

FOUR GENERATIONS OF FAMILY

THE STORY OF "QUEENIE" ROBINSON

This is the life story of "Queenie" Robinson who is a well-known identity in the Coonabarabran district. She is justly proud of the fact that she can boast four generations of family.

I was born in the year 1876 at a little place near Oakey Creek, Coolah.



"Queenie" Robinson.

My mother, Mary Jane Cain, was reared in this district and when she grew older, worked on the MacGregor and Allison properties, finally ending her days in peace and contentment when she was over 90 years of age, with the MacGregors on the Castlereagh River.

My father, who was born at Singleton, on the banks of the Hunter River, was taken care of by Mr. J. McMasters of Binnia Downs Station when he was left an orphan at the age of 9 months, and continued to stay and work with the MacMasters until the day of his death.

Both my parents are buried in Burra Bee Dee Cemetery.

Our family settled in Burra Bee Dee over sixty-five years ago, and for many years looked after the horses and cattle for Alex Dean. Of course that was a really long time ago, and there was no aboriginal station in existence in those days, and life was very much different to what it is now.

During my time at Burra Bee Dee I worked for the M. J. Deans, a Coonabarabran family, and stayed with them for over sixty years. It was with really great regret, and much sorrow in my heart, that I eventually left Burra Bee Dee in 1946 to become a pensioner.

When I met the man who was to become my husband, Bill Robinson, it was a matter of love at first sight.

We were married in the old Pine Church at Burra Bee Dee in 1907, and all our friends and relatives gathered round for the ceremony. I thought at the time I was rather old for marriage—I was in my early thirties, and Bill was about two-years younger—but our marriage was a happy and successful one as our family bears proof. I have reared nine children of my own, two boys and seven girls, and have brought up another twenty. One of my sons has died but the other children are still living and rearing their own families. Of the twenty children I reared, seven were soldiers who fought in the Great War. God took one, Leo Cain, but the others were spared me.

Now I have thirty-two grandchildren and twenty-two great-grandchildren. I'm always very proud of the fact that my brother, Eugene Cain, who died in Sydney in 1886, was the first blacktracker in Coonabarabran.

Very briefly, that is the history of my life, although it would take many days and many pages to tell even part of the many incidents that have filled my life . . . some happy, some sad, some interesting, some uninteresting . . . but all combining to form the pattern of my 77 years of life.

As I bring this brief article to a close, I must express my appreciation of the Board's help and guidance and the friendship and understanding it has extended to us the dark people in the past.

It is something we appreciate very deeply.



"Queenie" Robinson and some of her many grandchildren.