



MALENY MEN'S SHED Inc NEWSLETTER



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Newsletter # 28 – July 2019

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FROM THE PRESIDENT: RICHARD TOWNSEND



"Well it has been an exciting month with two grants approved and one more in the pipeline, so special thanks to Peter Fitz and Greg Williams. We can now get on with designing our next shed.

It was also very good news that a few of our guys who have been a bit crook are on the mend. :-)

Election of next year's management committee will be during August so if you are interested in a position, get your nomination in. Please remember to pay your membership before the end of July.

Finally, it was also great that Ryobi gave us some wonderful gifts and our thanks to Wayne for organising it and to Stephen Butler – Area Manager Ryobi (Techtronic Industries Australia Pty Ltd) and the wonderful ladies in the Promotions Department at head Office, Julia and Martina, for making it happen.



FROM THE ENGINEERS: LAWRIE ABRAHAMSON

I must open by wishing Peter Fitz and his helpers hearty congratulations on winning the really big grant to erect the Army Shed. Very exciting times ahead. Thanks Peter and Helpers.

A fair period of time has been spent on continuous improvements to the milling machine functionality and getting to know its foibles. Vital tools and cutters have now been ordered for the miller via the support of the Men's Shed National body funding.

It was thought it time for Kevin T to do his own job and be guided through the safe operation of this machine to produce two adjustment slots in his flat plate. Joe and Col were closely soaking up the information and procedures.

There were smiles all round when the job was finished, as neat as a pin, in no time at all.

There were even bigger smiles when President Rick turned up with a spare vacuum cleaner from home which worked very well sucking up the metal shavings from the difficult to clean slots in the milling table.

I'd say, another satisfying morning at 'The Shed'.



FROM THE COMPUTER CLASSES: DENNIS HENSBY

COOKIES

You have probably heard of cookies in relation to your computer. For those who don't already know, a cookie is a small data file which is automatically saved on your computer whenever you visit most web pages. You don't get a choice and the process is invisible to you. The idea is that the cookie file saves information about the state of the web page you have visited, so that next time you go to that web page the page loads faster and remembers what you were doing last time. It may even let you login straight away, if the cookie has saved that data. Note that some cookies are automatically deleted every time you close your browser, while others remain stored on your computer. That depends on the intention of the programmer.

Are cookies a problem? Normally not in the slightest, but some unscrupulous web designers may use their cookies in nefarious ways. Cookies can be used indirectly to infect your computer with nasties. Thankfully, such scenarios are fairly rare and most anti-virus software will protect you pretty well. So, in general, cookies are a good thing as they enhance your web browsing experience.

One issue receiving a bit of attention recently is that cookies can be used to track what you do on a particular website. People concerned about their privacy might have a problem with that, but such people should never use Google, Facebook, Twitter, etc. Those highly popular websites track your activity in a far greater way (without cookies!) and use the information to show targeted ads to you.

Most web browsers have a setting that allows you to not save cookies but the default is usually set to save cookies. Because each of the browsers are different, it needs a whole article on that subject. As most people won't care, it is hardly worth writing. Google it if you are interested.

The result of all your Internet browsing is that you may have thousands of cookies stored on your computer, many of which you may never use again. So what can you do about that? Yes you can delete them, but it is an all or nothing proposition, i.e. you delete ALL your cookies in one go. Of course, the first time you re-visit a web page it downloads a new cookie and the process starts all over, with your computer saving a new set of cookies.

The easiest way to manage cookies is to include a cookie clean up as part of your regular computer maintenance routine. I do this every couple of months (or whenever I remember ☺), when I do a file cleanup, complete virus scan, defrag, registry cleanup and anything else I can think of. To delete cookies on a Windows computer, open a file browser and right click on your C: drive. Click on Properties then the Disk Cleanup button. This gives a box of tick boxes, one of which is Temporary Internet Files (i.e. cookies), with the current amount of space used. If you also click the Cleanup System Files button; this will add even more boxes that can be selected. You can tick any or all of the boxes in addition to Temporary Internet Files, then click the OK button. After this cleanup is finished, your computer will run imperceptibly faster for a little while, until it slows down as you accumulate more junk files.

For more information, search for "internet cookie" or "browser cookie". If you search just for "cookie" you will get lots of biscuit recipes!

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 WOODIES: WARNE WILSON



Christmas in July! It certainly felt like it when boxes of goodies arrived from Ryobi! Wayne Schultz happened across a rep promoting Ryobi tools in Bunnings. He stepped forward to ask what the chances were of Ryobi donating a power tool to our Men's Shed. We were overwhelmed when a selection of several valuable power tools arrived, but the icing on the cake was an unexpected delivery of five batteries, two five-amp and three two-amp. Clustered around the presents: Dennis Hensby, Bernie Gilbert, John Taylor, Don

McCabe, and Malcolm Baker. These tools will be a high-quality asset to the shed and will keep us going for years. Thank you, Wayne, and three cheers for Ryobi!



Clive Powell and Ashley Williams, have done it again, utilising left-brain and right-brain skills to produce this attractive double-sided sign for the Light Horse Troop. Roy Brown contributed his amazing routing talent to recess all of the lettering and Warne was roped in to carve two horses heads. Stage Two of the project requires Clive to fix the signs to two posts and to build a little gabled roof over them.

Worth at least half a slab, we reckon!



John Taylor and Bernie Gilbert deep in discussion – just before the State of Origin decider.

Body language suggests Bernie is pleading for John to stand in as dummy half but John is resolute.

Thousands of Men's Sheds in Australia and thousands more being established and springing up in Europe and America, give men everywhere the opportunity to meet and to enjoy conversation and mutual respect.



Another achievement this month was Gary McFarlane's completion of a red cedar jewellery box. A fine example of Aussie ingenuity and a few wood scraps; dovetailed corners, green felt lining, a spray of cellulose lacquer, gold hinges and clasp complete the picture.



FROM THE SMITHY: KEVIN HOWELL

We've a new recruit in the shop, Russel Davies, who is learning to make cowbells. Russel is doing a good job of it and has so far made a Beckett bell, which is similar to a Condamine frog mouth but is easier to make and gives a similar knocking sound. The other bell he has made is an American Kentucky bell which makes a ringing sound. The knocking sound tends to carry a long distance at night and the noise close up is not intrusive; it was a better bell from this point of view.

I went to a carrot festival at Kalbar recently, and had a good look at the packaging plant that processes up to 20 tonnes of carrots per hour. They mainly pack for Woolworths and Coles and they draw on about 1000 acres of carrots per year; they also process other vegetables grown by themselves and by other growers. The packaging plant is very high tech and each carrot is photographed so that it goes to the right sized pack. All water goes to a treatment plant to be cleaned and recycled. Other waste goes to make cattle feed and compost for fertiliser. Overall it is a very efficient plant with no unused waste.

FROM THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY – DESLEY MALONE

HISTORY OF TELECOMMUNICATION TO THE RANGE

Isaac Burgess took up the first land selection in Maleny on 14 November 1878.

In 1890 a mail service was introduced. It's believed that this service, Mail Service 373 from Landsborough to Maleny, was the first official mail service. This service was twice a week by horse. The year before, a telegraph office was opened at the Landsborough Railway Station, which was known as Mellum Creek until 1889. In 1892 a new mail service between Maleny and Teutoberg was opened which ran twice a week.

Pugh's Almanac between 1896 – 1897 reads "The mail left Landsborough and travelled by horse to Coochin Creek and Peach Trees (now known as Peachester), then McCarthy's and finally to Maleny, a total of 19 miles. In 1898 the mail started from the Landsborough Railway Station to Maleny."

By 1908 a mail service operated from Landsborough to Maleny, Teutoberg and Conondale, a distance of 31 miles. This service continued for some time.

In the meantime a small receiving office had been opened at Maleny, probably about 1890. As business increased, the need for a post office developed, so by February 1906 the receiving office was closed and a non-official post office opened. The Glenferna Receiving Office at Balmoral opened in 1904 and Mrs Burgess was registered as the Receiving Officer. This was at Glenferna. It was later registered as Thynne's Receiving Office.

A telephone line was opened between Landsborough and Maleny in August 1910 and Maleny was recommended to be opened as a public telephone office. Mr John Tytherleigh was the first subscriber and paid an annual rental of £3 (\$6) per annum. It appears that he was the only subscriber until 1912 when a telephone line was erected to the Maleny Butter Factory. The number was 4 and remained unchanged until 1968 when it became 94 2004.

In 1912 Maleny appeared as a township and Pugh's Almanac, Businesses recorded were auctioneer, baker, butcher, blacksmith, two contractors, dairy company, hotel, plumber, saddler, sawmill and two storekeepers. The population was about 510 and had a coach service for travelers between Landsborough and Maleny.



**Postmaster George Canton outside the Maleny Post Office
1931 This PO was situated on the bottom side of the IGA today.**



**Maleny Post Office 1987 the corner of Maple & Teak Streets.
Note Lawley House on the hill.**

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.

Memberships are now due. 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.



UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS 2019

Witta Tennis Club - Children's Tennis Clinic July 10th 11th. Witta Tennis Courts. For more information contact Mary Hooley on 0437 295 501.

Divine Divas Fundraiser for Variety Qld July 20th 7 pm Maleny RSL.

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

Maleny Arts Council "The Two of Us" August 4th – 2 pm – Maleny Community Centre.

Maleny-Witta Touch Association AGM August 7th – 7 pm – Witta Rec Club info - Ph 0438148686

Drag Queen Bingo Motor Neurone Disease Fundraiser August 17th - 6.30pm. Maleny Show Pavilion.

Maleny Arts Council "The Australian Voices" August 18th – 2 pm - Maleny Community Centre.

Maleny Arts Council Timeless - Tenor August 25th – 2 pm – Maleny Community Centre.

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

Welcome to Maleny Dinner - Maleny Blackall Range Lions September 18th – 6 30 pm Maleny Showground Pavilion.

Runfest - Maleny Blackall Range Lions October 13th – 6.30 am Maleny Showgrounds

Remembrance Day - Maleny RSL 11th November 10.45 RSL Maleny Cenotaph

Maleny Arts and Craft - Christmas Fair November 22nd + 23rd Maleny Community Centre.

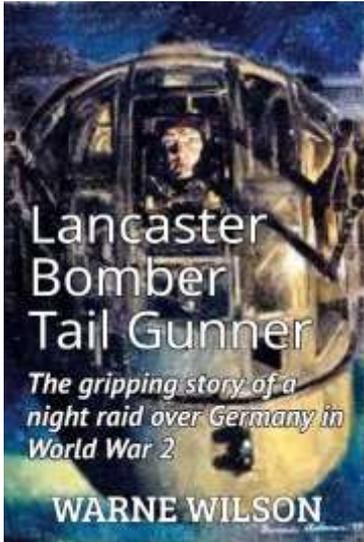
St George's Anglican Church Christmas Concert November 30th St George's Anglican Church.

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 tail gunner Harry in his turret after his Lancaster, T – Tango had avoided an attack by night fighters by diving into a spiral. He learns that his best friend, Jonesy the mid upper gunner, has been killed in an attack by a German night fighter.



“Sparky Skipper.” It was the radio operator.

“Skipper sparky.”

“Upper turret’s had it. Blister’s smashed and Jonesy’s copped it.”

“Can you help him?”

“No, Sir, he’s gone.”

“Thanks, Sparky. Get back to your radio.”

Harry, numb with cold, could not think now about the death of his friend. He wished the meagre heat in his electric flying suit could be tweaked up a bit. Below T-Tango and far behind, he could see the inferno; a malignant glow under an enormous veil of smoke in the frost laden air. This had been his sixth time over Berlin. Another wave of Lancasters would “Stoke the fires.” They would drop more

high explosives in the already burning city to create total destruction.

The radio operator and the navigator were glued to their instruments, constantly reporting direction, drift and distance to High Wycombe.

For a time, they had the sky to themselves. They were on course in the darkness to the south of Brunswick. Avoiding that city, they tracked toward Holland.

The access door behind Harry squawked open to reveal the flight engineer with a thermos and a beaker of hot coffee. “Skipper’s compliments, old chap,” he yelled above the din in a fake Oxford accent, “thought the crew could do with warming up.” Conversation was impossible in the roaring tunnel.

Harry took the hot drink gratefully, fumbling it in his numb gloved fingers to burn his lip and spill a little to the front of his padding. “What happened to Jonesy?” he yelled.

“Copped a load of cannon through his turret,” Jimmy grabbed the door frame, “No chance. Half his head gone.” He gave Harry a pat on the shoulder and slid the door shut again. Harry took careful sips in the constant movement, and, in the brief, quiet time he thought of his friend; too numb with cold and nerveless to register loss and shock. A glow far behind still tinted the horizon and from solitary space, the thin moon gave enough light to dimly mirror rivers and lakes below in the inky blackness.

Lumbering shapes were catching up; tiny identification lights confirmed friendly company and two Lancasters from the squadron took positions, one on each side, ahead and above T Tango. They were over Lohne, half an hour from the Dutch border when Harry saw it – moonlight glinted on a propeller disc. It was a Messerschmitt 109 - and closing fast.

Harry made ready. He began hyperventilating in his mask but he slowed his breathing to steady himself. He drew a bead on the 109 but it vectored to his left in a circle beyond the travel of his guns. He watched as it turned to an attack run from below and he was helpless, his guns would not depress that far. He thought it intended to rake the unprotected belly of T-Tango, but it lifted to target the Lancaster above and to the right in a chatter of white hot tracers. The Lancaster’s wing tanks erupted; they streamed fire and sparkling aluminium. He couldn’t see the 109 cartwheel to the left, but a few seconds later he heard its thumping wing cannons again and the other Lancaster above on the left caught fire. The whole sky seemed alight, the brilliant glare glinting in scratches in Harry’s plexiglass.

Then the 109 returned.

The German positioned below him; too close and too low for the travel of Harry's guns. Harry swore. He wrenched his gun handles up to their stops in an effort to gain more travel, but the German pilot laughed at him in the brilliant light and gave him a smart salute.

Harry keyed his mike and quietly said, "Corkscrew Skipper!"

The right wing went down and Harry went up. Then the wing came up in a switchback and Harry went down. He was weightless in his harness. Then he had his moment.

Realisation twisted the German's face in the half second before Harry shredded the 109's canopy and engine. The still spinning propeller wheeled away, and the 109 became a flaming projectile in the wake. Shaking, numb, sick and angry, Harry watched the flaming 109 spin toward its appointment with the ground. The planes above were losing control. Pieces of wings flew off into the night. One, and then the other, spiralled down past him and he saw parachutes silhouetted against the falling fire.

T-Tango levelled for its run across Holland. Search-lights quartered the sky and flack burst at their level, but they were through. The Channel was beneath them.

"Keep a sharp lookout everybody. Fighters will be up."

Harry could see a light or two on the Dutch Coast. Some people will be in trouble down there he thought, blackout regulations were strict. They were well out over the Channel and T Tango was coasting down from 21,000 feet in its homeward run. The Merlins seemed silent, as Harry's eardrums tried to cope with the increasing air pressure, and T Tango quiet after the deafening, vibrating racket. Suspended in a soundless world, his ears still blocked; he held his nose and ignoring the pain, he blew to restore his hearing. In the light of dawn he could make out the headlands and fields of England. He began to feel warm again as T-Tango eased down and down.

He realized that he had survived, and his spirit lifted! His indigestion had gone and his mouth actually watered at the thought of the bacon and eggs he was entitled to as returning aircrew.

He gloried in the sight of trees and fields and houses. He could see vehicles on the roads, and a train. He was alive!

The fence flashed beneath him, it seemed close enough to touch. A double bump, and puffs of black rubber smoke on the streaming runway. He was thrown around in a joyful jumble as the tail wheel hit the concrete. Joins in the runway rattled the tail wheel beneath him, then slowed to spaced bumps. The Merlins flared again to taxi. The tail gunner's door squawked open but Harry sat there for a moment. He was looking at the little tufts of grass in a join. He lifted his eyes to the steeple in High Wycombe. He would see Maureen tonight. It was over.

He had trouble getting up and out of his cramped turret. He shrugged off his parachute to cradle it in his arms. In the aircraft, light streamed through gashes the flack had made, and the fuselage was a tangle of plexiglass and blood. They had carried Jonesy out and Harry began to grieve for him as he clambered toward the door. He thought of the letter he would have to write. He would call on Jonesy's family if he made it home.

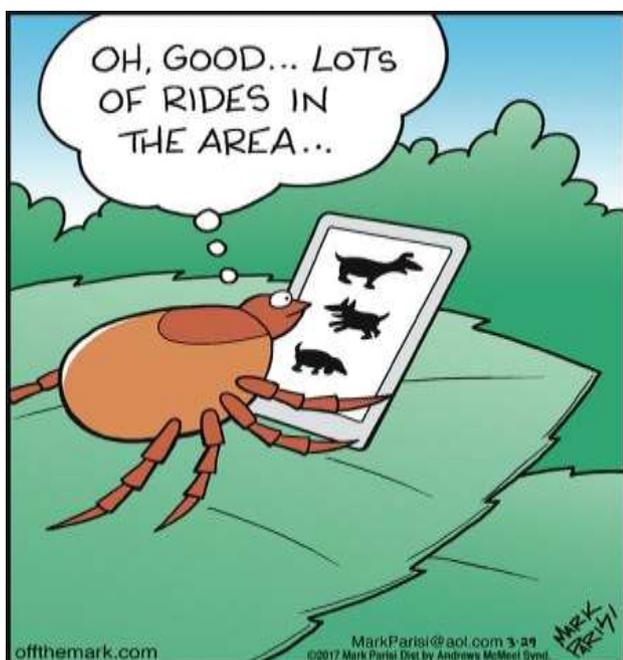
On the ground, in brilliant sunshine, Skipper thanked the crew as they emerged, but he took Harry aside for a special word. A fighter symbol would be painted in the growing line of bombs below the cockpit of T-Tango.

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This is the last instalment of this serial - LANCASTER BOMBER TAIL GUNNER. If a few members indicate to me that they would like these serials to continue, I would be happy to include the next short book in this series. Warne

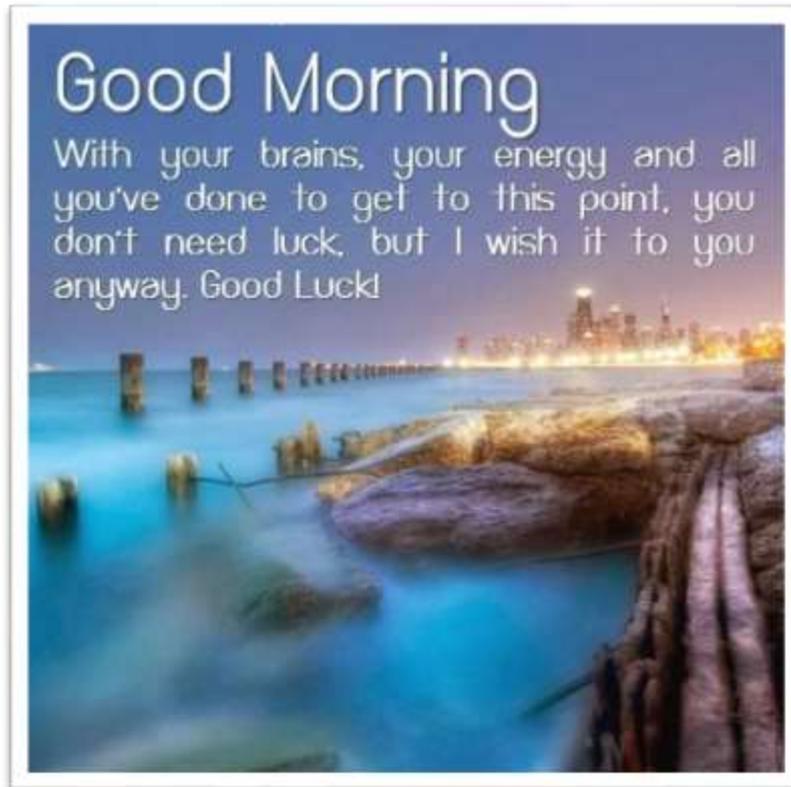
Getting a Hairdryer Through Customs

An attractive young woman on a flight from Ireland asked the priest beside her, "Father, may I ask a favor?" "Of course child. What may I do for you?" "Well, I bought my mother an expensive hair dryer for her birthday. It is unopened but well over the Customs limits and I'm afraid they'll confiscate it. Is there any way you could carry it through customs for me? Hide it under your Robes perhaps?" "I would love to help you, dear, but I must warn you, I will not lie." "With your honest face, Father, no one will question you," she replied. When they got to Customs, she let the priest go first. The official asked, "Father, do you have anything to declare?" "From the top of my head down to my waist I have nothing to declare." The official thought this answer strange, so asked, "And what do you have to declare from your waist to the floor?" Father replied, "I have a marvellous instrument designed to be used on a woman, which is, to date, unused." Roaring with laughter, the official said, "Go ahead, Father. Next please!"



ANYTHING IS POSSIBLE!





That's all for this month fellows. For those of us not sparking on all eight, get well soon and come back to us – we miss you!

Warne Wilson, Editor. (warnew@bigpond.com)

