



Speech By  
**Lachlan Millar**


**MEMBER FOR GREGORY**

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## ADJOURNMENT

### Scott, Mr Q

 **Mr MILLAR** (Gregory—LNP) (8.56 pm): Tonight we say goodbye to a real Western Queensland legend. Quenton Scott—or as we know him, Scotty—passed away unexpectedly over a week ago which has left the Longreach community in shock. His funeral was in Longreach yesterday and it was packed at the Longreach town hall or the civic centre. He was a partner, a father, a friend, a bushman, a tireless community volunteer and, as many people know, he was the Barefoot Bush Poet.

Scotty moved to Longreach 25 years ago for work and found himself spending his spare time volunteering with his local Lions Club and the Longreach Landcare group plus many organisations. He was everywhere. Scotty was absolutely everywhere. As Doug Allpass said ‘He was tough, spraying prickly acacia trees in summer when temps were over the 40-degree mark.’ He was known to know his plant species. He knew his trees, the birds. He could read tracks on the ground, but Scotty will be remembered for his commitment to his local community.

For the last 12 years he worked for Outback Pioneers and was widely known throughout the country as the barefoot poet. Scotty did not like wearing shoes. He would be immaculately dressed in an ironed shirt, moleskins, hat and belt but no shoes. Obviously we all have a dislike for not wearing something. For Scotty it was shoes. You would see Scotty around town without shoes. It was just Scotty and it was great to catch up with him. Richard Kinnon from Outback Pioneers put it perfectly when he said—

If I could explain Scotty in any way, it would be that he would be the most loyal little fella that I've ever known.

He captured the hearts of thousands, telling stories and sharing his bush poetry by the Thomson River as part of the Outback Pioneers' river cruise.

Scotty was the river cruise, he was the heart of that.

He was more than just a workmate ... he was a real true blue mate.

His legacy is going to live on forever.

Six nights a week for the past decade or so Scotty would leave guests with this verse—

Out where the handshakes are a little stronger, and the smiles last a little longer, well, that's where the west begins.

That was Scotty to a tee. He was a fantastic bloke and I have had the privilege of knowing Scotty since I have been a member of parliament. He would always try to catch up with me and have a yarn. He was always honest. He never gave his political opinions; he just told you what he honestly thought, but he played a significant role in promoting Longreach. The funny thing about Scotty was that he was just Scotty and he was known as the barefoot poet. Like I said, he would be immaculately dressed in an ironed shirt, the moleskins, the belt and the hat on, but he did not want to wear shoes. I guess I do not like wearing suits, but he did not like wearing shoes. To Scotty, to Alison, to his family, to everybody: RIP, Scotty. We will miss you, mate.