End of fishing trip, Mitchell River – second trip April 1961

Rolling raffia and string, Mitchell River Women’s Club – second trip April 1961
Moves to St Lucia and Herston

I had remained part of the MCC as, when I came back from overseas, the grant from the Health Department had been renegotiated. I was employed on a yearly basis as renewal of the grant had to be requested every year. That went on until 1973 when the MCC was dissolved. The government decided that it was all wrong that one university department should get a grant from the Health Department to support one researcher. The government already provided the university with a large grant every year and they thought I should be supported out of that. The university responded that every cent of the grant had been budgeted for. So then they had another think. Eventually it was decided that as the Health Department already supported QIMR, I should be put on the staff of the Institute and that would solve the problem. This change was made on the first of July 1973. Although I now had a new employer I was carrying out the same work in the same place. I had moved with the university to St Lucia where I worked in the Goddard building which was shared with the Zoology Department. I had a lovely big room there and I think I did my best work in that room.

I continued to work at the university for another three years as the Institute was still housed in the old huts in Victoria Park and there was not space to accommodate me. When QIMR moved into their then new building, not the present one, there was space for me and I moved there in December 1976. My title at that time was Principal Research Officer.

Malcolm I. Thomas states that the Zoology Department moved to St Lucia in 1960 and Entomology in 1961. A Place of Light & Learning – The University of Queensland’s First Seventy-five Years, 1985, p. 263.
Mosquitoes and Memories

THE COOKING SPOON

Lea Wassell introduced the cooking spoons to us. He was a real scavenger and found a case of them in the army disposals. We bought them for the students and ourselves to use for collecting during Mr Perkins’ malaria control schools. Lea told me he had once killed a snake with his cooking spoon but their usual use was for dipping and collecting mosquitoes. Mine was originally just metal coloured but I painted it white so I could see the larvae more easily when collecting on field trips. It used to be repainted regularly but I think it is a discredit to me now, as it needs repainting. All my collecting gear has been taken to the Workers Heritage Centre at Barcaldine, where a section on “Women in Australia’s Working History” was opened on the twentieth of July 2002. It was very pleasing to be invited to be part of this historical exhibit. So the cooking spoon, in its disreputable state, is now on public display.

Using my cooking or dipping spoon as an oar on the fishing trip at Mitchell River Mission was not the only unusual use made of it. It was also used once to assist the railmotor up a hill between Cooktown and Laura on Cape York.

When I was in Cooktown in 1961 and wanted to do some collecting in the area away from the town, I asked the bank manager how best to arrange this. He said to travel on the railmotor to Laura and ask the engine driver or guard to stop occasionally so I could get out and look for mosquitoes. I went to Cooktown Station and consulted with the stationmaster who told me that

7 The cooking spoon was temporarily returned to Brisbane for Patricia’s funeral and took pride of place on her coffin.

Exhibit on Dr E. N. Marks at the Workers Heritage Centre, Barcaldine – June 2003

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CRICOS No. 00213J
he in fact drove the train and the station porter acted as the guard. He agreed to stop for short periods for me to collect at sites I chose along the route.

There were some steep hills on the rail track to Laura and the little railmotor had a heavy load. As we were going up one of these hills the railmotor lost traction and the wheels began to spin. It would start moving, the wheels would spin, the driver would let it run back a bit and then have another go. The guard, who was sitting in the front, looked around and spied my cooking spoon. He grabbed it, jumped out, ran ahead and used it to spoon sand onto the rails to give the wheels a grip! This did the trick and the railmotor got up the hill.

The railmotor, which was known as “Leaping Lena” because of the roughness of the rail track, ran a return journey to Laura once a week. This was a distance of about one hundred and ten kilometres one way. It carried mail and pulled a couple of wagons to transport goods. The day of its arrival in Laura was quite a social event, as everyone came to town from the surrounding properties to collect their mail and supplies. The pub was well patronised as friends met up and the general store did a roaring trade.

The State Government closed this railway line and pulled up the rails later that same year.
Why won’t she go up the hill? Cooktown to Laura Railmotor – April 1961

Scooping sand onto the tracks, Cooktown to Laura Railmotor – April 1961
INTERNATIONAL CONGRESSES of ENTOMOLOGY 1968 and 1972

The Thirteenth International Congress of Entomology was held in Moscow in August 1968. I attended it and had a most interesting trip. We flew from London to Moscow and I remember it took about an hour to get through filling out health certificates and customs declarations. We had to travel quite a way on what was then a magnificent two-lane highway with flyovers. There were trams and trolley buses mostly driven by women, not in a uniform but wearing coloured cardigans. On the outskirts of Moscow there were many old style wooden houses of one storey plus an attic room. None were freshly painted and, although each had its own grounds, the gardens were untidy compared with those in Western Europe. I came to the conclusion that my father and I had some Russian gardening instincts! There were fruit trees, vegetables and some flowers. As we got closer to the city the apartment blocks started. My first impression was of a large city with wide roads and many parks and open spaces usually with trees growing in them. I remember noticing that there were very few hoardings and advertisements and no litter.

One thing that sticks in my memory is that it was an exhausting process booking into the Hotel Russia. There were so many of us at the one time that it took a couple of hours. Most of the visiting entomologists were staying there as it was ideally situated between Red Square and the Moscow River with wide roadways in front between it and the Kremlin Wall. The food was interesting at first but a bit monotonous after a week. There was a lengthy menu but one could only choose from items that had an explanation entered beside them or by pointing at something someone else was eating.

Congress meetings were held at the Moscow University and a very efficient shuttle bus service transported us there. The congress was a huge one with fifteen hundred Russians, fifteen hundred foreigners and three hundred students enrolled. I heard some interesting papers but
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there were too many not in English for a non-linguist. However, the most important part of a congress is meeting people and I did meet a lot of people.

We were free to move about where we liked in Moscow, except foreigners could only go in a guided party into the Kremlin museums but could walk around the grounds. I tried out the Metro with a couple of friends. We got out at each station, inspected it and then boarded another train to the next station. The trains ran smoothly and were very clean, and the stations were literally like palaces. They had great vaulted marble halls lined with statues, bas-reliefs or mosaics. Even the walls on the far side of the trains where there was no platform, were marbled or tiled and quite clean. The people were very polite and always gave the eldest of us a seat. I also tried out the trolley bus system and managed without much difficulty.

The fourteenth International Congress of Entomology was held in Canberra in August 1972. Over one thousand people attended and it was a tremendous success. One of the lighter moments was at the opening session. The congress symbol is a red bulldog ant and when the black curtains on the stage were pulled back they revealed a gasp-causing surprise. A Canberra dentist had modelled an enormous, about ten-foot high, fluorescent red bulldog ant!

I stayed with Ian Mackerras and his niece Joey Bancroft in Canberra. That year Ian and I were working on a paper covering the three generations of Bancrofts involved in medical science – Joseph, Thomas and Ian’s late wife Josephine who died in 1971 and with whom I had done a lot of work.

The Canberra entomologists provided a lot of private hospitality and there were two big parties for everyone. A number of the overseas entomologists passed through Brisbane before and after the congress. The Entomological Society of Queensland held pre and post congress barbecues at the Barracks. About one hundred people attended each of them including about forty of the overseas visitors. At the time I thought how habits were changing. Ten years prior to that we would have provided beer at the barbecues but at these we provided flagons of red and white wine!
POLITICAL ISSUES 1972-1980

Following the 1972 congress there was a Conference of Australian Museum Directors (CAMD). Doug Waterhouse, the Director of the Division of Entomology, CSIRO and Ken Key, the principal taxonomist, attended the conference. They proposed that the Government should introduce legislation to control the export of insects from Australia and requested the support of CAMD. Theoretically this was to prevent the loss of holotypes to overseas. Unfortunately they did not consult with any other entomologists other than a few people in CSIRO who were aware of the plan but not allowed to talk about it. The entomological world did not know anything about this change to legislation until guidelines for its administration were issued a couple of months after its introduction by the Federal Government in July 1973. Everyone felt it was introduced in a rather underhanded sort of way, particularly as the people who knew about the proposal had attended the congress but never mentioned it. A lot of entomologists were against it, including Ian Mackerras and John Evans who was the Director of the Australian Museum at that time.

Firstly there was quite a lot of correspondence about it in Search, the publication for the Australian and New Zealand Association for the Advancement of Science (ANZAAS). John Evans voiced the opinions of many entomologists in the article printed in Search Vol. 10 Nos. 7-8, July-August, 1979. He wrote: “A holotype is a single specimen designated as the ‘type’ by the author of a species, and which thereafter serves as a physical reference to that species for the purposes of zoological nomenclature. Such specimens should be lodged in appropriate public museums, curated with considerable care, and made available, when required, to appropriate research workers. They serve a function analogous to those of older (concrete) international standards of the physical sciences and, of necessity, must be internationally accessible.”

The Australian Entomological Society (Aust. Ent. Soc.), which is our national society of entomologists and at that time had over five hundred members, met every fifteen to eighteen months in association with ANZAAS congresses. At their next meeting in 1973-74 the Aust. Ent. Soc. resolved that the society should do all it could to have this legislation repealed. I was elected president at the meeting in January 1975 and remained in that office until August 1977. Normally the main duties of the president were to advise on policy and produce a presidential address for the annual meeting. In this case, however, I was given the task of conducting negotiations regarding the legislation. While a lot of other people prepared the shots, I had to fire them. It was a very time consuming project and went on for a long time, probably about ten years.

The Aust. Ent. Soc. meeting set out guidelines and I had to go and talk to various people to make our concerns known. I met with Alan Bartholomai who was the president of CAMD, but I got nowhere and it was like that with all those involved. They remained firm with their decision. We went on agitating for better guidelines and wrote to the Minister of Science, whose Department administered the Regulation, requesting an interview but he refused to see us. We also had various meetings with a committee from the Academy of Science. Much later, and after a change of government, the new Minister received a deputation from us and accepted our point of view.

It was really quite a lot of hard work over a long period of time. The end result was that Australia eventually signed a suitable International Agreement and then the Government cancelled the unacceptable clause 13A in the legislation. That was the end of it, but it was quite a business while it lasted.
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Aerial spraying to control mosquito breeding was also a political “hot potato” and there was a lot of agitation about the aerial spraying carried out by the Brisbane City Council because of concern regarding the use of insecticides. The Entomological Society of Queensland (Ent. Soc. of Q.) became involved in looking at the problem of mosquito control and committees were set up to make recommendations. There was debate regarding the effectiveness of the aerial spraying so a test was organised. Representatives of the Ent. Soc. of Q. and the Council went down to Nudgee and I put out about a dozen white sheets, about one metre square in size, under the mangroves. The City Council aerial spraying was then carried out and only one mosquito fell on the sheets. This showed that spraying after the sun had risen was not effective as the mosquitoes were not active then but were sitting down amongst the roots of the mangroves resting. The insecticide was not getting a fair chance to work under those conditions. We had quite a bit of agitation about that. The political problem resolved when the season changed and the mosquito-breeding season ended although the practical problem still remained.
WORK 1979-1980

In June 1979 Marlene Harris and I had a three-week field trip to North Queensland. Marlene was my part-time assistant and was working with me on Australian Culex. We flew to Cairns and then to Bamaga which I had not revisited since 1953 when returning from the Torres Strait. There were still several communities of Aboriginal people in the area, some indigenous to the locality and some who had moved there from the west coast of the peninsula where small communities were difficult to service. At that time the total population of the various communities was about four thousand and they had their own Councils who granted permission to visit but they were administered by the then Queensland Department of Aboriginal and Islander Affairs. The Department provided the houses for rent and there was at that time a lot of debate about this “paternalism” with the advantages and disadvantages being bandied about. The communities ran cattle but still had to fly in some meat, had poultry and grew vegetables but not very successfully in that area. There was a small sawmill and factory for indigenous crafts. Supplies came in by plane from Cairns or by sea from Thursday Island. The road up the peninsula was only fit for adventurous four-wheel drive vehicles in the dry season and impassable in the wet. It has been much improved since those days.

There were a couple of small planes based at Higginsfield Airstrip which were used by Customs Officers to spot for boats or planes smuggling drugs in and birds out of Australia, and for poaching by foreign fishing vessels. These were mainly Taiwanese fishermen who were doing great damage to the Barrier Reef by poaching giant clams which brought high prices in Asia.

We stayed at the “motel” at Bamaga, which was a row of six double rooms with an ablution block behind and dining room at one end. It was the Department’s accommodation for visitors and was well run by a Torres Strait Islander woman who was a very good plain cook. Our lab which was about two hundred metres away was the most commodious I ever had. It was actually the unoccupied dormitory of the high school and we had the whole building! We could have had a cubicle for each species and there were plenty of power plugs, tables and hot water. For fieldwork we hired a Land Rover with driver Shirley Dean, the Aboriginal wife of the Administrative Officer. She was a treasure, a most careful driver who knew every rut in the roads and travelled slowly enough for us to spot likely pools. We had a day at “Somerset”, the site of the old Jardine homestead, but little remained except some graves, an old iron cannon and a few tall survivors of a coconut plantation. Another day we visited the Lockerbie Scrub, an area of rainforest which had a distinctive flora and fauna.

After a week at Bamaga we flew to Cairns, hired a station wagon and stayed several nights at Mareeba, collecting in several directions from there. Then we drove across the Atherton Tableland, down to Innisfail and south to Townsville, collecting en route. Most of our collecting throughout this trip was very rewarding. We flew home from Townsville.

In April the following year Marlene and I again went mosquito collecting to North Queensland. Once again we hired a station wagon and based ourselves at Mareeba, then Forrest Beach near Ingham and then Ayr. As was typical of these trips we stayed in motels and set up our lab in our bedroom. The motel owners and staff were very co-operative. One day we travelled as far as Petford, which is about one hundred and twenty kilometres west of Mareeba. It was an almost dead mining town but we purchased biscuits and cold drinks at the local store. The owner, who was also the local correspondent for a newspaper, asked what we were doing and remarked, “It is not very often that we get two ladies coming through Petford
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collecting mosquitoes!” It was probably the only time – although I had been there with a male health inspector a number of years previously. The shop owner then directed us to a very productive dam in her son’s paddock.

Also in 1980, approval was given to construct the long planned Burdekin Dam, which was a huge project. In July Brian Kay and I from QIMR and Peter Liehne from Western Australia, who worked on arboviruses and mosquitoes in the Ord Dam area, were requested to report on mosquitoes and mosquito-borne disease problems that might be associated with the proposed dam. We flew to Townsville to carry out investigations in the Burdekin irrigation area. We also took a flight in a Cessna along the Burdekin River from the delta to about fifty kilometres upstream from the falls, with diversions up several tributaries.

This area was especially interesting to me, as my father had investigated it when he was working as a geologist based at Charters Towers. He spent a week investigating the country we flew over, travelling by horse and on foot as far as the upper end of the gorge. When he published his report in 1912, his observations refuted some of the theories on denudation held at the time. It was especially interesting for me to think that when I flew over the area, his paper, sixty-eight years after he wrote it, was currently being reprinted in the USA in one of the volumes of the series *Bench Mark Papers in Geology*. From the air the country appeared just as he had described it.
Retirement

I retired officially at the end of April 1983 but was allowed to go on working as an Honorary Research Fellow. I thought if I was going to do voluntary work in my retirement I might as well do what I liked best and most enjoyed. I was not keeping anyone out of a job, as there was no future for mosquito taxonomy at QIMR after I left. My assistance grant continued during 1984. The only snag was that I had to move to a small room but this was a reasonable request as QIMR was pushed for space. To compensate for the lack of storage in my new room I was given additional space in the library compactus.

Some of my colleagues arranged a retirement dinner for me at a hotel and this was a most enjoyable party with about eighty-five attending. QIMR had an afternoon tea party for me and presented me with a gift for my retirement. This was a specially commissioned watercolour by Sybil Monteith. Sybil is an entomologist and an artist whom I have known since her student days.

The painting depicts two plants that grow on Cape York and their associated insects. One, Curcuma australasica is a plant of the ginger family, sometimes called Cape York lily, painted with a flower spike. Aedes kochi mosquitoes which breed in the water that collects in the flower bracts are depicted flying around and sitting on the plant. A bug that feeds on the seeds at the base of the bract is also shown. The second, a pitcher plant, Nepenthes mirabilis is depicted with green tree ants crawling on it. These fall into the liquid in the pitchers and are digested by the plant. Mosquitoes, Tripteroides obscurus, and a syrphid fly which breed in the liquid are painted flying around the plant.

I was touched by this thoughtful and delightful gift and have enjoyed having it on my wall since my retirement.

I was made a Fellow of QIMR in 1983 at the Derrick-Mackerras lecture. This annual lecture is an important occasion as it is a memorial to two former Directors who founded the Institute. Fellowships are awarded to people who have contributed significantly, directly or indirectly, to the Institute's activities and I felt honoured to be given this distinction.
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INTERESTING PEOPLE

Frederick Athol Perkins (1897-1976)

Frederick Athol Perkins was a very stimulating entomologist and I think many agriculture students took up entomology because he transmitted his enthusiasm to them. I first met him at the Queensland Naturalists’ Club (QNC) when he, his wife and family attended one of the Easter camps.

He was Lecturer in Entomology at the University of Queensland Biology Department from 1926 until he retired in 1962. When we were zoology students Mr Perkins (“Perks” or “Perky” as his students referred to him) took us on field camps. When I started work with the MCC he encouraged me in many ways. He did not push me into writing papers before I was ready or mature enough in my views about the subjects, which was a very good thing. Mr Perkins also got me involved in the Ent. Soc. of Q. He played a leading role in the society’s affairs and also gave it the support of his Department.

During the Second World War when I first became involved in the malaria control schools with Mr Perkins, I was also doing mine watching for the Women’s National Emergency Legion. I was on duty on Monday nights, which clashed with the Entomological Society meetings, so I could not attend. When the mine watching ceased I began attending the meetings and before long was inveigled into becoming the secretary. I think prior to that I had been treasurer of the Naturalists’ Club, which was the first adult thing I was involved in.

Mr Perkins had a genuine interest in his students. He was a gossip, but not at all a nasty gossip. He just liked to know what his friends and students were doing and then pass on the news to someone else. When any of his old students came to Brisbane they usually called in to have a yarn with him and I met a lot of people that way. He was not really academic as he was not a great reader of very serious books or anything like that but he was a tremendous teacher and a very good person to work for.

I never saw him fussed or out of temper, except once when he took some students and Mr Peberdy, who was a lab assistant, on a field trip. It was somewhere out Brookfield way. One of the students caught a snake and while Mr Peberdy was looking at the snake it bit him and he collapsed. They had to rush him back to the Royal Brisbane Hospital. One of the students was a stock car driver and took over the driving of Mr Perkins’ car. Mr Perkins did not like the way he drove. He made him stop at the first telephone booth to let him out, then he rang the hospital, called a taxi and arrived back at the Department looking extremely upset! It was the only time I ever saw him shaken.

He was an astute judge of the capability and character of a person and chose his staff carefully so they would work well together. He ran a happy department that developed strong, well-balanced final year and postgraduate schools, which attracted postgraduate scholars and professors from overseas.

He was always helpful, always considerate and had great courage, as proved when he lost his sight. This was a cruel affliction but he never bewailed his plight.
Eric Reye

I worked with Eric Reye on the *Atlas of Common Queensland Mosquitoes with a Guide to Common Queensland Biting Midges*. The Atlas was a handbook produced for training of Health Surveyors and I later updated it a couple of times.

The Health Inspectors then asked for instruction in mosquito and midge identification and it was decided to run a series of Schools for them. I think there were three in 1973, the year of the first publication of the Atlas. It was arranged that the School be held at the university. I was the chief instructor but we had other people coming in and giving talks – Harry Standfast was one of those and Eric Reye gave the session on biting midges, as that was his special field. I think each School lasted for two weeks. It gave a pretty good grounding and we also took the Inspectors out in the field. We ran two Schools in Brisbane, one following the other, then one in Townsville. They were very successful and we were asked to repeat them. I think the second series ran in 1982 and I believe there were again two in Brisbane and one in Townsville.

**Alexander (Alex) Hugh Chisholm (1890-1977)**

Alex Chisholm was a journalist and a naturalist who was born in Victoria. He became based in Brisbane in 1915 for a period and was a member of the QNC during that time. He later returned to Sydney or Melbourne but still came up to Queensland about once a year to visit his friends. He had a way of expecting everybody to run around and wait on him but he was so interesting that you wanted to do it!

When Alex came to Brisbane I sometimes I picked him up from his accommodation and took him to various places. I remember taking him out to the Fryberg’s home on one of these occasions. Mr Harry Barnard, who was the father of Lady Fryberg, was living there at that time and Alex discussed early bird collecting with him in great detail. It was very interesting.

Alex wrote and edited a number of books covering a wide range of subjects. He was also a very good speaker and an interesting conversationalist. He was a very pleasant person. He received the Australian Natural History Medallion in 1940 and was awarded an OBE in 1958.

**Sir Abraham Fryberg (1901-1993)**

Sir Raphael Cilento was the Director General of Health when I was first appointed to the MCC and Sir Abraham Fryberg succeeded him. “Sir Abe” was the one who decided where I was to go. Sometimes I would suggest places that I wanted to research but the ultimate decision was his as he was the chairman of the MCC.

There is an interesting story that when Ian Mackerras was appointed the Director of QIMR it had been hard to choose between two applicants. “Sir Abe” rang up McFarlane Burnett and found out all about the Mackerrases. Later on “Sir Abe” told Ian that he had picked him because he wanted to get Josephine on the staff!

**Francis Ratcliffe (1904-1970)**

Francis Ratcliffe was heavily involved in mosquito control during the Second World War and I first met him sometime then. After the war he was appointed Director of the newly formed Division (then Section) of Wildlife, CSIRO.

He collaborated with Frank Fenner to study the use of myxomatosis in rabbit control. By that time it was known that mosquitoes carried myxomatosis but which species was the carrier still
had to be identified. Eventually this venture led to the substantial control of the rabbit pest in Australia.

Francis used to send me quite large batches of mosquitoes. He enjoyed collecting and he also wrote about mosquitoes. I described *Aedes ratcliffi* from his collection.

Francis was one of the key people who organised the beginnings of the Australian Conservation Foundation (ACF), which was formed in 1964. He knew I was a member of the QNC and was interested in those sorts of organisations so I was invited to go on the Queensland Council of the Foundation. I think that was the first Council and then I was on the executive for about three years. Francis was a very knowledgeable person. He got on well with his staff, took a fatherly interest in their personal lives, encouraged them in their scientific work and fostered their interests.

**Dr Nicolai Dobrotworsky (1903-1981)**

I exchanged species with a gentleman named Nicolai Dobrotworsky generally know as “Dob”. He was a Russian refugee who had trundled across Europe, walking with his wife and wheeling their baby in a pram.

Dob was born in Starodub, Western USSR. He graduated from the School of Natural Science in the White Russian University of Minsk in 1926 and as far as I could ascertain he was appointed Research Scientist in the Zoological Museum in Minsk. Evidently he was not very popular with the ruling regime as after five years he was expelled from his post. He then went to Kazakhstan and worked on pest control at Alma-Ata on the border of Sinkiang. By 1937 he was back in his homeland, as Senior Entomologist at the Smolensk Agricultural Experimental Station where he gained the equivalent of a MSc in 1940, when the German tanks rolled into Russia, a ten-year exile from research began. Those ten years were given to the simple art of survival in German labour camps and Allied camps for displaced persons.

He and his family were shipped out to Australia in 1950 as immigrants and Dob was given, I think, a cleaning job in the Zoology Department of the University of Melbourne. Professor Tiegs discovered his background and was able to get a grant or several small grants put together to employ him to work on mosquitoes. He studied Victorian mosquitoes from 1950 to 1965. He had “green fingers” when it came to getting captive female mosquitoes to lay eggs and rearing the larvae. It was a pity that at that time the scanning electron microscope was not available to assist him in describing specimens, for it is particularly useful in illustrating the complex surface patterns of the insects. He wrote a very good book on the mosquitoes of Victoria.

When the money for his research on mosquitoes ran out he worked on *Tipulids*, which are daddy long legs flies. He also had grants from the Bishop Museum in Honolulu and spent quite a time over in Honolulu. He went to New Guinea and I think he collected there too but I am not sure. He came to Brisbane sometime in the 1960s when he returned from New Guinea and he was going to stay a month at one of the university colleges. It was Easter and he said he was having trouble swallowing so Dr Tom Woodward took charge of him. It turned out he had suffered a cerebellar stroke and he was put into hospital. Mrs Dob and his daughter, Mila, came up from Melbourne and stayed with me while he was in hospital. Mila did not stay for the whole time but Mrs Dob stayed until he could travel back to Melbourne.
He was a very good and earnest gentleman. The family lived in quite a small cottage, one in a terrace of cottages, in Melbourne. I remember going out to visit and having a meal with the Dobrotworskys one time when I was in Melbourne. We heard the footsteps of someone walking along the street and Dob said, “It is wonderful to be in a country where you do not listen to every footstep to see if it is going to stop at your house”.

**Keith Jarrott**

Keith Jarrott was a prominent member of the National Parks Association (NPA). He was interested in history too and wrote a history of the Lamington National Park. My father, who was one of the founders of the NPA, knew him well.

I was not a member of the NPA until after the Second World War but I remember that I went on one of their trips down to Moreton Island sometime before the war. One of the reasons I went was to find out whether I would be seasick, as I had never been on a rough sea. I did not find out on that trip, as the water was as calm as could be!

Activities of the NPA were suspended during the Second World War. I joined when they recommenced in about 1945 or 1946. I attended quite a number of their trips until 1949 when I went to England. However I cannot remember going on field trips with them after I came back from England.

On those field trips I got to know Keith quite well and discussed the history of many things with him. We kept in touch until his death in 1997. He worked very hard and he was a very good secretary of the NPA for about thirty years.

**Stan Colliver**

Another interesting man was Stan Colliver who was a very able naturalist as well as a geologist. I think the Collivers arrived in Brisbane from Victoria not long before I went overseas so I did not really get to know them until I returned.

My mother and father liked them very much, so they became good friends who quite often came out and stayed at Camp Mountain for a weekend. Stan was interested in geology and as that had been my father’s first career and he had maintained his interest, they had plenty to talk about. Stan was incredibly versatile in his natural history interests, anthropology, botany and shells. He had been a member of the Victorian Naturalists’ Club for a long, long time. He was the secretary of the Victorian Naturalists’ Club for some years before he came up here and following that he took a really large part in the Queensland Naturalists’ Club.

The Colliver’s home was something like a museum. There was a shell collection and so on, which is now at the Queensland Museum. Stan was a bibliophile and the house was full of books.

**Marjorie Hawken**

Marjorie Hawken was a very staunch member of the Naturalists’. She was a great friend of mine and we combined very well. Marj loved looking at birds and I wanted to collect mosquitoes or larvae out of pools, plant axils and tree holes. She would come with me on field trips and wherever I stopped she was quite happy to look at and listen to the birds. We really got on very well and had a lot of happy times. We camped together when we went on NPA trips in the 1940s. She was a very nice person.
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Margaret Scott

Margaret Scott who was a physiologist was also in the Naturalists’ Club. Margaret started studying science at the same time as I did and she was very serious minded. Another friend of mine, Margaret Grimes, and I used to have a great time teasing poor Margaret Scott and Dorcia Harding Frew. They worked together during physics prac and Margaret Grimes and I worked together. When we had to wait while something was cooling down, so had a bit of spare time, we would go and tease these unfortunate people. Margaret never bore any grudge and she was certainly full of brains. She did her Masters at the same time as I did and she got a job in the Physiology Department of the University of Queensland, I think as a junior lecturer.

She worked there for some years until something went wrong. It was rumoured that she had made an error in the marking of a student’s examination paper and when she discovered this she was so upset that she resigned. I do not know the truth of the matter but certainly something upset her. After her resignation she went down to Hobart where she worked at gardening.

Later her father, a solicitor, was getting old and frail and needed a secretary, so she came back to Brisbane. She worked for him and studied law and I think she completed her solicitor’s exams. She contracted cancer and died quite early on.

When we were at university Margaret used to come and stay for weekends at the Barracks. This was when the house was being erected and there were various logs to be got out of the way. Margaret and I would sit on the ground with a cross cut saw and pull it to and fro to cut these logs. Her mother asked her one day what she had been doing and she said she had been working on a cross cut saw. From memory her mother never allowed her to come again after that! Margaret was full of spunk. One of her knees would go out of joint and she always wore a support on it but she used to play hockey and she rode the horses and did everything. She was a really fine woman.

George Mack (1899-1963)

George Mack was an ornithologist and worked for the Queensland Museum from 1945 to 1963 being Director from 1946. He was a Scotsman. He was in the QNC for quite a while and was something of a personality or identity. He had a very dry wit and did not suffer fools gladly.

My family was quite friendly with him.

I remember one of the QNC trips when we went and camped at Yarraman. In those days during the 1940s and 1950s the QNC hired a truck with seats in the back and this was the way we travelled. We went to somewhere near Cooyar to visit a farm, to see what was reputed to be a great collection of Aboriginal implements. Mr Mack, as I then called him, was not the president at that time but he was leading this expedition to look at the implements. When we arrived at the farm the owners told us to go around to the back where the fernhouse was situated. So we went around and there, wired up around the entrance to this fernhouse, were about a dozen Aboriginal stone axes. The owners had painted each of them – top half blue and bottom half yellow. To see Mr Mack’s face and watch him having to be polite to the lady about what she thought were these “wonderful” stone axes, when it was nearly making him ill to see them painted, was really quite a treat for the other Nats! We were all very disappointed to see such fine artefacts changed from their original state but the owners thought they had enhanced them.
Dr Frederick Whitehouse (1900-1973)

Dr Whitehouse was also very active in the QNC. I think he took us on our first trip to Fraser Island and he was the cook. I seem to remember we had mounds of cake and it rained the whole time. He came from a catering family and he rather prided himself on his cooking ability. He was a very good speaker and could make geology tremendously interesting.

Professor Hines

Professor Hines used to come to Easter camps and bring his boys Mike and his brother but I am not sure that he ever belonged to the Naturalists’ Club. Some of the university people used to come to camps as visitors and I think he may have been one of these.

Nell Baird

Nell Baird was secretary of the QNC for about twenty-five years and was the centre of its activities for all that time. When I was a teenager I was scared of her. She could be rather commanding and abrupt. She would tell you to go and do something and you scuttled off and did it. Really she had a heart of gold and she worked very hard for the Nats as their secretary and gave them a lot of books. She was a retired schoolteacher of domestic science and, in the 1930s I think, she used to cook corned beef and all sorts of things and bring along to the camps. The object was to keep the cost of the camps down as low as possible because of the Depression and people being hard up. I do not think she ever missed a meeting in all the time she was secretary.

George Barker (1880-1965)

George Barker was one of the founders of the NPA along with my father although Romeo Lahey was the major force behind its formation. George Barker, together with his father, started Barker’s Book Store in Brisbane in 1906. He was an ornithologist and a pillar of the Nats. While studying birds was his favourite subject, he was also interested in ground orchids. Mrs Barker was quite knowledgeable about birds too and she could imitate them and call them down, so that was rather nice. George Barker was a tremendous worker at camps. He would set to with an axe and cut firewood as well as erect the tents. He made sure everything went swimmingly. The Barkers used to store the camp gear under their house at Wooloowin and Mrs Barker would mend the tents and so forth. They were really excellent people.

Henry Tryon (1856-1943)

I remember Henry Tryon from being a member of the Royal Society. He was there when I first started going to Royal Society meetings, which was probably 1938 or 1939 but my father may have taken me to meetings earlier than that.

Henry Tryon had the reputation of reading up on the subject of a person’s lecture and then, during question time following the lecture, tearing into that person and pulling their conclusions to bits. When I gave my first paper to the Royal Society I was terrified because he was at the meeting but he was very kind. My paper was about a mosquito and afterwards he gave me a reprint of a paper that was describing Filaria bancrofti, which was quite a valuable reprint. Unfortunately, I think I missed the best of Henry Tryon – he was past his prime and was irritating people at the time I was going to meetings.

He was a thin wiry man. It is hard for me to remember now what is my experience and what I have read and been told about him. He started studying medicine at London University where I think he was a student of Huxley. Then he gave it up and went travelling for a period before
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he settled in Queensland in about 1878. He lived up north for a while on a sugar plantation and sent many specimens down to the Queensland Museum. Eventually he came down to Brisbane and got a job at the Museum.

The story goes that he was offered Assistant Director or something like that as a job title, but he preferred to be known as Entomologist. I am not quite sure if that is correct, but although the title did not involve any difference in salary, it became a big issue. Anyway Tryon wrote letters to the Director who in turn wrote letters to Tryon although they were in the same building and they had great arguments about various subjects. Tryon was a man who caused a lot of trouble in various societies and put a lot of people’s backs up but he was a great scientist, a great naturalist and he did a lot for scientific societies.

I think this story was in one of The Naturalist magazines. My father was president and Mr Tryon came to a meeting and said, “Where are you going for your excursion?” He was told where they were going and said, “Why are you going there?” My father said, “Oh this is wonderful to think we’ve found a place where Mr Tryon doesn’t know what is there!”

Henry Tryon originally represented the QNC on the Great Barrier Reef Committee. I think Mr Longman was the chairman at the time and he offended Henry Tryon. Henry Tryon said he resigned and the Committee accepted his resignation. As a result the Nats did not have a representative on the Committee and later when I was more involved in the Nats I did not realise that they had ever had one. It was many years before I found out that we had been previously represented. If I had known earlier, I might have tried for us to get a representative on the Committee again.
OTHER WOMEN SCIENTISTS

People have told me that I encouraged quite a number of women graduates to further their education and become better equipped as scientists, but I feel that is a very flattering way of putting it. Maybe I encouraged some women to do things they may not have otherwise done.

Elizabeth Exley was one of these people. She graduated Bachelor of Science from the University of Queensland in 1950, majoring in zoology. She then studied fruit fly larvae (Tephritidae) at the Imperial College, London for two years from 1952 to 1954. On returning to Queensland she completed her Master of Science on the study of fruit flies. Elizabeth joined the Entomology Department in 1958 as a tutor and eventually became a lecturer. She was awarded a Doctorate in 1968 after completing a thesis on Australian native bees.

Penny Kerridge, now Penny Sinclair, did entomology and she came to help me run a school for health surveyors in Townsville. Mattingly was out here together with people from the Bernice P. Bishop Museum and Penny helped look after them. She then married and went overseas. She and her husband wanted to work looking after disadvantaged people so they went to Africa but there were not two jobs for entomologists so her husband got the job and Penny had to do something else. When they came back to Australia she studied medicine but she was not well enough to go back to Africa. I think they still live up in Nambour.

Then there was Joan Bryan who went on to become a Professor. I think I was her supervisor. Leigh Clark was another one who was a member of the QNC. She was a second cousin once removed or something like that, so I knew her before her involvement with the QNC. Elizabeth Bernays was a great friend of hers and it is Elizabeth I suppose who has gone on to be the most distinguished of all those women. Elizabeth is a professor at various universities in the United States.

I suppose I had “a finger in the pie” with the training of these women, but they must have had the required instinct to learn and carry out research and just needed that bit of encouragement.

Male Prejudice

As Josephine Mackerras and I were pioneers to some extent, it is interesting that I cannot remember coming up against much male prejudice. The most annoying occasion I can remember came about in the Department of Agriculture when there was a trip going out to the Carnarvon Gorge. The participants were Alan May, one or two others from Agriculture, Mr Perkins and Tom Woodward. I wanted to go but the Department would not take me. They said that they would not mix women and married men without their wives. Other than that, I cannot remember meeting any significant male prejudice.

My original salary was paid from a grant and the money was divided up over five years. It had nothing to do with anyone else and I do not know how it compared to a male salary for the same work. I suppose eventually at the end of the time I was at the QIMR I was getting the same salary as the men were. It was never of concern to me so I did not go into that.
OTHER COLLECTORS

Health surveyors, various local authority staff and sometimes people who were interested as amateur naturalists sent mosquitoes to us for identification. Lea Wassell was a great one for sending specimens and his outstanding achievement was in 1960 when he worked out the first life history of a species of *Aedes* (*Chaetocruiomyia*). This subgenus had been known for fifty years, and about six species had been described, but specimens were rare. In 1953 when we were collecting, I had said to Lea, “Perhaps they are canopy breeders.” In April 1960 Lea wrote to me: “I am concentrating on high and difficultly accessible bodies of water i.e. tree top holes. First fruits are No. 1. Our natives quite understand me climbing tall trees and peering into holes as everyone likes wild honey and it is well known that us poor whites can’t always see beehives from the ground, they are a bit wary of me now, however, after seeing me perched in forks of trees paring branches down with a drawknife. Very often carry a good pair of binoculars and examine trees thoroughly before exerting myself.” The larvae he collected were from two tree holes about two-and-a-half centimetres in diameter, fifteen to thirty centimetres deep and nine metres above the ground, in the limbs of a dead bloodwood tree. These were bred out to *Aedes Chaetocruiomyia tulliae*.

Lea was born in 1908 and died in 1966. During the fifty-eight years of his life he made a substantial gift to science and natural history through his collections. He was a great bushman, generally unfazed by problems – dealing with them as they arose. An example of this occurred during our collecting trip in 1953. We were following a route that had not been used for some time and the tracks of the previous vehicle, which were faint anyway, disappeared completely in a claypan area. I disembarked from the vehicle to search more closely. Convinced I had found the route I instructed Lea where to drive and that there were no obstructions. He followed my directions and crashed, with a great bang, into a stump hidden in the long grass! Although he would have been perfectly entitled to be upset with me, all he said was, “I think we will have a cup of tea.” While the billy boiled he removed the bent steering rod from the Land Rover and heated it in the coals of the fire while we drank our tea. He then belted the rod straight with the back of his axe and replaced it. He was a courteous, considerate and generous man.

Another collector who came later was John Wright who was working for the Lands Department on rabbit control. He had worked with myxomatosis in the Victorian Lands Department and then he came up to Queensland and was stationed at Charleville. He was interested in the mosquitoes in that area. He was particularly interested in mosquitoes that laid eggs resistant to dry conditions and then hatched out in the pools that formed when it rained. He used to go out to collect when there was a storm brewing so that he was there when the mosquitoes hatched out. He got some interesting material in that way. I have a very guilty conscience about John because I never finished writing this research up. He was a great collector who obtained many of the specimens contained in what is now the University of Queensland Mosquito Collection.

Collectors such as these and other amateur collectors make a valuable contribution to research. They submit specimens from sites that can only be visited occasionally and for brief periods by the scientist. Often the amateur lives in the area of collection, and therefore has access to collect over long periods and in all types of weather conditions. As a result of these circumstances they are in a better position to collect something unusual.
Both collecting and rearing of larvae can be fraught with problems. I recall one of my less successful attempts to rear larvae. I had larvae sent down from Cairns and, armed with advice to rear them at ten to fifteen degrees Centigrade, I decided to use a shaded aboveground lily pond with about seventy-five centimetres depth of water. This was situated outdoors but close to our laboratory. In what seemed a brilliant plan, I took a very tall, narrow, cylindrical glass museum jar and added the larvae in about five centimetres of water. I then tied mosquito net over the top and set the jar in the pond. It was floating above the bottom but anchored so that the lower end was in the cool depth. All went well until a kookaburra landed on the jar and tipped it over and the larvae drowned. I arranged for more larvae to be sent and this time the bottom of the jar was firmly placed and tied onto a rock so that it could not tip. I reared one adult which escaped, and then someone left a hose running into the pond overnight. The anchored jar could not float up and again the larvae drowned. That was the end of that particular endeavour!
SOCIETIES

The Entomological Societies

There were no locally published contributions by Australian entomologists in the early years of settlement and it was considered this was to some extent due to the lack of an appropriate medium for publication. The Entomological Society of New South Wales, founded in 1862 as the first specialist scientific society in Australia, partly addressed this issue. It proved to be premature and only lasted about ten years. It was succeeded by the Linnean Society of New South Wales followed by the Royal Zoological Society of New South Wales. These, together with Royal Societies in each state and local Field Naturalists’ Clubs, met some of the publication needs of entomologists.

The Entomological Society of Queensland was formed in 1923. The constitution incorporated a clause to the effect that the objects of the society were: “the furtherance of pure and applied Entomological Science. It will be one of the main objects of the society to invite the co-operation of other Entomologists and Scientific bodies with the view to the eventual formation of an Entomological Society of Australia.” There was interest from different sources at various times but it was difficult to come up with a working proposal acceptable to all and it took forty-two years to establish this second objective.

During the ANZAAS Congress in Sydney in August 1962 Bruce Champ, an entomologist with the Department of Agriculture in Brisbane, and Courtney Smithers, an entomologist at the Australian Museum, called a meeting to discuss the possibility of forming an Australian society. John Evans, the Director of the Australian Museum, supported the need to form a national society. He and Courtney had already discussed the matter but this was the first firm proposal.

There were about thirty entomologists from various parts of Australia at the meeting and there was a great argument as to where the proposed society’s headquarters should be located. There were one or two Sydney people who thought it should be there and others thought Queensland should run it, so there was a bit of a row going on. The meeting decided to ask the Ent. Soc. of Q. to canvass the opinions of entomologists throughout Australia and report the findings back to a meeting associated with the next ANZAAS to be held in Canberra in January 1964. The Ent. Soc. of Q. was then, I think, the only really active and fair sized entomological society in Australia.

Tom Woodward and I were deeply involved in setting up a questionnaire which the Ent. Soc. of Q. distributed to 590 individuals in November 1963. There were sufficient positive responses to the questionnaire to indicate that it would be a worthwhile project. At the next meeting held in Canberra in January 1964, we reported the results of the survey to a meeting of about forty-three entomologists. That meeting appointed a steering committee comprising Dr Ian Mackerras as Chairman, John Evans, Doug Waterhouse and Professor Tom Browning. This committee was instructed to go into the details and draw up a draft constitution in consultation with the existing societies and individual entomologists. They were to report back to a meeting to be called in association with the next ANZAAS Congress in Hobart in August 1965.

Ian Mackerras who had returned to Canberra in 1961 was at that time editing the Insects of Australia. That required him to travel around to other states to interview authors who were writing chapters for the publication. This gave him a good opportunity to talk to a range of
people and he also had a wide experience of different societies. Eventually the committee drafted a constitution, which was circulated and accepted by enough people who indicated that they would join and support a national society.

The inaugural or founding meeting was during ANZAAS in Hobart in August 1965. At the same time there was an International Conference of University Women in Brisbane in which I was involved, so I could not go to Hobart. The Executive of the Australian Entomological Society (Aust. Ent. Soc.) was to consist of the offices of President, Vice President, Secretary and Treasurer and for convenience all had to be in one location. This was to be the headquarters of the society while that Executive was in Office. Ian Mackerras was elected president, I was elected vice president in my absence and Alan May was elected Secretary. Unfortunately, although we did not know it at the time, Alan May was suffering from leukaemia but he remained in the position for about a year and gave a sound start to the job. Gordon Hooper, a lecturer in entomology, was elected Treasurer and Bruce Champ, Editor.

Until 1971 six Officers and a Council of members drawn from each State, Territory and affiliated Society governed the Aust. Ent. Soc. Three of the six Councillors made up the Executive and resided in one area. We started the news bulletin, which Courtney Smithers prepared in Sydney, in November 1965. That got the Aust. Ent. Soc. off the mark and it grew from there. Ten years later it had over five hundred members.

Queensland Naturalists' Club (QNC)

The Queensland Naturalists' Club was founded in 1906: “to encourage the study, appreciation, and preservation of the State’s flora and fauna and their environments”.

My mother loved the races and her brother Arthur, who was a race judge, provided her with free tickets. Father was not interested and so had to entertain me while my mother went to the races on Saturday afternoons. He was a keen member of the Queensland Naturalists’ Club and at various times was president or held some other position. I was quite young when I was first taken on QNC outings. The first camp I remember was at Russell Island in 1927. Rowland Illidge, a very well known entomologist and then an elderly man, was on that trip. He was very interested in birds but was mainly a butterfly man. I was fascinated watching him using his net to catch butterflies and other insects and that perhaps started my interest in insects.

On that first camp at Russell Island in 1927 we were camped next to the C. T. White family. Subsequently I met people like the Perkins, the Herberts and others as I was growing up.

When I went to boarding school I did not do much with the Nats for a few years but the family still went to the Easter camps. A couple of times, as I liked riding and there was so little time during the Easter break, we took our own horses to the Easter camp or hired some horses locally. On those occasions mother, my great friend Betty Connah and I went riding. One of these camps was at Upper Cedar Creek and we rode our own horses up there. We stayed at the camp but went out riding during the day. Another camp was at Mt. Edwards where we hired some local horses. These horses were running loose in a paddock and when I went down to bring them up I hopped on one of them bareback. It took off with me and I came off, hit my head and had a bit of concussion. We had intended riding to Cunningham’s Gap that day but did not get that far because we had such a late start after I recovered. The horse was usually quiet and I blamed myself for the accident, which was caused by my mishandling. I was used to hopping on our own horses bareback and just did the same thing without thinking but that horse was not used to that sort of treatment.
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The Nats Club owned a number of tents, including four big ones, and a large tarpaulin that could be erected to provide a shelter for the dining area. Some families also had their own tents. At the time of the Second World War the Nats had to give up all their tents or at least the army commandeered all the large sized ones. The Barracks had just been built so daddy invited the Nats out there for a camp. We visited the Bora Ground during that camp among other activities.

Hattie Clark who was the Treasurer of the Nats Club was transferred to Bundaberg during the Second World War and they elected me as the new Treasurer. I had never been a treasurer, except maybe for the university swimming club or something like that, but I took the job on.

My parents had bought an office desk from a deceased uncle’s estate for me to use for my study. It was a big desk with drawers on either side of the kneespace and I put all the club receipts into one of these drawers. When I went to do the books and looked in the drawer there were not any receipts to be found! After searching everywhere I finally realised that they must have gone over the back of the drawer, fallen into the waste paper basket under the desk and been thrown out with the rubbish.

I had to telephone Mr Holland who was a long-standing member of the QNC and also the auditor. I had never met him, as he never came to meetings because he had arthritis or something. I suggested I might go out and see him but he said we could sort it out over the telephone. I explained what had happened and he told me I would have to get duplicates of all the receipts I had lost. I had to go around and see various people who did club notices and other things and I remember the experience was very trying. I never lost my receipts again!

Being a treasurer was quite good experience and also the committees I served on were interesting. I had been on committees for university women’s sports clubs but these were much more varied, consisting of people of different ages and interests. People who I remember are Professor Herbert, George Barker, Mr and Mrs Jackson and Miss Eliza Ellen Baird, known as Nell, who was the secretary for many years. I do not know if they were all on the Council at this particular time but they were certainly members. I learnt a lot as a member of those mixed committees. I have been on one or two committees consisting entirely of women since then and I must say that the mixed ones are very much better.

I was president of the QNC for the first time when I was in my early thirties, which was quite young to be in that position. I was travelling around in north Queensland in 1952 when I was notified I was going to be elected on the retirement of the previous president. It was the usual practice for the Council to meet at the president’s home so when I returned to Brisbane we met at 101 Wickham Terrace.

The Council at that time consisted of Nell Baird, Stan Colliver, George Mack (Director of the Queensland Museum), Stan Blake (a botanist), Jack Woods (a geologist who worked at the Queensland Museum) and my father. Jack Woods was the editor of the QNC journal. My father did not attend that particular meeting for some reason and I cannot remember just who was there but some of the other old stalwarts did not attend.

When the QNC had appointed Jack Woods as editor a year or two previously, he had asked permission to alter the cover of the journal, *The Queensland Naturalist*, which had been the same forever. This was approved but in the new design he had omitted the quotation: “The Poetry of Earth is never dead – Keats”, which was given to the QNC as its motto by the first president,
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Sketchly. This motto and the bunya tree had always appeared on the cover of the journal. I am not sure whether he had removed the bunya tree but he certainly had removed the quotation.

The members were unhappy with this and said they wanted the motto back so the Council at this particular meeting told Jack Woods that he had to put these items back on the cover of the next issue. He said he was producing a modern looking journal and he would not have it and if they insisted he would resign. So they insisted and he said that he resigned. I accepted his resignation on the spot without putting it to the vote or having any discussion and then he left the room. Then Mr Mack said, “Well I nominated Jack Woods for the editorship so I think I should resign too.” So I accepted HIS resignation from the Council without putting it to the vote either! The interesting thing was that after that incident they both treated me with much more respect and we got on very well. I do not think they came back onto the Council but they never resigned from the club. It was a difficult meeting for me because the old hands were not present and it was bad luck for those two men that they struck a new unforged president. Anyway the motto has been on the book cover ever since. I was president again in 1970-1971.

I recall there was another problem when Margaret Holland was the president, Marj Hawken was the secretary and I was the excursion secretary. We were having an Easter camp at Springbrook and a long-standing member Midge Stark, who lived at Southport, was attending it. As excursion secretary I wrote to her and advised her that she could join the bus at Southport where it would be leaving from outside the railway station. On the designated day we arrived at the Southport railway station and waited outside at the bus stop. There was no sign of Midge Stark and as she did not turn up we eventually left. Unfortunately the bus stop was around a corner from the immediate front of the railway station where apparently she was waiting!

Midge could have joined a later bus but she took umbrage and I do not think she came to the camp at all. She wrote to the secretary and I am not sure whether she resigned but anyway she was very angry about this mishap. Margaret Holland as president, wrote a reply to calm her down. I wanted Margaret to say I thought my arrangements were foolproof. She would not say that but wrote a most beautiful letter. I saw a copy and thought it agreed that I was in the right and Midge got the letter and thought it said that she was in the right. So the whole thing was resolved and Midge remained a member for years afterwards.

I have done many trips and camps with the Nats to very interesting places. Typically the Nats provided the mess tent and catered for the party and we worked to a roster. At night we sat around the campfire and in turn reported on what we had seen during the day, then had a singsong. Sometimes we heard curious noises in the night and were visited by small native species such as bush rats that scampered over and through our tents and chewed things like soap and apples. Of course I always looked for and collected mosquitoes!

I wrote several papers arising from the QNC trips to Fraser Island. These are about animals, mosquitoes and the Fraser Island Aboriginal people. The Fraser Island mosquitoes were interesting. Although they were probably most similar to the Dunwich or Stradbroke Island species that we get along the marshes behind the sand hills, I did get a new species at Fraser Island. I called it Culiseta arenivaga, which means “wanderer in the sand”. This species is still only known from females.

In July 1986 the QNC had their first overseas excursion of a two-week trip to Java. I had never contemplated going to Indonesia but it was too good an opportunity to miss, travelling with a congenial group and led by one of the younger members, Robert Cribb, who was a lecturer in...
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Indonesian at Griffith University. We flew to Jakarta and travelled by coach anticlockwise around the island to the eastern end and then by ferry to Bali for two days before flying home.

It was a fascinating trip and both our Indonesian guide and our driver were excellent. The guide said we were the best group he had conducted as we listened to what he had to say and we did not fight over who would sit where. We visited ruined palaces and temples and it was an eye opener to see huge and complex buildings dating from the tenth and eleventh centuries. We visited bird markets, gong and silversmiths, a batik factory and the famous Botanic Gardens at Bogor. We also spent a day at a national park in the rainforest at Cibodas and another at the Baluran Game Reserve in savannah country at the northeastern end of the island. We had trips in a variety of boats including a dugout canoe with two outriggers from which we viewed coral through a glass bottomed box. At Dieng Plateau I was highly amused when a bus group of Oriental people insisted on being photographed with me – I have no idea why! Maybe I appeared even more elderly than I was!

Highlights were the trips to the volcanoes Krakatau and Bromo. We stayed two nights at Carita Beach, a seaside resort at the western end of Java and had a long day-trip, four hours each way in a launch and fairly rough, to Anak Krakatau (Krakatau’s Child). This was a new island which appeared out of the ocean in 1929 and which was still growing. There was great interest in the plants and animals that had gradually colonised it. It lies between three larger islands a few miles distant, including one part of the original Krakatau that erupted in 1883. The island had a low cone with smoke erupting from it and steep black ash slopes down to the sea. Those of us like me who were too large to be carried ashore by a Javanese sailor, had to disembark into the water up to one’s thighs, as the shore sloped steeply. We inspected the development of the new ecosystem and some of the party climbed to the rim of the volcano and most went part way. To me, a hot midday walk up a steep black ash slope in heavy wet trousers seemed less important than sitting under a pandanus tree to see whether a mosquito that might breed in its leaf axils would bite me (none did).

To visit Bromo we stayed at Probolingo on the northeast coast and departed for Bromo by minibus at three in the morning, climbing a steep and winding road to the village of Ngadisari at about five thousand feet. There in the dim street light were fifty or so people from other tour groups and small Tenggerese men, each with a bridled and saddled pony of about eleven to thirteen hands. These grooms selected the riders for their horses so the more determined grooms picked the lightest riders. I was rejected by the groom of a larger pony which looked up to my weight but was selected for a twelve and a half hand white pony named “Canteel” by groom Martin (at least that is how the names sounded to me). The ponies had attractive, broad intelligent heads, thick manes and tails, were much narrower in build than the Welsh and looked well fed and cared for. They had narrow chests, sloping quarters and cow hocks (i.e. hocks close together and legs below the hocks splayed outwards). The latter seemed a good design for carrying a heavy person up a steep hill – weight on the hocks and then a wider purchase on the muddy track.

Each groom walked beside with his pony on a lead and had a switch to hurry it up. I started by altering the stirrups to suit my legs. Martin realised I could ride and let me go without lead, every now and again with a leap forward when he switched “Canteel’s” rump. We climbed about a thousand feet up a cobbled track – each groom had a torch to shine on it – to the rim of Tengger where we spent an hour in a crowded cafe. Then each group set off in single file – we were near the last of the line. Tengger had a huge ancient crater about four miles across, floored with black sand. Across the other side from us two cones rose from its floor, Batok which is inactive and Bromo which is moderately active. We rode down inside the rim of Tengger and
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crossed the Sea of Sand to Bromo. Looking down from the rim one could see a procession of lights formed by the torches of the grooms and riders crossing the sand. Although it was very cold the whole atmosphere was quite magical. We dismounted at the foot of Bromo and the grooms and horses waited while people climbed up to see the sunrise and to look at the sulphurous bubbling cauldron. There were about two hundred and fifty steps up to the rim and the altitude caught up with me so I did not complete the climb. I did not see inside Bromo’s crater but saw the sunrise over the spectacular landscape equally well. It was an experience not to be missed.
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QNC camp, Russell Island – Easter 1927

QNC camp, Stradbroke Island – Easter 1928
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QNC camp, Upper Cedar Creek – 1932

QNC camp, Mt Edwards – 1934

QNC at Bribie Island. Patricia centre – September 1938

QNC camp, Coolum – Easter 1938
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QNC camp, Little Yabba Creek – Easter 1940

QNC camp, Border Tunnel – Easter 1941

QNC at the Barracks – September 1942
Waiting for sunrise, Bromo – 1986

Sunrise, Bromo – July 1986

Patricia and “Canteel”, Bromo – July 1986
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Group who insisted on being photographed with Patricia at Dieng Plateau – July 1986

The Nats Group outside Yogyakarta Sahio Hotel – July 1986
Australian Conservation Foundation

In 1964, at about the same time as my involvement with the Samford Bora Ground Preservation Committee, I became interested in the Australian Conservation Foundation (ACF).

Francis Ratcliffe, who was Deputy Chief of the Division of Entomology in CSIRO at that time, was instrumental in the formation of the ACF. He contacted various people, arousing their interest. I think the original Committee met in Canberra and Francis was elected Director and Executive Secretary. I was not involved in that meeting but not very long after the formation of the ACF, I was asked to go on the Queensland Council. We met about every three months and it was especially interesting for me because I was associating with a different group of people. I was also member of the executive committee from 1968 to 1971.

Sir Garfield Barwick, who was then the Chief Justice of the High Court, was the chairman and there were members from other states. Two top public servants and an amateur ornithologist represented Victoria. I remember Warren Bonython, who Francis Ratcliffe described as having been born with a silver spoon in his mouth, was the representative from South Australia. They were very stimulating and interesting meetings. I served on the Council for four or five years. There were five Councillors from each state, I think, and then there was the Executive Committee to which I was elected. We had meetings in Melbourne and at one of the conventions of the ACF I was introduced to Prince Phillip who was then the patron. I have a nice picture of Prince Phillip and myself.
Mosquitoes and Memories

Australian Federation of University Women

The Australian Federation of University Women hosted a congress in Brisbane in 1965. It was for the International Federation of University Women and I was one of the convenors. My memory of the congress program is very sketchy, as we were so involved in its organisation. Dot Sandars was the Chairperson of the main organising committee. Each state association had a representative on this committee and there were probably also a treasurer and secretary. This committee used to meet at one of the huts in Victoria Park at what was Dot Sandars' workplace.

There were convenors of various things, some part of the main committee and others not. Mrs Dot Shaw and I were convenors of tours and Mrs Budtz-Olsen was convenor of floral decoration. The woman who was convenor of ceremonies was a doctor from Tasmania.

The convenors who were not part of the main committee were allowed to attend its meetings so that everyone knew what was going on. It became obvious that Mrs Budtz-Olsen had not been given the job she wanted, as one day, when the Tasmanian representative was not present at the meeting, Mrs Budtz-Olsen said she thought the ceremonies could be arranged much better. She proposed that Mrs Shaw be made convenor of ceremonies with herself as assistant convenor.

I considered this was all wrong as I thought it was a wretched thing to do to try and reorganise things when the person concerned was not there to defend her position. I said that we needed Mrs Shaw on tours and I thought this other lady was doing her job very well. Mrs Budtz-Olsen moved that I be not heard! The other women all agreed to hear me and accepted my argument so Mrs Budtz-Olsen still ended up with the floral decoration as she had been designated in the beginning! Mrs Budtz-Olsen and I have always respected each other since then but we have never really been friends.

I think the actual congress moved along smoothly and the people all enjoyed it. There was a day of private entertaining and I had people out for lunch at Samford. I forgot all about one poor Dutch lady who was left behind, which caused offence. I had to get some of my relations to meet her and take her to dinner to soothe her.
**Preservation of Samford Bora Ground**

The Garumngar Aboriginal tribe used this Ring. In the article I wrote for *The Naturalist*, I stated that the Toorbal tribe used the Ring but they were the Brisbane tribe and the Garumngar tribe was west of them I think. At the time no one could trace any descendants of the actual Samford Aboriginal people. I think a lot of them probably went off into town as the area developed. My father remembered that in the 1890s he stayed out at Samford with the Coonans and they had a couple of Aboriginal men helping with fencing and breaking-in horses. I gather that they and any other remaining Aboriginal people were taken away in the 1890s to Purga, a Salvation Army Mission Station near Ipswich. I asked Mr Killoran, who was then Protector of Aborigines, about the Purga records and he said they had all been lost. So there was no way of tracing the people.

The Naturalists’ Club had known about the Bora Ground at Samford for a long time and a lot of other people who were interested in anthropology were aware of its existence. The Bora Ground consists of a large ring about twelve metres in diameter and a small ring about five metres in diameter connected by a sunken path about a metre wide and five hundred metres long, called the Sacred Way. The QNC first visited the Bora Ground in 1924. During the Second World War they had given up their tents to the war effort so had been spending a number of weekends and a couple of Easter camps at the Barracks at Samford. A walk of a few kilometres to the Bora Ground was usually included as one of their excursions, so they knew it well.

The Bora Ground was situated on land that was selected by the Payne family in 1865 and was part of the original “Samford Creek Station”. On the death of her brother Henry Thomas Payne in 1869 following a horse riding accident, the land passed to Jane Payne who had been keeping house for him at “Samford Creek Station”. Jane married James Scott Wight in 1870. Their son Howard inherited the land so it had remained in the family since its selection.

Various interested people and groups such as the QNC and Pine Rivers Shire Council (PRSC) told Mr Howard Wight that the Bora Ground should be preserved. He said, “Well as long as I own it and use it as I am for light grazing, it IS preserved.” He undertook to advise the PRSC if he was going to sell his land.

Mr Wight was aged in his late seventies and still dairying when he had a heart attack, which incapacitated him for some time. He came to the conclusion that he would have to give up dairying as he only had his wife and daughter to help him. In June 1963 he informed John Scott, the local Shire Councillor, of his decision. John Scott contacted me regarding this and we went to see Mr Wight that same afternoon. He told us that he would be willing for arrangements to be made for the preservation of the Bora Ring but could not afford to donate the land required unless he was compensated.

I suppose there could have been any of several other societies that took the primary involvement in securing the future of the Bora Ground, but it happened that there was a QNC meeting at 101 that evening. We discussed the project and the council appointed Lindesay Smith, a botanist, Stan Colliver, a geologist, and myself as convenor, to be a Samford Bora Ground sub-committee to investigate and do whatever was most useful to set things in motion. This turned out to be a most exciting and satisfying project.

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Mosquitoes and Memories

Firstly we found out that for the area to be made a reserve, the owner of the freehold land had to either give or sell it to the State Government or they had to resume it. Mr Wight was willing to surrender the land if he was recompensed for what it was worth and he agreed to an independent valuation by Mr Harland who was a licensed valuer and a former resident of the district. He valued the land at twenty-five pounds an acre. The sub-committee wrote to nine other societies suggesting that a committee be set up of representatives from interested societies. We enclosed a circular stating the details and advising of the necessity to raise money to compensate Mr Wight and to cover legal and survey costs.

The societies contacted were the Royal Society of Queensland, Royal Historical Society of Queensland, Anthropological Society of Queensland, Brisbane Bush Walkers’ Club, Brisbane Catholic Bush Walking Club, University of Queensland Bushwalking Club, National Parks Association of Queensland, Queensland Women’s Historical Association and the National Trust Association of Queensland. The Queensland Naturalists’ Club was the tenth society involved. Dr D. J. Tugby, Senior Lecturer in the Anthropology and Sociology Section at the University of Queensland, was also invited to take part.

We requested that each society nominate a representative to the proposed committee. In some cases they arranged a meeting to select a representative but in other cases it was the president or their nominee who attended. In some cases one person represented more than one society. The resulting group of about a dozen met and decided to form a Samford Bora Grounds Preservation Committee. This was purely an ad hoc committee for this particular purpose. The different societies raised funds in various ways. Some included a circular with their notices and some handed it to people at meetings or produced a moneybox for donations or something like that. They all contributed in various ways.

Mr Scott contacted the Honourable D. E. Nicholson, Speaker of the Queensland Parliament, who was also the member for the area, and arranged a meeting. He and I attended this meeting and told Mr Nicholson of the committee’s activities and that we would like to get the Lands Department to do the survey free of cost to us. He was enthused and advised us that we needed to see the Lands Minister. He arranged an appointment with the Honourable A. R. Fletcher, the Minister for Lands, that same day. Mr Fletcher was also very supportive and said to let him know when we had raised the money for the land and that he would see the survey was done.

We expected there would still be legal costs involved and we had to nominate a trustee. We did not like the idea of having a body such as the local shire council as trustee as we did not feel that the long-term protection of the Bora Ground could be adequately guaranteed. The National Trust was not incorporated at that time so it did not qualify. Ultimately we decided to ask the University of Queensland to be trustee. A Senate meeting was scheduled to be held about that time, so prior to the meeting I arranged to see a few of the Senators who were accessible – one I remember being Professor Jones. At their meeting the Senate agreed to be trustee and to meet any legal expenses, which we thought would be about two hundred pounds.

We raised over three hundred pounds. Contributions came from distant society members as far away as Western Australia, New Guinea and America. We were able to tell Mr Fletcher the money was raised and he said he would get the survey done.

Professor A. P. Elkin, Emeritus Professor of Anthropology in the University of Sydney, happened to be in Brisbane at this time and came to help us determine and mark the boundary.
Mosquitoes and Memories

We did not want to take more land from Mr Wight than was needed as he was going to sell his property as a working dairy farm. After establishing the proposed boundary the area comprised roughly five acres. Mr Wight signed the transfers and we advised Mr Fletcher who arranged for the transfer to go ahead. It took almost a year from commencement until it was gazetted as a Reserve for Bora Ground Purposes in May 1964. Mr Wight died about two months after it was gazetted and the property was subsequently sold to Ron Hopper who still owns it today. There was a lot of cockspur and lantana growing on the reserve so the members of the various societies carried out working bees to clear the area.

Mr Wight had said that while his land was being used as it was for light grazing, he would like the reserve to remain unfenced from his remaining paddock. There was the original boundary fence alongside the road and the boundary with Mr Wight’s remaining property was marked with concrete posts but no fence. It remained this way until about 1995 when it was fully fenced.

About the same time as the transfer formalities were completed the Queensland Museum produced a diorama of a ceremony at the Bora Ground. An American woman, who was a model maker and could make little figurines, was working at the museum at that time. She and other museum staff went out to Samford, painted the background of the Bora Ground as it was then, and made a diorama. The Bora Grounds Preservation Committee was invited to the unveiling of this and we took this opportunity to present the remaining money to the University of Queensland to be spent on preserving the Bora Ground. The Committee then disbanded. That was only its third meeting, I suppose, but it had done all it set out to do. I must say I thought this was a most exciting and satisfying project!

The diorama was on display in the old museum building on the corner of Gregory Terrace and Bowen Bridge Road. In 1987 the Samford District Historical Museum Society asked the Queensland Museum if they could borrow the diorama to display for the bicentennial year. Queensland Museum agreed and it has been at the Samford Museum ever since. One of the highlights for school parties and other visitors to Samford Museum is to view the diorama and then visit the Bora Ground.

I do not think this was the first time a Bora Ring had been preserved in southeast Queensland. I think the Nudgee one was probably the first one to be officially preserved. There are several others about but they are not gazetted as this one is. Also this Bora Ground is more complete than most others in that the big ring is obvious and the sacred way can be followed most of the way to the small ring. It has only been interrupted in a couple of places. The small ring is discernible but in very poor shape because it had logs dragged over it when the nearby forest was being logged.

\* Patricia presented the documentation regarding the preservation of the Samford Bora Grounds to the University of Queensland Library in September 2002 at a special function at the Samford Museum.
Handover of documentation regarding the preservation of the Samford Bora Grounds at Samford Museum – September 2002 (Village Pump Photo)

From left. Janine Schmidt (Librarian, U of Q), Patricia, Beryl Wight (daughter of Howard Wight)
Awards

The Australian Natural History Medallion

Awarded by the Field Naturalists’ Club of Victoria (FNCV) in 1981.

I was awarded the Australian Natural History Medallion in 1981 for my contribution to natural history and to science. I was flattered, as it is the highest award of this type given in Australia. I held a lot of offices in the Queensland Naturalists’ Club and I had written a lot of papers about mosquitoes and also about other aspects of natural history. The Entomological Society of Queensland and the Queensland Naturalists’ Club nominated me and had to provide a detailed dossier. I was the second Queenslander to receive the award since it was established in 1935. I certainly never expected to receive it, though of course I knew I was on the list of those being considered. Mr Heber Longman, who was a palaeontologist, was the first Queenslander to receive the award in 1946. Two other Queenslanders have received it since I did – Joan Cribb, a botanist and mycologist, in 1994, and Geoff Monteith, an entomologist, in 1997.

I knew that Mr Longman was deceased and after I received my award in 1981 I enquired at the Queensland Museum if they had Mr Longman’s medallion. They said they did not, so I asked Mr Longman’s niece Betty Bayley if she knew where it was. She said that after Mr Longman died Mrs Longman had such a “scunna” against Mr Mack that she would not have dreamt of giving anything to the museum while Mr Mack was there, so she did not know where it could be.

Geoff Monteith showed my award at an Entomological Society meeting in 1997. I asked the meeting to look out for Mr Longman’s award, as it seemed to have disappeared. Geoff decided to try the museum again and he rang me up the next day to tell me it was there. He had not seen it but it was listed in their catalogue of all the medals and awards. Perhaps Mrs Longman gave it to the museum after Mr Mack had left.

When I went to Melbourne in November 1981 to receive the award at an FNCV meeting I had to give a talk. It was much, much too long. When I think about getting this award I remember the appalling talk I gave! I understood I had to give a talk of about forty or forty-five minutes but like our QNC meetings there was so much that went on before my talk that it was very late and I should have condensed it to a shorter time. I just could not rethink the thing into the shorter time at the last minute and have it make sense. I was staying with a friend and had taken her to the meeting. She confirmed that she thought the talk was much too long.

Originally the award was a rectangular bronze medallion with a figure of an Aboriginal person on it. Mr Longman’s medallion was like that. By the time of my award the die for making the medallion had worn out and a new one had to be made. It was decided that associating an Aboriginal person with a natural history award was no longer appropriate as it may be considered offensive, so they commissioned a sculptor to make a new design. Mine is the first of that new design and is very impressive – an oval slice of agate two centimetres thick, polished on both sides, with the edge remaining in its weathered state. Mounted on the agate is a raised bronze cast of a lizard sitting on a piece of fossilwood beside a young eucalypt, and a plate with the name of the award, the recipient and the date. Joan Cribb’s 1994 award is of a different design again.
Mosquitoes and Memories

Belkin Memorial Award

Awarded by the American Mosquito Control Association (AMCA) in 1986 for outstanding contribution in Mosquito Systematics.

I had corresponded quite a lot with John Belkin because he was working on a two-volume monograph of the mosquitoes of the South Pacific. In 1960 I attended an international congress in, I think, Vienna and I decided to travel via America. I visited the University of California to see Bill Reeves who had come to Australia for the MVE Research in 1952, and then I went down and had two days in Los Angeles with John Belkin.

We spent the whole two days going over a manuscript and arguing about various things. Suddenly he said, “I’ve never shown you the tar pits!” So we rushed off in the car to the La Brea tar pits but they had just closed and that was it – I never did see them. John was a tremendously enthusiastic, very pleasant man. He was a White Russian and he had not been allowed to enlist into the United States Navy in the Second World War because he was of Russian extraction and he was very upset about this. I think he then served in the army in the South Pacific. He was very good at his work and he was also very good at dealing with research students and other people. They could go and consult with him at any time and he would advise them. I saw this in practice later when I was on another visit and he happened to come into the department that I was visiting.

It was very pleasing to get that award. I was a joint recipient with John Reid, an Englishman, who had been working in Malaya. He had worked in Malaya for a long time and was held prisoner there by the Japanese during the Second World War. Unfortunately he was not well enough to come to the presentation. We were invited to attend the annual meeting of the AMCA in New Orleans to receive our awards during four days of meetings. The meetings were interesting and I met several old friends.

I loved New Orleans as there was so much to do and see and the famous cooking came up to expectations. A trip to the Everglades cypress swamps was particularly interesting and from a launch we saw alligators and great numbers of turtles of several species. At the ensuing lunch at a restaurant I ate “Alligator Sauce Piquant” but the sauce was so “piquant” I still do not know what alligator tastes like. At that time, although the alligators were protected, there was a short open season for limited numbers to be hunted. We also attended a reception where there was a jazz band playing and a “Mardi Gras Krewe”, dressed in their spectacular carnival garb, processing around the room – fun but not very conducive to conversation.

The award is a certificate under perspex on a wooden base and I have it hanging on the wall at Camp Mountain. I had to give a talk for about fifteen minutes at the presentation ceremony. A South African, de Meillon I think, received the first Belkin award and following that they were all awarded to Americans until John and I received it. I am the only Australian to receive it so far.

I thought I might as well combine a bit of sightseeing with this event so I returned to the west coast by train which took three nights and three days and was a restful way of seeing the country. I left New Orleans one afternoon and had enough time in Chicago next morning to go up the Sears building which at that time was the tallest in the world. We then travelled across the prairies arriving at Denver next morning, then through the Rockies where there was still snow. We passed through Salt Lake City in the middle of the night and then travelled through...
the Mojave Desert to Los Angeles. I stayed in Los Angeles one night and caught my plane home next evening. The only tour I could fit in was to "Hollywood and the Homes of the Stars" in a minibus. The homes had beautifully kept gardens and various dogs or other devices to keep out intruders. I remember one home had a notice in front saying, “Is there life after death? Enter here and find out.”

Presentation of the Belkin Memorial Award – April 1986

Officer of the Order of Australia in the General Division (AO)

I received my AO in 1990 and the citation reads: “for service to science particularly in the field of entomology”. I received a quite elaborate certificate signed by Mr Hayden who was then the Governor-General of Australia, admitting me to the Order. I also received a box of medals, which includes a big medal to be worn only for ceremonials, church parades, government house receptions and things like that. Then there is a smaller miniature, to be worn at the formal dinner associated with the annual general meeting, which is held in a different capital city each year. There is also a little lapel brooch. The male recipients were probably given a stud to wear on their suits instead. All the boxes appeared to be the same and I did not see the contents of the men’s boxes.

The Queensland Governor, Sir Walter Campbell, invested us. I made the most awful blue too. Laurie Powell, the Director of QIMR, was appointed a Companion of the Order of Australia in the General Division (AC), which is the highest award available. I was made an Officer and another member of the staff was made a Member in the same series of awards. They were all to
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be presented on the same day. I went along to Government House thinking Laurie would be there and be the first person to go up but in fact his award was presented by the Governor-General in Canberra. So to my surprise I was the first one to go up and I suppose I was a bit bewildered and did not really listen very well when the aide-de-camp told me what I was to do.

I was supposed to shake hands with the Governor when I received the award after he had hooked it on. I forgot all about shaking hands with him and had started back to my seat when I suddenly remembered, so I went back and shook hands with him then. This pleased everybody, he was very amused and the other people who were waiting in trepidation were comforted because I had made a fool of myself. Nobody really minded.
HISTORICAL INTEREST

The Queensland Philosophical Society (QPS) was founded in 1859. It was later absorbed into the newly formed Royal Society of Queensland, negotiations for this commencing in 1883 with the QPS finalising its accounts in 1884. In 1959 I was president of the Royal Society of Queensland and as there was a continuous heritage of science through from 1859, I decided to make the history of the Royal Society the subject of my presidential address. The subject turned out to be far too big so I concentrated on the period up until 1911 when the University of Queensland was founded. Due to the setting up of university staff at that time the composition of the society altered somewhat as it then had more scientific members.

Researching the history of the society I found that Sir George Bowen, Governor of the Colony, was the first president of the QPS but in 1863 he resigned and accepted the position of patron. His Honour Chief Justice Cockle, who had been appointed first Chief Justice of Queensland that same year, was elected to the office of President and remained in that office until 1877. He was a distinguished mathematician as well as a lawyer. He became a Fellow of the Royal Society in 1865. Another of the original founders was Silvester Diggles so I researched him too, along with various other people.

The main object of the QPS was: “The discussion of scientific subjects, with special reference to the natural history, soil, climate and agriculture of the Colony of Queensland”. When I was giving the C. T. White lecture to the QNC I decided that I would talk about some of the founders of the QPS. I commenced my talk with Silvester Diggles and I had so much data on him and was so interested that I neglected the rest of them! Afterwards I did some supplementary notes on him.

As a result of my work on Silvester Diggles his grandson became a member of the Nats (QNC) and remained so until he died. I remember how keen he was as on one of the excursions, on what was a very hot day, he carried Silvester Diggles’ telescope up to the top of Mount Samson.

I was asked to write the entries on Sir James Cockle and Silvester Diggles for the Australian Dictionary of Biography. I think this was because I had researched them in the history of the Philosophical Society.

Thomas Bancroft’s mosquito activities had been omitted in his ADB entry and I was asked to add this information. He was another naturalist person and I suppose being a mosquito hunter I was an obvious choice. I have also written ADB entries for John Shirley, Sydney Skertchly, Frederick Bailey and Ronald Hamlyn-Harris who were all members of the Naturalists’ Club.

Joseph Bancroft (1836-1894), with his wife, son and daughter, was the first of the Bancrofts to come to Australia in 1864. He was a medical practitioner and discovered the worm *Filaria bancrofti* which causes filariasis and he was one of the first to suggest that mosquitoes transmitted it.

Joseph had a farm at Deception Bay where he spent his weekends. He invented a new process to dry meat into a fine palatable substance called pemmican. Pemmican was developed and used by the Eskimos and as it was a very long lasting food was used by many of the early explorers. Joseph built a factory to manufacture it at his Deception Bay property and produced it for export. When he died in 1894 his son Thomas inherited the Deception Bay property and...
Mosquitoes and Memories

the factory. They were supplying the British army with pemmican for a while and did very well out of it. They had letters of praise from the captain of a ship that had been shipwrecked telling how the people who had been on board had to take to open lifeboats and were fed on pemmican.

The bottom fell out of the pemmican business about 1900-1901, maybe at the end of the South African war. Thomas was a qualified doctor and practised a little medicine while he was down at Deception Bay but as he was more interested in scientific research he spent a lot of time on his experimental work with filariasis. In 1904 when the factory was no longer useful the family moved from Deception Bay up to Enoggera. The factory was pulled down and moved to Enoggera where it was rebuilt and turned into a tannery.

After he moved to Brisbane, Thomas served as Quarantine Officer for the Port of Brisbane and held several temporary jobs with the State Health Department in 1905 and 1906. During that time he investigated dengue fever and beriberi. He suspected but failed to prove that *Culex fatigans* was not the carrier of dengue but it was the day-biting *Aedes aegypti*.

The Bancrofts carried out a variety of projects down at Deception Bay. Joseph built fish traps and he grew all sorts of crops and date palms. He was a great horticulturist and an experimentalist. There is a monument for Joseph and Thomas at Deception Bay. The Brisbane branch of the British Medical Association (BMA) (which later became the AMA) was originally considering putting up a monument for Joseph. They consulted my father, who consulted me and I said they had to include Thomas, so he was put on it too but I had to supply the information. I am a trustee of the monument but John Pearn is now the principal person involved. This responsibility has been passed down to him because of his interest in medical history. I think Stewart Paterson and David Mackerras are also trustees.
**THE HORSES**

The first horses I remember in the family were Barlasch and Gloria. They belonged jointly to my mother and her sister Evelyn when they lived at “Rougham” before my mother went over to Ireland to get married in 1914. They rode both these horses and also drove them in harness. After grandfather moved to Samford they were kept in the paddock at “Cushleva”. Barlasch lived until he was about thirty-five and Uncle Carl used to feed him once a day in the winter when he got old. He was a terrific walker and a very nice horse. Gloria had foals before she came out to Samford, one of these being a mare called Banshee who came to Samford too, possibly in my early childhood.

Gloria was in her twenties when she died. She was up at the quarry after it ceased working and must have slipped and fallen. Her leg became stuck under a huge rock that had been quarried out. Eventually someone found her and came down and told the people at “Cushleva”. They rushed straight up but Gloria had struggled so much that her heart had given out and she was dead.

When I was five I was given my first pony, who was named Billy. Mother’s youngest sister Audrey Clarke gave him to me. Billy had been bought for Aunt Audrey’s eldest son, Drury, but he had outgrown him by that time and it was no longer suitable to keep the pony at Hamilton. So I had my first pony and went on rides with mummy who rode Barlasch or Gloria.

In the early 1920s Gloria and Banshee were sent to Eagle Farm to a well-bred thoroughbred stallion called Darkbread. When their foals were born Banshee’s foal was called Bunyip and mummy and Aunt Evelyn were looking for a name for Gloria’s foal. I am not sure how old I was but I said, “Why not call him Gingerbread?” I thought of this because Gingerbread began with a “G” for Gloria and Darkbread was the name of the stallion. So he became Gingerbread. These foals were not broken in until they were about six or seven years old which is old to break in a horse.

My friend Helen Le Fanu used to come out to stay with us at Samford so we needed another pony. At that time the Coonans had moved from their farm at what is now McCombe Road and let it to Charlton Kable. He had a nice quiet little grey pony mare called Nellie which we used to borrow. On Sundays when we went out to “Cushleva” I would be let out of the car at the end of McCombe Road and walk up to Charlton’s and he would have Nellie ready for me. Then I would ride her, bareback I think, back to the “Cushleva” house. In the meantime mummy and Helen would catch Billy and Barlasch and we would saddle up and go out riding. I saved up my money and eventually bought Nellie for five pounds.

Billy had come to us with a nice little boy’s saddle, like a stock saddle, which Drury had used. Billy and the saddle had belonged to Jack Waugh before Aunt Audrey bought them for Drury. We needed another saddle for Nellie and my mother’s friends Mary and Estelle Palmer gave mummy a riding pad. This was a child’s pad really, a flat thing with only a little stuffing and no kneepads. Many years after this I bought an American book about harness. It had a picture of a saddle similar to the American saddle in the Queensland Museum, which had been given to Sir Arthur Palmer who was Premier of Queensland from 1870 to 1874. There was also a picture of a child’s pad very like the one the Palmer women gave me. I cannot help wondering if the pad was brought out to Australia at the same time as the saddle in the museum. It had an embossed pattern on it, which I always felt left a pattern on my behind but I do not suppose it did. A number of my friend’s children have since learnt to ride using this child’s pad.
Mosquitoes and Memories

Aunt Edris owned a horse that had thrown her and after that episode the Coonans lent her a mare called Dolly, which she then bought or maybe swapped for the other horse. My mother or Aunt Evelyn used to borrow Dolly sometimes. She was quite tall, about fifteen-two hands and very nice and quiet. Barlasch was fourteen-two hands and Gloria was probably the same. Nellie was twelve-two and Billy was eleven something, quite small. I grew so fast he was soon too small for me.

About 1928, Mick Coonan broke in Bunyip. He was then lent to Madge Roe, a friend who rode and lived out near Kenmore, so he would become quiet enough for me to ride. Grandfather was always consulted about things and he said that Bunyip would make a good horse for me. Gingerbread was broken in a year or two later by Sidney Richards. I do not think he was as well broken in but he did not have the same disposition as Bunyip either. Bunyip was a strong-minded, bossy sort of horse but basically very kind and sensible. Gingerbread was a bouncy horse but not really wild when it came to the point. He was not suitable for my mother or any of us young things to ride so he was lent for a year or so to Jack Dudley, the son-in-law of Tommy Richards, who then lived up at the end of Camp Mountain Road where Jack Mitchell now lives. Jack was an Englishman I think, a great big fellow, and was quite merciless with Gingerbread as he was supposed to have galloped him home from Dayboro to Camp Mountain. Gingerbread always had noisy breathing and we put the cause down to that gallop. He always bounced, cavorted sideways and played about but he was a kind horse really and very exhilarating to ride. I reckon he taught me more about riding and staying on than any other horse.

The Alec Marks had a pony about the size of Nellie called Isabella or Bella for short. We used to borrow her when we needed another pony. Sometimes Helen’s brother Frank came out to the farm and we used to borrow Bella for him. When I was about ten or twelve we were allowed to ride anywhere we liked in what was called the middle paddock which was between “Cushleva” house and Camp Mountain Road. We had to undertake not to go out of a walk or trot, as we were not very good at controlling the horse and staying on at the canter. My parents were working in the one hundred acre paddock and there was a lot of timber on it so they could not see us but kept listening and watching while they worked. That was the sort of freedom that we had, which was very good for us and we had a lot of fun.

When I was about eleven I was allowed to ride Bunyip and one day he put me off after we had ridden to the Zimmermans, who lived near where the bowling green now is. There were lovely places to canter beside the road in those days and when we were going home we all started off at a canter with Bunyip and I in the rear. When the others went ahead, Bunyip pig-rooted and I came off. The others stopped when they got to the top of the hill and saw I was not with them and came back. No sympathy from my mother – I had to get on again and away we went. I would have had sympathy had I been hurt but I never got any sympathy for falling off – I was just told to get back on, which was quite right.

I had wanted a foal from Nellie for years but I do not think we did anything about it until I was at boarding school. My parents inquired around Samford and Bill Morrison, who was always referred to as “Fighting Bill Morrison”, had a stallion called Brownie. He was a very solid pony of about fourteen hands and of the type that would have been useful to pull a sled or cart. Nellie was sent over to Brownie and in 1933, eleven months later, she produced a nice grey filly foal. Nellie was old so we were lucky to get a foal. She had foaled down in the paddock and the foal was so small that my father carried her up to the house in his arms. I had to think of a name for her and I asked my schoolmistress Yoland Warde, later Yoland Barlow, who I had a great liking for as most schoolgirls do for some of their teachers, to think of a name. She...
suggested Jill so that was how she got her name. Jill grew up at “Cushleva” and was around about the house there so grandfather petted her which made her very quiet. My cousins, Jane and Judith Marks, learned to sit on Nellie but learned to ride properly on Jill.

I wanted to breed from Jill when she was old enough so I sent her to a man at the Animal Research Institute at Yeerongpilly who had a Welsh Cob stallion. We had to keep Jill in another paddock at Yeronga and depend on other people to get her to the stallion at the right time. Unfortunately the end result was no foal. When I was at university I went on a geological excursion where I met up with Val Robinson, a postgraduate student, and told him about trying to get Jill in foal. He told me his father-in-law, Mr Yore, had a stallion called Ruffian who I should use. Mr Yore lived at Logan Village and I remember driving there one day in Hector the car to see this horse. We had my mother, Irene Walker and probably Betty Connah all squeezed into poor old Hector. Ruffian was a very nice horse and his sister was a very good racehorse. She raced in the Melbourne Cup where she was first past the winning post but unfortunately without her rider!

We really wanted to get Banshee in foal but as we were using the horses for a lot of riding we did not want any more than one mare in foal as we could not ride her. Mr Yore said to send Banshee but she may be a bit too old. Betty and I took her there, riding Bunyip and Jill and leading Banshee. Mr Yore liked the look of Jill and said if we did not get a foal from Banshee to send the pony, as she should have a good foal. Banshee did not get in foal so when we picked her up we left Jill and she produced a really nice colt foal. We called him Gloucester, which had something to do with the Duke of Gloucester’s visit to Australia. A couple of years later I sent Jill to Ruffian again and this foal was called Oenone. I am not sure whether I ever tried to get her in foal again but Oenone was the last foal Jill had.

At the time of the Second World War Charles Marks and his wife Judy had two small girls. When Charles went away to the war Judy stayed and kept house for Uncle Alec. When the Japanese came into the war Judy and the children went to live at “Cushleva” with Aunt Edris and Uncle Carl as it was considered safer to be out of the city. Uncle Alec gave the children a donkey and they called her Minnie Hee Haw. Judy used to walk down through the paddock to get the mail with the children riding Minnie. The horses, especially Bunyip and I suppose Gingerbread, used to tease Minnie so they were banished. We shifted them over to the paddock that I now own which was called the Old Farm. Nellie and Jill stayed over at “Cushleva” as they were well behaved. When we went out there on Sundays I would saddle Jill and ride her over through the paddock, through the corner gate of the Old Farm paddock and go looking for the horses. I would then lead two or sometimes three horses back to “Cushleva” and we would saddle up and go out for our day’s ride. It was quite a performance.

Bunyip was a fighter and used to fight with Mr Scott’s horses over the fence. One time he had an enormous lump on his jaw, which we did not know what to do about. In the end I took him in to Mr Lucas, who was a vet at Ascot and left him there for three weeks. I think Mr Lucas found there was a bit of bone broken in his jaw, probably caused by fighting over the fence. Eventually he got it out and the lump went down. It did not really affect him afterwards. While he was at Ascot he got very slim. He was getting plenty of feed but he hated being in the yard and paced around and around all day. He really looked like a show horse and much better than with his usual big “grass tummy”. There was a photo taken when I was riding him home from Ascot and all dressed up to ride through the suburbs. I called to see Betty Connah who lived at Lapraik Street, Clayfield and she took the photo.10

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10 This photo is printed on Page 64
Later on when some of the oldies had deceased I wanted to breed again. I took Oenone over to Bunya to a Mrs Hughes who had an Arab stallion. Oenone stayed at Mrs Hughes’ place but she and the stallion did not click so Mrs Hughes, without consulting me, put her to a part Arab stallion that they had there. The Hughes’ place was full of noogoora burr plants and Oenone’s tail was full of burrs when she came home and I had to cut all the hair off. Riding her with a crupper she looked like a little fox terrier with this little stump of a tail sticking out! I had her turned out in the paddock and assumed that she would have her foal all right but she lost it and they found it somewhere near the Barracks. In a way it was a fortunate mishap in that in the meantime we had found out about the English stallion, Berrylands, that Mr Brooks owned. He had been bred at the National Stud in England where he was supposed to have killed a man. He was a beautiful black thoroughbred with grey hairs through his coat. I sent Oenone over there. This time Mr Scott said he would take her and look after her near foaling time so everything went all right. She had a filly foal and we called her Phoebe. The only thing wrong with her was that she had very soft hooves.

We needed to breed harder hooves into the family so I sent Oenone to Arab stallions after that. First of all I sent her to Spindrift at the Gatton Agricultural College and she produced Barbary. Once again Mr Scott looked after her. A couple of years later I sent her to Gatton again to Grand Royal. This time she produced Achilles and he lived at the Scott’s longer than Barbary did. Later after Achilles was broken in I sent him to Marjorie Scheldt for about a year. She and her family rode him mustering cattle and for pleasure. It was the very best thing I could have done as he came back a well-trained horse. I thought I was getting such nice foals that I would get another one so I sent Oenone back to Gatton to Silver Moonlight. This foal was called Buuca, which was another word for spooks that I got out of some dictionary. He was not a great success even though he was a nice little horse. He reminded me of a fox terrier dog, the sort that yaps all the time. He had really bad feet and eventually he died as a result of complications from an infection.

Then I sent Oenone to Mildom, the Arab stallion that Berrymans owned. John Scott again looked after her and this foal was Millie. When I wanted Millie to have a foal I sent her to a stallion up Ipswich way and the result of that union was Alberta. In December 1982, when she was due to produce this foal I was clearing out 101 and had no time to do anything, or even think. By then John Scott had left Auchen Eden and Suzanne Jones very kindly agreed to look after Millie for me at her place. When Millie foaled and before she was paying much attention, the foal slipped under a fence and staggered down a steep hill into a scrubby paddock. Poor Suzanne had terrible toothache at the time and did not realise what had happened for a while. When Suzanne eventually found the foal she had hurt her mouth and would not suck so the vet came and administered her first feed by tube.

Soon after foaling, Millie developed an infection and her health deteriorated to such an extent by the end of January that the vet decided there was nothing more could be done for her. It was a very hard decision but there was no option other than to put her down. I then had this sickly, motherless foal that I had called Flora. I was so busy I could not help with the nursing but Suzanne looked after her devotedly. In spite of this she seemed to fade away and eventually I sent her to the University Veterinary School at Brookfield. They looked after her for about six weeks but could not save her and she died at the beginning of May. The general opinion was that having not had her first feed for some time she did not get the colostrum with its maternal antibodies necessary to establish the immune system. This colostrum is only present in the mare’s milk for a few hours after foaling. So that was the end of Millie and Flora. Millie, only
eleven years old, was one of the most delightful horses I have owned, both in personality and to ride, and Flora was a sweetie.

When I was young my mother was determined that I learn to drive a horse-drawn vehicle. She knew that Nellie was broken-in to harness and went very well. Mother talked to the vegetable man and the milkman who both delivered to Wickham Terrace in horse-drawn wagons. She really used that vegetable man because she admired his horse, not because she knew he had good vegetables! She conned these two men and between them they rebuilt a nice little pony sulky and brought it out to “Rougham”. Nellie was at “Rougham” for some reason and Aunt Evelyn drove her back to Samford in this sulky with their dogcart harness. Later on, when I had Jill, my mother had a new set of harness made.

I still had the sulky and harness and when I thought I would like to use them again I bought Melba from Suzanne in about 1980. She was about two years old and I had the idea of having her broken in to the sulky as she looked as though she was going to be the right size and type. That all went wrong too. I had a man, who was an old trotting horse driver, break her in and he did his best with her but she was very wilful. The sulky was designed for a narrow pony and Melba grew into a very broad pony. I had a track slashed around the front of the house and down to the boundary fence to drive on and I had the sulky done up at enormous cost but nothing coincided. By the time the man thought Melba was quiet enough to drive, the grass had grown up and when the sulky finally came back I was not game to put her in it. Really, I think I was past driving by then and the end result was Melba never got driven.

I still had Alberta, Millie’s first foal and I thought I would breed from her and also from Melba so I sent them to another stallion. This stallion had done tremendous things in all sorts of performance classes and looked as though he had a marvellous temperament. Both mares got in foal but I was much too casual in expecting them to just foal and everything to be all right. I should have found a stud or somewhere for them to go and be cared for. Alberta was up at the house one day, looking as if she was ready to foal and the next day she had lost the foal. Melba had her foal down near the fence into the Scotts and the foal somehow got under the fence. I rode down there on Achilles to see where Melba was and here she was on one side of the fence and the foal was on the other. I let Melba through the gate into the Scott’s paddock and she galloped away up to the house with the foal after her and I had to follow. Eventually I managed to bring her back up to the Barracks. I called the foal Mabel, which is an anagram of Melba. She is a nice little thing but again would have been too broad for the sulky. She is a willing little pony and I have ridden her quite a lot.

Mabel is the only one of the horses from which I have had a fall to cause a fracture. On the twenty-third of December 1992, Linda Tonge and her adult niece came out for a ride and we set off around the paddock. There was a good cantering place up a grassy slope to my boundary. The others cantered up the hill and I do not know what Mabel was thinking but she started off by taking unexpected great sideways leaps. I realised my centre of gravity was being left behind so kicked my feet out of the stirrups and came off quickly. It was drought time and there were lots of hard, hard cowpats and I am sure I came down on one of them and the result was a cracked pelvis. I bet it was a desiccated cowpat! Everyone rallied, neighbours too, and I was taken to the Royal Brisbane Hospital by ambulance, admitted to a public ward and cannot speak too highly of it. The event became widely known because I do my year’s entertaining between Boxing Day and New Year and about thirty people whom I had invited to the Barracks had to be told. I just had to lie or sit quietly in hospital and after sixteen days when I was near graduating from walking frame to stick I went and stayed with Loddie and John Tonge, my very caring cousins, for four weeks. During one week when they were away
Kathleen Walker stayed with me. On the seventh of February when I could drive my car and open my front bush style gate, I came home and another friend, Betty Bayley, stayed with me for two weeks. I have always considered myself to be very lucky to have such good caring relations and friends. I have ridden Mabel since then.

I am sorry that Alberta is the last of the line as they have been a wonderful, kind natured family. Barbary would almost talk to you and he would certainly say if he did not like something! An example of this was one time when a woman wanted to bring her daughter out to have a ride and I agreed. The daughter was riding around on Barbary and for some reason he did not like her at all. I could see him getting crosser and crosser. It may have been the way she was holding the reins and the effect on his mouth but whatever she was doing he did not like it. I told her she had better ride whichever horse I was riding because I was concerned about what may happen next!

I eventually gave the sulky and harness to Marlene Churchers (formerly Harris) who was my assistant at QIMR. Marlene and her husband Harry have a property between Woodford and Kilcoy. Harry has retired and has Clydesdales. I do not think they are showing them at present but bus tours go there and they harness the horses into carts so people can have rides. At one time they were hoping to have the place set up as a home stay but the Caboolture Shire Council rules for this made it too difficult so they gave the idea away. Marlene was hoping to drive the sulky and was going to take some lessons in driving so I said I would buy her a quiet pony for the sulky. There is a lot of horse driving around Caboolture and I am sure the sulky is as well looked after as when I had it.

For a lot of people a horse is like a bicycle or a car that you keep for a period of time and then replace with something better. This was not the case with us as our horses were part of the family. Mr Scott used to tell me to get rid of Bunyip and get a better horse that I could take to shows, but I could not do that as Bunyip was part of the family! My mother liked shows but I was not a show person as I could never be bothered doing up all the saddlery and doing all the fancy grooming and so forth.

When Betty Connah lived in Brisbane she never owned a horse as she used to ride our horses all the time. Then she went down to Sydney to be librarian at the Fisher Library. Another librarian there owned a horse and I am not sure where Betty got a horse from but she used to go riding with her. When this other girl married and went to America to live, she gave Betty her very well educated galloway who was about eighteen years of age. Betty kept him at the Ralvon Stud and became fascinated by the purebred Arabian horses there.

When she inherited some money Betty spent it buying Arab horses. The people at Ralvon advised her and she bought a mare in foal which she kept at Ralvon. This mare had a series of foals, some of them fillies who in turn also had foals. Eventually Betty had so many Arabs that it got beyond her to pay for their upkeep. She got tremendous pleasure from them, however, so they were well worth the money to her. When Betty died I was one of the executors of her will. Betty bequeathed me Lutaf who was about thirteen years of age and about the best mare that she had bred. Some of the horses were sold and eventually there was only one mare left. I had found that Lutaf was nice and kind after she had come up to me so I decided I would buy the other mare. She had not been handled because Betty was too ill to do anything with her. Her name is Tamsil and she must have had a bad experience as she is very head shy and I have only ridden her a few times. If only I had been ten years younger she would have been a lot of fun.
Another couple of horses I have not mentioned were Kips and Bally. Kips, a yellow bay, was the foal of a mare called Coquette that mummy bought and Bally was the son of Dolly and belonged to Aunt Edris. Bally was eventually given to me by Aunt Edris and Uncle Carl when we shifted all the horses over to the present paddock. We used to get him shod to ride him in the holidays. Also I bought another horse called Dixie. Mr Scott told me about a man at Mt Samson who had a beautiful pony and I thought another nice looking Nellie-type pony would be good. Mr Scott and I went and looked at him and I decided to buy him. I had taken my saddle so I rode him home and nearly got thrown off too. I stopped to have my lunch at the old Closeburn School. He almost threw me off when I dismounted and he nearly threw me off after lunch when I was mounting again. I decided that the man who broke Dixie in must have been one of those people who crawl on and off the horse as my method of mounting and dismounting was apparently very upsetting for the horse. I did not get off him again until I got back to the Scott's and had someone to hold him. Also I have not mentioned Gwen. She was Monkey’s foal by Gloucester. Monkey belonged to Gwen Field but she lived with us for a long time as we paddocked her and had the use of her and in the end Gwen gave her to mummy. She was very quiet. She was part carthorse but very nice natured. Another horse we had was Miralai. Mummy’s brother Willie, who was in Sudan, gave him to my mother. I think the word “miralai” was Arabic for “colonel”.

Also worth mentioning is the Samford Sports Day, which I attended in 1938. It was held on the grounds behind Samford Garage. Dorcia Harding-Frew, Margery Tart and I attended and we rode Miralai, Bunyip and Gingerbread. Irwin Scott, the eldest of John and Ida Scott’s family, had a nice little pony called Taffy, a small pony of about twelve hands. He asked me to ride Taffy in the flag race, so I did and got into the final. In the final I leant out so far to get the flag that both Taffy and I landed on the ground.

There were other entertainments as well as horse events, one of them being a nail driving competition for women. My mother fancied herself as a nail driver so she entered this. One of the Morrisons beat her and my mother was infuriated, not because she had not won but because this girl who beat her was wearing black kid gloves as she hammered the nails!

Those old Samford Sports Days were good fun and were the forerunners of the now two-day Samford Show. I have never ridden in the Samford Show but in 1980 I received the unexpected honour of being asked to open the show. They wanted someone non-political and representing families long connected with Samford. I even bought a new hat for the occasion, One of the Morrisons beat her and my mother was infuriated, not because she had not won but because this girl who beat her was wearing black kid gloves as she hammered the nails!
Mosquitoes and Memories

Billy

Nellie

Barlasch

Gingerbread

Banshee

Bunyip
Mosquitoes and Memories

The Horses

Miralai

Patricia, Nellie and Nesta – 1927

Patricia riding Minnie Hee Haw – 1942

Judith, Patricia and Jane riding Bunyip – 1942

Jill’s 21st Birthday – 1954
L to R. David and Margaret Tonge
Mosquitoes and Memories

Nesta Marks driving Stumpy – 1941

L to R. Miralai, Jill, dog Dalby, Barshee, Patricia, Betty Connah, Nesta and Bunyip at the Mews, “Cushleva” – 1939
Mosquitoes and Memories

Patricia riding Taffy in the Flag Race, Samford Sports Day – 1938

L to R. Mirali, Dorcia Harding Frew, Bunyip, Margery Tait, Gingerbread, Patricia and Taffy, Samford Sports Day – 1938
Riding Trips

On a number of occasions in the early days, mother and Aunt Evelyn rode their horses to Southport to visit their sister Mrs Lilian Saltmarshe. They also sometimes drove there with one of their horses in a sulky. On several of these visits they entered the horses in the Southport and Nerang Shows. They had also ridden to Tamborine in 1910 to see Halley’s Comet with my father’s cousin, Charlie Stodart, as escort.

My mother used to talk about going on these riding trips and we used to go on fairly long rides around Samford when I was quite a young child. We also went riding on holidays at places such as Tamborine. As I grew older I badgered and badgered and badgered mummy to take me on a long riding trip like those she had done.

Ride to Upper Cedar Creek – Easter 1932

The first one of these longer trips was when we took the horses to a Nats camp at Upper Cedar Creek. The camp was where the old saw mill used to be located. We rode up there and instead of going naturalising we went on a nice long ride up towards Mt Glorious. Betty Connah was with us and, as we girls were of an age to be confirmed, we were interested in going to church on Easter Sunday so we rode to Closeburn to do so. Over fifty years later I was on an excursion with the Samford District Historical Museum Society and a man seated in front of me in the bus turned around and said, “I think you rode to church at the Closeburn church?” Surprised, I replied, “Yes we did!” It turned out that he was a resident of Upper Cedar Creek and he remembered us riding to church while we were at that Easter camp right back in 1932!

Ride from “Cushleva” to Woodford – Easter 1933

I went on badgering my mother to take us on another long riding trip and eventually she planned another Easter trip. Gwen Field, who lived at Ferny Grove, came on this trip with us. She had her own horse and we took another one of her horses as a packhorse. I finished up riding this horse because Bunyip went lame. My mother, Betty Connah, Jimmy Dods and myself set off from “Cushleva” on the Thursday afternoon before Easter and rode to Dayboro. We had a sugar bag, which contained some oranges and an extra bridle, tied on the packhorse. Somewhere near Mt Samson and before we got to Dayboro the bag fell off without us noticing. Someone returned the bridle and the bag later on and my mother said, “But they didn’t return the oranges!”

Gwen Field came after work on Thursday and met us in Dayboro and we stayed the night at the Dayboro pub and agisted the horses in their yard. The pubs in those days were quite used to people arriving with horses and you could get a feed for about two and sixpence (twenty-five cents) a head for the horse and it was about the same for a meal for a person and the same for a bed.

Friday we set off to ride to Crossdale which is over near where the Somerset Dam now is, a bit downstream from the dam wall. I think we rode across country by Mt Pleasant. My father knew the country and mapped out the route for us. He was supportive of our riding trips in that way. As was usual with us, we got a late start and as we were riding along Bunyip twisted his fetlock and went very lame so I had to ride Rheuben the packhorse and Bunyip became the packhorse. This slowed us down and the consequence was we could not make anywhere near the pace we had planned. It was pitch dark by the time we arrived at an enormous crossroads of stock routes and it was very hard to tell where we should be going. Eventually we decided...
to follow one road and we came to the homestead of Mt Brisbane Station where the people directed us back to Crossdale and the pub. In the meantime the moon came up so we could have found our way anyway!

Eventually we got to the pub, probably at about half past eight or nine o’clock that night, and they had all gone to bed. We routed them out but we did not get anything to eat. We put the horses out in the yard and ate a packet of biscuits that we had in our pack. As far as I can remember it felt like my mattress was stuffed with corn cobs rather than corn husks! It was a very ancient little bush pub. At breakfast the next morning the hotel staff and all of us sat at the one long table and we were given rissoles and things, which we thought must have been prepared for our Good Friday tea that we never had!

Eventually we set off from Crossdale and took the road to Woodford. Riding along the river that is now all covered by the dam, we came to a nice crossing and decided to have our picnic lunch there. The poor horses had not had much to eat in the hotel yard the night before so we decided to hobble them so they could eat, rather than tie them up. We tied halters and things around their legs and went in swimming. Next thing the horses were up and off heading for home and there was nothing to stop them between there and “Cushleva”! Jimmy and Gwen ran after them but without any results of course.

We were sitting down trying to decide what to do about this problem and along rode a stockman with a stockwhip and a mob of horses. This man had been putting some cattle in a paddock and saw our horses trailing ropes and all sorts of things and thought they must have got away from someone so brought them back to us. It was very good of him. We then had to light the fire again and make him a cup of tea! So that slowed things down and when we got to Woodford it was dark too but we did find the pub and the hotel yard to put the horses in.

We had our evening meal at a little café. When we went back to the pub I remember there was a drunk asleep on the turn of the stairs going up to the bedrooms. During the night I cannot remember if it was the drunk snoring or a calf across the road bellowing, but I remember it was not a very restful night anyway. Our horses all stayed together wherever we put them. We had one of the dogs with us too, Dalby (so named because she came from Dalby), a mostly red kelpie who belonged to mummy. When we went to have our dinner at the café Dalby came with us and sat under the table.

The next day was Easter Sunday so Betty and I had to go to church as we had just been confirmed. We had panama hats, which we had bought from Woolworths. They were lovely white panama hats when we started out but by the time we got to Woodford they were very smeared with horses breathing on them and one thing and another. So we covered them with Johnson’s baby powder before we went to church to make them look clean and every time we bobbed our heads a cloud of powder wafted off our hats!

After church we started out from Woodford and rode over Mt Mee and down to Dayboro again and I suppose we picnicked on the way. We spent that night at the Dayboro pub again and rode back to Camp Mountain on Easter Monday. It was a lovely trip. I was about fourteen or fifteen, Betty was a year older and Jimmy a couple of years younger. My mother and Gwen were both very experienced riders and were the adults in charge.

We did not meet many people along the way. It was very quiet and there were very few motor cars, if any. We followed the road from Samford to Dayboro and the road to Mt Pleasant. It was
probably a forestry trail across from Mt Pleasant to Crossdale. Then we followed the roads again to Woodford.

**Ride from “Cushleva” to Southport – 1934**

One Christmas holidays when I was about sixteen my mother, Betty and I rode to Southport and put the horses in a paddock at what is now Surfers Paradise. My mother’s youngest sister Audrey and her husband Dick Clarke owned several blocks of land on Narrownock. On one of the blocks there was an empty garage that they lent us to stay in.

We took two days to ride from home to Southport. I think we rode to Beenleigh where we left the horses and went home to 101 by train then returned the next day to set off again. We stayed at Southport for about ten days and we rode the horses along the beach and took them into the surf. Afterwards someone said this was a very dangerous thing to do, as the horses would have attracted the sharks. It was a most exhilarating experience to ride Bunyip bareback into the surf. He jumped over the waves as the surf rolled in just the way a dog does. He was like a rocking horse and it was gorgeous. Betty was riding Banshee and the pull of the water going out after the waves made Banshee lose her balance and she fell down. I do not think my mother enjoyed it very much either but it was the most exciting experience for me!

**Ride to Tamborine, Binna Burra and Southport – 1935**

The major ride we did in 1935 was at the beginning of January. As my father was one of the founders of Binna Burra he was very keen that my mother and I should go up and stay there. He went himself and stayed there between Christmas and New Year when it first opened. My mother had promised to take us for a riding trip so we killed two birds with one stone. On this trip were my mother, Betty Connah, Jimmy Dods and myself. I was riding Gingerbread and Bunyip was the packhorse.

We started out from “Cushleva” and went across the river by the Indooroopilly ferry as this was before the bridge was built. I remember the horses put on a bit of a show at the ferry, as did Gingerbread when he saw a tram for the first time somewhere around Ithaca. We went on to Dr and Mrs Croll’s place at Chelmer, where they lent us a paddock to put the horses in overnight. We went back to Wickham Terrace by train for the night and returned the next day to start out again on the horses. It was a big paddock and we had trouble catching the brutes of course.

We rode to Waterford where one of the horses cast a shoe so we had to go to the blacksmith there in the morning. Then we rode on from Waterford via Logan Village and up to Tamborine. Mr and Mrs Jack White lived near St Bernard’s Hotel and we stayed that night with them. Mr White was a great horseman and was then about eighty but still owned and rode a horse. He had given Jimmy his pony, Tommy.

Mr White guided us and we rode down off the south end of Tamborine on forestry or timber tracks but did not go into Canungra. Then we rode up the northern end of Beechmont following timber tracks again. At that stage Binna Burra was using a flying fox to haul the luggage up and there was quite a narrow track about four feet wide to travel up on foot or to ride a horse. There was a big drop on one side of this narrow track and my mother was rather frightened and got off and led her horse some of the way. Mr White did not get off as I suppose

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11 Earlier trips were also taken when the adults rode the horses to Southport or Tamborine and the children went on riding trips while there.
he knew his horse very well. I do not remember if the rest of us got off, probably not. It was quite a long track but eventually we got up there.

Mr White stayed one night at Binna Burra with us and then went back to Tamborine. We stayed at least two nights, possibly three. I remember walking to the Coomera Falls one day with Arthur Groom. The horses were paddocked in a fair bit of cleared ground near the tents and one day they up and off and thought they would go home down the little narrow track. Fortunately there was a wire gate across it that they could not get through and we were able to go and collect them and bring them back.

We rode out from Binna Burra and the next stop was Nerang. We stayed two nights in the pub there. We had a swim in a nice pool in the Nerang River and we took the horses in for a bathe. While there we decided to ride to Southport to see Aunt Lilian and Jimmy had some friends to visit. We visited Aunt Lilian and then we thought we would go across to Narrowneck to visit Aunt Audrey. At that time the old wooden lift-bridge across the Broadwater was still in use and it was very narrow in the middle where the lift span was. Trying to get four horses to cross this narrow wooden bridge was quite a performance with motor cars waiting to go each way and the drivers getting very impatient. It was very agitating.

Somehow we had lost touch with Jimmy so it was quite late when we finally met up with him and were all assembled to go home. We got back to Nerang well after dark. The next day we rode up to Tamborine and had another night with the Whites. Then Mr White showed us a way down the western side of Tamborine as we were heading to Jimboomba to spend the night at the pub there. On the way we called to see the Delpratts at Tamborine House. The two Delpratt girls were at Glennie School with me and Paul Delpratt was at school with Jimmy Dods. Also Mrs Delpratt and my mother knew each other quite well. We had lunch with them and they invited us to stay the night with them and then suggested we stay two nights so that all of us young could go to Southport with Harry Delpratt who was driving there the next day.

So we accepted their invitation and the next day left the horses at Tamborine House and went to Southport in the car. The only bathers I had taken were my old cotton Speedos that I used for swimming races. They were suitable for swimming in creeks and waterholes but they were not suitable for surfing so we called on my cousin Yvonne Saltmarshe and she lent me a nice pair of bathers to wear.

We went back to Tamborine House for the night and the next day we set off for home. I do not think we stayed at Jimboomba but we headed back to Mrs Croll’s where we left the horses for the night and took the train to stay at Wickham Terrace. We returned the next day, picked up the horses and rode home to Camp Mountain. We were away for about two weeks in all and it was a wonderful trip. I think my mother was so courageous to take us. She knew us through and through but even so I think it was a marvellous thing to do. That was the last long trip we did.

On the first trip we had an old saddle that we used as a packsaddle and we tied rolls of our belongings to it but this was not very satisfactory. For the next trip my mother bought proper packsaddle bags and Bill Morrison lent us a packsaddle. When we went to return it he said he did not want it back. So I still have it and I will give it to the museum plus the packbags with it. I used it again on Phoebe in the procession for the centenary of the Samford State School in 1972.
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For the procession I had the assistance of my cousin Sam Tonge, who was studying second year vet science at that time, and his friend Bill Tranter. I wanted Phoebe to represent a geologist’s or a prospector’s packhorse. She had never worn a packsaddle before but was very long suffering and when we tried it on her briefly prior to the event she did not object. She wore the packsaddle with its two bags. She had a canvas water bottle on her chest, hobbles hung around her neck, two canvas swags on top of the saddle with a pick and shovel on top of them and a black billycan hanging from the side of the saddle. We put two bricks into each saddlebag to balance the load.

I wore a beautiful riding coat, made for my mother in Dublin in 1914 for riding astride. It came halfway down the calves of my legs with loops on the flaps so my legs were hidden and it covered the saddle. As I did not have any long boots I wore my father’s pigskin leggings which were also made in Dublin as part of his World War One army captain’s uniform. The boys wore their own cords with grey working shirts. Sam wore Betty Connah’s white solar topee, which she used to leave at the Barracks from one Christmas holiday to the next, a red bandanna around his neck and rode in a seventy-year-old saddle. Bill, who wore a battered straw hat that belonged to my father and one of my kitchen dishclothes around his neck as a bandanna, walked and led Phoebe. To our surprise we won first prize but Phoebe was the star of our group. The only things in the procession that upset my horses were the horse-drawn vehicles, which apparently they thought were horses gone peculiar at the rear end!

Jim Walker and I also attended the celebratory ball wearing my parents’ early nineteen hundreds evening dress.
L to R. Jimmy riding Nellie, Ruth riding Tommy, Patricia riding Mary, Tamborine – 1930

L to R. Nellie, Nesta riding Dolly, Patricia riding Bella, Tamborine Road – April 1930

L to R. Jimmy, Nellie, Patricia, Walmeem, Tamborine – May 1930

L to R. Ruth, Jimmy, Patricia. Lunch on the Knoll, Tamborine – May 1930
National Trail Ride Cooktown to Mossman 1978

In September 1978 I took a two-week vacation to ride the National Horse Trail between Cooktown and Mossman. The trail had been mapped out from Cooktown to Melbourne mainly following the Great Dividing Range. To mark its completion a mail relay ride left Cooktown on the twenty-eighth of September 1978 and was due to arrive in Melbourne on the twenty-eighth of November. There were two pairs of mailbags carried by two riders and passed on every hour to another two riders. The schedule was to ride ten miles in each hour. In the far north, however, the terrain was unsuitable for this timing and the distance covered in first three weeks of riding was only about twenty miles in a day.

I had made arrangements to go overseas that year and I knew I would not be in the Brisbane area when the ride got down here. I also knew that Henry Tranter was going on the trip. He lived at Millaa Millaa and I had met him on other trail rides and also at an Australian Trail Horse Riders Association (ATHRA) meeting in Brisbane. Henry’s son Bill had led Phoebe carrying all the packsaddle gear in the parade for the Centenary of the Samford State School in 1972 and was a great friend of my cousin Sam Tonge as they had studied vet science together.

I wrote to Henry and asked if he knew anyone who could loan or hire me a horse and if it was possible for me to join the ride for that leg of the trip. He advised me that both were possible and he originally intended to lend me one of his horses. When he did not have a suitable horse he organised for me to borrow a very nice little mare, rather like my horse Millie. She was called Twinkle Star. I took my sleeping bag and saddle with me but I did not take any other gear.

We took our horses from Henry’s place to Mareeba where everyone assembled, except for the people who came from the west. From there the horses were all taken together in transport to Cooktown. There were thirteen in the party who rode that leg of the trail.

The horses were put into yards at the Cooktown racecourse. The day before we were due to leave, while riders were getting their horses shod and making other preparations, some of us thought we would go for a ride on the beach. I set out on this nice little mare. When we came to the beach the next thing I knew was that I was on the ground. As soon as she saw this lovely sand she thought she would have a roll! She did not roll fortunately but she got down ready to roll. I wondered what on earth was happening, as I knew she had not stumbled or anything.

The school children and many others gave us a great send off from Cooktown and five Cooktown riders rode with us for part of the way. We had two packhorses and a Land Rover carried food for the horses and ourselves. We carried our bedding on our horses and camped under the stars the first three nights. The fourth and fifth nights we slept beneath a big tarpaulin, as it was showery and the last night in the horse stalls at the Mossman Showgrounds. At night each horse’s lead rope was tied to a ring on a line between two trees so it could graze without becoming entangled.

We were up at dawn each day and started out about seven thirty and rode at a steady walk. At the small settlement of Ayton the Bloomfield River Ratepayers Association gave us a great feast with barbecued fish.

We rode down what they called the CREB (Cairns Regional Electricity Board) track where the powerlines run and followed tracks across country that had been there for the old mining
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towns. The country was fascinating, eucalypt forest with grass trees. We rode along ridges with views of mountains about four thousand feet high, through rainforest and across some beautiful streams. We came through Daintree eventually. In one place the CREB track went up almost vertically, or so it seemed. The men of the party led the horses up. There was another woman about my age (sixty) or perhaps a little older, who came from Irvinebank. She and I staggered up by pulling on branches and things but we managed it.

I experienced no stiffness or sore patches during or after the ride and thoroughly enjoyed myself. The only sour note was the antics of three teenage boys who came with their father and were really unpleasant. They were trying to do things to upset Henry who was in charge of the party and they were baiting me. These boys and their cronies spoiled it for the rest of us in a way but otherwise it was a very good and interesting trip. It was a good leg of the ride to do as it was at the very start of the trail.
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National Horse Trail Sign – Cooktown

National Trail Ride leaving Cooktown – September 1978
Patricia riding Twinkle Star, National Trail Ride – September 1978

National Trail Ride group at the Daintree general store. Patricia third from left – September 1978
Rides Around Samford

One riding trip that springs to mind was after Jimmy Dods, his wife and children came to live in Brisbane. Sam Tonge, who was about ten years old, and Betty Connah were staying at the Barracks with me for the Christmas holidays. Jim brought his two sons Jamie and Simon out for the weekend. Jamie was about the same age as Sam and Simon was about eight.

Marjorie Scheldt said she would take us for a ride out in the Waterworks Reserve, now part of Brisbane Forest Park. This is an area of some thousand acres of low, timbered ranges about five miles west of Samford. There were and still are numerous forestry tracks through the Reserve and it was a lovely, quiet place to ride. Later on locked gates were put at all the entrances of these tracks as there were too many four wheel drive vehicles and motorbikes using the area.

I do not think Marjorie had told us before we started out that she would bring us out at Upper Kedron! We started out from the Barracks and rode up to Marjorie’s home at Wights Mountain. Greg Reason, a high school boy who was staying there, Marjorie’s daughter Kath and her husband John Cummins joined us there along with Marjorie. After a cold drink we all set out.

We did not mean to go out for the whole day and so only took some oranges with us for refreshment. Anyway we took a different track from the one we meant to and ended up coming out of the Reserve at Upper Kedron. We then had to ride back to Camp Mountain. We studied the forestry maps afterwards and worked out we had ridden about twenty-six miles. It was a great ride even if the young were a little tired and sore.

On another occasion Marjorie and I went riding again in the Reserve and we ended up at Lake Manchester! There were just the two of us on that ride and we had just gone out exploring – we never set out to go to Lake Manchester. I cannot remember if we got a glimpse of the lake or whether we just knew we must have been getting near it and thought we might as well go the rest of the way! I remember we met some Forestry or Lake Manchester people and they were astonished that we had ridden from Samford and were quite worried about us getting home. I never worried about getting home when I was with Marjorie as she had ridden all around the Waterworks Reserve and other parts of the district from the time she was a child and was an excellent horsewoman. We did some great rides together.

I also had some good rides with my Canadian friend Jocelyn Hocking in company with Marjorie Scheldt. Jocelyn’s husband Brian was Visiting Professor in our Department of Entomology and was writing a book and they liked to come to stay at the Barracks for weekends. Brian was happy to stay at the Barracks and write while Jocelyn and I went riding. Jocelyn loved riding and rode Barbary and I mostly rode Achilles. We would meet up somewhere with Marjorie and away we would go and do a bit of exploring. We went for a couple of long twenty-mile rides. On one of these longer rides we travelled down the steep valley of Cabbage Tree Creek in the Reserve. This creek was named after the cabbage tree palms, Livistona australis. Aboriginals used these trees as a food source. The growing bud or “cabbage” at the top of the tree was eaten raw or baked in the ashes of their campfires. The explorer Leichhardt reported that several of the men on one of his explorations became ill from eating too much cabbage palm. The pioneers used the large fan-shaped leaves to weave shady broad-brimmed hats. We did not see any of these palms but it was a beautiful ride, crossing and recrossing the creek, which was flanked by flowering bottlebrush Melaleuca, native clematis and also some wattle trees in flower.