

The Carrick Argus

Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news

Issue no 102

June 2025



Red Admiral

By Chris Rowlands

An entry for the 2024 Photography Competition

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Editorial

I am sure you will all be aware by now that this year Carrick u3a celebrates its 35th anniversary. As we were unable to meet up for our 30th because of covid, we are planning to mark this occasion in style.

First up is a **ceilidh on Sunday 22nd June at 7.30pm in the Perranwell Centre**. We have booked a well-known and experienced band, The Brim, along with a professional caller, Kate Smith, of Ceilidh Cornwall. No partner or experience is necessary so do come along and join in the fun. Some tickets are still available, price £10, email me at vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk. Tea and coffee will be provided, bring your own drinks and nibbles.

Other events will be a cream tea and concerts in the park, one at the Victoria Park in Truro and one at the Princess Pavilion in Falmouth. It would be lovely to see as many of you as possible at any or all of these.

Last month we brought you news of a second **Shakespeare Appreciation** group starting due to high demand. This month we are delighted to see **Tai Chi** is now a u3a group again. Sessions take place on Gyllyngvase beach every Monday starting at 9.15am. Contact Jill, the group leader, if you would like to join. Her details are in the May newsletter.

News from Head Office

Members of **u3a Friends Extra** can save up to 65% on their holidays. More information on www.holidayexclusives.com.

Online events available free of charge to all u3a members include: -

1. Bollywood Laughter Yoga Dance, 2nd June at 10am Gentle aerobic exercise combined with laughing, singing, dancing and playing.
2. Mindfulness and Meditation, a 6-week course beginning on Wednesday 4th June at 10am
3. The Glasgow Society of Lady Artists, Friday 13th June at 2pm
4. The Use of AI in Healthcare, Tuesday 17th June at 2pm
5. Live cookery demonstrations, Thursday 19th June at 10.30am
6. Cryptic crosswords for beginners, Tuesday 24th June at 10am
7. A safari through the invisible world of microbes, Friday 27th June at 2pm
8. The Oceans and Climate Change, Monday 30th June at 10am

For full details of these and many other online events, go to u3a.org.uk. They all take place via Zoom. If you haven't used Zoom before, contact Ric Reilly, our digital guru, who will be delighted to get you started.

Sue Hutt
Editor

Why Walsingham?



Photo courtesy of Kate Townesend

How Caribee Island became Walsingham Place – the grandest street in the city which was saved by a world-famous poet

I belong to two u3a groups and recently the same question has been asked by members of both groups. How did Walsingham Place get its name? At the Falmouth Book Group, we had read *'The Queen's Agent: Francis Walsingham at the Court of Queen Elizabeth'* and the Amblers Group took a guided walk around Truro to learn more about the byways and the secret alleyways of the city and had come across this delightful street of beautiful Georgian houses. We had assumed that the street had been named after **Francis Walsingham** or from the place, Walsingham in Norfolk famous for its Abbey and pilgrimages. Were Walsingham the man and Walsingham in Norfolk related too?

The answer it seems is no! I am grateful to the archives of Cornwall Live from where most of my information regarding Truro has come.



Lemon Street 1892

Courtesy of the Royal Cornwall Museum

Originally, back in the 1400s Walsingham Place was a bog, Truro was a small town with a castle, a Dominican Friary and a leper colony!

By the 1600s three houses sat on the land which was now known as Cribby or Caribee Island, the name is thought to derive from the Caribbean, due to the large number of slave ships docking in Truro's port. It was very marshy but had its own pub, The Ship Inn. The area was also home to the Fairfield or Moorfield where wrestling matches took place

Lemon Street was completed in the 1830s and then Walsingham Place itself was constructed in 1837 by the then MP for

Truro, **Edmund Turner**, who was a banker, and businessman John Ferris, who gave his name to Ferris Town just up the road. Walsingham Place was named after Edmund's brother who had the unwieldy but rather splendid name of **Walsingham Turner**.

Philip Sambell, who couldn't hear or speak, is thought to have been the architect of Walsingham Place, the charming, curved late Georgian terrace we still know today ... though the lions invaded sometime later in the 1960s.

In 1851 it was reported that Walsingham Place was home to clerks, a wheelwright, butcher, wine and spirit merchant, ironmonger, fancy chair maker, English teacher, and the wife and family of an Inland Revenue officer called Mugford.

A fire destroyed the buildings near the bridge over the Kenwyn River alongside Walsingham Place in 1854. They were not rebuilt and Victoria Square was constructed.

In 1872 there was a government inquiry, revealing that four-and-a-half miles of sewer emptied straight into the Kenwyn River between Castle Street and Walsingham Place. A barge was kept at Lemon Bridge, where Lemon Quay is now, to take away the solid matter.

There were also sluice gates at the bridge but these were operated by 'over-worked scavengers' who often caused catastrophes. The stench was said to be terrible at all times.

The residents of Walsingham Place in 1883 were a publican, insurance agent, dressmaker, fruiterer, law clerk, cabman, gardener, coach builder and hop merchant.



Clarice Mortensen-Fowler
*Image courtesy of
funeral-notices.co.uk*

Walsingham Place was famous as the home of one of Truro's best-loved residents, the late **Clarice Mortensen-Fowler**, who moved into No 11 with her family in 1921 and then No 16 when they outgrew the two bedrooms of No 11. In 1940 the family moved out of Walsingham Place when it became too noisy.

In 1964 it was decided that Walsingham Place should be knocked down to make way for a new development. Fortunately, **John Betjeman** - on the committee producing The Shell Guides – visited Truro and his report stopped the development.

Gradually the private residences changes to business premises, with the last domestic dweller thought to have moved out around ten years ago.

So, no connection to Francis Walsingham nor to Walsingham although the former's ancestors may have come from there.

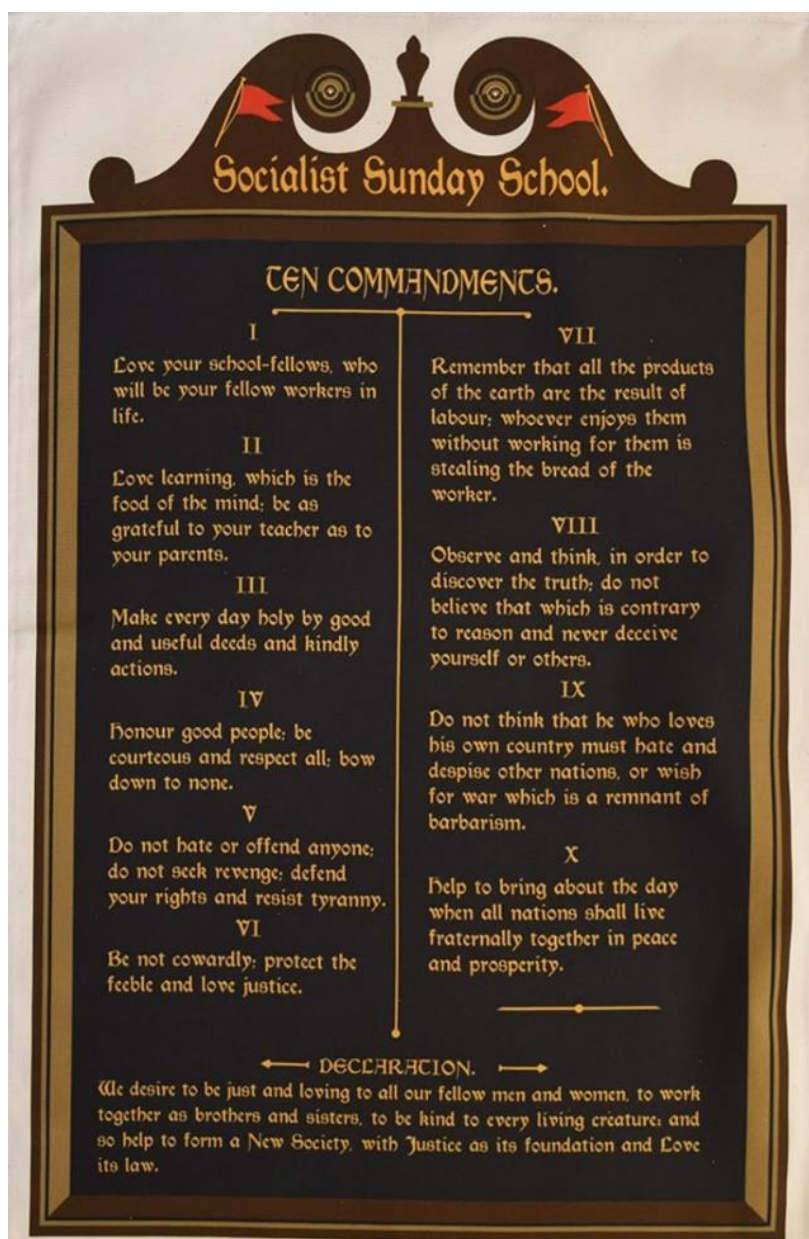
Kate Townesend

Ref: Cornwall Live

Socialist Sunday Schools



This plaque, from the William Morris Hall in Walthamstow, shows the Ten Commandments designed by the Socialist Sunday Schools in the 1880s. The town of Walthamstow had become a centre for the fight to improve the lives of workers by organising self-help groups. The people had clubbed together to raise funds for the hall which was named after the artist **William Morris**, leader of the Arts and Crafts Movement and opened by **Walter Crane** on 13th December 1909.



Images courtesy of Facebook

The Socialist Sunday Schools were seen by the ruling classes as subversive and as "*poisoning the minds of the young people of the country*". While it would be difficult for them to argue with the first few commandments, it was presumably number 7 in particular which offended and perhaps frightened

them, with memories of the French Revolution still fresh in their minds. Secular Sunday Schools were first set up in the 1830s by Chartists and followers of **Robert Owen**, who felt that there was a need to educate young people to live honest and good lives and to understand the principles of socialism. The movement died away by the 1850s but in the 1880s began to re-emerge.



A postcard advertising the monthly magazine of the Socialist Sunday School movement.

In 1892, **Mary Gray**, a member of the Social Democratic Federation, was running a soup kitchen for the children of striking miners when she realised they had little education beyond a little very basic literacy. She set up her own Sunday School which sought to show the children their social responsibilities and twenty years later there were 120 such schools across the country. There was much opposition from politicians who declared that they were “*subverting the minds of young people with their political teaching.*”

Tom Anderson, a trade unionist, set up a similar secular Sunday School in 1894, which led to a further 200 being established around the UK. The

teachers were provided with a manual and sample lesson plans to help them. The schools were purely educational, focussing on conduct in daily life, concern for others and spiritual development, with no religious teaching at all. Their guidelines were: -

- *That morality is the fulfilment of one's duty to one's neighbour.*
- *That the present social system is devoid of the elements of love or justice as it ignores the claims of the weak and distressed, and is, therefore, immoral;*
- *That society can be reorganised on a basis of love and justice, and that it is every man's duty to use all available social forces in bringing about that reorganisation.*

People tried to discredit the schools by accusing them of blasphemy, and in 1902 London County Council evicted some from their hired halls. This led to a huge demonstration in Trafalgar Square, addressed by **Margaret McMillan**, a campaigner for better health care and education for poor children. Opposition continued and in 1926 Fulham Council banned the schools from meeting on Sundays because they were non-theological.

The movement gained much traction in the United States, where it was widespread, and also in Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Hungary, Belgium and Switzerland.

Sue Hutt

Ref: -

James C. Docherty, "Socialist Sunday Schools," in *Historical Dictionary of Socialism*. Lanham, MD: Scarecrow Press, 1997; pg. 218.

Reid, F. (1966). "[Socialist Sunday Schools in Britain, 1892-1939](#)". *International Review of Social History*.

Teitelbaum, Kenneth. *Schooling for 'Good Rebels': Socialist Education for Children in the United States, 1900-1920*. Philadelphia: Temple University Press, 1993

The Ponsmere Hotel & Lowender Perran, Perranporth

PONSHERE

THE HOTEL ON THE BEACH

Perranporth's famous sandy beach is right on your doorstep

- ★ Always a warm Cornish welcome
- ★ The Ponsmere caters for the whole family
- ★ It's the hotel on the beach
- ★ Outdoor pool and sun patio
- ★ Indoor heated pool
- ★ Nightlife - with live entertainment
- ★ Children's Entertainment
- ★ Children's supervised play room
- ★ Children's early meals everyday
- ★ 75 en-suite bedrooms
- ★ Gymnasium and exercise studio
- ★ Hairdressing salon
- ★ Sauna

Cornwall has lots of places to visit and lots of things to do!
Write or telephone for a new free colour brochure
01872 572225

Lowender Peran
20 years

14th to 18th October 1998
Ponsmere Hotel - Perranporth

Supported by:

Cornwall County Council
Perranporth Parish Council

As well as all the above attractions, the Ponsmere (as it was affectionately known locally) was famous for hosting the **Lowender Peran Celtic festival** each autumn. The 20th festival brochure is a historic document, detailing not only the roots of the annual gathering of participants from Wales, Brittany, Ireland, the Isle of Man and Scotland, but also some facts I wasn't previously aware of.

Amongst these was that the **Cornish Ordinalia**, a cycle of three religious dramas originating from **Glasney College** in Penryn, contained elements from Cornish miracle plays and references to ancient non-canonical scriptures such as the Gospel of Nicodemus.

During Lowender Peran in 1996 a production of an extract from the Ordinalia was performed at **Perran Round**, near Goonhavern (see article in Argus, April 2022) which had a cast of 40 local people.

Sadly, the Ponsmere closed in September 2015 and as a buyer couldn't be found to continue using it as a hotel, it was demolished. It had been a landmark in the village since 1924. Parts of it, such as the cellars and TV lounge, dated back to the mid-19th century.

The hotel was originally built in 1810 for a local mine captain, **Captain John Oates**, as his summer house. He was the owner of the Great Wheal Leisure Mine, which in 1870 was the richest copper mine in the district.



The hotel is still greatly missed, both as a provider of jobs and an entertainment venue for the community. Despite strong local opposition a block of private apartments has been built there.

More information on the history of the site and the hotel can be found in **Perranzabuloe Museum**, which is situated just off the main street, above the library.

Perranporth has recently become well-known for another big arts event, '**Tunes in the Dunes**', which takes place on the beach, not far from the site of the Ponsmere Hotel.

Sue Amer

*Images are from a Lowender Peran programme (1998) and a postcard
All images courtesy of Sue Amer*

Eating out and about

Mid-April and the sun was shining, people were bravely trying out their summer clothes and families were enjoying the first good weather of the Easter school holidays as we drove to Malpas and the [Heron Inn](#).

The setting is idyllic. The pub stands on the road overlooking the glittering Fal estuary and the tables outside by the water were already busy with guests enjoying a cool glass of beer, a well filled sandwich, a bowl of French fries. We had booked inside and were seated by the window with a good view of the river.



Image courtesy of The Cornish Guide

The menu was inviting with an excellent range of fish, meat and vegetarian dishes, so we opted for roasted chorizo (*very tasty with a hint of honey*) and a bowl of humus to share while we made our difficult choices.

The mouthwatering list of starters and mains made this an enjoyable task, the chef/owner Nick Hemming is an acclaimed chef and the pub restaurant has won a host of prizes and accolades so expectations were high. A difficult choice with delights such as roast wild mushrooms with blue cheese (£12), carpaccio of beef (£14), seafood chowder or linguine, steaks, grills, curries and intriguing and interesting vegetarian options of risottos, tagines and vegan fish and chips! (£19).

The Seafood platter, Cornish mussels with frites and the Heron fish pie eventually won and we settled down to wait with a very reasonable bottle of white Rioja (£23) to keep us going.

The wine list is good, ranging from our modest bottle to a Picpoul de Pinet, an unusual Knightor Carpe Diem from a Cornish producer (£36) and a Marlborough Sauvignon at £34. The reds range from a Chilean Cabernet Sauvignon (£23) to an elevated Bourgogne Pinot Noir at £47. For beer drinkers a wide range of local ales is supplied by the St Austell brewery.

Our food was served with cheerfulness and efficiency. The seafood platter was a vision of loveliness – piled high to serve two - grilled sardines, plump crevettes, smoked salmon, steamed mussels, a small

salad, toasted garlic focaccia, bowls of garlic mayonnaise and the freshest crumbed whitebait (not the usual stale frozen offerings) that I have ever eaten in a pub completed the feast. At £50 for two this seemed a bargain.

The silent blond was well pleased with the plump Cornish mussels cooked in a delicate cream sauce- not over salty as this dish so often is (£22) and the accompanying fries were adequate. The Heron fish pie was the least favourite dish (£22), rather small and dull with no decipherable saffron spice or interesting fish, the creamed potato topping pallid and uninspired. The seasonal vegetables were fresh with a pleasing bite, but nothing special, just good plain cooking. We should have tried a more adventurous dish, there was certainly ample choice.

So far so good- so this is a small complaint and perhaps of no importance to most visitors, but better said -the acoustics at our end of the room made conversation impossible. The packed tables nearby were tucked into alcoves that intensified happy shrieks of laughter to an unprecedented level. My advice- book a table at the other end of the room (near the toilets!) or hope that the weather is perfect for eating outside.

All in all, this is a restaurant I enthusiastically recommend - a lovely setting, locally sourced ingredients, imaginatively created dishes, beautifully cooked and presented, good efficient service. There was even parking along the roadside and at the side of the pretty pub building, though this may not be so available later in the season and the kilometre walk along the river from Truro may be a better and very pleasant option.

We shall definitely be returning when our friends and family come to visit. Perhaps to sample the Boozy Bottomless Brunch - three imaginative courses with unlimited cocktails – Now that sounds like a real treat!

And now a completely different experience – but just as enjoyable. A pop-up van situated on Falmouth’s quayside, just outside Trago’s lower door and [The Front](#) pub.



Courtesy of the Kelp Canteen website

It is called the **Kelp Canteen** and is run by Eliot, an enterprising young chef with a background in sustainable agriculture, ethics that he now brings to his cooking. You can grab a seat at a rough trestle table with great harbour views as you enjoy small plates of local seafood served from the tiny van. The pub provides the biggest selection of craft beers in town as well as the usual wines etc. so there is no problem about accompanying drinks.

We sat in the warm evening sun, watching the holiday crowds and enjoying a plate of native oysters (4 for £12.50p) and a little dish of taramasalata with delicious whole roast pink fir potatoes (£9). The silent blond was enthusiastic about the bouillabaisse, thick and rich with shellfish flavours, pieces of white fish, a crostino dripping with garlic butter and a mildly spicy rouille. We were tempted by the Fal mussels in a cream and wild garlic sauce but decided to save that for the next time to have with whatever daily special this enterprising chef provides. He creates remarkably sophisticated food for a pop-up, served on environmentally friendly plates and cutlery and not the usual plastic.



Image courtesy of the Kelp Canteen website

Eliot also does a roaring trade at lunch time, providing a full menu including excellent crab sandwiches (£12.50p) vying for customers with the nearby award-winning fish and chip shop **Harbour Lights**.

The Kelp Canteen is open Thursday to Saturday from 11.0am- 8.0pm, Wednesday and Sunday lunch only 11.0am – 3.0pm.

After enjoying the view and our tapas type supper we retired to The Front for a nightcap and an ad-hoc musical entertainment before the slow walk home. How lucky we are to have all these pleasures on our doorstep!

L.W.

Adrian's pick of the month: New life in nature









All images courtesy of Carrick u3a
Photography group

Creative writing: Lily

She had arrived at the farm many years ago. Thrown hard from a passing van, the side of her head scraped and bloody, sprawled on the gritty roadside, quivering, panting, legs twisted beneath her, cowering as the farmer ran towards her.

The van had disappeared over the bridge, revving hard, scattering dust.

It had taken long months of careful attention, quiet words, a warm bed and gentle coaching to eat, before she accepted being touched, before she would move from the safety of the house and explore very slowly the surrounding land, her body hunched over, tail curved under her body, stopping at every sound, every movement, a dog defeated.

It was a long hard winter and the farmer and his wife had sat together on the bed by the stove cradling the dog, stroking its stiff white hair, deciding a name, Lily, in honour of the wife's mother and because of the pure whiteness of its fur. Loving the way, she would sometimes nuzzle their hands, look at them with awakening trust, stretch her bony legs then scramble to the floor, make for the door and go alone into the field, hesitant but with growing courage.

Spring came and one clear sunny day they saw her, head held high, her tail curved in the air, running beneath the trees that skirted their land. The farmer called her name 'Lil, here girl, here, come!' And she flew across the field, landing at his feet in a bundle of warmth. How they cuddled and laughed, how they skittered and danced. That night they ate together on the wooden veranda, a celebratory piece of meat with all the bones dropped beneath the table for Lily, the finest of dogs.

For twelve good years they farmed the land, harvesting fruit, rearing chickens and now they could raise long legged sheep for rich milk and cheeses to sell in the town, for Lily now guided the flock to fresh pastures, awoke at night to warn of foxes and the packs of abandoned dogs that scoured the countryside scavenging for food. With her help they began to live a life of comfort, plenty of food on the table, money to spend at the market and with an ancient van to transport their growing range of dairy produce into town.

Many years before there had been a son. He was thin and sickly and unsuited to the hard life on the smallholding, but had been clever at school, clever with numbers. So, sadly they had sent him to live with a distant relative in a northern city where he could work as a clerk and earn a good living. As neither the farmer nor his wife had learned to read, they could not answer his occasional letters which they kept, carefully wrapped in a linen cloth and placed reverently in a gilded box. They lost touch with the boy which pained them deeply.

It was a golden autumn morning when a van from the local post office drove down their lane, its horn announcing its extremely rare presence. No letters had come to the farm for over fifteen years and the postman was curious to see the owners. He was more than happy to read them the message he carried.

Inscribed on the thick cream card a golden script requested the presence of the father and mother of Francisco Tanzarella at his marriage to Angelina Maria Carrara. The date, time, officiating priest and impressive venue leaving no doubt as to the importance of the occasion.

They were thunderstruck but determined. Hurried plans were quickly made, their scant savings used to pay itinerant workers to care for the farm, a tailored suit made for the farmer, a velvet coat and real leather shoes bought for the mother of the bridegroom and an economy rail ticket on the Flecha d'Oro from the nearby town to the grand industrial city in the north.

But what to do with Lily?

Should they leave her on the farm and hope the workers would feed her? Or should they beg the kindly woman who owned the cheese shop in the town to house her for the few days they would be away? They would pay handsomely with a free year's supply of goat's cheese for the security of knowing that Lily was well cared for and perhaps that was preferable to being ignored by careless casual workers.

The wedding was in five days' time, so much to organise, so much to do, the days were flying by. They decided to hand Lily over to the cheese shop owner on the way to the station, with strict instructions to fuss over her to make her feel wanted and settled. They would collect her in a few days' time on their return. Delirious with joy, bewildered and afraid, hopeful and panicked and dizzy with excitement, they hugged the quivering dog as they bumped along the lanes to town. A last long squeeze, a tearful stare and they were off on the first and only journey of their lives.

A week later the couple return to the farm, full of tales and happy to find the animals well cared for, the chickens fed, the goats milked. Then a rush to the shop to reclaim their beloved dog.

The shop was quiet as they open the door. The shop keeper stood, twisting her hands, telling them Lily had fled the moment the door was open, bolting into the busy street, off and away.

They search for weeks, haunting the lanes, calling and calling. They knock on doors, they print flyers offering reward that they post all over town, at crossroads, on fences, on trees. Their home is empty, they barely speak. Sometimes someone would tell them they had seen a strange white dog running across a distant field and they would spend days there calling and searching, all work abandoned.

Many years passed and now the farm is barely discernible, just two rough fields, a tumbled stone house, a few broken sheds. No-one claimed the land and memory of the couple has faded. The nearby coast is being discovered by tourism, the unspoiled countryside suddenly desirable, villas are being built with gardens and pools, the little rural town is spreading, blank cement flats rearing from the land. Bars are busy and the trattorias feed different clientele, the local market is photographed for holiday brochures and sleek cars drive the dusty lanes that once saw only a solitary donkey or heavy-laden truck. The world has turned and all is changed.

But sometimes as the light fades over the golden hills and the shadows lengthen over the barren scrub, a movement can be seen by the watchful eye. Stand very still, you might just catch a flash of white beneath a tree, a racing dog, its tail held high, guarding a small patch of land that was home.

Creative writing: Cliffhanger

As she was falling, Biba still thought that she could have averted this. How many times do we have to pull ourselves up by our bootlaces and listen to ourselves, ask more questions?

It had begun as a stern, almost parental tone but Biba chose to waive it, just like when she had ignored her mother who had judged her friend Gail as controlling. Biba's mother, Mercedes, always wanted to choose her daughter's friends. "*She's predatory*" Mercedes had accused, but recognising a younger version of herself in Gail who had blown in from nowhere and latched on to her daughter. Biba was so naive, never wanting to upset anyone and she would go to great lengths to appease people, often to her detriment. Why couldn't she be more like her, an 'Alpha female' and take charge of her life?

Yet she noticed that lately Biba had been preoccupied with someone else. Her current beau, Sebastian, feral eyes and a bulging Adam's apple, who seemed strangely keen to come to the house, was not at all perturbed by her husband Desmond's pedantic pithy conversation killers.

No, Sebastian was what her daughter called 'hench' and Biba corrected Mercedes, 'fit' has a different connotation these days! Perhaps that was why Gail was so possessive?

Of course, Gail was every shade of green on that spectrum colour chart of insanely racing jealousy! How dare Sebastian steal her prize! She would prise them both apart. Gail was a feisty young woman in her Goth black lace dress, DM boots and ripped fishnet tights. She had never known consistent parenting so was a rebel but her cause was to find someone with whom to feel secure. She had so wanted Biba after Cupid's arrow brought it right up to the kiss. She would show Biba that Sebastian had no genuine feelings for her.

The voice inside Biba was shouting "*now keep your wits about you. Someone is going to hurt you*" in an almost paranoid, unsettling manner. Surely not? Biba's mind wrestled with reason. Hadn't Gail been there for her when her friends had walked away? Ah, but had Gail sent them away? Biba had not reciprocated that kiss. The voice of doubt stirred a disturbing sickly feeling that Biba could not shake off. That thin teetering line of mistrust began to seep into her unconscious, thrashing about as a recurring nightmare where she saw that there was a body in a pool, it looked like a rock pool. A twisted torso, a disfigured Lowry shaped broken pile of matchsticks drowned in a bloodbath.

"If you ask me, I would say that you were frightened of falling in love with this Sebastian" posed Biba's father, analysing her nightmare as a mere story her unconscious was trying to make sense of. "*A dream is not a premonition*" he tersely asserted, in his usual aloof manner. Deflecting his attention, his wife Mercedes dabbed musky perfume behind her ears as she tried, in vain, to playfully seduce her husband with her slinky panther-like swaying of her hips, as Desmond yawned.

Biba needed to breathe. She took herself off for a walk to the Seven Sisters chalky white cliffs. Some hours later as the light was casting mottled shadows, she saw two silhouettes in the distance in a

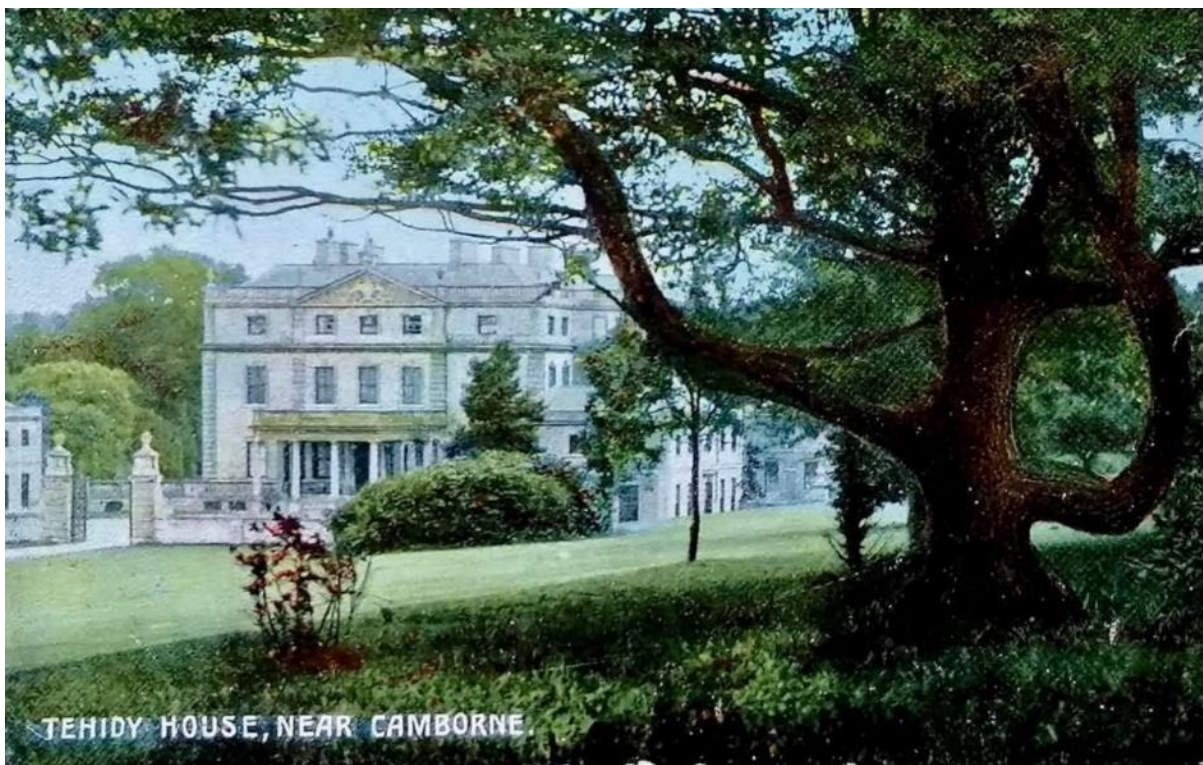
deep, unashamed embrace. She could hardly believe her eyes as she could make out that it was Sebastian but could not define who the woman was, clearly enjoying his ardent clinch.

A riptide feeling of betrayal swept over her as Biba turned to retreat, tears running a river into the rock pools below. Yet who was chasing after her? Who cared enough about Biba's feelings to beg her not to run so near the cliff edge? The words whirled away, unheard, in the wind.

As Biba glanced back, she tripped over her bootlace, lost her balance and found herself falling ... falling...the horror reflected in the black pools of helplessness to save her, in a woman's eyes, as Biba plunged to her doom. The ultimate betrayal... it was Mercedes who knelt screaming into the nightmare that had taken her daughter.

© Ruby Walker.

Old Cornish Photograph: Tehidy House



Courtesy of Nostalgic Camborne

I am sure many of our members have enjoyed the delights of Tehidy Country Park, however few will be familiar with the Basset family mansion which sits at its centre. Although the house pictured above was sold by the family in 1916, converted into a tuberculosis hospital and then destroyed by fire in 1919 it was completely rebuilt by 1922 and continued as a hospital until 1988. The rebuilt structure remains in the now privately owned part of the park with no public access and has been converted into luxury apartments.

Ref: Wikipedia

Quiz

Complete the sentences

1. A lover of books is a
2. A lover of clouds is a
3. A lover of forests is a
4. A lover of cats is an
5. A lover of dogs is a
6. A lover of stars is an
7. A lover of cars is an
8. A lover of night is a
9. A lover of animals is a
10. A lover of snow is a
11. A lover of rain is a
12. A lover of technology is a

In which English county are the following towns?

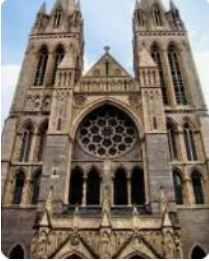















1. Alcester
2. Aldeburgh
3. Amble
4. Ashbourne
5. Attleborough
6. Bacup
7. Battle
8. Bedale
9. Bewdley
10. Biggleswade
11. Bishop's Waltham
12. Bollington
13. Bourne
14. Bradninch
15. Brampton

In which countries are these currencies used?

1. Forint
2. Rupiah
3. Ringgit
4. Yuan
5. Ruble
6. Tugrik
7. Yen
8. Swiss franc
9. Rand
10. Shekel

[Answers on page 26](#)

Picture Quiz: English Cathedrals

 <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 27](#)

The man who named storms



Clement Wragge

Image courtesy of Wikipedia

Clement Lindley Wragge (1852-1922) was a meteorologist who was the first person to give human names to storms and hurricanes. After attending church, grammar and boarding schools, he spent time in Cornwall improving his Latin. He studied law at Lincoln's Inn, watched operations at St Bartholomew's Hospital and travelled extensively throughout Europe, the Middle East, Australia and the Americas before returning to the UK.

Deciding law was not a career he wanted to follow, he trained as a midshipman and worked his passage to Melbourne, singing sea shanties, learnt during his time in Cornwall perhaps? After his marriage to **Leonora Thornton**, the couple returned to England. Clement decided he needed to be able to read the weather so he set up two weather stations in North Staffordshire, which sent him the results even when he was climbing Ben Nevis. During the summer of 1881 he climbed the mountain every day to take meteorological readings for the Scottish Meteorological Society, comparing them with those taken by his wife at Fort William.

Two years later the family moved back to Australia where Wragge again set up weather stations throughout Queensland which began predicting storms. Due to the frequency of these he decided it would be useful to be able to identify them. His first idea was to use Greek letters, but he later moved onto using names, including those of politicians he disliked.

After resigning from the Queensland government in 1904 he travelled to the Cook Islands and Tahiti before settling in New Zealand with his 'de facto' wife Louisa. The practice of naming storms ceased after his death and was not reinstated for 60 years.

Sue Hutt

The Hall for Cornwall visit

Twelve members visited the Hall for Cornwall for a back stage tour organised by **Wendy Forman** on May 20th. A full report will appear in next month's Newsletter but here are a few photographs from the event to 'whet your appetite'.

If you look closely, you might even catch a glimpse (*or three to be more precise*) of the photographer actually taking the photograph in one of the images.



All photos courtesy of Adrian Rowlands

A little poem for seniors

*Another year has passed
And we're all little older.
Last summer felt hotter
And winter seems much colder.*

*There was a time not long ago
When life was quite a blast,
Now I fully understand
About 'Living in the Past'*

*We used to go to weddings,
Football games and lunches ...
Now we go to funeral homes
And after-funeral brunches.*

*We used to go out dining,
And couldn't get our fill.
Now we ask for doggie bags,
Come home and take a pill.*

*We used to often travel
To places near and far.
Now we get sore asses
From riding in the car.*

*We used to go to nightclubs
And drink a little booze.
Now we stay home at night
And watch the evening news.*

*That, my friend is how life is,
And now my tale is told.
So, enjoy each day and live it up...
Before you're too damned old!*



Spotted on-line by Hiliary Harrod
Author's name not provided
Poem courtesy of **Words to heal the soul**

Quiz answers

Complete the sentences

- | | |
|--------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. A lover of books is a | bibliophile |
| 2. A lover of clouds is a | nephophile |
| 3. A lover of forests is a | nemophile |
| 4. A lover of cats is an | ailurophile |
| 5. A lover of dogs is a | cynophile |
| 6. A lover of stars is an | astrophile |
| 7. A lover of cars is an | autophile |
| 8. A lover of night is a | nyctophile |
| 9. A lover of animals is a | zoophile |
| 10. A lover of snow is a | chionophile |
| 11. A lover of rain is a | pluviophile |
| 12. A lover of technology is a | technophile |

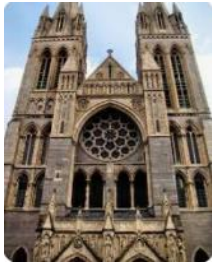
In which English county are the following towns?

- | | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| 1. Alcester | Warwickshire |
| 2. Aldeburgh | Suffolk |
| 3. Amble | Northumberland |
| 4. Ashbourne | Derbyshire |
| 5. Attleborough | Norfolk |
| 6. Bacup | Lancashire |
| 7. Battle | East Sussex |
| 8. Bedale | North Yorkshire |
| 9. Bewdley | Worcestershire |
| 10. Biggleswade | Bedfordshire |
| 11. Bishop's Waltham | Hampshire |
| 12. Bollington | Cheshire |
| 13. Bourne | Lincolnshire |
| 14. Bradninch | Devon |
| 15. Brampton | Cumbria |

In which countries are these currencies used?

- | | |
|----------------|--|
| 1. Forint | Hungary |
| 2. Rupiah | Indonesia |
| 3. Ringgit | Malaysia |
| 4. Yuan | China |
| 5. Ruble | Russia, Abkhazia, South Ossetia |
| 6. Tugrik | Mongolia |
| 7. Yen | Japan |
| 8. Swiss franc | Switzerland, Liechtenstein |
| 9. Rand | South Africa, Lesotho, Namibia, Eswatini |
| 10. Shekel | Israel, Palestine |

Picture Quiz answers



Truro



Exeter



Canterbury



Durham



Coventry



Liverpool



St Paul's



Derby



Salisbury



Lincoln



Plymouth



Birmingham



Bristol



Manchester



Winchester



Wells

Old Photos: Shipwrecks around the Cornish coast



'The Glenbrevie' aground at Lowland point near Coverack 1902

Courtesy of the Gibsons of Scilly & Facebook



'The Noisiel' aground at Praa Sands 1905

Courtesy of the Museum of Cornish Life



French schooner St Anne wrecked at Porthleven 1931

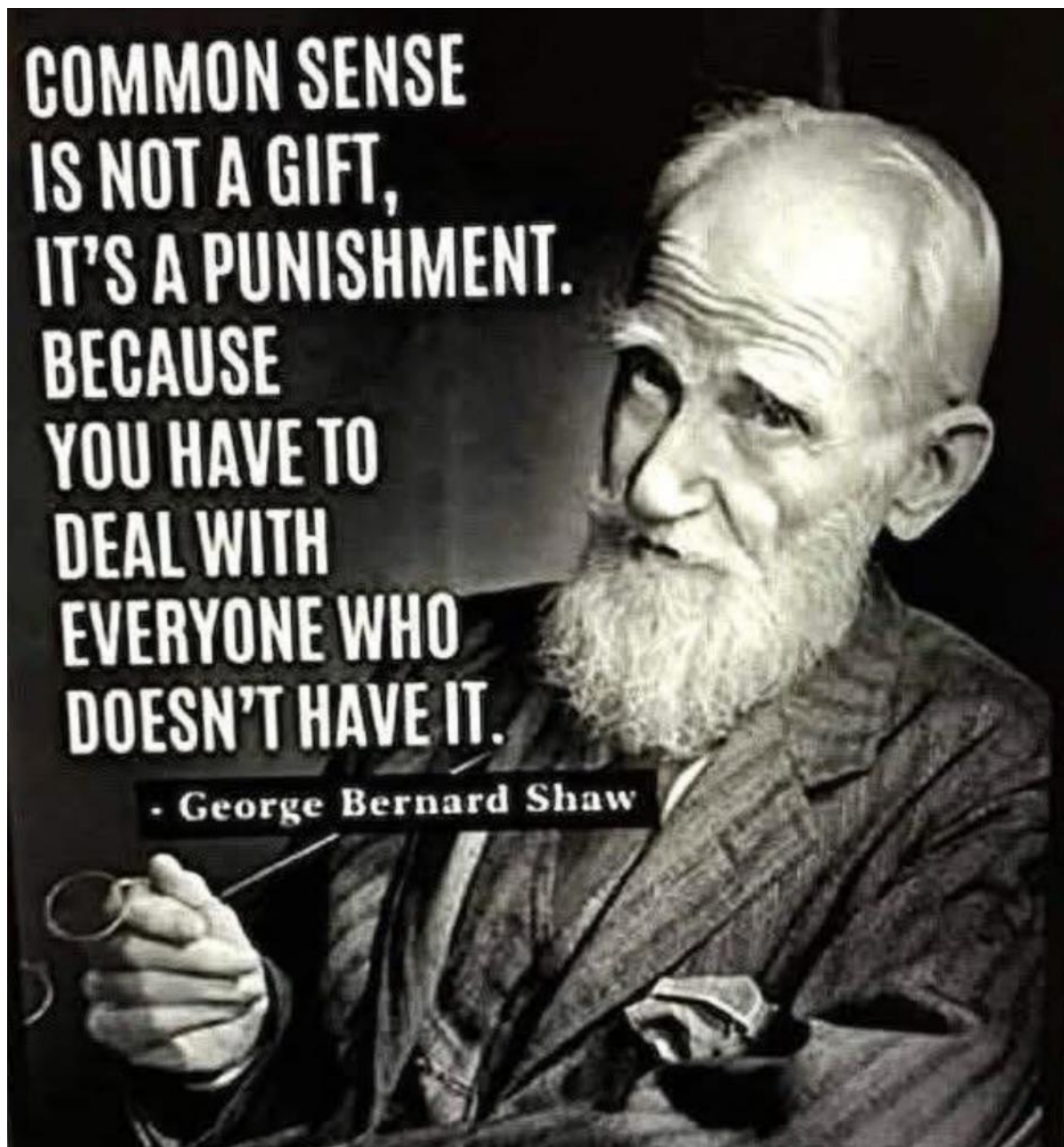
Courtesy of Andy Norfolk & Facebook



The trawler 'The Virgin Mary' on the rocks near Penzance 1937

Courtesy of Facebook

Thought for the day



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

Deadline for next issue – Thursday 26th June 2025

Policy and guidelines for contributors

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

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