

## Joe.

Max and Liz met Joe and Marge sometime around 1975 when the Bags clan moved to Ballarat with Joe taking up a role as head of the pathology department at St Johns.

Unfortunately for Joe, although he worked basically with only women, they were Nuns and married to God.

Recollections of Joe range from humorous to boisterous, with all discussions rising in decibels until Joe, with a louder voice and increasing determination in his own righteousness, would outperform all others present and self determine that he won the argument.

Joe and Max, both being rather opinionated with a healthy dose of ego, would have discussions that seemed like battles. When Max disagreed with Joe and asked "How do you know?" Joe would reply with "I've read a book on it". Joe always stated all you had to do was read a book on something and you could do it. We noticed he never read a book on cooking.

On one occasion in the late 1970's Joe and Max decided to have a sailing challenge. Using their son's Minnows, a 12 foot kids yacht, the two were slightly larger than was suitable for these craft.

Max was an experienced sailor. Joe, we believe, had not sailed too often.

So, on the day of the challenge, Gerard and Warren rigged the Minnows by the shores of Lake Wendouree.

Max launched and was out sailing before Joe was in the boat.

Joe, attempting to launch, placed one foot in the yacht and proceeded to take a swim immediately.

The two boys got Joe back in the yacht. It was a boat without a captain.

With a slight push Joe was out into deeper water. Joe, with no knowledge of sailing called to Max "What do I do now?"

Max's response was "Read a book."

At the end of the "race" Max had to tow Joe back to shore.

Joe was an enthusiastic fly boy. It was obvious on this he had read more than one book.

Joe clocked up any hours as a pilot and along with Max and Ian Home, owned a couple of aircraft. All three thought they were good enough to become professionals.

One of the planes they owned was a twin engine Beechcraft Baron that could seat six people. Embarrassingly for Joe, as all passengers noted on one trip, the Baron was equipped with everything necessary except a toilet. Enough said.

Joe used the Baron for hospital work allowing him to fly to many meetings.

One flight Joe flew to the Warrnambool area to bring back a corpse. He settled the corpse down as comfortably as he could for the flight and off he took.

When Joe reached the altitude planned for the return flight, things started to get a bit weird. Whether it was due to the air pressure or the age of the corpse noises and smells started to emanate from the body. Suddenly, as more gasses got to work, the corpse sat up. Knowing Joe he would have had a loud conversation and won that argument too. The Baron then became known as the Ballarat Flight Hearse.

Joe was a great friend and wherever he now is he would want you all to know, in Joe's own words, "Real men don't eat Kwitchy"