

and notably Mr. Richard Correll, the father of Mr. P. E. Correll, who returned from the Antarctic with Wild's party, and subsequently went back again with the Aurora. Mr. C. R. Hodge (registrar), and Mr. F. A. Robertson (Dr. Mawson's University cadet), were early on the scene, representing the University, and later Professor Chapman arrived. Mr. T. Ryan was one of the comparatively early arrivals. Captain Richardson, a prominent figure in the little group, had been up practically all night awaiting news of the vessel, but he had not failed to bring with him a large basket full of home-grown tomatoes and a number of new-laid eggs, which his kind heart and his seagoing experience had convinced him would be more than acceptable to the voyagers.

The Meeting.

At 2.30 the Aurora was plainly seen from the jetty, and a few minutes later, by the aid of binoculars, it could be seen that Captain Davis, her commander, was relying mainly upon steam power, but had set one topsail to accelerate her speed. Three launches were moored to the jetty end in readiness to go out—the Conqueror for the use of Captain Richardson and members of the University party, the Asteroid for the use of the chief quarantine officer (Dr. Gething), and the Ethel for the use of the press representatives. At about 3 o'clock the Conqueror led the way out to sea. It was a glorious day. During the morning there had been practically no wind, but after noon a breeze sprang up from the south, and it now ramped up the gulf and capped the sunlit waves with foam. The Aurora came on at a quite tolerable speed, and the launches went out to meet her. The meeting took place at something more than four miles from shore. The Aurora had already furled her topsail preparatory to coming to a halt.

"The Aurora, Liverpool."

She is not in any sense a handsome craft,

although her rugged lines and the stern simplicity and solidity of her entire equipment contain a suggestion of romance. As she steamed slowly to the anchorage it was apparent that she had a slight list to port, a fact that added no dignity to her appearance. Her broad, black hull was weather stained and dull hued, the monotony of its coloring being relieved by painted lines, once white, and her name, "Aurora, Liverpool," looking out beneath a conventional design on her square stern. Her three masts were of no distinct color, and stood up out of a black network of rigging. Her yellow funnel gave forth smoke sparingly, and her yellow ventilators were set to catch the breeze. The white barrel at the head of the mainmast was obviously the crow's nest of a former age of seamanship. The blue ensign flew from the gaff. The deckhouses and the bridge were the most pretentious parts of the little craft. It was obvious that upon them had recently been expended a coat of white paint. As the vessel slowed down about three miles from the jetty end, a lithe figure swarmed up the rigging to the foremast head, and in a few moments the yellow quarantine flag was fluttering in the breeze. As the launches approached the squat little vessel all eyes were fixed upon the scene on deck. A knot of ruddy-checked men stood on the poop attired in their shore-going clothes. Seamen went about the decks carrying out some of the last of the duties of their long voyage, and blue-coated officers in their peaked caps stood upon the bridge.

Boarding.

The Conqueror was soon alongside, and Captain Richardson clambered aboard the Aurora to pilot her to Port Adelaide. A few desultory greetings were exchanged, and Dr. Mawson, leaning half over the bulwarks of his little ship, shook hands cordially with Mr. Hodge and several of his friends on the launch. Pending the granting of pratique, however, no one but the pilot could go aboard the vessel, and the Conqueror stood off, following the Aurora until she came to a standstill. The press representatives in their launch also stood by. It was some few minutes before there was any sign of Dr. Gething, but presently his launch came fussing up, and he clambered over the crude rope ladder over the bulwarks on to the deck of the vessel. His inspection did not last long, and as soon as the signal was given to haul down the yellow flag half a dozen pressmen clambered on board by the same ladder as that made use of by the doctor.

It was neither an easy nor a cleanly climb, and when one leaped on deck it was to find oneself surrounded by a number of large and very much excited dogs, which were chained in a row along the bulwarks. Their barking and whining revealed their presence to the occupants of the launches even before one of the animals looked enquiringly over the side and another thrust its great head through an aperture in the scuppers. The press representatives had hardly stepped on board before they had to intercept Dr. Mawson on his way to the primitive gangway. They explained their mission. The doctor had a suit case in his hand, and was obviously going ashore. He was unable to spare time for an interview, but made an appointment to meet the representative of "The Advertiser" at the South Australian Hotel that night. He clambered over the side just as a dog fight began on the deck, a fight that was with difficulty brought to an end by a member of the party.

Cabled to London.

Dr. Mawson explained that the more important news of the operations of the expedition was to be cabled to London before it would be available to the Australian press.

Aurora Off to the Port.

The Aurora went on her way to Port Adelaide, and Dr. Mawson came ashore in the Customs launch. He was welcomed by the Hon. J. Lewis, M.L.C. (president of the Geographical Society), Mr. A. W. Piper (who was president at the time of Dr. Mawson's departure), and Mr. H. P. Moore (vice-president). He was motored to town.

DR. MAWSON INTERVIEWED.

A MARVELLOUS ESCAPE.

WONDERS OF THE ANTARCTIC.

STRANGE DENIZENS OF THE SEA.

GALES THAT WOULD DEMOLISH ADELAIDE.

Dressed in cool summer clothes, with tanned, strong-looking face, Dr. Mawson seemed to have returned to civilisation at a bound when he met a representative of "The Advertiser" by appointment at the South Australian Hotel last night. Save that his face bore indelible marks of hardship, fatigue, and bitter experiences, the explorer was in every way the replica of other men of good breeding and education whom one encountered in the hotel. He was pleased to see the pressman, he said, and would be delighted to give him anything he could without interfering with other arrangements he had made. He mentioned that after leaving the bases the ship had made an extended cruise to the west, pushing into the pack wherever possible in the hope of discovering new lands, and all the time taking soundings and doing deep sea dredging.

Wonders From the Sea.

Led on by questions to talk of this work, Dr. Mawson stated that remarkable success had been achieved in it. "I think I can safely say," he informed the pressman, "that we have the best collection of biological stuff ever obtained in the Antarctic. We worked down to a depth of two miles with our dredgers, and secured remarkable fish and animals. During the

first year we were able to do only a very little deep sea work because of the difficulties it presented, but Captain Davis became a thorough master in manipulating the heavy gear before we left, and we were successful in obtaining most remarkable results. The world has been worked out for new lands to explore, and the scope opened up by this deep sea dredging apparatus must draw the attention of scientists with magnetic force. When it is remembered that the sea is five times as great in surface as the land, and that we have succeeded in disclosing the presence in it of many strange animals, the avenues for exploration which it opens up will be realised. You would hardly believe the excitement that attached to the landing of a trawl. We had to start at 6 a.m. to get the work done, for it takes some hours to get the heavy gear to the bottom. Once it is at the bottom you steam full speed ahead for some time and then wind the gear in. The excitement of everybody on board is intense as the net is hauled in, for you never know what you are pulling up. We used to get tons of strange fishes and animals up at a time, and nearly every species we obtained was new to science. In fact, the scientific results of the expedition, from every aspect, would lose nothing in comparison with any other expedition. Pending the meeting of the British Science Association, however, only the outline of the scientific achievements will be published. Our present work is to

elaborate the data we have accumulated, and they are very numerous. All our animals have to be preserved and properly mounted. We have hundreds of good bird skins of all kinds. We were fortunate enough to discover birds nesting, the egg of which had never been obtained before, and the things we have secured will be appreciated by the Australian museums among which they will be distributed."

The Terrible Tragedy.

Dr. Mawson desired not to give details of the one tragedy that had marred the success of the expedition until he had communicated them to the relations of the two men who had lost their lives—Lieutenant Ninnes and Dr. Mertz. He promised to relate the story of his own wonderful escape on that occasion next day, but in reply to questions he gave a sufficient indication of the straits to which he was reduced to show that he had had a truly marvellous escape. He was 30 days struggling through a blinding mist of drifting snow, over terribly difficult country, and was in the last stages of starvation and fatigue—his food had been reduced to 1 lb.—when he stumbled upon a cache that had been left there by a search party organised to find him and his two unfortunate comrades. The drifting snow blinded him, and if he had been a quarter of a mile to the right or to the left he would never have seen the piece of black bunting

on which he stumbled, and beneath which was the food that gave him life. He was then 21 miles from the base, and in his exhausted condition was only progressing at the rate of about two miles a day, so that the chances were against his ever seeing his comrades again; but Providence led him to the one spot where succor awaited him, and to-day he can afford to smile at the recollection of his experiences. But he told the pressman he never wanted another call so close as that.

All in the Game.

"These two deaths," Dr. Mawson remarked, "were very unfortunate. They were two of the finest men in the party, and no hero ever offered his life more cheerfully than they did. We were all tremendously saddened by the event, but I suppose it is all in the game. You take the risk, and you must be prepared to accept the consequences. If you take into account, however, the number of men in the party and the length of time we spent in the field, our loss of life was less than that of any expedition except those of Shackleton and Amundsen, which returned without losing a man. The health of our men was very good. I took a great deal of trouble over the provisioning, because I knew from the experiences of other expeditions what a menace scurvy was to the safety of a party, and I profited from my

knowledge of the precautions taken by Sir Ernest Shackleton."