

History Matters

Vol. 7 Issue 1 September 2017

It has been some time since the last newsletter but in these intervening months we have continued to digitise records and magazines and made many wonderful discoveries including information on clubs previously unknown. The 60th Anniversary of VIEW, to be celebrated in 2020, will be the opportunity to showcase our VIEW History. One way in which we hope to do this is highlight member stories and we hope that VIEW members will write to us with their memories or stories. Put pen to paper and tell us about your VIEW journey. We plan to also create a collection of short stories as recognition to the remarkable literary talent of VIEW Club members.

The Short Story Competition, begun in 1964, created wide interest among all VIEW Clubs and the enthusiasm of the members was evident by the number of women who felt inspired to submit entries which were published in the magazine between 1965 and 1999.

In the late 1960s, many Australian women began to question the restrictive roles that society had assigned to them. Many women felt that there was more to life than raising children and taking care of the home and the following highlights some of this frustration.

On Being a -Grandmother!

In the "olden days" Grandmothers were just that — but then, so were Mothers. There was almost no such thing as a "working Mother," nor was there such a thing as a Grandmother who had any other life than that of an unpaid and often unappreciated slave to her grandchildren.

What a change!

Now Grandmothers are hard to tell apart from their daughters in dress, makeup and social activities — but — is this always appreciated? If "Nanna" does devote much of her time to baby-sitting, sewing and being generally available at the drop of a handkerchief, I feel she is then severely criticised if she dares to comment on behaviour, child care and such things, which is inevitable when she is constantly in the company of the "little dears." She also becomes a habit and, let's face it, as dull as ditch water!

But—if she "steps out", belongs to a Club and makes herself a circle of friends of her own age, I fear she becomes very unpopular and feels the definite resentment of her young family. I have heard it said that all the above jobs, i.e., baby-sitting, sewing, etc., are a Grandmother's "duty" and that the grandchildren are also her responsibility!

Well! Well! I do not want to finish on the note that "Nanna" should completely disassociate herself from her little family, but feel she should, more and more, have a life of her own, especially including a V.I.E.W. Club.

(Mrs.) Marie McCauley
Seaforth V.I.E.W. Club.

VIEW World March 1965

The Combined V.I.E.W. Club Luncheon held at the Trocadero on Monday 7th was a success. The table decorations were excellent.

My congratulations to Betty Bland who made the centrepiece for Strathfield and to Lil McMunn who assisted her in setting it on the table.

Diana Ward was delighted to have been asked to judge and she found it quite hard to choose the winning one.

My thanks to Vi Blue for assisting me as hostess to members of our district, also to Marie Charamis for selling raffle tickets. There were 1200 tickets sold in one hour, so as the raffle was my responsibility this was most gratifying.

The next Combined V.I.E.W. Club Function is the V.I.E.W. Ball held at Menzies on 28th August.

Your Secretary Marie Charamis has all the details.

Dorothy Cottle,
State Councillor

Source:

OUR VIEW
Strathfield-Ashfield VIEW Club Bulletin
June 1965



When Maud McArdie cut the cake at the Tamworth Club's seventh birthday luncheon, she was celebrating her own birthday — her 84th. With her are (from left) Thel Fredericks, Amy Garment, Jean Chappel, Esther Halliday, special guest Lynne Gilmour and Gwen Gregson. Photo by courtesy The Northern Daily Leader.

VIEW World December 1975

Writing is my Tonic

It is not in the medical books, but writing can be a tonic.

I had been bereaved. Things were serious. I needed to work, I felt unendurably dull and too old for the jobs I liked.

Once I used to write a little. There had been some acceptances, a lot of rejections. I found writing diverting. Stress of work and worry had dried it all up. I had nothing but my job now, something had to be done — but what? Should I try for a better job in my middle years?

Then I remembered my writing and scribbling days. Should I start again? There is no age limit to writing.

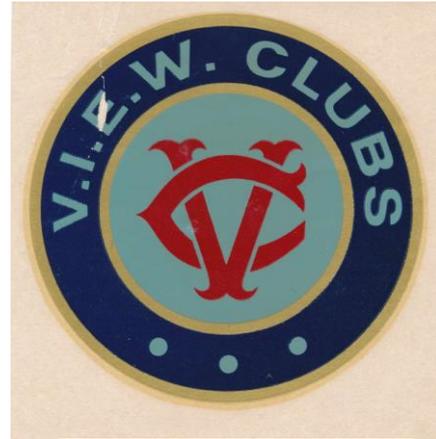
Once again I read all I could — anything, everything — but more objectively. A different slant, perhaps another angle.

It restored my sense of humour, exercised my brain, it was a complete cure. The days were not so dreary, the nights not so long, thinking out plots, punch lines, words, connecting words — one could go on and on.

Escapism? Perhaps. But constructive, satisfying and maybe, who knows, one day lucrative.

Gigi Gibb,

Central Evening VIEW Club.



VIEW Logo 1970s

THE GARDEN OF LIFE

If your life was made a garden
 would you find these lacking there:
 The flowers of compassion,
 of thoughtfulness and care?
 Would the seeds that you had scattered
 be choked by all the weeds
 Of indifference to suffering
 and the world's innumerable needs?
 Or would you find your garden
 filled with sweet perfume
 Of flowers of unselfishness
 always so in bloom?
 Would their petals be unfolding
 to disclose a loving heart?
 So that all the world could share in
 all the joy it would impart?

Milita Houlahan
 Illawarra VIEW Club

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