



ART IN THE OUTBACK



While visiting my daughter and her family in Queensland I was introduced to a group of ladies who attended an art centre called The Cedar Galleries. For the princely sum of \$2 (which you put in a jam jar on the café counter) you could avail yourself of their facilities for the day.

The facilities were a group of wooden huts, which protected you from the sun, however not from the heat or the mozzies and hornets. We continually sprayed everything and everyone. We did have fans to help keep cool but the holes in the roof were a definite asset when there was a slight breeze.

The area was beautiful, and the company very friendly and welcoming. It was wonderful just listening to the wildlife and the rustling of the eucalyptus leaves in the wind. The daily routine was that we arrived at 9am, had coffee and toasted teacake at Audrey's fine cafe and chatted until 10 am (sometimes 10.30 am) then meandered to our huts to spray ourselves, set up our tables, and chat and start work.

Occasionally we would wander off to the other huts and see what the embroiders and sculptors were up to and do a spot of bird watching. At 12 noon we would stop for lunch and enjoy a very varied menu and more chat.

Most of the group were retired ladies but that did not stop the air turning blue when things did not go according to plan. Una and the ladies in my group were so much fun, with a wealth of information and new ideas. There was a great deal of talent in all areas and the gallery sold to passing tourists.

I thoroughly enjoyed the time I spent there and look forward to revisiting on my next visit to the family.

On my very last day I met a lady from South Africa and having lived there myself I asked her what part she was from. It turned out we lived less than an hour from each other. She then asked me where I was from and when I said Worcestershire, she asked what part and when I replied Pershore she said "I know Pershore, my best friend lives in Eckington." Small world isn't it!

Sue Batty

