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ever served its purpose, for the only record of castaways was from 1810-17 when three men were put ashore by a ship too short of food to keep them. They ate seal meat, wore seal skins and collected a huge pile of seal skins, which they took with them when they were finally rescued. It was lucky for us 10 castaways that the depot was there, for we huddled in it all night. We sat on a tarpaulin and leaned against duffle bags, everybody cramped, with raindrops finding their way round the canvas the men had stretched over the corroded iron roof. I had brought sandwiches off the vessel, someone had cake, and we found our orange juice and chocolate, so were not too hungry.

### Watching the Penguins

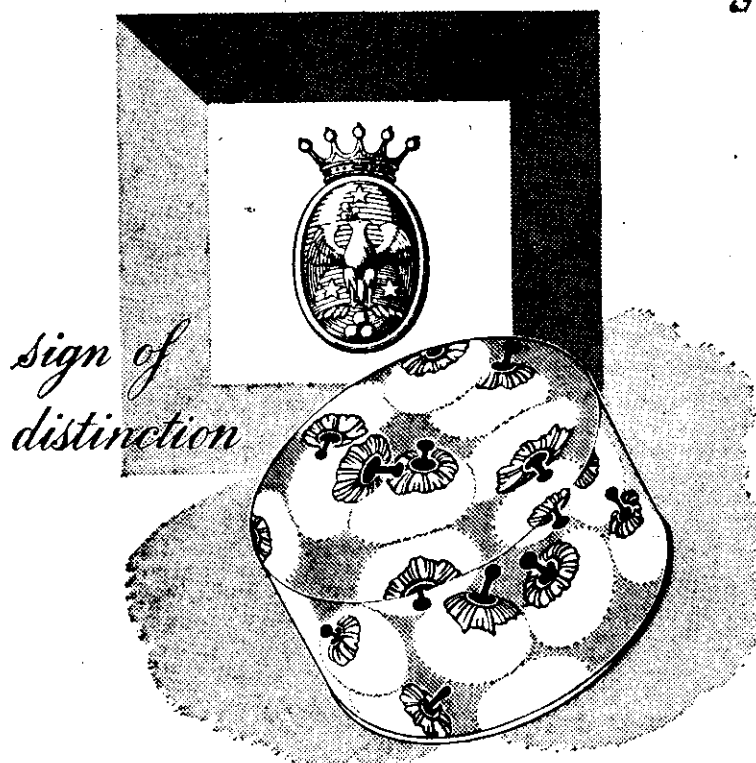
At 4.30 in the morning my husband and I managed to get over everybody's legs and went out to sit on a rock and watch the penguins, an absorbing entertainment of which no one ever tires. There were thousands of them. If you sit still, they come near you and watch you or walk by slowly. If you have chosen a spot where great waves dash up on rocks and cliffs you have the beauty of the sea in combination with the fascination of the penguins, while great sea-creatures, sea-lions, sea-elephants and seals slumber or swim at

stone's throw. The waves dash the hardy penguins upon the rocks. They are sometimes swept back by the undertow to try a second time when with their strong feet and bills they at last make a landing while others jump into the waves and you watch them leaping off like little porpoises, in and out, and swiftly covering distance through the sea.

There is too much to tell of all the wonders. The men got the tents up and fortunately we had a sunny day for that. Large fern fronds were used for tent floors, but even at that, one put one's feet into high, waterproof boots on getting out of one's sleeping bag and kept those boots on every moment till feet were put back into the sleeping bag. We squelched through mud and slipped and fell in mud. The short walk from sleeping tent to mess tent was a scramble through mud no matter how often branches were cut to fill the path. But the mess tent, with its long table and benches and big fire, gave us much comfort of warmth and good hearty food.



INSPECTING a Royal Albatross on the nest—a photograph of Mrs. Murphy, taken at Taiaroa Head, Otago Peninsula



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