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Kensington Women's Group Newsletter.



Child Care Co-Op. Ltd
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Jonathan Livingston Seagull.

by:
Richard Bach

And so he shut his eyes.

It happened that morning, then, just after sunrise, that Jonathan Livingston Seagull fired directly through the centre of Breakfast Flock, ticking off two hundred twelve miles per hour, eyes closed, in a great roaring shriek of wind and feathers. The Gull of Fortune smiled upon him this once, and no one was killed.

By the time he had pulled his beak straight up into the sky, he was still scorching along at a hundred and sixty miles per hour. When he had slowed to a twenty and stretched his wings again at last, the boat was a crumb on the sea, four thousand feet below.

His thought was triumph. Terminal velocity! A seagull at TWO HUNDRED AND FORTY-SEVEN MILES PER HOUR! It was a breakthrough, the greatest single moment in the history of the Flock, and in that moment a new age opened for Jonathan Gull. Flying out to his lonely practice area, folding his wings for a dive from eight thousand feet, he set himself at once to discover how to turn.

A single wingtip feather, he found, moved a fraction of an inch, gives a smooth sweeping curve at tremendous speed. Before he learned this, however, he found that moving more than one feather at that speed will spin you like a rifle ball..... and Jonathan had flown the first aerobatics of any seagull on earth.

He spared no time that day for talk with other gulls, but flew on past sunset. He discovered the loop, the slow roll, the point roll, the inverted spin, the gull hunt, the pinwheel.

When Jonathan Seagull joined the Flock on the beach, it was full night. He was dizzy and terribly tired. Yet in delight he flew a loop to landing, with a snaproll just before touchdown. When they hear it, he thought, of the Breakthrough, they'll be wild with joy. How much more there is now to living! Instead of our drab slogging forth and back to the fishing boats, there's a reason to life! We can lift ourselves out of ignorance, we can find ourselves as creatures of excellence and intelligence and skill. We can be free! We can learn to fly!

The gulls hummed and glowed with promise.

The gulls were flocked into the Council Gathering when he landed, and apparently had been so flocked for some time. They were, in fact, waiting.

"Jonathan Livingston Seagull! Stand to Centre!" The elder's words sounded in a voice of highest ceremony. Stand to Centre meant only great shame or dishonour. Stand to Centre for Honour was the way the gulls foremost leaders were marked. Of course, he thought, the Breakfast Flock this morning; they saw the Breakthrough. But I want no honours. I have no wish to be a leader. I want only to share what I've found, to show those horizons out ahead for us all. He stepped forward.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull.....Contd

"Jonathan Livingston Seagull," said the Elder, "Stand to Centre for shame in the sight of your fellow gulls!"

It felt like being hit by a board. His knees went weak, his feathers sagged, there was a roaring in his ears. Centred for shame? Impossible! The breakthrough! They can't understand! They're wrong! They're wrong!

"....for his reckless irresponsibility," the solemn voice intoned, "violating the dignity and tradition of the Gull Family..."

To be Centred for Shame meant he would be cast out of gull society, banished forever to a solitary life on the Far Cliffs.

".....one day, Jonathan Livingston Seagull, you shall learn that irresponsibility does not pay. Life is the unknown and the unknowable, except that we are put into this world to eat, to stay alive as long as we possibly can."

A seagull never speaks back to the Council Flock, but it was Jonathan's voice raised. "Irresponsible? My brothers!" he cried. "Who is more irresponsible than a gull who finds and follows a meaning, a higher purpose for life? For a thousand years we have scabbled after fish heads, but now we have a reason to live - to learn, to discover to be free! Give me one chance, let me show you what I've found...."

The Flock might as well have been stone.

"The Brotherhood is broken," the gulls intoned together, and with one accord they solemnly closed their ears and turned their backs upon him.

Jonathan Seagull spent the rest of his days alone, but he flew way out beyond the Far Cliffs. His one sorrow was not solitude, it was that other gulls refused to believe the glory of flight that awaited them; they refused to open their eyes and see.

He learned more each day. He learned that a stream-lined high-speed dive could bring him to find the rare and tasty fish that schooled ten feet below the surface of the ocean: he no longer needed fishing boats and stale bread for survival. He learned to sleep in the air, setting a course in the air at night across the offshore wind, covering a hundred miles from sunset to sunrise. With the same inner control, he flew through heavy sea-fogs and climbed above them into dazzling clear skies....in the very times when every other gull stood on the ground, knowing nothing but wind and rain. He learned to ride the high winds far inland, to dine there on delicate insects.

That he had once hoped for the Flock, he now gained for himself alone; he learned to fly, and was not sorry for the price that he had paid. Jonathan Seagull discovered that boredom and fear and anger are the reasons that a gull's life is so short, and with these gone from his thought, he lived a long fine life indeed.

They came in the evening, then, and found Jonathan gliding peaceful and alone through his beloved sky. The two gulls that appeared at his wings were as pure as starlight, and the glow from them was gentle and friendly in the high night air. But the most lovely of all was the skill with which they flew, their wingtips moving a precise and constant inch from his own.

Without a word, Jonathan put them to the test, a test that no gull had ever passed. He twisted his wings, slowed to a single mile per hour above stall. The two radiant birds slowed with him, smoothly, locked in position. They knew about stall flight.

TO BE CONTINUED.....

A SONG

COMPOSED BY M. WELSH & CO

WE ARE THE WOMENS GROUP 
THE KENSINGTON WOMENS GROUP 
WERE THE GROUP THAT NEVER LETS YOU DOWN 
WERE THE ONLY GROUP IN MELBOURNE TOWN 
WHEN THINGS ARE GOING GREAT WE GET UP AND CELEBRATE 
SO WALK YOUR WAY THROUGH THE GREEN DOOR
THEN LIFE WONT BE SUCH A BORE 
SO COME ALONG AND JOIN THE FUN 
THERES A GREAT BIG WELCOME FOR EVERYONE

DA--DA--DA--DAH DAH DAH.



DONT SIT BACK AND COMPLAIN

THERE IS NOTHING TO DO
YOU MAKE THINGS HAPPEN.



COME AND JOIN
OUR CHOIR.

{ ISNT IT AMAZING WHAT PEOPLE CAN DO
WHEN THEY PUT THERE MINDS TO IT. }

=====

YOUR STAR with Teresa

Aries

It all goes well-
this week. Love is
in the air Lucky
day Saturday.

Libra

Confusion may reign
on Monday. And not
through your own
making.

Cancer

The early part
of the week is
good for travel.
Don't say no to
a job offer try
a little & on-
Friday. Love is-
in the air-

Scorpio

You may start the
week. with good news
note visitor on-
Thursday.

Capricorn

Your hard work
should be rewarded
early in the week
the colour pink is
lucky.

Leo

Children may need
a little more care.
Wear Bright colours.
On Thursday evening
good news.

Gemini

Tuesday Gemini-
find someone shows
and interest in them
and invitation on
Saturday.

Hope you'll like
this page

YOUR STARS with Leresia ^{CONT-}

Larans

Good news on -
Wednesday -
concerning a
trip. Someone
near and dear -
May come to -
your home
On the weekend -
a surprise.

Acquarius

Be kind to
someone close
Especially if
the person is
older. Lucky
colour Blue
Romance is -
close.

Virgo

The initial C may make
it's presence felt on
Tuesday. Travel is
good. Lucky colour green

Sagittarius

Don't take a remark
to heart. Someone -
should be singing your
praises. You may get

Money

Pisces

If you give a little
you may gain a lot
Saturday see a
visitor from Lady
Luck.

CARING

HELPING EACH
OTHER.
=

UNDERSTANDING

BEING AWARE OF
PEOPLES NEEDS.
=

SHARING

SHARE:
WHAT EVER WE CAN
WITH EACH OTHER.
=

ACCEPTING

PEOPLE FOR
WHAT THEY ARE
=

PATIENCE

DO WE REALLY
LISTEN
TO WHAT IS
BEING SAID
=

Patch. By Edith Coffey.

I would like to tell you a story about this family who owned a female dog who had eight puppies. It all began one day when all the puppies went outside to play all except one. He wanted to stay inside and watch television he had this wild idea of becoming an actor. We will call the little pup Patch, he was white and he had brown patches all over him that's where he got his name from he was so much like his mother. Every-one was so amazed with Patch he had a wonderful imagination he was so different to his little sisters and brother's. So he decided he would take matters into his own hands so of he went down to see the agent. Patch didn't care what he did as long as it was some-thing to do with acting. The agent was so touched by this little dog wanting to become an act he didn't know what to do. Because he had no work for him he couldn't help him. He didn't want to hurt Patch's feelings because he really thought the best place for him would be home with his mother and sisters and brother's. So he put on a performance for the agent and everyone thoroughly enjoyed his act, but the realized that acting wasn't for him. So he returned home to his mother and family. He was so glad to be home again. He completely forgot what he set out to accomplish.

Curried Sausages

8 to 10 Sausages (Thin)

2 chopped onions

1½ cups cups of stock

1 cup milk

2 teaspoons Sugar

4 tablespoons Flour

curry powder

Fry onions in 100 grams melted butter or marg.
add 2 teaspoons curry powder and cook gently
for 5 minutes

Add 4 level tablespoons of corn flour and
2 teaspoons sugar

Gradually blend in 1½ cups stock and 1 cup of
milk, stir over gentle heat until mixture boils
and thickens.

Then add sausages and heat through.

PAT. HARVEY.

Words for Thoughts

Look not for Beauty
Nor Fairness of skin
But look for the heart
that is loyal

Within

Beauty may die
Or skin may grow old
But a heart that is loyal
Will never grow cold



"The Best of The Worst."

"THE WORST CASE OF SEXISM."

When the young women of the Emerillon tribe of French Guyana reach a marrying age, they must prove that they are worthy of matrimony by spending five days and nights in a hammock, without food, fending off armies of giant, biting ants. The ants are led to the hammock by a trail of honey poured by the Emerillon medicine men.

"THE WORST HOME WRECKER."

Eugene Schneider of Carteret, New Jersey, was sued for divorce by his wife in July of 1976. The court ordered Eugene to divide his property equally between his wife and himself. Eugene took the court literally, got out his chain-saw, and cut the couple's \$80,000 house in two.

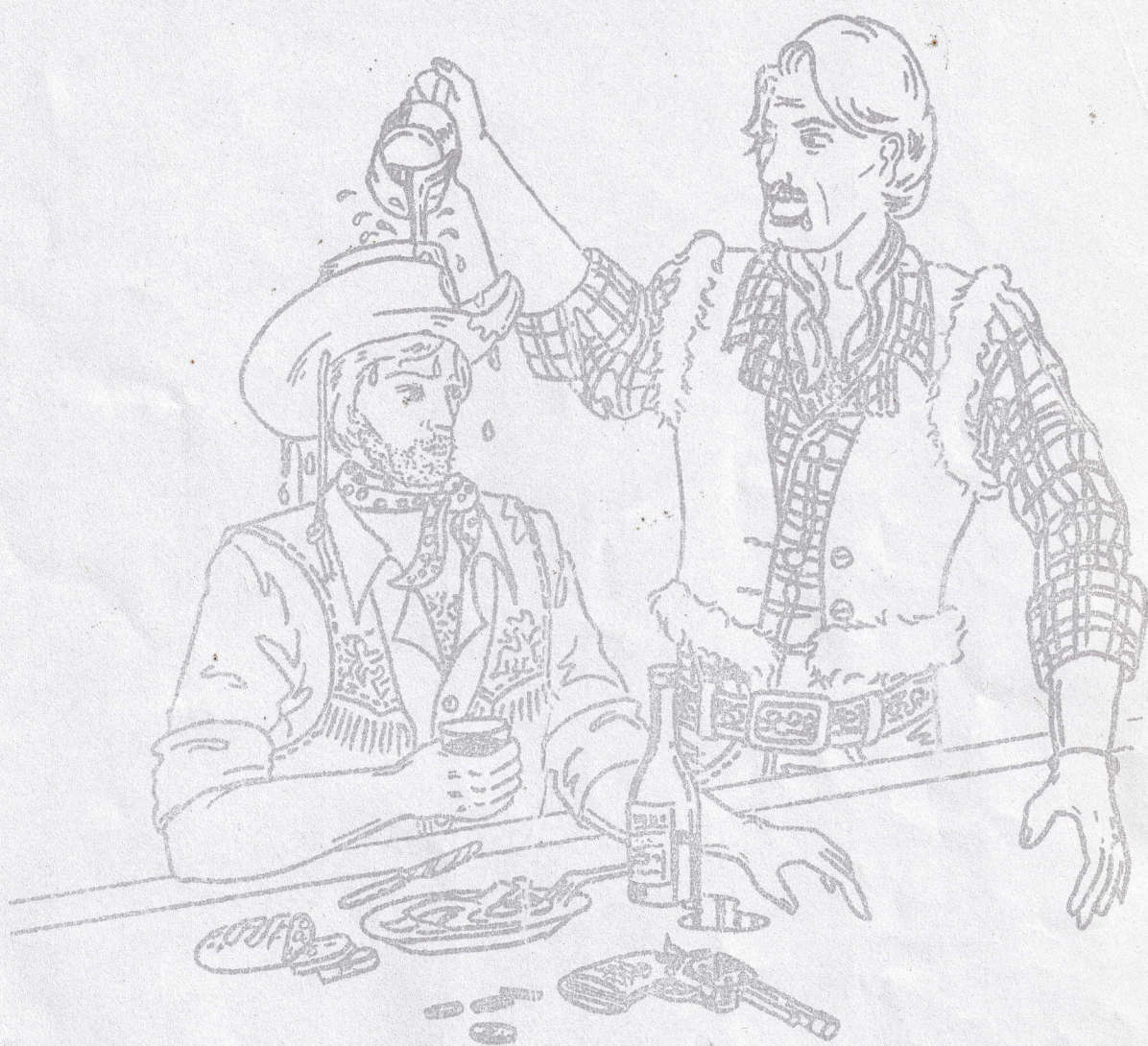
"THE WORST BEYOND DATE."

Between the years 1906 and 1908 Mrs. Bella Poulosdata of La Porte, Indiana, placed a number of lonelyheart, classified ads in the local papers. During that time sweet Bella apparently murdered between 76 and 28 male respondents after she made her mail-order lovers sign over their real estate holdings to her. First she poisoned them, then she chopped up the bodies into little pieces (hence the confusion over the exact number of bodies), and buried them around ~~th~~ her property. Finally, in April of 1908, Bella died in a fire she had deliberately set at her farm.

"THE WORST LAWS."

A bizarre collection of strange statutes still on the books:

1. It is against the law to wear roller skates in a public toilet in Portland, Oregon.
2. Men in Pine Island, Minnesota, must, under pain of arrest, remove their hats when they meet a cow.
3. It is illegal to peel an orange in a California hotel room.
4. You are not allowed to tie a crocodile to a fire hydrant in Michigan.
5. You are not allowed to fall asleep in a Detroit bathtub.
6. You can't blow your nose in public in Waterville, Maine.
7. Natchez, Mississippi, prohibits the ingesting of beer by elephants.
8. You can't buy peanuts after dark in Alabama.
9. In Minnesota, you're not allowed to hang male and female underwear on the same clothesline.



BY: NHI Q 66

My Visit to Hospital

I had an appointment at Prince Henry's Hospital. The day arrives and with a couple of friends off we go. I am feeling rather nervous as I approach the desk to hand over my letter of referral. The receptionist opens my file and takes some particulars, then sends me to the assessment department.

On arrival, I hand over my file, to be given a number and told to sit down. My number is six and I look around to see who is number five.

As I'm waiting and smoking, my number is called, so over I go to the lady who says — sit down dear — name dear — address dear — have a seat outside dear — and on it goes.

EVENTUALLY I am called to the clinic, in the lift up to the third floor, out of the lift and down a long corridor. I pass many waiting-rooms crowded with patients who have nothing to do but stare at me, as I go by. I hand my file to the clerk to whom I ask "Will I be long?" She doesn't know. Once again I'm told to please take a seat until the nurse calls me, so off I go to find a spare seat, sizing up the people around me. The nurse comes out and calls my name and I think Gee that was quick, so I hop on the scales to be weighed, then she asks me if I brought my urine specimen. I say no as no-body told me to. She produces a container P.T.O.

and says, come with me. I leave the room, go along the corridor to the ladies toilets. Again everyone turns and stares and I feel embarrassed. The nurse leaves me and says she will wait for me down the corridor. Coming out of the toilets, I try to conceal the container as again people stare me. When I get back you guessed it - no nurse, so I sit and wait with my specimen in my hand. Eventually the nurse arrives, smiles at me then takes my specimen. Seated again, I pick up a magazine dated 1975, so I look through to see what happened six years ago. I am becoming so bored with this waiting around, biting my nails and twiddling my thumbs and getting butterflies in my tummy anxiously waiting my turn. I'm wanting a smoke, but dare not move in case my name is called out in my absence.

At last it's my turn to see the doctor, so in I go and hand my letter. After asking me a few questions I'm told to strip and lie down on the bed. It's absolutely freezing. Lying there, naked with goose bumps and with a bladder that's ready to burst. I'm beginning to turn a slight shade of blue by the time doctor has finished examining me.

At last it's all over and I'm able to get dressed. I'm in such a hurry to leave, that my stockings are twisted and my hair is messy but who cares? so long as I'm Okay.