



Furthest South



Volume 22 Number 2

Newsletter of the Arthur Ransome Society in Australia and New Zealand

How do Railways Feature in the Twelve?

Hedley Thomson

I love trains and I love AR: is there a synergy? Of course there is! Knowing that I am something of a rail fan (including in the 1970s having travelled on many, now long-closed Vic, NSW & SA branch lines with good friend, Graham Bower; a book of the trips remains in the offing), Jan suggested that I write some thoughts about my interest in railways *vis-à-vis* AR's references to them. I replied: 'Oh, yes! What a great idea, Jan! Would just love to write such an article/s, not least given that for a hundred years, Australian railway practice very much followed that of the 'old country'.'

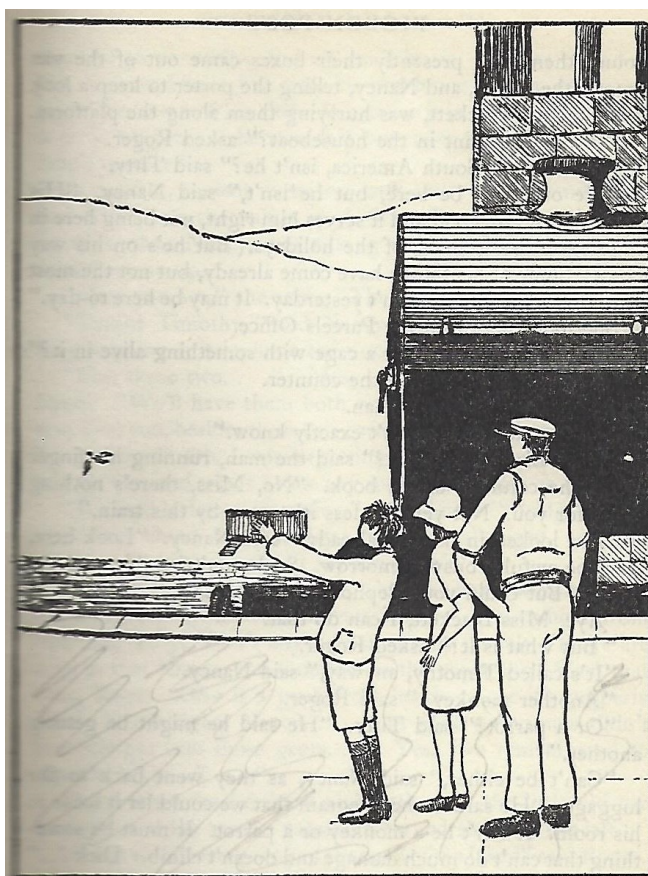
With reference to AR and the twelve, one of the reasons *PP* is my favourite is because the story opens at a railway station - a proper one, a junction station, no less, with staff and clearly with all of the other attributes and paraphernalia of a *proper* railway station, with the train stopping for a period because of all the duties required to be performed, including allowing for a pigeon to be released!

I also enjoy *PP* because, for me, its environmental setting is the closest to an Australian environment: dry summer, worry about 'bush' fires, the dry, parched landscape, coping with the heat, and the like, and, secondly, I like the way AR stretches the characters to cope with some very evident physical challenges.

I love the immediate engagement with the story that AR has contrived, owing to the book's up-beat, scene-setting opening, first through Roger trying to catch a porter's attention (enabling AR to use one of his most classic Roger lines: 'Roger swallowed a bit of chocolate, unsucked and unbiten.') and, secondly, through the very intentional descriptions relating to the dry conditions with which we are about to become familiar: the burned grass trackside - courtesy of the otherwise romantic steam engines; the low Lake level; and the marvellous farmer's wife character: "'Losh, the heat!'"... To me, AR uses the irresistible energy of the opening to set up the whole adventure of *PP* - and the learnings (typical of AR) that go with it.

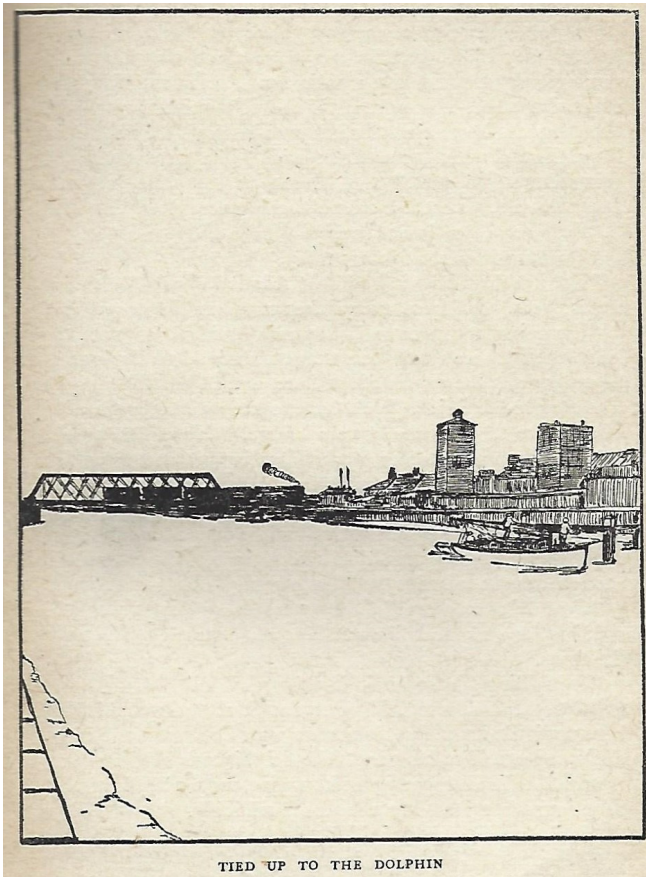
'Irresistible energy' isn't a term that can be sensibly used in relation to Graham's and my travels, but we certainly had plenty of adventures and learnt a lot - stories for another time...

Continued on page 2



In this issue

How do railways feature in the twelve?	1
Member profile: Bob Cuming	3
Quiz: severed quotes	4
Lockdown activity!	4
Member profile: Mark Walker	5
Quizzes: Semaphore and muddled sentence	6
Impressions of a voyage in <i>James Craig</i>	7
TARS keep busy- World Reading Day & lockdown	10
Book review: <i>The Magic Pudding</i>	11
<i>Titmouse</i> and <i>Death & Glory?</i>	11
Arthur's birthday cakes	12
Nancy challenges TARS in isolation!	14
Answers to quizzes	15
Answers to Arthur's birthday cakes competition	16
New book by AusTARS member	17



TIED UP TO THE DOLPHIN

But back to AR - the analysis of *PP* led me to have a look at the other eleven *S&A* books to find out: are there mentions of railways in all of them? are there consistent themes or ways in which railway references are used? are mentions of railways critical to the plots of the stories? does AR show a particular interest in railways, as clearly as he does with his knowledge of animals and birds? It was most enjoyable finding out, as it's been some time since I've read many of the twelve (I'm currently dealing with *The Big Six*) and it was fun reliving the stories, even if in overview.

And here's what I found out...

Trains and railways are mentioned, in some form or other, in seven of the twelve: *viz*, *SA*, *SD*, *PD*, *WH*, *CC* - a lot (but more of that later...), *PP* and *PM*. In *ML* there is reference to a steam dredger, pile-driver and trolleys running 'to and fro on loosely fastened rails' in the port of Singapore, but that's it.

However, those references in *ML* to industrial equipment, coming, as they do, at the start of the novel, constitute a

technique AR uses in six of the novels where railways feature (*WH* has just one small, passing reference to rail ways, albeit early on in the story) to evince a sense of kinetic energy and movement in anticipation of action - probably not an original technique for 'boys own'-type action novels, but it works, I think. AR uses other techniques, such as short sentences, to further contrive that sense of anticipation or movement; i.e., that 'we're off' on a new adventure.

Otherwise, it is *CC* that uses railways - or rather railway bridges - as a special ploy to set up the plot of the novel. As the *Teasel* and the *Welcome* traverse the waterways of the northern and southern Norfolk Broads, they must deal with running under or through numerous railway bridges. The interactions that the crews of both boats have with these often-giant pieces of industrial infrastructure affect decisions that are taken and therefore the timing of travel, which then affect various interactions between the various parties to the story.

Further, given AR's clear preference for un-engined forms of transport (sailing vessels and even cart-horses), the battle with the railway bridges and the preference given to the trains that traverse them seems to rankle with AR, as if he were skipping the *Teasel* or the *Welcome*. But that's just my supposition.

Which leads to the question: was AR a rail fan? My conclusion: I don't think so. Rather, he saw railways as a necessary component of modern society of the time, enabling people to travel to places that they really wanted to be but otherwise would have been unable to reach. I come to this conclusion because - *CC* aside - once trains have brought various protagonists to their required destinations, there are no further mentions of railways; the job of the railway has been done and the scene for adventure is set.

For the record, here're the pages (in the Jonathan Cape editions) in each of the seven where railways rate a mention. (If there are others, let me know!)

SA - p. 18

SD - p. 18

PD - p. 19

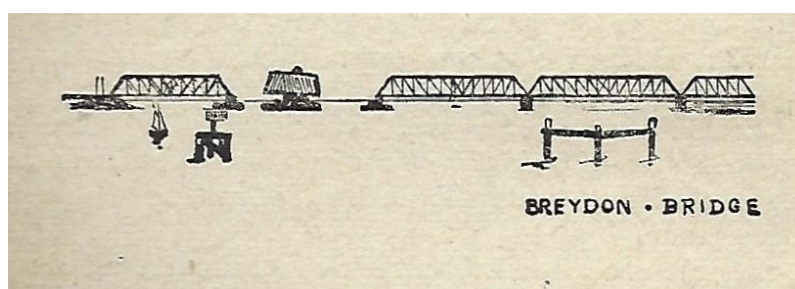
WH - p. 24

CC - p 15 (the usual, lively and incident-filled scene-setting opening), pp 121, 224, 226-8, 247-8, 252, 263, 267, 299-300, 342, 248, 350

PP - pp 11-13, 15-18

PM - pp 15, 17

(Oh, and *ML* and its steam dredger - p. 17).



BREYDON • BRIDGE

Member profile: Bob Cuming, TARSNZ

In the last issue we read about Bob's favourite AR books. Now we learn about the man himself.

As the youngest child of a family of 6, my family name was Robbie, and that is what's left of my extended family still call me that to this day. So names stick, and that's why we have no trouble with Ransome's 'Titty' I suppose. Born near the end of WW2 in 1944, I was to lose my dad when I was six as he somehow got blood poisoning from wisdom tooth removal, so I was bought up with my five siblings. My eldest brother, who was twelve years older than me, acted as a stand-in for my dad. None of these other occupants of the house ever grew up to read *Swallows and Amazons* books, so I was all alone in my family in getting that calling. Four boys initially meant more of a liking for Biggles and Co., so it wasn't till high school that enlightenment struck.

I remember as if it was yesterday how, having ditched my Catholic schooling for a bright new public high school in our neighbourhood, I followed my next older brother into the delights of a very large modern facility with an impressive library. In awe of the selection available, when my First Class library period came along, I feasted on these enticing shelves looking perhaps for a 'Biggles' I hadn't read.

I remember the moment when the library teacher ran his finger along a row of books mentioning various titles and discussing possible merits of their subject matter. Attention wavered among my young third form class mates, and then that moment suddenly came. He had picked out an assuming looking tome and said 'Has any one read one of these?' - a Ransome book no less. He must have seen the stunned mullet look on a number of faces, and the reaction was less than enthusiastic. Comments about 'stick figures' and other uncomplimentary remarks were heard.

The teacher, though, while moving on, had piqued my interest, as it had seemed as if he knew the book was worth reading, so I took it on loan along with others to read and, as they say, the rest is history. I was a hooked 13-year-old. Okay, I still read Biggles of course, as I was a voracious reader from a very young age, and had been through the Famous Five and other authors' efforts. But Ransome's books were different; from then on a life-long love affair had begun.

I started my working career as an aircraft apprentice at the local airport. Influenced by my oldest brother, who was the local aero club captain, so I became more of a flying type rather than a *Swallows and Amazons* sailor. But the principles of moving objects forward are the same so I was therefore well schooled, as have been others well before me, on the principles of sailing that Ransome has imparted though his series of books to generations of

young readers. I have subsequently spent a life time taking an interest, as we all have, in feasting on those early reading experiences, leading to later in life joining the Society after it was formed in the UK. In the meantime I was getting married and producing two now adult children in Hamilton



where I have always lived.

Joining the low-key NZ society group was OK but after Cheryl Paget arrived from the UK it morphed into a nice viable membership with our passionate leader. I remember that she was somewhat surprised when she learnt I had met Des Kelsall in the very town she now lived in. Some years before, when he had emigrated with his Kiwi bride, my wife and I had a pleasurable visit. He said at the time that I was the only NZ member he had met. I also have a daughter who has lived in the UK for twenty years so visiting trips have meant seeing the usual Lake District sites; and in 2015 while in the UK I attended the 25th IAGM in Norfolk, a personal highlight. In recent times a prize I received from Bank Ground Farm for a poem I had written resulted in an enjoyable holiday for my daughter, her partner and our nine-year-old only grandchild.

Well, as for hobbies, I wonder whether reading Ransome's books influenced my life in any way. I like to think my interests reflect the philosophies of the great man himself. I am a self-confessed conservationist and tree hugger of the first order and active in the NZ Forest & Bird Society. Also I am a keen tramper with a local group. We have a very large gully section developed with native plants.

My wife, Lyn, and I are members of the local antique club and have a large range of 'old stuff' influenced, no doubt, in my case at least, by that redoubtable gentleman known as AR.

Swallows and Amazons for ever!

Quiz: severed quotes

These quotations from the books have lost their other halves. Can you match them up correctly? Some are speech and some text, but inverted commas for speech and some punctuation have been omitted, just to increase the degree of difficulty! Answers are on page 15.

1. Well, we've saved him	A. We're only going to use her as a houseboat
2. If that kitten's got any sense,	B. Lays no eggs
3. We can't do any more tonight	C. No joking
4. He found that it was almost more upsetting to have things put right	D. I've tipped you the Black Spot
5. If you jiggle that tooth again	E. For the moment
6. Duffer. That's with looking too hard	F. What had happened when she had held the hazel twig
7. I won't speak to you	G. Try the other eye.
8. Poor lads, poor lads	H. It'll like honest cow's milk better than condensed
9. But my dears, we aren't going to sail	I. So young, and with nothing left to live for
10. This wild goose	J. Than it had been when they went wrong
11. Not one word was said to her about	K. I'll put you overboard
12. Once is quite enough	L. But we've got in touch with Mars

Lockdown activity!

Stuart Allen

Would you like to broaden your Arthur Ransome reading? At no cost?

Project Gutenberg (www.gutenberg.org) has a selection of Arthur Ransome titles you can download for free. They include *Old Peter's Russian Tales*, *Pond and Stream*, *The Crisis in Russia*, *Oscar Wilde: A Critical Study*, *The Child's Book of Seasons*, *The Soldier and Death*, *Russia in 1919*, and a translation by AR of *A Night in Luxembourg* by Remy de Gourmont.

You can download them, read them online or on your phone or Kindle. There are no fees, registration or apps needed. If you have appreciated your free reading, you can donate to the project to enable it to expand its content.

Oscar Wilde is certainly interesting and it is the book over which Arthur was taken to court. If you find something of AR's that you like, please consider writing a review for FS!

Member Profile - Mark Walker, AusTAR

Mark did sterling service editing *Furthest South* for several years. Here he is in his own voice!

For a certain generation, the year 1962 was a memorable one. It was the year the Beatles did their first gig at the Cavern Club in Liverpool; the launch year of the MGB, that most prolific of British sports cars; and John Glenn became the first American into space on the 20th of February. I beat him by five days. This had no bearing whatsoever on the Bay of Pigs fiasco in April, but the potential of the Cuban Missile Crisis in October – the potential for total, Mutually Assured Destruction – does kind of put that momentous event into perspective.

Perhaps this proximity to or fear of ‘mutually assured destruction’ prevented me forming a long-lasting relationship? Perhaps the unhappiness in my own parents’ marriage led to a certain reluctance to commit? Or perhaps it was just sheer, blind coincidence that I never quite found a partner with whom I ‘clicked’? Oh well, at least my largely unsuccessful efforts at relationships produced one noteworthy success – my son, Jasper (25), appears relatively normal and has recently provided me with a grand-daughter. All is not entirely lost.

Due to my perpetual bachelor status, I have (fortunately?) never had to suffer the indignity of a combined Birthday/Valentine’s Day celebration, as might otherwise have been the case but, as the latter coincided with my maternal grandmother’s birthday, she always claimed I was a ‘late birthday present’. Perhaps that was why I was so fond of her, and why we got along so well. Or was it just that, both being eccentric, philosophical Aquarians, we each ‘got’ the other? It also makes me wonder if this is why I have not been able to dispose of the (now) somewhat disreputable kitchen tidy bin that I collected as ‘spoils’ from her flat after her death in 1991.

The fact that the bin still works as intended probably says more about my character than that mere nostalgic coincidence. Although I suspect the parsimony taught me by my mother – saving paper bags and washing plastic bags for reuse, for example – may also have something to do with it. Material waste is abhorrent to me. The enormity of the plastic waste pollution of the world’s oceans causes me actual mental anguish. The suffering borne by turtles and seabirds I find deeply distressing. We hear of ‘man’s inhumanity to man’ but one seldom hears of man’s inhumanity to other species. Where we have ‘sexist’ and ‘racist’, I contend we should add ‘species-ist’ to the list, if I may so coin a word.

Like Arthur Ransome, I am fond of birds, as was my father (despite him being a proto-Jemmerling in his misspent youth), and it was he who imbued in me my love of wild and beautiful places. As a small child, I didn’t perhaps appreciate what he was teaching me, but something of the

starlit peace of the evening campfire must nonetheless have seeped into my subliminal being. It was of course he, via a green-bound Jonathan Cape set of *The Twelve*, who introduced me to the wonders of Arthur Ransome’s *Swallows and Amazons* series. I blame a childhood fascination




with the Dogs’ Home in *PM* for my adult fascination with the caves, ruins and shacks that continue to catch my eye on my travels. A tumbledown shack speaks to me of adventures present and past, inciting a curiosity about what might have befallen the building and its former occupants.

It is probably this same nostalgia that drove me towards TARS; actually, it was nostalgia that drove me to purchase a copy of *Swallows & Amazons* for myself, after my sister refused to hand over the green-bound set that were, since Dad’s passing, in her possession. It was only when reading the modern, dust-jacketed hard copy that I became aware of the existence of TARS and thence of AusTARS.

Unlike my father, who had grown up the son of a newspaper proprietor (*The Mosman Daily*), I fell into journalism and publishing by accident. Well, actually, that’s not strictly true. At university, I made several contributions to *Tharunka* (the UNSW students’ journal) that were entirely intended for publication! Later, along with other left-wing students, I founded our own literary and socio-political journal, *Drumbeat*, which we printed on second-hand photocopiers at the business of a friend of one of the editors, using up the toner left over in the machines on sale, on paper largely filched from university store-cupboards. It survived four issues, until the university began locking the store-cupboards. Oh, well. We had printed 2500 copies per issue, and distributed them widely on campus, so perhaps

Continued on page 6

Quiz: how is your semaphore progressing?

- 
- 
- 

Quiz: muddled sentence

This well-known and significant sentence has become somewhat jumbled. Without looking it up, can you sort out the word order to make sense? Hints: the first and last words listed are in their correct places. You will also need to insert three commas in suitable places.

A foot his had the blocks again jumped down far and the running crammed in had rolled it just and boy was porter platform the paint-tin towards who almost stopped between the pockets and his had up as them the platform bounced he if grabbed with escaping before had his train.

Member profile: Mark Walker—continued from page 5

they had put two and two together and realised where the purloined paper had ended up? We, of course, called it censorship, but we were not, for perhaps obvious reasons, in a position to make this claim either too loudly or in public.

I also co-edited at least one issue of the 'green Left' students' journal, *Paradox Sustained*, (essentially we were the unofficial student wing of the NSW Greens), having become involved in 'green' student politics, which also involved laying up and printing election posters on a modern three-colour Gestetner printer owned by the Anarchists, which involved surreptitious, late-night visits to their headquarters at Jura Books, in Stanmore. A current, sitting member of the NSW Lower House was involved with both groups. No names, no pack drill.

I suspect it was this hands-on publishing experience that led the editor of *Australian Classic Cars* magazine to offer me a job, a proper paying job, while still a student at UNSW, a 'dream job': writing about the 'classic' cars that I had always loved and read about. Being paid to drive Porsches, Maseratis, Rolls-Royces and, of course, MGBs, in some sense made of my life a circle, or perhaps a merry-go-round, on which I have merrily bobbed ever since, and which expertise led me to offer my services as editor of

Furthest South, at which task I have strained, struggled and survived over the past five years.

I know my efforts were appreciated - many of you said as much in numerous kind messages of support - and it was that support - and the standard editorial prerogative that 'the paper must come out' that sustained me over those years. Until you've actually been an editor - of a magazine, newspaper or journal - you cannot have any real understanding of the absolutely hours - days - of work that go into producing even so humble a publication as the TARS newsletter. Like the proverbial swan, serenely sailing the surface of the pond, while the legs paddle frantically beneath the water - unseen, unguessed-at. Production of *Furthest South* is much the same. What you see, gentle reader, is only the very tip of a truly earnest iceberg.

So I urge you most earnestly to continue to support *Furthest South* - especially at this difficult time - and keep those contributions rolling in. Without content, the magazine cannot be produced, so please, do contribute.

Three million cheers!

Impressions of a voyage in James Craig

Ralph Seccombe

In our last issue we read about Ralph's voyage in HMB Endeavour. This time he tells us about another experience.

'The world's only 19th century sailing ship regularly taking passengers to sea!' This was the proud boast of the barque *James Craig*, before Covid-19 required her to join other Australians in practising social isolation. So she has been required to sit at her berth in Sydney since the day of her return from Melbourne on 25 March. She may be lonely but she is at least in the thoughts of her crew, who wonder: how long will it be before we can sail her again?

We left Sydney on 17 February with some 74 on board in what was expected to be a routine passage to Melbourne, and so it was—except that sailing a 19th century ship is always exciting. Built in 1874, she had a working life of some 60 years, after which her health and fortunes declined, till she was abandoned in Recherche Bay, southern Tasmania, to be found in the 1970s by the Sydney Heritage Fleet and slowly and lovingly restored to her former glory. On 12 August, 2000, she sailed for the first time since 1922, and hasn't stopped since—or hadn't, until Covid-19 super-vened.

On deck she looks very much as she did when launched in England 146 years ago, her masts towering above, to carry her 21 sails. Only down below in a few areas is there conspicuous evidence of modern times, with a galley (kitchen), engines and other equipment.

I slung my hammock, looking forward to a shared experience, a feeling of closeness to my fellow crew. Certainly there was no doubt about our physical closeness: it was pretty crowded down there.

Using the engines as little as possible, we sailed south to Eden, where we put in for a few nights to shelter from hostile southerly winds. We saw burnt-out hills and ash on the beaches amidst the seaweed, legacy of recent bushfires, and visited the museum of whaling, an industry which placed heavy demands on tough men—it was worse for the whales, of course.



James Craig from Point Lonsdale
Photo: David English

As we sailed past the coast of Victoria, we passed through two traffic separation zones, which are divided highways in the sea, designed to minimise the risk of collision, and passed rocky granite islands rising



Passing the You Yangs on the way to Williamstown

sheer from the water off the mountainous coast of Wilson's Promontory. Of course we sailed on the right, in accordance with the rules of the road.

We picked up a pilot outside the Rip, the notorious stretch of turbulent water between the Heads which are the gateway into Port Phillip. On this day it was calm: I've known rougher bathwater. It was, however, of great comfort that the pilot was by origin a Dutchman! Alas, he didn't call me *mijnheer*.

Perhaps some of us felt cheated out of excitement, but it is still a stirring experience to come from the open sea into the relative calm of the Bay (as locals call Port Phillip). As for me, I was very happy to pass Point Lonsdale, scene of childhood holidays, and make way to Williamstown, near the mouth of the Yarra at Melbourne, where I was born.

The crew were privileged to hear a talk by Mori Flapan, a leader in the long and dedicated renewal of the ship from the hulk of Recherche Bay. He said that, at the time of building the ship (1874), the makers, Bartram Haswell, were in transition from wood construction to iron, so that our ship, although built in iron, had something of the graceful lines of a wooden ship. Transition was also taking place in terms of size: within a few years, ships were made much bigger, so that by the 1890s the standard sailing ship was three times the size of the *James Craig* (74 metres, 1,500 tonnes). By the turn of the century, the ships got even bigger, with standard ships like the *Passat* and *Pamir*, six times the size of the *James Craig*.

We berthed at Williamstown, where we enjoyed the maritime festival of which we were the major attraction (naturally—we're used to that). A busy program stretched before us, with daysails in the Bay and public open days alongside, when we would show the ship.

Our best-laid plans went agley, as precautionary measures against coronavirus were imposed and increased. Events were cancelled, and the ship's master had to make decisions in full compliance with medical science. How to bring a ship back to her home port with minimum risk of spreading disease?

Continued on page 8



Romping up the NSW coast



Sewing the fore t'gallant

Answer: reduce numbers on board, to provide for maximum distance between us and to have fewer people subject to the risk of infection on board. Crew were culled drastically. I rang my GP for advice, particularly since persons over 70 were said to be at higher risk: fortunately he told me to go. Passengers intending to sail to Sydney were told that they could not come—sad for them and a financial loss to the ship's custodians, the Sydney Heritage Fleet, which could ill afford it. So we left Williamstown a day early, with just 36 on board, which meant 7 deck crew in each of the three watches.

One crew member not among the 36 drove to Point Lonsdale, where he waved at the passing ship from the long pier. We thought of him and others from whom we were separated as the bow lifted once again to the long swells of the Southern Ocean. One of the many uncertainties was how long such separations might last. As our shipmate later wrote, 'watching the ship go through the Heads was an incredibly active and poignant experience. In my case never to be forgotten.'

It evoked the film *On the Beach*, in which characters found themselves in 1950s Melbourne, awaiting the end of the world in the form of death by radiation, spread by nuclear war. Ava Gardner, the female lead, is (though erroneously) quoted as saying that my native city, untouched by mass air travel and other features of globalisation, which had not yet come to pass, was the right place to make a movie about the end of the earth.

We were conscious of the daily tragedies and suffering of many people in many countries, and we thought often of loved ones ashore. At the same time, we found benefit in being partly cut off from news, living in our own little ship, preoccupied with bringing her and ourselves home. We all practised careful hygiene, and one member of the crew was almost full-time in disinfecting all possible surfaces.

James Craig is marked by a strong sense of common purpose among those on board. This sense was particularly strong on this occasion,

Our route home was almost the exact reverse of our way to Melbourne, but the second mate had the idea of avoiding the 'divided highway' off Wilson's Promontory: why not cut inside, between the highway and the land? This we did, passing interestingly close to many rocks and islets. We were also reminded that a headland like this can provoke interestingly severe winds. So came the urgent call 'all hands on deck to reduce sail.' This we also did, to reduce risk of damage to our gear. The first mate estimated the winds as being in the high forties, getting on for 50 knots (i.e. 90 km/h). Certainly it blew loud through the maze of rigging, as the ship heeled and threw spume from the bow, while white caps leapt up everywhere around us.

The news which filtered through to us spoke of a cruise ship arriving in Sydney from overseas, with the risk—or certainty—of bringing disease. Our own situation, sailing from one Australian port to another, was different, but we wondered if officialdom would see the distinction.

I daresay that all of us reflected on our own mortality and on the restrictions which might be placed on us on arrival and in the weeks and months ahead. Quite apart from sailing, when might I next visit my relatives in Melbourne? Fortunately the closure of the border

Continued on page 9

Voyage in *James Craig*—continued from page 8

between New South Wales and Victoria was not then in place: that came later.

We came to anchor in Rose Bay, within sight of Sydney Harbour Bridge, and tidied the ship in preparation for the end of the voyage. Traditionally we hold a ‘sods’ opera’, a miscellany of music, verse and skits. There was a suggestion that it should be cancelled on health grounds, but fortunately it went ahead. I wrote new verses to the song of Lily the Pink and her medicinal compound, which seemed to suit the occasion. I was outclassed by many, including our highly talented harmonica player and the ship’s piper—complete with kilt. *James Craig* does not do things by halves.

Since coming back to dry land, I have read two plague books and started a third. One is *The Second Cure* by Margaret Morgan (2018), an Australian novel relating the spreading of a virus—sometimes grim but mostly funny with sharp satire, and always gripping. Now it seems prescient. Recommended. Then I’m trying *The Plague* by Camus (1947), which I’m told is an allegory about the occupation of France during the Second World War, including the theme of collaboration with the invaders. Finally, *Winter Holiday*—what else? This book was very much in my mind as we sailed home. At least in my mind, we were flying a yellow flag.

As soon as possible, *James Craig* will resume her fortnightly daysails from Sydney. She is also available for charter, and she hosts youth events for schools, Scout groups, etc. Otherwise, as soon as is allowed, she will be open to visits at her berth at Wharf 7, Pyrmont.

Contact the Sydney Heritage Fleet, 9298 3888, shf.org.au



Deck-washing



Helm at sunset



Bow wave—doing 8 knots



Sorting a problem aloft

Photos on pages 8 and 9: Hugh Cross

AusTARS and TARSNZ keep busy

Photos from World Reading day and Lockdown Challenge



Tania Atkinson Connelly writes: The most Ransomesque scene I could think of: me working on the picture book I am writing for my grand daughter in Tasmania! My wee rhyme is about some of the fascinating birds and animals that we'd seen together .

Tania is a new member of TARSNZ. Welcome Tania!



Cheryl Paget says: Here I am with my AR collection (and some other children's books!)



Gwyn Johnson brushes up on the *The world of Arthur Ransome*



Cathie Lamont prepares to be editor of *Mixed Moss* by reading back editions with S&A in hand.



Jan Allen gets some help with her reading ...



Bob Cuming writes from his lockdown at 'Cell Block 82' with this picture of the young girls' effort next door doing their S&A thing at the bottom of their gully.



Adrian Skelton and his wife **Kate** celebrated Shakespeare's 400th anniversary with Canadian friends, reminiscing of days before lockdown.



Stuart Allen gets in some reading with a glorious view behind him



Nicholas Bradbury, with ducks. (The coots were camera shy that day.)

Book review: *The Magic Pudding* by Norman Lindsay

Fran Kell

Bunyip Bluegum is an elegantly dressed gentleman koala who decides to go travelling. He soon falls in with Bill Barnacle, a sailor, and Sam Sawnoff, a penguin, who are also travelling. These two have acquired a pudding which magically replenishes itself no matter how much is eaten. Furthermore, the type of pudding it is can be changed, so when the owners of Albert the Puddin' have had their fill of steak and kidney pudding, they can top up with something else, like boiled jam roll or apple pie. As the friends travel around, they are plagued by puddin' thieves. Much of the action is around the three friends reclaiming their puddin' and dealing with the thieves, until Bunyip Bluegum comes up with an idea to prevent further theft.

Norman Lindsay (1879–1969) was an Australian artist who worked in a wide range of media and was also a writer. *The Magic Pudding* was first published in 1918. It has become a classic of Australian children's literature and has never been out of print. The story is told mostly in prose but is enlivened by verse, particularly for a character to tell a story or to sing. With their rhythm and rhyme the verses must be wonderful to read aloud to children. The author's de-

lightful drawings occur on nearly every page, showing some of the action, and there are beautiful colour-plate reproductions of his water-colour paintings of the characters. This book was a delight to read and to look at.

Two Kiwi TARS did cross the sea
And took some books for gifts, you see,
For friends who are Australian TARS
(They also took some choc'late bars).

The Aussies then replied so well
By sending this enchanting book
Of pictures, verse, and tale to tell
Of quirky friends and routes they took.

You can be sure this book will be
Included in our TARS libr'ry
So thank you AusTARS from your peers
In TARS NZ: three million cheers.

Lindsay, N. 1999. *The Magic Pudding*. Sydney, Angus & Robertson.

[Note: *The Magic Pudding* was first published in 1918 and has never been out of print since then.]

Titmouse *and* Death and Glory?

Paul Rodwell

The questions on *Coot Club* [in the last issue of *FS*] reminded me of a trip I did in 2006 on the Broads. I hired a half-decker with awning, slightly larger than *Titmouse*, and sailed all over the northern waters, including going up to Coltishall.

At Belaugh St. Peter I saw this version of *Death and Glory*. It was only much later I realised that, if it wasn't the boat used in the BBC's *Swallows and Amazons for ever* TV series, it was a very good copy.



Death and Glory?



Titmouse?

Arthur's birthday party cakes – and one or two others

Elizabeth and David Stamp

This is a competition to see if you can identify each cake with one of the books, and possibly a particular incident, or a general AR-related event. There are no prizes – they have already been eaten. Answers are on page 16.

The Annual Cake Fest began for Arthur's birthday in CE 2007, with Captain Flint's Trunk (there is the first answer). It was our first attempt, it was created on a hot day, and the icing would not cure. We spent ages watching it gravitate off the lump of cake, and only continual re-application coaxed it into sticking in place. Almost every year since then a new cake has appeared (anyone like to have a go for 2021?), some more colourful and/or edible than others.



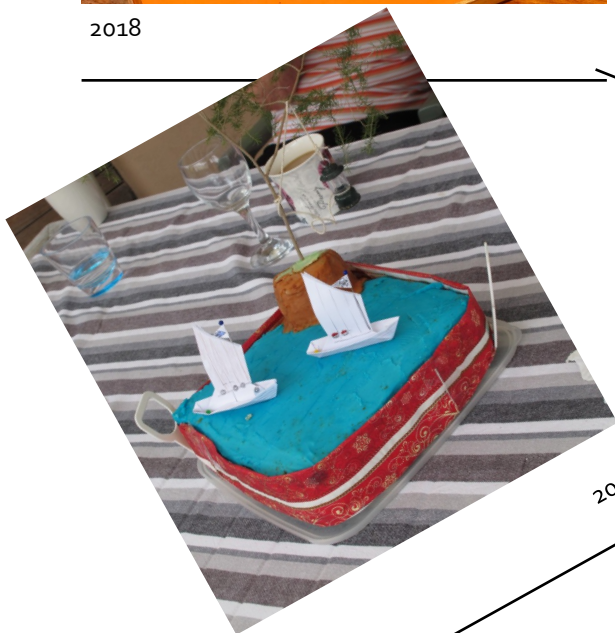
2007



2018



2019

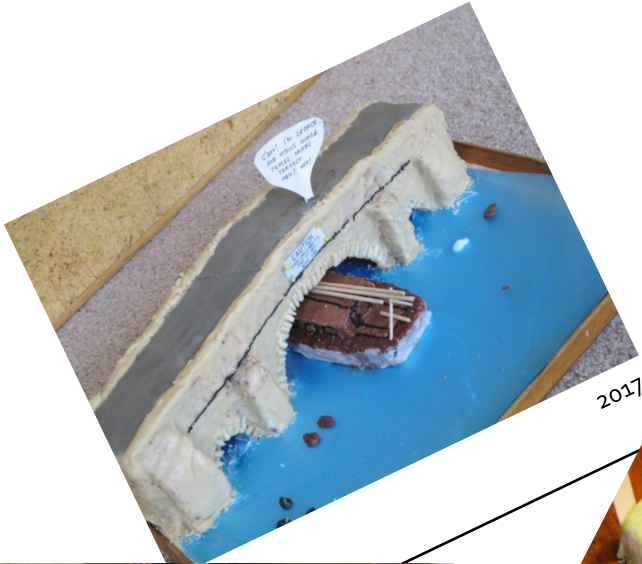


2014



2019 (July)

continued on page 13



2017



2010



2009



2013



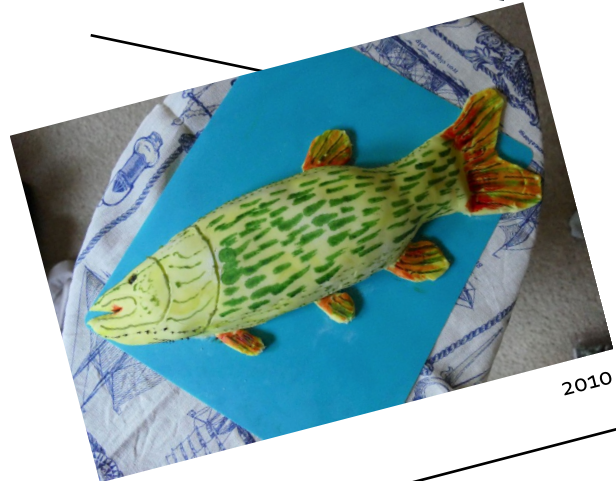
2015



2011



2016



2010

Nancy challenges TARS in isolation! We want to hear from you!

The last issue of Susan's Whistle (14 April) issued these challenges to help you keep active during this time of isolation. Now we want to hear what you have been doing!

Tell us about your activities

With the quarantine flag flying for a while to come, what else can you be doing at home to keep up your Tarry skills? Sailing, fishing and skating may not be possible, but here are a few ideas:

- drag out the dromedary for local exercise
- sew a plague flag or a face mask
- put up a flagpole
- practise your knots (inspired by David Stamp's article in the last *FS*)
- set up the tents in the back garden and have a family camp-out
- cook some jaffles over Susan's campfire
- revarnish that dinghy
- construct a model boat
- make cannon balls for dinner
- carve a totem pole
- learn Morse
- make a treasure map for the family to follow
- make a slideshow or album of your TARS events
- signal to the neighbours...
- train a pigeon
- learn Latin
- make a bird list

AR gives us plenty to do!

Now please write about what you have been doing and send us your stories and photos, by 30 June if you can. Anything that we receive, we will publish in *Furthest South*.

Plus - something else to do - prizes to be won! Enter the competition!

Mapmaking is a feature of the books. You are probably out exercising in your local area at this time. Our Competition for you is to draw a map of your local area and its landmarks (probably the local cafe not among them at present) as imaginatively (or inaccurately) as you like and send it in to the Secretary. Tars enjoy looking at maps! Who knows, you may have a Crab Island or a Divers' Loch in your area! I have an Eagles' Tree!

Answers to quizzes

Severed quotes (page 4)

1E (ML) 2H (WD) 3L (WH) 4J (SA) 5K (BS) 6G (SA) 7D (SA) 8I (BS) 9A (CC) 10B(PP) 11F (PP) 12C (SA)

Semaphore (page 6)

1. Keep calm. There's always AR.
2. Perhaps that world leader will say chocolate cures the virus.
3. Don't forget to tell us about your lockdown TARS activities.

Muddled sentence (page 6)

A porter far down the platform was running towards the boy, who had jumped up again almost as if he had bounced, had grabbed his blocks and crammed them in his pockets, and had stopped the escaping paint-tin with his foot just before it rolled between the platform and the train.

Coot Club quizzes in April Susan's Whistle

Glenn Kuring had a good go at the two *Coot Club* quizzes and is to be commended for his efforts. He said he found answering them a tougher task than expected! Did anyone else give it a try?

True or False

1. False. Only yachts and visitors.
2. False. The reverse is true.
3. False. Ranworth Broad.
4. False. The train went across after *Teasel* went through the bridge.
5. False. It was Starboard, not Pete.
6. False. She gave Robin a chocolate cream block.
7. False. Not a sailor, but a birdwatcher.
8. True.

Who/Whom/About

Dot - about Port and Starboard - she saw them sailing.
Mr Farland - to Port and Starboard, as he leaves for work.
Joe - to Tom, about casting the Margoletta adrift.
Dick - to Mrs Barrable, about electric light in *Teasel*.
Tom - to Dick and the others about Dick's falling in.
Dick - to Dot, about hearing the bittern.
Joe - telling everyone about the reward for Tom's capture.
Tom - to the Admiral and the others, in planning the voyage.

How did you go? Well done, correct answers. Others - time for a re-read?

Answers to cake competition (page12)

2007	<i>Swallows and Amazons</i>	Captain Flint's Trunk
2008	[Still getting over 2007]	No cake]
2009	<i>The Big Six</i>	<i>Death and Glory</i> , after the visit to Harry the eelman. Lifting off the chimney cap revealed four black smoky eels
2010	<i>Missee Lee</i>	Junk <i>Shining Moon</i> , the escape vessel
2011	<i>Swallows and Amazons</i>	Secret Harbour with leading lights
2012	<i>Winter Holiday</i>	Wreckage of the D's sledge at the North Pole
2013	<i>Secret Water</i>	Secret Archipelago Expedition camp on Swallow Island
2014	<i>Swallows and Amazons</i>	<i>Swallow</i> and <i>Amazon</i> sailing past the lighthouse tree
2015	<i>Winter Holiday</i>	Adding snow to the igloo
2016	<i>From our special correspondent...*</i>	Setting for AR's time in Egypt
2017	<i>Coot Club</i>	<i>Teasel</i> passing under the bridge at Potter Heigham
2018	Historic	The twelve books
2019	<i>We didn't mean to go to sea</i>	<i>Goblin</i> being carried past the Beach End buoy
2019	<i>Winter Holiday</i>	Mid-year AusTARS gathering—skating on the tarn
2020	<i>The Big Six</i>	The World's Whopper at the Roaring Donkey

*Endersby-Harshman, Nancy (2016). *From our special correspondent... The journalism of Arthur Ransome in Egypt*. Amazon Publications.

WANTED! Articles for the next issue of Furthest South

The next *Furthest South* will be a special issue of (mostly) longer pieces to give you some solid winter reading. Articles of up to 3500 words are welcome. We will also feature your stories and photos from Nancy's isolation challenge.

Send your articles to

Jan Allen (jp8fillyjonk@bigpond.com) (Australia) or **Cheryl Paget** (cherylpaget@yahoo.com) (NZ)
by 30 June 2020, please

Furthest South is prepared and produced for AusTARS and TARSNZ by the AusTARS Committee
Desktop publishing: Phoebe Palmieri

New book by AusTARS member



In lieu of book launches Dymocks are running on Facebook a series of live discussions in which authors discuss their new books, including *Aurora Burning* by AusTAR Amie Kaufman (Cousins) and Jay Kristoff. If you miss the live event it will remain available on Facebook for a while afterwards. See dymocks.com.au for more details.

BOOKLOVER CLASSIC REWARDS BALANCE: \$5.05

DYMOCKS | New Releases | Bestsellers | Top 10 | Gift Cards | My Account

Chapter One


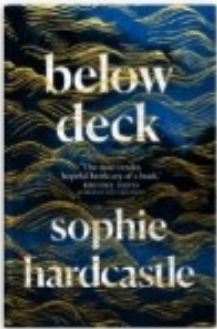
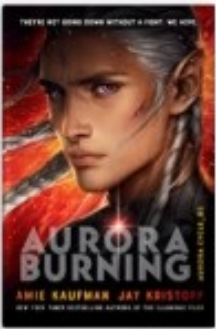
Join us as we continue our LIVE guest author collaborations.


Tune in LIVE on  @dymocksbooks 

✔ **Chapter One** is back this week offering exciting insights into some fabulous new fiction -

✔ **Hilde Hinton** introduces her heart-wrenching debut novel, ✔ **Sophie Hardcastle** talks turning truth into fiction, and *New York Times* bestselling authors ✔ **Amie Kaufman and Jay Kristoff** explore their epic new *Aurora Cycle* series.

Don't miss out! Tune in live on Facebook for a behind-the-scenes look at the writing of some of our favourite fiction bestsellers.

 <p>HILDE HINTON THE LOUDNESS OF UNSAID THINGS MONDAY 4 MAY 8PM AEST</p> <p>FIND OUT MORE</p>	 <p>SOPHIE HARDCASTLE BELOW DECK WEDNESDAY 6 MAY 8PM AEST</p> <p>FIND OUT MORE</p>	 <p>AMIE KAUFMAN & JAY KRISTOFF AURORA BURNING FRIDAY 8 MAY 8PM AEST</p> <p>FIND OUT MORE</p>
---	--	--

Tune in LIVE on  @dymocksbooks