

# SKY PILOT NEWS Aug., 1967

Published monthly by the Sky Pilot Fellowship Ltd., Marella Mission Farm.

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Subscription: 25 cents per annum.

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

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## SKY PILOT FELLOWSHIP

# 19th ANNIVERSARY and SALE OF WORK

to be held (D.V.) in the grounds of

## MARELLA MISSION FARM

ACRES ROAD, KELLYVILLE, N.S.W.

# Saturday, 28th Oct., 1967

10.30 a.m. – 5 p.m.

**PUBLIC MEETING, 2.30 p.m. – FREE PARKING**

**ALL THE USUAL STALLS: REFRESHMENTS AND HOT PIES  
AVAILABLE ALL DAY**

Proceeds in aid of our work for needy aboriginal children.

Do your Christmas shopping while you enjoy a day's outing in the country; at the same time you will be helping this work for the dark children of our land.

Make up a car party, including your friends. For children there will be swings, pony rides and motor boat rides on the Mission Lake and other attractions.

If you are unable to come by car, there are buses from Parramatta to Kellyville Post Office. The Mission Farm is about one mile from the Post Office, but transport between the Mission Farm and Post Office bus stop will be arranged for the following buses:—

Depart Parramatta Station: 9.06 a.m., 10.06 a.m., 11.06 a.m., 11.40 a.m., 12.20 p.m., 1.12 p.m.

Depart Kellyville P.O.: 11.50 a.m., 12.45 p.m., 1.23 p.m., 1.53, 4.16, 5.16 p.m.

If coming by car, turn off Windsor Road at President Road, follow to end, then turn left into Greens Road and first turn to left is Acres Road. The Mission Farm is the third home on the left in Acres Road.

Gifts for the stalls will be greatly appreciated. They should be railed to Marella Mission Farm, Parramatta Railway Station, or brought direct to the Mission Farm before or on the day of the Rally or posted to Box 29, P.O., Castle Hill, 2154.

For further particulars, please 'phone Marella Mission Farm, 629-1555.

PLEASE PRAY FOR A FINE DAY

## THE ANIMAL MAN: From the Sky Pilot's Log, 2CH Broadcast

George discovered him first; he was another of those strange men who lived in the Northern Territory in the early 1930's. George named him the "Animal Man", but his real name was Henry.

"Smithy," said George, "I've got another 'find' for you. He's real interestin' and you can put him in your Log."

"Who is it, George?"

"Well, his real name is Henry but I call him the 'Animal Man'. Do you know him? He was workin' one time clearin' aerodromes."

"I think so, if it's the same man. I met him many years ago, when he was a lad. I have not seen him for a long time. But why do you call him the 'Animal Man'?"

"I call him that because he talks the language of animals. He understands what they say and he talks back to them. What's more, they understand each other."

"I can't believe that, George. It must be another of your yarns that a python couldn't swallow."

"I knew you wouldn't believe me, but it's dinkum. You come and see him for yourself."

Actually it was not for awhile that I was able to spare the time to visit Henry. George came with me and I found that Henry had not forgotten me.

"I remember you," he said. "One time you were kind to me when I was a 'water-joe' for the men working on the aerodrome."

"I'm glad you remember me, Henry, but I think you're a little mixed. It was you who was good to me; you told me many things of interest. I am glad to meet you again."

George interrupted. "I was tellin' Smithy about the way you speak the language of animals, Henry. That's true, ain't it?"

Henry paused. "Well, in a way it is. Only I don't speak their language — they understand mine."

"Do you mean that they can understand everything you say to them?"

"No, I haven't got as far as that yet. Someday we may. But they understand a lot more than most people think."

"That," said George, "is what I was tellin' Smithy, only he wouldn't believe me."

"Most people," Henry continued, "take it for granted that animals cannot understand us. This is wrong. If we believed they could understand us and treated them as if they could this would make it a lot easier for them — and for us."

"Do you mean," I asked, "that we should treat animals as if they were human?"

"In a way, yes. We talk to a human baby as if it can understand us and no one will ever know just how much a baby can understand. I believe they understand long before they can talk. Animals are the same. That's why children get on so well with animals; they talk to them like they do to their playmates."

"But see here," George said, "Don't you talk some special language to the animals?"

"No, George, I treat them as children — little children. I speak to them simply but have patience when they cannot follow me at first."

I looked round the hut where Henry lived and noticed how many animals were there. He had a number of dogs and cats, a wallaby, a spiny-ant-eater or porcupine and various other animals and reptiles. They all seemed to live in perfect harmony. Cats were cuddled in the arms of dogs and the porcupine was playfully nosing one of the dogs, that lay on its back, and making no attempt to use the sharp spines that were its protection. Henry watched my eyes and he smiled at me.

"You seem surprised, Moningna," he remarked.

"I am surprised. I don't think I have ever seen animals so friendly to each other before."

"It is very strange that you should be surprised."

"Why?" I asked. "I am fond of animals but I have never succeeded in making them as quiet and friendly as this."

"George tells me you handle snakes every day. You pick up the snakes and they never bite you."

"Sometimes they do but not often. So far I have been fortunate that all the bites were in a place I could treat them."

"It fair gives me the creeps," George put in, "the way Smithy handles them snakes. He talks to them as if they was friends and it ain't often he gets bit."

"Moningna," Henry asked, "why do you get bitten sometimes?"

"Because I am careless and ignorant, I suppose. If I understood the moods of the snakes better they would not bite."

"That is true. But what surprises me is that you have not learned to understand animals better than you do. I understand them."

"I can see that, Henry, and I am always ready to learn."

"Yes, Moningna, but the strange thing is that it was you who taught me all I know about animals."

"I'm afraid you're mistaken there, Henry. I know very little."

"Moningna, do you remember me as I was when you first met me?"

"Yes, I do. You were a sad and lonely boy."

"That is true, but don't you remember that you taught me that God loved me. You told me how God had given man dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowls of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth."

"Yes, but that was before the fall when sin came into the world."

"The animals have never quite lost their respect for man. I had no one to teach me but I had your Bible that you gave me and I followed that."

"And what did you learn from it?"

"I learned that love rules the world; that God is not just loving but He IS love. I learned that animals were man's responsibility; God created them to depend on man. The reason they haven't grown very much is that man has always treated them as if they had no reasoning powers. I don't believe that, do you?"

"I'm not sure what I believe. I love animals and have been able to train them to a certain extent. Isn't love the key to the problem?"

"Yes, in a way. Love for the animals is the first step. The second step is to believe that animals understand what you say to them."

"I'm afraid I can't follow you there. I don't believe that animals can understand everything you say to them."

"But they can. That is, if you give them the chance. Now to prove what I say I'll pour out seven saucers of milk. I have seven dogs. You call the name of one of the dogs as I pour out the milk. Wait a minute, I will write out the names for you."

Henry wrote out a number of names on a sheet of paper and I called the names one by one. As each name was called one dog walked forward and drank the milk. It was a wonderful performance for I did not call the names in the order they had been written. It was obvious that each dog knew its name, even when called by a stranger.

"That's real good, Henry," George said. "But what about the cats? Do they know their names too?"

"Yes, George. But cats are more difficult to train than dogs; they haven't so much desire to please their master and they are more selfish. Anyhow I will pour out some more milk for the cats and you can call their names."

The performance was repeated but this time there was a slight hitch; one big tabby cat, whose name had not been called, attempted to sneak

up to one of the saucers from which another cat was drinking. Henry scolded him and the tabby sat down again. However a few minutes later, when Henry's back was turned, the tabby again tried to take the milk from its rightful owner. Henry picked up a long, thin cane and gave the thief several gentle taps across the back. The tabby sneaked back to its place in obvious disgrace.

"You believe in punishing animals?" I asked.

"When they do wrong, yes. But the punishment must be made immediately and the animal must know why it is being punished. Tabby disobeyed orders and expected to be punished. If I had let him off he would have lost a lot of his respect for me and would have done the same again."

"And yet," I suggested, "it is not by fear but love that you train them?"

"It is by love, Moningna. But it is not loving to spoil an animal — or a human. Real love is always strict and just. The first rule in training animals is to make sure they always obey."

"But when you give an order how can you be sure that they understand you?"

"I can tell at once if they don't understand. Then I explain again in another way — a simpler way, if I can."

"Can you make horses and other animals understand too?"

"All animals are alike. Some are stupid because they are frightened. Some are stupid because men have always taken them to be stupid and they live up to what you expect of them. If man had always treated animals right they would come to him at least something like the way they came to Adam."

"You talk," said George, "as if animals were better than men. Don't they never do no wrong, Henry?"

"Yes, they are very human in that respect, but they do not fall as low as some men. The thieving, sneaking dogs round a blacks' camp are always half starved; that's what makes them the way they are. Animals are very vain; they like to be flattered. As long as we only praise them when they deserve it we are able to use their weakness to train them. They will go to any lengths to get a kind word from a master."

"I know dogs are terrible jealous too," said George. "If I pet one more than another it usually means a fight."

"What you call 'petting' spoils animals. They should only be petted when they have done something to deserve it. They get very jealous too, but they never blame man. If you petted a dog that didn't deserve it the other dogs wouldn't blame you; they would blame the dog you petted."

George looked worried. "Now, you've got me that way I'll be scared of doin' wrong in front of my animals. I'll be takin' off me hat and apologisin' to a bullock afore I kill him for beef."

"There's no need to go to extremes, George. But if you realised your animals were watching you all the time you would be more careful. To them you are like a god. Don't let them down. Whatever you do they will think is right, unless you get them so confused by inconsistent actions that they don't know where they are."

"And you say," I stated, "that you learned to understand animals by reading your Bible?"

"Animals — and men. If we treated all men with love and understanding; if we acted to them in the way we would like them to act to us; if we always expected the best from them instead of the worst — why, we would find that we had a tremendous power over them and could lead them to God instead of driving them away — though it is true God has to call them first."

"I don't," said George, "object to religion in its right place; but I hate to have a fellow button-hole me and try to cram religion down my throat."

Henry smiled. "A Christian has no right to be rude; and to try to force the things of God on a reluctant stranger who is trying to get away is only rudeness that dishonours God. The second greatest commandment is 'to love thy neighbour as thyself'. You should not speak to men about God until you have earned that right."

"How," George asked, "do you earn that right?"

"By friendship — or love, if you wish. First you must show that you are interested in a man and that you wish him well. When the friendship is established you have a right to introduce talk about spiritual matters on the grounds that you wish to share with him something that has been of great benefit and blessing to you."

"But how long does this take?"

"With some people only a few minutes; with others it might take months or even years. It mostly depends on how real is your friendship. You mustn't pretend. A man is quick to spot a fake interest in him."

George was very thoughtful as eventually we rode away. I too had much to think about. On many occasions later I had an opportunity of seeing how Henry acted with animals, but that must wait for another story. Every time I thought about him and the loving way he treated his animals I thought of those words of our Lord: "Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother, and my sister, and mother." Mark 3.35.

**THE LATE MR. R. W. PORTER:** It is with great regret that we have to announce the passing of Mr. R. W. Porter, the father of our Secretary, Mrs. N. Warwick, in the Repat. Hospital, Concord. Mr. Porter was a veteran of the 53rd Battalion of World War I and had been in ill health for a considerable time. We extend to Mrs. Porter and all the members of the family our sincere and heartfelt sympathy and we commend them to a loving Heavenly Father, trusting they will realise that "Underneath are the Everlasting Arms."

**ELECTRIC CLOTHES DRIER:** Through the kindness of the Scharkie family we have received the gift of an electric drier for our washing. This is much appreciated and will be a great boon. During June we had about 24 wet days and when there was a brief break in the weather there were 40 sheets on the line, besides other washing. We kept a fire going in the Mission house and did our best to dry the more urgently needed garments in front of it, but it was not very successful and needed constant attention to prevent scorching.

**PRAYER MEETING:** On the third Tuesday of every month (except December and January) we will be holding a special revival prayer meeting at Marella Mission Farm at 8 p.m. If unable to be present please remember us in prayer in your own home at this hour. Requests for prayer have been coming in steadily and we welcome these. All requests are treated in absolute confidence and no names are mentioned unless specially asked.

**FINANCES:** This is always a bad time of the year for us financially. We are faced with increased wages and constantly increasing costs for our large and hungry family. Our faith has been severely tested, but we look to God to provide for all our needs. Because we are not constantly asking for money (and in deputation work money is seldom mentioned) some friends are inclined to overlook the fact that our needs are great and constant. Your fellowship in this regard would be appreciated.

**THE DARK CHILDREN:** At the end of August we had twenty-eight Children here including three older ones now on the staff. Our two latest arrivals, brothers, were very neglected and suffering from malnutrition (as so many of the children have been). It was remarkable to see the way their health improved and within a few weeks they were improved one hundred per cent. We do thank God for the privilege of helping these — His little dark children and we pray that each one will come to a personal knowledge of Christ as Saviour and Lord.