



MALENY MEN'S SHED Inc NEWSLETTER



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Newsletter # 19 – October 2018

Editor: Warne Wilson 54999974 warnew@bigpond.com

FROM THE PRESIDENT: RICHARD TOWNSEND



Firstly, thank you for electing me president for the coming year and, more importantly, thank you to all those who accepted roles on this year's management team.

Peter has done a great job for our shed and I hope we can continue the good work and achieve a similar result. The committee has had its first meeting and minutes will be distributed to all members during the year.

I signed the contract for the erection of the internal wall in the new shed and, thanks to the wet weather holding up other jobs, the work is now complete.

We have a number of grants in various stages at the minute and the big job for the year, of course, will be the erection of the "army shed", funds permitting.

There are a couple of interesting projects coming up: the construction of a school "buddy chair" on behalf of our Patron Andrew Powell; and Chris Brooker has offered \$2000 for us to refurbish the drink bottling plant currently stored on the northern side of Pauline's Shed.

One area I would like to focus on is the building of good relations with all other groups on the site and, in particular, the smooth running of our relationship with the Historical Society. One thing I request, if you are asked to do some work for another group as a men's shed project/job please have the request sent to our secretary, Malcolm, so we can consider it at our monthly management meeting and schedule it effectively, based on the resources we have available and other jobs being undertaken at the time.

Looking forward to another great year at the shed, Ric.



FROM THE COMPUTER CLASSES: DENNIS HENSBY

How Many Email Accounts Do You Have? There is something to be said for reducing complexity by keeping only one email account, but my aim here is to persuade you that it might be better to have more than one.

At least with one email account you only have to remember one password. But what happens when you forget that password, or someone hacks your email account and takes it over? Most email providers will require you to register in advance a second email address that they can send a 'recovery' password to. Alternatively, you may provide a

mobile phone number they can send an SMS to. If you don't have that in place, getting your email account back can be quite difficult.

Every now and again your Internet Service Provider may have problems with their email service. Quite recently bigpond lost email for a day and I was not able to send an email I really wanted to get away. I hopped onto my Hotmail account and sent the email that way. So there is another reason for having more than one email account. Of course, if my Internet access had been down, I wouldn't have been able to send any email anyway, but thankfully that is a rare event.

The best reason for having additional email accounts is to defeat the marketers. These days many companies ask for your email address whenever you do business with them. Likewise, if you log in to a new website they may ask for an email address. Why? So they can send you advertising of course! I never give out my 'real' email address to businesses or web sites, only a special Hotmail address I use for such circumstances. I check that email account with a much lower priority and delete most of what I find there. I might forward a few emails of interest to my working account. That way I keep most of the junk out of my main email account.

So how do you set up additional email accounts? Easy!

Most of us have an email account provided by your Internet Service Provider – your ISP. Most ISPs allow you to have more than one email address, up to 10 in some cases. Each company does it differently, but commonly additional email accounts can be managed separately if you wish. So my wife and I have separate email accounts running off the same ISP account. Check out the possibilities online or ask your ISP help line.

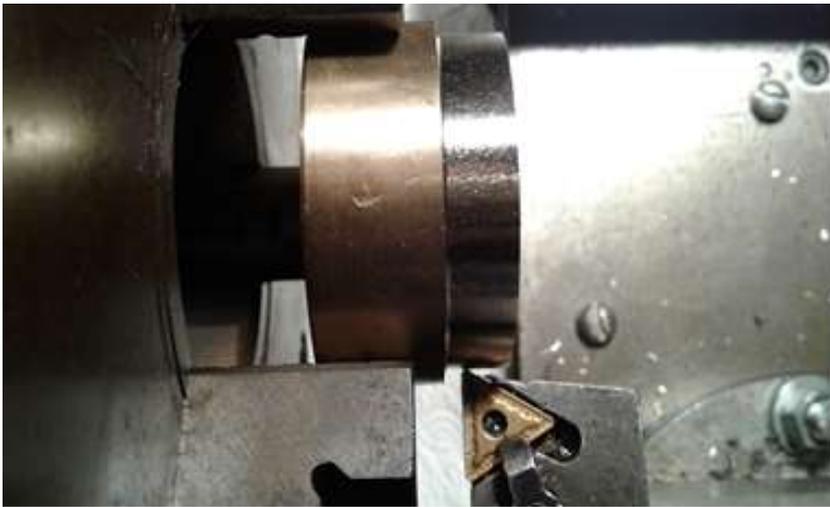
There are dozens of providers of free email accounts. Hotmail, now renamed Outlook, is probably the best known. Outlook/Hotmail allows you to have a number of accounts, called aliases, all accessible from a single login. If you have an Android phone or tablet you must have a free Gmail account to make it work. Whichever email provider you choose, all you need to do is sign up, nominate a password, provide a few personal details for identity purposes, and you are good to go. Providing you log in once in a while, say yearly, you can keep the account going. Of course you can delete a clogged or unused email address anytime you want. After you have set it up, all you need do is provide your new (junk) email address to anyone who requires it and reserve your good email address only for friends or those businesses you trust. Eventually most of the unwanted email will go to your junk email address and your good email address will be relatively free of junk mail.

All email accounts I know of allow you to set up 'rules', based on your selected criteria, to help you to manage your account. Commonly I use such rules to automatically delete emails from particular senders, or to forward certain emails I may want to keep to my other accounts. If I want, I can set up a rule to forward *all* emails from one account to another – I use that for email accounts I rarely check, just in case an email ever arrives there.

Remember to use a different password for each account, otherwise you run the risk of having all your accounts hacked in one go, defeating the first reason given above for having several email accounts.

If you have any questions on this topic, or have a topic you would like to see covered in the future, please email Dennis at dennishensby@bigpond.com

FROM THE ENGINEERS: LAWRIE ABRAHAMSON



Given the number of wood turners in the shed, I thought I might stimulate some discussion in the similarities between our material removal processes.

SETTING-UP YOUR METAL LATHE FOR BASIC TURNING WORK

Decisions must be made to provide suitable tool life, a productive material removal rate and job surface finish as follows: Cutting Speed, Feed Rate and Depth Of Cut.

CUTTING SPEED is defined as the speed (in metres per minute from a chart) at which surface of the work moves past the tool. We also must take into account the hardness of the material of the job and the cutting tool material, high speed steel or tungsten carbide, to deciding on the cutting speed. Then, knowing the diameter of the work, we calculate the RPM to set the lathe to. In the photo above the tool is tungsten carbide and the job is bronze.

The cutting speed, (metres/min) must not be confused with the spindle speed of the lathe which is expressed in RPM. To maintain a uniform cutting speed, the lathe spindle must be revolved faster for work-pieces of small diameter and slower for work-pieces of large diameter.

Bronze Cutting Speed, Feed 0.2mm, Depth of Cut 2mm

FEED RATE is defined as the distance the tool travels during one revolution of the job, in the photo 0.2mm. Cutting speed, depth of cut and feed determines the surface finish, power requirements, and material removal rate. However, one should also consider material of the tool, rigidity of the workpiece, the rigidity of the lathe, and depth of cut.

DEPTH OF CUT is the distance that the tool bit moves towards the centre of the work. Usually measured in millimetres, in the photo 2mm, hence reducing the diameter 4 mm. If chatter marks or machine noise develops, reduce the feed rate, then the depth of cut.

FROM THE WOODIES: WARNE WILSON



September saw us move into our new shed, and what an effort that was – including finding a place to store our pile of wood and offcuts. The lathes are nicely spaced in position and most tools, power and otherwise, are replaced in the cupboards for easy access. The committee has kindly provided limited power plus lighting and, with a bit more positioning of machines and benches, we are just about ready to start woodworking again.

Roy Brown is back after a stint in hospital and itching to get on with his restoration of an old spinning wheel.

Ray Hegerty is on light duties at home after a week with the medics and we will look forward to having his smiling face with us again.

The proposed wall is now in position, a wand-waving miracle thanks to tank filling rain which held up the builders' other jobs. The wall now separates our territory of noise and wood dust from the engineers' oily territory. This will give us more valuable wall space for shelves and storage.

Malcolm Baker has kindly taken on the big job of building a hardwood buddy seat for a school requested by Andrew Powell. Our next project will be the making of a Christmas tree for the Uniting Church Christmas Tree Festival – this year I would like the engineers and the smithy to help with bits and pieces for the tree, (More detail about this below)

FROM THE SMITHY: KEN SCOTT

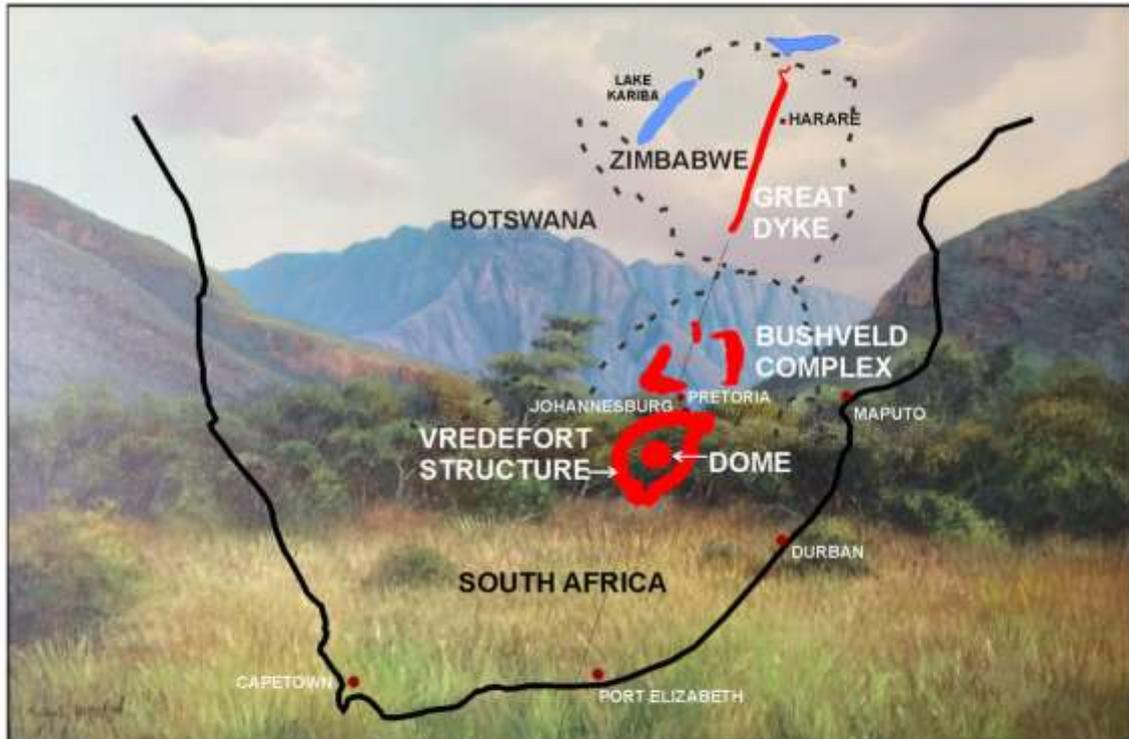
Ken says "A picture is worth a thousand words."



In the first photo, Ken Scott and Ian Pollard are looking like very professional blacksmiths. In the second photo, Ken, (the wild one) is threatening to thump Ian for insubordination, with Ben Fawns backing away!

**FROM DAVID HOWCROFT,
A MEMBER OF THE MALENY MEN'S SHED INC.**

I am an engineer from South Africa, retired in Maleny and a member of the Maleny Men's Shed. Besides a lifetime in Automation and Instrumentation, my interest for the past 36 years has been investigating VREDEFORT, the worlds' largest meteorite structure, (284 km in diameter and 50 km deep on impact). I propose that this was the source of, by far, the world's largest deposits of minerals, gold, platinum, chrome and vanadium, which are only a few among the more than 25 minerals that are mined economically.



My hypotheses include that the geological community have incorrectly dated this combination of impact structures (Vredefort, Bushveld Complex and Zimbabwe's Great Dyke) at more than 2000 million years ago. I believe that they were much younger and related to mass extinctions and the start of continental drift.

I have spent the past year in Maleny writing the intriguing scientific story about these events. If you are like minded and enjoy science, this will be of interest to you.

Please look at www.vredefortmeteoritesminerals.com which will give an abstract. If interested you can then download the entire article free of charge.
Comments to dave@howcroft.co.za

A NOTE OF THANKS to Dean Ervik for his donation of a bench top post drill and a belt sander with stand. Dean also gave a short talk at smoko about his green energy business. Dean may be contacted at Dean Ervik, ECOWORLD, 0419 334 333,
EMAIL dean@ecoworld.com.au
WEBSITE www.ecoworld.com.au

FROM THE MALENY CULTURAL & HISTORICAL SOCIETY: DESLEY MALONE

THE HISTORY OF THE SMALL SCHOOLS AROUND MALENY

Maleny's pioneers of the Blackall Range were timber getters, some arrived with their families and their children needed to be educated. A request for a school was sent to the Department of Public Instruction in 1884.

1886 The first school on the range was the Blackall Range Provisional School. It was housed in one of Mr. McCarthy's sheds on Mountain View Rd. William Verrant was the first teacher and he enrolled twelve pupils. In 1937 it became known as the Wootha State School and closed in 1949 after operating for 63 years. The building was moved to the Palmwoods School.

1892 The second school to open was at Witta, known originally the Teutoberg Provisional School. The name was changed during WW1 to the Witta School. This school was the last of the small schools around the district to close in 1974 and operated for 82 years.



←1898 The North Maleny School opened. When this school closed after 65 years, it was transported into the Maleny State School site in Cedar Street and this is how Maleny got a High School in 1954.

1902 The Bald Knob school opened and was closed in 1945 after 45 years. This school is now part of the Maleny Primary School.

1913 The Maleny State School opened in Cedar Street, the same year that the first motor car climbed the range. Maleny at this time had a butter factory and a population of about 510. The grounds in Cedar St were too small and the school was shifted to the Bunya Street site in 1958.

1913 A one teacher school opened at Curramore and closed in 1931.

1919 The Booroobin School opened and closed in 1953, operating for 34 years. The school was sold and moved to Keil Mountain.

Over time, all the small schools closed when school buses took the children into the Maleny Primary School situated in Cedar Street from the late 1940s. Some of the first school buses were ex army vehicles from WW11 and transported cream into the butter factory after the children were taken to school. The cream trucks also delivered supplies to the farmers.

The small schools will be remembered in Glenferna.

VISIT FROM YEAR SIX STUDENTS FROM PEACHESTER SCHOOL



Tuesday 16 October saw the arrival of five students, the head-mistress, Kim, and a mother, Rimini, to decorate beech wood plaques with pyrography.

The plaques will be attached to an outdoor bench to commemorate the students' graduation from the school.

Warne Wilson used the Men's Shed pyrography kit, borrowed one from the Montville Woodies, and brought his own to show them the basics.

The students soon became absorbed in the craft and were able to take their art work back to Peachester.

MALENY UNITING CHURCH CHRISTMAS TREE FESTIVAL 2018

We have been invited to enter a Christmas Tree again this year.



Open to the public 19 – 24 December. Setting up 17-18 December. Always wanting to present something different to draw attention to the Men's Shed, a tree made of bits and pieces from the woodies, the engineers, Pauline's Shed, and the blacksmiths is envisaged.

Warne will be around to give you ideas and general requirements.

The theme this year is "Christmas Growing Up" so a few old toys and maybe a bell or two, nuts and bolts – whatever!

This is a great opportunity to answer the perennial question, "What do you do at the Men's Shed? – Do you just sit around and chat? Hundreds of people of all ages visit the display each year and it is a great opportunity for us to promote what we do.



UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS 2018

Andrew Powell's Charity Cricket Match ... October 21 12 noon ... Maleny Showgrounds
Remembrance Day and Re-enactment Maleny Victory Parade 1918, November 11th ... Main Street and RSL Hall.

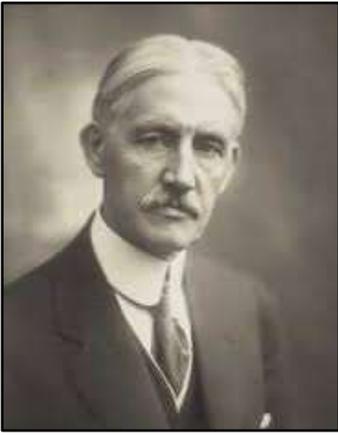
Maleny Singers "The Marriage of Figaro" ... November 9th - 11th 4pm ... Maleny Community Ctr.

Maleny Singers Annual Christmas Concert ... December 14th ... Maleny RSL, Bunya Street.

Maleny Christmas Street Carnival ... December 14 ... Maple Street, Maleny.

To include information in this events list simply email to denvergail1@gmail.com

AN OLD MASTER, BY C. J. DENNIS. 1876 – 1938.



We were cartin' lathes and palin's from the slopes of Mount St. Leonard,
With our axles near the road-bed and the mud as stiff as glue;
And our bullocks weren't precisely what you'd call conditioned nicely,
And meself and Messmate Mitchell had our doubts of gettin' through.

It had rained a tidy skyful in the week before we started,
But our tucker-bag depended on the sellin' of our load;
So we punched 'em on by inches, liffin' 'em across the pinches,
Till we struck the final section of the worst part of the road.

We were just congratulatin' one another on the goin',
When we blundered in a pot-hole right within the sight of goal,
Where the bush-track joins the metal. Mitchell, as he saw her settle,
Justified his reputation at the peril of his soul.

We were in a glue-pot, certain — red and stiff and most tenacious;
Over naves and over axles — wagon sittin' on the road.
"Struth," says I, "they'll never lift her. Take a shot from Hell to shift her.
Nothin' left us but unyoke 'em and sling off the blessed load."

Now, beside our scene of trouble stood a little one-roomed humpy,
Home of an enfeebled party by the name of Dad McGee.
Daddy was, I pause to mention, livin' on an old-age pension
Since he gave up bullock-punchin' at the age of eighty-three.

Startled by our exclamations, Daddy hobbled from the shanty,
Gazin' where the stranded wagon looked like some half-foundered ship.
When the state o' things he spotted, "Looks," he says, "like you was potted,"
And he toddles up to Mitchell. "Here," says he, "gimme that whip."

Well! I've heard of transformations; heard of fellers sort of changin'
In the face of sudden danger or some great emergency;
Heard the like in song and story and in bush traditions hoary,
But I nearly dropped me bundle as I looked at Dad McGee.

While we gazed he seemed to toughen; as his fingers gripped the handle
His old form grew straight and supple, and a light leapt in his eye;
And he stepped around the wagon, not with footsteps weak and laggin',
But with firm, determined bearin', as he flung the whip on high.

Now he swung the leaders over, while the whip-lash snarled and volleyed;
And they answered like one bullock, strainin' to each crack and clout;
But he kept his cursin' under till old Brindle made a blunder;
Then I thought all Hell had hit me, and the master opened out.

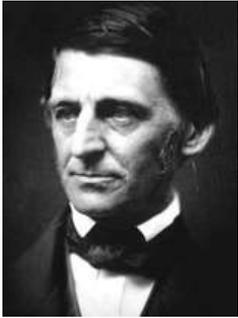
And the language! Oh, the language! Seemed to me I must be dreamin';
While the wondrous words and phrases only genius could produce
Roared and rumbled, fast and faster, in the throat of that Old Master —
Oaths and curses tipped with lightning, cracklin' flames of fierce abuse.

Then we knew the man before us was a Master of our callin';
One of those great lords of language gone for ever from Out-back;
Heroes of an ancient order; men who punched across the border;
Vanished giants of the sixties; puncher-princes of the track.

Now we heard the timbers strainin', heard the wagon's loud complainin',
And the master cried triumphant, as he swung 'em into line,
As they put their shoulders to it, lifted her, and pulled her through it:
"That's the way we useter do it in the days o' sixty-nine!"

Near the foot of Mount St. Leonard lives an old, enfeebled party
Who retired from bullock-punchin' at the age of eighty-three.
If you seek him folk will mention, merely, that he draws the pension;
But to us he looms a Master -- Prince of Punchers, Dad McGee!

The *Bulletin*, 4 August 1910.



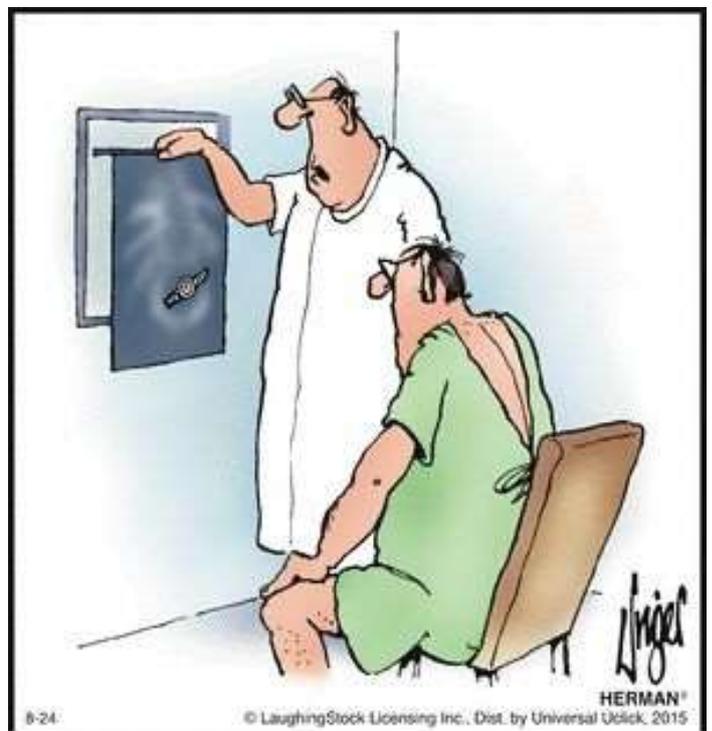
"The glory of friendship is not the outstretched hand, not the kindly smile, nor the joy of companionship; it is the spiritual inspiration that comes to one when you discover that someone else believes in you and is willing to trust you with a friendship."

— Ralph Waldo Emerson

What lies behind you and what lies in front of you, pales in comparison to what lies inside of you. — Ralph Waldo Emerson



"Hey, it's good to see you again.
That medicine must have worked!"



"I'll have to open you up again;
that watch has great sentimental value."

A man who shovelled snow for an hour to clear a space for his car during a blizzard in Chicago returned with his vehicle to find a woman had taken the space. Understandably, he shot her.

Paddy had long heard the stories of an amazing family tradition. It appeared that his father, grandfather and great-grandfather had all been able to walk on water on their 18th birthday. On that special day, they'd each walked across the lake to the pub on the far side for their first legal drink. So when Paddy's 18th birthday came round, he and his pal Mick took a boat out to the middle of the lake, Paddy stepped out of the boat . . . and nearly drowned! Mick just barely managed to pull him to safety. Furious and confused, Paddy went to see his grandmother. 'Grandma,' he asked, "It's my 18th birthday, so why can't I walk 'cross the lake like my father, his father, and his father before him?" Granny looked deeply into Paddy's troubled brown eyes and said, "Because your father, your grandfather and your great grandfather were all born in December, when the lake is frozen, and you were born in August, ya dip shit."

*Yes, it's that magical time of year again when the Darwin Awards are bestowed, honouring the **least evolved** among us. Here is the glorious winner:*

When his .38 calibre revolver failed to fire at his intended victim during a hold-up in Long Beach, California, would-be robber James Elliot did something that can only inspire wonder. He peered down the barrel and tried the trigger again. This time it worked.

The honourable mentions:

The chef at a hotel in Switzerland lost a finger in a meat cutting machine and after a little shopping round, submitted a claim to his insurance company. The company expecting negligence sent out one of its men to have a look for himself. He tried the machine and he also lost a finger... The chef's claim was approved.

After stopping for drinks at an illegal bar, a Zimbabwean bus driver found that the 20 mental patients he was supposed to be transporting from Harare to Bulawayo had escaped. Not wanting to admit his incompetence, the driver went to a nearby bus stop and offered everyone waiting there a free ride.

He then delivered the passengers to the mental hospital, telling the staff that the patients were very excitable and prone to bizarre fantasies. The deception wasn't discovered for 3 days.

An American teenager was in the hospital recovering from serious head wounds received from an oncoming train. When asked how he received the injuries, the lad told police that he was simply trying to see how close he could get his head to a moving train before he was hit.

That's it for this newsletter, folks! With the best of good wishes to those who are missing from our Tuesday morning smokos due to illness; Come back soon, we miss you.