

John EDWARDS (& Ellen JOHNS)

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OBITUARY

MR. JOHN EDWARDS OF THE ETHERIDGE MAREEBA, February 11.

Many old pioneers have passed onwards during recent months. One was John Henry Edwards at Mareeba on January 8. The Etheridge and the Gulf knew John Edwards, knew him for the man he was, typical of the old-timers, honest, broad-minded, likeable.

Born at Gulval, Penzance, Cornwall, on July 14, 1864, he sailed the width of the world as a young man of 18 years, in the Quetta, and landed at the Herbert River in 1882. He worked there on Trail's sugar plantation as overseer and engine-driver. He married Ellen Johns, a girl from his home town, Gulval, and together over the formidable Hervey range, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards journeyed by dray heading for the newly opened Croydon rush. With them went also George Roberts, who afterwards took over Curraghmore Station, in the Mt. Carbine district. John Edwards did not at that time reach Croydon. He decided to settle in Georgetown, the scene then of the spending on the mines of much English money. The Papa mine and the St. George, over the river, the Better Luck, nearer town, the Stonewall Jackson at the Rocky, all these knew him.

During work at the Papa mine in 1888 he was being hauled up the shaft on a big stone and the rope broke, dropping him 115 feet into water. He escaped serious injury, but his condition was dangerous enough to warrant medical attention. The Etheridge was in flood, and to reach him Dr. Routh and the late Mick Mosch swam across and treated him on the spot. He changed over to the carrying occupation— Normanton to Georgetown, and Croydon in between. John Edwards carried from Croydon to Georgetown until 1911, when he took on engine-driving for Mr. Thompson, in the outer Atherton Tableland area, in the clearing that became Tarazali. Then he crossed into the Hodgkinson, driving on the Minnie Moxham. Georgetown saw him starting out on his own as a storekeeper in 1925, and keeping at it until 1933, when he retired and settled in Mareeba.

Mr. Edwards's death at 77 years of age took place unexpectedly—a sudden turn whilst getting the morning meat at a nearby shop.

Ambulance and doctor were called, but death came soon after entry to hospital.

He leaves to mourn him his widow, four daughters, Mrs. F. M. Dobe and Mrs. E. Smith (Mareeba), Mrs. A. Wilcox (Georgetown), and Mrs. Major Wilcox, North Heads Station, Forsyth; and three sons, Harry, at the Bottom Gate, Gillies Highway, Will, postmaster at Rockhampton, and George, Upper Barron. In addition there are 22 grandchildren and three great-grandchildren.