



Signals from TARSUS & North Pole News

September 2019

The Beginning of It All, p. 6



Pirates Attack a US Coast Guard Gunship, p. 6

American Summer Pudding, p. 15



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Ship's Papers — Important information for the Crew



A View from the US Helm

By Robin Marshall
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Summer is on the ebb, I hope it was a good one for every member. All those that are able may have had some interesting and exciting moments, all good ones I hope, which I hope we will hear about.

We welcome a new junior member, Nick Anderson. We hope Nick finds some exciting things in joining TARSUS. Welcome aboard.

I have news of some changes which will affect TARSUS members. Owing to the decline in membership of the Society as a whole, certain cost-saving measures have been put in place.

Payments to TARS

Unfortunately, new member subscriptions, membership renewals and donations that have been made in the past through the secure PayPal system

from your credit card or PayPal account have been suspended by PayPal.

Please, as overseas members, use instead your own bank transfer to:

IBAN: GB98 HBUK 4026 0261 2457 75;

BIC: HBUKGB4135V;

Bank: HSBC UK Bank PLC, 64 Highgate, Kendal, LA9 4TF

including as reference your membership number and surname. Please also email the treasurer and membership secretary or treasurer and stall manag-

er to notify them of the payment. Also me in the USA.

(For NEW member applications, you must also fill in the paper application form, so it reaches the membership secretary with the necessary details.)

If you still prefer to pay the TARSUS adjusted renewals I will collect them and send them as a collection to the UK.

Printed copies of this newsletter

Due to lack of funds we can no longer continue to mail printed copies of the newsletter, since the costs of printing and mailing are more than our income allow. If you have very extreme reasons that you can only see the hard copy (no internet for instance), let me know and I will consider what can be arranged.

Please contact me if you have any questions regarding these changes.

Robin.



Greetings from the North

By Ian Sacré, TARS Canada Coordinator
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Greetings Canadian TARS Members.

Summer is slipping rapidly away. This will bring relief for those parts of Canada which have suffered from weeks of blistering heat, while for others monsoon-like

weather has been the bane. But despite the weather anomalies we are experiencing, we are much better off than some countries on this old planet of ours.

Our Canadian TARS Membership has diminished by two. One member

has apparently decided to allow their subscription to lapse and, very sadly, Peter Calamai passed away in January of this year. He and his writings will be sorely missed. Our sincere condolences are extended to Peter's wife Mary and other family members.

Our TARS Treasurer has been having a great deal of difficulty with PayPal fund transfers and it seems that the company has made some significant changes to their procedures. In past years PayPal had always been the medium used to transfer the annual Canadian membership funds en-block to the TARS bank account in the UK. But not this year. After frequent emails Ted Evans was able to arrange an electronic bank to bank transfer process for Susan Gouldbourne, the Treasurer, which thankfully worked. I do not foresee any changes being made to the way individual Canadian members renew their

TARS subscriptions; currently most send a personal cheque to me. Closer to year end we will see if we need to change TARS subscription amounts paid in Canadian dollars to address any major changes in the rate of currency exchange.

While on the subject of subscriptions I have heard nothing so far about any subscription increases to address the high costs of mail outs of *Signals* and *Mixed Moss*, etc. Ted Evens, the keeper of directories, reports an ever decreasing overall TARS membership, which of course has a significant impact on the funds available to meet expenses. Postal costs seem to spiral

ever upwards and sending a small package from A to B seems to cost a fortune and parcel post does not seem to be used as it once was because of the cost.

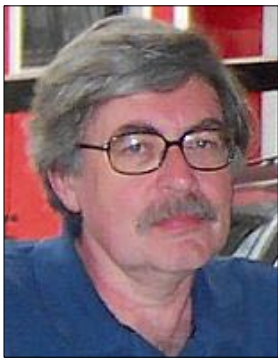
I recall an incident thirty-five years ago where one of my daughters away at university asked if we could send her a chest of drawers from her room at home. After a few inquires and lots of weighing and measuring we found that if we wrapped it up in brown paper we could post the chest of drawers to her for about eight dollars! It took the combined efforts of my wife and younger daughter to carry it into our village post office and up onto the

counter, where Betty the postmistress measured and weighed the beautifully wrapped package again and announced that it was good to go! Oh for the good old days.

Simon, our super editor of *Signals from TARSUS/North Pole News* is always seeking material for our publication. Why not try putting something together for him; lots of interesting tales are out there waiting to be told.

I hope the coming Autumn days are good to all of us and that we find the adventures for which we are looking.

Wishing all fair winds and calm seas.
Ian Sacré



A Note from the Editor

By Simon Horn, sjhorn@gmail.com

Welcome to *Signals from TARSUS/North Pole News* for September 2019.

Thanks to all the contributors.

As Ian Sacré explained above, Canadian TARS member and distinguished journalist Peter Calamai died earlier this year. Peter contributed two articles to this

newsletter since I have been editor, as well as items in earlier issues and to *Mixed Moss*. We begin with an obituary that originally appeared on the Carleton University website.

In this issue

In *Captain Flint's Trunk*, **Molly McGinnis** talks about "The Beginning of it All," the story of the Turkish slippers behind the original dedication to *Swallows and Amazons*.

In *Dipping Our Hands*, **Janet Shirley** comments on last issue's article on "Ransome's Illustrations" and presents her superb needlepoints of illustrations from the books.

Kanchenjunga's Cairn begins with **Ian Sacré's** "Polar Region Sledging Rations & Recipes", where he explains how those of you eager to try a diet of pemmican and hard tack can learn to prepare your own.

Next **Paul E. Nelson** recounts an episode during his service with the U.S. Coast Guard in "Pirates attack a United States Coast Guard Gunship".

Lastly your editor shows some photographs from a 2016 visit to "The Other Railway to Windermere".

In *The Ship's Library*, I present the Mariner's Library of the 1950s and '60s, which reprinted close to 50 clas-

sic sailing narratives, seven of which had new introductions by Ransome.

In *Beckfoot Kitchen*, the ubiquitous **Molly McGinnis** continues her story of Dot and Dick in California with a recipe for "American Summer Pudding".

After last issue's extensive *Pieces of Eight*, I am afraid that this time things fell flat. I sent out searchers, but...

Finally, an experiment: I have compiled an *Index* to all the issues of the newsletter since I started as editor in 2016. It will let you find articles by subject. I know I will find it helpful, and I hope you will too.

* * *

The next issue is due in January 2020, but only if you send in contributions. Take away the Index and this issue is actually rather shorter than many, so please get out your pencils.

All the best.
Simon

Remembering Peter Calamai: Journalist, Teacher and ‘Advocate for Science, Literacy and Journalistic Professionalism’ (1943-2019)

by Randy Boswell

This obituary for long-time TARS member Peter Calamai first appeared on the website of the Carleton University School of Journalism and Communication on January 23, 2019. Our thanks to Professor Boswell for his permission to republish it.

Peter Calamai, a leading figure in Canadian journalism for decades and an adjunct research professor at the School of Journalism and Communication since 2001, died on Jan. 22 at his home in Stratford, Ont. after a period of heart-related health problems. He was 75 years old.

Peter’s career as a local reporter with the *Brantford Expositor* and *Hamilton Spectator*, parliamentary specialist and foreign correspondent with Southam News, editorial pages editor at the *Ottawa Citizen* and national science writer with the *Toronto Star* spanned more than 40 years, earning him three National Newspaper Awards, a Michener Award for meritorious public service journalism and numerous other honours.

He was born in the U.S., but his family moved to Brantford, Ont. when Peter was a child. A passion for conchology — the study of marine and terrestrial mollusc shells — took hold early in life and never let go. His collection of thousands of specimens, accumulated over 60 years, was donated to Ottawa’s Ashbury College in 2016.

Though he graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in physics from McMaster University in 1965, Peter’s award-winning tenure as editor of the campus newspaper was an equally influential experience. His passion for both science and journalism shaped the course of his career, which culminated with a decade-long run as the

Star’s chief science writer from 1998 to 2008.

He was also a founding member of the Canadian Science Writers’ Association in 1971 and founding director of the Science Media Centre of Canada in 2010, working through these and other organizations to promote accuracy in scientific reporting, to strengthen transparency and accountability in scientific agencies and to improve Canadians’ understanding of science and technology.

Peter held a number of academic positions. He was a Southam Fellow at Massey College in 1982-83, the Max Bell chair at the University of Regina School of Journalism in 1985-86 and a

visiting associate professor at Carleton’s School of Journalism and Communication in 1997-98. During that year, he co-taught with Prof. Mary McGuire the School’s inaugural web-based reporting workshop Capital News Online. “CapNews” remained a key part of the curriculum for 20 years until it was merged this fall with *Centretown News* to become the School’s new flagship digital publication Capital Current.

As a sessional lecturer at Carleton in 2008-09, Peter also twice taught the senior workshop in science journalism. He also gave many guest lectures at the School to share his knowledge with students and teaching col-



Peter Calamai (left) receiving the Order of Canada from Governor General David Johnston in May 2016. (Credit: MCpl Vincent Carbonneau, Rideau Hall, OSGG)

leagues, and supervised or evaluated numerous Master's research projects and theses — most of them on science-related topics.

Kathryn O'Hara, who held the CTV chair in science journalism at Carleton, was a longtime colleague and friend. "Peter liked to be curmudgeonly in the classroom," she said, "trading on his tough newspaperman persona and booming voice to enlighten students who used their reporting tools carelessly. Of course, it takes an innate tenderness to carry that off and get results. Peter had that skill as a teacher, editor and mentor."

He was also a member of the steering committee of the School-administered R. James Travers Foreign Corresponding Fellowship, which offers an annual award of \$25,000 to cover travel, reporting and research expenses and a stipend for a journalist aiming to provide first-hand, in-depth coverage of an issue beyond Canada's borders. The winners of that award follow in the footsteps of both James Travers and Peter Calamai, who were close friends and colleagues as foreign correspondents with Southam News and as senior editors at the *Ottawa Citizen*.

"Peter made a tremendous contribution to the life of this university and to the lives of many, many students who went on to careers in journalism and other fields," said Prof. Susan Harada, associate director of the School of Journalism and Communication and co-chair of the Travers Fellowship steering committee. "His own work was a shining example of journalistic excellence, and we're so grateful that he shared his unwavering commitment to insightful, accurate and bal-

anced reporting with the future members of the profession. He will be missed as a teacher, colleague and friend."

After a few years as a young reporter with the Southam-owned *Spectator*, Peter was promoted in 1969 to the Ottawa-based Southam News parliamentary bureau, spending the next 21 years there as a national and international correspondent. His foreign postings included London, Washington and Nairobi; the turmoil of the Margaret Thatcher era in Britain, the struggle to end apartheid in South Africa and the 1988 U.S. presidential election campaign were among his many high-profile assignments.

Back in this country, a ground-breaking 1987 series of articles that exposed the crisis of adult illiteracy in Canada was a professional highlight. Peter's leadership of the special Southam News project gained him recognition not only as a superb journalist but also as a determined social reformer.

He went on to serve as the *Citizen's* main editorial voice from 1990 to 1996, cementing his reputation as a journalist of great integrity and influence. He challenged, educated and mentored fellow reporters and editors in every newsroom he inhabited. But he was also an earnest listener and lifelong learner with an insatiable interest in the natural world, political and social change, and journalism itself.

In 2014, Peter was named a Member of the Order of Canada. The citation at the investiture ceremony trumpeted his role as "an advocate for science, literacy and journalistic professionalism" and noted that, "he demonstrated a strong commitment to public issues and was acclaimed for his spot

news reporting and feature writing." The citation further praised his efforts "to promote accurate scientific reporting" and added that "he is also known for his award-winning 1987 series on the issue of adult illiteracy in Canada and has since become a tireless champion of the cause."

In 2015, Peter was awarded an honorary doctorate from McMaster University. A collection of papers documenting Peter's long and distinguished career in Canadian journalism was donated to that university in 2016; a sizable collection of books about the profession was subsequently donated to Carleton's School of Journalism and Communication.

He was deeply devoted to his wife Mary, with whom he moved from Ottawa to Stratford in 2016 to be closer to family and to better share their enjoyment of theatre. Peter continued with his most enduring avocation: researching and writing about the life and legacy of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and his famous fictional creation, Sherlock Holmes. Peter was an enthusiastic and much-decorated member of the Sherlock Holmes Society of London.

Always an engaging and entertaining presence at social gatherings, including the annual holiday potluck at the School of Journalism and Communication, Peter will be fondly remembered by his friends and former teaching colleagues for many years to come.

Previously published here:

<https://carleton.ca/sjc/2019/remembering-peter-calamai-journalist-teacher-and-advocate-for-science-literacy-and-journalistic-professionalism-1943-2019/>

Captain Flint's Trunk — News from abroad

The Beginning of it All

By Molly McGinnis

The Story

Note: the chronologies are obscure in places. Some sources say one year, some another. Give the dates a little Tennessee windage.

Arthur Ransome and the Collingwood family were neighbors on the Lake and close friends. Very close! Ransome proposed to and was turned down by two of the three Collingwood daughters, Dora and Barbara (Babs). Later, Dora married Dr. Ernest Altounyan, who practiced with his father in Aleppo, Syria, but they regularly returned to the Lake to visit Dora's parents.

By 1928, the Altounyans had five children and they all spent the summer holiday with the Collingwoods. Ernest bought two sailing dinghies for the children and Arthur helped them learn to sail them.

By way of thanks, the Altounyans gave Ransome a pair of Turkish slippers, and by way of thanks to the Altounyans, Ransome wrote a story for the children and made them, slightly changed, characters in it. Taqui, the oldest (she was about 12 that summer), was turned into John for reasons of symmetry: two boys and two girls (Bridget didn't much count at this point). Susan was about a year younger, Mavis (Titty) was 9, and Roger was 7 in the summer of 1929 when the fictional adventures took place.



Ransome's slippers were red, but these replacements, donated by the Altounyans to the Museum of Lakeland Life and Industry, have faded.

'The handsomest slippers that anyone ever saw...'

AR, thanking the Altounyans for his slippers.



The slippers displayed in the Lakeland Museum are much less fancy and much more practical than most Turkish slippers. In Turkey, as in many countries, outdoor shoes don't go in the house. They are exchanged for slippers in the entryway. In Turkey, the slippers are often much fancier than the outdoor shoes. Leather slippers are usually for men – but the leather is dyed, inlaid, embroidered, and the extended, fantastically up-turned and curved, toes and heels are a cliché may be extended to the point of fantasy. Pompons are for women, and women's shoes are usually fabric with lots of metallic embroidery. Heel-less scuffs are popular – and so are spike heels, for women.

The Disappearing Dedication

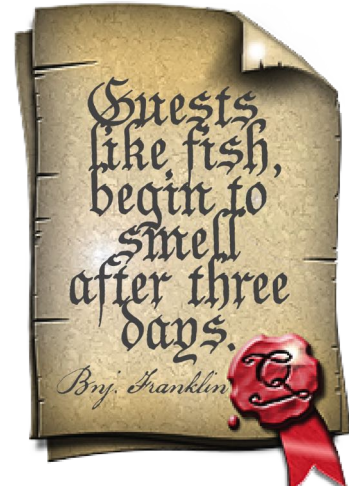
No dedication in your copy of S&A? Ransome (or perhaps the redoubtable Evgenia, speaking through Ransome) demanded that the dedication be removed in the 1958 edition. It's not clear why, but there had been a rift between the two families some years earlier.

In 1932, not long after S&A was published (1930), the Ransomes paid a long visit to the Altounyans in Syria. They stayed for three months, then left suddenly. The published excuse

was that Ransome wasn't healthy and couldn't withstand the climate of Aleppo any longer. There are all kinds of speculations – I think myself that three months is a lot longer than three days. Children always did rather get on Ransome's nerves and it must have been very confusing for everyone when the creator of five fictional analogues and the five originals suddenly found themselves sharing the same space. At least some of the Altounyan children were already getting tired of being Ransome's five characters rather than the Altounyan family.

Gradually, the families became friends again, but the dedication never reappeared.

Nor did the slippers. Evgenia, as usu-



al, was the chief suspect. She often tried to clear out the clutter when Ransome was gone fishing, and by all accounts she had no great love for the Altounyans, but no one really knows what happened to the slippers.

<p style="text-align: center;">TO THE SIX FOR WHOM IT WAS WRITTEN IN EXCHANGE FOR A PAIR OF SLIPPERS</p>	<p>Before anyone notices and writes in, although the exhibit in the Lakeland Museum says "To the four for whom it was written", the actual dedication, shown here from my 1937 printing of S&A, says "To the six...", so AR was apparently thanking the Altounyan parents as well as the children. (Still no sign of Bridget, though.)</p>
	<p>Ed.</p>

Are You on Facebook?

Despite the many problems with Facebook, it does enable groups of like-minded people to share and exchange. (These are the groups I can find. Let me know if you find any others — Ed.)

The Arthur Ransome Society (TARS) Facebook Group: www.facebook.com/groups/762560473886537/
(This is a closed group, so you will have to ask to join.)

Arthur Ransome's Swallows and Amazons in North America: www.facebook.com/groups/tarsfriends/

The Arthur Ransome Society in New Zealand & Australia: www.facebook.com/tarsnz/

The Arthur Ransome Group: www.facebook.com/groups/2612950856/

Dipping our Hands — Personal relationships with the books

On “Ransome's Illustrations”

A letter from Janet Shirley

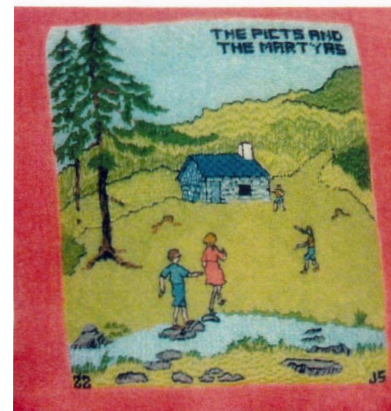
I am writing to say how very much I enjoyed Simon Horn's article on the original illustrations by Clifford Webb and the later ones by Arthur Ransome.

The original books are special to me. *Swallows & Amazons* was, I think, the first book I read by myself from cover to cover. My mother had to have both *Swallows & Amazons* and *Swallowdale* re-bound for me — they were worn out!

Not all the words about sailing did I understand till I went to a girls' camp in Algonquin Park, Ontario, and learned to sail. Kit Pearson's mother was there too. Kit's attendance at an early Annual Meeting of TARS in Windermere was the reason I joined TARS!

I made Arthur Ransome's illustrations into a number of needlepoint pillows so they were loved too. The “pillows” have already been printed in the *North Pole News* when a Lakehead University professor was the editor.

Yours truly,
Janet Shirley, Halifax, Nova Scotia



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

Polar Region Sledging Rations & Recipes

By Ian Sacré

In several of Arthur Ransome's books mention is often made of pemmican, the name given by the Swallows and Amazons to good old tinned 'Bully Beef', a product which is still made made by either Fray Bentos or Hereford and labelled on their tins as Corned Beef. It is put up in 340 gram (12 ounce) unique oddly shaped tins. Each tin of S&A 'pemmican' has a calorific value of just over 800 calories.

Pemmican, as is well known, is not corned beef and consists of some kind of lean meat, such as bison, deer, elk, moose or beef. The meat is cut into very thin strips and dried and then ground into powder. It is then mixed with an equal amount of animal fat.



Pemmican was invented by the Indigenous people of Canada, probably the Cree Nation, and its name is derived from the Cree word *pimihkan*. Pemmican was widely used as a very high energy food by those involved in the fur trade, military campaigns and by polar explorers such as Shackleton, Byrd, Nansen, Scott, DeLong and Amundsen, to name a few. Pemmican

is still made and used in some quarters.

It takes about five pounds of fresh meat to make one pound of dried meat. After the meat powder has been mixed with fat and packed in a suitable container it will keep for years without spoiling, providing it is not allowed to get wet.

The other staple in sledging rations were Ship's Biscuits or Hard Tack.

This was a rock-hard biscuit made from flour, baking soda, salt, butter and water. The biscuits were formed into flat squares and baked. The square shape allowed for easy stowage. For those that are interested, Hard Tack, or Hard Bread, is still made by the Purity Factories Limited in St. John's, Newfoundland. But they are not flat. Each biscuit or cake they make weighs 80 grams (almost 3 ounces) and contains 290 calories.

Polar exploration in the eighteen and nineteen hundreds was a very tough business, and sledging party members needed to eat a tremendous number of calories to work and survive in such a hostile environment. It has been determined that when man-hauling sledges, an adult male required a minimum of 6,500 calories per day.

Later research has re-

vealed that on the 1912 Captain Scott Antarctic Expedition one man's, man-hauling, sledging ration consisted of the following:

- Biscuits (hard tack): 1,730 calories (427 grams or 15 ounces)
- Pemmican: 2,000 calories
- Butter & Cheese: 450 calories (467 grams or 16.6 ounces)
- Sugar: 340 calories
- Cocoa: 70 calories

Total Calories: 4,590 (900 grams or 31.8 ounces)

So it can be seen that each member of Captain Scott's sledging party had a deficit of approximately 1,910 calories per day! But of course such nutritional facts were unknown in those long-ago days. If they had been known, the outcome of Scott's expedition might have been quite different.

Polar explorers all seemed to live on a dish (for want of a better word) called





Hoosh. It consisted simply of pemmican and hard tack biscuits thrown into a pot with some water (melted snow) and cooked until the biscuit became soft and the whole mixture edible. Imagine eating such a mixture day after day while sledging. Shackleton also made Hoosh on his famous boat voyage to South Georgia, cooking the mixture on a Primus stove.

Make Your Own Hoosh

Our personal version of Hoosh that we make on camping expeditions consists of a tin of corned beef (S&A's pemmican), 1-1/2 cups dried potato flakes, 1 onion, two or three carrots, and 1/3 of a cabbage — these veggies keep well for a long time in a net bag — salt, pepper and butter.

Cook the raw vegetables in salted water until rather mushy. Turn the potato flakes into mashed potatoes, by adding to 1-1/2 cups of boiling water and 1/2 cup milk if available, plus two tablespoons of butter and 1/2 tsp. salt. Pour the potato flakes into the the boiling water, remove from the stove immediately and stir and let sit for a few minutes.

Drain the cooked mushy veggies, add the mashed potatoes and corned beef and stir the whole mixture wildly until the mess is mixed. At this point I must warn you, it will look horrible!

Heat some fat in a frying pan and dump in some or all

of the mixed Hoosh mess and fry, turning until both sides are lightly browned. Serve. It looks dreadful but tastes delicious!

It will be remembered that after the Endurance was beset, crushed in the ice and sunk, Ernest Shackleton and his crew hauled their boats over the ice for days seeking open water to their north. In preparing for the exhausting hard slog ahead, Endurance's cooks made hundred of bannocks using seal blubber for fuel and a makeshift stove. Bannock has



been a staple fare on many tough expeditions and is still made today by traditional cooks at home, and campers, sailors and adventurers while on the move.

Make Your Own Bannock

Dozens of bannock recipes abound, each one claiming to be the best! But one recipe by an indigenous cook who grew up eating bannock almost daily suggests the following: 4 cups of flour, 2 tablespoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1-1/2 to 2 cups warm water, and oil, butter or margarine for cooking in a frying pan.



In a large bowl stir thoroughly together the flour, salt and baking powder.

Gradually add enough water to moisten the ingredients and bring the mixture together into a ball. Turn the ball onto a lightly floured surface and knead about 10 times. Shape the dough into round patties about 1/2 inch thick. Cook in an oiled frying pan, turning over until both sides are golden brown.

I have noticed that the ingredients for bannock are more or less the same as for pancakes. The only difference being the amount of liquid added.

So if one wanted to cheat one could buy ready prepared pancake mix and use it for making bannock bread!

Happy campaigning!

Pirates Attack a United States Coast Guard Gunship

By Paul E. Nelson

The USCG cutter, *Sebago*, is stationed in Pensacola, Florida, USA. She docks at the end of Palafox St., just a mile from the Gulf of Mexico. She is an all-steel, 250-foot-long WWII-vintage gunship upgraded to meet the needs of the 1960s. Rapid-fire 5-inch gun in a deck-mounted enclosed steel turret with radar directional gave pin-point accuracy. Four side-mounted torpedoes, twin hedgehog launch sites on the bow and multiple 50-caliber gun placements made her a formidable presence in the Gulf of Mexico.

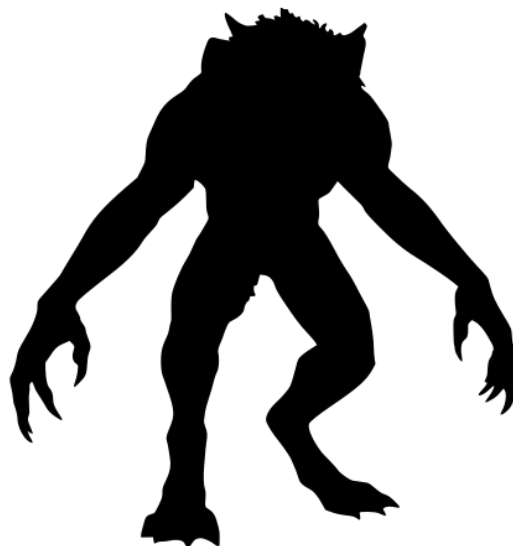


USCG Sebago, as seen in 1947, still carrying her World War II armament.
(from Wikipedia: [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/USCGC_Sebago_\(WMEC-42\)](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/USCGC_Sebago_(WMEC-42))).

I said steel ship... right. It was August 1966: brutal heat, brutal humidity. One of our two boilers was down and out, leaving only one to supply the necessary ship's power. A/C was not considered necessary. We 60 enlisted men were trying to sleep three decks down in the crew's quarters. Three decks down. get it? Right, no port holes, just hot air being circulated around sweat-soaked men. Sleep was marginal. My bunk was the third high, port side next to the engine room bulkhead. Too hot to touch.

I was trying to move my legs, but the mud had grabbed them. what was happening? The air was foul, smelling of decaying swamp vegetation, some strange grunts were approaching from my right side. I squinted, just with my right eye, and saw the shadows of sharp teeth embedded in some gruesome hairy face, eyes that were glowing red. I knew that my wayward youth was catching up to me. Was it a pirate or the legendary creature

Rougaru closing in on my neck with a fatal bite. Born in the Louisiana Swamps, and kept alive with French folklore, Rougaru was about to claim a victim... then my leg broke loose from the the mud ! Wait. No mud? It was the quartermaster pulling my leg and telling me it was time for my 4 am gangway watch.



With more sweat from the nightmare fear than heat, I pulled on my summer whites and headed up to the quarterdeck. When not at sea, anti-submarine sonarmen, like myself, were assigned gangway duty. We were effectively the door and lock of the ship. We were there to protect the sleeping mates and the ship.

I relieved the midnight to 4 am watch. All quiet. Nothing to report. He handed me the web belt with holster, '45 handgun, and separate magazine with 7 shells: all noted in the damp watch station log book. Trying to stay awake and alert was difficult. The only activity was the occasional nighthawk as shown by the full moon.

Until... coming down Palafox St. was a cloud of blue smoke

The "rougaru" is the werewolf of Louisiana's Cajun legends.

surrounding a rattling rusty green '59 Dodge. It stopped dead in front of the gangway, backfired twice, belched, and was silent. It was difficult to see through the black tinted smokey front windshield, and then my dream of the Rougaru came racing to my frontal lobe. Was this a Rougaru or a pirate trying to take over our ship. And worst of all, it was only ME on the quarter deck, just 3 feet from the gangway.

Slowly the front door of the car creaked open, voices encouraging the 6 foot, 6 inch demon to take the ship. The time now was 4:45, and I was so wide awake, not a thought of being sleepy. Slowly the intruder steadied

himself and started up the gangway. Oh DAMN! Fortunately, boot camp training turned on. "Do your duty". I pulled the '45, loaded the clip, and chambered a round with the hammer in full prep for firing. All this done in record time: 2 seconds. By then the narrow gangway was filled with the full 300 pounds of my worst nightmare, 8 short feet from me.

I pointed the '45 directly at his nose, not really knowing if I was going to blast this pirate/thing into the next dimension. He had stopped, dropping the bottle of liquid courage. The Dodge had gotten quiet. Slowly. not taking his eyes off of me, or really, the muzzle of the '45, this pirate, this

Rougaru of my nightmare slowly backed down the gangway, slipped into the Dodge and in a cloud of smoke and rattles headed back up Palofox and out of my blurred vision. It took me 10 minutes of shaking sweating hands to unload the '45 and place the reloaded clip back in the web belt. And NO, the log book did not reflect my worst night time gangway duty.

Years later, excitement with the S&As remind me of my one-time real life pirate encounter, or was it really a Rougaru from south Louisiana trying to take our ship, our Amazon.



The Other Railway to Windermere

In 2016 we took these pictures at Haverthwaite station on the Lakeside and Haverthwaite Heritage Railway.

<https://www.lakesiderailway.co.uk>

From April through October several trains a day run to Lakeside station, where you can pick up a lake steamer and travel on to Bowness and Ambleside and back.

We didn't have time for the whole trip on our last visit, but it is on the list for the next time!
—Ed.



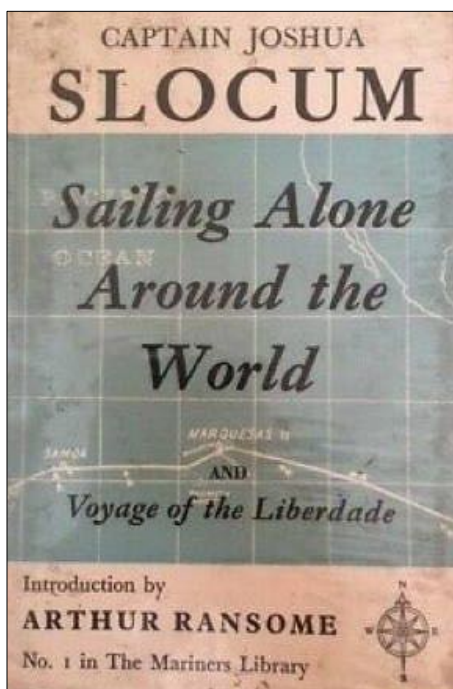
Ship's Library — Books we've read and want to share

Rupert Hart-Davis's The Mariner's Library

Presented by Simon Horn

Several issues ago I wrote a small piece called "Confessions of an Armchair Sailor" in which I explained how — thanks to Arthur Ransome, and despite a life overwhelmingly spent *not* on the water — I had the conviction that I did know how to sail. Given Ransome's well-known ability to explain how to do things, I am sure I am not the only person in the Society with this particular illusion.

Whatever the case, this has led me to a lifetime of fascination with tales of small boats crossing large oceans. I am also a book enthusiast. Not a collector — I don't go in search of first editions, or every edition of a book ever published, etc. — but I like books. I use an ereader, but I like books as objects as well as things to read. Which brings me to The Mariner's Library.



In 1946 Rupert Hart-Davis started a publishing company in London. It earned an impressive reputation but, as Wikipedia points out, Hart-Davis "refused to cater to public tastes", which would lead the company to lose money. As Hart Davis himself puts it, "I usually found that the sales of the books I published were in inverse ratio to my opinion of them. That's why I established some sort of reputation without making any money."

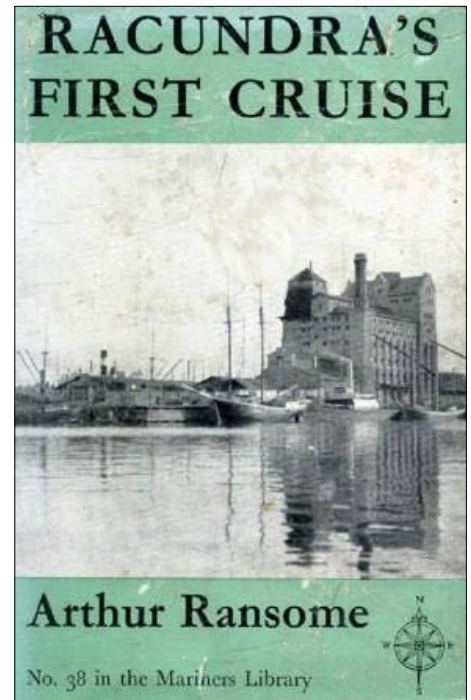
(https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Publications_by_Rupert_Hart-Davis)

One of the backers of the new company was Arthur Ransome. In his epilogue to Ransome's *Autobiography* Hart-Davis describes a discussion with a partner about what nautical work they might publish. The partner asked "Slocum?", but the famous sailor was just a name to them.

"At that moment the telephone rang. It was Arthur, anxious to apologise for something. 'I'll forgive you', I said, 'if you'll tell me about Slocum.' 'Slocum', said Arthur. 'wrote the best sailing book in the world, and if you republish it I'll write you an introduction for nothing.' 'Done,' said I."

(*Autobiography*, p. 352)

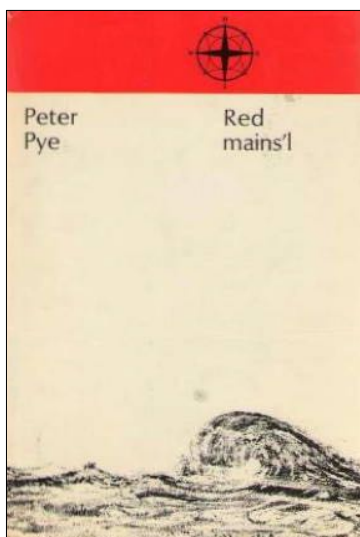
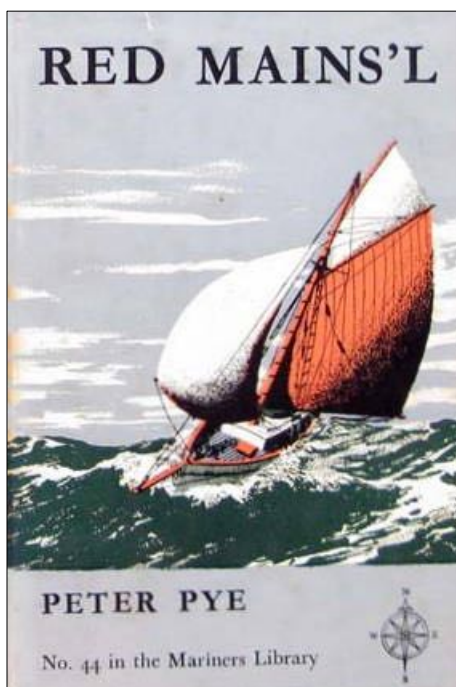
That was the genesis of what would become "The Mariners Library", whose first volume, Joshua Slocum's *Sailing Alone Around the World*, appeared in 1948. From then until 1968, when Eric Newby's *The Last Grain Race* was published as #48, a succession of the small, 5" x 7.5" hardback volumes appeared — suitable for the limited space available in the cabins of



small boats. Seven of them had introductions by Ransome. If you are lucky enough to have a copy of Christina Hardyment's compilation *Ransome on Blue Water Sailing*, which Amazon Publications put out in 1999, you can read Ransome's collected introductions, along with other essays. Ransome's own *Racundra's First Cruise* appeared in the series as #38.

The series mainly reprinted classic sailing stories, usually sailors' narratives, like Slocum's or Ransome's, but also some fictional, like Erskine Childers' *The Riddle of the Sands* (one of my all-time favourites). As classics, of course, many of the volumes have been and may still be available from various publishers.

The Hart-Davis books can generally be found on eBay or from online used



Plainer covers graced the series in later years.

book dealers like Abebooks. Prices are variable and the books can be quite expensive, but if you keep your eyes open for bargains you may sometimes find one. It used to be possible to find them occasionally in used book stores for very little, but with the rise of the internet used book dealers can easily find out what things are selling for, and this has led prices to rise.

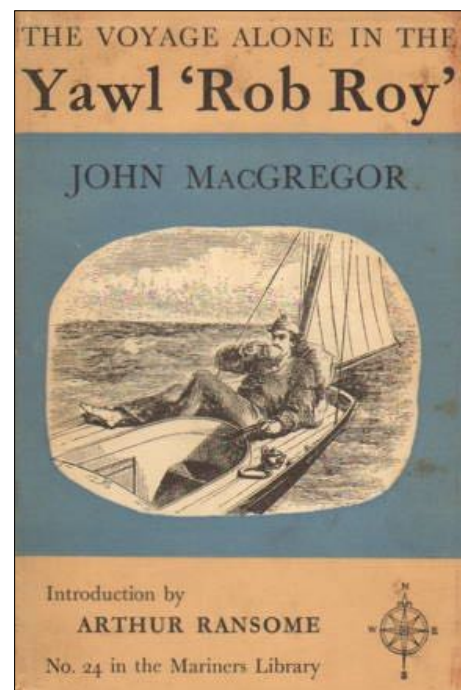
I now have 20 in the series, and one of them twice! (Peter Pye's *Red Mains'l*). That was sort of a mistake, but it does mean that I have one copy with the gorgeous Winston Megaran cover and another with the plainer red and white cover that began to grace later reprints.

I find that there is something comforting about being safely at home, reading a small, beautifully produced volume of sea lore. Whether I would feel quite the same if I were reading it in the cabin of a little yacht riding out an Atlantic storm is another question. I am, alas, unlikely to find out.

I will tell you a secret, however. After a while, I find that one account of a voyage across an ocean in a small sailing vessel begins to resemble almost any other such account. As a result I like to space out my readings. Of course I do realize that, as an “armchair sailor” as opposed to a real one, this probably means I don't fully grasp the nuances of the sailing stories presented. But this has never stopped me snapping up any further volumes in The Mariner's Library that I come

across and I will continue to do so. Despite my claim not to be a book collector, the Mariner's Library is an exception. Perhaps one day I will have the full 48.

PS: Please note that the original Mariner's Library published by Hart-Davis was a series of small hardcover books published in the 1950s and '60s. In more recent years a publisher known as Sheridan House put out a number of nautical-themed paperbacks under their own Mariners Library label, including some titles from the Hart-Davis line, as well as the Mariners Library Fiction Classics. They may be well worth reading, but they are not the same.



Useful Links

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

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

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

Beckfoot Kitchen — Eating with the Swallows and Amazons

(or is it *Dot's Latest Story?*)

Dot and Dick in California

“Edited” by Molly McGinnis

Dear Dot,

Thank you for the American measuring cups and spoons you sent for the S&A's and Cook at Christmas. You should have seen the look on Cook's face when we presented them! But I explained that it would make exchanging recipes so much easier for us, with you cooking so much in America.

The crews say to tell you we miss you.

Susan



American Summer Pudding: Shortcake

Dear Susan,

Fruit stands – little kiosks – have sprouted up all over. Cherries and strawberries side by side with summer squash (like marrows only better) and pumpkins and all kinds of melons. And cucumbers – they grow outdoors here. I miss the good peas though. It's too hot for them, Karen says.

Karen is our next door neighbor. She had us for dinner Sunday and we had Berry Shortcake for pudding (dessert). It's kind of like the Summer Pudding we had for the

last Feast, only simpler. Sort of a scone, only they're called biscuits here – that's the shortcake – split, with fruit piled on them. Karen gave me the easiest recipe. She says the measurements don't have to be very precise, it's kind of by guess and by golly.

I said “by guess and by golly?”

Pudding is a subset of “dessert” in America, and pudding itself is usually something gooshy, like blancmange.

Dick

and Karen grinned and said “That means with a little Tennessee windage.” (I think Nancy would like her.) She knows a lot about camping, too. She was the kitchen and supplies manager – like a chef d'equipe– of the first raft trip down the Grand Canyon after they let the Colorado river through again. Look at the snapshot – that's Karen in the bow but you can only see her hat.

The biscuits only take one bowl and I watched Karen make them. She baked them in a frying pan to show how. She says when you're in

camp cook the biscuits first. Just wipe the pan off – a little leftover flour won't hurt anything – and make the dinner in the same pan while the crew gathers blackberries and whatever else they can find. I copied out Karen's directions for you.

Dot



Can you make out Karen's hat?

Cream Biscuits

Bake the shortcake dough ahead or put it in the oven at the beginning of the meal and serve hot. Preheat the oven to 425°F (225°C) (gas mark 7). The dough goes together fast. A 2-cup recipe will make plenty of shortcake for four or five people.

Mix together in a largish bowl:

2 c plain flour (graham is best)
1/2 tsp salt

2 tsp baking powder (+2 T sugar for a slightly sweet shortcake)
(or 2 c self-rising flour and omit baking powder)

Dribble in, mixing gently as you go:

about 1 1/4 c light cream (“half and half”)

“About” means enough liquid to make a soft dough. Use a little less or more as necessary.

As the flour mixture starts to clump together, dribble cream over the dry parts – keep mixing and tossing – until it’s all moistened and fairly even. Push the dough together into a ball and firm up the ball by pushing with the heels

of your hands a few times, turning as you go.

Dust a cast-iron frying pan or griddle with a little flour to bake. Or to bake in an oven, butter a pan or cookie sheet, dust with a little flour, and pat the dough out right into the pan – make a rectangle about two fingers high (1 1/2 inch). You can cut it into squares about 4 fingers (3 inches) wide now, for more of the crunchy edges, or after you bake. Baking takes about 20 - 25 minutes. Tap the top of a biscuit and if it sounds hollow it’s

done, or stick a toothpick it to see if it comes out clean, with no damp dough sticking to it. Griddle scones will squish out at the sides when you press them if they’re not done – sometimes you have to turn them onto their sides to brown and finish them all over.

Prepare fruit: 3-4 cups of fruit will be plenty for this amount of shortcake. Use any berries and any soft fruits, just make sure there are no pits. You need to mix in a little sugar to draw the juice even if the fruit is very sweet – start with 1-2 tablespoons sugar per cup of



fruit. You can taste and add more later (try it on a corner of biscuit) if you need to. Slice strawberries and anything large like peaches. Give the mix a good (but gentle) stir with a big spoon to make sure the sugar dissolves and brings out the juice.

(Anachronistic editor's note: Use frozen fruit to make shortcake at any time of year, or add some to whatever fresh fruits you have.)

Serving: It's more fun to let the diners build their own. In the kitchen, split the biscuits and put them back together, arrange on a plate, and take to the table with dessert plates, knives and forks, big serving spoons, the fruit, and a small pitcher of heavy cream (or bring in the bowl of whipped cream and announce "Crème Chantilly (*Crehm Shantee*), anyone?"). You may need to demonstrate how to build a shortcake by making one. Take a split biscuit, put some fruit on the bottom half, add the top half and more fruit (you can turn the top half upside down so it will soak up more juice. Stop there or top with a good dribble of heavy cream or a dollop of Crème Chantilly, and pass to the oldest diner. You can, of course, make up each person's helping to their orders.

Cream for the Top

Dribble: use heavy cream left over from making the dough.

Whipped (Crème Chantilly): (not for campers) Get everything really, really cold – cream, bowl, and beater(s). I use a big wire whip but a portable electric mixer is fine.

Supplies:

1 c heavy whipping cream
2 T powdered sugar or 1 T fine table sugar

1-quart bowl, preferably glass or ceramic (to stay cold longer)

Wire whip or portable electric mixer (ice and a bigger bowl if there's no room in the freezer for the bowl)

Put the sugar and cream in a quart (smaller than you think!) bowl, mix, cover with anything handy, and give it about half an hour in the freezer, along with the beater(s). It won't hurt if the cream mix freezes around the edges. If there's no room in the freezer for the bowl, put the cream in the coldest part of the fridge for at least two hours and use two bowls, a big one and the mixing bowl. Put a lot of ice in the bigger one and nestle the top bowl into the ice, let chill a few moments, add sugar and cream and beat.

The Cream: Cream that's not ultra-pasteurized whips better – maybe – this was Trader Joe heavy cream, the only non-ultra-pasteurized cream available here. The last batch of whipped cream was so rich it made my

mouth feel greasy, so I put a couple of tablespoons of 1% milk into the measuring cup and filled it up with the heavy cream this time. The mix whipped just as well and tasted better.

The Sugar: Powdered sugar (sometimes called Confectioners') – the supermarket kind with cornstarch added – is easiest and that's what I used this time. Most American table sugar is fine enough to dissolve quickly, or use superfine "baking" or "icing" sugar if you have it. You want a lightly sweet cream that won't overpower the fruit.

If you beat with a portable mixer, start on slow, then gradually increase speed to high. Lift the beaters out of the cream a little as it foams up, to get air into it as quickly as possible. Stop as soon as the cream makes very soft peaks. It should still flow a bit. It took about me 3 1/2 minutes with the wire whip to do the cream in the photo. The cream/sugar mix was frozen all around the edges but the icy stuff melted in with the first few whips. If you beat too much – until the peaks stand up and the cream starts to break – it won't taste as nice, and if you really beat too much you can end up with butter flecks and whey! (Also, the ideal temperature for making butter is about 50°F/ 10°C, so take "chilled" seriously.)





Pieces of Eight — The Junior Pages



**All the animals were out searching...
but nothing has come in!**

Alas, no one sent in any contributions, so although I sent out all the animals to look for something, Pieces of Eight is empty!

How about next time? — Ed.



Signals from TARSUS/North Pole News Index by Subject, 2016-2019

Compiled by Simon Horn

Here is a first attempt at compiling an index to articles in that have appeared in the newsletter since I have been editor. The list is sorted by subject and then by issue and includes the title, the section, the author and the issue date.

So, if you are looking for a recipe, for example, you should be able to find when it appeared. Note that I have not

included the regular *Ship's Papers* sections from the coordinators and myself, since they appear in every issue.

Please send in any comments or suggestions for improvement since, as I said, it is very much a first attempt.

Remember, too, that your PDF reader can enlarge the type if you find it too small.

Behind the Books			
A Letter from AR to Helene Carter	Dipping our Hands	Marilyn Steele	Sept. 2018
Thomas, Ransome and Adlestrop	Dipping our Hands	Lorne Brown	Sept. 2018
No Moss on Uncle Jim!	Pieces of Eight	Molly McGinnis	January 2019
No Moss on Uncle Jim! Part 2	Pieces of Eight	Molly McGinnis	May 2019
The Beginning of it All	Captain Flint's Trunk	Molly McGinnis	Sept. 2019
Camping			
The Tent Maker's Tale	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Ian Sacré	February 2016
Arthur Ransome's Birthday Corroborree	Pieces of Eight	Nikki McClure	June 2017
Reflections of a Gear Junkie	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Alistair Bryden	May 2019
Polar Region Sledging Rations & Recipes	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Ian Sacré	Sept. 2019
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Grog!	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Ian Sacré	Sept. 2016
Vancouver Island, Sri Lanka and Hartlepool	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Alistair Bryden	January 2018
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Peter Duck and the King	Dipping Our Hands	Gordon McGilton	February 2016
Arthur Ransome in my Life	Dipping Our Hands	Gordon Proudfoot	June 2016
Arthur Ransome, Helene Carter & my introduction to S&A	Dipping Our Hands	Marilyn Steele	Sept. 2016
My Great Northern Coffee Mug	Captain Flint's Trunk	Alistair Bryden	Sept. 2016
Confessions of an Armchair Sailor	Dipping Our Hands	Simon Horn	February 2017
Ransome's Winter	Dipping Our Hands	Peter Calamai	February 2017
Swallows and Amazons in the Far North	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Catherine Madsen	February 2017
My Children and Arthur Ransome	Dipping Our Hands	Simon Horn	June 2017
Our Private Films	Dipping Our Hands	Peter Calamai	January 2018
Skimming Over the Ice	Dipping Our Hands	Maida Follini	January 2018
A Clay Medallion, circa 1954	Mrs Barrable's Gallery	Marilyn Steele	May 2018
AR Taught Me!	Dipping Our Hands	Richard G. Mills	May 2018
Sailing Around the Horn to the Goldfields	Dipping our Hands	Maida Follini	Sept. 2018
Today's Sixth Graders' on The Big Six: "Booor-ing"!	Dipping our Hands	Richard G. Mills	January 2019
First Fish	Dipping Our Hands	Molly McGinnis	May 2019
On "Ransome's Illustrations"	Dipping Our Hands	Janet Shirley	Sept. 2019
Pirates attack a United States Coast Guard Gunship	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Paul E. Nelson	Sept. 2019
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Winter Holiday Hike	Pieces of Eight	Petr Krist	Sept. 2016
Crab Island Quiz	Pieces of Eight	Petr Krist	February 2017

A Book Maze	Pieces of Eight	Simon Horn	October 2017
Winter Holiday Word Search Challenge	Pieces of Eight	Elizabeth Jolley	January 2018
Swallows and Amazons Book Series Quiz	Pieces of Eight	Elizabeth Jolley	May 2019
All the animals were out searching...	Pieces of Eight	Simon Horn	Sept. 2019
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Don't Count on the Sheep	Captain Flint's Trunk	David Rawcliffe	May 2019
Secret Water from Above	Captain Flint's Trunk	Robert Dilley	May 2019
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Recipes			
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Swallows and Amazons and Pemmican	Beckfoot Kitchen	Ian Sacré	June 2017
Fried Cannonballs	Beckfoot Kitchen	Molly McGinnis	October 2017
Edible Igloo	Beckfoot Kitchen	Elizabeth Jolley	January 2018
A Winter's Feast	Beckfoot Kitchen	Molly McGinnis	January 2018
Susan Learns to Make Hot-pot	Beckfoot Kitchen	Molly McGinnis	January 2018
Bacon and Eggs!	Beckfoot Kitchen	Robert Dilley	January 2018
Miss Beckwith's Bunloaf	Dot's Latest Story	Molly McGinnis	May 2018
Blackberry Pudding	Beckfoot Kitchen	Molly McGinnis	Sept. 2018
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Note from the Editor	The Ship's Library	Simon Horn	June 2017
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The 2016 Swallows and Amazons Movie	The Ship's Library	Simon Horn	October 2017
The New Movie	The Ship's Library	Donald T. Rice	October 2017
"The Twilight Years - Hill Top"	The Ship's Library	Simon Horn	October 2017
"The Boat in the Bay"	The Ship's Library	Simon Horn	May 2018
"Racundra's Third Cruise"	The Ship's Library	Ian Sacré	Sept. 2018
"Those Snake Island Kids"	The Ship's Library	Lorne Brown	Sept. 2018
"Western Reptiles & Amphibians"	The Ship's Library	Molly McGinnis	Sept. 2018
"The Twilight Years - London"	The Ship's Library	Simon Horn	January 2019
"Those Sugar-Barge Kids"	The Ship's Library	Molly McGinnis	January 2019
"Back to Swallows and Amazons"	The Ship's Library	David R. Elms	January 2019
"The Marvels" by Brian Selznick	Pieces of Eight	Martha Blue	January 2019
"Swallows, Amazons and Coots"	The Ship's Library	David R. Elms	May 2019
"Extraordinary Birds"	The Ship's Library	Molly McGinnis	May 2019
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Dot and Dick in California	Dot's Latest Story	Molly McGinnis	Sept. 2018
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Anne of Green Gables Meets a Kiwi Amazon Lobster Pirate	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Cheryl Paget	May 2018
Tent for Two Roundup	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Elizabeth Jolley	May 2018
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Off to Samarkand... via St. Petersburg	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Alistair Bryden	Sept. 2018
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Riding a Dromedary from Samarkand to Istanbul	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Alistair Bryden	January 2019
In Search of the Great Northern Diver's Range	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Ian Sacré	January 2019
What I Did in the Holidays	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Alan Hakim	January 2019
My Gritstone Trail	Pieces of Eight	Martha Blue	May 2019
The Other Railway to Windermere	Kanchenjunga's Cairn	Simon Horn	Sept. 2019



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