



## Signals from TARSUS & North Pole News--January 2012

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**Until next issue**

By Elizabeth Jolley

## Ship's Papers--Important Information for the crew



### View from the Helm

By Robin Marshall, TARSUS Chair

A very happy new year to all TARSUS and our friends at TARS Canada! This time last year we started including Canada in the newsletter and I think it has broadened our news coverage.

There was some conversation on the TARs website that Canada was somewhat neglected, in fact not really mentioned on there, so I have set up a TARS North America site which will be linked to the "join" page on the TARS home site. To view go to:

<https://sites.google.com/site/swallowsandamazon/>

I would like to thank Elizabeth Jolley and Adam Quinan for editing and addition of material to this project. I would urge members to look and let me have your comments; we do need more pictures of your activities and adventures to show prospective members. Along the same lines, there is also a facebook page at:

<https://www.facebook.com/groups/tarsfriends/>

I know there are many things on the web devoted to AR but these are our own. I hope they will encourage prospective members to join.

In November, I received an email from a TARS member in Scotland stating she would be in the San Francisco area in December and February and would like to meet other TARS members. I sent out details to those members in the area, and at least two showed an interest in meeting her; to date I am not sure if anything has come from it. I am sure there are other TARS members who visit our shores and it would be fun to meet with them. If they contact me I will pass on details to any members near their place of visit.

In the UK, the Swallows and Amazons musical is going the rounds, and the new movie seems to be going forward, so they can hope for a renewed interest in the books. Perhaps these adaptations will eventually come to our shores.

I am sure you have read in the latest *Signals* of the condition of the Dogs' Home. I hope they will be able to save this treasure. There is a proposal to initiate some form of fund to pay for repairs. Once estimates are received then plans can be put forward to raise the amount needed, possibly from local groups, TARS itself or from other sources including members of the public. I will keep you informed as things develop.

It is January and that means renewal time. Thanks to all those who have already sent in their dues! If you have not so far, remember you can send a check to me or renew online at:

[http://freespace.virgin.net/ef.evans/TARS\\_Subscription\\_Renewals.html](http://freespace.virgin.net/ef.evans/TARS_Subscription_Renewals.html)

Remember to list yourself as an overseas member and have your membership number ready.

Please welcome the following new members:

Grace Ausberger of Madison, WI  
David Cory family of Reading, MA  
Suzanne Doyle family of Nevada City, CA  
Richard Mills, Sr. of Hollis, NH  
Alene Patterson of Kirkland, WA  
Jay Scott and Nikki McClure family of Olympia, WA

Welcome aboard to you all!

Robin



## Greetings from the North

By Harry Miller, TARSCanada Chair

It doesn't seem very North-like here as I'm looking at piles of unraked leaves which by rights should be safely out of sight under a foot of snow. The forecast high today is 7°C (45°F) so they won't be hidden for a while. However, it is a new year and I wish you all the very best in it.

I would also like to thank the many of you who sent me holiday greetings along with your subscription payments. The address list has been favourably received and several of you have made contact and no one has been spammed. I will issue periodic updates when necessary.

Sending my request for next year's subs earlier has resulted in a significant increase in receipts. However, I have still not heard from one third of you. Thanks to Simon Horn who emailed me letting me know he paid using PayPal. Here are the membership numbers of those from whom I have received payment as of Jan. 6, 2012:

465, 476, 550, 772, 1117, 1471, 2030, 2118, 2423, 2760, 2921, 3318, 3760, 3981, 4104,  
4126, 4250, 4503, 4589, 4745

If you think you have paid me and your number isn't here contact me at: [harryandmarymiller@rogers.com](mailto:harryandmarymiller@rogers.com) or call me at 416-694-6301.

Robin has created a site where we can contribute material to increase interest in Arthur Ransome:

<https://sites.google.com/site/swallowsandamazon/home>

Adam Quinan has generously offered to upload any relevant material you wish to send him. Please scan any photos and send them to him at: [adam.quinan@rogers.com](mailto:adam.quinan@rogers.com)

Speaking of scanning here is a photo of my children overlooking the Secret Harbour in 1988:



## Membership Information:

### **Member Benefits**

The descriptions below apply to **TARSUS** and **TARS Canada\*\*** only. Members in other countries receive the publications listed, with the exception of Signals from TARSUS, and pay their local equivalent of the UK prices. Subscription prices quoted below were correct at January 2011, and will apply for this year.

#### **FAMILY Member:** \$44.00

Family Members receive the following publications:

Mixed Moss, the yearly Literary Magazine

Signals, the news from UK Regions and headquarters, and some overseas groups, three times per year

Outlaw, the newsletter for Junior members

Signals from TARSUS, the quarterly newsletter of TARSUS & TARS Canada.

With a Family Membership, it is necessary to register the names of all members of the family.

#### **ADULT Member:** \$35.00

Adult Members receive Mixed Moss, Signals and Signals from TARSUS.

#### **SENIOR Member:** \$26.50

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

#### **STUDENT Member:** \$17.50

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

#### **JUNIOR Member:** \$9.00

Junior members, under 17 years of age, receive Signals and Signals from TARSUS, plus Outlaw.

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**To apply for TARSUS membership, please complete the Application Form (next page).**

**Send it with your remittance to:**

**Robin Marshall 210 18th St NW Bradenton FL 34205-6845**

[robin@arthur-ransome.org](mailto:robin@arthur-ransome.org)

or join online at: <http://arthur-ransome.org/join/index>

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**To apply for TARS Canada membership, contact:**

**Harry Miller 284 Kingswood Road, Toronto, ONT M4E 3N7**

[harryandmarymiller@rogers.com](mailto:harryandmarymiller@rogers.com)

or join online at: <http://arthur-ransome.org/join/index>

**THE ARTHUR RANSOME SOCIETY in the USA**

***-APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP-***

Surname (Mr. / Mrs. / Miss / Ms / Dr): \_\_\_\_\_

First Name(s): \_\_\_\_\_

Birth date (**Mandatory if applying for Junior Membership**): \_\_\_\_\_

Names and birth dates of junior Family Members (if you wish to receive birthday cards!):  
\_\_\_\_\_

Postal Address: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

Postcode: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone: \_\_\_\_\_

E- Mail address: \_\_\_\_\_

Subscription amounts are current as of January 2011 for US residents and based on an average exchange rate with UK.

Please clearly mark below the type of membership desired:

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> JUNIOR (up to 16 <sup>th</sup> birthday), \$9.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> SENIOR (Over 65 Years of age), \$26.50 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STUDENT (In full-time education), \$17.50        | <input type="checkbox"/> ADULT, \$35.00                         |
| <input type="checkbox"/> FAMILY, \$44.00                                  |   |

Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_ / \_\_\_ / \_\_\_

Do you wish to be included on a membership list that is sent to other members? Circle: **YES** **NO**

Optional details: your age, occupation and a brief profile that we can publish in our newsletter: \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

If you have any qualifications, experience, skills or interests you might like to contribute to TARS, please mention them here:

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_

For renewals please add your membership number: \_\_\_\_\_  Cheque/Money Order enclosed

**When complete, send this form with your remittance to:**

**Robin Marshall 210 18th St NW Bradenton FL 34205-6845 [robin@arthur-ransome.org](mailto:robin@arthur-ransome.org)**

**-or- You may join online and pay with Pay Pal at <http://arthur-ransome.org/join/index>**



## **TARSUS, TARS Canada & TARS Leadership Information**

TARSUS Coordinator: **Robin Marshall** [robin@arthur-ransome.org](mailto:robin@arthur-ransome.org)  
210 18th Street Bradenton, FL 34205

*US Members, please contact Robin Marshall with your questions, concerns or ideas--he will forward your e-mail or letter to the appropriate board member.*

TARS Canada Coordinator: **Harry Miller** [harryandmarymiller@rogers.com](mailto:harryandmarymiller@rogers.com)  
234 Kingswood Rd. Toronto, ON M4E 3N7

*Canada Members, please contact Harry Miller with your questions, concerns or ideas--he will forward your e-mail or letter to the appropriate board member.*

Signals from TARSUS Editor: **Elizabeth Jolley** [erjolley8@gmail.com](mailto:erjolley8@gmail.com)  
675 NW 114th Ave. Portland, OR 97229

*All Members--Please send your articles & ideas for articles for Signals from TARSUS to Elizabeth any time--she will publish articles when there is space.*

### **TARS--The Arthur Ransome Society:**

President: Gabriel Woolf  
Chairperson: Elizabeth Haworth  
Vice Chairperson: Bill Johnson  
Company Secretary: Mike Glover  
Treasurer: Ted Evans  
Trustee: Nick Hancox  
Membership Secretary: David Middleton  
Asst. Membership Secretary: Philip Ragan  
TARS Library: Winifred Wilson  
Amazon Publications: Alan Hakim  
TARS Stall: Linden Burke  
Signals Editor: David Middleton  
Mixed Moss Editor: Robert Thompson  
Outlaw Editor: Peter Aitchison

### **Other Overseas Coordinators:**

Australia: David Bamford  
New Zealand: Dr. Peter Summers  
Japan: Mikako Tarashima

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

### **THE TARS Stall--An online store for TARS members**

The Stall website is <http://arthur-ransome.org/tars-stall>. A nice feature it now has is a pull-down menu in the top left hand corner, which allows one to select prices in dollars, and will give you a total of the final cart, including shipping, in dollars.

Please note they no longer ship by surface mail via sea. All purchases go by air. For those of you who do not have the internet, Robin can carry out the transaction for you.

### **Swallows and Amazons Movie (the 70's):**

Sophie Neville, who played Titty in the movie and was involved with the purchase of movie Swallow, now has a blog at <http://sophieneville.net/>. It gives details of the making of the movie and lots of other things regarding her life and interest in Ransome. It is well worth a visit.

## **Native Post--items of interest to our members**

### **The Last Englishman, by Roland Chambers**

By Elizabeth Jolley

Godine Publishers have let us know that they are now publishing Roland Chamber's book about Ransome's time during the Russian Revolution. There is a full review of the book in the September 2011 issue of Signals from TARSUS. I found the book to be well-written and interesting. It spans the years before the revolution, giving a build-up to Ransome's involvement.

Now the really cool news: Roland Chambers (an Englishman himself) is living in Connecticut through the end of May 2012! Sue Berger Ramin of Godine Publishers has offered to set up a talk with him for interested TARSUS members. WE NEED A PLACE TO HOLD THIS EVENT! If you live in Connecticut, or nearby, and would be willing to host an evening with Mr. Chambers and TARSUS folk, please contact Robin Marshall: [robin@arthur-ransome.org](mailto:robin@arthur-ransome.org) as soon as possible. If you have a church or any sort of event hall near you, ask them if we may make use of their facilities. We hope to have a place, a date and a time to announce by e-mail and posted invitations soon!

### **Swallow, star of the 1974 film 'Swallows and Amazons'**

By Magnus Smith and Rob Boden

Swallow came back to the Lake District in September – many thanks to Robert Thompson for trailing her back up. She was due at the Old Gaffers Association weekend at Ullswater in mid-September but unfortunately, heavy rain flooded the site and the event itself had to be cancelled. However, Swallow stayed there for a few weeks, and we took out several really enthusiastic groups of all ages. Some were keen S&A fans, others had seen it as an interesting thing to do while up here. But everyone enjoyed the experience. Thanks are due to the Sailing Centre for looking after her there.

On her last day there, Dave Thewlis from California (who manages [www.allthingsransome.net](http://www.allthingsransome.net)) and another fan was staying with me (Rob) in Kendal, and we drove over for a sail in Swallow on Ullswater - but didn't launch! We grabbed the opportunity at lunchtime to trailer her over to Brown Howe at the south end of Coniston as soon as we could. We launched her there on the gently sloping shingle bank, and we sailed her into Secret Harbour for her first visit since filming ended in 1973. Well, it was a bit more of a drift as the wind was very light, but she did get there under sail!

We were accompanied on Coniston by Eileen Jones, who had originally just come to Ullswater to write a piece for the Cumbrian magazine. When she realised that there was a bigger news story about to happen, she too came over to Coniston. As a result she got a piece in the local Westmorland Gazette about Swallow's return, accompanied by a picture of Swallow, Dave and Rob in Secret Harbour.

We went out again the following Monday with a family from Alaska who happened to be visiting friends in Kendal. The son, Puck, is a huge S&A fan with an encyclopedic knowledge of the books. Again, we had a great time on the island. It is very rewarding for us to meet people with this common interest, and especially to welcome visitors from around the globe.

And talking of which, for her last trip of 2011 Swallow went out on the Tuesday with an Australian family from Perth. For the father, Chris, this was something he'd dreamt of doing and he was very pleased to have done it. The wind was stronger that day, so we roller reefed her round the boom and sailed neatly into the harbour. This last trip meant three days out of four visiting Wild Cat Island – perhaps I should have just camped there...

As the new year began, we finally had news from the owners of the film Amazon! The family live in Kent and still sail her now. Not as much as they used to, as they now own a Thames Barge too (as in Coot Club -chapter XXI). They have kept Amazon's original name on the transom and have the linen sail from the 50s. Amazon was made in the Lakes according to the makers plate, apparently some time in the 30s. When Swallow next goes south, we will try to reunite the two dinghies!

We now need to put together a programme for 2012. If anyone in the north wants to sail her, or knows of a event, do get in touch. After the hectic tour in 2011 we plan to do less towing this year, and focus on sailing in the Lakes. There is a chance that the new S&A film will feature our Swallow, but nothing about the film is set in stone yet. Staying at 'home' means we can also target fans who make a pilgrimage to Cumbria on holiday, and enhance their sailing pleasure.

If you'd like to look back into the 1973 film, Sophie Neville (Titty) is documenting her time on the set. There are some great behind-the-scenes photos and videos, as well as interesting stories. See [www.sophienville.net](http://www.sophienville.net)

Thank you for your support in 2011,  
Rob Boden & Magnus Smith

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Rob - 01539 731136  
[www.sailransome.org](http://www.sailransome.org)

[www.facebook.com/TheSwallowFromTheFilm](http://www.facebook.com/TheSwallowFromTheFilm)

## Dipping our Hands—personal relationships with the books & Ransome

Here are some photos from The Lakes District and from the Norfolk Broads, showing spots that AR used as inspiration for the places in the books. In other words, these are the "real" places! **Thanks, David Elms :-)**



*Holly Howe Farm & boathouses*



*The Gondola--Lake Coniston Steamboat*



*Peel (Wildcat) Island from Swallowdale*



*The Secret Harbor*





*"Beckfoot" boathouse*



*"Rio" Bay*



*The Dogs' Home (David & his granddaughter)*



*Secret Water (David in front of the "Red Sea")*

## **Kanchenjunga's Cairn--Places We've Been & Our Adventures**

### **The Kootenay River Expedition - August 2011**

By Ian Sacré

While planning our Columbia River Canoe expedition in 2008 and later scouting the river and terrain, it became apparent that the Kootenay River, which flows nearby also had great potential for supporting another expedition at a later date and it was thus added to the 'bucket list'.

First though, a little geography: The Kootenay River rises on the south side of Castle Mountain in the Beaverfoot Range located in the Kootenay National Park of the Canadian Rockies. The river runs 781 kilometres or 485 miles from its origin in the Canadian Rockies, exiting British Columbia's East Kootenay region via north-western Montana and the northern most Idaho panhandle to return to Canada in the West Kootenay region where it ends at Castlegar, BC joining the Columbia River. The Kootenay's first few kilometres (miles) are quiet, threading slowly through a series of marshes and small lakes. The river becomes significantly larger and boisterous as it continues south-east, down to Canal Flats.

Initially, our party of twelve, comprising Ian and Jill, Frank and Mika, Grace and Adrian and later Martin and Bob, all paddling canoes, plus David, Marg, Geraldine and Robin in single seat ocean kayaks, making up a fleet of eight craft, had planned to begin the expedition at the confluence of the White and Kootenay Rivers and to canoe down approximately 150 kilometres of river to a takeout at Wardner. However, after making local enquires we deemed it prudent to not attempt the turbulent White River to Canal Flats section with heavily laden canoes and kayaks and with the inherent high risk of capsize, but rather, to start our journey on the Kootenay at Canal Flats.

Nine members of the party met at a new campground adjacent to the river in Canal Flats on the 25<sup>th</sup> of August. A warm up-paddle of some three or four hours was organized for the next day, at the very south end of

Columbia Lake with just day paddle provisions and gear. We paddled along the shore and into a small stream which finally led us to the historic 'carrying place' used by early explorers, fur traders and native people from where they used to portage their canoes over the flats to the nearby Kootenay river, some 2 kilometres away. The Kootenay River is roughly 12 feet higher than Columbia Lake.

The hamlet, Canal Flats, gets its name from an enterprise in 1893 when a Mr. William Baillie-Grohman built a lock and canal linking the Kootenay River with Columbia Lake. Only two paddle steamers are said to have traversed the flats through the canal between the two river systems. The second vessel became stuck and the lock was destroyed. Later the British Columbia government decided that there was a high risk of the Columbia River valley being flooded from the Kootenay, and further lock building was cancelled. The flats reverted to being a portage.

After a hearty lunch of pemmican and ship's biscuits we boarded our craft again and paddled back down the crystal clear stream, through a marshy landscape teeming with bird life. We also explored a newly built beaver dam, but the enterprising beavers must have been snoozing in the shade of their lodge for we did not see them.

On returning to camp we were greeted by the 10<sup>th</sup> member of our party, Robin, replete with his kayak, just arrived after the long drive from Vancouver. He brought worrying news that Martin, the 11<sup>th</sup> member of our party had been in an accident while white water canoeing on the Chilliwack River near Vancouver. Robin reported that Martin's solo canoe had pitched in the rapids and he had landed on his nose, breaking it. The canoe was apparently undamaged! The upshot of this news was that we would not learn until later if the doctors would let Martin join us with the 12<sup>th</sup> and final expedition member, Bob. However, later that evening, we received word that Martin and Bob were well on their way to us driving and would join us sometime the next day.

The plan called for all the drivers to take their vehicles by road downriver to the canoe takeout at Wardner, 100 kilometres away, where Jill had made arrangements to leave our transport in safekeeping and to be met there by our shuttle driver who would take all the drivers back to the boats. Thus at 0900 hrs the following morning we broke camp and transported all our gear, canoes and kayaks to the launch site on the Kootenay leaving mounds of gear for the crews to stow in the boats and prepare for departure upon our return from Wardner. Arriving back at the readied canoes and kayaks by 1230hrs we found that Martin and Bob had still not arrived, so we agreed to leave Robin at the launch site with his kayak to wait for them while the rest of us, in three canoes and three kayaks, launched and proceeded downriver for one and a half hours to find a suitable site to set up camp. The day was warm and there was not a cloud in the sky.

Within minutes of departure we found ourselves jumping out of the boats to line the craft down through gravel shallows. Little did we know that this would become a common occurrence as the adventure progressed! We found a great deal of river braiding had taken place, and the water was moving at a fast rate. We encountered numerous sharp turns, much wood debris in the form of whole trees lying in the river, and many other dangerous snags, etc.

As leaders of the expedition, my canoe partner Jill and I were in the van, choosing the preferred route, though decisions often had to be made quickly and before the picture was fully clear. An hour after starting out, the group seemed to be moving well and we were giving thought to finding a campsite, when from astern we heard a cry of alarm. On looking back we saw one canoe and one kayak had capsized after apparently sideswiping a downed tree or sweeper on a turn of the river. The kayak and the canoe, both floating bottom up, were flying down towards us in the swift current.

One occupant of the canoe, Grace, was in the water following the canoe ahead of her. With the current too strong to paddle against, we went after the kayak as it came past the position we were just able to hold in the fast water, and managed to quickly grab its bow toggle, and ferry back across the river to beach it on the nearest gravel bar. Immediately afterwards we were able to toss a throw bag to Grace, drifting down river in her life jacket. She caught it first time and I was able to pull her in to shore. Looking upstream we saw that David, the kayaker, and Adrian, Grace's paddle partner, had managed to scramble up the steep bank and were safe four hundred yards upriver and waving to us. We also saw that the capsized canoe had by now run ashore on the other side of the river on a submerged gravel bar. The remaining canoe with Frank and Mika and two kayaks

with Geraldine and Marg meanwhile had come down, eddy turned and beached on the gravel bar beside us and the salvaged kayak. Fortunately, we had by chance landed on a gravel bar which was also a suitable campsite (later dubbed Salvage Camp). So we dragged the capsized kayak well out of the water, and proceeded to unload the two remaining canoes with a view to rescuing the stranded survivors upriver but on the other side.

Of the two canoes, Frank's and Mika's was of very lightweight construction, much lighter than my Clipper Prospector, so we portaged Frank's canoe overland up the gravel bar to a point above the survivors. With their canoe empty except for safety equipment, Frank and Mika volunteered to ferry across the river and rescue Adrian and David one at a time. With this accomplished everyone was safe at the campsite.

Jill and I, in our canoe, and Geraldine, in her kayak, ferried back across and downriver to see about salvaging the upturned canoe, still lodged in shallows on the gravel bar. Beaching our craft, we waded in knee-deep swift running water thirty yards up the bar to the canoe. It took the three of us to turn it right side up because of the current, and there floating inside we found several items of gear. We carefully walked the swamped canoe back down the bar until we could beach it and remove the remaining equipment, and then bailed it out with an empty bucket we found. We were also able to salvage several more items of gear, which had washed out of the canoe and had been caught by the branches of a downed tree lying beside the gravel bar. Geraldine, teetering amidst the branches, was able to retrieve the gear. Jill found the crew's camp stove, which we also salvaged, in two feet of water. Further downstream on the same gravel bar we found a canvas bag containing wine and spirits all intact. Things were looking up!

The salvaged canoe, a cedar strip model, had split its breast hook, and the stem piece had partially detached. So we loaded all the salvaged gear and equipment in our canoe and rigged the salvaged canoe for towing, stern first, to ferry back across the river to camp. Just then, we looked up, and upriver and approaching fast were Robin in his kayak and Martin and Bob in their canoe. They landed across the river by the camp, quickly unloaded their canoe and ferried across to provide assistance. Bob and Martin took the damaged but now empty canoe in tow, and ferried back across the river while Jill and I transported the salvaged gear, provisions and equipment, nobly escorted by Geraldine.

With the whole party intact and safe, we held a council of war and handed out chocolate and dry clothes to the survivors while taking stock. It seemed that David had lost a shoe as the result of his foot getting caught in a snag when his kayak capsized, but more importantly, he had lost his prescription glasses. Adrian had lost his tent poles from the canoe, Grace's sleeping bag had been soaked, and a number of other items lost.

We all set to work putting up tents and cutting tent poles for Adrian. While David tried on a number of the members' spare eyeglasses, none seemed to work for him. We did not dare call David 'Mr. Magoo', but the thought was there! Spare gear was lent to Grace and Adrian so that they would be comfortable for the night. The next settlement, Skookumchuck, was nearly thirty kilometres downstream.

An examination of the damaged canoe determined that we could make it seaworthy with the generous use of the ever-reliable duct tape. So the breast hook and stem piece were taped together with several yards of tape, stuck to the side below the gunwale, then taken transversely, over the breast hook and down the hull on the other side. The whole bow was covered in duct tape!

We set off early the following morning on a bright and warm cloudless day, Martin paddling with Grace in her salvaged canoe and Bob paddling with Adrian in Bob's canoe. We experienced more braiding, fast water and debris but managed to arrive in Skookumchuck, where we had intended to camp, at about 1430 hrs. After some debate, Grace and Adrian decided to abort and leave the expedition on the grounds that they had lost gear, had a damaged canoe and really did not feel like continuing. We tried to dissuade them, because the temporary repairs to their canoe had stood up very well all that day, but their minds were made up and they set about looking for a way to get to their car at Wardner, seventy odd kilometres downstream. David was game to carry on. He had a spare pair of shoes, but no glasses. However he declared he could follow the next boat in front of him if it stayed within a hundred yards! So, there being no suitable campsite in the village, we waved sadly to Grace and Adrian and embarked again, and paddled downstream for another half mile and found a lovely place to camp on a nicely treed gravel bar with a crystal clear stream running through it to join the Kootenay.



The next morning, being the third day, again dawned warm and cloudless as we set off wondering what new adventures awaited us. The river continued to braid and meander through a semi-arid landscape with stands of pine trees and aspens. During the morning our way was blocked by fallen debris and snags, and we spent some time cutting through and removing a section of a tree trunk with axe and buck-saw so that we could line through the gap.

Later that afternoon, Marg, one of our kayakers, had difficulty manoeuvring in a particularly tricky part, and ended up moving rapidly stern first down a fast-water section, becoming entangled in another downed tree lying in the water parallel to the bank on a sharp turn of the river. The current was so strong that it pinned her craft to the trunk amongst the branches.

Martin and Bob, acting as the sweep or rear canoe, so positioned in case of just such an accident, quickly ferried across into a back eddy just above her pinned kayak, beached their canoe and walked down the tree which, was half submerged, to render assistance.

After a lot of effort they extracted a very cool-headed Marg from the cockpit of her kayak, onto the tree and thence safely ashore, then they were able to work the now unburdened craft out of the branches of the tree. Meanwhile the rest of us waited and watched on a gravel bar across from them until we saw all was well.

That afternoon the speed of the current slowed somewhat as we paddled downstream towards Fort Steele. Seven or eight kilometres above the fort we met two fishermen whom we hailed to enquire if there was a suitable site for camping nearby. We were told of a spot further downstream, which we found to be an island shaped like a banana, with lots of low Sandbar Willows growing in the fine silty soil. It would do, though most of us found the fine dry silt seemed to get into everything. Soon the tents were pitched, supper was cooked and the campfire was burning brightly on a brilliantly clear late summer evening. The map showed we were camped at Bummers Flats.

Available information spoke of possible grade three rapids near Fort Steele, and indeed we did find some boisterous water and rocks with small wave trains, but not grade three rapids. At another time of the year water levels would have been higher and might well have caused some serious problems in and around the rocks. We did do some lining but for the most part paddled through.

Three miles below the historic townsite of Fort Steele the river had broadened again and looped in meandering slow curves through ranch land. Close by the railway line, we saw a number of long freight trains often pulled by five huge locomotives. When in sight, we often received a friendly toot on their air horns and a wave from the engine driver as they passed by. That night we camped very close to the railway and the ground shook under our tents as freight trains thundered by in the dark of the night. Several members claimed they never heard the trains at all that night!

Off we went again in the morning on what could have been the last day of our expedition. Under a warm and clear blue sky again, we paddled through more ranch country, and herds of cows stared at us as we passed by their drinking places on the river. Not wanting to arrive at the take-out late in the evening, we decided to camp where the Bull River joined the Kootenay, about an hour's paddle upstream from Wardner. Some members bathed in the clear waters of the little river. Everyone dug out their carefully saved goodies, and Martin, Bob and Robin invited the rest of us to share the last of their anchovies on ship's biscuits beside the roaring campfire. Such wilderness hospitality was utterly delightful!

The following morning we loaded our canoes and kayaks for the last time and set off for Wardner, where we arrived at about 1030 hrs. We found our vehicles safe and sound. An hour later all the craft had been placed on their respective roof racks, gear and equipment stuffed into car trunks, goodbyes and hugs given all round and we went our separate ways until the next time!

#### Technical information; August 26<sup>th</sup> to September 1<sup>st</sup>, 2011

Average water levels during period	1.70 metres, at Fort Steele
Average water temperature	15.0 degrees C
Average discharge rate	145.0 cubic metres per second

The section of river we paddled is classed as Grade 1 for the most part. But much of the section we



paddled is not a float, and paddlers should be prepared for serious braiding, and lots of potentially dangerous timber blow downs, snags and other wood debris. Fast currents and gravel bars abound. Sharp turns sometimes blocked or partially blocked by fallen trees make scouting essential at times. Paddlers should also be prepared to line their canoes in some areas. Good fast-moving water skills are most important. In our view, novices should not paddle some sections of this river unless they are in the company of experienced canoeists possessing appropriate river-reading and paddling skills.

## **Ahoy, TARSUS!**

By Maida Follini, Dartmouth, Nova Scotia

This summer I had my first experience kayaking. The photo below (left) shows me with son Charles, who is an experienced kayaker, leaving the cove on an island in Penobscot Bay Maine, starting to circumnavigate the island. Awesome! We could go up quietly to the seal rocks without scaring the sun-bathing seals. Have you ever seen a seal sun-bathing? They rest on their middles, turning up their heads and tail flippers, making the shape of a "U".



Camping on the island for a week, the children had a chance to enjoy swimming, kayaking, using bows and arrows, and being pirates. Above (right) is my grandson Sam Cliff-Follini in pirate garb, with his cousin Devan Young. Below (left) is Sam practicing archery with cousin Teddy Hoisington assisting, and cousins Devan Young, Sue Young and Acacia Hoisington watching.



Returning from a week in Maine, grandson Sam Cliff-Follini held the tiller during a light wind in Bedford Basin, Nova Scotia (above right). Now the kayaks are returned to the kayak rental, the sailboat is hauled, washed down with a pressure hose, and carefully covered with a boat cover, and we're all landmen till next summer.

## The 2011 Literary Weekend

By Donald Tunnicliff Rice

On September 9, I took the 11:30 train from London's Paddington Station to Temple Meads Station in Bristol. One of my favorite activities in England is walking to my train in one of the huge stations in London. It makes me feel like someone in a movie. The trip took an hour and forty-five minutes as it traveled nearly due west to Bristol, the site of the 11<sup>th</sup> TARS Literary Weekend. Once in Bristol, it was easy enough to find the #1 bus, which delivered me to the vicinity of Wills Hall, part of the University of Bristol, where the conference was to be held.



Entrance to Wills Hall, site of the Literary Weekend.



Across the quad--to right side are the "Oxbridge" rooms.

We'd been given the choice of staying in the older residence halls on the quad ("they have an Oxbridge character about them") or the more expensive (£10 a night extra) en-suite rooms built in the 1990s. I thought I'd chosen the older rooms, but apparently not because I was booked into the newer. It occurred to me later that due to the unfavorable exchange rate, the two showers I took in the privacy of my own bathroom had cost me nearly \$20 apiece. But enough of that.

The conference started on Friday at 6:30 p.m. with grog in the on-site bar followed by a nice dinner in the oak-paneled dining hall. And here I should note that I've never been disappointed with any food served at a TARS conference. (Okay, there were the Spaghetti-O's dished up for breakfast at the 2007 IAGM!) At various times throughout the weekend the TARS Stall and Library were open for purchases and browsing. These periods afforded attendees the opportunity to renew acquaintanceships and chat about all things Ransome.

After an entertaining welcome in the conference center by TARS president Gabriel Woolf, we were regaled by Adam Hart-Davis, son of Rupert Hart-Davis, Ransome's good friend and editor at Jonathan Cape. If you stop almost anybody on the street in the UK and ask them who Adam Hart-Davis is they'll tell you he's that chap on BBC who hosts all those history shows. Judging from his talk, "What Ransome Did for Us," he's never forgotten a thing he's ever read or heard.

The next morning we heard from Kirsty Nichol Findlay, editor of *Arthur Ransome's Long Lost Study of Robert Louis Stevenson*. Originally commissioned in 1910, Ransome's unfinished manuscript disappeared in 1914 and was believed lost forever until its chance discovery in a solicitor's vault in 1990, having apparently been deposited there in 1947. Kirsty related some of the travails in getting it edited and published -- just in time, I might add, for copies to be available at the Literary Weekend. Its publication is a significant event for TARS members and Stevensonians.

"Perhaps," as one review put it, "if Ransome's sympathetic but balanced study had indeed been published in 1914 it would not have taken so long to reinstate RLS to his deserved position as one of the 19th-century's most challenging writers. In bringing Ransome's study to light Kirsty Nichol Findlay has done us a real service."



Kirsty was followed by Peter Hunt, Professor Emeritus of Children’s Literature at Cardiff College. His talk was entitled, “Ransome’s Rivals – British Children’s Books 1930 - 1947.” Hunt has an encyclopedic knowledge of the topic and was a source of considerable information regarding books that many of us would find entertaining reading.

Our third speaker of the morning was Julia Jones – no, not the American actress, but the British writer, editor, publisher, and current owner of the wooden ketch *Peter Duck*, commissioned by Arthur Ransome in 1946. Julia’s father, a yacht agent, bought the boat when she was just three, and that was her introduction to a life-long interest in the Swallows and Amazons.



TARS members lining up for grog in the Wills Hall student bar before the Saturday banquet. What’s great about university bars are the low student prices!



The Saturday evening dinner for which we are always urged to wear our “best bib and tucker,” whatever that means. The empty seat on the lower right is the one I vacated to take this.

After an afternoon free to explore some of Bristol’s many attractions, we settled in for a more formal evening dinner, which, of course, was delicious. At 8:30, we reassembled in the conference center to hear a special guest speaker, Sophie Neville, the actress who played Titty in the 1974 *Swallows and Amazons* film. She let us in on many off-camera secrets, such as the fact that she, as a twelve-year-old playing the nine-year-old Titty, though quite skinny, was actually taller than the boy playing her older brother, John, and sometimes she had to stand in a hole in the ground to appear shorter than he. She also told us about more recent adventures including her involvement in the filming of *Coot Club* and *The Big Six*, which I’m looking forward to seeing. Sophie resembles the Schloer served with our dinner -- bubbly and sweet. You can read her report on the part she played at the Literary Weekend at: <http://sophieneville.net/>

The flow of entertaining and informative speakers seemed never to let up. We had three more on Sunday morning, the first being Julian Lovelock, Sub-Dean of Humanities at Buckingham University, whose talk was entitled “AR and the British Empire – the Imperial and Colonial References in SA, WD and SW.” He was followed by Ann Farr, Special Collections Librarian at the University of Leeds. Ann showed us a few clips from a filmed reminiscences project, “Yes I Remember Ransome.” Ann, incidentally, was also involved in the acquisition and subsequent publication of Ransome’s study of Stevenson. Our last speaker was Garry Lyons, prize-winning playwright, screenwriter, and producer, also associated with the University of Leeds. (Leeds, it will be remembered, was the birthplace of Ransome in 1884.) Garry wrote the BBC radio dramatization, *Amazonia, A Portrait of Arthur Ransome*. His talk was a virtual lesson in writing for radio. The show was broadcast on February 7, 2010, and is available online to download and listen to if you can figure out how to do it, which I couldn’t, but that’s nothing new. (Beware: accessing it could require downloading a special program that could cause trouble.)



A sign of our times: As happens with monotonous regularity at such events, the equipment to project the PowerPoint presentation failed to do its job, and a team of would-be specialists gathers to fix it. There are actually six people here. One is hidden behind the white-shirted lady in the center. Second from the left is the hapless speaker, Ann Farr. In the end all went well.

After a satisfying lunch and some farewell words from Gabriel Woolf, we parted in a full compass of directions. Among the 87 attendees, there were two others beside myself from outside the UK: John Pearson, who has retired to the south of France, and Sayoko Tasumi from Japan, where, in case you didn't know it, the world's first Arthur Ransome Society was founded in 1987, three years before the British organization.

As always it was fun meeting up with old friends and making new ones. Perhaps some day I'll meet you there.

## **Ship's Library—books we've read and want to share**

### **REVIEW: S&A's on audio CD!**

By Molly McGinnis

For those of you who've been eyeballing the Gabriel Woolf readings of the S&A's books but didn't want to spend all that money to try an abridgement by an unknown reader:

I've been sighing over the TARS stall listing of all the S&A's books for years. Finally I figured out that at 6 plus hours per book they couldn't be too drastically abridged, and bought the *Swallows and Amazons* CD.

I couldn't tell that *Swallows and Amazons* had been abridged at all, really. One thing that is "abridged" away is the "front" and "back" matter—dedications, publishing information, announcements about the CD publisher and reader, and so on. The CDs are pure text. I'm sure I would hear some elisions, if I listened through a whole CD with text in hand, but I didn't miss anything when relaxing with the iPod.

Mr. Woolf's reading has, to my ear, a bit of the overemphasis some readers can't resist when reading children's books, but not enough to really offend after the first 10 minutes or so. His voice is pleasant and his reading fluent.

On the strength of the *Swallows and Amazons* reading, I bought the CDs of all the other books. I've only listened to bits as I converted them to Mp3's for my iPod, but they seem at least as good.

All in all I'm glad I got the set!



**Mrs. Barrable's Gallery**  
--artwork by our members

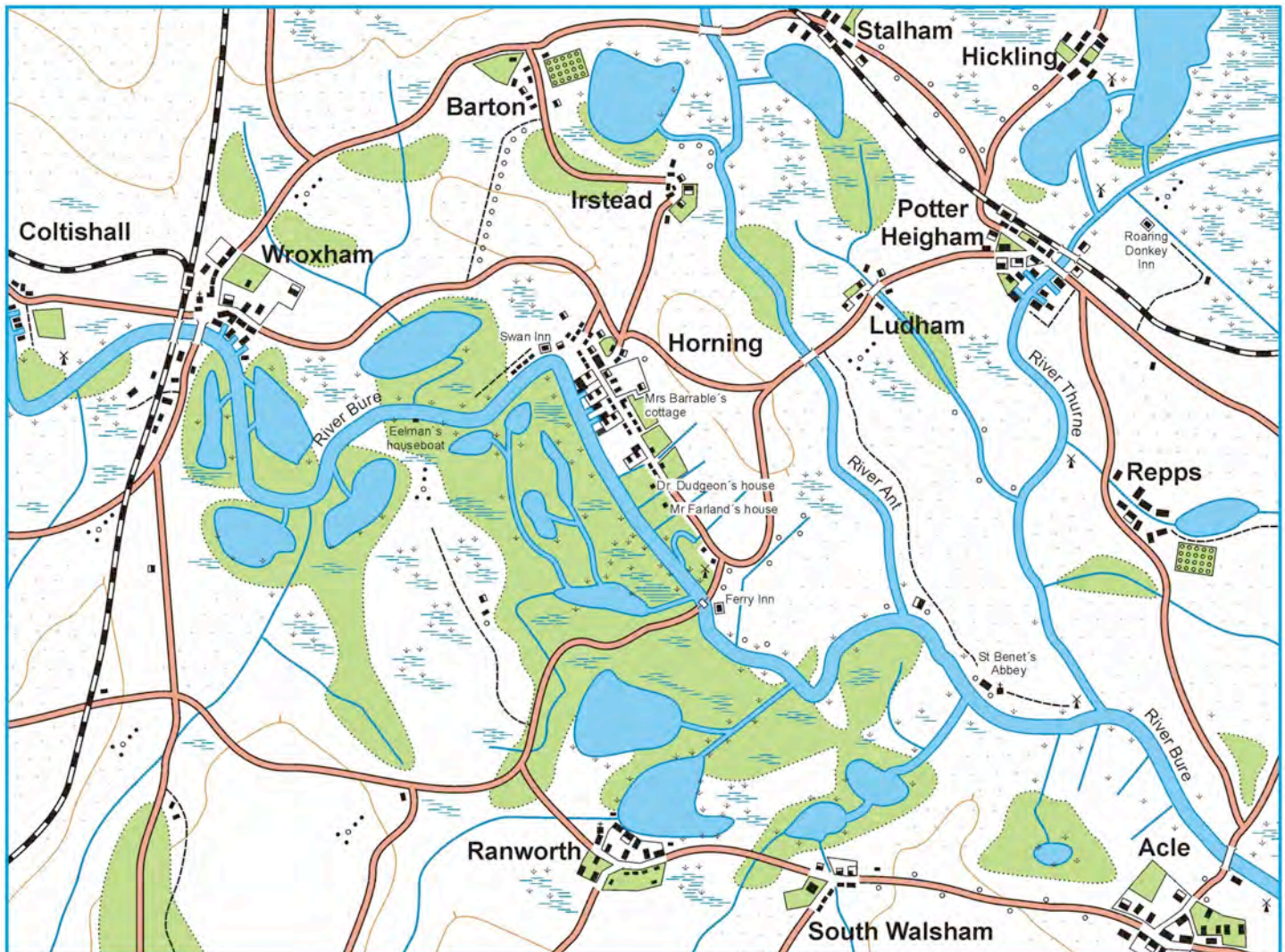
**Swallows & Amazons Drawing**

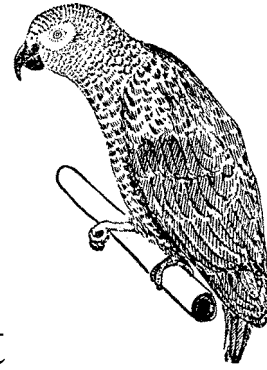
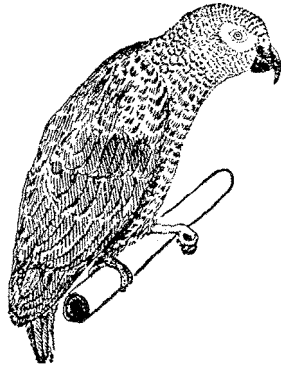
By Helen Jolley (many years ago)



**Map: The Big Six Northern Waters--**  
By Petr Krist, Czech Republic

-Pg. 17-





# Pieces of Eight

The Junior Pages

Edited by Jessika Hodgson and Hannah Hodgson

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## The Great Blue Heron Again



Back when the leaves were still turning colors and there wasn't any snow on the ground, I got another shot of the Palmer Lake GBH—and Co. I couldn't help but share, because I think it's a fascinating picture. The GBH will fly away if he sees you just standing on the shore watching him, but he lets the ducks paddle by a couple feet away. It's funny, really. Anyway, I like to hide in the cattails and watch him stand around like he's all that. Reminds me of a few people I know. ;-) --Jessika

# Word Search

N R E I L J D Q H K R Y S P N O O T G I B B E R Y  
T I T M O U S E C T T A E W I X N L C L V V T J T  
L O W U P X Q U A T P G J K A I Y K V P U S E P T  
O Q N U O B D H I C G N E Z L L H J O N W E P V A  
T B F C F R Y T O Y M C W F Q N L G W L N Z Y U R  
A G H O E H K E H F T Q N C Z F H O R D P L D O H  
Y E W T S E X R P E Q I T O Y V S O W M A I L T Z  
I B E A K U T G G Q A A W V I U A I J G F Q A T Z  
M P U E P E G D H T G G E D Y N N G L X R I C L M  
A Q R W Y B I W P S N E N D F P A X B K H F M N D  
S M J B T R O A C F J V G D Y E S B J F P H N U J  
W C A G B P C R O G E R M V U Y U U C P V L P Y Q  
Y I B Z L B U X S B J M M W D V S N S V F D R X N  
V Z D V O A E H T O R O D L X E H M U R I R G K C  
V S Q Y W N D Z K F C G J I B S J O U L K E I E L  
O S R E L R L L I C A F Y Y O M I E Z H Z K D L P  
D V I Y Q D F A P A Q S Q P C I N I G A X T I W T  
A K Z M V I M M A P G O J O V O C A M O T B C D B  
R F G P T K Y X T Q Q O U F A J J P N T T R O J N  
B O B R E T A L S K E N O E G N M V Y C L W O N V  
Y D X S G I X W M C W Z Y J A L F Z B S Y H I R E  
F Z Q W W F R S L I D E A T H A N D G L O R Y F W  
Z I O X V G B Y C D K U M T M Y F X A W V B X P Z  
T M E Q B B A L R G Q C N S L I Y B X W W B Z X I  
C R L G A Z L N V D N B C T R Q H S N J O V M V R

AMAZON  
BILL  
BRIDGET  
CAPTAIN FLINT  
DEATH AND GLORY  
DICK  
DOROTHEA  
GIBBER  
JOE  
JOHN  
NANCY  
PEGGY

PETE  
PETER DUCK  
RATTY  
ROGER  
SLATER BOB  
SQUASHY HAT  
SUSAN  
SWALLOW  
TITMOUSE  
TITTY  
TOM



# Sock Gibbers

By Deirdre Iams-McGuire

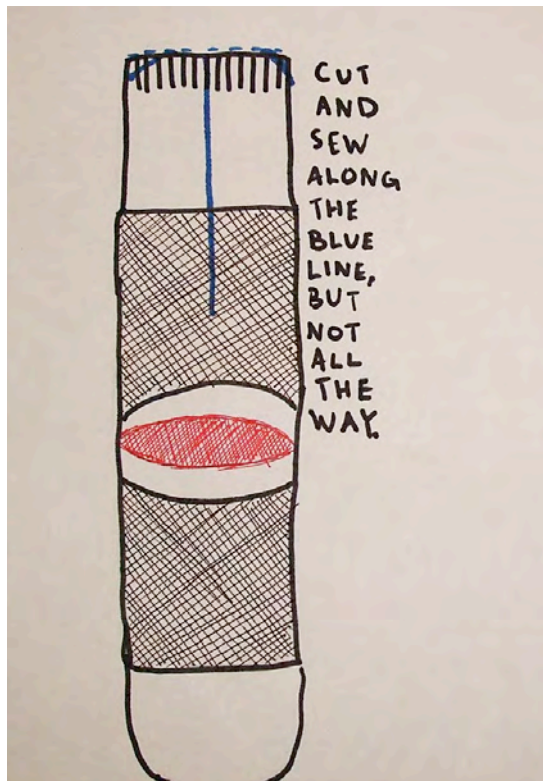
Here are instructions on how to make a sock Gibber (or just a monkey, because you can give it a different name). They are pretty easy, especially with a sewing machine, but for Able-Seamen and Ship's Boys, I'd say get the Mate or Captain (or a native!) to help.

## Materials:

- A pair of socks. I used traditional sock monkey socks, but you can use anything you want. I do think it's a good idea for them to be matching, though, unless you want a monkey with different colored arms.
- A needle and some thread, or if you know how to use one, a sewing machine.
- Some stuffing. You can even use old socks (matching or not), cotton balls (I did this for the tail to make it extra monkey-like), or use pillow-guts (this is what I did. I took an old pillow that all ready had the stuffing coming out, and used that).
- A bit of felt for the eyes.



(Finished Gibber)



(1st Diagram)

## Step One:

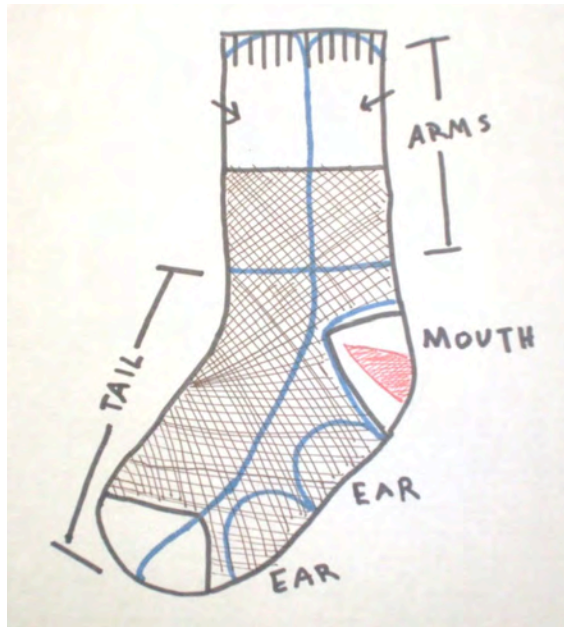
Turn one sock inside out, and cut along the blue line, as in the 1st diagram. Then sew most of the way down (down being according to the diagram), but not quite all the way. You should leave about an inch of cut fabric, because this is where it will get stuffed later on (leave even more if you are using old socks as stuffing). On the white part (the top of the diagram), when you are sewing the feet, you can round it a bit (see the dashed blue line?).

## Step Two:

Now for the stuffing! Turn your sock right-side out. It should look kind of deflated. I used a cotton ball for the tips of its feet, to get just the right shape. This can be done by using a chopstick to shove it down to the bottom. You kind of have to keep doing that with small bits of stuffing for the rest of the legs, and sometimes the body. It should begin to look like an octopus with two tentacles. At least, mine did. Once you're done with the stuffing, stitch up the remaining gap. This can be kind of tricky, so you may want to have a native there to help.

Now take a bit of yarn and tie off what will be the head. This makes the neck. To see this more clearly, look at the last picture.





(2nd Diagram)

Step Three:

Take the second sock and turn it inside out. Cut along the blue lines (see the second diagram). From here there will be several sub-steps for each part of the monkey.

Arms:

For the arms, cut the top of the sock off, leaving about two inches from the heel. Cut this tube in half, lengthwise. Sew each half along the open sides (the same thing as the blue lines), but not on the bottom (the horizontal blue line). Stuff both of these and attach them to the monkey. See the very first picture for a better idea of how this works.

Tail:

Cut the tail from the stubby sock. It should be about an inch and a half wide when still folded. Sew this similarly to how you sewed on the arms. The best way to stuff this is with cotton balls, because they make the tail just the right width. Another thing you can do is add a pipe-cleaner (the wire kind, not the green feather kind!) to make the tail bendy like a real monkey's.

Mouth:

Cut the heel out of the sock. If you are using the traditional kind of sock, you should just leave a bit of a brown border around the white. Turn this right-side out, and sew onto your monkey's face. Or what will be its face. Sew nearly all the way around, but leave a bit for stuffing. Once you've got the monkey's face in a satisfactory position, finish sewing it. Now your monkey has a big grin. If you aren't using monkey socks, you can draw one on.

Ears:

Cut half-circles out of what is left of the sock, and sew around except for one side, which you can use for stuffing if you feel your monkey needs pudgy ears. On the kind of sock I used, this wasn't necessary, but sometimes it looks nicer. If you have not already, turn the ear right-side out and attach to the monkey's head. Now all that needs doing is the eyes!

Eyes:



Get a scrap of felt and cut out two small circles. Sew these onto your monkey where the eyes should go.....and you're done!



From here, you can make a fez for your monkey (I dare you to look online! I did this once and found a website devoted to making a hat for your cat....Of course, the fez instructions were great, too!), or knit it a nice red pirate cap.

--Deirdre

*Editor's Note: JUNIORS: When you finish your very own Gibber, take a photo & send it to me--I will publish all the photos in our May issue!*

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

This has been a very interesting issue to work on! I gathered some of the articles quite some time ago--their authors have been patiently waiting to see their work in print, and will, I am sure, be delighted that has finally occurred :-). Other articles arrived just in time and were squeezed in to be sure to get the information to our readers in a timely fashion. I always enjoy the process of putting this newsletter together!

I also enjoy bragging a bit to friends, and sometimes to total strangers(!), about my work for TARSUS, about my many years of reading and re-reading the *Swallows and Amazons* series, about passing them along to my children, about my mother's delight when I appeared at the dinner table one evening unwilling to set down this cool book I had found at the library (*Swallows and Amazons*--the beginning of my (dare I call it what it really is?) obsession!

I hope you all brag a bit, too. Telling people what we are truly interested in, even if it is a series of books written for children, brings us closer to our family, friends and yes, even total strangers, but more importantly, as Ransome's books are found in fewer and fewer libraries, it is an important way to create new readers of the series, and thus to continue adding to TARS worldwide membership. So go brag a little!

Happy 2012 to everyone,

Elizabeth Jolley

SfTUS Editor