

AUSSIE-SCOTS NEWS

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A publication of the AUSTRALIAN SCOTTISH COMMUNITY (Qld) Inc.

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OUR AIM: "To collaborate with other Scottish and Celtic Groups to maintain, promote and advance the Scots culture and Heritage in Australia."



Dedicated to a better Brisbane



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Glasgow Christmas 2014 til March 2015



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The "Ceiling of Light" which fills in the pedestrian precinct surrounding the Gallery of Modern Art (GoMA) will remain to brighten the spirits in the hours of darkness until March. In these days when we are all being encouraged to go "green", the thousands of lights have been replaced with more energy-efficient LED bulbs.



EARLY SCOTS IN QUEENSLAND PRE-SEPARATION



Mackenzie, Sir Robert Ramsay (1811–1873)



Sir Robert Ramsay Mackenzie (1811-1873), squatter and politician, was born on 21 July 1811 at Coul, Ross-shire, Scotland, the fourth son of Sir George Steuart Mackenzie, 7th baronet, and his wife Mary, fifth daughter of Donald Macleod of Geanies, Ross-shire. With £750 Mackenzie arrived in the *Wave* at Sydney in April 1832 and joined his brother James. He soon paid H. H. Macarthur £500 for sheep which he depastured at Riddlesdale, near Dungog, and the brothers began to speculate in land. In 1837 Mackenzie bought Salisbury station in the New England district and separated from his brother, promising him £3000. By 1839 he was heavily in debt and borrowed £8000 from his family in Scotland. He continued to buy stock and take up runs in New England; at different times he held Bolivia, Furracabad, Ballindean, Turracabal and Tenterfield stations, which were left in the charge of managers while he lived in Sydney. By December 1840 he was £19,000 in debt, but claimed that he 'could work it out'. He sold Salisbury to M. H. Marsh and Bolivia to S. A. Donaldson with whom he had a kind of partnership. In

April 1841 under the Insolvency Act he took out a letter of licence and his affairs were put in the hands of Donaldson & Dawes as agents. His accounts failed to improve and in 1844 he became bankrupt with debts of over £27,000. An absentee squatter who allegedly lived extravagantly in Sydney, Mackenzie's financial methods were slipshod and he kept 'no book of accounts showing ... receipts of the wool'. His speculations were deliberately obscure and his creditors suspected that people held sheep and properties for him. After the crash he managed Tenterfield for Donaldson. In 1846 Mackenzie got his certificate of discharge and married Louisa Alexandrina (d.1906), daughter of Richard Jones. In 1847 he was appointed a magistrate and lived at Clifton, New England.

By 1853 in partnership with Louis Hope he had Rosalie Plains Station near Oakey. Note Rosalie Plains Station was the birth place of Australia's greatest racehorse Bernborough. This station owned later by J F McDougall was also the basis for the name of the suburb of Rosalie in Brisbane when McDougall moved to Milton House.

On the separation of Queensland Mackenzie entered politics. He was chosen on 18 December 1859 by Governor Sir George Bowen, who described him as a pastoralist 'of high honour and integrity, of methodical habits of business', as colonial treasurer in Herbert's first ministry. From May 1860 to April 1869 he represented the Burnett in the Legislative Assembly. While treasurer he described G. E. Dalrymple's proposed expedition to the Burdekin as land speculation and influenced the government to countermand the proclamation opening the Kennedy district. From December 1859 he had served on the Board of National Education and as chairman of the Board of General Education set up under the 1860 Act, but resigned in 1861 after being rebuked in parliament for his opposition to subsidies for denominational schools and left the board in 1862.

Mackenzie resigned as treasurer when Arthur Macalister was preferred as acting head of the administration when Herbert went to England in 1862. Bitterly disappointed, Mackenzie published in the *Guardian* his correspondence with Herbert, interpreting it as a promise of succession. He put even more blame on Macalister and joined those who opposed him. However, the offer of the colonial secretaryship induced Mackenzie in February 1866 to serve under Macalister, who resigned on 18 July in the financial crisis. After Herbert's brief premiership, Macalister formed another ministry but without Mackenzie whom he alleged had made a written offer to join him. Mackenzie led the attacks on Macalister, partly on the extent of free selection envisaged in a land bill. He defended the alienation of land to squatters and asserted that 'a great deal of balderdash had been talked about squatters and "cormorants"'. Macalister resigned on 15 August 1867 and Mackenzie formed the next government as premier and colonial treasurer.

His ministry, dominated by squatting members including Arthur Palmer, passed land legislation guaranteeing graziers in the settled areas ten-year leases of half their existing runs with extensive rights of pre-emption, and in the outside areas twenty-one-year leases. Mackenzie's Crown Land Alienation Act seemed to encourage agriculture but led to much dummymy and speculation by the squatters. His ministry passed forty-eight measures, including several innocuous legal bills, but his position as leader was never assured. Though defeated by two votes in August 1868 during the address-in-reply debate, his resignation was refused by Governor Blackall who granted him a dissolution. When parliament met in November he won the vote on the address-in-reply only by the casting vote of the Speaker and resigned.

On 21 December 1868 his brother William died and Mackenzie succeeded as 10th baronet. Despite his organizing ability he did not seek re-election in 1869. In 1871 he returned to Scotland where he died on 19 September 1873, survived by his wife, a son and four daughters, two of whom married into the Archer family of Queensland. Mackenzie was not an outstanding squatter or politician. Although premier and leader of the Opposition in Queensland he had no firm support and was dominated by other politicians. Physically large, he was limited intellectually and as a leader.





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A WEE BIT O' SCOTLAND



RADIO 4EBFM 98.1

2.15 -4.30 PM THURSDAY

GLOBAL Digital Radio

2.00 – 3.00 PM SUNDAY



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HUMOUR and apologies to our Aberdonian friends ;-)



The proprietor of a Ross-shire hotel, which was popular with travellers, sent this wire -
"Simpson & Timson, Aberdeen.
Your Traveller, William MacFootes, died here today. What shall we do?"
And the following reply was received - "Search his pockets for orders."

Landlady - "Mr MacAlister, come out here and look at this marvellous rainbow."
MacAlister - "Hoo much extra is it?"

You can always tell an Aberdeen motorist. He takes every corner on two wheels to save wear on the tyres.
You can always tell an Aberdonian - but you can't tell him much.
At a fire in an Aberdeen tobacconist's shop the police had great trouble in dispersing the crowd which gathered to inhale the free smoke.

A tourist passenger in a train going north, observing Kintore did not seem to be a very busy place, asked (in a way which tourists are apt to do) a porter who was standing on the platform, "Why are we stopping here?"
The porter replied, "ye *maun* stop here; it's a junction ye ken; and forbye Kintore's a Royal Burgh."
"Indeed," said the tourist, becoming interested, "and is there a Provost and Magistrates?"
"Ay," said the porter.
"And does your Provost go about with a chain?"
"Na, na, he jist gangs aboot louse." [loose]

It is said that an American, visiting Scotland for the first time, was somewhat puzzled by the dialect of a railway porter, and taking him for a foreigner, asked what country he came from.
"I belong to Scotland, bonnie Scotland," said the porter, and then added, "And far d'ye cam frae?"
To which the American replied, "I come from the greatest country the world has ever known".
On which the porter exclaimed, "Man, what an awfa peety ye've lost your accent."

A Company of Americans were touring Scotland and lost their way in the north. Presently they found themselves in the outskirts of a large city. Stopping the car they asked a boy the name of the town. "I'll tell ye if ye gie me sax-pence," replied the youth. "Drive on!" said the American - "I guess this is Aberdeen."

Whilst paying a visit to Dundee recently, an Aberdonian was deeply interested in the number of gulls he saw flying about.
"Whit kind o' birds are thae?" he asked his friend. "These are gulls," was the reply. "Gulls!" said the Aberdonian - "Whit dae they live on?" "On odds and ends of fish in the river and scraps of food lying about the town." "That's strange," he replied, "We've nae birds like thae in Aiberdeen!"

An Aberdonian butcher received a note the other day. It read as follows: "Please don't send the pennyworth of liver to-day. The cat has caught a mouse."

A tramp stopping an Aberdonian in Union Street enquired - "Can ye spare a copper?" "D'ye ken whaur ye are, man?" replied the pedestrian, "This is Aiberdeen."

An Aberdonian told a friend of his intention to pay a visit to London. His friend told him it was very lucky to throw a halfpenny out of the carriage as he crossed the bridges on the way south. On his return he was asked how he got on. "Weel enough," was his reply. "I got on fine crossin' the Dee and managed a' richt at the Tay Bridge, but when I came to the Forth Bridge the string to mixed up with the girders and I lost my *ha'penny*."

"Jokin' aside," said the Aberdonian, "How much whusky dae ye think an Aberdonian can drink?" "Any *given* quantity!" replied his English friend.

A keen golfer with an Aberdonian accent who on being asked what he thought of the course, replied "It's no' that bad. I lost four ba's but found six."

Of course, everybody knows about the great hold-up of traffic in Union Street. It was caused by a horse that wouldn't move and when by gentle coaxing it at last raised one foot a sixpence was found under it.

There was great excitement on Deeside. A boy had fallen into the river and been rescued just in time by a passer by. When things has calmed down a bit, the hero was approached by the boy's father and questioned:- "Are you the man that saved my laddie?" "Yes!" "Whaur's his bonnet?"



Beginners Scottish Gaelic Class 2015

Location:

Brisbane Square Library

266 George Street

Brisbane 4000

Community Meeting Room (Ground Level).

There are tea/coffee making facilities in the community room, just bring along a tea/coffee bag. Some people find the parking expensive.

To cut down on expense, some drive to a suitable train station and then catch the train to Central Station and walk up the Mall to the library.

Contact: Diane Lingard (07) 3269 1761/0407 158 781

or email: dianelingard@optusnet.com.au

The classes are designed for people with no exposure to the Gaelic who would like to be able to use some Gaelic phrases and make a little conversation in the language.

This is an initiative of the Scottish Gaelic Association of Australia

SEE DATES AND TIMES BELOW

(4th Sunday of month)

Beginners: 10:30am - 12noon

2PM

22 March, 2015

Continuing: 12:30pm - 2:00pm

24 May, 2015

26 July, 2015

Tiered Theatre

23 August, 2015

Sundays: 10.00am – 2.00pm

27 September, 2015

22 February, 2015

22 November, 2015

19 April, 2015

20 December, 2015

28 June, 2015

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TRADITIONAL SCOTTISH PASTIME: LOOKING FOR LOST COINS IN THE HEATHER





A wee bit of Auld Scottish humour



Anent a Scotsman's self-complacency, it is told that on one occasion an Irishman thus addressed a Scotsman: "Shure ye needn't be thinkin' so much of yirself! Hasn't Mr Darwin tould us that we're all descended from the monkeys?" "Weel," said the unruffled Scotsman solemnly, "that may be true o' you Irish, but I assure you it's no' true o' us Scotch; for we've *a*-scended frae the monkeys."

I once asked a worthy old man how his son was getting on in London. "He's getting on fine!" was the pleased reply. "Ane o' the heids o' s' firm is an American, an' his a great notion o' oor Robert. Jist the ither day he was sair needin' somebody to clerk for 'm in a hurry, so he rang his bell and shouted oot, '*Sen' me aither the Scotsman or twa Englismen.*'"

Another old man, in telling me about his son, was delightfully fluent: "He's gettin' on fine. He's ower in America. He's mairrit noo, an' we hinna been hearin' sae muckle fae him since. Bit he's gettin' on fine. He's a coachman tae ane o' thae million-aires, an' his a big wage. ye see, thae Americans are awfa' parteekler. *Fin they get the hud o' a Scotsman, they like tae keep him.*"

An American, being shown things in Scotland by a Glasgow man, hurt him by repeatedly saying that they had bigger and better in the United States. When they came to Loch Katrine, the American was for the first time impressed and said, "Yes, it's a mighty fine lake: I like it." "Well," said the Scot, gaining some confidence, "do you know that in the year 1886 we put down pipes and laid this water on to Glasgow?" "That gives me an idea," said the American: "I guess we've gat engineers on the other side who could put pipes across the Atlantic and lay this water on to Noo Yark: do you think the water would come through?" "Weel," said the Scot, "if you chaps ower there are as guid at sookin' as ye are at blawin', ye'll get the water a'richt."

A minister, preaching in a strange church, before the morning service asked the beadle, "At what point in the service do I give out the intimations?" "O," said the beadle, "we only give out the intimations at the evening service here." During the singing after the sermon the beadle came up the pulpit steps, handed the minister some papers and whispered, "Ye'd better gie oot the intimations." "But," whispered back the minister, "you said that you only gave out the intimations at the evening service." "Ay," replied the beadle, "but A doot there'll no be much o' an evenin' service the nicht."

Another story of the crushing of a minister is of a "candidate" who after the first service was anxious to find out what sort of impression he had made and asked the beadle. "Nae yiss ava," (no use at all), was the reply. "Dear me," said the discomfited candidate, "do you mind telling me what was wrong with my sermon?" "Weel, in the furst place, it was read; secondly, it was badly read; and in the thurd place, it wisna worth readin'."

In the old days ministers did not mince matters. One in the course of a sermon said, "A've kent o' better folk than you, efter they were deed, in the place where the wurm dieth not and the fire is not quenched, callin' out tae the Lord in their agony, 'O Lord, A niver kent it wud be as bad as this.' And the Lord, out of His love and tender mercy vouchsafed the answer, 'Weel, ye ken noo.'"

Hotel Porter, expecting a tip - "Hope you'll have a nice journey, sir."

Tammas McDougal - "Verra sorry, ma laddie, but I've gi'en a' ma' sma' change tae th' chambermaid."

Porter - "She told me you didn't give her anything."

Tammas - "A' weel, if I didna gie yon bonnie lassie onything, fit sort o' chance dae you think ye've got?"

"Hoo are ye gettin' on wi' the wife?"

"Fine. We're nae speakin'."

"Michty me, man!" exclaimed MacPherson. "Hoo did ye get that awfu' black e'e?"

"I got it fae a man at whose marriage I wis best man," explained the other, "jist because I kissed th' bride."

"Whit a jealous craitur" cried MacPherson indignantly. "But its th' custom for th' best man tae kiss th' bride."

"Aye, I ken that, bit ye see - this was five 'eers aifter th' marriage!"

Customer - "Fit dae ye chairge for a haircut?"

Barber - "Eightpence."

Customer - "And foo muckle for a shave?"

Barber - "Fourpence."

Customer - "Weel, gie ma heid a shave."

Representing an Aberdeen house, a commercial traveller found himself delayed in the Highlands by snow. Local folk said that there was little chance of him getting away for two or three days. Accordingly he wired his firm - "Marooned here by bad weather. Conditions impossible. Wire instructions."

In the shortest time came the reply - "Commence summer holidays as from yesterday."



DOLLAR RIVER BURNSIDE



BURNS MONUMENT AYR



DIARY DATES 2015

Sunday 15th March 2015 Australian Scottish Community (Qld) Inc. Toowong Community Meeting Rooms, Josling St, Toowong. Benson Rd end of Perrin Park, 12 mid-day BYO lunch. Meeting starts 1 pm. Finishing time must be 3.00 pm. Apologies to the Secretary 0435 326 206

Sunday 19th April 2015 Australian Scottish Community (Qld) Inc. Toowong Community Meeting Rooms, Josling St, Toowong. Benson Rd end of Perrin Park, 12 mid-day BYO lunch. Meeting starts 1 pm. Finishing time must be 3.00 pm. Apologies to the Secretary 0435 326 206

Sunday 17th May 2015 Australian Scottish Community (Qld) Inc. Toowong Community Meeting Rooms, Josling St, Toowong. Benson Rd end of Perrin Park, 12 mid-day BYO lunch. Meeting starts 1 pm. Finishing time must be 3.00 pm. Apologies to the Secretary 0435 326 206

PLEASE NOTE THAT IT WILL BE THE SECOND SUNDAY FOR THIS MEETING DUE TO A BOOKING CLASH

Second Sunday 14th June 2015 Australian Scottish Community (Qld) Inc. Toowong Community Meeting Rooms, Josling St, Toowong. Benson Rd end of Perrin Park, 12 mid-day BYO lunch. Meeting starts 1 pm. Finishing time must be 3.00 pm. Apologies to the Secretary 0435 326 206

19th Tartan Day 2015

Saturday 11th July

Please note 2nd Saturday not 1st as usual

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