

March 10, 1944 Pompeii Airfield, Italy

Dear Mick,

You mail has kinda slowed up a bit but I did get the package of film you sent me. Thanks a lot. One of the boys in the post office went on a rest leave today so I helped out there. I really had a swell time. It was a change from my work. Tomorrow one of the other boys will be back so I guess I'm no more mail man. This is just a continuation of the answer as to what I do over here.

I don't think I wrote you about the rest leave I had. It was only five days but I sure enjoyed it. Where I went was a place that you have heard of many times. It's famous in song, legend, and history. It's a very beautiful place and different from any place I've seen in Europe. Before the war only the rich could afford to go there. Now it's only men from the Air Force. We had real beds there with clean white sheets, a mattress, and even a pillow. I lived in what was once a villa. At meal time we were waited on by civilians, and even ate out of plates. You could buy ice cream at 30 cents a plate too, there. All in all it was a little paradise. I wish I could tell you where it is, but it just can't be done. Well, I guess that's all for now.

Hymie

The location that Hymie could not mention in the letter was the Isle of Capri.

He came back with two photos from his R&R stay:



In the days when color photography was rare and expensive, this was the best he could do, and it barely served as a reminder of the beauty of the island.



The same sites today in color.

Exactly two years earlier in March of 1942 a buck private in the German army had the same opportunity to stay on the Isle of Capri.

It is remarkable how similar the experiences were, and how the flexibility of the Italian hosts enabled them to extend the same hospitality to both armies.

Werner Mork on the Isle of Capri March 1942

The day ended with a wonderful Capri and Chianti wine hangover that ran late into the night. After which, we all broke out in off-key song in honor of the brilliant Moon that shown above us.

The next morning, under the leadership of the German Baron von Wedel, we went on a walking tour of the whole island which took us to the Villa Tiberius, the palace from which the Roman Emperor Tiberius ruled the world for 20 years. We were also shown the spot where his 'pleasure boys' were cast into the sea after he wearied of them, so it was said.

Lunch was at a little trattoria where the obligatory spaghetti was served as appetizer, then fish with cauliflower, and fruit for dessert. So we got to live as guests on the Isle of Capri in the year 1942. With a good bottle of wine added in, we felt like plutocrats.

In the evening we were overtaken by dehydration and thrust due to all of the drinking the previous night, and that forced us to seek relief by way of another intensive pub-crawl through the osterias which we deemed to be among the best in the world. I was sick to my stomach when I finally made my way back to my quarters at 3 AM.

The next day we had to take leave of this beautiful island. We had enjoyed and experienced a great deal. This wonderful holiday had come to an end. We were all of the same mind, that after the war we would return to this island as civilians. We were all agreed on that point.

For more about Werner Mork's experiences during the war see:

<http://www.dansetzer.us/Mork/>

Print the complete address in plain block letters in the panel below, and your return address in the space provided. Use typewriter, dark ink, or pencil. Write plainly. Very small writing is not suitable.



To
M. SETZER PHN 4C
NORFOLK NAVAL HOSP.
PORTSMOUTH,
VIRGINIA

From
Sgt. H. Setzer 33064382
3700 Brook Green Rd
Apt. 650, S.P.M. N.Y.
March 10, 1944

Dear Mick,
your mail has kinda slowed up a bit but I did get the package of film you sent me. Thanks a lot. One of the boys in the post office went on a rest leave today so I helped out down there. I really had a swell time. It was a change from my work. I suppose one of the other boys will be back so I guess I'm no more mail man. This is just a continuation of the answer as to what I do over here. I don't think I wrote you about the rest leave I had. It was only five days but I sure enjoyed it. Where I went was a place that you have heard of many times. Its famous in song, legend, and history. Its a very beautiful place and different from any place I've seen in Europe. Before the war only the rich could afford to go there. Now its only men from the Air Force. We had real beds there with clean white sheets, a mattress, and even a pillow. I lived in what was once a Villa. At meal time we were waited on by civilians, and all out of plates. You could buy ice cream at 20 cents a plate too, there. All in all it was a little paradise. I wish I could tell you where it is but it just can't be done. Well, I guess thats all for now.
Hymie

6390

MAR 1 1944

Date

Issued to H. Setzer
name

Sgt
rank

33064382
ASN

This is your PASS-BOOK for all activities in connection with your Rest Camp leave of 7 days

U S AIR FORCES REST CAMPS