

The Carrick Argus

Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news

Issue no 105

September 2025



Pied Avocet

by Adrian Rowlands

An entry for the 2024 photography competition

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Editorial

For once Cornwall has enjoyed a dry August although the gardeners amongst us will be glad of some rain. The weather for our meeting in the Victoria Gardens in Truro on the 17th was fine, we had the option of sitting in the shade under the huge trees or out in the sun. The Four Tunes entertained us for 90 minutes, with a special dedication to Carrick u3a for our 35th anniversary. We did wonder though if '*When I'm 64*' might have been a more appropriate choice!



The Four Tunes

Photo courtesy of Adrian Rowlands

Our final celebration will be in **Falmouth**, at the **Princess Pavilion** on **Sunday 7th September at 2pm**, where we will be entertained by the **Stithians Band**. We hope that by spreading the events through the Carrick area, as many of you as possible will be able to join in. This event is open to the public, so get there early! I'm sure it will be as successful as the Truro one. You may like to bring your own chair as seating is limited.

More dates for your diary: -

Monthly meeting, **Thursday 18th September**, 10am Kea community centre. Cat Burford describing her trek across Antarctica. Should be fascinating.

Quiz night, **Saturday 4th October**, 6.30pm, Kea community centre. If you would like to join us, please send your name to vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk. No team? No problem, we will find you one.

Payment of £7.50 by BACS or cash includes a pasty or ploughman's, please tell me your preference.

Following the success of our show last November we are planning to hold another one this autumn, so get your thinking caps on, can you as an individual, with a friend or in a group, contribute? Please let me know so I can put together a varied programme, vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk, thank you.

September is when many groups restart after their summer break. Why not try something new this autumn? With so much on offer, from languages to philosophy, sports to dancing, creative writing to history, science to travellers' tales, music, singing, games and playreading, the choice is wide indeed. If your particular interest isn't catered for yet, why not start your own group? Advice on how to go about it is available from **Patsy Ross**, our groups coordinator.

Sue Hutt
Editor

Letters to the editor

Hi I would grateful if you could include the details of the **Karenza Quilters Exhibition** in the Argus. Several of us are u3a members and we hope that this event might be of interest to other members.

I have attached all the details below

Liz Porter
liz@warp13.co.uk

Karenza Quilters: Exhibition of Patchwork and Quilting

Thursday 18th to Saturday 20th September. Daily 10:00 am - 4:00 pm.

At **St Kea Parish Church**, Truro, TR3 6AE - Signposted from the A39, between Truro & Falmouth Raffle in aid of **Cornwall Hospice Care**. Light refreshments and tombola.

Traders - Cowslip Workshops and Pencole Pens and Turnings.

Entrance £3. Free car park.

Thank you for this month's copy of the Argus. Imagine my surprise when I saw my son-in-law and granddaughter on the front cover sailing Grace, a Cornish Shrimper, at Point and Penpol Regatta! A great photo and I hope Richard won the competition! I sailed Grace for many years with my husband. The first Cornish Shrimper was designed by Roger Dongray in 1978 and the first 10 boats were built in ply and eventually Cornish Crabbers built No. 11 in glass fibre. Over 1,300 Shrimpers have now been built and there is an active Shrimper Owners Association with 600 members in the UK, Ireland, Netherlands and France. A very popular boat.

Kind regards,
 Jane Bengé

Hello,

Just received the August edition of Argus - which is most readable.

My thanks to those involved in its production.

Best regards,
 Roger Preston

Picnic in the Park photos



Adrian Rowlands

The Centre for Alternative Technology

Machynlleth, Mid Wales

On a rather damp day 23 years ago, my husband and I, along with our son John and his friend Jack, visited this inspiring place. Some seeds must have been sown then, because John begins a master's degree in Sustainability and Ecology there this autumn.



When the site was established in 1973 in an old slate works at a quarry just North of **Machynlleth**, there was no electricity supply, and people worked by candlelight and hurricane lamp. Within a few months the first hydro turbine was installed, and two years later CAT opened to the public. Its aim was to show people alternatives to fossil fuels and how we might live in ways that reduce our environmental impact.

Those aims remain the same over 51 years later, and are more relevant than ever now that the climate crisis is accelerating at an alarming pace. At a recent Conference for members this was underlined by the keynote speaker, the celebrated author and environmentalist **Sir Jonathon Porritt** CBE. He shared stories and reflections from his new book, '**Love, Anger and Betrayal**', pulling no punches in his trenchant message that time is rapidly running out for us to take action to prevent the worst impacts of the climate emergency.

The residential Conference took place in the WISE building which opened in 2010. The letters stand for the **Wales Institute of Sustainable Development**. The whole site will shortly be redeveloped and is currently closed to the public to enable this to happen. Work starts soon to retrofit the buildings and include things from the original design which weren't possible then, such as green roofs, and more solar panels. Some of the woodwork also requires replacing, partly due to the wet climate of Mid Wales.



On that first visit in 2002, we enjoyed our ride up to the Visitor Centre in the water-balanced cliff railway, which had been installed in 1991. After travelling from **Dolgellau**, we used the compost toilets, which were a novelty at the time. Whilst walking around, my husband sat under a small wind turbine which pumps water in low windspeeds. Some of the water aerated a pond containing Koi carp, one of his favourite fish.

Beside one of the larger ponds is a hydraulic ram pump, similar to the pump which provided water for the **Lost Gardens of Heligan** in Cornwall. Sitting opposite the little pump recently inspired the following poem.

Hydraulic Heartbeat

*No electric needed, thank you, just two working parts alone
Use streams' energy for watering, where communities have none.
Many years' continual service – cheap, reliable, and green,
Keeps the plants and people thriving – very simple, safe, and clean.*

During a session called 'Ocean Stories' which took place in the circular Sheppard lecture theatre, I wrote this short verse.

Rewild the Sea

*Rewild the sea – let the oceans recover,
Industrial fishing should be off the map;
Just 7 percent of the sea is protected –
Restore the marine life and 'Blue Carbon' Cap.*

On the last day, a group of us were encouraged to go outside and focus for a few minutes on one thing in the productive gardens. This is the result.

What Am I?

*I'm covered in a fur-like moss,
There's no straight lines on me;
I climb up to the stars above,
Birds love me – I'm a tree.*

Sue Amer

Images courtesy of the Centre for Alternative Technology website

Carclew House



Painting of Carclew as it was in 1830 (*artist not referenced*)

Carclew House, situated in Mylor, was for some generations owned by the Bonython family, before being rebuilt in the 18th century by Samuel Kemp and sold to **William Lemon** in 1739. He commissioned the architect **Thomas Edwards** to extend the house in the Palladian style, adding colonnades and pavilions. William's grandson, **Sir William Lemon**, extended it still further, adding new wings in place of the pavilions. It later became home to the Tremayne family, descendants of the Lemons, who owned Heligan. It must have been one of the grandest houses in Cornwall in its heyday.

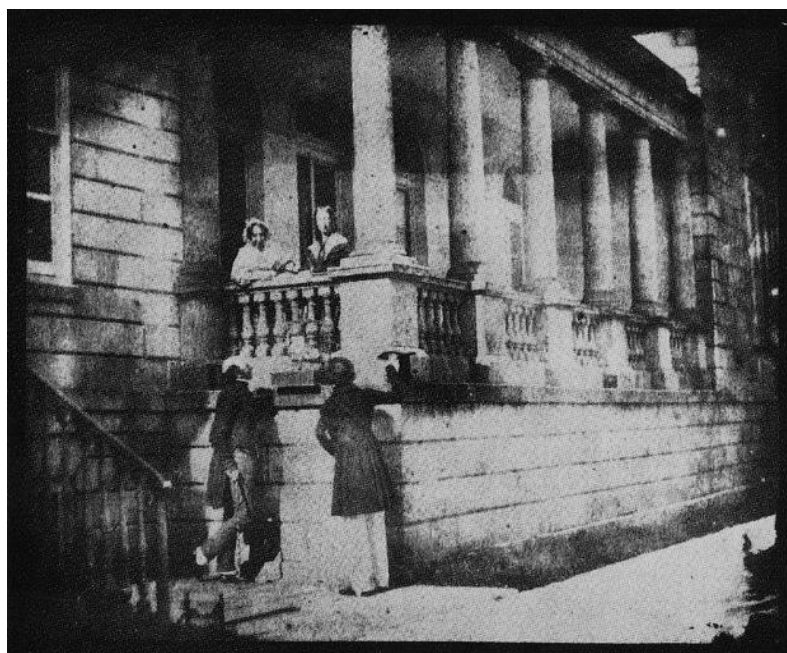


Photo of one of the wings taken by **Henry Fox Talbot** 1841

Sadly, the house was destroyed by fire in 1934 and has been derelict ever since. In the 1930s one wing was made habitable for use by The Society of Friends' Peace Committee to welcome refugees from Europe, and during WW II it served as a base for American soldiers gathering for D-Day.

Carclew was known for its beautiful terraced gardens, water fountains and cascades. This area still exists but is privately owned and not open to the public. Sir Charles Lemon was one of the first people in England to receive and grow rhododendron seed from **Sir Joseph Hooker**, sent directly from his Himalayan expedition of 1848-1850. One of these, planted in 1850, became one of the most famous in Cornwall, growing to around 35 feet high by 1928.



Photos of the remains of Carclew House

Carclew is now on the **Heritage at Risk** register. It is a private site and work has begun to conserve the remains for future generations. However, some limited tours are available for visitors interested in finding out more of the house's history. More information on this project can be found at carclew.com

Sue Hutt
Ref. carclew.com
wikipedia.org
Images courtesy of carclew.com

Twelfth Night by William Shakespeare

performed by Miracle Theatre, 8 June 2025 at the Lavender Farm, Perranporth

This '*dazzling comedy*', as it was described in the advertising, was acted with great panache on a balmy summer's evening. It's being performed by this small company at 29 amazing places across Cornwall, including Tresco and St Mary's on Scilly.

Those two venues bring a poignancy to the play, as it opens with a shipwreck, one of Shakespeare's '*ever-malevolent tempests*', according to Andrew Dickson, author of '**The Rough Guide to Shakespeare**' (Rough Guides Ltd, 2005). He describes this play as '*the playwright's most perfect comedy, riotously funny, including romantic love, which is both plague and cure*'.

It was probably written in 1601 and is the only play to which Shakespeare gave an alternate title, '**What You Will**'.

Not having been to the venue before, I was curious to see where the action would take place. After climbing up the steep entrance track, my friend and I turned right into the lavender field, where there was a small amphitheatre at the bottom of the slope. A large audience already filled the area facing the stage, alongside which were some plain backdrops with a doorway and circular window. The cast, who played multiple roles, made good use of these for their entrances and exits, plus running up and down the field beside the audience!



Cast members in some of their multiple guises

*Images courtesy of Miracle Theatre
Cropped stills extracted from the promotional video*

Despite not having a seen a production of Twelfth Night before, I recognised the famous opening lines: '*If music be the food of love, play on*' and several others, such as '*Be not afraid of greatness: some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them*'.

The cast were on good form, although it wasn't always easy to hear the dialogue at times. However, the modern dress costumes were good fun: I particularly liked the navy cleaner's

overall worn by Olivia's maid Maria, with her yellow Marigolds, and the yellow cross-gartered stockings of Malvolio!



Jowan Jacobs as Malvolio in his cross gartered yellow stockings

Courtesy of Miracle Theatre post-performance communication

Speaking of legs, mine were getting cold by the interval, so I was delighted to see a young woman arrive with a pile of blankets for the audience to use – a very thoughtful gesture which enabled me to enjoy the second half even more.

The play was adapted for this production by **Bill Scott**. My friend said it had been cut by 40% so it lasted just under two hours, which was ideal.

After such a dry year so far it seemed odd to hear the play end with the line, '*For the rain it raineth every day*'. However, the song was sung beautifully and provided a fitting finale to a magical evening.

Sue Amer

MIRACLE
THEATRE

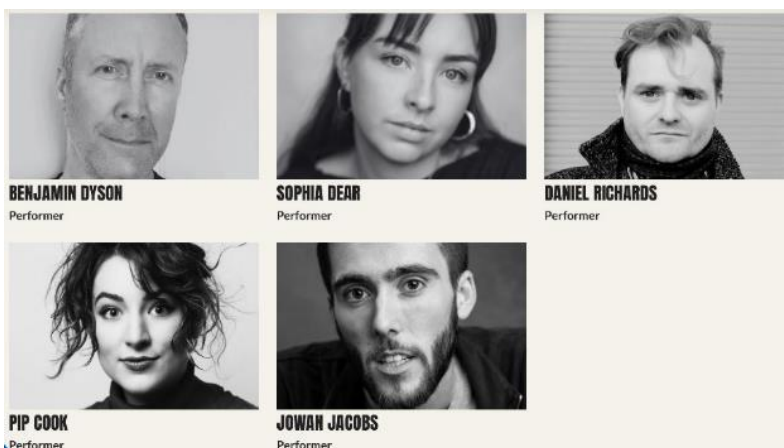


Image courtesy of Miracle Theatre

Eating out and about

Finding a venue where you can spend time enjoying the surroundings as well as eating well can be hard to find, so I was delighted to be recommended **Trevaskis Farm** where we were told we could wander around, see unusual breeds of animals, spend time picking our own fruit to take away and also indulge in coffee and cakes or a full-blown meal.

We drove with plenty of time to explore whatever the farm could offer, almost missing the tiny signpost on Gwinear Road to Conner Downs – at this time of year obscured by burgeoning leaves. There is ample parking as this is obviously a well-known destination, especially for families with children to entertain. Be prepared for plenty of noise and a well organised business that makes the most of the tourist season.



The large licensed restaurant has a monster display of cakes that would do justice to a W.I. Jubilee Celebration. There is a nod to the notion of a traditional farm in the rustic wooden chairs and tables, inside and on the terrace, all else is streamlined efficient mass catering, with an extensive menu covering all tastes from local crab sandwiches to an exotic Baghare Baingan curry. I'm always apprehensive when I see such a vast range of dishes, at best it suggests scrupulous hygienic storage and large kitchen staff, at worse casual cooking and microwave packets. Fresh ingredients lovingly prepared are inevitably the province of small chef/owner premises.

The choice here is mind-blowing- breakfast, lunch and dinner menus- From Burgers, Wraps, Toasties to Fish and Chips, Curries and Roasts.



My Thai Fishcake salad was less than impressive - a tasty but small fishcake and meagre leaves, more like a starter than a main and certainly not worth £18. Judging from other reviews there are many

visitors also dissatisfied with value, so choose your dish with care, there is no point in asking the waitress for advice- although very friendly she is rushed off her feet.

After a disappointing lunch a visit to the Pick Your Own area looked very inviting- rows of bushes, trees and poly tunnels housing healthy looking plants – strawberries in season! Lovely to forage and pick and try the occasional surreptitious berry warm from the sun. Not particularly cheap at £6 a kilo but guaranteed fresh. The gorgeous looking cherries were almost over and the blackcurrants and gooseberries been and gone, so it is important to time your visit. I shall return later for the harvest of plums and perhaps by then the crush of tourist families will be over and a meal in the restaurant will be a better experience.

Burgers etc- £12.45 - £17.95

Curries -£17.95 - £20

Sunday Roasts - £18.95

Set Menu- £32.95

All photos courtesy of Trevaskis Farm website

Let's go up-market -

This time of year often sees us conducting tours of Cornwall with our visiting friends, and they often request trying venues outside the remit of Carrick. Hence this push-the-boat-out visit to **edie's**, an acclaimed Michelin restaurant run by a husband and wife team near Par.

Encouraged by the rapturous praise given to edie's by the respected food critic **William Sitwell** (*'The souffle was so darned perfect I felt moved...'*) and an inclusion in the Michelin Guide Best Restaurants 2025 we set off with high expectations.

There are no idyllic sea views, no charming outdoor tables on a flower filled patio – bonuses you might expect from a restaurant situated in a West Country holiday destination. What you get is an anonymous row of shops, hairdressers and bars on a residential back road near Carlyon Bay, with the modest restaurant front of edie's squashed at the end.

However, when it opened at 6.00pm the restaurant quickly filled to full capacity, an obvious sign of its popularity, so we were glad we had booked a table by the window inside the spacious, simply furnished interior with its open kitchen, bar and shelves of interesting books. And the sound level was good despite all the jolly conversations - I can't bear the amplified sound of other people eating and shrieking with fun!



We were greeted by the charming Kelly, wife of the chef Nigel Brown and served drinks by the eponymous edie, the daughter in this truly family affair.

Settling into comfortable chairs we perused the menu while sharing a tiny pot of rather ordinary trout paté and ciabatta. The menu promised a two-course set dinner for early bird guests with some items from the à la carte at £29 – very tempting and good value as other dishes on the menu were undeniably pricey (£34 for a main dish). In the end some of us opted for the Set Menu with the famous cheese soufflé to start, followed by hake with attendant vegetables. Our friends had choices from the main menu, but these see such rapid changes according to available seasonal produce that it is pointless to describe them here.

We all enjoyed our meal, the food was excellent - elegantly presented with due respect for the fresh local ingredients. We could have accompanied the meal with some very fine wines from the available list, but this time we opted for a local brewery beer and glasses of house wine. Both very good.



I personally was not moved to heights of ecstasy by the cheese soufflé, it is a dish one expects to be done well by someone who has worked with some of the best chefs in Britain, but the very high level of quality and execution, without any hype or pretension that this restaurant maintains is admirable. I would certainly recommend anyone to book a meal if sea views and ambiance are not high on the agenda.

Just one word of warning - check your bill carefully- I'm sure it was a mistake due to hectic service but we were charged twice for two drinks, and of course being curmudgeonly we pointed this out and an attempt was made to rectify it – rather unsuccessfully - we gave up on that one! edie's is only open Wednesday to Saturday – check their website for times.

To share - £6.50-9.25

Starters - £13 - £15

Mains - £22 - £34

Puddings - £9.25 - £12

Average price for a meal without drinks - £50. Service charge discretionary.

*All photos of edie's restaurant & food courtesy of LW
L.W*

Keeping Emus

On a recent walk with the 5-banana group around the outskirts of **Gweek**, we came across a beautiful emu and its offspring. Although emus have a reputation for disliking strangers and due to their size can be quite intimidating, this one came towards the gate to have a good look at us but obviously decided we were not a threat to the other birds and having inspected what he saw, he chose to turn away and go back to the others.



The conversation amongst the group then centred around why anyone would want to keep emus. Our official photographer, being an enterprising sort of person, duly researched the topic, so I am grateful to her for the following information.

Emus are kept primarily for their eggs, which are huge and rich in protein, minerals and vitamins and apparently extremely tasty. The meat is red, lean and its taste bears no resemblance to chicken. Emu oil, derived from the fat of the body, is used in a variety of products including cosmetics, hair conditioners and organic relief from pain and insect bites. The feathers can be used in dusters, artwork, furniture and clothing. Emu leather has been used in the manufacture of handbags, wallets, boots and upholstery.

Emus will eradicate insects and pests which might destroy crops. They are good grazers, eating many plants and weeds, and their manure can be used to improve soil conditions. Perhaps the most important reason for keeping emus is that they can live side by side with other animals as long as they are raised with them, and will act as guardians to sheep, goats and chickens. They will even chase after birds of prey, running at up to 32 miles an hour!

The motto of the u3a is **Learn, Laugh, Live**. In the 5-banana walking group we certainly live and laugh, and thanks to our trek around Gweek, we unexpectedly learnt about the benefits of keeping emus! Many thanks to **Mark Breach** for the walk and **Wendy Forman** for the photos and information.

Sue Hutt

Ref. TheHomesteadingHippy.com

Creative writing: Stuck in the Shaft

Morwenna passed a water bottle and crib box to her son, Will.

"Make sure you listen to everything they say and do exactly as you're told to do mind."

"Oh, Mother, I will, I promise but you know what they say, I've miners' blood in my veins."

"Don't cheek your mother, Young Will, but yes you should be proud of the fact we've been miners in this family going way back, to your great grandad's time, so we've a standard to keep up. Now com'eson or we'll be late which is not good and remember, when we're underground working, you're not to call me Father but Big Will."

Will smiled. Yes, today was his first day officially down Levant Mine. He was nervous at the thought of it the dark, the heat, the danger but as a Cornish boy he'd been brought up on tales of life down a mine, so his nerves were tinged with a little excitement.

He turned and nodded to his sister, Karenza, sat at the table.

"Maybe I'll see you later at the mine? You're working there today, aren't you? Bet you'll be glad come May when you marry Jago and can give all this up."

Karenza nodded back to Will.

"Yes, tis only eight months and then I'll be Mrs Pascoe and lady of my own place."

Morwenna squeezed her daughter's shoulder.

"Yes, maid, will be a God send not to have all my family down the mine. It's too close to the sea for my liking."

"That's enough talking nonsense Mo. 'Tis the only mine in the county with a man engine to bring us all up and down each day. We'll be OK. Now come on Young Will, we be meeting the others drekkly so we must get going."

Will put on his winter coat, picked up his helmet and looked down at this shiny hobnail boots and knew once he was spotted in his clean linen trousers and thin coat there would be remarks and laughter. His outfit showed his newness to the job, marked his first descent into the mine, as others' clothing would be marked red from the hematite in the ore, the stain a badge of a miner.

The three mile walk to the mine was one they all joined together to make each day. Talk of the mine and their next shift mixed with views of the weather and how it was affecting the sea. Arriving at the mine they passed bal maidens sorting the ore and their hymn singing made the miners smile as they prepared.

"Leave your things in the engine house, Young Will. We'll meet at the top and take turns going down. I want you to go down with me and remember, it's like I've told you; there's a beam with rods to use and the platforms are in between as the beam moves."

There was a pause.

"And today we're going right down."

Will followed his father. He was feeling hot already and there was still the heat from the tunnels to come. His palms felt clammy, and his stomach churned. Forming part of the first team to descend each miner exchanged a glance with each other, a nod being their reassurance before they went down.

Will knew that he was now part of a strong work force, that whatever differences they may have above ground, below they worked as one, each man supporting the rest come what may. The lift or Our Jenny as the miners called her was bringing up an earlier crew and as the men left Big Will nodded to his son and shook his hand.

"You'll be fine my boy. See you later and if we're lucky we'll be able to have a soak in the tub after."

Will thought a soak with the other miners were the furthest thing from his mind at that moment but he knew his father was offering comfort in the only way he could.

He approached the shaft with his father, watching and coping his method of descent. The whole thing was dirty, covered in mud and fragments and as he worked his way down, he tried to keep his eyes looking straight ahead, not down. There were miners stepping off when they reached their level but as his father had informed him, best to get it over and done with so he knew he was going all the way.

The work was hard and never ending. Each miner, using the light from the candle fastened with clay to their helmet, had a section of the tunnel. The strongest hit chunks out with hammers and axes, while the younger, Will amongst them, loaded it into barrows and buckets for the ascent to the top where the bal maids would wash and sort it.

Ten hours later, with only a short pasty break, the hot exhausted miners returned to Jenny ready to go back to their real world and fresh air.

It was as she almost reached the top the noise got louder. The miners looked at each other and, as they heard the metal bracket at the top of the rod snap, for a few minutes time froze before the lift as they knew it began to fall.

Jill Dyer

Creative writing: Lamorna Mermaids

'Did you ever hear about the Lamorna mermaids? No? Well, have a top up and I'll tell you the story'. These friends were very receptive, after several beers. I sat down.

'You know Porthcurno?' Of course they did; they were Cornish. 'Well, in the early days there were loads of bright young men from all around the world living there, learning to operate the telegraphic communications system. In their spare time they walked the coastal paths, played cricket, even put on theatrical performances and pantomimes. They kept pretty busy, but what they were really missing was ...'

The listeners spoke in chorus: 'WOMEN'.

'Yes. They missed their mothers, sisters, wives and girlfriends; the local women who lived and worked there tried to cheer them up, but there was no female social life.'

The listeners clucked sympathetically.

'Now, my great aunt Morwenna worked in the laundry and did sewing... mending, darning, helping them with costumes for the plays. Often, she sat and stitched while they chatted about their lives. One day, a lad called Amit...he was from Delhi, very well educated, polite...told her his

latest adventure. He was out walking... he loved the cliffs and views of the sea, the birds and flowers and fresh air. He went up the coast a long way, then the path turned a sharp corner and he saw a scene that made him think he was dreaming: a woman was painting...that was quite normal, there was that colony of artists at Lamorna - but what she was painting was ... '

I looked at my audience 'another woman, stark naked, sitting on the grass.'

Laughter, oohs and aahs, a few rude suggestions.

'He was a real gent, a bit shy, and he quietly turned round and retraced his steps. He didn't tell the others, he thought it might lead to impropriety, and he didn't go back, but his story gave Morwenna an idea.'

I got up to stretch my legs, pour a few more beers.

'Morwenna knew a couple of the women who worked for the artists; they cooked and cleaned and kept house and sometimes got painted, but never in the nude. The three got together and made a plan. They worked secretly for weeks, and then involved a few other people. Some of the artists helped, too. Using all sorts of waste bits they made long narrow cones which they painted silver and green and glued sequins onto; the top half had to look a bit female, and someone had friends at the lingerie factory in Camborne who loaned some half-finished corsets; heads were balloons covered in glue and paper, hair string and straw. They knocked up a raft out of scraps of wood, with crunched up wire covered with seaweed and fishing nets. The idea was to give the impression, from a distance, of a little floating island with mermaids on it. A couple of boatmen offered to anchor on either side of the bay, with long lines to reel the 'island' slowly across the water. One of the lads was a brilliant swimmer; he was disguised as a mermaid, padding out the top of the corset and wearing a wig. He would swim alongside, diving under the raft, rocking it a little to make the mermaids roll languidly.'

My audience was spellbound so I emptied a few more stouts into their glasses and continued.

'The day came, fine and sunny, no wind, and Morwenna managed to get a good crowd gathered above the beach. She had told them the legend.'

There were a few protests: *'What legend? I've never heard a legend about Lamorna mermaids.'*

'She had told them how, at summer's end, mermaids set sail on their magic island for Spain, to winter in the sun. Nobody knew, and if they were ever spotted, they could never return to Lamorna, so the young men must stay quiet and still and hidden. When Morwenna spotted the 'island' floating into view she shushed them and they all watched, entranced, as the tableau, glorious in the rose and gold of the setting sun, drifted by, the mermaids moving a little, one - some said two or three - splashing around. The boys stood in perfect silence till the island was lost to view behind the headland and then they clapped and broke into excited little groups. Amit thanked Morwenna with a deep bow and said it was even more incredible than his experience on the cliffs. She nodded and smiled. The engineers were delighted and gossiped about it for weeks, but none ever learned the truth'.

Cheers and laughter from the drinkers. A few refused to accept the story, but I reminded them that I had it from my great aunt, who was there, so it must be true.

Janet Zoro

Adrian's pick of the month: Street or Candid







All images courtesy of u3a Carrick photography group

Quiz

Sport - for which sport are these people famous?

1. Michael Phelps
2. Usain Bolt
3. Simone Biles
4. Ding Ning
5. Steffi Graf
6. Michael Jordan
7. Donald Bradman
8. Laura Kenny
9. Babe Ruth
10. Lawrence Dallaglio

Who wrote the following?

1. The Great Gatsby
2. 1984
3. The Old Man and the Sea
4. To Kill a Mockingbird
5. The Hobbit
6. The Bell Jar
7. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
8. Mrs Dalloway
9. Murder on the Orient Express
10. The Odyssey
11. A Tale of Two Cities
12. Mill on the Floss
13. Carry On, Jeeves
14. Don Quixote
15. The Catcher in the Rye

Which famous battles took place on these dates?

1. 1798
2. 1815
3. 1066
4. 1805
5. 1920
6. 1513
7. 1314
8. 1415
9. 1549
10. 1775

[Answers on page 27](#)

Picture Quiz: Identify the famous buildings



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



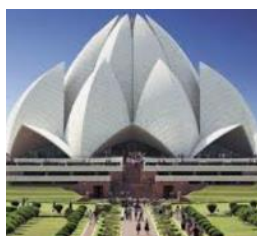
11



12



13



14



15



16

[Answers on page 28](#)

Eco Poem

LIFE

*Pollination, not pollution, let the insects thrive
If we all could go organic then we'd all survive.*

*No-mow May could last all year, and save on fuel too;
Lots of people need convincing, yet it will be 'the few'
Who do their bit to save the planet – you can do it too,*

*Else we're facing Armageddon as the oceans rise,
Due to all the ice that's melting as our planet fries.*

Sue Amer

David's Riddle of the month



*What runs but never walks, Often murmurs but never talks,
Has a bed but never sleeps, Has a mouth but never eats?*


[Answer on page 29](#)

Humorous Book titles

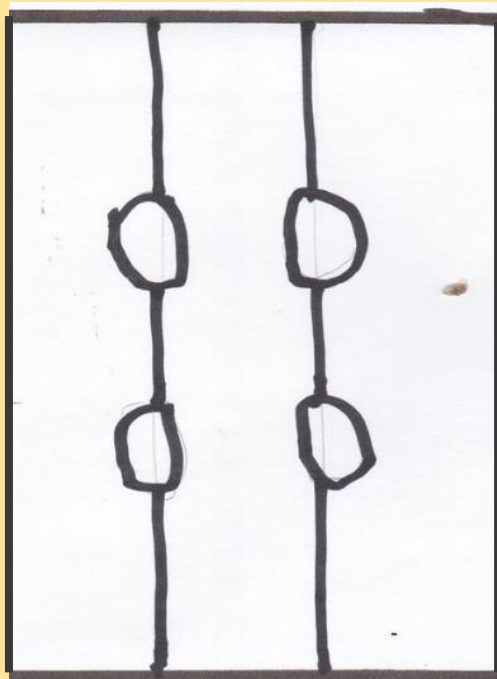
Recommended Health and Well-being reading selected by Doctor Inderhaus

1. **Interesting skin conditions** by Dermot O'Logical
2. **Scottish Dentistry** by Phil MaCavitiy
3. **No Pulse?** by Izzy Dead
4. **The Opticians Manual** by Seymour Clearly
5. **Dealing with an inflamed big toe** by Rosie Bunyan
6. **Ringing in your ears** by Isadore Bell
7. **Know What You're Thinking** by Clair Voyant
8. **Too painful to sit....** by Emma Royds
9. **The Secret of Touching Your Toes** by Ben Dover
10. **Knocked on the Head?** by I. C. Starrs
11. **Brains over Brawn** by Sarah Bellum
12. **Brainless!** by M. T. Head
13. **The incontinent's journey to the bathroom** by Willie Maket, Illustrated by Betty Wont
14. **Diagnosing gum diseases** by Ginger Vitus
15. **Everyday workout** by Jim Nastics
16. **Curing painful carbuncles** by Lance Boyle
17. **Anaesthesiology** by Les Payne
18. **Hypochondria** by Mona Lott

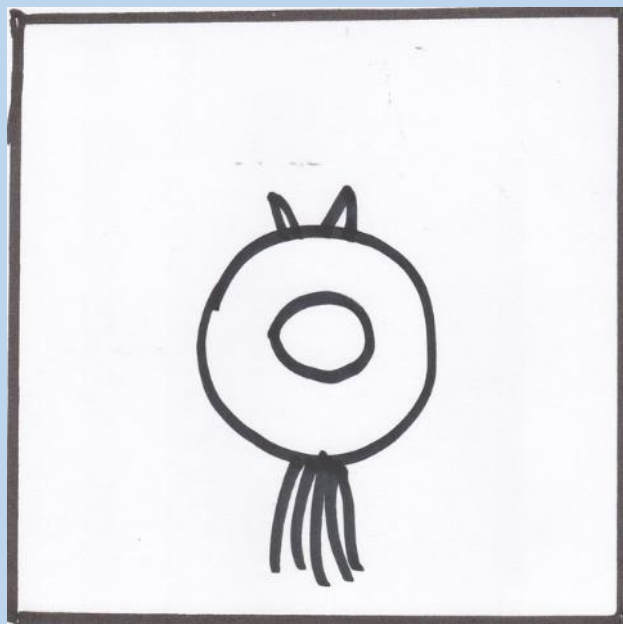
David Westby

	<p>Karenza Quilters</p> <p>Exhibition of patchwork and quilting</p> <p>Thursday 18th to Saturday 20th September 2025</p> <p>10.00 am to 4.00 pm daily.</p> <p>At St Kea Parish Church, Truro, TR3 6AE</p> <p>Signposted from A39 Truro – Falmouth</p> <p>Entrance Fee £3. Free Car Park</p> <p>Raffle in aid of Cornwall Hospice Care</p> <p>Light Refreshments and tombola</p> <p>Traders Cowslip Workshops and</p> <p>Pencole Pens and turnings</p>
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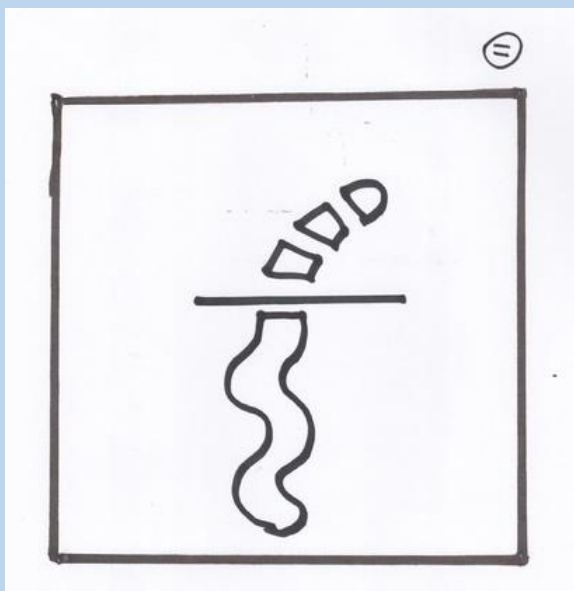
David's Doodles



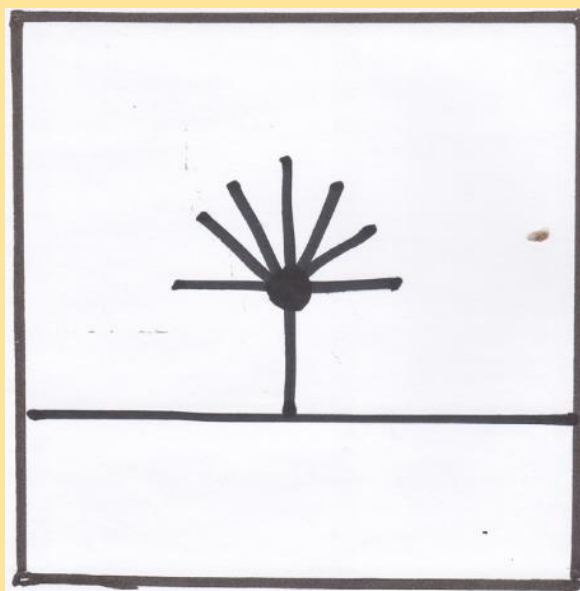
1



2



3



4

David Westby

[Answers on page 29](#)

Quiz answers

Sport - for which sport are these people famous?

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------|
| 1. Michael Phelps | swimming |
| 2. Usain Bolt | athletics |
| 3. Simone Biles | gymnastics |
| 4. Ding Ning | table tennis |
| 5. Steffi Graf | tennis |
| 6. Michael Jordan | basketball |
| 7. Donald Bradman | cricket |
| 8. Laura Kenny | cycling |
| 9. Babe Ruth | baseball |
| 10. Lawrence Dallaglio | rugby union |

Who wrote the following?

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. The Great Gatsby | F. Scott Fitzgerald |
| 2. 1984 | George Orwell |
| 3. The Old Man and the Sea | Ernest Hemingway |
| 4. To Kill a Mockingbird | Harper Lee |
| 5. The Hobbit | JRR Tolkien |
| 6. The Bell Jar | Sylvia Plath |
| 7. The Adventures of Tom Sawyer | Mark Twain |
| 8. Mrs Dalloway | Virginia Woolf |
| 9. Murder on the Orient Express | Agatha Christie |
| 10. The Odyssey | Homer |
| 11. A Tale of Two Cities | Charles Dickens |
| 12. Mill on the Floss | George Eliot |
| 13. Carry On, Jeeves | P.G. Wodehouse |
| 14. Don Quixote | Miguel de Cervantes |
| 15. The Catcher in the Rye | J.D. Salinger |

Which famous battles took place on these dates?

- | | |
|----------|-----------------------|
| 1. 1798 | Battle of the Nile |
| 2. 1815 | Waterloo |
| 3. 1066 | Battle of Hastings |
| 4. 1805 | Trafalgar |
| 5. 1920 | Battle of Warsaw |
| 6. 1513 | Flodden |
| 7. 1314 | Bannockburn |
| 8. 1415 | Agincourt |
| 9. 1549 | Prayer Book Rebellion |
| 10. 1775 | Lexington and Concord |

Picture Quiz answers



CN Tower



The Kremlin



Brandenburg Gate



Sacre Coeur



Burj Khalifa



Sydney Opera House



The Albert Hall



Bradford Town Hall



St Pancras Station



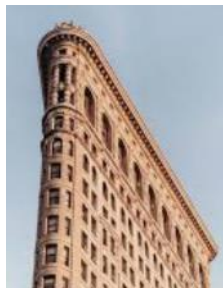
Hotel Frontenac



Pantheon



Principality Stadium



The Flatiron Building



Lotus temple

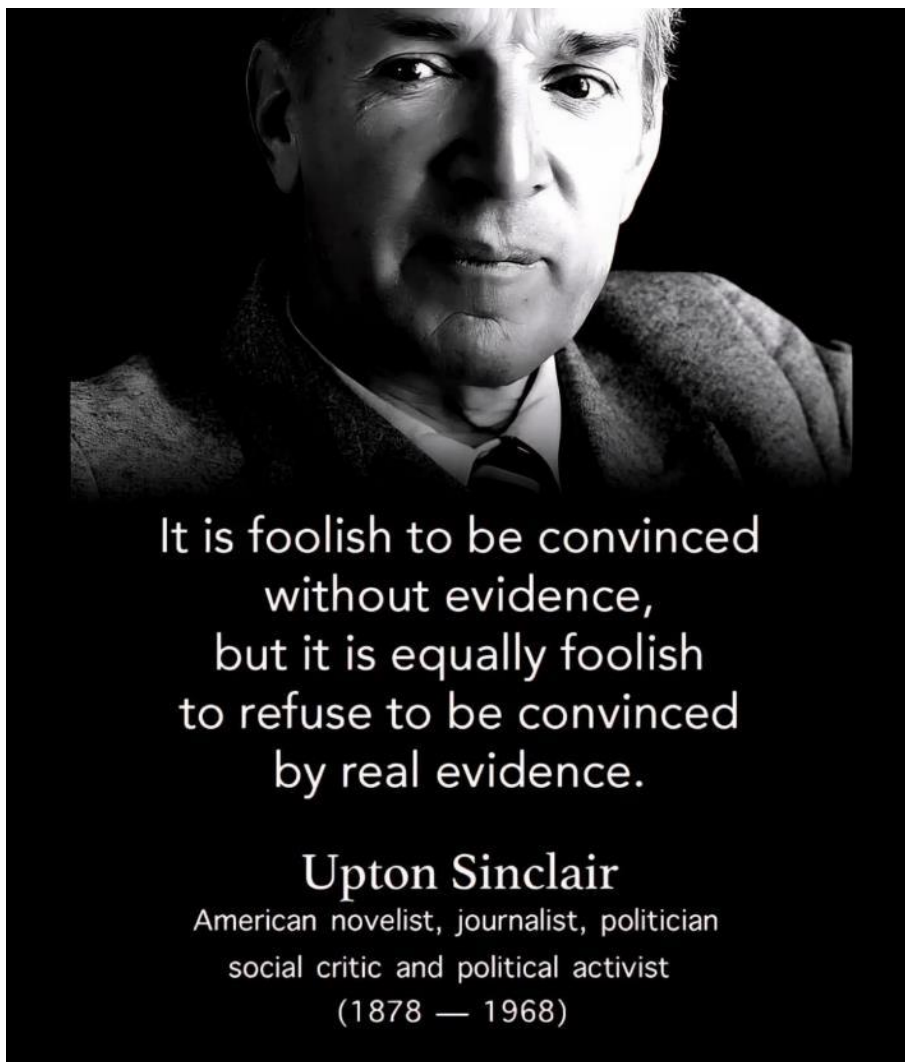


The Shard



The Louvre

Thought for the day



Riddle answer

What runs but never walks, often murmurs but never talks, has a bed but never sleeps, has a mouth but never eats?'

Answer; A river.

Droodle answers

1. A bear climbing a tree
2. A Mexican riding a donkey
3. A worm crawling over a razor blade
4. A spider performing a cartwheel

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 – Friday 26th September 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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