

## FLYING MEDICAL SERVICES

### HOSPITAL CENTRES.

**CEDUNA.**  
The Murat Bay District  
Hospital.

Matron: Sister F. DOWLING.  
Sisters: J. MILLER, G. HITCH-  
COCK, M. BELL, M.  
TROUP, B. TIERNEY,  
J. ZILLMAN, H. PRICE.

**PENONG.**  
The Penong Memorial  
Hospital

Sisters: L. LOANE and J.  
ROBERTS.

**COOK.**  
The Bishop Kirkby  
Memorial Hospital.

Sisters: M. TARR and M. ROSS.

**TARCOOLA**  
The Tarcoola Hospital.

Sisters: V. HOLLE  
and M. BARBOUR.

**RAWLINNA, W.A.**  
The Nursing Hostel.

Sister E. THOMAS.

**WUDINNA.**  
The Central Eyre Peninsula  
District Hospital.

Matron: Sister B. BARBER.  
Sisters: M. DEAN, A. HAY-  
WOOD, H. WATT.

### MEDICAL OFFICERS.

Dr. M. MUELLER, Dr. K. THOMPSON.

### AIRCRAFT.

"Percival Proctor".  
Lockheed 12.  
Auster.

### PILOTS.

Mr. ALLAN CHADWICK.  
Mr. W. BEDFORD.

### PHARMACIST.

Miss M. SCHULER.

### WIRELESS COMMUNICATIONS BASE.

Ceduna Base Operator: Mr. GEORGE CAMERON.  
Assistant: Mr. J. WARD.

### CROAJINGALONG NURSING SERVICE, VIC.

Sister I. GWYNNE.

### MAIL-BAG SUNDAY SCHOOL

Director: Miss R. CAMPBELL.

### HOSTELS FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN

**BOWRAL.**  
Mr. & Mrs. A. McLAUGHLIN

**PORT LINCOLN.**  
Mr. & Mrs. S. HUMMER-  
STON and Miss D. DUVER.

**BROKEN HILL.**  
Mr. & Mrs. W. L. CALDER  
and Miss H. CHEW.

**MUNGINDI.**  
Miss M. FARR.

**OLD FOLKS' HOME. (Port Lincoln)**

Mr. & Mrs. VIZOR.

# THE REAL AUSTRALIAN

No. 26 (New Series), DECEMBER, 1958  
2/6 per annum, Post free



Bishop T. E. Jones and the Archbishop of Melbourne

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





### The Most Reverend

**Howard West Kilvinton Mowll, C.M.G., D.D.**

Archbishop of Sydney and Metropolitan, Primate of Australia,  
President of the Bush Church Aid Society

The late Primate was known far and wide and visited many sections of the Society's field of activity. His Christian faith and graciousness will be long remembered by many people in the outback just as much as by those who knew him in the cities.

Thanks be to God for the life and work of His devoted servant.

"I have fought a good fight. I have finished my course. I have kept the faith."

The December issue of the Real Australian brings  
Christmas Greetings from B.C.A. workers to our  
supporters.

*"Unto you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord."*

## From The Bishop of Willochra

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—

The Editor has given me his permission to write you a note for the 'Real Australian'. I am grateful for the opportunity.

May I first thank all those many friends who prayed for me and my wife and who have also sent us their kind wishes. To those who subscribed to the farewell gifts in Melbourne and in Sydney, we can only say 'Thank you' also.

The Enthronement was a thrilling and inspiring occasion, even though Port Augusta put on one of its typical hot days. The church was crowded and it was a very great pleasure to have so many of the clergy and friends of B.C.A. travel up from Adelaide. To travel 500 miles on a really hot day requires a very good reason to get started. My wife and I appreciated the tribute very much.

We will always have a deep interest in B.C.A. and will be ready to help whenever we can. Do all you can for the Society for it means a great deal to those of us who are living in the outback.

Thank you for all your love and friendship over many years.

Yours sincerely,

TOM JONES,  
Bishop of Willochra.

### CONSECRATION

THOMAS EDWARD JONES, M.B.E., Th.L.,  
Organising Missioner of B.C.A. — 1935-1958  
Bishop of Willochra — 26th November, 1958

The privilege is not given to many organisations of having the executive officer elevated to the ranks of the Episcopacy twice in a short space of time. In B.C.A.'s comparatively short history of 39 years two Organising Missioners have become Bishops, the first being the late Bishop S. J. Kirkby.

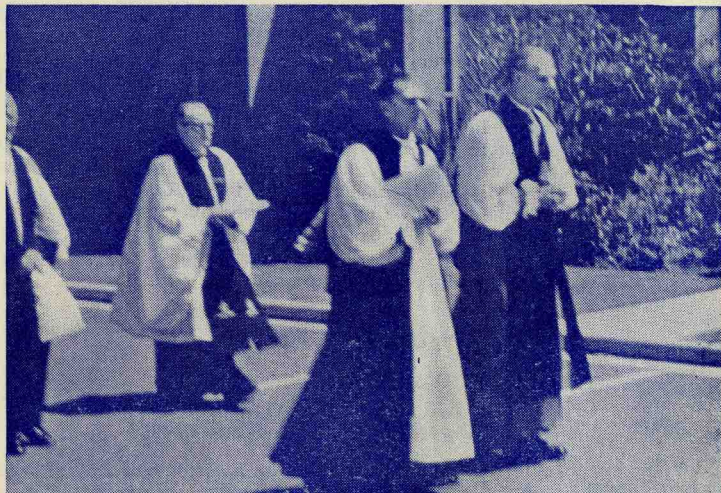
On the 28th October, 1958, Canon T. E. Jones, Organising Missioner from 1935 to 1958, was consecrated a Bishop in the Church of God.

St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, was thronged with friends when the Organising Missioner was consecrated Bishop of Willochra by the Most Reverend F. Woods, Archbishop of Melbourne, assisted by 11 other Bishops. The presence of so many B.C.A. supporters, clergy, theological students and deaconesses was most inspiring and helped to provide an atmosphere of worship and thanksgiving.

As the Bishop-elect was escorted by Bishops and clergy in the impressive procession, the prayers of absent friends both in outback parts of Australia as well as England and elsewhere, were joined together for him. The sermon preached by the Most Reverend J. J. Booth, retired Archbishop of Melbourne, paid tribute to one who has given so much for the work of God in outback places. The Bishop-elect was reminded of his high calling and the sacred responsibility entrusted was emphasised by the preacher's choice of his theme—"I have chosen you."



The service proceeded with the beauty and tradition which are our heritage and many were the prayers offered for the one chosen to be a Father-in-God to the clergy and people in the vast Diocese of Willochra. The late Primate had planned to consecrate the new Bishop but his homecall had come only a few days earlier. This sudden event in the life of the Church militant here upon earth certainly had its effect. It meant a great deal of re-organisation but God over-ruled and His Presence was made very real to all attending the consecration.



Right Rev. T. E. Jones after his consecration.  
ENTHRONEMENT

The Right Reverend Thomas Edward Jones was enthroned as Bishop of the Diocese of Willochra on 26th November, 1958, at Port Augusta, South Australia.

The Church of St. Augustine, Port Augusta, was chosen for the enthronement as it is the Parish Church of the Administrator of the Diocese, Canon E. Robinson.

Visitors came from many far distant places ranging between Adelaide and Ceduna, as well as from the far north of South Australia, and Cook in the middle of the Nullarbor Plain. The Diocese of Adelaide was represented by the Dean, the Very Reverend A. E. Weston, as well as a number of clergy and laity and B.C.A. Council's representative was the Reverend J. R. Greenwood.

Many of the estimated 300 visitors travelled hundreds of miles despite the warm conditions. At the conclusion of the service the Bishop announced that Canon E. Robinson, Administrator of the Diocese, would be collated Archdeacon of Willochra at the Synod commencing on 5th December.

## Travelling Companions

ON THE NULLARBOR

(Reverend Ray Brooks)

"Would you like a chocolate?" she asked. She was very pretty and trying hard to be friendly. I closed my Bible and accepted.

"Isn't it desolate?" She indicated the vastness of unbroken horizon, saltbush and limestone rock through which the train was speeding; the Nullarbor Plain.

This young lady had seen me laboriously board the "passenger" some half hour ago.

"A large suitcase, a tin tuckbox and a car battery—unusual accessories for a Minister?" she ventured.

So I explained the work. There is a Fettle's Settlement every fifty miles or so, we visit the people and hold a Church Service in as many of these Camps as we can. The car battery is for our slide projector. We give illustrated, simple talks on the life of Jesus. Many of these folk are New Australians who can't speak much English, so we carry Christian literature in various languages too. Thus in every possible way we endeavour to bring the Good news to lonely workers. I told her proudly of our B.C.A. Hospitals at Cook and Taroona, the Christian Sisters there, and Sister Thomas alone at Rawlinna. I told her how only Christian girls would try this work, how only Christian girls could do it. She listened intently.

Now it was my turn to ask questions.

"Was she Church of England?"

"Yes, they had a really wonderful Minister, lots of people went to his Church." It was a large Church in a wealthy suburb.

"Did she go regularly?" She admitted reluctantly that she didn't.

"What was she planning to do with her life?" She had no plans. but there was her study and her boy friend.

I spoke again of our nurses along the "Line", of their dedicated lives and the joy of Christ indwelling, and opened the Bible to the chapter I had been reading, 1 Peter 1.

"... By his great mercy we have been born anew to a living hope through the resurrection of Jesus ... to an inheritance which is imperishable, undefiled and unfading ... In this you rejoice, though now for a little while you may have to suffer various trials ..."

"Did she know anything of that?"

"Well — no."

"Why, here was life at its best; purpose, service, assurance, hope. Perhaps she would accept a little booklet, telling of these things in Bible words?"

"Yes, she would, gratefully."

Next time it was the guard's van, and long after midnight. The guard had invited me in for a "cuppa" and I carefully crossed between the swaying carriages to share his company. The wood-stove was alight and water dripped from kettle to stove with an alarming hiss at every lurch of the train. He finished filling in a schedule and sat on a stool to drink his tea. That train journey gave us a



friendly hour together and Bob reminisced—the farm in the West where his parents had fought drought and fire, the Clergymen they had entertained (we had many a chuckle over that one), and the Church they had built with their own hands.

By chance I saw Bob three or four times last trip as our paths crossed on the T.A.R. The last occasion was, I felt, significant. He was visiting a friend in one of our Hospitals and at the Sister's invitation he came to Evening Prayer.

A week later it was a Goods Train. There was only one passenger carriage, next to the Guard's van, draughty, dirty and uninviting. Passing down the passage I looked for a clean compartment. In passing one I had a quick impression of a young New Australian, tall, blond and straight, wearing khaki working clothes.

"Hullo padre." There was recognition in his voice. I returned and sat down. He was Carl, a "linesman" responsible for the Commonwealth Railway telephone contacts between the camps. He remembered me from last year, though I had forgotten him. He recalled the day at Deakin when I had visited the single men's quarters and invited them to Church. I recalled it too. A tense discussion on the Christian Faith had arisen out of the invitation and Carl had listened keenly.

"Did he like his job? Was there a chance for promotion?"

He told me of his work in a friendly, open way. Then another leading question . . .

"Was he married?"

There was a long silence. I raised my eyebrows and looked him in the eye. At first hesitantly, and then more confidently he told me a long and tragic story. Orphaned as a child, loss of an older brother in his teens, and consequent wanderings had left him restless. Marriage had meant a new start, new hope. But liquor, selfishness and the infidelity of his wife had left him bitter, lonely and a wanderer by necessity.

I felt constrained to speak of forgiveness as the key to peace; that though damage may now be irreparable new beginnings were possible through Jesus Christ, that even his situation was not beyond the hand of a Sovereign God. I urged him to seek that God by prayer and offered him a copy of John's Gospel in his mother tongue. He took the book saying frankly he didn't think he would read it, but he took it.

I desperately wanted to help that young man. Wouldn't you?  
We need your prayers!

\* \* \* \*

#### LISTEN TO THE BUSH PADRE:

2GB Every Saturday .....	11.15 a.m.
2NX Every Sunday .....	4.45 p.m.
2CH Alternate Sundays .....	8.30 p.m.
2KA 1st and 3rd Fridays each month .....	4.30 p.m.



The O.M. and Mrs. Jones were given material evidence of the esteem in which they are held at gatherings arranged by N.S.W. and Victorian friends, as well as the office staff.

The cost of Bishop Jones' robes was provided by the staff of the Society, while many supporters subscribed to the Testimonial Fund which was launched by the late Primate to help the Bishop and Mrs. Jones meet some of the heavy expenses involved for them as the O.M. became Bishop of Willochra.

The Bishop and his wife are assured that many will remember them in their prayers. Readers of the "Real Australian" will undoubtedly follow their work as B.C.A. gives help in many parts of the vast Diocese of Willochra.

God bless His servants in the great task to which He has called them.

\* \* \* \*

Readers will notice Mr. G. M. Job's name missing from the staff list. Both Mr. and Mrs. Job have made many friends through their service as Mrs. Job was our first Pharmacist at Ceduna. Then her interest was continued as the wife of Mr. Job who flew our aeroplanes with Mr. Allan Chadwick.

Good wishes are extended to Mac and his wife and son in their new work.

\* \* \* \*

Unfortunately farewells are in the air because Sisters Clement and Verity have left the hospital work of B.C.A. Thank you for the service given and may God give us all happy memories of fellowship.

\* \* \* \*

It is good to welcome Sister Watt to our midst. Sister is assured of prayerful support from B.C.A. friends.

If you are trained, how about nursing in our hospitals?

\* \* \* \*

Thanks are due for Garden Parties arranged at the home of Mrs. Shain by the Thornleigh-Pennant Hills B.C.A. Auxiliary and at Mrs. Marshall's home, Hunter's Hill, organised by Mrs. A. Colvin and the Reverend Hugh Linton. A willing team of ladies in both cases helped to make the functions a success. The interest gained through the fellowship and pictures was reflected in the financial support given by the large numbers present.

\* \* \* \*

Sister Dowling has been enjoying a well-earned change from her arduous task at Ceduna. Her many friends have been pleased to see her in Sydney.



Miss Chew has been given a warm welcome by Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Calder at Broken Hill Boys' Hostel. It is not easy having the work of 30 boys as well as your own family of three children. The Warden and Matron will be greatly helped by having Miss Chew with them.

\* \* \* \*

"What is happening in B.C.A.?" Yes, a lot of people have asked that question. The Council will value the prayers of all supporters as plans are considered.

Early in February, 1959, an Organising Missioner will be appointed; in the meantime three members of the Council will act as an Executive Council with the Reverend John Greenwood as Secretary.

\* \* \* \*

An open-air picture show is one way of providing a new approach to deputation work. It worked extremely well at Thirlmere and a large group enjoyed the evening at Mr. and Mrs. Middleton's home. Of course it needs a calm evening but the effort certainly proved most successful. Thank you to our friends and we hope it may prove an inspiration to others. Ring or write to the office for a booking.

\* \* \* \*

Welcome to two prospective missionaries in the persons of Trevor Fuhrmeister and Thomas Martin Jones. Trevor was born at Quorn and Martin at Ceduna. May God bless both children and parents.

\* \* \* \*

Port Lincoln Girls' Hostel needs a combustion cooking stove for the kitchen. Read Mr. Hummerston's article and perhaps you may feel inclined to donate one. (Cost is somewhere about £400).

\* \* \* \*

The Reverend Ian Booth and his wife and family will be moving to Peterborough (Diocese of Willochra) in a short time. Remember them in your prayers and also the need for more clergy to staff B.C.A. districts.

\* \* \* \*

Congratulations to the Venerable Archdeacon E. Robinson, Rector of Port Augusta, S.A. His appointment was announced by the Right Reverend T. E. Jones on the day of the enthronement at Port Augusta.

## YOUNG LADY

Needed for our Sydney Office — to commence  
February 1959

Typing — Shorthand — Clerical Duties

Information from:

B.C.A. HOUSE, — 135 Bathurst Street, Sydney  
(Telephone: BM 3164)

## GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS THE BUSH CHURCH AID SOCIETY

invites you to inspect  
THE B.C.A. GIFT SHOP  
on  
the Ground Floor of  
B.C.A. HOUSE  
135 BATHURST STREET  
Sydney

WE STOCK AN INTERESTING VARIETY OF  
ATTRACTIVE ARTICLES SUITABLE FOR GIFTS  
FOR ALL OCCASIONS, AND THE PRICES WILL  
PLEASE YOU.



## TRAINED NURSING STAFF

Where are the Christian Nurses?

No! — We are not Fully Staffed

Australia

Needs

Christian

Messengers

Information from—

B.C.A. House,  
(Tel. BM 3164)  
135 Bathurst Street,  
SYDNEY



Bush

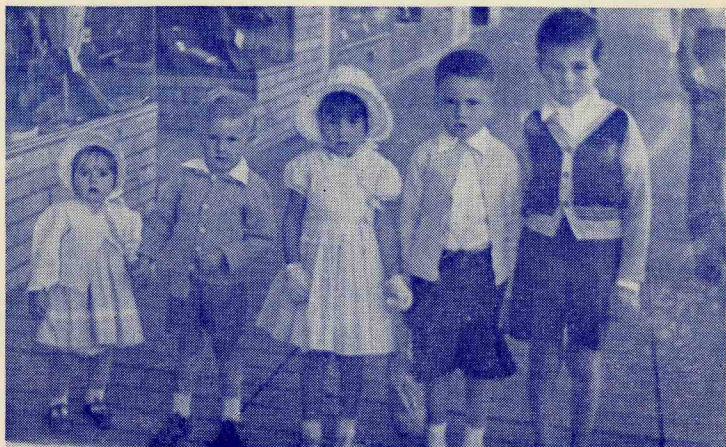
Church

Aid

Seeks Nurses

B.C.A., Allan's Buildings,  
(Tel. MF 8962)  
276 Collins Street  
MELBOURNE





A Mail Bag Sunday School Family.

## Five Good Samaritans

Teachers in our Mail Bag Sunday School, being keen about their job, like to receive work from their children but often have to exercise a lot of patience when they have no contact sometimes for several months. There is often a very good reason for the delay—sickness, shearing, harvesting etc. being the cause.

When a letter like the following comes to hand we are glad to be able to give not only sympathy, but practical help too.

"You will be wondering why the children have not sent in any handwork; well, a lot has happened in the last few months. We lost everything in a fire. A storm struck something in the house and set it alight. It was an old place and caught fire quickly. My husband was working away at the time, and the children were in bed, and so was I, but not asleep. At first I felt an awful shocked feeling go all over me, then I flew out of bed but knew there was no hope of putting the fire out as it was in the ceiling, so I grabbed two children at a time and rushed them to the other side of the road. James, who was awake was really wonderful. Without me telling him to try and drag things out, he raced and got what he could. But what we both saved was very little. I tried to save my lovely 'fridge, I pushed and pushed it but only got it to the steps, I pushed it down the steps in my panic and it got jammed beside the wall and step and there it

stayed. Even now I can still hear James screaming out: "Leave it Mummy, please leave it!" Christina had a little pet kitten, it could only just wobble about, well, she always kept it in an old shopping basket to sleep, she asked me to go in and get it for her but the fire was too hot for me, I just couldn't go in. I didn't know what to do then I thought of Lassie. Although I knew it was dangerous I said "Lassie! Go and get Tiddles!" She looked at me and started to howl, then like a shot out of a gun she was through the open window and the next minute out with the kitten. I'm sorry to say most of Lassie's hair was singed off, but the little kitten didn't have anything the matter with it. Now after about six weeks' expert treatment Lassie is looking like herself again.

Our home was rather isolated and so no one was aware of what had happened, and by the time a car came along the house was almost burnt down. I was so grateful when I saw the car coming down the hill. It stopped and five men got out. I could not understand them as they were new Australians but they understood me. I was in my nightie and had a cot blanket trying to pull it around me. The big man had on an overcoat which he took off and they turned away while I put it on. I asked them to take me to town which was 23 miles away. They started to pick the children up and put them in the car, when one fellow started to talk but I couldn't make out what he was saying, so he repeated "Mon, mon, all baby, all baby," meaning where was my husband, were all the children safe. I said they were. I was wondering how we would get in the car, all eleven of us! Two men got in the back with the five children and the other three got in the front and this meant I'd have to sit on someone's knee. I did not like the thought of this, so I told them I could drive, the driver talked to the others about it. After awhile he got out, handed me the keys and sat on one of the others' knees while I drove.

It was a slow trip but a safe one, we all got there in one piece. We went to the Police Station of course, at first, so they could get in touch with my husband. The men stopped outside while I was explaining to the police what had happened. We were then taken to a hotel for the rest of the night. Later a great parcel was brought up to our room. There were clothes (new ones) for us, even nappies for the baby. Also there was a letter with the parcel explaining that five new Australian men bought the things and left £20 for the hotel room and to get us some food. I did not see them again. The folk at the hotel were very kind and made no charge for our room. Then my husband arrived next morning and made arrangements for us to live for a time in a large caravan. We have managed to rent the place we are now in, which is eighteen miles out of town and the children and I are living alone again all the week. My husband comes home Friday nights and we all look forward to seeing him now, more than ever."

Since we have received this letter we have been able to visit this family and glad to be able to report that, through the kindness of many folk and their own efforts, all is well with them again.



# News From Port Lincoln Girls' Hostel

## ENCOURAGEMENTS AND IMPROVEMENTS

(Mr. and Mrs. S. Hummerston)

Just over twelve months ago when we felt called by God to offer for service in B.C.A., Port Lincoln was only a name in the B.C.A. prayer list. Leaving our families and friends and Wollongong where we had grown up, then setting out with our children for such a different way of life, so many miles away, without any previous experience, might seem a precarious undertaking to many, but at all times we were upheld by God's Word, particularly 2 Timothy 1.12 "For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." We committed our all, and He has not let us down.

Port Lincoln is a wonderful place. We have a fine view over Boston Bay from the front verandah of the hostel—the climate is agreeable, the people friendly and our children have settled in to the new surroundings particularly well. We thank the Lord that He has called us to do this work and He has placed in our hearts a love for each one of the girls in our care. We have made many mistakes, but have learnt a great many lessons.

We are grateful to Mr. and Mrs. Dodd (formerly Miss I. Beck) for their help in our settling in and giving us so much useful information regarding the running of the hostel. It has been wonderful to have such good friends as Mr. and Mrs. Miles Bishop, who have helped us in so many ways, not the least of which has been much good advice from time to time.

During the year we have received a great deal of encouragement and help, materially and spiritually, from our friends at St. Michael's, Wollongong. The projector which was given anonymously by some Christian friends at St. Michael's has been most useful in our work.

A number of improvements have been made including an electric hot water system for the girls' dormitories, a new drainage system for the kitchen, two new basketball goal posts, two garden seats and a kerosene heater for the dining room, as well as quite an amount of painting. The outside of the big dormitory has been completed and there is only a little more to do on the cottage dormitory. Our kitchen is our pride and joy since it has been painted in grey, maypole pink, black and white. All we need now is a new slow combustion stove to go with it!!! (Any offers?—Ed.)



Basket Ball Team—Port Lincoln Hostel.

We were very pleased with the good effort by the basketball team—they NEARLY made the semi-finals, and we are happy that the girls have now entered a tennis team in the local junior competition. Our thanks go to Mrs. Kidman who has given a great deal of her time to coach the girls in the basketball team. The girls were quite successful in their school sports as they secured the junior championship, and also filled second and third places.

The sewing classes, conducted each week at the hostel by Mrs. Trevor and Mrs. Illman, have proved to be a great success and our thanks are given to both of these ladies who are so happy to be of service.

The Bible class conducted each week, although attended by a very small number of the girls, has nevertheless been of great spiritual help.

Over the year we have had many problems, but also a great deal of fun. There was the day we discovered the girls' nick-name for the Warden!! The night the Matron stood on the kitchen table in a most undignified manner while a mouse ran around the room, and April Fool's Day, when Miss Duver arose intending to ring the rising bell an hour earlier than usual, only to find that the girls had got in first—the bell had disappeared.

We do ask for your continued help in prayer, that needed improvements may be carried out, that we and Miss Duver may witness faithfully for our Lord, and that our girls' hearts may be opened to the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE HUMMERSTONS.



## Here and There in a Bush Padre's Diary

(Rev. T. V. Jones, Ceduna)

This rough account of events in my diary will be useful to you in revealing the similarities and differences of this type of work and that of a suburban clergyman. If the article achieves no more, I hope it does this—leads you to pray that God will keep us versatile to cope with the differing personalities, and fresh in spirit despite the many miles to travel.

### November 9th, Sunday—

8 a.m.: Holy Communion. A hallowed hour for us here. It is always so peaceful, no trams, no trains, hardly a car passes, the only noise we ever hear is from the seagulls playing on the roof of the Church and even that, though noisy, speaks of natural peace. Our 8 a.m. services are only small in congregation at the best of times, but we are able to hold this service for all but the first Sunday of each month.

11 a.m.: Holy Communion at Penong, 47 miles west. This usually means timing must be efficient and everything ready, in order to cover the distance during the hour at my disposal. However, this Sunday other factors came into play. A sudden and tragic death had occurred during the night and I was informed of it just prior to the early morning service. A message of consolation was needed by someone before I could set out for Penong.

The Church in Penong is wood and iron and has stood there since the beginning of the century. Quite an achievement, as it is broadside to the strong westerly winds and situated on the highest point of land. I like this little old Church except for one thing, the way it shifts with every gust of wind. The walls are nine feet high and there are two inches of movement each way at the top if the wind means business.

There are only eighteen Church of England families within a radius of ten miles of Penong so the congregation of twenty was quite good, especially as there was to be a Sunday School Anniversary that afternoon which meant for most another trip to town.

3 p.m.: Speak at the Sunday School Anniversary. This I find is an enjoyable ordeal. When families come to Church here, they come to Church, babies and all. Our Sunday School at Penong is run in conjunction with the Methodist people and there are teachers from both denominations. At the Sunday School the scholars are given their Bible training, and our children come (after normal Sunday School at 2 p.m.) to our Evening Prayer service at 3 p.m. when, in the children's talk, they receive instruction in their Church teaching.

After the Anniversary I had to return to Ceduna for the evening service. This is not always necessary. If the Reverend Ray Brooks is already in Ceduna (i.e. neither of us being on the Trans. Line) whoever is at Penong for the fortnightly service there stays for the Monday to visit and conduct the Young People's Fellowship in the evening. With the funeral on the Monday afternoon it was necessary to return.

7.15 p.m.: Evening Prayer at Ceduna. A Remembrance Sunday service when we remembered the cost, cause and consequence of war, and the command of Jesus Christ—"A new commandment give I unto you that ye love one another."

### November 10th, Monday—

An 'around the home' morning. Mail in and out, shopping (with young daughter in tow—which means dodging the counter where the jelly beans are and walking swiftly past the ice cream shop to the butcher's).

3 p.m.: Funeral service. Wreaths began to arrive at 2 p.m. It is staggering to see the flowers that appear when there is a funeral, the desert really blossoms as a rose at such times. The thoughtfulness of people who may not even know the bereaved as they send them flowers for making into sheaves or wreaths means they do not spare themselves.

7 p.m.: Young People's Fellowship at Penong. Pick up children en route (two youngsters live 27 miles on the Ceduna side of Penong). Visit a young couple on the way.

This Young People's group is a real joy. The ages run from eight to fourteen and there are twenty-eight of them, sickness being the only thing that ever keeps them away. They are organised into teams and discipline is maintained by a competitive spirit, medallions being awarded to be worn for the fortnight between the meetings. The medallions are silver archery ones with the emblem of an arrow hitting the target. There is also a "Friendship Trophy" and a team cup. These are some of the children I had in mind when I asked you about a movie projector. You will be thrilled to know that next Monday I will be able for the first time to show these children some first-class Christian films. The parents have already given me money for the first few films.

Handicrafts is the activity of the Fellowship. We do not often play games. These handicrafts may be anything from manufacturing a useful article from a pipecleaner to making a leather spectacle case for father.

Sometimes the best way to visit parents is to take their children home after Fellowship. I can usually score a "cuppa" too.

### November 11th, Tuesday—

11 a.m.: Remembrance Day Service at Coorabie, 98 miles away, and I was late. Just one of those days I suppose! Do you know that I could not even find a piece of fencing wire to wire up the exhaust pipe and muffler on the car. However the Joneses made a day of it, my wife and the children coming too. This was my chance to show them Fowler's Bay, a place I love. It was good to introduce some of these people to my wife and to visit those who lived at Fowler's Bay on the way home. I could go into raptures over that little haven quite easily, but I must press on with my diary.

### November 12th, Wednesday—

9.30 a.m. - 11 a.m.: School at Ceduna. There are over 300 pupils at this school. I have about ninety for religious instruction, a quarter of them being Greek Orthodox of whom we have the oversight when the priest is not there. They are all little 'angels' just like your children! We have eight small schools to visit when we can, and how irregular some of those visits are.



8.30 a.m.: Bible Study at Nunjikompita, 47 miles east. This means using the time between school in the morning and this meeting in the evening to visit en route to Nunjikompita. Such Bible Studies are held weekly in Ceduna at the Rectory and monthly in homes of the parishioners in two of the country centres. At these meetings we encourage the reading of Christian literature and so we carry with us an up-to-date selection of good Christian books. You will be interested to know that since August (when we had a Mission) over £60 worth of books have been bought, most of them read (because they are our Bible study books) and certainly they have been discussed over party line phones, and while sewing bags of oats.

**November 13th, Thursday—**

Preparation in the morning for Sunday's sermon and a Bible study. Write away about a Christian farmer who wishes to employ an orphan on his property. There are many such young lads on farms here and we are trying to reach them with the gospel of Jesus Christ.

7.30 p.m.: Try and dodge the dishes, then go to the Parish Hall for table tennis and darts. There are now eighteen people who come for relaxation in the Hall on a Thursday evening, their ages ranging from seventeen to thirty. Mainly they are the casual workers of the town, P.M.G. relief staff, inspectors for fruit fly at a road block, sometimes sailors from one of the ships.

**November 14th, Friday—**

Morning: Visit two families at Smoky Bay, 25 miles south-east.

Afternoon: Visit at Mudamuckla, 20 miles north of Smoky Bay.

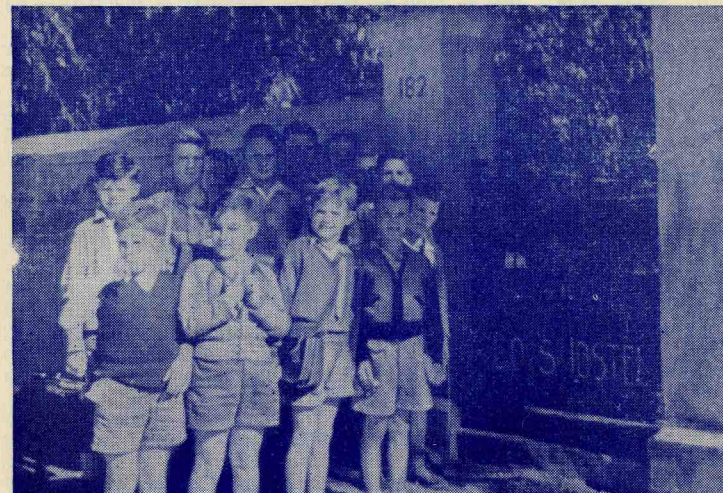
8.30 p.m.: Bible Study in a private home at Mudamuckla. We do not commence these Studies before 8.30 p.m. in the summer as most of the farmers are harvesting till dark. Even so it is quite an effort for them to come in early, wash, eat, pack the family in the car and go, and then take an intelligent part in a Bible Study, having sat up on a tractor all day.

**November 16th, Sunday—**

8 a.m.: Holy Communion. I enjoyed the Epistle for the day. Paul telling the Colossians what he prays for when he prays for them.

3 p.m.: A Service of Thanksgiving at Nunjikompita again, and of receiving a baby into the Church. Leean was baptised in the hospital by Mr. Brooks nearly two months ago. When only a few weeks old she developed a condition which looked like taking her life. The doctor relieved the pain and did what she could, making it clear that all she could now do was to join the ranks of those who were praying. Last week she rang to say that the baby's recovery was an answer to prayer. It was pleasing to know that the three who were standing as Leean's godparents were firm in the faith, and they were especially aware of their responsibilities when they made their promises as already God had sheltered this child from the angel of death.

7.15 p.m.: Evening Prayer at Ceduna. It was good just to sit and listen to someone else preach. The Reverend Ray Brooks was back from his line trip of the last month and spoke on the rejection and the triumph of the love of God.



Some of the Broken Hill Boys.

## *Broken Hill Boys' Hostel*

### **PROGRESS REPORT**

(Mr. W. L. Calder)

A glance at the calendar shows that there is just over three weeks left of this, the last school term of the year. As the year draws to a close, it is fitting, I think, to look back over it and count our blessings.

As far as the Hostel is concerned, this has been another year of progress, and Mrs. Calder and I are thankful to Him Who has made this progress possible, and to those who have helped very generously with gifts and donations.

This year we have been able to complete the renovation and painting of the inside of the Hostel. We have extended the boys' bathroom to provide facilities for dressing and a covered way now protects the boys en-route from dormitories to bathroom. More recently a large area of the back yard in the vicinity of laundry and clothes lines has been concreted and lawns have been extended and separated by paths, giving the whole area a finished look. Then, as I write, an addition is being made to the boys' toilet block and at the same time, a cycle shelter is in course of construction. This will enable me to allocate each boy a space and thus keep the bicycle yard tidy. In addition to these improvements, it has also been possible to re-furnish the dining-room with modern tables and chairs, and provide a new washing machine for the laundry.

To mark the completion of all these improvements, we have planned a function for the 10th December. As a token of appreciation to the parents and friends who have assisted in the renovations, a plaque will be unveiled in the Common Room by the Right Reverend



T. E. Jones, M.B.E. We do look forward to the visit of the Bishop of Willochra.

Yes, we have made progress on the material side, but I wonder sometimes if we make any such progress in the spiritual side of the work.

Perhaps we do, and we don't see any obvious signs or evidence of it. Whenever we get discouraged in this regard Mrs. Calder and I often think of the words Paul wrote to the Corinthians in his first letter Ch. 15 v. 58 "Therefore my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."

Our morning devotions have continued throughout the year, when we have a short Bible reading, a study of the portion of Scripture, then morning prayers. I have been assisted in the latter part of the year by the Reverend L. Cohen from the local Church of England, who has been taking evening meditation once each week, and I have found this a very great help. Our Sunday evening group for the small boys gives us a lot of encouragement, for they love to sing choruses and are always very eager to hear the Bible stories.

Mrs. Calder was talking to one of the parents a week or so ago and the subject of our morning devotion and evening meditation came up for discussion. "You know, Mrs. Calder," he said, "I do value the fact that my boy is in the care of the Church where he is taught to pray each day, and attend Church and Sunday School." How good to meet a parent who thinks thus! So many today do not. It makes one realise all the more that the work of the Bush Church Aid Society must be maintained.

Many thanks again to all those friends who have helped us in any way.

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#### "HOW SHALL THEY HEAR"

(Rev. J. R. Greenwood)

The Enthronement of the former Organising Missioner as Bishop of Willochra took me bush on the way to Port Augusta.

A few days were spent at Quorn and a quick patrol was shared with the Reverend George Fuhrmeister. Of course there was the usual warm weather, although one night found me in a pull-over. The dusty roads were obvious and the flies, but much more important was the obvious need for more clergy.

The Diocese of Willochra is only too typical of many other places. People on sheep stations, in railway camps, and far distant townships are being forgotten by too many men who could do a real job of work in outback places.

There is not space to enumerate all the districts needing ordained men but places like Menindee and the country beyond the Trans-Continental Railway Line and the far distant Diocese of the North-West are a few areas which have been neglected too long. The men who are there are doing a superhuman task by the Grace of God, but they know only too well how much you are needed. They try to add vacant places to their overloaded programmes and you are the missing link.

Your country needs you and the Christian Church MUST answer the call.

How about it!

## The Bush Church Aid Society

for Australia and Tasmania

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