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Newsletter

April ~ May

1974



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This newsletter is produced by the Port Phillip  
Folk Foundation, P. O. Box 114, Carlton.

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Opinions expressed in reports, articles, etc. are  
not necessarily those of the Foundation.

Views of the Committee are communicated in the  
editorials.

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# Port Phillip Folk Foundation

## Newsletter

Vol. 1 No. 7 April-May 1974

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Well, the festival's over once again, and election time is coming round. After the excitement of the festival last year, it has seemed to many people that this year's committee has not been doing very much; a little thought may prove this opinion incorrect. Over the past year the committee has been hampered by the gradual resignation, for various reasons, of over half of the members elected at the last Annual General Meeting, and although most of these people were replaced, we are at present operating with ten out of twelve members. In spite of this disruption, we have still managed to run a dance, two barbecues and two beach parties (none of them at a loss) and organise outside activities publicising folk music, such as a televised folk segment in the Fitzroy Gardens, a dance for the Youth 2004 convention, and an imminent dance demonstration for a Rotary club dinner, among other things. A series of forthcoming monthly dances has also been arranged (see inside), as well as participation in two town centenary celebrations later this year. Also, for the first time, a newsletter of more than two months' duration... Not a bad year.

But now it's over, and the Annual General Meeting will be held at FRANK TRAYNOR'S on TUESDAY 21st MAY, at 8.00 pm. PLEASE COME. Whether you have views to express, ideas to propound, candidates to champion, or just excess steam to let off - do turn up. The more people in attendance, the more representative the committee they elect. But do bear in mind it's no sinecure no matter what some people say.

To those whose co-operation has helped us so much during the year, many thanks; I look forward to addressing you all again (with your support, of course) in the next issue.

Adrienne M. Gurteen,  
EDITOR.

During the winter

P P F F

will be running a series of

MONTHLY DANCES

to be held at

THE CARLTON COMMUNITY CENTRE

{Princes Street, Carlton}  
{opposite Woolpack Hotel}

on the

LAST SUNDAY OF EACH MONTH

\*

The first one will be on

26th MAY, 1974

from

2.30 pm - 6.30 pm

ADMITTANCE: 60¢ (children 30¢)

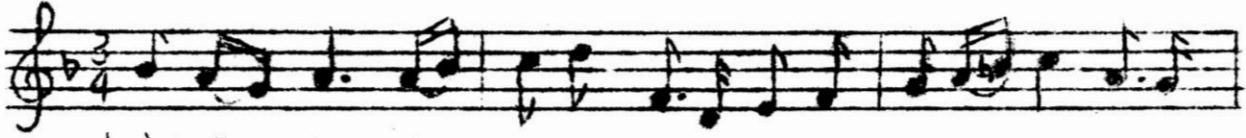
S E E Y O U T H E R E !



## THE DARK-EYED SAILOR



As I walked out one ev'ning fair It being in the summer time to



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I spied a sailor and a lady gay  
And I stood to listen, and I stood to listen  
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He said "Fair lady, why do you roam  
For the day it is spent and the night is on."  
She heaved a sigh, while the tears did roll  
"For my dark-eyed sailor, for my dark-eyed sailor,  
So young and stout and bold."

"'Tis seven long years since he left this land,  
A ring he took from off his lily-white hand,  
One half of the ring is still here with me,  
But the other's rolling, but the other's rolling  
At the bottom of the sea."

He said, "You may drive him out of your mind,  
Some other young man you'll surely find;  
Love turns aside and soon cold does grow,  
Like a winter's morning, like a winter's morning,  
The hills all white with snow."

She said, "I'll never forsake my dear,  
Although we're parted this many a year,  
Genteel he was and no rake like you,  
To induce a maiden, to induce a maiden  
To slight the jacket blue."

One half of the ring did young William show,  
She ran distracted in grief and woe,  
Saying, "William, William, I have gold in store  
For my dark-eyed sailor, for my dark-eyed sailor  
Has proved his overthrow."

There is a cottage by yonder lea,  
This couple's married and does agree;  
So maids be loyal when your love's at sea,  
For a cloudy morning, for a cloudy morning  
Brings in a sunny day.



## THOUGHTS OF CHAIRMAN.....

## On YARNS

Where did the shearers go at the end of a day's hard work? Thirty horse-miles to the nearest pub? Not bloody likely! They sat around the shearing floor or in the shearers' quarters with a keg and a pack of cards. One of them might produce a concertina and sing a song. And they'd yarn...

Or you're on the road at sundown, no homestead for miles, just a swag and the old billy. Can't stick out the thumb because it's 1878 and the horseless Kombi is still a dream. So you'll light a fire and have supper under the stars. Joe McCready might hum a tune for a while and as the night wears on you'll begin to yarn. Old Ben telling tales of fifty years ago. Tales his father told him. Of ghosts, of shearers, sailing ships and convicts. The gold diggings...

The yarn is as much a part of our folk inheritance as the songs and the poems from the last century. They served a similar purpose, although I'd imagine had little polemic value, unlike some songs and poems.

Unfortunately there are only a few known collections of yarns and other folk miscellany. Bill Wannan springs readily to mind as one collector. But the list is a short one. Perhaps one reason is that the yarn involves no distinct embarcation from common speech (into song or verse) and doesn't always stand out as a clear entity to be captured, collected and canned in the manner of a folk song. Nevertheless, of all our folk culture, I would venture that the yarn is the most active today, not yet exterminated by the cancer of transistors, televisions and motor cars.

And yet there is an uncommon art to telling a yarn. Any fool can recount a series of events, but it's the medium - the storyteller - who makes it an enthralling tale. Sometimes a tale of awe, sometimes of humour, or of the supernatural, sometimes simply of hard work, but always from the hearts of the people.

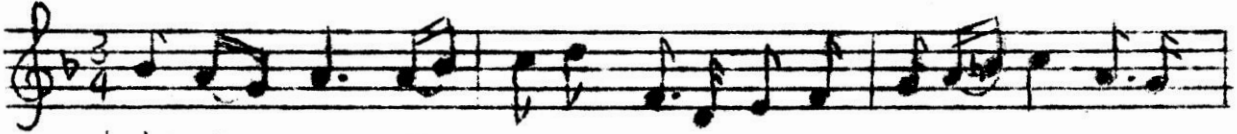
What I'm suggesting is that the yarn is an especially valid and important part of folklore and that we should think of the possibilities of preserving it\*, canning it if you like. Why not get up and tell a yarn at the pub next Saturday afternoon, whether you're at the Dan O'Connell, the Windsor, or the Waterside? Or does anybody know of some feller - an old timer, perhaps - who has that gift and a wealth of material?



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Give him a few beers, pick his brains, bring him along, record him.

I doesn't require much imagination to see what can be done with the yarn, whether in the hands of a folk enthusiast, a sociologist, or a teller of tall tales. For instance, we've never, to my knowledge, had a workshop on yarns, yet why not?

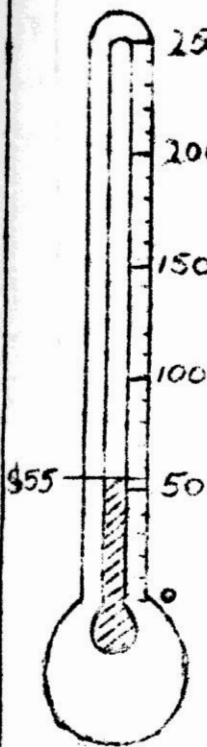
But a word of caution - unless expertly done, the yarn is most effective only in small groups of up to a dozen or so. Beyond that the talesman loses individual contact with his audience. And that's fatal. Anyway, give it some hard thought. Give it a try.

Me? I haven't the knack...

Cliff Gilbert-Purssey.

#### THE HARRY COTTER - BASIL COSGROVE RECORD FUND.

Many of the people on the folk scene have heard the fine music made by two grand old men of folk music, Harry Cotter, from near Canberra, and Basil Cosgrove, from Armidale (NSW). A scheme has been instituted under the aegis of the PFFF to fly them down to Melbourne and record them before they become too old to play at their present standard, with the view of releasing a record of the session. The PFFF is providing some of the cash, but with so much expense involved (studio time, record production, plane fares, etc.) more is needed. A collection has been started for this purpose in most of the clubs; the target is \$250. The first night of collecting (at the Dan O'Connell) grossed \$29.70, and the score now stands at 54.85. Further progress reports will be published in each newsletter.



PLEASE GIVE - small change will do - it soon mounts up

RECORDS  
of the  
7th NATIONAL FOLK FESTIVAL  
(Melbourne, Easter, 1974)  
are again on sale  
from the PFFF  
and several of the folk clubs.  
\$4.50 + 50¢ postage.



THE DIARY OF S. R. CLARK:

Seth Rudolphus Clark (1828-1900) left his home in New York State at the age of 24 to try his luck on the Californian gold fields. A year later he sailed for Australia, and eventually made his way to Bendigo, where he worked the 'Diggins' for about a year before engaging himself as a clerk to a general merchant.

Sandhurst, Bendigo Diggins, Feb 8th 1855  
(S. R. C. has just got his diary out of storage after 15 months and is catching up on his movements since arriving in Victoria.)

'Accomodation'

...My walk from Melbourne to the mines of Victoria was one of excessive toil and fatigue, the roads being in the most impassable condition for a great part of the way - having to wade in thick mud up to my knees - laying on the damp ground & carrying all nearly of my goods & chateels I possessed in this world, Consisting of Blankets Boots & other necessary Clothing with a small supply of ready provisions to assist our natures & spare our pockets I put up but Once at a Hotell so called but never was the name of Hotell more misapplied. this was in the black forest some 40M from Melbourne a thick dark & lonely forest extending for a no of miles The aforesaid Hotell was crowded to excefs by many miners going up to the mines & som that was coming down - a large fire blazed in a sort of back kitchen around which numbers of talkative & jovial souls collected to the exclusion of the more peacable & well disposed I however took up my quarters in one corner of the room under a Table upon the floor which place I maintained untill the break of day - when straping on our (Swags) Bundles we made a start...

...I was surprised to see the vast ~~Extent~~ of the Auriferous Country the imence population and great amount of work which had been preformed on the mines - for miles in Extent was one field compleetly torn up by the Pick & Shovile of the digger the general apearance of the population was far different from like situated classes in Callifornia. the low brutish Criminal aspect predominated both in apearance & convesation. at this time but few women could have been seen in the mines but a period of twelve months has made a vast difference in this respect now females of Every grade can be

seen promenading the principal thoroughfares of the towns I may say of every class but those whose predominating virtues are virtue and modesty...

...through the heat of the long summer days it was impossible for man or beast to labour the hot burning winds peculiar to this country were almost suffocating - they came as though they issued from the mouth of a fiery furnace - small whirl winds through the summer days were to be seen in every direction carrying far up into the atmosphere dust and every light substance that fell in their paths, many miners were very much troubled with a disease of the eyes called the blight of which there are two kinds that caused by the sand & that caused by the flies the latter is the most prevalent, it is not uncommon to see a person quite blind in one or two hours after being bitten by these flies - indeed there is no want of poisonous insects to plague & torment mankind in this land, the tarantular scorpion, are all very numerous & said to be sometimes fatal of serpents I have seen but very few altho there are numerous in some parts of the country of animals there is a small variety and few in number the Possum is common the Kangaroo is among the largest of Australian animals often weighing from 3 to 4 hundred each - lizards and guannas of every species abound in the forests. one of the most curious animals to be found is the Polipus or some such name having a body covered with fine fur like an otter and a mouth or beak like a duck it is found on the rivers & near water courses. but of the feathered tribe there is more in numbers & far greater varieties than of the animal species. among the larger birds are the Emu & black Swan all the numerous varieties of the parrot family are found in abundance the White and black Cockatoo is heard screaming from every tree in the forest other birds of the most gorgeous & beautiful plumage abound in great number but a little way from where man has made his abode - this last summer I have travelled over the country to considerable extent generally it bears an arid sterile appearance, not one thousandth part of the land is fit for cultivation... the country is poorly watered the rivers principally in the summer months are merely a string of water holes - if I except the Murry - the Murambridgee & a few others - in the winter they sometimes are much swollen by quick & heavy rains so that for a long time travelling far into the interior is not practicable (published courtesy of Lyn Stone, his great-granddaughter)



## REMINISCENCES OF THE BRISBANE FESTIVAL...

... by R. L. Leitch

After having had a couple of weeks to think about it, here are one or two personal views on the festival; constructive and perhaps otherwise.

There was a noticeable contrast between the standard of the organisation - somewhat lacking, and the standard of the workshops - the highest I have yet seen at a festival.

Organisation wise, there seemed to be only two or three people left to carry the bulk of the work. I must say I thought Ann Enfante in particular, and Bob Michell, did a truly magnificent job in keeping things moving. A pity the rest of their committee didn't seem to be pulling their weight. I don't believe in organised folk music but unfortunately it is necessary to an extent, especially at a festival.

As I said, the standard of the workshops was very high. Sorry to say I only got to four of them, one of which I ran and one of which I took part in (must apologise for arriving late at that one - sorry Phil!)

Declan Affley and Colleen Bourke's workshop on political songs I thoroughly enjoyed. Although I did not agree with what a lot of the songs had to say, they were bloody good songs and well sung and presented.

Phil Day's little effort on Henry Lawson introduced some interesting points about the poet and his work of which I for one was unaware. Loved the two short stories which were read. A very good workshop, but what a pity it was so poorly attended. I think the main contributing factor to that was that Shirley Andrews' dance workshop was on at the same time. Always hard to compete with. I didn't get to that one but had very good reports about it. I did see the excellent team of Morris dancers do their thing - splendid, lads! I would like to see you increase to about 10 or a dozen dancers, and also the appearance of a Hobbie Horse or a Rom.

Monday morning saw the efforts of Peter Parkhill and Hugh MacEwen on Songs of the North East of Scotland. A really well researched workshop as we have come to expect from Peter, and good to hear some of those fine songs again. A pity it went on under difficult circumstances, but sufficient was said about that in Brisbane.

I didn't make it to the song writing competition but we did hear the three place getters at the Sunday night concert.

Sorry to say, the judges don't wish to enter into any correspondence on the matter, but it would be interesting to know on what they based their decision. An extremely unpopular choice!

As for my own workshop, I was really pleased with the way it went and for the support it received. Thanks very much, Leezie and Jamie Johnston, Mick Farrell, Hugh MacEwen, Chris Wendt and Morag Chetwyn, and special thanks to Gordon McIntyre and Eric Bogle who splendidly sang some of their own songs for me, and to Declan Affley for singing some of Harry Robertson's songs.

So much for the workshops - perhaps we may hear from someone else on the ones I missed.

The concerts:- Missed Saturday's - waylaid at the hostelry - but by all accounts it was not the best. Sunday night's concert I thought was pretty mediocre apart from the closing stage when a group of the girls led us beautifully in Amazing Grace. Just one thing though - would someone mind telling me how the hell Jeannie Lewis gets on a folk music concert? She has an atrocious voice and it's quite a few years since I've heard her sing a folk song or anything in the folk idiom for that matter.

So that's about it. All in all a most enjoyable festival and good to see such a good turnout from Melbourne as is our wont. Think I can speak for all of us in saying 'Thank you Brisbane'.

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#### AGONY

LOST: 2 super balls. Apply Clark Kent.

WANTED: An Irish charlady to keep house for Scottish poet.  
Apply the Black Bard of Blair Athol.

FOR SALE: One worn thumbpick. Apply. Gray Dodds.

LOST: Chords (two); used to answer to the name of vocal.  
Apply Mazza.

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Seth Rudolphus on ENTERTAINMENT:

Sandhurst, April 15th (1856)

Madam Leola Montez is now playing an engagement at Calnans Crytiron theatre. I have seen her play & dance & do not Hesitate to pronouce her a humbug...



## MELBOURNE UNIVERSITY FOLK CLUB NEWS

WOOLPACK SINGOUTS (Woolpack Hotel, Cnr Princes & Drummond Sts, Carlton, 8 pm Wednesdays. Free)

If you can sing, play an instrument, know any exotic dances, recite inspired verse or indeed merely have aspirations to do any of these, then for Chrissake come along on Wednesday evenings to the pub and join in. These evenings are always fun; and the more so when there are good numbers turning up.

If you ever went along to the Woolpack sessions organized by Peter Parkhill last year, we can say that these MUFOLK sessions are something similar, if perhaps a little more informal. The idea is to give anyone interested in folk music or folklore (and these terms are very loosely interpreted by our broadminded organization), a chance to perform, listen and exchange ideas in an atmosphere of congenial jollity and most important, common interest. The emphasis is on the serious listening, by which we mean that the music is not just background noise to a general swilling-on.

If you want to come along, look for (or listen for) the 'back room'. This can be approached from the Public bar entrance in Drummond Street, or the Lounge entrance in Princes Street. The room is very small, which is ideal for solo-singing and for having to get to know the person you've just bumped into.

Anyway, come along, especially those of you who have recently become interested in folk-music and performing. We do need new blood - the inbreeding is already taking its toll!

Annie Warburton.

MUFOLK PRESENTS: THE AUSTRALIAN WORKERS COLONIAL BALL

Thursday 16th May, 8-12 pm. Women's Recreation Hall,  
\$ 1.80 (~~\$1.50~~ Mufolk) Royal Park.

BYO Everything. Colonial gear (have fun using your imagination!)

For those of you who have never had the good fortune to attend one of these, they're bloody tremendous. Everyone gets wrapped up in the dancing, including those who have never done it before. The dances are very easy to pick up, and since we've got the Bushwhackers and Bullockies Bush Band playing, it will be made easier still. They are a very talented and capable bunch of musicians, familiar with the dances, and very entertaining.

Mazza

WANGARATTA: Mick Crichton, of Tavern Folk fame, is organizing another Saturday night ding at Wangaratta on May 25th. (2nd

## MUFOLK NEWS (Cont'd)

Saturday in the University vacation). If you've recovered from the ball, and feel like some more singing and dancing it's a night you'll not want to miss. There's accommodation in a barn for the many wanting to stay overnight, so just bring plenty of warm blankets and a sleeping-bag. We'll be meeting at the Vine Hotel late afternoon. Just a couple of miles t'other side of Wang, the dance will be held on an old farm. The people on the farm have enjoyed flocks of folkies going up there before and would like your company again.

Yours in vice, MAZZA  
(Mufolk Vice-President)

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 NEWS FROM CANBERRA

The Monaro Folk Music Society held a concert at the Canberra Theatre on Friday 19th April. The line-up was probably the best to appear at a concert anywhere in Australia for quite some time; Margret Roadknight, The Ramblers, Richard Leitch, Dan Spooner and Gordon MacIntyre. The result was a really brilliant concert with top class performances from all those taking part, including the compere Dennis Tracey and some fine assistance from Bob MacInnes. It was one of those occasions that made me feel proud to have been a part of it. I received similar comments from Tony Lavin of the Ramblers, and I'm sure the rest of the cast felt the same way. Unfortunately the audience was comparatively small (about 400) despite very good publicity, but they were an audience from which one could feel a great deal of warmth and enthusiasm, and they were a real pleasure to work to. Congratulations to Canberra on putting on such a fine show, and for letting us be in it.

Quite a few Canberra bods are going overseas in the next month or two, to join the number who have recently left. TERRY MAGEE, COL McJANNET, PAT EGAN and JANE CAMPBELL to name just a few. Hope this doesn't take away any of the enthusiasm the Canberra mob have been known for over the years. Good to know that there are still people there with the ability to keep a healthy little scene going.

Those of us who know PAT EGAN will be sorry to hear that she was recently in hospital. I took the liberty of sending her a card on behalf of her Melbourne friends.. LYN JACKSON - secretary to the MFMS - has also recently been in hospital for a tonsils job, but is now at home again, and doing a good job for the committee.

News about the 4th May Woolshed dance in our next issue, and also on the dances to be held at Albert Hall through the winter months.

R. L. L.



VICTORIA:

The Pricklye Bush, Dan O'Connell's Hotel, Corner Princes and Canning Streets, Carlton. Thursdays, 8-12 pm. Sat. 3-6 pm.  
 Tavern Folk! Union Hotel, Corner Fenwick and Amess Streets, North Carlton. Fridays 8-12 pm.  
 Frank Traynor's, 100 Little Lonsdale Street, City. Sunday to Thursday 8.15-11.30 pm, Friday 8 pm - 12.30 am, Saturday 8 pm-1.30 am.  
 The Outpost Inn, 52 Collins Street, City. Friday-Sunday, 8-12pm  
 The Commune, 580 Victoria Street, North Melbourne. Tuesday (Blues) 9-11.30 pm, Saturday 9 pm - 3 am.  
 The Polaris Inn Hotel, 551 Nicholson Street, North Carlton. Wednesday and Friday, 8 - 11.30 pm.  
 The Tankerville Arms, Corner Nicholson and Johnston Streets, Fitzroy. Thursdays, 8 - 11 pm.  
 The Woolpack Hotel, Corner Princes and Drummond Streets, Carlton. Wednesdays, 7.30-10 pm.  
 Victorian Folk Music Club. Singabouts on the first Saturday of each month at Armadale scout hall, Cnr. Orrong and Malvern Roads, near Toorak railway station, 8 pm - . Workshop nights most Mondays at Alphington Anglers Hall, Cnr. Clarke and Rathmines Streets, Fairfield, 8 pm -. Dance nights 2nd Tuesday each month at Royal Park Hall, Anzac Ave, Royal Park  
Geelong: The Keeper Folk Club, Lord of the Isles Hotel, Fyans Street, Newtown, Geelong. Fridays, 8 - 12 pm.  
 In addition to these, there are three University clubs, which hold functions at irregular intervals.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA:

Ambassador Hotel, King William Street, Adelaide. Friday 8-12 pm  
 Catacombs Coffee Lounge, Hackney Road, Hackney. Every night 8pm  
 Saints Coffee Lounge, Gordon Street, Glenelg. Saturday nights  
 Somerset Hotel, Pultney Street, Adelaide. Saturday 8-10 pm  
 Whyalla Folk Den, Toc H Hall, Wood Terrace, Whyalla. Sunday 8-

WESTERN AUSTRALIA:

Governor Broome Hotel, Cnr William & Rose Sts, Perth. Friday 8-10  
 The Stables, Malcolm Street, Perth. Tuesday nights.

NEW SOUTH WALES:

PACT, Cellar, Y.W.C.A. Building, Liverpool Street, Sydney.  
 Elizabeth Hotel, Elizabeth Street, Sydney. Wednesday 8-10 pm, Friday and Saturday, 8 - 11 pm.  
 Kirk Gallery, 422 Cleveland Street, Surry Hills. Sunday 8-12 pm  
 Red Lion Folk Centre, Red Lion Inn, Cnr Pitt and Liverpool Streets, Sydney. Thursday and Friday, 8 - 10 pm.  
 The Shack, Narrabeen. Every second Saturday.

QUEENSLAND:

The Folk Centre, Ann Street, Brisbane. Friday, Saturday, Sunday.  
 The Barley Mow, Hotel Cecil, George Street, Brisbane. Thursday.  
 Mackay Folk Club, c/- Tony Bullen, 10 Streeter Ave, Mackay, 4740  
 Mt. Isa Folk Club, c/- C. Buck, 5 Epsilon Ave, Mt. Isa, 4825.  
 University Folk Club, c/- Dr. Taylor, Geology Department, James Cook University, Townsville, 4810.

TASMANIA:

63 Salamanca Place, Hobart (Chris Cruise). Friday & Sunday, 8-

Any additions or alterations to the Editor, P.O.Box 114 Carlton