

# *The D-Day Dodgers*

**First Released: 2001**

From the time Canadian troops landed in Sicily in July 1943, through to the epic battle of Ortona and beyond, the Italian Campaign was front page news.

However, after the D-Day invasion of France on June 6, 1944, Italy became the forgotten war. For the rest of the campaign - another year of bitter and bloody struggle - the Canadians toiled in virtual anonymity.

The Allied troops in Italy, in a questionable jest, became known as the D-Day Dodgers. The nickname implied that the troops in Italy were avoiding the “real” war in France. Some of the boys in Italy considered the name a bit of a slur, so they put out an extremely clever and sarcastic response to the catchy tune of the famous wartime song, *Lili Marlène*, which was well-known to the fighting men.

*The D-Day Dodgers* music video features rarely used archival film of the soldiers during some of the “happier times” of the war. These powerful images of camaraderie, youth, friendship, and “bravery in the face of danger” are in very touching, almost haunting contrast to the images of war with which they are juxtaposed. The song tells much of the story of what the Canadians and the Allies did in the Sicilian and Italian Campaigns.

This version of *The D-Day Dodgers* song was produced especially for The War Amps two-hour documentary called, *A War of Their Own*.

## **Awards:**

Platinum Award – 2001 Worldfest-Houston (Texas)

Gold Camera Award – 2001 U.S. International Film & Video Festival (Illinois)



# *The D-Day Dodgers*

(Featured in The War Amps documentary, *A War of Their Own*)

We are the D-Day Dodgers, way out in Italy,  
Always on the vino, and always on the spree.  
Eighth Army scroungers and their tanks,  
We live and rove among the Yanks,  
We are the D-Day Dodgers, in sunny Italy.

We fought into Agira, a holiday with pay;  
Jerry brought his bands out, to cheer us on our way,  
Showed us the sights and gave us tea,  
We all sang songs, the beer was free,  
We are the D-Day Dodgers, in sunny Italy.

The Moro and Ortona were taken in our stride,  
We didn't really fight there; we went there for the ride.  
Sleeping till noon and playing games,  
We live in Rome with lots of dames.  
We are the D-Day Dodgers, in sunny Italy.

On our way to Florence, we had a lovely time,  
We drove a bus from Rimini, right through the Gothic Line.  
Then to Bologna we did go,  
We all went swimming in the Po,  
We are the D-Day Dodgers, in sunny Italy.

Look around the mountains in the mud and rain,  
See the scattered crosses, there's some that have no name.  
Heartbreak and toil, and suffering gone,  
The boys beneath and slumber on.  
They are the D-Day Dodgers, who stay in Italy.  
They are the D-Day Dodgers, who stay in Italy.