



SIGNALS FROM T·A·R·S·U·S

January 2008

Raising the Sail:

YOUNG SAILORS EXPERIENCE LEARNING & FUN

By Rob Marshall
Bradenton, Florida
with assistance from Robert Killian

Ready on the Peak? The chantyman calls out. "Ready on the peak!" respond the children lined up along the starboard rail. "Ready on the throat?" he asks the children on the port rail. "Ready on the throat!" they shout. "Haul away!" the chantyman commands. And the two teams of young crew members pull the lines together to hoist the mainsail. The excitement is high with squeals of laughter as the youngsters work together. The whole task will be repeated by the two remaining groups of children to raise the mizzen sail.

Is this an episode from *Peter Duck* or *Missee Lee*? No, this scene is being played out aboard the good ship *Daniel Webster*, a historic gaff-rigged wooden vessel which is the "Official Education Tall Ship of Sarasota County Florida."

The young crew is made up of 40 or so elementary students taking part in a three-hour Aquarian Quest on-board education program. More than 100,000 students have sailed and learned marine science, history and a bit of navigation participating in hands-on voyages like this one. Aquarian Quest has worked with school districts, private schools, homeschoolers, Girl Scouts and Boy Scouts, churches, and civic groups from Pensacola to Naples.

The onboard education program is in alignment with Sunshine State Standards for Science Education. Each of the four volunteer leaders teaches a 15 minute lesson to one of the four groups of students as they rotate through the program. Each station's lesson is designed to promote active participation since research has shown that students who are physically involved in a lesson retain much more of the learning than students who sit in passive classroom conditions.



Aquarian Quest participants hoist a sail aboard the *Daniel Webster*.

The students get to pull up a plankton net and explore the catch under a microscope, handle some critters from the aquarium, and conduct a field test for dissolved oxygen. Beyond biology, they are taught to read a chart and use navigation tools to determine the position of the ship at that moment.

After "work" of learning is done, they break for lunch and a few minutes of free time.

Then Robert Killian, education director of Aquarian Quest, calls for attention and describes the next part of the program. He describes it as "a moment of silence" and explains that "if you were members of crew on a tall ship in the days of sail, most of your time would have been spent in silence, except when you were getting or receiving orders. We want you to experience a little of what that would have been like, so in a minute we're going to ring the ships bell, and that is your signal to remain silent from the time you hear it until the silence is broken. No one will make a sound. So, relax, sit back, and listen to the voice of the ship. You can hear it in the wind in the sails, the creaking in the rigging, and the water moving over the hull."

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SfT's own "myth buster" takes on **THE CASE OF THE VANISHING HOT POT!**

By Tom Napier

In Chapter VI of *Winter Holiday*, Mrs. Blackett reminisces about a hot-pot that, in the days of her youth, had melted through the ice and disappeared into the frozen lake. This anecdote has an air of plausibility but I found myself wondering whether it could have happened.

The original hot-pot and its lid would have been earthenware and would have baked for hours in an oven. I initially wondered if it might have been made of cast iron and heated on the stove-top (as Susan's was) but I feel this is less likely. Experts on late 19th-century kitchens may correct me if they wish.

An earthenware pot would not be very deep, no more than about half its diameter, and wouldn't be filled to the top. This means that a practical-sized pot would have no more than five or six inches of meat, vegetables, potatoes and liquid in it.

If the lake were safe to play on, that would indicate that the ice would be three or so inches thick. The question, then, is whether there would have been enough heat in the hot liquid to melt such a thickness of ice.

For convenience (mine, if not the readers'), I'll use metric units from here on. The diameter of the pot and the diameter of the hole in the ice are the same so they cancel out in the calculation. The fact that a good 2.54 cm (inch) of the pot's diameter is hot ceramic rather than hot water is significant but can be ignored in a first approximation. I'm also going to suppose that the heat capacity of the contents is equal to that of water. In reality it would be less but I don't know where I'd find the specific heat of beef and carrots.

Let's suppose that, in being carried from the house to the ice, the hot-pot has cooled from 100 degrees (Celsius) to 70 degrees. If the air temperature is -10 degrees the surface ice will be about the same. The lower surface of the ice will be the same as the water below it, 0 degrees. Therefore we can estimate the ice to have a mean temperature of -5 degrees.

To melt through the ice, we have to supply sufficient heat to raise its temperature to 0 degrees and then more heat to melt it. To heat one gram of ice by 5 degrees requires about 3 gram-calories. Melting a gram takes 80



For Elizabeth Jolley's recipe for a delicious hot pot stew, see page 3.

calories so that's a total of 83 calories. (FYI, gram-calories are 1000 times smaller than the Calories with a capital "C" obsessed over by dieters!)

A square centimeter column of ice having a mass of one gram is 1.09 cm deep. A column of ice 8 cm (about 3 inches) thick contains 7.34 g and requires 609 calories to heat and melt it. The contents of the hot-pot are some 13 cm deep and hence supply 13 calories per degree change in temperature. In supplying 609 calories per square centimeter the hot-pot cools by 47 degrees, that is, starting at 70 degrees it would need to drop to 23 degrees to melt through the ice.

A metal pot might do so but I've neglected two factors—the poor conductivity of the earthenware pot and the lack of convection in its contents. The bottom of the stew might quickly cool to the freezing point while its upper layers remain quite warm, at least until the air cools them too. The hot-pot would end up stuck in the ice but inedibly cold. Thus I'd put this in the too-close-to-call category.

If Mrs. Blackett's tale was authentic, I'd suspect the ice had been a bit too thin for safety.

In science, experiment is the ultimate arbiter. I may try this out once my pool freezes over. But not with a real stew in the pot, if you don't mind.

Editor's note: if any readers do feel inclined to 'try this at home', please ask permission of the owner of the pot first. Then make sure to email me your results to be published in the Spring 2008 issue of *Signals from TARSUS!*
Thanks!, Debra dalderman@antiochseattle.edu



Hot Pot (AKA “Igloo Dinner”)

Contributed by
Elizabeth Jolley
Portland, Oregon

Ingredients:

- 1 tin pemmican or bully beef *
cut into small pieces
- 3 potatoes, peeled & sliced in rounds
- 3 large carrots, peeled & chopped
- 1 large onion, peeled & chopped
- Water

Instructions:

- Layer meat & vegetables in the pot.
- Add water to 1 1/2” deep.
- Layer potatoes over the top.
- Set over medium heat (to the side of the fire) & cook with a lid on until potatoes are soft; at least an hour.
- Sprinkle lightly with black pepper.
- Serve hot, preferably in a snowy place!

*I had a hard time finding the right meat; tinned corned beef is mushy in water. Instead I used dried beef—firmer & salty; comes in thin slices, tastes better!

FROM THE U.S. COORDINATOR

2008 Membership Renewals

Membership Renewals are due and payable as of 1 January. The renewal form is included with this *Signals from TARSUS*. Please fill out and return to me with your membership payment as soon as possible; we're a bit tardy since the renewal forms couldn't go out with the U.K. publications. Please note that you can find your membership number and type (which means your subscription amount) on the mailing label of any U.K. publication (but NOT on this packet, since we are now mailing the U.S. newsletter separately). Membership drops will probably happen around the end of April, so don't get caught by not renewing!

New U.S. Coordinator

I am delighted to announce that Robin Marshall, of Florida, will become the new U.S. Coordinator. He will be taking over from me in the Spring: the formal transition will occur when the Spring 2008 *Signals from TARSUS* is mailed. [This also avoids confusion about to whom to send membership renewals, which is a Good Thing.]

Rob is familiar to all of us as he's a contributor to *Signals from TARSUS*, and I know he will do a stellar job as U.S. Coordinator.

Dave Thewlis

AHOY SIGNALS READERS!

You may not be ready to write the great American novel, but you've got stories to tell!



I need your contributions of articles, photos, do-it-yourself ideas, travel tips, book reviews and announcements of Ransomish happenings in your part of the country!

Deadline for the Spring 2008 issue of SFT is March 15. Please contact me to let me know if you have something for the next issue!

Thanks and have a great winter,

Debra Alderman
SfT Editor

Mercer Island, Washington
dalderman@antiochseattle.edu

A 'SHORT' TRIP TO BERMUDA~

By Ike Stephenson and Jennifer Stephenson

We chose Bermuda with its British past and multicultural present for our honeymoon. For travelers Bermuda is a bit off the norm. For instance you can't camp nor drive a car, but you can rent a motor scooter.

Bermuda is often lumped in with the Caribbean. A glance at a map shows that Bermuda is a geographical loner. Perhaps it's this separation that leads to a more "first world" atmosphere and better service than the Caribbean.

The singularity of Bermuda's location and its best known fashion—Bermuda shorts—even played out in the run up to the Iraq war. According to an article in Bermuda's *Royal Gazette*, "A transcript of a conversation between US president George Bush and Spanish President Jose Maria Aznar refers to the items of men's clothing as a determining factor in the pre-Iraq War summit of March 16, 2003. According to a memorandum by Spanish Ambassador Javier Ruperez, printed in *El Pais* newspaper, the summit was moved from Bermuda to the Azores because the image of Bermuda shorts was deemed inappropriate for such a decisive moment in history."

The article goes on, "In reference to a pre war summit meeting of the USA, Britain and Spain, the Spanish Prime minister is quoted as saying, "Just the name of these islands suggests an item of clothing that is not exactly the most appropriate for the seriousness of the moment in which we find ourselves."

<http://www.royalgazette.com/siftology.royalgazette/Article/article.jsp?sectionId=60&articleid=7d7a22f30030004>

Of course the Bermudans beg to differ. The classic style of dress is considered absolutely appropriate and not at all casual. For info on the style, check out: www.bermuda-online.org/shorts

While our honeymoon was primarily about relaxation and celebrating our marriage, several unusual opportunities presented themselves.

Each year the Ocean Conservancy organizes a day of coastal clean up. We'd participated in this several times in Michigan but knew we'd miss it. Except we didn't. After the amazing experience of swimming with dolphins and peering into the water to see them swim we



Fitted dinghy racing—a "singular Bermuda tradition."

heard that Dolphin Quest was participating in the Clean Up. Boom— just like that we could keep our coastal clean up attendance up. We combed Mangrove Bay beach picking up glass bottles, fishing debris etc. Not surprisingly the top item found was cigarette butts.

The next weekend we hung out on the now cleaner beach and watched another singular Bermuda tradition—Fitted Dinghy racing. These 14 foot hulls carry huge amounts of canvas making for tough boat handling and instances of boats sinking while racing.

That Saturday we saw the Royal Bermuda Yacht Club's Contest III win the Coronation Cup. One of the boats that raced was from the Sandy's Bay Boat Club which is next to the Somerset Country Squire home to the 'Somerset Arguing and Drinking Club' or so it says over the bar. Dine at this happy place on the patio, meet friendly locals, enjoy the tree frogs and generally let loose here is my recommendation.

Bermuda has a fine high speed ferry system that goes to Hamilton, Dockyard, St. Georges and other locations. Unfortunately we were on board the Serenity when a mechanical failure saw her collide solidly while coming into her berth at the Dockyard. Several injuries ensued so I got to observe Bermuda's fire and EMS service up close. As a licensed EMT in the US, I was impressed that these first responders handled the situation skillfully and professionally. if you need emergency care in Bermuda it will be first class.

What you hear about Bermuda being expensive is true.

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TASTE OF ENGLAND, TAD CLOSER TO HOME

(Continued from page 4)

Resorts charge around \$600 per person per night. What is less known is that apartments with a view of the Atlantic to the west and the Great Sound to the east are available for \$150 per night. We stayed near Watford Bridge at the Watford Ferry Apartments. <http://bermudagetaway.com/> We had a sleeping loft, kitchen, living room and a great water . Plus we had convenient ferry access for the above price.

Perhaps the most egalitarian and relaxed place we found was Albuys Point, right in the center of the Hamilton waterfront. Cruise ships over there, ferries coming and going, the *Spirit of Bermuda* tall ship coming in, Royal Bermuda Yacht Club over there.

Inside the perimeter of all this action was a pocket park with a sign reading 'Positively No Parking' that is thoroughly ignored. Locals discuss issues, street vendors sell souvenirs, and people go about their business in a place where you would not normally think of it.

An interesting fact, considering the island's small size, is that Bermuda two lighthouses, St. David's on the east end



Gibbs Hill Lighthouse, Bermuda

and Gibbs Hill near the middle of the Island. St. David's is lesser known and visited while Gibbs Hill has tours, a gift shop and a restaurant/tea shop. Gibbs Hill is a massive cast iron structure that was fully assembled in London before being shipped to Bermuda. The entire time you are inside the light is a very non-light house experience. It's roomy and would be a good first visit for light house rookies.

As I write, the pull that Bermuda exerted hasn't yet worn off. The 21 square mile group of islands got to me with its weather, unique location, friendly folks, good food and a classy aura that you get in few other destinations.

Editor's note: Ike says he is an AR fan from birth, while Jennifer is just getting started. Hopefully this will be the first of many articles they submit for SFT! If you'd like to contact Ike, his email is: ike.stephenson@gmail.com



Even if you are injured in a freak Bermuda ferry boat crash, Ike is sure that your first-aid care will be top-notch!

S.F.T. SEEKS HIDDEN "TREASURE"

Calling all *Signals* readers! If you've been keeping your writing talent hidden, it's time to take it out, brush it off, and share it with SFT readers! I need your submissions of Ransome-themed articles, photos, personal stories, travel tips, puzzles, quizzes, etc. for coming issues of the newsletter. If you have a story idea, feel free to contact me for feedback on how to develop it for the edification of TARS members across the United States! Email me at dalderman@antiochseattle.edu

Deadline for April issue will be March 15, 2008.

—Debra Alderman, SFT editor



REVIVING SHANTY SINGING

By Debra Alderman
Mercer Island, WA

It's a shame that we in the modern world seem to have lost the tradition of using group singing to help make a task easier. On sailing ships, sea shanties were a great way to keep up the appropriate rhythm and unison effort needed to hoist sails, haul in the sheets, or weigh anchor.

Not only that, but shanties were a great way to keep up the morale of the crew under less-than-optimal conditions. The sailors would often incorporate the things they were longing for—their homelands and their sweethearts—into their songs, very much like the 'blues'. For some reason it made them feel better!

Many years ago I hung out with musicians I affectionately called "Celtoids", who taught me a lot of the classic sea shanties and ballads that were sung by sailors in the heyday of the sailing ships. Being from a port city with a history of seamanship and shipbuilding, there were always a lot of us who enjoyed gathering together, tipping back some grog, and singing songs that hearkened to another era and another lifestyle.

Despite my enthusiasm, though, at TARS gatherings we've held here in the Pacific Northwest and on various boats on which I've been a crew member, I haven't been too successful at infecting my crewmates with the shanty singing bug.

I'm hoping that out there among you readers of SfT there might be a few folks who would like to keep the tradition alive. Unfortunately not too many communities have shanty singing gatherings nowadays. The next best way to learn these songs, and their many variations, is to get records and lyrics and practice them. Then you'll have them in your repertoire when an opportunity to sing them comes along.

Even though these songs were created for work on and around boats, you can sing a shanty just as well drying the dishes, washing the car or sorting the recycling! Enjoy!

Here are a few resources and lyrics to one of my favorites to get you started!

This page has a list of many well-known shanties and the type of shipboard work they would accompany. Click on the links and you'll get the lyrics:

<http://www.arrr.net/shanties/>

What I've discovered is that there are lots of live per-

formances of many traditional shanties on YouTube!
www.youtube.com (just search for the title of the song or the word "shanty").

As an example, you can hear/see a great authentic version of *Haul Away Joe*, at <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Lbrisy-EgM8&feature=related> (the lyrics may be slightly different than those below, but you'll get the basic idea).

If you listen to other versions, you'll find many of them are much faster, but I believe the tempo of this performance is much closer to that used for hauling on ships.

Haul Away Joe

Ol' Louie was the king of France
Before the revolut-i-on
'way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe
But then he got his head chopped off
Which spoiled his constitut-i-on
'way, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

Chorus:

(To me) way, haul away
We'll heave and hang together
Away, haul away, we'll haul away Joe

When I was a little boy my mother always told me...

That if I did not kiss the girls my lips would all grow moldy

Once I was in Ireland, a-digging turf and taters...

But now I'm on a Limey ship, a-hauling on the braces

St. Patrick drove away the snakes, then drank up

all the whiskey...

This made him dance and sing a jig, he felt so fine and frisky

You call yourself a second mate but you can't tie a bowline...

You cannot even stand up straight when the ship it is a-rollin'

The cook is in the galley making duff so handy...

The captain's in his cabin drinking wine and brandy

TIDBITS FROM TARSUS

Signals needs you!

Thanks to the new and veteran *Signals* contributors for submitting their creative, thought-provoking and entertaining articles for this issue of *Signals from TARSUS*. **Spring 2008 deadline: March 15, 2008.** Contact me for submission format and length guidelines. Thanks! Debra Alderman, *Signals* editor:
dalderman@antiochseattle.edu

P.S., I've changed the format this issue to eliminate the need for an envelope (to save trees and money). If your copy arrives mangled by the post office, please let me know.

Welcome new members!

Alan Contraras Adult, Oregon
And sisters:
Claire Chandler, Junior, California
Kate Chandler, Junior, California

TARSUS contact information

Dave Thewlis is serving as the TARS U.S. coordinator through this renewal period and then Rob Marshall will be taking over for him in early 2008. For now, please mail your renewal form (enclosed) along with payment to:
Dave Thewlis
4390 Chaffin Lane
McKinleyville, CA 95519-8028

dave@arthur-ransome.org
707-840-9391 (work phone, messages)
415-946-3454 (fax)

Note: Revised Exchange Rate

The exchange rate between the U.S. and the U.K. has continued to worsen in 2007 and the commercial rate is now near or over the \$2.05 to £1.00 which we have used since last year. As the TARS Stall has not been operative since May, there hasn't been much financial traffic with the U.K., but that will change when the Stall reopens and when it is time for renewals. As our exchange rate has to take into account the commercial rate plus the cost of sending money to the U.K., it has to be set a little above the commercial rate. Therefore, effective immediately, we have a new exchange rate of \$2.10 = £1.00 which hopefully won't have to change again for a bit and will be okay for the 2008 renewals.

Amazon Publication 2008 *Before a Peak in Darien*



Arthur Ransome will forever be remembered predominantly for his *Swallows and Amazons* books which have brought a lifetime of pleasure to their readers, as well as encouraging so many to take up the varied activities he described -- especially sailing. It is only later that one discovers how much more he wrote prior to the introduction of 'Roger, aged seven, and no longer the youngest...' tacking up the field from *Darien* to collect the fateful telegram. AR's bibliography contains almost 30 books, translations, articles and contributions (other than his journalism) before the canon.

Whenever Amazon has asked its readers what they would like to be published, there has always been a request for some of his earlier works. Some of these are better remembered than others -- *Oscar Wilde*, *Old Peter's Russian tales*, *Racundra's First Cruise*, *Rod and Line* for example. Two have already appeared: *Blue Treacle* in 1993 and *Bohemia in London* (2002) described as his first real book.

In *Before a Peak in Darien* we plan to republish *The Hoofmarks of the Faun*, together with extracts from *Portraits and Speculations*, *The Elixir of Life*, *Edgar Allen Poe*, *The Book of Friendship*, *The ABC of Physical Culture*, *Pond and Stream*, *A History of Storytelling* and *The Souls of the Streets* (his first published book) together with an introduction by Paul Crispt. We hope that this will both please those who wished to read some of his earlier work as well as introduce others to the stepping stones that were to lead to *Swallows and Amazons*."

The cost to U.S. TARS of the 2008 book, including P&P from the U.K., is \$43 air post or \$38 sea post. If you wish to subscribe, please make your check out to TARS or The Arthur Ransome Society, mark it AP2008 on the memo line, and send it before March 2008 to Dave Thewlis.

PLEASE NOTE: Your check must be received by March 15, 2008 for you to subscribe in advance of publication. After that time, you will have to wait until the subscriptions are filled; any leftovers will be available from the TARS Stall at a slightly higher price somewhere around midsummer.

AQUARIAN QUEST PROGRAMS

(Continued from Page 1)

The bell rings, and for the majority of the students, they experience silence in a group for the first time in their lives. It's a magical thing!

The silence lasts five minutes, and then Robert appears from below with his guitar and begins to finger-pick a gentle song about being one with the boat and the sea. He teaches the chorus and some sing along. After that comes a more rowdy song about the importance of water to life, and many more children join in. The sing-along continues with shanties until a point when the sails come down and we arrive back in port.

As the students leave the ship, the smiles and excitement in their eyes show how much they enjoyed their learning voyage! I'd be willing to be that many will remember this field trip the rest of their lives.

Robert Killian met Pete Seeger in New York many years ago and became a member of the crew on Pete's ship the *Clearwater*. The *Clearwater* was conceived by Pete Seeger as a tool in cleaning up the Hudson River. The project was a forerunner of what has become an internationally successful concept of using ships as non-traditional classrooms. To learn more of this amazing story go to www.clearwater.org.

After leaving the *Clearwater*, Robert went on to start up several similar projects until moving to Florida where he was one of the main motivators of Aquarian Quest. He is also an accomplished musician.

I became involved about two years ago when AQ had just acquired its own ship, *Galatea*, which is a replica of Joshua Slocum's *Spray*. The lease on the Daniel Webster had expired, and the owners were not keen to renew owing to the feared threat of increased hurricane activity in Florida.

I enrolled as a member feeling that AQ was an organization that AR would have approved of and probably supported as a member. He certainly inspired my love of sailing, and caring for the environment, something that features in most of his stories.

It was my boyhood dream to sail on something like the *Wild Cat*, but I never had a chance in my youth. Here was a way to help make that dream possible for a new generation of children!



Galatea in the boat yard. At this point in the restoration process she has had several thousand fasteners replaced—as indicated by the “dots”.

I volunteered to help with the restoration of the *Galatea* which by that time had turned out to be a major project. The marine survey that was carried out before they had purchased the ship had turned out to be woefully inadequate and it turned out that there had been a lot of poorly done repairs by previous owners. This necessitated a lot of additional work to get her back into shape, and necessitated hiring a team of professional wooden boat builders. She's now almost ready to be put back together.

In this period I joined the board of the organization and soon found that raising money for such a worthy charitable enterprise is extremely difficult. Despite the fact that we are within sight of our goal, we still have huge financial hurdles to face.

The board is currently negotiating a lease on an entirely different boat—a catamaran which is certified to carry forty passengers. There was some resistance to this from some board members but with need to start our program as soon as possible, they finally agreed. On the plus side she has an extremely shallow draft. Such a boat is very much needed in the shallow waters around our part of the coast.

I hope many thousand more children will get to participate in our program. It is possible they will experience something that in the future may become the norm again, that is ships powered by sail, sun or a combination of both.

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TAKE YOUNGSTERS ABOARD

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With climate change becoming a new reality, exciting concepts in high-tech, pollution-free transportation are finally being developed. The *Maltese Falcon* is a square rigged vessel where all the sails can be raised, lowered, and controlled by one person via computers. In Australia there is a successful sail/solar vessel and the UK has launched a passenger vessel powered by just solar.

While Ransome's boyhood saw the tail end of the last great era of sail, we might be witnessing the dawn of a new era in which sail is once again considered a viable, sustainable means of transportation. The children who participate today in Aquarian Quest's educational voyages may one day see large numbers of sails on the horizon and in the ports of the world.

For more information or to make a contribution to the restoration of the vessels mentioned in this article and the educational program of Aquarian Quest, please visit our website:

www.aquarianquest.org



Aquarian Quest's *Galatea* close hauled.

'TRAVEL EFFECT': UPPER PENINSULA MUSINGS

By Ike Stephenson

Michigan's Upper Peninsula—the part that does not look like a thumb or a mitten—was the destination for a three-day rustic camping trip. The tree-filled U.P. is home to, among other things, pasties, a logged-over past, and the setting of some of Jim Harrison's stories. It's a great camping, hiking, wild places destination.

In the three days I hiked, slept in a tent, swam, waded, took pictures, cooked minimalist camp food and more. What was more important was what I call the 'travel effect'. Getting out of town on the road just puts my mind in a good, creative place.

Townes Van Zandt said "Living on the road, my friend, is gonna keep you free and clean." I felt both of those things—free to make my days and clean of a lot of things including TV. Here are the results of the travel effect which I think sharpened my perceptions.

The campground I stayed at (Kingston Lake) had men's and women's outhouses. The men's had no urinal so I am not sure why they would delineate facilities by sex?

I did have a little media exposure and while listening to a

NPR story about the Utah coal mine disaster. Listening to that story, it became clear to me that energy is at the root of most of our troubles. The miners worked in a mine using risky techniques due to high demand for electricity. Why are we in Iraq? I'd think it's because there is more oil in it's region than elsewhere.

I began to reflect on the difference between travel and tourism. In travel it's the journey, rather than the destination, that's the focus. Kerouac's classic road trip novel *On The Road* tells of such a journey. Then there's tourism, in which the landfall is more important than the voyage. Where do I fit?

While on a hike I realized I am better at seeing what man has done to nature than what nature does to nature. I observe a beer can in a stump, but when I see a turtle I don't know what kind it is. I can think avidly about what the logging industry did to the land, but not what the plants and trees do for each other. I'm certainly part of my industrial environment.

At some point I passed a property with a sign stating it was 'under TV surveillance'. Perhaps an admission that

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UPPER PENINSULA TRAVEL EFFECT

(Continued on page 9)

many security guards watch out more for what's on the tube than what's happening outside the bright glow?

Being late August, I am seeing occasional signs of fall. During my trip it was cool enough that I had to consider my clothing. Perhaps a long sleeve shirt? Pants instead of shorts? Having to think to dress is a sign of changing seasons. Once the season has changed the thinking about what you wear goes away again, but it's there a few times a year.

Guess I've watched too much *Man vs. Wild*. I'd hiked around Kingston Lake ending up across from my camp site. I saw a sand bar that led back to my camp. Normally an easy swim. However, I had my digital camera with me which gave me pause.

Soon I'd wrapped the camera in my socks and stowed it in the toe of one of my Gore Tex hiking boots and hung the boots around my neck. I held my backpack high and waded across the distance in skivvies only. Necessary? No, but fun anyway.



The U.P. is big and empty (as US regions go). The weather forecasts do not mention cities. Rather they use the cardinal directions—rain in the West, clouds to the East, Sunny South, High Winds north etc. Even if you are unfamiliar with the area, these directional forecasts might give you a hint at size.

From outhouses to the weather, I felt the 'travel effect' affecting my thoughts and reflections.

STIR YOUR STUMPS!

It's time to renew your
TARSUS membership!

Scalawags who refuse to send back their renewal form (enclosed in this issue) along with the appropriate number of 'pieces of eight' (actually a check in US funds would be better) will be summarily forced to walk the plank and will no longer receive this and other fabulous TARS publications! Don't risk a trip to Davy Jones' Locker! *Do it today!*

