

The Carrick Argus

Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news

Issue no 86

February 2024



Rainbow

by Keith Wickes

An entry in the 2023 photography competition

Contents

To go directly to a page, just click on the item below if you are using a desktop or laptop. If you use an iPad, touch an item in the list.

Contents	2
Editorial	3
Letters to the Editor	4
Bringing back the Beavers	5
Hunting down Asian Hornets	8
The Big Joy Project	10
Creative writing: Loss	12
Poem: Costing the Earth	14
Adrian's pick of the month: Close-ups	15
Creative writing: Flavours	19
Creative writing: The Truth Revealed	20
Creative writing: Bob, Pete & Deirdre	21
Quiz	23
Picture Quiz: Breakfast dishes	24
Cornwall in 'post war' photographs	25
Piccadilly Circus as you've never seen it before	27
Quiz answers	28
Picture Quiz Answers	29
It all depends on one's perception	30
Thoughts for the day	31
Carrick Argus: Contact details	32
Policy and guidelines for contributors	32

Editorial

Many thanks to all those members who came to the EGM on 17th January, we were delighted all the resolutions were passed by such huge majorities. The committee is now able to take Carrick u3a forward, with lots of exciting innovations to come this year. Particular thanks must go to Lesley Parsons, our chair, for her energy and enthusiasm, and to Ric Reilly who has revolutionised the way in which housebound members and those with caring responsibilities can still enjoy taking an active part in our u3a. Full details are in the newsletter.

The Argus is now approaching its 7th anniversary. Little did the original editorial panel imagine it would still be going strong 7 years later. I'd like to thank all our regular contributors and welcome onboard some new ones. The Argus is written solely by members for members of Carrick u3a; it would not be what it has become without your input. So, if you have an interest you would like to share, from architecture or archaeology to zoology or zymurgy, why not write us an article for inclusion in next month's issue? We would love to hear from you. We were saddened to hear of the death of John Faupel who had until recently provided articles on aspects of Human Psychology on a regular basis, we will always be grateful for his contributions.

Following on from our successful quiz night in the autumn, we are delighted to bring you a replay, hopefully this time with ready cooked pasties (cooking 70 on the night in a small oven was no easy task) and slightly fewer rounds. Team names and people in them should be sent to me, vicechair@carricku3a.org.uk along with pasty choices and money please. As before we will have traditional, veggie and gluten free options available. Entrance will be £7 to include the pasty and tea/coffee. Sorry about the small increase, but we need to hire the hall for longer than we did last time to ensure we leave enough time for clearing away. Not everyone needs to be a Carrick u3a member, as long as at least one person per team is. Hopefully this will encourage friends and relations to come along, enjoy a good evening out and see what a great organisation Carrick u3a is.

Sue Hutt
Editor

Letters to the Editor

Doris Jeary - remembered. Memorial Service.

Many of you will have read the article in the December edition of the Argus on the life of Doris Jeary. We were not completely surprised but certainly moved by the memories and stories that many members wished to recount about Doris and her husband Bob. It was clear that Doris touched many lives during her time with us. Her funeral took place at her son Ian's home at Yalding in Kent, and was attended by her family.

At the time of writing that article there was talk of a Memorial Service here in Cornwall, but no definite details.

We can now report that there is to be a Memorial Service to celebrate her life at the **King Charles the Martyr Church** in Falmouth on **Thursday 15th February at 11.30 a.m.**

Friends and colleagues are invited to the service if they so wish.

Richard Allen

IT help is at hand through the u3a Carrick

Are you like me feeling frustrated that you can't do the things you would like to do and you know you could do on your iPad or laptop?

I recently spent a very helpful hour with Ric Reilly and his wife Helen at their home in Penryn. Unlike family members they were both very patient and understanding, willing to help and go at a pace that suited me. I wanted to be able to set up spreadsheets on my iPad, but Ric could help you with any aspect of IT however minor. He explains things clearly in an easy to understand way.

He has recently set up an IT surgery meeting every month. If you would like help, I thoroughly recommend that you contact Ric and arrange a visit.

Michele Cooper



Shared on Facebook

Bringing back the Beavers



Image courtesy of the Natural History Museum

Beavers are native to mainland Britain but were hunted to extinction in the 16th century for their fur and meat; the Roman Catholic Church designated them as fish so it was a popular meal on Fridays. Their silky-soft fur made good hats and the castoreum oil in glands under their tails was exploited as a vanilla-scented tincture for perfume.

In 2022 they were declared a native resident species in Britain and were given protection. The first licensed wild-river beaver trial was on the River Otter in Devon, over ten years ago. Since then, they have altered the riverine habitat, allowing many species of flora and fauna to return and proliferate. They gnaw the bankside willows, which quickly regenerate, to build homes called lodges.



Image courtesy of New Scientist

The beavers' integral place in our countryside ecosystem has been successfully re-established. The improvement of water quality and increasing numbers of dragonflies, snipe and heron may be

replicated this year on Bodmin Moor. Cornwall Wildlife Trust plans to release Eurasian beavers into their largest nature reserve at Helman Tor, south of Bodmin. This would follow the release of a pair at The Lost Gardens of Heligan in 2023 and in the Ladock valley near Truro in 2017.



Helman Tor Nature reserve

Photos courtesy of Cycle Friendly Places

Helman Tor nature reserve features a vast expanse of wild wetland which will be enhanced and renewed by the reintroduction of the rodents. These '*eco-system engineers*' will encourage and enriched biodiversity, drought resistance and climate resilience by stabilising water levels and preventing streambed erosion, as well as providing water storage.



A diagram showing the complex structures created by Beavers

Image courtesy of BBC Science

Their complex systems of ponds and channels bring life back into the land. A series of dams can dramatically slow the flow of water, helping to prevent flash flooding. The dams store carbon and trap pollutants, filtering out manure, slurry and fertilisers.

Cornwall's first ever Beaver Officer will work towards obtaining a license for their release, consulting local people and encouraging their participation in the project.

Anglers may be wary of them, but the beavers' diet of plants – they particularly love parsnips and apples – means they are no threat to fishing. In Germany, fishermen were some of their fiercest opponents in the 1960s. However, fish stocks in beaver ponds, where dams and lodges provide habitat for invertebrates as well as protection for small fry, increased by up to 80 times. Dams have proved no obstacle to migration of fish such as salmon.

Some farmers claim beavers weaken riverbanks and cause floods which damage crops. If so, campaigners propose relocation instead of culling. However, landowners can obtain licences to shoot them and 87 beavers were killed in Scotland in 2019. Scottish law is now being challenged by the animal rights campaigner, Chris Packham.

A 5-year study which examined the widespread population of wild beavers on the River Otter in Devon concluded that the overall benefits of their presence outweighed the costs.

There are now beavers in river systems in almost every country of Europe. Perhaps one day Britain will follow in the footsteps of 24 European countries including France and Germany and reintroduce more beavers into its waterways.

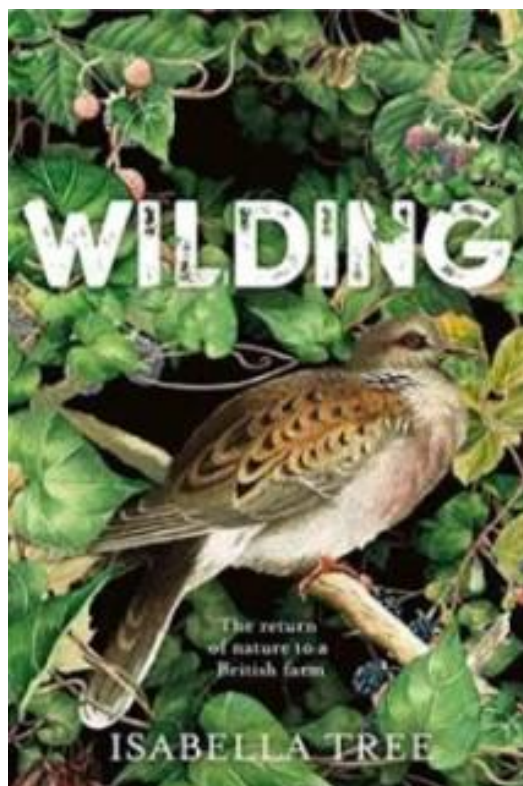


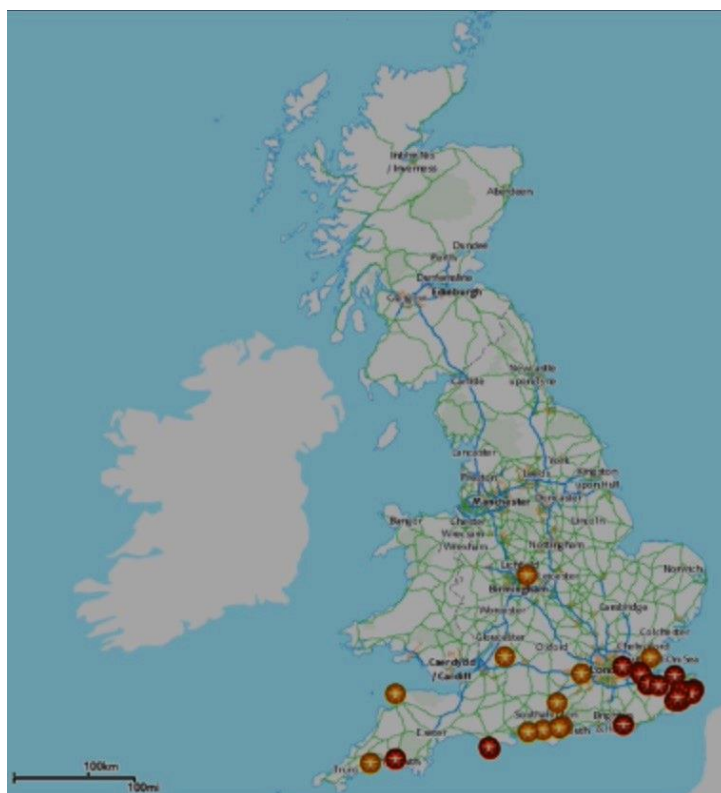
Image courtesy of World of books

Reference: 'Wilding: The return of nature to a British farm' by Isabella Tree (Picador, 2019)

Sue Amer

Hunting down Asian Hornets

The Asian Hornet, or *Vespa Velutina* to give it its binominal name, arrived in southern France in 2004 in a consignment of pottery from China and has spread rapidly throughout Europe, with the first sightings in the UK in Tetbury in 2016. Since then, they have been discovered in many areas, particularly in the south east, although a nest was found in Plymouth in September 2023.



Asian hornet nests found in the UK 2016 to 2023.

Previous nests are shown in Yellow, 2023 ones in Red

This and all other images in the article courtesy of aphascience.blog.uk

Its arrival is viewed as a great threat to our native bee population, as an average Asian Hornet can consume up to 60 bees a day. The hornets use a process known as hawking, where they hover outside bees' nests, capture them when they return laden with pollen and take them back to their own nests to feed off the protein rich thorax. Their presence has had a devastating impact on honey production throughout Southern Europe, particularly Spain, Italy, France and Portugal. Bees of course are also essential to the successful pollination of crops and in 2017 a man died from an anaphylactic shock after being stung whilst pruning his fruit trees. Several people have been hospitalised after receiving stings from hornets, which are much more severe than those of bees or wasps.



The Asian hornet is smaller than its European cousin and has distinctive yellow legs. In spring a new queen will emerge from hibernation to look for a source of food which will provide her with the energy needed to build her nest. These can be large enough to contain several thousand individuals, usually low to the ground although later in the year secondary nests may be built higher up in trees or shrubs. She then lays her eggs which can number around 6,000. The workers will spend the summer hunting for and killing bees. In the autumn, the colony transfer their attentions to the following season, by the mating of male hornets with potentially up to 350 queens. The newly fertilised queens then leave to find somewhere suitable to overwinter and the old queen dies.



A photo of a primary nest in Kent found in brambles and taken by Maggie Gill

Such has been the effect of the Asian hornet on bee populations that any sightings should be reported to the **National Bee Unit** or the **UK Centre for Ecology and Hydrology**. Photographs should be sent and then specialists will destroy the nest.

Sue Hutt

Ref. aphascience.blog.uk
nationalbeeunit.com

The Big Joy Project

In November 2021, at the University of California's Berkeley Greater Good Science Centre, a project entitled **The Big Joy** was launched. Its aim, after bringing together hundreds of science studies, was to use research-based methods to find ways to promote emotional wellbeing and provide ways to lead a more meaningful life.

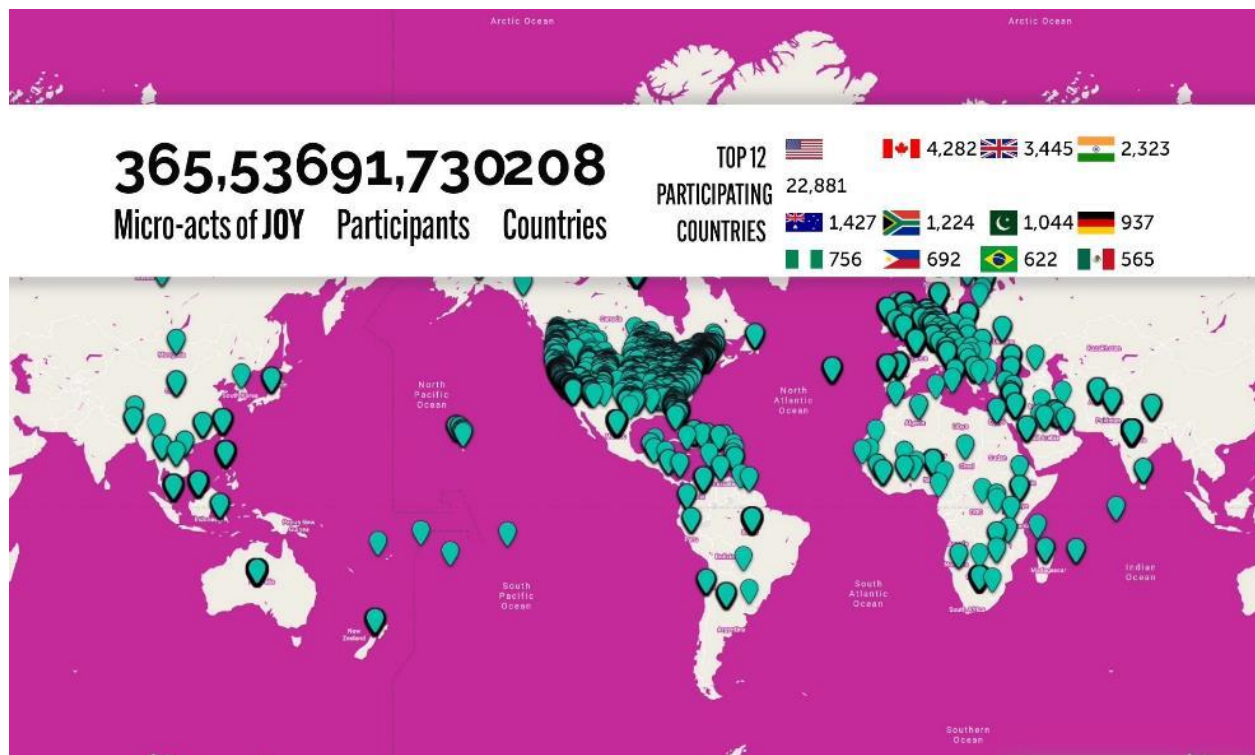


It is now being used in over 200 countries worldwide, can be accessed by anyone and is completely free of charge. Volunteers have to commit to taking part for 7 minutes a day for 7 days. It is not intended to be used by anyone suffering from depression or severe mental health problems, but rather to increase the joy and level of happiness in the general population.

On the first day, participants are asked to answer a few questions to establish a base line for their profile, which will enable them to see how effective the week will be. Questions include *'How satisfied are you with your friendships?'* and *'How much common humanity do you feel with others?'*

Every day, people have to check in and will be given a small activity to complete. This may be watching a short video or undertaking something in the real world which would be designed to improve their feeling of happiness. The first day can involve asking another person what has given them joy or made them feel proud. You are then asked to rate how you felt after doing this and again at the end of the day.

On other days you will be asked to rate the extent to which you feel positive and negative emotions before being given that day's task, which may be to listen to a Buddhist prayer and ask if you can be a force for good; to remember a time when you felt anxious, upset or angry and write down 3 positive things that came out of that situation. Other examples are to make a gratitude list; to rate values of virtue, fairness, goodwill and unity; to identify five people you can do a small kindness for.



Webpage screenshot courtesy of ggia.berkeley.edu

The long number across the top is continually up-dating in what appears to be a random way, so we assume that when this screen shot was taken there were 365,536 Micro-acts of Joy, 91,730 Participants & 208 Countries involved. *Editor*

At the end of the week the original questions are asked again. You are then given a personalised Joy Report. Interim findings have shown an average increase of 23% in levels of emotional wellbeing. The most successful actions seem to be the ones involving other people, and doing small acts of kindness to others appears to provide long lasting effects of happiness in the giver. Further research is planned to try to find out why this happens but it would seem that **connecting in a positive way with others, helping them to feel good about themselves and being kind increases one's own levels of happiness**. Hardly ground breaking stuff, but now there is a scientific basis for what most of us knew all along.

Sue Hutt
ref.ggia.berkeley.edu

Creative writing: Loss

She had arrived at the farm twelve years ago. Thrown hard from a passing van, the side of her head scraped and bloody, sprawled on the gritty roadside, quivering, panting, legs twisted beneath her, cowering as the farmer ran towards her.

The van had disappeared over the bridge, revving hard, scattering dust.

It had taken long months of careful attention, quiet words, a warm bed and gentle coaching to eat, before she accepted being touched, before she would move from the safety of the house and explore very slowly the surrounding land, her body hunched over, tail curved under her body, stopping at every sound, every movement, a dog defeated.

It was a long winter and the farmer and his wife had sat together on the bed by the stove, cradling the dog, stoking its stiff white hair, deciding a name, Lily, in honour of the wife's mother and because of the pure whiteness of its fur. Loving the way, she would sometimes nuzzle their hands, look at them with awakening trust, stretch her bony legs then scramble to the floor, make for the door and go alone into the field, hesitant but with growing courage.

Spring came and one clear sunny day they saw her, head held high, her tail curved in the air, running beneath the trees that skirted their land. The farmer called her name 'Lil, here girl, here, come!' And she flew across the field, landing at his feet in a bundle of warmth. How they cuddled and laughed, how they skittered and danced. That night they ate together on the wooden veranda, a celebratory pie with all the bones dropped beneath the table for Lily, the finest of dogs.

For twelve good years they farmed the land, harvesting fruit, rearing chickens and now they could raise long legged sheep for rich milk and cheeses to sell in the town delicatessen, for Lily now guided the flock to fresh pastures, awoke at night to warn of foxes and the packs of abandoned dogs that scoured the countryside scavenging for food. With her help they began to live a life of comfort, plenty of food on the table, money to spend at the market and with an ancient van to transport their growing range of dairy produce into town.

Many years before there had been a son. He was thin and sickly and unsuited to the hard life on the smallholding, but had been clever at school, clever with numbers. So sadly, they had sent him to live with a distant relative in a northern city where he could work as a clerk and earn a good living. As neither the farmer nor his wife had learned to read, they could not answer his occasional letters which they kept wrapped in a linen cloth placed reverently in a gilded box. They lost touch with the boy which pained them deeply.

It was a golden autumn morning when a van from the local post office drove down their lane, its horn announcing its extremely rare presence. No letters had come to the farm for over fifteen years and the postman was curious to see the owners. He was more than happy to read them the message he carried.

Inscribed on the thick cream card a golden script requested the presence of the father and mother of Francisco Tanzarella at his marriage to Angelina Maria Carrara. The date, time, officiating priest and impressive venue leaving no doubt as to the importance of the occasion.

They were thunderstruck but determined. Hurried plans were quickly made, their scant savings used to pay itinerant workers to care for the farm, a tailored suit made for the farmer, a velvet coat and real leather shoes bought for the mother of the bridegroom and an economy rail ticket on the Fletcha d'Oro from the nearby town to the grand industrial city in the north.

But what to do with Lily?

Should they leave her on the farm and hope the workers would feed her? Or should they beg the kindly woman who owned the cheese shop in the town to house her for the few days they would be away? They would pay handsomely with a free year's supply of goats' cheese for the security of knowing that Lily was well cared for and perhaps that was preferable to being ignored by careless casual workers.

The wedding was in five days time, so much to organise, so much to do, the days were flying by. They decided to hand Lily over to the cheese shop owner on the way to the station, with strict instructions to fuss over her to make her feel wanted and settled. They would collect her in a few days time on their return. Delirious with joy, bewildered and afraid, hopeful and panicked and dizzy with excitement, they hugged the quivering dog as they bumped along the lanes to town. A last long squeeze, a tearful stare and they were off on the first and only journey of their lives.

A week later the couple return to the farm, full of tales and happy to find the animals well cared for, the chickens fed, the goats milked. Then a rush to the shop to reclaim their beloved dog.

The shop was quiet as they open the door. The shop keeper stands, twisting her hands, telling them Lily had fled the moment the door was open, bolting into the busy street, off and away.

They search for weeks, haunting the lanes, calling and calling. They knock on doors, they print flyers offering reward that they post all over town, at crossroads, on fences, on trees. Their home is empty, they barely speak. Sometimes someone would tell them they had seen a strange white dog running across a distant field and they would spend days there calling and searching, all work abandoned.

And now many years have passed. The farm is barely discernible, just two rough fields, a tumbled stone house, a few broken sheds. No-one claimed the land and memory of the couple has faded. The nearby coast is being discovered by tourism, the unspoiled countryside suddenly desirable, villas are being built with gardens and pools, the little rural town is spreading with blank cement flats, bars are busy and trattorias feed different clientele, the local market is photographed for holiday brochures, sleek cars drive the dusty lanes that once saw only a solitary donkey or heavy-laden truck. The world has turned and all is changed.

But sometimes as the light fades over the golden hills and the shadows lengthen over the barren scrub a movement can be seen by the watchful eye. Stand very still, you might just catch a flash of white beneath a tree, a racing dog, its tail held high, guarding a small patch of land that was home.

Leonie Whitton

Poem: Costing the Earth

*Just to make the point at Hinkley
There's no need to fuel the fear,
And with Sizewell C to follow,
There will be enough nuclear
Keeping those electric working
Though the cost is twice the price –
Wind power is the cheaper option,
Get more windmills, my advice.*

Hinkley Point estimated cost: £33bn

Cost of the generated power

£128/MWh (nuclear)

£50/MWh (wind power)

Ref: 'Big Issue', 28 December 2023



Hinkley Point 2023

Courtesy of New Scientist



A model of Sizewell C

Courtesy of Google Images



Photo courtesy of Google images



Image courtesy of National Geographic

Sue Amer

Adrian's pick of the month: Close-ups



Common Blue Butterfly



Lichen



Crow



Sparrow



Needlework



Petals

All Images courtesy of u3a Carrick photography group



Dog Violet



<i>£10 Winner</i>	<i>Number 40</i>	<i>Marian Almond</i>
<i>£5 Winner</i>	<i>Number 9</i>	<i>Patsy Ross</i>
<i>£1 Winner</i>	<i>Number 17</i>	<i>Janice Piper</i>

*Don't miss your chance to join this elite group,
sign up for the draw today, an application form
is in this month's Newsletter.*

Creative writing: Flavours

"Morning, Marilyn!" James Banstead boomed, as he approached the Yacht Club bar. Behind the counter Marilyn Hosken put the glass down and moved to serve him, noting at the same time that Cynthia Banstead had hung up her Burberry and occupied the nearest window table. The before-lunch clientele was still sparse, maybe a dozen, including ex-CPO Parker in his usual seat at one end of the bar, nursing a large Scotch while waiting for an audience to materialise.

"Morning, Mr. Banstead. Pint of Neptune and a G&T, is it?"

"Ah, you know me too well, Marilyn," he chortled, as she pulled the beer. *"Maybe I'll surprise you one of these days, and have a Babycham!"*

"That'll be just you and Miss Collins, then," smiled Marilyn, *"she's the only one who drinks it – we get it in specially!"*

Banstead was about to make a witty rejoinder about Miss Collins' popularity when Cynthia's penetrating voice reached him. *"Am I going to die of thirst here, James?"*

He winked at Marilyn, picked up the drinks, and went to join his wife, who was gazing through the plate-glass window overlooking the marina.

"I suppose you've noticed that Vasey's gin palace hasn't moved all season," said Cynthia, *"and you never see either of them in the Club. I don't know why people like that are accepted as members; they're just taking up a berth one of the active members could use."*

Two more couples entered the bar, their coats dripping. James didn't recognise them. *"Looks as though we just missed the rain!"* he observed.

"I told you it was coming!" Cynthia replied, *"Anyway, don't change the subject; what are you going to do about the Vaseys?"*

James took a pull at his pint before replying. *"Well, they pay their subs and their berth fees on the dot, and they're always very generous when we have an appeal. They gave a thousand when we did the heating refurb. last year. And you know who sponsored them when they joined."*

Cynthia snorted. *"Adrian Conway-Rees? I know people think he's a little tin god just because he owns Tremallows and his wife's got some sort of connection with the Windleshams, but what are they really? Down at heel pseudo-aristocracy, still living off his grandfather's shrewdness and hard work. I don't think he's ever done a hand's turn himself – spends too much time horse-racing to do much else."*

James was aware that the noise level in the bar had risen significantly. Glancing across, he saw that ex-CPO Parker had been joined by the two new couples and three others, all of them laughing at one of his anecdotes.

"Oh, God!" said Cynthia, *"That man's off again!"*

James nodded, grateful to be diverted from a difficult topic. *"I expect he's telling them the one about the Hong Kong Hippopotamus,"* he said.

Marilyn, who had picked up snatches of their conversation between serving other customers, gazed down at the Bansteads. A lifetime in catering had biased her towards seeing personalities and relationships in terms of flavours, or sometimes chemistry. **A salt and an acid?** she thought. **Maybe - gravy and lemon?**

u3a Carrick member writing under the penname Warren Thorpe

Creative writing: The Truth Revealed

George held his mobile phone in a sweaty palm. He was speaking to his ex-wife and she had a way of making him feel uncomfortable and nervous.

'I thought I would let you know,' he said in a voice that he hoped sounded calm, *'Stella is coming to Megan's graduation ceremony.'*

There was a long silence on the other end of the phone and George knew it wasn't a good sign.

Eventually Carol gave a little cough. *'Does Megan know? It's inappropriate, so selfish, typical of you, and, and her graduation of all things! This really is too much!'*

'Megan thinks it will be nice if we all sit together.' George said slowly. *'She's got the tickets.'*

Carol made a loud tutting sound. *'When did you care about what Megan thinks? She told me she has met Stella a couple of times. I bet you never asked her how she feels about it?'* Carol's voice rose shrilly so that George had to hold the phone away from his ear. He sat down heavily on the settee and massaged his temple with his free hand.

'You and I have been divorced for two years,' said George, *'I think Megan is alright with things now.'*

Another silence from Carol. George sighed. *'I thought you should know,'* he said again. He couldn't think of anything else to say so he said a too cheery *'See you there.'* and ended the call.

Stella checked herself in the hallway mirror. The harsh light of the window lit one side of her face where lines and hairs, puckering and shadows were not able to hide. She went to the front room and looked in the mirror over the fireplace. Less light, yes, much more flattering. Dark hair in a neat bob, red lipstick, not too much blue eyeshadow, or was it too much? Was her lipstick bleeding into the thin lines around her mouth? She turned her face this way and that frowning and puckering her lips. She held her hands out in front of her and sighed. They looked chapped and rough. Was her nail varnish too bright? She opened her bag and took out some hand cream slowly massaging it into the backs of her hands. Megan's graduation had preoccupied her for weeks, choosing the right dress, the shoes, the coat, not too fussy, not too frumpy. Why had she decided to go along and put herself through this? She sat down heavily on the settee and checked her tights for ladders for the fifth time since carefully putting them on. When was Carol ever going to accept her? The marriage split had been difficult and Carol had never really acknowledged Stella's role in the break up. She refused to even refer to Stella by her name.

'We should talk about it,' George had said, *'the reasons,'* but no, Carol had refused, her lips pressed into a hard line and her hands clenched together. There was no discussion, just a silence and a pile of George's clothes and belongings by the gate and a letter from the solicitor the next week.

And now the day of the graduation had finally arrived. Stella parked her car and made her way to the hall. She felt hot and flustered. Her shoes were too tight and her toes were rubbing but she had to keep a calm and serene expression on her face whatever happened. Her mouth was dry and she rummaged in her bag for her lipstick and mirror. She panicked as she scanned the crowd of excited students all talking loudly, dressed in black gowns and mortarboards, their families huddling around in their best clothes. Megan had told everyone to meet her by the statue that stood outside the hall. Stella breathed out heavily with relief as she spotted Megan smiling and waving at her as she picked her way through the crowd.

Carol was facing away from Stella, her wide behind in a tight red skirt, a red feather fascinator bobbed about on her head. She turned just as Stella reached them. Standing in front of her with her hands on her hips Carol slowly looked at the tall figure of Stella, taking everything in, starting from her court shoes to her carefully made-up face.

'You made it then George,' she said, her tight little mouth drawn into a sneer, 'or do we call you Stella?'

Wendy Swain

Creative writing: Bob, Pete & Deirdre

Pete, for once in his life, was being troubled by his conscience. His plan to cheer his friend up could go disastrously wrong. He had persuaded Bob to put in an ad in the personal column and Bob had got the shock of his life when his wife Deirdre had turned up in an hotel room dressed up to the nines. He picked up the phone.

PETE. *"Hello, Deirdre, can we have a chat? There's something I need to tell you."*

DEIRDRE *"Okay. What's it all about then?"*

PETE *"I gather your date went well last week."*

DEIRDRE *"How do you know anything about that?"*

PETE *"I'm afraid it was me what persuaded Bob to put that ad in. How was I to know that you would answer it?"*

DEIRDRE *"Yeah, well, that was a big surprise when I realised it was him, I was about to date. I might have known that you would've had something to do with it. Actually, it was all that Maisie's fault. She thought my life needed spicing up a bit. What a fine pair of friends you both are, I don't think!"*

PETE *"I know Bob's not the brightest of sparks, but what if he starts wondering how you came to be answering the ad in the first place."*

DEIRDRE *"I see what you mean. Tricky that one."*

PETE *"Tell you what, I'll say it was me what suggested you put your ad in, same as I did with Bob, sort of acting Cupid, like."*

DEIRDRE *"I'd say acting stupid, you moron!"*

PETE *"Well I only wanted to do something to cheer old Bob up. He's been so down lately."*

DEIRDRE *"What makes you think I hadn't noticed?! O.K. So that's what we'll say, but you have to agree that it turned out rather well in the end. Things have been so much better since then. [She giggles] "I've an idea, you ought to meet Maisie, she's such a laugh. Come over next week for some spag bol, and I'll get her to come too."*

Pete arrived at Bob and Deirdre's house clutching a bottle of Chianti and a box of 'After Eights.'

"Come in, mate." Bob said beaming with pleasure. *"Deirdre's asked a friend of hers to come, Maisie. She's quite a looker, so behave yourself, if you know what I mean."* He nudged him sharply in his ribs.

"Ouch, no need for that. I'll mind my p's and q's, mate, promise."

When Pete saw Maisie, he had to take a deep breath. She was stunning. Blond, petite and wearing one of the shortest miniskirts he had ever seen. He held out his hand which was shaking.

"Pleased to meet you, Maisie, heard a lot about you." He stuttered.

"Same here. All good, I hope?" She fluttered her long false eyelashes at him. Her many bangles jangled loudly as she took his hand, holding it a fraction more than was necessary.

Pete was completely smitten and for once was completely tongue-tied as they sat down to eat. He struggled to eat the slippery spaghetti, trying to wind it round his fork as the others were doing.

"What's the matter, mate? You haven't said a word all evening." Bob leant forward; the meat sauce smeared round his lips.

"Oh, nothing, just a bit tired, that's all." Pete mumbled, keeping his eyes down.

Bob knew his friend was covering something up, so he persisted.

"Come on, you're with friends. What's her name? You're like a lovesick something or other."

"Oh, be quiet, Bob. Change the bloody subject. How's things been for you lately? Anything to report?"

"Shall I tell them, Petal?" Said Bob looking at Deirdre meaningfully. She nodded, briefly glancing at Pete for a second.

"Well, it was like this "

He proceeded to tell their story and how it had changed things for the better.

"And it was all down to you, mate." Bob looked at his friend. He stood up and raised his glass.

"To Pete. Cheers. You're the best mate ever."

Pete was blushing as he said,

"And I think you all ought to know it was me what gave Deirdre the idea of putting in an ad at the same time."

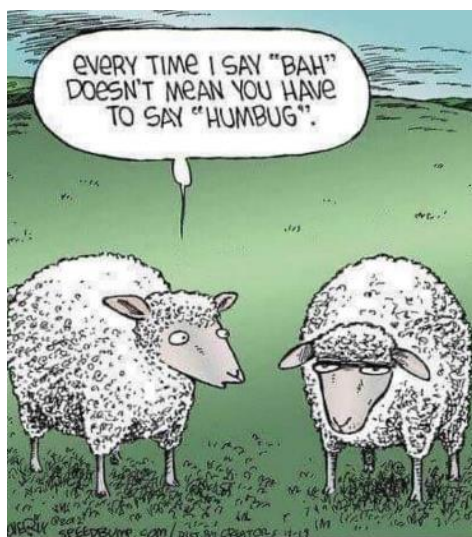
"But I thought it was my idea!" Maisie blurted.

There was a minute pause before Deirdre laughed loudly.

"Oh, you are a one, Maisie. Always joking, fooling around."

They all joined in the laughter, but in the Chianti induced haze Bob didn't quite understand the joke.

Brenda Burgess



Courtesy of Facebook

Quiz

Measurements

1. How tall are the letters on the Hollywood sign?
2. How long is the Bayeux tapestry?
3. Which is taller, the Eiffel Tower or Blackpool Tower?
4. Which holds the most, a magnum or a jeroboam?
5. Which is stronger, a moderate or a fresh breeze?
6. Which is worth more, a pony or a monkey?
7. Which has a larger diameter, Earth or Venus?
8. Which came first, The Times or The Observer?
9. Which has a heavier limit, flyweight or straw weight?
10. How much does the Statue of Liberty weigh?

Match the person to the quotation.

1. "A stew boiled is a stew spoiled."
2. "I can resist everything except temptation."
3. "Whatever you have, spend less."
4. "The purpose of our lives is to be happy."
5. "Believe you can and you're halfway there."
6. "A martini, shaken not stirred."
7. "Life is simple, but we insist on making it complicated."
8. "Whatever you are, be a good one."
9. "If you're going through hell, keep going."
10. "I think therefore I am."

People


Dalai Lama
 Oscar Wilde
 Mrs Beeton
 Winston Churchill
 René Descartes
 James Bond
 Confucius
 Dr Johnson
 Theodore Roosevelt
 Abraham Lincoln

Football teams, what are their nicknames and home grounds?

1. Arsenal
2. Derby County
3. Everton
4. Leicester City
5. Liverpool
6. Newcastle United
7. Sunderland
8. Burnley
9. Hull City
10. Yeovil Town

Answers on page 28

Picture Quiz: Breakfast dishes

			
1	2	3	4
			
5	6	7	8
			
9	10	11	12
			
13	14	15	16

Answers on page 29

Cornwall in 'post war' photographs

Most certainly not the same view today.
Looking across to Penzance, from
Newlyn in Cornwall.
Maybe a 1940s postcard.



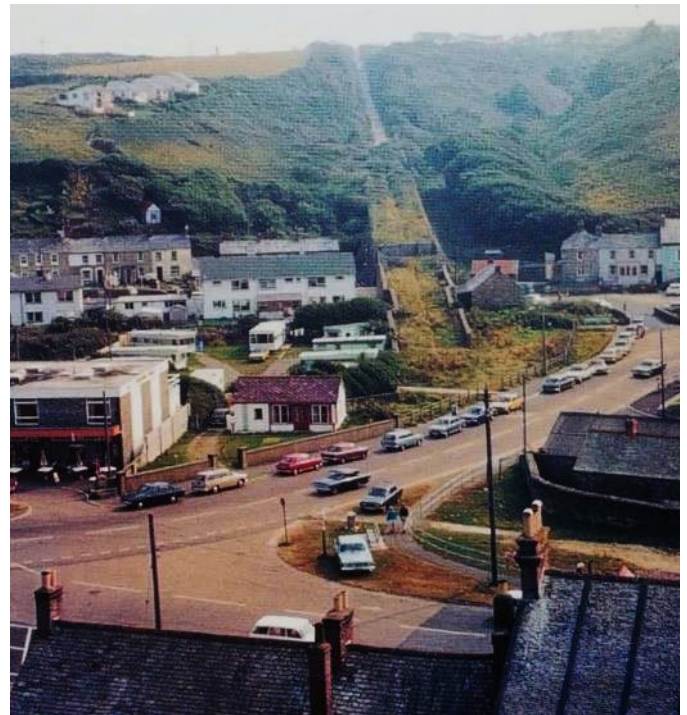
Lamorna Cove, Cornwall.
Back in the 1950s.



Images courtesy of Peter Carey & Facebook



Truro 1960s
Courtesy of Ralph Elcox & Facebook

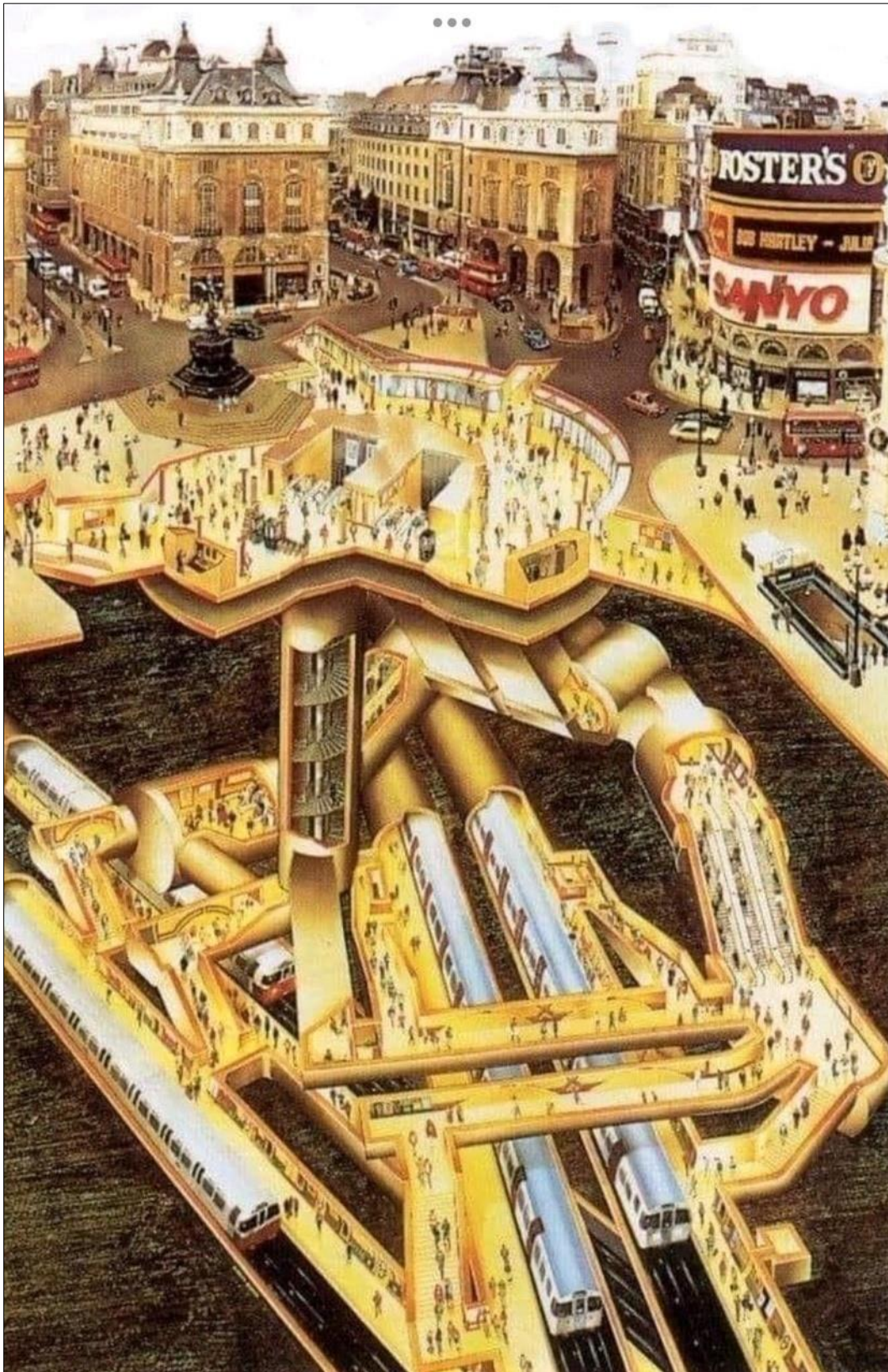


Portreath 1960s
Courtesy of Nostalgic Camborne & Facebook



Swanpool 1950s
Courtesy of Peter Carey & Facebook

Piccadilly Circus as you've never seen it before



Courtesy of All things British Past & Present shared on Facebook

Quiz answers

Measurements

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. How tall are the letters on the Hollywood sign? | 50 feet |
| 2. How long is the Bayeux tapestry? | 230 feet |
| 3. Which is taller, the Eiffel Tower or Blackpool Tower? | The Eiffel Tower 330 metres |
| 4. Which holds the most, a magnum or a jeroboam? | Jeroboam |
| 5. Which is stronger, a moderate or a fresh breeze? | A fresh breeze |
| 6. Which is worth more, a pony or a monkey? | A monkey £500 (a pony £25) |
| 7. Which has a larger diameter, Earth or Venus? | Earth |
| 8. Which came first, The Times or The Observer? | The Times 1788 Observer 1791 |
| 9. Which has a heavier limit, flyweight or straw weight? | Flyweight |
| 10. How much does the Statue of Liberty weigh? | 225 tons |

Quotations - Who said the following?

- | | |
|--|---------------------------|
| 1. "A stew boiled is a stew spoiled." | Mrs Beeton |
| 2. "I can resist everything except temptation." | Oscar Wilde |
| 3. "Whatever you have, spend less." | Dr Johnson |
| 4. "The purpose of our lives is to be happy." | Dalai Lama |
| 5. "Believe you can and you're halfway there." | Theodore Roosevelt |
| 6. "A martini, shaken not stirred." | James Bond |
| 7. "Life is simple, but we insist on making it complicated." | Confucius |
| 8. "Whatever you are, be a good one." | Abraham Lincoln |
| 9. "If you're going through hell, keep going." | Winston Churchill |
| 10. "I think therefore I am." | René Descartes |

Football teams, what are their nicknames and home grounds?

- | | | |
|---------------------|-------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Arsenal | Gunners | The Emirates |
| 2. Derby County | Rams | Pride Park |
| 3. Everton | Toffees | Goodison |
| 4. Leicester City | Foxes | King Power Stadium |
| 5. Liverpool | Reds | Anfield |
| 6. Newcastle United | Magpies | St James' Park |
| 7. Sunderland | Black Cats | Stadium of Light |
| 8. Burnley | Clarets | Turf Moor |
| 9. Hull City | Tigers | MKM Stadium |
| 10. Yeovil Town | Glovers | Huish Park |

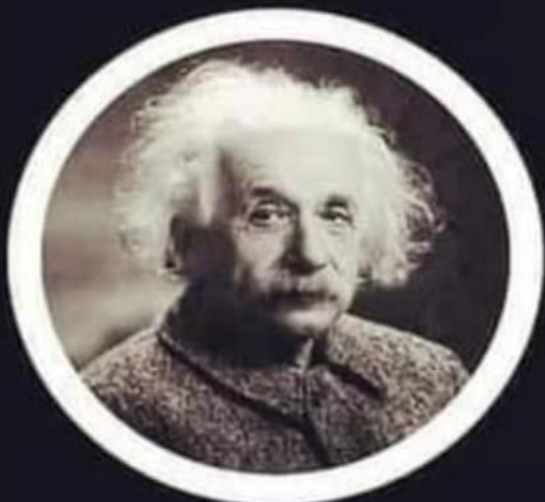
Picture Quiz Answers

			
Egg Benedict	Kedgerie	Porridge	Weetabix
			
Coco Pops	'Full Irish' Breakfast	Maple Syrup Pancakes	Muesli
			
All Bran	Shredded Wheat	Corn Flakes	Bacon Bap
			
Omelette	Potato & Chorizo Hash	Cucumber Smoothie	Avocado & Egg on Toast

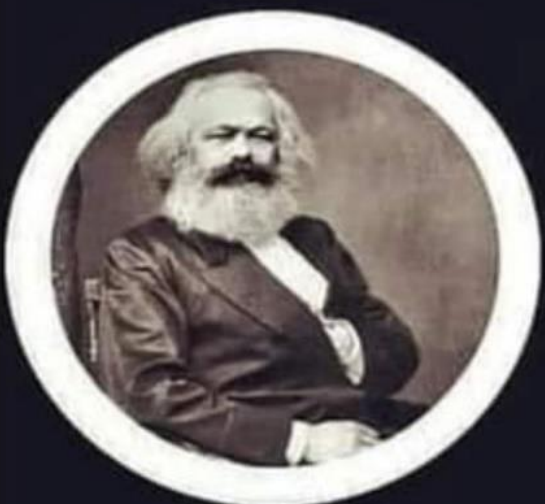
It all depends on one's perception



"Time is absolute"
- Isaac Newton



"Time is relative."
- Albert Einstein



**"Time was invented by
clock companies to sell
more clocks."**
- Karl Marx

Thoughts for the day

PHILOSOPHICAL RHYTHMS



“ Our friends show us what we
can do; our enemies teach us
what we must do.”

~ Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

/ If you tell the truth, you don't
have to remember anything. /

- Mark Twain

Carrick Argus: Contact details

We look forward to receiving your letters and any other contributions you may like to offer such as quizzes, articles, and short stories by email to carrickargus2017@gmail.com

Deadline for next issue – Tuesday 20th February 2024

Policy and guidelines for contributors

- 1) Written contributions of any length will be published whether typed or hand-written. But remember that the shorter the contribution, the more likely is the reader to continue to its end.
- 2) The topics of your contributions should be restricted to those likely to be of interest to members of u3as. But see 6 below.
- 3) Apart from obvious typing errors, your contribution will never be altered or cut without first being returned to you for your agreement. That includes punctuation.
- 4) Contributions must show name of contributor; contact details their choice. A contributor may instead select a pen name, but if so, their own name will be supplied to any reader who asks for it.
- 5) A contribution that is critical of an identifiable individual will not be published. But see 6 below.
- 6) If contributing, you should regard yourself as responsible for factual accuracy. Opinions are your own.

Copyright guidance:

The Carrick Argus does not knowingly infringe the copyright of other authors or publications by copying and pasting some, substantial parts, or complete copies of their original work. The Carrick Argus is not a commercial enterprise. No Carrick Argus contributor receives any remuneration for their work.

Authors of literacy pieces or photographs are asked to provide an assurance to the Carrick Argus Editor that their work is original. Authors of technical pieces must give courtesy and state the source of small extracts of texts and websites that may have been used. Authors recounting experiences in their lives and family histories are assumed to be genuine in their descriptions but should reference any quotes referring to a third party. Members writing letters must reference any quote to third parties that may be referred to in their letters. The inclusion of sources of information is of benefit to our readers as it enables them to follow up the ideas and information that they have encountered.