



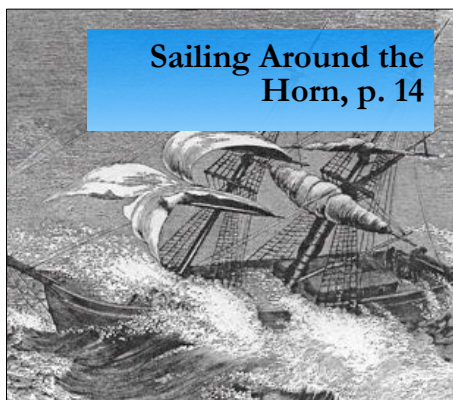
Signals from TARSUS & North Pole News

September 2018

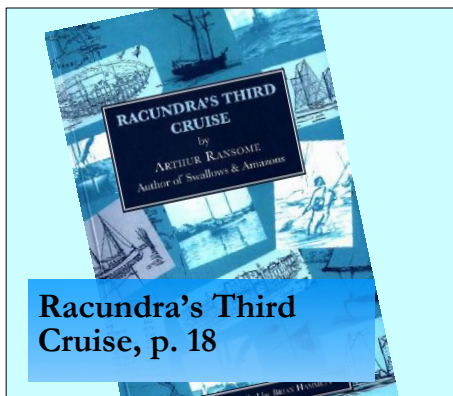
My First IAGM, p. 5



Sailing Around the Horn, p. 14



Racundra's Third Cruise, p. 18



Contents

Ship's Papers: pg. 2-4

[A View from the Helm](#) — Robin Marshall, TARSUS Coordinator

[Greetings from the North](#) — Ian Sacré, TARS Canada Coordinator

[A Note from the Editor](#) — Simon Horn

Captain Flint's Trunk:

[My First IAGM](#) — Elizabeth Jolley pg. 5

Kanchenjunga's Cairn:

[Off to Samarkand... via St. Petersburg](#) — Alistair Bryden pg. 8

[Tent for Two Wraps Up](#) — Simon Horn pg. 16

Dipping our Hands:

[A Letter from AR to Helene Carter](#) — Marilyn Steele pg. 9

[Thomas, Ransome and Adlestrop](#) — Lorne Brown pg. 11

[Sailing Around the Horn to the Goldfields](#) — Maida Follini pg. 14

Dot's Latest Story:

[Dot and Dick in California](#) — Molly McGinnis pg. 17

The Ship's Library:

["Racundra's Third Cruise"](#) — reviewed by Ian Sacré pg. 18

["Those Snake Island Kids"](#) — reviewed by Lorne Brown pg. 19

["Western Reptiles & Amphibians"](#) — reviewed by Molly McGinnis pg. 18

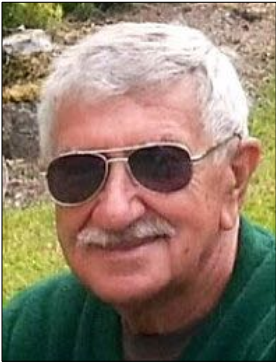
Beckfoot Kitchen:

[Blackberry Pudding](#) — Molly McGinnis pg. 22

Pieces of Eight:

[A TARS pilgrimage to Norfolk](#) — The Blue Family pg. 23

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

I hope you all had a great but not too hot summer, with many happy memories to cherish. Personally, mine was just hot and humid and still is.

Our own Junior Adventure fund winner Jonas Breen enjoyed his visit to Mystic Seaport and had a great adventure. We had a slight delay in getting the funding transfer to his parents but all was well in the end.

I was finally able to see the 2016 movie *Swallows and Amazons*, a very different interpretation to the 1974 movie. All of us how know the book inside out and upside down were somewhat tak-

en aback by what can be described as artistic license. Some saying more Famous Five than S & A.

I tried to put my prior knowledge to one side and look at it as youngsters would who know nothing about the original stories, and I can see it might appeal to them. So far I have not heard any comments from parents on what their children thought. It does not seem to have led to a huge influx of

new members, though some say the books have had a revival. Here in the US it was not widely distributed but was on some pay-to-view channels.

Also of note was the first ever TARS global reading event on Sept 22, in which we were invited to post pictures of us reading an AR book. Unfortunately, by the time you read this it will be over, but the pictures that were submitted can be seen at:

<https://www.facebook.com/events/193841134556557/>

(Click "See Discussion" at the bottom of the page.)

So we look forward to fall and all the changing colors. I hope the rest of the year is good to you and wish you all calm seas and fair weather.

Robin.

The TARS Global Reading Event





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. Summer is rapidly waning and it is time to once again heed Simon's 'clarion call' for material for the North Pole News.

First, let me thank all of you who provided input follow-

ing the request from Paul Wilson (editor of *Signals*) for comment regarding the possible future of the publication given the increasing printing and mailing costs and overall declining membership.

Comments were received from over two-thirds of the Canadian TARS membership and these were forwarded in their entirety to Paul. As you will have read in the September – December 2018 issue of *Signals*, Paul introduced a discussion of aspects of the possible future of *Signals* immediately after the IAGM so presumably the ideas presented are being mulled over. Eventually I am sure we will hear something.

Memberships for TARS will have run their course for this year at midnight on the 31st. December and in a few weeks I shall be sending out a reminder along with any required adjustments to the membership fees due



to recent fluctuations in the currency exchange rates. I have not heard if there is to be any increase in TARS membership dues for overseas members and will be in touch shortly with HQ to confirm this fact.

Sand Sailing!

On a personal note I was able to tick off one item from my 'bucket list' with a camping trip to the Alvord Desert in south-east Oregon, very near the Nevada-Oregon border. For those

that enjoy wild and desolate places I heartily recommend a visit to the area. I have read that there are less people per square mile in this sparsely populated area than in any other place in the United States. In the one hundred and thirty-odd mile drive south of Burns to the little, literally one-horse hamlet of Field we were met or were past by

fewer than ten vehicles.

Located at an approximate altitude of 5,000 feet, the Alvord is considered 'high desert'. It was nevertheless hot with the sun beaming down from a cloudless blue sky. The purpose of the expedition was to do some sand sailing on the dried up Alvord Lake bed. The lake bed as it turned out was hard packed and consisted of a talcum or silt-like material rather than sand and it glared brilliant white in the midday



sun. Sadly the winds were very variable both in velocity and direction. One moment it was flat calm and ten minutes later blowing like stink, which necessitated putting in two or three reefs. Having just done that, calm would then again prevail and settle over us, only to have it blow again from a totally different direction. A

challenge to say the least!

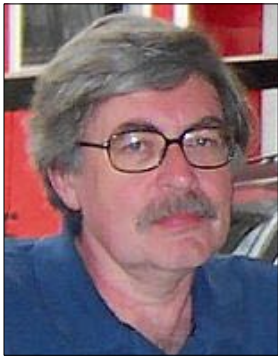
With a total driving distance covered of some 4,250 kilometers it was a perfect way to spend a couple of weeks of my summer and now I am ready to set off somewhere again.

I do hope to read about other members summer adventures in this issue

of TARSUS and North Pole News. I am sure there are other great yarns out there.

Wishing everyone fair winds and calm seas.

Warm regards,
Ian Sacré
TARS Canada Coordinator



A Note from the Editor

By Simon Horn, sjhorn@gmail.com

Welcome to *Signals from TARSUS/North Pole News* for September 2018.

You may notice that, despite the date on the issue, it is in fact October, but only just, so I feel justified in pretending that the newsletter got out on time.

The first TARS Global Reading Event seems to have been a success, and I have provided a small sample of the many images sent in at the bottom of page 2. Make sure to visit the [Facebook page](#) for more, and full-size, examples.

In this issue

Thanks to all the TARS members who sent in material for this issue. I will have to stop complaining and simply accept the fact that deadlines are made to be broken. Just in time the material *will* arrive. (In fact, I now even have a couple of items that I can carry over to the January 2019 issue!)

We begin with a report from **Elizabeth Jolley** on the IAGM, her first, and an experience she recommends for all of us.

For *Kanchenjunga's Cairn*, globetrotting **Alistair Bryden** tells us about a short visit to St. Petersburg, in Russia. The city sounds fascinating, but it was just

stopover on his way to Samarkand! (We eagerly await his report on that part of the trip for a future issue.) As well, **Ian Sacré** manages to sneak into his editorial a report on another sand sailing trip, this time to Oregon's Alvord Desert.

The *Dipping Our Hands* section has three contributions:

Marilyn Steele sends in another fascinating letter from Ransome, this time 1932 correspondence with his American illustrator, Helene Carter;

Lorne Brown's "Thomas, Ransome and Adlestrop" talks about the friendship between Ransome and poet Edward Thomas before the First World War; and

Maida Follini tells the story of her great-great grandfather's voyage around the Horn to California during the 1849 gold rush.

Dot's Latest Story has another letter from California from Dick Callum,

thanks to his editor, the indefatigable **Molly McGinnis**. Molly has been busy, also providing two book reviews and a recipe for blackberry pudding for the *Beckfoot Kitchen*.

The *Ship's Library* has been adding titles, and I fear more shelf space will be required if this keeps up. Ian sent in his review of *Racundra's Third Cruise*, while Molly talks about *Those Snake Island Kids*, the first of Jon Tucker's four Ransomesque modern children's novels. Molly also presents Peterson's *Field Guide to Western Reptiles & Amphibians*, the revised version that she and her husband Sam have been working on. Our congratulations!

Finally, the **Blue Family**, editors of *The Outlaw*, have once again saved *Pieces of Eight*, by sending in report of a trip to Norfolk.

* * *

The next issue will come out in January. You don't have to be a writer to contribute, short items are as welcome as long ones, and photographs are always good. In particular, suggestions for the *Pieces of Eight* section are sorely needed. If you have young children or grandchildren, what would they want to see?

I hope you enjoy the issue.
Simon

Captain Flint's Trunk — News from abroad

My First IAGM, and Why I Think You Should Attend One

By Elizabeth Jolley

Arriving at the John Ruskin School in Coniston village, I immediately began meeting TARS members in person, many of whom I have “known” through their articles and stories printed in *Signals* over the years. The school building is along Lake Road, 10 minutes’ walk from the shores of the “inland sea” made famous by Ransome’s *Swallows and Amazons* book series. Members could camp on the school playing fields, so I made myself at home in a borrowed tent I quickly dubbed “The Castle”, due to its huge size!

First on the agenda was signing in, and receiving my name badge with my prepaid meal and activity tickets tucked inside—a handy way to keep it



Captain Flint takes TARS members for a sail on Coniston Water

all together! Lancashire Hot Pot for dinner was a tasty way to meet more TARS members, while enjoying chatting time. The evening event was a talk



“The Castle”— my borrowed abode

titled, “Ransome’s Manchester Misery”, which I chose not to attend, instead enjoying a walk in Coniston village, followed by an evening cup of tea and more getting to know other members before retiring to my tent.

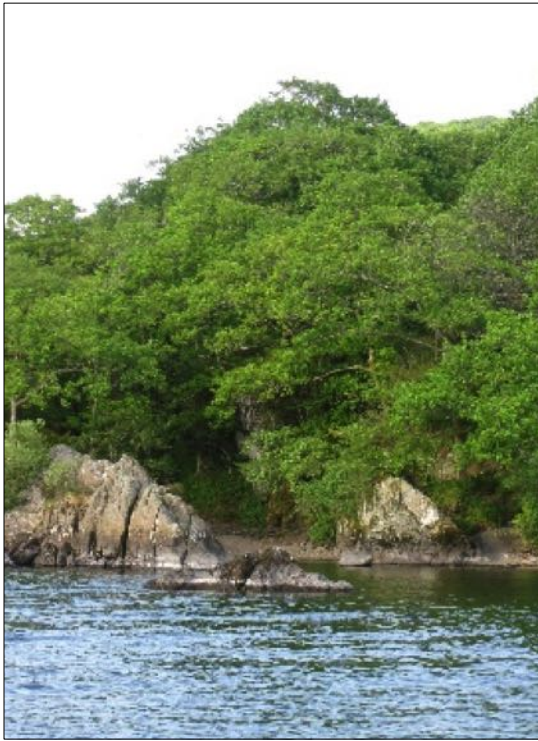
Saturday’s events were varied, including sailing on the lake in members’ lovely boats, a visit to the Ruskin Museum in Coniston, a climb to the top of Kanchenjunga, or a walking tour of Coniston. TARS Northern Region, who planned the whole IAGM, also offered suggestions for touring in the area on your own, including John Ruskin’s home, Brantwood, and a walk to The Dogs’ Home, both easily accessible by riding the Coniston Launch to the Brantwood jetty. Mid-afternoon brought a shanties rehearsal for The Chocolatiers and a Literary Memories gathering for sharing book suggestions with other TARS members, followed by a screening of the 1974 *Swallows and Amazons* film. After a delicious steak & ale pie dinner, the Dick Callum cup quiz filled the rest of the evening—a

hard-fought event as usual, with a large supply of questions to puzzle even the most learned S&A fans. Congrats to team S76 for winning by just one point!

Sunday morning’s IAGM — the International Annual General Meeting of The Arthur Ransome Society — was interesting for me as a one-time editor of *Signals* from TARSUS/ North Pole News. I had an opportunity to support a suggestion that TARS move their *Signals* newsletter to an online format. We in the US and Canada made that move, both to save on printing and mailing costs and to save paper (trees) a few years ago, and have found it to work well for most of our members. The concern of the Society is that mailing costs continue to rise steadily, while the number of members drops every year. Mailing our overseas *Signals & Outlaw* costs about £7 GBP per address for each issue. That is about \$9.31 USD or



A possible Beckfoot?



The Secret Harbour

\$12.28 CAD, so there would be quite a bit saved just by discontinuing printed copies overseas to our area, let alone Australia, New Zealand, and any other countries with members. We will see what comes of that suggestion in the future—no changes are planned at this time. One note: the idea of having *Signals* available online, especially for overseas members, does not include *Mixed Moss*, which will continue to be a printed, mailed literary journal. The rest of the meeting was a series of reports about membership, budget, etc. A members' forum afterwards allowed for open questions and discussion, and a report from Amazon Publications.

Sunday afternoon included more sailing time at the lake, as well as a guided walk in the Coppermines Valley area, followed by a talk about The Cop-

permines Project. After a mid-afternoon screening of the 2016 *Swallows and Amazons* film, members who had pre-booked took a TARS-only voyage on the steamship Gondola, a Victorian-era boat that was discovered and refurbished beautifully. The ride was a full trip down the lake and back, with views of Bank Ground Farm (Holly Howe in the books), Victorian boathouses to remind us of Beckfoot, The Old Man of Coniston (Kanchenjunga), the hills above Nibthwaite (where Ransome spent his summer holidays), and a really great view of the Secret Harbour on Peel Island (Wildcat Island). By this time, friendships had been

firmly created, and we all enjoyed a pleasant time to chat, point at sights, take photos, and tell stories. A very successful lake cruise! Dinner was the prelude to an evening of fun, with the reading/acting out of a pantomime written by Ransome, *Aladdin and his Lamp*, followed by The Return of the Chocolatiers shanty players for musical enjoyment!



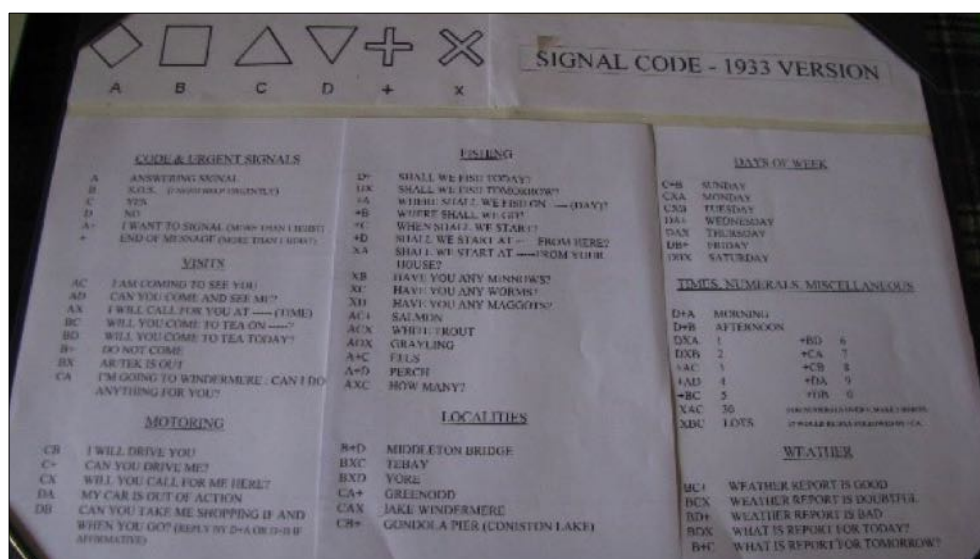
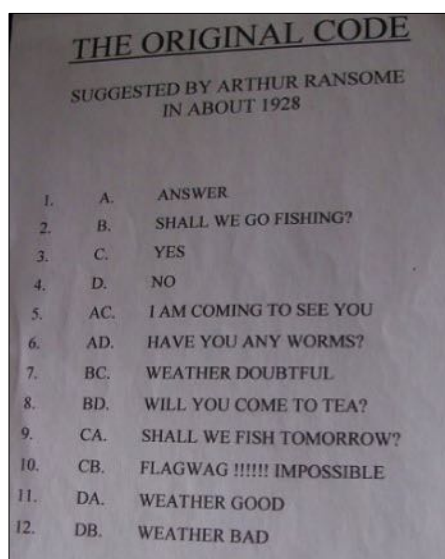
Ransome's bench

Last day of the IAGM, and what a day! Northern Region TARS had planned a set of visits for members, to Bank Ground Farm (Holly Howe), Hill Top (one of Ransome's homes) and a joint visit to Low Ludderburn Farm (Ransome's home) and Barkbooth (Kelsall family home). I chose the latter set, the locations where Ransome and Col. Kelsall set up the original hang-



Signal at Low Ludderburn

ing shape signaling system, later a crucial part of the story in *Winter Holiday*. Driving in members' cars, half the group started our tour at Low Ludderburn, where we were invited to the upper floor of the stone barn, the large room in which Ransome began to write his series of our 12 favorite books. A glowing honey-colored wooden floor, soft yellow walls, dark wood furnishings, and a big display table with a history of the Ransomes at Low Ludderburn welcomed us, but the large windows overlooking the beautiful Winster River valley drew the most attention. Hanging just below one window was a large white triangle, signaling across the valley to Barkbooth. The white stone house wall was where



On the left, the original 1928 code. On the right, the more elaborate code with categories from 1932.

Ransome hung his black signals on a pulley. Invited inside briefly, I was enchanted by the stone staircase built into the thick walls of the house! The dark wood beams were close to my head, at 5'5" tall, so Arthur & Evgenia, both taller, must have had to watch their heads! Outside, a large garden with a small seating area overlooking the valley, and an old wooden bench by the door, reinforced my opinion that Ransome would have really loved this beautiful, secluded house with its inspiring views.

Next on our combined tour was Barkbooth, where the Kelsall family lived. Col. Kelsall was an avid fisherman, as was Ransome, and they developed the

hanging signals to communicate before telephones were common. The original code had 12 messages, mostly having to do with fishing plans. By four years later, it had evolved into three shapes with 66 messages, but the largest category was still fishing! During the years of signaling, the two farms were easily visible, but with tree growth, you now can only see Low Ludderburn from one corner of the Barkbooth land, so we went there to hoist a signal for our friends who had visited Barkbooth while we were at Low Ludderburn! While listening to our host telling us about the signals, I glanced up at the Barkbooth barn wall, and discovered I was looking at the window Ransome drew into the

his mind at that moment.

This feeling, the discovery of a house, a bay in a lake, a window in a barn which you know so well from reading and re-reading the S&A series — this is why you should visit and possibly attend an IAGM. Surrounded by TARS members as crazy about the



Low Ludderburn from Barkbooth



The D's barn window!

books as you are, you will find joy and excitement in every discovery of the "real" places Ransome borrowed for our reading pleasure!

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

Off to Samarkand... via St. Petersburg

By Alistair Bryden

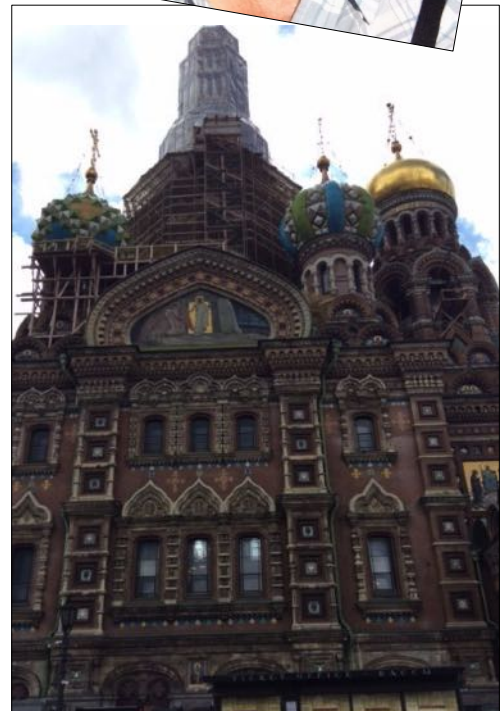
This summer I signed up to cycle from Samarkand to Istanbul. I saw a lot, including some genuine dromedaries, and will perhaps write this up in a future post. But it turned out that the only easy route to Samarkand was via St. Petersburg, and I managed to schedule three days there.

St. Petersburg was the home of the Russian Revolution and, of course, Arthur Ransome spent a significant amount of time in St. Petersburg be-

fore it became Petrograd, then Leningrad, then St. Petersburg again. Arthur met Lenin and Trotsky and of course his future wife Evgenia, Trotsky's secretary, there.

I was impressed by St. Petersburg. It is a fantastic, very European-feeling city. Lots of canals like Amsterdam. It is clean, safe and efficient with great architecture. A great place to walk. The city is located on the Neva River, which is a broad, busy and

beautiful waterway. The Hermitage Museum is one of the world's greatest, and the Fabergé Museum has wonderful jewellery creations made by Fabergé for the Imperial Family, including some of the famous Fabergé eggs.



(If we are lucky, perhaps Alistair will report on his cycling trip in a future issue. Ed.)

Dipping our Hands — Personal relationships with the books

A Letter from Arthur Ransome to Helene Carter

Presented by Marilyn Steele

On November 22, 1932, Arthur Ransome wrote the following letter to his American illustrator, Helene Carter, regarding his latest book, *Peter Duck*, for which Miss Carter was illustrating the cover and end papers.

Helene Carter was born in Toronto, Canada but by 1956 lived in an apartment on Franklin Roosevelt Drive in New York City. She kept Ransome's correspondence and left it in my care when she moved from that address.

Nov. 22, 1932.

Low Ludderburn,
Windermere.

Dear Miss Carter,

I am so very glad to hear from Lippincotts that you are going to do the endpapers and cover for PETER DUCK. If you have seen the book, you will know by now how it was that I had to have a ^{sk} ~~dot~~ at doing the pictures myself, in spite of not knowing how to draw. If it had to be anyone else, of course I should have wanted yours, but in P.D. I needed a peculiar mixture of realism and bad drawing, and there seemed to be nothing for it but trying to do them myself.

I do hope you understand. It wasn't that I was being fickle or changing my mind about your pictures in the other books which have always given me so much real pleasure. It just was that something different was needed for this book which is carefully put throughout on a slightly different plane of reality....and of course, boats and boats and boats, which you never will

enjoy doing until you done a lot of sailing!!!

Now, of course, I am simply bursting to see your endpaper. No one in either hemisphere can do such lovely maps as yours. I hate the horrid mess that had to go into the English edition. I wanted Cape's to write to you and ask you to do one that would do for both editions, but I was so slow in getting the book itself finished that they said there would not be time to send it over and get the endpaper made and sent back. But anyway you are doing it for the American edition and thank goodness for that.

And I know your jacket will be a perfect beauty.

Have you any news of Miss Evans? I do hope she is in better health ~~than~~ when you last wrote.

Yours sincerely,

Arthur Pennock

Thomas, Ransome and Adlestrop

By Lorne Brown

So there I was with my wife Jean, in England, in the living room of our very good friends Doug and Liz. Their home was in East Markham, not far from Nottingham, and it was April, 2003. We were getting ready to drive over the Pennines and up to the Lake District, where we could discover the Swallows and Amazon sites that Arthur Ransome wrote about. I was



Ransome as a young man

armed with an old copy of *Swallowdale* and a new copy of *Captain Flint's Trunk* by Christina Hardyment.

But first I couldn't help noticing a framed photo, obviously taken by Doug, that rested on a small table. It was a picture of a wooden sign that said, "Adlestrop".

"I'm intrigued by your picture of the word Adlestrop," I said.

"Oh, yes!" he exclaimed, with excitement. "I happened to find myself one day close by, and I had to take this picture."

"But what, or who, is Adlestrop?" I asked, quite reasonably.

Now Doug and I are very good friends of long standing, but for the first time I noticed a glimpse of the look Brits sometimes give to us mere colonials from Canada who obviously are not as educated as those in the Mother Country. "It's a famous poem," he said. "By Edward Thomas."

"Who is Edward Thomas?" I asked,

thereby confirming that I was indeed an uninformed colonial.

"A very well-known War Poet," came the answer. "Before World War One he was on an express train that unexpectedly stopped at the tiny station of Adlestrop. Absolutely nothing happened, no one left and no one came, and the train started up again. Thomas decided to write a poem about absolutely nothing, and it's one of my favourite poems."

"Oh," I said, thinking a poem about absolutely nothing was something I could very well do without. The subject was dropped, and we carried on with our plans for the Swallows and Amazons adventure.

Now, I am not going to write anything about all the fun we had discovering S & A sites. Readers of this article will either have already done this, or can virtually do it by reading *Captain Flint's Trunk*. Instead, I'm going to talk about Thomas, Ransome and Adlestrop. Which you might have suspected from the title.

It turned out that a poem about nothing kind of got into my brain and I found myself thinking a lot about it. On our adventures, we stopped in many a book shop – in 2003 there were such things as book shops – to discover any S & A book I might be able to add to my collection. In one such shop I came across a BBC publication *The Nation's Favourite Poems*. Back in 1996 they held a contest, asking everyone to send in their favourite poem. This book contained, in order, the first hundred favourite poems. It's

a wonderful collection, and I had to buy it. To this day it rests by my bedside, and when I feel the need to read poetry before sleeping, that's my go-to book. Number 20 was Adlestrop.

That meant Adlestrop beat out some of my very favourite poems such as *Sea-Fever*, *J Alfred Prufrock*, *Jabberwocky*, *Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*, *Song of the Wandering Aengus*... well, you get the idea.

I knew that, when I got back home to the colonies, I mean to Canada, I had to study up on Thomas and Adlestrop.

Which I did.

You can imagine my surprise and pleasure to discover that Thomas and Ransome were very good friends. Thomas was older than Ransome and they met while AR was working at the Unicorn Press in London. Here is how he describes their meeting:

One day while I was playing chess, a man with a fine-cut, sad face, looking very unlike a townsman, stopped beside our table. We came to talking and, when we left the coffee-house, walked away together. This was Edward Thomas, come up from Kent with a bag full of books he had reviewed. I went with him to Thorp's across the way, where he emptied his bag and sold the books and then walked along the Strand to Fleet Street and so to the office of the Daily Chronicle where he refilled his bag with new books to take home with him and review in the country. He was some five years my senior and I became his devoted



Edward Thomas in 1905

partisan.

Edward Thomas had been habitually known as 'Teddy Tommy'.

In Chelsea I fell among friends and was extremely happy. Edward Thomas used to visit me there and I sometimes went down to his cottage in Kent, when he and I and his dog Rags used to walk ourselves tired, eat bread and cheese and onions in a country inn and come home to smoke long clay pipes which we lit with spills twisted from the leaves of the books of would-be poets he had reviewed and knew to be unsaleable even to our almost omnivorous benefactor Mr Thorp.

AR went back to London and Thomas, wishing to leave his cottage in Kent for a while, joined him and took another room. AR thought that this was poor accommodation for Thomas who was now married with a family. He went home again after a month, but while with AR he said, "I run away from home every day, but I always come back for tea." He was not always melancholy, and there were occasions when the two of them woke their poor landlord at 3 a.m. with AR playing his pennywhistle and Thomas singing Welsh songs at the top of his lungs.

They were good friends; Thomas helped Ransome lug up the street a beaten-up green varnished writing desk on which AR could write his masterpiece.

During his Bohemian adventures Ransome once lived a week on onions and cheese. Then, amazingly, Edward Thomas received a cheque for twenty-five pounds, an unheard-of amount. The two friends took a hansom to the bank to cash it, paid the cabbie, "walked the Strand like giants", had tea in a café with newly

Adlestrop

Yes. I remember Adlestrop
The name, because one afternoon
Of heat, the express-train drew up
there

Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Someone cleared
his throat.

No one left and no one came
On the bare platform. What I saw
Was Adlestrop—only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,
And meadowsweet, and haycocks
dry,
No whit less still and lonely fair
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird
sang
Close by, and round him, mistier,
Farther and farther, all the birds
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire

bought tobacco, and planned their evening. They dined in a favourite little restaurant in Soho, went outside and saw another favourite restaurant. They looked at each other and, without speaking, went into that restaurant and had another fine dinner with wine and with rum in the coffee. That might have been the night they sang Welsh songs!

Thomas observed that AR was a 'remarkable boy' and feared that being with him might make him (AR) five years older than he was:

He may become merely old for his age. For he seems to be working hard, as if he actually liked it, at pure journalism, though it is quite clear that he has in him things which can never be expressed in pure journalism and may even be suppressed by it, at his age.

Thomas was born in 1878 in London to Welsh parents; he was, however,

very Victorian. It might be said he led a double life, full of melancholy secrets. He married, secretly, the pregnant teenage Helen Noble and struggled for the rest of his life with her obsessive love. He had depressions and failed suicide attempts. He had affairs with women such as Eleanor Farjeon and with men. (Whether these affairs involved sex is not clear.) He used drugs and alcohol. He had great talent, but during the AR years he, like Ransome, did 'hack work'. Helen could never satisfy his other needs, but after his death she wrote two books about him suggesting their life together was ideal.

He wrote stories and novels, but finally realized he was a poet. All his poetry was written in the last four years of his life. He had become a great friend of the American poet Robert Frost, who was visiting England. Thomas convinced him to be a poet and when Frost returned to America he wrote his famous poem *The Road Not Taken*, inspired by Thomas. He sent Thomas a copy and Thomas, perhaps reading too much into the poem, decided to enlist in WW1. He was 37, married and with children, and was not expected to enlist. But he did, dying in the Battle of Arras in April 1917. Even his death was double: the official explanation was death caused by a concussion blast while he was lighting a pipe; another, more recent, account says he was hit by a shell. I cannot say which is correct, only point out the two versions.

He is commemorated in the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey.

Arthur Ransome also had a double life, in fact more than a double life. He too was a literary hack, often writing

as a critic. His critique on Oscar Wilde resulted in a libel suite brought by Lord Douglas against AR. Edward Thomas and others defended Ransome, who eventually won the case. It took a lot out of Ransome.

Ransome's *Bohemia in London* was his first success, followed by *Old Peter's Russian Tales*, but it wasn't until his *Swallows and Amazons* series of twelve books that he received his greatest fame.

What happened to the relationship between Ransome and Thomas is a bit of a mystery. From great friends who enjoyed hikes in the country together, they drifted apart. I suspect that their wives were at least partly responsible; Helen Thomas, as previously mentioned, was a problem in Thomas's life. Ivy Walker, Ransome's first wife, was also immature and a problem for him. Thomas wrote a very negative letter about the Ransome couple, and I believe that the Ransome-Thomas relationship began to deteriorate from that point. Just my theory.

AR was in Russia as a journalist when his wife Ivy wrote him with the news that Edward Thomas had died. His reaction was strange, to say the least. He expressed concern about Helen; about Thomas, none. Perhaps he remembered the suicide attempts. Here is his letter to his mother:

It's pretty tough on poor, incompetent Helen. But for Edward himself perhaps not. It's about four years or since I saw him but I rather fancy he had a rotten time to look forward to after the war.

It is possible Ransome never knew of Thomas's 140 poems, some of which were written under a pseudonym (Ed-

ward Eastaway). Still ...

As for me, I became quite interested in Thomas, as you might surmise. I read *Adlestrop* and decided it was one of those poems I had to memorize. So I did. I must point out that English literature was a favourite subject in secondary school for me, and I studied English Literature in university under two really excellent professors. But I did not know Thomas or *Adlestrop*. My theory is that in North America he is not well-known. But I could very well be wrong, and I invite readers to let me know whether or not my theory is valid. Did you know about Thomas and *Adlestrop*?

As a child I loved Ransome's *Swallows and Amazons*. They taught me much. As an adult I still read them, and I still read about Ransome, whose life can teach me much. And, thanks to my friend Doug, my interest in Ransome has led to a new interest in a greatly respected British poet, Edward Thomas, who also can teach me much. Should you, dear reader, and I ever meet, I promise to recite *Adlestrop*.

Now this, gentle reader, was where I intended to end my story. But the fact that the friendship between Ransome and Thomas somehow died off still puzzles me. I'm beginning to think that Arthur Ransome may have explained why in his book *Bohemia in London*. In his final chapter "Conclusion" AR points out the obvious that Bohemia is only a stage in a man's life. One doesn't stay too long in this stage, and the few that do end up being Caliban playing the Ariel, pitiful. He says that in youth it is the best life there is, and will make a staid middle age more pleasant. He ends the book with a

beautifully eloquent description of the joys of Bohemia which I will quote to end – finally – this story. I've always admired AR's writing, his narrative skill and his amazing sense of place. I've not found him especially eloquent, but this piece certainly is, and is a good ending as well as being a possible explanation of the drifting apart of Thomas and Ransome:

*My life will be happier, turn out what it may,
for these friendships, these pot-house nights,
these evenings in the firelight of a studio, and
these walks, two or three of us together talking
from our hearts, along the Embankment
in the Chelsea evening, with the lamps
sparkling above us in the leaves of the trees,
the river moving with the sweet noise of waters,
the wings of youth on our feet, and all the
world before us.*

Notes:

Adlestrop is a village of 120 deep in the heart of the Cotswolds. The railway station was closed in 1966 and only the sign remains. Jane Austen visited there and it might be the inspiration for her *Mansfield Park*. Edward Thomas immortalized it in his poem about an unscheduled stop in June of 1914.

The first and best-loved poem of the nation, by a landslide, is Rudyard Kipling's *If*.

Much of my information has come from *Bohemia in London* (Ransome), AR's *Autobiography*, Hugh Brogan's *The Life of Arthur Ransome*, and Roland Chambers's *The Last Englishman*. Christina Hardyment's *The World of Arthur Ransome* was consulted as well.

Sailing Around the Horn to the Goldfields

By Maida Follini

“Gold,” said Roger, holding out a large lump of rock. In *Pigeon Post*, the Swallows, Amazons and D’s have been prospecting, looking for the gold that Slater Bob, a real miner, has told them can be found on High Tops, a plateau on the slopes of Kanchenjunga. And Roger returns to camp with a large piece of quartz within which are shining specks, the right colour for gold!

The hope of finding gold has set many seekers prospecting, not only the S’s, A’s, and D’s. When James Wilson Marshall found gold at Sutter’s Creek in California, thousands flocked to the gold fields seeking their fortune. One of these was my great-great grandfather, Thomas Iredell Folwell. Folwell was a retired Quaker merchant who became liable for large debts incurred by his younger brother. He had to sell his home in Philadelphia and his farm in New Jersey to pay off the debts. Leaving his wife and five young sons in the care of his father-in-law, Thomas Folwell set off for the California gold fields to recoup his fortune. In 1849 there was no Panama Canal. California could be reached either by crossing the wild plains and mountains of North America, where hostile Indians roamed, or by taking ship and sailing down the coasts of North and South America, rounding the Horn, and sailing up the western coast to San Francisco. Both options were fraught with challenges, from both natural dangers and human enemies.

On January 16, 1849, Thomas Iredell Folwell took passage on the brig Osceola, setting forth from Philadel-

phia for San Francisco. The Osceola was a two-masted, square-rigged vessel, used in coastal trade along the Atlantic coast. A relatively small ship, she was pressed into service for the long Pacific voyage due to the great demand by gold-seekers for transport to California. Folwell shipped in steerage—not wishing to pay for the more expensive and comfortable cabin berths. His wife, Lydia, packed a small box of food treats for him to take with him. He also had a small leather-bound account book which he used as a diary during the voyage.

The first few days the weather was sunny and the winds mild. But on January 29, a stiff gale blew so hard the captain ordered the deck cargo be thrown overboard to relieve the ship. Like many at sea, Folwell initially suffered from seasickness and noted that he had been “probably the sickest one on board” and, without the good food his wife had packed for him, would have had nothing he could eat.

As they sailed south, crossing the Equator, the weather became warmer and calmer. Reaching Rio De Janeiro, the passengers, after being examined by a doctor, were allowed to go ashore for a few days. After the tossing of the ship, Folwell found it difficult to walk on the shore!



In 1849 thousands headed for the gold fields of California to seek their fortune.

On March 18th the Osceola set sail again. South of Rio, they fell in with thousands of porpoises, “jumping and passing to windward like a parcel of racehorses.” Later they saw “about 20 sperm whales spouting.” They proceeded further south and the weather became chillier, as they entered the southern hemisphere’s winter. The weather became increasingly unstable, “All kinds of weather in the space of an hour: rain, snow, hail, wind, and sunshine.”

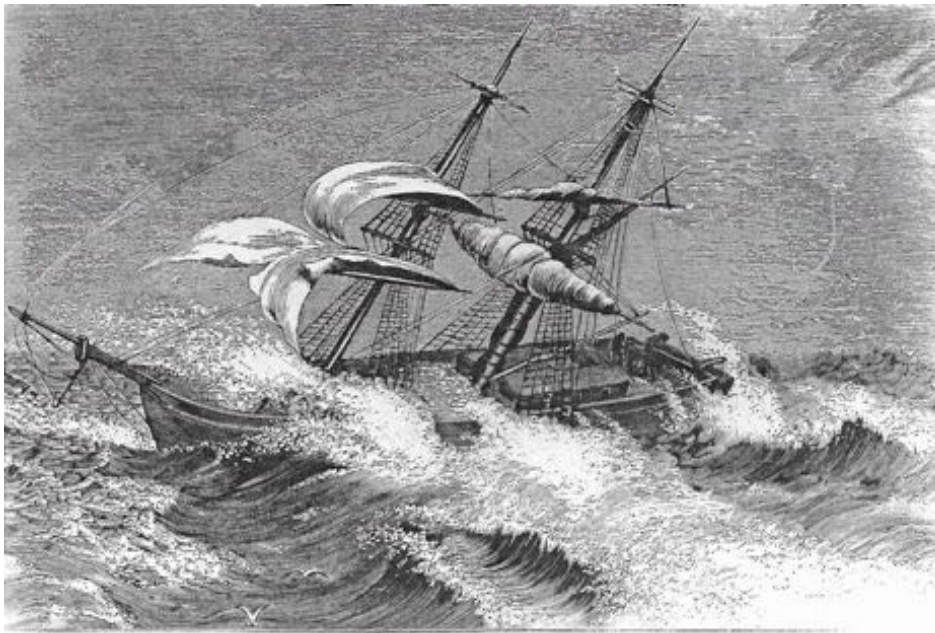
By April 10th the thermometer read 42 degrees fahrenheit. The ship’s caboose (galley on the deck) was overturned and broken by the wind. On the 11th, such a gale blew up that the captain called “all hands upon deck to

take in sail, and every stitch was taken off, and up to this day none of us had ever seen such a gale." Folwell reported they had "lost more under the bare poles than we can make in two days fair wind." Two days later his diary notes "Storm still raging. 8 o'clock, storm somewhat abating...still trying to get around the Horn. ... snowing, the weather raw and cold."

By April 15, they were thought to be around the Horn and in the Pacific. However, gales returned, two sails were blown away, and Folwell noted in his record that "All hands on board appear depressed in spirits, for the last 3 weeks what is made one day appears to be lost the next, in consequence of storms and head winds."

On May 1st, Folwell wrote: "Raw and cold with a stiff wind. 10 o'clock a gale increasing, all sails double reefed. 12 o'clock wore ship and course south-southwest. Very heavy seas. 2 o'clock all sails furled and now running under bare poles, the wind howling at a tremendous rate, although the sun is shining beautiful and bright."

The next day, May 2nd, "the gale subsided 5 o'clock this morning with a bright and beautiful sun shining! Last night was one of the most awful — about 12 o'clock and all hands stowed away in their bunks, we were struck by



The Brig "Osceola" in a gale off Cape Horn

a sea that passed over us from stem to stern, so much water struck it was some 3 or 4 minutes before she rose again. Washed our cook out of his galley, down as far as the Main Hatch... a number of passengers for the first time appeared to be alarmed!... Captain Fairfax called all hands forwards to say in consequence of head winds and long passage, we must be placed upon 2 quarts of water per day."

The Captain attributed the fierce winds and hostile weather to the fact that many of the passengers were card players and used profane language. He "gave the Mate orders to furl the sails and heave the Brig to, if card playing is not stopped, and such profane language produced by cards is the cause of all our misfortunes in regard to head winds, and so long a detention in the latitude of Cape Horn." Although one of the passengers tried to defy the Captain, others agreed that the gambling and bad language would stop.

The vessel now headed north, and the weather gradually grew milder. By May 7th, "all hands appeared cheered, believing that we were once more clear of Cape Horn."

A contretemps between one of the ship's boys, Bill, and a passenger now provided a distraction: "In consequence of calling one of the passengers a hard name,

the black pig was tied around his waist like the bagpipes, and he had to carry it around the Deck. Bill pinched the ears to make it holler which created much amusement for all hands on board."

Further adventures of this voyage included a stop at the port of Talcahuana, in Chile, where the Chilean authorities attempted to arrest the vessel for breaking Chile's marine laws, but another American arbitrated the case and the vessel was allowed to sail. They passed the Island of Juan Fernández, where Alexander Selkirk had been marooned. In the warmer July waters, a swim off the ship by two of the passengers, was cut short by a cry of "Shark!" which brought the swimmers hurriedly on board again.

On the Fourth of July a shipboard celebration was held: "Most of the passengers was up at 4 o'clock and fired a salute and hoisted the American flag, and at 10 o'clock we had a meeting upon the quarter deck at which

Mr. Banks read The Declaration of Independence, and the meeting closed with thirteen cheers, for dinner which was suitable for the day, and having dined sumptuously upon turkey several of the party made appropriate speeches and read numerous toasts given by the party and the day passed off with some degree of mirth and goodwill by all on board.”

On August 5th, the Osceola moored in San Francisco, and Thomas Folwell was able to disembark. Thence he travelled with a partner, via Sacramento, inland to the gold country where they began panning in the streams for gold.

This was the first of three trips Folwell

made to the gold fields but he never chose to go around the Horn again! His second trip was to cross the Isthmus of Panama and then take ship for California. On his third trip he took the land route, riding with others across Illinois, over the Mississippi River, and through Missouri across the plains and Rocky Mountains to California. His journeys were successful, and he returned with enough gold to pay off all his debts, and to buy two farms in New Jersey, rejoining his wife and setting up his family home once more.

Thomas Iredell Folwell must have been physically fit and had a liking for adventures or he would not have been

successful. And the Swallows, Amazons & D's. Mining Company, even if it did not actually find gold, it found copper, which served its purpose of providing Captain Flint a reason to stay home!

Both these ventures were threatened by wild fires. Folwell notes: “The whole country or nearly so in the gold region has been burnt over and all the pasture destroyed. The sight as you must imagine was awfully grand to see, the mountains on fire to the distance of 20 to 30 miles.” As for the Swallows, Amazons and D's, the wild fire on HighTops threatened the camp and might have stopped their mining altogether.

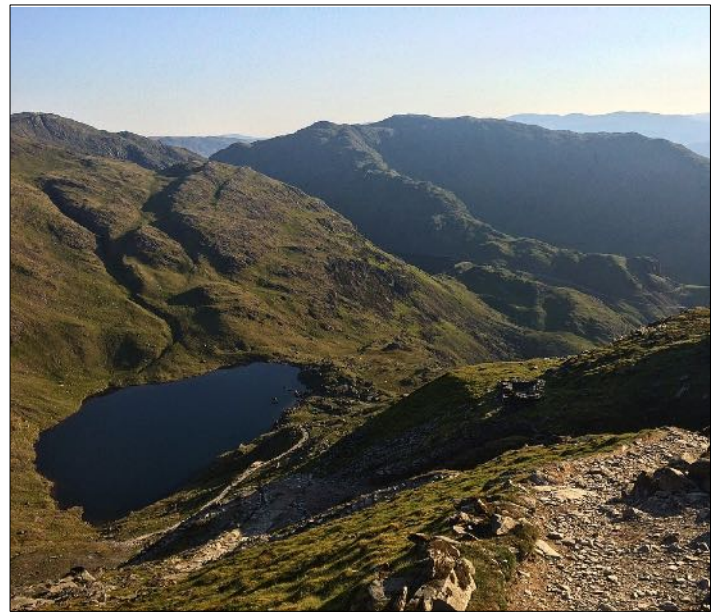
Kanchenjunga's Cairn — Places we've been and our adventures

Tent for Two Wraps Up

by Simon Horn

Last May 26 the Tent for Two team, Helen Jolley and Mike Dorfman, told their Facebook followers:

We spent our last day of travel waking up for sunrise and hiking Coniston Old Man, then sailing and playing on the lake with friends and family. What a perfect day to end our Year of Adventure!



Then on June 27 told us:

We're back! A lot has changed during our break from social media – we got jobs, bought a car, and visited our favorite places in Maine.

If you want to see more of their year of adventure, check out their Facebook page at <https://www.facebook.com/TentFor2/>.

Dot's Latest Story — Your S&A-inspired writing

Dot and Dick in California

"Edited" by Molly McGinnis

Dick's Next Letter

Dear Peggy,

Just a quick note, some biologists are coming to take me on a bird trip with them. The sandhill cranes are coming in for the winter and I hear them flying overhead every day. They don't make tidy lines the way geese do, someone's always lost. Here's a print one of the professors gave me from last year.



I saw some white-fronted ibis on the last trip, and some wading birds. I didn't know that the waterbirds forage at different levels, according to how long their beaks are. The ibis have the longest beaks.



The barn owls are hunting for nesting places and call the most scritch-scratchy whoops every night. This one is in one of the professor's barns.

They're honking for me – I have a fish story to tell you later. Say hello to Nancy and the Walkers for me.

Dick



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

Racundra's Third Cruise by Arthur Ransome, as edited and compiled by Brian Hammett

Reviewed by Ian Sacré

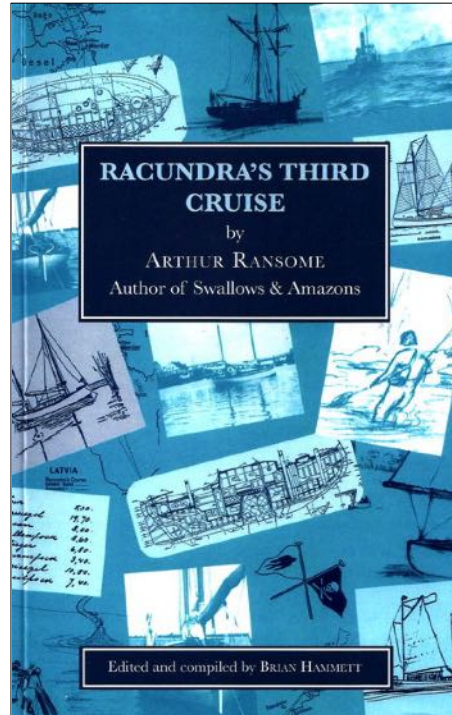
Early in April 2018 there arrived in my in-box, out of the blue, an email from Gill Pearson of Fernhurst Books asking if I would consider reviewing the 2nd Edition of Arthur Ransome's *Racundra's Third Cruise*, to be published in May of this year.

I had never heard of Fernhurst Books (fernhurstbooks.com) before, but quickly discovered that they were an independent publisher of books that instruct, inform and inspire those with a passion on, in or under the water and that they currently have 140 titles in their book list.

For anyone who has messed about in small craft and has experienced their share of both comical and serious incidents afloat, they cannot help but relate to the happenings on board the Recundra!

Brian Hammett has done an excellent job of editing and compiling this book. As the result of his research, Brian reveals that while Arthur Ransome probably intended to publish this account of his and Evgenia's third cruise in Recundra, he never got around to doing so for reasons we do not know.

Beautifully illustrated with AR's photographs and drawings, and other photos, the first part of the book is a previously unpublished narrative of some 80 pages actually written by Ransome that covers 23 days of a cruise on the Divina, Lieupe and Kalnciems rivers in Latvia. As is well known, Arthur Ransome was a very



keen and knowledgeable fisherman and the account is filled with fishing stories. AR spends almost as much time writing about the fish he caught as he does about his vessel and the voyage itself. Pike, perch, eels and other species I am not familiar with all fell prey to his rod and hook. The details of the bait he used are also recorded in depth.

I think Ransome had a love-hate relationship with his ketch's engine, which he fondly called the "little donkey". The engine was a 4 HP, Swedish-built, heavy fuel, hot bulb form of diesel engine running on kerosene. A popular type of small craft engine in the 1920's, I rather think the engine may in fact have been a single cylinder Berliner engine that

had to be pre-heated with a blow lamp! Some times it started, sometimes it didn't, depending on it's mood. Fitted with a variable pitch propeller, when it ran AR loved it, when it didn't and he burnt himself trying to get it going, the love affair was in serious jeopardy!

Waking up with water over the cabin sole was another interesting anecdote. This was caused by a leaking stern gland on which the packing retaining nut had completely backed off. Then there was the all too familiar incident of the weed-fouled propeller which necessitated AR diving down to clear it! The trials and tribulations continued with a bottom-snarled anchor and a compass with massive, uncorrected error.

AR's descriptive writing was a delight to read, and the tale of the unwanted crew member in the form of a mouse which turned out to be Evgenia's arch-enemy was truly humorous and intriguing.

The beginning 80-page narrative is confined to the voyage on the rivers.

What then follows relates to other voyages and details of the boat, described in his letter to his mother. Through the whole book are references and details of his actual log entries interspersed with entries and notes taken from his diary and notebook. Later on in the volume are AR's descriptions and notes of an earlier passage in Racundra to Helsinki, Fin-

land via the Estonian coast. The reader will also find details of his wedding and marriage to Evgenia. Reading between the lines I rather think the

lady must have been something of a force to be reckoned with! The maps included are most useful but I also found myself referring to

Google satellite maps on several occasions as I read. I would heartily recommend this account to others. Well done Brian!

Barbecued jack-jumpers! *Those Snake Island Kids*, by Jon Tucker

Reviewed by Molly McGinnis

Jake had built his own pirate ship and tomorrow would be sailing it to a deserted island. At least he hoped it would be deserted. Not like last time...

Red sails and pirates, islands and treasures and rivers and bays and inlets. Sailors marooned on an island. A fine villain or two, wildfire and storm. All the elements of the best adventure stories, and lots of illustrations by the author.

If you think this sounds familiar, you're wrong. Or rather, you're right. Okay, you're right and wrong. The familiar mingles with the new and exotic. Two sets of children peer at one another across the decks of their seagoing vacation homes. Two sets of

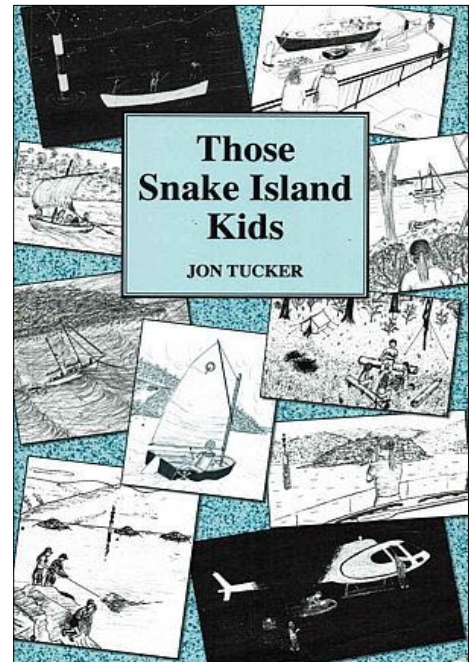
parents happy to maroon the lot of them and sleep late.

'If us kids can camp ashore it'll be heaps more comfortable for Mum and Dad,' Jake says. Everyone knew that his main reason was more about pirates... but Mum and Dad had privately agreed about the chance for more peaceful mornings.

After that, one adventure tumbles breathlessly upon the next in a familiar way – but it's today. And Tasmania, where the spray is salt and the night sea is luminescent. The villains ogle and harass one of the girls. The kids pitch dome tents and argue about where to dig the camp latrines. Their mobile phones run out of battery. Midnight fishing under the Southern

Cross – with their portable VHF ship to shore radio at hand “in case we get into trouble.”

Of course we meet all kinds of interesting people on their island and on the high seas. The simultaneous similarity and



contrast between Ransome's stories and Tucker's sets up a sort of ghostly resonance in the air, like making one harp string sound by plucking another. There's more than a bit of this when the Kiwis (New Zealanders) and the Aussies finally get together too, and I had the same sort of feeling as I felt my way around the island with those island kids, or maybe it was more like stubbing a toe – hot, dry, brushy, and steep, like my own nearby coast, but then – a blue wren flits across my view, or a parrot, or a Jack Jumper...

All this is not to say that a child who's never yet heard of Ransome wouldn't



enjoy the books. They're good to read aloud and there's lots in them to talk about during the readings. It might even be better to start one's kids with Tucker's series. The language and pace and situations will be more familiar to today's children and perhaps they'll afterwards find the settings and social relationships in the Ransome books all the more interesting.



Did I forget to mention a most interesting grandmother? You might almost feel you knew her... once.

***Those Snake Island Kids* by Jon Tucker.**

And there are more, three more at this time: *Those Eco-Pirate Kids*, *Those Shipwreck Kids*, and *Those Sugar-Barge Kids*, but I hope you'll start with the first. I'm glad I did.

At the moment, the Kindle editions at \$3.99 American are the best bet for North America. If you're a Kindle-Plus subscriber, you can even try before you buy – borrow *Those Snake Island Kids* and read for free.

All four books are now available in print too – paperbacks at \$12.95 American.



Optimist Dinghies

I was fascinated by Jake's home-built Optimist dinghy. I saw many simply rigged little dinghies at the Port Townsend Washington Wooden Boat Festival and would have liked to take a few home with me. Optimists originated in America – the Clearwater Florida Optimist service club wanted young people to have a chance at low-cost sailing and asked Clark Mills to design the seagoing equivalent of a soap box car, and he did. Two standard (4' x 8') sheets of plywood, some glue and bits of this and that and a young boat-builder was in business. Now there are several different Optimist-types of sprit-rigged sailing dinghies, more likely to be fiberglass than wood, and they're sailed and raced by children all over the world. I saw this larger sprit-rigged dinghy with jib coming in from a grocery run during the 2016 Festival.

Ransome's youngsters sailed in heavi-

ly built, lug-rigged dinghies. The closest that they were able to get to boat-building was John's mast-building after the notorious Pike Rock shipwreck. But given modern plywood construction I'm sure that the S, A & D kids might have had a crack at building an Optimist too. Imagine Dick carefully measuring his epoxy resin with one of Susan's precious spoons. Four-sided sails like the lug and sprit dinghy rigs are more forgiving in a gust than modern triangular Marconi rigs too – great choices for young heroes and heroines to be messing about on the water under canvas. Captain John and Captain Nancy would have been in their element sailing Optimists.

Boat-watching at the 2016 Wooden Boat Festival. There was no time when there weren't a few gaff-rigged, gunter-rigged, sprit-rigged and other types among the Marconi masts.

It's Here! *Field Guide to Western Reptiles & Amphibians*

Reviewed (or perhaps announced) by Molly McGinnis

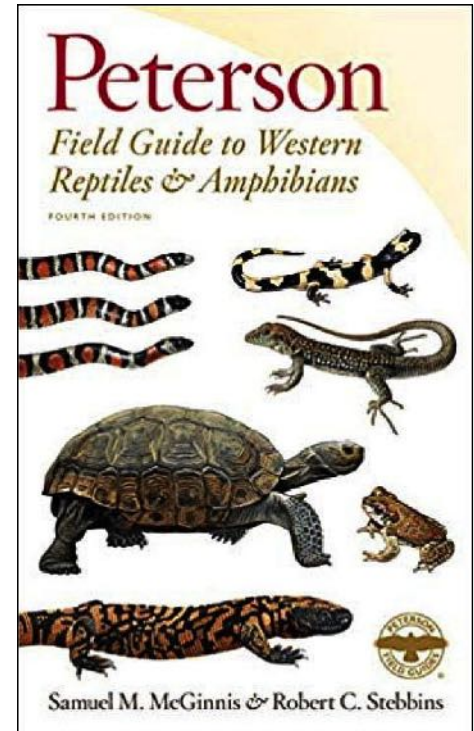
The print copies of the book my husband and I have been working on for the past few years arrived in early September and they're beautiful! I processed the photos and am thrilled to see them so clear and true to color in the book.

The paintings are by Sam's thesis advisor, mentor, and lifelong friend Robert C. Stebbins. After Bob's death his family agreed that Sam was the man for the new revision. Houghton Mifflin Harcourt's editors and designers and graphics people did a marvelous job, especially with the ancient old slides I worked so hard on. They're wonderfully clear and true to the colors.

Bob Stebbins was a famous technical illustrator of reptiles and amphibians (and a famous herpetologist) and this is the only place you can now see many of these astonishingly detailed and yet lively paintings and drawings.

Sam and Bob's species accounts give lifestyle information for each species – habitat, range, personal habits from feeding to reproduction, and a few stories to lighten the mix. Range maps are with their species now, instead of crammed together in the back.

The book covers western North America and Canada but many species are found throughout the USA and parts of Canada east of the book's range.



The photo shows a Massasauga rattlesnake (or *Sistrurus catenatus*).

Massasaugas are found well into Ontario and around the Great Lakes, as well as in the western states covered in the book. Like the adders in the Swallows and Amazons books, they are pit vipers. As you'll find when you read the book, the loreal pits between the eye and the nostril are heat sensors and help locate prey. Pit vipers eat small mammals, especially rodents.

Photo: Copyright Geoffrey A. Hammerson

Dr. Hammerson is the author of the University of Colorado Press guide to [Amphibians and Reptiles of Colorado](#).

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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.

Beckfoot Kitchen — Eating with the Swallows and Amazons

Blackberry Pudding

By Molly McGinnis

Auntie (my GAl) raised my father and his sister with vigor, affection, humor and practically no money. Blackberries were for the picking through the summer and fall in Ohio, and she made blackberry pudding often. It's been one of my favorites too ever since I was about 6 years old! My mom made it while the chops were frying and served it warm, with icy cold milk or half and half.

The berries are sweetened and thickened by guess and by golly. One batch of berries can be much juicier or sweeter than the next. (I found this recipe in the old family cookbook, in Auntie's beautiful copper-plate handwriting.)

This is easy to make on a camping stove or campfire, and you'll please the dishwasher if the diners gather round the pot with spoons. Thicken with flour only, unless you normally camp with cornstarch.

For making at home, the mixture, or arrowroot, makes a nicer texture than cornstarch alone. If you have a food mill and the time, you can put about half the berries through the food mill so there will be fewer seeds but some real berries too.

You will need:

- a heavy saucepan
- a big stirring spoon, preferably wooden
- measuring spoons and cups

(and bowls to eat the pudding from)

Heat in a heavy saucepan (medium heat) until some juice flows:

- Blackberries (a quart, cleaned, if you picked them, or a package of unsweetened frozen berries)

Add:

- Sugar (a half cup to a cup, usually)

Don't make the berries very sweet. You can always add more at the end. The sweetness changes as the berries cook and release juice.

Take about half a cup of juice from the berries as they heat, and pour it into a bigger cup to cool.

For the thickening, mix in a cup – any old cup:

- 1 heaping tsp cornstarch
- 1 heaping tsp flour
- 1 heaping tablespoon sugar (helps prevent lumps)



Sprinkle enough of this over the cooled juice so that it coats the spoon as you beat it smooth with a fork! The mixture should be thin enough to pour easily. Save the rest of the thickening mix.

When the berries begin to boil, pour about a third of the thickening mix into the simmering berries in a thin stream, stirring as you pour. Stir gently for a few minutes, and if the berries are really runny, add a little more of the thickening. Don't thicken too much! A tilted

spoonful should flow a bit – quite a bit. The pudding will thicken more as it cools, and too thin is better than thick and pasty.

When you can't taste raw grainy flour any more, take off the heat and sprinkle very lightly with sugar so there won't be so much of a skin over the top.

Serve à la Nancy – hand out spoons, pour milk or cream into the hot pudding, sit in a circle around the saucepan and dig in.

Susan would no doubt insist on bowls for each person.

Both Great Aunts would no doubt have poured the pudding into the ancestral pressed glass dessert bowl before taking it to the table.

You could of course chill the pudding. We never did.



Pieces of Eight — The Junior Pages

A TARS pilgrimage to Norfolk

Once again the Blue family have come to the rescue of our Pieces of Eight section. You may yet see this in a future issue of The Outlaw, but for now, a scoop.



We Went To Sail On The Norfolk Broads But Did Everything But Sail ... A Family Collective Picture-Caption Log, August 2018.

This summer, towards the high end of an unexpected heatwave, we veered eastwards a few hundred miles on a TARS pilgrimage of sorts to seek out Ransome-related locations based on Coot Club, The Big Six and Peter Duck and were left both in wonder and left wondering. From the famous old Potter Heigham Bridge (one of two Medieval bridges remaining on the Broads, built in 1385) watching day boaters, quanners, punters, kayakers, canoe-paddlers, and through Acle, Horning, Wroxham (with its myriad famous 'Roy's' 7 stores), Ranworth, South Walsham, Lowestoft (with its Scores Trails and harbour), Hickling Broad, Horsey Gap Beach (with its resident seal colony) and Ludham.

A TARS highlight was Hunter's Boat Yard at Ludham where we were guided around by the welcoming manager Vikki Walker. Here we could wonder at the authenticity of the 1930's traditional, wooden sailing craft. We were invited to board a single cabin gaff sloop (with self-tacking jib) and look around at leisure, peering through oval portholes and marvelling at how compact and thoughtful it had been fitted out – we could get a real sense of connectedness with the water and, especially, the Broads – no engine, just a quant! Not surprising we didn't manage to see all 21 boats as most were out on the waters but we did get to see so much more as you can see from the pictures.



In 1982 the BBC filmed Ransome's *Coot Club* & *The Big Six* and needed an authentic Norfolk Broads yacht and boatyard. **Hunter's Yard** (and the Norfolk Heritage Fleet Trust) in Ludham was selected, with its collection of classic 1930's Broads sailing yachts and engineless eco-conscious wooden half deckers. *Lullaby* became the *Teasel* for 3 months of filming. Here is a picture of the transom.



From here we believe that Pete from *The Big Six* had his famous 'tooth-string-brick' episode.





Shadow-Quanting!?



Not quite *Death & Glory Boys* or *Hullaballoos*!

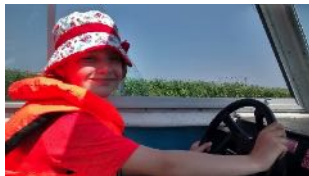
The **Lowestoft Scores** are a feature of Norfolk unique to Lowestoft. These are a series of narrow lanes created over many years by people wearing pathways in the soft, sloping cliff/hills as they travelled between the High Street and the Beach Village. The word 'score' is thought to be a corruption of 'scour' or the Old English 'scora' meaning to make or cut a line. There is the Cart Score; the Lighthouse Score; the Mariner's Score (Cromwell stayed here when putting down 'malignants'); the Crown Score (48 steps flanked by brick-pebbled walls); Martin's Score (John Wesley visited here October 11th 1764 to preach open-air with his back to a garden wall and noted, "A wider congregation I have never seen."); the Rant Score; the Wilde Score; the Maltster's Score; the Spurgeon Score; the Herring Fishery Score; Frosts Alley Score and The Score.

We wondered whether *Peter Duck* would be familiar with any of these!



In bygone times before tourism took hold (when was this?) the Broads was an agri-industrial area on which locals' lives depended to earn life and living. Descendants and others now earn this living from mostly tourism. Marshes would have been seasonally cropped for use in roof thatching but now not on such a scale and hence river banks are slowly transforming into woody copses which can cause havoc for water craft. The management of waterside vegetation is essential for navigation safety and it also aids wind-availability. However this is also an essential habitat for birds, fish and otters and so a balance must be struck. We found that some bank-sides were tricky to navigate even on foot!





Horsey Gap Seals

