

STOCKMAN OF WHOM POET SANG Clancy of Overflow Soon 90

"CLANCY'S gone to Queensland droving, and we don't know where he are."

Clancy of the Overflow, and his wife, a sister of the Man from the Snowy River, are living quietly in Brisbane, and on Christmas Eve Clancy will be 90 years old. Yesterday he retold the story of the famous ride immortalised by "Banjo" Paterson.

Outside the realm of poetry Clancy is Mr. Thomas Michael Macnamara. His wife, Theresa Mary, formerly Miss Troy, is aged 83. She is tall, graceful, and quick-witted, and her hair is as white as the legendary beard of her big brother, Tom Troy, who commanded the horsemen in the hills at the back of Wagga 58 years ago.

But Jim Troy was The Man from the Snowy River, "a strippling on a small and weedy roan, called Mungo. He was well-bred, and full of spirit."

"I well remember the ride as if it took place yesterday," said Mr. Macnamara. "From Troy's place near Wagga, you could see the hills in the direction of Tumut. Our adventure was not down Kosciuszko's side, as Paterson sang. 'Banjo' shifted the mountain into our country to make the tale poetic."

"Three fine horses broke away from Troy's place, including the \$1000 colt, from Old Regret, and they joined the wild horses in the hills. The horsemen who rode that day were Tom Troy, my cousin, Andy Macnamara, Jim Troy, and myself."

Jim Held The Mob

"When Jim joined us on little Mungo, long-bearded Tom, who sat on Yellow Clarence, laughed at Jim and his weedy animal. Then I took Jim's part. As Banjo truly says, 'Only Clancy stood his friend,' and I added, 'I think we ought to let him come.'"

"Andy Macnamara rode Roan Clarence, and I had a Lintot horse. We started after the colts, up hills and through gullies, but the wild horses took fright as we approached. 'You can say good-bye to the mob,' yelled Tom Troy."

"But Jim and Mungo went on," continued Mr. Macnamara. "Later Jim had the mob moving towards us. Tom told me to get on the next hill and wheel the mob to the right, but they beat us. Jim stuck to them, and ran them, as the poem says, 'single-handed till their sides were white with foam.'"

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Mrs. Macnamara finished the story. She recalled how her brother, Jim, brought the mob round again, and sent a warning coo-ee up the gorge to let the others know he was coming with the mob in full career. "Tom, my husband, and Andy at last held the wild horses, cut out the colts, and varded the others," she said.

"It was grand work," she sighed. "Poor Jim—he died when he was 33 at Cootamundra—was tired out after his task, and Mungo, anothered in foam, rested his big head on the side of a hill. 'He's all right,' said Jim, patting the little fellow fondly. That's the true story of The Man from the Snowy River."

Mr and Mrs. Macnamara were married at Wagga in 1875, and they had a family of 13, of whom four sons and three daughters are living. Mr. Macnamara is interested in Mount Tracy's sheep and cattle station at the head of the Clencurry River.

Clancy has been in two big smashes with horses; in one he broke a thigh and in the other several ribs. But he is still a hale and hearty, long-legged cornstalk of the old colonial school. He loves to talk of horses, cattle, and the droving days. He was a great scrub rider in his time, and yesterday spoke fondly of the best stock horse he ever owned, "Steel, a blue-grey."

Although he regretted that horses were passing out of use, he said that he had enjoyed many motor and aeroplane trips. "I cannot see enough in motor cars," he added, "and still less in aeroplanes."

Clancy of the Overflow came to Queensland with his wife more than 50 years ago, and settled first at Falo. They have been in Brisbane since April last year and are living at Oakleigh Flats, Gregory Terrace.