

Kushed Bulletin

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Scrap Timber to Elegant Chess Table



Don Croker and Chris Oatley created this beautiful chess table from old wood salvaged from the "pile" outside the Shed container, exposed to the elements and badly split.

After cutting out the split sections and many runs through the thicknesser, they were able to resurrect enough sections to complete the project. Even the sections which were split were useful - they created the lids and the rear wall on the legs completely out of the bits and pieces available.

Once the various timbers were dressed and cut to size, they were routed out and fitted to an internal MDF base. All joins are glued with the only screws being in the legs and hidden within the external faces

After sanding with sandpaper as fine as 1200 grit, the table was stained with a mixture of Cabots colours to get the end product as close as possible to the existing furnishings in the "clients" home. After staining, they applied 8 layers of Danish Oil to give the shine.

The internal areas were lined with a crimson felt to highlight the chess set as well as the natural timber colours. The area above the board was covered in with 6 mm glass cut to size.

Don and Chris Do It Again!



Don Croker and Chris Oatley teamed up again to create this coffee table. The table is of a number of different Aussie hardwoods on a ply wood frame. Each plank of the hardwood was dressed down on the thicknesser to get a uniform size, then biscuit joined and glued. There are no screws in the hardwood, either on the top surfaces or on the side or underside faces.

Hardwood was sourced from the off-cut bins at Masters including a store in Queensland at a total cost of \$60!

The biggest problem they faced was nothing to do with the construction. The table weighs over 60 kg and that, as well as the dimensions, made it hard to lift and move.

A Boat That Rocked



Pictured is a boat built by Mark Swithenbank, his son Luke and Luke's girlfriend over the past 11 months.

It was fashioned from plans they bought online. A number of the parts were fashioned at the Shed. Mark has never sailed but loves building things out of wood and metal. Luke, on the other hand, sails but has rarely set foot in a woodworking shop.

"It was a great opportunity to spend quality time together most weekends."

The boat is made from marine plywood and mahogany. Most of it was then covered with fiber glass to provide waterproofing. The hardest part to build was the cabin due to all the complex angles and bending involved.

Mark hopes to have it in the water in early July.

Australian Gothic!



Stephen Carroll took up painting after he retired in 2008. He works almost exclusively with acrylics on canvass and his preference is landscapes.

Stephen painted this to give to a friend and his wife in Queensland as a present for their 50th wedding anniversary. He painted the painting in front of their "Queenslander" in the style of a classic American painting by Grant Woods called "American Gothic" painted in the 1930s.

"Of course, I had to name my painting "Australian Gothic" even though the building is about as far from "gothic" as one can get. My friend was very appreciative of the painting (I think), even though I painted him wearing a NSW Origin Football jumper and he is a dyed-in-the-wool Queenslander - I guess I had the last laugh!"

Donations Provide a new Dishwasher

The family of the late Maurie Graham, as well as a group of friends from Maurie's time at Grafton High School (1944-48), have generously donated money to the Shed.

These funds were used to purchase a much needed dishwasher for the Shed kitchen.

Thank-you to all who donated.

The End Of "The Shed Online"

The Shed Online Newsletter is a national website supported by the Australian Men's Shed Association and the Beyondblue foundation. It has provided news on health and other issues

to members of the Australian Men's Shed association for the past 16 years.

Due to falling patronage and increasing costs, it will close down on the 30th June. This does not affect the website of the Australian Men's Shed Association, which is still accessible [here](#)

A Friendly Reminder on Annual Subscriptions

Current Shed members will have received a letter or email about the annual subscriptions due on 1st July. Invoices will be sent to unpaid members on 30 June. Prompt payment would be appreciated, and will assist us with the imminent Shed expansion project.

If you wish to pay by EFT, please ensure you enter your **invoice number** and **name** in the reference field of the transaction to uniquely identify your payment. Anonymous transactions can only be treated as donations.

The Elder's Helper

When an old man died in the geriatric ward of a nursing home in an Australian country town, it was believed that he had nothing left of any value. Later, when the nurses were going through his meagre possessions, they found this poem. Its quality and content so impressed the staff that copies were made and distributed to every nurse in the hospital.

One nurse took her copy to Melbourne. The old man's sole bequest to posterity has since appeared in the Christmas editions of magazines around the country and appearing in mags for Mental Health. And this old man, with nothing left to give to the world, is now the author of this 'anonymous' poem winging across the Internet.

Cranky Old Man

What do you see nurses?What do you see?
What are you thinking . . . when you're looking at me?
A cranky old man,not very wise,

Uncertain of habit with faraway eyes?
Who dribbles his food and makes no reply.
When you say in a loud voice . . 'I do wish you'd try!'
Who seems not to notice . . .the things that you do.
And forever is losing A sock or shoe?
Who, resisting or not lets you do as you will,

With bathing and feedingThe long day to fill?
Is that what you're thinking?. .Is that what you see?

Then open your eyes, nurse .you're not looking at me.
I'll tell you who I am As I sit here so still,
As I do at your bidding, as I eat at your will.

I'm a small child of Ten . .with a father and mother,
Brothers and sisters who love one another

A young boy of Sixteen with wings on his feet
Dreaming that soon now a lover he'll meet.

A groom soon at Twentymy heart gives a leap.
Remembering, the vowsthat I promised to keep.

At Twenty-Five, nowI have young of my own.
Who need me to guide And a secure happy home.

A man of Thirty My young now grown fast,
Bound to each other With ties that should last.

At Forty, my young sons . . .have grown and are gone,
But my woman is beside me . . to see I don't mourn.

At Fifty, once more,Babies play 'round my knee,
Again, we know children My loved one and me.

Dark days are upon me My wife is now dead.
I look at the future I shudder with dread.
For my young are all rearing young of their own.
And I think of the years And the love that I've known.

I'm now an old man and nature is cruel.
It's jest to make old age look like a fool.
The body, it crumbles grace and vigor, depart.

There is now a stone where I once had a heart.
But inside this old carcass . A young man still dwells,
And now and again my battered heart swells

I remember the joys I remember the pain.
And I'm loving and living life over again.
I think of the years, all too few gone too fast.
And accept the stark fact that nothing can last.

So open your eyes, people open and see.
Not a cranky old man .
Look closer see ME!!

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