



MALENY MEN'S SHED Inc NEWSLETTER



7 Bryce Lane, Maleny P.O. Box 5, Maleny 4552 ABN 54 929 953 562

Newsletter # 27 – June 2019

Editor: Warne Wilson 54999974 warnew@bigpond.com

FROM THE PRESIDENT: RICHARD TOWNSEND



Well, it's been quite a busy time with two weekend parking duties to perform. To all the guys who volunteered, thank you very much. The show parking produced \$1,333.55, so our share will be \$667.00. Show Friday was super busy, however as reported by many operators at the show, Saturday was a bit disappointing.

house" event.

The parking for Glenferna opening was well run and we did not use our begging buckets for this "in-



We have one more coming up for "Kniffest" on Sunday July 7th where we will be seeking donations again. I suggest we operate from 8:45 am to 3:15 pm. I will stay all day and need a couple of guys from 8:45 am to 12:00 noon and a couple more from 12:00 'til 3:15 pm.

We have submitted five grant applications over recent months and unfortunately we have only succeeded in one out of four. We are still alive for the major grant of \$35,000 for the new "Army Shed" slab. The lease for the shed has been signed.

A couple of safety issues: We will need to mark an industrial safety standard pathway through the shed and all machinery and those operating machines must not be on the pathway at any time. If someone is using a machine please do not greet them on entering the shed, particularly if you are approaching from a point outside their line of vision.

Once again, thank you all for your efforts :-)



BBQ ROSTER

Saturday 22 June Wayne Schultz, Alan Poustie, Ashley Williams
Saturday 6 July..... Glenn Todd, Lawrie Abrahamson, Ian Pollard
Saturday 20 July..... Joe Eastmure, Colin Kielly, Lindsay Hay

FROM THE ENGINEERS: KEVIN TREVARTHIN



Some of the kit of engine parts

While Syd and Lindsay have been busy helping Bernie and Co with Glenferna, and Lawrie has been setting up the new (second-hand) mill, and Colin and Tony have been working on the restoration of the antique bottling plant, a few of us metalworkers were at a bit of a loose end. Consequently, and given the number of bikers amongst us, it occurred to me to drag out one of my two-wheel projects to have a fiddle with.

By way of background, I have an unhealthy interest in MZ motorcycles. Non-bikers (indeed, many bikers) won't have heard of MZ, but their predecessors, DKW, were a very large German manufacturer in the '30s. Things didn't go so well for them in the mid-40s thanks to Herr Hitler, and the factory ended up on the East German side of the border after the war. Under the MZ name they went on to produce very simple, robust but surprisingly fun bikes for the proletariat, as well as pioneering the modern high-performance two-stroke engine in their ground breaking racing bikes (technology that was later stolen by Suzuki in a fascinating case of cold war industrial espionage, but that's another story).



A dry assembled gearbox



What the final product might look like one day

Some years ago I was offered a 150cc version for the princely sum of \$100, which of course I succumbed to, the downside being that the engine was "in kit form" (ie a plastic box of unlabelled bits)...though the rest of the bike was still assembled and in relatively good nick. It was placed at the back of shed to add to my preposterously large gunna-do list of projects. A couple of weeks ago I dragged the kit engine down to the shed and we set about trying to identify what's missing, before ordering parts from Germany (still readily available, and absurdly cheap).

It's always a challenge assembling a motor that (1) was disassembled by someone else and (2) you're not particularly acquainted with. However, with the aid of workshop manuals and parts diagrams we found that only a couple of very minor parts were missing, as well as identifying some renegade bits that belonged to something else (these seem to be inevitably placed in basket cases by previous owners just to confuse future restorers).

So the parts have been ordered and the next step will be assembling the little jigger, which I'm sure will be interesting, with no end of "welcome advice" available from my fellow shedders! There'll be some work on the rest of the bike too, if I drag it down there. Pop in to see how we're going and offer advice, you don't have to know anything (by god, we don't know much either!).



Here we have Colin Kiely firing up the antique steam engine for the Governor's visit.

Colin, best known for the valuable contribution he makes to the Men's Shed as Treasurer, is also a very keen member of the engineers' section. Colin lives at Conondale and must know the road very well with his frequent trips to the shed.

If you have not paid your subs yet, the end of the financial year is rolling up. Please see the reminder below.

FROM THE SMITHY: KEVIN HOWELL



I have started building a power hammer, the first stage being a simple one worked by hand. As you can see from the photos the hammer is on the end of a piece of 4x2 hinged to a vertical piece of 4x2. A spring attached to the 4x2 holds the hammer up about 4ins from the anvil. The hammer is pushed down by hand and strikes the anvil. The spring pulls it back and with a bit of practice the hammer can be worked quickly up and down. In its present stage it is good for straightening bars and flat pieces of steel.

Stage 2 of development will be an electric motor driven cam which will push the 4x2 with the hammer up to repeatedly drop it. Speed will be controlled by means of a vee belt driven clutch. Looking for someone to help with the second stage development.



FROM THE COMPUTER: DENNIS HENSBY

WHAT ARE COMPUTER “DRIVERS”?

You may have heard the word “driver” spoken of or written in relation to your computer, but what are they? How important are they?

In essence, a computer driver is a small program that controls – drives – some part of your computer, usually internal hardware or external hardware like keyboards, mice and printers. These programs are written so that other programs can “talk” to different parts of the computer using consistent, generic signals. Drivers are usually written by big computer companies like Microsoft or Apple, or by manufacturers of other hardware, such as printers. This is done so that the control software doesn’t need to be re-written each time a new program is written.

Imagine you run a company making and selling printers. To make the printer work properly, each different computer needs to be able to send the correct signals to your printer so that the computer chip in the printer knows how to print out the document exactly as it appears on the screen. Each different Operating System (OS) may send different signals and each different printer may require slightly different signals to print correctly. Solution – write a small conversion program (a printer driver) for each available OS, for each printer model and distribute it on an install disk with each printer sold. That is not as big a task as it seems since many Operating Systems are similar enough that one printer driver will work with several OSs. Also, many printers use the same computer chip inside so one printer driver does several models of printers.

So yes, they are important. And it is important they are kept up-to-date, though thankfully that is required infrequently.

Every now and again some smart programmer invents a better wheel, or a security vulnerability is discovered, or a bug in the software needs fixing. So a replacement driver is sent out over the Internet and your computer throws up a message that a particular driver needs to be updated. It is normally a good idea to go ahead and follow the instructions to update any outdated drivers.

Can drivers cause problems? Yes they can. You may find a part of your computer doesn’t work quite as it should, or the computer may inexplicably freeze up for a while. You may even get a dreaded Blue Screen of Death when your computer dies and requires a re-boot. Thankfully these events are much rarer now than they used to be, but they may be caused by misbehaving drivers in your system. One possible solution for such difficulties is to check for any updates and see if that fixes things.

In normal use, drivers in a computer are truly set and forget.

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



Ray Hegerty and Roy Brown machined boards from a log and we caught them turning the boards into shavings on the thicknesser.

With the Maleny Wood Expo behind us, general woodwork is in full swing.

Harry Malcher can now give his production of expo toys a rest and begin to try some ideas – He is shown at the new Bandsaw working on two cutting boards.



Malcolm can be seen fixing turned legs to Bob's newly completed table using the pocket hole joinery system with pan headed square drive screws.

Warne took on a challenge to turn a knitter's wool bowl out of red cedar. The swirl allows the strand of wool to be threaded through and the ball of wool remains in the bowl. Neat Eh!



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



How did Tesch Park originate? From the family history of Ludwig Gottfried Tesch, born in Berlin in 1862 and migrated to Australia as an 11 month old infant. The family selected land at Teutoberg, Witta in 1887.

“Land recently acquired by the Landsborough Shire Council, bounded by Maple Street, Coral Street and the Obi Obi creek, for the purpose of developing the site as a park, has been cleared and levelled.

The park will be named “Tesch Park” as a memorial to the late Mr Ludwig Tesch, who was one of the early settlers in the Maleny District, having selected land at Teutoberg, now Witta, in 1887. The late Mr Tesch established the first commercial blacksmith shop in Maleny on the park site. He also started Tesch’s sawmill. He was one of the provisional board of directors of the Maleny Co-Operative Dairy Association and together with Mr Fred Vandreik, held the first contract for the cartage of butter from Maleny to Landsborough in 1904.



When the Landsborough Shire was proclaimed in 1912 prior to which it was part of the Caboolture Shire, Mr Tesch was one of the original councillors, the first meeting being held on April 12 in 1912.

The park will fill a long felt want in the town, and the council will have the co-operation of the local Apexians with the project.”

Click on the link below to find out more about the history of the Tesch Bros sawmills - <http://www.historicalsocietymaleny.com/uploads/2/3/9/6/>

MALENY MENS SHED

SATURDAY JUNE 22nd from 8am

MASSIVE GARAGE SALE. Superseded tools and donations over the years. Nuts, Bolts, Screws, Large set self-tappers in wooden box, Antique wooden molding planes, Saws; Carpenters, Power saws, Drop saw, Saw blades, Garden tools, Gas heater on pole, Laser level on tripod, Bits and pieces of all descriptions, Solid wood coffee table, Wood dyes, Interior paint in unopened tins, High stools, Router, New sets router bits, Twin flood lights on tripod, Many others items.

ALL ITEMS MUST SELL. ANY OFFERS CONSIDERED. PROCEEDS TOWARD MUCH NEEDED EQUIPMENT FOR THE MALENY MENS SHED.



UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS 2019

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

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

Sustainable Futures Expo (Health - Wealth + Lifestyle) June 22th 8.30a.m. - 3p.m. Maleny Showgrounds.

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 Mountain July 7th (7.30a.m. - 12.0p.m.) Maleny Showgrounds.

Maleny Knitfest 2019 on July 6th & 7th. This year's theme "Australiana"

St George's-in-the-Hills concert series: Classic Clarinets July 28th - 2p.m. St George's Anglican Church Maleny Ph 54999130

Maleny-Witta Touch Association AGM August 7th - 7p.m. Witta Rec Club info - Ph 0438148686

Drag Queen Bingo Motor Neurone Disease Fundraiser August 1 7th -6.30pm. Maleny Show Pavilion.

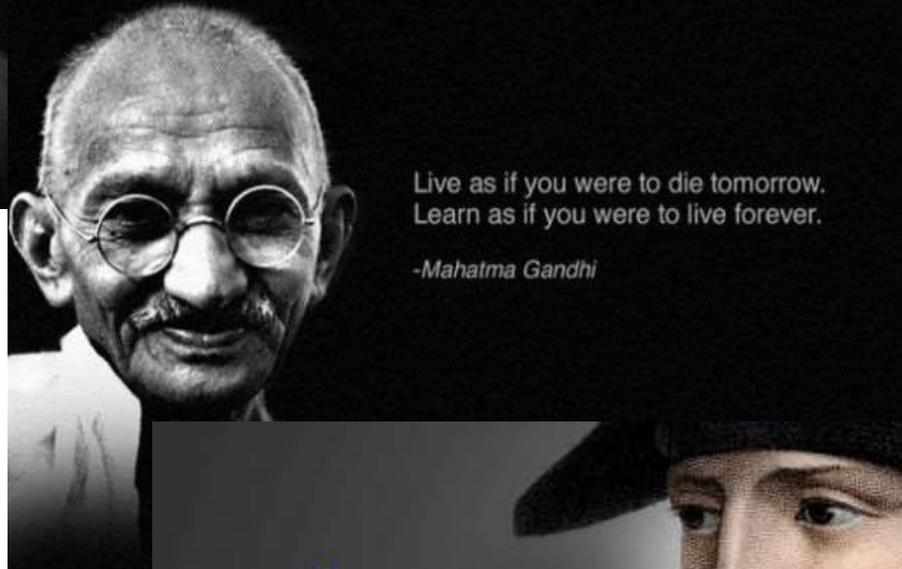
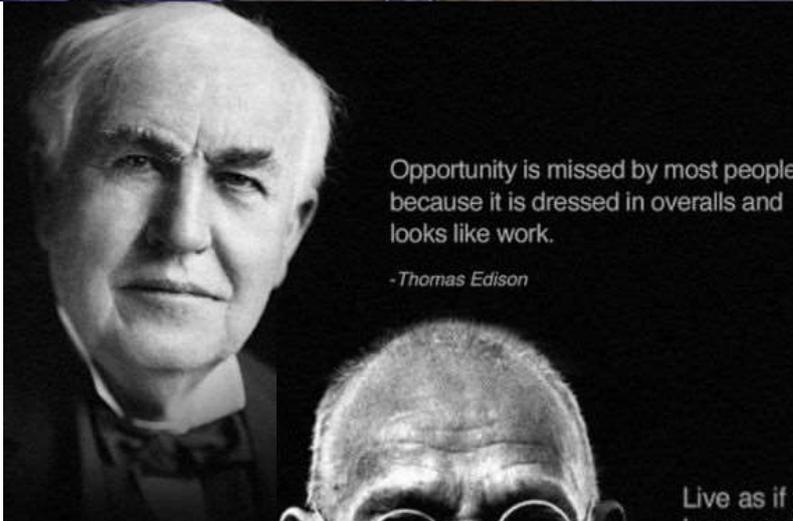
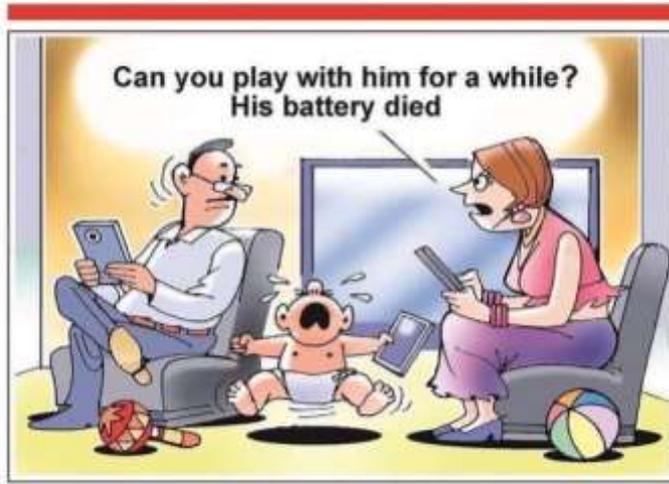
St George's-in-the-Hills concert series: Mandolines of Brisbane September 8th - 2p.m. St George's Anglican Church Maleny Ph 54999130

Welcome to Maleny Dinner - Maleny Blackall Range Lions September 18th 6.30 pm Maleny Showground Pavilion.

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

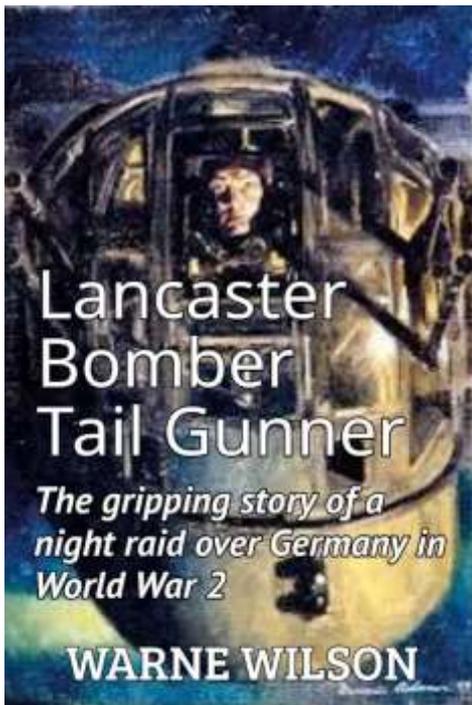
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Continuing Serial from LANCASTER BOMBER TAIL GUNNER

(Last month we left Harry in his turret as T-Tango climbed toward 21,000 feet).



Isolated in his turret, Harry shivered in the increasing cold, he pulled his sheepskin flying jacket tighter and burped again, his gastric pain made worse by the reduction in air pressure. He wished that he could be sick to get it over with. An escort of Spitfires came to undulate beside them for a time over the channel, but they turned back to leave the bombers on course toward Berlin.

Later, T-Tango crossed the coast of Holland in darkness but Harry could still see England, a smudge far back on the faint silver channel.

Harry's headphones spat. "Stay on your toes everybody. We're in the flack zone and there'll be fighters."

One searchlight stabbed up. Then another - and another. If one found an aircraft, other searchlights would join it to form an inescapable cone. Harry could see gun flashes below, and already shrapnel was ripping through the void around them. A following Lancaster was caught in blinding light, but something must have happened on the ground - the light flicked out again. Other lights angled for the aircraft, but it was lucky!

Far behind, the lights found a target. A twisting column of flame, then an orange flash lit the countryside far below as a Lancaster exploded. Numbed with pain and cold, Harry watched; his feelings deadened.

Three hours later, by the navigator's calculations they should have been over Berlin.

The skipper suddenly grunted with satisfaction. The pathfinders had done their job. A Christmas tree of glittering magnesium flares floated down in the darkness ahead, and a little to the right. His foot gently touched the right rudder bar and he dipped a wing to bring T-Tango to the bearing. In the flare-light he could actually see the Spree River, a silver band meandering between dark blocks of buildings.

In the tail, fighting persistent cold, Harry kept an eye on the following Lancasters. Their pinpoint recognition lights confirmed their shadowy presence. They strung out in a bumbling turn following Skipper's course adjustment. He couldn't see the flares ahead but quiet intercom checks signalled the city's impending fate.

"Bomb aimer?"

"Ready Skipper"

"Mid upper?"

"Ready Skip."

His own turn came. "Tail?"

"Ready Skip."

"Beginning bomb run now."

T-Tango began its lumbering run, a vulnerable straight course at constant height. It laboured steadily until the bomb aimer said, "Bombs away."

Freed of their load, the engines whined up in chorus and Skipper throttled back to maintain his height. The bombs would take 35 seconds to hit the ground. A flash flare fell from its chute and a timer started to synchronize a camera.

Harry tensed as searchlights probed the sky around him. His indigestion extended to his throat.

He waited for the flack which would be on its way.

Then they were amongst it.

Flack exploded above and below. T-Tango bumped violently in the turbulence. A splatter of shrapnel ripped through the metal around him. Rigid with fear, Harry tested his guns for travel.

He was still operational.

“Tail Skipper. Shrapnel hit but OK.”

“Roger Tailie.”

A brilliant flash in their wake. An aircraft had been hit. A cluster of magnesium incendiaries blew apart to fall like a glittering curtain. Harry saw the aircraft in flaming pieces floating downward in the brilliant sky. He felt, rather than heard the “Pock, Pock” of explosions in a last farewell. Poor devils, he thought, at least they wouldn’t have known much about it. But a warp of tracers like water from a hose squirted toward him, and in the hellish light he saw the twinkling wing guns of a fighter. He gripped his twin Brownings and swung for a quick leading burst. He saw his own tracers go wide and the fighter was gone.

“Bomb run finished,” a wing dipped in a tight turn, “we’re going home chaps!”

The bombs hit. The blacked out city erupted in blossoming explosions layered with dirty smoke. Harry saw a cathedral far below, its spire still dark against the firestorm. He thought of St Pauls cathedral in Melbourne, its three spires sturdy sentinels above the burgeoning city - the lunacy of humanity - we are all the same really. They speak a different language down there, but they would have been attending services last Sunday . . .

“Upper turret Skipper. Fighters incoming above and forward!”

T-Tango’s left wing powered down in a gut wrenching spiral and Harry went up as the nose went down. He almost vomited but he managed to swallow; his throat burned in protest. Freezing air from the shrapnel punctures whistled past him. He pulled his leather helmet closer about his ears. He had seen the disfigurement of frostbite.

Skipper levelled to face three Messerschmitt 109s head on. He dived under them to use their superior speed against them; impossible for them to follow, they screamed over the top. Harry could see them far back and above, his heart stopped, and then pumped again. They were turning and washing off height for an attacking run. He knew he was for it. They were closing fast.

“Tail Skipper! Three of them behind us.”

“Roger Harry.” He threw the heavy plane into a full roll. The engines screamed and then laboured in turn, but the 109s were ready for it this time; they adjusted easily. Harry felt his harness biting his shoulders as he was wrenched sideways. He had to let his guns go to brace both arms against the turret. He grabbed his guns again as tracers squirted toward him. He sensed a hit somewhere on T-Tango but he could see an opportunity in the leading 109. A second’s wait suspended time, then his guns chattered their own lines of tracers. The German easily evaded and Harry felt his seat vibrate as the 109 thrashed above. He wondered why the upper turret had not fired.

More next month, friends. See more of my Ebooks on Amazon.com.au Just type my name in the search box. Or click <https://amzn.to/2FbPCRo>





A friendly shot of His Excellency the Honourable Paul de Jersey AC at the Historical Village
(Photo contributed by Kevin Howell)

That's all for this month, fellas, for a few of us having a hard time at the moment, get well soon. Our thoughts are with you.

Warne Wilson, Editor. [Warnew @bigpond.com](mailto:Warnew@bigpond.com)

