

What Happened Was - 15

Bryco Concrete phoned to say they wanted to discuss the new pre-stressing heads. Being no fool I picked up on the word New, so off I went to talk things over.

Traditionally Bryco went in for second hand machines and equipment etc, this time no change! There was a great pile of rusty 18 inch and 12inch R.S.J's and the boss man asked me if I would do the job. I agreed but when I got down to it, having to cut out all the bent and twisted bits and fill in a lot of unwanted holes and then weld in dozens of gusset plates as it was to be loaded to 400tons it would have been far cheaper to have bought new steel. Some people never learn, I talked father out of retirement to supervise the digging of the holes and concreting in. All went well and after testing there was another satisfied customer.

In September of 69 Andrew was due to start school and Shirley said to Janet, he will need a "dap bag", what on earth's that? Janet said, the answer being, a bag to put his daps in, so off they went to buy these daps and then the penny dropped, plimsolls, or today, trainers I suppose.

Then the big day arrived there he was all togged up in his new uniform and all excited and I remember thinking to myself poor little devil he has at least 12 years of this to come, but then I absolutely hated school so I was biased. As it turned out he loved every minute of it and now he is a maths teacher at Courtfields School in Wellington.

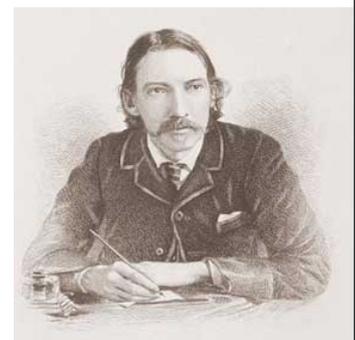
Meanwhile back in civilization I was doing a lot of work with horse drawn vehicles, which entailed a lot of forge work so I decided to set up a proper forge. Looking in "Exchange and Mart" I found a forge at Bristol, talked to the chap who had it for sale and arranged to meet him at his lock up in the back streets of that fair city. It was to be a cash transaction.

When I saw the forge it was just the job but somewhat larger than expected so I asked him how we were going to load it. "Don't worry I have a gang, I'll go and get them" he said. About five minutes later back he came with six of the biggest and dirtiest leather clad "Hells Angels". My reaction was "Excreta" I thought, this is it, I was about to be mugged and left to rot in the back of this lockup. They say don't judge a book by its cover and this was true. The softly spoken "Angels" picked up that forge as though it was a bag of feathers. When loading was finished I tied it down and headed for home. Having had enough excitement for one day I left unloading until the following morning.



"..AND DON'T BE LATE HOME-
TONIGHT'S YOUR BATH

Robert Louis Stevenson said "to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive". He had obviously never been in London the day the underground closed down and the Great Western Railway went on strike!



SLB