

SKY PILOT NEWS

SEPTEMBER, 1961

Published monthly by the Sky Pilot Fellowship Ltd., Marella Mission Farm, Acres Road, Kellyville, N.S.W. Phone YA 2427.

Director: K. Langford-Smith, F.R.G.S.

Secretary: Norma K. Warwick.

Postal address: P.O. Box 29, Castle Hill, N.S.W.

SUBSCRIPTION, 2/6 per annum.

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

SKY PILOT FELLOWSHIP

RALLY and SALE of WORK

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

MARELLA MISSION FARM

ACRES ROAD, KELLYVILLE, N.S.W.

Saturday, 28th October, 1961

10.30 a.m. — 5 p.m.

PUBLIC MEETING, 2.30 p.m.

ALL THE USUAL STALLS: REFRESHMENTS AVAILABLE ALL DAY

Proceeds in aid of our work for needy aboriginal children.

Do your 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 dip, and rides on Mission ponies.

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: 8.50 a.m., 11.03 a.m., 12.21 p.m., 1.05 p.m.

Depart Kellyville P.O.: 1.22 p.m., 1.52 p.m., 5.07 p.m., 6.42 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, YA 2427.

sionaries believed in miracles. No matter how hard and bitter a man may be on the surface, you and I can't tell what he's feelin' and thinkin' in his heart. Give it a go."

"It's no good," said Joe. "Jake wouldn't speak to me if I went to his camp, and he'll never come near the mission."

"Here comes a visitor," Dick interrupted, "one of the fellows from the camp, I suppose. I can't rightly see who it is."

George started to laugh. "Talk of the devil," he said, "and here he is."

"Who do you mean?" asked Joe.

"Why, Jake, of course! Here he comes, with his face all tied up in a red bandana. Say, what's the matter, Jake? Hurt your face or somethin'?"

"Toothache," Jake replied, in a muffled voice. "It's driving me mad. Haven't had a wink of sleep for two nights. The rotten, beastly thing!"

"Here's your chance, Joe," Dick exclaimed. "You always complain that you don't get any patients when Smithy's away."

Joe rose to the occasion. "Right you are, Jake," he announced. "I'll soon fix that tooth for you. Sit down for a minute while I get the pliers — I mean, the forceps."

"Have you ever pulled teeth out before, Joe?"

"Of course I have; thousands of times."

"Now then, Joe," was George's remark, "the recordin' angel is listening to you."

"Well," Joe amended, "perhaps I shouldn't have said thousands of times, but I've often watched it being done, and I did pull one out for old Lefthand. Anyway, there's nothing difficult about it, nothing at all. You just leave it to me. Dick, put the kettle over the stove, will you? I'll need some boiling water."

"What's that?" Jake was nervous. "What the heck do you need boiling water for?"

"To sterilise the tools — I mean, the instruments. And I must have some boiled water for the injection. Sit down, Jake, and take it easy. You'll soon be out of your misery."

"I don't like the way you said that."

George laughed. "Don't take no notice of Joe," he said. "He means well, but he sometimes says the wrong thing."

"He sometimes does the wrong thing, too," Dick remarked.

"Look here," Jake said, angrily, "take that grin off your face, George. I'm suffering with this awful toothache and you all stand round with grins on your faces, as if you were waiting for a circus to begin."

"So we are," George told him. "Or, at least . . . what I mean is . . . well, we're just interested in the little operation."

"I feel real sorry for you, Jake," Dick smothered a chuckle and continued, "I know what

toothache is like. You'll feel a lot better when the tooth is out."

"Well, now," announced Joe, "everything's ready. Better sit in this easy chair, under the light. Shift the table, Dick; we don't want anything broken if he's a difficult patient. Now, which tooth is it?"

"This big one on the top," Jake showed him. "The one that can ache the most. But I don't want a blooming audience. Get outside, George, and you, too, Dick."

"No," Joe protested. "They won't hurt, and I may need them to give a hand later."

"It took two men to hold Joe's last patient," George remarked cheerfully, "and that weren't as serious as toothache. He only cut out a bit of a splinter. That's when the lamp got broken and the leg came off one of our best chairs."

"Let me out of here!" Jake cried out. "What sort of a butcher do you think you are, Joe?"

Joe tried to soothe him down. "Don't take any notice of them, Jake. It wasn't as bad as they make out. The patient was a bit impatient, that's all."

"Will I get a bucket or something for the blood?" Dick asked, helpfully.

"Shut up!" said Jake. "Get on with it, Joe. There's no need for all this fussing about. All I want you to do is to pull out my tooth."

"Open wide," Joe asked, in a professional manner. "Is this the one?", and he tapped it with the forceps.

Jake let out a yell. "Of course that's the one! Can't you see it aching? Anyhow, what's that needle thing for?"

"I'm going to give you an injection, and then you won't feel anything. One small prick, that's all. Now, hold on."

Jake let out a roar and jumped to his feet. George grabbed him. "Quick, catch hold, Dick. You take his legs. I've got a headlock on him. Steady, boy! whoa!"

Jake struggled in vain. "Let me go, you fools. What do you think you're talking to, George — a blooming horse?"

Joe wiped his forehead. "I'll just give you another injection on the other side," he remarked.

"No blooming fear!" Jake said. "I won't have you sticking needles into my jaw like that. Can't you pull out the tooth without pricking it round the roots first?"

"But this injection prevents you feeling any pain."

"WHAT? You torture me with a needle so that I won't feel you pulling the tooth? And I don't call that funny, George," he added, as George started to laugh.

"I wasn't laughin' at that," George protested, "but I bet Joe has forgotten somethin'."

"No I haven't. I measured the dose very

sionaries believed in miracles. No matter how hard and bitter a man may be on the surface, you and I can't tell what he's feelin' and thinkin' in his heart. Give it a go."

"It's no good," said Joe. "Jake wouldn't speak to me if I went to his camp, and he'll never come near the mission."

"Here comes a visitor," Dick interrupted, "one of the fellows from the camp, I suppose. I can't rightly see who it is."

George started to laugh. "Talk of the devil," he said, "and here he is."

"Who do you mean?" asked Joe.

"Why, Jake, of course! Here he comes, with his face all tied up in a red bandana. Say, what's the matter, Jake? Hurt your face or somethin'?"

"Toothache," Jake replied, in a muffled voice. "It's driving me mad. Haven't had a wink of sleep for two nights. The rotten, beastly thing!"

"Here's your chance, Joe," Dick exclaimed. "You always complain that you don't get any patients when Smithy's away."

Joe rose to the occasion. "Right you are, Jake," he announced. "I'll soon fix that tooth for you. Sit down for a minute while I get the pliers — I mean, the forceps."

"Have you ever pulled teeth out before, Joe?"

"Of course I have; thousands of times."

"Now then, Joe," was George's remark, "the recordin' angel is listening to you."

"Well," Joe amended, "perhaps I shouldn't have said thousands of times, but I've often watched it being done, and I did pull one out for old Lefthand. Anyway, there's nothing difficult about it, nothing at all. You just leave it to me. Dick, put the kettle over the stove, will you? I'll need some boiling water."

"What's that?" Jake was nervous. "What the heck do you need boiling water for?"

"To sterilise the tools — I mean, the instruments. And I must have some boiled water for the injection. Sit down, Jake, and take it easy. You'll soon be out of your misery."

"I don't like the way you said that."

George laughed. "Don't take no notice of Joe," he said. "He means well, but he sometimes says the wrong thing."

"He sometimes does the wrong thing, too," Dick remarked.

"Look here," Jake said, angrily, "take that grin off your face, George. I'm suffering with this awful toothache and you all stand round with grins on your faces, as if you were waiting for a circus to begin."

"So we are," George told him. "Or, at least . . . what I mean is . . . well, we're just interested in the little operation."

"I feel real sorry for you, Jake," Dick smothered a chuckle and continued, "I know what

toothache is like. You'll feel a lot better when the tooth is out."

"Well, now," announced Joe, "everything's ready. Better sit in this easy chair, under the light. Shift the table, Dick; we don't want anything broken if he's a difficult patient. Now, which tooth is it?"

"This big one on the top," Jake showed him. "The one that can ache the most. But I don't want a blooming audience. Get outside, George, and you, too, Dick."

"No," Joe protested. "They won't hurt, and I may need them to give a hand later."

"It took two men to hold Joe's last patient," George remarked cheerfully, "and that weren't as serious as toothache. He only cut out a bit of a splinter. That's when the lamp got broken and the leg came off one of our best chairs."

"Let me out of here!" Jake cried out. "What sort of a butcher do you think you are, Joe?"

Joe tried to soothe him down. "Don't take any notice of them, Jake. It wasn't as bad as they make out. The patient was a bit impatient, that's all."

"Will I get a bucket or something for the blood?" Dick asked, helpfully.

"Shut up!" said Jake. "Get on with it, Joe. There's no need for all this fussing about. All I want you to do is to pull out my tooth."

"Open wide," Joe asked, in a professional manner. "Is this the one?", and he tapped it with the forceps.

Jake let out a yell. "Of course that's the one! Can't you see it aching? Anyhow, what's that needle thing for?"

"I'm going to give you an injection, and then you won't feel anything. One small prick, that's all. Now, hold on."

Jake let out a roar and jumped to his feet. George grabbed him. "Quick, catch hold, Dick. You take his legs. I've got a headlock on him. Steady, boy! whoa!"

Jake struggled in vain. "Let me go, you fools. What do you think you're talking to, George — a blooming horse?"

Joe wiped his forehead. "I'll just give you another injection on the other side," he remarked.

"No blooming fear!" Jake said. "I won't have you sticking needles into my jaw like that. Can't you pull out the tooth without pricking it round the roots first?"

"But this injection prevents you feeling any pain."

"WHAT? You torture me with a needle so that I won't feel you pulling the tooth? And I don't call that funny, George," he added, as George started to laugh.

"I wasn't laughin' at that," George protested, "but I bet Joe has forgotten somethin'."

"No I haven't. I measured the dose very

carefully for the injection. Is your jaw going numb, Jake? Has the pain stopped?"

"Stopped? Of course it hasn't! It's worse than ever, and I can still feel where you jabbed me with that needle."

"That's funny. The injection should have deadened the pain by now."

Dick picked up a small bottle. "What are these little tablets, Joe? Are you going to use them?"

"Good heavens, that's the morphine. I must have forgotten to put one in."

George laughed. "I said you'd forgotten something. You've jabbed Jake with a needle and given him an injection of boiled water. No wonder he bucked a bit."

"Let me go," Jake demanded. "I've had enough of this fooling. If you can't . . ."

"Yes I can. I've got the forceps now. Hold him, you fellows, hold him."

There was a yell from Jake, and another one from Joe when he felt Jake's hands round his neck. "Let me go, Jake, let me go! The tooth's out. Let me go."

George called to Dick. "Quick, Jake's got his hands round Joe's throat. Choke him off, can't you, choke him off. Hullo! He's let go. How did you manage it, Dick?"

"I just squeezed his little finger in those forceps that Joe dropped. He soon let go."

"Well, I'm hanged! Ha, ha, ha."

An hour later Jake had calmed down. His tooth was out, and the constant awful aching had gone. He thanked Joe somewhat sheepishly. "I'm sorry I got rough," he added. "I feel better now."

"That's all right, Jake. I'm sorry I hurt you. It was stupid of me to forget to put the morphine in the boiled water. It was just an accident."

"Well, it's over now and the tooth won't ache any more."

"No, the tooth won't ache any more. But I have a feeling you have a big ache in your heart. You are very bitter against the world and against . . . against God, aren't you?"

"What if I am? That's my business. It's too late to do anything about it now. Once I believed in God . . . but my heart is dead now. Even God couldn't help me. It's too late."

"Your heart isn't dead, and it isn't too late."

"How do you know my heart isn't dead to God?"

"Because it's still aching. A dead tooth can't ache, and no more can a dead heart ache for God and forgiveness. The very fact that deep down in your heart you are suffering shows that your heart is still alive and there is still time to find peace and . . . your lost faith. No, if your heart didn't ache, and you were indifferent, it might be too late. Your heart is alive, because it aches. No matter what you have done in the past, give God a chance now. He's been waiting for you."

And the final entry in to-day's Log is taken from the 37th chapter of Ezekiel: "The spirit of the Lord set me down in a valley which was full of bones . . . and he said . . . can these bones live? I answered: O, Lord God, Thou knowest."

FILM NIGHT: On 2nd September, Mr. Ron Hulme showed some very fine films at the Mission Farm on behalf of our Youth Fellowship. These films, taken on a world tour, were very much appreciated. Supper was provided, and the proceeds went to the work of the Youth Fellowship.

CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND: The members of the Parramatta Junior Chamber of Commerce have undertaken to build a children's playground for the dark children. The Mission is providing the material, and the men are supplying the labour required. They made a start early this month, and already one fence has been erected. The playground will be 116 feet in length, surrounded by a 6-ft. heavy-mesh wire fence. We have swings and a slippery dip, which are already in place.

This playground will be a great asset. The smaller children can be locked in it, and there will be no fear of them climbing the fence and getting into the dam. A little later on, when finance permits, we intend to build a shelter-shed in the ground, to give shade in the hot weather and shelter from occasional showers.

The Junior Chamber of Commerce has helped us in other ways, too. It supplied and laid about 20 tons of road base on our drives, and brought along a bulldozer, to make a better job of the surface. Its members also cut a quantity of firewood that has kept us going all through the latter part of the Winter. We are deeply grateful for this very practical assistance from a fine body of men.