



Signals from TARSUS & North Pole News--May 2014

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HAPPY TALK LIKE A PIRATE DAY!



'Tis Friday, September 19th--

"Arrrr, me maties, join in the fun!"

Ship's Papers--Important Information for the crew



View from the Helm

By Robin Marshall, TARSUS Coordinator
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Summer is over once again and fall is on its way, for those of you further north you will have the glorious changing colors, together with fond memories of things you did this summer. Mine was one to remember, in June we flew by what seems now a very roundabout route to England via Iceland, the reason being to join up with my son Nick and granddaughter Eden in Iceland so we could arrive in the UK together. My daughter Karen decided late to accompany us and bring my other granddaughter Samantha. They, however, went direct to London (by far the best way, we found the more circuitous route very tiring, not to mention stressful with plane delays etc.). We all stayed near our old home in Sussex. The grand children were keen to see and hear where their parents had lived and went to school, and to hear their tales and adventures of their childhood spent there, some of which we as their parents might have had concerns about had we known at the time; fortunately they were not duffers. We were welcomed to their old school by the current principal, and toured the building finding little had changed from when they were there.

One of the days we went to Chichester Harbor and the Village of Bosham:



A favorite place of AR in his later years, Bosham was one of our loved places when we lived in Sussex and had many happy memories messing about in boats, unaware at the time of the Ransome connection. The village is very picturesque and is right on an inlet to Chichester harbor; at high tide the water comes right up to the edge of the village flooding the lower road. In spite of many warning signs many motorists park on the road and leave to tour the village, only to come back and find their cars under water. We were very aware of this and parked safely on dry land! There is a nice old pub right on the water's edge and we enjoyed a happy meal and a pint there, talking and telling tales

about when we lived in the area.

On another day, we rented horses and rode for two hours in Ashdown Forest, which is less of a forest and more of moor in parts. Whilst out there we were surprised to see people dotted around with what looked like very expensive camera equipment and long lenses. Our guide did not seem to know why, but we found out later a very rare Short-toed (Snake) Eagle had taken up residence in the area. Dick would have loved to put that in his notebook! We, not knowing, did not see it. However, had a wonderful ride if being somewhat sore afterwards, apart from Karen and Samantha who ride regularly.

Shortly afterwards we all boarded a plane to Strasbourg in France and then on to Riebeauville, a very charming and picturesque small town on what is known as the "wine road" in the Alsace wine region. We had rented an apartment in a very old building within a very short walking distance from the Grand Rue, so were able to go down early and get fresh croissants from the nearby boulangerie (bakery). It was a truly lovely place; my granddaughters adapted well to the different language and got on well with the natives. One day Karen, Samantha and I decided to make an expedition up the nearest mountain and explore three ruined castles. In this part of France and nearby Germany there seems to be a castle on every piece of high ground. The others decided to take the rented Rattletrap to another restored castle that you could drive to. We set off through the town and purchased provisions, then turned off the road and climbed up through the vineyards.



Finally, we came to a sign showing two paths. We chose the one which seemed less traveled and it soon became a lot steeper. We carried on leaving the vineyards behind, through some trees. The trail became steeper all the time and narrower, and after a while the trees cleared somewhat and we faced a more hostile terrain full of rocks and stones. The rocks became boulders, some of which we could get round but some we had to clamber over. I was soon thinking of the Kanchenjunga expedition, that maybe we should have brought a rope. We crossed a very small stream rushing down and disappearing below, whilst we climbed ever higher. Being forced to a stop after a while by our path being blocked by a sheer face of rock, we could see the castle above it. Going along a small trail at its base we finally came up to the castle entrance, collapsing on the stony steps as we took a

well earned rest. Having rested we explored the castle, some of which was still intact, including the tower. It was then time to find a place to eat our lunch, somewhere sheltered, as there was a cool sharp wind.

Having had lunch, we made our way to the other castle that was in much more of a dilapidated state. It must have been an incredible task to get the materials up there to build these places then to supply them when built. Now the time was getting on so we had to find our way back; deciding we did not want to go the way we came we followed another trail which eventually came to a broader one that then led to what appeared to be a logging road. Following this road a long way downhill all the time, we arrived back into civilization in time for tea, pleased that we had done more than sightseeing, but had a little adventure in France. We went to many more places and enjoyed sitting at the local cafes and watching the people go by.

We went on to stay in London, then back to Sussex, visiting relatives. All this time the weather was very good, mostly sunny and warm, until we went to Iceland for three days on our way back home, then it was cool and rainy. This was a shame as Iceland has many interesting places and features but they are less than enjoyable in poor weather.

I hope you will let us hear of anything special you did this summer, and are looking forward to the fall.

Robin



Greetings From the North

By Ian Sacré, TARSCanada Coordinator

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I send you greetings on these last lovely days of summer as we prepare ourselves for the cool days of autumn and the freezing blasts of winter that inevitably lie before us. Warm, cold, wet or dry enjoy every day to the utmost for the days that pass us by will not come this way again!

I am pleased to report that TARS Canada did not lose any members this year, which, upon reviewing the Master Membership lists, sadly, cannot be said for some of the other regions. As a gentle reminder, TARS Membership subscription renewals are due by December 31st, 2014, and happily we shall be able to maintain the subscription rates for 2015 the same as they were for 2014. Please see the Membership renewal form below for details. I know one or two of our members prefer to pay their fees directly to TARS Headquarters using their UK bank accounts. Please let me know if you have use this method so that I can “tick you off” my list and avoid sleepless nights worrying if I have lost a member. A ghastly thought!

I recently refreshed my memory of Arthur Ransome's *Secret Water*, which everyone will recall tells the tale of our intrepid adventurers acting as explorers and surveyors as they chart a muddy, island-dotted estuary on the south east coast of England. Names like Mango Island, Mastodon Island and Swallow Island will come to mind. This in turn led me to remember a true tale that occurred during the building of the Rideau Canal by Colonel John By in 1826, a story I am sure the Swallows and Amazons would have heartily approved and adopted:

The canal runs for 123 miles from Ottawa to Kingston, Ontario; a magnificent piece of engineering, built in just over four years all by hand! When the canal was envisaged and built the terrain was virtually uninhabited and consisted of almost impregnable forest, under-story and swamps infested with black flies and mosquitoes in the spring, summer and early autumn. Progress through such country was almost impossible, with men having to crawl through the bush at times on hands and knees and wade for hours through the swamps with water frequently above their waists. In November of 1826 a certain John MacTaggart was sent to run a survey line from what was to be the entrance to the canal on the Ottawa River, inland to the Rideau River, to a point above what are now known as the Hog's Back Rapids. To complete this task he was given two assistant surveyors, three axemen and two men to carry provisions. Now the problem was he did not know the geographical co-ordinates (latitude and longitude) of his starting place with any degree of accuracy, nor could he see the spot he was supposed to aim for, which turned out to be about seven miles away, so he could not take a compass bearing and establish a course to follow through the wilderness. He could have fixed the position he was to aim for when he got there by a very circuitous route, using astronomical observations. But this would have required dozens of observations, and the accuracy of the position so determined would still be very iffy. No GPS in those far distant days. When one does not know where one is starting from and one does not know exactly where one is supposed to go to in relation to a known position, one has a bit of a problem. But being a canny Scot, he soon came up with a solution. He sent some of his men off with instructions to find the predetermined place on the Rideau River, choosing the easiest route they could, the only object being to get to the location one way or another. On arriving at the site, where the canal was to run to, they were to select a tree close to the position, pile lots of firewood around its base, and then as it was getting dark they were to set the wood and the tree on fire! In the meantime, John MacTaggart stayed where he was, seven or more miles away and waited several days for the beacon tree to be fired up. When he finally saw the flames on the distant horizon he took his compass bearing off the burning tree and now he had an accurate compass bearing of where he had to head for and the line the canal would have to follow through forest, swamp and bush! Now I really do think our stalwart surveyors in *Secret Water* would have loved to have copied John Mactaggart's method of setting a compass course through their jungle!

Best wishes for calm seas and fair winds to all,

Ian Sacré

Dear Members,

This summer, Robin Marshall, TARSUS Coordinator, received a letter from one of our members, reprinted with her permission on the next page:

Dear Robin,

I have a complete set of Arthur Ransome's Swallows and Amazons books (12), which I collected in the UK during the 1940s and 50s, as well as a copy of Arthur Ransome's autobiography. I would very much like to find a home for them where they might stay together as a set and be read by children/adults who will get as much enjoyment from them as I have done over the years (I have just reread the entire set).

As the coordinator for the US Arthur Ransome Society, I am hoping that you can put me in touch with an organization or individual who would like to be the beneficiary of the collection as a gift. I would appreciate any suggestions you might have.

Thanking you in advance for your assistance,

Catherine Nickerson

After some e-mailing back & forth, we decided to ask all of you to consider where this set might be donated that would allow it to stay together, and to be accessible to children and/or adults who might otherwise not find these books we all cherish so much. Please direct all ideas, with contact information, to:

Elizabeth Jolley

erjolley8@gmail.com

Thank-you for your help!

Membership Information:

Member Benefits

The descriptions below apply to **TARSUS** and **TARS Canada** only. Members in other countries receive the publications listed, with the exception of Signals from TARSUS/North Pole News, and pay their local equivalent of the UK prices.

FAMILY Member: \$62.75 (Must register the names of all members of the family)

Family Members receive:

Mixed Moss, the yearly Literary Magazine.

Signals, the news from UK Regions and headquarters and some overseas groups, 3/year.

Outlaw, the newsletter for Junior members.

Signals from TARSUS/North Pole News, 3/year.

ADULT Member: \$52.50

Adult Members receive Mixed Moss, Signals and Signals from TARSUS/North Pole News.

SENIOR Member: \$44.00 *Please note this is a new rate for 2014*****

Over 65 years of age you are eligible for Senior Membership & receive the same publications as Adult Members.

STUDENT Member: \$35.00

Student members must be engaged in full-time study. They receive the same publications as Adult Members.

JUNIOR Member: \$17.50

Junior members, under 17 years, receive Signals and Signals from TARSUS/North Pole News, plus Outlaw.

*****To apply for TARSUS or TARS Canada membership, please complete Application Form (next page)**

Renewal of Membership
THE ARTHUR RANSOME SOCIETY - TARS US & CANADA MEMBERS

Subscriptions for the calendar year 2014 fell due on **1 January 2014**

Please pay now while you remember! This will save the work of having to track you down to determine your subscription intentions and will ensure that you will not miss any publications in 2014!

New Members Exempt

If you joined TARS in October, November or December 2013 then your subscription covers calendar year 2014 as well, and there is no need for further payment until January 2015.

Senior or Pensioner status: If you are 65 or over then you are eligible for the Senior rate.

Additional Voluntary Contribution:

The subscription, payable by all members, covers the basic operation of the Society, including all the benefits that each member can expect to receive. Any additional donations will be reserved for spending on additional activities or projects. This may include: TARS Library; the Ship's Baby Fund; making donations to outside bodies (such as the Nancy Blackett Trust or Horstead Centre); or helping to increase funding for regional "Books for Schools" schemes. Donations to TARSUS/NORTH POLE NEWS are also welcome to help with the newsletter and prizes for competitions or promotions.

Name:				Membership No:	
*Type of Membership:					
Junior (overseas up to 16)	\$17.50	<input type="checkbox"/>		Family (overseas)	\$67.25 <input type="checkbox"/>
Student (any age in full-time education)	\$35.00	<input type="checkbox"/>		Senior (overseas 65+)	\$44.00 <input type="checkbox"/>
Adult (overseas)	\$52.50	<input type="checkbox"/>		Corporate (overseas)	\$105.00 <input type="checkbox"/>
Additional <u>Voluntary</u> Contribution \$ _____	Please use my contribution as follows: _____ (You may indicate more than one use; if you do please advise the proportion to go to each. If you leave this blank the Trustees will decide how to allocate your contribution.)				
TOTAL Subscription + Voluntary Contribution \$					

US MEMBERS: Please make cheques (in US Dollars) payable to "The Arthur Ransome Society" and send with this sheet to:

Robin Marshall Phone (941) 896-9169 E-mail: robin@arthur-ransome.org.uk
210 - 18th St NW. Bradenton, FL 34205-6845

CANADA MEMBERS: Please make cheques (in Canadian Dollars) payable to **Ian Sacré**, and send with this sheet to:

Ian Sacré Phone (604) 984-2295 E-mail: gallivanterthree@telus.net
750 Donegal Place, North Vancouver, BC V7N 2X5

Or pay by **PayPal** with a **credit card** at: www.tarseast.co.uk/TARS_Subscription_Renewals.html
 Be sure to have your **member number** ready, and click on the appropriate "**Overseas Member**" box.
 If you have any questions please contact Robin Marshall for assistance.

Kanchenjunga's Cairn--places we've been & our adventures

Inside Passage

By Jay T. Scott

This summer we had the good fortune to sail from Port Townsend WA to Juneau AK, up the inside passage of the Salish Sea, aboard 'Nevermore', a 52 ft. wooden gaff-rigged schooner. We started on July 5th after a busy week of preparing, and supplying the boat. Friends and family cheered us out of port on a beautiful sunny day for our first ocean crossing of the Straits of Juan de Fuca. A small swell and light wind got us all off to an easy start, the two young boys, later dubbed "the Otters", riding on the foredeck, dodging the occasional spray and looking for birds and porpoise.

We anchored at Stewart Island, across the border from South Pender Island and Canadian Customs, where we had to go first thing the next morning. Our typical day started early, around 5 or 6 am. We would make tea, start the motor, slip the anchor and be off. We were mostly motoring, as the prevailing winds in the summer are from the north. We would try to be at our next anchorage by late afternoon before the evening winds picked up and made the seas rough. After anchoring, we would take the dingy ashore for exploring, do some fishing, go swimming, and back to the boat for dinner. Some days we were in a port and would be moored to a dock, and we could be off to explore a new town and meet the locals.



'Nevermore' at dock



"The Otters"



Aboard 'Nevermore'

Traveling north along the eastern side of Vancouver Island we stopped in Nanaimo. The next day we crossed the Straits of Georgia to Lasqueti Island where we climbed to the peak of the local Kanchenjunga and had a great evening of conversation, music and BBQ salmon at new friends' house, just up from the cove in which we were anchored. The next morning we sailed along Texada Island and then northeast the rest of the way across the Straits of Georgia to Lund, where we topped off our fuel, stocked up on giant cinnamon rolls, homemade ice cream and grog. Lund is the last town before Desolation Sound, named by Captain Vancouver when he was exploring the area looking for the Northwest Passage. We anchored for the night in a beautiful little cove and went swimming in the very warm waters. The Otters spent the next morning jumping off rocks and snorkeling, finding many beautiful fish and red-orange sea cucumbers.

The islands and channels north of Desolation Sound are known for their rapids, caused by the fast currents and big tides. We had to time our passage through Yakutat Falls to catch the slack water, when the rapids, whirl pools and currents would be at their slowest. That evening we anchored in Billy Goat Bay, just south of Johnstone Strait, to duck out of a 35-knot wind that was beating down on us. The next morning was another calm day and we passed up Johnstone Strait to our last port on Vancouver Island, Port Hardy. We stayed in Port Hardy for a day to restock our fresh foods and wait for good weather to cross our next ocean opening Queen Charlotte Sound.

Every year the first peoples of the northwest coast gather at one of the reservations. They travel by water in traditional canoes, many of which are carved from cedar trees. They call these gatherings the 'canoe journey' and everyone is welcome. Attending the potlatch at the hosting tribe's reservation is an amazing way to be a part of the cultural renaissance that is happening in the First Nations. Two years ago the journey ended in our hometown of Olympia WA, and this year the gathering was in Bella Bella, BC. When we reached Port Hardy, most of the canoes had already left to cross Queen Charlotte sound. There were a few canoes and support vessels in the harbor, and they left early the next morning to make their crossing in a one-meter swell and fog. Serious stuff in an open canoe, but not the worst of what they had already traveled on their journey north.

The morning of our crossing started in a heavy fog. We left the harbor by radar and found our way through the islands that are the last protection before heading out into the sound. We found a smooth one-meter swell with no wind, an easy crossing as the fog began to lift and we could see the ferry pass us heading north. Our destination for the evening an anchorage in a cove on Calvert Island, the first island on the northern side of Queen Charlotte Sound. After anchoring, we took the dingy ashore to a research station, and hiked across the island to a cove on the west shore facing the Pacific Ocean. It is a beautiful white sand beach, protected by headlands on either side, and small barrier islands in the cove. Great kelp beds where sea otters winter surrounded the islands and rocks. There was a gentle swell breaking on the beach, so the boys went right into the water, swimming and surfing. There was still a light mist in the sky, but the sun was high and warm. After exploring the rocky cliffs behind the beach and a walk along the dunes, we took a nap in the sand while the boys went on swimming. In the distance I could hear ravens calling, which turned out to involve us. On reaching the beach we had stowed our packs and shoes in the driftwood at the trailhead. When we got back there, we found that the ravens had unzipped our pack and made off with our snacks, including our only container of Hob Nobs. A lesson learned about the trickster Raven.

We reached Bella Bella the next afternoon, but we were too late to see the canoe journey landing. The canoes were lined up on the beach and there were a few people on the shore singing, but most were already at the potlatch. We decided to continue on hoping to reach a small anchorage near Dowager Island. As we approached Milbanke Sound we were sailing alongside a tug pulling a barge and another large two-masted schooner that had appeared out of another channel ahead of us. The evening winds were picking up from the west and blowing the fog in with them. We could see a wall of fog cover the land ahead, and then the tug disappeared. Then it was like a chapter out of *Peter Duck*. We were close to the other Schooner, but not near enough to see her name. We suspect it was the 'Viper', but could not be sure. As the fog rolled in the schooner would disappear and then fade back in and out. Foghorns were blowing; ghost ships were sighted. It looked like we were heading for the same anchorage, but when we felt our way into the cove where the fog had lifted, we were the only ship there.

From Dowager Island we headed for Jackson Narrows Marine Provincial Park. The Narrows there is so slim and shallow we could have reached out to touch the shore. We had a strong southerly wind in the afternoon and sailed wing-on-wing along Princess Royal Island. We made it as far as Butedale and decided to moor there for the night. Butedale is an interesting stop. It is the site of a large fish cannery from the early 1900's that has melted back into the land. There are still two residents of Butedale, Yukon Lew and Corry, who are the caretakers. The roofs of the buildings have mostly collapsed, but the huge machinery is still there and a few of the buildings survive where Lew has fixed things up. The cannery built a four-foot diameter wooden pipe from a lake above down to the powerhouse that provided electricity for the operation. A section of the pipe is still functional, and Lew keeps the lights on by patching it whenever it springs a leak. We hiked up to the lake for some swimming and to walk across the old growth logs that form an enormous log jam at the end of the lake. The water was warm and crystal clear and there were beautiful sundews, a carnivorous plant, growing on the logs. We were hoping for a sighting of the Spirit Bears, a white variant of black bears that only live on Princess Royal Island, but luck was not with us that day.



Buttedale log jam



Fishing at Dundas

Passing out of the northern end of Princess Royal Channel, we crossed Whale Channel, which was still fogged in this early morning. There was about a half a mile of visibility in a dome all around us with the boat floating in the center. I saw what I thought looked like a large porpoise, but it was hard to judge scale with fog all around and no sight of land. Then a huge black-fin knifed out of the water ahead, and I called out, "Orcas!" A general tumbling up the companionway and then there were Orcas all around us. We shut down the engine and heard them talking as they hunted in groups, small juveniles alongside huge males swimming in and out of the fog. After about a half hour they moved on and we were back under way, all of us reveling in the meeting.

Grenville channel is over 50 miles of straight channel not much more than one mile in width. The current is strong and the wind can beat down it. Large mountains start at the water and reach into the sky above you. We caught the flood up the channel hoping to reach one of the few protected coves shallow enough for us to safely anchor in before the winds got too strong in the evening. The wind was blowing from the north as we entered and kept building as the day went on. We still had some miles to go when the current changed with the tide, and we were slowed by the current and wind. By the time we reached our sheltered haven the wind was blowing 40 knots and we were bucking a heavy chop. As we passed the channel marker that marked a reef at the entrance to the cove we were looking forward to some calm water. When we turned to head in the wind was so strong, that even with out sail up the boat heeled to starboard and started sailing. We were motoring into the cove, but with the rough seas and being heeled over, the intake port for our engine cooling was lifted out of the water and an air bubble caused our engine to start to overheat. A safety switch shut down the motor before it could be damaged by heat. The quiet from the engine room let the roar of the wind fill our ears as we drifted towards the reef we had rounded. A few choice words: Barbequed Billygoats! And then down into the engine compartment to clear the air from the coolant line and cool the engine with a bucket of fresh water. The engine fired to life and we headed back into the wind and then made it into the cove on the second try.

Black granite cliffs that rose sheer out of the water protected the cove. We anchored in the shallowest place we could find in about 90 feet of water. There was one other boat in the cove near us and we hailed them when we saw a head poke out of their cabin. It was a sailing vessel, the 'Rose', and they had been at sea twelve years around the globe. They were on their last leg headed home to the Aleutian Islands, half way to Russia. We were nervous leaving our snug cove after the winds of the previous day, and with no radio reception, because of the towering cliffs around us, we were unsure of the weather. We poked our bow out around the corner and found a different channel. Not quite calm, but a relief none the less.

At the end of Grenville Channel, the mouth of the Skeena River turns the water a milky green with sediment. The fishing fleet was gill-netting salmon as we passed by. We reached Prince Rupert early after noon and went ashore to explore the town. The Museum of northern British Columbia has a great collection of

historic and modern first nations artifacts and art. We found a bookstore, some great totem poles, and had dinner on shore in a great little sushi restaurant.



Totem Pole



At the helm



Ship's quarters



Stikine River

Back on board in the evening we were planning our last ocean crossing, Dixon Entrance. We didn't want to get caught out in the evening winds, so we decided to make for Dundas Island just south of the Canada/US border. We left Prince Rupert early and followed a fishing boat through a protected channel that leads north out into Chatham Sound. The swell was two meters and the wind was fresh from the south, so with a following sea we made our way out. 'Nevermore' was doing well; we were surfing down the face of the waves and all hands were on deck enjoying the day. As we neared Dundas, the sea shallowed and the swell rose to three meters. We were really surfing now and there was an occasional large wave that would send us yawing. As we neared the protected north end of the island a particularly large wave hit us on our rear quarter and crashed into the cockpit, and with that we were into the cove and safe for the evening.

Dundas Island has a cove that runs back to the southwest and is a calm anchorage. We were alone in the end of the cove when one of the boys came below and said he had just seen a whale near the far shore. The water was flat and nothing could be seen when we went up to look. Ten minutes later the whole boat rocked on a large wake that rolled across the cove as the whale left. I never saw it, but it was amazing to feel it move past us.

The next day Dixon entrance was a calm one-meter swell and no wind under sunny skies, a beautiful day to cross. We continued north across the border to Ketchikan to clear customs and have a look around. It was interesting how much more touristy the Alaskan towns were compared to the BC towns. Huge cruise ships moor along the docks in front of the Alaskan towns. Out of scale with even that grand scenery.

In Ketchikan we visited the Totem Heritage Center and saw some beautiful historical poles and masks. People were fishing off the bridge that crosses a salmon creek in town and pulling fish up onto the bridge. We spent the evening visiting with native carver Norman Jackson on the boat, and he told us about growing up in the area and about how he learned to carve.

The next day we headed out into Clarence Strait and then east towards Wrangell Island. The fishing fleet was out as the sockeye salmon were returning. Traveling along Wrangell Island up Zimovia Strait we could still see where the Tlingit people had moved stones on the beach to clear the way for their canoes in front of their villages, forming long breakwaters that reached out into the channel. We moored for the night in Wrangell. The town is still a working fish cannery and there is a native long house on Chief Shakes Island in the middle of the harbor. We had a small breakdown in Wrangle and had to wait for a part to be flown in from Seattle, so Nikki and the boys hopped on a small four-seat float-plane for a flight up the Stikine River to see the glaciers and land on one of the glacial lakes amongst the icebergs.

Our part arrived on the morning flight from Seattle and by twelve o'clock we were back under way, in time to reach the Wrangell Narrows to catch the flood. Wrangell Narrows is also known as Christmas Tree Alley

for the 70-odd navigational markers that wind your way through the channel to Petersburg. On the northernmost buoy marking the Petersburg harbor there were six sea lions lounging in the evening sun. We reached Petersburg in early evening and it was so calm we decided to push on across Frederick Sound. As the sun settled down in the sky we saw our first Humpback Whales of the trip.

We started the next day heading up Stevens Passage with three Dall's Porpoises on our bow. The boys were lying in the bows watching them play in our bow wave for twenty minutes, and then they were joined by a fourth. Shortly, we were among 40 Humpback Whales. Some were sleeping on the surface; others were lying on their backs smacking the water with their flukes. We saw them bubble feeding, which is where a number of whales dive deep and then blow out air to surround a swarm of krill. They then all swim up through the krill, straining them with their baleen and surfacing with a huge mouth full of breakfast.

After passing out of the whales, a southerly wind started to blow, so the afternoon was spent speeding north, wing-on-wing towards our final destination, Juneau. Our Last Night was spent in the Juneau Harbor. We walked around the town and said our goodbyes to 'Nevermore'. The next morning we were flying home to Seattle and long-lost friends and family.

A great adventure, ! (Ten Thousand Cheers)

Scotland Yard--Members' explanations of the books

❖ [A Series of Three Submissions Regarding The Broads](#)

The Brough Castle Mystery--or the Return of George Owdon?

By Professor R. Dilley

Back in 1988 I was on leave with my family in the UK, at the University of Exeter. Naturally, we wanted to spend some time exploring Arthur Ransome locations. Among other things, we rented a boat on the Norfolk Broads for a week in June. Never having done more than small-boat sailing (and that not for many years) I was not going to risk a sailing boat. The six of us (the girls were 8, 6, 3 and 1) were reasonably comfortable in a cabin cruiser. While the rest of England sweltered in a heatwave, East Anglia (of course) was on the receiving end of chill winds blowing straight from Siberia. However, we managed to get around nearly all the navigable waters. Starting at Ludham we went up the Bure to Horning and Wroxham, making sure to detour to Ranworth. Then up the Ant to Dilham and Stalham (not part of the AR canon, but well worth the visit). Back on to the Thurne, we naturally stopped to explore Potter Heigham. The boat agency insisted we had to use one of its pilots to go under the famous Potter Bridge – and he very efficiently broke off the TV aerial (which meant we could no longer listen to the beautiful weather everyone else was having). Then, onto Hickling and Horsey.

Back on the Bure we raced downstream with the tide (imagining ourselves in a wherry) under Acle Bridge (the store boat had been replaced by a little riverside shop) past Stokesby and the Stracey Arms on to Yarmouth (keeping a weather eye out for sharks). The motor made manoeuvring through the Yarmouth bridges rather easier than it had been for *Teasel* (though still needing attention) and we pattered on into Breydon at high water, where Elise and Eden were allowed a turn each at the wheel. We left Breydon by the Waveney, and moored for the evening alongside Gariannonum, the Roman fort at Burgh. That is where our "George Owdon" adventure took place. The tide had just about begun to ebb when we tied up. I put rond anchors fore and aft, making sure they were firmly attached at both ends. Some time in the early morning Estrela, then 20 months old, woke us by crying loudly. We settled her down, but later, when it was light, I was awoken again by the boat rocking (possible, if an early cruiser was passing) and bumping the bank (not likely, although I had left enough slack to allow for the tide dropping). Going on deck to look, I discovered that the boat was held by the bows only. When the tide had begun to flow, the boat had swung round and had wakened us by hitting the bank. Going ashore, I saw that the stern mooring rope had been untied from the rond anchor and was in the water astern. As some of you know, I used to be an instructor in knots, ties and splices when I was a sea cadet. My knots do not come undone until I want them to. Our deduction was that someone came along early in the

morning and untied the rope to the stern roud anchor. However, he (or she – why be sexist?) must have made a little noise that startled Estrela, and that must have scared off George Owdon's descendant before he/she could untie the other anchor. I reattached the rope until we were ready to leave, and we carried on up to Oulton and, of course, Beccles. Then back through the New Cut and up the Yare to Cantley and Brundall before returning through Yarmouth to Ludham.

It was, despite the chill weather, a fascinating trip. I had spent only an afternoon on the Broads before, and the rest of the family had never been there. A boat like that was, in many ways, ideal for sightseeing. You could watch the scenery while eating or doing basic chores. We tended to start early and carry on long after everyone else had moored for the night, stopping frequently for exploring overland. It was particularly useful with young children, as you could get under way while they were still in bed, and there were plenty of opportunities for them to rest during the day. There is little doubt, however, that our most lasting memory will be nearly getting cast off by a descendant of George Owdon.

Winter Birds in the US

By Molly McGinnis

I always think of the Broads stories when we hit the nature reserves. And of how thrilled Dick would be to see the seas of birds in winter here. Waterbirds are pretty much circumglobal, and the Swallows, Amazons, Coot Club and D's could have seen most of the birds below if they'd been in the Broads or the Nez at the right times. Because of market hunting and other unregulated hunting of all waterbirds in Ransome's time, as well as excessive cutting of the reeds for thatch, many were quite rare or even thought to be extinct in the time of the S & A's. Many have since recovered greatly; you may find these and more near you:



Pintails



Shovellers & Coots



Snow Geese & Cranes



Stilts

A Modern Illustration for *Coot Club*

By Nicholas Hancox

An extract from *Coot Club* (1934), Chapter XXV:

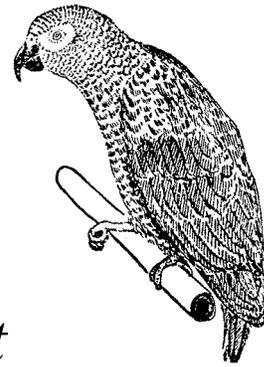
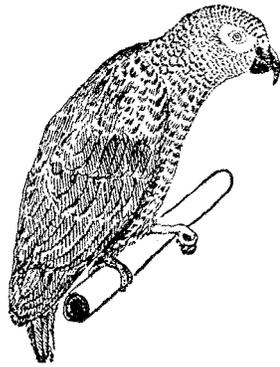
“...and the Admiral promised him that as soon as the *Teasel* came to Reedham [William]... should have some more [food]. But as soon as *Teasel* turned the corner into Reedham reach, and Tom was looking at the quay in front of the Lord Nelson, thinking where best he could tie up, above or below a couple of yachts that were lying there, they saw that the railway bridge was open, and that the [railway] signalman was leaning out of the window....”



My 2008 photograph of the River Yare at Reedham, below, shows Reedham Quay on the extreme left at high tide. The picture was taken from outside the Lord Nelson public house. In between the *Margoletta* on the right and the more modern motor-cruiser in the centre of the picture is the Reedham railway bridge, which is open, because there are no trains expected. The swing bridge pivots through ninety degrees on a platform built up from the riverbed. That same bridge was there in 1934. The signal box is hidden behind the *Margoletta*, but you can just see the top of its snow-covered roof.

TARS Website has a new address: <http://www.arthur-ransome.org.uk>

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



Pieces of Eight

The Junior Pages

Edited by Deirdre Iams-McGuire

I suppose it's back to ~~the gulags~~ school for most of us, but I hope everyone had an adventurous summer. I indulged in some quiet piracy (it's all right if you ask, isn't it?), but it had been so long since I'd sailed that I forgot how. *Very* undignified!

Please send any submissions (drawings, poems, stories, recipes, projects, questions, photographs, jokes, articles of interest, games, etc.) to deirdre@oro.net or erjolley8@gmail.com.



Miniature Apple Pies

The Swallows and Amazons ate lots of apples! Since they're in season at the moment, (the apples, I mean, not the Swallows and Amazons) here are instructions for making mini apple pies, a bit like pasties. Not explicitly Swallows and Amazons, but practical nonetheless. Makes about eight.

<u>You will need:</u>	1 medium sized apple	1 tablespoon sugar
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon	1 - 1 1/3 cups flour	Pinch of salt
1 stick of butter – you can stick this in freezer a bit to make things easier		Cold water

Pre-heat oven to 350°F.

Step 1:

Measure a little over a cup of flour into a bowl, and then add in the butter by grating it with a cheese grater. Mix the two together gently, adding small amounts of ice water to help them clump together. The less water you can use the better; you shouldn't add more than three or four tablespoons' worth. You'll be rolling the dough out, so don't worry if it doesn't seem to mix completely. Pat into a disc-shape and put this in the fridge for a while.

Step 2:

Now you're going to do the apple filling. Peel the apple and slice it into small chunks. The smaller the better – you'll be able to add more of them that way (not thinner than 1/4 of an inch, though, or they'll be mushy). Add the cinnamon and the sugar (a little bit of nutmeg, too, if you like – I don't like it!), and let this sit for a while.

Step 3:

Roll the crust out between two layers of waxed paper (between 1/4 and 1/8 of an inch thick) and cut into 4-inch or 5-inch diameter circles.

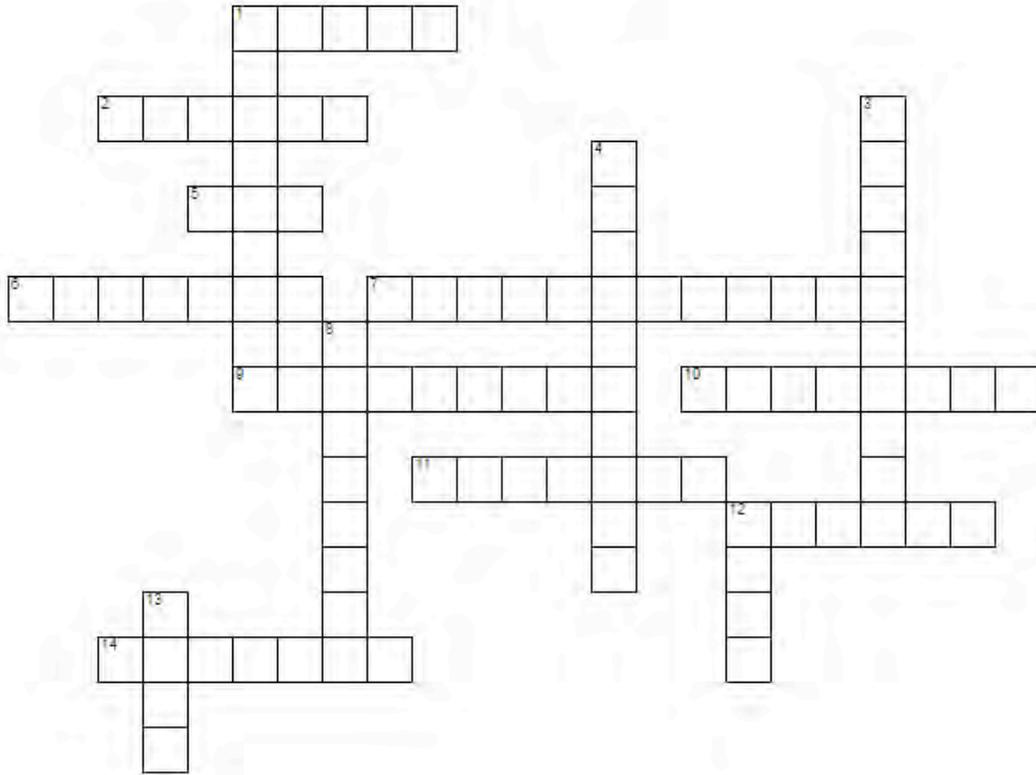
Step 4:

Spoon apples onto one side of the dough circles. Fold in half to make semi-circles and pinch the edges together with a fork – if they aren't very sticky, you can add a few drops of water. Stab the tops a few times with a fork, and pop them in the oven (350°) for 20 minutes or so, until they are browned at the edges. Let cool a few minutes before eating.

Crossword – Swallowdale

Here's a crossword puzzle based on *Swallowdale*. The clues double as a quiz. Good luck!

Swallowdale



Across:

1. What lives in Swallowdale's washing up pool?
2. Who won the hound race?
5. What kind of animal might bite you at the Halfway Camp?
6. Who shares Peter Duck's cave?
7. What does Titty use to sculpt the Great Aunt?
9. The most southerly location in the book.
10. If you ate one of these very slowly, you'd arrive at Swallowdale.
11. What does Young Billy feed Roger?
12. What is Titty studying before the surprise attack?
14. What never used to grow on the Beckfoot Lawn?

Down:

1. How much does Roger's trout weigh?
3. Kanchenjuga's name in 1901.
4. Where must the Amazons turn back on the trip to the Halfway Camp?
8. What location does Titty know from a poem? *Bonus points for knowing the poem!*
12. How many firs are left in the old wood near Beckfoot?
13. Where was Captain Flint the last time he was Ship's Carpenter?

“Watch me.” Jeremiah dropped the box. Muskrat lurched forward, as if to catch it, but it fell to the ground with a thud. It didn’t break, but a few nice scratches appeared on the formerly perfect lacquer. Jeremiah found that he relished the scratches. He put his foot on it, and made as if to stand on it.

“Wait!” Captain Steel said. He licked his lips. Jeremiah raised his eyebrow. Captain Steel and Muskrat were about to charge. They would take down Ruth and Jeremiah without difficulty. Then their bargaining tool would be lost and with it, Williams’ life.

It was funny how life seemed to go into slow motion. Jeremiah could feel Captain Steel and Muskrat tense and ready themselves to pounce. And he could do nothing about it but ponder the black hearts of these pirates. He took in a slow and deep breath and prepared for the impact of the pirates and the impact that disappointment would have when he failed what he had set out to do. But neither impact came. Instead, he heard a woman’s voice from the end of the alley shouting, “STOP!”

He turned, the world still in slow motion. So did John, who was creeping up behind the two McDougals. It was Margaret. But thankfully, it was not Margaret alone. She had brought the police.

Finally, the world caught up, and things moved quickly, as if to make up for lost time. Captain Steel and Muskrat were taken into custody, and John was sputtering and trying to explain himself to a furious Margaret.

Jeremiah smiled. Once more, justice prevailed over evil. And best of all, he had gotten to play a part in it.

Epilogue

Jeremiah stood, rather bashful, in his best Sunday clothes, in front of a crowd of people. It was all rather daunting, and he’d rather not be on the stage, but Fred Williams gave him a thumbs-up from the front row and he felt a little better.

“This young boy,” the mayor was saying, “helped us in the capture of the infamous *Nightfire* pirates, and prevented the death of Navy man Fred Williams.”

There was a whoop, and the crowd began to cheer again. Jeremiah blushed.

“And so, for his efforts, I am happy to present the reward money for the pirates to Mr. Jeremiah McDougal!”

The mayor stepped down from the podium and shook Jeremiah’s hand heartily, saying, “Good job, my lad!”

The McDougal family was on their feet, as was Williams. They cheered the loudest of anyone, and that was saying something. For the first time ever, Jeremiah began to think that it wasn’t all that bad that he was too short to go to sea. They needed him here more.

THE END

Final Note-- "Farewell and adieu to you fair Spanish ladies" --until next issue!



Thanks for all your submissions--I had to save up a few articles for future issues! I hope you enjoyed the long summer days, maybe got in a hike, or climbed your own Kanchenjunga :-)



Our family's big achievement was the installation of an interpretive sign honoring my father's work in the US Forest Service on the trails throughout the Mt. Hood National Forest, in northern Oregon. We recently visited the little lake & trail, and found Dad on the sign!

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