



MALENY MEN'S SHED Inc NEWSLETTER



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Newsletter # 26 – May 2019

Editor: Warne Wilson 54999974 warnew@bigpond.com

FROM THE PRESIDENT: RICHARD TOWNSEND



Thank you to all who volunteered for the show parking which will help us collect a few dollars.

We are awaiting the results on a few grant applications and let's hope we can succeed, particularly with the Gambling Grant so we can get started on our next shed.

Peter Fitz has also applied for grants to fund a slab on the southern side of the existing shed, and another for security screens on the windows. Thank you Peter for all your efforts on our behalf.

For those that have not heard, the Historical Society intends to increase their fees to \$20.00 p.a. and the Shed will subsidise \$10.00 on behalf of our members.

Dennis is preparing the Sausage Sizzle roster for the next few months and your help with this fundraising activity would also be greatly appreciated.

Happy Shedding!

Ric.

FROM THE ENGINEERS: LAWRIE ABRAHAMSON



The Engineering team has very happily settled into the enclosed area of our new shed with quite some gusto. Not only is the new space so much more workable than the little old shed that we were bursting out of, but we now have room to fit our recent acquisition, the Turret mill.

Kevin has written about the miller in the last newsletter, and I would like to comment on the healthy level of interest shown by members on the type of work this machine is capable of.

My response to this question usually is that, just as the lathe does round jobs, the miller makes the flat surfaces and grooves that go into a work piece. An example is, that soon I need to mill three flats on the shank of a hole-saw that will stop slippage in the drill chuck. This job will involve using an indexing head so that the three flats are evenly spaced around the shank.

The photo is of the first job in the miller, and that was to mill two locating blocks that fit into the existing 16mm slots under the machine vice. The 16mm was stepped down on both sides to 14mm so as to fit into the slots in the table of the miller.

Why, you ask? Well! When these blocks are held in with screws, the operator can mount the vice to the machine and it will be accurately positioned by these blocks, saving a truckload of time and effort. Voila!

FROM THE SMITHY: KEVIN HOWELL

Forge welding is the trickiest of all of the blacksmith operations. It involves joining two pieces of steel which have been heated to a semi molten state, and hammering them together before they cool down.

It sounds easy but there a few difficulties.



Firstly, steel in the presence of air would rather burn than melt and because use is made of an air blast to keep everything hot, this presents a few problems.

Secondly, scale, which has a higher melting point than steel, must be in a molten state like the metal to make a weld.

Thirdly, there is a thin margin between a too cool, unweldable heat, and overheating until the metal burns and becomes useless.

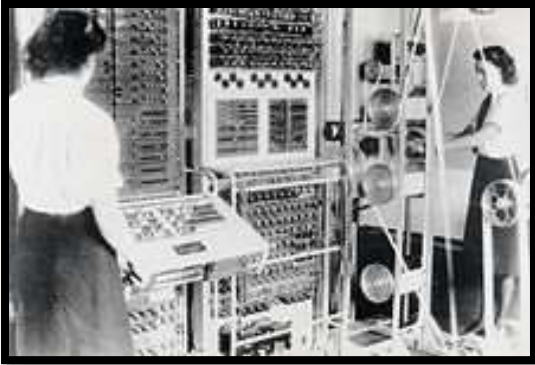
This thin margin is the only temperature at which a good weld can take place. In order to succeed, a number of things have to be adhered to:

- Have the steel high in the fire away from the air blast.
- Only put the steel into a very hot fire.
- Use a flux like borax which will lower the melting point of the scale.
- Withdraw the steel as soon as sparks show, and then hammer the pieces together.

It needs a bit of practice and the help of an assistant to make a success of it. It is far easier to use a conventional welder but for the purist, forge welding is the only way to go.

FROM THE COMPUTER: DENNIS HENSBY

THE ELECTRONIC PROGRAMMABLE COMPUTER

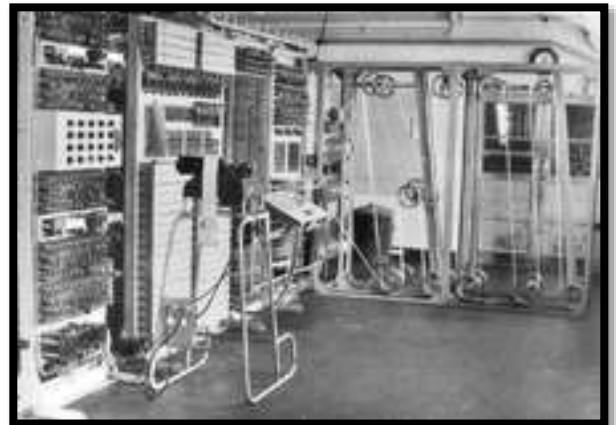


Colossus was the first electronic digital programmable computing device, and was used to break German ciphers during World War II. It remained unknown, as a military secret, well into the 1970s. During World War II, British codebreakers at Bletchley Park (40 miles north of London) achieved a number of successes at breaking encrypted enemy military communications. The German encryption machine, Enigma, was first attacked with the help of the electro-mechanical bombes. Women often operated these bombe

machines. They ruled out possible Enigma settings by performing chains of logical deductions, implemented electrically. Most possibilities led to a contradiction, and the few remaining could be tested by hand.

The Germans also developed a series of teleprinter encryption systems, quite different from Enigma. The Lorenz SZ 40/42 machine was used for high-level Army communications, code-named "Tunny" by the British. The first intercepts of Lorenz messages began in 1941. As part of an attack on Tunny, Max Newman and his colleagues developed the Heath Robinson, a fixed-function machine to aid in code breaking. Tommy Flowers, a senior engineer at the Post Office Research Station, was recommended to Max Newman by Alan Turing and spent eleven months from early February 1943 designing and building the more flexible Colossus computer (which superseded the Heath Robinson). After a functional test in December 1943, Colossus was shipped to Bletchley Park, where it was delivered on 18 January 1944 and attacked its first message on 5 February.

Colossus was the world's first electronic digital programmable computer. It used a large number of valves (vacuum tubes). It had paper-tape input and was capable of being configured to perform a variety of boolean logical operations on its data^[86], but it was not Turing-complete. Data input to Colossus was by photoelectric reading of a paper tape transcription of the enciphered intercepted message. This was arranged in a continuous loop so that it could be read and re-read multiple times – there being no internal store for the data. The reading mechanism ran at 5,000



characters per second with the paper tape moving at 40 ft/s (12.2 m/s; 27.3 mph). Colossus Mark 1 contained 1500 thermionic valves (tubes), but Mark 2 with 2400 valves and five processors in parallel, was both 5 times faster and simpler to operate than Mark 1, greatly speeding the decoding process. Mark 2 was designed while Mark 1 was being constructed. Allen Coombs took over leadership of the Colossus Mark 2 project when Tommy Flowers moved on to other projects.^[87] The first Mark 2 Colossus became operational on 1 June 1944, just in time for the Allied Invasion of Normandy on D-Day.

With thanks to Wikipedia.

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."](mailto:dennishensby@bigpond.com)

FROM THE WOODIES: WARNE WILSON

The Maleny Wood Expo is now behind us, after a very busy few months making toy kits for the littlies to bang together and obscure with textas. Leon's turned dolls were a major hit with the girls. He made 75 of them and they were looking for more! We will need 120 next year, Leon! Harry and Gary's dolphin key racks and cars were in demand also. We sometimes had kids on all available spaces, up to eight at a time. The expo is gaining a reputation as Australia's premier wood show.



Meanwhile, Roy and Ashley have been working on a double-sided sign for the Light Horse

Brigade. They have done a superb job under Clive Powell's watchful eye and the sign will soon take its place on the Maleny Precinct.

Bob has almost finished an unusual table he has been making, a project for a lady who wanted a box form table which would be removable from a cleat fixed to the wall – it will need two legs only, yet to be turned, and then fixed under the front edge. Two bird feeders required by another lady also brought Bob into action and she was delighted by them.

Dennis made and fixed steel safety posts above the new office, greatly aided by Lindsay Hay from the engineers who straightened curved steel frames left after the Anzac procession boat float. Lindsay cut and welded them to the posts to complete a very professional job – Thanks indeed to both of you.

MEMBER RENEWAL INCREASE!

Due to increasing costs, the Historical Society has had to increase the cost of its membership from \$5.00 to \$20.00 per member. As your Men's Shed membership includes membership of the Historical Society, your committee has increased the annual membership renewal fee for Men's Shed members by five dollars only, from \$35.00 to \$40.00, the remaining part of the increase, \$10.00, will be paid from Shed funds.



The Maleny Men's Shed year is the same as the financial year, so memberships are due on or before 1 July 2019. We would like to have most of our members renewed before 1 July. You can pay your \$40 by cash or cheque to Dennis Hensby (or to Colin Kielly) on Tuesdays or Fridays, or you can transfer the \$40 direct to 'Maleny and District Men's Shed' bank account at BSB 124001, Account no. 22290961. Make sure you include YOUR NAME in the comments section so we will know who it is from.

FROM THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY – DESLEY MALONE

Over the years, there have been several well documented visits to Maleny by Queensland Governors to commemorate auspicious occasions and worthy people. The Blackall Range was named after Queensland's second governor, The Honourable Samuel Wensley Blackall. In 1922 the Governor of Queensland Sir Matthew Nathan and the Governor of NSW visited to open a new bridge across the Obi and visit the Maleny and North Maleny State Schools where they planted trees. Some other visits by Governors have been the second Maleny Show in 1924 to open a new pavilion, a new butter factory, Maleny's Centenary Celebration in 1978 by Sir James Ramsay, dedication of the Maleny War Memorial in 1995 by the Hon Leneen Forde AC, a book launch in 2013 by John Morrison by the Hon Penny Wensley AC, the Opening of the 75 Annual Show in 2015, two openings of Mary Cairncross Park, and more recently, the investiture of Mrs Joyce Newton of a Queen's Birthday Honour in 2018.

Glenferna is significant to Maleny's history as it was built on the first land selection in Maleny in 1903. This selection of 790 acres by Isaac Burgess in 1878, was subdivided in 1902. Edward T F Thynne bought 469 acres, and his sisters, 320 acres. Part of the sister's portion is now Mary Cairncross Park, named after their mother, Mary (Cairncross) Thynne. Glenferna was built as a farmhouse and registered as a Receiving Office for Mail from 1904 - 1912 when the property was sold to Andrew Beacom. In 1915 it was sold to Arthur & Mary Cork who farmed there with their 11 children for almost 40 years. The next 30 years it was farmed by various owners until 1976 when it became an Art Union Prize Farm. The farm and house were tenanted separately by the winner, until recently, when the property was purchased by Brian & Leone McFarlane. The house was given to the Historical Society to be shifted to the Maleny Pioneer Village to become a Schools' and Telecommunication Museum. After the opening, plans will be in place to complete the project.

The Maleny Cultural & Historical Society is honoured that His Excellency the Honourable Paul de Jersey AC, Governor of Queensland and Mrs de Jersey have accepted our invitation to visit the Pioneer Village on 15 June and will open Glenferna and thank the volunteers. You're invited to attend this memorable occasion on 15 June commencing at 11.00am. We hope that you can join us.



1955 Kids on horseback form guard of honour outside school in Cedar St to welcome two Governors



Opening of Mary Cairncross Scenic Reserve by the Governor of Queensland Sir Henry Abel Smith on 10 December 1960. Left is Rotarian Vic Waddell, Cr HW Anning (Chairman of the Landsborough Shire Council), Elizabeth Thynne and Rotarian Norm Tesch



**2013 Book Launch
by Hon Penny Wensley AC with
author and artist John Morrison and
Andrew Powell MP**



**2017 Opening of Mary Cairncross Scenic
Reserve Rainforest Discovery Centre
by His Excellency the Hon Paul de Jersey
AC with Mayor of the Sunshine Coast,
Mark Jamieson.**

Maleny Coat Rack

The Maleny Coat Rack is UP and ready for this season. The rack is situated outside of the Maleny IGA Store. If you can DONATE a coat, please LEAVE one, and If you NEED a coat, please TAKE one. This scheme operates on an honesty-based system.

There are spare, empty hangers on the rack for you to hang your donation, directly. The rack will be locked away each evening by the IGA staff. The IGA staff will then be rolling the rack out each morning.

It is sad to think about someone going cold when you have more warm clothes than you need in your wardrobe, many of which will not be worn again. And a massive thank you to our Maleny community, for your continued interest and support. Stay warm EVERYONE.



**The Uniting Church CHRISTMAS TREE FESTIVAL will be held 19-24 December 2019
Theme: "Old becomes new again at Christmas"
Supporting Maleny Hospital Auxiliary
For further information contact Nancy or Malcolm Baker 0417 785 548
or Murray Robertson 0409 268 665**



UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS 2019

Maleny Neighbourhood Centre - Remembrance Ceremony - May 30th 11a.m Maleny Tesch Park. To remember those killed as a result of Domestic Violence

Maleny Show Society - Maleny Show - May 31st + June 1st Maleny Show-grounds.

Sustainable Futures Expo - June 22nd between 9am and 3p.m. - Maleny Showgrounds.

KnitFest July 6th + 7th Maleny.

Maleny Garden Club "Gardening on the Edge" June 8th and 9th, Maleny District.

Maleny Historical Soc "Glenferna Grand Opening" June 15th Maleny Historical Village.

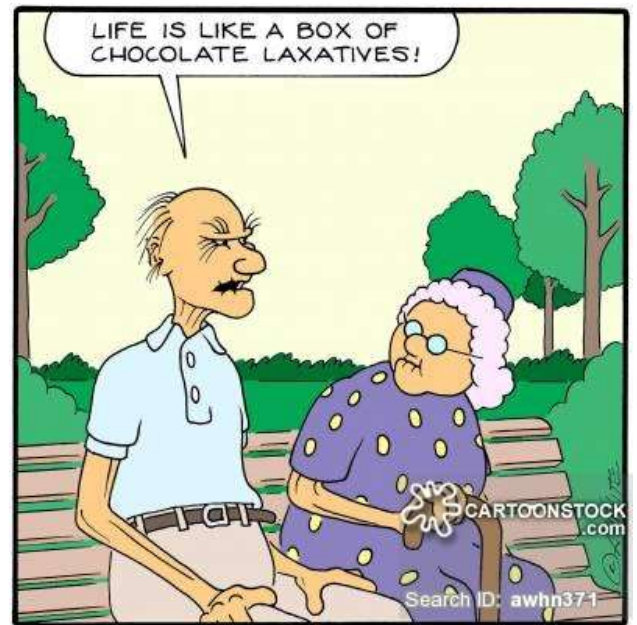
Maleny Singers "The Gondoliers" (G & S) June 15th - 23rd Maleny Community Centre.

St George's-in-the-Hills concert series: Chamber Philharmonia Cologne plays classical music 22nd June 2p.m. - St George's Anglican Church Maleny Tickets at Maleny Visitors Centre or at the door from 1pm

Maleny Muscle on the My Show & Shine July 7th (7.30am - 12.0p.m.) Maleny Showgrounds.

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

A Roman walks into a bar and holds up two fingers, stretched apart: 'Can I have five beers, please?'



Forrest Grump

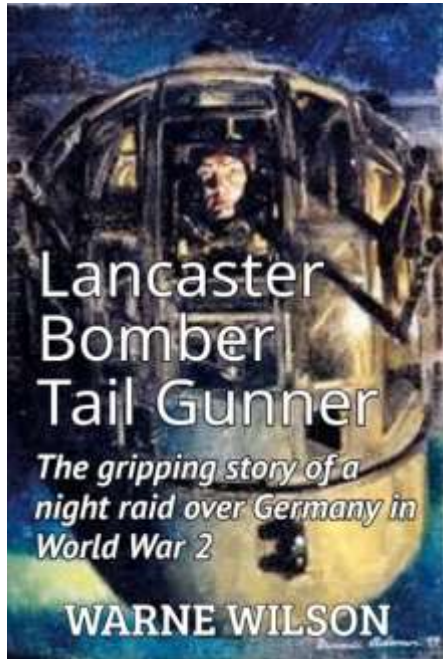


The best sign mistake of all, from the College of Architecture and Planning. Only in America.

**A departure from the norm this month. At the risk of being accused of showing off, I have inserted below the opening paragraphs from my best selling ebook. If you like it, I will add more in serial form. Let me know what you think?
warnew@bigpond.com**

LANCASTER BOMBER TAIL GUNNER

High Wycombe England. August 1944



As the last of an autumn sun tinted bottles on the shelves in the old inn, golden light caught Maureen O'Connor's auburn hair as she bent to a sink-full of glasses. It was the quiet hour between day trade and the often raucous nights, when rowdy lads from the nearby air base came in.

She had heard aircraft engines being tested all day, and she knew she would hear them again as the boys took off to God knows where. Harry would be with them, with his funny friend Jonesy. They flew together and though they constantly argued and jibed, she knew that they were inseparable. She had been stepping out with Harry whenever her weekly days off coincided with his occasional leave. They had walked down the valley on a lovely autumn day last week, to picnic under ancient oak trees overlooking Lake Wycombe, and Harry had told her of his home in Melbourne, Australia.

He had grown up in a tree lined seaside suburb and he talked of boats and sand and fishing with his schoolmates. He had built a small yacht in his teenage years, he had stored it in his parents' garage when he joined up. She loved his healthy tan, his hair and eyelashes bleached by the sun, and his relaxed, dry humour. But she worried for him; he would not talk about the raids, he was smoking too much and she had noticed a tremor in his hands when he lit a cigarette. He would not admit to it, but it seemed to be getting worse.

At nearby High Wycombe Air Base, in the blacked out mess hall, Air Commodore Waldron cast a weary eye over his assembled aircrews. He recognised the signs of fatigue in them: Heightened laughter. The fidgeting with cigarettes. White faces. Introspective, dark circled eyes.

He hated having to send them out again, under strength after the heavy losses of the last few nights. He needed crews and machines. Lancaster replacements were arriving; planes were not the problem, it was the aircrews. Even with fast tracked training in England it was taking too long. Canada, Australia, South Africa and other countries were training aircrews too, but the losses were greater. His men badly needed a break, but they were inflicting massive damage on Germany; and he had his orders. Just ten aircraft would fly from High Wycombe tonight – each with its crew of seven.

He rapped his cane.

His audience froze; the eyes of seventy young men riveted to his cane as he stepped to a cloth-draped easel. He flicked the cloth to reveal a map of Western Europe. He pointed to a spot at the far edge, and quietly announced, "The target for tonight – is Berlin."

A buzz of quiet comment erupted and more tobacco smoke fogged the air. Waldron outlined course settings, rendezvous points with aircraft from other bases, and the track across Holland and Germany to Berlin.

They would be reinforced this time with a squadron of the fearsome American flying fortresses. To date, the Americans had been flying daylight raids and their losses had been catastrophic, but tonight a squadron would meet and fly with them – and they were more than welcome.

Later, in the twilight, Harry clung to the rail of a service truck as it swayed around runway's end toward Lancaster T-Tango. The huge aircraft was standing on the verge in sinister readiness, its tyres bulging under an almost impossible load. He had accepted the commodore's announcement with weariness, and with a feeling of inevitability; this would be his twenty fourth raid, and his sixth time over Berlin. You couldn't get much further across enemy territory; 600 miles of flack and fighters to drop four tons of death and destruction on an already ruined city. London and the other cities in England were copping it too, war is madness. My chances of making it home are pretty thin. If I do get home? Could I take Maureen back with me? And would she come? She would love Melbourne's wide, sunny streets, and the blue waters of the bay. He could see her on the gunwale of his little yacht, her auburn hair blowing in the wind on a sparkling diamond sea. He glanced at the massive, camouflaged aircraft, and then to the twilight. There won't be much light tonight, thank God, just a sliver of new moon in a clear, frosty sky.

Harry had celebrated his 20th birthday a few weeks earlier at the old inn. It had been hot and smoky in there as they downed warm, heady, pints. His crewmates had formed a noisy circle to make him drink a yard of ale, counting down in a drunken chant led by his fellow Australian, and best mate, Jonesy. He had tipped the traditional yard glass with its bulbed end too quickly and Maureen had seen most of it soak his shirt and his good uniform trousers. He smiled for a moment in the memory of it, and he looked out across the fields beyond the chainmesh perimeter fence. He could see the church steeple and he knew the inn was in its shadow. Maureen would be there, preparing for the onslaught of the off duty ground crew.

“Come on Tailey,” Jonesy elbowed him in the ribs as the others jumped to the ground, “Dreaming of Maureen again?”

Harry flashed a grin as he cradled his parachute and jumped to the grass. He held his parachute protectively in his arms as they all did. He still carried his Australian accent. He could put it on when they pulled his leg him about it: “Stone the flamin' crows cobber” and “G'day mate! Ow yer goin? Orright?” would always break them up.

Their pilot, they called him Skipper, walked carefully around the looming aircraft checking engines, propellers and ailerons in his pre-flight visual check. He was below average height and slim, a young twenty-five with sandy hair; he could have been taken for a fighter pilot. He was joined by his lanky flight engineer, Bill Williams.

Harry followed Jonesy and navigator Brian Edwards up the ladder, and in turn, he was followed by radio operator Jim Merrills. Jim had spent his teenage years building wireless sets with a soldering iron and glass valves in his father's garden shed at Oxford. They called him Sparky. Jonesy tested his guns for travel in the mid upper turret and Harry heard him swear when he pinched a finger in a trigger guard. The flight engineer and the bomb aimer were last in. They took their places to start their own pre-flight checks. The radio squealed as Jim found his frequencies.

One by one the crew reported completion of their checks. At the radio, Jim gave a thumbs up to the pilot. Starter motors screeched in the Rolls Royce Merlins; The four engines coughed to life in turn, revving up and then settling down to a steady, warm up idle.

In his vibrating Perspex turret, Harry checked his twin Browning machine guns and swung them through their full arcs. After a gunnery course in Canada, Harry had been posted to High Wycombe as a tail gunner. His course mates had looked at him speculatively; they all knew the odds - his chances of completing his 30 missions were minimal. Most tail gunners copped it long before that. Sometimes the tail turrets were so badly shot up that they had to be hosed out, or

scrapped and replaced with new ones. He burped a taste of egg and bacon. I shouldn't have had that second cup of coffee - it will keep me awake - but it will give me indigestion.

He plugged in his heated flying suit - not that it was much good - but it could save him from frostbite over Germany. Facing rearwards, he couldn't see the tower's green flare, but his pulse rate went up with the roaring engines as T-Tango thumped from the grass to the concrete runway. His heart was racing to the point of pain, and he was sweating. They had a full fuel load, two thousand four hundred gallons of avgas, plus nine tons of bombs and incendiaries. He would be thankful to see the runway fall away behind. An engine failure on take-off had brought more than one Lancaster to its nemesis – and crews don't walk away.

The Merlins howled, and Harry felt the tail wheel under him thump over a join in the concrete. He noticed little tufts of grass in the join. He glanced out to the verge beside the runway, the grass was bending to the last of a dying breeze in the fading light, and he said his little prayer; “Lord, fly with me as I fly this night - and bring me back safely to the grass.”

The next thumps came quicker under the spinning wheels, then faster, merging to a shuddering rumble. Skipper eased the control column forward and the four screaming Merlins lifted T-Tango's tail. He eased the column back gently and the rumbling stopped as T-Tango lifted to the smoothness of flight. Harry saw the fence drop away below him and a twilight patchwork of fields opened to the horizon. He relaxed a little to watch the unfolding scene. Beetles crawling on the runway far down below became birds, climbing toward him. They would meet and climb together to operation ceiling at 21,000 feet.



That's all for this month friends, and to those not feeling the best, please get better and come back soon – we miss you.

Warne Wilson Editor, warnew @bigpond.com Ph. 54999974
