



" Betcha 10 bucks the Censors cut it down to - activity was confined to routine patrol skirmishing ! - "

" Scommetto 10 testoni che la censura lo ricurrà ad un semplice: - Ordinarie scaramucce fra pattuglie ! - "



" Here comes a MOANIN' what ? " " Sta arrivando una GNAOW cosa ? "



" You think they're bad, eh ? Nothing like the flies in Sicily. They came in escorted by Messerschmidts ! "

" Trovi che siano cattive, vero ? Sono niente a confronto con le mosche in Sicilia. Arrivavano scortate dai Messerschmidts ! "



" I don't give a damn how many you've brought down. I'll have no notches in the guns ! " " Non m'importa un fico secco di quanti ne hai tirati giù. Non voglio tacche sui cannoni ! "

I wrote that the Italian Cremona group had come in to our sector and we had moved back I think about a mile and a half. The Italian group were the size of a brigade and were equipped with British transport and equipment. Doug Weir who was a captain at this time, could tell this segment much better than I. Doug was an observation officer and I would think he helped train the Italians and saw that defensive fire plans were laid out so that the Germans would not be able to put forth a major counter attack. Doug Weir had some hairy moments with the Italians and recalled that some forward positions changed hands a few times. The Italians thought because a lot of noise quite near to them that something should be done immediately. It sounded like a counter attack was forming up. Doug brought down close fire on the immediate area and a cow fell out of the bush quite dead. No counter attack but a once noisy cow now quite still.

Memoirs of Gordie Bannerman, World War II, N° 141

Gli italiani del gruppo Cremona si erano insediati nel nostro settore e noi eravamo arretrati di circa un miglio e mezzo...

Doug era un ufficiale osservatore e penso che aiutasse gli italiani nell'addestramento...

Doug Weir si trovò in alcune situazioni pericolose con gli italiani e ricorda che gli avamposti passarono parecchie volte di mano. A causa di parecchio fracasso vicino alle loro posizioni, gli italiani pensarono si dovesse subito intervenire. Sembrava un contrattacco. Doug ordinò il fuoco nella zona vicina ed una mucca, in un cespuglio, cadde a terra morta. Nessun contrattacco, ma una mucca, un tempo assai inquieta, ora immobile.

Memorie di Gordie Bannerman



SCIE DI POLVERE - FUOCO DI MORTAIO - PROCEDERE LENTAMENTE

We were little more than robots as we leaned into the rain, our eyes glued to the ground, wishing we were elsewhere, when the sudden, sharp rattle of a machine gun close at hand sent us flying into the drainage ditch (fortunately a wide and deep one allowing us to take cover on its banks without being under water). Then we realized it was only a Princess Louise Fusiliers Vickers MG set up in a barnyard that had opened up in a harassing shoot. Not one of the eight reinforcements who joined us at Urbino threw themselves into the ditch in a frantic flight for safety. Instead, they stood there on the road looking down at us with dumb looks on their faces, as if to say, "What's all the excitement about?" We, who they should have been looking up to, crawled out with sheepish grins on our faces and took our rightful places back in the column. What a bunch of lousy veterans we must have looked to them. Before long, however, they'd be just like us, galvanized into action at the slightest hint of danger. As we continued on our way I couldn't help but think of one of Bing Coughlin's "Herbie" cartoons from the Maple Leaf (one where Herbie and his mates race frantically for their slit-trenches while a newcomer to the outfit stands out in the open with his kit-bag, large pack and rifle on the ground by his side, looking at them in bewilderment, exclaiming, "A moaning what?"). We learned long ago that at times like this, ignorance too often spelled death. I got to thinking; could this kind of ignorance be the reason why reinforcements were often knocked off at a greater rate than the guys who had been around long enough to know when to get the hell under cover and get there fast?

Not All of Us Were Brave by Stan Scislowski
Assault across the Lamone river, pages 307-308

Eravamo poco più che robot - curvi sotto la pioggia, gli occhi fissi sul terreno, augurandoci di essere altrove quando, all'improvviso, il rumore di una mitragliatrice nelle vicinanze, ci fece correre a precipizio nel fossato... Neanche uno dei rimpiazzati che si era unito a noi ad Urbino si era gettato nel fosso, in un volo disperato verso la salvezza. Erano, invece, rimasti là sulla strada e guardavano noi con uno sguardo muto nei loro volti, come per dire: "Perché tutta questa confusione?"... E mentre continuavamo per la nostra strada, non potei fare a meno di pensare alla vignetta "Herbie" di Bing Coughlin sul Maple Leaf, quella in cui Herbie e i suoi compagni corrono disperatamente verso la trincea, mentre il nuovo arrivato all'unità se ne sta fermo all'aperto, li guarda con stupore ed esclama: "Una gnaow, cosa?"...

Not All of us were brave di Stan Scislowski - pag. 307

Improving Weather in Italy Steps Up Patrol Skirmishes

Rome, Jan. 12 (CP)—The entire Italian front has stirred with sharp patrol action under improving weather conditions, the Allied Command announced today. Canadian units of the British 8th Army increased the battle tempo along the Reno River, where they face the Germans at the southern end of the narrow spit of land separating Lake Comacchio and the Adriatic, while other 8th Army units to the south sent out patrols, as did the 5th Army in the Bologna region to the west. One strong American party slipped into the hamlet of Barchetta near Highway 65, less than 10 miles south of Bologna, and found the town unoccupied, but a few minutes later drew a barrage of enemy fire from high ground north of the town. This thrust marked the furthest Allied advance up the main Florence-Bologna Highway to date. Another American patrol in the area of Disota, west of Highway 65, had a hand-to-hand combat with the enemy fought at such close quarters that it wound up as a fist fight. One 8th Army party tried to capture a railway bridge at Cotignola near the Senio River, seven miles north of the Town of Faenza, but met extremely heavy resistance and was unable to make headway. South of Fusignano, where the Germans have maintained a vigorous defense for weeks, a small enemy unit infiltrated into British positions, but was driven out. Fusignano is three miles north of Canadian-captured Bagnacavallo.



" Remember the Jerry patrol we shot up las' night ? Well, I found part of it ! "

" Te la ricordi la pattuglia tedesca che abbiamo preso di mira ieri notte ? Be', ne ho trovato un pezzo ! "