



JULY 2021
ISSUE NO 116

The Midland Line Midland Men's Shed Newsletter

Blokes, jokes, mates and more

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE:



Well here we are again with another COVID-19 lockdown. There's a bad strain of the virus around so perhaps it's the best option, but it is never good to have to shut down MMS and just when we were getting our attendance numbers up.

From all reports the workshop is going well which is good and a big thanks to Brian, especially, and the guys down there. Good work.

A new MMS year is upon us and we expect to lose a few members from last year, but this happens every year and we seem to pick up a some new ones again as we go.

So cheers and keep safe.

John Griffiths

President

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COMING EVENTS:

- 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)
- November 16th "Ed-Connect" - John McGrath

THE OPPOSITE OF DEJA VU:

In psychology, the term *jamais vu* is used to describe any familiar situation which is not recognized by the observer. Often described as the opposite of *déjà vu*, *jamais vu* involves a sense of eeriness and the observer's impression of seeing the situation for the first time, despite rationally knowing that he or she has been in the situation before. *Jamais vu* is more commonly explained as when a person momentarily doesn't recognize a word, person, or place that he/she already knows. How could we forget something that is so thoroughly familiar to us? Certainly some medical conditions could produce that phenomenon, such as amnesia, epilepsy, and forms of dementia. However, it's something people can experience fleetingly even in the absence of any underlying medical cause.

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

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Workshop Enquiries 0411 833 055



MEMBERSHIP STATS:

TUESDAY MORNINGS	JUNE
Average Attendance for month (Members)	57.8
No. Members 100%	36
Visitors for month	5
Av Weekly Attendance (Inc Visitors)	59
Best Week Attendance	64
New Members	1
MIDVALE WORKSHOPS:	
Total attendance for the month	222
Average daily attendance	14

SPAGHETTO:

What is a spaghetti? A spaghetti is what you call a single strand of spaghetti.

THE ROAD TO ORA BANDA:

- **Terry Bourke**

Here is a poem by Victor Dale who lives in Coolgardie

Spring rolled out the winter cold
 The bush opened up its story
 Tourist came from far and wide
 The land ablaze in nature's glory
 A sea of colour on the horizon
 And I spoilt my mind to panda
 For the land was full of heaven
 On the road to Ora Banda

Beneath the towering Salmon Gum
 There I gave my full surrender
 Nowhere else I'd sooner be
 This time and place in September
 Those who've see the brown divide
 Know nothing can be grander
 To see the Everlasting Flowers
 On the road to Ora Banda

Each year brings a special season
 Paints a picture of nature's law
 The ancient land courts a stranger
 We mortals are held in awe
 Who could not but love this land
 From drought to extravaganza
 Was the year the flowers bloomed
 On the road to Ora Banda



RAFF IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA:

- **Keith Donetta**

RAAF Pearce is the largest and only regularly manned RAAF station in Western Australia.

It's history dates back to 1928 when an evaluation of the Australian Air Force in Western Australia was undertaken by Air Marshall John Salmon of the RAF (UK). He reported that the RAAF was 'totally unfit for war'. He listed all the reasons why and recommended that an air station should be located near Perth. Politicians sat on their hands until 1934 when it was decided to go ahead and build an airfield and selected an area in Bullsbrook along the main Perth to Geraldton Road, (now Great Northern Highway) 42 km north of Perth. Construction started in 1936 with an estimate of a million pounds. The name 'Pearce Air Force Station' was chosen to commemorate Sir George Foster Pearce, a Western Australian Senator, who was Minister of Defence between 1910 and 1921. The RAAF was founded during this period. (1921) In 1938 the Air Force buildings were completed and an Open Day was held for 25,000 visitors on Empire Day, 28th May 1938. The base is used today mainly for training Australian pilots, but in addition, since 1993 the Republic of Singapore Air Force (RSAF) have used it for their pilot training. In 2014 the base was used as the hub in the search for Malaysian Airlines Flight 370. The base has been proposed as the site for Perth's second International Airport.



RAAF Gingin is a satellite airfield for Pearce. It was constructed during the 1960s. Located 34 km north by road from Pearce, it is used for bulk fuel storage and for pilot training. The Pearce Aero Club are the main users. There are no RAAF personnel based there.

RAAF Dunreath was built on the old Dunreath golf club in early 1942, with the first runway for RAAF fighters being laid in 1943. In 1944 a second strip was laid and civilian ANA and Qantas were allowed to use it, as Maylands Aerodrome had become inadequate for their larger aircraft. RAAF Dunreath was also known as Guildford Aerodrome. The RAAF moved out at the end of the war in 1945. It changed status and name to Perth Airport in September 1952. We all know it as Perth International Airport today.

RAAF Curtin was the first new military airfield built after WW2, close to Derby. Construction began in 1983 and it was opened on 11th June 1988. From the late 1990s until 2002 it was used as an Australian Government immigration detention centre. It reopened in 2010. In 2007 direct flights recommenced between Perth and Derby for the first time since Ansett stopped the service in 1992. However, the flights ceased in February 2016.

RAAF Learmonth started life as a little known airfield on the western shore of Exmouth Gulf which was known as Potshot. In June 1944 Qantas used this base for landing two modified Liberator bombers to fly non-stop to Ceylon (Sri Lanka) to supplement the efforts of the Catalina flying boats. In the 1950s the landing field was further developed and named in honour of Wing Commander Charles Learmonth, DFC and bar, who was killed in a flying accident off Rottneest Island in January 1944. In the mid 1960s it was planned to redevelop the base to allow operation of F111s to counter a perceived threat by Indonesia. This work was carried out between 1971 and 1973.

JOKING OF COURSE:

*Our computers went down at work today, so we had to do everything manually
It took me twenty minutes to shuffle the cards for solitaire.*

A woman reported the disappearance of her husband to the police.

The officer looked at the guy's photograph, questioned her, and then asked if she wanted to give her husband any message if they found him.

"Yes," she replied. "Please tell him Mother didn't come after all."

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

THE SIXTIES:

- **Harry Barden**

To my generation and the Baby-Boomers that followed, the quote "If you remember the 60's, you weren't really there", lays testament to the Mantra, Sex, Drugs and Rock 'n Roll. In my case, if it wasn't for my trusty Seaman's Log Book, I would find it difficult to recall the 1960's, with all the alcohol I consumed on various ships and in ports around the World. With-out the Log the 60's would be a complete blur. But when 1963/4 rolled around, I decided to return to Coventry, and as the song from the Musical "Oliver" goes " Review the Situation", and my life in general. This included having a go at resurrecting my marriage. This proved to be a complete disaster, and I quickly realised that the marriage was over. However, the return was not a wasted journey, as it was there I met the Love and the "JOY " of my life. She was going to turn my life around and teach me that my future lay, not in the many pubs and wine bars dotted around Coventry, but with her and a new start in Australia. So the seed was planted in my mind to emigrate. But as neither of us had two pennies to rub together, we decided that a serious saving regime had to be adopted. This meant back to Sea for me.

I joined the Union Castle Line, signing on the "Braeman Castle" which was on the South Africa run, I stayed with them for a number of voyages on various ships, always resisting the temptation of getting involved with on-board parties and shore excursions. These usually lead to bars of one sort or another. I also signed onto the Cunard Line, which concentrated on Canada and North America, and to make sure I showed no bias I also signed on the Blue Star Line on the "Brazil Star" which covered South America. I always resisting the temptation of going ashore and making a fool of myself. I had to keep reminding myself that I had a goal for the future, and that lay with Joy and our new start together in OZ. But these plans to save money, were dashed in early 1966 with the Dockers and Seaman's strike. Because as a fully paid up member of the Seaman's Union I had no choice, but to become a land lubber again. After WW11 a lot of countries economies and their manufacturing capacities increased greatly. Countries like Germany, Japan and China, etc. started to flood the World Markets with goods that used to come from the U.K. So the manufacturing in places like Coventry, started to go off the boil, Therefore, to find a well paid job, as difficult. So it was decided that I should try my luck back in the Big Smoke, LONDON.



So with the princely sum of 10 pound and a train ticket in my pocket {we didn't want to touch our savings} I found myself back in my old stomping ground around Paddington, in a cheap and nasty hotel. So with only 10 quid to my name I had to find a paying job ASAP. This was when Lady luck smiled at me once more, when I met Tony "B" a post-war refugee from Eastern Europe. Imagine Arthur Daley from the TV show "Minder" well Tony was just like him. A "wheeler dealer" where most of his business activities and deals were a little on the shady side, nothing hard core criminal. He left those deals to others. He was certainly not in the Premier League, as far as criminal activities went, not like the Kray Twins, who held sway in the East End and Soho in the 60's. They did their deals with Samurai Swords and by knee-capping their clients. No, Tony was far more subtle. He owned and ran numerous businesses, like Strip Clubs, Gambling joints and Book and Magazine shops, which sold rather Dubious "Educational" material. I started working for Tony by pushing barrows loaded with the new material to re-stock these shops. Gradually he began to trust me, by letting me "mind" these shops. It was also where I learned to fabricate two sets of account books, one for the Tax Man and Vat, which was Britain's form of GST, and the real one for Tony's eyes only. Also to drive him around in his Bentley, no less!! I was now just like a real "Minder". We both believed in talking our way out of trouble, in this way and we survived those years with our body parts intact. Working for Tony allowed me free entry to many clubs dotted around Soho, also to eat free of charge in some of the best Restaurants in the area. I was beginning to really enjoy the life style. By mid 1967 I had reached a fork in the road, carry on working for Tony or marry Joy and apply for immigration. I choose the latter. Joy and I married and had our wedding reception in the famous "Bunny Club", which was a wedding gift from Tony. We honeymooned in Spain, which in its self was "memorable" and could be the subject of a whole Book. But as the saying goes **what happened in Spain, shall stay in Spain**.

So with a Visa in our hand and a little savings, on the 27th December 1967 we boarded the "Fairstar" on our way to the GREAT SOUTHERN LAND. not as crew members this time but as 10 POUND POMS.

To be continued

*Humour is like a thread and needle -
skilfully used it can repair just about anything*

COMING SOUTH:

- **Don Goodyer**

Almost everyone has their memories of first coming to Australia. Mine were a bit different, because I came to New Zealand, instead. Even today, when I remember how I got there, it all seemed, 'surreal' or almost a silly dream that you can't get out of your head. This was mostly because my girlfriend and I flew down here from the Canadian Arctic. That's where we first met. (The little Eskimo village of Inuvik, didn't seem like a very romantic place to start a relationship, eh?)

At the time, we were both working at a run down hotel called the 'MacKenzie'. This was because it was by the MacKenzie river – the fourth or fifth longest river in the world. You might have seen it on 'Ice Road Truckers' on television. That's because that was where the Ice Road stopped. It was just over the Arctic Circle at 68 degrees north and only 140 miles from the Arctic Ocean at Tuktoyaktuk. The only thing important about the place was that we provided communications and for the big American Radar Base there. (It's purpose was to give early warning, in case the Russians decided to attack us across the Arctic Ice Cap. At the time, this didn't seem very likely - but you never know. It could have turned into, something out of "Doctor Strangelove", or some scenario such as that!) Anyway the girl and I decided to go and work in Britain. She was from New Zealand and that's what Kiwi's do.

Anyway, I remember the temperature was a very 'balmy' 15 degrees below zero. We got on the plane and 1200 further km's south, we landed at Edmonton. It was just on freezing there and the snow was a bit 'slushy'. A couple of hours later, we got on another plane and 8 hours later finally got to London's Heathrow. Of course, there, it was 'hosing down rain. There we had trouble. My missus stayed past her visa in Canada. She was an 'overstayer', so they wouldn't let us come into the country. The nice young man in customs said to me, "Well, we can send you back to Canada and send her to New Zealand." I, of course, put on my most hopeless expression and said to him, "Awh gee. I'm supposed to marry the girl! Do you have to do that?" He then said, "Well, we'll send you both to New Zealand." So they took our passports and loaded us on a British Airways 747.



I still can't tell you the feelings that I had, because I wasn't too sure that I knew actually where New Zealand was. I knew that it was off to the 'starboard' of Australia and the capital city was Wellington and the biggest city was Auckland. That was about it. But the flying, just to get there, absolutely 'boggled' my mind. I remember flying over Europe at night and seeing the tiny street lights on the roads from 35,000 ft. Then there was a blackness as we flew over the Mediterranean Sea. And then there was Egypt or the Middle East. All you could see was the soft flicker of gas lights. Looking down, all I could think of was, 'What the hell have I got myself into?' Then, in the morning, we landed in Bombay. (I guess it was to 'gas up the plane and sweep out the beer cans'.) There it was 35 degrees above and all these 'dudes' were walking around in turbans and loin clothes. And all that I could think of was, 'And I'm just out of the Arctic!' It seemed like it was surreal or something out of a dream.

Anyway, off we go again, and it was in the middle of the night that we landed in Perth. My first memories of WA were the wonderful smell of the banksia's and all the cops in the airport walking around in short pants. It seemed like a real civilized place. It was a balmy 30 degrees and since we were in the airport I 'slashed out' on a Western Australia t-shirt with the black swan and coat of arms on it. I made a vow to myself that I would someday, make it back here. (I actually wore it in New Zealand until it got holes in it and it almost fell off my back.) Anyways, it was off again and we landed a couple of hours later in Melbourne. I couldn't get over, looking down and seeing all those gum trees. To me, they were absolutely amazing. (I guess that this was logical since, for the last year and a half, all that I saw were scrubby, spruce Christmas Trees.) Then I said to the missus, "I guess another hour or so, we'll be in New Zealand." "No", she said, "It's another 4 and a half hours!" "Bloody Hell," I said, "That's a long way off to starboard!"

Then, later that day we touched down in Auckland – my new home. And then it rained steadily for the next 3 days. (I can't remember it stopping for more than an hour.) Since, it doesn't rain in the Arctic, I couldn't help thinking, "Bloody Hell! What an experience this has been!" And, then I became a New Zealander.

Did you know the word listen contains the same letters as the word silent?

ABOUT GROWING OLD:

First	Eventually you will reach a point when you stop lying about your age and start bragging about it
Second	The older we get, the fewer things seem worth waiting in line for.
Third	Some people try to turn back their odometers. Not me. I want people to know 'why' I look this way. I've travelled a long way, and some of the roads weren't paved.
Fourth	When you are dissatisfied and would like to go back to your youth, think of algebra.
Fifth	You know you are getting old when everything either dries up or leaks.
Sixth	I don't know how I got over the hill without getting to the top.
Seventh	One of the many things no one tells you about aging is that it's such a nice change from being young.
Eighth	One must wait until evening to see how splendid the day has been.
Ninth	Being young is beautiful, but being old is comfortable and relaxed.
Tenth	Long ago, when men cursed and beat the ground with sticks, it was called witchcraft. Today it's called golf.
And finally	If you don't learn to laugh at trouble, you won't have anything to laugh at when you're old.

ANTIBIOTIC ALLERGY:

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Do you have an antibiotic allergy? An antibiotic allergy occurs when your body's immune system mistakes the antibiotic for something harmful. Your body then releases the chemical in response which cause your allergic symptoms (e.g. rash, breathing difficulty)

To find out if you have an allergy to an antibiotic, you may have an allergy assessment done in hospital. If you decide to get tested, you'll be referred to an allergy clinic, allergist or immunologist specialising in drug allergy testing.

If you know you have an antibiotic allergy, you may still wish to discuss your reaction with a allergist or immunologist as allergies can change over time.

Penicillin is the most commonly reported drug allergy, but 9 out of 10 people who report a penicillin allergy are not truly allergic. A family history of penicillin allergy does not mean that you will have a penicillin allergy.

If you are allergic to one type of antibiotic, it does not mean you are allergic to all types of anti-biotics.

If you have a confirmed antibiotic allergy, make sure that you are able to identify the antibiotic generic name (ie, the active ingredient) and describe your reaction to all your healthcare providers.

Disclaimer: This article is not intended, nor should it be read, as medical advice. It is merely in-formation to be used in recognising and responding to some symptoms and if in any doubt, medical advice and attention should be sought.



SHORTEST WAR IN HISTORY:

Also known as the shortest war in history, the Anglo Zanzibar war was fought in 1896. It all started in 1890 when a treaty was signed between Germany and Britain. The treaty held the agreement that the state of Zanzibar was under British dominance, while the remaining Tanzanian land was under German control. A few years later, in 1893, Hamad bin Thuwaini was the ruler of Zanzibar.

After a peaceful three-year rule, Hamad suddenly died, and his place was taken over by his cousin Khalid bin Bargash. This appointment happened without prior notice to the British. When they got to know about this, they ordered Bargash to give up the position. Bargash being adamant, paid no heed to any warnings put forward by the British. After repeated threats and warnings, the Britishers attacked the Sultan's palace, which was highly secured with over 3000 men. When the fight started, Bargash escaped the palace via a secret exit, leaving his men to fight against the enemies. After a little over half an hour, the palace's royal flag was taken down, and the shortest war in history came to an end.

Though it was short, the war caused a lot of deaths — mostly on the losing side. More than five hundred soldiers died, and several hundred were severely injured on both ends. Bargash escaped to the Tanzanian mainland and was under the protection of the German navy. Eventually, he was caught by the British and was exiled. On the other side, the Zanzibar throne was taken over by a British supporter, Sultan Hamud bin Muhammad who ruled for the next half a decade.