

Who are we?

The Bytes Team who bring you this publication are:

Rae Starr, Manjimup CRC
rae@manjimup.org.au
Liz Coley & Kathy Hill
Yarn Spinners
manjicafeytes@gmail.com

Design: Tracey Bingham

Manjimup CRC: Kayla Williams and
Emma Lee Mayer



Artist : John Duncan

FREE

Issue 35 April 2017

Manji Cafe Bytes

SAYING FOR THE MONTH

"You can live to be a hundred, if you give up all the things that make you want to live to be a hundred." – Woody Allen (1935 -)

Anzac Day: 25th April
"we will remember them"

CHAT SUBJECT
Easter eggs, which are your favourites?



Welcome to our April newsletter, we hope you find interest in our stories.

With Easter on the horizon we can be assured that winter isn't far away, and a change of season has us re thinking our wardrobe and our life style. Well done to the Repertory Club, their performance of Once Upon a Time on the first two weekends of the month will be sure to entertain, we just know it.

Congratulations to Southern Forest Steppers have been busy raising funds for medical research; the women's footy match, and to the ones who now have bald heads. There's always someone putting in an effort for the good of all of us.

We always welcome your ideas at manjicafeytes@g.mail.com and copies are also online at <http://www.manjimupcrc.net.au>

We hope you all have a wonderful Easter!

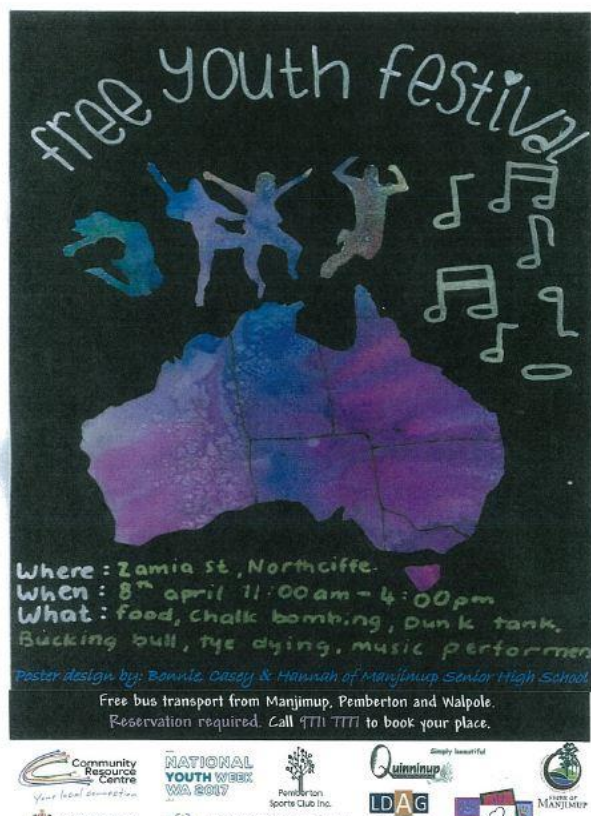


Free Youth Festival, Northcliffe, Saturday 8th April

The fourth FREE Youth Week Festival organised by the Shire of Manjimup Youth Network is offered to all young Manjimup residents from 11am to 4pm on Saturday 8th April.

A good choice of activities and lunch are free to all attending. The festival is again provided with the support of volunteers and they are needed to set up and take down marquees, tables and chairs, assist with traffic management, help run activities and complete a youth survey

Please contact Rae Starr on 0447023360 or rae@manjimup.org.au with your offer of help to make this event a first-class one for our young people!



EASTER UNWRAPPED

Dates for Easter this year are April 14th Good Friday, April 16th Easter Sunday and April 17th Easter Monday.

The celebration of Easter begins on Good Friday commemorating the crucifixion of Jesus Christ and his death at Calvary. Easter Sunday is celebrated as the day Jesus rose from the dead (resurrection) with Easter Monday being the second day of Eastertide in the Christian calendar. Easter is usually celebrated on the first Sunday after the full moon following the autumn equinox on March 21st. Saint Bede (673-735) tells us that April was originally called Eosturmonath, "Easter month", because the month was originally dedicated to Eostre, an Anglo-Saxon goddess of spring. When Christian beliefs spread throughout England, Easter month lent its name to the new April festival.

Eggs have always been a traditional symbol of fertility and rebirth and that is thought to be the origin of giving and receiving of Easter eggs. They signify the empty tomb of Jesus after the resurrection and originally were stained red to symbolise the blood of Christ. Paschal eggs were dyed or painted chicken eggs, in modern times these have been replaced with chocolate eggs wrapped in foil.

The legend of the Easter Bunny says a rabbit brings gifts to children the night before Easter Sunday, this idea is believed to have originated among the German Lutherans as the "Easter Hare" who would judge whether children were good or disobedient at the start of Easter. If they were good they could expect a visit with a basketful of eggs and candy.

However you choose to celebrate Easter, we wish you a safe and happy time!

TIPPING TIME

This time of year, brings a sense of anticipation for the footy fanatics among us. We have said goodbye to summer and are welcoming cooler weather, ideal for watching our favourite teams do battle whether it's locally or at AFL level. It is time to think about getting the team scarves and jackets out of storage and prepare ourselves for the euphoria or disappointment that each game will bring.

If that is not enough excitement for you, join a tipping competition or two. If ever there was anything guaranteed to get the heart pumping on the weekend, it's the angst of waiting for the final score. Is there anything worse than thinking you've got it all in the bag than 30 seconds to go and the umpire gives a free kick to the other side? Your heart sinks as the Sherrin sails high and true straight between the posts as the final siren sounds, that's it game over.

Tipping means a lot of avid reading of the back pages of the West Australian, finding out who is in or out. For instance, it stands to reason that if one or two best players are carrying injuries their team should not perform as well the following week. However just to be on the safe side we will read what the tipsters have to say in the papers and on TV, follow the experts and check the bookmaker's odds. Or simply go with your gut feeling, on second thoughts that is probably just as good and who knows you may be the lucky winner for 2017!

AFL bounce down is on Thursday 23rd March, the local season kicks off on April 1st with Imperials v Kojonup, April 8th Southerners v Boyup Brook and Deanmill for a night game against Bridgetown, April 9th Tigers v Imperials and bye Kojonup.

Good luck and if you have any hot tips, let me know!

Thumbs Up

Thumbs up to all those who took part in the recent Shire of Manjimup Community Survey, your feedback helps our Shire to set priorities and focus on issues which affect us all.

A huge congratulations to Clayton Ellis for putting Manjimup's Cherry Harmony Festival on the International map, by winning the recent Olive Stone Spitting competition in New Zealand. A 12.64 m spit is pretty amazing, following on from his 9.2 m winning spit at the 2016 Cherry Harmony Festival pip spitting competition.



HONEY

Is there anything quite as sweet as the taste of honey? Gently golden, slightly syrupy, a heavenly aroma and just waiting to be spread lavishly on your morning toast.

We modern humans are still enjoying the taste of honey as much as our ancestors did, a Mesolithic cave painting discovered in Valencia, Spain shows two honey hunters from 8,000 years ago, collecting honey and honeycombs from a wild bee nest. The oldest honey remains found on the inner surface of clay vessels were unearthed in a tomb dating back about 5000 years. Ancient Egyptians used honey as part of the embalming process when interring the dead. The Greeks began beekeeping quite early, laws were passed in 594 BC around Athens stating that hives must be placed 91 metres apart. Honey was an integral sweetener in many early recipes from Roman times and India, China and South America all placed great store in honey for cooking and medicinal purposes.

It is still a wonderful soother for a sore throat and can be used as a salve for rashes and burns. The believed antimicrobial properties of honey were first reported in 1892 as a safe treatment for wounds and ulcers and studies have been carried out on Manuka honey which is often used in this way today.

Honey has a naturally occurring yeast which is why it is the main ingredient in the alcoholic beverage Mead, also known as honey wine or honey beer, and in the form of nectar and ambrosia, was a food of the ancient Greek 12 Gods of Olympus. The Book of Exodus tells us that the Promised Land is a “land flowing with milk and honey” and John the Baptist is said to have lived for a long period in the wilderness on a diet consisting of locusts and wild honey.

All this tells us that honey is full of natural goodness including Vitamin B6, niacin, thiamine and riboflavin. It also contains minerals such as copper, iron, calcium, magnesium, potassium and zinc. Amounts vary according to the flora the bees have been harvesting for pollen.

The Flow Hive is an Australian invention and has been much touted as an ideal way for anyone to keep bees in their backyard, with honey flowing from the hive at the turn of a tap. They may suit some but my personal feeling is that traditional hives are best, there is something a little mystical about beekeeping and caring for these fascinating little creatures as has been done for centuries.

Liz’s Kitchen Rules

PEAR, HONEY & ALMOND TART

Ingredients: 125g unsalted butter at room temperature, ½ cup caster sugar, ½ cup almond meal, 2 eggs, 2tablesp honey, ¼ cup plain flour, 2 ripe pears, peeled, cored, thinly sliced, ¼ cup flaked almonds and for the Pastry: 1¼ cups plain flour, 125g unsalted butter, chopped, 2tablesp caster sugar, 1 egg yolk, 2tablesp cold water.

Method: Pastry: Rub flour, butter and sugar together until mixture resembles breadcrumbs, add egg yolk and water, mix until mixture comes together, knead until just smooth. Cover with plastic wrap and place in fridge for 45 minutes to rest. Roll out pastry and line a 23cm fluted tart tin, preheat oven to 200C. Blind bake for approx. 20 minutes until golden, remove from oven and reduce temperature to 160C. Beat butter, sugar and almond meal in a bowl until creamy. Add eggs one at a time, beating well, add honey and beat, fold in sifted flour, spoon the mixture into the pastry case, smooth surface and arrange pears and flaked almonds on top. Bake for 40 minutes until golden and firm.

Makes a delicious dessert, dusted with a little icing sugar and served with a little cream and an extra drizzle of honey.



BRONZEWINGS IN MY BACKYARD

We have had groups of Common Bronze wing (*Phaps chalcoptera*) roaming around our backyard for several years. They are quite happy to sit under the bottlebrushes for most of the day, making an occasional foray to the bird bath for a drink or refreshing bath or to check the bird feeders, on the off chance we have added a few more seeds to their daily rations.

At first sight they can appear quite dull and dowdy but closer inspection will prove that is not the case. There is a handsome male strutting around as I write this, the sun picks out iridescent patches of emerald and bronze on his wings, he has a yellow-white forehead and soft pink feathers on his portly chest. He is justly proud as he and his lady are raising a family of two who will soon be leaving the shelter of the nest to join the flock under the bottlebrushes.

I found the nest one morning as I dragged a ladder to the rose arch to do some deadheading, I went up two steps with secateurs in hand to come face to face with a steely glare from two very bright eyes. I backed down first and moved quietly away. A female bronze wing was perched tightly on a very untidy nest of twigs, which I noticed was lined with several strands of coconut fibre from my hanging baskets, I had wondered where that had gone! There were two creamy white eggs in the nest and both parents took turns at sitting. I have to admire their fortitude with the strange weather we have been having. Sweltering hot one day and wintry conditions the next, in addition to that we had some very strong winds which swept across the valley and just about stripped the leaves off the roses.

However, they were equal to the task, now there are two little heads peeping out from beneath the shelter of Mum’s wings. They have already taken a maiden flight but return to the sanctuary of the nest to roost. A Bronze wing in flight is quite something, they usually take off with a mighty clatter of wings, especially when startled, and they fly fast and low and have a knack of disappearing among the undergrowth, blending easily into the surroundings.

A little reading on these delightful birds tells us that they live in a variety of habitats including Eucalypt forest and woodland, Mallee and heath. They feed on the ground on seeds and other vegetable matter, they have a liking for wattle seeds and need to drink frequently. These plump little birds range in size from 30cm to 35cm in length and were a favourite among early European settlers for hunting and food. They are cautious and shy and rarely allow close approach, although we have not found this to be the case, but maybe they tolerate us for the goodies we provide!

It was a Dark and Stormy Night

That’s definitely what came Manjimup’s way in 1978 when Cyclone Alby blew in. Dark, scary and unbelievably windy would be the brief version, but there was that added horror of the glowing red sky to the north of town. Raging, angry red with every inch of it portraying a horrifying inferno, threatening our very survival. For our area those 130 km per hour winds would be a record, but with the recent 260 km per hour Cyclone Debbie’s winds in Queensland’s Townsville area we know we got of kind of lightly. But we had the fires to contend with, which they did not. And their buildings would be constructed to withstand cyclonic winds.

Here in the South West Tuesday April 4th 1978, 39 years ago, started out like most other April days. The tail end of summer’s warmth still in the air, autumn’s beauty lingering on with winter not yet having bared its teeth, but we knew it wouldn’t be far away.

For a lot of locals the first inkling of trouble afoot was when the schools were dismissed early, the Education Department on the alert because of the weather warnings. The wind blew stronger as the afternoon wore on, power went off and battery radio was the only news source.

Then at around 6 pm word went around for residents on the north side of town to evacuate to the sports ovals. Fires were flaring up all through the district, with the last of the burning off season being sparked into infernos by the wind carrying flaming objects hundreds of metres, igniting new fires. According to records Manjimup experienced 130 km/hr around 5 pm and the highest recorded in the South West was 150 km/h by 11 pm at Albany.

Memories vary as to when the wind started to ease, but it wasn’t until after 9 pm or later, and then the rain started. The fires had reached very close to town not far from the northern arch – and it seemed that some, or all, of the town would certainly have been destroyed. It was truly a nightmare that has not left the memories of those who were here to experience it, most of whom had never witnessed a cyclone and those who had, had not felt the added danger and fear of raging bush fires.

Daylight revealed amazing sights, buildings destroyed, trees down everywhere with many closed roads, debris scattered around and power lines askew. Most severely damaged buildings in Manjimup were the Pony Club, the Tennis Club and the Warren Craft Group.

Extensive damage extended from Wanneroo to beyond Albany. Unfortunately a local man, Len Hughan aged 26, lost his life when a tree fell onto the bulldozer he was driving, crushing the cab. He was part of the crew clearing fire breaks at Quinlinup. There were five fatalities in the state, how lucky it was not a much higher toll.

Telephone calls over the next few days were kept to the minimum, only urgent calls allowed because the exchange was operated on batteries and with the uncertainty of the electricity supply it was not the time for lengthy telephone chats, tempting as it was to check on how everyone had fared. Remember this was well prior to mobile phone and Facebook internet connections, which of course also rely on electricity.

One of our Bytes team shares her memories of Alby with us.

North of Manjimup. Out on the farm just north of Palgarup I glanced out of the kitchen window and watched as the wind began to pick up, little flurries of leaves, dried grass and dust rising in the air. The sky was an eerie colour, dark with a pinkish glow which we learnt later was red dust from the wheatbelt and points further north, all swept up by the force of the wind. I had been listening to the warnings on the radio, so knew that Cyclone Alby was due to cross the coast and head our way, but the warnings did not prepare any of us for the strength of the wind and the constant howling ferocity of the storm which seemed to batter us for hours. The school bus arrived early, the kids, heads bowed running for home, I shut the chooks in and made sure the dog and cat were inside the house. We picked up and stacked away or tied down anything we could find that we thought might blow around. Plenty of wood in and candles everywhere, a good meal inside us and the battery radio on standby we listened as the wind really began to blow. It was pitch black outside and inside too, the power went down early and all we could do was listen for news and wait. Above the howling wind we could hear the sound of sheets of iron flapping at the right-hand corner of the house. Husband and I with a flickering torch to guide us managed to battle our way to the corner and get a ladder upright, husband went up the ladder, I climbing behind to lean it against the wall and hold on. He lay flat across the roof and managed to nail the sheets back down. Foolish when I think about it now, but the roof stayed on. While we were out there we noticed a red glow in the sky towards Palgarup and once inside and listening to the radio our worst fears were realised, there was a fire racing towards the north of Manjimup. Neighbours from a farm further up the road rang to see how we were faring and we then realised there was another fire burning near them. We couldn’t see that fire but the one at Palgarup was burning back towards us and we could see flames as well as a red glow.

Having previously packed the car we began wondering if we should load the family and make a dash for the sports ovals in Manjimup. And then a miracle, the wind dropped, we decided to risk a drive towards Palgarup only to find the road to town blocked by debris. With growing fear we watched flames racing across the paddocks, and we turned back for home. Then another small miracle, rain began to fall, the wind blew again but the intensity had gone, neighbours kept in touch and we all decided to wait a bit longer. I think we went to bed after midnight to wake early the next morning to fallen trees, powerlines and debris everywhere. The power was off for ten days but we were ok, we had our Metters Stove for warmth, cooking and hot water, candles for light and the radio for company.

