

# *The Real Australian*

*"Australia for Christ"*

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Sydney James Cook at 3 years 4 months.

## The Bush Church Aid Society for Australia and Tasmania.

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## A WONDERFUL GIFT

Some three years ago the Rev. Dr. Bate, of the Colonial and Continental Church Society, England, visited Australia to see something of B.C.A. work. In due course he arrived at Minnipa, and while there he was interested to learn that, though services were taken in nineteen centres, there was not one Anglican Church in the whole Mission. Dr. Bate therefore promised that when he returned to England he would see if he could raise about £100 to commence building a church at Minnipa. This thrilled the Missioner and his people, and they set about buying a suitable block of land. Then came the war, with its tremendous call for sacrifice, especially for those living in Britain. With the high taxes, effect of bombing, and all the other calls upon our kinsmen in Great Britain, we felt that it would be impossible for them to think about helping to build a church away in the Australian bush.

Then one day recently a cable came to our Sydney Office

from Dr. Bate. It read : "Will you accept £300 English to build a memorial church at Minnipa ?" That same day we read that British income tax was now 10/- in the £.

It just overwhelmed us to know that somewhere in bomb-shattered Britain, with so many of her own ancient and beautiful churches ruined, with so many of her people killed in horrible fashion, somebody wanted to give £300 to build a little church away in the Australian bush—a place they will never see! The offer was accepted. The people at Minnipa are overwhelmed. The little stone church to seat fifty people will cost £600 to build, and about £150 to furnish.

The work that B.C.A. is doing in the Out-Back needs constant giving to maintain. This fair land is not bombed ; our beautiful city churches are not in ruins. Our income tax is nothing like as heavy as that in Britain. Our babies are not blown to pieces. God has been good to us. What is your response to this ?

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## *Keep the Flag Flying*

*By* purchasing War Savings Certificates.  
donating War Savings Certificates to the Society.

*Certificates can be purchased for :*

16s. for each £1 Certificate.

£4 for each £5 Certificate.

£8 for each £10 Certificate.

Buying them helps Australia in the World War. Donating them to B.C.A. helps the Kingdom of God in the fight against the evils which cause all wars.

The certificates will be used to build up a fund to assist in the purchase of a new medical 'plane when that becomes necessary.



# THE ORGANIZING MISSIONER'S LETTER

## ENCOURAGEMENT.

I suppose all who are secretaries or organisers for any charitable or missionary work which depends upon the gifts of its supporters for finance experience times of depression. I do know that such times come to me. There come occasions when the seemingly endless chase after £ s. d. wearies one and stultifies one's spiritual outlook, with the result that, sitting down and thinking about it, reasoning runs something like this: "You have now been at this type of work for a great many years, and, after all, you were not ordained into the sacred ministry to collect cash but to do a spiritual work. Let somebody else take it on now, and you see if you cannot get into some other type of work." After months of hoping, trying, praying that all the bills will always be met, this reasoning sounds good, and one feels that the first offer of another sphere of work coming along just then would almost certainly be accepted.

Then came a day recently when I set out to travel 4,000 miles in the space of seven weeks, and crowd a lot of visiting into that time also—Melbourne, Adelaide, Kirton Point, Cummins, Minnipa, Ceduna, Penong, Koonibba, Cook, Tarcoola and Streaky Bay. Far from a holiday trip, yet it gave me the greatest tonic I've ever had. What did I find? Well, there was Kirton Point, where Bob and Mrs. Hallahan minister. I arrived at Port Lincoln by boat at 10.55 a.m. We were due for service at 11 a.m. 45 miles away. Anyhow, we did those 45 miles in 40 minutes, and found a congregation of 56 waiting for us. Wangary in the afternoon, and the little church with 34 people in it. Mount Hope at night, and 28 more. Splendid services those, and it was good to renew old friendships.

Monday evening brought a function at Kirton Point. The locals had informed Mr. Hallahan that they were going to stage a welcome to Mr. Jones. It brought back memories of eight years ago, when I ministered to those same folk for the first time when they were without a minister of their own. That "welcome" function made a lot of work worthwhile, and it was good to hear the many earnest enquiries after Karl and Mrs. Luders. They will long be remembered at Kirton Point.

Then on to Bob and Mrs. Fleming at Cummins. They are doing a great job; Bob seems to be in everything, and is making a real contribution by his leadership in these difficult days. In the evening a small gathering in the little Church Hall at Cummins provided an opportunity of keeping in touch with the Cummins folk, and then away to Yelanna to a soldier's farewell. Goodness, I did not realise there were so many people on the West Coast! They must have been all there. To bed at 1.30 a.m. Thence to Minnipa, to find that Leon Morris and his wife had just arrived back after a week's trip. The new Van is certainly a treasure. All thanks to those stout-hearted Irish who sent us the money! Mrs. Morris is a trained nurse, and is giving lectures to the local ladies, as well as medical help and advice. The necessary facilities have been provided in "St. Patrick." A gathering in the Minnipa Hall enabled me to make preliminary arrangements about the proposed memorial church, made possible by a gift from bomb-shattered England. How that story stirred the people of the West Coast! Thence on to Ceduna, which was used as my base for further operations—services at Penong and Ceduna. Then towards the following week-end our family gathering—the Morris, Livingstones, Ceduna staff, Koonibba, Penong, Dr. Freda and Miss Hatwell, and the Chadwicks.

Then a week-end at Streaky Bay with David and Mrs. Livingstone. They have been wonderfully received at Streaky, and the folk there are very grateful to B.C.A. for sending them. It was good to see Mrs. Livingstone looking so very well, and to know that they are both happy in their new sphere.

During the following week a trip to Tarcoola by car, or, more correctly, an attempt at such a trip—Sister Dowling, Mr. Chadwick and the O.M. Three homesteads in 230 miles; roads no longer visible because of washouts and little traffic. Hunting around paddocks in the wee small hours for faint tracks hiding in the dense saltbush, and bitterly cold. Bad washaways and deep dry creeks, which had to be circumvented by pulling down dead timber.

However, we did not get lost, but eventually got to Kingoonya very dirty, very tired and very hungry. How glad we were to see a nice little hotel and to crawl into bed at 2.30 a.m.! The next morning we discovered that the people were real gems. They knew who we were, and were kindness itself. However, Tarcoola had to be put off for another fortnight, and we set on our way home. Another road this time, but again we found that little use and rain did not make plain tracks, and we finished up by staying the night at Kokatha homestead. The next day we were shown the road by one who knew where it really ought to be. Eventually we arrived back at Ceduna, dirty again, for a duststorm had met us and we found an anxious staff wondering what had happened to the Matron.

Then came the visit to Koonibba. Pastor and Mrs. Tregear kindly had me for the night. What a splendid job they are doing! It is a joy to be associated with them. While I was there Sister Hitchcock celebrated the third anniversary of her coming to Koonibba. So far as I can find out, three years for a double-certificated nurse working at an aboriginal hospital is something of a record. We hear a great deal of the devoted work of foreign missionaries. I say earnestly there is no more devoted nurse than Grace Hitchcock. Mrs. Traeger told me the following: A certain old black gin with a frightful cancerous growth on her neck was admitted to Koonibba. Being more or less wild, she preferred to die in a "wurley" than in the four walls of a hospital. A comfortable wurley was built for her in the Hospital grounds and a fire made. Each day she wanted to "walk about," but the only way she could do so was to crawl. As she was also nearly blind, Sister was afraid she may crawl into the fire. "So," said Mrs. Traeger, "we saw Sister crawling with her in the dirt of the yard so as to keep her out of the fire. Some would think it funny to see a nurse crawling round with an old black woman, but," continued the pastor's wife, "we just wept." Devoted service indeed!

Then came the day for Cook, and early one Sunday morning I climbed into the 'Plane at Ceduna with Sister Loane. A stop at Colona to say "Hello" to Mr. and Mrs. Reed, and to drink the tea out of the big cups Mrs. Reed always has ready. Then on to Nullarbor for lunch. What a miserable place Nullarbor would be without those two splendid friends of ours, Mr. and Mrs. Roy Brooke! It was a joy to give them the opportunity of worship at a service in their home.

Then on to Cook, where 28 people gathered from 29 homes for evening service at the Hospital. At 10.30 p.m. the train had to be boarded for Tarcoola, and the night spent in the lounge. 6 a.m. saw me in the dark and cold at Tarcoola, where the stationmaster, Mr. Rice, and his good wife gave me the run of the house. Here I met for the first time James Kirkby Rice, now four years old, and the first boy born in the Bishop Kirkby Memorial Hospital.

The afternoon was spent with the local Medical Committee and Nurse Kelly making plans for the future of the Tarcoola medical work. At 9 p.m. the train arrived for my journey back to Cook, again in the lounge car. Cook was reached at 4 a.m., and how good it was to get into bed and take off my clothes for the first time in three days!



Two days later the 'Plane was to arrive to take me back to Ceduna. Instead a telegram was received telling us the 'Plane had gone to Macathies, and goodness only knew when it would be back. However, a gallon of brown paint kept me busy painting the verandah until the 'Plane could come, and off we went to Ceduna. A few days' rest and the journey home began, with opportunities to speak to gatherings in Adelaide.

So the trip was over. Those fits of depression have gone, and one is invigorated by the knowledge of devoted

service given by so many in B.C.A. Is there a better task than to hope, to try to obtain, to pray that God will provide £ s. d. to maintain the work? I know of none.

Do you get "fed up" at the everlasting appeal for money? I cannot take you around on my trips, but I can ask you to read Dr. Freda's article in this issue. I can draw you a picture of a devoted nurse crawling in the dirt with a poor old black—then I will ask you to keep sending your gifts so that we can keep them at it.

## NEWS FROM THE MISSIONS

### DELEGATE—BONANG—CROAJINGALONG.

Rev. W. McLeod.

The above title sounds imposing, but it would be hard to define the boundaries of this double district in any lesser term.

The experience of ministering to this area is not wholly new, for, with the exception of Delegate and Cragie in New South Wales, other missionaries have carried on the same work.

As in other places, war-time conditions have made it expedient to repeat past experiences here and elsewhere. It helps to think that one can take part in some sacrifice by carrying a small extra burden in difficult days.

We never lack variety, anyway, and become impressed by marked contrasts in conditions and types of country in this land of Australia.

It was a sudden change from the heat of the mallee land of South Australia to the bracing, cool air of the Monaro, and now the wildness of the timbered country of East Gippsland, from time to time.

There are other sudden changes which always intrigue, such as the run from Delegate to Cann River. One passes through some miles of grasslands, over a tree-covered range, up and down hills of varied sizes, but all open country and fairly fast roads. Then suddenly, surprisingly the road begins to drop and wind. The country changes as quickly from grasslands to valleys well covered with gums. The road becomes very winding, though quite good on the surface. Here and there are some cleared patches, open valleys, to the border. Then the road narrows, the timber thickens, the country becomes more rugged—very beautiful, too.

One seems almost lost in the silence and the bush. But there are people who have built their homes on the side of hills, cleared the valleys, and who do mixed farming. One is a dear old lady, a Christian soul—so glad to see you, and to have a little chat, to inquire of those she knows so well in other places where the missionary goes.

Further on there are kindly folks where, if one is tired, one can stay the night and share the friendly hospitality. All the way now to Cann River are houses, not always close, but still homes testifying to much hard work and courageous living—mixed farms and dairy farms.

The Cann Valley is well worth looking at. In one particular spot, where the trees grow thick and tall, the air is filled with the sweet sound of bellbirds and their lovely note. If it were possible in all this journeying to have an extra pair of eyes just to look round, and not needed to be glued on the winding road, there would be so much to see of God's wondrous creation that we might worship Him more fully.

But mingled with the pleasant sense of all this beauty are the thoughts of labours ahead, people to see, to make contact with, who need the Gospel and its truth to touch their lives and fulfil their needs. There are services to take, duties to fulfil.

It seems so far from one end of the district to another. The idea of travelling a long way does not matter. The greatest problem in this respect is the expense of running the car. One does not find it hard to travel long distances. God has made man so well he can fit himself into all sorts of situations and enjoy it.

Yet the thought occurs: What if the missionary were needed suddenly in one place or the other, some sickness or other need?

It is then we come to rely on God. If we do His work He will not let us down in any way. That is a wondrous comfort.

It is good to bear witness also to the Sister at Cann River—a great Christian and a tower of strength. She is more than a nurse, and bears witness in many ways to the things of our Lord.

It is possible to spend a few days in each fortnight in the Croajingalong area, and to take Sunday services in that time.

The response in many places is encouraging. Some places are on the main highway, such as Cabbage Tree and Club Terrace. From the latter place one turns off into the bush along quite a good but narrow road into Coombienbar. Most of the way is along a valley of amazing beauty, almost a jungle, where it is possible to lose all sense of time. It is easy to wonder where people live, until we strike clearings—testimony to hard labour and courageous living. Here, just recently, in the simplicity of a quiet country home, such a young couple were married. The bridegroom was terribly nervous, and could hardly repeat the words. I had to be so patient and careful in saying them. Yet the atmosphere was more sacred than some imposing church decorated for the occasion.

It would take too long to tell of all the places and the people and the interests. Murrangower, Mallacoota, Wangrabelle are all off the road. In all are some fine Christian folk, and the missionary, like reading a good book, finds new treasures all the way. There are, too, the problems of indifference, born sometimes in the very isolation which is more marked than in what we term "the great out-back," for here are jungles of scrub, tall majestic trees, rivers and valleys.

There is much human courage and faith in life amongst so many who in this man-made life have not been treated so kindly by man's stupid system. They are worthy of Christ and His Gospel, all of them, and the ministry is essential to their life. We can thank God that B.C.A. has made this possible, and even in war still makes it possible by "doubling up."

People are in many ways appreciative of Christian ministry and welcome the missionary, in the knowledge that the Church, at least, has not forgotten them and their needs of our Lord's saving grace and love in these hard days.

It is not easy to begin to write, but now there are so many things tumbling in the mind! Perhaps they can be stored till next time.



## HEYTESBURY MISSION.

Rev. G. Beatty.

It was Wednesday morning. There was a ring on the 'phone. One of my parishioners, the proprietor of a large guest-house at Port Campbell, was missing—"Would I please come down." So to Port Campbell I went without delay.

Worry, ill-health and insomnia had caused a nervous breakdown. The note left was short and poignant. We did not know where to begin the search, but search parties were organised and a systematic search of cliffs, sea, foreshores and bush was made throughout the day and up till 8.30 o'clock at night, but without avail. The search was continued throughout Thursday. After attending to other parish duties in the morning and early afternoon, I again joined the searchers.

On Friday morning I had to go to the Prison Camp for the usual visitation. After lunch there, and whilst interviewing some new prisoners, a message was brought to me: "The body had been found; would I come down at once?" I left almost immediately for Port Campbell—had a puncture on the way; it was a boiling hot day, too.

What a comfort it was to the poor man's wife and daughter to know that his body had been found. They were brave women, and one felt it was a privilege to be able to minister to them in the hours of their anxiety and in their sorrow. The body was found at the foot of the cliffs about 200 yards from the guest-house. The funeral was arranged for Saturday afternoon.

On Friday evening I arrived home at 6.30 o'clock, had a quarter of an hour for tea, then an interview which lasted until 7.45 p.m., when I left home to preside and read a paper at a conference of all the Sunday School teachers in the district.

Saturday morning brought many duties and a visit to a parishioner some miles out of Timboon. At 2 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, at Timboon, I joined two persons together in holy matrimony, and then presided at the wedding breakfast. I left the wedding at 3.42 p.m., and arrived at Port Campbell at 4 p.m. for the funeral service. First there was a service in the house, and then the burial took place at the Loch Ard George Cemetery, some five miles out along the coast. There was a large gathering both at the house and at the graveside, and one had the opportunity of expressing in a few words the Christian hope of immortality, besides bearing testimony to a Christian life well lived.

Sunday brought the usual round of services, and so the work of a B.C.A. missionary goes on. Opportunities for witness and service crowd in on every side, and one often wishes that the Church folk of the cities could see, hear and know for themselves at first hand just how much the work of B.C.A. means to people living in the mission areas, and just how much they appreciate the prayers and gifts of you good people who make this work possible.

## RE-MAKING MEN.

Rev. E. D. Shaxted.

Coorimungle was just a nice sounding word to me until a short time ago. Now it brings to mind a great experiment which is being conducted in this State. Away towards the south-west corner of Victoria is the Heytesbury Forest. The timber there is not particularly valuable, but the soil is good, and so is the rainfall, consequently the forest is giving way to farms. One sees many breaks in the trees when passing through the forest, and each break tells of the change which is coming over the district. Coorimungle is marked by a big break in the timber, and it is here where our real interest lies. We had passed through a very lonely part where signs of human habitation were very few. Then suddenly we saw a big cleared area, and as we went down the slope towards a cluster of buildings in the centre we saw a notice, "Coorimungle Penal Camp: Visitors not allowed." But we passed in quite gaily, for my companion is officially con-

nected with the camp, and we entered the jail without any trouble.

It is a glorious situation, with typically Australian scenery all around. Accommodation is provided for a staff of five men and thirty-two male prisoners. It is therefore not surprising that the two large rooms one sees are the dining-rooms, but they are also recreation rooms as well. In a semi-circle on one side are grouped the thirty-two cabins used by the prisoners; the doors of these little places are only locked at night. It is considered too big a temptation to leave them unlocked then. Walk across the lawn and look into the cabins and you see some expression of the make-up of the men who sleep there. Most show signs of attempts at decoration, and some very creditable results have been achieved. Pass on a little and you see a paddock prepared for cropping; then a little further a piece of bush losing all claim to that title, for the trees are all being cleared. When I saw that paddock about a dozen men were working hard, and none harder than the member of the staff who was in charge of the gang. It is good to see such a teaching method being applied—the teaching by example. One corner of the paddock was fenced off, and here the land is transformed, for a vegetable garden is there—the sort to make a mere city dweller quite envious. "Come and see the well," said my friend the local Vicar, the official chaplain of the camp. I wondered why he wanted to show me a well, but trustfully followed him. Then I learnt the reason for examining the well; it is a beautiful piece of work, and a great credit to those who were responsible for it.

I was anxious to know the prisoners' response to this experiment. Let me try to explain briefly what I learnt from chaplain, staff and prisoners. The camp is in every way a pleasant change to the good conduct prisoner who is sent there. There is such a great improvement in scenery and conditions. The meals are plain, but good; there is much more freedom, one can enjoy far more of God's good fresh air, the work to be done is worth-while, and results can be seen.

This all leads to better health of body and mind, so that a man's appearance changes greatly. When returned to civil life, the former prisoner is fit to work at once. A few days ago I saw one of these men from Coorimungle walking down Collins Street, and he looked fitter than any other man I saw that day.

What, you may ask, is behind all this? As I understand it, the object is twofold. One result is land clearance—farms instead of bush; the new settler can go on to a farm which will give him some income immediately. Settlement, therefore, should be much more successful than it has often been in the past. But this is only incidental. The real object of the camp is to reform prisoners. Now all Christian people will agree that the basis of reform is spiritual, and this is where the Church of England comes in. Her chaplain makes personal contact with every man in the camp, and exercises a real ministry to all except Roman Catholics. Even to them he can be, and is, a friend. Our chaplain holds regular services open to all who care to attend. From my own experience, I feel I cannot claim the congregation as ideal worshippers, but a more attentive gathering I have never addressed.

It is only fair to mention that this work could not be done properly if we did not have a clergyman reasonably near the camp, and that it is only owing to the Bush Church Aid Society's activities that the man is near.

The B.C.A. missionary is doing a magnificent work at the camp, and he has the wholehearted assistance of the members of the staff and of other Government officials who are responsible for the scheme.

We often hear what the Church of England is not doing. It is good for us to learn of her good work at Coorimungle. Without the spiritual aid the scheme would not be of great value; as it is, a truly grand work is being accomplished, and men are being re-made.



## RAPPVILLE.

Rev. Karl Luders.

"Australia for Christ!" is the modest programme B.C.A. has ever before it. Reflecting on this, and in view of certain revelations in this district, it seemed to me that the spearhead of the campaign might very well be directed at this parish. A feeling of urgency like that is good, no doubt—it spurs us on. The people of this parish may not be "sinners above all men," but it has its proportion of "wrong uns," and the heaven of the Gospel seems to work but slowly. Church-going is certainly not the strong point of our people. You know that congregations are usually unusually large when a bishop puts in an appearance. That rule doesn't hold here. Last Sunday the Bishop came to five services, and the largest attendance was 23 (including youngsters), but they would have been there, Bishop or no Bishop.

But I must not go on in this strain—you will get the "blues." The Sunday Schools present a brighter prospect. At Rappville we now have two assistant teachers to help with the consistently regular attendance of children. The schools at Coombell and Hogarth Range are going along steadily, and a new one has commenced at Ellangowan. Now comes a cry for help at Gibberagee. We must bestir ourselves over this. Hitherto the families grouped at the end of the atrocious Gibberagee Road were well catered for by the efforts of a husband and wife who once were missionaries to the aborigines. That doesn't sound complimentary to the people of Gibberagee. What I meant to convey was that these two were experienced Christians capable of "keeping the pot boiling" and so enabling me to be active elsewhere. Now they have left.

Does all this make poor reading? Let us go back to last Sunday. The Bishop and I left home at 8 a.m. for the first service at Yorklea at 8.45 a.m. The faithful few assembled for Holy Communion in a weather-beaten weather-board building standing stark and uninviting on the top of a rise. Before our arrival the Bishop said, "What is the organ like at Yorklea? Where there is no organist, I'll play." (he is a good bush Bishop, you see!) My reply was, "Oh, it's just an ant-heap!" Staggering! Not when you know that the stumps and posts in the locality, as well as many boards and foundation blocks of the Church are the homes of white ants. The first time I saw the organ and pressed a note my finger went through. Now the instrument is an unimpressive ornament. To get back to the service: Singing without music does not daunt this congregation. In one hymn we all got through the first line in good order, but finished the last verse to more tunes than one! This sort of thing has to be heard to be believed.

After the service there was little time for sociability. We pushed "Mona's" nose along for Ellangowan. Here the attendance was disappointing, but his lordship's playing brightened things up.

Even less time for sociability here. The next stop was to have been Gibberagee. This was a tall order, and one we were destined not to carry through. Sorry as I am for the sake of the Gibberagee people, I am glad for the Bishop's sake. As it was, he had to open some twenty gates and take some bad bumps that day. We never made Gibberagee because we became bogged. After some futile "mucking about"—and that is exactly the right term—yes, "mucking about" with spade, levers and odd chunks of wood, help was sought at a house about three-quarters of a mile away. This was the camp of two stockmen, who are sometimes home but more often away. I did not feel hopeful, but my steps quickened when I saw washing on the line. Let us skip the details and record that "Mona" was salvaged from the bog!

Wyan the next place for service, and we are running late. But one cannot just "step on it" on these tracks. Considerable brake and gear work brought us before a smiling and understanding congregation some thirty minutes late. The Bishop had, from the very beginning, suspected that to try

to work in six services on each of two Sundays in order to cover the parish within the Easter Octave was a crazy idea. By this time he was sure of it, but, as a "good soldier of Christ willing to endure hardness," carried on.

The next hop was the longest, but it landed us in a house at Banyabba right on time for the best service of the day. On the way back to Camira Creek we "cheerio-ed" the "tick-man" at the rail crossing. (I must tell you about "tick-men" in some future article.) On the way up this "tickey" had said that on the previous day the Bishop's passing had precipitated an argument. His "missus" had said the Bishop was some Church of England parson, but the "tickey" maintained that this could not be so; he had said, "He must have been a priest—his car is too good for a Church of England parson!"

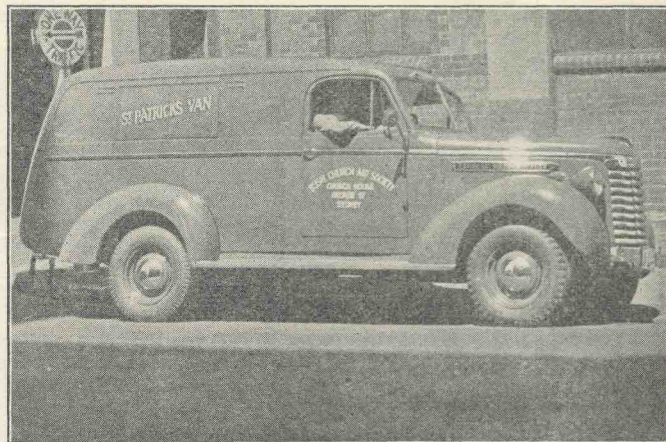
At Camira we had a congregation of three girls.

Looking back, it seems that there is not much to show for twelve months' work here, but it is some consolation to reflect that the farmer doesn't see much until quite a while after the seed is planted! In spite of the managing of man, the Holy Spirit is still a power in the world, and, if the seed-sowing has been well and faithfully done, the human agents need not fret.

## ST. PATRICK'S VAN.

Rev. L. Morris.

When I wrote my last letter for "The Real Australian," I had to sandwich my writing in between bouts of wrestling with the whims and fancies of 'Arriet, the De Soto. However, as you will have noticed in the last "Real Australian,"



St. Patrick's Van.

certain Irish folk—all honour to them!—have made it possible to purchase a new Panel Van, to which the name of "St. Patrick's Van" has been given. Consequently 'Arriet has retired, finishing her career in typical fashion by breaking down four times in the 408 miles between here and Adelaide. The Van is ideal for this type of district, in that by providing us with mobile sleeping quarters it enables us to travel regardless of whether sleeping accommodation is available at the places we visit, and at the same time it is a light enough job to keep running expenses within a reasonable figure, and so enables us to do quite an amount of travelling. Living in a van of this sort presents its own little problems: if you have ever tried to make a bed while squatting in the middle of same you will appreciate one of them, and if you have done a bit of dressing and undressing without being able to stand up you will understand another. Still such things provide us with a bit of amusement and aren't really difficult. It is not too much to say that the use of the Van has revolutionised the work in this district. The Minnipa Mission involves considerable travelling, and a great difficulty



has always been that many of the folk live at a great distance from Minnipa. This wouldn't be so bad if the people owned large homesteads and one could stay the night and pass on, but unfortunately most of our folk are struggling farmers who simply haven't the accommodation for a missionary, much less a missionary and his wife. With a car the only thing to do was go back to Minnipa, and the van accordingly means much time, trouble and expense saved. This in turn means more time available for visiting, and consequently a more efficient job. So all round the folk of the Minnipa Mission district have cause to be thankful to those who in these difficult and troubled times thought of spiritual work in the out-back and made a special effort to advance the work of the Kingdom of God.

I have been delighted to find that being married is an asset in these parts. I have always received a ready welcome at farms out here, but, if possible, I find an even warmer welcome now that I bring Mrs. Morris with me. "We get tired of seeing only men," said one woman to me, and another had a similar thought—"We get sick of seeing trousers! There are only men working on the farm, and whenever a car drives up . . . out walks a pair of trousers!" There is a ministry among women which can only be exercised by a woman, and it is good that my wife can accompany me on visiting tours, and from time to time go into "secret session" with the lady of the house. These women of the out-back are fine people, and are deserving of all the spiritual help that can be given them.

Removals from the district have been so frequent as to cause difficulties in some parts. Last year's harvest for many farmers didn't get past the dream of what might have been, and, unable to stand the expense of putting another crop in, lots have left. Others, of course, remain to carry on, and a worthwhile ministry among such is abundantly possible, but it means that, increasingly, a spiritual ministry among these folk depends on you back there. Does worship mean anything to you? You can show it does by your support of those seeking to provide facilities for little communities quite unable of themselves to do this thing.

### JUST SNAPS.

Rev. G. B. Calderwood.

We have settled down, more or less, in our new quarters, and feel that we shall be quite happy. The annual report, just to hand, estimates the Wilcannia Parish at 60,000 square miles. I am jealous for my territory, and would like to correct that error—I cover 100,000 square miles.

Living conditions in Wilcannia are vastly different to Menindie. Here we can have a garden, as the water is laid on. In Menindie we had to buy water at 2/- per 100 gallons. Here we have electricity; in Menindie we had to rely on kerosene. Taking everything into consideration, we feel more civilised. The work is certainly big, but, given a fair run, it can be done.

The Hostel here is a boon. You don't realise its worth until you are brought up against it. The Matron and Sister are doing a splendid work, and have won the hearts of the kiddies. You have just to go to the Hostel around 7 o'clock and there you will see the influence of the Matron and Sister at work. At that time prayers are offered up, choruses sung and the Word read. It does your heart good to see this splendid work going on. It is quiet, but most effective.

One way of raising money out in these parts is by asking for wool. I visited a homestead recently, and at the ripe moment (which didn't prove to be quite ripe) I ventured to ask for a fleece. I said: "Mr. So-and-so, I am collecting wool for Church funds . . ." I got no further, for back came the quick reply: "That's funny—so am I! As a matter of fact, I've been doing it for some years, and it hasn't proved to be very successful." I felt somewhat deflated and made a typical Italian retreat. As it happened, on my way back I had to pass that same homestead some days later, so I decided to call again. During my calls a brother of the

owner met with an accident, and had to be rushed into Broken Hill. I was able to render a service by taking money and clothes to him. My offer, I think, stunned them, for their change of front was remarkable. I was asked if I had enough petrol, oil and other sundries, which, of course, I had. But the big thing was: "Mr. Calderwood, if ever we are in Menindie when you hold service we shall be in the front seats!" I didn't get any wool—but I broke a lot of ice. Perhaps they will remember the needs of the Church when shearing time comes.

One little chap, who has been away in Sydney for over a month, has just returned back home. While he was away he missed his Sunday School. His first act on arriving home was to ring me up. "I'm back, Mr. Calderwood!" was his first greeting over the wire; he was 100 miles away, but was anxious to know when I would be over his way again. It was only a little thing, but to me it meant a lot. The wireless station 2BH, Broken Hill, every Sunday morning broadcasts my movements for the coming week. It is an excellent plan, and is done gratis. They have also offered their station to me for any half-hour when I am in that city. The Matron of the Hostel, who sometimes would like to know my whereabouts, thinks the idea an excellent one. But she hasn't a wireless set. Actually that is a hint!

Would anyone having a photograph of the Organising Missioner please send it to the West Darling Mission? It is so long since we've seen him that we almost forget what he looks like!

When the amalgamation of the two parishes—Menindie and Wilcannia—took place there were some who said that we would lose ground. Up to date the position has been reversed, and numbers prove to be doubled at each centre. What the gloomy prophets forgot to take into consideration was the power of prayer.

### WERRIMULL.

Rev. E. J. Dorrell.

It is with mixed feelings and after much thought that I sit down to write my first report on the Church life and conditions in this parish. I have been here seven months now, and I would like at first to try and explain what I mean by my mixed feelings.

I was told that I would find the people very sociable and appreciative of the work that the Church is doing for them. I have found out how true this is since I have been working amongst them. It will give you some idea of what the Church means to some of the people when they travel some 32 miles over rough and sandy roads to attend a service, while others travel over 20 miles in a gig.

There are three Sunday Schools in this parish, all of which are conducted by ladies of the parish, some travelling ten miles to do so; while many of the children travel five or six miles to attend.

There are seven centres where services are held, the farthest being 33 miles away. Usually the most remote centres have the best attended services. Strangers would wonder where the people came from, as one sees very few homes from the road.

The work of visiting around the parish is also a great pleasure, despite the roads, because of the hearty welcome that is always extended. I often go visiting if I have a fit of the blues (even parsons get them), and I come home feeling much better.

So far it may seem that conditions are all that we could wish for. But there is another side of the picture, and that is—"What of the future?" This question is being asked by all to-day in a general sense, but it applies to this parish in a particular way. The last three seasons have been bad ones, and last year was the worst on record. Only one in twenty of the farmers took their harvesters out of the shed last harvest, and those that did only got their seed back again. Many people have already left the district, and many more say that they will have one more try in hopes of a



better season this year. Over thirty per cent. of the people have left during the last two years. It is a sad story, not only because many of them have spent many of the best years of their life in trying to earn a livelihood, and build a home, and then lost most of their possessions, but also because of what they will do in the future should they be compelled to give up.

You will probably understand my mixed feelings now, and I hope that what I have said will help you to see our position as we see it. I feel that if ever people needed the help and inspiration of the Church, and its prayers, this parish does.

The people appreciate all that is being done for them financially. They show great fortitude and endurance in these times of adversity. They are praying, and ask for you to pray with them, for seasonable weather, so that they may enjoy the fruits of their labour.

The Rev. E. D. J. Shaxted, Th.L., paid a very welcome visit to our parish for a few days on the week-end of 6th April for the purpose of seeing some of the work which is being financed by the B.C.A. in the Diocese of St. Arnaud.

### STREAKY BAY.

Rev. D. Livingstone.

Some months ago when we were asked to consider leaving Wilcannia in order to go to Streaky Bay, we felt it our duty to stay where we were. Not quite knowing what to do, we prayed that God's will would be done in that matter and left everything to Him. Very gradually, in a rather wonderful way, all fears, doubts and difficulties were removed, and the way was opened for us to come. So here we are!

Blessings have been simply heaped upon us every day, and we continually praise God for all His goodness to us.

The trip over from Wilcannia was accomplished without mishap. The engine of the car did not miss a beat, nor did we have a puncture in the whole 670 miles of the journey. Since arriving in the town not a day passes without some token of God's overwhelming goodness, and so our hearts are overflowing with praise and the prayer that we shall be found faithful and less unworthy children of such a Father.

As some of you are bound to be as completely ignorant of the whereabouts of Streaky Bay as I was, please permit me to give some idea of the town and district, as a basis for further articles.

The town of Streaky Bay is built on the shores of a huge bay bearing the same name, just 70 miles east of Ceduna. It is beautifully situated on a slope overlooking the water, and thus wherever we look, instead of seeing red sand and mulga scrub, as we have done in the past couple of years or so, we see the sparkling blue water stretching for miles—a sight that only those who have lived in the Far West of New South Wales can appreciate to the full.

The town itself is a good business centre. There are several large stores, several garages, some smaller shops, a barber, chemist, bank, and the inevitable hotels. There is also a good hospital and a resident doctor. Water is laid on and there is electric light. So you can see that it is quite a good place.

Transport is better and cheaper than in Wilcannia, for once a fortnight all the town's requirements are brought from Adelaide by boat. Also, the nearest railway station is only 40 miles away.

But what really concerns us is the Church people.

The Church is named St. Augustine, and is a really beautiful building. I hope that one day some photographs will be published in "The Real Australian," so that you can see just how fine it is. The Rectory is built within the Church grounds, and that is also a good stone building, having six large rooms, together with kitchen, cellar, laundry and bathroom. There is a wooden garage for two cars, stables for two horses, a 20,000-gallon underground tank, and last, but by no means least, a grape vine laden with fruit!

The people are—well, how shall I describe them? Words simply cannot express their hospitality—warm-hearted friendliness and genuine love for their Church. There is a nucleus of really spiritual souls that have done and are doing a really good work for God.

So much for Streaky Bay itself. There are a number of other centres, but all quite close. There will be little travelling compared with great distances of Wilcannia. There is Port Kenny, 40 miles down the coast; nine miles from there is Collie. Twelve miles inland from Streaky is Prednippie; 20 miles further on is Cowella, and then up the coast towards Ceduna is Haslam, a distance of 28 miles. All these places are tiny centres for the surrounding district, and the farmers come in very good numbers to attend a service each month.

So there you have a brief review of yet another parish that has become a part of the B.C.A. There is a wonderful foundation to build upon, so please pray that our Lord will abundantly bless the ministry of B.C.A. here.

One last word. That B.C.A. has been able to take over this area is partly due to the Rev. G. Browne-Calderwood, who was missionary at Menindie. He agreed to tackle the colossal task of ministering to the combined Wilcannia-Menindie area, which covers approximately 100,000 square miles. I know something of what he is up against. His job will demand great sacrifice of both him and his wife, so please remember them in your prayers and ask God that as their days so shall their strength be.

### THE FAR WEST MISSION.

The Rev. N. Chambers.

The annual meeting of Church members has taken place in Ceduna area. The financial and Wardens' report and the Missioner's summary of the year show that the Mission has held its own, maintaining the cause and meeting its obligations. This result has been achieved in face of a drastic reorganisation of the work through the withdrawal of the Rev. E. Constable from Penong. Also, the problems peculiar to a nation at war have not made the local position easier—rather more difficult.

A major factor in the above achievement has been the great loyalty and interest of Church members. Here, as elsewhere, if the loyalty and keenness of the few were emulated by the many, the effective witness of the Church would be very great.

The annual meeting of the Far West Mission serves as a reminder that the B.C.A. is a Bush Church "AID" Society. It does not supplant or supersede the local church. There sometimes seems to be an idea in the minds of folk that the B.C.A. is a new sort of "Anglicanism," or even a different "Church." It is nothing of the kind. The local church remains with all the machinery of such functioning, as it does in larger centres not in need of the financial aid and spiritual leadership required in isolated and scattered bush areas.

The Missioner spent the last week of March and the first week in April visiting the camps on the Trans-Continental Line in the area and the country stations. The dominant note on this trip was the sincere welcome received and the readiness of a large number of both men and women to talk about spiritual things. Services were readily attended, vital interest was manifest, and very liberal support given.

The weather on the trip was very mixed. It included three very bad days of heat, wind and dust. During one very bad day the dust reduced visibility to two car lengths. The radiator boiled dry three times and depleted the supply of fresh water carried in the van. The Missioner had to use water obtained from the tanks by the railway line, and in consequence was made unhappy by the local "dog's disease." Returning to Ceduna from Ooldea via Colona was full of interest and hard work. The Mission Van was the first vehicle through since very heavy rain had fallen. Hence the hard work filling in watercourses and making a track through until a made road was reached.



A new work has opened in South Australia. On March 10th, 1941, all State schools were opened to ministers of religion and authorised teachers for the purpose of giving religious instruction. We are all thankful to God for this new opportunity, and rejoice that many years of agitation have at last been rewarded.

In the Far West Mission the task presents somewhat of a problem in time and transport. This again emphasises the need for an assistant, so that a most important field may be fully exploited to the glory of God and the extension of His Kingdom. There are thirteen schools in the area. Miss Dykes is to be the instructress at Cook. Miss Hatwell is helping at Ceduna. It is hoped to enlist the services of competent and qualified helpers in other centres. The essential qualification is a saving faith in Christ, without which a teacher in religion is but a blind leader of the blind. Please pray for this work, and ask that God will raise up helpers.

The new Van has done good service. Since its purchase in November, 1940, it has travelled nearly 9,000 miles. One has been asked how the question of petrol rationing affects the work. The authorities regard the work as worthy of an essential user's licence, which enables the Mission to draw what ration tickets are required. However, the petrol has always been "rationed" so far as mission work is concerned. The price per gallon is quite sufficient to prevent either careless waste on the one hand or needless running on the other. The promise is that our needs (not wants) will be supplied, and not once has a call come and the wherewithal been upheld.

This article is being written in Sydney whilst the Missioner is on leave. It scarcely seems possible that fourteen months have elapsed since the change over at Ceduna took place. At that time one was full of confidence justly held. God has been pleased to grant souls in that time to give unmistakable tokens in His favour, and to grant signs of stirring in the hearts of many and the hope that a harvest of souls will be gathered in. "Brethren, pray for us!"

## BEECH FOREST.

The Rev. T. H. Pickburn.

At present the Missioner is busy with Confirmation instruction throughout the district. Confirmation by the Bishop will take place at Gellibrand, Carlisle River and Lavers Hill on Sunday, July 13th. There has been a splendid response to the call for confirmees in the outlying centres. In many cases men and women have sought to take this step voluntarily, and the Missioner can now look forward to every member, adult and child, of his country centres being full members of the Church. For long this division of the various congregations into confirmed and unconfirmed has been a matter of much regret, both to the people and the Missioner. It was found necessary to compromise where the services were concerned—Mattins to suit some and the Holy Communion to suit others. In many cases the unconfirmed would stay away from Church on the day the Holy Communion was given, feeling that they could not take a rightful place at that service, despite the Missioner's efforts to persuade them otherwise.

The League of Soldiers' Friends has been formed in each centre, and the Missioner made as his first aim fifty members. This number has been enrolled, and it is next hoped to aim at a further fifty members. The League is doing wonderful work looking after the moral and spiritual welfare of our fighting forces at home and abroad and equipping our chaplains. It is hoped that every Anglican will be more than proud to display the badge of membership.

Sunday Schools have been formed and opened at Lavers Hill and Yuulong. Miss Joyce Hobson and Mrs. Denning have charge of the children at the former place, and Miss D. Hjorth at the latter. This is an excellent move and fulfils

a long-felt want, and will lay the foundation on which can be built the larger spiritual edifice of later years.

Beech Forest is quite a busy place in these days. Much work is being done cutting down young mountain ash saplings killed in the fires of two years ago. This timber is being transported to Gippsland and converted into pulp for paper-making at the mill there. Several trains a day are running to and from Colac to transport the timber, and the station yard is a hive of industry, reminiscent of many years ago, when this area was a valuable forest. Work is plentiful, and several new families have moved into the town. We were fortunate to be able to welcome one of these families into the life of the Church here.

## "REAL AUSTRALIAN."

Subscribers who have not received receipts:—Mrs. G. R. Webb, Mr. J. Warne, Mrs. Bicknell, Rev. H. H. Ham, Sister Sundell, Dr. Sundell, Frau Zundell, Mr. J. W. Johnson, Mrs. Chase, Mrs. L. Brown, senr., Miss M. Armfield, Mrs. E. Ward, Miss R. M. Watt, Miss Bachelor, Miss F. Scott, Mrs. F. Gillam, Miss Abrams, Miss U. Brown, Mrs. R. J. Clarke, Miss Mann, Miss Walch, Mr. Metherall, Sister H. Cuttle, Miss Ormerod, Mr. G. P. Tait, Mrs. Lawford, Rev. Canon C. H. Murray, Miss M. Gibbon, Mrs. A. Stevens, Mrs. Romanis, Miss A. King, Miss McHenry, Miss E. Mills, Miss Hollick, Mrs. Tregear, Miss M. Brown, Mrs. P. G. Thomson, Miss Calcott, Miss E. Tilley, Miss Bigmore, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Curry, Mrs. E. A. Gregory, Miss Liptrot, Mr. Gearing, Mrs. Nash, Miss Shields, Mrs. Brook Hansen, Mrs. Wise, Mrs. Monds, Miss A. J. Watts, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Bradshaw, Mrs. Bury, Mrs. Cochrane, Mrs. Dalway, Mrs. Fletcher, Miss C. M. Hancock, Mrs. Saunders, Miss Westmoreland, Mrs. E. W. Noonan, Mrs. Uebergang, Mr. J. Connor, Mrs. Miller, Mrs. Rendel, Mr. C. Nellor, Mrs. E. Evans, Miss Wheen, Mrs. T. Boddy, Mrs. Poole, Mrs. D. Small, Mrs. J. C. Rogers, Mrs. T. Mills, Mrs. P. Goodwin, Mr. S. Chambers, Mrs. E. E. Penn, Miss Richardson, Mrs. E. T. Crooks, Miss J. Wilson, Mrs. Bebb, Mrs. D. McKerrow, Miss Selby, Miss K. Allen, Miss P. Carpenter, Mrs. Lewis, Mrs. Morgan, Miss I. Dutton, Miss E. O. Burvill, Mrs. E. E. Bennett, Mrs. H. Gordon, Mrs. A. E. Owen, Miss E. Downey, Miss A. B. Bennie, Miss E. Maud, Mr. L. R. Nobelious, Mrs. L. Richards, Mr. G. H. Winton, Mrs. J. E. Hall, Miss I. Bishop, Mrs. H. Layton, Miss A. Driver, Miss L. Banks-Smith, Mrs. A. J. Fischer, Mrs. A. T. Percival, Miss M. Matthews, Miss J. Webber, Mr. W. Watts, Miss B. Penton and Mrs. W. Read, Miss Johnson, Mrs. R. Maguire, Mrs. K. Von Stieglitz, Miss E. Hawkins, Miss A. J. Marks, Miss G. E. Clarke, Miss A. Carter, Miss D. Buckle, Miss E. Phelps, Miss M. Lambert, Mrs. W. J. Miller, Mrs. O. Leech, Mrs. T. W. Spencer, Miss N. Hardwick, C. A. Crooks, Mrs. W. Dunster.

We wish to make grateful acknowledgment to the following donors of anonymous gifts:—26/1/41, £1/10/-, Anon.; 24/1/41, £1/10/-, Cook Hospital, "A Friend"; 17/2/41, 2/6, Anon.; 18/3/41, 4/-, Anon.; 24/3/41, £1, Anon.; 28/3/41, £1, S. T. R., Sydney; 31/3/41, 10/-, Anon.; 3/4/41, 10/-, Anon.; 24/4/41, 2/6, Easter; 28/4/41, 1/-, Easter; 1/5/41, 5/-, Anon., Dulwich Hill; 5/5/41, 10/-, Easter, Anon.; 5/5/41, 10/- note, P.O. Box 80, Adelaide; 7/5/41, £3, "A Friend"; 12/5/41, 10/-, Easter, Cremorne; 15/5/41, 5/-, Anon., Chatswood; 14/5/41, 10/-, A.Y.Z.; 16/5/41, 5/-, Easter, Bowral; 23/6/41, £1, Anon., Port Lincoln; 23/6/41, £1, Anon.; 23/6/41, 10/-, Anon., Port Lincoln. Also: £1 War Savings Certificate from Mr. R. Wood; two £10 W.S.Cs. from Anon.; three £1 W.S.Cs. from Anon.; 31/3/41, £1 from Thornbury Red Cross, per Miss McDonald; 5/5/41, 10/-, Easter, from Miss Bolton.

St. John's, East Malvern, sent their annual B.C.A. collection. We are most grateful to the Vicar and members of the congregation, and hope that the splendid example they set will be followed by other churches.



# FROM THE HEALING MISSIONS

## TEN DAYS IN THE LIFE OF A "FLYING DOCTOR."

Dr. Freda Gibson.

Monday, Midnight.—An urgent call comes from Sister Pritchard at Cook. The line is very bad, as usual, and we have great difficulty in hearing one another, but eventually I pick up a few words and understand that a patient admitted to Cook Hospital from the train on Saturday morning has had a relapse and is bleeding internally. I tell Sister to obtain some donors willing to give their blood to the patient, and I will start at dawn for Cook.

Mr. Chadwick, Sister Dowling and I are away at daybreak, arriving at Cook after a good trip. The rest of the day is spent in testing out the blood of the donors, until one is found which is suitable for the patient, and then in giving the patient a much needed blood transfusion.

Next morning the patient is much improved, so we set out for home. While at Cook we have received two messages—one to land at Penong to visit a patient in the hospital, and the other to land at "Nundroo," about 70 miles further west from Penong, to visit an old lady in bed.

On reaching Penong we find that we must do an emergency operation of some magnitude. The operation performed, and the old lady treated, we arrive home at dusk.

Scarcely have we had tea, and seen some patients, than another call comes through from Cook—the patient is bleeding again; so we arrange to set off for Cook again at daybreak. The rest of the night is passed in making preparations for treatment of the case and in long distance 'phone calls through to Cook and Adelaide, where the patient's wife is anxiously trying to arrange for a private 'plane to take her to Cook.

The next day is spent in more blood transfusions for the patient, and the following morning we find him again improved sufficiently to warrant him being moved in a private 'plane to Adelaide for special treatment.

We arrive home on Friday afternoon, after landing at Koonibba Mission to see some sick natives. Sister Hitchcock, who is very efficient, has them all ready, and we get through a lot of cases in an incredibly short time.

At Ceduna we find a number of patients waiting for us.

Saturday is one hectic rush as we are immunizing all the children against diphtheria, and also numbers of farmers' children must be seen as they all come into town on Saturday to get their mail, visit the Doctor, and later the picture show. This day dozens of Greeks came with their children to be immunized, and the noise and chatter was indescribable.

Sunday is fairly quiet, thank goodness!

Monday we start the day with some removal of tonsils at the Hospital, and are kept busy the rest of the day with consultations, visits and mail.

Tuesday is a quiet day, so we spring-clean the house with the help of the invaluable Miss Hatwell and a young girl who helps in the house. A few patients are seen in between times, and we finish the house about 9 p.m. Just as well we finished the house that night, because on Wednesday morning an urgent call comes from Mulcathies, a sheep station about 35 miles north of the Transcontinental Railway Line. This patient is apparently bleeding internally also. As we have never landed there before, enquiries are made as to directions for finding the place, suitable landing ground, etc. This takes a considerable time, as the line is very poor.

We rush back to see a few patients at the surgery and make arrangements to cancel the monthly visit to Cook, which was to have taken place that afternoon. We do not yet cancel the monthly visit to Coorabie (120 miles from Ceduna), which is to take place the next day, as we hope to do this still. We finally set off at 2 p.m. for "Kingoonya," a little place on the Trans Line, where we must fill up with

petrol before going on to Mulcathies. Unfortunately the man to whom we wired is away, and his wife nobly does her best with petrol pumps. We obtain verification of our directions and start off again.

We finally arrive over Mulcathies' homestead at sundown, after following a very faint track, which the pilot found rather difficult to pick up and keep in view from the air. We look for the smoke signal indicating the direction of the landing ground about nine miles north of the homestead. On arriving over the landing ground we are rather perturbed to find that, instead of being 600 yards long as stated by the message received, there is only a 200 yards stretch, in which we have to make a landing in the correct wind direction. The pilot nobly calls forth his best effort and makes a perfect landing, with a nasty tree only a few feet in front of us—a close shave that; and not an experience that the pilot would care to repeat. We drive to the homestead, and, after visiting the patient and finding his condition fair, we settle in for the night. Before doing this, Mr. Chadwick decides to be off at daybreak with several men to clear a proper runway of 800 yards, as the 'plane cannot possibly take off with an extra heavy passenger on board under any less distance. After three hours' hard work the ground is cleared, and off we go, and, after landing at Kingoonya for petrol, we make a fast trip back to Ceduna, arriving there about 2.45 p.m.

We had sent a message that morning cancelling the visit to "Coorabie," but there is a message waiting that we must still visit Penong, as a number of people are waiting there to see us, and there are two rather sick patients in Hospital.

We immediately start off for Penong, this time by car, arrive about 4.30 p.m., and, after seeing eighteen people, we have tea and set off to visit a man in the town who has broken ribs. We find him in agony when he moves, but after easing him for the time with an injection, we obtain some willing helpers and shift him and his mattress into the back of a truck; so to Hospital. Arrive back at Ceduna at 9.30 p.m. to find some people who have travelled 60 miles and have been waiting to see us.

Ten-thirty p.m.—At last we sit down by the fire and think of what we can write for "The Real Australian," but as it is now 11.45 p.m. we will close this effort and retire to bed.

## CEDUNA.

Sister F. Dowling.

We had the pleasure of having with us a number of B.C.A. folk, who were able to join us in fellowship. Whenever the O.M. is paying us a visit, if possible, we like as many of the B.C.A. staff to gather here for a Holy Communion Service. Those present included Sister Goodwin and Miss Miller from Penong, Sister Hitchcock from Koonibba, the Livingstones from Streaky Bay, and the Morrisises from Minnipa, together with the Chadwicks, Dr. Freda and Miss Hatwell, the Ceduna staff, and the O.M., who took the Communion Service. After tea we had a service for the patients, which was much appreciated by them. Rev. L. Morris gave the address. Following on in the sitting-room we had a great time together singing hymns. The addition of the male voices was a great improvement to our choir. A happy evening concluded with us all joining round the Lord's Table, all one in Him Whom we are out here to serve. "Blest be the tie that binds us together in Him."

It was good to see Mrs. Livingstone looking so much better. She had been a patient here for some weeks.

We were quite impressed with St. Patrick's Van, and it was good to be able to get to know Rev. L. Morris and his wife. Our one disappointment in the family gathering was the absence of Mr. Chambers and his wife, who were still away on holidays.



Dr. Freda is carrying on here on her own. The last couple of weeks, with so many long distance calls, has proved what a big task she has to cope with.

Recently one of the old pioneers was admitted to Hospital. A couple of years ago he had been converted in here, and this time we were anxious to know if the apparent conversion was genuine. He did not take long in approaching the subject, growing in grace. He was worried because he had not grown in faith and a knowledge of Him Whom he had accepted as his Saviour. One day he approached a woman, a regular church-goer. "Why don't I show more of a change in my daily living if I belong to Christ?" he asked. "Oh," says the church-goer, "you're alright; you expect too much of a change!" But the old chap wasn't so easily comforted as all that; indeed, what born again person could be? Following on an accident, he was admitted here a few weeks ago and asked the same question. "Have you been reading your Bible?" "No; I can't see very well, and the print is very small." How could he grow under those circumstances; and yet how often so many of us seek to grow without the necessary nourishment from God's Word. In one of the boxes from Sydney or Melbourne someone sent out a Bible in four volumes, the print being very large. This was given to the patient; he was delighted, and took it home with him. A letter was received last week, telling of his daily reading and enjoying it. Apparently he thought it was only a loan, for he ended up the letter: "Enclosing a quid! Can I keep it?" One thinks a great deal about that old chap, well on in his seventies, still going out fishing every day to get a few shillings together, too old to work on the farm. What chance of Christian fellowship has he got? He needs your prayers to help him to learn more of God and His Son Jesus Christ.

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Sister L. Loane.

A few weeks ago there was a great stir at the Ceduna Aerodrome. The B.C.A. 'Plane was pulled out of the hangar and three cars, including the new green St. Patrick's Van, were drawn up beside it. Then there was a great clicking of cameras and many instructions. The 'plane was eventually folded up and pushed back and the hangar doors shut, and the cars and people went on their various ways. The evening before we had had a B.C.A. gathering at the Hospital. There were eighteen of us, not including several children. Minnipa, Streaky Bay, Penong, Koonibba, Cook and Sydney were all represented, and we had a happy time together, bound by the common chord of Christ's love and fellowship of the Spirit. The Hospital has "elastic" sides, and just as well, because nearly all the visitors stayed the night. We were all very interested to see St. Patrick's Van, and so were the townfolk, especially Father McCurtin, the Roman Catholic priest.

"Now all we need is a call to Cook!" a remark passed a few weeks ago, and little did we think how many trips would be made to Cook or in that direction within a very short time. Last week the 'plane went up three times, and was to have gone again on the regular monthly trip on Wednesday, but just before they started out a call came from Tarcoola, so Doctor had to go there instead. They arrived just before dark and landed with great difficulty, as the ground was much smaller than had been reported. Before Mr. Chadwick could take off on the return journey one-third of a mile had to be cleared to make a suitable runway. Doctor brought the patient straight back to Hospital. Now we are wondering how Mr. Jones is to get back from Cook, as the Cook trip had to be cancelled. No doubt we shall know in time—we are always wondering something here!

To-morrow is the first birthday of our Children's Bible Class, so we are planning a very special evening. The children have offered some bright suggestions, and have asked to start early. "May we bring a collection for missions?" was one bright suggestion; but the only "mission" she could think of was the Children's Hospital. So we are to have a special story about a missionary, that they will know what to do with their pennies. One idea was that each one

should choose and sing a chorus, but, as the only one willing to do this was the lad who suggested it, it will not be carried out. We are all to have supper, and a very special cake. The class has outgrown the dining-room, and, if as many come to-morrow as we are expecting, we will have to meet on the verandah or in an empty ward.

These three paragraphs briefly outline subjects which are just three sides of our work—that work which is bound up with so much in so many places. What, then, is the power that keeps it going? What is the dominating force? Do you not think it is prayer, the effectual fervent prayer of many people scattered over a wide area; prayer that is an acknowledgment of faith in Him Who has promised; prayer that is sure of an answer and means putting one's "hand in God's and trusting His loving guidance"? The way the work has gone forward and the way supplies and finances have been met, even in most difficult times, is ample evidence of His blessing and faithfulness. To each one who is a prayer partner we owe a tremendous debt; and yet we still ask that you will continue to pray, not only for the work as a general whole, but for every individual sphere. Then we shall go on from strength to strength, and the blessings of the past will extend to the future and there will be no looking back, only a great pressing forward, for if "Prayer rules, then Victory results."

## COOK.

Sister L. Pritchard.

Returning from Western Australia, where my month's holiday was spent, it was surprising to see how lovely and green the plain was around Cook. When I left the place was very dry and barren; now it is covered with wild flowers, white, red and yellow—not a great variety; but if those people who have never visited these plains could just see the barrenness of the place in summer, they would marvel at the immense change is so short a time. Such is the handiwork of our Heavenly Father. For two evenings running, two small boys have come to the front door and presented us with a bunch of these wild flowers, saying, "These are for you!" The flowers have been carefully arranged, and are much treasured, not only for their daintiness and perfume, which is beautiful, but for the thought that prompted these little ones to bring us the gift.

The women here, ever ready to work and raise funds for the Hospital, have commenced very enthusiastically to work for the Bazaar, which is to be held in November this year, all being well. It is wonderful to witness the zest with which they tackle this work. Fulfilling orders for cakes and pasties for the single men of the place, and also down the line—this is no easy task for them, as they all have their little families to care for, and one does appreciate their keenness and their effort in raising money this way.

At present we are enjoying a visit from the Organising Missioner. He arrived in our 'plane last Saturday and held a service here in the evening, which was appreciated by all, especially the staff, as it is usually our job, and it was so nice to be able to sit back and listen. We also appreciated the Communion Service which he was able to minister to us yesterday morning. One misses these times of coming together to remember our Lord in this way.

We have had very few in-patients this year, but very recently we had a very interesting one. On the morning of the 21st May, before daybreak, I was awakened by someone telling me that I was wanted on the East-West Express to see a very sick man—would I come over at once, as the train was in. On my arrival I found that the patient was a very sick man indeed, and advised him to come off the train, as it was dangerous for him to go further. He agreed to come, so the stretcher squad was called and they brought him over to the Hospital. Once more it has proved itself a haven for a sick traveller. How thankful he was to be put into a warm, comfortable bed that did not jolt! For two days his condition was critical, so Doctor decided to come up here



and give him a blood transfusion. We had no difficulty in finding donors for the blood required. Everyone was willing to do what they could to save this man's life. The transfusion was given, but his condition still remained serious. His wife was notified, and she chartered a 'plane from Adelaide, bringing with her a specialist, who gave another blood transfusion, this time by the drip method, which takes all of twenty-four hours. All night this went on, and the patient's condition improved wonderfully. They then decided to take him to an Adelaide hospital, to my disappointment. One does not appreciate losing a patient in this way. What a joy it is to see people getting well and walking out of Hospital fully restored to health! However, whatever was best for him had to be done, so once again the stretcher squad did their bit and carried him out to the 'plane and carefully placed him within. He was made comfortable, the blood transfusion apparatus still doing its work. It was wonderful to see how everything was fitted, so that the work being done was in no way hindered. And so we said "Good-bye" to our patient. I have heard since that he is doing splendidly. We felt very humble at that news, when we knew that our Heavenly Father had heard our prayers, and we thanked Him for His tender mercy and grace in answering them in such a way. The main point in this story is that our patient received the Word of God gladly, and was eager to understand what was read to him. Pray that the seed sown in his heart may take root and eventually spring up and bear fruit.

What a privilege is ours! Pray also that we may be made willing to be used aright in His service.

### AN UNEXPECTED HOLIDAY.

Miss M. Hatwell.

"Good-bye, Miss Hatwell! You're off to Cook to-morrow," were the words that greeted me one afternoon. Given sufficient time to recover from the shock, it was explained that the two children, Pauline and George Gibson, and myself were to leave at six the next morning for Cook.

Next day dawned. Poor "V.H.A.A.A." must have shuddered as she saw us arrive laden with cases, vegetables, eggs, fruit, and hastily wrapped last-minute parcels. Seven o'clock saw us well packed and ready to start.

We flew above the clouds until we reached Nullarbor Station, where a batch of newly baked scones and some fresh tea greeted us. After refueling V.H.A.A.A. (and ourselves), we started on the last stage of our journey. Three-quarters of an hour later there were frantic signs from Mr. Chadwick, and a row of houses loomed on the horizon—Cook at last!

The first thing that met my eye was "Reggie." No it is not the Hospital's pet goat, but the bicycle on which Miss Dykes rides the ten yards from the Hospital to the 'plane! After breaking the news gently to the staff that we had come to stay indefinitely, we were installed in a spotlessly clean Hospital, despite the early hour.

After waving good-bye to V.H.A.A.A., I surveyed my surroundings. Two rows of houses, a store, post office, railway yard, and nine or ten pepper trees, standing like sentinels, arose out of a brown, stony, bare plain (on which Cook's milk supply roamed, in the form of goats).

Next day, to my amazement, I found that part of the plain was a golf course, whilst a tennis court was distinguishable by a surrounding fence.

Trains play a large part in the life of Cook. They never seemed to be on time, but that didn't seem to disturb the community. The "tea and sugar trains," which supply all the line from Port Augusta to Kalgoorlie with food, etc., really have a legitimate excuse for arriving any time between 2 p.m. and 4 a.m.

Dust storms! Perfect calm, then suddenly the wind howls; the plain appears to rise, and the sun is darkened with wave upon wave of red dust. The plain rests, and one surveys the Hospital, which is hardly recognisable. The pattern has disappeared from the oilcloths, the polish has

left the tables, the verandahs appear as loose soil, whilst the window-ledges could be planted as window boxes. Two days later the Hospital returns to normal—if another storm hasn't spoilt the first day's work!

On reading this article one must think that Cook is most unattractive; but no, the whole outlook is changed when one stays in a B.C.A. Hospital. The happy atmosphere in the Hospital—not just one day, but every day—the singing, the fellowship with the staff, the conveniences of the Hospital, the arrangements made in order that the children's school-work should not be interrupted, made us feel as if we were still at home.

After four weeks a message came—and we began to pack. V.H.A.A.A. arrived next day. Once more we arose at five o'clock and made towards the 'plane. In we tumbled and off we flew.

Good-bye, Cook, and thank you, staff, for your fellowship, kindness and tolerance for the past month!

### AN APPRECIATION.

Sister Ivy Gwynne.

Though one shrinks from publicity and loathes to see one's own name in print as the writer of certain articles, yet one cannot always "dodge" the requests and sooner or later "falls in" for something from the pen. In doing so this time, I feel that it must be more or less in the nature of an appreciation.

After having been away for just over four weeks during the latter end of October and early November, there were many expressions of appreciation that the Sister was back again. Though there was very little sickness or accidents of any kind during that time, the Sister did not have many idle days on returning.

In a large country district like this, the services of the B.C.A. Sister are greatly appreciated by young mothers with their babies; yes, and older mothers too at times. The babies—how one loves them and prays that God will make them his very own, and that His Kingdom will indeed come in their hearts and lives!

Can I truly say that I appreciate being called out of bed—and that on a winter's night? Yes, I think I can truthfully say so; for I know it means bringing relief to someone, and know also how much it is appreciated in a district where the nearest doctor is 60 miles away. There had been an epidemic of measles and mumps, and for several weeks I was kept very busy medically—at times humorously so—and bookkeeping, etc., suffered and was a trifle behind. A late night was spent endeavouring to get them in order a little, and I retired at midnight. 3 a.m.—a knock at the front door. "Are you awake, Sister?" "Yes." "So-and-so wants you." "Very well; I'll be there." A confinement case! So I gathered up my bag, etc., and set off—a twelve-minute walk—and it started to rain. A rather strenuous morning! Arriving back after lunch—I just had time to set my own house in order a little after the night exit—to have a brush up, then a cup of tea, and off again to tend to mother and babe and fix them up for the night—anticipating an early night to bed (reasonably early). Truth to tell, I did get to bed early, but—the early hours of next morning, 4 a.m. Only twenty-four hours on duty!

During the evening before finishing one case, a car called, the driver looking for the Sister. "So-and-so" (his sister) "is very ill—had a fit!" Hospital case—had treated the case during the previous week-end. So after finishing where I was, we set off. Got the patient ready—secured the services of the local Honorary "Ambulance" (?) man (he has a good and comfortable car)—and off we went to Hospital, arriving home again at 3.20 a.m. Three hours' sleep and on the job again. After a fairly busy day was called out to another case, twenty miles away, during the evening. Pleurisy this time! Home again and to bed in the vicinity of 11 p.m., to be called up again at 1.30 a.m. (the third night call that week). This time it was a little babe, brought a



distance of 45 miles. Did they appreciate the services of the B.C.A. Sister? I should think they did—anxious parents with a sick babe. Being a cold night, they also appreciated a fire and a cup of tea. The father and mother were both car sick, and they also appreciated a little bit of help on that score. They were indeed deeply grateful, and showed it as well as spoke of it.

So from our point of view we appreciate the fact that we are enabled to help, even if it means getting out of a nice warm bed to do so! "The Lord is my helper." Truly in a work like this one learns to "rejoice with those who do rejoice and to weep with those who weep." Very recently I attended a wedding, and only three days later many of us met again—to mourn with those who were mourning the loss of a dear one gone before. There again has been an appreciation of what one is enabled to do to comfort those who mourn. It is only by God's grace that we can break the sad news to families that a dear one has passed beyond all human aid, and many appreciate the fact that there is a clergyman or a Sister to do this.

Time and space exclude more, though one could add many more instances.

One cannot close without giving voice to an appreciation—from our point of view—for the many tokens of love which one receives from time to time. Especially in a district which necessitates much travelling and long distances, one is grateful for the kindness and large-heartedness of those who convey the Nursing Sister not only to and from cases, but at other times also, especially home from church.

### THE FLYING MEDICAL SERVICE.

Pilot A. Chadwick.

Since the 'Plane has returned to Ceduna at the beginning of February, after going through its yearly examination at Parafield, we have been so busy that it is often found necessary to refer to the aircraft "log books" and calendar to get a clear picture of events as they have taken place.

Towards the end of March an outbreak of meningitis occurred in Ceduna, and the town was in a state of isolation for three weeks, all public gatherings being cancelled.

This threw a good deal of extra work on all members of the staff. The Hospital had to be closed to general cases for a few days until an isolation block was opened in a nearby vacant house, an extra Sister brought over from Adelaide, and a great deal of fumigation work carried out.

In order that they might give their full time to checking the spread of the disease, neither of our Doctors deemed it advisable to leave the district. Therefore, VH-AAA made a special flight up to Cook to transfer a major operation case down to Penong. This case would normally have been treated up at Cook on our next scheduled regular trip had not the outbreak almost coincided with that trip, and so our plans had to be entirely altered to meet these new circumstances.

A few days later the 'Plane, carrying our two Doctors and a Sister, flew up to Penong, where the above operation was performed, and we are all pleased for you to know that two more parents are very proud of their healthy young son and heir.

We arrived home from that flight at lunch time, and had just finished our meal when a call came from a farm fifty miles away to say that a team of horses had bolted, dragging a man along under a cultivator and broken his leg in several places. So I got the car ready, and Doctor and I set off with bandages, splints, etc. We called in at the hangar to pick up the stretcher, because for the short distance of only fifty miles not a great deal of time is saved by the 'Plane, and we can get a patient to Hospital with only half the handling; and in fracture cases, where rest for the injured limb is so essential, this is an important consideration.

No sooner had we got the patient back and into Hospital than Dr. Freda informed us that a 'phone call had come from Sister Page at Cook to say that someone up there was

developing the symptoms of meningitis. This caused some concern, so I made arrangements to refuel the 'Plane, and, with Dr. Freda on board, made an early start for Cook next morning. We encountered strong head winds and dust storms on the way, and I landed at Colona Station, 102 miles from Ceduna, where I took on more fuel and waited several hours until the turbulent weather settled down a bit. We then took off again, and completed the remaining 120 miles to Cook under better flying conditions. While flying at a height of 5,000 feet I saw a large wedge-tailed eagle gliding around at our own altitude, watching for its prey in the scrub and blue-bush below. These birds are often seen along the coast, and on one occasion last year I had to fly around for a minute or two before being able to land at Penong while an eagle flew down to within a few feet of the ground to investigate some object of its attention.

Fortunately the symptoms at Cook did not develop any further, and, although we were weather-bound at Cook all the following day, it was with a very relieved mind that we left for home knowing that those patients were on the road to normal health and strength again.

Nearly a fortnight ago now the 'phone rang at 4 a.m. Strangely enough, this seems a fairly consistent time for the 'phone to ring on a Monday morning. However, this call was to a man who had had a stroke. So getting dressed and putting more petrol in the car, Doctor and I made a fairly fast run to Penong, where we picked up Sister Symons, and then on for another 53 miles to Koorngabie, where we arrived just after daybreak. The patient, who had partially recovered by this time, was given treatment, and, after having a bite to eat, we returned with him to Penong, where he was placed in Hospital for further treatment.

As I have a good deal more to write to tell you of the series of events that have crowded themselves upon us, I will not attempt to do so to-night. This is about all the space permitted for an article, owing to the shortage of paper, so hope to carry on from here in the next issue.

### "COORAH," WENTWORTH FALLS.

Miss E. Hawkins.

The "Coorah" family has grown in numbers this term, hence the work has increased; but it is an interesting task.

Two of our latest arrivals are from beyond Warren—Ronald, aged twelve, and Bruce, just six, a very alert young man (his duty is to collect the table napkins after each meal and put them in their allotted places).

I took Leslie to Sydney lately; his home being "Back o' Bourke," he had not been to Sydney or seen the sea previously. We crammed much into the day, including an inspection of St. Andrew's Cathedral and a trip to Manly. We made many purchases, including a suit for Leslie. He was much impressed by all he saw.

Colin came to us in November from Sydney for health reasons. He has gained in weight and is very well.

All our High School boys were chosen to represent their school at the Inter-School Sports at Lithgow recently, where they did very well.

The boys have made great progress with their "daily dozen" under the guidance of Captain Hatfield through 2FC. We have the use of two wireless sets; on fine mornings the exercises are performed on our spacious verandahs, and indoors at other times.

The boys have taken a keen interest in the garden, each trying to make his particular plot as attractive or even more so than that of his neighbour. Peter has worked very hard in his garden, and his is the admiration of all. Harry has done much solid work in his various plots, especially at our back entrance, which he has quite transformed.

We are trying hard to banish the blackberry from our midst. One has to be constantly alert when the garden has an area of five acres, to say nothing of our farm lands.

Our new "billy-cart" is a source of great pleasure. Chips and pine cones are being collected in abundance. I trust the novelty does not wear off!



We are very proud of the neatness of our lawns at present. Their appearance is mainly due to the new lawn mower just purchased (it was sadly needed) and to the energy of John, by which means he hopes to reduce his weight.

We are more than pleased with the appearance and comfort derived from our western glassed-in verandah, for which the Ladies' Auxiliary very kindly gave us blinds. We now have it furnished as a dining-room with three tables and other necessary furniture. Its close proximity to the kitchen expedites the serving of meals.

The plantations are very beautiful at present. The maples, liquid ambers, poplars, Himalayan strawberries, and other trees are a riot of colour.

Daffodil planting is in full swing, and we have hopes of an abundant harvest.

We are endeavouring to restore the old rose garden, where there are more than fifty rose bushes. Much has already been done in that direction.

The farm crops are looking very nice. In spite of the low rainfall, we have had large quantities of vegetables, fruit, milk, cream, and eggs. We make all the butter consumed at the Hostel.

Mr. Council gave us a very nicely painted signboard, which stands near our main gates. We are most grateful for his useful gift.

I trust that 1942 will find "Coorah" filled to its utmost capacity with students.

### POST AND RAILS.

We regret to record the passing of Miss Richard Jones. Miss Jones was President of our Central Ladies' Auxiliary (Sydney), and was always a keen and consistent supporter of our work. We shall miss her face at our ladies' meetings with which she was for so long associated.

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We learn with regret of the severe illness of Mrs. E. Gates, and trust that she will speedily regain her health. Mrs. Gates, besides having a lively interest in B.C.A., is always to be found busily engaged in some useful activity of the Church. Such keen and enthusiastic people are greatly needed in these days. We have also to tender to Mrs. Gates our very real sympathy in the passing of her aunt, Miss Robson. The strain of nursing Miss Robson through her long illness has been one of the causes of Mrs. Gates' own illness. We pray that Mrs. Gates will speedily be well.

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We have to thank the following for gifts received and not otherwise acknowledged:—

Friends at Langlea for groceries.

Cremorne Ladies for jumpers for "Coorah" boys.

Mrs. Fox, for another parcel of warm rugs.

Leura Missionary Band, Burwood East Auxiliary and Mrs. McCartney, of Queen's Club, for parcels of linen and clothing.

Lady Fairlie Cuninghame, for many jars of home-made jam.

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Our congratulations go to the Rev. Gordon and Mrs. Beatty on the birth of a daughter recently. This B.C.A. family is growing!

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The following is an extract from the mother of one of the boys at Wilcannia Hostel. It speaks for itself:—

"There is no question about it, Ron. is looking wonderfully well and has grown quite a lot. He has told me how good and kind both you and Sister are to him, and one can easily see that he has been happy with you. A million thanks, Matron! It is great to know that we who are unfortunate and have to part with our children during school-days have such a marvellous 'home' for them. I sincerely hope that Ron. is always a good boy, and helps you in any way he can. Don't be afraid to ask him to do little jobs—he is quite 'handy,' and it all is in his training."

### VICTORIAN NOTES.

The Victorian Rally took place on 6th May. The Rally Tea, arranged by the Central Women's Auxiliary, was held at Griffiths Bros.' Tea Rooms. The guests of honour were the special Rally speakers, the Organising Missioner and the Rev. Karl Luders. The Archbishop of Melbourne acted as chairman; also on the platform were the Bishops of Ballarat and St. Arnaud, Mrs. Head, Mrs. Baker, Mrs. Patterson (President of the Central Women's Auxiliary), the Revs. Dr. A. Law, C. H. Raymond, Tom Jones and Karl Luders.

The meeting opened with the singing, in harmony, of "God save the King" by Dr. Floyd's Quintet.

The Archbishop of Melbourne said that the Empire was at stake. It should be, and must remain, a Christian Empire. We must keep Christian the scattered population in many parts of Australia. The Archbishop mentioned some of the difficulties in the Out-Back and our debt to the country. He then referred to the Christian leadership of Bishop Kirkby, and said we too must catch the vision.

The Rev. Karl Luders spoke of the work at Kirton Point and Rappville. He told of the way in which B.C.A. started work at Kirton Point largely through the desire of the people, for B.C.A. is a household phrase on the West Coast. Once the work was started there other districts wanted to be served from Kirton Point. The way in which a marvellous fellowship is being built up and the generosity of the country folk was explained. One example given was Kirton Point Sunday School had sent £5 to the Rappville Sunday School. State school religious instruction is difficult in South Australia, but it is going ahead. Australia is a land of distances, and the country folk, with their travelling problems, rather despise the city folk who find it difficult to get to church.

Rappville was then dealt with. This area is marginal country fit only for growing timber, but opened up for settlement after the Great War. The lure of cheap land brought many people, but frequent droughts burdened the farmers with heavy debts. Rappville, formerly a great timber centre, has lost nearly all its former glory. Before B.C.A. went to Rappville the Church people had been without services for four months. Real progress has been made, but much remains to be done for country districts.

A hymn and the collection preceded a lantern lecture by the Organising Missioner.

The total of the Rally offering is now £94.

### WOMEN'S AUXILIARY (SYDNEY).

The annual meeting was held on Wednesday, April 30th, at the Bible House, and proved of much encouragement to us, both for its increase in numbers and also in the financial support received. The offering—nearly £80—exceeded our last.

Archdeacon Langley was in the chair, and spoke in his own cheery way of his deep interest in B.C.A. and his appreciation of Mr. Jones, our General Secretary, to whose heart-whole devotion the Society owed so much of its wellbeing.

Mrs. Bode (Hon. Secretary) and Mrs. Lee Smith (Hon. Treasurer) presented their reports, and were accorded hearty votes of thanks. Both offices require much work, and Mrs. Bode spares no trouble to secure results; while Mrs. Lee Smith, who, in conjunction with Miss D. Hayley, undertakes the shopping and packing of goods to the various stations, has earned the gratitude of the Auxiliary.

The Rev. K. Luders spoke of his labours in three most difficult centres, and was listened to with keen interest.

To Miss Vincent we are indebted for her goodness in singing for us her songs, which were much appreciated, and the General Secretary spoke of the message contained in one as so specially suited to the work in the world to-day.

Before separating for tea, needless to say, Mr. Jones brought the pressing needs before us and set us thinking. "Is there not something more we can do?" and thus help in the war, which is really the war between evil and good rather than country against country?