

# THE REAL AUSTRALIAN

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# The Bush Church Aid Society for Australia and Tasmania

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# *B. C. A. Activities and Staff*

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Penong, S.A. } Connell, Th.L., Ceduna, S.A.

Cummins, S.A.—Rev. D. A. Richards-Pugh, Cummins,  
S.A.

Kirton Point, S.A.—Rev. R. T. Hallahan, Th.L., Port  
Lincoln, S.A.

Streaky Bay, S.A.—Rev. D. Livingstone, Th.L. Streaky  
Bay, S.A.

Minnipa, S.A.—Rev. J. Greenwood, Th.L. Minnipa, S.A.

Delegate-Bonang } Rev. K. Brodie, Th.L.,  
Croajingalong, Vic. } Delegate, N.S.W.

Heytesbury Mission.—Rev. W. Duffy, Th.L., Cobden,  
Vic.

Otway Mission, Vic. — Rev. T. H. Pickburn, Th.L.,  
Beech Forest, Vic.

Wilcannia, N.S.W. } Rev. K. Luders, Th.L.,  
Menindee, N.S.W. } Wilcannia, N.S.W.

Rappville, N.S.W.—Rev. R. Meyer, Th.L., Rappville,  
N.S.W.

Denmark, W.A.—Rev. T. R. Fleming, Th.L., Denmark,  
W.A.

Werrimull, Vic.—Rev. ———, Werrimull, Vic.

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Gurrier-Jones.

Mungindi, N.S.W.—Miss E. Cheers, Miss E. I. Cheers.

Wentworth Falls, N.S.W.—Mrs. C. Mann, Mrs. I.  
Mann.

Port Lincoln, S.A.—Sister A. E. Sowter.

Bowral, N.S.W.—Mrs. Hastie, Miss J. Bradley.

## MEDICAL SERVICES.

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Matron: Sister F. Dowling.

Staff: Sisters P. Maddern, V. Holle, M. Kay, J.  
Branford.

Penong, S.A.—Sister L. Loane.

Cook, S.A.—Sister B. Bossley, Miss D. Dykes.

Tarcoola, S.A.—Sister J. Lucas.

Cann River.—Sister E. Firmin, Sister I. Gwynne.

On Leave.—Sister G. Hitchcock, Sister L. Pritchard.  
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## FLYING DOCTOR SERVICE.

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Doctors.—Dr. R. Gibson, Dr. F. Gibson.

## MAIL BAG SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Superintendents.—

Senior: Miss Huntley.

Junior: Miss R. Campbell.



## *A Challenge to You*

This is, I think, one of the best and most challenging articles ever to appear in these pages.

Read it—and then read it again. Don't fill yourself with pity for the people, or sympathy for Karl Luders and his wife and children living at Wilcannia these four years. What they and B.C.A. need is your aid. If ever the cry of "Come over and help us" was to be heard, it sounds from our North-West of N.S.W. to-day.

Two Deaconesses, full of vision, venturesome and vim, as Bishop Kirkby put it, are urgently and desperately needed. At least another man in Priest's Orders, two if possible, are required to form the nucleus of a virile and effective unit for the Church's work in the 100,000 square miles of the North-West, which forms our West Darling Mission.

Young men and women, will you face this challenge from the back-blocks?

Another need Karl has not mentioned is transport. The people of the Church in Ireland, through Col. and Con., are supplying us with £600 to purchase a van for Mr. Luders. We need also at least three other cars and utilities and cannot obtain them. Have you one not in use, or which you could do without? Will you give it to us or sell it? Write, 'phone or call.—The Editor.

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## *Going Back*

Rev. K. LUDERS.

To be perfectly honest, "going back" made little appeal. A spell in the beautiful (and almost incredible) green of the coastal area after two years out-back, made thoughts of western conditions anything but attractive. Press reports disclosed that in the month we were absent, thirty points of rain had fallen at Wilcannia, and practically none anywhere else. The drought was still "on," then. Heat and wind had been taking toll, so, allowing for the usual under-reporting of the intensity of these, I could guess that "going back" would be about as pleasant as walking into a brick kiln.

A wedding was the cause of the early return, and by a slice of good fortune I secured a seat; it was one of those inconveniently situated and hard ones in a box carriage, but still, a seat. Having "hoofed it" along city pavements on a last-day business round, any seat was acceptable. Reading and moonlit mountain scenery made for pleasantness on the first part of the trip. Midnight to dawn was given to fitful snoozing. When the train disgorged the passengers at Parkes one wondered how and where the crowd had fitted into the uncomfortable conveyance.

That the departure of the Silver City Comet was so long delayed was a bad sign. It meant that an extra large quantity of luggage had to be stacked in the van. Much luggage meant many passengers, as we learned as we all tried to climb aboard. The position was relieved when passengers alighted sixty miles along the track. Again I scored a seat.

By this time there was a marked difference in scenery—indicating that worse was to come. Such proved to be the case, so, between snatches of casual conversation, I kept my nose between printed pages and glimpsed another world. Menindee at last! On the station platform was the usual small crowd of sight-seers, not unpleasant to the eye as the foreground of a picture. But beyond them, what? A waste of barren-looking red-brown earth, pock-marked with rain spots from a cloud that had somehow got out of procession. The dust was patterned over with foot and car-tyre marks which would last for just so long as there was no breath of wind.

Passing down the main roadway in the township, where buildings were scattered like brick-bats on a spare allotment, all the signs of hard conditions came under notice again; languid citizens (their languidness is understandable and excusable), weather-beaten houses, collapsing fences, sand drifts, dust heaps, a few scattered, gnarled trees. Here and there stunted, twisted, woody bushes that even the goats despise. A few "tobacco" bushes. "Warming up," said someone. So it was.

The wedding day dawned with the promise of a "scorcher." Dust was feared. Heat would be tolerable, but a dust storm would have been just too much after the previous Tuesday's heart-breaking weather. Some said that that day was as bad as Menindee's "Black Sunday," though different. Whereas on that Sunday a violent wind blew ever-thickening clouds of red dust until there was no glimmer of daylight from 4 p.m. to



6 p.m., Tuesday's dust, carried high, was black, and settled down on the place, blanketing out everything. The wedding "went off" all right.

Is it a wonder we grow languid? Sweeping five gallons of dust out of Wilcannia Church is no joy, and the knowledge that it may be necessary to set the alarm for five o'clock next morning and get up to sweep out more dust before the 8 a.m. service, is no encouragement. But we take heart from the thought that, this being the worst drought on record, once it is broken there will come a distinct change for the better in the matter of seasons, and so others will be spared what we experience.

People are feeling the strain. Strange if it were otherwise. On places south of Menindee, sheep station people have been buying meat per the mail trucks for well over eighteen months; some for much longer. The only livestock on some places is a cow, a horse and a dog. In February I called at B . . . getting there just before tea time. With the children in bed and all the most urgent matters of conversation dealt with, in the quiet and restfulness of the night, we had the Communion Service. Not till three months later was I to know how much that meant to the couple, quite apart from the mere fact of the novelty of having a caller. In the morning, looking out through the bathroom window and viewing a paddock, I asked: "When did you last see grass growing out there?" "1939," came the reply. That meant that the eldest child, a boy of six years, has never known the fun of running through and rolling on green grass. The only green grass the children have seen on the place was a blade or two here and there that used to grow in the vegetable garden. Yes, used to grow. The garden is "done" now. On the February visit I found that water was being carted at the rate of 200 gallons, 6 miles from the bore, every other day, and rain water 12 miles every week. This had been going on for eighteen months. There was still a vestige of garden left. When the last visit was made in May the garden had disappeared altogether, and the hedge around the house was dying. Still the folk can smile.

With the man of the house and his "offsider," I climbed aboard the old truck loaded with a tank and went to the bore. Near the troughs were two hills of sand. Around about were carcasses, bones and wool. A few sheep bunched together ran along a fence, wobbling as they went. Some were on the ground, loath to get up. "Chase 'em away, Pat. The fool things will lie down and be buried in the sand." Pat reported on one poor unfortunate ewe still alive and panting:—"She's the one we brought over yesterday on the lorry. Soon be a goner, I'm afraid." "Leave her there; she'll have the best chance if we leave her alone." (Her best chance was a slim one and she is dead long ere this.)

Then, to me, "We've lost about two hundred sheep around this one trough. There," pointing to the heaps

of sand, "is some of the sand Jim took three weeks to shift with a horse scoop. It should have taken about ten days. What's not there has been blown away. We shovelled it back clear of the troughs into banks six feet high." "There they go," he added, referring to the sheep creeping into the distance. "It's a bit annoying to think that it has taken 25 years to breed the standard of sheep you want and now will have to start again almost from scratch." Annoying!

It is a privilege to help people of this sort. I was glad I did come back.

Yes, I have often been glad. One well-remembered occasion was when a visit was made to M . . . Station. Most of the personnel on the place had changed since the previous visit (one of the handicaps of the war years), but the friendly manager was still there. What a "chin-wag" we had. It was easy to see that here was a searcher for spiritual truths. We enjoyed ourselves immensely, and parted for the night with the agreement about a service together in the morning. It was a strange but moving service we had that carried him back to his youthful days of high resolves. And for me was a very real link with "the blessed company of all faithful people" and the "Head of the Church." It moved me to repent my disinclination to come back. It was a decidedly unorthodox Holy Communion, but the essentials were there. That he was greatly moved was evident from the manager's remark, "My word, there's a lot in this," and a request to be allowed to keep his copy of the service booklet we had used.

For such as these it is definitely worth coming back. But for the few who can be helped and encouraged there are scores who cannot be even contacted. It is physically impossible. While the track is rolling under the wheels of the utility during bush trips, the township people are being neglected. While the town in one place is being cared for the Church and children in another are being neglected. While the "bus" is being repaired, correspondence is being neglected, and so on and so on. There is work enough here for two deaconesses and two men. Statistical returns prepared for Church Office show that in the past year the best that could be done was to hold 55 services at one centre; 28 at another 100 miles away; 6 at another 114 miles away; 3 at another 60 miles away; and 1 at another 230 miles away, and many in homes. To give Scripture lessons to children at schools in these centres as follows: 32, 28, 4, 4, and 0 respectively. We had 22 baptisms (mostly in homes), 6 persons confirmed, 5 couples married (some of them Aborigines). These figures serve to show how hopelessly inadequate are the endeavours of one man to minister the Word and Sacraments to a Church population estimated at 1900 and scattered over an area of 100,000 square miles.

June in to --

5 M.U.  
5 A.D.  
5 P.I.  
5 S.E.

on Sundays,  
at 9 a.m.



## *The Minnipa Morrises*

The Rev. Leon Morris, B.D., B.Sc., Th.L., has been appointed Vice-Principal of Ridley College. This is very good for Ridley, the Church generally and all young men who will do their theological training there. It is a very great loss to B.C.A., though we hope that Leon's influence at Ridley will eventually benefit our work and workers.

So far as I can ascertain, Leon's academic distinctions are unique for Australia, for I am told (not by Leon) that his B.D. 1st Class London is Australia's first.

To me, the most remarkable thing about it is that he did his reading for it while ministering in one of the most difficult and arduous of our missions. The country lying between Minnipa and the East-West Line at Tarcoola is full of bad roads, the runs are large and the homes isolated. At no stage did Mr. Morris sacrifice his work for his studies. He would be the first to acknowledge that he owes much to his wife who was able to relieve him of some of the driving of St. Patrick on long runs, while he tried to read over the bumps.

Mrs. Morris, as our friends well know, has had a ministry all her own. As district nurse, mothercraft instructor, concert and social organiser and V.A.D. Chief, she has set a standard of service almost impossible to exceed. We are grateful for their fellowship and service with and in B.C.A. As one of the more prominent Minnipa men put it, "We couldn't hope to keep them for ever, though we would like to."

We wish them much blessing in the new and important task ahead and hope to follow their doings with great interest.

—T.E.J.

## *Minnipa*

Rev. L. MORRIS.

The O.M.'s request for an article arrived just as Rev. J. Greenwood and I were on the point of setting out on our trip through the station country to Tarcoola. As the date by which he wants his article falls too late for us to go home before writing, there is nothing for it but to write by the way.

Mr. Greenwood is learning the roads and getting to know the people, so that in due course he will be able to take over this district from me. Already he has learned of some of the unfortunate happenings which can turn this into anything but a pleasure trip. For example, we tried a little night journey on Thursday. We had 55 miles to go, and we set out blithely at a quarter to seven, expecting to reach our destination by about 10 o'clock. The first 35 miles slipped away pleasantly enough, and we passed through creeks, sandy stretches and even a salt lake, without even a minor disturbance to ruffle our tranquillity. Then we ran into a patch of bad sand. Even so, I think we might have been all right, only that since I last came through the road has become impassable and the folk have marked out a new track only slightly less difficult than the old one. Not knowing the bends of the new track, and not seeing them very clearly by night, I ran nicely out of the wheel tracks and into a beautifully soft patch of sand. I prefer not to recall the hours of digging and jacking and looking for bushes to pack the road, that followed. Suffice to say that sometime after midnight, lights in the distance

proclaimed that our host, concerned at our non-arrival, had come to look for us. With the aid of his knowledge, plus a hefty pull his car could give from firmer ground over the hill, we were soon free to negotiate the rest of the journey, which, incidentally, included another seven miles or so of sand. Thus you may picture us, weary but triumphant, sitting by a blazing fire and drinking the inevitable "cupper" at 2 a.m.

On another occasion we had a bright little night drive across country which included many creeks. In order to correct your misapprehensions, I hasten to add that a "creek" in this country is innocent of water and merely signifies a steep depression gouged out by swift torrents when it rains (when!). Some of these creeks dip so sharply that the headlamps seem to show only a hole in the road, then down you go into what seems an inky void. We found it an eerie sensation, but fortunately one attended by no mishap.

Each evening we have been able to conduct service (except the one out in the sand!). Our congregations have been small, and mostly include only one family, although on one occasion there were also a couple of hard-headed business men on a holiday from the city. In these informal gatherings one senses the triumph of the human soul. Without any of the external aids such as churches, and organs, our little groups are able to seek God and find Him very near.

"Where two or three are gathered together . . ."



## A Wet Welcome

Rev. R. MEYER.

It has rained every day since we arrived—some 15 inches in all—and it culminated yesterday in an all-time record flood!

Darkness set in last night with the roaring flood-waters only a few feet away and still rising. About 7 p.m. the cyclone started. Now that was too bad! Apart from the southern verandah (we donned overcoats and goloshes to shift furniture from it), the bathroom (a wet place, anyhow) and the laundry, the place had kept dry—except for the water which came through broken window panes. But this cyclone tried to lift the roof. But it only succeeded in taking some of the garage roof.

One couldn't go even 50 yards by any road, and Mr. Connell caught the last train out. 'Phones were "off," too. What a life! The water was on three sides of the village. The Church had a foot of water in it. It has a bad lean now and the organ . . . !!

So I have been here a week, and haven't gone 50 yards from the village. I got into the car for my first drive, to pick up a heavy box at the station this morning—but my luck is certainly out. I nearly ran the battery flat. Now I think I said years ago in my application to B.C.A. that I could effect running repairs. I began to regret that. I should have said that I had seen them done, and thought it very easy.

It's grand to be a B.C.A. missionary. I've erected doors, installed a chip-heater, made shelves and racks for utensils, mended leaks, laid linos, shifted furniture, learnt how to manipulate kerosene lanterns (even though kerosene can't be purchased at the store until further notice) mended a motor car, defied floods and cyclones, and even prepared an address.

The local people have sustained most serious loss. Stock and plant have gone in many cases—just swept away. But they are great people. Quiet, big-hearted folk they all are. Everyone is most cordial in welcoming us.

It will be a tremendous privilege to preach the glorious gospel of redemption to them. I know our ministry among them will be a real joy, and I thank God for the opportunity. I feel sure the Lord has great blessing in store for us.



Wangary's lovely little Church,  
Kirton Point Mission.

## A New Home

Miss J. BRADLEY.

My Rector says "If we are to have a better world, we must have better people, and if we are to have better people, we must have Christian homes in which to train our young people in Christian principles, and introduce them to Jesus Christ Himself." Because of this, Bowral people are rejoicing to see a new hostel, which the B.C.A. commenced this January, and pray, it will exercise the necessary influence over the thirteen bright young girls who have come. It is hoped that the influence of the hostel will not be confined to the inmates, but will extend to other young people in the district and become a centre for Bible classes and social gatherings in connection with the Church. The Rector, the Rev. L. A. Pearce, has conducted a Monday night confirmation class here for some time, to which outsiders have come.

We are looking forward to the official opening of the hostel on 30th June, by Miss West, of "Frensham", Mittagong. It is hoped that His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney, will visit us to inspect the work.

During the first term our family was ten in number. This has increased to thirteen, and now we are unable to take any more until extensions are made to the building. We have a waiting list of 5 girls, who are most anxious to stay with us, and no doubt the list will grow when those in the outlying districts learn that such a place exists.

At the commencement of the second term we welcomed Matron Hastie, and hope she will be very happy with us. At present we are not faced with staff problems, and value very much the faithful work of Mr. and Mrs. Spence, who have been with us all the time.

Of course there are problems. We are finding it difficult to procure a piano, and as ten of us take lessons, our musical gifts are somewhat thwarted. Like Sister Sowter, of Port Lincoln Hostel, we cannot buy large saucepans or iron kettles. Also we are in need of a sewing machine. Can you help us?

May our highest hopes and expectations be fulfilled in this new venture of B.C.A.

### NOTE.

The thanks of B.C.A. are due to Miss Joan Bradley who is Deaconess in the Bowral Parish, and also to the Rector, the Rev. L. Pearce, and his Church Council. In order to open the Bowral Hostel for the reception of girls at the beginning of the High School year, Miss Bradley volunteered to take charge at Bowral, and the Rector and his Council kindly made her services available for the purpose without financial obligations to B.C.A.

We ask them all to accept our warmest thanks for this kindly co-operation.

The Bowral Hostel, like all our work, is suffering from growing pains. The heavy expense of purchase and furnishing, together with the same expenditure necessary at Port Lincoln and "Coorah" seemed to make impossible the provision of more accommodation at Bowral.

We now feel it must be done, and about £250 will be needed to make provision for the extra girls on the waiting list.

—Editor.



# *A Day in the Mission—Streaky Bay*

Rev. D. LIVINGSTONE.

The day commenced at 11 a.m. with the funeral of a prominent citizen. A largely attended service was held in the church and 61 cars followed the hearse — a utility truck specially fitted up for the occasion — to the graveside.

At 11.45 a.m. I left the town in order to teach in a school 19 miles away. The first 12 miles of road was excellent, but the rest was atrocious. It was a matter of bouncing from one rock to the next. I called on a parishioner for dinner and we ate with dust pouring through the kitchen in clouds, as gusts of wind raised the dirt from the bare drought-stricken paddocks. While the radio told us of wonderful rains in N.S.W. this farmer told me that his sheep had had their last feed that day, and now nothing whatever remained for them.

By 1.30 p.m. I was in a little school which I had reached by driving through the paddocks — a better name now would be dust-heaps — for 3½ miles. My class consisted of two children! The others in the school were Roman Catholics. But our Lord promised to be present with the two or three and so those two small boys learned a little more of the gospel story.

Back over the paddocks, back over the rocks, stopping every now and again to open and close 20 maddening gates, and so back on to the main road and by 3 p.m. I was 25 miles away in another school, this time teaching eight children something of the Lord Jesus Christ as the Light of the World.

Other parishioners live quite close to the school and as soon as the lesson was over, I was in the farmhouse again, listening to the tragic, grim story of drought. On this farm, many sheep have died and an effort is being made to save the rest, by cutting scrub for feed, but it is a hopeless battle. If it doesn't rain soon, all the horses will have to be shot. Outside the red sun

shone brightly through the dust haze. Paddocks which should now be green, were brown and bare. Although it was the middle of June, it looked and felt more like summer.

On the way home, more parishioners were visited and all had the same story to tell. As I listened to those stories of loss, loss involving large sums of hard cash, the loss of many years labour and planning and hope, I could not help wondering at the cheerfulness and bravery of these real Australians. I wondered, too, just how many city dwellers realised how bad things are and how many would remain on their jobs under such conditions.

As I turned "Martha" for home, the sun sank in a glory of red, fiery cloud, a typical summer sunset in the midst of winter! A beautiful but an ominous sight.

Home was reached at 6.30 a.m., but soon afterwards I was called out again to render a small service to a parishioner.

During the day 84 miles had been travelled, a funeral conducted, 10 children taught in two schools, a few farms visited. A fairly typical day. A day very similar to many others in parishes throughout Australia. Nothing spectacular, just another day of regular routine.

But the point is this. In this particular area such a day would be impossible without the Bush Church Aid Society. If it had not been for the B.C.A. great difficulty would have been experienced in a getting a clergyman to conduct a Christian Burial Service with its message of victory and consolation to the sorrowing relatives; 10 children, not very many it is true, but still 10 souls for whom Christ died, would not have heard the Gospel message; and a few farmers, only a few, but those few help to make up the backbone of the country, would have been denied the consolation of the knowledge that their Church is with them in their time of trial.

## *Sister J. E. Saxby*

On June 10th Jean Elizabeth Saxby was called to Higher Service, leaving behind her the memory of a sweet eagerness, an anticipation of all the joy that was to come to her in her Heavenly Home. After months of suffering she thanked God for many blessings, one being the great happiness of seeing her only sister, who spent three months travelling to her from Moscow.

In December, 1927, Jean Saxby was appointed and remained for two years Matron of the first B.C.A. Hospital in the pioneering days of hospital work in Ceduna, when there were few conveniences and comforts, very many difficulties and much responsibility with long hours of day and night nursing. The isolation was greater because then there were no planes to transfer patients, who needed special surgical treatment, to Adelaide. Every emergency had to be faced in the little B.C.A. Hospital. Jean Saxby was always very courageous and had ever a great longing to do her utmost to help others.

## *"Coorah" Hostel*

As the additions at "Coorah," Wentworth Falls, are nearing completion, I think it would be in order for the builder to explain the work completed, and also to try in some small way to show his appreciation for the wonderful help, understanding and patience shown by Mrs. Mann and staff.

The additions consist of new shower, bath and drying rooms and conveniences, and moreover the interruption to existing services.

To me the running of a small boys' hostel under normal conditions is something to admire, but when the builders arrived and disrupt the organisation, it is then that a mere man sees what a matron can do under difficult conditions.

My consolation for the inconvenience I have put these people to is that now the work is being finalised that they will receive the benefit and comfort that the additions will provide.

One word more! As to the boys I have met here they are, I think, the happiest lot of kiddies I have yet come in contact with.

—THE BUILDER.



## Getting About

Miss D. DYKES.

If you have lived most of your life in or near a city, it is hard to realise the loneliness of those whose next-door neighbour is approximately 30 miles away. Early in March I was invited to go for a train ride, so decided to call on the next camp, Fisher, where there was residing at the time but three families. A disappointment awaited me at Fisher as the lady was away, so decided to go to the next camp, Watson, but unfortunately our train was late and I only just had time to change over for the return trip, and so was unable to visit any of the six families living there. I would recommend all who think their house gets dusty to try living in Watson for awhile. Watson was at one time a ballast quarry but, although not being worked at the present time, is now a great hole almost surrounded by a mountain of fine ballast. There are six nice new homes there but unfortunately they have been built right opposite this mount, with the result that with every wind that blows, and there are plenty, the houses get a fair share of dust etc., as no places, however well built, are dust-proof against such gales as we get on occasions.

Although my trip proved fruitless, a few weeks later I had another very unexpected train ride, this time into Port Augusta. Travelled over a thousand miles and was away approximately 47 hours. An expectant mother with complications was admitted to hospital, needing medical attention. Unfortunately, our plane was away on its annual overhaul so Dr. was unable to come up and the only alternative was to take the patient to the nearest doctor which is Port Augusta, 569 miles away. In the seven years that the plane has been in service, this is the first time we have had an emergency call whilst it was away, but as things turned out, one feels it was all for the best as the patient had to undergo an operation which was beyond our powers to perform and quite unforeseen at the time. The first train we could travel on was the "Fast Goods", fortunately a fairly fast train, mainly made up of empties and a passenger car on the end which is usually full by the time it reaches Cook. As usual, it was late, but eventually arrived and the station-master got a compartment emptied out and managed to fix up a comfortable bed with an additional mattress, etc. As things were all rather uncertain, the patient's family had decided it best to accompany us, so we were a full house with mother and two little girls and grandmother; the husband travelled in the guard's van, paying us many visits to minister to our needs. We left Cook about 6 p.m. and eventually got the family fed and more or less settled on the top bunks, with many cases, rugs, coats, etc., to keep them up, and the patient was made as comfortable as possible, and seemed to be doing nicely. About 10.30 p.m. she roused and requested a cup of tea, so the husband was told and duly arrived with a very welcome billy of tea, which we just got poured out in our cups, but we did not manage to drink it as another little sister decided to put in her appearance at that moment. The family was hastily dispersed to father's care, not being able to understand such strange doings and spent the rest of the night very cross at being disturbed. The patient stood the shock very well and the infant was quite unperturbed at the unexpected place of arrival, and quite contented to be wrapped up warmly and go to sleep. I was able to

contact Tarcoola at the next place of calling, and so get in touch with Sister Page who was at the station with necessary equipment, when we arrived there next morning about 6 o'clock. We made the patient as comfortable as we could, and Sister Page offered to come the rest of the journey in case of further complications, which offer I gladly accepted, as we still had over 200 miles to go and would not reach our destination till after 5 p.m. The day eventually passed, rather slowly for the patient, but she stood it all very well. None were sorry to reach the journey's end, and we were very relieved to get the patient safely to bed in hospital. The patient has since returned to Cook and both are doing nicely.

We did not have long to loiter in Port Augusta, as there was a train leaving at 7 p.m., but we managed to call at the Salvation Army quarters and partake of a very welcome cup of tea, although after nearly 24 hours on wheels I found everything rather rocking. We arrived back at the station just in time to catch the train, this time in "style" in the guard's van, at first on a little stool where Sister Page managed to curl up and endeavor to sleep, with me nodding beside her. However, we must have looked what we were, tired, as presently several men issued forth out of the bunks attached to the van and offered us a bed, which we gladly accepted, and had a more or less comfortable sleep in between stops, etc. Arrived Tarcoola 6 a.m. where I partook of a welcome breakfast and parted with Sister Page. The day passed very pleasantly. At each stop where there was enough time, I called on the women and children and realised afresh what lonely lives they live. At one place there are three women, one away at present, and three little children; another place, only one woman and a little girl aged 6. This child was born in our hospital and has never lived anywhere else, yet she is a bright lass, and the mother a truly practical Christian, who has never lost her faith in God, in spite of lack of fellowship and isolation. I was able to give these children some text tickets and little books, and the little girl has since joined up with the Mail Bag Sunday. It was a real treat to see some trees and hills after the flat barren plain, and at one stop I took the opportunity to gather some green leaves which just make all the difference to a room and gave much pleasure to our two cages of canaries. I eventually arrived back at 4 p.m. after two days on wheels; I even welcomed landing back at barren Cook.

Rev. J. Greenwood has just been on his quarterly visit to us, and although we did not see much of him, we do appreciate his visits and the many services he is able to render, not only here, but for over 500 miles along the line, truly a large parish, especially as he had already come over 250 miles overland. Mrs. Greenwood accompanied him this trip, and we were delighted to have her with us whilst he visited up the line. This time he officiated at a wedding and two baptisms in Cook, and started four more Sunday Schools along the line, so you can see he does not idle.

I would like to interest you in the Sunday School work. As a result of all these new schools, we now have over a hundred children to cater for — quite a large family scattered over 500 miles. We get our lesson material from the Mail Bag Sunday School and



are very grateful for the assistance they are always so willing to give. However, as you may realise, we will need a lot of text tickets, suitable Bible pictures, etc., and we wondered if some of you may be able to help us, specially with the pictures. Recently we received a very interesting box of all sorts of useful articles from Kew, Melbourne. Amongst the collection were several boxes of crayons, and so I was able to let a couple of schools have a packet to help them with the expression work. Thank you, friends. I would also like to thank the friends at Mosman, who sent a parcel of paper, pencils, and little books earlier in the year; they are proving most useful in the children's work. Our Sunday School here is doing well, although, unfortunately, we have no regular teacher for the babies class, which is enlarging fast. However, we manage fairly well, and the attendance and interest is well maintained. We have introduced a Missionary Sunday once a month and find it working very well. We have a large chart on which is recorded the amounts given by boys and girls, coloured squares being used for the purpose, and the children love the importance of collecting money, counting it, and pasting it on the squares.

So the work goes on, and we would ask you to continue to support us with your prayers without which we could never carry on the work.

Once again thank you all for your little gifts and loving thoughts.

## *To New Fields*

Rev. P. CONNELL.

Towards the end of May I received word from Mr. Jones that Rev. R. S. Meyer had been appointed to the Rappville parish, and that I was to be transferred to the Parish of Ceduna-Penong on the West Coast of South Australia. At the end of May, Mr. Meyer came up from Sydney to "spy out the land." He came round with me on one of my mid-week visiting trips and enjoyed every minute of it. We got into the old car and set off for the district of Ellangowan. That night we stayed at a farm. I had brought my camp stretcher along in case there was only one spare bed, but there were two, so the stretcher was not needed. Some of the roads were rather bad, and it rained all the time. However, next day we set off early, visiting farms along the road. Nothing startling happened except that the old bus nearly caught fire through a "short" in the engine. We came home by a very rough road through forest country, and Mr. Meyer started back for Sydney after having seen just a little of what he is coming to.

It was then I set to work to pack. What a quantity of gear and rubbish accumulates when the day for packing and moving out comes. I worked hard and only just got finished and out of the vicarage one hour before Mr. and Mrs. Meyer arrived by the mail train. They arrived in the rain, an omen of things to come. I remained four or five days after the Meyers came, for the service, after which there was to be a welcome to him and a farewell to me at a basket lunch provided by the parishioners. However, it rained so heavily that hardly anyone turned up. I was one of the

absentees as it looked as if it was too wet. I was staying at a farm house of one of the parishioners and we sat yarning in the kitchen all day as it was too wet for anyone to go out working. During brief lulls in the storm we made dashes to the woodheap for wood, which was very wet and took hours to dry. Meanwhile, during those last few days it continued to rain. Finally the day came for me to leave, and with Mr. Small and his son Ray to help me carry my luggage, we walked  $\frac{1}{2}$  mile to the station across a railway viaduct—the usual road was a foot under water—while the waters of two flooded creeks which had burst their banks, foamed beneath. It was quite awe-inspiring to see so much water. The roads and paddocks were completely covered. All that could be seen were dotted lines where roads had been. These dotted lines were the tops of fence posts which lined the road on either side. On the platform we waited, hoping the train would get through, as the flood waters were rising and in some places below Rappville, covered the rails. However, the train came in at last, two carriages and a guard's van—a skeleton mail train, hastily got together at Casino, as the original mail train had been derailed higher up the line towards the Queensland border.

It was a business saying goodbye to so many people. I rode old Ruby for the last time round one of the runs, through Mongogarie and Hogarth Range. It seemed to rain all the time, and when I got to a house to stay the night I seemed to spend a good deal of the evening drying clothes at the kitchen fire. I promised to write to many friends and I look forward to hearing news of them.

The Station to which I have been appointed is Penong on the West Coast of South Australia. To get there I go to Adelaide, take a boat to Port Lincoln. From there I go by train some two or three hundred miles towards the Western Australian border. The parish itself is situated in a big outback area. There are some big sheep stations in the parish. I gasped when Mr. Jones told me that there is one stretch of 160 miles where there is only one house, a big station homestead. A land of great open spaces with a vengeance. I am very much looking forward to my work there. Part of my work will be to board a train on the East-West line and visit the stations across the border in Western Australian territory. But I had better not be too descriptive of the nature and extent of the work until I have seen it for myself.

I have been allowed a short leave on my way over to South Australia to see my relatives in Riverina, N.S.W. and Melbourne, for which I am very grateful.

Now I would like to take the opportunity of thanking those who have taken a prayerful interest in my work. It is a great help to me when I know that fellow-Christians are upholding me by their persistent prayers. I ask you who pray to continue. I value your prayers very much and would always like to hear from you.

Prayer is the most wonderful thing and I am sure that my ministry, or any other's, is powerless without it. A Baptist minister friend told me that R. M. McCheyne, the Scottish minister of over a century ago, said that, a minister is, in his daily work, what he is in his morning devotions and nothing more. So may I be faithful and if you prayer-helpers will be also, I ask no better equipment with which to commence my new labours in Penong parish.



## *A Long Way from Home*

Rev. R. T. HALLAHAN.

When one has lived in a district for a period of years there comes a familiarity with the faces of folk in each place, and the advent of a stranger in any gathering evokes something of a mild surprise and an excusable curiosity.

On my recent trip through the "country" districts, I encountered a man in the local store whose face was unfamiliar, and in the somewhat free and easy way which country folk are accustomed to, sought from him the information as to which part of the country he had lived in, previous to his coming there. To my surprise he replied that he had only been in Australia three weeks, having been born in London and having served for the whole of the war years as an electrician on ships of the Merchant Navy. In answer to my further question as to what made him choose this out-of-the-way spot for a holiday, I learned that while in Adelaide he met an old friend whose property is in the district and had accepted the invitation to visit the country of Australia, with which he was totally unacquainted.

This friend was not returning immediately, but assured him that the family would welcome him, if he cared to go on ahead.

The story of how he got to the place, 40 miles out of Port Lincoln, seemed to me to be worth while retelling to readers of the R.A. Here it is:—

Finding that he could travel overland by mail bus, he chose that method in preference to the sea journey of 12 hours in the regular ferry boat service. The land journey takes about 16 hours if all goes well with the mail bus over the 430 miles of road.

The numerous stops for refuelling and refreshments are heralded by the call of "Smoke-Oh." At the first of these stops, our Londoner learned that "Smoke-Oh" was the accepted word for light refreshments when he saw the other passengers stream across to where a farmer's wife was pouring out cups of tea, from the sale of which she added to the revenue of the family. Fortunately, these were the only stops necessary, and after the usual quota of them had been seen through, the "Mail" arrived in Port Lincoln and discharged its passengers.

The next problem was to find the road to his destination, Coult, which his host had told him was a small village "a little way out of Lincoln." It being delightful weather he decided to walk and send his luggage on by service car. He set off, and, after having traversed five or six miles over undulating country, expected to see the village of Coult at "any tick of the clock."

Surmounting the last of the hills he could see a long stretch of road for 10 or 15 miles without any habitation, and the query came into his mind, "Am I on the right road?" Just then there came into sight an old man driving a dozen or so cattle. So the mental query was voiced to him. "Coult? Oh, that's another 35 miles on; are you going to hoof it all the way?" "I can't understand you," says the Cockney. "Where do you come from? Don't you understand English? Hoofing means walking, padding the hoof. Where's your Bluey?" After being enlightened on this meaning also, there ensued an exchange of conversation in the course of which the old man said, "What do you think of our cattle in these parts?" Looking at them the Londoner replied, "Well, I have heard that there was a drought on over here, but I never expected to see cattle so weak that they have to put props round their necks to hold their heads up." "Weak be ——" was the reply. "Don't you know them there props as you call 'em, is to keep the cows from gettin' through the fences?" Just then a car came in sight and the Cockney was successful in thumbing a lift for thirty of the remaining 35 miles. He finally arrived and was welcomed at the house. Then came the opportunity for him to utilise his ingenuity on behalf of the family. A patent refrigerator whose principle was based on the down draught from a roof ventilator, had not proved satisfactory. "Let me fix that up so that it will be no longer dependent on the wind," said our friend. Agreed to "pronto" by the folk, and in his expert hands the "frig." was being remodelled.

I learned later that he had almost succeeded in persuading a whole family to come to Church on the preceding Sunday, and that he was deeply conscious of the Divine Aid granted in answer to prayer both to himself on the high seas and to his friends and relatives in the blitz experiences over London, and truly sensible of the value of Public Worship in maintaining that faith for the tasks that lie ahead, in the bush of Australia, the heart of London or on the high seas.

After the war we shall doubtless have many more of these lovable Londoners seeking a new home in our outback. It is the earnest prayer of many of us that in Christian homes they will be welcomed and their own invaluable contribution be made to the life of our land.

The B.C.A. is doing its level best to impart and maintain the Christian Faith in our bush homes.

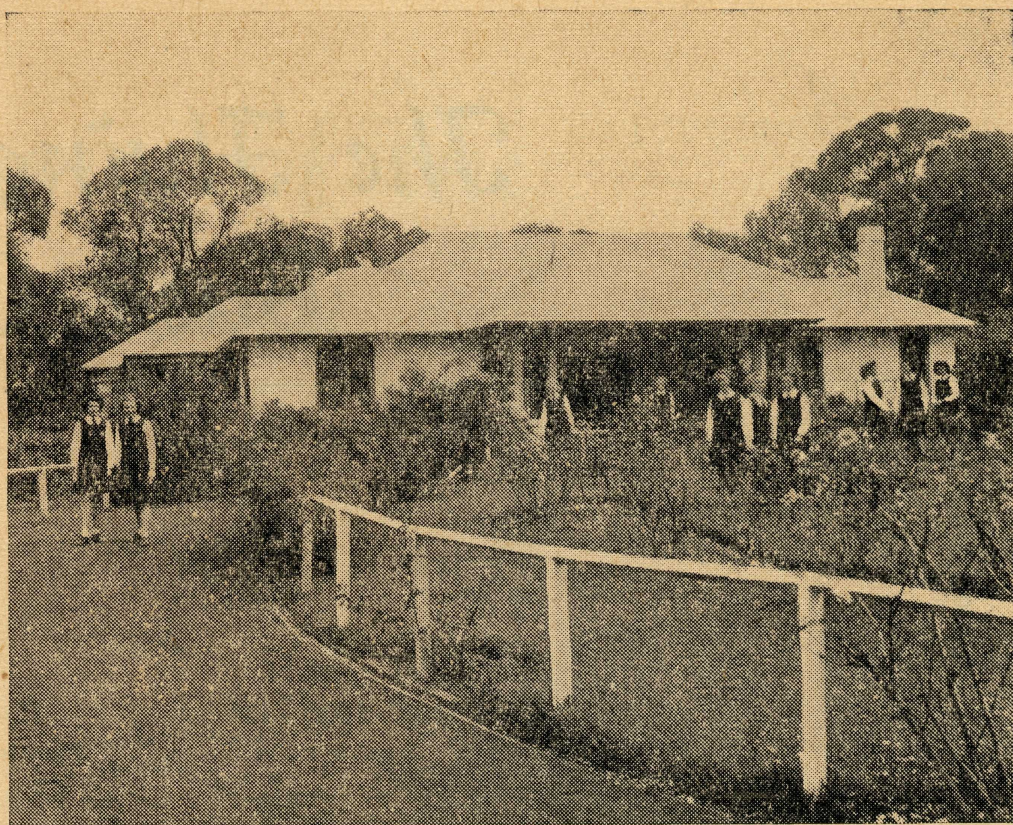
## *Don't Forget*

*Tune in to:*

2 G.B. Sydney, at 10 a.m. on Fridays

3 D.B. Victoria, at 9.30 a.m. on Fridays





## *The Organising Missioner's Letter*

The official opening and dedication of the Bowral Hostel was an occasion of much encouragement.

About 250 people attended, including some of the members of our Women's Auxiliary from Sydney.

Miss Winifred West, of the Frensham School, officially opened the building, and His Grace the Archbishop of Sydney performed the Act of Dedication.

The offering for the day amounted to £1,608, of which £1,500 came from the Dr. Stewart Ziele Trust. At the moment numbers are limited to 14 girls, but we hope that before the end of the school year it will be possible to increase the accommodation to bring the number up to 20.

This is the second hostel opened by the Society in the short space of ten months, at a total cost of nearly £9,000. This is an achievement of which we can be proud, while humbly thanking God for His Gracious provision in enabling the programme to be carried out.

We feel that our friends are very much with us in these projects for the children, and, while saying "Thank you" for help already given, we hope that they will continue to support the extension of this side of our ministry.

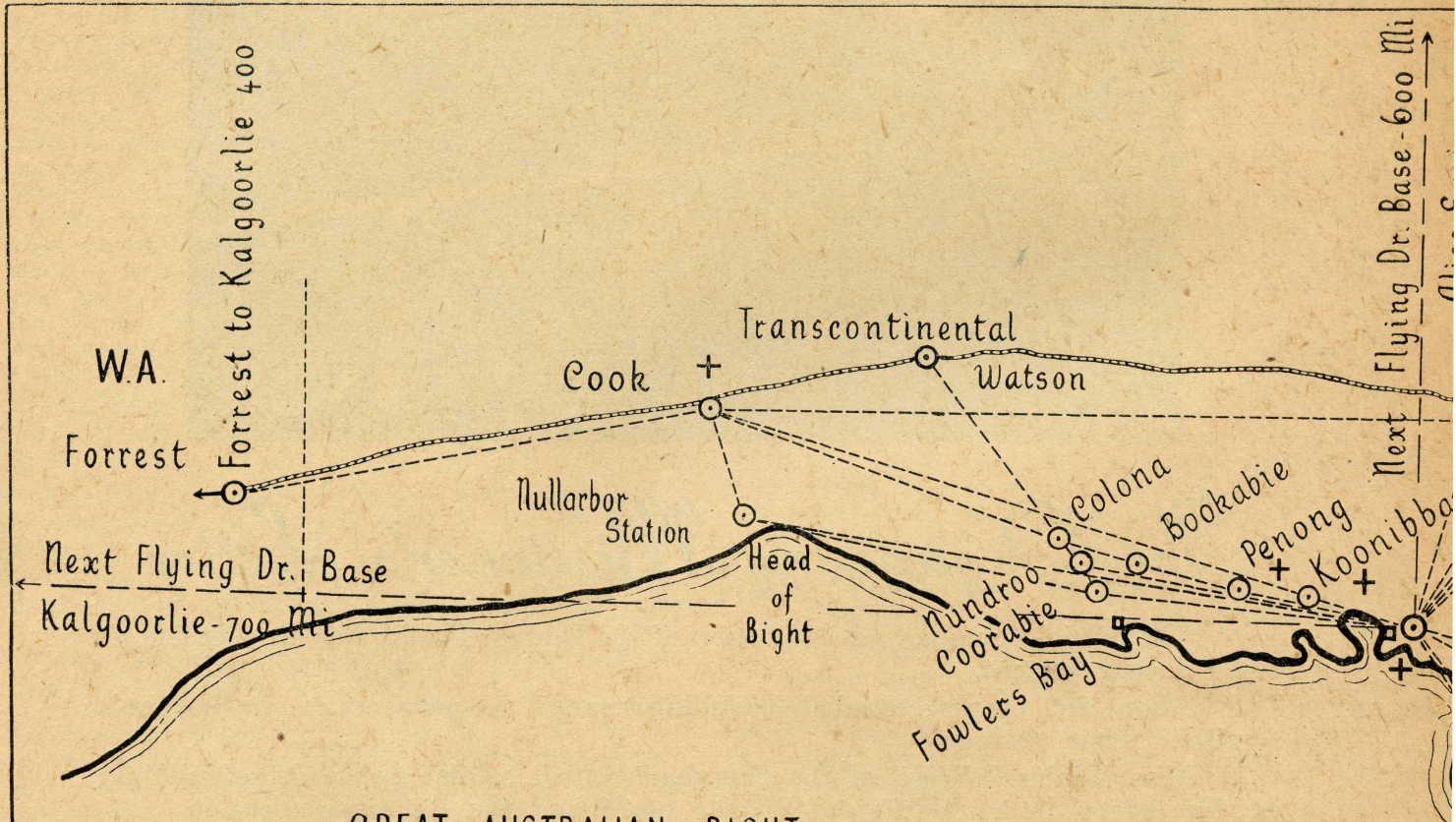
Remember, we do want to rebuild at Wilcannia as soon as it is possible. Some have already sent in gifts towards the £3,000 we will probably need. We are also asked to explore the possibilities of providing hostels in two more South Australian towns.

Meanwhile, we need workers. Hostels are of little use without earnest and capable people to staff them. We also need help in the domestic sphere at Penong. Matron Sowter needs an assistant urgently.

There is plenty of scope in the Church's work—consider whether there is not a place for you.



# The Flying Doctor Bush Church



## GREAT AUSTRALIAN BIGHT



*This plan sets out the air routes used by the Flying Medical Service of the Bush Church Aid Society, with the distances and directions to the next adjoining Flying Doctor Bases.*

### MILEAGES FROM CEDUNA BASE

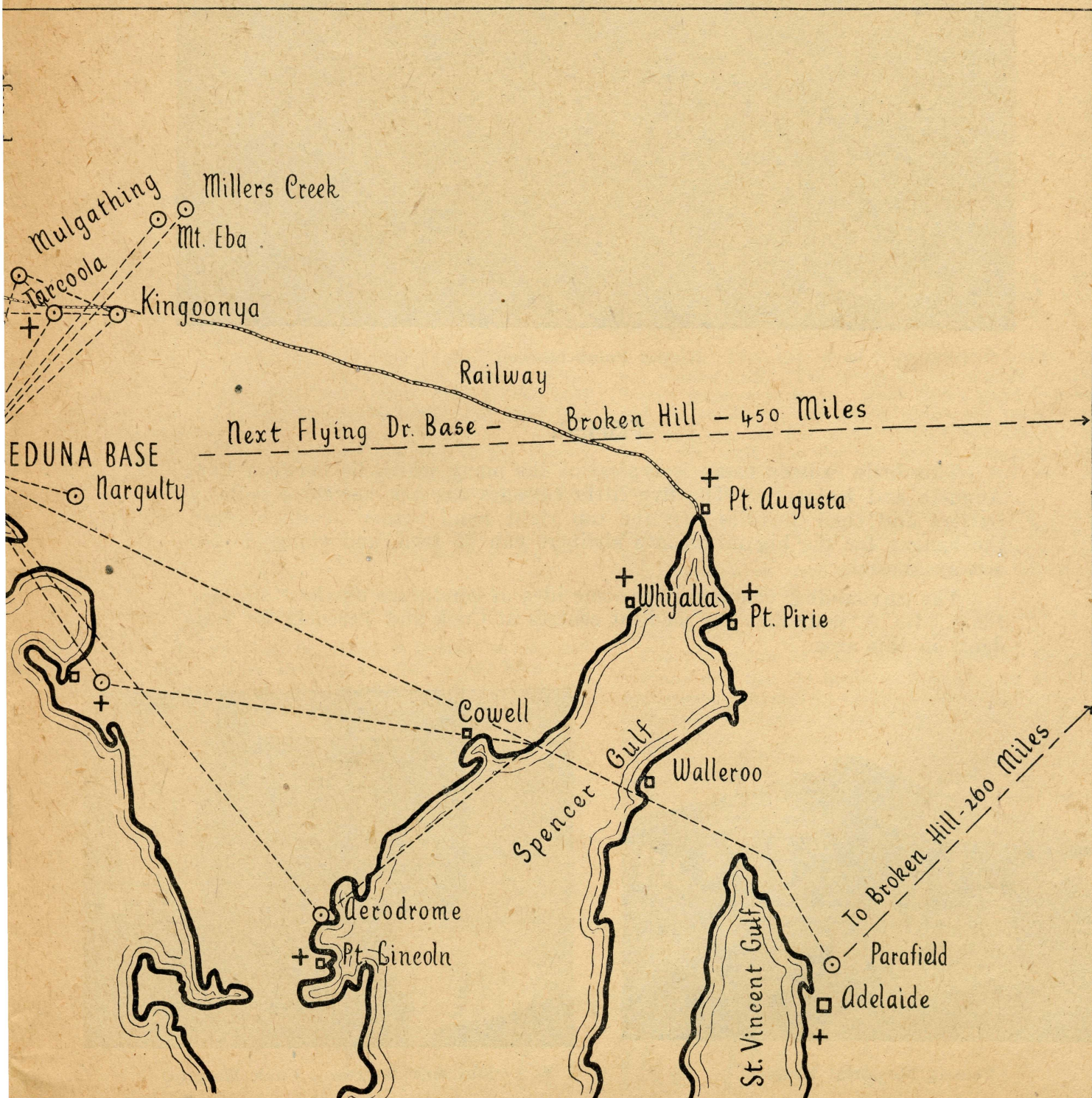
To Forrest (via Cook)	352 miles
To Millars Creek	200 "
To Parafield	350 "

+ Denotes hospital at that point.

Streaky Bay



# for Service of the Aid Society





## *On the Nullabor*

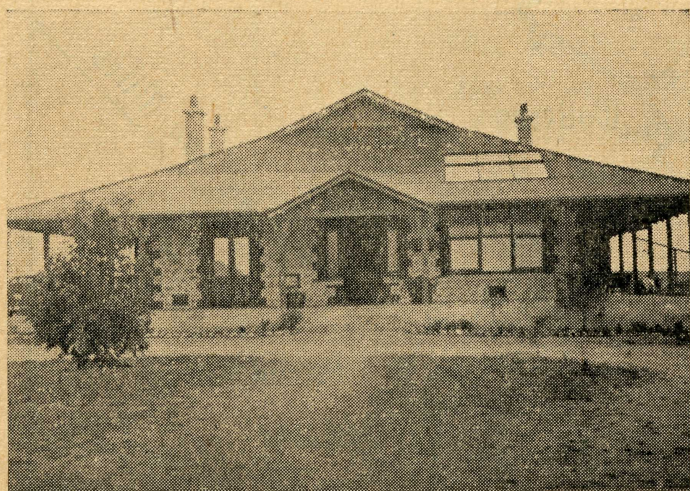


Kirton Point Mission.

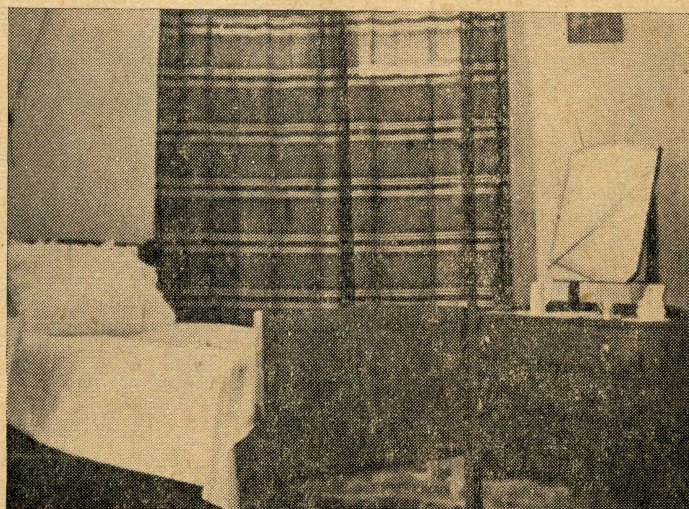
### FISHER.

This little railway camp is typical of the many which lie between Port Augusta and Kalgoorlie. The five little cottages are the homes of railway fettlers and their families. In the top right hand corner of the picture the hangar for the big inter-State airliners can be seen, and alongside the airways hostel.

The surrounding country gives some idea of conditions on the Nullarbor Plain. B.C.A. maintains the medical centres at Cook and Tarcoola for residents in this area.



Penong Memorial Hospital.



Matron's Bedroom, Cook Hospital





The Editor regrets the omission from our last issue of any acknowledgment to Mrs. Marshall and her good friends for yet another annual sum of £23/10/-. Mrs. Marshall has been collecting donations from her friends for B.C.A. almost from the inception of the Society. We value her aid and continued efforts on our behalf, and say to her and her friends a real, though belated "Thank you."

Mrs. Hastie, of Mt. Colah, has taken charge at Bowral. Miss Bradley will continue on as her assistant, and we welcome them both to our work and wish them much blessing in it.

Since our last issue Miss Harding, who has been Mrs. Mann's capable assistant at "Coorah", has been in hospital undergoing an operation, and is at present on sick leave. Mrs. Mann, Jnr., who as Miss A. Taylor, was assistant at Wilcannia until her marriage, has filled the gap at "Coorah" for the time being. We appreciate her readiness to help at this time.

We hope Miss Harding will make good progress to full health.

During June, the Rev. R. Meyer and his wife proceeded to Rappville to take over from Mr. Connell. They were greeted with the floods and gales of recent weeks. We hope they won't think it is always quite that bad — though Wilcannia would not mind the same experience.

The Rev. P. Connell has transferred to the Penong Mission in South Australia, and though he will find himself in totally different type of country, he will find the same warm-hearted people.

The Rev. John Greenwood and his wife transfer to Minnipa to carry on the magnificent work of the Rev. Leon and Mrs. Morris.

To all these in new spheres we extend our best wishes and the assurance of our prayers for them and their people.

We welcome Sister V. Holle, of Sydney, to our staff at Ceduna. Sister Dowling and her nurses have been hard pressed of late, and the advent of Sister Holle will relieve the strain, though we urgently need at least three more nurses.

Our congratulations to the Rev. D. and Mrs. Pugh, of Cummins, on the advent of twin sons; also to the Rev. T. R. and Mrs. Fleming, of Denmark, on the coming of another daughter. The B.C.A. family is getting up to considerable dimensions these days.

Our N.S.W. Women's Auxiliary ask all their friends to keep in mind their Annual Meeting to be held in The Bible House, Bathurst Street, on Friday, October 5th. His Grace the Archbishop, will preside at the

business meeting at 2 o'clock. This will be followed by musical items and afternoon tea. Instead of stalls this year, there will be a Treasure Chest for gifts of money.

We tender our thanks to Port Kembla friends who sent us the sum of £9 through their energetic Secretary, Mr. Rieck.

Have you any "Hymnal Companions" you can spare? Two dozen are wanted by the "Coorah" staff.

The sum of £250 has been received from a kindly donor in England. It has been given for bush churches in Australia, and has been apportioned by giving £50 each to Timboon, Carlisle River, Tibooburra, Penong and Ceduna. Such a gift has given tremendous encouragement to church folk in each of these small centres.

We record yet another gift of £1000 from the Col. and Con. Society, England. The readiness of our English friends to help us here in Australia, when faced with the huge problems of reconstruction which must be theirs in the Homeland to-day, cannot but be a tremendous inspiration to us all.

Sister V. Page has found it necessary to resign from our nursing staff. The health of her mother demands Sister's presence at home. Sister Page's going is a very real loss to B.C.A., for during almost ten years of service with us, she has given devoted and efficient service. We trust that she will find a congenial sphere of service in Melbourne and that God will bless her and her mother.

Will our friends please remember that used postage stamps are of real financial help to our Mail Bag Sunday School. If you can remove them, by soaking from the envelopes, so much the better, but be careful not to damage the stamps.

We are anxious to secure enough good books to establish libraries in all our mission areas.

Can you donate at least one good book or its price?

Please note that the books must be in good condition and suitable for modern reading. Much that comes to us is entirely valueless, being of the "Little Lord Fauntleroy" type.

We are grateful to the friends who have sent gifts to the Wilcannia Building Fund. We are anxious to build up to about £3000 in order to replace the old original Hostel with a new and modern building. Further gifts will be very welcome. We hope that soon it will be possible to give our friends some idea of what we would like to build at Wilcannia by reproduction of a plan.

## When Making your Will Remember the B.C.A.



## Bush Humour

Rev. K. BRODIE.

There is little sad, sour or melancholy about the people of the bush. Their loud laughter or quiet mirth ripples on like the many mountain streams. Away from the throng and its artificiality, the people of the bush are as natural and unrestrained as their surroundings. There is no wild rush or scramble. Life's tempo is slow but steady and easy on the mind and nerves. The merry quip, a pun or a wise-crack, a clever or a tall yarn come readily from clear minds in healthy bodies. Even through flood, drought or fire, or when they get the absolute minimum for what they produce and have to pay the maximum (plus freight) for what they buy, you can't get 'em down.

This for example is typical of the spirit of the bush. There had been a terrible flood with great destruction of crops, stock and property. A man rowed over to have a chat with a neighbour who was sitting on the roof of his house out of reach of the flood waters. Their conversation went something like this:—

"Well, Bill, it's a bad flood all right. I see the flood has come right up over your windows."

"Maybe so, Tom, but you know the wife was only saying the other day that those windows needed cleaning very badly."

"Not a fowl in the neighbourhood saved, every single one drowned."

"Aw, I suppose we'll be able to get a few hens from Birdsberg and set a few eggs. I'm mighty glad the ducks can swim."

So the conversation went on. It is not terribly exaggerated. For one pessimistic Tom you will find nine optimistic Bills who have to be extremely provoked before they grizzle.

Quarrelling is rare. Disputes are amicably settled after this manner. One told his neighbour that his fowls had come over the fence and destroyed his garden. Logic calmly replied that the incident was very unfortunate. They would have to try and repair the damage together and see that it did not occur again. It could not be helped. Anyway there was nothing strange in the happening. It is the nature of fowls to scratch. If the garden had come over the fence and scratched the fowls, it would have been a much different matter.

Even the sacred atmosphere of choir practice is not immune from humour. The choir was practising the hymn "As Pants the Hart." The choirmaster told the choir that they did not sustain certain notes long enough. After a long effort he became a little annoyed and said: "This is very trying; your pants are still too short."

Try this next time you run short of petrol in the bush. That can often happen when the fuel gauge is not working and when the roads are very heavy after rain. I have it on good authority from a friend of mine that on one occasion he ran short of petrol in the bush, and having heard of the efficacy of goanna oil for car fuel, he put it to the test. There are plenty of goannas round Gippsland, so he hunted round, soon knocked over a few goannas, boiled them up in a kerosene tin, got the oil and put it in the petrol tank. The

result was remarkable. The car went beautifully. So far, so good. Here he pointed out the difficulty for any trying out this experiment. It is necessary to keep a very strong hand on the steering wheel, for every time the car comes to a tree it has a strong tendency to veer off the road and try to climb the tree.

Goannas, by the way, can and do climb trees. Frequently one meets one crossing the road. It will invariably make for the nearest tree, run up the blind side of it, and cheekily peep round the side as if to say from a safe height: "Now hurt me if you can." Goannas are a continual source of amusement.

This goanna yarn is genuine. My friend Mrs. R. told me how in the fowlyard one day she shot a six-foot goanna which had just swallowed a number of eggs. I forget the exact number. Anyway, the reptile was immediately opened and the unbroken eggs recovered. Problem, what to do with the eggs. Simple! Why waste them? They were quite intact. Eggs were scarce. They were washed, dried and broken and went into a cake.

N.E. Gippsland can hardly be called the bush. It is more forests of giant trees of all descriptions or varieties. The Forest Church Aid Society would be a more fitting name for this part of the world. There is no doubt about it the timber is big, but it is not generally realised just how incredibly big it is. The following story from a bullock driver will give you some idea. Driving his team through the forest one day he came to a really big tree. As it had a great hollow in it, he decided that it would be easier and quicker to go through it than to go round it. Imagine his consternation when he found that there was no outlet on the other side and he had to turn round his twelve-bullock team in the hollow, come out again and go right round the tree. Such a waste of time!

I have often wondered if that tree was as big as this one. A timber-getter started work on a tree. He put up his platform on a small portion of the trunk, high up, and settled down for a few months of daily axe-work on it. He had been chopping solidly for a month before he discovered that another man had been working on the other side of the tree for six weeks. I had considered sending in both the above to Ripley.

However hard one tries to avoid it one occasionally gets bogged; but generally some one or more generally lends a hand cheerfully, willingly and gratis: not like the bright lad who made quite good money with his horse and chains helping motorists out of a bog near his home. Whenever anybody got into difficulties down he would come and earn 5/-. One day a motorist engaged him in conversation, plying him with questions about what he did during the day and all that sort of thing. Finally he said:

"You seem a very industrious kind of lad. What do you do with your nights?"

"Oh," said the smart lad, his smartness forsaking him for once. Nobody had asked him that before. Said he: "Generally I have to draw water to keep the bog going."



## Ceduna Notes

Rev. H. BROADLEY.

I must again thank those who have helped by sending me copies of the "Round World", etc. Occasionally other papers are sent from England, with the result that once a month I am able to send out a small parcel of papers to some of the families in the out centres. That they are appreciated is shown by the offer of 5/- the other day by a farmer who wanted to refund the postage, by a mother who wanted to do the same, and by a mother who said that she has to get in first if she wants to read the magazines, otherwise they are taken by her children to read. We have here a Layman's Library which has been in operation for a few months. The object of this is to provide fairly small books on various aspects of the Christian outlook. Owing to the kindness of Miss Horsley, of Melbourne, who gave two books, "Dr. of Tanganyika" and "Jungle Doctor on Safari" and a gift of money, I have been able to buy some suitable books and hope soon to get some more. They are being read and enjoyed.

There is one thing we can't get just now and that is a supply of Bibles with good print, easy to read, for the Children's Bible Classes. About 18-24 would be enough. Even the Bible Society has none for sale. If you have one to spare, I am sure Mr. Jones would pass it on to me.

At present we are just getting accustomed to the departure of Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood, who have gone to Minnipa, and awaiting the arrival of Mr. Connell, who has been at Rappville. Some of the services have had to be cancelled of course, but we hope soon to get into the swing of things again. The people round these parts have need of all their hope, faith, and patience these days, as the dry weather continues. We have many false hopes aroused about rain. Country people are forced to be more self-reliant in some ways than are city folk. When a man sees his sheep roaming about in bare paddocks he has to do something about feeding them. When his water supply gets down he does not merely have to conform to Water Board restrictions, he has to harness his horses, or start up his truck, and go the necessary miles to fetch it. Those of you who live on farms or know something about them, can think of many other ways wherein the country man has to stand on his own feet. So often too, in these days, he rarely sees his neighbours. The burden falls squarely on his own shoulders. A difficulty shared becomes much lighter, but on your own it may seem bigger than it is. The pressure of "things to do" is one cause of some of them staying away from the services. They have not been able to see the need for worship, and they do not realise that strength of heart and mind can come from joining in the worship of God. Those who come, especially to morning services, usually have an extremely busy time before they get there. Feeding of animals, milking, housework, getting ready the car, getting ready themselves, and then travelling the necessary miles to Church, must all be got through.

It needs the eye of understanding in the clergyman as he stands before a small group of such folk. He may wonder sometimes if it is worth coming 20, 30, 40, or 50 miles to lead in the service. Then he remembers, not only that they are fellow-members of the

## Tarcoola

Sister J. LUCAS.

Three months at Ceduna was long enough for me to feel at home there, so it was with some apprehension that I watched the familiar lines of the hospital fall behind us as the plane circled and turned north towards Tarcoola.

After 100 miles or so of monotonous scrub country, broken only by white patches which would be salt lakes if there was any water, Tarcoola appeared beneath us like a miniature settlement in an oasis of red dust. Looking down it appeared like a model with houses set in two straight rows and the few pepper trees looking almost green from above. However, making its acquaintance on the ground, Tarcoola was not so impressive. Everything is covered with a film of red and a tractor busy digging the yards out after the summer dust storms seemed to disturb enough dust to permeate everywhere.

Life at the hostel is lived alone, and though each click of the gate is a cause of speculation as to what type of work is coming, visitors rarely break the monotony, so the quarterly visit of the missionary from Minnipa is looked forward to with pleasure. Mr. Greenwood and Mr. Morris arrived on a Thursday to spend a few days, and a trip to an outlying station, where shearing was in progress, was a treat for me. However, my treat was short-lived. We set out in "St. Patrick" in the afternoon, over tracks which leave much to be desired for comfortable riding, and arrived at Wilgena about 4.30 p.m. After half an hour of watching the shearing, I was hastily recalled by a telephone message. A pneumonia case had been brought into Tarcoola and, having travelled 60 miles lying flat in the back of a van, his condition was not good. I gave instructions by 'phone as to the whereabouts of the hostel key and of putting the patient to bed, and we set off on a hasty return journey.

The journey had to be made due west and the setting sun in our faces limited visibility to the bonnet of the van. Mr. Morris half stood to avoid the glare and I held the lever "in gear" as the corrugated roads kept shaking it out. We travelled with as much speed as possible under difficult conditions and over bad tracks and were duly relieved when Tarcoola came in sight:

Having examined the patient, I contacted doctor and received authority for using the sulphorilamide, and so another life slowly returns to health and useful occupation.

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Church, and each one valuable in the sight of God, and that some of them are there because they appreciate the distance he has come and won't "let him down", but also the difficulties they have overcome in getting to the service. Then he inwardly rejoices and feels that it is, all worthwhile.

Back of it all there is the appreciation of what supporters of B.C.A. are doing. We who are the agents on the spot often feel amazed at the continued and increasing generosity which makes our work possible in so many directions. The remembrance that such generous kindness and faithful prayer is behind all we do is a never-failing source of encouragement and joy.



## THE PLACE OF PRAYER

### A Prayer for Use with Our Prayer List.

O Lord God of our nation, Who has commanded men to subdue and replenish the earth: Look in Thy love upon all those who in the distant parts of our land are striving against many difficulties, and are deprived the access of the means of grace. Strengthen and guide the Bush Church Aid Society and its Clergy, Nurses, Doctors and Air Pilot, and Students. Cheer and comfort them in discouragements and loneliness, and bless their ministrations to the good of those they serve, and grant that the message of redeeming love may thus be rooted and grounded in our national life, to the glory of Thy Great Name, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

#### SUNDAY.

##### MORNING.

The Far West Missions at Penong, Ceduna, Minnipa and Cummins; the Missioners H. Broadley, D. Pugh, J. Greenwood, and P. Connell.

##### EVENING.

The West Darling Missions at Wilcannia and Menindee; the N.W. Mallee, and the Missioner, K. Luders.

#### THURSDAY.

##### MORNING.

For the Mail-Bag Sunday School with its Gospel messages for the children. For the teachers and helpers, that they may find encouragement in their work.

##### EVENING.

For the Organising Missioner, that he may be strengthened and guided in all his endeavours for the good of the work and in his relationships with his fellow-workers.

#### MONDAY.

##### MORNING.

The Cann River Mission, the Bonang Mission, Rev. K. Brodie, the Streaky Bay Missioner, Rev. D. Livingstone.

##### EVENING.

The Denmark Settlement, the Kirton Point Missions and Missioners, Rev. T. R. Fleming and Rev. R. T. Hallahan.

#### FRIDAY.

##### MORNING.

For the Bishop Kirkby Memorial Hospital and Sister Bossley and Miss D. Dykes, as they minister to the people on the great Nullarbor Plain. For Sister Lucas and the Tarcoola Medical Hostel.

##### EVENING.

For students and all in training for this work of God. For Rev. W. Duffy and the Heytesbury Forest Mission. For Rev. T. H. Pickburn and the Otway Ranges Mission.

#### TUESDAY.

##### MORNING.

For Sisters Dowling, Branford, Maddern, Kay, Holle and L. Loane at Penong.

For the Bowral Hostel, Mrs. S. Hastie, Miss J. Bradley and Students.

##### EVENING.

For the Cann River Dispensary, and Sister Firmin, and Koonibba Mission Hospital, and Sisters I. Gwynne, G. Hitchcock and L. Pritchard.

#### SATURDAY.

##### MORNING.

For the President and Council of the Society, that they may be guided by His wisdom.

For the Home Base Staffs, Auxiliaries, and parochial workers.

##### EVENING.

For the "Coorah" Hostel and its workers, Mrs. Mann and Mrs. I. Mann.

For the Rappville Mission and the Missioner, the Rev. R. Meyer.

#### WEDNESDAY.

##### MORNING.

For the children in the Mungindi, Wilcannia and Port Lincoln Hostels, and for the workers, the Misses Cheers, the Misses Gurrier Jones and Sister Sowter.

##### EVENING.

For the Flying Medical Service, Mr. Chadwick, and Doctors R. and F. Gibson.

For the wives and families of the Missioners and Air Pilot.

Each day pray that the many needs of the work may be met.

Running expenses of £5 per hour to keep the Medical Plane in the air.

Consecrated clergy missioners for urgent work in the field.

That our work may continue to progress despite the difficulties of wartime.

#### Give Thanks—

For the rich blessing and wonderful growth of the Society's work.

For all the kindly givers who have helped with their self-denials.

For the Flying Medical Service.

For the joy of service.



## Tarcoola

Sister V. PAGE.

Whooping Cough! That dread disease which according to reports, results in a higher death rate than Diphtheria, due to the fact that there are state-wide campaigns of immunization against diphtheria. To people in the city and suburbs it is a comparatively simple matter to have their children immunized against whooping cough, a practice which is becoming more common although not undertaken by the State. Can you imagine what an outbreak of whooping cough can mean to those in the outback, hundreds of miles from any medical assistance? These things do happen, especially where there is a continuous stream of people from various parts of the country where there is infection travelling through, as at Tarcoola.

Soon after coming to Tarcoola I made it known that injections against whooping cough would be commenced at a certain date. Only about four people applied to have their children immunized, so I made a house to house visit (about 36 houses) and explained the advantages of having children immunized against whooping cough. The main objection I found was that people disliked the idea of the pain inflicted when giving the injection. However, when compared with the pain, discomfort, terror and complications of whooping cough to the child, the objection was overruled and 18 children were presented for injections. The course of four injections was given over a period of four weeks at weekly intervals.

Three of the children lived at too great a distance to make a visit to the Hostel, so I made arrangements to visit them. Two of the kiddies, one just a toddler and the other about six, lived on a station about 12 miles from Kingoonya. On Thursday morning I would be up and get the housework done, also any visiting in the camp, and then with the necessary gear I would take my seat in the guard's van of the water train which left at 9.30 a.m. for Kingoonya, where it filled up numerous "gins" with water for the engines. Kingoonya is 46 miles from Tarcoola. From there I was taken by car to the station manager's homestead where I had lunch. During lunch there would be the sound of a motor cycle and there would enter into view a motor cycle with Dad and Mother and the two kiddies! I was told it was no uncommon sight to see the sheep dog riding across the front of the driver too. (That, of course, is where the dogs sit ordinarily, as the stations are so big that mustering is done on motor cycles instead of by horse). The kiddies having been given their injections, I would depart for the train which usually left about 2.30 p.m. with its load of water for Tarcoola, arriving from 4.30 p.m. on. The rest of the day was my own!

Next morning I made a visit 56 miles away in the opposite direction. My only means of conveyance was the mail truck, a big 3-ton gas-producer truck which made the trip once a week loaded with goods from the railway station, store and also the mail. We left about 10.30 a.m. and as roads were rough and tyres scarce, our progress was slow. There were several gates to open and each one a different variety. By the time I had made four trips I was fairly adept at

opening them. Our first call was at the boundary rider's home. Real little oasis in the dry dusty country. Big bores with windmills pumped the water, green lawns and beautiful big gums rested the eyes, while a cheerful "good morning" and "any mail?" made the trip worth while. If our going had been good we would stay for a welcome "cupper", but if not we pushed on to the next boundary rider's home, another oasis in the desert. Green trees, beautiful cool inviting grape vines — no, no grapes just at this period — green lawns and vegetables, and a cheery welcome to come in and have some dinner. How did they know there would be an extra one for dinner? Not knowing the trip would take so long, I had not expected to have dinner until reaching my destination, but after leaving the previous home the telephone had been busy and hey presto! the extra was provided for. At this home lived a dear little girl of about eight years who has her school work by correspondence. Can the mothers in the closer settled districts realise the added work for a busy country mother? This child did the school work beautifully and got 100 per cent. for her work at the end of the year. During dinner the mailman gave the local news and answered numerous questions, and took down orders for his next trip. At about 3 p.m. we reached our destination. I felt I had travelled hundreds of miles, it had taken so long. Here we were greeted once again with "any mail?" and "did you bring this and that?" One would have to see this place to realise the study in contrasts. Outside the green hedge, not a blade of grass and hardly a green leaf. Inside the hedge, a very nice home, beautiful gums, green lawns, grape vines, vegetables and flowers. Here there are several bores with windmills and much more water than is required, is obtainable. Water is laid on and in the bathroom is found hot and cold water. The mother here had four children to supervise for school lessons. The youngest, about 6 years, is to have the whooping cough injections. After getting to know him, I suggest we get the ordeal over, to which he agrees. Bravely he rolls up his sleeve and Mother leaves the room. Everything is soon over and he runs, with pride, to his mother. He hasn't whimpered. There is much of interest at this homestead and after visiting fowls, ducks, turkeys, cows, sheep and horses, it is time for dinner. Dinner over, we sit out on the lawn under a starlit sky and I feel as if I have been wafted on some magic carpet hundreds of miles from dusty dry Tarcoola, to some entirely new country. The mail doesn't leave till next morning, so the night has to be spent at the homestead. Next morn at 8, we leave for Tarcoola with outgoing mail, calling in at the two boundary riders' homes, having a cup of tea at one home, and back at Tarcoola in time to put on a chop for dinner. 112 miles to give one child an injection against whooping cough. This trip is made once a week for four weeks. Worth while? To me, definitely. To the Mother, yes! To you who support the work? I leave you to answer. As well as material support we would value your prayers, that this ministry of healing may be the means to Spiritual Life.



## *Extracts from the Mail Bag*

### R. CAMPBELL.

Of recent months we have all become aware of the drought and its effects on our country, and even upon our own meal tables. Perhaps we picture the scene with cloudless skies, bare paddocks, starving stock, and a look of despair upon the face of the man on the land. It means all this, and more, for every member of his family is directly affected—they share the worry, also the discomforts brought about through lack of water. One mother wrote to us recently—"Owing to extra work and so many things the children have to do, they have not had time to do any of the lessons. The continued drought conditions keep us all working from daylight until dark, every day. We may do the lessons again when we have more time, which is of course when it rains."

Another letter tells of a lad of nine years, who has had no religious instruction at all, seeing a visiting younger child making things and colouring texts; he at first thought it rather silly, but later listened to the stories, joined in the work, and finally asked if lessons could be sent to him.

From yet another home comes a letter which encourages us, for the mother writes of the lessons: "They are such an excellent guide for him in his religious training, and Ron reads all the lessons over each Sunday, and sometimes through the week, too. He has a good memory and can almost repeat them word for word."

From the Trans-Australian railway line comes good news, too. Cook, with its B.C.A. hospital, is our centre out there, and has a flourishing Sunday School which uses our lessons. It is in fact a "centre," for up and down the line five Sunday schools are now in existence where, until recently, the children in these small railway settlements were untaught in the things of God. One school teacher and four mothers have shown willingness to do the job and all seem quite keen. That means there are now over 100 children along the line receiving regular instruction: for our lessons are distributed each month from Cook to these Sunday Schools, and direct help and encouragement is given by our enthusiastic worker there.

Often teachers in small subsidized schools help children to fully use and enjoy our lessons. One such teacher has a group of six children using several grades. Recently some of these children had the story "The Triumphal Entry" and it was suggested in the lesson paper that they should make in the sand, the scene of Jerusalem and the visitors who would be camped round the city. One of these children wrote and told his Mail Bag teacher what he did. "We three children joined together to make the city of Jerusalem. We thought we could make a hill of sand, and as there are no stones about our school, we used pine cones for houses. And for the Temple we found a big cocoon which some insect had built. The tents were mushrooms which recent rain had brought up. For people we used sticks dressed in leaves, and a donkey was made out of a piece of wood. We made palm trees out of small

pine branches." Can it be said that our country children are not imaginative or resourceful?

It is letters like these which enable us to gauge the suitability of the lessons, and to improve upon our methods. They also encourage us to even greater effort, while giving us the added assurance of the worthwhileness of our Mail Bag Sunday School.

### E. HUNTLEY.

One of the most important phases of our Mail-Bag Sunday School and one in which the children find real happiness is our Missionary Band. It was formed to keep this part of our Church's work ever before the children and to give them an opportunity of having a definite share in that work. The children pay 1d. to become a member and 1d. a month subscription, and this money is used in some way to help mission work amongst our own aborigines. In its five years' existence the Missionary Band has been able to help the Hospital at Koonibba, while in charge of the B.C.A., to the extent of purchasing a Resuscitator (about £8), renovating and furnishing the kitchen (about £8), purchasing two Tilly Lamps (£9/2/-), providing part of the cost of a Medicine Cabinet (£9), and this last year £9 was sent to the Mission at Ooldea, W.A., to purchase a Kitchen Range for the Children's Home there. In addition to these gifts of money numbers of parcels of goods have been sent from time to time to Koonibba, Northern Territory, Mulgoa (for half-caste children brought from N.T.) and Ooldea.

On joining the M.B.M.B. a membership card is sent to the children, which they are asked to frame and hang in a prominent position to remind them of their membership and what it means. A special Missionary Band Prayer is also sent, which members are asked to use every day. In some cases, where small Sunday Schools are using Mail-Bag lessons, or where families are not too far from one another, small branches of the M.B.M.B. are formed, which meet each month or at other times, and from which we receive parcels of goods from time to time for the Missions.

Various suggestions are made to the children as to what they can make as gifts for the Missions. One of the most popular and most useful of these is knitted squares which, when sent to the Mail-Bag Office, are made into rugs by our helpers. Quite a number of rugs have been sent to different Mission Stations and they supply a great need.

Each year a Missionary Band Competition is held. Last year the younger children were asked to write a letter to a friend telling about the Missionary Band. The older ones drew a map of the lower half of Australia showing the various places where the Bush Church Aid Society is represented and what class of work was carried on at each Centre. While the older ones, in addition to the map, drew or modelled an aeroplane, showing on their map the area covered by the B.C.A. Flying Doctor in his plane.



## Heytesbury Forest Mission

Rev. W. DUFFY.

One of the things B.C.A. expects from its Missioners is the care of the children. These children are reached by Sunday School—Religious Instruction in the State School, and the Mail Bag Sunday School. I think I will give you a picture of one of our little bush Sunday Schools.

Four years ago this Sunday School met in a hall at Ayrford Road and was conducted by Rev. Gordon Beatty. Soon after my arrival—through removals—the number dwindled to four boys and one girl. We had no one to play the hymns for us, and altogether the outlook was very dark. One day the mother of some of the scholars offered the use of a room at her house for Sunday School, and she also offered to play the piano for us. This marked the beginning of a period of growth, and to-day very often over twenty children crowd into that room. It is a happy sight to see and hear them singing their choruses—some on chairs and seats, and some on cushions on the floor. At present we have three children who cycle about 10 miles to attend this little Sunday School, and our hostess also

supplies their dinner, so that they can rest before their return journey. Another lovely custom has grown in this centre, and it is that the baptisms are conducted by the Missioner during the Sunday School. By this means, the children learn the Sacramental life of the Church and take part in the ceremony. When our last baptism took place, 23 children and 15 adults crowded into this little room. What a happy sight it was. It is not often we name people in our reports, but the lady who lends us her house, plays for the hymns, and makes this important service possible, is Mrs. Rupert Taylor of Brucknell. It is with the help of folk like this that the B.C.A. missioner is able to carry out his work—without such help it would be far more difficult. Last Sunday had a friend of mine, a Melbourne doctor, staying with me. I took him on the usual Sunday trip, and he gave the children the little address on the stamp for the day. The last thing he said to me before his return to Melbourne was that he would never forget the happy band of children singing their choruses in that room at Brucknell. Remember that without B.C.A. it is most unlikely that these children would have a Sunday School.

## Victorian Notes

### CENTRAL WOMEN'S AUXILIARY.

Miss R. M. Clack, who has been Secretary and Treasurer of the Central Women's Auxiliary for some years, has had to resign because of ill health. We would like to extend our very warm thanks to Miss Clack for all that she has done for B.C.A., and we trust that she will soon be fully restored to health again. Mrs. Pettingill—who is a very keen member of Central Auxiliary—has very kindly consented to be Secretary, and Mrs. Sergeant—another keen member—has taken over the Treasurer-ship.

On Tuesday, 19th June, 1945, the Central Women's Auxiliary of the Bush Church Aid Society held a Gift Afternoon and illustrated Lecture entitled "A Trip to Ceduna"; the lecture was given by the Rev. T. Wilkinson. Although it was a very wet day, about forty members and their friends were present, and all thoroughly enjoyed the very interesting lecture. Sale of goods realised nearly £6. The meetings of the Central Auxiliary are held in the Board Room, Bible House, 241 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, at 2.30 p.m., on the third Tuesday in each month. New members will be warmly welcomed.

### ST. THOMAS' WOMEN'S AUXILIARY, MOONEE PONDS.

We re-assembled in March, 1945, with the usual number of members. Mrs. W. L. Woods, after being in office for fifteen years, desired not to be nominated for

### SYDNEY JAMES COOK

In the last issue of the "Real Australian" a statement appeared regarding the adoption of Sydney James Cook, by Dr. Charles and Mrs. Duguid, of Adelaide.

Unfortunately, this has been interpreted as a deliberate slight on Dr. and Mrs. Duguid.

The Editor desires to say that no such slight was ever intended. Dr. Charles Duguid informs us that Sydney James has not been legally adopted by his wife and self, but that they are acting as his foster parents. The statement appearing in the "Real Australian" was based upon the official intimation given by the Secretary of the Aboriginals Protection Board, which, unfortunately, was never corrected.

The Editor desires to assure Dr. Duguid and his wife that we of B.C.A. have only admiration for him and his wife in their readiness to give Sydney James the best upbringing, and we are sure that the child's future will be well provided for in their hands.

re-election this year. Mrs. Tregea was elected President but the position of Secretary is still vacant.

We held a very successful "Australian Tea" on 12th June, the hostesses for the afternoon being Mrs. Tregea, Mrs. W. L. Woods, Miss Penrose and Miss Osborne. Sister Grace Hitchcock gave a very interesting address and the financial result is £21/2/6. We look forward to our next effort in August, when another group of members will arrange an afternoon.

**Please note that our Melbourne Office Telephone Number has been altered from F 5675 to FJ 5675.**



## Port Lincoln Hostel

Miss H. E. SOWTER

In the last issue of our "R.A." I told you of the alterations and extension to the hostel which we hoped to have completed in order to accommodate the thirty students already booked in for the beginning of the first term of 1945. It was a very worrying time not knowing if the builders would make it; however, the work was sufficiently finished for a few of our good friends to get to work over the week-end to clean floors, etc., and assemble the beds.

12th of February—what a day!—interviewing parents and fitting in the new students. Busy? Yes, very, but most interesting. All from their different districts, some from as far as 400 miles up the West Coast, and then right across from Tarcoola, on the East-West line. For most of them it was an excitement—their first venture from home, their first experience of hostel life. The end of the first week saw them all happily settled in.

I am sure, could some of our readers of the "R.A." come along some evening, when they are all assembled for

Devotions, which our missionary so kindly takes, they would feel that surely this was a well worth-while piece of work. Young Australians. We are proud of them, every one. All are different; had I the ability to write, I am sure I have the material for a book.

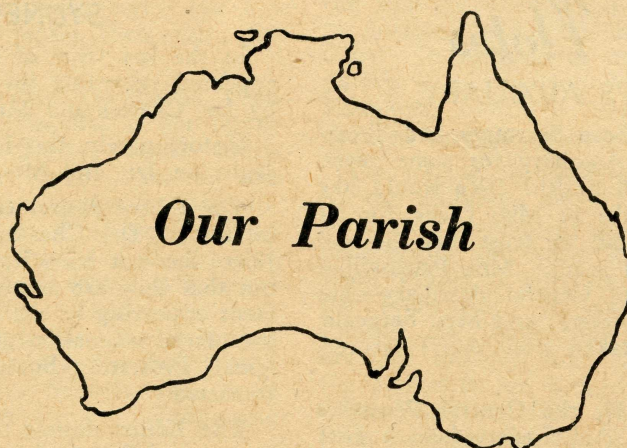
Thirty young lives with opportunity for their education, their personal contact with one another, and the atmosphere of a Christian hostel, what is it going to mean to them as they branch out into their different spheres of life? Is it going to mean anything to the homes and families, which we hope will be theirs in another twenty years? I believe we can leave the issue of this work in God's hands.

Port Lincoln, like all other places, has its domestic problems, and so at the hostel there is little time for leisure or writing; so I hope B.C.A. friends will pardon the absence of letters, and realise the Matron is a busy woman.

I feel like the people of Macedonia calling to St. Paul, "Come over and help us." We cannot promise you that your name will be mentioned on any honours list, or there will be any service medals, but we may some day hope to hear, if the work be done faithfully, "Well done, faithful servant."

# Help Australia

by  
purchasing  
War  
Savings  
Certificates.



Certificates can be purchased for:  
 16s. for each £1 Certificate.  
 £4 for each £5 Certificate.  
 £8 for each £10 Certificate.

# Help B.C.A.

by donating  
War  
Savings  
Certificates  
to the Society.

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.



## *We Have Visitors*

Sister B. BOSSLEY.

As we were in the midst of watering our garden, which entails carting by bucket our bath water from the bathroom to our garden situated the opposite side of the building, and is no light task, a car-horn sounded and a few moments later the Buick pulled up at our back door. There is no car in Cook, so we knew immediately we heard the approach of one, that it was Rev. and Mrs. Greenwood, whom we were expecting to arrive from Ceduna and Penong that day, but hardly at such an early hour, for it was only just after 4 p.m. However, they had had a good trip over, very much different from Mr. Greenwood's return trip after his last visit early in January, of which I have no doubt, you will read from his pen. It was not long before the car was unloaded, and lined up our ramp to the back door were suit cases, boxes of all descriptions, water cans, thermos flasks, and other essentials for the trip. Beside Mr. and Mrs. Greenwood's own personal belongings, there were boxes of toys and books to be distributed to children along the line, and also on their return trip, at Fowler's Bay, Coorabie and other places.

After much sorting out, things were disposed of to their right places and the car was safely enshrouded for the night. Then our visitors were refreshed by a bath, after their long and somewhat dusty trip, and a tea which did them and our "cook" justice.

The next few days were busy ones for Mr. Greenwood as he had all the local visiting to do, and besides that, interviews with the prospective bride and bridegroom who were to be wedded a couple of days after his arrival.

Our sitting room was converted into a little chapel, and friends and relatives of the bride came down and helped us decorate. Flowers had been sent up from Tarcoola, and with a few gum tips from down the line, and an archway formed of Bamboo, and two white cushions for the couple to kneel on, the setting was complete.

Everyone in Cook was invited to the ceremony, and Breakfast, which followed in the public hall. Our sitting room and hall were crowded out with guests, although I am afraid many were just spectators, and did not enter whole-heartedly into the service. The bride and bridesmaid both looked very charming, and as they and the 'groom and best man have lived practically all their lives in Cook, there was very much interest in the wedding generally. We do pray God's richest blessing on the young couple as they commence their life together, and may they have much happiness and joy in the days that are to come.

Mr. Greenwood left us after the week-end, and was away for a week or little more, visiting the camps up and down the line for a distance of about 500 miles, and he has very interesting things to tell with his contact of people who have not had any ministration or opportunity of Services for years. We feel that this work is very well worth-while, especially the contact with the children.

We were very glad to have Mrs. Greenwood with us during her husband's visitations down the line, and appreciated the times of fellowship we were able to have together.

The day they left for their return trip by car, news came through of the German surrender in Europe. We were wishing that they had another day with us, so that Mr. Greenwood would be able to take the Thanksgiving service for us. However, we were glad that Fowler's Bay, where he was taking service the following day, would have him with them on such an occasion.

We held a special Thanksgiving Service at 11 a.m. in the public hall on V-E Day, at which twenty adults and thirty-six children attended.

Last week we had four visitors from W.A. who called in on us, on their way through to the Eastern States. One gentleman came as the result of a little paragraph we had inserted in "New Life" some months ago, stating that we were here and would always be glad to welcome Christian travellers passing through, and enjoy Fellowship with them, as all trains stayed here an hour, and we felt that many Christians passed through, who did not know of our existence, and who would appreciate a break from the train, a time of fellowship and a cup of tea. This is the second Christian who has come in response to the invitation, although of course, many others have got to hear of us, and come to see us. The other three visitors were delegates going to Melbourne to attend a United Australian Methodist conference there. One was Principal of Wesley College, Perth, and another was Superintendent of the Central Methodist Mission, Fremantle. They, of course, had never heard of us, but when alighting at Cook, they commenced talking to some of the children who happened to be around. One asked if they knew anything of God? If they had ever been anywhere where they could go to Sunday School? "Oh yes," was the reply, "we go to Sunday School down at the Hospital." A few more questions were asked and the men moved on to speak to some women nearby. In the course of the conversation, Church came up, and the same man asked if they ever had Church here, and was told that the Sisters held a service at the Hospital every Sunday evening. These three gentlemen decided it was about time they made the acquaintance of "these Sisters", so sought us out. They were most interested in our work, took notes of many little items, and put us on their prayer lists, etc. The six of us (four visitors and selves) were able to join together in Bible reading and prayer and we felt the presence of the Holy Spirit in our midst. We felt that it was good to have been able to have fellowship with such earnest and sincere men, and felt that indeed we were all one in Christ Jesus.

Only to-day we had two more Christian visitors. One who is in United Aboriginal Mission, and was going home to Perth to be married, then was going right up north of W.A. The other a lad, who is doing a term at Melbourne Bible Institute, and was going West for vacation.

These Christian visitors considerably cheer us on our way, and keep us in touch with the outside world, and we pray the short time they spend with us may be a help and blessing to them, and also that it may be a means of our work becoming known to others, who otherwise, perhaps may not even know B.C.A. exists.



# MAINTENANCE

**The Annual Cost of maintenance of all the varied activities of the Bush Church Aid Society is £12,000. The whole income is derived from the free gifts of Christian people.**



*You can help by:*

- A donation to our Funds.
- Keeping a B.C.A. collecting box in your home.
- Subscribing to our Quarterly paper, "The Real Australian".
- Donating a War Saving Certificate.
- Daily remembrance in your prayers of the work and workers.
- Including the Society when making your will.

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Our Address is:

BUSH CHURCH AID SOCIETY, Church House, George Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Or  
Bible House, Flinders Lane, Melbourne, Vic.

Our Telephone Numbers are:—Victoria, FJ 5675. N.S.W., M 3164.

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**We will be happy to supply any other information you require.**