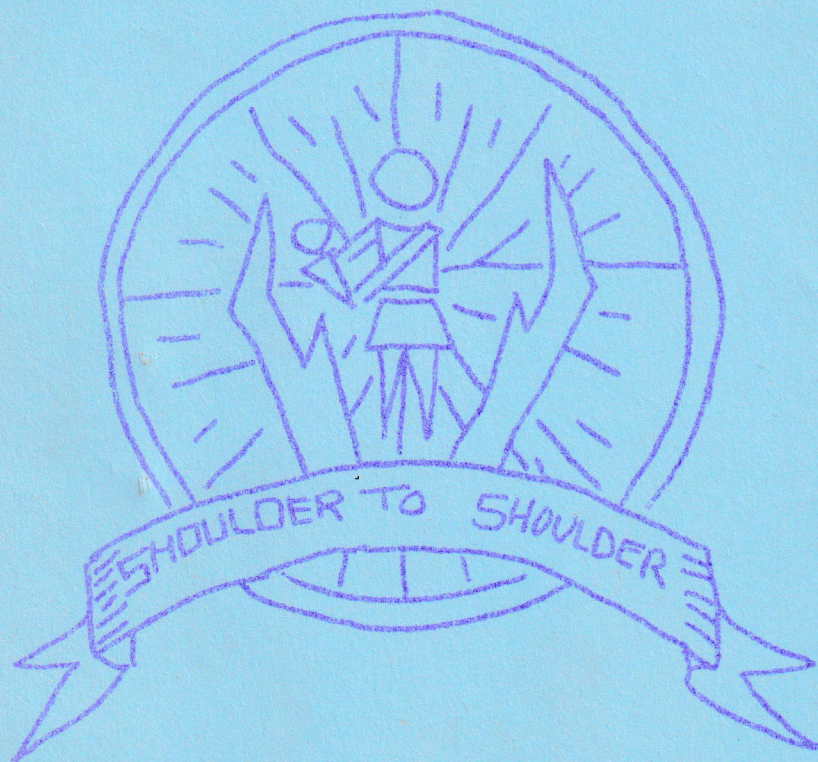


KENSINGTON WOMEN'S GROUP NEWSLETTER



Child Care Co-op. Ltd
89 McCracken St. Kensington
Ph: 376 7280.

No: 32

August 1982

EDITORIAL

We, the Kensington Women's Group are writing to protest against the sudden dismissal of Marie Coleman, head of the Federal Office of Child Care.

Ms. Coleman has worked diligently for both children and women's affairs for many years and has been particularly helpful with this area's concerns. No plausible reason has been given for her dismissal and we feel that it was an uncaring and unjustified action, perhaps designed to reduce the efficiency and effectiveness of this department.

Our children are important to us, and any action which threatens to reduce the effectiveness of the Office of Child Care affects us. We rely on full, part-time and occasional care to help us cope with everyday living, and cannot afford to lose these valuable services to any degree. Surely the Office of Child Care also cannot afford to lose extremely capable personell such as Ms. Coleman, but should instead be looking at ways of improving this department and its services.

We trust that you will give due consideration to this letter and restore Ms. Coleman as the head of the Office of Child-Care, but in a more appropriate department than that of Social Security.

KEN WOMENS GROUP

BOOK WEEK

P11

During August I took my two sons to see a Humphrey Bear show and Shirl's neighbourhood at the Brighton Library. This was for the occasion of celebration for Book Week. It was on a Saturday, Martin, Ted and I caught the train for Brighton and we walked from the railway station to the library. We managed to squeeze in with the other young mums and dads and children.

First show at 11 o'clock Humphrey Bear appeared on the stage. Poor Humphrey, he did some exercise and then was tempted for honey ~~but~~ the hostess gave him a rather tedious time before he got the honey tin from her. A thoughtful bear that he is, he gave away a few presents to the audience. Everyone made a grab for them.

The second show "Shirl's neighbourhood" was to be at 2.30pm. We looked around the library and saw a fine display of new books at special prices. During the interval we wandered around the lawns and bought some fairy floss and caramel popcorn. There was this huge green martian wearing

BOOK WEEK P/2

a black costume and he strolled around the ground. York! Just before the next show you could see the marlian head mask and costume around the refreshment room on the floor abandoned without concern.

The people gathered for the second show and we find possum sitting on a petty reading the newspaper. The hostess from the show was on and a young man called Ted as they struggled through the show telling and singing about favourite and popular books.

Martin wanted a book and guess what? He picked one without words but had some beautiful pictures about going for a ride, and we bought Ted a Mr Men book about Mr. Sneeze. We were also given a little show bag about trees because this year is the 'Year of the Tree'.

The End.

Rita.



Carmel's Day at a Funeral

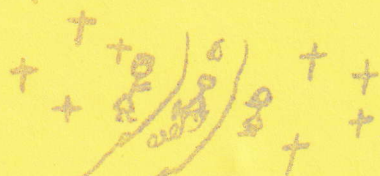
On Tuesday 31st August, Carmel went off to a funeral. She told us that she would see us all on Wednesday. About 2 p.m. on Tuesday she walked into McCracken St, we said, "Thought you were going to a funeral." She replied, "I've been, but wait until I tell you what happened!"

Carmel and her two friends arrived at Fawcner Cemetery about 10.30 am, they checked at the office ~~we~~ where their friend was being buried they were given the directions and set off on their long HIKE. As they were walking a hearse came along and they shouted "You, too!" The driver stopped and they asked if Mr ? was in the hearse he said yes, so they asked if he could give them a lift. He answered sorry no but directed them where to go. They ended up lost in the Greek section of the cemetery. Time was moving on, when they saw a grave digger they asked for directions he told them to walk right around

the creek, it would take them about 20 minutes and as it was five to eleven. They only had five minutes, so they thought if they could cross the creek they would make it.

They walked along until they found a narrow part, and Carmel's friend jumped across Carmel passed her bag over walked back a couple of feet and ran and jumped right in the middle of the smelly creek. She just stood there and cried. Then her friend helped her out she said that the smell was awful and right up passed her knees they were all black and full of mud. They just made it to the funeral for the service and then she was given a ride home, so she could shower and change and as they couldn't wait for her she missed out on the Irish wake. We asked about her shoes, she said they are still in the creek.

Make matters worse she didn't even get a drink !!!



CARMEL IN THE CREEK.

CHILD POWER

Life, where children are concerned is constantly busy. The world wide energy crisis would be solved if we could tap the endless natural resource of "child energy".

The energy level of our children at the KWG is certainly not lacking, the staff will bear witness to this fact.

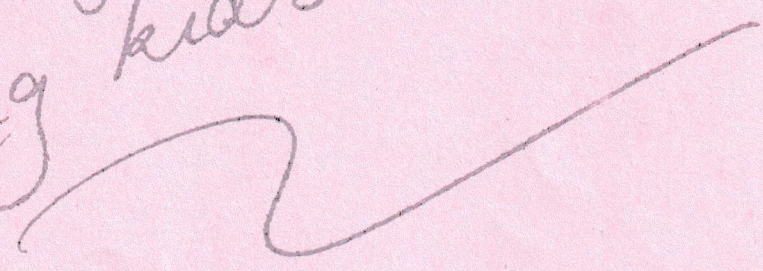
Happy are we! With the arrival of warmer weather our exploits will take on a new emphasis with increased focus on outdoor activities. On our excursions each Friday, we will be able to take advantage of many picnic spots that are suited to fine weather.

Over the past few months we have visited many exciting places. We have mingled with the crowds and exotic aromas at several market places. We stepped back into the past when we visited the "Polywoodside", an old sailing vessel. Our artistic background was enhanced by our trip to the art gallery and the museum proved to be a fascinating place for one and all.

We have visited several parks and playgrounds. "The Organ Pipes", a national park, off the Calder Highway, just past Keilor provided us with an opportunity to observe a stunning geological formation, well worth a visit for anyone, adults and children alike.

A sad loss was incurred by the K.W.C. recently. Marjorie, an invaluable member of the child care staff left Australia for an extended holiday. We had an exciting time at the airport, bidding her a fond farewell. She is already sadly missed and warmly remembered,

One of the
big kids



Super Snoop.

S.S. Knock Knock!

Me Who's there.

S.S. Super Snoop.

Me. Who the hell's super snoop.

S.S. Social Security.

Me. Oh of course come in. What do you want?

S.S. I'd like to ask you a few personal questions.

Me. I'd like to know what gives you the
right to invade peoples privacy.

S.S. I am very highly qualified.

Me. What qualifications would you need for
a job like this.

S.S. I am a sex deviant who has to ask
you about your sex life. I'm a sticky beak
who wants to know all your business,
and a peeping tom so I get to look
into your drawers.

Me. Qualified you say you sound more like
a first class creep.

S.S. Thankyou! how old are you.

Me. 16

S.S. don't get smart.

P.T.O.

Super Snoop Cont'd.

Me. Well you're wasting taxpayers money asking questions like that when you've got that information in front of you.

S.S. Then lets get down to the nitty gritty

Me. You really get a kick out of your work.

S.S. What about your sex life.

Me. Do I have to tell you.

S.S. If you want to keep receiving your benefits you will.

Me. Okay well there's only Richard Vibrato but I like to call him Dick for short.

S.S. Italian his he.

Me. No made in Japan.

S.S. What does he do

Me. Anything I want him too.

S.S. Really.

Me. Yes, all I have to do is turn him on and he'll do what ever I want for as long as I want especially since they brought out the energizer he even outlasts me.

S.S. I don't understand.

Page 3.

Super Snoop cont'd

- Me. Would you like me to get him for you
S.S. Oh he's here is he.
Me. Yes won't be a moment, here he is.
S.S. Oh I see how embarrassing.
Me. Well we have to do something we're not
allowed boy friends.
S.S. Okay. That's all I need bye.
Me. Surely you'll stay for while its a long
time since I've had any male company.
S.S. Sorry I just ask questions (Slam goes the
door as he makes a quick exit)
Me. COWARD.

by

Frustrated

BLAME US!!

Carmel, Brenda, Cheryl, Rita
Kath, Edith, Colleen, Carol.

{ COMMENTS FOR TODAY. 1982 ON - : }
{ KENSINGTON HOUSING COMMISSION
ESTATE, PARK AND CHILDRENS
RECREATION AREAS P/L }

Dogs and cats poo in parks and children's play areas. Children pick them up and call them crumbed sausages and bring them home to mum (fry them mum ???)

There are no effort by the cleaners to remove broken glass and animal droppings. All that is cleaned are the car parking bays and drive ways, daily.

The children's play equipment is broken and there has been no attempt to replace broken swings, see-saws etc. so there is nothing to cater for the smaller youngsters.

Why are our children's health at risk?; because they remove their shoes as they tend to get full of so called sand!

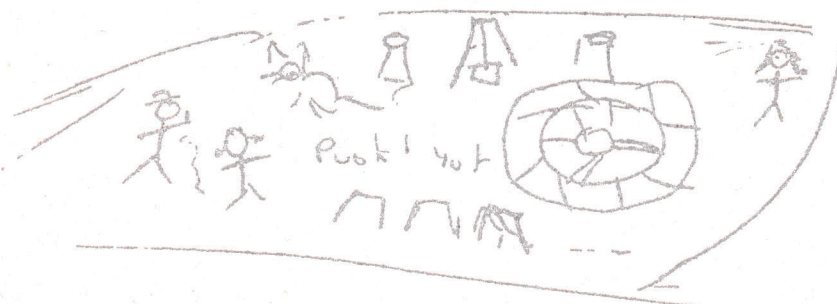
Children make castles in the sand with animal shit. Therefore the kids come home with large insect bites all over their bodies. What causes the insects to breed in the parks? Is it because these children's recreational areas are nothing else but →

{ COMMENTS FOR TODAY 1982 On-;
KENSINGTON Housing Commission
ESTATE, PARK AND CHILDREN'S
RECREATION AREAS. #2 }

rubbish tips?

Why hasn't anything been done
about the conditions of these areas? Because
our youngsters should not be treated
like mongrel dogs.

Concerned Mother ^{By} of 3.



Thoughts of Nannishka.

Please let me live
Where honesty's a way of life
and people smile — ..
Then offer you their friendship
without guile —
Where strangers find a welcome
and no-one feels alone —
where I am loved for being me
And not for what I own.

By Nan Whitcomb.

Rope.

When you come
to the end of
your rope,
Make a knot,
and hang on.

A good Friend.

When a good friend walks beside us
On a road that we must keep,
Our burdens seem less heavy,
And the hills are not so steep,
The weariest miles pass swiftly,
Taken in a joyous stride,
And all the world seems brighter
When a friend walks by your side.
Anon.

Activity Page

10-30

FUNDRAISING
GROUP

1-00.

FINANCE
GROUP

12-00

EMBROIDARY.

1-30

DRESS
MAKING.

WEDNESDAY
DISCUSSION

&
COFFE
MORNING
TEA IF
A YOUR
POW.

THURSDAY
PLAY GROUP
&
LUNCH.

FRIDAY
SHOPPING.

9-30

PENSION
WEEK

MONDAY
EVENING.
EVERY
FORTNIGHT
PLAY
READING

TUESDAY
EVENING.

ART
CLASSES
ONCE
A FORTNIGHT

BINGO
FRIDAY
PENSION
WEEK
EYES DOWN
7-30