

The Carrick Argus

Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news

Issue no 99

March 2025



Coleton Fishacre Drawing Room

By David Ackroyd

An entry for the 2024 Photography Competition

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Editorial

How lovely it has been over the last few days to enjoy some winter sunshine, after prolonged cold then wet spells. The gardens are looking lovely and the gardeners amongst us can start our sowing regime. There are still places available on the trip to the **Duchy nurseries** and **Charlestown** on **Tuesday 11th March**, so if you are interested, please contact **Lesley Vingoe** at LaV@u3acarrick.org.uk as soon as possible.

Further trips are planned, including one to the **Flora Day** in **Helston**. This is a great way to enjoy the spectacle without having to worry about parking. Further details from Lesley Vingoe and in the newsletter. **Wendy Forman** has kindly volunteered to organise a visit to the newly refurbished **Hall for Cornwall**, with the opportunity to go backstage. Please contact her directly if you would like to be included. Details again are in the newsletter.

As usual at this time of year there is an appeal for members to come forward to help run Carrick u3a. At least two of the long-standing members of the committee will be standing down next year and it is crucial that some people step up to take their places, or our great organisation will cease to exist. Application forms were in March's newsletter and need to be returned to **Gillian Davies**, our secretary, along with a brief resumé of who you are, and preferably a photo, which will go in the next newsletter. Please consider standing, it is not onerous, we meet on Saturday mornings, once a month.

Advance notice- The committee is holding a meeting for **new members** on **Saturday 22nd March** at **Kea Community Centre at 10.30**. This will be a chance to get to know more about Carrick u3a and what is on offer. Anyone who has joined this year is welcome to attend, invitations will be sent out from our membership secretary **Bob Williams** via Beacon. Group Leaders are also invited to come along and it is hoped as many of you as possible can join us.

Sue Hutt
Editor

Book Review: TRELAWNY'S CORNWALL

A Journey Through Western Lands by Petroc Trelawny

Pub: Weidenfeld & Nicholson 2024

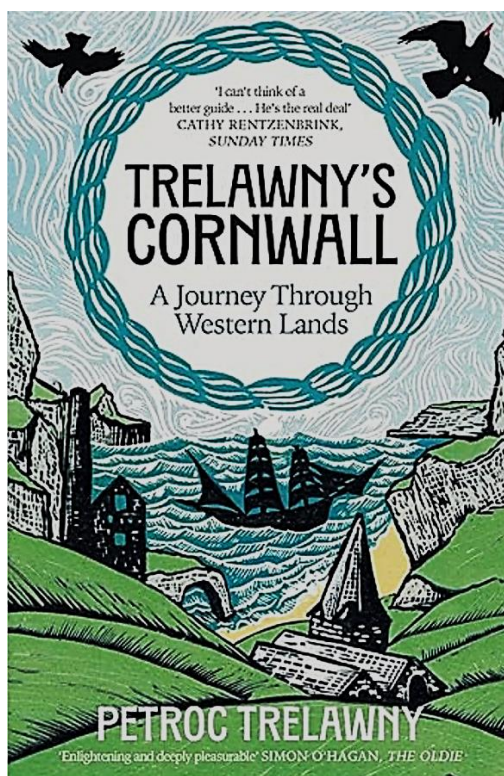


Image courtesy of Amazon Books

'It is late evening at Paddington Station. The daily drama that fills Brunel's theatrically triple-arched train shed is slowing down for another day. Soon just one express train will remain – the Night Riviera to Penzance. I will be on Cornish soil by 6am next morning, after crossing Brunel's Royal Albert Bridge.'

This evocative opening to a fascinating biography grabbed my attention, as I'd love to travel on that line. Even after watching a recent TV drama about a night train being hijacked, I agreed with Petroc's statement, *'It was the idea of the night train that thrilled me most, although St Martin, my home village on the Lizard Peninsula, was not the best place for a train-loving boy to grow up.'*

Sadly, he lost his mother when he was 12. The last time he saw her was as she took the sleeper to London for an operation for cancer.

Petroc's love of Cornwall shines through this absorbing account of his childhood. When he left home at 18 to start work in Exeter as a trainee broadcaster at BBC Radio Devon he suffered badly from homesickness. Although his career took off and he later travelled to Hong Kong and London, he always remained proud of his Cornish roots. He was hurt when his Trelawny credentials were questioned, and it made him wonder how Cornish he really was. After his father's funeral he decided to stay in Coverack for a while and reclaim his Cornishness by travelling through the Cornish hinterland.



Petroc Trelawny

Photo courtesy of The Daily Telegraph

Born in **Worcester**, his family moved to **St Martin** when he was five. The house had belonged to his grandparents. *'It was a large cottage built of stone topped with cob, the traditional Cornish building material: four parts subsoil, three parts straw and one part water.'* His grandfather had rented the cottage from Sir Courtenay Vyvyan, of Trelowarren. Exploring the locality nearby, I was struck by his description of the Helford River: *'It is low tide, and I look out over a mass of oozing milk-chocolate coloured mud; a home to tube and peacock worms, cockles, razor clams and sea slugs.'*

Petroc attended the old grammar school in **Helston** and when he was 17, he took part in the famous Flora Day activities, dressed as the Town Crier. Rooted in an ancient fertility festival, Flora Day is celebrated enthusiastically. The Town Band play the well-known tune nearly 1,000 times for various groups to dance to. The dance was also used to celebrate the defeat of Napoleon and the coronation of Queen Victoria.

Petroc gained work experience with the media via the West Briton newspaper offices and Television South West in **Plymouth**. His first broadcasts were for the hospital radio station in **Penzance**. He passed 6 'O' Levels, including English and Drama, and he's certainly got a way with words; take this account of watching ITV with a neighbour in his village, for example. *'Her small black-and-white portable set was powered by a 12-volt car battery. In the breaks she would pour us tea from a pot warming on her Cornish range, an all-purpose stove that hungrily consumed its fuel by the bucketload.'*

His father, like mine, refused to have a TV and we also *'got our news and entertainment from the radio'*. The village school had a large radio and the pupils joined in 'Singing Together'. One of his babysitters brought her own portable TV and they would watch a 'Carry On' film.

Petroc remembers, as I do, the daily sonic boom of Concorde as the flight to New York rattled roof tiles, *'whilst below, in St Martin, there were still people living without electricity.'*

RNAS Culdrose, the major Cold War military base, was barely two miles from the village. It was then the largest helicopter base in Western Europe and several pilots lived in St Martin. The village PO had an air raid siren to give a warning *'in the event of imminent nuclear attack'*.

When Petroc was growing up Methodism was still strong. John Wesley visited the county 32 times and even reached Scilly. Over one thousand chapels were built, with some villages having more than one, as until unification in 1932 Methodism was a series of different sects. I often pass the former Quenchwell Chapel at **Carnon Downs**; this is now used by Muslims, of which there are around 2,000 in Cornwall. Many other former chapels have been converted into private houses.

It's not only religious buildings that have closed their doors. Several lifeboat houses have also shut, including at **Coverack**; that opened in 1901, mainly due to the famous shipwreck of the SS Mohegan on the Manacles in 1989.

The National Coast Watch lookout at Nare Point was built by the MoD as part of a torpedo-testing range that was in use until 1993. *'In WW2 Nare was the location of a series of decoy sites designed to stop bombing raids on Falmouth docks. The idea was that German pilots would be confused by lights there and bomb undeveloped coastline rather than the port.'*

Falmouth has had shipyards since the late 1660s. The GPO's Packet Ships started carrying international mail from there in 1689, which continued for 162 years. There's a 38' high monument on The Moor in the town honouring all those who served on those ships.

'No longer a centre of global trade, Falmouth became a place for discerning shoppers.' Its M&S store, the first in the county, opened in 1933 but closed in 2019. However, three dry docks ensure the town carries on with ship repair work. My husband was the Training Manager there for several years, when Peter De Savary owned the business.

Cornwall continued to be *'a hub of international communication with undersea cables at Porthcurno, wireless masts at Poldhu, and vast dishes staring into outer space' on Goonhilly Downs. At Bass Point, Lloyd's Signal Station operated a telegraph station for shipping for nearly 70 years. In 1901 Marconi received a signal on his radio equipment at Poldhu from the Isle of Wight; later that year he achieved his first successful wireless transmission across the Atlantic'.*

Goonhilly's satellite station's control tower was built in the early 1960s. A school trip there inspired Petroc's interest in broadcasting. *'The thought that we could watch pictures of space shuttles and the Olympic Games from Moscow and Los Angeles landing from space a mile from my bedroom seemed mind-blowing. I built a TV studio in the old army hut that was my playroom, with cardboard box cameras, obsessed with the idea of capturing information. It was the beginning of a journey that advanced to hospital radio and school video productions, relief stints presenting at the commercial radio station Plymouth Sound, and finally to employment with the BBC.'*

At aged 16, when helping out at weekends at **Radio Cornwall**, Petroc met the folk singer **Brenda Wooton**, who presented 'Sunday Best'. He recalls that *'she gave us Cornishmen new confidence, encouraging us to enjoy and rejoice in our heritage. Her lyrics were comforting, praising the beauty of the landscape, reflecting the pain of departure and celebrating great figures of Cornish history.'*

Petroc's experience of live classical music was mainly limited to concerts performed by musicians from the International Musicians Seminar at **Prussia Cove**. His mother took him to the tiny chapel in nearby Trelowarren House to hear string quartets.

Whilst living at **St Merryn** the composer **Malcolm Arnold** wrote '*The Padstow Lifeboat*' for the opening of a new RNLI boathouse and slipway at Trevoze Head, both of which I've visited. Arnold became a Bard of the Cornish Gorsedd in 1969.

As a '*dreamy young teenager*', Petroc visited Plymouth with his brother Johnny. The city '*had a sense of glamour distinctly lacking*' in their native county. Also lacking was a 'proper theatre', so they enjoyed going to the Theatre Royal Plymouth where he saw Danny La Rue, Harry Worth, Terry Scott and Les Dawson in pantomime. There were school trips to see the RSC, and musicals such as 'South Pacific' kick-started his love of musical theatre.

This well-researched book is a gentle meander down Cornish highways and byways, some more well known than others. One story I hadn't heard before was of **William Godolphin's** company of miners that he took from west Cornwall to France in 1544. There they brought about the end of the Siege of Boulogne by digging tunnels under the castle walls. Four years later, '*his loyalty to the government surely helped him when he applied for a lease to farm the Isles of Scilly; his descendants continued to hold the title Governor of Scilly until 1834.*'

There were many things I could identify with in Petroc's ramblings, such as Trelowarren House, where I stayed and also went to some meetings and concerts in the beautiful chapel. I liked his description of '*the art-deco saltwater lido in Penzance gleaming in the morning sun*', where I've had several relaxing dips in the geothermal pool.

The only thing I felt this book lacked was an Index, to help the reader discover even more about Petroc's beloved county of Cornwall.

Sue Amer



Courtesy of Facebook

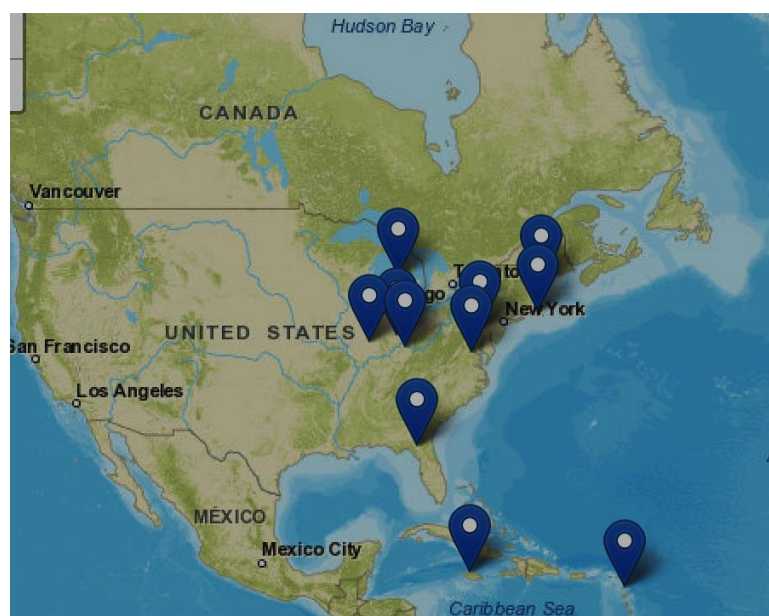
Towns around the world with Cornish names

As any resident of Cornwall will know, the county was once famous for its tin and copper mines, which had led in the 17th and early 18th centuries to it being one of the richest parts of England. Although its mining heritage is still evident in the abandoned engine houses which litter the countryside, mining eventually became unprofitable and many miners were left with the stark choice of starvation or emigration. Farmers, preachers and domestic servants also joined the exodus across the seas.



Places called Truro in North America

Some went to Peru, Chile, Mexico or to North America, others to Australia and Africa where their skills were much in demand. Places across the globe show evidence of where they settled. There are places called **Truro** in Nova Scotia, Massachusetts, Ohio, North Dakota, Iowa, Illinois, Jamaica and Australia; ones called **Falmouth** in Kentucky, Maine, Massachusetts, Florida, Indiana, Michigan, Pennsylvania, Virginia and Jamaica.



Places called Falmouth in North America

There is a **Penzance** in Saskatchewan, Arizona and Western Australia, a **Penryn** in California and a **Looe** in the Philippines. People from **Newlyn** made it to Victoria, Australia, and some from **Redruth** to Southern Australia and Timaru in New Zealand.



Places called Bude in Africa

Cambornians arrived in Ontario, British Columbia and New Zealand while ones from the **Lizard** settled in Queensland. **Bude** remains the most popular town across the world, with 6 towns in Africa, including Uganda, Ethiopia, Nigeria and Guinea-Bissau as well ones in Moldova, Romania, China and America. Quite why remains something of a mystery; Bude of course was an important port for smaller vessels rather than a mining area and the workers who descended on the town to build the canal would presumably have had to move on once it was complete. These examples are by no means the only ones that exist.

The one place which is named after somewhere abroad is **Flushing**. It was given its name by Dutch engineers who built the quays in the village. The town of Vlissingen in The Netherlands had been referred to as Flushing by English traders and the area of Queens, New York, was originally a Dutch settlement known as Vlissingen. When the English traders arrived, they shortened the name to Vlissing, which eventually became Flushing. Michigan and Ohio also have villages called Flushing.

While towns such as **Birmingham** and **Manchester** exist elsewhere in the world, it would seem that Cornwall's towns have given their names to many more places relative to the size of the county, a tribute perhaps to the bravery of those Cornish men and women who left their homes and families to travel the world in search of work and a better life. They not only took their place names; they also took their pasty recipes and this traditional Cornish food can still be found as far away as Australia and Peru. Methodist chapels were built by the settlers, and traditions such as brass bands, rugby union and wrestling continued in their new communities.

In Grass Valley, California, there is a Cornish Carol Choir, some of whose members are descendants of the original Cornish miners who settled there. Some of the inhabitants of **Tangier Island** in Virginia, originally a fishing area, have Cornish accents apparently even after all this time. It has been estimated that around 250,000 Cornish men and women emigrated between 1850 and 1901.

Sue Hutt

All images courtesy of geotargit.com

Ref. geotargit.com

*Institute of Cornish Studies- The Cornish Diaspora
Wikipedia*

The Cornish Diaspora

Emigration in the 19th and early 20th century of Cornish miners, domestic servants, farm workers, general labourers and even telegraph workers was so widespread that many Cornish towns had two or three agencies providing travel information and arrangements for those people seeking a better life overseas.



Courtesy of Nostalgic Camborne

Tickets were sold on behalf of shipping companies and numbers leaving the county were huge. This postcard from the **Paddy Bradley collection** reportedly shows “a weekly departure” from **Redruth** station of miners going to the **Transvaal**. Those departing often sent money home to families left behind to save them from starvation. Sums of up to £1,000,000 were allegedly sent from the Transvaal alone.

Whether it was South Africa, South America, Mexico, New Zealand or any of the other countries to which the Cornish emigrated, they were able to join Cornish communities already settled there, which would have made the leaving of their homes easier. A few returned, providing valuable information on the availability of jobs and accommodation to the next generations of Cornish emigrants.

Adrian's Pick of the Month part 1

Looking forward to summer, looking back at '24







All images courtesy of Carrick u3a Photography group

Creative writing: The body in the Pool

After a wet summer, a prompt to write on the body in the pool and a recommendation to read Crow by Ted Hughes

This Poem is dedicated to Nigel

This summer someone offered poetry to read

Simple title

Shoulda been easy

I woulda thought

Simple order

From Waterstones

Despatched brown boxed

Lovely cover

Fingertipped touched the hardback

Smooth delight promised

Poetical flair like Milligan

I hoped

Flatly stiff on the hall table

Hughes awaited his fate

"Not yet" I guilted

As I went to bed

"Not yet" as I breakfast with guests

Sat in the rain again

Mutant muesli and granite granola

Too long go home "Please"

Aghast August lasts

Forever despite precipitation and gale

Whilst Ted snoozes

Not yet read

Strictly September slops slowly

Across the threshold of Autumn

And a hot bath is run for a cold

Which lingers

Covid or Corvid is the question

I ask

Swallowed by bubbles in a

Literary cauldron

*Book cracks creaks open
I sink shoulder warm
And dive into
Crow's black verse on white page*

*No rules I've been told
Freeform or free fall, I forget
Wishing for a constitution
Or terms of reference*

*Eyes tire, brain sighs
Hugging Hughes coaxing comprehension
I fail
And fall asleep*

*Hughes is a stayer
Stuck fast in slumberous grasp
Till Crow crows
Twitching elbow sudden like*

*And a famous poet drowns in
An Ideal Standard of Perfect White
The body in the pool
Floating face down dead in flight*

*Dried crumpled crispy Crow
Lies hunched rippled rogue
On the kitchen island
Ted, dead, still unread.*

Karen La Borde

Creative writing: After the Deluge

"Better get a wriggle on, lads, it'll be dark by seven", Matthew Credland called to the dredger's crew. The three men climbed in turn down the ladder into the soggy boat and rowed off towards the rough wooden staging two hundred yards upstream. None of them were very keen to return to Mrs. Tranter's chilly boarding house, ("No Animals, No Visitors, No Alcohol") but wandering through this featureless landscape on a dark February night was equally uninviting. Credland climbed the steps to the open bridge, where he was joined by his Engineer. Behind them wisps of smoke from the banked-down boiler fires rose languidly into the rapidly-cooling air, accompanied by a gentle hiss of escaping steam.

"All tiddly, Dan?" he asked.

Daniel Thornton removed a Capstan Full Strength from his mouth, and expelled a streamer of smoke. *“Aye – condenser return’s still blowing a bit, but nowt we can’t live with.”* He rolled his shoulders to ease the ache in his back; the engine-room was cramped, and he was not getting any younger. *“Not a bad night, though.”*

Credland nodded; the chilly northerly breeze had died as the day waned, and the clouds had disappeared. He looked around; the sun was just touching the horizon, and its last rays illuminated the red brick of Grimsby Hydraulic Tower three miles across the Humber as though it was a piece of stage scenery. All around them the flat land that had once produced plentiful wheat harvests was a drab monochrome expanse; the only sign of human life was a pair of deserted cottages further up the creek, and inland, a concrete anti-aircraft tower, a relic of the battle against the Nazi bombers. The January floods had done a thorough job of obliterating all colour, until the rains might wash away the deep layer of silt covering the fields. He glanced around them; the dredger swung slowly from side to side in the current, and in the silence, he could hear the gentle chuckle of the water as it flowed past the vessel’s bow, punctuated by the occasional clink from the chains which led to the anchors. They’d be snug enough for the night, tucked away in the creek, especially since Credland had taken the precaution of dredging out their own berth here before starting on their official task of deepening the inshore channel.

A naïve observer, seeing two men of a similar age and appearance leaning together on the bridge rail taking in the view, might have assumed that they were old friends, comfortable in each other’s company. But it is not just long acquaintance that produces such an effect; necessity, properly managed, can do the same. In point of fact, they were almost strangers; two months back Matthew Credland had been semi-retired, and Daniel Thornton had lately emerged from Armley jail after serving five years for manslaughter. The desperate need to combat the worst effects of the East Coast floods had brought the two together as the dragnet for skilled labour swept through the waterfront.

Thornton took a last drag and flicked his cigarette-end over the side. *“I’ll get the stove going.”*

Credland lingered for a while, staring into the west. *Grace always liked a nice sunset, he thought, especially over the sea.* He chuckled to himself, *well technically this one’s probably over Goole, but it’s the thought that counts.* Then he climbed down to the saloon, where the lamps were lit and the stove was beginning to throw out heat.

“Bacon sandwich?” asked Thornton.

Credland smiled. *“Aye – go on then.”*

U3a Carrick member writing as Warren Thorpe

Creative writing: Jeremy's Shopped

Jeremy hated shopping and did as little as possible. He was a dab-hand at getting himself invited to dinner with friends, which cut down on the foraging. The favours were returned by hosting intimate soirees for small groups of friends, at his favourite restaurant.

It was at one of his soirees that he met Judith, the sister-in-law of his close friend Hugh. Hugh had a perfectly nice wife named Gwen, but on this occasion, she was indisposed. Jeremy suspected, from past experience, that Gwen was somewhat inebriated. He was very happy to meet Judith; he put her in her early forties, well-groomed, a warm, outgoing personality with a beautiful smile.

They discovered that they had something in common. Jeremy told the assembled company that both Judith and he were DNYHA-ers. He pronounced it Deniers. After a few guesses at the acronym, some rather vulgar, he told the assembled company that it stood for, *'Divorced, not yet hitched again.'* There was a burst of raucous laughter. Before the end of the evening, Jeremy had received an invitation from Judith for dinner at her home, the following week.

He was out of practice when it came to buying gifts for a hostess, and left it until the last minute.

He hurried off to his local supermarket with a list. He loathed the place. Those awful uniforms, the overly bright lights, the wilful trolleys, and the overwhelming array of goods to choose from, all jangled his nerves to shreds. He retrieved his list from his pocket. The Prosecco was easy. He grabbed the most expensive bottle, a very healthy bank balance, no worries there. Next flowers, not his thing at all, a mixed bouquet of white blooms was selected, after all, white will blend in with any colour scheme. Now, far more difficult, what to wear? His entire wardrobe looked as though it belonged to a golf-playing banker, which was true.

Jeremy steered his trolley towards the Menswear department to look for a casual shirt. He turned around sharply and muttered to himself, *'this must be Womenswear.'* The shirts were bright, flowery numbers with palm trees and animals all over them. A nearby assistant was clicking coat hangers, rearranging the stock. He found the noise very irritating. It stopped when he asked her where the real shirts could be found. He was standing next to them.

At last, he found a striped shirt in navy, green and white, the stripes a little too wide for his taste, but the best he could find. He tried it on and viewed himself in the speckled mirror. What he saw satisfied him. The shirt suited him; his dark hair, greying at the temples, his bronzed complexion and the fact that his stomach didn't hang over the waist band of his trousers, all pleased him.

Only two more items left, chocolates and p o t. He chose a small box of assorted truffles before heading for the Pharmacy. He looked around furtively and when sure that he was not being observed reached up to the top shelf and grabbed a small red packet and hid it underneath the shirt in his trolley. He headed for the self-checkout.

'O, bugger,' he exclaimed, causing an elderly woman to give him a withering look. *'Sorry,'* he mumbled as he made his way from the cordoned-off self-check area to a queue. He chose the shortest that actually turned out to be the slowest. He reviewed his purchases, working out the most discreet way to unload them onto the counter, for swiping, by the very young, female assistant.

He decided on the heavy items first, that would go straight into his bag, followed by the smallest item, dropped into the bag quickly and hidden by the shirt placed on top. His turn at last and all going to plan until a booming voice behind him stopped him in his tracks, just as he was about to drop the small red packet into his bag.

He didn't need to turn around to recognise Gregory from the Conservative Club. He was caught red-handed and with a face to match.

'Going out tonight, are we?'

'No, I'm shopping for a friend, good day.'

The anticipated, intimate dinner for two turned out to be a party. Judith barely acknowledged his carefully, chosen gifts.

'Well, hello again,' boomed Gregory.

Jeremy discreetly pushed the little packet in his trouser pocket as far down as possible.

'Nice shirt.'

Jeremy had a dreadful urge to wipe the smirk from Gregory's face.

Ann Mundler

St Michael's Mount from the air



Image courtesy of Explore Beautiful Cornwall

Adrian's Pick of the Month part 2

Heritage







All images courtesy of Carrick u3a
Photography group



Quiz

Miscellaneous

1. What does REM stand for?
2. In which sitcom do Beryl and Sandra appear?
3. Who played in the longest match at Wimbledon?
4. Who appointed Willie Whitelaw as Home Secretary in 1979?
5. Globe artichoke is a variety of which flowering plant?
6. Which city celebrates Eel Day?
7. Which female character in Coronation Street was married 6 times?
8. Who wrote The Messiah?
9. Lemurs are native to which country?
10. Which was Jane Austen's first published novel?
11. In Enid Blyton's Famous Five series, what is the name of the dog?
12. Who wrote Alice in Wonderland?
13. Who was the lead character in One Foot in the Grave?
14. Which planet in the solar system is the hottest?

Which Chemical Elements do these symbols represent?

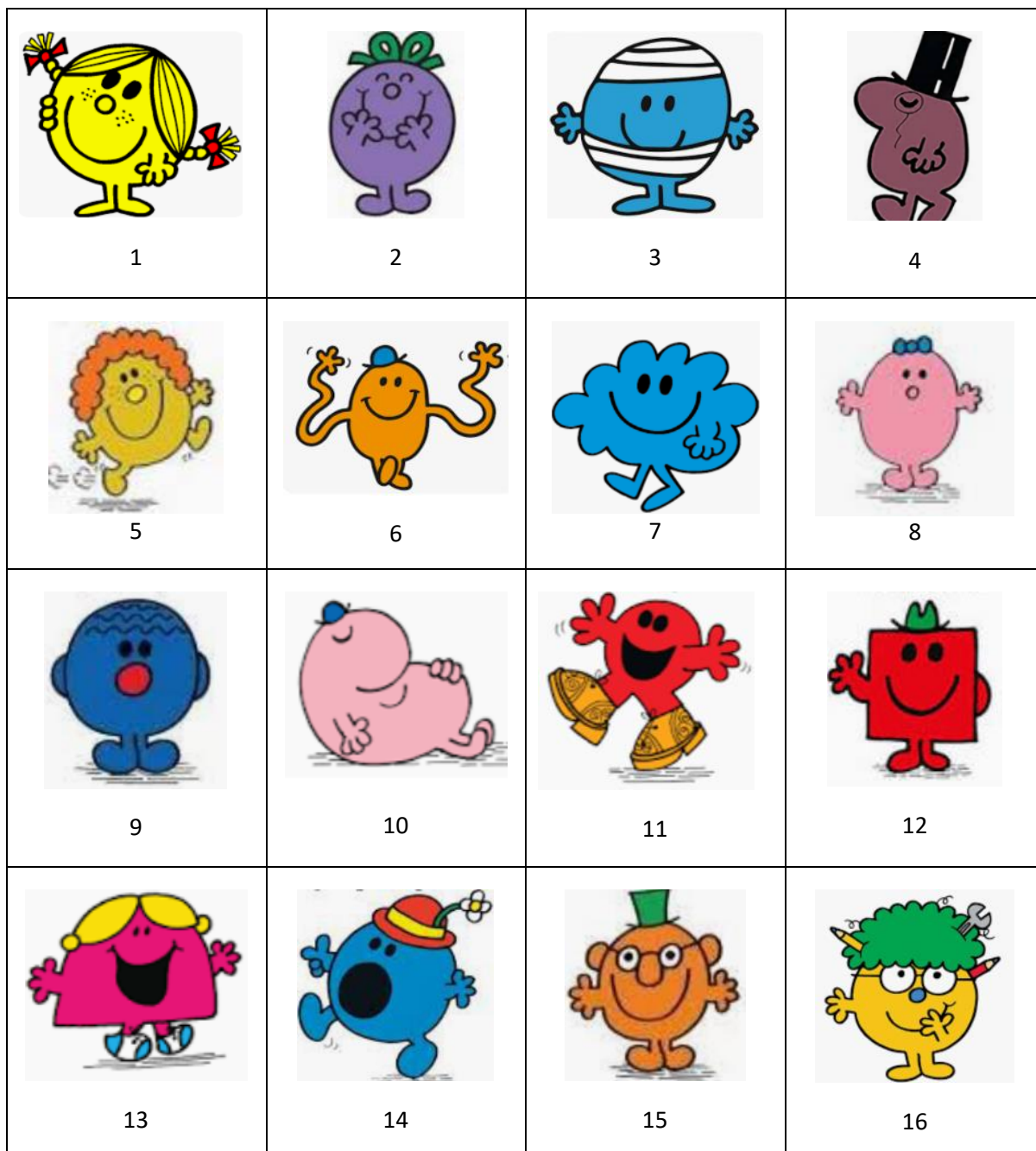
1. Zn
2. Pb
3. K
4. Fr
5. Be
6. Cf
7. Es
8. Fe
9. Pu
10. Au

What is

1. The highest mountain in the world?
2. The longest river in the world?
3. The smallest country in the world?
4. The wealthiest country per capita in the world?
5. The deepest ocean in the world?

[Answers on page 27](#)

Picture Quiz: Mr Men & Little Misses



Images courtesy of Roger Hargreaves

[Answers on page 28](#)

International Women's Day



International Women's Day was launched in 1911, in reaction to the growing unrest at the oppression of women, inequality and denial of human rights. In 1908 over 15,000 women marched through New York demanding the right to vote, shorter working hours and better pay. The following year the first Women's Day was observed throughout America. This was followed the next year by an International Conference of Working Women held in Denmark, where a motion was tabled suggesting an International Day should be held every year to press for greater equality. Over 100 women from 17 different countries attended, the result of which was the launch of IWD, observed that first year by Austria, Denmark, Germany and Switzerland. Over a million people marched demanding women's rights to hold public office, to have access to training and to end discrimination. Since then, the movement has grown and is now **celebrated on 8th March** throughout the world.

In 1914 women again marched throughout Europe in support of female solidarity and demanding an end to war. This coincided with the campaigns for emancipation. Women in Russia went on strike in 1917 for "*Bread and Peace*," meeting with strong resistance from the political leaders. However, in the end they capitulated and women were given the right to vote. In the UK it was 1928 before the government extended equal rights of all men and women to vote.

It was not until 1975 that the **United Nations** even marked International Women’s Day and not until 1998 that their annual theme was “*Women and Human Rights,*” followed by “*World Free of Violence Towards Women.*”



International Women’s Day Logo

In 2001 the website internationalwomensday.com was launched with the aims of celebrating women’s achievements and continuing the fight for equality and against discrimination. To celebrate the centenary of IWD, in 2011 President **Barack Obama** launched “*Women’s History Month,*” calling on Americans to recognise the “*extraordinary accomplishments of women in shaping the country’s history.*”

IWD is now celebrated in many countries in ways similar to **Mothers’ Day**, with men presenting their wives, mothers, girlfriends and colleagues with gifts to recognise their achievements, most notably in certain African countries and some of the former USSR. However, the fight for equal access to education and the right to hold public office continues. The choice by **Donald Trump** of his Vice President, **J.D. Vance**, has deeply worried many Americans, with his views that career women “*choose a path to misery*” and that the place of women is in the home, raising children. One of Trump’s first acts after his inauguration was to dissolve the Department for Education’s Diversity and Inclusion Council, eliminating Diversity, Equity and Inclusion initiatives and withdrawing their Equity Action Plan.

It is over a hundred years since the start of the movement to improve the lives of women and to accord them equal rights, sadly that has not yet been achieved and the fight looks set to continue.

Sue Hutt

Images courtesy of internationalwomensday.com

Ref. internationalwomensday.com

Jason Wilson, *The Observer*, 31st August 2024

The Wadebridge Festival of Music & Speech



Wadebridge Festival of Music and Speech celebrates its centenary this year. It was designed to provide a platform for Cornish musicians to “*share their passion for music and the spoken word.*” From **Monday 3rd to Saturday 8th March**, individuals, choirs, schools and other groups take part and compete to win a wide range of prizes.



Musical categories include jazz ensembles, piano, ukelele, banjo, brass, recorder, woodwind, orchestra, musical theatre, rock/pop vocals, family vocals, male and female choirs, male and female barbershops. The Speech categories include Bible reading, poetry, both public and choral speaking and original poem and story reading. Some can be performed as a solo, as a duet or in a group. Some entries are age related; others are open to all.

Because this is the festival’s centenary year, the organisers have decided to put on two Gala Concerts, the first on **Saturday 1st March** and the second on **Saturday 8th March**, which are designed to demonstrate the breadth and depth of Cornish talent. Both will be held in **Wadebridge Town Hall**.

Further information is available at wadebridgefestivalofmusicandspeech.com

Sue Hutt

Both images courtesy of the Wadebridge Festival of Music & Speech

Quiz answers

Miscellaneous

- | | |
|---|-----------------------|
| 6. What does REM stand for? | Rapid eye movement. |
| 7. In which sitcom do Beryl and Sandra appear? | The Liver Birds |
| 8. Who played in the longest match at Wimbledon? | Isner and Mahut |
| 9. Who appointed Willie Whitelaw as Home Secretary in 1979? | Margaret Thatcher |
| 10. Globe artichoke is a variety of which flowering plant? | Thistle |
| 11. Which city celebrates Eel Day? | Ely |
| 12. Which female character in Coronation Street was married 6 times? | Gail Platt |
| 13. Who wrote The Messiah? | Handel |
| 14. Lemurs are native to which country? | Madagascar |
| 15. Which was Jane Austen's first published novel? | Sense and Sensibility |
| 16. In Enid Blyton's Famous Five series, what is the name of the dog? | Timmy |
| 17. Who wrote Alice in Wonderland? | Lewis Carroll |
| 18. Who was the lead character in One Foot in the Grave? | Victor Meldrew |
| 19. Which planet in the solar system is the hottest? | Venus |
















Which Chemical Elements do these symbols represent?

- | | |
|--------|-------------|
| 20. Zn | Zinc |
| 21. Pb | Lead |
| 22. K | Potassium |
| 23. Fr | Francium |
| 24. Be | Beryllium |
| 25. Cf | Californium |
| 26. Es | Einsteinium |
| 27. Fe | Iron |
| 28. Pu | Plutonium |
| 29. Au | Gold |

What is

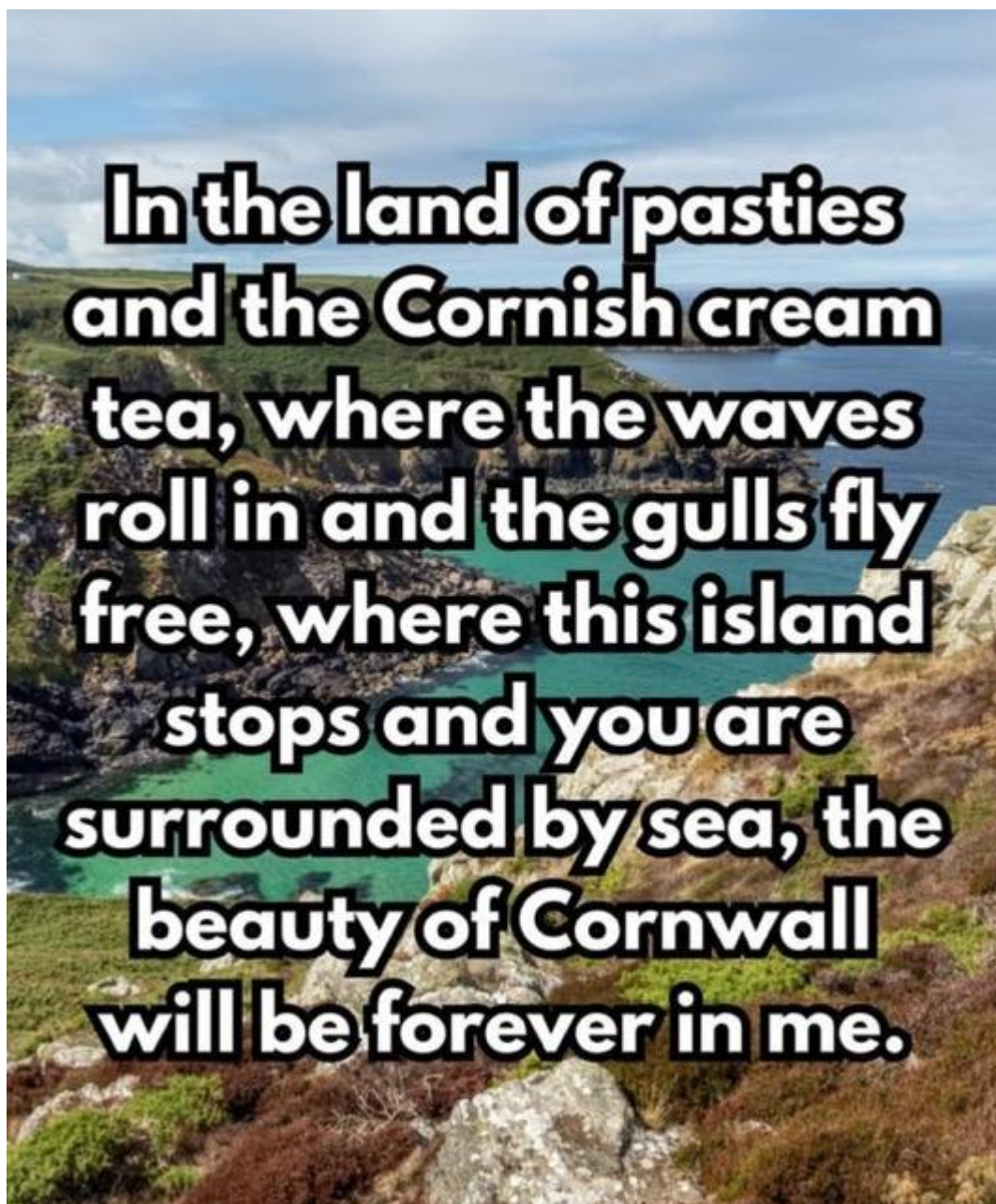
- | | |
|---|--------------|
| 30. The highest mountain in the world? | Everest |
| 31. The longest river in the world? | Nile |
| 32. The smallest country in the world? | Vatican City |
| 33. The wealthiest country per capita in the world? | Luxembourg |
| 34. The deepest ocean in the world? | Pacific |

Picture Quiz answers

			
Little Miss Sunshine	Little Miss Naughty	Mr Bump	Mr Uppity
			
Little Miss Late	Mr Tickle	Mr Daydream	Little Miss Tiny
			
Mr Worry	Mr Lazy	Mr Noisy	Mr Strong
			
Little Miss Chatterbox	Little Miss Bossy	Mr Clever	Little Miss Inventor

Images courtesy of Roger Hargreaves

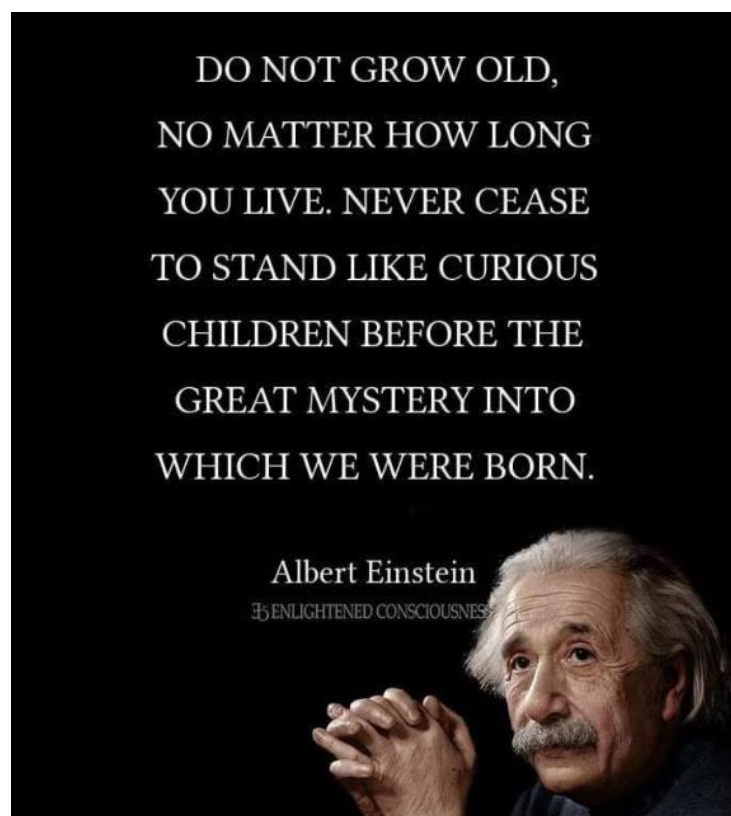
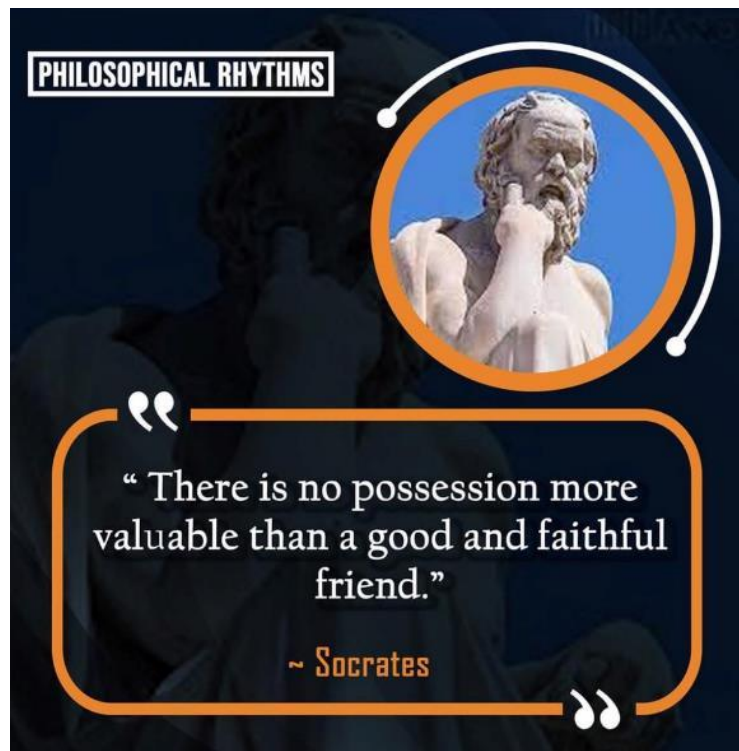
Poem: In Praise of Cornwall



*Shared on Facebook
No attributed author*

Editor's Comment: Do any of our readers know who wrote this poem? Please let us know if you do.

Thoughts for the day



Both shared on 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

Deadline for next issue – Thursday 27th March 2025

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- 2) The topics of your contributions should be restricted to those likely to be of interest to members of u3as. But see 6 below.
- 3) Apart from obvious typing errors, your contribution will never be altered or cut without first being returned to you for your agreement. That includes punctuation.
- 4) Contributions must show name of contributor; contact details their choice. A contributor may instead select a pen name, but if so, their own name will be supplied to any reader who asks for it.
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