

for money when you are old. Taking the train to St Ives was an adventure but the train from Torquay to Castle Cary on a blazing Sunday afternoon was a wonderful experience as it was high tide in the estuary. Teignmouth and Dawlish looked fantastic with the bright blue water and colourful boats skimming about. The majesty of the foreboding cliffs at Dawlish riding on the edge of the sea, past Powderham Castle and gliding into Exeter is probably the best way to enter the city. The Devon countryside looked magnificent with lazy Devon Red beef cattle lazing on the sun, old woodlands (that haven't changed since the railway was built) and then race the traffic up the M5. Slowly coming into Taunton past the Majestic Taunton School main building with all in cricket whites playing was a sight of real England!

Somerset not to be outdone looked equally as good but in a different way as you pass over the levels and think back to what life was like when Alfred hid in the marshes: when the Brue and the Parrett were the only highways into the vast wilderness of marshes and treacherous bogs. By the time you pass Somerton everything is different with manicured fields and hedges, paralleled strips from the rollers and a feeling of wellbeing as you flash through farmlands and villages alike. All too soon the brakes come on for Castle Cary and a surprising number get off but hordes get on for London – best of luck to you. I'll stay behind – how lucky am I to live in such a lovely part of the country.

Perhaps I am a bit of a romantic but with all the trees and hedges bursting forth and the sun is shining, God's in heaven and everything is wonderful!

My mind floats back to an earlier surreal experience during a hospital visit, not unlike a Doctor Who or Sci-Fi programme set in a twilight existence. Perhaps I have never been in the Motor trade all my life and perhaps my life has just been a dream?

The surreal world of 24hrs of artificial light, no windows, no fresh air, Surrounded by seemingly lifeless bodies all connected up by countless pipes and wires to batteries of machines all of which beep, bong and flash continually. You cannot move as you are connected from all angles. There is no peace away from the noise shut your eyes and your brain is just mush; you cannot grab a passing thought before it disappears. You sleep weirdly and deeply and think you have had 8 hours and yet only half an hour has past. Not knowing day from night; what i

s your 12 hour watch telling you – is it day or night? Why won't morning ever come? Time has taken on a new dimension instead of flashing by at supersonic speed it had all but ground to a halt.

I can at least imagine what those on drugs see as every time you close your eyes water is cascading down in front of you playing patterns on the walls or carpets!

I trust I never have to repeat the performance but maybe that's why the world seems all the more fantastic!

Well, that's some of the story so far. As ever the clock is ticking and it seems to take forever to get this printed and distributed so if we are going to get this out for the summer best go now. Wishing you all the dreams of summer and hope for rain by night and sun by day and a



Flying Scot flashes through Bruton

time for a BBQ in between. As ever thank you all for your custom and remember we only exist to serve you!

HAVING BEEN THE RECIPIENT OF SEVERAL SCAMS OF LATE – THIS SEEMED APPROPRIATE;

"The scoundrels methods are wicked he makes up evil schemes to destroy the poor with lies even when the plea of the needy is just. But the noble man makes noble plans and by noble deeds he stands"

Isaiah 32-7

THOUGHT FOR BREXIT?

If you do not stand firm in your faith you will not stand at all!

Isaiah 7-9

Jordan W. Fry

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WEST END GARAGE (BRUTON) LTD

Summer NEWSLETTER 2017

How much luck can a firm expect? After our 80th Celebration and completion of several projects one wonders whether the future holds any fun and where the work will come from? The ways of the Motor trade (in my experience) the rollercoaster never waivers over the years. So hope lives on – chance of imminent contracts and then we ask how will we ever get it done, we need more staff! "Calm nerves mes amis" and then as ever in the past the contracts either get shelved, cut, abandoned or run out of money. So why did we worry in the first place?

Meanwhile keep your head down, grab what opportunities lie out there and keep pedalling!

At the end of another financial year, we are all still here everyone has been paid up to date and you wonder what on earth happened to those last 12 months. Time has wings and as my Father always told us "The older you get the quicker it goes" – how right he was. I am told on a daily basis the 2 conundrums of modern life "Why don't you retire while you can and enjoy what time is left?" and then "Whatever you do don't retire as long as you still enjoy it keep going!" What's a chap supposed to do? – as in all things take the middle road, enjoy the journey but have time to stop and look over the fence. When did you last see a farmer leaning on a gate studying his crop, when did he ever take time to stop and look? I suspect nowadays a drone is working in conjunction with his computer to tell him what to do and when to do it!

My deep distrust of computers will not abate with almost daily evidences of "Computer says" and regularly has to be proved wrong by a thinking human! Only today on the news it was suggested the end to cash – brilliant! No cheques, no cash – what happens when the system crashes? It is a fantastic, mind blowing age we live in with the opportunities of self-parking/ driven cars/ tractor and combines working by sat nav and fewer people having maps in their cars and haven't a clue where they are. Surely we have some responsibilities for our systems and our future generations when the electric runs out / is switched off. Those of us who had to work during the 3 day week should pass on our experiences. One hot spring day this month without King Coal generating and the future is suddenly green – let's hope we don't have a frost!!
CYNICAL RANT NOW OVER!

Grandson who, plays me like a fiddle, throws one topic after another into the conversation just to see the old feller sparks up and get all worked up. Just remember when Churchill was 16 he thought what a plonk his father

was and yet when he became 21 he was staggered at how much his Father had learnt in those few years!

If you are a political animal you must be having the time of your life. Probably by the time you read this the election will be over and we all start again wondering what on earth to do. Personally I just want to get stuck in and push on forward; then you look at Syria, Iraq, Afghanistan etc and you think what have I got to moan about, poor devils.

So you all want to know what deep joy has been filling our hearts since our last issue. As ever we have been blessed with a huge variety of work starting from the sublime – a 1950 Austin J40 pedal car (in for an overhaul to relive childhood memories and pass to another generation). Thousands of these delightful little toys complete with working lights and mock engine were made in South Wales by a factory set up by Austin to give work to disabled miners. Yet another example of how our forefathers got things right.

A very unusual and rare Lancia arrives in intensive care with a death wish of not wanting to go. Despite Dr Case's best effort he had to get cross with it and go right back to basics and start again. Finally it left intensive care for life back on the road!

A new experience was to acquire a 1915 Model T Ford, rebuild and return it to its original glory for a customer's centenary celebrations. The location of dozens and dozens of Model "T"s on a farm in the depths of the Sussex country side was a real eye opener and almost a journey of disbelief.

Literally a crash course around the yard had to suffice as my first driving lesson and was totally different to anything I have ever driven. Will keep you abreast of developments!



MOT a problem but zero emissions

In the rebuilding department the Mk 2 Jaguar has passed its road trials, gained an age related British number plate and is ready to cruise around Oxford looking for Inspector Morse or chase a few bank robbers, the grandchildren proving the ample boot is capable of storing kidnapped bodies!



Collecting 1915 Model T to rebuild

The American spec, Austin Healey Sprite is now looking resplendent but in need of Dr Case for a few hours before being declared ready for pre-flight trials.

Before you all ask the Mini Pick-up is edging forward and now boasts new floor pans – one day, a full report?! One of our more major challenges was being asked to secure a tank transporter with a commensurate trailer. All very well but as the more avid readers will remember, these machines represent a major asset for the MOD and even when blown up to near smithereens, had to be rebuilt. Remember "Iraq to Bruton" – the everyday story of a country garage! "Seek and ye shall find" and we found an American spec truck brought to the UK for trials and evaluations with very few miles on it and then a very nice 'little' 100 ton trailer to match it. Now you know in your heart that's too easy and to export this entire rig to the other side of the world required it to be R/H/D – only problem it was American and L/H/D – (why didn't "they" Americans listen to us in the first place?) As you know life is a challenge and as the customer said "If anyone



Dr Case taxing his grey cells

from military to civilian and we will be ready to load! By the way, whilst you are at it, source and overhaul a couple of MOD specification Land Rovers and Trailers and dispatch with it!

As the weeks and months slip by it is good to reflect what we have been up to of late.

In between we have enjoyed a near unbroken run of petrol tankers needing degassing and repairing and an even greater number of powder tankers – not quite sure what we use to do before we did all that.

With Her Majesty throwing a lot of her tankers to us, the size of these beasts demand a lot of room and so we have set about in maximising the last odd corner of space and trying to discipline ourselves to moving long stay scrap quicker, so don't loiter about! If only we could repair them quicker it would ease congestion but sadly parts availability from foreign

places and inefficiencies trying to obtain authority drives you to the point of despair but I suppose if it were easy everyone would be doing it.



Nearly a full house!



Ready for a new life in the Southern Hemisphere

Readers are aware of the excitement of real engineering stirs within some of us – so when we came across a stunning working model of a Tiger Tank (some of you may have been shot at) at our 80th complete with sound card and smoke system we were impressed and add to that the sound of a shell being fired, the barrel flashing and physically recoiling. Lifelike soldiers in the turret and realistic camouflage plus battle mud etc and you can be forgiven for imagining the fear these monsters must have instilled on the battlefield. However, back to the engineering of these fantastic machines which are made by a husband and wife team in an industrial unit near Honiton and as this deserved more investigation so a party of us invited ourselves to the factory to see the action. Talk about the age of the computer – the owner, engineer and brains is like the man at the fair spinning all the plates without stop. He loads the lathe with the required materials, programs the lathe and off they go. Everything is made in house (except the tyres for the tracks.) As ever behind every great man is a great woman and this case is no different as she scoots about answering phones, ordering parts, keeping customers happy and packing all the kits – what team work!

I could (as ever) waffle for hours but if your interest has been aroused then please look at Armortek on the internet and you will see what I mean. Needless to say we all enjoyed a fascinating viewing that was inspirational but if you want one the waiting list can run into years!

Carol, still locked in accounts (effectively known as Mrs L), complained bitterly about being put upstairs out the way and would never see anyone – besides, she didn't like the stairs. All this has been remedied at a stroke as we thought she could drive a Mini up and down stairs, visit customers and of course collect and deliver parts in her quiet time! – haven't heard any complaints since!!

It's that time of year again to get the old trucks out, check, polish and set off on various road runs etc. I fear that our old trucks do smoke (particularly when cold) and as diesel is now declared the devil incarnate, no doubt we shall be in for some stick. It will be interesting how the "old vehicle" classic brigade will develop. It now employs 34,900 people and adds to the economy some



Mrs L off on her deliveries!

£5.5 billion so we cannot be ignored whatever the outcome (so I'm not the only nostalgic old duffer). Visitors to Bruton continue to grow year on year with Hauser Wirth recording 145,000 last year. Certainly our railway station seems busier. When Hadspen House Gardens opens next year it will be even more exciting as folk could come to the area and have a full day out! Maybe some of you might call in to see us and whilst we

freely offer you coffee and chocolate biscuits. The growth in biscuit consumption has raised concerns in the house about a possible run on the cocoa market!

I live in hopes that with all the extra visitors our Highways Department might have a closer look at the state of our roads!

Always a welcome sight is a steam excursion train rushing through Bruton mainly at weekends so it means we tend to miss them but even during the week and



Our staff are trained to work in the field!

being wide awake they come down "the bank" so quietly (as they are freewheeling) that unless they whistle their arrival they are gone before we realise. The up hill return tends to be different as usually the car park fills with cars as does the platform and you know something is about to happen. Usually you can hear it as far away as Wyke (3 miles) as it begins the long climb and it really is working hard (with 11 carriages and a diesel engine slung on the back) sounds and looks magnificent – the age of steam is not yet dead – long live nostalgia. What does amaze me is the interest shown in steam by young children – what is it that excites them?

When our train system works its great! Amazing value