

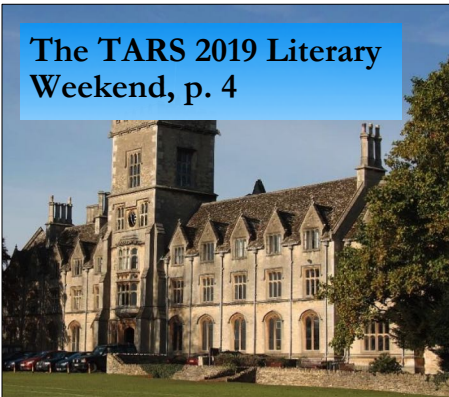


Signals from TARSUS & North Pole News

January 2020

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Ship's Papers — Important information for the Crew



A View from the US Helm

By Robin Marshall
TARSUS Coordinator
210 N 18th Street W Bradenton, FL 34205
robin@arthur-ransome.org

Wishing every member a very happy 2020 and I thank all those members who have paid for this new years membership.

To update my previous notes regarding member payments.

These may have caused confusion. You can still mail a check to me in dollars at the rate shown on your renewal form which I mailed out. Oth-

erwise the option for paying by PayPal is back at [http://www.arthur-ransome.org.uk/TARS_OS %20Subscription_Renewals.html](http://www.arthur-ransome.org.uk/TARS_OS_%20Subscription_Renewals.html)

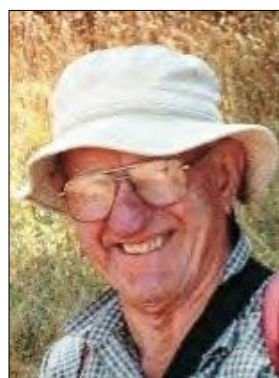
The other concern is a voluntary change to receiving *Signals* via the in-

ternet rather than a paper copy (see page 11 of the last *Signals*). You are still able to receive a paper copy of *Mixed Moss* but you have to tell mem-sec@arthur-ransome.org.uk that you want this option.

I would like to welcome new members, the Kirsch family, aboard our trusty vessel, and hope they enjoy the voyage.

I currently have no further news, the winter months being quiet for me. May you all enjoy good winds and calm seas in the coming year.

Robin



Greetings from the North

By Ian Sacré, TARS Canada Coordinator
750 Donegal Place, North Vancouver, BC V7N 2X5
gallivanterthree@telus.net

Greetings Canadian TARS Members.

Here it is December again and another year has rolled by. As the final days of each passing year slide along I am always heartened by the knowledge that the winter

solstice is rapidly approaching, (in fact it will have passed by the time you read this) and the period of daylight will grow longer as we move towards the spring equinox.

Sadly, our day and night time temperatures do lag behind the sun by about two months which means it will probably be colder for a while longer, but I suppose we can't have everything!

I am sure all Canadian TARS will be interested to learn that at the last Annual General Meeting of TARS held in the UK a decision was taken to offer *Signals* and *Mixed Moss* on line.

If members decide to choose this option and forego hard copies of these two UK publications then their annual subscriptions will be the same as UK members, and they will therefore save 5.00 British Pounds Sterling (roughly \$8.50 Canadian).

Because many of you have already paid your subscriptions for 2020 based on the recent subscription renewal mailout of overseas rates, I now need to know if you choose the online only option so that I may advise HQ accordingly.

There is one other option open to

you. If you would like to receive only an online version of *Signals* but continue to receive a hard copy of *Mixed Moss* then your overseas subscription rate will still be at the UK rate.

Unless I hear from you by email to gallivanterthree@telus.net that you wish to go totally or partially on line for the publication(s), I will assume you wish to maintain the status quo.

When the dust settles, I will reimburse those who wish it \$8.50 as online publication recipients. For those who do not wish me to refund the \$8.50 it will be recorded as a donation to TARS and forwarded to HQ.

These change offerings are explained in greater detail in the December issue of *Signals*.

I know there are one or two Canadian TARS Members who prefer to pay their renewal subscriptions in pounds sterling directly to HQ drawn on their UK banks. I would request that those

who do so also advise me when they have paid so that I can advise HQ of their status for the TARS Canada Regional Directory.

This will ensure that no one falls between the cracks as has happened in the past. All others are once again asked to send me their subscription

renewals payable in Canadian funds to Ian Sacré, 750 Donegal Place, North Vancouver, British Columbia, V7N 2X5. I will then send a lump payment for all the accumulated Canadian renewal subscriptions and any donations received to TARS HQ.

Once again I encourage any Canadian

TARS member to submit their tall tales of daring do or perhaps amusing personal anecdotes that have befallen them to Simon Horn who is anxiously awaiting your material.

Wishing you all fair winds and calm seas,

Ian Sacré



A Note from the Editor

By Simon Horn, sjhorn@gmail.com

Welcome to *Signals from TARSUS/North Pole News* for January 2020.

As always, thanks to everyone who sent something in; without your contributions there would be no newsletter.

Recently a reader asked if there was any way I could provide the newsletter PDF in a single column to make reading it easier on mobile devices. This is a reasonable request. The trouble is, people who print out the newsletter, or who read it on a computer, would still need a multi-column layout. I cannot think of any way to provide multiple formats without significantly adding to the work involved. I may have a possible answer though: take a look on page 14.

In this issue

In *Captain Flint's Trunk*, **Donald Tunnicliff Rice** reports on the 2019 TARS Literary Weekend, held last September in Cirencester, Gloucestershire. Tars from around the world met for "the usual three days of food, grog, and good fellowship. Oh, and... excellent speakers".

In "At Last, Visiting the Lake District", **Alistair Bryden** describes his first visit to the north of England's

Ransome country, where he spent a day at Coniston, staying at Bank Ground Farm, and another around Windermere.

Ian Sacré begins the *Kanchenjunga's Cairn* section with "The 'Beast' Goes East!", his tale of a planned 10,000 km round trip from Vancouver to Ottawa in his converted 1987 four-wheel-drive ex-Canadian Army ambulance. After 3,000 km, he and his companion decided that perhaps that was far enough. They turned around, but the 6,000 km round trip was more than memorable nonetheless.

In "Biking, Hand Grenades, and Sailing" **Paul Nelson** recounts a memorable day riding his new bike to the army surplus store with a friend and returning with an intriguing aluminum tube.

In the *The Ship's Library*, **Gordon McGilton** reviews *Swallows and Armenians*, a book of stories exploring the lives of the real-life children who were

the inspiration for Ransome's Swallows.

The month's *Pieces of Eight* provides a challenge: can you connect Ransome's children to the books in which they appear?

Molly McGinnis continues to stock the *Beckfoot Kitchen* with recipes for "Food for Invalids: Mumps Food, Flu Food". Calves foot jelly, anyone?

Finally, a second Index to all newsletter issues from 2016, when I became editor, through 2019 lets you search for articles by author.

The next issue will appear in May. As always only if you send in contributions, so please get out your pencils.

Have a good winter.

Simon



Captain Flint's Trunk — News from abroad

The TARS 2019 Literary Weekend

By Donald Tunnicliff Rice

(This is an expanded version of an article published in the Jan-Apr 2020 issue of Signals.)

I've been attending TARS biannual Literary Weekends since the Norwich get-together in 2005. Because I regretted missing a couple (Edinburgh and York) I made it a special point to time a visit with my son and his family in Kent to coincide with this year's Weekend.

We convened at the Royal Agricultural University, the oldest agricultural college in the English-speaking world. It's situated in Cirencester, Gloucestershire, a town some 80 miles west of London on the edge of the Cotswolds, a beautiful area with many literary associations.

Registration for the conference (September 13-15) opened at 3:30 Friday afternoon, and was followed by the usual three days of food, grog, and good fellowship. Oh, and this being a literary conference, there were, of course, excellent speakers on many topics pertaining to Arthur Ransome.



The Royal Agricultural University, site of the 2019 Literary Weekend

This was the fifteenth such weekend, and it's amazing to me that the program committees still manage to find people with something new to say. On Friday evening I particularly enjoyed hearing Daphne Neville, mother of Sophie Neville who played Titty in the 1974 movie, give a stage mother's take on the making of that memorable film.

Our lead-off speaker Saturday morning was Julian Lovelock, scholar, author, and retiring editor of *Mixed Moss*, who spoke on the topic of "Not Growing Up—Swallows, Amazons and others in children's series fiction." Other presentations included Kirsty Nichol Findlay on the literary relationship between Arthur and his sister Joyce and the viewing of a collection of Ransome's photos of the Russian Revolution.

The last speaker of the morning was Simon Davidson, a brawny young Scot who is director of Moat Brae, the house in Dumfries, Scotland, where J. M. Barrie lived as a boy, and which today is a National Centre for Children's Literature and Storytelling. Through the efforts of Winifred Wilson and other dedicated Tars, it is now the home of the TARS library. The



Coffee, tea, and biscuit (cookie) break on Saturday morning

library's presence there is certain to introduce a new generation of children to the Swallows and Amazons series. (Reread the article about Moat Brae by Kirstie Taylor on pages 40-41 in the Sep-Dec issue of *Signals* and see if you aren't inspired to make a visit.)



Parish Church of St John the Baptist, Cirencester

We had Saturday afternoon free, and many of us went into Cirencester proper where we kept running into one another in the cathedral-like Parish Church of St. John the Baptist, the Corinium Museum, and the earthwork remains of a huge Roman amphitheatre. Cirencester isn't as well-known to North Americans as many British towns and cities are, but during Roman times it was the second largest town in Britain.

That night we were treated to the Gala Dinner, one of my favorite events. After red pepper and fennel soup, we were served roasted loin of Kelmscott pork with cider and apple sauce, and for us vegetarians, delicious summer vegetable filo parcels. I should add here that all our breakfasts, lunches, and dinners were quite satisfactory.

The talks commenced on Sunday at 9:15 with three more fascinating presentations, followed by lunch at 1:00, after which we disbanded after many hugs and handshakes. I wasn't through with the county of Gloucestershire just yet, though, and when I boarded a train with other departing Tars, it was to get off in the city of Gloucester, barely twenty miles away.

I mention this to remind you that the airfare to attend a TARS Literary Weekend or International Annual General Meeting can be justified by tacking on a week or so of reasonably priced travel. I once owned a book titled *England on \$5 and \$10 a Day*. Okay, them days are gone forever, but it's still possible to travel in the U.K. for less than an arm and a leg a day.

For example, I'd booked a room for four nights at the Central Hotel in Gloucester, a five-minute walk from the train station — and ten minutes from everywhere else — for \$47 a night inclusive. The room was reasonably sized, newly and tastefully redecorated, super clean, and had a fridge, a microwave, crockery, glassware, cutlery, and can-opener. Just a short distance away was a Tesco mini-mart where I bought frozen dinners, fruit, rolls, and

wine. As a result, my breakfasts and dinners were no more expensive than if I'd stayed at home. And when I can, I buy round-trip train tickets, which cost — get this — the same as a one-way ticket (and because I have a senior pass, are discounted 30%). One interesting thing about Gloucester is that even though it's thirty-five miles inland, it has an historic dockland served by the Severn River from Bristol, and was an important port for canal traffic. It also has a magnificent cathedral and other attractions. While there I took a river ride on one of the boats that was used in the Dunkirk evacuation. (Some people travel there just for that.)

The site for the 2021 Literary Weekend has yet to be established, but I can promise you it'll be a great place to visit and to hang out with friendly fellow-Tars. The 2020 IAGM (May 28-30) will be held at Lechlade-on-Thames, another pretty Gloucestershire town. Among other activities there'll be boating, bird-watching, talks, and finding the source of the Thames, in addition to a visit to the famous Steam Museum in nearby Swindon. Think about it.



Sight-seeing in the Historic Docks area in Gloucester

At Last, Visiting the Lake District

By Alistair Bryden

Day One: Holly Howe and Coniston

This October, I finally made it to the Lake District. Over a couple of days I dragged my partner (who had little previous knowledge of Ransome but was very patient) to visit some of the various sites of interest to Ransome enthusiasts.

Around Coniston, we stayed at Bank Ground Farm, found the ‘Dogs Home’, took the steamer Gondola on a tour around the lake, saw Peel Island with the secret harbour from the water and visited the Ruskin Museum in Coniston.

The landscape is largely unchanged from time of the books, with the same narrow, narrow roads and drystone construction of walls and barns. I grew up in the UK and have experi-



Bank Ground Farm

ence of narrow roads but these were narrower and tighter than most.

Bank Ground Farm was a great place



Gondola sailing on Coniston Water

to stay... and eat! It was easy to imagine Ransome staying there with the Collingwood family house, Lanehead, and the Collingwood girls, right next door. I hadn't realized that the two

properties were almost side by side but it explains why Ransome stayed there. The famous field where Roger tacks up to see his mother and get the telegram is still there, and it runs down to the water where there is a stone boathouse. Someone has

carved a figure of Captain Flint walking the plank out of a nearby tree trunk.

The farmhouse is in a glorious location above the Lake, looking across to the village of Coniston and The Old Man of Coniston and, intriguingly, to the dock where the Gondola was moored. The farmhouse has been somewhat expanded to accommodate visitors but the expansions have been

quite sensitively done and they look more like farm outbuildings than extensions. I did walk down to the water, inspected the boathouses and put my hand in the water.

On the evening we arrived, I walked down the road to Ruskin's house. (Ruskin was a Victorian luminary who spent his later years in the Lake District.) I was confused because I had thought that there was some Ransome memorabilia there but the fellow at the front desk professed ignorance. It turned out that there is a second Ruskin museum in Coniston Village.

The following morning was devoted to a search for the Dogs Home. This took more time than anticipated. I found some directions on a website, two sets in fact, and tried to follow



Peel Island

them but there were lots of wet paths in the woods. The mountain bikers flagging a trail in the woods professed ignorance. We had finally agreed to abandon the attempt when I spotted a gate that matched one of the pictures on the website; we had already walked past the gate twice!

We set off once more up into the woods following a steep road with water flowing down it that deteriorated into a trail and then basically vanished in a beck. It felt very similar to the description of the wet night in P&M. After a little more bushwhacking, the small stone hut appeared out of the

forest. It is indeed exactly like the illustrations in the book. I believe that a few years ago, Someone found some money to re-roof the hut and fix the walls so it was in quite good shape except for some broken windows, which I reported to TARS. Inside it was easy to see exactly the interior that Ransome described. While we were wandering up and down the road looking for the right

The Dogs Home



gate, we passed ‘The Heald’ which was one of Ransome's houses, so the Dogs Home is very close.

The Steam Launch ‘Gondola’ is owned by the National Trust and cruises up and down Coniston Water. It's a great trip and to my eye the Gondola looks rather more like the Houseboat than Esperance on Windermere.

The Gondola was rebuilt in 1979 and I was delighted to learn that the new boiler came from the Ffestiniog railway. The second Ruskin museum was a great visit, with ‘Mavis’ on display. These dinghies were heavy, solid craft.

Day Two: Steamboat Museum and Windermere

On a rather wet and windy Day Two, we moved over to the Windermere area.

We spent the morning at the Windermere Steamboat Museum (since reopening known as the Windermere Jetty: Museum of Boats, Steam and Stories). This is a new building, opened in April 2019, so less than six months old when we visited. I had

some idea of what I would be seeing; but Brenda, my partner, was a little bit dubious about how she would enjoy looking at steam boats. In fact, we were both fascinated by both the buildings and the displays.

The buildings themselves are extremely well designed, high, light and airy but somehow fitting well in to the setting; not surprisingly, reminiscent

of boat sheds. Part of the building is built around jetties on the Lake, so some of the exhibits are afloat and are actual working boats. Incidentally, they have a first-class cafeteria with some great lunches.

The exhibits and displays are well laid out with plenty of room to walk around and observe. The interpretation is also state of the art with clear



Coch-Y-Bonddhu

new, giving a great idea of what they looked like in their heyday. It's not all chugging or sailing boats either, Windermere and of course Coniston have a legacy of speed racing with high powered craft and these are on display too. Overall, if you are visiting the Lakes and have any interest in boats, you must put this on your list.

In the afternoon, we drove over

descriptions of what you are seeing and additional context available. Of course for me, one of the highlights was seeing Coch-Y-Bonddhu, but there was much more. Many of the steam launches were quite beautiful and wonderfully restored. The museum is a working museum, so they have the capacity to rebuild and restore boats using original techniques and though they can't restore everything, the boats they have restored look like

to Kendal and visited Abbott Hall. They have a great Ransome exhibition with the original red slippers and many other interesting artefacts and memorabilia. Well worth the trip.

Overall, we covered a lot of ground in two days. Three days would maybe have

Restored launch



been better and allowed for a trip up the Old Man and some more time on Windermere and around Bowness, but we were well satisfied.

(If you are in UK it's well worth a visit, but pick a quiet time of the year. We went in October and it still seemed quite busy. It must be miserable during high season given all of the tiny roads.)

Useful Links

The Arthur Ransome Society (TARS) website: <http://www.arthur-ransome.org.uk>

All Things Ransome, a website devoted to keeping articles, artwork, and anything related to Ransome: <http://www.allthingsransome.net>

The Arthur Ransome Wiki, an encyclopedia on Ransome, his life and works: http://arthur-ransome.wikia.com/wiki/Arthur_Ransome_Wiki

Kanchenjunga's Cairn — Places we've been and our adventures

The 'Beast' Goes East!

By Ian Sacré

The idea seemed simple enough at the time. Have the Beast thoroughly serviced, find suitable maps, load aboard all the camping equipment, fill the drinking water tank, fuel up and head off on back and secondary roads to Ottawa. A 10,000-kilometre round road trip to Ottawa and back from Vancouver. No sweat!

You, dear reader, may wonder what or who is the "Beast" The Beast started life back in 1987 as a four-wheel-drive Canadian Army ambulance.

Built on a militarized version of a heavy-duty General Motors chassis and fitted with a 6.2 Litre GM diesel engine. The ambulance 'box' is of foam-cored fibreglass construction. I found the old girl sitting in a farmer's field where it had resided for almost eight years looking more forlorn with the passing seasons. The main attraction was that it only had 140,000 km on the odometer, and the price was



The 'Beast'

right! Four-wheel-drive and good towing capability was also important since some of the places we launch a boat from a trailer are often a bit iffy.

I suppose the Beast would compare favourably with Arthur Ransome's Rattletrap. The Beast's ride is firm to say the least, tooth and bone rattling some would say. It is noisy but that does not matter because I am deaf anyway. Friends and family say I have a high tolerance level for discomfort,

which is also a good thing, though the seats are most comfortable and seem to have some sort of hydraulic cushioning system which can be adjusted for body weight so that one just gently bounces regardless of the bangs, judders and leaping of the vehicle.

The Beast likes to cruise at about 85 kms per hour and is not the most fuel efficient, but then when one is retired what really is the hurry? As Robert Louis Stephenson said, It's not the destination it is the journey that counts.

When I procured her she was in desperate need of a major refit. The previous owner (not the military) had a bailing wire and duct tape philosophy towards mechanical things and the beast showed it! But to my surprise on my way home from the farmer she passed the required emissions tests with flying colours. Incidentally, the name Beast was bestowed upon her when the insurance lady who had to sight the vehicle when the registration was changed to my name stood looking at it in all it's camouflage and decrepit glory and exclaimed; "My God! What a beast!" The name appropriately stuck.

On a bright sunny morning in late August we cast off and headed out of North Vancouver bound for points east. My old family friend, Jill, had agreed to be bounced to Ottawa and back riding as shot gun, navigator, ship's clerk and logistics officer all



Mount Robson

A Bit of History

A brief refresher of 19th century Canadian history may be advantageous here. Rupert's Land consisted of all of Manitoba, most of Saskatchewan, southern Alberta, southern Nunavut and northern parts of Quebec and Ontario, plus a few bits in what is now the United States. Prior to the passing of the 1868 Rupert's Land Act by the UK parliament the area was owned by the Hudson's Bay Company. The land was transferred to the then Dominion of Canada in 1869 and the deal was consummated in 1870 with the payment of 300,000 pounds sterling to the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Canadian Prime Minister at the time was Sir John A. MacDonal and he was concerned with the unrest and lawlessness that Canada had inherited in the western lands. In

May of 1873 a Bill was passed in parliament and on receiving royal assent the Northwest Mounted Police came into being (now called the Royal Canadian Mounted Police).

On the 8th July 1873, after recruiting, organizing and training the force of 275 officers and men that formed the Constabulary, plus 114 Red River carts, 73 freight wagons, two 9-pounder field guns and 93 head of cattle on the hoof, they left Fort Dufferin bound for Fort Whoop-Up, some 800 to 1,000 miles or 1,296 to 1,620 km to the west. (Authorities differ on the exact distances.) The trek took 94 days. Fort Dufferin, now called Emerson, is located south of Winnipeg, Manitoba, almost on the Canada – US border. Fort Whoop-Up was located near present day Fort Macleod, a bit west of Lethbridge, Alberta.

rolled into one.

Our first day of travel brought us to within fifty odd kilometres of the town of Grand Forks, BC having driven along highway #1 to Hope and then huffed and puffed up and down several passes on #3 to Manning Park, Princeton and the fruit regions of Keremeos and Osoyoos. The next day saw us over the Kootenay Pass (1,714 metres) and detouring to Cranbrook and the hospitality of Jill's daughter Sally, a registered nurse at the local hospital.

Day 3 saw us wending our way through the Crows Nest Pass, past the April 29, 1903 Frank Slide area and

Graveyard buildings



a trail which we intended to follow as closely as possible and as far as possible.

And so we trekked across the sparsely populated, rolling landscape of southern Alberta with its enormous fields of ripening grain and fine-looking herds of what we first thought were wildebeests. They turned out to be Aberdeen Angus cattle, standing with their heads all facing to leeward in the brisk wind gusting across the range, while they contentedly chewed their cud.

Just before leaving Alberta we came across the hamlet of Orion, which the sign said had fuel. After circling the half dozen or so houses that made up the village with out sighting a fuel dump, we made inquires of a group of old cronies sitting outside a rather battered storefront drinking coffee. "I have the source hidden" said one old chap, and he pointed vaguely to a



group of tumbling down buildings with his walking stick. "Drive in there and you should find it." The poor man then limped slowly over to the cache and laboriously unlocked and removed the padlocks from an ancient above ground storage tank recently removed from Noah's Ark, I suspect. After filling up I asked the gentleman how much I owed him since no price was visible on the tank.

"That's a bit tricky," he said, "Follow me!" and back we went to another battered shed with another big padlock on the door. The shed was filled from top to bottom with old newspapers but in a nest like hollow among the papers was a cluttered desk and a broken chair. Sitting down the old chap produced a small pocket calculator and a note book and after some mystifying calculations and much head scratching, He looked up and said, "That will be twenty-seven



Rattletrap graveyard

fifty!" I never did find out how many litres of fuel we took on board or whether the fuel was intended strictly for agriculture use but the entertainment value of the whole event was well worth the money!

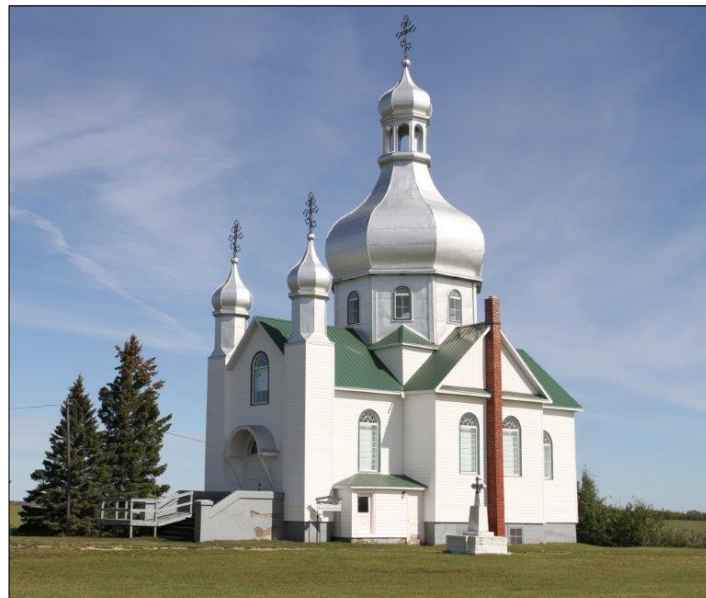
Mile after mile of rural prairie road passed beneath our rolling wheels as we headed east along the Red Coat Trail. The immense sky above us was an ever changing picture made up of far distant rain squalls marching across the golden fields of wheat, bar-

ley and oats. Then minutes later the clouds would clear away and we would be bathed in brilliant sunshine with a clear blue heaven above. Every now and then we would see thick drifts of dust rising from the fields, apparently untouched by the squalls, as giant combine harvesters moved apace, sometimes as many as five or six in line abreast, as farmers rushed to reap the benefits of so much effort. Occasionally we saw flocks of Canada geese flying in perfect V formation as they sought out another rich green slough.

One day as we rolled along we came upon a hand lettered sign saying simply, Museum. We turned off onto a gravel range road with nothing in sight as far as the eye could see. We sat on the muddy road, engine running in the slashing rain as we decided on our next move. Then to our left, in a dip in the landscape, we happened to noticed a rough track that seemed to lead to an old dilapidated building just showing over the brow. A ghost town



Prairie slough



Prairie church

rugged terrain north of Lake Superior and across the Canadian Shield before reaching the pastoral country of southern Ontario and finally Ottawa. We were averaging about 400 km per day and the round trip would amount to 10,000 km. Thus it was doubtful if we could drive all the

perhaps? Driving slowly along the rutted track we rounded old, weather-beaten old buildings and there it was, a rattletrap grave yard! Dozens of old rusting vintage cars drawn up in neat orderly rows as if carefully parked by their ancient owners who had then just faded away. Seen with their large chrome headlight casings glinting in the pouring rain made the vision quite creepy. There was obviously a story here but there was no one around to tell it.

And so the trail led us into Manitoba, where the landscape began to change. The miles of bare unbroken prairie became slowly more wooded along the defiles as we moved out of the dry rain shadow of the Palliser Triangle and towards the land of lakes and woods.

Almost at the Manitoba/Ontario border we held a powwow. The season was advancing, campgrounds were closing for the winter and, while we had driven 3,000 km already, we still had 2,000 more to go through the

way back to Vancouver before the middle of October. We therefore decided to continue on to the lovely lakeside city of Kenora, Ontario, turn around and return via a different route following the Yellowhead Highway and the trail of the Overlanders of 1862. But there was one more thing to do.

A number of years ago The Hudson's Bay Company had gifted its entire 350-year collection of historical artefacts to the Manitoba Museum in



The Nonsuch

Winnipeg. A bucket list must see.

We spent several hours at the museum enthralled with all the displays. But the crowning glory for me was the exact replica of the HBC vessel Nonsuch, the original trading vessel which voyaged to Hudson's Bay in 1668 and anchored in James Bay on the 29th September. She was loaded with provisions and trade goods outbound and carried furs home to England the following year after wintering over.

The replica was built in Appledore, Devon in the UK in 1968 and shipped to North America where she sailed on her own bottom until given to the Manitoba Museum. A beautifully built vessel complete in all respects. Walking her decks wafts one back to a time of real high adventure and human fortitude (Google "HBC Nonsuch" for much more).

Our little adventure paled by comparison with that of the Nonsuch but it reinforced the realisation once more of the varied beauty of our huge country and the myriad interesting stories that hide around every bend of a road less travelled.

Biking, Hand Grenades, and Sailing

By Paul E. Nelson, Drawings by Edward Lewis

Those beautiful and luscious curves... was there any thing so fine as the vision there in front of my wide-opened eyes? How could this beauty, this sensational object of my dreams be right before me? Such a joy a 12-year-old boy has never experienced.

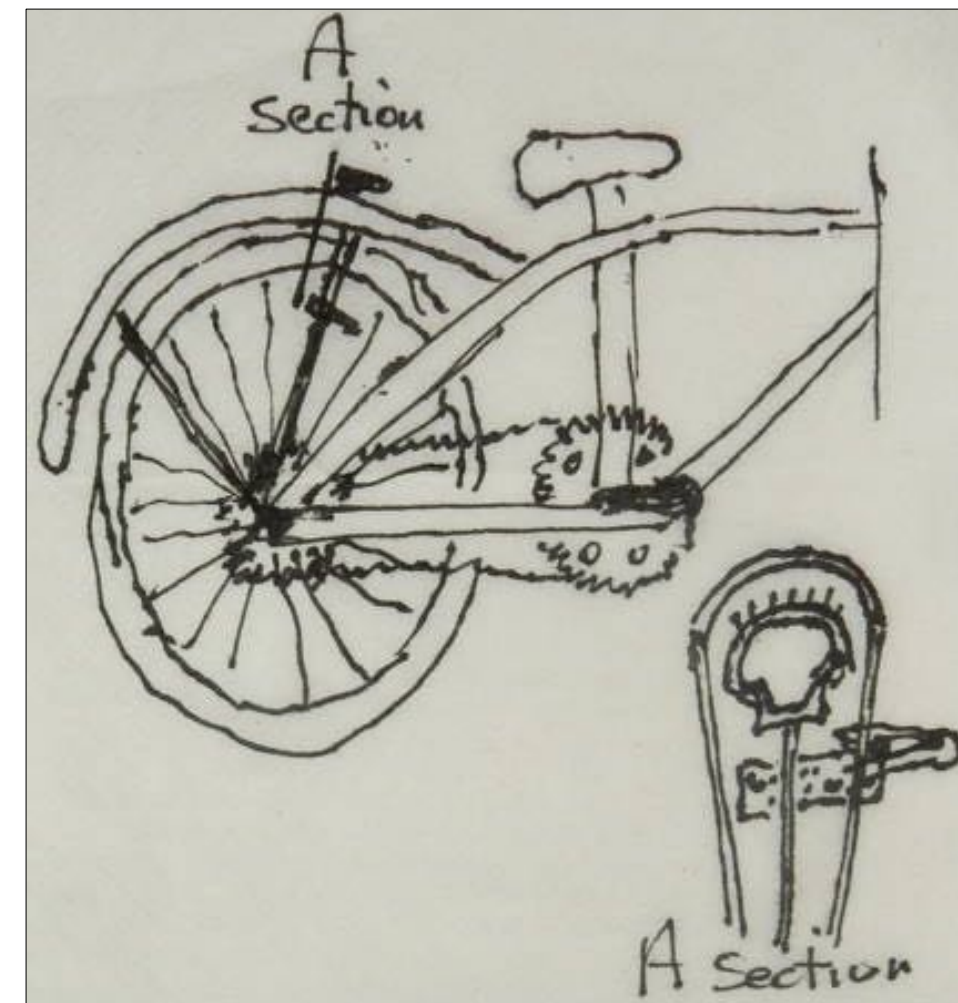
Yet there... a marvel of engineering... my very own 26-inch Schwinn street bike. Radiant in electric blue paint with chrome handle bars and vulcanized black hand grips to match the black peddles. With front and rear safety reflectors, and a massive chain guard, this was the essence of life.

But how could this be?... It was June 1st. Not my Sept 1st birthday. My old man... my great dad, presented this to me as an early gift. Why wait until summer is all but done when you can have this NOW! Oh joy!

Monday! Summer! New bike! Whew. What could be better?

My friend Mike arrived at 10 a.m. and we immediately set about installing the four engines on our bikes. Two on the front and two on the rear. You know what I mean, of course!? Yes, take a playing card... a new one is better, bend one end around a fender bracket and secure with a clothespin. The card should be placed so that the other end just touches the spokes. Three more like this and one's bike is now a motorcycle, or at least sounds like one!

With lunch boxes tied to our handle bars we set off along the mighty Mississippi River levee, heading up to the #1 best ever destination for boys... yes, the Army Navy Surplus Store!

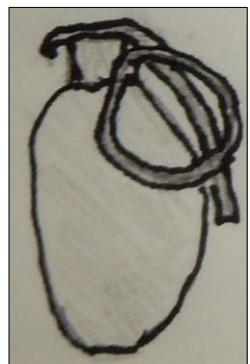


Oh... my heart beats faster.

Six miles later we enter the War Rooms, at least it felt that way. We could almost feel Eisenhower and Churchill. We could certainly smell old uniforms and the heavy cosmoline military grease keeping the vintage treasures safe from rust! The good stuff was everywhere: bullet dented helmets, some with holes and maybe a bit of Nazi brain still embedded in the lining, trenching tools with a tad of dirt from Germany, and bayonets still stained with the guts of some Jap at Guadalcanal! The mind still reels!

An hour later, Mike had used his \$1 weekly allowance to purchase an almost new hand grenade — sorry to report, drilled out and emptied of gunpowder, but maybe just enough left over to make a spark... one could hope! My buck went for a strange-looking crusty aluminum tube, still sealed. 1.5 inches in diameter and 8 inches long. What was it??

Heading down river on the levee we stopped for a bit of rest. PB&J, raisins, and Kool Aid. Then: we were attacked by a group of mongrel lunch-eating dogs. Frothing at the mouth, they surrounded us... up on our bikes we



launched ourselves, and our combined 8 motorcycle engines scared them off. Wow, a close encounter. I need to thank my Nana for the cards. I wonder if she and her canasta friends ever missed the cards!

Back home the mysterious aluminum tube was forgotten. Such is the attention span of a 14-year-old kid. Dinner was top priority, followed by reading the latest of *Popular Mechanics* magazine. Hmm... did those Charles Atlas, Dynamic Tension Exercises really work?

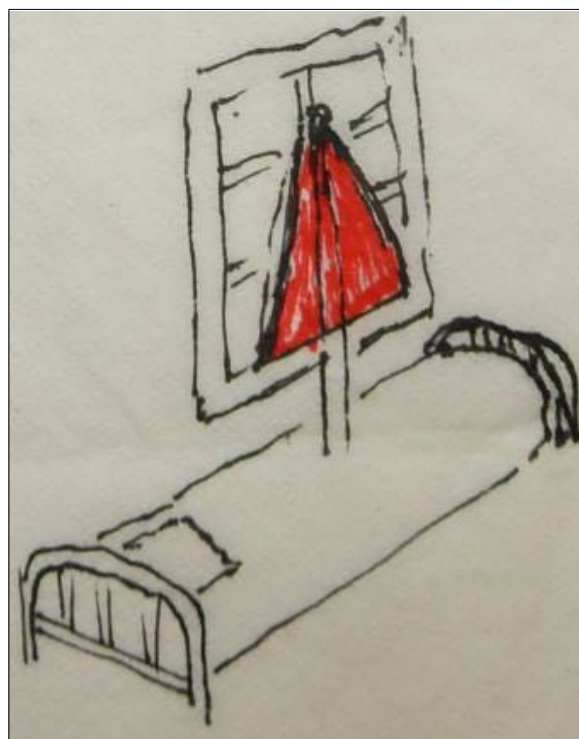
Shower and ready for bed, almost... Oh GOSH, I had completely forgotten about my mysterious acquisition of the day!

Down to the basement where my bike was resting and back up to my bed in less than five seconds. Rapid hands unscrewed the top. What was inside? Another aluminum tube, just a bit smaller. I pulled it out. Then another, and another, and another—all designed to make one long interlocking aluminum tube about five feet long. Attached to the last one? A piece of faded red cloth. Triangular in shape. I got it! A mast and a sail!

There you were, on a secret mission in the South Pacific flying alone in your P-51 Mustang, engine failing. You

glide to the smooth water, exit your sinking plane and inflate your raft. Then installing this wonder of maritime inventions, you can sail your way to safety. some 2,000 miles away! I wonder: could I do such a voyage? Hmm...

In 1954, our home had no air conditioning but a huge attic fan. This giant 16-square-foot behemoth lived in our attic. It was engineered to draw in cool nite air thru open windows and exhaust it thru attic vents. So there I lay with a mild hurricane coming in right over my bed. And then, it hit me. Bon voyage! So with a few bits of string I fastened the aluminum tube/mast in front of my window and with the old but still-intact sail trimming lines, I was in a raft, sailing along toward the Solomon Islands... That nite, who could guess that I would enjoy a life of all things nautical, including in years to come the adventures of the Swallows and Amazons! QED



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The Newsletter in a Single Column?

A reader has asked if the newsletter could be produced in a single column: he reads it on a mobile device and jumping between columns is difficult.

However, some people print out the newsletter or read it on a computer screen. For them a single column would be too wide, and harder to read. I have not found a solution that would not require two totally separate layouts, and this is more work than I can manage.

There may be a workaround for mobile users, however. On IOS (iPads and iPhones) a utility program called "PDF Reflow" will reformat a PDF into a single column. It is available in the App Store for \$2.99 (US). It seems to work fairly well, but is slow on my 5-year-old iPad Mini.

If anyone else wants to try it, I would like to hear the results. Of course there may well be other possible apps I don't know about.

As well, I assume similar apps must exist for Android devices. If you find a good one, please let me know.

Ed.

Ship's Library — Books we've read and want to share

Swallows and Armenians by Karen Babayan

A review by Gordon McGilton

This is a book that gives us greater knowledge of the Altounyans, the Anglo-Armenian family whose children provided the original inspiration for Arthur Ransome's *Swallows*.

Reading the book I felt I was in a theatre watching a play, as the five main chapters follow one another like scenes seen on stage. For me the first two chapters were the most interesting, since Ransome himself takes part, while the last three sections only involve the Armenians.

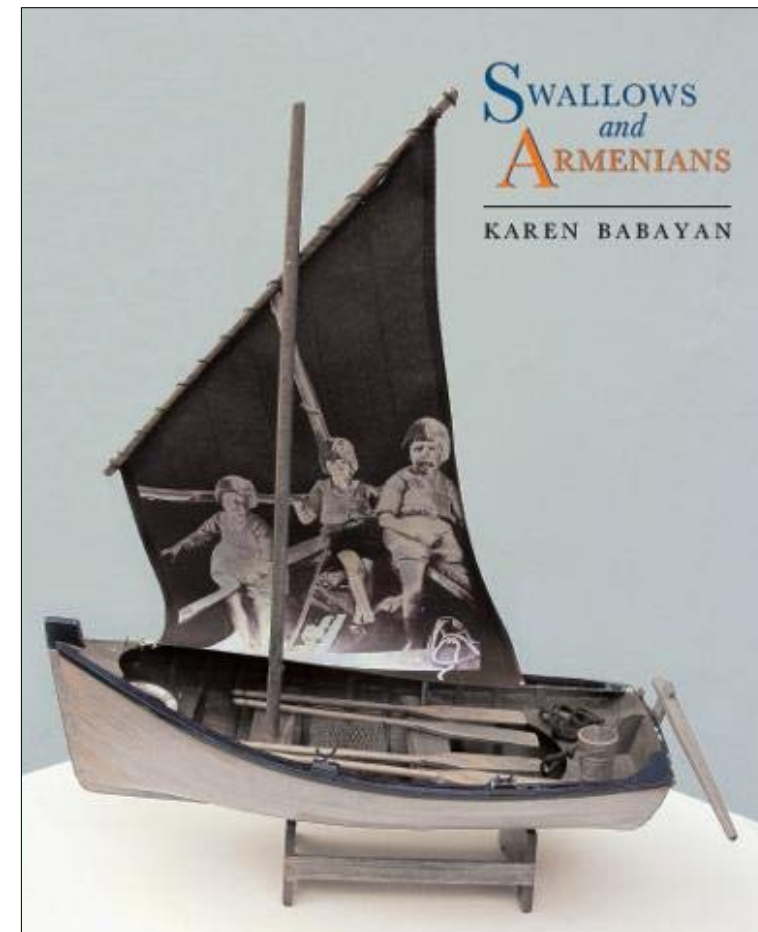
The first chapter, *A Peel Island Day*, is set on Peel Island in August 1929. It is a fishing picnic involving Ransome and the Armenians.

The second episode is set in March 1932, when Ransome and his wife are visiting the Altounyans in their home in Syria.

The final three chapters take place in 1967, 1973 and 2018. They involve only the Armenians who, after the 1956 Suez Crisis, were never able to return to Syria and who henceforth lived permanently in England.

I found it interesting that while the family began as half English and half Armenian, the longer they stayed in England they seemed to become more and more Armenian. I was surprised at this, as I once had the pleasure of meeting Bridget Sanders, the original "ship's baby". To me she was a very pleasant English lady.

Along with the five main chapters, the book includes copious notes on many



related subjects.

Unfortunately the book is hard to find, since it is not available in bookstores. It is produced by Wild Pansy Press, a small publisher linked to the University of Leeds.

The book can be purchased directly from the publishers on this web page:

www.wildpansypress.com/index.php/proposals/swallows-and-armenians/

Please note that the publishers accept payment only by PayPal.

The author of *Swallows and Armenians* is Karen Babayan, a visual artist and writer based in Cumbria, UK. As she says in her own description of the book:

"...it was an Anglo-Armenian family that provided the inspiration for the Walkers, and now with a book of short stories, a fellow Anglo-Armenian artist has embarked on a mission to firmly re-establish the connection using newly-appraised correspondence and diaries." (karenbabayan.com/swallows-and-armenians/)

Ed.



Pieces of Eight — The Junior Pages

Can you connect Ransome's characters to the books?

Arthur Ransome's stories tell the adventures of several groups of children. Can you identify which children are in which group, and which groups are in each book?

Print this double page horizontally on a single sheet of paper. Get 5 different coloured pencils or fine markers, and a ruler. With one colour, draw a line connecting each Swallow to their group, then connect the Swallows group to each book in which they appear. (I

have shown John and S&A as an example.) Then repeat for each of the other four groups in a different colour. The answers are shown on another page. (Not counting Bridget, there is one exception: which characters in which group do NOT appear in one book?)

- Bess (Port)
- Bill
- Bridget
- Daisy
- Dee
- Dick
- Don (Mastodon)
- Dorothea (Dot)
- Dum
- Joe
- John
- Nancy
- Nell (Starboard)
- Peggy
- Pete
- Roger
- Susan
- Titty
- Tom

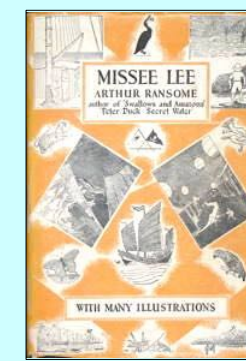
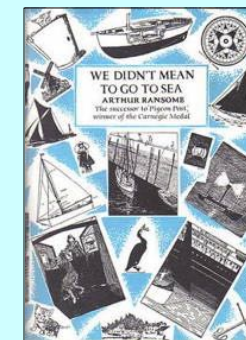
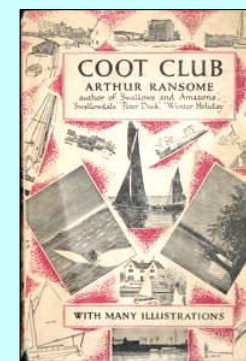
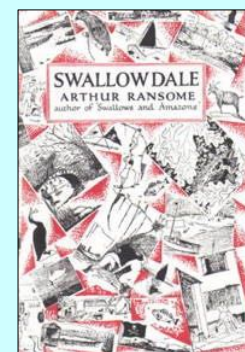
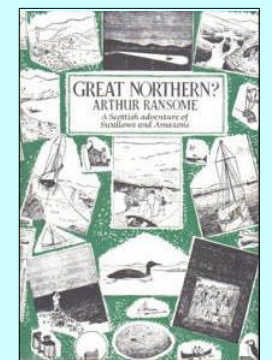
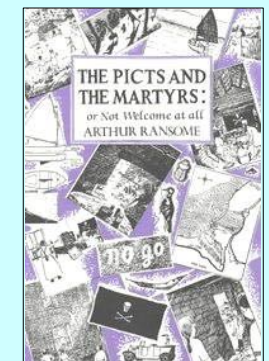
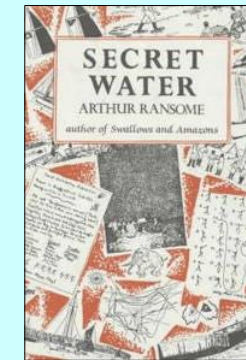
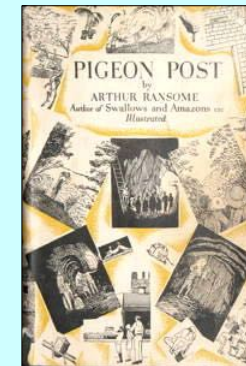
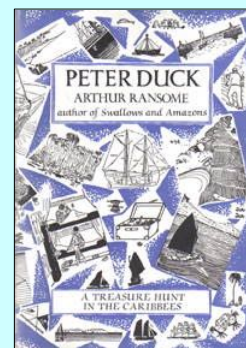
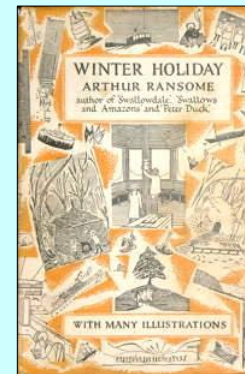
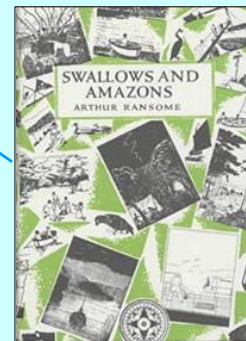
Swallows

Amazons

Ds

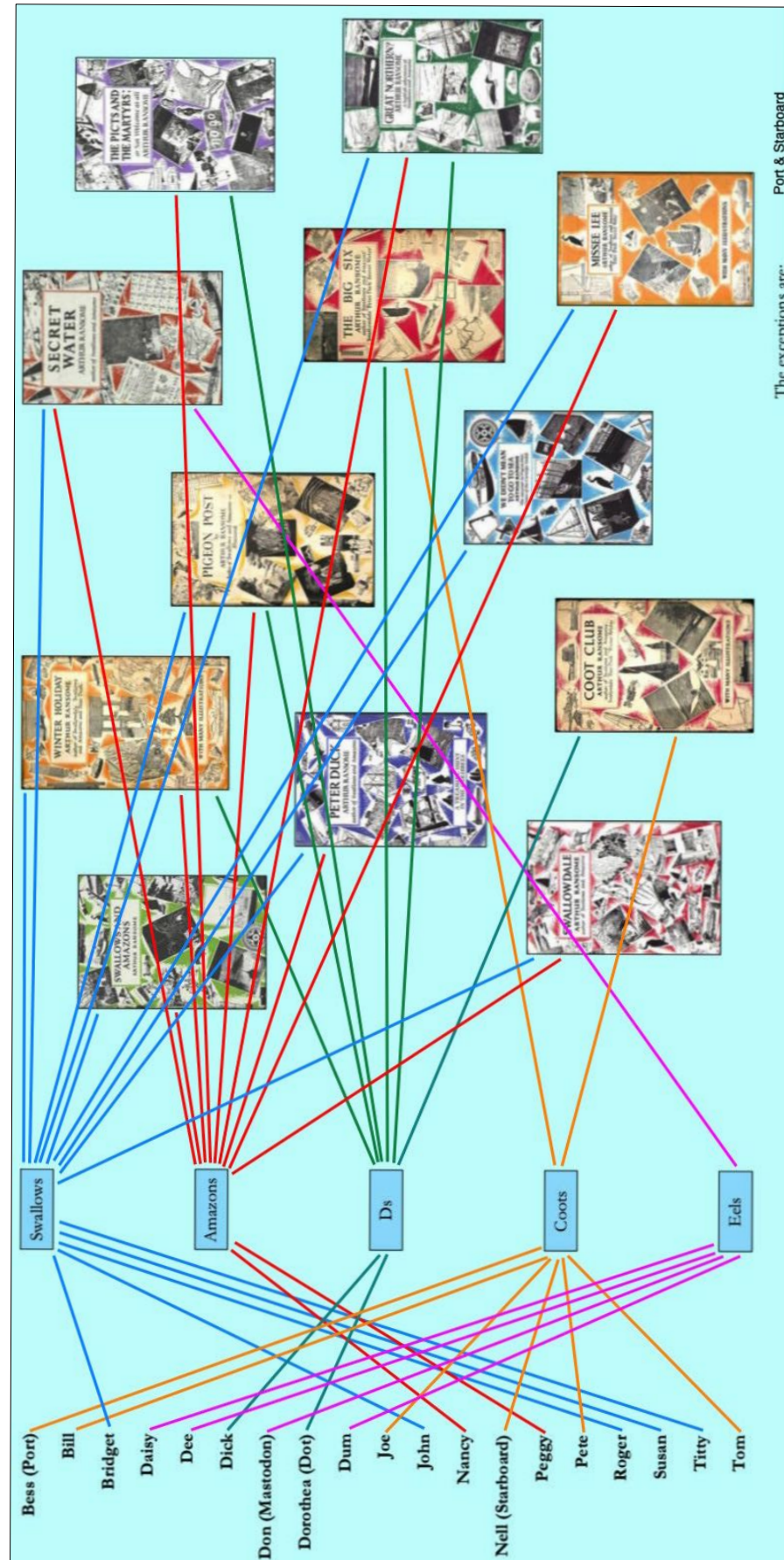
Coots

Eels



The exceptions are: _____

The answers to the puzzle on pages 16-17



Beckfoot Kitchen — Eating with the Swallows and Amazons

Food for Invalids: Mumps Food, Flu Food

By Molly McGinnis

When Mrs. Blackett had the flu she would have been tempted with all kinds of jellied broth concoctions and beef tea, and blanchmanges and gruels, before she was strong enough to go away to the seaside. Nancy too would have had a more cheerful time of it once the worst of the pumpkin face subsided, if Cook followed Mrs. Beeton's advice:

"Always have something in readiness... If obliged to wait a long time, the patient loses the desire to eat... Never make a large quantity of one thing... it is desirable that variety be provided..." (Mrs Beeton)

I had a sore jaw once, when I was about Nancy Blackett's age. We lived in a citrus orchard at the time, and my mom cut a lemon and showed the cut half to me. I screamed. She called the doctor. The doctor said "Mumps. They're going around."

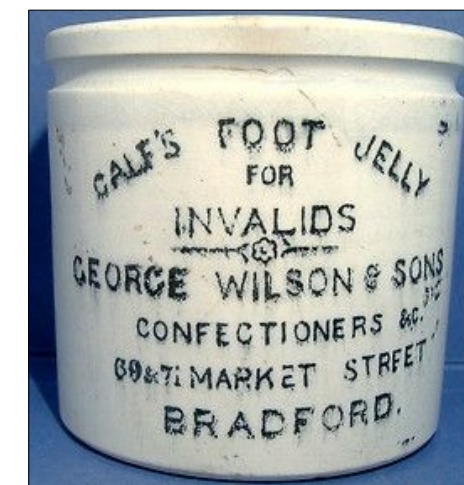
Swallowing hurts when you have mumps, and the mere thought of anything sour is excruciating. I'm betting Nancy and I survived on broth through the worst of the pumpkin face stage.

For me, my mother's was good strong chicken broth that jelled when it cooled. For Nancy, maybe calves foot jelly – classic invalid food in England and New England from at least the 18th century. Someone is sure to show up with a jar of calves' foot jelly or something made from it when anyone gets sick in Jane Austen's or Sarah Orne Jewett's books. Mrs. Beeton's "calves' foot jelly" is sweetened and pepped up with lemon juice and rind,

Dick's First Note

Flu and mumps are both viruses, and very contagious. Mumps isn't often dangerous, just miserable. Flu – influenza – mutates constantly and can be very dangerous in itself and by the chest infections that often follow it. These were even more dangerous before antibiotics and everyone rightly feared the flu, especially in families where someone remembered the "Spanish" flu that started about 1918 and killed more people than the Great War did. Mrs. Blackett must have badly needed to get away from the Lake's chill fogs and wood and coal smoke, too, that year when her illness made Picts of Dot and me.

cinnamon and allspice and a good slug of sherry. It would have been served as "negus" in Jane Austen's day, and was – to strengthen the dancers at the ball in Mansfield Park.



No lemon juice for Nancy! Even sherry would have made her cringe, though I wouldn't put it past Cook to add a bit of brandy to Nancy's calves foot jelly and beef tea. Brandy to fortify invalids (or in Nancy's case to quiet her down?) is a longstanding tradition.

Traditional Calves Foot Jelly

I made a jellied stock from a calf's foot once; calves' feet must have been nicer in olden times. But it's easy to make a delicious jellied broth from roughly trimmed bones of a roasted chicken or turkey or of roasted thighs and drumsticks. A whole uncooked chicken works too, for a blander broth. Slash off the breast and thigh meat, get out all the fat lumps you can as you pull and cut the bony remains apart, and cook as below. The collagen-loaded browned skin from baked or grilled fowl helps the gel and gives a wonderful flavor, if you can get it before the family does. If the skin of your uncooked chicken isn't heavy with sheets and lumps of fat, use it, too.

I haven't had a slow cooker for a long time, but one should make a good slow-simmered broth.

Put your meaty bones into a deep pot, one with a good lid, sprinkle with salt and a few peppercorns, and pour in cold water until the water over the bones at least equals the height of the bones in the pan. Heat slowly, covered, until tiny bubbles quite regularly rise to the top. Simmer for 10 to 20 minutes to sterilize, then reduce the



Calves Foot Jelly Makings

From bottom left clockwise:

Ancestral teacup, soaked gelatin (oops, forgot the envelope), boiling water for diluting the juice, box of broth, fake sherry or brandy bottle (peanut oil!), mixed blood orange & lemon juice, ancestral coronation mug (Blacketts' and mine – inherited from my aunt :)

In (ancestral) saucer within (ancestral) bowl: cinnamon sticks, allspice berries, nutmeg, strip of lemon zest; clockwise, tea strainer, sugar, blood orange and lemon.

Posed on a tea towel the Goblin's crew acquired in Flushing.

heat until the top of the water barely shimmers. Cover the pot and forget about it for several hours or overnight, except for the occasional peek to make sure the broth stays at this not-quite boil. You may need to put a simmer pad or “waffle” under the pot, and move the lid aside, to keep the broth at this bare simmer. Or, put the pot of slightly simmered broth into a 200°F oven (covered). Peek occasionally to make sure the stock doesn't boil hard. When the meat and cartilage are falling off the bone, pour the broth through your finest sieve and chill. The long-simmered broth should jell quite firmly. Scrape the fat and opaque stuff off the top, heap clear jelled spoonfuls from down in the jelled broth into a pretty little dish, and offer it up to soothe a mummy jaw or miserable flu. Or serve heated, with a spoonful of sherry or brandy. Later, when actual food starts to taste good, bring some broth to the boil, throw in a small handful of rice,

and cook until the rice is very tender. A bay leaf and a few shavings of nutmeg added with the rice add a nice flavor.

Note: Cook would not at all have approved of this rough and ready method. She'd have strained the broth through cloth and probably clarified it with beaten egg white. Not me!

Or, if you don't think nothing is half so much worth doing as simply messing about in the kitchen, buy a box or can of the best chicken stock you can find and...

Jell with gelatine:

One standard envelope (two teaspoons) of “powdered” (granular) gelatine, previously soaked and dissolved, will make a soft jell of about 2 cups of broth, cooling and comforting to a hurting jaw or fluish tummy.

Sprinkle an envelope of gelatine evenly over about 1/4 cup cold water in a (larger) glass or ceramic cup and let it sit until the granules are well soaked

and swelled, about 10 minutes. Microwave for about 30 seconds (this depends on the microwave oven; better to start cautiously than to boil it over) to dissolve the granules to a clear liquid. Stir this into your two cups of broth, warmed slightly in the microwave (or a pot) while the gelatine is soaking. Chill to jell.

Mrs. Beeton's Calves Foot Jelly:

Put into a quart saucepan:

1 pint (16 fluid oz) chicken stock (made as above)

Grate or peel zest (yellow outside of peel) from

2 lemons, or to make 1/4 c juice (Mrs. Beeton's 4 lemons must have been small and dry! 2 T juice per lemon seems to be the expected amount now.)

Juice the lemons, add water to make 2/3 cup, and add to the stock with:

3/4 c (180gm) sugar

3/4 c (175ml) dry sherry

1/2 cinnamon Stick (about 1/2 the length of a little finger)

8 allspice berries

Heat to just below boiling, turn off the heat, let steep for a half hour or so, and pour through a sieve into a serving dish or several small invalid size cups.

There's no reason to stick to lemons. I happened to have a big crop of winter citrus, blood oranges, tangerines, lemons and limes, mixed the juices and liked the result even better. Blood oranges were popular in England well into the 20th century, according to my fruit guide, and are making a comeback in the United States.

For those who really don't like messing about in the kitchen, an experiment with frozen lemonade, orange juice, or lemon (or orange or mixed) Jello might produce a reasonable facsimile, with enough sherry or brandy in the mix.

Beef Tea:

First on every list of invalid food in all the old cookbooks is Beef Tea. I made some and it was elixir from heaven when I was feeling my worst!



I had enough lean beef to make about 2 1/2 cups of meat chunks. Use any lean beef: eye of round, bottom round, London broil, or even stew meat if you must (it's been handled and won't taste quite as good). Trim every bit of outside fat and cut the

Dick's Second Note

The scientific way to make jellied stock is to make sure there's lots of collagen in the parts you use. Meat doesn't have much compared to feet and the ends of the bones where the ligaments are, and with poultry, parts with lots of skin, like wings and necks. So it's scientific to use as many of those parts as you can get together. Ungulates' feet and the big ligaments around the hind legs are the best for collagen, and the skin of pigs, too.

PS: Ungulates are hoofed mammals. We mostly eat artiodactyla, ungulates with cloven hoofs, like deer and sheep and cows and pigs. Perissodactyla, odd-toed hoofed mammals like horses and rhinoceros, aren't so popular as food in Western Europe.

meat up roughly. Whittle out inside fat as you cut, then whirl the chunks in a processor to make tiny bits but not quite a purée. (Hand-chopping is faster than cleaning processor parts if you're good with a knife and cleaver!) Put the fine-chopped beef in a pot and cover it with a quart of cold water. Add a teaspoon of salt, stir a few times to distribute the meat, and heat slowly until there's an occasional small bubble rising from the bottom. Reduce the heat so the water barely “shimmers” at the surface and hold at that low simmer for an hour or more. Or let simmer in a 200°F oven. Cool and put the pot in the refrigerator to steep overnight.

A little sediment will have settled to the bottom, and some fat risen to the

top as solid blobs. Remove the fat with a slotted spoon and carefully strain the beef elixir off the sediment into a new jar. (Dump the dregs over vegetables, rice, potatoes, or even a green salad.) The tea will keep in a cold refrigerator for a few days, When feeling miserable and out of sorts, heat a mug of the tea and sip slowly.

Gruel and Other “Jellies”

Cook had a lot of other choices for mumps food as Nancy's sore jaw began to get better. Look in any older cookbook for milk puddings: egg-thickened custards, cornstarch puddings, and rennet-set blanc-manges. In the old days seaweed was used to thicken milk puddings like these.

“Gruel” resonates badly to anyone tuned to 19th century literature, as it was a despised staple of prison and workhouse food. But gruel can be quite nice. Whole grains are best for flavor: any mixed-grain hot cereal or whole wheat semolina or farina (like Arrowhead Mills' Bear Mush), or mini rolled oats.



Heat a cup or two of lightly salted water, or milk and water, or light broth, and before it quite boils start stirring in the cereal, a pinch at a time. Stop adding grain while the gruel is thin enough to slurp from a cup and cook until it doesn't thicken more, thinning if necessary. Nice if you're mummy, or flu-ish, or in a hurry and need a quick boost.

Signals from TARSUS/North Pole News Index by Author, 2016-2019

Compiled by Simon Horn

This Author Index complements the Subject Index published in the last issue. This time the list is sorted by author first name and then by issue date. It includes the title, the section, the subject and the issue date. Once again I have not included the regular *Ship's Papers* sections from the coordinators and myself since they are in every issue.

Alan Hakim			
What I Did in the Holidays	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Voyaging & adventures	Jan. 2019
Alistair Bryden			
Dancing on Ice	The Ship's Library	Review	June 2016
My Great Northern Coffee Mug	Captain Flint's Trunk	Me and Arthur Ransome	Sept. 2016
"Catch-a-little"	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Voyaging & adventures	Jan. 2018
Fulfilling a Long Held Ambition	Dipping Our Hands	Sailing & cruising	Jan. 2018
Vancouver Island, Sri Lanka and Hartlepool	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	History	Jan. 2018
Off to Samarkand... via St. Petersburg	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Voyaging & adventures	Sept. 2018
Riding a Dromedary from Samarkand to Istanbul	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Voyaging & adventures	Jan. 2019
Reflections of a Gear Junkie	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Camping	May 2019
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Arthur Ransome in Yiddish	Captain Flint's Trunk	Ransome's work	June 2016
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Swallows and Amazons in the Far North	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Me and Arthur Ransome	Feb. 2017
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Anne of Green Gables Meets a Kiwi Amazon Lobster Pirate	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Voyaging & adventures	May 2018
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"Back to Swallows and Amazons"	The Ship's Library	Review	Jan. 2019
"Swallows, Amazons and Coots"	The Ship's Library	Review	May 2019
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Sail Camping on the Nancy Blackett	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Sailing & cruising	June 2016
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The New Movie	The Ship's Library	Review	Oct.2017
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Imaginary Worlds and Tove Jansson's Moomin Stories	Pieces of Eight	Review	Feb. 2017
Tent for Two: A Year of Adventure	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Voyaging & adventures	Oct.2017
Edible Igloo	Beckfoot Kitchen	Recipe	Jan. 2018
Winter Holiday Word Search Challenge	Pieces of Eight	Puzzle/quiz	Jan. 2018
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My First IAGM	Captain Flint's Trunk	TARS business	Sept. 2018
Swallows and Amazons Book Series Quiz	Pieces of Eight	Puzzle/quiz	May 2019
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Gordon Proudfoot			
Arthur Ransome in my Life	Dipping Our Hands	Me and Arthur Ransome	June 2016
Ian Sacré			
The Tent Maker's Tale	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Camping	Feb. 2016

Nautical Reading	The Ship's Library	Review	June 2016
Grog!	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	History	Sept. 2016
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More Nautical Reading	The Ship's Library	Review	June 2017
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Cruise of the Lydia	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Sailing & cruising	Oct.2017
Cruise of the Sandhawk	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Sailing & cruising	Jan. 2018
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Swallowdale & the Salvage of Swallow	Professor's Laboratory	Sailing & cruising	May 2019
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On "Ransome's Illustrations"	Dipping Our Hands	Me and Arthur Ransome	Sept. 2019
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Thomas, Ransome and Adlestrop	Dipping our Hands	Behind the books	Sept. 2018
"Those Snake Island Kids"	The Ship's Library	Review	Sept. 2018
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Arthur Ransome, Helene Carter & my introduction to S&A	Dipping Our Hands	Me and Arthur Ransome	Sept. 2016
Marilyn Steele			
A Clay Medallion, circa 1954	Mrs Barrable's Gallery	Me and Arthur Ransome	May 2018
A Letter from AR to Helene Carter	Dipping our Hands	Behind the books	Sept. 2018
Martha Blue			
"The Marvels" by Brian Selznick	Pieces of Eight	Review	Jan. 2019
My Gritstone Trail	Pieces of Eight	Voyaging & adventures	May 2019
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Banana Blossom Salad	Beckfoot Kitchen	Recipe	June 2016
Bananas Everywhere!	Pieces of Eight	Ransome's work	June 2016
Fried Cannonballs	Beckfoot Kitchen	Recipe	Oct.2017
A Winter's Feast	Beckfoot Kitchen	Recipe	Jan. 2018
Susan Learns to Make Hot-pot	Beckfoot Kitchen	Recipe	Jan. 2018
Dot and Dick in California	Dot's Latest Story	Stories	May 2018
Miss Beckwith's Bunloaf	Dot's Latest Story	Recipe	May 2018
Blackberry Pudding	Beckfoot Kitchen	Recipe	Sept. 2018
Dot and Dick in California	Dot's Latest Story	Stories	Sept. 2018
"Western Reptiles & Amphibians"	The Ship's Library	Review	Sept. 2018
No Moss on Uncle Jim!	Pieces of Eight	Behind the books	Jan. 2019
"Those Sugar-Barge Kids"	The Ship's Library	Review	Jan. 2019
"Extraordinary Birds"	The Ship's Library	Review	May 2019
First Fish	Dipping Our Hands	Me and Arthur Ransome	May 2019
No Moss on Uncle Jim! Part 2	Pieces of Eight	Behind the books	May 2019
American Summer Pudding	Beckfoot Kitchen	Recipe	Sept. 2019
The Beginning of it All	Captain Flint's Trunk	Behind the books	Sept. 2019
Nikki McClure			
Arthur Ransome's Birthday Corroborree	Pieces of Eight	Camping	June 2017
Getting Ready for the Wooden Boat Festival	Captain Flint's Trunk	Sailing & cruising	June 2017

Paul Nelson			
Pirates attack a US Coast Guard Gunship	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Me and Arthur Ransome	Sept. 2019
Gators and Pythons and Pirate Boys! Oh, My!	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Voyaging & adventures	Jan. 2018
Peter Calamai			
Ransome's Winter	Dipping Our Hands	Me and Arthur Ransome	Feb. 2017
Our Private Films	Dipping Our Hands	Me and Arthur Ransome	Jan. 2018
Petr Krist			
Winter Holiday Hike	Pieces of Eight	Puzzle/quiz	Sept. 2016
Crab Island Quiz	Pieces of Eight	Puzzle/quiz	Feb. 2017
Richard G. Mills			
AR Taught Me!	Dipping Our Hands	Me and Arthur Ransome	May 2018
Today's Sixth Graders' on The Big Six: "Booor-ing"!	Dipping our Hands	Me and Arthur Ransome	Jan. 2019
Robert Dilley			
Bacon and Eggs!	Beckfoot Kitchen	Recipe	Jan. 2018
A View of Tallinn	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Ransome country	Jan. 2019
Secret Water from Above	Captain Flint's Trunk	Ransome country	May 2019
RYA Magazine			
When Swallows and Amazons meets James Bond	Captain Flint's Trunk	Review	Feb. 2017
Sandy Boswell			
Peter Calamai - An Obituary	Ship's Papers	Obituary	Sept. 2019
Simon Horn			
Which Book? What's Happening?	Pieces of Eight	Puzzle/quiz	Feb. 2016
Ransome Country	Captain Flint's Trunk	Ransome country	Sept. 2016
Confessions of an Armchair Sailor	Dipping Our Hands	Me and Arthur Ransome	Feb. 2017
My Children and Arthur Ransome	Dipping Our Hands	Me and Arthur Ransome	June 2017
Note from the Editor	Ship's Papers	Review	June 2017
Try a LitWits Kit	Pieces of Eight	Review	June 2017
A Book Maze	Pieces of Eight	Puzzle/quiz	Oct.2017
The 2016 Swallows and Amazons Movie	The Ship's Library	Review	Oct.2017
"The Twilight Years - Hill Top"	The Ship's Library	Review	Oct.2017
"The Boat in the Bay"	The Ship's Library	Review	May 2018
Tent for Two Wraps Up	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Voyaging & adventures	Sept. 2018
Ransome's Illustrations	Mrs Barrable's Gallery	Ransome's work	Jan. 2019
"The Twilight Years - London"	The Ship's Library	Review	Jan. 2019
All the animals were out searching...	Pieces of Eight	Puzzle/quiz	Sept. 2019
The Mariner's Library	The Ship's Library	Review	Sept. 2019
The Other Railway to Windermere	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Voyaging & adventures	Sept. 2019
Steve Crouch			
Sailing Woo Hoo Across the Generations	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Sailing & cruising	June 2017
The Blue Family			
Our Climb of Kinder Scout	Pieces of Eight	Voyaging & adventures	May 2018
A TARS pilgrimage to Norfolk	Pieces of Eight	Voyaging & adventures	Sept. 2018

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The TARSUS coordinator is Robin Marshall, robin@arthur-ransome.org

The TARS Canada coordinator is Ian Sacré, gallivanterthree@telus.net

The editor is Simon Horn, sjhorn@gmail.com

Please send contributions, questions and suggestions for the newsletter to the editor.