



APRIL 2021
ISSUE NO 113

The Midland Line Midland Men's Shed Newsletter

Blokes, jokes, mates and more

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE:



March has come and gone and along with it the State Elections the result of which was very good news for MMS. It locked in the grant of \$152,000 which was promised by Michelle Roberts if Labour won that election, they did so that grant is now locked and we have confirmation from the City of Swan that the project is set to go ahead.

Membership has steadily grown to a record 125 members. This is higher than it has ever been before and a good deal of that number can be attributed to the CommBank Community Grant which we received. Bank staff contribute to a members fund which is a fund supported by the bank. We are certainly grateful for that. Much of the growth can be attributed to the popularity of the Workshop and the Music groups so keep it up guys, we are relying on you.

We are starting to get guest speakers back in action and thanks to Kevin for that. I must also thank a couple of other guys for the help they give, Matt Grove who does a good job with the final clean up on Tuesdays and also Keith Donetta for getting the biscuits out on time and carefully arranged. Des Brennan helps out early with signs, chairs and the notices that go on the tables.

So that's all and Happy Men's Shedding.

John Griffiths

President

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COMING EVENTS:

- April 20th "Transperth" - David McMahon
- May 18th "Building Better Friendships" - Greg Cream
- June 15th "Reptiles" - Eric McCrum
- June 22nd 11th Birthday
- July 13th "Golden Pipeline" - Anne Brake
- July 27th Community Care Services - City of Swan
- August 10th "History of Telecommunications" - John Paskulich
- September 14th "C Series Railcars" - Metronet

*Midland Men's Shed Social Tuesday every Tuesday 9.30 to 11.30a
in the Baptist Church Hall Bellevue.*

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MEMBERSHIP STATS:

TUESDAY MORNINGS	MARCH
Average Attendance for month (Members)	53
No. Members 100%	21
Visitors for month	6
Av Weekly Attendance (Inc Visitors)	54
Best Week Attendance	58
New Members	4
MIDVALE WORKSHOPS:	
Total attendance for the month	257
Average daily attendance	14

MEN'S SHED WORKSHOP:

- **Harry Barden**

Re :- The Men's Shed Workshop – The other side of the coin !

The ones who have yet, no idea of how it feels to be - you can call us Geriatric (if you can spell it!) Old Farts or any other derogatory term. To quote an old English phrase - There's Life in the old dog yet!

Speaking personally, as a octogenarian, I have not lost my childhood insatiable curiosity now I am surrounded by pros from many spheres, Engineers, Carpenters, Electricians, and other Tradesman and other's walks of life. Share their know how and help others blokes to learn new skills without - any pressure or clock watching. I know it keeps my brain from going rusty.

Again I don't know who coined the phrase " It's never too late to start learning " But thanks to the Men's Shed I give it the thumbs up!

FROM MEIC IN EDINBURGH:

- **Michael Davies**

Hope all is well with you. You guys in WA seem to be having a whale of a time with COVID lockdown, fires and floods. Wish I could say we have that much excitement here!!!

Well, thought I might share an extract of my lockdown reading with you which I found really funny. Some of the members of the MMS might also find it amusing. The author was Anthony Trollope and in 1873 he published a book about his adventures in Australia and New Zealand. The following extract is about his visit in WA:-

"It is hard, too, to believe that a country should be so prolific in grapes as this is without some result. I will not take upon myself to say that I drank West Australian wine with delight. I took it with awe and trembling, and in very small quantities. But we all know that the art of making wine does not come in a day; — and even should it never be given to the colony to have its Chateau This, or Chateau That, its 1841, its 1857, or 1865, or the like, — still it may be able to make raisins against the world."

"Freemantle has certainly no natural beauties to recommend it. It is a hot, white, ugly town, with a very large prison, a lunatic asylum, and a hospital for ancient worn-out convicts."

"I hereby certify that the bearer, A. Trollope, about to proceed to Adelaide per A. S. N. Co.'s steamer, is not and never has been a prisoner of the Crown in Western Australia. (Signed) — "Resident Magistrate." It is perhaps something of a disgrace to Western Australia that the other colonies will not receive a stranger from her shores without a certificate that the visitor has not been a "lag."

Pity I didn't come away with one of those letters!

What most angered Australian papers, though, were his comments accusing Australians of being braggarts!!!!

GHOST WRITING:

- **Pete Arnell**

Last month we had a wonderful speaker, author Linda Moore, on her second visit to MMS. She spoke, not only of her own writings/novels, which are certainly worth a read, but also how each of us has a story to tell, every one unique in it's own way.

Something that has happened to us personally, or something that a family member past or present or a friend has experienced. It might be a story of an event that you may have witnessed. [who went to Woodstock, for instance, I would love to hear about that] The story could be about a person you have met, your first Kiss, your first car/motorbike or pet. The list is endless. the subjects limitless, as long as they are actual, and genuine, not figments of one's imagination. Her point was, and she stressed it over and over again - .even though we may think its a story NOT worth telling, WE ARE WRONG, it is WORTH TELLING. These stories should be recorded and handed down, not allowed to die, when we do!! We have 124 members, just think of the number of stories we have collectively. Wouldn't it be nice to hear Kevin say on a Tuesday - no more articles for the Newsletter, thank-you. I have enough to last until April 2025.

So if you have a story to tell, write it down, and submit it to the MMS Newsletter.

If however you do have a story to tell, but don't know how to put pen to paper, there are fellow shedders who can help. Tell them the story in your own words and let them GHOST WRITE the story for you. It would be your words, your name on the story, your unique story. So give it a go, you have nothing to lose, except a story that might never get told and that would be a shame!!

DISAPPEARANCE OF OLD WORDS/PHRASES:

Murgatroyd ? When was the last time you heard the word Murgatroyd? Heavens to Murgatroyd! Lost Words from our youth. Words gone as surely as the buggy whip! Sad really! How about a "whatchamacallit"?

The other day, a not so elderly (65) lady said something to her son about driving a "jalopy" and he looked at her quizzically and said what the heck is a jalopy? OMG (new phrase!), he had never heard of the word jalopy! She knew she was old but not that old.

Well, I hope you are "hunky dory" after you read this and chuckle.

Some old expressions that have become obsolete because of the inexorable march of time and technology. These phrases included "Don't touch that dial," "carbon copy," "You sound like a broken record" and "Hung out to dry"

Back in the olden days we had a lot of moxie. We tried to straighten up and fly right. Heavens to Betsy! Gee whillikers! Jumping Jehoshaphat! Holy moley! Peachy keen! We were living the Life of Riley and even a regular guy couldn't accuse us of being a knucklehead, a nincompoop or a pill. Not for all the tea in China!

Back in the olden days, life used to be swell but when was the last time anything was swell? Swell has gone the way of the D.A, the duckbill hairdo, penny loafers, poodle skirts, saddle shoes, and pedal pushers. Oh, my aching back. Kilroy was here but he isn't anymore.

We wake up from what surely has been just a short nap and before we can say, Well I'll be a monkey's uncle!/This is a fine kettle of fish! - we discover that the words we grew up with, the words that seemed as omnipresent as oxygen, have vanished with scarcely a notice from our tongues, our pens, and our keyboards.

Poof, go the words of our youth, the words we've left behind. We blink and they're gone. Where have all those phrases gone?

Long gone: Pshaw, The milkman did it, Hey!, It's your nickel. Don't yank my chain. Knee high to a grasshopper. Fiddlesticks! I'll see you in the funny papers. Don't take any wooden nickels.

It turns out there are more of these lost words and expressions than Carter has liver pills. This can be disturbing stuff! We of a certain age have been blessed to live in changeful times. For a child each new word is like a shiny toy, a toy that has no age. We at the other end of the chronological arc have the fond memories there are words that once did not exist and there were words that once strutted their days upon the earthly stage and now are heard no more except in our collective memory. *See ya later, alligator!*

ALL AT SEA - A NEW ADVENTURE:

• Harry Barden

I was de-mobbed from compulsory National Service duties in 1951, and returned to Weston-Super-Mare, with little or no money, having gambled most of my De-Mob money on poor decisions at the card table, and quickly found that a hot blooded young man, trying to "sow his wild oats" with empty pockets was almost impossible. How was I expected to attract the Nubile young Ladies of Weston, when I didn't have two Pennies to rub together.? What little I did earn from numerous dead end jobs, was quickly spent on buying and drinking "Scrumpy" rough Cider. I still had the desire to see the World and visit exotic and exciting places. But all this was a pipe dream without money, until the Spring of 1953, when someone suggested that I should draw on the Catering skills I had learned in the R.A.F as a Batman and doing Bar duties in the Officers Mess, and join the Merchant Navy, swap my itchy feet for some sea legs.

So off to Bristol and the Campbell Steamship Co, for a medical, then to be given a Seaman's book, told to join the Union, and wait to be called to join my first Ship as a Ships Steward. The day arrived, my adventure was about to begin. The Americas, Africa and the Exotic Far East beckoned, "Watch out world, here I come"!!! I was rapidly brought down to Earth with an all mighty Bang, when I saw the "Glen Gower" my first Ship. She was a PADDLE STEAMER a flat bottomed Boat, with large paddle wheels, driven by a steam engine, that ferried people across the Bristol Channel, on day trips to Cardiff and Tiger Bay Newport and Barry Island and visa versa, usually filled with drunken singing Welsh Men. It wasn't exactly the Royal Yacht Britannia, but it was a start, I kept telling myself. But the gloss soon began to wear off, when I found that I had to share a cabin 10'x6' with 3 sweaty old salts and their not so genteel bodily functions. The time had come for me to go up in the Nautical World and join the "Ronald-M-Scobie". Its very name conjured up in my minds eye a luxury Liner. Once again Fate had played a cruel trick on me. Because the Ship turned out to be a Dirty old rust bucket, which was to be my home for the next 3 or so months at Sea. I boarded the Ship, dressed in my Sunday best, Blue Blazer, white shirt, Slim Jim tie and highly polished shoes. I then glanced at my future Ship mates, getting a breath of fresh air, they were Dirty sweaty, greasy and smelled of diesel and some other unidentifiable smell, which hung in the air. Something I was to discover, I would have to get used to over the next few months. All this made me wonder what I had got myself into, and that my first trip into deep water was going to be a long one.



I was to share a cabin with another "sheep to the slaughter", a young chap called Dick, who had been to sea only a couple of months more than me, and I thought Oh!!! Great, who's going to show me the ropes, Dick knows no more than I do. Then my guiding Angel arrived. The door to the cabin burst open and there he stood, a Great Bear of a man, about 6' 2" tall and about 4' across, smelling strongly of stale beer, he stood swaying [more as a result of the beer, then the action of the waves, as we were still tied up at the dock] He glared at us with blood shot eyes, MY NAME IS KING. he roared I'm the Chief Steward and your Boss, you will obey me without question and you will do as I say, so don't forget it. Glaring at my Seaman's book, he assigned me to be Steward to all the Engineers, which also included the Cook, who was all skin and bones and looked like death warmed up, and his assistant, an Egyptian who was as mad as the March Hare. I quickly learned not to argue with KING, and to avoid him until he had the "hair of the dog" his heart starter, so to speak.

My nick name for him soon became KING KONG. as in my mind, he resembled a Mountain Gorilla in physique and intellect [that last remark is unfair to the Gorilla, whose intellect is far more advanced, I'm sure than Chief Steward KING.]

I met a cross section of men who were to be Ship Mates some good, some bad, some who would knife you for the price of a drink, and others who would leap to your defence in many seedy Dockland areas around the World.

I had to remind myself that these same men were crewing dirty old rust buckets less than 10 years before, trying to avoid being torpedoed, shipping food, goods and armaments across the Atlantic, under terrible dangerous conditions.

MY SEA-FARING DAYS HAD JUST BEGAN.

To be continued:

Talk slowly, but think quickly

BLIND MAN INVENTED MODERN CRUISE CONTROL:

.Cruise control, the simple yet essential system that makes driving at normal speed easier, is used daily by millions of people around the globe, and is almost in every single car out there today. But what if I told you that the man we have to thank for modern cruise control was blind?

Well, the man in question went by the name Ralph Teetor, who was born on August 17 in the year 1890. Around about the age of five, after an incident involving an knife, he had become blind.

These amazing achievements were all possible because he had a great sense of touch, which even helped solved dynamic balancing of large components and was used in Navy torpedo-boat destroyers when it came to their steam turbine rotors.

Surprisingly, the motoring industry isn't the only thing Ralph contributed to when it came to inventing technology. He also contributed to invent an early powered lawn mower, lock mechanisms, and even holders for fishing rods! Cool, right?

In 1945 is where he managed to make a patent for his ultimate achievement yet in his career, cruise control. The main reason he invented it in the first place was because his lawyer kept speeding up and slowing down as he talked, the swaying motions of the car annoying him, and thus was born the idea for a speed controller.



Sadly, it all ended for him when on February 15, 1982 he had died at the age of 92 years old. And it wasn't until in 1988 where his name and legacy was inducted into Automotive Hall of Fame in Dearborn, Michigan for all his contributions to the motoring world.

TIN KETTLING:

- **Terry Bourke**

Back in the old days when a newly wed couple came home from there honey moon , the friends of the couple would bang tin cans and anything that made a noise and would come into the house once invited and have a party with plenty of food and drinks.

Mick and Margaret had just got home to there new house in Johnston Street Ora Banda and were just about to retire to the bedroom for a much needed sleep when down the road a car horn sounded then another and quite a few more next thing there was a mob of people outside there house banging pots and pans and making quite a racket. Knowing the tradition they let them in to there small house and so the party began.

While the party was raging a couple of miners decided to play a prank on the poor unsuspecting couple. A lot of the miners used carbide lights when working underground. Because the toilet was usually down the back yard Margaret had a large potty under the bed .

Now carbide when mixed with water produces a gas which will explode when lit. Aafter everyone had left the party Margaret felt the urge to go to the toilet during the early hours of the morning .so pulled the pot out from under the bed and began to wee in the pot, soon the smell of gas rose in the air straight away Mick knew what the smell was his words were DON'T LIGHT A MATCH YOU'LL BLOW THE HOUSE UP.

He never did find out who put the carbide in the potty

ANSWERING MACHINE GREETING:

"I am not available right now, but thank you for caring enough to call. I am making some changes in my life. Please leave a message after the beep. If I do not return your call, you are one of the changes."

.Some people are lonely because they build walls instead of bridges.

GOLD IS WHERE YOU FIND IT:

- **Terry Bourke**

Back in the early 50's when I was about eight my Father had spent the best part of his life on the Goldfields looking for Gold. He had been out at a place called the Caves about 20 kms from Ora Banda where we lived and been following a small leader of Gold down to about 10 meters (30ft) digging the shaft on his own. Extremely hard work, the task took about three months in his spare time mainly on the weekends.

One morning a man and his wife called into our place and got talking to my Father, over the usual cuppa, they introduced themselves. Ted and Mrs Brown from Hardy Rd Glen Forrest and Ted explained that he had just retired and always wanted to go prospecting. He asked if it was possible if my father could show him how to go about it? Like dollying and panning off the dirt for Gold.

So after showing him how to go about it he then asked where he should go. My father said he would take him out to his mine and let him have a go. In that particular part of the country the prospectors had a theory that if the load ran between North and South then the Gold was likely to be found on the footwall. Working on the theory that the Gold is usually on that side of the load, my father spent many hours drilling and sampling the load but could not find where the Gold leader had disappeared to.

About a week later Ted and Mrs Brown called into our place and brought out this old square kerosene tin about half full of nuggets and rock with Gold sticking out everywhere. Of course my father was curious and asked where he found the Gold.

Ted not knowing anything about footwalls and the like, had drilled several holes about six foot (2 metres) into the other side of the shaft and the drill had struck the Gold, and when Ted had panned it off there was Gold everywhere. So Ted did the right thing and suggested that seeing that my father had done all the hard work in sinking the shaft that they should go 50/50. But my father being the honest man that he was said no, you found the Gold it is yours, but I will help you get the rest out and help you put it through the Battery for wages. They spent about two weeks getting the rest of the Gold out and putting it through the Battery.

It was that rich that they had to put it through the Bedan Pan, which is a big round bowl with a big steel ball in it and the bowl revolves slowly and the ball crushes the dirt and stones, the result was about 356oz of Gold, at the time Gold was 15 pounds 5 shillings and six pence (\$30.56c) an ounce as wages then were about 8 to 10 pounds (\$16 TO \$20) a week depending on the job. Ted gave my father 60 pounds (\$120) for helping him and the next week went back to Perth a happy man. My father had spent the best part of 20 years looking for Gold and found just enough to live on, Ted and Mrs Brown spent about a month and found a fortune, it's the luck of the draw I guess.



EXERCISE FOR PEOPLE OVER 60

1. Begin by standing comfortably on a flat surface, where you have plenty of room at each side. With a 2kg potato bag in each hand, extend your arms straight out from your sides and hold them there as long as you can. Try to reach a full minute, and then relax.
2. Each day you'll find that you can hold this position for just a bit longer.
3. After a couple of weeks, move up to 5kg potato bags, Then try 10kg potato bags and try to get to where you can lift and hold your arms straight for more than a full minute.
4. After you feel confident at that level, put a potato in each bag.

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