

# The Carrick Argus

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

Issue no 94

October 2024



*Aviemore River*

*by Fiona Granville*

*An entry for the 2023 Photography competition*

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## Editorial

First of all, a huge thank you to those of you who have been in touch with me to volunteer their contributions to our **Showcase** on **Wednesday 13th November** at The Perranwell Centre. I am pleased to announce that we have a full and varied programme for your entertainment, including singers, actors, dancers and musicians. It should be a wonderful morning.

Sadly, despite the committee's requests for members to join us, none have been forthcoming. With well over 600 members, it really needs more than 9 of us to run as wide a selection of events as we would like, as well as undertaking the day to day administration of such a large group of people. We have therefore decided to create a list of members who while not wishing to serve on the committee are nevertheless happy to help out on an ad hoc basis, whether that be serving coffees, organising social events and trips, putting out chairs, clearing away afterwards or any of the other myriad of jobs that need doing from time to time. If you would be willing to contribute in this way, please email me at [vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk](mailto:vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk) . Thank you.

### Important dates for your diaries

**Wednesday 2nd October**, 2 for 2.30 at Carnon Downs Village Hall, our Monthly Members' Meeting. Local author Bob Richards will be talking about the building of the **Chacewater-Redruth railway**, and the shenanigans that went on between the local landowners. Tea and coffee available. All welcome.

**Thursday 17th October**, 10 for 10.30 at Kea Community Centre, the **Tony Herring Memorial Lecture**. Jason Semmens will be talking about **Witchcraft and Folklore in Cornwall** from the Middle Ages. Jason is a military historian and curator of Horsham Museum in West Sussex. He has published books including *The Cornish Witch-Finder* and *Tammy Blee's Cabalistic Agency* and this should be a fascinating insight into part of Cornwall's history. Tea and coffee available from 10, do come along and help make this a success.

Our Facebook page now has over 330 followers. It is the place to go for up-to-date information about events happening in Carrick u3a and serves as our 'shop window' to the outside world about what a great organisation the u3a is. As always however it needs to be kept up to date so any photos or news of your group's activities would be very welcome, again please send to [vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk](mailto:vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk). Similarly, if you would like publicity in the West Briton, please send your information, preferably along with a photo, to Lesley Vingoe, the committee's publicity officer.

Her email is [LaV@u3acarrick.org.uk](mailto:LaV@u3acarrick.org.uk)

And finally, thank you to our new contributor this month, Mary Edmond, it is always good to welcome another voice. Many thanks also to members of the photography group and the two creative writing groups who along with Sue Amer help to keep us going.

The Argus is your e-magazine, written **by Carrick members, for Carrick members**, so any contributions are always gratefully received and should be sent to [carrickargus2017@gmail.com](mailto:carrickargus2017@gmail.com). We look forward to hearing from you.

Sue Hutt  
Editor

## Letter to the editor

Dear Sue.

Answer to identification of Turkish Roman Ruin Photograph in the latest Carrick Argus.

As myself and my Husband Merrick have in the past sailed along the whole of the Turkish coast long, long before the coastal and now inland historic sites had been developed -

My number 1 guess is **Knidos**, which could not be visited other than by yacht.

My number 2 site is called **Kumla Buku** -

My number 3 site is in the area of **Lorimer Citadel**.

If you think by now that you know the site, please let me know.

Thanks for the time you spend on The Argus, always read it and enjoy it.

Joan Elderton

*Editor's comment: Many thanks to Joan for narrowing down the options, has her reply triggered anyone else's memories? If so, please share your information. Here is a reminder of the image in last month's Argus*



## Charles Dickens and me

My grandmother died in the workhouse. It is true, sort of, but the connection is there. It happened in what was **Budock Hospital**. That is now long gone, of course, but used to stand on ground now occupied by the playing fields behind Falmouth School near the junction of Union and Trescobae Roads. Prior to being a hospital, it was a Union which took over the functions of the parish workhouse. OK, so the connection is tenuous, but there it is.

Workhouses were terrible places where those who fell on hard times could go as a last resort. Nothing like the welfare state as we know it today, but it was the only refuge for the destitute at the time.

Dickens was a prolific author and social reformer. Abhorrence of the workhouse appears in much of his work. In **A Christmas Carol**, when Scrooge is approached to be charitable, he asks *“Are there no prisons? And the Union workhouses, are they still in operation? The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigour, then?”*

Some years back I was in a production of A Christmas Carol in the Lace Market Theatre in Nottingham as the Ghost of Christmas Present. A jolly character of course who counterpoints the meanness of Scrooge and the poverty of the Cratchit character and his family.

Around that time, in another opportunity to explore the work of Dickens I directed a production of **Great Expectations** in Ravenshead, near Nottingham.

Now I have been entrusted by **Carnon Downs Drama Group (CDDG)** with their October play. I have chosen Charles Dickens’ story **“The Chimes”**, and from it written the playscript. The Chimes is the second of Dickens’ Christmas books after A Christmas Carol. Set on New Year’s Eve, it tells the story of Toby Veck, a humble porter who makes a meagre living, waiting for jobs as he sits on the church steps; inspired by the church bells to hope for better times.

This is Dickens at his most uncompromising. Ever the social reformer, he presents stark differences between the hard, the uncaring and the ignorant well-off, with the down-trodden poor who take pleasure in simple comforts and companionship, to live as well as they may. Ultimately The Chimes is a tale of the triumph of hope over adversity, and being Dickens, there are ghosts and goblins who are very much part of the story.





The Chimes takes place on New Year's Eve. **Toby Veck**, the main character makes his living as a ticket porter, a kind of licenced errand boy. Now over 60, he still lives and works on the street in all weathers. His daughter Meg's life is to be an object lesson for him: he must "*learn from the creature dearest to his heart*" what pressures there are on the poor but that we can all survive and thrive providing we are not crushed.

Rehearsing through the summer has called for some creative programming. The cast had lots of holidays and other performances previously booked so we have had to work around that. Not so much of a problem as you might expect as we could concentrate on scenes with few people, then bring it all together when everyone could be there.

'*Theatre is nothing if it does not make you feel*' is a quotation I heard the other day. I believe it is absolutely true; give me emotion in a play every time. So come and see "**The Chimes**", details in the banner below.



Mark Breach  
Images courtesy of CDDG

Tickets are available from  
[www.ticketsource.co.uk/cddg](http://www.ticketsource.co.uk/cddg)  
alternatively use the QR code

## Epiphany House walk

On Friday 20th September the 5 banana walking group were treated to a lovely stroll around the **Kenwyn** area, ably led by Chris Soper who had researched the various historical sites of interest. He was able to tell us of the two watermills, the Scawswater and Idless. The original Scawswater dates from the 1500s, although the present one was constructed around 1850. There is still evidence here of the waterwheel and the blowing house. At the southern end of the nature reserve stand 14 stone pillars of Brunel's original viaduct, alongside the replacement one dating from 1904.



***The refurbished  
Scawswater Mill  
as it is today.***

*Photo courtesy of  
Rita Soper*

After walking through **Daubuz Moor**, an area of 18 acres given to the city by the Reverend Enys in 1977 and named after **Lewis Charles Daubuz**, a local resident of French Huguenot descent whose family owned the tin smelters at **Carvedras**, we arrived at the tiny hamlet of **Idless** (meaning place of aspen trees). Here there were two churches, The Sanctuary of the Good Shepherd and the New Connexions Methodist Chapel. With no shop in the village, it was obviously thought the feeding of the soul was more important than that of the body.



***Photo of Joseph Emidy's grave  
Courtesy of Rita Soper***

We continued our journey through the parish of Kenwyn. This takes its name from St Keyne, a Welsh saint from the 5th century. Keyne was one of the 12 daughters of the Welsh king Brychan. In the Kenwyn churchyard is the grave of **Joseph Emidy**, the former slave from Guinea who after being sold at the age of twelve to Portuguese traders spent time in Brazil and Lisbon before arriving in Falmouth. Avid readers of the Carrick Argus may remember reading the life story of this talented musician who went on to found the **Truro Philharmonic Orchestra**.

It is amazing that within one mile of the centre of Truro one can find oneself seemingly in the middle of the countryside with only the sound of birdsong to disturb the peace and tranquility of the

area. No doubt well used by local people, it is nevertheless well hidden from those who do not stray from Truro's shopping centre.

I wonder how many of us know of the existence of **Epiphany House**, where it is or anything of its history? It formed the start and end points of our walk. In its time it has been a vicarage, a bishop's palace, a boys' school and a convent. It is known that the first parsonage was around in February 1570. Part of this still remains today. It was later extended and John Wesley visited in 1781, allegedly preaching to 3000 people from Kenwyn Churchyard wall. One wonders how well this was received by the church authorities as the Methodists were often in conflict with the Anglican community at the time.



Epiphany House

A hundred years later Epiphany House became the residence of the Bishops of Truro who further altered and extended the building presumably to make it grander and more befitting to their status in the Church. During the First World War it was used as a convalescent home for officers, as well providing shelter for Belgian refugees.

By the 1950s the building was bought for Truro Cathedral School, thanks to the generosity of Mr and Mrs Copeland of Trelissick in memory of their son Geoffrey, who had been killed in the Suez Canal Zone in 1953.

Some years later, the nuns from **Alverton Manor** (now The Alverton Hotel) established their convent in the house, known as the **Community of the Epiphany**. They worked in the community, running Sunday schools, a convalescent home in St Agnes, women's groups and caring for the sick and elderly of Truro. Many of them are buried in Kenwyn churchyard, often in communal graves.

By 2001 only two nuns remained, so on their retirement the property was named Epiphany House in recognition of their work for the community. It is now run by an independent ecumenical trust, offering conference and retreat facilities, rehearsal and consulting rooms as well as overnight accommodation.



The grounds of Epiphany House

The grounds are extensive and well cared for by a team of volunteers, including our own Chris Soper. They are open to the public to wander through and enjoy, so if you don't know the area, do go and explore this haven of peace and tranquility, and pause for a moment to remember the many people who have passed through in times gone by. Many thanks to Chris for the walk and the information, and to Rita for the photos. It was a fascinating morning spent in very agreeable company.

Sue Hutt

Ref. [www.epiphanyhouse.co.uk](http://www.epiphanyhouse.co.uk)

*Images of the House & Gardens  
courtesy of Epiphany House*

## Golden Manor

Most houses have a story. At the top of a no through road above the upper Fal River lies **Golden Manor**. Here adjacent to an iron age fort is a house with a tale of deep religious faith, loss and bloody death.



*Image courtesy of The Cornish Bird*

In 1512 **Thomas Tregian**, pronounced **Trudgeon**, a wealthy tin merchant and ship owner had bought several manors. He must have been successful as his son **John** (1468-1537) was appointed “*esquire to the body*”, a superior gentleman, to **Henry VIII**. John married **Jane Wolverdon** heiress to Wolverton which brought with it, among others, the **Manor of Golden**. There is some thought that the name Golden is a corruption of Wolverdon. John set about enlarging the building and what is left now is possibly only the north wing of a courtyard house. **Richard Grenville** of Stowe and Kilkhampton intended that his daughter should marry their son, also, John, but instead the marriage was arranged with the daughter of **Sir John Arundell** of Lanherne. This left a bitter legacy with the Grenvilles.



**Francis Tregian 1548 - 1608**

*Courtesy of google images*

John's son and heir was **Francis Tregian** and like the Arundells a devout Catholic. As a recusant he was excused attending the Established Church during the Reformation provided he paid the fine and ceased his Catholic worship. He seems to have been quite open in his flouting of this edict and retained a Catholic priest within his household disguised as his steward. **Cuthbert Mayne**, a seminary priest, is thought to have also held mass in neighbouring Catholic households. In 1577 Richard Grenville's son, Richard, acting as High Sheriff and no doubt settling an old score, broke into the house and finding the "steward" wearing the *Angus Dei* he arrested Francis and took Cuthbert Mayne to Launceston. Here the priest was hanged, drawn and quartered in the marketplace in a cruel and clumsy execution said to have been the most brutal to have ever taken place in Cornwall. A quarter of his body was taken to Barnstaple, his family home, and relics of his skull are said to exist at the Roman Catholic church of St. Stephen at Launceston and at Lanherne, the seat of the Arundells. Mayne became the first of the "**40 Martyrs of England and Wales**" executed during the Reformation. Subsequently, was beatified in 1886 and canonized in 1970.



**Cuthbert Mayne**

*Courtesy of google images*

Francis Tregian was imprisoned in the Tower and his property attained. **Elizabeth I** was said to favour Francis enough to consider releasing him but he was said to have caused her offence by refusing to dance with her and with his continued recusancy was thus returned to the Tower. He was released in 1603 when **James I** came to the throne and went into exile, dying in Lisbon in 1608.

Francis's son, also **Francis**, (1574-1618) entered the English College at Douai in 1586 and later he became the chamberlain to **Cardinal William Allen**. He returned to England to reclaim his father's estates. In 1607 he did purchase Golden for £6,500 from **Elizabeth Spencer**. She was the widow of **George Cary**, 2<sup>nd</sup> Baron Hunsdon who when created Knight Marshall in 1578 was given the lands of Francis senior while he was still in the Tower. This was enacted by praemunire, the writ charging a sheriff to summon a person maintaining papal jurisdiction in England. Unfortunately, Francis the younger was unable to pay off the debts he incurred in borrowing money to buy back Golden. He was thus himself imprisoned in the Fleet in London. His name was associated with writing the

Fitzwilliam Virginal Book of Renaissance manuscripts of keyboard music, although this is now highly disputed. We don't know if he died in prison but he was afforded a modicum of comfort with an extensive library.

Lady Hunsdon passed the property to her steward, **Ezecheil Grosse** of Trelodevas, St. Buryan, who in turn passed it to his only daughter, **Elizabeth**. It then became the property of her husband **Francis Buller**, in whose family it remained until taken over by the Hawkins of Trewithen in the eighteenth century.

From being the principal property in Probus Parish it had become a barton and finally just a farm house.

Golden manor is listed Grade II\*. The barn is an ancient building, 15<sup>th</sup> century, remodelled around 1879 and incorporating features from the original house. There are suggestions that it was once a chapel but this might be fanciful given this house's remarkable history. There is also speculation that this was the original house before **John Tregian's** endeavours in the early sixteenth century. Notwithstanding, the Cornish historian, **Charles Henderson**, maintained the 'chapel' was '*one of the most significant medieval buildings in Cornwall despite much alteration*'. The Keep glanced through the gateway to the east of the house is the earliest known use of brick in Cornwall. Both of these buildings are Grade II\* listed. Altogether, and including **Golden Mill**, the property has six separate listings.



*Images courtesy of The Cornish Bird*

Mary Edmond

**Ref:** *Tutor Cornwall* by A L Rowse

*The Buildings of England- Cornwall* by Peter Beacham & Nikolaus Pevsner

*Cornwall* by Philip Payton

*The Book of Probus* by Alan M Kent

## Poem: Scilly's Story



*Sue & Graham pictured at Penninis Head Lighthouse*

When the weather's calm on Scilly it's a Paradise on earth –  
 The islands are the hilltops of a land which gave them birth,  
 Emerging as the sea-drowned fields were lost beneath the waves,  
 St Agnes, Gugh and Tresco, and St Martin's with its graves.

The single Isle of Ennor with its castle at Old Town,  
 Its stones recycled later in Star Castle at Hugh Town,  
 The granite weathered rocky shapes that form Penninis Head  
 Saw Roman temple worship, then the Viking raids instead.

The toll of wrecks on Scilly tells a sad and sorry tale  
 Of hundreds who could not be saved from winter storm and gale;  
 With Bishop Rock and other Lights now saving lives at sea  
 St Mary's is safe harbour for the likes of you and me.

Two Scilly women once were left to drown on Bishop Rock,  
 As punishment for stealing, execution was their lot; \*  
 Today the visitors enjoy a quiet place to roam,  
 Though not when walrus 'Wally' chose to make the islands home! \*\*

Sue Amer

*Dates associated with the events mentioned \*1302 \*\*2021*

## Cheddar Man

In 1903, during improvement works on the drainage of Gough's cave in Cheddar Gorge, a skeleton was discovered which was later found to be the oldest almost complete example of a man living around 10,000 years ago, in the Mesolithic era. He would have been a hunter-gatherer, living off nuts, seeds, berries, red deer, freshwater fish and aurochs, which were wild cattle.



A model by Kennis and Kennis Reconstructions, using evidence taken from his DNA, featured in a Channel 4 documentary and shows that Cheddar Man, as he became known, would have had blue/green eyes and a dark skin, similar to other inhabitants of the area at the time. The implication was that his ancestors had travelled from sub-Saharan Africa, through the Middle East then northwards to Europe before crossing Doggerland, the area of land between the present UK and mainland Europe. It is thought that the fair skin now prevalent in the population is a result not only of adaptations to allow for greater absorption of vitamin D but also because of further immigrations of people from Northern Europe, who as farmers gradually replaced the hunter gatherers who preceded them.



Unusually for the time, Cheddar Man was buried alone, his remains covered in sediment which may have been deposited over time. A communal grave containing around 50 skeletons has been found close by. The reason for this is unknown, he may have been someone special, deserving of his own unique burial place or he may have died a violent death, judging by the large crater above his right eye socket. Although no artefacts were found with him, Victorian accounts imply that there had been bones and teeth of extinct animals and flint knives buried close by which were removed and discarded.



Although claims have been made that there are direct descendants of Cheddar Man still living in the area, modern day Britons only share around 10% of their genetic ancestry with the European population to which he belonged and according to the Natural History Museum in London it is impossible to prove the claims.

A video of the scientists who worked on Cheddar Man was made in 2018 and can be viewed here: -

<https://youtu.be/TQ8dc0XhUMM?feature=shared>

Sue Hutt

*All images courtesy of the Natural History Museum*

Ref. [nhm.ac.uk](http://nhm.ac.uk)  
[wikipedia.org](http://wikipedia.org)

## Creative writing: Lost Property

I was almost there; time waiting in a queue is seldom wasted; not if you are a listener.

The man at the front was examining umbrellas, all large and black, almost identical. I think I would just have grabbed one - maybe the third, not the first. But he kept shaking his head; there was a silver ferrule or something on his and the handle was leather covered? To me that sounded a bad thing; leather gets slimy when it is wet, and smells strange.

Umbrella man gave a sudden squeal of joy; his face lit up as he cooed:

*'That's it! It was my uncle Max's; he left it to me in his will. He was a spy, you know; shot dead at the Berlin Wall. I was very fond of him. He set me on the path ...'* And off he marched.

We all stared. I half expected him to twirl the precious broolly, but he was just that inconspicuous sort of man who carried that sort of umbrella and could be anything. **'The way'** could be Masonic rituals, haberdashery, greyhound racing or indeed MI5.

I'd filled in the form, so I could look around. I had hoped to see shelves full all those things you hear of being found on trains - wooden legs and so on - but it wasn't like that. I read my form. It seemed so trivial, paperback book, no commercial value. I could just buy another. It was not inscribed by the author, not a first edition. But I had been given it by someone very dear to me and we would never meet again. I could have filled the form up with abstracts - my way, my confidence, my hope.

Now an expensive looking woman was upbraiding the clerk for his lack of colour sense. Her lost scarf was sea blue, sea green. He had tipped out a positive jumble sale heap of knitting and was offering navy, emerald, olive and royal and she seemed to be taking it as a personal insult. She had of course bought hers in Rome. The clerk suggested she sort through herself, and pushed the colourful woolly hill to the other end of the counter. He took my form, disappeared behind a large blank door for a few minutes, and returned ... with my book. I had tears in my eyes as I signed for it and thanked him. I found myself smiling graciously at the queue as I headed out.

By the door, two girls, pink and green hair, black clothes, were giggling.

*'Well, I lost my virginity on a train to Crewe; do you think it is worth reporting it?'* said Pink. Green snorted. *'I went into the nearest pub. I needed to write it all down'*.

*u3a Carrick member writing as Janet Zoro*

## Creative Writing: Undone

Between 2012 and 2019 I lived in a white rendered bungalow perched against the winds above a beach in Cornwall. It is fondly called Pooh Corner and during my time there many friends and family came to visit especially in July and August.

Now, in February 2024, I live in Truro and am standing waiting for my sister to arrive on the train from Harrogate. Her daughter has booked her an assisted passage so that a member of Great Western Railway will escort her from train seat to the barrier and my welcoming hug. The staff member tells me they had difficulty identifying her luggage, but I don't, and pick up my sister's ever faithful, black holdall and settle her and the bag into my car. My sister smells of vinegar and sour cheeses, not her normal breezy fragrance of air-dried laundry.

It's only ten days together. We visit the sea at St Agnes and drink weak coffee and claggy scones in the only café that is open. We visit the Carrick Roads in the Falmouth estuary and listen to the clink of sails on metal masts, then dine on sandwiches and flaccid chips in a thatched roof pub.

On day nine we visit Praa Sands, home to Pooh Corner, and settle in the Sand Bar, a surfside hostelry with floor to ceiling glass windows and views across the wide grin of the beach and dunes.

We sit opposite each other at a window table, she with a coffee and I with a tea. February in Cornwall is grey-heavy as we gaze silently. Suddenly my sister asks,

*"Have I been here before?"*

Memories reached quickly from the past and I see my sister's grandson stood below where we are sitting now. He carries a blue, metal spade and stands proudly, arms folded, astride a mountain of sand. I hear my sister's laughter when we discover my granddaughter, aged three, has pooped in her wet suit after we spend all afternoon complaining of the smell of sewage. That happened here too. And I smell the warm blackberries we pick on the lane as we walk home.

*"Yes, you've been here before,"* I reply. *"Yes".*

Google gives me good advice before my sister arrives. *"Don't contradict. Don't explain. Just answer or distract."*

*"Let's go for a walk on the beach,"* I suggest. *"The rain has lifted."*

We stand on the shore in front of the Sand Bar. The rain threatens again.

*"I bet this beach gets busy in summer?"* my sister says.

*"Yes, yes it does."* I smile.

And as my sister looks across an unfamiliar landscape she once knew so well, I remember the custard cremes we eat whilst sitting in a blue and red beach tent with the noise of unrelenting rain on the plastic. It is a sultry August afternoon when the towels steam and we convince ourselves it is fun.

On day ten I negotiate an assisted passage for my sister's journey home, a service which my sister maintains she has never used before, and, as I wave from behind the barrier, I am undone and cry.

Karen La Borde

## Creative Writing: Is anybody there?

They had all answered the advertisement saying *"Comfort from beyond the grave. Contact your loved ones through me."*

Six people sat round a table. There were two dowdy middle-aged women, a sprightly elderly man and a young couple, all recently bereaved, and the sixth was the medium Madame Petrova.

*"Is anybody there?"* Madame Petrova intoned in a sepulchral voice. She was a small woman of indeterminate age, wearing heavy make-up with striking kohl-lined eyes. All their heads were bent forward, and each had one hand resting on the edge of the bottom of an inverted glass. Letters of the alphabet were arranged in a circle on the round table.

Barrie and Jim peered into the dimly lit room.

*"Oh, what a cliché, 'Is anybody there?' Just look at her, all dressed up in black and all those jangling bracelets and stuff. I suppose she thinks it makes her look like what people expect a medium to look like."*

*"I ask you again, Barrie Phillpott, are you there?"* She breathed deeply.

There was complete silence. They all seemed to be holding their breath.

Barrie leant forward and placed his finger tip on the top of the glass. It started to move round the table and stopping at different letters to spell out a reply.

*'N-O-I-M-B-U-S-Y.'*

*"Bloody typical, never there when I wanted him."* Mrs Phillpott complained. The others murmured their sympathy. She had come to the séance in the hope that she could tell him to stop haunting her. He would appear unexpectedly at random intervals which was getting on her nerves.

Madame Petrova then suggested they should try to contact Jim Walters. Mrs Walters nodded tearfully.

*"Yes, he hasn't come through for weeks now."*

They all concentrated on their memories of Jim, Mrs Walters willfully ignoring the fact that he used to come home drunk every Friday night and the consequent fourteen children.

The glass moved again slowly at first, then gathering momentum as it spelled,

*'N-O-I-M-B-U-S-Y-T-O-O.'*

*"What on earth do those two think they are playing at?"* Mrs Phillpott moaned to Mrs Walters.

*"They are not on this earth any more, you know."* Madame Petrova said sanctimoniously, secretly suppressing an urge to laugh.

The two women hung their heads in embarrassment.

*"I think I will look into my 'Christal' ball. I need you all to be completely silent while I go into a trance."* She closed her eyes for a few minutes and began chanting in what seemed to be a foreign language. She suddenly hunched forward, taking the ball in her hands and started gazing intently into its cloudy depths.

*"I'm in a wood, and I can see, in the under growth, strange mushrooms. There are evil vibrations in the air. Two figures are coming into sight, I cannot see them clearly but there's something familiar about them."*

Mrs Phillpott turned to look at Mrs Walters with an expression of horror on her face. She put her finger on her lips and shook her head.

*"They are picking the mushrooms and putting them into a green raffia basket."* Madame Petrova continued. *"I've seen that basket somewhere before. Now everything has gone dark."* She groaned as if in pain and gradually sat up. The trance was over.

They all shifted uncomfortably in their seats, knowing that something dark had occurred.

*"What was all that about?"* The elderly man asked.

*"I have no memory of what I said while I was on the other side."* Madame Petrova stated.

Barrie turned to Jim and said with a grim smile *"Now we know the truth of the matter, what are we going to do about it?"* Suddenly Barrie noticed an object at the feet of his wife.

*"Just look what I can see, under the table, a green raffia basket."* He stretched his arm out further and further till he could pull it out from between her feet to where it was visible to everyone in the room.

There was a collective gasp of amazement as they all cried out, *"Look, there it is, THE BASKET"* and they all turned to look at Mrs Phillpott. They knew it was hers so it was pointless her saying anything other than a long drawn out *"Ooh! bugger."*

*"Yes, you might well say Ooh, bugger, Mrs Phillpott."* said Inspector Rawlinson stepping out from behind the curtain *"I'm arresting you for the premeditated murder of Barrie Phillpott."*

*"Well done, PC Martin, your time in drama school paid off."*

*"Thank you, Sir"* Madame Petrova replied demurely.

Brenda Burgess



**'Going to spend a Penny'** - remember those days?

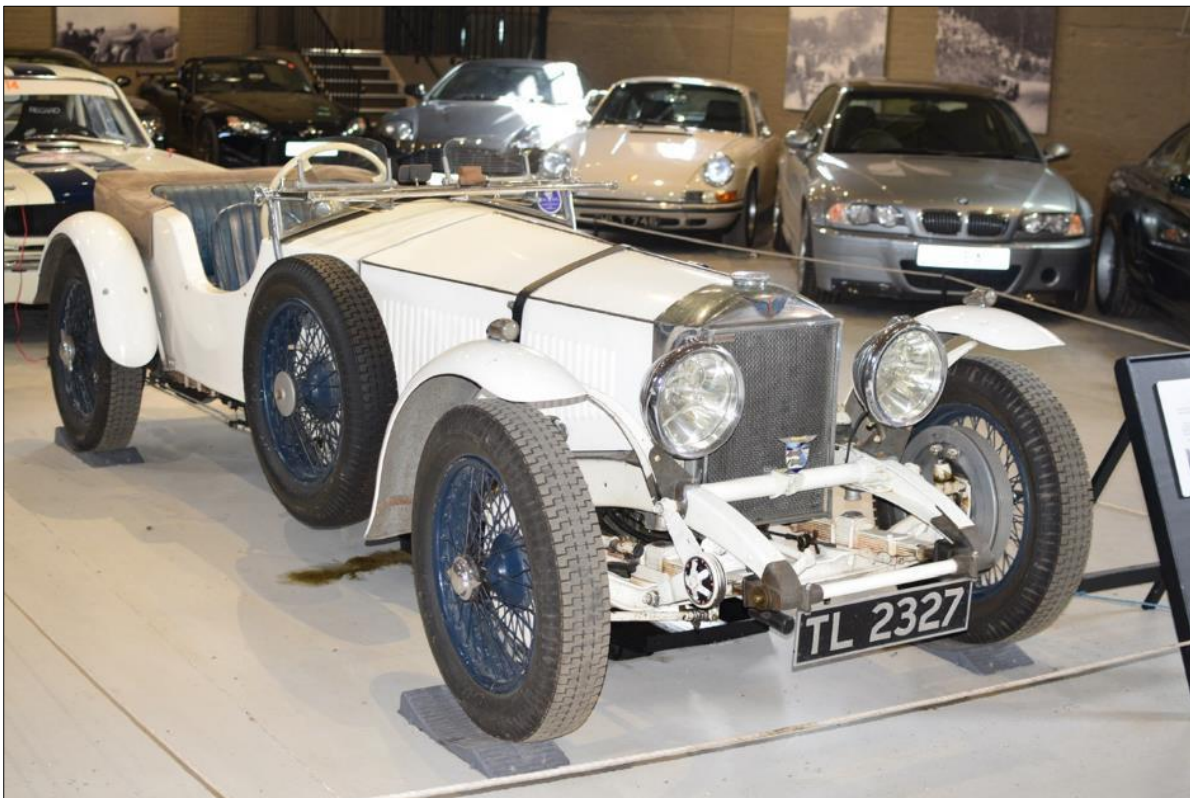
*Image courtesy of Facebook*

## Adrian's pick of the month: Transport



All photos courtesy of Carrick u3a Photography group







## Quiz

### Who wrote the following detective novels?

1. The Big Sleep
2. The Hound of the Baskervilles
3. Knots and Crosses
4. The Bullet that Missed
5. A Last Bus to Woodstock
6. The Name of the Rose
7. The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo
8. The Cadfael Chronicles
9. The No.1 Ladies' Detective Agency
10. The Postscript Murders
11. The Raging Storm
12. Murder at the Vicarage
13. Sparring Partners
14. Out of Bounds
15. The Strange Case of Peter the Lett

### How many?

















1. Steps are there in the Eiffel Tower?
2. Films have Al Pacino and Robert de Niro appeared in together?
3. People are there in a polo team?
4. Times has the England men's football team won the World Cup?
5. Time zones are there in Russia?
6. Stripes on the US flag?
7. Keys does a standard classic piano have?
8. Films did Sean Connery play Bond in?
9. Lord of the Rings films are there?
10. Times does the human heart beat every day?
11. Pyramids of Giza were made?
12. Grammys does John Legend have?
13. American presidents have been impeached?
14. Eyes does a bee have?
15. Faces does a dodecahedron have?
16. Squares on a scrabble board?

### Pairs - complete the following

1. Antony and
2. Tom and
3. Heloise and
4. Simone de Beauvoir and
5. Adolf Hitler and
6. Superman and
7. Scarlett O'Hara and
8. Elizabeth Bennett and
9. Ron Weasley and
10. Joséphine de Beauharnais and

[Answers on page 29](#)

## Picture Quiz: Identify the Sports Stars

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

[Answers on page 30](#)

## Bovine TB

**Bovine Tuberculosis** is a notifiable disease which can devastate a farmer's herd, with over **20,000 cattle** having to be slaughtered in the last 12 months. It can be hard to spot as symptoms are similar to others, including a reduced appetite with resulting weight loss, a cough and a light fever. Most cases are found through routine testing and an estimated 94% of cases occur through cow-cow transmission.

Much attention has been given recently to badgers infecting herds, with **over 210,000 badgers culled since 2013**, despite them only being responsible for 6% of cases and this has not had any positive impact on the overall number of occurrences of the disease.



*Photo courtesy of The Guardian*

Over the last four years, a study undertaken by the Zoological Society of London and funded by local farmers, the Cornwall Wildlife Trust and Imperial College London has been carried out across 12 farms in Cornwall. This involved **vaccinating 265 badgers**. The percentage carrying bovine TB fell from 16% to zero. According to the study which was published in *People and Nature*, 74% of badgers in the area received the vaccine. Further study will be needed to establish whether this had any impact on cattle in the area.

Researchers said *“Our findings show that badger vaccination was practically achievable. The numbers of badgers vaccinated per square kilometre a year were higher than the numbers culled on nearby land, even though vaccination was conducted for only two nights per location while culling operations extended over at least six weeks.”*

The farmers involved in the project are keen for the vaccination programme to continue and are appealing to the government to fund further research. The lead researcher, Professor Rosie Woodroffe, said it was the best result they could hope for from a small study.

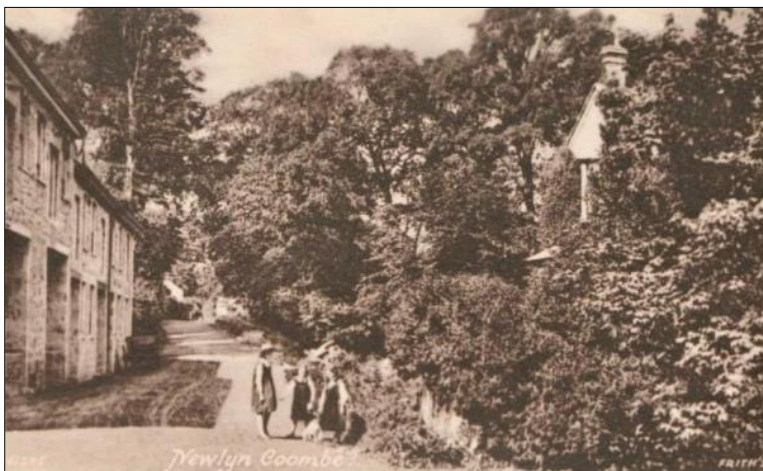
Sue Hutt

Ref. [theguardian.com](https://www.theguardian.com)

<https://besjournals.onlinelibrary.wiley.com/doi/10.1002/pan3.10691>

[www.gov.uk](http://www.gov.uk)

## Cornwall in Old Photos: A child's view



Newlyn Coombe



Zennor Church town



Mousehole

*All photos courtesy of Smugglers of Mousehole*

## Cornwall in Old Photos: Horse-drawn Bus services



Land's End to Penzance 1890



Polperro early 20<sup>th</sup> century

*Images courtesy of Facebook*

## Quiz Answers:

### Who wrote the following detective novels?

- |  |                        |
|--|------------------------|
| 1. The Big Sleep                       | Raymond Chandler       |
| 2. The Hound of the Baskervilles       | Arthur Conan Doyle     |
| 3. Knots and Crosses                   | Ian Rankin             |
| 4. The Bullet that Missed              | Richard Osman          |
| 5. A Last Bus to Woodstock             | Colin Dexter           |
| 6. The Name of the Rose                | Umberto Eco            |
| 7. The Girl with the Dragon Tattoo     | Stieg Larsson          |
| 8. The Cadfael Chronicles              | Ellis Peters           |
| 9. The No.1 Ladies' Detective Agency   | Alexander McCall Smith |
| 10. The Postscript Murders             | Elly Griffiths         |
| 11. The Raging Storm                   | Ann Cleeves            |
| 12. Murder at the Vicarage             | Agatha Christie        |
| 13. Sparring Partners                  | John Grisham           |
| 14. Out of Bounds                      | Val McDermid           |
| 15. The Strange Case of Peter the Lett | Georges Simenon        |

### How many?

- |  |               |
|--|---------------|
| 1. Steps are there in the Eiffel Tower?                          | 1665          |
| 2. Films have Al Pacino and Robert de Niro appeared in together? | 4             |
| 3. People are there in a polo team?                              | 4             |
| 4. Times has the England men's football team won the World Cup?  | 1             |
| 5. Time zones are there in Russia?                               | 11            |
| 6. Stripes on the US flag?                                       | 13            |
| 7. Keys does a standard classic piano have?                      | 88            |
| 8. Films did Sean Connery play Bond in?                          | 7             |
| 9. Lord of the Rings films are there?                            | 3             |
| 10. Times does the human heart beat every day?                   | About 100,000 |
| 11. Pyramids of Giza were made?                                  | 3             |
| 12. Grammys does John Legend have?                               | 12            |
| 13. American presidents have been impeached?                     | 3             |
| 14. Eyes does a bee have?  | 5             |
| 15. Faces does a dodecahedron have?                              | 12            |
| 16. Squares on a scrabble board?                                 | 225           |

### Pairs - complete the following

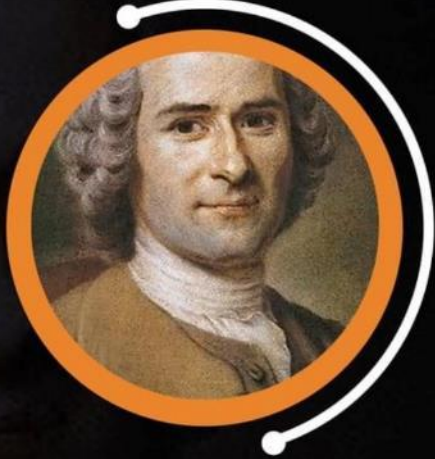
- |                                  |                          |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. Antony and                    | Cleopatra                |
| 2. Tom and                       | Jerry                    |
| 3. Heloise and                   | Abelard                  |
| 4. Simone de Beauvoir and        | Jean Paul Sartre         |
| 5. Adolf Hitler and              | Eva Braun                |
| 6. Superman and                  | Lois Lane                |
| 7. Scarlett O'Hara and           | Rhett Butler             |
| 8. Elizabeth Bennett and         | Fitzwilliam Darcy        |
| 9. Ron Weasley and               | Hermione Granger         |
| 10. Joséphine de Beauharnais and | Napoleon 1 <sup>st</sup> |

## Picture Quiz Answers

 <p><b>Mohammed Ali</b></p>	 <p><b>Katarina Johnson Thompson</b></p>	 <p><b>Rebecca Adlington</b></p>	 <p><b>Usain Bolt</b></p>
 <p><b>Mary Earps</b></p>	 <p><b>David Beckham</b></p>	 <p><b>Tiger Woods</b></p>	 <p><b>Venus Williams</b></p>
 <p><b>Helen Glover</b></p>	 <p><b>Tanni Grey Thompson</b></p>	 <p><b>Laura Kenny</b></p>	 <p><b>Gareth Edwards</b></p>
 <p><b>Joe Root</b></p>	 <p><b>David Weir</b></p>	 <p><b>Sarah Storey</b></p>	 <p><b>Roger Federer</b></p>

## Thoughts for the day

**PHILOSOPHICAL RHYTHMS**



“ All passions are good when one masters them; all are bad when one is a slave to them.”

~ Jean-Jacques Rousseau

*Let us read, and let us dance;  
these two amusements will  
never do any harm to the  
world.*

*~Victor Hugo*

## 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 – Saturday 26<sup>th</sup> October 2024**

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- 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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