

# *Remembering Craven*

*in*

*Word and Image*



<< Front Cover: "Kimberley; Autumn 2007"

Photo by Gerald McCalden

The present Kimberley was built in 1920 by Wilfred Yates, then recently married to Christina Bisset. Wilfred was the elder son of William James Yates, who was one of the pioneer settlers in the Craven district. The family initially lived in another house, partly of slab construction, which was located just across Wards River from the present-day building. Kimberley is featured in several entries in the Competition, both in Art and Prose.

*Remembering Craven*

*in*

*Word and Image*

A Selection of Entries from the Remembering Craven

Prose, Poetry, and Art Competition,

January 2008.

Compiled by Gerald McCalden

© 2008 Gerald McCalden and Contributors

ISBN 978-0-9803837-0-6

Published by: Gerald McCalden

Photography by Linda Benson, Paul Stacker, and Patricia McCalden.

## Foreword

The Village of Craven is situated on the Bucketts Way Scenic Route, about twenty kilometres south of the town of Gloucester, in New South Wales. Pioneer farmers started to take up land in the Craven district in the first years of the twentieth century.

Prior to that the entire area still formed part of the AA Company's Grant, and the low ridge on which the Village stands had remained thickly forested. In 1903 the AA Co. sold a large tract of its holdings to the Gloucester Estate Syndicate, and their subsequent subdivisions opened up the land to individual settlers for the first time.

Timber-getting was an early activity, and, after the arrival of the North Coast Railway in 1913, the Village expanded rapidly. A second sawmill was built, and a school and church followed within a few years. Later, a full gauge railway line was constructed back into The Glen forest to the east, and two more sawmills were added.

The Village flourished for three generations. But, following restructuring of the timber industry in the 1970s, the last mill closed in 1975, and the school was merged with Stratford a few years later.

Craven now relaxed into a pleasant rural community, with its own identity, distinct from the close neighbours of Stratford and Wards River. Families still lived there who were descendants of the founders, and who were related to each other through inter-marriage down the generations. It was, in the poet's words "A quiet watered land, a land of roses".

But not to remain quiet. It had been known since early days that coal deposits underlay parts of the beautiful Gloucester-Stroud Valley, but only sporadic small-scale mining had ever taken place. Then, in 1995 a mining company started an open-cut operation just east of Stratford. It was touted as a "Boutique" mine, with a life of seven years.

Twelve years later it could no longer be described as boutique, and the company was looking to continuing operations beyond 2030. Part of their corporate vision involved an extension of open-cut operations south from Stratford, directly towards Craven.

In 2005 the mining company started buying properties in and around Craven Village. Handsome prices were paid for a few rural properties which overlay commercially valuable coal seams. But this generosity did not extend to home owners in the Village. Many have ended up selling out to the mining company at a price which would not enable them to relocate to another property elsewhere in Gloucester Shire.

Early in 2007 an Art, Prose, and Poetry Competition was announced, with an exhibition to be held in The Gloucester Gallery during January 2008. The theme was "*Remembering Craven*", and entrants were invited to record and celebrate the hundred-year history of Craven and its people. A total of 113 entries were received in all sections, and the exhibition was well attended and received wide publicity.

The present book is a compilation of selected entries from all three sections of the competition, published to provide an enduring record.

It is dedicated to those residents of Craven whose only wish was to live the rest of their lives peacefully in their own homes, but who were abandoned to corporate greed by those Government agencies that should instead have been their protector.

## *Remembering*

When Craven is silenced  
The memories will echo  
In the hearts and minds

*Ellen Auriel*

## *Our Judges*

### **Ms Sheri McEvoy**

Sheri McEvoy has enjoyed a lifetime of involvement in the art world – learning, teaching, and creating. She has also worked in set and costume design, and as a stage manager.

Now resident in the Upper Hunter, she is a part of the vibrant arts scene there, and will shortly open a private commercial gallery near Elderslie.



### **Professor Paul Kavanagh**

Paul Kavanagh studied English Literature at Sydney University, and took up a teaching appointment at Newcastle University in 1971.

He has published poems, prose, and interviews. He now Photographs, and draws and paints wildlife both human and non-



## Acknowledgments

Many people have contributed to the "Remembering Craven" competition. I should first mention the three committee members who worked with me from the beginning - Linda Benson, Pippa Robinson, and Patricia McCalden. To them is due the principal credit for the outcome we have achieved.

The prize fund was created mainly through generous private donations from supporters in Craven, Gloucester, and elsewhere. They are:

*Margaret Buchtman; Carolyn and David Digges;  
Patricia Frances; Lyn and Alan Hancock; Pamela  
Harrison; Tim and Libby Hart; Graeme Healy; John  
and Sue Hughes; Patricia McCalden; Gary Lyford;  
Narree Parsonage; Neil and Wendy Porter; Marion  
Rounsley and Paul Stacker; and two Anonymous Donors.*

The Gloucester School of Arts Inc. also made a grant which covered the Student Division Prizes, and gallery hire charges. The Barrington Gloucester Stroud Preservation Alliance extended to us the protection of their corporate insurance umbrella, and their treasurer, Francis Bennett, provided transparent management of the prize fund. They have also assisted with the printing of this book.

Professor Paul Kavanagh of Newcastle judged the Poetry and Prose entries, while Ms Sheri McEvoy from Elderslie undertook the daunting task of ranking Art entries spanning the full spectrum of modes of artistic expression. We are grateful to both for their assistance, and for attending the opening night to announce and present the prizes.

Deborah Brooks lent her specialised skills to media publicity, and also found time to co-ordinate catering for the opening event.

On the opening night those present were able to select from a range of quality wines, generously supplied by Helen Gillard of Mill Creek Vineyard, Stroud.

Finally, I would like to thank all of the people who submitted entries for the competition, and in particular those who have given permission for their work to be reproduced in this publication.

Gerald McCalden.



***Sunday in Craven***, Norma Knox (Acrylic)

Angela Gleeson's poem "***Craven Country Wedding***" won First Prize in the poetry section. > >

## CRAVEN COUNTRY WEDDING

A raffia hat  
wreathed with wild flowers  
sun dappled.  
Summer wind  
tousles tawny curls  
over fawn neck, shoulders  
bared from creamy lace  
fluttering...

He is there  
tall, raven-headed  
and the rings  
are sunrays  
under the skylight.

Their photo embrace  
fern and floral arched,  
flecked with bush flies  
in a vintage moment.

The wedding breakfast  
stretches like a long lunch  
dappled under bright camphor laurels  
soothing noon vapours  
where goblets are honeyed,  
a bullock slowly bakes  
and damper splits hot  
on a ring-barked slab.

Her lips still sweet with mead,  
his hand strong as  
sunlight blazing white  
barley grass paddocks  
edging a cart track  
to the miller's shack  
empty  
but for the dog  
panting in the corner.  
A slip of muslin,  
an arched foot, still shoed,  
his brow s weat-beaded -  
the wedding garments  
crushed  
like a fall of peach blossom  
before the set of fruit.

*Angela Gleeson*

---

Lyn Hancock's dynamic poem "*Who Cares?*" was entered in  
both the art and poetry sections! > >

# Who Cares?

*Who cares? What does it matter? Move on and get a life!  
The old man stood there sadly with his arm around his wife.  
Bent and grey and beaten – those words hammered in his head –  
Unsympathetic mouthings – so cold and thoughtless said.*



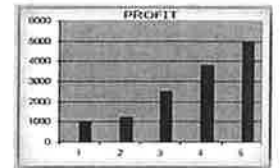
*Who cares? What does it matter? Move on and get a life!*



*He'd bought the land (as cheap as chips) back in 1981,  
Built a house and, with the wife, raised a daughter and a son.  
The house became a home - filled with memories of all kinds,  
But today it would be bulldozed – just a blur left on their minds.*

*Who cares? What does it matter? Move on and get a life!*

*You see, some enterprising miners had found a black coal seam  
Running deep below the earth on which he'd built his dream.  
He'd held out hope and prayed to God the mine would not begin,  
But this man knew within his heart that he would never win.*



*Who cares? What does it matter? Move on and get a life!*



*For many long-past years ago he'd been a mining man,  
And earned his reputation with each well-tuned business plan.  
O! Those impulsive, heady days! No thoughts for one small haven!  
The quest for black coal profit had erased the village, Craven.*

*Who cares? What does it matter? Move on and get a life!*

*And now, at last, he understood the sadness on that day  
When Craven's homes and mem'ries had been coldly swept away.  
He sank upon the Earth and wept - a deep-soul-mining sound -  
For once a precious place is lost, it can never be refound.*



*If you care - Remember Craven.*

## *Carri-on Craven*

Count Craven is a crow  
moving in and taking up residence  
in this promised wasteland,  
this new domain.

Craven is not just any crow  
he is a raven,  
Corvus Coronoides.  
Sleek and black,  
as black as the coal that is awaiting,  
white eyed and ghostly –  
he's a Death Stalker  
Void Walker  
When he comes RUN.

He wears hackles on his chin, unlike most  
and fans them full, not in fear  
but in song . . .  
A high pitched wailing  
uttered slowly, for effect  
ending in a strangled, dying, choking  
Most likely gloating.

The Count cavorts from limb to limb  
flapping his wings  
and settling in.  
viewing the scene below him.

A gaping wound in Craven's crust –  
Mechanical monsters making dust  
devouring coal in ravenous mouthfuls  
Corvus caws, Ah Ah Arrrr, full of lust  
For the carnage that awaits him.

*Cariad Kilby*

***Cariad's poem won Second Prize in the Poetry Section***

## Craven

A hundred years of activity:  
Silenced.

Bellowing cow, bleating sheep,  
And droning tractor:  
Memories.

No longer the friendly gestures,  
And afternoon teas.

The passage of time adjusts the image,  
But the earth never forgets.

The soul of Craven lives on,  
In the hearts and minds of its community.

*Ellen Aural*

---

< <	Opposite, clockwise from top left:		
<b><i>Moods of Moving</i></b>	Bridget Nichloson	(Monoprint)	Second Prize
<b><i>Letter Box Avenue</i></b>	Maureen Clunas	(Oil)	Commended
<b><i>Craven Yesterday and Tomorrow</i></b>	Jillian Carson	(Oil)	
<b><i>Craven Image</i></b>	Norma Knox	(Watercolour)	

## IMAGINE THE PAIN

Imagine the Pain –  
10 years ago we fell in love with Craven.  
10 years ago we built our dream haven.  
Now coal mines are here to gain.

Imagine the Pain -  
It's like losing a loved one, losing our home.  
Losing our garden where we do roam.  
That bloody coal mine is to blame.

Imagine the Pain -  
We don't want to leave, but how can we stay.  
Putting up with noise and dust day after day.  
Coal mines would drive us insane.

Imagine the Pain -  
To feel all alone, and not have a say.  
If only Council would find a way.  
So all our love is not in vain.

Coal mines do inflict pain -  
Brushing us humans aside for their needs.  
Eradicating us as if we were weeds.  
I'm in so much PAIN . . . . .

*Linda Benson*

---

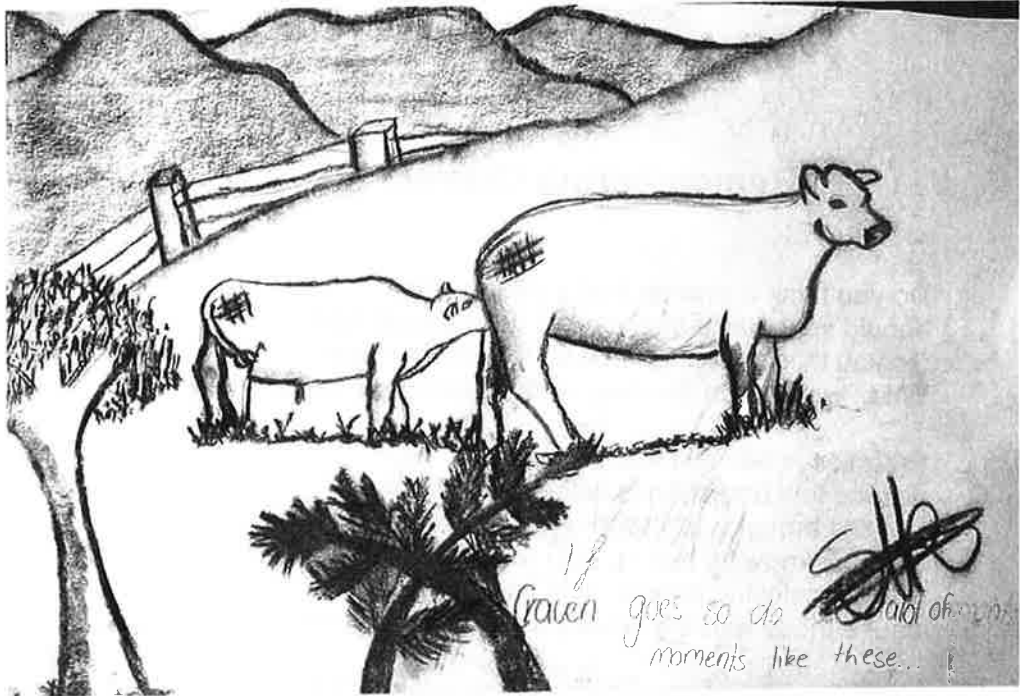
**"Cow and Calf"** Sophie Kingston (Charcoal Sketch) > >

First Prize in the Student Art Section

**"Craven Church"** Harley Cawley (Mono Print) > >

Second Prize in the Student Art Section





## Remembering Craven

Do you think it strange that a village small  
should span just a lifetime and then should fall?  
Do you think it strange that so few should care  
When we look on the map, and it's no longer there?

Progress is taking it e'en as I write  
despite few bravehearts waging their fight.  
I wasn't brought up knowing money's so strong.  
Couldn't know its extent, but I feel that it's wrong  
that peaceloving people must up and go  
'cause those with the money have deemed it so.

"Clon Garriff" is owned by such peaceloving folk  
where cattle and 'roos live without any yoke.  
So I watch as they earnestly wage their fight  
to keep what is theirs. Don't they have this right?

My feet they have trod 'Garriff's soil so fine.  
I've been filled with desire to have called it mine  
and I share with their feeling "it's so unfair".  
Oh, the thought of their leaving is pure despair.  
I've been told that coalmine is looming its head.  
Will we see now the end of the grand homestead?

There's a winding creek on Clon Garriff's land.  
There are rolling hills where the heifers stand,  
and the homestead built with such loving care  
reminds me that someone's heart is there.

So it's going to be hard for to say goodbye,  
but it seems to me that the time is nigh  
when the hungry coalmine will have it's way,  
when the owners will have to call it a day.  
'Las the village of Craven could only last  
for one hundred years 'fore its hist'ry passed.

*Joan Corby*

## My History of Craven

I was ten years of age when I left Craven. At school our teacher was Mr Williams. He had served in the First World War, and had been gassed in France. He was a very tough person - the cane was always on his desk. I remember that his son Bruce was out West, and he fell off a machine and broke his neck, and died. Bruce was a very nice young chap. His other boy was a cripple in a wheel chair, but he caned him too.

When Mr Williams left the school Mr Basham was the next teacher, and he was a lovely person. He had a son Harold who was also a very nice chap. When I left Craven I was in fifth class, and I went to live at Mograni Creek. There was no school there, and we were seven miles from Gloucester. I missed all my good old mates. We walked six miles to Gangat School, where Mrs Cummings was the teacher.

Mrs Dawson, who was a very nice person, kept the post office and also the shop at Craven. I think her husband's name was Ted. Craven school had fifty-three children at that time, but I think only six are still living. Mr Basham taught from 1<sup>st</sup> class to 8<sup>th</sup> class, and all we children loved him as if he were a part of us.

There were three State Mills in at the back of Craven towards the railway station. A locomotive used to haul logs from The Glen forest to the mills, and also eight or nine bullock wagons used to haul logs for miles out of the bush. My father, Reg Whatmore, used to drive a bullock wagon for Mr Al Richardson, who owned 1,600 acres. My dad managed the property and ring-barked a lot of the timber there. Later it was used for making charcoal for fuel when the war was on.

When the petrol rationing was on the police sergeant was looking at Jack Hardy across the street. Jack sang out to him "OK sergeant, the old girl went to bed with a candle". Jack used to put kerosene in the petrol tank in his little truck, and it used to smoke a bit. Jack owned a garage in Gloucester.

Most of the farmers in Craven were dairymen. Some of the names I remember were Yates, Reeves, Burley, Lowrey, Simmons, Deen, Deard, Fraser, Page, and Wade. Other families in Craven were Blanches, Melmeths, Clarkes, Greenaways, and Andrews. Clarie Worsnop was a bullock wagon driver, and his daughter Nellie was at school. She was a good girl. There are several I have missed.

Ned Yates was deaf, and talked very loudly. One day at Gloucester sale yards a person remarked that old so-and-so was always talking loudly. I was only a young guy then, but I took him up on what he said about Ned

and his family, and told him that they were very good and honest people. John Hooks, the Auctioneer, thanked me for what I said. John has now passed on, but he was very honest too as an Auctioneer.

Ned's daughter Lorna married Arthur Reeves; Vera married Albert Rumbel; Maud married James Waugh; and Eric married Kathleen Mills. Harold Yates used to write to me after I left Craven. We both had a vegetable garden at Craven School. He later married my cousin Hazel Reeves, but both have now passed on.

A lot of members of the Stratford football team came from Craven. Joe and Arb and Ray Clark, and a couple of Greenaways were all good at the game. Stan Huckstadt was in our school team, and when Craven was to play Stratford Mr Max Wilson used to come up and get me from Mograni Creek. Max used to also come up to get my father to play for dances, as he had an accordion and was in the band.

I carted cattle years ago for a lot of the Blanches. They were all number one people, and all very honest. I wish our country was the likes of them to-day.

I am 82 years of age and my writing is not real good. I wish everyone in the future all the best.

Herb Whatmore

November 2007

---

Opposite, from left to right

> >

<b><i>Last Rays Through "The Glen"</i></b>	Jean Spokes	(Acrylic)	Commended
<b><i>Worlds Apart – Union Church, Craven</i></b>	Patricia McCalden	(Watercolour on Canvas)	
<b><i>Through the Glen</i></b>	Jean Spokes	(Oil)	

## The Hidden Valley

A story in a newspaper  
That jogged a memory that took me back  
To a hidden valley that may be lost forever  
It lies on a winding track.

This road travels up through Stroud  
Goes by the name of Bucketts Way.  
Where rivers and streams twist and twine  
Through tall timbers and pastures of green is where it lays.

A backdrop of steep, rugged ranges that rise,  
That look like they're reaching for the sky.  
Of waterfalls that tumble down, spraying a mist  
That reflects the sun like crystal shards they fly.

Along the dusty bullock tracks  
Where the sun filters through tall timbers,  
To the massive ferns and flora below  
Where the timber-jacks did lumber.

In winter the Barrington Tops  
Capped in a halo of pure white snow.  
A picture card painting,  
Above this valley below.

A valley of beauty that needs to be seen  
Alas this valley will soon be lost  
Open cut mining has now moved in  
But at what cost.

*Juney Gordon*

---

< <	Opposite, clockwise from top left		
<b>Railroaded</b>	Narree Parsonage	(Mixed Media)	Third Prize
<b>Craven – Easter Sunday 1916</b>	Geraldine Christie	(Acrylic)	Highly Commended
<b>Hilltop in the Glen</b>	Marion Rounsley	(Pencil)	
<b>Sunrise at the Glen</b>	Marion Rounsley	(Pastel)	Local Artist Prize

## **Craven Shop**

There once was a shop at Craven  
It was the first stop on the way  
And welcome it was

Elephantine counter so shining and true  
Cool dark solid plank floor

There she sits  
Tiny glasses perched on nose  
Silver hair so carefully tended  
Voice so soft and friendly welcoming  
Giving all the local gos.

Through the doorway He sits  
To be part of  
Yet not to participate  
Happy to listen and smiling to greet  
Nodding head shows 'yes I hear'

Refreshed in mind and warmed in heart  
With ice creams all dripping and arms to lick  
Time to move on as the clock ticks.

*Stella Smith*

## **CRAVEN REVISITED**

Craven, a village of childhood memories, a village facing extinction  
An abundance of nature's treasures its curse,  
Yet again succumbing to man's avarice  
An insignificant dot on the map of some tourist's destination  
Dairies and timber mill, long gone, few ruins remain echoing the past  
I reminisce of more industrious times  
'Its progress', they say, as it silently awaits the first blast.

I despair at the earth being laid bare  
Flora and fauna uprooted, without care  
My mind unlocks the myriad ghosts from memory's vault  
That even the proposed mining development cannot halt

Dad had returned from war to start again  
Moving from a share farm on the Upper Avon  
Buying a farm adjacent to the rail line at Craven  
His sights set on dairying and cattle  
He knew this would be a different kind of battle

With family to feed and fields to seed  
My sister and I attending Craven school  
Taught by a benevolent Mr Lyall  
Mum at home with a baby girl

Drought played its part, times were tough  
The farm alone not enough  
Extra work he found at the nearby mill  
Come hail, rain or shine rising before dawn  
Rounding up cows with chattering teeth, frost crackling underfoot  
a warm steaming cowpat aah! ... welcome relief  
Helping dad, hand milk before school

Riding and shooting whiled away leisure hours  
Filling my senses, rainbow lorikeets twittering, feeding on melaleuca flowers,  
Droning cicadas eclipsed by the cacophonous call of kookaburras,  
The astringent scent of eucalyptus, the magpies melodious chorus  
With Bobby, my horse and constant companion, creeping through  
Brush, .....stalking game, scrub turkey, my aim  
Ahead of me, a sleepy koala blinked as a large goanna clambered up the tree  
This was my space, my place to wander and roam, free

Craven seemed a world away,  
Its noisy timber mill, with screeching saws and whistles shrill  
Hissing steam trains shunting goods along the rails  
Tractors ploughing dusty fields, restless milk cows lowing,  
Milling around the bails, yelping dogs nipping at their heels  
Teamsters, tinkers and swaggies, toiling, clinking, tramping  
Along the Buckett's Way

Nearly five years on, it appeared, life had an ambient settled routine,  
Around the kitchen table, a familiar country scene  
Mouthwatering aromas of grandma pies emanating from a wood fuelled oven  
Roast dinners, scones served with blackberry jam and fresh dairy cream  
Until dad announced his decision,  
To move to Craven Creek, we would be leaving in a week  
With kind neighbours farewelled  
Craven receded into childhood memory, now rekindled.

*Christine Redman*

**"Craven Revisited"** was a Commended entry in the Poetry Section



## **“Kimberley”, The Glen, Craven**

Those passing by would perhaps never give it a second glance, others might say 'where in the world is that? But to me, Vera Rumbel, my childhood memories of “Kimberley” fill me with pride!

In August 1911 my grandparents, William (Bill) and Ellen Yates (nee Marsh) arrived at “Kimberley” with their family of six children - Wilf, Leila, Ilma, Vera, Edwin, Ned (my father) and Mill – and their furniture loaded on a bullock wagon. Ellen and the girls traveled in the sulky while my father, eleven years old, rode on horseback with the men. They had purchased 500 acres of virgin country and, when they had enough land cleared on which to build a home, they moved from Stroud, where Grandfather had worked his team of horses drawing timber. At one time he drew cedar the long distance from the head of Gloucester River to the Booral wharf, for it to be loaded onto boats.

The property at “Kimberley” was thickly timbered, and adjoined what later became “The Glen” State Forest, and is now The Glen Nature Reserve. Dad told us of the time he and Vera (13) decided to explore the creek which ran across the property with several bends. It was probably about half a mile or so in length but, due to the underbrush, tangled vines and thick timber, it took them half a day to get back to the house. This creek is actually the head of Wards River.

Grandfather had sold his horse team and bought a team of bullocks, and was intending to use the property to run the bullocks on. Later, Grandfather bought a second bullock team to be worked by his oldest son, Wilf. By this time Craven and Stratford areas had been opened up for timber and many people moved there to work in the (four) saw mills. Families came from Wyee, Dora Creek, Gosford, Anna Bay and other areas. It has been noted that the first settlers of Craven, consisting of five families, had fifty children between them! They were the families of Cornelius Stackman, cousins Bill and George Yates, and brothers, Syd and Harry Blanch.

You can imagine the work it took burning off the land to provide sustenance for the poor bullocks that worked long hours, drawing timber six or eight miles from the forest to Craven mills. It was said that, at one time, there were thirty-six teams supplying logs to the mills. In 1911 there was no school at Craven, so Dad, and his younger sister Mill, rode their horses every day to Wards River school, six miles away. The school was on the property of the late Bob Grant, which is today owned by his son, Laurie. At the time Laurie's grandmother ran the Wards River Post Office.

A school story that Dad used to tell us was about the time he and Alf Blanch (his future brother-in-law) were larking around *pretending* to pull out a pine tree recently planted by the teacher, when Alf accidentally *did* pull it out. They hurriedly re-planted it, giving it extra water for several days; the tree survived but of course the teacher was never told the story! You can still see that pine tree today, ninety six years later, when traveling south and approaching Wards River; it is on the left on the top side of the railway cutting and just past Laurie Grant's home. My dad would be 107 today if he were still with us.

In 1916, when Wilf went off to war, Dad started helping Grandfather with the bullocks. He did a lot of timber felling with axe and crosscut saw. In the twenties a spur line was built from the main railway line at Craven into The Glen. This meant the teamsters then drew their cargo to dumps in the forest, in turn loading it onto a platform pulled by a locomotive engine, for transport to Craven. However this practice ceased about 1928 when motor lorries started operating, and later tractors and bulldozers took over from the bullocks.

By this time Grandfather was ready to retire, so he moved into Craven to live. Ned married Wyn Blanch (daughter of Syd Blanch) and they came to live in the old homestead at "Kimberley". When Wilf returned from the war, he married and built a home on the opposite side of the creek. Dad continued to work the team for a few years, and so did Wilf, until health problems from the war caused him to change to something easier – dairying! He moved to Craven and started a dairy where Mick Blanch now lives. Later he bought and ran Craven store.

Our family then moved into the "new" house; Dad bought the property from Grandfather and he and Mum started up a dairy. Then came the depression and cream prices went down very low. To add to the strain, in August 1932 an expected addition to their family of three turned out to be twins – my sister Lorna and I! At the birth, my Grandma Blanch attended as midwife, but a law had come in that a doctor must attend the mother afterwards. A young doctor, Dr Monroe, had just moved to Gloucester and he hired a taxi for the post-natal visit to Craven, as he had not yet acquired a car. The examination being satisfactory, he had a cup of tea and then presented his account for five pounds. Dad had only eight pounds to his name!

Between buying the farm, low cream prices, and five children under eight, you might wonder how we managed. My lovely mother could make money spin out like no one else I've ever known, and we were ever thankful for hand-me-downs from cousins! The family consisted of Harold, Maude, Eric, Lorna, and myself. Mum made our clothes and washed without the aid of a machine – no electricity or mod cons of any description.

She helped Dad with hand milking twice a day and, in later years kept a vegetable garden going and also a lovely flower garden. But despite all this work she always made time for us. I will always remember the lovely walks on Sunday afternoons over to the site of the old house to gather pears, plums, apricots and loquats - no fruit fly then; then up into the tranquil gullies so still and quiet, the silence broken only by the call of the parrots feeding on the wild raspberries, and the sound of the mimicking lyrebirds.

The school at Craven was four miles away and we made the journey by horseback every day, much to the envy of our schoolmates. It wasn't so good on cold frosty mornings when your hands were too cold to hold the pencil, or coming home on hot summer afternoons, but what adventures we had on the way! Double-banking on two horses, one of our favourite pastimes was having races. Our brother Eric always won, because he got ahead and his horse showered us with gravel. However one such race ended in trouble. We didn't know that Dad was driving a pig across country from Auntie Yates' farm two miles away, and we came along on our way home and started to race up the hill. Dad called out because he thought that Eric could drive the pig and he would ride the horse, thus getting home sooner for milking. However we were making so much noise we didn't hear him – that is, till he got home about an hour later!!

What wonderful friendships were formed at that little Craven School where the teacher taught six different classes in a very small room; as well he taught us singing and gardening and trained us for the district school sports. How we practised for the Christmas break-up concert! We had to learn our parts off by heart - no reading it - and the whole village turned up for this event of the year. Another memorable event was the Empire Day picnic, as bonfires and crackers were such a novelty then.

One day when we were about nine, Lorna had an unfortunate accident when her horse walked too close to a stump as she turned from Glen Rd onto the main road. Eric ran up to the school for the teacher who carried her to the school with the help of a drover who was riding by. As there was no phone at Kimberley, Grandfather had to drive out to tell Mum and Dad. My Dad was deaf - he had started losing his hearing at the age of seventeen - but this was usually not a problem as we communicated by pad and pencil. But later that afternoon it proved to *be* a problem, with Dad speeding home over the rough road and Mum holding on in the back seat *and* holding Lorna who had a broken leg. Lorna was in agony and Dad couldn't hear Mum telling him to slow down! To make it worse, they were driving across corduroy poles placed all along the road to carry bullock wagons! Dad learnt to drive his car in the twenties and was completely deaf by the time he took up dairying in the thirties. However he was a great reader, knew a lot about everyday affairs, and kept a good sense of humour through it all.

Our nearest neighbours were Mr and Mrs Richard Large and their two daughters, Peg and Pat. They had come from Goondiwindi on the Queensland border where he had been a drover and his wife a governess for children on cattle stations. He was now the forester at The Glen. They were the best neighbours anyone could ever have, and Peg and Pat were like older sisters to us. They never went to school because their mother taught them at home, and they loved to be at our place when we came home from school to hear of our day's happenings. As the family didn't own a car they rode on horseback six and a half miles to Craven for supplies. If they needed to visit the doctor etc. Dad drove them to Gloucester in his Betty Ford.

One day our beloved Pat came down for a surprise visit on her new pushbike, which she had just learnt to ride. Mum and Maude, hanging washing on the line, saw her coming down the hill to the bridge and realised that the bike was out of control and going much too fast. Before their horrified eyes she sped to the bend of the bridge and crashed over the approaches into the stony creek, six feet below. She was catapulted off onto the stones and the bike ended up on the opposite bank. Mum rushed down and lifted the unconscious girl's head out of the water onto her lap. Blood was coming from her mouth, nose and ears.

She told Maude to run for help to the teamsters she had seen unyoking their bullocks in the forest not far away, forgetting that Maude had only been home a few days after an appendix operation. Sam and Clarrie Wilkinson were two of the last teamsters in the area, and Clarrie rode a mile up the mountain at the back of our property where Dad was working to get him to drive to Craven and ring the doctor, as there were no ambulances at this time. Meanwhile George Yates from Stratford came along in his truck with a load of pit props, and Mum sent *him* for help; when Dad came home on his horse he was able to go for Pat's parents.

We children were away setting rabbit traps up on the hill but, when we saw Dad getting the car out, we knew something must be wrong and so came home at top speed. When Dr Channon came and saw Pat he said "Poor girl", as he thought she wouldn't recover. However, contrary to his expectations, she regained consciousness after two days and was home from hospital in two weeks. For years after, whenever Mum saw Dr Channon, he always asked about his "miracle patient".

During the war years rabbits were plentiful and skin prices good because they were used to make soldiers' hats, so Eric, Lorna and I spent our weekends and holidays setting traps and going around them at night with a lantern to catch the spoil. How scared I was when something big leapt up out of the bracken in the darkness. I guess the others were scared too but we pretended to be brave. The skins were sent to Pitt, Son and Badgery Ltd in Sydney and, when we banked our money at school with the Commonwealth Bank, we felt "ten feet tall" in front of our classmates.

Because Dad was allocated only four gallons of petrol a month during the war rationing, we didn't venture very far. Our outings consisted of Church and Sunday School twice monthly at Craven, Stroud Show, school functions, a few visits to relatives and trips to Gloucester. Lorna and I were seventeen before we saw the ocean. Were we bored? No there was always so much to do! There were jobs helping with the hand milking, cleaning up and feeding calves etc. In our spare time we wrote letters, embroidered, knitted, and helped Mum with the housework and garden. When Lorna and I were very young our older brother, Harold, built us lovely cubby houses in which we spent many happy hours.

Kimberley was a child's paradise. During school holidays, after chores were done, and with visiting cousins, we headed for the creek where all sorts of imaginary projects were accomplished. We were allowed to swim but only in the shallow holes, and we all had to look after each other. Trips to Gloucester, fifteen miles away, averaged two per year for we schoolchildren. One was usually to the doctor or dentist, the other in the holidays just before Christmas with a little pocket money to buy small gifts for our family. We were brought up not to ask for money because it was in short supply. I remember once at the Stroud Show, Mum had forgotten to give us our two shillings – or whatever – and we stayed close to her till she suddenly remembered about lunchtime. Then she said "Why didn't you ask?" Well we *had* been told not to!

Christmases at "Kimberley" were simple occasions. Chicken was a luxury, as was jelly and plum pudding, especially when Mum put in threepences and sixpences. One of our cousins thought they were in the custard so didn't eat the pudding! Grandma and Grandfather always came for Christmas Day.

We had to be on our best behaviour as Grandma wouldn't stand any nonsense. Our Christmas presents would usually be a small packet of lollies, a piece of dress material and a small toy such as doll or car put in our stocking. Aunties and Uncles would give gifts such as a nice hanky or inexpensive perfume, and we thought those presents were wonderful. On Boxing Day and New Years Day we really relaxed as we went swimming with Aunts, Uncles, and cousins – we were even allowed to swim in the deeper holes with the adults there.

Regrettably the days of our youth pass so quickly and retirement rushes on. But, like A. B. Facey, I can say I have had a fortunate life. I give thanks for it every day and especially for my parents, brothers and sisters.

*Vera Rumble*

Vera Rumbel's "**Kimberley**" won First Prize in the Prose Section

## **Tanka Tirade for Craven**

Coald comfort Craven  
Your wealth has been undermined  
Your soul has been sold  
Your people have had to flee  
The black raven feeds for now

Copeland once had gold  
Only glory days remind.  
Now it's Craven with its coal  
Up in smoke, a void remains,  
Traversed on wing by raven,

Black raven cawing  
calling all to come "Ah, Ahr  
carnage has begun".  
The craven coal now exposed  
Gaping wounds attract the crows.

Craven Raven Come!  
For dying is near at hand.  
The coal is leaving  
and with it our fertile land.  
Take this land and its soul, Home.

The coal is the soul  
here on a carbon planet.  
Craven, make a stand  
Don't buckle and sell your land.  
Or is it written, Karma?

*Cariad Kilby*

## Lament for our Home and Garden

Osmanthus "Pearly Gates" - I planted you in 1998.  
This first garden next our new house was just a bed of clay.  
You prospered, and today your buds are bursting -  
snow on frosty mornings.

Your neighbour, Wise Portia, still supports bright hips.  
I've trimmed The Prince, Buff Beauty and Lucetta,  
but her bright display resisted secateurs.

You, my Pearly Gates, with your companions, have grown and  
blossomed, despite the droughts and fleeting, boggy rains.  
Severe cut-backs have kept you short, to glimpse the view beyond.  
Your spirit is not checked.

You've watched the tractor rumbling past, rock laden,  
logs swinging, as Gerald shapes the earth.  
More gardens. Fish pond. Bog patch - lined to last forever.

Wrens invade, and the finches nest. A multitude of birds sip  
honey, bathe in terracotta, give voice to clear, ecstatic song.  
Peewees trumpet, herons stalk, swallows trill and parrots squabble.  
Your green arms wave them welcome.

But now, what will become of you?

An open-cut coal mine - this is your destiny.  
It is our destiny. We are too old to start again.

You will not grow old.  
The roar of excavators will herald your demise.  
Your world will then fall silent.

This is your Vale, our Vale, before black dust engulfs.

*Patricia McCalden*

Patricia's "*Lament*" was Highly Commended in the Poetry Section

## The Night Speaks

Whispering wind  
Tangled words  
Mysterious  
Sense of mayhem –  
Shivering trees  
High  
Hesitating  
Scattered senses –  
Demons baying  
Compelling

A veil of mist  
Then  
Swallowed by the Heavens  
As the wind  
Moved the night around.

*Gaenor Vallack*

---

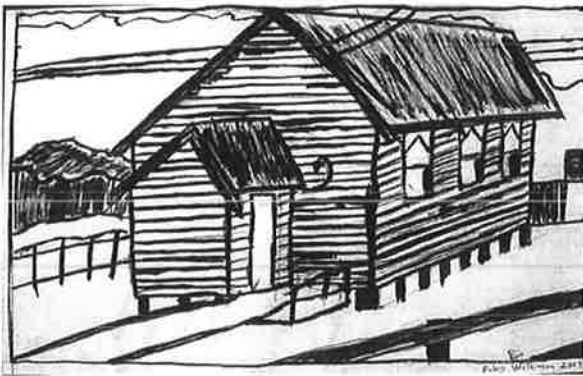
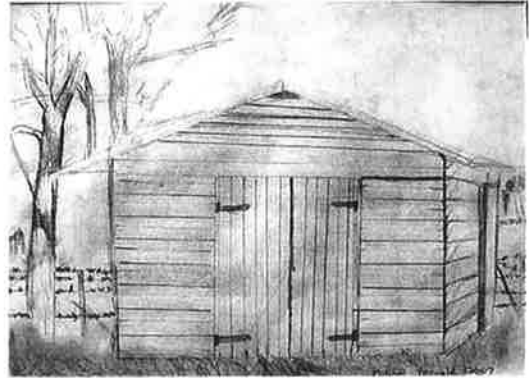
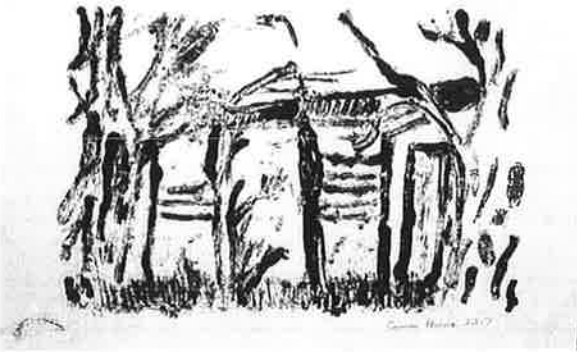
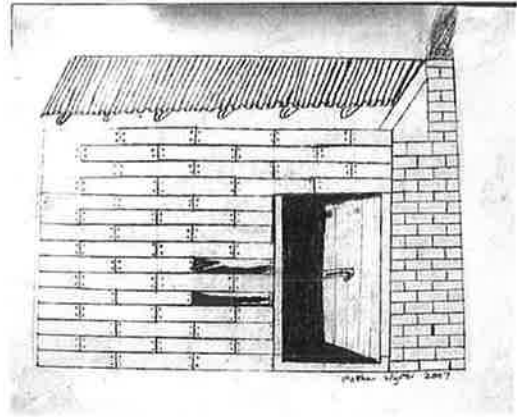
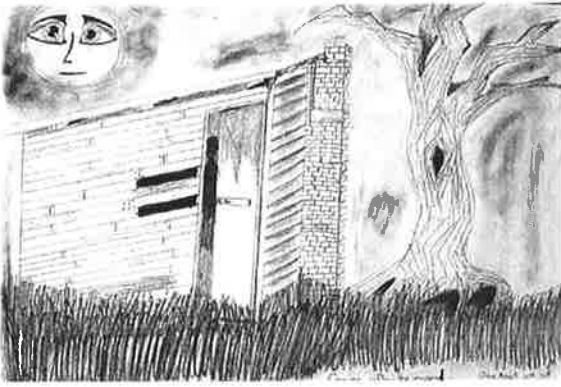
Gaenor wrote: *I was inspired to write this poem when news of the Barrington Plane Crash arrived on my doorstep. The night before I had been so disturbed by the atmosphere that I took a late night walk around the verandah.*

---

< < Opposite, clockwise from top left:

<b><i>Craven's Old Town</i></b>	Isabelle Peacock	(Acrylic)
<b><i>Beauty of The Glen</i></b>	Kate Kingston	(Watercolour)
<b><i>Old School House, Craven</i></b>	Luke Grey	(Monoprint)
<b><i>Old Craven School House</i></b>	Nina Burrows	(Coloured Ink)

Isabelle Peacock was awarded Third Prize in the Student Art Section, while Katie Kingston's entry was Highly Commended.





## MEMORY

The gestation period is long  
Two hundred million years and more  
The silent unseen alchemy  
Of time, matter, heat and compression  
Have been in progress  
Deep underground  
The earth gives birth to coal

Against this timeless process  
The life of a village begins to grow  
Yet Craven's time is fleeting  
Just one hundred years  
Then Craven begins its own process of  
Decomposition, another alchemy stirs  
And the birth of memory begins  
Above the ground

*Rebecca Teakle*

---

Opposite: A selection in various media from the Student Art Section.

< < (Clockwise from top left)

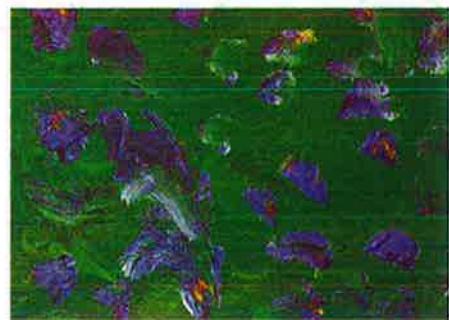
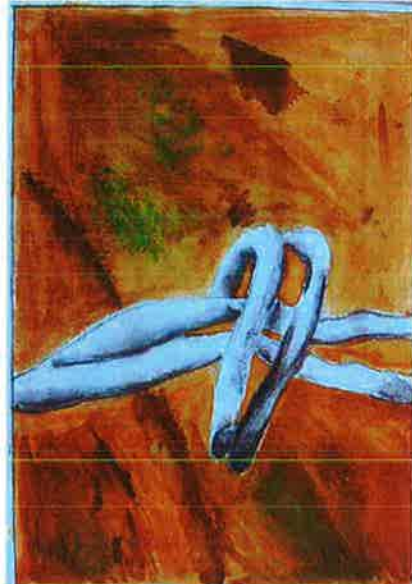
<b><i>Craven after the Mines</i></b>	Chloe Minett	Pencil
<b><i>Old Shed, Craven</i></b>	Matthew Wynter	Pencil
<b><i>Old Shed, Craven</i></b>	Mitchell Yarnold	Pencil
<b><i>Old Craven Church</i></b>	Molly Zarb	Monoprint
<b><i>Craven Church</i></b>	Ruby Wilkinson	Black Ink
<b><i>Old Shed, Craven Park</i></b>	Gemma Niddrie	Monoprint



**Annette Thomas, "Countrylink at Craven" (Oil)**

**First Prize - Open Art Section**





Student entries: Clockwise from top left:

**"Contented Cows at Craven", Alex Turner** Commended

**"Mines!" Brianna Sopher**

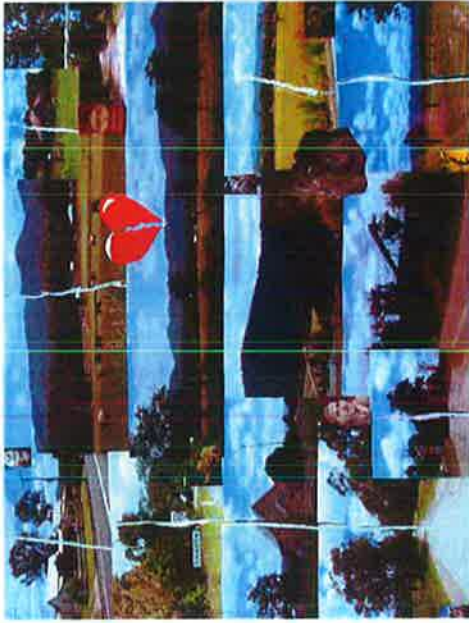
**"Old Fencing Wire" Maggie Falla** Commended

**"Craven in Springtime" Niamh McCalden**

**"Kimberley Homestead" Candice Skelton**

**"My Craven" Hannah Peacock**





**A Community being Torn Apart**  
Deborah Brooks      Photography



**Farewell Craven – It doesn't have to be this way**  
Linda Benson      Photography Collage



**Craven Patchwork**      Marj Woodford      Acrylic



**Untitled**      Tanya Geale      Acrylic on Canvas



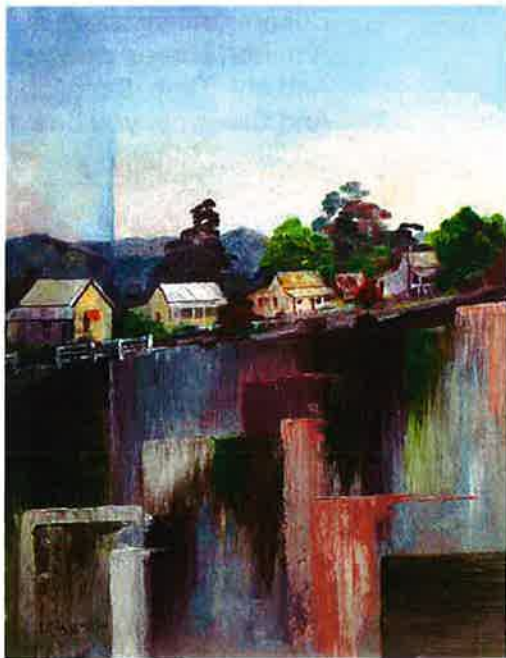


***Craven Wildflowers*** Jane Stevenson (Oils)



***Lagoon at "Clon Garriff", Craven*** Jean Baumann (Pen and Wash)





## *Vanity of Vanities*

***Vanity of vanities saith the Preacher, all is vanity.***

***For what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and lose his  
own soul?***

He paces, pensively, perimeter  
Teak desk, glass cornered walls.  
Westward grey Blue Mountains hump,  
To east roof-jagged sea strips gleam.

He pauses, peers, reflected sees  
Above dark suit and sober stippled tie  
An face unlined, no trace to read for  
Years of patient corporate strategy.

But now, now! Now is closure time,  
A million shares wait vested.  
And oh! Time, tumbling time is ripe,  
And Clareval - you beaut Clareval - is the key.

*Geraldine Christie.*

## Going Home

Turn off the highway at Bucketts Way, leaving work behind. Only working one day a week in Newcastle now. Not long to go and I will stay at home as much as I like – my husband has already retired – we'll be able to take our time finishing off the house we have designed and built together. I'll be able to really get stuck into planting the garden, so many cuttings bursting out of their pots, so many more I have ordered by mail – there's so much room with a home paddock of five acres. So many shrubs I've wanted so much to plant where I can watch them grow. So many! So much! No more dreaming – this is the real thing.

Bumpy road, but beautiful. Hardly meet another car. Trees leaning over the fences, some beside the road, thinning out as I slow down for Booral. AA company houses, and little old church with a convict grave. Back into the trees ... not long to go before the views of blue and green give soft welcome into Stroud. Sleepy, old pioneer town, big church, clock tower, pub with wide verandah, the place is full of history. Not long now – Stroud Road ... Wards River ...

So much to look forward to. My heart is bursting. I now belong to this beautiful countryside.

Getting dark but don't need the headlights yet. Wards River behind me, up the steep hill – there's the sign "Welcome to Gloucester Shire". Down again, slowing ready for the turn. A few lights – the lights of Craven village, turn right before you reach the 60 sign.

Keep in low gear on the gravel, watch out for the wildlife. Keep a look out for a new friend at the house on the left. Too late for her to be out, but she'll notice the car driving past. Deep into rain forest – this is the life! Yes, there goes a wallaby there's sure to be another leaping after it. There she goes – joey peeping out! This is God's country – it's wonderful to be part of it.

Wind down to the bridge – thump, thump across as the old boards jump and shudder. The house is within ear shot – nibblies will be ready by the time I've opened and shut the gate and driven up past the cattle yards. This is really home!

And so it was, even though just after the foundations for our home were laid, a ten kilometre drive away at Stratford, open cut coal mining had begun. Plenty of noise – sounded like an expressway over the hill to the north. But new technology was on the way to deaden the roar of giant engines.

Must have forgotten. Latest Gloucester Coal Annual Report boasts: "Significant improvement in noise management including achievement of full compliance with day/evening/night time noise criteria in two of the four quarterly noise assessments; the only two occasions where noise criteria have been fully met since operations began 13 years ago in 1994". (p.25)

But this was a "boutique" mine with a life of five years – no seven. Well, we could put up with it for that long, we had plenty more years ahead.

After thirteen years, Gloucester Coal is moving south. Craven village is in the way. They have another mine between Stroud Road and Wards River with plans to link with Stratford. The whole of the Gloucester Basin is marked for open cut mining. More boasting: "The Company continued to secure strategic freehold land to secure mining operations into the future, and now holds in excess of 4,100 hectares." (p.24)

Just think of it, that's 41 square kilometres. You could lose more than ten Gloucester towns in that. Just think how deep they are going to dig on that land – you can see right into the old pit at Stratford just beside Bowen's Road – that was ninety metres deep until they started filling it with sulphuric sludge. That's a lot of strategic land they own. You could bury Craven in that easily. Not that they intend to bury Craven – just move it out of the way and dig under it – open cut, not cemetery. There are stories of babies buried in the grounds of those properties. Buried in the early days when help was far away. Wonder what will happen to those little bones? Just ashes to ashes, just dust to dust. Who will notice?

What about the people who aren't dead yet? Move them out of the way too. Easy to do. The law is on the side of coal, not people. Coal is good for the economy, people don't matter, that is, the people in the way don't matter. Jobs matter, executive salaries matter. People are movable objects. Just move them, as cheaply as possible, of course. Doesn't matter. Who will notice?

Home – there's an exploration licence over it now. They're hoping the Clareval seam near Wards River pokes up this far. That seam's the jewel in Gloucester Coal's crown. Black diamonds. Good for someone's economy. China's probably – that's where most of the coal goes, thermal coal for power houses. Plenty of smoke, plenty of carbon, plenty of greenhouse gasses. That's alright – you can't see it from here. Who will notice?

Turn off at the Bucketts Way, through Booral, Stroud. Coming in to Stroud Road, watch out for Mammy Johnson's Creek – there's an open cut mine down there, not far off this scenic route. There are uncovered coal trains rocking past Ward River's pretty park. Created by the local residents, the park, that is.

Getting close to home. Turn off when you see the Craven lights – won't be there much longer. Gloucester Coal owns most of it. Slow down for the gravel, look out for the wild life – won't be there much longer. Gloucester Coal owns the first kilometre or so. Have drilled their exploration holes - you can see a couple nearly on the road. They filled them up with concrete to plug the poisonous gases, so I've been told. There's another one next to the big lagoon over to the right. Won't be there much longer. The lagoon, that is.

Going home. I remember what a thrill it was to belong to this countryside. This "Eden" as my husband called it. I remember how I thought my heart would burst with joy. Gloucester Coal has put an end to that. I'm thirteen years older now. Sometimes, I think my heart will break.

*Patricia McCalden*

**"Going Home"** was Highly Commended in the Prose Section.

# "Craven"

## "A Seven Year Old Remembers"

In 1916 my Dad left Craven for the 1st World War. When marching to the ship in Sydney, along with hundreds of other soldiers going to fight in a war in France and Belgium, he met my Mum, who was with many others seeing the men off.

It was in 1919, after keeping in contact with each other during the war, and meeting again back in Sydney, that these two people realised they had fallen in love. Plans were made for a wedding in Sydney while my Dad had Mr Jack Peacock from Stroud, build a house for he and his bride, on the family property on the Glen Rd called "Kimberley", now known as 561 Glen Rd. After the wedding in December, 1920, my Mum and Dad settled into their lovely new home, four miles from the little hamlet of Craven. My Mum had never ridden a horse, or driven a sulky, so there was lots of learning to be done.

My Dad was a timber cutter and bullock driver, which meant he was away from home for days or weeks at a time. Very soon a family was on the way. A beautiful daughter, followed by a robust son. For my Mum to keep in touch with her family, she was pleased there was the railway that came through Craven to Sydney. On one visit to Sydney, that lovely little son took sick with pneumonia and died. How hard this must have been for my Mum to return to Craven without her baby boy of eleven months, but Craven was her home now.

As time went by, there was another daughter born. For each of these births Mum needed to travel to Dungog to be there four weeks before the birth. In 1927, when their next son was born, there was a private hospital in Gloucester, so the next two daughters, and another son, were born in Gloucester.

In 1929 Mum and Dad made the decision to sell their home at "Kimberley" and move into Craven to be nearer the school for the family. They bought a home across the paddock from Dad's parents, who lived on the main Rd near the Union Church.

This is where my memories of Craven began. To me, Craven was a quaint, peaceful little hamlet, although, there were a lot of people living in Craven in those days. There were some with very unusual names as I remember. There were two brothers who originated from India. Their names were Mick and Johnny Goolumboota. I went to school with Micky Bucksheram, who was from an Indigenous family.

Craven had a one room school for all students from year one to six. Mr Stanley Basham was the teacher when I was there. The Headmaster's residence was next door. Mrs Basham would come over to teach the girls needlework.

I loved school and when I was finished my work, I would raise my hand and ask, "Please Sir, may I take the first class out to read?" The answer was always "Yes." I would take the two or three out on the steps of the verandah and help them to read.

The Bashams and my parents were very close friends. When the cricket was playing in England, the Bashams would come to our home and sit and listen to the cricket at night on our big wireless, which was as high as our table, and ran by car batteries. The Bashams, my parents, as well as my older siblings, would play tennis on the courts near the school.

From our home, it was very exciting to watch the trains go along the line towards Gloucester in the north, or Stroud Road to the south and then onto Dungog, Maitland and finally to Sydney. My brother and I used to love to go down under the railway line in the culvert where we could see the birds nesting and feeding their young ones.

My Dad's health was bad, having taken his first epileptic turn while in the French Trenches during the war, and he could not keep up the heavy work in the timber industry. In 1939 Dad and Mum bought the little shop in the main street of Craven, and managed it until we moved to Newcastle in 1941.

By now, my parents owned a Model T Ford so we were able to go to Gloucester for shopping. I can remember going to the pictures for the first time in Gloucester where we saw 'The Wizard of Oz'. It was a big occasion for everyone in Craven when the circus came to town about 1940. I can well remember my first ride on a camel. The circus tent was pitched on the ground behind the shop and houses in the main street.

Sunday afternoon was a highlight of the week for my brother and I, when we walked across the paddock in our best clothes to attend Sunday School in the Union Church on the corner of the Main Rd and Woods Rd. After Sunday School was over, we visited our Grandmother who lived next door to the Church. We were always treated with homemade cookies before walking back home.

It was in that same Church that we, as a family were given a farewell one night. The Church was tightly filled with people to say 'good-bye' to our family of eight. I remember that we were called up to the front and lovely things were said about my parents, as well as my siblings and myself. I can still remember a presentation being given to the family.

It was quite a surprise when moving to Newcastle in November 1941 to see electric lights in the home, as in Craven we knew nothing different to having candles or kerosene lamps for lighting, and having a bath in a tub on the kitchen floor, whereas in Newcastle we had a separate bathroom with a long bath set in.

Looking back, Craven has a lot of happy memories for my family and myself.

*Margaret (Yates) Saunders*

This entry was awarded Second Prize in the Prose Section.

## A Simple Story

Once upon a time there was a town called Craven.  
Found out it was set up by the AA Company.  
Was surprised because I didn't think Alcoholics Anonymous were in the real estate business.  
Then found out it was the Australian Agricultural Company, which made more sense.

What a strange name for a village...  
A good name for a cigarette  
But why name a cigarette after a village?

Craven A, not A Craven.  
But then again, exactly what is a Craven?  
Is it a raven crossed with a crow?  
But then again, suppose Craven sounded better than Cowardly.

Folks decided, but it's not known who and when,  
That better to name the village after an AA Company shepherd, but not Len.  
Well Old Craven Jack was his name  
Because of his ceaseless cravin for higher wages and a change of scene.

Everyone was happy and life continued merrily for over one hundred years.  
Then one day a big new thing arrived nearby, it was called a coal mine.  
And here's another strange name, as it isn't mine, or yours, or even theirs.

Now we all know that nothing stays the same  
That nothing lasts forever and change is inevitable for us all.  
Well, that time has come for the little place that many call home.  
Homes, farms and piggery no more, all will become of local lore.

Craven is cravin the old times, when there were jobs for all  
When the air was clean and the grass was tall  
So sad to see people leaving and grieving  
Hearts broken, dreams shattered, coal etched on their souls.

Coal from our mines have kept fires burning and economies churning  
Yet nothing stays the same and lasts forever  
That time will come again for what's left of Craven  
The Cavern of the mine will again be reassembled to turn back into Craven.

*Deborah Brooks*

## Craven 2020

They've forgotten to take away the signs  
That say "60" and "Please Slow Down"  
Through that bend in the road  
Where a dozen houses, people's homes, once stood.

The signs plead to travellers to slow down  
Relentless traffic, north and south  
Through that "blink-and-you-miss-it" village  
Just a neat row of cottages close to the road.

The homes went long ago, the occupants too  
The mining company owns it all now  
Detritus everywhere  
Craven's a blot on the landscape.

These days drivers don't slow down  
They can see the signs mean nothing  
Except the memory of an old community lost  
To the folly of man.

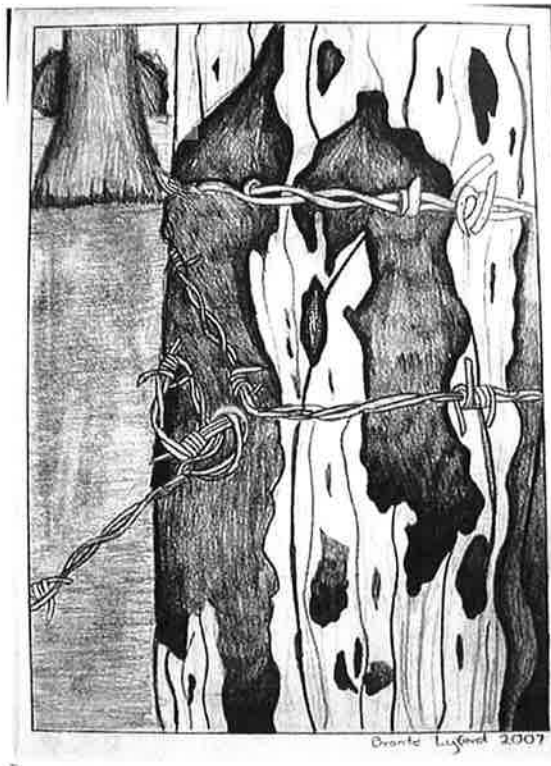
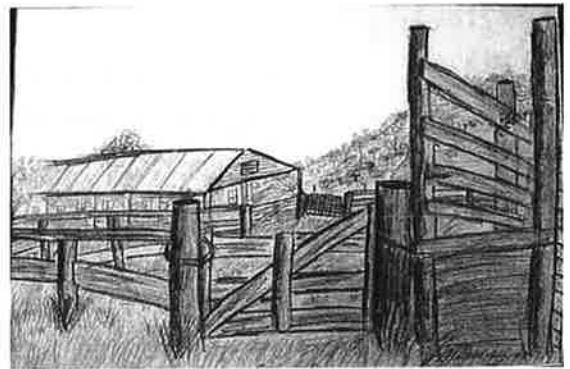
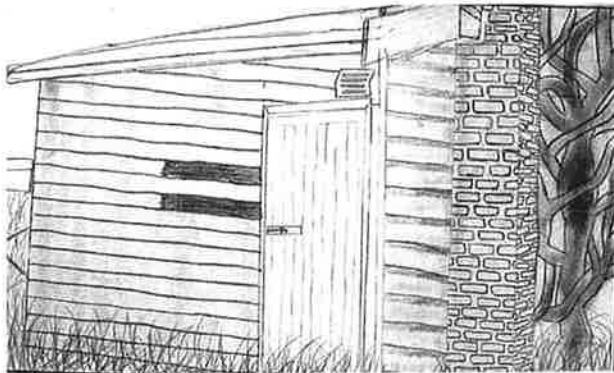
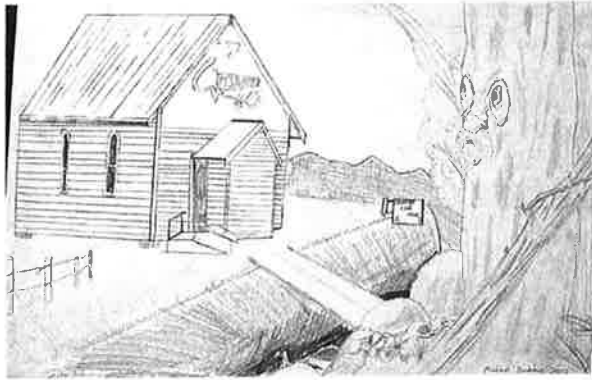
*Steve Jacobson*

---

Opposite: A selection of pencil sketches from the Student Art Section.  
(Clockwise from top left) > >

<i>What Will Happen To Craven?</i>	Michael Andrews
<i>Old Hut, Craven</i>	Melanie Maslin
<i>Old Yards, Craven</i>	Jake Laurie
<i>Old Shed Door, Craven Park</i>	Meakan Kellner
<i>Old Fence Post, Craven</i>	Bronte Lyford
<i>Shed, Craven Park</i>	Dayna Dremelj





## Craven's Fate

The little hamlet of Craven  
Treasured home for a hundred years  
And to black tribes forever.

In those elegant Spotted Gums,  
That line the roads of Craven,  
A sudden multitude of twittering birds  
Reminds me of the scandal:  
That crazy white man  
Has found black coal  
Beneath the treasured Craven soil.  
He wants it out. . .  
For gold. . .,  
Caring nought for destruction  
Of water, earth and air,  
At this time of global threat.  
Crazy man indeed!

A frantic mother Plover  
Urges her tiny replica  
To avoid the danger of my presence.  
Here is a metaphor  
For the tiny village of Craven,  
So soon to be gobbled up.

*Griselda Browne*

## Craven Gone?

Maybe I need a new outlook on life  
I worry about friends having some strife  
'Cause the village in which they did invest  
Has been bought out by mining interests  
For Coal, gas plus other treasures  
They took away my friends' endeavours  
No more gardens of bright fresh flowers  
Trees that formed quiet green bowers  
Now it's to be a mullock heap  
To greedy bulldozers nature is cheap  
So long as wealth is underground  
They'll keep spewing out, that awful sound  
Of bashing hills with their roaring cat  
To them the world is meant to be flat  
Or below normal ground level  
They must keep digging towards the devil  
I wish there were another way

So Craven could survive for another day

*John Potts*

## Craven

What's this village, this town worth savin'  
Someone said its name is Craven  
I thought I'd check out a history book  
Better still I'll go take a look

It's just an hour away from Forster  
Near the mountain town of Gloucester  
I thought how, in the days of old  
The settlers would value Craven as gold  
A nice village with a quiet river  
A peaceful life it would deliver

Now they tell me, the mine's bought the lot  
To knock it down for what it's got

Coal underground, they want it all  
So dear Craven will have to fall

No memories of people, struggles of old  
Just a black hole without a soul  
I'm crying now from the very thought,

Of Craven Village, why was it bought?

Excuse me while I shed a tear  
'Cause there's nothing left for me to cheer

*John Potts*

## CAMELOT

If I ever named a town, it would have a fantastic name.  
Something breathtaking and awesome  
Something that grabbed the eye and shook the breath  
It wouldn't be cowardly, that name

Poor Craven – no bones to protect its underbelly,  
nor spine to hold it up for life.  
Man made landmarks and a sharp bend demand our attention.  
But someone loves Craven.

Remember Craven. Sing songs and write poetry.  
Weave magic around the name "Look at me. I exist. I am loved"  
The town has only memories now to look forward to.  
She is looking back like Lot's old wife

Recognition? Why? Craven! You are conceited!  
Throw away your resentment and regrets.  
The blood of your ancestors won't choke on coaldust.  
Only ghosts and shadows will be left behind

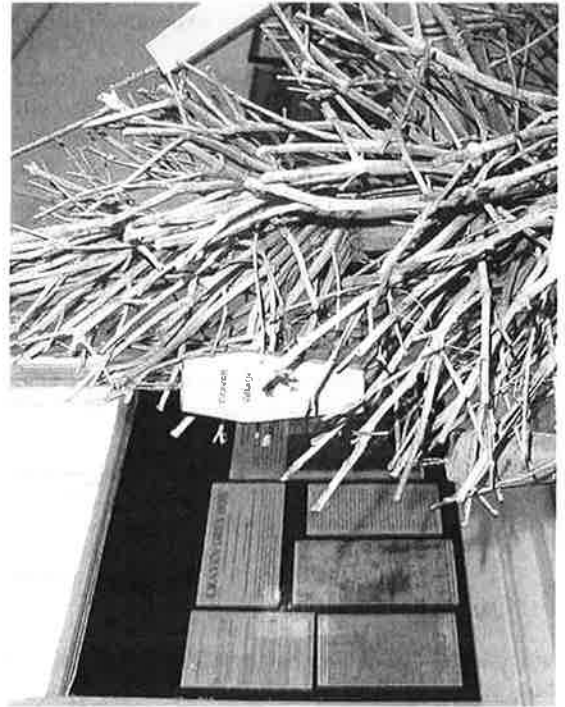
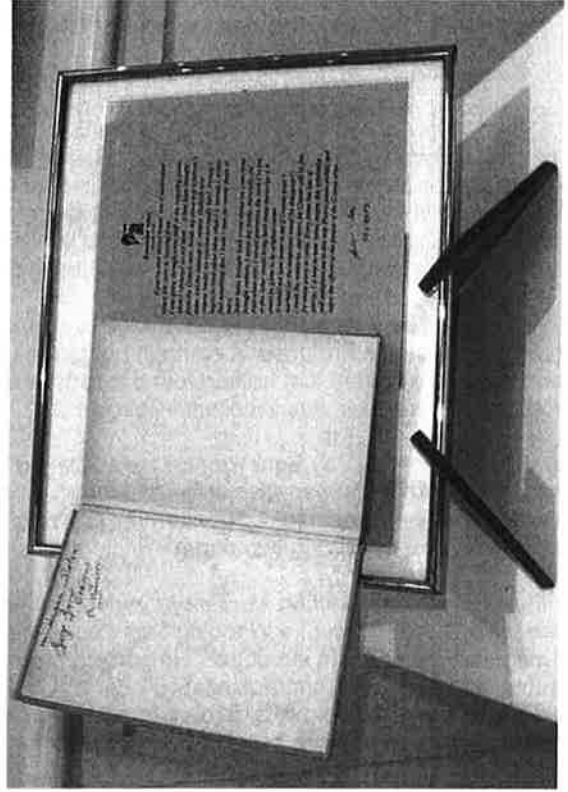
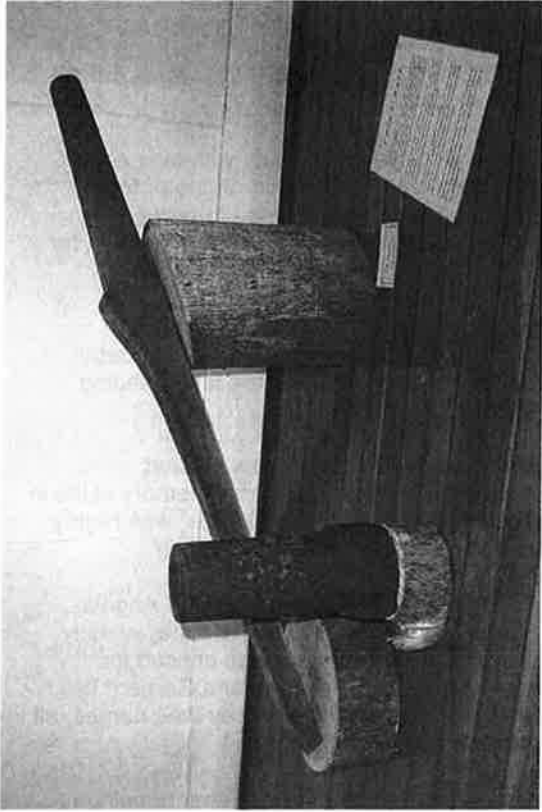
A 'remember when' town with a cowardly name  
You were but a rest stop for future generations.  
Keep your memories, and scatter your seeds to the wind.  
Your children can make new dreams in a stronger town.

*Toni Heaton*

---

The Exhibition featured four static displays and sculptural installations, in addition to  
***The Wedding Arch.*** (See p. 37). Shown opposite, clockwise from top left are: > >

<b><i>Untitled</i></b>	Pippa Robinson
<b><i>Twid's Axle</i></b>	Gerald McCalden
<b><i>Remember When</i></b>	John Potts
<b><i>Craven Grey Box</i></b>	Steve Robinson



## *Opening Night*

The official opening of the exhibition took place at 7pm on Friday the 4<sup>th</sup> of January 2008, with over eighty people in attendance. Graeme Healy, a resident of Glen Road, Craven, and the area co-ordinator for the Barrington Gloucester Stroud Preservation Alliance Inc, opened proceedings. He outlined the situation prevailing at Craven as at the beginning of 2008, and the implications for future expansion of mining, so far as details have been made available by the mining company.

He then called on Professor Paul Kavanagh to announce and present the Literature prizes. In his preliminary remarks Professor Kavanagh noted the high standard of entries in both the prose and poetry sections. He admitted that he had found it particularly difficult to discriminate between the three leading prose entries, as each was excellent in its own way.

However "Kimberley", by Vera Rumbel, was placed first because it was "full of moving events and description, with a firm narrative voice and tone". In second place was Margaret Saunders' memory of life in Craven as a seven year old - "wonderfully affirming", while Patricia McCalden's "Going Home" was Highly Commended for its "strong two-part narrative structure, effective detail, and well handled emotion".

Entries in the poetry section were more varied, but he was confident in awarding the first prize to Angela Gleeson's "Craven Country Wedding" for "outstanding use of language, rich but restrained tone, sweetly flowing sounds, and firm structure". In second place, Cariad Kilby's "Carri-on Craven" was praised for "drama, verbal wit, and characterisation". Of Patricia McCalden's "Lament for Our Home and Garden" he said "For a piece redolent of a garden, mulch, pond water, sweet flowers called into being by their names, all alive with birds, what more could one want? Just for all this to be safe for the future!".

Ms Sheri McEvoy, the Art Judge, also emphasised the high overall quality of the entries. In her opening remarks she said "This is a stunningly beautiful area where you can see that the community has been under some pressure in the past years. So this is a special competition, both confronting and powerful".

In awarding First Prize to Annette Thomas' "Countrylink at Craven" Sheri praised the high quality of the painting, and noted that "The dark receding tonal quality is evocative of the demise of the village". Of "Moods of Moving", the Second Prize winner, she observed that, while there was no direct Craven imagery, the work exemplified the universal experience of the loss of our sense of place and belonging.

Narree Parsonage's Third Prize winning entry "Railroaded" was described as a spontaneous yet controlled imagery of the monumental power of technology, and the vulnerability of a small village. The Local Artist's Prize was awarded to Marion Rounsley for "Sunrise at the Glen" - "Moody foreboding morning light, exemplary tone".

In the Student Art Division First Prize went to Sophie Kingston for "Cow and Calf", described as a "Charming drawing, with warm imagery, allusions to the community, nostalgic and nurturing issues, and an overall lightness of being". Harley Cawley's entry, "Craven Church", was praised for its wonderful tonal qualities, confidentially rendered, and an energy compatible with the objectives of the Remembering Craven Competition.

Third Prize was awarded to Isabelle Peacock for "Craven's Old Town", which Sheri described as expressing a spirit of community, and a metamorphosis of memories of a good and happy place.

In conclusion, Gerald McCalden, as Convener of the Organising Committee, thanked all those who had helped in launching such a successful exhibition. Well over a hundred entries had been received across all sections, he said, many of them from former Craven residents now living elsewhere.

(Editor's Note: It was interesting that, although only four of the Student entries were from children of Primary School age, they captured the First and Third Prizes, along with favourable comments from Ms McEvoy about their future artistic prospects. The Judge was not aware of respective ages of the entrants).



**A Group of Smiling Prize-winners and Commended Entrants.**

*Back row L to R:* Maureen Clunas, Christine Redman, Marion Rounsley, and Bridget Nicholson.

*Front:* Narree Parsonage, Annette Thomas, Margaret Saunders, Vera Rumbel, Patricia McCalden, and Jean spokes.

The old bamboo wedding arch from Craven Union Church was rescued by Vanessa Westley, and lovingly restored and decorated in the traditional style. It was the highlight of the exhibition, and was much admired. Pictured on the right are Arthur and Lorna Reeves (nee Yates), who were married under the arch 'many years ago'.



## List of Prize Winners and Commendations

### Art - Open Division:

First Prize:	Annette Thomas	"Countrylink at Craven"
Second Prize:	Bridget Nicholson	"Moods of Moving"
Third Prize:	Narree Parsonage	"Railroaded"
Local Artist:	Marion Rounsley	"Sunrise at the Glen"
Highly Commended:	Angela Gleeson	"Behind Closed Doors"
Highly Commended:	Geraldine Christie	"Craven – Easter Sunday 1916"
Commended:	Maureen Clunas	"Letter Box Avenue"
Commended:	Jean Spokes	"Last Rays Through 'The Glen' "

### Art - Student Division:

First Prize:	Sophie Kingston	"Cow and Calf"
Second Prize:	Harley Cawley	"Craven Church"
Third Prize:	Isabelie Peacock	"Craven's Old Town"
Highly Commended:	Kate Kingston	"Beauty of the Glen"
Commended:	Maggie Falla	"Old Fencing Wire"
Commended:	Luke Grey	"The Old School"
Commended:	Alex Turner	"Contented Cows at Craven"

### Poetry – Open Division:

First Prize:	Angela Gleeson	"Craven Country Wedding"
Second Prize:	Cariad Kilby	"Carri-on Craven"
Highly Commended:	Patricia McCalden	"Lament for Our Home and Garden"
Commended:	Christine Redman	"Craven Revisited"
Commended:	Gaenor Vallack	"The Night Speaks"

### Prose - Open Division:

First Prize:	Vera Rumbel	" 'Kimberley', The Glen Craven"
Second Prize:	Margaret Saunders	"Remembering Craven" through a seven year old's eyes.
Highly Commended:	Patricia McCalden	"Going Home"



## Contents

Page

### Poetry

Aurial, Ellen	<i>Remembering Craven</i>	v
Benson, Linda	<i>Imagine the Pain</i>	6
Brooks, Deborah	<i>A Simple Story</i>	29
Browne, Griselda	<i>Craven's Fate</i>	32
Christie, Geraldine	<i>Vanity of Vanities</i>	24
Corby, Joan	<i>Remembering Craven</i>	8
Gleeson, Angela	<i>Craven Country Wedding</i>	1
Gordon, Juney	<i>The Hidden Valley</i>	11
Hancock, Lyn	<i>Who Cares?</i>	3
Heaton, Toni	<i>Camelot</i>	34
Jacobson, Steve	<i>Craven 2020</i>	30
Kilby, Cariad	<i>Cari-on Craven</i>	4
	<i>Tanka Tirade for Craven</i>	19
McCalden, Patricia	<i>Lament for Our Home and Garden</i>	20
Potts, John	<i>Craven Gone?</i>	33
	<i>Craven</i>	33
Stella Smith	<i>Craven Shop</i>	12
Teakle, Rebecca	<i>Memory</i>	23
Redman, Christine M	<i>Craven Revisited</i>	13
Vallack, Gaenor	<i>The Night Speaks</i>	21

### Prose

McCalden, Patricia	<i>Going Home</i>	25
Rumbel, Vera (Yates)	<i>"Kimberley" The Glen, Craven</i>	15
Saunders, Margaret (Yates)	<i>"Craven" a seven year old remembers</i>	27
Whatmore, Herb	<i>My History of Craven</i>	9

### Art – Open Section

Baumann, Jean	<i>Lagoon at "ClonGarriff", Craven</i>	opp. 26
Benson, Linda	<i>Farewell Craven – It doesn't have to be this way.</i>	opp. 20
Brooks, Deborah	<i>A Community being Torn Apart</i>	opp. 20
Carson, Jillian	<i>Craven Yesterday and Tomorrow</i>	opp. 5
Christie, Geraldine	<i>Craven – Easter Sunday 1916</i>	opp. 11
Clunas, Maureen	<i>Letter Box Avenue</i>	opp. 5
Geale, Tanya	<i>Untitled</i>	opp. 20
Knox, Norma	<i>Sunday in Craven</i>	opp. 1
	<i>Craven Image</i>	opp. 5
McCalden, Patricia	<i>Worlds Apart – Union Church Craven</i>	opp. 10
McCalden, Gerald	<i>Twid's Axle</i>	35

Nicholson, Bridget	<i>Moods of Moving</i>	opp. 5
Parsonage, Narree	<i>Railroaded</i>	opp. 11
Potts, John	<i>Remembering When</i>	35
Robinson, Pippa	<i>Untitled - sculptural installation</i>	35
Robinson, Steve	<i>Craven Grey Box</i>	35
Rounsley, Marion	<i>Hilltop in the Glen</i>	opp. 11
	<i>Sunrise in the Glen</i>	opp. 11
Spokes, Jean	<i>Last Rays through "The Glen"</i>	opp. 10
	<i>Through the Glen</i>	opp. 10
Stevenson, Jane	<i>Craven Wildflowers</i>	opp. 26
Thomas, Annette	<i>Craven Country Link</i>	opp. 4
Woodford, Marj	<i>Craven Patchwork</i>	opp. 20
Westley, Vanessa	<i>Craven's Original Wedding Arch</i>	37

### Art – Student Section

Andrews, Michael	<i>What will happen to Craven?</i>	31
Burrows, Nina	<i>Old Craven Schoolhouse</i>	opp. 21
Cawley, Harley	<i>Craven Church</i>	7
Dremelj, Dayna	<i>Shed, Craven Park</i>	31
Falla, Maggie	<i>Old Fencing Wire</i>	opp. 27
Grey, Luke	<i>The Old Schoolhouse, Craven</i>	opp. 21
Kingston, Kate	<i>Beauty of the Glen</i>	opp. 21
Kingston, Sophie	<i>Cow and Calf</i>	7
Laurie, Jake	<i>Old Yards, Craven</i>	31
Kellner, Meaken	<i>Old Shed Door, Craven Park</i>	31
Lyford, Bronte	<i>Old Fence Post, Craven</i>	31
McCalden Niamh	<i>Craven in Springtime</i>	opp. 27
Maslin, Melanie	<i>Old Hut, Craven</i>	31
Minnett, Chloe	<i>Craven after the Mines</i>	22
Niddrie, Gemma	<i>Old Shed, Craven Park</i>	22
Peacock, Isabelle	<i>Craven's Old Town</i>	opp. 21
Peacock, Hannah	<i>My Craven</i>	opp. 27
Skelton, Candice	<i>Kimberley Homestead</i>	opp. 27
Sopher, Brianna	<i>Mines!</i>	opp. 27
Turner, Alex	<i>Contented Cows at Craven</i>	opp. 27
Wilkinson, Ruby	<i>Craven Church</i>	22
Wynter, Matthew	<i>Old Shed Craven</i>	22
Yarnold, Mitchell	<i>Old shed Craven</i>	22
Zarb, Molly	<i>Old Craven Church</i>	22

\*\*\*\*\*

