

‘BLOODY BRODIE’



My friend Bob! (or as he was more affectionately known to ALL as 'Bloody Brodie')!

I was asked, by Will, to say a few words about my friend Bob, at his memorial service, and I don't really know where to start! - I guess, with a tear in my eye & a big hole in my heart, at the beginning is as good a place as any!

I first met 'Bloody Brodie' at Frank McLeod's house along with Stan Martin back in 1966, all are gone now, and we immediately started arguing! - There never were any polite (I just met you kind of discussions) it was about the inner workings & hidden mechanisms that run this universe, or what was favourite for the Melbourne Cup! - Bloody Brodie (ALWAYS said most affectionately & reverently I might add) was never content to discuss the weather or whatever was topical, it was always earth shattering opinions and straight for the throat contact! - Bob had his opinions & that was it!

At the same time I would get phone calls, from a dear friend, at 2:00+ in the morning & you would here this bit of silence, after you said from a dead sleep 'hello' & then came this soft, low voice "Pringle, you Bastard, how the hell are ya? - I was just thinken about ya & wanted to know how you were going!"
- At 2 am, Brodie, why don't you call at a decent hour, you @\$&*%? - "I never know when you're gonna be home & I can usually catch ya around this time"! - Then came that little laugh and all was well!

Bob was simply, from day one, my best friend! - If I never needed ANYTHING all I had to do was ask Bob. I was there when you were born Will! - Not at the hospital of course, but I was the 1st place he stopped, on the way home, with a couple of large bottles of Melbourne Bitter to 'wet the baby's head!' - I was there when they brought you home & straight up to my place with you (I just lived up the street by the way)! - He was so proud and he had your life planned from day one, believe me! You were going to be a star for the Blackhawks! - We were not there when the girls and Craig were born as we had moved to Alice Springs but he was always 1st on the phone with the good news! - God knows he loved you kids!

He was there when the police knocked on the front door in Kooyong to tell my wife & I our 1 year old baby daughter had just died & I was there when Linda left us. These are 'earth shattering' life situations that link & bind people for eternity! - I was there just after he was burned and he wanted me to take him out of the hospital because they didn't know what they were doing & were poisoning him! - He then came up to Alice Springs & stayed with us for several months to recuperate. I wasn't there when he died however. I know it's not much of an excuse but I now live in Ireland! - I do know that all of his family, that he loved so very much, were there to see him on his way. He was in good company and I was always there in spirit!

I was in Melbourne for a conference once, staying with them of course, as he wouldn't let you stay anywhere else, when the airline pilots went on strike and wouldn't ya know it, he insisted I take his brand

new Toyota 4X4, his wife and ALL the kids and drive it ALL THE WAY back up to ALICE SPRINGS! - Which I did! - I flew down to Melbourne for a visit, in my plane, one time and he insisted I take Craig back to Alice Springs for some company on the flight home, which I did!

When we used to visit Bob & Lynda, when they lived and practiced in Footscray, there were always patients everywhere. He was always looking after someone, especially the old timers that couldn't afford care. There was always some one in the kitchen having a beer or cleaning up etc. The place was alive & buzzing! That was Brodie! - He was alive & buzzing all the time! - Pedal to the Metal, that was Bloody Brodie!

Brodie, you bastard, you could have looked after yourself a bit better and been around for a bit longer, but I guess that wasn't you!

PS: I could be here for the rest of the day talking about my friend Bob but they say brevity is brilliance, not one of my strongest points, so I'll say good by to him for now. Where ever he is, in heaven or hell, Bloody Brodie will be running the place, having a fag & a beer, looking after someone that needs an adjustment and most likely taking bets on what will win the cup! - Save me a seat old friend & put in a good word, it won't be all that long & we'll be joining ya!

- Paul Pringle,
formerly the 'Flying Chiropractor' of Alice Springs, now of Belfast, Ireland

CHIROPRACTIC



Most young boys tend to hero-worship their fathers. The realisation that he isn't greater than Superman is a challenging rite of passage during adolescence, and once you have gone through it, you can truly appreciate the person who is your male parent. For me, this transition was made more difficult by the fact that grown-up adult-type persons kept reinforcing my childish belief in my father's superpowers.

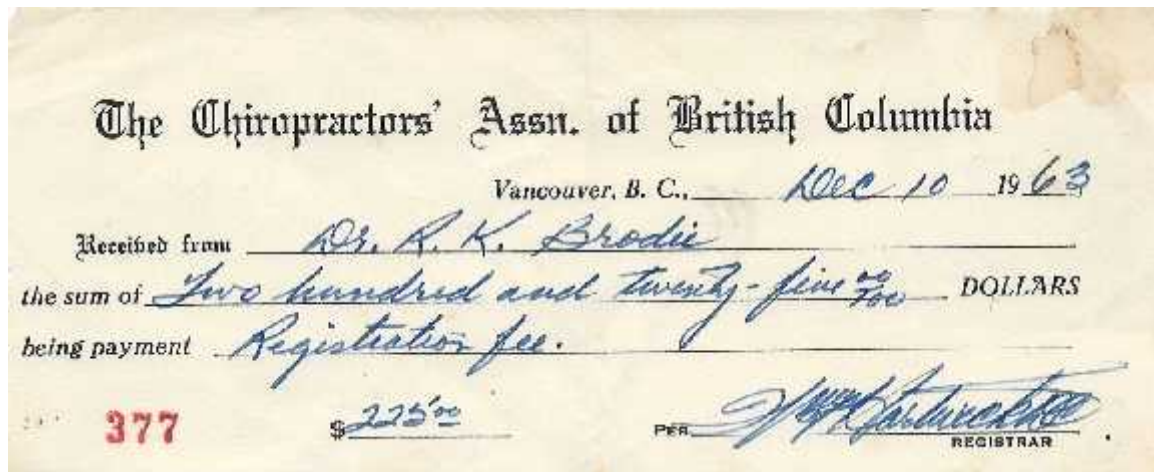
At every Christmas party at my Dad's Footscray clinic Bob Brodie was praised to me, literally, as a 'saviour' and 'miracle-worker'. The saved – often meatworkers and racing industry battlers, depended on their bodies as the tools of their trades, and debilitating pain had threatened their livelihoods. Time after time, awe-stricken worshippers would tell me that they had spent years seeking relief before Dad 'magically' fixed them.

As the offspring of such a popular, charismatic divinity, I was afforded a kind of vicarious honour. They wondered if I had inherited The Gift (alas no - but Bob's youngest son Robert has, and is just completing his studies in chiropractic.)

Dad used to scoff at the adulation, saying that the hordes of "fixed" workers had merely been properly diagnosed and treated for the first time, instead of being fobbed off with pills and platitudes by indifferent doctors. He would explain the simple structural reason for their ailment, and how simple it was to treat.

But, as Doug Emerson put it, Bob became a "superstar" of chiropractic in the 70s. His clinic became a behemoth, growing rapidly via word of mouth. Despite conducting some of his business via the bartering system – the freezer was full of meat for Christmas by June – Dad's practice became one of the busiest and most successful in the country. The kudos was well-earned – Dad was a vigorous and hands-on adjuster, but also a gifted 'people person' genuinely keen to help his patients, and addicted to helping those less well-off.

When kindergarten teacher Marion Sixsmith met Bob at the Pioneer Hotel on a Saturday in the early 1970s, her back was so sore she had not sat down for weeks, and she was wearing a 'surgical corset'. She was contemplating radical orthopaedic surgery after suffering the pain all of her life. After hearing about her pain, Bob reopened his clinic specifically to treat her. Marion, now 84, says that because of Bob's ongoing treatment, she has never again experienced the pain she lived with for the first half of her life. Marion and Bob became close friends - in recalling Dad she talked of "the love and the fun we had".



There was no tempering this love that patients had for Bob. Many became close friends, and I always secretly suspected many returned for a chat as much as a consultation once they were remedied.

Despite personal travails and financial missteps, Dad's popularity as a practitioner followed him to Pakenham, where his unique combination of empathy and skill was well-suited to the farmers and tradesmen of the outer suburbs and bush.

Dad often worked for free, and not always in a clinic. Often an impromptu consultation was undertaken in a public bar, backyard or campsite. Greyhounds and thoroughbreds were brought to his healing hands.

Towards the end of his life, Dad downplayed his work, telling me that he had not cured or fixed his patients, he had merely helped them feel a bit better for a while and enabled them to get back to work. He even worried that he had been too fierce with some of his adjustments. By then, I was a middle-aged man, trained to objectively assess the validity of apocryphal and colourful legends, to root out the hyperbole and exaggeration from tall tales.

But when I reminded Dad of those Christmas party testimonials, and the love he inspired amongst his patients, he didn't argue.

He had not been a superman, but he had been a damned fine chiropractor. He had helped a hell of a lot of people, eased their pain, helped keep their families afloat. That was a legacy worth cherishing.

By then, I loved and respected him and his work, knowing all his faults and foibles. That was better for me than having him as a pedestal-bound icon.

But for countless patients who became friends, Dad remained a hero.

BOB'S SISTER VALERIE



Bill Brodie + son Bob

Bob's sisters, Marcia and Valerie, send our sympathies to everyone at the Friday, 18th of November, gathering. Bob would want you all to have a happy and convivial time this afternoon.

Marcia and I spent last weekend together to celebrate our brother's life. Bob was 6 years younger than Val and 6 years older than Marci, so he was well supervised. Our father Bill, died when Bob was 12 years old. They were very close and shared a love of music, baseball, hockey and of life, in all its varieties. At Dad's memorial service, totally unscripted, Bob stood up and said "Goodbye, Dad, you were the Best".

Marci and I started our memory ride around Vancouver. First to the family home, then to Bob's high school, Magee Secondary, the homes of some of his friends, and finally to the Point Grey Golf Club for lunch. Bob caddied there all through high school and was mentored there by the pro, William Goldsworth. Before Bob left Vancouver for his Chiropractic training in Toronto, he had had become the Canadian Junior Golf Champion.

So, please raise your glasses for a toast to our champion brother, Bob, Goodbye Bob, you were the best.

- Valerie Gaetanne (Brodie, Bob's sister)

SAYINGS

Dad had a handful of aphorisms he liked to quote. Famous US football coach Vince Lombardi got a run: “Winners never quit and quitters never win”.

Later in life, he took a fancy to the following words from philosopher Ralph Waldo Emerson. By the criteria listed here, Dad’s life was a ‘success’.

"The definition of success--To laugh much; to win respect of intelligent persons and the affections of children; to earn the approbation of honest critics and endure the betrayal of false friends; to appreciate beauty; to find the best in others; to give one's self; to leave the world a little better, whether by a healthy child, a garden patch, or a redeemed social condition.; to have played and laughed with enthusiasm, and sung with exultation; to know even one life has breathed easier because you have lived--this is to have succeeded."

ANIMALS



Bob enjoyed the more laidback, less uptight nature of Australian life when he arrived down under in 1965. The story goes that Bob and Linda had not intended to settle here, but having arrived with \$17 in their collective pockets, they were compelled to work, and before too long, the birth of child number one (Will) further postponed a return to Canada. By 1967, it was apparent that any subsequent trip to Canada would be a visit, not a homecoming.

An educated professional with a taste for classical music, playing violin and reciting poetry, Bob was nonetheless always drawn as much to the company of practical working men, as white collar captains of industry.

When he began his Footscray clinic, the region was dominated by the huge Kensington abattoir, now a housing estate, and the iconic Flemington racecourse. The meatworkers and racing industry battlers became his patients, neighbours and friends.

With the Pioneer Hotel (now a set of apartments) as a local, overlooking both Flemington and the abattoir, Dad soon became an avid racing fan. In those days, several small-scale trainers still had stables in backyards near to the track. The Lechemere family ran one such operation in Kensington and before long Bob was a close mate and raced some horses with them. A contrary beast named Lona Hall was the best of them. Out of the sire Albert Hall, Bob had wanted the nag to be known as “Long Haul”, but someone’s poor handwriting on a VRC form led to the odd name. Bob was always a confident, bold punter, usually

backing roughies. When Lona Hall ran second at 125-1 at Caulfield, the pinnacle of Dad's ownership career, he was the only punter on course collecting.

Bob didn't often collect on course. That was done on Tuesdays at the Victoria Club, where punters and bookies like Graeme Sampieri settled in less frenzied surrounds. It was all white table cloths and oak panelling there. But after his taste of the toff's life, Dad would return to the pubs, kitchens and his practice to see the trainers, strappers, and jockeys who had the good oil and sore bodies.

Dad treated, for free, a young jockey who had been paralysed when his mount collapsed in front of the field in a race at Caulfield. He was acutely aware of how few people prospered from the 'sport of kings'.

One of Dad's closest friends was a former jumps jockey, Keith Parris. Keith had endured many heavy falls in races and life, as evidenced by his damaged hand – basically a rock hard claw consisting of a thumb and enlarged forefinger. Despite working through some rough and tumble times, Keith was gently spoken and quiet, and drank to "an elegant sufficiency" rather than a rowdy excess. Dad delivered the informal, heartfelt eulogy when Keith passed away after surviving into his 90s, in 2005. His performance that day ensured that there would be words at his own memorial.



Bob's equine obsession was soon passed on to his family. The first horse to come on the scene was a gigantic ex-pacer saved from the abattoir and briefly paraded in Mountain View Street North Balwyn before becoming a happily feral resident at the Noojee camping bush 'farm'. 'Meatball' was a typical Dad stray, but he was famous enough to grace a sign Bob commissioned from a lifelong mate - which proclaimed Meatball to be "by Hindquarters out of Mincer".

Later more illustrious (quarter) horses came to the Upper Beaconsfield property as Linda, Ngaire and Meghan took to riding and joined the pony club.

But Dad was always a sucker for a stray. There were rarely fewer than two dogs and cats in a Brodie household. He became so well known for taking in the unwanted, that more than one canine friend came into the fold after being dumped by a stranger over the back fence at Footscray.

To the end, Bob owned mongrels, 'bitsers', and cast-offs, giving a home to those which had none. He was drawn to the helpless and needy in the animal world as well as the human society, where he was often seen donating time and money to the ne'er do well everyone else had given up on. He got pretty grumpy with his last pet, escapologist Ringer. But there was still a strong bond, and Ringer's madness is more than matched by his sweetness.

When you back roughies, you don't need to win very often. But in such relationships, Dad wasn't really interested in a return, anyway.

JOHN AND VAL MOSS



Dear Brodie

So long, mate. It was really good to know you. You were a true and loyal friend and we shared some great times together. As founding members of the SAMGAFFERS (for the uninitiated - Seekers After Money, Good Anecdotes, Fine Food, Excellent Reds & Sex) we shared many a long Friday lunch at the La Cacciatora scoffing Bolognese Cutlets with fat chips for 10 shillings and ending up at Jimmy Watson's for coffee and a glass or three of Liqueur Muscat. That was living! But we wouldn't get away with it today so you're not missing out.

And what would Noojee have been without you, Brodie? You may have been born a Canuck, but Noojee was your spiritual home. We'll never forget the episode of the tiger snake crossing the river towards the women and kids who were enjoying a healthy dip in the nuddy on a hot day. Amidst screams and panic you grabbed a shovel and, without a thought for your own naked vulnerability, clobbered the beast a couple of times, and sent it on its way to reptile heaven. Much to everyone's relief.

Yes, the good times were many and varied and we could go on and on.

We'll miss you, mate. Just stay out of trouble in whatever after-life pub you find yourself in, because we won't be there to bail you out.

Vale

- **John and Val Moss**

SPORT



Bob Brodie loved sport. Many sports. He had a go at ice hockey, which eventually delivered him friends, a camping scene, and he was good at it. Bob's sister Val startled us after his passing by informing us that Dad had been the Canadian Junior Golf Champion before leaving Vancouver to study chiropractic in Toronto, on the other side of Canada. He was also a keen baseballer (pitcher) and basketballer. There weren't many games he didn't have a go at.

Once down under, Bob He took to the weird antipodean pastimes with relish. He had met some friends through playing hockey with the Blackhawks, then based at St Kilda's late, lamented St Moritz, and this motley crew met at Carlton restaurant La Cacciatora every Thursday, their long lunches usually extending well past dinner time. This group tagged themselves the 'SAMGAFFERS' - 'seekers after money, good anecdotes, fine food, excellent reds and sex' - and eventually they began spending time with each others' families on the weekends. In 1972, the Samgaffers and some other friends had the visionary idea to collectively buy their own property to camp upon. They bought 'Yabulu Downs', (formerly 'Flanigan's Flats') from local farmer Norm Bransgrove, snaring a magnificently scenic 126 acre plot on the LaTrobe River just east of the tiny timber town of Noojee.



One Australia Day in the early 70s, a group of mainly English friends of John Bryers came to visit camp for a barbecue, and ended up contesting an impromptu game of cricket, played with a tennis ball in the cow paddock. Some of the Canadians had to be informed that their time at the crease was over when the ball hit the stumps - they thought that just meant 'strike one' - but the game became a hotly contested annual classic, complete with trophy - the Noojee Cup.

It was a unique event - every child, woman and bloke in camp on the day had a turn at the crease - and an innings usually consisted of 40 or more wickets. The games were a mixture of laidback laugh-fest, and the most ferociously contested sport imaginable. The winning captain was ceremoniously dunked in the river before the campfire was stoked for the evening's lengthy post-mortem. The Poms, who had the services of a former junior county player, the dapper and skilful Lew, won the trophy several times in a row, and when the Canucks and Aussies finally broke through, the celebrations were not unlike the nation's joy shortly after when the America's Cup was wrested from the Yanks for the first time.

The tennis-ball cricket styles of each Canadian were notable. Bob fashioned himself on Dennis Lillee, and utilized a melodramatic, meandering, 50 metre run-up. Though Dad's deliveries were not as rapid as Mr Lillee's, the production was just as memorable. Bob the cricketer was nicknamed "Dennis Crowfoot".

In 1981, Bob was one of the privileged few who saw one of the great days of Test cricket at the MCG, when Kim Hughes scored a century, and DK Lillee stunned the mighty West Indies with four wickets before stumps, including the great Viv Richards with the last ball of the day's play.

Bob made several such trips from Upper Beaconsfield to sporting events, some poor, ill-informed soul acting as designated driver for a bus-full of hard-drinking fans. One other trip was to a Barry Michaels title fight at the Melbourne Town Hall.

Bob had retained an interest in boxing - he said his Dad had made him spar in the kitchen as a boy - and he treated world champion Johnny Famechon during his heyday, remaining friends with the lightweight throughout their lives. He was also good mates with legendary footballer, boxer, trainer and gentleman Ambrose Palmer, whom he often met at the Moonee Valley races, where both were members.

Dad's greatest sporting passion was undoubtedly ice hockey. He was a right-winger, then right defenceman in a long career with the Blackhawks. At 43 years of age, he made his debut as a goalie, when the Reserves found themselves without a net-minder. Remarkably, he won the best and fairest that year, and played several outstanding games in the seniors.

Apart from his inherent tenacity, Dad always maintained he was able to survive his horrific injuries following a burning accident in 1988 because he had played so much sport and remained reasonably fit.

Dad was from the 'work hard, play hard' school. Most hockey training in Australia was held at 6am Sunday morning, not a friendly time for a man who has had a big Saturday night, which Dad usually had. But he always fronted up and worked through the hangover.

Years later, in Upper Beaconsfield, a group of Bob's mates would back up from their Saturday session by playing golf at 6am Sunday morning - "a can a hole" was often their mantra. When thus prepared for the day, they would go chop and deliver firewood for the most needy and/or deserving local.

Dad naturally became a Footscray supporter, and when his son became a footy tragic, he accessed a pool of VFL-connected patients for finals tickets. However, Bob did not go to that many sporting events. He was a competitor rather than a fan spectator himself. He had too much life to lead to spend a lot of time watching other people play games.



CHARLIE GRANDY (read to dad the week before he died)



Hi Will

We are very sorry to hear Bob's not doing so well, you might pass on that Glenn and I did go to La Caciatora (SP) on that day, the original owners are back there, a little older of course, we had our traditional Bolonas Cutlet just like in the Samgaffer days the people there remembered Bob in particular but sort of said they remembered us also, they certainly remembered the Bolonas cutlet we used to get. They remembered Malcom who always ordered a steak complaining bitterly about the quality (cooked with oil).

I remember those days with the wine by the hour, Jimmy Watsons after, John Purcell working out the bill for lunch, our prick of the week awards, going on to other homes at night, usually Malcom and Barbs, Bob picking up onions and eating like apples, each guy phoning some other guy's wife so we wouldn't be told we had to get home right away, how about our great wine labels, I still have a coupla bottles of the Samgaffer Red.

I remember John getting the Red wine for us we used to sell as Blackhawk Red, \$15.00 per doz. cost us 12. Johnny Moss in his career as a script writer for an advertising Co. telling us about the Ansett ads he used to help with.

I remember the great parties we used to have at Upper Beaconsfield, remembering Malcolm telling us endlessly about his super trailer he purchased to take Barb across to Perth in style.

The good and not so good times at Escampers, and Honest Charlie's all part of the wonderful passing parade of life.

We must not forget all the great Blackhawk days as well. We still talk about Bob going in goal and making the unbelievable saves. How you enjoyed working with the kids. We still have that picture of Bob and you Will and my boys The Mighty Hawks all of 12 years of age. Glenn is the only survivor of that Team still playing has chalked up almost 650 games with the Hawks...

We also recall the great Christmas parties we used to have with the girls saving up all year to have a blow out at Christmas, the best were the times at the Barron of Beef. Bob doing his wonderful neck adjustments on all who would let him.

Last but not least the times at Footscray Clinic me with my bad back going in for a treatment down the back room and having to wait while Bob did a treatment on someone's greyhound.

Bob you were always the best damn Chiropractor I ever had. But for you I wouldn't be walking around now.

While our paths don't cross any more you will always be in my memory as one of life's gentlemen, a great friend to me and all who had the privilege of passing your way.

Please pass on my thoughts to Bob and tell him we are thinking of him in these difficult times he is facing probably no worse though than facing Boomer Bennett's slapshot.

Regards,
- **Charles Grandy**

WORK

Dad always spoke of his time working on the railways during school holidays when a teenager. There is little doubt he learnt tricks from the world of work early in life, and he was confident of his abilities as a result of matching wits with older co-workers.

Before he died, Dad had a vague notion of compiling a form of memoir by recounting all the jobs he had. Though this would have left out all the 'juicy' personal travails that Dad survived, it would have been a fascinating read. Here's a partial list of some of his paid gigs:

Busker, golf ball shagger, water porter, log peel shake maker, paper boy, bowling alley attendant, TV deliveryman, rinkrat, old man's carer, caddy, boxer's cornerman, waiter, gas station attendant, jitney driver*, bottle shop attendant, house painter, used furniture restorer, camping equipment salesman, failed entrepreneur, chiropractor, lecturer.



MARILYN SMITH BROCK

I was sorry to hear about your father passing away. My regards to your family.
- **Marilyn Smith Brock**. Magee High School

BILL HARVEY

If memory serves, it was the spring of 1951 or so that I first encountered Bob. He was the smallest guy trying out for Little League baseball at the park next to the Kerrisdale Arena in his home town of Vancouver. He was also the yippiest and the most competitive. Needless to say, he made the team and needled the bejezuz out of his competitors.

In high school, despite his small size, he played golf, baseball, basketball and around. He also attended a smattering of classes. Amazingly, he graduated. Imagine my surprise when I visited Bob and Linda over 20 years later in 1981 to find that he was now over six feet tall and his voice had dropped several octaves!

That visit, in January 1981, saw Bob and Linda host 6 classmates at Noojee for a mini high school reunion. It was a blast, but some of us folded our hands when Bob uncapped a tinnie for breakfast the first day and continued to set a blistering pace throughout the weekend. He may not have had a drop of blood in his alcohol system, but I never saw Bob out of control.

All of us loved Linda, and we all enjoyed Bob. He was entertaining, always had a story to tell, and there were no shortage of stories about Bob. If one measure of a man is that he is well remembered, Bob met that mark. Wherever he is now, you can be assured that he's still yapping.

Cheers, Bob, wherever you are!

- **Bill Harvey**



GEORGIA MOSS

Hi Will,

Long time no speak, It's Georgia Moss here, now Miles. I hope you're well. I was sorry to hear about your dad, I know I hadn't seen or spoken to him in years but he (and all of you) were a big part of my childhood and growing up. I look back really fondly at all the time we spent at Noojee and still look at mum's photo albums from time to time. So many campfires with singalongs and marshmallows, tubing down the river, cricket matches and all the oldies sitting in their fold up chairs along the sandy bank or in the 'waterfall' knocking back a bevvie or 30.

I'm sorry I won't be able to make it for his gathering, I can't get time off work at the moment, but I hope he is farewelled in a manner befitting and is remembered fondly.

Please say hello and pass on my condolences to Craig, Meg and Ngaire and have a drink for me.

Cheers,

- **Georgia Miles (Moss)**

CANCER TREATMENT

There's a document Bob kept that provides some clues to his attitude to the medical establishment and his cancer treatment: It is titled: 'A Guide to Medical Terms And Their Meanings.

Here's some examples:

CAT SCAN: Searching for kitty

URINE: Opposite to "you're out"

OUTPATIENT: Person who has fainted

PELVIS: Cousins of Elvis

SEIZURE: Roman Emperor

And finally:

TERMINAL ILLNESS: Getting sick at the airport

While Bob was in the transit lounge, during his treatment, he was brave and good natured. While it was far from a barrel of laughs, he remained good company.

HEATHER THOMSON PRICE

Hello Will - You will probably not remember, as you were young, but you kids and your Dad, and Mom (my best girl friend in High School, Linda Kirkham) came to visit and stayed overnight with us in Connecticut, on your way down to see the White House, etc. in Washington.

Your Mom and Dad knew each other in school, but met again, at OUR wedding, and when we were on our honeymoon, crossing the Atlantic on the SS France, we got a wire from them saying "Guess what? We're getting married and moving to Australia!!!" They were both part of our wedding party, and good friends.

I am sorry for your loss...I remember him as I last saw him, as I do your Mom, Linda. Best Regards,

- **Heather Thomson Price**

RON MACKENZIE

Sorry to hear the news Will. I first knew your Dad in Grade 4 at Kerrisdale Elementary school. We were on the baseball team as well. Bob was always happy and friendly. He had many good friends. Best wishes to you and Bob's family and friends Will. (I've been to Australia twice; did Sydney Hobart December 2006. Each time I wished that I had moved there as a young man...)

Ron

Sent from my iPhone

- **Ron MacKenzie**

LOUISE BROOME HUTCHINSON

Dear Will, I heard about your Dad's passing from our classmate Bill Harvey.

I am sorry for your loss. There are not many people like Bob Brodie and he seemed indestructible Like a cat with 9 (or 10 or 11) lives.

During our High school years Bob and I were very close - literally

Because in those days we sat in alphabetical order I was ALWAYS behind Bob Brodie - Broome and he was a merciless tease but secretly I loved it!

You have to understand that we were at the opposite ends of the "deportment" scale Bob ultra bad and me ultra good.

Because of your Dad's teasing I actually felt "normal" that a geek kid like me was accepted by one of the "in" boys of High School. I know the feeling was reciprocated because we had a wonderful laugh about it at the one reunion Bob did attend back here in Canada.

Will, with your Dad's passing a little spark has gone out in me too.

You and your siblings have lost a big spark in your lives but memories of the great character Bob, your Dad was, will live forever.

Peace to all of you, as you carry on without the irreplaceable Bob Brodie

- **Louise (Broome) Hutchinson**



DANNY GLEESON

Hi Will;

I wish that I knew you and the rest of Bob's family. We so often wanted to get down under -- but things just didn't come together.

Your dad and I were super close friends from nearly the first day in college way back in 1959. We did a lot of things together and here are a few.

We really enjoyed getting out on the weekends after a stressful week of college and so would end up in one of our favorite bars where all kinds of students hung out. We had so many laughs - all of the time - it was wonderful. Some of the times I would carry him home and then there was the time he had to carry me home to his place cuz I lived 10 miles a way and couldn't drive - got permission from his land lady to let me stay with him.

In the am when I came to he was gone to work, I wasn't sure where I was and when I stuck my head out the door I was assured by the landlady that my time was up and I should get going.

We had a birthday party for him on his 20th birthday . Everyone came as Bob was a very liked guy. We made sure he had enough to drink and I guess that's what got him up on the bar and take requests for impersonations. The best one was the striper. We had to stop him when he got down to his last piece of clothing - his right sock.....no I'm kidding.

My wife and I had a baby in the fall of our senior year and your dad really loved that little girl. He often came over just to see her and babysat at times so we could get out to to show or something. I remember one time Ione and I got into a fix and had to be out at the same time so we called Bob to ask if he could baby sit. He paused for a second and

then said ok. Later I found out that he had to miss a night of work and nearly got fired over it.

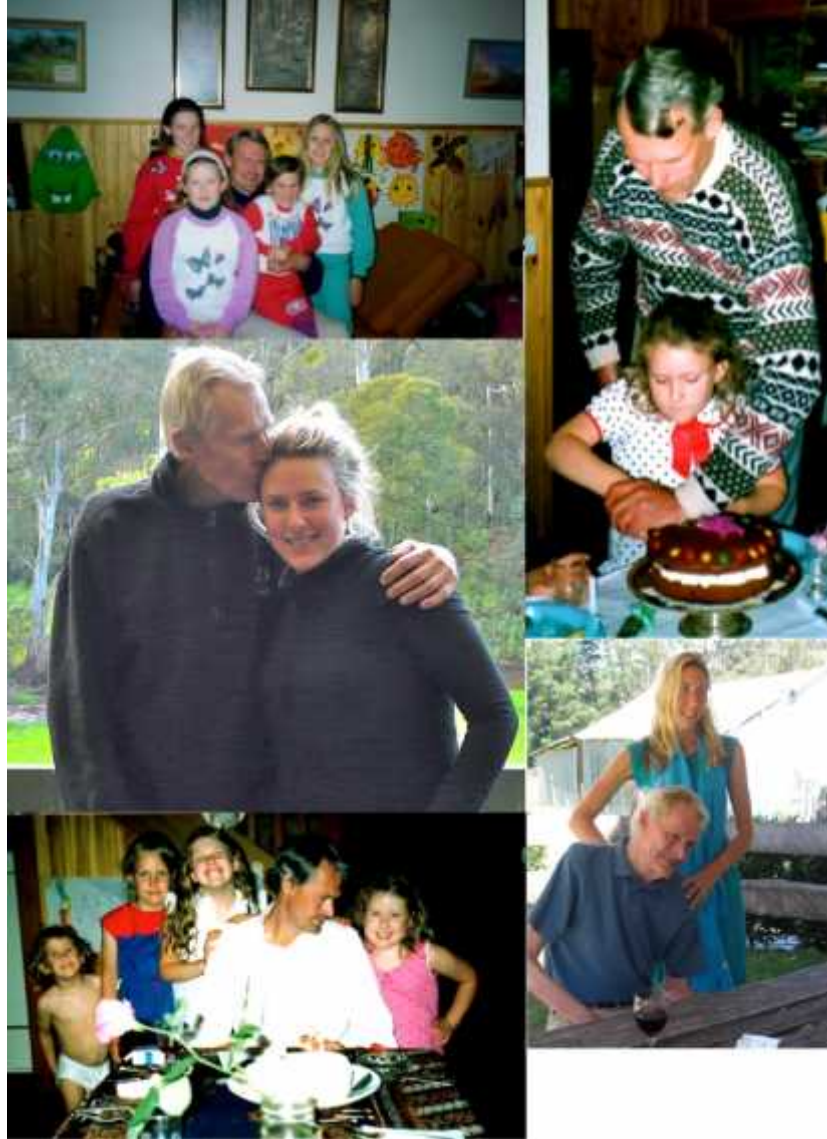
Before I got married, we had a group of 6 of us that played penny poker on friday nights a lot at our pad - just crazy fun. We also had a skating rink just across the street from us and at midnight we would go out and play scrub hockey. I'll have you know your dad was a good player. He also played on our college team. One night we were having a snow ball fight and - for whatever reason I let Bob have a good one - he wasn't pleased and came after me grabbed me by the collar and was really going to let me have it. We wrestled and finally I gave him a good shot in the head and Pete came over and broke it up. Neither of us could believe what just happened and we hugged each other and swore - never again - all the way home "anyone who mentions god will be struck down from beyond the grave" I can just hear him. But he knows the truth now.

Thank you for your letter Will. Ione and I really loved Bob a lot and he and Ione were very special friends also. The world won't be the same without 'Brod' as he was a real individual, lived by his rules and was a real softy at heart. Everyone really cared for him at college and he was elected president of the student body in our senior year.

It is actually surprising to get your letter as I have been thinking about Bob for the past 3 weeks - old connections never die.

Much love to you all.

- Dan and Ione Gleeson



GLEN

Dear Craig & family,
Very sorry to hear of Bob's passing,
my regards to you all in this emotional time in your families life. I remember Bob mostly as a visitor to your shed in Pakenham usually over a few beers with Greg & the rest of the clan. These times i treasure in my memory bank of some of the best times in my life !
His suffering is now over, may he Rest in Peace.
Deepest Symphathy, Glen'o
- **Glen**

JAKE AND ELISHA SCHROEDERS

Dear Craig,

On reflection we found these photos and thought you might enjoy them too.

We do hope that you are finding some peace in the fact that Bob is now resting.

What a wonderful man and father he has been.

We truly wish that we were around for you at this time, but know that you understand.

We promise to have a beer or two (or ten) on Friday in his honor. And will be with you in spirit at the Noojee Pub.

We hope Bob gets the send off he deserves.

Please pass on our condolences to Will, Ngaire, Meghan and families.

Much Love Always

- Jake Elisha & the wee ones

FRANK PEDERICK

Hi Will,

I met your Dad in 1981. I was a final year chiropractic student and having trouble with my clinical practice supervisor who was about 25 years younger.

Bob was only 10 years younger & had a lot more clinical experience than the aforementioned.

His Footscray clinic had been one of the original clinical practice placements and although this had not been operational for a while, the arrangement was reactivated for my benefit. Bob was a really sharp clinician and I gained a lot from observing him, taking Xrays & doing patient initial examinations for him. He could give a thumbnail lecture when needed on all of the topics I was supposed to have mastered during my studies.

If you didn't reach his expectations you were left in no uncertainty of the need for improvement.

I think all this stood me in good stead when I went into practice.

Bob was in the process of selling the clinic to Philip Drysdale and I stayed on as his associate until late 1984. Bob was still doing one session a week at Footscray to keep faith with his many long term patients.

In sessions after clinic I met some of his friends such as Ambrose Palmer and other sporting identities.

The 1983 fires as you are too clearly aware had a major impact on your family & it seemed to me Bob never fully regained his equilibrium.

After his accident in 1988 he called me to the clinic he was operating in Toorak (?) to work on him.

I did what I could at the time with his deep scarring.

I had equipment at my clinic which I thought could perhaps produce a better outcome but he would never come over to see me.

I regret that.

I'm sure that I was a lot better chiropractor because of Bob's influence. I am saddened to learn of his death.

My thoughts are with you and the family.

I have some inkling of your celebration of Bob's life and know it will be filled with a lot of laughter & tears.

Best wishes,

- Frank Pederick



WALLY PETTIGREW

Hello Wil: My name is Wally Pettigrew. I was a friend of your father in his youthful years in Vancouver and I wish express my condolences on the passing of your father.

Bob lived with his parents about 4 blocks up the street from where I resided. We attended the same schools and were close friends and rivals in our pre teen years. The area we lived in Vancouver was called Kerrisdale and in the early fifty's it was a popular area for families. A new hockey arena had been built and little league baseball had just been introduced to the area. It is through these two sports that Bob and I got to know each other.

When Bob played organized hockey he thought of himself as the next Rocket Richard of the Montreal Canadiens. He played centre and was a good shooter and stickhandler. His uncle, who was French Canadian, coached the team he was on. I always thought Bob got his temper from his French Canadian background, if he indeed had a French Canadian background. I played on another team in the league but, Bob and I practiced our skills in the basement of his house nightly until we lost all the pucks in his dad's sawdust bin. I often wondered how many of those rubber pucks ended up in the Brodie furnace. Our practices were at 6:00 am and we used to meet with a couple of other players in the cold pitch black mornings and lug our equipment the mile walk to the Arena. Every year the hockey association would put on what they called a jamboree where selected teams from each division would play a shortened game in front of the 2000 assembled parents and friends. I remember one year I was playing Bob's team and on the way to the game Bob suggested we try and make our game more like the professional games we used to hear on the radio. His solution was that he and I should stage a fight at some point during the game. At our ages this was unheard of but, it sounded okay too me. At some point near the end of the game Bob and I started a fight which was immediately broken up and we didn't even get penalties. We thought the audience liked it but I can tell you that our coaches didn't. We almost got kicked out of hockey.

Another thing Bob and I did together was go knock on doors during the Christmas season and sing Christmas Carols when someone opened the door. Bob always took his violin and played the tune if he knew it, otherwise he sang with me. I disliked being in the public eye so to speak, so this had to be Bob's idea. We were probably collecting money for the March of dimes and our mothers made us do this.

Bob and I played baseball on the same team, Bob was a pitcher and I was a first baseman. We were both good enough to make the all star team and play towards a spot in the Little League World Series. We travelled all the accross town to play our first playoff game against a team from another city. Bob was the starting pitcher and lost the game. Bob bawled his eyes out after we lost the game and our season was over. I never forgot that because it was the first time I had ever seen an athlete cry over a loss. After that loss I never was Bob play any organized sport again. Because our friendship was founded on sports we seemed to drift apart and even though we both went to the same high school we didn't see that much of each other.

One other remembrance of Bob I would like to pass along is that he married the girl who was my first date, Linda Kirkham, your mother.

I never knew what happened to Bob after he went back East to Chiropractic school until one day visiting my parents my mother told me that Bob and Linda married and moved to Australia. Later again, my mother who kept in contact with the Kirkham's, informed me that Linda had died.

So Wil, let me express my condolences at the passing of your father but, also your mother who I also considered to be a friend.
May peace be with you .

- **Wally Pettigrew**

BUSINESS AS UNUSUAL

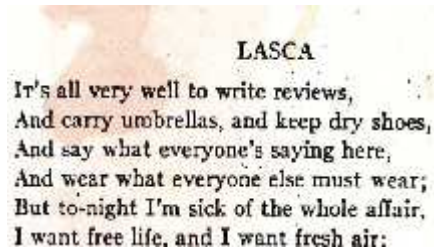


Bob was a failed businessman, and a repeat offender at throwing his money away chasing grandiose schemes. He was a recidivist wannabe entrepreneur. After just missing out with his first venture, in camping equipment, Bob was constantly sucked in by a succession of whacky products, from aluminium sculptures to extrusion plastics. His optimism could never be dulled by the bottom line being underground. To be fair, not all of Dad's schemes and products were crazy, but he never did better than Wood's tents and Escampers, at his first attempt. As a self-employed man for the overwhelming majority of his working life, it was little wonder that Bob was attracted to trying to make a go of coloured paving stones, prefabricated skylights, and a subscription lecturing circuit. The most interesting of Bob's products? Hoselton sculptures: "An original image is carved, a mould is made using a process known as sandcasting, and then a molten aluminum alloy at a temperature of 1200 F is poured into the mould and allowed to cool. A long polishing process, including at least three different hand-polishing steps, gives each sculpture the soft, lustrous, non tarnish finish."

JOHN STEEN

I knew your dad as a super friend. He and I chummed around together for almost ten years. I played hockey with him when we went to point grey junior high school. I remember on Christmas, many years ago when bob and I went door to door singing Christmas songs to raise money for the needy. We collected over 100.00 dollars, and gave the money to your grand dad who donated on our behalf. Bob actually helped me get started in my career as a papermaker. He told me to apply for work at a paper mill in ocean falls BC so that I could earn enough to go to university. I ended working over 48 years in this field. Your dad was a great guy!! I have many fond memories of our short time together.

- **An old friend John Steen**



WILL BRODIE'S WORDS AT THE CELEBRATION

Hello, and welcome to a celebration of Bob Brodie. I am Bob's first son Will.

I'll introduce today's proceedings before handing over to some other friends and family who wish to say a few words.

Firstly, thank you to everyone here for loving Bob and taking care of him.

--

Today is all about carrying out Bob's wishes.

About four months ago, Dad spelt out exactly what he wanted to happen after he died. At that time, we were hopeful that he would live well into next year, as predicted by his surgeons. After Dad gave his orders, I convinced him to have a gathering like this before he died, so he could see his friends and share a yarn and a beer, or a glass of red. Unfortunately, Bob's condition worsened more quickly than hoped, and we were unable to hold this party before he moved on.

However, his loved ones have done their best to carry out his other wishes.

Let me explain what some of those wishes were:

He wished to die at home, if possible, surrounded by close family. Thankfully, we achieved that.

Here is the direct quote from Bob about what else he wanted once he died:

"A bag'll do me. Cremated as soon as possible. Buy everyone a drink, give them some food. No flowers, no frills. No speeches from people we don't know, about stuff I didn't believe in. No words, nothing... Especially no bastard talking about god. No words, no priest, no soothsayers..."

We will honour those orders today, except for the bit about no words. If there are any soothsayers in the house, no offence...

I know some of you have been shocked by not knowing how unwell Dad had been. Bob would have liked to see you all before he passed away. But the end came in a bit of a rush for all of us.

Dad died comfortably, surrounded by loved ones. He had been nursed night and day and he passed peacefully. He had fought hard all the way, resisting extra pain treatment so he could remain lucid. We did his bidding when he couldn't.

I'm not here today to tell you who Dad was. You all knew a different man to me, or the person standing next to you. Bob led a big, colourful, varied life, consisting of many different phases. Today we are celebrating as much of that as possible, and no-one has a greater claim on him than you, or the person next to you. If you are here today, you loved him, or you love someone who loved him. There is no hierarchy today. We are all equal.

Bob's values are reflected in the range of people at this gathering. You all know he believed in giving everyone a fair go (except maybe priests). You know he gave people second chances, and he helped those no-one else would help.

You know Bob favoured the underdog and the battler. He backed roughies, not favourites. He liked informality and irreverence rather than protocol and convention.

Bob liked people with a point of view who had something to say, but he spent plenty of time with people who didn't have a point of view and had little to say, and those people enjoyed his company as much as the opinionated and outspoken. He had judgement, but he was not judgemental.

You know Bob made friends of people in every walk of life, he took people as they came. He had a natural charisma despite being shy, a combination that drew people to him.

You know he wasn't a saint, and he made mistakes which affected people close to him, but he was profoundly kind, and truly gentle. He lost few friends despite being out of control at different stages of his life. Animals and children gravitated to him. He preferred to give rather than receive, and he was happiest when helping someone else.

Here's some more aspects of Bob's life you might know about.

- He was a flawed, but deeply loving parent to eight children from two families, all of whom are here today, all of whom love Dad deeply despite the challenges his lifestyle provided.
- He had significant, loving relationships with three strong, wonderful women.
- He was one of the best chiropractors ever seen in Australia, and certainly one of its most loved.
- He was a confidante and mentor to troubled strangers and friends alike. He was accused of being a 'soft touch', but his generosity was legendary in three communities.
- He was a respected teacher, of high school, chiropractic and myotherapy.
- He was a great friend of publicans and patrons of the Pioneer Hotel, the Pine Grove Hotel, the Cardy, the Curry, the Leinster, the Birmingham and finally, the Noojee Hotel.

And here's some facts about Bob you may not know:

- He was short at high school, only shooting up late in his adolescence. We're told he was also 'yappy' at that age.
- He worked on the Trans Canada railways as a teenager.
- He was briefly married to a Fijian in his 40s.
- He came out of ice hockey retirement at age 43 to play as a goalie for the first time. He won a best and fairest for the Blackhawks that year.
- He played a super-rules Aussie Rules game in gumboots, firing a dodgy 'flick pass' to VFA legend Frosty Miller to kick a goal.

Bob Brodie was an adventurer, a sportsman, an avid reader, a canny punter.

He was also a good writer, and considered compiling a book about his life which discussed each of his jobs. Here's some he listed:

Busker, golf ball shagger, water porter, log peeler, shake maker, paper boy, bowling alley attendant, TV deliveryman, rinkrat, old man's carer, caddy, boxer's cornerman, waiter, gas station attendant, jitney driver*, bottle shop attendant, house painter, used furniture restorer, camping equipment salesman, chiropractor, lecturer.

We all know Bob Brodie, but none of us know all of his story, or all of the people he knew.

Dad inspired love in many people, from many different phases of his life. And each of the people who loved him took ownership of him passionately. That means some people might have strong opinions about other people here.

To anyone with a grievance, I request that you consider carrying out Dad's wishes. He hasn't got much wrong so far with his passing.

Today, Dad wanted us to mingle and enjoy each other's company.

Remember that everyone here loved Dad, or loves someone who loved Dad. You have that in common.

And neither of you know the full story of each other's relationship with Dad.

If you hassle anyone, you risk Dad rising from his ashes and accusing you of being a "peckerhead".

Today is a celebration. That is what Dad wished it to be. Enjoy it, and enjoy each other.



Hi, Will.

Really good to meet you! Finally put a face to the name. I'm so glad Sally, Jack and I were able to attend. Sally and Bob once took me to 'the farm'. It was quite something to see them both wandering around with facial expressions that told me their memories of the place were/are nothing short of special. Sally told me her "nicest ghosts are there".

The attached photos are from a trip to Noojee in July 2008, when Martin was around. My (girl)friend - at the time - Abby, was visiting from Boston for 5 weeks, and she requested to meet "all the people you love the most". So we hired a car, grabbed Jack and headed northeast. We got to Bob's place and after a very quick introduction Bob asked Abby what he asked of every woman I introduced him to: "What the fuck are you doing with this miserable Kiwi piece of shit?!" Then he threw his arm around me, leaned in close, looked me in the eye and did that chuckle.



Abby and Bob got along immediately. I think they had a North American connection that Abby certainly appreciated, being so far from home. And in that great North American way, Bob just referred to her as "Boston" - never Abby - for the next 36 hours, eg: "Hey, Boston! What's taking you so long in the Goddamn bathroom?!". He was sweet and kind to her too.

She passes on her condolences.

Thanks again for Friday.

I hope you're enjoying a bit of a rest now.

Best,
James Greig.



Dear Members

It is with much sadness and regret that we wish to advise the passing of Dr Robert (Bob) Brodie, Senior. Our thoughts are with his family and friends during this time.

Kind Regards

NORMAN BROCKLEY

Chief Executive Officer
Australian Chiropractic Association.



Dear Will, Ngaire, Craig and Megan,

I was very sad to hear about the passing of your dad. My dad has been keeping me up to date with his deteriorating health, so I knew he wasn't well. Unfortunately I am currently living interstate (Wollongong, NSW) so will not be able to attend the celebration.

We lost our mothers early in life which was very difficult. I still miss my mom greatly, especially in sharing important life events (graduation, wedding, babies etc). So I can only imagine that it is very sad to lose your father also. My mother and I made the difficult decision for her to die at home too, and I agree with your reflections on the experience.

Bob was a great man, and an important male figure in my childhood. He was charming, funny, kind and caring and will be greatly missed.

Take care,

Todd Bryers



Hi Will,

I can't begin to tell you what a shock it is to receive this sad news.

You probably don't remember me but I played hockey with your Dad at St.Moritz in the era of Gary Croft, Alan Bogle, Colin Miller, Paul Schiml, Billy Heller.

I can't begin to tell you how much your dad did for me both emotionally and physically.

I nicknamed your dad "fingers" because he could always find the exact spot where my body was aching.

He was always so supportive with everything and always interested in what I was doing.

Your Dad wanted Crofty and me to go to Canada and live with your grandparents which was to be our entrance to the NHL. He truly believed that we would make it. Unfortunately, I was too immature to accept the offer

I am so sad that your father has passed away. He was gentleman of the highest integrity had a wicked sense of humour but also just a wonderful bloke in the great tradition of Australian mateship.

I hadn't seen your father for some years but often thought of him and wondered what he was up to.

My kindest thoughts are with you and your family

Kind regards,

John Horsnell