

Kindergartenings

NEW ZEALAND
FREE KINDERGARTEN UNION INC.

DECEMBER 1988

FROM THE EDITOR.

The end of another confusing educational year is at hand, and we are still not really sure where we are going, how we are going to get there, and whether the journey is going to be worthwhile. Presumably enlightenment will come with the arrival of 1989. The request for material for this publication seems to have fallen on very few ears this time. A pity. What is received is varied, interesting-and sparse! Still, it does make editing a fairly simple task. The lack of material may indicate - to the uninformed, that is,- that in years without a national publicity week, kindergartens and their Associations do little. And we all know that that's not true, don't we !!

I'll leave the last word to a Conference speaker from Australia. "There are three kinds of people in life. Those who make it happen. Those who watch it happen. Those who wonder what happened !!!"

Best wishes for a peaceful Christmas, and a relaxing New Year. I think that we are all going to need it!!

LYN BLOW

FROM A CONFUSED COMMITTEE PERFORMER.

Every year a kindergarten committee is faced with the daunting task of raising money. Needless to say, the amount required seems phenomenal!

Our committee has discovered a novel way to raise a large part of the sum needed. Each year we perform a pantomime - "As Never Told Before." To date I have been in four shows. Many of the original cast down tools, or take leave from work or home, to participate. Once the ground work has been done, one can get on with the serious business of being ridiculous !!

We then manipulate our dedicated group of past and present mums (we've never had a dad volunteer his services, but have ambushed the odd one while doing the show) - who in turn leave the real world to become a fairy, dwarf, prince, ugly sister, tree, wolf, rooster, etc, and die quietly of embarrassment!! Meanwhile, behind the scenes, we have another dedicated group making props, writing scripts, arranging music, venues, etc, etc. Several weeks of rehearsal begin. The script itself is held in one's head, so the 'off the cuff' performances can tend to be very entertaining - but the guidelines are always observed.

D Day!! It's final dress rehearsal, and all 13 fairies look like elephants! Not to worry - the show is supposed to be larger than life!!

Then we're into it. Our zany bunch 'hits the road' for two weeks, venturing into local schools, and occasionally shocking shop-keepers for the necessary 'tea breaks'. To overcome the problem of performing in every kindergarten, we hire a small theatre, and each kindergarten has an excursion - in more ways than one !!.....

Two weeks are up. We are all exhausted, nearly divorced, dying from 'flu, etc. We have raised plenty of money, but, more importantly, we have pulled together, worked happily, and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves. We then retire from the spot-light to the more mundane fund-raisers such as cake-stalls. But not before our Awards Night - also carried out in the pantomime vein. And this is why I have a gold toilet roll on my mantle-piece!!

I shall miss my local kindergarten committee, and my annual adventure onto the boards, when I move on next year.

JENI GILBERT. (Fitzroy Kindergarten, North Taranaki.)

**The Association Executive Officer comments that the kindergarten committee do the whole show most professionally, have a great deal of fun, and raise so much money that they never have any difficulty finding volunteers for each year's performance.

This could well be an idea to be taken up by other committees or Associations. Who knows what untapped talent lurks in our ranks?

CONFERENCE, 1989

As most of you are already aware, next year's Annual Conference - the post-ultimate? - will be different. It won't be held in Palmerston North, but in Dunedin, and it won't be in August, but in June.

The reason for the change of both venue and date is an important one. The week-end of 9-11 June marks the centennial of the Dunedin Association, and of the kindergarten movement in New Zealand.

The Dunedin Association will mark the occasion with a get-together for former staff and committee personnel on Friday evening, a centennial dinner at Larnach Castle on Saturday, and a church service, gala, and dinner on Sunday. Conference itself will be held on Monday and Tuesday, 12 and 13 June.

Preparations are already well in hand for all these events. Should you wish to have more information, please contact the Secretary, Miss M Ayres, Box 1525, Dunedin.

A message to all North Island Associations. Forget all the chilly predictions and gloom about the weather in Dunedin. All such rumours are spread by green-eyed P.R. officers jealous of the special quality of the South Island in general, and Dunedin in particular. Anyway, the warmth of the welcome will surely offset any slight coolness in the temperature.

CONFERENCE, 1988. AS VIEWED BY C.N.I.F.K.A.DELEGATES

'Twas a dull dark day as we set forth
To attend Annual Conference in Palmerston North.
At half past eleven we boarded the bus
And found our Trish missing - oh, what a fuss.
While in total confusion as to her mislay,
"It's O.K.," said the driver, " she's gone t'other way.
She's booked on this bus, but it's all right.
These things happen. Bet it gave you a fright!!"

The rain was still falling as we pulled into town,
Our cheery dispositions did not let us down.
To our motel we headed in a rental car:
It was just across town, so we didn't drive far.
Trish met us at the door, and, after her greeting,
We drove back to town to find some good eating.
Night passed without trouble, no breaking of slumber,
Although Elspeth was troubled by one of our number.

As light filtered in, not a sound in the air,
Elspeth saw Trish a-brushing her hair.
In lemon unmentionables she sat on the ground
Brushing her tresses, not making a sound.
Elspeth then slept until morning dawned bright,
And later asked Trish why she came in the night.
Trish denied all this strongly. We came to a decision
That Elspeth had dreamed this unusual vision!!

Our first day at Conference was quite uneventive
We sucked on our lollies and listened attentive.
Our evening repast was quite a treat
With a combination of Chinese food to eat.
With the Hamilton people we wined and we dined,
And returned home by ten, our beds to find.
No visions of beauty occurred in the night,
But at breakfast we all had a terrible fright.
Was it a bomb, or nuclear explosion?
No. Just an electric jug causing erosion.
The lid flew off with an almighty pop,
It hit the roof, and then down did drop.
We rose to our feet to see what was the matter.
The jug was deceased. It caused such a chatter.

Panic contained, and the jug laid to rest,
The remainder of breakfast was quite a test.
Then Geraldine walked in with a curtain in tow
"It fell off!!" she said, with her face full of woe.
"Good grief," said Elspeth. "Troubles happen in threes.

Don't damage any more, if you please."
We consoled our E.O., and promised no more
As the first had occurred on the day before.
Elizabeth, our President, was stranded up north,
The rain was so bad that she couldn't set forth.
So while we all sat in the conference room
Elizabeth's travel was clouded in gloom.

The next day at Conference we were shattered to hear
Our beloved Prime Minister would not appear.
His deputy Phil, he gave us a speech
And promised whole-heartedly he would not preach.
We heard little of Picot, and little good news,
And were told we must wait for Cabinet views.
We discussed this and that, and, in conclusion,
Decided our needs were in total confusion.
Our remit was passed with considerable ease,
In fact no one discussed it- it went like a breeze.
Maybe the delegates were still half asleep,
Or maybe the wording was a trifle deep.

The penultimate session opened to find
Some of the delegates were left behind.
A lack of enthusiasm was not the fault,
But a lack of toilet tissue caused this result.
The afternoon session was a mixture of sorts,
And Picot was shelved without further thoughts.
The Union produced a thirty second show
And a poster of kindergarten for a new promo.
Discussion came, and discussion went,
And the afternoon session was interestingly spent.
But our final afternoon tea was a sorry sight
With no chocolate-topped custard square for our
Elspeth to bite !!

As we walked back to the final session
Our hopes were high, there was no depression.
A priority matter had just arisen,
We delegates faced with a major decision.
Our faces were flustered, our minds in a spin.
Do we eat out or do we eat in?
We deferred our decision till later that day,
And back to the meeting we made our way.
The rain started to fall as decisions came and went,
And the late afternoon was instructionally spent.

Elspeth's skill at driving showed one or two
How to weave in and out, to avoid a long queue!
We decided to eat at a neat Cobb and Co.,

But found twenty minutes wait was a trifle too slow.
We at last found a place that was able to take us
And received our meal without further fuss.
The food it was scrumptious, the company convivial,
And the cares of the world, they all seemed trivial!
On a personal note I have to tell all,
The chocolate gateau proved to be my downfall.
The portion was large, enough to feed eight,
But I soldiered on, and at last cleared my plate!!

Back at the motel, our Trish cried in dismay
"I did not leave my light on when we set out today!!"
Geraldine and I searched inside and out,
We searched high and low, we searched all about.
We discovered a door firmly stuck tight,
Being silly we knocked. That gave Elspeth a fright.
She thought someone was on the other side.
Did our door in the wall have a secret to hide?

We too have some secrets we have to conceal.
Without names being mentioned, this much we'll reveal.
Someone wears jandals with bright red tights.
Who starts to giggle when you turn out the lights?
Who wakes every morning only just half alive?
Who needs power steering just to survive?
Who must have a spa to relax in before bed?
These are some of the secrets. But as we just said
The names of the guilty ones will not be told,
Only in time will the truth unfold.

So what did this Conference mean to us?
A seven-hour trip in a leaky bus,
A kindly 'Mum' to keep us in trim,
And non-committal politicians to make our life grim.
Many laughs, many words, lots of wind, lots of rain,
Stimulating conversation to make us use our brain.
Friendship, food, and jugs that go pop!
The list could be endless. It's time to stop.
But, in conclusion, we do have to say
We enjoyed Conference '88 in a very big way!!!

L RICHARDS, et al.

Another unanswered question from Conference.
Could the graffiti in toilets be described as
loosed comment?