

NUTS & BOLTS



'Every man needs a shed'

Vol 6 | Issue 3 | August 2022



In This Edition

- Page 2** Bunnings BBQ's Memorial Service Norm Pledger
- Page 3** Glass Group's - Gin Bottle Planters
Bunnings Ekka Stall
Probus Club Bus Trip to Straddie
- Page 4** Shed's 2022 Ekka Entries Winners
- Page 5** Brisbane Kite Festival
- Page 6** AGM
- Page 7** Corrugated Shedders Concert
- Page 8** Photos of the Month
- Page 9** Recollections of Fred – Darryl Timms
- Page 10** Talent in the Old Boys – Freddie Butler
- Page 11** Great Moments in Science
- Page 12** Puzzles, Jokes & Trivia

Message from the Editor

Editor: Ray Peddersen

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Plenty to enjoy in this issue of Nuts Bolts after two years of restrictions and cancellation of events the covid fog has finally lifted and shed members have been able to take their grand-kids to the Brisbane Ekka to enjoy a dagwood-dog and strawberry sundae and checkout the shed's prize winning entries in Crafts Hall.

Finally after a few false starts, the Brisbane Kite Festival got off the ground and was great opportunity for the shed to show the local community what we have to offer and proved to be a sales bonanza for our shed.

I have been editing Nuts & Bolts for five years and as Roger and Ray step down I would like to acknowledge the tremendous support they have provided to me and our shed. Great job guys.

"All generalizations are false, including this one." Mark Twain



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Carina Men's Shed valued supporters include:



Member's News

Guest Speaker from BCC on Recycling Monday 27 June 2022

Amber Coates, from the BCC Recycling and Waste Recovery Unit, gave a very informative presentation on what can go in our recycling bins and how and where to dispose of dangerous or toxic items. Recyclable items and books, toys clothing and white goods can be dropped off for free at Chandler to go to Tip Shops at Geebung and Acacia Ridge.

Bunnings BBQ Friday 08 July 2022

Thanks to the efforts of: John Rossberg, Freddie Butler, Ron Webb, Ian McCue and Bill Page on the morning shift and Roger Appleby, Peter Kucks, Rob Cousins, Paul Gardiner and David Douglas on the afternoon shift, about \$750 was raised for our shed.

Bunnings BBQ Friday 12 August 2022

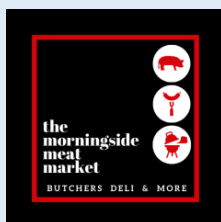
Thanks to the efforts of: Bill Page, David Bastian, Ian McCue and Bob Head on the morning shift and David Clarkson, Peter Kucks, Mick Lyons and Gordon Bowler on the afternoon shift, about \$800 was raised for our shed.

Vale Norm Pledger 1926 -2022 Friday 08 July 2022

Our shed members formed a guard of honour after the morning service at St Oliver Plunkett Church, Cannon Hill, to farewell Norm Pledger a much loved elder statesman of our shed.



Carina Men's Shed valued supporters include:



Member's News

Glass Group - Hits the Gin Bottles

The glass groups latest clever idea for recycling empty gin bottles.



Bunnings Store Ekka Holiday Stall Wednesday 10 August 2022

John Rossberg, Tom Kenny and Tony Paterson setup a stall at Bunnings with shed items from the wood, leather and glass groups and cleared \$250 for couple of hours work.



Probus Club Trip to Stradbroke Island Thursday 18 August 2022

Shed members David Clarkson, Kevin Searle and John and Brenda Abbott were on board for the Carindale Probus Bus trip to Stradbroke Island. The bus left Belmont Bowls Club at 8:00 am and had full day of sightseeing and refreshments, returning just after 5:00 pm.



Prize winning Shed Entries on Display at the Ekka

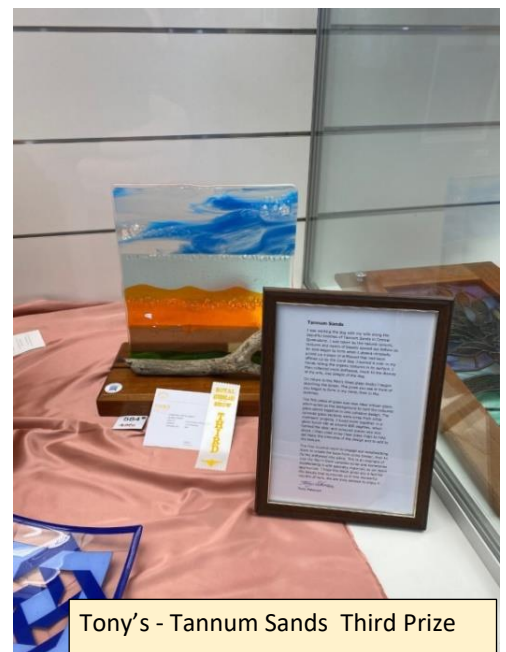


Shed Ekka Entries winning Results

Six members of the shed submitted a total of eight entries to the Hand Crafts Class at this year's Ekka, with an amazing six awards given.

- Tony Paterson** Light Box- Best Exhibit Glass Craft
 Light Box- First prize in Fused Glass & Slumping Class
 Tannum Sands - Third prize in Fused Glass & Slumping Class
- Rex Gelfius** Dolls House - First Prize in Wood Work any Article Class
- David Sim** Ladies Handbag - First Prize in Any Leather Article Class
- Peter Kucks** Leather Belt - Commended in Any Leather Article Class

All members that submitted entries to the Ekka acknowledge the help and advice they received from other shed members to complete and submit their entries.



Tony's - Tannum Sands Third Prize

Member's News

Brisbane Kite Festival Sunday 21 August 2022

Thanks to efforts of Eddie Haselich, Ken Casey, Rex Gelfius, Tom Kenney, Ken Casey, Ken Gillard, Peter Kucks, Mike Arthur, Graham Findley, Graham Ward, Freddie Butler, John Kirkwood, John Rossberg, Norm Gray, Tony Patterson, Roger Appleby and Paul Gardiner, who set up and manned the CMS Stall at Murarrie Reserve, we had our best sales result for the year \$2197 (Eftpos \$1700) and we completely sold out of wooden aeroplanes.



Member's News

AGM Belmont Bowls Club Wednesday 24 August 2022

Paul Gardiner thanked all members of the shed for, complying with the rigorous covid requirements over the last two years, which has allowed us to keep our shed open as a safe work space and meeting place. The downturn in returns from BBQs and community stalls has been partly covered by a significant rise in new shed memberships, increasing revenue from annual and daily attendance fees. Grant monies have provided a new leather sewing machine, new TV, bandsaw and upgrade of the office computer system. Paul thanked and welcomed Stephen Look and Norm Gray for taking on the roles of Secretary and Workshop Supervisor and commended both Roger Appleby and Ray Carter for their 5 years of dedicated service to our shed.

<i>Candidate's Name</i>	<i>Position on Management Committee</i>
Paul Gardiner	President
John Rossberg	Vice President
David Sim	Vice President
Adrian McDonnell	Treasurer
Stephen Look	Secretary
Norm Gray	Workshop Supervisor
Ian McCue	Safety Advisor
David Douglas	Committee Member
Matt Keally	Committee Member



Many thanks Roger & Ray for your 5yrs of dedicated service.



The New Guard, Norm Gray and Stephen Look



Corrugated Shedders Concert - Wednesday 7 September 2022

The last time the Corrugated Shedders had performed for our shed was the 2020 Australia Day Lunch. The band led by George Wilson with 8 members on guitar and the band's latest member on the drums, performed about 16 songs mainly from the 50's thru the 70's to an enthusiastic audience of 60 shed members and partners. The performance in the basketball courts was followed by a scrumptious lunch and refreshments back at the Rec room.



July Photo of the Month –Theme Monument/Memorial

Ray Peddersen's photo was taken close to the Loch Ard Gorge Memorial Lookout, Port Campbell, Vic.



August Photo of the Month –1800's Architecture

Photo taken by Darryl Timms of the Wynnum Shire Clerk's Cottage, built in late 1880's



“Fred“
(Recollections of a True Event submitted by Darryl Timms)

It was the early nineteen seventies. Fred and his family lived in a poorly maintained house close to the highway, or the main street through a small country town. Early every morning Fred would be found sitting on his front steps. Local residents requiring a casual worker for the day would go to Fred's house and he would gladly accept their offer of work. Fred and his wife had three school-aged boys. As a family they had very few possessions and a limited income, the local community provided support by giving them their surplus clothing, furniture and groceries. Fred's wife was not as placid and agreeable as Fred. Raging arguments at Fred's house were a regular occurrence, very noisy, anytime day or night, and sometimes with the use of missiles.

I was teaching at the only school in the area, a high top, offering primary education and secondary education up to grade ten. On school days Fred's children were often seen wandering aimlessly in the town. There was an expectation, an accepted community responsibility for anyone who saw them to take them to school, no resistance or coercion required, they would happily go with anyone to the school gate. Fred's wife would visit the school occasionally. She would stand in the school's grounds and deliver a tirade of verbal abuse towards the principal's office, usually about one of her children, a school activity, or a particular teacher. Her visits were short and boisterous, a disturbance that teaching staff and students alike had learnt to ignore and tolerate. It was also well known in town; Fred's wife didn't have any hair. When she was over excited, she would remove her wig and dramatically wave it about. Fred, when provoked or feeling mischievous, would snatch his wife's wig and she would chase him to get it back, sometimes up and down the street.

Very late one hot summer's night, I had just returned to my lodgings when I heard a semi-trailer entering the town, nothing unusual, they passed through the town regularly day and night. Trucks from the north had to apply their brakes as they entered the town, a downward slope past the school leading into a sharp curve around the pub. This time it was different, a noisy application of air brakes punctuated with the sound of wheels skipping out of control, a loud thud, flames lighting up the night sky, followed by a voice desperately calling HELP!! I ran towards the flames to see what could be done. I was confronted with a semi-trailer firmly imbedded in the public bar of the pub. The driver's door was open but the driver was nowhere to be seen. Both the prime mover and the pub were on fire and threatening to spread. The publican's wife was there in her nightwear bravely fighting the flames with a garden hose. Fred was sitting on a fence across the road, calmly smoking a cigarette and watching the publican's wife. Other residents arrived and we immediately shared a concern for the missing driver until it was established, he was at the post office. Both the postmaster and the postmaster's wife had first aid skills. One of them would have been awake or available because they managed the town's 24-hour telephone switchboard. Our attention returned to the pub, which was being consumed by fire despite the use of a garden hose.

Sludge, the town's only motor mechanic arrived with a Land Cruiser stocked with firefighting equipment and he was soon ready to insert a standpipe into the fire hydrant and roll out the fire hose. Sludge knew the hydrant was opposite the pub in front of the Community Hall that was used for Church Services on Sundays. But the hydrant was nowhere to be seen; grass had obviously grown over it. We all dropped to our knees in front of the hall and started to probe the ground. Sludge dashed away to fetch his hand drawn sketch positioning the hydrant. (*Imagine a news photograph with the caption: "Truck rams hotel, residents on their knees while hotel burns"*) Sludge returned with measurements from three reference points, a corner fence post, a telegraph pole and a tree, the hydrant was found, the standpipe and fire hose were connected and a powerful voluminous gush of water extinguished the fire in seconds. The pub was damaged but safe.

Focus shifted to the semi-trailer with its prime mover stuck fast in the public bar and its trailer skewed across the highway. Several suggestions were being discussed when a semi-trailer was heard entering the town from the south. The driver of the semi stopped, as semi drivers always did when the need for assistance was obvious. After a quick assessment of the situation, he had a plan. With the residents help he used chains to link his prime mover to the fire-damaged semi-trailer and hauled it out of the public bar. After some impressive manoeuvring the fire damaged semi was relocated to a safe place further down the highway. The relieved residents expressed their gratitude and the semi driver departed to continue his journey north. It was time for everyone to go back to bed.

The next day I woke to find my host family enjoying a late breakfast and keen to pass on the latest theory circulating around the town. During the night Fred and his wife were heard arguing, more aggressively than normal. Could it be; an astonished, road weary semi-trailer driver witnessed a man in his pyjamas holding a fistful of hair, running down the main street, while being pursued by a bald-headed woman in a nightdress. Understandably the driver would take evasive action to avoid an injury or a fatality. In support of this theory Fred was there, calmly sitting on fence, and he was being credited with rescuing the driver and taking him to the Post Office. Sadly, the theory was never tested, the rescued driver hitched a lift out of town before dawn, understandably perhaps.

Life in a Queensland country town, Hey!

“There’s Life and Talent in the Old Boys” submitted by Freddie Butler



Within the limited firmament that is the Men's Shed Organization, there fortunately exists an exemplary group of members of special talent. Foremost among them are members of The Men's Shed Carina. Members of this group select, shape, and use primary and secondary material, and undertake projects to derive an income for the benefit of their Shed. Their equipment is specialist but sometimes minimal, however the application of their time and artistic talent creates products for sale, thereby allowing them to make an acceptable contribution to the Shed's income. A cheerful, more industrious group of grandfathers would be hard to find.

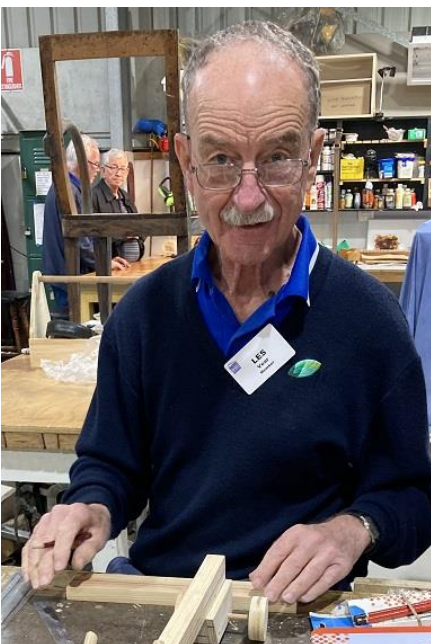
These 'crafty' paragons of virtue are the artisans at large in our Shed. Noticeable and numerous are the Woodworkers, there are countable numbers of Glass workers, and just countable are a few Leather workers. It is thought that there are some members who manipulate metal. These stalwart Shed supporters obtain a variety of materials, and it is wise not to enquire too deeply regarding the source of such materials.

Having obtained Glass, Leather, or Wood the aforementioned artistes go about their businesses with cheerful intent, and eventually some items acquire the desired shape or effect. Hopefully such items will have a commercial value. Tools and workpieces are not usually thrown about the workroom, but many loud and robust expressions of frustration may be heard above the noise of machinery. Such language is surprising, for our shed is known for its calm polite demeanour, genteel behaviour, and frequently, aesthetic qualities. Naturally, mentioning aesthetic qualities, the photographers, painters and card players are worthy of a mention. Indeed, whatever it is that they do to pass time it is recommended not to disturb their concentration, as they have a delicate demeanours and sensitive feelings.

These various activities provide a sturdy platform for companionship, the exchange of ideas and abilities, and support in everyday vicissitudes. These paragons of virtue and ability are men to be trusted with information that gives succour when some days are not amenable to cheerful banter, or the daily ills and chills seem too much. Indeed, should there be a need, members can retire to the recreation room for tea, coffee, and occasional sandwiches to chat about events of interest. There is usually a sympathetic ear, sometimes raucous ribaldry but always a ready offer of help.

We also have artisan members who, following a morning of technical activity, will hurl themselves about the gymnasium with reckless abandonment, others will disport themselves in the aqua exercise pool. An earnest attempt to retain their young, handsome, and virile appearance as in (recent?) days of yore.

The Old Boys of the Shed remain young at heart, although sometimes the jokes heard require thought to reach the "punch line". It can be hard work to maintain the image of a favourite grandfather A day in the Shed is a day that benefits just about everybody in attendance. Plus, the Treasurer receives everybody's daily attendance fee. What is there not to like?



Great Moments in Science with Dr. Karl Kruszelnicki

Power Steering Kills Steering

G'day, Dr Karl here. You learn a lot from people who fix and repair things. I came across a good example from mechanics dealing with 4-wheel drives - otherwise known as sports utility vehicles (SUVs). You need a bit of background, so let's get right into the mechanical stuff. First, the steering wheel is connected to the front wheels by a mechanism. It lets you turn the front wheels to the full left, or to the full right, or anywhere in between. In this steering mechanism, various rods of steel move relative to each other - and where they join to each other, they usually connected by something called a 'bushing' - or, in mechanic-speak, a 'bush'. This bush should allow some sort of rotation movement, or sliding movement, and should be tough enough that it will survive at least 100,000 km under normal conditions.

Now, here's the really weird thing. The mechanics in the workshops are getting these big strong 4WDs (or SUVs) with the bushing in the steering mechanism totally worn out - but at only 50,000 km. That's just half the distance you would expect - or double the wear and tear! And here's the extra weird thing - these big boofy 4WDs have never been off road, or left the bitumen, not for even a single kilometre. So, what is causing the premature death of these innocent steering-mechanism bushes? The answer is really surprising. It's not how they are being driven - it's how they are being parked. Yep, simply turning the wheels left or right while keeping the car perfectly stationary, so you can park the car - that is the problem. Let me explain.

Back in the old days, most cars did not have power steering. Back then, most cars were not very heavy, and the tyres were pretty skinny. Once you were travelling at anything faster than a walking pace it was easy to turn the steering wheel to the left or right. If the car was totally stopped, it was significantly harder to turn the steering wheel - you had to apply a lot more effort, but you could do it. But as soon as you moved up to SUVs weighing more than two tonnes, and tyres almost 300 mm (or a foot) wide, the effort to turn the steering wheel went up enormously. If you weren't fairly strong, you literally could not turn the steering wheel unless the tyres were rolling forward or backward.

Enter power steering. Power steering is a mechanism, slotted in between the steering wheel and the front wheels, and which adds a lot more power to the effort put in by the driver. One of the very first power steering mechanisms built back in 1903 used a separate electric motor to help the driver turn the front wheels. And yes, it was on a big heavy five-tonne truck. Over the next few decades, engineers came up with various designs. But power steering only really took off during the Second World War, where it was used on heavy trucks, armoured cars and tank-recovery vehicles. Power steering started appearing on American upmarket domestic cars in the early 1950s.

And it was only towards the end of the 20th century that power steering started appearing on virtually all domestic vehicles - not just the heavy ones, or the family sedans - it was even on little baby mini cars. The result is that we now have a generation of car drivers who've always enjoyed power steering. They have never known how hard it is to turn the wheel of the car when it is stationary, and without the help of the power steering.

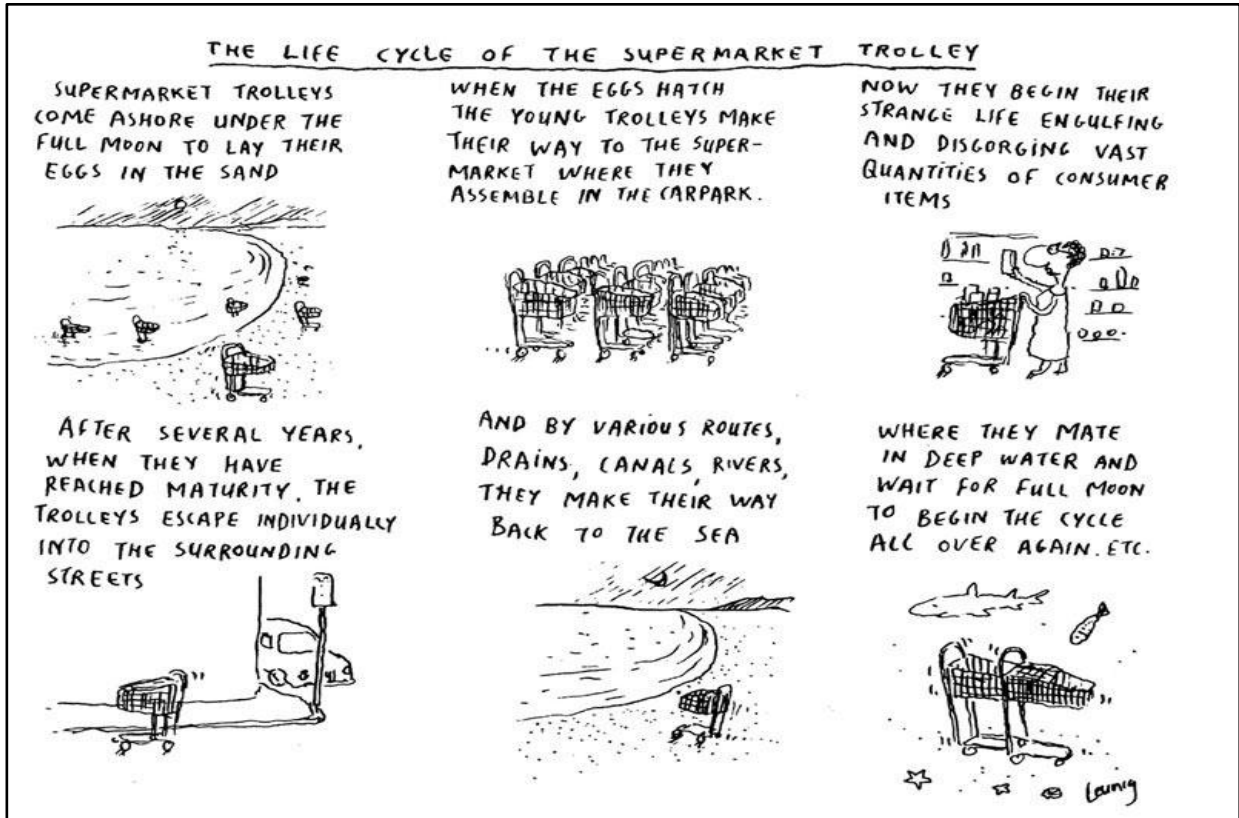
So, say you're driving in the city with a 4WD with very wide tires and you see a parking spot. It looks a little tight, but no worries. Using the reversing camera, you can back in until you're just a few centimetres away from the car behind. The nose of your SUV is still poking out into the street. So your next job is to turn the front wheels all the way towards the curb or the gutter. You do this a few times, and deliberately make sure not to roll the car forward even a tiny bit while turning the steering wheel - because this would mean you have to back-and-fill a few more times. Without the power steering, it would be virtually impossible to turn the steering wheel so far while stationary - but the power steering makes it ridiculously easy to turn the steering wheel. And you, the driver, has no idea of how hard the power steering is working. This action puts absolutely enormous loads on the steering mechanism - and starts the process of destroying the bushes and other components in the front end. The mechanics call it "dry steering". It also removes rubber from the tyres.

After about half a dozen back-and-fills, and half a dozen episodes of dry steering, you are successfully slotted into your tiny parking spot - unfortunately, you have started the process of prematurely wearing out your front tires and steering and suspension components. Now that I have been enlightened by the car mechanics, I'll try to roll the car before turning the steering wheel to save my car's bushes.

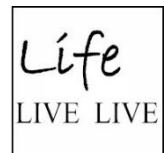
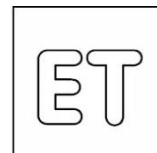
"It ain't what you steer, it's the way that you steer it"

<https://www.abc.net.au/radionational/programs/greatmomentsinscience/>

Puzzles, Jokes & Trivia



Can you work out the phrase, word or meaning represented by these visual puzzles?



Trivia Quiz

1. Winder, spiral and curved; are types of what?
2. In trading terms, how old must an object be to classify as an antique?
3. Do centipedes have an even or odd number of leg pairs?
4. Which African mammal has the best sense of smell in the animal kingdom?
5. What name is given to the opiates produced by the human brain?
6. Which two European countries have flags that are blue and white?

Quiz & puzzle solutions next page

Puzzles, Jokes & Trivia

Huge scientific breakthrough brings new hope to a terrified world of chaos, gloom and suffering.

HORSE SHOE



FOUR LEAF CLOVER



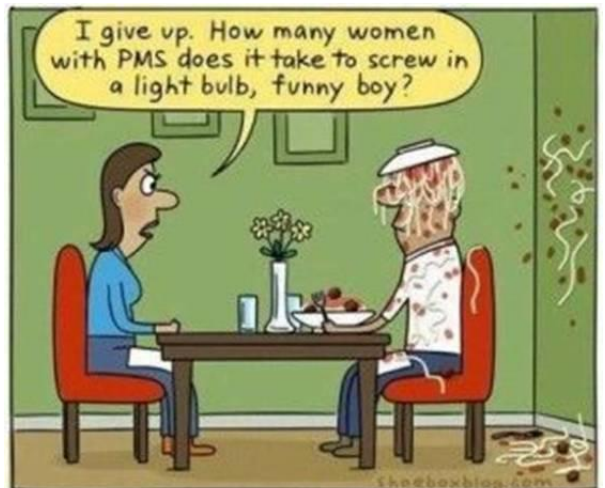
RABBIT'S FOOT



FOLLOW THE EXPERTS. STAY SAFE.
PROTECT YOURSELF FROM DISEASE, WARS AND POVERTY



A friend suggested putting horse manure on my strawberries... I'm never doing that again, I'm going back to whipped cream.



Trivia Quiz Answers

1. Staircases.
2. 100 years old.
3. Odd.
4. (African) Elephant.
5. Endorphins.
6. Finland and Greece.

Visual Puzzles solutions

Blanket
One Life to Live