



MALENY MEN'S SHED Inc NEWSLETTER



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Newsletter # 30 – September 2019

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FROM THE PRESIDENT: KEVIN TREVARTHEN



Well, I've somehow ended up in this role with this auspicious organisation – Congratulations to the smooth talkers who convinced me to take it on! Seriously though, it is an honour to fulfil the position of President, I hope that I can maintain the good work of my predecessors. I particularly must acknowledge Ric who's led the group over an eventful year, and a very special thanks to Mal who's taken on the important responsibility of Secretary for several years, especially working though the tortuous path of getting our own building up and running successfully.

I see two primary goals over the next year. Firstly, we will continue to work towards the erection of the Army Shed. The newly formed sub-committee is building out the project plan, and hopefully by this time next year we will have a second building on-site. This building will be a “clean” space, which can be used for additional activities such as cards, chess, pool, computers, music, leatherwork (which many other Men's Sheds provide). It will also provide a larger space for smokos and presentations, and could potentially be used for other social activities.

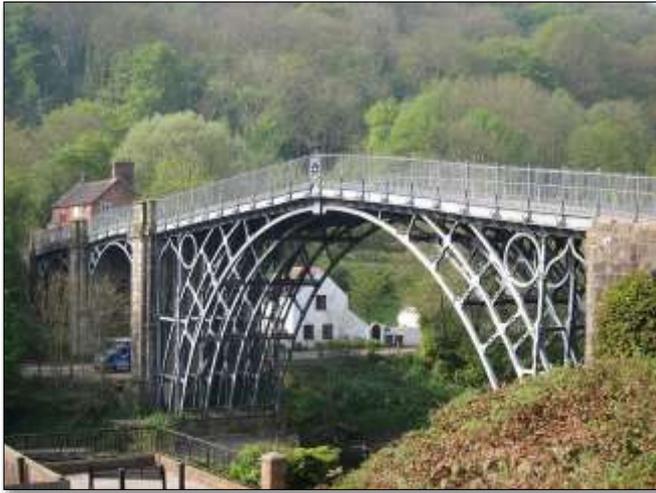
This feeds into the second goal: to expand our membership base. Now that we boast our own well equipped shed, and soon a second building, I believe that we can host a larger number of members. Our potential catchment area has a population of over 10,000, so I am certain that there are many more men in the district who can benefit from membership of the Shed. Watch this space for more initiatives.

I also aim to continue the good work of the previous committee in building productive and positive relationships with the other tenants of the site. We can all benefit by being co-located if we continue to co-operate constructively to meet our respective aims.

Finally, I want to emphasise that I want to hear feedback – positive, constructive criticism and suggestions – directly and frankly. If you've got a problem or issue (with the Shed, other members or even personal) do not hesitate to talk to me. I spent a career in an environment dealing with a wide variety of personalities and opinions where robust but respectful interaction was encouraged, I can deal with it all so don't be shy!

Keep on working (and talking) “shoulder to shoulder”.

FROM THE ENGINEERS: LAWRIE ABRAHAMSON



Iron Bridge, the first iron bridge of its kind in the world. The bridge was built in 1779

A LITTLE BIT OF HISTORY ABOUT IRON

The application of the steam engine allowed coke to be substituted for charcoal in iron making, lowering the cost of iron, which provided engineers with a new material for building bridges. This bridge was made of cast iron, which was soon displaced by less brittle wrought iron as a structural material. The science of classical mechanics, sometimes called Newtonian mechanics, formed the scientific basis of much of modern engineering. With the rise of engineering as a profession in the 18th Century, the term became more narrowly applied to fields in which mathematics and science were applied

to these ends. Similarly, in addition to military and civil engineering, the fields then known as the mechanic arts became incorporated into engineering.

Applied science led to the development of the steam engine. The sequence of events began with the invention of the barometer and the measurement of atmospheric pressure by Evangelista Torricelli in 1643, demonstration of the force of atmospheric pressure by Otto von Guericke using the Magdeburg hemispheres in 1656, laboratory experiments by Denis Papin, who built experimental model steam engines and demonstrated the use of a piston, which he published in 1707.

Samuel Morland, a mathematician and inventor who worked on pumps, left notes at the Vauxhall Ordinance Office on a steam pump design that Thomas Savery read. In 1698 Savery built a steam pump called "The Miner's Friend." It employed both vacuum and pressure.^[14] Iron merchant Thomas Newcomen, who built the first commercial piston steam engine in 1712, was not known to have any scientific training.^{[15]:32}

The application of steam-powered cast iron blowing cylinders for providing pressurized air for blast furnaces led to a large increase in iron production in the late 18th century. The higher furnace temperatures made possible with steam-powered blast allowed for the use of more lime in blast furnaces, which enabled the transition from charcoal to coke.^[17] These innovations lowered the cost of iron. One of the most famous engineers of the mid-19th century was Isambard Kingdom Brunel, who built railroads, dockyards, bridges and steamships.

The Industrial Revolution created a demand for machinery with metal parts, which led to the development of several machine tools. Boring cast iron cylinders with precision was not possible until John Wilkinson invented his boring machine, which is considered the first machine tool.^[19] Other machine tools included the screw cutting lathe, milling machine, turret lathe and the metal planer. Precision machining techniques were developed in the first half of the 19th century. These included the use of gigs to guide the machining tool over the work and fixtures to hold the work in the proper position. Machine tools and machining techniques capable of producing interchangeable parts led to large-scale factory production by the late 19th Century.

FROM THE COMPUTER CLASSES: DENNIS HENSBY

DISPOSING OF TECH EQUIPMENT



I regularly hear of people replacing phones or computers. I guess it is inevitable these days, as this equipment gets outdated, gets slower or just 'fails to proceed' (apologies to Rolls Royce). The problem is that with smart phones and any sort of computer you should clean all your personal data off the machine before disposing of it. You really don't want your information falling into the wrong hands, even though you may think you have nothing of value on your old device. You would be amazed what the wrong person could do with your 'harmless' data, including raiding your bank accounts or much worse, or stealing your identity. Only after clearing all data should you allow the phone or computer to go off to recycling.

SMART PHONES

Assuming you have already swapped your photos and other data onto your new phone, you need to wipe your old phone. Most phone makers provide a "reset to factory" process, which effectively wipes the phone and sets all settings back to standard. The owner's manual is the best place to find out how to do this. Haven't got an owner's manual? Google it – most are available online. For some phones it means sticking a pin or paper clip into a hole designed specifically for the purpose. For most modern phones it means burrowing down through several menus to find the factory reset item. On mine, it is a few layers down, under Settings. It is meant to be hard to find so that you don't wipe your phone accidentally. Several businesses, including phone shops, act as collection points for old mobile phones.

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



The official naming of the 5th Light Horse Maleny Regiment's training ground "Ziza Field" on the Maleny Community Precinct was a very moving occasion that took place this month on a beautiful sunny Qld morning. Guests were treated to a parade from combined horse regiments who proudly joined the Maleny troopers - 2nd Light Horse Regiment Woombye Troop, Australian Army Veterinary Corps, Queensland Mounted Infantry Historical Troop and the Cooroy and District Memorial Troop.

In his address, Maleny's Troop commander Rob Werry said: Thanks to Andrew Powell and our Patron Rob Outridge, MC Greg Williams – and the Maleny Men's Shed for the uniquely beautiful field sign they designed and crafted over many months from local timbers, particularly Clive Powell, Roy Brown, Warne Wilson & Ashley Williams."

ELEANOR'S COFFIN

News item for three days recently: A frantic search for a little girl lost from her home in bushland at Cootharabah, north of Noosa. Sadly, she was found in a dam on the third day. We agreed immediately when we were asked to make her coffin. The committee offered to pay costs from club funds and our woodies swung into action, In addition, an anonymous donation was received. We worked every day to have the coffin constructed in time; after careful finishing and sanding, two coats of undercoat plus two of white enamel, we had it ready. The above pics show Lawrie Abrahamson fixing the beautiful lining, ably helped by Ashley Williams and Dennis Hensby. I was very proud of the guys, including others not in the photos who produced this outstanding result within five days. The only design detail we had was the three basic measurements.



FROM THE SMITHY: KEVIN HOWELL

Russel Davies is working noisily away at developing the MALENY COWBELL. Our marketing manager, Ken Scott, said that that we need 10 complete bells to mount a proper marketing programme. So far, one bell has been completed and several are in various stages of construction.

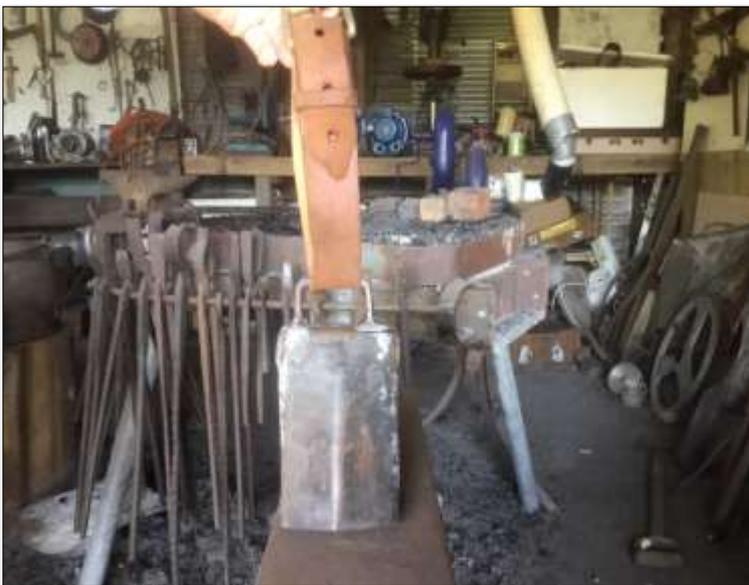
Along the way Russell is learning a number of skills such as getting the sound right by peening the skirt of the bell and brassing the seams to seal them up and improve the sound. This latter process is done by laying strips of brass and borax flux in the seam and heating in the forge till it melts and flows into the seam. Some of the molten brass flows through the seam and coats the outside of the bell.

Welding is another skill Russel has accomplished as the handle and donger have to be welded to the bell. I showed him all I knew about this which means he has a lot to learn. As they say, practice makes perfect!

Ken Scott has returned to the fold, as shown in the photo. He bought a couple of whips along to stir the troops up and get them working. Ken demonstrated his skill by cracking the whip out the front – and it sounded like rifle shots going off. Scared hell out of everyone. The leather straps for the bells are made by Ken and look very professional with copper rivets and shiny buckles.

Ian Pollard has been using his architectural skills to help with the setting out of the new shed and his skills have put a new light on how we should do things in the future. He has set up an air blowing system for the forges, and with a bit of refinement it is now working really well.

There are 3 stages of being sick. A bit crook, crook and really crook. So if you are telling someone how sick you are by using these terms they will know exactly how crook you are.



FROM THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY – DESLEY MALONE

BERGANN'S LANE WALK

In 1885, Ludwig and Auguste Bergann and their two young children arrived in Brisbane as free passengers from Lauenbrg, today part of Poland. The Raddatz and Noffke families came with them and they settled at Waterford before moving to Teutoberg. Later Ludwig's sister Auguste and her husband Rudolph Manitzky and their family arrived and they all lived in close proximity to each other.

In 1887, Ludwig Bergann selected 159 acres 2 roods (64 ha) at Teutoberg. He paid a deposit of £5.6.8, being the first year's rent and a provisional survey fee, as prescribed by the regulations. He started work on his selection a year later, clearing 3 acres of scrub.

In 1893, Ludwig applied for settlement but his application was unsuccessful as he hadn't been a resident for a full 5 years. He reapplied and in 1894 the Deed was finally granted.

Ludwig had carried out the following improvements on his land –

- House, 30 ft. X 12 ft. 3 rooms with detached kitchen, slabs with shingle roof
- Barns and buildings, 30 ft. X 16 ft.
- 20 acres of scrub, felled, cleaned and under cultivation with maize, potatoes, oats, peas, bananas and artificial grass
- 10 acres of scrub, felled
- 20 chain of 2 rail permanent fence



Ludwig became involved in the community and donated land for the Lutheran church which was built in 1893. He passed away suddenly after 3 days of illness in 1895. A magisterial inquiry was held into his death and the cause was recorded as inflammation.

Following Ludwig's death, Auguste continued to work and establish the farm and purchased more land at Teutoberg and Conondale. She had a young family to support and in 1898 was making cheese which she sold. The attached photo of Auguste with her cheese has been widely used as Queensland's photographic history.

Auguste died in 1931 at the age of 71. She was buried from the family home, her coffin carried across the paddock to her final resting place, alongside her husband and young daughter.



Three generations of Bergann descendants are buried on the family property, including the ashes of Aubrey Bergann who died in 1995, Ludwig's grandson.

The last 47 acres that remained in the Bergann family was sold in 2009.

The family is remembered in Berganns Lane Walk, a 2.2 return walk connecting Berganns Road to Witta Road.

The grave site is in a fenced off section on the walk. It's a lovely meandering walk through rainforest with open farmland on either side.

NEW MEMBERS

We are pleased to welcome this month's new members:

BILL HENMAN; PAUL ROBINSON; and PAUL LARGE.

GREAT TO HAVE YOU WITH US!

Once again, Men's Shed members participated in the Sunshine Coast Ironman event with members getting an early Sunday morning start to prime themselves for the event. Our photo shows one of our contenders, Colin, showing a clean set of heels to competitors in the running leg as he endeavors to gain his marshalling position before the runners come into view.

Event marshalling is just one of the many services that Maleny 'Shedders' perform to support the broader community and promote our Men's Shed.



The other pic (above right) shows a couple of mechanics – Richard and Ray, trying to fix a windmill while their boss, Ken, sleeps in the sun and pretends to be texting.

In Sympathy

We extend our sincere sympathy to Maleny Men's Shed member **JIMMY BYUN** and family for the tragic loss of Jimmy's son **Wyllie** at **Gardeners Falls** recently.

All members should note that excellent name badges are available on order through **Warne Wilson** at a cost of \$10. If you have a name badge, please wear it regularly at the Men's Shed so that the newer members, and the forgetful members, get to know who you are.



UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS 2019

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
"Quota Loud Shirt Day Street Stall" October 18th - Maleny Chemist Maple Street - raising funds for Hear and Say

Maleny Singers "At Home Concert" November 2nd and 3rd – 2 pm Maleny Play House

Quota 30th Anniversary Celebration November 10th - Luncheon Maleny Showgrounds Pavilion. Please contact. quotamaleny@gmail.com or Val 0419599042

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

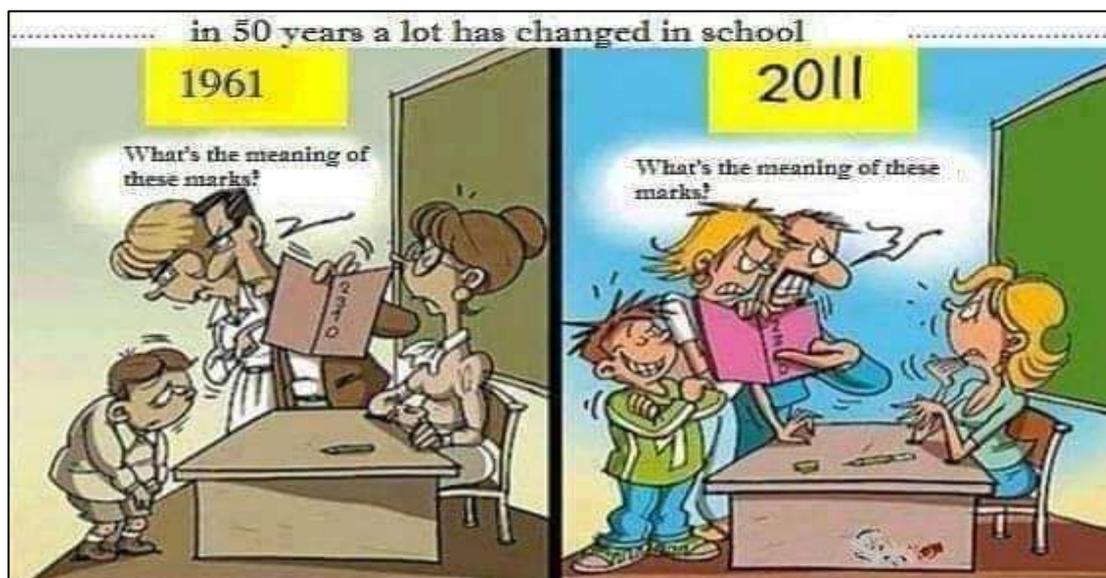
Maleny Arts and Craft - Christmas Fair November 22nd + 23rd Maleny Community Centre.

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

Maleny Christmas Street Party December 13th Maple Street, Maleny and surrounds

Christmas Tree Festival, Maleny Uniting Church, 19th-24th December 2.00 – 8.00 pm daily

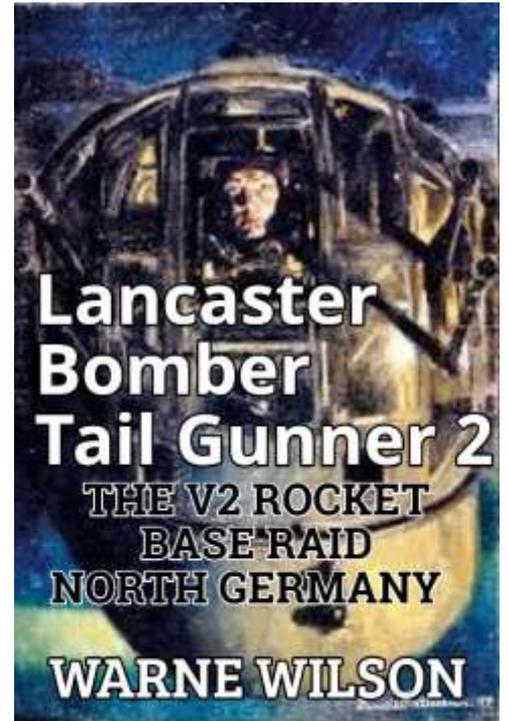
To include information in this events list simply email to denvergail1@gmail.com



This month's episode of Lancaster Bomber Tail Gunner
The raid on the V1 and V2 base in Northern Germany WW2
Copyright Warne Wilson

We pick up the story from last month; Tail gunner Harry Taylor has been asleep all day after the night raid on Berlin described in Book one. His best mate and top gunner in Lancaster T-Tango had been killed in the action and he knew he would have to tell his sweetheart, Maureen.

His eyes registered the outlines of the dark room in dim light from under the door, he raised the blackout blind to blink in a flood of daylight, 5.15 pm, he had slept the day through. Maureen! Grabbing his towel he ran for the bathroom, almost colliding with Jim Merrills their Wireless Operator, "You'd better get a move on Harry, the service truck will be here at six, I wouldn't waste time if I were you!" Harry would have been called if an op was on, he knew the others would be on the truck to the inn and he had to be with them. He eased the hot water back and finished his shower in six minutes, a record, but he would have to don his uniform, shave, and be ready before six. His crewmates were already on board when he ran for the truck and they hoisted him up, he gave as good as he got as they made fun of each other, swaying around corners at a crazy speed, but beneath it he knew he would have to tell Maureen that Jonesy would not be coming, she had loved Jonesy too, in a different way, knowing he and Harry were close, though they insulted each other constantly, he would have to tell her, she would ask why he wasn't with them.



He would make the best of it tonight, but tomorrow, Sunday, they would walk together under the ancient oaks and he would try to explain his feelings. His shooting down the 109 pilot he would keep to himself; they both knew that one night he too, might not return.

But the boys were having a good time as they clung to the rails of the careering truck anticipating the prospect of beer, and perhaps a few girls would be there braving the rules prohibiting women in the bar. The truck arrived in a four wheel drift and Harry piled out with the rest of them, the bar was already jumping with boogie woogie and crowded with airmen. Maureen busily filled glasses from the spigot handles while the beer gutted inn keeper kept an eye on his rowdy customers and worked the till. Harry hung back but she saw him and froze, she dabbed at a tear before smiling at a young airman as she refilled his glass.

Later the boys became boisterous and began to form a pyramid that would reach the ceiling, then someone scaled the swaying protesting tangle of shoulders and arms to bare his backside between the smoke blackened beams and press it against the ceiling. The whole lot collapsed into a laughing, jumbled, heap. The innkeeper had seen all this before, but no damage was done and he knew the boys had to let off steam, he said nothing.

Later the ground crew were beginning to filter out and the aircrews had begun to talk quietly in small groups around the age darkened tables. Harry spotted his crew and went over to join them. David Newell their skipper was quietly describing the new Luftwaffe weapon, "Schräge Musik" the name given to upward-firing autocannon mounted in large, twin-engined night fighters. This innovation allowed the fighters to approach and attack Lancasters from below, the vulnerable undefended belly. David acknowledged Harry as he sat, "We shall be relying on you, Tailie, if you see one approaching from the rear"

"What does Schrage mean in English?" Asked Jack Kendall, "I understand musik must mean music in a perverted German way – but schrage?"

Phillip Gray, their Navigator, answered, "My translation would be slope, probably because something like that would have to have the guns at an angle to give them the best chance of hitting."

“Shit,” said Bomb Aimer Front Gunner, Bert Kelso, “how are we supposed to counter that? If we can’t see them, we can’t do much about it.”

Skipper took a sip of his almost flat pint, “Well, at least they are only fitted to heavier, twin engined aircraft, being bigger they would be easier to see, they would have to line up with the target, same course, same speed, Tailie will spot them if they approached from the rear.”

“What if they drift up from below?”

“Well . . .”

“Shit.”

“We can only hope that doesn’t happen.” Skipper drained his glass, “Who’s buying?”

They focussed on Harry, “It’s about time Tailie did the honours.”

“You bastards,” said Harry in his best Australian drawl, “I only came over to say G’day!” They all laughed and Harry collected their glasses. Harry saw his chance, and waited for Maureen, he gave his self-conscious smile but she spoke first, “Oh Harry, I have been so worried, are you alright?” She was on the point of tears but she glanced at the innkeeper and continued filling glasses.

“We made it back”, he would not tell her about Jonesy here – not while she was working, “Can I see you tomorrow? It’s Sunday, we could go for a walk?”

She thought about a lunch date with her parents, “Could you make it 8 O’clock? I have to be back by midday at the latest?”

“No worries”, he said in the easy Australian way she loved. He would set his alarm for early start and borrow the rattly old bike they kept behind the barracks. “I will be waiting out front at eight.” He looked at the stack of glasses she would have to wash, glanced at the innkeeper who was looking the other way, then signalled a surreptitious kiss with his impish grin, “See you then.”

Harry was at the door of the inn with five minutes to spare the next morning, a cloudy sky but the base forecast had said broken cloud later and no rain, he stowed the bike in the stables and she was there when he returned. The week before she had taken the train to London with her mother to spend a day in the shops and she had bought a navy short sleeved dress with, she told him later, a swing skirt, the dress had a cut out at the top which showed just enough of her small firm breasts to take his heart rate up. She had tied an auburn sash at her waist the same colour as her hair and Harry was in love all over again. As they walked, her ‘swing skirt’ lived up to its name, it flowed with her easy grace.

But it was time to tell her about Jonesy.

He could not tell her about the raid of course but he would say enough for her to understand, she knew well enough what they were doing, it was common knowledge with the BBC wireless news every night. “You would have missed Jonesy last night?”

“Yes love, but with all the noise around us and I couldn’t leave the bar and I didn’t have a chance to ask you.”

“We had completed our mission and we were on the way home when we were attacked by night fighters.” Maureen began to sob, she knew what must be coming and she tried to hold it back to let him finish. “It was Jonesy’s job to fire back but the fighter was too quick.”

“You mean?”

“I’m sorry Maureen.”

She cried for Jonesy and then for Harry, “You poor love, you’ve lost your best friend and you have had to keep it to yourself.” The road led them under the autumn coloured oaks. They were on their own; she held him for a long time and then kissed him, her wet cheeks too much for him and his tears for his lost friend mingled with her’s.

Later in the morning at a little tea shop he told her there would be a funeral, of the letter he would write, and his intention to visit Jonesy’s parents. He ached to tell her about the German pilot he had killed, but he could not, he would tell her one day. But time was wearing on, and they had to walk back. At the inn they kissed and she fled inside to prepare for the short walk to her parent’s home;

it was in a street of old brick cottages, its thatch replaced with tiles years ago. She loved her parents and she loved the old cottage where she grew up, but she valued the independence of her attic room and the freedom it gave her.

Harry retrieved the bike and set off for the base. Already he could hear Merlins being run up and he knew that tonight it would be on again. He showed his pass at the gate, the guard recognised his uniform and said some new kites had arrived and extra crew had been dribbling in, “Looks like a big one!”

Harry returned the bike, he wondered who would replace Jonesy as he ambled into the mess for lunch – beef stew and mash – a cup of tea helped it down, a tea with milk instead of his usual coffee, remembering his battle with indigestion on the last op. The blackboard announced a briefing in bold chalk at 1600hrs.

At 1600hrs he was sitting with his crew in the cavernous mess building. Cigarette smoke watered his eyes as he was introduced to their replacement Top Gunner, a short northerner with the clear accent of Birmingham, Jack Kendall, they shook hands and settled back to wait for Air Commodore Waldron and the briefing. The crews had recovered a little during the night off, but the prospect of another op and the mounting fear of fire and death showed again in shadows under their eyes, the glowing cigarettes, and the heightened pitch of a hundred conversations.

Harry opened his pack of Players Navy Cut, it would aggravate his already tense nerves, but it gave him something to do with his shaking fingers. He offered one to Jack Kendall but Jack refused, saying, “I don’t smoke them coffin nails son, I ‘ave a pipe back in the digs, I’ll share a smoke with you when we get back.”

“How many ops have you done Jack . . .

Air Commodore Waldron strode to the stage, his leather heels drummed on the bare boards, tall and carrying more weight than he would have preferred, he felt it added to his stature. His perfectly pressed uniform displayed all the badges, stripes and epaulettes of authority and rank, yet he coughed nervously, he must lay a cover of lies.

He rapped the top of the cloth draped board with a pointer and the babble died down – the moment had come.

“The target for tonight,” the Air Commodore loudly announced in his cultured Oxford voice, is – he paused – flicked the cloth aside – “Peenemunde!”

“Where in bloody hell is Peenemunde?” Asked Jack Kendall.”

“It’s right up at the top of Germany,” answered Navigator Phillip Gray, “a bloody long way – up above Berlin, opposite Denmark on the Baltic Sea, it would be over 700 miles from here in a straight line, and that’s without deviations.”

“Shit”, said Jack Kendall, “What the hell ‘ave I got meself into?”

..... *To be continued next month*

[To view or download Warne’s ebooks go to Amazon, then Kindle ebooks, and Search Warne Wilson.](#)



That’s all this month, friends.

**To Ray Hegerty, Ken Scott, and any of our members with problems, health or otherwise –
Get well soon and come back to us – We miss you.
Warne Wilson, Editor. (warnew@bigpond.com)**