

NUTS & BOLTS



*'Every man needs
a shed'*



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Message from the Editor

Editor: Bob Ikin

Happy New Year (the year of the Rooster) and a new edition of *Nuts & Bolts*.

Adrian McDonnell is back with part two of his Grey Nomads adventure and Tiger Tim returns with another yarn.

Noel Hohenhaus starts his family history story and Ray Peddersen is the member profile in this edition.

Peter Finch has a background in travel management and he has kindly offered to provide members with a few tips from time to time - his first tips appear in this edition in "Pete's Travel Tips."

ENJOY!!



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MEMBER NEWS

Meadowlands Market

5 December 2016

John Kirkwood, Harry Davis, Graham Ward, John Carmody, Rex Gelfius, Bruce Murray and Graham Findlay represented our shed at the market and a good day was had by all.

As usual John Abbott's condiments were a good seller. Thanks lads for a job well done!!



Christmas Lunch

December 2016

A great day was had by all at our 2016 Christmas lunch at the Carina Bowls Club. Thanks go to Brian O'Rourke and Graeme Fraser for organising the day and the Shed Singers for their "harmonic" Christmas carol performance.



MEMBER NEWS

Australia Day Lunch

26 January 2017



Aussie, Aussie, Aussie! What a great day!

John Abbott and Noel Hohenhaus rose to the occasion once again with a great lunch for members and their guests. The Shed Singers sang some Aussie classics and Bob Ikin and Kevin Searle read some Australian poetry. Thanks blokes.



Executive Strategy Workshop

27 January 2017

The Shed Executive bunkered down for a workshop at the Carina Leagues Club to develop a shed strategy for the next three years. More to follow on this but it was a successful day.

Karaoke Comes to the Shed

If this doesn't bring more singers to the Shed Singers group then nothing will. Well done Shed Singers and looking forward to your first gig.

MEMBER PROFILE - RAY PEDDERSEN



I was born in Melbourne on the 9th of February 1951 at 12:30am - which had my mum a bit miffed - as she was born on the 8th of February 37 years ago and she had been urging the nurses to get on with it.

I was the youngest of the family. I had a sister Wendy 15, brother Kevin 10, and sister Lorena 7 and we lived in Hawthorn East, in a home that my dad had built before the war.

As kids growing up in the fifties life was great. The pace of life was very much slower for us kids; there were only five main events of the year, summer school holidays, your birthday, Easter holidays, Cracker Night and Christmas time.

Our main job was to go to school five days a week, but on the weekends or holidays we were free range, with the understanding that you got home before the street lights came on. There were some areas out of bounds like the local creek, the railway line, the local tip and the quarry at the bottom of the street, but you could get away with visiting these places as long as you came home with your limbs intact and no major injuries requiring surgery.

My first paid job was as a newspaper delivery boy at about age 13. You had to start about 5:30 in the morning and be finished by about 6:30 so people could read their paper at breakfast, not so bad in the summer time, but it was freezing and still dark when you finished in the winter time. There were a few perks however, you would often run into the milkman and he would swap a bottle of milk for a paper and on Saturday night when your wages were being made up the boss would let you flick through the girlie magazines.

I had never been sure what I was going to do when I completed high school, however in year ten aged fifteen I became interested in learning to fly, as my brother had just started flying with Ansett, and Qantas had announced they would be offering cadetships. Over a period of six months, I accumulated over 30 hours of training and had taken a number of solo flights, enough to earn a restricted private pilot's license, but I soon ran out of money, and when my younger sister got married to a surveyor and I heard about his work, becoming a surveyor seemed to be a more achievable goal.

After completing high school I went on to study Land Surveying at RMIT graduating in 1973. On completion of my surveying course, I was offered a surveying position with the Brisbane survey firm Jones, Flint & Pike (set up by Clem Jones).

I relocated to Brisbane in early January 1974 and started my job on the Monday before the Australia Day weekend floods. It was unfortunate timing for the firm because they were almost due to move from their Queen Street office into a new building just completed in Merivale Street South Brisbane. The basement level of the city office where all the survey gear, records and plans were stored was completely flooded. All the gear and records that could be salvaged were transferred to the new building and we spent a week cleaning off the stinking river mud. Immediately after the floods we spent about a week or two surveying in those areas that had been severely flooded, recording debris lines, so the council could prepare flood maps showing levels of inundation for future planning.

Brisbane was experiencing a boom time in property development in 1974. The avocado farms and market gardens on the city outskirts at Sunnybank, Capalaba, Alexandra Hills, Aspley and Bald Hills were being snapped up by the developers to turn into new housing estates and large reserves of native bush in areas like Jindalee, Mount Ommaney, Bellbowrie and Beenleigh were also being developed.

I was working about six days a week in all these areas with heaps of overtime, however by the middle of the year the development boom had crashed. The Arabs had severely reduced their oil production which quadrupled the price of oil, causing a worldwide credit squeeze. Thus in early September 1974 I was retrenched along with about 70% of the survey and office staff. For the next six weeks I enquired at all the government departments, Lands, Main Roads, Mines and Railways, that might employ cadet surveyors, but no one was taking on any new recruits. I finally hit the jackpot on a Friday afternoon when enquiring at the Department of Harbours & Marine, the chief surveyor told me they were in desperate need of experienced survey assistants and could I start on Monday. To top off a pretty eventful first year of my living and working in Queensland, I met the love of my life Bronwen, at a party the week before Christmas 1974. She was the best Christmas present I have ever received. We soon moved into a flat in Greenslopes and got married in November 1977 and our son Jorgen was born in March 1980.

My first five years with Harbours & Marine was like being on a



MEMBER PROFILE CONTINUED..

RAY PEDDERSEN

working holiday, getting to work at just about every coastal holiday destination from the Tweed River to Cooktown with all expenses paid.

However when Bronwen became pregnant in 1979, I did not want to be working away from home base anymore and I asked for a transfer to a position in the city office at the Port Office Building.

I soon started work in the department's Tides Office. Being based in Brisbane enabled me to do a Commercial Computing course part-time at QIT and using the programming skills gained I was able to modify existing tidal analysis and prediction programs the tides office had recently acquired.

Technological advances in the collection of tidal data and access to ever increasing computer power, data storage, telecommunications and the internet meant my job was always evolving and providing new challenges.

We had to write our own software to process tidal data and design a database system that would store the digitised observed tidal data collected from over 600 tide gauges and index that data so that it could be retrieved. We also contributed to the updating of information in the Official Tide Tables book each year.

Harbours & Marine went through a few name changes as we got absorbed into larger departments but we basically retained most of the same functions and I remained in the Tidal Unit until I took my long service leave in September 2013, then I officially retired on the 14th of October 2014, exactly 40 years after starting back in 1974.

The tradition at Harbours & Marine was if you survived 40 years of service you were declared to be an "Ancient Mariner" and given a framed print of the Port Office Building.

Unfortunately Bronwen's life was cut short by a breast cancer diagnosis in 2007, although the initial breast cancer was successfully removed; it had also spread into her bones. Monthly visits to the Mater for oncology treatments gave us almost eight great years with very few symptoms.

During this time we enjoyed a family trip to Disneyland and Yosemite and Bronwen and I went on our first cruise to New Zealand and a coach tour along the Great Ocean Road.

My beautiful and sexy soulmate for 40 years passed away in March 2015 she was only 64 and we had so much more to do.

I joined the shed in late April 2015 and I am usually here on Mondays and Wednesdays and I enjoy my time with the singing group and the art group.

I also like to help out on the Bunnings BBQ's and I make the occasional batch of pickles. If you have got any questions on tides don't be afraid to ask.

PETE'S TRAVEL TIPS

(article provided by Peter Finch)

I often get clients who have little or no idea where they want to go on holidays, I could tell them where to go but find this system helps everyone.

WHEN: When do you plan to travel, this could determine where you can go? i.e. don't go for a ski holiday in USA in June or July.

WHY: Why are you travelling? Is it to a special event, to see friends & family?

HOW: How do you prefer to travel, coach, self-drive, rail or cruise?

WHERE: The big question but now you have a base to make a decision.

If you want to go to Asia or South America don't plan on a self-drive, if you want to go on an Alaska cruise they only operate May to September, so the when is important.

If it is friends or relatives then the region is decided on unless you want to go on a round the world trip, then how long you plan to be away comes into play.

There are a lot of variables but this is a start, it can also open up to destinations you may not have otherwise considered.

Happy travelling!!

THE TIGER'S ROAR

by Tiger Tim



Saved by a blonde in a Mercedes

I took some friends to the airport recently on a Sunday. It was early, very, very, early. It was well before dawn, a quick drop off then return home for coffee and breakfast.

The sun was just coming up when I left the airport. I pulled away behind a Mercedes. It was a leisurely drive along the Gateway Arterial, across the Gateway Bridge with the Mercedes in front. We both took the turn off to the port road, no traffic, two cars happily travelling together.

I followed the Mercedes as it turned off to Pritchard St. As we drove across the overpass a lone figure in the distance sprang to life. At first I thought it was a hitchhiker who had been waiting all night for a ride but it wasn't, it was a police officer with a speed gun. He fumbled then quickly aimed his device our way. What a giggle I thought, we were just ambling along at a safe speed on a deserted road. Not so it seems, the police officer stopped the Mercedes.

As I drove by I noticed the blonde lady driving the Mercedes, she was already reaching for her handbag to retrieve her driver's licence. A multitude of thoughts whirled around in my head. Should I be relieved because she was in front of me and copped the speeding ticket? Should I stop and thank the blonde lady for saving me a speeding fine? Should I be perplexed, because in my mind at least, the Mercedes was being driven responsibly? Should I stop and reassure the blonde lady that she didn't deserve a speeding fine? Should I stop and confess that I must have been speeding as well and beg the police officer to give me a speeding ticket? No, I just drove past, what else could I do? Like the rest of us I knew it would be my turn to save a fortunate driver one day.

My thoughts continued as I enjoyed my very early breakfast. There are other traffic infringements but unlike speeding they can be easily avoided, like failing to indicate. I always indicate. Although an army-driving instructor told me once I don't have to indicate if nobody is around. I know, I felt the same, this was perhaps the most meaningful advice ever delivered to a befuddled youth in baggy green.

It's like; you don't have to tell anyone you are about to make a cup of coffee if there is no one in the kitchen. Mind you, if I was making the coffee, a uniformed person would miraculously pop out from behind the fridge.

So, I always indicate, I always stop at a stop sign, I always give way, I drive safely and I just accept the risk of receiving a speeding fine sometime in the future. Why, because we all know keeping to the speed limit can be described as "circumstantial."

Some of the following experiences may get your head nodding in support.

(1) I am travelling through the middle of NSW, cruise control set on 110. One after another a B double comes up behind me and intimates me, you know, all you can see is a huge bumper bar in your rear vision mirror, then they pass, very close, very scary. Obvious solution, and by far the safest solution for all concerned, is to increase your speed to match their speed.

(2) Closing in on a small town, nothing behind me or in front of me, a motorcycle magically appears in the rear view mirror; where did that come from? It is a police officer. He follows me into town on his police bike. I am on to him and he knows it, he acknowledges the lads having a drink on the hotel veranda then does a U turn to return to his ambush point. Couldn't have been my interstate number plate that drew his attention, could it? He should have known, those on the approach ramp to old age always drive slowly through a small town.

(3) Driving into town looking for a petrol station and I find one, fill up, visit the little boys room, have a coffee, then resume my journey, now what speed zone was I in? Was it 60 or 50 or 80 maybe, not sure, not a speed sign in sight, better go slowly until I see one, the cars behind me are getting twitchy, hang on, was that a police officer 300 metres just past the petrol station exit, what a strange place for a speed check? You don't think so?

So, did you save someone during the holiday season or were you saved? Either way, it's just circumstantial.

GREY NOMADS COLUMN

Travelling the UK, Ireland and France

Article by Adrian McDonnell

We visited the UK and Ireland 10 years ago. Since then my wife, Marilyn, made online contact with some second cousins who live in Sussex and Kent who we hadn't met before. When we told them we were contemplating a trip to the UK they were keen to catch up. Besides, seeing places we didn't see last time was an extra incentive to go there.

On arrival at Heathrow we picked up a car to head to one of the relatives down south. Every time I went to indicate I put the wipers on. I couldn't find reverse. Pushed it this way and that way to no avail. Turned out it was a collar on the stick that I had to lift. Thanks to Ms Google we got to our relatives' place with not too much difficulty.

Driving in the UK can be intense. Whether it's driving on the motorways where you can be travelling at 70 mph(110 kph) or 80 mph (120 kph) and you still can get passed as if you are standing still or travelling along a very narrow country road lined with hedges or dry stone walls and you don't know who is coming around the corner. In such cases you have to remember where the last pull-in spot was. Having said that, I found the UK drivers to be well disciplined and courteous. I saw next to no bad behaviour on the roads. Two of the big "no no's" is passing on the left and using the fast lane for anything else but passing. It's a pity Australian drivers didn't adopt the same approach to driving or such rules weren't reinforced. It could lead to better behaviour here.

It's understandable that in a small country with lots of people traffic will always be heavy. To put things in perspective, the population density of the UK is 255 persons per km². In this country it is 3.3 persons per km². Even if we take into account that a substantial part of this country is more or less uninhabitable, say 2/3rds, our population density would still be 9.3 persons per km².

The great advantage we have here is to be able to pull off the road generally when it suits, to not have to walk reasonable distances to get to a place of interest and, with rare exceptions, not to have to pay for parking. Over there it's pay, pay and walk, walk, walk. You put money in the machine and get a ticket to display in the car.

Many departing drivers will hand over their ticket to new arrivals if there is reasonable time before expiry. Except for the motorways there are lots and lot of roundabouts. Some are quite big.

In such cases you need to be in the correct lane to negotiate them.

I know there are quite a few shed members who are well travelled and others who come from the "Old Country". So, all this is nothing new to them. I have to acknowledge the significant assistance we got from Ms Google. She was very good except in the odd times when her voice and map got out of sync. All we had 10 years ago was a simple map. Whilst with relatives we visited Brighton and drove around the south coast.

In a trip out one day we finished at the Biggin Hill airfield. For those who don't know their history Biggin Hill was one of the main bases for RAF fighter command during the war. It, of course, featured significantly in the Battle of Britain. On the day we were lucky to see the RAF's Red Arrows perform. I got a shot of the planes and their trailing smoke as they flew over.



In between relatives we visited Chartwell the family home of Winston Churchill.

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



After a few relaxing days with the relatives we headed to Canterbury and toured the cathedral. From there we headed across the Dartford Crossing (just east of London) and into the east counties with the intention of visiting Cambridge. The plan was to park close to town and board a hop-on hop-off bus. The streets in these medieval towns are quite narrow and, with street works, we kept missing the parking station.

So, we gave up and headed out of town to the Imperial War Museum at Duxford. That place is definitely worth a visit (especially for the boys). In one huge building they had a Concord (which we walked through), a Lancaster, a Spitfire, a Vulcan bomber and many many more planes covering most of aviation history with the emphasis, of course, on military machines.

They also had static and scientific displays covering aviation development over the years. Other buildings housed more planes, WW2 ground equipment, an American air museum and a 1940s operations room. Outside was a Boeing B17G Flying Fortress and a Spitfire which regularly flew around the airfield.



From where we stayed that night I went for a walk (still plenty of daylight) and in the distance I could see an outstanding cathedral. That was at Ely. The next day we headed there to get a close up look. It is a substantial building and they do tours both in the tower above the nave and tower above the entry.

We did the first tour up many narrow steps. The history of Ely cathedral goes back to AD672 and is very much shaped by its location and the surrounding topography that has changed over the centuries. It was spared from German bombing during the war because they used it as a navigation aid. Ely itself is not a particularly large town, especially when you relate it to the cathedral. Its advantage is that you can park close to the cathedral and, if I remember correctly, we did not pay for the parking. A visit is definitely recommended.



From there we drove to Lincoln. We had a brief look at the cathedral and the castle (outside only) and walked around the medieval courtyard.

It was fascinating. We would have liked more time doing that but we were catching up with another of Marilyn's cousins the next day at Chesterfield, about an hour west of Lincoln, and after that we simply had to move on.

Marilyn's cousin took us to lunch at a typical English pub.

You know the one – low ceilings with dark heavy wooden beams and a great atmosphere. Except for the iconic outback ones, much better atmosphere than most Australian pubs. They also took us through the Peak District which we hadn't been to before. It is just a beautiful part of the world.



After Lincoln we drove across the Humber River along a very long bridge and on to the Yorkshire Moors. Our aim was to reach Goathland, also known Aidensfield in the British show Heartbeat.

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

It was fitting we had bangers and mash in the hotel which was known as The Aidensfield Arms. Across was the road was Scripps Funeral Services and Aidensfield Garage and further along the street was a Ford Anglia in the same livery as the one featured in the show. It was also fitting on the day we were there that a steam train was running out of the station we also know. It was then on to Whitby and a tour of the ruined abbey.



The next day we had a brief drive through Scarborough, which we had been to before, and then through the Yorkshire Dales. The country was beautiful but the weather was wet and windy, not good when the road was narrow and you had to watch what was coming around the corner, especially when it was a trampoline that had blown onto the road. We did have a pub lunch on the Dales at a place called Askrigg. This was also known as Darrowby in *All Creatures Great and Small*. If you don't know my taste in TV by now then you never will. But wait – there's more later on.

Another beautiful part of the UK is the lakes district in the North West. That's where we headed the next day. Fortunately the weather was good. The British don't want you to see these places because, as I mentioned earlier, they like you to park a fair way from the attraction and charge you for the privilege. As luck would have it the lady controlling the parking suggested we take another road which took us around to the other side of the lakes and gave us the opportunity to park right on the shoreline. We must have been in Australia. There was another ubiquitous parking machine but we ignored it. We weren't going to feed another one. Our next stop was Chester a bit south of Liverpool. It was a walled Roman city, the remains of which can be seen today. The best way to see it and get a bit of history was the hop-on hop-off bus.

From there we went to Holyhead in Wales and then down through the Snowdonia Mountains, a picturesque

area. We tended to avoid the large cities so, after staying overnight in Wales, we drove to Ludlow in Shropshire in England. This is a very interesting medieval market town with the big attraction being Ludlow Castle which is at one end (the town followed the castle). The castle had its beginnings in William the Conqueror's time. It is relatively intact with great views from the top of the entrance tower. A visit is definitely recommended.



After Ludlow we had a brief visit and tour through Hampton Court Castle in Herefordshire. The next day we did a bus tour through Bath (visited the Roman Baths during an earlier visit) and then headed down to Cornwall. This was definitely the area where you had to have your wits about you when driving along narrow hedged lanes or small town roads jammed with car.

Our first stop in Cornwall was Tintagel on the Atlantic coast. It was reputedly connected with King Arthur. If he did live there he wasn't a good tenant – he left the castle in ruins. The weather that day was fantastic and the views of the very calm ocean from the cliffs unbelievable. We did have a bit of a walk around and morning tea in the magnificent Camelot Castle Hotel. I would have liked to go along some of the walks but time wasn't on our side. Because, in keeping with the theme of British TV shows, we had to go to Port Isaac down the road where they filmed *Doc Martin*.



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

It was a bank holiday long weekend and with the great weather the place was packed. We did our usual thing and parked in a car park a few miles away. In the British tradition a driver exiting handed his ticket to us and when we left we handed it over to someone else. As we started to walk my wife, Marilyn, said she couldn't walk any further, her knees are not good. So, I left her and walked down to the harbour side. It's smaller than it appears on TV but is very picturesque. The school house is, these days, a restaurant. There were lots of people meandering around. I took a few photos which I put on Facebooks as I had done for other places.

Despite the number of pedestrians there was the odd car down there. So, I came back, got the car, picked up Marilyn where I left her and drove down. I did make our excuses to the pedestrians. Marilyn did enjoy it. If we hadn't done that she would have come all that way and seen next to nothing.

We finished off the day at an iconic British pub near the B&B with a few drinks. We sat outside under the lovely trees showing a tinge of autumn with dappled sunlight. By the time we got back to the B&B I was busting to go. Tried the key but it wouldn't work. Earlier that day I had posted a key back to a B&B in North Wales that I'd found in my pocket. I realised I had posted the wrong key. Couldn't believe my stupidity. Fortunately the B&B was in the country so I went and checked out a hedge. I then had to ring the other place, ask them to send the key back to where we were staying and post the right key the next day. We would have loved to have stayed in Cornwall longer but time wasn't on our side.

Our next "port of call" was in fact Portsmouth. We had an enjoyable time walking all over Nelson's HMS Victory and seeing the preserved remains of the Mary Rose. They were also commemorating the 100th anniversary of the Battle of Jutland. It was a unique experience that we are not likely to repeat.



After Portsmouth we headed north towards Oxford. I did say to Marilyn that I would like to see Highclere Castle in Berkshire. What, another castle? Well then how about Downton Abbey? That brought about a change in sentiment. As I mentioned earlier I am a fan of British TV, well the class shows anyway. There is no mistaking the place, even from a distance. Unfortunately we couldn't take photos inside because it is a private residence and there are family photos scattered around. We did see shots of the cast in various rooms. We also saw the grand staircase, main dining room and some bedrooms.

On the lowest level there was a cafeteria. It didn't look like the galley in DA. I guess they can film anywhere. It's a very large building with many outer buildings and expansive grounds. If anyone gets to those parts a visit is highly recommended. Check visiting hours.

Our stay for the next few nights was the White Hart Hotel in Dorchester-On Thames. Without doubt it was the best place we stayed in, in all of our overseas trips. The building goes back to at least the 17th century. There is a well inside with goldfish and the bar had the low dark wooded beams typical of a traditional British pub. We had a spacious room with a four poster bed. The staff were very friendly and obliging. We took the opportunity to walk around the lovely village and visit the abbey which goes back many centuries. I took an extended walk through the paddocks and finished beside the upper reaches of the Thames. If you ever think of staying there, just a word of warning - it is a film location for Midsomer Murders.

On our last day we headed to Blenheim Palace, Winston Churchill's ancestral home. The palace is absolutely enormous and so are the extensive grounds. We spent quite a few hours there but still only saw a small portion. The gardens at the back are exquisite.

The following day we flew to Ireland and landed in Dublin. Because we only planned a few days there and because we had seen the southern half 10 years ago we concentrated on the North. The main places we visited were Belfast and the Giants Causeway.



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

The main attraction in Belfast for us was the Titanic Museum. It is very easy to get to and the parking was directly underneath the building.

We saw how Belfast developed into a thriving industrial city with significant ship building. For those early workers and their families life was pretty tough. There were a lot of interactive displays including a ride through a mock ship yard at various levels. The centrepiece, of course, was the Titanic.

We saw photos and some footage of it being built, its launch, the people on board, the people who survived the sinking and interpretations of the sinking. There were sets depicting various part of the ship from first class to third. Mannequins were dressed in the clothing of the times. It is a sad story of lives lost and lives saved overlaid with a degree of incompetence, arrogance and hubris. If you haven't been there and get the opportunity to go it is an extremely worthwhile visit.

Across from the museum are the dry docks with the very large gantry cranes prominently displaying H & W - Harland and Wolf, the builders of the Titanic. The history of H & W is comprehensively covered in the museum. There is no ship building in Belfast now. The dry docks and other parts of their operations are a base to service and maintain offshore maritime equipment relating to the energy (oil and gas) and renewable energy sectors.

From the museum we boarded a hop-on hop-off bus to tour Belfast. It was an interesting place. We were taken into the areas where there was a lot of conflict or what was known as "the troubles".

There were quite a few murals depicting the conflict with calls to arms or tributes to people killed. Their tone or tenor depended in which area you were in – republican or loyalist. The murals were a little bit confronting given it is not something we are used to. Having said that, there were messages of hope and peace.

The only problem for us was the murals were usually on the side of buildings and, with the bar in the bus at eye level, it was hard to get a good photo.

It is not surprising that many areas were divided by walls and gates. Some of those gates are closed the instant trouble flares. The guide showed us one gate that was always closed at 7pm on a Friday night and reopened at 7am the following Monday morning. She said that these days the climate is one of wariness and not of heightened tension as it was in the past.

The Giants Causeway was on our bucket list. It is a rock formation apparently caused by volcanic activity millions of years ago. They are like stepping stones or pavers. You can walk down there or take a short bus ride. Beyond there are some interesting walks around the coastal cliffs. A short drive from there is the Rope Bridge which links the mainland to a rocky outcrop. It was used in the past by salmon fishermen. You need to be comfortable with heights and a swinging bridge to traverse it. They restrict the numbers going across at any one time.

We spend the rest of our time in Ireland meandering the North West, along the Atlantic coast and around County Leitrim. Then it was then back to London where we caught up with Australian friends who'd flown in from an African tour. We had a few days to spare so did the usual things such as a boat trip on the Thames, Changing of the Guard at Buckingham Palace and, for Geoff and I, a visit to the Imperial War Museum. The women went elsewhere. They couldn't have done a lot, there wasn't much on the credit card. London is a mad house with noise, people and traffic. It's an interesting place and you are drawn to it. It's okay to get around providing you're not dragging suitcases.



TRAINS, BOATS, PLANES & TRAMS

BOATS *(provided by Bob Ikin)*

The first regular steamer service to Ipswich was started in June 1846, when the *Moreton Bay Courier* made the following announcement:

FOR IPSWICH

The *Steamer Experiment*, A. Campbell, master, will commence plying between Brisbane Town and Ipswich, on Monday next, the 22nd instant. Cabin, 6s.; Fore Cabin, 4s. Freight per ton, 7s. 6d.; Wool, 2s. per bale; Parcels on graduated scale.

The *Experiment*, of thirty-seven tons, had been built in Newcastle, New South Wales, and was originally powered by four horses turning a capstan to work the paddles. This proved unsuccessful, and a twelve horsepower steam engine was fitted.

The service to Ipswich was inaugurated by a trading syndicate headed by James Canning Pearce, of Helidon Station. The *Experiment* carrying a party of distinguished passengers, was farewelled from Brisbane by nearly the entire population on 25 June 1846. Soon after reaching Goodna she ran aground, remaining hard and fast until daylight next morning, when she floated off with the tide. On her arrival in Ipswich almost all the inhabitants turned out to cheer her, and a Scotsman in kilts played a spirited air on the bagpipes, amid howls of a mob of Aborigines terrified by the "smoking monster."

In the early years of the colony when roads were crude or non-existent, water transport was a far more efficient way to move people and goods.



Advertisement in *The Moreton Bay Courier* Saturday 20 June 1846

Family History

Article provided by Noel Hohenhaus

In 1874 Freidrick Wilhelm Stephan sent his eldest son William who was 17 at the time to Australia to check out the land and report back to him in Germany with the idea in mind of migrating here. William arrived on the SS *Herschell* in Brisbane on 16 July 1874. The total on his ship when it left Hamburg was 368 passengers, 18 crew and officers. There were 9 births during the voyage and 10 deaths.

The report went back to his father in Germany (incidentally Freidrick Wilhelm is my great grandfather) must have been favourable, for Freidrick Wilhelm Stephan, his wife Anna Karoline (nee Schobel) and his other 7 children, Carl, Louise, Adolph, Henrick, Herman, Bertha and Ida left Germany forever. The family arrived on the sailing ship *Charles Dickens* of 1328 tons on 7 July 1877 less one daughter (more shortly).

The ship left Hamburg on 5 April 1877. The ship and passengers had to go into quarantine at Dunwich and Peel Island for several weeks and eventually landing in Brisbane, September 1877. There were 17 deaths and 5 births during the trip. That left 498 to land. The deaths were 1 single, 8 children of 1 to 12 years of age and 7 under 1 year.

There were 172 children on board the ship and on investigation when it arrived in Australia, it was considered to have been too many for "health reasons" and the size of the ship. The ship was plagued with various diseases (10 cases of measles and also typhoid fever). There were a further 6 deaths on Peel Island. The youngest child of Freidrick Wilhelm and Karoline, Ida, died at sea and was buried at sea as far as we know.

A medical report shows the buildings on the islands were too small and many had to be housed in tents. Extra tents had to be supplied and every week extra bread and potatoes had to be supplied. All fittings from the ship had to be taken to land and burnt. Bedding and clothing had to be washed and boiled. The ship had to be fumigated and refitted with new equipment and the single girls did all the laundry.

HEALTH & WELFARE CORNER

Seniors in Brisbane

(Information extracted from the Brisbane City Council website)

Brisbane City Council released the Seniors' Strategy in August 2012. The Strategy recognises the important contribution seniors make to the city and focuses on what Council can do to support the participation of seniors in our community.

Find information about Council activities and events, transport timetables and fare concessions as well as disability parking. Council offers remissions, grants and awards, immunisation and special waste collection services.

Council activities and events: Council offers a wide variety of activities and events for seniors in Brisbane including programs like Growing Old and Living Dangerously (GOLD) and Active Parks. The 50 Plus Centre offers low cost activities at City Hall such as art classes, dancing, tai chi and more.

Pensioner concessions and remissions: You may be eligible for a pensioner remission on your rates, or a concession on your dog or cat registration. Find out more.

Free immunisation: Council offers free immunisation clinics for seniors. Find clinic locations, dates and times.

In-home bin collection service: Council can arrange for an in-home bin collection service if you are infirm, have a physical or sensory disability, or no able-bodied person lives at your address.

Retirement and aged care: Read about Council's initiatives for enhancing retirement and aged care housing options to meet future demand.

Good Neighbour Cleanup scheme: The Good Neighbour Cleanup scheme provides eligible residents with collection of general waste items too large for the refuse bin.

Transport and parking: Find information on public transport timetables and tickets. Read about the Council Cab service and find out how to get a disability parking permit.

Grants and awards: Council offers a number of grants and awards, including the Seniors Celebration Donation, which helps senior citizens groups to cover the cost of activities like social outings and Christmas parties.

Brisbane Community Directory: Provides up-to-date information about community organisations who provide services to the Brisbane City Council community. For more information visit the Brisbane City Council website www.brisbane.qld.gov.au and click on Community & Safety/Community Support/Seniors.

PUZZLES, JOKES & TRIVIA

Degrees of Separation *(provided by Bob Ikin)*

Queen Elizabeth II and Ned Kelly

Queen Elizabeth II often met her grandfather King George V who in 1919 knighted the Australian General Sir John Monash who as a schoolboy on holiday from Melbourne was in Jerilderie, NSW, in 1878 when the bushranger Ned Kelly and his gang rode into town.

Paul Keating and Adolf Hitler

Paul Keating was a protégé of former NSW Premier Jack Lang who in Sydney in 1920 as Treasurer met the visiting Duke of Windsor (then Prince of Wales, later King Edward VIII) who in 1938 on a visit to Germany after the abdication met the Fuhrer Adolf Hitler.

PUZZLES, JOKES & TRIVIA



I wonder why we are so so obsessed with trying to find intelligent life on other planets, when we can't even find intelligent life here?



Quotes of the Month

(provided by Bob Ikin)

I find it ironic that the colours red, white, and blue stand for freedom, until they're flashing behind you.

Artificial intelligence is no match for natural stupidity.

Change is inevitable, except from a vending machine.

Hospitality is the art of making guests feel like they're at home when you wish they were.

I'm great at multi-tasking – I can waste time, be unproductive, and procrastinate all at once.

Joke

(provided by Brian O'Rourke)

Three men awaited execution by firing squad in the condemned cell, from which the site of their forthcoming ordeal could be clearly seen.

The first, an Englishman, was taken out and stood against the wall.

As the firing squad raised their rifles, he suddenly shouted "Avalanche!" at the top of his voice.

The soldiers looked about in alarm, threw down their rifles and turned to run.

Taking advantage of the momentary chaos, the Englishman scuttled away as fast as his legs would carry him and escaped.

The second condemned man, a Scot, seeing the success of this ploy, when his turn came shouted "Flood!" with exactly the same highly successful effect, and off he scampered.

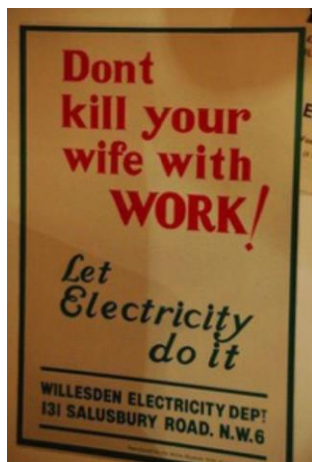
The third man, an Irishman, impressed by the initiative of his colleagues, determined to follow suit.

As the rifles were raised and fingers curled around the triggers, he shouted

"Fire'

Cartoons

(provided by Bob Ikin and John Abbott)



PUZZLES, JOKES & TRIVIA

An Aussie Poem

(provided by Bevan Gutttormsen)

The sun was hot already - it was only 8 o'clock
 The cocky took off in his Ute, to go and check his stock.
 He drove around the paddocks checking wethers, ewes and lambs,
 The float valves in the water troughs, the windmills on the dams
 He stopped and turned a windmill on to fill a water tank
 And saw a ewe down in the dam, a few yards from the bank.
 "Typical bloody sheep," he thought, "they've got no common sense,
 "They won't go through a gateway but they'll jump a bloody fence."
 The ewe was stuck down in the mud, he knew without a doubt
 She'd stay there 'til she carked it if he didn't get her out.
 But when he reached the water's edge, the startled ewe broke free
 And in her haste to get away, began a swimming spree.
 He reckoned once her fleece was wet, the weight would drag her down
 If he didn't rescue her, the stupid sod would drown.
 Her style was unimpressive, her survival chances slim
 He saw no other option, he would have to take a swim.
 He peeled his shirt and singlet off, his trousers, boots and socks
 And as he couldn't stand wet clothes, he also shed his jocks.
 He jumped into the water and away that cocky swam
 He caught up with her somewhere near the middle of the dam.
 The ewe was quite evasive, she kept giving him the slip
 He tried to grab her sodden fleece but couldn't get a grip.
 At last he got her to the bank and stopped to catch his breath
 She showed him little gratitude for saving her from death.
 She took off like a Bondi tram around the other side
 He swore next time he caught that ewe he'd hang her bloody hide.
 Then round and round the dam they ran, although he felt quite puffed
 He still thought he could run her down, she must be nearly stuffed..
 The local stock rep came along, to pay a call that day.
 He knew this bloke was on his own, his wife had gone away,
 He didn't really think he'd get fresh scones for morning tea
 But neither was he ready for what he was soon to see.
 He rubbed his eyes in disbelief at what came into view
 For running down the catchment came this frantic-looking ewe.
 And on her heels in hot pursuit and wearing not a stitch
 The farmer yelling wildly, "Come back here, you lousy bitch!"
 The stock rep didn't hang around, he took off in his car
 The cocky's reputation has been damaged near and far
 So bear in mind the Work Safe rule when next you check your flocks
 Spot the hazard, assess the risk, and always wear your jocks!