

Topics for Prayer and Praise

For the Society.

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 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.

For Nurses and Doctors.

O God, Who didst choose a beloved physician to set forth the life of Him Who went about doing good, grant that Thy strong tenderness and compassion may be manifest in the work of country doctors and bush nurses. Make them at all times alert to be faithful, as those whom Thou hast burdened and inspired with the honour of their calling. In lonely emergencies strengthen them with confidence that, having done all they can, they may with good conscience leave the issue to Thy power working within Thy law. Make them resourceful and of sound judgment, and hearten their labours with the energy of compassion and the firmness of duty that conquers weariness. Through Him Whose power is called for by suffering. Jesus Christ our Lord.

For Church Life in Country Districts.

O Lord, Who art present when two or three are gathered together in Thy Name, bless, we beseech Thee, the little far-scattered groups of brethren who in our wide land meet together to worship Thee. Give them a perpetual freshness of spirit, and the power to inspire in each other holiness, helpfulness, and understanding of Thy help. Refresh with the joy of enthusiasm those who endure weary journeys to Thy trusting place. Grant that these little companies of Thy servants may be united in the spirit of Christian charity, awaiting in love the time when there shall be one fold and one Shepherd. Grant that the common life of all communities may be purified by this spirit of charity from all meanness, falsehood, malice and idle gossip, and grant that they who share a common lot may draw strength from each other's virtues, and in their weakness help one another, through our one Lord, Jesus Christ.

Praise.

For the Blessings vouchsafed to the Society, for all kindly givers, for the joy of service.

SUNDAY

For all Missioners and Deaconesses of the Society and their people and for all students in training.

MONDAY

For all Doctors and Nurses serving in the outback, and for the spiritual and physical health of the patients under their care.

TUESDAY

For all Workers in Hostels, the children under their care and the teachers who instruct them.

WEDNESDAY

For the Director of the Mail Bag Sunday School, the pupils of the School and all teachers and voluntary workers.

THURSDAY

For the Flying Medical Service and the safety of the pilots and all who travel with them.

FRIDAY

For the Council of the Society, the Home Base staffs, Auxiliaries and Parochial workers.

SATURDAY

For all necessary finance needed for the maintenance of so large a ministry and for guidance in its right application.



No. 8 (New Series).

MARCH, 1954.

2/6 per annum, post free.



The Senior Girls at Port Lincoln Hostel.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by post as a periodical.

The Official Organ of
THE BUSH CHURCH AID SOCIETY
Church House, George Street, Sydney, N.S.W.

The Bush Church Aid Society for Australia and Tasmania

PRESIDENT: The Archbishop of Sydney.

Hon Clerical Secretary: Rev. Canon E. Cameron.

Hon. Treasurer: Mr. T. S. Holt.

B.C.A. Activities and Staff

Organising Missioner: Rev. T. E. Jones, Th.L.

N.S.W. Deputation Secretary: Rev. J. R. Greenwood, Th.L.

Victorian Secretary: Rev. E. G. Beavan, M.A.

HEADQUARTERS OFFICE:

Diocesan Church House,
St. Andrew's Cathedral,
George Street, Sydney, Telephone: M 3164.
Cable Address: "Chaplaincy, Sydney".

VICTORIAN OFFICE:

Bible House,
Flinders Lane, Melbourne, Victoria.
Telephone: MF 3552

STUDENTS IN TRAINING.

Rev. A. Williams.
Rev. T. Morgan.
Mr. T. V. Jones.

Rev. D. W. Warburton.
Mr. R. Brooks.
Mr. J. Smith.

MISSIONS.

Ceduna, S.A.—Penong, S.A.—
Rev. T. J. Hayman, Th.L., Ceduna, S.A.
Rev. I. Booth, Th.L.
Cowell, S.A.—Rev. D. A. Richards-Pugh,
A.L.C.D.
Minnipa, S.A.—Rev. G. Fuhrmeister, Th.L.
Streaky Bay, S.A.—Rev. P. Connell,
Th.Schol.
Croajingalong, Vic.—Rev. G. Garner,
Th.L., Cann River, Vic.

Heytesbury Mission, Vic.—Rev. P. R.
Cooke, Th.L., Timboon, Vic.
Orway Mission, Vic.—Rev. K. Seymour,
Th.L., Beech Forest, Vic.
Wilcannia, N.S.W.—Rev. J. Stockdale,
Th.L.
Mendindee, N.S.W.—Rev. W. Mitchell,
Th.L., and Deaconess A. Howland.
Rappville, N.S.W.—Rev. A. Gerlach, Th.L.

MAIL BAG SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Director—Miss R. Campbell.
Assistant—Miss M. Patterson.

SCHOOL HOSTELS.

Broken Hill, N.S.W.—Mr. and Mrs. A.
McLaughlin.
Mungindi Boys' Hostel, N.S.W.—Mr. and
Mrs. Hustler.
Mungindi Girls' Hostel, N.S.W.—Miss M.
Farr.
Bowral, N.S.W.—Miss E. Cheers.
Port Lincoln, S.A.—Miss I. Beck.

FLYING MEDICAL SERVICE.

Pilots—Mr. A. Chadwick, Mr. W. Bedford, Mr. G. Job.
Doctors—Dr. F. Gibson, O.B.E., Dr. M. Mueller, Dr. J. Upsdell.

Pharmacist—Miss E. M. Page.

Wireless Control Station

Control Officer—Mr. G. Cameron.

MEDICAL SERVICES.

Ceduna, S.A.—
Matron: Sister F. Dowling.
Staff Sisters J. Miller, G. Hitchcock, B. Tierney, J. Payne, A. Butler, J. Armstrong, Miss F. Lawley.
Penong, S.A.—Sisters L. Loane, L. Langtree.
Wudinna, S.A.—
Matron: Sister R. Portch.
Sisters: M. Denniss, B. Barber, V. Brealey, F. Ellis, Mrs. E. Babbage.
Cook, S.A.—Sisters M. Horsburgh, M. Ross, P. Shipway.
Tarcoola, S.A.—Sister V. Holle.
Cann River, Vic.—Sister I. Gwynne.
Rawlinna, W.A.—Sister E. Thomas.

The O.M's Letter

I must first of all thank all the friends of B.C.A. for their very splendid Christmas gifts that reached the total, in New South Wales, of £1,500. This is the second highest total in our history for a Christmas Appeal and enabled us to turn a deficit of £4,400 with which we began the year into a credit of £1,840.

The year also saw some very large additions to our work. Besides the establishment of the Radio Base at Ceduna, in itself a very big undertaking, we have also been able to purchase a more speedy aeroplane, which with the Dragon at Ceduna and Mr. Bedford and his Auster at the Wudinna end, means that the B.C.A. Flying Medical Service is as fully and as efficiently equipped as it is possible for such an organisation to be. Mr. G. Job of the parish of Narrabeen has been engaged as a second pilot to Mr. Chadwick and will take up his work by the time you are reading this paper.

The Hostel at Port Lincoln has been renovated and building alterations to the interior of the main house have made for a greater degree of comfort and efficiency, and a new dormitory for fourteen girls has improved the sleeping accommodation.

The Bowral Hostel has been painted and another dormitory erected to take twelve girls.

Two new Mission Vans have been purchased for use at Menindee and Ceduna. The latter was made necessary by the appointment of the Rev. Ian Booth to assist Mr. Hayman in his great task in the Far West Mission of South Australia.

You can well realise that all these have cost many thousands of pounds which, at the beginning of the year, with a deficit of over £4,000 on our books, seemed quite impossible to carry out. But faith has never been wanting in B.C.A. when big tasks have faced us. The Council of the Society, its workers and its many friends have shown an abundance of it over the years. Because of that happy fact, I can now tell you that these things have been done.

Nevertheless, I would remind you that every piece of new service brings with it additional staff and equipment to be maintained year by year. We must maintain them efficiently or some, who are looking on, will be only too happy to say that the Church has not the ability nor the resources to do a great task as well as the others outside. We are working in the name of Almighty God. Let us see to it that no effort or sacrifice stands in the way of well-doing, for then only can we expect Him to bless the labour of our hands.

The greatest disappointment in our work of recent years has been our inability to meet the challenges that are repeatedly presented to us in the Mission field.

Great areas of the Commonwealth in which people live in

great isolation have received no spiritual ministry for many years. These people may be spread thinly over great distances, but in the aggregate their numbers are large.

Many of the people living on the great cattle-runs of the north of South Australia never see a clergyman and it is no wonder that God has very little, if any place in their lives. Tiny settlements scattered over the length and breadth of the land have no ministry. Great developmental works that are taking place in the centre of Tasmania need the same ministry.

I am fully conscious of the lack of sufficient clergy to minister to the hundreds of thousands that are thronging our great cities to-day. But I am also conscious that in the big cities there are churches and clergy of every denomination who are witnessing for the Kingdom of God.

It is true enough that there is a need for more clergy and churches in our great cities and suburbs, but it is also true that the churches we already have would hold two or three times the number that now attend them.

In the outback there are great areas and many people who never see a church or clergyman of ANY denomination from one year's end to the other. The clergyman in such places is the ONLY witness to the things of God and if he should never go there, God's witness never reaches the people.

The hub of a wheel is a very small part of the whole, but if the hub does not revolve the outer circumference will never move. The hub and heart of a country like Australia does not lie on the seaboard or in the big cities, because great industries are to be found there. The heart of Australia is close to the earth, and it is the men and women who dwell in the country and outback who are pumping the life-blood through her veins to keep her strong and virile.

That outback heart of our land is looking for consecrated clergy to win it for God, and it needs them NOW.

THE QUEEN — GOD BLESS HER

Together with all Australians, the B.C.A. joins in the great welcome given to our beloved Queen, and prays that Almighty God will abundantly bless her throughout all the days of her reign.

We are seeing at first-hand something of the great spirit of service and dedication of the Queen, and if we should learn to share it with her, the purpose of her visit to these shores will have been well accomplished.

Christmas Day at Ceduna

Christmas has come and gone. We had a nice quiet time, the number of patients being reduced to two. The two Sisters from Penong were able to be with us for Christmas, but the whole B.C.A. "family" were saddened by the fact that Sister Tierney had to leave us by plane on Christmas Day, because of the sudden death of her father.

The streamers were all up in the hall, and in the wards, and asparagus fern was hanging in festoons around the streamers; the manger scene was arranged in the hall in front of the main door, and all who entered had a good view of it. There was the babe in the manger, and a lantern covered with red cellophane paper made everything look very real. At the end of the verandah the Christmas tree was decorated with tinsel and bells and all the things that look well on Christmas trees, the main things being, of course, the presents. Balloons were hung in profusion and above the tree was written the text from St. Luke 2:11, "For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord".

After dinner, which was a rather prolonged affair, the B.C.A. staff and their families assembled at 3.30 p.m. for the arrival of Father Christmas. There were the Chadwicks with their four daughters, the Haymans and Rosemary and John, the Camerons and their little Ruth, Dr. Freda with Pauline and Margaret, Dr. Mueller, the Booths, and Connells with their two eldest boys managed to get down from Streaky Bay. Various other friends and children were present and our two patients were also well enough to be able to enjoy themselves. Father Christmas arrived looking very cheery, with much jingling of bells and excitement. After asking the children questions about the first Christmas and telling of the best gift of all, the Lord Jesus, he proceeded to hand out the presents, not forgetting Whisky, Doctor's dog. Little Ruth Cameron was very excited over a kangaroo she received, she loved it and walked up showing it to all the other children. If Father Christmas had not been used to such hard work he would have been quite exhausted by the time he had finished handing out the presents, but he thoroughly fulfilled his purpose, everyone greatly enjoyed his visit and we are hoping he will not forget to return again next year.

The distribution of gifts being finished, we all had afternoon tea on the verandah, which was quite a sumptuous feast, then gradually people began to drift off back to their own homes. We finished up the evening by saying farewell to Mr. and Mrs. Connell departing to Streaky Bay about 11 p.m., 85 miles distant, with two children sleeping on the back seat of the car, a long trip, but it was good that they were able to join in with the rest of the family and our celebrations.

So ended a busy but most enjoyable Christmas Day on the West Coast of South Australia.

We Go Camping

Reverend A. J. Gerlach, Rappville.

There was a very deliberate purpose in the original suggestion of a camp. Those who live in a suburban or town parish are accustomed to their Fellowships, G.F.S., C.E.B.S., and other such like organisations for the young people. Here in the bush such organisations are well-nigh impossible. The distances are too great to get the youngsters together for regular meetings. Something in addition to a monthly service must be provided if the youngsters are to be won to Christ, so a boys' camp was proposed—with the blessing of the parochial council.

When the idea was made known the enthusiasm was remarkable by its absence. It was rumoured that it was foolish to take country boys to the bush—rather like carrying coals to Newcastle! When it was remembered that most of the lads were rather shy, it was no real wonder that organisation was not easy. Many of those who said that they would come dropped out at the last minute. When the day of departure arrived we set out seven strong.

Our destination was a property known as Charra Warra, situated in the foothills of the Richmond Range, about twenty miles from Rappville. The trip was an adventure in itself: it had been many a year since the last five miles of road had seen a grader, and two creeks had to be negotiated—one over a rough stone causeway and the other over poles—but this was accomplished without mishap. We had been given permission to use the old homestead for shelter. Nobody has lived in it permanently for eight years, but it was fit for at least temporary habitation. What a time those boys had in the three full days of the camp. They tramped up the creek bed to a scrub of Bangalow and Cabbage-tree palms which none had seen at close quarters before. They killed two sizeable black snakes on the way and turned for home only when the scrub appeared to be getting almost impenetrable.

Two days were spent exploring the caves and climbing into spurs of the main range, and whilst out the inevitable steak was grilled over an open fire—a new experience for some! Unfortunately we missed some aboriginal paintings in our exploration, but all agreed that these things would be an added attraction for another occasion.

This is not the whole story by any means, for each night and morning we studied the Word of God. In the period of the camp we read through the Epistle to the Galatians, and there was no one present who did not enjoy it thoroughly! By the time we very reluctantly came home again all could sing from their hearts the theme song—

Living, He loved me;
Dying, He saved me;
Buried, He carried my sins far away;
Rising, He justified, freely, for ever;
One day He's coming; O glorious day.

Thank You

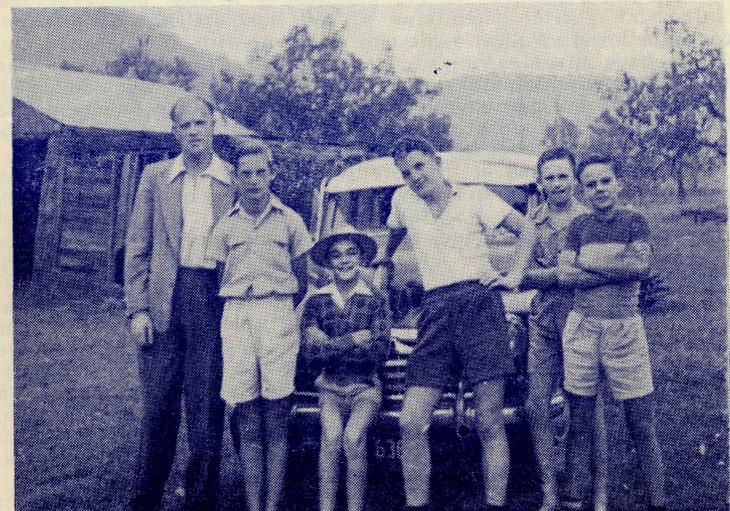
We are very grateful to the Head Deaconess and the Deaconess House Committee for allowing the use of Deaconess House during the month of January to Miss Beck and the senior girls she brought over from the Port Lincoln Hostel. The girls enjoyed every moment of their stay in Sydney and visits to places such as Peter's Ice Cream Factory were very welcome. It was a kindly thought on the part of Miss Beck to share her holidays in this way with the girls.

We are also grateful to our Wireless friends who generously sent us donations towards the expenses of making the holiday as enjoyable as possible for the girls.

N.S.W. FLOODS

Some of our friends have sent in donations of money to be used for relief in the flood areas. We will be glad to receive any further amounts and will allocate such sums to Church of England parishes that have suffered damage to church or other buildings as a result of the flooding.

Clothing and other forms of help for the relief of persons who have lost homes and property should be sent to the Lord Mayor's Fund, Town Hall, Sydney.



Rev. A. Gerlach and his Boys at Camp.

Flying in the Dust

Sister F. Dowling.

We are getting close to the end of another year, and somehow things seem to be advancing faster than ever in the work.

Already we are getting quite used to the idea of the Radio in the Medical work. No longer do we almost give a jump when happening to be in such a place as Cook 280 miles away, and suddenly Mr. Cameron's voice comes into the room just as if he is in our midst. What a comfort that Radio has proved to be even in the very short time it has been in operation. No longer do the staff in the outback hospitals feel isolated now they can contact Doctor so easily for advice about the cases that come to them. The same applies to the folk out on the lonely stations.

Now concerning the Flying Medical Service part of the work, perhaps the reader happens to have a real part in this work by upholding it in earnest prayer? We feel there must be a lot of the Lord's people who put a great deal of prayer into this work. Yes, we really feel it and know it.

Recently we had a bit of a thrill on an emergency trip to Cook one day. The weather didn't look too bad this end and we got the "all clear" to proceed to the acute appendix awaiting us the other end. All went well till we got on to the famous Nullarbor Plain. Then the fun started.

Do you remember seeing pictures of a dust storm on the Nullarbor? Terrific mountains of red dust. It has to be seen to be believed. Well, we hit one of these with a vengeance and if you have any idea of the size of a little Fox Moth plane (the Dragon was in Adelaide) you will realise maybe what followed.

It is an amazing experience. You think you are being hurtled thousands of feet up into the heavens, and it is an awful surprise to find you are heading for the earth! Then vice versa.

When the three of us were wondering just what was going to happen next, how we could possibly get out of it all, suddenly in a very remarkable way the huge clouds of dust separated and there seemed to be made, and it was made for us we felt sure of that fact, a narrow passage for the plane to fly through with the ground just visible below, to help the pilot.

It took us a long, long time to get out of that dust storm and when we did we found ourselves about 70 miles off our course. We managed to find the Trans. Line after being in the air 4½ hours. There was still a howling gale blowing and Mr. Parsons, the relieving pilot, made an excellent landing at a camp on the line called Watson. We were quite expecting to hit a few boulders but there was hardly a bump. A Welshman by the name of "Jones" (!) ran to meet us with the remark, "Well, now we know you can land here if we need you."

I am afraid we weren't feeling the least bit interested in future calls at that particular moment. However it was really good to feel the welcome we got and the invitation to a drink of tea

was jumped at—the temperature was 111 by then and we were feeling a bit dry.

Our first thought was to let everyone know we were still in the land of the living, as we knew all would be concerned as to how and where we were. Already it had been flashed over the wireless that we were overdue.

After taking on some petrol to see us through and the pilot deciding he could make a take-off, we were soon in the air again battling against the strong wind, but minus the dreaded dust. It was good to arrive at Cook that day and be welcomed with warmth from the staff as well as the weather. I would hate to tell you how many gallons of cold drinks we consumed.

The Women's Auxiliaries that have provided those refrigerators in the past little realise what nice things are said about them from time to time, indeed we have a great deal to thank them for in many ways.

After a bit of a spell we proceeded to the operating theatre where Dr. Freda removed the acute appendix. Another had arrived by the time we arrived at the hospital and this proved to be just as acute and had to be done.

It was quite amusing in the theatre. Quite a novel anaesthetic was given. The heat was such that the ether was boiling merrily and when it was poured into the drop bottle and an effort was made to drop it on the mask, there was just a continuous stream from both sides of the dropper. During the operation a large bottle of ether was opened and as soon as the cork was drawn the ether shot right across the theatre.

One of the victims was a little lass who had a remarkable ability for issuing orders which she expected to be carried out! She was assured that "Doctor would make her nasty pain better." Can you hear the bite in the voice which made the following statement after the operation, when she woke up and found her tummy still sore, even if it was a different soreness—"Now I have got a TERRIBLE belly."

She lost faith in us, and not long after in a very demanding voice called out—"Bring me a big drink of cold water and a BEX—make it TWO BEX!" The patient, I might add, was four years of age. These modern youths are stunning at times. In a year or two I suppose morphia will replace the order for BEX.

As Mr. Parsons was getting the plane ready to take off next morning, the Sunday morning service was commencing in the hospital. The father of one of the children went over to the plane and in the course of conversation he was led to consider the goodness of the Lord. As Doctor and I got into the plane he came across and told us how grateful he was for what had been done.

He had heard the plane come up several times that month and it meant not a thing to him apart from wondering who was being operated on. But when it came to his own child, that was a different story. It affected him, personally, and he was out scanning the horizon for the first glimpse of the B.C.A.

plane and Doctor, whose arrival was of such vital concern to him and his wife. He began to realise what a wonderful set up the service was, and he came over to thank us for coming up and operating on his child. "It certainly does make a difference when it comes home to one personally," he said.

The opportunity was given and taken to show him that the greatest difference that can be experienced in anyone's life is when the realization comes home to one personally of what God has done in Christ for us individually. He went off with a "Reason Why" to read and the thought that came to us was that it was a pity that we hadn't an opportunity to ask our Missioner, Mr. Booth, who was at the hospital taking the service, to follow up the talk, and then we remembered that we could commit the matter in prayer to Him Who was able to undertake in this thing.

It was not surprising, therefore, to hear later that what we had prayed for had come to pass. Perhaps you will join us in prayer for that man and his wife, that they may be led to the Lord Jesus Christ.

If any of you could come in the plane on one of the trips to Oodnadatta, where new work has been opened up in connection with our Flying Medical Service, and see for yourself the isolation of that place, I think you would realise why the vision was given to open up the work there.

It is going to take a lot of real prayer behind this work, not only to make it a highly efficient medical service, but also a spiritual service to the folk there who are so much cut off from any spiritual help. They are only small places with not very many people, but it is a fact that the Church must face up to it that they are not being ministered to.

Our O.M. went up to get the work established. During one of the consultations with Doctor on a later trip she was asked, "When is that parson bloke coming up again? I want to have my baby baptised. Will you let me know in time to let my friend know who lives down the line, as she wants her baby to be baptised too."

It is not going to be just a medical work if I know anything about our B.C.A. prayer partners. If we are faithful in prayer, the two must go together. Are not these among the "other sheep" our Lord told us about? Come with us and help Him bring them in to the fold.

Remember George Fuhrmeister in prayer as he follows in the work with his visit for the first time in March. He will need all the prayers you can pray, the going will be anything but easy.

As we flew over the 335 miles in the little Fox Moth on a hot day, one tried to picture the Missioner in the B.C.A. van doing it per road, doing it willingly because the worth of a soul in the eyes of the Almighty God is realised by the one taking the message of Salvation to those folk who need it.

On our last visit a young expectant mother came to see Doctor for a routine pre-natal visit. In the course of examination a serious complication was discovered, unknown to the patient who, if no medical help had been available, would probably have gone on until her condition became critical and one could not vouch for what the ultimate results would be. Instead, she is now in Adelaide receiving specialist treatment which will mean everything for the health of the two lives involved.

It was felt that the 670 miles of travelling involved was worth while for this one case alone, and doubtless you will agree that these folk living in the outback parts of our land have the right to receive the supervision and medical treatment that the folk in our cities are privileged to receive. How much more, then, should they be given the same privileges and opportunities in the things of the Spirit, that the dread disease of sin may be revealed to them with its inevitable consequences if persisted in.

How shall they hear without a preacher? How shall they preach except they be sent? How can they be sent unless we are all faithful in doing our part of praying and giving to the uttermost?

Why should we? Because Christ Asks. That is sufficient reason for any Christian to get on with the job of healing the sick and preaching the Gospel, and thank God for the privilege of being able to do so, whatever our part in it may be.

WANTED — A MEDICAL OFFICER

An Assistant Medical Officer is needed as assistant to Dr. Upsdell in the Society's work at Wudinna, South Australia.

Full particulars can be obtained from The Organising Missioner, Church House, St. Andrew's Cathedral, George Street, Sydney.



It is good to have Sister Portch back with us after her visit to England to see her family. While in England Sister was able to tell of B.C.A. work at gatherings arranged by the Col and Con. Church Society. We are glad that she was happy to come back and feels her heart is in the B.C.A. work.

Sister Haywood leaves us after six months' helping out at Wuddina during Sister Portch's absence. She has now returned to town in order to finish her obstetric training and we wish her much blessing in the days ahead.

Our sympathy is extended to Sister Tierney and her family on the sudden passing of Sister's father. We pray that God will comfort and bless them at this time.

Each year as many as possible of the B.C.A. family on the West Coast gather at Ceduna on Christmas Day for tea and party. This year the gathering numbered fifty, including the children. Fortunately, there were few patients and Father Christmas was able to get his job done without any emergency calls interrupting the proceedings.

It was also good to learn that Sister Thomas of Rawlinna and Sisters Holle and Shipway at Tarcoola were able to journey to Cook and spend Christmas Day with Sisters Horsburgh and Ross. This is, I think, the first time that the members of the staff on the Nullarbor have been able to spend Christmas together.

B.C.A. is very grateful to Mr. Harry Parsons for his splendid work as pilot during the absence of Mr. Chadwick on holidays. During his stay at Ceduna Mr. Parsons had some tough assignments, including a very bad duststorm over the Nullarbor while he was in the air. He proved a skilful pilot and a capable navigator, as well as a devout and consecrated Christian.

Our friends will be glad to learn that soon Mr. Chadwick will have the assistance of Mr. Job, who has joined our staff as a qualified pilot. The presence of two pilots at Ceduna will assist in the efficiency of the service and ensure that when one plane is away another will always be ready for any emergency calls.

Doctor's Days at Oodnadatta and Coober Pedy are proving their worth. Up to 38 patients have been attended to, per visit, at Oodnadatta and 15 at Coober Pedy. In such isolated places doctor's clinical days do much to give a real sense of security to outback people.

We welcome Sister Margaret Denniss to our staff. Sister, who comes from Sydney, has recently returned from some years spent in England, where she served in a number of hospitals. Her advent at Wuddina was very timely for within a week of her arrival Sister Portch developed an acute appendix which necessitated her becoming a patient. We are glad to be able to report that at the time of writing Sister is making a good recovery.

Friends of the late Rev. E. L. Pannelli desire to place a memorial window in St. Luke's Church, South Melbourne, to his memory. Any of our friends who would like to be associated with remembrance of a good friend are asked to send their gifts to the Victorian Secretary at the Melbourne Office or to Mr. Harding, c/o St. Luke's Vicarage, South Melbourne, Victoria.

A friend would like to give a portable organ to one of our hospitals, in memory of her sister. As portable organs are very hard to obtain in good condition we should be glad to hear from any friend who may have one for sale at a reasonable price.

The Director of the Mail Bag Sunday School is very grateful for the excellent response made to her appeal for bibles, prayer books and hymn books. They supplied a big need and have been profitably used in the work of the M.B.S.S.

A little before Christmas Miss Campbell was able to make a tour of portion of the Diocese of Armidale where she received a friendly welcome and was able to meet Sunday School workers in some of the country parishes of that diocese, as well as to enrol a goodly number of new scholars for the Mail Bag Sunday School.

Congratulations to our B.C.A. students, Tom Morgan and Ray Brooks, of Ridley, and Tom Jones and Arthur Williams, of Moore College, on passing their Th.L. exams. Jim Smith, of Ridley, who is doing his "prep" year also put up a stout performance in his college exams and satisfied so tough an examiner as Dr. Leon Morris that he had not wasted his time.

On Thursday, 25th February, in St. Andrew's Cathedral, friends and relatives of Mr. George Job gathered together at a farewell Communion Service to wish him well as he takes up his new work at Ceduna. Canon E. Cameron took the service which impressed those who attended, with its simplicity and reverence. The Organising Missioner preached the sermon. Mr. Job expects to travel overland and reach Ceduna about 12th March.

Confirmation in Menindee

Deaconess Howland.

After many weeks of careful preparation and training, accompanied by a great deal of prayer the time had arrived for Confirmation to be administered. There were ten candidates — five adults and five adolescents, one boy and four girls. One of the adults came from a town 120 miles away and had to stay three days in Menindee.

I could not truthfully say that the candidates, whom I had prepared, knew all that they ought to know, but they had attended the lessons faithfully, and had absorbed the teaching as far as they were able, so that one could only say — “according to their capacity”.

I cleaned and polished the Church on the morning of the Confirmation Day, making it my offering for the service to be held. In spite of the wind and dust which blew violently all day, the little Church looked very beautiful at night, and the flowers brought by one of the older candidates added to its beauty.

The east window is of clear glass, and to prevent it from dazzling the congregation a large red curtain is hung right across the lower part. This curtain goes behind the back of the table and gives a pleasant background to the off-white walls of the interior. The flowers looked lovely, in the brass vases, and the brassware gleamed in the light. The candidates sat together on the two front rows, with a fair number of parents and friends behind.

The Bishop had arrived by train that morning, and was to leave the following day. His address was one that would surely be remembered by all, as he spoke of the anointing and consecrations recorded in the whole Bible. He applied the message to the candidates of the need of the help of God in daily life, of the giving of one's whole self to God, and of going on in His trust and strength. It was an address that one felt must have some impression on all who heard, and if the attention of the people was anything to go by, one would say they were fully aware of the importance of the occasion.

* * * * *

STATISTICS

The following is the record of work done at the hospitals at Ceduna, Wudinna, Cook and Penong during the year 1953:—

In-patients.	Operations.	Out-patients.	Babies Born.
767.	302.	4,264.	156.
	Mothercraft Visits.		
	963.		

I Have a Medical Call

The speaker was the wife of the manager of Commonwealth Hill, a large sheep station north-west of Tarcoola. I had known the lady as a voice from an outpost on another network. At that time she lived on one of the many Kidman stations in the Channel country in South-west Queensland. Now she had come to live at Commonwealth Hill and it seemed strange to me to hear her voice saying, “Hello, George, I'd like to speak to the Doctor, I have a medical call.”

With considerable difficulty, for conditions of reception were poor that day, Doctor pieced her story together. A station hand, cranking a truck several hours before, had slipped just as the engine kicked back. The result was that his face was badly misshapen and his teeth were very much knocked about.

All the other men on the station were away on the run and to make matters worse, the only means of transport to the Nursing Home at Tarcoola was the truck that had done the damage and which was too heavy for a woman to start, if it would go!

Unfortunately, the only plane available at the time was the small Fox Moth and that was undergoing minor repairs and would not be fit to fly for some hours, but while the conference was going on by means of the wireless the manager returned and arrangements were made to transport the patient to Tarcoola. On arrival at Tarcoola, Sister soon realised that the patient was in urgent need of dental and medical treatment, and you can imagine that she heard the news that the plane was now airworthy and about to leave Ceduna on its 125-mile trip to Tarcoola, with a sense of relief.

During all this time constant contact was kept with Doctor at Ceduna by means of the transceiver installed at the Nursing Home and advice received that the plane would arrive at 8.10 p.m. This intimate contact between Doctor, Sister and patient is the major advance that the installation of the wireless has brought about and is the biggest step forward in our medical work.

Without waste of time the patient was made comfortable in the plane for the journey back to the hospital at Ceduna. It was indeed a remarkable coincidence that at that very time a Commonwealth National Broadcast on the work of the B.C.A. was taking place. In the broadcast a fictional outback character, by name of Foureyes, was being transported from Tarcoola to Ceduna in the B.C.A. plane at the same time as the plane was in fact transporting this patient over the same route.

On arrival at Ceduna all that could be done there for the patient was done, but it was apparent that he must go to Adelaide for specialist treatment, so the plane was soon off again on another trip of three hundred miles to South Australia's capital city.

The medical calls are but one side of the wireless work. The isolated settlement of Coober Pedy is now connected to our

network of transceivers. Apart from the track to Kingoonya, the transceiver at the opal field is the only contact they have with the outside world. During December we handled 125 telegrams on such diverse subjects as "Arrived safely, love . . .", "Send Six Fifties plain flour," "Please wire £10 to . . ."

We hold regular sessions on the air day by day at 9.30 a.m., 11 a.m., 2 p.m., 4.30 p.m. and 5 p.m. On Sundays medical and emergency business only is handled at 9.30 a.m., 2.30 p.m. and 5 p.m. In between regular session time I spend much time in constructing new equipment for the Control Station, for although our station is operating satisfactorily we began with the bare essentials in order to have its benefits as soon as possible and we shall be constantly adding in order to improve the service and maintain the highest efficiency.

Our main transmitter has a power output of approximately 125 watts. This we find in practice to be powerful enough to cover the whole of South Australia.

The aeriels are strung from a 60 ft. three-legged steel tower to smaller steel masts placed on the corners of the large block of land on which the station and residence have been erected. The Radio Control Station consists of a concrete building 30 feet by 20 feet, divided into two rooms. The larger of the two serves as the Control Room and houses the equipment. The smaller room is my work-room and store-room.

As time goes on further improvements are planned of which you will hear more in the future.

* * * * *

REV. F. INGOLDSBY

We regret to announce that the Rev. F. Ingoldsby has had to withdraw his offer of service with B.C.A. owing to prolonged illness. His doctor has advised him that his health would not stand up to the severe conditions of the outback.

B.C.A. is sorry to lose him, but rejoices that he has found a suitable sphere at Wentworth Falls, and we pray that he may find much blessing in his new work.

* * * * *

ORDINATIONS

Since our last issue two student-candidates, Messrs. Tom Morgan, of Melbourne, and Arthur Williams, of Sydney, have been made deacons.

Tom Morgan is now curate at Coburg, Victoria, and Arthur Williams has begun his ministry at St. Philip's, Sydney. We assure them of the prayers of all our friends in their new spheres.

The Important Few

Rev. Theo Hayman.

A brightly coloured goanna, his long tail erect, darted off the road as he saw me coming. There were not many other animals about, not even rabbits, on this fifty miles stretch. Passing motorists were not as common as one would think for the main highway from Adelaide to Perth. But this is on a section of sparsely populated farming country which approaches the Nullarbor desert separating the east and the west. The feeling of friendship is such that whenever a motorist passes, we wave to each other. Occasionally my wife has said, "Who was that?" I have had to confess my ignorance. But that does not matter. It was someone who knew the B.C.A. van. And if I did not know his Holden or Ford from the others of the same make, yet in that wave is a kind of quick conversation. "Good morning. How are you? Glad to see you." I have even been guilty, unthinkingly, of waving to a horse standing close to the road and looking my way! Then I have laughed at this interruption to my meditation while travelling along the road not seeing any other living thing for miles.

It was Sunday morning. Just an ordinary Sunday. Already a little quiet service had been held in the Ceduna Church. A few had gathered for their early morning Communion. Following a chat with the worshippers I was on my way to Penong to allow them to have their Communion, too. There was nothing glamorous about the day's duties. The road was dusty. The countryside looked brown, if not a little bare in parts. The low mallee has a sameness about it. But the green of the mallee scrub and the variety of blue in the sky provide colour for those who look for it. At Penong I did not expect more than half a dozen to gather for worship. A few were away, To my delight, however, there were ten. I enjoyed lunch and fellowship kindly given at the hospital.

No time was to be wasted. Another two hours of travelling would bring me to my afternoon service north of Ceduna. There were only four families to attend this service. Visiting during the week had revealed that two of the families would not be there for particular reasons. I knew I faced the possibility of no one turning up, but I must keep faith with the other two families and be there on time.

The rather large wood and iron hall is almost hidden in the scrub. When I arrived I was glad to see two there from the remaining families. We had our time of worship together. There was a time when I thought such a service could be cancelled. We sang our hymns with the aid of the shoulder-strap "organ", though perhaps not with as much gusto as a city choir. Men, otherwise shy of singing, will join in if their voice is not conspicuous over the noise of music.

The evening service on this particular Sunday was back in

Ceduna. With thirty-five centres between two missionaries, we have a variety of "rounds". A visiting couple were to have their child baptised. The husband had been brought up here, and had come to visit the "folks at home". The little girl, Kay, seemed to realise the solemn dedication into the covenant signified in baptism. She watched me intently and spoke softly in her infant way. We were favoured with a treat from another visitor in the form of a solo. And then there followed the sermon.

Was it worth the effort of the day? Miles and miles had been traversed. Hours taken to fulfil the task. Only a few in each place. Is there not a more encouraging and worthwhile work somewhere else?

When we applied to join the B.C.A. seven years ago, we did so fully realising that we would leave the large congregations, the many willing and trained helpers, and the closely organised club work of the city. If, however, one person is important medically, how much more is one person important spiritually and morally? How will they hear without a preacher? The encouragement is there. The percentage of interested people is certainly there in the country. The organisation is also there if it is sought . . . and maintained.

The Far North

Dr. Mueller.

Bogged in the mud! What an unexpected calamity to befall us at Coober Pedy with their annual rainfall of well under 5 inches. But undoubtedly we were bogged and thoroughly so in a narrow but deep creek which crossed the road. The landing ground, carefully cleared by the locals for us, is some 1½ miles from the township. Owing to heavy rains just before our visit, the main road, which had sent up clouds of penetrating red dust on our previous trip, was transformed into a series of treacherous bog holes. The patients were waiting at Coober Pedy for consultations, so I transferred from the bogged truck into another 5-ton truck and covered the remaining three-quarters of a mile in absolute safety, if only moderate comfort.

There are only a few buildings above the ground at Coober Pedy—the post office and store and Wilson's residence; I use one of their spare bedrooms as a consulting room. The miners and their families live under rather rough conditions in dugouts cut into the sides of the hills. The transceiver set for wireless communications is lodged in a dugout also.

When consultations are finished at Coober, the Dragon noses northward again in the direction of Oodnadatta, an hour or so distant, over flat, bare uninteresting-looking country, coursed by dry river beds. This part of the trip provides an excellent opportunity for a good read and a short nap until the aerodrome and township of Oodnadatta come into sight. Last month, heavy rains had fallen here also, preventing any patients from the outlying stations from coming in. Nevertheless there was no

shortage of patients. The townsfolk and station people alike are most appreciative of the opportunity of a medical service, as previously a consultation with a doctor would have meant a journey of 400-500 miles to Alice Springs or Port Augusta.

The journey home next day is usually direct, but last month we called at Coober Pedy again to pick up a young lad who had suffered a lacerated scalp when a bucket of ore had fallen on him two days previously. We brought him back to Ceduna for X-rays and treatment. Several weeks before this, Mr. Chadwick and I answered an emergency call there to attend a patient with a carbuncle. We brought him back to Ceduna also for treatment and were able to take him back on our next routine flight. He was most grateful and promised the hospital staff a big opal. Let's hope he finds one.

It is certainly a great thing for these people to have medical aid to deal with illnesses, infant welfare, to carry out immunizations and to provide emergency treatment for accidents, etc. And how much greater is the need of a faithful Christian witness in such a place where no thought is given to the soul's numerous ailments and requirements. We pray that in providing for the physical requirements of these people, we might not neglect their spiritual needs, that all our work might be done in His Name and for the extension of His Kingdom.

School Camp

Rev. G. Fuhrmeister.

The "all schools camp" at Pine Lodge this year was anticipated with perhaps more expectancy than ever before, not only by those who would attend as campers but also by the leaders, for the "trials and afflictions" which beset us beforehand made us feel that the Lord had something in store for us.

The girls were to come into camp on the Friday. On the Monday the leaders had planned to go out and make preparations to receive them. On Sunday we learned that the truck which was to transport our goods and the children to the camp was out of commission, so it was decided to take as much as possible with us on the Monday.

The Church of Christ minister who was assisting us set off with his loaded buckboard about 2 p.m., but the Rev. Ian Booth from Ceduna, having had trouble en route to Minnipa, did not arrive until late in the afternoon and unfortunately before we left he had further trouble which necessitated his car being towed to the garage. We eventually left at 5.30 p.m., but only got about halfway to the camp when darkness came on and rain set in; then Mr. Booth's lights failed and for the rest of the way we crawled along together, mostly in second gear. In the midst of this our two children had to be given their tea.

The track was not only slippery but very winding and it was with a sigh of relief we arrived at Pine Lodge at 9.30 p.m. to find the "forward" man tucked in his bunk with a nice fire burning—having had fried bacon and biscuits for tea.

Next morning it was still showery and so after breakfast work was confined to the Log Cabin and while a kitchen was being built on the verandah, a cupboard had to be repaired and the groceries sorted out. Then, alas, it was discovered the store had omitted to put in the powdered milk, and as we had our baby on the bottle, the fresh milk supply wouldn't last until the campers came out on Friday. We then had to go in St. Columba to the nearest station homestead, about 17 miles away, where we were to get straw for the mattresses, and see if any milk could be borrowed. But after lunch when the key was turned on in St. Columba the battery was dead flat, and no amount of persuasion availed anything. The trip had to be made in the Ceduna car. When Mr. Booth and I set off next morning with our three-year-old son between us, the petrol gauge showed half-full and we managed to slip across to the station without mishap only to discover that the manager had just milked about four gallons from his cow on to the ground, as he was not needing it, his wife being away. However, he managed to find a tin of powdered milk and we set off shortly after with milk and straw on board.

Everything went well until 9 miles from the camp, then the engine petered out and thinking it to be another petrol block we set about blowing out the pipes, but all to no avail, and finally discovered the petrol tank empty. We decided that as the baby was in need of the milk, we had better get back to camp, and so set off, giving Roger a pick-a-back every now and then with water and biscuits as refreshments. Our somewhat anxious wives plied us with questions on our arrival at camp, but Roger was quite unconcerned and went off for a ride on his bike with his dog, Buster.

Next morning we had breakfast before daybreak and set off to walk back to the car with a supply of petrol. On the way, whilst short-cutting over a hill, we saw a car on the road below just being towed out of a bog while the mother walked the baby up and down in a pusher. This was 8 a.m. and we learned later they had been there since 10 p.m. the night before. Petrol in our car made all the difference and even though bogged once we were back to camp before 11 a.m.

As I had to return to Minnipa that afternoon a change of batteries was manipulated, and although the road was still dangerous in parts, we did the trip without further mishap.

Before returning to camp next morning a temporary repair was made, but on the way out with the school bus and the girl campers the engine played up and we eventually pulled into camp on five cylinders.

However, all these trials left us much in prayer to God for His undertaking and blessing, and during the camp, both with the girls and boys, we felt His presence and believe a work of Grace was wrought in hearts of many of these young lives.

Christmas at Cook

Sister M. Horsburgh.

Here, as everywhere, Christmas means a round of activities. First we had our Sunday School Anniversary. Everything seemed against us making it a real success. The pressure of the medical work increased greatly and it was very hard to arrange practices. There are less children here now and it was hard to get suitable ones for the different parts, but when the evening came we were very proud of the way they performed. The older boys and girls did a little play based on John 3.16, entitled *The 3.15 Non-stop Passenger Flight*. I wish you could have seen the model aeroplane made by them, it was a masterpiece and really made the play.

Then came our annual Auxiliary Fete, again with the reduced numbers in the camp the work fell to just a few, but it was good to see how those few worked, sewing beforehand and on the actual night of the fete. Their efforts were rewarded by a considerable sum which will be used in the replacement of linen.

Christmas itself was made particularly happy for us this year as Sister Thomas from Rawinna and Sister Holle from Tarcoola were able to spend a couple of days with us. Sister Shipway was already here, having come to relieve us. It was so different to our usual quiet Christmas, as you can imagine, there was plenty of talking done and we decided that such an occasion called for real celebrations, so a small tree was procured and everyone resisted the temptation to open their parcels, the poor little tree groaned under their weight but it looked really exciting.

Our next-door neighbours were all on their own so we invited them to join our party. Their little boy is one of our very special babies. They gladly accepted our invitation and to our surprise arrived in at three a.m. and their second son arrived at five a.m., so we were able to sing *Unto Us a Son is Born*. With five of us to get through the work our day was not upset in any way. At nine a.m. we had our Christmas service and it was a real thrill to see twenty-five come along; previously we have only had two or three. We do pray that something of the real spirit of Christmas penetrated their hearts.

Now it is February and I am glad to say that Sister Shipway is still with us as the work seems to have become too much for two of us to cope with. Not only has a third Sister made the medical work lighter but also the Spiritual: we each take our turn with the Bible Class and Sister Shipway and I take the service Sunday about with Sister Ross leading. Will you pray that we may buy up every opportunity of speaking a word for Our Lord and of leading others to a saving knowledge of Him? In busy times it is so easy to let these opportunities slip. Recently several of our older boys and girls have left us, some to begin work, others to further their education. Will you pray for these, too, that they may not be carried away by the attractions of the world but that the seed sown in their hearts may take root and bring forth fruit in their lives.

Darnick Again

Usually when I went to Darnick instead of the Rector, some kind soul offered me accommodation for the night, but on one occasion they were unable to do so. I arrived in this tiny little place of about seven houses one blazing hot afternoon. No one greeted me, and I wondered as I trudged down the line with my suitcase if I would be offered a cup of tea.

So I left my suitcase at the first house which was empty, and started visiting, to announce the times of Sunday School and Evening Prayer. At the fourth house my spirits rose with a bound, for the lady there "came good", and invited me to come back later and have tea.

I felt that I could cope with a Sunday School knowing there would be a cup or tea at the end, so I roped in all the juvenile population, and on the verandah of the empty house held our little Sunday School, teaching the little ones a few choruses, a few simple prayers, and telling them one of the stories of Our Lord's miracles.

After Sunday School the mother who had invited me to tea told me, in a very embarrassing manner, that there was no one able to put me up for the night. She looked most relieved when I assured her not to worry as there would be a train at 1.30 a.m. which I could get back. Then she "came good" even more, and invited me to spend the intervening time between the end of the service and when the train came.

Such is the hospitality of the outback, and I have learned by now that when one goes out in trust and faith, one is never lacking in the necessities of life.

There were not many people in Darnick that week, as four out of the eight families were away, so Mrs. N. offered me the use of her lounge room for Evening Prayer, instead of going to the hall, which was usually full of insects, and difficult to see in. So I had another trot round the people to tell them where we would worship, and after tea I entered Mrs. N's room and awaited my congregation.

I expected four people, but eight turned up, and their voices rang out into the night from that small room, as we sang Rock of Ages. The addresses in these services are usually very simple because most of the people have little or no Church life behind them, and so I took Psalm 91 for my theme.

After Evensong the people departed and Mrs. N. and her husband invited me to supper, and insisted on my staying there until the train came in, and then walking to the station with me. This time it was not a "goods" but an ordinary passenger train. When it arrived at 2 a.m. it crawled into the station, and the guard announced that she had broken down, and had to wait there for three or four hours for a new engine to come out.

This time I insisted on my host and hostess going home, and I entered an empty compartment, curled up on a seat, and went

to sleep until morning. I awoke at 6 a.m. to find that we were just leaving Darnick. In the early hours, in the railway compartment, with the early morning sun streaming through the windows I said Matins; we got to Menindee at 8 a.m. The stationmaster looked at me as I got off the train, and said—"Have you had an all-night sitting, Deaconess?" I assured him, with a grin, that I HAD.

BUSH PADRE

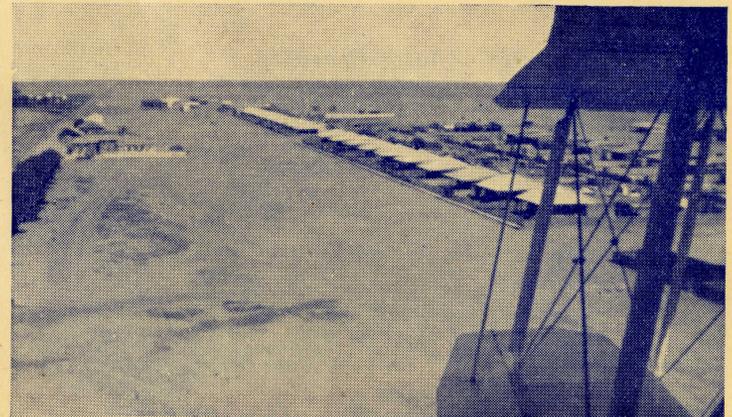
2GB

From 5th February, 1954

11 a.m. each Friday.

Will listeners please note change of time from 11.15 a.m.

to 11 a.m.?



Cook from the Air.