

# The Carrick Argus

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

Issue no 103

July 2025



*River Dart setting sun*

*by David Ackroyd*

*An entry for the 2024 Photography competition*

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## Editorial

Well Carrick u3a kicked off its 35th anniversary in style, with a hugely successful Ceilidh at the Perranwell Centre. The band were great musicians and Kate the caller was very impressed with our dancing. Life does not stop when you retire! Many thanks to all who supported us by coming along and joining in, I'm sure you enjoyed it as much as we did, judging by the smiles on everyone's faces.



The next event in our schedule of celebrations is the **Cream Tea at Perranarworthal Cricket Ground**, where the croquet group meet. This is on **Monday 21st July 2.30-4.30pm**. Teas cost £7 and must be ordered and paid for beforehand, either by BACS (*Sort Code 30-98-76, Account Number 00863629*) or in cash directly to a member of the committee. Please send your name to me whichever way you choose to pay so I can add you to the list, it's [vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk](mailto:vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk). Thank you.



*All Ceilidh photos courtesy of Sue Hutt*

We're sad to let you know that the scrabble and board games groups are no longer able to meet, but the good news is that Tai Chi on Gyllyngvase beach on Monday mornings is now a u3a group again, and Deborah Moore is hoping to restart her sewing group in the Perranwell Centre. If you are interested in joining either of these groups, please get in touch with their group leaders, details are in the newsletter.

None of our groups could function without the enthusiasm and commitment from the leaders, so thank you all. If anyone has an interest in, a passion for, or a desire to learn something new that Carrick u3a don't already provide, do get in touch with Patsy, our group coordinator, who will be happy to help you. The committee are currently updating the group leaders' pack which will contain lots of advice and pointers in the right direction.

We look forward to seeing you at the cream tea event, don't forget to book your place!

Sue Hutt  
Editor

## Eating out and about in Carrick

Talking to friends who live in **Flushing** it was interesting to hear that most full-time residents of the village avoid the **Harbour House**. This pub/restaurant replaced their old pub on Trefusis Road a couple of years ago and locals claim they have been rudely discouraged from dropping in for a pint with preference given to holiday makers happily paying excessively for Michelin style food and wines.

We had dined there when the restaurant first opened and it certainly was pricey, but we had enjoyed our evening. The transformation of the interior had been achieved with tasteful skill, still reflecting its humble origins but with good table spacing and comfortable seating and we had taken a table next to the open kitchen where we chatted to the chef and watched our splendid whole plaice being cooked to perfection. However, the vegetable sides had been unimpressive, portions were generally small and the wines, as always in restaurants, were expensive. But the service was friendly enough- perhaps because we were in the 'big spender' category? Was our friends' judgement just reluctance to see any change in the village or a genuine complaint?



*Photo courtesy of LW*

As all House Restaurants do half price oysters every Monday, I decided to see what reception I got if a snack was all I wanted to accompany my pint. It was lunchtime and the restaurant was almost empty. I ordered 4 oysters and a glass of tonic at the bar and sat down outside with a pleasant view of the harbour across the road. My oysters arrived in 10 minutes, snuggled in a nest of kelp, glistening and fresh with a generous slice of lemon. I asked for some pepper and it was delivered

promptly with a smile and instruction to enjoy. Which I did! So, in my experience the accusation is not true and I resolved to make the Monday half price oysters a regular treat.

Yesterday was Monday and as we had friends to stay it seemed a good opportunity to try another 'House' restaurant at [Swanpool](#) Falmouth. The position is perfect, the view of the bay and headlands truly splendid. Fortunately, the weather was mild so we sat on the terrace as music was blaring so loud inside that guests were having to shout to have a conversation. I had seen Trip Adviser reviews complaining about the loud continuous music and it had certainly sent us outside. Apparently, the staff are not allowed to lower the volume or switch it off as it is 'House' policy to use loud popular music to provide an upbeat atmosphere! - very questionable. However the oysters were as sweet and fresh as ever, the draught beer reasonable and our friends thought the place totally memorable.

Generally, I think House Restaurants are ridiculously expensive, particularly as there is a 12.51% discretionary service charge (*does anyone have the temerity to ask for it be removed from the bill?*) but most other reviews I read felt that the quality of food and unique environment excuse the prices. A three-course meal for two people sharing a bottle of wine can easily cost well over £200. Personally, I shall only go on Monday for the oysters at £2.40 each.

Otherwise, prices are-

*A full sharing menu for a celebration party of 12 minimum: £60p.p.*

*Starters £12-£16*

*Mains £28-£36*

*Side dishes £6-£7.50*

*Puddings £12*

*Service charge -12.51%*

I seem to be obsessed with cost this month and this continues with the next venue so I hope adding the prices is helpful.

It was a thunderously wet grey evening in [Falmouth](#) with the sad sight of bedraggled holidaymakers searching for somewhere cosy to dry out or something of interest to entertain. What better antidote to such misery than to try to recapture the pleasures of the Italian table? [Pomodoro](#) on [Arwenack Street](#) where the enthusiastic Sardinian owner and chef Davide welcomes you into his simple tiny restaurant to tempt you with a limited menu of genuine Italian fare seemed to be the answer. To cheer us further we decided to indulge in a splendid bottle of Cannonau, a wine we had mightily enjoyed when staying in Oliena high in the Sardinian hills. Our host obviously approved our choice as it would certainly bump up the bill.

The first time we had eaten at Pomodoro we had the shared meat platter which had been a good and generous selection with the added interest of Pan Carasau, home-made Sardinian Music paper bread, but this time we opted for a mix of starters and pasta dishes. Davide had recently returned from visiting his Sardinian family which had inspired him to make a dish of traditional dumplings filled with potato called culurgiones. Served with a light tomato sauce they are not as sturdy or stodgy as you might expect, though definitely comfort food. I opted for the porcini ravioli with a rich parmesan cream sauce topped with crispy strips of genuine guanciale, a truly delicious dish. We

followed with the Malloreddus pasta with pork fennel sausage sauce, again a delicious dish accompanied by perfectly cooked broccoli rich with olive oil and crumbs of fried garlic.

The tourists on the next table were tucking into Tiramisu quaintly served in the tops of moka coffee pots which they told us was fabulous, so that saved us from further expense.



Pomodoro interior

*Photo courtesy of google images*

We have long since given up expecting the expertly served and lovingly executed restaurant meals at cheap prices that we enjoyed when living abroad and now accept that in Britain excellence must be paid for. Our escape to Falmouth's Sardinian restaurant from dreary wet weather was certainly not cheap, but expertly cooked and well worth every penny.

The house wine is Sardinian and very good value.

Here are the food prices-

*Antipasti (these are quite generous portions and there is a good choice) £7.50 -£12*

*Pasta Mains £12-£22*

*Puddings £6-£8.50*

*And no service charge.*

## Book Review. Lessons in Chemistry

By Bonnie Garmus published by Penguin Random House UK 2022



*Image courtesy of World of Books*

Please don't allow the unusual title of this book to put you off – I nearly did, which meant I'd have missed out on one of the most enjoyable novels I've ever read. Perhaps, like me, those school chemistry lessons don't hold happy memories for you. Thankfully this extraordinary story isn't focussed on those.

I highly recommend this well-constructed, witty and absorbing tale of an intelligent woman having to battle the shocking everyday sexism of 1960s America. Like Nigella Lawson, who's quoted on the back cover, I didn't want it to end.

There were moments when I wondered if Garmus was over-egging the pudding, but cases reported in today's media of women being belittled, disparaged and often ignored sound depressingly familiar.

To give one recent example: Ruth Itzhaki, a researcher who spent decades investigating whether Alzheimer's could be triggered by viruses, was treated contemptuously and was unfunded. Her theory which drove her lonely career has now been validated by a new study showing that Alzheimer's is connected, at least sometimes, to viruses.

Incidentally, it seems that having shingles, which is caused by the herpes virus, can lead to a cascade of damage which can precipitate dementia. Getting a shingles jab may reduce the risk so I'm glad to be eligible for it, and it lasts for life.

As well as a critique of sexism Garmus tackles the weighty problem of religious belief. Early in the book her heroine, Elizabeth Zott, explains to her partner Calvin about her father, describing him as *'a sort of God salesman: People like my father preach love but are filled with hate.'* She continues, *'People will always yearn for a simple solution to their complicated problems. It's a lot easier to have faith in something you can't see, can't touch, can't explain, and can't change, rather than to have faith in something you actually can.'*

Although mainly a solitary person, Elizabeth makes a friend called Harriet. *'There was something holy about Harriet. She was like a practical priest, someone to whom one could confess things – fears, hopes, mistakes – and expect in return, not a simpleton's recipe for prayers and beads, or a psychologist's "And how does that make you feel?" but actual wisdom. How to get on with the business in hand. How to survive.'*

Calvin is a respected scientist. There were moments when Garmus' prose made me smile, such as this: *'Calvin slipped between the cracks of the known and the unknown and explored the universe in a way that theology completely avoided.'*

When Elizabeth is denied a career as a scientist, she reluctantly becomes the host of a cookery show on TV. When asked a question by a member of the audience about her favourite grace, she replies, *'I don't have one, as I don't say grace. I don't believe in God but I do believe in the people who make the food possible, and the people who make the meals that nourish their families. Because of them, others live.'*

I was amused by the inclusion of the sport of rowing, which like Elizabeth I was introduced to by my husband. Unlike her, I never plied the oars, being happier to watch the action from the riverbank. The description of the clubhouse brought back many memories: *'They walked past rows of long wooden rowing shells layered to the ceiling like well-stacked toothpicks. In the photos there was always a jockey-sized man – the coxswain. She liked that a diminutive person held the reins to eight wild horses, his voice, their command; his hands, their rudder; his encouragements, their fuel.'*

To start with, the pair in which Calvin takes her out often ends up turning turtle. She asks what the problem is, and he replies, *'Physics'*. She's relieved: *'Thank god'* and later comments that *'rowing's a simple matter of kinetic energy versus boat drag and centre of mass. And gravity, and buoyancy, ratio, speed, balance, oar length, and so on.'*

Not long after, as their boat speeds unimpeded through the water, passing a men's eight, every head turns to watch them go by.

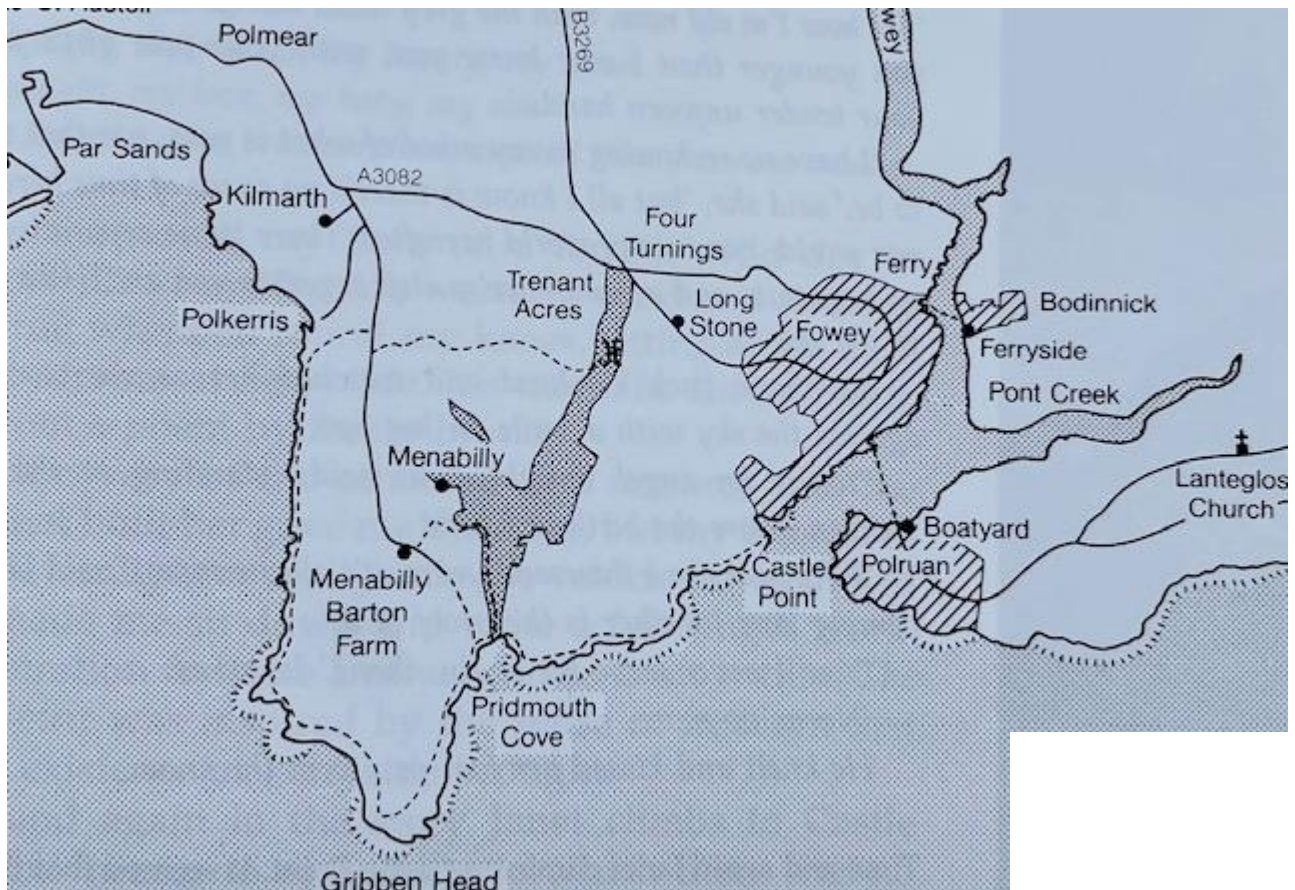
In short, this was a feast of a book, one of those which you gobble up and when you've finished you can't wait to read for a second time, to savour again at a slower pace.

A TV miniseries based on this story was shown on Apple TV in 2023.

Sue Amer

## Daphne du Maurier's Cornwall

**Daphne du Maurier** was born in London to a theatrical family, her father Gerald was actor/manager of the Wyndham theatre, her mother Muriel was an actress and her grandfather was the famous novelist, George du Maurier. She knew **J.M. Barrie** as 'Uncle Jim' and Peter Pan was based on stories he made up for her cousins. Surrounded by such creativity as she was growing up no doubt fostered a love of imaginary tales but it wasn't until she moved to Cornwall that she began to write in earnest.



Sketch map showing the settings of many of Du Maurier's novels

It was whilst on a tour of the county that Daphne and her mother found Swiss Cottage (renamed Ferryside) on the river Fowey. After some renovation she moved in on her twentieth birthday. Some of the local villagers, in particular the Slade family, inspired her first novel, *The Loving Spirit*. The graves of the Slade family can still be seen in the graveyard of Lanteglos church and du Maurier herself was married there.

The area around **Fowey** and **Polruan** feature in *Rebecca*, *Castle Dor*, *My Cousin Rachel*, *The Birds*, *The House on the Strand* (*my personal favourite*) and *Rule Britannia*. Further afield, the wild stretches of **Bodmin Moor** inspired *Jamaica Inn*, its "*silent, desolate country...vast and untouched by human hand; on the high tors the slabs of stone leant against one another in strange shapes and forms, massive sentinels who have stood there since the hand of God first fashioned them.*"

Daphne and her friend Foy, daughter of **Arthur Quiller-Couch** or Q as he was known, set off on horseback for a 40-minute ride on the moor. Many hours later they arrived at Jamaica Inn, having experienced some of the appalling weather, despondency and near panic the author was later to describe so eloquently in her novel.

Following her marriage to **Major Tommy Browning**, the couple spent their honeymoon sailing up the **Helford**, which inspired her novel Frenchman's Creek, the only one she describes as romantic. Others may disagree; Castle Dor for example, based on the tragic story of Tristan and Iseult and re-enacted as a love story between Linnet, the wife of an innkeeper, and Amyot, a Breton fisherman, was started by Q and completed after his death at the request of his daughter Foy.

Du Maurier first discovered Menabilly, later to be immortalised as Manderley in her most famous book Rebecca, soon after her arrival in Cornwall but it was not until 1943 that she moved there with her young family. The house was in a state of disrepair and needing extensive renovation. During the course of the work a small cell was discovered containing the skeleton of a young man dressed as a Cavalier. Research revealed that members of the Grenville family had hidden at Menabilly during the Cornish uprising of 1648. Richard and Bevil Grenville were members of a once famous and powerful family in Cornwall, fighting on the side of the Royalists during the Civil War. Their grandfather, Sir Richard Grenville, features as The King's General, in du Maurier's first novel written at Menabilly.

My Cousin Rachel is the third of her novels written in her new home. Centred around the themes of jealousy and suspicion, the tale progresses through a series of letters with the action moving to Italy and back again to Cornwall. The hangman's gibbet which stood at Four Turnings, is used as a symbol of the fate of Philip, the main protagonist of the novel and investigator into the death of Ambrose, husband of Rachel. Four Turnings is the place that all roads meet, and the strands of Philip's life come together.

Du Maurier was to move again, this time to Kilmarth in 1969, following the end of the lease on Menabilly. From an old man in **Tywardreath** she discovered that the house dated from the fourteenth century and this provided the inspiration for The House on the Strand, where the hero travels back in time to the world of Roger Kylmerth, owner of her new home in 1327. It is a fascinating and gripping story; one the reader would find difficult to put down. 'Kilmarth' in Cornish means 'Retreat of Mark' so du Maurier is perhaps right in her hope that it was the resting place of King Mark of Cornwall, who featured in the story of Tristan and Iseult.

Du Maurier died in 1989 and following a private memorial service at **Tregaminion** church, situated between Menabilly and Kilmarth, her ashes were scattered from the cliffs. She wrote over 35 books, the majority inspired by her beloved Cornwall. I am sure they will be read and enjoyed by generations to come who will perhaps come to the county to see the places she loved so well.

Sue Hutt

*Ref. Daphne du Maurier's Cornwall, Her Pictorial Memoir.  
Many thanks to Jon Skelton for the loan of the book.*

## Creative writing: The Proposal

### Petruchio the Rudesby and Sweet Kate.

**Especially for fans of Shakespeare**

**Based on an incident in a very famous play.**

**Action takes place in the fifteenth century in Padua, Italy.**

Petruchio the Rudesby surveyed his dilapidated castle with disgust!

*'To hell with it Grumio, my man, let's go hunting, fixing this place will cost thousands. I'd rather camp out.'*

Grumio gazed at the rotten wood and the crumbling stone and agreed. *'Hunting for a rich wife might serve you better, my Lord!'*

*'A wife!' roared Petruchio, 'a wife – are you insane? Where would I find a woman to put up with this and with me for that matter. I'm no man for fancy manners and the courting of simpering girls.'*

*'But there is one who might serve – she's reputed to be as rough as you, full of spirit and rich to boot. Her father has a pretty, sweet daughter with queues of suitors waiting to bed her, but she is the younger. Kate, the elder must be married first and no one has the stomach for her ways?'*

Petruchio rode all day returning with a bulging bag. He tossed its blood-oozing contents carelessly at the cook. Then, grabbing a tankard overflowing with ale turned to his companion.

*'Early tomorrow we'll call on this termagant and her desperate father. Perhaps we can turn this to advantage.'* He grinned, his face alight with mischief, his mind fizzing with possibilities.

The raucous screams of scrapping women laced with resounding crashes and the din of clattering crockery greeted the men entering the Minola household. A door flew open and in stalked a tall, red-haired woman, eyes ablaze, hair flying about her face, pins and ribbons scattering as she walked. Petruchio stared – she was stunning, proud breasted, slim waisted and almost his own height.

*'By my word Grumio, this is a lusty wench, I am inclined to have her. Where is her father? He and I must speak of dowries!'*

Baptista Minolo considered the man standing before him. His clothing was a cross between a jester and a huntsman. How very appropriate you might think!! But to Kate's father this enigma of presentation was confounding.

*'My daughter, Kate? Are you certain?' he asked, 'But I warn - she is full of fire, contrariness and rough words. I fear she is not for your turn, Signor. But, if you will have her after my death she is endowed with half of my lands and 20,000 Crowns.'*

*'Rough words will be as music to my ears and contrariness will be my challenge. I vow to tame her in short time for where two raging fires meet, they do consume the thing that feeds their fury.'*

Baptista looked doubtful yet simultaneously optimistic. He must not allow himself to hope and twisting his face into an appropriate expression considered this crazy rogue as a future son-in-law.

*"I would have some chat with her," Petruccio says, taking over, then with a slight bow to the damsel's father. 'Please convey her to me.'*

*'Good morrow Kate, for that's your name, I hear.'*

*'They do call me Katherine that speak to me,' flounces Kate.*

*'But you tell a lie my pretty for you are called plain Kate, my super dainty Kate. I hear your mildness praised in every town and I Petruccio am moved to woo you for my wife.'*

*'Moved! In good time, let you be moved hence.'* Says Katherine stamping her foot.

*'You are waspish good Kate.'*

*'Best beware of my sting then and leave.'*

Petruccio grins and circles Katherine until enraged she raises her hand and strikes him across the cheek.

But Petruccio captures her wrist in a tight grip and speaks in tones of ice, *'I am a gentleman Kate but I swear If you strike again, I will cuff you. Come Kate you must not look so sour.'*

*'It is my fashion when I meet a crab, so go fool.'*

*"Enough of this chat Kate, I am a husband for thy turn, so in plain terms your father has consented, your dowry is agreed, and you must be married to no man but me. I, Kate, am born to tame you and bring you from a wild Kate to one conformable Kate. Here comes your father so make no denial for I will have you Katherine for my wife.'*

Shrieking Katherine turns on a trembling Baptista, *'You call me daughter, yet you wish to marry me without fatherly regard, to this mad cap lunatic?'*

*'But,'* says Petruccio, unfazed and quite determined, *'We all agree and with rings and things and fine array to wed, so kiss me Kate and we will be married on Sunday.'*

Jan Anderson-Kaye

*Acknowledgements*

*A few words stolen from William Shakespeare.*

## Creative writing: Going Home

It was glorious, the way she bobbed and bounced, magnificent breasts like white cantaloupes barely holding the black velvet bodice, the delicious possibility of the soaked cloth being dragged beneath the foaming water. The image of brazen joy, head thrown back, blond hair clinging, the challenge of her laughter "Come on, come in, come play with me...."

No-one now thought of Rome without thinking of her –Anita- the spirit of the Trevi fountain, La Dolce Vita, the decadent luxury ...she was Rome, sumptuous, generous, glamorous, hiding the corruption, political rot, moral decay, cruelty and poverty beneath her swirling hypnotic skirts. Despite the cold winter weather crowds of tourists were there, throwing their silver into the fountain, talismans of hope, messages of longing, fragments of dreams.

A man in a blood-stained apron stood watching the eager crowd. He pulled hard on a thin Nationale before dropping it carelessly onto the gleaming ground, then turned into one of the narrow alleys running away from the brilliantly lit piazza where sparkling bar windows and restaurants faced the fountain, their staff entrances hidden down the dark openings between the glittering facades. He walked quickly in the shadow then pushed a heavy metal door open into the steaming cellar kitchen. It was time to prepare for the evening crush of indiscriminate customers, eager for a romantic aperitivo, or even better, an indulgent overpriced supper after sending their secret wishes to the Roman gods. Their hopeful silver a booty for the coffers of Rome's commune.

A length of muscle and bone lay on the block waiting for his attention. He took the cleaver down from its hook, felt its weight in his hand and brought it down smartly through the gristle that joined the vertebrae. Coda alla Vaccinara, the dish that had secured his place in one of the most prestigious restaurants in Rome. He was sick of it, the repetition of its daily production, the smell of the flesh, the monotony of the unchanging work, so different to the pleasure he used to feel at his skill in the kitchen of his village home.

He closed his eyes and memories came flooding back. He remembered lying in his bed listening to the old house as dawn broke, behind the shuttered windows the dark rooms shuffling and contracting in the intense cold. At this time of year there would be hunting in the hills, the crack of rifles rippling down the valley, in the dull grey light a bird falling, tangling with the brambles, hanging by a wing, its eyes thickening. Then the huge red ball of the sun would rise over the mountains and colour would flood down the forested slopes, small birds would start to sing and robins and finches dart about the silent village, pecking at lichen on the cold garden walls, swinging on the withered vines, searching out the diminished colonies of insects.

Outside in the Piazza de Trevi a few bedraggled pigeons pecked desultorily at an abandoned crust of pizza, floodlit travertine dryads stood eternally wet, white and unmoving as the sound of the latest popular song blasted from a nearby bar.

In the hot steam of the kitchen the cook scraped oxtails from the bubbling oil and poured thin rough wine into the pan. Visions of rich chianti simmering around a haunch of braised boar swam before his eyes, an open fire spitting burning shards onto the terracotta floor beneath an ancient copper casserole holding thick gold polenta. What feasts they had had when a pig was slaughtered! Such hunger and despair when disease had killed their flock of goats.

The simple kitchen had been his life, the whitewashed walls enclosing his paradise, enclosing his dream, his childhood, the unchanging pace of life in the high Apennines.

He knew it was over; time had taken it all. When he had returned to the village for his mother's funeral, he had walked up the hill to the family house with its fine carved lintel, abandoned for many years after his ancient mother had reluctantly moved to his sister's crowded home in the village below. He had unlocked the door and wandered through the shuttered rooms. Some still harboured

huge wooden beds with split flock mattresses, cupboards with mouldering blankets folded against jars of goose grease, faint ghosts of flowers painted on the walls. He had walked down the long central corridor through a skein of cobwebs that tore and drifted as he passed. In the blackness of the attic, he discovered by torchlight a vast accumulation of farm implements, a child's cradle that had been his, broken votive statuary and piles of rusted tins containing American army war rations that he had played with as a child, listening to the brave and tragic stories of partisan activities from his grandmother.

Now he was surrounded by myths and legends. Rome was built on them, the facts and the fictions merging into a wonderful advert, an irresistible siren call, pulling in the dollars, the pounds, the yen, the rouble. Anita eternally inviting everyone to join her in the champagne froth. Another length of flesh from the freezer, another day sweating over the blazing grills, thousands of dishes eaten by strangers, another chop of the blade, another smear on the apron, another walk through dark deserted streets to an empty apartment.

He put down the heavy cleaver, wiped his hands on the blood-stained apron, untied the knot, straightened his back and walked to the sink. He washed his hands thoughtfully and thoroughly, even scrubbing at his nails with the hard bristle brush reserved for the use of the migrant worker who came in under cover of darkness to clear the fat encrusted ovens. Taking his thick woollen overcoat from the rack, he pushed open the door, ignoring the shout from the sou chef and walked out into the glare of the floodlights. A quick wave to the fountain and away. His grin split from ear to ear – 'Arrivederci Roma! - Apologies to Miss Ekberg, I'm going home!'

Leonie Whitton



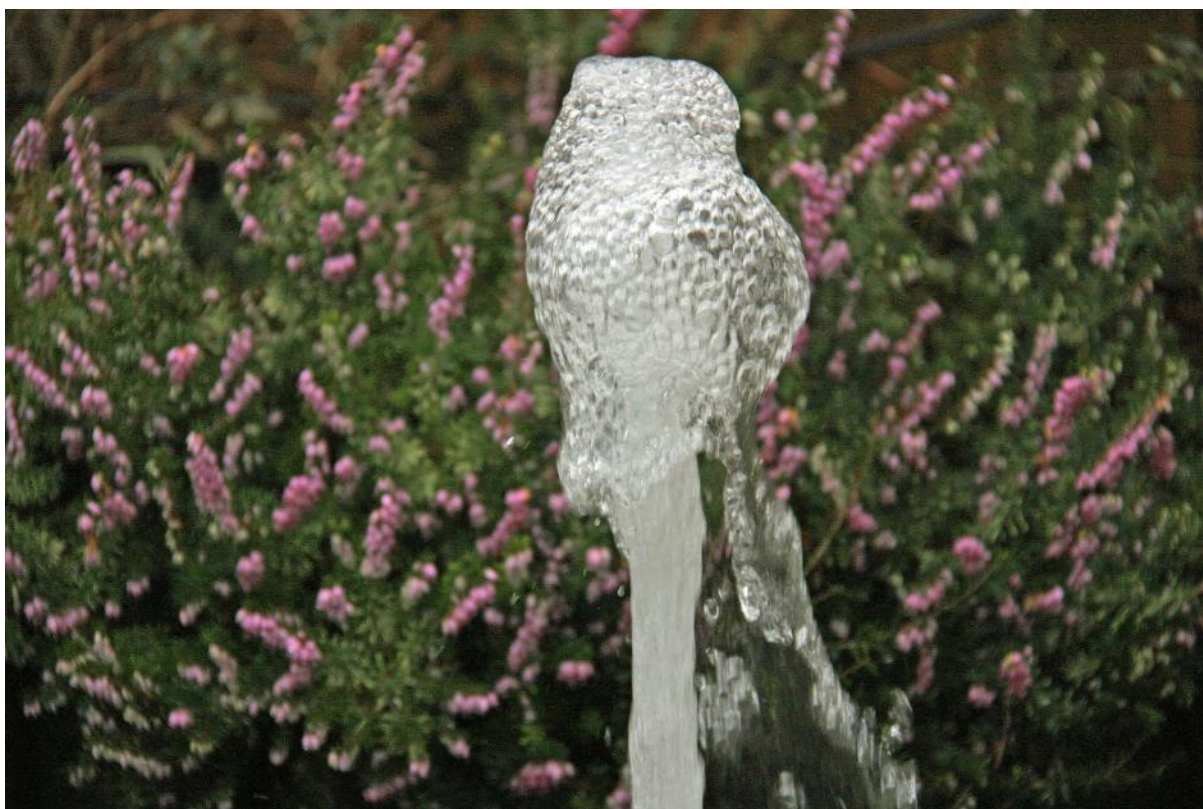
Cartoon courtesy of David Westby

The answer to the Sphinx's riddle is a man

## Adrian's pick of the month: Images of Water









All images courtesy of u3a Carrick photography group

## Quiz

### Which word describes the following?

1. A position for which no salary is paid.
2. An object no longer in use.
3. Someone who knows many languages.
4. A person who believes in God.
5. Someone unable to pay their debts.
6. A person indifferent to pain.
7. People living at the same time.
8. A person who knows everything.
9. A thing not fit to be eaten.
10. Someone who promotes the welfare of others.

### To which places do these phrases refer?

1. Land of the midnight sun.
2. The Windy City.
3. Land of Eagles.
4. Mother of presidents.
5. City of 7 hills.
6. Horn of Africa.
7. Land of milk and honey.
8. Roof of the world.
9. Playground of Europe.
10. Land of the rising sun.
11. Sugar bowl of the world.
12. City of bazaars.
13. Venice of the east.
14. Land of a thousand lakes.
15. Land of mighty rivers.

### Famous Queens. Who was: -

1. The last pharaoh of Egypt?
2. The queen consort of Louis XVI?
3. Executed in 1587?
4. The first female monarch of Russia?
5. The founder of the British Red Cross?
6. Married to George IV?
7. A patron of Shakespeare?
8. The third wife of Henry VIII?
9. The last monarch of the House of Stuart?
10. The wife of William the Conqueror?

[Answers on page 26](#)

## Picture Quiz: Famous Tennis players

 1	 2	 3	 4
 5	 6	 7	 8
 9	 10	 11	 12
 13	 14	 15	 16

[Answers on page 27](#)

## Humour for Quizzers

### Books and Authors Quiz answers

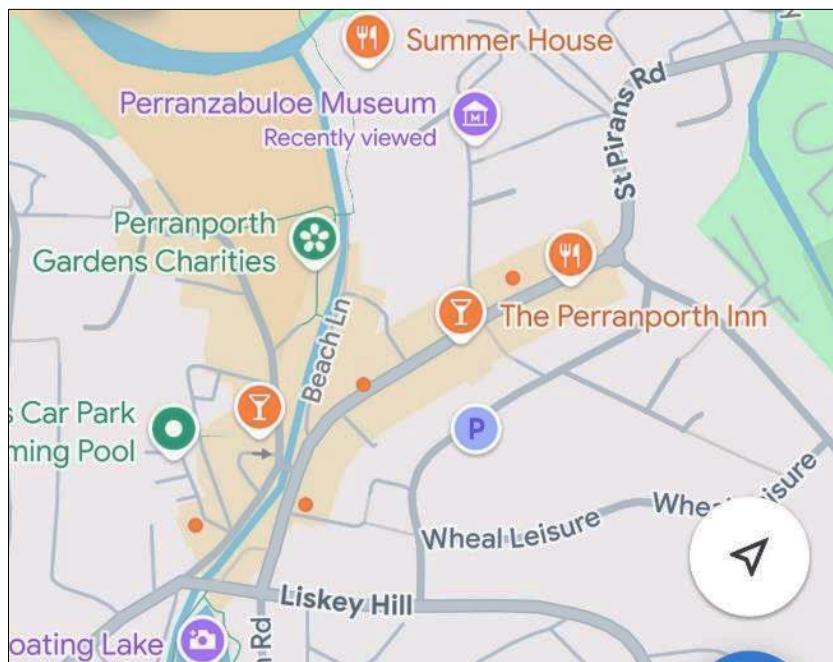
This month's recommendations selected by Professor Paige Turner

#### Art, Music and Literature

1. *'The great Russian novel'* by Warren Peace
2. *'My indifference to Art and Culture'* by Phyllis Stein
3. *'Suitable paint for gloomy pictures'* by Matt Black
4. *'Monets Garden'* by Lily Pond
5. *'Artistic holdup'* by Hans Arp
6. *'Tall thin Irish sculpture'* by Jack O'Metty
7. *'Aker Bilk'* by Clair Annette Player
8. *'A gripping read'* by Paige Turner
9. *'Songs for my loved one'* by Sarah Nade
10. *'Waltzing till dawn'* by Dan Saul Knight
11. *'My Favourite Spanish Opera'* by Barbara Saville
12. *'Plucking and Strumming'* by Amanda Lynn
13. *'Favourite Sing-a-longs'* by Carrie Oakey
14. *'Renditions of Christmas Music'* by Carol Singer
15. *'Tips for budding composers'* by Bea Minor, illustrated by Dee Major
16. *'Basic Ballet'* by Corey O. Graf

## Perranzabuloe Museum

Tucked away on a side street in Perranporth is a little gem of a museum, stuffed to the rafters with photos and memorabilia depicting the history of the parish of Perranzabuloe. In June, the Carrick u3a History Group spent a morning learning about the area in a visit kindly organised by Sheila James, the group's leader.



*Image courtesy of google maps*



The building which houses the museum was built in 1888 as The Oddfellows Hall and it has had an interesting and chequered history. As well as lodge meetings, concerts and political rallies were held there prior to it becoming the Labour Exchange. In 1970 it was leased to a sportswear firm, when it was divided to create an upper floor.

In 1985 the building was put up for rent and taken over by the newly formed Perranzabuloe Museum Trust. A considerable amount of building work was needed to convert it for its present use as a museum. After plans to house craft workshops failed to generate sufficient funds to help maintain the hall, the County Council

decided to move the town's library onto the ground floor.

Following a grant from the Heritage Lottery and donations from local charities, the building was bought and now houses a research room as well as storage facilities and work rooms.



The museum is run by volunteers, including our very own Sue Amer. We enjoyed an informative talk about the history of the town, from its origins as a village focussed on mining and fishing to its reincarnation as a tourist destination following the arrival of the railway. After spending time looking at the wide range of exhibits, Sue kindly took the group on a tour of places of interest in Perranporth.

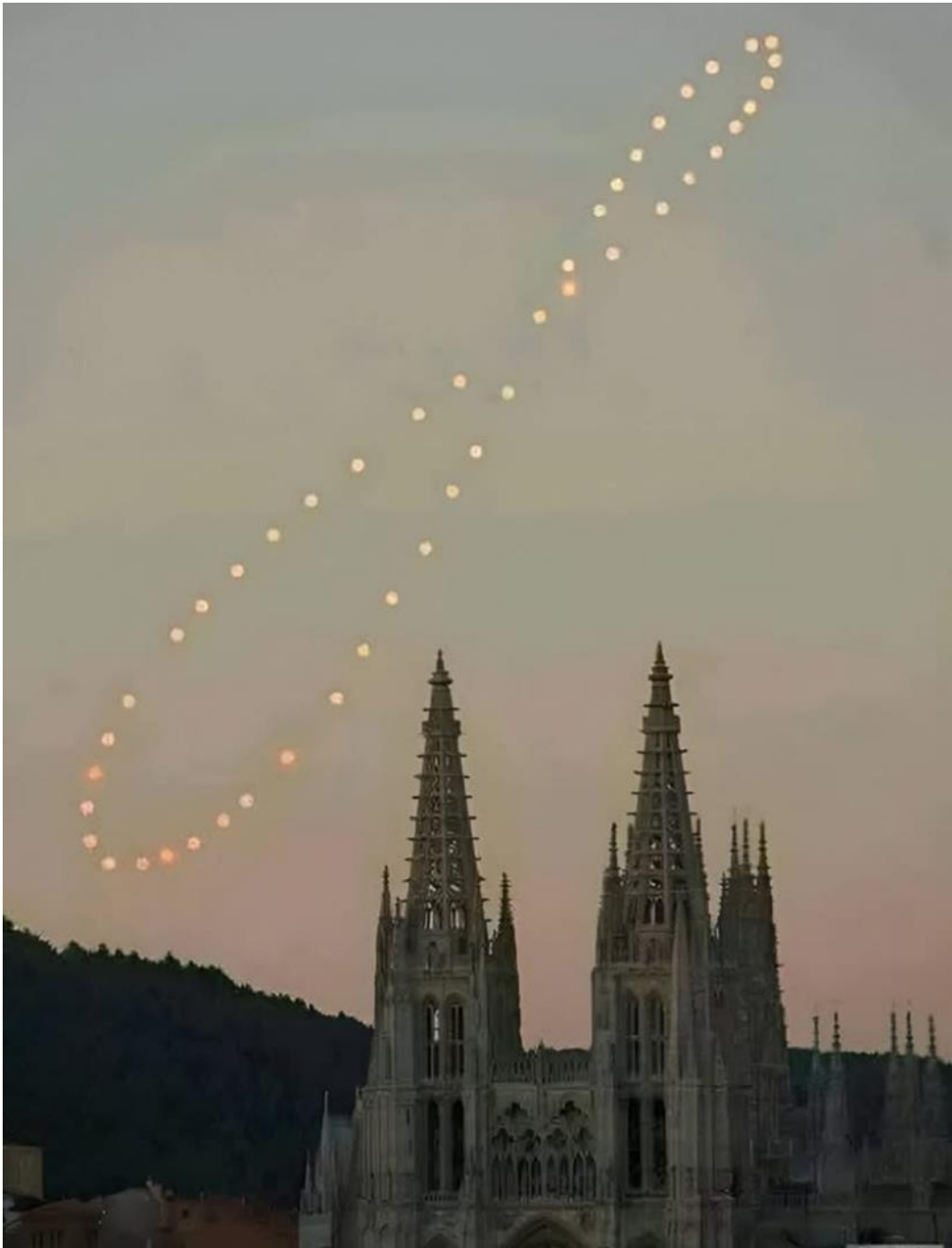


The museum is well worth a visit, the volunteers are very knowledgeable about the history of the parish and the exhibits are changed regularly, so do pop in and have a look. Entry is free but donations to the upkeep are welcomed. It is open weekdays 10.30-4.30 from Easter to October.

Sue Hutt  
Photos courtesy of Sue Hutt

## Trajectory of the Sun

The image below was constructed from 48 photographs taken from the same position at the same time of day on consecutive weeks of the year. The highest and lowest points are the positions at the summer and winter solstices. The shape of the curve is called a **Lemniscata** or infinity symbol.



*Image courtesy of Credits Conocimiento & Facebook  
The photographer was not identified*

## Quiz answers

### Which word describes the following?

- |   |                |
|---|----------------|
| 1. A position for which no salary is paid.      | Honorary       |
| 2. An object no longer in use.                  | Obsolete       |
| 3. Someone who knows many languages.            | Polyglot       |
| 4. A person who believes in God.                | Theist         |
| 5. Someone unable to pay their debts.           | Insolvent      |
| 6. A person indifferent to pain.                | Stoic          |
| 7. People living at the same time.              | Contemporaries |
| 8. A person who knows everything.               | Omniscient     |
| 9. A thing not fit to be eaten.                 | Inedible       |
| 10. Someone who promotes the welfare of others. | Philanthropist |
















### To which places do these phrases refer?

- |                               |             |
|-------------------------------|-------------|
| 1. Land of the midnight sun.  | Norway      |
| 2. The Windy City.            | Chicago     |
| 3. Land of Eagles.            | Albania     |
| 4. Mother of presidents.      | Virginia    |
| 5. City of 7 hills.           | Rome        |
| 6. Horn of Africa.            | Somalia     |
| 7. Land of milk and honey.    | Lebanon     |
| 8. Roof of the world.         | Tibet       |
| 9. Playground of Europe.      | Switzerland |
| 10. Land of the rising sun.   | Japan       |
| 11. Sugar bowl of the world.  | Cuba        |
| 12. City of bazaars.          | Cairo       |
| 13. Venice of the east.       | Bangkok     |
| 14. Land of a thousand lakes. | Finland     |
| 15. Land of mighty rivers.    | Nigeria     |

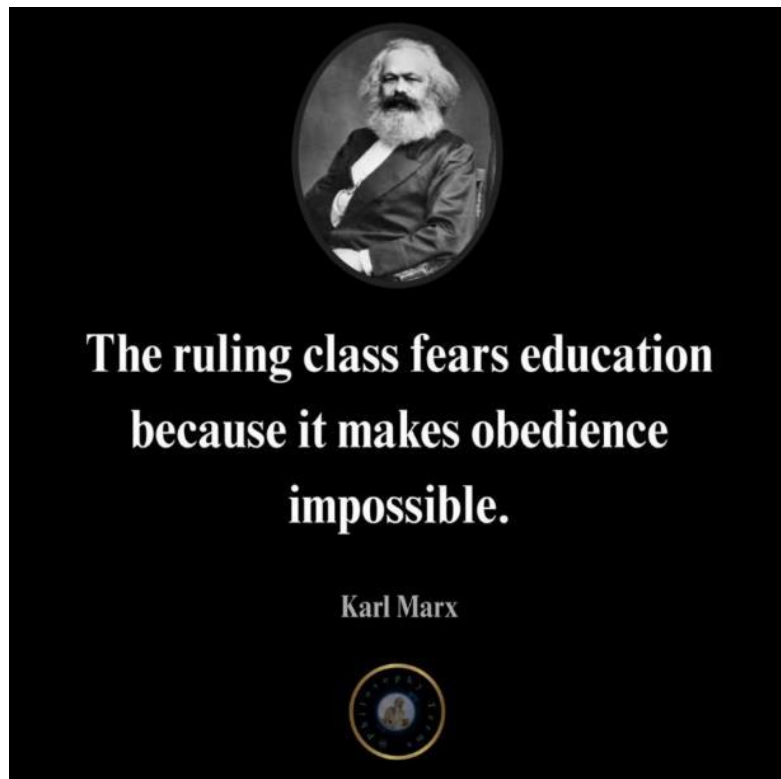
### Famous Queens. Who was: -

- |   |                     |
|---|---------------------|
| 1. The last pharaoh of Egypt?               | Cleopatra VII       |
| 2. The queen consort of Louis XVI?          | Marie Antoinette    |
| 3. Executed in 1587?                        | Mary Queen of Scots |
| 4. The first female monarch of Russia?      | Catherine I         |
| 5. The founder of the British Red Cross?    | Victoria            |
| 6. Married to George IV?                    | Caroline            |
| 7. A patron of Shakespeare?                 | Elizabeth I         |
| 8. The third wife of Henry VIII?            | Jane Seymour        |
| 9. The last monarch of the House of Stuart? | Queen Anne          |
| 10. The wife of William the Conqueror?      | Matilda             |

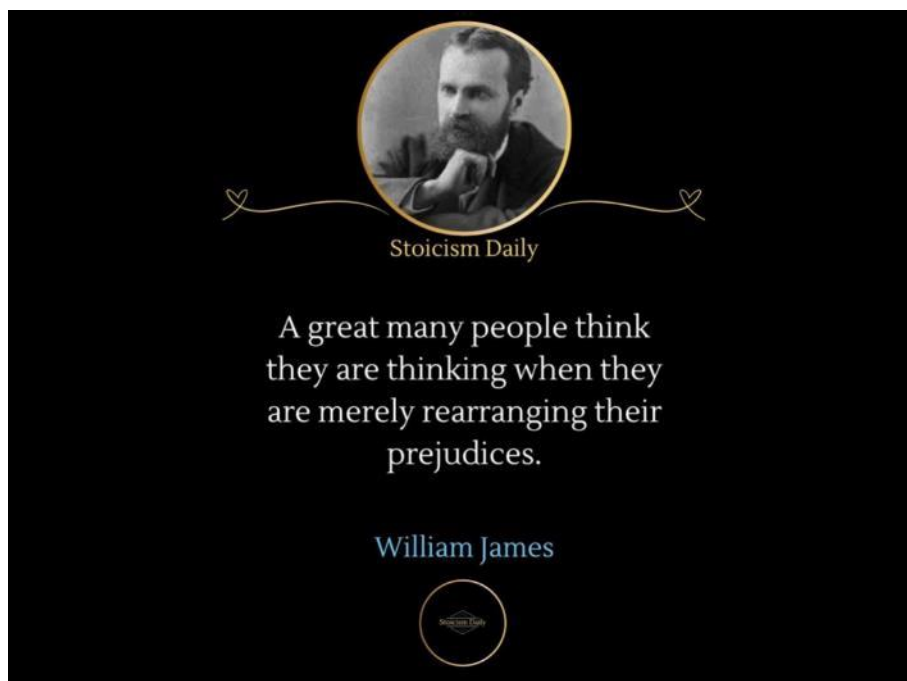
## Picture quiz answers

			
Rafael Nadal	John McEnroe	Serena Williams	Emma Raducanu
			
Andy Murray	Billie Jean King	Rod Laver	Anna Kournikova
			
Barbora Kreickova	Andre Agassi	Martina Navratilova	Sue Barker
			
Pat Cash	Justine Henin	Roger Federer	Carlos Alcaraz

## Thoughts for the day



*Courtesy of Philosophy Terms & Facebook*



*Courtesy of stoicism Daily & 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 – Friday 25<sup>th</sup> July 2024**

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

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