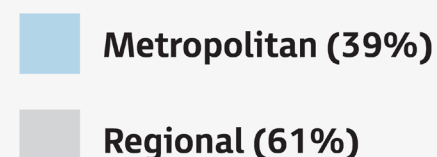


Fatalities by region



The Road Safety Council wants your views on road safety before it drafts a new strategy for the State Government to consider.

Consider the impact of road trauma on your family and your friends. What changes are you prepared to support to help make our roads safe?

This community consultation is your opportunity to make a difference for decades to come.

You can have your say here by either:

- **Completing the Consultation Feedback Form**
(you can provide input on what road safety measures you would like the State Government to consider)

- **Completing the Consultation Feedback Map**
(you can drop a pin on roads of concern or where speed/speeding an issue)

COME IN TO THE CRC AND HAVE YOUR SAY TODAY



YOUR INPUT COULD SAVE A LIFE!



WHO ARE WE? The Bytes Team who bring you this publication are: Yarn Spinners, Liz Coley, Kathy Hill & Kim Crotty.

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Manji Cafe Bytes

Byte sized stories

September 2019, Edition 64

Artist: John Duncan



Welcome to our September edition, bursting with a variety of interesting stories. The month starts with Fathers' Day, a special day for warm celebration.

We are very pleased to welcome our new team member, Kim, who has brought us a great story on the Manji Mens' Shed, welcome on board Kim. And thanks to guest contributors Joh and Elle, it's wonderful to have community input. The Winds of Change tale continues to intrigue with the mystery evolving, and author Liz tries unconvincingly to have us believe we are wrong in thinking a local area has inspired her story. What do readers think?

Quote for September.

"Remember that sometimes not getting what you want is a wonderful stroke of luck." – Dalai Lama (1935 -)

Chat subject for September.

Spring is here at last, what do you love about Spring?

OUR STATE CROSS COUNTRY PARTICIPANTS



On August 9th, thirty students from Manjimup Primary School travelled to Perth to compete in the State Cross Country Championships held by School Sports WA. It was our third year travelling to the Championships where our main goal was to enjoy competing against the many other students from 70 different schools. Students from year 4 through to year 6 were invited to participate after placing in the top five at our school Cross Country Carnival.

We stayed overnight at the School of Isolated and Distance Education accommodation village. On Friday the 9th of August we travelled to the UWA Sports Park at McGillivray Oval in Mount Claremont. We joined the nearly 1600 students warming up and waiting for the events to start. The year 4 course covered two kilometres while the year 5 and 6 course was two and a half kilometres long. The first event was the year 4 girls where there were 438 runners in the race! This was then followed by the year 4

boys. The last race of the day was the year 6 boys. Our highest placed competitor was Sebastian Walter in the Year 5 boys raced where he placed 83rd. Justin Edwards placed 96th in the Year 4 boys race. Our highest ranked girls was Olivia Gillard, placing 114th, closely followed by Taizley Krispyn in 116th place. Our year 5 boys team placed 28th overall which was an outstanding effort! Of the seventy schools that attended, twenty nine of them fielded a full team, consisting of at least four runners in each race. Of the twenty nine schools, only two country schools were in the list, Manjimup Primary and Dalyellup Primary School. Our area was well represented with students from Kearnan College, East Manjimup Primary School, Bridgetown Primary School and St Brigids participating as well.

Joh Perry.

MORE THAN A PLACE TO MEET NEW MATES.

The Manji Men’s Shed is a fantastic community based, non-profit organisation that provides a friendly place for men to make new mates and a safe environment to work on meaningful projects as they learn new skills and share old ones. The Men’s Shed also advances men’s health and well being with training workshops and seminars for members, while encouraging social inclusion for men of all walks of life. The Shed currently has some major works happening for the Shire of Manjimup. The ongoing restoration of the enormous Whim wheels, the log jinkers and four axle bogies are visible to all out the front of the shed on the corner of Perup Road and the South West Highway. Inside the shed however, you might be surprised to find so much else going on with smaller projects from community members also welcome. Old tractor seats are being converted into stools ready for placement around the Heritage Park, outdoor furniture and garden features are being built to order and many a household pride and joy is being repaired or restored. The Shed’s members also produce items including practical gardening tools, hen’s laying boxes, kitchen essentials and bespoke wooden

toys that are available to buy directly from the Shed or at one of the Men’s Shed stalls at community events, such as the Cherry Harmony Festival. The Manjimup branch of the Men’s Shed organisation has been operating since 2014, has 26 members and relies mostly on community support to operate. Most of the items the Men’s Shed produces are made from are made from salvaged timber and donated materials. If you have building materials, an estate or a husband you would like to donate, please get in touch with the Manji Men’s Shed on 9772 4554, or call Francis Hull on 0409 115 784. And next time you see a Men’s Shed firewood raffle or stall selling that wonderful hand-made item that is perfect for your kitchen of garden, chip in for the blokes that are looking out for others and doing great work for our community. If you know someone who might benefit from a bit of shed time, send them down to the Manjimup Men’s Shed for a cuppa and a chat. There’s no pressure to work on a project or make something, but there is the very real chance of making some new mates.

Kim Crotty.



WATTLE DAY



Wattle Day is celebrated on the first day of September each year, which marks the official day of spring. Many Acacia species (wattle) come into flower about that time and provide a blaze of yellow, a welcome sight after the cold grey skies of winter. During the 1860s to early 1900s wattle was a popular theme in song and literature, Henry Lawson wrote “Freedom on the Wallaby”, during the great Shearer’s Strike of 1891, the last line containing the words “if blood should stain the wattle” which was extremely controversial at the time. Adam Lindsay Gordon died in 1870 and was buried

“here the wattle blossoms wave”, a quotation from his poem “The Sick Stock Rider”. Fosters produced a Wattle Beer and there were wattle waltzes, which presumably took place after imbibing too much Wattle beer! In later times John Williamson wrote Cootamundra Wattle which appeared on the album Mallee Boy in 1986. A Wattle Blossom League was established in 1890 with the aim of encouraging Australian literature and music, The Wattle Club was formed in 1899 in Victoria and bush outings were organised on the first day of September specifically for the appreciation of wattle in its natural setting. This was followed by the Wattle Day League (1909) dedicated to celebrating Wattle Day on that date. There were celebrations in three capital cities: Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide. It wasn’t until 1st September 1988 that the Golden Wattle (acacia pycnantha) was proclaimed as Australia’s National Floral Emblem in Australia’s bicentenary year. There are wattles coming into bloom around town, keep an eye out for them and pick a sprig to wear on Wattle Day, their cheerful yellow blooms are sure to brighten your day!

Liz Coley.

LIZ’S KITCHEN RULES

Leeks are plentiful at this time of year and their mild onion flavour is a welcome addition to soups and stews, they are delicious in a bean casserole, adding that extra touch of flavour to the dish. They are a cultivar of Allium ampeloprasum, the broad-leaf wild leek and the name is derived from the Anglo Saxon word leac. They were part of the diet of the ancient Egyptians and were a favourite of the Emperor Nero, who consumed them in soup or oil, believing they were beneficial for the quality of his voice. The leek is one of the national emblems of Wales and reputedly King Cadwaladr of Gwynedd ordered his soldiers to wear the vegetable on their helmets in an ancient battle against the Saxons. Not sure who won that battle but it would certainly have been worth seeing! Leeks are a close relative of chives, garlic, onion and shallots and grow best with temperatures between 15deg and 25deg C. They will grow on a range of soil types and generally take 21 to 30 weeks to reach maturity from transplanting. They are biennial but usually grown as an annual and have few problems with pests or diseases. All parts of the plant are edible but it is the tender white stems that are mostly used in cooking. It is usual to plant the seedlings in a trench about 20cm deep and as they grow backfill with earth to blanch the lower part, or the lower stems can be covered with a short section of PVC pipe or a milk carton. They are not a quick crop but if you are prepared to wait awhile, they are well worth the effort. Packed with vitamins, leeks are an excellent source of Vitamin K, manganese, B6, copper, iron, folate and vitamins C, E and A. Add to that dietary fibre, magnesium, calcium and omega 3 fatty acids and you have a super food with many health benefits.



BEAN CASSEROLE

Ingredients: 3 tbsp olive oil, 4 celery sticks roughly diced, 4 medium carrots roughly diced, 3 leeks trimmed washed and sliced, 2 garlic cloves crushed, 100ml white wine, 2 x 400g cans chopped tomatoes, Grated zest and juice of 1 lemon, about 700ml vegetable stock hot, 410g can borlotti beans, drained and rinsed, 410g can cannellini beans, drained and rinsed, Small handful fresh oregano or fresh thyme, leaves picked and chopped, handful of kale rinsed.

Method: Heat the oil in a large casserole or saucepan over a medium heat. Add the celery and carrots and cook, stirring, for 7-8 minutes. Add the leeks, cook for 3-4 minutes, then stir in the garlic and wine. Let the wine cook out and reduce for a few minutes. Tip in the tomatoes and lemon zest and season well. Add the stock, bring to the boil, then simmer fairly rapidly for 30-35 minutes, stirring occasionally or until the vegetables are just tender and the liquid has reduced and thickened. Stir in the beans (add a dash of hot water, if necessary) and cook for 5 minutes. Remove from the heat and stir in the oregano or thyme and the lemon juice. Check the seasoning and add the kale, cook for 3 or 4 minutes, spoon the casserole into bowls and add a little grated Parmesan. Serve with crusty bread, perfect for a cold wintry day!

Liz Coley.

The old Upper Warren School sits at the bottom of a sandy track just off the Wheatley Coast Road. Originally built as a school and meeting place by the pioneers who settled on a stretch of the Warren River it was eventually dedicated as a church.

The families who had settled in the area, Arthur Clarke, Walter Blechynden, John Mottram and Peter Wheatley with the help of ticket-of-leave builder Jack Haines built a school midway from their farms so that children would only have about 2 miles to walk or ride.

Clay for the bricks was found near the river, bricks were burnt in an area on the eastern side of the original Upper Warren Bridge and carted by bullock dray to the school site, stones were also carted for the foundations. Timber was pit sawn nearby and Jarrah shingles for the roof were split in the adjoining bush. A well was sunk a short distance away with two large timber slabs as cover. The cost of materials and labour was shared between the families, the work commenced in 1883 and the school opened in July 1891.

Kate Logue was the schoolmistress with four boys and fourteen girls enrolled, she stayed with each of the families for three months at a time and her salary was shared between the parents. As the building was built to serve as both school and church, it wasn't long before the first wedding on 14th September 1891 when the Reverend J Brand married Charles Simpson and Emily Reeve, both of Deeside. Upper Warren served as both school and church until the 1920s when a new school was built to



cater for students. The original desks were converted to pews by removal of the desktops and the building continued as a church, dedicated in 1929 as St Marks Anglican Church, Upper Warren.

Renovation was carried out in 1955, this included re-plastering and painting of the internal walls and fitting a corrugated iron roof, leaving the original shingles beneath. St Thomas Church at Dingup donated the altar as a gift to celebrate consecration of the church in 1955. The organ was donated by Stan Parsons, a descendant of the Wheatley family. Regular church services ceased in the mid 1980s, a Historic Day took place in 1986. The building was classified by the National Trust and in September 1992 placed on the Interim Register of the State Register of Heritage Places.

In 1993 repairs were carried out which included a replacement corrugated iron roof with a Back to Warren Day subsequently held which was attended by many residents and past residents of the district. The Shire of Manjimup included Upper Warren in their Municipal Heritage Inventory in 1997.

The original lectern, pews, organ and other furniture remain today, gazing at the mellow red brick and the tranquil setting you can almost see the families, children on horseback arriving for school and later families dressed in their Sunday best to attend church. The building stands as a significant part of the history of the area and a testament to those earlier pioneers.

Liz Coley.



The story so far...

Amy reflects on her abusive relationship with Matt as she drives across the city, she is taken to hospital with concussion after a car accident. Amy realises she needs to slow down and on impulse buys the White House at Windy Bay. After a few days in the bay she begins to feel more relaxed. Needing supplies, she drives to the West-cliffe Store, she meets Maggie and son Josh and has an odd encounter with Tom O'Mara, the previous owner of the White House. Later that day she takes a sketch pad down to the beach, the sound of waves and warm sunlight lull her into a gentle doze and unaware of the lone figure crouching behind rocks, watching and waiting.

Chapter 4

The weather had changed as Amy drew back the curtains the following morning, yesterday's sunshine seemed far away as grey clouds rolled over the horizon, blanketing the shoreline in fog. She shivered a little and pulled on a thick woollen jacket, she had planned to climb the steep rocky path that led to the lighthouse this morning, she reasoned that the mist would lift soon and she was eager to be out in the fresh air. Amy lifted her backpack and closed the door, she didn't bother to lock it, the other cottages were empty and she had seen the fishing boats leave earlier, blue, red and white disappearing into the grey as they turned towards the island.

Amy paused to catch her breath, she could tell she was climbing now, the path was rising beneath the sturdy boots she wore, little droplets of moisture clung to her clothing and her hair hung damply down her back. A soft breeze blew against her face, and within minutes the grey mist began to recede. Rocks on the beach were dark and shiny, up on the hillside jagged limestone edged the steep sandy track, coastal heath stretched down towards the sea, she could hear the occasional sound of gulls as they wheeled across rolling waves.

Windy Bay lay spread out below the lighthouse, the fishermen's huts clung to the shoreline, houses nestled further back behind the dunes, her white house stood apart from the rest, climbing a little up the hillside and flanked by low bushes and a gnarled banksia bent against the wind. Now she could see boats anchored off Rocky Island, its white sandy cove edged by rocks and windswept scrub, to her right cliffs dropped down to dark blue sea far below.

She walked around the lighthouse, sturdily built from limestone it was still painted a gleaming white, the light was automated nowadays, no longer fuelled by oil and

tended carefully each night to flash a warning across treacherous seas. The cliff seemed to slope in a gentle incline towards the sea, Amy felt drawn towards it and took a few steps to venture further, a small patch of mist rose above pretty blue orchids that grew in a patch down the slope. The sun was warm but Amy felt a chill in the air, she almost ran back to the lighthouse, she knew the cliffs dropped steeply to the sea, what on earth had she been thinking of?

A large rock was a good back stop as her pencil flew swiftly across the page, the majestic sweep of the bay, gnarled trees and rocks. She stretched and realised that she was beginning to feel hungry, time to leave, Amy decided to return by the road, it was further inland and a bit longer but would be easier walking. As she eased her pack onto her shoulders, she saw a sudden flash, like sunlight on glass, she paused narrowing her eyes, a glimpse of movement as if someone had crouched down among the rocks. She walked slowly towards the road and turned her head quickly and there it was again, a flash of light, binoculars maybe, someone was spying on her she was sure of it.

The road twisted and turned in a spiral down the hill side, Amy listened but heard nothing, she walked quickly, eager to get back the safety of her cottage, she looked back towards the lighthouse and thought she saw a patch of red above the white limestone. Tom O'Mara, he had a red ute, was it him, but why? This was becoming seriously weird.

Night had begun to fall when Amy went for a late stroll along the top of the dunes, instead of walking towards the cliff as she usually did, she turned towards the fishermen's huts. She had no idea which one belonged to Tom, and didn't know what she would say to him if they met. She knew instinctively that the fishermen and their families banded together and they weren't going to tell her anything, she reasoned that if Tom O'Mara was spying on her, well she had a right to check him out too.

Smoke rose from the beach, the men had lit a fire from driftwood, she could hear the murmur of voices and the clink of bottles as they helped themselves to beer. Shafts of light spilled from the huts, there was an appetising smell of fish frying, she could see boats anchored just off shore, dinghies pulled up high on the beach and piles of nets and ropes. Amy watched for a while but Tom wasn't among the men on the beach, well, Josh had told her he kept to himself.

Sandy footsteps led across the grass in front of the white house, deep in the shadow of the banksia tree a voice whispered her name, over and over.

Like the milky way in the night sky, starry petals lifted their heads in the moonlight, shimmering against jagged rock, weaving through grassy tussocks, tumbling in dark crevices to the foaming water below.

Liz Coley.

The next chapter of Winds of Change will be in our October issue. Look out for it!

TEACHING IN CHINA



A few months ago, I responded to a call for WA teachers interested in teaching in China in the July school holidays to apply for a scholarship. The scholarship included flights and accommodation and as a person who absolutely loves to travel but finds it hard to finance such adventures, I put my application in and hoped for the best. A few weeks later I received an email to say that I was one of 11 teachers who had been selected to teach English to Chinese students in Jinan, which is located in the eastern Shandong province.

After a delay to my departure, involving a complicated late-night, re-issuing of tickets and reshuffling of itinerary, I arrived in Beijing, a day later than expected, bleary eyed but eagerly looking forward to some foreign adventures. The morning was already steamy and had the expectant feeling of being swelteringly hot; the hour-long trip to get to the hotel in Beijing in peak hour traffic providing me with my first glimpse of this ancient and sprawling city. I spent a half day in Beijing sight-seeing, and it was overwhelmingly busy with people and traffic, yet layered with fascinating historical complexity. In a lifetime quest to travel to China, I spent a glorious few hours witnessing places of significant cultural and political events that I had studied in my university years. I had an opportunity to explore the city's ancient past and visited the massive and somewhat sanitised Tiananmen Square, felt humbled by the kilometres-long queue to see Mao Zedong's mausoleum and traipsed through the Forbidden Palace which had been home to the Ming and Qing dynasties-all of which are in very close proximity to each other. I thoroughly enjoyed my urban adventure which fulfilled my long-held dream to experience these places and revelled in a city that offered an unparalleled wealth of history.

Leaving Beijing by bullet train later that day, I reached Jinan, some 465 kilometres away in distance, in under two hours. Travelling at over 300 kmph is somewhat surreal, and absolutely scary when you know you have just two minutes to retrieve your luggage from the racks and disembark from the carriage before the train leaves the platform. If I go back to China, it will be with far less luggage than what I took over- travelling with international luggage is not an easy feat in China! As fascinating as Beijing had been, Jinan was immeasurably more delightful, home to about 6.8 million people but approximately the same size of Perth, it certainly was a culture shock in regards of the scale of the infrastructure and the transport system.

Known for its many natural springs, Jinan is a contradiction of itself; quietly beautiful and serene in places, but insanely sophisticated and hectic in others. Pedestrian crossings appear to be for show only as electric bikes and scooters in the hundreds opt at a seconds notice to travel via the road, or on the footpaths so it is necessary to always have your wits about you. As an experienced traveller, however, I always felt safe—often returning back to the hotel at around 11.30pm after walking around and experiencing the sights of Jinan, I never once had concerns about my safety.

The experience of teaching in China was not unlike my job in Australia. The first day as always, is pretty much full on. I had a class of 30 students who ranged from Grade 2-6 and I needed to think on my feet and differentiate my lessons, as required. Students in China start learning English in Grade 2 and so the understanding of my students varied considerably. The school I had been selected to teach at was considered to be one of the most academically elite schools in Jinan and there was a tangible expectation to deliver to these standards. My Principal, who didn't speak a word of English, told my interpreter to let me know that hard work was akin to happiness, and she wanted me to be happy! The school that I was at, normally catered for over 2000 students, but was being renovated over the summer holidays, and was considered 'old' at seven years.

The school day commenced with a 9am start and generally finished at around 4.50pm. Students were dismissed at 11.30am for lunch and returned at 2pm. Most students were picked up by a parent, had lunch at home and then had a nap. Many of the older students, however, complained on returning to school that they hadn't had time for a nap and had to compete homework (from extracurricular classes) during this time. The temperature was around 37 degrees outside and the air-conditioning in the



TEACHING IN CHINA...CONT'D



classroom wasn't very effective. I was required to teach for 50 minutes and then provide a ten-minute break. Students stayed in the classroom and played in the room during the breaktime, as it was too hot to go outside. A few of my travel colleagues in our swapping of stories, revealed that students at their schools, ate lunch at their desk and then napped at their desk. I found Chinese students hungry in their efforts to do their best and were always striving to achieve highly. Like all students, however, if they felt some lesson content wasn't relevant they would switch off. At one stage I had to deal with a student who was being disruptive in class and when I questioned him why he wasn't completing his work he told me that it had nothing to do with him and therefore he wouldn't do it. I had asked students to describe how they had a connection to the main character in the well-known story, Koala Lou. If you are unfamiliar with this children's story by Mem Fox, Koala Lou sets out to win the Bush Olympics and regain her mother's affections, as she feels her mother doesn't love her anymore. Tony (a modest Grade Sixer) stated categorically he couldn't and wouldn't do the activity. Tony said that his mum loved him very much, he didn't have any siblings (China's One Child Policy though not in operation, is still largely followed) , and apart from being incredibly handsome, (he thought koalas were ugly) he was good at absolutely everything.

A central topic of importance in China is that of food. A Chinese day revolves around meal times. Eating together is important in China and there's also an expectation to eat a lot and to show your appreciation of the food. This generally involves talking whilst eating and making appreciative sounds whilst eating your food. I feel I probably offended my school hosts, because I generally left a lot of food on my plate and I ate silently. My gained reputation for eating with chopsticks, however, won a considerable amount of admiration from my colleagues. After asking for chopsticks to eat lunch with and being ignored for the first two days, on a night out, my Principal witnessed my expertise eating with chopsticks and was genuinely impressed. The next day at school it was apparent that

my skill had been spoken of and I was looked upon with a new level of respect. School lunches bordered on the bizarre; fried flat fish with gruesome teeth and prominent Neolithic scaly fins, to boiled and bright yellow chicken, cleavered neatly in pieces with the head and feet artfully arranged in the container, still stands out for me, as did the exotic Chinese style bento boxes with squares of unidentifiable, but absolutely delectable food.

After the school day I was taken out to the best restaurants in Jinan by students' parents. One experience that was a highlight was when I was taken out by Grade Three Ezra and his mother to the best hot pot restaurant in Jinan- it was as well known for its hot pot cuisine as it was for its popularity to the point of a waiting list to be able to get in. A swanky side room catered for diners who had to wait for their table and while waiting were treated to nail bars, photo booths and more. The dining experience was amazing – a simmering pot of soup stock in which fresh raw ingredients were placed in to cook. At one stage a waitress let us know that the chef wanted to give our table complimentary noodles. Along he came, in a starched white apron and began to toss and gyrate theatrically with a lump of silken dough, stretching and coaxing it out until it became metres long as he threw it into the air, flicking it sideways and upwards until hovering over the bubbling pots and cut the noodles up and deposited them in the liquid.

It was a long flight back to Australia and a hard ten days, but on my immediate return even though I missed my loved ones whilst away I've thought of nothing else but how I can find a way of returning to Jinan to work at one of the schools. China is an addictive destination and just like chopsticks once you've worked out the mystery of how to manage them, it feels like you need to keep on using them.

Elle Smithin.

