



NEWSLETTER AUGUST 2022

INDEX:

Page 2 - QMS – AGM,

Vale Carolyn

Randall, Manx
Stories

Page 4 – Tynwald

Day 2022

Page 5 – When

Children Play

Page 6 – Manx Fairy

Tales

Page 7 –

Membership Fees ,

Annual

What a fantastic celebration we had for Tynwald Day this year. In addition to our usual activity of toasts and replies and sumptuous meal, we were entertained by a marvellous group called "Phillip's Dog". With harp, violin, singing and dancing the group captured our audience with their delicate music and spirited dancing. With heritage stemming back to the Isle of Man, they excelled themselves with Manx compositions and dance movements. We hope to see them again at another function in the future.

COVID is again showing another phase in its path to disrupt lifestyles in our community. We hope that you are taking precautions against it and stay well.

Our Annual General Meeting is coming up on 13th. August at 1.00 pm. In the Boardroom at Arana Leagues Club, Keperra. While it is a function that has to be carried out in the management of the Society, we like to make it a social occasion as well. It will be held at the Arana Leagues Club and we welcome you to enjoy some eats at the club before or after the meeting.

Nominations for positions on the committee are open to anyone who would to be involved. We like to lighten the load on members of the committee by spreading responsibilities for small tasks across our members. We all have a contribution to make and it makes the job of running the Society a little easier on each participant. So, if you feel you can spare some time to join the committee please step forward and put your name down.

The Celtic Council of Australia (Qld) held their annual general meeting on the 30th. July last, and announcement was made that the long awaited "Standing Stones" monument will be going ahead at a new location in Brisbane. Agreement has been reached with the Brisbane City Council to erect the monument at Moorlands Park at Auchenflower which between the Wesley Hospital and the Regatta Hotel on Coronation Drive. The monument is anticipated to be completed by December 2022, and an official opening will be conducted in June 2023. It will give the Celtic Nations a focal point in Brisbane and could be utilised by Societies for events and celebrations. It has been a long process in obtaining this approval from the Brisbane City Council with many parties involved in the decision making, however, it has been done to everybody's satisfaction. We look forward seeing the final result.

QUEENSLAND MANX SOCIETY INC.

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING

SATURDAY, 13TH. AUGUST 2022

STARTING 1.00 PM. IN THE BOARDROOM

Arana Leagues Club, Dawson Parade, Keperra

Join us for a light lunch prior to the meeting in the dining area.

Vale Carolyn Randall

It is with deep sadness that we have heard that Carolyn Randall has passed away on the 3rd. August after a short illness. Her funeral was held on the 11th. August at a private family gathering. We extend our deepest condolences to Alan and her family for their loss. She was a lovely gentle person and she will be sadly missed by all Manx members from our functions.

MANX STORIES by Edward Faragher, Cregneash

A Night Fishing with a Drunken Crew

I am now going to tell you about a night I spent on the sea in a fishing boat and all the men but myself were lying drunk all night that they could not move, and I strove to waken them many times, but was compelled to let them lie.

It was in the Autumn, about the time we would be accustomed to do the herring for home, and the herring had been very scarce for a week or two about that time, as they would often be. We got as much one night as did for one of the men, and when the herring was put away in the cart, the skipper said that it was correct (right) for him to give a bottle of rum to the crew, because he had got his stock home, and that every man would be compelled to give a bottle also when would get the herring home.

So, the first night we were out after that, we got as much herring as was serving all the company (crew). The boat was put into port, and when the herring was away on the country and a little ale drunk at them, we made sail and we went out again. When we were going down towards Spanish Head one of them got the bottle and gave a horn (animal horn used for drinking), apiece to them.

I was the galley boy in those days, and the boy was to go to bed each evening when they would be leaving the Bay. So, I went to bed and slept for a while, and when I wakened I was listening to hear the men, but there was not a thing at all to be heard.

Pleasure in the job puts perfection in the work Aristotle

Then I came out of the cabin and there wasn't a man to be seen but one who was lying on the after-gear but the rest of them were in the cabin lying like corpses; I saw then what had happened.

When they got the herring home in one day, they brought a bottle apiece and they drank all the rum on the way to the Sound, and when they had got through the Sound there was no wind on the northern sea, but the tide put them out from the rocks, and when it was calm (as it was calm) they all lay down and went to sleep. When they were full of rum, some of them put the others' shoes in the fire and burnt them, and there was on (fellow) in and he hadn't a shoe to put on his feet to walk to his dwelling on the following day, but they were all at peace when I came out of the cabin.

The rest of the fleet were away out of sight and the tide was drawing us quickly towards the Great Chicken (Rock). I saw that the boat was going on to it quickly and I had no means of driving the boat in any direction. I did, eventually, get the small boat put out with much toil and I was intending to save my own life in the small boat should the big one go on the "Chicken". The sun had gone down at this time and the moon had risen in the East, but it was holding calm; the small boat was in alongside the big boat ready to leap into her if she should come too near to the "Chicken", but she went past without rubbing against the rock. I was on the open sea again and my fear was over for a while. I went down to the cabin and all the men were lying like corpses, but one was lying on the cabin floor and his feet near to the fire, and it seemed to me that he was feeling the heat, for he was often kicking.

At last, there came a little breeze of wind and I was steering her for Port St. Mary, until I was at Spanish Head, but the wind melted away again, then the tide changed and it was bringing me down for the Chickens again. I was then very near to the land, and the tide brought me down towards the rocks of Burroo, and I was thinking sure enough that I would be on the rock and I couldn't get any man wakened.

I made the 'swing' fast to the anchor and let it down beyond the rock; it held and brought the bow of the boat to the tide, but then the boat dragged it away like a barred gate, nevertheless, she didn't strike the rock. Then the boat went up inside of the Chickens and the anchor sliding on the bottom until I was out in the northern sea. When I saw that we were out of danger, I went in the cabin again and took the candles that were on board and put a light to them all, sticking them on every place about the cabin. There came a breeze of wind, but I could not sail the boat because the anchor was 'running', but I was not in danger, and I spent the rest of the night without any fear.

Finally, daylight came, it was Saturday morning about 7 o'clock. Some of the men wakened and they wakened the skipper. Then they all came up, took up the anchor and made for Port St. Mary, but there was not a man saying a word to another. When the jobs were done, there was one fellow without shoes to put on his feet, two pairs of shoes were burnt, but another fellow loaned him shoes to go home.

I have been troubled many a time in the past with men who would get drunk, but I was never in such a plight as I was that night, and I trust that the like will not happen to me any more

in my life. The fishermen are not drinking now as they used to do, still, there are some of them making beasts of themselves in Crookhaven yet, when their own families are not seeing them.

I have been at the herring at very stormy times, and have come through many perils, but those times are all forgotten at me, for if the fishermen should keep remembering the dangers they had come through, they would not go to sea any more. We have been in peril many times with the wind, and 'tis in snow that was the most tempestuous time I ever spent on the sea. Nevertheless, when we would get into port, the danger would soon be forgotten.

Many a time I have been in peril, thinking it would be my last hour, and prepared to give myself up for death, but still, the Almighty protected us and led us to port in safety, but I have no love for the sea now.

I have been going to the herring and to the mackerel fishing at Kinsale, and Glendore, Castlehaven and Baltimore, Bearhaven and Crookhaven for 54 years, and I think it is time for me to get ease and to spend my old days at peace, in the place I love best on all the countries I have seen with all my travelling. Nevertheless, we must strive to labour whilst we are in this life and we know not how soon we shall be summoned to give up the load to take rest in the ground out of which we were taken.

TYNWALD DAY 2022

Photo credit: Jiri Podobsky



kiuall manninagh jiu 08/22

The sun shone for the "Grand Manx Dance" at Tynwald Day this year at St. John's.


Courtesy Culture Vannin - Kiuall Manninagh Jiu

Writing is the supreme solace.... W. Somerset Maugham



When Childher Play...

Now the beauty of the thing when childher plays is
The terrible wonderful length the days is.

Up you jumps, and out in the sun,
And you fancy the day will never be done;
...the day will never be done 

And you're chasin' the bumbees hummin' so cross
In the hot sweet air among the goss,
Or gath'rin' blue-bells, or lookin' for eggs,
Or peltin' the ducks with their yalla legs,
Or a climbin' and nearly breakin' your skulls,
Or a shoutin' for divilment after the gulls,
Or a thinkin' of nothin', but down at the tide
Singin' out for the happy you feel inside.



...happy you feel inside

What's the way with the kids, you know,
And the years do come and the years do go,
& when you look back it's all like a puff,
Happy and over and short enough.
...and short enough.



—Betsy Lee—T.E. Brown—Colleen Corlett—

—Colleen Corlett—



MANX FAIRY TALES

(Manx Notebook)

THE MAKING OF MANN

Thousands of years ago, at the time of the Battles of the Giants in Ireland, Finn Mac Cool was fighting with a great, red-headed Scotch giant who had come over to challenge him. He beat him and chased him eastwards towards the sea. But the Scotch giant was a faster runner and began to get ahead of him, so Finn, who was afraid that he would jump into the sea and escape, stooped down and clutched a great handful of the soil of Ireland to throw at him. He cast it, but he missed his enemy, and the great lump of earth fell into the midst of the Irish Sea. It is the Isle of Mann, and the great hole which Finn made, where he, tore it up, is Lough Neagh.

There were men, too, in Ireland in those days as well as giants, and to some of them it seemed to happen in a different way. Men do not always understand the doings of giants, because men live, it may be said, in the footprints of the giants. It seems that at this time the Irish tribes were gathering in two great forces getting ready to meet the plunderers who had left Scotland and were at work on their own coast. Their blood got too hot and they went into each other in downright earnest, to show how they would do with the rascals when they came. To their confusion, for they lost hold over themselves, they got into boggy ground and were in great danger. The leaders, seeing that it was going to mean a big loss of life, got all their men together on a big patch of dry ground that happened to be in the bog-land, when all of a sudden, a darkness came overhead and the ground began to shake and tremble, with the weight of the people and the stir there was at them, and then it disappeared.

Some said that it took people and all, plunge and sank into the bog with people on it. Others said it was lifted up, and the people on it dropped off into the swamp. No doubt the darkness that was caused by the hand of Finn made it hard to see just how it happened. However that may be, a while after this they said the sea was surging dreadful, and the men in the boats had to hold to the sides, or it's out they'd have been thrown. And behold ye, a few days after this there was land seen in the middle of the sea, where no man ever saw the like before.

You may know that this story is true because the Irish have always looked on the Isle of Mann as a parcel of their own land. They say that when Saint Patrick put the blessing of God on the soil of Ireland and all creatures that might live upon it, the power of that blessing was felt at the same time in the Island. Saint Patrick was a mighty man, He was a Saint so clever, He gave the snakes and toads a twist, and banished them for ever. And there is proof of the truth of the saying to this day, for while such nasty things do live in England, they cannot breathe freely on the blessed soil.

The Island was much larger then than it is now, but the magician who for a time ruled over it, as a revenge on one of his enemies, raised a furious wind in the air and in the bosom of the earth. This wind tore several pieces off the land and cast them into the sea. They floated

about and were changed into the dangerous rocks which are now so much feared by ships. The smaller pieces became the shifting sand which wave round the coast, and are sometimes seen and sometimes disappear. Later, the island was known as Ellan Sheaynt, the Isle of Peace, or the Holy Island. It was a place where there was always sunshine, and the singing of birds, the scent of sweet flowers, and apple-trees blossoming the whole year round. There was always enough there to eat and drink, and the horses of that place were fine and the

MEMBERSHIP FEES

It is that time of the year again where membership fees are due. Could you send the membership fee to Treasurer, Doug Quayle before the end of June, please?

If you have any friends who wish to join our Society then let them know that now is the time to put in an application and forward their fee. Single membership is \$15.00 and family is \$20.00.

Your membership fee can be deposited in any Wespac Bank using the BSB 034080 and A/C # 183032. Please make sure you add your surname to the deposit so your membership can be recorded. Or, if you use Internet Banking, it can be sent using the same numbers.

ANNUAL CALENDAR

13 th . August	QMS Annual General Meeting	Arana Leagues Club Dawson Pde., Keperra	1.00 pm
18-21 st . August	Scots in the Bush	Boondooma Homestead	Weekend
20 - 23 th . October	Family & Local History Assoc. 4 th . Qld State Conference	Redcliffe	
29 th . October	QMS Hop Tu Naa	"Balley Meen" 43 Woods Rd. Closeburn	12.00
26 th . November	CCAQ Christmas Party	RSL Coorparoo 45 Holdsworth St.	12.00
10 th . December	QMS Christmas Party	Arana Leagues Club Dawson Pde., Keperra	11.00 am.

PRESIDENT	VICE PRESIDENT	SECRETARY	TREAUERER
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