

The Carrick Argus

Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news

Issue no 97

January 2025



Foam

By Marion Purvis

An entry for the 2024 u3a Carrick Photography Competition

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Editorial

I hope you have all had a lovely Christmas, wherever you were and however you spent it. For some it will have been the celebration of a religious festival, for others a chance to spend time with family and friends, and for many of us an opportunity to rest, catch our breath and maybe reflect on the happenings of the last year.

The New Year of course is a time to look forward, may be to look for new challenges, join new groups, even make New Year's resolutions. How many of those have you made in the past, and managed to keep past the end of January? Often, in the spirit of making a new start, these turn out to be wildly optimistic. Perhaps it might be more realistic to keep your steps small and specific, so instead of "*get fit*" you set a target of walking a certain number of steps a day. Modern smart phones have all sorts of apps to help track your progress.

Have you thought about trying a new u3a group this year? We have so many on offer at Carrick, and sometimes moving out of our comfort zone to try something new may be a challenge but can also prove very rewarding. Many of our groups have room for more members and welcome complete beginners. All group leaders look for is enthusiasm and a willingness to try. It would be unfair of me to single out any particular groups; a full list is available on the website. Or are you interested in something we don't yet offer? Group leaders are not teachers, just people like you who are keen on a particular area and would like to share that with others. If you need any help or advice, contact our groups coordinator, **Patsy Ross**, who will be able to explain what is involved. Contact her at groupscoordinator@u3a-carrick.org.uk

Amongst the many activities provided by the committee last year, including the quiz nights, bingo, garden party, university liaison meetings, and of course the very successful Showcase, it was good to see the reintroduction of the outings. The next one to look forward to will be a visit backstage to the Hall for Cornwall, to see all the innovations developed during its prolonged closure. **Wendy Forman** has kindly come forward to organise this, full details will be in the next newsletter. As the committee are small in number, we are very grateful to Wendy for offering to do this. If anyone else would like to volunteer to organise an event or outing, please speak to our chair, Lesley Parsons or myself. We now have nearly 700 members, but only 9 people on the committee. If you feel you could contribute to running Carrick, please get in touch.

Finally, I would like to pay tribute to the late **Chris Burton**, a keen historian who inspired my article on the Perran Foundry in this issue. Chris was a very active member of Carrick u3a, contributing regularly to the science, history and Travellers' Tales groups. Chris was a gentleman to his finger tips, except when playing bridge when his keen mind would never fail to capitalise on an opponent's mistake. We miss you, Chris.

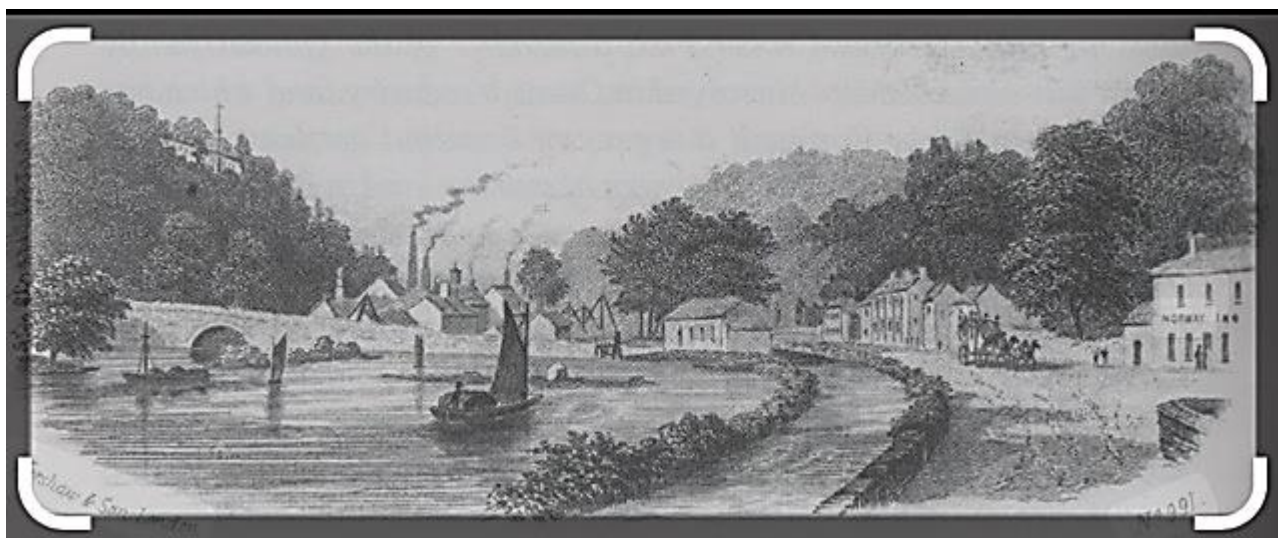
So, to all Carrick u3a members, a Happy New Year and we look forward to meeting many of you in 2025.

Sue Hutt
Editor

Perran Foundry



When passing the residential development on what was the site of **Perran Foundry**, it is difficult to imagine what it was like in its heyday as one of the most important places for the manufacture of mining equipment in 18th and 19th century Cornwall. Although it only employed around 200 men and boys, its reputation reached across the globe.



Picture courtesy of google images

In 1769 **George Croker Fox I** acquired the lease of land at Carclew, while his nephew **George Fox II** took control of land on the opposite side of the river Kennel, close to the site of the Norway Inn. Their plan was to establish a port close to the copper mines of Gwennap so they constructed wharves for the boats and warehouses to store the goods. While exporting the copper ore they also imported guano for use as fertiliser on farms and in the manufacture of gunpowder at Kennel Vale, coal from South Wales and timber, machinery and limestone.

As the mining industry continued to flourish, the demand for more machinery grew so in 1791 the Fox family established the Perran Foundry, importing pig iron from their ironworks near Swansea. Waterwheels, winding machines for lifting the ore, stamps for crushing it, pumps, pipes, capstans and beams were all produced here. Originally the cylinders for the pumping engines were made in Neath and brought across to Perranarworthal, however by the 1840s the beam engines were being made completely on-site.

From the 1820s onwards, there had been a steady stream of Cornish miners seeking their fortunes in the mining areas of Mexico, Chile, Bolivia, Peru and South Australia. This led to the export of the foundry's machinery, some of which is still preserved today. Records from 1824 show 1,500 tons of mining equipment being sent to Real de Monte in Mexico, including 9 steam driven mine engines. In the 1870s two Cornishmen, **Samuel Lean** and **John Jose**, were in charge of the Tocopilla Copper Mine in Chile. Knowing the Perran Foundry's ability to produce good quality engines, they ordered one along with the services of **Robert Harvey**, who had to accompany the engine on its voyage and stay for three years to ensure its safe installation and maintenance.

One of Perran Foundry's greatest achievements was the draining of the polders at **Haarlem** in Holland, where, in collaboration with the Hayle foundry, many acres of land were drained and converted to valuable agricultural land. Such was the reputation of the foundry that in 1851 one of their engines was displayed at the Great Exhibition in London, a project promoted by **Prince Albert** to demonstrate the ingenuity of British engineers and the superiority of British design and technology. In 1857 the Fox family sold out to the Williams family and the focus turned to tin mining.

By 1880 the Cornish copper and tin mining industries were coming to an end and the last beam engine was exported from Restronguet quay, with the foundry ceasing operations three years later. Attempts were made to revive the site, including for the manufacture of blankets and storage of agricultural products, however it was finally closed in 1987.



Plans to redevelop the area included apartments, a shop and a heritage museum. Sadly, so far only the first has come to fruition.



Sue Hutt

Recent photographs courtesy of Sue Hutt

Ref Chris Burton, perranwellhistory.com

Bob Richards, *Cornish Pioneers and the Odd Villain*
Wikipedia

u3a Carrick Annual Photography Competition

The photo group had their annual photo competition at the December meeting judged by a local experienced judge **Margaret Hocking**.

The image placed in 1st place out of over 30 entries was a picture of **Paddington Station** by **Paul Harris**.



Second place was **Squirrel** by **Ann Hammett**



Third was **Eastbourne Pier** by **Fiona Glanville**



Highly commended were **Red Admiral** by **Chris Rowlands** and **Coleton Fishacre Drawing Room** by **David Ackroyd**.



A few members of the photography group met for lunch at the Norway Inn for a Christmas lunch after the meeting.

Our members, both ladies and gentlemen, have a mixture of photographic experience and equipment who enjoy all aspects of our wonderful hobby.

New members are always welcome.

Adrian Rowlands

Creative writing: A Window on the Past

'Do you remember having rook pie?' asked Tom, staring out of the window.

Carol lowered her book and peered at him over her reading glasses. *'What's rook pie? I've never heard of it.'*

'We used to have it in the springtime. There were rook shoots every year, when the young rooks were just about fledged but still nice and tender.'

'Good God! How barbaric! Killing the poor birds!'

Tom grinned. *'I suppose you would see it like that, being a townie; but they were a real problem, eating the crops. Just like the pigeons, and they could clear a field of sprouts in a morning – nothing left. Not to mention the rabbits.'*

Carol, who hadn't actually lived in town since marrying Tom in 1966, noted another onset of nostalgia; they seemed to be getting more frequent, or maybe she just noticed them more since she had given them a name: **The Good Old Days Syndrome**.

'And where did all this happen?'

'Mount Pleasant; when the big house was still there it used to be surrounded with dozens of big elm trees where the rooks nested.'

Carol took off her glasses and followed his gaze out of the side window which looked up the hill to the north, where the houses and bungalows of the Mount Pleasant Estate now almost outmatched the rest of the village in size.

'I think that's how we got interested in flying, Peter and me,' Tom continued, *'we used to sit up in our bedroom, watching the rooks. I remember Dad got us this book from the Chapel jumble sale – **The Science of Flight** it was called. Explained how it was done, with drawings of Tiger Moths and Spitfires and plans in the back to build your own model glider. We spent hours watching the rooks and working out how they flew.'*

'And did you ever build the glider?'

'Oh yes – had to go into town to get some of the materials. It flew well, too; but we only had a few flights out of it, then we got too ambitious, pulled it up too high and off it went with the wind, and us running like mad things to keep up. Crashed into the top of a big beech tree in the Twelve Acre, too high for us to climb.'

'So, you never got it back?'

'No, we never did. The rooks probably used it for nesting material the next spring.' Tom laughed; *'Poetic justice, really.'*

Carol had worked out some time ago the key factor in most of Tom's excursions into the past; they were a way of keeping Peter's memory green. Tom was for the most part a practical and resilient character, but he had never reconciled himself to the loss of his twin brother. He had often erred towards over-protectiveness of their own girls; Carol suspected that had they been boys the problem would have been much more acute. She squeezed his hand; *'Shall I make us a coffee?'*

Tom nodded absently. *'You know, I often wonder, if Dad hadn't bought us that book...'*

'Peter would never have joined the Air Force?'

Tom looked at her directly. *'Yes. Maybe that's where it all began. And we were all so pleased that he'd got what he wanted; then when he got his wings, Mum and Dad were so proud.'*
'Maybe it was the student pilot's fault.'

Peter had died training a Chilean Air Force officer to fly the Hawker Hunter jet fighter; nobody knew for certain what had gone wrong. Both crew ejected, but died in the sea before they were found; by the time the wreckage was accidentally located by a trawler and recovered from the North Atlantic, much of the physical evidence had been compromised.

*'Maybe it was him. But they couldn't do what they usually do, and call it **'pilot error'**, because that was a political no-no. Couldn't offend General Pinochet, could we? And even if it was some careless bloody fitter, or a dodgy bit of wiring – which I doubt – they'd cover it up.'*

Carol sighed; *'Nobody will ever know; we've said that often enough, and it's true. I'm sorry, love, but there's nothing we can do about it. I'll get the coffee.'*

In the kitchen she had a short burst of anger. **'A window on the past'**, it was sometimes called; well, as far as she was concerned the curtains could stay firmly closed. None of that was remotely anything to do with her; yet it was a constant presence, tainting what should have been a relaxed winding down to Tom's retirement next year. And when he no longer had his work and had more time to himself would the spectre loom larger? God forbid, she thought, I'll have to make sure he's got something to keep his mind off it – but what? She smiled bitterly; Well one thing's for sure – model making is definitely out.

A member of u3a Carrick writing as Warren Thorpe

Creative writing: A Dog Walker

Dog walkers are a recognised breed of people. They come in all shapes and sizes but their love of dogs and walking unites them.

I decided I wanted to join this group. It would provide perfect cover for my other activities. First, I needed a dog. I thought a pedigree would be a good investment, raise my stature, hint at wealth but when I saw the cost, thought a dog from the RSPCA would have the same effect. I mean who has ever heard of a bad person rescuing and rehoming a dog? I wanted one that looked cute but needed minimum walking.

I settled on a greyhound called Rose, although I would adapt the name as needed, and, after a check by them, brought her home. I acquired the dog walkers' uniform of clothing with lots of pockets for dog treats and poo bags together with a backpack for water bottles.

I began walking Rose at 10 to avoid any early morning rush and noticed this was a popular time. Retired people, my target, seemed to favour this hour. I started to nod to other walkers, exchanging comments on the weather and as our dogs sniffed each other, had a little conversation giving me an insight into their lives.

There was Tom and Linda who walked their two black labradors. They wore matching outfits and were always cheerful, beaming at everyone and, once they knew I was a new dog walker, loved to share tips. I smiled and listened as I planned to form a superficial friendship with them, give enough information for them to remember me and provide backup to my whereabouts if needed?

Over the next six months I selected my target. Beryl and her shih tzu, Charlie, walked the same route every other day around the park. I noticed she liked to have a coffee at the nearby Costa after, so I used to join her there. During our first meeting she was surprised and delighted to learn my dog was called Beryl and I think earned me some brownie points! Over the weeks we began to exchange life stories and became a 'friend'. Beryl informed me she had been a headmistress and, since losing her beloved Gordon three years ago, had joined the u3a to improve her social life and get her out of the house. She explained how the u3a worked and I expressed an interest as I realised it was another target audience I could use.

I soon established when she was out and offered to dog sit Charlie. She thanked me but informed me he was happy in his cage for a few hours. I thought that was great news as it meant there would be no danger of 'bumping' into him when I visited her place.

I got everything organised for the morning Beryl was line dancing. Friday morning was clear and dry. I had no qualms about leaving Beryl aka Rose as greyhounds are quite lazy, but I still wore my uniform, I would need pockets for Beryl's trinkets and the backpack for larger things.

Beryl lived in a bungalow with a side gate, so I casually walked up the path, knocked and went through. I took my wallet out and extracted a card to slip through and prise open the door. I made a start in the bedroom. Beryl had her beautiful and valuable gold jewellery elegantly displayed. Taking it all I began filling my pockets. I did feel guilty taking the wedding photo of her and Gordon but the gold frame was too good to leave.

I froze. There was someone outside. I glanced through the net curtains. Beryl was back early. Had the line dancing been cancelled? She was coming up the path. Panic.

I quickly emptied my pockets. What could I do? I heard the back door open and footsteps approaching the bedroom. I turned towards the door, preparing to shout "*surprise*" and make up a story about calling around to walk Charlie but I was greeted by a very different Beryl. In cowgirl boots and with a Stetson firmly on her head, whisks of her blue rinse hair peeking through, she looked both taller and sterner, a pistol in her hand.

She drew the gun level with my chest. "*Oh, that reminds me, there was something I forgot to tell you about my Gordon*", she said pulling back the trigger, "*He was a Police Detective and he had prepared me for situations like this!*"

Jill Dyer

Creative writing: Desire

She held the stiff, cream envelope, bearing the insignia of Viscount Marmaduke Furness, across the breakfast table to her husband. As usual he had his face buried in the Times, when she wanted to attract his attention. She snatched the newspaper away from him.

'Steady on, my love.' He looked up with a benign smile.

'I'm speaking to you,' she snapped, as she laid the crumpled newspaper on the table.

'Look, we've received an invitation to Borough Court. It will be perfect for a hunting party; how wonderful to liven up the dark, dreary days of winter.'

She carried on talking and planning, oblivious to the fact that her husband had repossessed his newspaper and held it wide open in front of his face, obliterating her from view.

'There'll be riding for you men and lots of lovely gossiping for the ladies. Don't you think that Thelma will be an enchanting hostess; so fascinating her being a twin? I'll go into town today to order a dozen delicious, new frocks and some riding breeches, I think pink velvet?'

She put her head on one side as she looked across the Square, through her Mayfair apartment window, to conjure up the new outfit in her mind's-eye. Yes, rose pink with a checked jacket in a deeper shade and a pair of long, black leather boots that she had absolutely no intention of getting spattered with mud, or worse.

'I need to look the part even if I have no thoughts of sitting on a horse. What do you think?'

Her husband was engrossed in the stock market report.

'Whatever you say my love,' he intoned.

She sighed as she rang the bells for more hot water and the chauffeur.

The last day in January 1931 was bright and bitterly cold. The flat landscape around Melton Mowbray was frozen into a timeless tableau by the wind that was said to blow unhindered from the Urals. Borough Court was not an elegant mansion but had all the necessary facilities for a convivial, week-long house party. As they approached the house her excitement rose at the thought of meeting up with old friends and their host's reputed generous hospitality and discretion, so important on these occasions.

The lavish dinner, accompanied by a professional string quartet and copious amounts of wine did not disappoint. She ate sparingly; after all, one cannot retain a sylph-like figure by over indulging. Afterwards a few guests drifted towards the small ballroom where a jazz band was tuning up, but she felt weary. She found a sumptuous sofa in a softly-lit drawing room, perfect for a few minutes to close her eyes and revive.

When she awoke, she found a most attractive man sitting beside her. Could she be dreaming? He smiled a genuine smile that reached his eyes and lit up his face. For once, she could think of nothing to say. Her usual quick and feisty wit had deserted her and he was of no help in the conversation department, simply carried on feasting his eyes on her. Her soft, coral-coloured, satin gown clung to her shapely figure, just enough to leave some room for the imagination. The diamond necklace and

tear-drop earrings sent out arrows of dazzling light when she moved. Jet black hair was coiffed off her face, not a classically beautiful face, but fine boned and set with deep violet eyes.

Eventually a conversation was initiated by her companion about central heating, of all things. After a few minutes of grinding boredom, she could stand it no longer.

'This is the most tedious topic imaginable. Is it the best you can do?'

She stood up as if to leave.

Who was this feisty, outspoken American woman whose eyes flashed with anger and to whom he had become irresistibly attracted?

'Please forgive me,' he stammered, *'what am I thinking of? Tell me about yourself. Shall we introduce ourselves and start again?'*

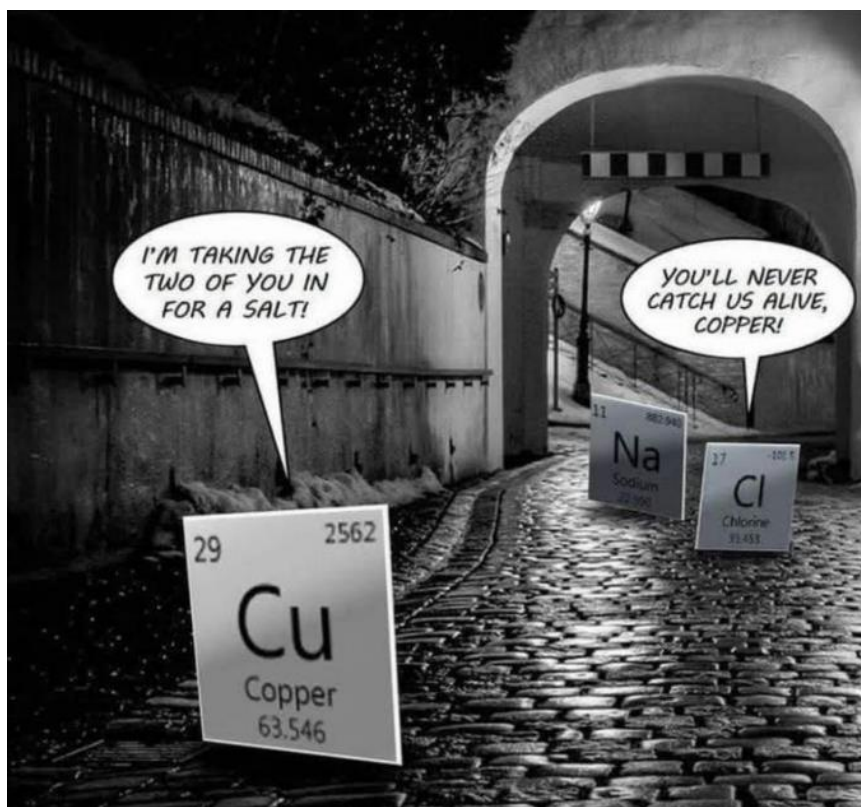
She threw her head back and laughed a deep, throaty guffaw, so surprising for this sylph of a woman in her alluring gown. He was forced to exercise great self-control because he was grappling with an urge to run his hands all over that beautiful form encased in that smooth, satin gown.

'I'm Wallis,' she said, holding out her hand, *'Wallis Simpson.'*

'And I'm Edward.'

But she already knew that.

Ann Mundler



Courtesy of Facebook

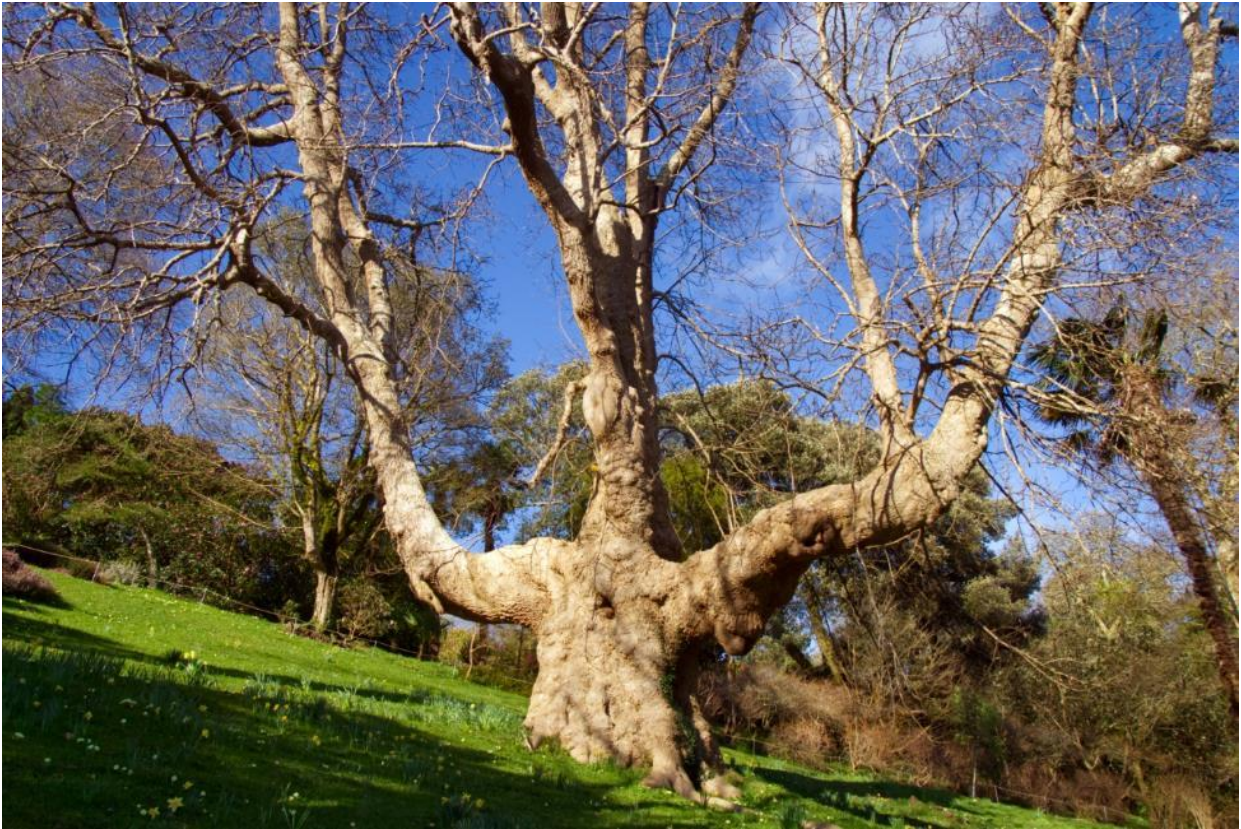
Adrian's pick: Here's some more from Twenty-Four











All images courtesy of u3a Carrick Photography group

Quiz

In which books do these characters appear?

1. Jane, Elizabeth, Mary, Kitty, Lydia
2. Roberta, Peter, Phyllis
3. Nancy, Bill, Mr. Brownlow, Jack Dawkins
4. Ron, Sirius, Neville, Lucius, Dudley
5. Mole, Rat, Badger, Otter, Chief Weasel
6. Mopsy, Flopsy, Mr McGregor
7. Elinor, Marianne, John, Edward, Lucy
8. Edmund, Lucy, Peter, Susan
9. Napoleon, Snowball, Boxer, Squealer
10. Elizabeth, Ron, Ibrahim, Joyce
11. George, Anne, Julian, Dick
12. Jo, Beth, Amy, Meg
13. Winston, Julia, O'Brien
14. Jack, Cecily, Gwendolen, Algernon
15. Elizabeth, Demelza, George, Dwight

Which Agatha Christie novel titles are represented by these initials?

1. DotN
2. MotOE
3. TPH
4. SC
5. MiM
6. HDD
7. TABCM
8. TMatV
9. ATTWN
10. N

Miscellaneous

1. Which is the largest occupied castle in the world?
2. How many steps are in the Spanish steps in Rome?
3. What are they made of?
4. Which gender of mosquito bites people?
5. Which creature are the Canary Islands named after?
6. Who won the men's Wimbledon final in 2024?
7. Which country won the Euros in 2024?
8. Which country ordered X to stop operations in 2024?
9. Which country's flag has a dragon on a yellow and orange background?
10. In which 1998 film does Samuel L. Jackson play a police lieutenant?

[Answers on page 23](#)

Picture Quiz: Famous people born in Cornwall

 <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 24](#)

Magical Moon photographs



Image shared on Facebook



Italian photographer Valerio Minato
waited 6 years to get a perfect
aligned photo of the moon, a
mountain, and a basilica.

EPIC BILLIONAIRE

Image shared on Facebook

Quiz answers

In which books do these characters appear?

- | | |
|--|--------------------------------------|
| 1. Jane, Elizabeth, Mary, Kitty, Lydia | Pride and Prejudice |
| 2. Roberta, Peter, Phyllis | The Railway Children |
| 3. Nancy, Bill, Mr. Brownlow, Jack Dawkins | Oliver Twist |
| 4. Ron, Sirius, Neville, Lucius, Dudley | Harry Potter |
| 5. Mole, Rat, Badger, Otter, Chief Weasel | Toad of Toad Hall |
| 6. Mopsy, Flopsy, Mr McGregor | The Tales of Peter Rabbit |
| 7. Elinor, Marianne, John, Edward, Lucy | Sense and Sensibility |
| 8. Edmund, Lucy, Peter, Susan | The Lion, the Witch and the Wardrobe |
| 9. Napoleon, Snowball, Boxer, Squealer | Animal Farm |
| 10. Elizabeth, Ron, Ibrahim, Joyce | The Thursday Murder Club |
| 11. George, Anne, Julian, Dick | Famous Five |
| 12. Jo, Beth, Amy, Meg | Little Women |
| 13. Winston, Julia, O'Brien | 1984 |
| 14. Jack, Cecily, Gwendolen, Algernon | The Importance of Being Earnest |
| 15. Elizabeth, Demelza, George, Dwight | Poldark |

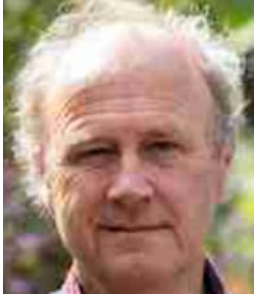

Which Agatha Christie novel titles are represented by these initials?

- | | |
|----------|------------------------------------|
| 1. DotN | Death on the Nile |
| 2. MotOE | Murder on the Orient Express |
| 3. TPH | The Pale Horse |
| 4. SC | Sparkling Cyanide (or Sad Cypress) |
| 5. MiM | Murder in Mesopotamia |
| 6. HDD | Hickory Dickory Dock |
| 7. TABCM | The ABC Murders |
| 8. TMatV | The Murder at the Vicarage |
| 9. ATTWN | And Then There Were None |
| 10. N | Nemesis |

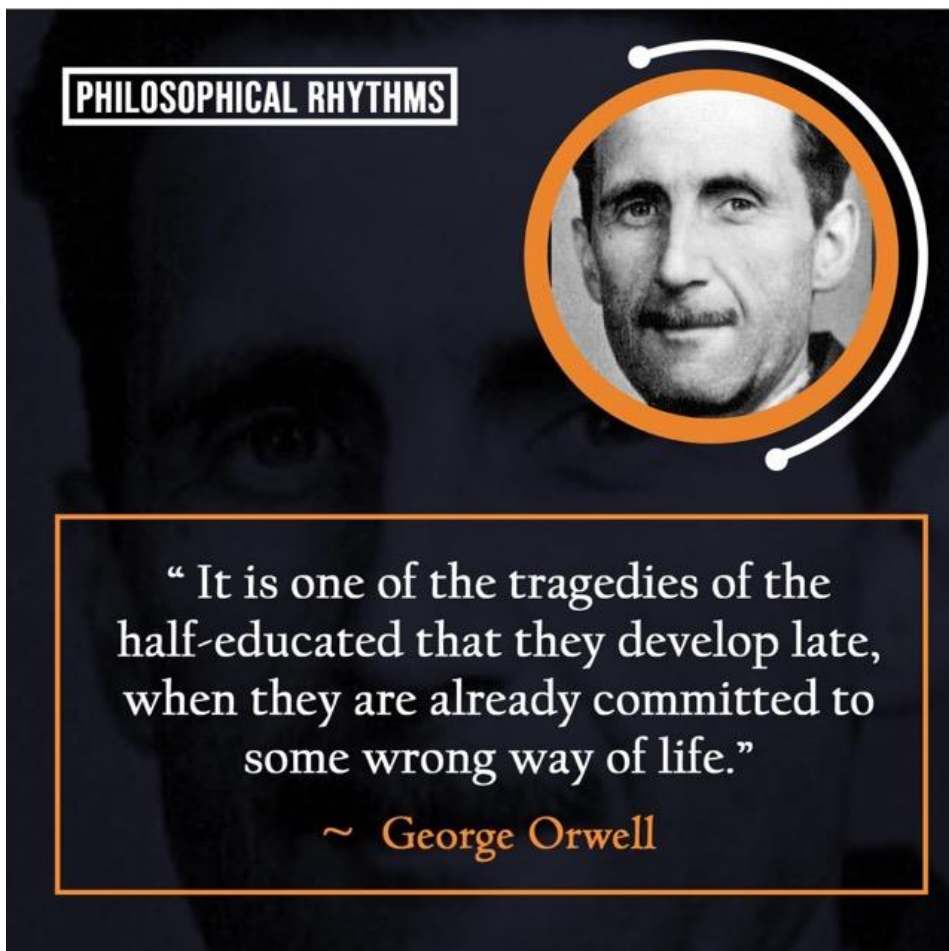
Miscellaneous

- | | |
|---|----------------|
| 1. Which is the largest occupied castle in the world? | Windsor |
| 2. How many steps are in the Spanish steps in Rome? | 139 |
| 3. What are they made of? | Marble |
| 4. Which gender of mosquito bites people? | Female |
| 5. Which creature are the Canary Islands named after? | Dogs |
| 6. Who won the men's Wimbledon final in 2024? | Carlos Alcaraz |
| 7. Which country won the Euros in 2024? | Spain |
| 8. Which country ordered X to stop operations in 2024? | Brazil |
| 9. Which country's flag has a dragon on a yellow and orange background? | Bhutan |
| 10. In which 1998 film does Samuel L. Jackson play a police lieutenant? | The Negotiator |

Picture Quiz answers

			
Austin Healey	Tim Smit	Jonathan Trelawny	William Bligh
			
Donald Healey	John Nettles	Roger Taylor	William Golding
			
Rory McGrath	Richard Lander	Richard Trevithick	Humphrey Davy
			
Rosamunde Pilcher	Helen Glover	Kristin Scott Thomas	Mick Fleetwood

Thoughts for the day



Truth is like the sun. You can shut it out for a time, but it ain't goin' away.

– Elvis Presley

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 – Sunday 26th January 2025

Policy and guidelines for contributors

- 1) Written contributions of any length will be published whether typed or hand-written. But remember that the shorter the contribution, the more likely is the reader to continue to its end.
- 2) The topics of your contributions should be restricted to those likely to be of interest to members of u3as. But see 6 below.
- 3) Apart from obvious typing errors, your contribution will never be altered or cut without first being returned to you for your agreement. That includes punctuation.
- 4) Contributions must show name of contributor; contact details their choice. A contributor may instead select a pen name, but if so, their own name will be supplied to any reader who asks for it.
- 5) A contribution that is critical of an identifiable individual will not be published. But see 6 below.
- 6) If contributing, you should regard yourself as responsible for factual accuracy. Opinions are your own.

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