

The Carrick Argus

Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news

Issue no 90

June 2024



Bubbling Brook

by Jackie Grant

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
Disgraceful Incident at the Croquet Club	4
Living with Food Allergies	5
Godolphin House	8
Clarice Cliff & the film 'The Colour Room'	11
Henriette d'Angeville	14
Adrian's Pick of the Month: Silhouettes	16
Quiz	20
Picture Quiz: Identify these Desserts	21
Creative writing: Tea at number 57	22
Creative writing: Clarissa	23
Creative writing: A hero in his own lifetime	25
Creative writing: Summer	26
Quiz answers	27
Picture Quiz answers	28
Artwork: Lesley's mind maps: u3a social activities	29
Thoughts for the day	31
Carrick Argus: Contact details	32
Policy and guidelines for contributors	32

Editorial

As a tribute to the late great **Michael Power**, we bring you one of his poems, '**Disgraceful Incident at the Croquet Club**', which was published in his book '**Cornish Bits and other Pieces**' in 2021. Michael of course was a very keen member of Carrick u3a croquet group so this choice seemed to be particularly appropriate. He was also a regular contributor to The Carrick Argus, where his witty and erudite pieces were always welcome and well received by our readers. Who could forget the famous duel, acted out on the cricket ground at Perranarworthal, written and directed by Michael, and featuring members of his family along with two leading lights of Carnon Downs Drama Group, aka our newsletter editor and his wife. Michael will be sadly missed.

Lesley has been busy organising a whole host of social events for Carrick u3a; a taster of things to come is displayed on pages 29 & 30. We hope you will enjoy some or indeed all of them. Day trips run by Marion and the late Mike Tapp in pre-Covid times were always popular and it will be good to see those reinstated. Any suggestions for destinations should be sent to chair@u3acarrick.org.uk.

Our Facebook page continues to gather followers, which is reassuring to know. It is very much our shop window, where we can show potential Carrick members what a great organisation we belong to. Any photos or short videos of your group will be warmly welcomed, but please make sure you have the participants' permission.

The Third Age Trust, the umbrella organisation for u3as across the country, recently launched u3a Friends. This provides access to discounts on things such as travel, health and car insurance, shopping at major retail outlets as well as financial advice and a legal helpline. Full details are available at u3a.org.uk

Another new initiative is Interest Groups Online. This costs £12 a year to join, with the membership year running from 1st April to 31st March. Groups range from art to archaeology, crime to creating cryptic crosswords, fashion, films, Latin, law, Welsh, science, jazz, world history and much, much more. To find out more and how to enrol, go to u3a.org.uk

As ever, the Carrick Argus welcomes contributions from our members; this is your magazine, so please feel free to send articles in. These could be fiction or non-fiction, memories of your childhood, thoughts on modern life, recent discoveries or recommendations of walks. Anything in fact which you feel may be of interest to like-minded people.

Sue Hutt
Editor

Disgraceful Incident at the Croquet Club

On Sundays and on Saturdays,
 When allows the weather
 The ground resounds
 To the vigorous sound
 Of willow striking leather.
 But twice a week we gather here
 Players less gymnastic.
 A gentler sound
 Rings round the ground:
 Hardwood striking plastic.

Our heads are grey (some even white)
 All passion now is spent-
 Mature and sober, grave and wise
 And mostly continent.

Or so you'd think, but one fine day
 A player I'll not name
 Was poised to score the final hoop
 And thus secure the game.

But best laid plans of mice and men
 Are doomed to go agley,
 From fifteen yards a deadly shot
 Blasted his ball away.

Did he cry "Good shot! Good shot!"
 I'm sorry to say that he did NOT.

With eyes half crazed and mallet raised
 He charged towards his nemesis.
 Both showed an amazing turn of speed
 As he chased her off the premises.

Committee members shrewd and wise
 Considered what to do.
 In tones severe they made it clear
 Such conduct was taboo.

The wretched man, pale 'neath his tan
 Was very close to tears
 Without a word he stood and heard
 The verdict of his peers.

"Guilty! Guilty! Guilty!"

Publish the verdict everywhere
 Twitter it or text it.
 For such a breach of etiquette
 From croquet you must crexit!

Living with Food Allergies

Our 8-year-old grandson, Yann, has been living with multiple life-threatening food allergies since he was a baby. It has been a very stressful and difficult time for all those close to him. Although he now carries two EpiPens with him wherever he goes, these do not always save lives, as **Natasha Ednan-Laperouse** discovered to her cost when she died aged 15 after eating a baguette from Pret à Manger which did not have a complete list of ingredients on the label. Following campaigning by her parents, Natasha's Law came into force in October 2021 and all food labelling now has to be "accurate and fully effective."

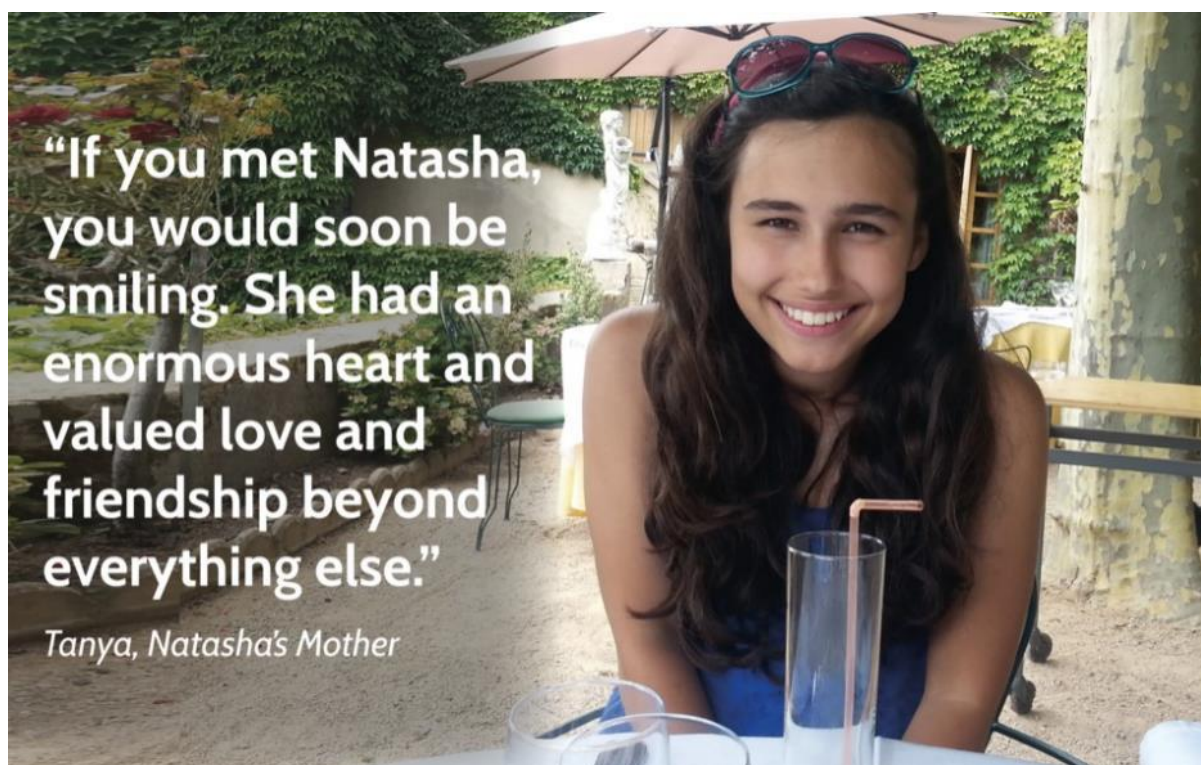


Image courtesy of www.narf.org.uk

There have been many theories put forward as to why there has been a huge upsurge worldwide in allergies. The old wives' tale of houses which are too clean has been dismissed as just that; as with most conditions, the cause is more complicated but a family history of eczema, hay fever and asthma along with increased pollution and other environmental factors certainly play a huge part.

Reactions to allergens vary from mild to fatal. They include itching, redness and swelling, through vomiting and diarrhoea, difficulty in breathing to anaphylactic shock and death. Common triggers include food such as dairy, eggs, shellfish, nuts, seeds, gluten and soya to pollen, bee and wasp stings as well as medicines such as penicillin. EpiPens should always be used for severe reactions whereas antihistamines will only help mild allergies, such as hay fever and eczema. EpiPens must be administered immediately (1 followed by the other within 5-10 minutes, if no improvement). Ambulances must always then be called for straight away as EpiPens only provide temporary respite and oxygen / steroids may also be required. Sometimes anaphylaxis can be biphasic which means

that a second shock can occur within the subsequent 24 hours – this can be more severe than the first so anyone with anaphylaxis must be monitored closely by emergency doctors following EpiPen administration.



Image courtesy of Yann Jennings

The first time our grandson went into shock the ambulance arrived within 10 minutes and he is fortunate to live within 5 miles of the nearest hospital. Being driven through heavy traffic with blue lights flashing is not an experience for the faint hearted, it is certainly one which will stay with my daughter for the rest of her life.



On subsequent occasions he has been in hospital already, as part of a peanut allergy trial being undertaken at St Mary's in London. For 4 years he wore skin patches which had been injected with microscopic amounts of peanut placed daily on his back, with the results photographed and sent back to the team for them to gauge the reaction, usually redness and itching. He then had to go to London with his parents for two overnight stays every 6 months, when he would have to undergo a series of blood tests before being fed peanuts until he went into shock. The first time occurred after one tenth of a peanut; after 4 years his tolerance had increased to one and a half peanuts. On one occasion it had taken 7 doctors to save his

Image courtesy of Yann Jennings

life. Unfortunately, the trial has now ended, and the doctors have no way of knowing if this will remain stable or revert to the original level.

So, life goes on for the family, who are left to cope alone, much as they had been when Yann was 1 and the Childrens' Hospital in Cardiff told his parents that his case was too complicated and they could not help. He does not go to other children's houses to play; he is rarely invited to birthday parties as other parents understandably don't want to take the risk of caring for him. His father takes him to golf, swimming and jujitsu lessons, his mother goes with him to cubs and on school trips. Everything he eats is prepared at home, a takeaway or a meal in a restaurant are unknown to him. All this is achievable at his age, the greater worry for all allergy parents comes when the child becomes a teenager and wants more independence.

With this in mind and very much on the horizon, our daughter has been researching allergy treatments around the world. The most successful one had been going on in California, driven by statistics showing that 33 million people in the US now suffer from allergies, including 5.6 million children. The Food Allergy Institute in California is the only clinic in the world that offers individualized treatment to put all food allergies into complete remission in children. To date they have a 99% success rate across 15,000 children. Each child is treated on an individual basis, undergoing tests to determine the exact amount of allergen they can tolerate before this is built up gradually until that particular food is no longer a threat. The cost however is enormous, including flights, accommodation and treatment, estimated to be in the region of £20,000 per year. Our grandson is looking at 4-5 years' worth of treatment as a minimum due to the sheer number of allergies that he has. Our daughter is setting up a foundation to help to raise money for Yann's treatment and to subsidise the costs of treatment for other children who cannot get the help they need in this country.

If you feel able to help in any way, any contributions through **JustGiving** would be gratefully received.



Image courtesy of Yann Jennings & justgiving.com

https://www.justgiving.com/crowdfunding/Food-Freedom?utm_term=e3pmgg386

Sue Hutt

Godolphin House



The War Memorial on Tregonning Hill

In early May a group of us walked in glorious sunshine over **Tregonning Hill** and **Godolphin Hill** and marvelled at the view of both the north and south Cornwall coasts from the top of Tregonning Hill. A couple of us then joined the u3a Garden Group in the afternoon to enjoy a tour of Godolphin House and garden.



I won't bore you with a long article, just three quirky bits of information gleaned from the tour:

First, courtesy of the **National Trust** information sheet in one of the rooms, in 1527 King John of Portugal's ship with a cargo of over £18,000 (about £19 million today) was wrecked off the Lizard. William Godolphin sent armed servants to confiscate the cargo. The King of Portugal petitioned Henry VIII for the return of his property. Godolphin was made to account for his actions. He claimed in his defence it was "*the custom of the county*". The information sheet goes on to say "*William was unaffected by this event and it has been suggested subsequent improvements and renovations to Godolphin House were courtesy of good King John*".



Second there are musket holes at either end of the entrance portico. The photo shows one of the musket holes. An excellent idea I think, no more hiding and pretending you are not in, simply threaten to shoot unwanted guests, cold callers etc at your front door. Perhaps I should install these!

The Musket hole on the left side of the entrance



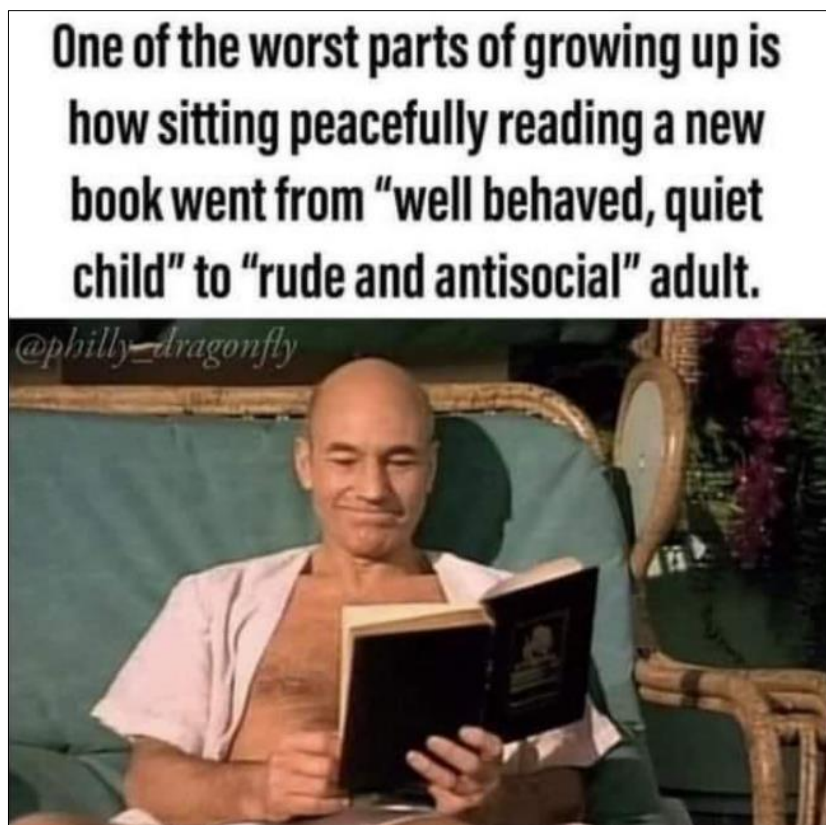
Lastly in the shippen Polly, Godolphin's milkable cow.



The sign in the photo reads "Pull up a stool and have a go milking Polly yourself and become part of Godolphin farming". What a great visitor attraction, who could resist?

Jon Skelton

All Photos courtesy of Jon & Anne Skelton



Courtesy of Facebook

Clarice Cliff & the film 'The Colour Room'



A Sky Original film (2021) starring Phoebe Dynevor

Image courtesy of Sky.com

Everyone loves a 'rags to riches' story, especially if it features a plucky heroine who is given the chance to show what she's capable of by using her natural talent to achieve her ambitions. The life of **Clarice Cliff** (1899-1972) has all these ingredients and more, throwing class structures and a hint of scandal into the mix for good measure.

Over her long career Clarice sold 8.5 million pieces of pottery. Although I'd read a lot about her enormous output of colourful and innovative ceramics it wasn't until I watched this film that I truly appreciated her effect on the industry. The film brings her abilities and charisma vividly to life.



Clarice Cliff

Image courtesy of Wikipedia

Clarice was born in Tunstall, Staffordshire, amongst hundreds of factories churning out earthenware. One of eight children, she was an average working-class child. She liked drawing at junior school and at senior school she began making clay models. Her aunt worked at the decorating shop in one of the factories (known as pot banks) and when Clarice visited the workshop, she was amazed how quickly the decorators painted the ware.

In 1912 Clarice joined a Tunstall manufacturing firm where she was trained in the art of painting freehand onto pottery, being paid one shilling for a five-and-a-half-day week. Three years later she moved to another firm, as an apprentice in lithography. Her parents paid for her to attend evening classes at Tunstall School of Art.

The 1st World War caused shortages of male workers in the Potteries, and Clarice heard of a job opportunity at **A.J. Wilkinson's** factory in Middleport. This ran alongside the Trent-Mersey canal, which provided a route for the raw materials for the pottery and the coal to fire it, plus being a safer way of exporting the finished goods.

The nineteen-year old's talent was recognised at Wilkinson's, where she was taken under the wing of the decorating manager, Jack Walker. Her skills in gilding, enamelling and free brushwork were honed. In her lunch breaks Clarice wandered around the factory's various departments, learning about kilns, glazing and other technical processes. She also used any spare moments at work to model crude figures and animals from discarded lumps of clay.

Any spare time at home was spent making her own clothes, and she was an accomplished seamstress.

In 1920 Jack Walker and Colley Shorter, one of the company's directors, gave Clarice the chance to further develop her capabilities, moving her from the general decorating shop to work alongside the firm's top two designers. The film portrays some of the inevitable sexist attitudes of her colleagues as a result of being promoted. However, Clarice ignored them and the increase in pay meant she could leave the family home and move to an apartment in Hanley. This displeased her family, as it wasn't considered proper for a young unmarried woman to live alone.

Around this time Colley provided Clarice with a private studio next to his office, where she could also produce the factory's publicity pictures. Gossip about Clarice and Colley didn't prevent them from working closely together and he paid for her to go on a two-week course at the Royal College of Art in Kensington.

In 1927, probably at Colley's expense, Clarice went to Paris, where she absorbed the work of French designers, bought art books and visited galleries. Two years earlier the city had experienced an outpouring of creative artistic ideas, focused at the Exposition des Arts Decoratifs et Industriels. This Art Deco exhibition, as it was eventually named, had a huge influence on all Thirties' design in Britain.

Clarice returned to Stoke-on-Trent a changed woman. Her relationship with Colley had also developed and it later transpired that they had gone together in secret.

Earlier, Wilkinson's had bought **Newport Pottery** adjoining their factory, which had a large warehouse containing pieces of poor quality. Clarice had the idea of painting them in bold colours to hide their defects. This was very successful, and she followed it with her 'Bizarre' range in 1928. Again, what began as an experiment turned into a phenomenon. The **art deco** style is instantly recognisable and remains very collectable. Some of the designs are truly bizarre, such as the signs of the Zodiac, produced as wall decorations. The 'Age of Jazz' figures were intended 'for use as a centrepiece when listening to a dance band on the radio'!



Image courtesy of Stoke on Trent live

I was surprised to read recently that during her long career she hired artists and sculptors including **Graham Sutherland, Paul Nash, Laura Knight, Barbara Hepworth** and **Ben Nicholson** to design tableware for the Wilkinson and Newport companies.

Clarice's bright, bold patterns were in great demand in many countries and her pottery was exported to Australia and New Zealand.



Image courtesy of Premier Antiques

Colley's invalid wife Annie died soon after the start of WW2, and in December 1940 Clarice and Colley were married. They didn't announce it until November 1941. Leonard Griffin writes, '*Perhaps since they were still separated by class, they felt that neither would be accepted by the other's family*'. Apparently neither family was pleased about the marriage and few of them ever visited the couple at their home at Clayton, to the west of Stoke. There Clarice, who had never had a garden, was able to enjoy five acres of beautiful grounds.

Both she and Colley were heavy smokers and Clarice became overweight. After Colley became ill in 1961 Clarice took care of him until he died in 1963, aged 81. She inherited the factory where she had spent a lifetime, rising from apprentice to designer and then art director, but in 1964 she sold it to **Midwinter's Pottery**. Clarice lived a very secluded life until she died of heart failure in 1972, aged 73.

On 26 April this year a Blue Plaque was unveiled at Clarice's home in Snow Hill, Stoke-on Trent, as a well-deserved honour in her memory.

Sue Amer

References

Art Deco Source Book by Patricia Bayer

Clarice Cliff – The Bizarre Affair by Leonard Griffin, Louis K & Susan Pear Meisel

Taking Tea with Clarice Cliff by Leonard Griffin

The Colourful World of Clarice Cliff by Howard and Pat Watson

Henriette d'Angeville

Henriette d'Angeville (10.3.1794 - 13.1.1871) was the first woman to climb Mont Blanc using her own strength. She was following in the footsteps of Maria Paradis who had reached the summit in 1808, although she had been carried part of the way by her helpers.



Mont Blanc

Photo courtesy of Google images

Henriette was a member of the ill-fated French aristocracy, her father being imprisoned and her grandfather executed during the French Revolution. Following the troubles she and her family left Paris and moved to the Rhône-Alpes region of France, where Henriette became a very keen walker.

In September 1838 she set off accompanied by six guides and six porters, proving to them all that she was as agile and capable as them, despite suffering from heart palpitations. Dresses which came to the ground, the fashion of the time, were obviously impractical for climbing mountains, so Henriette created her own costume consisting of knickerbockers covered by a corset which proved rather controversial. The party is recorded as taking with them 18 bottles of wine, 26 roast chickens, doves and a carrier pigeon.

On reaching the summit Henriette was lifted onto the men's shoulders so she could say she had been higher than any man. The dove was released to show the trip had been successful. When they returned to Chamonix they were honoured by a cannon salute. There is now a street named after her in Hauteville-Lompnès close to the castle of Angeville which was owned by Henriette's brother.



A copy of a painting of Henriette d'Angeville in her climbing outfit by J Hébest (1838)

Courtesy of Wikipedia

The climb is going to be recreated by Lise Wortley (known as Woman with Altitude,) wearing an identical costume, the aim being to highlight those female pioneers and explorers who have been left out of history books whilst at the same time raising money for women's charities. She featured in the Channel 4 series *Alone* in August 2023 where she explored some of the world's most remote regions.

Ref [womanwithaltitude.com](https://www.womanwithaltitude.com)
Wikipedia

Sue Hutt

Adrian's Pick of the Month: Silhouettes









All images courtesy of u3a Carrick
Photography group

Quiz

Animals in French. What are they in English?

1. Chien
2. Chat
3. Cheval
4. Mouton
5. Lapin
6. Souris
7. Loup
8. Âne
9. Écureuil
10. Hérisson

Can you match the celebrity with their birth name?

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Lady Gaga | Marion Robert Morrison |
| 2. Cher | Norma Jeane Mortensen |
| 3. David Tennant | Allan Stewart Konigsberg |
| 4. Sting | Frederick Austerlitz |
| 5. Judy Garland | Cherilyn Sarkisian |
| 6. Fred Astaire | Gordon Matthew Thomas Sumner |
| 7. Woody Allen | David John McDonald |
| 8. Cary Grant | Harry Rodger Webb |
| 9. Kirk Douglas | Frances Ethel Gumm |
| 10. Joan Crawford | Maurice Micklewhite |
| 11. Ringo | Archibald Alec Leach |
| 12. Cliff Richard | Richard Starkey |
| 13. Michael Caine | Lucille Fay LeSueur |
| 14. John Wayne | Stefani Joanne Angelina Germanotta |
| 15. Marilyn Monroe | Issur Danielovitch |

International holidays - in which month do they occur?

1. Australia Day
2. Canada Day
3. Bastille Day
4. Europe Day
5. All Saints' Day (Italy)
6. Martin Luther King Jr. (US)
7. Thanksgiving Day (US)
8. Freedom Day (S. Africa)
9. Anzac Day ((NZ & Australia)
10. St David's Day (Wales)

[Answers on page 27](#)

Picture Quiz: Identify these Desserts



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



11



12



13



14



15



16

[Answers on page 28](#)

Creative writing: Tea at number 57

Richard, Avril's husband, and father of nine-year-old Rosie and five-year-old twins, Pippa and Lisa, steered the car through the narrow gateway of the small bungalow where his parents lived. He turned off the engine and swung round in his seat to face the girls, who were engrossed in their screens.

'Leave those in the car. I don't want to hear a word of complaint, understood?'

'Yes Daddy,' they chorused. Their ordeal had begun.

After the greetings and kisses, and usual remarks about how the children had grown and how well Avril and Richard looked, they were ushered into the cramped living room where they stood staring at a plate of sandwiches on the table.

'What's that?' whispered Pippa, pointing to something pink and bright green, poking out between slices of white bread.

'I think it's luncheon meat and watercress,' hissed Avril.

The twins chorused, *'I don't like it.'*

'I'm now a vegetarian,' Rosie volunteered.

'Not until tomorrow young lady.' Avril could feel a migraine coming on.

'Let's sit down until tea's ready.' Avril pointed to a two-seater settee pushed against the wall. They all squeezed onto the cramped sofa, wedged tight as sardines in a tin. Richard perched on the arm but quickly sprang up as his mother came in, carrying a heavy tray.

'Why didn't you ask me to help with that?'

'Don't be silly dear, you're our guests today, now what will you girls have to drink? There's tea or milk.'

'Do you have any squash?' asked Rosie.

'There might be some lemon and barley.' Granny sounded put out.

'I'll come and make it.' Richard knew from past experience that his mother made very weak squash. When the table was to Granny's satisfaction, she summoned her husband by banging a gong that stood on the sideboard. The twins started giggling. Avril gave them one of her stop-it-now looks.

Eventually everyone was seated around the table. Lisa had to crawl underneath to reach her chair, which started another bout of giggling, quickly silenced when Granddad asked, *'who would like to say grace?'*

Pippa waved her hand in the air, *'I will'*

'Off you go then,' said Granddad, and she did, on and on, saying thank you for everything she could see.

'Make her stop,' whispered Rosie to her father, *'she's embarrassing.'*

Granddad said a very loud Amen, Pippa looked up bemused, *'is that the end?'*

The sandwiches were not a success. Avril's bag, by the side of her chair, slowly filled up with margarine covered slices of luncheon meat and thick stalks of watercress, leaving the children only bread and margarine.

'I'll fetch the trifles,' said Granny as she took the plate of uneaten sandwiches away. The children's faces brightened, trifle was a favourite, but not this version.

'What's that?', asked Rosie, rudely pointing to slices of brown banana on the tops of individual dishes on the tray Granny had put on the table.

'Banana,' said Richard, *'you all like banana.'*

'Not brown banana,' muttered Rosie.

'That's enough Rosie.' Avril's migraine was getting worse. She ferreted in her bag for her migraine tablets, pretending to look for a tissue, found them and took two with a couple of sips of Lisa's drink. Richard noticed but everyone else was concentrating on the trifle. The banana was surreptitiously passed to Avril, to join the burgeoning larder in her handbag. The children carefully extracted spoonfuls of jelly but balked at the soggy digestive lying in the bottom of their dishes.

'Sorry about the biscuit,' said Granddad, *'my fault, I forgot the Swiss roll with the shopping.'*

The children pushed their dishes away and slumped in their chairs. Granny cleared away and brought in a plate of fairy cakes, returning to the kitchen for the tea she had forgotten earlier. The cakes were as plain as a pikestaff, not a smear of icing or butter cream on any of them. Richard put one on each of the girl's plates.

'Eat up, Granny made these especially for you.'

The cakes were dry and needed a good few gulps of squash to get them down. Avril's head throbbed, all she wanted was to go home.

Goodbyes were said and the children strapped into their seats in the back of the car, Avril was about to sink into the front passenger seat when she remembered her bag. Granddad kindly fetched it and handed it to her. Watercress was sticking out and there was an overpowering smell of banana wafting from the open compartment.

Once out on the road Avril turned to Richard, and furiously exclaimed, *'that was so embarrassing!'*

He said nothing as he drove a different route home.

'Where are we going Daddy?' asked Rosie.

There was silence, until a loud cheer erupted as they drove into the car park of a **'Little Chef.'**

Ann Mundler

Creative writing: Clarissa

Everyone knows the legend of the White Elephant. I thought Aunt Grace had inflicted one on me when she told me I had the honour of looking after darling Clarissa her large white Persian cat while she went on a world cruise to celebrate her latest divorce. Harry my husband was not keen but seeing as it would be me doing all the work, said nothing. I have a really bad reputation caring for other people's pets. The Budgerigar who broke out and escaped, the Hamster the children brought

home from school for the holidays lasted only a couple of weeks, and the dog who ran away all the time and wouldn't come back.

Clarissa arrived with all her luxuries, pink silk cushions, soft woollen blankets, a supply of treats she was used to. Her food was to be delivered weekly, also contact numbers for her private vet and the monthly pamper day Clarissa enjoyed. I was treated as her personal slave, a list of instructions left to be followed. Her meals had to be ready on time then a short walk around our small garden.

I got through the first few days without trouble, but Clarissa was a sex magnet for all the tom cats in the area. They sat and watched as we took our exercise, she knew and loved the attention. In the afternoon she would sit in the window watching while the lovesick toms outside would fight each other to prove how strong they were. Clarissa getting bored would turn away with a tweak of her tail and a sexy wiggle leaving all her admirers gasping for more.

She was a feline version of Aunt Grace, who was going on the cruise to perhaps get husband number five. She had emailed me, telling of meeting Raymond, a newly retired CEO of an international company who was thinking of buying his own yacht, and also Sven, a Swedish seaman, 'who looked divine in his uniform'. He was First Mate, whether on board or her choice was questionable. She was having a lovely time.

However I was learning from the pampered Pussy, she was treated with so much deference because she knew she was special. I realised that was missing in my own life. I had always been the follower, agreeing with everything, and doing what was asked of me. I needed to change.

When Clarissa was collected; to be shampooed, massaged, her fur brushed and a pedicure. I booked into a posh hair salon, instead of getting Tracy from down the road to cut my hair. Using the money I had saved for a chainsaw for Harry's birthday, I spent the lot. Alice the young girl who prepared me for the stylist suggested I had blond highlights, '*really suit you*' she said and they did. I also booked in for an introductory spa day, special offer. On the way home I felt so good I got some racy underwear. Give Harry a treat I thought. It was about time we enjoyed ourselves.

The children had left home, but our lives were beige. Then I realised our house was beige as well. Clarissa taught me to have some colour in our lives. Her shocking pink cushions had brightened the room. Just what was required.

I enjoyed having Clarissa around, she was a good listener, curled up on her silk cushions, I could tell her all my problems she would look at me with her big green eyes. I am sure she understood everything I said. The time went on and soon Aunt Grace would be back from her voyage. My life was different, Harry was taking me out more and I was standing up for myself, no more agreeing to everything, It took some doing, but practice makes perfect.

The day came when Clarissa was collected. Aunt Grace swept in adorned in Chanel, clothes and perfume. After a loving embrace and out pouring of love for Clarissa, she noticed me. '*My dear Ellie you've changed. About time you made the most of yourself.*'

Before I would have been crushed by that, however things were different now. '*Nice to see you too Aunty, {she hated to be called that} any luck on the husband hunt?*' I was sarcastic. Grace laughed, '*Oh darling, you are wonderful, just what I wanted to happen. Raymond is buying a yacht, and Sven is to be First Mate,*' she giggled.

'Can Clarissa stay again?'

Clarissa and I smiled at each other, *'Anytime, Aunt Grace, with pleasure'*

Pat Jowsey

Creative writing: A hero in his own lifetime

I don't really remember him; he died when I was two. There were photos of me hugging him, and of course I knew the story, which started during the War, while my mother Zo and Grandmother Mimi were living in a cottage in Hampshire. Zo had one of those hazy war jobs, driving the man who ran a place for injured servicemen; she was a good driver, and could cope with the country lanes and no sign posts. My father Alan was up in Scotland, training, and one day a letter came with some interesting news...

'After a jolly evening in the mess, I was staggering back to quarters with a few of the men; it was starting to snow, and bloody cold. I heard what could only be the piteous sound of a dog in trouble; by the light of my torch, I could make out a dark shape, in the frozen pond to the right, and of course I waded in and got him out. It wasn't deep, but freezing, so we all rushed back to the Mess, knocked Tony up and demanded brandy for me and the dog. Pathetic, shivering, bedraggled - that's both of us. We dried him off with bar towels, and I took him back to quarters and wrapped him up, spent the night with him huddled next to me under the blankets. He is absolutely devoted, stays wherever I put him - I've actually smuggled him on a couple of jaunts in my kitbag! I'll bring him down next time I'm on leave. I've called him Excalibur'. And that was how Scally joined the family.

After he stopped searching for his rescuer, who had gone off to India for the rest of the War, Scally loved living in Ibthorpe. There were fields and woods around the cottage, and Zo often took him for car rides. Her teenage twin cousins, Joan and Betty, were evacuated from London and stayed with them, and they had great adventures with the dog. He learned to catch rabbits, and carry them back to swell the rations; sometimes there were enough to give to neighbours. He did start bringing eggs, which he found in the hedgerows of the farm; he carried them very gently, one at a time, but they decided this was not quite fair on the chicken owners, and persuaded him to stop, despite the puzzled and tragic looks he gave them. They all loved having him around.

After the war the twins returned home, and Zo, Mimi and Scally were joined by Alan in Kent, where I was born. The whole family moved to Essex, and Scally was a perfect companion for a baby. Later, I wished he had lived till I was old enough to play with him, but the story and the photos gave me a sort of family memory of Scally, the gentle, trustworthy and very shaggy dog.

Carrick u3a member writing as Janet Zoro

Creative writing: Summer

Irene comes out of the back door about ten, just as I've got the brake shoes off the Triumph. She's wearing her blue jeans with the big turnups and the baseball boots she got from Boyes's on Hessel Road. *'Johnny - can you give me a lift into town at dinnertime?'* she says, in a wheedley sort of voice, *'I'm meeting Trevor in the Gainsborough at twelve.'*

If she'd thought about it, she'd have done better not to mention Trevor – she knows I don't think much of him. He hangs around with the greasers, though he's only got a clapped out moped. I suppose Irene thinks that turning up on a decent bike would make her look better.

'Hard luck – I'm doing the brakes today.'

'Won't take you long though, will it? A little job like that?'

Not that she knows a brake shoe from a football boot, so she's trying to butter me up. When I don't answer she sits down on the deck chair that Dad put up before he went out for the paper.

'D'you know what day it is?' she says.

'Course I do – it's Saturday. If it wasn't, I'd be at work.'

'No - I meant it's Midsummer's Day.'

I hadn't really noticed the weather, except that it wasn't looking like rain, so I could get on with the bike. I look down the garden, to where Uncle Alf is sitting on the old chair out of the shed, keeping an eye on his runner beans. As I watch he takes the cig out of his mouth and begins one of his sessions of heavy-duty coughing; he claims it's caused by his time on the Arctic convoys, but fifty years of smoking Capstan Full Strength probably hasn't helped. He looks to see if anybody's watching, then spits into the Montbretia by the dustbins.

It is a nice day; there's just a few little white clouds drifting slowly over. Mam comes out in her apron, to scrape the breakfast plates into the yard for the birds. She looks past us to Uncle Alf, who's still coughing, rolls her eyes and goes back into the house. The back brake shoes look okay, still plenty of life left in them. I brush the dust out of the drum, check the cams and begin to reassemble the hub. Just then I hear the click-click-click of a freewheel coming down the passage between the houses and Mr. Scott emerges at the other side of the fence, pushing his bike; being an insurance man he has to work Saturdays, to be sure of catching people at home so that he can collect their five bob a week. He's wearing his old mac of course, you never see him without it, winter or summer. Dad once wondered if he wore it in bed; Mam said *'Probably only in the winter,'* and they both fell about. Mr Scott is actually Scottish; he has twin sons, Gordon and Alexander. They both go to Bishop Carver College and are keen to *'get on in the world'* as Mr. Scott calls it. Alex wants to be a doctor, Gordon is already reading up on Accountancy; I asked him once if that was like being a Turf Accountant, but he didn't click that I was joking – looks as though education can only take you so far.

Anyway, the bike's ready, the sun's still shining, and Dad's back to claim his deckchair; he'll read the paper for half an hour, then off to the National for a pint before lunch. Uncle Alf looks as though he's dozed off.

Irene comes back out of the house. *'Is it finished then? So, can you take me?'*

I swear that girl's telepathic.

Quiz answers

Animals in French. What are they in English?

- | | |
|--------------|----------|
| 1. Chien | Dog |
| 2. Chat | Cat |
| 3. Cheval | Horse |
| 4. Mouton | Sheep |
| 5. Lapin | Rabbit |
| 6. Souris | Mouse |
| 7. Loup | Wolf |
| 8. Âne | Donkey |
| 9. Écureuil | Squirrel |
| 10. Hérisson | Hedgehog |

Can you match the celebrity with their birth name?

- | | |
|-------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Lady Gaga | Stefani Joanne Angelina Germanotta |
| 2. Cher | Cherilyn Sarkisian |
| 3. David Tennant | David John McDonald |
| 4. Sting | Gordon Matthew Thomas Sumner |
| 5. Judy Garland | Frances Ethel Gumm |
| 6. Marilyn Monroe | Norma Jeane Mortensen |
| 7. Fred Astaire | Frederick Austerlitz |
| 8. Woody Allen | Allan Stewart Konigsberg |
| 9. Cary Grant | Archibald Alec Leach |
| 10. Kirk Douglas | Issur Danielovitch |
| 11. Joan Crawford | Lucille Fay LeSueur |
| 12. Ringo | Richard Starkey |
| 13. Cliff Richard | Harry Rodger Webb |
| 14. Michael Caine | Maurice Micklewhite |
| 15. John Wayne | Marion Robert Morrison |

International holidays - in which month do they occur?

- | | |
|--------------------------------|----------|
| 1. Australia Day | January |
| 2. Canada Day | July |
| 3. Bastille Day | July |
| 4. Europe Day | May |
| 5. All Saints' Day (Italy) | November |
| 6. Martin Luther King Jr. (US) | January |
| 7. Thanksgiving Day (US) | November |
| 8. Freedom Day (S. Africa) | April |
| 9. Anzac Day ((NZ & Australia) | April |
| 10. St David's Day (Wales) | March |

Picture Quiz answers



Blancmange



Eton Mess



Peach Melba



Cheesecake



Crème Broulee



Trifle



Pecan Pie



Apple Tart



Knickerbocker Glory



Banoffee Pie



Lemon Meringue



Blackberry & Apple
Crumble



Summer Pudding



Arctic Roll



Chocolate Mousse



Sex in a Pan

Artwork: Lesley's mind maps: u3a social activities

COME ALONG TO OUR SOCIAL AND FUNDRAISING EVENTS.

QUIZ NIGHT **WHAT?** **WHERE??**

WHO? **WHEN?**

1st June Kea Centre
 Playing Place
 7 - 7,30pm. £7.50.
 Ploughman's supper. BYO

Come along and join a team!

Eyes down and look in for our **BINGO** night **6**

With special guest caller **15th June Kea Centre** **22**

Jenny "House" Fullylove **7 pm. 25p per ticket.** **27** **10**

GARDEN PARTY

TREASURE HUNT **2-4 pm** **14th July** **GAMES**

Free entry. **TEA** **Perranwell**

TOMBOLA with **live music**

U39 Coach trips



AUGUST

Wednesday 7th Saltram House/Plymouth

NT members £19 Non-members NT £34



Saturday 18th Rosemoor Flower Show

RHS Members £25 Non RHS £39

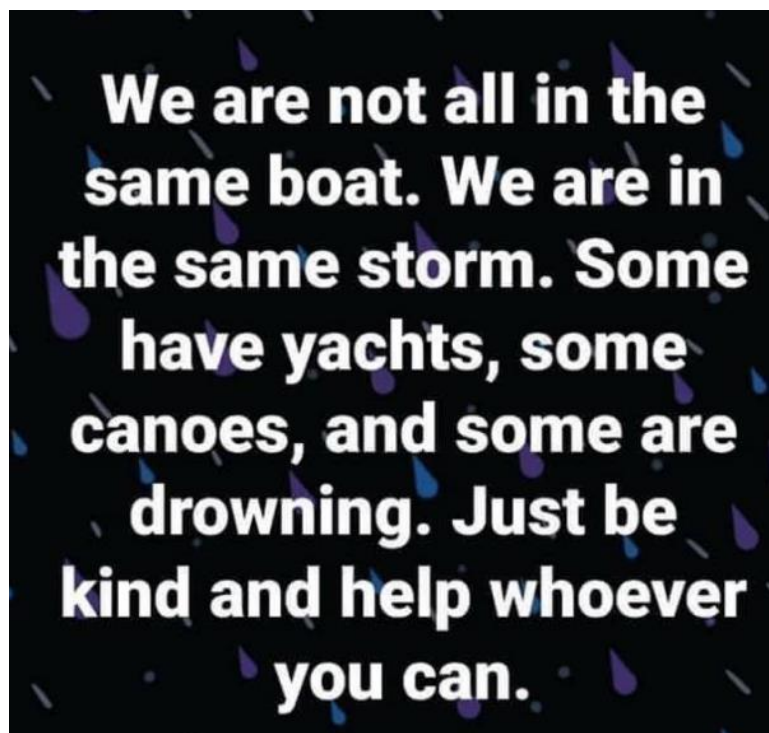


We are hoping to arrange other trips according to interest.

Tintagel; Bude; Exeter; Dartmouth; Boscastle; Coletton Fishacre;

You tell us where you would like to go.

Thoughts for the day



Both courtesy of Facebook

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 25th June 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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