



WRINKLY RAG.

MARCH 2016

A REQUEST TO ALL MEMBERS

The Wrinkly Rag is your newsletter and we need every member's input, where you were born, went to school, got married, started work, what you did, where you travelled etc. Put pen to paper or compose an email and send it to the editor. A few lines will do or you can even write a few instalments.

We also welcome jokes, adverts or even critiques if you're that way inclined.

IT'S YOUR SHED - IT'S YOUR RAG.

SPEAKERS CIRCLE

The March Circle featured Tony Harding, a retired UK bobby who delivered a humorous rendition of his experiences in and around areas West of London. We had a good audience of 40 plus, but we do have more space so tell your friends and enjoy a pleasant afternoon's outing.

Our April speaker is Gary Pike who will speak about the Gibb River road. 7th April – 2:00pm

The May speaker will be Ryan Rowland, travel guide and historian who will relate stories of POW's of the Japanese in Borneo during WW 2.

5th May – 2:00pm

THANK YOU

To Perry de Rebeira for the new Attendance Registers. The quality of the books will be appreciated by all members.

SOCIAL

Following the success of the lunch we had at the Mallard Duck in Henley Brook last year, we will have another lunch on Wednesday May 11th. It is for members and partners, a 3 course lunch, tea or coffee will cost \$45.00 per head + drinks. Please put your names and how many will be attending on the sheet at the Shed.



FROM THE PRESIDENT

It just keeps getting bigger, the attendance that is. A quick check of the attendance register shows the continuing trend of more and more blokes coming to the shed. This is great news, the more blokes attending, the better. On any day at the shed, you'll see several groups busy at different activities. One growing activity is enjoying a cuppa' and discussing the way of the world. This has always been an aim of Sheds throughout Oz. The simple discussion of matters concerning men will do a great deal of good for all involved. Sharing experiences can often ease the worries of a bloke experiencing a problem for the first time.

Talking of the attendance register reminds me that the current book has come to its end this week. Fortunately for us, Perry has created and donated two new registers for us. Make sure you sign in to the new book on your next visit. You will be impressed with the quality of the new book and will no doubt want to commend Perry on his generosity.

And now for something completely different. There are literally decades of experience in the shed, years spent in all sorts of industrial environments. Look closely and you might see the odd missing finger or hearing aid but not a lot of serious scars or missing limbs. This shows you that these blokes have been either very lucky or very careful. My hope is that the "*careful*" is the main reason and that "*careful*" is the way they are still working. Not just for themselves but for their mates around them. Stay careful, please.

Marty B

PROFILE

Perry de Rebeira

Born in 1933 (year of the Rooster) in the bad old days before Nelson Mandela, when everyone in the country was born with traditional enemies.

My home town was Springs, 45km east of Johannesburg, South Africa, one of the small towns dependent on the gold-mining industry. Prevailing culture meant that as a small I kid grew up speaking four languages – my father's Portuguese, my mother's English, my neighbours' Afrikaans and our house-maid's Leshoto. After formal schooling, I served an apprenticeship on a local mine as generations of school leavers before me. Among my siblings numbered a bricklayer, a printer, a boilermaker, an electrician and a nurse.

My five-year apprenticeship as a fitter and turner was spent learning to name, repair and manufacture parts for machinery devoted to the process of hard-rock gold mining. This meant working in the loco shed, crushing and milling plant, the winding room (controlling the lifts used to transport men and ore from 6,000 feet below the surface) and the compressor room which pumped compressed air underground for men and machines. No electricity was used underground – electricity and running water are a deadly combination. The years spent in the machine shop was where I started to learn and enjoy my trade.

With the wisdom that grows with age I recognised that much of what I learned about the process of milling gold bearing ore was taught, not by the white supervising tradesman, who arrived at work in the morning to uncork the brandy bottle, but the African "Boss Boy", a mature Shangaan from Mozambique, named Stesh who had worked in the plant for many years under more responsible supervision. His position was that of "foreman" of a number of native labourers who did all the lifting and carrying of tools, supplies, machinery and when needed, the white tradesman into a comfortable position when brandy had rendered him comatose.

Stesh, like most of the workers in the mines, was illiterate. What he knew and understood of the complexities of the milling plant had taken experience and I now know, common sense, which he used to teach new workers and respectfully me, to understand the function of the machines, how to identify problems and how to correct them. All common sense and integrity. I have since worked with highly educated men who could not say the words "I don't know" and invented an answer instead. I learned to ask them questions to which I knew the truthful answer and used this to establish their credibility.

First Aid qualifications were compulsory for all mine employees and we apprentices not only enjoyed the time off work from the workshop but also the rewards that came with winning inter-mine competitions. The peak for me was being a member of the team who won the National Red Cross Shield competition. First Aid was further enhanced for us boys when we learned about the local Red Cross VAD unit where we met young ladies who had similar interests (First Aid!). They were heady days. Energy was spent on the rugby and hockey fields, clubs sponsored by local mines or

old-boys' associations. An Olympic Springbok ran a Judo *dojo* in our town, and after many years hard work I won my *ichi dan* black belt.

As a qualified journeyman, I found work in one of the manufacturing industries on the perimeter of our town, beginning to learn the fundamentals of die and tool making. The high wages, and low board charged by my mother, (and the low price of beer) allowed me to save for a planned three-month-long holiday in London, fired by the tales of an English supervising journeyman. With the prospect of seeing the sights and hearing the sounds of London, I withdrew my savings in May 1958, negotiated leave without pay with my employer and booked my passage on the *Edinburgh Castle* to Southampton via Las Palmas in the Canary Islands.

To be continued.....

EXCURSION TO SAS HISTORICAL MUSEUM

Eighteen of our members successfully passed the security check and spent an interesting afternoon viewing details of campaigns by the elite SAS regiment in Swanbourne. Campaigns in hot spots such as Rwanda, Timor, Iraq and Afghanistan. Displays included relics retrieved from Saddam Hussain's palace, a terrorist's motor cycle (with bullet holes) plus many more items of interest.

We were welcomed by a reservist major who had retired from active duty and was now in charge of the historical record of the regiment. A group photo was taken of our group as a record of the visit.



PROJECTS

Rise garden:

We are working in conjunction with the project management team at Rise to establish some raised garden beds on their site which backs onto the fence behind our woodworking shed. The Rise group is a not for profit organisation providing home help and assistance to disabled and elderly citizens in the district. The plan is to clean up the site, remove some trees and reinstall some raised beds which have been generously donated. We have Shire approval to put a gate in the fence to allow free movement between our site and theirs. This should occur during April. We are looking to have some of our members getting these beds back into production. The produce grown will go to producing meals for the disabled.

EMRC bins

The guys from the metal working shed are busily constructing letters/cages for EMRC who are planning to erect these on the verge at their depot at Red Hill to make passers-by aware that all litter should be binned.



From the Mouths of Babes—

At Sunday School, the younger children were drawing pictures about Biblical stories. The teacher walked by and noticed one little boy was drawing an airplane. "What bible story are you drawing?" She asked.

"This is the flight into Egypt", the little boy replied. "See this is Mary, Joseph and the baby Jesus. And pointing to the front of the plane he said "This is Pontius, he's the pilot"



COMPLETED PROJECTS



SOCIAL EVENTS

Sundowner's

Held on the 2nd Thursday of the month. After the workshop at 2:00pm

Members only, with occasional invites to others

“Sing – a – Long” Group

These are held at 2 weekly intervals – subject to change if Meg is not available

Next dates – 21st April, 5th May, 19th May,

Shed policy meetings.

The 3rd Thursday of the month

Games Night

2nd May – 7:00pm

Ralph Squance has organized a games night so you can try your skill at darts, pool and/or cards. You can also form a cheer squad to support the contestants

No cameras, please.....

This is a fortnightly event, so come along and give it your support

Keep checking the notice board in the woodworking shed for updates and new events