



CITY OF VINCENT
LIBRARY &
LOCAL HISTORY CENTRE

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Local History News



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This time last year, we were experiencing the stress, anxiety and uncertainty of lockdown due to COVID-19.

All of these stories, along with photographs, ephemera and interviews, will form part of a special 'COVID Capsule Collection' that will be preserved in the Vincent Local History Collection for years and generations to come.

Given the historic nature of these challenges, we thought it was important to ensure we collected stories from local people about how they were experiencing COVID-19.

We hope you enjoy reading these COVID reflections. If you have photographs, stories or diaries you'd like to share with us about your experiences over the past year, or about times past in our Vincent suburbs, please call or drop in to see us at the Local History Centre.

In this edition, we mark the anniversary of COVID's abrupt entry into our lives by featuring some of these local stories. The voices represented are diverse, from a local doctor to parents, artists and veterans.

Dr Susanna Iuliano
Senior Librarian,
Local History Centre

Cover Image: Footpath art in Mount Hawthorn during COVID-19 lockdown, April 2020.



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CONTACTS & HOURS

Monday to Friday 9.00am – 1.00pm drop-in; 2.00 – 5.00pm by appointment

WEBSITE: library.vincent.wa.gov.au/local-history-centre

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Val Baker and partner jiving in 1954, PHO0603

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COVID-19 STORIES

We put the call out for photos and written entries about local experiences of COVID-19 for the 2020 City of Vincent Local History Awards. We received many terrific written entries. One year after the advent of COVID-19 in our lives, we feature excerpts from these thoughtful local reflections. You can read all of the entries in full through the links to our online catalogue.

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SURVIVING GENERAL PRACTICE IN 2020

by Dr Jenny Fay

2020 has been, without doubt, the most challenging year of my professional life as a GP. What started as a year of planned work, concerts and holidays has dissolved in a time of world crisis. My little part of the world is my family, both immediate and extended, friends and musical colleagues, and my general medical practice at 435 Fitzgerald St, North Perth...

Staff at the practice were anxious, like the rest of our community. Decisions were being rapidly made, and then unmade as rules came and then were changed without warning overnight. Patients had extremes of anxiety – fearful of catching disease, not going to work, possibly losing work, wanting to be seen while unwell,

not wanting to come to the surgery, feeling vulnerable, caring for vulnerable relatives, travelling here from overseas, and later from interstate. All very understandable. Creating a consistent message for reception to give to patients was immensely stressful.

My email feed was increasing exponentially, and it was giving us multiple sources of advice – WHO, RACGP, Dept Health (Federal), Dept Health (WA), Medical defence, AMA, Primary Health Network, Health Ed, local hospitals. Everyone had their view of how GPs should best handle every aspect of general practice – from personal protective gear, swabs, concern for medical litigation, finance, Medicare changes, further Medicare changes, and then more Medicare changes.

I was one of very few people visiting local aged care facilities. My patients there were scared. Some were blissfully unaware. I asked my own father in law if he had heard anything about a virus going around. His reply, “No. No. I don’t think so”. Some were only too aware, and very upset at restrictions that banned family members from being able to visit. I tried to take my time to chat with them, and to ring relatives to reassure them. When I visited, there were always a couple of aged residents on the inside of a glass door, trying to talk to relatives outside the glass on

a phone or iPad. Facility staff had to schedule appointments for phone calls. This is no way to spend your last days on earth and was very upsetting to witness.

I saw a lot more anxiety in my practice. I was becoming anxious myself. The responsibility I felt for our staff and for our patients was immense. It was a struggle to balance keeping my staff safe and well, and the need to see sick patients. I never expected to feel that illness might be risky to see, but that is how it came to feel. I felt I was a risk to my own family. Several specialists and doctors consulted me as patients who were anxious, tired and worried. I’m not sure I was fit to be advising them. Travel and hospitality businesses are particularly devastated. It was disheartening to hear of longstanding business that collapsed. I found it difficult to console when the future seemed very uncertain....

Extract from Surviving General practice in 2020. Read all of Jenny’s story here: www.librarycatalogue.vincent.wa.gov.au/client/en_GB/search/asset/1170/0

A copy of the Jenny’s entry in last year’s Local History Awards was also published in Medical Forum in December 2020: www.mforum.com.au/surviving-general-practice-in-2020/



BETWEEN ART & QUARANTINE

by Isabelle Nash

Woman in a Turban, Isabella Nash 2 April 2020 (modelled on Jan van Eyck's Man in a Turban 1433).

In early 2020, Perth was gripped by a rising fear of the Covid-19 virus which was spreading across the world. The federal and state governments introduced strict guidelines which changed or tightened as the days went by. We were in lockdown – no travel from the home unless necessary, working from home unless unavoidable, no gatherings of people and no visitors. As we daily waited for news of what the government intended to do to prevent the spread of the virus, we were also managing our home and work environments, constantly reassessing

what was deemed “necessary” and how we could rearrange our lives to follow the ever-narrowing guidelines for social distancing and isolation which were implemented to stem the spread.

As a mother, I found this time exhausting. From one day to the next, we did not know whether school would continue on campus or whether we would have to start homeschooling. There was also the constant discussion with other parents about when the best time to start homeschooling was. Some chose to keep the kids home as soon as it was an option. Others, like me, decided to hold out until staying home was mandatory. There just didn't seem to be a right decision.

By the time the government announced that all students would move to online learning it felt like a huge relief. A decision had been made for me! Now, though, I was staring down the barrel of spending weeks, possibly months, cooped up at home with my children. They had online learning to do which, at ages 9, 10 and 12, was probably only likely to fill three to four hours per day. Add in some meal breaks and a period of at-home exercise and we were still nowhere near the end of the

day. No extra-curricular activities for the foreseeable future!

As online learning was primarily screen-based, I was looking for ways to fill our time which didn't involve screens, or at least were not entirely reliant on screens. Ironically, the inspiration for our project came from an online source, a Facebook post in which someone had shared the Getty Museum's link to a trove of images which people had been creating in their own Covid-19 lockdown situations. Originally inspired by a Dutch Instagram called Tussen Kunst & Quarantaine (translated: Between Art and Quarantine), the challenge was to recreate artworks using objects, people and pets from the environment in which you're quarantining. I thought this could be an ideal way to keep the kids entertained, trying to reproduce a picture every couple of days. We have a lot of creative kids and adults in our neighbourhood, so I thought it would be an excellent project to share, giving us a way to stay connected and keep each other amused and inspired while we were apart.



The Game of Chess by Sofonisba Anguissola, 1555



Tahnee Davies, Mick Davies and two daughters, 5 April 2020

Extract from Between Art & Quarantine by Isabelle Nash. Read Isabelle's story here: www.librarycatalogue.vincent.wa.gov.au/client/en_GB/search/asset/1167/0



RADICAL LOCAL

by Karen Lee

Gleaning – I turn into a weird foraging drifter, become slightly peculiar, when the virus comes. Sources of dopamine seem to expand when the restaurants shut. I scan for recognisable shapes, useful features, sense I can make. Take things: photographs, food, smiles, smells, moments, memories; fragments of the environment.

Find – I find wild fennel in the odd triangular wilderness where asymmetrical lanes join near Farmer Street. I pick the flowers to use preserving olives, scatter the seeds on the empty block near my place. I feel connected, although I'm not sure to what.

Gather – I pass by and pick up a slip of conversation '...if it wasn't for cruise ships...' Another day, two elderly neighbours, one with his dog, meet in a long still lane off Raglan Road. Then, a younger neighbour in her winter pyjamas joins them to talk, pats the dog. Before eight, otherwise unseen social beauty, gathered into me now.

Collect – I begin collecting fallen wood after I see someone else doing it in the park around Danjanberup on Bourke Street. When I have a small stockpile, I sit and admire it, feeling rich. I learn to make frugal fires for cooking. The gas is still on, but I am soothed, using the extra time for this fundamental,

pleasurable thing. Before, I bought my wood from the Shell petrol station at the top of Fitzgerald Street.

Delight – Everything prickles with a resonance like static electricity. I leak joy, look around, let marvels multiply. Heritage Old-for-Perth outhouses abutting laneways with morning glory growing over them, stink pipes with minaret-like tops, delight me and I wonder if any current toilets will delight someone in 100 years' time. I come across a mysterious abandoned orchard in a wild overgrown block off View Street, an enormous prickly pear ranging all over the place as if searching for someone who still knows what to do with its fruit.

Homing – I stop and stand still to watch a flock of pigeons circle above a house near Loftus Street.

In the morning sunlight they are lit underwing and the effect is like sky glitter, then they turn, and they're grey again. Their rhythm and flow are a smooth excitement, as though they're thrilled by new air currents wafting through.

Excerpt from Radical Local.
Read all of Karen's story here:
www.librarycatalogue.vincent.wa.gov.au/client/en_GB/search/asset/1171/0

A REFLECTION ON MY EXPERIENCE OF COVID-19

by Jane Coffey

As the COVID-19 threat hit our community I suddenly felt quite removed from the anchors that help us understand who we are. Suddenly, over a matter of weeks I was no longer a shopkeeper, a busy school mum, no longer an active member of Beatty Park or my local music group. All of these aspects of contemporary life build up a picture of 'self'. Who are we without them?

Without much warning Angove Street was more or less de-activated. People were still walking through the centres but it wasn't a destination. Apart from the odd cafe still open many stores were closed or had reduced hours. We decided to close our store in March due to one member of the Future Shelter team having a chronic health condition and many of our customers being tourists from overseas and other states. This sudden closure forced us to evaluate what we had created over the last thirteen years. We had to ask ourselves, if we are forced to permanently close, what would we do?

As the streets were empty of cars and traffic the town centres became much quieter and this had a calming effect on me. So much of my time is spent transitioning between my various roles; between the school, the supermarket, my shop front, my home. I'm always on the way to somewhere, I have jobs to do and places to go including (enjoyable) coffees with friends that help me debrief from all this busyness! A close friend of mine commented that the only time she had seen Angove Street that quiet was on Christmas Day and the early hours of Boxing Day when she would purposefully take a walk down the street simply because she enjoyed experiencing it being so quiet and calm.

It made me wonder - what do our town centres mean to us as a community when empty? I'm not sure that the usual forms of 'vibrancy' such as murals and street art in our town centres helped me in the same way the green spaces did. It made me consider whether we should be widening the



Angove Street North Perth during COVID-19 quarantine, 2 April 2020. (PHO 5778)

purpose of our town centres, make them still somewhere we can connect even when the stores are closed or when have to enforce social distancing in the future.

Usually I don't have much time to observe the physical structures which are the backdrop to our community life. However, this new calmness meant I started to focus on the forms of the buildings, the layout of the roads that cut through our public space, the layers of signage, landscaping and road markings. The more I observed, the more I was able to imagine what it would be like to

strip the space back even further. If we started again what would we do to make our centres work better as community spaces. Could we create somewhere more peaceful that increases our mental wellbeing in the way green spaces can? Can we create a new soothing community space that is not reliant on spending or driving though?

Excerpt from A reflection on my experience of COVID-19. Read all of Jane's story here:

www.librarycatalogue.vincent.wa.gov.au/client/en_GB/search/asset/1168/0



Elaine and Lloyd Blake both served in the Navy, pictured celebrating Anzac Day in the driveway of their Mt Hawthorn home. Photo Credit: Marta Pascual Juanola

ANZAC DRIVEWAY SERVICE 2020

Last year, the traditional ANZAC Day dawn service and events were replaced with the driveway dawn service due to COVID.

In April 2020, Mount Hawthorn resident Dr Elaine Blake was instrumental in organising the ANZAC driveway dawn service for locals in Buxton Street, Mount Hawthorn. Elaine and her husband Lloyd are Australian Royal Navy veterans who have lived in Buxton Street since 1975. Elaine is the Vice President of the Osborne Park sub-branch of the RSLWA. On a

regular ANZAC Day, the couple would be attending a dawn service at the Osborne Park RSL. In 2020 with the Dawn Service and traditional events cancelled, the couple decided to light their own flame of remembrance at the end of their driveway to honour fellow servicemen and woman.

Lloyd and I hung the Navy flag, the white ensign, and the Australian flag in the carport. I made little tea-lights in plastic milk bottles and drew rosemary on them and put out a row of tea lights in front of the driveway. We put the

wheelie bin out because we didn't have a table, covered that with cloth and a basket of individually wrapped Anzac biscuits. Residents of the street came out of their houses at dawn carrying candles and stood at the end of their driveways.

The morning went very, very well and the neighbours were just beautiful, and the photographers were going along the street taking photographs of people. It worked so well, but it worked because of our community. Because we've got a community that believes in each other and is there for each other. We've been in Mt Hawthorn now for so long and it is an amazing place to live.

In 2021, the traditional Kings Park Dawn Service and CBD march is scheduled to return, but the RSLWA are continuing the driveway dawn service enabling people to take part at home if they wish.

www.perthnow.com.au/news/anzac/anzac-day-mount-hawthorn-residents-stand-alone-together-for-diggers-ng-b881529869z





WOMEN OF THE WAAAF

2021 is the centenary of the Royal Australian Air Force. To mark the occasion, the theme for this year's ANZAC Day is: *Flying Into a New Era: 100 Years of RAAF.*

The Vincent Local History Collection includes numerous oral histories of RAAF veterans as well as the fascinating stories of local women who joined the Women's Auxiliary Australian Air Force (WAAAF) and the Women's Royal Australian Air Force (WRAAF) during and after WWII.

The WAAAF was formed in March 1941 after lobbying by women keen to serve and by the Chief of the Air Staff, who wanted to release male personnel serving in Australia for service overseas. Approximately 27,000 young women aged 18 to 32 enlisted in the WAAAF between 1941 and 1945. Women were posted to

bases throughout Australia, but were never permitted to serve overseas, or in combat roles. The initial intake was designed to meet a deficiency in the number of male wireless telegraphists, but it was soon evident young women were keen and capable of undertaking other technical tasks. At the end of the war, women were employed in 73 trades as diverse as fabric workers, photographers, engine fitters, clerks, cooks and meteorological assistants. The WAAAF was disbanded in December 1947. After the war, the WRAAF was formed in 1950 until the early 1980s when female personnel were absorbed into the Royal Australian Air Force (RAAF).



Elsie Florance in WAAF uniform, 1943 (PHO 01040)



Florence Council & Elsie Florance in trainee mechanic uniform, 1940s. PHO01074.

Elsie Florance

Elsie Florance was born in 1924 and grew up at 24 Cowle Street, West Perth. She was 18 years old when she joined the WAAAF in 1942. After numerous postings around Western Australia and further training in Sydney, Elsie was deployed to an air force repair unit at Boulder Airbase.

The Boulder Airbase was the Boulder Race Course taken over by the Government. From Boulder, I was sent to Cunderdin Air Training School. Air crew were trained at the base. They would start flying at 3 a.m. to avoid the air bumps from heat in the ground. The noise of the aircraft used to wake us up, so we would get up and go play tennis. You could not sleep with the noise.

After Cunderdin, my next posting was to Dunreath. It is now Perth Airport. From Dunreath I went to Pearce Air Base. I was at Pearce when the Japs surrendered. Everyone was so excited we rode jeeps up and down the runways, going so fast we almost took off. I was still in the service and stayed in until the middle of 1946. Really I was sorry to get out of it...

To read the full transcript of the interview with Elsie Florance conducted by the Local History Centre in 2003 go to: www.librarycatalogue.vincent.wa.gov.au/client/en_GB/search/asset/324/0



WAAAF group at their residence on Grosvenor & William streets, 1942. PH00049

It was a very big house which had previously been Milner's (the land and estate agent's) home and the garage had a room on the top of it. That's where we had to go for our meetings on Closed Camp Night... We had to march down to the Independent Order of Oddfellows Hall which was in Chelmsford Road, just near Walcott Street... that's where we used to have to go for our meals and we were paraded for exercise down in Hyde Park. So it was a very scattered complex. It was supposed to be hush-hush.

Eleanor Jefferies

Eleanor joined the WAAAF in 1942 and lived in a residence with other WAAAF servicewomen on the corner of Grosvenor Road and William Street, Mount Lawley. The building was near the Freemasons's Lodge Hall at 50 Alma Road, which was occupied by the RAAF during WWII, reputedly for intelligence purposes related to bomber and fighter aircraft. Eleanor recalled:

There were four shifts and about 10 to 12 girls on a shift. We had four shifts but on top of that there would be telegraphists, signals, cooking staff too...

We had the flats on the corner of Grosvenor Road and William Street.

We had to march up to Alma Road to the Masonic Temple which was taken over for the Air Force for the War and we plotted all the aircraft that came and went. We were attached to radar stations that were scattered around and really a very interesting time.

Read Eleanor's full story at: www.librarycatalogue.vincent.wa.gov.au/client/en_GB/search/asset/1741/0

For more information about the WAAAF visit: www.awm.gov.au/learn/understanding-military-structure/raaf/waaaf

LOST VINCENT

BEADLE'S NEWSAGENCY

450 Newcastle Street West Perth

Information and photograph submitted to the 2020 City of Vincent Local History Awards by Julia Robinson-White, great granddaughter of Bill Beadle. Supplemental research provided by Friends of Local History volunteer Liz Millward.

Next time you're at the corner of Charles and Newcastle Streets, take a moment to reflect on what was once there. From 1909 to 1919, Mrs S.T. Williams ran a newsagency at 450 Newcastle Street. In 1920 the business was bought by returned serviceman William 'Bill' Beadle and his sister Elsie McLeod. In 1922, Bill married Victoria Bowden and the couple subsequently purchased Elsie McLeod's share in the business, which became known as W. Beadle Newsagents. The Beadle family,

which included daughters Dorothy and Jean, lived next door to the newsagency at 448 Newcastle Street.

The Beadle's newsagency didn't just sell papers – it was a post office, library, tobacconist, bank, telegraph office and political hub. Bill and his mother Jean Beadle were staunch Labor Party supporters who were politically active. Jean Beadle, who lived around the corner in Carr Street West Perth, was one of the first Justices of the Peace in Western Australia and founder of Labor Women's Organisations in Fremantle and the Eastern Goldfields. Bill Beadle was a Perth City Councillor who unsuccessfully ran as a Labor candidate for the seat of West Perth and later Mount Hawthorn.

Bill and Victoria's daughter, Jean, recalled their commitment to the business and tremendous work ethic:



Beadle's Newsagency, 450 Newcastle Street West Perth, c 1930. (COV LHC PHO6091)

The Day's Routine

Mum got up at 6 a.m. had breakfast which Sue had cooked, opened the shop in time to catch the early morning workers going to catch the train to work, then the local factory workers who started at 7 a.m. Each morning early the front step and surrounds of the shop had to be washed down and the footpath swept, and the dozen or so boards advertising different publications put out. These boards were like magnets and attracted every dog in the area to lift its leg on one or more. There were several tricks used hoping to overcome this nuisance – one was pepper sprinkled around the board which made the dog sneeze when sniffed and hopefully the dog then forgot its original urge. Another was a 'throw down' aimed at the culprit.

Dad got up about 4.a.m rolled and delivered 400 papers, came home to breakfast about 6.30, rested for about an hour then returned to the shop to allow Mum to come home and see us before we went to school. It was a

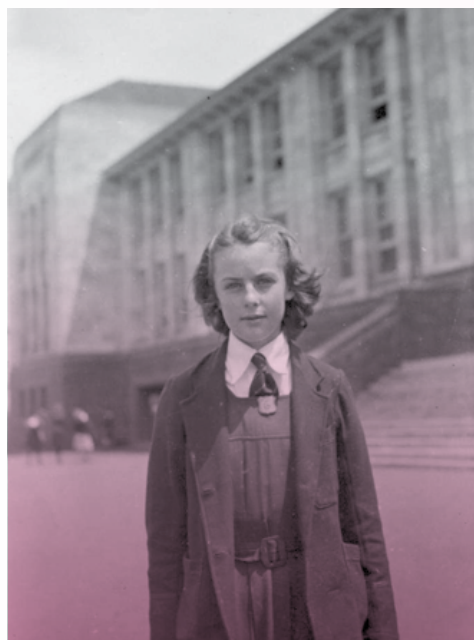
long day as lunch and tea were taken in shifts, each coming home for a meal then returning to work as the shop closed at 8 p.m. Monday to Friday. Saturdays it closed from 1 p.m. to 4 p.m. then opened until 9 p.m. Sundays was almost a holiday with the shop opening later and closing about 11 a.m. There were only two days in the year with no papers – Christmas Day and Good Friday.

Bill and Victoria sold the family business in 1947 and Bill died shortly after. In the 1950s, it continued to operate as a newsagency run by the Docwra family. In the 1960s the shop was demolished and the site became a car yard. In the 1970s, construction of the Mitchell Freeway prompted the widening of Charles Street and the site of the former newsagency became part of Charles Street. A garden centre operated on the corner of Newcastle and Charles streets from 2000. Vacant since 2014, the site is currently being redeveloped as apartments.

VINCENT HERITAGE HERO

VAL COREY

Valerie 'Val' Corey has lived a full and fascinating life in the Vincent area spanning almost a century.



Val Corey (nee Baker) outside Perth Girl's School, East Perth 1948. PHO00599

Val was born in 1935 to parents Gwendoline and Frank Baker, who lived at 28 Coogee Street, Mount Hawthorn.

The two-bedroom family home in Coogee Street was built in 1930 and bought by her father Frank, who worked as a printer, in the mid-1930s. Val has many happy memories of growing up in the area including playing tennis on the street and going to nearby Lake Monger with her father to pick watercress for the weekly lamb roast. Val has memories of Cartwright's Dairy and Ice Works in Coogee Street, as well as the corner deli on Coogee Street and Anzac Road. The family home was always open to Val's friends

and many happy evenings were spent star gazing in the garden with her father's telescope and playing gramophone records and dancing.

Val attended Mount Hawthorn Primary School and the former Perth Girls School in East Perth. She left school at 15 and went to Perth Technical College to study commerce, bookkeeping and typing. Her first paid job was in a solicitor's office where her basic wage was so low she recalls having to save to buy a cheap lipstick.

As a typical teenager, Val would join her friends on the weekends to watch films at the Ritz Theatre, which stood on the corner of Oxford Street and Scarborough Beach Road from the 1930s to the 1960s. Val recalls the actions of an overzealous volunteer theatre usher in curbing teenage romance...

If you used to cuddle up to a boy too much or got too friendly, down would come this gentleman who was actually a fireman and he used to do this in his spare time. He would come down and shine a torch fair in your face...

Val learnt roller skating and ballroom dancing from a young age. In the fifties, she performed in a floor show at the Sportsmen's Amusement Palace

in Hay Street, Perth doing dancing, acrobatics and ballet on roller skates. She was taught to jive by local Greek boys and jived six nights a week in dance halls around Perth, Fremantle, City Beach and at the famous Scarborough Beach 'Snake Pit'. Val was one of Perth's early 'Widgies' - a youth sub-culture influenced by American music, fashion and mannerisms. Young Bodgies (who were male) and Widgies (female) had a style and attitude that challenged conservative Australian culture in the late forties and fifties.

There was a group of us that got together. We wore instead of the flared, gathered skirts, we used to wear tight skirts, because when you jived and you spun round, your little dresses flew out. So we decided we didn't like that and we used to wear these tight skirts which were known as 'peg tops' and a blouse. We had our hair cut very short and the back of it was either turned upwards into a duck's tail or downwards into a dove's tail. And we then became known as 'Widgies'. And the 'Bodgies' were our dancing partners. They used to wear these stove-pipe kind of pants that went in at the bottoms, jumpers with stripes across them and fob chains. And we jived six times a week, loved it.



Val Corey (nee Baker) dressed in 'Widge' fashion, 1954 (PHO0604)

At age 20, Val married Brian Corey, a motor mechanic with whom she shared the common interest of motorbikes and cars. They settled in Scarborough and had four children. After her mother's death, Val and her family moved back to her childhood home on Coogee Street where she lived until the late 2010s. The house was demolished in August 2018 and a new house stands in its place today.

Val had a long and varied working life. When her children were young, she worked part time in the legal field. When her children were older and independent she worked for the Law Society, in real estate, and also as a volunteer organising outings for Vincent seniors. For almost 20 years, she also worked in administration for the West Australian Air Training Corps in the Leederville Drill Hall on Vincent Street before it moved to Pearce Airbase. In more recent years Val has become a senior storyteller with the Wanneroo and Joondalup Tales of Times Past group, which visits locals schools to share stories drawn from personal experiences about life in past times.

Val reads the City of Vincent Local History Newsletter and attends local history events to stay connected to the Vincent area she holds dear.

The Local History Centre recorded an interview with Val in 2001 as part of the 'Women in Vincent' oral history project. You can read the full transcript of her interview detailing her fascinating life online at:

www.librarycatalogue.vincent.wa.gov.au/client/en_GB/search/asset/1642/0

WHAT'S NEW?

During Lockdown

by Elizaveta Fedotova & Mikhail Fedotov

In keeping with our COVID quarantine anniversary theme for this newsletter, we highlight a new addition to the collection 'During Lockdown', which we are pleased to include in our 'COVID Capsule Collection' documenting local experiences of COVID.

'During Lockdown' is a diary written by 11-year-old Elizaveta and her six-year-old brother Mikhail documenting a wonderful art project the siblings did together during the COVID quarantine period in April 2020. The talented duo put together a booklet highlighting and emulating the work of 12 famous artists over 12 days. They shared their art with friends and family online and on the phone as a way to stave off boredom and keep occupied during quarantine. In the foreword to the booklet, the kids explained:

"We felt lonely and completely isolated. During the day we did some science experiments to fight the boredom. Every day, just before lunch, we went to the park to run or cycle to stay fit

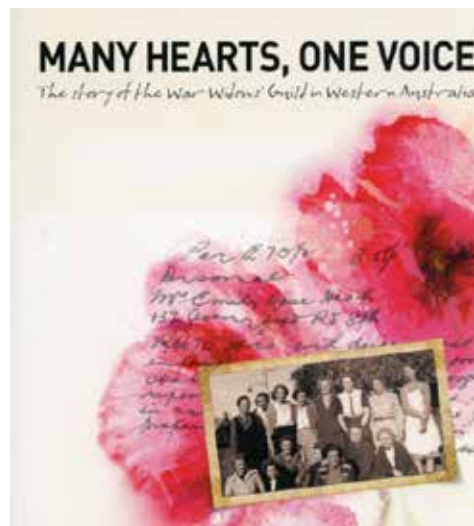


and healthy. We were trying to beat our 'personal best' but it was not always easy. Some days we did it, and then mum bought us a huge ice-cream to celebrate. We chose our own flavours but every day we were a little afraid that the ice-cream shop would close too, like our schools! We kept our fingers crossed all the way to the shop. It stayed open! After lunch we sat down to do our art project. We did this for 12 days in a row and connected with 12 famous artists..."

The 30-page diary features illustrations, poems and interactive activities. In future years, Elizaveta and Mikhail can look back on the diary as a snapshot of their lives during COVID. Sharing a copy of the diary with us at the Local History Centre means future generations of Vincent residents can appreciate the impacts of COVID on local children. Well done and thank you kids!

IN-HOUSE EVENTS

EVENTS & WORKSHOPS



APRIL

TALK: MANY HEARTS, ONE VOICE: THE STORY OF THE WAR WIDOWS' GUILD

FRIDAY 23 APRIL 2021, 10 – 11:30AM

Local History Centre, City of Vincent Library

When the Second World War ended, the men who fought and died were not forgotten - but what of their wives and families? For the War Widows' Guild, the fight for rights and recognition had just begun. Join author Melinda Tognini as she shares the story of The War Widows' Guild in Western Australia.

Cost: Free

Presenter: Melinda Tognini

Bookings essential as places are limited:

Email local.history@vincent.wa.gov.au or call 9273 6090

MAY



WORKSHOP: WRITING YOUR MEMOIR

TUESDAY 4 MAY, 10 – 11:30 AM

Local History Centre, City of Vincent Library

Ever thought of writing stories about your life but don't know where to start? Are you part way through drafting a memoir only to find your project has stalled? Maybe you question whether you even have a story worth sharing.

Join writer Melinda Tognini as she guides you through a series of writing prompts that will help you connect with the stories you have to tell.

Cost: Free

Presenter: Melinda Tognini

Bookings essential: Email local.history@vincent.wa.gov.au or call 9273 6090



WORKSHOP: WHO'S BEEN SLEEPING IN MY HOUSE? ANZAC COTTAGE SPECIAL.

WEDNESDAY 12 MAY, 9:30 – 10:30 AM

Local History Centre,
City of Vincent Library

Be inspired by the history of ANZAC Cottage to research the stories of people who have lived in your home.

Every house has a tale to tell. If your walls could speak, what would they tell you about when and how the house was built or about the people who have called it home? This workshop features the story of ANZAC Cottage and introduces you to resources and information that will help unlock the stories and secrets of your home. Following the workshop, participants are invited to ANZAC Cottage Mount Hawthorn for a guided tour.

Cost: Free

Presenter: Anne Chapple & Susanna Iuliano

Bookings essential:

Email local.history@vincent.wa.gov.au or call 9273 6090

TALK: THE SPANISH FLU IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA

WEDNESDAY 26 MAY, 10 – 11.30 AM

Local History Centre,
City of Vincent Library

The current pandemic echoes Western Australia's response to the pneumonic influenza pandemic of 1918 – 19.

Ruth Johnson is a local historian who has a deep interest in the Australian maritime quarantine system and the people involved in its operation and detainees. Ruth has written several research papers on various Western Australian quarantine stations and the pneumonic influenza pandemic after WWI.

Listen to Ruth talk about her work and research.

Cost: Free

Presenter: Ruth Johnson

Bookings essential:

Email local.history@vincent.wa.gov.au or call 9273 6090

JUNE



TALK: NGALA'S EARLY HISTORY

WEDNESDAY 9 JUNE, 10:00 – 11.30 AM

Local History Centre,
City of Vincent Library

Ngala has provided services in the WA community since 1890. From 1901 to 1959, it operated as a refuge and maternity home known as The House of Mercy and later the Alexandra Home for Women at 55 Lincoln Street Highgate. Come and hear Ngala's in-house historian Cherilyn McMeekin talk about its early history in Highgate.

Cost: Free

Presenter: Cherilyn McMeekin

Bookings essential:

Email local.history@vincent.wa.gov.au or call 9273 6090

WORKSHOP: DIGITAL PHOTO SORTING

WEDNESDAY 16 JUNE, 10 – 11.30 AM

Local History Centre,
City of Vincent Library

Finally get your treasured digital photo memories sorted! Join professional organiser Sara Hall in this fun and

Interactive 'how-to' guide where she will give you the tools and tips to do the project in the comfort of your own home. Attendees must have a basic computer knowledge as a minimum but do not need to bring anything to the session.

Cost: Free

Presenter: Sara Hall

Bookings essential:

Email local.history@vincent.wa.gov.au or call 9273 6090



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IMAGE LIBRARY

Did you know the City of Vincent Local History Collection Image Library contains over 6000 photos of people, places and events in the suburbs of Vincent?

You can browse by suburb, subject or keyword at:
www.cityofvincent.imagegallery.me/site/welcome.me



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Local History Centre

www.library.vincent.wa.gov.au

Email: local.history@vincent.wa.gov.au

Phone: 9273 6090

Address: 99 Loftus Street, Leederville, Western Australia, 6007

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