



Narooma Men's Shed Newsletter

August 2022 Issue 54



Reg has been working on a new design
for the Christmas Whales

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Event Calendar

Event	Date	Time	Location
AGM	Tuesday 16 th August	10:30 am	Men's Shed
Lunch	Tuesday 16 th August	After AGM	Men's Shed

President's Report



An interesting and varied month, July. With food, yum, and some important visitors.

First, Dr Michael Holland our new state MP. Wal showed him round and has written a broader picture elsewhere in the newsletter.

A visit also, en mass, by a group who have been always been great benefactors to our shed. The ladies of the Drop-in Centre. They were there for a couple of hours, keeping some of our more chatty members busy.

The foodie aspect of the month was Christmas in July at Dalmeny bowling Club.

A good turnout, though we are still feeling the effects of COVID. Nevertheless the company and food were great. However, there was one highlight.

The shed was presented with a new toilet brush by Steve, I have since tested it and report it works very well. We now have to find a way of fixing both toilet brushes so that they cannot escape again!

A lot of infrastructure is currently being installed at the shed through the Black Summer Bushfire Recovery grant program.

A shower in one of the toilets, solar batteries, gas fired electricity backup, water pump for the roof sprinklers, etc.

This is a great asset for both the men's shed and the community at large in case of another disaster occurring in the area.



Dalmeny markets were cancelled due to inclement weather.

Narooma market went ahead as normal with a good outcome for us.

Bernie Perrett has reappeared Hopefully now on a regular basis.

AGM is on 16 August. Be there. Take part. Your vote is important.

The President

Special Purpose Motions (SPMs) for AGM

The three Special Purpose Motions (SPMs) to be considered and voted on at the AGM

At the shed, we have a tradition of talking through issues at our "Prayer Meeting" at the Tuesday morning cuppa.

However, not all the members can make that morning tea.

Tim, our secretary, has sent out to all members an email with the three SPMs attached for all members to read. However, the saying "that you can lead a horse to water, but you cannot make it drink", comes to mind as a recent show of hands at the shed indicated.

So, to ensure that all members are across the three SPMs, I have outlined below the key principles being addressed in these proposed changes.

Committee Size

The present constitution requires the committee **to be 11** with a quorum of 5. This proposed amendment seeks to provide the flexibility of having a smaller committee by changing the words to **up to 11** rather than **mandating the 11 positions must be filled. The quorum of 5 remains.**

Why?

Simply put, we are not a BHP or Commonwealth Bank. We are a Men's shed where we come to enjoy ourselves, have fun and spend our time socialising and doing things. If you wish to come on the Committee, and do committee work, you

are invited to do so by nominating. However dragooning committee members to fill up the mandatory 11 spaces has not proved to be effective in the past, quite the opposite!

Opening the shed for greater community use but retaining 3 days for Men only.

These SPMs deal with opening the shed to women and men on days not set aside by the Committee as Men shed Days, i.e., presently Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday.

Why? We need to grow the membership

Over the last 18 months, statistically, men only meet at the shed 3 days a week and the shed is closed the other 4.

The shed was built on the premise that we would increase our community reach once we had settled down and after the Men's shed needs for the shed were clearly identified. This objective was spelt out in our Corporate and Business plan.

From our attendance at the Narooma and Dalmeny markets, we continually receive requests for women to come to the shed and learn, particularly wood working. Some members' wives have also indicated a desire to attend the shed to learn skills and undertake projects.

There is a clear acceptance by all regarding the need and importance for Men only days.

A major impediment to women using the Community shed is the issue of INSURANCE!

To overcome this, our constitution needs to be changed so it is, **not gender specific** (MEN) but changed to (MEMBERS), meaning men and women.

If the SPM is accepted, the shed's operating days will be split with 3 men only days, and 4 Community days, open to men and women.

All members, (men and women), will be required to pay an annual membership fee to cover members' insurances provided by AMSA, as well as the present weekly attendance fee.

All members will be required to adhere to our club rules and procedures regarding training to use machinery as well as the associated occupational health and safety training and practices.

By accepting this SPM, the costs of running community shed will be spread across a larger number of members and therefore keep participation by the community to an affordable amount.

If you have any questions regarding these SPMs, please contact me directly before the AGM.

Cheers

**Wal Sheehan
Vice President**

**Remember that the
AGM is on at
10:30am on
Tuesday 16th August
to be followed by
lunch.**

A House visit from the Doctor!

We were very pleased that Dr Michael Holland MP and his assistant Sarah Kerkham accepted our invitation to visit the community shed in July.

Michael is a strong supporter of health initiatives in the area and therefore was very interested in learning how we approached Men's health issues.

The first thing Michael noted was firstly the size and space available at the Community shed. Secondly, the equipment at the shed that allowed members to pursue a wide range of hobby activities. Finally, the assortment of items and projects that were being undertaken for the local community.

Michael acknowledged that the Community shed was a valuable part of the Narooma area's social fabric and would only continue to grow as more members came on board.

Michael joined us for a chat and the discussions focussed on the present difficulties with access to medical and specialist in the area, and the slow, but promised, new hospital in Moruya. Some of our Men shed members were currently required to seek treatment from Canberra and Sydney.



However, the key issue to emerge was the importance that the community shed played in addressing men's health and well-being by providing a place to socialise, be active physically as well as mentally, and, have fun.

Michael could clearly see the enjoyment in the men's faces as he wandered around asking questions. Michael stated, "The visit was extremely well worthwhile for him in order to see things on the ground rather than receiving emails and typed up submissions for assistance".

Michael's offer to assist the ongoing growth of the shed was quickly taken up. Yes, much of our equipment at the shed is getting very old and antiquated, so Michael's noted the need over the next few years for some upgrading though grant funding or donations will be required.

Wal Sheehan
Vice President

Rick Hain

It's the story for all occasions accompanied by the rich baritone chuckle and the twinkling smile that gets you in ... and the slimmest rollies you'll ever see smoked!



Curly says you can hear him sheds away but he can't hear you across the table!

Short, stocky, silver-haired (quite the coiffeur), ever ready to lend a hand or share a "hand me down" tale from his father, he is also a listener and he cares. A bit of a toughie but very gentle. He once used his trusty knife to relieve me of an unwanted splinter in my hand: "When I was a boy I used to get many a wool thorn out of Dad's hands after his day's shearing." A surgeon's touch is hardly as soft. He has his opinions but he listens to others.

His language is rich and colourful but never disrespectful. There is the suggestion of the old days – manners, courtesy, a gentlemanly code. He is honest in character and deed. He is proud of his past family and he is proud of his grandchildren. He is a man of bush skills and knowledge. He has experienced the gamut of delights and tragedies life and nature like to throw at us. Yet despite all that he still plays down his own worth.

It is Christmas Eve 1946 and Santa plays the stork and drops in to Cooma hospital to deliver Gwendolen Valmei Hain's present. ("She regretted it ever since" Rick chuckles.) His mother is to pass on in 1961. Young school cadet, Rick Hain, is away at cadet camp up at Singleton and she dies before he can get back to see her. A tough event for a fourteen near fifteen year old.

Rick is to lose his only sibling, sister Diana Rosealie four years his senior, in a similarly distressful way. Diana had a long term illness and had survived a kidney transplant. She was married but had no children. Rick remembers, with bitterness, her suffering as it takes fifteen days for her to die in the Prince Henry Hospital in Sydney.

Rick's father, Ivan William Hain, is born in 1907, one of three brothers and two sisters. The Hain family, comes from southern England aboard "The Petrel" in 1849. They settle as shepherds in the Monaro district. Grandfather, Fred Hain, is a frustrated builder and farmer. He buys a property in 1930. "The Hains, the Litchfields and rabbits dominate the numbers in and around the Monaro!"

The three brothers and the two sisters all

work on the farm “But Dad is the last one standing so he inherits the farm”. It seems that Rick has inherited the resourcefulness and the passions of the father and the grandfather. Rick speaks proudly of his grandfather’s tools that are passed down to him.

Early memories include the school house with the pedal organ and the fire place. It is where Church services are held once a month. But school at first is correspondence schooling, never an easy option. Later, Rick is to attend the public school at Nimmitabel with eighty other kids. The convent school at the same time has similar numbers reflecting the religious and social divide of the day.

They are tough times. A twenty-six kilometre bus ride each way. Of himself Rick admits he is not a “good boy”. Today there is still a touch of the good natured larrikin – it snuggles in his sense of humour.

The headmaster is one John Byrne, a graduate of the prestigious Catholic boarding school in Hunter’s Hill in Sydney. This man instils discipline in a direct fashion. “He used to beat the b’Jesus out of us.” A fondly remembered pre-pubescent ditty asserts he:

“Goes to Church on Sunday and prays for the strength to beat us on Monday!”

However, in Hain sight “he is not a bad teacher”.

Neither Dad nor grandfather had had much education. There is the story that one had a brief stay at The King’s School in Parramatta. His mother encounters him mucking out the pigs and decides he could

as well do that at home! Dad’s determination to see his children do not miss out as he had, sees Dianna off to Meriden School for Girls in Strathfield and later, about the time she is leaving school in 1959 Rick is sent to The King’s School at Parramatta, a popular choice for cockies’ sons including the late former

Deputy P.M. Doug Anthony.

Rick is lonely, a lonely little bush boy for the first twelve months. He accepts the uniform – all little soldiers – and many of the customs and traditions of the place. But he does not accept the monitors who, it seems, delight in belting the juniors “for anything” after prayers. The bastards. (Rick concedes that much of this sort of behaviour has been reformed – he hopes!)

“Rix” for a nickname is coined by the bullies who pick the littl’uns up by the collar to check out the name tags sewn onto their clothing. “Rix” his middle name is his mother’s maiden name.

Rick takes to boxing to “look after himself” and gets to enjoy his sense of self-preservation. He also excels at rowing. “Young and dumb” is Rick’s self assessment. He repeats his third year but finally manages to gain his Intermediate School Certificate. No academic and ready for something more than school, Rick now believes his time at The King’s School did teach him to be an “astute judge of character”.

Rick’s aim is to work on the farm with his Dad but Dad is a wise ol’ coot:

“You want to work on the Farm? Well first go and learn about farming.” And he does.

Yanco Agricultural College runs a TAFE type course in farming. Rick looks back fondly: "It was fantastic". Of the fifty would be farmers who start the course, forty-seven survive. They get along very well. Rick has found his niche. They still have reunions, at first every five years but in more recent times every three years as "we have reached that stage in life of "dropping off the perch!"

"Camaraderie" that's the word. Happy days – footie (two competitive teams in the local competition), basketball, a bit of tennis, girl friend pinching. Yanco is only four miles (olden days measurement!) out of Leeton and quite the scene for a bit of social life for fifty odd potent young farmers.

The Farm Certificate Course plays to Rick's strengths including woodwork and metal work, subjects that Rick had excelled in at school. Dad's a handy bush carpenter and Rick has inherited his grandfather's tools. One sign in the metal shop catches Rick's eye:

"If you've got nothing to do don't do it here."

(I wonder if our Dick would like this in our wood shop?)

Music is a big part of Rick's activities. He speaks with pride of his father's bass baritone voice. Dad reaches the finals of the National Song Competition held at the Sydney Town Hall. No training and he still comes runner up!. His potential is recognised but the prospect of a professional singing career is put aside: "I've got a farm to run." However, he continues to sing at social gatherings and even makes it on to Cooma's radio "Sing on Sunday".

Rick himself hooks up with a 50-50 Dance band. They perform all over the district from Bega to Adaminaby. In the 70's he is part of a five piece band singing rock classics – Buddy Holly, Elvis, Johnny O'Keefe, Johnny Cash.

Rick's first car is, of course, his old man's until he buys his own, a ford falcon, strong enough to take his horse float. Rick is a keen horseman and participates in cattle separating competitions gaining quite the reputation. His pastimes complement his work – farmwork both with Dad and, casually, with other landholders. His world encompasses sheep and cattle breeding and sowing many crops. His first job home from school for this pretty wild youngster had been ring-barking trees with an axe - "to keep you out of pubs!" Dad said. Another string to his bow is fly fishing trout in the stream that courses the property.

The "B and S Balls". Good memories! What happens at the B and S stays at the B and S. Pre-breathalyser days means group progressive dinner parties are quite the go in our locality. Rick pauses. His eyes soften to a smile. He chuckles.

"First girl friend? Rosie Sautell. We are twelve and we meet at a teenage party."

At Ag College it's Wendy Klink Hammer, "a lovely girl". She eventually becomes a Qantas hostie. Then Robyn Lamb. They meet at a friend's wedding in Melbourne. But as Rick plays the field they drift apart.

The Melbourne sojourn is rewarding in another sense. Rick lands a spot at Simms Metal and over a period of six months he learns to weld – professionally. This skill is

significantly complementary to his carpentry and his metal work. They make for the qualities much needed for “a man on the land” -resourceful, competent, independent.

The time comes to settle and Rick does with Annie, a “good girl from Newcastle, a teacher”. They set up in a little weatherboard “pit sawn cottage” on the family property and spend the next four years building their own home clearing boulders from a dry hill top.

It’s 1980 and Bronwyn is born. Annie’s mother is a great cook and Bronwyn seems to have inherited that gene. (You might have seen Rick recently poring over some handwritten documents – he was writing out a legible copy of a family recipe for “the best curried sausages you’ll ever taste” to share. Bronwyn had prepared this treat for him on a recent holiday to Warrnambool.) Bronwyn does her schooling at Abbotsleigh. On completing her HSC she’s off adventuring to Queensland and meets “my sin-in-law” as Rick calls him. They are dairy farmers on a beautiful property. Annie, who is not in the best of health lives with them and their three children, Sophie twelve, Georgie nine and Fletcher two.

Rick’s pride is on display when he talks of his grandchildren. You’ll see him working to master the Shed’s latest toy, the laser engraving machine seeking to capture their images on special wooden name tags he has made for them.

Life changes. Rick teams up with Jenny. They spend twelve months overseas. From England to meet Jenny’s sister to South East Asia – Laos, Vietnam, Cambodia. From Their

there to Croatia. Down to South Africa, Jenny’s homeland, and a ten day Wild Life Safari. They see the “big five” first hand. They are charged by a bull elephant rampaging out of the bush (“Scary? Bloody oath!”). They witness the death of a rhinoceros killed by a rogue hippopotamus. They observe a lion devouring a rhino luncheon while the cubs remain at a respectful distance. They flee from an over-zealous rhinoceros intent on trampling through their picnic scattering picnic table, cloth, wine and food and the moving on from the havoc caused leaving Rick and Jenny to restore order and picnic on!

It is hot fish and chips at Bermagui that bring Rick and Jenny to the Narooma area. visits and overnight stays lead them to move to the coast. They rent for five years while looking for a suitable place – one where Jenny can work the garden and Rick can have a home for his special tools and a space for his forays into producing quality furniture – wood, of course! And such a place comes along. Marine Drive, a corner house with ocean views. Formerly the residence and practice of a dentist.

So what brings Rick to the Men’s Shed? Word of mouth. Just at the right time for Rick’s expanding interest in both woodwork and metal fabrication. “Camaraderie” (that word again) that is what the Shed means to me. I’m a bloke better with my hands rather than my head.” And, of course, there is the opportunity to share a joke or two, often “hand me downs” from his father. “Did you hear the one about the shy son? ...

A father, wishing to encourage his son to go out into the world, says to his shy son: “Go

to town and see that girl you like." The obedient shy son does as his father bids. On his return his father enquires: "Did you see her?"

"Yes", his son replies, "and she bloody near saw me too!"

And that's our Rick.

Tim Horstead

Rick's Curried Sausages

Ingredients

- 2 Tablespoons plain flour
- 2 Tablespoons butter
- 2 teaspoons salt and pepper
- 4 teaspoons sugar
- 2 teaspoons curry (heaped)
- 1 litre beef stock
- 2 green apples (peeled and grated)
- 2 brown onions (chopped – not too fine)
- 2 carrots (cut into thin rings)
- 2 medium potatoes (cubed)
- 18 thin Woolies sausages
- 1.5 cups peas

Method

1. Dice and sauté onions (put aside)
2. Cut and cube potatoes (boil until cooked)
3. Mix curry and flour together (dry)
4. Melt 2 tablespoons of butter in large pan
5. Slowly add dry curry and flour to melted butter slowly whilst stirring
6. Stir for 1 minute
7. Slowly add one litre boiling stock
8. Add onion, salt, sugar and pepper
9. Add 18 sausages (whole) to the pot
10. Cook "brew" until sausages nearly cooked
11. Dice sausages (hold with tongs, cut with scissors (20 mm long))
12. Add grated apple
13. Add drained carrot and potatoes - simmer
14. Add peas to pot in last five minutes

Enjoy!!

Christmas in July

The Shed celebrated Christmas in July at the Dalmeny sports Club. The Club provided a room for the event and we ordered meals from the servery. The food was delicious and Curly (who organised the event) even went to the trouble of providing bonbons (Christmas crackers) and chocolates on the tables.

The event was well attended and it gave the opportunity for the wives of the shedders to socialise.

One of the highlights was Rick Hain entertaining the crowd with his wonderful baritone singing voice.

Whiskey Galore

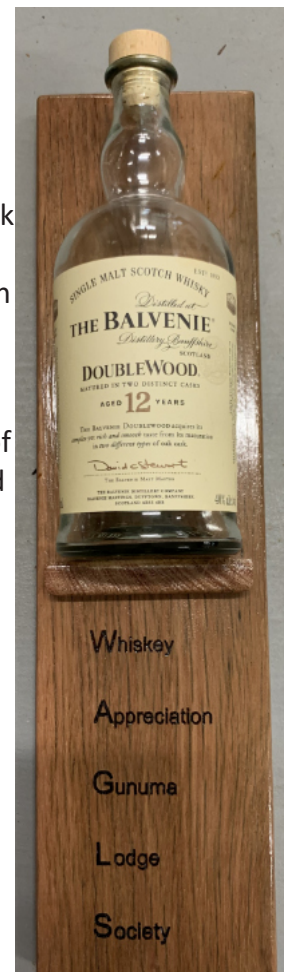


While Wal was skiing he started a whiskey appreciation group which started with a couple of friends and by the end of the week it had grown into the “Whiskey Appreciation Gunuma Lodge Society”.

A suitable memento of the group was created at the shed with the laser engraver and some glue.



Wal has gone back to the snow for another week to continue the work of the society!



From Morocco

Disturbing reports coming in from disreputable correspondents in North West Africa confirm earlier speculation that the Narooma Mens Shed is seeking to expand its' international footprint by opening a sub-branch in Casablanca with a suspected deal to extend the highly rated 'Wal's Cafe' franchise.



Described as an audacious and novel move by the NMS, our photo journalist on the ground in Morocco has been able to snap a shot of NMS operatives staking a claim on the new sub-branch. The picture shows NMS identities Faouzi Saouli and John Steele plotting in a café in downtown Casablanca - perhaps assessing its' potential as part of the 'Wal's Café Chain'.

Ingenuous attempts to contact NMS officials in Australia, predictably proved unsuccessful. Anecdotal reports however from spurious local sources, including Curly's known associates Larry and Moe, have expressed cynicism - commenting on Steele's involvement in extremely pejorative language. The report does however cast aspersions on the authenticity of the earlier expedition by Narooma project entrepreneurs Perret and Sheehan's as a purely 'tourist venture'.

The presence of Steele, an unreliable raconteur from Narooma, does however cast serious doubt on the veracity of the mooted expansion.

The unprecedented move by NMS, if verified, could have serious implications by triggering further competition for global expansion of such Associations and world domination by conservative old tools.



As well, and most alarmingly, is a potential resurgence in the consumption of budget instant coffee and bland biscuits, supplanting the traditional freshly baked croissants and artisan roasted coffees.

Further reports to follow.

Story supplied by fictitious journalists from the N'rumour Press Association

About the Shed

A New Christmas Whale

Narooma Men's Shed have redesigned the iconic Christmas Whale.

It's brighter and it has a little friend.

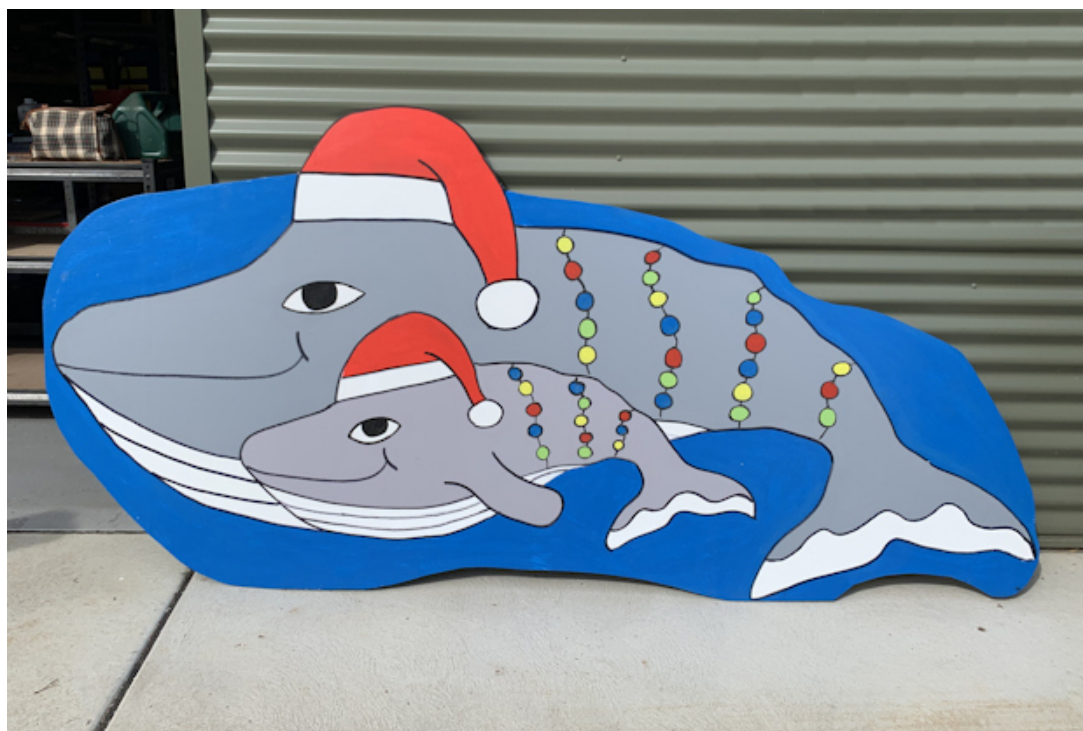
Children love the Christmas Whale and we get numerous reports from visitors about their kids getting excited when they see it each year.

Let's get in the Christmas spirit this year, only Narooma has the Mighty Christmas Whale.

We need to be ahead of the game this year. It takes time to cut out the whales and paint them. Narooma Men's Shed need to make more Christmas Whales so we are taking orders now so that nobody misses out. Lots of private homes buy the whale outright, but often miss out because they leave it to late to order.

A big thanks to the business people who hire a whale every year and support our town and our great men's shed. We really have some great people who care a lot, thank you.

To place an order please call Peter (Curly) Carles on 0448 837 449.



For Sale

Contact David Trickett at the shed or by phone (0409 740 423)

Spinning Wheel for Sale - \$150.00



Two matching coffee tables for sale. \$60.00 each



Creating Rocks



The Men's Shed are helping Cheryl Davison with an art installation that she is curating to be displays at the Basil Sellers Gallery later this year. The concept is a field of flowers set in rocks made from plywood.

The men have been doing a lot of gluing, sawing and sanding.

Looking forward to seeing the exhibition.



New Members

If you wish to become a member or you know someone who would like to be a member, please get an application form filled in and return to a committee member of the Narooma Men's Shed.

The membership form can be downloaded from our website from the About Us menu, or collected at the shed.

Procedures

1. All members are to complete a application for membership form.

WHY: It is a legislative requirement of bodies that individuals apply for and are accepted as members.

Once you become a member you are covered by the incorporated body's insurance.

2. All members are to complete the Member Record Card.

WHY: In case of an emergency such as an accident while at the Men's Shed, it is important that we have the name and contact of a person you nominate to be contacted in such events. Naturally, the ambulance would be called if necessary.

3. All members are to sign the attendance sheet each and every time they are present at the Men's Shed.

WHY: In case of an accident and any subsequent insurance claims, it is vital that the organisation and you can prove you were at the Men's Shed at the time of the accident.

4. The weekly fee of \$5 is to cover refreshments (tea/coffee etc.) as well as workshop consumables (e.g. sandpaper, drill bits etc.). annual fee is \$60



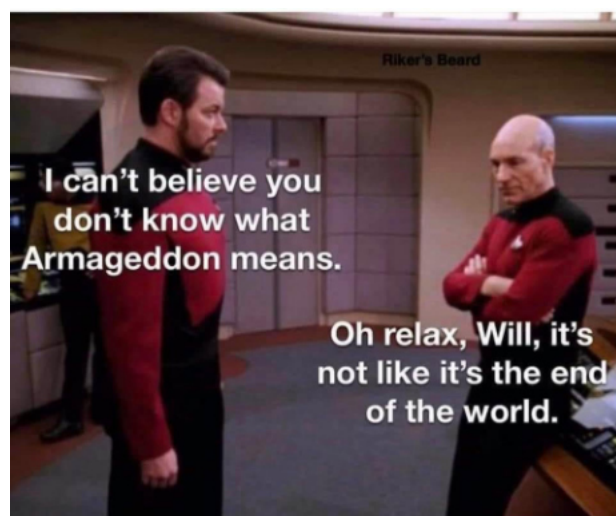
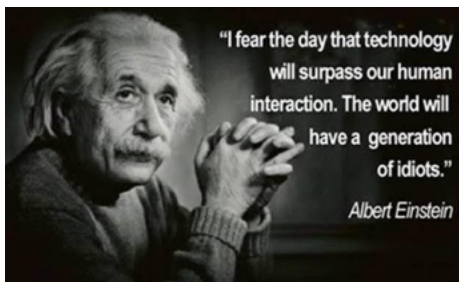
Humour

I took my 8-year-old to the office on Take Your Child to Work Day. As we were walking around, she starting crying & getting very cranky, so I asked her what was wrong. As my coworkers gathered round, she sobbed, 'Daddy, where are all the clowns that you said you worked with?'

You don't really realise how old you are until you sit on the floor and then try to get back up.



I get most of my exercise these days from shaking my head in disbelief.



Frozen Crabs & The Flight Attendant

A lawyer boarded an airplane in New Orleans with a box of frozen crabs, and asked a blonde flight attendant to take care of them for him.

She took the box, and promised to put it in the crew's refrigerator.

He advised her that he was holding her personally responsible for them staying frozen, mentioning in an arrogant manner that he was a lawyer and threatened what would happen to her if she let them thaw out.

Shortly before landing in New York, she used the intercom to announce to the entire cabin:

"Would the lawyer who gave me the crabs in New Orleans, please raise your hand?"

Not one hand went up. So she took them home and ate them.

There are two lessons here:

1. Most lawyers aren't as smart as they think they are.
2. Some blondes aren't as dumb as most folks think.

I miss the good old days...when you could actually have an opinion without offending somebody.

Life just gets better as you get older doesn't it?

I was in a Starbucks Coffee recently when my stomach started rumbling and I realized that I desperately needed to fart. The place was packed but the music was really loud so to get relief and reduce embarrassment I timed my farts to the beat of the music. After a couple of songs I started to feel much better. I finished my coffee and noticed that everyone was staring at me.... I suddenly remembered that I was listening to my iPod... and how was your day?

This is what happens when old people start using technology!



Sayings from Seniors

"The surest sign that intelligent life exists elsewhere in the universe is that it has never tried to contact us." – Bill Watterson

As I've grown older, I've learned that pleasing everyone is impossible, but pissing everyone off is a piece of cake.

I'm responsible for what I say, not what you understand.

Common sense is like deodorant. The people who need it the most never use it.

My tolerance for idiots is extremely low these days. I used to have some immunity built up, but obviously there's a new strain out there.

It's not my age that bothers me, it's the side effects.

I'm not saying I'm old and worn out, but I make sure I'm nowhere near the curb on trash day.

As I watch this generation try to rewrite our history, one thing I'm sure of .. it will be misspelled and have no punctuation.

Me, sobbing: "I'm not coming back here anymore ... I'm not going to let you hurt me again."

My Trainer: "It was one sit-up."

As I get older, people think I've become lazy. The truth is I'm just being more energy efficient.

I haven't got anything done today. I've been in the Produce Department trying to open this stupid plastic bag.

If you find yourself feeling useless, remember it took 20 years, trillions of dollars, and four U.S. presidents to replace the Taliban with the Taliban.

Turns out that being a "senior" is mostly just googling how to do stuff.

I want to be 18 again and ruin my life differently. I have new ideas.

I'm on two diets. I wasn't getting enough food on one.

I put my scale in the bathroom corner and that's where the little liar will stay until it apologizes.

My mind is like an internet browser. At least 19 open tabs, 3 of them are frozen, and I have no clue where the music is coming from.

Hard to believe I once had a phone attached to a wall, and when it rang, I picked it up without knowing who was calling.

The Lone Ranger and Tonto went camping in the desert.

After they got their tent all set up, both men fell sound asleep.

Some hours later, Tonto wakes the Lone Ranger and says,

'Kemo Sabe, look towards sky, what you see?'

'The Lone Ranger replies, 'I see millions of stars.'

'What that tell you?' asked Tonto.

The Lone Ranger ponders for a minute then says, 'Astronomically speaking, it tells me there are millions of galaxies and potentially billions of planets. Astrologically, it tells me that Saturn is in Leo. Time wise, it appears to be approximately a quarter past three in the morning. Theologically, the Lord is all-powerful and we are small and insignificant. Meteorologically, it seems we will have a beautiful day tomorrow.

What's it tell you, Tonto?'

'You dumber than buffalo. It means someone stole the tent'

A blonde pushes her BMW into a gas station. She tells the mechanic it died.

After he works on it for a few minutes, it is idling smoothly.

She says, "What's the story?"

He replies, "Just crap in the carburetor."

She asks, "How often do I have to do that?"

In the swim-meet, after the blonde came in last competing in the breast-stroke, she complained to the judges that all the other girls were using their arms.

A gorgeous young redhead goes into the doctor's office and said that her body hurt wherever she touched it.

"Impossible!" says the doctor. "Show me."

The redhead took her finger, pushed on her left shoulder and screamed, she pushed her elbow and screamed even more. She pushed her knee and screamed; likewise she pushed her ankle and screamed.

Everywhere she touched made her scream.

The doctor said, "You're not really a redhead, are you?"

"Well, no," she said, "I'm actually a blonde."

"I thought so," the doctor said, "Your finger is broken."

A girl was visiting her blonde friend, who had acquired two new dogs, and asked her what their names were.

The blonde responded by saying that one was named "Rolex" and one was named "Timex".

Her friend said, "Whoever heard of someone naming dogs like that?"

"Helllooooo...!," answered the blonde. "They're watchdogs..."

Communication

NMS Web Site

Remember we have a website

www.naroomamensshed.com.au

Also find us on Facebook Search
"Facebook Narooma Mens Shed" in your browser.

If you have any news articles and photos that you would like published on the web site, or know of links to other interesting web site e.g. other Mens Sheds, please email details to the web master at colin381@gmail.com

AMSA Online

The goal of The AMSA Shed Online is help people connect in the same way they do at the shed – over a cuppa and a laugh. We hope you're here to share information, ideas and make connections with your fellow shedders around the world.

Anyone can contribute comments to the blog posts and participate in conversations on the discussion forums. But, you will need to join the site first.

<http://mensshed.org/theshedonline/>

Committee Members

Executive Committee Members

David Trickett	President
Wal Sheehan	Vice-President
Colin Berry	Treasurer and Communications
Tim Horstead	Secretary

Ordinary Committee Members

Rody Byrne	Public Officer
Peter (Curly) Carles	Assembly Room Manager
Dick Nagle	Wood Shed Manager
Peter Lonergan	Metal Shed Manager
Geoff Broadfoot	Meeting Room Manager