddie and manager.

And so the golfer was not only handicapped by the tall grass and bushes along the fairway but also by the caddie. If the player didn't lose the ball accidentally, or if the caddie didn't step on it or kick dirt over it, the golfer had an ~~xxx~~ even change for completing his game on the 9 hole course.

Our trip to Padua was a typical Rayabby Travel Affair. Hitting the roads to trust our luck for transportation, followed after a ride across the Lagoon -- up the Giudecca canal to Piazzale Roma, the northern end of Venice. This section is the car-park area for restees coming from or going to Austria, Yugoslavia and other cities further north. From here the GI's board a ferry to head for the Lido or a vehicle to return to their outfits.

The Giudecca canal runs parallel and to the left of the Grand Canal. From the ferry rails the venitian restee gets an eyeful of the shipping and receiving handled by the longshoremen who are busily working on both sides of the canal. Ships are anchored close to shore waiting for their turn to unload their cargo.

Piazzale Roma faces the open road to Mestre which leads to Padua. Walking away from the ferry, we noticed army vehicles in the parking ~~xxxx~~ lot.

"Padua" we asked a jeep driver.

"No", was the reply, "I'm going to Vienna". The driver said this as though Ray and I was familiar with the Austrian City.

The strada for Mestre is wider than most highways we have traveled on. During our sight seeing trips we have become acquainted with many Italian highways. Mestre is connected to Venice by a bridge which runs over the Lagoon. Within a short time, Ray and I was riding a Big English truck together with a Yugoslavia soldier who was going home/leave. At the other end of the bridge, the truck turned left heading towards Trieste. We jumped off and walked into the small town of Mestre.

Traffic became heavier at this point and greater movement was everywhere. Yesterdays excitement seemed to have been left behind as we witnessed the first battle ruins since leaving Venice.

The dusty road and hot sun made us thirsty and we felt both while waiting to the cross road section. Here we picked a spot and waited for our next lift.

Thanks to a jeep from our Headquarters, for what had appeared to be a long dry waiting period, ended. with a Lieutenant and sergeant widing up front, Ray and I jumped in the rear. Our next stop was a "petrol point". Name is such because the English run it, otherwise, "gas station" would have been the welcoming sign by the entrance post. For the next two hours, we traveled the distance to Padua very uncomf~~ortably~~ly. Besides riding over rough damaged roads, the driver seemed to be competing for the

Indianapolis speed record. Several times we made turns on two wheels.

More ruins of war passed us along the way and the outside of Padua had received more than its share of destruction. Moving towards the center of the city, we noticed a change for the better. The jeep stopped on a main street and we soon became part of the crowds moving about. Quickly we inquired for St. Anthony's Cathedral and having received directions, took off without losing any time.

St. Anthony's Cathedral is not too big. Outside there's a large square which could easily hold a few thousand people. We walked inside and before visiting anything, I went to the sacristy and asked for a priest to show us around. The three of us examined the highlites of the cathedral and I had the pleasure and thrill of touching the tomb where St. Anthony's body lies.

A special altar is dedicated to the Saint and surrounding it, stands monuments of St. Anthony's miracles. It's a nice looking ~~small~~ cathedral and I was pleased of my visit. Before leaving, Ray and I bought a few cards, medals and pictures and started back to Venice.

Leaving the Cathedral area to go back to our starting place on the main street became a problem. The narrow streets have a jig-saw pattern which leads newcomers into making right turns when they should be going left or visa versa.

Ray and I walked straight ahead in what we thought was the same way we had come earlier. We had picked ourland marks and watched each movement carefully. But when we arrived by the Cathedral a second time, we turned in amazement to each other. Lost! Yes, we were and another attempt was made to reach the highway out of Padua.

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Though we had taken a lot of candy with us, our stomachs did not feel satisfied. Looking for a place to eat was out -- all the restaurants were marked "off limits". Since there were no GI outfits in town, it became a problem. After a search for an English outfit we discovered one on the outskirts of Padua. There we had hot tea with biscuits, after a hot dish.

Two highways lead back to Venice and Ray and I waited on a chosen one. A difference of opinion resulted in taking turns on both roads until we compromised and waited together. Light traffic made us restless and at the same time worry about our return trip. The sign of a jeep coming towards us was welcomed and when it stopped to give us a lift we picked up our bags to climb aboard.

The fellows told us they were going to Venice -- a perfect ride for us but could not take us. Four fellows were riding the jeep and there was room for nothing or no one else. Jeeps can only take four passengers at one time. Shortly thereafter an English naval officer with his driver passed by in a jeep and gave us a lift.

Riding back to Mestre our jeep took the autostrada which proved to be a better deal than the way we came. Traffic was light and our jeep was the only vehicle on the road.

At Mestre, Ray and I jumped off and found ourselves on the opposite side of where we had been earlier in the morning. The four GI's who had passed us in Padua and whom we met on the autostrada waved to us as they headed for Venice while we waited for another lift. Once again we boarded a truck which took us by the parking lot. The ferry was unloading its military crowd while we waited.

5th March 1945

"My Trip to Florence and Pisa with Ray"

Dear Love Ones.....

This recent trip was more interesting and exciting than all my previous ones. The fact we were the closest to the lines was in itself something to remember. Infact, we were closer to Bologna than Florence but for us it was "adventure".

The first part of this fourth furlough in Italy come to you a few weeks ago, now, a month since our furlough is up, the second and final installment comes to you. Having both together, you will have a good idea as to where we went, what we saw and the adventure we witnessed while making this trip. At one time, a lieutenant assured us, "we were out of range".

Reporting to an airport was a routine matter for us. We knew the bus schedule to the field and therefore made preparations to be on the right one at the right time. We followed the procedure of weighing in; reporting to the ticket agent; walking to the waiting room, like veterans. This was old stuff to us, we had went through this routine a few months ago, when we killed two days waiting for a grounded plane to take off but which never did.

All went well, until a PFC called out the passengers for the flight. Our names, with a few others, including two officers, were not called. Naturally we inquired and it was well understood, a higher priority was given the nod. There was no sense in questioning this decision, so Ray and I took off for another part of the airfield where we could "hop" a ride.

Getting these hopes isn't an easy task. A "longer than you expected" hike, takes you to a part of the field where one enters thru a doorway which appears to be only an empty room. It's not encouraging I can tell you, but seeing a desk, chair and telephone, you know its occupied by someone. Behind this "table desk" there was a GI, a twin of Two-Ton Tony Galento and Raymond was convinced after one look at him. He wasn't far off, the olive drabber did have some resemblance to Tony.

Upon asking for a hop to our destination, he wrote our names on a waiting sheet which had our direction. Others had been here and many more were sure to come. In this waiting room you find many GI's and officers, all waiting for the same thing. You're not sure of a ride and therefore "hang around" for a break. And these are the breaks...if someone lands and then takes off in your direction and if there's room for you, after he's picked up freight, supplies or a passenger or two. Then someone on the field may go that way, you never know what's going up. So you sit in this room, read, talk, walk about in circles, hours pass by and your "pilot to-be" doesn't drop in. Funny thing, sometimes fellows wait for days without any luck.

Our day started bright and early, now it was lunch time. We left for the chow hall, knowing that if something went our way we'd be out of luck...but one must eat so we took off.

The mess hall was a large one and the line long. Reminded me of my early army days at Upton, the induction center...location being the only difference. Fellows carried their mess kits while Ray and I held two hundred liras in our hand, with our loaded field bag resting on our shoulders and moving slowly, behind the next fellow. The two hundred liras was for the deposit on a tray and silverware and cup, we needed to eat. Returning this combination, clean, our liras were refunded. The line branched off into two sections. Those with mess kits to the right, to the left, those without. Ray and I sweated out the left line and we waited plenty. Upon reaching the desk and sergeant in charge, it was necessary to show him our traveling orders before the Italian KP's could "dish it out".

Returning to the waiting room, we discovered our friend Two-Ton Tony was relieved and someone else occupied his favorite sleeping chair. No planes had gone out but there was news that a bomber was heading our way and maybe room for a passenger or two. Our hopes lit up a little but worried because there was the two lieuts. who were scratched also on the same flight in the morning. We waited hoping there was room for four.

In the meantime, planes come in and left, each time we ask a crew-member where he was going and if there was room. You'd be surprised at the number of "hitch-hikers" get a hopthis way but that day, Ray and I were unlucky, we had no luck. More than five hours had passed...just sitting around waiting but we didn't give up.

a bomber come in and when I went to meet a crew member, a short conversation gave me the news it was OK to tag along, our waiting had ended. I ran back to tell Ray, pick up our bags and ran back to the plane, leaving the two lieutenants dumb-founded, not knowing what was happening. While waiting for the pilot to return to the plane, we see the two officers coming on the flying field with their bags and belongings. For a moment we thought they had "pulled theirrank" but it happened that in the meantime the bomber we were sweating out had room for two passengers and they were picked. It was worth while waiting because we finally went to where we hoped to go.

Sitting on the floor, (of the bomber), Ray and I struggled to put on a parachute. Two were lying on the floor and we wasted little time in putting them on. Neither one of us knew how but we learned very quickly. Disregarding all safty precautions in a take-off, we struggled with our parachute until it was adjusted.

Taking off in this bomber was something new to me. The last time I was in the air was in a cargo ship. Anyway, going to the runway, stopping to warm the engines and then quickly take off was very exciting. Having gone thru this preliminary shake up when I left Algiers, I was at ease when the bomber left the ground and

headed skyward. Before I realized what had happened, the plane had gained altitude and the sky ways was opened to us, heading for the Flower City...Florence.

Whenever we travel anywhere, we were always looking ahead, or behind, to see where we were going or where we had come from. But thru the window of this bomber, Ray and I could only look down to see something. It was a large area, one we could never see while riding in a jeep or truck...this was "traveling on a big scale".

In the air, above the clouds is an experience in itself... it is something new, different and exciting. Being accustom to the ground, it gives one a strange feeling in the air. The ride was smooth, hitting only one air pocket which dropped the plane a few feet. There was no fancy stuff along the way and looking down upon the moving scenery was a colorful site.....water, land and mountains, all blended together with the blue sky.

Within the bomber, Ray and I couldn't hear ourselves talk because the roaring motors drowns out a natural tone voice. So it is necessary to shout while talking and important to be heard but since we carried on little if any conversation, we just rested quietly, waiting for the plane to land.

I noticed the plane losing altitude and made motions with my hands to tell Ray. We looked out of the window and noticed planes on the field, indicating that our ride was coming to an end, the plane was going in for the landing. We didn't land the first time because another plane had beat us to it...instead, the pilot took the plane upwards and went around the field again.

A turn in a plane is more exciting than what it appears to be when looking in the sky, when a plane makes a turn. To me, it seemed that at one side I could reach out and touch the ground while on the other, your eyes could see nothing but the blue sky, nothing to reach for. I was glad when we went in for another landing and made it. Within a short while, the bomber stopped and out we climbed, setting foot on solid ground.

Before leaving for this trip, everyone told us it would be cold. Some said there would be plenty of snow, mud and bad weather. Being well clothed, Ray and I were prepared for the worse and hand weatherman a defeat. Heavy long-johns, sweaters, O.D. uniform, and I also had my half-coat. Taking our arties (overshoes) was a question. Since we expected cold weather, Raymond made the wonderful calculation that cold weather brings no mud. He was wrong one hundred percent and while walking from the field to a jeep, our newly shined clean shoes became a mass of heavy, colorful mud.

We went to town with the pilot and members of the crew. Riding along the streets of Florence, its outskirts, then the center of it, was the same old story, as other war cities. Each building had its war marks; bullet holes here and there; shrapnel markings everywhere. Bridges rebuilt, mudded streets, due to the heavy traffic going back and forth to the lines, made the city appear to be very dirty.

Ray and I got out by the Red Cross building, something which we never fail to find. First thing to hit was the snack bar for coffee and cake. At the club we met two fellows from the outfit also on business and since they had a room, waited for them to leave. We needed a place to stay and thought they could help us out but when we left and arrived at their hotel, there was no room. Night was on hand and curfew catching up to us and therefore couldn't lose much time. We found something elsewhere and got off the streets with plenty of time to spare.

Our room wasn't large, yet not small. Two beds and some furniture made it look crowded. We didn't have time to go looking for a better place besides, it was only for one night.

Knowing Rays' height (6'2") you never think that a time would come when he would look up to me ~~was~~ only, 5'9". Yet it happened and here's how. The two beds weren't the same height from the floor. One rested about two feet high while the other about four feet high. Not taking a pick for either bed, we tossed an American "nickel". I won and naturally took the higher one. The five cent piece was mine and Ray examined it to see if it had two heads.

This was the first of the nights we were to spend in Florence. Each night, we slept in a different apartment and it was a joke the way we went looking for rooms.

In each crowded city where you find military personnel, you'll always find kids and men stopping GI's, asking if they want a place to sleep. You cannot get rid of them, there's so many around. Wherever we went whenever on furlough, we always had these "pests" on our trail. Previously we always had a "set-up" and a good place to stay but when we had need for them, (this recent trip) we had a problem on our hands trying to get a place. I even asked "portieres" (janitors) if they had a place but no such luck.

A few times we followed someone to an apartment and after climbing to the last floor, discovered the place wasn't to our liking..so down we went. Though though the city of Florence is level with very few hills, it has many tall buildings and Ray and I climbed all of them to the top floor. For awhile we thought we had taken the 113 steps of our billet with us and with every step, it was necessary to climb them first before getting somewhere. We made up for the missing hills and city steps by climbing plenty of apartment steps. Right then and there, Ray and I decided to live on the ground floor of any apartment or house when we return.

Another problem was eating, but this was solved quicker and with less "red tape". Within the city there are GI resturants where a soldier can get something to eat when on pass. All we had to show was our orders and that permitted us to the meals served for dinner and supper. Breakfast was taken care by the snack bar which served coffee and cake or cookies, at all hours of the day.

The entertainment isn't up to par, it doesn't compare to ours. Of the three special service theaters, not one can accommodate the crowds that try to get in. Funny part of it, the picture runs for one week and when an old hits all three of them, the GI's really feel bad. One night we tried to see a movie and after trying each of the three theaters, we could not find a hole to squeeze thru. The pictures were old ones, all of which Ray and I had seen.

FLORENCE like Rome is cut in half by a river, the Arno. The best way to "see" a new city is to take the Red Cross Tour. A GI feels that if there is anything worth while seeing, the guide who accompany's the crowd will "bring out" its interesting highlights. We place our trust with the guide because he represents the Red Cross and will show us everything (we thought). It was early to start so we waited with other GI's in the Red Cross building for the time to leave.

Up until this time, Ray and I were talking about our traveling orders. It is important to have a pass when visiting any city especially one where distant GI's are not permitted to go. Ray and I had orders because we were checking some work and had nothing to fear. It appeared funny that no MP stopped us, (not that we were looking for such an event) but having everything right, we could proudly show our orders. Though no one was around us or near-by, it seems the conversation was heard by someone because at this moment, a big sergeant walked into the waiting room and come to our table. Ray was looking around the room while I accidentally rested my head on my arms and was about to fall asleep...my position drew his attention but the intruder left after showing him our papers.

Meanwhile a crowd had gathered in the waiting room and soon a middle age Italian woman walked in and said, "Let's go boys, the truck is here". It didn't take us long to find our bodies resting on the old reliable solid GI truck.

Tours in Naples, Rome, Pompei, Sorrento, and other cities we visited likewise had a GI truck on hand to take us around without losing time. We'd visit one place, then another and each time, the truck would stop and out we GI's jumped. But this trip was different (as I later discovered) because the moving around we did, it would have been impossible to cover the distance by foot.

Where did we go? Outside the city limits, its outskirts. What did we see? Nothing, although the guide insisted on showing us more. While riding (out of the city), the GI's asked each other questions as to where we were going, etc. Since no one knew, we could do nothing else but admire the passing scenery on both sides of the road. It wasn't too interesting or exciting but our necks turned around just the same.

When we turned off the main road, we found ourselves going around a square but we didn't stop. We cut into a side street and the next thing I knew, the truck was climbing. Sitting in the back end of the truck, I felt the weight of the other GI's pressing against me and looking behind, the pavement was staring me in the face. The "uphill" climb, made the truck move very slowly.

The hill was a steep one, worse than the one at 103rd street Lexington Avenue. How the truck made it remains a GI mystery to the ones on the truck. Boy was I glad to hit the ground when we jumped off.

"Fiesole", one of the most interesting sections outside the city limits, gives the "tourist" a chance to look upon the "Flower City", Florence. This was it and we were looking into the distance but the day wasn't a clear one and a heavy mist covered the city.

"Flower City" and we laughed ~~and~~ at the nickname. We couldn't find many flowers nearby or during our stay in the city (except flower shops) and therefore were reminded of the nickname for Naples... "City of the Sun", where the sun seldom looks upon its citizens and military personnel.

Our trip wasn't a total loss because nearby there was the Monastery of San Francesco and the "city guide book" tells us that the Etruscan Museum is also located in this section. We visited both for a short while with one of the monks showing us around. In several sections, I was surprised to see war markings...here too war had dropped its calling card.

From here we walked a short distance to a Roman theater and I'm beginning to think there's one of these "old theaters" in every city in Italy. These theaters date back to the Roman era and are still "hanging around" for sight-seeing GI's to see. Yet, there is nothing extraordinary about them because they are ruins with nothing but the ground and little grass remaining. But the guidewill point and say, "There, the Roman theater, bla, bla, bla, was located, so many 0000 years ago". The GI only scratches his head with a "So what" expression and follows the guide to the truck and head for another "uninteresting" visit.

From one out-skirt of the city to the opposite end, the truck traveled once again thru the city. By that time, the traveling GI was getting excited, wondering when the "sight-seeing" trip was going to start. Another stop and again we jumped off to look around, only to find ourselves gazing upon the city and its "panorama".

"See that section...over there...", the guide pointing in the same direction was able to draw all eyes to the spot where she held her right index finger to. "That's where we came from", smiling proudly. It was a great distance away with everything we hungry tourists wanted to see, in between.

Here again the cloudy weather prevented us from admiring the beauty which the guide wanted us to see. She told us that the scenery was secondary to why we visited this spot...reason was, we had come to see the Basilica of San Miniato.

From here the truck moved on, passing the Michelangelo Square and heading towards the Pitti Palace. Grand Dukes of Tuscany and Kings of Italy lived here. Behind it, is a famous large park, known as the Gardens of Boboli. We couldn't get inside the park because

by the time we toured the palace, it was too late...visiting hours had passed. The palace has many rooms and one could very easily get lost within its walls.

Though we had visited three spots, nothing impressed anyone in the crowd, many of us were disappointed in not seeing any of the highlites of Florence. While going from one place to another, we passed many comments onto the guide. But nothing bothered her, she kept on taking us about town.

It appeared to us that she had just a few places which she could speak about. Her english was limited to these places only; her speeches were memorized and if someone asked a question, she couldn't carry on a conversation, hold her own and therefore lost herself for ~~word~~ words. It didn't take us long to realize this and therefore asked very little if any questions. Yet we kept referring to seeing something; that we wanted to stay "within" the city of Florence and we pointed out specific places. She replied, "The places were closed or that there was nothing to see in the museums because the valueables were taken by the Germans or put away for safe-keeping. In either event, most of us couldn't see what we wanted; didn't see what we thought we were going to see and it was natural to find a few leaving the party, one by one. Rather than kill anymore time with this guide, Ray and I walked off to finish the tour by ourselves.

We departed from this unpopular tour after visiting the Pitti palace, and headed for the Ponti Vecchio, (old bridge). Nothing exciting here although the debris was dominating the area. Damage found here caused much confussion among the pedestrians and traffic.

Walking thru the crowded streets, looking into the shop windows, we made our way to the Palazzo Vecchio (old palace) or the City Hall of Florence. We admired the buildings and noticed the many civilians moving about on bicycles. Like Rome, that's the only means of transportation, popular with the civilians.

Staying on this street, we walked to piazza Duomo where the famous Cathedral of Florence is located. Ray and I entered it and was surprised to see it naked from its paintings, statues and other belongings of the cathedral. It didn't take me long to inquire and discovered that all the valuables were safely stored away, waiting to come out again to occupy their pre-war position.

From the Cathedral, a newcomer is able to branch off to all parts of Florence. This is the land-mark...once he starts to move about the streets, to wonder off and take in the highlites.

Continuing on the same street which took us to the Cathedral, we arrived at the railroad station...but we didn't see any trains pulling out or coming in. It's a large section and here many tall modern buildings are found where the pre-war "upper class" had his home. From here, one leaves the city of Florence and can very easily move on to another city of Italy...Bolgna and there's a big red sign with a white letters pointing the way.

Our sight-seeing tour had come to an end, we had covered the city of Florence and did not see as much as we thought we were going to see. Had we moved about the city, on our own, we could have seen much more. We were very much disappointed and could not understand why this Flower city was such an important place. Ray and I formed our own opinion to its popularity. Evidently some important nation-wide "big shot" visited a place and made it famous. Now every Joe, Butch, Drip and Drep that comes this way, wants to see the highlites of which there are very few. Maybe there are places of interest in this city but the guide we had didn't help us find them and therefore left the city of Florence a little "unhappy".

FLORENCE to PISA is an interesting ride and the comfortability depends on the driver. Going wasn't a bad deal because we had a jeep and behind the wheel was "Burn 'Em Up Barnes". He managed to dodge the many holes found on the road.

We didn't go straight to Pisa because we stopped off at LUCCA and spent an hour or so with friends of Barney. Lucca is a small city and from the little we saw, there was no damage or ruins within the city limits. After a short stay, we left this city and headed towards PISA.

Once again we passed many small cities and towns, all hit by the war. Detours along the way were plentiful, yet it didn't interfere with our ride. As the jeep moved on, getting closer to Pisa, we were able to see the Leaning Tower from a great distance away. The surrounding buildings weren't as tall and it made the Tower stand out from all sides.

The driver knew where he was going and in no time, brought us by its entrance. We didn't get out to look it over, instead it was necessary to make arrangements to stay here a day because we had some business to handle while in Pisa. We therefore turned around and went to a local outfit which was to take care of us during our stay in this new city. We dropped off our bags and belongings and after making an appointment to return before quitting time, we took off for the Leaning Tower but this time, to examine it closely and reach the top.

We took some snap-shots before the jeep took off and left us as we walked towards the Tower and into the ticket entrance. With our stub in one hand, we started to climb, looking out from the floors as we passed them.

Climbing the steps within the Tower makes one go around in a circle. The stairway which leads to the top is spiral. Along the way, the climbers can look out from the many windows along the floors. The higher he climbs, the more he can see and the further distance overlooking the city. Ray and I stopped once or twice while climbing its six stories. Once on top, the sightseer holds onto the rail and walks around very slowly, making sure of his next step. How it affects you depends on how well you can take this altitude. Those who cannot take it, don't look down, otherwise it makes them dizzy.

Upon the Tower rests five large bells and it never fails that someone or a group is ringing one or all of them at the same time. Listening to the ringing bells reminds one of an happy event, such as "VICTORY" and the end of the war. I bet you they'll do their share in ringing out the war.

As the newcomer comes down the spiral stairway, after he's been around more than he can stand, he looks out from each floor to compare the height and scenery. Before he knows it, he finds himself near the exit and walking out, wondering how many steps he's climbed and come down. If he's counted them, going up, he will know that there's only 243 steps, otherwise he'll just shake his head and say, "Boy, those were a lot of steps".

We couldn't walk about town because it was time to return to the outfit that was playing host to us. Back in the office, we waited awhile before a master sergeant took us home with him and set us up for the night.

Once our belongings were in order, we wasted little time in stepping out to the theater and red cross. We found both with little trouble, although fellows of the outfit didn't know where they were. This didn't surprise us because not many fellows step out because they rather stay home and take it easy, write, play cards, etc.

First the Red Cross for a snack and then we had plenty time to walk to the movies to see, "Hollywood Canteen". Again the show was crowded but we managed to squeeze in a box. The theater was a pre-war opera house and now, GI's and Britishers filled the many boxes, waiting for the show to start.

While enjoying the movie, it seemed our recovery nights of about a year ago were returning, only in a different city. There was some activity outside but since no one moved, there was no need for alarm. Instead, the show carried on as though nothing was happening. Within a short while, everything was quiet and no one asked questions...yet the fellows in our box looked at each other and the same was true, though out the theater. Everyone knew what it was but it didn't bother any ~~one~~ of them.

From our location in the city to the theater was a complicated affair and being new in a strange city, made it worse. We knew a truck took back the fellows attending the show and therefore relied on this transportation to take us safely back. Upon leaving the theater, we saw everyone branch off into sections, each heading for their special waiting truck. We inquired, asked GI's for the outfit we were staying and also truck drivers...but no one could help us. We had no luck, being unable to find the right truck. When we found ourselves alone, with all the trucks gone, we started to worry a little. There was a major nearby but he too couldn't help us and so we found ourselves walking towards a section of the city which we thought was the right way back. With fingers crossed we moved along the dark streets very slowly.

The moon overhead was the only light direction available, the city was completely "Blacked out". Walking close together we were alerted to handle anything that come our way. Alone in a new city; walking dark unknown streets; not knowing if we were heading for dead end streets or not, we kept on going, hoping our direction was correct. We stopped several times, not knowing whether to continue because the street up ahead looked blocked off.

Before long we found ourselves along the Arno river and remembering something about it, directions one of the boys gave us, we kept going parallel to the running water.

There was another factor to bear in mind...it was after curfew and since the area had plenty MP's, we were sure of being picked up. But this didn't bother us, infact the thought of it made us feel good because they they could help us and direct us right or take us home. Our pals didn't show up instead a pair of spotlights where on us from a distance, a jeep was coming our way. We stopped it and the fellows were kind enough to take us to the place where we were staying. Once in the building, we relaxed...glad to be back.

Our quarters that night wasn't anything to what we had in Florence or ~~somewhere else~~. The building was a pre-war Pharmacy and Physics school. We occupied one of the labratories with two other GI's who had come here by mistake. They were leaving in the morning while we hoped to cover our job during the following morning. Though the room didn't have any heating facilities, it wasn't too cold. No furniture or other fixtures, instead, work tables with many bunsen burners filled the room. Thinking of the activity while in the movies, we thought there would be some later excitement but nothing happened during the night and we slept very quietly.

Next morning we carried on our detail, finished up in time to eat early chow and leave with a truck which would take us to the main road leading back to Florence. Our thumbs was to do the work because we didn't have a jeep or transportation. When we jumped off the truck and walked over to the main road, it started to rain. There we were in the open, catching the rain that weather-man didn't want.

We didn't obsorb too much water because we soon caught a ride, an ambulance which was going as far as Lucca. From there we would find another ride and head for Florence.

At Lucca we waited for another ride and since it stopped raining, it didn't bother us. A truck picked us up but after riding a short while, something went wrong and it couldn't go further. The unexpected stop caused a traffic jam. The truck behind us was going our way and we didn't waste time in placing our bags in this new truck.

The ride going back wasn't as comfortable as the one coming to Pisa. It seemed that the road had been cut up by a youngster who plays with a hatchet. But on this particular day, he had his "gang" with him. That's how it seemed to feel as the truck hopped along, as though small chunks were cut away. Anyway it was rough and we felt it. The truck made a stop along the way... it picked up some cases and it was then we discovered the history of this truck, driver and helper. These boys had come from the frontlines, to pick these cases. They told us little incidents of what was going on, of their trip and what they were doing. All we could do was to listen but not for long because the truck started to move again, and take us the rest of the way.

When we entered Florence, we jumped off the truck and bid the fellows "so long". Being near the outskirts of the city, we walked along the road hoping to get a lift. It didn't help any because we walked the distance to where we were heading for.

Leaving from Florence to head for home wasn't any trouble. The morning before leaving we arrived by the bus stop and had plenty of time to get to the airfield. We met a captain, also returning and together rode the truck to the field. There we spent a few hours before boarding a plane. Funny thing, when the passenger names were called out over the loud speaker, the GI didn't try to pronounce my name, instead, read off the letters. The same thing happened later, and the officers and other passengers laughed at the ticket collector.

We didn't go strait, instead, made a landing along the way. At this new field, we stopped for coffee and toasted cheese sandwiches. Within a short while, we found ourselves on the plane again and this time the next landing would find us in our city called "home".

Coming in for the landing was a simple task and when it stopped, we climbed out only to head for the snack bar for more coffee and toasted cheese sandwiches. By this time, the bus arrived to take us to our billets, that is, within a short distance away. Everything had ended, the trip was successful and the familiar city streets and neighborhood welcomed us...so did the 113 steps in our building.

And so, the end comes to another letter, telling you of my recent trip to FLORENCE, PISA and LUCCA. This furlough took me up north with only a few more interesting cities left in Italy worth while seeing...BOLOGNA, MILAN, VENICE, and GENOVA. I wonder if I'll get a chance to see them, although I will not hang around to do so, if I must come home. But then, there's a trip to France which I intend to take when the opportunity comes up. Maybe in the future, such a trip will become possible.

So long for now, until another furlough comes for me to write my happenings and send it home to you.

*Love you, Sean
Your Anthony*