

# SKY PILOT NEWS

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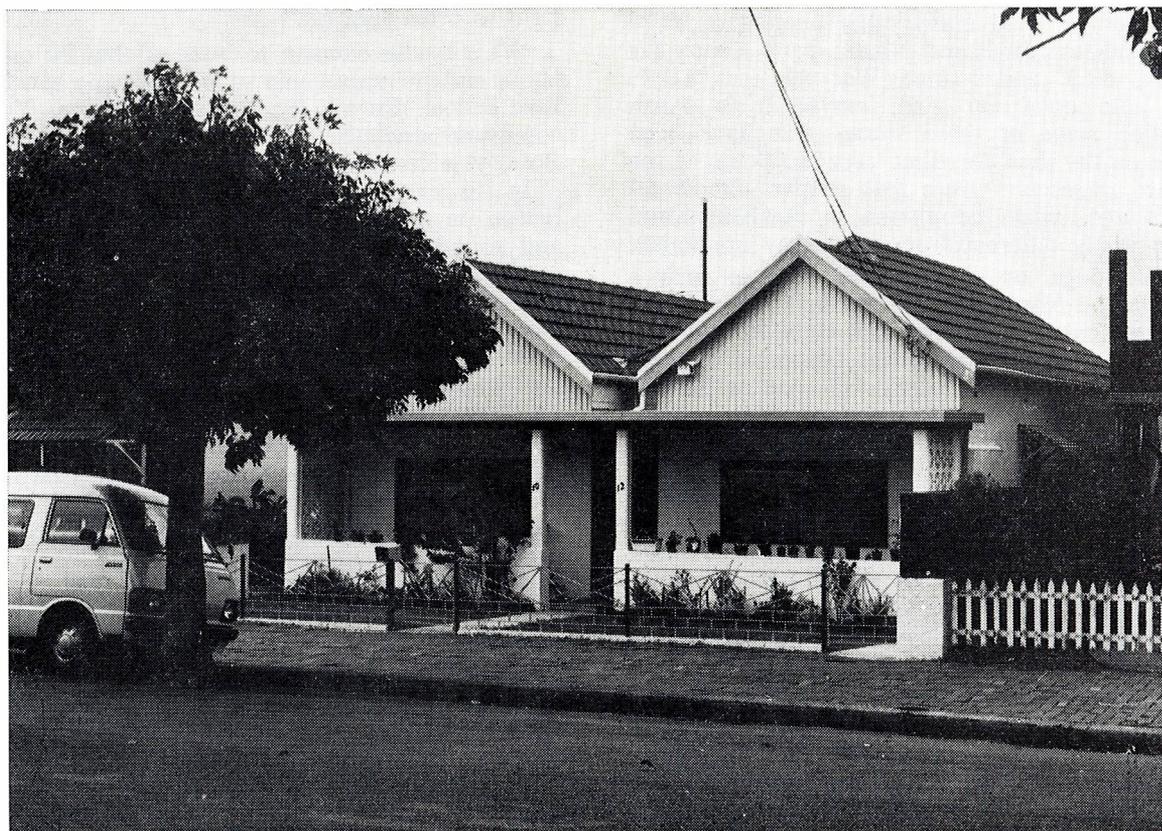
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These two Homes, Made into one, form the first Marella Group home at Marrickville conducted by the Church of England Homes on behalf of the Aboriginal Children. Together with the small bus they were provided and furnished from funds supplied by Marella Mission Farm, Kellyville.

Photo by Ossie Emery

**DINGO SCALPS: From the Sky Pilot's Log, 2CH Broadcast.**

Some of these stories from Mr. Langford-Smith's radio broadcasts, "The Sky Pilot's Log", which commenced in 1948, were published in book form under the title of "Drake's Drum". That book (as is the case with his earlier books) has been out of print for over 20 years. Other stories from the broadcasts have been reprinted in "The Sky Pilot News"; but there are many that have not been repeated since they were first broadcast 30 years ago.

Recently a voluntary worker in the Mission Office sorted out these original scripts. Though they can never be the same without the "voices" of the original actors such as the late Sid Everett (as "George" and many other characters); Ted Husband (as "Jim" and others), Jack Keniry (as "Joe", etc.), and Norma Warwick (as "Lily", the little quadroon girl), maybe it is worth printing some of these stories that have been lying on the shelf for three decades. Some of the stories themselves were first written almost 50 years ago, when conditions in Arnhem Land were vastly different from what they are today.

Wild dogs, or dingoes, had become such a pest in the Northern Territory in 1928 that the Government had offered a bounty of 10/- (a dollar in today's money, but far more valuable in those days when the price of a prime bullock on the run was only 30/-) for each dingo scalp. It was rather a profitable job poisoning dingoes, and many of the "hoboes" who drifted round the north, as well as many honest and respectable men, took on the game. The honest men went out into the ranges and got the dingoes that really were a menace to stock; but the other type of men hung round the Aborigines' camps and poisoned the pet dogs and half-bred dingoes which the natives used for hunting.

George was away mustering and he had left a man to look after his hut and gear. Owing to so many shady characters being in the district with their poison carts he was afraid, for the first time since the hut was built, to trust leaving his gear unattended. The man he left in charge was a Greek. He was a fine character who was doing light work and odd jobs for the stockmen in exchange for his keep. He had a weak chest and the doctor had ordered him to spend as much time as he could in the open air, hoping that the hot dry season would be of benefit to him. (There were no modern drugs or cures for T.B. in 1928.)

One morning Tony came to me in a very excited state. He spoke rather good English, but he used his hands and feet and eyebrows to express his thoughts more perfectly. He came to me waving his arms.

"Quickly, Mister Boss," he urged, "you come quickly down a da hut. Bad mans killa da dingo

and killa da camp dogs and killa da cattle dogs. By an' by him killa da me too. What's a matter George no more coma da station and leave all a da mustering."

"Take it easy, Tony," I replied. "What's the matter? One of those dingo poisoners is about, is he?"

"Yes, yes, yes, him laya da baits longa bush, longa camp and longa da road. By an' by him poison da meat in da beefhouse. Properly bad mans."

"Well, why didn't you warn him off? You are in charge of George's hut. If this man is being a nuisance on George's country you have the right to order him off."

"Yes, I tella da man to buzz off but he only laugh and pointa da gun at me. Me too mucha little fellow. By an' by him killa da me. You come and senda da man hopping. Please, Mista Boss, you come quick fellow."

In his excitement Tony grabbed me by the button on my shirt and began twisting it round and round.

"Hey," I exclaimed, "go easy, Tony, that's my button you've got hold of. I don't want to have to sew it on again. These shirts are not as good as they used to be; I don't know what the makers are coming to. I've sewn that same button on three times already. All right, I'll come down if you don't maul me about."

When I came near George's hut I heard a great crying and moaning from the Aborigines' camp. It was just as if someone had died. I walked over to investigate and found warriors and lubras crying and nursing dead and dying dogs. All their pets and hunting dogs were poisoned. I was furious and I walked over to where the dingo poisoner was camped. He was a big, dirty looking man and he smelt of dead dogs. He came to meet me. "Well, what do you want 'ere?" he demanded. "I don't want no missionary pokin' his nose in where it ain't wanted. Get back to your church. I've heard all about you, I 'ave."

"It is my business when you poison the Aborigines' hunting dogs. You can't get away with that. You'll have to shift your camp back into the ranges."

"Oh, I must shift, must I? And what if I won't go? Who's goin' to make me?"

"I am. I'll give you half an hour to load up and get off this reserve."

"Ha, ha, ha. I suppose you'll throw me off, will you? Well, I ain't goin', see. I could give you a bashin' with one hand tied behind me back. Get this straight — I ain't movin' fer you or any other man — see?"

"When I said half an hour I meant it. If you're not gone then the Aborigines will put a

firestick into the grass and burn you out. You've done enough harm already; you'll be lucky to get out without real trouble. You're used to the Aborigines round the township. These men in Arnhem Land are not the same type. They won't stand any nonsense."

"Oh, yeah? An' what can a few Aborigines do?"

"Quite a lot. Look here, be sensible and shift while you have the chance. I can see the trouble you're heading for. You can't fight fifty bush Aborigines that you wouldn't even see. Your horses would disappear in the night — maybe fall in the river and that would mean you would have to leave your cart here and walk 200 miles to the railhead. A lot of worse things could happen, too. I said half an hour."

"Well, I ain't goin'. And what's more I'll shoot any nigger that goes near my horses. An' if you egg 'em on I'll put a bullet in you, too."

"I said half an hour. Five minutes have gone already. Come on, get your horses in."

The man tried to bluff it out, but a few minutes later he saw the smoke from grass fires that mysteriously rose on three sides of his camp. The fires were some distance off; but they were a sign that the Aborigines meant business. He cursed us all and swore he wouldn't shift — but he went.

On my return to the Mission I found Lily, the little quadroon girl, in tears. She had her pet dog, Beauty, in her arms.

"Oh, Moningna," she cried, "poor Beauty. I think she's dying. Maybe she got a bait, too."

"Maybe it's not too late to save her. I'll give her an emetic. I won't be long. Mind she doesn't bite you. She's in agony and doesn't know what she's doing."

"She wouldn't bite me, Moningna. Not even if she is dying."

We did all we could for the pet, but it was of no avail. She died in the agony of strychnine poisoning in Lily's arms. I will never forget the look in Lily's eyes when she realised that her dog was dead. She echoed the old cry of a broken heart: "Oh, Moningna, why did it have to be my dog that got poisoned?"

"There are a lot of dogs that have been poisoned, Lily. The Aborigines in the camp have lost all their hunting dogs. Now many of them will go hungry as they can't hunt enough in this barren country without dogs."

"Oh, yes, I know and I'm sorry for them. But I only had one dog. Why did my dog have to die?"

"I'm sorry, Lily, terribly sorry," I replied. "I know it will be a long time before you can forget. But someday I'll get you another one."

"I don't want another one—not ever again. I only wanted my Beauty. I wish I could die

too. I can't live without Beauty. She knew everything I said to her. Poor Beauty. Oh, Moningna, it is a cruel, wicked world. I can't live without Beauty, truly I can't."

And the little quadroon girl covered the face of the dead dog with kisses and tears. It was a long time before Lily got over her loss. She cried herself to sleep night after night, and during the day time she wandered about like a lost soul. Time passed, and one day I handed her a little fluffy pup, with big eyes and wobbly legs and she took it and loved it with all her heart.

So often in this life we lose pets, especially when we are young, and we think we will never get over it. Kipling knew it when he said: "Why give your heart to a dog to tear?" and we suffer the loss of someone or something we hold so dear it seems that life will never be the same again. But God has made us so that time does alter things and even if we can't forget we can find new hope and new love, for God IS love and all love is a little bit of God. When everything we hold dear in life has gone we still have God and can rest in His love which never changes.

Our Saviour said: "In my Father's house are many mansions—or rooms—if it were not so I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there you may be also."

But we will not only find our Saviour there, wonderful though that will be; He is busy peopling those rooms with our loved ones who, one by one, have gone before us. What a welcome it will be to have eager throngs of loved ones waiting to greet us. We are told that "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him."

Now, we cannot do more than speculate on anything not mentioned in Holy Scripture, but wouldn't it be wonderful if amongst those things not seen or heard or entered into the heart of man could be some of those animal pets that have so grown into our hearts that they have become members of our family? There is not even a hint of it in Scripture, but it would be the sort of thing that a loving God like ours would think about.

The prophet of old knew that if he lost everything but God he still had everything that mattered. The final entry in today's Log is taken from the third chapter of Habakkuk: "Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet will I rejoice in

the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation."

### **DINGO SCALPS, PART II, POISONED FLOUR: From the Sky Pilot's Log.**

In yesterday's broadcast we told how Lily's pet dog was poisoned, together with many of the camp hunting dogs, by Tom, a hobo who earned his living by collecting the Government bounty on dingo scalps. We forced Tom to move on from near George's hut and he camped in the range about 10 miles away. Rumours began to come in to me about several unexplained deaths amongst the Aborigines near Tom's camp and the severe sickness of other natives. I was worried about it, and more so when George came back from his mustering with the same stories.

"See here, Smithy," he said, "there's somethin' fishy goin' on. My boys say that three natives have died lately and a lot more were taken sick. There's a young lubra who's the latest. They say she's dyin'. Either it's some new disease or well, . . . somethin' else."

"What do you mean by something else, George? You don't need to make dark hints to me."

"I was thinkin' of poison. It's been done before, Smithy, in the early days. I don't like to think a white man would come at it today but . . . it's up to us to find out."

"It's up to me to find out. I'm responsible for this native reserve. If there's something wrong it's my fault if it's not stopped. It is good of you to shoulder half the blame, but it's not your responsibility."

The old stockman scratched his head. "Well", he drawled, "Officially it ain't, Smithy. But you ain't goin' to visit that hobo's camp alone. You an' me is mates an' I'm goin' along of you. Tom's a dirty fighter, be all accounts and . . . well, there might be an accident."

"Thanks, George. Anyhow, why not make it a family affair and take Tony with us? Nothing like having a couple of witnesses."

"Well, yes, I suppose we could. Mind you Tony ain't no good in a fight an' you couldn't trust him with a gun. The way he throws his arms around it wouldn't be safe if he had a gun in them. But he's on the level. Yes, maybe we could take him along with us. I'll send a horse back for him but we won't wait. He can catch us up."

"Can he ride?"

"Not that you'd notice. But I'll send a quiet horse. If he falls off he can always get on again. I know he's got a weak chest, but it ain't his chest as'll give him the most trouble after ten miles in the saddle. Well, are you ready? Let's get goin'."

And that's how we started off to visit the

dingo poisoner's camp. A couple of hours later Tony caught up with us. We could hear his excited voice long before we could see him in the scrub. It appeared the native stockboy who accompanied him was obeying George's instructions to "shake it up."

"Oh, my heavens, this a one horse make-a da dance all about everywhere. Wow! him bump-a da up and bump-a da down. Oh-h-h an' da bruise! All-a da bruise. What for I no more fetch-a da cushion? Oh-h-h."

"Never mind, Tony," George comforted. "The bruises will get easier the longer you ride. You're doin' famously, you are. Stick it out, man. Another couple of hours an' you'll settle down to that saddle as if you was born there."

"Oh, no, please, Mister George, more better me walk on da foot. All-a da bone leave-a da skin . . . Oh, oh-h-h."

But Tony stuck to his horse in spite of his groans, and in half an hour we rode up to the dingo poisoner's hut. There was no one at home so we followed George at a canter to the natives' camp near by. The young lubra we had heard was sick was now dead. According to the Aborigines the death took place in about an hour. By careful questioning we discovered that all the recent deaths were similar. Those affected seemed to be suffocating at first, and during violent convulsions the sick person seemed to rest on the ground on the feet and head with the body arched; the face was livid.

"Well, Smithy" asked George, "what do you make of it? Is that enough to go on? Do you reckon it's some disease or . . . poison?"

"Looks like poison to me, George; strychnine poisoning. There's very little doubt of it. The only way to be sure is to get a doctor or take him some samples."

"Oh, yeah? And the wet season about to start any day now! It would be six months before you could get a doctor or even the police. By that time where would Tom be? Unless we chain him up for six months on suspicion."

"We can't do that, George. It looks as if he's pretty safe. But how could the natives have got the poison?"

Tony broke in: "I bin talka da lubra and all about bin steala da flour."

"They've been stealin' flour from Tom, have they?" George asked. "It's a wonder they did that. Oh, I know they ain't angels and they ain't above stealin' a bit of tobacco or tea and sugar if its left about. Still, most of 'em don't raid a man's stores for flour."

"But," I said, "it's the end of the dry season and food is not so plentiful. And have you forgotten, George, the natives have had most of

their hunting dogs poisoned? They must have been pretty hungry and the chances are Tom deliberately left the poisoned flour handy to teach them a lesson."

"All-a da lubra bin talk," said Tony, "they bin finda da flour longa bag outside-a da tent."

George snorted "Trust a good lookin' Greek to make friends with the lubras! Just as well we brought Tony with us. But the lubras don't usually talk so freely. How did you win their sympathy, Tony "

"I bin show-a da bruise an' all about bin rub in da emu fat."

"What!" exclaimed George, "you showed 'em your bruises! Well, I must say I think that's goin' a bit far with strangers! You've only just met 'em. Ha, ha, ha, did the emu fat do any good?"

"Yes-a, please, Mister George. Fat-a da emu properly good. Poor fellow me can sit on da ground now."

"Well, that's somethin' anyhow. But, Smithy, what are we goin' to do with this swine? It's pretty obvious he not only poisoned all the natives' hunting dogs but he poisoned some of the natives too—just so they wouldn't take a few handfuls of his flour. We can't get the police till after the wet season and that'll be too late. Suppose we run his horses away?"

"That wouldn't be any good. He would stop here till after the wet. We want to get him out of this country."

"Well, suppose we give him a bashin' and tell him to hop it?"

"That wouldn't do either. We don't want to be had up for assault. Let's go back to his camp and see if he has turned up yet. We may think up some way of getting him to shift."

Back at the dingo poisoner's camp we found plenty of evidence of his calling in the dozens of scalps hanging to dry in the sun. Most of them were from the Aborigines' hunting dogs. Inside the tent was an unopened bag of flour. It had a notice on it which read: "Beware: this flour is poisoned for the natives." George swore to himself.

"The dirty dog!" he muttered. "Fancy poisonin' a bag of flour like that!"

"Wait a minute, George," I said, "there's something wrong here. Tony, did your lady friends tell you if they got the flour from a big bag? I mean the poisoned flour?"

"No more big bag. All-a da flour they took came from little bag—nearly empty."

"That's what I thought, George, why would a man poison **all** his flour? It doesn't make sense. He would have none to eat himself. There's no other flour in the hut except this heel of a bag without a notice. I would guess that the heel might be poisoned but not the full bag."

"Yes," George agreed. "Come to think of it that seems reasonable enough. But who's goin' to try it out? I wouldn't eat a mouthful of anythin' in this camp for a thousand pounds."

"I wouldn't be keen on trying it myself. But suppose this notice was only a bluff. If Tom came back and found all his flour poisoned he would have to get out before the wet. He couldn't live without flour all through the wet."

George rounded on me in anger. "Now look here, Smithy, I'm mad enough to do almost anythin' to a scoundrel like Tom. If it came to a point I might even shoot it out with him, but I ain't poisonin' a man. No, Smithy, I couldn't do that."

"Oh, don't be silly, George. I don't mean to really poison it. But we could make Tom **think** it was poisoned. Look, I'll show you . . ."

I took down the notice saying the flour was poisoned and added the words: "If it wasn't before it is now."

George chuckled.

"I guess he won't be game to try it after that. I know darned well I wouldn't if it was mine. But maybe he'll try it out on the Aborigines; give 'em a damper made of it or somethin' like that. When he finds it doesn't hurt them, why, then he'll know it's only bluff."

"Well," I said, turning to Tony. "You get one of the lubras to come up here; say we want her to give us a hand. Hurry up, off you go before Tom comes back."

I poked about among the stores till I found some cream of tartar. Taking about half a pound of it, I gave it to the lubra whom Tony brought and got her to sprinkle it through the flour in the bag. George laughed to himself. "I get the idea, Smithy! The lubra will think she's put poison in the flour and she'll tell all the others. They wouldn't eat anythin' Tom gave 'em after that; not on your life. Ha, ha, ha, I wonder if it'll do the trick."

It did the trick. We rode away from the camp but we left one of George's stock boys to watch. He told us later that Tom returned, read the notice, then made a damper and offered it to the Aborigines in the camp. When they refused, he cursed and swore and packed up his camp and drove off, leaving the bag of good flour behind. He didn't trouble us in that district again for a long time. Eventually he came back to have his revenge on me . . . but that is another story, as Kipling says.

God has left us His word which is intended as food for our souls. The Devil knows this and in order to prevent our feeding on it he puts up a notice: "This is poisoned." Oh, I know he doesn't word it as crudely as that. He usually

says it's full of contradictions or that science has proved that it is inaccurate. Sometimes he says that it is just a fake and the prophecies were written **after** the events took place. When I was a boy it was sometimes said that writing was not invented in Moses' day; but archaeology over the past 50 years has continued to vindicate the Bible; and at Ebla, in Northern Syria, hundreds of clay tablets have proved that writing was in common use a thousand years or more before Moses was born.

But the Devil's lie still confuses some people so that it is little wonder that sometimes they question whether they can trust the Bible at all. But thank God, thousands of people of all races over the ages have trusted God and taken the Bible as their daily food and they only laugh at the Devil's lies, often repeated by academics, for they have proved for themselves that the Bible is the power of God unto salvation to as many as believe on Christ. Christ is the Living Word and the Bible is the written word of God. You can't separate the two; together they make the Bread of Life which was given for our comfort and salvation.

And the final entry in today's Log is taken from the 19th chapter of the Revelation: "His name is called the Word of God . . . and he hath on his vestures and on his thigh a name written, KING OF KINGS AND LORD OF LORDS."

**CHRISTMAS GREETINGS:** The Director and his wife (Mr. and Mrs. Langford-Smith), the Secretary (Mrs. Warwick), together with all the Members of the Council and the General Committee, join in wishing all our supporters a very happy Christmas and God's continued blessing throughout the New Year. Everything worthwhile that has been accomplished at the old Marella and the advances being made at the new Marella in York Road, Kellyville, are due to the work of the Holy Spirit moving the hearts and minds and bodies of God's chosen fellow-workers. God has given us much on the spiritual as well as the material plane; but as Christmas draws near we thank Him especially for the greatest Gift of all, the Lord Jesus Christ, born in a manger nearly 2,000 years ago to redeem mankind, and (we believe) soon to come again in glory to set right all the wrongs, the cruelty and the sin of this present world, ruined by man's disobedience, greed and selfishness.

**MR. JIM DUNNE:** When we moved to York Road the new house was set in bushland and timber. There was no garden and the appearance was spoilt by the neglected look of the surroundings; however, Mr. Jim Dunne very kindly offered to set out a garden and lawn for us in his "spare" time. As he is a professional gardener and one of our valued voluntary workers we were delighted. It was decided to plant

flowering shrubs, as much as possible, as we have no one with the physical ability or the time to attend to a lot of annuals, much as we like them around the house. Mr. Dunne has already done wonders and the home is looking as if it is lived in and cared for. We are deeply grateful to Mr. Dunne for his great kindness which has involved much time and very heavy work.

**"KOOMPARTOO":** As explained earlier, when it was decided by the Church of England Homes not to build the Group Homes for the Marella children at Kellyville but closer to where the relatives and parents of the children lived, there was no longer any need for the Langford-Smith family to retain all the property at Kellyville. However, it had been bought for the purpose of using it in God's service and had been held for 40 years for this purpose. It was therefore unthinkable to sell it to developers and we prayed that somehow it could still be used for Christian service. The prayer was answered almost immediately, for the Regional Mission of the Parramatta Uniting Church made an offer to buy as much of it as possible for a Youth Centre for young people of both sexes who were in need of practical Christian help in their somewhat "mixed-up" conditions in this rapidly changing society of ours.

In the end a total of 25 acres of the property was sold to the Regional Mission and five acres were retained for the purpose of building a new home and offices for Marella Mission Farm on the York Road entrance to the property.

The portion purchased by the Regional Mission was named "Koompartoo", an Aboriginal word meaning a "new beginning" or a "new start". The Regional Mission, with the help of many volunteers and service clubs, have done a mighty job in cleaning up and renovating the buildings and property. The Official Opening was set down for 10th November. It was to be undertaken by the Prime Minister, the Right Hon. J. M. Fraser, but owing to his unfortunate illness it was actually performed by the Hon. R. J. Ellicott, Q.C., M.P., Minister for Home Affairs.

A number of friends and supporters of "Koompartoo" were present, and in spite of a brief shower the weather held good for the meeting, which was held on the lawn in front of the main house. It was a very happy occasion, and everyone spoke well of the splendid project that was to be undertaken. As both Mr. Ellicott and his wife had lived in Kellyville, he knew all about the property and spoke highly of the former work of Marella, which had been conducted on the property for so many years before "Koompartoo" commenced.

Dr. G. S. Udy, Chairman of the Management Committee, thanked Marella for making the pro-

perty available to the Regional Mission; but this was done because of our desire that the property should continue to be used in God's service.

Cr. B. Mullane, President of Baulkham Hills Shire Council, also spoke of the work of Marella Mission Farm over the years and mentioned that he was pleased a similar work would continue on the property. He did not mention what a great work his Council had done to assist the Aboriginal children previously at Marella.

Mr. Allan Cadman, M.P., another old friend of Marella, was another speaker who recalled his association with Marella over the years. After the meeting Mr. F. D. C. Catterson, M.P., and many other old friends and supporters of Marella, spoke to the representatives of Marella who had been so kindly invited to the opening of "Koompartoo" by Dr. Udy and the Rev. Lindsay Doust. As a matter of fact, we felt a little guilty because of the exaggerated praise of the simple work we had tried to do for Aboriginal children over the years. We had no wish to steal the thunder of the Regional Mission, which had with such courage and foresight undertaken a new, but much needed, work for the youth of our community: those who have, often through no fault of their own, failed to "make the grade" in a most difficult society.

We were sorry to learn later that the Rev. Lindsay Doust, who had worked so hard for "Koompartoo", was to leave this important work he had so faithfully begun to take what is perhaps an equally important work with World Vision. All the workers at "Koompartoo" had done everything in their power to assist Marella Mission Farm in our move and in the commencement of a new sphere of work for Aboriginal children next door to their own work. We wish "Koompartoo" God's richest blessing in the future Christian work is a battle with the forces of evil and, though there are many different battlefields, it is all one warfare and we are all working for the triumph of the Lord Jesus Christ, who has already won the final victory on Calvary. In all warfare there are hardships, difficulties, problems and casualties and we need to uphold our fellow soldiers in constant prayer and all the other support we can give. God bless "Koompartoo".

**DEDICATION OF THE NEW MARELLA MISSION OFFICES:** The dedication service for the new Marella offices will be held (D.V.) on the morning of Saturday, 29th March, 1980. This will not be a large scale Sale of Work, but there will be a few stalls for the sale of donated articles. We are not buying in produce, sweets, ice cream, pies or anything like that; but there will be stalls stocked with any articles given to the Mission for that purpose. The gathering will be

held in the large storage shed at the rear of the Mission house at 17 York Road (off President Road), Kellyville. The shed will be opened at 9 a.m. but not before, so the dawn bargain hunters who used to arrive at our old Sales of Work will be able to have a sleep-in that morning! There will be no refreshment or pie stall, but morning tea in the way of light refreshments will be provided free of cost. The Dedication service and a very short talk on the future of the work for the Aboriginal children will be held during the morning and a collection for the work will be taken up at this meeting. Further particulars will be given in the next issue of the "Sky Pilot News".

**CHRISTIAN HOLIDAY CAMPS FOR OUR ABORIGINAL CHILDREN:** Through the kindness and generosity of friends we will be able to pass on several hundred dollars to the Church of England Homes for the holiday camps mentioned in our last "Sky Pilot News". We wish to thank friends for this most useful Christmas gift for the children.

**CHURCHILL FELLOWSHIPS:** We have been asked to make known that applications for the above awards will close on 29th February, 1980. It is also stated: "There are no prescribed qualifications, academic or otherwise, for the award of a Churchill Fellowship; they are awarded to a very wide cross-section of the Australian public from highly specialised professionals to the self-taught. As readers of your publication are eligible to apply for a Churchill Fellowship, I hope that you can see your way to providing a service to both your readers and the Churchill Trust by using some or all of the attached information." There is too much information to quote in full, but there will be advertisements in the daily press during November and December; or you may write to The Winston Churchill Trust, P.O. Box 478, Canberra City, A.C.T. 2601.

**MRS. K. LANGFORD-SMITH:** In spite of a kidney or similar infection which has pulled her down considerably, Mrs. Langford-Smith has been keeping reasonably well, and for this we thank God. Though unable to do any heavy work, she has had a good deal of entertaining to do, besides the usual housework, and she has also kept the watering up to all the new shrubs and plants Mr. Dunne has planted. She is looking forward to seeing her own children and most of the eleven grandchildren on or about Christmas. She has also had the pleasure of meeting her eldest sister, Mrs. Marj. Hodges, for several outings.

**MRS. NORMA WARWICK:** In April this year, the dark children having left Marella, Mrs. Norma Warwick, who has been our Secretary

for almost 30 years, was able to take a little of her long service leave, and for the first time in her life had a trip overseas. She was fortunate to be able to join a trip led by Professor E. M. Blaiklock, O.B.E., the former Professor of Classics at Auckland University and well known as a Christian leader and writer. He was familiar with all the places visited, so with his knowledge of the Bible and of Classical History he was able to make every stage of the trip come to life.

The group visited the sites of most of the seven churches in Asiatic Turkey spoken of in the Revelation. They saw the white cliffs of Pamukkale (the ancient Hierapolis) from which streams of luke warm water cascaded down; a sight visible from the Biblical Laodicea, which brought to life the reference to the "lukewarm Church" mentioned by St. John in Revelation, chapter 3.

The Holy Land of Israel took on a new meaning as the Professor and the Israeli guides pointed out where various incidents mentioned in scripture took place. Those of us unable to go on the trip were thrilled to see the movies taken by Mrs. Warwick of what is believed to be the actual tomb of our Lord, the Mount of Olives, the Garden of Gethsemane and many other famous places.

The trip also led Mrs. Warwick to Singapore (briefly), and besides Israel and Turkey (with Gallipoli), Greece, Italy (briefly), the United States (where she met her sister Wyn Porter, whom she had not seen for seven years; and old friends from Australia including Jim and Joyce Duffecy, from the old O.A.C. days); but England was like home to the members of the trip (mostly from New Zealand) and it was the highlight of the trip, except for the visit to the Holy Land. In England Mrs. Warwick was able to visit Mrs. Dulcie Langford-Smith; she also met one of Marella's old staff workers, Mrs. Manuel (who once made a car trip across the Nullarbor Plains with Mr. and Mrs. Langford-Smith, Mrs. Warwick and her daughter, Heather). The trip finished up in Auckland, N.Z., where Mrs. Warwick was almost overwhelmed with kindness and hospitality from her New Zealand friends, who had reached there before her. She returned to Marella at the conclusion of the trip in May.

**THE REV. AND MRS. CARL HAMMOND:** These friends, over from Melbourne for a short holiday, have been a great help to us doing odd jobs, sorting books and moving furniture in the storage shed and new house. These faithful supporters have been personal friends for over 40

years. Carl was curate for Canon Langford-Smith a great many years ago; recently he has been Superintendent of Chaplains in Melbourne. While here he kindly took the early Communion Service in the Kellyville Church of England when the regular minister was ill. His sermon was most impressive and helpful to all those who were privileged to hear it.

**MR. AND MRS. W. McCULLOUGH:** These voluntary office helpers have continued to assist us. Mr. McCullough is usually able to drive the panel van filled with street stall goods into Paramatta and call for those unsold when the stall closes. In earlier days Mr. Langford-Smith or Mrs. Warwick managed this; of later years it has been the job of the Farm Manager; now, of course, we have no Farm Manager and through age and ill-health the work has become too much for Mr. Langford-Smith; Mrs. Warwick cannot manage by herself, and for this reason the kindly action of Mr. McCullough is much appreciated. Mrs. McCullough has recently been helping on the street stall where we are often short of workers, or she has continued to assist in the office or help her husband to prepare the "Sky Pilot News" for posting by tying them into bundles, after sorting, which is required by postal regulations.

**GROUP HOMES:** Recently we had the privilege of visiting the two Group Homes in Marrickville. Together with members of the Marella Management Committee (both Aboriginal and white) we had a discussion about the progress of the work over a meal in the house named "Marella", then drove to the second house "Havilah", where a committee meeting was held after the children had gone to bed. We were most impressed with the progress already made.

**CONCLUSION:** Although we have been relieved by not having the physical responsibility of the children and staff, we have not yet been able to "take things easy". A friend asked Mrs. Warwick the other day what she did with her time now! She took a deep breath and replied: "We only work 24 hours a day now instead of 26."

But God knows just how much our minds and bodies can take and He has promised the strength we need. Actually our work for the Aboriginal children is on the increase. We thank God for this, but we have to look to Him for the ability to cope. We are most grateful for the way our old supporters have rallied round; we appreciate the wonderful voluntary workers and we praise God for His constant guidance, strength and companionship.