



# MALENY MEN'S SHED Inc NEWSLETTER



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Newsletter # 29 – August 2019

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## FROM THE PRESIDENT: RICHARD TOWNSEND



Well it has been an eventful month. We have received grants to permit the commencement of the "army" shed's construction. Greg, Peter and Keith have been working on other grant applications to ensure the project can be completed. Thank you to them for their efforts. Malcolm, Wayne and Ian have been working on location and design layout. Ian has organised a survey to ensure we remain within the confines of our leased site and place the slab at optimum height. Malcolm has been dealing with the lease documents and permissions from the Historical Society and the Church. Thanks guys for your efforts.



We also had a visit from the Sunshine Coast Council Mayor Mark Jamieson and Chief of Staff Craig Matheson and we gave them an update on the progress and operation of our shed. We let them know how much we appreciate their interest and support and I received an email back saying how much they enjoyed themselves.



Well I became a great example of the need for constant vigilance and care that needs to be taken when using sharp things that move at speed, so be careful and stay safe. I guess it's a case of "do what I say rather than do what I do"... "LOL".

Finally ... PLEASE CONSIDER STANDING FOR OFFICE at our AGM on Tuesday August 27th.

## NEW MEMBERS

We have great pleasure in welcoming the following new members to the Maleny Men's Shed: Russ Davies, Bob Bettenay, Gary Winter, John Janzekovic, Jim Wecker, Ron Judd, Mike Foale, and Bill Henman. We are pleased indeed to welcome you aboard and we wish you many years of friendly fellowship.

## FROM THE ENGINEERS: JOE EASTMURE



With Laurie no doubt fully occupied with the arrival of his new toy — a big one in the form of an old 1956 International Truck/ute from Victoria — his time will become precious during the renovation process, so his Engineering report has been farmed out to us apprentices. No doubt Laurie will keep us informed about the pitfalls and triumphs of the restoration process. Restoring motor bikes is bad enough so I don't envy his job.

There are not many projects underway at the moment apart from Colin's restoration of the soft drink bottling plant, but Lindsay has completed fabrication and installation of the hand washing sink at the western end of the shed and this will be welcomed by all at the end of a dirty job. Many thanks to Lindsay.

The rebuilding of Kevin's 150cc MZ engine looked to be ready for a start with the arrival of a carton of spares from Germany, but a careful check of the contents revealed a vitally important snap ring to join a gear to the new gearbox main shaft was missing, so a visit to the local bearing suppliers may turn one up or it's another email to Germany.

Syd removed the main crankshaft roller bearings with a mixture of science and brute force involving a puller and cold chisel, much to Kevin's intake of breath, but the way lies clear to reassembly.

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## FROM THE COMPUTER CLASSES: DENNIS HENSBY

### WHAT IS AN SSD?

In recent times you may have seen an SSD mentioned in advertisements for new computers. This acronym stands for Solid State Drive and is basically a much faster, more expensive hard disk (HD).

Solid State is not a new term. If you are old enough, you may recall back in the early 60s when Solid State transistor radios, record players and TVs came out. The term indicates that transistors (i.e. solid state) were used in those devices, rather than the older radio (vacuum) valves. Gradually, the term Solid State was dropped from advertising as every electronic device used Solid State, so it became meaningless. Since those days, transistors have got a zillion times smaller and more efficient and are now used for computer memory (as well as for other uses).



There exists a special type of memory chip that is made to retain its memory when the power is removed, but this form of computer memory is much more expensive than ordinary RAM memory. As a common example, USB memory sticks are made with this type of memory. Several years ago some bright spark worked out that you could package much more of this memory into a bigger case and use it just like a conventional hard disk, i.e. a Solid State Drive. Rather than having a spinning disk and moving read heads, SSDs use memory chips – no moving parts. Being made of computer chips, data is read much faster than reading a spinning disk. So speed and lack of fragility are the big attractions of SSDs, as against the cheaper prices and greater sizes of conventional HDs. Prices are coming down and memory sizes have got bigger, so now you can purchase SSDs, which are sold as fast HDs.

There are downsides though. SSDs have a more limited number of 'writes' than HDs, often measured as Mean Time Between Failure (MTBF). This is a calculated expected life of the device and enables comparison of similar devices. MTBF of an SSD is measured in the hundreds of thousands of writes as against millions of writes for a conventional HD. So it is not something to worry about, but it may affect how you use an SSD.

Compared to a conventional HD, SSDs are usually much smaller in memory size and are still more expensive – e.g. \$205 for a 1Tb SSD versus \$68 for a standard 1Tb HD. That sort of price differential will likely remain, though it may close a little more in time. Currently, a 1Tb SSD is about as big as they come, whereas a big HD is 10Tb.

Some pricier laptops are sold with no HD, only an SSD. That makes sense as SSDs are far less susceptible to rough handling. Desktop computers are sometimes sold with both an SSD and a larger HD. The idea is to use the smaller SSD as the C: drive and install your Operating System and any programs on the C: drive (meaning C: will have fewer 'writes'). The much larger HD is installed as a D: drive and you use that for all your data (i.e. many more 'writes'). Installing the OS onto an SSD also gives a much faster boot-up. Adding a new SSD to an existing system usually means reloading the Operating System and re-installing programs, but the speed advantages may be worth the hassle.

If you have any questions on this topic, or have a topic you would like to see covered in the future, please email Dennis at [dennishensby@bigpond.com](mailto:dennishensby@bigpond.com).

# FROM THE SMITHY: KEVIN HOWELL

## THE MALENY BELL



In one of the above photos is a picture of a 'Bells of the Australian Bush' book. In it are descriptions of bells made by different Bell Smiths such as Alfred Ormand, Samuel Jones, Thomas Beckett, and many others. We have copied bells made by the three gentlemen mentioned with little variations. The thought then came to light as to why not design and make our own Maleny Men's Shed bell!

Russel Davies, trainee Bell Smith and design person, came up with the bell shown in the attached photo. This has a crease down each side and produces a sound which is a cross between the knock of the frog mouth and the ring of the Kentucky bell. In all a unique Bell. So far two have been made with brassed side seams to improve sound, and welding of handles and dongers by the engineering shop. In fact the welding is of such excellence that they may be contracted to do all our welding.

At this stage we are continuing to refine the design to make a bell which will surpass all others. Good Welding is essential to this process Ken Scott our leader has been crook with a few weeks off, but is now on the mend. We all hope that you will soon be back with us soon Ken as we need someone to tell us what to do. Even Ian asked the other day where Ken was.

## FROM THE WOODIES: WARNE WILSON



Early one morning at the Montville bike Velothon

When we received our new battery drills from Ryobi, Lawry Abrahamson's trusty crew immediately put up their hands for the faithful old Rockwell drills – if that wasn't enough, they asked for a new drill rack as well. Bob Bettenay took on the job, he has finished it in fine style complete with a coat of Cabathane gloss – a work of art!

We will miss Leon during the next few weeks. He has taken some family members on a visit to Italy and the town he left at the age of 17. His family there might have trouble deciphering his Australian accent!

**BRAINS TRUST!** We couldn't get the electric chainsaw to cut until Tom Malone spotted the problem. The chain was on backwards! All's well now, new chain waiting for the next time we strike a foreign object.

New member Ron Judd now comes in white combination overalls to rival Leon's Dr Kildare outfit (Saves them having to pick clinging wood chips and dust out of jackets and woollens).



Leon as Dr Kildare!



Harry Malcher using his skills at the scroll saw for the 2020 Wood Expo.  
New designs: elephants and butterflies!

Gary McFarland, with Don McCabe's help, has finished framing Jan's aboriginal painting in red cedar. Gary wisely decided to leave the wood unpolished and the result is stunning, the cedar picks up the earthy colours and textures.

Meanwhile, Clive Powell, Ashley Williams, and Roy Brown, and Malcolm Baker have been working to complete and erect the new double sided sign with gable roof for the Maleny Light Horse Troop. They all should get medals for this job!

Warne has been attaching notices to machines that can bite, "ACCESS DENIED if you are not accredited to use this machine." A new supply of accrediting forms for members has been printed. Warne, Malcolm, and Bob are the accrediting officers – see one of them to arrange instruction and accreditation.

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**FROM THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY –  
DESLEY MALONE  
HISTORY OF THE MALENY HOSPITAL**



The Maleny Soldiers Memorial Hospital is about to celebrate a century of serving the community.

The original hospital was built during 1919 by Paul Tesch of Witta on the southern side of Bean Street. It was the dream of six men, Messrs Cooke, Hunt, Aplin, Dunning, Gay and Trow who recognised the need for a hospital. One and a half acres (0.6ha) was purchased from Mr I Watson, the money was raised by public subscription by bazaars, dances, concerts and other functions.

A doctor's residence was built adjacent to the hospital before the hospital was built and the first medical superintendent was Dr Anderson. The hospital was built as a tribute to those men and women from the area who had served during WW1.

The building was initially opened on 1 August 1919 as a private hospital, but was later officially opened in October 1920 when it became a General Hospital. The first baby to be born in the newly opened hospital was Sydney Thomas Ricketts on the 12 August 1920. The Beerburum Hospital was added in 1923 and became the maternity wing and staff quarters. The hospital was extended several times over the years and an operating theatre was added and x-ray equipment. The roof blew off during a cyclone in 1963 when almost 200mm of rain fell overnight. Matron O'Laherty (later Mrs Jack Ahern of Conondale) described the night as "rather frightening" and a "turbulent night".



The original hospital served the community for 67 years. It was declared a fire hazard and a new hospital was built opposite and opened in 1987. The old hospital was removed in 1989 and the Maleny Ambulance Station was constructed on the site.

One of the most respected and longest serving doctors in the history of Maleny was Dr Tony Parer. He was Maleny's only doctor between 1934 and 1952 and he treated patients in Maleny,

Kenilworth and Caloundra. Hundreds of babies were delivered by Dr Parer, including my triplet brothers, Tom, Dick and Harry Neilen in 1945. A park is dedicated to his memory adjacent to the Ambulance Station.



Adjacent to the hospital is a Walk of Remembrance, dedicated to the service and sacrifice of the Australian servicemen and women in WW1.

How blessed are we to have such a great little country hospital, a Memorial Hospital, a rural facility providing services, including accident and emergency 24 hrs a day, 7 days a week.

Congratulations to all the doctors, staff, members of the auxiliary and community who have kept our hospital operational for a century.



## UPCOMING COMMUNITY EVENTS 2019

**Drag Queen Bingo Motor Neurone Disease Fundraiser** August 17th - 6.30pm. Maleny Show Pavilion.

**Maleny Arts Council "The Australian Voices"** August 18th - 2pm - Maleny Community Centre.

**Maleny Arts Council Timeless - Tenor** August 25th, 2pm - Maleny Community Centre.

**St George's-in-the-Hills concert series: Mandolines of Brisbane** September 8th - 2pm  
St George's Anglican Church Maleny Ph 54999130

**Welcome to Maleny Dinner - Maleny Blackall Range Lions** September 18th 6.30 pm  
Maleny Showground Pavilion.

**Runfest - Maleny Blackall Range Lions** October 13th - 6.30 am Maleny Showgrounds

**Maleny Singers "At Home Concert"** November 7th and 8th - 2pm Maleny Play House.

**Remembrance Day - Maleny RSL** 11th November 10.45 RSL Maleny Cenotaph

**Maleny Arts and Craft - Christmas Fair** November 22nd + 23rd Maleny Community Centre.



"You never can tell whether bad luck may not after all turn out to be good luck. Perhaps if in the charge of Omdurman I had been able to use a sword, instead of having to adopt a modern weapon like a Mauser pistol, my story might not have got so far as the telling. **One must never forget when misfortunes come that it is quite possible they are saving one from something much worse; or that when you make some great mistake, it may very easily serve you better than the best-advised decision.**"

**Winston Churchill**



## LANCASTER BOMBER TAIL GUNNER 2

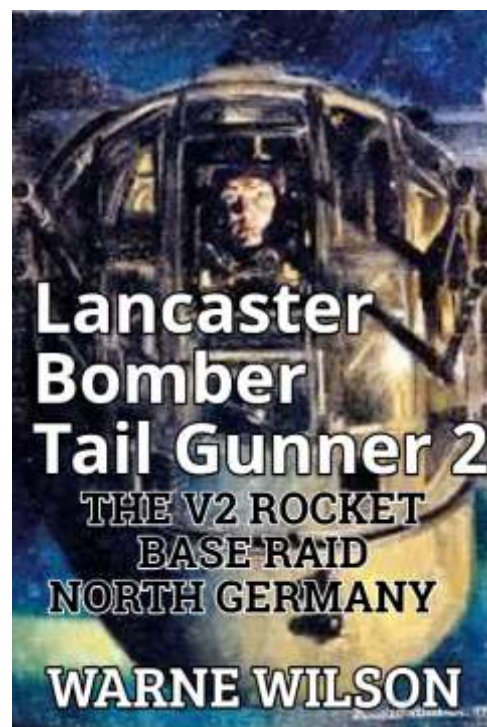
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Few of the young men who flew in Lancasters remain alive today; the last of the pilots and aircrew. As they leave this life one by one, and the countless stories of their exploits fade to folklore, this story has its roots in experiences related to me by an old friend, Harry, who survived the required 30 raids as a tail gunner over enemy territory. I have changed his surname in the story for fictional purposes.

In this book, number two in the LANCASTER BOMBER TAIL Gunner series, we are with Harry as he struggles into his cramped Tail Gunner's turret to deal with flack, searchlights, and German night fighters. Tail gunners were exceptionally vulnerable to fighter attack; the average tail gunner's survival rate during the dark days of WWII was just five raids. Harry was one of the very few who survived, due perhaps to alertness and accurate shooting, but luck, too, would have played an enormous part. Harry is gone now, but the memory of his friendship will remain with me.

Warne Wilson, Queensland Australia, 2019.



**“Peenemunde is beyond the range of our radio navigation beams and we must bomb by moonlight, although German night fighters will be close at hand and it is too far to send our own. Nevertheless, we must attack it on the heaviest possible scale.”**

**(Churchill June 29, 1943)**

### **CREW of Lancaster T - Tango**

Flight Lieutenant David Newell, a boyish sandy haired 25 year old, their pilot and Skipper.

Flying Officer Jack Tippet. Flight Engineer, a terse Londoner with an acerbic nature but a good friend.

Flight Sergeant Jim Merrills, Wireless Operator. Spent his teenage years building and experimenting with glass valve wirelasses, an expert in the early days of electronics before solid state circuits and transistors were invented.

Pilot Officer Navigator Phillip Gray, quiet, spare of body and frame, clean shaven, his dark hair parted on the right, an intellectual. He had graduated from Manchester Uni. With a PHD as an economist, a first-rate navigator.

Flight Sergeant Jack Kendall, Mid Upper Gunner, a short northerner with the crisp accents of Birmingham, solidly loyal to family, friends, and crew.

Flight Sergeant Bert Kelso, Bomb Aimer/Front Gunner. A scot with a difficult accent to understand, also a quiet one, had passed his air gunnery training top of his group.

Flight Sergeant Harry Taylor, Tail Gunner, Tailie, as they called him. One of several Australians who joined the RAF in the first years of the war before the Empire Training Scheme began training Australian airmen in Canada and sending them to England to fly in the Battle of Britain...

### **Prelude:**

The reason for the Peenemunde raid (German pronunciation: [penamunda]. English: (Peene, 'River', mund, mouth.) *was not revealed to the aircrews in their briefing.* The target was described as a centre for research and development of radar that would improve the effectiveness and deadliness of German night fighters.

For accuracy, Bomber Command issued an unusual bombing directive – For accuracy, bomb release was ordered at 8,000 feet, instead of the normal altitude of 19,000 feet, *on a night of full moon.*

Peenemunde, 600 miles from the closest British air base, was spread over a wide area and protected by smoke screens. Close by, an internment camp housed more than a thousand foreign forced slave labourers from countries beyond Germany's borders.

During World War II, the area was highly engaged in the development and production of V-1 and V-2 rockets, the village docks were used for the ships which recovered V-2 wreckage from test launches over the Baltic Sea. Senior German scientists including Wernher von Braun, who worked at the V-2 facility, were known as "Peenemünders". The entire island was captured by the Soviet Red Army on 5 May 1945, but allied forces were able to capture Von Braun and several other prominent scientists who later assisted development of the American space program. The gas plant for the production of liquid oxygen still lies in ruins at the entrance to Peenemünde.

**Operation Hydra** was an attack ordered by RAF Bomber Command on the German scientific research centre at Peenemünde on the night of 17/18 August 1943. Group Captain John Searby, CO of 83 Pathfinders Squadron, commanded the operation, the first time Bomber Command used a Bombing Master to direct an attack by a main force. Operation Hydra, included three waves of bombers that night, to begin Operation Crossbow – a campaign against the German V-weapon programme.

The RAF lost 215 aircrew, 40 bombers, and killed five to six hundred foreign forced labour workers in the nearby Trassenheide labour camp. The *Luftwaffe* lost twelve night-fighters and 170 German civilians were killed, including two senior V-2 rocket scientists.

Prototype V-2 rocket launches were delayed for two months, testing and production was dispersed to other areas, and the morale of the German survivors was severely affected.

### **LANCASTER BOMBER TAIL GUNNER 2** **Continuing the story from Book 1**

**August 15<sup>th</sup>, 1943**

#### **Damaged T-Tango returns to High Wickham RAF Base after bombing Berlin.** **Two mornings prior to the Peenemunde raid.**

In her tiny attic room above the 1790s High Wickham inn, Maureen Patterson's eyelashes quivered in the last seconds of dreaming. She opened her eyes to check the time; five fifteen, it was Autumn, and dawn. She heard it again, it had woken her, the sound of multi engined aircraft easing down with an occasional 'pok pok' of backfire as they completed the downwind leg of circuit before turning crosswind and then again, into a steady easterly for landing.

She closed her eyes to pray that Harry's Lancaster would be among them; she threw the covers back to pad on bare feet to the little leadlight window, she didn't know which of them would be Harry's but she could see the RAF roundels on the camouflage as one by one the bombers straggled in. Even to her unskilled eye she saw one of them in trouble, a great hole replaced the top gunner's bubble, and even worse, just one wheel down where there should have been two. It took its final turns and she saw a ragged cavity where the tail gunner's turret had been, and she prayed again that it would not have been Harry's.

However, Harry was in his Tail Gunner's Turret in T-Tango. It landed safely in spite of heavy damage from flack, and the loss of his close friend, Jonesy, Flight Sergeant John Jones, Mid Upper Gunner, in an attack by a German night fighter described in 'Lancaster Tail Gunner, Book 1.'

The Lancasters continued to come in, some of them to ragged landings, and one or two, to crash landings attended by pacing emergency crews. The ground vibrated as the wing tanks on one, the last fuel and vapour ignited by metal skidding on concrete at high speed, exploded.

Out of T-Tango, and on the ground again, Harry's legs were unsteady with lingering cramp as he tried to mount the back of the service truck; Wireless Operator Jim Merrills gave him a leg up. "You won't be much use to Maureen tonight if you're as weak as that!" The others gave tired, automatic chuckles; they were all wrestling with the incredulity that they had made it back, the hours of roaring engines replaced by ringing tinnitus. Harry was lost in a whirl of loss, the last he had seen of his best mate Jonesy had been blood, hair, and bits of skull; his top gun plexiglass canopy had been shattered in a stream of bullets. Maureen would miss Jonesy too, he was a character, an Australian like Harry, he had a larrikin way of getting away with sayings that would shock anyone who didn't know his serious side and his fierce mateship.

Thankfully, they had lifted Jonesy out before Harry could extricate himself from his tail gunner's canopy, he would write to Jonesy's parents in Western Australia and he would try to get to see them if he made it back. Harry lived in Melbourne, the distance to Perth, Western Australia was 2,000 miles across three big states and the Nullarbor Plain, a long way by car or train, or even by plane, if the fledgling domestic airlines had established a service by then. Harry was a slim, clean shaven 22, but he looked younger, his hair bleached from the Australian sun and his days of sailing on Port Phillip Bay in the little 'Mirror' yacht he had built, he had left it in the garage of his parent's bayside home just a few yards from the beach. Exhausted from interminable hours in his turret half frozen in hellish noise, his mind drifted to Maureen, his parents would love her if she would go back with him, and she would love Melbourne, its wide, tree lined streets and gracious buildings – they all lurched as the driver jammed on his brakes to skid the last few feet.

Harry stowed his flight gear and parachute in the crew hut with the others and followed them in to the building where debriefing officers would ask questions and take notes. They had to wait for their turn for another crew but he was handed a mug of tea by an airman and he stood, his knees still trembling with the last tics of cramps, savouring the sweet hot liquid. The other crew moved off and it was T-Tango's turn.

The debriefing over, the six survivors trooped into the mess and the bacon and eggs they were looking forward to as returning flight crew. Harry had not eaten for twelve hours and the wonderful smell made his mouth water. The others started the usual banter to counter the cold, the vibrating racket, the fear they had left behind, and in spite of himself Harry joined in, eyeing Jim Merrills he said, "Your direction finding was a bit off, Jim, you could have had us in Spain."

Amid the jibes, Jim said grinning, "Well where the bloody hell are you, at a bull fight in Madrid?" "If they have bacon and eggs there, yeah mate!" The jibing went on.

Skipper recognised the edgy energy of overstressed nerves and the need for his crew to come down, "If you have all finished, I suggest you get as much sleep as you can wangle, you could be called again, any time," a communal scrape of chairs and the six survivors headed for their quarters. It took Harry a long time to get to sleep, he would have called Maureen, but the telephone was off limits. He could not have put the terror of last night into words anyway; the conflagration of Berlin below, the flack, night fighters, and his shooting down of a Messerschmidt 109. He had killed another man and he was not proud of that, but the 109 had sent two accompanying Lancasters down as flaming wrecks and he had fought back, the duty of war, but his exhaustion gradually yielded to the gentle tentacles of sleep.

His eyes registered the outlines of the dark room in dim light from under the door, he raised the blackout blind to blink in a flood of daylight, 5.15 pm, and he had slept the day through. Maureen! Grabbing his towel he ran for the bathroom, almost colliding with Jim Merrills their Wireless Operator, "You'd better get a move on Harry, the service truck will be here at six, I wouldn't waste time if I were you!"

Harry would have been called if an op was on, he knew the others would be on the truck to the inn and he had to be with them. He eased the hot water back and finished his shower in six minutes, a record, but he would have to don his uniform, shave, and be ready before six. His crewmates were already on board when he ran for the truck and they hoisted him up, he gave as good as he got as they made fun of each other, swaying around corners at a crazy speed, but beneath it he knew he would have to tell Maureen that Jonesy would not be coming, she had loved Jonesy too, in a different way, knowing he and Harry were close, though they insulted each other constantly, but he would have to tell her, she would ask why he wasn't with them.

... To be continued next month ...

**That's all this month, friends.**

**To Ray Hegerty, Ken Scott, and any of our members with problems, health or otherwise –  
Get well soon and come back to us – We miss you.**

**Warne Wilson, Editor. (warnew@bigpond.com)**