

# The Carrick Argus

*Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news*

Issue no 91

July 2024



*Waiting for the tide*

*By David Ackroyd*

*An entry for the 2023 Photography competition*

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## Editorial

It is on occasions like this that it is very useful to have an additional way to communicate with Carrick u3a members. Can I draw your attention please to the following in case you have missed the notices in the newsletter: -

1. A reminder about our fund-raising garden party, on **Sunday 14th July**, 2- 4pm at Medlar Cottage on St Piran's Hill in Perranwell. There will be a selection of games, stalls, a cryptic treasure trail along with a 'Find the Treasure' map, tombola, raffle, homemade cakes, teas and coffees. Entertainment will be provided by Carrick Consort. Many thanks to all who have donated prizes, books and plants. More would be welcome, so if you have anything you would like to contribute, please contact [vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk](mailto:vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk) or any member of the committee. Thank you. Fingers crossed for good weather!
2. The follow-up meeting at the university is booked for **Tuesday 16th July** from 10-12, followed by tea and cakes. The first talk was very well received by our members and it will be interesting to hear how the students have progressed their research. It is important in this stage of our new relationship with the university that we show our support for their work in reaching out to Carrick u3a as part of their community involvement. If you are able to join us, please let us know as soon as possible for catering purposes. Send your names to [vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk](mailto:vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk) or [universityliaison@u3acarrick.org.uk](mailto:universityliaison@u3acarrick.org.uk).
3. The Monthly Members' Meeting got off to a cracking start in its new venue at Carnon Downs Village Hall, with a fascinating talk by Sue Swinchatt on the life and work of the artist William Crane. Please note there will be a break in July, with the meetings resuming in August, 2-4pm, when Helen Reilly will be the speaker. Richard Allen has some excellent speakers lined up for the autumn, so please come along for tea and a chat. We look forward to seeing you.
4. Lesley has been busy organising the quiz and bingo nights and the trips. However, there was a slight hiccup- please note the dates for the trips are not as printed in the newsletter. See her letter below.

Sue Hutt: Editor

It seems I have put the wrong date for one of the trips in my piece in the newsletter.

### Re: Coach Trips

I would like to clarify that the following are the **correct dates for the coach trips in August** - please ignore any suggestions of other dates which I may have made in error. Clearly, I need a secretary.

**WEDNESDAY 7<sup>th</sup> AUGUST**    **Saltram House or Plymouth**                      NT members £19    non-NT embers £34

**SUNDAY 18<sup>th</sup> AUGUST**            **Rosemoor Flower Show**                      RHS members £25    Non RHS members £39

Please let me know in the first instance if you are interested in going as I am in negotiation with the coach company. Apologies for any confusion caused by my error(s). I look forward to filling a coach.



Lesley Parsons: [chair@u3acarrick.org.uk](mailto:chair@u3acarrick.org.uk), Telephone No: 01209 314810

## Military Day 2024 at Trebah



*Image of the embarkation courtesy of The Trebah Garden Trust*

**Military Day** is an annual event held at **Trebah Gardens** on June 1<sup>st</sup> to commemorate the day in 1944 when a regiment of the 29<sup>th</sup> US Infantry Division comprising 7500 servicemen and their tanks, guns and transport left Trebah to sail in ten flat bottomed landing craft to the Isle of Wight to join the armada awaiting the signal to start the D-Day invasion of France.

The weather in early June 1944 was dreadful and they had to endure four days in enormous seas before reaching the rendezvous. When on June 6<sup>th</sup> the window of opportunity for the invasion arose, they crossed the channel to land on Omaha Beach where they suffered horrendous losses.



Although the major events held in Normandy focus on D-Day itself the one at Trebah held 5 days earlier and organised by the Royal Cornwall Branch of the **Parachute Regiment Association** combines a commemoration of all those American troops who died in Normandy after embarking from Trebah and all the British servicemen and women who have sacrificed their lives in conflict.





**Major Tony Hibbert** MBE MC served in the parachute regiment and saw action including at Arnhem. In 1981 he and his wife purchased Trebah and set about returning it to its pre-war glory. In 1990 he transferred the ownership to **The Trebah Garden Trust** who now administer the estate.

Ref: [www.trebah-garden.co.uk](http://www.trebah-garden.co.uk)

*Photos of the 2024, 80<sup>th</sup> Anniversary event courtesy of Adrian Rowlands*

## The Nebra Sky Disc



The Nebra Sky Disc

*Image courtesy of Wikipedia*

The discovery of the **Nebra Sky Disc**, named after the town of Nebra, 180km south west of **Berlin** where it was found, has contributed greatly to the understanding of historians about life in the Early Bronze Age. Made partly from **Cornish tin** and **gold** from the **Carnon Valley**, it is 32cm in diameter, made of bronze with gold inlays and shows the earliest known depiction of the cosmos. It is estimated to be around 3,600 years old.

It was discovered in 1999 by metal detectorists who damaged the rim, losing one of the stars and chipping off a large piece of the disc. Following the discovery, they tried to sell it, along with other items including swords and axes, to local archaeologists. This is illegal in Germany, and in 2002 they tried again in Switzerland. However, unknown to them, the operation was a 'sting', conducted by undercover police. The men were arrested and the disc returned to Germany where it remains the property of the state.

The disc shows a crescent moon, a sun or full moon and 23 stars, apparently randomly distributed. A separate group of 7 stars is thought to represent the Pleiades, while X-rays have shown there to be 2 more stars underneath the arc. It is believed that the colour of the night sky was originally blue-green, achieved by applying rotten eggs to the bronze, causing a chemical reaction to take place.

During the Bronze Age, society was largely agricultural and the planting and harvesting of crops would have been of prime importance. There is no doubt that the people's understanding of celestial movements was far more advanced than previously thought. Interestingly, the disc could



have been used to identify the positions of the sun at sunrise and sunset. The angle between the two pairs of arcs on either side of the disc is 82 degrees. At Mittelberg hill, the exact spot where the disc was found, the angle between the high mid-summer sunset and the low mid-winter sunset is 82 degrees. Further information is available at the World History Encyclopaedia. It makes fascinating reading.



Mittelberg Hill with Nebra in the background

*Image courtesy of allthatsinteresting.com*

The [Royal Cornwall Museum](#) is currently hosting a project entitled “**In the Footprints of Cornish Gold**” involving academics from universities in Germany, Cambridge, Scotland, Durham, Exeter and the Camborne School of Mines. This was instigated after the provenance proving that the gold and tin came from the Carnon Valley and will culminate in the New Horizons exhibition at the British Museum.

Sue Hutt

*Ref. [worldhistory.org](http://worldhistory.org)*

*<https://www.landesmuseum-vorgeschichte.de/en/nebra-sky-disc.html>*

## The Newport Transporter Bridge



**The Transporter Bridge as seen from Coronation Park Newport**

*Courtesy of WelshDave & Wikipedia*

**Newport Transporter Bridge**, a combination of bridge and ferry, was in continuous use for 79 years, from 1906 until 1985.

It was a product of its time, an era when most people either walked or cycled to work, or went by tram. Horse-drawn vehicles and hand-carts for all types of business were common.

The bridge had to accommodate the passage of the tallest fully-rigged ships beneath it, on the **River Usk** leading to the Bristol Channel. By 1880 the Town Bridge was very congested and a new crossing was required to open up the industrial potential of the east bank of the tidal River. The vast wealth generated by the extraction and export of coal and iron-ore in S Wales meant Newport had grown from a medieval town of 1,000 to 67,000 by the turn of the 20<sup>th</sup> century.

The high tides of the river (frequently 47', or 14.3m) meant that most conventional bridge designs had to be ruled out. Parliamentary Consent was obtained for a pedestrian tunnel but this was shelved due to costs. A high-level road bridge wasn't an option, for the same reason.

The Borough engineer heard of a new method of crossing, designed by the French engineer **Ferdinand Arnodin**, which was being used successfully on the Continent. His design lifted the ferry above the tides and mud, so that it could glide smoothly from shore to shore in a direct and level line.



This meant it could provide a reliable and rapid crossing, and its costs were well within the Borough's resources. The site chosen for the new bridge was the same as that used by the old ferry and proposed tunnel. Work went ahead and the bridge was completed at a cost of £98,000. It was opened with due ceremony in September 1906 by Viscount Tredegar.

One of 15 such bridges world-wide, it was driven by 2 electric motors which were controlled by a handle in the Pilot House of the Gondola, the 'suspended' ferry. The gondola accommodated 6 cars and 120 people (or 13 tons weight) and moved at 6.5mph.

Operating every 7 minutes, it was used mainly by shift-workers in nearby factories and docks. However, it never paid its way and closed in 1985.

A decade later, it reopened after a £3m refurbishment, but there were further financial problems and it closed prior to my husband & I visiting in October 2021.

In July 2015 my brother Peter visited the bridge and enjoyed crossing the river in the gondola.

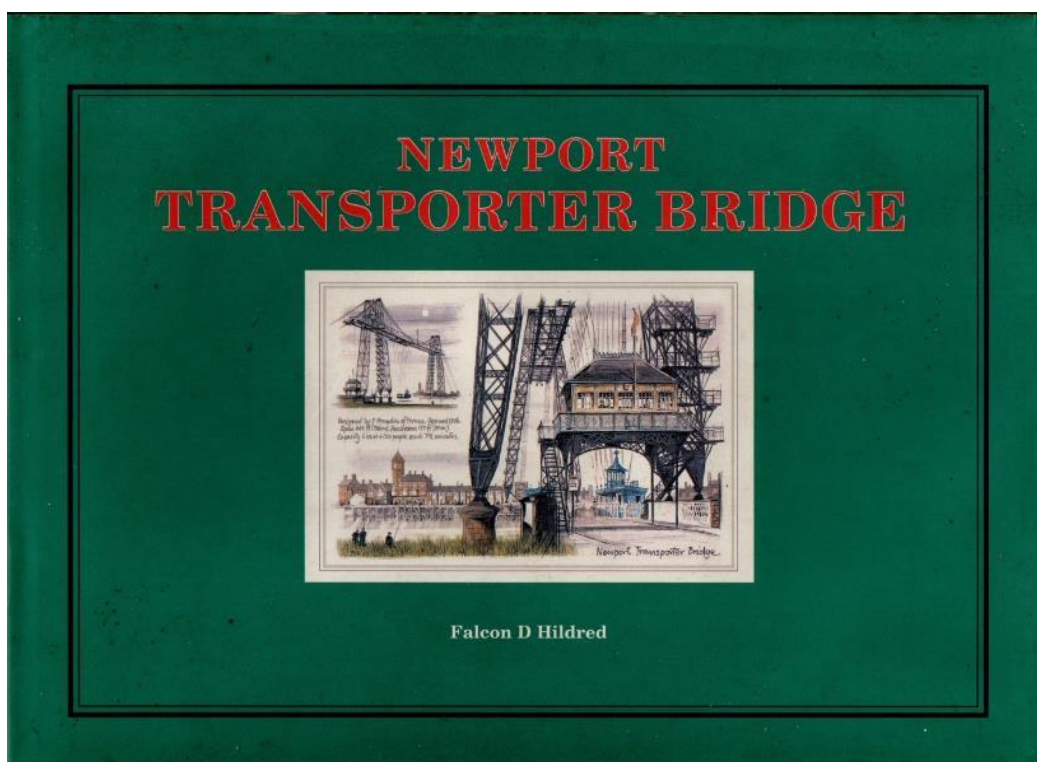
He writes, *'The bridge was working well so I took my car to the far side and back again, after looking at the control cabin and its machinery. It's an important part of our industrial heritage. I'd planned a further visit to use the narrow public walkway over the top, on an Open Day, but sadly this was cancelled due to high winds.'*

Now Grade 1 listed, it has featured in several films and TV shows. This year (2024) a massive £17m renovation project is ongoing to provide a new visitor centre, which should be completed in 2025, when we hope to see this amazing structure again.

#### **Reference**

***The Newport transporter bridge: A Guide to its History, Construction and Operation***

**By Falcon D Hildred** (Newport County Borough Council, 1996)









Embarkment of the Casket Girls (Artist unknown)

Courtesy of Historic New Orleans Collection

Sue Hutt

Ref: 64parishes.org  
Wikipedia.org



Courtesy of Facebook

## Creative writing: All Good Things

She idly twirled the stem of her wine glass, watching the bubbles rise and break at the brim. Beyond the balustrade the sea shimmered below the cloudless blue sky. The scent of jasmine, warm and sweet drifted from the profusion of blossom that crowned the pergola overhead. The faint chatter of other guests reached her as they wandered around the landscaped garden, then nothing but birdsong, the rhythmic shush of waves, the comforting clink of activity in the hotel kitchen, the distant buzz of a Lambretta from the village below.

The warmth of the morning sun eased her shoulders, she gazed at her calves, glinting with Ambre Solaire and turning a satisfying gold. Her toenails sparkled a luminous red, the lock of hair that escaped her wide hat shone a rich auburn, her thick towelling robe cushioned her supine body. She sighed. How very perfect this world was, how appropriate her place in it.

She turned as she heard a discrete cough behind her.

*'Scusi Signora Belmont, but Professore Marcello has arrived, he apologises most profusely but there is a change of plan. He is very sorry but the Castello will be closing early today. He will wait for you in reception. He say you must not hurry.'*

Signora Belmont felt slightly annoyed, she had been enjoying the lazy start to the day, the indulgent glass of pre-prandial spumante and had not expected to have to dress before noon. The plan as usual had been a leisurely lunch at the hotel, a brief educational tour of the local Grande Castello, then a stroll to Luca's family Masseria where he would arrange loungers under the shade of the trees and they would enjoy mutually satisfying love making and a subsequent siesta as the sun dropped swiftly behind the tall Cypresses. She was disappointed. The closure of the Castello would deprive them of an important element in the usual order of things, the intellectually elevating element of culture that excused the otherwise totally hedonistic pattern of their days together.

The days rarely varied. Occasionally, if he arrived early, they might drive in his ancient Lamborghini Trattori to the beach to swim. She tolerated his eccentric love of this vehicle, it was such a beautiful museum piece, it had always been in use at his family estate, and he had of course left his Smart car in Rome. Sometimes they drove this massive agricultural vehicle to a restaurant in the hills, his knowledge of local wines and traditional dishes matched his archaeological erudition and they always ate well on the Signora's credit card.

But the usual itinerary pleased them best, they had so little time together, so little leisure to recover from the maelstrom of their social and professional commitments. She returned to her room to dress, sending a gracious kiss and a wave to the professor as she mounted the staircase.

His adoring eyes followed her, such grace, such elegance, with the rich red hair of a Titian goddess she seemed the embodiment of classical beauty.

He recalled their first meeting at the Castello where he had been hired as a guide, his knowledge of architecture being a source of local pride, for few of the villagers in the area had ever been known to achieve any high level of education. He had been enthusiastically describing the long-ago era of wealth and cultural supremacy that had been briefly enjoyed by the abandoned Mezzogiorno, a time when the building of ornate Masserias and grand Castellos had been possible and his love of his land



had given his performance a theatrical flair and power. She had wandered in and listened, impressed by his delivery and entranced by his thin foreign face.

It had started with an innocent invitation for a drink back at her hotel, the worldly and sophisticated socialite conversing with the erudite professor. What could be more natural. *'Such a pleasure – Shall we arrange more meetings? Occasional of course... life is so demanding'*

And so, it had begun. No need for details – just a simple brief text to her English mobile on the happy chance that she might be in residence during April? Then August? April again? Precise dates when he would be in the area to research his current academic paper - how delightful to meet up again. How unfortunate his villa was not yet ready for guests, but how important that he visit to check on the progress of his builders, so difficult from a distance! Sometime soon she would be his guest, but meanwhile ....

The golden day opened before her. So, what should they do? They could stay in the hotel, use the pool if he had his swim wear, then stay here for a leisurely lunch. Sitting on the patio she had seen the early delivery of crimson prawns from Gallipoli, perfect accompanied by his favourite Falanghina wine. She liked to indulge him, he was always so appreciative, so perhaps also a platter of oysters, or tartar of swordfish with salty ricotta moulds? A limoncello souffle? Her mind wandered around the many delights created by the internationally famous chef at work in the kitchen. What a good choice this hotel had been, how perfect her time here, and to have met Luca, such a gentleman, such a lover, such a wonderful combination of aristocrat and scholar, such a perfect companion. Might it be possible for the idyll to become permanent? She allowed herself to picture soirees in his newly refurbished villa, music and laughter, distinguished guests in animated conversation surrounded by the debris of an excellent meal, candlelight glinting off the antique family silver. She smiled at her pale reflection, then paused as she applied the gloss, the small creases on the upper lip were undeniable, the jaw just a little too soft, *'Enjoy it! Oh Yes! For now, enjoy'* she commanded.

Waiting and relaxed on a billowing sofa Professor Marcello watched the Maitre D' examine an elegant flute, hold it to the light and call a hurrying waiter to burnish the glasses to an even finer clarity. The sommelier moved a slightly dusty bottle of Vernaccia away from a sunbeam that lit the table of fine wines waiting to be consumed by discerning guests. The faint tickle of a cool jazz piano lent a gentle atmosphere to the air-conditioned room. He hoped she would suggest dining at the hotel, the meal would be added to her room bill and not incur the embarrassment he felt when they occasionally ate at one of the local trattorias. The food here was truly superb, he often dreamt of these meals when back in the city.

How he treasured these precious days. He always ensured that she would know the dates when he could escape the misery of teaching at an under-funded school in a deprived area of Naples, vacations in the past that he had spent slowly rebuilding the abandoned family farm near the coast. Now when meeting his diva the work ceased, his fingernails were scrubbed clean, his hair allowed more length, a black silk shirt replacing his usual cotton. He firmly believed the romantic image of a famous academic with noble pedigree was essential to his appeal and nothing could be allowed to destroy these days of privilege and passion.

Tomorrow she would be driven to the airport and they would kiss fondly. She would walk through to check-in as he waved his genuine Panama hat, her farewell gift. He was always surprised at her

modest travel bag. The very rich needed to carry so little baggage, perhaps they simply bought on arrival.

She had booked one night at the Gatwick Travel Lodge. Enough time to hang the creases from the tightly rolled wool jacket, enough time to wash the glorious Titian red from her hair, to dry and return it to a neatly coiled chignon. She watched the scarlet water swirl around the sink before disappearing with an offensive gulp down the plumbing system taking with it a few dull greying hairs. Next morning she caught the express into Liverpool Street, then the tube to Bowes Park where Mr Norman Belmont stood impatiently waiting at the gate of their terrace house. He was scowling as usual. He objected strongly to these sudden rushed flights away, these times when nursing was required by his wife's ancient aunt, all very annoying. He rather wished Aunt Amelia would get on with it and die so that the promised inheritance could be put to good use- he would like a new shed and they could have someone in to mend the roof and decorate.

He suspected Betty didn't share his eagerness for her aunt's demise, indeed she seemed to almost relish the tedium of the sick bed and returned from these stints of duty with an energy that he found baffling. Women! Now that she was back, he could get on with his gardening, he was looking forward to a properly cooked dinner again after the ready-made rubbish she had left in the freezer. That was what an early retirement was for, leisure to walk the dog, do a bit of gardening, watch football on the TV and have a decent meal cooked by the wife. Not the stupid nonsense Betty had been talking about a few years ago - going abroad to live, dealing with foreigners, eating messed about food. No thank you. Her outbursts at the time had been unbelievable- ridiculous! Almost as baffling as her insistence on separate bank accounts that had happened about then. She had actually taken a pathetic part time charity job with some women's group! It still angered him, the way she had suddenly disobeyed his wishes, a wife's place is in the home, not hob-knobbing with single mothers and worse. Anyway, all's well that ends well. Auntie can't last forever. All he had to do is be patient and wait. All good things come to those who wait.

Leonie Whitton

## Creative writing: Only the wind is free

Adrian took a drink of his wonderfully cool beer and settled back in his chair, carelessly letting his arm fall to one side, out of the shadow of the bar umbrella. Soon he began to feel the burn of the sun on his exposed skin; unusually for Sagres, the day was almost windless. The Atlantic shimmered around the tiny coastal islands like the scales of a magical fish, and he picked up his binoculars to search for the pod of dolphins he had seen earlier. Yes, there they were, leaping and twisting, falling back into the water with a crisp splash and a curtain of sparkling spray, dancing for the very joy of the thing. Adrian sighed with contentment. Later in the day, when the heat began to abate, he would pay a visit to the *Boa Esperanza* in Lagos, make a few notes, take a few pictures. Or maybe tomorrow; this afternoon was just too perfect to hurry through. But then he frowned; his chair was beginning to rock from side to side. Then he remembered; they had earthquakes in Portugal, didn't they? But that was long ago, surely?

*"Come on! Wake up!"*



He opened his eyes and saw the standard lamp, the bookcase, the trees in the street through the rain-spotted window.

Elisabeth's hand was on his shoulder, shaking him. She smiled at him. *"I thought you said you weren't going to drink at lunchtime? You know you've got a session at the docks at two o'clock? Also, you're dribbling!"*

Adrian fumbled for a handkerchief to wipe his mouth, but Elisabeth was already holding out a tissue to him. He turned his head, to see the empty glass on the table beside him; his neck was stiff from lying awkwardly. He pulled himself upright. *"What time is it?"*

*"Half twelve. Better get a move on – shall I make you a sandwich?"*

*"If you wouldn't mind."*

*"Well, I've got to be at the office at two myself, but I've got time to do that."*

Adrian looked at her, trim in her dark suit. *"Better put your pinny on!"* he smiled. Then a thought struck him; *"Will you need the car?"*

*"No – don't panic; I've got a lift in with Rachel, and I'm in the office all day. Get tidied up and I'll put the kettle on."*

*"I was dreaming,"* he said wistfully.

Elisabeth nodded. *"Tell me later,"* she said, *"that sandwich won't make itself!"*

Adrian got stiffly to his feet and gazed out through the window, remembering Sagres. He didn't get so many foreign assignments nowadays – not that he really regretted it. When the children were young breaks from domestic life were a welcome relief, but there was no denying they could have their downside – he remembered with a shudder a trip to an oil terminal in West Africa; roasting heat, eaten alive by the sandflies, and a vicious civil war being fought out a few miles up the road. Maybe Brunswick Avenue wasn't so bad! He laughed as he gazed out at the rainy street, earning a worried look from a passing neighbour. On his way to the bathroom the pictures of the children were on the hall table – Becky in her graduation outfit, Matt at his wedding to Sophie. Adrian had always vaguely thought that Matt would end up doing something like himself, but when the boy unmistakably demonstrated a gift for music (and not much else) Adrian had been forced to grin and bear what he privately thought of as a ramshackle sort of trade, only a degree better than being an actor. Still, Matt seemed to be earning reasonable money as what he described as *'a jobbing fiddle player'*, so fair play to him.

When he came downstairs again, the sandwich and coffee were on the breakfast bar. As he ate, Elisabeth asked, *"So what is it today?"*

Adrian took a swig of coffee. *"Ah. Firm making parts for offshore wind turbines; supposed to be pretty innovative."*

Elisabeth laughed. *"So, are they going to want you to go out to check on them when they're installed?"*

Adrian was instantly defensive. *"I could do! I wouldn't mind at all! Be interesting!"*

In actuality, bouncing around the North Sea in a windfarm's tender wasn't exactly his favourite occupation nowadays, but he resented any implication that he was getting past such exertions. The doorbell chimed. *"See you later,"* said Elisabeth. She kissed him on the cheek; at the door she paused; *"Don't forget to clean your teeth again!"* she said, and left.

Adrian shook his head. *Sometimes*, he thought, *she treats me like one of the children*. But in reality, he didn't mind at all.

## Adrian's pick of the month: Around Truro







Photos courtesy of u3a Carrick Photography group

## Quiz

### In which musical would you hear these songs?

1. Some Enchanted Evening
2. Consider Yourself
3. You Can't Stop the Beat
4. Circle of Life
5. One Day More
6. If I Loved You
7. Don't Cry for Me, Argentina
8. Summer Nights
9. Does Your Mother Know?
10. Aquarius
11. Chim Chim Cher-ee
12. Tonight
13. Day by Day
14. Any Dream Will Do
15. Bustopher Jones

### Where would you find the following?

1. Notre Dame
2. The CN Tower
3. Holyrood House
4. Taj Mahal
5. La Sagrada Familia
6. Brandenburg Gate
7. Alhambra
8. Trevi Fountain
9. Great Sphinx
10. Manneken Pis

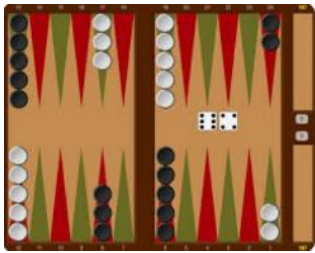
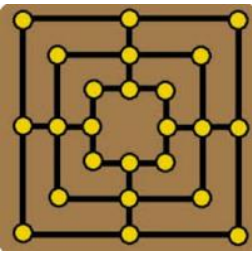







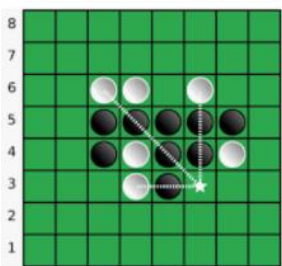

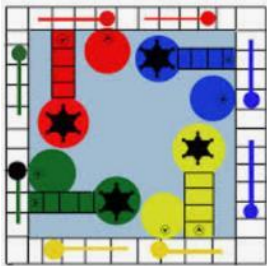
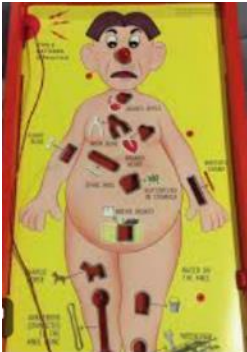



### Who was Prime Minister between these dates?

1. 1721 - 1742
2. 1756 - 1757
3. 1766 - 1768
4. 1809 - 1812
5. 1834 - 1835, 1841 - 1846
6. 1868 - 1874, 1880 - 1885, 1886 - 1886, 1892 - 1894
7. 1908 - 1916
8. 1924 - 1924, 1929 - 1935
9. 1940 - 1945, 1951 - 1955
10. 1964 - 1970, 1974 - 1976
11. 2007 - 2010
12. 2016 - 2019

[Answers on page 24](#)



## Picture Quiz: Identify the games

 <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 25](#)



## Creative writing: The biter bit

*'Yes madam, but if you can spare me just two minutes, I will explain the outstandin ...'*

*'Ok, you old cow; put the phone down on me'*. This was my tenth call this morning when the sucker shut me down. I had to get a bite soon or I won't get any commission today. I looked around the office filled with desks and employees like me trying to contact anyone who would invest in the get rich quick scheme dreamt up by our boss.

This was the last resort for me; I had tried to earn a living doing many jobs, estate agent, selling cars and various office jobs. Then a mate put me onto this call centre, it suited me, no need to dress up. You could turn up in jeans or even pyjamas, and some girl had her slippers on. The idea was to contact anyone who had replied to a survey from a communication centre in India. They had sweet talked, usually old people, to tell them what papers they bought and the supermarket they shopped in. The individuals who took the Times and went to Waitrose were the easy targets. I had a script and usually it was amazing how many fell for it. The greed element won for most people.

However, if they were stupid enough to fall for the story, on their head be it. The idea of being able to increase their investment tenfold drew so many suckers you wouldn't believe it. The belief that if it sounds too good to be true it probably is, had not registered with many supposedly intelligent people.

The initiators of this swindle recommended investors buy a plot of land in Wales. Arranged through us of course, then the local council would be persuaded to grant planning permission, so the value of the land would rocket. If only the investors took the trouble to investigate the land, they would realise there was no chance of ever building in the forest they had each purchased a portion of. That is what I did try to do for a few weeks before moving on, I was not usually a cheat or a liar but needs must, so had found myself in the fraud business,

The only chance left to me now was to turn to my Auntie Jess. Jessie was my God mother and my last resort when I am desperate. I phoned her up and she was thrilled to hear from me. I felt guilty that it was so long since I had seen her.

*'Darling, come for the weekend, I have such a lot to tell you and you must tell me what you have been doing.'* I let her ramble on for a while then promised to go and visit the next Saturday. I had just about enough money left for the train fare.

*'Oh, dear boy, come in we can have tea in the garden'* Jess was her usual self, full of happiness, and wanting to make everyone feel the same. After telling her all I had been up to, including my last disastrous love affair. I did ask my dear Aunt Jess, if she could possibly lend me enough to pay my rent and some spare cash to help me over the next few months?

*'Well Darling I would love to, but I have nothing left to spare now. I had the chance to get a wonderful return on my savings, way more than before. I wanted to invest as much as I can; you are my only heir I want to leave you as much as possible. A lovely young man phoned me up and put me onto a marvellous chance of investing in a brilliant opportunity. It is ecologically sound as well, and the houses that will be built on my land will have the best green requirements and sustainable technology'*

Jess was delighted at the thought. She had fallen for the fraud.

My heart missed a beat; I knew the script so well, always try a little roleplay.

*'Oh Jess, you haven't fallen for these scam calls'*

*'My Dear this was different, he knew my name, and even where I went shopping, the same shop as his mother he said'*

What was I to do? I had taken a lot of people's money in the weeks I had worked there. What goes around comes around. I gave Jess a big hug and started to explain about the nuisance phone call.

Pat Jowsey

## Creative writing: They were not what they seemed to be

They pretend all is okay when it's not. When the hungry dogs howl and whine for food and human comfort, they pretend not to hear. And Simian pretends it's not happening and he is back at home playing hide and seek with his son in the park. Then the air is pierced by sirens alerting the town to the oncoming storm which brings more rain to reinforce the walls of water ripping through streets and Simian's park where he and his son once played.

Simian sits on a mattress in the auditorium of the conference centre in the town where he was born. The room is high in the building and safe. In the sleeping bag beside him his neighbour is curled and the polyester crinkles and shudders with shoulder sobbing. Simian pats the arm of the non-sleeper protruding through the zip.

*"It's okay, Aitch we're okay"* Simian simpers pretending along with the world, that it is okay when it's not.

The rain arrives and the sound on the roof of the auditorium plays the most dreadful symphony.

Aitch sits up. She is in her thirties with sexy looking dishevelled hair and eyes red with grief. She looks at Simian.

*"You can pretend if you like. I can't. It's happening. I'm hungry, I'm homeless and I don't know what's going to happen tomorrow."*

Simian pats on – thinking of something to say.

*"They will get us out tomorrow."*

*"Who is 'they'?"* She snarls. *"No food deliveries for months, no clean water, no power, no heat, just acres of people pretending 'they' will come. They haven't and they won't."*

Simian pats on - remembering. He remembers when life changed. Without power or water, the school closed and his son stayed home. Next, he lost his job. No one needed an advertising manager if there was nothing to sell. As a nurse, Aitch kept working even when there was no wage at the end of the month, just an envelope of tokens to redeem food at the emergency HQ, which, sadly, was the old school building with a new sign.

*"We pretended for years that we were okay. That's what we did." Aitch shouts to the domed roof. "If we recycled our waste, cycled to work and spun our hopeful stories, we thought we could make it better. We couldn't."*

Simian sighed, *"I used to count butterflies."*

Suddenly the sound of a gunshot skims through the drumming of the rain orchestra, and then another.

*"The Community Team must be shooting the dogs again,"* say Aitch pointing to the red uniforms of the local volunteers who are filing into the auditorium. For five years the Community Team has been at the front-line distributing food and water, saving lives and keeping hope in order. A red uniform is trusted.

Aitch screeches.

*"Simian, they're shooting us,"* and she jumps up to scan for a route of escape.

Simian sits and pats the sleeping bag where once Aitch's arm had been. Aitch disappears amongst a throng of screaming humanity heading nowhere as all the doors are blocked by barriers of red.

A red uniform approaches Simian and wordlessly a bullet is fired into Simian's chest. Simian falls forward and the red uniform hears him whisper,

*"You were supposed to keep us safe."*

The red uniform quickly moves on to fire at the collected herd in the middle of the auditorium, whose voices reverberate through the noise to the roof pleading for understanding. The red uniform is crying as she fires and to answer Simian she mumbles,

*"We can't keep everyone safe. It's about the numbers, mate."*

Karen La Borde



## Mousehole in old Photographs



1890

*Courtesy of memories of days gone by*



**Then & Now**

*Courtesy of Smugglers of Mousehole*

## Quiz answers

### In which musical would you hear these songs?

- |                                |   |
|--------------------------------|---|
| 1. Some Enchanted Evening      | South Pacific                                 |
| 2. Consider Yourself           | Oliver!                                       |
| 3. You Can't Stop the Beat     | Hairspray                                     |
| 4. Circle of Life              | The Lion King                                 |
| 5. One Day More                | Les Misérables                                |
| 6. If I Loved You              | Carousel                                      |
| 7. Don't Cry for Me, Argentina | Evita   |
| 8. Summer Nights               | Grease  |
| 9. Does Your Mother Know?      | Mamma Mia                                     |
| 10. Aquarius                   | Hair  |
| 11. Chim Chim Cher-ee          | Mary Poppins                                  |
| 12. Tonight                    | West Side Story                               |
| 13. Day by Day                 | Godspell                                      |
| 14. Any Dream Will Do          | Joseph and the Amazing Technicolour Dreamcoat |
| 15. Bustopher Jones            | Cats  |







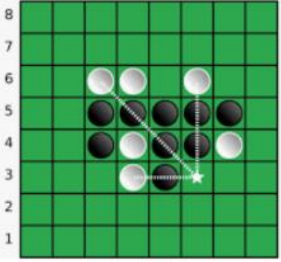

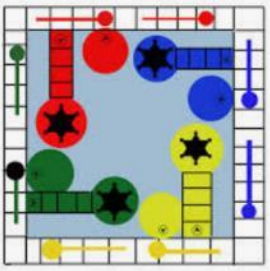
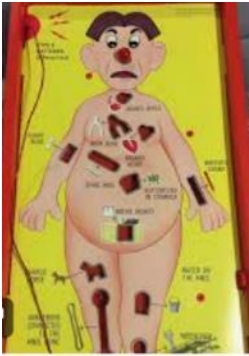


### Where would you find the following?

- |                       |           |
|-----------------------|-----------|
| 1. Notre Dame         | Paris     |
| 2. The CN Tower       | Toronto   |
| 3. Holyrood House     | Edinburgh |
| 4. Taj Mahal          | Agra      |
| 5. La Sagrada Familia | Barcelona |
| 6. Brandenburg Gate   | Berlin    |
| 7. Alhambra           | Granada   |
| 8. Trevi Fountain     | Rome      |
| 9. Great Sphinx       | Giza      |
| 10. Manneken Pis      | Brussels  |

### Who was Prime Minister between these dates?

- |   |                         |
|---|-------------------------|
| 1. 1721 - 1742  | Robert Walpole          |
| 2. 1756 - 1757  | William Cavendish       |
| 3. 1766 - 1768  | William Pitt the Elder  |
| 4. 1809 - 1812  | Spencer Percival        |
| 5. 1834 - 1835, 1841 - 1846                           | Robert Peel             |
| 6. 1868 - 1874, 1880 - 1885, 1886 - 1886, 1892 - 1894 | William Ewart Gladstone |
| 7. 1908 - 1916  | H.H Asquith             |
| 8. 1924 - 1924, 1929 - 1935                           | Ramsey MacDonald        |
| 9. 1940 - 1945, 1951 - 1955                           | Winston Churchill       |
| 10. 1964 - 1970, 1974 - 1976                          | Harold Wilson           |
| 11. 2007 - 2010                                       | Gordon Brown            |
| 12. 2016 - 2019                                       | Theresa May             |

## Picture Quiz answers

			
<p>Backgammon</p>	<p>Nine Mens Morris</p>	<p>Solitaire</p>	<p>Trivial Pursuit</p>
			
<p>Rat Race</p>	<p>Cluedo</p>	<p>Triominos</p>	<p>Mastermind</p>
			
<p>Uno</p>	<p>Othello</p>	<p>Jenga</p>	<p>Sorry</p>
			
<p>Operation</p>	<p>Monopoly</p>	<p>Connect 4</p>	<p>Chinese Checkers</p>



## Thought for the Day



The pessimist complains  
about the wind. The optimist  
expects it to change.  
The leader adjusts the sails.

-John Maxwell

## 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](mailto:carrickargus2017@gmail.com)

**Deadline for next issue – Friday 26<sup>th</sup> July 2024**

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- 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.
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