

Growing Up in Carnarvon By Robert Goddard

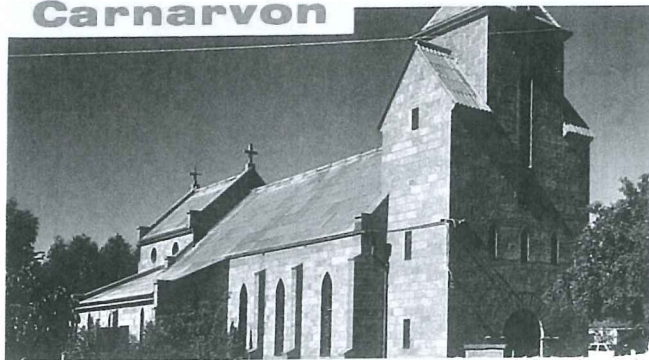
There is so much nostalgia in postcards and the reason why I started collecting cards of Carnarvon where I grew up. Not that there's any value in the cards themselves, but they help me to keep the memories from fading. It amazes me how the brain stores information and years later certain objects can trigger a past memory, and that's what happened when I started with the Carnarvon postcards. My collection of 28 cards is mostly from the 1970s when I lived there and went to primary and high school.

To start with something quite innocuous is what I call the serrated edges to postcards, which was very much associated with living in the 70s. When I was a child my father took me to the library, which was the old Jubilee Hall in Francis St, where I became an important member of the community, a member of a library. Wow, I could borrow books like an adult and most Saturday mornings we would go to the library, which wasn't that big but when you are a child and you have not been anywhere else, it was huge. The librarian was a most fearful woman by the name of Mrs Duprey who was at least 100yrs old or so it seemed. She looked at me through horn rimmed reading glasses that made her eyes twice as big as mine. She warned me to always care for the books and never be late in returning them. Then with an enormous date stamp she stamped the card and removed it from the cardboard envelope inside the front cover.

A few years later the shire built a new library in Ruston St and Mrs Duprey and all the books were relocated to this site. When I purchased this postcard all these memories were triggered from this one card.



Greetings from
Carnarvon



The main street in Carnarvon is Robinson St and the 1970s shop fronts triggered further memories. The Chinese restaurant 'Soens' was where, in year 12, we had our farewell dinner to celebrate the end of high school. The Chinese owner at the end of the night got out his violin and gave us a little tune. 2yrs later I was working at the ANZ Bank with its 1970s logo. Banking was quite primitive back then we had a telex machine and typewriters. When I went back to Carnarvon in 2010 all the shop fronts were quite different but postcards help to keep the memories alive.

I'm on the lookout for more Carnarvon postcards too, can you help?