

The Carrick Argus

Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news

Issue no 92

August 2024



Lanhydrock through the window

by Terry Davey

An entry for the 2023 Photography competition

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Editorial

First of all, huge thanks to **Jean King** for inviting us to hold a party in her delightful garden. It was a lovely sociable event and a good opportunity to catch up with friends. **Lesley Vingoe** and **Patsy Ross** did a sterling job with the catering, **Nick Parsons** baked a delicious looking cake, while Lesley was very persuasive, so I've been told, selling raffle tickets. **Sheila** and **Martin James** sold lots of books, the remainder of which have been donated to Trelissick bookshop. **Ric Reilly** along with **Kate** and **Jay Gidman** had a delightful array of plants on their stall, **Mike Rogers** did a great job in encouraging people to have a go at pétanque and of course **Carrick Consort** entertained us beautifully. **Steve Cook** brought along his own game for us to play and husband Ray enjoyed creating his map, which is laminated for future use although the treasure will be elsewhere next time! Answers to both this and the cryptic quiz are on [page 28](#)

Thank you to everyone for making it such a success.

Many groups will be having a break over the summer although in a change to tradition, two groups will continue. The first is the **Monthly meeting** to which all members are warmly invited. On **Wednesday 14th August from 2pm at Carnon Downs Village Hall**, **Helen Reilly** will be talking about **Chatsworth**, with particular reference to three of the ladies who lived there. Helen is an excellent speaker who had already given talks to the science and history groups and I'm sure it will be both entertaining and informative. Do come along and support one of our newest members.

The other group not taking its usual break will be **Travellers' Tales**. On **Thursday 22nd August at 10.30 in Kea Community Centre** members are encouraged to bring along a souvenir from a holiday to show to the group. Group leader Ric Reilly stresses it is not essential, if you feel you don't have anything to show but would like to see what others bring along, you are still very welcome to attend.

If you haven't yet had a look at the u3a Friends section of the Third Age Trust website, it is worth investigating. It includes a range of benefits such as

- Health and wellbeing
- Shopping savings on major brands and retail discounts
- Travel and holidays
- Leisure offers, like family days out, trips to the cinema and theatre
- Insurance offers on car, travel and medical insurance
- Access to financial advice and a legal helpline.

Further information is available at u3a.org.uk

Finally, have a lovely summer, enjoy the sun when it makes an appearance and hopefully some of you will be able to attend your usual groups or the two mentioned above.

Sue Hutt
Editor.

A Tribute to Michael Power



On July 6th several members of the u3a croquet group were privileged to attend a party given by Mike's wife and children to celebrate Mike's life. We were joined by members of his family and many friends from long ago. We were greeted with a glass of fizz and around 100 seats were set around tables where we sat for a delicious meal, accompanied by a pretty salad decorated with nasturtiums!

The setting was perfect even if the weather was changeable. We heard a lot about Mike and his wife Jane's life which was so interesting and unusual for the times, I'm sure.

One of his granddaughters gave a moving account of her memories of growing up with her grandfather and the good times they had. Dominic gave us an insight into Mike's earlier life and I know all of us enjoyed learning more about the quiet, friendly and clever man he was. His sense of adventure and fun came through very clearly.

He attended Cambridge to study languages and taught both here and abroad. His love of sailing and of croquet later in life, was apparent in the stories he wrote and the poems we have all read in the Argus. He also wrote children's stories and has published several books which are both humorous and colourful. To me, he seemed to have been very family orientated and loved by all his family for the time he spent with them.



I know we will miss Mike and his quiet, friendly manner whilst playing with or against him at croquet, but I will certainly not forget him, nor will so many others, I'm sure. It was a pleasure to have known him.

Hilary Harrod

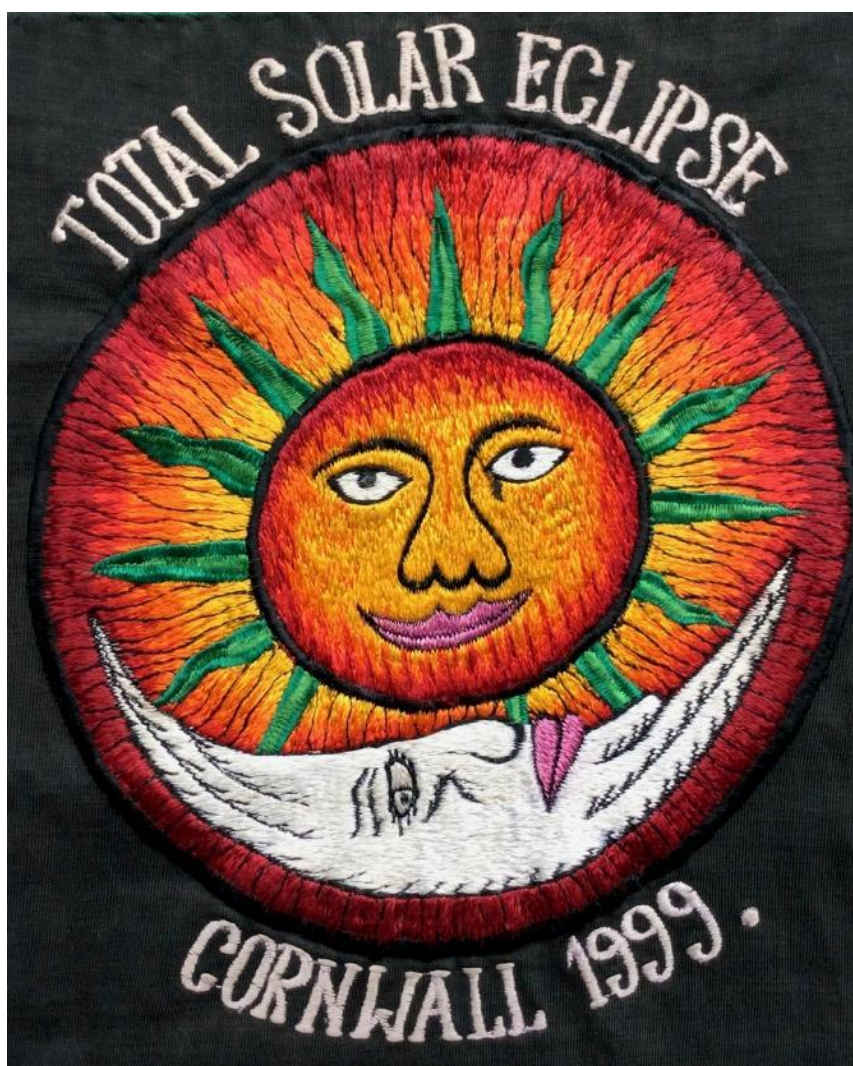
Photos courtesy of Mike's daughter Caroline & Hilary Harrod

Memories of the Total Eclipse

Twenty-five years ago, on **Wednesday August 11 1999**, my husband, our seven-year-old son, a friend from Yorkshire and I cycled several miles to **Godolphin Hill** from our crowded campsite at **Marazion** to watch the total eclipse of the sun.

Unfortunately, in our part of Cornwall it was a cloudy morning, so our chances of seeing it properly were slim. As expected, as it approached eleven o'clock it grew gradually darker and the birds stopped singing, which was eerie. Sadly, our special glasses weren't required after all. Some of the others there had brought bottles with them to celebrate the event, but I don't recall us doing so.

Later that day, however, as we walked around the village of Marazion we met a woman selling souvenir T-shirts half price, so I bought one. It was black, with a beautifully embroidered colour image of a dazzling sun with a crescent moon underneath. The date of the eclipse was printed on it, and I enjoyed wearing it for years afterwards to remind me of the day.



Living in the West Midlands at the time, we were unaware of all the preparations which were necessary to cope with the huge influx of visitors like ourselves: ensuring there was sufficient food, accommodation, energy and water supplies available for their needs. It must have been a logistical

nightmare, and caused many headaches not only for the planners but also the residents of Devon and Cornwall.

Perranzabuloe Parish Council issued a leaflet, '**Eclipse News**', in which locals were advised to take extra security measures, as 'thieves and vandals prefer to operate in the dark. Extra cleaning will take place in public places after the eclipse. DO NOT go near the cliffs or any place where you may fall. If you are in or near the sea at the time of the eclipse follow the instructions of the lifeguards.'

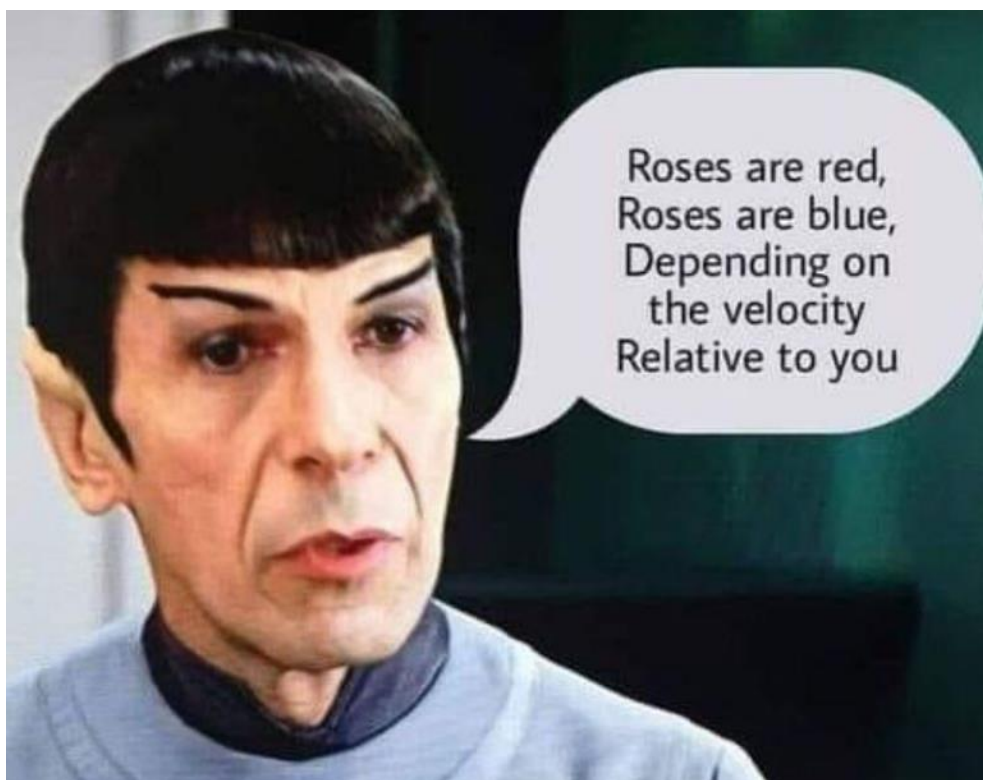
A booklet called '**Total Eclipse of the Sun in Cornwall and South Devon**' by **Pam Hine** contained useful information, such as '*The Ratios of the diameters of Sun: Earth: Moon are about 400:4:1. The last total eclipse of the Sun in the UK was in 1927. It saw the biggest-ever movement of people in peacetime – a reported 3 million travelled (mainly by train) to the NW of England to witness it. One man who was there said, 'Many ducked for cover when the clouds appeared to drop several thousand feet as the darkness hurtled across the sky. Mid-morning turned into mid-night.'*

We arrived at Mount's Bay with our tent on August 7th and left on 12th at 10pm, getting home at 3am. Later that day we heard that there were 50-mile tailbacks on the M5, so we definitely made the right decision to travel overnight.

As well as the T-shirt, my other memento is a commemorative mug which I bought a few years ago in the charity shop in our village, which says '**Perranporth: 11:11:21 to 11:13:15, 1 min 54 sec**'. If we'd been in the village then, we might have seen the eclipse, as the sky was clearer there.

Sadly, we won't be around to witness the next total eclipse in the UK on **29 September 2090!**

Sue Amer



Courtesy of Facebook

Wonky Vegetables & Fruits

As a long-time grower of our own fruit and vegetables I am always amazed when looking at immaculately shaped produce in supermarkets. Green beans are inevitably of equal length and perfectly straight. Carrots never fork, twist or turn. Cucumbers are uniform in shape and size. How do farmers achieve such perfection?



Image courtesy of the No Waste Army

The reality is of course that they grow just as many oddly shaped or ones of uneven length as we amateurs do, but those are rejected by supermarkets as unsellable. One has to ask, why? Can we, in this day and age, afford to throw away so much food just because it may be unaesthetic to the eye, with no regard to the flavour?

A couple of months ago I wrote an article in the Argus about gleaning, a scheme whereby volunteers collect rejected vegetables from Cornish fields to supply much needed fresh produce to local food banks and community kitchens. All this would have otherwise gone to waste, as farmers have to sow excess to their orders to compensate for germination failure and incorrectly shaped produce.

On our allotment we have an apple tree which has fruit with odd looking skin. It could not, I'm sure, be acceptable in a shop, but those apples are the tastiest we've ever eaten. Our family is used to eating lopsided squash, forked carrots, lettuce that has started to go to seed and bendy cucumbers and courgettes. Once prepared no one would know the difference anyway, and at least they are not sprayed with chemicals.



Photo courtesy of the No Waste Army

A group of farmers in **Holland** has started to address this problem. They place the blame for the increase in odd looking vegetables firmly at the door of climate change. Prolonged wet springs followed by very dry summers do not provide ideal growing conditions, with plants developing very small roots. They have suffered the wettest autumn, winter and spring on record so planting has been delayed or even missed. A crowdfunding scheme has allowed the farmers to launch a '**No Waste Army**' where imperfect looking produce is turned into soups, sauces, drinks, jams and pickles.

Jaap Fris, of the community owned farm Erve Kiekebos in **Empe, Gelderland**, says *"Like people, they all look different, it's not that beautiful but you can still just eat it."* Perhaps it is time for the public to wake up to the reality of fruit and vegetable growing, and realise that taste is more important than appearance.

Sue Hutt

Ref. nowastearmy.nl

Poem: Trelissick (second-hand) Bookshop



Image courtesy of the Good Book Company

On Fridays in the bookshop
We know the weekend's nigh
As customers come crowding in
Their paperbacks to buy.
The Fiction section is a hit,
A pound a piece, a 'steal' –
Except for newer hardbacks, but
A bargain still, we feel.
The Cornish bookshelves are a joy,
With walks or even folklore,
And Hist'ry too, its shelves are full
About the days of yore.
In Children's, Art or Literature
You'll find a lot of pleasure,

Dig deep, and you'll unearth a book
Which you will always treasure.
If magazines are more your thing
You'll find them in the basket;
Three for a pound – an offer sound,
It really is fantastic.
If Cooking, Crafts or Gardening
Hold interest for you,
Those sections will provide you with
Ideas for things to do.
Biographies or Classics old
Give insights into others;
Psychology can also prove
A help between the covers.
I know there's more, including War,
I'll leave the rest to you,
And hope that next year we can make
Much more than (£G) eighty-two!

I wrote this in pre-Covid days
Before we had to close;
Some things have changed a bit since then,
The price of softbacks rose.
There's jigsaws too, and DVDs, they now have found a place,
All helping make Trelissick show
A smart and welcome face.

Sue Amer

NB: Bookshop profits stay at the property; magazines are no longer sold.

Daniel Popper: Artist extraordinaire

Daniel Jonathan Popper is a sculptor and artist now based in Florida. He is famous for his installation art using steel, wood, bamboo, glass fibre, reinforced concrete and a range of reclaimed materials which are now on display across America and also in Portugal, Australia and his home country of South Africa.



All images courtesy of danielpopper.com

As a young man he was influenced by the work of the South African artist William Kentridge, by attending music festivals and by the landscape of the Western Cape. After graduating with a degree in painting, he moved away from fine art to production and stage design, where he had to create backdrops and 3D items on a greater scale.



Thrive

Each piece is large, with the latest one, **'Thrive'** being nearly 9 metres in height. It was revealed last November at a residential complex in Fort Lauderdale and represents a woman opening her chest to show a tunnel of ferns. Unsurprisingly it took almost 3 months to complete. Daniel says he takes his ideas from nature and seeks to bring it into the urban environment. They are truly awe inspiring. His ambition is to take his two daughters around the world to show them all the works he has created.

Sue Hutt

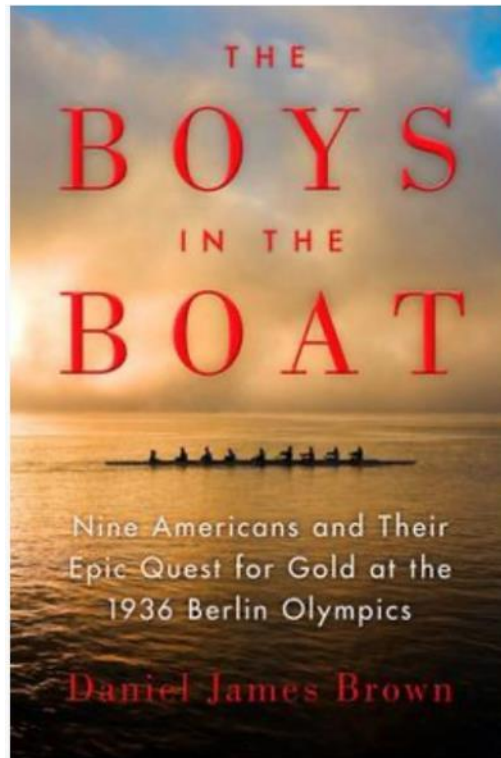
Ref. www.danielpopper.com
coachellamaqazine.com
www.acpresse.fr

Book Review:

The Boys in the Boat - An Epic Journey to the Heart of Hitler's Berlin

By Daniel James Brown

Published by Macmillan, (2013)



Book cover image courtesy of Wikipedia

Five giant steel Olympic rings nearly 30' in diameter were placed on the Eiffel Tower prior to the start of the Paris Games on July 26 this year, and a temporary stadium holding 13,000 fans was built on the Champs de Mars, a green space at the base of the Tower.

From January a film called '**The Boys in the Boat**' was shown in cinemas. It tells the story of a poverty-stricken working-class rowing team from US who defied the odds to represent their country at the 1936 Olympics in Berlin. This true-life sports drama, directed by George Clooney, relates how the team humiliated Hitler.

In the 1930s rowing was the second most popular Olympic sport, after track and field, and in the preliminary heats Germany showed every sign of being dominant at the Games. 75,000 people packed the regatta grounds at Grunau, southeast of Berlin, the largest crowd ever to witness an Olympic rowing event.

Watched by Hitler and a large entourage of Nazi officials including Goring and Goebbels, German oarsmen won gold in race after race. Each time, the Nazi flag was raised and 'Deutschland uber Alles' was sung more loudly. As the 8-oared race, the final and most prestigious race of the day, grew near the crews got into their boats. The Italians and Germans were well-dressed whilst the Americans were wearing mismatched track shorts and tattered sweatshirts.

There was a strong wind blowing across the 2,000m (1.2 mile) course. The best rowing lanes were the protected ones closest to shore. The worst were number 5 and 6, out in the widest part of the

Langer See. Under new rules which had been rigged by the Nazis, the US team was placed in lane 6, whilst the host country's team and that of Italy, her greatest ally, were given the protected lanes.

Despite all the disadvantages, including a biased Official Starter, the US crew kept rowing until near the home stretch they finally entered sheltered water. In full fighting mode, the American stroke rate then rose to 49 strokes per minute, and three boats – including theirs - crossed the finish line in the span of a single second.

At first, no one knew who had won. Finally, the loudspeakers crackled with the official result of the race: the American boat touched the line in 6:25.4, six-tenths of a second ahead of the Italian boat and exactly a second ahead of the German boat.

'The American boat drifted on down the lake, beyond the grandstands, into a quieter world, the boys in the boat leaning over their oars, gasping for breath, their faces shattered by pain. Someone whispered, 'Who won?' and another croaked, 'We did... I think'. It was the greatest moment of their lives.'

When they were sure they had won, the boys rowed slowly past the grandstands to polite applause. On the balcony of the building where he'd been watching, Hitler turned and strode away, quickly followed by Goring and Goebbels.

'The following day the three major crews in the final recreated the scene for the film crews. Leni Riefenstahl's crew and international newsreel photographers were clamouring to film them, and the results were spectacular; the eight-oared rowing sequence is still among the most dramatic action scenes in 'Olympia', the Nazi funded film about the Games.' Hitler and the entire Nazi elite attended its premiere in Berlin in 1938, along with ambassadors and envoys from over forty nations, including US and Great Britain.

Back in New York the American crew had a tickertape welcome and after one more year rowing together they disbanded: *'The crew that was hailed as the finest rowing combination of all time passed into history'*. They kept in close contact, meeting regularly with their families.

Within days of the closing ceremony of the 1936 Olympics the Nazis renewed their persecution of German Jews, rehanging anti-Semitic signs that had been removed just before the Games. Goebbels' propaganda worked for a while, convincing the world that their version of reality was reasonable. However, by September 1939 the illusion of a civilised Nazi state had gone, and over the next five years the war took the lives of between 50 and 60 million people.

When the war reached America in 1941, the boys who had rowed in Berlin contributed to the Allied war effort, and all of them survived. The book's epilogue concludes, *'It is a small but noteworthy irony that among the first Allied troops who crossed the Elbe River and met up with Russian troops in April of 1945, encircling Berlin and sealing Hitler's fate, was a small band of resourceful American boys, rowing a captured German racing shell.'*

I gave this book to my husband Graham, who rowed in pairs, fours, and eights on the River Severn in Worcestershire in the 1970s and won many pewter tankards (or 'pots'). After we moved to Cornwall in 1982, he joined **Greenbank Falmouth Rowing Club** and later kept a sculling boat at Malpas.

'The Boys in the Boat' Blu-ray film release date was set for June 25th this year. Some of the filming took place at Henley on Thames, where Graham rowed once – sadly not in the Royal Regatta, but in Henley Town Regatta.

Creative writing: Shamrock Serendipity

Close to Amarillo is Cadillac Ranch, where for years a rancher planted last year's model in a long row, big 60's and 70's saloons just off upright. Extraordinarily and strangely beautiful.

Later, as they motored happily along rural Route 66 there came a horrendous grinding groaning clattering and the engine died. They looked at each other. He said, *'I think we've dropped a rod'*. Neither knew exactly what this meant, but they knew it was very, very bad. A friend back in Virginia had described the event (and the sound) in graphic detail. They got out and pushed the little green Beetle onto the hard shoulder. Before they even had time to start panicking, a huge shiny car with a flashing blue light drew in, and a huge Texan highway patrol officer got out. Oh dear.

'Hi, y'all; you guys in trouble?' They explained; he understood, shook his head *'I ain't got no tow bar, but I guess I could push you to the next rest station; you steer, sir, and you come along with me, ma'am'*.

He shunted them a mile or so, and left them under a shade tree, suggesting they leave notes in the two rest rooms asking for help. It was dusk, and they decided to spend an hour or two weighing up their options, and sleep on it. The Jack Daniels cheered them up, but probably did not aid reasoned thought. In rather pessimistic mood they stuck up their notes and spent an uncomfortable night dozing in the car. Almost before they woke, a vast pick-up, shimmering with chrome, pulled up, and the driver drawled *'Can I offer you folks a tow? I'm Al, pleased to meet you; got a friend in Shamrock runs a garage, though I don't guess he'll have parts for a little biddy thing like this'*.

They arrived at Big Gene's Motors as he was opening up; he stared in consternation at their stricken vehicle, shaking his head. The cars in his yard looked big and toothy enough to eat the Beetle for breakfast. Big Gene was very apologetic; he'd never worked on a Bu.u.ug; *'where did they come from?'* *'My, they sure were a long way from home'*. Then he had a brainwave. Charlie Brown! Al offered a ride.

Charlie Brown's place was on the edge of town, a faded tin-roofed shed with a couple of rusted pumps, surrounded by scrub and cactus. Deserted. Al drove back towards Shamrock's central crossroads, where they found the mechanic eating donuts in the Pinewoods Pop-Inn; he stood, wiped the sugar off his fingers onto his jeans and shook hands. He seemed excited at the prospect of working on a Volkswagen. He loved foreign engineering. Al said he'd tow her down, and was astonished when they offered payment, said he was *'just being neighbourly, anyone would do the same'*.

After Charlie - not his - name, but what everyone called him because he was a good man, Al had explained had examined the patient, he looked grave. The engine needed rebuilding. *'Could take days. Might cost a bit.'* They looked at each other, worried. *'How much?'* *'Oh, maybe around \$100'*, depending. They had imagined more noughts; they shook on it, and went off to look for a motel.

Shamrock had been a lively place in the post-War years, on a busy Route 66 junction, a town of deco motels and gas stations, stores and diners. Now the famous road had been bypassed by a broad modern interstate, and no-one drove through Shamrock any more. They trudged along Mainstreet

till they found a motel that seemed to be open. Oddly, scents of curry breathed from its open windows and bright saris fluttered on washing lines. The Indians were apologetic; no room, all rooms let permanently. The next un-boarded establishment was very dear and darkly depressing. Then they spotted a sign behind an overgrown hedge, just off the road. **'Kozee Nook Motel; Home from Home; rooms with kitchen'**. Perfect. They called, and a small wiry man in overalls slid from under his battered Pontiac and stood. He bore an unsettling resemblance to Anthony Perkins but his welcoming smile was radiant. They followed him up to a narrow room with a bit of a terrace, a cooker and fridge and a very nice shower. The rates were unbelievably low.

'Your stuff's in that Bu.u.ug down at Charlie Brown's, right? I'd run you down myself but this son of a bitch won't start; the wife'll be glad to do it.' He shouted *'Hey! Marlene! Folks here need a ride'*. A tall, thin bleached blonde strode over from the other end of the building. She was delighted to take the English couple who Al towed from the rest station to collect their belongings, and then suggested a trip to the supermarket, *'y'all need some groceries I guess'*. They were disconcerted to find no beer or wine in the enormous Big Star; from their hostess they learnt the shocking truth. Shamrock (originally an Irish settlement) was dry! Frustrated drinkers drove the ten miles to the county line for their supplies.

In all other respects, the place was a winner. They became habitués of the local museum - main attraction the reconstructed doctor's surgery with the actual scales where the infant Alan Bean the astronaut was weighed. The proud old ladies who ran it were charmed to have someone to talk to. In town, no one drove past them without offering a lift. Marlene and Kent shared a six-pack of beer. Charlie Brown welcomed them to his yard; the rebuilding was progressing fine; he showed them the plane he was constructing at the back of the lot from scrap metal and spare parts. He'd really wanted to be an astronaut, *'but hey, things just didn't turn out right'*. After three days he'd stripped the engine down, had a new part cast in Amarillo and fitted it. On the fourth day, he started the engine, drove around the block. It would get them back to Williamsburg, slow and steady.

The next day they paid their dues - Charlie had been happy to take a Bank of Virginia cheque for the equivalent of about £60 and said their farewells. With a feeling almost of melancholy they drove out of Shamrock and on to Route 66, heading for Oklahoma City.

u3a Carrick member writing as Janet Zoro

Creative writing: The Fog of War

By three in the morning the air was chilly and a mist was drifting across the airfield. Bob Foley pulled up the collar of his greatcoat, hitched his rifle higher and began the next leg of his patrol round the perimeter, past the wrecked Moranes left in a corner of the field before the French evacuated the site. A little further on, five low mounds showed the resting place of the other casualties from the strafing by Messerschmitts. The sky had been bright with stars when he began his stint on guard, but now it had clouded over, and he only just avoided falling into a slit trench, newly dug in the optimistic hope of making some resistance against the German advance.

Aircraftman Foley, on the other hand, had no illusions; within days he expected to be a prisoner, or possibly dead. With the rapid collapse of the French Army the Germans were unstoppable; any attempt to escape meant following the local population and trudging westward, taking only what they could carry. Their one serviceable lorry had set out that morning in search of fuel, and had not returned. He walked on, his boots swishing through the wet grass, until he passed the tents where the rest of the squadron were sleeping. In the stillness he could hear snores, coughs and occasional mutterings from the exhausted men. He realised how tired he was himself; the rifle weighed a ton, his shoulders ached, his legs felt like lead. Too little sleep, always working flat out, and he couldn't remember when he last had a proper meal. What use would he be when Jerry finally arrived? He was approaching the hardstanding where the two remaining Fairey Battles were parked, both still airworthy but with near-empty fuel tanks. The squadron had arrived in France with fourteen aircraft; the last mission alone had cost them five planes and fifteen aircrew.

The mist thickened, and it grew colder. Bob thought he would chance a piss and a quick fag; he stepped behind the shed housing the emergency fire equipment and relieved himself against its wall before lighting up, trying to shield his eyes from the flare of the match. He took a deep drag, then his scalp prickled as he heard voices - and, unbelievably, laughter. He moved carefully to the front of the shed, shielding the cigarette in his cupped hand, but the voices seemed further away now and receding. Then there was silence. Frowning, he stared into the misty darkness; the tents were a good three hundred yards back but maybe there was some sort of echo making things sound closer? He had not been able to make out words, or even what language was spoken; maybe some of the locals had stayed behind, or perhaps it was the next wave of refugees from back east, out on the scrounge. But what would they be doing here, a mile from the nearest main road and more than that from the village? Maybe he'd dozed off for a moment, and dreamed the voices. He finished his cigarette, hitched up the rifle again and started the next leg, keeping close to the hedge that marked the perimeter. He'd scarcely gone twenty paces before he suddenly froze. **What was that?** Somebody was **whistling!** He recognised the tune; it was the mournful ***I'll Take You Home Again, Kathleen*** – and he knew whose party piece that was. He'd heard it soulfully rendered in a bar in Rouen by LAC Greening, D-for-Dog's gunner; it was received by the largely French audience with polite but baffled applause. The problem now was that D-for-Dog was one of the five Battles shot down while attacking the Meuse bridges; her crew were officially posted as '**Missing**', but nobody expected to see them again.

Five minutes later a dark figure loomed out of the mist in front of him; Foley stiffened, then relaxed as he recognised the stocky form of AC1 Tennant, completing the other half of the patrol circuit.

'Alright, Mick?'

'Yeah. Bit chilly though.'

'You, erm, heard anything? Talking, whistling, that sort of thing?'

Tennant stared at him for a moment. **'Whistling? No, nothing. It's been as quiet as the grave.'**

Adrian's pick of the month: Landscapes







All images courtesy of u3a Carrick photography group

Quiz

What is the common English name for these constellations?

1. Ursa Major
2. Canis Minor
3. Cygnus
4. Crux
5. Capricornus
6. Hydra
7. Scorpius
8. Mensa
9. Libra
10. Lepus

What do these acronyms stand for?

1. BOBO
2. NIMBY
3. OINK
4. SKI
5. CD-ROM
6. KISS
7. ATM
8. SMS
9. IMHO
10. F2F
11. POV
12. SO

What are these a fear of?

1. Pogonophobia
2. Arachnophobia
3. Phasmophobia
4. Ophthalmophobia
5. Hemophobia
6. Aerophobia
7. Podophobia
8. Thalassophobia
9. Acrophobia
10. Amaxophobia
11. Pyrophobia
12. Heliophobia

[Answers on page 29](#)

Picture Quiz: Identify the celebrities & their relationship

			
1		2	
			
3		4	
			
5		6	
			
7		8	

[Answers on page 30](#)

Adrian's pick of the month: Seascapes







All images courtesy of u3a Carrick photography group

Carrick u3a Garden Party: July 2024



Thank you to everyone who donated prizes, plants, cakes, & books.

We must also thank the Carrick Consort for providing their much-appreciated musical interlude.

But our sincerest thanks must go to Jean King for inviting us to use her beautiful garden and to everyone who came and supported the event.

THANK YOU



Images courtesy of Wendy Forman

Cryptic Treasure Trail: Questions and answers

1. Stand here to be kissed	(Under the) Mistletoe
2. Close when the horse has bolted	Stable door
3. Revisit your youth – go up high	Climbing frame
4. No watch? No problem!	Sundial
5. No hill for Jack & Jill	Well
6. Dusty feathers? No problem!	Bird Bath
7. This one doesn't listen	Ceramic Ear
8. You'd be cooped up in here	Hen house
9. Not one for the Swiss	Garden Roller
10. Growing the wrong way	Horizontal tree
11. I swing both ways	Gate
12. I don't pass on stolen goods	Fence
13. Not the place to practise skimming	Greenhouse (<i>Glass house</i>)
14. No sour grapes here	Grapevine
15. Not for the alphabet	Letterbox
16. What a snake does to get rid of its skin	Shed
17. I have a rose but I'm not in the flower bed	Watering can
18. A bed without sheets	Flower (or veg) bed
19. Old enough to smoke	Chimney pot
20. We have spines but no bones	Books

The winner with the greatest number of correct answers was **Chris Breach**

The location of the hidden 'Booty' on the **Treasure Map** was V13, the landward end of the gulch, and this was identified by **Suzanne Rhymer**

Anyone wishing to receive a copy of Lesley Vingoe's recipe for refrigerated **Chocolate Biscuit Cakes** please e-mail us at Carrickargus2017@gmail.com

Quiz Answers

What is the common English name for these constellations?

- | | |
|----------------|----------------|
| 1. Ursa Major | Great Bear |
| 2. Canis Minor | Little Dog |
| 3. Cygnus | Swan |
| 4. Crux | Southern Cross |
| 5. Capricornus | Sea Goat |
| 6. Hydra | Sea Serpent |
| 7. Scorpius | Scorpion |
| 8. Mensa | Table Mountain |
| 9. Libra | Balance |
| 10. Lepus | Hare |


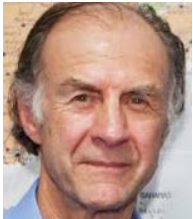














What do these acronyms stand for?

- | | |
|-----------|--|
| 1. BOBO | B urnt O ut B ut O pulent |
| 2. NIMBY | N ot I n M y B ack Y ard |
| 3. OINK | O ne I ncome N o K ids |
| 4. SKI | S pend the K ids' I nheritance |
| 5. CD-ROM | C ompact D isc- R ead O nly M emory |
| 6. KISS | K ep I t S imple, S tupid |
| 7. ATM | A utomated T eller M achine |
| 8. SMS | S hort M essage S ervice |
| 9. IMHO | I n M y H umble O pinion |
| 10, F2F | F ace to F ace |
| 11. POV | P oint O f V iew |
| 12. SO | S ignificant O ther |

What are these a fear of?


- | | |
|--------------------|-----------------|
| 1 Pogonophobia | Beards |
| 2. Arachnophobia | Spiders |
| 3. Phasmophobia | Ghosts |
| 4. Ophthalmophobia | Being stared at |
| 5. Hemophobia | Blood |
| 6. Aerophobia | Flying |
| 7. Podophobia | Feet |
| 8. Thalassophobia | The ocean |
| 9. Acrophobia | Heights |
| 10. Amaxophobia | Driving |
| 11. Pyrophobia | Fires |
| 12. Heliophobia | Sunlight |

Picture quiz answers

 <p>Joseph Fiennes</p>	 <p>Ranulph Fiennes</p>	 <p>Shirley MaLaîne</p>	 <p>Warren Beatty</p>
<p>Cousins</p>		<p>Sister & Brother</p>	
 <p>Joely Richardson</p>	 <p>Vanessa Redgrave</p>	 <p>Judy Garland</p>	 <p>Lisa Minnelli</p>
<p>Daughter & Mother</p>		<p>Mother & Daughter</p>	
 <p>Whiney Houston</p>	 <p>Dionne Warwick</p>	 <p>Richard Carpenter</p>	 <p>Karen Carpenter</p>
<p>Cousins</p>		<p>Brother & Sister</p>	
 <p>Rosemary Clooney</p>	 <p>George Clooney</p>	 <p>Anne Nolan</p>	 <p>Bernie Nolan</p>
<p>Aunt & Nephew</p>		<p>Sisters</p>	

Thoughts for the day

PHILOSOPHICAL RHYTHMS



“ All men make mistakes, but a good man yields when he knows his course is wrong, and repairs the evil. The only crime is pride.”

~ Sophocles

The falsification of history has done more to impede human development than any one thing known to mankind.

Jean-Jacques Rousseau

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 23rd August 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.
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