

Thunda Downunda

There was thunder downunder in the town of Tanunda
When the Vindi boys gathered again.
A time to tell stories, to re-live old glories and knock back a schooner or ten.
There were icebergs and typhoons and shipwrecks and such
Waves which were thirty feet high
And stories of ships which they didn't like much,
And I swear that not one was a lie.
Friday night was a time for some cheer,
A slap on the back and, 'I'll buy you a beer'.
Meet up with some old friends and make a few more,
A hundred and more must have passed through the door.
There were singers and dancers and some who told jokes,
Even Tommy Cooper was there,
We drank red wine and white wine plus a few Rum'n'Cokes
To go with the beautiful fare.
Winston sang songs and we all joined in too
So we made him sing a few more,
Then we mingled around, told a story or two
'Till they bundled us out of the door.
Saturday night was a formal affair,
The ladies all frocked up with newly-styled hair.
And those Vindi boys too really knew how to dress,
A far, far cry from their days at Sharpness.
As usual our visitors came from a far,
The Kiwis and Pommies were there,
And the sand-gropers traversed the great Nullabor
To join in the merriment here
Sunday came, it was barbecue time,
We did it the real Aussie way,
Said farewell to some, then a sad 'Auld Lang Syne',
Before we called it a day.
To Tony and Anne and the crow-eater gang
You did a great job, take a bow.
The whole weekend went of with bang,
It's a shame that it has to end now.
We'll never forget this weekend of fun
And the mates that we see once a year
The songs and the laughs and the drinks in the sun
Under skies that were sunny and clear
We'll all see each other just twelve months from now at Umina, October 06.
So remember the date, be sure that you're there
And we'll get up to our usual tricks.