

# The Carrick Argus

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

Issue no 98

February 2025



*Botswana: Sunset through the trees*

*by Jackie Grant*

*An entry for the 2024 u3a Carrick Photography competition*

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## Editorial

Well, it's been a wet and windy year so far but there are signs of spring already, one of the huge benefits of living in Cornwall. We've seen plenty of daffodils, snowdrops, camellias and even primroses on our walks. This month we have an article on snowdrops, their history and meanings, inspired by photos from Sheila James and Adrian Rowlands, along with contributions by Sue Amer and Jon Skelton, as well as our regular ones from the creative writing groups. The Argus is by our members, for our members, so if you would like to send us your thoughts on anything you feel would be of interest to our readers, do drop us a line or two. It might be a review of a film, book, walk or play you have recently enjoyed; childhood memories or thoughts and ideas for future events for Carrick u3a.

In the latest edition of the Friends u3a newsletter there is an article on the joys of Scottish dancing, a request for judges to come forward for the upcoming writing competition and advice on finding support and community through table tennis. The writer of the **Scottish dancing** article claims it is "*good for body and mind.*" I would suggest that is true for most of the activities we enjoy here in Carrick. One of the aims of the u3a movement along with learning, living and laughing together is finding friendship and support, whether through sports, dancing, studying, playing music, singing, enjoying many of the hobbies we may not have had time for before or taking up new interests.

One of the features in the Friends Newsletter is a showcasing of successful groups around the country. One, in **Ravenshead u3a**, is a new **Food and Cookery** Group. Is there anyone in Carrick interested in starting one along the same lines? **St Austell u3a** have a **Healthy Eating and Getting Fit** Group. If anyone would like to start a group on any subject, do get in touch with Patsy, our group coordinator, who will be able to help.

We are fortunate in Carrick to have many dedicated group leaders happy to share their enthusiasm for something. We would not survive without you, so thank you. There is a **Group Leaders' meeting on Thursday 6th February at 10 o'clock at Carnon Downs Village Hall**. We hope as many as possible will be able to be there. Tea and coffee will be available.

Sue Hutt  
Editor

## Letter to the Editor

As a u3a member I receive copies of the Carrick Argus, but this month I was interested in the Photography Group competition as I judged it. I was disappointed to find that the winning image has been reproduced very pixelated so that it bears little resemblance to the excellent image I judged. The other images reproduced fine so it is a shame the winning one hasn't. I don't know what the resolution of it was - it was of no concern to me as I just looked at the image on the screen. Perhaps it could be remedied in the next edition of the Argus as I feel the photographer deserves proper recognition.

Best wishes

Margaret Hocking

*Editor's comment: We apologise for the quality of some of the images in Adrian Rowlands' article in last month's edition. We are pleased to be able to display them again using an appropriate resolution.*



The winner of the competition

**Paddington Station by Paul Harris**



Second place: **Squirrel** by Ann Hemmett



Third Place: **Eastbourne Pier** by Fiona Granville

## The Falmouth Lifeboat retires



The Falmouth lifeboat **Richard Cox Scott** is retiring after 23 years' service. The lifeboat had been launched over 500 times and had saved at least 12 lives.

She is being replaced by a state-of-the-art Shannon class all weather lifeboat.

The Richard Cox Scott has an outdated caterpillar propulsion drive which is difficult to get spares for and is expensive operate using £400.00 worth of fuel every 4 hours at sea. The new lifeboat will halve that expense and be more maneuverable.

The Richard Cox Scott can take over 200 persons on board if required. There is a dedicated casualty area for treating seriously injured survivors.

*Did you know that the number of the lifeboat has a meaning?*

The Richard Cox Scott has number 17 -29 on the hull.

17 is the number of metres she is in length and 29 is the number off the production line.

The Shannon class boat is 13 metres in length so starts with the number 13.

The new Falmouth lifeboat will be on station later this year meanwhile after January a loan lifeboat will be on call. The crew have already had extensive training on this new type of boat.

Falmouth lifeboat station also has a RIB which is used for most inshore rescues around the coast.

Prior to the present lifeboat's retirement, I visited the Falmouth Lifeboat Station to photograph it and its associated land support facilities.

The protective clothing store/changing room



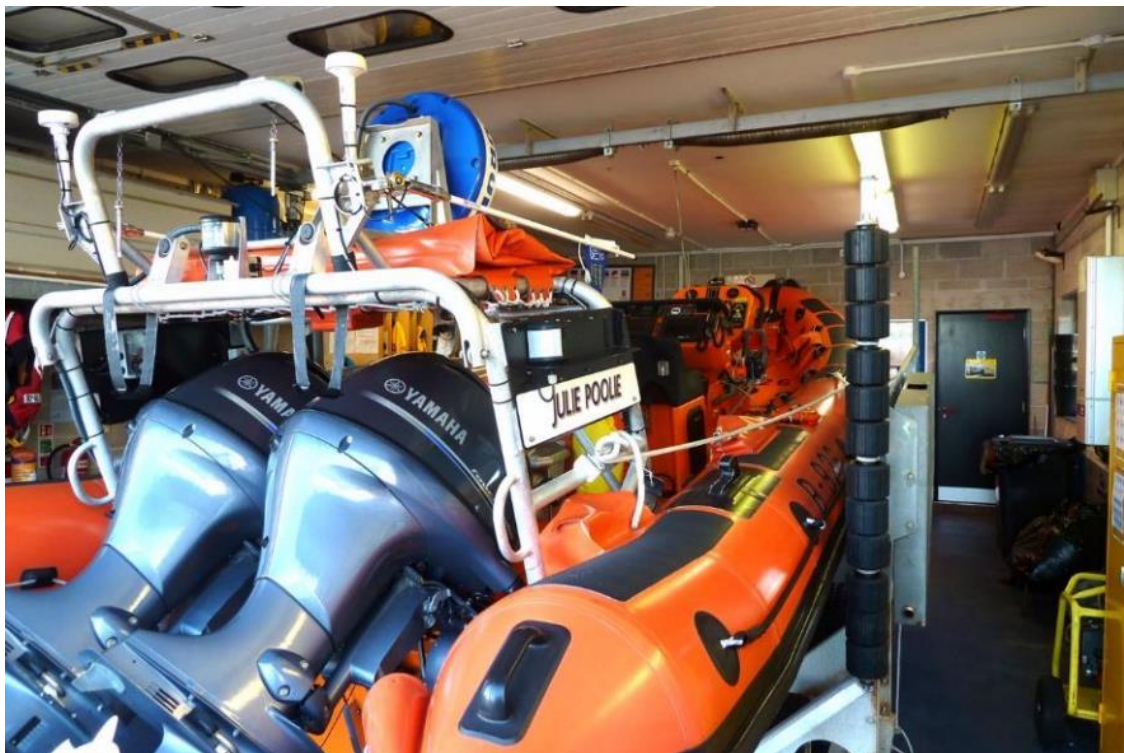
The Richard Cox Scott at its mooring



## Interior views of the Lifeboat



The Inshore lifeboat (RIB)



Adrian Rowlands  
All photography courtesy of Adrian Rowlands

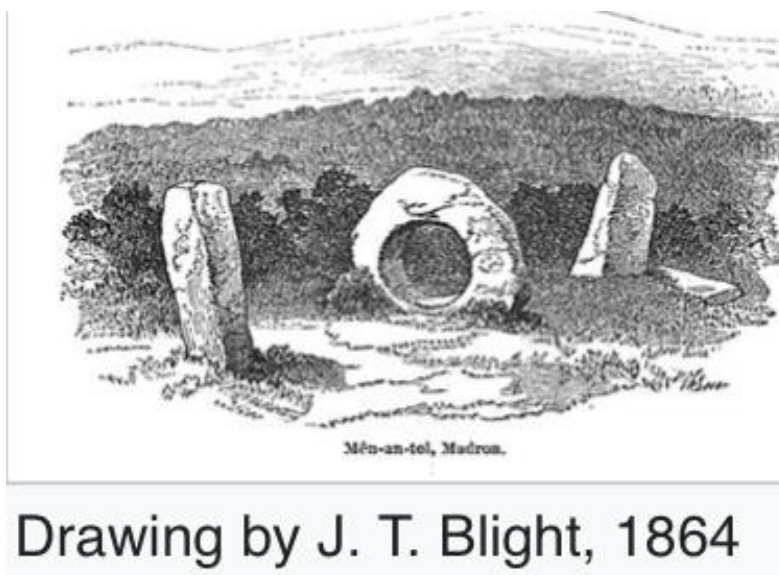
## Mên-an-Tol

The **Mên-an-Tol**, known locally as the Strick Stone, can be found close to the **Morvah to Madron Road** near **St Just in Penwith**. (*Ordnance Survey ref: SW 4264 3493*) It consists of a large stone, 4 feet in diameter, with a round 20 inch hole in the centre, two standing stones and one fallen stone. It is thought that there could have been 19 stones in total originally, forming a complete circle. They date from the late Neolithic/Early Bronze Age.



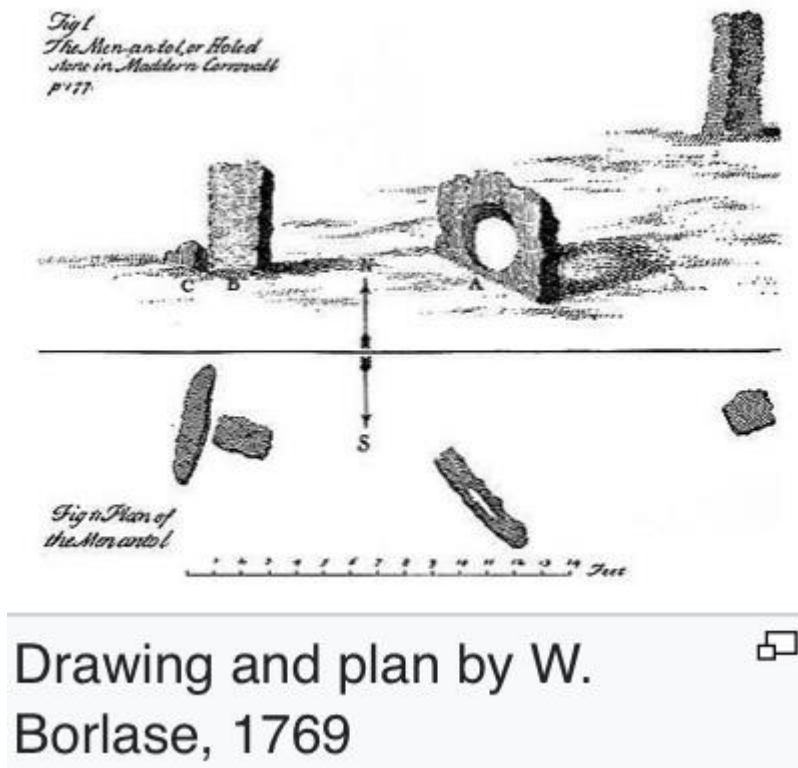
*Photo courtesy of Tripadvisor*

Along with other holed stones which have been found around West Penwith and also as far away as Orkney, the holes themselves are believed to have had religious or cultural significance. They may have served as entrances to barrows, been aligned with the rising sun or moon, or have had healing powers. One theory is that crawling through the hole anti-clockwise could cure afflictions as diverse as rickets, rheumatism, backache and scrofula. Children had to do this nine times for it to be successful.



*Courtesy of Wikipedia*

It has been suggested that the stones are no longer in their original position. In 1749 **William Borlase** undertook an investigation of the site and suggested that some of the stones had been removed by local farmers. Further drawings and descriptions were produced in 1864 by **J.T. Blight** and in 1872 by **William Copeland Borlase**, a descendant of the previous Borlase. The first modern archaeological report came in 1932, written by **Hugh O'Neil Hencken**, who also believed that the stones had originally formed part of a large circle. He believed the holed stone had been part of a tomb.



Courtesy of Wikipedia

The area around West Penwith has been inhabited for around 4,000 years and has “a greater concentration of archaeological and heritage sites than any other comparable site in Western Europe.” \* Quoits, Cairns, Iron Age hill forts, Romano-British enclosed farms and Bronze Age hut circles abound, along with the remains of a thriving mining industry in the form of engine houses and miners’ cottages. There is so much more to Cornwall than surfing and beautiful beaches, for those tourists and locals alike who take the time to venture in search of its history.

[\* Quote: National Character Areas]

Sue Hutt

Ref: [nationalcharacterareas.co.uk](http://nationalcharacterareas.co.uk)  
[megalithic.co.uk](http://megalithic.co.uk)  
[cornishancientsites.com](http://cornishancientsites.com)  
 Wikipedia

## Snowdrops



A bank of snowdrops at Coombe near St Stephen-in-Brannel

*Image courtesy of Sheila James*

Snowdrops are of course one of the most welcome signs of Spring. The snowdrop genus is relatively small although 25 species have been given the RHS's Award of Garden Merit. They are native to Europe and the Middle East from the Pyrenees in the west to Poland in the north and Turkey in the east. Once thought to have been brought to Britain by the Romans, it is now believed they arrived in the early 16th century, and were first recorded as naturalised in Worcestershire and Gloucestershire in 1770.

The genus name, *Galanthus*, from the Ancient Greek γάλα, meaning milk, and ἄνθος meaning flower, was assigned in 1753 although the flower had been known by various other names from much earlier times, including '*Fair Maids of February*' and '*White Ladies*'. Most flower in the winter or early spring although a few flower in the autumn. They thrive in woodland and shaded areas of gardens, although some are grassland or mountain species. They do not like dry sandy soil.

In many countries the gathering of the bulbs in the wild is illegal as their numbers have diminished due to climate change and loss of habitat, however they are not a protected species in the UK. They contain an active lectin or agglutinin known as GNA (*Galanthus nivalis agglutinin*) and it was suggested in 1983 that moly, the magical herb mentioned in **The Odyssey**, was the snowdrop. \* The alkaloid galantamine, an acetylcholinesterase inhibitor and present in the snowdrop, might have been an antidote to Circe's poisons. Interestingly, it has been suggested that it could be useful in the treatment of **Alzheimer's**. \*\*

Snowdrops were often seen as a symbol in religion of purity. They were associated with the festival of **Candlemas** on 2nd February, when young women would walk in procession to celebrate **The Purification of the Virgin**. They were also synonymous with hope and the return of Persephone from Hades and the arrival of spring with its new life connotations. More recently the snowdrop was adopted by the campaign to restrict the ownership of guns in the UK following the Dunblane massacre, where it was seen as a symbol both of sorrow and of hope.

Literature has also featured the snowdrop, notably in such tales as '*The Snowdrop*' by **Hans Christian Andersen**, where the flower struggles from its bulb towards the light, is picked and ends up pressed in a book, to a poem by **Walter de la Mare** of the same title and a Russian fairy tale '*The Twelve Months*' by **Samuil Marshak**.



*Image courtesy of Adrian Rowlands*

Music too has honoured the humble snowdrop, with **Tchaikovsky** including it in his 12 piano pieces each named after a month of the year. The sub name for April is the '*The Snow Drop*'. **Johann Strauss II** was inspired by the snowdrop to write the waltz Schneeglöckchen, or '*Snowdrops*'.

Who would have thought such a small flower could inspire so much; its early arrival in the year brings hope that the cold winter months will soon be over, the days will get longer and warmer and spring is on its way.

Sue Hutt

*Ref. Wikipedia*

*RHS*

*\*Andreas Plaitakis and Roger Duvoisin*

*\*\*Loy, C; Schneider, L (25 January 2006). "[Galantamine for Alzheimer's disease and mild cognitive impairment](#)". *Cochrane Database of Systematic Reviews*. 2009*

## Grave interests



Thomas James's gravestone

Walking through the graveyard at **Mylor Churchtown** I remembered a book I've had for many years called "**A small book of grave humour**" edited by **Fritz Spiegl**. It contains many amusing inscriptions on gravestones. Here are a couple:

**"HERE LIES LESTER MOORE FOUR SLUGS FROM A 44 NO LES NO MORE"**

"Sacred to the memory of **Major James Brush** who was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol by his orderly 14<sup>th</sup> April 1831 *well done good and faithful servant*"

Another inscription but I can't remember where I came across it, "Here lies **John Bunn** who was shot by a gun although his name was not Bunn but Wood but Wood would not rhyme with gun but Bunn would"



Joseph Crapp's gravestone

I noticed two gravestones in the graveyard at Mylor which interested me but unfortunately, they are well worn and difficult to decipher so I apologise if I misquote,

"In memory of **Thomas James** aged 35 who on the evening of the 8<sup>th</sup> December 1814 on his return to Flushing from St Mawes was in a boat was shot by a Custom house officer and expired a few hours after *Officious zeal in luckless hour laid wait and wilful sent the murderous ball of fate .....*"

I guess a rather typical Cornish sentiment in favour of smugglers and anti the revenue men.

The other gravestone is in memory of **Joseph Crapp** and sadly I can only make out part of it,

"His end was all most sudden ....., his foolish slip and he did fall help help he cries and that was all"

Jon Skelton

Both photos courtesy of Jon Skelton

## Monty's Tail – A cat's eye view



*Monty; one camouflaged cat*

Hello, my name's Monty, not Monty Don, although I do enjoy the garden where I live. There's a stream at the bottom and I catch lots of mice and the occasional rat, which end up in the stream after I've presented them to my owners.

I've shared my home with a human male and female since August 2015, when they were looking for an adult tom to replace their previous old tabby; he was found near the house by a neighbour, lying on the side of the lane. My humans had brought up plenty of kittens over the years, and didn't want to house-train any more.

At that time, I was lodging with a vet in Redruth. She did talks on Radio Cornwall and took in strays. I was quite skinny back then, as I was homeless; several kind people in the town had fed me, but didn't want to adopt me.

The vet thought I was about four years old. I'm a handsome ginger tom and my humans took a liking to me. When they told their friend Sheila, who usually fed their cat when they were away, she wasn't impressed: '*I don't like ginger toms*', she said. However, once Sheila set eyes on me it was love at first sight and we got on well, particularly as she gave me lots of (illegal) treats.

Being half wild it took me several months to realise just how comfy laps could be! Sheila tamed me and my human female was delighted when I first jumped up onto her lap. She wasn't quite so happy when I discovered some quiche she'd left on the kitchen worktop – once a scavenger - one has to survive. It's why my teeth are in poor condition, but they don't stop me eating.



*Monty; Hitching a ride*

Generally, though I've stayed healthy, except for having an infected cyst on my chest once. The (male) vet – wearing no PPE whatsoever – burst it and said it would cost nearly £300 to clean it and put stitches in. After some negotiation ('*I'm not paying that!*') I had the operation and my human female removed the sutures herself, saving yet another visit to the vet.

We're all growing old together now, keeping each other company through life's ups and downs. There's another lovely friend, Helen, who takes care of me when necessary (more treats, yum!) and I get on well with her cat, Eric. I soon polish off any grub he turns up his nose at.

Here endeth my tail (sorry, tale). Despite not having the best start in life – maybe my first owners dumped me, who knows? – I've had lots of good years here and let's hope we can all share some more in the future.

Sue Amer, my human female  
Photos of Monty courtesy of Sue Amer

## Creative writing: An unwelcome revelation

*“Horizon Employment Agency.”*

It was a woman’s voice – quite young, Freda thought. Already she was perspiring; she knew she was going against Brian’s instructions, and she didn’t like using the telephone anyway; but it *was* an emergency.

*“Err – this is Mrs. Slater. I need to talk to my husband.”*

*“I’m afraid staff members aren’t permitted to receive personal calls during working hours; in any event Mr. Slater isn’t in the office at the moment.”* The voice had transitioned from formal to frosty and become more distinctly middle class.

*“But it’s really important! My mother’s seriously ill – I have to go to her, so I won’t be here when he gets home.”*

There was an audible sigh. *“I can leave a message for him if you wish.”*

*“Yes – yes, please. Thank you.”*

The next Leeds train left at 11:30; she had two hours and a bit. Freda hurried to pack. In the bedroom she threw together some clothes, added her make-up and wash-bag and stuffed everything into the medium-sized suitcase. What else? Of course; she would need money. She opened her wardrobe and took the bank book from its hiding place under her smalls. But there was no time to go to the bank, and the couple of pounds in her handbag wouldn’t cover the fares. She knew Brian kept a little ‘reserve’ in his wardrobe; there was nothing for it but to borrow a little from that; if all went well, she could put it back before he noticed it had gone. But the wardrobe was always locked; where on earth might he have hidden the key? If it was on his key-ring then all was lost; it would be in his trouser pocket. *Think like Brian*, Freda told herself. Where would she never normally think of looking? In the garage? But that would mean him having to go out – maybe at night or in the rain. What about the boxroom? She spent twenty minutes hunting among the piled-up furniture and junk, and ended up hot, dusty and empty handed.

Back in the bedroom the alarm clock said five to ten; the bus to the station might take twenty minutes, so she didn’t have long. She would have loved a cup of tea - but suddenly a thought hit her; the tool drawer in the kitchen, where Brian kept pliers, screwdrivers, fuse wire, and the other things she didn’t know the names of. She almost slipped hurrying down the stairs; *this won’t do*, she thought, *I’ll be no good to anybody if I break my neck*. She opened the drawer and methodically removed its contents, laying them out on the lino as she went. Finally, the drawer was empty, but the key had not appeared. Sighing, she forced herself to put the items back in order; when most had been replaced, she picked up a small tin box. ‘Ogdens St. Bruno Ready Rubbed’ said the lid; on it was a sticky paper label - ‘BITS’. She pulled open the lid, and a faint smell of tobacco wafted out; inside were several metal rods with spiral grooves in them – and a key. Freda almost fainted with relief.

The wardrobe door opened smoothly and Freda assessed the contents; she went rapidly through the jacket pockets, blushing guiltily as she did so, and found nothing. The drawers were labelled – ‘Collars’, ‘Studs and Links’, ‘Socks’, ‘Shirts’, ‘Handkerchiefs’ and so on. She opened them in order moving downwards; when she got to ‘Miscellaneous’ she found a pullover she remembered last

seeing on the beach at Hastings two years ago. She laid it carefully on the carpet, and discovered the next layer of contents. She picked up a book, but it was in a foreign language, by somebody called 'Goethe'; she flicked through the pages and found a folded piece of paper with columns of numbers. Next was a little leather case, meant to hold a pass or licence she thought, but empty; there was a British coat of arms on the front, stamped in gold. She lifted a thick brown envelope, peeked inside and felt something like an electric shock. It was full of money – two fat wads of five-pound notes. Freda had never seen so much - there must be at least a thousand pounds, she guessed. Under the envelope was a green baize bag, closed with a drawstring; it felt heavy as she lifted it out, and when the contents thudded onto the carpet she rocked back on her heels with a gasp, staring at a shiny black automatic pistol and feeling the world shifting underneath her.

*U3a Carrick member writing as Warren Thorpe*

## Creative writing: Whoops!

Stella sat in the hairdressers studying herself in the mirror. She'd been told as a child she had good cheek bones and interesting eyes. A new chic cut and colour might be the next step. Something to draw a person's eyes to her face and away from the rest of her. She had tried over the years to keep in shape but her shape wasn't quite the one she had imagined. She sighed as she picked up the Woman's Magazine, turning the pages before she suddenly spotted the advert. The stylist had just gone to make her a cuppa so she quietly ripped the article out and popped it into her handbag.

Stella had been retired for a year but rather than getting everything in order like everyone seem to expect – house, garden, Will, - she had decided to use the first year of her retirement to tackle her bucket list.

She enjoyed randomly selecting things as she had decided she didn't need to follow a timetable now she was retired. OK, sometimes she had to plan and book in advance, theatre tickets, Flower Show, Ascot, but other things she could do spontaneously.

Number 12 on her list was to dine alone in a posh restaurant where she would flirt and bat her eyelids at waiters or other customers, regardless of them being in company. Who knew where that might lead?

Number 5 was a walk in her local park with a picnic and a book to record things she saw. Mmm, that had sounded ok when she had written the list but how boring, especially in her local park, where everyone knew everyone. What Stella wanted was adventurous happenings. Maybe when she tackled that one, she could do a streak across to the bandstand and see if anyone recognised her! Stella smiled. No, this '**Special Spa Day with a Difference**' sounded more up her street and a Spa Day had been on the list.

Stella decided this one needed some company for support and to confirm she had actually done it. She would ask her best mate Suzie. She would be game. Taking her mobile, she texted '*Hi Suzie. Are you free on the 18th June? Need your support for my next adventure! My treat.*' Stella xx'

At home she put the kettle on and took the advert from her bag. Good, the location was in the next county so not too far to travel or the risk of her knowing anyone.

Stella's mobile pinged. *'Yes, I'm free but need more details please?'* Taking a photo of the advert Stella sent it on its way. It took Suzie a little longer to reply to this but when she received a *'Yes'* followed by a shocked and smiling emoji she knew it was on.

Booking the event online was easy and Stella selected a treatment each, together with a lunch and glass to get them in the mood.

The 18th of June arrived and Stella collected Suzie in her little red MG sports car - the first item on the bucket list.

They chatted as they drove along, sharing what they had been up to and what they were expecting today. Stella and Suzie had known each other since Primary school so had no secrets and, although sometimes it was weeks between seeing each other, it always felt like yesterday once they started to chat.

The Regency Hotel looked rather grand and as they drove in they were guided to a space by the attendant whose smile seemed to slip a little as they got out of the car. Stella smiled and winked at him. He appeared to be expecting younger ladies but he quickly recovered himself and showed them in.

They confirmed their names at the desk before starting the course in the Hot Tub. There was a bar at the edge and they were able to start to relax and enjoy both the water jets and a glass of fizz. The session in the Hot Tub lasted long enough to have another glass before they looked at each other and started to grin.

*"sshhh"* Stella whispered, her fingers missing her lips *"or we won't be able to go on"*. They rose as lady like as possible and padded towards the changing rooms.

Suzie started to undress while Stella did the same, placing their clothes in a locker. *"Yes, everything off!"* they said together.

Stella looked down. Why did bits of her seem to be dropping and drooping, Maybe, she shouldn't have had the fizz? Ah, well, she thought, what was that saying? Everything goes south in the end!

They both turned towards the sauna door. Butt naked and ready to face the world Stella turned the handle and they stepped in. It was very hot and steamy. She took a cautious step forward and knocked into someone's knee.

*"sorry"* she said as she put her hand down, found a seat and started to glide across. She blinked as her eyes grew accustomed to the steam and looked around.

*"whoops"* Stella said as she turned towards Suzie *"I must have misread the advert"*

Everyone else in the sauna was wearing their swimwear.

## Creative writing: Lurking Death

A golden glow illuminated the evening sky; the sun was sinking; the moon rising. The alluring, jasmine scented air combined with happy noises wafting from nearby gardens as families and friends gathered for evening barbeques. Many exclaimed and turned to comment on the remarkable skyscape.

It was a tranquil suburban summer evening until, as the parish church clock struck six, all ambiance shattered. A piercing scream and howling sirens intruded. It was almost obscene. Every eye turned to the community pool.

Heart racing with infused adrenaline DCI Mary Majestic strode to the scene whilst struggling to damp down her dread. She had seen her fair share of crime scenes but the sight before her was shocking. A huge crowd was gathered, and she pushed her way through yelling,

*'Police! Make way, step back. EVERYONE!' and more loudly, 'Now! Move away now!'*

Floating motionless was the lifeless body of Ryan Madison, a popular and well-respected local philanthropist. The vivid turquoise of the illuminated pool contrasted sharply with the chalk-white of his skin now crudely encircled by a bloom of scarlet. His right arm lay close by attached to his inert body by a flimsy piece of fabric, its yellow, green and orange stripes creating a rainbow effect in the water.

The pool, a triumph of community fund raising and Ryan's organisational skill, was transformed from a symbol of pleasure and fun into a scene of horror. Mary called the whispering crowd to order, her constables herding them and installing blue tape to secure the crime scene.

Questions began. Stories emerged. Witnesses described a wild evening party to celebrate Ryan's recent business success; the opening of a new eco-environment wild-life sanctuary and his plans for another in the neighbouring county. Then hints of a bitter quarrel with his business partner Juliet surfaced. She accused him of over-investment and berated him about another ambitious idea which would collapse and fail. Of course, everyone knew that Juliet's temper erupted like Vesuvius when alcohol was in the equation. Then Mark revealed that his partner Diana had been seen flirting with Ryan hours before his death and had flounced away rebuffed and furious.

DCI Mary Majestic found herself negotiating a labyrinth of lies and prejudice, jealousy and resentment and floundering in the murky depths of human emotion. There was no doubt of Ryan's philanthropy, and that most of the community were rallying behind their fallen star. As possible motives and suspects emerged, all was not as it seemed but Mary had no clear leads or evidence. She was tense and worried knowing that a lengthy investigation reduced her chances of pinning down the culprit. Ryan's murderer could abscond.

Everything changed with two unexpected breaks.

First a confession. A tearful Juliet called and speaking through gulping sobs described a quarrel beside the pool with Ryan that evening. She had been angry and ended by shoving him very hard so that he toppled into the gleaming water. She knew he could swim and had walked away without a

backward glance glad to have punished him. The thought that she'd murdered him almost drove her crazy with guilt. Owning up was the only way to salve her conscience.

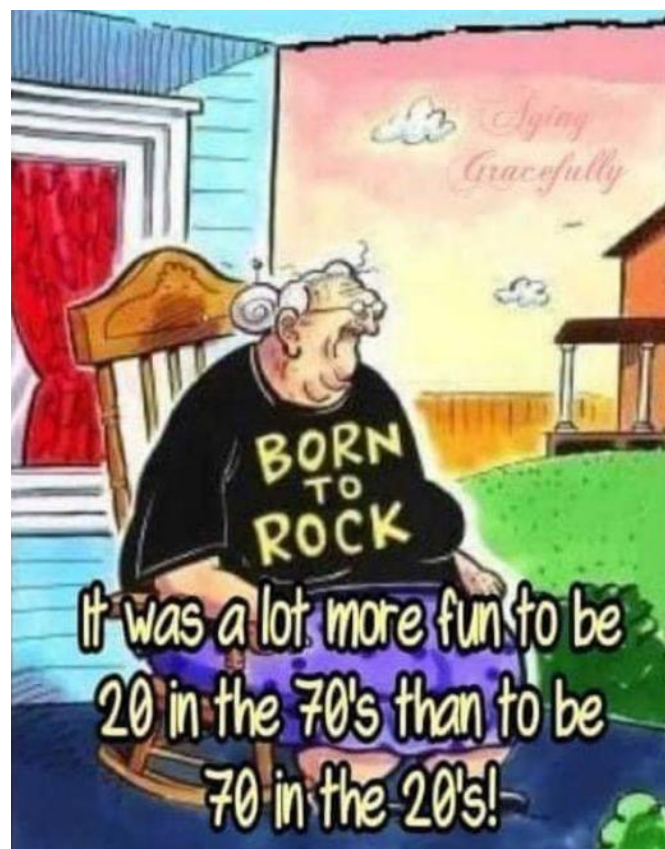
Next forensics and an autopsy revealed the true cause of Ryan's demise. That he had hit his head was obvious, but it didn't kill him or even render him unconscious. He had been chewed by an alligator which had escaped from his own wild-life park. Ryan had visited the park immediately prior to the party. Having already imbibed several glasses of celebratory champagne Ryan carelessly left the enclosure unsecured. The beast had headed for the nearest water and slunk under the rock collection which had been artfully installed in its centre as a decorative sunbathing spot. Playfully the alligator had tugged at his arm which was severed during the game. Poor Ryan had in fact died of a heart attack.

It would be too much for anyone especially Ryan with his high blood pressure and artery narrowing cholesterol.

Juliet on discovering the sheer horror of hideous possibilities she so narrowly avoided and in sympathy with Ryan collapsed distraught in a faint of horror. Fortunately, Juliet's cholesterol was low and her blood pressure normal and she survived to tell the tale.

They shot the alligator which was sad for it was only having fun and hated being in captivity in Ryan's wild-life sanctuary instead of gliding about the everglades of Florida.

© Janet Anderson-Kaye



Courtesy of Facebook

## Quiz

### History - which monarch was on the throne at the time of

1. The Battle of Waterloo
2. The Peasants' Revolt
3. The birth of Shakespeare
4. The outbreak of WW1
5. The death of Charles Dickens
6. The sealing of the Magna Carta
7. The battle of Agincourt
8. The act of Union between England and Scotland
9. The closure of Ellis Island immigration centre
10. The arrival of 103 pilgrims at Plymouth Rock
11. Macbeth being killed by Duncan
12. The debut of Bugs Bunny
13. The birth of Leonardo da Vinci
14. The birth of Joan of Arc
15. Niagara Falls running dry due to drought

### In which American state are the following?

1. Dolly Parton's Dollywood
2. Fort Knox
3. Mount Rushmore
4. Hollywood Walk of Fame
5. John F Kennedy Space Center
6. Latter Day Saints Conference Center
7. Birthplace of Elvis Presley
8. The White House
9. Birthplace of Barack Obama
10. The landing place of The Mayflower in 1620

### Anagrams of dogs

1. Negodl eeitrrvre
2. Whoc owch
3. Lolice
4. Eeirrltwto
5. Goirc
6. Lgrnmoe
7. Cjka Llusser
8. Oueydnhrq
9. Eatrg nade
10. Aaaintmld

[Answers on page 25](#)

# Picture Quiz: English Castles



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



11



12



13



14



15



16

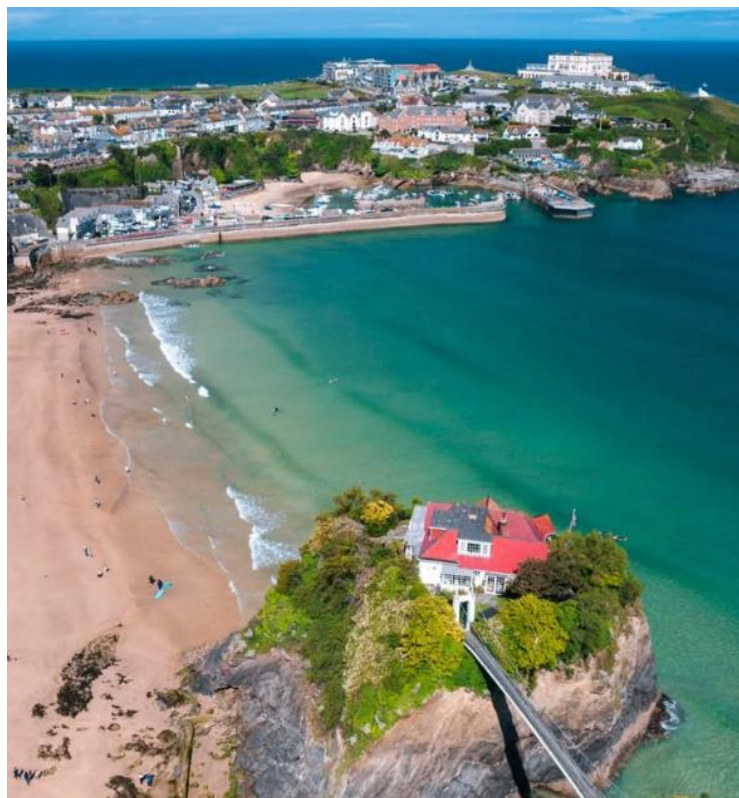
[Answers on page 30](#)

## Drones

While drones may seem to be the stuff of science fiction to many of us, the reality is that they are here to stay and will become an increasingly important part of our lives in the not too distant future. Trials are already underway to use drones to deliver parcels including lifesaving medicines. The only limits at the moment are the weight of the package and the durability of the battery powering the drone. Fitting them with cameras can be seen as potentially being very intrusive, but the photographs produced have provided us with some stunning images from very different angles.



*Courtesy of Timeless UK stories*



*Courtesy of Cornish Drone photography*

The longest flight times for a drone are around 25 minutes, and they can reach heights of up to 400 feet, although extreme care has to be taken in high winds as the drone can be blown off course and run out of battery. Commercial drone companies have to undertake risk assessments before any flight, including meteorological reports, airspace restrictions and safe take-off and landing spots.



*Courtesy of Cornish DronePhotography*

The coastline around Cornwall provides some of the most dramatic scenery for both commercial and amateur drone fliers. Do any Carrick u3a members own a drone? This could be a fascinating new group, if anyone is interested in setting it up. The usual rules apply - put an advert in the newsletter to see if there are fellow enthusiasts out there, or contact Patsy Ross, our groups coordinator, if you need help or advice.

Sue Hutt

## Cornwall Council News

### Cornwall's Gritters

Mevagritty has been named Cornwall's favorite gritter after a competition to name the Council's fleet of salt-spreading vehicles. With over 2,700 votes cast, we can reveal our gritter names and the routes they will serve.

---

Name	Route number	Name	Route number
<u>Humphreeze Davy</u>	1	<u>Choughed to Grits</u>	14
<u>South Frosty</u>	2	<u>The Beast of Bodmin</u>	15
<u>Hayle Storm</u>	3	<u>Demeltza</u>	16
<u>RNAS Cold Nose</u>	4	<u>Daphne du Meltier</u>	17
<u>Gritchard Trevithick</u>	5	<u>The Gritterman's Friends</u>	18
<u>Spreadruth</u>	6	<u>Sir Grit-A-Lot</u>	19
<u>Gurt Licker the Gritter</u>	7	<u>Crimp my ride</u>	20
<u>Wheal Gritty</u>	8	<u>Dreckly me 'ansum</u>	21
<u>Shiverton Cross</u>	9	<u>Kernow bys grittin</u>	22
<u>Jam First</u>	10	<u>Salty McSaltash</u>	23
<u>Salt Piran</u>	11	<u>Salty Maid</u>	24
<u>Proper Job</u>	12	<u>Gryttin Da!</u>	25
<u>Mevagritty</u>	13		

*Courtesy of Cornwall Council & Facebook*



### Grit spreading routes & their gritters

*Courtesy of [cornwall.gov.uk](http://cornwall.gov.uk)*

**Editor's comment:** In Carrick we appear to be served principally by **Jam First**. As Gurt Licker the Gritter, Wheal Gritty & Shiverton Cross don't appear on the map perhaps they operate solely on the A30 as this is our only major trunk road. Good luck spotting any of them.

## Look who has been spotted in Ponsanooth!



One of our eagle-eyed members spotted this life size image of Mr Bean in the window of one of the houses on Kennall Vale in Ponsanooth and thought they would like to share it.

## Quiz answers

### History - which monarch was on the throne at the time of

- |   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| 1. The Battle of Waterloo                         | George III           |
| 2. The Peasants' Revolt                           | Richard II           |
| 3. The birth of Shakespeare                       | Elizabeth I          |
| 4. The outbreak of WW1                            | George V             |
| 5. The death of Charles Dickens                   | Victoria             |
| 6. The sealing of the Magna Carta                 | John                 |
| 7. The battle of Agincourt                        | Henry V              |
| 8. The act of Union between England and Scotland  | Anne                 |
| 9. The closure of Ellis Island immigration centre | Elizabeth II         |
| 10. The arrival of 103 pilgrims at Plymouth Rock  | James I              |
| 16. Macbeth being killed by Duncan                | Edward the Confessor |
| 17. The debut of Bugs Bunny                       | George VI            |
| 18. The birth of Leonardo da Vinci                | Henry VI             |
| 19. The birth of Joan of Arc                      | Henry IV             |
| 20. Niagara Falls running dry due to drought      | Edward VII           |

### In which American state are the following?

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Dolly Parton's Dollywood                    | Tennessee  |
| 2. Fort Knox                                   | Kentucky   |
| 3. Mount Rushmore                              | South Dakota   |
| 4. Hollywood Walk of Fame                      | California   |
| 5. John F Kennedy Space Center                 | Florida  |
| 6. Latter Day Saints Conference Center         | Utah   |
| 7. Birthplace of Elvis Presley                 | Mississippi  |
| 8. The White House                             | Washington DC ( <i>not in any of the 50 states</i> ) |
| 9. Birthplace of Barack Obama                  | Hawaii   |
| 10. The landing place of The Mayflower in 1620 | Massachusetts  |

### Anagrams of dogs

- |                      |                  |
|----------------------|------------------|
| 1. Negodl eei trrvre | Golden Retriever |
| 2. Whoc owch         | Chow Chow        |
| 3. Lolice            | Collie           |
| 4. Eeirrltwto        | Rottweiler       |
| 5. Goirc             | Corgi            |
| 6. Lgrnmoe           | Mongrel          |
| 7. Cjka Llusser      | Jack Russell     |
| 8. Oueydnhrq         | Greyhound        |
| 9. Eatrg nade        | Great Dane       |
| 10. Aaaintmld        | Dalmatian        |

## Picture Quiz answers



Leeds castle



Warwick Castle



Windsor Castle



Dover Castle



Durham castle



Bamburgh Castle



Bodiam Castle



Carisbrooke Castle



Bolsover Castle



Oxford Castle



Arundel Castle



Nottingham Castle



Launceston Castle



Restormel Castle

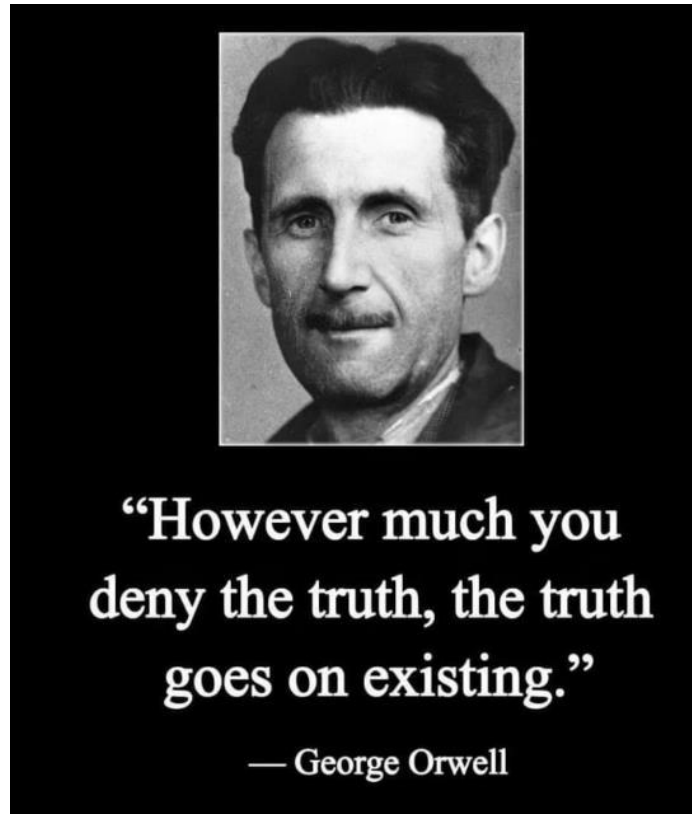


Pendennis Castle

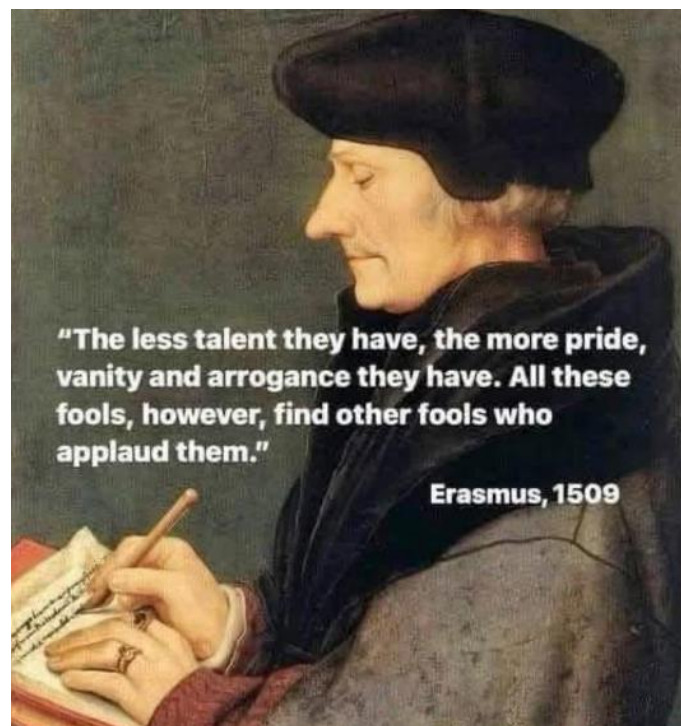


St Mawes Castle

## Thoughts for the day



*Courtesy of The Stoicism Digest*



*Courtesy of Facebook*

## Carrick Argus: Contact details

We look forward to receiving your letters and any other contributions you may like to offer such as quizzes, articles, and short stories by email to [carrickargus2017@gmail.com](mailto:carrickargus2017@gmail.com)

**Deadline for next issue – Monday 24<sup>th</sup> February 2025**

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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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