



Men's Sheds are community-based, not-for-profit; non-commercial volunteer organizations that have become vital community assets. They play an important role in the overall improvement of men's health and wellbeing whilst positively engaging with their community for the benefit of their community.

THE ANT

NEWSLETTER FOR THE ANGLESEA SHEDDERS

Issue No. 20 May 2016

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The last edition of The Ant was back in January and much had come to pass since. Apart from all the good work and fun around the place we take this opportunity to wish our members experiencing health issues our Best Wishes for a speedy recovery. As Mr Shakespeare wrote "now is the winter of our discontent" so to all those members escaping to warmer climates we offer our envy the cost of which will be several good stories upon their return!

Coming Events

Film at Rick's Woolshed – 26th May 2016

"The Great Race" followed by counter lunch at the Mt Moriac Hotel.

Committee Meeting – 2nd June 2016

Sausage Sizzle – 11th June 2016

Fund raising event on the Saturday of the Queen's Birthday Weekend. Three(3) shifts starting from 0830 Hrs each of about 4 people with event proposed to wind up around 1430 Hrs (big hand on the six and the little hand midway between the two and the three unless your digitally inclined!)

Colac Truck Museum excursion – 16th June 2016

Often seen it advertised and have only heard good reports. Transport yet to be determined but either by car pool or community bus. Lunch afterwards at Botanic Café on the Lake (in the Colac Botanic Gardens).

Annual General Meeting – 16th August 2016

Commences at 0930 Hrs. Some time away but have a think about becoming an office bearer or serving on the Committee. We all have different life experiences which could add to the running of the Shed from many aspects.

Men's Health Day – 28th October 2016

Excellent guest speakers combined with afternoon tea and a 3 course meal this major event will commence at 3.00PM and finish around 7.00PM at the Anglesea YMCA camp - all for only \$10. See the preliminary notice Simon has sent to sheds in the area later in this edition.

We are delighted to include Episode One of the Graham Raby story in this edition – not sure how many more episodes are to follow (some say he makes it up as he goes along!) but for your amusement and edification

This is Graham Raby

By Graham Raby.

Chapter 1.

Often enough to make me wonder, I've been asked to tell my life story; and each time, I've wondered what I'd have to tell that was worth listening to...not much, I've always suspected. Now I understand people wanting to know about each other, so one day I decided I would tell that story, just get it over with, sort of thing...and I got the biggest surprise I've had for some time.

I started with a chronological list of significant dates and events in my life...It was horrible!! It was generic! Change the dates and events a bit, and you've got anybody's life line...

Q: What's remarkable enough about me to make my story worth listening to?

A: Nothing...except, possibly...it differs in its detail from everyone else's story...but that's all.

Here's how it looks:

- 17/10/60: Arrived with family in Melbourne, Australia.
- Lived for 6 months in the Norlane Migrant Hostel (not long by most standards).
- April-ish '61: Moved to, and lived in, 2-room shack for 6 months.
- October-ish '61: Moved to new commission house in Corio (Corio was a new Migrant settlement area back then).
- Parents needed extra money to make ends meet, so left school, officially, at the age of 14; in reality, I was 13 and a bit.
- '67: Met future wife, Helen.
- April '69: Married Helen and we produced 4 children: 3girls, 1 boy.
- Mid-ish '85: Bought block of land in Moggs Creek.
- '85 to '87: I designed and built a Holiday House at Moggs Creek (Helen insists she helped, and I'm sure she tried).
- Dec. 31st 2007: Took early retirement and lived permanently in Moggs Creek, then, after some years, joined the Men's Shed at Anglesea.
- May-ish '16: Tried to write an interesting précis of my life...a flop...knew it would be...

So...there ya go...that's it...waste of bloody time...

Not really, though; in formulating the list, I had to do a quick scan of my life so far, and I couldn't help – because I'm blessed/cursed with a near photographic memory – remembering the little events that filled up my life.

It's all in the details!!! Not that I've done anything I'd call remarkable, but at the time of doing – and remembering them – they made me smile, laugh, and of course, sometimes sad... but I'd give it go.

I soon realised I could fill several chapters with the story of just my first week in Australia! All the sadness of leaving a life behind; completely forgotten. What an adventure Australia was!

Arrival in Australia.

Under strict instructions from Laurie (Mason), I must start this with my arrival in Australia, so for that, we go back to the 17th of October 1960.

After having been found guilty on the charge of being a 'Pom desirous of leaving Mother England' by 'The Beak' at the Old Bailey, I was transported in Irons to Australia aboard the cold and leaky Prison Hulk, 'MV Fair Sea'.

Australia was wonderful! Just like England...rain and sleet, as we Transportee's disembarked in Melbourne.

My family, out of misguided loyalty (they said), had made the voyage with me.

From there, and under heavy guard (just me), we were transported in chains (just me) to the Norlane Migrant Hostel (which was 'Nissen' huts of varying sizes), where we lived for the next six months.

(Depending on the size of the family, a family would be allocated 1 room for a single man, up to 1 hut; we had 4 rooms - huts were divided length ways up the centre, with three rooms a side.)

From Wikipedia:

In the UK, after the Second World War many were converted to agricultural or other functions, and numerous examples have since been demolished.^[1]

Highlights of my stay there: First thing comes to mind is the mix of races living there in relative harmony – except for a couple of Serbs and Croat's; one knifed another in the Mess Hall queue.

A German single guy (Most of the European men were single; there were no single females) of about 25yrs old is particularly prominent in my memory. This was a good man; he was a model plane enthusiast and taught me, and a few mates, much about Balsa wood model plane making.

Second thing is me, and a couple of mates, each of us sitting atop one of the huge ventilators, which in turn, sat atop the huge Mess Hall (which was just a very big Nissen hut).

It was great fun to sit 40 feet in the air on our rotating seats. For obvious reasons, we could only do this at night, though we still occasionally got caught. The first we knew of this would be: 'Vat zee hell doo yoo Schooopit boys sink yoo are dooin!!! I'll haff yoo all ssroan out off zee Ostell!!!!' this was Mr Zarday, the hostel manager, or Camp Commandant, as the Government had designated him.

We'd make our escape by sliding down the rounded roof onto (Hopefully!) the soft flower garden, while being very careful to slide between the vertical rows of fixing screws...they bloody hurt the...err...whatever, if you got a bit off course. And...you had to be ready for the landing, too, because you just slid ever faster as the slope increased; we soon learned dewy nights were a definite no, no.

I won't linger too long in the hostel, but this deserves mention:

The first ever sighting of a Redback spider and a Tiger Snake...All in the same day! (We'd read in the 'Addy', with horrified fascination, about a child killed by a Funnel Web spider in Sydney, and divers and swimmers being attacked by Grey Nurse sharks in local waters. And...I'd personally already seen close up, a Blue Ringed Octopus; only instinct told me not to touch it!!!!!!!(I think this rates a few more)!!!!!!!).

The Redback was in the rear door porch of the Mess Hall, and I, amongst a crowd of other boys – no girls at all, was staring in fascination at this deadly creature. A woman from the kitchen came out, saw what we were looking at, casually stomped on it, and irritably told us to get away from the door – women don't trust small boys at all. I was well used to getting a clout round the ear'ole off women, even when I'd done nothing wrong at all! I said to one such woman: 'AWW...Wot's that fo? I ant dun nowt!' Her: 'No...but ya bluddy well will...n that's fo when ya do.'

The Tiger Snake was dispatched by a father with a spade, and dumped in a rubbish bin where said crowd of boys clustered to view yet another deadly creature of our beautiful - and dangerous! - new home nation.

I do hope everyone, someone, gains some enjoyment and 'appreciation' from this very short extract from my recollections of arriving in, and starting a new life in, an exotic new land. I say 'appreciation' because it's hard know, and easy to forget, that new arrivals have almost everything to re-learn. Graham Raby.

Copy of Simon's email to other sheds in our area about the proposed Men's Health Event.

This is a heads up advice that the Anglesea & District Men' Shed, together with Winchelsea MS and Surf Coast Shire, are having a Men's Health Event on Friday October 28th 2016 from 3pm - 7pm at the YMCA camp in Anglesea , with afternoon tea and a 3 course dinner included for a ticket price of \$10.

Dr Bernie Crimmins GP from Manspace magazine, Dr David Corbet local GP and John Leyland Rehab Coord from GFC will speak on Men's Health.

There will be a panel for a Q&A time also.

Door prizes & health checks and other giveaways as part of the event.

Open to all men of all ages across Surf Coast Shire, Geelong and Bellarine area.

Booking details closer to the event.

Bookings will be essential for catering.

For further info contact:

Simon Clark, secretary A&DMS, 5263 1812 or 0419355703.

Simon is also hoping to have input from Barwon Health - still to be arranged, along with other health groups such as Diabetes Australia, Alzheimer's Australia etc, with possible blood pressure checks available etc.

SPERM BANK

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ALBRO
5/12/92



LOOK, LADY— YOU'RE THE ONE WHO ASKED FOR A FAMOUS MOVIE STAR
WITH DARK HAIR, STRONG NOSE AND DEEP SET EYES...