



Australasian RECORD



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"OVER to YOU"

★THE EDITOR

THE afternoon watch was slowly dragging by. We were in the middle of the Coral Sea, where anything could happen. The barometer was falling, the sea was running with a short oily swell, the wind had a snarl in it, and appearances altogether suggested that we would have a dirty night.

"If only we could pick up a weather report!" was the oft-expressed wish of the captain, as with a baleful look in his eye he gazed at the teleradio set in the cabin. For the past three days, twice each day, at the stated time, he had patiently sat in front of the radio, twisting this dial and that and waiting for a voice to come out of the ether, "Calling small ships! Calling small ships!" But the broad face of the loud-speaker seemed to mock him in diabolical glee as it spluttered and cracked with static.

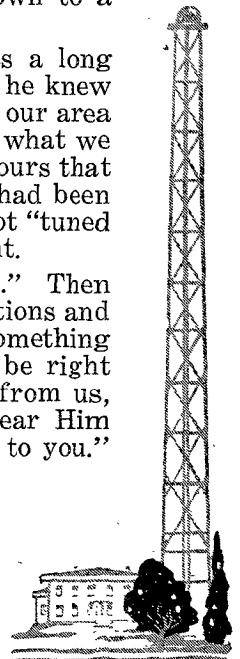
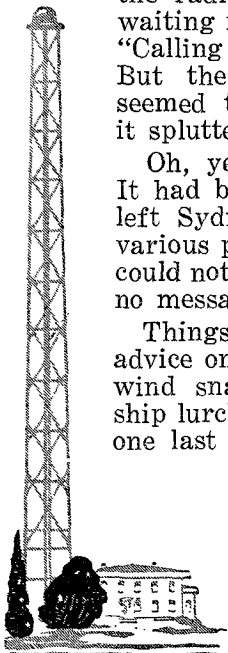
Oh, yes, the set was working all right! It had been tested and adjusted before we left Sydney. We could hear the pilots of various planes talking to each other, but we could not understand their jargon. They had no message for us.

Things were getting desperate. We needed advice on what lay ahead. Suddenly, as the wind snarled with an added ferocity, the ship lurched just as the captain was making one last effort. His hand was on the dial

as the ship swung on the crest of the wave and the dial twisted several degrees from where it was supposed to be. He made a frantic grab to turn it back, but before he could reach it the crackle of the static stopped, the loud-speaker seemed to assume a benign expression, while a voice came quietly over the air: "Cooktown radio calling small ships! Cooktown radio calling small ships! I have a weather report for you covering the Coral Sea area. Come in, please. Over to you." What a relief! The tension immediately lifted. The sea appeared less oily, the snarl of the wind died down to a zephyr breeze.

True, the man talking to us was a long way off—more than 600 miles—but he knew what the weather conditions were in our area and what was ahead; and that was what we wanted to know. The fault was all ours that we had not heard him before. He had been calling day after day, but we were not "tuned in"; our wave-length was not right.

The voice concluded, "Over to you." Then it was our turn to pour out our questions and wait for the answers. Just a little something made all the difference. We must be right in tune. God may be a long way from us, but He is calling. If we cannot hear Him the fault is all ours. So it is "over to you."



TRIUMPH IN DAILY LIVING

Report of Morning Bible Study at Union Conference Session, Cooranbong, by
J. L. McELHANY

We shall read some texts this morning along the line of every-day Christian experience. It is not so difficult for us to be good Christians when we are assembled together like this, and have the association of brethren and sisters who have the same purposes and objectives as we have. But how will it be when we return to the places where we have to encounter the temptations and trials of every-day life? when we have to meet those things which make up the wear and tear of daily living?

Let us turn to 2 Cor. 2: 14. "Now thanks be unto God, which always causeth us to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place." First of all he gives thanks to God. What is next? "Which always causeth us to triumph." Where?—"In Christ." How often does God give us this experience?—"Always." Does that mean every day of the week, every hour of the day?—Yes. "And maketh manifest the savour of His knowledge by us in every place." Some people can be good Christians when they are with those who know them; but sometimes when they are with others they become a little difficult; when the tram conductor is unpleasant or the shopkeeper is not as particular as we think he ought to be in serving us, we proceed to give him "a piece of our minds," as we say. But a Christian will be a Christian in every place. I shall read this verse from Weymouth's translation. I do not think it adds anything but it is very interesting: "But to God be the thanks who in Christ ever leads us in His triumphal procession, displaying everywhere through us the sweetness of the knowledge of Him. For we are a fragrance of Christ grateful to God in those being saved and in those perishing." I like that thought of moving along to the kingdom as a triumphal procession, and we have the privilege of marching in that procession. The Lord intends that we shall be continually triumphant and everywhere we shall display "the sweetness of the knowledge of Him." We are to perfume this world with our knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. We have a wonderful privilege in representing our Lord and Saviour.

The Apostle Paul is evidently writing of his own experience. What kind of experience did he have? One of continual triumph. He must have been a remarkable man, you say, without any troubles or trials to disturb him. Was that really the situation? Oh, no! In the midst of all that he suffered, and despite all the perplexities and trials, the apostle had learned there was in every experience a triumph in Christ. I believe that is the lesson we need to learn daily and hourly; the making of a triumph out of every experience.

I desire to study with you some incidents in Paul's life.

His greatest triumph was over himself. His supreme problem was how to keep himself in hand. Many people have difficulty in getting along with others. The chief problem seems to be what others do to them and say of them. Our real perplexity is how to subdue ourselves.

Let us read Rom. 7: 15. Here the apostle talks about some of the difficulties he had

with himself. "For that which I do I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that I do." Have you had that experience? It is true to life; it is our own situation exactly. "If then I do that which I would not, I consent unto the law that it is good. Now then it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." (Verses 16, 17.)

I remember riding along with an individual and I heard him say to another who was with us: "You be careful what you say to me; I become angry very easily." Some people talk about the dispositions they inherit from their fathers. The Scriptures talk about the divine nature and of our having the heavenly Father's nature. In Christ we ought to triumph over all evil things.

The Apostle Paul proceeds with his reasoning: "For I know that in me . . . dwelleth no good thing: for to will is present with me; but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would I do not: but the evil which I would not, that I do. Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." Coming to the last two verses of the chapter we read: "O wretched man that I am! who shall deliver me from the body of this death?" He was chained, as it were, to a dead body. Is that the state in which the Lord wants us to live? No! because Paul immediately says in the next verse: "I thank God through Jesus Christ our Lord. So then with the mind I myself serve the law of God; but with the flesh the law of sin." It is in the triumphal experience recorded in the next chapter we hear him saying: "There is therefore

The Standard of Beauty

The beauty of the countenance consists not of the application of anything from the paint tins or dye works. Health is wealth. Health is happiness, and can be insured only by the interior requirements being supplied (in balanced quantity and of good quality), from the products of garden, orchard, and grain harvests. Time spent in study, work, play, and sleep, should also be carefully measured and checked. How, when, where, and what we breathe, drink, and bathe is also of vital importance. Also, wherewithal we clothe ourselves.—Elizabeth Boehm.

We measure a man's character by the success he has achieved. We judge an architect by the structure he erects. We may know our Father's character also by the things He has made. On the pages of nature's open book we may learn through illustrations of the ever-refreshing loveliness of our Creator's attributes. The fresh, unstained faces of the flowers testify that God is good.—Beulah Lloyd.

There is a lesson in each flower,
A story for each stream and bower;
In every herb on which you tread
Are written words which, rightly read,
Will lead you from earth's fragrant sod,
To hope and holiness and God.

—"The Testimony of the Flowers."

now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus." Brethren and sisters, there is no excuse for sin. God has provided a way by which we may have victory over sin—if we "walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death." I thank God there is help for us in our daily living, in meeting all the annoyances of life day by day.

I want to draw attention to another experience of the Apostle Paul which was very much like our own. We sometimes think of the men of old who had outstanding answers to their prayers, as men whose prayers were always granted. But here in Rom. 15: 24 we find Paul making a request of the brethren in Rome. He tells them of his purpose to visit their city. He had planned a trip to Spain, but as far as I know he never got there. However, that was the idea, and on the way to Spain he wanted to visit the brethren in Rome. He says: "Whosoever I take my journey into Spain, I will come to you: for I trust to see you in my journey, and to be brought on my way thitherward by you, if first I be somewhat filled with your company. But now I go unto Jerusalem to minister unto the saints. When therefore I have performed this, . . . I will come by you into Spain. And I am sure that, when I come unto you, I shall come in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ. Now I beseech you brethren [I want you to give particular attention to these words], . . . that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me; that I may be delivered from them that do not believe in Judea." Why did he want them to pray? "That I may be delivered from them that do not believe in Judea; and that my service which I have for Jerusalem may be accepted of the saints; that I may come unto you with joy by the will of God, and may with you be refreshed."

Do you remember what happened to Paul when he reached Jerusalem? The first thing was that he fell into the hands of the unbelievers; the very thing he asked the brethren in Rome to pray might not happen, did happen. You may say, "Then the Lord did not answer his prayer." But do you remember that ultimately the apostle got to Rome as a result of the incident mentioned above? He appealed to Cæsar and to Cæsar he was sent.

When I was in Rome I hired a horse-drawn carriage and drove down the Appian Way some miles. Then I dismissed the driver and walked back over that old road; the same old paving stones are there today that I suppose were there in the days of Paul. As I walked along I was thinking about those very things of which we are talking now, this journey of Paul's, with the chains clanking on his legs, the guards escorting him to Rome. He wanted to go to Rome, but how differently it turned out! If he had gone as he had hoped in the beginning, he would have slipped quietly into the city as I did. No one knew I had arrived. But when Paul arrived, everyone from the emperor down knew he was there; he was a celebrated prisoner. And the prayer that seemed to fail brought one of the greatest triumphs of his life. It is an illustration of how God causes the incidents of our everyday life to triumph.

(To be concluded.)

The M.V. Mission Objective

A. W. PETERSON

Missionary Volunteers are mission minded. They look forward to missionary services, and take a personal interest in the activities of the mission field. The time for preparation is short, and the need is great. The peril of the unsaved increases. We must hasten the advent message to "every nation, kindred, tongue, and people."

Our training schools are God's institutions for the preparation of workers whose hearts are aflame with the advent message. These institutions belong, in a special sense, to Adventist youth. Because of their special service and importance to Adventist young people, the Australasian Inter-Union committee is suggesting that the Missionary Volunteers of Australasia take as their special mission project for 1949 the support of the Fulton Missionary School at Fiji. This will mean that fifty per cent of all regular M.V. offerings will go to the Fulton Missionary School to help in the education of Fijian youth who, too, must take their place in missionary service.

Let this project, the support of Fulton Missionary School during 1949, be a challenge to every Missionary Volunteer society. Let the society officers, week by week, encourage liberal giving to this end. This is your SHARE-YOUR-FAITH.

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"Doing What I Can"

STELLA PARKER PETERSON

"It was nothing. Nothing at all," the young woman laughed, a bit embarrassed that I was commending her.

"But indeed it was something!" I insisted.

And this was why.

We had all sat, that Sabbath morning, crowded to the last seat in the Wahroonga church, with charts and posters and banners spread on the front wall, proclaiming this to be "Share Your Faith Rally Day."

The words of the songs used appeared in the programmes, as some of the songs were not in the Church Hymnal. As the programme proceeded, we came to the number on the programme—"Song—'Living for Jesus.'"

We of the congregation had soon found the words in our programmes, and were ready to sing. But there was no note sounded at the organ or piano. Immediately it became apparent that through some oversight, song books containing the music for that song had not been provided for the organist and pianist.

There was a moment of embarrassed silence.

Then suddenly, from her place in the choir, arose a young woman. She made her quick way to the piano, where the pianist, under the circumstances, was happy to relinquish his seat.

With firm, bold touch on the keys, the young woman played from memory "Living for Jesus," and everybody sang!

Something warm went through me.

Another Missionary Volunteer!

Another Seventh-day Adventist young person, volunteering to step into a breach, to do what she could to serve.

After the service I joined a group outside the church who were discussing this young woman's noble act.

"You know, that took a lot of courage!" a grey-haired man said.

"Ah, but courage is what Missionary Volunteers have!" I was delighted to remind him.

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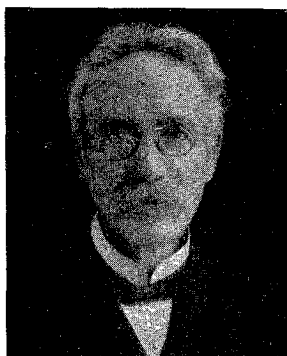
A Parting Word

ROBERT HARE

After sixty-four years of ministerial work it may not be out of the way to whisper a word of cheer and caution to our ministers.

It must be remembered that the ministry is the highest and most important employment under heaven. A servant of the King Eternal must be more loyal and careful than the servant of any earthly power.

When called upon to speak, choose acceptable words. If you do not, remember



that like Peter your speech will betray you. Should your congregation number one hundred and you spend an hour in the service, do not forget that means one hundred hours lost or gained. You cannot afford to spend those long hours in a worthless way.

A calm, cheerful, devotional spirit will find an echo in the lives of your fellow men.

When at home, be the star of love; when in public, be the man of honesty; when in the pulpit, be the child of dignity; at all times be the friend and representative of God. Peter's language betrayed him; yours will do the same. Cheap, worldly expressions can only carry a tale of dishonour in the work of God.

God's man must be a man of prayer. Barren fields and withered harvests will follow any other plan. With Christ Himself prayer was an essential. How needful then must it be with the servant of Christ! It may not be wise to write discourses, but it is wise to write with the object of securing clearness of diction, beauty of expression, and variation of thought. Your articles may never appear in the press, but their educational power is never lost.

When you stand up to speak be sure you have something to say and something that is worth saying. If you have no subject in mind, study and pray till you get one. Much is lost for want of certainty and clearness in pulpit life. "Study to show thyself approved unto God."

Historic Bible—Return to Pitcairn

Associate Secretary A.I.U. Conference

A cable from Washington published in the newspapers makes this interesting announcement:—

"In response to a letter from the Connecticut Historical Society the British Ambassador to the United States, Sir Oliver Franks, has agreed to assume responsibility for the return to Pitcairn Island of a Bible which was brought to the United States from Pitcairn in 1839 by Levi Hayden, a whaler, whose ship called at Pitcairn in that year, says the correspondent of 'The Times.'

"Hayden obtained the Bible from a grandson of John Adams who, in 1808 was the sole survivor of the mutineers from the 'Bounty' who settled on Pitcairn in 1789. Relations of Hayden later presented the Bible to the Connecticut Historical Society.

"Records show that John Adams used this particular Bible as his sole text book in undertaking the education of the mutineers' children.

"It is being returned to Pitcairn as a result of an appeal by Mr. A. W. Moverley, of the British Colonial Service, who is endeavouring to recover some of the historical articles taken away from Pitcairn by souvenir hunters."

Mr. Moverley is the school teacher recently appointed to Pitcairn by the High Commissioner for the Western Pacific. His efforts to have historical objects returned to the island is only one of the many helpful and beneficial services he and Mrs. Moverley are rendering this isolated community.

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The Editor Goes Abroad

S. V. STRATFORD

Accepting the invitation of the General Conference to attend the camp-meetings in the United States during their summer season, extending approximately from May to August, Pastor A. G. Stewart sailed from Sydney by the "Georgic" on February 22, accompanied by Mrs. Stewart and Pastor Robert Salau, one of our leading native ministers. The A.I.U. Conference committee was glad to make these brethren available for this purpose. En route they will spend five or six weeks in the British Isles. Not having visited the Motherland before, they are very happy at the prospects and of associating with our church leaders and members there.

Pastor Salau visited Australia a number of years ago, and attended several of our camp-meetings. This will be a splendid opportunity for him to see more of our church abroad, and we know our members everywhere will be thrilled to hear firsthand details of conquests for Christ in the South Seas.

During Pastor Stewart's absence of approximately six months, Pastor R. E. Hare, a former editor of the "Record," will act as editor of this paper and also of the "Missionary Leader," and as Sabbath School secretary for the Inter-Union Conference until the one appointed to this position arrives from the United States.

"You have not converted a man because you have silenced him."

Coral Sea Union Mission

President: H. WHITE

Secretary-Treasurer: C. A. HART

Missionary Pioneers in New Guinea

"I WILL RETURN"

LAWRENCE A. GILMORE

In the early stages of the Pacific War, an outstanding general made a statement which, at that time, seemed ridiculous. Today everybody knows the story of General Douglas MacArthur and his return to the Philippine Islands. During the war in New Guinea, duty called me to the Central Highlands, where a vast new country was to be found. Much has been written by those who have been there; a lot more will find its way to the printed pages in years to come. When leaving the Highlands for Lae, to receive another posting, and as the large transport plane sped over the plains of the Mt. Hagen area to the hills of Chimbu, I could not help but think of General MacArthur's words. That day I repeated those words to myself believing them possible but not knowing how they would come to pass.

My work had carried me along the banks of the Wahgi River near its source to where it joins the Purari River of Papuan fame; native tracks had taken me through the hot kunai grass country near Hagen; the dysentery epidemic had called me up to the mighty Chimbu valley with its dense population of proud, fighting, and intelligent people. Going south to Papua I was to reach the borders of uncontrolled territory and pass through districts which this day are in my parish. So it was with mixed feelings that I said farewell to the beautiful Wahgi valley, and somehow hoped that one day would find me back. A lot has happened since then: changed plans, difficulties overcome, and a family given me; but I have returned to do a greater work than treat the physically sick. It is my work to treat the sin-sick heart as well.

In mid-April of last year we said good-bye to Sydney and headed for Lae by the old "Montoro." Thence we went on to Bena Bena by plane. Due to Government regulations requiring someone who had been to the Highlands before, my original mission location was changed. After a little settling in at Bena Bena, plus organizing for the track, Brother Nolan and Brother Calvin Stafford, and I walked to the new station at Omkalikaukau. When my companions had gone on their way, I was left with three new junior Mussau Island teachers to help me in starting the mission. Mine was the honour of being the first white man to stay permanently in this district. It should be remembered that only eighteen months had passed since this particular place had been brought under Government control, and it does not take much to excite the natives' fighting instincts. Although they are wild and their movements and intentions uncertain, yet they are preferred to the super-sophisticated native who has learned much from Europeans and others.

Actually, our mission was the first to enter this area, but between the time that the Inland Director visited there and my

arrival, two other mission bodies had followed in his tracks, and one had already begun work. The local natives supported us readily at Omkali (for that is the proper name of our mission site), and teachers' houses and my own house were soon up.

One afternoon when we were all working on the framework of our new school and church a shout went up from the natives, saying that two masters were coming up over the saddle hill. I had had no word of anyone's coming to me. Thus they could be only Government patrol officers or members of another mission group. A little later Brethren A. W. Dawson and R. R. Frame came down the road. New Guinea is certainly full of surprises; but this was one of the best. I welcomed them not only because they were friends but also because they had food! Their brief stay was greatly enjoyed, and when they left I set off with some native carriers for Bena Bena, to get my wife, plus supplies. The route chosen was a new one, where few if any white men had been before; the idea being to find a more direct way to the Garoka Valley. One day we walked seventeen hours to arrive at the rest house at 11 p.m. We ended up at Bena, taking two and a half days—a record, but never again! If you desire to be in good portly shape then don't walk up and down the mountains and gorges of Inland New Guinea!

It was good to be back at Bena again while the carriers rested for several days. To see white folk, listen to the King's English, and enjoy a change of diet was worth more than money could buy.

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An Exhilarating Trip Round the Coral Sea

N. A. FERRIS

Sailing from Sydney on December 30, the "Vinaritokae" reached Honiara, capital of the Solomon Islands, on January 10, and was there delivered to Brother W. R. Ferguson, who has charge of the Gizo district in the Western Solomons. Naturally, he was delighted to have this fine new ship.

There was a friendly company to meet us, including the Lester Locks, Fletchers, Goslings, Newmans, Dr. Evans, and Brother L. Thrift; also Pastor Rore aboard the "Portal" from Kopiu, and old Captain Lingokana, who sailed with me so many years in the Solomons. We were all happy to meet.

Embarking on the "Batuna," we went down to Bellona. For the opening of Sabbath we sat under the coconut trees. Listening to these people welcoming the holy day with hymns, noting that they were now without fighting weapons, and were clean and wholesome, stirred me to thanksgiving as I recalled, in contrast, their condition when we first became acquainted with them fourteen years ago.

Brother Gosling conducted the Sabbath school while Cuspa interpreted. No difficulty now to convey a message to the people. Quietly and distinctly and with enthusiasm he transposed the language.

In the afternoon we observed the ordinances of the Lord's house. This being the first time most of the people had celebrated these rites, it was necessary for us to demonstrate the procedure. Gladly they responded to the invitation to testify of God's goodness. "There is joy in my heart," was a favourite expression. Those who once lived in fear are now filled with rejoicing and peace and a longing to meet Jesus when He comes. To me this service was the crowning satisfaction.

Many availed themselves of the medical skill offered by the presence of Dr. Cyril Evans and Brother Gosling, and we left these men to stay for a few days while we took five boys aboard for the Betikama Training School and set off for Rennell. We noticed a difference in the custom of the people as they said good-bye. There was no cutting of their foreheads as there used to be, which custom they also practised in mourning for the dead.

With three chiefs who accompanied us from Bellona, we had a total of nine of these leading men when we gathered with the people on Rennell. Conditions are changed today. There is a keen desire on the part of the young men to improve their position and be on equal terms with other natives of the group; a desire to enjoy the privileges and freedom they have. It was the unanimous request that an approach be made to the government for permission to be granted Brother and Sister Gosling to become resident among them. While our stay was brief, it was a most happy experience to meet with these people and Chief Taupongi again.

Next we called at our old mission station at Kopiu, where we met Pastor Rore and his team. The place is much the same as when we left. A successful school is operated by the native teacher here. A number of the students are going on to Betikama this year.

A call at the Betikama school revealed that Brother Lyn Thrift has been working hard and long. The buildings and grounds are a credit to him and his helpers.

At Batuna the Marovo people gathered in. The Sabbath meetings were held in the school, the church being inadequate to accommodate all the worshippers. A feature was the singing of twenty-one choirs representing as many villages. Here, of course, we met Pastor Rangoso, and he joined our ship en route for Rabaul to attend the committee meeting of the Coral Sea Mission. Many of the older missionaries will remember Borare, one-time "bosun" of the training school gardens. He is now confined to his bed, but he asked me to convey to all the missionaries of his acquaintance his greetings and the assurance that he still loves the Lord Jesus. Tali still faithfully cares for him.

Brother and Sister Lloyd Tonkin entertained us in their home, and here at Batuna we also met Sister Olga Lucas, who was busily engaged in her medical work and is loved by all for her service. Brother Baines, with a good spirit, keeps the saws in the mill going at full speed.

At the Amyes Memorial Hospital we found a happy group. Sisters Long and Curtis assist Dr. Evans in medical service.

Brother Ferguson has worked hard at Kukundu, and during the past year has certainly built up a very interesting headquarters for his operations. Pastor Rini assists him, and they have a district school in course of erection.

Clearing from Munda, the next call was Bougainville, where we met the Cyril Pascoes and Brother E. Pascoe from New Zealand, and later Dr. Roy Scragg at Sahana. Throughout our voyaging, right to Rabaul we had calm weather. Here we met Pastor H. White and a number of lads from New Guinea, all busy erecting the new headquarters office.

Homeward bound, I spent two days in Lae in pleasant company with Brother and Sister L. T. Greive and Brother and Sister C. Stafford.

And so ended a very exhilarating trip during which I renewed acquaintance with mission fields, government officials, and traders. The evidences are everywhere in the Solomons that the Lord who began a work of salvation in the hearts of the people will finish it to His glory.

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A Four Days' Trek

JUNE I. GILMORE

We have been in the Highlands eight months now, and really enjoy this new life. For three months little Ross and I stayed at Bena Bena while Lawrence was the advance guard at Omkali building a temporary house so that we could follow. My time at Bena was most profitable, as Mrs. Nolan and Mrs. Howell were splendid folk from whom to learn the activities of mission life. As there were the makings of an air strip close to the mission at Omkali, Lawrence took light rations when he walked through, expecting a plane to land with Ross and me before many days. It was a sad mistake, as Civil Aviation ruled the strip out; so Lawrence and his dog, after eating sweet potatoes and corn three times a day, were forced to walk back to Bena in search of food, family, and finance!

Early August, after keeping our eyes and ears tuned for the sound of an approaching plane, we found ourselves on board, heading for Kerowagi, which was to be the starting point for the big hike. The plane really looked like Wirth's Circus, for besides human cargo and luggage there were also a dog, a puppy, a kitten, one rooster, and three goats. The flight took only about one hour over rugged ranges and then beautifully arranged gardens—quite different from walking.

From Kerowagi we walked roughly six miles in the dark to Pastor Brennan's station at Moruma, really an experience, as a hurricane lamp was the only illumination and the track was nothing more than a native pad. Two streams were crossed, with willing boys to help. After trudging up quite a hill we were very pleased to see Pastor Brennan and Frances waiting with a billy of refreshing lemon drink. Before long a bright light was seen and Mrs. Brennan cheerily invited us in for a hot shower and a welcome meal. The Moruma station is beautifully situated and laid out, a credit to the Master and Marama and their willing helpers.

After three happy days there we were ready for the road, with a line of seventy carriers. The Brennans walked with us to the main road and waved us good-bye as we took the track for our new home. As is the custom of the Chimbu people, we were accompanied by much shouting and whooping, and they sang their own carrier song. For the first day you enjoy the singing, but after a few days it becomes almost unbearable.

Our path led us to the Wahgi River, which had to be crossed by native suspension bridge made of bush vines and cane; nothing short of a marvel. At first sight faith is wanting, until some heavy loads are taken over by the carriers. For the journey we had two poles tied to the undercarriage of Ross's pram, which was carried on the shoulders of two boys. He travelled very well, and had a grand view of the country. We walked through a great deal of territory where few white men had been and never before a white woman or baby. Each village entered the noise was

The World Is Mine

Today upon a bus, I saw a lovely maid with golden hair;
I envied her—she seemed so gay—and wished I were as fair,
When suddenly she rose to leave, I saw her hobble down the aisle;
She had one foot and used a crutch, but as she passed, a smile.
O God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two feet—the world is mine!

And then I stopped to buy some sweets.
The lad who sold them had such charm I talked with him—he said to me:
"It's nice to talk with folks like you. You see," he said, "I'm blind."
O God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two eyes—the world is mine!

Then walking down the street, I saw a child with eyes of blue.
He stood and watched the others play; it seemed he knew not what to do.
I stopped a moment, then I said: "Why don't you join the others, dear?"
He looked ahead without a word, and then I knew he could not hear.
O God, forgive me when I whine;
I have two ears—the world is mine!

With feet to take me where I'd go,
With eyes to see the sunset's glow,
With ears to hear what I would know,
O God, forgive me when I whine;
I'm blessed indeed! The world is mine!

—Author Unknown.

deafening as the folk rushed to view the strangers. The goats also were a novelty in that part, mostly from the meat angle.

The countryside was a picture. All gardens in the Chimbu district are made in squares like a patchwork quilt, the rows being lined with the deep green of the kaukau leaves, brilliant hue of the peanuts, and various shrubs and flowers. Natives are very particular from which streams they obtain their drinking-water, and so we were instructed along this line.

In the late afternoon we arrived at the so-called government rest house. It was evident that no one had occupied the place for ages, as the grass was more than two feet high all round the house, which had many gaping holes in the walls. Repairs were effected, the carriers fed, and everybody fixed for the night. By this time we had added quite a few fowls to our collection of livestock, and where to put them for the night proved a puzzle. All in together was adopted; but I am afraid our sleep was very disturbed as the goats

chewed the grass walls and the roosters began choir practice at 2 a.m. The legs of my stretcher disappeared often through the rotten bamboo floor; while Lawrence, who was sleeping on the floor, had the puppy running over him and numerous fleas for company.

Next morning at seven we were on the road, and how lovely and fresh all the world seemed! The view from the mountain tops is worth the puffing to reach there. The open country of Kerowagi had been left behind now to come to range after range of rugged, bush-covered mountains. We noticed schools of other mission bodies in these remote places. Genabonna was our place of rest for the night, and what a welcome we received! Native telephone is sung out from one range to another; thus the luluai and head men had prepared a real welcome.

As we approached, there was a mighty surge of painted, feather-decked natives who carried us shoulder high to the rest house. They had placed a huge pile of food for us, which was shared with all our splendid carriers. Difficulty was experienced in tactfully asking the chief men to go to their houses as we were in need of sleep for the night, for they dearly love white company and so seldom receive it in this area. They requested a teacher to be sent to them. As that was not possible at the present we asked if any of the boys would like to come to the mission. Several came forward, and they are still with us and proving fine characters. To have calls for teachers and none to place is one of the disappointments of mission life. At the end of December headmen from three areas gave us ground for a teacher's house, school, church, and gardens. The offer has been accepted, but where are the teachers?

After demonstrative farewells from the natives, we once more started down the track wondering what the day had to show. We soon found out! After a two-hour toil up one side of a range, we stood on the summit viewing the descent. I would have given anything for a lift or escalator or better still a helicopter! The down track had been the highway of many a landslide, while in other places heavy rains had cut their trail. It was a case of hold everything!

I tried sitting in the chair part of the way, but the angle of descent was too steep. Flat ground in the Highlands is at a premium. After a zig-zag climb for two hours we were able to see Omkali in the distance. Four days after leaving the Brennans we reached our little home, and were greeted by crowds of curious natives who had decorated the house inside and out with flowers and strewn hundreds of petals over the ground. As it was Friday we were assured of a quiet Sabbath the following day. We certainly had much for which to thank God—His protection during our walkabout and a place to work among interested people. A fortnight later our mattress and stove arrived, so we felt we had all modern conveniences.

Surely this is the land of opportunity. Oh, that we had more missionaries, for the need is greater than you can ever realize! The Mussau and Solomon Islands teachers do a grand work in helping their New Guinea brothers and sisters to grasp the love of Jesus. Do remember us in your prayers.

In Other Lands

Adventist Missionaries Now Enter the Lushai Hills

O. W. LANGE

The name, Lushai Hills, has often appeared in notes written by different workers who have visited the Assam Mission, but until very recently these beautiful hills have been excluded territory to all our non-Lushai workers. However, through the aid of Sir Andrew Clow, former Governor of Assam, we have been able to secure a permit to enter this important territory, which is said to be the largest district in India.

It has been but little more than fifty years since Christian missionaries entered the territory, changing it from a land of head-hunters to a community of enchanting Christian people.

For a number of weeks our believers and friends in the Lushai Hills anxiously waited for a visit from their missionary, as they affectionately spoke of the one they looked for to visit them with the third angel's message. But the visit could not be made without the permit, and it was slow in arriving. The day following the arrival of our permit to enter the Lushai Hills, Mrs. Lange, Dr. Hiscox, Miss Binder, Brother Thanzauva, and I left the Assam Training School by jeep en route to the Lushai Hills.

The journey was not without its thrills. The jungle roads of Assam are a hazard at best, but to travel during the monsoons provides the added hazard of landslides and flood.

Just prior to our departure, storms had been raging for days in the Assam Hills. The trail from the Assam Training School to Shillong was rutty and muddy. How pleasant were the gravel roads of Sylhet Valley, which, because of the recent rains, seemed to run like ribbons through an inland sea until finally the road itself disappeared in the waters that flooded the country. Fortunately the flood waters did not cover the roadway more than jeep deep, so we passed safely onward, reaching our first stop in the Lushai Hills on the second day out from Shillong.

The Aijal road is a one-way track made during the war for light military vehicles. It is now being maintained by the P.W.D. as a temporary one-way road until a permanent road can be built. Travel up from Kolasib is made on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday, so we planned to proceed to a point about twelve miles from Aijal on Saturday night, from which we could visit a number of villages and interested people on Sunday and Monday.

It was Friday evening when our Lushai evangelist, Brother Lallianzuala Sailo, met us at the village of Kolasib, the half-way point between Silchar and Aijal. A crowd of the village people pressed in to visit with us and to study the truth. We conducted Sabbath services, and visited the homes of interested people.

Shortly before the close of Sabbath, friends began to gather for evening worship. Among them were some of the

village elders. They quietly broached the subject of the location of a permanent S.D.A. mission and school in their country, offering land and aid near their village.

After Sabbath we drove about forty-five miles over the narrow, slippery road from Kolasib to the Niboi Pak Bungalow. At one point there had been a landslide, taking off half the trail, leaving but a narrow six-foot ledge barely wide enough for our jeep to pass. However, here as well as all along the road, the angel of the Lord stood guard as we passed the danger spot.

Sunday and Monday we spent in visiting friends and interested people, among whom was an elderly chieftain who had not given his heart to Christ. We had a very earnest talk with him during which his heart seemed deeply touched. A short time later he sent word to tell us that if we desired to locate our mission in his territory he would gladly provide a site and help us in every way possible.

Tuesday morning found us again on the road to Aijal. When we approached the outskirts of the city, a group of friends met us. It consisted of Mr. Lalupa, Mr. Lallianzuala's father, former Assam Training School students, friends and adherents who conducted us through the city to the home of Mr. Lalupa. Arrangements had been made permitting us to occupy the Inspection Bungalow during our stay in Aijal. Leaving our things in the bungalow we started out immediately on the hike to Khawchlete, a village where Brother Lallianzuala is instructing adherents. On the way we had a very interesting day visiting in the home of Brother Thanzuava, and other students in the village of Hlimen, and as we neared Khawchlete we were met by the chieftain and the village elders.

At Khawchlete we found an earnest group of believers led by some of the elderly men of the village who had got the truth through books purchased from student colporteurs of the Assam Training School. We conducted several meetings with these believers, and Dr. Hiscox and Miss Binder spent nearly a day examining the people and treating the sick. The earnestness of the people and their eagerness to follow the Bible truth stirred our hearts. It was difficult to break away to return to Aijal.

Again in Aijal, we met many interested friends both from Aijal and from villages near and far. All urged us to establish mission headquarters in the Lushai Hills and to start Christian schools in their midst. We were well received and welcomed to the territory by many of the leading citizens. Everyone seemed anxious to help provide a location for the mission. A number of chieftains offered free land in their territories, several good locations have been offered for a school, and many are stepping out to walk in the truth for the last days. The interests and offerings are crowding in upon Brother Lallianzuala so fast that he does not know which way to turn first.

The work done by student colporteurs from the Assam Training School is bearing rich fruit in almost every village where

books have been sold. Of course, there is a growing opposition from those who reject the "light" and from some church leaders of other denominations. However, a number of leading men are taking their stand for the Sabbath and the third angel's message. Among them is an old gentleman now about seventy years of age, one of the first ordained ministers in the hills. Another elderly, but very active, gentleman who was one of the very first Lushai evangelists to preach Christianity to his people, is doing everything in his power to help us.

The Lushai people are being thoroughly stirred by the truths for the last days. It is the time of opportunity in the Lushai Hills. We earnestly request our believers everywhere to uphold Brother Lallianzuala and the work in the Lushai Hills in their prayers, where there are unlimited openings to study the truth with simple, earnest, true-hearted souls.

When the time came for us to return to the Assam Training School it was with regret that we left these openings and the many friends so quickly made. Surely God is going before His work in this and other hill-tribe areas of Assam!

On the return trip we left Aijal in a raging storm. Mail service had not reached Silchar for four days, the most optimistic felt that the way before us was uncertain. Before reaching Kolasib we passed numerous land-slides, and upon our arrival there we were greeted by people who stated that before us the road was blocked for more than one whole mile. However, storm clouds were breaking up, and sunshine generates optimism in the hills, so we ventured onward toward the next Dak Bungalow. We found many landslides, washouts, and much mud; but somehow God opened the way and the faithful jeep just passed every obstacle until we rolled out on to the beautiful paved highway. We had just remarked that by sunset we would be in Sylhet and possibly in Shillong by midnight, when suddenly the road before us vanished into a great inland sea—the flood had caught us, and this time many feet more than "jeep deep." At the water's edge valley dwellers told us that beyond, bridges had been destroyed and the highway was six and eight feet under water. Our jeep can't swim—we were hemmed in.

Dr. Hiscox and Miss Binder and Brother Thanzauva, already overdue in Shillong, decided to go on the remaining twenty miles to Silchar by country boat. The

OBJECTIVES FOR Sabbath School Offerings SECOND QUARTER

Twelve Sabbaths, £6,500—

SUPPORT OF WORK IN CENTRAL
HIGHLANDS, NEW GUINEA.

Thirteenth Sabbath, June 25, £2,000—

RE-ESTABLISHMENT OF HOMES
AND SCHOOLS ON BOUGAINVILLE,
BISMARCK ARCHIPELAGO.

AUSTRALASIAN RECORD

Official Organ of the

AUSTRALASIAN INTER-UNION CONFERENCE OF SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS

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boatman expected to arrive by 8 p.m., in time to catch the night train to Sylhet. We later learned they spent the night in their little boat.

Mrs. Lange and I were marooned without postal or telegraphic communication. The local authorities estimated that it would require from ten days to three weeks to open up the line of communication if no further storms developed. Sunshine prevailed for three days. At the close of a beautiful Sabbath spent in a Forest Department Inspection Bungalow, we felt impressed to venture onward. By making temporary bridges, driving for miles over a roadway flooded from six to eight inches, we arrived about an hour after midnight at the railway town of Karimganj. Along the way many times we became perplexed over which road to take, for there were detours and no traffic moving; but each time a man appeared out of the darkness to help us on the way. Just before reaching the area where the roadway was flooded, we stopped to ask the way, and an old man begged to ride with us. We recognized Providence in this a little later, when unexpectedly our road disappeared into "a great sea." Our passenger encouraged us and willingly ran ahead through the four or five miles of flooded highway showing the way through the flooded darkness.

After a few hours in the Dak Bungalow at Karimganj we made inquiry, and were told that the road to Sylhet was flooded but possibly we could get through. Just as we finished loading up the jeep and trailer, rain began again. We drove for about eight miles in torrential rain. However, we could see that we were fighting a losing battle with the elements; except for the trees which lined the roads we were in the midst of a great sea. As the storm developed about us the wind began to raise the waves on this "sea" until they swept up the side of the jeep and we began to fear that we would be stalled in the floods. With the rains it was also evident that the water would rise again, so we were forced to turn back to Karimganj, from where we were able to go by rail to an area where jeep travel could be resumed.

Safely back in Assam Training School, our prayers and thoughts continuously go out to those who are so eagerly stretching their hands for the truth throughout the territory we had visited. We hope the day may soon come when a mission headquarters may be established in the Lushai Hills, with a permanent mission family there to assist the work among these friendly people.

How to Address the Deity

L. L. CAVINESS

Professor of Biblical Languages, Pacific Union College

There is a general principle which we must keep in mind in the matter of the form in which we address Deity, and that is, we must show proper reverence. In the Romance languages, in German, and in English there are two different forms used in the second person. One is the familiar form used in the family, which was formerly used in the English also, but has been kept only by the Quakers. And then the more polite form used in addressing those who are not in the inner circle of the family. In English this is *you*, and is used for both singular and plural.

There is also what is called the solemn style. This is in form like the familiar style. The forms *thy*, *thee*, and *thou* were used formerly in the familiar style in English, but are now preserved by the Quakers only. In English they are still preserved in this "solemn" style in addressing Deity.

(Concluded on page 8)

WEDDING BELLS

STRACKE-MITCHELL.—On the third of February, at the Auburn church, Victoria, which was prettily decorated for the occasion, in the presence of relatives and friends, Frederick Charles Stracke was united in happy wedlock with Meryl Valma Mitchell. Brother and Sister Stracke left by plane that evening for South Australia, where they plan to make their home. We wish these young people Heaven's richest blessing as they together travel the highway of life. T. A. Mitchell.

CARTER-MUST.—After the close of Sabbath, December 19, 1948, many friends and relatives of Arthur Rex Carter and Evelyn Must met in the South Brisbane church to witness their exchange of marriage vows and to wish them a joyous journey through life as they walk together in the service of the King of kings. The simple dignity and beautiful colour harmony of the marriage setting, both in the church and afterwards in the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Chapman, were a pleasure to behold. That their united lives may grow richer in the service of the Master is the sincerest desire of all their friends. A. J. Dyason.

SCHUCK-MINER.—In the evening of January 11, 1949, in the Hamilton (N.S.W.) church, which had been beautifully decorated for the occasion by Brother C. Wilson, two of the young people of the church, Alwyne Schuck and Beryl Miner pledged themselves to each other in the sacred bonds of matrimony. Beryl has given efficient service in the S.H.F. depot and retail shop in Newcastle. As this happy couple set up their own home we earnestly pray that God's richest blessing will continually rest upon them. The large gathering of relatives and friends who gathered at the church and afterwards at the festive tables, joined in expressing their heartiest good wishes to the bride and bridegroom. R. E. G. Blair.



"Short death and darkness! Endless life and light."

ANDERSON.—Otto Anderson passed to his rest at Waiomou on the Thames coast of New Zealand, on December 21, 1948, at the age of eighty-eight years. Our brother, with his wife, accepted present truth fifty years ago in North Queensland, where they later connected with the Townsville church. For almost forty-five years Brother Anderson lived in Cambridge, in which church he served as a deacon for a number of years. Before the opening of the Pukekura school the Anderson home was the meeting-place of the Cambridge Sabbath school. To his wife and children: Mrs. Linda Lewin, Mrs. Grace Strange, and Mr. N. Anderson, we extend our heartfelt sympathy. He sleeps until the dawning of the glorious morning when all who sleep in Christ shall hear His voice and come forth.

S. T. Leeder.

TO LET.—Double flat. Apply "Flat," care P.O., Cooranbong, N.S.W.

YOUNG MAN 21 years of age wants board in suburb of Melbourne. Write "Board," care Editor, Wahroonga.

WANTED.—Good home for woman waiting discharge from hospital. Apply Miss Bell Green, care Mrs. E. Lamont, Clarence Road, Indooroopilly, Brisbane.

WANTED: A cottage or building site in Avondale, handy to College preferred. Good price offered. Full particulars to H. Minchin, Tumut, N.S.W.

WANTED: Good home for blind woman waiting discharge from hospital. Apply Miss Bell Green, care Mrs. E. Lamont, Clarence Rd., Indooroopilly, Brisbane, Qld.

YOUNG MAN attending university desires board with good Adventist family in Sydney or suburbs. Please reply to W. P. Miller, care H. Toepfer, Sydney Sanitarium, Wahroonga.

FOR SALE: Several building allotments; also 20 acres arable land, and 17 acres farm with large new home of 1,300 square feet. Large concrete shed, 68 x 16 ft. Five acres cultivation. Make excellent poultry farm or orchard. One-quarter mile to stores and bus route. Handy to church and college. Electric light and city water laid on. Electric hot-water heater installed. Cash or terms. Full particulars from C. Fisher, Maitland Road, Cooranbong, N.S.W.

Dental Nurse

Required immediately for the Dental Practice, Warburton, Victoria. Salary 108/6 per week.

★ All applications to the Secretary, Sanitarium and Hospital, Warburton, Victoria.

BREVITIES

By the "Morinda," which berthed in Sydney on February 13, several missionaries returned home from the islands. Pastor J. C. H. Perry, after sixteen years of service, mainly in the New Hebrides where he has for some time been the superintendent, will join the West Australian Conference staff shortly; Brother and Sister J. Newman and Brother L. Thrift are on their first furlough.

On Sunday evening, February 13, Pastor V. W. Stotesbury opened an evangelistic campaign in the Pacific Cabaret Hall, Hornsby, N.S.W. The hall, with seating capacity for 450 people, was comfortably filled. In this strategic centre, with the strong support assured from the members of the local churches, there is every reason to believe that Brother Stotesbury and his associates will reap an abundant harvest.

Miss Norma Norris, of the Voice of Prophecy office, has received advance copies of her book, "The Shining Way," which has just been published by the Review and Herald Company in Washington. In this attractively illustrated volume we find a story at once charming and spiritually bracing, which has been cleverly woven by the author from the experiences of her friends. The fact that "The Shining Way" has been selected by the General Conference M.V. Department as one of the books for the young people's 1949 Reading Course is sufficient recommendation of its worth. We congratulate Miss Norris on her success.

News Flash from Vaimura, Papua

L. WEBSTER

We have commenced the school year at Vaimura with an enrolment of forty-eight bright, happy students.

Vaimura, as you may remember, is a newly opened station in the Delta district of Papua. It was commenced only a few months ago by Pastor H. M. Pascoe, who is at present in Australia on furlough.

The mission compound is a five-acre lot which is still in process of being wrested from the entanglement of the surrounding jungle. However, it is slowly but surely taking shape, and we expect will be an attractive mission station in the course of time.

The students consist of forty-four young men and boys and four women. The boys' accommodation is not all that could be desired yet. Fourteen boys share a small biri (thatch leaf) room 12 by 20 feet, and sleep on the ground; but work is progressing on more buildings. The school at present is a temporary structure put up to house timber for the missionaries' house. Logs are set up for seats; a school-room is the next item on the list.

All the students are taking a keen interest in J.M.V. work and are getting along well in memorizing the assigned Scripture portions. We feel sure there is some good material here for future workers in the Lord's vineyard. Please pray that His continued blessing will be ours.

Items of Interest from Japan

Month by month the "Jicho" (Japanese "Signs of the Times") has been building up its circulation, until now 18,000 copies are printed each month. This gives the "Jicho" more than three times the circulation of any other Christian periodical in Japan. It is published in an attractive pocket-size magazine, and is readily sold by individual colporteurs. As an indication of the enthusiastic reception given the "Jicho" it should be told that the February issue, for example, was completely sold out two weeks after it came off the press.

A very desirable piece of land has been bought in Yokohama on which it is planned to erect a church building. In an equally good location land has been bought in the city of Gagoshima for a church building.

The Voice of Prophecy reports the encouraging news that eleven students of the Bible Correspondence Course have already requested baptism. As of February 15, there were forty-two graduates and a total enrolment of 3,102. Of this number, more than 1,200 are waiting for their lessons to arrive, a circumstance which depends on the lessons being printed here in the publishing house.

The following letter from a young student in Tokyo is given merely as a sample of the letters that are daily being received at the Voice of Prophecy office: "Dear Teacher: Until about a year ago I felt that Christianity was a very foolish thing. However, my present interest in the faith and determination to go to Saniku Gakium are the result of your leadership. When I

studied lesson three and found that the angels watch over us, I shed tears as I pondered the mercy and love of the Lord. Remembering how I doubted Christianity, and seeing how God has led me in spite of this, I don't know how to express my gratitude. I earnestly ask for your leadership." A Voice of Prophecy teacher had written a letter to this young man suggesting attendance at the headquarter's church. Now he is an earnest member of the baptismal class.

☆ ☆ ☆

South New South Wales Conference Reorganized

F. J. BUTLER, Secretary

The recent actions covering the division of the S.N.S.W. Conference have been worked out to the point where we now have an office in Wagga Wagga. The postal address for the South N.S.W. Conference is Box S 78, South Wagga Wagga P.O.

Brother F. Gordon of 46 Coleman Street, Wagga Wagga, has kindly provided accommodation in his home for the office to function, and from here our Conference and Book Depot will be operating till something more permanent opens up.

Pastor Scragg, the president, has arrived here, and we have spent some time house hunting. Houses are scarce here as elsewhere and very expensive. Pastor Coombe, our Home Missions and Missionary Volunteer secretary, is busy Ingathering, and will be here only when accommodation is available. Brother Bone, our Publishing Department secretary, is also trying to carry on his work from his Sydney address.

Wagga Wagga is a very pleasant little city, and we look forward to the time when we shall have a representative headquarters here.

☆ ☆ ☆

How to Address the Deity

(Concluded from page 7)

There is creeping in, in the English language, and in some cases in other modern languages, a recent tendency to replace the solemn style in prayer by the polite style of conversation. This is a tendency which we as Adventists should not follow, for it makes people feel that we are not showing due reverence in our prayers. It is possible that the so-called solemn style is due to the fact that God was considered by Jews and Christians to be our heavenly Father, and so in prayer the familiar style was used by the Old Testament prophets and by Christ and His apostles in their prayers to God.

The principle in this matter is that we, as earnest Christians desiring to show due reverence, should be conservative and maintain the style that has been considered proper for prayer for these many years. Let us follow in public prayer the forms that have been given us by Christ in the prayer that is commonly known as the Lord's prayer. Repeat to yourself that prayer if you would know how Christ wants us to pray.

☆ ☆ ☆

"The test of good manners is being able to put up pleasantly with bad ones."

LISTEN IN EVERY SUNDAY TO THE VOICE OF PROPHECY

N.S.W.		VICTORIA	
2UE	- 9.30 a.m.	3AW	- 2.30 p.m.
2GB	- 5.30 p.m.	3UL	- 5.00 p.m.
2CA	- 5.30 p.m.	3GL	- 6.30 p.m.
2KA	- 1.30 p.m.	3CS	- 6.00 p.m.
2GZ	- 1.30 p.m.	3YB	- 5.00 p.m.
2MG	- 6.00 p.m.	3BO	- 6.00 p.m.
2WG	- 5.30 p.m.	3SR	- 5.00 p.m.
2DU	- 5.45 p.m.	3CV	- 5.30 p.m.
2BH	- 5.45 p.m.	3MA	- 6.30 p.m.
2LF	- 9.00 a.m.	3HA	- 3.30 p.m.
2RG	- 7.15 p.m.	3TR	- 3.30 p.m.
2GN	- 6.00 p.m.		
2AY	- 6.00 p.m.	SOUTH AUST.	
2QN	- 9.00 a.m.	5DN	- 1.00 p.m.
2BE	- 9.30 a.m.	5RM	- 1.00 p.m.
2HD	- 6.00 p.m.		
2HR	- 6.00 p.m.	WEST AUST.	
2TM	- 6.00 p.m.	6AM	- 6.00 p.m.
2AD	- 6.30 p.m.	6PM	- 6.00 p.m.
2LM	- 2.30 p.m.	6PR	- 6.00 p.m.
2PK	- 1.30 p.m.	6TZ	- 6.00 p.m.
		6CI	- 6.00 p.m.
QUEENSLAND		TASMANIA	
4BH	- 9.30 a.m.	7HT	- 5.30 p.m.
4GR	- 10.00 a.m.	7EX	- 10.15 a.m.
4SB	- 9.00 a.m.	7AD	- 7.30 p.m.
4GY	- 9.30 a.m.		
4ZR	- 6.00 p.m.	FIJI	
4MB	- 5.30 p.m.	ZJV	- 9.30 p.m.
4BU	- 9.00 p.m.		
4RO	- 3.30 p.m.		
4TO	- 9.30 p.m.		
4CA	- 9.30 p.m.		