

## **The Reunion**

A bunch of Kiwis came by plane, one or two stepped off the train.  
A bus from Brisbane, full of smiles, and cars from Sydney trekked the miles.  
It's Vindi boys reunion time, Nambucca Heads the place,  
Old friends, new friends, everywhere, a smile on every face.

We sang some songs and told some lies and cracked a beer or ten,  
Fell in our bunks, got tip next day, and did it all again.  
We danced the Hokey-Kokey, we twisted and we sang,  
Some did the Macarena in that motley good time gang.

The ladies in their finery paraded in their bonnets,  
While others played some silly games and some recited sonnets.  
The old'uns dodged the bullets as their convoys sailed once more,  
While some were topping derricks before they went ashore.

The food was great, the beer was cold, the setting was serene,  
The sun shone down with gentle breeze to make a perfect scene.  
Some had come from Tassie and from the A.C.T.  
From Adelaide and way out West to join our company.

A couple came from Pommie Land, we gave them quite a cheer,  
It must have been a treat for them to swill some Aussie beer.  
I met some blokes I'd never seen, the tales they told were great,  
That's how it goes with Vindi Boys, we live, we laugh, we're mates.

Time to go, it went too fast, I'll see you all next year.  
A few more jokes, a few more lies, a few more slabs of beer.  
To those who couldn't make it, you really missed a treat,  
So put it in your diary, 'til once again we meet  
To share that Vindi spirit which flows within our veins,  
And always will be present while one of us of us remains.

David Partridge - Sept 2002