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ISSUE NO 120

The Midland Line Midland Men's Shed Newsletter

Blokes, jokes, mates and more

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE:



This month we had our AGM when all the incumbents were re-elected. I thank them for offering to serve for another term.

Attendances at both the Workshop and Social Tuesdays has been fairly good although we would always like to see more. We have had a variety of Guest Speakers on Tuesdays that have been well received.

Going forward, the proposed Lamb Tasting and Appraisal hasn't, so far, been well supported and I am rather disappointed. As well as it being a rather unique experience it is a chance to earn the Shed \$1,000. So please give it some thought. It's open to members, wives, partners, and family so we should be able to get the numbers required.

So that's all for this month so Cheers and good Shedding.

John Griffiths

President

Email: john@jrgrif.com.au

Phone: 0429 955 229

COMING EVENTS:

- November 16th "Accessing Aged Care Services" - Kerry Goodrem
- November 20th Lamb Tasting Sessions
- December 14th Christmas Lunch - Guildford Town Hall
- February 8th "The Rights of Older People" -
- May 18th "Ocean Liners" - Chris Frame

CHRISTMAS LUNCH - NEW VENUE:

Our Christmas Lunch which is scheduled for Tuesday 14th December will now be held in the **Guildford Town Hall** as the Midland Town Hall is undergoing repairs and is not available until January.



*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

PO Box 1035 MIDLAND DC 6936

Workshop Enquiries 0411 833 055



MEMBERSHIP STATS:

TUESDAY MORNINGS	OCTOBER
Average Attendance for month (Members)	51
No. Members 100%	28
Visitors for month	2
Av Weekly Attendance (Inc Visitors)	51.75
Best Week Attendance	56
New Members	2
MIDVALE WORKSHOPS:	
Total attendance for the month	250
Average daily attendance	15

EDINBURGH CALLING:

- **Michael Davies**

We are fine and life just rolls on as it does. Alix has started on a new year with a new batch of ankle biters - quite a few kids with various problems I'm told, I'm just glad that I'm not teaching anymore - too many problems - too many new rules, not allowed to do this that or whatever. I used to like teaching not political class management. Enough on that.

COVID is still big part of our lives, we now have to live with it, 34,256 new UK cases today and 33 deaths. Yeah, still chasing us around but the vaccines have helped to reduce hospitalisation and deaths. The NHS is creaking under the strain as Autumn is also now with us and people are starting to feel the oncoming of Winter coughs, colds and flus. We are still not able to visit the doctor's surgery (it must be done over the phone) and so many vital operations are now post-poned. Screenings also for cancer and other important diseases are also going unchecked. I also have not been able to make an appointment with the dentist for nearly 2 years!! Life's good isn't it.

On the happy side of life both Alix and I are good and getting on with life. We are members of Historic Scotland and have visited a lot of Scottish castles, manors and stately gardens - most of these visits as you can imagine are obviously outdoor. Some of the castles and locations are unbelievable- please check out Dunnottar Castle, truly amazing.



Edinburgh city itself although with no international visitors is back to being busy, full of staycation visitors. We seldom go into town itself - too busy for us, hence the visits to the country and historical places.

My only weekly meet up with the boys is on a Tuesday when I go to my local bowling club where the season is almost done. If not selected for a game we usually sit outside in the sun (it has been nice, honest guv) and have a blether with a glass of the amber nectar.

My greenhouse has been a great success this year with tomatoes, Cuca melons (check that one out mate) cucumbers, chillies, and peppers. Outside on the big balcony I have beet, carrots, kalettes, blackberries, blackcurrants, raspberries and the usual herbs. This is what has kept me busy and sane during all the lockdowns and prohibited visits to see family and friends. Half term for schools is fast approaching and for a VERY LONG TIME I am finally going to head south and visit my son, grandson and family in Wales - hurrah!!

So glad to hear that WA is still doing so well with Covid, your Premier Mark has done a good job in my opinion from a distance. Say thanks to Kevin also for the monthly MMS Newsletter, so nice to hear what is happening with you guys too. Would love a morning with The Rockin Shedders, I do miss that session of playing, singing and the camaraderie.

Hi to all.
Meic

REMINISCING:

• Keith Donetta

Now that I'm an old man, I can enjoy sitting back and reminiscing about how my childhood differed from that of my grandkids.

Dad had been returned after five years away at war, so now I had a strange man walking about the house, taking some of the affection I had enjoyed from Mum away from me. We lived in a semi-detached house in West London with my grandparents, an uncle and aunt and their two kids. We enjoyed the use of two rooms. We were all very lucky as my uncle and his family were finally allocated a prefab nearby. These were post-war homes made of asbestos that had three bedrooms, built by the government in their thousands all over the bomb sites of Britain. (My aunt died recently in her mid-nineties, so the asbestos threat may not be quite so bad as we are told)

Transport consisted of the famous red double-decker buses until Dad managed to get a motorcycle with a sidecar and a small amount of rationed petrol. Mum would not ride pillion, so she had the sidecar which also had a tiny boot. My seat was either on the pillion or when raining, a seat fitted in the boot of the sidecar. Safety people of today would have had a seizure.



At my age of seven, in 1950, Mum and Dad bought a small farm in Essex. I was dragged screaming to a cold house in the middle of nowhere surrounded by thick glutinous Essex clay. The house had no mains electricity supply. Power came from a very old generator set that had huge rechargeable batteries. Unfortunately these batteries were worn out. The engine driving the generator was also worn out and would almost die, just sputtering before picking up again causing the lights to dim, almost going out completely. Whenever this happened, all conversation ceased as everybody froze, waiting for the lights to either go out or brighten up again. As they brightened up, conversation and movement resumed. Even today, seventy years later, I remember this vividly. The nearest telephone was a public box about half a mile away. Central heating was fifteen years away and air conditioning at least fifty. Heating was by smoky coal or coke. But at least we had a flush toilet.

I was a city kid and at first I hated this enforced country life with a passion. I had to attend the village school two miles away, many times having to walk both ways before I graduated to a bike. Village life did not really want to welcome a city kid who didn't want to be there, so my early days at this school were not really happy. Things improved as I started to make friends. (One of whom is still a very good friend today) Dad got rid of the motorcycle and sidecar and bought an ex-military Commer utility truck. (known as a tilly) This was a sort of Hillman Minx ute with no steel back to the two seater cab, just a roll down canvas screen. The vehicle was from the Western Desert, so one can imagine how cold this thing was in a UK winter. The utility back was covered with a canvas top, similar to a large army truck. My younger brother and I used to ride about sitting on the rear wheel arches, peering out the back. Modern safety enforcers can have another stroke!

Almost every father was a smoker. At one time I wondered what was wrong with my Dad who never smoked in his life. An ashtray was provided automatically when a smoker visited. Nobody ever asked permission to light up.

Almost every father would pop out at least a couple of nights a week to their local boozer for an evening with their mates. Again my father very rarely drank any alcohol so it resulted in me never becoming addicted.

A favourite pastime with the boys was to scour the local areas looking for relics of the recent war. An unexploded doodlebug had been dumped in a paddock nearby, with the explosive and rocket motor removed of course, and we boys spent hours climbing all over it. Living in South Essex, under the flight path of the German bombers heading to London only a few years earlier, there were plenty of aircraft bits to discover. We would all take our pea rifles and roam the countryside imagining we were fighting the war all over again. Nobody got shot that I can remember.

In fact almost everything we did would be considered very dangerous and banned today. Yet very, very few kids were seriously injured or hurt.

Discipline was very different to today. A school teacher or police man sat on the right hand of God as far as us kids were concerned. A typical punishment dispensed by the local 'bobby' would have been a swift kick up the bum with a number thirteen police boot. Nobody ever got dragged into court. Us kids tended to be larrikins rather than criminals. Therefore nobody got a criminal record. And that system worked very well. In later years I spoke with an elderly policeman who used to watch over us as larrikin youth. When I asked him why he let us get away with antagonizing him, he remarked that the wildness of youth was very important and never to be broken. The generation before us had saved the country in the cockpits of their Spitfires and Hurricanes and in battlefields all over the world. That truth brought me up with a jolt and made me very tolerant of the wildness of youth even today.

When it came to getting a job, we were far luckier than kids are now. We did not have to worry about our choice of career disappearing due to computers. Jobs were there in plenty, almost anything we wanted to do. I went into engineering with a five year apprenticeship as many of my peers did. I moaned about the low pay, but in later life that apprenticeship proved a godsend.

Kids may have all the electronic gadgets and perks available today, but I wouldn't change my childhood for quids.

THE UNHURRIED RHYTHMS OF LIFE:

- **Donald Goodyer**

Many men, going through their 'transition to retirement', have a difficult time. They may be encouraged to 'slow down and smell the roses', but this is impossible. After working a whole lifetime – being always busy, always fixing something or always at work on some project or other ... well, they just can't! And, in our electronic age, where everything has to be done immediately, this is impossible. To overcome this, men have to change their whole mindset. They must try to think back to an earlier time. A time when everyone lived at a much slower pace. This was not that long ago, either – perhaps only 100 years or more. People, then, lived around the 'unhurried rhythms of life'. And they lived at this slow, natural pace throughout the seasons of the year.

Of course, they lived in an agricultural society, when everything that they did, revolved around horsepower and what they were required to do during each season. But the thing is, life was slower, and they took note of everything around them. They did this, not only throughout the day, but all year long, too. This lifestyle goes back many centuries. For instance, Shakespeare's plays and sonnets are full of them. People then, could relate to them, as they mentioned, 'rosemary is for remembrance', 'pansies are for thoughts', and 'fennel and columbines for grace' and all sorts of little things that they see in their everyday life. 'April's first born flowers' and 'golden face of meadows green' and even what happens in 'grim winter'. They were well aware of nature all around them. And this is part of the joy in life that we seemed to have lost.

Being retired, we all have a lot of time to 'reconnect' with the nature and all its natural rhythms throughout the year. To experience this, just take a chair, put it outside, sit down and notice all the colours of natural world around you. Every artist will tell you, there are at least 20 colours of green in all the trees and bushes and shrubs right outside your home. And then, you might notice the sky and how the light changes all through the day. It's a delight to the 'painter's eye'. Even old, Claude Monet urged everyone to do this. He painted outside, 'en pleine' and he captured the light and how it changes throughout the day. His greatest work of art was a series paintings that he did of his 'water garden'. They made a special room the Louvre just for them. There, you can sit in the middle of the room and as you slowly turn around, you can see the light as he saw it ... slowly changing ... the soft colours of the dawn, the clear morning light, followed by the intense light of noon and then the softer shadows of the afternoon, until the declining light of day. You can try to see this, too when you are outside your house.

And photographers appreciate this, as well. All of them will tell you that just after dawn and about a half hour before sunset, you see the 'golden light'. It's a soft, soft light that falls and it's impossible not to take a good picture then. And speaking of light at these times, we Western Australians are so fortunate to be where we live. Our morning sunrises are spectacular and when you go down to the beach at sunset, it is always a feast for the eyes! When the sun goes down over the Indian Ocean, the western sky turns to gold and the whole horizon takes on layers of mauve and magenta. If we want to, we can see this every day!

And the 'bird life', here in Western Australia is fantastic as well. We have all kinds of cockatoos, cockateels, doves, honeyeaters, fly catchers and wrens and even ibis. They are not only just so colourful, they all have their own songs as well ... cooing, warbles, tweets, plaintive cries of banshees (Black Cockatoos) and the raucous calls (of Galahs) as well. If you listen, you can start to make them out. Shakespeare included many bird songs in his plays and poems. His audience could easily relate to them. They lived in the unhurried rhythms of life, and they could see it all around themselves in the world that they lived in.



If you enjoy music, there is so much to listen to. This also brings to mind a wonderful sense of nature. 'Relaxation' CDs are great, too! So many of them, have the sounds of nature in their compositions. The Sea, the sounds of a summer's day, and the soothing instrumentals that reflect the natural world. If you want to, on a clear night, just put your headphones on and sit outside listening to classical music, such as Vivaldi's, 'The Four Seasons' or Holst's, 'The Planets'. (Most nights, Venus, Mars, and Saturn can all be seen with the naked eye.) All of this slows down your mind and you start to feel those unhurried rhythms, that 'Mother Nature' meant for us to live by.

No matter what you think about the world today, everything makes this a beautiful world. You can do no better than to put down all your electronic devices, turn off you TV, and get outside and see what you have missed for so long. Live life. It's wonderful!

LAMB TASTING:

On Saturday 20th November in conjunction with the Murdoch University there will be a series of Lamb Tasting Sessions at the Midland Men's Shed Workshop in Swan Avenue MIDVALE.

The sessions will be at 9am, 10am and 11am and participants will be required to arrive 15 minutes before their session. Each participant will taste seven small, cooked lamb samples and will be required to fill out a small questionnaire about the meat they tasted and their demographic details. *Late news - the 10a session is now booked out.*

Please advise Kevin which session you would like to participate. Your contact phone number on the day is also required. These sessions are open to wives, partners, family members, etc. Participants **MUST** be over 18 years of age.

USING WD-40:

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Remember the guy from the movie "My Big Fat Greek Wedding" who used "Windex" for anything that ails? Well here are some interesting, brilliant and unexpected uses for WD-40 that nobody has ever told you about (maybe?)

Clearing Stains From Wood

Is it too late to tell you that you should have invested in coast-ers if you have stains on your wooden coffee table? Yes, and no. Watermarks left on wood can make something look cheap and dilapidated. You can actually spray WD-40 on these marks and they will disappear.



Removing Stickers

Stickers are so much fun.... until you can't get them off. Whether your kids have stuck them on your new pair of glasses, or if you have labelled something incorrectly, there's still a way back. WD-40 turns those stickers into easily-removable mush. Try it

Cleaning Crayon Stains

Kids are creative. They also like to spread that creativity wherever they go... walls and doors included. Instead of losing your temper over this common occurrence, try the WD-40 method. That is spraying the crayon marks on the wall and easily wiping them away.



Removing Super Glue



Do you know what the Kryptonite version of superglue is? It's WD-40. While the makers of superglue promise to keep every-thing together, WD-40 promises to do the exact opposite. So if you've superglued something and you're having regrets, just whip out the spray and get to work.

Removing Ink Stains

At some point, we all make that annoying mistake of putting a leaky pen in our pocket. The result is an obvious ink blotch that can be seen a mile away. We have some good news for you. WD-40 can actually get rid of that bluish stain



Cleaning Dried Glue

Did you know that WD-40 is the worst nightmare of just about any glue out there? It does not matter what kind you previously used, this miracle product will ensure that it will be defeated. Even superglue does not stand a chance against it!
and there's lots of other weird and unexpected uses, just look them up on your computer!!



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ADVICE FROM AN OLD FARMER:

- **Bob Legge**

- ◇ Your fences need to be horse-high, pig-tight and bull-strong.
- ◇ Life is simpler when you plough around the stump.
- ◇ A bumble bee is considerably faster than a John Deere tractor.
- ◇ Words that soak into your ears are whispered, not yelled.
- ◇ Forgive your enemies; it messes up their heads.
- ◇ It doesn't take a very big person to carry a grudge.
- ◇ You cannot unsay a cruel word.
- ◇ Every path has a few puddles.
- ◇ Don't judge folks by their relatives.
- ◇ Remember that silence is sometimes the best answer.
- ◇ Live a good, honourable life. Then when you get older and think back, you'll enjoy it a second time.
- ◇ If you find yourself in a hole, the first thing to do is stop digging.
- ◇ The biggest troublemaker you'll probably ever have to deal with, watches you from the mirror every morning.
- ◇ Always drink upstream from the herd.
- ◇ Good judgment comes from experience, and a lotta that comes from bad judgment.
- ◇ Letting the cat outta the bag is a whole lot easier than putting it back in.

JOKING OF COURSE:

Do you believe marriage is a lottery?"

"No, it's not.

In a lottery, a man is supposed to have a chance."

Two men are hiking down a mountain when the sky opens up and rain begins to bucket down.

Holding their coats over their heads, they run to the house of the man who lives closest.

They arrive and dry themselves off.

The rain continues for a few hours without letting up.

"Listen," one man says, "this rain isn't going to stop any time soon. Why don't you spend the night here? I'll just head upstairs and sort out the spare room for you. I'll be done in about an hour."

An hour passes, and the spare room has been vacuumed, dusted, tidied and the bed made. He heads back down to his guest and is shocked to find him completely drenched.

"What happened to you?" asks the man, puzzled.

"Well, since I'm spending the night, I thought I'd better go home and get my pyjamas."

A woman was taking care of a neighbour's little girl one morning. She arrived in time for breakfast and sat down at the table. "Mommy always makes me hot muffins for breakfast," the girl said.

Eager to please, the woman went into the kitchen and prepared some hot, fresh muffins.

"No thank you," the girl said when they were brought to her.

The surprised woman replied, "I thought you said your mother always has muffins for breakfast?"

"She does, but I don't eat them."

Girl: "When we get married, I want to share all your worries, troubles and lighten your burden."

Boy: "It's very kind of you, darling, but I don't have any worries or troubles."

Girl: "Well that's because we aren't married yet."



*Friendship consists of a willing ear, an understanding heart,
and a helping hand .*