

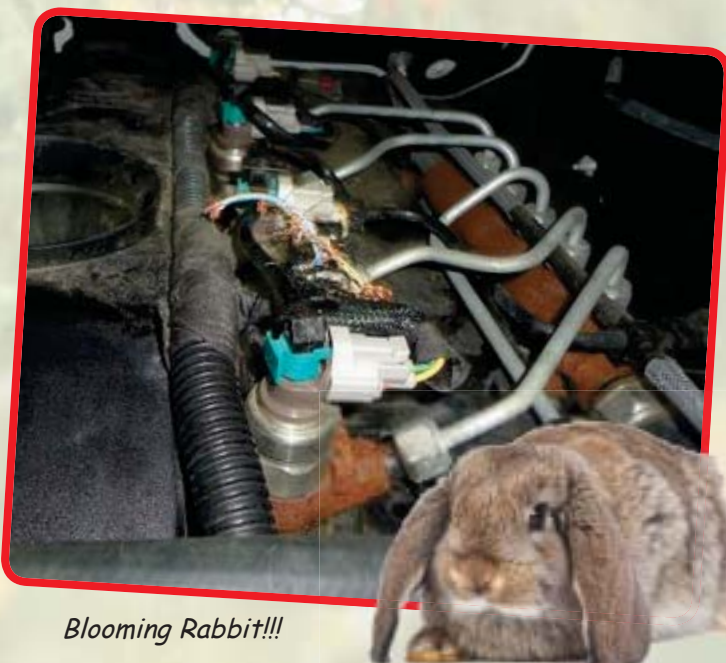


SUMMER NEWSLETTER 2013

4.45am What on earth is going on? No wonder I can't sleep a fearful quacking only to find Mummy Duck on the pond with one Chick (she had 9 last year) madly going around in ever decreasing circles (do you know that feeling?) Whilst this big dog fox prowls around the edge obviously eyeing up his breakfast. My banging on the window and shouting sees him off. Not ½ an hour later there is the darn heron with one of my large red fish in his beak. More shouting and banging, thinking he will drop it as, he can't possibly get airborne with a fish that size, but with a run and a jump like a loaded Harrier leaving HMS Hermes, the blighter is off into the blue yonder. Only the day before I just happen to see a magpie dive into my conifer tree and there was an explosion of feathers and he hikes two chicks out of the nest. One drops in the pond and the other is in his mouth more clapping and shouting and he drops the one in his mouth. Despite my amazing quick reactions (should join the RNLI?) got the net out but the poor thing had already given up trying to swim and no amount of stroking and warming him could revive him. The other I put back in the tree but by the noise of the distressed Mother in the nearby tree gave me the impression that all was lost. I hardly dare to mention the devastated lawn suffering from its spring attack by badgers and then totally destroyed by the jackdaws and crows as the pick up and turn over bits of turf - all this despite fences, anti submarine defences, electric fence and chicken wire!

In an effort to support my near defunct song bird population I thought I would put out feeders - forget it; by the following day they are empty as the jackdaws, pigeons and crows madly swing on the cages and make the seed drop to the floor and then 'all gather around chaps for breakfast!' Four darling squirrels love to come and help and then lets not forget the rabbits. Just waiting for the deer to home in and perhaps a white rhinoceros to appear! By the way what is about pigeons that they just can't resist bombing practice on a white car that has just been cleaned? - answers on a postcard please!

All this and its not yet 6.00am what on earth goes on all day whilst I am at work? Perhaps it is a result of the link up in the Tri Services that the animal kingdom is proving the effectiveness of attacking me by land, sea and air - maybe they think I am the Defence Secretary! I am beginning to wonder if dark forces are at work, has our animal kingdom

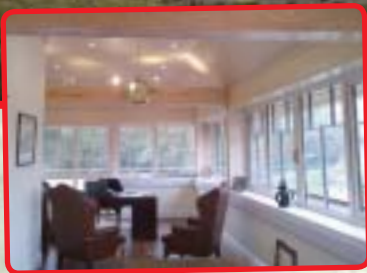


Blooming Rabbit!!!

been infiltrated by some terrorist group? I ask the question as a Minibus was sent to us from RNAS at Yeovilton complaining that it was difficult to start and wouldn't pull your hat off. Opening up the bonnet for an exploratory under the engine cover was a chewed engine harness and on closer inspection, sitting comfortable in the engine bay was a blooming RABBIT!

Obviously startled (after his cosy run up the road) out he jumps and skates around the workshop floor. Before our Resident Pest Controller, Steve can get his gun out Bugs is off out the door but not before he is caught on camera. Can only assume he is up to his old tricks and is now snug in the engine compartment of a stopping train! Time to get going and put an appearance at work. Retirement plans now kicking in and have managed an unprecedented four Saturdays off in a row.

The story so far: (being a good 6 months since the last Newsletter) so much has been happening that it would take a double edition - (heaven forbid), to get you up to speed and I wouldn't want to inflict that on you!



*Fry's Halt
completed in
December 2012*

Finally by Christmas we at last completed the new building at the approach to Station Road and as it is so obvious what it is we shall not be giving out any prizes. It has been fun teasing folk and seeing their horrified looks, although I suppose it could still be a nightclub but at the moment the signal box is an office block. As my children pointed out "You can't name it Fry's Folly as a Folly has no purpose - bit like the bloke in the upstairs one then! So the lower one is for rent (ideal for watching the cricket and life whizzing by) and I sit in isolated splendour upstairs. The small well dressed Fry family officially opened it with a Christmas Party with the Fat Controller in full regalia (as would befit such an occasion).



Several groups (and individuals) have requested a viewing from the Friends of Bruton station to a large group from "Commercial Vehicles in Preservation". The general consensus in that Mr Brunel would be happy with the outcome. One of the advantages of old age is that you can do daft things and get away with it so when No.1 Grandson is thumbing his way through his 1960 Boy's Own Annual (a Christmas present from a thoughtful Grandparent) he sent me an article on the Commercial London to Brighton run. So let's go for it and fellow "enthusiasts" (one Angus from Norfolk, who also thought his grandchildren should benefit from the experience) roll up on May Bank holiday weekend and drives our 1943 AEC Matador in convoy with the Foden 2-stroke tipper and the much travelled Wincanton AEC tanker "Apollo" leading the pack - (that was because Norman was the only one to know his way through London to Crystal Palace). At a top speed of 32mph we had an enjoyable, leisurely journey blissfully unaware of any chaos we were bringing to the busy road system. Richard our support crew even enjoyed the slowest journey of his life! Leaving Crystal Palace at 7.00am on a glorious Sunday morning our Matador Gun Tractor (sadly not towing a 5 pounder artillery piece - anyone know for one?) Left with a full crew as my son and grandsons joined us. Parking up on Maderia Drive on the esplanade at Brighton was joyful experience none of us will forget. The "Adventure" was a great success all round.

These older machines whilst capable of putting out smoke on occasions are quite economic and I wonder if our modern truck engine has reached its zenith as only this week a major national haulier was declaring that since the ever increasing government demands on exhaust emissions the latest Euro 6 engines nearly have fresh air coming out of the exhaust, but at a cost 20% more and are 20% less economic than their forerunner Euro 5 engines. So now Hauliers are looking to hang on to their oldest trucks - is that progress or bureaucracy gone mad? Perhaps our leaders in Brussels need to question what they are trying to achieve. Madness is now part of our daily lives (as all the electronic wizardry we have on our modern motors appears to have abandoned any resemblance to common sense and is costing us all dearly).

Talking of common sense I thought our leaders promised to reduce red tape to help small

businesses? As yet I see nothing but a continuing death wish on this once proud country. If I am missing something and you all enjoying a new found freedom - please share it.

That's not a moan, just an observation. How could I complain when I live in a place which the Times put in the top 100 best places to live in England. Well done Bruton. So many changes have taken place over the last few years that the old place has taken on a new energy, and a belief in itself. I don't always recognise the place of my youth and I know more people in the cemetery than I do in the High Street but I have amassed old photographs that amaze me just how many changes have occurred just in my life time.

With the sun slipping down behind the hill and me sat down (I'm alright as long as I don't stop running around) the inevitable has happened - must have nodded off for a moment! Waking up with a start all the immediate questions fire off - where am I? what am I doing? who am I? Think I will break off and see if I can remember where I hid the secret supply of goodies!

INTERMISSION



A coke and a chocolate please pretty Miss Usherette - yeah dream on get up and do it yourself. Talking of chocolate imagine if you will not one but two eye catching bright stainless steel huge tankers full of the stuff.



Well they came to stay with us for some modifications, being fitted with steam generators they can drain the liquid chocolate out so any thoughts of having to dig them out were shattered. That's life I suppose we only get to dig out bitumen, cement and solid flour!



Heavy Accident Work

We have enjoyed a busy return to some heavy accident work putting our cab and chassis jigs back into full swing. Just as well as we have more mouths to feed and so continue our quest to unearth the larger jobs which don't get written of in this day of doubt and blame culture. If the Police impound a vehicle it can take 12 months to get it released. One Insurance Engineer graphically explained to me "if I bin it (write it off / scrap it), it cannot come back and bite me at a later date" - that says it all but what about our "Green Policy" let alone the loss of utilising skills and equipment?

However the reverse is true in taking on the largest jobs we have ever undertaken with the major total rebuilds of a brace of tank transporters. Many hours, many days, are absorbed with little to show for the efforts on these highly complicated bits of kit. Space and resources are being stretched to the limit - but get the full story in the next edition!

As my daughter reiterates back to me "Are we overdoing our fun quota just a little bit?" Reminds me of a card I saw "Be kind to your kids - they choose your nursing home! - (that no longer looks so funny). A pilgrimage to RAF Coningsby in Lincolnshire to visit the home of the Battle of Britain Memorial flight became a reality recently so with the hood down and crossing the country on interesting roads (so flat up there I missed the rolling hills of Somerset). Another marvellous experience to watch and the hear the Lancaster start up, taxi



with countless landings and take offs and the low swoops over the surrounding countryside were quite awe inspiring. At the nearby Lincolnshire Aviation Heritage Centre, the true might and courage of those of Bomber Command become apparent. Trying to comprehend the sight and sound and the horror to the recipients of a 200, 300 or even a 1000 bomber raid was beyond my imagination. The subsequent loss of 55,000 young lives makes you stop and consider the fragility of life and just how lucky are we not to be expected to put our lives on the line night after night. The sheer relief and delight of a cancelled mission offering them one more night to live and enjoy puts our life into a different perspective.

Observant and interested customers often comment as to what exactly happened to the down-sized, slimline company of nearly 6 years ago? Well as you know, nothing stands still and I am trying to off load more onto Martyn, then Charlie takes a sabbatical - whatever that is? (I was not even allowed a gap week after college let alone a whole month!) So this year we have been training Hannah to the joys of reception life (hence the unidentified voice on the phone) they are however, easily distinguished as one is blonde and the other brunette. Carol still remains the holder of the purse/memory bank and sorter

We were not idle when we were with you nor did we eat anyone's food without paying for it. On the contrary, we worked night and day, labouring, toiling so that we would not be a burden to any of you. For even when we were with you we gave you this rule; "If a man will not work neither shall he eat"

2 Thessalonians 3:8

of vast quantities of paper. The promise of a paperless office never seemed to have worked for us! When visiting Carol, is one step to right protected behind glass (as are all valuable assets) and she would love it if when visiting you would talk to her - occasionally!

So that about brings you up to date - we forge on ahead conquering new markets, seeking new contracts and generally driving ourselves daft wondering why we all do it when if only we were brighter we might be entitled to accommodation and even a regular income courtesy of Her Majesty's Government - but somehow I doubt it!

However, our Government does appear at last to realise that if we are to ever pay our way in this world and get us out of this mess, then we need to work and businesses are essential to make a profit and pay tax - so come on chaps : shoulder to the wheel, back to the wall and keep our noses to the grindstone.

Your Country needs you
Retirement - forget it just keep paying out!

Please remember us for any of your motoring needs from MOT's to all makes servicing, tyres, air conditioning, bodywork and full paint shop facilities. Failing that we will sell you another car!

So as ever it just remains to wish you all
"another summer full of" - lazy hazy crazy days.

Thank you one and all for you support. To our new customers (from our expanding town) and our long suffering, courageous customers be assured we are trying our hardest and if you tell us where we can improve we shall be most grateful. Till the next time!!
Tootley Pip.

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