

## Vale Mr. Joseph Jolly

**On Monday, 9th. January, Mr. J. Jolly passed on. The people of Nungarin would like to pay sincere tribute to one of its finest pioneers.**

Born in Moonta, South Australia, 83 years ago, he came to Nungarin in 1911, and after doing contract work with his fine team, settled on a block.

His passing was keenly felt particularly by the many older folk with whom he lived and battled for so long, and who liked him so well.

Whilst only knowing Mr. Jolly since 1938, I got to know him very well from his tales of Moonta and its Cousin Jacks, the farming at Warricknabeal, and the carrier business at Jeparit. More interesting still was what I called the "Fred and I" period. Every yarn would have some reference to his lifelong friend and pioneering mate, Fred Williams. Real life stories, always of the beloved horses; horses and wag-gons, wet winters and wheat, dry spells and hard times. And of course through it all Mrs. Jolly, and the family raised in true pioneer spirit.

To a question in the Toc H Initiation Ceremony, "What is Service?" the answer is given "The rent we pay for our room on Earth." Mr. Jolly paid his own and a lot of other people's rent.

While his willing help was cheerfully given in many walks of life, his work on the District Road Board is typical. Elected when the Board was first created

when the Board was first created on the 6th. August, 1921, he be-

came foundation Chairman, and except for a break of 6 weeks in 1923, remained a member until he resigned in 1944. Chairman from 1921 to 1932, he was again elected Chairman in 1933 after the Board was split up into Nungarin and Mukinbudin Districts, and remained Chairman until his retirement. 23 years a member—21 of them as Chairman! Truly a great service, including as it did the difficult early days, and the troublesome split-up period. Though not on the spot once again I got a very complete picture of the great argument of 1933, when "the Boss" himself was probably the only one who didn't make bad friends, and yet when, with his able lieutenant Walter Hodges, he was in the thick of it.

He was not a leader by the modern standards of ruthless efficiency and hard headed shrewdness seemingly required these days, but by his simple straightforward goodness. Incapable of a mean action, he thought and spoke the best of everyone, had a great sense of humour, and couldn't make a real enemy if he tried. You certainly knew just where you were with Joe Jolly.

The Community is fortunate indeed to have had such a fine

deed to have had such a fine gentleman in its midst for so long, and acknowledges its gratitude and admiration.