The Register February 24, 1914

BACK AT LAST.

TWO YEARS IN THE ANTARCTIC.

Dr. Mawson's Party All Well.

Happy Homecoming.

It was expected, and yet it was surprising, almost like a ghost from the night, when the Aurora broke through the southern darkness on Wednesday, with the gallant crew of the Departmental expedition on board. The coming of the Aurora was seen far and near along the southward track, a dramatic event. People were hearing of it, wondering where Dr. Mawson and his colleagues were, and perhaps some had forgotten for the moment about the placid plate which had just been released from a long imprisonment on Adelaide Island.

—Home Again.—

Then, suddenly, the eyes of Cape Borda Lighthouse flashed out across the waters and discerned a vessel of stranger pattern than that which had always been considered the one in which they might have appeared, so graceful was its outline, and of such dignity and speed of movement. Nobody, except those who had been away for two long, anxious years, wrapped in the white leechee of the gathering southern winds, would ever have imagined the joy that must have filled the hearts of the wanderers as the Aurora lighted the way homeward. When daylight came they had already crossed the horizon, the aurora borealis, and seen the land through the haze. And, as a sign of the coming ships, the large sail was hoisted, and beyond the fires of friends and relatives of long ago were the first birds in the land.

Why was it home? There was no idea that the message from the Borda might have been a hoax. But there was too much to support the good news that came through. The visit to the station, the Aurora's appearance from under the clouds, and the Aurora's place in the station, and the Aurora's visit to the station, and the Aurora's visit to the station, and the Aurora's visit to the station, all these were signs of the Aurora's return. The Aurora's crew is a well-disciplined soldier, and under the command of a leader whose name is synonymous with success.

—Definitive News.—

It was clear to the old hands at the station that the Aurora would be on her way to Adelaide. The Aurora is a vessel of strange pattern than that which had always been considered the one in which they might have appeared, so graceful was its outline, and of such dignity and speed of movement. Nobody, except those who had been away for two long, anxious years, wrapped in the white leechee of the gathering southern winds, would ever have imagined the joy that must have filled the hearts of the wanderers as the Aurora lighted the way homeward. When daylight came they had already crossed the horizon, the aurora borealis, and seen the land through the haze. And, as a sign of the coming ships, the large sail was hoisted, and beyond the fires of friends and relatives of long ago were the first birds in the land.

—At Last.—

The long wait was over. The Aurora arrived at the station on Wednesday. She was accompanied by a large number of friends and relatives of long ago who had been waiting for her. The Aurora's crew is a well-disciplined soldier, and under the command of a leader whose name is synonymous with success.

—Grand Welcome.—

There was a great deal of excitement when the Aurora arrived. The Chancellor (Sir Samuel Way) was present, and other distinguished visitors were also present. The Aurora was received with cheers and applause, and the Aurora's crew was warmly welcomed. The Aurora's visit to the station was a great event, and the Aurora's visit to the station was a great event.

No delay for Dr. Mawson. The quartz air was struck by the Aurora's crew, and the Aurora's crew was received with cheers and applause. The Aurora's visit to the station was a great event, and the Aurora's visit to the station was a great event.