

KENSINGTON WOMENS GROUP NEWSLETTER



CHILD CARE CO-OP. LTD
89 Mc CRACKEN ST. KENSINGTON
No. 37 Nov. 1983

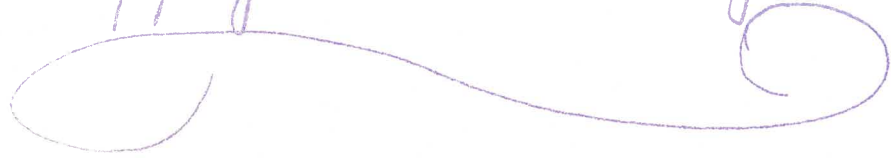
Editorial.

Welcome to this edition of the Shoulder to Shoulder. We have included a wide variety of articles and hope that all of our readers will enjoy this collection.

This is our second last edition for 1983 and we hope to produce a bonanza Xmas issue. So any articles or ideas that you have let us know about them.

Here's hoping that you enjoy our newsletter. Looking forward to your comments.

Happy Reading.



Norelle and Bobo.

This is a story about a little girl who was very much alone because she had no sisters & brothers to play with. So she decided to ask her parents could she have a pet of her own, they both said she could. Next morning Norelle and her mother went to look for one. They went everywhere Norelle just couldn't find what she wanted. Then they decided to go to the animal hospital to have a look. On arriving at the hospital Norelle and her mother were shown where all the animals were. They had a look at all of the animals still Norelle couldn't find what she wanted. Norelle's mother said we better leave now you can't see what you want here. Just as they were about to leave Norelle noticed a little cage all by itself she went over to have a look much to her surprise there was a little baby monkey in there. Mummy Mummy Norelle called I have found what I

want for a pet, when she came over and had a look she couldn't resist him. So the three of them went off together home-ward bound with Norelle's Pet. By the way Norelle called her little pet Bobo So Norelle and Bobo lived happily ever after.

By Edith Coffey.

RECORD BAR

A young girl went into a record shop to buy a record, there was a young man behind the counter. He said what can I do for you Miss, have you got the record to careless hands she asked. No said the man but I've got a lovely bunch of coconuts.

By Edith Coffey.

Broken Hearted.

Here I sit broken hearted.
Paid 2 cents and only farted.

By Valerie G.

Walls

A person's ambition must be small.
To write their name on the toilet wall.

By K Gibbs.

Opening At' the Kensington Health Centre.

At the Official opening of the new re-built Health Centre at Kensington. Mr Roper who was invited to open the Centre on the 4th October '83 was faced with a crowd of local mothers who also brought their pre-school children, protesting about the sudden cut in the free milk grant to local kindergartens, two near-by child-care centres, also people from ~~FOCUS~~ and workers involved with Early Childhood Services carrying placards such as "Be Kind to Kids" "Why cut in Services" "Healthy Kids before Healthy Politicians". The women also chanted "No milk today, Mr Roper has taken it away". But also another concern was shown by the workers from kindergartens and early childhood development about the very quiet way a department review of the children services was being organized by the Health Commission workers. Even answering the women's questions put to him, Mr Roper's replies were evasive and dogmatic, without spelling what the objectives or criteria was being considered. It seems to be the same tack the Federal Government is taking to only provide and support those in the greatest need. Bullshit!! All children have a birthright to proper childhood services of all kinds whether their parents are wealthy or not. This is a discrimination against children and probably against the United Nations rights for children. Concerned Co. op Members of ...

THE ROSE

A single, perfect, scarlet rose,
It's petals damp with dew,
Damp with nature's morning tears,
Like tears I shed for you,
The beauty of a new born day,
Brings a longing to my heart.
A longing for your tender touch
That I miss when were apart.
The rose will die and wither
But it's memory will remain
My love for you will never die
And we will meet again
And then the plant will flower again
And we'll be back together
We'll forget the time we spent alone
Because then we'll have forever..

SAVE ME

My mother left me months ago
She left against her will.
Some people came and clubbed her
The memory lingers still.
My father left me weeks ago
The same men took his hide,
Now i'm abandoned, all alone
From love I've been deprived.
My time shall come, i know it will
To say fareweell to life,
But why so soon i've done no wrong
But my life is the price.
I pay this price for just my skine
Please someone set me free,
Stop cruelty to us pups i pray
I beg of you, SAVE ME!

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OUT OF BOOK.

DOLLY.

In the housing shortage, the Housing Commission should check on solo parents living alone in a two or three bedroom Commission home. Such tenants could be put into flats, shortening the waiting list (queue) of families. Divorces living alone is wrong.

"Turf 'em Out" Oakleigh.

Nineteen years I have been a tenant of the Ministry of Housing. Widowed twelve years, am I to be discriminated against because I am a woman and therefore to be denied basic rights of decent Housing.

On her Own. Kate. Kensington

Postscript. I feel strongly against Turf them Out, as there has been always pressure against lone women living in public housing and they are always being used as scapegoats.

"Am I to be a refugee in my country of birth?"

Access Age

Keep milk flowing.

The State Minister for Health, Mr Roper, has decided to save \$940,000 a year by ending the supply of free milk to pre-school and child-minding centres. It is an insensitive a reader says

Insensitive decisions.

We are shocked and appalled at the decision of Mr Roper to cut free milk to pre-school and child care centres. It reflects the ignorance and insensitivity of the Minister to the needs of families, many of whom are struggling migrants. We urge the Government to reconsider its decision and return free milk to our children.

Bois D'arc,

Buller.

Extra burden

With most child care centres already in financial difficulty the added burden of not being reimbursed for milk could be the straw that breaks the camel's back.

Pauline Arnott
Ascot Vale.

The Wolf And The Seven Kids

Once upon a time there lived a wolf and his seven kids. They were rough kids they were always fighting. One day the wolf was in the forest looking for something to eat. And on the way he found a wood cutter chopping down trees. The wolf crept up behind him. Then he got his sharp claws and killed the wood cutter.

The seven little kids were still at home and they were fighting again. When the wolf got home he found them fighting. The seven kids asked, "why are you so fat?" The wolf said he ate a wood cutter!

Now far away, far away there lived the wood cutter's friend, Allen. The wood cutter's friend always won fights. He heard about the wolf, so Allen went to the woods and he found the wolf's hut. He caught the wolf, killed him and the wood cutter was free again. The seven little kids went to a zoo and lived happily ever after.



by

JUSTIN.



DOBBERS

I am writing to say that we the people in houses and Commission flats, are fed up with people dobbling other people in to the Pension and Commission people. Its about time the Pension & Commission People should let these People know who Dobbed them in. We have wrote To MRS P. TOWER, our M.P. and Mr Grimes Demanding who these People are. (letter on next Page) We thought we were living among's friends, all so called friends. We are getting fed up with it. What do these doppers get out of this.

A. Friend

DOBBERS.

Earlier this year a group of women from the flats became increasingly alarmed at the frequency of 'reports' made to the dept. of Social Security, so they sent the following letter to the Minister.

Dear Mrs Toner,

We would like to express concern regarding the frequency of reports lodged with the dept. of Social Security disclosing the financial and personal situations of pension recipients.

We request the dept. to disclose the identity of the person/s who has initiated the investigation. Hoping this receives your immediate attention.

(This letter was then signed by many people, concerned about this issue, from the Kensington flats.)

WHILE ON HOLIDAYS

MAY '83



"ET"

The Extra-Terrestrial

I suppose holidays wouldn't be real holidays if children weren't treated to a film, as suitable films are specially shown during this period.

E.T., A Steven Spielberg production, this unusual film (commonly known as science-fiction) has been widely publicised and advertised; you know, schoolbags, pens and pencil cases etc. of 'E.T.'

The extra-Terrestrial, so that it was a really difficult choice of choosing between 'DUSTY' (an Australian production) and 'E.T.' I had seen 'DUSTY' trailers on T.V. and for sure next holidays, the children and I will go and see 'DUSTY', such a charming film.

ET

After a quick invasion of a forest in a certain part of America by strange creatures, one of the creatures who unfortunately misses the space-ship is ruthlessly hunted by certain authorities who had been alerted of this strange phenomenon. 'E.T' escapes them but misses the space-ship.

In a peaceful town close by to the forest

"ET"



"The Extra-Terrestrial"

E.T. chooses to hide in a shed owned by a young woman (who is separated from her husband) and her three indulgent children, two boys and one girl. The youngest boy called Elliott discovers E.T. and he decides to keep this discovery a secret although he later confides in his older brother and younger sister.

E.T. is a dismal creature in appearance, a small skeletal figure encased in some kind of artificial flesh plastic. His most prominent feature is his florescent finger. He possesses a few supernatural powers. The children and E.T. respond well with each other and E.T. is kept a secret from their mother, which isn't always easy. During a peaceful, calm night Elliott takes E.T. for a ride on his bicycle basket. E.T. loves this and together they rise and glide past the moon and onwards during that night. Days pass and one day E.T. is missing. Elliott desperately searches for him and he finds E.T. collapsed beside a small creek. E.T. is dying.

Desperately hoping to save E.T. Elliott ~~lets~~ contacts authorities, who transform ~~the~~ Elliott's home into some kind of portable morgue and examination area. They believe there's no hope for E.T. Elliott, his brother and sister and friends disagree and in desperation they kidnap E.T. and escape on their bikes. The authorities pursue them: suddenly the children find themselves levitating to the sky. They leave E.T. in the forest and soon his heartlight glows in agitation and this time he does not miss his space-ship to who knows where?

The End.

POTATO SALAD

Garnish sprigs of mint

500g cold cooked potato(steamed or boiled)

1 tbs chopped mint

1 tbs chopped chives or spring onions,

salad dressing

1)

dice potato in 1cm peices. mix with chives and mint

2)

add sufficient salad dressing to bind vegetables

3)

serve in lettuce cups or salad bowl

SHEPARD'S PIE

Ingredients:

250g of meat

1 onion

pieces of carrot (grated)

1/3 cup of water

1 beef cube

pinch of salt

1/2 pinch of oregano

1 tsp

1tb oil

1) heat oil in frying pan

2 add onion and meat and fry until brown

3 add carrot and fry for one minute

4 add beef cube(crumbled), tomato paste, water and seasoning

5 simmer gently for 1 hr

MASHED POTATO

1 peel and chopped potatoes

2 cook in boiling water until soft

3 drain and mash

4 add 1 tbs butter and 1 tb milk

5 put meat in casserole, cover with mashed potatoes grated cheese and cook until brown on top at 180.....

RIDDLES

Q. WHEN THE FATHER GOT
INTO THE WATER

WHAT DID THE LITTLE GIRL SAY?

A. PADDLE POP.

Q. WHAT GROWS ON A PALM?

A. YOUR FINGERS

Q. WHAT'S IN THE MIDDLE
OF WATER?

A. THE LETTER T.

Q. WHAT'S RED AND WHITE
AND BLACK ALL OVER

A. A NEWSPAPER
OR A SUNBURNT ZEBRA.

Q. WHAT'S A DUST BIN?

A. A WHOLE LOT OF RUBBISH

Q. WHERE DO FERNS
COME FROM?

A. FERN TREE GULLY.

Q. WHAT'S SLIPPERY WET
AND GREASY

WHEN IT'S IN IT'S EASY

WHEN IT'S OUT IT'S JUMPS ABOUT.

A. A FISH

by THERESE.

QUOTES

BABY - A LOUD NOISE AT ONE END

AND NO SENSE OF RESPONSIBILITY

AT THE OTHER.

FATHER RONALD KNOW.

THE HOUSE SEEMED TO HAVE

ALL THE COMFORTS OF LITTLE CHILDREN,

DIRT AND LITTER. JANE AUSTEN.

IN AMERICA THERE ARE

TWO CLASSES OF TRAVEL -

FIRST CLASS, AND WITH CHILDREN.

ROBERT BENCHLEY.

EVERY BABY BORN INTO

THE WORLD IS A FINER ONE

THAN THE LAST

DICKINS.

A SONG

I am a little soldier,
I am only six year's old.
I mean to fight for JESUS,
and wear a crown of gold.
I hope he'll make me happy.
As happy all the day.
I'll be a little soldier.
The Bible says I may.

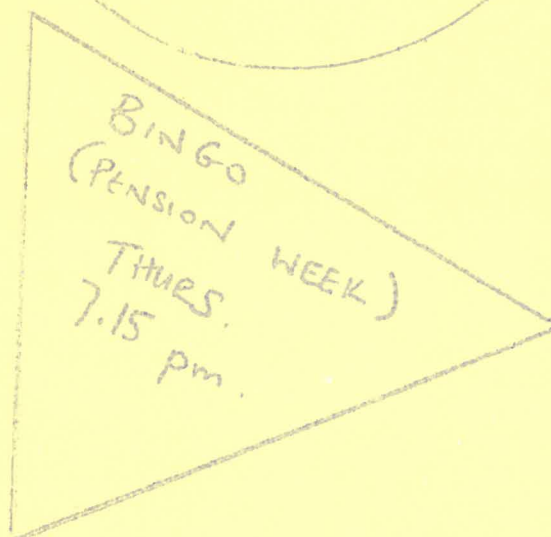
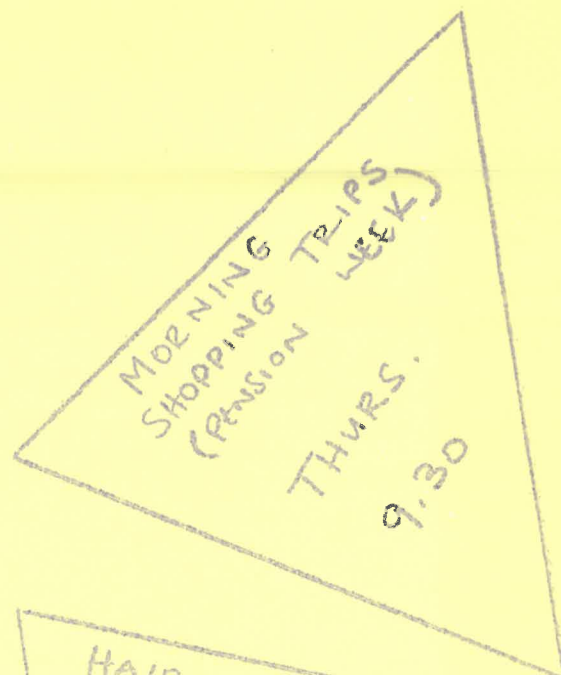
BY Michael Dodsley



WE'RE TO BLAME.

Brenda, Karen, Therese,

What's on at the house.



For more details about these and other activities which you would like to see run at the house contact us anytime! Come and see us at:
89 McCRACKEN ST., KENSINGTON.