Dr Elizabeth N. Marks, AO
1918 - 2002

Mosquitoes and Memories
Recollections of “Patricia” Marks

Elizabeth N. Marks and Kathleen C. Cummins
My friends and relatives have urged me to put together an account of my life, which has
taken me to unusual places.

I have met many interesting people and made some good friends.

I have received lots of stimulus for further investigations into my chosen subject of
mosquitoes.

I am grateful to the people who helped me along the way.

When I was at school I was in Donaldson Wing at the Glennie School in Toowoomba. I wrote
to Bishop Donaldson for a motto for the wing.

He was very ill that year and his reply did not come until I had left school. He provided this
motto:
“Whatever thing thy hand findeth to do, do with all thy might.”

It works very well as long as one realises that one can never change human nature no matter
how hard one tries.

E. N. (Patricia) Marks

October 2002
Some years prior to her death I suggested to Patricia that she should write her life history and she replied, “But who would be interested?” This comment was typical of her lack of pretension regarding her achievements. During her conversations with me she often described various noteworthy people as being extremely modest. I think this characterisation was certainly true of her.

I persevered with the idea. Finally, during 2001, she told me she felt that due to her age and deteriorating health she could not attempt this work alone but if I undertook the research and writing, we would “give it a go”.

This book was commenced by recording informal conversations with Patricia. These conversations were partly structured to encourage recollection of particular aspects of her life and work. After sorting and typing the data the printed draft was returned to her for comment. This draft was then used as a basis for further questioning, verification and expansion of content.

Progress was rather leisurely as we often diverted to other subjects.

The section headings were chosen as representative of important phases of Patricia’s life and noteworthy events. Family was always very important to her, so I considered it essential to begin by establishing the family identity as she could remember it. Family trees are included to show the relationships of family members mentioned in the text. The history of the Barracks and the Mews was of significant interest to her and the horse “family” and riding trips were a major part of her life – there was no doubt about the inclusion of these sections. The pictures were chosen by perusing Patricia’s photos and slides and selecting those relevant to the text. The appropriate photos were then printed with each section for her editing.

This procedure was followed throughout the work, although during the last weeks of her life it became necessary to read the printed copy to Patricia for her comment. Despite the deterioration in her health Patricia remained mentally sharp and was quick to tell me if information was incorrectly represented. She dictated her foreword for this book just two weeks before her death.

The gathering of data for this book was a trip down memory lane for Patricia and I have attempted to keep the style of her conversation in the text. My aim was for readers who knew her personally to identify this book with her as an individual. For this reason the style is quite different to that of a biography researched from the written word and formal recordings. For those who did not know her personally, I hope the text conveys a fair picture of her character by reflecting the style of her conversation during our oral recordings.

This account is not intended to fully document her career achievements but hopefully will provide an interesting general impression of her life and work, highlighting the unusual things she did as a woman of her era both in her career and private life.

Patricia considered that her successful career was largely due to timing – that the research regarding Murray Valley encephalitis, malaria, dengue and other mosquito-borne diseases was waiting to be done and was there for the taking. However, many people would not have
grasped the opportunities as she did, nor been prepared to undertake the discomfort and risks of the site visits she made to remote places as part of this research. Perhaps most importantly, her intellectual capacity and ability to focus enabled her to successfully deal with whatever challenge she faced.

Mosquitoes were never far from Patricia’s mind and she was always on the alert to collect new specimens. She told me that *Aedes* were her favourite group – “fascinating little things”. Her work was her life and she never wasted an opportunity.

I would like to thank the following people for their assistance during the writing of this book: Margaret Ward and Stephen Tonge for family information and their invaluable co-operation and support; Anne West and other members of Patricia’s family who also provided important information including family trees; the proofreaders Gayle Cummins, Nerida and Gordon Devereux, Daphne and Don Greenhalgh, who were of great assistance in providing comments and correcting grammatical and typographical errors; my husband John without whose assistance I could not have completed this project.

Much of the data contained in this book is based on Patricia’s memory but as far as possible I have checked the information with factual references.

While it is a great disappointment to me that Patricia did not see the published copy of this book, she did see the printed first draft just prior to her death. I know she approved of and took pleasure in our work.

I enjoyed working with Patricia and feel a sense of personal privilege that she trusted me to take on the challenge of this work and carry it to fruition. I think of her every time I am bitten by a mosquito.

Kathleen Cummins
November 2004
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Father’s Family

My paternal grandmother, Elizabeth Gray Stodart, was born in Edinburgh in 1851 and came to Melbourne with her family about 1856. She married Robert Smith Dods in 1866 in Melbourne when she was aged fifteen and a half. They went to New Zealand taking grandmother’s old nanny, Ellen Moloney, with them. Ellen stayed with her for the rest of grandmother’s life. After grandmother’s death in 1908, Ellen continued to look after the family until she retired when Aunt Edris took over in about 1917. I understand Mr Dods was a wholesale grocer in Dunedin, New Zealand. Their first child Robert Smith, always known as “Robin”, was born at Dunedin in 1868. Later on grandmother, Mr Dods and Robin went to Scotland. I do not know if they went over to see the relations or whether it was because Mr Dods was unwell. They took a goat on the ship to provide milk for the baby. They lived in Edinburgh for a while and at some stage Mr Dods became ill. His sister, Mrs Watt, was living in Edinburgh and the Watt family was a great support to grandmother during this time.

While living in Edinburgh their next two sons were born, James Stodart Dods always referred to as “Stod”, and then Joseph Espie Dods known as “Espie”. Grandmother had a special soft spot for Stod as he was a very affectionate boy as a toddler and this supported her during the time Mr Dods was ill. Eventually they moved to London and Mr Dods was admitted to a nursing home. He died in 1876 and grandmother was left with these three little boys. The eldest, Robin, was about eight and Espie was just a baby. She went back to live in Edinburgh where the friendship of the Watt family was a comfort to her.1

Grandmother’s father, James Dickson Stodart, died in Melbourne in 1867 of tuberculosis about six months after grandmother married Mr Dods. At that time living at home with grandmother’s mother were her son Tom, who was about fifteen, and daughter Louisa, always called Louie, who was about nine. The family later moved to Brisbane. Both of these children had tuberculosis and died from the disease, Tom in 1870 and Louie in 1877. My father and Uncle Alec knew great-grandmother as “grossmutter” (German for “grandmother”) but to Aunt Edris and Uncle Carl she was “grandmother”. Grossmutter kept house for her bachelor brother-in-law, Robert Gray Stodart, at Kangaroo Point. He managed the Bank of Australasia in Brisbane and at another time he was with the Queensland National Bank.

Grandmother, then Mrs Dods, came from Edinburgh to Brisbane by ship in 1879. I do not know whether she intended to stay here permanently or whether she was coming out to visit her mother, brother and uncle to show them her children.

My paternal grandfather, Charles Ferdinand Marks, was born in 1852. His parents were Irish but he was born in England at St Leonards-on-Sea, Sussex. He was educated at Epsom College in England and at Morat in Switzerland. He graduated in medicine from Queen’s College, Galway in 1874 and did postgraduate study in England in 1875. He travelled to New Zealand and practised there for a short time, then went back to Ireland to see his father. In 1879 he was returning to New Zealand working as ship’s doctor. On the ship there was this young widow with three sons aged from about three to eleven. Grandfather fell for her and she for him. She was of course Elizabeth Dods, my grandmother.

1 The Australian Dictionary of Biography entry on “Robin” Dods by R. J. Riddel states that Robert Smith Dods died in Edinburgh in 1876. Patricia however, was quite definite about her information.
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When they arrived at Brisbane, grandmother stayed at Kangaroo Point with her family and grandfather went on to New Zealand to finish his contract as ship's doctor but then returned to Brisbane. Thomas McIlwraith, who was an old family friend of the Stodarts, also wooed grandmother. The gossips of Kangaroo Point were putting bets on who would get her. Anyway Charles Ferdinand Marks got her! They married in September 1879. Grandmother had the business sense in their relationship and as grandfather had none, it was a very good thing he took her on – or she took him on! He was quite a young age, about twenty-seven, to be taking on three young stepsons.

After they married, my grandparents went out to St George where grandfather had a job as superintendent of the hospital with the right of private practice. I think the three Dods boys must have been left behind with great-grandmother at Kangaroo Point. Everybody said there was a big private practice at St George – and so there was. However it did not work out very well as grandfather had trouble getting paid! They came back to Brisbane for the birth of their son, Alexander Hamnett, in August 1880 and rented “Carlton” at what later became 109 Wickham Terrace. I have bills for their furnishing of the house, which are all dated around mid 1880. Grandfather carried out his medical practice in rooms at the “Longreach Hotel” building on the corner of North Quay and Queen Street.

My grandparents bought the land next door to “Carlton” and built a villa, which was finished towards the end of 1882. It had a different number then but was renumbered to 101 Wickham Terrace about the turn of the century. My father, Edward Oswald, was born on the twenty-eighth of October 1882 and they moved into the villa when he was six weeks old. At that time the family consisted of the three Dods boys, Uncle Alec and my father. Uncle Carl (Charles Hubert) was born in 1885 and Aunt Edris (Edris Marie Blanche) in 1891. My father had a theory that grandmother deliberately gave her children very Anglo-Saxon names and his name Edward was a Marks family name.

In the household they still had Ellen Moloney who, as mentioned before, had been grandmother’s nanny and had stayed with her when she married Mr Dods. I think they must have also had a cook. Grandfather owned horses that he used for transport in his practice and had a man to look after them. Stables and a room for the groom were built behind the house. After 101 was built I think grandfather moved his medical practice to there.

I have seen letters and other documents that indicate that grandfather certainly went as far as Petrie and Oxley to see patients, so his horses needed to be fit and to be spelled out in a paddock. In 1887 grandfather bought land at Samford² to spell the horses and for his younger brother Keighly, also a doctor, to try combining farming and country practice. Keighly was a widower and had a daughter who was being cared for by his late wife’s parents. He was not a very happy sort of person and I think a bit inclined to the drink.

There was a cottage right on the boundary of the property³. My father always said no one in their right mind would have built their house on the boundary so it must have been there before the land was surveyed, which was in about 1865. My suspicion is that it was built for the government surveyors who were out in the area for quite some time, because the roof, which is original, is built of galvanised iron. Perhaps the government provided the iron for the cottage roof as the local farmers at that time roofed their houses with shingles. This building remains

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² Patricia wrote a detailed account “The Story of ‘Cushleva’”, *Samford Reminiscences*, Vol. 1, 1984, p. 37,
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on the land I still own. It is reputed to be the oldest building in the Pine Rivers Shire and although it is not in very good repair it still holds up.

Uncle Keighly lived in the cottage for a couple of years but then he moved on and the property was let to various people. The first lessee was Mick Coonan whose wife’s family, the Wickhams, lived across the creek. George Harvey lived in the cottage with his family from about 1924 to 1942 and at that time it became known as “George’s”.

Grandfather, together with his brother-in-law James Stodart and three other partners, invested in the formation of the Rubyanna Sugar Company, Bundaberg. In the early 1890s the plantation went bung either because of withdrawal of the Kanaka labour force due to a change in government policy, or just bad management. The other partners in the plantation entered separate negotiations with the creditors and grandfather was left holding the baby. He bore the full brunt of the company’s liquidation and lost all his money, land and various properties including Dr Hobbs’ house at Scarborough, which he had purchased as a holiday home. The bank took over 101 for a while and the family had to rent it back to live there. I think grandmother provided money for the investment and had taken the property at Samford in lieu, as the titles were transferred into her name in 1890. The family lost everything except that property. Eventually they got 101 back from the bank but daddy always said grandfather was very bitter about the bank having taken it over.

Grandfather had been elected a Member of the Legislative Council in 1888. The Stodarts were great friends of Sir Thomas McIlwraith and I suspect it was his influence that got grandfather elected to the Council at such a young age. He had to resign from all his official positions including the Legislative Council when he was bankrupted but re-established his finances quickly and was reappointed to all positions almost immediately. I think he resigned at one meeting of the Legislative Council and was reappointed at the next.

My father thought grandfather may have wanted to take the whole family back to live in Ireland but there was no question of this after all the financial mess. He remained a member of the Legislative Council for thirty-four years, until it was abolished in 1922. Members retained the title “Honourable” until they died. Grandfather was the Honourable C. F. Marks and he had a railway gold pass for life but I do not know if he ever used it. It was a small gold medallion and after his death Aunt Edris had it made into a brooch.

Other official positions grandfather held included membership of the Immigration Board, Surgeon Major in the Queensland Defence Force and during World War One, Commandant of the Sixth Australian Army General Hospital, Brisbane. He became distinguished in many aspects of medicine and was visiting surgeon to the (Royal) Brisbane Hospital and Lady Bowen Hospital during the period 1883 to 1904. He was a member of the Central Board of Health and the Queensland Medical Board of which he was president from 1909 to 1912. He had enlightened views for the times and favoured the entry of women into medicine.

Grandmother died in 1908. Aunt Edris, who had previously attended the Brisbane High School for Girls, was sent to boarding school at Abbotsleigh in Sydney at the beginning of that year. During the time Aunt Edris was home for the mid-winter holidays, grandmother became ill and died within a few days. Grandfather did not send Aunt Edris back to school for the third term but kept her at home and she was very miserable. He brought in Aunt Annette, his unmarried sister, to run the house. She had been living at Bowen Hills with Aunt Blanche, another unmarried sister. With Aunt Annette running the house, Aunt Edris lacked direction. I
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do not think she liked Aunt Annette so did not look to her for guidance and she had a wretched time. I am not sure if she went back to school for the fourth term or not.

Aunt Edris became grandfather’s “right hand man” and remained so until his death in 1941. She never had outside employment.

It seems to me that my grandparents gave the two elder sons, Alec and Ted, a university education to provide for their future but gave property to the two younger children, Edris and Carl, for their income. Uncle Carl had a scoliosed back and was not really fit for strong work. When they got the house at 101 Wickham Terrace back from the bank, it was put into grandmother’s name and grandmother bequeathed it to Aunt Edris. So it was always Aunt Edris’ house when we lived there. My father rented it from her when we came out from Ireland in 1920. He did not have any money, so I imagine he only paid a peppercorn for it!
Charles Ferdinand Marks
circa 1900-02

Elizabeth Gray Marks
circa 1900-02

Ellen Moloney with children.
From left. Alec, Charles (Carl), Edward (Ted)
circa 1887

Grandmother Marks with Edris on
left, Charles on right
circa 1900
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Edris Marie Blanche Marks
circa 1900-02

Charles (Carl) Hubert Marks
circa 1900-02
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The “Old Farm” cottage. Dr Keighly Marks and Stodart Dods circa 1887

The “Old Farm” cottage – August 1980
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Charles Ferdinand Marks – circa 1930

Longreach Hotel where C. F. Marks first practised in Brisbane
Mother’s Family

My maternal grandfather, Edward Robert Drury, was born in Brussels in 1832 and arrived in Melbourne in 1852. In 1853 he became a clerk in the Bank of Australasia and in 1860 came to Brisbane as manager of the Brisbane branch. He was transferred to Sandhurst (now Bendigo) in 1870 and following this was appointed the first general manager of the Queensland National Bank when it was established in Brisbane in 1872. The Australian Dictionary of Biography (ADB) states that the Queensland National Bank was: “an institution which dominated the finances of Queensland until almost the end of the century. Drury followed a vigorous lending policy to assist the rapidly developing primary industries. A complete autocrat, he made advances without consulting his directors or recognising any limits, sometimes even concealing amounts from the board. Yet the bank had a meteoric rise. As early as 1880 it had over thirty branches and held more than forty percent of the total deposits and advances in Queensland”.

A new building for the bank was designed by the government architect F. D. G. Stanley and was built on the corner of Queen and Creek Streets where it still exists today. Completed in 1881 it was such an elaborate building it became known as “Drury’s Temple”.

There is a nice story about grandfather, told to me by one of the family, which I do not think anyone has down on paper. He was very keen on the Army and, as the Acting Commandant of the Queensland Defence Forces, loved parading in his uniform. At the time of this incident the family lived on Bowen Terrace in a house named “Hawstead”. There was a paddock running from the house down to the river where there was a private jetty. One day grandfather had been down at Lytton reviewing the troops and was dressed in his uniform, wearing all his medals. The launch bringing him back from Lytton pulled in at the private jetty and let him off. He set out to walk up through his front paddock and his own jersey cow attacked him. He had to draw his sword to defend himself and drive it away!

My maternal grandmother was Barbara Jane Grahame. Her parents came out from Scotland and she was born in Sydney in 1846. Her father died when she was about six and her mother was left with three small daughters and in poor financial circumstances. Friends of theirs, the Buckleys, wanted to adopt Barbara but her mother would never agree to a legal adoption although grandmother lived with and was brought up by them. The Buckleys were living in Brisbane when grandmother met grandfather and they married in 1869. They had eight children, Bertie, christened Edward Herbert Merivale (he was a godson of Sir Robert Herbert, a friend of grandfather’s), Arthur, Lilian, Willie (William Byron), Noel, Evelyn, Nesta (my mother, officially Ernestine) and Audrey. My mother was born in 1881 and Audrey in 1885, so there was a four-year gap between them. The older six children were all born within one or two years of each other.

The boys all went to the Brisbane Grammar School. Bertie, the eldest, went over to Cambridge in 1890 and studied law after completing his schooling. Then he got a job with the Colonial Office, I expect by the influence of Sir Robert Herbert who was Colonial Secretary at that time. He worked at the Colonial Office until late in 1900, then went to Windward Islands and Trinidad as secretary to Sir Alfred Moloney. He was later transferred to St Helena in the South Atlantic and in 1907 to Bechuanaland Protectorate (now Botswana), South Africa as resident magistrate, where he remained until he retired in 1931. He married Aunt Eva, a South African, and only came back to Queensland once to visit. Arthur stayed in Brisbane except for a couple of short trips overseas, which were really undertaken to escort his mother. He was a solicitor and trained at Flower and Hart, an old established legal firm.
Great-grandfather, William Drury (1791-1878), was an Anglican chaplain for the English congregation in Brussels. He was also for some time chaplain to the King of the Belgians. He had several daughters and sons. Two daughters stayed in Brussels when the family came to Australia. They were unmarried and operated a finishing school for young ladies, which was attended by a lot of English pupils. Aunt Lilian was taken over to Brussels to attend the school in 1883 when she was ten years old. She stayed there for about eight years until she was seventeen or eighteen. When she came back to Australia she spoke French but I expect she could speak English too! My grandparents had made arrangements for my mother and her elder sister Evelyn to go to school in Brussels and grandmother was to take them over in 1896. Grandfather died in February that year but as all the arrangements had been made for the trip grandmother went ahead with it. Uncle Arthur who was then qualified as a solicitor went to escort grandmother, Aunt Evelyn, my mother and Aunt Audrey. They also took a maid I think. My mother then aged fifteen and Aunt Evelyn then seventeen remained at the school in Brussels. They came back in 1900 when they were young ladies. Aunt Evelyn kept her diaries in French, which makes it very difficult to read the few that I have. My mother did not progress as far as that with the language.

Lilian married Harold Saltmarshe, an Englishman, who then lived on a property up near Esk and they had a couple of daughters. Later they went back to England but the climate did not suit them. They returned to Australia and lived at Southport. Harold Saltmarshe was elected to the Southport Council and was mayor about the time of World War One. Willie went into the Royal Navy at Dartmouth when he was about twelve. He was stationed in Egypt for a long time and only came back to Australia on a couple of trips. He died in Egypt in 1917 of blackwater fever, which is a type of malaria. Noel was a solicitor who also trained with Flower and Hart, I think, and practised at Clifton. He died of cancer in 1923. He was the father of Nigel Drury who later became a Member of the House of Representatives. Evie never married and kept house for Arthur who also never married. My mother Nesta married my father in 1914. Audrey married Richard Clarke, who was an accountant, about 1907.

After grandfather’s death in 1896 the family moved from “Hawstead” to “Hinemoa”, also at New Farm. This house was lent to grandmother by Sir Horace Tozer who was Agent General for Queensland in London. Information contained in Windsor Historical Society records states that this move was brought about by the financial difficulties in which the family found themselves due to grandfather’s business dealings with the bank. My theory is that “Hawstead” had been purchased by the bank as a residence for the manager, so after grandfather’s death the family were no longer entitled to live there.

The ADB states: “Drury maintained his vigorous lending policy, lending often on name and position alone without collateral, notably to McIlwraith and himself. But the strain grew too great, especially after the quarrel in 1891 between the Queensland Government and the Bank of England and on 15 May 1893 the Queensland National had to suspend payment. Drury still retained control and tried to reconstruct the bank but it remained shaky.” Later in the entry: “after his death on 3rd February 1896 some sensational journals declared that Drury had not died but was living abroad and that his coffin contained only stones; no proof was ever brought forward.”

Grandmother and those of her family still living at home moved to Windsor late in 1906 to a house that they purchased from grandfather’s nephew, Victor Drury. They renamed it “Rougham” after the Drury family estate in Bury St Edmunds, England. It was situated at Constitution Road, Eildon Hill, Windsor.
John Mathieson, the first Chief Commissioner of Queensland Railways, had built the house in 1892. It was a large timber mansion and a landmark at the top of Constitution Road. My mother’s cousin, Victor Drury, bought it from him in 1896. Victor’s wife was a Stanley and was known as Pearl though this was not her given name. During the time that the Victor Drurys lived there they called the house “Drustan”, which was a combination of the names Drury and Stanley – a dreadful name I think! Victor was the son of Albert Victor Drury, a younger brother of my grandfather. Albert came to Queensland in 1862 to join grandfather and got a job with the Queensland Public Service. He was appointed Clerk of the Executive Council of Queensland and remained in that position for a record term of over thirty-seven years. He was quite a social fellow and knew everybody. He kept very interesting scrapbooks, which are now kept in the Oxley Library and contain, amongst other things, cuttings, invitations, programs and menus for dinners. These are a valuable source of reference material regarding events and society at that time.

Grandmother died in 1907 and Victor must have been involved with the administration of her estate because mummy always said he “landed” the family with “Rougham”! Also they were “landed” with a butcher’s shop at Albion and a pub somewhere. I have never been able to find out the circumstances that brought this about. The other properties were gradually disposed of but “Rougham” remained with grandmother’s estate. Uncle Arthur and Aunt Evelyn, who were both unmarried, lived there and also mummy until she went over to England in 1914 to get married. Arthur was a solicitor and also a judge at the Queensland Turf Club races. I used to tell people he was a judge and they were impressed until they discovered this was not quite what they thought! Evelyn was a couple of years older than my mother and they were very fond of each other because of the four years they spent together at the school in Brussels.

When we returned from Ireland in 1920 my mother often took me to Windsor to visit. When I was very small my mother would take me to “Rougham” and my father would go to Samford by train. The railway line to Dayboro was still being built and there was quite a good train service. Daddy would leave the train at the Camp Mountain siding and walk through the paddock to my grandfather’s property “Cushleva”.

I remember quite a lot about “Rougham” because I went there from when I was two years old until my late teens. It was a huge wooden house and was on a fair bit of land when the family got it from Victor. There was a paddock and they kept horses, chooks and a couple of cows. The family bred Angora goats and when my mother went over to England to get married in 1914 Aunt Evelyn was left to care for them. They were difficult to keep within the fences and caused trouble with the neighbours when they got out so they got rid of them in the end. Information contained in the records of Windsor Historical Society states: “A feud developed between the Drurys and the Flowers of Kirkston. Apparently the Angora goats bred by the Drurys kept getting out and eating the Flower’s roses. The Kirkston gardener, fed up with this destruction, tarred the goats before sending them home. Things were never quite the same between the families again.”

There were big stables where vehicles were kept and the horses fed and sometimes stabled. My mother and aunt each had a horse and won prize ribbons with them at the Royal National Association (RNA) exhibition. Aunt Evelyn mostly rode Barlasch, and my mother Gloria, but the horses belonged to both of them. There were still some horses at “Rougham” at the time I remember but others were agisted with friends at Eagle Farm and some at “Cushleva” for about two shillings a month.
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“Rougham” was about a mile from the railway station so it was quite handy. In the early days when I was still in a pushcart my mother used to take that on the train and push me in it up to the house. I remember the surroundings as quite bushy and country-like although there were other houses in the area. The family had friends nearby and a retinue of people came in to do jobs. I do not think they ever painted the house. I hate to think what it would have cost.

We also used to go out to “Rougham” in the tram. Every year Uncle Arthur put on a Guy Fawkes Night and had a bonfire. He invited all the local children and, from the earliest time I remember, my mother made the Guy Fawkes. I can remember going to “Rougham” in the tram with the Guy Fawkes sitting between us! It caused some amusement. Probably daddy did not have a car in those days but in later times we took the Guy Fawkes in the car.

Uncle Arthur was very good with children and he taught me to shoot with a Daisy Air Rifle. We used to shoot at a target along one of the verandahs where there were two or three old galvanised iron tanks that were no longer used. They blocked the end of the verandah so if we missed the target the pellet hit one of the tanks. There were two or three dogs at “Rougham” and one of the things Uncle Arthur used to do was give me a halfpenny for every hundred bits of old dog bones I picked up from the lawn! “Rougham” also had a tennis court and this was let to a tennis club on Saturdays. Later on when I was at university I could borrow the court and play tennis with my friends.

Uncle Arthur died in 1935 after he suffered a stroke at the races on Boxing Day. The house still belonged to grandmother’s estate and was left to her surviving children the eldest of whom was Uncle Bertie, as we knew him until his wife Aunt Eva requested that he be called “Merry”. Aunt Eva and Uncle Merry still lived in South Africa and they became tired of Uncle Merry having a share in this estate in Australia that never seemed to get wound up. They came to Australia to get things moving and pressed that “Rougham” be sold. Aunt Eva, much to the fury of the other beneficiaries, insisted that everything, furniture and all, must be auctioned. There was some beautiful china and furniture that the family had intended to divide between themselves but instead they had to bid for the articles they wanted at auction and many fine pieces went out of the family. I suppose I was about nineteen and at university at the time of the auction. I felt I had to buy something, so I bought a nest of a dozen galvanised iron buckets which became very useful out at Samford. Uncle Arthur left me ten pounds and I also got a musical box from the estate. It was a shame that everything had to be sold, as the family had to part with some things that they really loved. My mother bought a kidney-shaped table, which I still have. I think it cost her forty-five pounds, which was an awful lot of money in those days but she was determined to have it. The dealers bidding at the auction pushed the prices high on articles that the family wanted.

So that was the end of “Rougham”. It was a lovely place to visit. I think the property was bought by a Mr Wright, the son of a family friend, and was later sold to a developer. The house was demolished in 1937.
“Rougham”, Constitution Road, Eildon Hill, Windsor – circa 1900

“Rougham”. Evelyn (driving) and Nesta Drury. Horses – Gloria harnessed in dogcart and Barlasch held
Above and below. “Hawstead”, Bowen Terrace, New Farm
Above and below. Evelyn Drury and Polly
Mosquitoes and Memories

Ernestine Drury and Guy – 1913

Evelyn (driving) and Nesta Drury in dogcart pulled by Ben
Tennis Parties
PARENTS

In 1895 my father attended the Southport College and during this time the school went on a boat trip to Jumpinpin on Stradbroke Island. Father was rather proud of the fact that he had seen Jumpinpin before the sea broke through. At the time of his visit there was only one row of sand dunes between the Broadwater and the ocean beach. The sea broke through these dunes soon after and divided the island into North and South Stradbroke. Following Southport College he attended the Brisbane Grammar School from 1896 to July 1900.

After he completed his schooling at the Brisbane Grammar School he went over to Ireland to study engineering at Trinity College in Dublin, as there was no university in Queensland. Uncle Alec was already living in Dublin and studying medicine at Trinity College. Alec and Ted lived with their aunts, Annette and Blanche Marks, in Upper Leeson Street and had a very happy time there. They had plenty of company as there were lots of cousins and they also became friendly with the young Burtons who lived next door. Daddy and Uncle Alec kept the friendship up after coming back to Australia and later when my mother went over to get married she made friends with the Burtons too. The aunts and the older Burtons were also friends and on all my trips to Ireland I stayed with the widow of one of the Burton descendants. So there has been a long friendship between the families.

My father graduated BA in January 1905 and BAI (engineering) in December 1905. He was awarded every prize available to a student passing through the School of Civil Engineering. These prizes were for geology, mining, mineralogy and palaeontology. He spent his vacations gaining practical experience in mines at Isle of Man, in Wales and in England. He topped the final degree examinations and gained special certificates “in testimony of special merit” in mining, chemistry, geology and mineralogy, practical engineering, mechanical and experimental physics. He spent the following year at the Royal School of Mines in London doing a specialist course in metallurgy.

He was offered a position in the Geological Survey of India, which he was tempted to take but decided against as his father had advised him of an available job as metallurgist at Mount Morgan Mines. He came back to Queensland and the Mount Morgan Mining Company employed him as a metallurgist from 1906 to 1908. I remember the time he read the obituary of the man who had taken that job in India and he said to me, “I could have had that job.” The man had been Chief Geologist of India.

He was interested in geology rather than metallurgy, and particularly in the physiography or structure of landforms, so late in 1908 he joined the staff of the Geological Survey of Queensland as Assistant Government Geologist. The first work he did was a survey of the coal measures of the Southeast Moreton District and he got to know the area around Beaudesert particularly well. He rode a nice thoroughbred mare called Colleen to do these surveys.

One of my father’s obituaries appeared in the Proceedings of the Royal Society of Queensland, Volume 83, and A. K. Denmead wrote: “In the course of this survey he mapped, at a scale of one mile to an inch, an area of approximately 650 square miles. The resultant map, published in 1910, though out of print for many years, has probably been the most widely consulted geological map ever published in Queensland. Detailed mapping carried out by the Geological Survey in the nineteen sixties, and supported by diamond drilling, of that part of the region included within the boundaries of Greater Brisbane, has demonstrated the remarkable accuracy of Marks’ work, including his stratigraphic and structural interpretation.”
My father and Nesta Drury were childhood friends and as my father wanted to marry her he wanted a more secure future. He also thought Nesta Drury would never care for living in remote mining camps. The mining boom had slowed down by 1913 and he decided there was no future for him in geology. He made the decision to go back to Trinity College in Dublin and do the medical course. As the first two years of study at Trinity College were common to all courses, he already had that credit towards the medical degree.

My mother went over to England in 1914. Isobel Drury, mummy’s first cousin, was married to John Hunter Brown and they were living in London. Mummy stayed with them and got married from their house. She and my father were married on the eighth of July 1914 at St Peter’s, Eaton Square, London. They were married by a friend of mummy’s, Archbishop Donaldson, who was over in England attending a Lambeth Conference. There were not very many people at the wedding and after the marriage ceremony they went back to the Brown’s home for a party. When it was time to leave, daddy said, “We had better go and catch the train.” Mr Brown said, “Have you got the carriage?” “Oh no”, daddy said, “we’ll get the bus!” Mr Brown was so disgusted! He made him take a hansom cab or whatever it was called in those days!

My parents went to Switzerland for their honeymoon. Aunt Matty, who ran the school that Aunt Lilian, my mother and Aunt Evelyn had attended, was still living in Brussels, so they paid her a visit during their travels. I do not know whether they stayed a night or not but daddy left his bowler hat there and Aunt Matty put it away carefully and kept it for him. My mother and father said afterwards that they thought this was very dangerous as World War One broke out after they went on to Switzerland. They thought that had the Germans come and searched the house and found an English bowler hat, they would have dealt with Aunt Matty.

After the war broke out my parents had to come back to England. They were travelling by train and every time it stopped while they were travelling through France, all the passengers sang the Marseillaise so the French people would know that they were on the right side! They arrived back in England safely and went on to Ireland for my father to complete his medical degree.

My father was a Resident at Sir Patrick Dun’s Hospital in Dublin at the time of the 1916 Easter Rebellion. During the fighting near the hospital there were periods when hostilities would cease to allow the staff to come out of the hospital and collect the wounded. When the wounded were taken away the fighting started again. My mother missed all this as she had based herself in England for about a year during 1916 and 1917 only returning to Dublin to stay when she was expecting me.

My mother went to England to work in the Voluntary Aid Detachment. I think she had been fed up with everything being so quiet in Ireland and went to England in the hope of seeing a zeppelin raid. Father wanted her to stay in Dublin but she got fed up with hearing of all sorts of excitement in England so she up and off and left father still doing his course I suppose. Unfortunately, she slept through the only raid that occurred while she was in London! That was a very sore point and she was thoroughly frustrated!
Mosquitoes and Memories

While she was in England she decided to do a massage course at Guy’s Hospital. She studied that for about a year but gave it up when she became pregnant. She also worked for a while as a land girl where she helped in a dairy and went around delivering milk. The milk cans were carried on a horse drawn cart and measured out into the customer’s own containers. My mother was very concerned about hygiene and it used to horrify her that the people would leave their milk jugs out with the money in the bottom of the jug! Did not suit her at all!

During this time in England my mother stayed with her cousins Jack Drury and his sister Katie Rideout who lived at Bishop’s Stortford in Hertfordshire.

My father graduated MB, BCh, BAO in July 1916 and in August joined the British Army. He wanted to join the Australian Imperial Forces but this was not possible unless he came back to Australia to enlist. He was appointed Lieutenant in the Royal Army Medical Corps and promoted to Captain in 1917. He served in the trenches in France where he contracted rheumatic fever and had to be invalided from active service. This illness, although life threatening, in fact probably saved his life, as the man who replaced him and many others of his unit were killed by a bomb. He was still a serving officer in 1918 according to my birth certificate.

My parents remained based in Ireland while daddy was recovering from rheumatic fever and probably doing more medical work. I was born in Dublin on the twenty-eighth of April 1918. My father graduated MD in 1919 but, having had rheumatic fever, he was not sure whether he would be fit enough to work as a general practitioner as he had intended to do, setting up in partnership with his brother Alec. Because of this concern he decided to do further study in ophthalmics. He spent six months as a resident in the Royal Victoria Eye and Ear Hospital in Dublin and also did a locum in Shrewsbury Eye Hospital for a few weeks. He then attended Moorfields Eye Hospital until he could get a passage for his family to Australia.

My great-great-grandfather, Reverend Edward Marks, was the Dean’s Vicar at St Patrick’s Cathedral in Dublin. My Uncle Alec Marks, his wife and family were also living in Dublin. They had a son who was six months old when I was born and he was christened Edward Audley in St Patrick’s Cathedral but was known as “Patsy”. When I arrived I was christened Elizabeth Nesta, also in St Patrick’s Cathedral. However the Alec Marks family gave me the nickname of “Patricia”. My poor parents went on calling me Elizabeth or Elizabeth Nesta. Elizabeth was my paternal grandmother’s name and Nesta was an abbreviation of my mother’s christened name Ernestine. The Alec Marks family came back to Australia about a year before we did and even though my parents kept on calling me Elizabeth Nesta, by the time we arrived back in 1920, everybody knew me as Patricia. So that is how I remain – Patricia to the family and Pat when I went to boarding school and university. To further complicate matters I used my given name, Elizabeth, when I started writing formal scientific papers.
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Nesta, Dublin – 1914

Nesta, Dublin – 1914

Lieutenant E. O. Marks – 1916

Nesta and Ted, Dublin – August 1916
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Nesta Marks. British Red Cross Society
June 1915

Nesta Marks. A massage student at Guy’s Hospital
London – May 1916

Miss I. Bell in cart and Nesta Marks delivering milk. “Sisservers Farm” – February 1916
Memorial to Reverend Edward Marks, St Patrick’s Cathedral, Dublin
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Ted, Nesta and Patricia – 1918

Patricia aged five months – 1918

“Ruthendan Cottage”, Greystones. Ted, Nesta, and Elizabeth Marks – August 1919

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Parents

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Nesta and Patricia, Dublin – March 1919

Patricia aged one year – 1919

Patricia in Brisbane – 1920
EARLY MEMORIES OF SAMFORD

By the time my parents came back to Brisbane in 1920, grandfather was just itching to retire. As the war had gone on longer than everyone expected, daddy and Uncle Alec had been away much longer than intended. My parents arrived back in Brisbane in March and grandfather moved out to “Cushleva” at Samford probably in April. Loads of stuff went out from Wickham Terrace – eighteen horse drawn wagonloads. Mr Maile, who lived at the foot of the Samford Range on the Ferny Grove side, took the wagonloads out. Somewhere in my mother’s diary is written, “This is the last wagon load!” Aunt Edris and Aunt Annette stayed at Wickham Terrace until all the furniture had gone and then moved out to Samford in about August or September.

Poor old Aunt Annette had been rooted up from Dublin in her early sixties and had left all her friends and way of life behind. She was brought to Brisbane with her sister Blanche who had tuberculosis. It was thought that this climate would be better for Blanche’s health but she remained sickly and died in 1912. They must have come to Australia between 1906 and 1908. Uncle Alec and my father lived with them in Dublin prior to 1906 and they were in Brisbane when grandmother died in 1908. That was when Aunt Annette went to 101 to look after the house. I do not know what arrangements were made for Aunt Blanche at that time. Then Aunt Annette was moved to Samford with grandfather in 1920.

Uncle Carl had been living at Samford since about 1915 but because of his scoliosed back he was not strong enough to do most things although he ran a small poultry farm for a while. Aunt Edris never married and, as mentioned previously, she was really grandfather’s “Girl Friday”.

Although grandfather lived at Samford soon after our return to Brisbane, he used to come in to Wickham Terrace regularly. There was a good train service, with probably a couple of trains in and out each day and he also had his car.

Sometime during this period, when he was driving to Samford, grandfather saw a barefoot woman walking on the road and stopped to give her a lift. This was Mrs Elsie Cottenham who was the widow of a fruiterer who had been killed when thrown out of his sulky while driving home. She was living in a slab hut at Cedar Creek. Grandfather got talking to her and offered her a job as housekeeper at “Cushleva”. I am not sure if this was before or after Aunt Edris went out to Samford. Anyway Mrs Cottenham went there as cook and housekeeper and stayed until after grandfather died in 1941.

When I was very small my mother used to take me to “Rougham” on at least half the weekends but on the others we went out to Samford by train. We would get out at Camp Mountain Siding and walk up through the paddocks to the “Cushleva” house. On one of these trips when I was about four, I was trotting ahead through the paddock and saw a lovely little bare mound that I could run up and pretend to be “king of the castle”. I ran up but unfortunately it was a meat ant nest and I got covered with meat ants! My mother had to strip me! That is my earliest entomological memory of Samford!

Later on, when grandfather either gave or lent my father a car, we drove out to Samford nearly every Sunday for the day. I think the first car may have been a T Model Ford but the one I really remember is the Argyle. It was ten or twelve years old when we got it, so it must have been about a 1910 model. It was a great big car and had a very good running board for the dog.
to sit on, two seats in the front and a broad seat at the back. It had a canvas hood with a flap in
the middle at the back, which could be rolled up to allow in plenty of air and light – and dust!
Other things could come in through this window too. Once when we were driving in the city
and stopped abruptly, the head of a horse popped in through that window – right between
Helen Le Fanu and me where we were sitting in the back seat! It gave us quite a shock!

From the earliest time my father used to go and work in the paddock doing ringbarking and
clearing. He built a dam up on the mountain entirely by hand. I am not sure how the dams
down near the house were built, as I did not see them being constructed. In the early days my
mother used to go out clearing lantana with him.

When I was five I was given a Timor pony called Billy who was then eighteen years old. He
was a little bay pony with a very thick mane and used to bite little boys but did not mind little
girls! He had belonged to my cousin Drury Clarke and, before him, to Jack Waugh. My mother
and aunt already had two or three of their old horses pensioned off in the paddock at Samford.
My friend Helen Le Fanu, who was about eighteen months older than I, used to come out to
Samford with us and before very long we started to borrow a grey pony called Nellie from
Charlton Kable who was renting the Coonan’s farm. I saved my money and eventually bought
Nellie for five pounds when Charlton moved into town. She is the ancestor of my horse family.
Alberta, who is the last of her descendants and a great-great-grandchild, is still alive.

Nellie had a long mane and a thick tail. Once when I was staying out with grandfather she had
burrs in her tail and it was all in knots. I cut it off quite short so she was left with just this
stump! The family were quite shocked! Poor Nellie! She was a sweet thing of no special breed,
just a flea bitten grey pony. She had some sort of skin trouble and, looking back now, it was
perhaps Queensland Itch as she often had bare patches on her withers.

When I started going to school there was a “teacher’s week” holiday about the end of April, so
I used to stay at Samford for that week and Aunt Edris looked after me. I remember Mr Weise’s
shop in Samford as my parents always used to stop there on our way to “Cushleva”. When we
were late my mother used to say, “Mr Weise kept me talking”. I always thought it was my
mother who kept Mr Weise talking! Between the two of them they would have a great old
gossip! Later on I used to ride Nellie down to Mr Weise’s shop.

Samford was a quiet little place then. Once when we were staying out at the Barracks for the
Christmas holidays we got Mrs Weise to pick us up in her car and take us to Samford to a
picture show at the Farmer’s Hall. In the middle of the picture someone came in and called,
“Your house is on fire Mr Lawson!” All the men were up and off to Camp Mountain where the
Lawson’s house was well ablaze. The picture was stopped and we all waited until the men
came back. Unfortunately they had not been able to save the house as the fire had too much of
a hold when they arrived. Nevertheless the picture show was eventually resumed. Then Mrs
Weise took us back to “Cushleva” and we lit the hurricane lantern and walked up the paddock
to where the Barracks were then situated at the quarry. I thought this was all very exciting!

I also remember an incident outside the pub when I was about eleven or twelve. I must have
ridden Nellie to Samford with a message, as I was on my own. I had taught Nellie to stop and
wait while I leaned down to pick things up off the ground. I was riding along in front of the
pub and dropped my whip, so I leant down, and down, and down, to pick it up. Of course I

\[4\] For details of the Barracks see page 217.
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came off, much to the amusement of the people sitting on the pub verandah and much to my embarrassment! I got back on Nellie and went for my life!

I remember going to Mr Paynter’s butcher shop in Samford in the early 1920s, when I was very young. Mr Paynter, who was a friend of Uncle Carl, later moved to Mitchelton. Uncle Carl used to drive Dolly in the spring cart to visit the Paynters and have Sunday dinner with them. Once or twice when we were coming out to Samford, we saw Uncle Carl riding his bicycle to Mitchelton but usually he used the spring cart. He never learned to drive a car. John and Elizabeth Bishop now own the spring cart.

Aunt Edris learnt to drive about 1912 but grandfather would never let her drive out on the road on her own. I do not know whether he expected her to be waylaid by myalls or something like that. It was unusual for women to drive in those days but she probably learnt to drive to be helpful to grandfather.

We continued to go out to Samford on Sundays. I loved the riding and I loved grandfather – he was a darling. I did not have the urge to join a tennis club or anything to fill in my Sundays, as I just loved going out there.
From left. Evie riding Barlasch, Patricia riding Nellie, Nesta riding Gloria and Bill the dog – circa 1923
Mosquitoes and Memories

Helen Le Fanu and Patricia near the Barracks at the Quarry – January 1926

Helen Le Fanu riding Billy, Patricia riding Nellie, “Cushleva” – 1926
Patricia aged eight years – December 1926

Grandfather Marks, “Cushleva” – 1933

Patricia with Bantam the calf, “Cushleva” – July 1927
Mt O'Reilly Road, Samford. Mrs Batty riding Dolly, Helen Le Fanu and Patricia on rock – December 1927

Patricia on left and Helen Le Fanu, Ferny Grove – December 1927
On our arrival in Brisbane in about February or March 1920 my parents took over 101 Wickham Terrace, renting it from Aunt Edris. They did not have much money, I suppose because father had spent it doing the year of ophthalmics before they came back. He was starting off from scratch with an eye practice and Uncle Alec, who lived in 109 next door, was just building up his medical practice.

My parents proceeded to paint inside the house and convert it into rentable portions. The top floor, which had been the family living quarters, was converted to a flat. This was let first to Dr Charlie Jackson and his wife who were just married.

The house had about a nine-foot wide hall with consulting rooms off both sides. My father took over grandfather’s consulting room on the ground floor. I think Dr Meehan was the first tenant of the front room on the other side, which probably had been a consulting or waiting room in grandfather’s time. Meehan, who had lost his right foot in World War One, was a leading orthopaedic surgeon. He later moved to “Ballow Chambers” and was shot in 1955 by a deranged former patient.

Downstairs on the ground floor there was a small room that was let to Miss Gladys Pollard who was a chauffeuse. She had a big Essex car and people used to hire her to drive them about. I know when my mother’s sister, Audrey Clarke, came into town and then up to see my mother, she would get Gladys to drive her home to Ascot. The old kitchen was let to Miss Madge Philpott. She cooked cakes and things and it was a lovely place to be. I do not know whether she sold cakes from there or did catering. Although Miss Philpott did not mind, I was not allowed to go into this big old kitchen by father’s ruling. So I used to sit in the doorway and scrape the dishes and lick the spoons – but sometimes I went in!

Later my parents made an entrance to another room under the house from the short lane at the side. When that was finished Gladys Pollard moved in and remained there until she married Dr Donald Cameron who lived next door in 97. After they were married they moved up to 217 where “Craigston” had just been built.

After Gladys Pollard vacated her first room it became our dining room for a while. When “Bunya Bunya”, which was only about three doors away where “Ballow Chambers” now stands, was demolished, my father bought cedar ply panelling and cedar skirting boards. He used them to convert and line the big old kitchen after Miss Philpott vacated it. Later on he bought a marble mantelpiece from the remains of John Hicks’ house at Milton which had been burnt down. He took it to bits and brought it to 101 where he, Uncle Alec and Uncle Espie erected it. Then grandfather came in from Samford and said it was crooked! Grandfather’s word was law so they had to take it down and rebuild it. My cousin Jimmy Dods and I were allowed (or probably required) to hold parts of the decorative strip up the side while the plaster set.

My mother and father painted and converted what had been the big billiard room into their bedroom. This room contained a lot of New Guinea anthropological specimens, which had been given to grandfather by Sir William MacGregor. My mother refused to have these in her bedroom so they were taken down and given to the museum. I slept in there too for a while but then they moved me to my own room.
Initially, until I went to school, we had a housemaid who acted as my nurse while my mother looked after the door and consulting rooms for my father. We also had a live-in cook.

I remember we had an ice chest and a man delivered ice daily except on Saturday and Sunday. The food all went in the top and the ice went in a door at the side. There was a big old ice chest there that belonged to 101 and then there was a smaller one that my mother had bought.

At the back at the Wickham Terrace level my grandparents had built a large, practically square verandah or piazza. There was a big back yard with an enormous fig tree which grandmother had planted. When the piazza was built it extended almost into the fig tree. About thirty or forty metres away were the old stables which had been designed by Robin Dods and built in the 1890s. They were enormous with a huge stable area and a place for carriages. They had been built out of demolition timber from defunct cottages and remained there until pulled down when “Ballow Chambers” purchased the land for a car park in the 1970s. When I knew them there were still some horse stalls but the central part, which had been for the carriages, was used to garage the cars. It was a lovely place to play.

The Alec Marks lived next door and their daughter Loddie and I had trolleys. Loddie had a very superior trolley with a sort of cogwheel and ratchet that went very fast and mine was a Cyclops type. The floor of the stables was sloped so we used to take them up to the top end and run down.

My mother wanted to keep chooks but father objected to their noise. She got around that problem by renting a cottage next to the stables from Uncle Carl. She then sublet this cottage to various people but kept the garden for her own use. She did what she liked there including keeping bantams and eventually I kept guinea pigs. Uncle Carl owned two cottages one fronting onto Herbert Street (now Astor Terrace) and the other onto Musgrave Lodge Lane which joined Wickham Terrace.

There was some lovely cedar and mahogany furniture in the house at 101. I think that people who immigrated to Australia around the 1880s brought out their most valuable things. I do not think the family had many Australian items but there was furniture brought out by the Stodarts about 1856. Grandfather Marks went over to Ireland when his father died and probably brought back some of great-grandfather’s furniture. His two unmarried sisters Aunt Annette and Aunt Blanche had nice furniture too and that was gradually integrated into the family.

All the family were collectors of furniture, particularly Uncle Alec and his wife. Uncle Alec had a general practice and used to drive around to see his patients. He would go into any second hand shops that he passed and he had a good eye for quality. In some cases patients in financial difficulties were not charged for services by grandfather, Uncle Alec or my father. These patients would sometimes insist on giving them something of material value. Also friends who were leaving Brisbane would give them items, knowing they were fond of good furniture. I know that the Tompion clock that is now in the Queensland Museum originally belonged to a Miss Reade who was a friend of great-grandmother Stodart and lived near her at Kangaroo Point. I think she had a “ne’er do well” nephew who was likely to inherit it so she gave it to grandmother, Elizabeth Marks. There were other things such a bookcase known by the family as “Miss Johnson” – I have no clue who Miss Johnson was – but I think it came out from Ireland.
There were quite a lot of people living on Wickham Terrace in those days. I can remember Dr Frank Power lived at No 1. He had two sons Bill and Pat who were my age and I used to play with them when I was about five years old. Later he moved up to Bowen but would call in to see my parents whenever he came to Brisbane. He used to send mummy a case of mangoes each season and one of the mango trees at Samford is grown from his fruit. This tree, which is the one growing at the end of the verandah at the Barracks, is known as “Dr Power”. Later on Dr George MacCartney lived at No 1. He had a daughter Jocelyn but as she was about four years younger she was not really one of my playmates. “Gowrie House”, which was a boarding house belonging to the Bain family, was a few doors further along. Old Mrs Bain and her daughter ran the boarding house and they had residential quarters at the back. Her son, who I think was a barrister, also lived there with his wife and son Tomsy. Sometimes I used to go and play with Tomsy or he would come along Wickham Terrace to 101 and play with me. His widow is Yvonne Bain who is on the National Council of Women.

Dr Brockway’s house, “Thrums”, was next door to “Gowrie House”. Dorothy, his unmarried daughter, had a small indoor gymnasium and swimming pool behind the house. I used to be taken along the back lane to learn to swim at the pool. Loddie also went swimming there. I never did any gymnastics. I can remember screaming as I thought it was awful getting into the water. My father had to take me as my mother would not have anything to do with it. Eventually I came good and in fact later competed in inter-varsity swimming. Miss Brockway had Ruth Sylo, who later married one of the Foxtons, working there with her. Mr Sylo who used to be in the Naturalists’ Club years ago was her father.

About this time when I was five or thereabouts, Dr Sydney Page and his family lived at “Byrne Terrace” next to “Thrums”. Their children included Mary and Lucy who were playmates for a while. I did not really know the younger children. They later moved to New Farm. There was a back lane along behind all the houses and we used it to visit and play with the other children.

Dr Jack Thomson lived at “Inchcombe” and had a daughter Alice who was a contemporary of my cousin Loddie, so I never knew her very well.

The Alec Marks, who lived next door to us in 109, had four children. Their youngest son Patsy, who was born six months before I was, died when he was about two so I do not remember him at all. The older children were Charles, Anne and Loddie. There is an interesting story about the origin of the name “Loddie”. Loddie’s mother, Annie Georgina Rhodes, lived in the north of Ireland when she was small. She used to run around the fields and the farm people referred to her as the “little laddie”. The Irish brogue made this sound like “little loddie” so she was always known by the nickname “Loddie”. When her daughter was born she was christened Rebecca Valentine Loddie. She has always been known as Loddie except when she went overseas with Aunt Mary Dods who insisted on calling her Valentine. Although Loddie was three-and-a-half years older she was my playmate and was really very patient. We did lots of things together, but she did play tricks on me. One day when I was playing at her place she told me there was a frog down the hose. When I went and peered down the hose she turned on the tap and of course I got wet. I howled and went home. My mother just laughed, put a dry dress on me and sent me back.

The Hardies lived up at “Firhall” but their children were much younger so I did not know them. Dr Halford who lived on the corner of Wickham Terrace and Edward Street had a son Britton and a daughter Nora who were much older so I did not really know them either. Dr Graham Butler lived in an ancient cottage just up the Terrace from “Craigston”. His daughter
Mosquitoes and Memories

Joan was a great friend of Uncle Alec’s daughter Anne. I went to a party at the Butler’s once, but again Joan was a lot older.

I am sure there were Edwards living on the Terrace but we did not know them. The Espie Dods lived at “Callender House”, which is now occupied by The Theosophical Society. The Espie Dods originally lived in 97 which grandmother owned but had built for Espie. When Aunt Ruth’s father, Mr Walker, died in Melbourne, her mother wanted to come and live in Brisbane. There was not enough room in 97 so they bought “Callender House” just before World War One. Uncle Robin designed enlargements for the house, which cost Uncle Espie far more than he expected. I have my mother’s diaries from 1920 describing how she took me up the Terrace for fresh air, pushing me in what they called the go-cart which was some sort of pushcart. She would call in to Aunt Ruth Dods who would bring Jimmy out in a pram. Jimmy was the youngest of the Espie Dods children and about two years younger than I was. About 1926 or 1927 the Espie Dods sold “Callender House” and moved into the flat which had been the Charlie Jackson’s on the top floor of 101.

At that time Bill and Robin, the eldest of Espie Dods’ sons, were attending The King’s School at Parramatta. When Bill left school he came home and was employed by an accountancy firm. He required a place to study so he was given the room on the lower floor, which Gladys Pollard used to have and which had been our dining room for a while. We did not see much of Robin because he was still at school. Peggy was the eldest and a bit bossy. Jimmy and I were great mates and played very happily together and got up to a few tricks too. We went to school at St John’s Cathedral Day School. This is the building right on the footpath of Ann Street alongside the Cathedral. It is now named “Webber House” and used as church offices.

About 1926 there was an outbreak of dengue fever in Brisbane. Greater Brisbane had just been formed from the various municipal councils and the new Department of Health was anxious to show its strength. It was obliged to control the mosquitoes that were carrying the dengue fever. It was well known by that time that *Aedes aegypti*, which breeds in domestic sites, was the carrier.

So the Council people came to inspect 101 where they saw the big fig tree overhanging the verandah. They told my parents that they would have to cut the tree down as there were too many leaves in the gutter and the mosquitoes were breeding there. It would have cost the earth to cut the tree down and it was of sentimental value as grandmother had planted it when the house was built, so my father set to and invented a gutter that would shed the leaves.

His design had a roof that came down onto a sharply curved sheet which overhung the guttering. As the leaves washed down with the rushing water they shot off the curve while the water ran around the curve and into the gutter. This worked very well with the leaves of the weeping fig tree and with gum leaves. It does not work well with big soft leaves. It was tried at Heron Island with *Personia* leaves but it was not a success as it was found that the leaves were much too big and soft and did not shoot off over the curve.

Father patented this gutter and renewed the patent a couple of times. However, by the time he got the patent, the dengue fever epidemic was over and as it was more expensive than an ordinary gutter it has only been used once or twice since then.

When father had the verandah expanded after the Barracks were moved to the present site, he had his gutter put on. I have had it renewed once. I still have the original patent document somewhere. One of the companies that make roofing marketed something similar at a later
date and my cousin Robin Dods, the architect, wrote to them regarding it but of course the patent had expired many years previously.

After 101 was sold, it and the sites either side, 109 and 97, were all redeveloped into what is now “Silverton Place”. At the time there was a lot of public concern about loss of historical landmarks and people were agitating to preserve the huge weeping fig tree. My father used to say, “It must have its feet in the sewer to have grown so big”. However the 6.00 a.m. news on Boxing Day 1981 announced that the developers had started cutting down the tree. I was still living in the house and, as I had no warning of this, I was out at the Barracks for the usual Boxing Day party of friends and relations. I was concerned about damage to the house and, therefore, to my possessions that were still there. Stephen Tonge kindly spent the day at 101 looking after my interests. It took all day to lop the tree to a twelve-foot stump, which was dug out the next day.

I had to move out of 101 by the thirty-first of January 1982 and I was very harassed by the packing up. There had been Marks living there for ninety-nine years. I did not mind about leaving but the decision making about what to do with things was wearing. I had to get rid of some things from the Barracks to make room for things from 101. I had taken leave for four weeks in the previous January to start the packing up and I took December and January off work to finalise the last of it. That January was hectic and exceedingly hot. Relations and friends rallied to help. I gave things to the Art Gallery, Museum, National Trust and University, and distributed furniture and other family things to the next generation of cousins. I moved out at 7.00 p.m. on the thirty-first. I then spent February with Judy Marks at Toowong recharging my batteries.
101 Wickham Terrace – 1882

101 Wickham Terrace – 1882
Dr Charles Ferdinand Marks in his Consulting Room, 101 Wickham Terrace

Fireplace, probably in Diary Room, 101 Wickham Terrace – circa 1887
Thought to be Espie Dods

Wickham Terrace (101 with highest chimney) – 1887
101 Wickham Terrace – circa mid 1890s

“Selby House” and “Inchcombe”, Wickham Terrace – circa 1900
Mosquitoes and Memories

View of Wickham Terrace – circa 1920

Wickham Terrace – circa 1925