



# MALENY MEN'S SHED Inc NEWSLETTER



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Newsletter # 32 – November 2019

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## FROM THE PRESIDENT: KEVIN TREVARTHEN



I'm sure everyone will be very pleased to see the initial earthworks completed for the Army Shed, with the pad now levelled. We even enjoyed some long-awaited rain over the weekend to help settle it in. Everything is on track for the shed to go up early in 2020. Thanks particularly to Ian Pollard for exercising his architectural skills to set up the levels and positioning, as well as a myriad of other prep activities. He originally said that he'd only "Put his toe in the water" with the Army Shed, but clearly he couldn't help himself and has stuck his whole leg in!

At the last committee meeting we proposed to increase the visibility of the committee's deliberations. We know that most members don't want us to hold tedious meetings on Tuesday mornings – most of you want to get on with the interesting stuff that you're really there for. But the committee is there for your benefit, and to that end we will be sending Minutes of each future committee meeting to all members. If you are not interested, just delete them. If you *really* don't want to receive them just let us know and we'll delete you from the relevant mailing list.

Furthermore, all members are invited to attend committee meetings as observers. These meetings are usually held at 9am on the third Wednesday of the month, at the Historical Society precinct. Again, we will be sending notification of the meetings to your email. And it's important that if you have a suggestion or complaint, don't hesitate to bring it up to any of the committee, we can't keep everyone happy all of the time, but we'll take all input seriously.

### FREE STREAMING SERVICE

For all those who have embraced the streaming services such as Netflix, Stan, Amazon Prime (or maybe for those who want to give them a try), did you know that Sunshine Coast Libraries have a free subscription service for Kanopy? It's an on-demand streaming video platform for public libraries and universities that offers a range of films, documentaries and even educational videos. You can stream up to 10 movies/docos per month, and their selection is pretty good. You'll need a SCC library card, and can log in via your browser, smart TV or download the app for tablets.

Go to [www.kanopy.com](http://www.kanopy.com) for all the details. If you're interested but not IT literate, grab one of the slightly more knowledgeable guys to give you a hand.

Keep on shedding,

Kevin

**FROM THE COMPUTER CLASSES:**  
**DENNIS HENSBY**

**IMPROVING YOUR WI-FI RECEPTION AT HOME**

Like any radio transmission, your Wi-Fi performance is affected by a laundry list of factors. Many things conspire to cut down your signal and nearly all are additive, i.e. they *all* have a cumulative effect. Be aware that a Wi-Fi signal radiates in 3 dimensions out from the transmitter (usually your router), though the signal may be stronger in some directions than in others.



To start with, there are some standard things you should check. First, always try to locate your Wi-Fi router in the middle of the house so that the signal has the best chance of penetrating into the extremes of your house. Of course that ideal is often over-ridden by other factors, such as the location of your telephone connection, power points, home office or 'best room' location, etc. Secondly, lift the router up off the floor, say onto a small table – the signal will travel further. And don't place your cordless phone station right next to your router; the further away the better. Third, reboot your router occasionally, say monthly. Fourth, if your router supports it, switch from 2.4 Ghz to 5Ghz and/or try another channel; there are 11 (2.4Ghz) or 45 (5Ghz) channels to choose from.

Walls, metal pipes and electricity cables greatly affect the signal. The denser the wall the more the signal is attenuated (reduced). Things in cupboards, especially metal pots and pans, and even human bodies (they are dense - sorry) further reduce the signal. So if the kitchen is between you and your router don't expect a great signal. Likewise, don't sit with your back directly towards the router as your body may shield your device from the Wi-Fi signal.

There are a number of apps you can get for your mobile phone or tablet which will test your Wi-Fi signal strength in various locations – Google "wifi analyser apps" to find one. Walk around the house observing the results. Check the channel data to see if there is a better channel to use. Move the router a few feet or into another room and walk around re-testing. You may eventually find a better spot for your router.

The number of devices sharing your Wi-Fi signal affects performance considerably, but doesn't affect signal strength. Count them all – computers, tablets, mobile phones, smart TV, even the guy outside parked in the street stealing your Wi-Fi signal. Each device that is turned on, even if it is doing nothing, sucks part of the signal for itself such that 2 devices take 50% each, 3 devices take 33% each, 4 devices take 25% each ... you get the picture. This aspect should only affect speed of response, but depending on what each device is doing you may or may not notice it that much. The answer – turn off all unused Wi-Fi devices, or at least turn off the Wi-Fi on the device.

There are a couple of technologies that aim to get you a better signal throughout the house. First up are Wi-Fi extenders. See [Top 10 Wi-Fi Boosters](#). You plug these small devices into a power point where you can still get some reliable signal and they re-broadcast a boosted signal further into the house. They are fairly simple to set up and use.

A more expensive way to go is to implement a "mesh network", which may work better for you in some circumstances. See this [comparison](#). Mesh networks for the home are relatively new on the market, but I have no experience of them so shouldn't comment further.

Your Wi-Fi signal will reach hundreds of metres outside your house so always make sure you are using the best security (currently WPA2) for your Wi-Fi setup on your router. That might prevent someone nearby using your data account for free while you pay for it.

Dennis

Suggestions for topics to be covered in future are always welcome.  
Email [dennishensby@bigpond.com](mailto:dennishensby@bigpond.com)

## FROM THE WOODIES: WARNE WILSON

The lathes have been busy this month with Leon Rossellini turning dolls for the Maleny Wood Expo next year, Paul Large turning chisel handles, Wayne Schultz teaching Ron Judd how to turn a lidded box, and John Taylor making replacement chair legs. Harry Malcher has used the scroll saw to make butterflies, plus dozens of little bandsawn cars for the children to decorate at the Wood Expo.

Don McCabe and Dennis Hensby have been learning new skills making an attractive red cedar document box in response to a request from a family member of one of the members. With measurements and a series of photos to follow, they have produced a stunning result just awaiting brass hinges and mortice lock for completion.

We had great news this month. In addition to the earthworks appearing for the army shed, see the president's message above, we have been advised that our grant application for a portable mill has been approved! With thanks to Peter Fitzgibbon for his hard work. This machine will enable us not only to convert logs to milled timber, but to tackle other work we could not have achieved before.

Alan Poustie, newly accredited on a number of machines, (with thanks to Shed Captain Bob Bettenay), tackled the job of renewing a memorial sign for the Historical Society. Alan cleaned and polished the old plastic plaque to make it readable again, then made new wooden components and assembled them. A professional job, Alan, well done!

Warne

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## FROM THE SMITHY: KEVIN HOWELL

A Riveting Tale, The Blacksmith's Daughter:

Thomas Becker, aged 6yrs, arrived in Moreton Bay with his family in 1857. The family travelled to Ipswich where Thomas went to school and learned the trade of blacksmithing from his father. In his early twenties he met and married Phoebe Short in 1873. The couple stayed on the Darling Downs for 30 years and in that time had 10 children; they lived in Hodgson, Yebula, and Roma. At that stage it was not known if he made the famous Beckett cowbell.



In 1903 the family moved to Fern Street, Wooloongabba where, from a blacksmith shop in his backyard, he started making his famous bell. He was assisted by his son Thomas Jr. and by his daughter, Ruth, who riveted the seams of the bells. She was very skilled and really put a finishing touch to the bells. They made the right sound and they were very much sought after.

Large families were the go in those days, (no TV), and Ruth was no exception.

She married one of her father's best customers and together they had 16 children. The hospital ward was named after her. And in all that time she kept riveting the bells.

That's all for now, Kevin

## FROM THE ENGINEERS: JOE EASTMURE

Laurie asked me to pen some words from the Engineering section and suggested I describe some of the recent fires from the perspective of Maleny and District Rural Fire Brigade.

Activity in the Engineering shop has been unremarkable of late apart from Syd turning a piece of scrap excavator attachment pin into a useful small anvil and Lyndsey continuing to modify parts for his Ducati collection. Laurie, of course, is continually fabricating bespoke parts for his International truck on the milling machine.

Two members of the Maleny Men's Shed are active in Maleny RFB, myself and Ian who somehow found time to work on the Booroobin fire. The last few weeks have been hectic for me working on fires at Villeneuve, Cooroibah and locally at the Booroobin fire. Cooroibah was a very active incident with large flame fronts impacting on evacuated properties, propelling large amounts of embers that seemed able to set close mown grass on fire as well as the usual log edgings used on small acreage garden beds. Staghorns too acted as fire grates, quickly setting alight the trees they were on.



After watching swamp Malelucas burst into flame, then shedding burning bark, I would not recommend one close to the house. The usual chaos seemed to resolve itself quickly with Urban and Rural trucks dashing everywhere along very smoky roads littered with small trees and many Police vehicles helping residents lead horses out of the fire ground.

The truck's pump engine seized later in the day so that finished our work at Noosa with a new pump costing \$6000 fitted a few days later (your tax dollars at work).

The Booroobin fire at the bottom of Stanley River Rd had been burning for about 3 weeks before really stirring up in the extreme fire weather, requiring many days and nights of concentrated planning involving brigades from Maleny, Peachester, Beerwah, Landsborough and Kenilworth. Extensive bulldozing of firebreaks in the very steep ridges and gullies eventually gave us control, along with close support from helicopter water bombers. The fire was contained along sections of Scotts Rd, the high grazing areas of the farming communities along River Rd and southern ridges of the forested land bordered by Peachester Rd and Stanley River Rd, with the incident being closed down on Wednesday 13 November to the great relief of everyone involved.

Joe

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## WOOLIES BBQ ROSTER

Saturday 23 November ..... HARRY MALCHER, ALLAN POUSTIE, WAYNE SCHULTZ

Saturday 7 December ..... KEVIN TREVARTHEN, TONY ULLMAN, SYD COLLIE

Saturday 21 December ..... CLIVE POWELL, ROY BROWN, BOB BETTENAY

**MANY THANKS FELLOWS!**

## FROM THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY – DESLEY MALONE

The former Maleny Anglican Church of St George at 15 Bunya St is a Council Heritage listed building.

The building was relocated from Beerburrum in 1925. Prior to then, it's believed to have come from Stanthorpe. After the Beerburrum Soldier Settlement Scheme finished, the building was demolished board by board and rebuilt with additions and enlargements, opposite the Maleny Primary School. When the building was dedicated on the morning of Sunday, 6 September 1931, a great number of people attended, some of whom came many miles in order to be present. The total expenditure for the building and its furnishings was £329/10/-, (\$658.00). The building was used as a church until 1993. Today it's used as an office for Trilogy Tax.



### CHRISTMAS PARTY!

The Maleny Men's Shed is joining the Music Group and the Maleny Historical Society for a Christmas Barbeque this year. The cost will be \$12.00 and we will gather at the music shed at 12.00 midday, TUESDAY 2<sup>ND</sup> DECEMBER. All members and wives and partners are encouraged to attend.

### PHISHING EMAILS – DENNIS HENSBY

What is "phishing" (yes it is pronounced "fishing")? Basically it is an email deliberately written to trick you into giving up some personal details, including passwords, so that the attacker can personate you online. For a more comprehensive explanation, try these sites – Scamwatch, Stay Smart Online, Wikipedia.

So how do you protect yourself from those who would do you harm by this method? Apart from info in the links above, here is an article that may guide you further

<https://www.howtogeek.com/437513/what-should-you-do-if-you-receive-a-phishing-email/>



### UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS 2019

Maleny Arts and Craft - Christmas Fair November 22nd + 23rd Maleny Community Centre.  
St George's Anglican Church - Christmas Concert November 30th St George's Anglican Church.  
Legends Pro-Am Golf - December 7th Maleny Golf Course.  
Maleny Christmas Street Party - December 13th Maple Street, Maleny and surrounds.  
Christmas Tree Festival, Maleny Uniting Church - 19th-24th December 2.00 – 8.00 pm daily  
Responsible Pet Ownership Booth - Maleny 22 December 7am - 9.30am Tesch Park, Maleny.  
Meet the Council Candidates for Division 5 - February 11th 7a.m. at Maleny Chamber of Commerce.

To include information in this events list simply email to [denvergail1@gmail.com](mailto:denvergail1@gmail.com)



A British man is visiting Australia. The customs agent asks him, “Do you have a criminal record?” The British man replies, “I didn’t think you needed one to get into Australia anymore.”

An Aussie said, “Take away your snow-capped mountains, culture, and good food, and what would New Zealand be?”  
The kiwi answered, “Australia”.

Two Aussies are drinking together. One says, “When I die, will you promise to pour a beer on my grave?” The other replies, “No worries mate, but I’ll have to pass it through my kidneys first.”

### AUSTRALIAN ETIQUETTE

1. Never take an open stubby to a job interview.
2. Always identify people in your paddocks before shooting at them.
3. It's tacky to take an esky to church.
4. If you have to vacuum the bed, it's time to change the sheets.
5. Even if you're certain you're included in the will, it's rude to take your ute and trailer to the funeral.

#### Dining Out

1. When decanting wine from the box, tilt the paper cup and pour slowly so as not to bruise the wine.
2. If drinking directly from the bottle, hold it with only one hand.

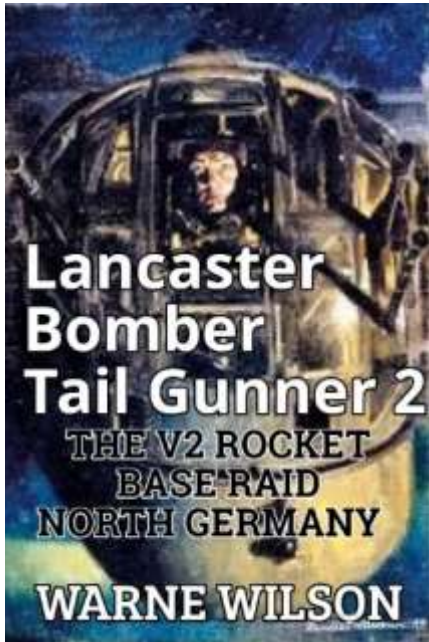
#### Entertaining in Your Home

1. A centrepiece for the table should never be anything prepared by a taxidermist.
2. Don't allow the dog to eat at the table, no matter how good his manners.

## Continuing the serial Lancaster Bomber Tail Gunner 2 from last month

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**We left Lancaster T-Tango over the channel, flying toward Holland in the direction of Berlin before changing course toward the V2 Rocket Base:**



Half an hour later Harry's intercom headphones clicked, "Navigator, Skipper, Dutch coast coming up."

20.22 Hrs.

It clicked again, "Skipper, Crew, keep your eyes peeled for customers."

"Front Gunner, Skipper, Searchlights!" Below and ahead searchlights were stabbing up with the orange flashes of flack guns among them. Both were designed to reach them at 20,000 feet, and beyond, the crew waited for the flack. They did not have to wait long, they were amongst it. T-Tango jolted in rough air, Skipper put his right wing down and eased the column back in a tight right turn, a searchlight beam on his left had angled too close, other lights would have joined it in an inescapable cone. To Harry's left, four beams captured a Lancaster, it twisted, turned and dived to avoid the flack's brilliant explosions but it was caught

in concentrated fire, the inevitable happened and a direct hit amidships resulted in a flying tunnel of flame. He saw two parachutes in the hellish light and then the bombs detonated, the remains of the aircraft blew to pieces releasing a curtain of sparkling incendiaries to wave like the Northern Lights. Flaming debris followed as Harry watched, until it was left far behind.

"Skipper, Crew, we're through, lads, but fighters will be on their way!"

In the moonlight T-Tango could be seen by fighters – but the reverse was also true, T-Tango's three gunners, the front gunner, the mid upper gunner, and Harry in the tail, would be able to see *them*.

Harry watched and waited.

Three ME109s dropped down from above and behind. Harry tensed, would this be it? He grabbed the twin handles of his four Browning .303s and trained them on the fighters, they were out of range but closing fast. He knew he would not be able to hit the three of them, but they split, leaving one coming at him, he fired a short burst to see his tracers miss by a mile; firing again he hosed the tracers forward of the 109 and registered hits along its fuselage, it dropped down and back out of range; he waited, tense and alert, but it did not come back. Hopefully its pilot had thought better of it.

T-Tango droned on, his intercom clicked, "Skipper, Tail, What was that?"

"109 Skipper, a few of my rounds hit and he thought better of it."

"Good man Tailie! Keep a look out."

But as he spoke, Jack Kendall, mid upper gunner broke in, "Mid Upper, Skip, fighter above right!"

Harry felt and heard the vibration of Jack's twin .303s clattering and the jolt caused by the 109's close pass, he watched it, graceful in the moonlight, wing down and turning, this time to him? Yes, falling behind, catching up, he could see it coming through the clear view panel he had asked the ground crew to cut from the perspex. He trained his guns on it but it turned further and swung out of reach to come back hammering at the fuselage, Harry's turret flickered with fire light and with a rib straining stretch he tried to see how bad it was, but the flickering died, replaced by the acrid smell of burnt

rubber and fabric, Sparks must have got to whatever was burning with the extinguisher. He twisted back to his watch. They seemed to be crawling over the terrain, but he knew Skipper would be keeping his cruising speed.

“Navigator, Skip, “Hanover 50 miles dead ahead, suggest deviation North West.”

“Skipper, Navigator, Deviating North West. Tell me when to resume course.”

“Roger Skip”

“Wireless Operator, Skipper, Position confirmed.”

Harry saw the landscape turning, and searchlights, before flack began flecking the sky and then an explosion on his right raked T-Tango with shrapnel.

“Mid Upper, Skipper, Wireless Operator has a leg injury and radio wrecked. Applying dressings.”

“Skipper, Mid Upper, how bad is he?”

“Thigh, Skipper, real mess.”

“Thanks, Mid Upper.”

Forward of the wing spar and though the fuselage it *was* a real mess. Several shrapnel holes plus a gaping hole roaring with ice cold air, the wireless complex of receivers and transmitters ruptured aluminium and vulcanite, smashed glass valves, and a jumble of radio parts trailing wires. If the big lump of shrapnel had hit Jim Merrills, it would have taken his head off. As it was, Jack Kendall worked at stopping the blood pumping from a severed artery. He had no idea if the bone had been broken, he had to staunch the bleeding or Jim would die.

“Front Gunner, Skipper, incoming forward and left.”

“Skipper, Mid Upper, leave it and get to your guns.”

Jim was just conscious and Jack yelled, “Grab this dressing and hold it tight, you have to stop the bleeding. Wind the bandage around it, tight – if you can.”

Jack saw moonlight stream in from a new row of holes, he scrambled over the spar to grab his guns as the attacker rocketed past overhead, he saw it, a Junkers 88 twin engined fighter bomber. As he watched, it turned its attention to another Lancaster, lower down and to the north. “Mid upper, Skip, I think it’s gone, can I get back to the WO?”

“Skipper, yes Mid Upper, we’ll keep an eye on it.”

He got back to Jim. He had slipped into unconsciousness but he had managed to wind the bandage tight enough to at least slow the bleeding. Jack used another bandage for a tourniquet, slipped a heavy screwdriver through it and twisted just enough to stop the bleeding. He then replaced the dressing with a larger one, wound the bandage tightly, and slowly released the tourniquet. It leaked a little but he decided to leave it, at least the leg would have some blood supply, and he hoped that clotting might hold it until they got back. He lowered Jim to the floor, put a dressing pack under his head, checked his breathing and got back to his guns.

“Navigator, Skipper, we are far enough north to avoid Hanover’s defences.”

“Skipper, Navigator, Will resume West North West course, let me know when we return to the original WNW line.”

“Roger Skip.”

22.18 Hrs.

T-Tango ground on, the miles steadily fell behind, the four Merlins delivering their constant power.



“Navigator, Skip. 60 miles beyond Hanover. Steer North West now to rendezvous.”

“Roger Navigator, veering North West now.”

The WO’s direction finding and position fixing would have been useless anyway, due to weak attenuated signals even if his instruments were working. Navigator Phillip Gray worked with his slide rule, watch, pad and pencil, calculating by dead reckoning.

80 miles on, the sky ignited with lights and flack near Perleberg. Harry wondered which was worse, flack and searchlights, fighters – or the decreasing northerly temperature in already sub zero air intensified by the damaged fuselage. They were soon buffeted in the turbulent air of exploding flack. In the cockpit, Flight Engineer, Jack Tippet drew Skipper’s attention to falling oil pressure in engine two, the inner starboard. Revolutions and power remained the same but pressure had dropped six PSI during the last hour compared to the other three gauges. The superchargers still registered full pressure – they would just have to watch it.

“Front Gunner, Skipper, Incoming aircraft, 11 O’clock, our level.”

“Skipper, Front Gunner, I see it, it’s not firing, I think it’s one of ours.”

“Front Gunner, Skipper, It’s a Mosquito pathfinder, Skip, on its way home.”

“Skipper, Front Gunner, Roger.”

An hour later, they could see the target, it was a sea of light and explosions. Searchlights defined three Lancasters but the flack seemed to be uncoordinated and ineffective, even at the release level of 8,000 feet.

“Skipper, Crew, Reducing height to 8,000 feet for the bomb run. Without wireless, we can’t contact the Bombing Master, we will go in anyway.”

In the rear turret, Harry felt weightless as the lumbering aircraft rapidly lost height. He could not see the target ahead, but the bomb run at 8,000 feet terrified him, the terrain seemed very close after hours of cruising at 20,000 feet, he felt very vulnerable. If I survive this I will ask Maureen to marry me! The flack might be bad, but at least the fighters will leave us alone. He saw a red marker flare on the ground, it must have been dropped early by the pathfinders, but T-Tango began shaking in rough air. He saw fire everywhere and two green markers, they were certainly copping it down there.

“Skipper, Bomb Aimer, Commencing bomb run in 20 seconds.”

“Skipper, Bomb Aimer, targeting large building – start bomb run now.”

“Bomb Aimer, Skip, keep her steady if you can, I can’t get a reliable bead on the target.”

“Skipper, Bomb Aimer, Do your best, that’s all we can hope for in this air.”

“Bomb Aimer, Skip, I am off target, do you want to go round or will I let the load go?”

“Skipper, Release them all Bert, in this air we can’t do any better, let them go.”

The Merlins’ steady roar wound up with the release of four tons weight and Skipper eased them back to cruising speed, a flash camera timed for the explosions on the ground would tell its story later – if they got back.

T-Tango bucked as something smashed through the fuselage.

“Skipper, what the hell was that?”

“Mid Upper Skip, I think it was a bomb falling from higher up. There is a hole in the top and a much bigger one in the floor – right where Jim was – he’s gone!”

“Skipper, Mid Upper, Rotten luck, at least he would not have known anything about it. Does the airframe look alright? Any rivets popping?”

“Mid Upper, Skipper, Everything’s flapping around and it’s cold, there’s a great gaping hole, also a slash three feet long above the line of holes left by the 109, but the old girl seems OK.”

In his turret, Harry had felt and heard the teeth rattling crash of the bomb, his turret bucked up and down, weightless one moment with his harness dragging him down and G forces the next as he was forced into his seat, propelled madly upwards until he expected to turn full circle, but Skipper had reacted instinctively, correcting the writhing controls. Harry released his pent up breath in the universal expletive – “Shit!”

Altitudes indicated by air pressure were never exact, and the danger of a bomb release above them was a contingency they preferred not to think about. The bomb would not have had time for its tail propeller to set the fuse as it fell, maybe it would find a target on the ground, some chance. The Bombing Master had no doubt been telling them to get out of the way, but they were totally deaf without wireless.

T-Tango rocked and swayed a few times with the momentum and then resumed its cruising speed. He heard Jack Kendall’s intercom and thought of Jim Merrills, and the banter and the laughter between them, Jim, another friend, gone, this time without a grave or a monument.

He watched the landscape unfolding – too close at 8.000 feet, and then out over the Baltic Sea, they were leaving the ruined, burning target behind, a wide area of churned land from multi tons of bombs, dotted with burning buildings.

23.49hrs.

“Tail Gunner, Skip, Junkers 88 twin approaching from rear, low down, 7 O’clock.”

**To be continued next month.**

**To see this eBook and more of Warne’s eBooks at Amazon US, press cntrl + click  
<https://amzn.to/2FbPCRo>**



**That’s the newsletter for November fellows!**

**To any of our members not feeling the best or coping with difficulties – Get well soon and  
come back to us, we miss you!**

**Warne Wilson, Newsletter editor, Maleny Men’s Shed Inc.**

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