

Mr Bill Crawley

A Poem By Henry Crawley (His Father) Known as (Harry) .

Who fought during the first World War.

Who Won the War and Why.

You want me to tell you a story
Of who won the war and why?
Well your Granddad aint quite what he was boy,
But as you wants the truth, well I'll try,
There's some things we'd like to forget lad,
There's things that your memory keep green,
Though they say I've "The Tap" I remember,
What happened in August fourteen.

You say you've read all the histories,
Of who started the war, and when.
But you can't find out who just won it
and why they won it - and when.
You comes to your poor old Granddad
Who'll tell you the truth, as you knows,
Just wait till I've had my Quinine lad,
Twenty grains, that's better, here goes.

You see it was like this, the Germans,
Though they'd like all the earth to run,
So they started by walking through Belgium,
Into France, Now look her my son,
Its no use you interrupting
And telling me you knows all that,
I'm telling the story, not you see.
And I'm telling the truth, compare that.

Its never been put in the histories
And the War Office records don't show

The why and the wherefore of winning
But I was there, so I know.
I was going to say when you stopped me
They bunged our lads over to France,
And stopped Old Fritzzy in his travels
And led him a hell of a dance.

We were keeping him busy, when Turkey,
thought she'd like to come in the show
Then Italy wanted a flutter
Don't interrupt, you don't know.
Then old Johnny Bulgar got busy
And Servia, well, Servia 'went west',
So they sent some of us out to help them,
I was one of 'em, one of the best.

Its a hell of a country, excuse me,
When I thinks of all I've gone through,
In a country called Macedonia
well, my language, it aint fit for you.
We stewed in the sun in the daytime
And we froze in the cold wintry nights
And a hundred point four with 'Dingy'
We didn't enjoy ourselves, quite.

And each day we read in the paper,
How the boys out there in the West,
With their tanks and planes and gas shells
Were spoiling old Fritzzy's rest.
While we out here in far Macedonia
Were doing ourselves, really fine,
Yes, with dysentery, dingy, and such like,
M & D, Castor Oil and Quinine.

We all stuck it as best we were able
We went into dock and came out.
Did Con Camps, and Rest Camps and stunts which,
As kids you knows nothing about.
Why - your Grandpa once wangled the 'Y' scheme,
And his prospects for Blighty were gay,
But they tumbled he hadn't had malaria
So they gave him a board, marked him 'A'.

Did I ever come home on leave boy?
Did I leave Salaplonk, Did I hell!
Have you ever seen oysters

Come out for a walk from its shell,
It was like this with us, we were fixtures,
We was in but we couldn't get out.
And the chances we had of leaving
Was nothing to shout about.

Years rolled by, still we waited.
They said we were having a rest,
A basking all day in the sunshine
While the boys did the work in the West.
We'll admit they were doing some scrapping
And at times catching Fritz on the bend,
But they never seemed to get nearer
What we wanted to see was 'The End'.

You see we worked it out this way.
If we made Johnny Bulgar collapse,
We could tie the Turk up and he'd chuck it
The we might get to Blighty, perhaps.
'Course the Austrians, they would be easy,
And without all the others, the Hun
Wouldn't stand very long on his lonesome
And the Blooming old war would be won.

Well, we got fairly fed up with waiting,
So one day without any fuss
We went out and soused Johnny Bulgar,
We thought it was right up to us.
Gave him one in the neck, a good 'un,
Got him groggy and well on the run,
In a fortnight he'd chucked the old sponge up,
And that's how the war was won.

You've asked for a story, you've got it,
Who won the war, now you can see,
Never mind what it says in the books, boy,
When you want the truth come to me,
Now you wants to know 'Why' we won it,
The reply you must surely perceive,
The Salonica Force won the war, boy,
cos they couldn't get home on leave.