

What Happened Was - 20

Friday mornings Janet would get the bus into town to get the shopping and I would then pick her up in Clare Street at twelve o'clock. This was fine but it took quite a chunk out of my day, so I said "You had better learn to drive yourself". With a birthday coming up I paid twenty pounds for four proper driving lessons. I cannot think of the name off hand but the driving school had an office in Mansion House Lane, Bridgwater.

After the first four lessons it didn't take many more and she passed her test. Meanwhile for an extra bit of practice we went out in the truck to the old favourite, Westonzoyland airfield and Charlynch hill for hill starts, also round the farmyard at Crossmoor Farm. In and out of the sheds with plenty of reversing, that was fun until we nearly ended up in the slurry pit. So after that we stuck to the roads.

The first Friday after passing her test Janet said "Are you coming shopping with me?" "No" I said and made the excuse that I had promised someone a job would be ready. As she was a little unsure of herself Janet asked Nesta Richards if she would go with her and off they went with Nesta riding "Shotgun". It went fine. After that shopping was no problem and some days Dollar Cornish would hitch a lift.

I still did a lot of work for Trigg Engineering of North Petherton, which were always good paying jobs. They were involved in making steel rollers for the Bonded Fibre works being set up at Cellophane in town. These rollers were steel tubes with walls about one inch thick and four inches in diameter and with steel plugs welded in the ends to form bearings when they were machined all over. I probably did about two hundred of them. One other steady job was hinges that they made for Wilsher and Quick of Highbridge. These were brazed together, in batches of about one thousand at a time. This was a nice little sit at the bench job and took care of any spare time between other work. What today would be called a no brainer!

Our Ford Thames was fitted with a four-speed gearbox instead of a three speed, the gear change lever being on the steering column with a series of rods and levers going back to the box. When changing down, if you tried to be a bit quick the rods got out of step and the gearbox jammed solid and you were stuck still. I explained this to Janet and she understood to take it steady. This was fine until! one afternoon coming back from Stowey she got as far as Kibbys and changed down to turn left. The gears jammed and she was stuck in the road completely immobile. Just then farmer Percy Ebsary (Martin's father) came along and said "I'll give you a push" but of course it was solid. Just as well really as he had come out of hospital the day before after an operation. Then Kath Downs from Barford Road stopped and said she would fetch me, leaving Percy directing traffic. When Kath got me back to the "incident" I kicked the leavers on the side of the box back into place and all was well.



When this first happened Janet went into the shop and asked if she could phone me for help. The woman in the shop, I think her name was Carder, said "No, we don't do that sort of thing but there is a phone box outside the chapel." This goes to show that there are two types of people, nice and not so nice ones.

SLB