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Above ad to return the favour that this Yarloop business did in carrying out the cleaning of the yard surrounding the 'Doctor's House' in Barrington-Knight Road.

### PAUSE FOR A REST

*When I heard this joke a hundred years ago, there was no such thing as 'political correctness' and it was told about a certain nation of people who have grass as green as the green, green grass of Ireland. So, seeing I am a true-blue Aussie, born and bred, I had better tell it against my 'own kind'. You'd think I'd be more patriotic, but that is what political correctness has done to us!*

Now, two Irish, sorry, two Aussies, Blue and Bill were strolling down a street in London and they saw a notice in the window that said, 'suits three pound each, shirts one pound each, trousers one pound 50 P. Then Blue says to his mate, "Gawd, Bill, we could buy a whole heap of those clothes, take them back to Yarloop and sell 'em orf to the locals at a large profit. Now, when we go into the shop, you keep quiet, ok? Let me do the talkin' cause if they hear our accent they might not be nice to us. I'll speak in my best English accent."

"Right, me old mate; yer do the maggin," Bill said.

They enter and Blue says, "I'll take 50 suits at three pound each, 100 shirts at one pound each and 50 pairs of trousers at one pound 50 P. I'll back up me ute..."

The shop owner interrupts Blue, and says, "You're from Australia, aren't you!"

"Well, yes..." says a surprised Blue. "How the 'ell did yer know that?"

The owner looks at them both and says, "This is a dry-cleaners."

The farmer only owns the ten chooks and the rooster on the bottom, all the others are on 'higher perchers' (hire purchase) (Ed's note: yes I know, I felt the same when it was told to me! However, all jokes aside, I thank sincerely Mary and Ian Pilmore, Yarning subscribers, Dimboola, Victoria

(cont/d from page 7) 5th February. Happy birthday to Clifford and Anita Boylan-Windass, and all whose birthday it is. All the best from 'Bridgette and Me'

The Journal wishes to thank Peter Bunworth of Riverglades Resort Mandurah for his kind donation towards the commercial printing of the Paper. We also wish to thank Leslie Archibald of Perth WA for her donation towards the printing of the Journal, and we hope you continue to enjoy it.

*Don't you just hate it when you are always early for a doctor's appointment, but just know you won't get in for 20 minutes.*

Don't you just hate it when you overtake a slow truck in the left-hand lane, only to find the car in the other lane is slower than the truck.

*Did you know the names of all the continents end with the letter they started with?*



FORMATTED BY INTERESTING PUBLICATIONS MANDURAH W.A.

## YARLOOP YARNING

*A Monthly Journal for a Unique Timber Town.  
The History, the Present, and a Vision for the Future.*

Volume 6 Issue 2

February 2008

Est 2004

### WITH ANTICIPATION

The picnic tables and chairs around Yarloop were quickly set into place, and as already stated, look very nice and inviting for tired tourists and visitors. However, we hear many adverse comments about, and get asked regularly, if we know when the building near McDowell Street will be completed or advanced from its present state. Like you, we also wait with anticipation that this will be as much in character with the old town of Yarloop, as is the picnic arrangement. What we can tell you is that there is to be scenic panels set along the sides of the shelter that depict things represented over the years of the town's history, and these can not be hurried, so be patient, and when it is completed, we invite your comments on it.

### A CALL FOR HELP

The GUINNESS BOOK of RECORDS world record attempt is underway to present a display of one million puppets at the Perth Concert Hall during the 20th Unima Congress and World Puppet Festival being held from the 2nd to the 12th of April 2008.

We invite YOU to make a puppet (finger puppet, glove puppet (sock) or a more intricate creation) and send it to PO Box 831 Fremantle WA 6959. This project is supported by the Spare Parts Puppet Theatre of Fremantle and Lottery West. For further information contact the The Secretary Yarloop Community and Learning Centre 97335600 Barrington-Knight Road. Please enter into the fun of the competition.

The above by Jan Delaney.



Two well known local identities who have passed away recently are Left Mr Bob Moss, once of Yarloop, and Mr Tom Twaddle, right, of Waroona. Both go back to a time when there was no boundary between Yarloop, Hamel, Waroona, Cookernup or Harvey, and all were considered as belonging to one community (Stories on Page 14).



## EDITORIAL

The DAM SPINNERS, CWA Hall. Enquiries to Faye Taylor, Ph 97291342 or Joy Jackson Ph 97331810.

Country Womens' Assoc. Second Wednesday each month, 1 pm Station Street.

Yarloop PLAYGROUP every Wednesday 9.30 am to 11.30 am Yarloop Pavilion. \$2.00 per family and a piece of fruit. Ph Tracy Osborn 97334207.

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Visit the Yarloop Historical Workshops Complex, and take a step back in time. Open daily 10 am to 4 pm, seven days a week.

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**CHILDREN'S PAGE FORMATTER:** Val Fortune

**ADVERTISING/SUBMISSIONS:** Advertising and 'Letters to the Editor' to PO Box 758 Mandurah WA 6210. Fax and Phone numbers as above, or the Yarloop Historical Workshops or 'Bridgette and Me' Station St Yarloop.

It is with a source of puzzlement that this paper asks how the 'sense of values' works in this nation, or for that matter, over the world. We have had the news services literally saturating us with absolute time-wasting rubbish day in and day out, on the death of some film actor who has done nothing truly worthwhile for this world, and being paid exorbitant sums of money for it!

Of course, our sympathies go to the family, just as they do to any family that loses a loved one, but the associated trash that has gone on from the media over the last week in connection with a film actor's death is beyond belief. This is all right if the world was short of more newsworthy and important facts, and we ask why the same time isn't given to those who do more for their communities and nation than any thousand film actors combined.

What about the policeman who will probably never recover from his experience, when he saved the entire nation from further outrages by bringing to a close the activities of a vicious murderer on the North-west Highway, then being paid a mere pittance in compensation. Why did this outrage receive such small coverage?

What about the exploits and daring rescues of police and fireman that we hear about in a one-minute news item, and they are gone forever. What about the fireman who risk their lives every time some imbecile wants the thrill of seeing flames. What about the exploits and recent discoveries of scientists who are forever finding new ways to heal and preserve life, and so the list could go on of national and world heroes who get but passing comments by the world news services.

An old bushman's remedy for curing hiccups, and one which we kids didn't mind was to swallow a teaspoon of sugar, dry. Unfortunately it did cure our hiccups, for it was one 'medicine' we would have gladly repeated.

Another old home remedy for sunburn was one cup of skim milk to two cups of water applied in compresses on the burnt area and applied every 20 minutes until there was no presence of the burn.

them if they went to Perth over the weekend, "No, Fred, we have our bikes stripped down doing up the motors."

"Well, if you ever go to Perth by bike and come home on Sunday night by train, don't bring a motor bike engine with you, or I'll bloody well skin you alive."

At 19 years Bob had met all the challenges Yarloop had to present, and he joined the Merchant Marine. On one of his trips to England he met and married Jean, an English girl. When Bob returned to Yarloop, he and Jean lived in a house next to my mother and father, in Johnston Road, four doors up from the Catholic Church, and I saw Bob many times after that when I visited my parents. My mother said that since Bob had moved in next door, his jokes, pranks and friendliness had given the days a whole new brightness! When Bob returned to Yarloop he resumed his trade at the Yarloop Workshops.

Bob decided to move first to Bunbury, then to the city. All this time Bob's blood was diluted with 'steam' through his love for that form of locomotion. He became a member of Model Engineers, was a founder of the Turtle Creek Clontarf Railway, and a founder of the Castledare Miniature Railway. In latter years he returned to Yarloop Workshops to help catalogue the hundreds of extremely rare and valuable wooden patterns.

The next time I saw Bob after he moved to Perth, was in the outback town of Wiluna. I was asked by the government to oversee the installation of an immense water and sewerage system to cover many acres of houses, school, and other buildings. It was ready for inspection and testing and I notified the Public Health Dept. to send someone out.

Imagine my surprise, when Bob Moss climbed out of his car and walked towards me. It was a great reunion and Bob ended up staying overnight and we talked for hours on old times at Yarloop. After we had both unofficially retired, we resumed our association when both visited the Workshops to work at busy bees etc. Even knowing Bob as I did, first in the same

class at school, as a youth when we both grew up in Yarloop, and many times over the intervening years, it would be an impossibility to cover all the things that Bob crammed into those early Yarloop years. However, it is sufficient to say, that Bob had a wonderful nature, was ever ready to assist in time of need, was successful at whatever he undertook, was a great husband and family man. What was great about Bob was that he never changed, and was always as friendly when you met him, as he was when you last saw him, one more thing that proved him to be a dinky-di, sort of bloke!

## HOW DIFFERENT

How many today, who go down McDowell Street, Yarloop, realize what used to be on the open, lawned space adjoining, and which was still there in 1932 when this editor arrived in town. For a start there was a large drying kiln complex, still intact but not in use, which we children explored on our way home from school.

There were seven (7) loop lines running from the still existing line from the Workshops to the Government railway line. These seven lines were always filled with locomotives 15 to 20 of them, waiting for the Workshops to maintain them, or in permanent storage. (During the 1939-45 war, some of them were turned into scrap metal).

There were two other large buildings storing old horsedrawn drays, old saddles, machiney parts for workshops use, boilers, stationary engines, roofing iron for the building of the mills in the hills, railway lines, and two beautifully built horsedrawn sulky's used by the company officials in Yarloop's early years of 1895 to 1900.

**Thanks to all contributors for the material we could not use this month but which will be used in next month's Journal.**

## FAREWELL R.L.(BOB) MOSS (By Geoff Fortune)

Bob Moss—15th March 1926 to 25 December 2007. It might be stated that Bob was one of those human beings born to be what was once known as a 'character'. It might also be stated that Bob was one of those who helped give character to our little town of Yarloop, for it was there for a number of years that he went to school, and then took up employment in the Yarloop Workshops, where Bob was ingrained with his love for the 'power of steam' and where he took up the trade of 'fitter and turner'.

While at the Workshops and especially during the war years Bob developed his characterisation of a dinky-di Aussie. Though I had other interests, which developed towards 4-wheel vehicles, Bob and his mates, especially his mate Neil (Darby) Munroe's interests were directed towards 2-wheel vehicles. During the war motorbikes became scarce, and those that Bob and his mates rode were made up of parts and improvisations of other makes causing them to be oily, smoky, smelly, noisy, especially noisy, demons of the road even though their top speed might not be up to today's speeds.

However, when Bob and his mates took their bikes to Harvey to the dances, they had made such a name for themselves with the Harvey speed cop, Mr Stan Wooders, that they had to leave their bikes in the bush at the bottom of the hill where today's 'Harvey Visitors' Centre' is, and walk into Harvey. Yet, he still got to know about this and endeavoured to catch them. To avoid this they would switch off their lights and coast down the hill. One dark night, Bob and his three mates, Neil M, Doug H, and Bruce M, switched off their lights, coasted down the hill, then ran into each other in the dark, halfway down the hill.

Because fuel was scarce during the war, even for motorbikes that ran on the smell of an oily rag, Bob had rigged up a jam tin as an

auxiliary tank, which he filled with petrol to start his bike on, then switched onto a tank of power kerosene. Though there was only ever a cloud of smoke to be seen travelling along the road, the smoke plus the noise from a megaphone exhaust informed everyone it was Bob taking his bike for a run.

One weekend he and Neil Munro went to Perth with Neil riding pillion. At Vic Park on the way home Bob's bike coughed a couple of times and stopped. They couldn't get it going, so pulled the motor out of it, asked a lady if they could leave the bike in her yard, got a potato sack off her to hold the engine, and caught the Sunday night passenger train to Yarloop. They were in one of the old type dog-box carriages, and at North Dandalup the ticket collector noticed all the oil over the carriage floor, and found out they had the bike engine. He there and then locked both of them in the carriage and was to get Fred Potts, the Yarloop policeman (who was always on the platform in uniform) to pick them up and make them pay for the cleaning of the carriage.

However, with the tool kit they had, they used it between North Dandalup and Yarloop, to dismantle all the woodwork from the lining of the door, which they laid out neatly on the opposite seat, and remove the glass from the window in the top of the door.

At the Johnston Road crossing they dropped the engine out into the soft sand that was always there, and by the time the train had pulled into the station they were long gone.

The ticket collector led Fred to the carriage but it was empty. When Fred asked if he got their names, the ticket collector said one called his mate 'Harry' and I think I heard the other one called 'Dick'. Immediately, Fred, who had a dry sense of humour, said, "Yeah, and no doubt if there had been three of them the third bloke would have been called 'Tom'."

When Fred saw Bob and Neil on the Monday, he asked (cont/d top of next page)

## MICK MURRAY MLA Member for Collie-Wellington

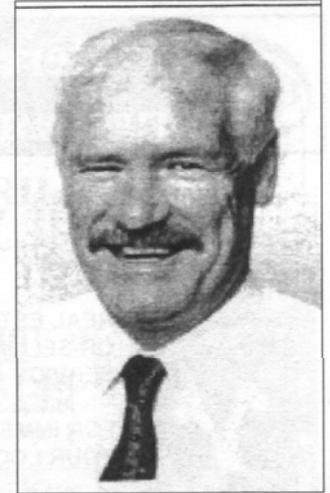
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## WITH GRATITUDE

The Yarning sincerely thanks Mr Mick Murray and his government for the financial payment that enables the Yarning to be printed by a commercial printer.

### COULD BE THE ANSWER

The thinking public are forever asking where all the crazy morons come from that are allowed to drive vehicles, and the traffic authorities are puzzled by the number of road deaths on our roads. The following might just be their answer. The other morning when traffic was thick and heavy on Pinjarra Road but a short 3 kilometres from the Mandurah K-mart shopping centre and intersection in a 60-KILOMETRE PER HOUR speed zone, a car from a local driving school with well-advertised signage all over it; a pupil in the driving seat, and the 'L' for learner plates set in position for all to see, passed me. I glanced down at my speedo, and I was doing a steady 62 KPH (also breaking the law I realized) but it was easy to assess from my 68 years of driving that the driving school vehicle that passed me was doing in excess of 70 KPH. The question might be asked, 'if the driving school instructor teaches the pupil, who the hell teaches the driving school instructor?'

A couple were having marital problems and weren't talking to each other. Suddenly the man realised he had to catch an early morning flight for a business meeting the following morning. He didn't want to be the first to break the stony silence and lose face, so he left a note to his wife "Please wake me at 5 am", and left it where he knew she would find it. The next morning he woke, looked at his clock, saw it was 8 am and realised he had missed his flight. Furious, he was about to go and roar heck at his wife when he noticed a piece of paper by the bed. On it was a note which read, "Wake up, it's 5 am."



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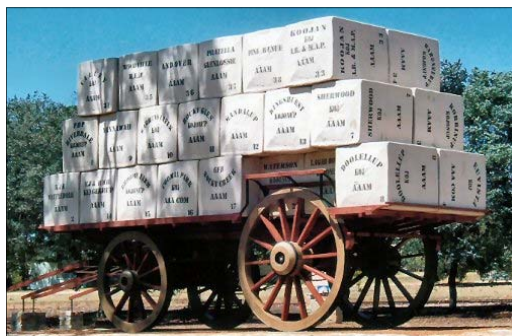
## KOJONUP WAGON

Driving through Kojonup, a couple of weeks ago, noticed the replica historic wagon at right, set in a small park in the town of Kojonup, and which represents the farming industry of wheat and wool, that the town was built on from the year 1837.

Like the town of Yarloop, Kojonup has had a battle to sustain itself over recent years, but thinking and caring people persevered, tried different approaches to the problem, and today, when one stops at the town it is seen as a busy town that has captured a large tourist trade. The picture at right, suggests that Yarloop could also benefit with a similar set-up.

Where the wool wagon of Kojonup is a 4-wheeled conestoga-style wagon, early Yarloop transport for the carting of timber from the first timber mill to the railway siding, was with exceptionally heavy and solidly built-carts known as 'drays', and which were 2-wheeled horse-drawn vehicles.

The first dray used by the Millar Brothers was built by their own coachbuilders, whom



they brought with them when they came from Victoria to the state of WA to lay railway lines. These carts were pulled by one (or two) of the Shire or Clydesdale breed of horses from the 250 to 300 that the company eventually owned and which were stabled on a large complex on the hill just over from the Yarloop Hospital. There is an endeavour to raise large sums of money to effect changes to the Yarloop Workshops that were never part of it at any time of its history, why can't a little be found to place a true memorial that represents everything and everyone the town was built on and survived on.

A farmer had 30 chooks and 3 roosters, and every night they returned to the hen house. One rooster and 10 hens sat on the bottom perch. One rooster and ten hens sat on the second perch, and one rooster and ten hens sat on the top perch. The farmer didn't own all these hens and roosters. So which ones were his? (see back page for answer).

It is said that mini-skirts keep men polite. A man will always let a girl in mini-skirt into a bus first or walk up stairs

## FAREWELL TOM TWADDLE

(Ed's note: The Twaddle family go back a long time among the farming community of Hamel, at a time when there were no boundaries between country towns. Tom was a regular visitor to the dances and balls held in the Yarloop Hall, and I remember him as quiet and serious, but ever ready to smile or laugh when the situation demanded it. The Journal thanks Bevan Delaney for obtaining the following copy for us, which was compiled by his youngest grandson, Mr David Twaddle, but which the Journal has condensed.)

Grand-dad was a strict foreboding figure that often frightened us as kids, but as we grew we learned his stern demeanour was the basis on which he lived his life.

He wasn't an uncaring man; he just took a methodical and pragmatic approach to life. He believed in honesty, integrity, the value of hard work and the importance of family and friends, and he was always generous with his time for those he loved, and always willing to lend a hand, which was a credit to his character.

Grand-dad was an incredibly resourceful man, and did much for the community of Waroona. He earned the respect of many, although he never wanted to be acknowledged

publicly for his deeds.

Tireless hours were devoted to his beloved Lodge and the Waroona Golf Club. He was an old fashioned man who rarely showed his true feelings. He didn't give verbal encouragement, but when you received an encouraging look from Grand-dad it made you feel you could take on the world.

Over time he began to embrace his feelings more and I learned the most important thing that he had was his family.

Grand-dad had a thirst for knowledge and was always a full bottle, even on subjects he apparently cared little for. Thinking back to those conversations, I learned a lot about my grandfather. Through the war stories and corrupt politicians to the tales of misplaced credit cards in Las Vegas, he passed on his ability to speak in riddles and the belief that you should never let the truth get in the way of a good story!

You all have your own memories and thoughts of my grandfather, so I would like you to remember everything that he stood for, gave, and shared with us.

(Continued from Page 10) obtained from vegetables, this is from bacterial contamination and manure in which the plants are grown and is both unhygienic and insufficient. Well-planned ovo-lacto-vegetarian diets (plant-based with eggs and dairy products) usually supply adequate amounts of vitamin B-12. If one chooses to eat a total vegetarian diet, it is essential to supplement the intake of vitamin B-12 in tablet or syrup form. Failure to do so sets one on a sure course for health problems.

The body has stores of vitamin B-12 that last up to four years; it may take 5 to 10 years for the deficiency to show in a clinical form. The message is that the diet must be well planned and, if necessary, supplemental B-12 should be taken!



Like something from outer space, the wind generators at the Albany wind-farm stand out against a clear sky.

## MY ALBANY FISHING TRIP (By Dawn Pitts)

"Come on Girlie," the captain urged. "Are yer comin' or not?"

"Oh, I don't know...three days at sea! And fishing doesn't do much for me!" I answered, even though I had won this trip as a prize.

"Come on, Dawn," her friend, Simon Rivers called from the deck. "You'll be right once you get your sea legs."

I frowned, not wanting to be a spoilsport, for if I refused they might have the number to make it worthwhile. "I get sick laying on a plastic lounge in the swimming pool," I stated, to the grumpy man beside me.

"Rubbish!" he replied. "By the time you get your things in the locker you'll be over it."

The *Yeti Spring* shuddered as she reversed out of her mooring at the Albany Emu Point boat harbour and made her way towards the channel markers that led to the open sea. The sun was bathing the white-crested waves in a dusty golden glow when I felt sufficiently composed to clamber up the six or so steps to the deck, on unsure legs accompanied by the familiar churning of my stomach.

"Feeling Okay?" one of the men asked as he hauled in a fish of considerable size. "I'm Ian Fredericks," he announced, as he wiped his fish-soiled hand on his board shorts and holding out his hand. "Thanks for making up the numbers, I really appreciate it."

I briefly took his hand and rushed to the bow railing. "Wretched seasickness," I moaned.

As the sun slid below the horizon the swaying deck, lit bright as day in the darkness was an island full of life. The large golden-coloured moon rose in the sky, yet it did nothing to dampen my apprehension as I clung to the seat that hugged the freezer wall where I sat and watched the captain in the wheelhouse as he held course to 'who knew where?' The evening meal had become burley long before, to the amusement of the others. "I'm turning in," I said, then added, "I don't

like the look of those black, curly looking clouds on the horizon."

In a state of drowsiness I felt the *Yeti Spring* labour in her path and heard the pounding of the waves against her bow as she forced her way through what must have been an angry sea.

How much later it was that I woke, was hard to tell, and I became aware of a strange sort of silence and slid from my bunk into a few inches of water. I stared at my feet, and vaguely made out the debris floating around, then climbed to the deck and shuddered with the cold as I joined those already on deck.

We were unable to comprehend the scene before us of the froth-covered deck littered with broken chairs and debris awash continually as the boat rolled this way and that. The freezer lid was dangling by a solitary hinge. We clung to anything attached to the walls and made our way towards the wheelhouse.

Some stars still twinkled in the heavens, but were mostly obscured by a deep blanket of cloud, parts of which scudded across the sky. Now and again the moon shone through and caused grotesque shadows to be cast on the wheelhouse wall. The captain was frantically tapping the barometer as he tried to keep the *Yeti Spring* on a course for home.

"There was nothing mentioned about foul weather when we came aboard," one of the men whined. "Now what's happening to our fishing trip?"

"We're goin' home. That's what we're doin'," the captain stated emphatically.

"Like hell we are. I've paid good money for a three-day fishing trip and that's exactly what I expect," the man I'd heard addressed as Garfield, yelled at the captain through the screeching wind, as he lurched towards the wheel.

"No ya don't!" the captain yelled. (*To be completed next week*)

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## COMMUNITY INTEREST UPDATES Jan Delaney

I noticed a few glitches which somehow occurred in the December Edition and I am writing in the interest of the families concerned, to make some corrections for future reference.

In the article re the Yarloop Primary School Centenary: Wendy (nee Gedling) Merritt and her younger sister, Shirley, were both at the Yarloop school when my daughter, Carey (nee Delaney) Baker, moved here in 1979 for Grades 5/6/7 before continuing on at Harvey Agricultural Senior High School from 1982. I must admit I was in the bad books with Carey, for not giving her more information re the celebrations, as she told me she would have loved to have met up with some of her school-friends! Wendy and Shirley both played netball with Carey, along with several other girls; Diane, Belinda, Hayley, Janice and Wendy L, to name a few. Oh, 'the good old days' when the local youngsters enjoyed the freedom of living within a close-knit community in a small country town. Unfortunately the children of these girls will never know the freedom enjoyed by their mothers when they were growing up.

In the same edition, the passing of Mrs Glenys (not 'Gladys') Herring was reported, and photos of Mrs Marjorie (Marj) Wilson (nee

Gardiner) were published.

I have made these observations and for the record, I believe there should be an Australian language 'spell check' installed on all Aussie computers, as I have noticed the various ways many words are spelled, are not included in the dictionary. Thank you, Jan Delaney.

(*Ed's Note: You can easily change your computer to print only in Australian English, Jan and any words you wish to be Australianised, you feed them into your computer's dictionary and they will always be spelt that way in future use.*) As soon as

Noticed in a ladies' magazine recently was a reader's request on how to get rid of warts on her child's hand. It is recalled that a home remedy for this small problem was attended to by mothers from a recipe handed down from mother to daughter. The best part about this recipe was that it worked. It consisted of **castor** oil (not olive oil) mixed into a thick paste with baking soda. Put on a thick layer of the mix three times a day, and to stop it from rubbing off, cover it with a bandage. The warts began to go within a couple of days. Ours did anyway!

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## **YARLOOP VOL. BUSHFIRE BRIGADE SUPPORT GROUP**

**BY JAN DELANEY.** I congratulate our member from Perth, Delia Pearson, on reaching another BIG-O...for the 6th time, to be precise. This happening makes several other people feel better as she now joins The Club. A small presentation was made to the Birthday Girl on Friday 18th January at our first meeting for 2008 and a celebratory dinner enjoyed on the Saturday evening. I wonder whose turn is next! For a BIG-O, that is!

Our members, Val and Bill Christie are taking a flying visit back to South Australia to join in family celebrations for Bill's father's 90th birthday on the Australia Day long weekend. To make things even better for Mr Christie, senior, all Bill and Val's children and grandchildren will be in Adelaide for the big occasion. Congratulations from us all on such an auspicious occasion. Of course, all this will be history by the time the Yarloop Yarning goes to print, but such is life, eh!

On the 20th January I am flying to Adelaide to spend some time with my aunt, who turned 93 on 2nd January. She recently spent a few days with us and attended the Remembrance Day celebrations as well as a Hurry Scurry night (not for the first time). Due to this commitment, I will be away for the meeting on

the 1st February, but I am certain all will continue as always, despite my absence.

I am hoping for a more exciting/active time during the next few months, but this could take some organising, as unfortunately some of our favourite outings are no longer viable or available. This is another sign of the times, I'm afraid, and I guess we just have to do the best we can, but I still say, "here's to a great 2008."

Jan Delaney; Social Director. Bill Christie; President. Noelene Snedden; Sec/Treas. For information re the Support Group, contact 97334013

Last month the Journal was seeking information on a lost Workshops artefact. Though this Journal has not seen the item, we were informed it was an honour board of all Millar Brothers' workers who went to the 1914-1918 War, and that the names were carved into a piece of solid jarrah. Glad to say, we were informed of its whereabouts in the Cabin Restaurant last Friday evening, and that the item sought is hanging in the Yarloop Fire Station! We are glad it is in safe-keeping and perhaps one day the Workshops might acquire ownership!

# KID'S PAGE By Val Fortune

**LAST MONTH'S CROSSWORD ANSWERS:**

ACROSS	DOWN
(1) Age	(2) Go
(4) Pat	(3) Err
(7) Orbit	(4) Pit
(10) To	(5) At
(12) Rat	(6) Ate
(13) No	(8) Bad
(14) Eft	(9) Hoe
(16) Foe	(11) Offer
(17) For	(13) Not
(18) Met	(15) Ton
(19) Ten	(16) Few
(21) Web	(19) Top
(23) Or	(20) Den
(24) Fee	(22) Bow
(26) Do	(24) Fir
(27) Bingo	(25) Egg
(29) Her	(27) Be
(30) Gnu	(28) On

S	D	A
N	A	L
C	E	P

**LETTER SQUARE AT LEFT:**  
 Find the word beginning with 'L', then see how many words of five or more letters using the middle letter 'A' in each word you can find. No plurals. 20 is good, 25 is excellent and 30 or more you are a genius.

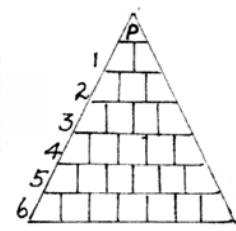
**ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S LETTERSQUARE.**  
 The winning word was 'Listening'. Enlist. Ensign. Glisten. Glint. Ignite. Ingest. Inlet. Inset. Instil. Islet. Linen. Listen. Lining. Listing. Nesting. Nestling. Stile. Sting. Single. Silent. Singe. Sling. Silting. Singlet. Tennis. Tinsel. Tingle. Tension. Tinge. Tiling.

**ANSWER TO LAST MONTH'S WORD SQUARE:**  
 The word not in the square in last month's Wordsquare was 'Scotland'.

**FIND THE TOWNS IN ENGLAND NOT IN THE WORD SQUARE BELOW:**  
 Brecon. Chester. Coventry. Cardiff. Dover. Derby. Ely. Heathrow. Leeds. London. Luton. Norwich. Oxford. Salisbury. Truro. York.

**TRIANGLE:**  
 Can you find the answers from the clues below? Each answer has the same letters plus an extra letter. 'P' is the first letter.

(1) Father	(4) Hobo
(2) Tap	(5) Underarm
(3) Divide	(6) Ape



- CLUES ACROSS**
- Divan
  - Potato ....
  - Nimble
  - Dry weather
  - Old Peru native
  - Into
  - Dive, dunk
  - I .. Going home
  - Old horse
  - Antelope
  - One, any
  - Last, stop
  - Like, same
  - Hire, loan
  - Small island
  - Manager, spokesman
  - Cloak, robe
  - Looked

- CLUES DOWN**
- Vane, cool
  - Elderly
  - Fasten, trim
  - Female chicken
  - End
  - Silly
  - Channel
  - Entertain
  - Hotel, tavern
  - Rim
  - Eat
  - Snooze, doze
  - Pig's house

Y	R	T	N	E	V	O	C	Y
R	L	N	I	F	T	B	B	O
U	R	O	X	F	O	R	D	R
B	E	R	N	I	E	E	O	K
S	T	W	O	D	N	C	V	L
I	S	I	R	R	O	O	E	E
L	E	C	U	A	T	N	R	E
A	H	H	R	C	U	W	L	D
S	C	O	T	I	L	Y	X	S

**ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S TRIANGLE:**  
 (1) So. (2) Son. (3) Nose. (4) Noise. (5) Lesion. (6) Lioness.

1		2	3		4	5		
			6					
7	8				9		10	11
12			13	14			15	
16						17		
18			19		20			21
22		23			24	25		
			26					
27							28	

## PERNICIOUS ANEMIA (Americanised spelling)

By ALLAN HANDYSIDES MB, ChB, FRCPC, FRCSC, FAGOG, SDA Director of Health Ministries Department, PETER LANDLESS MB, BCh, M. Med., FCP (SA) FACCE., Executive Director and Associate Director of SDA Health Ministries. (Ed's note: this and other associated articles the Journal prints are answers to questions sent in to the above two doctors by patients or others).

Pernicious anemia is a condition in which there are inadequate red blood cells. This is because of a deficiency of an essential substance called vitamin B-12 or 'cobalamin'. This vitamin compound is very important in the formation of red blood cells. It also plays a vital role in the building of DNA, which is present in all cells. Red blood cells and nerve cells are especially dependent on vitamin B-12 in order for them to function normally. As discussed in the November issue of *Adventist World*, anemia is the condition in which insufficient red blood cells (hemoglobin) exist to carry oxygen to the body for all its needs (energy production, metabolism, and simply staying alive optimally). This places a strain on the heart and many other organs.

In the case of pernicious anemia, associated symptoms and signs of nerve dysfunction are often exhibited. These can include the loss of ability to feel vibration in the limbs, and the position of the toes in relation to the feet. This dysfunction usually starts in the legs but then later affects the arms. This is because of spinal cord damage. There may be progression to psychiatric disorders and dementia (loss of ability to think and reason). The tongue is also affected in the advanced stage of the disease and becomes inflamed with red 'beefy' appearance. Ulcers on the tongue may also appear.

Pernicious anemia may be associated with autoimmune diseases such as those that affect the thyroid, adrenal glands, skin, ovaries, or

pancreas. Other causes of poor absorption of B-12 include stomach and /or bowel surgery, certain cancers, and bacterial infections.

Pernicious anemia is one of the group of anemias called megaloblastic (or large cell) anemias. **These anemias may have a variety of causes including nutritional B-12 deficiency, folic acid deficiency, parasitic infestations, chemotherapy, certain medications, and alcohol.**

It is asked what the treatment for this kind of anemia is. Pernicious anemia results from the inability of the body to absorb vitamin B-12 taken in food or any oral form. It is therefore necessary to give vitamin B-12 injections on a regular basis for life. These injections are given into the muscle.

If the anemia is caused through a nutritional lack of B-12 in the diet (and there is no absorption problem from the bowel), adding the appropriate food and/or vitamin B-12 supplements by mouth is usually sufficient. The treatment needs to be monitored to ensure an adequate response. This is shown by a return of the red blood cells to their normal size and function.

Pernicious anemia is a disease condition that needs to be diagnosed and treated in good time. When treated appropriately and in time, not only does the anemia reverse but the damage to the nervous and other systems resolves. If the condition is neglected, permanent damage and even death can occur.

Patients ask what the source of vitamin B-12 is. Vitamin B-12 is produced only by microorganisms, and humans receive vitamin B-12 only from diet. It is present only in the foods of animal origin (including milk and eggs). Some claim that vitamin B-12 can be *(to page 13)*

## COOKERNUP GENERAL STORE

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For all those old Yarloopians I know, and who are unable to travel to Yarloop, the picture at left is for the heritage representation made available through the Harvey Shire. The Journal has received much comment on this addition to the townscape, with many questions asked as to its ultimate use. Our photographers patiently wait on further development, and will relay its progress in photographic instalments.

## YARLOOP SOCIAL NEWS (By Jennifer Cross)

'Kong Si Fa Chai' Happy Chinese New Year. This is the year of the 'Rat' of which group I am delighted to be numbered as one.

We are hard-working and motivated by a desire for material success through a slow and steady approach. The rat is the first in the cycle of the Chinese Zodiac, and gained this position when all of the animals raced across a river to meet the Jade Emperor. Seeking a faster route, the rat and the cat snuck onto the back of an ox. The rat then pushed the cat into the water; becoming bitter enemies ever since. The rat then jumped off the back of the ox as he reached the shore, thus making himself first in the order. By the way, just another piece of trivia. There is not a rodent

to be had from any of the pet shops in Moscow and they report that sales have been busy.

I don't make any New Year resolutions, as just like everyone else, they never seem to last. The intentions are there but something else always takes top priority, and speaking of same; if we don't get support for the YARAH Group, we are going back to the same old situation in town, which is plenty of whingeing and grumbling but no one willing to speak up and actually approach the group with their suggestions. How about putting your own agendas aside, and pull together as a team. First meeting for 2008 at the Cabin Restaurant 6 pm on the (Cont/d on page 16)

## Harvey Visitor Centre

*A town 15 kms south of Yarloop that is a tourist's delight!*

*Come and browse through our unique 'Moo Shoppe'; Interpretive Display and Internment Camp Shrine, while visiting the Stirling Cottage for a relaxing light lunch overlooking the picturesque banks of the Harvey River and Heritage Gardens. Amphitheatre bookings and free-accommodation booking service available!*

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Fresh ginger is that funny shaped root vegetable. Roman doctors used it, Pythagoras the Greek philosopher used it as a medicine, and Kings of England say they were healed of different sicknesses with it. Though ginger might be overplayed a little, nevertheless, there is plenty of evidence that this gnarled old root can assist in the healing of many ailments. It will definitely cure all travel sickness of 90% of people, other digestive problems, is said to ease deep-rooted migraines, ease the inflammation of arthritis, help high cholesterol sufferers, but most of all it is said that regular use of the vegetable will help in cases of dangerous blood clots. Next month we will cover why millions of people swear to its goodness.



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## **YARLOOP COMMUNITY LEARNING & DROP-IN CENTRE**

**BY JAN DELANEY.** School holidays are with us again, and I believe Louise is busy with the programme she devised to entertain the Youth. Yarloop is very fortunate to have received funding to continue activities while there is no school, as it enables youngsters to experience a variety of things, and possibly spark new interests for them. I recommend that any local young person enquire into the 'happenings' at the centre (97335600) if you are looking for something different or interesting to do. In hindsight, I should have included this in the January edition, but the Harvey Reporter did advertise the Mulgara programmes.

We have been attempting to rekindle an interest in CRAFT of any description, and I am extremely pleased to know that our former teacher, Val Fortune, is 100% again after giving us all a scare not so very long ago.

Please contact the Centre if you would like to learn a new skill or pass your knowledge of a particular hobby to others. (See article on Page 1 re puppets.) We invite you to make a puppet and send it to PO Box ? (get in touch with the Learning Centre to verify this, for I have two different box numbers submitted in this article) Fremantle 6959 before 21st March. I have encouraged my grandchildren to participate, as my oldest granddaughter made puppets and a stage for performing, before she started school. See notices in local shops and at the Centre for more information.

If anyone is interested in getting out of the house and learning new skills, we are always looking for volunteers to help out at the Centre. So give us a call and make a difference in your community. Jan Delaney. Secretary for YCL&DIC Inc.

## **YARLOOP HISTORICAL STEAM WORKSHOPS**

Steam Days begin on the second Sunday in March 2008 and continue on every second Sunday in the month till November 2008. Come join a guided tour by two experienced tour guides and learn of the amazing history of the town and Workshops.

Also visit the adjoining Cabin Restaurant for a traditional baked dinner! Phone 97335215