

Three from Joe

Well-known La Perouse identity Joe Timbery was feeling pretty generous the other day and that is why *NEW DAWN* managed to get an old photo and some poems from him. They took a bit of getting, with Joe saying that "maybe he would" and "perhaps we ought to skip it" and "how about coming back another time". Joe Timbery has never been keen on giving out his poems. Yes, they did take some getting, but anyway, here they are for the enjoyment of Aborigines who know Joe and who remember the people and events he writes about:

Joe Timbery's photo of the last full-blood at La Perouse, Jim Major. Jim was a good draughts player who hated to lose. According to Joe, he would lock the door on anyone who could beat him and make that person play until he had won. Here Jim Major is shown with Mrs Bungery.



JIM BROWN

About 1920 was the year,
I still remember it very clear.
I knew a bearded old man,
Who lived on the mission land
He was a poor old dark feller,
Chased the lads with a stick or nulla.
They tormented him just for fun,
But gee! . . . the old man could run.

One afternoon he chased six
Some got in barbed wire, what a fix!
Pieces of cloth were left in the wire,
The old man would not retire.



He surely made them move,
As he started to improve.
He even chased them to Conwong beach
That's where they got out of reach.

He sat down to have a rest.
"Just for now I'll give them best,
That ought to quiet them for awhile"
As he scratched his beard and smiled.

Now one morning in the cold,
He tried to make a fire in the coals.
All he had on was a long shirt
While making a fire in the dirt.

A bungler went off in the fire-place
To the mission house he raced!
To Miss Baker he did go,
And what he thought, he told her so
(Stone the crows, that guy could swear . . .
What he said, he did not care.)