

A WORKING MUM

From morning, till night,
Life is one maddening rush.
The alarm bell rings,
You awake to a fuss.
Jump from your bed, to fight,
For a place on the bus.
Someone, who had stood
Close behind you,
Now you discover
Is in front of the queue.

You don't want trouble,
So what do you do?
You stand there fuming,
The bus draws alongside,
A quick kick on her heel
Now you're climbing inside.
You smile at the conductor,
It's just made your day,
She's still looking around her
While the bus draws away.

You arrive in work
At the stroke of nine,
You clock your card
The weather is fine.
You smile all around,
'Good Morning' to you.
Then a voice in your ear
Bawls, 'Have you nothing to do?'
You sit down quickly,
You have laddered your tights.

Seems today you have
Nothing but frights.
You keep your head down,
You daren't look up.
The hooter blows,
You run for a cup.
The canteen is full,
Back in the queue.
You wait so long,
The hooter's just blew.

Though you feel thirsty
You have to get back,
If you dawdle too long
You will get the sack.
So you rush and you pant
Till you get through the day.
There goes the hooter,
You're now on your way.
You join the bus queue,
The one at the top.

The bus is full,
It won't even stop
You are hungry and cold,
You've had a long day.
No wonder your hair
Shows streaks of grey.
You have made it at last,
There is the gate.
Time for a cuppa?
'Mum, why are you late?'

Sally Flood



WATER FOR CLERMONT

ABOUT 40 YEARS AGO...

A glass of water in hand, Clermont women marched to the Administration Office to say that they were tired of suffering from lack of a proper water supply.

They were tired of waking up at all hours of the night to see if the spring had bubbled up some water. If it had not, they knew there would be no washing nor eating the next day. They were tired of sharing water with the cows and other animals which also relieved their thirst at the only river in the area.