

# SKY PILOT NEWS

SEPTEMBER, 1963

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SKY PILOT FELLOWSHIP

15th ANNIVERSARY

## RALLY and SALE of WORK

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

## MARELLA MISSION FARM

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ACRES ROAD, KELLYVILLE, N.S.W.

### Saturday, 26th October, 1963

10.30 a.m. — 5 p.m.

PUBLIC MEETING, 2.30 p.m.

PRESENTATION OF NATIONAL FLAG BY MR. J. L. ARMITAGE, M.H.R.

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 own land.

Make up a car party, including your friends. For children there will be swings, slippery dips, and pony rides.

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: 8.49 a.m., 11.05 a.m., 12.29 p.m., 1.15 p.m.

Depart Kellyville P.O.: 11.47 a.m., 1.33 p.m., 2.00 p.m., 5.07 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 the "Sky Pilot," Parramatta Railway Station, or brought direct to the Mission Farm before or on the day of the Rally.

For further particulars, please 'phone Marella Mission Farm, 634-2427.

Please pray for a fine day on 26th October.



## THE QUITTER: FROM THE SKY PILOT'S LOG, 2CH BROADCAST

We were travelling with horses over that rough country between Pine Creek and Oenpelli, in Arnhem Land, Northern Territory. George and Palmer were to take delivery of a mob of cattle, and as I also had to go that way, I joined them. None of us was pleased that Bert also joined the party. It was very rough country, and it tried out the horses very thoroughly. As they were only grass-fed, they were soft, and could not be worked as constantly or as hard as horses that had been kept on hard feed. George was worried about them.

"This is pretty rough and stony ground," he said, "and that little bay mare is gettin' very tender on the feet. I reckon we'd better pull up for an hour or so, and I'll tack a set of shoes on her."

"What about the others?" asked Palmer. "Will you shoe them all while you're about it? We brought enough shoes."

"No," answered George, "I think most of 'em will be all right. They have quite a lot of hoof to wear down, as they've been on grass for a long time without any work to speak of. We'll only shoe the ones that get tender feet."

"Thy shoes shall be iron and brass," said Bert, who was always quoting texts.

"Are you talkin' about me, or the horses?" George asked. "Now, look here, Bert, I warned you that if you came with us you'd have to make the grade. This ride ain't goin' to be no picnic, and there's no room for quitters. If you want to go back, this is the last chance you'll have. If you go with us to-day, you'll have to stick with us all the way. A man or a horse that quits is no good to anyone. I have a lot of time for genuine religion, but I can't stand hypocrites, no matter how many texts they quote."

"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength. They shall mount up with wings as eagles."

"The way you mount that horse of yours," was George's sarcastic comment, "don't look much like an eagle to me. You crawl on to its back like a frill-necked lizard. But that's enough texts from you. Palmer," he continued, "how do the other horses look? If we are doubtful of any of them we'd better leave 'em behind afore it's too late. We won't be comin' back this way, and — well, we don't want no quitters."

"Most of them look all right, George. They've stood the trip pretty well so far, all but the big bay we left at Mataranka."

"I know the ridin' horses is all right, I'm lookin' after them; but you're in charge of the

pack horses, and I want you to watch 'em pretty closely. This is a dangerous trip, you know — especially at this time of the year — and our lives depend on our horses."

"Well," Palmer answered, "I'm a bit worried about the chestnut gelding. He seems a bit restless. Maybe he's getting a touch of 'Walkabout' disease; but I don't see much white-wood about. Isn't it through eating white-wood shoots that horses get 'Walkabout'?"

"No one knows," George said. "Some stockmen think it is, and some think it's somethin' else. Better fetch him up and let me have a look at him."

Palmer mustered the horses, and George went over each one of them carefully from head to foot. He rejected the chestnut, and also a brown horse that showed signs of a lump that might be the beginning of swamp cancer. Otherwise, the horses looked fit and well. He paused in front of a piebald filly and patted her gently.

"This little filly," he said, "is bred out of one of the finest mares that I ever owned. If she turns out anythin' like her dam she'll be the best of this bunch."

"She looks well," Palmer agreed, "and she's very quiet. Of course, she hasn't been tried out properly yet, but she certainly shows promise."

"This trip will test her. I felt tempted to leave her behind, in case she didn't make the grade. But a man cannot afford to let sentiment interfere with his judgment when it comes to horses. If she's the goods, she'll be all the better for the trip, and if she ain't — well, I guess the sooner I find out, the better."

"Will I pack her a bit light?" Palmer asked. "It wouldn't hurt for a few days. She hasn't had much experience yet."

"No," the old stockman replied, "treat 'em all alike. It wouldn't do to treat a favourite different to the others. I guess she'll make the grade. I hope she will. I've waited two years for her to be ready to work, and I'm countin' on usin' her for breedin' if she comes through this trip. Well, come on, Bert, crawl into your saddle — oh, I'm sorry, I forgot you was an eagle. Well, soar into that saddle like a bird, and mind it don't saw into you. Ha, ha, ha."

For several days, we pushed into the country north of the line. The going was hard, and both man and horse felt the strain. We were in the saddle from sunrise till sunset, with only a break for lunch at noon. Bert was so sore and chafed that he took his lunch standing up. (I lay down to mine!). One day, George's piebald filly showed signs of knocking up. She hung behind, and it took Palmer all his time



to hunt her along with the others. He mentioned it to the old stockman.

George sighed. "Yes, Palmer," he said, "I reckon you're about right. I've noticed it myself, but I didn't say anythin' about it, in case it was only imagination. We'll have a good look at her and see if there's anythin' wrong."

"Her feet aren't tender, and she's not staked or anything. I'm sorry, but I reckon she hasn't the stamina or the will to keep up the pace."

"We'll give her one more chance," said George. "I'll camp a bit early to-night, and if she starts off well to-morrow we'll know she's just a bit out of sorts. On the other hand, if she's a quitter she won't be no better after the night's rest. I wish it was one of the others; I was expectin' a lot from her."

On the following day we saddled up our horses and loaded the pack horses. Though no one mentioned it, we were all watching the piebald filly. We realised that George loved that horse and had pinned his faith on her breeding. For his sake, we hoped that she would make the grade. When we were ready, George led the way, and Palmer followed with the pack horses. But almost at once there was trouble with the piebald; she tried to duck off first to one side and then to the other, and when this failed to throw off the relentless Palmer, who followed close behind, she became stubborn, and even the whip failed to hurry her. She dropped right behind, and finally lay down, and refused to get up. Palmer whistled George back.

"It's no good, George," he said, "she's a quitter. I'm sorry, but — well, there it is."

"I'm terrible sorry," George answered slowly, "but it ain't your fault, Palmer. I know you've done your best, and there ain't no one who could make her act any different. I've seen it comin' for a long time, but I refused to take notice of it."

"Couldn't we take off the packs," suggested Palmer, "and put them on one of the spare horses. That would give her a chance."

"Well—" George hesitated, "I don't reckon I'd do it with any other horse, but we might try it. Yes, take off the packs and give her a chance. It's her only hope."

Palmer removed the pack bags and took off the pack saddle. Then we all tried to get the filly to carry on. We managed to get her to her feet, but go she would not.

"It's no good," said George, "wastin' any more time over her; she's done. It ain't that she's really knocked up; she's just a quitter. Her mother would have staggered on as long as she had breath in her body, and would try to get up if she was dyin' and I asked her to. But she don't take after her mother, or her sire, neither."

"You speak as if she was dying," said Bert. "Can't you leave her and pick her up some other time?"

"No, Bert; she's a quitter, and once a quitter, always a quitter."

"What purpose have you in mind? Here! I say, what are you taking out your revolver for? Good heavens! You aren't going to shoot her?"

"It's the kindest way in the end," said George, grimly. "If I turned her loose, she would only join the brumbies and be a nuisance, and she'll never be no use to anyone."

"Would you rather I did it?" Palmer asked. "I know how you feel about this little filly."

"No," said George, shortly. "Once, when a dog of mine had to be shot, I squibbed it; but it worried me for a long time after. It's got to be done, and I ain't goin' to be a quitter when it comes to duty. And I ain't goin' to ask no one to do what I wouldn't do myself. Now, lift up your head, little girl. I'm real sorry it's got to be done, but you won't feel nothin'. Wait a minute, my hand is shakin'. My heavens! Look at her eyes! She knows what I'm goin' to do to her. I guess she couldn't help it. There must have been some bad blood in the line away back, and she's thrown back to it. But we can't afford to breed quitters in horses when a man's life depends on it. Now, steady on."

We all turned away, and when the shot rang out we felt sick at heart. Even Bert seemed moved, and for once had no text ready.



Arnhem Land, in the early days, was a hard country, and there was no room for quitters, whether man or horse. In times of war or sudden emergency, we find that some people we trusted are really quitters. Even in Christian work we find them; men and women who show such promise at first. Some of them offer for Mission work and reach the foreign field before the weak trait is discovered. But they are only a hindrance to God's work. As soon as things get tough and there is opposition or persecution, they drop right out of the fight. Man has no time for quitters, and neither has God; but the difference is that God can change a quitter into a staunch and true soldier of the cross. Peter showed he was a quitter when he denied Christ; but he more than made up for it after he had experienced true conversion. God is very patient, and will give us every chance. He is willing to give us the power we lack, and His spirit can make the weak strong. But the time comes when even God gives up the quitter, and, in kindness, rather than anger, drops him out of the army altogether. We who feel we have failed to make the grade; we who have



dropped out of the fight or felt the love that once we had has grown cold; there is yet forgiveness and mercy with God, and if we return to Him, He will return to us. But this may be our very last chance of making good.

And the final entry in to-day's Log is taken from the 9th chapter of Luke: Jesus said: No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God.

**ANNE:** We were asked, by the Child Welfare Department, to take care of a 14-year-old dark girl named Anne for a period of one month. Anne was on remand from the Children's Court, where it was claimed that she had failed to attend school regularly. However, she settled down here very happily, and attended school every day without any fuss whatever; in fact, she was a most helpful child and very anxious to assist in any way she could. (The only difficulty we had was that we have another girl here of the same name, and this caused a little confusion). By the time she had to appear again in Court she had so improved that the Court decided to let her go home again for a trial period of one year. We do pray that the improvement is not only temporary; that while she was here she may have learned something from the Christian witness and experience of others that will lead her to put her trust in God and find the solution to her many tangled problems.

**KANGAROOS AND EMUS:** The kangaroos and emus are a great interest to our many visitors, as well as our children. Unfortunately, when we moved "Onslow House" into position their pens had to be drastically reduced in size, to make room for the building. This meant that they were forced to the very edge of the dam; and with the flood rains we have had, the dam has been overflowing for weeks, and the water has still further reduced the area available to the kangaroos. However, we have now almost completed two new pens on high ground near the old poultry shed on the edge of the picnic grounds. Here, the kangaroos and emus will have ample room, as well as shelter from the heat and rain. The Youth Fellowship has undertaken this work, providing both the material and labour needed, and we are grateful to them for a very necessary undertaking.

The children provide grass and green feed for the animals every day, but their main food consists of growing pellets (which are always before them), and oats and wheat, which they eat in limited quantities, as they seem to prefer the pellets. Sometimes they will eat bread crusts and vegetable scraps, but they are very particular in their choice of food.

**POULTRY:** We find it impossible to keep a large number of poultry owing to the thieves who raid our poultry yards from time to time, but we added another 50 pullets to our flock this season, to make sure the children will have plenty of eggs. Friends often suggest ways of preventing the theft of poultry, and these vary from dogs to guinea-fowls and geese, all of which are supposed to give the alarm when anyone is about. Unfortunately, none of these are effective. We have dogs and guinea-fowls and geese — but still the thieves come. It must be remembered that we have hundreds of visitors every year, and quite often they come late in the evening. Our dogs and birds become so used to visitors at all hours, they have given up the attempt to warn us; or perhaps we should say that they give the alarm so often and so constantly that it is of little use. Savage dogs are out of the question, because of the children, and we do not believe in keeping any dogs constantly chained up. The police have special "poultry patrols" around Christmas time; but we are only one of hundreds of sufferers.

**FINANCE:** About half the number of our children are State wards under the control of the Aborigines' Welfare Board; for these children we receive 30/- each per week from the Board, to help with their maintenance; but for the other children we only receive the 10/- per week child endowment from the Government. Sometimes friends assume that the Government subsidises this work for the needy dark children, but apart from the above, we do not receive any Government help. Some of the Churches have been able to improve their finances considerably by various types of Stewardship Campaigns amongst their members. But our supporters are drawn from all Churches, and we have no "members" on whom to call for financial help.

As pointed out previously, we depend chiefly on the voluntary free-will offerings of God's people who are concerned about the welfare of the Aborigines. Over the years we have proved that God is all-sufficient for all our needs, and He has never failed us yet; but this does not mean that we always have plenty. It frequently happens that important buildings and other work are held up because of lack of finance. Does this mean that God is failing us? No, but it may mean that some of His stewards are failing to respond to the prompting of the Holy Spirit to take a fair share in the responsibility for caring for the Aborigines. Should we pray that God will be faithful to His promise? No, indeed; but we should pray that each of us may be faithful in yielding body, soul, spirit — and money to Him.