

# The Carrick Argus

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

Issue no 104

August 2025



*Water please – Not likely*

*by Richard Barton*

*An entry for the 2024 photography competition*

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## Editorial

It's been a busy few weeks as Carrick u3a continues to celebrate its 35th anniversary. Following a very successful ceilidh in June, it was the turn in July for the cream tea in the lovely surroundings of Perranarworthal cricket ground. Fortunately, the rain held off, although it didn't look promising as the team erected the gazebos, kindly lent by Ric and Helen, and Martin and Sheila. The brilliant ukulele group entertained us with a wide range of songs and there was enthusiastic audience participation. Huge thanks to all who helped make it a great success.



The next event for your diaries is the **concert in Victoria Gardens in Truro on Sunday 17th August 2-4pm**, when the band **The Four Tunes** will be playing, including a special item dedicated to Carrick u3a. What will it be? Well, you'll have to come along to find out. There is no charge for this event and there is no need to book your place. You are welcome to bring a picnic if you wish although hot drinks can be purchased from the cafe. Some seating is available but it may be advisable to bring your own. Park at the Edward Street car park, adjacent to the Courts, enter the gardens via the narrow alley adjacent to the court building and meet up close to the bandstand.

Following a wet and windy Stithians Show when the brave volunteers on the Carrick u3a publicity stall spent much of the day desperately hanging on to the gazebo to prevent it from flying off across the fields, the committee have applied for a grant to pay for a sturdy one with extra guy ropes along with a range of publicity materials. Mike Rogers has done a sterling job of researching all the options available so we hope it will be successful; this will enable us to attract attention at village fairs and spread the word about what a great organisation Carrick u3a is. We have attended three so far this year and hope to do more in future. If you would be willing to come along and give an hour or so of your time at similar events, please get in touch. The more there are of us, the better. Address as ever, [vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk](mailto:vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk)

Sue Hutt  
Editor

*Photos courtesy of Sue Hutt*

## SS Great Britain

Being a big fan of **Isambard Kingdom Brunel**, I've enjoyed dipping into a book called **Brunel in South Wales** (Vol III) by **Stephen K Jones** (*The History Press, 2009*). It describes how, at just 27 years of age, Brunel was appointed as chief engineer of the Great Western Railway. His Taff Valley Railway and later broad-gauge railways played a major role in exporting coal from South Wales worldwide.

Coal was the preferred fuel for Brunel's railways and steamships. He pushed the boundaries of engineering technology on land and sea. His steam navigation began with the wooden paddle steamer **Great Western** in 1837, and this was followed six years later by the **S.S. Great Britain**. Whilst staying with a friend in Bristol I was fortunate to visit the latter twice.

The 1992 guidebook begins, *'Launched in 1843 as an Atlantic liner, this was the first ship built of iron and driven by a propeller to cross to America. During her long life she was altered in many ways. Her seagoing life terminated in the Falkland Islands in 1886, whence she was salvaged and brought back in 1970 to the very dock in Bristol in which she was built.'*



This famous ship sailed around the world five times. She was an ocean liner from 1843 to 1846, then spent the next 23 years as an emigrant steam clipper. Her final four years of service were as a windjammer cargo ship. It was a fitting end to be returned to the dry dock in Bristol after 127 years. The City Council, who own the dock, leased it to the '**SS Great Britain Project**' so that she could be completely restored and put on public display.

Full details of her long history and Brunel's achievements are explained on board the ship and in the Museum nearby. As a luxury ocean liner sailing between **Bristol** and **New York**, the interiors were

modelled on fashionable London hotels. At that time, she was the biggest ship in the world, with Promenade and Dining Saloons for 1<sup>st</sup> Class passengers. Steerage passengers in 3<sup>rd</sup> Class had little natural light or ventilation. The cabins were very cramped; although 6' long there was only a 2' gap between the berths. That would have made me feel claustrophobic! As in today's submarines, curtains could be drawn across the bunks to give the occupants some privacy.



A view from beneath the glass sea

I was also fascinated by the 'glass sea' in which the ship now sits. After being rescued from her 'grave' in 1970 the restorers devised this solution to prevent further corrosion of the hull. Completed in 2005, the dry dock was roofed with glass to protect it from humidity. This created a giant dehumidification chamber, where special equipment removed 80% of the humidity. A recent award-winning project has updated this equipment, reducing its energy consumption by 25%.

Water from the Floating Harbour beside the dock is pumped across the glass and back into the harbour, mimicking the sea; it also acts as insulation. To walk around the hull in the bottom of the dry dock, underneath the glass 'roof', was a surreal experience and one I won't easily forget.

**Samuel Johnson** said, *'Being on a ship is like being in jail with the chance of being drowned'. As a landlubber myself I'm in awe of 'those who go down to the sea in ships and occupy their business in great waters'* (Psalm 107, v23). I wouldn't have liked being a passenger on this wonderful ship but I enjoyed learning about her history, and I highly recommend a visit.

Sue Amer

*Both photos courtesy of Trip Advisor*

## The Cornish Food Riots of 1847

Much is made these days of the benefit system in the UK, particularly in certain parts of the press, with its emphasis on scrounging. Even a brief look at relatively recent history will show the reality of life for many in the days before government took some responsibility towards caring for those in need.

The main sources of income in the 18th and 19th centuries in Cornwall were mining, farming and fishing. The mining industry went through a series of highs and lows depending on supply and price at the time; farming and fishing were weather dependent. When lodes became exhausted, when crops failed or there was a poor harvest and crop prices were artificially inflated, starvation was common. Between the 1720s and 1847 there were 21 recorded food riots throughout the county.

In 1796 over 5,000 people gathered in **Truro** to protest, even the tiny village of **Manaccan** recorded 2000 rioting in 1831. While the size of the crowds may have appeared intimidating, the riots were not generally violent, after all this was at the height of Methodism in the county. A spokesperson was elected to negotiate with the town officials to prevent the corn merchants who bought the grain from farmers at the lowest possible price from selling on at the highest price they could get.

After the winter of 1847, the year of the great potato blight in Ireland, there was a series of riots when the Cornish poor felt the corn factors as they were known were profiteering by selling much of their grain out of county. The Royal Cornwall Gazette said in July 1847 that *"all flour merchants were rogues of the first order."* From **Wadebridge** to **Penzance**, starving people took to the streets. Over 5,000 confronted the militia who had been sent to keep order in **Redruth**; there were 2,000 in **Pool** and 5,000 in **Penzance**, along with further disturbances in **Helston**, **Callington**, **Breage**, **Luxulyan**, **Truro** and many other places.

County of Cornwall		Records of all Persons charged with MISDEMEANOR OFFENCE	
Name of Offender	Age	At what Season First charged	Particulars of what these offences consisted in
Francis Willis	Imp. 41	1847	Carrying without licence
George Goppleton	58	21	29th June
James Jewell	58	19	20
John Jones	Imp. 19	8	20
Mary Jupp	Imp. 32	8	Loaning
Jane Penrose	Imp. 48	8	20
Ann's Stoye	58	29	20
William Francis	58	23	20
John Williams	Imp. 17	8	Loaning
William Osborne	Imp. 26	8	Appears on a false report
Stephen Bennett	58	17	Loaning
Rustance Thomas	58	27	20
Ann Roberts	Imp. 45	8	20
Mary Ann Crane	Imp. 15	8	20
Elizabeth Stephens	58	26	20
Elizabeth Nicholls	58	27	20
Joseph Voss	Imp. 15	8	Loaning
William Walter	Imp. 17	8	20
William Cornissen	Imp. 17	8	20
Jane Penrose	Imp. 12	2	20

The authorities in **Helston** had received a tip off that miners from **Breage** were planning to congregate in the town on May 22nd 1847. Fifty militia from **Pendennis Castle** as well as 30 coastguards and 60 townspeople enrolled as special constables gathered to confront the miners, who presented their case to the town's mayor. They said they were starving; many were out of work and even those in employment could not afford the high prices. He promised to discuss with the magistrates what relief could be offered, whilst warning them against violence and the miners marched up Coinagehall Street to wait. Hours passed and nothing happened. No doubt driven by hunger and frustrated by the lack of progress, at 5pm fighting broke out and the town was put under lockdown, with shops and businesses being forced to close. The miners left empty handed.

The following week the same miners met in **Penzance** with others from St Just and surrounding areas. Again, the soldiers from Pendennis were called on, along with coastguards and press-ganged sailors, to prevent

Criminal records for those involved in the Redruth & Pool Riots in 1847

Courtesy of The Cornish Historian

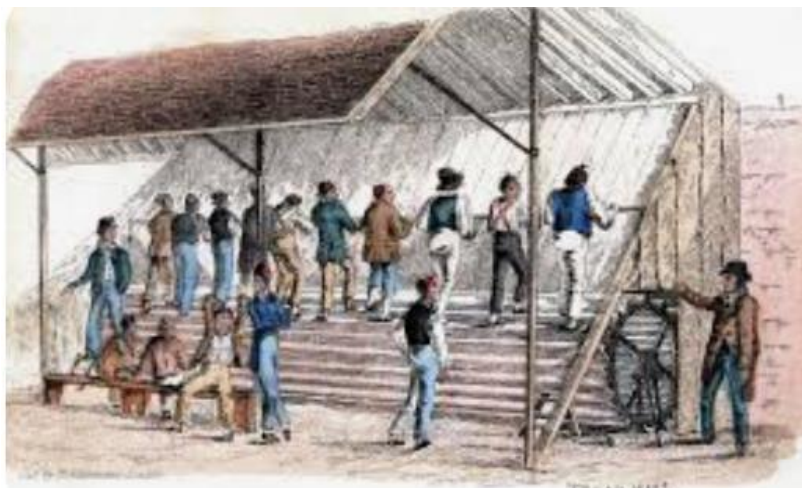


Simon Bolitho Mayor of Penzance  
Photo by Camille Silvy  
Courtesy of  
The National Portrait Gallery

any outbreaks of violence. After some successful negotiations with the town's mayor, **Simon Bolitho**, where he promised to secure supplies of food at reasonable prices, the miners dispersed.

Delivery of the grain took time, and anyway many of the starving had no money to buy even at reduced prices, so a larger march was planned for **Pool** on June 4th. **Joseph Blamey**, a corn merchant in the town, refused to sell his grain for 50 shillings a sack, thinking he could get a better deal elsewhere, so the people broke into his warehouse and helped themselves. By the time the militia arrived and the Riot Act was read, many had escaped with whatever they could carry and only locals who were recognised were apprehended and sent to Bodmin jail. All were acquitted of rioting but were charged with stealing and sentenced to several months' hard labour, which in those days meant hours on the treadmill, the purpose of which was to break them physically and mentally.

Contemporary image of hard labour prisoners on a treadmill



Those rioters who had not been able to get into Blamey's warehouse moved onto **Penzance**, where they demanded the market traders sell their wares for a pittance. The Riot Act was again read; however, the people were desperate and forced their way into Warmington's warehouse, looting and carrying away whatever they could lay their hands on. Order was eventually restored and again some were arrested and sentenced to hard labour. Two men, **George Stapleton** and **William Francis**, were transported to Australia and never returned to Cornwall.

Life was indeed very hard for the folk of Cornwall in the past, as it was for the poor across the UK. It is difficult to imagine in these days of a plentiful supply of food in the shops that our ancestors were literally starving. In the mid-1800s around 64% of males and 45% of females died before the age of 5. We should be grateful that such poverty no longer exists in this country, thanks to greater prosperity, improved health, living conditions, housing and education. Our pensions may be the lowest in Europe but at least we have them, unlike our forebears.

Sue Hutt

## Diets 100 years ago

When wandering round the supermarket today and seeing all the exotic foods on offer, many transported from around the world, it is difficult to imagine the diets of most people in this country just 100 years ago. This is an extract from the book "**How the Labourer Lives: A Study of the Rural Labour Problem**" by *B. Seebohm Rowntree and May Kendall*, published in 1917.

MENU OF MEALS PROVIDED DURING THE WEEK.				
	BREAKFAST.	DINNER.	TEA.	SUPPER.
SUN. .	Tea, bread and butter or lard.	Roast meat, suet pudding, potatoes, greens, turnips.	Tea, bread and butter, cake.	Bread and butter, cocoa.
MON.	Tea, bread and butter or lard.	Vegetables and pudding fried up.	Tea, bread and butter or lard. (Man has vegetables warmed.)	Bread and butter, cocoa.
TUES.	Tea, bread and butter or lard.	Bread and butter. (Washing day.)	Tea, bread and butter or lard.	Bread and butter, cocoa.
WED. .	Tea, bread and butter or lard.	Potatoes, bread and butter or lard.	Tea, bread and butter or lard. (Man has potatoes.)	Bread and butter, cocoa.
THUR.	Tea, bread and lard or butter.	Suet pudding, potatoes, greens.	Tea, bread and lard. (Man has vegetables and pudding.)	Bread and butter, tea.
FRI. .	Tea, bread and lard or butter.	Rest of suet pudding, potatoes, boiled bacon.	Tea, bread and butter or lard. (Man has a little bacon and vegetables.)	Bread and butter, tea.
SAT. .	Tea, bread and butter or lard.	Bread and scrape, tea.	Tea, bread and lard.	Bread and lard, tea.

What is striking is the lack of fruit, which presumably for the working classes was only UK grown and therefore seasonal; the heavy reliance on bread which featured 4 or 5 times a day and the very small amounts of protein. The diets of those in coastal communities would of course have been supplemented by fish, fresh when the weather was fair or salted when it was unsafe to put to sea. Some people kept a few hens or grew their own vegetables. My own grandfather, born in 1882, was very proud of his allotment but in the harsh northern winters, the growing season was short. But for many, the typical diet would have been very similar to the one shown here. 'Scrape' was another word

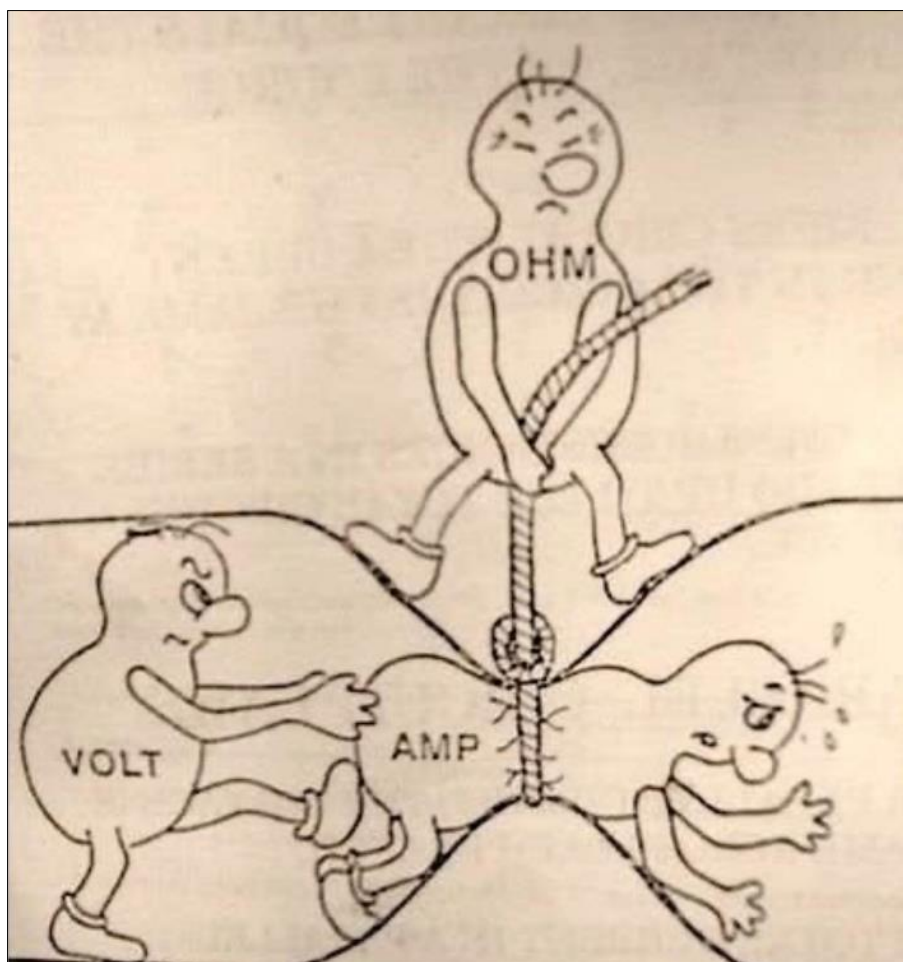
for dripping, the fat and juices from any meat was saved and put in the dripping pot, to be served on bread throughout the week.

Some years ago, when teaching about World War II to a class of 7 and 8-year-olds, I invited a grandmother in to talk to the children. She brought with her a weekly ration of food, comprising of 4oz butter, 4oz bacon and ham, 4oz tea, 1oz cheese, one shilling's worth of meat and one egg. The children were horrified.

It's all a far cry from the diet of today, but as we do our 'weekly shop' we need to be grateful for the variety of foods on offer and not forget how lucky we are to be alive in the 21st century.

Sue Hutt

## Humour for the Scientists amongst us



Ohm's Law as you were never taught it

*Courtesy of Facebook*

## Eating out & about

### **The Snug, Tippetts Backlet, (off River Street) Truro**

We were in Truro and feeling ready for a fairly substantial lunch, but with very little time to spare so the formality of a restaurant was out. I had seen very enthusiastic reviews for **'The Snug'** cafe which promised an interesting variety of dishes and a casual and friendly ambiance, so as we were on River Street we searched for the entrance to Tippetts Backlet. - Not easy!



*Photo courtesy of Trip Adviser*

The little alley was not very inviting, but we pressed on to find a couple of small tables and chairs outside 'The Snug' entrance and a chalked blackboard announcing the day's specials. There were couples inside the tiny cafe tackling large plates of substantial all-day breakfasts and an array of assorted salads, chicken dishes, vegan burgers and baguettes on the main lunchtime menu. In the belief that the proof is in the eating we made our choices. Eggs Royal for the Silent Blond and a roast Mediterranean vegetable salad for me. It arrived with remarkable speed even though there was only one person greeting, cooking and serving.

On the day we visited this really was a *'one man band'* – everything done by the unflappable Daniel Gvalda, who I later discovered has spent all his life working in many first-class restaurants under famous chefs before deciding to return to his home town Truro to try to make a success of a place of his own. This experience has resulted in some rather classy touches to the food that he serves on lovely large restaurant style plates.

The perfectly cooked Eggs Royal had plenty of smoked salmon, a covering of excellent fresh hollandaise sauce and a swirl of aromatic herb infusion and my roast vegetable salad generously topped with feta was freshly cooked and enjoyable, despite the overload (for me) of Caesar dressing.

I am not a great fan of burgers or wraps but I could see from other customers that fillings were both generous and interesting and the daily specials had tempting items such as venison and moules marinière. This man really tries to provide quality food at reasonable prices and if he could manage to upgrade the surroundings, he would surely become so popular he would have to hire more staff!

The praise he gets from many Trip Adviser reviewers is well deserved, the prices are more than reasonable, the food is expertly cooked, portions are very generous, presentation excellent and the welcome is unfailingly friendly and cheerful.

So, ignore the bins at the end of the alley and try 'The Snug' next time you need a remarkably good value breakfast/lunchtime venue in Truro.



*Photo courtesy of google images*

### **Cadgwith Cove Inn, Cadgwith**

At this time of year friends and family seem suddenly desperate to see us. We try very hard to find this gratifying rather than suspicious and are happy for the opportunity to explore and share with them the unique pleasures of Cornwall.

The weather was glorious as we drove through the leafy lanes of the Lizard towards our destination of Cadgwith, where we arrived and parked in the designated area high above the village.

The narrow footpath leading down the hill is not an easy walk but is satisfyingly scenic, passing a charming little shed that houses the local chapel. Viewed from above, the village seems in a time warp, thatched roofs, whitewashed cottages, flower filled gardens. Cadgwith is the archetypal fishing village and has featured on countless adverts, films and TV series. Traditional fishing boats were resting on the slip and sunburnt fishermen were sitting at the door of the netting shed (*they seemed preoccupied and didn't look as though they would welcome strangers, though for all I know they may have been extras resting from a shoot? Is Cadgwith really that picture perfect?*).

There is little evidence of any change to the slow pace of village life, the moorings are for the inhabitants, the ice cream and crab sandwich shops are tiny local enterprises and the Cadgwith Cove Inn flourishes on local as well as tourist custom. We were eager to see what the food was like.

Our first choice of Fisherman's Platter had been withdrawn for the very good reason that a haul of fresh mussels had just arrived and the kitchen was busy. So, we devised our own platter from the starters on offer, choosing crisp squid, fish tacos, scallops and of course, the new mussels.



*Image courtesy of LW*

The mussels were the star, large and plump, perfectly cooked in a creamy dill sauce and arriving with plenty of bread to soak up the juice. The fish tacos held a generous breaded white fish fillet and chilli sauce (which came in a separate bowl as requested as some don't like the heat), the crispy squid arrived on a copious bed of salad leaves and dill. The scallops came with a drizzle of sweet balsamic and were the only disappointment in what was otherwise an excellent meal. They were obviously from a catering supplier, small and bereft of the precious coral, and though adequately pan fried you cannot make silk purses out of sow's ears. They were also the most expensive starter on the menu, everything else being both reasonably priced and of generous proportion.

The interior of the pub is exactly as it should be - traditional and cosy but with spacious and comfortable seating, the service from the young barman and waitress was helpful and friendly. The old fashioned but perfectly adequate toilets had no aggressive drying machines, just plenty of cleanser and lovely paper towels- so much nicer!



*Photo courtesy of google images*

We drank local ale, but the wine list looked interesting and well-priced. We were interested to see there is a blind wine tasting event every year when the annual stock is chosen, which shows real commitment from the landlords Gary and Helen.

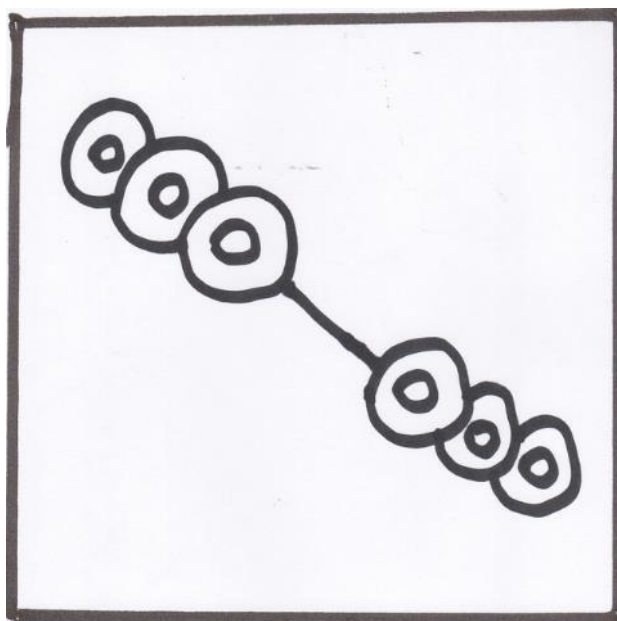
They also offer overnight B&B deals in the winter and with the newly refurbished bedrooms at exceptionally reasonable prices this could be somewhere we might unreservedly recommend to family and friends who want a typical Cornish weekend experience. Am I still being suspicious?

L.W

## David's Doodles

A doodle is drawing or more precisely a doodled image which conveys a visual message relating to a scenario of some kind rather like a dingbat.

Here is an example, with the artist's intended representation given below.

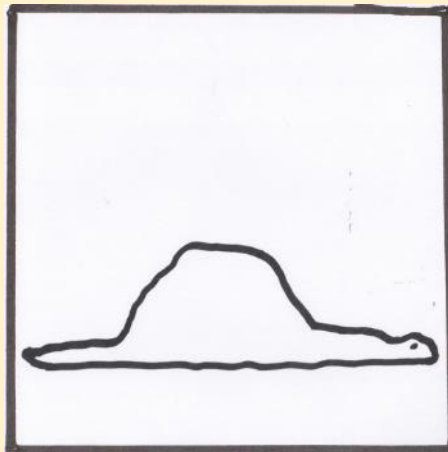


**Mexican Tug O' War**

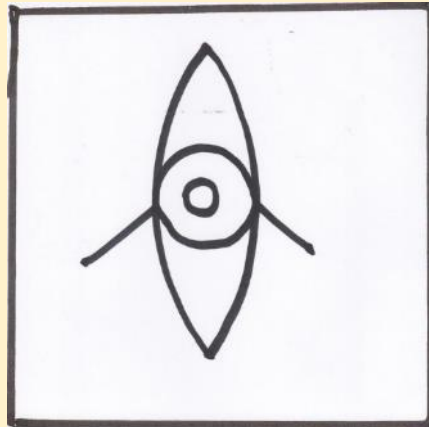
Of course, the image itself could be interpreted by the viewer in some other way but the idea is to try and guess what the artist is trying to relay to you. But if it conjures up some other amusing image in your mind why not share it with us at [carrickargus2017@gmail.com](mailto:carrickargus2017@gmail.com)

On the next page there are three new doodles for you to decipher. Good Luck!

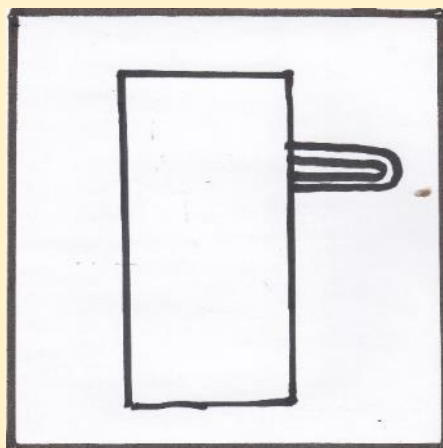
1.



2.



3.



## Creative writing: Double Lives

*'Not hobbies, not even obsessions. A real secret life.'*

*'Like your father?' Hilary found his pre-war adventures fascinating - racing cars, hunting crocodiles in the Outback, sailing a Brixham trawler from St Mawes to America. Anna shook her head.*

*'More passions than hobbies, for him ... but of course there was the business with the Australians claiming he was a British spy. I am pretty sure he wasn't, but if I asked, he'd just smile and say "If I was, I'd have to deny it and if I wasn't, I'd say no, wouldn't I?". I was actually thinking of how sometimes at funerals people you've never heard of turn up and reveal a real double life'.*

Hilary nodded; she'd known a charming, elderly English gentleman, a respected collector of Chinese lacquer, whose memorial service revealed his knighthood came in recognition for wartime work with seaplanes.

*'And now there is all this nonsense, endless identity checks and code words and the computer generation with their avatars and all that sort of stuff. Drives you mad. Double identity; money laundering; parallel universe'.* They groaned companionably and Anna continued. *'Didn't you play bridge with ...'*

*'Goodness, yes, I'd forgotten all about Martin; reticent, seemed a bit slow, good player but not a very good small-talker. Turned out he's a world expert on bats, travels all over the place to conferences; a real double life. But what has brought this on? Are you about to spill the beans on your mysterious career as a honeytrap, or romantic novelist, or specialist in poisonous fungi?' Anna laughed.*

*'Oh Hilly, if only. No, it's just ... oh, I don't know, nothing, really'.* She looked at her old friend. *'But do say if you think I'm going bonkers. Remember I told you a man I used to work with at the Council, years ago, got in touch, out of the blue?'*

*'Mm; you were surprised; you didn't really know him'*

*'Oh, we got on at work, but he never came out for drinks or anything, everyone assumed he had a demanding wife or mother in the background. No-one really knew him. I still don't understand why he got in touch with me'*

*'Maybe you're the only one who hasn't moved, or died?'*

*'Thanks for the vote of confidence; that was pretty much my guess. Anyway, we met for coffee and it was fine and last week, he took me out for lunch, and ...'*

*'You discovered a shocking past?'*

*'What he does is make models'.*

*'Marble or matchsticks? Spitfires or Cutty Sarks?'*

Anna grinned, sheepishly. *'Model railway stuff; the little bits that complete the landscapes, bridges and villages and petrol stations and sheep. Teeny tiny.'* Hilary was gazing at her, round-eyed. *'They are, apparently, highly collectable and that is what he rushed off to do; his free time was spent in his workshop. Now he is 'retired', he has time to take people out to lunch. I have to confess, I do like miniature things. As a child, I longed for a trainset. I made do with a dolls' house.'*

*'And ...?'*

Anna giggled. Hilary sounded worried.

*'No; I have turned down an invitation to a convention in Taunton; I was tempted, but then I thought about all those other model railway enthusiasts!'*

*'You're not going bonkers; hoorah. But if you want someone with a double life, find a rich man with a yacht'*

*'And a decent wine cellar. Cheers to that!'*

They chinked glasses. The clouds covered the sun in a determined, spiteful way and so they went indoors.

*u3a Carrick member writing as Janet Zoro*

## Creative writing: In the Vestibule

This is what happened, truly. Believe me, veracity is my middle name. No of course it isn't, but you know what I mean. Liz had a spare ticket for a free trip to Lanzarote; I'd never been, so I said 'Yes please'. On the plane the truth came out; we were getting hotel and meal vouchers in return for, as she put it, chatting to someone about timeshares. Bloody Liz; she's so naive; I have friends who came back from just such a 'holiday' complete nervous wrecks. It's not chatting, it's brainwashing. I didn't scream and shout. I simply worked out a plan.

The hotel was vast; all glass and chrome and marble. The vouchers got us a buffet breakfast - full English, baked beans and all, if you couldn't do without - and a very early, very dull dinner. My cunning plan worked: early start, rush into the en suite, make vomiting noises and come out groaning. Concerned Liz had a tray of orange juice, toast and coffee sent up, and rushed off to visit timeshares. Then I went out exploring. Nice little towns, vibrant markets, agreeable bars. I loved the volcanic highlands, wild and bleak and black. I did not love the volcanic beach, with its fine black sand. It depressed me, and I visualised the timeshare owners there in the soggy season, grey skies and darkly dismal beaches, wondering why.

Liz was bravely determined; others were vacillating - some gave in and signed up; they got vouchers for free booze and sat about listlessly in the evenings, drunk and despondent. Things came to a head on day five, when we - the refuseniks - were informed that dinner vouchers were only valid after a meeting in the vestibule. Vestibule? I envisaged Agatha Christie, suspects and victims. It was actually a large shiny reception and bar, all lit up at night, with a fancy glass lift in the middle. I was trapped; not by the voucher thing - I'd been wandering off on my own anyway, to the fishing village down the road and a nice little cafe with delicious tapas. But tonight, we had to sign in, in our pairs. The chatter-volume, fuelled by sangria-on-the-house, was deafening. They were setting up the power point presentation stuff and I was just wondering if I could stage a fit of the vapours as a diversion when the lift appeared in its glass tube, and a hush fell. Inside, becoming visible from his knobby toes upwards, was an old man with no clothes on. Not a stitch.

Uproar. Voices batted speculations about like shuttlecocks - mad, drunk, sleep-walking, some sort of art installation. He struggled out of the lift; he had a large sponge in one hand. He looked around, blinking. *'I can't get the water to come on,'* he said, A resourceful waiter rushed over with a tablecloth for modesty, and gently ushered him back into the lift, and slowly upwards. Management had vanished into thin air. I dragged Liz out; we'd done the signing in. We escaped to my little cafe and the joys of tapas and a jug of wine. We made peace. Oddly, the next day, poor Liz seemed to have caught my vomiting bug. We had to spend the last couple of days having fun.

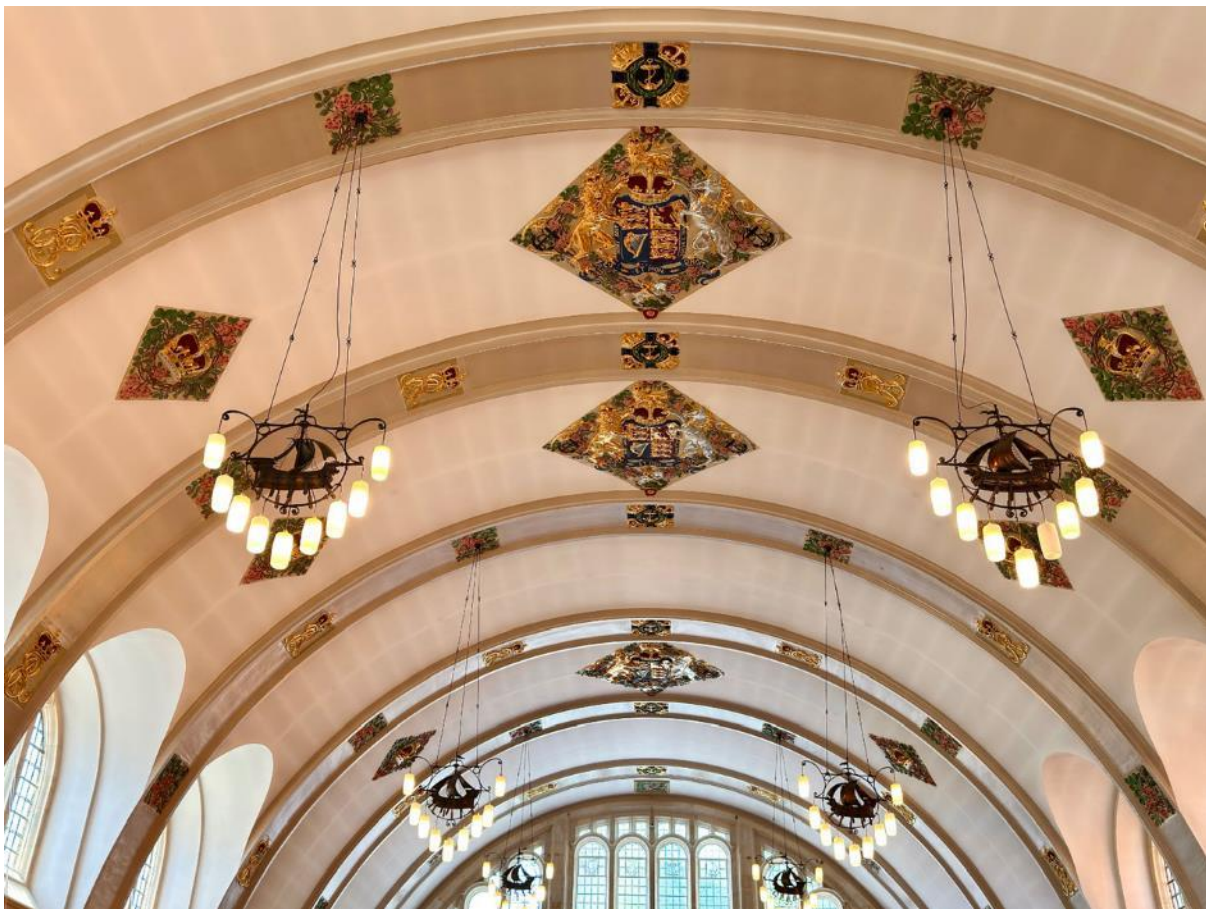
She has vowed never to accept another 'free' vacation.

*u3a Carrick member writing as Janet Zoro*

## Adrian's pick of the month: Curves

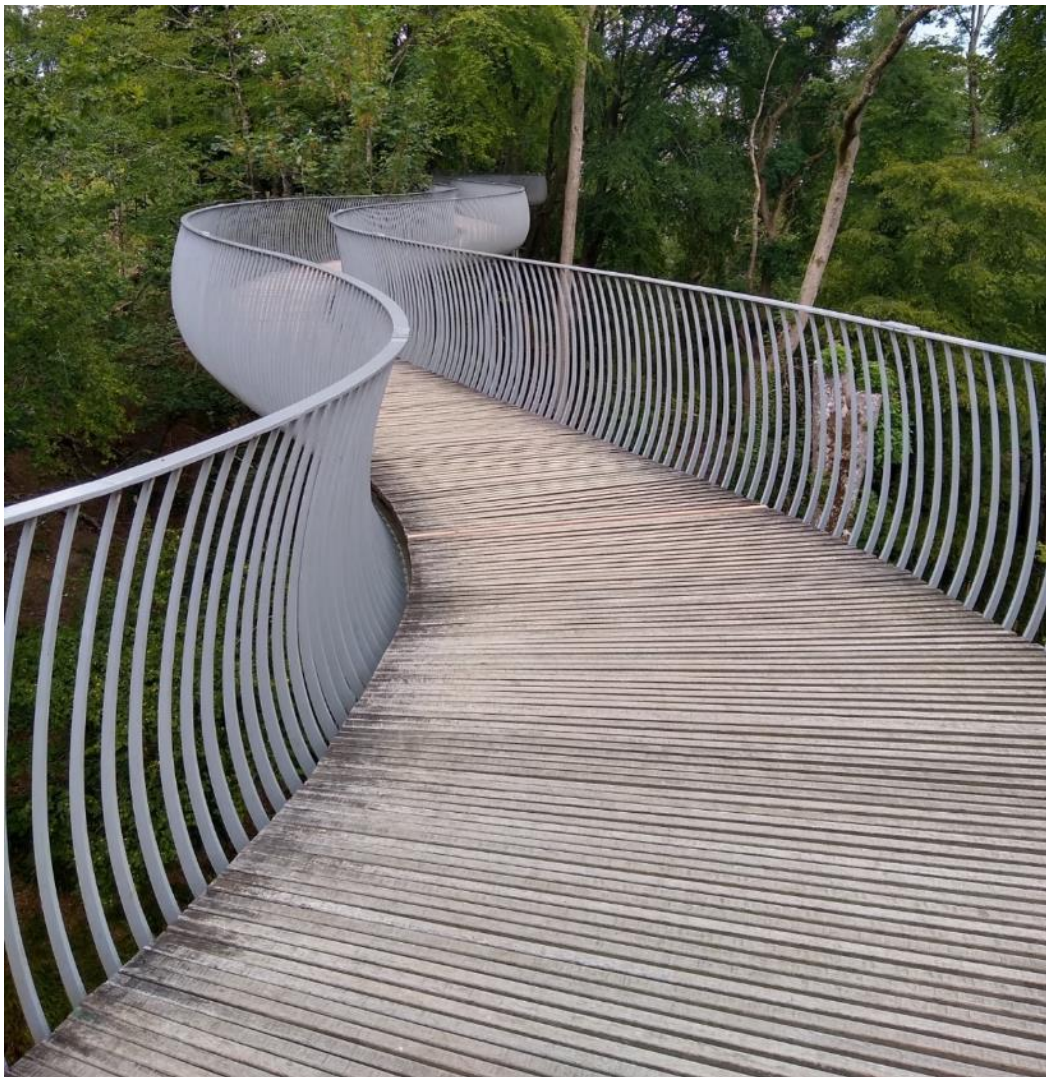


All images courtesy of u3a Carrick Photography group









## Quiz

### Football

1. Which is the oldest football club in the world?
2. Who won the first FIFA World Cup?
3. Which countries will host FIFA World Cup in 2026?
4. Where are the FIFA Headquarters?
5. What is the distance between goal posts?
6. What is the distance from the goal line to the penalty spot?
7. Which was the first football club in India?
8. What is the nickname of the England women's football team?
9. Who captained England's women's team in 2022, 2023 & 2024?
10. Whose home ground is Turf Moor?

### What or where is the longest in the world?

1. Canal
2. Ship canal
3. Railway in the world
4. Continental mountain range
5. Coastline
6. Road tunnel
7. Rail tunnel
8. National Anthem
9. River dam
10. Railway platform

### What is the national animal or bird of the following countries?

1. England
2. USA
3. France
4. New Zealand
5. Norway
6. Spain
7. Thailand
8. Russia
9. China
10. Bangladesh
11. South Africa
12. Australia
13. Canada
14. Indonesia
15. Germany

[Answers on page 27](#)

## Picture Quiz: Famous people with 'place' surnames

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

[Answers on page 28](#)

## Rogers' Tower



It was a beautiful sunny summer's day recently when Marina led the 5 banana walking group on a voyage of discovery in search of Rogers' Tower. Allegedly built in 1798 by a member of the prominent local Rogers family from **Treassowe Manor** as a place for them to picnic, the folly stands in a wonderful spot overlooking **Mount's Bay**. Originally the site of a large Iron Age hill fort, the views in all directions are spectacular and would have given the inhabitants a commanding outlook in case of invaders. Apparently, there are the remains of roundhouses in the area but these are not visible due to the widespread bracken. Sadly, there is now a granite quarry between the hill and the village of Castle Gate which has been eating into the hill for over 100 years.



It is thought that the folly was built by **John Rogers**, (15th August 1750-22nd February 1832) who was a lawyer and politician. He married Margaret Basset, daughter of **Francis Basset** and stood unsuccessfully as a parliamentary candidate for Penryn in 1774, before being elected as member for West Looe in 1775. He later became MP for **Penryn** and later still for **Helston**.



*All photos courtesy of Sue Hutt*

John Rogers was certainly wealthy enough to be able to build a folly for his family. His father Hugh Rogers acquired the Penrose estate in 1770 and John added the Helston one in 1778, which together amounted to over 10 thousand acres. These included the manors of Penrose, Helston, Carminow, Winnianton and others around Cornwall. The family also owned several mines.

We parked at The Engine Inn in **Cripplesease** as we were lunching there after our walk, but it is possible to park at the Baker's Pit which is much closer to Rogers' Tower. The reference is SW48523495. The website <https://360cornwall.uk> provides superb panoramic views of the tower and surrounding area and is well worth looking at.

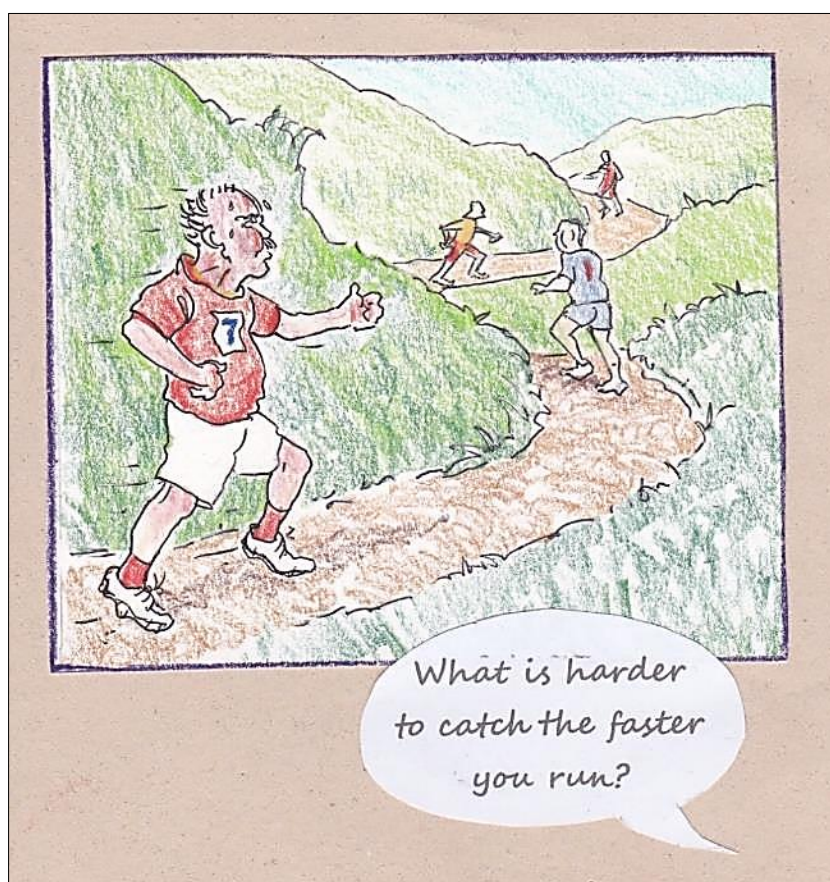
Sue Hutt

*Ref. Wikipedia*  
*The Cornish Bird*  
[historicensland.org.uk](http://historicensland.org.uk)

## Humour & Riddle

This month's recommended '**Reading for Travellers**' is selected by **Dale Walker**.

1. 'Taxi rides in China' by **Rick Shaw**
2. 'Crossing the Desert' by **Rhoda Kamel**
3. 'My Life in Tirana' by **Al Bania**
4. 'Unpolluted rivers' by **Crystal Claire Waters**
5. 'A difficult return journey' by **Ellen Bach**
6. 'There and back and there again' by **Chris Cross**
7. 'Why Should I Walk?' by **Iona Carr**
8. 'Journeys through forests' by **Seymor Trees**
9. 'Growing up in the Balkans' by **Hugo Slavia**
10. 'Under Italian Skies.' by **Al Fresco**
11. 'Travels in South America' by **Pat O'Gonia**
12. '...where flying fishes play' by **Amanda Lay**
13. 'Walking to School' by **Misty Bus**
14. 'Big Cities' by Connah **B'Ation**



## Quiz answers

### Football

- |   |                      |
|---|----------------------|
| 1. Which is the oldest football club in the world?              | Sheffield FC         |
| 2. Who won the first FIFA World Cup?                            | Uruguay              |
| 3. Which countries will host FIFA World Cup in 2026?            | Mexico, USA, Canada  |
| 4. Where are the FIFA Headquarters?                             | Zurich               |
| 5. What is the distance between goal posts?                     | 7.32 metres (24feet) |
| 6. What is the distance from the goal line to the penalty spot? | 11 metres (12yards)  |
| 7. Which was the first football club in India?                  | Dalhousie (1878)     |
| 8. What is the nickname of the England women's football team?   | The Lionesses        |
| 9. Who captained England's women's team in 2022, 2023 & 2024?   | Leah Williamson      |
| 10. Whose home ground is Turf Moor?                             | Burnley              |

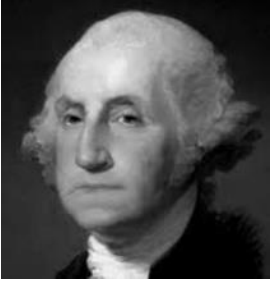
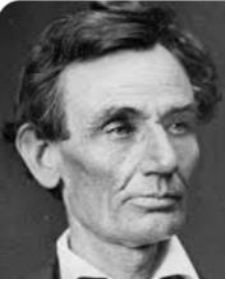














### What or where is the longest in the world?

- |                               |                            |
|-------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Canal                      | Grand Canal of China       |
| 2. Ship canal                 | St Lawrence Seaway         |
| 3. Railway in the world       | Trans-Siberian Railway     |
| 4. Continental mountain range | Andes                      |
| 5. Coastline                  | Canada                     |
| 6. Road tunnel                | Laerdal, Norway            |
| 7. Rail tunnel                | Gotthard Base, Switzerland |
| 8. National Anthem            | Greece                     |
| 9. River dam                  | Hirakud, India             |
| 10. Railway platform          | Hubballi, India            |

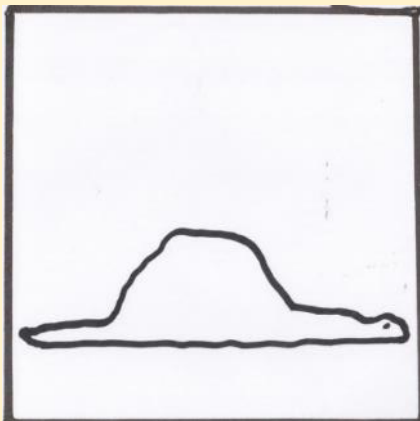
### What is the national animal or bird of the following countries?

- |                  |               |
|------------------|---------------|
| 1. England       | Lion          |
| 2. USA           | Bald Eagle    |
| 3. France        | Rooster       |
| 4. New Zealand   | Kiwi          |
| 5. Norway        | Moose         |
| 6. Spain         | Bull          |
| 7. Thailand      | Elephant      |
| 8. Russia        | Bear          |
| 9. China         | Giant Panda   |
| 10. Bangladesh   | Bengal Tiger  |
| 11. South Africa | Springbok     |
| 12. Australia    | Red Kangaroo  |
| 13. Canada       | Beaver        |
| 14. Indonesia    | Komodo Dragon |
| 15. Germany      | Eagle         |

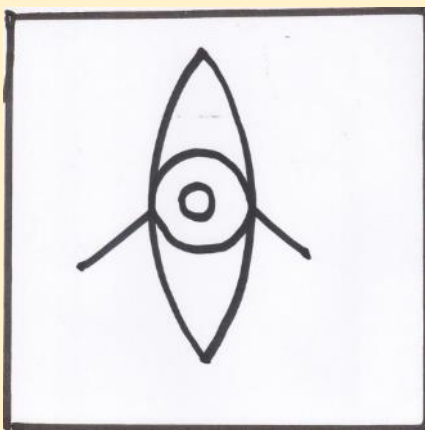
## Picture Quiz answers

 <p>George <b>Washington</b></p>	 <p>Abraham <b>Lincoln</b></p>	 <p>Denzel <b>Washington</b></p>	 <p>Johnny <b>Vegas</b></p>
 <p>Eric <b>Morecombe</b></p>	 <p>Tony <b>Blackburn</b></p>	 <p>Judith <b>Durham</b></p>	 <p>Susan <b>Hampshire</b></p>
 <p>Bing <b>Crosby</b></p>	 <p>Horatio <b>Nelson</b></p>	 <p>Duncan <b>Preston</b></p>	 <p>Sarah <b>Lancashire</b></p>
 <p>Jayne <b>Mansfield</b></p>	 <p>Felicity <b>Kendall</b></p>	 <p>Carl <b>Lewis</b></p>	 <p>Jack <b>London</b></p>

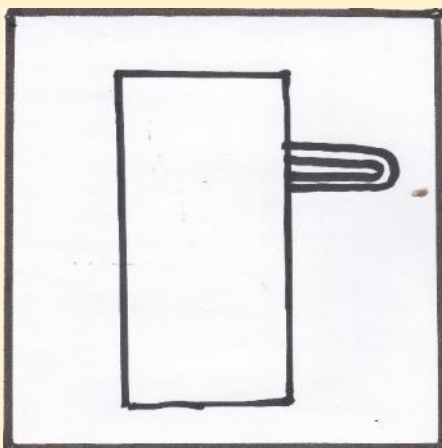
## Doodle & Riddle answers



Snake that's eaten its keeper



Mexican rowing a boat



Trombone player in a telephone box

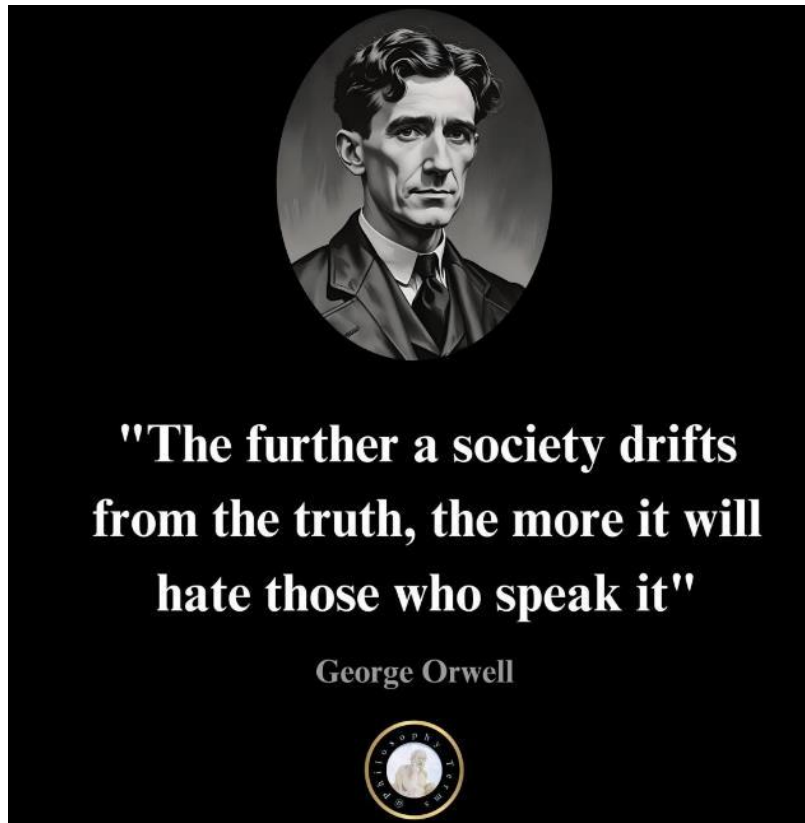
**Riddle solution:** What is harder to catch the faster you run? **Your breath**

## Cornwall in old photographs: St Ives then & now

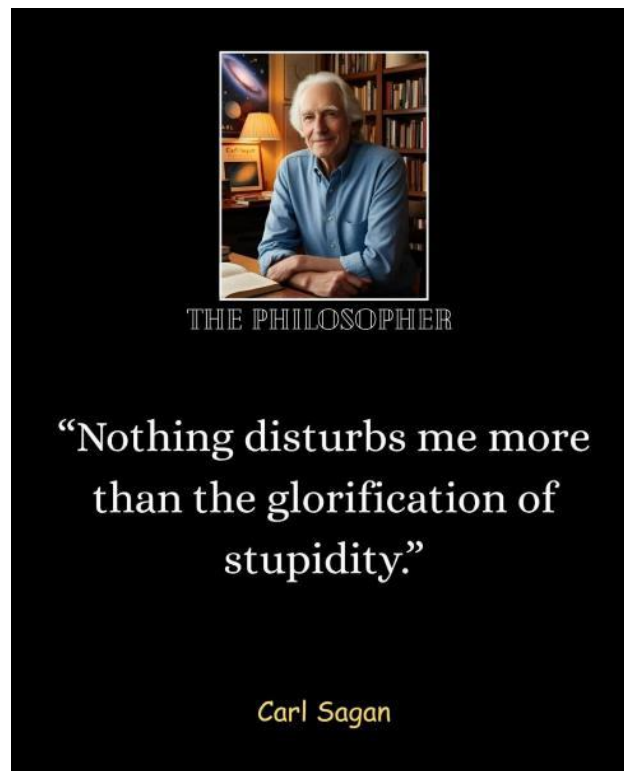


*Images courtesy of Smugglers of Mousehole & Facebook*

## Thoughts for the day



*Courtesy of Philosophy Terms & Facebook*



*Courtesy of The Philosopher & 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 – Wednesday 27<sup>th</sup> August 2025**

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

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