

## Old Lue Railway

mgstanley. 2015  
100-year Anniversary Anzac Day.

Soft waving grasses quietly grow,  
caressing the steel where trains did go.

These rusting rails, that I can see  
carried Lue's sons...to Gallipoli.

The bricks are worn, the walls are torn, the roof is barely there,

The Station Master's sign is gone...the waiting room is bare.

But back in eighteen eighty-four, with pomp, and much 'ado.

All painted up, and polished, Lue Railway was brand new.

And so it was the second name of a place called Dungaree, but Lue it is,  
and Lue it stayed, and that's enough for me...

The Railway served the little town, with mail, sheep, wheat, and cattle,

But its saddest days were when it sent her young men into battle...

The Railway welcomed back its men, Cec Bennet, Ron Walker, Albert and Teddy Rope,  
and the last man home, Maloney... (for whom they held a dance)!

Such Anzacs brave, who made it home,

from the slaughterhouse of France...

And standing near the platform now,

I feel their voices near,

Young men about to die, or live,

for an Empire's mad idea,

Brave men all, adventure bound...but not a hint of fear...

I visited Lue in 2015 to see where I was from. The old general store, the old pub, our old cottage. The Railway was in very poor shape internally. Externally not too bad. I stood on the platform and thought of those boys unaware of the dangers ahead, young local men who went away to war, some to their deaths.

Image below by Mike Stanley.

