

## Germany by John Broadhurst

Our trip to Germany was the first,  
As onto the European scene we burst.  
An overnight stop in Belgium I recall,  
Finding our campsite, not exactly a ball.  
A three point turn with a caravan, just about the last word,  
Especially when the mud flap got caught in the kerb.  
Round and round and round we went,  
Somehow luckily ending up in Gent.  
On arrival we made straight for the site's shower room,  
Only to be told it had gone 'Caput boom!'  
From then on all went fairly well.  
Our destination, a town on the Moselle called Zell.  
That they didn't like the British they didn't actually say,  
But other compatriots who called were quickly turned away.  
Christa had booked us a place on the site,  
Otherwise, I'm sure, we too well might  
Have been searching high and low,  
For another suitable place to go.  
We were woken one night by an awful hullabaloo,  
It was only next morning the truth we knew.  
For, on the next plot,  
Were a criminal lot,  
Arrested by police in the middle of the night;  
By the noise they made, they must have put up a fight.  
We had one outing to the ancient town of Trier,  
Travelling on a road made by Hitler in his early career.  
I remember a picnic by the roadside on the grass,  
Eating lots of yoghurt as the traffic hurtled past.  
Nothing more of significance springs to mind,  
But the homeward journey proved to be a real bind.  
To put it mildly, it gave me the hump,  
The failure of the Maxi's water pump.  
This was something for which we did not bargain,  
But luckily it happened near the town of Aachen.  
For there, of all the places we had been  
Was only the second Leyland garage that we had seen.  
In the back of their workshop hidden away  
Was a Maxi, identical to ours in every way.  
With water pump exchanged,  
AA Five Star payment arranged,  
We were even escorted back to our campsite,  
Where counted ourselves fortunate, that night.

We came here and drank the 'New' wine,  
Expecting to drink from a stein,  
We had onion cake,  
No British beef steak,  
But we all of us had a good time!