

# The Carrick Argus

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

Issue no 101

May 2025



*Kinderdijk*

*by Richard Barton*

*An entry for the 2024 Photography Competition*

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## Editorial

Those of you who read the newsletter assiduously will be aware already that we are planning to hold a **ceilidh** on **Sunday 22nd June** from 7.30 at **The Perranwell Centre**. This will be the first of our get togethers to celebrate the 35th anniversary of Carrick u3a. The hall is booked, we have an excellent band, The Brim, to entertain us and an experienced caller, Kate Smith of Ceilidh Cornwall. Some of you will know Kate already as she runs ceilidh classes twice a week in the local area. As a preview of The Brim's music, see their website [www.brimceilidh.co.uk](http://www.brimceilidh.co.uk). They are professional musicians who play regularly for a variety of functions. All dances will be called so no experience is needed, neither do you need a partner. So do come along and let's enjoy a evening together. Places are limited to ensure there is plenty of room for dancing, so reserve your place by emailing [vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk](mailto:vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk). Tickets are £10 and include tea and coffee in the interval.

### STOP PRESS

**Next in our series of talks at the university, on Saturday 10th May at 1.45pm we have been invited to "Renewable Energy and its future in Cornwall." To register contact Mike Rogers at [uniliaison@u3acarrick.org.uk](mailto:uniliaison@u3acarrick.org.uk). Places are limited so please send your names ASAP.**

We are delighted to welcome the second in our new series of restaurant reviews in this issue. Many thanks to our new contributor. It will be interesting to hear if any of our readers have taken up the recommendations made. There is of course plenty of choice of eateries in the area, I don't think she'll run out of ones to visit any time soon, but if you have any suggestions of new or unusual places for her to try, do let us know.

In group news, the **Appreciating Shakespeare** group proved so successful that Janet has kindly agreed to start another one to accommodate those people on her waiting list, and we have a new group leader for **Jazz Appreciation**, **Paddy Haughton**, who takes over from **David Weaver**. Many thanks to David for his 7 years of leading the group. **Alan Townsend** has taken on the **Rubber Bridge** group who meet in the Central Bar in Truro on Monday mornings.

So, Carrick u3a continues to go from strength to strength with willing people stepping up to meet demand and ensure groups continue to run. Many thanks to all our group leaders for the time and effort they put in. If you don't feel able to commit to running a group, we do have a list of people willing to help on an ad hoc basis, putting out chairs before a meeting for example, making the coffee, setting up the croquet or manning the door. If you can help in this way, please email me at [vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk](mailto:vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk). The more people who can help, the easier it is for all of us.

Thank you, I look forward to hearing from you, and don't forget to get your tickets for the ceilidh!

Sue Hutt  
Editor

## Letter to the Editor

Hello all concerned with producing the u3a magazine, the Argus. I just want to say it is excellent and I usually read it from start to finish.

Best wishes,  
Carol Scott



*Courtesy of Facebook*

## Rosalind Reminisces

Seeing the photo of the 'coggy' in the recent Argus reminded me of my teenage years spending Saturdays on the River Thames at Hampton. I was a [Sea Ranger](#), at that time a section of the [Girl Guides](#) for 14 to 21-year-olds. Our headquarters was actually near South Croydon in Surrey, but from Easter until October we would travel to Hampton and spend Saturday on the river - nearly 2 hours each way on the 'Greenline' coach.



Some of the crew of SRS Furious

Our crew, SRS Furious, had two sailing dinghies, 1 large rowing boat and another for single rowing and sculling over the stern and a canoe which we had built ourselves during one winter. Our base at Hampton was a tiny island called Ben's Eyot. I loved sculling over the stern, as shown in the 'coggy' photo. It is such a gentle, rhythmic motion. Not easy to get the hang of, but a great sense of achievement when it 'clicked' and you could stand and propel the boat with a figure of eight motion with one scull (oar) balanced in a little notch in the transom. The danger being, over enthusiasm and the scull jumped out of its little notch and you fell over! Sculling over the stern was primarily used by fishermen going out to their moored boats in harbours. Not having oars sticking out sideways enabled them to weave their way through the smallest of spaces.

We didn't wear life jackets then and one of the things we had great fun doing was to canoe into a whirlpool at the base of one of the weirs on the river and get shot back downstream at great speed, sometimes still in the canoe, but sometimes not! Being more aware of danger now, I shudder to think of how dangerous that was.

Each year the Sea Ranger Association held a training weekend on another island in the Thames, Ravens Ait, and crews came from all over the country. I remember one group always came up from Cornwall with their 'Skipper', [Vera Penhalligon](#). She was a formidable lady. I wonder if anyone remembers her? Ravens Ait lies in the river between Kingston and Hampton Court. It has had many uses over the years and was thought to be a possible site for the signing of documents that led to the ratification of [1215 Magna Carta](#). These days it is a very upmarket wedding venue.

When I was there it was owned by the [Boys Sea Cadet Corps](#) and let out to the Sea Ranger Association for the weekend.



Rowing at Hampton

We had training and loads of races. As the boats were a motley collection, no-one having money for state-of-the-art craft, we made do with anything available. As a result, there were no standard criteria, so the races were hardly Even Stevens. However, we all enjoyed it enormously and being very determined and very competitive I usually did well in single rowing and especially in sculling over the stern. I would have dearly loved to have been part of the rowing eights or fours that we often saw on the river, coming from colleges or public schools.

It was all a long time ago now, but in recent years when I have had the opportunity for time on the Fal in a little dinghy, rowing and sculling over the stern has brought back wonderful memories for me. And so did the picture of the little 'coggy'!



Saturday on the river

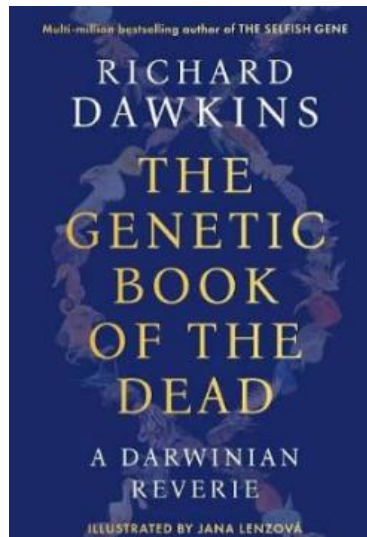
As Ratty said to Mole in the **Wind in the Willows** - ***“there is nothing—absolutely nothing—half so much worth doing as simply messing about in boats.”***

*All photos courtesy of Rosalind Smith*

Rosalind Smith

# Book Review: The Genetic Book of the Dead

By Richard Dawkins published by Head of Zeus Ltd 2024



*Image courtesy of Awesome books*

This book can't be described as an easy read, but it's worth dipping into for the beautiful illustrations alone, such as the picture of a tiny warbler feeding a huge cuckoo!

Dawkins explains – in reasonably simple language - how *'the gene pool of a species is sculpted by the chisels of natural selection.'* Earlier on he says that *'every animal is a written description of ancestral worlds.'*

It seems that natural selection has 'wired' animal brains in such a way that external stimuli or situations that are good for them are internally connected to 'pleasure' centres. For example, *'Copulation increases the probability of reproduction, and genetic selection has consequently made the accompanying sensations pleasurable.'*

I found his explanation of the capacity to feel pain – always such a knotty problem for theists – fascinating. Apparently, pain has been built into nervous systems as a warning not to repeat the actions causing injury or death, and hence a failure to reproduce. In other words, pain is a 'safe' vicarious substitute for death, and any sensation associated with an increased probability of death will become defined as painful.

Dawkins comments that *'the Darwinian interpretation of pain as a warning not to repeat the preceding action has ethical implications. In our treatment of non-human animals, on farms and hunting fields, in slaughterhouses and bullrings, we are apt to assume that their capacity to suffer is less than ours. If they are less intelligent, does that mean they feel pain less acutely? However, pain is not the kind of thing you need intelligence to experience.'*

I enjoyed the chapter on the way that animals, insects and many marine life forms use camouflage to fool their predators, thanks to their ancestral 'memories'. *'The green katydid (long-horned grasshopper) has no idea that it embodies a genetic memory of green mosses over which its ancestors walked'*, but the photo shows how it blends in so well it's hard to detect.



A Katydid

*Image courtesy of Britannica*

The central idea of this book grows out of a view of life that could be called the gene's eye view. Dawkins uses what he calls *'the parable of the rowers'* to help the reader understand this:

*'Eight oarsmen and a cox all have their part to play, and the success of the whole boat depends upon their cooperation. They must not only be strong rowers, but also be good at melding with the rest of the crew. The rowers represent genes, and they are arrayed along the length of the boat, as genes are arrayed along a chromosome. It's hard to separate the roles of the individual oarsmen, so intimate is their cooperation. The coach swaps individual rowers in and out of his trial crews, to achieve the best performance from the team.'*

*In a similar way, natural selection sorts out the good genes from the bad, though the practical details vary from species to species. This is how DNA replicates the information needed to pass down the generations.*

*Any individual we examine today is a sample from the shuffled pack, the shaken and stirred gene pool, which evolved over many generations. This book is a written description of the world of no particular ancestral individual more than another; it is a description of the environments that sculpted the whole gene pool.'*

I liked the author's explanation for human hairlessness: *'Whales, pigs and humans have all lost their hair more or less completely. Do the genomes of those species have a gene for hairlessness that they share with each other? No; it turns out that we and other naked species still retain the ancestral genes that make hairs, but the genes have been disabled.'*

Dawkins' Cornish grandfather was employed by the Marconi company in its pioneering days, to teach the principles of radio to young engineers entering the company. Dawkins seems to have inherited the teaching gene, sharing his amazing scientific discoveries with the whole world through radio, TV, the internet and his many books, including this one.

## St Catherine's Castle



St Catherine's Castle viewed from Pulruan

*Image courtesy of English Heritage*

**St Catherine's Castle** was built during the 1530s as part of King Henry VIII's coastal defences along the south coast following his break with the Catholic Church. It stands a couple of miles from the town of Fowey on a rocky headland overlooking the estuary and was constructed by **Thomas Treffrey**, who went on to supervise the building of Pendennis and St Mawes Castles.

Although simple in design and much smaller than those two, St Catherine's Castle was still being used during the First English Civil War (1642-1646) although it was later abandoned and fell into ruin.

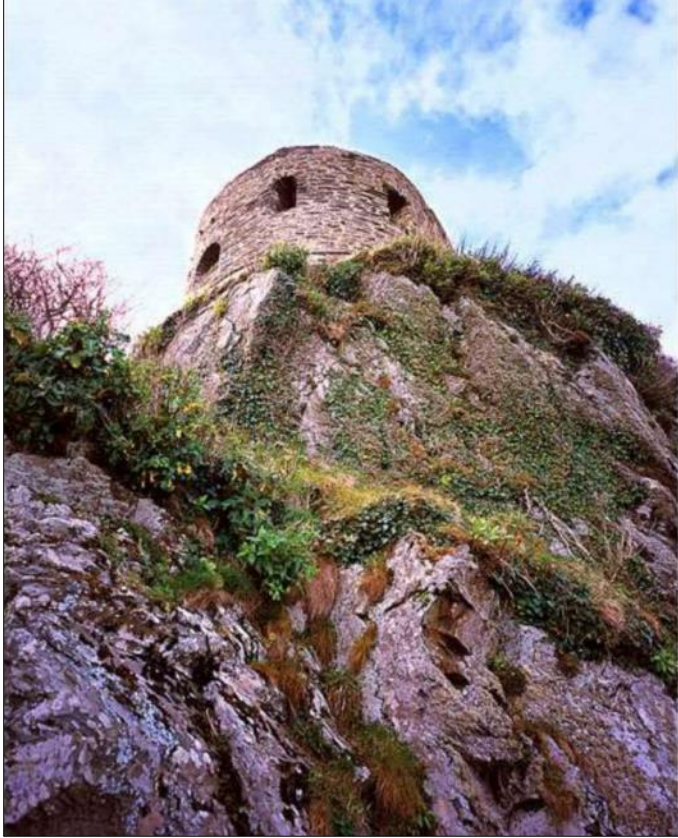


The 19<sup>th</sup> century platform

*Image courtesy of Wikipedia*

During the Crimean War (1853-1856) there was a renewed fear of invasion and St Catherine's Castle underwent some reinforcement work, with a battery being built on a platform behind a parapet for two

guns and a magazine installed in a rock next to the curtain wall entrance. It had been abandoned again by the beginning of the 20th century, only to be reinstated during WWII as a battery and observation post. Two anti-aircraft guns were installed in the Crimean War gun emplacements, the ammunition was stored in the castle's magazine and the 16th century tower was used as a firing point for the minefield which had been laid across the Fowey estuary. Most of these concrete reinforcements were dismantled after the end of the war.



View of the tower from the sea

*Image courtesy of English Heritage*

The tower itself is two storeys high and its walls are up to 4 feet 6 inches thick. There are two stretches of wall extending in north east and south west directions, both of which end in precipitous cliffs. The castle was not large enough to accommodate a garrison, and is thought to have been used only as an observation post and as a first line of defence with its 5-gun ports.



View from above the castle across the estuary

*Image courtesy of Wikipedia*

Although much smaller than the castles on either side of the Fal, St Catherine's Castle is still an important reminder of the many years this country lived in fear of invasion and the steps taken by kings and governments to protect its people.

Ref. [english-heritage.org.uk](http://english-heritage.org.uk)  
Wikipedia

Sue Hutt

## Stalking the Storks

Until I read '**Wild Cornwall**', the Spring issue of the **Cornwall Wildlife Trust (CWT)** magazine, I didn't know that a flock of 70 white storks had been spotted in the county last August. The flock included individuals tagged by the UK White Stork Project in Sussex.



The image of the storks flying over Cornwall in 2024 captured by Adrian Longdon

*Image courtesy of ITV News West Country & Adrian Longdon*

Could storks return here permanently? For that to happen there would need to be a captive breeding programme (or a very fortunate accident!), because the young imprint on the area where they are born.

There have already been some developments. In 2024 a small number of white stork chicks were hatched as part of a project on private land to the north of Bodmin, and there are plans to increase these breeding efforts through a new charity, the Cornwall White Stork Project. This was launched last November, and CWT is supporting it.

Storks are what's known as a '**flagship species**'. That means they are chosen to be ambassadors for nature conservation which grab people's attention.



Storks on the Knepp Estate in Sussex

*Image courtesy of the Knepp Estate*

I was also surprised to learn that white storks are native to Britain, but until their recent reintroduction to Sussex they hadn't been recorded breeding since 1414. In 2020 four chicks fledged at the Knepp Estate for the first time for 600 years. In 2023 there were 26 chicks. When the author Caitlin Moran visited the Castle there in Spring that year, she saw *'on top of one of the massive, Tudor-style chimneys, the unmistakable mad hat of a giant stork's nest.'*

*Every ten minutes or so, stork after stork floated above me like medieval pterodactyls or white origami plates. There are now over 20 stork nests at Knepp and the birds have become a new tourist attraction. On one of the chimney-top nests, two birds were bill-clattering – a greeting between two mates.'*



A Young Stork at Knepp

*Image courtesy of the Knepp Estate*

In 2016 a black stork, one of the rarest birds in Western Europe, was seen on the Estate.

The CWT says *'white storks commonly live in close proximity to people, feeding in grasslands, wetlands and open habitats. They nest in trees or on the roofs of buildings. Storks tend to return to the same nesting sites each year and stay local whilst raising their young before migrating south in late summer.'*

Being a big fan of long-legged birds such as herons, flamingos and cranes, I'd love to see storks return to Cornwall in greater numbers, and maybe one day catch sight of one flying over our house, like the heron who comes to the nearby boating lake.

Sue Amer

## Eating Out & About

This month we are taking a gastronomic European tour. First to Italy and then to the Ukraine – yet all within the local u3a area.

Having lived and worked many years in Italy doing a great deal of professional catering I pride myself on being knowledgeable of its regional specialities, from pig centred Tuscany to the simple seafood of Puglia. So, I looked forward eagerly to sampling the delights of the **Cornish Italian Restaurant** at **Ruan High Lanes**. Their website is professional with brilliant images of home-made pasta and entertaining stories of **Ugo Massabo** and his family re-locating from the Liguria to Cornwall, his avowed commitment to locally sourced ingredients transformed into classic Italian dishes, and his rise from Pop-up van, to home delivery, to the ownership of his own restaurant. All good stuff and much to celebrate.



We drove in sunshine through unspoilt countryside to a rather surprising destination in an industrial yard. It started to rain so the restaurant building was not looking its best, but we hurried inside to a simple barn-like interior with a mezzanine balcony, a small bar and a view of the tiny kitchen.



The menu was limited which is often a good sign, but in this case, it seemed frustratingly brief. The starters consisted of sourdough bread with either dried tomatoes, olives or burrata and a bruschetta with sausage

and broccoli at £11. 95p (I chose this and it was good). But the added choice of a large platter of locally sourced hams and cheeses would have been very welcome, surely simple enough and no trouble to prepare?

We searched the menu but there were no main courses on offer, just four pasta dishes, all with different sauces but unbelievably served with the same pasta! In my experience no Italian will accept a dish where the pasta and sauce are not perfectly suited to each other. For example- Tagliatelle with Bolognese, Trofiette with Pesto, Fidelini with fish broth etc, etc, the Italians are adamant and scrupulously precise. It is no excuse that the pasta is made daily as different types can be made and kept for many days and then used appropriately. A bit of organisation and this should not put a strain on the staff.

The pasta that day was a very solid Creste di Gallo (cocks comb) served with both the Carbonara and the Bolognese – fortunately hearty sauces, but not suitable for anything lighter. And no parmesan on the table surely an unnecessary economy when the pasta dishes cost from £15.95 to £18.95? And what if you are hungry but do not like pasta? On that day there was no meat, fish or vegetables to be had, not even a salad. I presume that will be changed when the holiday season starts.

We moved onto the desserts. Ugo's traditional Tiramisù has received high praise and is sent all over the UK so we were anticipating something truly special, but the famous TiramisùGO was apparently sold out and only the lemon version remained, this and a simple Affogato were the only desserts. We drank our excellent espressos (good old Gaggia) and left feeling sadly disappointed. The bill did not help. I regard £18.95 for a simple dish of Carbonara excessive. I have paid less in far more elevated restaurants in London.

I applaud the ethos of the Cornish Italian and I may have been expecting too much of this restaurant – it gets enthusiastic reviews on Trip Adviser, but having just returned from La Spezia, close to Ugo's home town, where we feasted in simple trattorias where the niceties of pasta partnerships are respected and where glistening seafood, chargrilled Florentine steaks and the freshest vegetables are served daily at heart warmingly cheap prices, I foolishly expected something exceptional from such a charming and enterprising young chef. I wish him well and hope that he will increase and diversify his menu - perhaps with some fresh Cornish seafood? – I'll keep an eye on his excellent website and hope to be tempted back by some irresistible secondi.

And now for something completely different - **Ukrainian Soul**.



Drop into this modest but enterprising project run exclusively by an immigrant Ukrainian family to experience a believable domestic Ukrainian ambiance on **Falmouth's Market Street**. Hand painted flowers on the walls, chintzy covered chairs, floral tablecloths and a warm welcome from a young waiter who will bring you a huge plastic booklet with a bewildering choice of beverages and hot dishes. There are 20 types of tea (Pukka bags in earthenware teapots kept hot with nightlights).

The window displays a dazzling array of homemade cakes of a size not for the faint hearted and decoration worthy of a gala float.



The vast menu includes two kinds of Borsch with homemade bread, many stew-like dishes based on vegetables with meat/mushroom/ cheese additions, a variety of salads and vegetables – apart from the vitamin salad the vegetables are not their forte and the ratatouille is not recommended. Pork, ham, sausages or chicken being the basic meats on offer in various guises and with very reasonable prices.

We sampled the Rebra (smoked ribs) and it arrived from the kitchen in impressive flames and was delicious. A blood sausage (Ukrainian Black pudding?) was also good and the pork and prunes hearty. Traditional Varenyky (Polish stuffed dumplings - rather like ravioli) were served with separate small dishes of sour cream, crispy onions, pickles etc for an additional £2 each. Stuffed cabbage rolls and Banderyky (stuffed savoury pancakes) are very popular. If you are really hungry a variety of unusual carbohydrates such as

buckwheat, yellow split pea puree, or buttered mashed potato can be added to the substantial spread. Most of the main dishes cost between £12 to £15 with additions and side plates varied but reasonable.

Unlike the overwhelmingly exotic cakes, the puddings were fairly uninspired. Just ice-creams, pancakes and an unusual cheesecake which gets good reviews. There is a vast array of homemade fruit drinks, smoothies, kefir etc. and a limited selection of wines and beers.

An exotic homemade Nalyvka is recommended after all that hefty fare. For a modest £4 you can sample a 40% liqueur - a choice of horseradish, cherry, walnut or rose digestive. We enthusiastically recommend the excellent cherry.

This modest cafe is definitely not Michelin star, just honest homemade traditional Ukrainian food cooked on the spot in the tiny kitchen and served all day (From 10.0am to 9.0 pm) by charming teenagers with polite cheerfulness.

Buon Appetito

*All photos courtesy of LW*

*u3a Carrick member writing as L.W*

## Ralph Allen

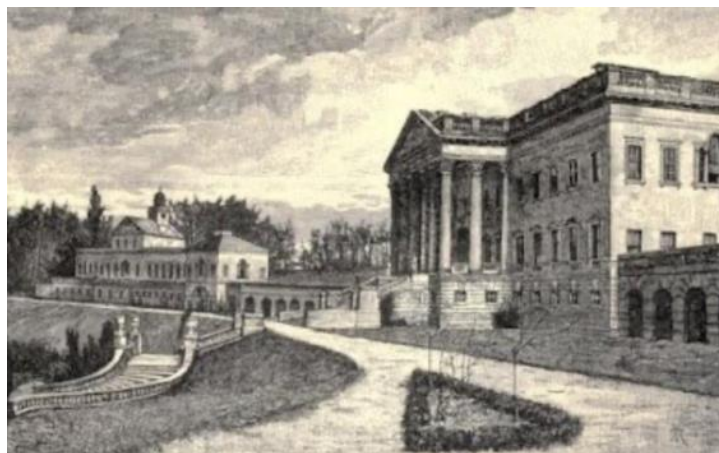


*Image courtesy of Wikipedia*

**Ralph Allen** was born in 1693 and rose from a humble background to become a highly respected national figure. He was brought up at the Duke of William Inn at **St Blazey** but spent much of his childhood with his grandmother, the postmistress at **St Columb Major**. Working with her, his aptitude for post office affairs was noted by a government inspector and he was promoted first to Exeter and then Bath where he became Deputy Postmaster aged 19.

He eventually took over the Postal Service completely, which was slow and corrupt. There were six main post roads radiating from London, including a main route to **Falmouth**. Charges were made according to the number of sheets and the distance sent. Allen made the service more efficient and expanded his area of control, thus increasing his profits.

He received business support from Field Marshall **George Wade** who had been sent to Bath to deal with opposition to the accession of **George 1<sup>st</sup>**. In return Allen supplied information about Jacobite activities. Wade involved him with the scheme to make the Avon navigable from Bath to Bristol which facilitated the transport of building materials to the increasingly fashionable Bath.



An Illustration of Prior Park after its construction

*Courtesy of Blog Regency History*



Prior Park today

*Courtesy of Wikipedia*

In 1728, he bought land at **Prior Park** where he could access oolite, the white Bath building stone. This was transported from Combe Down to the quay on his own railway system. There was a steep descent from the quarry to the canal so he invented a braking system with a brake on each wheel. Along with **John Wood**, a local architect, he transformed Bath.

His first wife died in 1736 and he remarried the following year. Their mansion at Prior Park became a focal point for writers, poets and artists. **Alexander Pope** offered advice on the garden and **Henry Fielding** based Squire Allworthy in Tom Jones on Allen.



Ralph Allen's Tomb in Claverton

*Image courtesy of Wikipedia*

He was a very generous man donating to many worthy causes. He became **Mayor of Bath** in 1742 and died in 1764 supporting the Hanoverian cause throughout his life.

In his will he left £1000 to his friend **William Pitt the Elder**.

*Ref. Cornwall's People, Carolyn Martin, Tamar Books.*

Jean King

## Creative writing: Death at the birthday party

It was getting dark – the only illumination came from lamp posts and Christmas lights. The party had started. Standing, I watched the guests arrive, noting their rank according to how they approached the door – family shouted greetings and entered while others rang the bell and waited to be invited in. It was a combined fancy dress party to welcome in the New Year and celebrate a 70<sup>th</sup>. The usual costumes: vicars, tarts and tramps were having their annual airing while others were more topical, Prince Harry and Megan Markle, Donald Trump making a loud entry, together with Barbie and Ken carrying an inflatable surfboard.

I felt a hand clasp my elbow. *“Don’t be shy, come on in, everyone’s welcome! It may as well be a street party the number of people Patricia’s invited!”* I looked down at the person holding and propelling me in through the door. Ah, it looked like James, Patricia’s husband, dressed as a London Beefeater. I nodded. I wanted to see her outfit and hoped it was a good one for this, her final party.

The hall was full of people, smiling and shrieking as they worked out who was who. Everyone was heading towards the lounge and, although it appeared very disorganised, they all looked to be having fun. Someone dressed as Boris Johnson offered me a drink. I took it thinking it would make me look realistic. People flowed through the lounge towards the conservatory where a disco ball, a net of balloons and a silver dance mat in the centre created a dance floor.

I stood in a corner and silently observed. A Grim Reaper jerked in time to the sound on his system. He wasn’t as tall as me, less than seven feet and his scythe didn’t have the same silver glint. A mix of bodies were gyrating to the music although I didn’t think it was to the same beat.

I gently scratched the side of my head with my scythe – humans were an odd bunch. I heard a gasp and applause behind me and turned to see Patricia enter the room. She looked amazing. Her crown glistened, jewellery sparkled, and the red and white ermine robe gave her a regal look, finishing the outfit. She acknowledged the crowd, smiled and gave a royal wave.

I sighed. My job could be so difficult at times but had to be done. I had studied her profile before making the final selection. Patricia led a good life, had done everything the average human did by the book though, as a loving and caring person, had gone beyond the norm. The support for her husband and children was unflinching, not putting herself first, making sacrifices where needed but she was tired, and the Big Boss and I thought she needed a rest.

*“Can you take over, Mate?”* Startled I turned to see the Grim Reaper by my side. *“I could do with a break. We’re booked until 1 but I can’t last much longer. Glad they sent you to help.”* He took my glass and handed me headphones. *“It’s all set up, just press play.”*

I walked around the dancers. Well, this wasn’t part of my job description. What should I do? I looked down at the turntables and buttons. A green light flashed on one so, as the music stopped, I pressed it. There was a second’s pause before the music began. It had a definite rhythm and I started to relax and sway to it. The sounds blended into each other the more buttons I pushed, and I noticed extra people were on the dance floor. I seemed to have got it.

I glanced at the clock – minutes to go before midnight – if I could just get another song in. I gasped and stopped. What was I doing? I felt myself being elbowed away as the real DJ returned.

I had to take Patricia tonight. She had to go at 70!

I panicked and looked around the room. I spotted her talking animatedly to James and, as the balloons were released, leaning in for a kiss. People were singing, kissing and shouting. Balloons and party streamers coloured the room as Midnight was acknowledged and a New Year began.

I smiled and turned to the DJ. *"See you here again, this time next year?"*

After all I thought Patricia would still be 70 then so who was I not to allow her a bit of extra time?

Jill Dyer

## Creative writing: A Memorable Holiday

*'So, what's tomorrow like?'*

*'Light Westerly, occasional showers.'*

Brian put down his pint of Hull Brewery Bitter and glanced round the group assembled in the snug of the Hilderthorpe Arms. *'What do you reckon, we give the Cromdale another go?'*

*'We could do,'* Bob replied, *'It's slack about twelve.'*

Slack water was essential; when a tide was running over the Smithic Bank a diver would be swept along faster than he could swim.

*'And it's our last day,'* said Colin, *'back to work tomorrow.'*

*'Don't remind me,'* said Lewis, *'I've got Lord Nunburnholme's Daimler to finish – bloody antique, should have gone for scrap years ago.'*

*'Be alright there for a tip though?'*

*'Oh, aye. I got two bloody rabbits last time, and you'd have thought he was giving me one of his own gold teeth.'*

*'Anyway,'* said Brian, calling the Hull Frogman Club to order, *'drink up – we'll have to be off the mooring by nine.'*

Its crew having disposed of the morning's fry-up, the Viking motored out down the harbour.

Holidaymakers were already settling their boarding-house breakfasts with a constitutional stroll along the piers, taking advantage of the fine August morning, and the trip boats were taking on their first passengers for a three-hour run out round the headland and along the coast ('Refreshments, Entertainment, Cliff Views, Licensed Bar').

The sea in the bay was slight as they sailed out to the position where they hoped to find the wreck. The Cromdale, a small coaster, had foundered at anchor in a fierce Northerly gale twenty years ago, unobserved by anyone except her four crew, only two of whom made it ashore in a waterlogged boat. What they knew about her had been gleaned by Bob, chief researcher, who highlighted an interesting feature; among her cargo manifest was a large quantity of silverware, part of the contents of a Scottish castle, being carried to London to be sold at a fashionable auction house. Nobody had attempted to recover it - not worth the expense for a commercial salvage company, especially since the exact location was uncertain. But members of the club had seen artefacts on the seabed which seemed to come from the wreck, and had fixed their position. Just maybe, one further search would be enough.

Arriving on the bearings a marker buoy was dropped, and two aquaplanes were streamed behind the Viking, ridden by Colin and Lewis; for almost half an hour they were towed backwards and forwards at a slow walking speed ten feet above the sandy seabed, without seeing more than the crabs among the long streamers of seaweed and the occasional flurry of sand as a flatfish took off in panic. Then coming into view through the haze Colin saw a definite shape – the fluke of a large anchor, and leading from it some humps in the sand. Was it the buried links of an anchor chain? Suddenly he seemed to be flying past it at great speed. To let go of the aquaplane and go down to investigate would mean the whole operation paused while the boat recovered the planes and Lewis, and after that himself, by which time the tide might have started to run strongly enough to prevent any further diving on the site. If it turned out to be nothing but a lost fishing boat anchor, he might well have aborted the whole day's activity, and put a rather downbeat end to what had so far been a great holiday. But without coming to a conscious decision, he let go and sank to the seabed.

He brushed away the sand; it *was* an anchor chain - but was it the anchor from the Cromdale? The chain looked about three-quarters of an inch thick - was that right for the coaster? But objects seen through water were magnified, weren't they? Only one way to find out; Colin began to follow the chain. Visibility was twenty feet at the very most, so when it disappeared into the sand he had to guess where it might re-appear and try not to lose sight of the piece he had just left behind. He checked his gauge; maybe ten minutes of air left. After what was probably two minutes, but seemed much longer, he came to a shackle joining another length of chain to the original. This seemed like a good sign; whoever had laid the anchor had wanted to add more weight, clearly anticipating a strong blow. Just what a crew might do in a rising gale.

He carried on along the additional chain, until he came to a piece of rope fastened to one of its links. His pressure gauge was entering the red sector; he must surface soon. At the limit of visibility, he thought he could just make out a dark shape; he couldn't leave his find now, maybe never to be seen again. If he could attract the attention of the boat they would come to him. He checked his depth gauge; about thirty feet. Gripping the rope, he began to swim to the surface; five or six feet below it the rope went tight. Finning as hard as he could he was able to raise a little of the chain off the bottom, but his outstretched hand was still below the glittering ceiling, and he was gasping as his exertions exceeded the regulator's capacity to supply him with air. Furious, he let go of the rope and surfaced, spitting out the mouthpiece. He spun round to look for the Viking; she seemed very far away.

He waved frantically, but an age passed before the boat turned towards him. When he gasped out his find Brian dropped the anchor while Bob put on his rig and went down to investigate. After ten minutes he resurfaced; *'Can't see anything,'* he reported, *'and the tide's starting to run; I reckon that's it for today.'* He glanced to the west, *'Anyway – looks as if it's going to rain.'*

*U3a Carrick member writing as Warren Thorpe*

## Adrian's pick of the month: Skyward views













All Photos courtesy of  
u3a Carrick Photography group

## Quiz

### Historical novels- who wrote the following?

1. The Pillars of the Earth
2. Sharpe's Assassin
3. Wolf Hall
4. The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders
5. Uneasy Lies the Head
6. The Captain's Daughter
7. A Respectable Trade
8. The First Cadfael Omnibus
9. The Story Spinner
10. Girl with a Pearl Earring

### Food and Drink













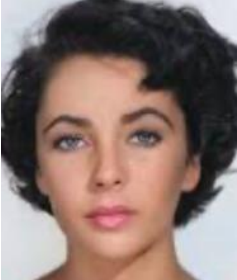



1. Who invented the Peach Melba in 1893?
2. Which sauce is named after a river in Mexico?
3. From which fruit is grenadine obtained?
4. What is a frikandel?
5. What, on a bottle of wine, is the punt?
6. What is Dorset Blue Vinney?
7. What is Coquilles St Jacques?
8. What was the name of the rum given to British sailors?
9. From which area of Germany do hock wines come?
10. Which are larger, winkles or whelks?

### Sport

1. Who won the FA Cup in 2023?
2. Where do Leeds United play?
3. Who is the most decorated Olympian of all time?
4. Which country has won the most Rugby Union world cup titles?
5. Which golfer has won the most Masters Tournaments?
6. In which city are the headquarters of the IOC?
7. Which country has won the most Davis Cup titles?
8. In which city are the headquarters of the IAAF?
9. Which country has won the most Olympic gold medals in boxing?
10. In which sport would you find the word 'dunk'?
11. Which country has the most Olympic gold medals in archery?
12. Which English league team's ground has the greatest capacity?
13. In which year did Roger Federer win his first Wimbledon title?
14. Who won more caps for England, Beckham or Rooney?
15. How many Olympic gold medals did Steve Redgrave win?

[Answers on page 32](#)

## Picture Quiz: Celebrities whose first names start with a vowel

 <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 33](#)

## Danish Woodhenge

During the excavation by archaeologists of a site in **North Jutland, Denmark**, the remains of a wooden circle were discovered which bore a striking resemblance to Stonehenge. With a diameter of around 30 metres, the 'woodhenge' as it has been named, is thought to have been constructed between 2,600 and 1,600 BC. The team working on the project have said they believe there must have been a connection between the people of Denmark, the UK and Ireland, (which also has many henges) at the time, as construction of the henges were very similar and would have served the same purpose.



A photograph of the site with computer generated posts added

*Image courtesy of Vesthimmerlands Museum*

Sidsel Wåhlin, curator of **The Vesthimmerlands Museum**, said *“They are ritual centres and sites that are connected with the worship of the sun and the agricultural rituals of the time. It shows us that they (UK and Denmark) are sharing the same worldwide views on large-scale areas on how to be farmers, how society connects with the supernatural.”*

She went on to say, *“Building monuments on this scale, you need to understand why and how. If a British person from the time would have come to the site, they would have known what they are doing in there.”*

The Danish woodhenge is built on a similar axis to that of Stonehenge and tests are currently being undertaken to ascertain the type of wood that was used. Any genetic testing done could potentially reveal any DNA connections between the two sites.

Sue Hutt

## Five Banana walks



Hello everybody

I am Rosalind and I have been leading the Five Bananas Group for many years now. Have you thought about joining us? We walk every Friday morning somewhere in Cornwall and usually for between 4-6 miles. We are a friendly group and are really pleased when new members can introduce us to some of their favourite walks.

Everyone takes a turn leading over the course of the year and we have been led to some amazing places. Over 20 years one would have thought that we had covered most possibilities, but nearly every week we are finding paths that we hadn't found before - or maybe we just don't remember them as well as we once did! Amongst our group we have people keen on wildflowers, birds, mining history and so much more, so there is always added interest to the walks. On a very recent walk on the north coast, we came across a group of five or six choughs. Now that was a real treat and some of the group had never seen choughs before.

Following our walk most of us repair to a local pub for a well-earned lunch, although not everyone chooses to do this.

Do get in touch. It would be lovely to meet you and to share together some of this beautiful county in which we live.



Rosalind Smith  
01872 865767

## Our Colourful World: A Dutch Tulip Field



*Image courtesy of Facebook*

## Quiz answers

### Historical novels- who wrote the following?

- |   |                   |
|---|-------------------|
| 1. The Pillars of the Earth                                 | Ken Follett       |
| 2. Sharpe's Assassin  | Bernard Cornwell  |
| 3. Wolf Hall  | Hilary Mantel     |
| 4. The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders | Daniel Defoe      |
| 5. Uneasy Lies the Head                                     | Jean Plaidy       |
| 6. The Captain's Daughter                                   | Alexander Pushkin |
| 7. A Respectable Trade                                      | Philippa Gregory  |
| 8. The First Cadfael Omnibus                                | Ellis Peters      |
| 9. The Story Spinner  | Barbara Erskine   |
| 10. Girl with a Pearl Earring                               | Tracy Chevalier   |







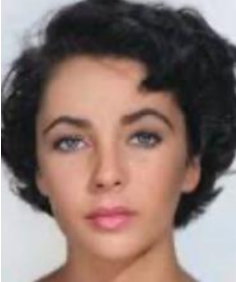

### Food and Drink

- |   |                        |
|---|------------------------|
| 1. Who invented the Peach Melba in 1893?                  | Auguste Escoffier      |
| 2. Which sauce is named after a river in Mexico?          | Tabasco                |
| 3. From which fruit is grenadine obtained?                | Pomegranate            |
| 4. What is a frikandel?                                   | Sausage                |
| 5. What, on a bottle of wine, is the punt?                | The dent on the bottom |
| 6. What is Dorset Blue Vinney?                            | Cheese                 |
| 7. What is Coquilles St Jacques?                          | Scallops               |
| 8. What was the name of the rum given to British sailors? | Grog                   |
| 9. From which area of Germany do hock wines come?         | The Rhine              |
| 10. Which are larger, winkles or whelks?                  | Whelks                 |

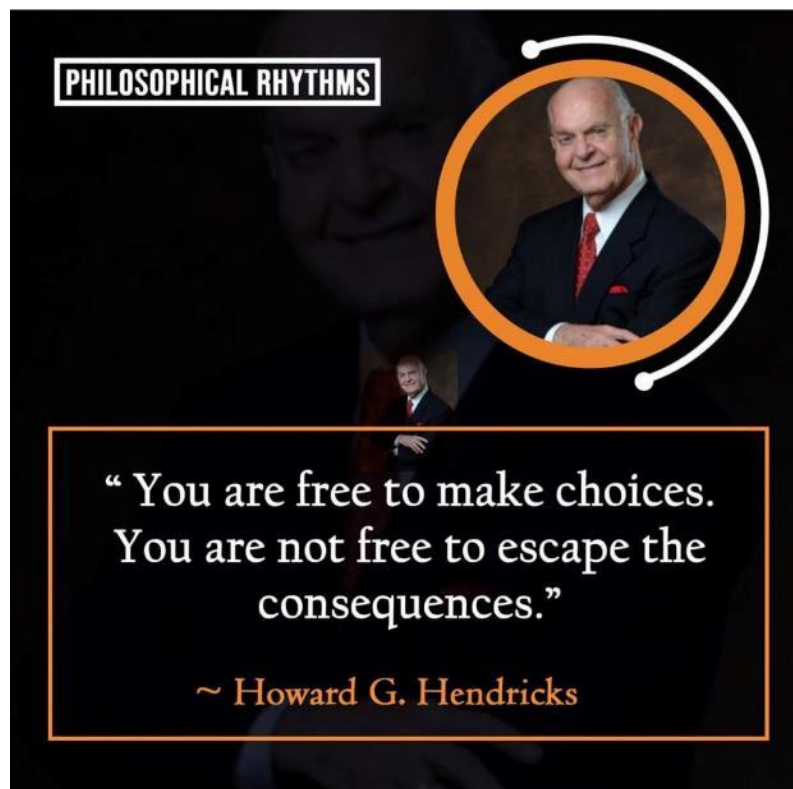
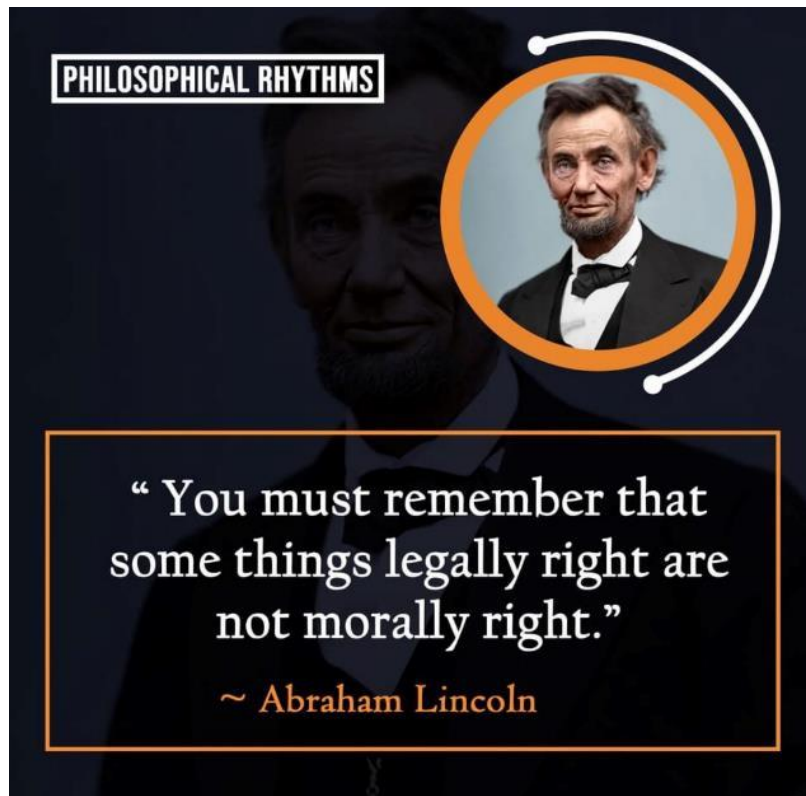
### Sport

- |  |                   |
|--|-------------------|
| 1. Who won the FA Cup in 2023?                                     | Manchester City   |
| 2. Where do Leeds United play?                                     | Elland Road       |
| 3. Who is the most decorated Olympian of all time?                 | Michael Phelps    |
| 4. Which country has won the most Rugby Union world cup titles?    | South Africa      |
| 5. Which golfer has won the most Masters Tournaments?              | Jack Nicklaus     |
| 6. In which city are the headquarters of the IOC?                  | Lausanne          |
| 7. Which country has won the most Davis Cup titles?                | United States     |
| 8. In which city are the headquarters of the IAAF?                 | Monaco            |
| 9. Which country has won the most Olympic gold medals in boxing?   | Cuba              |
| 10. In which sport would you find the word 'dunk'?                 | Basketball        |
| 11. Which country has the most Olympic gold medals in archery?     | South Korea       |
| 12. Which English league team's ground has the greatest capacity?  | Manchester United |
| 13. In which year did Roger Federer win his first Wimbledon title? | 2003              |
| 14. Who won more caps for England, Beckham or Rooney?              | Rooney            |
| 15. How many Olympic gold medals did Steve Redgrave win?           | 5                 |

## Picture Quiz answers

			
Ore Oduba	Alan Alda	Olivia Newton John	Elton John
			
Oscar Wilde	Uma Thurman	Amy Winehouse	Oprah Winfrey
			
Angelina Jolie	Arnold Schwarzenegger	Angela Lansbury	Emma Watson
			
Elizabeth Taylor	Eartha Kitt	Ella Fitzgerald	Elvis Presley

## Thoughts for the day



*Courtesy of Philosophical Rhythms & 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 – Tuesday 27<sup>th</sup> May 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.
- 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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