

Interview with Frank Paton Saturday 15 July 1991

Taking up the K2 Lease

In 1926 my father had a lease block with cattle out here on Ike's Mountain. But it got too infested with rabbits and you couldn't sorta get them out because it covered about ten to twelve thousand acres and it was all logs and rocks and ferns and steep sidings near the creek. So we gave up because the rabbits were too crook. So then he got looking around and he said aw well, a bit of extra country would be handy to run more cattle. It meant that you could get rid of your cows and calves in the summer time and then you could fatten quite a lot of bullocks you see and put em on the market. If you didn't have lease country, it didn't have to be good as long as it could carry cattle over the summer, otherwise you couldn't get rid of the cows and calves and they'd eat all your good feed here on these places and that'd mean you couldn't fatten any stock.

In about the 1930's they reallocated the snowleases. My father grabbed what they call K2. When he did, at this stage my father was getting on a bit and I had a cousin, Tom Paton and he offered him the job of looking after it and doing all the improvements and he could run half the block with his stock. At that stage you weren't restricted, you could run anything you liked on it. You could run a 1000 head of cattle if you wanted to! The restrictions came in later.

Anyway, Tom jumped at it. He was a pretty good bushman really, pretty handy, he could make whips and that and he'd started off with a bit of a bullock team. He already had that you see but it wasn't quite big enough. There were about eight bullocks at this stage and they used to get their wood with it and do their fencing. When he got the block he quick smartly increased the team and then I used to go as offsider. And that was the way we put the hut in with this bullock team. And also Greg Greg (owned by John Pierce at this time) had a bullock team too, over further where Milne is now. But it was John Pierce that was there originally and they had a big team there and Tom used to borrow a few bullocks from that. And there was another fella too, Charlie Wheeler from over at Corryong. He used to go up to what they call Wheeler's Hut. He had a bullock team also and quite often we'd go up together. Tom, and I'd be offsidings for Tom, and Charlie Wheeler and there'd be one or two others and we'd go up with the two drays and we'd go to our hut and we had another fella up from Tumbarrumba to help us build the hut. But it

wasn't only the hut, we had to build the horse paddock and fix the road up a bit and there was quite a few odds and ends to do like cut a water race to bring the water in.

I had a lot to do with the chimney of Patons Hut, not really building it, I was the navvy or the slave more. I had to mix the mud, carry it down and keep the stones up to them. Gosh it was hard work!

If I look up a lot of my diaries I could tell you exactly when we built Paton's hut. It was a year with a lot of snow. Father was Frank Mackinnon Paton and I'm Frank Buchanan Paton. Father's hut on K2 was built in 1933 or 34 I think.

The Toolong Hut

Back in the thirties there were two huts there. Father's hut was known as Paton's hut on K2. And a bit over half a mile, about five eighths of a mile to be precise, straight over where they'd cleared the trees off was another hut on the Toolong block. And at that stage it was used by Percy Rial. Later he had a place just up the road here (at Tooma), but at that stage he had a place up at Tumberumba. On wet days and things like that he used to have a flag and a bottle and he had a bullocks horn and he used to blow it out the back door and it'd make an awful rumbling and an awful noise and get the attention of the other hut. Toolong is all pulled down now.

We cleared a track between the two huts. When I say cleared I mean we felled about six or eight trees so that we could see each other. It was while the snow was on. When we were building the hut we had a very heavy fall of snow and it lasted for a week over the Christmas period and we stayed there over Christmas and didn't come home. And we had this snow to contend with and we couldn't work much you see so we spent all the time clearing the view with a bullock horn on one end and a half bottle on the other. If you yelled out sometimes you could hear what the other fella was saying and I'd say it was the best part of three quarters of a mile across there.

The Thorburn brothers from down below Tintalra in Victoria had the Toolong block before Rials had it and they had a bullock team also. They had a tin hut, not very well built with a dirt floor. Someone else built the Toolong hut I knew around 1930.

Other Huts on the Toolong Block

If you look up on the hill on the other side of the Tooma dam you can see the scouring of the old stock route where they went up and down with teams and bullock wagons and what have you. Before you got down to Toolong Creek on the other side of the hill there used to be a couple of huts in there before my time. In the 1930's there was very little left of them. There were people called Donman's from down Tarcutta or around there and they had the snowlease at that stage and they had sheep and a sheep brake and a couple of huts in there. I've found bits of them when I was looking round there at one stage.

Tom Paton was 10 years older than I was and he knew all about these huts. His wife's still alive.

How Patons Hut Lost its Verandah

We left the snowleases. You see my father decided that we might as well pick up what we can around the hut and everything and the hut frame was left there and we salvaged the iron. It was brand new iron that we'd put on the hut only a few years previously. And we salvaged that and took it down here to Tooma.

I've forgotten what happened then, or how it came about, maybe the cattlemen were given fresh leases or something like that and a few years later we went back and put it back on again. Well that's how it probably lost its verandah.

It was originally constructed as just a one room hut and then a bit later there was what they call a salt room/store room put on the back of it. We had nowhere to put our pack saddles and riding saddles and things like that. And you'd have a couple of horse rugs, a few bags of chaff and a bag or two of salt and things like that. The last time I was at the hut was about ten years ago.

Yellowboy Hut

I started off in April 1954 with the Yellowboy block. At that stage I made the small hut down here. It was about fifteen feet by nine. And I carried it out on an Inter track - ASW120 - 4 wheel drive truck with a lot of axing. I had a chainsaw then but it was one of the first ones out and it wasn't terribly reliable and it was very heavy. I think we used axe mostly. We had to lop a lot of branches and things to get it out

there. But we got it out there and took it off the vehicle. In the meantime I got my brother, he's pretty handy, and in the meantime I carted some bricks out there. They were cement bricks, there were a few clay ones but mostly they were cement bricks. And he stuck the chimney up. I reckon it was a pretty good job.

After the cattlemen were kicked out and everything, someone was camped in the hut and they decided to burn it down. But they weren't successful. They burnt one end of it.

And then there was another room put on the back of it too, that's right! I had Peter Cottam living out there for quite a good time. The Yellowboy block was 960 acres freehold and then I had another block which was 330 acres freehold and another 50 acre block. Anyway, Peter Cottam was living in the hut there working for me and he was there most of the winter doing different things and he built another room on the back of it and it was built on site there, it wasn't carted out. It was aluminium as well. And the aluminium was very good, it was warm in winter and in the summer it was quite good.

We just weren't allowed to move the hut. I had 1330 acres freehold and I was paid \$21 000 for the lot, that was the compensation I got, which really wasn't a great lot. There was a terrific lot of fencing involved.

Coughlan's Yellowboy Sawmills

A fellow called Mick Coughlan selected the Yellowboy round about 1908, and he didn't select it all in a great big hunk. He finished up with 960 acres. He took it in about one and 200 acre blocks. His idea was to get it all along the creek. He didn't want the steep country over that side or the steep country back this side.

He was a great worker this fella. He built himself a water driven sawmill. The first effort was up the top end of his block and he cut a race out of the Yellowboy creek and brought it round a very steep rough side of the hill, Yellowboy Mountain we call it, round the side there for quite a way to where there was quite a fair drop. But as for a mill, I think he needed a water engineer. I think his estimates were a bit out. But anyway, he dropped the water over, we'll say about 80 or 90 feet or something like that, onto a sawmill.

From my own experience, I've had a bit of a go with pelton wheels and sawing, electric light and that sort of thing. You need about two or three hundred feet to get good results, not 80 or 90 feet. And I would say that his first sawmill could have been very weak because it wasn't enough fall. But yet everything was there, this great race, he did terrific work on it. And he did saw quite a bit of timber. But I'd say that he would have had to saw on what I'd call momentum. Sort of in jabs.

In a present day sawmill they'd have a 200 horsepower motor or something like that and you'd push a log onto it and it'd go straight through and all it does is perhaps open the throttle a bit on the deisel motor, they don't lose any revs or anything like that. On his, he had a fair sized water wheel, it probably would have been about seven feet diameter. Therefore the pelton wheel probably would have weighed three quarters of a ton. Then his sawbench, the saw and the two inch spindle and what have you would have weighed a bit more with the belt and all and she would have been circling away at say a thousand revs depending on the size of the saw. And when he hit it, until the saw pulled up, he would be sort of going through on momentum and then he'd have to pull it back a little bit and wait until the wheel got going again. It would be interesting to see some of the finished planks of timber because you should be able to see the saw cuts getting closer and closer together and then wider again.

The pelton wheel was generally only five to seven feet with a big pipe coming down to it with a high pressure nozzle at the end. Earlier sawmills such as the Broadhead's generally had the water dropped over the top of them and they were 25 to 30 feet in diameter and all the buckets down one side would be full of water and that's what gave them the power. There might be a ton of water on one side coming down. Then they had big cast iron cogs for gearing.

Anyway, eventually Coughlan abandoned the sawmill at the top end of the Yellowboy block and he went down the bottom end. There was plenty of water but there wasn't much fall and it wasn't really suitable for a pelton wheel. So he put in an overshot wheel with cogs of three or four feet in diameter with a six inch face to gear it down and they weren't worn much, they still had thick oil on them and you couldn't lift them. They were just lying about there on the ground when I took up the lease. He cut a lot more timber on the bottom mill so it must have been more successful I'd say. He had a terrific quantity of water going into it.

Why Yellowboy?

(According to Jack McMahon, in the gold days a Chinaman died there.)

It was always Yellowboy in years gone by but the Snowy came along and they called it Yellowbog. Coughlan originally named it, but why I don't know. But the Snowy called it Yellowbog because there was a lot of boggy ground there and they put in an airstrip and they put the road through and probably in 1956, it was a very wet year, they struck untold trouble because they got bogged right and left and there wasn't much road out there, not for the amount of traffic they put on it.

Wolsely Gap Hut - up the Roaring Mag

You climb this side from Yellowboy and Clover Flat and then you strike what they call Wolsely Gap, that's the main range. And you drop off then down to the Tooma dam and then you go straight out by the side and onto the snow country. Anyway, this Wolsely Gap hut's long disappeared. I think probably the '39 bushfires went through or something like that. It wasn't an elaborate hut, it was only an old bark hut and fairly big. It had a nice yard and a good mustering paddock around it.

One of my early mountain trips was with my cousin Tom Paton. We went out for an exploration of this K2 block my father was going to get. I was 13 or 14, still going to school in Melbourne till I was 16. This was probably in the Christmas holidays.

We camped in this Wolsely Gap hut and Tom was a pretty good fisherman. And we rode on down from the hut to fish, well, he fished, I held the horses and things like that. And he caught three or four nice fish and we scrambled back up and cooked them at this hut that night. It was just an old one room bark hut. All bark with vertical bark walls I'd reckon. It was pretty well hidden. You had to get right on it to see it. It was right at the head of a little gully, sort of fairly level and pretty open. There was mountain ash not far up behind the hut.

Up about half a mile (2km) from the Tooma dam, at the turnoff, Montague had the Observation hut from the Tooma dam. This was after '56. I collected the hut for him with his help. It was quite an effort to prise it up 15 feet from over the side of the dam there. After a lot of scratching we got this hut onto the eight ton Commer truck I had and I carted it to Montagues, where he had his horse paddock. And if you'd walked about another quarter mile in a NW direction you'd be on the

same sort of creek foundation coming onto Wolsely Gap hut. Or you'd come to the hut by driving up to the highest part of the road, then walking the main spur down a mile and you'd come to the hut that way too. And you'd see the corner of an old fence before you came to it. The hut didn't have a window, it was pretty crude. You just propped a bit of old tin up against the bark to let in more light. It had quite a good fireplace. I reckon I could go back and find the site again today.

I camped at Wolsely hut a couple of times with Tom and the bullock team. It was a good holding paddock for the bullocks which we didn't have in the earlier days on K2. At one stage we did let them go on our block. We didn't want em for about a fortnight and we just let em go. And it took us a couple of days to muster em. Some of them were out near the Round Mountain and some of them were way down near World's End. World's End's a rough place down near the bottom of the block where the Southern Cloud crashed.

A lot of these working bullocks that Tom had were half or three quarters Jersey and Jersey cattle are more curious and they don't mind walking and they stray more than the average cattle. They're pretty swift on their feet and that's what we found. We had a job to muster them.

I don't think Tom ever had a camera or a gun whereas in my case I was the offsider and I used to take a 12 guage shotgun. It cost 450 pounds in England back in the 1930's and was brought by a storekeeper in Albury and sold to my father second hand. I used to take that and shoot a rabbit or two. Kangaroo's were very scarce here at that stage. I also had a Kodak 616 camera. It took a four inch by three inch photo.

John Pierce

I think Wolsely Gap hut was put up by old Pierce of Greg Greg. See, John Pierce of Greg Greg, he had half the snow country at one stage. He used to boast that he could put a bullock on the market at Melbourne for 10 shillings. Because, he had about 200 000 acres of snow lease country. He had a lot of freehold. He had a beautiful place over here at Greg Greg where Whiteheads are now or where Milne is actually, that was his headquarters. He had Yellowboy, the place I had out here, he had Tom Groggin and Geehi and all this fringe country around here from Cooinini and Yellowboy round here to Khancoban. It's not looked on as good grazing land. He used to winter cows out there when the calves were on them and he wintered a couple of thousand cows around the foothills.

Calves went to Groggin, while the fat bullocks came here to Greg Greg. And he reckoned he could put em on the market for 10 bob. Probably could too. I think he died more than a millionaire.

Originally probably John Pierce had the K2 country. He had put up a fence from around Tooma dam area right across out to the Round Mountain hut. There was this fence, it ran out over what they called Ogilvie's Creek, Ogilvie's Rails and up the hill over Emu Plain and on to the Round Mountain hut and then I think it dived down into the Tumut River the other side of the hut, but I'm not sure. K2 was on the north side of this old fence. If you went along the old stockroute from around Tooma dam you'd've struck a holding paddock with the Toolong hut at the end of it. Ogilvie's hut was different, I never got to it. Bill Cummins, the manager at Possum Point, had a lot to do with Ogilvie's but he's dead now. Jack McCallum would know more about it.

Jack McCallum told me he could split 100 ribbon gum posts a day. He wasn't boasting, so he must have done a bit of fencing about there for the horse paddock fence. He was a good worker.

Treasures on the Old Dray Track?

I thought with all the early mining up there, miners and stockmen coming and going wholesale, sulkys, buggys, everything moving, they were bound to have lost lots of things and there'd be all sorts of trash throughout the stones. We hardly found a thing on the old dray track to Wolsely Gap. I was very disappointed, only a few old rusty nails. But I don't think we were using a very good metal detector.

We even came back from the foot of Yellowboy track back along this old stock route towards Tooma and Greg Greg to where there was a wine shanty at Cooinini in the early days. And all that was left of it was the chimney and a few bits of tin and two or three posts standing up. It was a slab building with a big stone chimney. And I thought it would be another good source because being a wine shanty they'd get drunk there and start handing their money about and there should have been a few coins lying about. But it was getting dark and we ran out of time to look properly.

Other Huts

I've been to Round Mountain and Farm Ridge huts. The Whiteheads had Farm Ridge when my father had the lease at Tooma dam. Arnold Whitehead is dead many years now but his grandsons still live over here (his daughter is Jean Milne at Greg Greg Station). Goldie Whitehead is a relation but a different family altogether. Yes it's very likely that the Whiteheads were involved with Pugilistic hut, there were quite a lot of Whiteheads throughout the mountains. There's a very big family of them in the upper Murray now. Bigger than anything else. We used to think Patons were a big family but the Whiteheads are two or three times bigger. They had Swallow-tailed Whitehead, Ducky-chin Whitehead, a lot of them had nicknames (like the Pendergasts at Jindabyne).

When Whiteheads had Round Mountain hut I used to kill a beast at K2 and take half of it over to Round Mountain. Then in due time if the mustering lasted a fair while in some years or if they didn't get round to it then the following year it would be their turn to kill a beast before mustering started and give us half. It'd take about two and a half hours to take it across, you walked with a pack horse mostly.

I've been to the Grey Mare Hut a couple of times. I only remember the one hut. It would have been about 1970 when I first went there I suppose. Went there with Montague one day. Montague's a chap that lives over here at Welaregang. He was born and bred on the plains, but he came up here and got into the cattle business, then he got some snow leases up around the top there. He was missing some cattle and he got me to go up with him one day. And we went way up round the Grey Mare looking for those cattle. And I said I'd like to go up and have a look at the open cut up on the top of the hill which is about two or three hundred feet up. Montague was much younger than I was, this was about fifteen years ago I suppose and crikey when I got to the top I was puffed!

'One Arm' Wheeler - a trip to Wheelers hut

'One arm' Wheeler was the first man I went to the mountains with. I can remember it like yesterday. I was just under 12. There was Colin Waters and 'one arm' and myself and I was to ride from over here at Coonara, Walter's place (brother) that was father's place then. And I rode from there and met them at eight o'clock out at 'the Square'. The Square's sorta where you take off to rise behind Greg Greg to go into the mountains.

We got there at eight o'clock and along comes 'one arm' with about 22 or 3 hereford cows and he'd already brought them from his property at Towong which'd be ten miles from there. He musta started them well before daylight. They were in pretty good condition these cows and calves, they weren't used to sort of being hunted round at that pace. And it was a pretty hot day. It'd be about early in December probably. That's about when they used to go up. Anyway, I met them there, Colin Waters and 'one arm'. And we pushed these poor cattle up, right up that day, the whole way! Didn't leave them half way. Went right to Wheelers Hut. And you've got to go right up and over this Snakey Plain and then drop down about a thousand feet to get into the hut on the other side. And three or four of the cattle knocked up the last part there. It got dark when we got down there. Anyhow, 'one arm' knew the track pretty well and we blundered on down and got to the hut. And the water race wasn't running and I remember I had to blunder on down to the creek and bring some water back to the hut.

You brought some fresh food with you but everything else was there. There was salt, sugar, flour, everything else was there, it was really a bit of a woman's touch. He said that the hut caused his rheumatism in later years!

I'd be quoting the old hut, this would have been about 1926/27. I'd say it was about 20 to 30 feet above the flat and out in the open on a little knoll if I remember rightly. I remember it was a fair way up the back to go for wood. The horse he was riding was fairly quiet. We put a collar and a couple of chains on it and while we were there we dragged a bit of wood down. It's funny how you remember different things too. I think 'one arm' slept in one bed, Colin and I slept in another bed and through the night Colin wet the bed and I had to get out in a hell of a hurry.

The rheumatism may account for why the hut was later shifted. It wasn't a terribly good site for a hut. But you see why it was there was that was a fairly heavily mined area and the hut was originally put there for mining. I don't think 'one arm' put the hut there in the first place.

Anyway, I remember Colin wetting the bed and then I remember we had chops next morning for breakfast and I was pretty hungry I suppose and pretty young and I got into a couple of these chops, they were lovely. 'One arm' had brought em fresh from Towong the day before and they were still alright.

And I remember riding about a bit the next day and that's about the strength of the memory.

I think father might have been talking to 'one arm' at the Towong races or there used to be big cattle sales in Corryong at that stage and probably father said that the young fella's are busting to go to the mountains, are you going up soon?

I suppose it'd be 27 miles for the trip and I reckon it would have taken the cattle the rest of the summer to get over it. I don't agree with that. And later years when we went there, we'd take em down to 'the square' at Greg Greg. The next day we'd take em into Cooinini which is about four or five miles in through the bush there and put them in a paddock there. And then the next day we'd take em up to Toolong or wherever we wanted to go. That was a three day stage but 'one arm' did it in one.

They did big things in those days. I remember my father, he always boasted about a big trip, this is long before he had the block up there. He heard that there were 150 bullocks up there for sale somewhere around about the old Toolong block, just sorta the other side of the Tooma dam. So he gets up early and he catches his horse. He had a blue pony and he catches her and away he goes. He rides up there and looks at the cattle, buys them and rides back in the day! Most of the horses were always in pretty good form.

A Journey to Currango

I went with another Wheeler once. I think he was Jim Wheeler, I've got an idea he's died since. He lived over at Corryong, he was much younger than 'one arm' but he'd be a relation. We went up to Tantangara to the Australian Estates property Currangorambla.

We set off from 'the square' with Barclay Dowling. He was an auctioneer from Albury and a very good auctioneer, a good whisky drinker, but probably not a very good horseman or drover, he hadn't done anything like that for years. Pretty soft and missed his whisky terribly on the trip and smoked all the time, had a great big pipe and these clouds of smoke used to follow him everywhere. And he got a sore bottom and sore ribs and every complaint under the sun before we got back.

Away we went. We got somewhere up on the edge of the Tooma dam the first day, somewhere about there. The next day we got to Old Adaminaby and we camped in the hotel there that night. And the next day we rode out to Yaouk. And Yaouk, if I remember rightly, was round about 21 miles and 21 gates. It might have been 22 gates but the gates and the miles were about similar.

Arthur Cochran was the main man there and there was another old Cochran, Neil Cochran. A sister of his was a Luther or something and she had a daughter there and there were quite a few of them sorta hangers on around. It was quite a big place you see. Then there was Bung Harris and he was a relation too and he was a very top notch horseman and all the rest of it. We got there at about four o'clock in the afternoon. And Yaouk, it consists of a hell of a lot of little streams, little wee trout streams about a foot wide and perhaps eight inches deep, and a nice bit of flat ground with all these little streams feeding out from the bush.

We went down fishing. Cripes, I pulled fish out, I was no fisherman. I wasn't very old on this trip either, I think I was about 13. Anyway, I pulled out a couple of fish and others pulled out three or five fish and we had a feed of fish in no time. That's what we had for tea. Then we all sat around and yarned and one thing and another. Neil Cochran, he was the old chap, he was at least 70 at this stage. He had a big flowing beard and smoked his pipe and all the rest of it.

Anyway, the adults all mostly went to bed after a while and this daughter was quite a bit older than me and she sorta singled me off and gave me a few cuddles and one thing and another and I nearly jumped out of me skin. I was very nervous in those days. To be accosted by a forward woman, I just couldn't believe it. Soon as I could make it I skittled off to bed and left her to it.

Next day we rode on to Currangorambla. It wasn't a very big day. We got there fairly early in the day, camped there and the next day we went and sorted the cattle up, had a look round, did a bit more swimming and washed our clothes in a rough sorta way. And the next day we took off.

Old Neil Cochran came with us because we were considered a not very good team. Jim Wheeler was the only one that was a competent stockman. I was too young and Barclay Dowling was fairly useless. Oh, he'd lead the packhorse and open the gate or something but if you put a bit of stock on he wasn't much use.

Away we went and the first night we camped in this gaol or whatever it was at Kiandra. It was about January and it was a terrific frost and I remember I wasn't on the outside. There was four of us in the bed and must have had one of the middle places. And I remember waking up at about daylight and being pretty hot and hopping out and cooling off pretty suddenly. The billy was full of ice and there was frost everywhere and that was Kiandra.

And we got going again and we came down to Lobbs Hole or O'Hare's Bridge would be the correct term. It's where the top of Talbingo dam comes today and where the tunnels come out at the 1900 feet elevation. The bridge was just a little bit lower down than that. It was a wooden bridge, fairly high above the river with sulkys, packhorses and perhaps the odd bullock wagon as the only traffic. Anyway, it looked fine, so they decided we'd camp under the bridge.

There was an old hermit fella with a bit of a vegetable patch and a tin shanty down the creek a bit and they paid him or conned him to let them put the cattle down the creek where he had a bit fenced for the night. Well, next thing we knew we were woken up about half past three, it was pouring, and that was all right and nothing happened, but after a while it ran down the road and of course it ran straight into the bridge and there were gaps of about half an inch between each plank and down she came. It's the wettest I've ever got I think. But we had a bit of a fire there and we all sat round the fire till daylight and then we got going. The hermit's shanty was too dirty to shelter in if I remember.

The next day we got up a bit and it was pretty dicey, these fairly fat cows and calves didn't like coming out of Lobb's Hole because we had to pull them up a big long ridge and they wanted to skilley round the side of the ridge instead of walking up it. And the packhorse we had wasn't much good either and he finished up getting too low down round one of these sides and kept going instead of stopping and coming back. And he lost his footing and went down into the river. So we had to go down and rescue him. That was a big delay. And while we were rescuing him the cattle got a bit of a spread on and then we rounded them up again. Old Neil was pretty good though, he could use a whip pretty well and he had a blue heeler and another sheep dog and they were pretty good dogs. We got up to Bradley's hut that night at Newnemerymang (Dr Andrews spelling - Neurenmerenmang; H Peck spelling - Newrenmerremang; Forestry map 1980 - Nurenmerenmong). It would be where today Barry Loch now has a tourist operation on the way to Sue City.

The next night we got back up here at Clarke's Hill and I left em there. I'd had it and my horse had a sore back and my dog, his feet were very sore, and I was only very young and I was sore too. And I remember I slept nearly all the next day.

Jack Bradley - a rough man?

Bradleys were in a big way in the old days in the Tumbarumba area. Old Jack Bradley, he was in a terrific way, and as well as dealing in cattle, he never touched sheep but he always had thousands of cattle, he dealt a lot in horses as well. And oh he was a rough man. Well, he wasn't rough within himself, but he'd put up with anything. He'd grab a brumby or one of his horses, it might be broken in a bit or it may not, and he'd put a halter and lead it a bit and then he'd fly on it and away he'd go and he'd ride that horse till it knocked up. It didn't matter how rough it was or how bad it was, he'd put up with it, they reckon. And he must have done some terrible living, you know just sorta tea and damper and probably not much meat. He went on for years and had family and gradually sorta got too old, went blind actually in the end.