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DEACONESS CLARKE WITH ST. PATRICK'S VAN IN THE FAR WEST.

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The Bush Church Aid Society for Australia and Tasmania

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A Church is Dedicated

REV. E. BEAVAN

Away back in 1908 a Church was built and opened at Garvoc, 19 miles from Warrnambool, on what is now the Princes Highway. During the course of the years the congregation dwindled, and just before the last war it was decided to move it to Timboon. However, certain difficulties occurred, and the whole matter had to be postponed. When I arrived here in June, 1948, negotiations had been re-opened, and it seemed as if the move would take place long before Christmas; but it was not till November that the necessary authority came through.

I at once set about finding a removalist, but no local one would undertake the work; and it was not until January, 1949, that the Diocesan Registrar obtained the services of an excellent firm in Ballarat. Delay after delay continued with exasperating precision, and it was four months later before the building arrived at Timboon.

Two things were worrying us, and nothing could be done about them. The roof was extremely high for the size of the building, and not only must it be removed to transport such a structure over our narrow winding roads edged by trees on both sides, but also we had to arrange for a skilled workman to lower the pitch and re-erect it when it had been placed in position at Timboon. Need I stress the difficulty of obtaining such a man and the materials he would need, such as nails and a certain amount of new timber? Coupled with this was the knowledge that the Heytesbury winter commences in April or May with its endless rain, and if the re-roofing was not done speedily everything would be ruined and we should be worse off than before.

The weeks of waiting went by, and in spite of telephone calls and letters to Ballarat nothing seemed to get done; but suddenly, on Wednesday, April 20th, when hope had almost died, I had a call from Ballarat asking if the Church had arrived, the men having started work on it the preceding Thursday, and also if I had the red gum blocks on which to place it. The Church had not arrived, and I had never heard of red gum blocks, so in Air Force language the "flap" was on. It took me 24 hours to find 100 feet of red gum, and another 48 to discover the Church on one of the numerous roads leading to Timboon. Many and varied had been the difficulties in discovering the correct route and in crossing narrow bridges built to carry about one-tenth the weight of Church and jinker combined, and instead of about two days to cover the 33 miles, it took five.

Finally it arrived down in the village late on Friday evening, but to pull it up the hill and back it onto the site was beyond the power of the engine, and as no-one wanted to work on Saturday and the Monday was a public holiday, everyone went back to Ballarat, leaving a very forlorn, disreputable structure on the side of the road.

On Tuesday, April 26th, I myself went off to Ballarat to attend Synod, hoping that all would be well, and apparently it was, for when I returned it was safely in position. However, I soon learned that my disappearance had not solved all problems, for it was found that in calculating the number of feet of red gum

required I had only taken into account the slope of ground north and south, and failed to add on the slope from east to west. Another 50ft. was found, and so when I saw it on the Friday it was standing alongside the Vicarage, looking remarkably like an outsize in boxes without the lid.

Now to find a carpenter and materials for the re-construction. It would be unwise to say all I feel about this, even after the lapse of several months.

On June 26th the Bishop arrived for the Confirmation and I had to show him the building with nothing done to it two months after arrival. There and then the Bishop fixed a date for the re-dedication some five months ahead, and all I could do was to murmur a very pathetic "Yes".



The Bishop and Clergy at the Dedication.
Mr. Beavan is standing at the left of the Bishop.

But on Tuesday, June 28th, nine weeks late, work really commenced, though fitfully, and with a father and son employed by us, another father and son, members of the congregation who came voluntarily from beginning to end, and myself, we got down to it. After a month our carpenter was much worried about "sowing his oats", and when someone else appeared on the scene he and his son returned to their farm. The iron was not yet on the roof, and it was August; but wonderful to relate the rain had been slight, though the little that had fallen was playing havoc with the floor and walls, and disaster was still possible. I spent much time myself helping out, but am no carpenter, and until the local Methodist Treasurer agreed to help we were in a very perilous position.

From now on, however, work proceeded apace. The body of the Church was roofed, and as this was our only chance to effect improvements, we enlarged the east end and built a new and better-proportioned vestry. Materials were gradually acquired from many places. For example, nails were obtained in small quantities in Ballarat, Sydney, Melbourne, Camperdown, Cobden, Warrnambool, and every one I possessed myself went into the Church; but often work was held up on some section for days while I tried desperately to find some article or other.

By the end of September our money was exhausted, the work was not finished, and we had to pay off the men with the opening date just five weeks ahead. Help came from an unexpected quarter. Petrol was short and the Bishop asked us to postpone the opening until December 17th, when rationing would be in force again. Whether the sigh of relief I gave reached him I know not, for though I always tried to speak with confidence when he asked if we should be ready I cannot but feel that I never really deceived him.

About a fortnight's skilled carpentry and nearly all the painting remained to be done, so re-enlisting my volunteer helpers we plunged into it, allowing most other things to slide. The carpentry was rather beyond us, so guaranteeing his wages for a fortnight I re-engaged the Methodist Treasurer, and as he worked so we followed behind with paint brushes. The painting continued all through October and November, and for 17 days in December. While this was going on friends in many places were rallying to our aid: money came in a most satisfactory manner, and we managed to meet all our bills.

During the last three months the matter of Church furnishings also had to be pushed ahead. We had pews and an organ, but Communion Rails, a Holy Table, a Pulpit, a Font and floor covering for the east end all had to be obtained and in position for the dedication. There was some very good oregon pine left over from the old roof, and from this the Methodist Treasurer made a magnificent pulpit and presented it to us. Ten days from the opening day the painting was still unfinished and there was obviously no chance of being able to do so, when unexpectedly a well-wisher in Ballarat sent me £50, and out of this I both paid for the installation of electricity and had the table made. It is a fine, massive piece of furniture, and a credit to the man who made it. The Font remains for the future.

Helpers appeared at unexpected times, and stayed till all hours; things went wrong and were righted more often by brute force than by skill; and by midnight on the Friday the vision of the completed Church, which had been in my mind for months was nearly a reality. It is worthy of note that the last paint was put on the vestry door at 10.30 p.m. by the Rev. L. Ball, our Victorian Secretary, and the last nail was driven in by him on the Saturday morning.

The weather had been none too good during the week, but Saturday, December 17th, 1949, was a perfect day. I finished cleaning paint, old and new, off the windows at 12.30 p.m., and then proceeded to get ready for the Service. By 2.30 p.m. people were coming from all directions, and before 3 p.m. there was a long queue trying to find seating accommodation in the Church. We had made seating arrangements for about one hundred, but as two hundred and eight people attended, together with a dozen clergy, only about one-half could enter the Church.

The service passed like a dream to me: so long had been the waiting, so much had been done, so often had setbacks occurred that it was difficult to comprehend that at last our Bishop was dedicating a building in Timboon to the worship of Almighty God. Friends came from Melbourne, Ballarat, Port Fairy, Warrnambool, Colac, Koroit, Swan Marsh, Terang, Camperdown, Cobden, and many other places, and as the Bishop offered to God the gifts of His people and the labours of our hands, I could but realise that out of the many mistakes we had made, out of our doubting hearts, and out of our weariness He had raised to Himself a House of Prayer and Praise which it must now be our duty to use for His glory and our own benefit.

A Flying Doctor's Round

MATRON F. DOWLING.

Some time ago we had a couple of visits from our Organising Missioner on business concerning the Flying Medical Service. On one of the recent trips he was able to do a round of all the centres, Cook, Tarcoola, Penong and Wudinna. This is not always possible, unfortunately, owing to the great distances to be covered and the time it takes to travel. But it does mean a lot in strengthening the link between us all. One Friday morning we set off on our "round". Our first landing was at an outback, very outback, sheep station called "Mulgathing", some 130 miles from Ceduna, and 80 miles west of Tarcoola. A very good landing strip has been made quite close to the home-stead. This has been used several times by the plane for transporting acute surgical cases to Ceduna for operations, and also for Doctor visiting sick cases at the station. The purpose of the visit on this particular occasion was to make negotiations regarding a regular monthly visit to Mulgathing in order to save the station

folk, and those of the surrounding sheep stations, from making the long trip into Tarcoola to see Doctor on her visiting day. Weather is always a big problem in connection with the flying over here; we seem to get more than our share of dust and strong winds, and this often causes complications in the running of the Flying Medical Service. As we leave at 8 a.m. for Tarcoola, the station folk had to leave as early as 6.30 a.m. to get to Tarcoola in time to see Dr. Freda. Several times we have had to cancel our trip at the last moment, which means that the station folk made the trip in vain, as we were unable to contact them. So these folk are very pleased indeed that instead of all the uncertainty about the arrangements of going to Tarcoola, they are able to come to Mulgathing Station, which means only a comparatively short trip.

After lunching with the manager and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Morley, we set off on the next part of our trip to Tarcoola to spend the night with Sister Page.

After tea, Sister invited in several of her friends and we chatted around the fire. Tarcoola would be a very lonely place if it were not for these staunch friends who mean so much to Sister as she works alone under anything but the easiest of conditions. Early next morning we received a call from Cook—Sister Fisher was in difficulties with a complicated midwifery case. After contacting Dr. Kneebone, at Ceduna, who was doing a locum for Dr. Freda at the time, he decided to get on his way in the Fox Moth, which was ready at Ceduna in case of an emergency while we were away in the Dragon, Mr. Bedford, of Wudinna, being the pilot.

We set off on the next part of our trip to Cook, 250 miles west. On the way we flew over the mission station at Ooldea, run by the United Aborigines' Mission. Just a few buildings in amongst sand hills and that is where Mr. and Mrs. Green have been for so long, battling against odds under terrific conditions, in order that those aborigines may have the chance of hearing of the love of God in Jesus Christ. They certainly do not "count the cost". We landed at Cook half an hour before the Fox Moth arrived from Ceduna. The mother's condition by this time was very low. The young Doctor had a very worrying time, but had the satisfaction after much hard work of seeing his patient respond to treatment. There was necessity for further surgical treatment, but the patient's condition was still too low to do anything, or to move her down to Ceduna. We left for Ceduna on Sunday afternoon, and on arriving at the 'drome late in the afternoon were met with the following message: "Acute appendix at Wudinna", so we had to spread our wings once again and fly the 120 miles to Wudinna and relieve a young lass of the offending appendix. We stayed the night with the staff and enjoyed the fellowship, returning to Ceduna next morning. On the following day Doctor got two lots of blood from the bank in Adelaide over on the Mail Plane and soon after dinner we set off for Cook once again. The patient's condition was about the same but after another couple of transfusions she improved sufficiently for us to bring her back to Ceduna next day, and after further treatment she made a good recovery and returned to Cook with us on the following trip.

On saying good-bye, the woman expressed her gratitude at what had been done for her, and she said, "You won't go away without a little reading and prayer with me, will you?" Only the Lord Himself can read the heart and know how deep the seed has gone, but one thinks of her who has since been moved away down the Trans. line where a visit from a missionary is made once every quarter. What chance has she got of growing in the Spirit? Yet we must serve in faith, believing.

On October 19th Ceduna held a Hospital Day, the first for many years. Sports were held in the afternoon, and an Amateur Hour at night, both of which were very good and enjoyed by all. It was indeed pleasing to see the enthusiasm and goodwill of the people of the district. During the afternoon the District's Memorial to Dr. Roy was unveiled. The Memorial is the new Terazzo floor in the theatre. The place on the floor of the general theatre is worded: "The floor of this theatre and of the adjoining rooms were laid as a Memorial to the late Dr. R. W. Gibson, 1933-48." One minute's silence was observed, and many were the thoughts that crowded into that minute of the one whom we were remembering.

Another event of interest is the formation of a Women's Auxiliary for the Hospital and already a panel of women have shown great enthusiasm in their task of assisting us in many ways, which is a big encouragement to us all.

At last good rains have come and a good harvest is expected by the farmers. Great difficulty is being experienced by many farmers in getting men to go out to the farms to reap the harvest. Work in the town is more preferable, the same difficulty as we have in getting workers for the spiritual harvest. I cannot help thinking of those of our hostels which, because of the shortage of workers, have to be worked by one person. Miss Beck, of Port Lincoln Hostel, has carried on that big task on her own, which means she has been overworked. Recently I received a letter saying, "I hope I can hang on till the end of the year." Does that sentence convey anything to you of her existing circumstances? There is a hostel with over 35 girls, all of High School age, living as a family under one roof. What an opportunity for spiritual work! And we picture the one in charge of this work trying to "hang on", overtired, because there is no one to share the burden of the work with her. We might long to see these young lives won for Christ, but He has died for each one individually and His longing is far greater and deeper than ours. Where can the spiritual side of the work come in if there is only going to be one worker to attend to everything? It is a golden opportunity being missed. Are we expected to believe that there are no followers of Our Lord who are able, if they so desire, to offer for what I consider to be one of the greatest B.C.A. activities? Perhaps there may be some reader who feels she would like to do such work, but doubts her own capabilities. Why not give the Lord a chance to reveal what He can do through you? You won't be the first follower of His to get a big shock in realising how little you count after all, but that it's "your faith in a Mighty God which works the miracle in our lives". Give Him a chance to prove it in your life, "that the excellency of the power may be of God and not of us."

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

Far West Mission News

REV. P. M. CONNELL.

I am glad to write again after having missed for several issues of the "R.A." Much has happened since my last letter, and many changes are about to occur. As many of those who read the "Real Australian" know, B.C.A. headquarters have decided that it would be better for Rev. T. Hayman of Streaky Bay and myself to exchange. I ask your prayerful remembrances for both of us, and our wives, for the change is a big one for both parties.

I would like to take this chance of saying thank you to many B.C.A. and other friends who remembered me in a recent illness, both by prayer and often by very kind letters. It was a wonderful thing to have such a friend as the Rev. F. H. Dillon of Holy Trinity, Adelaide, at that time. He and Mrs. Dillon were friends indeed, in every way. The number of other friends is great. I could not mention them all, they are too many. I am back at work again now and feeling quite well.

In many ways both Mrs. Connell and I feel sad to leave the Far West Mission, for, having been here some years, we have made many real friends and we loved the work here.

Last Sunday I began working according to my old routine and did the usual service trip round Mudamuckla and Smoky Bay, ending up at Ceduna for the evening service. My first service in the day was an 8 a.m. Communion Service at Ceduna. After breakfast I loaded up the new van with usual equipment for outback services, namely, portable organ, plenty of Hymn Books, kneelers (most outback churches haven't any), portable Communion Set and robes case. Mr. A. E. Chadwick accompanied me on this trip, and it was good to have company. We reached "Muda" in good time, to find some folk already there. Finally they all arrived—fourteen, including children, and eight of them communicants.

The front door of the church building had to be closed during the service as the wind was so strong. The back door was kept open for air. I spoke on the Collect for Christmas Day as these people had had no Christmas Communion Service. After the service, I gave out parish papers for the new quarter, the "West Coast Messenger," and leaflets advertising our Beach Mission which was to be held on one of the Ceduna beaches. When the people were walking out, one old lady came and told me her C.M.S. box was due to be collected. Then someone wanted to take a photo of the congregation and so we lined up. It was a rather wistful thought that I would probably not minister there again regularly. Then we went to the home of one of the parishioners for lunch; and a real good lunch it was. They always "do the minister well" in these parts when he comes to a meal. Then at two o'clock we uprooted ourselves from the table where we had been yarning, and set off on the road for Smoky Bay. It was only eighteen miles, and we had a comfortable hour to do it in, but somehow, being a sandy track, I usually need the whole hour. Besides, it feels much better if one can arrive ten minutes beforehand to prepare for the service without rushing.

At Smoky Bay there was a congregation of thirty-five, including three babies to be baptised, as well as a young couple who wished to see me about getting married. The service was held in a jetty shed on the edge of the shore, and we hope it is only a matter of time before we meet for worship in our own church here. We have all the material now, though not quite paid for; another £18 has to be raised somehow. The service went off quite happily, though the flies were bad and the babies a bit restless and inclined to compete with me for the congregation's attention. After the service was over, I went to the door to say good-bye to everyone and to wish them a happy New Year. As soon as everyone had gone, some kindly came back to help me fold up my organ, pack up books and carry things to the Van. I had to obtain particulars of



Mr. Connell plays the Organ for an Open Air Sunday School.

those who had been baptised, and it all takes time. Then I went with Mr. Chadwick, and another man who came back with us to afternoon tea—the inevitable and much to be desired cup of tea which people outback are always ready to share. It was very enjoyable, and about fifteen of us were there. Then after many handshakings, good-byes and "happy New Years", we again set off, this time for home. As soon as I reached home I swallowed some tea and set off again for the ship at Thevenard, two miles from Ceduna. I had arranged to collect any men who might like to attend a service. Two men were waiting, Dado from the Hawaiian Islands, Tapau from the Gilbert Islands. The latter struck me as a fine Christian. He told me after Dado had said he was a "Catholic" and that he was "London Missionary Society." Their English was poor, but I think they enjoyed coming, and I asked God for special grace that night to preach the saving evangel. I felt He did give it to me.

We are very sorry to lose Miss Stokes from here. She goes to take Miss Beck's place at the B.C.A. Hostel for Girls at Port Lincoln. During her stay of over two years at Ceduna, she has endeared herself to us all

as a selfless Christian and tireless worker at whatever she does. She will be much missed from her Sunday School at Thevenard, and we ministers will miss her weekly attendance at the school for Religious Instruction. She sometimes had classes of seventy children and she enjoyed every minute of her half-hour with them. Would you?

I mentioned above our forthcoming Beach Mission here at Ceduna. We have been praying and preparing for it for some time. A team of nine Children's Special Service Mission Workers are arriving on January 16th to conduct the mission. It will run for five days. It includes beach activities for children all grouped around the central purpose of getting children together to hear the gospel. Do pray that some of these children and young people may be won for Christ. The Mission will be over by the time this article is read, but we trust that the message of Christ will still be working and challenging the hearts of many of our young people and urging them to give their lives to Him. We hope to bring in several children from outback, and members of the congregation have volunteered hospitality for several of them. This is the first time in my period of service here that we have attempted anything like this, and we do pray that God will bless the work with lasting results in souls won for Him.

To-morrow I set off on the monthly trip to Fowler's Bay and Coorabie. I have tried to find someone who will go with me who is unacquainted with the country to see it. I am anxious to do this trip, as it is my last chance to say good-bye to many who have come to be real friends during my years here. The schools are closed for the Christmas holidays, and so there will be no religious instruction, which generally takes up much time on this trip. This will leave more time for visiting homes and making personal contacts.

I would like here to say "thank you!" to several friends in the Mission who assisted me in purchasing a new Aldis Projector. I mentioned casually to several in talking about the work, how handy a projector would be in the task of bringing the Gospel message before people in a new way. I received unsolicited gifts of £13 within a month. Then I became ill and the plan had to be dropped. During visits to Adelaide for treatment, I stayed with the Rev. F. and Mrs. Dillon. I mentioned the need of the Projector and that now it must finally be dropped. A few days after Christmas I received from Mr. Dillon a gift of £20 from the people of Holy Trinity, Adelaide. I would like to take this opportunity of expressing my thanks to all who gave. Their gifts have gone to many places and have, I know, brightened many lonely people's lives.

A Sunday School Anniversary

MISS E. M. STOKES

For weeks we had been practising for our Anniversary, and there was a great deal of excitement at the thought of this event. In between we had our picnic—and what a picnic! Combining with Ceduna Sunday School we had a splendid day, in spite of the weather which was terribly hot. Lots of our friends helped with gifts in kind, and with transport also. For all these we are indeed grateful.

And now again for our Anniversary. Combining with Ceduna we had two Sundays. First in Ceduna and then at Thevenard, about two miles away. The one at Ceduna was held in the church, which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. We marched the children in, and I am sure the parents were very pleased to see their children taking part in such a big event. At Thevenard we had the hall, and it looked quite beautiful, with flowers and greenery everywhere. Some of the children made little Christmas trees decorated with paper, giving the real Christmas effect.

With the two Sunday Schools we had over 60 children on the platform and everybody looking as proud and as pleased as we all could be. The day itself was showery and stopped a few from coming, but inside all was joy and happiness, and the children radiated excitement. The children sang splendidly and behaved equally well.

The little tots sang "Away in a Manger," and although some seemed to have been struck with shyness the others

made up for them. I am sure all the teachers were very proud and happy as they watched these little folk.

As the children sang Christmas messages we did indeed pray that those present would feel the grip of the message, as indeed our Anniversary message was to pass on the Good News of our Saviour. Rev. Phil. Connell gave the message and the children were very attentive while listening to the old, old story. Then came the prizes, and they were indeed lovely books.

I need not stress the importance of the work at Thevenard, which is largely a Greek settlement: it stands as a witness to the immense possibilities of this work. The children are eager to learn and willing to come Sunday by Sunday.

I would like to say that you wouldn't meet a cleaner lot of children anywhere, and they have won my heart completely. The mothers especially are grateful for the love shown to their children and express it in many ways. Please continue to pray for this part of God's vineyard, and also for those who go and shepherd the little lambs for His Name's sake. Something will have to be done for the older boys and girls now, as little ones do grow up, so we want your prayers in regard to this matter also.

In closing, I would like to ask your prayers for me as I start work at Port Lincoln Hostel. It is a big responsibility, and only in the Power and Strength of the Lord Jesus can it be done.

Minnipa Mission

SERVICE FOR THE CHILDREN

REV. J. R. GREENWOOD

The front verandah of the Rectory at Minnipa looked like a luggage cloak-room on a recent Monday morning. At intervals excited voices could be heard as greetings of children were exchanged while they came along the street with more suit-cases. A car pulled up, and out came two youngsters with cases and a kitbag, and more excited voices were added to the assembled number. What was it all about?

It was the assembly of 10 children and a mother who that day were to journey forth on a week's vacation by the sea. As Minnipa is 60 miles from Streaky Bay, with its attractive beach and swimming pool, the opportunity for a number of children to have such a change was something eagerly to be seized. A Beach Mission, under the leadership of Mr. M. Hart of Adelaide, in conjunction with the Children's Special Service Mission, provided the means of bringing the Christian message to these children, while they also enjoyed a week beside the beach.

The Streaky Bay Missioner, the Rev. T. J. Hayman, had been able to secure accommodation in private homes for these Minnipa children, and here they were assembling for transport. The children were brought together in a circle at the front of the Rectory, and prayer for the week was offered. Just as the Lord's Prayer was concluded a familiar school bus—once an army field ambulance—pulled up at our front gate and soon the human load was safely on board. You can well imagine the excitement as last minute instructions were given by anxious mothers.

With the children safely on the road my wife, young David and myself climbed into St. Columba's van, now well laden with all the luggage, and followed the cloud of dust rising behind the school bus.

Eleven miles along the road and another excited young boy joined the well-filled bus and more luggage was added to St. Columba's load.

The hot morning sun soon made its presence felt and clouds of fine, dry dust rose behind the two vehicles, but did not affect the spirits of the younger generation. At a railway siding 20 miles from Minnipa another mother and two children were added to our number, and more luggage was somehow or other stowed away inside the van.

The local storekeeper received quite a shock when a large number of children descended upon his store and purchased bottles of soft drink. Needless to say, some of the passengers paid for their extravagance before many more miles were added to the journey, and did not retain their purchases for very long.

However, we were on the road once again with two large dust clouds floating through the hot morning air to mark our progress. The stunted mallee scrub gave place to more cleared country and soon the first glimpse of the sea refreshed our eyes.

The 60 miles were covered in good time, and soon the thirteen children were joining with the Streaky Bay children in the first of the morning study groups. Afterwards a refreshing plunge in the sea, followed by games, and then a beach meeting brought an exciting day to a close.

Each of the six days followed a similar routine, with extras added, such as a "sausage sizzle", film-strip evening, a picnic, and a birthday rally. These, of course, were greatly appreciated, and provided much pleasure. But they were only incidental to the great object of bringing the children together in such a fellowship. The theme of the Mission was "The Grand Highway," and it was to this that energy was applied with the ultimate aim of bringing these children to realise their need of Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord. As the week progressed the workers—nine from Adelaide and one from Sydney, as well as the two B.C.A. Missioners—were constantly praying for these children and the meetings held. Towards the end of the week one of the Minnipa boys signified his acceptance of Jesus Christ, and he was followed later by three more children. Others of the 13 children were made to think deeply of the Christian message, and undoubtedly received much help towards a realisation of their need of Jesus Christ.



A Study Group during the Mission.

What a wonderful week it was for those two mothers and the thirteen children, both spiritually and bodily! I thought of one of those mothers and her two children as I saw them splashing in the water. To my mind there came a picture of their home, as I had seen it on so many occasions, with drift sand piling around the door and dust floating through the house. What a change for them this one week had been.

The weatherboard house, with all its dust and swarms of flies, and oven-like atmosphere on a hot day, was nevertheless home; but how nice to be able to get away even for one week and feel the refreshing sea splashing over one's body.

It was a hot week, but yet interest in all the meetings was well maintained, and Saturday saw a tired but tanned and happy band of children assembling for the return trip to Minnipa. A sandwich tea was handed into the bus, and while they travelled the children ate. There were many longing looks cast upon the beach as the bus drove away, but soon the mallee scrub claimed the travellers.

Once again St. Columba's Van was loaded with luggage, and having given the children's bus time to get ahead and the dust to settle, we took our farewell look at Streaky Bay. The sun was well down and the shadows very long when suddenly, coming around a bend in the track, to our surprise there was the school bus and children scattered about the road. Of course, we immediately thought of an accident, and were rather relieved when we found that the radiator cap had worked loose and the bus had lost all its water. It was a very hot day, and had been well over the century, so that not only did the bus need water, but also the children. As it was about six miles to the nearest store, care had to be exercised in giving the spare water in St. Columba to the bus first, and then a small quantity

to the passengers. We hurried ahead in case a return trip had to be made with water, but the bus managed the trip to the nearest water supply. A very thirsty band of children congregated around me as I distributed cool, refreshing water from the underground tank.

So on the way once again with St. Columba keeping well behind to avoid the dust clouds stirred up by the bus ahead. At 9.30 p.m. the welcome lights of Minnipa greeted us, and soon luggage was being sorted out and tired but happy voices called to each other as homeward steps were taken.

The value of such a week can hardly be assessed in material profit or loss. This service to the bush children was available because interested friends support the B.C.A. work, making it possible for missionaries and vehicles to be there to bring the Gospel of Jesus Christ to our vast outback. The joy of those children was ample repayment for the labours expended on their behalf. Your prayers are needed for this work of evangelising the inhabitants of the bush country. May He who said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me" bless the work amongst our outback children.

A Day Off in Cook

SISTER M. ROSS.

The painters and repairers are in for there is to be an upheaval in the lining of the kitchen. "Cook" is given a couple of days' warning, in which she prepares good things to keep the inner man happy. Friday night arrives with everything under control for the big day.

It was decided that the "Cook" is to have that self-same day off. Breakfast in bed, an hour or so in the garden, and all is lovely. Time to prepare lunch, and to "Cook's" horror, Sister Horsburgh has to go to the railway station to call the Doctor at Port Augusta about a patient. "Cook" takes over, dinner is served and the day off continues. Oh, what joy! Tea time arrives, and so does a patient; "Cook" takes over again, even to the washing up this time. She is then informed that she may move back and use the kitchen on the morrow. Did I say kitchen? One would hardly recognise it as such, every inch of it is covered in red dust. So to work she gets, and by about 8.30 p.m. has once again shiny stove and floor, a room fit for use the following day. So ends a day off at Cook!

Although we have had some very hot days, 116° on Boxing Day being the gem, we have been fortunate in having only one real dust storm. Have you ever experienced one? We were up early, the wind was blowing a gale from the west. It was decided that it wouldn't be worth while doing much in the house for there was plenty of dust in the air already.

We had had cause to do some washing that morning, but as it was impossible to hang it on the line, we decided to drop it on a verandah. By about 12 noon, the dust was coming in full force, Sister Horsburgh was busy closing doors, windows and all places where dust may get through, when bang! bang! was heard from

the front—a blind had blown loose. It took all my weight to try to hold it while Sister assisted and tied at the same time. With all this, we forgot our washing, and when the dust had passed over, we went to that verandah. It's just as well we were given a sense of humour, for we both roared with laughter. Our washing was bright red!

There is a great opportunity here for work amongst the young folk. I have the privilege of taking Religious Instruction at the school each week. The class consists of boys and girls aged from eight to thirteen years. We start by having a time of hymn and chorus singing, and fortunately two of the girls are able to lead. Then, on Sunday afternoons we have Sunday School here at the hospital. Our average attendance is about twenty-five. Sister Horsburgh takes the eight years and upwards, whilst I have the tiny tots. They are pets and it does one good to see how they enjoy their expression work.

On Monday evening a Bible Class is held for those over ten years. The numbers are not big, but it is very encouraging to see how they react to the gospel message. Do pray that the seed sown may fall on good ground, and that many of these young lives may be won for Him.

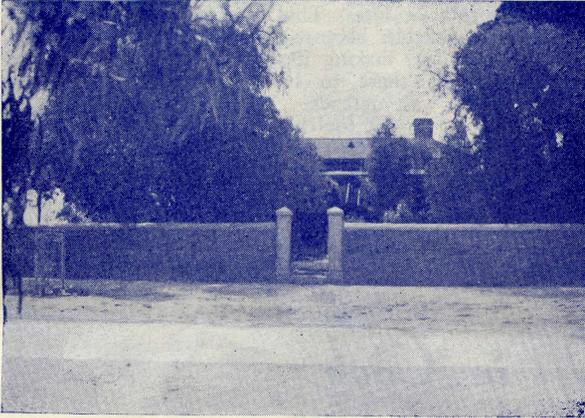
Our Sunday evening service is, I think, the most encouraging of all. The numbers have grown, and we do long and pray that the words spoken either by prayer, singing of God's praises or the talk, may spring up into a harvest for God, Whom we love and serve.

Pray for us at Cook.

Farewell to Denmark

REV. C. SHERLOCK

After more than three years' association with the work of the Denmark Mission in the fellowship of the B.C.A. family, it is rather difficult to realise that this will be the last time that I will respond to the oft-repeated request of the hard-pressed Acting O.M. "to write a few lines for the 'R.A.,'" and it is with mixed feelings, therefore, that I commence.



The New Hostel at Broken Hill.

Firstly I would like to say a very sincere "thank you" to all readers of the "R.A." for your prayerful remembrance of us and our work, and for the many bundles of books and other reading matter that so many of the B.C.A. family sent from time to time. Also my wife would specially say thank you to the kind friends who sent parcels of sewing materials for the use of the members of the Denmark Girls' Guild. Your help in this direction has been of tremendous value, and as we review the months that have passed all too quickly, we thank indeed our Heavenly Father for the fellowship which has been ours with you in the work of His Church.

That each of you who read the "R.A." may be encouraged to continue your prayerful and financial support of the work which the Society sponsors, I would like to mention in passing some of the more vivid memories of progress enabled to be accomplished under His guidance and in His strength during our stay in Denmark. The erection and furnishing of the Church of St. Oswald at Kronkup, and later the liquidation of all debt on it, the provision of a new Chevrolet Sedan parish car, all but £250 coming from parish sources, the complete renovation of the parish Church at Denmark, the erection of a Children's Corner, the furnishing of buildings at Kentdale, William Bay and Parryville to serve as churches, and the erection of a fence around the drive of the Rectory—all stand out as marks of progress on the material side. Important as there are in the life of any parish, they themselves are insignificant as compared to that more gradual and less easily recorded

growth of spiritual life which is revealed through the regular services Sunday by Sunday, many attended by folk at considerable inconvenience to themselves, the development of the life of the Sunday Schools, especially those of the Sunday School bus routes conducted by a Christian couple, without whose valued help much that has been built up would have been impossible. Added to these must be the invaluable work done by the members of the Women's Guild at both Denmark, Kentdale and Kronkup, and, since the raising of the area from a Mission to a Parochial District, the equally valuable work done by Vestry members in several centres. From this short review I am confident that you will realise the urgent need that still continues for members of our Society in fellowship with the Col. and Con. to give to the Mission of Denmark, its Missioner, his wife and family, the best of our support, both prayerful and material, that the work there might be further consolidated. It is a great joy to my wife and me to have been able to participate in the farewell service to Mr. and Mrs. Johnson prior to their departure and for them and their work I would bespeak your prayers.

Our last month in the parish was one of the most hectic I have ever spent, and yet one of the most blessed. We were privileged with a four-day visit from the O.M. en route to England, and for our last week-end had the pleasure of the company of the Bishop of Bunbury. There were eighteen candidates for Confirmation in various centres, and the final lessons of instruction for them, plus our final schools and services, meant that I travelled 3,300 miles by car in that month on parish duties.

On Sunday, October 30th, the Bishop allowed me to celebrate the Holy Communion in Denmark Church at 8 a.m., he kindly assisting in the service as well. After a quick breakfast my wife left our two scamps with parishioners, and accompanied by the Bishop and our two Churchwardens, we set out for Kentdale, some 24 miles distant, where a service of Confirmation was to be held at 10.30 a.m. for folk from both Parryville and Kentdale. At this centre, where a former school building is used for services, the culmination of months of work on the part of the local congregation was evidenced in the beautiful portable furnishings used for the first time that day. Curtains of gold damask formed the background, stretching right across the back of the hall, whilst a lovely Holy Table given by the parish of Busselton took one's eye with its lovely frontal, sent from Col. and Con. Ladies' Aid, and its gloriously arranged flowers. The prayer desk had been given by the parish of Narrogin, and the Bible for the Lectern from the members of the Irish Auxiliary of Col. and Con. The linen and bookmarks, together with offertory bags, were further gifts from Ladies' Aid of Col. and Con. Kneelers and other fittings had been provided by local friends. Whilst the Bishop robed and prepared in a tent specially erected for him, I conducted the service of Holy Baptism

for babes from three families, and then at 10.30 we commenced a most moving and impressive service of Confirmation. The four young people who were confirmed stayed on to receive their first Communion at the administration of this Sacrament, which the Bishop conducted at the end of the Confirmation service. What a joy it was to minister on our last Sunday to these good friends in this most sacred way.

A few photographs after the service, and then we all sat down to a most wonderful banquet lunch in an old hall nearby. The womenfolk must have been there since early morning, as all attended service, and yet at the end this repast of chicken and similar delicacies awaited us. Speeches followed, and then a surprise presentation to us from folk of the district. We both found it difficult indeed to find words to express our thanks. By 1.50 p.m. we were all in the car again and on our way for a 52 mile journey to St. Oswald's, Kronkup, where Evensong was to be at 3.15 p.m. We just made it, and to our delight not only was the church crowded, but Canon W. B. Kirby, Rector of Albany, had kindly journeyed out to be present with a few of his people. I conducted the service, he read the lessons, and the Bishop preached. We then all adjourned to the hall where services used to be held before the building of St. Oswald's, where a sumptuous afternoon tea awaited us. Once more speeches of farewell and the gift of a lovely chiming clock and vases for our new home. Words failed my wife and almost me, and we set off in haste for the parish church, where Confirmation and the Dedication of the Children's Corner was to be held. My faithful wardens and lay reader travelled with us to Kronkup, and now back to Denmark again. Here over 120 persons had crowded into the church for a service which I shall always remember for its spontaneous singing, its quiet solemnity, and its very obvious sincerity. It was a very wonderful conclusion to our ministry in Denmark to kneel in the hushed silence and pray for each of the candidates as they came and knelt before the Bishop for the laying on of hands so soon after pledging their personal allegiance to our Lord and Saviour.

The service over, we adjourned to the Town Hall, which is adjacent to the church, where a dainty supper had been provided by the womenfolk. Further speeches followed, and further gifts, so that we both felt that Christmas had indeed come a few weeks early. Final farewells: and so to bed about midnight. The next morning soon passed in final packing at the Rectory, and then off to Walpole for a service of Confirmation at 8 p.m. This was held in the Public Hall, suitably prepared for the occasion, and about 60 folk attended. Again the service was uplifting, and as I thought of the difficulties of all the candidates, so separated by distance from each other, and so without the opportunities of weekly fellowship through worship, one did thank God for this step on their part. Supper again followed, and yes, further speeches and gifts! Then with our car packed for the return to Denmark there came the parting with our Bishop—indeed a Father in God during our stay in his diocese. He had travelled in his own car from Denmark and was to stay the night at Walpole and go on from there via Manjimup to Bunbury. So under the tall timbers that surround the hall we said good-bye: and with his prayer for God's blessing on our future work and for travelling mercies fresh in our thoughts, we turned our car towards Denmark on its final trip.

By 1.30 a.m. Tuesday morning we were in bed for all too short a time, as at 5.30 a.m. we had to arise to pack and prepare for the trip to Sydney. Finally all was done, and with minutes to spare we picked up our Lay Reader, who was to bring the car back from the railway siding, and set off on our first stage of the journey to Milton. We are by now about settled into this new sphere of work, and although outside of the work associated with B.C.A. would still value your prayerful remembrance from time to time. The parish of Milton is a large country one, which has been without a regular ministry for a long period. Its needs are many, but its opportunities even more numerous; and we both feel that the experience which Denmark gave us has more fully equipped us for the work which we have now taken up.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN LISTENERS !

Listen to the B.C.A. story through

5KA and 5AU every THURSDAY at 11.45 a.m.

**TELL YOUR FRIENDS OF THIS INTERESTING
BROADCAST**



B.C.A. **Bark Hut** holders will be pleased to learn that the total in all the boxes for 1949 was £2,900. This is an increase of £500 on the previous year and reveals a spirit of generous giving. **Your box should be opened again in April.** Will you please open it, and then send in the contents to us per cheque, money order or postal note, or hand it to your local secretary?

An unusually large number of changes have taken place recently. We welcome **Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin, of Sydney,** to the new Hostel at Broken Hill.

Miss Thomas, of Sydney, has joined Sister Dixon at Bowral.

The **Rev. J. Shilton,** of Victoria, is the new Missioner at Cann River.

The **Rev. John and Mrs. Johnston,** formerly of Wahroonga, N.S.W., have commenced duty at Denmark Mission, West Australia.

The **Rev. Wm. and Mrs. Mitchell,** of Melbourne, have commenced their ministry at Menindee, N.S.W.

All friends of B.C.A. offer these new workers their best wishes and assurance of prayer for blessing upon their ministry.

Miss M. Farr, formerly matron of Wilcannia Hostel, has gone to Penong to assist the nursing staff.

Miss N. Stokes, of Ceduna, has gone to Port Lincoln Hostel to take charge there while Miss Beck is in England.

Owing to **Rev. Phil. Connell's** recent illness, it became necessary for him to go where he will not have the long patrols he did so well and for so long at Ceduna. Therefore, he has gone to Streaky Bay, and the **Rev. Theo Hayman** to Ceduna. We sincerely appreciate the willing co-operation of both these missioners.

We bid regretful farewell to **Rev. G. and Mrs. Pearson,** who have gone to Omeo, in Victoria, and to **Miss V. Michael,** who has left B.C.A. in order to prepare for mission work overseas. They have all done splendid work and we offer them our very best wishes and assurance of prayer for their future ministry.

Many thanks indeed to **two anonymous donors** of £100 for the Deaconess Van, and £150 for one of the radios needed for the new wireless base at Ceduna.

There has also been a wonderful response to the appeal for a hymn book for Minnipa. Many excellent books came in and all are now in use in various places.

We are grateful to all those individual friends, Sunday Schools, the Secondary Schools' Girls' Club and numerous other organisations for their overwhelming multitude of Christmas toys and other gifts for the outback. They have brought great joy to children and parents and much encouragement to B.C.A. workers.

Sister Page, at Tarcoola, will be grateful for coloured pencils, small scissors, text cards, Bibles and Prayer Books in good condition and other equipment needed for religious instruction.

The following letter will be of interest to all our friends and give much encouragement:—

"You will know, I expect, that we have had our two sons at 'Coorah' for some years. It has meant a very great deal to us to have had such a place to board the lads. We have no school here and five years ago we had spent many weeks trying to find a suitable place to board them before we finally heard of 'Coorah'.

"We would like to say how much we have appreciated the attention and home life Mrs. Mann has given them and also the other ladies who have helped to look after them so well.

"We have been able to see them return to school each term knowing they were being well cared for both spiritually and materially.

"With our very sincere thanks to B.C.A."

We offer our congratulations to **Rev. Phil. Connell,** of Ceduna, for his pass in Church History in the examination for the degree of Scholar of Theology. Mr. Connell now has successfully completed three parts of this important exam.

Our best wishes are offered to **Rev. A. Gerlach,** a student of the Society, who was recently ordained in Sydney.

The **Mail Bag Sunday School** office needs a small fireproof office safe, and a linen press or cupboard for storing paper and other supplies. Perhaps some good friends may have no further use for such items. If so, we shall deeply appreciate them.

The young people of **St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay,** N.S.W. have given a fine lead to other young people, for they have donated £18 towards the cost of the urgently needed Mail Bag Sunday School Van. Who will follow their example?

A **full size cricket set** is needed by the boys at Broken Hill Hostel. If any of our friends have such a set not in use we shall appreciate it.

Are You Ready to Take a Chance?

Since the last issue of the "Real Australian" there have been a number of important developments. The Post and Rails section reveals that there has been a most encouraging enlistment of new workers, and already more new members have joined the staff at one time than for many years past. Despite this, however, there is a grave shortage of nurses, a shortage which is causing us much concern. Some of the older nurses are showing signs of the strain they have borne for far too many years, and younger nurses have to accept more responsibility than they really should. Just six trained women with two certificates would make all the difference. Surely throughout Australia there must be at least six qualified women fitted for this important task. I hope that you will all pray constantly that the six will heed the call and that you will make this need known as widely as possible.

I am very glad to say that there is now real hope of appointing a doctor to Wudinna.

The Christmas Appeal brought a record response of £1,164 up to December 31st, and more has come in since. It is still impossible to give a complete statement of receipts and expenditure for 1949, but the indications are that the income from the Bark Huts increased by about £500 to nearly £3,000, which is really remarkable giving. The total income increased by several thousands of pounds, but this increase was not quite enough to meet the increased costs, and it seems that we ended the year with a debit balance on the general

account. But the Society offers its heartfelt thanks to all our friends who so generously gave and helped in other ways last year. This financial blessing, as well as the number of new workers, gives us confident hope for the future and an assurance of God's blessing upon the Society.

The O.M. continues his work in Great Britain, and the latest news is that Miss Birtchnall, a hostel worker, is on her way from England. She will be given a glad welcome when she arrives.

This year will make heavy demands on us all in prayer, giving and service, for we must work to complete the payment of Broken Hill Hostel; we must supply vans for the deaconesses and Mail Bag Sunday School; more workers must be found, especially clergy and nurses.

In a recent newsletter, Dr. Max Warren quoted Mr. R. G. Casey as saying: "There are a good many things waiting to be done . . . by young men of resource and initiative—but those who do them are those who will take a chance, who do not insist on safety first."

That applies very much to the B.C.A. It applies to a good many young men and women who would find a magnificent field of service in the B.C.A. if they "are ready to take a chance."

May they heed the call and go forth gladly to serve God in the outback.

ASSISTANT O.M.

ST. JOHN'S AUXILIARY, HEIDELBERG.

At our first meeting for 1949 we had Mrs. L. Morris on a second visit to give the address. Our second meeting was again combined with the Mothers' Union meeting for August, when Rev. L. G. Ball gave a talk on B.C.A. work. At the annual meeting in November, Mrs. A. Craig spoke on church work and life in New Guinea about 30 years ago. During the year Rev. L. Morris also spoke at a church service in St. John's on B.C.A.

All speakers were very interesting and encouraging for the enthusiasm of our members. We feel that the Society is now becoming well-known in our parish and we pray that more ladies will be given the desire to join us in this service for the Master.

During 1949 we were able to send 9 lbs. of used linen to Cook, three parcels of scrap-books and magazines to Cook, Menindee and Cann River, also to dispose of a fair-sized parcel of clothing kindly donated by a member of the Mothers' Union. A donation of £10 was made towards the St. Brigid's van.

Office-bearers for 1950 are: President, Mrs. A. Craig; Vice-Presidents, Mesdames S. Moore and A. O'Mara; Hon. Secretary and Treasurer, Mrs. A. Brightwell.

We are again greatly indebted to Mrs. Moore for the use of her home for meetings.

SUBSCRIBERS WHO HAVE NOT RECEIVED RECEIPTS

8/8/49, 5/-. Don., "A Friend"; 12/8/49, 5/-. M.B.S.S., Miss Unwin; 18/8/49, £2/10/-. "In Memory of Linda"; 22/8/49, Woollahra Friend, £1, Don.; 22/8/49, 10/-. Don., Well Wisher; 23/8/49, 9/5, Box, Anon.; 28/8/49, 4/-. Rally, Misses H. and B.; 26/8/49, £1, Rally, Anon.; 29/8/49, £1, Rally, Anon.; 2/9/49, £1, "A Listener", Adelaide; 5/9/49, 7/9, Box, Anon.; 5/9/49, £1/0/6, Box, Anon.; 5/9/49, £1, Anonymous; 21/9/49, 10/-. Don., Anon.; 26/9/49, 5/-. Don., A Friend; 6/10/49, £1, Don., Anon.; 10/10/49, £3, Don., "Anonymous"; 20/10/49, 1/6, R.A., 3/6, Don., Mrs. Binnie; 21/10/49, 4/-. Van, Mrs. Baker; 21/10/49, 10/-. Van, Anon.; 27/10/49, £8/16/-. Van, Anonymous; 31/10/49, £1, Don., Anonymous; 3/11/49, 4/-. Anon.; 22/11/49, 10/-. Don., Anon.; 23/11/49, £1, Van, Anon.; 28/11/49, £2, Christmas, Anon.; 2/12/49, £7, Don., Anon.; 7/12/49, £1, Christmas, Anon.; 8/12/49, 5/-. Christmas, Anon.; 8/12/49, £1 Don., £1 Christmas, Anon.; 12/12/49, 5/-. Christmas, Anon.; 15/12/49, £1, Christmas, "D.H."; 16/12/49, £5, Parishioner; 16/12/49, 2/6, Anon., Christmas; 19/12/49, 4/-. Christmas, "G."; 19/12/49, £1, Don., Anon.; 21/12/49, £1, Christmas, Anon.; 20/12/49, 10/-. Christmas, Anon.; 22/12/49, 10/-. Christmas, Anon.; 30/12/49, Anon., 5/-. Don.; 30/12/49, 10/-. Christmas, Anon.; 30/12/49, 4/-. Christmas, Anon.; 4/1/50, £1, Van, Anon.; 10/1/50, 3/-. "The Old Worker"; 25/1/50, 10/-. Don., A Friend; 6/2/50, 10/-. Don., Anon.; 6/2/50, 10/-. Anon., Don.; 9/2/50, £2/10/-. Anon.; 13/2/50, 10/-. Anon., Don.

Twenty Years With B.C.A.

Late in the year 1928, the B.C.A. Ladies' Van arrived at the Vicarage at Mungindi in N.S.W. On the van were Sister Kathleen Northcote and Miss E. M. Cheers, who as B.C.A. workers were on a tour which began in the diocese of Newcastle and extended through the western part of the diocese of Armidale, and lasted almost six months. That was my first meeting with Miss E. Cheers. She was the driver and "handy-man" of the van, and saw to all the travelling arrangements. With Sister Kathleen she had visited lonely women and children in bush homes, taught children in schools and in homes, and had travelled hundreds of miles in so doing. Whilst in the parish of Mungindi, the ladies undertook a tour in a corner of the parish, which extended into Queensland and helped to make Christmas, 1928, brighter for some outback children. They then had a short and well-earned rest at the Vicarage and we got to know them better.

At that time, plans were in hand for the building of the "Cecil Darley" Memorial Hostel at Mungindi. The Organising Missioner (the late Rev. S. J. Kirkby) was appealing in Sydney and Melbourne, and local help was assured in Mungindi for the Hostel.

1929 saw the building of the Hostel started, and we began to think of a Matron. I ventured to suggest to the Organising Missioner that the practical Miss Cheers of the Van would be the very person for the job, and he thought so too, and late in 1929 invited her to be Matron on completion of the building. Miss Cheers spent some months fitting herself for the work and gaining experience in a boys' school.

On 13th February, 1930, the Bishop of Armidale, then recently consecrated, came to Mungindi to open the B.C.A. Hostel, and Miss Cheers was introduced as Matron Cheers. The same day the first child arrived to stay in the Hostel and attend the local Public School. He was a lad from Queensland, and had come some 30 miles to begin school. Soon other children arrived, and the boys' and girls' dormitories were occupied.

For 20 years Miss Cheers has carried on this splendid work and some 300 children have passed through

the Hostel. For these, often without any help, Miss Cheers has cooked and done the domestic "chores". She has nursed them in sickness, has supervised their homework and their play; and, above all, she has made the hostel a home with a Christian influence. All this and more has been done in a trying climate, year after year.



Miss Cheers with the Bishop of Armidale and Rev. H. E. Felton.

The work accomplished has earned the praise of successive schoolmasters of the Mungindi Central School, and has had the gratitude of the people whose children have been helped. Last year a second hostel was opened which now is the girls' hostel, while the older hostel houses the boys. The new hostel is in charge of Miss J. Cheers (Sister of Miss Ella).

This is to pay tribute to 20 years' faithful service for God in the B.C.A. in Mungindi Hostel, which, together with her service on the Van, marked this present year, the 21st year of Miss Cheers' work for B.C.A.

H.E.F.

"Keep This Plane Flying"

SISTER A. J. MILLER

Not very long ago, I was asked if I would take a patient to Adelaide in the plane. We had to start off very early—leaving the aerodrome at daybreak. We were in the air by 7.30 a.m., and only just in time, for as we got up we could see a thick fog rising. The trip was wonderfully calm and comfortable for the patient, who was extremely ill, and had to undergo what proved a serious and difficult operation, and any other type of transport would have proved fatal.

Almost as soon as we were in the air and it was safe for me to undo my safety belt, the patient wanted a drink. I dived into the bag for the thermos, which is easier to handle than Mr. Chadwick's 2 gallon flask, but woe! The truck in which we had travelled to the

'drome was so rough that the thermos was shattered to pieces. There was nothing else to do but to send a message up to the pilot that I was going to get the flask from the tail of the plane. It doesn't take much movement to interfere with the plane. However, in due course the patient got the drink and the journey came to an uneventful end. The ambulance met us at Parafield and conveyed the little lass to the hospital. It seemed hard to see her going off to complete strangers and not being able to understand them nor to be understood, as she had only been in Australia a few months and could speak only Greek. It was good to learn later that the operation was successful and that she got on well.

We then had some lunch whilst the plane was refuelled and once again prepared for our homeward flight. Although our trip over was calm, I wasn't being trustful and decided to take my air-sickness tablets. Once we were air-borne and having no further responsibility, I decided to sleep. You can imagine with what joy I awakened to feel the plane landing and I had "slept all the way"! But oh! what dismay when I gazed out of the window to behold Parafield once more. Mr. Chadwick's face told me not a thing, so I had to possess my soul in patience until the landing was made. Some instrument wasn't working correctly, and so it meant waiting until the wrong was righted and a test flight made, which, of course, meant it would be impossible to make the home base or Wudinna. The night was spent in Adelaide with an early start next day as the plane had the Penong trip to do in the afternoon.

Then last week an emergency call came from Mt. Eba, a station 80 miles from Tarcoola. A patient had been severely burnt, would Doctor come? Armed for all emergencies that may be necessary, Dr. Freda and I went off. We landed at Mt. Eba only to see two houses and a wireless office. It was all miles from nowhere, and it just seemed impossible that anyone could live there. After Doctor had seen the patient and decided she could be brought back to Ceduna without any emergency treatment where she was, we went up to the homestead for lunch. Everybody seemed joyful and full of life, and when asked what they did with their spare time, they just gasped and exclaimed that they never had any! Their days were never long enough!

The return journey was very rough and it felt an eternity to the patient who was, at any time, opposed to air travel, and there was great relief when Ceduna aerodrome was reached. The patient was brought into hospital and the burnt areas cleaned and dressed by Doctor, and what an area! It is a recognised fact that if more than one-third of the body is involved it is fatal, yet these burns extended over both legs and one arm, and three parts of the other arm, face and neck.

The husband had had the presence of mind to apply Tannafax, but then what household would have sufficient supply to cover such an area? Doctor then administered one litre of blood serum, provided by the International Red Cross and some intravenous glucose, to which the patient responded remarkably. She is now up and about almost ready for discharge, and her bright, happy nature is a tonic to us all. These burns were caused when a mop which had been cleaned in petrol and put out to dry exploded as it was put into a copper of boiling water.

Here are two cases for which the plane has proved invaluable. One to be taken away and one brought in. Do we realise what this means to these outback people? We need your prayerful support that the finances will be supplied to keep this plane flying.

Just a word about my Children's Bible Class. I have written of them before. This year they are joining forces with the Ceduna and Thevenard Sunday Schools and going for a picnic to Denial Bay. Children love picnics even on the West Coast. The numbers have not been so high this year, but each one has been very loyal in attendances. They seem to dislike having to learn lessons, so have had a break from this for a few months. Flannelgraphs seem to hold their interest very much. They were highly delighted when, some weeks ago, two of the C.I.M. missionaries gave a lantern lecture in the church and for the children's sakes chattered and sang hymns in Chinese, and there was much mirth. I think perhaps they are getting more missionary-minded as the months go by. This year they are sending their pennies to the Dohnavur Fellowship. Owing to the shortage of staff, as these children become "too big" to attend Bible Class and Sunday School, there isn't any other provision for them. This is a great pity for from 14-18 is the age when their interests need to be encouraged along the right lines. Remember them in your prayer time. Perhaps some day we may be able to start a senior Christian Endeavour or Girls' Friendly Society.

Just Two Rows of Houses

SISTER M. HORSBURGH

Little did I realise when I began my training just six years ago, that one day I would find myself out in this great expanse of nothingness which goes to make up the Nullarbor Plain; but here I am, and I count it a privilege to be able to serve the Lord in such a place.

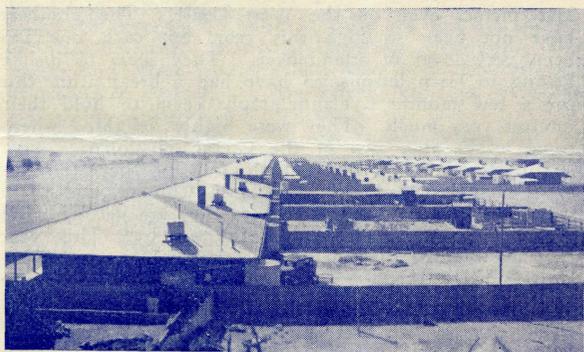
I suppose most of you have an idea of what Cook is like. Just two rows of houses, all built alike. A station, store and post office, all in a row. A railway workshop and a few huts for single men, and last, but by no means least, our hospital. Streets and roads are non-existent, except for one or two tracks leading out of the camp to dingo traps which some of the men have set round about. The lack of roads does not greatly matter, for there is only one motor vehicle in Cook. This is a cross between a lorry and a car, and is of very ancient vintage. If it was anywhere but on the Nullarbor

it would be heard long before it was seen. There is one horse, too, used for cartage purposes; and believe me, he is no ordinary horse. He wears a hat which is the latest in horse fashions. It is somewhat like a coolies' hat, with a hole on either side for his ears. I assure you it looks most attractive. The picture would not be complete without the local dairy herd, which consists of some thirty goats of all colours, shapes and sizes. These prove a menace to local gardeners, but are the only means of obtaining fresh milk, as it would be impossible to keep cows alive in this barrenness.

The ambulance service too is rather unique.

About a fortnight after my arrival here, we were in the middle of our Sunday evening service when the phone from the railway rang. A woman, sixty miles up the line had become very ill. It was decided that she

would have to be brought to hospital, so after hasty arrangements were made, we set off. Picture an old Studebaker touring car on train wheels, and minus its steering wheel, and there you have our means of conveyance. It was a strange sensation, travelling along a railway line in a car, and a very cold one, as the side curtains were most inadequate for the wind which was sweeping across the plain. However, we arrived at our destination without incident, although our driver, who was the local station master, appeared to be most alarmed that we had no spare tyre. While the car was being turned around I prepared the patient for the return trip, and after making her as comfortable as possible on the back seat and having found a vacant corner on the floor for myself, we again set off. I definitely decided on that trip that it was not a blessing to have long legs. I was sure I would never be able to straighten mine again. We arrived home about 2 a.m. After a very welcome cup of tea which Sister Ross had ready for us, and a warm by the fire, I soon regained full use of my cramped members.



The Two Rows.

A favourite question in nurses' examination papers is "If you were in the country and this or that happened, and a doctor was not available, what would you do?" How often that question has to be answered out here. Some weeks ago a railway guard fell from a train about fifty miles out. He was brought in as quickly as possible, and when he arrived was in a very serious condition. We called Ceduna immediately, only to find that the weather was so rough down there that they could not take off, so all Doctor could do was to give some instructions per phone. It was then about 2 p.m. In front of us lay at least eighteen hours, knowing that absolutely no medical help was available, and knowing just how much could go wrong with a patient with severe head injuries in that time. I shall never forget that all-night vigil and the feeling of my utter helplessness, but I shall never forget either, the real consciousness that I was being watched over and guided by "The Great Physician". Morning came at last, and about 11 a.m. the welcome sound of the Dragon overhead. It was with great relief that we saw our patient safely transferred to the plane, knowing that now he would be under Doctor's watchful eye at Ceduna, and once again we thanked God for our plane and air pilot which were the means of saving that lad the hazards of a twenty-four hour train journey either to Port Augusta or Kalgoorlie.

The scope for spiritual work here is large, and we have been encouraged lately by the growing numbers at our little Sunday evening service. We would value your prayers that those who come along week by week may be really convicted of their need of salvation. Our efforts are very weak and humble, I am afraid, and there is often so little time for preparation; but I never cease to wonder at the way the Lord supplies a message each week.

You may imagine my feelings on the first Sunday night I took the service, as I had never prepared or given a talk of any kind before. My words were very few and feeble, and my nervousness must have been very obvious to all; but with those words, "His strength is made perfect in weakness," I struggled through, and gradually, as the weeks have slipped by I have come to look forward to our little service and the opportunity of speaking a word for Him.

In December we enjoyed a visit from Mr. Hayman and Mr. Saunders, a B.C.A. student who is staying with him. Their time with us was rather limited as they travelled up and down the line during the week and spent the week-ends here. It was great to have fellowship with them, and I am sure that all who attended the services were helped and strengthened by them. We were, of course, duly introduced to St. Brigid, and were taken for a drive around the aerodrome, which was a real novelty.

The delight of the children when they see a car is well worth witnessing. On the morning of departure, St. Brigid was being given a final check up when two small boys arrived and for a while stood watching the proceedings. Finally one spoke up, and in rather an aggrieved voice said to Mr. Hayman, "You took some of the other kids for a ride, when are you going to take us?" So after lunch they, with one or two others who had arrived in the meantime, were told to hop in and just as they were starting off another little head appeared around a corner and two big eyes looked longingly at the van. He was no sooner invited along than his little brother appeared behind him. We began to wonder just how many were around that corner, but no more appeared, so very cramped, but happy, they set off. It would have done your hearts good to see them, and I hope that in hearing of this little incident you will be encouraged to work harder and pray more that the work in these lonely isolated areas where such little things as this bring so much pleasure to these little ones may be extended.

N.S.W. LISTENERS !

tune in to

2GB

for the B.C.A. "Outback" Session

Now on

FRIDAYS AT 11.15 A.M.

The Deaconesses Patrol The West

DEACONESS B. CLARKE

(This simple but moving account of a patrol by the Deaconesses in St. Patrick's Van while the missionary was on holidays, strikingly reveals the need of a Van for the Deaconesses' own use. Many donations have been received from the people in the Far West and other friends in Australia and England, but more is required before a Van can be purchased.)

"One day recently I left Ivanhoe by train to join Miss Spry at Menindee. She and I were to do a 1000 mile patrol visiting the homes of the Far West in St. Patrick's Van. Deaconess was waiting for me when the train pulled in, so we started our trip at once. That night we visited two homes and then camped in the Van. The next day we called at several lonely spots where the people were really pleased to see us again.



Some children of the West with Jimmy, the station help.

That night we showed the strip films 'The Life of Joseph' and 'The First Christmas'. They were thoroughly enjoyed and gave us a good opportunity to get the Gospel message home. After another night in the Van we visited the Gypsum mines at Sayers Lake and Darnick. Everyone gave us a warm welcome, especially the children who loved having Sunday School. By this time the great heat was almost overpowering and we were compelled to rest before going on to another home

late in the evening. In fact, record temperatures compelled us to slow up for several days, but when things cooled down a bit—not that it was cool, it was just not quite so hot!—we went on again to Conoble Gypsum mine. The folk at the mine were so pleased to see us that when I went along to invite the children to Sunday School, I found that one of the children had been before me and that both children and mothers were getting ready to come. Sister Spry wondered what had struck her when they all walked in, but the older folk enjoyed seeing the 'Christmas Story' on the flannel-graph as much as the youngsters did. Leaving there, we were encouraged later on by the invitation to use another home for regular services and accommodation.

"Some miles further on another woman offered her home for the same purpose and was delighted when we gratefully accepted the offer. Another burst of heat gave us a few uncomfortable days, but everywhere we went we found that the people appreciated the visit. Eventually we arrived in Wilcannia to be welcomed and cared for by Mr. Sam Warren, a Moore College student who is holding the fort while the Fisher-Johnsons are on holidays. St. Patrick needed an overhaul by this time. He is now ten years old and many rattles and squeaks reveal that this faithful old Van has had ten very tough years. However, after some of the rattles were eliminated we continued our journey.

"After the Sunday services at Menindee we went on down the river and held another film evening. The next day we visited only three homes. They were many miles apart and in unearthly places. Two of them haven't even a mail delivery, so they are quite cut off. It's a real privilege to be able to go to such people and they do appreciate it. As a matter of fact, that day was my birthday, and I must confess that I have never spent one like it before! We are still rejoicing and praising God for the opportunities of these past few weeks, but it is time we had our own Van. Folk are saying, 'You can never stay very long. Why are you in such a hurry?' But as long as we can use the Van only when the missionary does not require it, we can't get round as often as we would like. We can do quite a lot, but not enough. May we soon have a Van of our own!"

THE B.C.A WILL PAY

the college fees of suitable and approved men and women who wish to train as clergy and deaconesses.

Full details of conditions will be supplied upon application to the Organising Missioner.

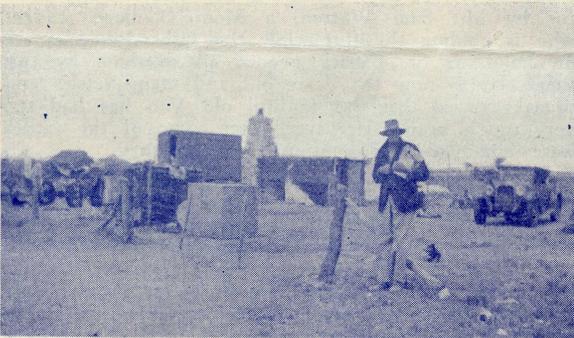
Lonely People

REV. T. HAYMAN

It was a new and more than interesting experience for Mr. R. Saunders and me as we set out for the first time to cross the Nullarbor Plain. On our way we called in to see some members of our B.C.A. family at Ceduna and Penong, spending that night out in the station country at Colona station. This settlement is eighty-eight miles from the next house.

In the course of the evening a visiting gentleman told us of an experience he had in the "never-never", when he had a breakdown in his car, forcing him to walk some distance with his companion. His friend had not been well, and the walk proved too strenuous. They had a rest, and getting up again, he was amazed to see his friend scratching around in the dust. What was happening? He asked him what he was doing. He said, "I have lost my tram tickets!" This hundreds of miles from any tram. We wondered what effect the Nullarbor was going to have on us!

ONE OF THE LONELY ONES.



The Cook of a Dam Sinkers' Camp holding literature given by the Missioner.

Dust, dust, dust and more dust, poured into the van, St. Brigid, on its maiden trip across the open and very lonely plain. The track had never been made a road, and but for stony outcrops was reasonable compared to some tracks.

Some miles before we got to Cook, the tall "free-light" windmills and the group of houses were visible. We were told later that a passenger on the train said what a hot place Cook would be if it did not have those fans!

What a right royal welcome we received at the hospital where our two nurses, Sister Horsburgh and Sister Ross, carry on their isolated but very busy work! Few baths have been so welcome, as we sought to loose some of the fine red dust, which had not only thickly covered all the gear, but had even penetrated the cracks of the suitcases. St. Brigid was to be left here, and the rest of the journey would be done by train, up and down the Transcontinental line for six hundred miles. The van, therefore, was sheltered in the 'plane shed. It was good to be able to bring to our Sisters half a load of chopped mallee stumps and medical supplies from Ceduna Hospital.

From Cook it was necessary for Mr. Saunders and me to part company, and to visit different camps along the line in order to serve the greatest number of places in the shortest possible time.

The camps differed in size according to their class. The fettle's camps were divided into single men's camps, married men's camps, and married men with school-going children. In order that we might reach the children while school was on, these latter were visited first, together with the larger camps where there were train crews and facilities for engine maintenance.

One day per camp meant arriving, getting to know the people, holding meetings and classes, presenting Christ to the people, and leaving again—all within a very short time. And yet, after one part of a day even, I felt I had known these people for years, because they were so hospitable and so lonely. It was a glorious opportunity for personal talks, but with grave responsibility, knowing that to-morrow I would be gone, and would not return for months.

The last camp I visited before returning to Cook, one I managed to squeeze in with a re-arrangement of my timetable, was one of the smaller camps. The train pulled in at 4 a.m. I dragged bundles of bedding, equipment and personal things from the train, and was looking around for somewhere to snatch an hour or two of sleep, when a whistle came from one of the six houses dimly outlined against the skyline. I started to walk in the direction of the whistle, and soon met the ganger, who took me into his home and gave me a bed to nap on. Later I found that he and his wife had a family of four whom they had left in the city with their relatives, while they were out on the more rugged conditions of the "line". It was a boiling hot day, but, fortunately the piece of the line to be pounded, strengthened and straightened was in the "yard", the station area. It gave me a better opportunity to know Bill, Andrew and the others. My host, a kind but gruff man, set me wondering when I spoke of a service. He said, "It had better be short!" However, when the time came that evening he marshalled the whole camp, like an army corporal (I believe he had been one), and arranged for any from the neighbouring (miles away) single men's camp to come for the night in the section car.

The service was held outside on chairs from their houses. The singing may not have been harmonious but it was hearty, and the occasional remarks from the people were a little unorthodox, but the attention was keen. The message co-ordinating with a strip-film which followed was designed, under the power of the Holy Spirit, to convict them and to sow the seed in their hearts. The hearty handshakes and the escort of the men to the train on which I was to travel made me hope and pray that some were set thinking.

As I went away, however, the picture foremost in my mind was of a lad of twelve. A strong, robust lad he was, who you would expect to greet you with a "Good-day," and be all out for a game of cricket. To my surprise he was so shy he would not even come to thank me for the Christmas book given to him. He was the only child in the camp over two! These are lonely people, living in lonely places!

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 who in 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 all members of the staff. Cheer and comfort them in discouragement and loneliness, 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 Cowell; the Missioners, Revs. D. Pugh, G. Fuhrmeister and T. Hayman.

EVENING

The West Darling Missions at Wilcannia and Menindee: the N.W. Mallee; the Missioners, Rev. E. W. Fisher-Johnson, Rev. W. Mitchell, and Deaconesses P. Spry and B. Clarke.

THURSDAY.

MORNING

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

EVENING

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

MONDAY.

MORNING

The Cann River Mission, the Bonang Mission, the Streaky Bay Mission; the Missioners, Revs. J. Shilton, D. H. Wicking, and P. Connell.

EVENING

The Denmark Settlement; and the missioner Rev. J. Johnston; for the Pharmacist, Miss E. M. Page.

FRIDAY.

MORNING

For the Bishop Kirkby Memorial Hospital and Sisters Horsburgh and Ross as they minister to the people on the great Nullarbor Plain. For Sister Page and the Tarcoola Medical Hostel.

EVENING

For students and all in training for this work of God. For the Heytesbury Forest Mission, and the Otway Ranges Mission, and the Missioners, Rev. E. G. Beavan and Rev. T. H. Pickburn.

TUESDAY.

MORNING

For Sisters Dowling, Miller, Hitchcock, Holle, L. Loane, B. Tierney, R. Portch, O. Morgan, E. Thomas, J. Armstrong and Miss Farr.

For the Bowral Hostel, Deaconess N. Dixon and Miss Thomas. For Theological Students of the Society in training.

EVENING

For the Cann River Dispensary, and Sister Gwynne and Wudinna Hospital, and Sisters L. Pritchard, V. Holle, W. Mansell, D. Yorke and Staff.

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.

For the N.S.W., Victorian and South Australian Secretaries.

EVENING

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

For the Rappville Mission.

WEDNESDAY.

MORNING

For the children in the Mungindi, Broken Hill and Port Lincoln Hostels, and for the workers, the Misses Cheers, N. Stokes and Mr. and Mrs. McLaughlin.

EVENING

For the Flying Medical Services, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Bedford and Doctor 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 £7 per hour to keep the Medical Planes in the air.

Consecrated clergy missioners and other workers for urgent work in the field.

That our work may continue to progress despite the difficulties of the post-war period.

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 Services.

For the joy of service.

THE MAIL BAG SUNDAY SCHOOL VAN

will soon be on the Road

if

more young people join those who are already working for this great objective.

•

£1200 IS NEEDED

•

*Arouse the interest of your Fellowship and Sunday School.
B.C.A. will support your efforts with speakers and information.*

Urgent Staff Needs Are

- **CLERGY MISSIONERS**
- **QUALIFIED NURSES**
- **HOSTEL WORKERS**

•

**CAN YOU STAY HOME IN COMFORT WHILE VITAL WORK
FOR GOD REMAINS TO BE DONE?**

•

Arrange for an Interview Today