

SKY PILOT NEWS

JULY, 1960

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.

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THE SKY PILOT FELLOWSHIP LIMITED

Income and Expenditure Account for the year ended 31st March, 1960

| EXPENDITURE | | | INCOME | | |
|---|-------|-------|----------------------------------|-------|-------|
| | £ | s. d. | | £ | s. d. |
| Bank Charges | | 13 0 | Donations | 3164 | 17 9 |
| Children's Expenses | 117 | 2 8 | Home Offering Boxes | 324 | 9 4 |
| Car Allowance | 100 | 0 0 | Deputation | 113 | 15 9 |
| Children's Board | 2307 | 0 0 | General | 30 | 8 6 |
| Entertaining | 26 | 0 0 | Subs. to News | 29 | 11 7 |
| Insurance | 19 | 19 3 | Government Allowance | 825 | 2 6 |
| Maintenance and Repairs | 33 | 1 2 | Parents' Contributions | 299 | 10 0 |
| Printing and Stationery | 305 | 19 4 | Sale of Salvage | 111 | 9 0 |
| Postage | 74 | 7 11 | Sale of Books | 20 | 0 0 |
| Presentations | 3 | 14 2 | Fetes and Stalls | 822 | 15 9 |
| Rent | 104 | 0 0 | Bank Interest | 4 | 7 11 |
| Salaries and Wages | 2154 | 19 11 | | | |
| Store | 2 | 6 1 | | | |
| Sundry Expenses | 34 | 19 5 | | | |
| Telephones | 56 | 6 2 | | | |
| Travelling Expenses | 9 | 6 2 | | | |
| Utility and Trailer Expenses | 184 | 4 0 | | | |
| Youth Fellowship | 30 | 0 0 | | | |
| Excess Income over Expenditure transferred to Accumulated Funds | 182 | 8 10 | | | |
| | £5746 | 8 1 | | £5746 | 8 1 |

Balance Sheet as at 31st March, 1960.

| CURRENT LIABILITIES | | | CURRENT ASSETS | | |
|--|-------|------------|----------------------------|-------|--------|
| | £ | s. d. | | £ | s. d. |
| Sundry Creditors | 1407 | 11 7 | Commonwealth Bank | 3 | 18 8 |
| Loans | 425 | 0 0 | Cash on Hand | 10 | 0 0 |
| | | | Stock (at cost) | 236 | 0 5 |
| | | 1832 11 7 | | 249 | 19 1 |
| RESERVES | | | FIXED ASSETS | | |
| Asset Re-valuation | | | Children's Equipment | 268 | 0 0 |
| Reserve | | 2076 18 10 | Furniture & Fittings | 1284 | 16 3 |
| ACCUMULATED FUNDS | | | Office Equipment | 425 | 0 0 |
| Balance, 1/4/59 | 245 | 5 2 | Utility | 245 | 0 0 |
| Less Building Fund, 1959 | 173 | 1 0 | Buildings | 2514 | 1 10 |
| | | 72 4 2 | | 4736 | 18 1 |
| Add Excess Income over Expenditure for year ending 31/3/60 | 182 | 8 10 | INTANGIBLE ASSETS | | |
| | | 254 13 0 | Formation Expenses | | 93 3 9 |
| BUILDING FUND | | | | | |
| Balance, 31/3/60 | | 915 17 6 | | | |
| | £5080 | 0 11 | | £5080 | 0 11 |

For and on behalf of The Sky Pilot Fellowship Limited.

K. LANGFORD-SMITH, Permanent Director,

A. W. KENNEDY, Councillor.

I have examined the books, vouchers and records of The Sky Pilot Fellowship Limited for the year ended 31st March, 1960. I have obtained all the information and explanations I have required, and, in my opinion, the above Balance Sheet has been properly drawn up so as to exhibit a true and correct view of the state of the Company's affairs according to the best of my information and the explanations given to me, and as shown by the books of the Company. In my opinion, the Register of Members and other records, which the Company is required to keep under the Companies Act, 1936, and by its Articles, have been properly kept.

Blacktown,
6th June, 1960.

K. H. PEARCE,
Chartered Accountant,
Registered under the Public Accountants'
Registration Act, 1945, as amended.

THE OBSTACLE: 2CH Broadcast from THE SKY PILOT'S LOG

Only those who have lived in the tropics realise the wonder and beauty of nature in her most flamboyant mood. Against the setting of dark green grass in the wet season, and a bright blue sky, were the crimson ponciana flowers which covered the earth beneath with a rich red carpet fit for a bride. The sickly-sweet scent of frangi-pani permeated the air, and mixed with the odour of the jungle; the dank smell of moist, rotting leaves, the musty odour of crocodiles, the fermentation of over-ripe wild figs mixed with the salt tang of the breeze that blew through the mangrove swamps further down river. Wild orchids took the place of roses, everlastings and Sturt's desert pea replaced their counterparts in a southern garden; but altogether it was a rich, extravagant and luxuriant growth with a beauty all its own.

The tropics brought out the best — and the worst — in a man's nature, and a man who could retain a sane, balanced outlook after a few years of isolation in such a setting was rare, but by no means unknown. Ignoring the natural idiosyncrasy of a man's nature, you could divide most men into two main groups; the man who would work hard, and the loafer who sat in the shade under a punkah and drank too much.

Bill was one of the former; he worked from morning till night, and expected everyone else to do the same, and it was only natural that his advent created a good deal of gossip. George, Joe and Dick were mustering on the boundary of Bill's country, and when I joined them for an evening, the conversation turned to Bill.

George mentioned it first. "There's been some strange characters in Arnhem Land in the past twenty years, and it ain't easy to judge a man by his first year in the tropics, but what do you fellows think of Bill?"

"He's a worker, anyhow," Joe replied. "I've never seen a fellow slave like he does. He never takes much time for siesta. I've seen him sweating away at some job in the noonday sun while he was supposed to be having a spell. You have to admire the man."

"I can understand a man doing necessary work," said Dick, "but what I can't understand is working for nothing. Bill's spending all his spare time making a flower garden around his hut. Now, what does a man want with a flower garden in this country? He ain't likely to have no visitors or anyone to admire it except himself. I call it a real waste of time."

"It's not all waste of time," George put in. "When I first came to this country, I used to laugh at fellows that put a tablecloth on the table and dressed up for dinner when they was on their own; now I'm beginning to wonder

if there ain't something in it after all. Those sort of fellows don't seem to go to the pack as quick as some others."

Joe laughed. "I'd love to see you dressing for dinner, George. That'll be the day!"

"Who, me?" George asked. "Ha, ha, ha, that ain't likely at my age. A pair of moleskin trousers and a clean flannel is about all I'm fit for. All the same time, I'll stick up for Bill. Good luck to him and his flower garden."

"Well," Dick reminded them, "we'll be at his hut in the morning, so we'll be able to see how he's getting on. Looks like we'll have to camp there for a few days till fresh horses come in. I wouldn't be surprised if he don't try to get us all working in the flower garden."

George snorted. "I don't mind lendin' a hand at most things," he said, "but I'm hanged if he's going to get me digging. I'm a stockman, and it's agin me religion, is digging."

* * * *

The following day I had the opportunity of seeing Bill at work, and his boundless energy was so contagious that before we realised it, he had us all working. "Look here, Smithy," he said, "I'm trying to lay out this garden with the paths all even and square. I want the fence to be at right angles to the river, with the corners square. That's something in your line. Can you work out the angles and mark them with pegs? Joe, you can supervise the natives who are supposed to be digging those garden beds. Make sure they go to the full depth of the spade and don't just cover the hard ground with loose soil, to make it look as if it's been dug. Dick, you can help me fix up the pumping plant. George, you can . . ."

"Hold your horses, Bill," George broke in. "I'm too old to start out as a dirt-scrape gardener."

"You mean a land-scape gardener," Bill corrected.

"It's the same thing, ain't it? They scrape dirt about. Anyway, I'm not in it, whatever you call it. I'll just keep an eye on Joe and Smithy and see they do their jobs properly. They may need a bit of advice. By the way, what are you going to do with that thundering big rock right in the middle of the garden?"

"I'm going to shift it," Bill told him. "It spoils the lay-out of the garden."

"Shift it? You can't do that! It must weigh a couple of tons. It's too big to shift."

"I don't care how big it is; it's in the way, and it'll have to be shifted, even if I have to blast it out in pieces."

Joe was delighted. "I'm your man for that," he announced. "If you have a few sticks of gelignite, I'll soon blow it to pieces."

"You keep clear of gelignite," Dick warned. "Don't you remember, Joe, what you did to Smithy's mango trees?"

Bill, mystified, asked: "What has gelignite got to do with mango trees?"

George laughed. "That was one of Joe's bright ideas. The white ants were killing the trees, and Joe read somewhere that if a bit of gelignite was exploded in the ground it would destroy the nests of the white ants and kill the queen."

"What happened?" Bill asked. "Did it kill the white ants?"

"Yep!" said George. "It killed the white ants all right; but some of them mango trees was blown so high they ain't come down yet. Take my advice and keep Joe away from gelignite."

"That was an accident," Joe protested. "I used too much gelignite. I've learned a lot about it since."

"Oh, yes! said Dick. "Like the time you tried to free the anchor of the dinghy with gelignite and blew the bottom out of the bloomin' boat!"

Joe ignored him. "Gelignite is quite safe, if you know how to use it. But I suppose you haven't any handy, have you, Bill?"

"I've got a whole box of it in the hut, and detonators, too."

"Well," said Dick, "take my advice and shift the hut. That would be a lot easier than shifting that whopping big rock."

"That rock," Bill announced determinedly, "is in my way, and I'm going to shift it. Joe, how many sticks of gelignite would it take to blow up that rock?"

"I think three or four would be enough, but better make a job of it. Gelignite is cheap enough. I'd advise using about six or eight sticks."

"Six or eight sticks?" George muttered. "I'll have business down river somewhere when you're setting it off."

"It can't do much harm in the open, and we can use enough fuse to give us time to get clear."

Everyone then joined together in asking who was to light the fuse. Joe drew himself up to his full height. "I'll light it myself," he announced. "There's a big hollow log away over to the left. I can crawl into that, just in case of accidents. The log will protect me from bits of falling rock; though I doubt if they would reach as far as that in any case."

"Right you are," said Bill. "I'll get you the gelignite right away."

"O-o-o-oh, you fools!" George warned. "Your blood be on your own heads!"

It took a long time preparing the rock for blasting. Holes had to be cut in the rock, loaded with gelignite and plugged tight. Fuses had to be laid, connecting them all together and leaving what Joe considered sufficient length

for safety. When at last all was ready, the men retreated to a very safe distance, and Joe advanced with a box of matches.

In spite of his denials, Joe was a little nervous, and the first two matches went out; however, at the third attempt, the fuse hissed savagely, and Joe fell over in his hurry to turn and run. He wasted no time in regaining his feet, and he streaked for the hollow log and crawled into it for protection.

But we had forgotten the dogs. Dick's dog was there, and so was George's Pincher. They were both used for killing snakes, and they pounced on the fuse and shook it from side to side. George came out from his shelter and whistled loudly. Pincher, a well-trained dog, obeyed instantly, though reluctantly, and George picked him up and ran for shelter, shielding the dog with his own body. Dick's dog, however, only obeyed orders when it suited him. This was one of the times it didn't suit. He ignored Dick's calls and whistles, and Dick started for the rock at a run.

It is fortunate that the explosion occurred before he got close; he only suffered bruises and shock. Joe was not so fortunate. The explosion was ten times more severe than anyone expected, and the hollow log in which Joe was hiding made a natural gun barrel. The terrific blast sent Joe out of the opposite end of the log like a human missile. He ploughed up a couple of yards of soil with his face, and it took weeks before he recovered from the gravel rash. Dick mourned his lost dog, and George tried to comfort him. "Never mind, Dick," he said, "you done your best to save him. But a dog must learn to be obedient; he ain't no good else."

"It's too late for him to learn obedience now," Dick wailed. "I can't find any of him to bury. He's gone completely."

"Well," George told him, "there ain't many dogs that's gone straight up to heaven like that there one of yours, Dick."

Bill had been examining the rock. "Hang it all! After all that explosion the rock's hardly marked. We'll have to try again."

"Not while I'm here," said George. "Anyhow, that rock just can't be shifted."

"It's in my way. It spoils the garden. It'll have to go."

"Like I said before, why not shift the hut," Dick suggested. "Joe's rocked it pretty bad as it is. Shift the hut somewhere else."

George had an idea. "Now look here, Bill, I've been thinking . . . guess that blast blew some of the cobwebs away. . . . I've been thinking . . . why not turn that boulder into a rock garden? Instead of being in the way, it's just in the right spot for a rockery, and it would look real good with cactus and stuff

growing around it. You can't shift it, so turn it to good account."

And that's what Bill did. In after years it became the pride of his heart and one of the most beautiful and famous sights in the district.

Many a man has an immovable obstacle in his life, a rock that cannot be shifted. St. Paul had a thorn in the flesh. The obstacle in your life may be a physical disability; it may be colour; it may be some troublesome relative; or it may be lack of opportunity or training, or any one of a dozen different things. Instead of railing against fate, why not take the obstacle to God and ask Him to show you how to turn it to good account? Cover the bare rock with flowers and transform it into a rock garden that may be your pride, instead of your despair.

And the final entry is taken from the Twelfth Chapter of the Second Epistle to the Corinthians. St. Paul said: "There was given me a thorn in the flesh. I besought the Lord thrice that it might depart from me. And He said unto me, My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in weakness. Therefore I take pleasure in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, in persecutions, in distresses for Christ's sake; for when I am weak, then am I strong."

BALANCE SHEET. The Balance Sheet in this leaflet should be of interest to all our supporters. Although we have a long way to go yet, we have much cause to praise God for the evidence of His blessing on this work. The first five-year plan has been completed; for the first time our assets exceed our liabilities. The number of children cared for has grown from one to over twenty in this brief period. Now, as we commence the second five-year plan we look to God to make possible all that is necessary for the care and happiness of His little dark children. Ahead of us lies a difficult task, and we realise that it will mean sacrifice, heartache and much toil and sweat; but the objectives in view will more than compensate for the cost. We do earnestly ask each of our supporters to remember us in prayer, and to ask God's guidance as to what part and share in this work he would have you take. There are several things that are very urgent, and we feel that we must do something about them immediately. Probably the following are the most pressing:

SEPTIC TANK. As there is no sanitary service in this area, it has become a vital matter of ordinary hygiene to provide for proper toilets for the children, staff and visitors. Over 5,000 friends visited the Mission Farm during the past year, and some provision has to be made for them, as well as those living here. Although

the money is not yet to hand, we have decided to go ahead with our drainage and sewerage. Already some piping has been laid. A friend, with earth-moving equipment, has very kindly undertaken to construct the trenches and excavations necessary for this purpose. We are deeply grateful for this voluntary work so freely and willingly given. But there will be considerable expense involved, in spite of all voluntary labour.

FLY-PROOFING. As mentioned in an earlier paper, we are deeply concerned about the fly problem, especially for the children's dining room and the kitchen. In spite of sprays and poisons, the flies are a constant menace to health. Though we have had a brief respite during the Winter, we now have to face the Summer months. Friends from the Presbyterian Church at Beecroft have undertaken to provide fly-proofing for the children's dining room, and this is a wonderful help to us; however, we must attend to the kitchen at the same time, and the other rooms, as soon as possible. On a farm, it is always much worse than a private home.

ACCOMMODATION. Ruth Langford Smith is with her husband in Kenya, East Africa; Bruce is away on a stud station beyond Bourke; Margaret is engaged to be married early next year. This has meant extra room in the Mission house, which has been used for the dark children. In spite of this, we must have one or two extra rooms almost immediately. These would form the beginning of a new annexe to be added to as finance is available.

SPECIAL BUILDING APPEAL. If you are interested in helping to provide for the little dark children of our Aborigines; if you wish to advance God's work in a practical way; if you wish to win souls as well as save the lives and build up the bodies of these sadly-neglected dark children, may we ask that you make some sacrifice and send along whatever you can afford to help in our building programme.

DEPUTY DIRECTOR. At our last Annual General Meeting, Mr. A. W. Kennedy was elected Deputy Director and Deputy Chairman of the Sky Pilot Fellowship. We are fortunate in this. Mr. Kennedy, who retired recently, has had a very wide and practical experience, and already has done much to help us. He has served in two World Wars, has been in the Northern Territory and to New Guinea, and has had a lifelong association with the Boy Scout movement. Furthermore, he lives next door, and so there are no distance or accommodation problems!