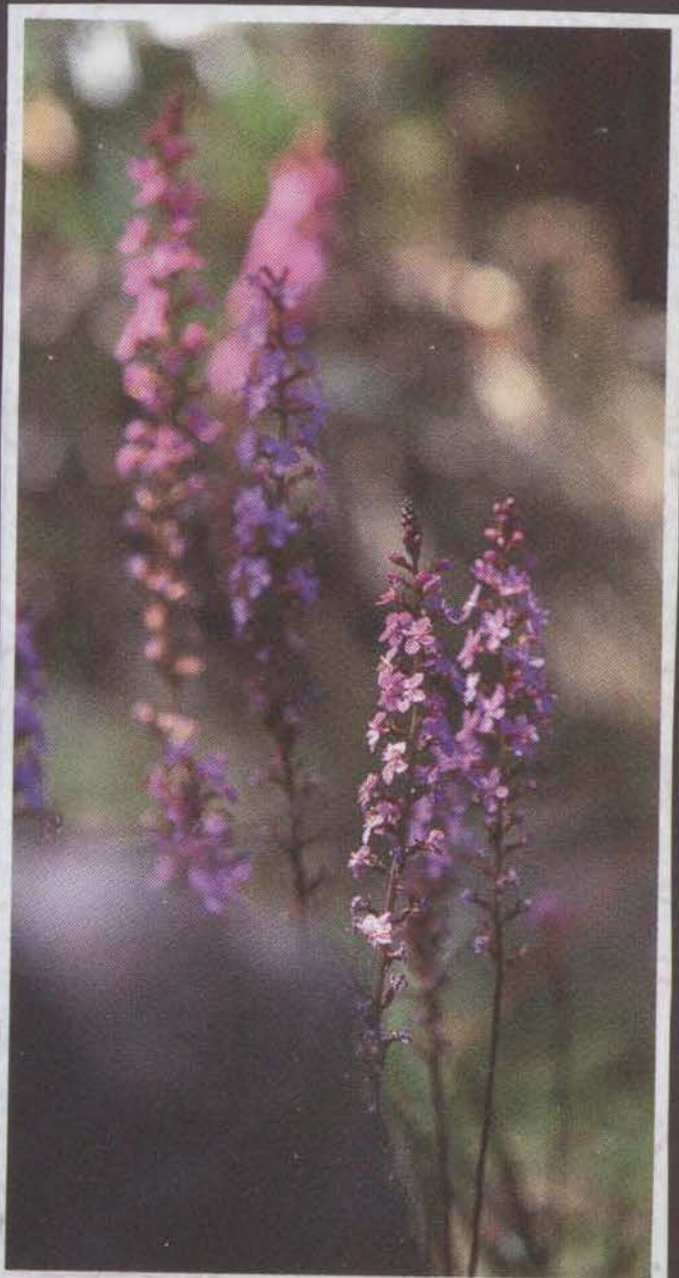
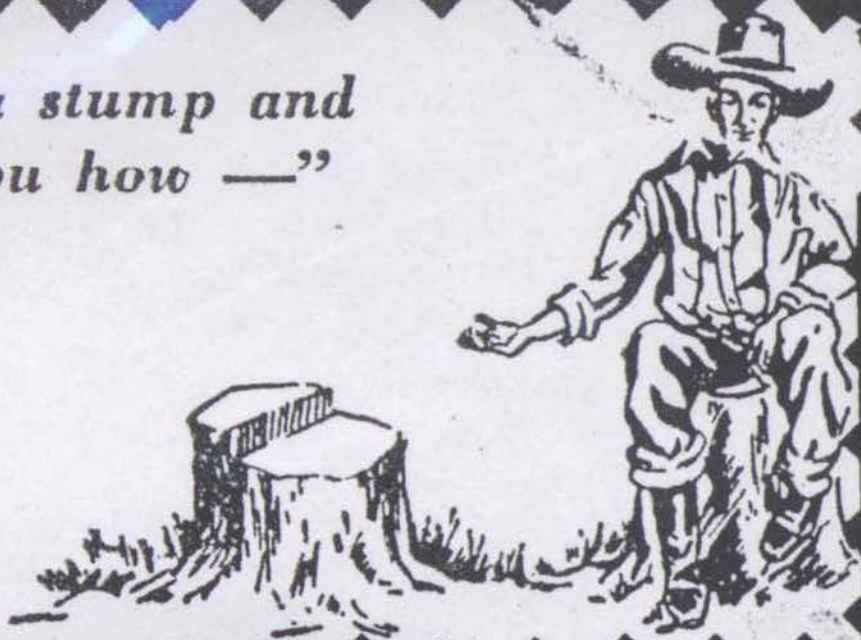


*"Pull up a stump and  
I'll tell you how —"*





Wellington River Hut, built in the 1970s,  
possibly used by stockmen at the start of  
their musters.

2WD access, then a 300m walk, rough 4WD  
access to the hut on the Wellington River.





Dunsmuir Hut, built in the 1960s by Bob & Gavin Dunsmuir, the hut was built in a day, the adjoining hut owned by the Higgins was burnt down in the 1998 Caledonia Fires. Foot access.







Millers' Hut, first built in 1916 by Henry Miller and is the oldest remaining hut in the region. It was refurbished by the Range Rover Club in 1987. It is at the western foot of Mt. Wellington.





The materials were brought in by packhorse.  
The hut is situated by the Moroka River.



The typical cattlemen's log hut at Moroka was built by Bill Gillio and Andy Estoppey in 1946, helped by the late Eric Bateson and Arch Timbs, who had just returned from the war. Bill Gillio was a renowned bushman, a First World War soldier, and a great axeman, and the Moroka Hut is a monument to his skill.



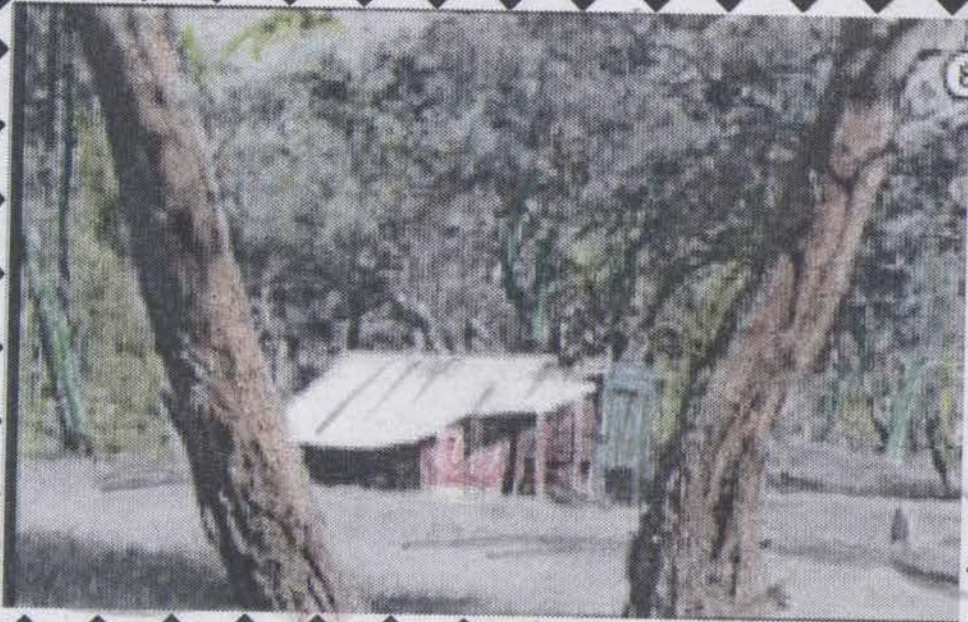


Horseyard Hut is a relatively new hut built by David Freeman in the early 1980s. It is accessible by 2WD.





Kellys' Hut built in 1934 by Jim Kelly and several other cattlemen, the hut was used for grazing purposes and is considered of State significance. 4WD access.





McMichaels' Hut, this hut is thought to have been built in the early 1970s possibly by Bill Cumming, to replace an earlier hut built by bill McMichael. 4 WD access.





Guys' Hut built by Alex Guy, in 1940 for summer cattle grazing. Walking access for 600m from the Howitt Road.





# Grant



*Historic Township of Grant*

Grant, situated deep in the mountains was once a mining town with 3000 diggers and 15 hotels. Today only a layout of the ghost streets remains to evoke those heady days.

The town came to prominence during the gold rush to the Crooked River in 1860.

Bullock teams hauled Irish Whiskey and French Brandy into the town for the thirsty diggers heading for the goldfields.



The nearby Grant cemetery still has gravesites and headstones for many of the diggers who died searching for their golden fortune.



*Battery and Engine*



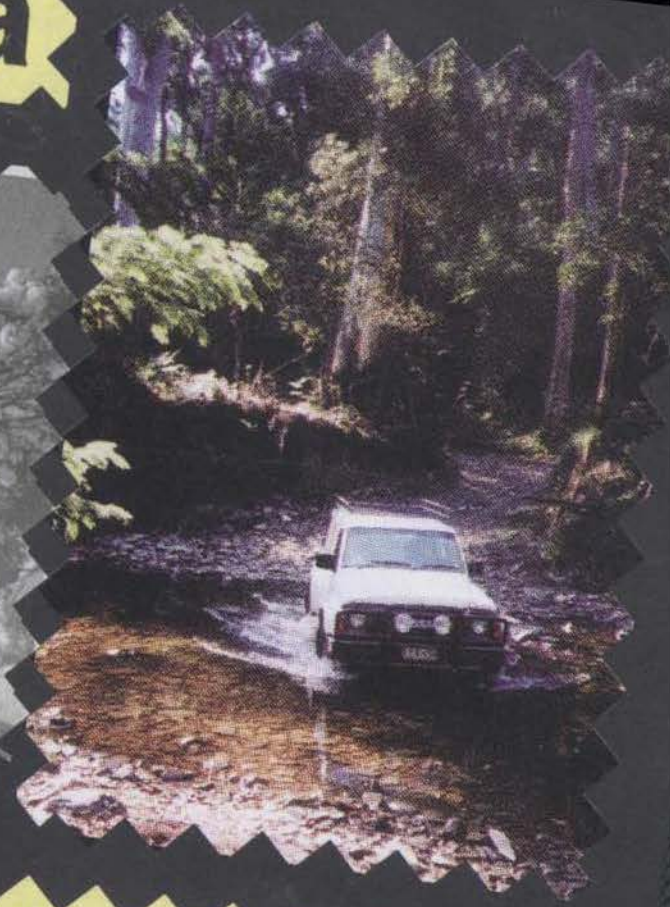




# Wonnangatta



Its adventurous image & reputation derives largely from a history of having been a cattle station during the 19th century with inhabitants cut off from civilization by snow-capped mountains for six months of the year and the mystery of murder at the "station".







## **“A BUSH TRAGEDY – HEADLESS BODY FOUND – MURDER A POSSIBILITY”**

**Melbourne Leader,  
February 28th, 1918.**

He was found half buried in the banks of a creek on the Wonnangatta Station, where he was the Manager. He was half wrapped in a blanket and had been dragged to his final resting spot. His boots had been hastily thrown on top of him. He'd been shot in the back.

His name was Jim Barclay, a well-known, well-liked and well-respected member of the community. A true man of the



mountains, relied upon by his employer and by a young son, in the

care of an aunt in the city. This was not a fate Jim Barclay deserved.

Suspicion immediately fell on John Bamford, Barclays 'useful' – an odd-job man. Used to living on his wits, Bamford was known for his quick-temper and vindictive nature. With labour scarce due to the war, Barclay had confessed to a friend that Bamford was “all I could get”. Had the useful really turned on his boss and shot him down in cold blood?



The murder at the Wonnangatta Station gripped the whole of Australia for most of 1918. The beautiful, but lonely, setting added to the mystery. A crime such as this, in a community where banding together was essential for survival, seemed unthinkable.

Investigating murder in the remote regions of the High Country was a very different prospect from the CSI labs and high tech policing of today.

Merely getting to the crime scene required days of travel on



horseback, along treacherous trails and across inhospitable country. Searches had to be made during daylight or by candlelight. The investigators were obliged to stay in the homestead where Barclay likely met his end.

In fact, it was difficult to pin down the week, let alone the day, Jim Barclay had died. The alarm had been raised a full two months since Barclay had last been seen in public. Harry Smith, another name from High Country legend, had ridden in with the mail to visit his friend, Barclay. Nobody had been home. Three weeks later, Smith had



returned – only to find the mail still on the table where he'd left it and Barclay's favourite dog starving.

Throughout 1918, the papers carried story after story. Sensational detail after detail. Where was Bamford? Why had he done it? He held the key to the whole mystery.

Then, on November 6th, 1918, Bamford was found. Stuffed under

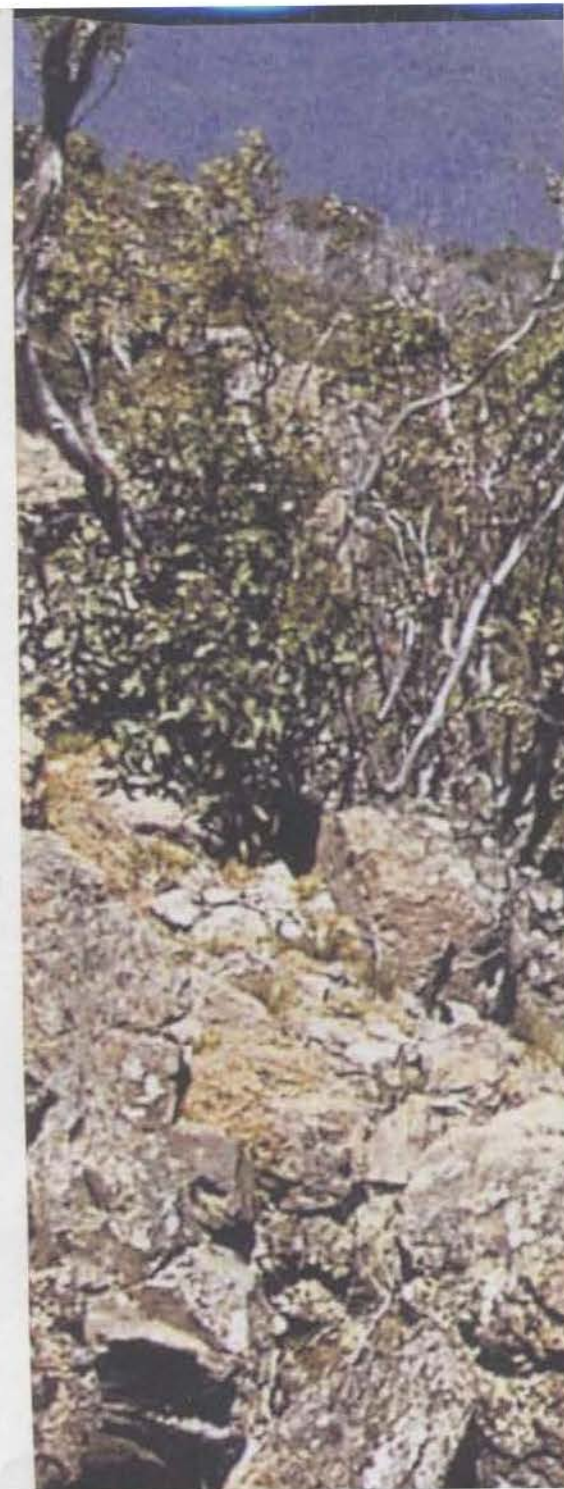
a log, with a bullet in his skull.

People round here still talk about

the Wonnangatta murders. They still try to piece together what happened on that night in a lonely High Country valley, back in the summer in 1918.

Today, you can still walk in the valley where Barclay and Bamford tended the herd. You can still follow the creek where Barclay's body was found.

But, like the people of the mountains, puzzle as you might, you will never know who really pulled the trigger – and why – at the Wonnangatta Station. That will remain a mountain mystery.







The Trig M<sup>1</sup> Wellington - A F-stoppey on horse



























