

NUTS & BOLTS



*'Every man needs
a shed'*

Vol 3 | Issue 9 | November 2017



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Message from the Editor

Editor: Ray Peddersen

I can't quite get my head around how rapidly the Christmas season returns each year.

It probably has something to do with the fact that the supermarkets start displaying all their Christmas fare earlier and earlier each year, I think I saw my first display of Christmas Puddings at my local Woollies, halfway thru November.

This is the last "Nuts& Bolts" for this year, Tiger Tim returns in this edition; check-out his Grandfather Story. I have heard a lot of great yarns in this shed, it would be great to get some more of them into future editions of "Nuts & Bolts".

As another successful and productive year for our shed draws to a close, I wish everyone a very **Happy and Safe Christmas**.

*"To succeed in life you need two things: ignorance and confidence."
Mark Twain*



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Member News

White Spot Response visit 16 October 2017

Megan Leslie and Jenny Keys from the Department of Agriculture & Fisheries, Bio Security Unit, outlined the unit's eradication and decontamination response to the discovery of White Spot virus in seven prawn farms on the Logan River in late 2016. For more information visit web sites-

www.daf.qld.gov.au/wsd

www.daf.qld.gov.au/checkyourbait

Thanks again Megan and Jenny.



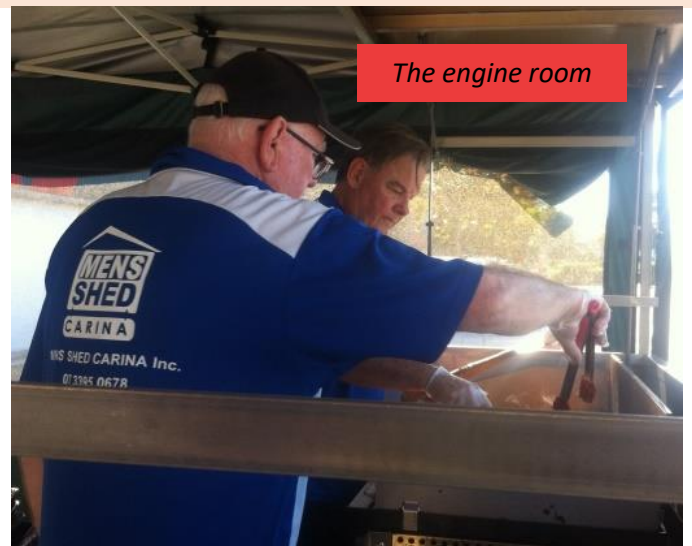
Driving Cessation 30 October 2017

Hannah Wolff, Kate Ferrero, Lydia Cossart and Jessica Warner, final year Occupational Therapy students from the UQ School of Health & Rehabilitation Sciences, discussed the benefits of the **CarFreeMe** Driving Cessation program. This program provides support for those people who maybe struggling with the idea of giving up or losing their license due to injury or disease. For more information on the program visit carfreeme.com.au/route-planner-workshops/

Thanks again Hannah, Kate, Lydia and Jessica.



Bunnings BBQ 05 November 2017 Thanks to the exertions of the shed's morning and afternoon BBQ teams - *Eddie, Brian, Klaus Binder, John Abbott, Bob Ikin, Bill Byers, Tom Kenny, John Carmody, Harry Davis, Gordon Bowler, Robert Tritchler, Julian Collis, Adrian Mc Donnell, Alan Peiniger and Ray Peddersen* - we just managed to satisfy the demands of the constant line-up of very hungry Bunnings shoppers, and generated a very healthy return of **\$1900** to the shed's bottom line, one of our best efforts yet.

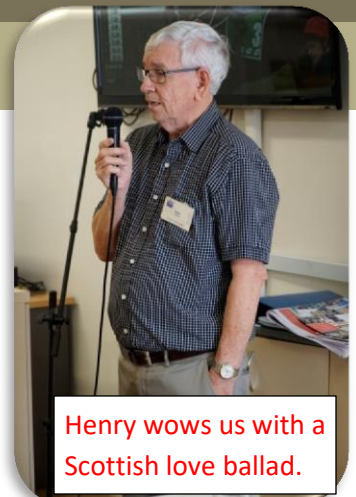


Member News continued

Melbourne Cup Lunch 07 November 2017



Has Gordon backed the winner?



Henry wows us with a Scottish love ballad.

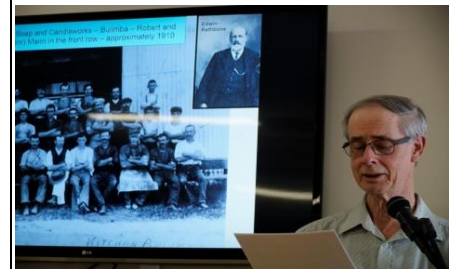


"The horses have jumped..."



The great stayer John Abbott was the winner again in the Hospitality Stakes, for the near capacity crowd in the member's enclosure for this year's Cup. Thanks go to Brian & Daryl for running the sweeps, also to all who helped with setting up and keeping the cool drinks and tucker flowing - to deliver another great Cup Day Lunch.

Bulimba Historical Society 15 November 2017 Bulimba Historical Society members, Russell and Robert Turner, told the stories of the early pioneers of the Bulimba region, who planted the first sugarcane and cotton crops in Queensland. We also heard about the ill-fated Belmont Tramway, a branch line that ran from Norman Park along Skyline Drive and down Old Cleveland Rd to Belmont. It was built in 1912 by the Belmont Shire council but was costly to run and closed in 1915. Thanks again Russell & Robert . bulimbahistory.org/Photos



Morningside Markets 24 November 2017 Thanks to Eddie, Rex, John Kirkwood, Harry Davis, Graham Ward and Bill Page who manned the shed display and raised about \$150, the Christmas Trees sold well.



Claire Phonics Workshop 24 November 2017

Claire Russell was able to use the shed's facilities on a Friday morning to conduct her Phonics Workshop that is designed to benefit parents, grandparents and guardians who are involved with pre-prep, primary, secondary and mature age students experiencing reading issues. The workshop was strongly supported by shed sponsor Amanda Van de Hoef. Discussions with Claire and Amanda, has established that there is an intent to undertake further workshops conducted by Claire in 2018. This is an excellent way of maximising the use of our shed facilities, by making them available to community groups to hold meetings or workshops out of normal shed operating hours.



Member News continued

Airport Bus Trip 28 November 2017

Jessica Shannon & Georgia Brodie from BAC, were our delightful guides for our tour to all corners of the airport. First stop was the plane spotters car park (Acacia St) to watch a few take offs, then past the earth works for the taxiway to connect the two runways. The new runway will be operational from mid, 2020. For all the details visit www.bne.com.au/fact-sheets Thanks again to Jessica, Georgia and bus driver Julian



Stones Corner Twilight Markets 3 December 2017 Eddie, Roger Appleby, John Kirkwood, Bill Page and Graeme Fraser represented the shed in space provided by shed supporter Amanda Van de Hoef, Ray White, Stones Corner

November Awards 04 December 2017 Bob Ikin, Graham Ward and Allan Johnson, together raised a total of **\$1230** for the Movember Foundation. Di Farmer, MLA, Bulimba was our enthusiastic judge awarding Best Mo to Graham and Best Fund Raiser to Bob and congratulated the shed for its continuing support of men's health.



“The Usual Suspects” Mug(Mo) Shots



Yarns & Bush Poetry (sourced from - "A Yarn or Two" by Snow Pick)

John Kirkwood's, talented better half Annette, has kindly provided me with permission to include extracts of her father's published poetry in this and future editions of Nuts & Bolts. The poems of Snow Pick (1916-1995) were written about his life and work during his shearing days in the 1950's, in the Kimberly's region and later in life when he was a watchman at the East Perth Power Station. If you have a "Yarn or Two" to share from your life (preferably true) send me a copy and you can get yourself into print.

When Skipton Won the Cup

Now I've got to be the biggest mug that you have ever seen,
'Cause you wouldn't do a thing like this, not in your ruddy dreams.
It's a sad, sad tale I've got to tell, but you've heard it many times,
I was going to back this horse you see, 'till the mates fed me this line.

What's going to win the Melbourne Cup, we were motoring into town,
When I said, 'Skipton's' going to win, they said, what are you mate, a clown.
'Skipton' for the Melbourne Cup, that nag won't run that far,
Give us your dough, they says to me, and we'll drink it at the bar.

'Maiki' will win the Cup, they said, with 'Son of Oaris' second,
But 'Skipton' wasn't in the hunt, or that is what they reckoned.
Now as a punter I'll admit, I haven't lost much dough,
But once a year on Cup day, well, who doesn't have a go.

It was twenty miles or so to town, and I'd long made up my mind,
That 'Skipton' was the bet I'd have, he'd leave them all behind.
I goes up to this S.P bloke, but by now I'm not as sure,
Maybe this 'Skipton's' just a hack, like the mates are telling me before.

What price 'Skipton' mate, I said, tho' no racing touts had picked it,
And he looks at me as if I'm mad, and says, mate you can write your own ticket.
I wasn't thinking straight I know, 'cause what I should have done,
Was handed him a bloody quid, and wrote, a million quid to one.

To say he'd sown the seeds of doubt, fair dinkum mates I baulked,
I backed 'Son of Oaris' for the Cup, and the mates stood there and gawked.
I listened to the Cup next day, you guessed it, 'Skipton' won,
And the price he paid, if I remember now, was I think thirteen to one.

Skipton was the horse I'd picked, eight weeks before the Cup,
And the night before the race was run, I'll admit I folded up.
The mates are still alive tho', but I sure cussed them a while,
'Cause they'd talked me out of 'Skipton', in just over twenty miles.

Editor's Note: I searched Dr Google to find out if and when, the horse "Skipton" had won the Cup - which returned this unexpected link: ["Rekindling the first three-year old to win the Melbourne Cup in 76 years, since Skipton in 1941"](#)

Member Profile

Klaus Binder



I was born April 1947 in Transylvania. Sibiu is my birthplace. No I'm not a descendant of Dracula. Bram Stoker got his geography slightly wrong.

The area used to be a strong German/Sachsen community. I attended a German speaking school. The first 14 years of my life I grow up in the communist country of Romania where Transylvania happens to be now. My schooling started in a small village, 4 classes (year 1 to year 4) sat in the same room with one teacher trying his best. There were no luxuries such as central heating electricity etc. In winter we brought to school not only copybooks and lunchboxes. A few logs of wood where also in our bag. When the wolves howled outside at night we tried to cross our legs a bit longer as the dunny happened to be outside. Only later mid-fifties we moved into the city with power and gas in the house. Even the toilet moved inside. What a relief!! As the years past the German community of Transylvania whittled away. Communism and oppression towards the 2million Sachsen proved too much. The majority resettled in the southern part of Germany, Austria and Eastern Switzerland.

The next phase of my life I spent in Vienna. Here I finished high school. One of my uncles had a fine jewellery shop in Vienna and he had no children of his own. So he suggested for me to take up that trade. Jewellery never was on my radar. Especially not while in Romania where, sport was king. Jewellery was frowned upon. Such a capitalistic icon did not figure in communism. Lenin would not approve. So as a 16 year old I started my 4 year jewellery course. There was a very good college in Germany specializing in everything Jewellery. This place was very good to me. Considering that was the place I met my future partner in life.

Sylvia later joined me in Vienna where we both worked in the industry. In the meantime I became Austrian Citizen. I forgot to mention – for the first 7 years in the west I was 'stateless' but had an Austrian passport with permanent residency of Austria. Becoming officially Austrian I graduated to the top of the list of being drafted into the army. The 6 month basic training in peace time, past quickly.

So back in civilian life, Sylvia by now my wife and I caught the travelling bug. Australia had a shortage of people with our skills. So one day we went to Australia House in Vienna and put our feelers out. Staff there was very keen and within 6 month we packed our bags and tools and went for the big adventure. Perth was our destination. Initially for 2 years. That was 1975. We very quickly settled in W.A. Through our jewellery shop we met a lot of interesting people and formed many friendships. In short we became Sandgropers.

In the meantime our son left home for studies in Queensland. He settled with his young family in Mt. Cotton. So after 38 years in the west we followed our son to the sunshine state to be closer to our two grand kids. I still dabble in the jewellery trade if only in a slightly slower pace. A new chapter in our life....After all we are retired now. Our son suggested having a look at this Men Shed in Carina. So after my first visit and the friendly reception I got, I decided to join this fine institution.

Keep on shedding

Klaus Binder

Grandfather Stories: Grandchildren love grandfathers who can tell stories: stories from the past, scary stories, funny stories, strange stories but most of all, good stories. I like to tell my grandfather stories in the first person; factual to a point and ideally about family members or people they know. They are not necessarily true stories but don't tell them that: let them make up their own mind. **This is my challenge to all Carina Men's Shed grandfathers, let's hear your grandfather stories, I could certainly do with a few more.** Who knows, if we receive a reasonable collection of good grandfather stories from our members we could publish a little book. "Carina Men's Shed Stories for Grandchildren." I will start off the challenge with a story that was a big hit with my grandsons. It isn't a true story but it could be? Should you wish to tell your grandchildren the same story may I suggest you also tell it in the first person and in the context of your past history. In my grandfather story I am a building inspector in Mackay. Your version will be different. My grandfather story is as follows

The TIGER'S SNARL By Tiger Tim

When I was a building inspector in Mackay I spent a lot of time visiting building sites. One very hot day during the wet season I was driving very slowly along a country road looking for a house that was being renovated by a local builder. I was looking for the house instead of looking at the road when suddenly I sensed a flash of movement in front of the car followed by a thud. Clearly I had hit something with my car but I didn't know what, so I stopped to have a look. I looked at the front of the car and there was nothing wrong, so I looked in the long grass beside the road. I noticed a ginger cat lying in the grass. It wasn't moving. When it saw me it struggled to lift its head and it gave me a painful look. Clearly I had hit the cat and it was still alive and in pain. There was nobody around and I was a long way out of town. I had no choice but to put the poor cat out of its misery. I had some tools in the car so one sharp hit to the cat's head with a hammer was the right thing to do. I put the dead cat in the boot of the car because it would have been wrong to leave a dead cat on the side of the road in the hot sun.

I arrived back at the Town Hall just after lunch and there was an urgent request waiting for me to report to the Mayor's office immediately. A very upset, tearful woman had telephoned the mayor's office to report what she saw from her house. She saw a council vehicle slowly driving down her road. The driver stopped his car. He got out of his car and he noticed her cat beside the road. He took a hammer out of the boot of his car and he killed her cat. He put the cat's body in the boot of his car and drove away. It was horrible. She was able to provide the car's number and a description of the driver. Oh boy! I was in a lot of trouble.

What this lady saw wasn't exactly what happened and I had to explain the whole incident in great detail to the mayor before he was convinced I did the right thing. Then I had to telephone the distressed lady who owned the cat and tell her exactly what happened. It wasn't easy. She needed to understand that it would have been very wrong of me to leave the poor cat to die in pain beside the road after I accidentally hit it with my car. Putting the cat out of its misery was the only thing and the best thing I could have done. I must have apologized a dozen times. Eventually the lady understood what really happened and she accepted my apology. To avoid causing her any more distress I agreed to take the dead cat to the local vet in town and pay all costs.

It was about a week later that I noticed a horrible smell inside my council car. I know!!! I know what you are thinking. You think I must have forgotten to remove the dead cat from the boot of my car. Well, you are wrong. I did take it to the vet as promised. I even checked the boot again just to make sure. To make certain the stench wasn't from the boot I cleaned it again. But, the horrible odour persisted for another week. Something had to be done so I took the car to the council workshop for a full service. By the end of the day we had the answer. There were body pieces of a black cat in the engine bay. It seems that at some point in time a black cat had somehow found its way into the engine bay and been killed by the moving bits such as the fan or belts etc. A thorough clean of the engine bay by the motor mechanic solved the problem and the car was returned to me without any unpleasant odours. **END OF STORY**

Now granddad you say nothing more and just wait. Trust me you will receive a reaction from your grandchildren. Sometimes the reaction is immediate, a gasp, a look of horror and you may even be physically attacked. Sometimes it takes time for them to react, but it will always be the same.

"POPPA YOU KILLED THAT LADIES CAT." Or "POPPA YOU KILLED TWO CATS."

Your reaction, total surprise, "Do you think so? What do you mean?" Your grandchildren will soon realize that they have been caught out and they will enjoy the moment as much as you. There is also a long term reaction which can happen months after telling this story.

"Poppa tell us your cat story again, please"

Grandfather Stories – Editors Footnote: I think Tiger Tim has come up with a great idea to start collecting the tall tales and true that you often hear in our shed. When the singing group was running at full strength, often someone would say: "Before we start I need to tell you what happened when....." ! This would spark more stories mostly true with a few leg pulls in the mix, we would often get to the end of our session without singing a song. We have got some great yarn spinners in the shed and it would be great to get some of their yarns into print.

“Lest we Forget”

This untitled poem was sent to me by Bevan Guttormsen, reminding us that as we are all enjoying our Christmas break we should say a prayer for our service men and women who may be removed from their families at this time.

+++++

This poem was written by a Peacekeeping soldier stationed overseas. The following is his request. I think it is reasonable PLEASE. Would you do me the kind favour of sending this to as many people as you can? Christmas will be coming soon and some credit is due to all of the service men and women for our being able to celebrate these festivities. Let's try in this small way to pay a tiny bit of what we owe. Make people stop and think of our heroes, living and dead, who sacrificed themselves for us. Please, do your small part to plant this small seed.

1	2	3
<p>T'was the night before Christmas, he lived all alone, in a one bedroom house, made of plaster and stone.</p> <p>I had come down the chimney, with presents to give, and to see just who, in this home, did live.</p> <p>I looked all about, a strange sight I did see, no tinsel, no presents, not even a tree.</p> <p>No stocking by mantle, just boots filled with sand, on the wall hung pictures, of far distant lands.</p> <p>With medals and badges, awards of all kinds, a sober thought, came through my mind.</p> <p>For this house was different, it was dark and dreary, I found the home of a soldier, once i could see clearly.</p> <p>The soldier lay sleeping, silent, alone, curled up on the floor, in this one bedroom home.</p>	<p>The face was so gentle, the room in disorder, not how I pictured, a true British soldier.</p> <p>Was this the hero, of whom I'd just read? Curled up on a poncho, the floor for a bed?</p> <p>I realised the families, that I saw this night, owed their lives to these soldiers, who were willing to fight.</p> <p>Soon round the world, the children would play, and grownups would celebrate, a bright Christmas Day.</p> <p>They all enjoyed freedom, each month of the year, because of the soldiers, like the one lying here.</p> <p>I couldn't help wonder, how many lay alone, on a cold Christmas Eve, in a land far from home.</p> <p>The very thought brought, a tear to my eye, I dropped to my knees, and started to cry</p>	<p>The soldier awakened, and I heard a rough voice, <i>"Santa don't cry, this life is my choice;</i></p> <p><i>I fight for freedom, I don't ask for more, my life is my god, my country, my corps.."</i></p> <p>The soldier rolled over, and drifted to sleep, I couldn't control it, I continued to weep.</p> <p>I kept watch for hours, so silent and still, and we both shivered, from the cold night's chill.</p> <p>I did not want to leave, on that cold, dark, night, this guardian of honour, so willing to fight.</p> <p>Then the soldier rolled over, with a voice soft and pure, whispered, <i>"Carry on Santa, it's Christmas Day, all is secure."</i></p> <p>One look at my watch, and I knew he was right. <i>"Merry Christmas my friend, and to all a good night."</i></p>

Peter's Travel Tips (article provided by Peter Finch)

Peter's Travel Trips - Self-Drive

My next travel style is **self-drive touring**, again very popular, especially in New Zealand, UK and to some degree in Nth America. There are some legal issues, you obviously need a driving licence, and in many countries you will also need an International driving licence, this you can get at a motoring organisation, in Queensland that is the RACQ.

If your driving licence is for **automatic cars only** you will have no trouble in USA or Canada, but in Europe they will cost more to hire and automatic cars are not as easily obtainable as manual cars. Remember in most country's you will be driving on the wrong side of the road, and as driver you do not get to see much of the scenery. When you pick up your hire car there are always extra costs they want to add in, some are very important and you will probably need some of these extras.

You have freedom to go as and when you want, but if you are on say a 3 week holiday you can spend a lot of time deciding on where to go, and on getting accommodation each night. If you pre book hotels then you lose the freedom.

Costs are about the same as coach touring, but it is hard to budget, as you are paying as you go. Petrol can be double the cost that it's here, and hotels charge more to those who just turn up as against those who prebook. Entrance fees meals etc will all be pay as you go.

If you search on the web for the cost of entrance to an attraction it may say £20.00 this is about \$35.00 plus bank fees if a card is used. Again if you pre book these here you are then losing your freedom.

This means carrying a lot of cash, risky, or using some type of credit card, allow for bank fees. You are also subject to changing exchange rates, it may go your way, but also may not.

I have driven in USA, Canada, UK, and Europe, but in Europe it was long ago. I would not drive there now. European cities are crowded, the cost of parking your car can be as from \$20 per night, if you leave luggage in your car overnight and it is stolen your insurance company may not cover this loss.

I use a car for parts of a holiday and always in New Zealand & UK. I also find SAT NAV is almost mandatory, even in the UK where I know my way around, I find it great to let me know what lane to be in, unlike here you can't just change lanes at the last moment. It also helps within a town or city.

Again planning is essential, and a travel agent can assist where a web site cant. And last if your car breaks down you are stuck until it is repaired or replaced by the hire company.

But **self-drive** can be great fun and you can get to see out of the way villages, like the Scouts be prepared.

Happy travelling!!



Beer Drinker Quotes

"Without question, the greatest invention in the history of mankind is beer. Oh, I grant you that the wheel was also a fine invention, but the wheel does not go nearly as well with pizza".

Dave Barry

Grey Nomads - Glamping , Ballina Trip report by Peter Carter

Our new Caravan Club had its first outing in very miserable weather at Discovery Park, Ballina from Mon 16th to Fri 20th October 2017. It was the first real rain event in the last 3 months and it had to be on our inaugural trip. On the way south some of us stopped at Sleepy Hollow Rest area for morning tea.

In spite of the weather, our group of 6 shedders and their wives spent 4 days getting to know each other. There was Alan Peiniger and Lynn, Rob Tritchler and Ruth, Bevan Guttormsen and Margaret, Klaus Binder and Sylvia, Bruce Murray and Jan and Peter Carter and Barbara.



The "Happy Glampers Crew" - once the weather had cleared.

The 3 caravanners set up in the rain which was fun. Our first happy hour was held in Bruce's cabin where we all got together to plan the next 3 days and have a few drinks and nibbles. The weather was so bad that after happy hour we went our own way with the promise to meet for smoko at 10 in Bevan's Annex the following morning prior to going to the **Maritime Museum** in Ballina. www.ballinamaritimemuseum.org.au/index.html

The museum was a real eye opener with lot of models of various navel and maritime ships and plenty of memorabilia to browse over. One of the La Balsa expedition rafts was on display and you would wonder how the crafts ever made it over 4,000 miles from Ecuador to Mooloolaba.

Off for a spot of seafood at the fisherman's co-op for lunch and then a relaxing afternoon. The weather had not improved much so we didn't do too much in the afternoon. Some of us had a nanna nap to be ready for happy hour at Bevan's again followed by a BBQ at the camp kitchen, all in all a very pleasant evening. The camp kitchen was beautifully appointed with plenty of room. We decided to have our seafood night there the following night.



Grey Nomads - Glamping , Ballina Trip continued

The next day the Sheddners all went to the Ballina Men's Shed, a very enlightening visit, with about a dozen members and a couple of newcomers there. Their shed seem to be more of a commercial venture doing jobs and charging about \$20/hr labour plus materials. They also make lots of toys and stuff to sell at markets similar to us.

The ladies went their own way and went to do some retail therapy. The weather was improving slightly but still very overcast and windy. We went to the local bowls club for lunch after purchasing our seafood supplies for the evening ahead. The food at the Cherry Street club was superb and plentiful.



They provide employment and training opportunities for people with a disability which include office administration, avocado and macadamia nut farming, macadamia dehusking, tropical fruit and vegie packing which they do for more than 200 farmers. They also do garden maintenance, restaurant and hospitality services, garden nursery, retail and tourism services. We all had a great time on a farm tractor tour of the farm and peeked into their men's shed, which was not open at the time.

www.summerlandhousefarm.com.au/about/

We lost Klaus and Sylvia that day as they had to get back to Brisbane. We stopped at the Fisherman's Co-op for fresh supplies, before heading back to the caravan park for a rest.

Our final happy hour was held at the camp kitchen followed by a BBQ to use up all the leftover food, then an early night in preparation for our departure in the morning.

We all got away at about 9.00am and headed north. Some stopped at Sleepy Hollow rest area for a cuppa on the way home. Alan said he would go via the coast road to see what there was to look at and maybe check out Pottsville South Caravan Park with the thought of having our next trip there.

Our seafood night was a roaring success with most of us having fresh prawns. Some had fresh fish caught off the local trawlers.

Thursday saw us off to the **Summerland House Farm** to enjoy a morning at a working farm run in conjunction with the House with No Steps, an organisation that helps disabled people. Most of the workers there are disabled with a lot of Down syndrome, ADHD and Autistic people employed.



Trains, Boats, Planes & Trams (article supplied by Bob Ikin)

Continuing with my article on Brisbane trams and extracts from Samuel Brimson's book "The Tramways of Australia."

Despite all this expansion the MT & IC's (Metropolitan Tramway and Investment Company Limited) tramway operations were never a roaring success, being only marginally profitable at the best of times. The council was making noises that suggested the company should be looking at electrification of the tram services, but the overhead wire system was horrendously expensive for a company in financial trouble. The MT & IC proposed that the battery accumulator system invented by Julien of Belgium be introduced, but fortunately the proposal was never taken up as the Julien cars proved less than reliable in the few places they were installed. Any further moves to electrify were put into abeyance by the crash of 1890, when years of feverish land speculation all but brought the country to its knees.

The entire tramway operations in Brisbane were looking decidedly unstable during those years. The company's financial problems, exacerbated by the crash, had caused the directors to look closely at closing down the network altogether, an idea both the government and the council found unpalatable as the people of Brisbane had taken to the trams in large numbers - over a million people per year had been carried since inception.

On 20 November 1890 the government passed an amendment to the Tramways Act to allow the MT & IC to sell the tramways, but another five years passed before advantage could be taken of this legislation. Eventually, after a number of proposals failed, a group of London based investors formed the **Brisbane Tramways Company Limited** to take over the assets of the **Metropolitan Tramway & Investment Company**. As part of the takeover of the trams it was the intention of this group of entrepreneurs to obtain the right to sell electricity to residences and businesses along the routes they were to electrify.

In 1895 the new company took control and almost immediately let a contract for the electrification of the existing system. At the same time development of a programme of expansion which would take the lines into a number of new areas was begun. The original track work was also to be upgraded to take the heavier electric tramcars.

Trams in Stanley Street, Woolloongabba 1900 (John Oxley Library Negative Number 16354)



Stephan Family History - provided by Noel Hohenhaus, the story so far

Freidrick & Anna Stephan's (Noel's great grandparents), family of seven emigrated from Germany in 1877 and settle in the Fassifern Valley. Carl Stephan the 17 year old son of Freidrick soon left home and started farming in an area called Templin. Carl marries Johanna in 1880 and together they raised a family of 12 sons & 10 daughters, their 16th child born in 1901 was Emma (Noel's mum). The Stephan farm had to be self-sufficient as it was a two day return journey to Ipswich in the dray to trade farm produce to get supplies that could not be grown on the farm.

The Stephan children's schooling and the elder siblings leaving home to marry.

In the early days at Templin, the older Stephan children had to walk some miles through the scrub to a German school at Dugandan, just outside of Boonah. Otto, Emma's brother, recalls how some of the school's children used to arrive at school with cuts and blood on their unshod feet because of stones and branches, he recalls how lucky their family was, being able to wear shoes.

Carl Stephan donated 600 pounds towards the cost of erecting a school at Templin so his children no longer needed to walk to the Dugandan. The younger children then attended the Templin School, which Emma (Noel's mum) says were enjoyable days. Mr W. Ewing was headmaster from 1892-1921, assisted by his daughter Myra. Mrs Ewing taught sewing once a week. I guess this is why Emma became such a good seamstress. The school still stands, and is now part of the Templin Historical Village on the same site.

When the children grew into adults and left home, the young men purchased farms for themselves and the young women found husbands for themselves, mostly farmers. As the girls married, they were given dowries of 200 pounds each, which was a fair bit of money in those days. The young men received the pick of 10-12 cows from the herd and 2 draft horses. The men who chose farming were all successful in their ventures. Some of the brides dispersed to other parts of the state with their husbands and so the family began to break up.

Eventually news reached England of Carl and Johanna's family's feats, and the family was received by Queen Mary, who awarded Johanna a special medal with a letter of commendation for her outstanding service to the community about her.

Here are a few words from Emma as she was once interviewed by a newspaper reporter. Emma was quick to assert that in her view there were no hardships associated with being part of a big family.

"People seem to think it must have been a great burden to our parents, but we children all had our own work, and as we grew older we helped with the gardening, milking the cows to supply cream to Boonah Butter Factory, and with the housework in our home. So it was a good life, we never went short of anything and we were always well dressed. Looking back, I put our good fortune down to the firm but loving discipline in the house and to the fact that my parents were good organisers."

In 1923 death claimed the sturdy pioneer Carl Stephan, aged 63 years, whose life had been profitably spent on his farm at Templin. Three years later his wife Johanna passed away, Carl and Johanna are buried side by side in the Dugandan Cemetery close to Boonah and Templin. The great grandparents Freidrick Wilhelm Stephan is buried in the Toowong cemetery Brisbane and his wife Anna Karoline is buried in the Milbong Lutheran cemetery near Roadvale.

In the next edition of Nuts & Bolts we learn how many descendants came from the Stephan family.

Quote of the Month

"When I was younger I could remember anything, whether it happened or not." Mark Twain

Health & Welfare Corner

Healthy Ageing

The key to healthy ageing, whether you're male or female, is not only adopting behaviours that keep us physically well, but also to nurture our mental and social well-being.

In later life, we start to face a wide range of medical conditions from mild complaints to devastating illnesses. Thankfully, there are new medications and surgical techniques developed each year that allow us to better care for our conditions and lead an enjoyable life.

Understanding the impact that a balanced diet and physical activity can have to your health is also very important. A nutritious diet and at least thirty minutes of exercise a day can contribute to a higher quality of life through improved bone and muscle strength, increased mental alertness and improved resistance to illness and disease.

Maintaining a healthy mind is also just as important as a maintaining a healthy body. Many older Australians each year are affected by depression, anxiety or related disorders due to the loss of a loved one, a change in living arrangements or social isolation. **This is an extract from the National seniors Website.**

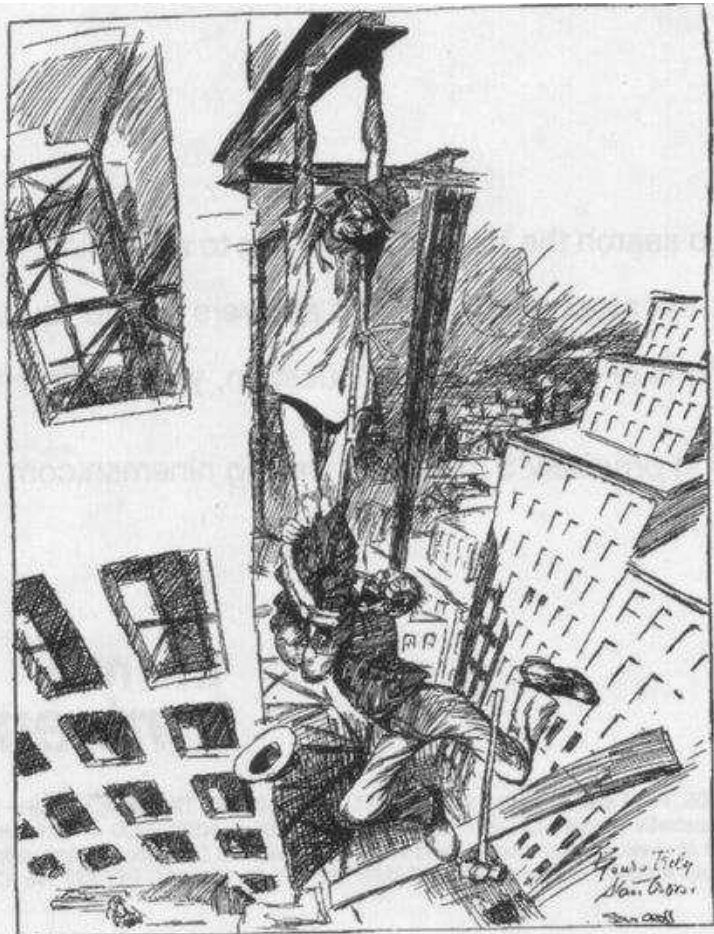
The link below gives diet & exercises tips.

nationalseniors.com.au/healthy_ageing

The link below has links to most government senior sites

nationalseniors.com.au/be-informed/quick-links-seniors

Puzzles Jokes & Trivia



For gorsake, stop laughing, this is serious!

BBQ & Beer Cooler...!!!!

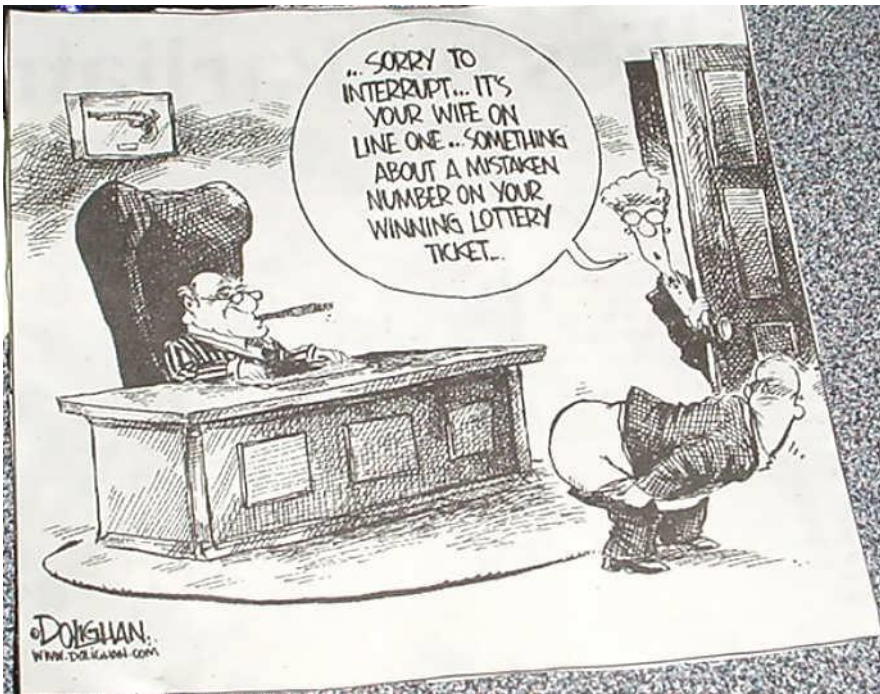
Australian engineering at its best



When you are finished cooking and the ice has melted, just pull the handle & the fire goes out.

Is this a great country, or what?!!

Puzzles. iokes & trivia



Okay, Ralph let me 'splain it you again. You're big, I'm little; BUT!!! you're dog, I'm cat that makes me the boss. Got it ??

I'M NOT OLD

I woke up,
 I lifted my arms,
 I moved my knees,
 I turned my neck....
 Everything made the same noise:
 'CrrrrrrrrrrrrraaaaaaaacccccK!'



....I came to a conclusion:
 I am not old,
 I am crispy!

