

THE ROAD TO LAE.

It was a bright and starlete night, when we landed on the beach
We knew we had to fight, as we had our town to reach,
We laboured, swore, and sweated, for a place to hit the hay,
But before the dawn had broken, we were on the road to Lae.

Our packs were large and heavy, but we marched with measured tread,
For all the boys could savy our goal lay far ahead.
At last we stopped for dinner, and all got settled pat,
But there's no rest for a sinner, a zero saw to that.

So soon our rest was over, once more we hit the road,
But our track was not all clover, so we lightened off our load,
For days we struggled on, through rain and mud, and heat,
to catch the fleeing Nippon, to cause his sure defeat.

The rivers crossed were many, with never a Jap to shoot,
Till we reached the worst of any, which we called the Busu Beaut,
The river was at its height, the men all fought and swore,
But they battled on for all their might, No one could ask for more.

Oft times we met him in the day, the little yellow Jap,
For we knew we had a debt to pay, and wipe him off the map,
We fought in water 3' deep, but never a growl was heard,
For we knew we had a high morale to keep, to beat the Japs

Our feet were sore and blistered, our clothes all wet and sodden,
But we fought on unassisted, our cares and pains forgotten.
At last it came our time to rest, our goal was almost there,
One and all had done his best, and each all their share.

And as the sun was sinking, far in the Western skies,
and all of us were thinking, what would be our next surprise,
Our well earned rest was not to be, for word had come to say
our mates had gone along the sea, and we were almost into Lae.

And once again we started, our marching in the sun,
although some mates had parted, the Battle had been won,
The Japs had all been routed, our goal was reached that day,
The lads stood up and shouted, Thank God for the fall of Lae.

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