



"What d'ya mean - LET'S GO! - ?"
 "In che senso DATEVI UNA MOSSA ?"

While in Cesena my fellows had found a deserted mansion and moved in. It was most impressive but what charmed them most of all was the fact that it had a well-stocked cellar. It was obvious that we would not be allowed to keep it and I was right for we were immediately told to vacate, as the palace was required for the Corps HQ.

Needless to say in vacating a considerable quantity of the cellar contents mysteriously found their way into the platoon stores and this came useful for our Xmas dinner held shortly afterwards when in the Pommy tradition the Officer and his Sergeants served the other ranks with their turkey and plumb pudding.

Just after the dinner was ended and while the servers were doing the washing up the enemy visited us with an air raid when they dropped a bomb on our explosives magazine, which we had located, in an empty area adjacent to our billets.

No one was injured except we found the platoon cook lying flat and rigid near the cook-house. We thought he had been the only casualty and rushed him to the medics, but he returned the next morning diagnosed as being drunk!

Regardless of this he had done a wonderful job, always providing hot food for the working Sappers when they needed it under impossible conditions; I put him up for a mention, which he well deserved.

People in Story by Lt. A.W.G. Hunter
 MBA, in Background to story: Army
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"A brewery and not a plumber in the crowd!"
 "Una birreria... e nemmeno un idraulico fra di noi!"

Mentre eravamo a Cesena, i miei compagni avevano trovato una una grande casa e vi si erano trasferiti. Era molto imponente, ma ciò che li aveva attratti maggiormente era la cantina, molto ben rifornita. Era evidente che non ci avrebbero permesso di restare; infatti ci fu subito chiesto di andarcene.

E' inutile dire che quando ce ne andammo una considerevole quantità del contenuto della cantina sparì nei magazzini del plotone e si rivelò assai utile per il pranzo di Natale.

La cena era appena finita e gli inservienti stavano lavando i piatti, quando ci fu un raid aereo ed una bomba cadde sul deposito degli esplosivi, collocato in uno spazio adiacente ai nostri alloggi.

Nessuno fu ferito ad eccezione del cuoco, che ritrovammo steso a terra, accanto alle cucine. Pensammo fosse l'unica vittima dell'incursione e lo portammo all'unità medica. Ma egli tornò il mattino seguente con una diagnosi di ubriachezza.

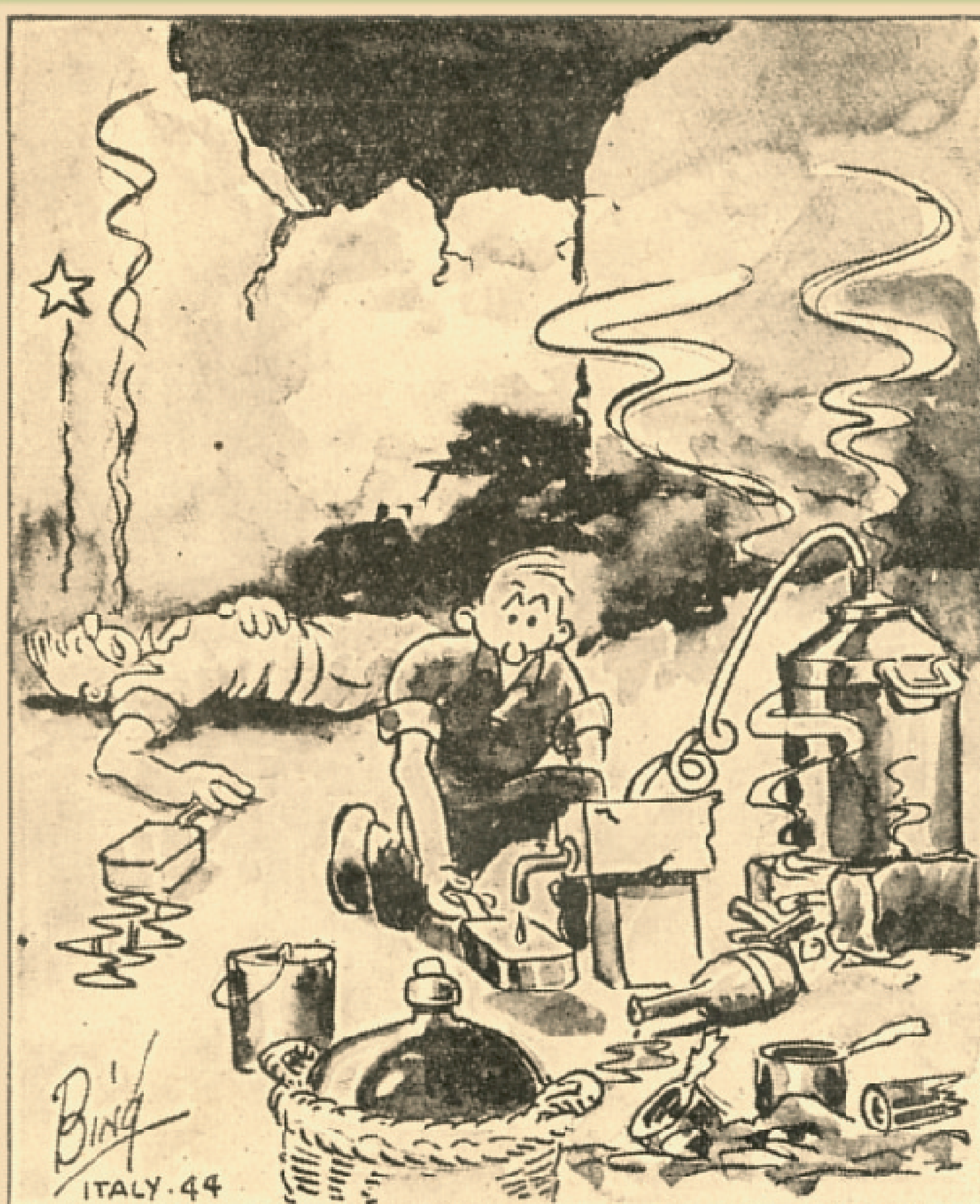
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"Hang on to the cat. We'll test this one next."
 "Tieni stretto il gatto. Questa la proviamo adesso."



"Must be purty tough on the lads in Holland. All they've got to put in their water bottles is water!"
 "Dev'essere piuttosto dura per i ragazzi in Olanda. Non hanno altro che acqua da mettere nelle loro borracce!"



"How's it taste, Smitty?"
 "Che sapore ha, Smitty?"

