

KENSINGTON WOMEN'S GROUP NEWSLETTER



CHILD CARE CO-OP. LTD.

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FOOD for THOUGHT

THE FOLLOWING STORY IS RECEIVING WIDE CIRCULATION IN NEWSPAPERS IN U.S.

The comments were made in Florida by Judge Alfonso Sepe, when sentencing a 17 year old youth to a years jail for possessing drugs and assaulting a police officer.

Speaking directly to the youth, he said, "Do you know who is going to serve that year? Not you: your mother & father will serve that year. Your body is in the stockade for a year, but their souls are tormented for a life time.

"I have not spent five cents raising you. I didn't know you from Adam. But your mother and father have put their lives, their heart, their sweat, their money and everything else they have into bringing you up.

"And now they have to sit in this courtroom and listen to a total stranger, who had nothing to do with your upbringing, scold you and put you in jail.

"This is a time when phoney kids your age are yelling, 'You adults have your alcohol, we want our drugs; you have polluted our water and air, you have polluted this & that,' all the rest of the garbage that comes out of your mouths.

"I want you to think of this for one year, & the reason why I say it: If you are sick, a doctor will treat you, & he won't be high on drugs. The lawyer who represents you won't be high on drugs, & the people in whose custody you'll be won't be high on drugs.

Your astronauts are not on drugs, your president is not, & your legislators are not. Your engineers who built the bridges you drive across, & the tunnels you drive through, are not on drugs & those who built the planes that you fly in, and the cars that you drive in, are not.

"But in the world of the future the same may not be true. Teachers, doctors, lawyers, legislators - products of the new drug orientated generation - may well be high as kites. You won't know whom to send your child to. Let's see what kind of a world you leave your children to before you talk about the world that we left to ours"!

1851-1852

BENDIGO

CLARE

KYRAL CASTLE

PLINDERS

SHERBROOKE FOREST

SAN REMO

MURRINDINDI

ANGELSEA

BUCHANAN CAVES

THE PENNINSULA

BAIRNSDALE

DOXA

PHILIP ISLAND

DANDENONGS

GEELONG

FRANKSTON

LAKES ENTRANCE

Out AND About.

Looking back over the last couple of years, and thinking about the places I have seen, I realize that my kids and my self would never have been able to have as many holidays or day trips, if I wasn't involved in the Womens Group.

I don't own a car or a licence for that matter & I find it difficult to try & organise to go out, by the time you pack everything & work out cost, & have to rely on public transport its just not worth the effort

But through the group, you can afford to get out for day trips & you can afford holidays, as we pool our money & work out costs, and having our own camping equipment makes it easier, and the effort you put into it worthwhile.

We have been to Murrindindi bush camping, San Remo, camping, stayed at a beach house at Flinders, a flat at Lakes Entrance, and also to Doxa which is in

Malmesbury which is also a good place to stay

We have had numerous day trips to Philip Island, Geelong, Dandenong, etc. Its really great to get out of the city, and get some clean fresh air.

When you are away with a group of people, whom you dont really know. It gets difficult at times, but you learn to cope + you realize that we are all different, and we all see things the way we want to see them, or the way we think they should be, not the way they are and thats a learning process we go through.

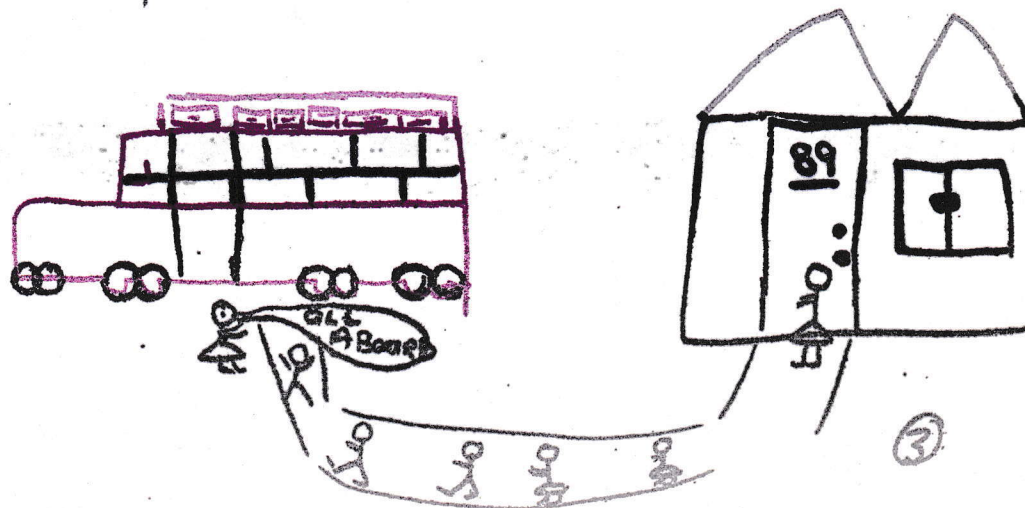
But I think its worth it, as you have a choice whether to go away or stay home, and go through the same routine day in day out.

So I accept the challenge + off we go otherwise I miss out, on all the good things + all the beautiful places I havent seen before and wouldn't have the opportunity to see.

Out AND ABOUT

When your income is only a pension and three children to support, and even the kids moan & groan, but they soon forget, and ask when are we going away again. If I say I'm not going they want to know why, and talk about all the good things, "we can learn through our children"

And that's what makes it worthwhile & the reasons I go on every holiday & day trip. There are some beautiful places to see in Victoria and it makes you appreciate all the good things in life. And we can always pick & choose what was the best place we saw, or the best thing we did, & try & make our lives better and look forward to the next time, and make sure it's a bigger improvement on the last time.



Jonathan Livingston Seagull. by Richard Bach.



The Story so far =

Jonathan Livingston is not an ordinary seagull. He loves to fly. While other gulls concentrate on finding food and don't bother with anything but the basics of simple flight, Jonathan practices his flight performance continually even if it means endangering himself.....

Continued =

Climb to a thousand feet. Full power straight ahead first, then push over, flapping to a vertical dive. Then, every time, his left wing stalled on the upstroke, he'd roll violently left, stall his right wing recovering, and flick like fire into a wild tumbling spin to the right.

He couldn't be careful enough on that upstroke. Ten times he tried, and all ten times, as he passed through seventy miles per hour, he burst into a churning mass of feathers, out of control, crashing down into the water.

The key, he thought at last, dripping wet, must be to hold the wings still at high speeds — to flap up to fifty and then hold the wings still.

From two thousand feet he tried again, rolling into his dive, break straight down, wings full out and stable from the

...Continued.

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It took tremendous strength, but it worked. In ten seconds he had blurred through ninety miles per hour. Johnathan had set a world speed record for seagulls!

But victory was short-lived. The instant he began his pullout, the instant he changed the angle of his wings, he snapped into that same terrible uncontrolled disaster and at ninety miles per hour it hit him like dynamite. Johnathan Seagull exploded in midair and smashed down into a brick-hard sea.

When he came to, it was well after dark, and he floated in moonlight on the surface of the ocean. His wings were ragged bars of lead, but the weight of failure was even heavier on his back. He wished, feebly, that the weight could be just enough to drag him gently down to the bottom, and end it all.

As he sank low in the water a strange hollow voice sounded within him. There's no way around it. I am a seagull. I am limited by my nature. If I were meant to learn so much about flying, I'd have charts for brains. If I were meant to fly at speed, I'd have a falcon's sharp wings, and live on mice instead of fish. My father was right, I must forget this foolishness. I must fly home to the flock and be content as I am, as a poor limited seagull.

Continued,

The voice faded, and Johnathan agreed. The place for a seagull at night is on shore, and from this moment forth, he vowed, he would be a normal gull. It would make everyone happier.

He pushed wearily away from the dark water, and flew toward the land, grateful for what he had learned about work-saving low-altitude flying.

But no, he thought, I am done with the way I was, I am done with everything I learned. I am a seagull like every other seagull, and I will fly like one. So he climbed painfully to a hundred feet and flapped his wings harder, pressing for shore.

He felt better for his decision to be just another seagull. There would be no more to learn, there would be no more challenge and no more failure. And it was pretty, just to stop thinking, and fly through the dark, towards the lights above the beach.

Dark! The hollow voice cracked in alarm. Seagulls never fly in the dark!

It happen to Johnathan

To be continued.

The Best of the Worst

a comprehensive compendium of the rottenest things on Earth.

Compiled by - Stan Lee.

"The Worst Carrier of a Disease."

Mary Mallon was a dishwasher in New York City at the turn of this century. She also passed on typhoid fever to some 1,300 people as she washed dishes in restaurant after restaurant, constantly changing her name to avoid health officials. "Typhoid Mary" was finally apprehended in 1906 and died in government-enforced isolation in 1929.

Drawn by Nhi Quan, Gr 6B, Kensington P.



CARING FOR THE AGED

asked me if I could write a few lines about
how I like to look after an elderly person. I am
not very good at writing but I will try and explain
how I am looking after my elderly mother in law who
is 80 years over she has had a fall and broke her hip
she was 80 years old when it happened, and I have
been helping look after her ever since. I leave home
on Monday to travel to London and return by 6 pm on
Tuesday. She is very frail and she has a lot of
shaking in her hands and legs, she has a lot of
doctors and she was a miracle for her age, I
took her for therapy and she could do her own things like
brushing her young people who used to go. But it is very
sad to watch a very active person deteriorate before your
eyes for once they have a fall it causes shock which
stops the blood flowing to the brain and they start going
back to the past and don't remember the present the
mind can't cope with any change and everything gets
very mixed up for them. Mum gets very mixed up some-
times and worried for she doesn't think she is in her
own house, so all you can do is talk to her and try and
reassure her that it is her house and she will never
be left by herself, for they get a fear of being left
by themselves and you must always let them help around
the house never stop them if they want to help for
they are very good at it. For example I should like
to see you in the future.

OUR MYSTERY ADVENTURE. 1st. Page

There was just two of us who went on this mystery adventure, we both received - our instructions by mail when and where to meet. We both arrived at this little - airfield called Arunda where we were to take off for our mystery adventure. But - we had never heard of Arunda before. Both of us didn't know where we were going or why, when we introduced ourselves - the other girl who came with me called herself Lena and I called myself Deanne. We didn't use our correct names because we kept this just as mysterious as our adventure was going to be. We boarded - the plane for two days and two nights - before we got there to our destination. Arriving at S hapings where the plane let down, we were in no shape than the - airfield name of the airfield. Then we were hustled into a jeep by a strange man - with long hair and a beard and his - clothes well we had never seen anything - like it before. We arrived at this little township called Junee everything was very quite and night. I odd real scary -

OUR MYSTERY ADVENTURE 2nd Page

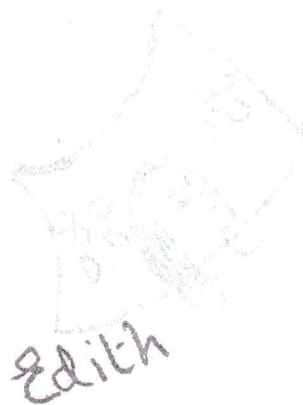
We got out of the jeep and walked up the stairs to the hotel where we were to spend the week together. The name of the hotel was called Jongley, and we were sure - longing for a hot bath and a good rest and a hot meal. I shared a room with - Lena which consist of 2 single beds one small chest of drawers, and we had to hang our clothes up behind a curtain, because there no wardrobes in our rooms. And there was only one window, in our bedroom. Our room was right up the end - of the passage upstairs. And it sure look - creepy. It rained that night and there - was lighting the windows rattled and the shutter's that was on the windows came los loose and they were banging all night we never got any sleep all night we were so scared to do anything. There was this queer married couple who looked after us, the meals were pretty good considering, the rest of the place was real queer - it didn't look like any hotel that - we had been ^{to} before. The end of our stay drew near and still we didn't know what our mystery adventure was.

Cont Page 3.

OUR MYSTERY ADVENTURE

When all of a sudden we heard a man's voice we didn't know where it was coming from telling us we were going on a trip to Mars. Lena and I sat there so stunned and shocked to move, the voice didn't tell us how we were going to get there, what we were going to do when we arrived there or how we were going to get back. That was going to be our mystery adventure, but we really didn't get to go because suddenly I woke up with a terrific thud

I had just fallen out
of bed.



Edith Coffey

Just Announcing My Arrival in this -
suburb of Kensington well it was Born
A new Experience To find a good club
like the Women's group for a loner -
like me It's good to find that the
crazy mixed up world isn't so bad
after all. It's great to see women -
mixing together sharing their joys & -
we's and forgetting the daily chores of -
housework.

Bingo night was great there -
was a good attendance, and just seeing
those prizes get whipped up, so quickly
was fun. I think I, am here to stay -
as Kensington is a great suburb it's
so central and countryfied. One can -
hear the cows & sheeps. meaning down -
at the abattoirs it makes me feel -
sad for the fate that awaits them.

I discovered the club quite by accident,
as just happening to be passing by -
but Margaret the worker was very -
kind and asked me to join in.

Considering the needs of women in the
community it is an escape from -
pressure they have at home or work -

Margaret is really juggling hard to -
make it worth while. So if you -
want to try something different come -
along who knows you may discover -
a whole new world like I did -

Maureen Ras II

Our Trip to

The Dandenongs.

Last Sunday we met at the Womens Group house in the Cracker
It to go for a Day Trip to
the Dandenongs. Only Eight
People turned up so we had
plenty of room in the bus to
spread out. We set off just
after eleven o'clock but somewhere
along the way the driver took
a wrong turning, I dont know
how she did as we have been
out that way many a time,
Anyway she kept on driving and
we finally arrived at the main
highway. We did eventually get
to the Dandenongs in plenty of
time for our lunch, a couple of
the women had a Barbecue and
the rest of us had a nice cup
of tea or coffee Tea for me as
I always enjoy my cuppa, after
lunch we decided to go for a
walk but Ruby and I couldn't
quite make the climb. — Continued.

Continued

Our Trip to the Dandenongs.

So we decided to go back, she Marg said "I have a friend who has an antique shop in Larrasfras" lets go and have a look" So once more we climbed into the bus, we had a lovely drive through the bush but we didnt find Larrasfras or the antique shop, but on the way there we passed the Alfred Pickolas Memorial Park, so Marg turned the bus around and we headed back towards the Park we all Piled out the bus and walked in through two big Wrought iron Gates where there was a sign saying short cut to the Lake so we thought wed...CONT..

Our Trip To Dandenongs.

have a look. All the others went ahead, Ruby and I took our time and wandered slowly down to the steps, we got such a shock when we got to the bottom of one flight of steps, there was another flight and still another, I'm sure there must have been a hundred steps or so it felt like it to me. When we got to the bottom all the others were ready to go back up. So Ruby and I sat down for a few minutes to get our second wind, it really was a lovely place though and there was quite a few people sitting on seats all round the lakes, there were some beautiful native plants and some lovely big hydranges growing all round the place, huge massive trees and ferns of all varieties, and ducks swimming in the lake it really was worth seeing, Mary took a few photos, and then it was time to go, so instead of climbing up all those steps again we decided to go up by road, it was worse, talk about climbing Mt Everest it was uphill all the way. I had to stop for a rest every two or three yards, I finally had to get Gerald to push me up the hill from behind, my climbing days are over, as I found out, it was nice to get to the top and get into the bus and to think thankfull into our seats, for the trip home it was a nice day out but my legs still haven't recovered.

Nary King