

enden Jockey Club. During 1913 Mr. Thompson purchased Wongalee, and moved the home from Fairlight to a site near the old Wongalee homestead, and being fortunate in striking a good water supply in a well, Mrs. Thompson, who is a lover of plants, with a true gardening instinct and knowledge soon had a beautiful garden surrounding her new home. There Mr. Thompson passed away, and now not one of the sons or daughters of the old pioneers remain in North Queensland. But happily Mr. and Mrs. A. M. S. Thompson have two sons and five daughters, four of whom are married.

Of Mr. and Mrs. James Thompson's daughters, pioneer girls of the Hughenden district, one married Mr. Tom Christison, of Cameron Downs, a brother of the better known Robert Christison, of Lammermoor, about 1878. They went for a honeymoon trip to the Old World, and well they did, for the following years were full of drought and low price worries, and in 1888 Mr. Tom Christison passed away in his sleep and left his wife and two little daughters. Later Mrs. Christison married again a Mr. Crawford, who was accidentally killed only a few years later. They had one son. Mrs. Crawford died suddenly from heart failure in Sydney and her family have vanished from the North. The second daughter married Mr. Walter Voss, who for a time held Trafalgar, and was there during the flood years when 16 valuable draught mares he had just brought from New Zealand, got bogged and drowned, out from Oakey Creek. Mr. Voss also managed Glendower for a time, before settling at Wongalee in partnership with Mr. Sherston, a nephew of Lord Roberts. Both Mr. and Mrs. Voss were very attractive personalities, and they took a prominent and popular part in the public life of the Hughenden district, until they moved to Penrice, near Prairle, and there Mr. Voss passed away and Mrs. Voss sold out and left North Queensland. They had three children, all brilliant. There were two daughters. One is Mrs. F. G. White, wife of a well known station owner in New South Wales, and also owner of Mt. Sturgeon cattle station, not far from Mt. Emu. Mrs. White showed her love for the old homeland by giving a substantial contribution to the North Queensland Pioneer Women's Memorial Building. The second daughter married Mr. Robert Ramsay, well known in the 90's as managing partner in the firm of Ramsay Brothers, of Oondooroo Station, near Winton, and later of Elderslie also. The son, an exceptionally bright and gifted lad, left King's School as a volunteer to the Great War, and had the misfortune to lose his eyesight. The Head Master of the Townsville Grammar School wrote thus of this worthy son and grand son of this pioneer family: "Nearly 20 years ago in 1908 there came to us a boy of tender age, from Penrice, near Hughenden. He was a bright, keen eyed youngster, and we were disappointed, when after the end of another year his father sent him to King's School. On Sunday last he rang up to ask if he might come and "SEE" the old school. Though well

under age when the Great War broke out, he enlisted, and it was not many months before a shell burst right in front of him and others, killing four outright and depriving him of his sight and pitifully wounding his face. He made a wonderful recovery and there is now barely a scar. You could not wish to see a finer looking or more stalwart man, but he is completely blind. Yet he does not let his affliction spoil his life. He is married, and his wife is most devoted, and together they successfully control a business whose centres are in London and Brussels, and they take a trip to 'Aussie' every few years. His memory is amazing. He remembered all the boys who were here with him, and every detail of the school building; even stopping and asking what had become of the stuffed cassowary that stood there in his time. In the Big School Room he stood before the Honour Board, but he could not see his name there. It was pitiful, but it was wonderful and inspiring, that, in spite of his terrible disaster, he still can lead a useful life and retain his zest, for life and for experience. He left for London in a few days, leaving us a lesson of tragic misfortune heroically borne."

The third daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Thompson married a Mr. George Brodie and went to reside in N.S.W.

MRS SARAH SLOAN THOMPSEN.

The only pioneer to put her experiences into verse.

Mrs. Thompson writes: As one of the ancients, I am enclosing some descriptive verses of my early days in North Queensland, hoping they may interest present day residents. Unmarried, as Sarah Sloan, I came to North Queensland to marry a building contractor named A. Thompson. We never made a permanent home, just travelled from one construction to another. I, like the gypsies of old, made my home wherever I happened to be. Through many years I did my duty to the best of my ability, and now in my 86th year, I am a widow, the mother of six children, all prosperous, four of them married and I have seven grandchildren. At present I am living very contentedly with my youngest son, so comfortable and contented with my lot, I sometimes think it is too good to last. I came fra' Kilmarnock, "ye ken where that is." In 1920-21, I re-visited that town, but found it cold, so was glad to return to Sunny Queensland.

THE EMIGRANT.

Just an emigrant to Queensland's far North,
Two score years have passed, since I came forth.
Out from the land that gave me birth,
To this wonderful land, at the end of the earth.

Bold Captain Cook, of noted fame,
To one of his haunts along I came.
To Cooktown on the river Endeavour
Remembrance of which, only time can sever.

The year was eighteen eighty five,
And the vessel Wooroonga by which
I arrive.
To see a land both stern and wide,
With sunshine bright on a flowing tide.

I found no gold or precious stone,
Not a friend to greet me, a welcome home.
To a tent in Australia's mountains grand
Or flowing wild rivers or coral strands.

Per tandem team and old caravan,
I travelled over those mountains grand,
Where dingoes and crawling things
run loose
Miles upon miles from any hoose.

Those wide wild rivers no bridges did span,
Drive in the horses the best way you can.
They rush down a steep bank into the bed.
There to drink their fill, then go on ahead.

Then onward we'd go, jog, jogging along,
And often the way would seem very long,
Before we again any water would see,
To boil the billy and make the tea.

Then when the toilsome day was o'er,
Begin again and do some more,
Fetch the water and gather the wood,
And then feed up as soon as we could.

So then when the horses and all were fed,
Rake out the ashes and bake the bread,
Put on the billy to boil the beef,
And then we could have a little relief.

The sun had long since gone down West,
Ere we could settle down to rest,
Just spread our blanket under a tree,
Or near the fire as the case might be.

To waken up at early dawn,
And listen to the sweet bird song,
We glimpse the sun, and see it arise,
And we think of the gates of Paradise.

Like this we go on in the great out back,
And we feel a charm the cities lack,
We have beaten down a rugged track,
That has earned for us the name Wayback.

Those happenings were in the Early Days;
But I love to think of the old bush ways,
Far dearer to me than heaps of gold,
Are the cherished scenes from the days of old.

SARAH SLOAN THOMPSEN.