

TRUST

Did you ever wonder if you could turn back the clock,
Go back to that special time in years gone by?
When would it be? What could it be
That Brings back a smile, or a wistful sigh?

If I could stop the clock, go back in time,
Nineteen Fifty-One would be my year.
Life was good, the future looked bright,
Never was a time so dear.

I was just a lowly soldier in a foreign land.
But it was a truly great and special place.
A beautiful city, none could ever compare.
Wonderful, exciting, and full of grace.

Trieste was a jewel, a precious gem,
It was called the Pearl of the Adriatic Sea.
People were needy but they had hearts of gold.
They were friendly, loyal, and sincere as could be.

There was Opicina for maneuvers and for drinking wine.
Dreher Beer was near, Sistiana Beach wasn't far.
The Hanger Club, which brought us a hint of home.
Pino's Bar, Barcola, and Miramare.

The Nazionale, with movies for all to see.
Food and drink were cheap, we had a ball.
The Bora blew, but snowflakes were few.
The Old Town was tempting, but "Off Limits" to all.

We were soldiers and we served with pride.
We set the example in demeanor and dress.
We represented America and our way of life.
We would strive for the best and nothing less.

What wonderful memories of joyful times.
Adventures we'll remember for all our lives.
And who can forget those sweet and charming girls?
So many would become our loving wives.

Yes, If I could. somehow, turn back the years,
That is where and when I would want to be.
Trieste in Nineteen Hundred and Fifty-One.
That time and place means so much to me.

Frank Montoya
23rd Quartermaster Company
TRUST, 1949–52