



# More of Bill's Taxi Tales



The Rotary Club of Canterbury “Let’s Stay Connected Project” has been developed as a response to an identified need within the Aged Care sector.

At times when it’s difficult to connect in person with family and friends, the Rotary Club of Canterbury has pleasure in offering you this booklet, designed to promote conversation, recollection and engagement for those who are in isolation and without their usual social activities.

The booklets have been designed for people in an aged care residence, village or at home to read by themselves, or to have a family or staff member share the booklet with them.

You can download this and other booklets from the Rotary Club of Canterbury website ([www.canterburyrotary.org](http://www.canterburyrotary.org)).

Source references for this book are held at the Rotary Club of Canterbury. Contact [president@caterburyrotary.org](mailto:president@caterburyrotary.org) for further details.

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G'day, I'm Bill.

You may recall me from Bill's Taxi Tales. I'm retired now, but I used to own and run taxis, 18 in all. I drove the cars when I didn't have a driver for a shift.

The tales told really happened. Names and places have been changed to protect identities.

I hope you enjoy reading more of my tall, but true, tales.

Regards, Bill

# Banana ALLEY

Banana Alley is a night club area in Flinders Street. If you go there late at night you need to be very careful.

Very late at night, I once was called to pickup two young guys.



# Banana ALLEY

They wanted to go to Burke Road, Camberwell.  
They both got in the back seat.

When we got to Camberwell and stopped at a  
set of traffic lights, they both jum  
ran across an oval.

I got out and chased them.





# Banana ALLEY

What they didn't know was that their driver had been a professional runner and a professional boxer.



When I caught them, they asked me how much they owed me. I advised that the fare was \$50. They handed me a \$50 note. I gave them the right change and returned to my cab.

# Anyone for Tennis?

I picked up Mary from a block of units in St. Kilda Rd.



A tall, elegant lady, dressed in tennis gear, she asked me to take her to Kooyong Lawn Tennis Club.

She told me she was 96 years old.

# Anyone for Tennis?

“I have to get away from my husband a couple of times a week,” she told me, “so I go to Kooyong, play some tennis, have lunch with my friends and then come home.”





# Anyone for Tennis?

I asked her about her accent and she replied that she was from England.

“I had a friend in London during the war,” she reminisced. “She was more adventurous than I was. She would get up in the morning and see her husband off to work. She would then take a plane to Paris.



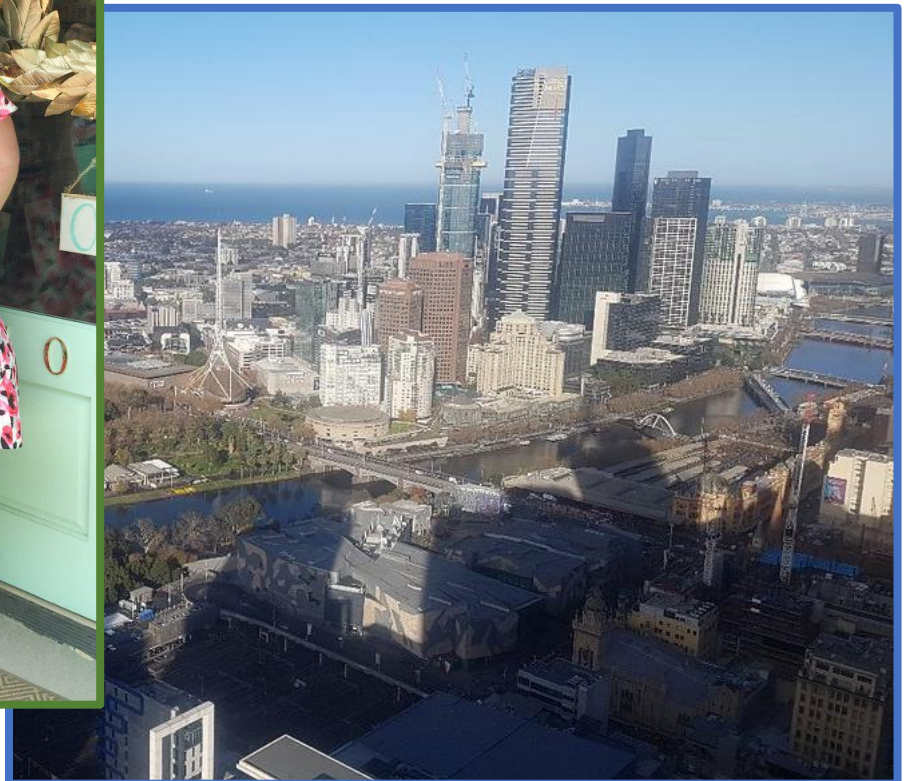
There she would meet with some soldiers on R and R, have lunch and a good time, then back to London to put on the evening meal and await her husband's return.”

“I wouldn't have had the gumption to do that!”, she said.

# A Knight of the Realm

It was Caulfield Cup day, and mine was first car on the rank at the Sofitel Hotel. The concierge called me up as an immaculately dressed man approached with his wife.

He opened the rear door for his wife, then he sat in the front. I recognised him as a very prominent QC and politician.



# A Knight of the Realm

I felt quite comfortable saying to him, “Royal Caulfield, Sir”, and off we went. He was very happy to chat about the races, his fancies, some wins and some losses.

He paid the fare by Credit Card, and a tip by cash. He was one of only two people in many years to do that.





# We'll Never Know

The pick-up address was not in one of the better parts of Brunswick.

There was a thin, pale lady waiting on the front porch of the house when I arrived.



# We'll Never Know

She had a television beside her and told me that she wished to take the television to Cash Converters. She asked that I carry it out to the taxi for her.

At Cash Converters in Sydney Road, I again did the carrying. The transaction completed; I took her back to the pick-up address.



As I drove off, the thought came to me. Was that her house and her television?