



Shed Torque

The Official Newsletter of the Mount Beauty & District Men's Shed

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Here we go again. I can't believe I've done this five times now. It feels more like ten.

There is some stuff to report and some just for entertainment, but whatever comes into my wayward mind, I hope it interests you.

A reminder — Don't forget our next **Mountain Monk Brewers Raffle** on Friday 19th July (5:30 pm [for a meal] and raffle at 7:00 pm).

Odd Bits

Old couple in heaven

The couple was 85 years old and had been married for sixty years. Though they were far from rich, they managed to get by by watching their pennies.

Though not young, they were both in very good health due to the wife's insistence on healthy foods and exercise for the last decade.

One day, their good health didn't help when they went on a rare vacation, and their plane crashed, sending them off to Heaven.

They reached the pearly gates, and St. Peter escorted them inside.

He took them to a beautiful mansion furnished in gold and fine silks. The kitchen was fully stocked, and the master bath had a waterfall. A maid was seen hanging their favourite clothes in the closet.

They gasped in astonishment when he said, 'Welcome to Heaven. This will be your home now.'

The old man asked Peter how much all this was going to cost.

'Why, nothing,' Peter replied, 'remember, this is your reward in Heaven.'

The old man looked out the window, and right there, he saw a championship golf course, finer and more beautiful than any ever built on Earth. 'What are the greens fees?' grumbled the old man.

'This is heaven,' St. Peter replied. 'You can play for free every day.'

Next, they went to the clubhouse and saw the lavish buffet lunch, with every imaginable cuisine before them, from seafood to steaks to exotic desserts and flowing beverages. 'Don't even ask,' said St. Peter to the man.

This is Heaven; it is all free for you to enjoy.'

The old man looked around and glanced nervously at his wife.

'Well, where are the low-fat and low-cholesterol foods and the decaffeinated tea?' he asked.

That's the best part,' St. Peter replied. 'You can eat and drink as much as you like of whatever you like, and you will never get fat or sick. This is Heaven!'

The old man pushed, 'No gym to work out at?' 'Not unless you want to,' was the answer.

'No testing my sugar or blood pressure or...' 'Never again. All you do here is enjoy yourself.'

The old man glared at his wife and said, "You and your damn Bran Flakes and Muesli".

"We could have been here ten years ago!"

Community Bank

Mount Beauty

& District

 **Bendigo Bank**

A major supporter — thank you.

Community Picnic Day — Sat 4th May

Our BBQ Kings were in attendance again, with their Bread and Bangers all cooked and presented perfectly.



From left: **Noel McDougall & Ian Howley**
cooking up a storm!



In the Background — Mal & Vinnie giving assistance

The cooks (Ian & Dick) were kept so busy that Mel and I had to assist.

They were truly appreciated by the big crowd that was boosted by the addition of over 200 young soccer players, with Mums, Dads, and coaches.



From left: ***Ian Howley & Dick Puttyfoot on the job
Henry Ziemnicki ... resting***



Noel McDougall – I've got this!

Good morning's work by all who attended.

Mal and I appreciate your help; we'll do it again sometime.

The Day We Didn't Do Blairs Hut

Outside the Shed at 8:30 a.m. on an overcast Thursday morning, seven 4WD vehicles, 22 well-wrapped bodies with flasks and foodstuffs, lined up waiting for the order to "start your engines" and head to the mountain tracks behind Mount Beauty.

Our trip leader, Paul L'Hullier, with their wife Helen driving, got the convoy away on the blacktop to Cranky Charlie's corner, where we then joined the gravel toward West Kiewa Power Station but turned off onto the dirt logging road before the station and deeper into the forest. Here, the track narrowed and became rougher, with Helen trying to make the passage as smooth as a freeway.

After about two hours, we rocked into the **Diamantina Horse Yards** for a smoko.



The horse yards are fenced areas built to allow riders to enclose their horses safely while they enjoy a cleared area with camp tables, a fireplace, and a very welcome pit toilet.

Nearly an hour was spent meeting and greeting, eating Helen's muffins and everyone else's cakes and bickies washed down with hot coffee.

It was now time to restart engines, get back in convoy formation and retrace our steps to the 'locked' gate for entrance to Blairs Hut, where a BBQ lunch was on the agenda.

Paul obtained the key to the lock from Parks Victoria, [who confirmed](#) that it would release the chain and allow us entry. Still, there was no way that key would open that lock, even after six different attempts by six different people and a full can of WD40 (enough to melt the lock), but to no avail.

So, we didn't do Blairs Hut.

It was time for plan 'B', as we all set off in the reverse direction until we turned left onto an even rougher track leading to a clearing in the trees with an open fireplace beside the West Kiewa River to cook snags and burgers and a table to serve an excellent lunch from.



***Helen L'Huillier (standing), Reg Hollonds (cooking)
& Ken Halse in the background.***

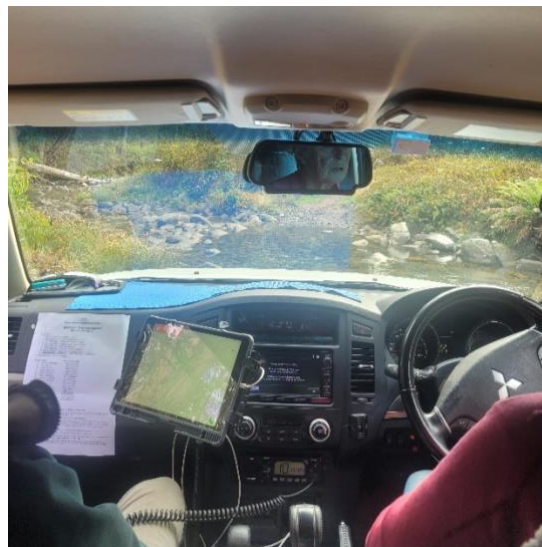


Then, back to the track and through the **West Kiewa River crossing**, which had more rocks than water, all was accomplished without trouble.

We were heading back toward Mount Beauty along the narrow Dungey Track, the Pyramid Hill fire trail, and Symonds Greek Road to visit the **West Kiewa Diversion Weir** and tunnel head, part of the Kiewa Hydro Electric Scheme.

It is a narrow, bumpy, but beautiful journey through our native forests, terminating at about 4:00 pm back home in Mount Beauty.

But we didn't do Blairs Hut.

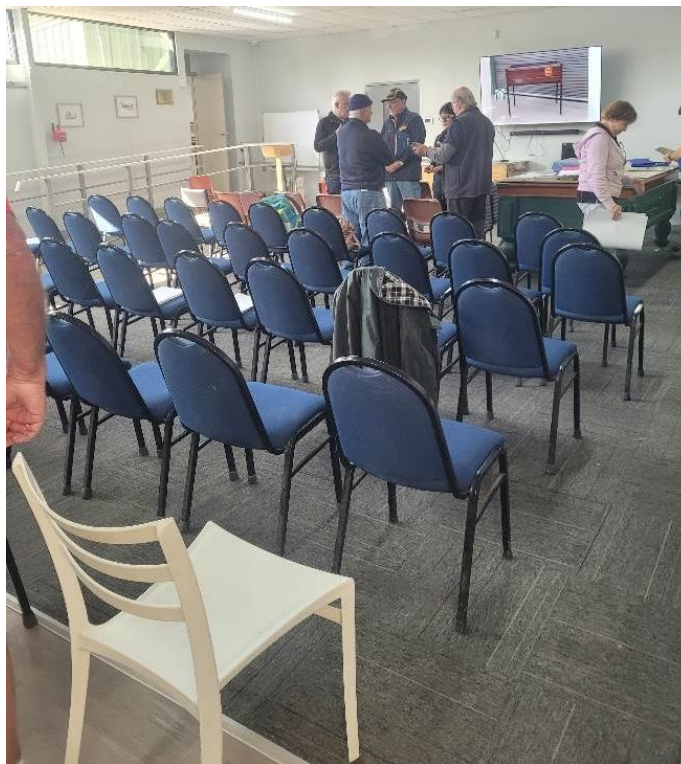


**Navigation on the iPad
kept us on course**

Murray/Hume Men's Shed Cluster Group Meeting

Thurgoona Men's Shed — 22nd May

Henry Ziemnicki and Irvin represented the Shed at this event on 22nd May.



Salient points that were discussed:

Presentation of the progress of **Dementia Australia** and Men's Shed involvement. If you or a loved one suffers from this impairment, there is plenty of help. It is all very confidential, and advice and help are available. Telephone - 1800 100 500 or **dementia.org.au**

Presentation by *Steve Harry* from **Bunnings Trade** about the advantages of Men's Sheds applying for the Bunnings PowerPass, giving special discounts and account availability to sheds and their members.

Information relating to the proposed Shed Expo organised by Thurgoona Men's Shed at the Albury Showgrounds in November. Sites will be free to any shed, allowing them to advertise themselves and sell products and services. There will be food, and also caravan sites in the showground if you want to stay overnight. **Note** — *Mount Beauty will have a presence at the Expo.*

A **short speech from each shed** showed that we all do the same things and suffer the same shortages of members and storage space.



A few photos around Thurgoona Men's Shed. They have lots of space.

Odd Bits

*Went to the Doctor, He said, "Take one of these tablets every day, for the rest of your life".
He gave me a box with 7 pills in it??*

A man arrives at the gates of heaven and is met by St. Peter.

St. Peter says, "Welcome!"

To get into heaven, you need to spell one word correctly."

The man asks, "What's the word?"

St. Peter replies, "Love."

The man spells it correctly and is allowed in.

A few years later, St. Peter asks the man to watch the gate for him while he takes a break. As he's sitting there, his wife shows up.

Surprised, the man asks, "What are you doing here?"

She replies, "I had a heart attack. Is this heaven?"

The man nods and says, "Yes, but you must spell a word correctly to get in."

She asks, "What's the word?"

The man smiles and says, "Czechoslovakia."



Assisting Boys to Become Good Men

We have a couple of new bodies attending the shed on Tuesday mornings until the end of the second school term.

The idea is to help young **Luke** find his way in life with the assistance of his 'Mentor', **Will**, from the "**Boys to the Bush**" organisation
[<https://boystothebush.org.au/>](https://boystothebush.org.au/).

Up to now, they've been working on making *kindling* and *wooden Christmas trees* from recycled floorboards, etc

Hopefully, using head and hands will give *Luke* some incentive to use the advice from older experiences offered by our members.



From left: **Will Nichols (Mentor) & Luke Burgess**
Working the kindling Splitter



New member **Don Terry** and old member **Larry Gardam** showing off the '**Childs Push Cart**' that they have just produced for a client.

Young '**Henry**' should be very pleased with his new toy!



Bird Feeder Tables for a client - Irvin's handiwork

Another \$100 to the kitty for three bird feeder tables, all made from recycled stuff and a little bit of imagination.

CNC machine update. [Thanks to Phil]

It's been a long and winding road from the initial decision to build a CNC machine to finally having it up and running, but we are nearly there.

On Tuesday this week, we taught the machine to go HOME (a bit like teaching a dog to sit). It was quite exciting to see some movement.

There has been a lot of time and effort put in by lots of people over the last few months, initially opening boxes and sorting out hundreds of pieces, then doing up what seemed like thousands of nuts and bolts, followed by connecting metres of wire and cutting, welding and screwing tonnes of steel and plywood to create the magnificent structure which now houses the CNC machine.

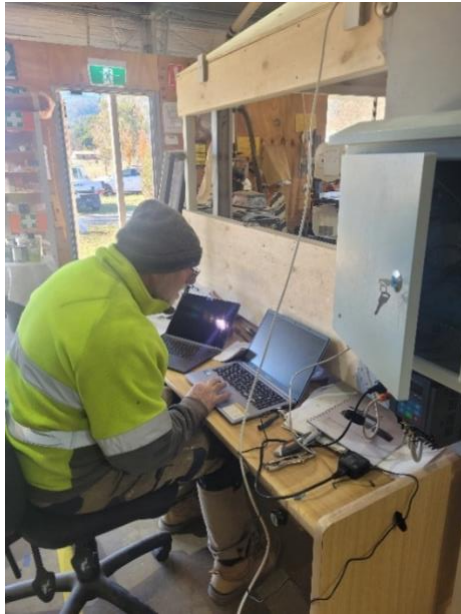
It might sound like a mammoth task, and it probably was. Still, there has been a tremendous sense of satisfaction and camaraderie during the build, and it has provided the designers and builders with many opportunities to use their skills and resourcefulness along the way.

That work is nearing completion and what remains now is learning how to drive the various pieces of computer software that create the artwork and issue commands to the machine to produce the final product. (I'm quietly hoping to actually produce something **today**, but realistically not expecting it to happen). **Editor** — *It did happen! See below the item produced.*

As soon as the beast is under control, we want to actively involve our members in learning the ropes so you can all have fun with our new toy.

Thanks to everyone who has contributed during the build.

Pip Armitage



Phi Armitage at work



The CNC Mausolium



***The CNC Router Bed
It can hold a sheet of plywood***



***The first item produced by the machine
- today 5/6/24 -***



Membership Matters

We, like many other sheds have problems attracting and keeping members; we can't force them in, and we can't stop them dying.

We can only offer a place for them to come to for help, guidance, and companionship in many different ways.

We have some 48 members, with about 15 that are 'active', so what do we need to do to interest the other 33.

It does not have to be a working environment, even though we have a shed full of equipment, it can be just a place to come to for a coffee and a chat, do nothing but watch everybody else, and exercise your mind.

Our shed needs people, old and new, from every walk of life, from cleaners to chairman, teachers to technicians, turners to talkers. Anyone who enjoys life will be welcome.

You can help. Show anyone our '**Shed Torque**' and invite them to check out our shed. Tell them to look at our website www.mountbeautymensshed.org.au. Talk about our shed at every opportunity, and let them know that we are here and ready to meet them.

Don't let our shed die.

Dick and I did our little bit for the shed by being interviewed by *Helen McDougal on Alpine FM*, with emphasis on the advantages of being a member of our Shed and our purpose in the community. We did our best.

Welcome to new members: *Don Terry, Roi Rigoni, John Sullivan and Glen Barton.*

Profile Corner

I found this Profile of our secretary, Noel McDougall, and thought it was so interesting and well-written that I had to include it in this edition. I will have to talk him into relating some of his other stories. He's had such an interesting life.



I was born in Melbourne on 22 July 1944 and educated at Malvern Grammar School.

I joined the Scout movement and became a Queen Scout. I started my work life as a Customs and Shipping agent. This lasted 9 years. During this time, I also studied at night school, AWA Marconi School of Wireless, in radio and TV electronics. I didn't quite finish this course as I packed up my bags and boarded the ship *The Himalayas*, bound for London for a working holiday.

Armed with a briefcase full of letters of introduction, references and contacts, none of which got used and ended up working for a large shipping company for about six months...**there is a story.*

Having not seen Europe at this stage, I did a four-week training camping tour with Protea Tours, which took me around Europe. I then started driving four—and eight-week camping tours of Europe, often back-to-back.

The tours were for people under 35, mainly Aussies, New Zealanders, South Africans, and Rhodesian (now Zimbabweans), and covered Europe from Norway to Morocco and across to Turkey. I think I knew the roads of Paris and Rome as well as I did Melbourne. This lasted for 2 ½ years. ** There is another story.*

In the early 1970s, I returned to Melbourne, where I started working for Centralian Tours, driving outback camping tours of Australia. The roads then were still gravel, so I went up and down and around Australia—even doing a Christmas season in the north and south islands of New Zealand. A couple of years later, I ended up in Darwin at a motel that Centralian owned, and there I was when the company went into liquidation.

I stayed for another three or so years as I had a 61-foot Pearling Lugger that I was restoring, but along came Cyclone Tracy. I had prepared the lugger and anchored up a creek, and then, by chance, caught the last plane out of Darwin to Melbourne. I stayed one night, then got on a flight to London to meet some friends to go skiing in Austria, but within ten days and a special permit, I was back in Darwin. ** There is another story.*

In 1976, after a call from London, I was in Sydney managing a travel office for Protea Tours, the company I worked for in London. This didn't last long, as they closed their London office and stopped doing tours.

Back on the streets of Sydney, searching for the next adventure, I walked into Palanga Tours and Travel. I was offered a job to open a Melbourne office, but I hadn't been back for years, so I said yes; part of the reason for working for Palanga was that I was introduced to their National sales rep, who showed me

around the office building. Two years later, I married the sales rep. Helen.

**There is another story*

Around this time, my Father, who worked for himself as a Title and legal searcher, was quite busy and looking to retire. He wanted me to help him for a year or two, so I did. A year later, Dad retired, and I stayed on for eight years.

Helen and I bought a great house in Box Hill and had two wonderful daughters, Joanne and Laura -all was good in our world.

The Titles Office was now being digitised, which meant I had to either expand or sell up, which I did and, after a year convinced the "city girl" to move. We uprooted and bought the lease on the

Allamar Ranch Motel in 1987. With the car full of kids, a dog in the trailer, a cat in a basket, and fish slurping around in the boot, we arrived in Mt Beauty.

We spent the next four years at the motel and then moved into Mt Beauty. The girls continued through school, and Helen went back to study as a mature-age student. I continued driving for Pyles coaches and later Fallons (Falls Creek Coaches), driving school camps, secondary college music camps, etc., and school buses. I've driven many local kids from primary school to year 12 and watched them grow. It was a great privilege.

*I was also driving school kids from around Victoria to and from Bogong Outdoor Education School. * There is another story.*

I have also been a member of many community organisations over the years, including the Chamber of Commerce, Rotary, and the Committee of Management for Tawonga Caravan Park. While with Rotary, I travelled to the Highlands of Papua New Guinea with two other local Rotarians to help build a school.

Since retiring in 2013, Helen and I have spent a lot of time in our caravan, zig-zagging around Australia and down to Geelong to see our grandchildren.

I am on the Committee of KVHS and Museum, a volunteer with the L2P program and joined the Men's Shed a few years ago and currently secretary.

What a great bunch of blokes all sharing their skills, a cuppa and helping each other in the process, all with a laugh and a smile,

**all's good in our world, and the stories continue...*

Editor — Well done, mate. Help me. Write a **yarn** for the next Shed Torque.

This is my **yarn** for this issue:

Another of my 'yarns' I thought might entertain you

Does anyone else have a yarn to contribute to '**Shed Torque**'?

Email [<vinniebeeston@gmail.com>](mailto:vinniebeeston@gmail.com)

'The Bay of Islands', North Island, New Zealand.

We had thought about a leisurely cruise around the Bay, but this would take most of the day, so we decided to have a 90-minute 'high-speed' cruise instead.

Strange? We thought when we were issued heavy waterproof jackets, hoods, trousers, life jackets, and '**spray glasses**'. And why were there seat belts on a cruise boat???

WELCOME to 'MACK ATTACK'

Before leaving the dock, our 'skipper' told us that there was a 4-metre swell, with some wind causing a few 4-metre waves as well, but otherwise, the weather was fine.

The smoothest ride was near the back of the boat, and if you were 'upfront,' you should fasten the safety belt".

WHY??

We soon found out.

The first ten minutes were 'easy', but then we met the swell and waves as we picked up speed outside the Bay, and we knew why the seat belts were needed.

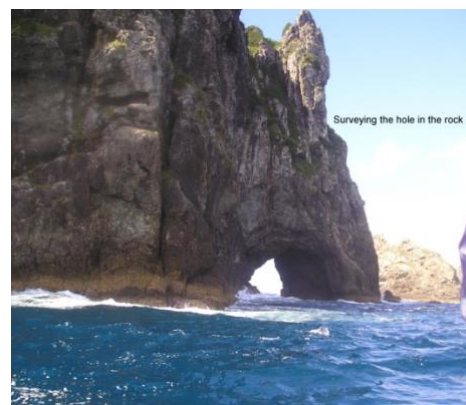


We were doing 70 Km/hr over 20 ft waves, with the front of the boat lifting and dropping some 30-40ft, but at the back, we were *supposedly* travelling "smoothly??", [just crashing about 20ft up and down in the swell]. 70 K's, sea spray, no windscreen in front, and hanging on to the rails, AND, to each other.

Was this excitement??, or what?

Then we stopped, [except we were still rolling up and down 20ft in the swell] to check out '**The Hole in the Rock**'. At this point we few were suffering shock and seasickness, with Dot managing to 'fill' my right sock and shoe to overflowing.

Here we wallowed while the skipper picked the right moment to go through the hole, as the waves opened and closed the hole. We thought he won't do it this time; it was madness! He's crazy.



BUT he DID!! He went through 'That Hole'.

Then a right turn into the oncoming breaking seas, a huge list to starboard, and we thought,

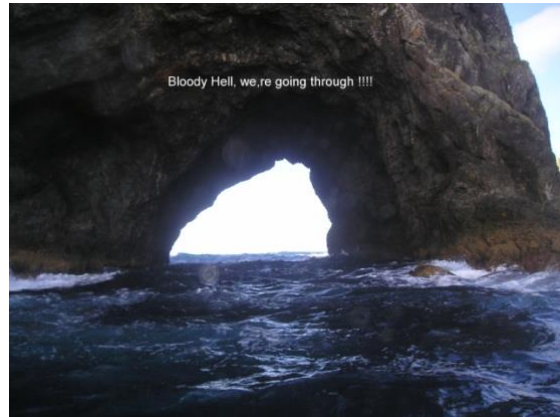
"This is IT, we're going under:**"let's all hold hands and SING,"** as we rolled into the swell and waves.

Another half hour of swells and waves before we reached the smooth waters of the harbour, and just as the ropes came out to tie us to dry land, I was so seasick over the side of the boat that I couldn't walk.

Mack Attack was exciting, exhilarating, and so bloody frightening.

We were glad we did it. But do it again??

I DON'T THINK SO!



I'm signing off this issue with **POETRY CORNER** and a poem that makes me laugh. It was composed by that famous bloke called '*Anony Mous*'

Paddy's Sick Note

Dear Sir, I write this note to you, to tell you of me plight
And at the time of writing, I am not a pretty sight.
My body is all black and blue, me face a deathly grey
And I write this note to say, why I'm not at work today.

While working on the 14th floor, some bricks I had to clear
But to throw them down from such a height, was not a good idea
The foreman wasn't very pleased, He was an awkward sod
He said I'd have to cart them down, down the ladders in me HOD.

Now, clearing all these bricks by hand, it was so very slow
So I hoisted up a barrel and, secured the rope below
But in me haste to do the job, was too blind to see
That a barrel full of building bricks, was really heavier than me.

(Have you got it. He pulled a barrel to the top. Filled it, then went back down)

So, when I did untie the rope, the barrel fell like lead
And clinging tightly to the rope, I shot off UP, instead
Well, I shot up like a rocket, and to my dismay I found
That halfway up, I just met, the bloody barrel coming down.

Well, the barrel broke my shoulder, as to the ground it sped
And when I reached the top, I banged the bloody pulley with me head
Well, I clung on tight all numb with shock, from this almighty blow
As the barrel spilled out half the bricks, Now 14 floors below.

Now once these bricks had fallen, from the barrel to the floor
I, then outweighed the barrel, And I started DOWN once more
Still clinging tightly to the rope, I sped towards the ground
And landed on the broken bricks, that were laying all around.

Well, I laid there groaning on the ground, taught I had passed the worst
When the barrel hit the pulley, and the bloody bottom burst
Well a shower of bricks rained down on me, I didn't have a hope
And as I lay there on the ground, I let go the bloody rope.

The barrel then was heavier, and it started down once more
And landed right on top of me, as I laid there on the floor
Well, it broke my ribs and my left arm, And I can only say
That I hope you'll really understand, Why Paddy's not at work today.

See you in the next **Shed Torque**.

Irvin Beeston
Editor
June 2024

Thank you to our Supporters

