

## RELICS OF 20 YEARS AGO

### Mawson Revisits Scene Of Earlier Exploration HUT STILL STANDS

(Radiogram dated January 7, received from Sir Douglas Mawson on board the Discovery, All Rights Reserved.)

WE have just embarked after two days ashore on King George V. Land, during which period excellent weather prevailed. After having escaped several days ago from the grinding edge of the pack, the Discovery made very slow progress in the face of the gale east across Dunville Sea, arriving off Cape Denison at noon on the fourth.

Three anxious hours elapsed before anchor was safely dropped owing to the difficulty experienced in manoeuvring inshore in the face of a fierce gale.

About nine o'clock on the morning of the fifth the weather moderated sufficiently to allow a party to go ashore. The hut where I had raised the flag 20 years ago still stands, although it is greatly weather-worn. The interior of the hut is largely choked by an extraordinary development of large spongy masses of ice crystal plants, which on being touched, fall to the floor.

#### SCORED BY SNOW BLAST

The outside exposed wood of the hut and all the wooden objects were found to be deeply scored by the snow blast, resulting in the hard and soft tissues standing in singular relief. Fully exposed oregon boards have been thus reduced in thickness, owing to snow abrasion in 20 years, by quite half an inch.

The wireless masts have fallen in shattered fragments. The astronomic and magnetic huts still stand, and in one of the latter Kennedy made 24 hours continuous observations, which by comparison with determinations made on the same spot in 1912, indicate that the magnetic pole has in the interval moved about 100 miles closer than formerly, and probably it is now distant only about 200 miles to the S.S.E. Indeed, we are so near the South Magnetic Pole that the ship's compasses are almost useless.

Brilliant, clear weather gave ideal conditions for Simmers to make a useful series of measurements of the sun and sky radiations, which in this intensely clear and dry atmosphere have a special value. Whilst work was thus in progress in every department of observation we all met together for a brief period at noon on the fifth, and officially hoisted the British flag over the territory of King George V. Land and its extension as part of Oates Land—an area embraced between meridians 140 and 160 east. This impressive ceremony terminated with cheers, and the singing of God Save the King.

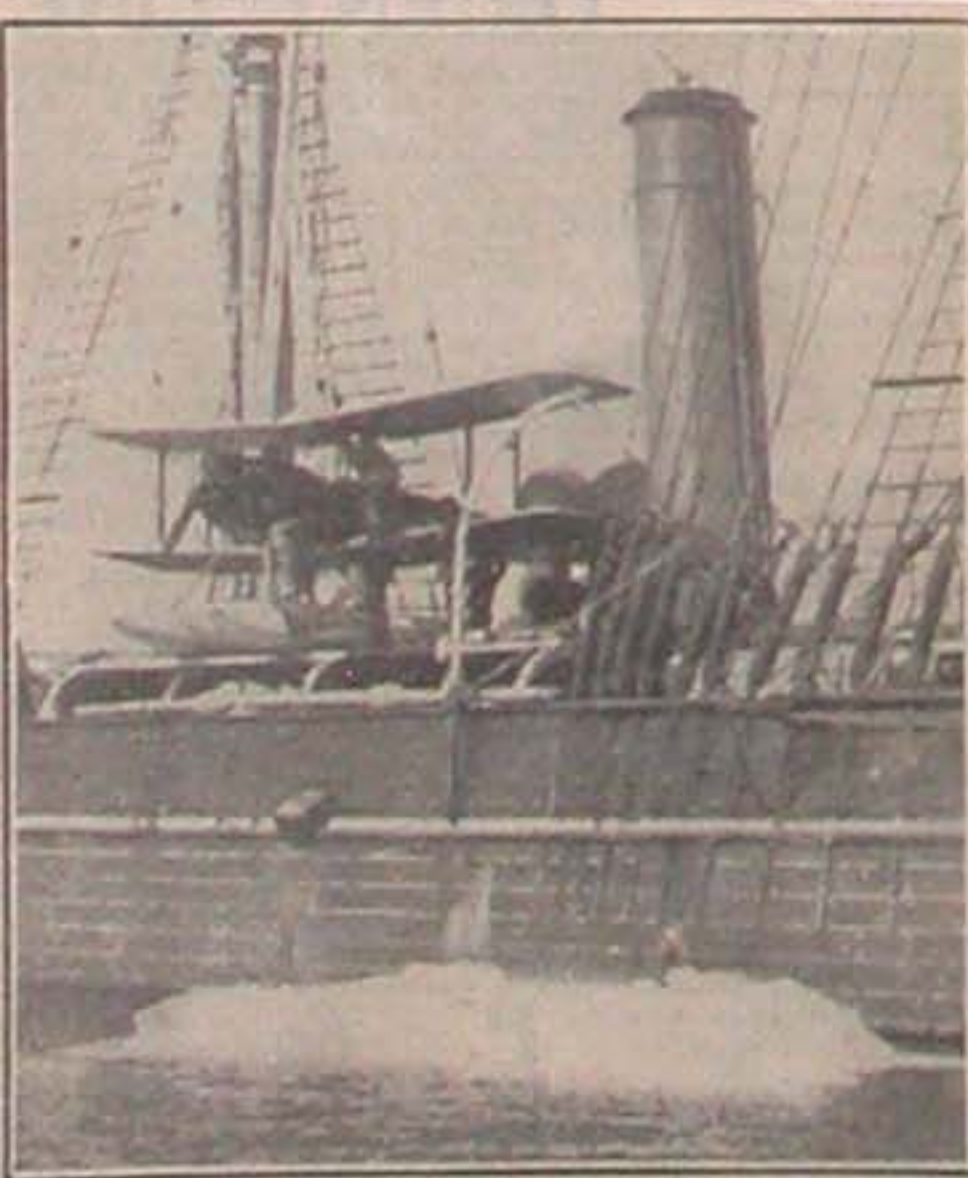
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## MAWSON EXPEDITIONS

### American View of Economic Results

NEW YORK, December 28.

The New York "Times," in a long leading article praising the care with which the Mawson expeditions to the Antarctic have been prepared and the scientific standing of the personnel, adds:—"It is no secret that Australia particularly has an economic interest in these explorations. Britain is becoming a rival of Norway in the whale fisheries."



The Gipsy Moth seaplane ready to leave the Discovery. Sir Douglas Mawson says the plane is rendering invaluable service in mapping Antarctic coastlines. (Shell picture.)

## KING PENGUINS INCREASE

### Value of Sanctuary

#### MAWSON TELLS HOW EGGS ARE HATCHED

Canberra, December 17.

Sir Douglas Mawson, in a message from on board the Discovery, mentions that the king penguins, which were almost exterminated by sealers, have greatly increased in number since Macquarie Island was declared a sanctuary.

Sir Douglas says:—"Beneath four tents in our camp at Macquarie Island we twelve snuggled down, but to sleep was impossible, for a westerly gale roared down from the mountains. It carried away one of the tents. Sea elephants stir into activity during the night, and above the howl of the gale could be heard a running serenade of grunts and snorts. One animal tried to enter a tent, but found the occupants too hostile."

An early breakfast of sea elephant steak and liver fortified everybody for the arduous day's work ahead. An inspection of the huts and wireless station, which were left intact in 1918, showed that the latter was now a complete wreck and of no value. For occupation the huts need much renovation.

#### Among the Penguins

That evening, when returning to the ship, spray from the wind-torn sea soaked all, but did not damp the ardor with which they clambered from the motor boat up the rolling sides of the Discovery. The westerly gale continued on, but did not prevent the ship from steaming 15 miles down the east coast to Lusitania Bay, the stronghold of the king penguins of the Australian region. Sealers formerly visiting the islands and boiled down for oil hundreds of thousands of these noble birds. Originally the rookery covered about 30 acres, but the birds were severely slaughtered, only a few hundred having escaped when the factory was abandoned. Now three rusty boilers stand on the outskirts of the rookery, grim reminders of a chapter in the island's history scarcely less deplorable than the extermination of the fur seals which abounded here.

It was obvious that the landing would be exciting, as a strong swell was running, breaking in white foam over the reefs and surging through the kelp, thrashing menacingly the 60-ft. tentacle-like thongs of this giant sub-Antarctic growth. It needed some deftness in handling the boat to prevent its entanglement with the propeller. All were relieved when eventually we were borne thrillingly on to the beach.

#### Hatching Eggs

Among several million subjects at Macquarie Island, the king penguin is every inch a king. Standing about 31 inches high, these splendid birds are the most handsome of the penguin species. The grotesque mannerisms of these friendly creatures are most diverting. They enjoy promenading along the sea front or strutting about the neighborhood of their homes in long single files, heads erect and chests swelling proudly, as ostentatious as the march past of a crack regiment. The queens sit, or rather stand, incubating eggs. One egg only is laid, and this is kept pressed by the upper sides of the feet in a small feathery pouch just above them. The birds make no nest, which leaves them free to move about, clinging to the egg, in a slow, awkward shuffle. The bird may be lifted without releasing the egg.

It is gratifying to record that the population has increased since the island was proclaimed a sanctuary, the king penguin population now amounting to about 4,000.

In this portion of the island rabbits, brought to the island years ago by sealers, have become abundant, and may eventually prove a serious menace.

#### Ship Leaves Island

The party returned to the ship in the evening. The weather improved, and an early morning departure was made. Dredging and sounding were carried out as the vessel proceeded southward, through the mists which had enveloped the island during most of our visit. Numerous icebergs were found aground at the south end of the island and on a shallow bank that extends south for some miles. Some of these bergs were of huge dimensions, one at least extending to a height of about 200 ft.

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A radio message from Sir Douglas Mawson, on page 4, describes his finding on King George V. land in the Antarctic, the hut which his party built 20 years ago. It was still standing, but the snow blasts had eaten away much of the woodwork. Picture shows the hut being built.

## BATTLING WITH THE ICE

### DISCOVERY'S VOYAGE SOUTH

#### DANGER FROM TOWERING BERG

Canberra, December 24.

That the present is an abnormal year for ice in the region through which the Discovery is travelling, is stated by Sir Douglas Mawson in a wireless message dated December 22.

"For days past," states the message, "the Discovery has headed west through a pack stream. The seas have driven us for a time far to the north, and now again we are making some southing. Indications are that the pack ice hereabouts extends over at least 1,000,000 square miles more of ocean than normally, but it may be that the extension is even much greater than this."

#### Sheet Ice from Antarctic

"The masses of ice through which we are threading our way are practically derived from the breaking up of a very heavy floe, and as they are much weather beaten, must have been storm tossed for a long time. Hence it is probably sheet ice from the Antarctic far to the west, for it is drifting steadily to the east. These weather-worn fragments of ice are in endless variety of form, but the fascination of artistry is lost upon us in our anxiety to push south. The glaring whiteness of the pack ice is relieved by a pleasant dappling of blue and green traceries, while towering above it are majestic bergs sculptured in every variety of form. From the foretop yesterday 111 were counted in view at the same time. Never before have I seen such an assemblage of fantastic shapes which, curiously enough, seldom bear any resemblance to the tabular bergs which are usually characteristic of the Antarctic."

#### Navigation Difficult

"Thick mists, alternating with falling snow and a gale of wind, have made navigation difficult for several days past. Bergs loom up only a few ship's length ahead. Last night we had an anxious reminder of what might have been the fate of the Kobenhavn, when a towering berg, half a mile in length, was perceived through the mist square across our course. We had barely time to swing the ship to avert a collision. Our approximate position at 8 o'clock this evening is latitude 64, longitude 158."

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## DISCOVERY BOUNCES ALONG

### Up And Down Through The Roaring Forties

#### MAWSON'S MESSAGE

(Wireless message received from Sir Douglas Mawson on board the Discovery)

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With the holds stowed tight and the decks heavily encumbered with the cargo of coal and aviation spirit, all hands regarded the passage through the Roaring Forties with some apprehension.

Few vessels southward bound running the gauntlet of these stormy latitudes have escaped from the tyranny of the elements in the oceans' worst weather zone. So it is fitting that jubilation should reign aboard the Discovery, because the tempest, instead of harassing us from a hostile quarter, is booming from the north, goading our leisurely paced vessel southward through turbulent waters at a reasonable speed.

Though our progress is gratifying, the ship's motion is downright aggravating. Lurching and lunging, throwing and bucking, we have become exasperated participants in a seagoing rodeo.

To be bucked from one's bunk, to say nothing of the capering of viands on the table at meals, or the incessant swamping of seaboots on the submerged decks, are but a few of the caprices of the playful Roaring Forties.

#### SUBMERGED LAND

Since reporting last, a course was set to define the western limit of Mill Rise, a land about the size of Tasmania sunken beneath the sea, about two hundred miles south of Tasmania. To make this delineation as the ship proceeded officers maintained close touch with the sea floor by medium of the echo sounder.

The keel thermometer showed an upwelling of cold water along the western margin of this underwater shoal. Our second marine station was counted to a depth of 2,000 metres, and in all hauls life was found to be exceptionally abundant.

Mill Rise is now left behind, and the Discovery is 2,100 fathoms above the sea floor in latitude 51.40 longitude 150.20. The scientific staff after last year's experience is well seasoned in sea practice, and whether it be to shovel coal in the stokehold, set sails aloft, or heave in the halyards, the scientists and sailors pull together shoulder to shoulder.

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