

It is cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey.....and others.

I made an appeal recently asking members to send me suitable items that I might be able to use in the newsletter. Here are a couple; the first sent in by Frank Reynolds and the second from Paul Walton. You will notice that one is bigger than the other but both are equally acceptable; so please do not be shy, if you find something of interest or amusing then it is likely that we all will. In the heyday of sailing ships, all war ships and many freighters carried iron cannons, which fired round iron cannon balls. It was necessary to keep a good supply near the cannon. How-

ever, how to prevent them from rolling about the deck? The best storage method devised was a square-based pyramid with one ball on top, resting on four resting on nine, which rested on sixteen. Thus, a supply of 30 cannon balls could be stacked in a small area right next to the cannon. There was only one problem...how to prevent the bottom layer from sliding or rolling from under the others. The solution was a metal plate called a 'Monkey' with 16 round indentations. However, if this plate were made of iron, the iron balls would quickly

rust to it. The solution to the rusting problem was to make brass 'Monkeys.' Few land lubbers realize that brass contracts much more and much faster than iron when chilled. Consequently, when the temperature dropped too far, the brass indentations would shrink so much that the iron cannonballs would come right off the monkey. Thus, it was quite literally; 'cold enough to freeze the balls off a brass monkey.' All this time, you thought that it was an improper expression. Hi David, In response to the request for content for the newsletter I heard the follow-

ing two stories which you may think appropriate. "Grandma's cat died recently and we all expected that she would do the normal thing and bury it at the bottom of the garden with a little headstone. What she actually did was have it made into a pair of slippers. This we all thought to be very odd until she fell down the steps and landed on her feet!! As for Grandad we have taken to calling him 'Spiderman'. It's not that he possesses super powers or is very athletic, it's just that he can't get out of the bath!! Cheers and all the best for 2008Paul Walton.



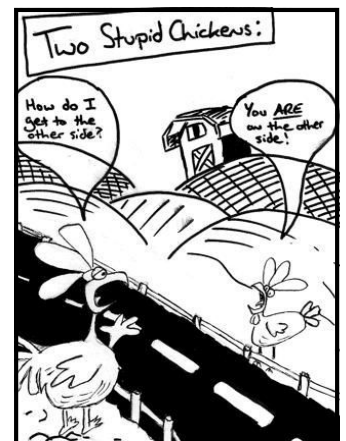
**Possum stew like wot mum makes.*

Next month we shall resume the club competition but with a new twist to it. There will be three classes, novice, novice who have won and advanced. A 1st & 2nd will be picked in each section. Winners from the first two classes will then be promoted to the next class.

For Sale.....

For sale Record CL1 woodturning lathe. Swivel head, solid bed bars, 36 inch between centres, complete with chisels & Record Chuck as seen in photographs. £250. Interested then telephone 01423 770333 or speak to Phill Jakeman..... Bob Chapman has been contacted by a widow who wants to sell some of her late husbands stock and equipment

there are is a variety of stuff including a nice lathe a huge 9 1/2 inch cut bandsaw, some turning blanks and lots of bits for clocks, coasters etc. Contact Margaret Crow on 01226 287902..... Free to a good home, not for resale on ebay. My new metal cupboard base for the SIP bandsaw that I've recently purchased. I need the space.



Joining the Australian Army.....

The following text; is a letter home, sent by a kid who came from Eromanga after having joined the army. For those of you who do not know; Eromanga is a small town to the west of Quilpie, approximately ten hours west of Brisbane in the far south west of Queensland. If you can 'read' this with an Australian accent it will help the story along. Dear Mum & Dad, I am well. Hope youse are too. Tell me big brothers Doug and Phil that the Army is better than workin on the farm, tell them to get in bloody quick smart before the jobs are all gone. I wuz a bit slow in settling down at first, because ya don't hafta

get outta bed until 6am. But I like sleeping in now, cuz all you gotta do before brekky is make ya bed and shine ya boots and clean ya uniform. No bloody cows to milk, no calves to feed, no feed to stack nothin! Blokes haz gotta shave though, but it's not so bad, coz there's lotsa hot water and even a light to see what ya doing. At brekky ya get cereal, fruit and eggs but there's no kangaroo steaks or possum stew like wot Mum makes. You don't get fed again until noon, and by that time all the city boys are buggedged because we've been on a 'route march' geez its only just like walking to the windmill in the back paddock. This one will kill me

brothers Doug and Phil with laughter. I keep getting medals for shootin, dunno why. The bulls eye is as big as a bloody possum's bum and it don't move and its not firing back at ya like the Johnsons did when our big scrubber bull got into their prize cows before the Ekka last year. All ya gotta do is make yourself comfortable and hit the target, its a piece of piss!! You don't even load your own cartridges they comes in little boxes and ya don't have to steady yourself against the rollbar of the roo shooting truck when you reload. Sometimes ya gotta wrestle with the city boys and I gotta be real careful, coz they

break easy, it's not like fighting with Doug and Phil and Jack and Boori and Steve and Muzza all at once like we do at home after the muster. Turns out I'm not a bad boxer either and it looks like I'm the best the platoon's got, and I've only been beaten by this one bloke from the Engineers he's 6 foot 5 and 15 stone and three pickhandles across the shoulders and as ya know I'm only 5 foot 7 and eight stone wringin' wet, but I fought him till the other blokes carried me off to the boozier. I can't complain about the Army tell the boys to get in quick before word gets around how bloody good it is..... Your loving daughter, Jodie.