

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE BARNEY HUT

Edited and Compiled by Faye Bolton



RELEVANT DATES

1947: Jon Stephenson's first climb up Mt. Barney via the North saddle and North Peak

1950: While walking the Scenic Rim, Jon Stephenson and Geoff Broadbent conceive the idea for a hut on ML Barney while camped in the saddle during a fierce storm

1951: Jon broaches subject of a hut with Forestry Dept. who writes to Club stating permission will be granted subsequent to submission of definite plans

1953: First formal mention of the possibility of a hut in Annual Report

April 1953: Election of first Hut Committee

June 1953: Letter plus plans and location of proposed hut sent by Hut Committee to Forestry Dept

August 1953: Club's proposed date to begin Hut as stated in the letter to Forestry Dept of June 1953

3rd August 1953: Permission to build Hut granted by Forestry Dept

Early 1954: Hut policy formulated by second Hut Committee

22-28th May: First Club Hut building trip

May 1955: Rock walls built to a height of about four feet

September 1955: Recognition of unfeasibility of completing walls with logs, now to be completed in stone

August 1957: Replacement of chimney by an aluminium one, due to excessive smoking

Early 1958: Completion of rock walls

August 1958: Roof complete

1959: Bunks complete

Winter 1961: Hut demolished

Late 1961: Second hut complete

June 1964: Second hut in state of disrepair

Late 1964: Third hut built

1966: Third hut needing repairs

Late 1970's: Third hut demolished

Very late 70s or 1980: Two toilets built from hut materials

Some time between 1980-1983: Shelter erected from left over hut materials

Mid 1980s: Remains of toilets airlifted out by National Parks and Wildlife Service

Late 1980s: All materials finally removed from hut site

The following information was gathered from various sources (B. Baker, G. Grigg, Heybob articles etc.)

HUT 1: Rectangular, fireplace at end

HUT 2: Hexagonal, central fireplace

HUT 3a: Hexagonal base of hut 2, rectangular roof with corners cut, central fireplace

HUT 3b: Fire moved from middle to side near door (LHS of entrance), clear plastic windows added

Photo front cover: Mt. Barney Hut from East Peak, 1955 or 1956, taken by Nell Cole (nee Stevens)

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I wish to acknowledge all those who contributed articles, memoirs and diary extracts, or who entrusted me with their precious photos and slides so I could make copies. Some of you generously copied them for me using mysterious electronic technology. Without this material the booklet of course would not exist, and I would have remained ignorant about many events that occurred during one of the most memorable, enjoyable, and far reaching periods of my life.

I would like to thank those who gave advice, important pieces of information, and encouragement when I needed them.

Finally, I would like to thank Lucy Sullivan (nee Harrison) for reading the draft. Her attention to detail led to the examination of important anomalies, and her insightful comments and suggestions have helped to make this booklet more than I had ever initially intended.

This Booklet is dedicated to all those people who dreamed, planned, and laboured on the first Hut, from 1950 up until its destruction in 1961

Editorial comment, except when it is a heading or an iterative statement, is in smaller type.

I have tried to be as accurate as possible, but there may well be omissions and errors for which I have been unable to check, due to lack of time and resources.



FOREWORD

While deciding where we would go during the 1999 reunion of the University of Queensland Bushwalking Club (UQBWC), I chanced upon a book by Robert Rankin, *Secrets of the Scenic Rim*, Rankin Publishers, Bris (1992). In it, I came across a section called “Building High” (pp, 121-125) from Chapter 10 ‘Action on the Scenic Rim’. Several hypotheses were put forward as to why the first Barney Hut was built: was it merely for shelter despite relative mildness of Queensland's climate; or was it to bring together walkers with a common appreciation for the area; or perhaps it was based on an urge to make one's mark on an otherwise pristine place? Rankin goes on to say that the only valid reason must be a social one, that of bringing together unknown or disparate people, the sole common interest being to walk in the mountains.

As well as mentioning some of the names of ‘old’ bushwalking identities, stimulating many pleasant memories for me, Rankin discusses in some detail the controversy surrounding the destruction and subsequent reconstruction of the hut by Ted Tesch. The second rebuilding (third hut) was also mentioned. As I pondered on the many pleasurable memories associated with my time as a member of the UQBWC, and its impact on my life, I decided that the time and effort, of sometimes epic proportions, expended by numerous individuals during the planning and building of The Hut demanded greater recognition. Through the tantalising glimpses offered in Rankin's book, I came to realise that I was there when history was in the making. Although not directly involved in the arduous carting of ‘tin’ and cement up the mountain, I had actually slept in the first hut on a cold, wet night after a slog up The Gorge, to find that the Boy Scouts, of all people, had got there first. I had actually talked to the infamous Ted Tesch, as well as to the other individuals mentioned in Robert Rankin's book. I had felt the effects of that same smoke-filled hut after waking early in order to climb East to see the sun rise on the cloud sea, unable to open my swollen eyes. I had even cooked on a fire in the second hut

In one of the updates sent out for the second reunion, I photocopied the ‘Building High’ section from Robert Rankin's book, with his permission, and suggested that people might like to send their memories, photos, or any other material, and I would put it together as a booklet. I was amazed at the response, and was kept busy photocopying people's precious photos, documenting them, and returning them before they became lost on my desk. New computer technology produced some beautiful reproductions of photos, and although I don't understand the underlying process just now (though I'm sure I will soon!), I am grateful that I could keep them. Both before and after the Reunion, I received many accounts, old diary entries, and memories. Lucy Sullivan (nee Harrison) told me about archival material which I finally tracked down in someone's cupboard.

The collation of the material was to be done by Christmas, but life got in the way, and things languished until I was prodded into action by a suggestion from Lucy that I stay with her in Brisbane sort out a

structure. This, and comments by Email (one from Arthur Rosser who, apart from kindly welcoming us to the 21st century because of our newly acquired Email facility, mentioned that thought there had been a plan to write a History of the Barney Hut, but maybe he had been wrong?) have galvanised me back into action and it will be done by Christmas, it's just a matter of which one. And as with similar projects, when they are started, they grow and take on a life of their own, and, always, take longer than anticipated.

Faye Bolton

August, 2000

BEGINNINGS

The inaugural meeting of the University of Queensland Bushwalking Club (shortened, back then, to UQBC) was held on 26th April, 1950, in the Geology lecture theatre of the University of Queensland at St. Lucia. A Club trip up Mt. Barney wasn't to be organised until first vacation 1951, when it was climbed via Logan's Ridge, considered in those days to be the best way up the northern faces. But the initial idea for a hut on Mt. Barney came about in December 1950 in the following manner.

One day in December 1950, Jon Stephenson and Geoff Broadbent were walking the Scenic Rim, starting from Hole in the Wall, via Superbus. Geoff Broadbent's version of the walk, and subsequent idea of a hut on Mt. Barney are below, and he begins in a letter to me (14 April, 1999) by saying that the idea "certainly never began with any thought of trying to leave mankind's imprint anywhere", thus repudiating this particular suggestion of Rankin, and Geoff says that he should know as he was "one of the two blokes who started it all".

I think Arthur Groom kicked off the idea of a "Scenic Rim" around Brisbane, and the idea of a scenic walking trail, similar to the Cradle Mountain or Appalachian Trail, evolved from there.

Jon Stephenson and I set out to walk the Scenic Rim from Laidley to the Gold Coast in 1950 or so. At that time several parties had tried it and come unstuck, and the attitude of the times was such that the Brisbane Bushwalking Club contemplated a legal injunction to restrain two lads from such a rash undertaking. We had come across Ballow and West Barney and collapsed gratefully in the saddle. We lay admiring some strange lights in the southern sky and wondered if it was possible to see the Aurora. At 2 am the truth unfolded with an almighty thunderstorm, lightning playing around the peaks, and the creek which we happened to be camped in the middle of, came down like a fire hose. We had the little bits of plastic pack cover to shelter under. When we got down to John Hardgrave's farm next day he had recorded four inches of rain! It was while walking that day that we decided that there ought to be a hut there for the unfortunates who might be caught on top in the future and to save the need for carting shelter.

Jon Stephenson's version of the same walk, sent to me by Email on 10 August, 2000, is below, and he begins by confirming that the idea for a hut on Barney probably started from Geoff's and his experiences that dark and stormy night when he and Geoff were camped close to where the first hut was erected. His account again emphasises that, contrary to opinions about the relatively mild climate of Queensland expressed by Rankin in his book *Secrets of the Scenic Rim*, the weather can be very inclement. But, I'll let Jon tell the story:

We came in to the back of Ballow, on the rabbit fence from Mt. Cluney, intending to follow the Ballow ridge south along the divide, and eventually simply headed across country for Barney, coming in to the back side of West peak which gave us an entertaining climb, with some brown snakes in the cliff I remember having to climb past harmlessly. Then down in to the saddle region, and a camp chosen next to the stream which runs down from East Peak. We had calico hammocks and a plastic sheet over the hammocks. But by this time we had wearied a bit and were in the habit of sleeping on the ground.

I recall a lightning storm on the horizon to the north which was of passing interest. But it came straight for Barney and seemed to swing straight up Barney Gorge. The thunder and lightning

woke us but we rolled over under our plastic. But it began to rain, seemingly with increase, and lit by flashes we were aware that the creek was rising. How it rose! We kept having to move in the dark uphill, so as not to be sleeping in water. The flood was impressive. Morning eventually came, storm moved on, and refreshing sunshine, with the creek still surging. We dried ourselves and climbed via East Peak and I suppose down from the north saddle (the first way I ever climbed Barney in about '47). We went on to Lindesay, and those mountains along the divide towards the Border Loop saddle, but we wilted and walked down Running Creek and then via the township of Laidley, to take the Stockyard Track up to O'Reilly's and then on along the Border Track to Binna Surra, to talk to Arthur Groom. By this time we had had about enough and young lads as we both were, had difficulty keeping our eyes open. So we got the milk truck at dawn and were in Surfers Paradise mid morning.

This is my version of the feelings we had for a hut being a “GOOD” idea. The Club seemed to think so and in about '53 I met Mr. Grasty who was the Forestry Dept OIC. A little to my surprise he agreed to the concept, even to using on-site saplings, and an aluminium roof.

Jon goes on to say that he left Brisbane for London to study and so missed the first big carry up Midget Peak ridge of corrugated aluminium and cement. He recalls some controversy about the enterprise, but says John Roberts and others had “their hearts in the right place”. (The 1953 Annual Report lists John Roberts as a committee members, but who subsequently had to resign because he contracted poliomyelitis, from which, the Report goes on to say, John was satisfactorily recovering).

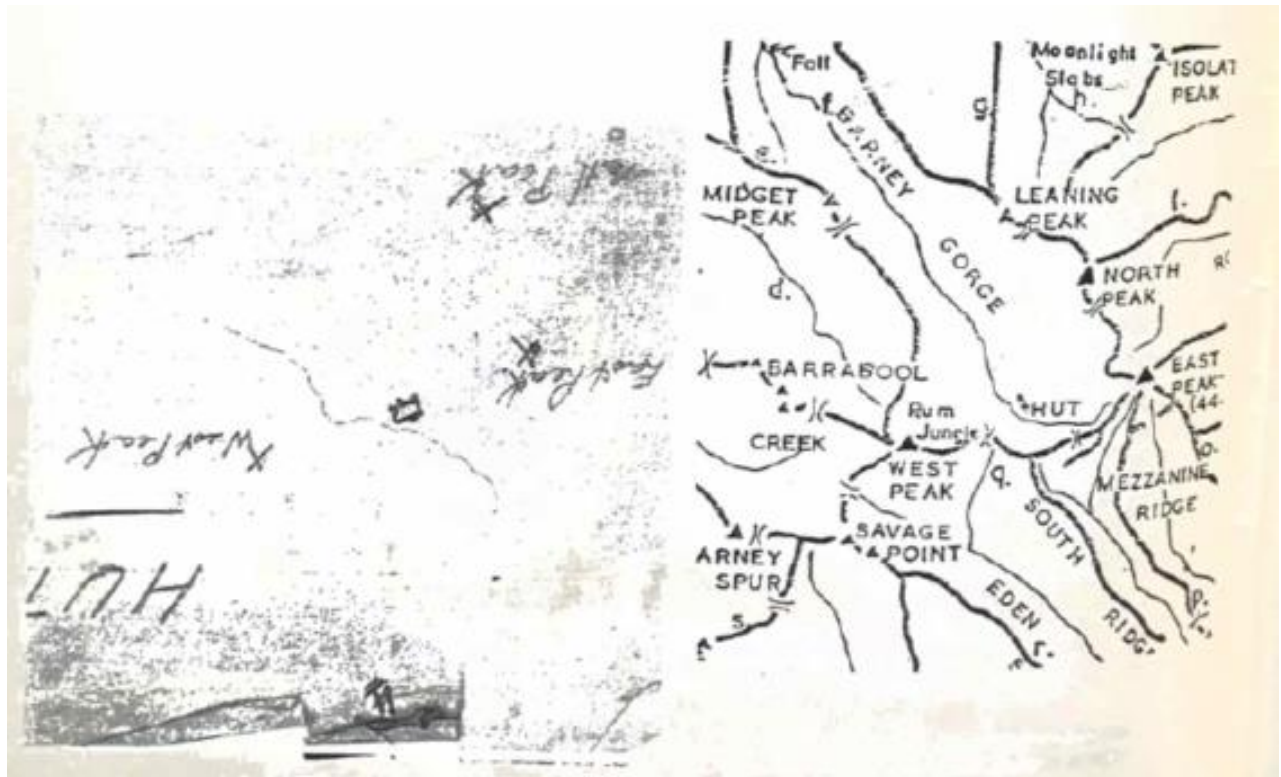
The first official statement about huts is to be found in the UOBWC 1952 Annual Report, where mention is made of the possibility for the construction of huts and tracks, perhaps in cooperation with the Melbourne University Mountaineering Club (M.U.M.C.)

The next step was the election of a Hut Committee on 16/4/53, President, Jon Stephenson. Other members of the committee were Geoff Broadbent, secretary, Alf Rosser, Paquita Day and Gordon Hooper. On the 25th June, 1953, the secretary of the committee wrote a letter to the Forestry Department seeking permission to “construct a hut on Mt. Barney within the National Park”. In the letter, an earlier one was mentioned which was received by the Club from the Forestry Department just prior to Easter 1951 stating that permission would be forthcoming when a definite plan was provided by the Club for approval. Furthermore, the UOBWC letter says that, if permission were forthcoming, construction would begin in August of 1953 and that:

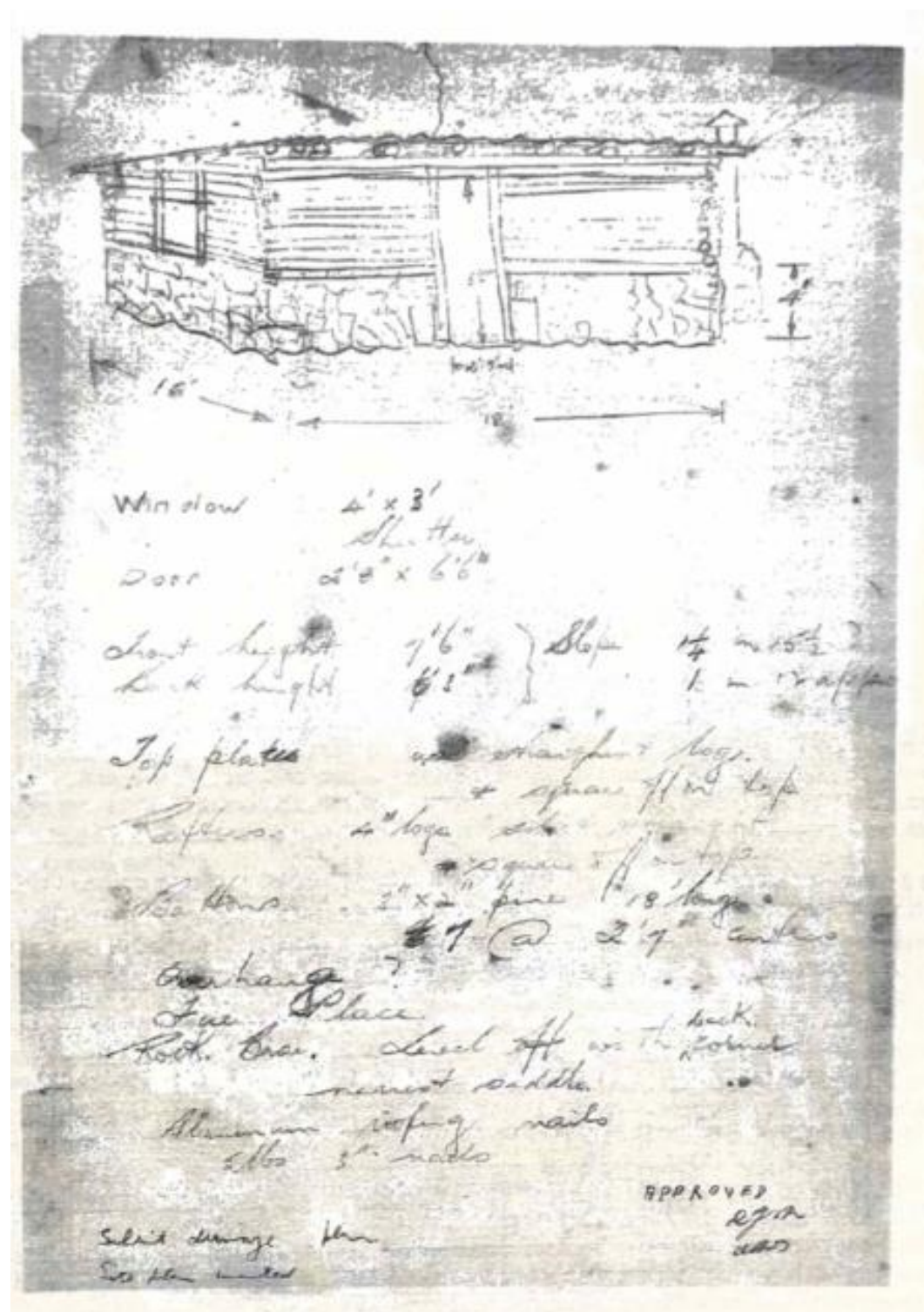
“That plan is for a hut built of local rock, which might well be used without disfiguring the Park with beams of fallen timber and aluminium roofing. The site selected is shown in the accompanying sketch – between East and West peaks of the mountain and on a flat stretch of ground next to West Creek which has permanent and excellent water. I would like to stress that both because of the stone walls and by its location in a small protected valley, this hut would blend harmoniously with its surroundings and not mar (sic) the Park. At present the Park is completely undeveloped and it is hoped that this hut would encourage more people of the right kind to visit the mountain. By enabling people to camp on top easily. Also I would mention that the building of huts similar to this one in New Zealand, Tasmania and on the Australian Alps has proved very successful in the past and it is hoped that this venture will prove equally successful.”

Plans and position of the proposed hut were designated by two scrappy sketches which accompanied the letter.

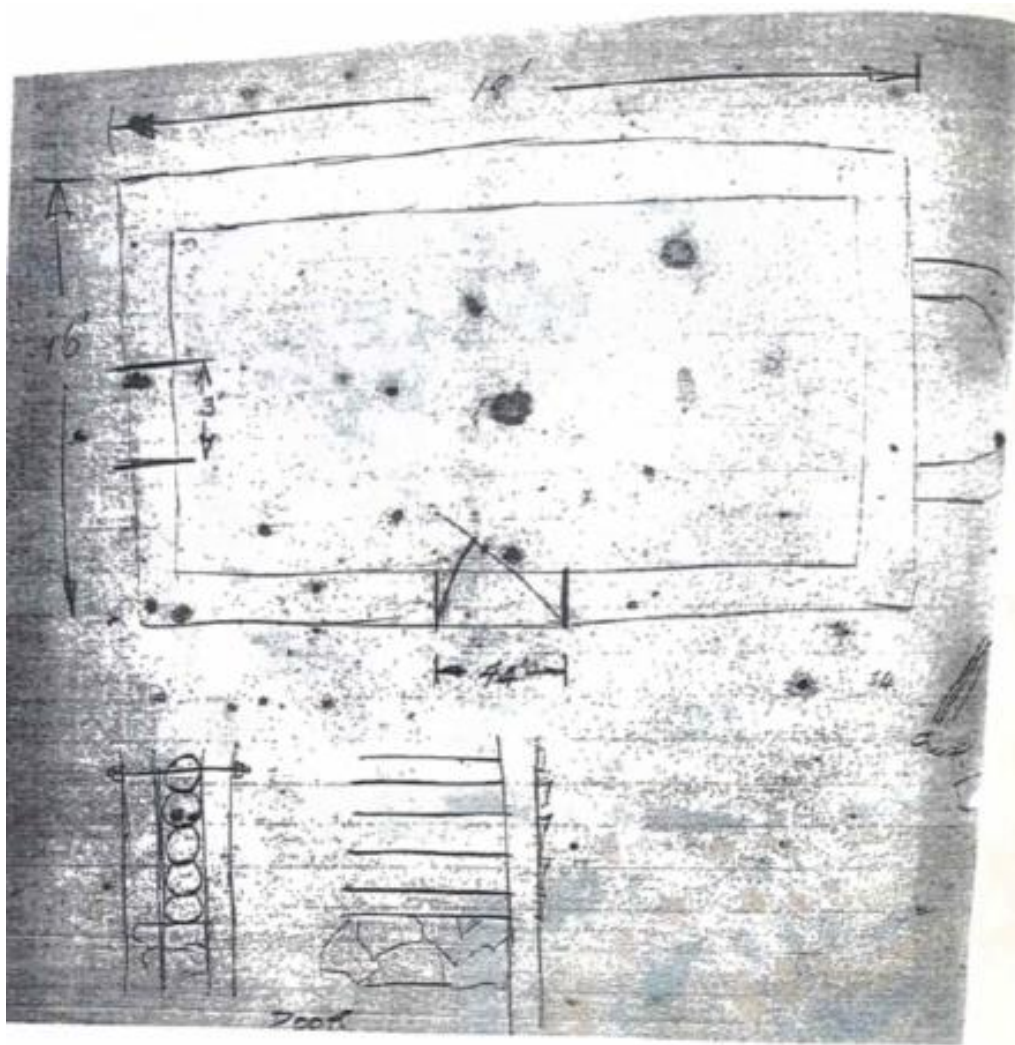
The sketch of the position (placed upside down for comparison with map), along with the position on a map from Heybob 1962, vol. 4, p. 28, of the Mount Barney Massif, drawn by K.R.W (Ken Warner?- Ed.) and P.J.C. (Pat Conaghan? - Ed) are below. "NOTES": 1. Topography taken mainly from Forestry Map of the area, with additions from Air-Photos. 2. Names are those in common use amongst bushwalkers



Below is a sketch of the proposed hut, reduced, with details which accompanied the letter.



Below is the sketch which also accompanied the letter, reduced.



On the 3rd August, 1953, the Department of Forestry gave permission for the Club to erect a hut on Mt. Barney, in the National Park, subject to the following conditions, and I quote:

1. Site of hut to be inspected and approved by National Parks Ranger Gresty
2. Source of focal material to be approved by Mr. Gresty
3. Building to be constructed to the satisfaction of National Parks Ranger Gresty
4. The building and surroundings to be kept in a clean and tidy condition at all times.
5. All care to be taken in the use of fire to ensure that no outbreak occurs on the National Park

In addition, the Department retained the right to order the removal of the structure at any time.

The 1954 Hut Committee, elected on 7/4/54, consisted of G. Hooper, B. Holdaway, P. Day, G. Goadby, A. Rosser, J. Stephenson, and sometime in 1954 the UQBWC "Policy on Huts etc." was formulated as follows, and I quote:

1. To endeavour to build huts, camp sites and similar projects in the future
2. Any project carried out by this Club is for the benefit of all walkers

3. Any project undertaken by this Club will be maintained by the Club, but we welcome any assistance in the execution of the project
4. This Club is prepared to assist any other Club carrying out a similar project
5. Conferences with other Clubs on future projects to prevent duplication of projects is desirable

Thus by about May 1954, official Forestry Department approval had been granted, concrete plans and a relevant policy put in place, and all that was left was the task of building.

THE BUILDING OF THE TREE HUTS: AN OVERVIEW FROM CLUB ANNUAL REPORTS

The building of the first Hut took from May 1954 until early 1961, but the final details were never completed before it was torn down again by Ted Tesch in the Winter of 1961. It was rebuilt over several months in 1961, mainly by Ted. By June 1964, the Club decided a total rebuild was necessary due to its parlous state. This was completed in only a few weekends. It was removed unofficially after much heated debate, in the late 1970's by some in the bushwalking fraternity. A good, general account may be read in Rankin's book mentioned earlier, but greater detail is furnished by the Club's Annual Reports, excerpts from which are quoted below:

Annual Report 1953: The first concrete suggestion of a hut:

“In June it was suggested the Club enquire into the possibility of constructing a rock hut near the East-West saddle of Mt. Barney. A committee elected for this purpose concluded that construction of such a hut was possible. The Department of Forestry has indicated its approval of the intended hut. In the August vacation it is hoped the main problem, that of selecting and shaping rock for the hut, will be properly estimated and the practicability of construction in rock realised. The idea of building in rock may have to be shelved.”

Annual Report 1954: The first hut building trip took place in the first vacation (22-28 May) of 1954:

“14 people attempted to be stonemasons” (quotation from Annual Report)

Annual Report 1955: During a hut building trip, it was reported that 19 members carried

“a number of tools, all the roofing and two bags of cement direct to the saddle by the Cronan's Creek route” (later called South Ridge, and later still, Peasants' Ridge - Ed.). The report adds that “most of the equipment and material has been donated by members and the Brisbane Bushwalkers”.

An excerpt from Geoff Broadbent's aforementioned letter is relevant here:

"we purchased the roof for the Barney Hut from E. Sachs and Co. on Brooks St. for twelve pounds quite a financial strain for us in those days".

Annual Report 1956: Exhortations made for more progress:

“1956 has seen little progress on the Mt. Barney Hut, but I hope that this does not mean a falling off in enthusiasm. The club has not organised a hut building trip this year, so let us hope that in 1957 the work will be attacked with greater vigour. The walls that are now standing have been well strengthened by cementing and provide a solid foundation for future construction.”

Annual Report 1957: A positive note about hut building activities:

“Work on the Barney Hut this year has been vigorous during the three private trips held, and a considerable amount of cement has been carried up. A fourth, and club trip, held in conjunction with the Brisbane Bushwalking Club, saw the completion of walls, fireplace and chimney, and all that now remains to be done is the roofing and a small amount of cement filling in the outer walls. However with the completion of the hut as a shelter, provision should be made for equipping it

with bunks and bedding, cooking utensils, table etc. Nor should we lose sight of the likely scarcity of water: the creek immediately above the hut is highly amenable to damming.”

Annual Report 1958: Nearly finished!:

“At last, after over four years' patient and slow toiling, the Mt. Barney hut now has a roof. This does not mean the hut is finished. Refinements such as bunks, lime washing the walls inside to increase reflectivity, cooking equipment and a door are still required. The chimney also could be improved with a frame of bolted sawn timber and the sheets of aluminium bolted securely together.”

Annual Report 1959: Even more nearly finished!:

“The Mt. Barney hut draws nearer to completion with the recent construction of bunks. Further work which should be done includes rebuilding of the fireplace and chimney, the placing of a fibreglass sheet in the roof and whitewashing of the interior walls to improve the lighting, and possibly the installation of a door.”

Annual report 1960: Still not quite there!:

“Building on the Mt. Barney hut was dormant except for a cement carrying trip. On the completion of a modified chimney and the installation of a door – an essential counterpart to the chimney – the hut will be, to all intents and purposes, complete”.

At this point, the hut was windowless, though the original drawing (p. 3) shows that one was planned. A door is also shown on the plan, though none had been put in place at the time to which Rankin is referring in his book (p. 124) when he informs us that “the short life of this first structure was nearing an end as the finishing touches were still being added”, and indeed, the President Keith Scott curtly informs UQBWC members of the calamitous event in his handwritten report.

Annual Report 1961: Hut destruction

“The Mt. Barney Hut, which was very nearly completed, has been destroyed by a vandal. However, he is attempting to cover up his misdeeds by erecting a new and more spectacular hut”.

Annual Report 1962: Lack of interest in the second hut

“Interest in the Barney Hut has waned since its demolition and subsequent recreation. This happening has, however, had its good points in introducing people to the East-North Saddle campsite.”

Note the attitudinal shift apparent in the next Annual Report towards the Hut destruction. This presumably came about as newer members came to dominate the Club. These had not been directly associated with the sometimes Herculean labours involved in the organisation and building of the first Hut, and so did not have the same strong feelings of ownership that the earlier members had.

Annual Report 1963: Progress at a standstill

“No work has been done on the Barney Hut this year. Since many of the older members are prejudiced, I would particularly recommend the maintenance of the new hut to younger members”.

Annual Report 1964: Hut not mentioned

By June 1964, the second hut was in a poor state, and a third Hut was being planned. Indeed, it was built in a very short time, in late 1964.

Annual Report 1965: Third Hut built

“The year started off very dramatically in 1964 with the meetings about the Barney Hut and its sad state of repair. The new Hut is a credit to all who worked on it and I am pleased to say many Club members once again helped with this Hut; also we should like to thank all those who gladly gave donations without which we could not have afforded the renovating. However there are still some modifications needed and I hope that the Club will never cease to be vitally interested in Barney and the Hut. Lessons should also be learnt from such projects concerning the usefulness of graduates staying affiliated with the Club.”

Annual Report 1966: Repairs needed to third hut

“The only two recommendations I have are unfortunately things that this committee never got round to doing. One is that the Barney Hut needs general repair, especially the bunks “

The Annual Reports of 1967 and 1968 do not mention the Barney Hut at all, and I do not have later ones, but at this point, its rise and fall seems all but forgotten. The last entry of any note was in the 1970 Heybob, with Denis Townsend's article “Expatriate jottings on a Hut” (see next section “Records, Memoires and Diaries of Hut Building Activities”, p. 30) and there is no mention at all of the final demise of the third and final hut in Heybob, at least not up to the 1979 edition, the last in my possession. [postscript Dec 1: since then, I have discovered the existence of the Mini Heybobs, with valuable information which appears in the relevant spots].

RECORDS, MEMORIES AND DIARIES OF HUT BUILDING ACTIVITIES

These accounts have been placed in roughly chronological order, and come from official Club trip reports official letters of UQBWC, Heybob and Mini Heybob articles, and personal diaries. Personal diary entries have been split up in order to place them in the relevant time spot. Only incorrect spelling is altered

22 - 28th May, 1954: First Hut Building trip, first vacation (Official Trip Record) by Byron Holdaway. The fourteen “bods who went” were: Geoff Goadby, Nell Cole, Marg Wilson, Grace Cook, Dave Stewart, Alf Rosser, Garth Lahey, Duncan McPhee, Ian McLeod, Dermot Nunan, Peter Gillingham, Curley Timmins, Geoff Broadbent, Byron Holdaway (leader).

TRANSPORT: Private - to Drynan's Hut.

GEOLOGY: etc. Consult J. Stephenson. No fauna sighted except several queer animals carrying what looked to be shiny sheets of something.

ROUTES & TRIPS: Seventeen sheets of aluminium were carried to Drynan's Hut atop Geoff Goadby's car. By twelve o'clock pm. Friday night everyone had arrived by car, hitch-hiking etc. The night was rather chilly and we had some ice in the billies in the morning.

After breakfast we rolled the aluminium sheets up into bundles of two and one of four. The four sheets were carried by two chaps and the lots of two by one chap.

We stopped for a few minutes at the Lower Portals, on the way up the creek. We had lunch on the creek at the base of the Midget Peak Spur. This route was taken as it was well known and fairly open country to handle the bundles of aluminium. Other better routes may soon be available.

That night saw bods and aluminium scattered all over the mountain but by next morning everyone was at the Hut site so building began and at this stage it began to rain.

Most of the earth was scraped from the rock, the hut was marked out and a good start made on the front wall. After dinner some people who had come up for the weekend left. I would like to thank these people very much for the help they gave in carting up tools and aluminium. It was this help which allowed the others who remained to do so much.

At the end of the day's work we put a temporary roof on the “hu” to give us shelter for the night. The roof was about 2'6" off the ground and one could not sit up in bed. The internal dimensions of the hut are about 16' by 14' but we only had about 1/4 of this covered; up in the corner between what will be the door and the window. This gave us about 10 feet for 9 chaps. I am sure an uncomfortable night was had by all judging from my own experience.

On Monday we rose to the patter of rain, it eased off and we saw the view for fully three minutes. Work proceeded fairly briskly. The construction of the rock base was first to select rocks which would fit reasonably well and then to pound the weathered rock (granophyre) into the holes with a geology hammer.

At about two o'clock we decided to raise the roof. As soon as we removed the roof, it started to rain so the roof was replaced rather quickly. The tunny part for all but one was that all but one comer was high enough so an unfortunate character had to stand in the rain and hold the roof up, while some support was built. Soon after, Alf Rosser left.

We had a little more comfort this night as the roof was about 3'6" high and we had 10 feet for 8 chaps.

On Tuesday we saw the view three times and the top of East peak when the mist lifted. The wall grew and the only thing of note was the lifting of the mantelpiece into position. Soon after a few more bods left, and needless to say we had a better night's sleep.

On Wednesday the weather looked more hopeful, then we were disillusioned. Rock was getting scarce so we collected a few large lumps which made the wall rise rather swiftly. Nothing worth noting except we hadn't seen the sun since Saturday and a few more bods left, leaving Geoff noting except we hadn't seen the sun since Saturday and a few more bods left, leaving Geoff Broadbent and myself. At this stage we started to gluttonise.

We each baked a large cake at night just to get rid of some flour and fill a few cracks.

Thursday arrived just as the other days. We were rather tired – wait for it – so we got up about 10 am (good excuse?). We endeavoured to clean up the camp but nothing would burn. After a bit of discussion we decided to leave a roof on the “hut”. The roof was anchored by a log and as much rock as the roof could support and we left.

We reached the top of Rocky Creek and emerged from the mist. We climbed North Peak and went over Leaning Peak and part of the way down the dyke between North and Leaning Peak.

Soon after 12 we left the top. We stopped at about two-thirty near the bottom for lunch and a bath. It is worth noting that we expected to find lots of bodies in Rocky Creek but were disappointed.

We reached Hardgrave's some time after and met a chap who was going to the short cut. Our luck ran out and we had to walk the rest of the way to the New England Highway. We arrived at 5pm just in time to hitch-hike a Holden who took us to Woollongabba in 2hrs. 20 mins.

After reading this I hope you do not get the impression we did not have a good time. To corrupt an old Club expression – we had an exhilarating time and tons of fun. Wouldn't have missed it for “quids”.

12 - 14th June, 1954: Queen's Birthday Weekend(Official Trip Record), by Gordon Hooper. Because of insufficient numbers, the planned Club trip to Cunningham's Gap was cancelled, and this trip consisted of Garth Lahey, Brian Egan and Gordon Hooper, the leader and author of this account.

We left by car on Friday evening and arrived at the Logan River near Lindsay Hardgrave's place at about 9.30 pm where we spent the night. Next morning, Saturday, we left at 8am along cattle pads and the old carriage road, past the Cronan Creek, Logan River junction and on to the base of the S.E. ridge. On the way up the ridge we passed a party from the Brisbane Bushwalking Club and reached the top of the East Peak at 2pm. Our time was slower than it might have been, because one of the party was troubled with cramp. From East Peak we descended to the East-West saddle and the hut site. Here we learnt that the aluminium had been found scattered all over the place. This had been placed over the rock walls and firmly anchored with logs and rocks by the previous party. That it had been blown away, indicated the strength of the wind there and presents a problem of how to anchor the roof when ready. One sheet was badly damaged and will have to be replaced. The rest were not badly damaged.

On the way up S.E. ridge, a frozen water slide was seen on the southern side of the E-W saddle. Ice was also encountered on the way up. We placed the aluminium sheets on the rock walls and slept there.

On Sunday, with the help of the Brisbane Bushwalkers, we collected a fair quantity of rock, large and small, from around the hut site, felled about a dozen good logs and cleaned up the hut site. The Brisbane Bushwalkers appeared quite happy and enthusiastic about the hut and its progress. The next big job will be creosoting the timber. In the afternoon, the three of us traversed around West Peak past the Midget west ridge, taking photographs, and finally up to West Peak. From then down the east face via the Chimney and back to Camp.

On Monday we straightened the aluminium sheets as much as we could, and restacked them on the ground. Moved the logs and stacked them off the ground to prevent rotting. We followed the creek up to the EW saddle and had a good view. At 1 pm we started down via the creek which flows over the south face near West Peak and joins Cronan's Creek. We were at the base of S.E. ridge at 4 pm and again met the Brisbane Bushwalkers.

A very serious problem, I believe, that will arise when the hut is built will be the disposal of rubbish. If we are not careful ourselves and encourage others. It is very easy to be lazy, but doesn't cost much to bury rubbish.

1954: First extract from Tom Brown's memoir aided by his diary.

This was the year I joined the club as a fresher, and I soon started hearing about Mt. Barney and the hut. There was also a short article in *Semper* – the Student Union had made a financial contribution towards the cost of the hut, and the article was in response to this. It was this year that most of the corrugated aluminium sheets were carried up the mountain, taken up on what was apparently then thought to be the easiest route: the western ridge, skirting Midget Peak and West Peak. Then we heard of a new and more direct route: South Ridge (later known as Peasants' Ridge), and from then on this was the way usually taken when carrying building materials.

During 1954, the bushwalkers used the route up Midget Ridge as the previous accounts show. After 1954, South Ridge was discovered and, being shorter and more direct, it was the preferred route when carrying materials for the Hut. An excerpt from an article by Ron Cox, published in volume 3, 1961 U.Q.B.W.C. magazine (later to be called *Heybob*) is relevant here. A group of bushwalkers (Ron, Basil Yule, Peter Reimann, Judy Bryan, Lucy Harrison) were climbing Mt. Barney, the first three as preparation for a winter trip to Tasmania:

"There are no tracks on Barney except the path worn up South Ridge, on the other side of the mountain by generations of Hut builders. There are at least a dozen recognised routes to the top with nothing to mark the way. So year after year party after party gets lost on Barney, especially when the notorious mists descend. Yet bushwalkers never think to mark the routes. If they did, it would destroy much of the mountain's charm."

May 1955: Second extract from Tom Brown's memoir, drawn from his diary.

There was a club building trip in May, my first trip to Mt. Barney and quite a memorable one. A dozen or so of us came, including Alex Stoney, Grahame Hardy, Don Galloway, Arthur King and Garth Lahey. To reach South Ridge in those days we would turn off the Mt. Lindesay Highway and park at Lindsay Hardgrave's property beside the Logan River, beneath Mt. Ernest. Here we camped on Friday night, and the next morning walked upstream beside the river, turning into the valley of Cronan Creek, which we

followed until we came to the South Ridge turnoff (which was marked in those days by the skull of an animal stuck on a stick).

At this stage the rock walls of the hut had been built to a height, as I recall, of a metre or so. The original idea had been to extend the walls with a log-cabin style of construction to the full height. Presumably it was thought there would be enough dead trees around to provide the logs, but this was not so, and eventually the walls were built all the way with rocks. There was enough timber, however, to provide roof beams. Even in the earlier stages of building the hut, these could be put on the walls to hold the aluminium sheets, weighted down with rocks, to provide a temporary roof. This we did at night and slept in the hut. There was not much head room, but it was warmer than sleeping in the open, even if not very dry – there were seepages within the hut, and on my first night I got very wet.

Building proceeded. The rounded Mt. Barney boulders did not make it easy to build a stable stone wall, and they had to be wedged in place and the gaps filled with mortar. A lot of cement was carried up on this and subsequent trips. The mortar was made using the very coarse sand found nearby. As on all the building trips we did a certain amount of building - collecting rocks and gradually building up the wall - but we also explored the mountain, usually climbing East Peak at least.

Most who came on this trip stayed for the weekend and went home on the Sunday. Garth Lahey and Arthur King left on the Monday, leaving Don Galloway and me, and Byron Holdaway joined us on the Tuesday. We did a little more work on the hut, but the weather deteriorated and we spent most of the Wednesday in the hut with the roof on, lying in our sleeping bags and talking. We'd had enough by the next day, and descended South Ridge in the rain. I remember seeing through breaks in the mist many waterfalls coming over the cliffs of Mt. Ernest as we walked back to Don's Renault. Almost as soon as we set off, the car got hopelessly bogged. Before long Lindsay Hardgrave found us, took one look and said, "What you boys need is a rum!". He gave us lunch, then pulled us out with his tractor. It was an eventful trip home, as the creeks were all flooded, and there was water on the road. Twice the car stalled in the water and we had to push it for some distance to get it started again – fortunately it was a small car. Eventually we got to Brisbane – it was now after dark - and Don dropped me at a tram stop. After waiting a short time I was picked up by a police car and interrogated. Admittedly I looked rather disreputable. They were a bit skeptical when I said I'd been bushwalking – they'd never heard of this. But they seemed to believe me and let me go on my way.

21 - 22 May 1955: Hut Building Club Trip, (Official Trip Record), by I.R. McLeod and D. Galloway. 25 people attended, transport was private.

Because of rain, the camp site about a mile down the Logan from Lindsay Hardgrave's house could not be reached by vehicle, and camp on Friday night was made near the cricket pitch close to Hardgrave's house.

The prime object of this trip was get materials for the hut to the site: These included four sheets of aluminium, nails, several tools (including an adze donated by the Brisbane Bushwalkers) and bag of cement.

Ascent was by the Cronan's Creek route direct to the saddle, in two parties. Time was between 5 1/2 and 6 hours from Hardgrave's to the hut.

On Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning, work was continued on the rock walls of the hut. These were almost completed, and cementing was commenced. Several logs were squared with the adze.

Several people visited East Peak on Sunday morning, and the main party left at 2pm on Sunday afternoon, two others who had been to Leaning Peak and West Peak leaving at 5.30 and bivouacking on the ridge. Two others left at midday on Monday.

Mist came down on Friday, and the remaining two were joined by B. Holdaway, who ascended via Rocky Creek. Rain from Tuesday to Thursday prevented much further work on the hut, but the cement was used up, and the rock walls finished. The three descended in rain on Thursday. The car had to be towed to the road due to boggy ground.

5th September 1955: Letter to the Brisbane Bushwalking Club (BBWC), from D.S. Dunstan, Sec.

Dear Sir,

We know members of your club will be interested in the progress of the hut on Mt. Barney.

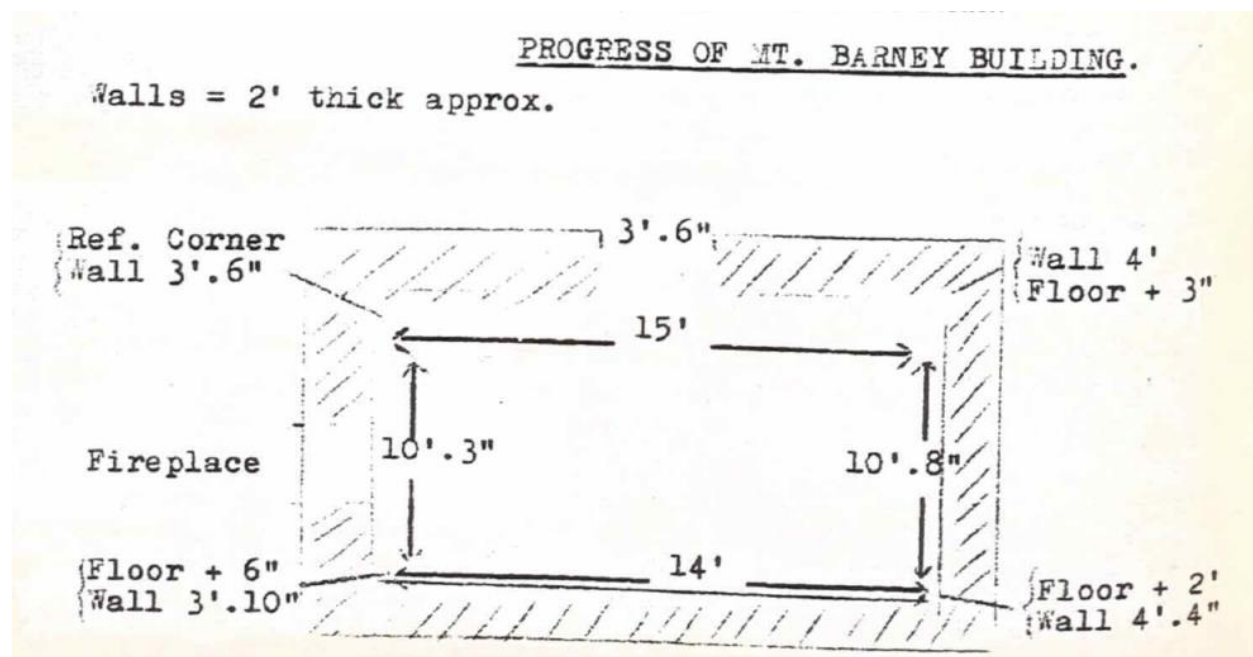
Enclosed is a sketch giving the present state of the rock walls, and a list of equipment on the site.

We have started cementing the stone in position. The corners have been done and the next step is to cement vertical strips in the centre of each wall. If any of your members are up there and feel like doing a bit, there is some cement in plastic bags up there. We have been using a 1:4 mix (approx.) washing the sand to remove as much soil and vegetation as possible. The mix is fairly liquid, and must be packed well into the cavities. The larger ones being partly filled by small stones to raw cement.

We had planned to put a log cabin super-structure on the stonework, but because of technical difficulties, this is not feasible and the walls will be all rock, with the rafters fixed to log top plates which will be tied to the rock wall with wire.

A window is to go in the middle of the wall on the East Peak side, with its sill at the present height of the wall. Also there is still plenty of suitable rock within rolling distance of the hut which needs to be collected by those who are keen.

Below is the progress plan which was attached to the above letter:



Also attached to the letter is a meticulous list of tools and equipment at the Hut.

1 file	1 reel cord (rotten)
1 3/16" bit	2" nails (1/2 handful and rusting fast)
1 paint brush (short bristles)	roofing nail diamonds
11 plastic bags cement	1 canvas water bucket
6 lbs. 6" nails	1 glove (thought to be the property of G. Broadbent)
Alum roofing nails type 5 — mark 4	1 adze (good handle)
1 sharpening stone	

Aluminium: 2 halves 1 tattered and torn 1 battered (can be fixed) 1 with hole in it 17 good sheets

1 spalling hammer (good handle)	1 gad
1 4 lb hammer (crook handle)	1 hack-saw (4 spare blades)
1 axe (crook handle)	1 brace
1 geology handle (crook handle)	
1 pseudo geol. hammer (good for cracking Qld nuts)	
1 shovel (handle hasn't fallen out yet!!)	1 1" chisel
1 marking gauge	1 3/4" chisel

June 1956: Third extract from Tom Brown's memoirs aided by his diary.

Enthusiasm for building the hut now waned temporarily. One reason I think for this was that by now we realised that the log cabin idea was not feasible and it was a rather daunting prospect to think of building stone walls to the full height. I had only one trip to Barney that year, the long weekend in June, and I noted that only a little time was spent working on the hut.

25th February, 1957: letter from the BBWC (Sec. Wendy McIntyre) to UQBWC

Dear Sir,

At the request of the Committee of this Club, I am writing to offer further assistance in the completion of the hut on Mt. Barney. Over the past few years, it appears this project has been somewhat neglected, and as we, as much as yourselves, would like to see it completed, we are offering further help.

Please bring this to the notice of your Committee and perhaps a combined weekend could be arranged during the year if you are willing to accept this offer. This Club has a trip planned for the Mt Barney area on August 10-11, which would be an excellent opportunity. Anyway, I hope we can arrive at a satisfactory conclusion, and hope to hear from you soon.

3rd April, 1957: Reply from the secretary of UQBWC (Tom Brown), to Brisbane Bushwalking Club

Dear Miss McIntyre,

The Committee of this Club would like to thank you for your offer of assistance in building the Mt. Barney hut. The weekend of August 10-11 would suit us well for a combined building trip with your Club to Mt. Barney.

The progress of the hut has become slower over the past year because of the depletion of supplies of loose rock near the site. If the hut is to last any length of time the walls must be built of stone and to build stone walls to a height of 7 ft. will necessitate making the existing walls still thicker, and owing to the distance which rock must now be carried this will take a considerable time.

Thus any help which your Club could give us especially in carrying rock to the site would be of great value since it can then be easily and quickly placed on the walls.

The hut was planned originally to provide shelter for people visiting the area. As it now stands this purpose is now fulfilled, and although we would like to see the hut finally completed we are prepared to continue working on it for some time rather than complete a structure which would soon collapse.

The Mt. Barney hut was planned to be the first of a number of huts to be built in similar areas. We would like very much to see other huts started and would be willing to assist in any such project started by another Club.

April 1957: Fourth extract from Tom Brown's memoir drawn from his diary.

This year saw renewed activity. In April, Dave Dunstan, Keith Scott and I set off on a Friday evening. We were now able to drive over Yellow Pinch, taking us rather closer to the foot of South Ridge, though the road was very rough. We climbed the mountain by moonlight, carrying a lot of cement with us. Once on the mountain we did some walking, but quite a lot of building as well, using bigger stones. By the end of the weekend the walls were almost up to their full height in one small section.

Friday 12 - 14 April 1957: First extract from Arthur Rosser's diary.

Friday 12:

Found out where to meet Don Galloway. Went to Beaudesert with Ron Cox, met the mob, out to Hardgrave's, up timber track and up South Ridge of Barney in the moonlight 9.30 -1.30. Very beautiful trip, although we each carried 7 lbs of cement.

Saturday 13:

Carried rocks for the hut all morning. Dunstan, Cox and self went looking for John Camino's cement which he left on Logan's Ridge the previous weekend. We did not find it.

Sunday 14:

Worked on the hut this morning. Went down mountain in 1 and 1/2 hours this afternoon. Home to College, removed scrub tick and to bed.

14th April, 1957: Hut Building Club Trip, (Official Trip Record), by D.S. Dunstan. A. Rosser's first diary extract above is an account of the same trip.

A weekend trip consisting of 11 keen male members travelled to Mt. Barney by private transport, driving to the junction of Cronan's Creek and the Logan River, on a timber road through John Hardgrave's property. In the near future the road is to be extended up Cronan's Creek when it will be of much more use. The mountain was ascended by the South Ridge on Friday night reaching the Hut at 1.30 am. A fairly well defined track now exists along this route.

The party took approximately 65 lbs. of cement up the mountain together with a spalling hammer handle, a hammer handle and assorted pieces of rope.

WORK DONE. The main progress of the weekend was to bring approximately 10 tons of good suitable rock to the vicinity of the hut. Some of the larger blocks of these rocks were placed on prepared sections of the walls. The remainder of the walls were consolidated with concrete and levelled in preparation for placing more of the large rocks that were collected. A window sill was levelled on the east wall and is ready to be cemented level. The north wall is at the correct height for a window sill which should be cemented at the outset of any further constructional operations. The chimney has been concreted with a layer of large rocks and has been levelled in readiness for further large rocks. Constriction of the chimney to obtain correct drawing has been commenced. Considerable work was done in squaring the wall at the door, and care should be taken in future construction to carry this to the full height of the hut.

SUGGESTIONS. Where possible the largest size rocks available should be used. Small rocks should not be used in general construction other than to make larger ones firm and to level off sections in readiness for placing larger rocks.

Rocks should be cemented as they are put in place, rather than tamping cement into the crevices after the rocks are in place. In further construction of the chimney care must be taken to carry larger rocks right through from the chimney to walls so that the two sections will be mutually supporting. The inside of the chimney should be well plastered with mud plaster during construction.

It was found that when raising some of the larger rocks on to the walls, the most convenient method was to support the rock from a wooden pole on which 8 to 10 people could lift. The rock can then be half lifted

and half slid up a pair of inclined logs placed against the wall where the new rock is to be placed. Cementing has made the walls strong enough to permit this.

The floor needs considerable levelling and excavation. It will probably be best to leave the windows to full hut height and fit full length shutters to eliminate the constructional problem of support above the windows.

THE EQUIPMENT. The nails and tools are deteriorating rapidly but an attempt has been made to smear the smaller implements in vaseline. An axe handle is needed – it would be an idea to have a spare there all the time as the axe is probably the most used implement. The hammers (excepting the geology hammer) have good handles and there is a spare geology hammer) have good handles and there is a spare.

It seems inadvisable to take up any further wood-working equipment until the roof, windows and door are ready to be fitted since the rate of deterioration is so great. Lengths of good stout rope are very useful for handling rocks. Note that any rope taken up will probably deteriorate before the next trip so that some fresh rope needs to be taken each time.

June 1957: Fifth extract from Tom Brown's memoir aided by his diary.

I drove Murray Rich and Peter Reimann, and Geoff Goadby, Duncan McPhee and John Camino were amongst the others who came. We left the cars again at Lindsay Hardgrave's and three of us climbed to the hut that night. We were now more easily able to lift and place much bigger rocks on to the wall, as a block and tackle had been brought up, and a tripod erected. At the end of the weekend I noted that the north wall was almost finished, and the east wall needed only a few more big rocks.

2nd - 5th June 1957: Second extract from Arthur Rosser's diary.

Sunday 2:

Hitchhike – left bike at cop-shop. Got to Rathdowney. Pete Gillingham came roaring down to meet us, but was going so fast missed us altogether. Up Barney this afternoon and night with 60 lbs. 4 and 1/2 hours. Pat Costello, Mark Andrews, Rod Milton on top. Apparently no water.

Monday 3:

Found water 300 yds away. Gillingham, Cribb, Costello, Milton, Andrews shot through leaving Pete Reilly, Ron Cox and self. Spent part of morning with Gillingham, Cribb climbing North and East. Exhausted this afternoon. Tried out block and tackle on log.

Tuesday 4:

Fixed up tripod (looks very impressive), hauled rocks with block and tackle which would have needed 12 men otherwise. Dashed up East to see sunset. Got slightly lost in fog and dark on the way down. Water is too far away to do cementing. This mountain is too cold, dark and dirty to be pleasant. Rained slightly last night.

Wednesday 5:

Decided to go down today. Looks like rain. Went down slowly and easily. Pete's bike would not start and spent afternoon trying to fix it. Camped near creek – retired to Lindsay Hardgrave's dairy during rain.

August 1957: Sixth extract from Tom Brown's memoir aided by his diary

I set off with Duncan McPhee and Peter Spradbrow for another building trip, and we climbed South Ridge on the Friday night again carrying cement. Thirteen university bushwalkers came and we were joined by six members of the Brisbane Bushwalking Club, who came ostensibly to help with the building (though I noted that only one of them, Ron Maudesly, actually did any work on the hut). It was on this occasion that Duncan put his architectural skills to work, and he, Peter Spradbrow and I built a new chimney for the hut fireplace (which had always smoked very badly), using aluminium sheets. The new chimney worked wonderfully, but had a somewhat makeshift and temporary appearance. A lot more work was done on the walls of the hut as well.

9 - 12th August 1957: Third extract from Arthur Rosser's diary.

The previous entry states that Arthur was “going to Mt. Barney with Brisbane Bushwalkers in a Redline coach. YMCA coming too”.

Friday 9:

Ron has to come with us in bus. The transport company does not want to take him as a free passenger. Hitchhiking back after hike around Barney. Later: Uni Bushwalkers arrived at 6 pm. BBWC at 6.30. YMCA not at all. Bus nearly empty. Up to top of Barney. On our way at 10.15.

Saturday 10:

At top of Barney at 10 to 2 am. Worked today. 16 Uni, 5 BBW, Johnna Comino slaving. Mark arrived.

Sunday 11:

Work in morning. Shot down to Leaning, back to creek, down over Midget, camped at creek, 7.30pm.

Monday 12:

Up to the Upper Portals, Grace's Hut. There to Montserrat Lookout in 1 hr down to packs again. Down to Lower Portals and ONWARDS. Drynan's Hut at 7pm. Cold and windy. Very cold on Barney. Mighty view from Montserrat.

May 1958: Seventh extract from Tom Brown's memoir aided by his diary.

The following year there was further activity. The first building trip was in May. A weekend beforehand seven of us (Arthur Rosser, Roger Ewer, Keith Scott, Garth Lahey, Murray Rich, Bil Bolton and I) climbed Barney for the day to take up cement and food. We were able to drive on a new timber road, which took us on to the bottom section of South Ridge itself. For the building trip, Murray Rich and I climbed the South-East Ridge, and joined the others (26 May - Ed) who were already there, including Arthur Rosser, Keith Scott, Garth Lahey, and Pat Costello. By now I think the walls of the hut were more or less complete, we prepared rafters for the roof, using an adze. At the end of the trip, Garth Lahey and I descended by the North Ridge and got rather lost at the bottom.

In the Official Trip Record below, note the use of the word “shed”. It is intriguing to contemplate the ideological arguments that might have surrounded the name to be given to the Mt. Barney structure. The diagram accompanying the “progress report” sent to the BBWC on 5 September 1955 calls it “The Mt. Barney Building”.

May 1958: Official Trip Record

Report on Building Trips to Barney Shed (1958) Keith Scott

Sunday 18th May.

Seven people (in two cars) made a day trip to the Shed for the purpose of carrying up cement, tools, and food for the next weekend. This was the first Club trip since the new road up Cronan's Creek was constructed, and due to the road, the task was accomplished with very little effort. The cars were left at the end of the road, the shed was reached in 2 ¼ hours. The descent took only ½ hour.

23rd - 30th May First Vacation.

A party of 8 left Brisbane on Friday night (23rd May) and camped that night on Cronan's Ck. On Saturday morning, all but two of the party climbed Barney via Sth East Ridge, reaching the hut about 2.00 pm. The two girls came up South Ridge, reaching the hut about 5.00 pm (I think they must have forgotten something, and went home for it).

Sunday: The four people that had come up for the weekend spent the morning climbing the peaks, and left soon after lunch. Garth Lahey began cementing the walls, and continued this work during the five days he was there. The result was that the cementing of the North and West walls is completed, as well as part of the East wall. Arthur Rosser and Keith Scott began felling timber for beams and rafters. Since dead timber available was all rotten, green timber was cut. The beam for the West wall was cut and shifted to the hut (from West Peak). One of the previously cut logs was used as the other beam.

Monday: We were joined by Tom Brown and Murray Rich. Tom began adzing the logs while 3 of us cut more trees for rafters. Garth went on cementing.

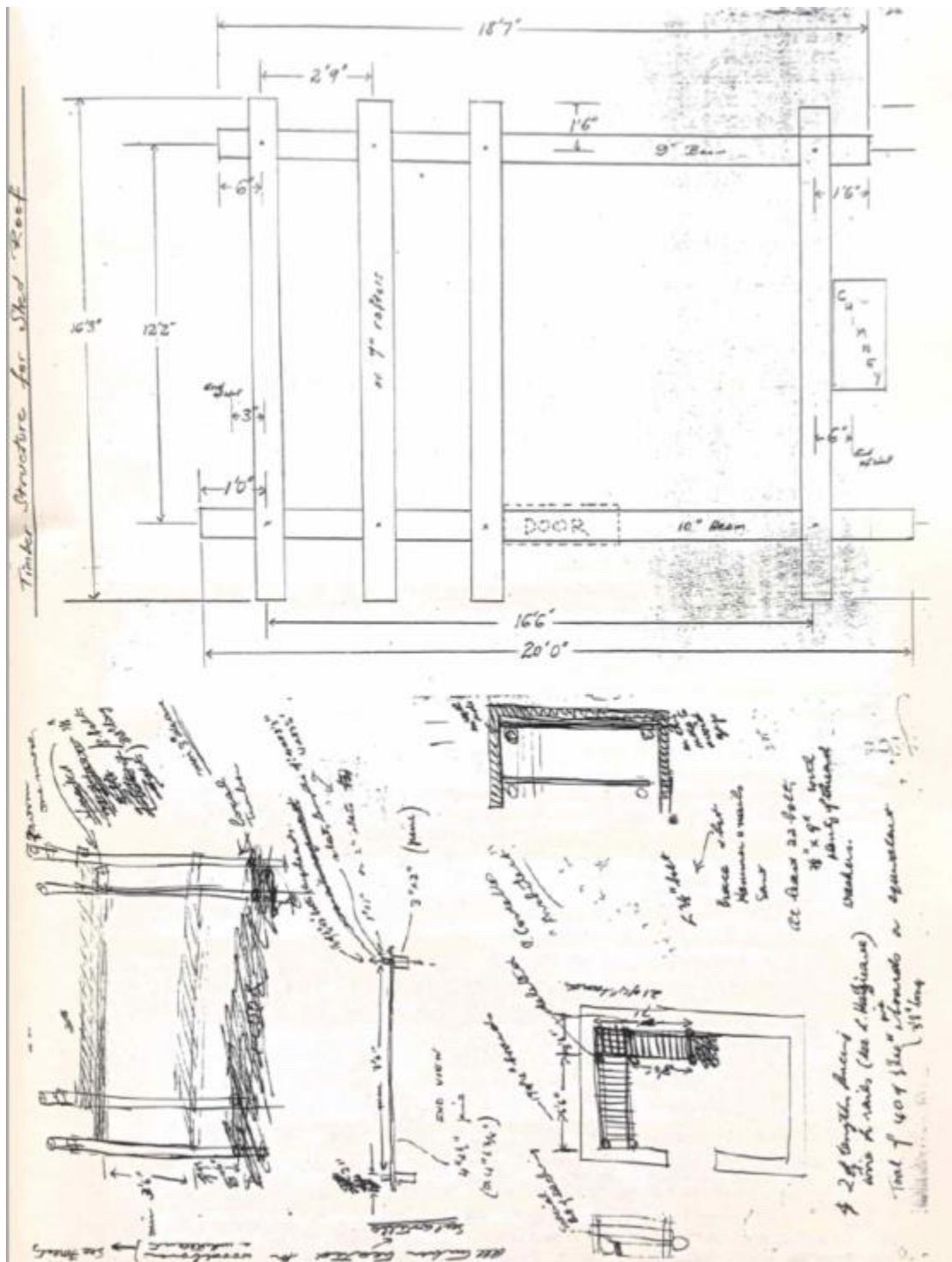
Tuesday: Garth and Tom went walking, around Savage and Barrabool. During the day, the remainder of the rafters were cut and brought down to the hut. In the afternoon 3 people (K.S., A.R., M.R.) left Pat Costello alone at the hut, and went down Rocky Ck. in order to climb Eagle's Ridge the following day.

Wednesday: Tom trimmed the rest of the logs, while Garth went on cementing. These two also came down the mountain (via North Ridge) that afternoon, leaving Pat Costello alone in the hut. This party met the other party near John Hardgrave's, and Arthur Rosser went home with Tom and Garth.

Thursday and Friday: The 3 people remaining began the work of checking in and bolting the rafters. 3 rafters were put in their positions, and then the party left the mountain on Friday.

P.S. It's a bloody long way from Barney to Rathdowney.

Associated with this Report are the plans for the timber structure for the roof of the Hut along with the design and positioning of the bunks. These appear below, reduced.



23 - 28th May 1958: 4th diary extract of A. Rosser, account of same trip described in Official Report

Friday 23: Left Physics prac. early and into town, tea at Nick's, off to Barney with Garth and Keith. John Carter, Conaghan, Costello, Dawn Abraham turned up too. Left car up a bit from Hardgrave's and walked round to the foot of SE ridge. I was dead tired. Others wanted to go up South straight away but I wanted to go up SE on Saturday.

Saturday 24: Went up SE and felt flogged and far from home when reached the top. Plenty of spectacular views. East cliffs look awful. Got to the hut after about 6 hrs. Pat and Dawn took 7 hrs. on South Ridge. Cleared area for camp fire near old fire place. Garth, who had light pack, danced along gracefully and really enjoyed watching Keith and I with our 50 pounders.

Sunday 25: East Peak after dawn to see cloud seas. Cut the big beam after many false starts. Scotty did a graceful prang off a rock. Tom and Murray turned up about 4. Spent night on West Peak

Monday 26: Saw colossal dawn. Cloud seas, Warning in silhouette, the works. Down to hut for breakfast. Worked bringing down rafters from near saddle, up on West Peak. Murray doing everything like a bull at a gate.

Tuesday 27: Brought down remaining rafters (last one really flew last 75 ft). Now going down Barney and round bottom from Rocky Creek to Lower Portals by road. Did this last in 2 hrs, and camped at Lower Portals.

Wednesday 28: Walked to Lower Portals then off up Eagles Ridge. Stinking hot and bloody hard work. 6 hrs. later reached the top of Isolated and then went down the side to "Sore Toe Creek" and around to Rocky Creek and out. Really knocked about by all the heat, no breeze, no water. Could possibly climb Barney this way but who would want to? Home with Garth Lahey (left my briefcase on the saddle between North and East). BBW meeting and Kodachromes (missed the meeting part).

4 - 6th July 1958: Fifth extract from Arthur Rosser's diary

Friday 4: Damned Galloway took me into town to get truck [postscript: wanting to talk to Carol was not the only reason I cursed Galloway, I hated and feared the Peanut Truck. When I wrote that I "tried" to teach Bil to drive this should not be read as a criticism of Bil's abilities as a learner driver, nor mine as a teacher. The Peanut Truck was very nearly undriveable. Its gearbox was a loose collection of battered and in cooperative cogs and the rest of the truck was about the same standard. Unfortunately only a few of us were licensed to drive trucks. In the end I flatly refused to drive it – in circumstances which inconvenienced a large number of people. I seem to remember Duncan McPhee did the driving instead of me and was fined heavily for driving an unroadworthy vehicle. It was not the first time I had caused grief for Duncan but I was not sorry on that occasion.] Managed to get the truck out of the doorway down at Galloway's Peanut Products and to drive it to Mt. Barney foothills. Sat up late discussing this and that.

Saturday 5: Murray drove on to South Ridge. Went up carrying battens (Scotty and I had a good system) in 3 hours. Did not do much work on hut. Mark Andrews and friend popped off and climbed West Peak.

Sunday 6: Left for the bottom at 12.45. Truck trouble after trying to teach Bil Bolton to drive (see postscript above). Bought plugs and things and limped home.

4 - 6th July 1958: First extract from Lucy Harrison's diary, written in retrospect on 6th June 1959

.....[After] my first hut-building trip up BarneyComing home in the truck I was so tired that I couldn't bear it. Arthur had a painful boil on his neck and didn't like driving. We carried battens up that weekend for the roof of the hut the club is building in the saddle between West and East Peaks. When the boards were being taken up Barney [Carol] grabbed a couple of little ones and set off not seeming to care that too many had been left for Judy and Ann. [At the hut site] I chiselled some gaps in the long beams for the cross ones to fit into. I was sitting astride one over the doorway when suddenly round I swung and was falling on my head, but luckily Garth was underneath and caught me.

It's funny, I can remember things that happened on the way up the mountain that trip, things that happened on top, but I have no recollection whatsoever of the walk down the mountain. I can remember the trip home in the truck too. The truck kept giving us trouble.

8 - 10th August 1958: Sixth extract from Arthur Rosser's diary

Friday 8: After tea tonight went to Mt. Barney In Pete Reimann's car. Took some aluminium up South Ridge with Peter, Duncan and Murray.

Saturday 9: Camped half way up (at Flat Rock). Got there at 2.30 am. Rose about 8, worked on hut all day, putting rafters on. Have avoided chimney arguments, more or less. Mungo and Pat arrived this arvo. Went down SE with him after dark tonight. No torch and quite dicky. Came back up South Ridge. Got to hut at 2 am. Other party arrived up Logan's Ridge. [Footnote: this bizarre trip down SE and back up S is not be quite as silly as it sounds. We were probably expecting to meet up with the Logan's Ridge party and guide them back to the hut (Yes, see account below – Ed)]. Very thirsty they were.

Sunday 10: Finished putting roof on. From hut to road in 35 minutes (This refers to the new forestry road to the bottom of South Ridge, mentioned in Tom Brown's seventh extract, p. 14. Ed).

9 - 10th August 1958: (Official Trip Record), written by Arthur Rosser.

(Some sections concerning the search for the party on Logan's Ridge are omitted - Ed).

Aluminium for the Barney Hut

Peter Reimann, Murray Rich, Dunc. McPhee and I went to Cronan's Logan junction and a little further up the slippery road in Peter's car. The aluminium was tied on the roof and we climbed in and out through the windows, since doors were tied shut.

Left car at 10 pm Friday 8th, no moon. Used tracks all the way up the mountain. By the time we reached South Ridge's Flat Rock, Murray had decided to camp, and Duncan, who was carrying two sheets of aluminium in turn with him, suitcase fashion, stayed too. Peter and I had three sheets (all sheets were rolled up) and carried them one at each end. The going was difficult, in spite of South Ridge's recent fire. Reached hut at 2.15 am, quite cool there.

Murray and Dunc arrived fairly early that morning (about 9 or so), dehydrated. We spent the rest of the day putting on the battens, and bolting down the rafters (I had an argument with Dunc about whether or not I should use Ian McLeod's geology hammer for a wacker; Dunc won and I did not). The chimney was under fierce discussion, and I could not talk Dunc into changing the design so as to avoid cutting the aluminium.

Mungo Scott and Pat Costello arrived after lunch, and shortly after this Peter, Keith and I left for East Peak for the sunset and to Hey-bob to a Logan's Ridge party. As soon as we left, Duncan and Murray began cutting the aluminium, and though annoyed, we continued up.

Saw the sunset (not bad) and could not get any replies from Logan's Ridge.....

[Here follows a long account, of Keith and Arthur (Peter went back) stumbling up and down the mountain in the moonless night, rather heroically, looking for lost people, though tired and hungry. They even returned to Peter's car, got a torch, and finally returned to the hut in the early hours of the morning. Arthur set off again at 9am, after a couple of hours sleep, the others refusing to believe another party was on the mountain].

I could contact no one on East, so returned to the hut to help put on the roof. This was nearly completed when Mungo spotted the Logan's party coming off East, just after dinner. Waterless for 24 hrs. they lay down in a line and drank Barney's pure water. They had foolishly tried to climb most of Logan's Ridge after dark, and then walking and climbing until 2 am on a ridge unknown to them, to end up with a waterless camp testified more to their stamina than to their commonsense. The party consisted of Roger Ewer, Bill Bolton, Grahame Hardy, Annette Wilson, Judy Bryan, Lucy Harrison. They left down the mountain at about 3 pm, Pat and Mungo staying on. We left at 4 pm, and Peter and I, having a gym boot vs hobnails race passed them about ½ way between traverse and flat rock. They were tired.

35 mins after leaving the hut Pete and I reached the road (together) and Lucy Harrison followed us by a few minutes. On reaching Peter's car, Dunc and I and the three girls began walking around to Yellowpinch, but were picked up when Roger returned for us in his Zephyr.

9 - 10th August 1958(?): 2nd diary extract of Luc Harrison written in retrospect on 6th June 1959

It is almost finished now. The walls are made of rocks. The walls are made of rocks. We carried cement up for filling the gaps in the walls in the first weekend of these holidays.

Hardy was on that trip. He looked terribly funny in the Rose Café on the way. He was sitting there with a benign look on his face and a black rain hat something like a foreign legion cap only funnier on his head. It had flaps over the ears and undone chin straps hanging down on each side. He looked fantastic. That night he sat by the fire with his pack pulling food out and examining and talking about it. "Ah, what's this?" he'd say. "- - Chicken Bouillon! And what have we here?" and so on. He amused me.

September 1958: Eighth extract from Tom Brown's memoire, aided his diary.

There was another trip in September, though I'm not sure how much building was done – or needed to be done - the hut was now pretty well complete. People climbed the mountain by various routes. Jim Lydon, Pat Conaghan and I camped at the foot of the mountain and climbed Logan's Ridge – we were intending to make it a day trip. Jim Lydon and a friend, Bill Douglas, were planning to climb the east face of Barney, and had established a base camp at the foot of it, reached by turning off part of the way up Logan's Ridge and traversing across. We visited the camp, uncomfortable, but in a spectacular location. We then continued to the top and went down to the hut, which now, I noted, had the roof on. Soon after we arrived, a storm swept up the valley and around the west ridge, and tremendously heavy rain began to fall, with a strong wind. The creek came down in high flood, and there were streams running down West Peak. We felt our work on the hut had been worth it, as it was dry and warm inside with the fire

going. The rain continued and more threatened, so Jim, Pat and I decided to stay the night. Even in the hut it was a cold and uncomfortable night without sleeping bags, but we were well fed and looked after by the others who were there.

7 - 9th August, 1959: Bunks Building Trip, first extract from diary of Peter Reimann

Sun 26-7-59: Spent at Grahame Hardy's place discussing bunks for the Barney Hut

Friday 7: - - - - [I] was rung up and told of the accident which happened to the VW Kombi we were to hire for the Barney trip. Hence raced around to tell Keith Scott in Ag. and Stock the news. We decided to still meet at the Kidney Lawn at 6.30 pm. Met the rest of the hut people at the Kidney Lawn and South Brisbane Station. They had managed to get on the Inter-State goods train to Rathdowney. There being no other transport, the Prefect had to take the timber down to Barney. Went home, packed some of it in, had tea, got changed and went to the Fairholme Old Girl's Dance. Came home at about 1 am and spent until about 3 am packing the car up.

Saturday 8: Missed the alarm clock, but woke just before 6 am, dived out of bed, grabbed some food and out the back door, to pick up Beth Toon at Albion and the Evan Webb. Had all the timber in the back and protruding out the sides, which caused many stares. Mount Maroon looked good in the light haze.

We arrived at one of the creek crossings to see Judy Bryan hop out onto the road in a sleeping bag. Apparently they had spent all last night up until 4 am walking 20 miles from Rathdowney! I drove the timber up the road as far as possible, meeting another mob further up (Keith, Arthur, Garth, Bil, Lucy and Dawn) and came back and picked up Judy, Ann and Smith (?)[This would be Douglas Smith who wrote the piece below, p. 19 - Ed]. Garth went back towards Rathdowney looking for Carol, Judy Nix, John Somebody and Doug Clague.

We all set up the ridge at about 9 or 10 am. I was carrying a total of about 50 pounds. Reached the hut at about 1 or 2 o'clock, after a slow trip. Bil, Keith, Arthur and Lucy chopped the 7 up-rights down while Evan and I got the foundations set in.

Sunday 9: Fixed up about the up-rights positions in the hut. Three blokes from Grace's Hut visited. Then Judy, Beth, Evan and Doug came down South with me, leaving at about 10.30 and arriving back at the car at midday.

7 - 9th August 1959: Third diary extract of Lucy Harrison, written in retrospect on 27 August, 1959

On Friday morning (31st July) in the refectory, [Arthur] asked me would I like to come and bounce up and down on some boards for the hut bunks, at the sawmill... The first weekend of the holidays ... we carried the wood up Barney and built one of the bunks. The Combie has crashed so we went by train to a place near Rathdowney and walked to the camp at the bottom of Barney, about 20 miles. Only Arthur, Keith, and I got there. The others were left at intervals along the road to be picked up by cars next morning. We didn't get there till 4 o'clock in the morning. It took about 5 hours. Garth and some other who came by car were there. He said the nicest thing to us that I've ever had said to me. He said, "I think you're very wonderful and very stupid". We left the climb Barney at a bit after eight, before the others arrived. Arthur, Ann and I were the last to leave Barney on Sunday afternoon. We were hitchhiking. We went down South East ridge and got lost and kept coming to cliffs that shouldn't have been there. Arthur was exhausted when we got down at midnight. He carried a tremendous eight of wood and bolts up to the hut. I could

only just stand with his pack on. Next day we walked to the Mt. Lindesay highway (we found some lovely lemons) and Lindsay Hardgrave gave us a lift. We had to wait for ages in Beaudesert while he did something. We got back to Brisbane at about four.

The same trip was attended by P. Douglas Smith, and it is particularly fascinating to read different accounts of the same trip. This one appears to have been his one and only foray into bushwalking as his account below suggests (from the first volume of the University of Queensland Bushwalking Club Magazine, printed in September 1959. It was not to be officially named Heybob until volume 5, 1963).

7 - 9th August 1959:

I WAS A BUSHWALKER by P. Douglas Smith

Extracts from the diary of a Centenary year explorer.

On August 8th, 1959, in the company of a group of bushwalkers, I climbed Mt. Barney. This triumphant centenary year achievement may be discussed under the following five headings. (1) Organisation, (2) Transport, (3) Ascent of Mountains, (4) Activities subsequent to ascent of mountain, and (5) Conclusions

ORGANISATION: There was no organisation.

TRANSPORT: Actually this too was virtually lacking, consequent upon the absence of organisation (see above) which is apparently a characteristic feature of the U.Q.B.W.C. In theory we were to be conveyed in comfort from the kidney lawn direct to the foot of Mt. Barney, after which we would stroll up the mountain and sleep on top that night. At least this was the story fed to me by an ex-friend of mine named Rosser, and it was a combination of this fallacious picture of a quiet weekend of peace and relaxation, supplemented by frequent references to fresherettes of untold beauty, which finally after two years of persistent brain washing persuaded me to throw caution to the winds and embark upon this hazardous mission.

Our estimated time of departure was 6.30 pm on Friday. At 6.15 pm due to a break in security, the news leaked out that our means of transport had been pranged up, and that the only alternative means of transport included a train departing from South Brisbane in 10 or 15 minutes time. Hasty reorganization ensued and all bushwalkers {and potential bushwalkers} had accumulated at the specified platform by 6.30. One hour later, whilst ten bushwalkers were arguing all at once with the ticket seller about the price of tickets, the train quietly set off unannounced from a different platform. Thanks to the co-operation of the Station Master and the relative slowness of our train and the relative speed of the bushwalkers it was caught. It was a goods train. It was very long. There were 24M wagons and 17MW wagons and 7K wagons and some others which I do not know. And on the end was the guards van and on the guards van was a small compartment containing two seats, designed to hold four people. In these were an unidentified number of people. The additional influx of ten heavily burdened bushwalkers produced a situation which would by comparison make the average tinned sardine feel lonely. It also had a disastrous effect on my hat which all concerned seemed to find it necessary to sit or stand upon, either singly or collectively in a most unmilitary manner.

After several hours of living hell, the train paused momentarily in an uninhabited area of bush known as Rathdowney. We sorted out our legs and arms and things and got out and waited hopefully for the appearance of the fast cars which had been arranged to convey us over the last part of the trip. Due to a

slight defect in organisation these still have not arrived at the time of writing. This necessitated a stimulating little 20 mile hike to the mountain, at a ruthlessly brutal paces set by a couple of obviously demented bushwalkers way out in front. As the hours dragged on the eerie stillness of the night would be broken by funny little gasping sounds as yet another bushwalker felt by the roadside, and crawled off into the bushes to die of exhaustion. Still we pressed on. By 4 am the birds were stirring in their nests, as the survivors charged by, faster than ever, with only two more miles to go (At this stage this personal report comes to an abrupt end, on account of there was yet another casualty).

ASCENT OF MOUNTAIN: Little need be written about the pleasure derived from climbing mountains, for those of you who have experienced this thing will understand, and those of you who have not are probably not interested. I might mention that the pleasure derived from his particular climb was modified by 4 factors: (1) Height of mountain (too high), (2) Steepness of mountain (45°), (3) Virtual absence of friction between loose gravel on mountain and smooth soles of my shoes, and (4) Size of stack of timber at foot of mountain which had to be transported to top of mountain for building purposes. (It has just occurred to me that if a bushwalker weighing 140 lbs., carrying a pack weighing 30 lbs., drags 50 lbs. of timber up a frictionless mountain 6,000 ft high, he will do 1,320,000 foot-pounds of work, and this is more work than that done by an Egyptian slave building a pyramid, who lifts a stone weighing 1 million pounds to a height of one foot, or a pillar weighting 40 tons through ten feet).

ACTIVITIES ON TOP OF MT. BARNEY: The principal activities which I observed were,

- (1) Nothing (e.g. sleeping)
- (2) Eating
- (3) Trying to build a hut
- (4) Trying to destroy my hat

I personally concentrated mainly on (2) - eating, and on trying to prevent (4) - i.e. trying to destroy my hat. I also laid one foundation stone in the hut which was subsequently moved by someone called Mungo and finally put back where I had put it in the first place because it turned out to be right after all. I also climbed North Peak. When I returned I found that my hat had mysteriously been spirited away and was now reclining on the end of the branch of a dead tree which was hanging far out over the precipitous margin of the camping area. Much time and energy was expended retrieving this.

At night I lay awake for hours gazing at the clear sky, because the stars were very bright and I am very interested in stars, and because the camp fire had gone out and it was very cold, and because the pain from one of the ankles which I broke during the climb prevented me from sleeping anyhow.

CONCLUSIONS: I am just a simple man and like to lead a peaceful life. At night I smoke my pipe and read the papers and on the weekends read a book. I do not believe in strenuous exercise, for it imposes a heavy physiological burden on the heart, and this is a bad thing. And anyhow, in this modern age of transport, only uncivilized men still walk. In short I was not made to be a bushwalker, and fear I never will be one.

August 1959: Ninth extract from Tom Brown's memoir, aided by his diary.

My only visit to Mt. Barney this year was in August, when Bil Bolton, Roger Ewer and I went to stay at the hut for a few days. Bil and Roger as I recall wanted to do some study. It may not have been an ideal place

for this, but it was a very pleasant few days, and we did quite a lot of walking, as well as sitting around in the sun and reading. A number of people visited the hut while we were there, including some scouts, Brisbane Catholic Bushwalkers, and our last evening, Keith Scott, Peter Reimann and Ann Johnman arrived. By now some bunks had been built in the hut, but we found it more comfortable to sleep on the ground outside. No building was done, but Roger and Bil improved the view from the hut by cutting down a tree a little further down the valley (hoping that a ranger would not arrive while they were doing it!)

Bil Bolton [personal communication] has one vivid memory of this trip. After doing a bit of work on the Hut, Tom, Roger and he sat down for a rest. After Tom had smoked his pipe, he tapped it out on the sole of his shoe, and put it in his pocket. They were earnestly discussing C.S. Lewis' book, *The Problem of Pain*, at the time, and so Tom failed to notice immediately that his pocket was alight. When he did, he leaped up, slapping at his pocket, and bounded about like an Indian doing a war dance. Although Bil can remember this well, he has no recollection of doing any study.

Summary of Hut Building 1951-1959: The progress of the Hut up to 1959 is described in this next article by Arthur Rosser, with insights and details that other accounts fail to provide. It was, appropriately, the first article published in the first edition of the U.Q.B.W.C. magazine.

THE HISTORY OF THE BARNEY HUT Arthur Rosser

In 1951, when the club was only twelve months old, and Broadbent and Stephenson were still panting after galloping round the Scenic Rim, it was suggested that a number of huts be built around the Rim, in order to make it warmer at night for anyone stupid enough to follow their example. The idea was to start with one on Mt. Barney, but the Forestry Dept. demanded a definite plan before giving permission, and the club, appalled at this insistence on vulgar details, very properly forgot about the whole thing.

But the idea still lurked in the minds of the club elders, and came to the surface again in 1953, when a committee was formed to investigate the matter. Alf Rosser was appointed Convener of the Barney Hut Expedition, and bundled off to Mt. Barney to have a look around. On returning, he admitted that the idea was practicable. Enthusiastically, a club meeting decided to start shaping stones as soon as possible, then hurried out to supper. Secretary Broadbent wrote to the Forestry Dept. with a rough plan, and suggested a site for the hut at about 3,800 ft. The Forestry replied that it was all right with them but they retained the right to remove the structure at any time.

Fidgeting restlessly as he wrote the letter, Broadbent had predicted that work would begin in August '53. Less excitable walkers made a dignified start in May, 1954. Meanwhile, the hut committee had developed a final plan. The hut was to be cemented or mudplastered stone to a height of four feet, to be topped off by a log cabin. Two windows were planned, and the slope of the roof was to be $11/4$ in $151/2$ from west to east. Any illusions that well disciplined club members would adhere strictly to this plan were dashed on the first trip: far from clutching it in their hot little hands and poring lovingly over it by firelight, they forgot to take it with them at all. In fact, no-one could remember what width the damn thing was supposed to be, so they thought up a new one, thus setting up a useful precedent.

The first trip was baited with promises of a happy weekend at the Lower Portals, and not until Geoff Goadby arrived with 17 sheets of aluminium on the roof of his car, did the trip's sly leader, hill climbing humanoid "chimp" Holdaway, leap out shouting "Surprise! Surprise! This is a hut trip". Fresher Duncan McPhee, who had hoped to live off the land, nearly dropped his rifle. Later, he was persuaded to leave his

gun behind, and helped cart aluminium up over Midget Peak, in a howling westerly. Though the route chosen is the second longest up the mountain, it was at that time supposed to be the most convenient one for carrying aluminium.

Saturday night saw walkers and aluminium scattered all over the mountain, but by Sunday midday it was all at the site. For the next four years it was to be a confounded nuisance. On the following Thursday, the last of the builders left, wet, cold and miserable, leaving the roof securely weighted down on top of the 30 inch high walls.

Two weeks later the wicked Lahey laughter rang out as he came down from East Peak and saw aluminium scattered all over the Gorge again. With Gordon Hooper, Brian Egan and some Brisbane Bushwalkers, they collected it, and cut some logs for the upper walls.

Continuing with the rush of early trips, Alf Rosser spent about a week up there, cutting dead gums on the side of West Peak, for use on the upper walls (we burnt the last of these in a recent camp fire). Bill Deardon, who was with him for a while, helped drag the logs down to the hut. He was very surprised when a log started rolling sideways down the mountain, his hand being caught in a rope, the other end of which was winding round the log. Bill was dragged shrieking down the slope, with every chance of his arm and body being wrapped neatly round the log after the rope. Even though his hand was still some distance from the log when it stopped, Bill took an unbalanced view of the whole incident, went home, and has not been bushwalking since.

The weather on Barney frequently forced those working on the hut to put the roof on temporarily, and camp indoors. The peculiarities in the drainage of the hut were soon noticed, and it was on a trip at this time that Peter Gillingham, from his bed in a little stream at the northern end of the hut, announced proudly; "I've got an inner spring mattress".

Apparently, no work was done in the 1954-55 long vacation, and the first trip in the new year was in the May vacation. Ian McLeod, the new president, led a trip up from Cronan's Creek, with aluminium and cement, and an adze donated by the Brisbane Bushwalkers. The 4 ft. high rock walls, as then planned, were finished.

However, enthusiasm for the building then dropped, and the president for 1956, Dave Dunstan, spoke in his Annual Report of the "stagnation of the Barney Hut" while another member of that period recently explained, "none of the b.....s would come and work!".

But in 1957 the new president, Johnno Comino, leaped to his feet and cried that the hut must be finished. To get the ball moving he grabbed 60 lbs. of cement, charged 3/4 of the way up Logan's Ridge, and hid it under a rock. It has never been seen since.

Six days later on a moonlit Friday night grinning Dave Dunstan led us up South Ridge at a brisk pace, one of the few stops on the way being when cries of "Too high up!" were rejoined by enraged bellows of "Too low down!".

As Dave argued about the new route with the club's hot headed secretary, Tom Brown, we dropped our cement at the Hut at 1.30am and Dave produced two thin blankets, having just sold his sleeping bag in preparation for a trip to England, and settled down beneath the grass tree. On that and the following

nights he was bothered by the cold, and by a couple of bush rats which he claimed ran up and down his legs.

The idea of the log cabin had gradually been dropped, as most of the logs cut had rotted since the previous trip, 2 years before. We collected rocks previously classed as too heavy or too distant for use, but found that lifting them up onto the walls was very difficult. Dave's pride and joy that weekend were two window sills which he made, with the help of Mungo Scott and others, on the northern and eastern walls. After Ken sketched out plans for a hydro-electric scheme and a wind generator, Dave ran down South Ridge and went to England.

In his report of the trip, Dunstan urged that future trips to the hut should be private ones, apparently realising that on any trip a few individuals did most of the work. Consequently, in the next couple of years, the club had little control over the progress and design of the hut, though it did not care much anyway.

Garth Lahey thought that a block and tackle would be useful for lifting boulders onto the walls, and in the May vacation, Peter Gillingham, Ron Cox and I, with a couple of guests staggered up South Ridge with a block and tackle and more cement. The following day we built a 20 ft. high tripod out of rafters. The next weekend saw Comino charging out of the scrub again, followed by a strong building party. Camino, wild-eyed and dynamic, tore down the back wall, thus disposing of one of Dave's window sills, and, with the help of the new equipment, effortlessly placed an enormous rock square in the middle of the other one, explaining that windows only let the weather in, anyway.

No cementing would be done because the creek was dry and the nearest water 200 yds down the gorge, so the back wall was built up to 6 ft without cement, and was rather unstable.

On a subsequent Friday night, Gillingham and Timmins, with Pat Costello and Jennifer Hirst, toiled up Rocky Creek to reach the hut at 2 am. The rest of the weekend was spent replacing the axe handle.

A combined University and Brisbane Bushwalking trip took place in the following August. Once again we unleashed Comino and, laughing madly, he heaved huge boulders round on top of the back wall, which swayed 6" either way as he did so. Meanwhile, Duncan McPhee, with Tom Brown's help, built the chimney, earnestly discussing theoretical aspects of chimney building and enthusing about architecture rising out of the surroundings. The criticism began before it was half finished, and has only recently been replaced in those hostile to the final result, by a smug belief that the chimney is likely to have a violent return to its surroundings at any moment.

The progress of the hut was sufficient to warrant a discussion by the architects and engineers on the advisability of putting in a door. It was definitely established at the 1957 A.G.M. that if a door were put in, the roof would be sucked off the first time the wind blew vertically upwards at 100 mph.

By early last year, the club was, in general, much more vigorous, and some energy was left over for the hut. A daywalk up South Ridge took up tools and food, and for a week in the vacation which followed Mungo Scott and I cut timber for the rafters and beams, while Lahey contentedly belched as he potted on with his cementing. With the help of Murray Rich, we dragged the logs to the hut from the side of West Peak, and Tom Brown shaped them with the adze. Only 2 of the logs cut 3 ½ years before were used.

Taking advantage of the new road up to the bottom of South Ridge, we coaxed the unpredictable Peanut Truck as far as possible with a load of battens. An assorted group of walkers then took them up South

Ridge, Garth Lahey pretending his was a wooden horse, and Lucy Harrison dragging hers disconsolately behind her with a piece of string

Five sheets of aluminium were then tied to the roof of Peter Riemann's car, and brought down to Barney, it being necessary to climb in and out through the window as the doors were tied shut. We took them up at night, and on reaching the hut at 2 am, Pete swore that he was never going to carry anything more up Barney, except food. The roof was put on that weekend, which ended the successful series of trips for 1958.

1959 saw Peter Reimann (with a pack load of cement) with Lahey and Scott, wandering around the bottom of S.E. Ridge for 4 hours, in mist and rain. Eventually they went up South Ridge in disgust, having repeatedly run into cliffs on the other ridge.

Later this year a brand new hut committee was formed, taking advantage of the fact that the club always bleats "yes" to any question asked by the President. At the beginning of August, after some of us walked from Rathdowney to Barney, 300 lbs. of timber for the bunks was taken up South Ridge by a very peculiar mix of people, including five girls (Oh, Arthur! - Ed.)

Only one of the 4 bunks was completed then, but since then the others have been built. The major remaining jobs are to replace the chimney, which catches alight when a big fire is built inside, and to put a sheet of fibreglass in the roof to let some light in. So after 6 years, the hut is nearing completion -

"But what about him", you are asking, nodding in the direction of the misery bowed figure of ageing builder, Mungo Scott, lines of worry etching his lean face – "Why doesn't he rejoice?"

Never mind Mungo; he has a secret fear. It is his belief that one weekend he will climb Mt. Barney to find that some tidy little boy scout has used the hut, then burned, bashed and buried it. And he could be right - it is just the sort of thing that would happen.

What prophetic sentiments these last words of Arthur's article proved to be, and they did not take long to be fulfilled. Although the detail was slightly different, in that someone from within the ranks of the Club itself was The Destroyer, the 1961 Annual Report, written by Keith Scott (p. 6), tells of just such an event. In the Editorial (2nd para.) of the 1962 U.Q.B.W.C. magazine, Lucy Harrison wrote:

"After only 3 years the magazine has already reached the stage where it can be of 'historical' interest. With the old hut now demolished, one can see the irony of Arthur Rosser's prophesy at the conclusion of 'The History of the Barney Hut'".

April 1960: Tenth extract from Tom Brown's memoir, drawn from his diary entries.

My last visit to the hut before I left Brisbane to live in Adelaide was in April with Roger Ewer. We climbed Logan's Ridge on Easter Day, starting at 3 pm, and reached the hut after dark. Here we found Ron Cox, Grahame Hardy and Basil Yule, who had just abseiled down the east face. We spent the night there, and the next day descended via Rocky Creek.

12 - 15th May, 1960: Cement Carrying Trip, second extract from diary of Peter Reimann

Thurs 12: Got plastic for cement bags for the hut trip this weekend. Saw Keith and later Arthur w.r.t. the weekend. Sewed up the bags.

Friday 13: Put cement in the bags (10 each 10 pounds) for carrying up to the hut. Gave Lucy, Noela and Arthur a lift to Barney. Got to the bottom at 1/4 to 12. Arthur and I, with 2 bags each, decided to go on ahead of the 8 others, so we went up South Ridge, arriving at the hut at 10 past 1. It was moonlight and hellish cold and windy. After coffee and a feed we went to bed. The others arrived at about 2 am.

Saturday 14: Slept in. Argued about the hut and the fireplace. Some went up North (West? – Ed) Peak in the afternoon. I went up East alone. Lucy and Noela went up later.

Sunday 15: Made a shearlegs. Cemented a bit. Rod Timmins, Jon Minter and John (?) (going around Australia) and I went down SE ridge and had quite an interesting trip dodging cliffs and things. Landed almost at the car, which was very convenient.

December 1960: Eleventh extract from Tom Brown's memoir, drawn from his diary.

I was in Brisbane again in December on holiday, and Don Cameron and I had a day trip to Mt. Barney. We climbed Logan's Ridge, then went down to the hut, where we found Lucy Harrison, Cathy Prentice and Elizabeth Bernays. Don and I then came down South Ridge. This was my last view of the original hut. I climbed Barney again in December the following year with Don Cameron and Hugh Byerlee. After camping for the night we climbed Logan's Ridge, and found that the hut we spent all those years building had gone – demolished and rebuilt by Eddie Tesch. I commented in my diary that the new hut was an improvement, but that it didn't look nearly as robust as the old one.

The accounts above leave a strong impression of hut building activities involving incredible swarmings up and down Mt. Barney by day and by night, the climbers often carrying gargantuan loads. Arthur Rosser, in his introduction to diary entries he kept in 1957 and 1958 wrote:

“Of 32 trips up Barney between April 1957 and Dec 61 these [that is, those appearing in this booklet – Ed.] are the only records I have of hut building activities. They reveal a strange but simple philosophy of charging up and down and around Barney, preferably with stopwatch in hand and heavy objects in the pack. I understand fully why the late Dennis Potter said once that he regarded his younger self with tender contempt.”

This excerpt then, from the 1961 Annual Report written by Keith Scott, appears timely here:

September 1961: Excerpt from Annual Report, written by Keith Scott:

There is, or appears to be, some confusion between bushwalking and athletics. There will always be someone who wants to run on a trip and cover the distance in half the usual time. And there are those who like to carry enormous packs. But the Club must guard against the tendency to regard this rather ridiculous behaviour as worthy of merit. We must always keep a place in the Club for those who just wish to enjoy the peace of the bush, and for whom this enjoyment does not have to be associated with athletic performance or gymnastic skill.

Winter 1961 - late 1964: This account of the construction of the second hut by Barry Baker appeared in Heybob, vol. 7, 1965:

THE HUT CONTINUED by Barry Raker

As it is written in the prophets, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee. St. MARK.

So the Hut, as Rosser said, was burned, bashed and buried; ironically, all in the reign of Mungo Scott (no wonder the old man has not been walking since; rumour hath it that he is hiding away composing “Ballads a Bush Hut”). The news leaked out slowly at first, with the early rumours of Ted Tesch on Barney being countered by tales of his sightings in Queen Street. However, at last the dreadful tidings were proved by visits to Barney where the Hut, sadly to lament, was even more dismembered than ever previously.

This scene was in the winter of 1961, almost a year after “Architecture and the Barney Hut” appeared under the signature of Tesch in U.Q.B.W.C. Magazine (as Heybob was then titled). In this historic and again prophetic article, very rebellious Tesch had offered gelignite, if only one supporter, but alas! None as forthcoming (apathy or pride?). So, he took it upon himself to reduce the labours of many, and in their place erect almost single-handed a building of the space-age (or maybe only of the Victorian age) – an inverted saucer. (Heaven knows enough tea went into the builder). The new hut had to be of local material, so there was no need for the rafters and other man-made pieces of wood hauled there at great pains by earlier members (Philip Smith's article testifies). These were burned slowly to ward off the winter cold, and brew the tea. While building the hut, Eddie lived in a very small rectangular humpy with a sliding door – very musical in the middle of the night (oh, those cups of tea!) – and used to visit the big Metropolis once a week, on Thursdays, when he had a certain one-way lift; this was provisions day, and also contact time for world events. During his stay of months on the mountain, Eddie earned the admiration and amazement of the local farmers one of whom one day delivered a phone message by climbing half-way up Peasant's Ridge. This hut, while being mainly Tesch complete, had small splashes of others – notably Doug Clague, who religiously climbed the South side for many weekends – I suspect, mostly for the pleasure of smoking a communal pipe. Others, who visited the peak were, from time to time, conscripted, and I can remember helping Norwood Harrison and Ian Currie to increase tension on the superstructure one very cold August weekend.

The First Hut Building Trip, May 1954



Carrying aluminium up Midget Ridge to Mt. Barney, from left to right: Geoff Goadby, Nell Cole, Geoff Broadbent, Ian McLeod (photographer unknown), from a photo belonging to Nell Stevens.



Above: Barney Hut, first day, left Byron Holdaway, right, Garth Lahey (photo Duncan McPhee)



Right: First day (photo Duncan McPhee)

Hut Building Trip, perhaps May 1955



From left to right: John Comino, unknown, Ian McLeod, Geoff Goadby, unknown, Ngaire Elcock ?, Pat Costello (photo belonging to Ian McLeod)

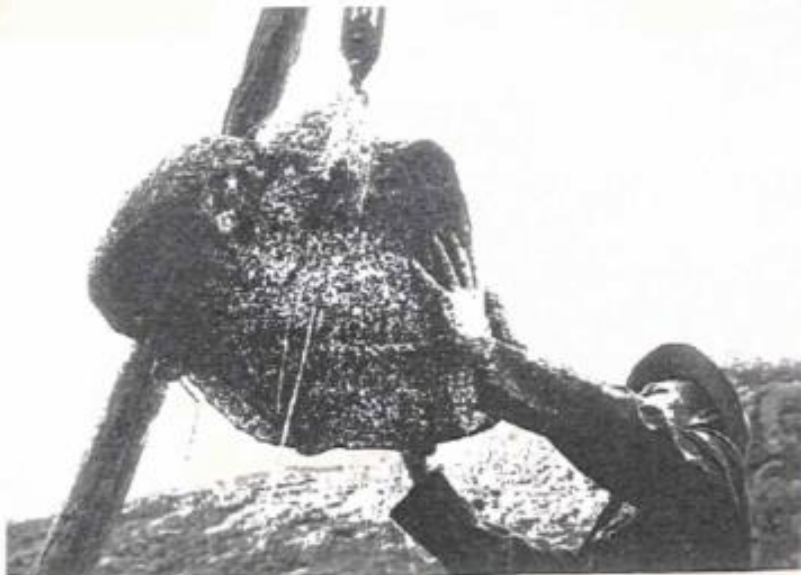


From left to right: Ian McLeod, Geoff Goadby, unknown, Neville ?, Ngaire Elcock ?, Pat Costello, unknown, David Stewart (photo belonging to Ian McLeod)

Hut Building, 1957



Tripod, and block and tackle solved the problem of lifting large rocks. Left, probably Arthur Rosser, right unknown (photo Ron Cox)



Person holding the boulder is Peter Riley, a friend of Ron Cox talked in to helping, not a UQBWV member (photo Ron Cox)

Hut Building Trip, Probably June 1957



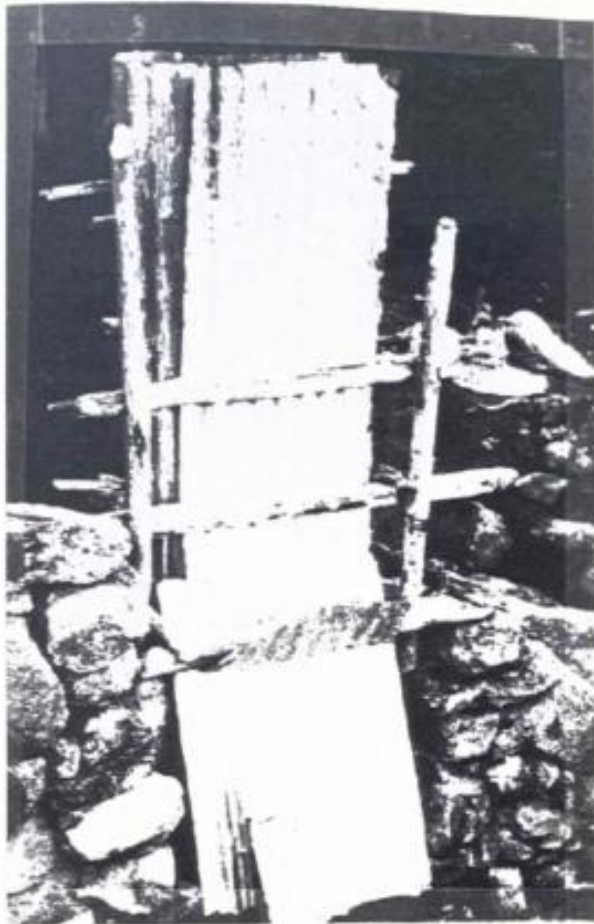
Lifting large rocks, using tripod and block and tackle, left to right: Geoff Goadby, Murray Rich, Tom Brown, Peter Reimann
(photo Duncan McPhee)



Lifting rock, left probably Peter Reimann, right
Geoff Goadby (photo Duncan McPhee)



A break from building
(photo Duncan McPhee)



Chimney of first Hut
August 1957
(photo Tom Brown)



First Mt. Barney Hut, September 1958, Pat Conaghan to right, near logs (photo Tom Brown)

The First Barney Hut as it was in 1957



(Photo Ron Cox)



Garth Lahey, probably May, 1958
(photo Bill Bolton)

Hut Building Trip – July 4-6th July, 1958 (almost certainly)



Almost certainly the trip from Arthur Rosser's 5th diary extract. Photo probably taken on Sat 5th, after Arthur, Keith Scott, and others had camped at base of Mt. Barney the previous night. They were carrying wooden battens for the roof.

Arthur Rosser (left),
Keith Scott (right)
(photo Bill Bolton)



Peter Reimann
(photo
Bill Bolton)



Keith Scott and
Arthur Rosser
carting timber
up South Ridge
(photo Bill Bolton)

Probably July 1958

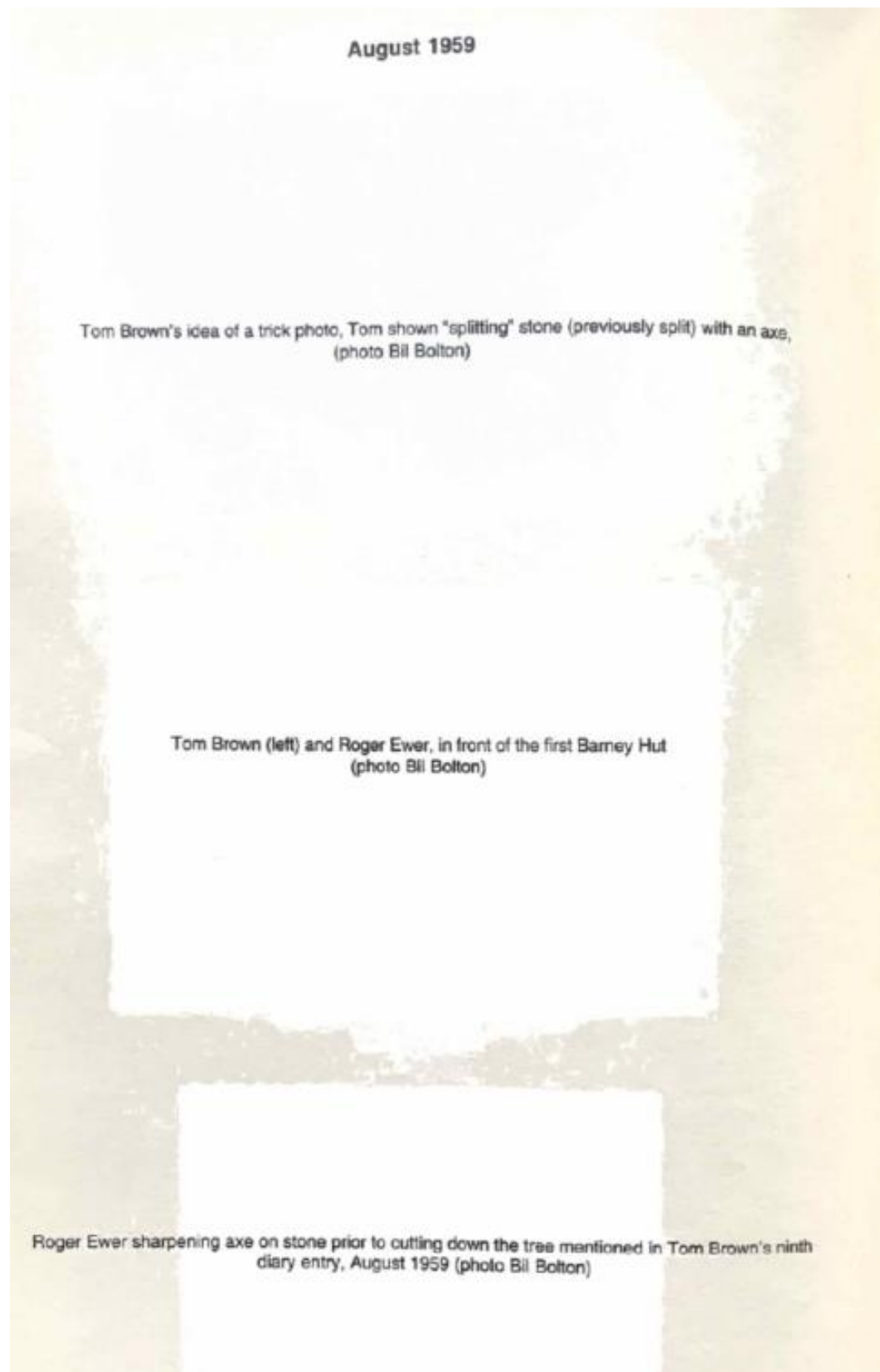


Keith Scott fixing Axe Handle
(photo Bill Bolton)

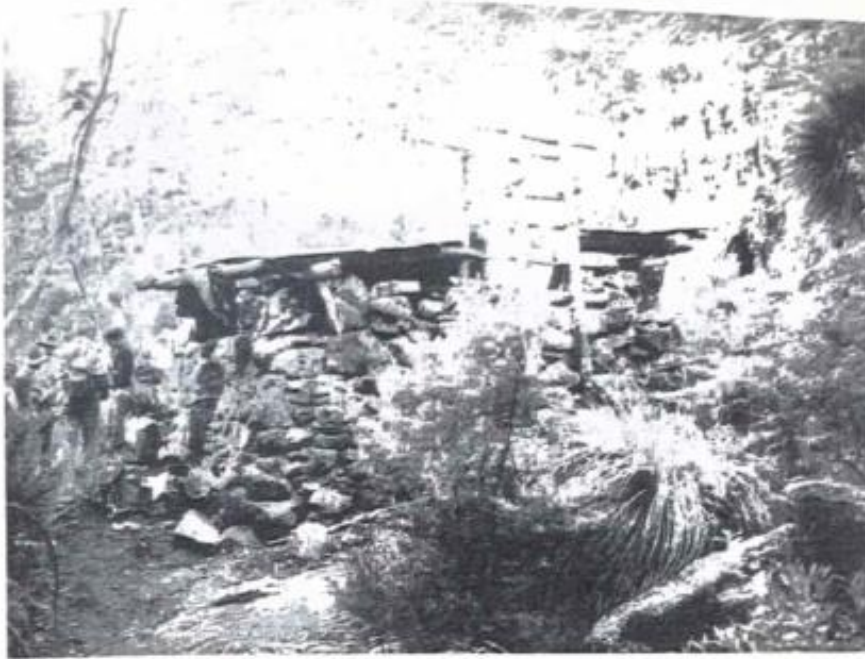


Keith Scott Preparing Rafter at Hut Site
(photo Bill Bolton)





The First Barney Hut 1960

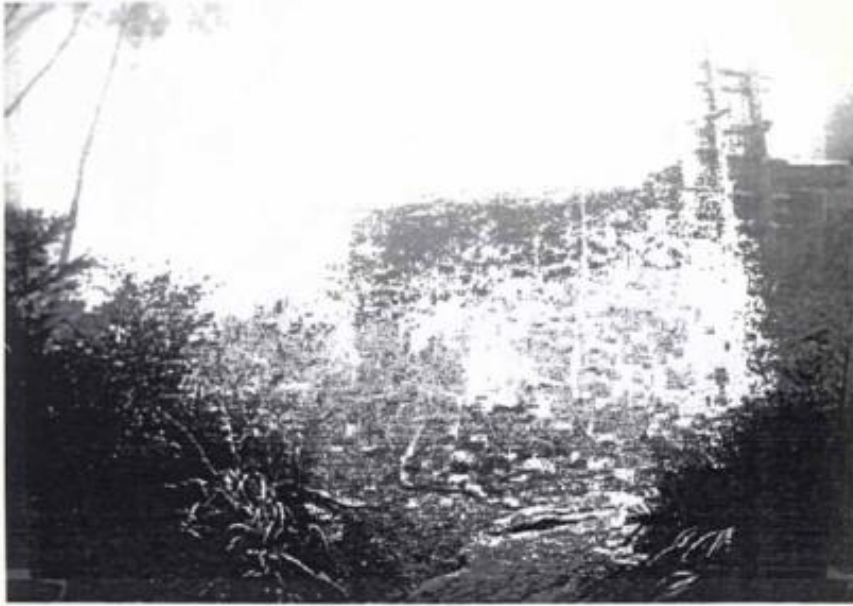


A group of bushwalkers, probably December 1960
(photo Bil Bolton)



Lucy Harrison in front of the Hut, December 1960
(photo Bil Bolton)

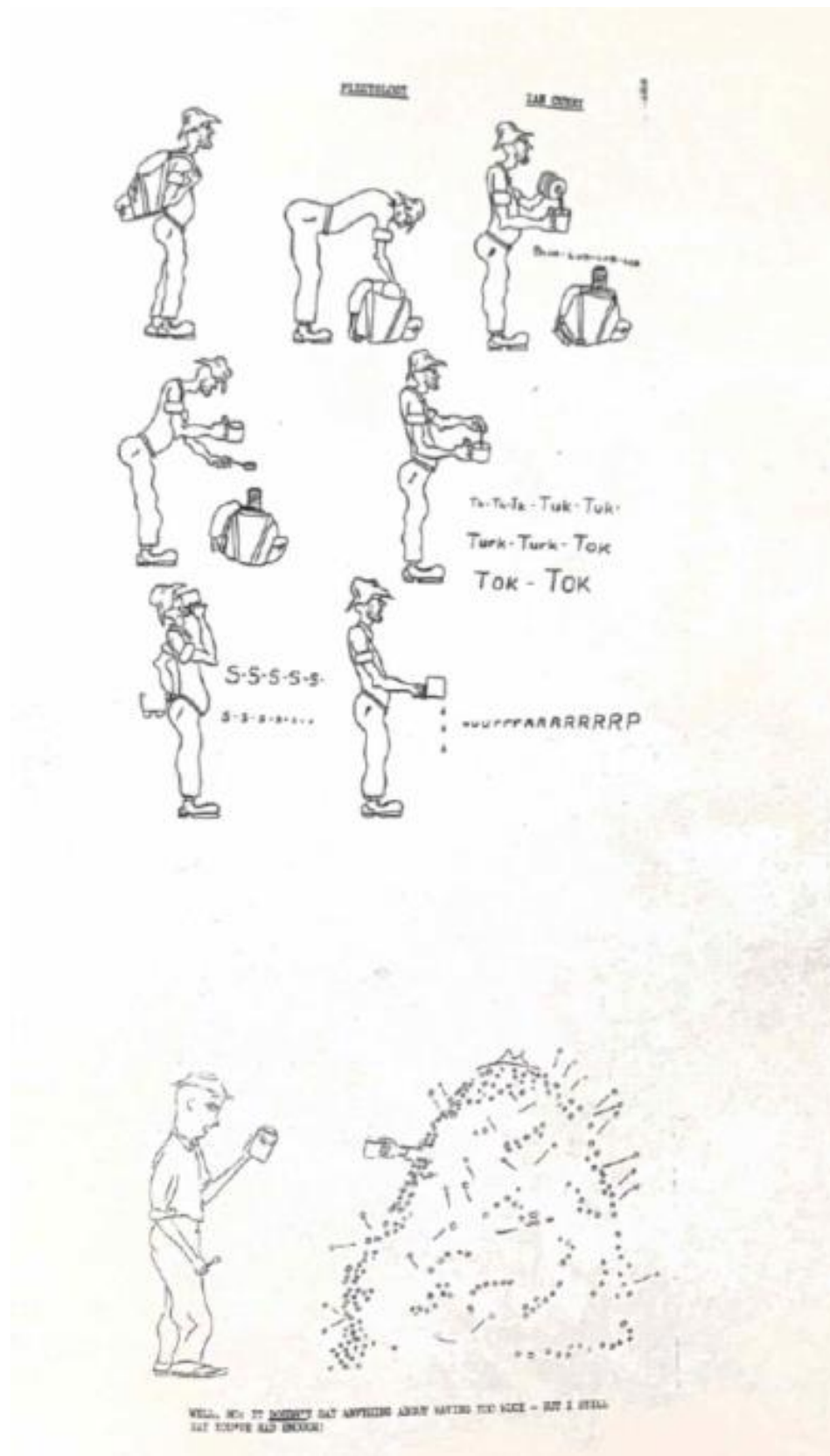
The First Barney Hut, December 1960

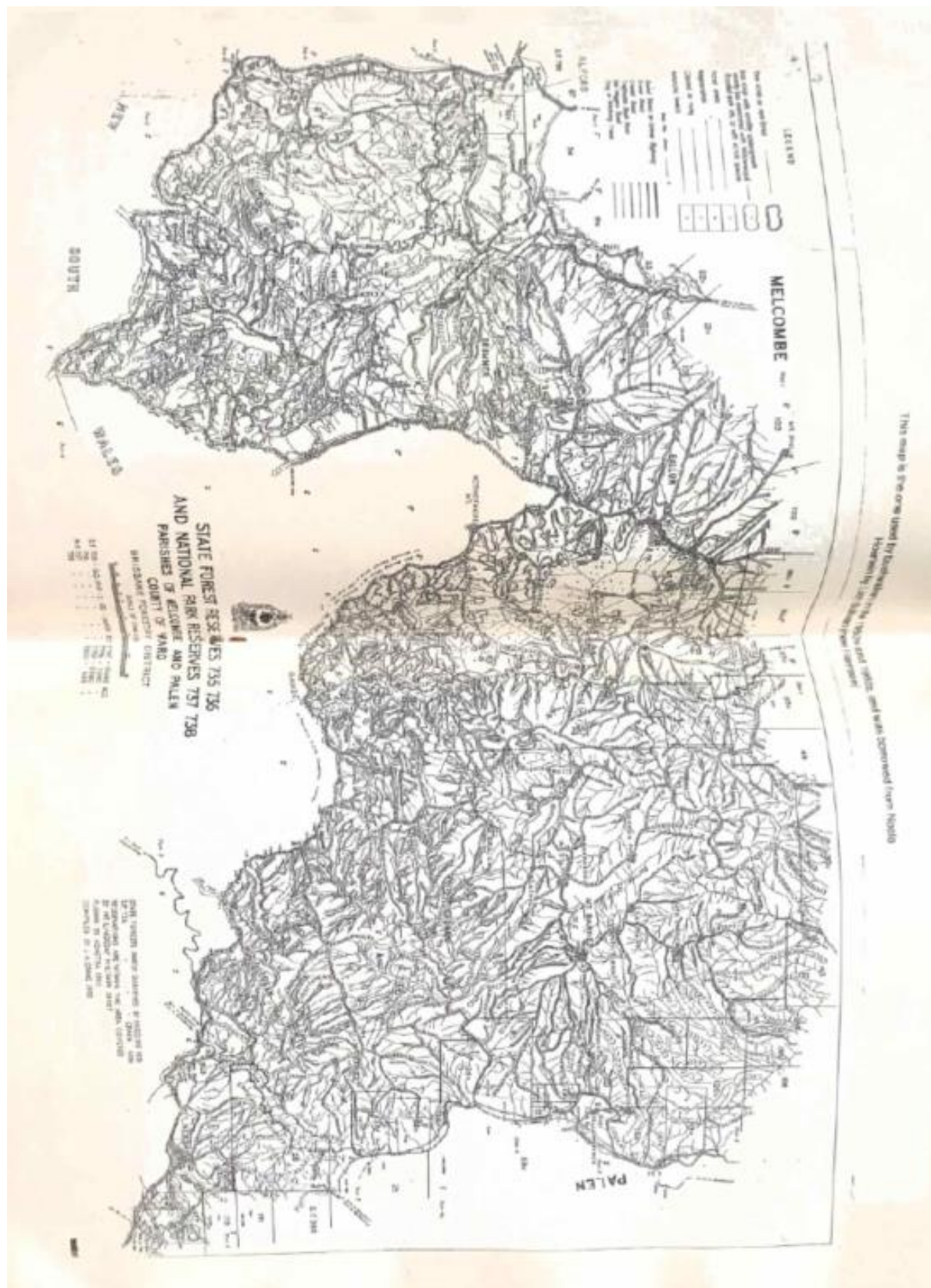


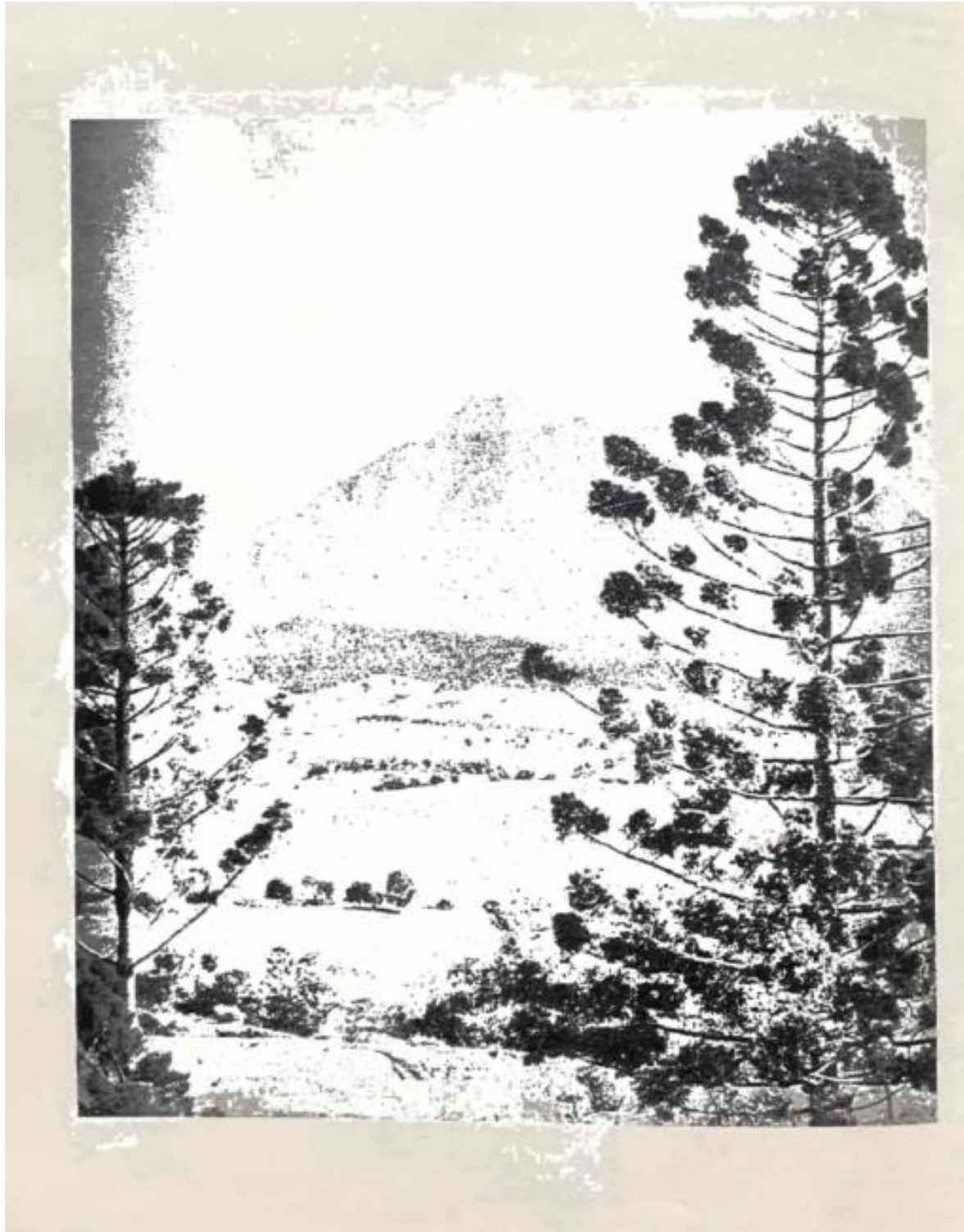
Barney Hut in Mist, Cathy Prentice and others, photo belonging to Bobby and Annette Fifoot



Elizabeth Bernays in front of the Hut, December 1960 (photo belonging to Ian Currie)







The First Barney Hut 1961 (before June)



Pat Conaghan (left) and Ken Warner (smoking a rollie) outside the first Hut before Ron Cox, Grahame Hardy(?) and Pat repelled down East face of Mt. Barney. Note Ken's new 300 foot nylon rope (one of the first ones), to left, the darker (lower) section being red for climbing purposes. Gordon Grigg bought it from Ken, one section still in his possession (November 2000) and used to pull out lantana. (Photo Gordon Grigg)



"BE'S BEPPE ONE AREAS
WITHIN TOLLING TO BEPPE."

Building the Second Barney Hut, probably August 1961



Roof structure of
Hut 2, East Peak
behind
(photo Ian Currie)



Ted Tesch working on Hut 2, left photo shows East Peak in background
(photo Ian Currie)

Working on the Second Barney Hut, probably August 1961



Ted Tesch working on the second Barney Hut, temporary shelter in the middle
(photo Ian Currie)

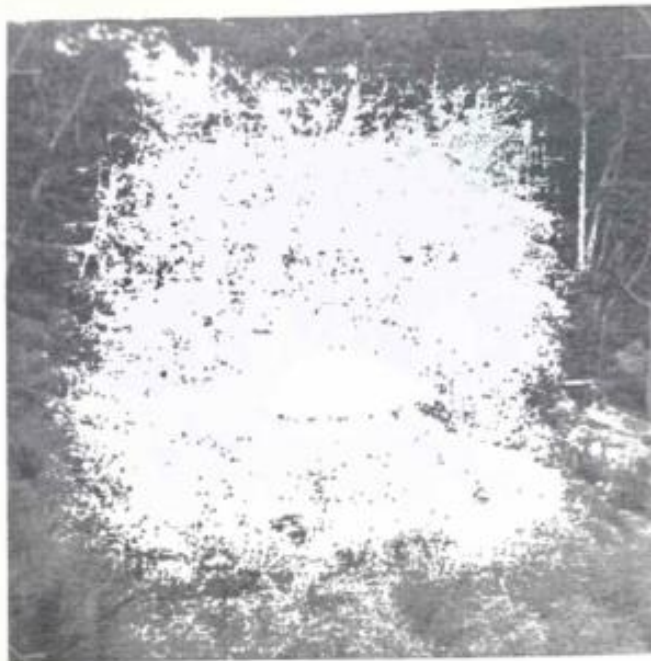


Left, Norwood Harrison, Ted Tesch's temporary shelter in middle of the hut site in background
(photo Ian Currie)



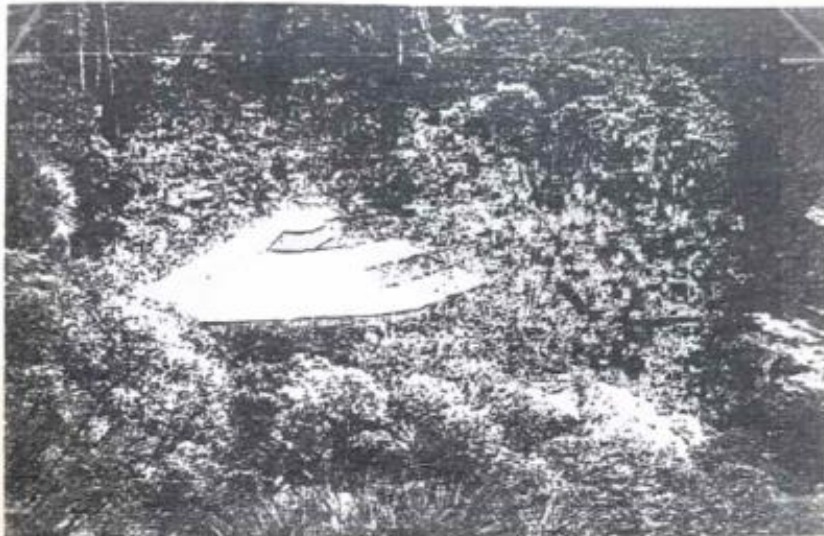
Right, Ted Tesch working inside hut 2, date unknown
(photo Gordon Grigg)

Barney Hut 2, November 1962



Both photos, note roof markings, also the Chinaman's hat over the central chimney, with stick poking up through the chimney (to provide a path for smoke, or for some more esoteric purpose ?) Bottom photo, far left, Gordon Grigg 20 yrs. and Jan Cribb (now Grigg). Note smouldering fire in foreground with tins, the 'burn, bash and bury' process then considered good environmental practice. (photos Desley Cribb, now Stephenson)

Barney Hut 2, June 1964

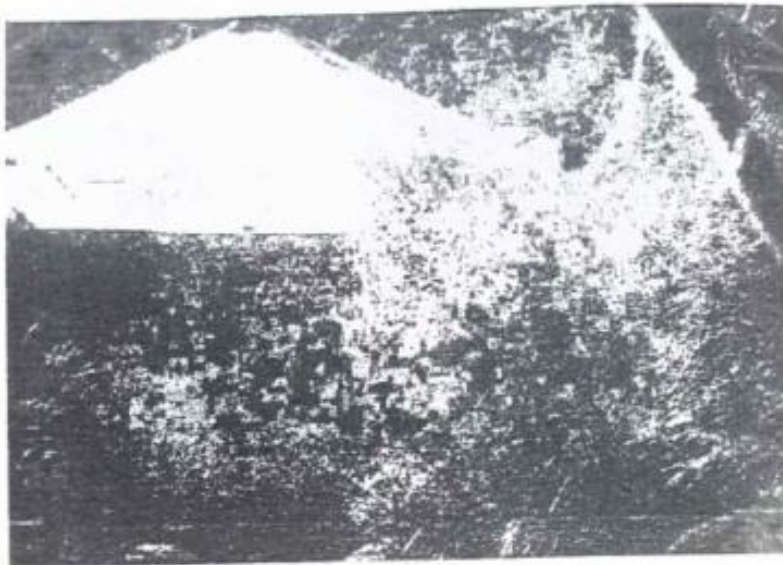


Note the tear in the roof on the Eastern side, reported by Barry Baker in *Heybob*, 1965.
(photo Barry Baker)

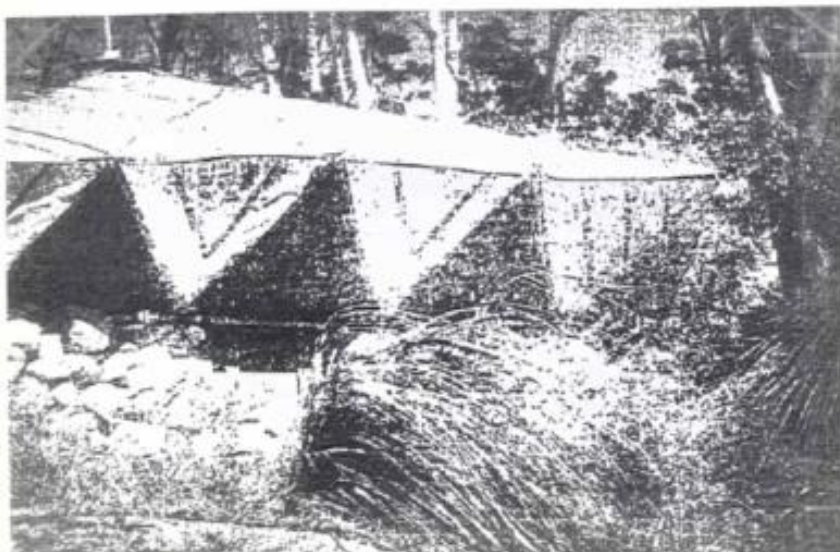


This photo shows "Lucy's window" reported by Barry Baker in his 1965 *Heybob* article as the only improvement to hut 2. The window was positioned so that Lucy could view the Gorge while inside the hut (photo Barry Baker)

Barney Hut 2, June 1964

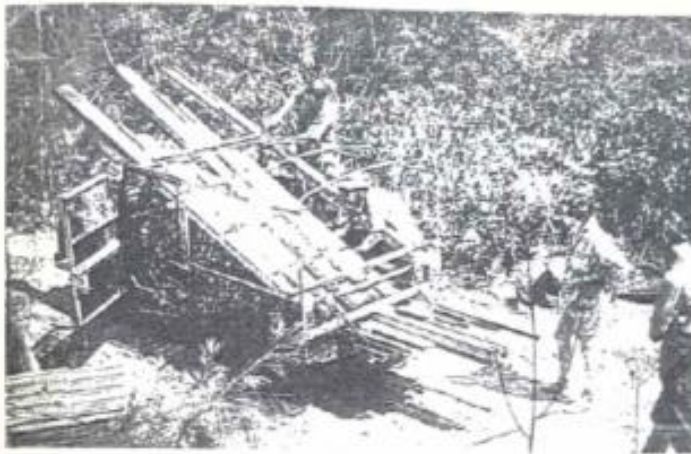


This photo shows the red markings on the flattened aluminium roofing. Barry says that perhaps he took so many photos of hut 2 because he thought the hut was about to fall apart, though he can no longer say for sure.
(photo Barry Baker)



This photo also shows the red markings and "Lucy's window".
(photo Barry Baker)

Loading Timbers for Hut 3a. late 1964



Keith Scott's Landrover being loaded with timber to transport to the base of South Ridge for hut 3a roof. Probably Eddie Tesch on the truck, Keith loading others unknown, (photo Gordon Grigg)



Keith Scott's Landrover, Holden's owner unknown (photo Gordon Grigg)



Keith Landrover, Gordon Grigg right perhaps Barry McCann left, Doug Clague middle (photo belonging to Gordon Grigg)

Early Stages of Hut 3a, late 1964

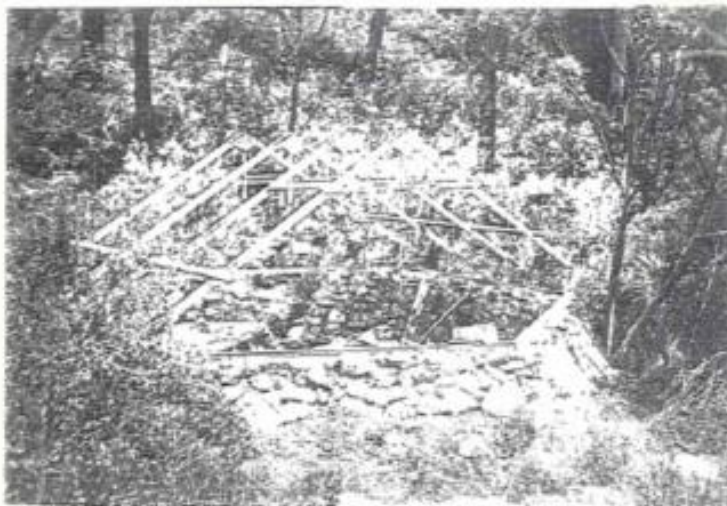


The hexagonal stone base of hut 2 was retained for hut 3a. Jim Hutton building. Looking North down the Gorge across to Mt. May
(photo Gordon Grigg)



Jim Hutton with bush saw preparing for rafters, standing on the old sleeping benches of hut 2
(photo Gordon Grigg)

Hut 3a, late 1964

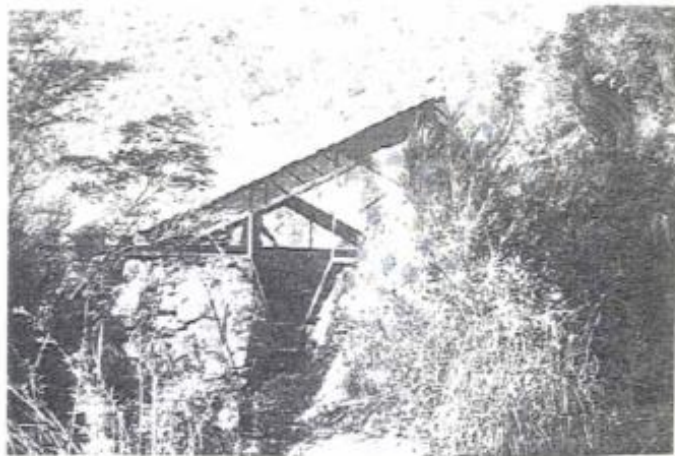


Above two photos show rafters of hut 3 on the base from hut 2. The triangular doorway is clearly seen towards the left and back. The threshold stone mentioned in Robert Rankin's book was at its base (photo Gordon Grigg)

Hut 3a 1965



Hut 3a prior to Ted Tesch painting out the red variations. (photo Barry Baker)



Hut 3a, showing flattened and painted aluminium from hut 2 (photo Gordon Grigg)

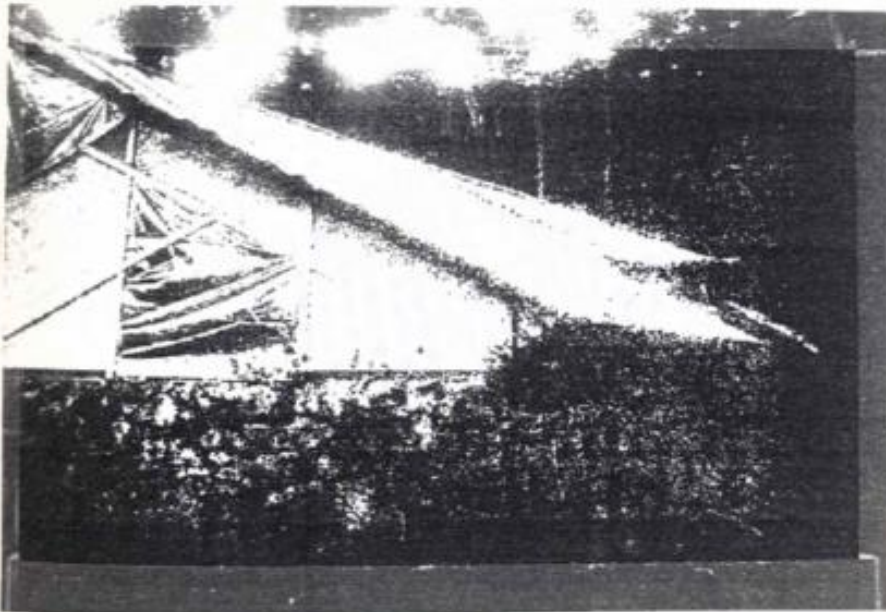


Hut 3a, unidentified person.
(photo Barry Baker)

Hut 3b, June 1973



Barry Baker's wife, Jane, after her first trip up Mt. Barney in front of the modified hut 3a (central fireplace moved to the left of the entrance, though not shown here) and plastic windows installed (photo Barry Baker)



Hut 3b showing roof modification of hut 3a to accommodate egress of the fire smoke. (photo Barry Baker)



Old toilet, probably not one of two built by Forestry Dept in 1973 (see p.32). Perhaps made from hut 3 materials some time after its destruction. Remains airlifted out 1984 (photo QPWLS)



Shelter, perhaps built from hut 3 materials some time after its destruction (photo QPWLS)

This hut was finally finished by the after-exams trip when everyone crowded into the small space and found to their horror that the chimney, unfortunately, was no better at all. The shape was better, sure, but when I stood up, the roof, of course, was dented (cement is harder than aluminium, you galah!).

And so, peace again reigned in the saddle – no silence shattering aluminium, no raucous laughter, and no gentle strains of Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" wafting on the winter gale down the Gorge. Building ceased, and in fact the only "improvements" were made by Lucy Harrison who bought a wooden window and installed same so that she could view the Gorge from the safety of the hut. She then had the hide to claim from the Club – I must have been mad; I remember voting her the money. [Lucy has recently communicated to me that the window was actually made by her brother Norwood at her request, the money being for the timber - Ed]

The peace lasted three years almost to the day, when, in late June of 1964, I noticed on one of my trips that there was a small three-cornered tear in the roofing on the Eastern side. One month later this was larger, and by the end of October large sections had been removed – not, mark you, by the hand of man, but by nature – strong, but by now not silent. Shades again of the prophet, witness Duncan McPhee's "Epitaph of a Hut". These signs sparked off a very lively meeting of the committee and others concerning future plans. Once again, with eloquence and minute plans (small, or detailed? Ed.) that father figure, Tesch, romped home with a design to last fifteen years (the former had been to last indefinitely!). Facts and figures followed furiously. Should we pull the whole structure down, or should we build around? Most people, including the builder, felt that the structure would not last much longer despite the fact that I, with all my weight, had romped gingerly over the rafters and found them more solid than I had expected, and probably fit for many years. However, the decision for a brand new roofing section was carried, and the donations poured in, £40 being promised on the spot. Then the job of carrying cement, wood and aluminium was broached, and would we need any sand? The sand proved to be readily available on the spot with the great assistance of summer storms; the other items were much more difficult.

Owing to the time of the year, there were only the old lags who had any spare time; this meant that 220 lbs. of the 300 lbs. of cement were carried up South Ridge on hot, summer days by a demented, but dedicated, bushwalker. The remaining cement was transported by unsuspecting friends (that line only worked once for, like Banjo Paterson said: "The word had passed around"); and some by Tesch on his way to the top to fix the supports for the superstructure. I well remember the first 60 lbs. when, after a very hard week's work terminating midday Saturday, I was staggering up Peasants' Ridge when I fell into the Wests (father and son) who, naturally, thought I was demented; there were to be many times in succeeding weeks when I agreed. About this time, Tesch coaxed Mungo Scott into donating himself and his landrover to transport aluminium and pre-cut rafters and supports to the Washaway on the way to Peasants'. Eddie really must have kissed the Blarney Stone, or maybe the ballads are soothing!

This transport effort was in preparation for the grand onslaught by the plebs on the after-exams trip. People turned up in scores and a "bucket"-brigade was organised to shift wood up the slope in relays. The aluminium was transported up by giving pieces to people to carry. Now, for those uninitiated, aluminium comes in 6 ft. by 3 ft. sheets and belies its name, as it is heavy. Most groups organised themselves into two and carried them tandem style. However, your truly had foolishly promised to carry some up when he came down after work. Tesch obviously with a mind for all the cement and his rapidly tiring mates, left five sheets of aluminium and a few pieces of very weak string. I found the only way to roll the sheets was to jump on them from a great height (mine) and by this method they would stay partly rolled –

incidentally, got my own back; Tesch spent some um! straightening them out again. Then, tied onto my pack, I was off to tackle the hill. Three steps, and disaster! The string broke, and this repeated itself until I used the straps of my pack (must remember to write a free ad. for Mountain Mule). Met Barry McCann and Patty Costello who were very cheerful and said I would never make it; but spurred on by the mist, rain, and by now, darkness, the trip from the washaway was done in 2 hours 5 minutes with much cursing and many lopped trees, a very dispirited body and some bent aluminium. I shudder to work out the foot-pounds of work for comparison with Egypt!

The next day saw the structure of the hut erected, and the succeeding weekends of work by Eddie, Denis, and others saw the hut in its present form. Then came the first picture shown at Freshers' Welcome this year, which displayed all the red variations; this sent Tesch berserk and he rushed off to paint the hut in more peaceful tones.

At present, the third edition Barney Hut has more head space, more light, and probably more strength; but the smoking is not improved and still the dissenters dissent and the protagonists assert. There is even another, even more philosophical article by Tesch in this Heybob, striving once again to put his theory of an Artificial in harmony with a Natural. This, incidentally, McPhee was also doing in his very succinct (for him) article in 1961, and many of his questions again apply.

And now for prophesy (by now, traditionally), the final word. I feel that Mungo's fears will never be repeated, and that the fate of the Hut will rest with the Barney Monster, with his powerful elements of fire and wind. And also, shades of the future, I see further huts and further disagreements, not necessarily only at the present site.

I'd like to comment at this point, on the question posed in Barry Baker's article above: Was it apathy or pride that prevented anyone taking up Ted Tesch's offer of gelignite to destroy the first Hut, in order to make way for a newer and "better" one using Tesch's superior design? Well, it seems obvious to anyone who had been a member of the Club in that era, and who had laboured on the first Hut, to all intents finished only in 1960, that neither apathy nor pride was a reason. It would be Outrage at the arrogance of the person who felt he had the right to destroy what others had, for so long, and with such huge effort, laboured to build. His overweening sense of his own importance and of the superiority of his own (often garbled) ideas may be seen in his article in the next section. That Tesch's hut lasted only three years before needing a total rebuild, (a task in which Ted himself enthusiastically took part), and the chimney exhibiting no improvement over the old, is testimony to the grandiosity of his ideas.

Gordon Grigg, though, has recently expressed the opinion (personal communication November 19, 2000) that "Tesch's Hut" (the second) would have lasted a lot longer had he not decided to use local saplings tied together with tar impregnated cord for the roof structure. This is the section that 'let the whole hut down' (to use a relevant phrase). Another point of interest recently conveyed to me by Doug Clague (letter about 26 Nov 2000) is that he seems to remember that the tarred rope, (or silk?) Ted used was part of a Japanese long line, used for fishing.

Easter 1965: While scouring the old Heybobs for relevant material, I came across an article by R. O'Donnell, from the 1965 Heybob, vol. 7. A chronicler is reading out of a book of the History of the Barney Hut, to the assembled court, where he is recounting the happenings of an Easter trip to Mt. Barney. The piece below is an excerpt from the article and highlights the ever present – let's say – drawbacks, of the chimney.

“THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS” by R. O'Donnell

- so it is written and strange are the things that happen on the Mountain Barney. “A tale of high adventure”, said the King. ‘And they climbed up onto the peak to the East and drank plenteously of the water they carried. And they descended to the hut which had been built by those of past generations and which had been of much contention and argument amongst their fellows. And that night they did cook and sleep in the hut. And the smoke that would not go through the strange chimney device did fill the hut with itself and induced much coughing and spluttering so that they went outside and breathed, as was their wont.’

“Truly a peculiar race that they would put up with this chimney!”, exclaimed the soothsayer.

‘But mightily did they feast that night for such was the skill of the maidens that they prepared a sumptuous meal and they dined heartily, as was their wont. And they laid themselves down on the bunks of the hut but they could not sleep. And it was not known whether it was the boards or the meal that was the cause of this.’ –

“Thus it is written, sealed and signed in the History of Mt. Barney”, ended the chronicler.

There was a hiatus in hut building activities between the end of 1961 with the completion of the second Hut, until 1964, and along with this lost focus, the Club too went through a downturn. No more “fire in the belly!”. The 1964 Editorial of Heybob, vol. 6, 1964 by Barbara Reid, berates members for flagging fanaticism of the kind found in the following activities: contributing articles to Heybob, controversies, enthusiasm, getting lost, and spartan ways (“I seize this opportunity to warn members to take a serious view of a trend beginning to be manifest in the club – I mean, all those chocolate biscuits for supper at meetings are just too much!”). She states:

“There just aren't any good controversies brought up any more. No-one wants to express himself loud and long. What happened to the badge - and the hut!”.

Christmas Vacation 1964: Heybob, vol. 7, 1965, account written by Ross Reiser, of the building of the third, and final, Hut. I have assumed that the Christmas vacation mentioned in the article is 1964.

MASOCHISTS. SADISTS, ETC.

1. In the beginning was the mountain, and on this mountain was builded an hut; and the name of the mountain was Mount Barney, and the hut which had been builded thereupon was called “The Hut”. Now, “The Hut” had been builded by a tribe of Arabs, and they were called by the name “Bushwalker”.
2. “The Hut” was of a shape most wondrous strange, weird beyond the singing of it; and the people came unto “The Hut” on holidays – even on the Sabbath, and on the Sabbath-minus-one.
3. And sacred rats lived in “The Hut” and they waxed strong and fierce, and guarded the hut well; and people came to love the hut, for it served them well.
4. But there arose, among the elders of this tribe, one who loved not this hut, and he was called Old Man Tesch, and his fame was great throughout the land, for he builded great buildings.
5. And he spake unto the people, saying,
6. “Let us hasten unto the mountain, and destroy this hut and there raise up a glorious edifice in its place”.

7. But the people replied unto him with an unequivocal, and unbiblical “Nuts”.
8. Whereupon Old Man Tesch caused the people of the tribe to be cast into slavery, and he caused them to labour on the task which he set them.

Which is about where I come into the picture. A friend of mine, Warwick Willmott, just happen to mention that there was a trip up Barney in the Christmas Vac. – spot of building going on, alterations to the hut. etc., should be fun, like to come along and help? Well, anything for a giggle, so I toddled along.

The thing even started badly; this native guide bloke Warwick had arranged for us, got us bushed getting to the place; practically no sleep the Friday night (actually Saturday morning). Arrived late at the start point later on in the morning, just in time to appreciate the full effects of the morning heat. Here we met the roofing material we were to carry to the top. Con-man Willmott (a cousin of his is a member of a most successful press gang) had said it was light and easily carried.

Light it was, but Old Man Tesch had excelled himself in the sadistic potential per gram weight which he had managed to pack into these sheets. They were of a strength, you understand, calculated to make rolling a desperately hazardous operation. I have no figures to hand on the number of broken arms, crushed fingers, etc., suffered, but I should imagine that the casualty rate must have been something pretty fierce. Then there was the exquisitely fragile string for the tying of them. One never quite knew when a string might snap and a “loaded” sheet to spring flat. The length was just optimum, calculated to catch on alternate obstacles, sufficient to allow the labouring slave to make progress, but only with one – uva* (footnote: insert suitable word starting with heck).

Well, we made it to the top, just the odd spot fagged out. It was not so much that the brow was wet with honest sweat: one felt one had been swimming in a sea of it for the last couple of hours, and if you have ever gone in a swim complete with pack and roofing, you will know just how tiring it can get. At the top we handed over our wearisome loads to some birds (for which, incidentally, this bushwalking caper is strictly) who carried the rubbish to the building site.

That night, it rained.

I lay in our spacious tent (“You breathe out, while I breathe in”) listening to the rain pitter-patter gently onto the canvas, and feeling it seeping through soaked sleeping bag, onto damp feet. As I tried to stretch a cramped appendage (“Don't move or you'll have the damned thing down”) I came to the conclusion that bushwalkers were a bunch of masochists, sadists, and steaming nits, and swore I'd never be party to such pointless exertion and discomfort again.

But, it's like the man says, the memory is short on the gut-busting slog, but disconcerting long on the satisfaction of having made it; so I guess if there's a spare seat on the 'bus to Barney this Christmas, I might just wander along, realising all the while that the whole shooting match is just so much nit-wittery.

In the middle of November 2000, just as I thought that the end of this Booklet was in sight, and there was absolutely no impediment to its publication and mailout by very early December, or maybe even late November? I became aware of the existence of Mini Heybobs. These promised to be a potential source of hut information, and, having become totally absorbed in the story of the Barney hut in all its manifestations, I just had to get my hands on them. I made a trip to Brisbane to retrieve them from the person who currently stores the UQBWC archival material, and discovered that the first edition available was Sept 1966, vol. 2, no. 4, so presumably publication of the Mini Heybobs began in 1965. Thank heavens

for word processors, as I then had to go through these circulars, insert information in the appropriate chronological order and alter quite a few of my comments.

The purpose of Mini Heybobs (several variations on the name used) as explained by the secretary, Noel Eberhardt, in vol. 3, no. 2, March 1967, was to disseminate information about future and past trips, meetings for the term, items of equipment for sale, and letters to the editor. There were four circulars a year, one for each of the three terms, and one for the Christmas vacation. The cost up to 1980 was the astronomical sum of 2c.

1st August, 1967: Mini heybob, Sept. 1967, vol. 3, no. 4:

At a meeting of the Queensland Federation of Bushwalking Clubs held on 1.8.67 in the J.D. Story room, twelve points which had been raised at the meeting were recorded by the delegate Denis Townsend. The eleventh below, concerned the maintenance of the Barney Hut. (the QFBC was formed in 1965 to present a united voice on conservation, safety, ethics etc. for the then 15 walking clubs in the area (Mini Heybob, vol. 14, no. 1, 1978)

11. Maintenance of the Barney Hut:

U.Q.B.W.C. and B.B.C. interest in this matter has resulted in the allocation of \$24.00 from Federation funds to repair the Barney Hut. This involves the improvement of existing fireplace facilities, repairs to doors and windows, and the completion of bunks, as well as numerous minor job. Ultimately this sum will be withdrawn from member clubs by set donations (about \$3.00 each). The whole matter has been placed in the hands of the Huts and Tracks Sub-Committee (Barry Baker, U.Q.B.W.C is chief agitator on this Committee).

7th July, 1967: Letter to all bushwalking Clubs in Brisbane Area, from UQBWC, about the poor state of the Third Barney Hut.

Dear Sir,

As the Mt. Barney Hut is in a rather bad state of repair, and as this hut is used extensively by members of all bushwalking clubs in the Brisbane area, we are asking for a few dollars donation to provide materials for repairs. Any donations will be appreciated and can be sent to: (here follows relevant address)

25th September 1967: Reply from Youth Hostels Assocn. of Q'ld to above letter asking for more particulars about the work required, and suggesting that, if more particulars were given, voluntary assistance may be forthcoming.

3rd October 1967: Letter to YHA from UQBWC

Dear Mrs. Blackford,

Thank you for your letter offering help in the repair of the Mt Barney hut. The repairs were carried out during the Federation "Mt. Barney Pilgrimage" last month. Work done included the replacement of windows, the building of a new bunk, the fitting of a new (we hope more efficient chimney), and the rehanging of the doors. The repairs are now finished, however I would like to thank you for your kind offer.

Though the repairs were completed (for now!), the smoking chimney appears to have been an inherited characteristic, through three generations of huts, as the next excerpt demonstrates.

9 - 10th December 1967: Mini Heybob, March 1968, vol. 4, no. 2, Mike Meadows (describing the after exams Barney trip, by now a tradition).

The gorge party managed to negotiate the gorge safely (?) but it was very treacherous in the wet. We managed to reach the hut (ah, that beautiful hut!) just before the dark and the rain descended whilst Denis' group miserably camped on Leaning Peak with the wind roaring furiously all about them. Meanwhile we were enjoying a warm Barney Hut-type fire and were relieved to find the chimney still smokes. (Kof! kof!)

After I became aware of the Mini Heybobs (see p. 28 for explanation), I came across an article in the November 1970, vol. 6, no. 5 edition by Ralph Carlisle titled "The Barney Hut". To use his own words, he "liberally plagiarized" previous Heybob articles about the Barney Hut by A. Rosser, E. Tesch, D. McPhee, A. Reiser, B. Baker and D. Townsend, which I have used also. Subsequently much of the material is already included in this Booklet, however there is a description of the third hut which adds detail, shown below:

November 1970:

The third hut is hexagonal; but the roof is rectangular with corners cut off to make it six-sided. A wooden framework surmounts a 2-3 ft. high rock base and is paneled with sheets of metal and other materials. The doorstone is the hearth-stone of the previous hut (mainly because it was too heavy to move). Over the past few years, the hut has known some peace. The only major change was the re-positioning and re-designing of the chimney so that the fire now smokes from a different direction. Maintenance is now carried out by the Federation.

So the problems continued. The following article has a decidedly *deja vu* feel about it. The same problems that plagued the first, and second structures, are still present in the third: uncompleted bunks, smoking chimney, drafts to be kept out However, a far greater menace was approaching, recognised early in the Club as a potential problem [p. 8, Trip Report, by Gordon Hooper] which, along with changing attitudes, and increasing numbers of walkers, slowly and surely, but inevitably, led to the demise of the third, and final, hut. The next article elaborates:

1970: Article from Heybob, vol. 12, 1970

EXPATRIATE JOTTINGS ON A HUT by Denis Townsend

The Barney Hut must be destroyed or the majority of its users re-educated. While the latter plan is by far the most desirable, the former is a more immediately practical solution to the problems that have arisen over the last few years through the huge influx of visitors to the area.

Several years ago, following a massive after-exams assault on the mountain by dozens of would-be bushies, who were co-opted as porters to convey materials to the hut site, a few souls, more marked for their enthusiasm rather than building skill, put together the prefabricated bits and pieces of the latest structure to fill the role of "The Barney Hut". This work was spread over a huge number of weekends: a period hazily remembered now as a pot-pourri of – night ascents of South Ridge by moonlight – meteor showers and screech owls – sun reflecting aluminium and insect collecting in the cool rain-forest – sand washing and sunbathing – mixing concrete and preparing huge gastronomical delights – the creek dry and

in flood – fizzy orgies and more sedate claret occasions – hay fevered descents of Cox's Canyon – countless visitors – all ready to lend advice, a few to lend a hand. Finally – “consummation est” – but it was we, rather than the structure, that were finished. A shelter it was, but still incomplete: bunks unfinished, inefficient chimney, many draughts, and countless other annoying trivia to be attended to. Still, it was there, and we were pleased with what had been achieved.

Then came the people. The occasional party from one club or another, and assorted smaller groups and individuals that made their way around the mountain gave way to huge throngs of composition varying from mountaineer to “Sunday-tourist”. The more accessible track, on South Ridge, became deeply entrenched by repeat use, while at the same time, the incidence of litter between Cronan Creek and the hut area increased markedly. Under each accessible rock, endemic faunas were displaced by paper-clad faeces where such were not otherwise disposed of under leaf litter. Quickly, the shallow soil cover reached its saturation point of buried wastes. All else is rock.

At the time of my last visit, the hut area and Rum Jungle could at best be described as “bloody unpleasant places to camp”. Saddest sight of all was the hut falling into ruin, with little attention paid to it since its construction – a new fireplace, o yes, less smoke in the hut now, but what of the holes in the wall (etc.)? I dare not comment beyond this on the surrounding area. A further problem in all this is the fact that the ease of access to this wasteland has facilitated further penetration to the adjacent peaks and ridges on which, campsites, initiated by those appalled by the conditions of the hut are, have, by greater use, tended in the same shocking direction of decline as the more frequented area below.

A question must be asked – “Is the hut necessary?” Why, in fact, build a hut anywhere? There are many good reasons; I will give three major ones:

1. Shelter
2. Facilitation of access to an area
3. Localisation of the effects of human ingress

Applied to the Mt. Barney Hut, 1 and 2 are not sufficient justification for its existence, or that of any other hut in the Barney area. My reasons for this statement are chiefly climatic and topographic. The relatively mild variations in weather in S.E. Queensland and the small area of the Barney-Ballow massif are insufficient reasons for its maintenance as either a shelter – numerous campsites are available or can be made with relative ease (a few areas excepted) – or as a base for further penetration into the more remote parts of the area. It is convenient, true, but, its disadvantages considered, it is an expensive luxury.

Justification, it would seem, rests upon point 3. In a similar way to that by which a track or established route minimizes the area affected by passage of man, a hut, ideally, localizes a combination of shelter, water and fuel with a place to dispose of wastes and litter as effectively as the situation permits, rather than relying on sheer size of the dispersal area to solve the problem.

The Barney Hut, in its present state fails in this purpose for two reasons. More obviously, it and Rum Jungle do not provide facilities for disposal of litter and body wastes, both essential if an area is as frequently used as this one. Logistic problems arise in coping with either of these matters, and while the first can be solved by the personal conveyance of non-burnable litter out of the area – the BEST disposal method – the problem of dealing with human wastes remains uppermost. The shallow soil cover, where any at all is present, precludes the digging of latrines, and the end result of the almost indiscriminate deposition of

body wastes around the area is, in that small catchment, the eventual pollution of the small creek that runs beside the hut and down into Barney Gorge.

The problem is made worse by the freedom of access to the area for the people who are not sufficiently aware of or concerned about the long-term effects of their thoughtless presence. This applies equally to bushwalkers (*sensu pte*) and the much maligned "tourists". The need for pertinent education or re-education of these people is obvious but such a scheme is fraught with difficulties in initiation and maintenance of form of education program. The chief difficulties are the same apathy and indifference that hinder, if not prevent, any attempt at arousing general awareness of important matters relating to our physical and intellectual environment. At best, re-education is a long-term plan, that will leave, by time-delay, a trail of situations beyond repair in its wake. What of N O W?

Advantages weighed against disadvantages lead me to conclude that the best answer to the problems surrounding the use of the Barney Hut, is, along with a programme of environmental education, the restriction of access to that part of Mt. Barney by one or more of the following:

- a. Vigilance in maintaining, by honorary rangers if necessary, a system of "permits to camp" and even of hut fees, all of this following a general Federation-controlled cleanup of the area and the establishment, if possible, of some sanitary provision arrangements. In all, this is a logistic nightmare.
- b. Limitation of ready access to the area by a lockable gate-key granted by application to some body e.g. Forestry Dept. - on the Beaudesert side of Yellow pinch. This is a less severe alternative to the collapse of a part of Yellow Pinch to leave only foot access beyond to Mt. Barney. For "Search and Rescue" reasons, a road to the bottom of South Ridge may be a good thing. I really don't believe that this step alone would solve the bulk of the problem in hand. The people deterred by this would, proportionately, be insignificant as the bulk of the blame for the despoiling of the area must be laid chiefly on the "semi-tourist" walkers and bushwalkers themselves.
- c. The razing of the Barney Hut. While, at first appearing extremist in intent, it is to me, the most satisfactory solution, with or without the incorporation of (a) and (b). For reasons outlined earlier, I consider the Hut to be unnecessary and not fulfilling its purpose, and further, that such alterations and additions that would render it suitable, are, logistically, out of the question at the present time. Without the hut, there would be a need for more serious consideration in planning a day trip, let alone an overnight stay in the area. I can not see either of solutions (a) and (b) coming into being though I would be happy to see a solution along these lines.

Optimism and idealism aside, the problem is NOW, and the most satisfactory solution appears to me to be the destruction of the Barney Hut. As one of its builders and a lover of the Barney- Ballow area, I would regret its loss for what it meant to myself and to so many others but I have no compunction in suggesting its downfall, because of what it has become.

Denis Townsend's article on the advantages or otherwise of a hut on Mt. Barney probably sums up the ongoing debate that surrounded the issue, and which continued until January 1979. It is therefore interesting to note here that doubt about this enterprise existed from its very inception in 1953, evidenced in Jon Stephenson's memoir sent to me in August 2000, where he recalls some controversy about a hut being built (see p. 2) and his surprise at the ready acceptance of the proposal by the Forestry Department (p. 1).

Details, though, of this debate and the demise of the third and final hut, were hard to establish, despite numerous phone calls. It was not until I discovered the existence of the Mini Heybobs that more of these details were revealed. Relevant articles from Mini Heybobs are below, the second of which establishes something I wanted to know since Lucy Sullivan (nee Harrison) recently informed me of the existence of two toilets in Rum Jungle when she climbed Mt. Barney in 1980: Who put them there and when?

November 1970: Mini Heybob, vol. 6, no. 5, from Ralph Carlisle's article "The Barney Hut"

Denis's suggestion (see article above) is not likely to meet with much initial support. But already there are some bushwalkers who believe that the hut should be "burnt, bashed and carried away". Once again, the future of the Barney Hut is in question; the answer may close the story of the hut.

March 1973: Mini Heybob, vol.9, no.1, by an anonymous writer.

NOT THAT BARNEY HUT AGAIN!

Hasn't enough been said already on this matter?

But it must stay. There's no doubt in my mind. Anyway, to pull it down without the general consensus of all bushwalkers would be a gross act of vandalism. The Forestry Department has shown how they feel about the matter by putting in a Ladies and Gents!

I don't mind using the hut. It doesn't smell - well, only of damp earth. I suppose the fire place does smoke a little but I won't complain about that after trudging up the mountain and stepping across the old hearth stone at the door just 5 minutes before a summer thunderstorm.

The roof leaks and wind blows through the stone walls and ripped plastic windows. But the lizards don't mind and the logbook does make an interesting evening's reading. So let's let the hut live!

August 1978: Mini Heybob, vol. 14, no. 3.

NOTE ON THE BARNEY HUT: Neil Gibson, President.

At the last formal meeting it was decided that we, in conjunction with Federation and NPWS should seriously consider the removal of the Barney Hut which was constructed a few years ago by this club. It was further proposed that we push for, at both Federation and NPWS level, a policy of no hut building in S.E. Q'ld's National Parks. This decision was not made lightly or quickly, but as a result of consideration of the following:

1. Huts encourage usage and have severe impact on the area around which they are built
2. Weather conditions in no way warrant huts being built in S.E. Old
3. Both Federation and NPWS should adopt a policy of "no huts" as a means of protection of national park areas against ever-increasing usage by walkers, family groups, etc.

Anyone violently opposed to this move should contact Neil Gibson, Gus Fergus, Liz Bourne, Robert Hoey as soon as possible so the matter can be further discussed.

January 1979: Mini Heybob, vol. 15, no. 1, as a supplement to the Club newsletter from the Queensland Federation of Bushwalking Clubs. Written by Bob Hoey.

Mt. Barney Hut.

Proposals to remove the Mt. Barney Hut recently developed to the stage where the National Parks and Wildlife Service had set a date for the hut to be removed, with the help of University club (U.Q.B.W.C.) members.

After some people had expressed strong opposition to the proposal the University club actually telephoned the N.P.W.S. and called the removal off 'till the matter could be further discussed amongst the clubs.

As an accompaniment to Ross Buchanan's article which follows I should like to point out the way in which U.Q.B.W.C. reached its policy on huts in general and the Mt. Barney Hut in particular: An article was laced in the club magazine informing every club member of a proposal that U.Q.B.W.C seriously consider the removal of the Barney Hut and a policy of no huts in South East Queensland National Parks; it also gave an outline of the reasons, and four people to contact if people were opposed to the move. No objections were received. At the following U.Q.B.W.C. meeting the proposal that the Barney Hut be removed and no huts in S.E. Queensland National Parks, etc., was adopted as club policy by a vote of approximately 30 for, one against and no abstentions.

It is a pity that the Barney Hut issue has taken over from the broader issue of bushwalkers developing Policies on park management problems (such as plastic tape track marking and its consequences and thoughts about management practices like those in point "5" of Ross' article).

The following article by Ross Buchanan echoes many of the points raised in Denis Townsend's article, "Expatriate Jotting on a Hut", 1970 and so although I have left the introduction in full, I have summarised the 9 points raised, keeping the headings intact. The "surprise ending" which caught my breath when I came across it, is in full also and was presumably written as a postscript a little after part A:

January 1979: VIEWPOINT: THE MT. BARNEY HUT Ross Buchanan, Federation Newsletter reprinted in Mini Heybob, vol. 15, no. 1, 1979.

A. ON THE PROPOSAL TO REMOVE THE HUT

Over the past few months many bushwalkers have been angered over the proposal to remove the Mt. Barney Hut. Much of this anger has been directed against the proposal; however many people have been upset because others have not seen the proposal's merits.

In my own case, I was angered because I believe the matter was not properly considered. I saw numerous bushwalkers decide to retain the hut on the spur of the moment, often not even considering the conservation aspect for its removal. That the matter was ill-considered is evidenced by the fact that many of those who strongly favoured retaining the hut, were much more moderate in their opinion after they attended the last Federation meeting, where all viewpoints were thoroughly discussed (this meeting decided to favour retaining the hut, but clubs had already decided their votes beforehand; had they listened to the arguments expressed at the meeting the result may have been different).

In order to replace the emotion of the argument with logic, I shall outline many of the reasons behind the removal proposal (Note: although the National Parks and Wildlife Service have the final decision on the proposal, and have expressed a desire to see the hut removed, they cannot do so against public opinion, since political pressures on the Service may affect it in a much more widespread manner - for example, a

ministerial decision to retain the hut might create a precedent for huts to be allowed in other Queensland National Parks, even in traditionally wilderness, non-facility areas).

1. Huts Bring Deterioration of Wilderness Areas:

Evidence of this exists in Southern national parks, e.g., Cradle Mt. - Lake St. Clair National Park where track erosion (up to a metre deep) and vegetation trampling are severe. Government policy for here is yet to be decided: huts encourage usage of the area resulting in the need for more huts (for safety and tourism) which in turn cause irreparable damage. Lack of staff and funds accentuate the problem. Similar problems have been documented in America.

At the meetings Ross attended discussing the Barney Hut, he noted that the majority of those in favour of retaining the hut had done little walking in areas where huts existed, while the majority of those in favour of removal of the hut were people who had seen the destruction in such areas.

2. The Rum Jungle-East Peak Area is in a Shocking State, and Deteriorating Rapidly:

Those who have been bushwalking for many years in the Mt. Barney National Park cannot fail to notice the environmental deterioration over time, whereas the newer walkers do not. The older walkers therefore were those who voted to remove the hut. Over the past few years, Ross has noticed serious deterioration of the Rum Jungle-East Peak area: e.g., on the last New Year weekend (1979), the amount of litter was disgraceful particularly around the hut, vandalism had increased further, there was firewood depletion, living vegetation was being used for firewood, and general trampling of vegetation was becoming much more extreme.

3. The Hut is Contributing to the Over-Use of the Rum Jungle-East Peak Area:

There can now be over 50 people at one time (admittedly daytrippers) in the Rum Jungle-East Peak area, while several years ago such numbers were almost unheard of. This has resulted in high levels of ecological over-use. Many of these visitors are quite inexperienced, do not treat the area properly, and, knowing that the hut is there, do not carry tents or rain gear. The hut is undoubtedly an attraction to such people.

4. Much More Importantly Than Simply Attracting More People. the Hut is Attracting a Greater Proportion of the Wrong Sort of People.

Those who are not prepared to carry tents are more likely to be those who will ill-treat or vandalise the area, even if this is through lack of education (see Point 9).

The argument that "all people have a right to visit Mt. Barney, whether they have tents or not" is not valid. Nowadays bushwalkers regard it as unethical to encourage reliance on huts, or visit wilderness areas without tents and wet and cold weather gear (see Point 6). Furthermore no one has a right to visit a natural area if they mistreat it.

5. Removing the Hut is Preferable to Alternative Management Methods of Decreasing Over-Use at Mt. Barney:

Though common overseas, management methods to combat the effects of damage from over-use have not been widely used in Australia, though bushwalkers here should realise that they will be increasingly used. Recognised methods are: (a) zoning of national parks into wilderness or "tourist" areas (Mt. Barney is designated wilderness); (b) removal of facilities in wilderness area;

to exclude facility conscious visitors (i.e., removing the Barney Hut); (c) development of the area to protect it, usually converting it to a “tourist” zone (e.g. graded tracks, rubbish bins); (d) education never totally effective (see point 9); (e) limiting usage of the area indirectly by restricting access (e.g., closing the Yellow Pinch road), or directly by a permit system to limit numbers.

Thus, possible management strategies to consider are: removal of the Barney Hut, conversion of Mt. Barney to “tourist” usage, or a permit system. Queensland legislation for national parks does not state that they are for people, the over-riding management principle being to ensure their “permanent preservation”.

6. Argument that the Hut is required for Emergency Protection Against the Weather is not Valid:
All hypothermia deaths in Australia have occurred in areas where there are huts, as they increase usage by inexperienced people. Bushwalkers thus consider it unethical to encourage people to rely on huts, and not carry tents and cold weather gear.
7. Huts Detract from the Wilderness Appeal of Natural Areas:
Environmental reasons and the above are the cause of many hut removals in southern parks.
8. No Regular Upkeep has been attempted on the Barney Hut for many years, and it is both a Mess and a Health Hazard:
Despite the fact that Club bushwalkers can rarely use the Hut, they will be expected to maintain it. Those who say they will ensure its maintenance have not done so yet, so what about the future?
9. Education Cannot be Depended on to Stop Inexperienced People Misusing the Area People won't learn all the bushwalking ethics on their first, and possibly only trip to Mt. Barney. This is amply documented overseas.

B. ON THE VANDALISM OF THE HUT

After all the above, I have to unfortunately inform people that someone has wrecked the Mt. Barney Hut. Despite my opinions, I, and everyone I have spoken to with like views, strongly dissociate ourselves from the action. We all believe the vandalism was wrong, not only because those who wrecked the hut were attempting to force their opinions on others in an undemocratic manner, but also for a very practical reason, i.e., the action will certainly cause an emotional response, which may prompt people to reject the proposal to remove the hut, and favour its rebuilding. The vandalism may well be the worst ever seen in a South East bushwalking area (memories are so short - Ed). I only hope that when bushwalkers decide whether they favour removing or rebuilding the hut (which is almost a total wreck), the situation can be assessed rationally.

Before I came across the above article telling of the hut's destruction I had written the following from phone conversations I had on 28 and 29 October, 2000, with both Bob Hoey and Ross Buchanan (both of whom now work in Queensland Parks and Wildlife, Brisbane):

“Even while debate about the hut was still going on, with no consensus in sight after some month , someone quietly, and surreptitiously destroyed it. There was no attendant this time, unlike the one given

by Ted Tesch in his article, prior to the destruction of the first Hut. The stones were scattered, and the iron piled up.”

During the same phone conversations, Ross Buchanan gave me details of his discovery of the hut destruction. He had gone up to the hut to celebrate New Years Eve, (though whether it was 1978 or 1979 he could not remember). with his wife and another couple from Darwin, only to find the hut demolished. He knew this must have occurred between the preceding Christmas, and New Years Day as there was an entry in the log book written by a person who had climbed up South Ridge on Christmas day. When asked to elaborate, Ross replied that the person would not have entered his name had he just pulled down the hut, or was about to, as there was strong feeling surrounding the issue. Since then of course, I have found Ross's own article (see above), so we now know that the event occurred between Christmas 1978 and New Year 1979.

Some members of the bushwalking community, after becoming aware of the destruction, helped clean up the site, bringing materials down with them. The then National Parks and Wildlife Service also organised a cleanup, headed by Bill Whiteman, the regional supervisor.

This section of the booklet is not quite complete without the story of the demise of the toilet (where did the other one go?) and a shelter, both of which were in existence in 1983 (see photos supplied by Keith Sullivan of Old Parks and Wildlife Service, Boonah Office). Before discovery of the Mini Heybobs, I had assumed, quite erroneously, that both the toilet and the shelter were made from the remains of hut 3. The toilets certainly weren't, as according to the article from Mini Heybob (p. 32) they were built by Forestry in 1975, while the hut was destroyed four years later, between Christmas 1978 and New Year 1979. The shelter might well have been built from hut 3 remains sometime after New Year 1979. But perhaps the Forestry constructed toilets had already been removed, and the only toilet remaining in 1983 was constructed from old hut materials. The photo seems to indicate this.

The remaining toilet in Lower Rum Jungle, and presumably any remains of the shelter, were airlifted out sometime after June 1984 (phone conversation with Keith Sullivan, October, 2000) after the Service invited anyone who might be interested to help in a cleanup.



This newspaper article, attached to a National Parks and Wildlife Service memo of 16th June 1984, broadcasts this event. It was sent to me on 27 October, 2000, by Keith Sullivan of the Boonah Office.

This cleanup resulted in any remaining metal being placed, in bundles ready for the airlift, which presumably took place soon after (winds had been responsible for scattering aluminium sheets all over the mountain many years before, see Arthur Rosser's account pp. 21-23).

One would have thought that the news in Mini Heybob of the destruction of the third hut would have brought an immediate response, but in the next Mini Heybob (vol. 15 no. 2) there was only a passing reference to the hut's demise. This was in an article describing an April's Fool's day trip to Mt. Barney in which the writer talked of having slept at the foot of Mt. Barney, the night being clear which was a "blessing since I think there was a scarcity of roof resources of no small degree". Perhaps the time of year, being the University long vacation, was partly responsible for this lack of reaction.

However, the next edition of Mini Heybob, June 1979, vol. 15, no. 3 had these next two articles on the destruction. Bob Hoey, editor had this to say:

June 1979: Mt. Barney Hut (again)

The Barney Hut has now been virtually totally demolished, and a proposal is before the clubs that a new or replacement hut should not be built. The following article, by Neil Douglas, was submitted in response to Ross Buchanan's article in the January newsletter. I think that the main points for and against the hut have now been well aired and that in future newsletters the arguments should not be repeated. Any news about the Barney Hut will, of course, be reported impossible.

Below is the summarised article, except for the Introduction, which is in full:

June 1979: VIEWPOINT: THE BARNEY HUT Neil Douglas, Mini Heybob, vol. 15, no. 3

Following on the article in January's Federation Newsletter, I would like to write a few words in at least partial defence of that root of all evil, the Barney Hut. Under the circumstances it could be more of a requiem, but I think the debate currently going on raises issues which will continue to have significance in the future.

The most important argument for retaining the hut is that it diverts people from camping in Rum Jungle, which, being rainforest which has established on granite rock (rare outside the tropics), is the more fragile environment.

While the hut has not prevented deaths from hypothermia, nevertheless the weather sometimes warrants a shelter. As Mt. Barney is perhaps one of Australia's most impressive peaks, some inexperienced bushwalkers without proper equipment are going to want to climb it. A question, were deaths from hypothermia in Southern Australia the result of huts attracting ill-equipped walkers or the reason for huts?

Littering in National Parks is not confined to hut sites e.g., Stinson campsite and Point Lookout. Notices at the entrance to undeveloped parks, or occasional visits by a ranger could help (empty permit boxes indicate infrequent visits).

One solution to over-use of Barney is to make more areas accessible in South-East Queensland for public recreation, including camping. At one bushwalking meeting, a motion was almost passed to close all graded tracks more than about a mile from a roadhead. Hardline attitudes like this, including the destruction of the Barney Hut, may ultimately be detrimental to conservation as a whole.

One last reference to the Barney Hut was found (see below) and, together with another article following, and the one above, highlights the new approach to the management of National Parks, brought about by ever increasing numbers of walkers, with attendant problems. I can only be thankful that I was a bushwalker during what I now realise was a Golden Age, both for the UQBWC and for bushwalking as a whole. These new policies were evidence at the time of the first bushwalking reunion (for those active during 1957-1963) held in 1990, and were even more so at the time of the second reunion in 1999: We did manage to get special permission to have a fire at the first, but were unable to persuade the park managers to grant us permission for one at the second.

Late 1979: "Conservation News", Mini Heybob vol. 15, no. 4

BARNEY by Gus Fergus

At last we can say with some confidence that the Barney hut is no more. Unfortunately the hoped for rethink of management problems such as overuse of certain campsites and ridge routes doesn't seem to be eventuating. We will have to wait for NPWS to start work on a management plan, but unfortunately this area seems to be low on their list of priorities. It would be great if bushwalkers themselves could come up some answers, such as limits on party sizes. UQBWC should ask Federation to consider recommending this.

Dec 1979/ January 1980: Supplement in Mini Heybob, vol. 16, no. 1, from Queensland Federation of Bushwalking Clubs.

MEETINGS WITH N.P.W.S.: by editor Bob Hoey, an excerpt.

Protecting Mt. Barney from overuse was discussed. Suggestions include closure of Yellowpinch road, limit to total number of visitors, limit on party size, publicity of alternative areas to schools and scout groups etc.

As this booklet exists because of Robert Rankin's section "Building High" from his book *Secrets of the Scenic Rim*, mentioned in my Foreword, it is fitting that this section should end with a quotation from it:

all that remains is a small open grassy area in the saddle between the East and West Peaks of Barney. Near the side of the clearing closest to Barney Gorge Creek is a large flat stone which is quite easy to trip over. This was the door-stone of the now infamous Barney Hut. At least the final one, that is, for over the years three structures were to be built on this small area of flat land at an altitude of a thousand metres. Besides this clearing and the large stone, nothing else remains of the intense planning sessions, the hot, sweaty ascents of the mountain carrying cement, timber and metal sheeting, or the long days actually spent building the structure on the site.

THE GREAT CONTROVERSY

As we know The First Hut, which took so much effort over such a long time by so many people, was destroyed ere it was fully complete. Begun in May 1954, by 1960 it needed only a modification to the chimney, and a door to be complete. In the winter of 1961, Ted Tesch took it upon himself to pull The Hut down and replace it with design of his own. Controversy raged, with excellent articles appearing in Heybob written by UQBWC members. Feelings of some people were such that, at the first UQBWC Reunion for members of the era of 1957-63, held in 1990, fully thirty years later, Ted Tesch was not invited by the organizing committee. It is ironic that only at the time of the second reunion in 1999, when it was felt that perhaps it was now time to include Ted, was it revealed by a former bushwalker while we were trying to find his address, that he had died around 1969. However, during the reunion dinner, a vigorous discussion ensued, when one person swore that he had seen Ted Tesch in New Zealand in about 1979 alive and well, while another insisted that he had died about 1969. Another person has recently told me that he heard a rumour that Ted went to New Zealand because of tax problem, and another even more recently related that a woman in the Australian Paralympics basketball team whose family name is 'Tesch', described her father during a television interview just before the Sydney Olympics. Her father (she was alleged as saying, amongst other things) was an architect with alternative views, which certainly fitted Ted in the late 1950's and early 1960's. Furthermore, her parents went to New Zealand, but subsequently came back to Australia, to New South Wales. To date, none of these facts have been substantiated, so controversy still surrounds Ted Tesch long after the initial furore.

For a glimpse into what motivated Ted Tesch to do what he did, we require some insight into his character, and the articles following, including the one by Ted himself, help a little in this attempt.

The first article received from Lucy Sullivan (nee Harrison) in September, 2000, which relates her memories of Eddie and the Hut, is perhaps a good introduction to The Great Controversy.

Eddie Tesch and the Barney Hut by Lucy Sullivan (nee Harrison)

Eddie (as I knew him) Tesch appeared on the scene of the UQBWC in a distinctly exotic manner. Innocently we welcomed the future destroyer of our valiant history, as he prepared to bite the hands that succoured him. He was found in a dehydrated condition part-way up one of the south-side ridges of Barney by a couple of club members on a private trip. Apparently he had set out to climb Barney in an intoxicated state after a party, fuelled by recollections of bushwalking some years earlier, and had run out of steam and water. He was more or less rescued and befriended by his finders and invited to join the club. This must have been in late 1959 or early 1960, and he became quite a regular walker in 1960, although he was quite a bit older than the rest of us. His drinking was also something of an anomaly, as we were all great wowsers, committed to the purity and clarity of consciousness which mountains demand for the best reception of their spiritual power.

I found Eddie, an architect with a taste for theory, a welcome addition to a club composed mostly of scientists with little verbal interest in the arts. According to his account, he had seen the light aesthetically, had experienced a conversion, and it was destroying his career. Part-way through his degree he had realised that the architecture he was being taught was devoid of aesthetic and spiritual merit, and from that time, as he attempted in his work to address these inadequacies, he began to fail his exams. He was, he said, now incapable of producing work in the way “they” wanted it, even simply in order to pass.

Certainly architecture at that time – the late 1950s and early 1960s – was at its lowest ebb according to my taste also, but I was distinctly opposed to what he offered in its place. His idea was that we should all live in great green high-rise towers, which I knew I would detest (as did the unfortunate recipients of high-rise public housing in the course of the decade): and he mocked me with the picture of everyone living in their grand tower and just me in a little hut of my own at the bottom. But I knew I would prefer that all the same. He also had theories about the unhealthiness of the present-day emphasis on individual authorship and on individuality in creativity, which he contrasted the more admirable situation in the Middle Ages when, he said, the great cathedral were built without an individual designer or architect claiming ownership or control. (I don't know the origin of these assertions, but they are of doubtful validity).

In the Christmas vacation of 1960-1, Eddie was living in the rented servants quarters of a Melbourne mansion with a group of Queensland students mainly architects but also Peter Stapleton, an Arts student, who entertained Elizabeth Bernays and me with great charm when we spent a couple of days there *en passant* from bushwalking and raspberry picking in Tasmania to fruit canning northern Victoria. Eddie was working in an architectural firm during the day and studying for exams the evening. He wrote us an extremely funny letter at the cannery describing a visit they had from the police in search of Elizabeth and me at the behest of Elizabeth's mother, who was frantically worried because Elizabeth had overlooked writing to her for about a fortnight.

Eddie must have returned to Queensland not long after, as the reports of others give 1961 as the year of the destruction of the hut. I never spoke to him again.

Eddie's hut did not match his theory of harmony with the environment - at least not visually. The brush covering never eventuated and instead there was a large conspicuous silver roof painted with red triangles which bore no conceivable relationship to anything in its surroundings [in Barry Baker's account p. 26, it seems that others were responsible for the initial paint job, and when Ted saw a picture of it, he hit the roof and 'rushed off to paint the hut in more peaceful tones' - Ed.]. The stone walls were low and were completely dominated by the shiny roof. The hut even turned its back on the view down the gorge, which the doorway of the old hut had opened on to, and it was for this reason that I removed some of the stones and inserted a window frame and shutter - to accommodate those who wanted a view as well as those who feared a draught.

The old hut, by comparison, had been unobtrusive, almost a part of the mountain, with its rocky walls and roof which was high enough only to catch the eye from well up the mountainside, when it gave a welcome signal of arrival at the creek and campsite. The old hut was not used for steeping or cooking in, except in extreme weather. It did not withdraw people from the interface with the mountain as Eddie's larger one appeared to do. [Its life was largely after my time so I am not sure of this]. The old hut was rather like a cave, an indestructible cavern on the mountainside. Its dirty floor and four hard bunks were not such as to tempt one from the tossing branches overhead, the babbling creek, the rock shelf and recumbent gum-tree trunk, the spiky grasses and the lobelias on the bank, outside.

In retrospect, it is amazing how little overt antagonism was vented on Eddie for his egotistic destruction of the work and aspirations of others. Perhaps this is explained by the probability that most of those who had laboured for the original hut had by then passed on. [After Lucy had read the draft, she wrote the following: I referred in my piece on Eddie to the surprising tolerance of Club members, but I didn't realise till I read the draft just how much he had been accepted even as an authority with influence in the building

of the third hut, despite his proven incompetence. Barry Baker thinks this was because he was so enthusiastic and was a driving force in its construction and did a lot of the work].

Barry Baker's explanation has some validity, as Ted was persuasive enough to co-opt, in 1964, Keith Scott (the Club's President who had informed members of the Hut's destruction in his 1961 Annual Report) to help transport aluminium and rafters for the third hut using his Landrover (p.25, Barry Baker's own account, see also photos).

Someone told me that she or he felt sorry for Eddie when the first club party to see his work arrived, and Noela (bless her) marched in vociferously proclaiming its awfulness.

Eddie's problematic character apparently will not yet leave us in peace. When the first reunion of "our" generation of UQBWC was planned in 1990, I, as one of the three organisers, vetoed the presence of Eddie, so persistent was my sense of loss due to his destruction of a central icon of those passionate years. Perhaps the other two felt less strongly, but they expressed no major disapproval of his omission. When, another nine years on, another reunion was planned, I felt, either due to the mellowing of age or to the verification of those years provided by the first reunion, that perhaps the time had come to re-visit Eddie – only to learn that he had died years ago in 1969, making all that soul- searching of 1990 an exercise in futility.

But it was not quite so simple as that. In the middle of the slide show following the reunion dinner, an altercation arose between Duncan McPhee and Barry Baker over whether Eddie was in fact dead. Duncan averred that he was, and Barry that he was not and that he had been alive and well in New Zealand (where Barry then lived) in the early 1980s. Neither was dissuadable, so we still don't know the fate of Ted Tesch.

The next article written by Duncan McPhee on 18th October, 2000, and sent to me via Judy Hines (nee Bryan), sheds further light on Ted Tesch.

Untitled Article on Eddie Tesch by Duncan McPhee

Memory can be a frail thing and with this in mind I write with trepidation. I have many fond memories of strong characters in the UQBWC and one of those was Eddie Tesch. I believed he and his older architect brother were descendants of sawmillers from somewhere near Maleny.

At the end of 1955 a small UQBWC group had purchased an old service car from Glanville Coaches to fit out for our trip to Ayers Rock. Geoff Goadby and Ian McLeod were the instigators and my grandmother had given me the £100 necessary to go. I was the youngest and terribly eager to go. We however were short of the 10 people necessary to make the trip financially viable. Another architectural student, Paquita Day, would come if we could persuade another girl to come. Sue Foot valiantly agreed to come and this captured another starter: Eddie Tesch. Eddie could not bear to be parted that long from Sue and desperately raised the money to come; he proved a convivial companion on that three week adventure.

It may have been the following August when after a hut building stint I, with two younger boys, companions of mine from scouting days, had to return early. In traversing the south ridge I had a sharp tree root pierce my sandshoe and enter my instep. We completed the trip to Cronan's creek and then, beside the Logan River, the pain was too great to proceed to Yellow Pinch. I sent the two boys on with instructions to leave a note at the cars to say where I was on the off chance I could not be contacted by the rest of the party returning later in the afternoon. I waited lying beside a path all afternoon and kept

calling when I heard voices; or was it the sound of the river? No one came and the sun began to set. To my immense relief just before dark three people came along: Dave Stewart, Heather, his fiancée, and Eddie Tesch. Eddie was a very strong fellow and both he and Dave carried me in turns back to the cars and thence to the doctor at Beaudesert. I feel indebted to these people to this day.

Eddie and I then happened to be in the same year at night school but this did not seem to last, as Eddie seemed to be on the wrong side of the lecturers and we lost contact. I suppose it was about 1959 when the first hut was finished (nearing completion - Ed.), after its commencement in August 1954 (May 1954 - Ed.). Architecturally I felt it was a success, being an amalgam of so many people's passions and more and less hard work:- collecting stone, carrying materials etc. so far. Looking down from West Peak the new aluminium roof reflected the sky and clouds while the stone and timber melded into the landscape. Not long after, was it then 1959 or 1969? The astounding news filtered back to Brisbane that Eddie had demolished the Hut and was rebuilding this in a style reminiscent of Frank Lloyd Wright's camp in Arizona-Ocatilla. It did appear that there was some sort of Wrightian mania which drove Eddie to do this (I wrote an objection in Heybob) but I believe it may have been that I only saw him once socially again. This may have been after he had been married to Jacquie (Box?) who was a physiotherapist, as is my wife Edith. I understood that the marriage was short lived and I believe I was told that Eddie became more and more disturbed until he died of a heart attack about 1969.

At the 1999 reunion near Mt. May so many people disagreed with my opinion about his demise that I accepted that I had been misinformed. I remember Eddie and his older giant of a brother Col, who also died in middle age, as passionate yet very friendly men, strongly oriented to architecture in a different direction. What would Eddie say if he turned up to the next reunion?

This next article, which I thought was to be the last one before making final adjustments prior to printing and sending out this booklet, as promised, in early December, was received on 13 November by Email. It was the result of a phone call from Gordon Grigg to discuss the possible inclusion of some hut photos in this booklet.

After we got onto the subject of Ted Tesch, he began to reminisce and didn't need much persuasion to send me his reminiscences for inclusion:

The Hut and Eddie Tesch by Gordon Grigg

I first saw the old Hut at Easter 1960 after clambering up the Barney Gorge. I thought it dark, smoky, and a wonder of construction because the stones at the top of the walls looked larger than the ones at the bottom. I slept outside (I might not have if it had been raining).

Nevertheless I must have developed some affection for it, or caught that affection from people then in the Club who have helped build it, because I remember being put out, along with everyone else, when I learned that Eddie Tesch had knocked it down and was building another. The reason he gave, we were told, was that "you can't have a square hut on a round mountain". I remember thinking that to make it match the mountain it would have to have two peaks in the roof with a valley in between. But seeing Eddie up on the mountain, with him working away in a dripping mist with such dedication, it was impossible not to admire his determination and commitment and easy to get caught up in his enthusiasm. He really threw himself into the project. He was at that time, I think, already graduated (according to Duncan McPhee, he was not a graduate at that time - Ed) and had been working for a firm of architects;

but that was all apparently on hold while he built the new hut. He was engaged in this for a long time, perhaps a few months, and worked from time to time down at the Rathdowney Sawmill to get money for food and materials. I remember him telling us about an old fellow who worked at the mill who was deaf but who, sometimes when the whining saw struck a particular frequency, would suddenly, somehow regain his hearing. "Say something, Eddie, I can hear" he'd say and Eddie would bellow something at him, but then the guys face would fall and he'd look sad as the pitch of the saw changed, and his world went silent again.

Another story Eddie told was of camping late one night half way up South Ridge with a load of gear for the hut, when he was suddenly awakened by the screaming of a powerful owl at the same instant that a possum fell onto his japara tent and caught a claw, ripping a long tear in the fabric. He said he didn't get another wink sleep and it took a long time before his heart stopped pounding. [another person said the owl was a screech owl, and yet another, a barking owl. Also, according to Doug Clague, the reason why Ted was camped half way up the mountain was because he had a bad case of the 'flu - Ed].

But most of the conversation with him at the hut during the building phase was about his philosophy of architecture and the practicalities of the construction, but mostly about architecture. There was a lot of talk about using appropriate materials, such as bearers for the roof made from local saplings (he seemed to regard the use of the flattened iron as a necessary compromise) and about the red lines across the roof which joined the angles and which he said were an essential part of it, being the echoes of the structure. He was not impressed by any references to similarities with flying saucers. Nor was he impressed that we were not impressed by how smoky it was inside. The fire was in the middle and the smoke was supposed to find its way out. I suppose some of it did. I remember spending snug enough nights there, however with quite a few of us on the sleeping benches around the walls. From a functional point of view it was a big improvement on the old one.

Looking back, I am still amazed by his dedication and the energy he expended, staying mostly alone up in the saddle, working constantly, often in foul weather, and to-ing and fro-ing to Rathdowney (walking and hitch-hiking, I don't think he had a car) for supplies. The anger that a lot of people had shown at the destruction of the old Hut became gradually replaced with a sort of grudging admiration, I think (although not for all I am sure), especially for having the grit to put his convictions into practice.

Yet another phone call, this time from Doug Clague, from the wilds of his particular lantana patch, resulted in a letter with a few more details about Ted Tesch and the hut story (how many more untapped stories are there somewhere out there?). Here it is, with some minor alterations:

When Ted Tesch was making his effort on the hut, I hitch hiked to the border on six successive Friday nights and went across country and up South East Ridge to arrive at the hut between midnight and 3 am when I would bang on the roof sheeting, frightening hell out of Ted the first couple of times.

To settle his nerves I would shout him a pipeful of tobacco and we would stoke up the fire, then he made cocoa while I made custard. I would leave the hut about 2 pm on-the Sunday, and give Ted a little tobacco before I left, then hitch hike back to Brisbane.

The last time I came up, before I left, we had a bet of a pipeful of tobacco, as to whether I would be up the seventh week or not. I said I wouldn't as I had to study, but he reckoned I would. I won the bet but can't recall collecting the winnings.

While Ted was on the mountain, he wrote a number of letters to me which I believe I still have somewhere. One letter from him contained an enquiry as to whether I thought he had hookworm or Percy the dreaded pin worm, and came complete with a sketch of the worm in question. He had been nursing one of the kids of a property owner between the highway and South East Ridge, after collecting the dole, and yes, it was Percy.

Doug goes on to say - - - - Remember Charley the Crayfish who used to come into the hut for bit of food at night? There was also a native rat in the rock wall of the hut at the time Ted was undertaking his constructions. I remember it grabbing a stick of spaghetti by the middle and racing into its hole, with the result that the stick snapped in the middle and twanged past its ears. It then came out rather gingerly and dragged the two pieces lengthwise into its camp. I heard both those characters met untimely ends.

An article by Ted Tesch from Heybob vol. 2, 1960, follows, at the end of which he issues a clear warning (in hindsight) of what he is contemplating. His writing gives us some idea of his philosophy on architecture, but I must confess that it took quite a while for a non-touch typist to type, the ideas being, at times, well, complex.

Architecture and The Barney Hut by Ted Tesch

You go into the mountains and what do you see? Australia as she really is; life in its prodigious variety, different from the life in our cities only in the comparative absence of the touch of man.

I profess to some knowledge of Architecture, of beauty, unity and reality as it applies and may be reapplied in the forms which can occur in the condition known as “space”. To me, the creation of the world is a mighty act of Divine Architecture. Think of this when next you go into the mountains.

Because of this, I dare to speak, with such authority as it gives me, about the hut on Barney. Unknowingly you have left a very disrespectful example of the “touch of man” on our lovely mountain. Exactly why, I cannot say, for it is a question of unity which in its oneness is extremely complex. But like it or not, I know more of this than thee where Architecture is concerned, and any act of man has Architecture in it from a certain point of view.

Do not be misled by our schools and their tawdry view that Architecture is limited to the provision of utility through function, durability through construction, and pleasure through form. Embarrass them sometime by asking of the concept of Beauty; take the significance of pleasure through form out of the realm out of the senses and rationality and into the realm of the intellect proper. Ask “Is Beauty, Truth; Truth, Beauty?”. They will only mumble something about aesthetics, or Freudian Symbolism, which, sad to say, is all that Scientism and materialism can offer. And this will remain so for as long as they continue to suffer from the delusion that the whole of the world is accessible to the senses, and presents mysteries and problems for our rationality alone to resolve.

If indeed you are content to get from the great effort of building the hut only those things which I chose to call the “school's tawdry view”, then I am powerless to give you more. It can only be said that the very significance of what an everyday materialist must perforce deny is incomparably more than falls within his view; and the significance of the beautiful – which is the case in point – is not explicit in the hut as it stands, because no one involved in its building knew how to make it so, nor cared – under the “hammer blows of conditioning” which our society so effectively deals out – for its presence or absence.

So, essentially, it is the sense of Beauty that I would have you build into a new hut. But the ontology of Beauty – Beauty and its significance in the intellectual realm – I cannot give you. All the sacred books of all the societies of mankind are devoted to this cause; but only for those who have the eyes to see. However, in these societies, it was always the way of those who knew, even how little, to use their work to move closer and closer to the “Centre of all things” by the reality they could grasp in its doing, simultaneously leaving behind them objects for the contemplation of their fellows, who, while they might only sense the presence of the beautiful, had, in consequence, always at hand, this object or symbol as an intellectual touchstone.

In this manner the Architecture of the truly traditional societies was absorbed into the unity of the total social order, and served by way of the geometrical symbolism inherent in its very nature as a spatial entity, to surround members of the society with a basis for the contemplation of higher realities.

This Architecture, to the anguish of some, and the confusion of all is absent in our society – which is as profane, probably, as a society can be, while still retaining some semblance of order. Instead, professors, in a state of blissful ignorance, spout inanities of the most astounding nature, seemingly bent on the confusion of uniformity with unity: still it is their chosen way.

There is, to disregard all efforts of modernity to the contrary, a Supreme Unity which is present in spite of all human delusions, a Devine at the centre of all things (to use the language of spatial symbolism). There is an ultimate causal reality about which the Universe revolves; and this is a thought for contemplation, since suitable form for a new hut would be circular in plan – it would have a centre. This centre would contain, symbolically, the germ of all the possibilities which could occur as the hut takes form. Position and dimensions in all directions would by some principle be determined. From the high point downwards, radiating out from a central axis, a new entity could occur. In which obedience to the way of all things would be explicit. It could be as natural to the mountain as the yellow Everlastings which grow among the rocks on its ridges.

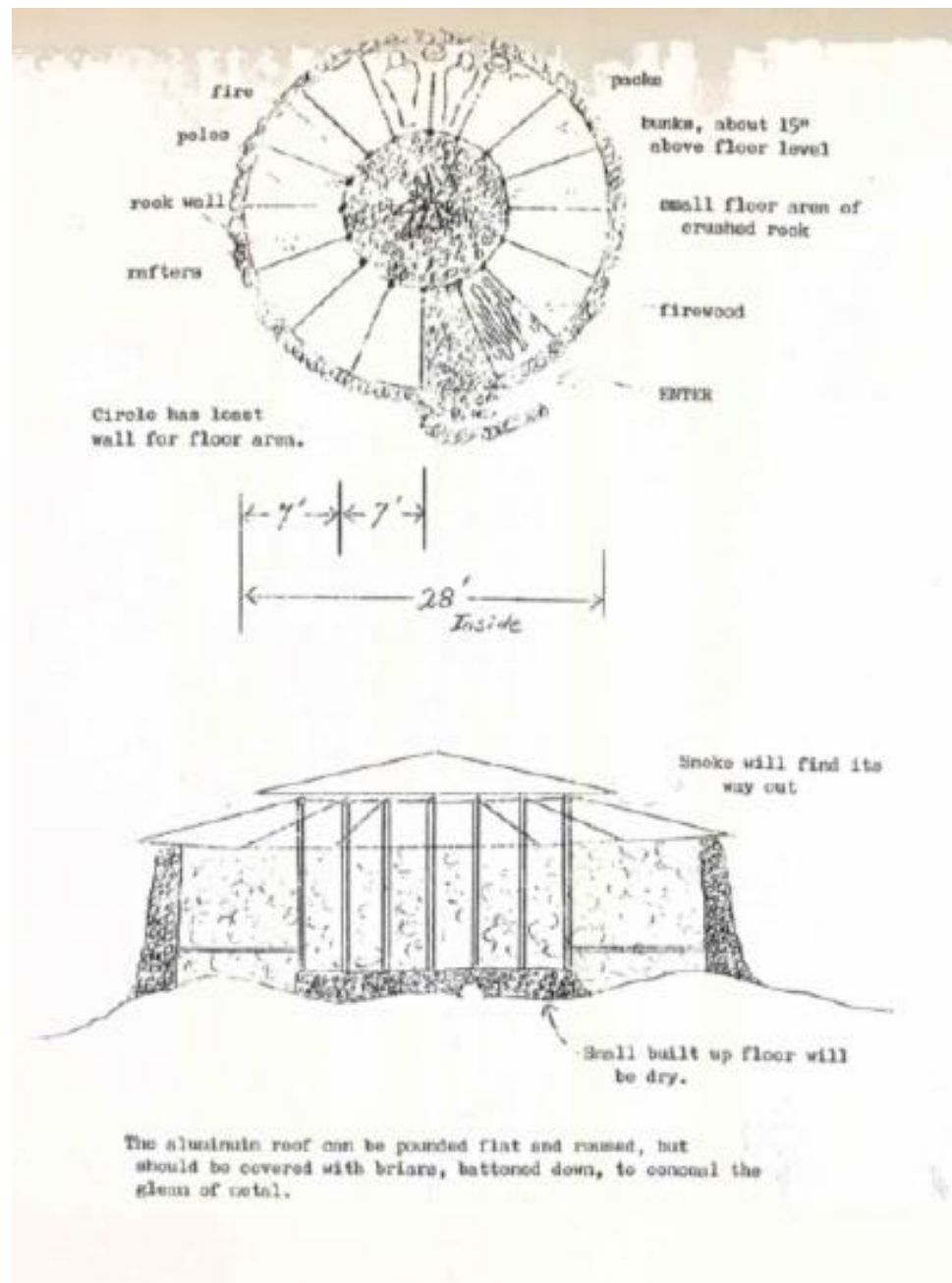
But if Architecture could be built with words, there would be no need for Architecture would there? And here am I all involved in the “extreme complexity of unity” and historical aspects of art, attempting to say what I maintained earlier could not be said. And neither it can be, except by symbols in space or a difficult technical treatise, and, then, only to those who are in possession of the necessary fundamental aspects of this mode of knowing.

Let that has gone before serve, if it will, as my explanation of one aspect, the essential aspect of the inadequacy of the hut. I have, after all, most of a lifetime to attempt the clarification of that mystery. Here it has only been possible to illustrate a tendency.

You have simply transplanted one of our rectilinear building habits on the mountain. Its walls would seriously hamper any tank that might happen along; its roof structure would happily support one; the floor is so wet that Charlie the Crayfish lives in a hole in it; the fireplace is almost unusable; the chimney catches fire; anyone sleeping in bunks built to fill the remaining spaces will be roasted should the fire be adequate to warm those on the others; there will then be no place for the firewood, as there will be no place to put packs. In short, in the rudimentary sense of function, it is chaotic.

As for the visual aspects, the stone, since it is of the mountain is fine – unity; the aluminium seen from East Peak is dreadful – disunity; the rectilinear plan among all the rounded rock and peak forms is dreadful – disunity. Only people with an underdeveloped regard for this lovely place could do such a thing to it.

I suggest that it be tom down, (I will supply two sticks of gelnite free to any accomplice) and as a substitute erect the following:



A reply to Ted Tesch's article, written by Duncan McPhee follows, was published in the 1961 Heybob:

THE EPITAPH OF A HUT by Duncan McPhee

It was once said: "Let he that is without sin cast the first stone". We have all just been heavily stoned, for, as we are glumly aware, one man has torn down the traditions, in material form, of the University of Queensland Bushwalking Club. One man has decreed himself so above his fellows that his own aspirations, as far as building a shelter in the wilds is concerned, must replace the confused thinking and actions of so many "insensitive undergraduates".

The old Mt. Barney hut has been demolished and new one is being constructed to prove how ugly the old was, and how beautiful is the new. Eddie, the builder of the new, says that the rectangular shape and the aluminium roof of the original hut were disunified! Dreadful! And only perpetrated by "people with an underdeveloped regard for this lovely place". If this is true, then the only harmonious shapes are those of the original mountain, and to live in these place man must hide in nature. This is just not the nature of man. The Japanese were the greatest architects of all time when it came to placing a building in harmony with nature. They knew well "the innate sense of the interdependence of man and nature and the forms of each – yet the essential contrast wrought by the mind and hand of man".

Built in the saddle of the Mount Barney massif, the original hut had a fine expression and character – almost a personality. The rough stone walls bound the structure to the mountain while the highly reflective lightweight corrugated aluminium roof a fine material in itself, was a direct and honest contrast to the rough heaviness of the stone, and the lacy green-grey of the surrounding scrub.

This building was also beloved by nature: by the weather, by Lile vegetation, by the sun and wind and the people who built it.

Nature savagely attacks and destroys ugly and unworthy things: That garish new roof paint quickly fades, while the earth's own colours of yellow ochre, white, earth red etc. remain unchanged; how fast those ugly tins flung about the picnic area rust away; the harsh glitter of polished brass changes to a gentle green patina on weathering. Building construction goes the same way – where it is poor, and unworthy of man – nature quickly destroys it. Nature however can love a good building with well used materials. The beautiful green copper roofs of Stockholm and Copenhagen are world famous. This is caused solely by the weathering of a noble material.

Weathering had confirmed our choice of stone as a noble wall material. When the boulders were dug from the mountain and lifted onto the walls they were covered with mud and earth and the structure looked bleak.

Years of storms and wind and sunshine, washed, cleaned, dried and bleached these stones to warm, welcoming colours, while the crystals of the rock reflected the light. The whole atmosphere had changed, weathering of the stones had turned them into a delight.

All genuine materials have a basically pure characteristic. Strangely enough it takes practice and experience to see brick, glass, concrete or any material, as a unit embodying many different physical and aesthetic characteristics. These individual characteristics make up the nature of the material. If therefore, material is used properly it must be used in the nature of the material. It must be used so that, as far as possible (for economy), all its characteristics are used.

As an example, consider the aluminium roof of the Mt. Barney hut. The necessary physical properties were: a sheeting easily erected, impervious to water; a good heat reflector, to keep day heat out and fire heat inside; it had to be light enough to carry up the mountain by hand yet strong enough to span between the supports and withstand strong winds; for economy there had to be the minimum wastage at laps. There was no doubt that the corrugated aluminium satisfied all these physical conditions. There was, however, another condition that the aluminium demanded. It was corrugated or strength, and for jointing and lapping the sheets a rectangular layout was the only possible satisfactory condition. If the corrugations were flattened to effect a lap joint for any other shape, then there would be loss of strength and loss of a simple watertight joint. As the hut was torn down because, it was considered aesthetically inferior, it seems incredible that a roof is to be built on the new hut with all its corrugations “pounded fat” and “covered with briars”. Surely to the most insensitive, the smooth finish of frank truthful corrugated aluminium is preferable to the tortured untidiness of pounded aluminium covered by dead bushes. Even the inherent strength of the material is gone and keeping the roof watertight becomes a problem.

Surely it is better to be honest and simple and express the roof, than to be evasive and subservient and conceal the true nature of the material.

When sailing, man asserts himself in nature – he presents a bold feature in nature but by integrating himself into natural elements he realises, the poetry of man and nature. So too can building be a bold feature well integrated in nature. Are sails part of the ocean? Are aluminium roofs part of a mountain?

The shape of a ship is vital for its easy passage through the water, but the shape of this building was decided by the inflexible shape of the roofing material, the rectangular bunks and the rectangular box for food and equipment. The rectangle was the simplest and most efficient shape. The hut was also a concession to nature in that man needs shelter in the wild.

If conceived and built by one person, this hut would still have been good. It was far more wonderful than this, for it was built by many people with violently differing opinions over a number of years. Plans were torn up or forgotten, no one spirit would be tolerated – the structure evolved, it was not predesigned. Because nature had laid down the discipline of remoteness, any complicated ideas were eliminated, only fine and essential material was used and the construction was kept to utter simplicity – “the expressive power of unadorned form”. The structure became a strong element in the landscape, a ship upon the sea.

Many people derived enjoyment from building the hut so that it would stand solidly against the elements. To others, a sense of achievement could be gained by working with friends to build this hut in memory of good fellowship in the club, but in particular, to Steve who initiated an exciting career at Mt. Barney. Jon Stephenson was a founder of the University Bushwalking Club and earned his Doctorate of Science through the geological study of this mountain. He then went on to climb in the Swiss Alps, cross Antarctica with Dr. Fuchs and then almost scale K12 in the high Karakoram Range. The hut site was selected by Steve and permission granted, as a special concession, to build in a National Park. His friends started the hut as a tribute to him and to his enthusiasm in opening up Mt. Barney to Bushwalkers. Its use as a Shelter was of slightly lesser importance initially.

The original hut was neither perfect nor easily built. Many pulled down what others had built and every individual fought for his own expression while arguments raged. When near completion, the chimney

worked well only if the wind did not blow down the valley. The fire built in the wrong position caused it to smoke or the frame to catch fire. All problems could easily have been solved by time and understanding. The principle of the aluminium chimney was good, but the construction was poor, so that nature was destroying the untidy fixing. Once again the aluminium was associating itself with the air by soaring as a chimney into the sky and throwing the smoke to the winds.

Will this new hut have a chimney which will draw smoke away from the inside? Will the roof leak water? Will it be resistant to bushfire with its dead bracken on the roof? Is the out of shape hexagon a better plan shape than the rectangle? Will the roof be stable in a high wind?

If the answer was “yes” to any of these questions there may be some grounds for an improved design but to forget all these questions in a search for beauty is not good sense.

A further article was written by Ted Tesch and published in the same edition of Heybob (vol. 7, 1965) as the article by Barry Baker, recorded above, titled “The Hut Continued”. The long, rather boring article by Ted Tesch has the title “Homeland” and, although I included it in the draft (it was even more difficult to type than his first article) I willingly took up Lucy Sullivan's suggestion that it be withdrawn. I have however, included the introduction as an indication (though rather nebulous) of its content for any would be readers.

HOMELAND by Ted Tesch

In the first instance, the title of this essay was “Huts for Bushwalkers” and under this heading it was intended that the particular problem of huts be examined in parallel with a similar problem of much greater significance. However, while this method might lead to a fuller understanding of the hut question, there were too many factors involved to allow a brief treatment of that question so placed. Consequently, the title “Homeland” has been adopted and the parallels mentioned earlier may be developed by the reader, should this be desired.

MEMORIES AND REMINISCENCES

The first article in this section was sent to me by Email in June 1999 while still working at the TAFE. It was one of the first I'd ever received after joining the Email culture. I had meticulously followed the incomprehensible procedure which I had written down with the help of an Email-literate colleague and my expectations of actually getting an Email were zero. It was an exerting moment when this account by Ron Cox appeared on the screen. As I read it, I got quite misty eyed, and indulged in some nostalgia, while simultaneously recognising the incredible speed of the electronic mailing system.

HUTBUILDING 1957 by Ron Cox

1957, First Year, the UQBWC, hut building. So hard to remember the details that far back but hut building trips were, I think, my introduction to the club.

I'd started bushwalking with the Brisbane Bushwalkers in the year before university, and I stayed on with them well into my First Year. It was only later that the university club became central to my life. Maybe I was slow to get involved because '57 marked a dip in the club's demographic cycle. I'd signed up with fellow science students Arthur and Bob, but only a few other people joined in '57. And there didn't seem to be that many members within a year or two of us. Beyond, an older generation of awe-inspiring people in their twenties! They'd walked with Stephenson, Broadbent, the pioneers. The next year, 1958, was very different. A big intake of freshers and a dazzling intake of "fresherettes" rebuilt the numbers. The centre of gravity of the club moved over to them without ever having rested on us and we, with some from previous years, became attached to that later generation by friendships (and even bonds of matrimony) to last a century out.

But the subject of this piece is hut building, and those 1957 hut building trips did begin my integration, taking me away from my safe, stolid Brisbane Bushwalkers into a very different group of people. The uni walking club became my school in eccentricity. And I suppose a refuge within the University itself - for I didn't go to parties, I wouldn't drink the alcohol, I'd learnt no culture – and in the club such deviations were the norm. It would have been Arthur who talked me into joining my first building trip. Arthur had become active in the club from the start and quickly became a hut builder, like his brother Alf before him. I think my first ever trip to Mt Barney was carrying cement up the South Ridge. We went down from Brisbane and straight up the ridge in the night. I remember nothing of the climb except that I found it torture. I hadn't yet learnt that short dashes and frequent stops are no way to go uphill. And those "A-frame" packs were certainly no way to carry a heavy load. I have just one clear recollection of that night – of resting my weary back at the top of the ridge, looking out over the dark valley, then starting the awkward traverse across to the Saddle.

Memory holds strong then fades. Five years later, one could remember blades of grass. Forty years on – vague outlines, if you're lucky. I do remember a trip, later that year, when I must have joined the inner circle of instigators, for I was now a recruiter myself. I'd convinced Peter Riley, an old friend, a non-bushwalker, to come and help us. It was that time, I think, that we erected the tripod and block-and-tackle. After carrying his load up South Ridge and a day's work on the Hut, my friend Peter went straight back down and, I believe, never bushwalked again. I went down over Isolated Peak with Arthur and Mark Andrews and that was a pattern – we took a lot of time off hut building. We'd wander off to climb one peak or another and so, progressively, we discovered our marvellous, unique, rocky mountain.

Which was one reason why the hut as so many years in the building. Another was each one doing their own thing, very often demolishing their predecessors' efforts. There was of course no Plan as such. It was Johnna Comino, club president that year, who provided much of the inspiration. At the hutsite he was everywhere – mixing cement, bounding up on the walls, wrestling huge stones into place. Those walls were half way up when I got involved. Big logs lay about, which were supposed to form the upper part, but finally we used the block-and-tackle to build the walls up in stone to roughly head height. When did the roof go on? And the chimney? I'd thought the chimney came later, but I've found a photo, and it shows the chimney came before the roof. That chimney proved of course a failure, filling the Hut with smoke whenever it was lit. And, in truth, the finished Hut was no great success – dark, filthy, miserable.

But we liked it. It was our first mountain hut, and a true one, built from Native Stone. A centre of conviviality. We'd provided shelter in the storm, made our mark on the mountain. Done a good and noble job. Populate or Perish. Soon after, attitude would change. But first, the strange interludes of the wild architects' a-tearing down and a-building up again – round, hexagonal, you name it. By then I'd gone away and mostly lost track, but I felt annoyed – huts should be square. And finally, perhaps just in time, a Green tide lapped up on Queensland's shores. And Huts were out. By 1990, when we all went back, there was no trace, save a few twisted sheets of aluminium metal lost in the scrub.

Which might swell have been left by visitors from outer space. We needed a special permit to camp there and to light a fire, on this our mountain. Well, of course that had to come. And when you think of it, "our" mountain rings a bit hollow – all those people before us, who'd walked barefoot and left no trace. And I've ended up in a far country, so no right of comment. But some things do disturb. I hear it's being said now that the land can't sustain all the people, gotta get the birthrate down, keep the reffos out. That doesn't sound right to me. Australia: Museum of Gondwanaland – a destiny for a nation?

The second article in this section, by Lucy Sullivan, was sent to me in September, 2000, along with her article about Ted Tesch.

The Need for a Hut by Lucy Sullivan

Rob Rankin, in his account of the hut, asserts that the building of a hut on Mt. Barney was gestural, and that a hut is not needed in Queensland's mild climate. This view must be the result of his bushwalking coinciding with a long period of mild climatic conditions in the 1980s and 1990s. It was quite different in the 1950s, as a reading of walks reports from that period reveals. It was a period of fierce winds, deluges, biting cold. There was often ice on the mountain and I recall a club member from New Zealand, a vet student, remarking that "this is the sort of weather you can die in". This was probably not really very likely, but I do remember often being very cold – colder than I have ever been since, including during three days in a blizzard at 18,000 feet in the Himalayas.

We were not well protected from the wet in those days. Our anoraks never kept us dry. Our tents were sheets of plastic over plastic groundsheets, and one never survived a wet night without a sodden sleeping bag. Oh that depressing discovery in the middle of the night that water was making its way up into one's sleeping bag from below. One of the familiar sights of bushwalking was a standing circle round the fire of people holding up sleeping bags to dry before the blaze – they steamed exceedingly. Perhaps Rob Rankin's disdain for a hut is partly born of the far better walking and camping equipment of today.

This next article was sent soon after the 1999 bushwalking reunion, and recounts events of May 1954.

MEMORIES OF THE FIRST BARNEY HUT TRIP by Nell Stevens (nee Cole)

A shout of welcome rang out on the Friday night, as Geoff Goadby's A40 reached the campsite at Drynan's Hut. Accompanied by Ian McLeod and Nell Cole, Geoff had brought the corrugated aluminium sheeting for the roof of the first Barney Hut on the roof of his car. Some of the aluminium sheets had been bought by the University of Queensland Bushwalking Club and the remainder had been paid for by some of the UQBWC members themselves.

There were 12 enthusiasts on that trip: Byron Holdaway (nicknamed Chimp). Geoff Goadby, Geoff Broadbent, Ian McLeod, Garth Lahey, John Camino, David Stewart, Duncan McPhee, Nell Cole, Margaret Wilson, Betty Cooke and the twelfth man remains a mystery – could it have been Neville Stallman, or Alan (Curl) Timmins – no one remembers! (From trip records, the mystery man was Alan Timmins - Ed.)

The day for the grand climb up Midget Peak track dawned fine, cool and with a strong westerly blowing. The sheets of aluminium were rolled one or two together and tied with rope so there was a handle for carrying. Cement was proportioned out and the three girls took the nails and wire.

Everyone was enthusiastic to be at last setting out for the top and the commencement of the dreamed-of Barney Hut, to be constructed in the saddle between East and West Peaks. It was to insist rock foundation and wall followed by wood (not from live trees cut down but from dead logs in the vicinity) and the aluminium roof. The previous climbs to the top of Barney had stirred a desire in climbers to have a hut waiting for them in the saddle so they did not need to carry tents up. Most of the routes to the top were either long and tedious or steep and dangerous, and in those days South ridge (now called Peasants Ridge) had not been discovered.

Climbing went well until the westerly wind caught the long cylinders of aluminium and tried to wrestle them from the grasp of their carriers. The pace was slow due to the wind and the weight of cement carried by the blokes.

The time it was taking to reach Midget Peak worried the fearless leader 'Chimp' as he realised the sun was setting and the top was a long way off. Everyone seemed to be tiring, various people said they would finish the trip next day. Dave Stewart opted out and later Duncan McPhee (a fresher at that time) and Garth Lahey cast their aluminium aside and collapsed into a grassy area beside the creek; several of the others opted to spend the night on the side of Barney and only Byron, Nell, Geoff Goadby and Ian continued onwards and upwards in the dark. It was extremely difficult to climb when you couldn't see what was ahead, however a torch light winked its way down towards the four climbers and a few "Hey Bobs" later there emerged out of the darkness – not a 'hairy man from Barney Creek', but Alf Rosser. Alf had come up earlier by a different route bringing with him vegetables in a sack and a pick and shovel – a mighty man was he! With the aid of the torch the 4 climbers made the saddle.

So the first night in the saddle was spent curled around the stones that later were removed to make the space for the building of the hut. Next morning at various times the straggler arrived with their heavy loads. Work commenced on the hut with great enthusiasm. When the long weekend was over the return journey was via Rocky Creek. Alf Rosser stayed on to keep working. So began the first Barney Hut.

With the later discovery of a route up South Ridge by Brisbane Bushwalkers Julie Henry and friend, the carrying of supplies for the hut was a less arduous journey.

The next article was also sent soon after the second bushwalking reunion of 1999.

SOME THOUGHTS FROM THE 1952 - 57 PERIOD by David Dunstan

It is interesting to read snippets from the later period. One item from the Robert Rankin account of the Barney Hut and its reason for being all sound far more highfaluting than what I saw as the reason. It was really simple. It was a long hard slog to the top with a full pack and if you could do it without a tent to add to the weight it would be worth having a hut to save all those people the trouble. Even if you took a tent to the top there was nowhere to pitch it. Also it does rain on top of Barney or at least heavy dew to make cover desirable. I have not seen the green flat talked of at the saddle but I can assure you it was not there in 1952.

It should be remembered that prior to the late fifties the materials available for bushwalking equipment were much more limited and expensive than was available after the sixties. Lightweight gear was the stuff of expensive expeditions. Paddymade gear was the domain of the privileged, the rest had to do with the wartime army disposals stuff. This all made a difference when you had to lug it all up the mountain.

My memory of the first site of the hut was that it was more than 50 metres up the hill from the saddle and well away from the creek so that pollution was limited. The ledge on which it was placed was just big enough and the hut itself was about 5 metres by 4 metres. On the first trip up to work on the site that I went on (date unknown), others had already laid out the general line of base rocks. As engineers, there was a certain vying for the prize of selecting and moving the largest possible rocks and then getting them to the top of the pile sometimes by brute strength and some by means of Heath Robinson jigs. On a second trip (date also unknown) the hut rock work was up to about four feet and already there was a competition to get to the saddle first on the trip up to take possession. Some did that and camped in the space with roof laid across without structure. To a true nature lover it was already a squalid space and damaged terrain all around and not worth using. It was already apparent that the idea of the hut was really a dream and not so desirable.

It is interesting to remember that in those days, horror of horrors now, one item of equipment initially thought to be indispensable when walking was a machete. There is a very smart one with carved female head and copper binding on the handle, on the track (there was no track then) from Grace's Hut up towards Mt. Ballow. It was quite rightly grabbed by the surrounding bush from my smart leather sheath without my knowledge and I hope was never seen again.

At the end of Tom Brown's memoir are the following note and quotation which make a fitting ending to this booklet:

When nowadays I see Mt. Barney in the distance from Brisbane, I am reminded of this passage by Freya Stark:

Like a human being, the mountain is a composite creature, only to be known after many a view from many a different point, and repaying this loving study, if it is anything of a mountain at all, by a gradual revelation of personality, an increase of significance: until, having wandered up in its most secret places, you will know it ever after from the plains, though from there it is but one small blue flame among the sister ranges that press their delicate teeth into the evening sky.

LIST OF COMMITTEE MEMBERS 1950-1970

1950: President Dave Stewart, Secretary-Treasurer Natasha, Outings Officer Jon Stephenson, Librarian John Jones.

1951: President D. Stewart, Secretary J. Stephenson, Outings Secretary G. Broadbent, Librarian I. McLeod
Treasurer W. Dowd, Miss P. Roberts

1952: President J. Stephenson, Secretary G. Broadbent, Treasurer Miss Pam Watkins, Outings Officer G. Hooper, Librarian Miss Paquita Day, I.A. McLeod.

1953: President J. Stephenson, Secretary G. Broadbent, Outings Officer G. Hooper, Treasurer Miss Margaret Barrowman resigned view matrimony, Miss Margaret Wilson, Librarian Miss P. Watkins, Committee Member John Roberts resigned due to illness, Byron Holdaway

1954: Relevant pages missing from Annual Report.

1955: President Ian McLeod, Secretary David Dunstan, Treasurer Nell Cole, Outings Officer Geoff Goadby, Equipment Officer John Comino, Librarian Yvonne Battey

1956: President David Dunstan, Secretary Byron Holdaway, Treasurer Nell Cole, Outings Officer John Comino, Equipment Officer Alan Timmins, Librarian Erica Steedman

1957: President John Comino, Secretary Tom Brown, Treasurer Pat Costello, Outings Officer Duncan McPhee, Equipment Officer Arthur King, Librarian Judy Keir

1958: President Duncan McPhee, other committee members reported as: Dr. Stevens performed the irritating job of transporting crockery for meetings to and from St. Lucia, Nell Cole's typing and artistry on the circulars and notices, Tom Brown, true friend and valuable adviser, whose generosity was enjoyed by many people, and whose knowledge of large areas of bushwalking country is of inestimable value to the club

1959: President Tom Brown, Secretary Peter Reimann, Treasurer Ron Cox, Outings Officer Keith Scott, Equipment Officer Bill Bolton, Librarian Annette Wilson resigned Feb 1959, Judy Bryan elected March 1959

1960: President Peter Reimann, Secretary Bill Bolton, Treasurer Keith Scott, Outings Officer Arthur Rosser resigned January 1960, Ken Warner elected March 1960, Equipment Officer John Carter, Librarian Judy Bryan

1961: President Keith Scott, Secretary Judy Bryan resigned as moved from Brisbane, Dawn Abraham, Treasurer Ken Warner also resigned as moved from Brisbane, Doug Clague, Outings Officer Gordon Grigg, Equipment Officer Don Potts, Librarian Cathy Prentice. Cathy Prentice and Ron Cox were responsible for producing the third Club magazine

1962: President Ken Warner, Secretary Gordon Grigg, Treasurer Cathy Prentice, Outings Officer Don Potts, Equipment Officer Pat Conaghan, Librarian Lucy Harrison

1963: President Don Potts, Secretary Barry Baker, Treasurer Noel Eberhardt, Outings Officer Norwood Harrison, Librarian Sybil Curtis, Equipment Officer Eddy Wilson resigned 17th June, Russell Bevan

1964: President Gordon Grigg, Secretary Norwood Harrison, Treasurer Noel Eberhardt, Outings Officer John Tillack, Equipment Officer Don Potts, Librarian Barbara Reid

1965: President Barry Baker, Secretary Rod O'Donnell, Treasurer Jim Miller, Outings Officer Warwick Willmott, Librarian Margaret Moses, Equipment Officer Sybil Curtis

1966: President Rod O'Donnell, Sec. Bob Leavy resigned early 66 due to father's illness, Rosemary Prentice, Treasurer Jim Millar, Outings Officer Denis Townsend, Equipment Officer Sybil Curtis, Librarian Bronwyn Day

1967: President Denis Townsend, Secretary Noel Eberhardt, Treasurer Ken Grimes, Outings Officer Doug Straker, Equipment Officer Selwyn Tucker, Margaret Brookes, Librarian Wendie Robinson

1968: President Doug Straker, Secretary Ken Grimes, Treasurer Ian Crellin, Outings Officers Mike Meadows, Bill Crossman, Equipment Officer Wendy Haines, Librarian/Editor of Heybob Judy Marley,

1969: President Rod Timmins, Secretary Norm Kelk, Treasurer Ian Crellin, Outings Officer John Bluhdom, Equipment Officer Dave Bayliss, Librarian Wendy Sullivan

1970: President Noel Eberhardt, Secretary Dave Bayliss, Treasurer Geoff Brownlie, Outings Officer Jolyon Parslow, Equipment Officer Ralph Carlisle, Librarian Marion Speirs, Publications Officer Norm Kelk

NOTES

Mt. Barney was first discovered by Europeans in 1824 by John Oxley, surveyor general of NSW 1812. It would probably have been during the expedition of 1823-24 when he followed the east coast north from Sydney for 1,127 km that he came across Mt. Barney. [Oxley was named as the discoverer by J.G. Steele from the Heybob article mentioned below. I obtained the information about Oxley's 1823-24 expedition from the Encyclopaedia Britannica reference, also cited below. However, Lucy Sullivan has questioned both pieces of information. She thinks it more likely that it was Cunningham who first spotted Mt. Barney, and indeed remembers that, early on while a member of the bushwalking Club, some wanted to name Mezzanine Ridge "Cunningham's Razor" for this reason. She also mentions that Oxley's expedition of 1823-4 was more likely to have been by sea, which would have made it impossible to see Mt. Barney – Ed].

It was originally named Mt. Lindesay by Cunningham in 1828. The name "Lindesay" comes from Sir Patrick Lindesay (1788-1839), O.C. of the 39th Regiment, 1827-1836. The 39th Regiment, known as the "Bluffs", were in charge of the penal settlement at Moreton Bay from 1824 to 1826, when they were replaced by the 57th Regiment. The present day name "Barney" comes from Lt. Col. Barney, private secretary to Governor Gipps, being given in 1842 by Dixon.

(information from Heybob 1970, vol. 12, p. 63, and Encyclopaedia Britannica, Micropaedia, vol. VII)

Lindsay Hardgrave, mentioned several times in this History, often gave succour of various kinds to the bushwalkers. They also occasionally used his property, and dairy for camping, the latter especially when it was raining. Both 'Lindsay and 'Hardgrave' were given different spellings by old bushwalker contributors, 'Hardgrave' being given no less than five variants! In order to check, I finally managed to contact Pam Hardgrave (nee Duncan), wife of 'young' Lindsay, son of 'our' Lindsay. She told me that her father-in-law, Ernest Lindsay Hardgrave, was born at Mt. Lindesay in 1902 or 1903, and was probably named for it, though the spelling is different. Pam and 'young' Lindsay (Lindsay Ernest) still live on the original property at the foot of Mt. Lindesay and Mt. Ernest.

(Information supplied by Pam Hardgrave, by phone on 12/10/00)

Montserrat Lookout: Jon Stephenson says: "by sleight of hand I conned Forestry into using this name, actually my older brother's Christian name!". He goes on to say that he used to ride his motorbike to Grace's Hut "but had to run beside it to get up the hill from the north over the saddle because it was only a 2 stroke" (3rd August, 1998 by Email to Judy Hines).

Heybob: Jon also mentions that the call 'Heybob' was popularised by Farr, Tweedale, Cuthbertson, Anderson, Wiley, and another he can't remember, none of whom were connected with the UQBWC. They walked the Scenic Rim in the early 1950s and yelled 'Heybob' to keep in touch in the rainforest and, Jon says, 'it became a gleeful call for lost wanderers'.

