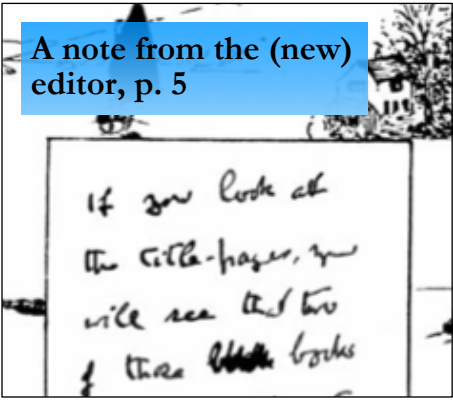




Signals from TARSUS & North Pole News

February 2016

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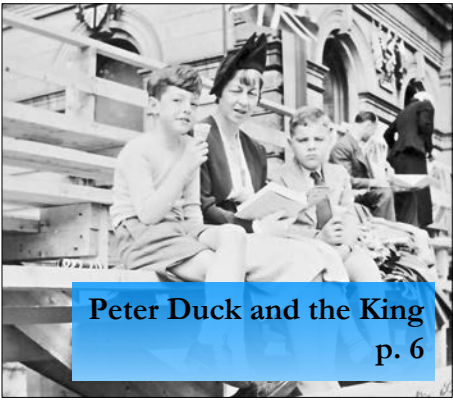
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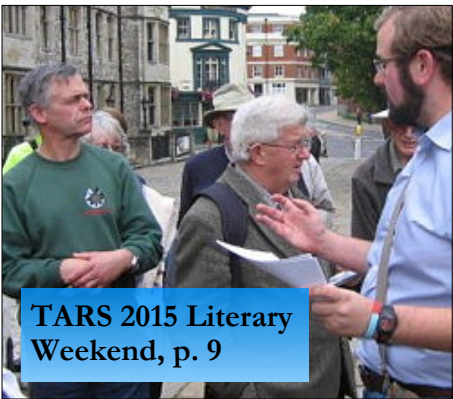
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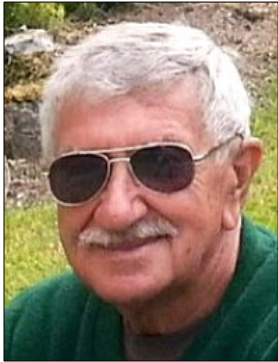


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Lake Windermere seen from Orest Head

Ship's Papers — Important information for the Crew



A View from the Helm

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

I hope you all had a Happy Christmas, and very best wishes for 2016. I hope the New Year will be good for everyone.

The best news for 2016 is we now have a new editor, Simon Horn, a Canadian member who has taken the reins from Elizabeth Jolley and as you see made some interesting changes to our joint newsletter. Please support his efforts with lots of articles.

Elizabeth Jolley gave us a long and dedicated time on the newsletter and we all enjoyed her efforts a great deal, so it was a sad moment when she said she could no longer carry on. We all thank you Elizabeth.

Once again this year there is a new book from Amazon Publications and Alan Harkin, *Arthur Ransome in Egypt*. Several TARSUS members have already subscribed to the 2016 publication. Alan really appreciates their help. So please think about doing

the same. I will accept checks and pass the proceeds to Alan. It is \$40.00 to subscribe.

More than a year has passed and I am still looking for someone to take over from me as coordinator. So think about having a go.

I am very pleased that there has been a good response to the request for renewals, so if you have not got round to it yet, grab that checkbook. I would remind you that if you are unsure if you have already paid, please contact me first before mailing a check. I had a few last year who forgot and paid twice. Like last year, I am getting a prompt notice of anyone who pays by PayPal, so I hope I will not be sending reminders again to people who have already paid.

I also sent out a letter regarding mailed copies of the newsletter. In order for us to continue with the publication, I am asking those who can receive digital copies to accept these instead of mailed hard copies. Please respond if you have not already done so. Many thanks to those who have offered to accept PDF copies, and to Avrum Lank who has offered to help with the printing and mailing.

Please note the new link if you wish to pay your TARS subscription via Paypal:

http://arthur-ransome.org.uk/TARS_Subscriptions.html

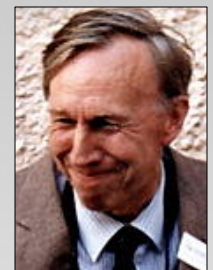
I hope winter has been kind to you so far. Keep warm and enjoy if you can.

Robin



Obituary – Roger Wardale

Arthur Ransome Society founder member and author Roger Wardale passed away on Dec. 28, 2015, after a short illness.



He was known for many Ransome-related books, in particular, *Nancy Blackett*, *Under Sail with Arthur Ransome*.

A full obituary can be found on the website of the Nancy Blackett trust:

nancyblackett.org/2016/01/04/obituary-roger-wardale



Greetings from the North

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

6th January 2016

Greetings to all Canadian TARS Members! Another Christmas has come and gone, the New Year is upon us, like it or not, and it is time to 'get on with it' as the saying goes.

TARS Membership renewals are coming in nicely, and to all those that have sent off their cheques, many many thanks. For those that still have not got around to the cheque writing chore, I would gently remind you that 2015 TARS Memberships expired at

midnight on the last day of December. Sadly, one member has found it necessary to resign from our Society. Finally, for those that are interested, a recent check of currency exchange rates indicates that we are very close to being spot on with the amount asked of Canadian TARS for this year's membership renewals. Yester-

day I noted that the TARS Senior's Overseas rate of 25.00 BPS equals \$51.43 Canadian. In this period of wildly fluctuating Canadian dollar values I believe we are close enough for this and all the other TARS fees.

As I expect everyone knows by now, Simon Horn has very kindly agreed to take on the role of Editor of *Signals from TARSUS/North Pole News*. I would ask you to shake up your creative juices and send Simon your contributions large or small, silly or serious, whatever they may be! TARS only exists because people care and share a common interest in 'All Things Ransome' So let's all try to do our bit.

All About Morse

This past summer one of our members asked if I could help decipher some Morse Code letters and numerals she had applied in needle point to a beautifully made cushion depicting a scene from Winter Holiday that she had made many years ago. I had had to learn both Morse Code and Semaphore as a young merchant navy officer many years ago, but had to refer to an old text book to check my aging memory. This exercise made me curious as to when Morse Code had come into being, something I never took the time to consider before.

Apparently, in 1836 an American artist, Samuel F. B. Morse, and American physicists Joseph Henry and Alfred Vail developed an electrical telegraph system of sorts. The apparatus sent electrical pulses along wires to an electromagnet and a code was needed to transmit a message using the pulses and silence periods between them.

In 1837 two Brits, Cooke and Wheatstone got involved in a separate but similar activity. Their system also used electromagnets, but instead of clicks and silence gaps they used arms that rotated above alphabet charts to indicate the letters being sent. In 1841 Cooke and Wheatstone built an improved system that printed the letters from a wheel of type-faces struck by a electromagnetic driven hammer. Sadly the lack of customers brought their idea to a halt.

Back in the States, meanwhile, the three

	American (Morse)	Continental (Gerke)	International (ITU)
A	••	••••	••
B	••••	••••••	••••
C	••••••	••••••••	••••••
CH	••••••••	••••••••••	••••••••
D	••••••	••••••••	••••••
E	••	••••	••
F	••••••	••••••••	••••••
G	••••••••	••••••••••	••••••••
H	••••••••	••••••••••	••••••••
I	••••	••••	••••
J	••••••	••••••••	••••••
K	••••••••	••••••••••	••••••••
L	••••••••	••••••••••	••••••••
M	••••••••	••••••••••	••••••••
N	••••••	••••••	••••••
O	••••••••	••••••••••	••••••••
P	••••••••	••••••••••	••••••••
Q	••••••••	••••••••••	••••••••
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1	••••••••	••••••••	••••••••
2	••••••••	••••••••	••••••••
3	••••••••	••••••••	••••••••
4	••••••••	••••••••	••••••••
5	••••••••	••••••••	••••••••
6	••••••••	••••••••	••••••••
7	••••••••	••••••••	••••••••
8	••••••••	••••••••	••••••••
9	••••••••	••••••••	••••••••
0	••••••••	••••••••	••••••••
0 (alt)	••	••	••

The variations of Morse Code.

Americans had moved ahead and built a system where a moving electromagnetic driven stylus made an indent on a moving paper tape. When a short silence gap or period occurred the stylus was retracted momentarily by a spring and a gap appear on the tape unmarked. A code was developed for each letter and numeral so that operators could decipher the indents and gaps made on the tape. But interestingly, the operators soon found they did not need the tape and could translate the sounds the stylus made directly by listening.

In developing the code Vail examined the frequency with which letters were used in the local Morristown newspaper. In the electrical transmissions of their device the short marks were called dots and the longer ones dashes and as the result of his examination of the newspaper, Vail decided that the most commonly used letters should be assigned the shorter sequences of dots and dashes. In terms of time intervals one dot was considered one unit and a dash was considered three units and the gap between letters was three units and between words seven units of time.

There were at least three different codes the American (Morse or Railway), Continental (Gerke) and International (ITU). The international Morse Code was standardized in 1865 at the International Telegraphy Con-

ference in Paris and was used worldwide. In my days at sea I recall that all long distance 'traffic' was sent and received in Morse by our radio operator. He would receive meteorological Fleet Forecasts at thirty words a minute! the sounds echoing from the radio room being almost a blur to the untrained ear. One would find oneself chatting with the operator, with Morse code sounding in the background when suddenly 'Sparks' would say, "There's our call sign, traffic coming in"! And he would immediately acknowledge the sending station in Morse and start receiving the message.

Morse Code was used for 160 years and was phased out as the International standard for maritime distress in 1999. In 1997, when the French Navy sent their final message in Morse Code on the 31st January that year, they sent, "Calling All. This is our last cry before our eternal silence." While in the United States the final Morse transmission on July 12, 1999 was Samuel Morse's original 1844 message, "What hath God wrought".

One final personal anecdote comes to mind. As a young officer undergoing the horrors of yet another group of examinations, the day came when I had to demonstrate my proficiency in reading Morse Code sent by an Aldis lamp. The drill called for the examiner

to send a message and for the poor candidate to read out the letters sent, aloud and for the examiner's secretary to write down the letters on a pad as the examinee called them out. At the end of each word the candidate was to call out 'break' loud and clear. The problem was that under the stress of the examination room setting it took all of one's concentration just to get the letters right let alone knowing when one came to the end of a word! Most of us were saved by the examiner's dear old secretary who seemed old enough to us whippersnappers to be our grandmother. At the end of each word spelt out by the sweating candidate she would loudly thump her notebook with the point of her pencil and we would cry out 'break!' right on cue. I am not sure if the examiner ever twigged to her kindly help but she was always presented with a large box of chocolates on passing our competency examinations!

Those were the days. Poor Arthur Ransome would never have dreamed that Morse Code would virtually cease to be taught or used, though I understand that the United States Air Force still trains ten people a year in Morse Code.

Wishing you all fair winds and calm seas until the next time,

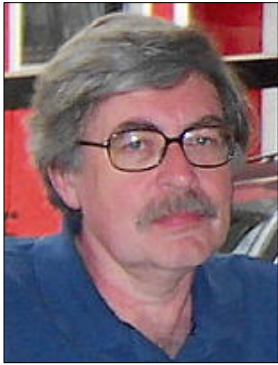
Best regards,
Ian Sacré

Useful Links

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

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

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



A Note from the (New) Editor

By Simon Horn, sjhorn@gmail.com

In 1962, or thereabouts, I wrote a letter to Arthur Ransome. I was one of thousands of children who wrote to ask him every sort of question under the sun. I sent my letter to Jonathan Cape in the hopes that the publisher would forward it to the right address. They did.

At the time I did not realize that my question was the same one so many children asked: Were the Swallows and Amazons stories real? I seem to remember that my letter said something like, are the stories based on fact? At 11 or 12 I knew they were stories, but they were so real that it seemed to me that they had to be based on real adventures by real children.

Eventually I received an answer, handwritten on the great man's Swallows and Amazons note paper. As he had no doubt answered so many times before, Ransome said:

“If you look at the title-pages, you will see that two of those books are of a different *kind* of reality.

If they seem real to you while you are reading them, nothing else matters.

Good luck to you,
Arthur Ransome.”

And that really is the point. From the day I first read *Swallows and Amazons* at nine years old, the stories swallowed me up.

I had discovered them at my uncle's house, while visiting my

grandparents in England for the summer of 1959. My uncle had the 12, lined up in their original dust jackets, safely kept in a closed bookcase. I am not sure I was allowed to read his copy of *Swallows and Amazons*, but I do know I was soon the proud owner of my own, purchased at Heffers

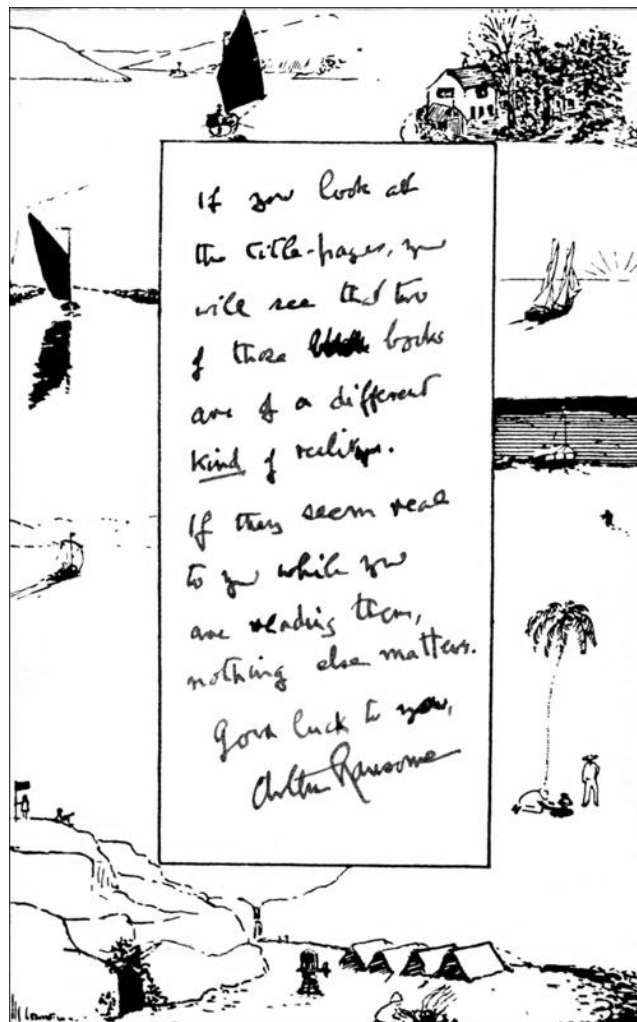
Bookshop in Cambridge for 13/6. For the next two or three years, every Christmas and birthday — and every time my pocket money stretched to it — I got a new Ransome book. Today my collection, alas with only some of its tattered dust jackets, is lined up in a glass-fronted bookcase, alongside other treasures and many more books both by and about Arthur Ransome.

The irony is that Ransome misunderstood my question. I knew that *Peter Duck* and *Missee Lee* weren't real — that would have been impossible. It was the other 10 stories I wanted to know about. Now, many years later, I have learned a lot more about Arthur Ransome, his origins, his background and his sources, but also about writing. Of course they were based on fact, but they were stories, real to their readers.

I am very pleased to be the new editor of *Signals from TARSUS/North Pole News*. This is your newsletter, however, so please let me know what you would like to see in it, and do send me contributions. You may think that you can't write, but if you have ideas or pictures or experiences to share, the newsletter needs them. Together we can beat them into shape!

My best wishes to all of you for the coming year. My aim is to publish the usual three issues a year, so keep those contributions coming. Earlier is better!

Simon



Dipping our Hands — Personal relationships with the books

Peter Duck and the King: My Introduction to Swallows and Amazons

By Gordon McGilton

I cannot remember when I was first introduced to a book, except on one special occasion.

June 10, 1939 was a very special day for a young boy. It was the day I saw King George VI and Queen Elizabeth on their royal tour of Canada.

The 1939 royal tour created great excitement in Canada, since it was the first time a reigning monarch had visited Canada. While King George V and Queen Mary had visited Canada in 1910, at the time they were still the Duke and Duchess of York, since

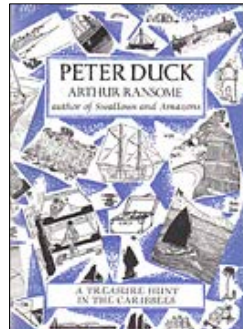
King Edward VII was still on the throne.

I lived in a small town in southern Quebec on the Vermont border. On the morning in question we drove 30 miles north to Sherbrooke, a small city that the tour was to visit.

There were six of us in the car: me, my parents, our next door neighbour, his wife and their son, who was my age. We had just turned seven the previous month.

When we arrived in Sherbrooke, the fathers went off to join the other veterans, as they had both served in the First World War. The mothers and the two boys were given seats at the top of a special stand which had been built for the royal visit. It was late morning but the stand was quite empty, as the royals were not expected before the afternoon.

My friend's mother had brought a book to read to us to pass the time. It was *Peter Duck*. I had never heard of Arthur Ransome,



but I keenly listened as she read us the first three chapters. I remember that I learned a new word: quay.

She also said that the author had written other books, and that they had five of them.

After that I borrowed their books and my mother read them to me. *Peter Duck* was good, but I was enthralled with *Swallows and Amazons* and *Swallowdale*. I was a Ransome fan for life.

My father bought me the other seven books as they became available. But had I not been introduced to AR that day I might never have heard of him, as neither my school nor our local library had any Ransome books.

Not long before the royals were to arrive, our mothers discovered that some friends were sitting in the front row, almost on the street. It was our local member of parliament and his wife, and we boys were taken down to sit with them. When the royals did arrive we had a great view, but all I remember is that I was very disappointed the King was not wearing a crown.

What a day for two lucky boys. No wonder I remember it. Most of our friends weren't given such an opportunity to see the royals. But for me, that day was really important because it was the day when I was introduced to the works of AR, which have meant so much to me all my life.



Gordon McGilton, aged 7, (right) listening to the first chapters of *Peter Duck*, while waiting for the King and Queen in 1939.

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

The Tent Maker's Tale

By Ian Sacré

I suppose that I slept under canvas long before I was able to read and ages before I actually read *Swallows and Amazons*. I was fortunate to grow up in the country and had the run of a large English garden with spacious lawns, or so they seemed to me as a four or five year old.

So it was natural to want to 'camp out' on summer nights with my brothers. Invariably my younger brother would disappear indoors when the owls started hooting and my older brother terrified him with stories of headless ghosts lurking in the bushes!

Camping and sailing holidays came and went and the years flew by. I was married and well into my seagoing career and had reached the rank of Chief Officer on large foreign-going cargo ships. With four deck officers I did not have to keep a bridge watch and thus had most of my evenings free as we plodded along various trade routes day after day at a steady twelve knots.

Recalling *Swallows and Amazons* one day, I remembered that Mrs. Walker had made the tents for the *Swallows* and what greater inspiration than that did I need? And thus it was that I decided my bride and I needed a tent, but not just any tent, a palatial tent and I would build it! As a young sailor 'serving my time' I had been taught to sew canvas with a palm and needle, wax and thread but the thought of sewing a large tent all by hand was somewhat daunting! What to do?

Fortunately my Mother's foresight

came to the rescue for she had been determined not to have helpless sons and had taught us all to sew and use her trusty treadle Singer Sewing Machine.

Making sails for clinker built dinghies and kites became common place family projects during school holidays. My ship sometimes called into Portland, Maine and one afternoon on a run ashore I passed a second hand shop. In the window was an ancient Singer Sewing Machine just like my Mother's. Stuck on it was a large price tag, twelve dollars!

Into the shop I went for a closer look, asked the proprietor if I could give it a test run. "Don't know how it works"; said he. "I do" said I and rummaged around in the drawers and found thread and needles. The machine worked like a dream and I gladly handed over the twelve dollars and asked the store owner if he would call me a taxi, for my ship was berthed about a mile away.

The taxi came, we loaded the machine into the trunk and off we went to my ship and unloaded the monster at the bottom of the accommodation ladder. Two seaman were told off to fetch the beast on board and put it in my cabin. Within minutes, I had visitors as word spread about the eccentric Chief Officer's latest madness. Deck officers came to look at my prize and one engineer even came with a oil can and gave it a squirt or two, declaring it was a fine piece of machinery that should add a horsepower or two

to his steam turbine! The next day saw me ashore again, this time to a canvas shop where I bought a large bolt of number 10 chocolate coloured canvas, numerous spools of thread and more sewing machine needles.

It is amazing when one starts a large personal project aboard ship just how much 'help' one receives.

Advice flowed freely from all directions, roof pitch angle, ridge height, height of sides, floor, windows, screens closures, doors, ridge poles tent poles, all were debated and discussed ad nauseam. Detailed drawing after drawing was made and finally I started construction. The tent was to be twelve feet square, six feet even at the eve and nine feet at the ridge. A large window with roll down cover was to be set in the two sides and the back and the openings to be covered with a permanent nylon fly screen. It would have two segmented poles to support the ends at the ridge and three shorter poles on each side to support the eaves. Heavens, it was to have everything except rain gutters!

The project went on for weeks, hours spent in the engine-room machine shop making tent poles from old condenser tubes. Tent pegs made from used hardwood cargo dunnage. Hours more spent sewing. Officers popping in and out during the evening to see the progress, staying to chat. Often helping to guide the heavy canvas through the machine as I sewed. My dear old bosun even 'found' suitable cordage for guys. Finally it was

done, and of course there was a need to erect it on number three hatch cover for a test on a homeward bound voyage. The tent was declared a fine piece of canvas work by my Captain who had served in Grand Banks fishing schooners as a lad!

When the Taj Mahal as it came to be known was folded up, it took almost two men to lift it! Not to worry, I was confident it would work.

It was Autumn and I had a month's leave so Brenda, my wife, and I decided it would be a perfect time to trial the tent by taking a motor camping trip around Cape Breton Island to see the leaves and celebrate Thanksgiving. With a great deal of huffing and puffing we managed to get the tent and poles loaded into the back of our small Falcon station wagon together with all our camping gear and set off on our expedition in a full blown Atlantic gale with its customary torrential rain. We had planned on introducing our dear friends David and Marion to the delights of camping but when we stopped at their door at eight in the morning to pick them up, David came to the door in his pyjamas and said "Surely you are not going in this? You must both be mad! We'll see you if and when you survive! I am going back to bed!"

As we drove north east from Halifax,

the rain and wind continued, the gusts shaking the car as they blasted across the road. By mid afternoon we had arrived near Whycomomagh and decided to stop at the park nearby for the night. At the time it did not seem odd to us that there where no other campers to be seen! With much fanfare we dragged the tent out of the car and during a brief lull between rain squalls we erected the tent quite close to a large cooking shelter. The rain and wind returned with gusto just as we were putting the finishing touches to our abode for the night. A thorough inspection showed no leaks and my wife was suitably impressed with my workmanship.

After cooking supper and reading by lamplight it was time for bed. Listening to the thrumming of canvas and guy lines my wife asked if we were likely to blow away in the night.

"Never!" I said, "After all you are married to a trained Merchant Navy Officer and we do not allow things to just blow away!"

Morning came and when we awoke all was quiet. The storm front had apparently passed through. With some difficulty I got the door of the tent opened and stepped out and immediately shouted for my wife to come and look. Coming to the tent door in her nightie she gasped in amazement to

see everything covered in half an inch of frozen rain! The tent was coated with ice and the ground was like a skating rink! The early morning sun cast long shadows and created a real winter wonderland scene.

But the fun began after breakfast when we had to continue on our way. Trying to take down and fold up an enormous ice covered heavy canvas tent took hours but as we worked, it began to warm up a bit and we managed to finally to get the whole contraption stuffed back into the car. I wondered at the time what it must have been like furling sail down in the Roaring Forties in mid winter. The next two days of the long weekend were idyllic, the colours of the turning leaves at their very best. And thankfully, erecting the tent became easier as the canvas slowly dried.

Stopping at our friends house on the way home we related a much embellished version of our adventure while they sat with mouths agape and wide eyed. When our tale was finished David looked at Marian and said, "We were right, they are quite mad but they really do seem to have enjoyed themselves immensely." The tent was put into retirement shortly afterwards, but never ever leaked a drop! I like to think Mrs. Walker would have been proud!



At a certain point, Ian wondered if perhaps his tent making activities had gotten out of hand!

Captain Flint's Trunk — News from abroad

The TARS 2015 Literary Weekend

By Donald Tunnicliff Rice

I was fortunate in 2015 to be able to attend the Literary Weekend at Sparsholt College, September 4-6. Sparsholt is just outside Winchester, a city of 45,000 souls situated sixty miles southwest of London. It's quite an interesting school, where students learn everything from repairing a farm tractor to managing a zoo to felling a tree – plus a great deal more as they work their way to a Bachelor of Science degree. By the unlikelyst of coincidences, a young man whom I've known since he was just a lad arrived at Sparsholt to begin his college career (in fisheries management) the same day our conference ended.

Sparsholt has around 400 resident students occupying just about the same number of acres, which include a fully operational farm. On my second night I found myself having pleasant memories of summer visits to my cousin Bruce's family farm. At first I was puzzled, but after a few seconds I realized that the country air was permeated with the faint odor of farm

animals. Unlike most British colleges and universities, Sparsholt is crawling with beasts ranging from lizards to cows. The latter, I'm sure, were the creatures responsible for gently tinting the nighttime air.

I think there was a tour of the school on Saturday afternoon, which I would have enjoyed, but I chose instead to board a leased bus that took some of us to Winchester for a walking tour of that ancient city. As with so many British towns and cities, it has prehistoric roots, followed by Roman and medieval periods, eventually arriving at the early modern times, generally considered to begin around the reign of Henry VIII.

The main attraction in Winchester is the cathedral, one of the largest in all Europe. Medievalists are delighted by the mortuary chests containing the remains of Wessex kings, starting with Cynegils (611-643); however, you will not find a chest containing the bones of the most famous Wessex king, Alfred the Great. It's a long story, but the fact



Winchester Cathedral

is Alfred's bones have been misplaced. A couple of years ago, a piece of a pelvic bone turned up that was strongly believed to be either his or his son's, but that has yet to be proven. To pay homage to the great man you'll have to visit his heroic bronze statue a couple of hundred yards away at the eastern end of The Broadway.

Does anyone know if Ransome ever

A tiny bookshop down a narrow alley



A pause during our guided walking tour of Winchester

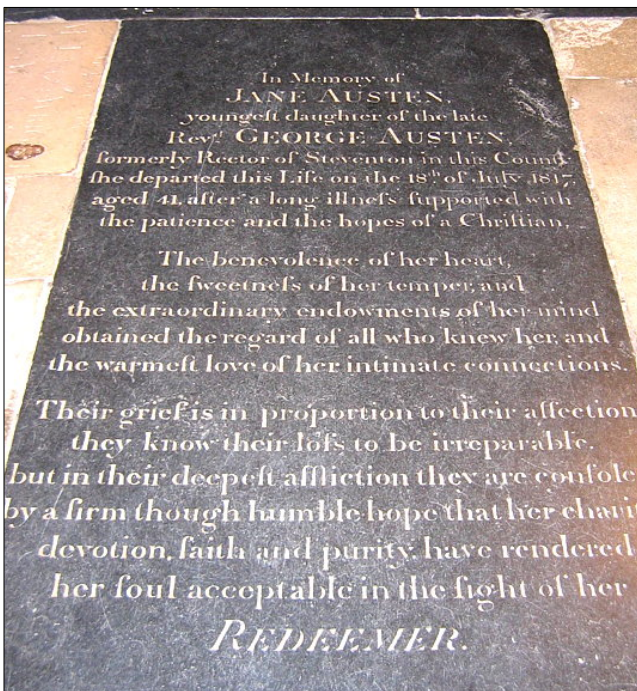


The house on Cottage Street where Jane Austen died. This is a private home with no accommodation for visitors.

The other famous author buried in Winchester Cathedral is Jane Austen (1775-1817). Austen spent most of her life in Hampshire, of which Winchester is what we would call the county seat. She had been quite ill and, with her sister Cassandra and brother Henry, was staying in Winchester to consult with a particular doctor thought to be an expert in what ailed her, a topic which today still remains unsettled. Anyway, the doctor was of no help, and Jane died in the arms of her sister.

visited the cathedral? He might very well have in order to stop by the grave of Izaak Walton, whose *Compleat Angler* he reviewed on the tercentenary of that famous book's publication. The review was broadcast on BBC and also reprinted in *Mainly about Fishing*.

Henry, who was an Anglican clergyman (and Jane's literary agent) used his influence to have her buried in the cathedral. Only four people attended the service, not including her sister Cassandra. In those days it was considered unseemly for females to attend funerals. People have long been perplexed by the fact that Henry included no mention of Jane's auctorial talents on the floor stone under which she is buried.



The floor stone under which Jane Austen is buried.

This omission was corrected fifty-three years later by a nephew who had a large brass plaque installed nearby. Finally, in 1900, a window dedicated to Austen was installed in that same area. Today her grave remains a profit center for the cathedral as pilgrims from around the world pay to gain entrance so they might visit it.



Alfred the Great holds his sword high near the site of our parked leased bus.

I'd arranged beforehand to stay at a B&B for a couple of nights after the conference ended so I might have a little extra time to dig deeper into Winchester's interesting past and visit its many museums; it was well worth it.

I mention all this just to show the extended pleasures of attending a TARS conference, literary or otherwise. In addition to being welcomed by fellow Swallows and Amazons enthusiasts, hearing great talks, and eating delicious food, you'll have the opportunity to acquaint yourself with a patch of Great Britain you might otherwise never have wandered into.

Cheers . .



Pieces of Eight — The Junior Pages

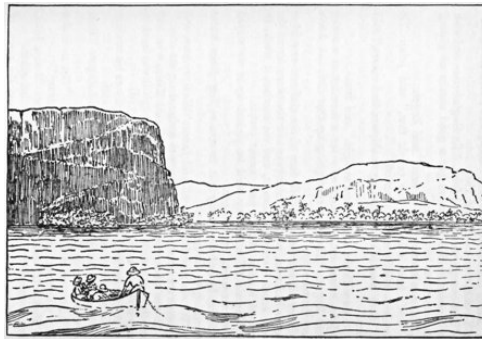


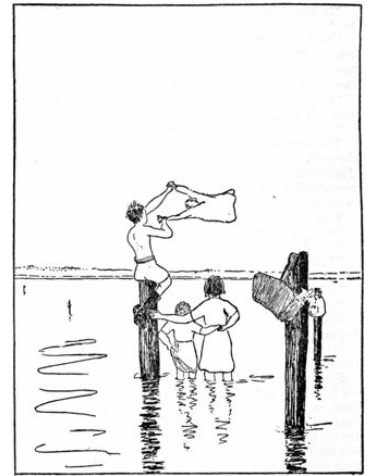
Signals from TARSUS/North Pole News still needs a first mate to help with **Pieces of Eight**, a junior TAR or retired pirate to gather material to interest our younger members. We need your contributions too: your stories, experiences or ideas.

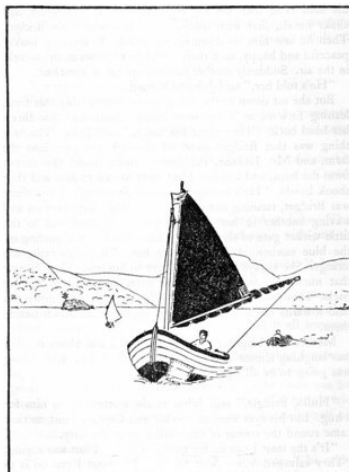
Which Book? What's Happening?

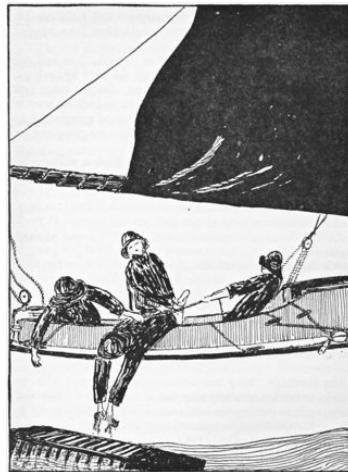
For this issue, a test of your knowledge of the books. On the next two pages you will find a picture from each of the 12 books. Can you identify them? Print out the pages, then write the title of the book on the first line, and what is happening, or the caption, on the second line. The answers are on the back page, upside down. No cheating!

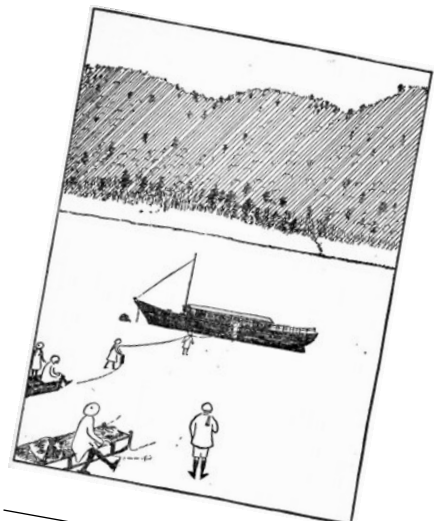




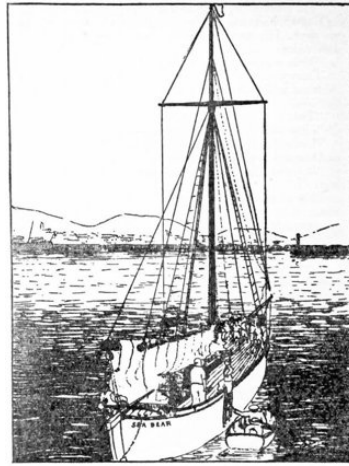




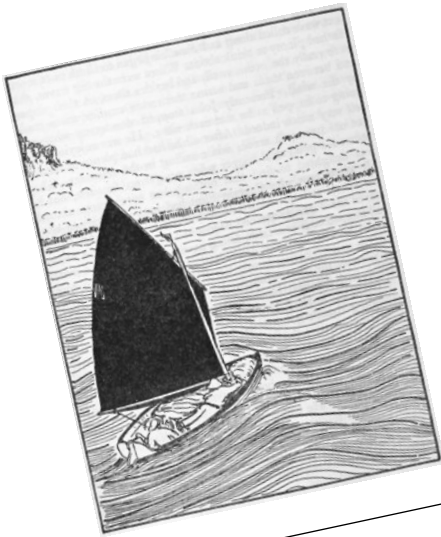












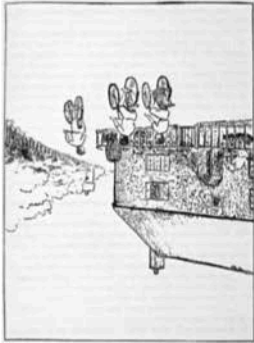






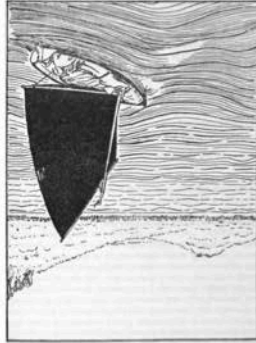
Detectives on their way

The Big Six



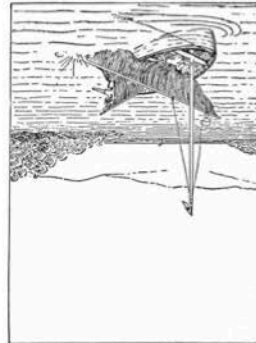
Swallow at sea

Peter Duck



How not to lower sail

The Picts and the Martyrs



Plater Bob talks of gold

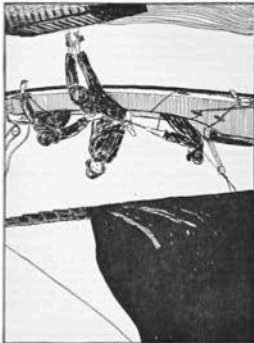
Pigeon Post



Answers to the
**Which Book?
What's
Happening?**
quiz (p. 11)

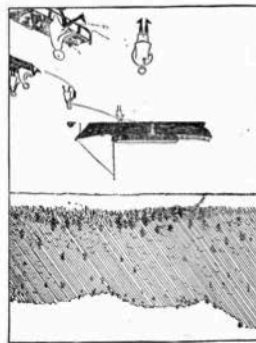
Rescue at sea

We Didn't Mean to Go to Sea



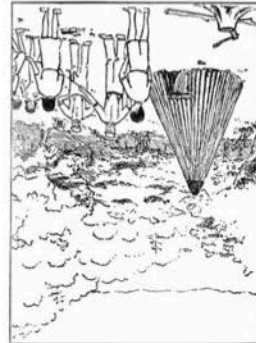
The houseboat is frozen in

Winter Holiday



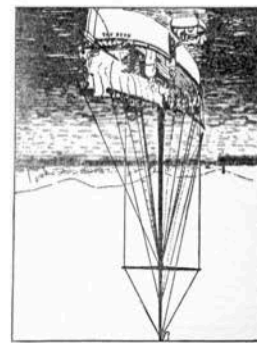
The serpent

Swallows and Amazons



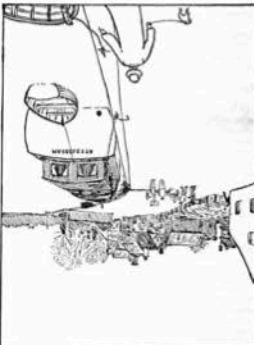
Mr Jemmyling comes aboard

Great Northern?



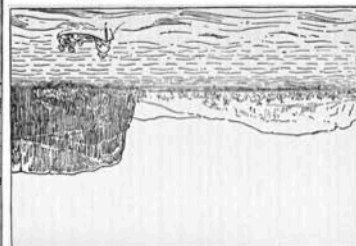
On Homing pigeons

Cool Clip



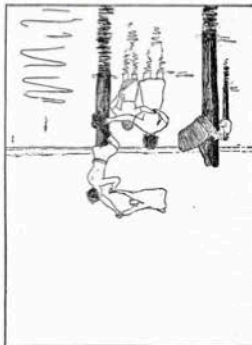
First sight of China

Missac Lee



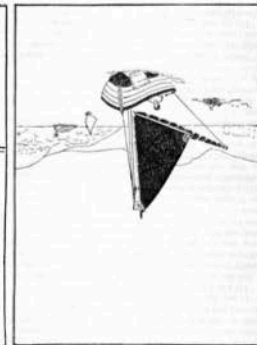
Signal of distress

Secret Water



Under July rig

Swallowdale



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