



JUNE 2021
ISSUE NO 115

The Midland Line Midland Men's Shed Newsletter

Blokes, jokes, mates and more

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE:



Another month impacted by COVID, only three meetings again this month for Social Tuesdays.

Let us hope we can find some clear air for a while. I have a feeling we might because there has been less of an official reaction to events occurring elsewhere.

With all of that, attendances have been very good especially extra numbers at our singing and art groups.

Thankfully the Workshop has been able to continue unaffected by the COVID which is very good.

Not much more to say now except, Happy Shedding guys.

John Griffiths

President

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COMING EVENTS:

- June 11th Makerspace Festival - Midland Town Hall and Library
- 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
- August 31st "Canal Capers" - Ian Deany
- September 14th "C Series Railcars" - Metronet
- October 26th "Your Leisure Years" - Angelo (RACWA)

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

Contact - Kevin Buckland 0417 961 971

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Workshop Enquiries 0411 833 055



MEMBERSHIP STATS:

TUESDAY MORNINGS	MAY
Average Attendance for month (Members)	53.7
No. Members 100%	33
Visitors for month	1
Av Weekly Attendance (Inc Visitors)	54
Best Week Attendance	55
New Members	1

MIDVALE WORKSHOPS:

Total attendance for the month	227
Average daily attendance	13

APHORISMS:

An Aphorism is a statement of truth or opinion expressed in a concise and witty manner.

- I find it ironic that the colours red, white and blue stand for freedom until they are flashing behind you.
- Relationships are a lot like algebra. Have you ever looked at your X and wondered Y?
- You know that tingly little feeling you get when you love someone? That's common sense leaving your body.
- My therapist says I have a preoccupation with vengeance. We'll see about that!
- I think my neighbour is stalking me as she's been Googling my name on her computer. I saw it through my telescope last night.
- Money talks - but all mine ever says is good-bye.
- You're not fat, you're just easier to see.
- If you think nobody cares whether you're alive, try missing a couple of payments.

EVERYBODY, SOMEBODY, ANYBODY AND NOBODY:

A team had four members called **Everybody**, **Somebody**, **Anybody** and **Nobody**. There was an important job to be done. **Everybody** was sure **Somebody** would do it. **Anybody** could have done it, but **Nobody** did it. **Somebody** got angry about that because it was **Everybody's** job. **Everybody** thought **Anybody** could do it. **Nobody** realised that's **Everybody's** job. **Everybody** wouldn't do it. It ended up that **Everybody** blamed **Somebody** when **Nobody** did what **Anybody** could have done.

NAMED AFTER A HORSE:

The Snickers chocolate bar is named after a horse.

Not just any horse, but the favourite horse of Frank and Ethel Mars, owners of the Mars company.

Sadly, the horse passed away shortly before the release of the chocolate bar.



CARAVANNING IN AUSTRALIA:

Keith Donetta

A very popular recreational hobby in Australia is caravanning. With such a huge country and with pretty good roads we can enjoy exploring our great nation thoroughly and relatively cheaply.

Many people choose to do 'the big lap' on their retirement. They sell up the family home and buy either a motor home (caravan with an engine) or a large caravan and a suitable 4 wheel drive. Then they spend several years seeing the country before selling the vehicle off and settling back into a house.

Continued next page

CARAVANNING IN AUSTRALIA—CONTINUED:

- **Keith Donetta**

Others have more modest pleasures with their caravans. They use them for weekends away when they are still working. Many join caravan clubs as I have done. The benefits of a such a group is that cheaper site fees can be negotiated and camping is enjoyed more with a group of friends. Our club is a mid-week club. We only tour during the working week and never during school holidays. Most of our members are grandparents, but we do like to get away from noisy kids once a month!

Sylvia and I started our travels back in the mid-seventies when we bought a camping trailer. This was a small low box type trailer that had a pull up fibreglass roof and two ends that pulled out to form a van that would carry us, our three sons and a daughter. Crowded, but we all had beds. As the kids got older they did not want to be dragged about by a geriatric mum and dad, so the van languished in a barn down on my father's farm.

At the time of my retirement (in 2008) we bought an old, but immaculate Franklin 14 foot van and used this for several years before upgrading to a larger Jayco poptop. A couple of years ago we ended up with a Geist European style van that we are very happy with. Towing a caravan has changed over the years. Back in the day, things were very casual. I believe the rule was that the van must not weigh more than one and a half times the weight of the towing vehicle. Don't quote me on this, I'm relying on my memory and it cannot be fully trusted! Nowadays things are much stricter. Weights are very important. Every car to be used as a towing vehicle has a maximum towing capacity (the total weight of the caravan) and also the maximum vertical weight on the tow ball. These are given by the car manufacturer and must not be exceeded. The police conduct roadside checks.

Caravan sites have also changed drastically over the years. The crude ablution blocks have given way to the better sites having complexes as good as some hotels. Up market sites also offer premium en-suite facilities for individual caravan bays. (At a premium price of course!) Bigger sites usually include swimming pools in their amenities. Many country towns have used their 'Royalties for Regions' money to upgrade their swimming pools and caravan parks. This brings welcome revenue into the towns by attracting many more caravanners. Many of the older sites were located on the edge of towns, often on the seashore. As real estate has gone mad, these sites have been sold for beach house development and new sites are further from the towns they serve. Or haven't been replaced.

There are many free sites, but to use these, caravans must be self-sufficient and have their own water, toilets, electricity supply. (generators, batteries and/or solar panels)

Travelling through the north-west of WA is usually done in months with no 'R' in them, (May, June, July and August) and booking a site ahead has always been a problem, especially if you have a pet dog on board your van. In this Covid period the problem has become even worse with so many people holidaying in the north-west, because we cannot leave the country, and for most of last year, we couldn't leave the state.

Caravans have also changed over the years. When I had a young family, caravans were usually four or six berth and were pulled by family cars such as Holdens or Falcons. Nowadays caravans are almost exclusively two berth, designed for 'grey nomads', us oldies who are travelling as a couple. They are available as motor homes, camping trailers, pop top vans, fifth wheelers and off-roaders, as well as conventional caravans. Most of these are self-explanatory. Pop tops have a roof that lifts up about 450mm with short vinyl 'skirts' when in use. When stored, the van is low enough to be parked under a carport. Fifth wheelers are quite rare as they are utes with a turntable built in their trays that supports the front of a caravan, much like a small semi-trailer. They are unpopular with caravan parks because they are very long and can sometimes take up two bays.

New vans also have far more amenities. Many have inboard toilet and showers. Some even sport washing machines. Most people tow these heavy vans with powerful and heavy four wheel drive vehicles, such as Landcruisers or Pajeros.

A very popular trend coming in for the last few years are the off-road vans. These have a very high ground clearance and are built to withstand very rough use, such as off-road travel to visit places far off the beaten track.

If one is staying more than one night on a site, most vans have annexes that can be unrolled quickly and almost double the usable area of a van. These annexes can be used for entertaining, for extra seating, for meals or even a place to put a spare bunk bed for a grandchild.

Caravanning is a great way to see Australia and is relatively cheap compared with hotels and motels.

DISCLAIMER

The information in this publication is of a general nature. The articles contained herein are not intended to provide a complete discussion on each subject and or issues canvassed. Midland Men's Shed (Inc.) does not accept any liability for any statements or any opinion, or for any errors or omissions contained

TEN MORE YEARS:

- **Harry Barden**

After bobbing around on the Deep Blue Sea for a few months, the next phase in my life took a U-turn and I found myself as far from the Sea as you can get in England, slap bang in the middle of the country, in Coventry. Here was the epicentre of the Engineering Industry, where Trains, Planes and Automobiles, in fact almost anything you can think of was in one way or another made or was associated with Coventry. I got a job as a Storeman at the Armstrong-Whitworth Aircraft factory, which I was soon to find out was the bottom rung of the Engineering ladder. I also found very quickly that it was not my Cup of Tea. So dressing up in my best Bib and Tucker, and striking my best Beau Brummel pose I marched into the Drafting Office and talked myself into a job as a Technical Illustrator, which I rapidly found was a complete mystery to me, What Third angle and American Projection was I hadn't a clue, I had no idea how to use a slide rule, for instance. but my gift of the gab and my instinctive survival skills got me through and I held onto the job for 6 years. During which time I married and watched that marriage slowly disintegrate, until finally I realised I was trapped in a marriage and a job that was sending me crazy. So I did what most mature men would, in similar circumstances do, I RAN BACK TO SEA.

This time I signed on, as a waiter with the P&O Shipping Company, on the Liner "Orcades" which was sailing on a World cruise - {this was to prove completely different from my first World trip}. As the ship was a Cruise Liner, not a Coal carrying rust bucket like my previous ship. Australia was to be our first major Port of Call, and most of the passengers where 10 pound Pommy immigrants, and to them this trip was a Luxury Cruise, but to me and the rest of the crew this was a very hard job. First and foremost



you had to look the part in your Tropical whites, Jacket, trousers, socks and shoes all had to be spotless. I'm sure I must have looked like a ornate Meringue, but trying to keep the Uniform clean was a nightmare, when you had to carry trays laden with food from the Galley to the Dining salon, at a hundred miles per hour A lot of accidents happened. Your day began at 6am stocking up the bars dotted around the ship, then two sittings for Breakfast, then prep for lunch, then serve at lunch, then a break in the afternoon, unless you were rostered to serve at afternoon tea, then finally Dinner. Then clean up and inspection and hopefully by 10pm you could relax, with a beer or two in the crew's bar. This of course was repeated day after day during the voyage, the first stop Gibraltar, then Suez canal and Aden, then Sri Lanka and Fremantle, where some of the immigrants disembarked, then Adelaide, Melbourne and finally Sydney. Where 3 of the crew were involved in a pub brawl and were arrested and ended up in Long Bay Prison. In each of these ports of course there was the opportunity to purchase goods, in Egypt cheap cameras, " Authentic " Omega watches and dirty postcards, in Sri Lanka large Ruby rings. The ship then headed North to Manila and onto Hong Kong {where you could get a made to measure suit, which was ordered in the morning and it was delivered to you ready to wear in the evening} You don't see service like that anymore. Then the next port of call Tokyo, and its nightlife, then Hawaii, across to Vancouver, San Francisco, Los Angeles, then South back to Sydney where we picked up our 3 crew members who had served their time. Then back to London. All of these Ports might seem Romantic and Exotic, but for people that crew these liners the reality is that one dockside is very much the same as another dockside the other side of the World and the same with dockside bars. There are of course exceptions to this rule, one such was in Tahiti Papeete called Quinn's Bar, which in the early 1960's had a rather dubious reputation. On one voyage aboard the "Ragitane" which belonged to the New Zealand Shipping line and bound for Auckland I had signed on as 2nd Head Waiter {officer material} We went via the Canary Islands and the Panama canal arriving in Tahiti where half the crew went ashore to enjoy the delights that the Tahitian girls and local Booze had to offer. Leaving no one to serve the passengers this caused mayhem amongst the Senior Officers and I was sent to get the Waiters back on board, This proved to be an impossible task, so it was a case of if you can't beat them, join them. For this I was docked a day's pay and a citation in my log/pay book, which read "NOT REQUIRED ON NEXT VOYAGE". In fact Quinn's Bar proved to be my nemesis as on a trip to New Zealand on board the Northern Star as a Utility Steward [a job I wouldn't wish on my worst enemy because cleaning toilets is not my idea a Fairy tale life on the Ocean Wave I'd imagined.] Because when docked in Tahiti, I remember walking into Quinn's, but cannot remember being carried out by the local Gendarmerie and spending time as their guest in the local lock-up.

Of course all the drinking and gambling both on board and ashore has to be paid for. In fact I'm amazed that after all the drinking I did, that I can remember half of the trips I made. So after numerous trips I made on various ships on around the World voyages I came to realise that I was no better off than on the first day I stepped aboard the "Orcades" in 1961.

So I had to face facts and return to Coventry to try and resurrect my marriage and to get myself sorted out.

To be continued

JOKING OF COURSE:

*A boy read a restaurant sign that advertised fat-free French fries.
"Sounds great," said the health-conscious boy. He ordered some.
He watched as the cook pulled a basket of fries from the fryer.
The potatoes were dripping with oil when the cook put them into the container.
"Wait a minute," the boy said. "Those don't look fat-free."
"Sure they are," the cook said. "We charge only for the potatoes. The fat is free!"*

A couple had been married for 45 years and had raised a brood of 11 children and were blessed with 22 grandchildren. When asked the secret for staying together all that time, the wife replies, "Many years ago we made a promise to each other - the first one to pack up and leave has to take all the kids!"

*Anyone want to buy some exercise equipment?
I'm having a going-out-of-fitness sale.*

*"How was your blind date?" a college student asked her roommate.
"Terrible!" the roommate answered. "He showed up in his 1932 Rolls Royce."
"Wow! That's a very expensive car. What's so bad about that?"
"He was the original owner!"*

CONTAINERS FOR CHANGE:

Containers for Change provides exciting opportunities for groups and charities to raise much-needed funds, as well as showing a commitment to the environment and encouraging better recycling behaviours in the community. So, why not turn your containers into change today? Most aluminium, glass, plastic, steel and liquid paperboard drink containers between 150ml and 3L are eligible.

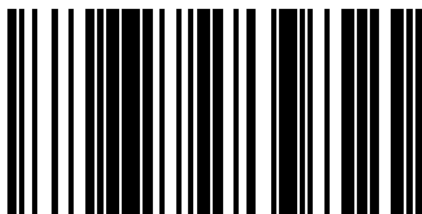
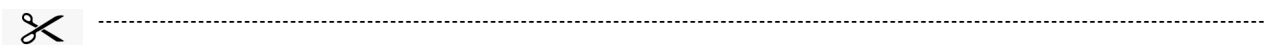
We have registered for this scheme and we urge you to support the Midland Men's Shed. There are 3 depots around Midland:

Recyclers for Change - Midland
4 Moore Street BELLEVUE

Ability Centre—Midvale
25 Stanhope Gardens - MIDVALE

Recyclers for Change Midland - Middle Swan Bag Drop
462 Great Northern Highway

When you visit one of these sites take our Account Details with you. Please cut the following out of this Newsletter and place it in your car **NOW**.



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MY FIRST JOB:

- **Don Goodyer**

Back in 1965, I had just failed miserably in the college that I was going to. I had been taking a course in Mining Technology. For some reason, when I was young, I had decided that I wanted to work in primary industry. You couldn't get more primary than being underground digging out ore. But, when I failed at college, I realized that I could still be a miner. So, when I wrote to the International Nickel Operations at Thompson, in Northern Manitoba, they told me that I could become a miner if I could pass the medical. On to the train then and it was over to Winnipeg and from there on the Polar Bear Express up to a town called 'The Pas'. I was just a skinny kid right out of school. When the company doctor took a look at me, he got on the phone to the mine, which was still 400 miles further north. He said, "How are we on weight?" I then heard the guy on the other end of the phone say, "We'll take anybody that you've got." The doctor said, "Get on the train, kid." And then I was on the way to become a real miner.

On the first day that I went underground, I found out that I was to be a 'shoveler'. They made you start there loading ore wagons to build up some muscle. After 2 weeks of that, they put me into a stope to be a miner's off-sider'. That's when I realized that I'd now be working with the men. Hard 'yakka' it was! This was a cut and fill mine. In the mined out place, we would initially drill up with a stopper drill, blast that down and then drill off a horizontal cut using jackleg drills. When we finished that cut, we muck it all into the ore chute that went down to the tunnel on the next level down. Then we'd fill in the mined out area with tailing sand and start the next cut. The nickel ore was called pentlantite - all a gold colour with black nodules of nickelite in it. Its average was over 6% nickel, which was very rich ore. I was getting the grand sum of \$1.60/ hr. to do this.

But the characters that I worked with were hilarious. They were really, really rough guys. One of the best that I worked with was a great big Indian guy named Clarence. He was actually a 'metis', part French part Indian. (He was a gentle giant but I think that the French part gave him a bit of a temper.) His last name was Beaulleus, but he pronounced it, 'Bo-lee-o'. I had a few great weeks working with him, but when I went to the pub one night there was a great big fight going on. Of course, I didn't go in, but next day I didn't have a partner. When I asked, "Where's Clarence?" Everyone said, didn't you hear? Someone at the pub called him an 'FBI'. The fight started and the Mounties took him away. Boy, I then remembered the chairs flying through the air and bodies laid out everywhere! (They actually hired him back when he got out of the slammer.)

And then there was the time when we finished off drilling at the end of a big I-shaped stope. We loaded it up with 80% nitro sticks, called Cillgel. Some brainy bugger thought that we wouldn't have to guard our blast if we hid around the corner of the I-shape. That was where the manway was up to the next level. When the first hole went off, this big flash of flame hit the opposite wall and came right past our noses. Big chunks of ore came flying by with it. The next shots when off the same way and it was like war zone down there! Two hours later, we were drinking in the pub and shouting at each other. We were almost deaf! We'd yell, "Wahdja say" and go, Ha, Ha, Ha!

And there was the time when I was mining with my Polish mate. We were sitting on the muck pile having smoko before we started drilling again. A small chip of rock fell down and landed between us. I'm looking at it and then another fell off the hanging wall. Zbigniff yells something with the f-word in it. We headed for the manway up as fast as we could and it was up and out of there we told our level foreman that we weren't going down there again. Being miners, he said that we had to. So, we got three six foot iron pry bars, went down again and begun to scale it down over top of where we were sitting. I think we brought down about 150 tons of loose ore. Afterwards, Ziggy said, "God Damn! We make fix, eh?"

And that's how I was introduced to working with the men. I wasn't a kid anymore. I have had at least a dozen jobs since that time. Before I started each of them, I would ask myself if the job was as hard as mining. If it wasn't, it was all right by me!