

NUTS & BOLTS



*'Every man needs
a shed'*



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Message from the Editor

Editor: Bob Ikin

Well *Nuts & Bolts* has clocked up five years of publication (I have been advised that Vol 1 Issue 1 sold for an undisclosed sum on E Bay recently). It only seems like yesterday that my late mate Neil Smith and I sat down to discuss the first edition.

There is some great stuff in this edition; Tiger Tim is back with another amusing story (hope he remembers *Nuts & Bolts* when he becomes famous), Adrian McDonnell has written a very interesting piece in the Grey Nomads Column and there is loads more.

The *Nuts & Bolts* editorial staff would like to wish all readers a very **Merry Christmas** and a **healthy and happy New Year.**

ENJOY!!



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MEMBER NEWS

Energex Visit

10 October 2016

Simon and Martin from Energex provided an excellent presentation on electricity safety and how power is supplied to our houses.

These blokes do these presentations in their own time and provide valuable information to a wide range of schools and community organisations.

Thank you very much Simon and Martin.



Anthony Power Nutritionist Visit

24 October 2016

Always interesting and thought provoking Anthony Power gave another interesting presentation on 24 October.

Anthony was one of the guest speakers at our first Men's Health Expo in 2014.

Thanks again Anthony!!

Autism Queensland Visit

7 November 2016

Nicole Don, Education Therapy and Support Services, Autism Queensland gave a very interesting presentation on autism in Queensland.

The autism statistics are quite enlightening. 1 in 100 can become autistic, one third can have epilepsy or develop epilepsy and any age can develop autism.

The autism ratio is 4 males to 1 female.

Thank you for a very interesting presentation Nicole.

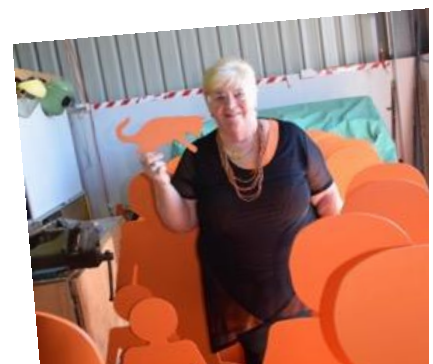


Zonta Project

Another successful project out the door.

Thanks must go to Bevan Guttormsen and his team for achieving this project under a fair bit of time pressure.

Thanks lads!!



Member News

Sausage Sizzle

23 October 2016

Thanks to all our members who volunteered their time to work on our latest sausage sizzle at Bunnings.

It was very successful apparently.

Mates 4 Mates Veterans Health Week Visit

27 October 2016

Bob Ikin and Kevin Searle were invited to attend the Mates 4 Mates Veterans Health Week presentation and lunch on 27 October 16.

Bob and Kevin are currently negotiating with Mates 4 Mates to set up a relationship with our shed.

Paralympian and veteran Curtis McGrath and colleague Dane were the guest speakers emphasising the importance of connecting with the community to achieve your goals.

Kevin, championing our cause, spent quite a bit of time explaining the value of men's sheds to the veterans.

MELBOURNE CUP LUNCH - 1 NOVEMBER 2016



Another great cup day was enjoyed by members and their partners.

Thanks go to John Abbott, Noel Hohenhaus, Peter Carter and Brian O'Rourke for organising an enjoyable day.

Centrelink Visit

21 November 2016

Lee Mitchell gave a very informative presentation on the Asset Test Changes taking effect on 1 January 2017.

If members have any further questions they should make an appointment with Centrelink as soon as possible.

Thanks Lee for this important information.



Drawing and Art Group

Check out these works of art.



Some Recent Milestones

Norm Pledger and Brian O'Connor celebrated milestones recently.

Norm turned 90 and Brian turned 70.

Congratulations Norm and Brian.



Movember 2016



Great supporter of our shed Shayne Sutton was the guest judge for our Movember project this year.

MO BROS Bob Ikin, David Spillane, Kevin Searle, Brian O'Connor, Harry Davis, Graham Ward, Allan Johnstone and Pat Lindsay raised **\$2,549** this year to go towards research into men's health.

All the MO BROS are winners but winners of the awards were:

- Most funds raised – David Spillane
- Best mo/beard – Graham Ward
- Encouragement award – Brian O'Connor

A barbecue lunch put on by John Abbott and his trusty helpers capped off a great month.

Thanks again Shayne and well done MO BROS.



Member Profile

Peter Finch

I was born on the 14th April 1940 at Hawkwell in Essex, and had 2 brothers Martin who was 3 years younger and Alan who is 9 years younger, Alan and myself were home born and as I had measles at the time Martin was born in a hospital.

My early memories are of waving to army and airforce personnel as they were driven to or from Southend airport, about 5 miles away. The RAF were stationed there to intercept German bombers heading to London and using any light reflected from the River Thames.

If they were turned round the bombs fell harmlessly into the Thames but sometimes they were dropped on the land. Around 1943 some landed near our house, we only suffered windows breaking, but soon after Mum, Martin and myself were evacuated to Aylesbury.

Dad was not called up due to medical reasons; he had a mild deep vein thrombosis, but was in the Home Guard, known now by its TV show Dads Army.

We were there only a short while and returned by September 1944 when I started school, it was a 3 teacher school and my Nan taught ages up to 7yrs then the boys were taught by the headmaster/owner of the school and the girls by his wife. There were separate play areas for boys and girls. The boys classroom was a long room made of mainly galvanised iron and freezing in winter, the wood fire did not help much.

In 1945 I woke one morning unable to move my head, it was a swollen gland and so I spent 6 weeks in hospital over Christmas. No TV, not many books, very boring as we were not allowed out of bed. One of the other boys in the ward and I would creep out at night and go for a walk around the ward - when caught we were marched back and told not to do it again, but next night off for a walk we went.

After the war ended I started to meet my uncles. Martin and I got sweets and we actually went on a holiday, to Walton on the Naze, do not ask what a Naze is, but my cousin Grieg and I would go along the beach in the evenings and kick down all the sand castles.

When I was 12 I did a paper round, and also got a Saturday job at the local butchers, early starts and freezing in winter, all for about a total of a \$1.00 a week. I started work in September 1955 at a lawyer's office, delivering documents to other lawyers and the court, again out on a bike in all weathers, but only lasted until November. I had got a job in photography located at Elephant and Castle in London, so still getting up Saturday 6am and now home about 7pm.

I would cycle about 30 mins to the station, and from near the Tower of London walk through Billingsgate fish market and catch a bus from London Bridge to the Elephant. We produced large photographs for exhibitions up to 50 inches wide and 60 inches long, the enlarger was on rails and needed 2 people to operate it. The chemicals were mixed each day and your fingernails went yellow.

I stayed there almost 2 years then got a job down west near Piccadilly Circus. It was similar work but they were more of BBC shows, they were sent overseas for promotional purposes. Met Richard Attenborough once as he toured the company.

Next I went to a small advertising agency in Bond street, went for very large photos to small ones to fit newspaper ads. I had to photograph products to make them look good, that is distort the size by using acute angles, as we used to say the camera does not lie, it just twists the truth.

In 1959 I got a job near home with the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, this was on Foulness Island an Army test firing range, and they had been located there from around the Napoleonic wars. That's about all I can say about this job except I was using high speed movie cameras.

I stayed there until 1963 when after what turned out to be my first marriage we became 10pound poms and migrated to Australia. We did a 6 week camping tour of Europe, in an old Humber Hawk, France, Italy, Austria, Switzerland and Germany.

We sailed out of Southampton in late October and a month later arrived at Fremantle on the day JFK was assassinated. We settled in Reynella in South Australia, I worked in the wine industry for a while, then got jobs in photography studios, and for first time took portraits and photographed weddings, then worked in TV doing promotional work for a research company.

In 1970 I started my own studio which I operated until 1978. Besides portraits and weddings I did industrial photography, including aerial work which required hanging out of a small single engined aircraft. *Continued overpage....*

Member Profile *continued* – Peter Finch



With the late Max Colwell I jointly authored books, such as National Trust of South Australia and the Big Rivers among several others; I saw a lot of Central and Eastern Australia.

In 1978 I closed my studio and went to Townsville and was employed by James Cook University as Head Photographer, whilst employed there I studied part time for a degree in Asian- Australia political history.

Then in 1978 I went into Travel and was manager of an AMEX agency and in 1986 met Lydia who was on holiday visiting her sisters family, we were married in 1987 and our daughter was born in September 1988, and this December is getting married.

Lydia found North Queensland too hot so in 1989 we moved to Brisbane, worked for several travel companies, the two main ones being Ansett Traveland until 2001 and now Travel Associates - a brand of Flight Centre.

I joined Carina MSC in mid 2013 and enjoy the friendship, the speakers and the discussions each Monday.

THE TIGER'S ROAR

by Tiger Tim



THEY CAME, THEY WENT, THERE WERE QUESTIONS

The kids arrived in their station wagon fully loaded, a pod on the roof, and 3 bicycles attached to an intriguing rack thing fixed to the tow bar. Yes, "the kids," they belong to the 35 - 45 age group, they have 2 boys going to school and an 18 month old but they are still to us anyway, "the kids." No need for a coffee after their long drive they tell us, they have some unfinished take away coffees in the car. Their car needed an immediate clean out, and you guessed it, a stack of empty disposable coffee cups, amongst other things, all came tumbling out in a disposable plastic bag.

It was great to see them, much to talk about, good food, good wine and good stories to follow. The first night was a late one so we slept in a bit. In the morning two grandchildren were watching a TV channel we never knew we had, the little one was taking everything out of the pots and pan drawer in the kitchen, and the grown up kids? Would you believe it, they went out to get their take away coffees. Most sensible adults are just crawling out of bed to make a home brewed coffee.

So, what's wrong with our coffee? (Note the correct use of the apostrophe) It seems takeaway coffee is much better than our home brewed coffee. We use a quality brand of coffee beans. We have a grinder and a plunger. Fresh milk is always available and if requested we even have coffee sugar crystals. Not good enough it seems. It must be something because throughout their stay frequent visits to the coffee shop became a normal event.

Sadly the coffee question remained unanswered.

Some questions were answered, like what happens to disposable nappies requiring immediate disposal?

Answer, they must be bagged with disposable supermarket bags, preferably twice bagged, and left between the front door and the garage door awaiting collection. Anybody who is going out must take them to the bin at the end of the street as quickly as, well, before anyone can say disposable.

The verbal skills of our 18 month old were still under construction so he called upon his existing skills to find his answers. He turned every power point on and off until the results were fully understood. Anything that looked like a button, even if it was a dead mosquito crushed against the wall, he tested. For a quick answer he pressed every button on the TV remote control rapidly and at random. If he found something interesting on TV, he would mark the TV screen with his handprint for future reference. To create some real excitement and a lot of fun, he would put the remote control in the pots and pan drawer when no one was looking.

Then there were the "not quite there yet teenager" questions. Who is going to take me to the skate park and who is going to buy the ice creams and whatever else is a must have? Silly question really, the grandparents of course. Well, it was better than watching them "zoned out" on their iPhones. No doubt there will be more questions during their next visit and if we are lucky, some answers. My advice to "the kids."

The usefulness of a coffee cup is determined by what you put in it.

GREY NOMADS COLUMN

Travelling the UK, Ireland and France

Article by Adrian McDonnell

Most of our purchases, living expenses etc., are done via our credit card. For some time now they have been automatically redirected to Qantas Frequent Flyer points. The conversion rate wasn't great but, over time, they did accumulate. Last year we decided that we would put them to good use. We would fly to the UK and also visit Ireland. We, meaning I, had considered undertaking a WW1 battlefield tour in Northern France and Belgium. I did have some discussions with our editor, Bob Ikin, who had already been there. The plan started to unfold.

I will start with the WW1 battlefield tour first.

As I mentioned in my introduction I was interested in a tour of the WW1 battlefields in Northern France. Quite a while back I made contact with an Australian who ran a tour specifically for Australians. It turns out that he, essentially, took over from the guy that Bob toured with a couple of years ago. He did worry me a little because he kept sending me an account for the wrong amount. For four of us it was a substantial sum. Eventually I made contact through Facebook with a couple of people who toured with him and they assured me he was okay. I paid the account via PayPal. It's not a bad way to go because they cover you for 180 days (90 days for credit card) and don't charge an international transaction fee.

Having booked the tour I then booked the Eurostar from London to Calais. I thought the easy part would be hiring a car. Not so. We arrive on a Sunday and all car hire places are closed on the weekends. We also couldn't find any other transport from Calais to Arras, the place where our tour departed. I rang Eurostar one night from home, explained my situation and asked if I could change the booking to Lille further north and delay the return journey by one day. That wasn't an issue but the problem was that there was a £30 penalty per person per ticket for changing the booking. Fortunately they sympathised with my situation and waived it. It never pays to assume.

On arrival at Lille I dragged two suitcases and a back pack up the station escalator. Because I was holding onto nothing I fell over. I kept going up but couldn't get up. A couple of nice French girls saw my predicament and helped me up when I got to the top. I said "Merci beaucoup" a number of times. It wasn't a good introduction to France. We then had to pick up the hire car. A former work colleague who is well travelled suggested we get an automatic.

That was a good move. As well, I had already got used to the indicators being on the other side. That made driving on the other side of the road a little easier to handle.

I've never driven a left hand drive car before. Fortunately Ms Google was still with us.

The following day we were picked up from our hotel just outside of Arras to start our three day tour.

Day 1

We first visited the Serre Road Cemetery No. 2 where over 7,000 servicemen lie with 5,000 of them unidentified. We soon found that each cemetery had a small locker at the entrance where a book was kept to record the known servicemen and their location in the cemetery.

It was then on to the Newfoundland Memorial Park at Beaumont Hamel. Why were we there when we wanted to see where the Australians fought? It was because there were some excellent trench remains which we were able to walk through and duckboards and we first appreciated how close the enemy trenches were. The trenches had a zig zag pattern to prevent the enemy firing straight along and better protecting the troops. They were connected with communication trenches.

This partly wooded and well maintained park with its lovely shady trees and green green grass was an absolute picture and it was so peaceful. Yet, 100 years ago it was part of the Somme battlefield and carnage on a massive scale with little vegetation, mud and slush in winter and stifling heat in summer.

From there we went to the Thiepval Memorial dedicated to over 70,000 missing servicemen lost in the Battle of the Somme. It is, perhaps, the most iconic and identifiable memorial in all the battlefronts. We were privileged to witness a New Zealand ceremony honouring their fallen on the 100th anniversary of their participation in the Somme.



Grey Nomads Column *continued...* Travelling the UK, Ireland and France



It was then on to Pozieres where many Australians fought and died. The water tower at one end of town honours the Australian contribution.



I forget where we had lunch but the interesting part was during excavations at the back of the restaurant in 2006 they found the remains of 5 German soldiers.

The afternoon saw us taken to the Australian National Memorial at Villers-Bretonneux and the adjacent cemetery. It is dedicated to over 10,000 missing Australian servicemen. The cemetery contains over 2,000 servicemen with about 600 unidentified. There is quite a bit of construction happening including the new Sir John Monash Centre behind the memorial. There is a bullet hole in the door of the locker housing the memorial register. It was suggested that this happened during WW2. Being of significant height and with a magnificent view across the countryside the Memorial would have likely been used as an observation post in WW2.

Our next stop was the Victoria School in Villers-Bretonneux. What a wonderful place to visit. This was a school rebuilt after the war by funds donated by the people of Victoria and that included the Victorian school children who put their pennies in. There was some construction going on around the hall and museum. So those buildings were separated from the school behind by a safety fence.

As we walked along the fence to the museum we could not help but notice the big sign on the school building "DO NOT FORGET AUSTRALIA". The children were out playing. The only French I know is what I learned at school (failed my final exam) but it was absolutely fantastic to say "Bon Jour" with the children responding with "Hello" and all of us doing "high fives". What a great way to honour the dead and others who fought with an acknowledgement of those who represent our future.



The day ended with a visit to the Australian Corps Memorial Park at Le Hamel. This is a place that acknowledges the first class leadership of the Australian Lieutenant General John Monash and the bravery of the Australian and American soldiers who captured the village of Le Hamel in less than 2 hours. Amongst the many plaques at the Park are an acknowledgement of two VC winners, Sergeant Henry Dalziel and Lance Corporal Thomas Axford. Henry Dalziel is the grand uncle (if I have the connection right) of Steve Dalziel, a former Shed member.

We did have a quick look at the Lochnagar Crater before heading home. It is a huge crater formed when a mine placed by British tunnellers under German lines was detonated.

Grey Nomads Column *continued*... Travelling the UK, Ireland and France

Day 2

We travelled to Pheasant Wood near Fromelles. At the back of the village we looked over a neatly ploughed field to a thickly forested area. At the edge of the field was a mass burial site for British and Australian soldiers. In 2008 an excavation was undertaken and the remains of 250 soldiers were recovered and reburied in a new cemetery. We all know from reports of the endeavour that some men were identified via DNA testing. Nearby is the Pheasant Wood Cemetery.



From there we went to the Australian Memorial Park and VC Corner at Fromelles. It was here where inexperienced British and Australian soldiers attacked a strongly held German position. 7,000 were wounded or killed, of those 5,500 were Australian. It was the worst Australian casualty count in a day for the entire war.



There is a sculpture of an Australian soldier carrying his wounded mate called "Cobber". The name was based on Sgt Frasers experiences when he was carrying wounded back and he heard a voice - "Don't forget me cobber". He went back and retrieved that man.



Next to the sculpture are the remains of a German blockhouse and down the road, in walking distance, is a sign marking the German front line in July 2016. Beyond that is VC Corner Australian Cemetery and Memorial.

We all have an idea of the legacy of the war on the land on which it was fought with human remains, ammunition and other equipment still lying in the soil. Often they come to the surface of their own accord or are unearthed by farmers ploughing the fields. In quite a few cases farmers have died because of unexploded ammunition.

All this was reinforced by Phil, our guide. In the case of human remains they are not to be touched for reasons of damage, location and contamination. Experts are immediately called. Phil pointed out to us small piles of ammunition that farmers have stacked beside the fields awaiting disposal by experts.

At VC Corner Phil and others went for a walk through the fields and came back with small shell casings from spent cartridges and lead shot that rained down on troops from artillery shells. We have some at home.

We then headed for Messines in Belgium and to Hill 60 where there is a memorial to the 1st Australian Tunnelling Company. It is not surprising that the topography shows evidence of significant upheaval. Around from there is a quite intact German bunker.

A short distance away is the Polygon Wood Cemetery and a memorial to the Fifth Australian Division. Again a very peaceful place these days and immaculately maintained by the Commonwealth War Graves Commission (CWGC). All CWGC cemeteries have headstones. French, American and German have crosses. The British and their Empire allies wanted to honour the fallen in the best way possible, hence the headstones and immaculately maintained surrounds. They also tended to establish cemeteries where the battles and casualties occurred and spent significant funds doing it. The French, on the other hand, concentrated on larger cemeteries using less funds. They needed to rebuild their villages, towns and cities, many of which were decimated.

In the afternoon we went to Broodseinde Ridge and then onto the Passchendaele Museum which was very interesting with lots of displays and a replica trench system outside. We also visited Tyne Cot Cemetery near Passchendaele. It's the largest Commonwealth cemetery anywhere in the world. Within the grounds are the remains of German bunkers and pill boxes. In fact the great cross towards the centre is situated on one.

Prior to leaving Australia I had advised Phil that we had a relative (my father's cousin) buried at Reninghelst New Military Cemetery which is not far from Ypres.

Grey Nomads Column *continued...* Travelling the UK, Ireland and France

He was happy to take us there. It was a reasonable size cemetery behind a small village and down a narrow pathway. I don't think we would have found it without Phil's guidance. We did find the grave and placed some poppies on it.

It was then off to Ypres (as the French call it) or Ieper (as the Belgians call it). We were to have dinner and then attend the last post at Menin Gate. This is a nightly event and is known to many Australians and others with an interest in the war or connection with it. It was difficult to get photos because we were facing the western sun through the archway. There was an Australian dignitary there – Linda Dessau, the Victorian Governor.



At the end we had an ice cream and then headed back to Arras. We arrived at our hotel about 10pm. It was a big day, we had been picked up at 9am. We were thinking "could we do another day?"

Day 3

After the previous day we were not exactly sure how we would go. Fortunately it was a fairly relaxed affair. First stop was at the sculpture called the "Bullecourt Digger" which is, unsurprisingly, at Bullecourt France. There were two battles at Bullecourt in 1917. The first was poorly supported by artillery and the Australians had to withdraw in the face of a German counter-attack. They lost 3,000 men. The second time round they were well supported by the British and artillery and succeeded in their mission. Nevertheless, they lost 18,000 Australian and British killed or wounded.

Whilst we were there the official Victorian dignitary party arrived. My wife, Marilyn, asked the Governor if she had a chance to do some shopping. Her reply was "No, I can't get away from this lot". Amongst the party was a retired general. He told me Monash University in Melbourne surveyed their students and asked them how the university was named. Over 80% responded that it was because it was next to the Monash Freeway!!

From there we travelled to the cemetery known as "A.I.F

Burial Ground" near the village of Flers and then we went onto Mont St Quentin to see The Memorial to The Second Australian Division.

The Second Division was involved in virtually all major Australian actions from 1916 to 1918. There is a sculpture of an Australian digger, wearing his slouch hat, legs astride with a rifle slung over his shoulder and his tin hat at his feet. The plaque suggests the digger is in a reflective pose. To my way of thinking it is quite imposing and exudes confidence, competence, doggedness and a determination to win against any odds. The original sculpture represented an Australian bayoneting a German eagle. That was destroyed by the Germans in WW2.



Phil, our guide, drove around the area and explained how the Australians, tired and undermanned but brilliantly led again by Monash, eventually captured Mont St Quentin. It was one of their greatest victories of the war.

After that we spent some time at the museum at Peronne, which is close to Mont St Quentin, and had lunch in the town square. It has a great atmosphere with the character buildings and cobble stone streets. Mind you, it was destroyed during WW1 and significantly damaged in WW2. As I said before, the French didn't have the funds to pour into cemeteries, they had to rebuild the towns.

In the afternoon we visited the memorial to the Fourth Australian Division at Bellenglise, a German cemetery (not sure where) and the American Cemetery at Bony and explored German bunkers near the St Quentin canal at Riqueval. As mentioned earlier the Germans use crosses. They also bury their dead back to back using both sides of the cross.

Grey Nomads Column *continued*... Travelling the UK, Ireland and France

The American cemetery was pristine. They dig up the grass each year and put new down. They also use crosses but that is replaced with the Star of David for those of the Jewish faith. As well as names on the crosses, where known, the soldier's home state is also inscribed. Each row and column is perfectly lined up and the diagonal is the same except it looks like it's a curve because of the sloping land.

Our final destination was the small village of Montbrehain. The battle of Montbrehain in early October 1918 was hard fought and involved many casualties including leading officers. Due to their exceptional bravery the Australians eventually won the battle. They took many German prisoners. This was the last action that Australian troops were involved in on the Western Front. It was also the last VC awarded to an Australian in the war – recently commissioned Lieutenant George Ingram.

When I mentioned to a lady in our 4WD club that I was doing a battlefields tour she asked me if I could take some photos of Montbrehain. Her father, who was a lot older than her mother, served during the war and survived (I guess he had to, otherwise Lesley would not be here) and spent some time at Montbrehain. Back at the hotel I posted them to Dropbox (anyone use that?) which I then gave her access. I also gave her some of the lead shots that Phil had picked up in the fields. She was quite touched.

In summary the tour was quite intense in many respects. The carnage is hard to comprehend. Many of the dead still lie in fields undiscovered. Many died or were wounded due to sheer incompetence and arrogance on the part of some of the commanders. For the survivors and their families the effects lasted many many years. Some say it was a lost generation others have a contrary argument. I agree with the former. For many of that generation they endured a depression and WW2.

The countryside itself was beautiful with its undulating terrain and great views from the rises and ridges. We could see the Somme River meander along the valley. From a topographical perspective the ridges weren't particularly significant. From a military point of view they were extremely significant. It was nice to travel along country roads with little traffic and not have to try and peer through hedges or crane your neck over dry stone walls or wonder who is coming around the corner (I'm referring to the UK where some shed members originated). The days were quite warm, in the low 30s. We weren't quite prepared for that. I had no shorts. The UK was also warm and sunny for the most part.

Before I left for overseas Bob lent me a book called "ANZACS on the WESTERN FRONT" by Peter Pedersen and Chris Roberts. It wasn't light reading. To complete it I had to go to Straddie and read it on the beach. It gave me a better appreciation how the war was fought, what the tactics were and the horrendous casualties.

Phil Hora knew his stuff and was quite obliging in dealing with our specific requests. Should anyone be interested in a tour his website is <http://www.sacredgroundtours.com.au/>.

To write about our experiences I cheated a bit by referring to Phil's online itinerary and my photos. I always tried to photograph plaques and other inscriptions at various places of interest. To put a bit of flesh on it and to make sure I had my places and facts right I used the website <http://www.w1westernfront.gov.au/>. It's a great resource. It is not possible to take it all in on the tour.

On our last day in France I finally got to do a real bit of driving. Even in a short time it's not hard to get used to driving on the other side of the road. The trick is to know which lane when you exit a driveway. It does help when the steering wheel is on the other side. The French are great, at least in that part of the world. It's good to converse with them in your limited French and they respond in their limited English. Our hotel was next to a McDonalds. Did you know you can get a Heineken there? Sounds like a good idea for out here.

Arras is a small city or large town of approximately 45,000 people. It was basically decimated during the war and had to be rebuilt, no money for grand cemeteries. There are signs of war damage on some of the columns supporting the buildings. The centre squares and surrounding buildings are beautiful and make for a fabulous atmosphere. Along with the pubs and grand buildings of the UK I'd like to bring to Australia these iconic town squares.

We had a good last night out at a restaurant in central Arras. We had arranged to be taken in by taxi from the hotel and to be picked up at 9:30pm. Whilst we waited for the taxi to take us home a French lady turned up in a small car to take some photos. We got chatting or, to be more precise, we tried to communicate using broken English and broken French. She was lovely and wanted to take us home in her car. It really was too small. We gave her the taxi driver's card. She rang him and got stuck into him, in French of course, for not being on time. It turns out that he misunderstood us and thought we were going to ring him when we wanted to be picked up.

The next day we drove to Lille, relatively confidently, and took the Eurostar to London. The following day it was off to Heathrow and fly home via Melbourne. It was a 23 hour flight and it took us up to a week to recover.



TRAINS, BOATS, PLANES & TRAMS

The MIRIMAR Story *(article provided by Bevan Guttormsen)*

When I started work at Millkraft Boat Yard back in the 60's, one of my jobs was scrubbing the bottom of boats that came up on the slip for painting and maintenance. The boats I worked on were the Mirimar, Mirabel, Mirana, Majestic and the Mandalay and Luana; more on that later. When we were on our last holiday north this year, we went over to Magnetic Island from Townsville for a day trip.

We came across a little museum on the island where we saw the Hayles story on display. The Hayles family came to Townsville from Brisbane in 1898. They had a visit to Magnetic Island and saw there was interest in starting a hotel and cottages.

Workers needed to be ferried over to the island from Townsville and this was the start of his venture buying a steam ferry boat call the Bee. While I was at the museum I was telling them the story that I worked at Millkraft, and when the Mirimar came on the slip one of my jobs was maintenance on the boat. The question I was asked, where is it now?

Well after a ring around I found what is left of it. The Mirimar is in a paddock at Brisbane Ship Lift. What is left of it? Windows are missing, all the brass fittings are gone, the propellor shaft is missing and worst of all she has a broken back.

The Mirimar travelled the Brisbane River to Moreton Bay and Bishop Island (now Port of Brisbane).

Stats on the Mirimar:

Built by Norman Wright

Launched 13/6/1934

Length 82ft 6 ins

Constructed of wood

Engine 1 Gardner Marine 228BHB 6 cylinder later a second engine was fitted

Speed 10 - 11 knots

Family History

First in a series of articles provided by Noel Hohenhaus

Some lead up information to immigrants coming to Australia.

The idea of bringing immigrants to Australia was first put forward by Edward Lord, a storekeeper from Drayton on the Darling Downs. In 1854 he went to Germany to promote immigration in 1855. 1000 embarked from Hamburg to Brisbane. In 1861 the total inhabitants in Queensland was 30,000 people and at that time Queensland was short of labour. The numbers changed over the coming months when the Queensland Government made Johan Heussler their agent to go to Europe to talk and promote to people about coming to this promised land.

Apparently he made a fortune out of it and between him and the Godeffroy Shipping Company they brought 11,000 immigrants to Queensland. The average yearly wage was to be 125 – 175 pounds. I guess if some of them had known what was before them they might not have come. I believe at that time there was unrest, shortage of work and divisions in religion in Germany.

The Stephan family story will start in the next edition of Nuts & Bolts.

HEALTH & WELFARE CORNER

(article sourced by Bob Ikin from Nutrition Australia
www.nutritionaustralia.org)

Weight gain over the holiday period

Most Australians can relate to increasing the link on their belt buckle when the New Year rolls around. On average Australians gain 0.8-1.5kg over the Christmas period. One to two kilograms might not sound like much but researchers have identified that weight gained over the holiday period is rarely lost. An American study conducted in 2006 identified that the weight gained during holiday seasons usually occurs around the trunk. Weight gain in this area is associated with an increased risk of diabetes and cardiovascular disease.

Why not make this year the year that you don't have to ask for a larger belt in your Christmas stocking? Try the tips below to help you avoid gaining weight over the holiday season.

Tips to avoid weight gain over the holiday season

Avoid going hungry to parties. Eat something light before the party to reduce your chances of snacking on high calorie party food. Some healthy snacks include a 200g tub of reduced fat yoghurt, a bowl of cereal or a cheese and tomato sandwich.

Don't try to lose weight over the Christmas season. Instead, aim to maintain your current weight.

Watch your portion sizes. If your will power is weak and you know you will want to finish everything in front of you, use an entrée plate instead of a dinner plate. That way you are sure to eat less.

Fill up with foods from the foundation layers of the Healthy Eating Pyramid. These foods include vegetables, legumes, fruit and grains foods.

Party Foods to Enjoy or Limit

Foods to Enjoy

- Vegetable sticks, pretzels, rice crackers
- Hummus, beetroot, tzatziki, avocado dip
- Sushi
- Sandwiches, quiches
- Fruit salad with yoghurt

Foods to Limit

- Creamy dips
- Pies, sausage rolls, spinach triangles
- Chips, corn chips
- Lollies, candy canes, chocolates
- Cakes and slices with cream

Alcohol

Drinking alcohol (1 or 2 standard drinks a day) may add to the enjoyment of your festive events, but over-consuming alcohol can lead to weight gain.

According to the Department of Health and Ageing:

For healthy men and women, drinking no more than two standard drinks in any day reduces your risk of harm from alcohol-related disease or injury over a lifetime. Drinking no more than four standard drinks on a single occasion reduces the risk of alcohol-related injury arising from that occasion.

If you choose to drink:

Watch your serving size. Restaurants often serve wine in glasses that are three times the standard serve.

Be careful with top-ups. Topping up your glass can lead to you losing count of the amount you have been drinking. Finish one glass before accepting a top-up.

Alternate your drinks. Alternate one alcoholic drink with one non-alcoholic drink such as water.

Exercise

Try some of the following ideas to help you stay fit over the holidays:

Ask for a gym membership as a Christmas present. That way you can stay fit all year round.

Set yourself an exercise challenge for the New Year. Fun runs are great events to get involved in. Your local council website should provide details of sporting events held annually in your area.

Play with your children or grandchildren. They enjoy when you watch their games, but they LOVE when you play with them. Try outdoor cricket, throwing a Frisbee, bike riding or swimming.

If you're on a vacation, walking is the best way to become familiar with your holiday location. It's amazing what you can discover when you are on foot.

Use the facilities at camping grounds, motels or resorts. For example, hiring a tennis court is an inexpensive way to stay entertained for hours.

PUZZLES, JOKES & TRIVIA

Quotes of the Month

IS THIS THE SIGNAL FOR 10 NO TRUMPS?



Believe it or Not

1. There are between 10,000 and 20,000 hairs on a man's face and the average moustache has 600.
2. Albert Einstein sported his moustache for over 50 years.
3. The average one-month old moustache is capable of holding 30ml of liquid or 10 per cent of a glass of beer before leaking its contents down the owner's face. Useful for spills.
4. In 1967 The Beatles gave away cardboard moustaches with their album Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band.
5. On average a man with a moustache touches it 760 times a day.

Cartoons

(provided by Darryl Timms)



**THOSE WHO
THROW OBJECTS
AT THE CROCODILES,
WILL BE ASKED TO
RETRIEVE THEM**



The Thunderbox

(provided by Bevan Guttormsen)

They were funny looking buildings, that were once a way of life,
If you couldn't sprint the distance, then you really were in strife.
They were nailed, they were wired, but were mostly falling down,
There was one in every yard, in every house, in every town.

They were given many names, some were even funny,
But to most of us, we knew them as the outhouse or the dunny.
I've seen some of them all gussied up, with painted doors and all,
But it really made no difference, they were just a port of call.

Now my old man would take a bet, he'd lay an even pound,
That you wouldn't make the dunny with them turkeys hangin' round.
They had so many uses, these buildings out the back,"
You could even hide from mother, so you wouldn't get the strap.

That's why we had good cricketers, never mind the bumps,
We used the pathway for the wicket and the dunny door for stumps.
Now my old man would sit for hours, the smell would rot your socks,
He read the daily back to front in that good old thunderbox.

And if by chance that nature called sometime through the night,
You always sent the dog in first, for there was no flamin' light.
And the dunny seemed to be the place where crawlies liked to hide,
But never ever showed themselves until you sat inside.

There was no such thing as Sorbent, no tissues there at all,
Just squares of well read newspaper, a hangin' on the wall.
If you had some friendly neighbours, as neighbours sometimes are,
You could sit and chat to them, if you left the door ajar..

When suddenly you got the urge, and down the track you fled,
Then of course the magpies were there to peck you on your head.
Then the time there was a wet, the rain it never stopped,
If you had an urgent call, you ran between the drops.

The dunny man came once a week, to these buildings out the back,
And he would leave an extra can, if you left for him a zac.
For those of you who've no idea what I mean by a zac,
Then you're too young to have ever had, a dunny out the back.

"Eloquent" English!

(provided by John Abbott)

I called an old School friend and asked
what was he doing.

He replied that he is working on
"Aqua-thermal treatment of ceramics,
aluminium and steel under a
constrained environment".

I was impressed.....

On further enquiring, I learnt that he
was washing dishes with hot
water.....under his Wife's supervision.