



Signals from TARSUS SEPTEMBER 2009

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Ship's Papers—folks in charge

A View From the Helm

By Robin Marshall, TARSUS Coordinator

I sit here looking out of my window with a view across the Manatee river estuary watching the boats coming in and going out to the Gulf of Mexico (mostly of the power variety); I drink my tea and contemplate the ending days of summer.

Here in Florida summer is a mixed blessing: longer days but hot and humid which means the best time of day is either early Am or late afternoon or evening and one tends to look forward to the fall, spring and even winter which can be very pleasant, so different to the weather in England that I experienced as a boy.

The summer holidays were my favorite and at the beginning seemed to stretch ahead forever; during those warm sunny days spent with my friends we had many imagined adventures cycling up into the hills and into the woods acting out as Knights of the Round Table, our bikes becoming our battle steeds, or being Robin Hood. It seems strange now that living as I did on the south coast within a mile from the sea we never had any marine adventures as none of us had access to any kind of boat. Later when I read Swallows and Amazons for the first time it seemed impossible emulate their adventures. Later I did have a close friend who was another AR fan and we went bird watching (something I enjoy to this day) all over the county, inspired by Coot Club and Great Northern. Little did I know then that my favorite author had sailed those waters nearby and at that time could well have been either looking at a boat being built at nearby Littlehampton or moored near Bosham and Chichester harbor, both these places becoming favorite haunts when my own children were young.

In those days adventures had to be mainly imagined until one was older, unlike today when our younger generation have more opportunity it seems. Just looking at the headlines, an eight year old boy became a wing walker and a 16/17 year old has just circumnavigated the world, and yet another thirteen year old Dutch girl hopes to follow him. Whilst I doubt our own juniors can match this, I hope they have been able to have some adventures this summer. I know at least one or two of our older members have been busy some travelling to the places AR wrote about; others no doubt did interesting things here. Hopefully we will get to hear some of their tales and maybe they will give us inspiration for our own.

As to the Society as a whole I note from Signals that efforts are underway to recruit more members, something that would be helped along if the proposed movie comes to be. Contracts are being signed so maybe we will have more positive news soon; in the meantime if any TARSUS members have any ideas on how to promote us here please let me know. Whilst on that subject please welcome new member Jennifer McCormick of Louisville, Kentucky.

I did attend the local wooden boat event here and had the use of part of a stand on one of the days; I talked to a lot of people and handed out our pamphlet but so far have not had any results.

Please remember Alan Hakim is taking orders for the 2010 Amazon Publications "Fair Cops and Glowworms" which you can order through me at \$35 including mailing.

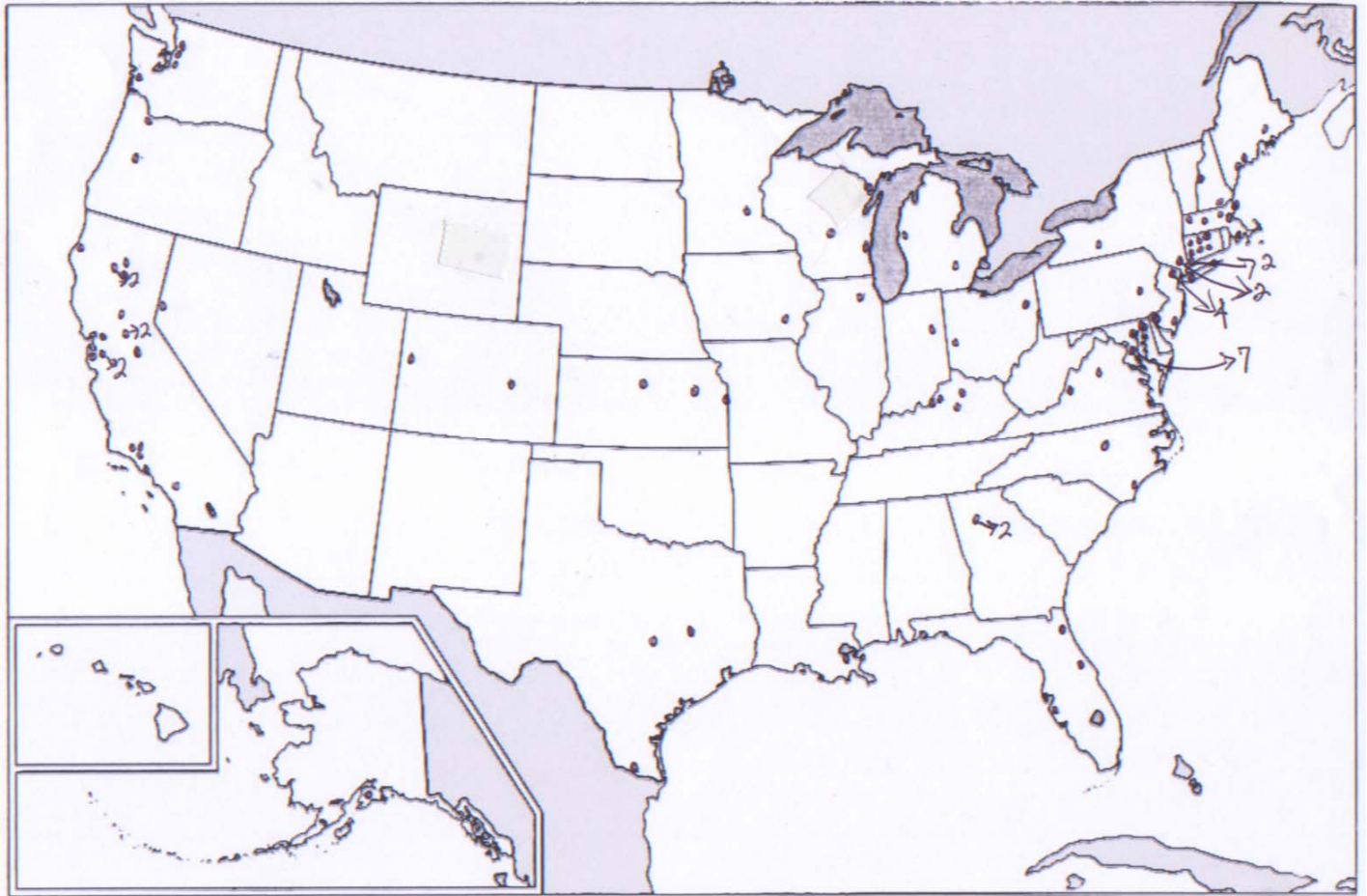
Have a wonderful fall, and Smooth Sailing.
Robin

In the Editor's Seat

By Elizabeth Jolley, Signals from TARSUS

Happy fall! I hope you all had fun somewhere this summer, finding adventures of your own. As we head into winter, I always look forward to chilly evenings curled up in my rocking chair, with a steaming mug of tea at hand and time to meet up with my old friends once again.

In case some of you would like to plan next summer's activities, I've put together a map of where all of the TARSUS members live. Contact me if you would like to advertise an AR-related activity in your area—I can give members close to you your contact info.



Can you find your town or city?

[Friendly Natives](#)—short biographies of our members

Bennet Shaver

Dear Elizabeth,

As a matter of interest, I am still sailing, at age 82, my 15 foot Marshall catboat which I keep at the house on a major tributary to the Chesapeake Bay. You won't be surprised to learn her name is "Swallow".

Any Tarsus or Tars members who visit the Annapolis area would be welcome to stop by and take Swallow for a spin. She handles just like her namesake. I visited the Lake country some 15 years ago and enjoyed a three hour sail on Windemere in a chartered 16 footer, of course.

Thanks for all you do for us. Good luck,
Bennett

Alan Scease

My dear Elizabeth,

Many thanks for stepping up to the plate. It is much appreciated by all of us 'lurkers'. Gets pretty cold & snowy here too. 10 " today to join 16 on the ground from last weekend.

I backed into Ransome via WW II . I had been reading S&A's for about two years and when my sister and I moved from London to Huddersfield during the Buzz bomb problem I was able to join a Boy Scout troop there. Our billet was on the northwest edge of town. A row of houses on the other side of the street and then a steep pasture to miles & miles of moors.

It was the summer holidays. So no school and we spent every day exploring. Paradise for a 14yo boy and his sister. Found a old sheep pen built into a stone wall and had our den and adventures there.

Our parents came to see us towards the end and we bullied them into making a special trip to the Lake District.

After that I was 'hooked'. Ransome led to so many things. Sailing. I had a 34ft yawl on the Maine Coast for many years. Boy Scouts. Was a Scoutmaster for a City of London Troop until I came to America in 1956. Books. Have 100 plus 'Ransome books' now.

I retired early. In 1989 I met Dick Weatherford{who started what became Alibris} and opened one of the first Internet search services [Lost Leaves BookSearch] and ran it for nearly 20 years from our home in Coastal Maine until my wife died last year.

I go back to England every three or four years and always spend a week in the Lakes.

Did not mean to carry on so.

Enjoy, Alan

Kanchenjunga's Cairn—where we've been & what we've done

I Did Mean to Go to Sea

Chapter 3

By Pete O'Neill

King Neptune smiled upon us momentarily after we completed the headstay repairs; winds remained light at 10 - 12 knots. We learned over the single side-band radio, however, that tropical depression Doris was headed our way, and sure enough by the following morning we had 20 - 25 knots of wind and building.

To get a jump on things, we took a second reef in the main and changed down to a high-cut yankee for a jib. We ended up putting a reef in the mizzen just for balance. We were ready, and it was getting bumpy. It's always better to shorten sail in advance when possible, and it's infinitely easier and safer to do during daylight. By nightfall we were measuring 40+ knots of wind coming across the deck, and it was nasty.

After Doris passed, she left us with a wind that allowed us to sail due east toward California, so we thought, why not? By afternoon we were becalmed, so the skipper fired up the little Yanmar diesel and we motored east hoping to find more fair winds.

We motored all night in the calm, and in the morning I spotted a pod of pilot whales, which, upon seeing us took off and disappeared. When the skipper got up, he started the watermaker, a de-salinization unit which we didn't have on the previous trip. We had to carry all our water in those days. For some reason it wouldn't work, and a check of the water in the tanks indicated 25 gallons.

It was obvious to me that we were going to be limited to about a quart a day each for the four of us. At the rate we were going, it was anything but certain that we'd arrive in the planned 20 days. But the skipper said not to worry, that he'd had this problem before and had been able to fix it.

He tried three more times to back flush the filters and get the watermaker working without success. Each time he used up two gallons of our fresh water. The following morning brought the bombshell.

On reinspecting our water supplies, the skipper announced that we really only had six gallons. There was very little water in the bilges, and there didn't seem to be an explanation. I began to wonder if we really did have 25 gallons the day before, and I was pretty sure we couldn't have.

We would start immediate rationing, so we were each given a one-quart bottle, and I was responsible for measuring out everyone's water each morning without spilling so much as a drop. It was tricky as the wind had reappeared with a vengeance out of the northeast gusting to 35 knots with steep almost square-shaped seas. So we headed north again under shortened sail doing the best we could.

I knew that our situation was serious, but the skipper didn't want to let anyone know because he didn't want our families to worry. I suspected that pride was more likely the reason, and pressed my case until he relented and agreed to call the coast guard and at least let them know of our plight.

By this time I was having anxiety attacks, unable to sleep, crying at times while writing in my journal, and not wanting to eat -- something I forced myself to do anyway. I could feel the flesh disappearing from my bones as a result of worrying all the time. It never stopped me from preparing good meals for the crew, even though I'd resorted to mixing canned ingredients in a variety of ways because I couldn't use water to make rice or pasta. It also never stopped me from standing my watches and doing anything that needed to be done. But I was one unhappy and worried crew member.

The following day things improved a bit: the wind backed off to 10 - 12 knots, and then a red-footed booby flew in and landed on our bent and leaky bow pulpet. His first landing was a bit rough, but he would spot a flying fish and take off after it, and each time his landing would get better. We found ourselves applauding after a particularly graceful one, and he seemed to enjoy the attention.

With the diversion gone, nightfall brought my anxieties back. I would roll over and see the skipper, who was on watch, sitting in the cabin playing solitaire on his laptop, a weird green light illuminating the cabin.

I was thinking strange thoughts and I knew it. I thought about setting off the EPIRB emergency locator beacon; I had asked the skipper to hail any ship that passed near to us and ask if they'd take me aboard; I had already asked my wife by short-wave radio to mortgage the house if necessary, but get me out of here by any means necessary. I knew well the rule about not jumping ship, but at this point I just didn't care.

Finally, the skipper called the Coast Guard and asked if there was a psychiatrist or psychologist who could speak to me, and pretty soon they patched us through to a navy psychiatrist who suggested that I needed to break the cycle of not sleeping. He suggested I take some cold medicine, and I finally was able to get some sleep. That helped a great deal.

We also learned over the radio that a sloop about 10 miles ahead and 40 miles to the east of us had heard of our problems and offered a six-gallon plastic jug of water. The winds were fluky and he was making about 3 knots under sail. Under power we could make about 5-6 knots under these conditions. It would use up most of our remaining fuel, but we were down to three gallons of water; we had to do it.

We motorsailed at 6 knots to the north and then angled toward *The Wet* on course to intercept, and finally about midnight we spotted running lights ahead and off to the east. Fortunately the radio was working well enough (which wasn't always the case) that we could communicate positions during the night, and with GPS it was just a matter of us getting there.

We decided to wait until first light to make the transfer, so we tagged along behind the 40-foot sloop, which was making for the Straits of San Juan de Fuca. At sunrise, with the skipper at the wheel and me on the port bow, we motored along side and with Greg, the other skipper on his starboard transome we made the pass. I had just put the big plastic jug down on deck, when Greg said, "Here!" He was holding up a bottle of Perrier. He handed it to me, we shook hands, and I thanked him for the water. We veered away, turned the motor off, and everyone breathed a sigh of relief.

Reality reared its ugly head pretty quickly though: we were still going to have to ration our water at the same rate, and with 1900 miles still to go and no signs anywhere of the westerlies we needed to blow us home. We could be out here a very long time on what seemed to me a doomed voyage. Home seemed such a long way away.

(To be continued)

Long Island 2008

By Luke Dolman

“How are we doing?” I ask the crew, and two beaming faces show me that we are doing just fine. There is not a lot of space in the cockpit of a Mirror Dinghy but Molly, 9 and Tom, 8 (Junior TARS and enthusiastic pirates) are just small enough to fit one each side of the dagger board, with me at the helm. The wire shrouds are humming in the wind as we heel over in the gusts and hit the waves head on, salt water spraying over the bow to the delight of both the kids and myself. Above our heads the red mainsail is pulling well, no creases, and higher still a small Red Duster flies alongside a Jolly Roger, just in case there is any doubt as to our heritage and piratical intent.



Romping along beside us is good friend, journeyman boat builder and long-time Ransome enthusiast Richard Larson of Port Jefferson, Long Island, sailing his shiny new Mirror with sixteen-year-old daughter Gwen as crew. We have been planning this trip for months and it is not a disappointment. The weather is spectacular; bright sunshine, cloudless blue sky reflecting off sky-blue sea. Light winds but enough to keep us sailing at a relaxed pace. The location is Great Peconic Bay in the middle of Long Island, about six miles across from north to south at the widest point, with Robins Island in the middle. Our plan for the day is to sail around the island, a voyage of about seven miles according to the chart.



Richard, being the local, acted as chief scout during planning and his choice of launch site has proven to be inspired. New Suffolk is a sleepy, hidden gem of a place with a small town beach, a friendly lad in the parking booth and a little boat ramp that requires no permit if you park down the street. A sign next to a vacant waterfront lot declares this to have been the site of the very first US Navy submarine base. It is fun to compare this tiny patch of land with the huge submarine base at Groton, just across the Sound. Submarines must have been a *lot* smaller back then.

Being a little early, and more familiar with the surprisingly complex Mirror rig, Molly, Tom and I were ready to launch first. Actually, to be fair, Richard and Gwen had a number of admirers to distract them, all eager to chat, all drawn by deep new varnish and gleaming paintwork. Building *Tweedledum* was both a labor of love and a steep learning curve for Richard and the boat really is a beauty. Eventually the onlookers dispersed, leaving Richard and Gwen to work through the final details of their new rig. As we launched the boats Richard admired our little British road trailer, easier to haul around by hand than its large American cousin. Once in the water we hauled up the sails, made all the last minute adjustments we could think of (while still hanging on to dry land!) and then threaded our way carefully through the narrow gap in the breakwaters and out into the open bay.

Even though we are in an enclosed bay the difference between coastal sailing and lake sailing is immediately obvious. The water has a clean quality all of its own, quite unlike the opaque, greenish water we are used to on the lake. The thought of plunging over the side in this hot weather is very appealing indeed! The wind is also steady and from a consistent direction, unlike our fickle, rapidly shifting lake winds. This is going to be a lot of fun and I can see that Molly and Tom are enjoying themselves already.



Of course it is not long before we find that both boats have forgotten something. Richard has left his camera in the car. I have forgotten to bring weaponry. Fortunately Gwen has Super-Soakers to spare and a quick 'man overboard' drill sees Molly and Tom armed and dangerous. For some reason a concentrated jet of water is far less appealing than sea spray and for about twenty minutes we play cat and mouse as Gwen and the kids take shots at each other and Richard and I find an urgent reason to improve our sailing. At this point it becomes apparent that their ship is quite a bit faster than ours and I spend the next few hours (indeed the next few days) mentally juggling the variables that dictate why a newly built boat will be faster than an old one. Our ship *Whizzpop*, despite looking identical to *Tweedledum*, is more than a little older - 39 years older in fact. At least this is my excuse; Richard could always be a much better sailor than me.

The wind carries us on a broad reach south, down the sandy east shore of Robins Island. At one point we had planned to land on the island for a feast but it has turned out to be a wildlife reserve and (quite rightly) visitors are not encouraged. Legend has it that Captain Kidd buried some of his treasure here but we take that

with a pinch of salt. Legends of Capt Kidd's treasure seem to exist for a great many islands around these parts; he must have had an awful lot of treasure and a lot of time for digging holes.

There is hardly anyone else out on the water. A couple of sails can be seen to the north east and I try without success to work out what sort of boats they are. Molly, Tom and Gwen have stopped squirting each other, possibly because Richard and I have finally figured out the range of a Super-Soaker and are staying just outside of it. Somehow though, this doesn't feel like a day for warfare. Instead we become explorers and spread out the chart as best we can within the confines of our little boat.

We approach the southern tip of Robins Island with some trepidation. The chart shows a long sand bar but we cannot see any sign of yellow in the water or of breaking waves. Richard calls across, asking if I can see from the chart how far the sand bar extends from the island. I am unsure though, so we give it a wide berth and sail a long loop around.



The character of the water changes noticeably as we round the tip and exit the wind shadow of the island. The long slow swell gives way to taller, choppier waves and the sailing becomes a good deal wetter as we head up towards the west. Oddly enough the wind does not feel any stronger, but sailing close hauled feels quite frantic after such a long easy reach. I look back to see Richard and Gwen's boat performing an impressive pirouette within its own length. They are looking puzzled and trying to regain control, pulling on the sheets and pushing and pulling the tiller with little effect. Later on they tell us their dagger board made contact with the sandy bottom.

We settle down for a series of tacks up the western shore of Robins Island but within a few minutes the wind fades away. We are way ahead of Tweedledum after their grounding so I luff the mainsail every so often to slow us down. Not that we need slowing down much; the wind has almost died. The slow pace gives us a good opportunity to study the island. Here too the shore consists of sandy cliffs dropping to wide beaches, mostly sand but occasionally rocky. Atop the island are scrubby trees and what look like gorse bushes. It really does look like a treasure island; Ben Gunn would feel right at home.

Molly and Tom have found that they can lie along the top of the buoyancy tanks and are enjoying a snooze in the sun. Some time ago I sewed together three red pirate caps out of fleece and Tom pulls his down over his eyes to block out the light. Despite the bright sunshine the temperature feels cool so close to the sea and I grab my own cap to wear. Tom decides he is getting a bit too wet lying on the tank and manages to squeeze himself down into a comfy berth under the thwart. I wonder if, like Roger, he'll have difficulty fitting in here next year!



Further along the shore we take pictures of an old and broken windmill that birds have taken over to build a huge nest. We try to identify what the birds could be but we do not see any in residence today. Overhead a Coast Guard C-130 flies a couple of lazy circuits at low level around the bay. Tom peaks out from under his cap and watches for a while. I imagine him adding another potential career to his long list of dream jobs.



Richard and Gwen have made up the distance and overtake us as we near the northern end of the island. Richard, who was perhaps a little nervous in the new boat at the beginning of the sail, is clearly enjoying himself immensely now. Gwen, like Molly and Tom has taken advantage of the quieter sailing for a snooze but being rather taller her feet are hanging over the gunwale of the boat.

Time is getting on and the sun is lower in the sky. Snoozing is over and chocolate rations and grog are being consumed. We look over the bow trying to make out the launch ramp as we near the northern end of the island. This too has a long sand bar and we see a bald man, many, many yards out from the island, sitting on the sand in a deck chair with his feet in the water, apparently asleep. He has a dog instead of a parrot but he could easily be Captain Flint. The boat on which he must have arrived is anchored a few feet away from him and we wonder what happens if he does not wake up.

There is some excitement in our boat as we see Richard and Gwen sail towards the submerged part of the sand bar. But, at the last minute, they raise their dagger board and skim over the top. We sail the same course and pull up our dagger board and rudder also. Good thing too as the water is only about a foot deep. The kids look eagerly over the side for fish and gold doubloons and it feels as though we are flying.

Eventually we see the small coast guard building that marks the launch ramp and we head towards it. The voyage has taken longer than we expected due to the dying wind and we are glad to reach land before it gets too late in the day. We are also uncomfortably aware that Mum is waiting back at the campsite, with thoughts of Duffers and Drowning almost certainly going through her head by now.

I shamelessly give the cell phone to one of the crew who makes the phone call to let her know we are back safely. It takes only a few minutes to pull out the boat, dismantle the rig and stow everything ready for travel. Goodbyes are said to Richard and Gwen and we resolve to meet again soon.

* * *

Imagine winding time forward a few months, to a cold day in early March 2009. Snow is whipping past the window and the temperature has yet to rise above the twenties. My back aches from a weekend of chopping wood “so,” in the words of Mum “we don’t all perish”. I’m longing for the spring to arrive - bother that groundhog. Staring out of the window I have a thought and smile to myself. With a few keystrokes I’m looking at a map of Long Island on the computer and I’m starting to type an email. “Hi Rich! Looking forward to the summer and making some plans... Now, how’s this for an idea?”

Ship’s Library—books we’ve read and want to share

Peter Duck meets Great Northern?

By Tom Napier

When I was a small child I was given a copy of *The Picts and the Martyrs*. I soon discovered the local library had more Ransome books and I eventually read most of them.

About the same period I was given another book, "Seek There" by Eleanor Helme and Nance Paul. It made a similar impact on me but, despite being published simultaneously in Britain and the U.S., it has apparently vanished without trace since last being reprinted in 1949. Ransome-like in theme, it was published in 1933, about the same time as the early Ransome books. It had the advantage, from my child's point of view, of being set in my home county, Aberdeenshire, rather than the far distant Lake District.

In 2000 I stocked up on modern reprints of the Ransome canon but all I had left of "Seek There" was some vivid memories. I eventually tracked down and bought a copy of the 1933 U.S. edition for about \$20. Helme's story is similar in some ways to both *Peter Duck*, which had been published the previous year, and *Great Northern?* which didn't appear until 1947. The protagonists are a brother and sister, Donald and Mary Finlay, about twelve and ten. They have a terrier, Peter, who plays a crucial role in the story. (Donald, like Ian in *Great Northern*, invariably wears a kilt. In reality kilts are worn only on dressy occasions.)

Donald and Mary are orphans being brought up by their aunt Elspeth who is apparently in her twenties. Two years prior to the book's opening the children, Elspeth and their nurse, Maggie, cut expenses by moving from Aberdeen to a cottage on the Ardloy estate west of Braemar. Although the estate is owned by the Finlay family, they haven't the money to maintain it. It is let to Percival Green (Pea Green to the children), an obnoxious Canadian whom it would be financially disastrous to offend.

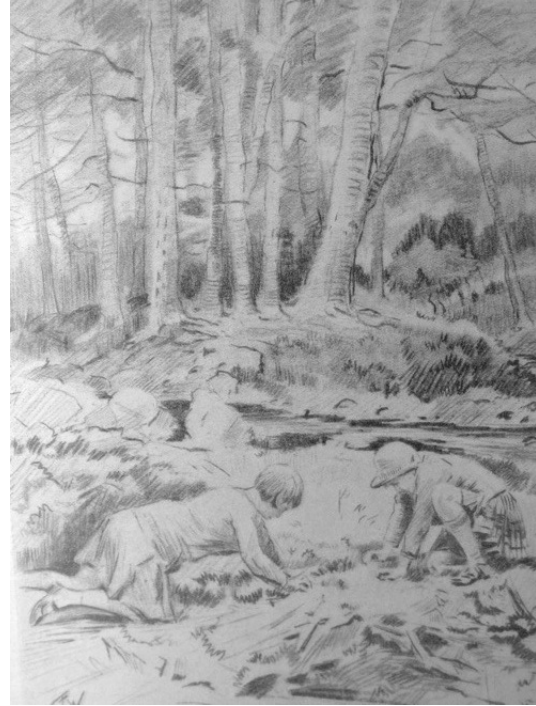
In the attic of the cottage the children stumble on a piece of doggerel that apparently describes the hiding place of the silver Quaichs of Ardloy, lost since the 1745 rebellion. (A quaich is a large two-handled ceremonial drinking cup.)

The children embark on a search of the several places mentioned in the verse. They bump into Hugh

Armstrong, a Timothy-like young man who, luckily, owns a small sports car. Aunt Elspeth joins the search whenever she can spare the time. This grouping is a variation on the almost total freedom and self-reliance of Ransome's children. Elspeth and Hugh provide resources and responsible adult counsel without being as old or as stifling as parents. Elspeth and the children are excited by the same things although she has adult interests too. She finally achieves the conventional denouement that Ransome never hazarded.



Mary & Donald view their lost home



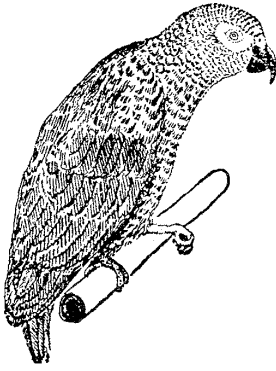
Not Cormorant Island....

Unfortunately, Pea Green acquires a copy of the clues and tries to beat the children to the treasure. Although he turns out to have a shady past, Green is far closer to Mr. Jemmerling than to Black Jake. His use of his chauffeur for the more laborious and dangerous parts of treasure hunting is a foretaste of Jemmerling's bullying of his seaman.

One notes a similarity to *Swallows and Amazons* when the children are on an island digging under the roots of a fallen tree. However, this is a tamer and more conventional book than any of Ransome's. Helme sets her story in the real countryside around Braemar. Her eye for the local fauna and their behavior reminds one of Ransome's but her descriptions are, at times, so vivid that one wonders if one is reading a story or a guidebook. In *Peter Duck*, Ransome's characters succeed by happenstance. They meet Peter by chance, reach Crab Island first because the Viper loses them in the fog and because they have enough water to sail there non-stop. They find the treasure, not through their digging efforts, but because the right tree happens to fall. They finally elude the cutthroats through the intervention of a waterspout.

Helme's children faithfully follow the clues. That these bring them no closer to their goal is not their fault. Even so, their final success, like their finding of the original clues, is accidental. Unlike in *Peter Duck*, the treasure turns out to have considerable intrinsic worth as well as an historic and symbolic value. The bad guy gets his comeuppance, the good guy gets the girl and the Finlay family recover their ancestral home.

The book's end-papers, like Ransome's, display an annotated map of the area of the story. The book contains 15 excellent pencil sketches by Frank Wallace who was evidently a far better artist than Ransome. By the time Eleanor Helme wrote "Seek There" Ransome had three books in print and was a popular success. This might well have suggested that there was a market for realistic children's adventure stories as opposed to the boarding-school-based pot-boilers being cranked out by other authors.



Pieces of Eight

The Junior Pages

Edited by Jessika Hodgson, Mackenzie Reid, and Mikaela Springsteen

Peter Duck Pirate Puzzle

Mackenzie Reid

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

Find all of these words:

AMAZONS

BLACK JAKE

CAPTAIN FLINT

CRAB ISLAND

GIBBER

GROG

ISLAND

JOLLY ROGER

MALLIES

NANCY

PARROT

PETER DUCK

PIECES OF EIGHT

ROSIES

TREASURE

VIPER

WATERSPOUT

Pirate Story

By Joshua Hodgson, Junior

Once upon a time, there was a ship of pirates. The captain's name was Captain Grape, the mate's name was Jake, the able-seaman's name was Gary, and the boy's name was Charles.

"Have we got everything for the voyage?" said Jake (they were going on a treasure hunt).

"We've at least got fifty pounds of rum," said the captain.

"Then let's go."

So they went on their journey. Three weeks after they set off, "Ship on port bow!" said the boy.

"What?" said the captain, after having a good night's sleep.

"Pirates."

"Gimme my telescope. Looks like the Gloop Pirates! Man the cannons! Don't panic! Ready, aim, fire [boom!]
Got her. She's going down. Well that's what they get for the last battle."

Three days later, "Land ahoy! There's the treasure island!" said the boy. So they landed and dug and dug and dug. Finally, the boy said, "I hit something hard!" And there it was, the treasure, so they had a happy ride back!

The End!

Gray's and Torrey's Peaks: My Kanchenjunga

Jessika Hodgson

On Monday, August 3rd, 2009, I ascended my first two "fourteeners". I went with my whole family up Gray's and Torrey's Peaks. These two mountains are practically twins—Gray's is the taller by just three feet. They are connected by a dip in between them, deep enough to allow them to be two separate mountains. We went up Gray's Peak first, dropped down about a fourth of the way, and summited Torrey's. It took about seven hours.

As I was hiking, I kept being reminded of the Swallows' and Amazons' ascent up "Kanchenjunga" in *Swallowdale*. Piles of stones to mark the trail called to mind the cairn on the top of Kanchenjunga. The path leading up to the base of Gray's was through a long open moor (or at least, I called it that) filled with high-altitude wildflowers, moss, and low bushes. There were no trees; we were above tree-line the whole way up. You could easily have marked your way with pine cones! We also passed a small waterfall.



The two sunlit mountains are Gray's and Torrey's. Gray's is on the left, and Torrey's is "peak"ing ☺ out from behind the hill on the right. To the left of Gray's Peak are "the Remarkables".



The waterfall, with "the Remarkables" and Gray's Peak in the background.

When I reached the summit, I did feel as though I was at the top of the world. I couldn't see any sea; mountains stretched as far as the eye could see, and farther. I did see a town (Rio!) and a mountain lake. We were not authentic Swallows and Amazons as far as food goes, though. No boiled eggs, or nectar (another of the Amazons' names for lemonade!), rather trail mix and water. I felt justified, however, in that we did bring chocolate. And best of all... We saw mountain goats! Fortunately we weren't climbing any cliffs right then, because I was just about as excited as Roger! Another bit for Roger—we saw a bear ☺ (see pictures).



I couldn't get a very good picture, but, believe it or not, the little white thing in the center is a mountain goat!



Torrey's Peak from the summit of Gray's.



The "bear" and us on the way to Torrey's. My sister Hannah is on the far left, I am directly right of the "bear", and my brothers Joshua and Patrick are by me.

From the Beckfoot Kitchen: Chocolate

Mackenzie sent me this recipe for Chocolate Peanut Butter Squares—mmm, I can't wait to try it!

“They had bought a shilling's worth of the sort of chocolate that has almonds and raisins in it as well as the chocolate, and so is three sorts of food at once.” –*Swallows and Amazons* chapter 19

Of course it doesn't have almonds or raisins in it, but it's still three sorts of food at once!

Easy No-Bake Peanut Butter Chocolate Squares

1/4 cup (1/2 stick) butter or margarine
1 cup powdered sugar
3/4 cups graham cracker crumbs
1/2 cup peanut butter
3/4 pkg. semi-sweet baking chocolate

1. Line a 13x9-inch baking pan with foil, with ends of foil extending over sides of pan. Set aside.
2. Melt butter in large microwavable bowl on high 45 sec. until melted. Add sugar, graham cracker crumbs and peanut butter; mix well. Spread into prepared pan.
3. Microwave chocolate in microwavable bowl on high 1 to 2 min. or until melted, stirring after each min.
4. Cool slightly; pour over peanut butter mixture in pan. Cool.
5. Cut partially through dessert to mark 24 squares. Refrigerate 1 hour or until set.
6. Lift from pan, using foil handles. Cut all the way through dessert into squares.

Capt. Flint's Trunk--

I have (Puffin) paperback copies of Secret Water and Pigeon Post. It is not so much that I want to get rid of them, but that they are available for someone who wants them to read and cannot find copies. Tom Grimes
(editor's note: contact me if you are interested in these)

Final Notes--

REMINDER:

Online issues of *Signals from TARSUS* from 1998 forward, including new issues as they come out, are available in the online archives section of the *All Things Ransome* website at:

<http://www.allthingsransome.net/archives/sft/>, which will take you to the index of the available issues.

The former files at www.dcta.com <<http://www.dcta.com>> are no longer available, but an attempt to find the index at [dcta.com](http://www.dcta.com) will redirect you to the new location.

And finally, from your trusty editor—I appreciate all the wonderful articles you have sent me—keep them coming! If you don't see your piece in this issue, it is because I had too many articles to print all at once. Yours will show up in a future issue!

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