



# VALE

**Private  
SHANE ROBERT GARDINER**

Died in Motor Cycle accident  
6 October, 1982

## POW'S DAY

No doubt that we were bunnies to swallow all the talk,  
of Yankees at Port Dickson, and Pommy air support,  
They marched us out to Changi, ten thousand men or more,  
the fallen by the roadside, made us yearn for no more war,  
We're planting beans by numbers, sloping arms no more,  
We're through with bloody fighting, for Tojo's topped the score,  
We live in shell torn barracks, minus water, roof or tile,  
the NCOs and pipers, eat with rank and file,  
Our clothes they are most scanty, our trousers ripped and torn,  
we're bloody near as naked, as the day we were born,  
Our charboys they have taken, we sleep on them no more,  
there is naught for us to do, but dose upon the floor,  
We rise around eight hundred, and creep down to the tong,  
We think of old Rexona, and hope it won't be long,  
We fall in the 'A' parade, and answer to our names,  
it's stand at ease, stand easy, then the OC cries again,  
You're still in the AIF lads, and no matter where you go,  
the Government of Australia expects you to earn your dough,  
Next up we have breakfast, our appetites to sate,  
in single file we get it, it's rice upon our plates,  
The greasy babblers moaning, the back-ups standing by,  
and Corporal death a leading, with hunger in his eye,  
Next we're duty company, it's work to make us hard,

collecting meagre rations, or sweeping up the yard,  
Our after lunch siesta is spent in many ways,  
with dreams of steak and onions, we knew in better days,  
We are awakened from our slumber by a voice that's loud and harsh,  
come grab your dirty washing, to the tongs we'll march,  
With shadows of evening falling, there's mates we'll never see,  
then we think of dear old Ausie, our home across the sea,  
The good old swy ups going, we brought it to this land,  
we haven't got much money, but I guess we'll take a hand,  
There goes the pennies sailing, we hear boxer holler,  
but luck is dead against us, and there goes our only dollar,  
Lights out will soon be sounding, and though we are all broke,  
we know that one amongst us will have to light a smoke,  
Homeward to our billets, we wind our weary way,  
to lie upon the concrete, so ends a POW's day.

Harry Penhall (vx 61601)  
Changi Prison Camp  
February 1942  
Pte. Keegan  
Admin. Coy.