

A shocking leap down the back yard

One day in 1992, after Bill & Mavis got into the Kingswood, Mavis noticed that the windscreen was dusty. The car was in the carport but some sun was shining on the window and so it was difficult to clean it. Bill started to move the car but some cleaning items were on the floor and jammed the accelerator and the car lurched forward, through the asbestos fence and down two garden terraces - finishing next to the washing line. There were no injuries (except pride) but the car needed to be winched back up with a tow truck.

The incident caused great merriment to all the family (except Bill & Mavis) and grandson Ben Gordon was inspired to compose a poem based on Banjo Patterson's "Mulga Bill's Bicycle". The reference to Bondcrete Bill is because he was keen on using Bondcrete as a solution to many tasks. The family home was in Elgon Hill in Willetton. He was a lecturer at Curtin University. Debt is mentioned because Bill was frequently fined for traffic infringements

"THE EXCITING ADVENTURES OF BONCRETE BILL"

'Twas Bondcrete Bill, from Elgon Hill, who caught the driving craze,
He turned away his good old bike that served him many days.
He dressed himself in nice new clothes, resplendent to be seen,
And grasped the precious keys for his shining new machine.
And as he was sitting down, with air of lordly pride,
Grandma said quietly, *"Oh dear, the window's dirty outside."*
"See here dear Mavis", said Bondcrete Bill, *"From Ballarat to the sea,
From Curtin Uni to where ever I may be, there's none can clean like
me.*

*I'm good all round at everything, as everybody knows,
Although I'm not the one to talk - I hate a man who blows,
But cleaning is my special gift, my chiefest, sole delight,
Ask Curtin students can they read, or count or even write.
There's nothing clothed in hair or hide, or built of flesh or steel,
There's nothing here that can't be fixed - but you've got to have the feel.
I'll do the job right here and now, I'll get the Spray'n Wipe,
You'll soon see how easy it is. But damn, it's in the light."*

'Twas Bondcrete Bill, from Elgon Hill, who was in the thinking mode,
Perfection was his ultimate goal, and back to the car he strode.
He got right in and set about the fray,
But ere he'd gone a few feet, it lurched clean away.
It left the carport, and through the fence, just like a silver streak,
It whistled down the awful slope and grandma gave a shriek.
It shaved a post by half an inch, it dodged a big white box,
The neighbours, all in fright, were checking all their locks.
The earthworms hiding down below dug deeper underground,
But Bondcrete Bill and Mavis still, sat tight to every bound.
It struck a stone and gave a spring that cleared another tree,
It raced beside a precipice as close as close could be.
And then, as Bill let out one last, *"Mavis, it's quite safe",*
It made a mighty leap, and found a resting place.

'Twas Bondcrete Bill, from Elgon Hill, who slowly opened the door,
He said, *"I've had some narrow shaves and lively rides before.
I've been through stop signs, rolled a car and gotten into debt,
But this was not the easiest ride that I've handled yet."*
And then he looks at Grandma and says, *"I've scared you, that's easily seen,
But you have to look on the bright side, you see, I got the window clean."*
And as they climbed the hill again, still feeling rather tense,
Hero Bill, intepid still, asked Mavis, *"Who wrecked the silly fence?"*

