

BELL STREET LOLLY MAKER

One tends to remember the past with the rosy glow of nostalgia. So many things seemed better then, in the days when small businesses flourished and towns seemed to have so much more character. Even the food seemed to taste better in our childhood - food such as old-fashioned lollies.

In those early days, before a few manufacturing giants produced a rather dull uniformity, lollies were made in Ipswich by businesses such as that of Geo. Treagle, the Leading Confectioner, of Bell Street.

George Treagle's son John and daughter Kate remember the business well. It started around the turn of the century as a small home business in Bell Street. After two moves, it settled in a shop with attached house on the present site of Bell Arcade. At first, the confectionary was made in the store, but as trade grew a two-storey brick factory was constructed behind the shop.



Treagle's staff in the factory at the rear of the lolly shop in Bell St. Mr Treagle is on the left, with his daughter Kate.

John Treagle was often in the factory as a small boy. He watched the men working - and helped sample the product. 'We had coke furnaces on the ground floor,' John said. 'We used them to melt the ingredients for boiled lollies - sugar, glucose and other things. It was all boiled up in copper vats or tubs. The men who boiled it were the 'sugar boilers'. When it was ready, it was tipped out onto steel benches. Some of the benches were water-cooled.' On these benches, the mixture was allowed to cool and stiffen until it reached a workable consistency. 'On the wall, there were big hooks,' John said. 'You got the mixture in straps and used to pull it out over the hooks. Then we used hand cutters to cut the lengths into pieces.'

The result of this labor-intensive process was a batch of those beautifully-colored, glassy, old-fashioned boiled lollies, which we all enjoyed as children. Stuck in the corner of your mouth, they put an end to conversation while they were sucked slowly and appreciatively.

The factory had a few simple machines with rollers like those in a wring washing machine. The lolly mixture was put through the rollers to flatten it, and then it was cut into special shapes.

Other machines had impressions carved into the rollers, and shapes were produced as the mixture passed through. In a galvanised iron shed beside the factory was a big boiler, producing steam to operate a machine which ground ordinary sugar into icing sugar.

Apart from boiled lollies, the factory made a variety of confectionary including Easter eggs, lemon peel, and lollies with a message on them ('conversations'), biscuits and cakes. It was a thriving business, supplying Ipswich stores such as Cribb and Foote and numerous small shops in the country. Up to 20 people were employed: sales staff, sugar boilers, a traveler to take orders from shops, and an attendant for the boiler and people to drive the horse-drawn delivery carts.

Mr. Treagle died at an early age. His wife and family of nine sons and a daughter continued the business for a time, and then it was sold to A.M. Johnson. Steve Treagle continued to work for Johnson's as a delivery cart driver. Later, Johnson moved again to the corner of Bell and Union Streets, a site which disappeared when the Ipswich Centre was built. In Bell Street, the smell of petrol fumes has replaced the heavy smell of boiling sugar.

REMINISCENCES OF BRASSALL

When Albert Parslow's family came to live at Brassall in 1914, there were only three houses on Emerald Hill. Mr Parslow said his parents Sarah and Albert Parslow senior were born in England and arrived in Australia on his eighth birthday - 12 March 1914. He can remember coming to Ipswich where they first lived with his grandparents who had moved to Australia a few years earlier.

His parents then bought land in Emerald Street on Emerald Hill. Mr Parslow said the hill was 'all trees and all green', hence its name. 'I used to walk out with my father and uncle and hold a hurricane lamp while they put up a humpy for us,' Mr Parslow said.

Once the family was established in the humpy, they built a house that is still standing. At the bottom of Emerald Hill was 'Hungry Flats'. 'Everyone said Hungry Flats, but I found out later it should have been Hungary Flats because a Hungarian lived there,' he said.

Where the High School stands today was Hayes Paddock, with a trotting ring for Mr Hayes' champion trotters. Hayes also milked a few cows and young Albert's early morning chore was to walk down with a billy can to get milk, an important job, as there were 10 in the family. It was a 3km trip there and back. 'Most people had to walk everywhere. There was a log across the bottom of Haig Street and workers in the railway or people going to town used to cross there. To get to work, we walked across the back of the railway tin fence and came out at the gasworks.'

'There was no transport. A horse used to come along the top of Raymond's Hill then go back, but no transport at all where we lived.'

'Mother was a little woman, five foot nothing, and on the slight side, but she was tough - little but good. When one of the kids was sick, she had to take him to hospital three times a week and she had to walk both ways. Later, Father got a horse and dogcart, and didn't it give me work! When I got home from school, I had to chop the firewood for Mum then harness the dog cart and be at the gates of the gasworks by 5pm', Mr Parslow said.

His father was a gasfitter, employed at the Gas Works at North Ipswich and he walked to work. 'I couldn't take him to work in the mornings as I had to wait for the milk,' Mr Parslow said.

Their own paddock had a lot of trees and not enough grass so to feed the horse, they had to go to the railway line a couple of times a week to pull grass.

Mr Parslow went to North Ipswich Primary School for a year, then to Brassall Primary School where he was top of the class. But he said in those days, no matter what sort of brain you had, you left school at 14 and got a job. 'When I first left school, I was apprenticed to Palmer the plumber, but I couldn't stand heights. I was working at Cribb and Foote's stove department (the Old Flour Mill) repairing the roof. It was three stories high and that decided me to leave.'

'We used to pick the pineapples and sell them house to house in a spring cart. The best pineapples were sixpence (5c) and the little ones were one penny each delivered.'

After a few years at Pine Mountain, Mr Parslow was apprenticed as a wood machinist and worked at Spans at West Ipswich, building wagons as subcontractors to Shillito's Foundry. Then during World War II, he was drafted into the railways.

He married Nita Coppin, daughter of well-known Nurse Coppin who ran a private hospital at West Ipswich. When still in his 80s, Mr Parslow looked much younger and he said this was due to the healthy work of his younger days.

'If you live through all that, you are pretty fit when you get old,' he said **(from an interview in 1990)**.

WASHING WAS ONCE A MAJOR WEEKLY DRAMA

What do you do with those little end slivers of soap that are too small to use? Try to stick them onto a new cake? Poke them down the plughole with your toe? Throw them in the bin?

If you were a thrifty housewife years ago, you would have collected them to make soap jelly. The slivers were soaked in water, 4oz soap to one quart of warm water, and they turned into a bluish-white gluey 'jelly' that could be used for washing.

Today, washing is a minor incident in daily routine, a matter of pressing buttons. But it was once a major weekly household drama. Monday was the official washday for a diligent housewife. She started Saturday or Sunday night by putting really dirty clothes into a tub to soak.

Monday, she rose early, filled the copper with water and lit the fire. When the water was boiling, clothes and soap went into the copper to bubble away prodded by a copper stick.

My Maryborough grandmother used a copper. Watching this historic procedure was a favourite entertainment when we went to visit her. The particular smell of soap and clothes and pine stick in copper remains in my memory even today.

I learned more about washing as a primary school student when we were subjected to 'domestic science'. Girls in our class walked into town to the Technical College and were taught how to boil coppers and make soap jelly. This was in 1957! Even then, coppers were considered relics of the past, but this didn't deter the Education Department in its striving to impart basic knowledge.

In the early 1970s, Cribb and Foote still sold wooden washing boards with rippled surfaces. Once used for scrubbing dirty collars and stains, they survive today as an essential part of a bush band.

After washing and rinsing, the white clothes were 'blued' to keep them white. This meant they were rinsed in water steeped in Reckitt's Blue. The half-squeezed bags were kept handy in case of bee or wasp stings. I had an affinity for bees and seemed to spend a great deal of my childhood dabbled with patches of blue.

Next step was starching. If I were home on washing day, the cry of 'starch please' would float up from the laundry. The white chunks were dissolved in cold water then made up with boiling water.

A check of Ipswich grocer shops recently showed Reckitt's Blue and Silver Star Starch were both still available. I was so delighted I bought some of both - future historic relics.

Blued and starched, the clothes next went through rollers or a big mangle turned by hand to squeeze water out, then onto the line. This was not our ugly modern rotary or the abominable extendible metal line that unrolls at the slightest provocation. It was an old-fashioned pair of timber posts with movable cross arms, a rusty wire that had to be wiped regularly, and bush poles with a fork in the top that raised the dangling clothes off the ground.

The poles or 'props' were often sold door-to-door. The more sophisticated families had sawn timber poles with a notch in the top. When the clothes were sailing in the wind, the housewife could go inside for a cup of tea, happy in the knowledge that all she had left to do was bring the clothes in, damp them down and iron them with a metal iron heated on a stove. Easy!

VIVID MEMORIES OF THE PLAINS

Miss Ruby Yarrow's father Richard was born, farmed and died at Redbank Plains. 'Redbank Plains' holds a big place in my heart and it is still home to me,' she said. Miss Yarrow now lives in Silkstone, but has vivid memories of her childhood at the Plains.



The Yarrow home at Redbank Plains

A recent article in this series about the Coronation Day celebrations of 1911 recalled a red-letter day in her life.

'Redbank Plains was considered the bush then and there was only a rough country road to Ipswich, but the people were very patriotic,' she said. Mrs Yarrow said the headmaster of Redbank Plains School decided to take the children to the procession.

Miss Yarrow's father had a German wagon he used for carting mine timber. He put boards along the side and seats across it and his children decorated the horse and the trace chains with red, white and blue rosettes. The school children then piled in with Mr Hebden and Mr Yarrow in front.

The wagon was soon overflowing with children so Miss Yarrow and her sisters had to follow behind in a sulky for the one and a half-hour trip. Miss Yarrow was nine years old at the time and remembers the excitement, the flags and the speeches in Queens Park, and singing with the other schools of the district. Miss Yarrow's father was born in Redbank Plains, the son of an early pioneer family. Her grandparents Charles and Jane Yarrow were married in England in 1850 and came to Moreton Bay in 1853.

Charles Yarrow first worked as a farm labourer then obtained a job at Town Marie, the boiling down works run by R. Smith. He next became a timber getter before buying a farm 'Spring Meadows' and settling at Redbank Plains. To increase the family income, Charles began to operate a bullock team to Jondaryan while Jane carried on the farm, which was then growing cotton.

There were 11 children in the family. Three sons took up land at Rosewood, others moved to Ipswich or other nearby districts and Richard remained at Redbank Plains. After his marriage to Fanny Currie in 1884, he continued to work at Spring Meadows for a while, then bought his own farm nearby where he grew crops including sugar cane.

Miss Yarrow said times at Redbank Plains were not always easy. A severe drought in 1900-1902 affected most local farmers.

Richard had no income from the farm. He lost most of his fine dairy herd and had to take outside work. With his team of heavy horses, he worked on construction of the Bundanba-Redbank loop line and carted materials for the Coal King Lewis Thomas.

Eventually, he gained the contract for carting mine timber for Blackheath Collieries and never returned to dairying.

Another family member who still lives in Ipswich is Mrs Eunice Hempenstall of Brassall. Mrs Hempenstall's father was Richard's brother James who left Redbank Plains to become a timberworker at Crow's Nest. Later, he took up land at 'Yarrowvale' at Kent's Lagoon and descendants still farm there.

This information was written by Robyn Buchanan in a column for The Queensland Times titled 'A place in history'.

MR EVAN MORRIS WILLIAMS

These reminiscences were published in 'The Queensland Times' in September 1926. The journalist was Tom Barker who wrote under the pen name Red Gum.

Mr Evan Morris Williams emigrated from Wales to Queensland in 1882, sailing out in the Quetta. He was accompanied by 14 other young gentlemen two of whom were married and were accompanied by their wives, all of whom came from the district in North Wales, Blaenau Ffestiniog, of which Mr Williams is a native.

The landing of this party had an historical effect on the progress of the then little known Blackstone settlement, a place at that time becoming known for its coal bearing properties. There were but very few huts at Blackstone then, and the best of them was only a slab humpy.

At this time there was a little Congregational Church situated where the present fine edifice of this denomination stands at Blackstone. There was no Welsh Church in Blackstone. Previous to the arrival of the party, there were a few Welsh people in Blackstone, but it was not until their arrival that it became to be considered the most important Welsh settlement in Australia. When Mr Lewis Thomas went on a trip to Wales, more Welsh people came out to Blackstone.

The party of 17 youths landed in Blackstone in June 1883. Before they were there one month, they had commenced to establish the Church to which they had belonged in Wales.

Securing permission to hold services in a Wesleyan Church that stood at Newtown, services were held regularly there for about 12 months when a little building was obtained from Mr Lewis Thomas. This building was improved, and services were continued to be held for two or three years.

Then the question of providing a special building of their own was enthusiastically taken up, subscriptions were solicited, and Mr Thomas having granted the piece of land on which the present Welsh United Church now stands, a building was erected. Mr Robert Davies was the first local preacher. He used to work at the sawmills situated where the present gas works now stand at North Ipswich. Messrs. John Owens and Richard Morgan were early local preachers, and the first ordained minister was Rev. Rowlands, who came from Bain College, Wales. Mr Williams is the only remaining foundation member of the Church at Blackstone, and until about two years ago was a Deacon.

A feature of the early Sunday school was the teaching of the Welsh language to the children, who learnt to read the Bible in that tongue. Today many of the people born in Blackstone owe their knowledge of Welsh to this fact.

Mr. Williams is an authority on mining at Blackstone. He was employed in slate quarries in Wales, and came to Queensland with the intention of carrying on that occupation here. Finding that there were no quarries of that description, he became associated with the mining industry with which he was connected during the 13 years he has been at Blackstone, with the exception of the last six years during which time he has lived in retirement.

About 10 years ago, he met with an accident to his right eye, and four years later he had the misfortune to injure his left eye, which subsequently had to be removed. He first began mining for Mr Lewis Thomas. In those times mining was carried on with the pick, explosives not being in such general use as they are today. The miners were equipped with steel wedges about 18 inches long, which they also used to prise the coal out. They were also required to pick out every 'penny band' a narrow band of foreign substance that appeared in the coal.

Mr. Williams mentioned the disadvantages connected with blasting. The use of explosives shook the roofs of the mines, which called for extra work in strengthening them. In contrast, he said, some of the roofs built 50 years ago still stood good today. In the early days there were no shafts. As the coal deposits were near

the surface, tunnels were made, and, in some cases, they went right into the side of the hill, and being made level, the men were able to wheel the coal right out. The first shaft sunk in the district was that of the West Moreton, which was sunk in 1886 to a depth of 600 feet. This was considered a big feat at that date. There are five shafts in the Blackstone district today. A cooperative company took over Mr Lewis Thomas's mine, and notwithstanding that there was a shaft newly sunk ready to work, the venture was not successful, and Messrs. Walkers Brothers eventually obtained the lease. There were 'too many bosses' in the old cooperative company, said Mr Williams.

There was an explosion in the old shaft and it was closed down. Another company took over the workings and opened up a 2-foot seam. That company also went insolvent. Mr Williams' experience in mining covered periods of employment with Messrs McQueen and Company, at the Park Head mine, at the Pickering mine, and at Swanbank. The latter was opened up about 32 years ago by Mr Lloyd Owen. In 1880, Jones and Schofield opened a mine at Blackstone, and Messrs. Walker opened a mine on Payne's property.

Mr. Williams well recollects the first agreement of the men with the masters. The men were to receive 4d. per ton on every increase of 1/ per ton that the masters received, but they never got it. Mr Williams stated that, notwithstanding the present comparatively high wages, the men were not getting what they ought to be receiving.

In the early days of the mining industry, there were no fixed hours, and some of the miners sometimes started work at 3 o'clock in the morning, and would not finish until 5 or 6 o'clock at night. The highest wages were about 10 pounds to 12 pounds per month. Men on the surface received about 5/ to 6/ per day, whilst engine drivers and daymen working down below received about 6/ per day. Coal in 1883 was worth about 6/ per ton, while at the present time the price was about 18/ per ton.

Wages had gone up to a certain degree, said Mr Williams, but they had not doubled. Today's wages were about 19/8, but the men had to pay taxes for hospital, ambulance and unions, and buy their own tools.

Mr. Williams was a well-known identity in sport in the days that British association football was introduced to this part of Queensland. He was a member of the original Blackstone Rovers' combination when it came into being about 41 years ago. The Rovers were formed chiefly of men who had served in the old Volunteers. His is the honour of having refereed the first match between the Rovers and the New Chum Bush Rats.

It was 41 years ago last March (1993) that Mr Williams married. Just prior to his marriage, he built the first four-roomed cottage at Blackstone. Despite the injuries to his eyes, and his 66 years, Mr Williams enjoys splendid health, and still takes a very active interest in the district where he has had such a useful career.

EARLY RECOLLECTION OF MR AND MRS THOMAS FOLLETT

These reminiscences were published in The Queensland Times in August 1926.

The journalist was Tom Barker (Redgum).



Old slab cottages in South Street, Ipswich

Mr and Mrs Thomas Follett have lived in Silkstone all their lives. Mrs Follett was born on June 1, 1914, on what was then known as the old Ploughed Station, Limestone, which was situated where Mr H.B. Cribb's property is now located at Newtown.

The Ploughed Station was owned by Mr Rankin and Mrs Sarah Francis Follett who was the daughter of Mr and Mrs W. Marsh. Mr Marsh acting as manager of Mr Rankin's property, which was used chiefly for sheep rearing for many years.

Two years later, on May 24, 1834, Mr Thomas Follett was born, not many yards distant from Mrs Follett's birthplace. At that time, Mr Follett's father was working for Mr Josey, the Manager for Mr Fairclough's property, situated between Silkstone and Bundamba.

In the 1850's the district was so sparsely populated that Mr and Mrs Follett knew each other from early infancy, and from an early age their fortunes have been linked together. Today they constitute practically the only link between modern times and the adventurous days of the fifties. Their experiences have been many and varied. From the time when the entire white population of the early settlement, comprising the districts of Newtown, Silkstone, Blackstone, and Booval, numbered a handful, when there were only about half a dozen scattered houses, they have lived to see the district develop to its present wonderful prosperity.

Of hardships they have seen many. Mrs Follett says she was never a woman to travel much finding her life's work in studying her children and her home. Mr Follett found his duty close at hand, and rested content in its faithful execution.

The problem of wresting a living was harder than in modern times, and an ever-present danger front, the blacks, who were very numerous in these parts, was a characteristic of every day's work. Blacks to the number of 500 to 1000 were in the habit of camping at the Coffin Holes at Blackstone, small holes of water in the creek at the rear of Blackstone, which are known by that name today. While in the majority of cases it was not safe to trust the blacks, who were liable to molest whites if they stirred out at night in small parties.

Mrs Follett's kindly nature found for her a friend in 'Old Dick', the king of the native tribes. 'Old Dick' was a faithful old fellow, who saved Mrs Follett's life on more than one occasion. He used to care for the children, and several times warned Mrs Marsh of approaching danger. Mrs Follett was able to minister to 'Old Dick' when he was seriously ill, but he died at Deebing Creek soon afterwards.

Old Ipswich

One could stand at the top of Limestone Hill in those days, and count all the people in the street. It was much steeper than at the present time, and was all bush. Children returning to Silkstone from Sunday School at St Paul's day school were wont to play and sing loudly - there was no one to disturb.

Mr. Follett has pleasant recollections of the lighter side of life, and he states there was more amusement in old Ipswich in six days than one would find in six months today. One gathers that a thriving trade was done with the bushmen on their periodical trips to Ipswich.

The boats used to bring special loads of spirits and stores for their refreshment, and the material side of the business was not neglected, for a button cost 6d. and a needle and cotton were to be obtained for one penny. Mrs Follett well recollected the now well established firm of Cribb and Foote hawking their merchandise round on foot.

Farmers from the Silkstone district going to Ipswich took their merchandise in drays, drawn by a mixed team of one horse and two bullocks. Arrived at the top of Limestone Hill and it was customary for them to unyoke the bullocks, fasten them to a tree with the yoke chain, and finish the journey without them. On occasions, the farmers, on returning, enjoyed the hospitality of the city to such an extent that they would forget the bullocks, at the top of the hill, and would have to go back again for them.

Transport, said Mrs Follett, advanced from Bullock drays to spring carts, and then to sulkies, and now motor cars. She could not tell what would be next.

Cobb and Company's coaches, drawn by four horses, used to run to Brisbane three times per week. It is interesting to recall that the main Brisbane-road is still the route that was followed in the fifties and sixties, although it was then little better than a bush track.

The building of the railway from Ipswich to Goodna, and finally to Brisbane, brought competition that in the end banished the old coach service. Previous to that time, the Bremer was the chief highway for transport, much of the merchandise coming to Ipswich in the Settler, Emu and Hawk. Mr George Holt, the baker, at one time was the captain of the Hawk.

The mails were conveyed to Ipswich by the coaches. The mailman was 'old Tom', familiarly known as 'Fat Tommy' on account of his stoutness. He used to blow his bugle on reaching Silkstone, and would throw the mail out, when Mrs Follett would run down for it.

Mr. and Mrs Follett have interesting recollections of the old Saturday's market that was situated where the present Lands Office now is. It was a weekly event of importance, when farmers from the surrounding districts came in with their produce of eggs, bacon, butter and vegetables.

The market was a big wooden structure, filled with stalls, which were rented to the farmers, who displayed their wares, and sold them to the townspeople. Mrs Follett said the home cured bacon compared more than favourably with the present day product. Bread was 6d. a loaf, tea sold at 4/ to 5/ per lb., and white sugar was a scarcity. Mrs Follett's mother often went in with a horse and dray to purchase the stores for the week. All business was for cash; credit was not given. The market was open all day until 10 o'clock at night.

Butchers were wont to keep open until 10 o'clock on Sunday morning. Butchers' boys made deliveries of meat on a tray, while more enterprising butchers employed boys to deliver it on horseback. The market had the only weighing scales for vehicles, and it was customary for farmers to go there to have their loads of hay, etc, weighed before selling.

St Paul's day school was the centre of learning, and was situated where the Bank of Australasia now stands. It was a plainly furnished building where knowledge was imparted for a fee of 6d per child per week. Mr and Mrs Follett lived at such an inconvenient distance from town that they did not receive an education. Mr McKenzie was the teacher at that time. Mrs Follett, with other children, used to go into church every Sunday, and take their lunches, which they ate under the trees on the slope of Limestone Hill, where Queens Park is now situated. Miss Pellar was the Sunday school teacher.

After a time, Mrs Enoch Robinson, of Silkstone, began a Congregational Sunday school in a little cottage near Booval, and as there was no Church of England in the neighbourhood, Mrs Follett went there. Later when a church was built at Bundamba and afterwards at Booval she returned to her own Church. Mr Henry Follett donated the allotment of land on which All Saints' Church stands. Mrs Follett has done much for All Saints, and is still a prodigious worker, though she is prevented from attending from an infirmity which keeps her an invalid at home.

The need for keeping in touch with each other in the old days produced a neighbourliness, which is not such a marked feature of present-day suburban life. Everybody was very friendly, and Mrs Follett remarks that neighbours were neighbours in those days, and each relied a good deal upon the other.

Early Blackstone

Blackstone, 60 years ago, was a noted haunt of cockatoos, which swarmed there in hundreds, and ate the crops despite a strict vigil. A rush, which grew at Blackstone, was in demand for making candles of tallow. These candles were used at night in the homes, and when husking and shelling corn in the barns. The road,

which descends from Silkstone to Blackstone, was much steeper in by-gone days, so much so that it provided the means of livelihood to a man who owned two bullocks. He used to station himself at the top of the hill. In the morning with his team, and on seeing a team approach the foot of the hill, he would descend and help him over the rise for a fee of 2/6. The Blackstone Creek was the source of water supplies in times of drought, and teamsters drew casks of water from the creek with their teams of 10 bullocks. Water for the homes was conserved in casks, and when this ran out, the teamsters drew water, and supplied it to those wanting it. The spirit of cooperation helped to make life easier, but there were rough times all the same.

Along the Bremer River, at Booval, a good deal of sugar cane was grown. There was a sugar mill situated there too, where the sugar was treated. This was owned by Mr James Ivory, who also built a flourmill for the purpose of grinding grain for food for the 200 South Sea Islanders whom he employed to work the canefields. These islanders were afterwards sent home. Messrs Henry and Joseph Rice afterwards started a sugar mill at Redbank Plains.

Limestone Cotton Fields

At an early age Mr and Mrs Follett found occupation on the properties belonging to Mr Joshua Peter Bell, Mr Rankin, and Mr Fairclough. Mr Follett's duties comprised ploughing, preparing the land for crops, cotton picking, and bringing in the cotton at the end of the day's work. As a girl, Mrs Follett was well acquainted with the picking of cotton. Both she and Mr Follett are authorities on this crop. Very small children - as soon as they were big enough to be able to pick the bolls were turned out to help. Mrs Follett at the age of 14 years earned 3/ per week at this work.

Mrs Follett also went to service at Mr Atkinson's home. This gentleman was the surveyor of the railway line from Ipswich to Brisbane. Afterwards, she went to work for Mr Fairclough. She refers with pleasure at the pretty sight of the cotton fields belonging to Mr Bell, which stretched right to Limestone. Mr Bell had a cotton ginnery at Raceview, where the cotton was taken, ginned, and packed into bales.

The cotton was placed in a press built in the earth, and was rammed down tight by a heavy log suspended by wooden leavers so that it could be raised. The result was a bale of cotton as hard as a board. After some years, the system of paying for the picking of cotton changed, and picking was paid for at the rate of one and a half d. per lb. Mrs Follett also worked in the ginnery, feeding the ginning machines. Girls of 14 years received 3/ to 4/ per week, which was better money than that received in the fields picking cotton, after the method of payment changed.

It was while engaged on this work that Mrs Follett and another girl, now Mrs Jeans, were the central figures in an incident that caused much amusement to the cotton workers. Mr Josey Bell, son of Mr Bell, was in the habit of teasing the girls. One day Mrs Follett was spurred on by his teasing, and she threatened to throw him in the ginn room, which was full of cotton. The teasing continued, and, encouraged by the other employees, and assisted by Mrs Jeans, young Josey was thrown in the ginn room. There was uproar of laughter when he reappeared covered with cotton. The two girls were made the recipients of gifts from the other workers for having rid them of a nuisance, but Josey's mother was very angry. A familiar figure was that of Mrs Smith, wife of one of the managers, who supervised the girls, and who was to be seen daily riding over the plantations on horseback. The girls were fed at the homestead, and the approach of mealtimes was announced by the ringing of a bell. When the bell rang again they returned to work. Mrs Follett paid a tribute to the sweet disposition of Mrs Bell.

The men folk worked very long hours. It was nothing, said Mr Follett, to rise early in the morning, and go after horses and bullocks, and doing other work until 9 and 10 o'clock at night. Mr Follett's father was a familiar figure on the Brisbane-road when the cotton was being marketed.

With a team of six to ten horses - and Mr Bell kept beautiful horses - he would start for Brisbane just after moonrise with a load of six or seven bales of cotton, and arrive in the metropolis just before daybreak. At

Brisbane there was a punt where Victoria Bridge now is, and the wagons had to cross the river on the ferry. Mr and Mrs Follett were present at the opening of the Victoria Bridge.

At Brisbane the cotton was loaded for export for the Old Country. Mr Bell had stables in Brisbane, and Mr Follett carted corn and oats grown at Limestone to the Brisbane stables. Mr Bell's farm horses, well bred, blocky animals, imported from the South and overseas - were the pride of the countryside. Mr Follett's work was connected with the horses. Pride was taken in the harness, which was decorated with brasses, which were required to be kept clean.

Mr. John Marsh, Mrs Follett's grandfather, was the first resident of Raceview, whilst her mother was a foundation member of the W.C.T.U. in Ipswich. Mrs Follett, though a busy woman, having reared a large family, found opportunities for a good deal of quiet unostentatious good work. In addition to being a foundation member of St Paul's community, she is also a foundation member of the Good Templars in Ipswich. As a girl she walked into Ipswich to be baptised at St Paul's. During the war she was a well known worker for the soldiers, and assisted in the erection of the honour stone in Cameron's Park, though now an invalid, she still does a lot of good work for charities and the Church.

For more than 30 years Mr. Follett was a well-known identity in the mining industry, first with Mr Lewis Thomas, and then when the Coolgardie mine closed down, with Messrs Walker Brothers. Through a sickness incurred though the black damp, he had to relinquish his occupation some time ago.