

Thomas Lindsay: First settler's house on Mount Glorious

From the original survey of Mt Glorious – within the area used by the Garumngar people - five blocks were offered 'for selection'. (A *conditional lease from the Crown at a yearly rental*.)

The most central and significant in the development of Mt Glorious village was:

Selection LAN/DF561 Nr 4624 (Queensland State Archive)

Portion 6V - 319 acres, 1 rood, 12 perches, (the 'V' indicates 'wild and inaccessible').

This selection was taken up on 3 August 1903 by James O'Hara.

The lease was transferred to Thomas Lindsay on 6 February 1908. (See map with 6V outlined)

In 1906 Thomas Lindsay was manager at the Highland Station in Samford when it was owned by Miller & Jackson. This was described as a model dairy farm of around 2000 acres. In the Samford Museum an interesting wall map shows the layout of the buildings: there was a homestead, a small house for a manager, four huts to house the 12 male employees and a small slab cottage for a married couple, the wife to cook for the station hands. Here he met Mr & Mrs Patrick.

(LB) "Around 1910 the famous Highlands Estate was cut up and advertised as a 'farming paradise...' The blocks which followed the course of today's Mount Glorious Road in the Highvale area ranged in size from around 14 to 190 acres... Unfortunately the claims proved to be no more than advertising hyperbole and few were sold.... After World War 1 a soldier settlement scheme was established which included the former Highlands Estate land ..."

In the early 1900s the building of dwellings was not recorded by any local authority, and from the 'histories, memoirs or stories' so far consulted it is difficult to establish a precise date for when the first house was built.

Helen Horton's book 'Brisbane's Back Door' mentions the early development of Mt Glorious and describes how Thomas Lindsay "rode up the Cedar Creek spur by Mt O'Reilly to a place he liked on the top of the range. He called it Gentle Breezes."

After taking over the selection in 1908 he moved up to the land and lived in a tent. He appears to have worked, with the help of Charles Patrick in clearing the land and putting in a dairy herd.

Helen Horton continues: "Later Charles Patrick accepted Lindsay's further offer to take his family and live in the five-roomed slab hut, with separate kitchen, which had by this time replaced the tent. (See photo). With a verandah at the front, it was reasonably comfortable, but it had a separate kitchen made of stringybark sheets that was quite some distance from the hut." (See plan)

Bill Patrick (son of Charles) wrote much about his life and enjoyment of Mt Glorious. Also, a letter from Pat Berlin (granddaughter of Charles and Alice Patrick) states:

"The first house on Mt Glorious was built 'around 1911' [erased and replaced with '1909'] by Mr Tom Lindsay. The house took him from 12 to 18 months to build ..."

The letter continues: ..."the family accepted the offer and moved to Mt Glorious around 1912. At that time their family numbered eight children.

In his description of the eventful wagon trip up the mountain with the furniture Bill Patrick mentions 'the baby', who was probably Phyllis Patrick, born 16.5.1910, mother of Pat Berlin the author of the letter

Pine Shire Council Valuation Register:

This shows the improvements by O'Hara prior to the transfer to Lindsay.

Portion 6V, Parish of Parker, Farm 4624 in the name of James O'Hara, 3 August 1903.

About 60 acres scrub cleared, 20 acres planted Bananas.

Transfer 6 February 1908 to Thomas Lindsay.

(A foot note on this document reads: 'Lindsay & Patrick, 1 January 1910.')

Solicitors for Thomas Lindsay lodged a request for the freehold on 25 April 1910.

There is also a register of Mortgage to Thomas Lindsay on 26 April 1913 for £205. 0. 0 (Source Queensland State Archive)

Through his association with businessmen in Brisbane, Tom Lindsay encouraged various people to visit Mount Glorious. In his 'Reminiscences', Bill Patrick describes a visit around 1915, by the Governor, Sir Hamilton Goold-Adams and his wife, when "my eldest sister took the horses down for them to ride up. They stayed for about half a day and then she took them back to where the car was waiting for them." This, and other events below are also covered by newspaper reports.

(See group photo with Tom Lindsay taken in 1914.)

There are accounts of Mr F Z Eager, of Eager & Sons, Newstead, driving his white Overland car all the way up the mountain, some time in 1914. Various other visitors followed during 1915.

On one such occasion, when the Minister of Lands T C Beirne was visiting Gentle Breezes, during a conversation about the officially unnamed area, Lizzie Patrick is reported to have exclaimed:

"It will have to be a good name, with a view like this. Isn't it glorious?"

After several years dairying and growing fruit and vegetables, the Patrick family moved away to Camp Mountain some time around 1915-16 so that the children could attend school.

An article from the Brisbane Courier dated 19 July 1915 states:

"... reached 'Gentle Breeze' (sic) the home of Mr Thomas Lindsay, on the summit of Mt Glorious."

Another article dated 22 June 1916 from the same paper refers to 'Mr Lindsay, the only resident of Mt Glorious'

On 6 January 1919, Thomas Lindsay made a request for a Deed of Grant. This required a Certificate of Performance of Conditions on selection, based on the improvements. The application was successful as is shown from the file concerning the property at the Queensland State Archive:

'Particulars of Conditions Performed.'

Occupation by selector residing on above farm continuously, from date of transfer to the present time. Improvements more than equal in value to the cost of enclosing the farm with a good and substantial fence. 3 February 1919.

Report, 18 December 1918: Improvements.

Felling, burning off and grassing 90 acres @ £4.10.0d. per acre	£405. 0. 0
40 fruit trees @ 10/- each	20. 0. 0
House	70. 0. 0
Milking Shed	10. 0. 0
Dairy	6. 0. 0
Fencing	10. 0. 0
Private Road, 23 chains	<u>30. 0. 0</u>
Total	£551. 0. 0

Thomas Lindsay, Lessee of Selection No. 4624 in the Land Agents District of Brisbane

Issue of Deed of Grant

Prepared 12 May 1919

Signed 25 May 1919

(The Deed of Grant was the title document for the purchase of the Crown land)

It has not been possible to establish the precise date Thomas Lindsay built his house, but taking into account the time it must have taken to clear the land, the statements made in the various stories and letters, particularly the reference in Pat Berlin's letter that it took 12-18 months to build, it could have been as early as, February / March or as late as September / October 1909. The above expenditure of £70 could have been the cost.

From the registered documents, early 1910 may have been when Thomas Lindsay and Charles Patrick began working together: Helen Horton suggests the Patricks moved up to Mt Glorious to live in the house, after clearing the land and setting up the dairy herd.

In his memoir, Bill Patrick, says they lived at Mt Glorious for about three years. This is confirmed in a letter to Sam Brown, written when Bill Patrick was much older. He mentions that the family lived at Mt Glorious from 1912 to 1915. If they returned to Upper Camp Mountain in late 1915 they possibly arrived around 1912, two years after setting up the dairy operation. The best guess is that the house may have been built in late 1909 / early 1910, before the farm was set up.

In his 'Early Glimpses of Mt Glorious and Mt Nebo'.

P3, Ted Gibbons describes the early road to Mt Glorious.

"Leaving Cedar Creek Station (4) creek crossings enable you to reach the property owned by W Fry, at the foot of the mountain. From there the road wound to the left, through a patch of light scrub, along a creek bank, to emerge into forest country, and the start of the big climb. This took the form of five zig-zags across the face of the hill, and they brought one to the first cutting, made just wide enough to take the vehicle's wheels and about one foot over. Passing through this, the track passed over the ridge and down into another gully, up two more zig-zags – slightly less steep than before, then through another little cutting, and from there on following along the ridge which is now the boundary of the block owned by Nicklin Bros. until it reached the red soil at the foot of Harden's Hill.

Thence it zig-zagged up the face to emerge at the home of T Lindsay (this site is now occupied by Miss Brooks home). This last stretch was nightmare in wet weather, being made of nothing but red soil, (remains of this old track can still be seen under the wattle trees in front of Miss Brook's home.)"

Later developments:

(HH) Sections of Tom Lindsay's land were then sold off. One section was bought around 1925 by Mrs Brooks who built a house for her daughter Matilda. (This house, named Gentle Breezes, has been improved and updated and remains on the site.)

The slabs from the original house were used to build two garages, one for Mattie Brooks' own new house and the other for her sister's house on another block nearby.

After selling his original house Thomas Lindsay built himself a new home (just above Mr J Gibney's home). This was built by a German B Lorenz, from timber felled about 60 feet from where Miss Brooks' house now stands – beautiful soft bolly-gum.

Later this house was purchased by Mr Hutcheon and moved to the site where it now stands as part of the house owned by Mr Hornibrook.

In addition to the Mt Glorious property Thomas Lindsay also owned property in Samford,

1 Feb 1920	0.1.26 RPP
1 Feb 1921	152.0.1. RPP

Thomas Lindsay's funeral notice 31 May 1933:

Thomas Lindsay, late of Mt Glorious, to move from the residence of Mr C Patrick, Samford.

Wednesday 11.45 o'clock to Samford Cemetery. K M Smith FD

It has not been established whether Thomas Lindsay was born in Queensland, the first record of him so far is as Manager at the Highlands Estate in 1906.

Electoral enrolment shows: Thomas Lindsay, Highlands 1906 – Dead 1933

(HH) When Thomas Lindsay died he left his remaining portion, across the road from where the original slab hut had been, to his old friend Alice Patrick who had housed and fed him when he came down from the mountain.

So the Patricks came back to the mountain. Charles Patrick brought up on his own wagon, a ready made 4 roomed house with a verandah back and front. With an addition to the building, Mrs Patrick opened a tea room.

Helen Horton tells us this building still acts as a café – Maiala Restaurant.

Ruth Lowe

July 2009

Leads and sources:

- *Leith Barter, Pine Rivers Library and 'Pioneering the Pine' (LB)*
- *Queensland State Archive*
- *Samford Museum:*
 - Samford Reminiscences, including Bill Patrick's Reminiscences of Mt Glorious 1910-1915. and Bill Patrick's memoir. 1984*
 - Mt Glorious & Mt Nebo - newspaper clippings concerning Thomas Lindsay around 1915-16. People – Thomas Lindsay*
- *Tracks and Times. (the 1st edition summarises the development of Mt Glorious from 1903 to 1950.)*
- *Brisbane's Back Door by Helen Horton (HH)*
- *Early Glimpses of Mt Glorious and Mt Nebo by Ted Gibbons*
- *Photograph of slab hut: Jim Byrne*
- *Map of village showing selection 6V, and letter from Bill Patrick: Sam Brown*
 - *Photos, cuttings and letters from Noel Snowdon*

2009 CENTENARY CELEBRATION STORIES

The First 'Road' Up to Mt Glorious

as described by Ted Gibbons

"Leaving Cedar Creek Station (4) creek crossings enable you to reach the property owned by W Fry, at the foot of the mountain. From there the road wound to the left, through a patch of light scrub, along a creek bank, to emerge into forest country, and the start of the big climb. This took the form of five zig-zags across the face of the hill, and they brought one to the first cutting, made just wide enough to take the vehicle's wheels and about one foot over. Passing through this, the track passed over the ridge and down into another gully, up two more zig-zags – slightly less steep than before, then through another little cutting, and from there on following along the ridge which is now the boundary of the block owned by Nicklin Bros. until it reached the red soil at the foot of Harden's Hill. Thence it zig-zagged up the face to emerge at the home of T Lindsay (this site is now occupied by Miss Brooks home). This last stretch was nightmare in wet weather, being made of nothing but red soil, (remains of this old track can still be seen under the wattle trees in front of Miss Brook's home.)"

*Excerpt from 'Early Glimpses of Mt Glorious and Mt Nebo'
by Ted Gibbons. Courtesy of Noel Snowdon and Bob MacLennan.*

This was the route taken by Bill Patrick and his brother to visit Tom Lindsay, when they were children.

"... For our trip to Mt Glorious, (via the Cedar Creek route), Dad had a German wagon into which we packed all the goods and chattels. My eldest sister and Mum were to take the horse and sulky. Vic and I had to drive the few cows we had. We also had a few sheep and the goat, but Dad sold these to a neighbour.

At last we got going on our 12 mile journey, Dad driving the bullocks and all the rest coming behind. All was well until we started to climb the worst part of the mountain. One of the front wheels of the wagon struck a big stone and just collapsed in a heap, and as we had no spare, we were in real trouble. Some of the furniture finished up way down the side of the hill, but apart from being badly knocked about, it was still usable. Dad got his axe, and cut a good-sized sapling, which he chained into place under the undercarriage, after jacking the axle up. He then tied it up to the top of the wagon to make a sort of

support to keep the axle off the ground. As it wore out, he would do the same again. Anyway, we got to the house just on dark. Mum and Lizzie had gone on ahead after we got them up the worst of the steep part, and they took the other young ones with them, including the baby about 12 months old. As I said, we always seemed to have a baby in the house.

*from papers held by Noel Snowdon
as well as Bill Patrick's memoirs at Samford Museum.*

Around 1914 F Z Eager also drove his Ford Overland car up to Mt Glorious over the Cedar Creek route. In all he made the trip three times and once took his wife and 3 year old son Fred. They stayed the night with the Patrick family.

Bill Patrick's memoir, courtesy of Noel Snowdon.

End of the World!

... one night the world turned upside down, for us kids anyway. Our mother, and a wonder woman she was, used to make her own bread. While she was waiting for the dough to rise, she used to put it in the back room in a dish covered with a flour sack. On this particular night, it was time for the dough to be brought out and cut to size and kneaded into loaves ready to be put into the baking tins. Mum knew where the dish of bread was, so she just went into the room in the dark and put her hands out to pick up the dish.

She came out empty-handed and said to Dad:

"Something bit me on the finger."

Dad had a look at it and said it could have been a mouse, as there were always quite a few about. So Mum went back to the room again to get the dough and came back and said that the same thing had happened again. So Dad said:

"We'll take a lamp and have a look." And on top of the bag covering the dough was a brown snake about 3 ft long. He quickly killed the snake and had a look at Mum's finger, saying, "That's what bit you."

She had been bitten twice and when you looked closely you could see two sets of fang marks. Dad quickly put on two tourniquets, one on the wrist and the other on the arm,

and grabbed a razor, the old cut-throat type (as that was the only razor in those days) and sucked the wound.

When we were going to school at Samford in the early years, the State Government issued all bush schools with a book on all sorts of poisonous snakes and other things and how to treat them, and as I was a good reader, I had learnt this book from one end to the other.

What I had read there was a great help on that night. It said in the book to keep the patient walking about. Well, Dad and another man who was there at the time, walked Mum about from 8.30 at night until just as day was breaking next morning. By then we elder children had harnessed the horse and put it in the sulky, and they set off for Brisbane, about 35 miles away, down the mountain, a very slow journey. At last they got to the nearest doctor, a Dr Douglas, who had his practice near the old tram terminus. The doctor told them that Dad's prompt attention and walking her about, not letting her go to sleep, saved her life. They have different methods today.

Mum had to stay in hospital for a few days. They said that Dad had taken a big risk in sucking the wound as if he had had bad teeth or any other mouth complaint, he could also have been poisoned.

There was a young baby to be looked after then too, so Liz, being about 14 or 15 took charge. All she knew about babies when they cried was that they were either wet or dirty or hungry. We were just a family of children, about ten miles from our nearest neighbour, with the only transport being by horse or else walking. By the time Mum got home again, things were getting a bit out of hand, as we did not like being bossed by our sister. When we were older though and had more sense, we really wondered how she managed. I think there were 8 or 9 of us to be taken care of at that particular time.

From Bill Patrick's memoir, courtesy Noel Snowdon.

Bush medicine and friendly neighbours!

While we were here (Mt Glorious) my brother Vic and I had quite a few adventures. We often wondered how we were never killed, or badly hurt, especially when we were miles from home. We used to go on hunting trips to places where we had never been before. We each had a gun, Vic a 32 rifle and I a 22.

One day, with a cut lunch, we set out on foot at break of day to go after some Pretty Face Wallabies. We saw plenty but they always saw us first and we never even got a shot. In our travels that day we came upon a big waterhole, and we decided we would boil our billy and have lunch. After lunch, we thought if we climbed up to the top of this great

mass of rock, which was about 30 feet above the waterhole and carried a fairly big stone with us, what a big splash it would make. So we did this, and the first time it was great fun. These big stones, dropped about 30 feet into the water, made a real big splash. Of course, I had to try and carry a bigger stone than Vic, which was impossible as he was very big and strong and don't I know it, as I was only slight. They used to say it was because I was born in the big drought, 1902 to 1903, when all the South Pine River dried up to leave only a little waterhole there. It lasted for 18 months, and they said that was why I was so slim.

Well, on this particular day, I picked up a very big stone so as to make a big splash, but unfortunately my foot slipped and the stone came down on the forefinger of my right hand. It smashed the skin to pieces and split the bone to the first knuckle. The pain was so bad I passed out for a few minutes. Then I was very sick. We didn't know how I was going to get back home – about four miles away. To stop the bleeding, Vic tore the pockets out of our trousers to make a bandage, and tied it up as best he could.

There was a farmer at the foot of the mountain and as we didn't have far to go when we reached the road, Vic left me and went about a mile or so to see if he could borrow a horse to take me home. This chap asked:

"How did you come to get to where you are now?" and Vic told him we had been out shooting and that we had walked all the way. This chap said:

"Well you had better walk home, as I will not lend you a horse." So Vic told him what to do with his horse.

We set off for home and every now and again, I would be sick and drop unconscious on the road – for how long, I didn't know, because when I came around, Vic always had me on his shoulder, carrying me as well as the two guns. At last we reached home, two tired little boys. Mum took care of my finger by washing it in kerosene. That was considered a good disinfectant in those days. But it was a long time before I could use it. I was always in the wars.

One time when we were brushing scrub, I put the point of my brush hook right through my foot and out the other side, and in no time I had a boot full of blood. The good old kerosene came to the rescue again, but I couldn't wear a boot for a long time...

From Bill Patrick's memoirs, courtesy of Noel Snowdon.

Teenage Tale from 1918

by Bill Patrick

... Alex Lawson took up a selection on Mt Glorious, the highest part of the mountains. It was 200 feet higher than where we lived. He had a chap called Peter Farnell, and he wanted a good handy lad who could fell and brush scrub.

During this first scrub job, A Lawson and A Webber came up one Sunday. They sent Peter word they were coming, so he told me to take my gun on the Saturday to see if I could get a turkey or a few pigeons. We used to help each other doing the cooking, but he was a very good cook and he kept everything very neat and clean. He wanted to make a pigeon pie with a crust on top for this Sunday dinner. I finished up with a nice young turkey and a couple of pigeons. I cleaned them and he cut them up and put them in the camp oven to simmer slowly on Sunday morning, and then he put a crust on the top. It was really good. It had onions, carrots, potatoes and pumpkin, and was thickened with flour. On the Saturday he had cooked a big brownie cake the full size of the camp oven. It was a beauty. Well, on that Sunday morning, Mr Lawson and Mr Webber arrived about 10 or 11 o'clock, and the worst thing they could have done was to bring drink with them. They had two bottles of beer and two bottles of rum. Now Peter was a very good worker, and felling scrub was his work. Any kind of bush work was just a breeze to him, but drink was his downfall. So when they brought this to our camp, I could see trouble coming. They had a few drinks and then we sat down at our stringybark table. (Stringybark is taken from a tree and put in the sun on a flat surface, with a piece of wood on it to keep it flat. When it is dry, it is very smooth and makes a very good table. A lot of early settlers built quite nice homes with it.) Well, we finished our dinner and they sat around and talked and drank rum. I didn't drink in those days as I was only 16. They finished up very drunk. About 4 o'clock, they set off home on their horses and Peter wanted to go doublebank with them. He'd had a taste of the drink and wanted more. Anyway, they wouldn't take him. He went to sleep on his bunk and I washed up all the dinner things, and the oven, and put everything away, except for the big brownie cake which hadn't been cut.

We had a safe for storing our food in, and a box near the creek that trickled nearby, buried in sand and mud, to keep our butter in as there were quite a few little bush rats. They were little brown fellows, with very sharp noses. If you let them, they would eat off one side of your plate while you were eating from the other. We used to nail a piece of corned meat to a log about 30 feet from the table, and when there were about 50 or 60 rats, at a guess there, all fighting for position, Peter would get the shot gun and blow them all to pieces. But we had to give it away as the smell got too bad. So then we just had to eat as fast as we could and keep the rats away at the same time.

Anyway, Peter woke up about 6 o'clock and said:

"Bill, I am going to Samford to get some more rum."

I said: "Why not wait till morning?"

But he said: "No, I'm off now, and you can do as you bloody well like, as long as you're here to start working when I get back."

It was getting fairly dark, but off he went on foot on a 12 mile hike to Samford Pub. I was left on my own in the middle of this huge scrub with all the rats and possums. I was frightened out of my wits. Possums used to come in our tent at night and look for food. One night there was a hell of a commotion. All these possums were black – their fur wasn't any good for the market. We used to have a flour tin that held 75 lbs of flour. On this particular night, the tin was half empty and this possum knocked the lid off and fell in. We jumped out of bed in our nightshirts and grabbed the gun. It was as dark as pitch, and out jumped this possum but he was white since he was all covered with flour. We got such a shock at seeing a white possum that he got away. Well next day, I said to myself – I'm not going to stop here on my own. So I walked a mile and a quarter over to old Tom Lindsay and stayed with him. I was too frightened on my own. The track to his place was just wide enough to ride a horse, and the only light I had was a lantern. I got that many frights on that short trip, with all sorts of creatures on the prowl.

I stepped over a carpet snake and even tripped over a porcupine.

I stayed at Tom Lindsay's for three days and then Peter returned, on a horse Mr Lawson had given him to ride back on, as well as to bring some tucker. We set off next day for camp, and when we got there, what a mess! The rats had got into our cake and made tunnels all through it, and they ate holes in our blankets. The possums had eaten all our flour too. But the main thing was that Peter was back, calling himself all the bloody fools he could think of. We got back into our routine again and soon the axes were ringing in the clear morning, and the birds were making all their different kinds of noises. We finished the job and got paid for it. Got six pounds for about 4 and a half weeks work.

Taken from Bill Patrick's memoir (copies held by Noel Snowdon and also in the Samford Museum)

'The Mt Glorious road from Mt Nebo'

In 1918 The Government Works Department considered building a road through Cedar Creek up to Mt Glorious. Surveyors Newton and Yeates completed the preliminary survey in 1919 but an estimate of the cost was considered too great to serve such a small community. In 1921, the residents of Cedar Creek and Mt Glorious invited the Main Roads

Commission to a picnic on Mt Glorious. They enjoyed the picnic but turned down the proposition to make a new road along the hair-raising track with its final creek crossing.

With the Highlands-Mt Nebo soldier settlement road being made, Surveyor Newton suggested investigating linking the two mountain range communities. Tom Lindsay, Charles Bryce and the Gibbons brothers rode the distance and Bryce came up with a rough estimate of the cost of a temporary road for horse-drawn vehicles.

A further meeting was arranged with the landowners in Brisbane and £500 was subscribed to enable work to commence immediately. Tools were bought, shovel, pick and grubber per man and three axes and one wallaby jack, to be shared among the gang of five, C & T Bryce, D and A Gibbons and a Scotsman called Andy. They set to work in January 1922 and it took them six months. There were many difficulties in cutting the road - to a width of ten to twelve feet – and getting vehicles up and down in reasonable safety. While there were still some very steep pinches, the new route between Mt Glorious and Mt Nebo was proved by Ted Gibbons taking his spring cart over it. Tom Lindsay's sulky followed and then on the next day the Forestry Department's buckboard was driven up from Mt Nebo to Mt Glorious by Jules Tardent. (See Courier Mail photo of Mt Glorious Road in the 1920s)

After this demonstrated success the Mt Glorious landowners were able to obtain further loans, under a special repayment scheme, to continue with more cuttings and improvements.

By 1926 the new road was well on its way and later the Council and the Main Roads Commission took over responsibility and improvements gradually came about. For many years, transport up and down the range from Mt Glorious via Mt Nebo to Samford was by spring cart or wagon drawn by horses. The horses were invariably tired by the time they reached the end of the road but they always reached their destination in the one trip. Later when motor truck transport took over, around 1927, the last three kilometres often proved unnegotiable in wet weather, even with chains on the wheels; and passengers and driver walked home, leaving their vehicles and load to wait for drier conditions.

The enterprising Gibbons' solved this problem with their first truck. It was fitted with a windscreen that had a central division. When the truck became bogged, Jack, the lead horse of the wagon team, was hitched on in front with the reins being passed through the split in the windscreen. The extra horsepower added to the revving engine took the vehicle over the two difficult hills.

When passed, the canny Jack would automatically stop and wait to be unhitched so that he could go home unencumbered!

Excerpts from Brisbane's Back Door by Helen Horton, and Ted Gibbons' memoir, courtesy of Noel Snowdon.

Life in the early years.

Settlers houses were fairly rudimentary, made of split wooden slabs; or with bark cut in sheets and dried flat in the sun before being laid over a framework of saplings wired together and then held secure with more saplings. Stringybark, dried flat and smooth, made good table tops as well as being used for walls. Dirt floors were sometimes covered with corn or flower sacks nailed down to the rammed hard earth with long nails. A common practice that extended into the next two generations was to sprinkle used tea leaves over the floor before sweeping, to help keep the dust down. Tea leaves and accumulated dirt could then be swept out together.

The walls were sometimes lined inside with hessian, often just with newspaper, which helped to keep out the draught.

Windows were merely framed openings in the walls, with a shutter that could be propped open with a stick. Roofs were often made of shingles. Later on second, or better houses, built perhaps with logs cut in a pitsaw, roofs of corrugated iron laid on timber rafters were preferred. There were usually no ceilings, particularly in the first houses, so it was very hot in summer and cold in winter.

Cooking was often done outside, or in a small room that was separated from the main hut, and usually had an open fireplace with a brick chimney. Placing it apart from the main house was a precaution in case of fire. A camp oven took the place of a stove as the main cooking facility. Kerosene tins made good containers, to be hung over the open fires for the boiling of water. They did service too for washing clothes, where these required boiling, though where possible washing was done in the creeks. Clothes were ironed with a flat iron that had been heated on a tin plate over the fire.

Although the huts and houses were minimal by today's standards, the women had to work hard on their household chores as well as find the time to help with whatever

farming jobs were pressing. For the men, the initial clearing, particularly if the land was thick with scrub, and fencing were wearying tasks. Fences were mostly of post and rail, sometimes wire, and small areas were sometimes fenced with palings to keep the wallabies out.

From Brisbane's Back Door

by Helen Horton