



Shed Torque

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

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Vinnies first editorial

Hi friends,

Yes, I've offered to try writing and publishing the news, views, and comments from the people and happenings around the area, but most importantly, from our shed.

I think I have some big boots to fill to compare with the previous editors of this missive. Namely: Paul L'H and Mark H., who have proved themselves beyond any doubt, but I will try my best to be informative and entertaining and continue the efforts that have gone on before me.

However, I believe that the **Shed Torque** should involve everyone who reads it and should also be part of it and contribute to its content, whether by complaint or by compliment. So if you have something to say about anything, please contact me at: vinniebeeston@gmail.com or grab my shoulder as you pass.

Help me to make Shed Torque your own.

Co-editor's comments: *Irvin will be 90 years of age in April 2024 and for him to have a go at the editorship of Shed Torque is a credit to him. He knows technology, and for a 90-year-old, that is something special. He has prepared this issue in Microsoft Word, imported photos, put in links and formatted it to make it very readable. Enjoy!*

As everyone knows, I am old, so the following little snippet shows all the things I can remember and have lived through. I was born in 1934.

One Percenters.

Your perspective on this piece may change based on your actual age.....

1. 99% of people born between 1930 and 1946 (GLOBALLY) are now deceased...
2. If you were born in this period, your ages range between 77 and 93 years old (a 16-year-age span), and you are one of the rare surviving one-percenters.
3. You are the smallest group of children born since the early 1900s.
4. You are the last generation, climbing out of the depression, who can remember the winds of war and the impact of a world at war that rattled the structure of our daily lives for years.
5. You are the last to remember ration books for everything from tea, sugar, and shoes. You saved tin foil and poured fried meat fat into cans.
6. You can remember milk being delivered to your house early in the morning and placed in the "milk box" at the front door. Parents and teachers enforced discipline.
7. You are the last generation who spent childhood without television, and instead, you "imagined" what you heard on the radio. With no TV, you spent your childhood "playing outside". There was no city playground for kids. The lack of television in your early years meant you had little real understanding of the world. We got a "black-and-white" TV in the late 50s with three stations and no remote.
8. Telephones (if you had one) were one to a house and hung on the wall in the kitchen (who cares about privacy). Computers were called calculators; they were hand-cranked. Typewriters were driven by pounding fingers, throwing the carriage, and changing the ribbon. INTERNET and GOOGLE were words that did not exist.
9. Newspapers and magazines were written for adults, and your dad would give you the comic pages after he read the news. The news was broadcast on your radio in the evening. The radio network gradually expanded from 3 stations to thousands.
10. New highways would bring jobs and mobility. Most highways were two lanes, and there were no Motorways. You went downtown to shop. You walked to school.
11. Your parents were suddenly free from the confines of the depression and the war, and they threw themselves into working hard to make a living for their families.

12. You weren't neglected, but you weren't today's all-consuming family focus. They were glad you played by yourselves. They were busy discovering the post-war world. You entered a world of overflowing plenty and opportunity, where you were welcomed and enjoyed yourselves. You felt secure in your future, although the depression and poverty were deeply remembered.
 13. Polio was still acrippler. Everyone knew someone who had it.
 14. You are the last generation to experience an interlude when there were no threats to our country. World War 2 was over, and the Cold War, terrorism, global warming, and perpetual economic insecurity had yet to haunt life. Only your generation can remember a time after WW2 when our world was secure and full of bright promise and plenty. You grew up at the best possible time when the world was improving.
 15. More than 99% of you are retired now, and you should feel privileged to have "lived in the best of times!" If you have already reached the age of 77-years-old, you have outlived 99% of all the other people on this planet. You are a 1% 'er!
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This week's storm was quite a surprise, and I ended up with half my neighbours' trees either on my roof or strewn around my garden. Not that it makes much difference. The following little snippet shows just how expert I am at gardening.



Growing Flowers

I've watched Gardening Australia, most every week till now.
I have dug a patch two spits deep, I even went and bought a cow,
And I watched Peter Cundell, till he said, "That's yer' bloomin lot."
Covered the patch with cow dung, you can guess just what I've got.

A rotten smelling heap of "it". He said "Then you just fork it in."
"Turn it, till it, and then squeeze it, till you can poke your finger in",
"Turn it till it's nice and soft and will just run through your fingers.
Put some seeds right in the hole, don't worry if the smell still lingers".

"In three months' time", so Pete said, "you will have a display of flowers",
Well, I did all this, and even more, I spent lots and lots of hours,
"You should water them, and talk to them, and treat them like a child."
Well, I read them all 'bush poetry', and so of course they all went wild.

Then I tried a veggie patch, raised it, so as not to bend,
Then I tried to dig it over, and fell right off the end,

Broke my arm, and bruised me back, I even bent me 'dibble.'
Cauliflowers, all I grew, but who am I to quibble.

The wife said grow some roses, in all shades of red and white,
I planted dozens all around, but didn't do it right,
They took off like lantana, and the thorns they grew so dense,
To pick the blooms was just like, going through a barbed wire fence.

Thought I would try a rockery, cacti and pigs faces
But now they've *all* gone cactus, and overgrown in places,
Little plants with tiny flowers, that should not run amok,
But no matter how hard I look, I can't see one 'bleedin' rock.

So, I chopped the whole lot out, and put down a load of grass,
But found out if I missed a beat, and let just one week pass,
I had to cut it twice a week, but shouldn't give two hoots,
I grew so many bindies, had to wear some hob-nail boots.

Now I have grown my perfect plot, it doesn't keep me on the hop,
I bought a lot of plastic flowers, all from the local reject shop,
Put concrete down with lots of holes, they filled up from the showers,
Now you know what you can do, go stick all those bloody flowers.

CNC Router

We have a CNC machine hidden in a box, but what does CNC mean?
Well, yours faithfully delved deep into the World Wide Web to find the new and intriguing world of acronyms, where Capital letters have replaced complete sentences that make no sense at all! The results of my search follow.

CNC is an acronym for Consensual Non-Consent, which is a term used in some cultures to describe a type of role-play where two or more people agree to a sexual encounter that emulates rape. The term CNC stresses the importance of consent.

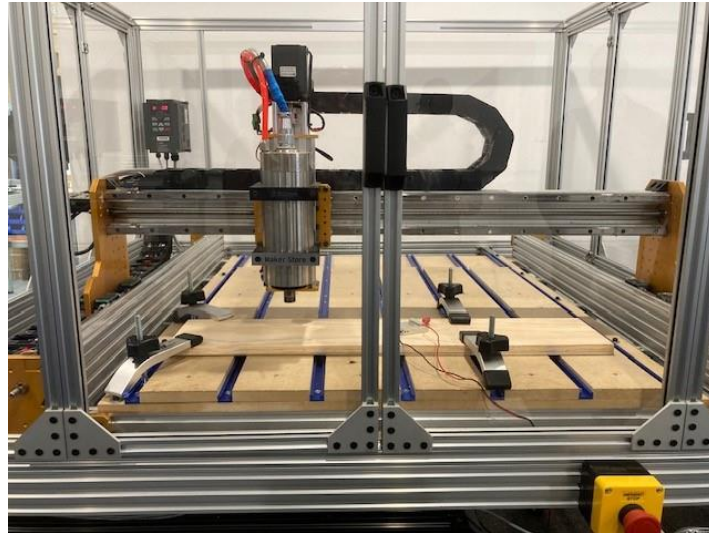
But Also there is another CNC.

CNC is a subtractive manufacturing process that uses computerised machine tools to make a custom-designed part. A computer uses programming codes to direct machine tools to chip at a material until the material forms the input designed part ¹.

So what I'd like to know is: Do we use the bed of the CNC machine to accommodate the alternative CNC activities"?



*Our \$12,000 CNC Router has been delivered and ready for assembly. We have a **work group** of Pip Armitage, Dick Puttyfoot and Mal Darwent who will assemble the unit and instruct others in its use*



The bed of the CNC Router will look like this when assembled

Some Jokes...

Math Teacher: "If I have 5 bottles in one hand and 6 in the other hand, what do I have?"

Student: "A serious drinking problem."

When you were 20, and dropped something, you bent and picked it up.
When you are 80, you decide you don't need it anymore.

My mate said, "you have a suppository in your ear".

"Thank God you saw it. Now I know where my hearing aid is".

I remember the good old days.
I wasn't good, and I wasn't old.

The BBQ Kings of Mount Beauty



Whelan Group BBQ – Les on the job



Henry test tasing sausages



As can be seen, the men in our shed are handsome and have the expertise to cook meals to perfection. (they are a gift for any woman).

They are so good at BBQs that they had to do it twice for the Whelan Group, earning \$250 each time for the shed coffers and Henry gaining 25mm around his waist. We cooked for 50-60 workers each time.

Another successful BBQ, with more handsome cooks, where there were bacon and egg rolls enough to feed about 40 hungry **AGL** early morning workers.

All was completed, and a cheque was presented for \$500, but we couldn't find a pocket big enough to put it in.

With all their efforts, we have had no complaints of salmonella or premature deaths.



The Kings at AGL

The Wife

- If you want your wife's attention, look comfortable.
- Marriage is two people agreeing to change each other's habits.
- The best way to remember your wife's birthday is to forget it once.

Garage Sale (Melbourne Cup Weekend)

Occasionally, for a week or more, we collect a lot of rubbish from every hidey hole in and around the shed and local environs. We then mark it with price tags that nobody takes any notice of and lay it out neatly, hoping some passerby needs a 'whatsit' to fix his 'howsit' and pays us heaps for him to take it away. After a few hours of negotiations, everything is sorted and taken to the tip for a small fee, which is deducted from the profits. Sometimes big, sometimes small.

Now, all these 'fun', profit-making activities involve a certain amount of voluntary labour, mostly provided by 'the regular few', so it would be good to see the occasional strange face.

All it takes is to come along at coffee time, put your hand up, and get away from the wife for an hour

The Wife Again

- When a woman says she loves the simple things in life. Why does she always look at her husband?
- There'd be happier marriages if husbands understood wives and wives understood football.
- Nothing makes a sick man go back to work quicker, than knowing the list of jobs his wife has lined up, if he stays at home.



The Garage Sale



Here we see '**The masked Raider**' (Aka Dick our illustrious President), doing what he enjoys best.

Getting an old piece of 'stuff', turning it into something new, and wishing he could do the same to himself.

There is a Folder I was made aware of containing several "profiles" written by shed members themselves. An idea that I had intended to pursue for future editions, so I propose to copy their profiles and add any updates and/or comments that might be appropriate. I am starting with everybody's friend, Dick.

Profile — Dick Puttyfoot



I was born in Brunswick, Melbourne, in 1947. At school age I helped Dad in the butcher shop and became proficient at sales, cutting meat, making sausages, and washing up. Being a kitchen hand meant free holidays at Frankston Church camp. I learned cooking, leading to cooking for weekend groups and earning money for the family.

My grandfather was chief superintendent of Brunswick Electricity Supply, and I had a wonderful time learning about electrical gadgets. In my teenage years I obtained leadership training and was a youth leader for ten years or so.

In 1963, I applied for and obtained a job as an electrical tester with the SEC of Vic.. A four-year training period saw many facets of jobs in the SECV, and I received first preference in Field Testing. This involved protecting main power lines and work in the metro and country areas.

During this time, I also worked as a cleaner and helped my Dad cook, as he had become a chef. I had part-time work in electronics and TV repairs from home as an income supplement.

In 1973, I was included in a new electronics group to build the first remote control facilities in Keilor. This was a major control centre for the electrical system of Melbourne and surrounds. It involved computer controls for switching the power grid and data gathering of power quantities. I became this test group's manager and a standby callout problem solver for the metro and Eildon areas.

In 1979 I was asked to head up a group at Mount Beauty to install computer control of all hydro machines. I accepted the two-year job and spent the first year returning to family each month. Arriving in 1980, I worked with the local test group to install computer control of the local hydropower stations, including Dartmouth. My family were able to come to Mt. Beauty in 1981 and were established in a rental home. It snowed in town that Christmas.

It did not take long for Ron White to home in on my youth training, and I took over from Ron as High School Youth Group Leader for several years. I also gained qualifications and became the Mount Beauty Scout group's Scout, Venturer, and Group Leader. With the help of the SECV and many locals, this culminated in taking three Venturers on the Murray Canoe Marathon.

When the remote control project finished, I opted to stay and live in Mt Beauty and then carried out regular duties, testing equipment at high voltages and protection relay maintenance. During these years, I installed the new Wodonga 330kV terminal station with a group from Traralgon and a young tester named Peter Plant.

Following equipment upgrades on all hydro stations as a tester, I joined the operations section. I trained in switching at all hydro stations and all apparatus up to 330kV at the local terminal stations.

In 1993, I left Mt Beauty for Wodonga and had jobs in audio engineering, calibration of electronic equipment and worked at Godfrey vacuum cleaner repairs. I was then asked to join the test group again as a contractor working under Mr P. Plant for Australian Brown Boveri.

By this time, the SECV had become owned by several different companies, with more change to come. Now, I was involved with computer control of Eildon and Thornton. Eventually, that contract ran out, and I was asked to re-join the company as a tester. After several years, I was asked to retire, and my last job was Father Christmas at the AGL Christmas Party.

Following retirement, I became involved with building the Alpine Radio 96.5 FM community station, which was very rewarding. I became a presenter and technical assistant. The radio station became an emergency broadcasting station with three transmission sites, and many driving and engineering challenges kept me very happy.

I have loved being involved with the *Mount Beauty & District Men's Shed* as president for the last eight years, on the committee of the Neighbourhood Centre, involved in learning percussion with the Mt Beauty Community Band and still presenting on Alpine Radio. The future for our area is lovely with the amount of talented, enthusiastic local community persons.

From the editor — *Dick has progressed even further since this profile, being elected "Citizen of the Year" for the Alpine Shire, Awarded a Shed Life Membership, continues to be elected as our President, and is known to help anyone, anytime/, no question. Congratulations, Dick.*

5 Ways to Live with Purpose

1. **Find your passion:** In later life, you may have more time to devote to your interests, be they artistic, creative, or political. spiritual or recreational.
 2. **Plan for it:** Start thinking about how you might like to spend your time when you're older.
 3. **Adapt to your circumstances:** If your job or career has given life meaning, you could volunteer in the same sector or act as a mentor.
 4. **Make the best of your situation:** During retirement, you might be thrown into a scenario you never envisaged, such as caring for a parent. It's an opportunity for giving that can be a privilege and provide great satisfaction.
 5. **Make a contribution:** Whether as a home handyman or soup kitchen volunteer, "*giving back*" benefits everyone.
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Easy Cooking for Two

One of our favourite meals.

- Put four lamb chops in the bottom of a casserole dish.
- (Add 1 cup red wine if you fancy).
- Cover with a tin of diced tomatoes.
- Sprinkle one beef OXO cube over.
- Pour over one tin of Baked Beans.
- Cover with foil. Bake for 90 minutes at 180°C.
- Leftovers, if any, make a delicious soup after whipping through the blender.

If you have a favourite simple meal recipe. Email it to me for inclusion, and I would like to make this a regular item.

Also, if you have a **yarn to tell**, maybe funny or exciting, maybe a trip or experience you've had, that would fill in the blank spaces that occur regularly when composing this edifice.

Write it down, or tell me, and I'll fill in between the lines.

I'll start with some useless information, but you would be surprised how often I've been asked, "**Why did you come to Australia?**" So I wrote it down and called it "**The last 10-pound Pom**".

Actually, because of my wanderlust, we nearly became Canadian, but when I told Dot that it could get to -40°C in Winnipeg, the shutters came down quickly, and we were destined to continue a life of four distinct seasons in the North of England.

One Saturday we were shopping in the local 'big city' of Middleborough, and wandering quite aimlessly around town, when we were either distracted, or diverted, into a presentation of emigration to Australia. After about an hour and a half of film shows, questions and answers, and big 'sales pitches', we filled in 'a form' to say we 'might just' be interested in emigration.

We then went home 'laughing and joking' to ourselves that we were going to Australia. Without really meaning it.

Imagine our surprise, when some four weeks later, we received a letter requesting the Beestons to attend a medical examination of the whole family, and that we would be advised of travel arrangements after the results of the medical, if we could contribute Ten Pounds each to the fare to Australia.

Still, we had not made any '**DECISION**'. It was all still a joke. However, we thought that a 'full medical', for all the family, paid for by someone else, would not be a waste of time, and at least we would know that we were all fit and healthy. Therefore, we all went for a medical.

We still did not make '**THE DECISION**'. It was still a joke, and it just did not seem to be something that was 'really' happening. Of course, we had read all the info that we'd been given, and read a couple of books on Australia, but were still not fully committed to starting life again, in a country on the opposite side of the world. We might not even like living 'upside down'.

Here we were, me being near 38 years old, two kids, one 12 and the other 7 years old, and a wife who got homesick after a two-week holiday, thinking about spending the rest of our lives in a country that we'd only heard about, and I hadn't even visited it in any of all my travels at sea.

Two weeks after our 'medical', a letter arrived offering the whole family an assisted passage to Australia. All we had to do was sign the form and enclose 10 Pounds each for Dot and me, the kids would travel free, and we would be advised of the travel arrangements for passage to Melbourne.

The '**DECISION**' had been made, *and we hadn't made it*. On the other hand, maybe we had, but not consciously.

We were not making much headway in our lives, there didn't seem great prospects for our kids, they were struggling [being held back] competing with teaching time, that was inclined to teaching the Pakistani, Indian and West Indian immigrants, than teaching our own kids. In addition, we could really do with a 5-year holiday in the sun, for 10 Pounds.

So, after a 'family meeting', the form was signed, and 20 pounds sent off from our savings account. Within quick time, the letter came to say we were booked on a British Airways flight leaving London Heathrow on 21st Jan 1972 on route to Melbourne, Australia, when we would then report to the Endeavour Hostel at Springvale. We would be allowed to take ONE suitcase each.

There came a frantic couple of months, and some heartbreaking give a-ways of furniture and collections, and not just a few times of wondering what we had done. However, once committed, we could not, or would not, turn back; we had to go through with the plan. On the other hand, maybe regret the action, or [non-action], for the rest of our lives. We committed ourselves to Australia [for 5 years, at least].

After many farewell parties, heart-rending farewells, and not a few frightening and apprehensive thoughts, we left our family and friends, on a freezing cold winter day, and made our way by train, to an overnight stop in London, before taking off

from Heathrow Airport to a new life or adventure somewhere on the other side of the world.

So, there you are we came by accident, but have never regretted it, and you now know why there's a Pom in the shed.

Shed T Shirts

Do you wish to purchase one?

Mount Beauty Hardware & Drapery have them available on order, including embroidery.

Pricing — polo retail price: \$29.95 less 10% = \$26.95 Plus **logo** embroidery \$9.90. Plus, name embroidery is \$8.00. **Total standard price: \$44.85**

Please inform the secretary of your intentions **by 31st January** so an order can be placed. Email Noel <secretary@mountbeautymensshed.org.au>.



A reminder of what happened last year

- **December** — The Shed anticipates seven members attending a five-hour **Mental Health 1st Aid Course** with the Bright and Myrtelford Men's Sheds.

- **November** — Melbourne Cup Weekend **Garage Sale**. The Shed provided the **BBQ cooking for AGL & the Whelans Group**—approximately 50 workers were in attendance for each. Each was a charity fundraising event. The Shed received a donation from each business for its efforts. **CNC Router purchase**. The Shed decided to purchase this machine (in parts) and put it together to suit our situation. It was a substantial purchase that could *earn big* for the Shed.
- **October** — The Shed was host for the **Murray-Hume Shed Cluster Meeting**. Thirty shedders attended, with eight sheds represented.
- **September** — Long-serving president **Dick Puttyfoot** was awarded a **Life Membership**.
- **April** — The Shed manufactured its own **Kindling Splitting machine** and produced 400 bags for the season, selling them for \$10/bag—a major fundraiser for the Shed.
- **February** — **New Treasurer appointed** – *Peter Donnan*. Peter has taken over from *Paul L’Huillier*, who has been in that role since the Shed was formed in 2011.
- **January** (New Year’s Day) — **Garage Sale at the Shed**. A successful Garage Sale was again conducted on Community Market Day at the Shed. These sales have been an excellent fundraiser for the Shed over the years due to all items sold being donated.

Items just in...



Ian has finally been able to find the Pool Table again after it was used as work bench for 12 months



Alf, the master craftsman, with one of his creations. \$50 if you wish to purchase it.

Final Words

I DID IT, but I won't say it was easy. This has taken me many hours to complete, many hours of learning how to overcome the vagaries of Windows 11, and threatening Microsoft with expulsion (or explosion) for taking my simple Windows 7 (which I could use), and making it into a totally illogical, unworkable system of errors, and computer restarts. I hear Paul L'H... saying, "*Should have brought a Mac*".

However, you have read this far into my first epistle, so I'll continue.

I hope that I have entertained and informed you, but apologise if any part offends, please tell me. I can't be honest and change how my mind works, nor can I please everyone, so it's up to you to tell me.

I had hoped to include more of the shed happenings, but I got this job when nothing happened. We were closed for Christmas.

I now sympathise with our previous editors and know how much effort they put in.

They deserve a medal, maybe not a precious metal, but a leather one may be worthwhile.

Irvin Beeston Jan 2024