

BDC001

Darryl McEvoy being interviewed by Del Cunningham re Pack Horses

There's a story about a pack horse, Del that our grandfather led his horse down to Massey Creek to go mustering and there was a mob of cattle just at the junction of Yard Creek near where Troy has his hut and his yard. He tied his old pack horse up gets around the mob of cattle and there's an old scrub bull in the mob and the bull turned around and went backwards and killed the pack horse.

There's another story about a pack horse I could tell you I was in it myself. Tommy Kenny & I went to Massey Creek with Neil & Russell & Alan Fredrickson. We floated the old horses into Eungella and unloaded them at Neil's mill. We saddled the old horse up (we had given him a trial run at home and he went alright) we brought him in here, as soon as we put the pack on him he just bolted, straight out through the wire gate down the road around to the Chalet straight up onto the little terrace. It had been a bit wet and there were great big skid marks where he almost skidded into the glass doors, turned around and did a u-turn and ran straight back to where he had come from. I don't know what would have happened if he had taken the turn down the range.

Del: So he came back to the mill?

Darryl: Yes came back to us we were on the road by then but he came back to the mill.

There is another story. They were mustering at Urannah and a scrub bull bailed up in the creek and a stockman went in to hunt him out. It was Donny Lockie but he shouldn't have gone into the water with the bull anyway. The bull charged him and he got the horse's reins hooked over the bull's horns. The horse couldn't get away and every time the bull charged him he just had to cop it. The bull ended up tearing the saddle off him and put a heap of gores in him and the horse died that night.

Another funny story about a bull, I saw this one myself. I was only a kid we had been down to Mt Robert attending muster, we were picking up cattle and when we were coming home we picked up a mob with a big scrub bull in it. The bull never played up and we came up the stork which was a pretty steep climb it would just about knock a horse up. When we came up to the top near where the scrub bull knew where home was, old Cec Stanieg was riding in the lead it was drizzling rain so he had a rain coat on and the bull took to old Cec's horse. Lifted his tail up and Cec thought quick enough to flick his rain coat off and it fell back over the bull's head. He stopped charging then.

Another thing that the old pack horse fellows had to deal with when they used to go to Massey, if it was early in the year they could get caught with floods in the creek. One time, Mick O'Loughlin had got to the river at the back of the house at home and it had been raining. Eungella had a lot of rain and the river was flooding. Mick had his father

with him and he was well in his 80s, but Mick's father couldn't swim a stroke. He trusted his horse and went anywhere with him, so he put his horse into the flooded river (Mick was beside him) and half way across the horse started rearing and plunging and threw Mick's father off into the water. Mick grabbed his father by the collar and swum him to the other side of the river, but Mick was riding a half dirty horse and he couldn't pull him up the bank because the horse would have kicked him to pieces, so he turned the horse and threw his father up onto the river bank. He survived and lived until he was 96.

Jacky Whyte was helping John Angus muster at Urannah and caught himself a little pig. He brought it back to Eungella and it used to roam about the place. Mick O'Loughlin had gone through and left a horse at home because it was lame and couldn't travel. This little pig mated up with the horse . Mick came through one day to collect his horse which had healed up and when he was walking it home, the little pig followed him all the way to Exvale. They couldn't hunt him back. It would have been a good 25 mile walk for this little pig, but he just didn't want to leave his mate.