



JULY 2022
ISSUE NO 128

The Midland Line Midland Men's Shed Newsletter

Blokes, jokes, mates and more

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE:



John Griffiths

The end of our financial year is here and a topsy turvey year it has been.

COVID has impacted us quite often and caused disruptions and turmoil, not only in regard to our daily activities but also in the lives of our members.

Notable occurrences have included finally having all the protocols and approvals in place for the proposed additional workshop and the City of Swan eventually putting in place the extra money to supplement what the State Government granted us through Hon Micelle Roberts MLA good efforts.

Considering all the impediments put in the way our attendances have been quite good and only time will tell how we fare in regards to membership for next year, guessing we will lose a few but hopefully not to many. Will close now and to you all, stay well and happy.

John Griffiths

President

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COMING EVENTS:

- July 12th "Stock Exchange" - Keith O'Brien
- July 26th "Stay on Your Feet"
- August 16th "My Cricket Life" - Jo Angel
- August 24th "The Catalpa Escape" - Joy and Mike Lefroy—Evening session
- September 20th "QE2" - Chris Frame
- October 11th "Police" - Jessie Bill
- October 18th Annual General Meeting
- December 20th Christmas Lunch



**GET THE COVID BOOSTER
AND FLU SHOT
BEFORE COVID AND/OR
THE FLU GET YOU**

*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	JUNE
Average Attendance for month (Members)	46.3
No. Members 100%	28
Visitors for month	4
Av Weekly Attendance (Inc Visitors)	47.7
Best Week Attendance	50
New Members	1

MIDVALE WORKSHOPS:

Total attendance for the month	210
Average daily attendance	12

JOKING OF COURSE:

A retired man who volunteers to entertain patients in nursing homes and hospitals went to one local hospital and took his portable keyboard along. He told some jokes and sang some funny songs at patients bedsides.

When he finished he said, in farewell, "I hope you get better."

One elderly gentleman replied, "I hope you get better, too."

An elderly woman brought a limp duck to a veterinary surgeon. As she laid her pet on the table, the vet pulled out his stethoscope and listened to the bird's chest.

After a moment or two, the vet shook his head and sadly said: "I'm sorry, your duck, Cuddles, has passed away."

The distressed woman wailed, "Are you sure?"

"Yes, I am sure. Your duck is dead," replied the vet.

"How can you be so sure?" she protested. "He might just be in a coma or something."

The vet turned around and left the room. He returned a few minutes later with a black labrador. As the duck's owner looked on in amazement, the dog stood on his hind legs, put his front paws on the examination table and sniffed the duck from top to bottom. He then looked up at the vet with sad eyes and shook his head.

The vet patted the dog on the head and took it out of the room. A few minutes later he returned with a cat. The cat jumped on the table and also delicately sniffed the bird from head to foot. The cat sat back on its haunches, shook its head, meowed softly and strolled out of the room.

The vet looked at the woman and said: "I'm sorry, but as I said, this is most definitely, 100 per cent certifiably, a dead duck."

The vet turned to his computer terminal, hit a few keys and produced a bill, which he handed to the woman.

The duck's owner, still in shock, took the bill. "\$150!" she cried, "\$150 just to tell me my duck is dead!"

The vet shrugged, "I'm sorry. If you had just taken my word for it, the bill would have been \$20, but with the Lab Report and the Cat Scan, it's now \$150."

WHO IS THIS MEMBER OF THE MIDLAND MEN'S SHED???



NAPOLEON SUFFERED FROM AILUROPHOBIA:

At one time the most feared General and a ruthless tyrant, Napoleon had a very peculiar fear called 'Ailurophobia'. Although it sounds as scary as Napoleon himself, however this phobia is the fear of cats.

HEALING MINOR CUTS:

Sugar is a natural substance that is used in healing minor cuts. If you happen to slightly cut your finger when chopping onions, you can sprinkle a small amount of sugar, and the bleeding will stop. In addition to that, sugar has an antiseptic property, which makes it a mild disinfectant, hence preventing infections.

HIGH HEELED SHOES:

What if you were told you that high heels were originally made exclusively for men? In a time when stilettos and platforms are often associated with female style and female sexuality, that fact might come as a surprise — but it shouldn't. In fact, for decades high heels found their place on the feet of male soldiers, aristocrats and even royals in differing parts of the globe for very specific reasons.

The origin of high-heels can be traced back to 15th century Persia when soldiers wore them to help secure their feet in stirrups. Persian migrants brought the shoe trend to Europe, where male aristocrats wore them to appear taller and more formidable.

LIBERTY ENLIGHTENING THE WORLD:

Her crown has seven points that represent rays of light and also the seven seas and continents; the original name for the statue is "Liberty Enlightening the World." There are broken chains, or shackles, at her feet that also symbolize her freedom. The statue was a gift to the United States from the people of France.

BIGGEST EYES IN THE ANIMAL KINGDOM:

Researchers say that colossal squid (*Mesonychoteuthis hamiltoni*) have the largest eyes ever studied in the animal kingdom. Measuring 27cm (11in) in diameter, each eye is roughly the size of a soccer ball. "They are probably the largest eyes that have ever existed.

Researchers say these huge eyes help the colossal squid survive and thrive in the depths of the Southern Ocean. Their eyes face forward, allowing them to properly judge distances. At great depths, where there is very little light, their large eyes also help them spot large animals, including predators like sperm whales.

WORKSHOP PROJECT:

Saint Matthew's Anglican Church in Guildford came to us to help repair their sign.

Brian, Bob and others took on the task to refurbish the sign that was not in very good shape.

With a lot of tender loving care the sign was refurbished and successfully installed again much to the delight of the Church.

Well done everyone.



"Trouble knocked at the door, but, hearing laughter, hurried away."

~ Benjamin Franklin

ROCKETS - TO THE STARS AND BEYOND:

- Donald Goodyer

Many years ago, before electronic devices were even thought of, all kids had hobbies. We would often 'scout' through hobby stores looking for something to keep us busy and out of mischief. We were always finding something new. This has followed me through my whole life. I still think of myself as a 'big kid'. Even now, I can't pass a hobby shop.

This puts me in mind of when I was boarding at my friend's home. Woody had 2 boys about 8 years and 6 years old. They were just about the perfect age to get interested in some kind of hobby. And, this is when I came across flying model rockets. They were neat. In a kit there were a cardboard tube, a plastic 'nose cone' with parachute and balsa wood fins. (I think the glue was included, too.) The 'engine' was a wooden cylinder packed with gun powder. And, the 'launcher' was a small plastic stand, with a 'glow plug' on the bottom and wires leading to 'Launch Control'. These were sold separately. And, so, the kids and I put our first rocket together sitting around the dining room table. We were really careful about being 'precise' with fixing the fins and putting the engine in. We weren't sure what kind of rocket it would be, but Woody's oldest boy came up with the idea of it being a Soviet rocket. So, we got a can of red spray paint and gave it a good coat and I painted 'CCCP' in gold down its body. It was ready to go!

We picked Saturday morning as 'launch day' and the kids were so excited. They bought their mates, too and we set up our rocket site in the local park. (There weren't many trees around and it seemed perfect.) When it was set up, we had everyone 'count down', 10...9...8... until blast off. To all our surprise, it flared at the bottom and then took off, going straight up about 500 ft in the air. All the kids were screaming as the nose cone popped off and a parachute gently brought it back to earth. And, that's what started our 'rocket club'. The kids and I were right down to the hobby shop to get ones that were bigger and better.

Most Saturdays, for the next few months, we had 'shoots', but what was so fun was sitting around the table trying to do the best job we could on our rockets. Through 'hard experience', we found out the basics of rocketry. Such as, the fins shouldn't have any 'drag'. The body being a perfect cylinder and most importantly - the weight should be the same all around, with most of it down near the engine. We thought that we were way up there in the same 'league' as Werner Von Braun!

One time, I actually read the instructions! To my surprise there was an American Rocket Club and they listed all the safety rules. We had to brush up on them. Our efforts were pretty much 'off the wall'! But our track record was really good. We had a '2 stage' one that went to well over 1500 ft. And many of the kids had some great shots. Our 1 failure was one that fell off the stand on ignition, and went spinning in circles on the ground. Woody, said that I looked absolutely hilarious, trying to 'stomp' it to death as it went fizzing around and around and around!

It might sound a bit juvenile, playing with rockets, but it does have its serious side. On television, about 4 years ago, James May put on a series about different hobbies that we all used to do. I think that it was called 'Toy Story'. One of them that he did was on firing rockets, like we used to do - only, he was going to try to put a toy doll into space. He went to the local rocket club, where they designed a custom-made, 6 ft. rocket for him. Of course, he picked Barbie's, 'Ken' to be the astronaut. They dressed it up in a little silver suit, put a space helmet and put him in a specially designed capsule. They also put tracking devices in the rocket and a small video cam to see how poor little Ken was handling all those 'G' Forces. It was hilarious! When it took off, it went right out of sight. The club captured the flight on their tracking devices, too, and apparently, it broke the sound barrier! When they recovered Ken, he was a bit worse for wear - in fact he might be classed as a fatality. But that didn't matter! The fact was that Ken was the first doll to hit the stratosphere. It was some kind of a record, that's for sure! And, that is what hobbies are all about. Interest, finding out stuff, experimenting and using your imagination in the freest possible way. It's so much fun. And as, James May would say... "Kids should be doing this!"

A dog accepts you as the boss ... a cat wants to see your resume

CRANKY OLD MAN

When an old man died in the geriatric ward of a nursing home in an Australian country town, it was believed that he had nothing left of any value.

Later, when the nurses were going through his meagre possessions, They found this poem. Its quality and content so impressed the staff that copies were made and distributed to every nurse in the hospital.

CRANKY OLD MAN

What do you see nurses?

What do you see?

What are you thinking

When you're looking at me?

A cranky old man, not very wise,

Uncertain of habit with faraway eyes?

Who dribbles his food and makes no reply.

When you say in a loud voice, I do wish you'd try!

Who seems not to notice the things that you do

And forever is losing a sock or shoe?

Who, resisting or not lets you do as you will,

With bathing and feeding the long day to fill?

Is that what you're thinking? Is that what you see?

Then open your eyes, nurse. You're not looking at me.

I'll tell you who I am as I sit here so still,

As I do at your bidding, as I eat at your will.

I'm a small child of ten with a father and mother,

Brothers and sisters who love one another

A young boy of sixteen with wings on his feet

Dreaming that soon now a lover he'll meet.

A groom soon at twenty my heart gives a leap.

Remembering, the vows that I promised to keep.

At twenty-five, now I have young of my own.

Who need me to guide and a secure happy home.

A man of thirty my young now grown fast,

Bound to each other with ties that should last.

At forty, my young sons have grown and are gone,

But my woman is beside me to see I don't mourn.

At Fifty, once more, babies play 'round my knee,

Again, we know children my loved one and me.

Dark days are upon me my wife is now dead.

I look at the future I shudder with dread.

For my young are all rearing young of their own.

And I think of the years and the love that I've known.

I'm now an old man and nature is cruel.

It's jest to make old age look like a fool.

The body, it crumbles grace and vigour, depart.

There is now a stone where I once had a heart.

But inside this old carcass a young man still dwells,

And now and again my battered heart swells

I remember the joys I remember the pain.

And I'm loving and living life over again.

I think of the years, all too few gone too fast.

And accept the stark fact that nothing can last.

So open your eyes, people open and see.

Not a cranky old man look closer see ME!!

Remember this poem when you next meet an older person who you might brush aside without looking at the young soul within. We will all, one day, be there, too!*



*Why is it that at class reunions you feel younger
than everyone else looks?*

HOW TO TALK ABOUT MORTALITY:

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Talking about death, whether that of a loved one or even our own, can be both terrifying and unpleasant. Many people are evasive about it, both through the behaviour they adopt and the language they use.

Anyone who has ever had a conversation with a representative of most, though not all, funeral homes are typically struck by what can only be called a retreat to euphemism – but that shouldn't be the case.

Speaking the Language of Death

Lori Viens, who works as a family service counsellor for Dignity Memorial – the largest network of funeral homes in North America – is an exception to this uncomfortable truth.

Mortality is a fact that family service counsellor Lori Viens does not try to sugar-coat. “It is an uncomfortable conversation. Especially discussing our own death. But, if the worst happens, it's even more uncomfortable for your children, family and friends to have to have that conversation.”

Discovering Lori led us to explore some hands-on, tangible examples of what we have to do to ameliorate the burden of talking about mortality and reduce it to practical terms.

That search introduced us to Hospice U.K. whose extensive experience on the subject has enabled them to provide an illuminating checklist of how to approach what for most of us might be the most difficult and heartrending conversation we will ever have.

What follows is a condensed summary of their excellent, no-nonsense advice.

Initiating a Sensitive Conversation

On their website Hospice U.K. state: “There are a number of reasons why we find talking about death and dying difficult. It could be fear of saying the wrong thing, or of hurting someone's feelings.”

Some tips:

- Talk face-to-face. Alternatively, have the conversation by phone. Avoid written messages.
- Choose a quiet, comfortable place where you will not be interrupted.
- Avoid using euphemisms such as “gone to sleep.”
- Using clear, honest language is important, especially if you're talking to someone with dementia, someone with a learning disability, or a child.

Tips on Talking About Death & Dying

Observes Hospice U.K.: “People can have very different reactions to death depending on their attitudes, beliefs and the relationship they have with the person who is dying. It's important to take their individual feelings into consideration and avoid pushing anyone into talking if they don't want to.”

- Be honest. Often in difficult situations we tend to search for the ‘right’ or clever thing to say, or we deny what's happening altogether. Frank, open conversations can be very liberating and soothing, both for the dying person and their loved ones.
- Listen. Pay attention to body language. Look your relative or friend in the eye when you are talking to them. If they avoid eye contact, consider the possibility that they might not be ready to have this conversation.
- Stay calm. You might find this kind of emotional intimacy difficult, or you might be worried about seeing your relative or friend cry or appear helpless and vulnerable. Breathe slowly to calm yourself. Keep yourself grounded by physically feeling your feet on the floor. This will help you to be present and accepting of what is happening.
- Don't be afraid to cry. Crying is a natural response to emotionally charged situations. Being brave enough to express your grief can have a powerful healing effect on the person you're talking to, as well as giving them permission to grieve themselves.
- Don't feel you have to talk all the time. Simply being beside someone in silence can be hugely comforting.
- Let the person know they can talk to you if they need to. You might say, “If there ever comes a time when you want to talk about something, please do tell me”. This gives them permission to talk in their own time, without expectation.

Because Ms Viens' office is to be found at one of the busier company locations, she can see firsthand the contrast between those who pre-plan and those who do not. It can either be a 15-minute meeting with one, designated person, or become one which includes kids, spouses, and anyone who needs questions answered, lasting upwards of 4 hours.

Although she loves what she does and feels privileged to help families through this time, she thinks that people should not have to spend so much time in an office on what is typically a terrible day.

“On a day when you are grieving, you should be with family.”

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