

The Carrick Argus

Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news

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Interlaken

by Tim Lowe

An entry in the 2023 Photography competition

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Editorial

Many thanks to all who came and supported our second successful quiz evening, ably hosted by Lesley, where a good time was had by all. If anyone has any ideas for future social and fund-raising events, please get in touch.

A gentle reminder there will be a meeting for **group leaders** on **Wednesday 17th April** at **Mabe Community Hall from 10.30am**. Doors open at 10am, tea and coffee will be served. The committee hope to see as many of you there as possible, if you are unable to attend, please try to send another member of your group.

It seems to have been a very long and particularly wet winter this year but hopefully we have now turned a corner, Spring is here with daffodils, primroses and even bluebells blooming in our hedgerows. Cornwall is famous of course for its Spring flowers with gardens large and small full of magnolias, camellias and azaleas. With the turning back of the clocks we have lighter evenings to enjoy. Hopefully the roadworks going on will be completed before the influx of our summer visitors. This is definitely the best time to get out and enjoy the beauties our lovely county has to offer.

And finally, please don't forget the **AGM on Wednesday 10th April** in the **Perranwell Centre**, with an **afternoon start time of 2.30pm**. Tea and coffee will be served from 2pm. Please bring your current membership card. We need an attendance of around 70 people in order to be quorate. Your support will be greatly appreciated.

Sue Hutt
Editor

Letters to the editor

Just to say how much I enjoy getting the Argus every month, it's always full of interesting articles. I had never heard of Castilly Henge and will now have to go and find it.

Liz Porter

Pat Crowle

As many people know Pat passed away on 13th March at the ripe old age of 90. Pat was a long-time member of Carrick u3a with a very low membership number. She has been a member of lots of groups in the past, Truro, History, Art History, Wine Appreciation and Walking groups to name but a few. She was, until illness took its toll, a valued member of the steering group that organises the Truro meeting and her wit and presence is greatly missed. Pat's funeral will be held at **11am on 16th April in Truro Cathedral** and her instructions were that people should not wear funereal black.

RIP our lovely and valued friend.

Julia Holme

Book review: Poirot and Me

Written by David Suchet & Geoffrey Wansell, published by Headline in 2013

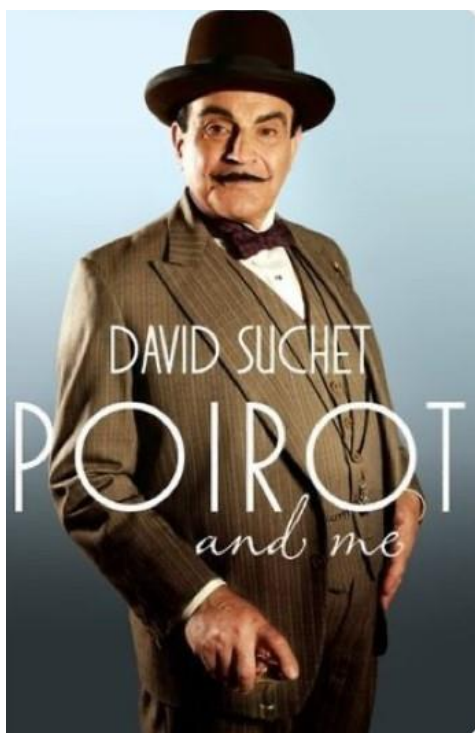


Image courtesy of goodreads.com

David Suchet played Poirot in each of the dramatized versions of the 70 Poirot stories written by Agatha Christie, including 66 TV films, between 1988 and 2012. Over this period, David felt that he and Poirot merged into one; for example, David always got a cold when Poirot did – mysterious, but it happened frequently! Another parallel was that Poirot is tone deaf, and David *'wouldn't describe himself as a singer'*.

The book includes photos of David's colleagues: Hugh Fraser, Phillip Jackson, and Pauline Moran, who played Captain Hastings, Chief Inspector Japp, and Miss Lemon respectively. There are also pictures of Peter Hale, who was David's stand-in for 14 years, and Sean O'Connor, David's driver for 25 years. Sean listened to David rehearsing his lines on the way to the studio or on location, offering useful comments which David appreciated.

The Prologue to the book begins with Poirot's death, during **'Curtains: Poirot's Final Case'**. David explains how he tried to convey how fearful Poirot must have felt: *'For once in his life, Poirot cannot control the events around him'*. That case was the end of a TV era, one of the longest-running series ever starring a single actor as the main character. David says, *'I am there to serve the Hercule Poirot that Dame Agatha created, and nowhere can that be more important than in his last words. I didn't want my Poirot to have a neat, sanitised death, but to die as I hope I've helped him to live: as a real, extraordinary human being'*.

David writes movingly of how much that death scene meant to him. *'To lose him now, after so long, was like losing the dearest of friends, even though I was only an actor playing a part'*. Over fifty years

earlier, in 1920, Agatha Christie had created the character of Poirot in '**The Mysterious Affair at Styles**'. David comments, '*He was as real to me as he had been to her. She made him one of the most famous detectives in the world, alongside Sherlock Holmes*'.



David Suchet

Photo courtesy of google images

David trained at **LAMBDA** (the London Academy of Music and Dramatic Art) in the late 1960s and gradually became a serious classical and character actor. He wanted to give his characters '*a personality and a voice, and bring out the truth in the character, as the writer wanted. That was what really lay behind my decision to play Poirot*'.

He started making notes of Poirot's habits and mannerisms from the books, a list which finally contained 93 different aspects of Poirot's life. David carried this list with him throughout the years and gave a copy to each director he worked with on a Poirot film.

David explains how difficult it was to get Poirot's voice right from the start. Commenting on another role he played, he says, '*The voice was the true entry point into his character*'. He also worked hard to get the moustache, clothes and walk as close to Agatha Christie's descriptions as possible. '*Poirot and I steadily became one and the same man. Suddenly it was Poirot and me*'.

David was pleasantly surprised by how the viewers reacted to his portrayal of the Belgian detective: '*I never set out to make him loved, and I'm constantly amazed by people's affection for him*'.

It was back in 1987 that a TV producer asked David if he'd read any Agatha Christie novels. He hadn't, but he'd played Inspector Japp in '**Lord Edgeware Dies**' in 1985, with fellow thespian Peter Ustinov as Poirot. At the time, Peter had commented that David could play the role and be good at it, which was very prescient.

David started reading the books but still wasn't sure about taking on the role, so he contacted his big brother John, a newsreader at ITN in London. John warned him not to do it, but despite this advice David decided '*to try to bring the true Poirot to life on the screen*'.

Fortunately for his chosen career, David had acting in his blood. His father, a Harley Street gynaecologist and obstetrician, was horrified by his choice of profession, but his mother had been an actress and dancer, and was the daughter of a music-hall artist. Later in the book, David describes himself as *'a mixed grill of Russian and Jewish descent'*.

Once established in the role, he was called *'TV's unlikeliest heart-throb'* by Women's Realm magazine. Comments like that didn't affect him because he was already married, to a fellow actor named Sheila. They'd started married life with a narrow boat (*'Prima Donna'*) which they lived on whilst touring in rep in the Midlands. The success of **'Poirot'** meant they could buy a new narrow boat, and take their children Robert and Katherine on holiday.

By 1995 viewing numbers were steady at 10 million. However, ITV decided not to continue the series, so David had a five-year break from the part. On his return he realised how rusty he'd become, so he watched many hours of the previous 45 films to help him recall Poirot's mannerisms. By 1938 Agatha Christie had tired of her detective, saying *'Why did I ever invent this detestable, bombastic, tiresome little creature?'* Two years later she wrote of his death in **'Curtains'**, although it wasn't published until 1975.



Dame Agatha Christie

Photo courtesy of google images

David became an Associate Producer of the later films: *'I took a greater and greater interest in making sure every shot precisely reflected the character that Dame Agatha had so painstakingly created'*. The final TV film he made, **'Dead man's Folly'**, was set at Greenway in Devon. Christie's former home and later her summer retreat was a fitting setting for an adaptation of a story by a novelist with two billion book sales to her name.

Over the years **'Agatha Christie's Poirot'** became one of Britain's biggest TV exports, overtaking for example *'Inspector Morse'*. By 2004 the Poirot series had been sold to 83 countries.

The reason I read this book was because I recently went with a friend to see David and his co-author on stage at the Hall for Cornwall. Much of the content of that evening is also in this very readable account of his successful career, so those who weren't as fortunate as us can still appreciate his portrayal of a truly immortal literary character.

The Merry Maidens Circle

There are well over 1,000 stone circles around the UK and Ireland, including 5 in West Penwith. It is thought these date from the late Neolithic period to the early Bronze Age (2,500-1,500BC). In the absence of any written records, theories and legends surrounding the purpose of the stones, some of which are very large in nature, they must have been of great importance to the people living in the area at the time given how hard it would have been to erect them. It is testimony to the determination of those people that many are still standing today.



Photo courtesy of Smugglers of Mousehole

The Merry Maidens Circle, situated by the B3315 road about four miles from Penzance was not so fortunate, being only recorded in the 18th century and undergoing a complete restoration in 1879. The granite megaliths themselves vary in height between three and four and a half feet tall, they are systematically arranged with the smallest to the North East and the tallest to the South West. They are evenly spaced except for a larger gap which probably served as the entrance.

Historians believe they were places of ceremony and ritual, possibly for gatherings of tribes, and potentially linked to the cycles of the sun and the moon. Legends of course have grown up around them and the Merry Maidens Circle is so called because each of the nineteen stones is said to represent the 19 maidens who danced at a wedding feast. Unfortunately, unlike Cinderella they did not stop at midnight, therefore suffered the punishment of being turned into stone for dancing on the Sabbath. The two pipers who supplied the music suffered the same fate, being represented by two stones in an adjacent field. They are believed to be the largest standing stones in Cornwall. Another legend explained the distance the pipers were from the dancing maidens by saying that they heard the bells of St Buryan striking midnight, and realising they were breaking the Sabbath, the pipers started to run away.



This is an image of an engraving of the Merry Maidens
made by W & G Cooke in 1804

Image courtesy of Wikipedia

The Cornish name for this circle is Dawns Meyn, meaning dance of stones. Other circles in the area also contain 19 stones, the significance of which is thought to relate to the 19 year, Metonic cycle of the moon and sun. If you would like to visit, the grid reference is SW 4327 2451. There is a small car park nearby with a public footpath over a stile and across a field.

Sue Hutt
Ref. cornishancientsites.com
Wikipedia



shared by silversurfers.com

Courtesy of Facebook

The Sea

The sea such a small word but such an enormous element, with its five oceans and other smaller expanses of water. Its fathomless depths cover more than half the Earth and never ceases to reveal previously undiscovered creatures and plants as modern science invents new and exciting methods of plunging deeper and deeper into the un-known.

As a mere inhabitant of the earth, I only see what is on the surface and that is hugely satisfying as I can watch for hours the waves tumbling onto the beach, with every seventh, supposedly, producing a larger volume of salty water plunging onto the rocks and sand.



There is nothing like gazing at its magnificence, to calm the soul and bring about a better state of mind than **'the sea'**, but woe betide anyone forgetting what a mighty menacing force it holds. Poetry and songs have been written and my favourite is a gentle little song, **'La Mer'**, sung by **Charles Trenet**, which repeats itself over and over in my head – not the words, just the tune!



I joined the **Women's Royal Navy** in my youth, I can't remember if I had hopes of 'seeing the sea', but landed myself in the Fleet Air Arm and was always based on an Air Station, albeit, near the sea, but not actually on it. Our language used nautical terms, which was a bit ridiculous in a land-based establishment, but talking about '*the deck*' instead of '*the floor*', '*deck-head*' for '*ceiling*' etc. just became the norm.

Sailing was not one of my hobbies - I did join the Sailing Club at Lossiemouth in the North of Scotland, but never really enjoyed it. The procedure seemed to entail, being scared to death, getting soaked in icy water and shivering a lot. Swimming in the **sea** was another matter and I loved it, once I'd plucked up the courage to take the plunge into the freezing water. Swimming lessons in the North Sea, when at school on the East coast, nearly defeated me, but not quite. I think I have swum in the Atlantic, the Indian Ocean and the Pacific, to name but a few.

The last few years have brought dire forecasts of Global Warming, which has started manifesting itself in rising sea levels, with torrents of water encroaching onto the land and causing terrifying floods. We are told this is probably due to Icebergs melting owing to the warmer temperatures, with creatures, such as polar bears having less and less space for their habitat. What is the answer? Where is God's promise? With the Rainbow telling us there would never be another flood, as told in the Bible? Surely there should be a plug in the Sea Bed, which could be pulled out to release this extra influx of water.



Uncertainty is plaguing all humanity. Is reducing the use of fossil fuels, becoming vegetarian, cycling, instead of driving a petrol-fuelled car really the answer? There hasn't been any concrete evidence of improvement yet, but '**the sea**' continues to roll on, without a care in the world.

Eleanor Holland

All photos courtesy of google images

Accessing old Cornish maps on-line

Cornwall and the Isles of Scilly Historic Environment Record

At the History group meeting in March, we had a talk given by Francis Shepherd who is the Historic Environment Record Lead employed by Cornwall Council. Francis described the wealth of historic information that is held in the Historic Environment Record database (HER), and how it may be accessed via the online Cornwall mapping system. Francis demonstrated the use of the system and handed out the postcards shown below. To make this information available to a wider audience I have put together a few notes to help users access this fascinating archive of historic information.

Notes for HER Users

This is a brief guide to using the system based on the information provided by the HER unit.

Accessing the system

Go to either of the websites shown below. The first address accesses the mapping system via the **Let's Talk Cornwall** hub which includes other topics.

 **Cornwall and The Isles of Scilly
Historic Environment Record**


Access our Let's Talk Cornwall site
<https://letstalk.cornwall.gov.uk/hub-page/heritage>


Access our heritage mapping site here
<https://map.cornwall.gov.uk/heritagemapping>

her@cornwall.gov.uk

 **CORNWALL
COUNCIL**
one and all • omen hag oll

Using the system

Here is a brief list of the types of information which can be displayed by the mapping system. Use these instructions in conjunction with the notes below to browse the system.

The Cornwall and Isles of Scilly Historic Environment Record (HER) online

The Historic Environment Record collects, stores and provides access to information, both digital and paper-based, covering all aspects of the past from the earliest traces of prehistory up to the modern day. We make this information available through our mapping and Let's Talk Cornwall sites.

Follow the links to our mapping overleaf or search 'Let's Talk Cornwall's heritage' online



- Search for your address or area of interest, using the **Search** option. Type a postcode or other part of an address into the box and select **OK**
- You can change the mapping using the **Basemap** option. Here you can access a range of historical Ordnance Survey maps and modern aerial photographs.
- If you have location settings enabled on your device, you can toggle the **Locate** option to zoom to your current location.

- Scroll down further for the **Tithe maps** (circa 1840) and then select your parish of interest from the list. (You also need to tick the **Tithe maps** box at the top of the list.)
- You can access information using the **Layers** option. Select the tick box next to the layer you are interested in to toggle them on and off.
- Available layers include designated sites such as **Listed Buildings** and **Scheduled Monuments** as well as **Conservation Areas** and the **World Heritage Site**. Click on a point or polygon to access more information. Cycle through the results using the arrows on the top corners.
- Undesignated heritage sites are available using the **Buildings, Sites and Monuments** layer. These are the most commonly recorded sites. You can submit nominations for additions using our **Heritage Monitors** site.
- Selecting **Events**, will give you links to reports available for various sites and areas.
- Use the **Aerial Photo keys** layer to access historical aerial photographs dating from the 1940's

search 'Let's Talk Cornwall's heritage' online

Historic Environment Record
her@cornwall.gov.uk

Getting started

Search for the required location using the Search field or by manipulating the map. You can enlarge the required area of the map using the scroll button on the mouse. As you enlarge the map more detailed information is displayed.

Change the background if required by selecting from the Basemap options. More than one may be selected. Use the slider to reduce the impact of a background layer.

Find the type of information you want from the Layers option. Open the required layer by clicking the tick box and select from the list of options displayed. Note that Buildings, Sites and Monuments will not be displayed until the map has been sufficiently enlarged.

Clicking on a point or area will open an information box. If the site is scheduled or included in the HER, there will be a link to the relevant record. This will give a detailed description of the site and may also contain photographs.

Uncheck all the selected options to remove that layer of information from the map.

Loading historical aerial photographs takes some time so be patient.



You may submit details of new sites and photographs of existing sites through the Let's Talk Cornwall web site, see above.

Sheila James

History group leader: u3acarrickhistory@gmail.com



Courtesy of Facebook

Humpty Dumpty

We all grew up knowing a whole range of English nursery rhymes, but how rarely do we know the background to these familiar refrains? You may recall the theory, now largely discredited, that Ring a Ring o' Roses refers to the Plague of the Middle Ages, but were you aware of the ideas behind Humpty Dumpty?

In the English Civil War Humpty Dumpty was the name of a cannon used by the Royalists. According to some military historians, it was situated on the walls of **Colchester** in June 1648 when the town was laid siege to by the Roundheads who wanted to prevent **King Charles** from ruling the country without Parliament. Using cannon of their own, the Parliamentarians fired at the wall on which the cannon was placed causing it to fall to the ground. The Cavaliers were unable to retrieve it and the town fell into the hands of Cromwell's forces. Other theories abound, including one put forward by **Katherine Elwes Thomas** and **Robert Ripley** that Humpty Dumpty was supposed to represent **Richard III** depicted as a hunchback in Shakespeare's play and another saying it is a metaphor for the downfall of Cardinal Wolsey. Similar rhymes exist in other European countries which rather undermines these ideas.

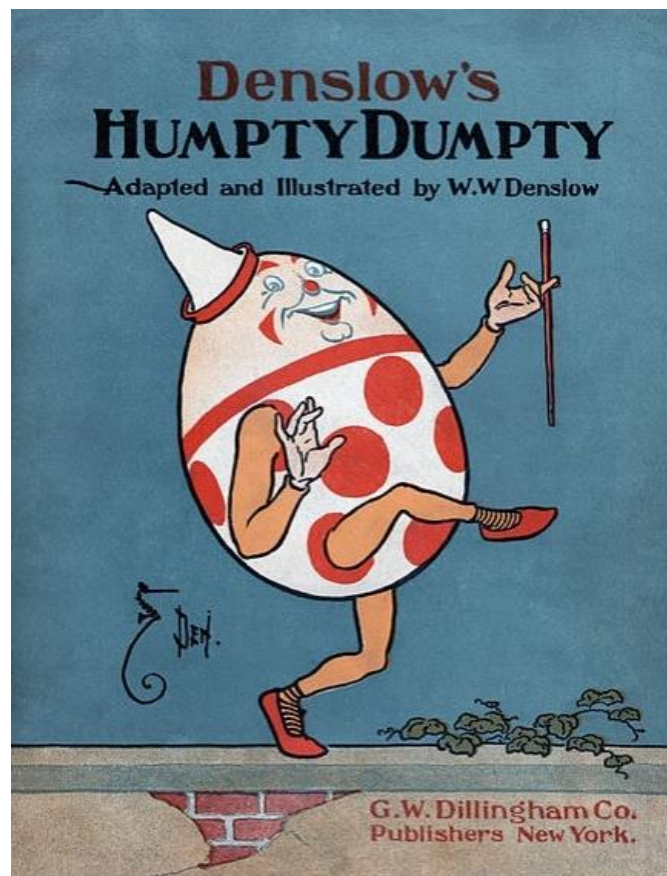


Image of Denslow's 1904 book cover showing Humpty Dumpty as an egg

courtesy of Wikipedia.

The rhyme itself dates from the late 18th century and it was **Lewis Carroll** who first showed Humpty Dumpty as an egg in his 1871 book *Through the Looking Glass*. Previously it had referred to a clumsy awkward person and also ale brewed with brandy. Earliest printed editions of the rhymes make no mention of horses or men which further confuse the issue. The character itself appeared in a pantomime musical on Broadway that ran for two years from 1868.



This illustration of Humpty Dumpty as a boy appeared in
Mother Goose's Nursery Rhymes (1887)
 by Walter Crane

Courtesy of Wikipedia.

Whatever the origins of the story and the rhyme, they are lost in the mists of time and unlikely ever to be resolved. What is surprising is the continued popularity of Humpty Dumpty given the wealth of excellent quality children's literature today.

Sue Hutt
 Ref: fjg.co.uk
 Wikipedia

Poem

Computer Crisis

Why does my computer hate me?
What have I done to offend her?
She plots and she schemes to frustrate me
What the hell is her beastly agenda?

I suppose it's the old *anni domini*
I suppose it's the total of years
But my bouts with rebellious computer
always end with my tears.

I'll try emailing my daughter
Perhaps she can lighten my mood
"Off- line again!" smirks computer
I sit back and say something rude.

I totter across to the router
To switch it off as I am told,
but the switch I switch switches heating
So now I 'm both offline and cold.

Hurrah! I am back in the e-world
I need a new office light.
I'll buy one, I'll buy one from eBay
I'll do it this very night!

I've found one which seems to be perfect
I will just have to lump the expense
Also my hour long searches
Have saved me at least eighteen pence.

Nearly there. Proceed to checkout
No more looking for lights.
But of course the screen's now filled with
a whole page of fat women's tights.

'Frequently bought together' smiles the screen.

Well OK then, if I can't buy

I'll just have to compose.

I'll pen a lovely poem

'Homage to a Rose'

Oh joy, it's going beautifully,

Will take the world by storm

I think I have invented

a new poetic form.

Tender, clever, charming,

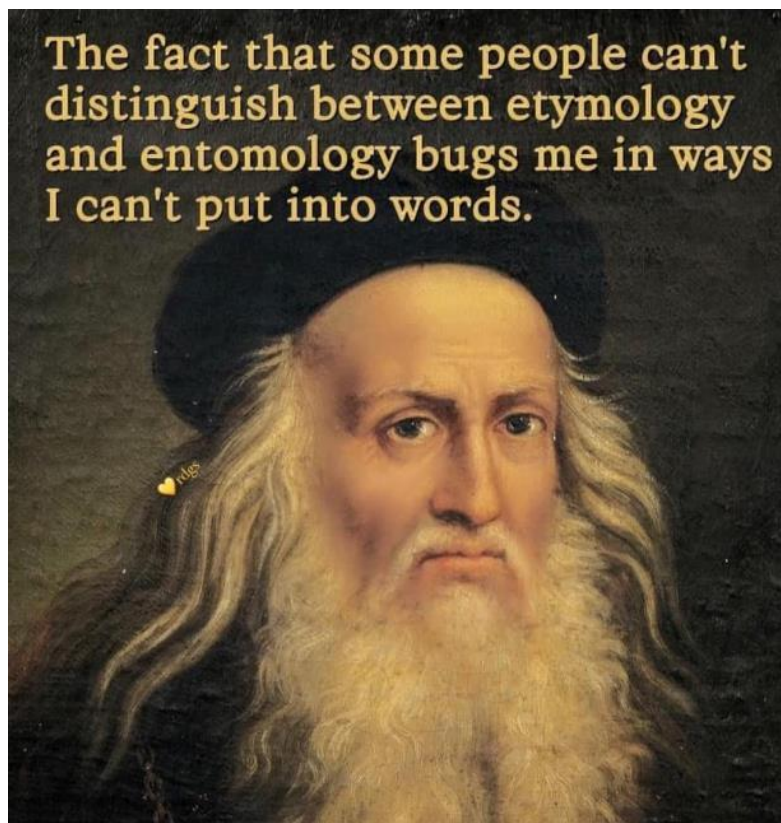
Sensitive yet frank

A sure Nobel awaits me

And then the screen goes blank.

Like 'K

Michael Power



Courtesy of Facebook

Creative writing: Anonymous

The first episode was a delight. It was set in a time that only the older residents remembered, and the name was changed, but it was their town. There was footage of the busy docks and the fishing boats, narrow streets jostling with women wearing hats, men in suits, overalls or fishing gear, the occasional picturesque art student. They bought hardware and haberdashery, maps and mackerel, cauliflowers, hogs pudding and pasties. And not a surf shop or fancy coffee bar in sight. The back story was established, a town of friendly folk who all knew each other, a warm, comforting bath of nostalgia.

Episode two hit the airwaves, bringing uneasiness; by the end of the third part quite a lot of people were wondering: *'How could anybody know?'* It was not the melodramatic plot - violent rivalry between the ferry families (common knowledge and still happening) arsenic poisonings (pure fiction) and an inept detective from up country, who found that these Cornish people were not so helpful as they seemed. It was the little details woven into the story, the womanising and adultery, the jealousy and cheating, the double dealing and bending of rules, which rang, even for younger residents, disturbingly true. Though characters and names bore no resemblance to the people involved, they began to recognise themselves, their families, their neighbours. Their very private lives.

It was quite a surprise; no filming had been done in the town, no visiting actors spotted, nothing in the paper, but someone had lived among them long enough to learn their secrets, and use them. Slowly, memory began to piece together **'The Woman'**. At the reading group, during a discussion on coincidence, someone said: *'Do you remember that woman, who came to a couple of meetings, said she was staying with a friend who'd had her knee done?'* The chatty one in the shop wondered what had happened to that really lovely lady who was so interested in everyone's childhoods. On the bus, her name - Jane, wasn't it? Or Mary? - came up - such a good listener, so kind. At bridge a few remembered her, a good player, but very modest and sympathetic. And in the pub, they'd thought that Mary, or was it Susan, a regular for a couple of months, had been a marvel; she'd put up with the bores who wanted an audience for their endless tales.

She dressed quite well, and her hair was greying - or faded blonde, worn in a bun - or a bob. Late middle age or older? Just retired? Working part-time. She was looking for property, house sitting, a holiday. She was quite slim, or maybe a bit plump. Her accent was definitely up-country, maybe northern, maybe London. Everyone agreed she had been a really nice woman, a lovely person. Oddly, her absence had not registered - though flatteringly fascinated by others, she had always kept herself in the background. Some put two and two together; some refused to believe it. It was generally agreed she would never be able to show her face in town again - but which face?

Carrick u3a member writing as Janet Zoro

Creative writing: Cunaide

The oldest known tombstone in Cornwall lies in a room at the rear of the museum in Hayle. It was found in Victorian times buried in the confines of the iron age hill fort of Carnsew when the local landowner created a garden to provide a vista across the Hayle estuary to the waters of the Atlantic. The granite monument is over six foot in length and now sadly rests broken into three pieces on wooden struts in the small, back room. There is an intriguing inscription on one side of the stone written in Latin straggling unevenly from the top to the bottom. It is much weathered and shallow. Historians date the inscription to the middle of the fifth century to a time when the Roman empire was in retreat from the violence of Germanic tribes, and Cornwall, then part of Dumnonia, welcomed St Piran from Ireland when he landed atop a stone on the sands of its western shores.

The tombstone is dedicated to Cunaide and this is its story.

The trader sits astride a long, white stone his black curls bowed over his work. In the sunset his hair catches the rose gold light and the freshly quarried stone turns to the colour of coral. He is focussed on hollowing out the words which he has written clumsily with a soft rock in the language of Rome on one side of the stone. No one here can read the words or understand the reasons for the intense activity of the trader, who is a regular summer visitor to these people of the west bringing his fortunes of olive oil and wine to trade for the magic of tin and copper - valuable assets for a warring continent and a lucrative business for a man from the east.

The trader has friends here and they watch transfixed by his chisel and mallet as he works the marks into the granite one chip at a time. From the fortified village atop the hill claiming dominion over the estuary, port and trade, the sound of metal on granite rings out across the waters. As he works, the trader remembers his first visit here twenty years ago when as a teenager he learned the skills of seafaring, the languages of others and the skill of numbering to be able to count the coins of Rome with which he traded.

He remembers when he first saw her. She walked towards him as he roped the ship to the quay, her wide smile welcoming him to her home and her life. She was thirteen with hair the colour of copper and pure, silky white skin. He had audibly gasped at her exoticness.

As teenagers they lay together in the warm sands of the estuary telling stories of the stars to each other, understanding little of what the other said. When he possessed his own vessel and traded his own goods, every year he would return to the village of the estuary to seek out his mistress to share new stories and the delights of a secret love.

The trader pauses from his labour to review his work. He blows away the stone dust and gently caresses the letters spelling out her name ... "Cunaide". His tears are silent, unnoticed by the onlookers, as they drop on to the granite and disappear into the warmth.

Once finished he asks for help to raise the stone in the place where these people care for their ancestors. This unusual feature in a Celtic landscape reminds him of the cemeteries of Rome and he is happy that she will be forever remembered.

And here are his words.

"Here in peace lately went to rest Cunaide. Here in this grave she lies. She lived 33 years."

Creative writing: Nemesis

I was always fond of Moles. The little men in fur jackets. My favourite book was *The Wind in the Willows*. I felt just like Mr Mole, forget the housework and whitewash, get out and enjoy the spring sunshine. This is what I did with my children, dust would still be there tomorrow, but sunshine was precious, enjoy it when you can. Until we moved to a large garden, for the first five years we were mole free. Then the nightmare started. Heaps of earth appeared all over the lawn, we had to do a slalom run when we cut the grass, zigzagging around the mounds.

Something had to be done. We got Jasper Carrott's record 'How to get rid of a Mole', but didn't have access to a shot gun. I tried every tip or advice I could get. The one about noise I remember. Bury a radio in the run and they will go. Oh no they won't, I buried two, one with pop music on, the other football, the next day finding even more mole hills around the radios. Just as if the little devils were making rude gestures at me. I tried bottles, placed in a way to catch the wind and whistle, then children's windmills stuck all over the grass. Nothing worked.

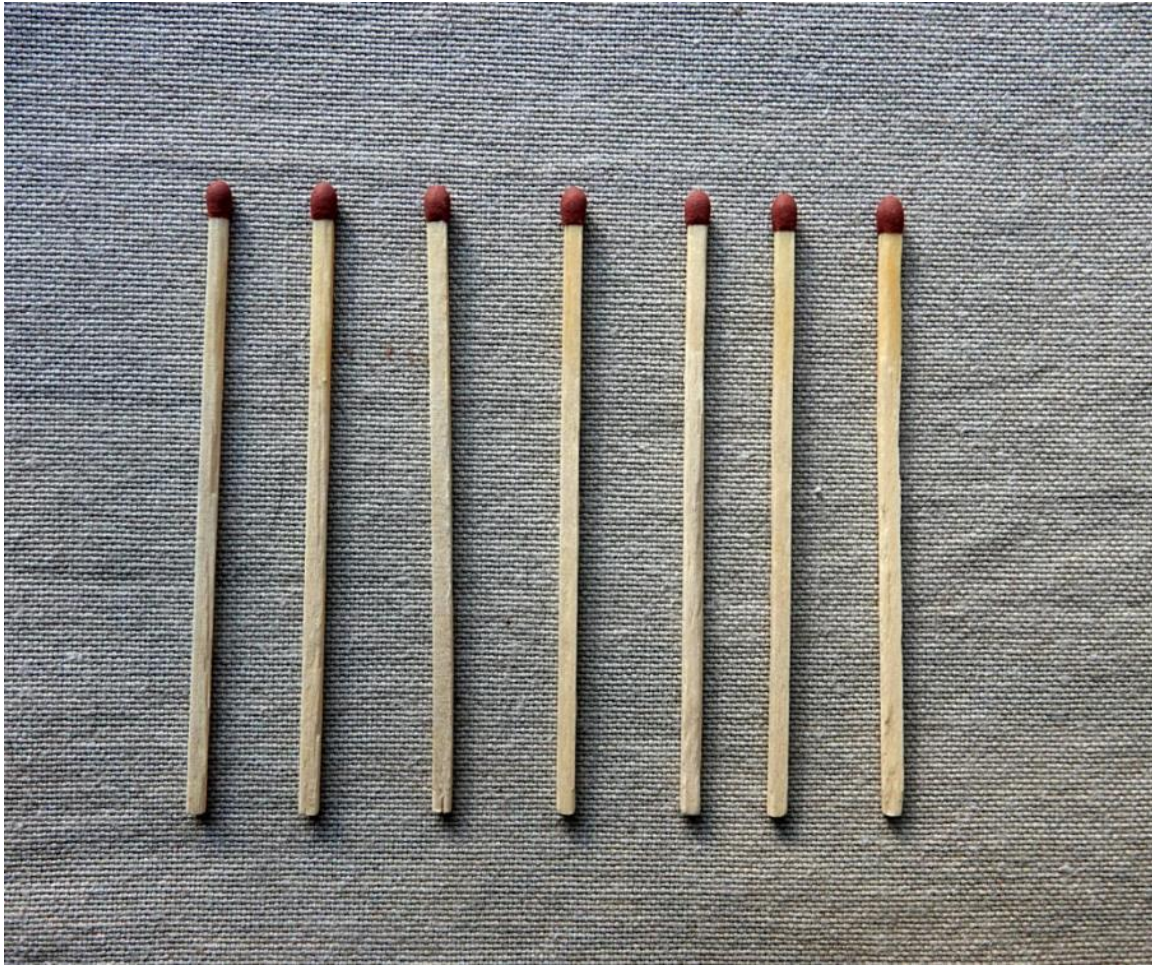
Then I heard of Dave the Mole man. Well, what an experience. Never had I come across such a character. He arrived in an old van, more rust and holes than metal. MOT and insurance didn't seem to matter to Dave. A short man with tattoos, a bald head, and a long beard plaited and threaded with coloured beads. He lived off the grid surviving on hunting and roadkill, eating anything and everything. He was amazing; he assured me he could get rid of anything, except teenagers and in-laws, I don't think he was joking. Moles, he told me love peanut butter. Putting some in the traps he buried, he caught three moles. Afterwards we sat in the sunshine drinking tea and he told me of his life. His father had been a poacher and gamekeeper. Dave learnt his craft early on, he could have gone on Mastermind, specialist subject moles. Male moles are disciplined, digging straight runs. Females are all over the place, sometimes going around in circles. I said they were probably multitasking, looking after the babies as well as everything else. Someone had to stick up for them.

Then he got on to his love life, very complicated, he believed in free love. His son lived with his mother, but to Dave was a big disappointment. Only interested in his computer, no hunting, or fishing for him. Dave and I got to know each other on a yearly basis; he and the moles returned every summer and vanished in the winter, and he would bring me up to date on his latest romance. However he was getting very expensive, he told me the Falmouth estate employed him to get rid of the mink who were killing fish and birds on their rivers. He even had a different van. Dave was going commercial.

One year we had builders in; everywhere was cement mixers and lorries. So, moles weren't on my mind. A year later things got back to normal, I got used to raking the molehills flat so I could mow the grass. Then looking at the google map of the area, I noticed spots of clear earth on the garden. You could see my molehills from space. The neighbours started having trouble with the little diggers. I was blamed as next door called them Pat's moles as if they all had names around their necks, but we are good friends so all is Ok. I think I have found a solution. Looking on the internet I find a German company. I have noticed driving through France and Germany, fields covered in molehills, so they must be experts. After putting everything I could think of down the holes, at last maybe my prayers are answered. Garlic, they don't like garlic. Then I remembered vampires are the same I must have vampire moles. This took a while and was expensive finding out. I sent for a small box of garlic soaked moth balls, not really believing these could work. But I live in hope. Since that first day I found a heap of earth on the garden my life has been cursed. The day I fell out of love with moles.

Adrian's pick of the month: Matching









All images courtesy of Carrick u3a
photography group

Quiz

Match the book to the author

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Wolf Hall | Victor Hugo |
| 2. The Great Gatsby | Aldous Huxley |
| 3. Middlemarch | Oscar Wilde |
| 4. An Ideal Husband | Hilary Mantel |
| 5. The Three Sisters | E.M.Forster |
| 6. The Old Man and The Sea | George Eliot |
| 7. The Perennial Philosophy | Edgar Allan Poe |
| 8. Murders in the Rue Morgue | John Bunyan |
| 9. Les Misérables | Muriel Spark |
| 10. The Invisible Man | F.Scott Fitzgerald |
| 11. The Pilgrim's Progress | Margaret Attwood |
| 12. The Blind Assassin | Anton Chekhov |
| 13. A Dangerous Fortune | Ken Follett |
| 14. The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie | H.G.Wells |
| 15. Howard's End | Ernest Hemingway |

Geography






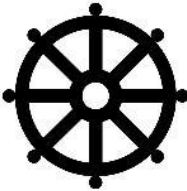





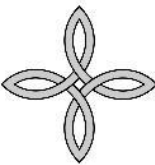
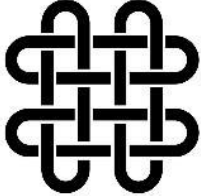



1. Where did Billy Butlin establish his first holiday camp?
2. In which county is Leeds Castle?
3. In which range is the world's highest mountain?
4. In which city and state would you find the Taj Mahal?
5. In which state is Fort Knox?
6. Where is the Promenade des Anglais?
7. In which country is Angkor Wat?
8. Where is the CN tower?
9. Which is the world's largest river by volume?
10. Which African country has three capital cities?

How well do you know your county?

1. Where is the oldest working slate quarry in the UK?
2. How many people are employed at Culdrose?
3. Who first granted the Cornish pasty protected status?
4. In which year was Falmouth appointed Royal Mail Packet Station?
5. Where is the wettest place in Cornwall?
6. Where is the oldest working theatre in Britain?
7. Where is the only tropical rainforest in the UK?
8. When was the last Cornish Stannary Parliament held?
9. How many crossings are there of the Tamar bridge each year?
10. What is the significance of the colours of the Cornish tartan?

[Answers on page 29](#)

Picture Quiz: Celtic Symbols & their meanings

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


[Answers on page 30](#)

Art Exhibition in Perranporth

In past editions of the Argus, we have featured some of the art work created by **Chris Easton** from flotsam he collected from Perranporth beach. A display of some of his work will be on display to the public on **Saturday 6th April** in Perranporth Methodist Church. There are also examples of Chris's work in the museum next to the Church which will also be open for the duration of the display in the church. The normal opening times for the Perranzabuloe Museum are weekdays 10.30am – 4.30pm and Saturdays 11.00am -1.00pm.



**A CELEBRATION OF THE ARTWORK OF
CHRIS EASTON**

A DISPLAY OF THE ART CHRIS CREATED WITH FLOTSAM HE COLLECTED
ON HIS WEEKLY WALKS ON PERRANPORTH BEACH



VENUE – PERRANPORTH METHODIST CHURCH, PONSMERE ROAD, TR6 0BW
DATE – SATURDAY 6TH APRIL (WOULD HAVE BEEN CHRIS'S 76TH BIRTHDAY)
TIME – 10AM - 4PM

REFRESHMENTS – IN WESLEY HALL NEXT TO THE CHURCH
LIMITED CAR PARKING AVAILABLE
DONATIONS FOR..... SURFERS AGAINST SEWAGE

**PERRANZABULOE MUSEUM NEXT TO THE CHURCH WILL BE OPEN SPECIALLY FOR THE DAY
TO VIEW THE BANNER AND DISPLAY CHRIS ARRANGED - ABOUT MARINE DEBRIS BOTH
NATURAL AND MANUFACTURED**

Cornwall in old photos: The open road



Zennor



Tregeseal

Both photos courtesy of Smugglers of Mousehole

Quiz answers

Match the book to the author

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Wolf Hall | Hilary Mantel |
| 2. The Great Gatsby | F.Scott Fitzgerald |
| 3. Middlemarch | George Eliot |
| 4. An Ideal Husband | Oscar Wilde |
| 5. The Three Sisters | Anton Chekhov |
| 6. The Old Man and The Sea | Ernest Hemingway |
| 7. The Perennial Philosophy | Aldous Huxley |
| 8. Murders in the Rue Morgue | Edgar Allan Poe |
| 9. Les Misérables | Victor Hugo |
| 10. The Invisible Man | H.G.Wells |
| 11. The Pilgrim's Progress | John Bunyan |
| 12. The Blind Assassin | Margaret Atwood |
| 13. A Dangerous Fortune | Ken Follett |
| 14. The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie | Muriel Spark |
| 15. Howard's End | E.M.Forster |

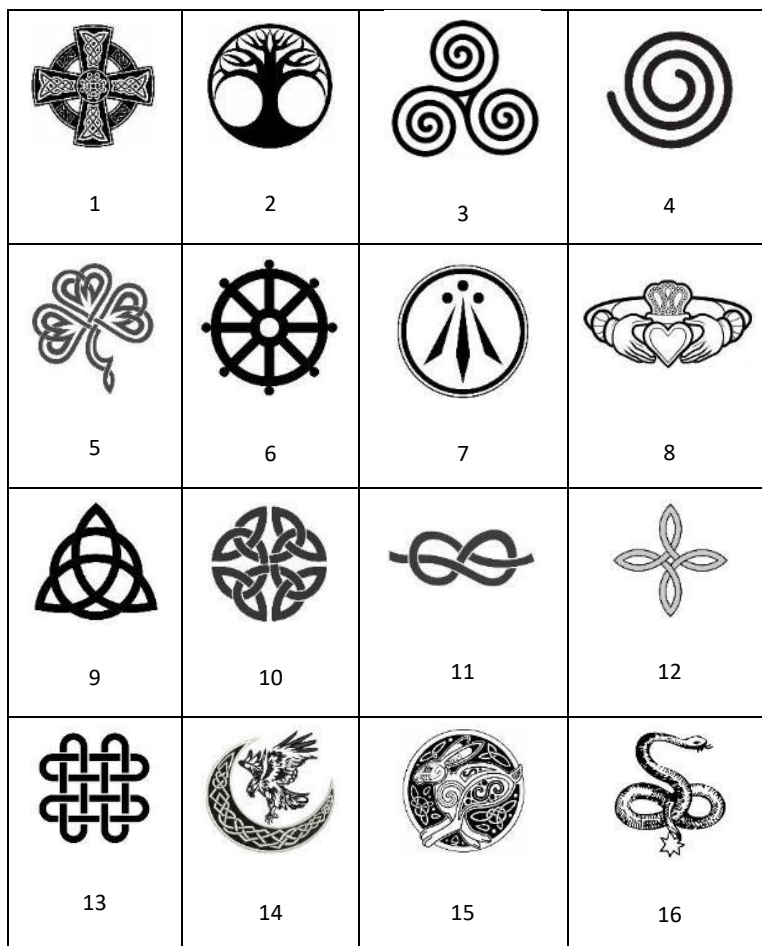
Geography

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| 1. Where did Billy Butlin establish his first holiday camp? | Skegness |
| 2. In which county is Scafell Pike? | Cumbria |
| 3. In which range is the world's highest mountain? | The Himalayas |
| 4. In which city and state would you find the Taj Mahal? | Agra, Uttar Pradesh |
| 5. In which state is Fort Knox? | Kentucky |
| 6. Where is the Promenade des Anglais? | Nice |
| 7. In which country is Angkor Wat? | Cambodia |
| 8. Where is the CN tower? | Toronto |
| 9. Which is the world's largest river by volume? | Amazon |
| 10. Which African country has three capital cities? | South Africa |

How well do you know your county?

- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| 1. Where is the oldest working slate quarry in the UK? | Delabole |
| 2. How many people are employed at Culdrose? | ~3000 |
| 3. Who first granted the Cornish pasty protected status? | The EU |
| 4. In which year was Falmouth appointed Royal Mail Packet Station? | 1688 |
| 5. Where is the wettest place in Cornwall? | Bodmin Moor |
| 6. Where is the oldest working theatre in Britain? | St Just (Plen-an-Gwarry) |
| 7. Where is the only tropical rainforest in the UK? | Eden Project |
| 8. When was the last Cornish Stannary Parliament held? | 1753 |
| 9. How many crossings are there of the Tamar bridge each year? | Around 16 million |
| 10. What is the significance of the colours of the Cornish tartan? | |
- Gold** for the old Cornish kings, **Red** for the beaks and legs of the choughs, **Black** and **White** for St Piran's cross and **Blue** for the sea.

Picture Quiz answers: Celtic symbols and their meanings



1. **Celtic Cross**, the harmony of the 4 elements or 4 sides of the world.
2. **Tree of Life**, the unity of the 3 worlds, the underworld, life on earth and the heavens.
3. **Triskeles**, the unity of earth, wind and fire.
4. **Celtic Spiral**, the unity of heart, body and mind.
5. **The Shamrock**, the Trinity of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit.
6. **Taranis Wheel**, the sky, the sun or the god of thunder.
7. **Awen**, possibly love, wisdom and truth. (some disagreement on this one)
8. **The Claddagh Ring**, friendship, love, marriage.
9. **Triquetra**, virgin, mother, wise woman.
10. **The Celtic Knot**, the path of life.
11. **The Sailor's Knot**, unconditional love.
12. **The Bowen Knot**, the love and loyalty of a man for his woman.
13. **Solomon's Knot**, the unity of man with the heavenly.
14. **The Bird**, freedom and the messengers of heaven.
15. **The Hare**, abundance and prosperity.
16. **The Snake**, a healer with a deep knowledge of magic and wisdom of life.

Thoughts for the day

“There was no point in seeking to convert the intellectuals. For intellectuals would never be converted and would anyway always yield to the stronger, and this will always be “the man in the street.” Arguments must therefore be crude, clear and forcible, and appeal to emotions and instincts, not the intellect. Truth was unimportant and entirely subordinate to tactics and psychology.”

~ JOSEPH GOEBBELS

Well this is awkward...



HISTORY
HUSTLE

Max Planck was told by a professor not to go into Physics because "almost everything is already discovered". But that was okay with Planck, who said he didn't want to discover anything, he just wanted to learn the fundamentals. He then went on to originate quantum theory and win a Nobel Prize.



Both shared on Facebook courtesy of History Hustle

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 – Friday 26th April 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.

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