

Mount Beauty & District Men's Shed
Shed Extension Poem

Some old, and not so old, blokes, made a start on Our Mens Shed,
They all worked for a purpose, try to reduce the time, we're dead,
They built a shed for Men to meet, and also make some friends,
And worked to keep it all afloat, we thought, this is where it ends.

It became a "hub", a refuge, just a real cool place to go,
No matter who or what you were, you were never just, "Plain Joe",
We came because we wanted to, and feel that we were needed,
To slip away from household chores, our frustration then receded.

By now the shed was working, and we were on a solid base,
But metalworkers weren't too happy, they needed their own space,
It came to the committee, it votes on things we might not mention,
The vote came down, all agreed. Our Metal-men need extension.

We took surveys, Even wives consulted. All said that they were glad,
Any extension , even small, would be better than what they had,
Then some dedicated members (and we all know who they are),
Combined their time and energy, and then really raised the bar,

They set the plans in motion, and then they even sealed the floor,
They lit it up like New Year's Eve, **and**, even changed the toilet door,
All the walls were lagged and sound proofed, and Paul ran out of paints,
But when we see the finished job, they should be all ordained, as Saints.

Hopes were raised, it was looking good, there were many things so new.
Just like Topsy in the fairy tale, it grew , and grew, and grew.
The steelmen can be happy now, they can move and laugh and sing,
Cos they've got their new extension, that they might call "The West Wing".

According to The Macquarie, when it becomes 'a squalid shed,'
It could then be termed a 'Hovel', even if it has no bed,
So I have an odd suggestion, and I'm not one to grovel,
For **all** the effort **everyone's** put in, I would call it, "Howley's Hovel".

Irvin Beeston
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