

Dr. Mawson's Reply.

Dr. Mawson, who received a tumultuous reception, declared that to himself and the members of the expedition, and to the people of Australia, the joy of the return of the Aurora was greatly marred by the fact that the party was incomplete owing to the tragic deaths of two of his companions in Antarctica. Neither Lieutenant Ninnis nor Dr. Mertz was an Australian, but they were both gallant and devoted members of the Australasian expedition. (Cheers.) He ventured to suggest that the sorrowing relatives of his two friends should be informed by cable that the people of Australia, while congratulating the survivors, had remembered those who gave their lives to the cause. (Cheers.) He believed that the Commonwealth Government would gladly transmit such a message if the Mayor made the request. Lieutenant Ninnis was a son of the head of the medical service of the British army—Inspector-General Ninnis, himself a polar explorer, well known in connection with the British expedition of 1878. Inspector-General Ninnis was known to South Australia for his work in the Northern Territory. He had seen a letter written by the Government of South Australia to Surgeon Ninnis, as he then was, thanking him for his very valuable scientific work in the Northern Territory, work which was carried on conjointly with some surveying operations for the navy. Dr. Mertz possessed the kind of character which was a talisman of pure gold, no matter in what nationality it was observed. (Cheers.) He and his comrades wished them to remember what Lieutenant Ninnis and Dr. Mertz had done. The survivors might have an opportunity of doing something more, but these men had done their all. He felt he had been a little too much in evidence; so much so that he was prevented from keeping all his engagements, although he was very anxious to do so.

Message to Relatives of Lieutenant Ninnis and Dr. Mertz.

At the conclusion of the leader's speech the Mayor announced that Mr. Groom had promised to authorise the cable message suggested by Dr. Mawson, a message to the relatives of Lieutenant Ninnis and Dr. Mertz, condoling with them on the loss of these two brave men and congratulating them on the imperishable fame of their achievement. (Cheers.)

Captain Davis Grateful.

Captain Davis, who was also enthusiastically received, made a brief speech, in which he thanked the citizens of Adelaide for their reception. He declared that any nation could find the money for such an expedition as theirs, but few could find the right leader. He thought Australia might well be proud of Dr. Mawson, who had led this great expedition, which he thought would be recognised as being second to none. (Cheers.) He thought there were several gentlemen present who could say things very much better than he could. (Cries of "Go on.") It was not a fair thing to expect him to make a speech, but he just wanted to say before he sat down that even the relatives and friends of those men who were left behind twelve months ago had very generously told him they thought he did quite right. (Cheers.) He was very grateful, not only to them, but to all the people who had welcomed the expedition so cordially. (Cheers.)

Mr. Madigan Makes a Speech.

Mr. Cecil Madigan, a South Australian member of the expedition, received a flat-

tering, if somewhat disconcerting, ovation on rising to respond. He confessed that in the joy of home-coming and meeting his friends once again he felt in such a state of happy confusion that he found it very difficult properly to express his thanks. The members of the expedition did not feel that their return was anything in the nature of a Roman triumph, and they knew well enough that they had undergone the ordinary hazards and adventures of Polar exploration and faced them in the ordinary way. They liked to look upon their welcome as a greeting from old friends. (Cheers.) Mr. Madigan went on to speak of some of his adventures in Antarctica, which, together with some anecdotes of Dr. Mawson's, are reported in another column of this issue.

The Cable of Sympathy.

The telegram sent by the mayor, at the request of the Minister of Trade and Customs, to the fathers of Lieutenant Ninnis and Dr. Mertz was as follows:—"People of Australia, at a public meeting in Adelaide to welcome return Mawson expedition, condole with you on your great loss, but congratulate you on your son's imperishable fame."

DR. MAWSON'S DREAM.

ANECDOTES OF ANTARCTICA

FROZEN FOOD AND BENT CROWBARS.

"THE CROOK COOKS' ASSOCIATION."

THE HUMOR OF EXPLORATION.

The speeches delivered by Dr. Mawson and Mr. Cecil Madigan at Tuesday's civic reception at the Adelaide Town Hall contained the first personal references which have been publicly made by any members of the expedition since their return to the everyday circumstances of hardship which they had to endure during their long sojourn in the eternal ice of the south. Dr. Verco humorously referred to the necessity of attacking frozen food with a hatchet, and this appears to have suggested to Dr. Mawson's mind some of the difficulties which attended the catering arrangements with which the members of the expedition had to content themselves.

In the first place the leader related how the party's storeman, Mr. Murphy, dealt with "the meat question." He explained that under the hut at headquarters was a space in which the meat used to be kept. It was an ideal refrigerating chamber—(laughter)—because anything deposited there would remain for ever frozen. In the first year they had a number of eggs from Australia, and in the second year there were penguin eggs, which were all stored below the hut. There were also carcasses of mutton and a large stock of penguin meat and seal steaks. The penguins were thrown in whole and were cut up as required for use. It was rather a shallow cellar, and became partly choked up with snow, so Murphy hit upon a method of extracting meat which was altogether more convenient than scrambling underneath the floor for it. He used to get one of the dogs and push it down into the cellar, and in a moment out would come the dog with a penguin or, perhaps, a joint of mutton and try to get away. (Laughter.) If Murphy missed the dog as it came out of the cellar, there would be a long chase outside, but he seldom missed. (Laughter.)

Meat in Frozen Slop Water.

Later on it became difficult to dispose of the slop water in bad weather, and so a channel was dug in the snow near the hut, and into this the water was thrown. For some reason the water flowed back under the hut, and they discovered in due course that some of the meat was frozen in a solid block of dirty water. (Laughter.) His audience might hardly credit it, but many a crowbar was bent in getting that meat out and in separating one piece from another. (Laughter.) They worked at it for about two days with crowbars and sledge hammers. The eggs were all frozen so hard that one could have played ball with them without any fear of breaking them.

An Extraordinary "Food Dream."

There had been some talk since his return of food dreams. It might be imagined that they had them pretty badly on their sledge journey every time they lay down to rest. They became more and more acute. He remembered one of his own, which was a most weird affair. He seemed to be in Australia travelling in a railway train, and he apparently wanted some cake. (Laughter.) Someone, whom he did not know, gave him the address of a shop at a country place, and there he got out of the train. He went to the shop. The cake he was going to get was not for a small party, but for a large one, but he thought he could manage it. (Laughter.) When he asked for it in the shop the manager was brought and there was a lot of ceremony about it. They did not seem to think he could manage one of these cakes himself. (Laughter.) However, after some dispute, he was told to get on to the roof of the three-storied building, and up he went by a fire escape. (Laughter.) On the roof he saw a number of things about as big as or-

dinary coppers, and the manager said he would show him some of the samples. He wanted to taste them, but the manager would not let him do so, nor would he tell him the price. The manager would give him no satisfaction, but he knew he must have one of those things. Finally he had to leave an order for one, and the manager hurried him out of the place and promised to send it.

A Strange Sensation of Detachment.

As he was going down into the street again he saw the manager diving out of a window in an aeroplane or glider. (Laughter.) Then everything passed away and he seemed to have the cake—(laughter)—with instructions attached to it. He was to set a match to a fuse, and when he lit the fuse something would happen, and he would find the cake was cooked. (Laughter.) Confused dreams of that kind occurred very often to members of the party. They sometimes told one another about their dreams, and raised a little amusement in that way. It had been said some people envied them their experiences; and there was, of course, something in that, for it was experiences which made life. His experience on the fatal sledge journey was rather an acute one, because he believed there was no hope at the time Mertz died. They were agreed about that. He could stand outside things and look back on the world, so to speak. It would be very interesting to tell them of his sensations, but he could not do so in a few words. It was Keats who wrote something about "standing outside the shores of the wide world until fame and love as to nothing do sink," or something of that kind. Keats had never been to the Antarctic, or he would not have written those lines.

Seals Like Redgum Logs.

Mr. Cecil Madigan made a delightfully humorous speech, and took the gathering into his confidence in the matter of the feeding of the dogs. That was one of his jobs in the second year, he explained, and he found it quite interesting for the first two or three days.

Mr. Madigan laughed in spite of himself at the picture which was conjured up in his mind, and the audience laughed with him.

He went on to explain that the dogs were fed on seals, which were caught in the summer time and left outside the hut to freeze. They went very hard, in fact, just like a redgum log. (Laughter.) He used to go out with an axe and chop away at one of these logs, and as there was usually a very strong wind the chips used to fly. The dogs learned to get on the leeward side, and very few chips got past them, no matter how hard the wind was blowing. (Laughter.) A lot of amusing things happened at the winter headquarters. They were all amateur cooks, and they had with them that worthy old lady, Mrs. Beeton. (Laughter.)

Amateur Cooks.

One day one of them decided to make a salmon kedgerree, and looked up the cookery book. The instructions, which they always followed very closely, were:—"Take two ounces of butter, pepper, and salt." If any of them had ever tried salmon kedgerree with two ounces of pepper they would know what it was like. (Laughter.) Unfortunately, he was the messman that day, and he was elected to the "crook cooks' association." (Laughter.) It was a very popular association, and anyone making a specially big "faux pas" was elected to the "crook cooks' association" without delay. Since their return they had been asked whether they were finding it hot. He wanted to settle that matter before he sat down—with apologies to "Punch." They did not feel it so hot as they did at first, but, by Jove, they did at first! (Laughter.)

The Elder scholarship for pianoforte playing has been awarded to Lily Emmaline Sara. The special scholarship for tenor voice has been awarded to Leslie Robert Martin; Prox. acc., Harold John Gard. The scholarship offered for composition was not awarded.