

The Carrick Argus

Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news

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Squirrel

by Ann Hammett

An entry of the 2024 Photography competition

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Editorial

After a miserable wet start to September, we are now thankfully enjoying the sort of autumn we expect in this corner of the world, and it's been lovely to have some bright autumnal days. Most groups are underway after their summer break, probably the last to get going again is Rock and Roll, thanks to the leaders being away on grandparent duties. So, if you'd like to join us, do get in touch, we'd love to see you. We meet at Carnon Downs Village Hall, 7-9 pm on Wednesday evenings, starting on the 8th October. No experience or partner necessary, complete beginners very welcome. Any questions, contact rockandroll@u3acarrick.org.uk

Huge thanks go to Lesley for organising another of our popular quizzes, planning the questions, buying and sorting all the food takes a lot of time and effort and I know all those who attend are very appreciative. We do have a list of helpers we can call on from time to time, for jobs like setting up, manning the door, making coffee etc, but sadly it's a rather short list. If you could help in any way, we would be very grateful. Just drop me a line, vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk to add your name. Thank you.

Our next big event will be the **Showcase** on **Wednesday 26th November at 2pm** at the **Perranwell Centre**. This was very successful last year so please put your thinking caps on and see what you can offer. The more variety the better! Singing, dancing, drama, poetry, monologues, jokes, sketches, all welcome. We cannot do it alone. Contact as ever, vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk

Many of you will receive the monthly newsletter from the **Third Age Trust**, outlining amongst other things all the online resources you can access as a member. These have included topics in September as diverse as Laughter Yoga, Positive Ageing Photography, An Introduction to Cryptic Crosswords, Secrets of the Human Brain and Eating Well for Health and Vitality in Later Life. I think we all need some of that! For details, visit u3a.org.uk

Finally, don't forget the **Tony Herring Lecture** on **Thursday 16th October at 10.30am** in the **Perranwell Centre**. This year's speaker is **Liam Shoesmith**, a popular local man talking about his life in gardening. He is currently Head Gardener for Cornwall Council, responsible for all the beautiful displays around the county, as well as being a judge for South West in Bloom. He has his own show on Radio Cornwall and writes regularly for the West Briton. He is very entertaining.

This annual event replaces our monthly meeting and celebrates the dedication to Carrick u3a of our former President. For the benefit of those who didn't know Tony, some of our members have written about his life and work in this month's Argus. Thank you, team.

Sue Hutt
Editor

Letters to the Editor

Humorous book titles

Please keep these coming. They always cheer me up and make me laugh out loud. Hysterical.

Best Caz Chivers

Correction

Hello there,

Fabulous magazine, I enjoyed almost every word: the exception being the labelling of St Basil's Cathedral in Red Square, as The Kremlin. I wonder if it is still called Red Square? So much has changed. Gorky Street is no longer and don't get me started on the fabulous Gum Store...

Thank you for a great read.

Best wishes. Mary Smith

Dear Editor,

In your picture quiz you give the answer to No 2 as the Kremlin. In fact, the building is St Basil's Cathedral in Red Square, a fascinating construction unlike any other European cathedrals.

Sincerely, Jean Anderson

(Editor: Thank you Mary & Jean, apologies to all our readers for this error in our last edition)

Can I write to the members?

Dear Members

Global warming will be terrible but there is much we can do.

I need to replace my gas heating and get an electric car

What we can also do is plant trees

I've got a monthly direct debit to a non-profit that plants trees

Ian Negus
(retired Medical Physicist)

The Annual Tony Herring Lecture

10.30am Thursday 16th October at the Perranwell Centre

Although the above lecture was arranged many months ago it is only when one reads the date and time of this occasion in print that you start to reflect on the life of our late President.

Tony died in January 2018 and many of his friends and contemporaries who knew him so well are also no longer with us. There are only a few of us 'old stagers' still around who remember him and worked with him. To many current members he is simply a name from the past.

So why out of all the people who have passed through u3a Carrick should Anthony Babington Herring 'Tony' be remembered.

The short biography below copied from the Royal College of Physicians website may help to clarify the issue.



Anthony Babington Herring

b.23 September 1931 d.12 January 2018

BA Oxon (1952), BSc (1955), BM BCh (1957), MRCP (1959), FRCP (1976)

Tony Herring was a consultant neurologist in Cornwall. He was born in Mortlake, London, the first and only son of a schoolmaster, Charles Kemp Herring, and Beatrice Herring née Doudney. He was distantly related to the 19th century physician William Babington [*Munk's Roll*, Vol.II, p.451].

When he was eight years old and soon after the outbreak of the Second World War, Tony moved with his mother to the Witterings on the Sussex Coast in order to avoid the bombing of London. It was lucky that they did as in 1941 their house was hit, but thankfully it was on a night when his father, who had remained in London, was not at home.

Tony spent the war years in the Witterings and spoke of the dog fights above the South Downs during the Battle of Britain. He attended Chichester High School for Boys, where he excelled academically. Tragically in 1950 his father died, leaving, in Tony's words, his mother and himself 'penniless'. In 1948 Tony had won a state scholarship to study at Brasenose College, Oxford and in 1952 he obtained a first-class BA in physiology and won the Theodore Williams physiology scholarship. Next year, in 1953, he won the Theodore Williams scholarship in pathology and (shared)

the Radcliffe prize in pharmacology. Research in the biochemistry department in Oxford (from 1953 to 1954) led to his BSc thesis in 1955 on *'The influence of Pyridoxine deficiency on certain enzyme systems'*.

In 1954 Tony started clinical training at St Thomas' Hospital in London. In 1956 and 1957 he gained several medical school prizes, including the prestigious Mead medal for medicine. He was exceptionally bright and a very hard worker and he gained the top first in his year, and was able to finance his time at medical school by entering and winning academic prizes. Subsequently, Tony continued his studies at St Thomas', where Jack Elkington [*Munk's Roll*, Vol.V, p.116] (of a large medical dynasty) took the brighter medical students under his wing, ensuring his love of neurology and his subsequent career choice. He qualified BM BCh in 1957.

Tony's career followed the usual progression. He was a casualty officer, then a house physician and a senior house physician in the department of neurology and thoracic medicine at St Thomas' from 1957 to 1959. He gained more general experience as a resident medical officer at the Royal Devon and Exeter Hospital (from 1959 to 1960), which involved significant neurology responsibilities with Nathaniel 'Barney' Alcock [*Munk's Roll*, Vol.XII, web], who also covered the whole of Devon and Cornwall, leaving the young Tony to look after many patients. This helped him gain his MRCP in 1959. From 1960 to 1962, Tony carried out his National Service as a junior medical specialist at the Wheatley and Colchester Military hospitals. He was then a registrar in the departments of neurology and psychiatry at St Thomas', where he was a very effective teacher of the subject to undergraduates who could opt for neurology as an additional firm. From here he was appointed as a house physician at the Maida Vale Hospital and the Hospital for Nervous Diseases in Queen Square (from 1964 to 1965) and then as a senior neurological registrar at the London Hospital (from 1965 to 1967).

Tony had come to like Cornwall and in 1967, having calculated that the neurologist in his favourite Chichester was not that old and still in good health, he took the post of consultant neurologist to the Cornwall and Plymouth clinical areas, working almost exclusively in Cornwall and based in Truro. He lived with his mother and, apart from an occasional visit to Plymouth, boasted that he never crossed the Tamar again.

Tony liked to work alone and spent most of his week in clinics at the many small miners' hospitals in Cornwall, a truly extensive outpatient service supplemented by the use of a few beds in Truro and of the investigative facilities that the neurosurgeons in Plymouth extended to his patients. He wrote two papers – *'Action of pronethalol on Parkinsonian tremor'* (*Lancet*. 1964 Oct 24;2[7365]:892) and *'Sarcoidosis of the central nervous system'* (*J Neurol Sci*. 1969 Nov-Dec;9[3]:405-22).

After retiring, Tony devoted his life to looking after his mother until her death aged 103 in 1998. At home, he was an avid reader. Somewhat reluctantly he accepted an old computer and became very proficient and hence these skills were put to great use with his later involvement in the tennis club and the University of the Third Age, the U3A.

He had often talked about playing tennis and he joined Truro Lawn Tennis club. He played regularly at the club nights and waxed lyrically about the Friday night barbecues where he was made most welcome. He was soon on the committee and a very active member of the club, providing cakes and cooking cheesy chips for the children. He was not a great mixer and socialiser, but he felt his last 20

years were the happiest of his life. He was a keen gardener and amassed many unusual plants. Tony died peacefully and was cremated in Truro.

*With acknowledgement to the author:
Christopher Gardner-Thorpe.*

Personal memories

Tony Herring found and joined u3a Carrick soon after its inauguration. The aim and interests of the organisation, especially the early years, apparently chimed with Tony and he soon became involved in the activities and helping to organise group meetings. By the time that I joined the u3a in 2013 Tony had been a long-standing committee member and elected President. At the height of his involvement, he was leading or assisting with a number of groups in Truro, including Art History, Local History, the Truro Monthly Meeting etc. He would hold open house for discussion groups and specific interests.

He was not naturally gregarious and a quiet gentleman by disposition but always encouraging and happy to engage when asked for advice, which endeared him to many members. Tony did not drive and until his health deteriorated in later years would cycle everywhere. He enjoyed visiting groups often carrying cake or refreshments, participate in a session and join the obligatory tea break.

An amusing side to his character was his involvement in the Christmas shows. For a number of years, the late Jock Turnham was the MC and story teller. Jock took great delight in encouraging Tony to assist in his comical sketches which often required slightly reticent Tony to dress up to the amusement of the audience.

Tony Herring: President. Sadly missed, but fondly remembered.

Contributors
Richard & Christine Allen, Sue Swinchatt and Roy Fisher.

Autumn in the Alpi Apuane

The morning sun had already risen over the distant hills, warming the tips of the chestnut trees on our side of the valley when I rose and went barefoot downstairs to the kitchen, the terracotta tiles cold to my tread, made tea and took it into the garden. A scurry of birds flew away from their breakfast under the pergola, disturbed in their discovery of crumbs from our meal of the evening before. There was an absence of the usual sounds of people working the fields, on Sunday morning the village is quiet until the church bell announces the arrival of the priest to conduct mid-day mass.

It is early October and the wooded hills that surround us are already patched with ochre. Hazel, walnut and chestnut trees are heavy with nuts, olives are ripening and the grapes are maturing on the vines, their skins misted with a yeasty bloom. The grape harvest is only a month away and last year's vintage is being bottled to make way for the new crop. Village festivals are being held to celebrate the event and today we are going to the hill town of Montecarlo which hosts one of the largest festivals in the area.

This event is organised annually by the "Consorzio de -Vino Montecarlo", a group of small family fattorias that produce highly respected wines (some whites have been awarded the coveted DOCG) and this is a great opportunity to sample a good cross-section from all the cellars. These old established farms and villas, surrounded by their vine terraces and olive groves, were once part of the Kingdom of Montecarlo, they husband the land below the turreted battlements of the tiny hill town whose castle looks across the plain towards Pisa and the sea beyond.

When we arrive, the main street that stretches the length of the town from Piazza Garibaldi to the arched Porto Fiorentina is already lined with competing wine booths. Beside every laden table sits a proud member of the family to encourage prospective customers to compare the quality and invest in the undoubted bargains. There is none of the mystical veneration that often attends in French "degustation", thorough knowledge and expertise is respected there is no snobbish awe when it comes to drinking a good wine and everyone expresses their opinion with enthusiastic volubility. The extra virgin olive oil that every fattoria also produces is often more expensive and certainly as highly prized as the wine, for this area around Lucca boasts the best oil in Italy, and therefore in the world. Other areas can dispute this superiority in vain.

By early evening the town throngs with people, mostly extended families enjoying a different venue for the Sunday get together, something more exciting than the usual visit to an autocratic Nonna. Darkness falls and coloured lights sparkle brightly on wires slung across the streets and lighted stalls illuminate the animated passeggiata that surges backwards and forwards along the narrow central thoroughfare. People cluster together, greeting friends, then pass on to examine the wares on the trestle tables. Youths on slender motorbikes weave carefully through the crowds, surreptitiously watching the groups of girls who walk with their arms linked, laughing together. Then gaining courage the boys drive slowly behind, calling names and teasing.

The tiny old theatre in the Via Carmignani opens its doors for a special evening performance. This is the Academia dei Rassicurati whose tiny 18th century amphitheatre and dainty balconies and boxes were lovingly restored in the 1960's. Since then, it has hosted many remarkable productions with

popular stars of the Italian stage happy to perform in its charmingly nostalgic atmosphere, even, the yellowing posters proudly proclaim a personal appearance of 'Miss America 1966'.

Out on the street there is a concentration of eating and drinking, the tantalising smell of roasted porchetta fills the air, grilled sausages, trays of crostini, huge slabs of glistening nut brittle and bags of soaked dried lupini are offered to the casual strollers. But we have more serious intentions and make for the Porta Reale where an outdoor bar and restaurant has established itself, its makeshift kitchen hidden behind tarpaulin sheets.

First, we must line up at the long bar to decide which of the many wines on offer will grace our table. Each of us is allocated four different fattorias, a sample glass from each to be drunk with as much critical discernment as possible. They all taste remarkably good but in the end a decision is made and we take the favoured bottles to one of the trestle tables set beneath the corrugated plastic roof.

All around us families and friends are enjoying substantial suppers of vegetable and bread soup, piles of pasta and sausages and beans, traditional "paysan" cooking that Tuscans dearly love. Behind the tarpaulins half a dozen men chop, boil, grill and dispense this basic fare with practised efficiency, a cigarette between the lips, a glass of wine close to the elbow.



Illustration courtesy of David Westby

The supper is hearty, the company exuberant, the wine more elevated than either. We return to 'il Collegio' with a case of excellent Montecarlo Bianco and a recipe for the simple pasta sauce we had enjoyed that evening.

Salsa di Fegatini (Chicken liver sauce enough for 4/6 people)

Clean 1 lb of chicken livers, removing any obvious tubers, coat with flour and chop into small pieces. Cook in butter with two crushed cloves of garlic, a little ground allspice, pepper and salt for a minute until beginning to firm. Pour a wineglass of sweet marsala over the livers, increase the heat and reduce the sauce. Serve with pasta or potato gnocchi.

By the end of October everyone in the village seems to be spending weekends searching the woods for the prized porcini. Those who do find a lucrative patch do not admit it and much secrecy and nodding and winking goes on. We have certainly found the picking pretty thin and usually resort to buying them from the canny inhabitants of the mountainous Garfagnana. At this time of year, they can occasionally be seen standing at the side of the main road to Lucca, a large basket at their feet full of sticky brown-capped Boletus Edulis. Commuters screech to a halt to buy as many as they can possibly afford, knowing that though the price is high it is a fraction of what they will pay in the city. Nothing is more decadently delicious than a plate of these fungi, thickly sliced and gently fried in good virgin olive oil, lightly seasoned with nepitella and ground black pepper. Their texture is slithery, almost like an oyster, their taste like ancient loam.

This is also the time to gather chestnuts, the forest floor is covered with them and a sack is soon filled. Flora has a monstrous grinder in her cantina that will turn the roasted nuts into a sweet fine flour ready for porridge or the more interesting Castagnaccio and frittelli Castagnaccio is a plain, flat cake, nutritious but I think rather dull, however if you have a glut of chestnut flour this is one way of using it.

Castagnaccio (Chestnut Cake)

Sift half a pound of chestnut flour into a bowl and mix with sufficient cold water to make a thick paste, being careful to remove all lumps. Add a tablespoon of olive oil, a pinch of salt, a few stoned raisins, some pinenuts and enough water to dilute the mixture to a thick cream. Pour it just less than 1 in. deep into a well-oiled baking tin. The oil should rise around it. Place a few walnuts and sprigs of rosemary on the surface and bake for about 30 minutes in a moderate oven until brown and cracked on top.

Slabs of this cake and the more delicate frittelle are often sold on the streets around Christmas time, they make a festive snack with a slice of ricotta and a glass of hot mulled wine.

Leonie Whitton

Alice in Wonderland & Through the Looking Glass

As a child I enjoyed listening to my mother reading books, especially **Alice in Wonderland** and its sequel, **Through the Looking Glass**. They were written by **Lewis Carroll**, the penname of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson. A lecturer in mathematics at Oxford University, he wrote the stories to entertain the young daughters of the Dean of Christ Church.



Lewis Carroll

Photo courtesy of google images

Born in 1832, Carroll grew up in a big vicarage family. He was the third of 11 children born to Rev Charles Dodgson, the incumbent of All Saints' Church, Daresbury, in Cheshire. As the eldest son Carroll helped his mother by looking after his younger siblings, writing poems, inventing tales and making toys. He illustrated his poems, including **The Jabberwocky**, in their family magazine.

After Carroll's death in 1898 a memorial window was placed in All Saints' Church, which shows the Dormouse in the teapot, the White Rabbit and the Dodo, complete with his walking stick. They are the same as the original illustrations by **John Tenniel**, the 'Punch' cartoonist, which are so familiar to 'Alice' devotees.



Photo courtesy of google images

It's not surprising that Carroll's books were popular with Victorian children, being whimsical tales instead of the usual diet of educational books and stodgy moral fables. The roots of the stories lie in a 'golden afternoon' of July 1862, when Carroll took the three daughters of his friend for a boat trip on the Thames (called *the Isis in Oxford*). The middle sister, 10-year-old Alice, loved the stories so much she persuaded Carroll to write them down.

The original title was '*Alice's Adventures Underground*'. That may have been inspired by a huge sinkhole on the River Ure, near Ripon, which opened up in 1860. Carroll's father had become a Canon of Ripon Cathedral eight years earlier. The Yorkshire town is renowned for its sinkholes; in 1997 four garages collapsed into one of them.



The Dodo
Picture courtesy of google images

Rereading the Alice books I found the dodo intriguing. This quaint, flightless bird, a member of the pigeon family, was discovered by Portuguese and Dutch sailors on the island of Mauritius in the Indian Ocean about 1600. The name they gave it may have come from the Portuguese words *duedo* or *doudo*, meaning an idiot. Even though Carroll was anything but an idiot, he based the character on himself, calling himself the 'dodo' because he had a stammer; when pronouncing his name it came out as 'Do-Do-Dodgson.'

The dodo evolved in the coastal forests of Mauritius until the arrival of the sailors, who hunted it for food, as being flightless it was easily caught. The sailors' travelling companions, dogs, cats and rats, eventually finished it off and it became extinct after about 40 years. Its solitary egg, which lay on the ground, was also very vulnerable.

The dodo's curious appearance caught the imagination of Carroll after a real specimen was displayed in London, and he took his real-life Alice to see the remains of one bird which had been put in the Oxford Museum.

In both his books Carroll celebrates the absurd, and the surreal suddenly makes sense. Everything is '*curiouser and curiouser*', as Alice remarks at the start of the second chapter of *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. Whether it's the Cheshire Cat, who disappears bit by bit until all that remains is his grin, the Mad Hatter and March Hare trying to stuff the Dormouse into a teapot, or the Mock Turtle and Gryphon treading on her toes as they dance around her, nothing is normal for Alice anymore. It's a dream-world where anything can, and does, happen.

However, Carroll's heroine has plenty of common sense, always asking questions and bringing a voice of reality into a world of fantasy: '*Stuff and nonsense*', she bravely declares to the Queen of Hearts. At that time many girls were uneducated, so making Alice his heroine was also brave of Carroll. With the benefit of hindsight, we know how popular the books became, with many film versions made, but he couldn't have foreseen just how much they've been appreciated by generations of children of all ages ever since.

Tenniel's illustrations bring this incredible dream-world into focus for us, one of my favourites being the image of Alice holding a flamingo to use as a mallet to play croquet. This game was very popular,

being a great equaliser: young and old, men and women, could all compete on equal terms. A newspaper article in early August said croquet is becoming popular again, with players from 12 countries competing in the World Team Championships at the Sussex County Croquet Club.

As the writer **Ben Macintyre** commented, *'The books have had an extraordinary cultural influence.'* As with Shakespeare, Carroll's writing became a goldmine of words and phrases which has been plundered repeatedly by other authors over the decades. I've just finished reading **Fatal Remedies**, one of Donna Leon's crime series, in which one of her characters quotes Tweedledee: *'The product is irrelevant: shoes, ships, or sealing wax.'* This is from the poem **'The Walrus and The Carpenter'**, which contains some of the best-known lines of poetry in the English language:

*'The time has come,' the Walrus said,
 'To talk of many things:
 Of shoes – and ships – and sealing-wax –
 Of cabbages and Kings.'*

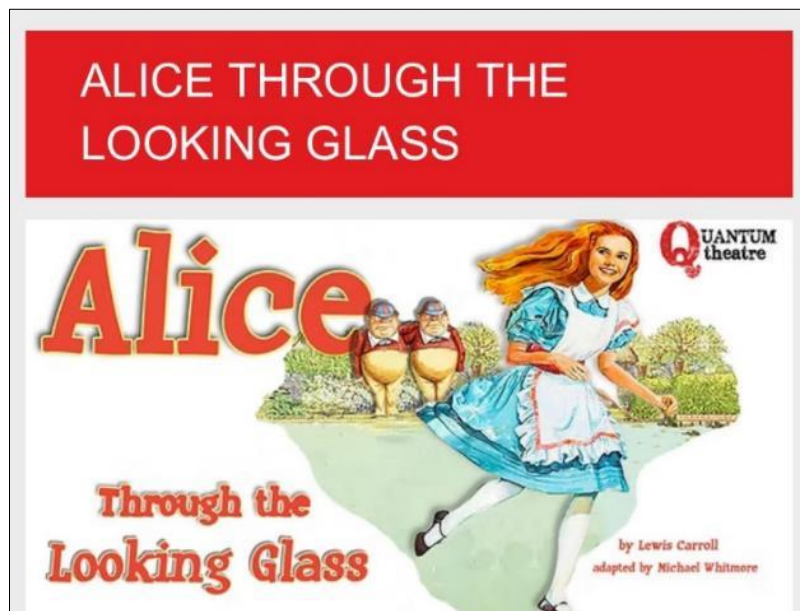


Image courtesy of Quantum Theatre

In the recent production of **Through the Looking Glass** by **Quantum Theatre** in the Walled Garden at Trelissick, Alice wore the same clothes throughout. By contrast, her two companions changed costume frequently, acting out all the other parts superbly. They also sang several 3-part songs, danced and generally put on a wonderful show.

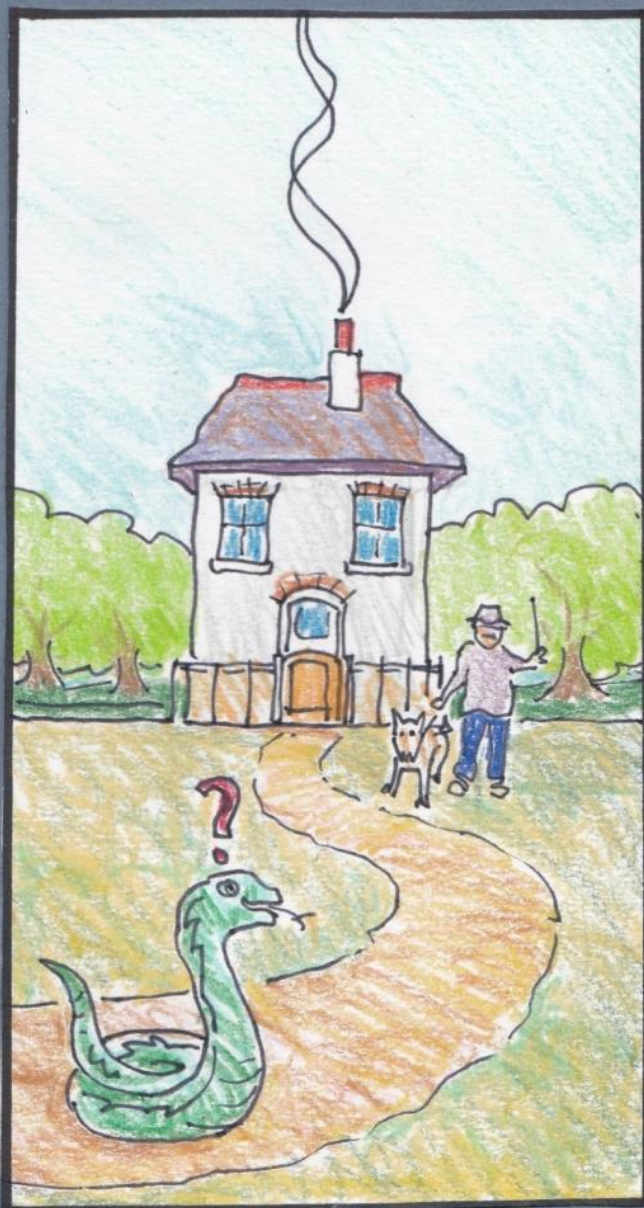
Sue Amer

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The World of Alice by Mavis Batey (Pitkin Guides, 2004)

The Annotated Alice, with an introduction and notes by Martin Gardner (Penguin Books 1970)

Riddles



I have no feet, no hands,
no wings, but I fly to the sky.
What am I?

Riddle & answer in verse

courtesy of Lewis Carroll



Lewis Carroll as a young man

Photo courtesy of Wikipedia

*Three sisters at breakfast were feeding the cat,
The first gave it sole – Puss was grateful for that:
The next gave it salmon – which Puss thought a treat:
The third gave it herring – Which Puss couldn't eat.*

Why did the cat respond this way?

*The salmon and sole Puss should think very grand
is no remarkable thing.
For more of these dainties Puss took up her stand;
But when the third sister stretched out her fair hand
Pray why should Puss swallow her ring?*

David Westby

[Answer to David's riddle page 33](#)

Bristol in Saxon times

Those of you who know **Bristol** well will no doubt have walked along High Street, Broad Street, Corn Street and Wine Street, but how many of you knew that these four roads, meeting at the place where a market cross once stood, formed the centre of the Saxon settlement at the time of the Norman Conquest?

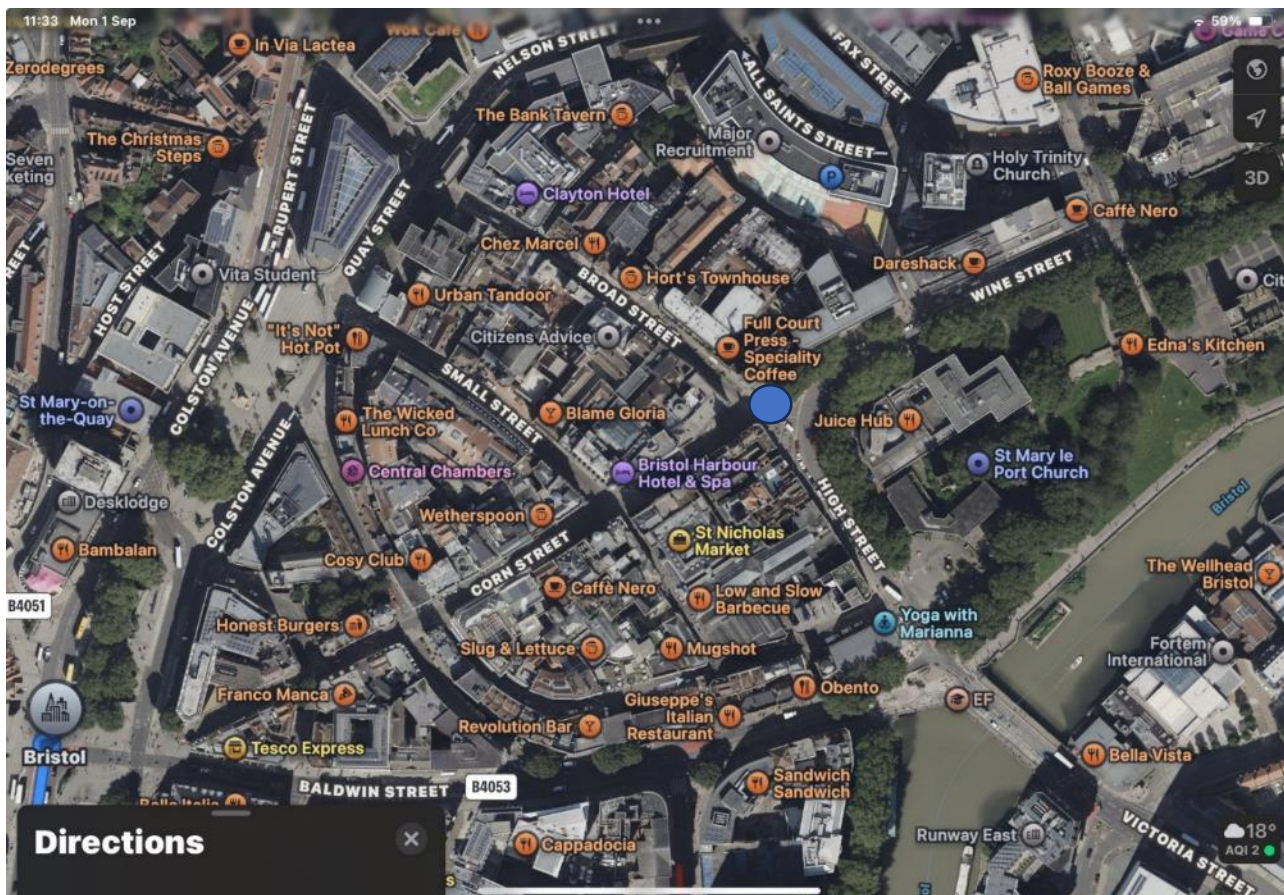


Image courtesy of google maps

Known in those days as Brycgstowe, meaning 'place by the bridge', it was an important trading town growing up around a bridge crossing the confluence of the rivers Avon and Frome. The town minted its own coins, which only market towns were allowed to do, one of which, showing the bridge, has been found in Sweden, providing evidence that it was a centre for international trade.

It is thought that the borough of Bristol was founded by Aethelred and Aethelflaed around 900AD, building on an earlier Saxon settlement. Aethelflaed was the daughter of **Alfred the Great** and she and her husband Aethelred ruled **Mercia** as Lord and Lady of the Mercians, rather than king and queen. Bristol follows the pattern of many other towns built by Alfred, with two main streets crossing each other and leading to the main gates of the defensive walls.

Anglo-Saxon Chronicles mention visits by King **Harold Godwinson** in 1052 and 1062, emphasising its strategic importance. The river Avon formed the boundary between the Anglo-Saxon kingdoms of

Mercia and **Wessex**, and it is believed that Bristol formed part of a ring of defences around the adjoining kingdoms, built by Alfred and his descendants.

At the time of the Norman Conquest the site was around one kilometre in circumference. It is still possible to follow three quarters of the route inside the inner town wall today - Nicholas Street, Leonard Lane, Bell Lane and Tower Lane.

The **Civic High Cross**, thought to have replaced the original market cross where the four Saxon roads met, is believed to have been built around 1373 to commemorate the granting of a charter by Edward III to Bristol, making it a county in its own right, separate from Somerset and Gloucestershire. It was moved in 1764 to **Stourhead** in Wiltshire.



Bristol's Civic High Cross in situ at Stourhead

Photo courtesy of google images

So, the next time you visit Bristol, spare a moment to picture those long forgotten Anglo Saxons, taking their goods to market, chatting to passers-by, walking the same ground over a thousand years ago as you can walk now. Some of them may even have been your direct ancestors, and without them you would not be here today.

Ref. buildinghistory.org

The weird and wonderful world of Bristol

Sue Hutt

Creative writing: The Green Man

On her way home, she realised how close she must be to Southwell. Irresistible. It was years since she had visited the glorious Minster and once she left the Forestry Department her trips around the wild woods of England would be rare. She loved her work, passionately. Her name - Sylvia Woods - had, over the years, induced amused speculation on nominative determinism, but she always smiled. *'Oh no, blame the Green Man'*.

She had spent a summer, when she was little, with her Aunt June, on the edge of the Forest of Dean. She felt like the heroine of one of her story books, with a busy father, a mother in hospital, all alone in an old creaky cottage surrounded by trees and flowers and birds and wild animals, free to roam - not too far - and dream. But these woods were not bursting with fairies or talking rabbits or even runaway criminals: they were full of Green Men.

Her aunt was a stone carver, and almost everything she produced - wall decorations, bird baths, fountains - were carved with Green Men. Bed-time stories were all about these mysterious faces - stern, sly, taunting, cheery, sprouting foliage from mouth, nose, ears and eyes, hair and beards a swirling forest of leaves. They were very ancient, maybe pagan gods, or spirits of the woodlands. Sylvia was enchanted and spent her days searching the trees for watchful eyes; she knew they were kindly friends in the magic clearings.

Later, Sylvia chose a course in forestry; it was hard to persuade her mother she didn't mean floristry, but Aunt June came to the rescue. She offered free board and lodging while she was at agricultural college, in return for helping with the heavier work and the garden, walking the dogs and feeding the hens. As a Forest Ranger, she worked hard - clearing, coppicing, chopping - but also did supervisory work and led forest walks. One day, she found herself facing a barrage of grumpy complaints from a couple in the small group, who seemed unable to understand just how important the ancient skill of coppicing is in keeping forests healthy. They muttered about wanton vandalism, the destruction of nature by people who should know better. As usual she kept cool; this happened quite often. The couple tramped huffily off with their embarrassed friends, threatening a letter to the papers. The one walker left had stood up for her during the unpleasantness.

'Thankyou; I'm glad someone listens; is there anything else I can tell you about?' He smiled warmly, and his brown eyes crinkled like a Green Man's; she half expected his thick dark hair to sprout leaves. He suggested one of her favourite places and she took him along a maze of narrow paths to the 'magic' clearing, where she came for peace and quiet after chainsawing. She mentioned the Green Men and he asked if she knew Southwell Minster: he lived near 'the village cathedral', and loved its Chapter House, a forest of capitals carved with leaves, berries, creepers, birds and animals, and dozens of Green Men. She had never been, but much of her aunt's work was based on the famous 'Leaves of Southwell', and she felt familiar with them. She reached to shake his hand in the carpark, but he pulled her gently towards him, embraced her. *'We will meet again,'* he said. For some time, he sent her postcards at the Visitor Centre - his job took him abroad. The leaves of her life fell, piled up, blew away and regrew, men came and went, her job changed to consultation and planning, she moved around more. She had never forgotten him, but she knew their paths had diverged long ago.

In the Minster a talk on the **Leaves and the Green Men** was in progress. She stood at the back of the group, her heart thudding. The speaker was older, greyer, thinner, but his voice was the same - and the twinkle in his brown eyes. After the audience dispersed, he walked over; they clasped hands.

'I am so glad to see you; I have been doing these talks for a few years, now, and this is the last one. You look very well'

'I retire next month. What about you?'

He smiled, but there was a sadness in his eyes. They sat, surrounded by the watching, listening stones. He would be going to live in Ikaria. She had visited many Greek islands, but never this remote, peaceful place, famous for the longevity and general joy of its residents. He added, quietly, that his doctors had agreed that spending whatever time he had left somewhere sunny and quiet could do no harm. He squeezed her hand. She wiped the tears from her eyes; she couldn't speak. His sudden grin was full of warmth.

'Come with me? Live by the sea. Nothing to do but swim, watch the sun rise and set. Olive trees to coppice and grapes to tread, if you're bored.'

Their eyes locked. The hush in the Chapter House was breathless.

'Yes', she said, and they kissed. She thought she heard the whispering of shifting leaves. If they had looked backwards as they walked away, they might have seen the Green Men beam.

U3a Carrick member writing as Janet Zoro

Creative writing: The hiding place

Thelma unlocked and opened the door. It was a beautiful evening, the deep blue sky evoking a sense of calm and peace. She glanced across the garden fence to their neighbours but no one seemed to be around. Good.

She took the washing and pegged her top onto the line. The blood hadn't come out the first time, so she'd had to google "*How to...*" and hoped the combination of salt and bleach worked.

She heard a starling and blackbird singing in harmony, saw a sparrow pecking in the lawn and wondered if people could ever live like that, content and happy? Tucking her hair behind her ears she stretched, her hand massaging her back. She really hadn't meant it to happen.

Thelma had been very happy when they married, proud to be called Mrs Peacock, a pretty name that made her feel elegant, like the bird. Roy had been such a kind, caring, thoughtful person at the start of their marriage. She couldn't work out exactly when or why he had changed but he had and quite quickly, she didn't like it.

Working as a waitress and Roy as a policeman meant they both worked shifts, but they had got used to the work patterns and it made any time they had together extra special, or so she thought.

Thelma had enjoyed keeping the place neat and tidy, cooking tasty meals to greet Roy when he got home but she was now beginning to question how quickly it had become entirely her role. She

hadn't minded at first, newly married and in love she was happy to do all she could but working full time and expecting their first child, it was a lot of work to do solo.

Money was a problem for them. A joint bank account meant Roy knew where every penny went, as he took delight in reminding her, so she had no freedom to shop for extras as she had done; frivolous things she spotted and fancied, earrings or a bracelet though, more importantly now, things for the baby.

As a waitress an extra income had been her tips. Staff were allowed to keep theirs, but Thelma no longer bragged to Roy about how well she'd done, revealing only half to him, the rest being kept in a hidden place, her "Baby Funds."

As a policeman Thelma knew Roy had a tough role. She loved him, he was her hero, but that role only seemed to be one he played at work. At home he had quickly become critical of her – the way she dressed, her cooking, budgeting skills. He told her if she could just go that bit extra in her efforts how much better things could be.

It was Friday night and Roy always expected steak for dinner. Thelma had shopped around between shifts and found a cheaper cut which meant she had the money for a French dressing and salad to go with it but Roy had not complimented her on the meal, simply wanted to know why they had to have French Dressing and not English mustard and to remind her he wasn't a rabbit and needed 'proper' food?

Thelma had seen red. She had swiftly turned to the counter, pulled the dagger out of the box and taking a couple of steps to the table stabbing Roy straight in the heart. He had looked surprised and shocked, before he quietly keeled over.

Going back through the door she placed the wash basket on the counter and gazed at the other items there, a mix of things she'd found to donate to the White Elephant stall at the Community Centre. She had a candlestick, a metal bar, some rope and an old iron. Somebody might find them useful she thought, she had.

She glanced into the kitchen. The table still had the remains of their tea on it so should she clear it or relay it and say he'd never come home? There was blood running from the body onto the tiled floor and she wondered how difficult that would be to remove and where she could hide the body?

Thelma put on some kitchen gloves and went over to Roy's body, pulling the weapon from his chest. She smiled as she rinsed the dagger and place it back amongst the other things in the donation box. She could imagine the newspaper headlines if his body was discovered...

Mrs Peacock, using the dagger, in the kitchen....

Adrian's pick: Seascapes & Landscapes







**All photos courtesy of u3a Carrick
Photography group**





Eating Out & About



I have members of the 5 Bananas walking group to thank for the **Secret Cupboard** at **Coombe** – it really is a gem of a place and definitely very secret – good things are often hard won and appreciated accordingly.

We drove from **Playing Place** following the sign for **Old Kea** towards Coombe. The sun had come out after a particularly savage downpour so we parked on the leafy roadside before reaching the village near a footpath sign and were happy to trudge there over the fields. If you don't want this scenic walk, you can drive farther and park on the outskirts of Coombe. There is still a ramble through the village and along the shingle at the edge of the Fal Estuary before you reach the half-hidden gate that leads to the Secret Cupboard. This is Wind in the Willows country!

The terraced garden and cottage belong to an enterprising couple who have turned their home into a unique cafe and tea garden. They do absolutely everything themselves. Elaine pops out of the tiny



kitchen to greet you as you climb up the steps to where tables stand invitingly under sun-shading (and shower shading) umbrellas. Surrounded by flowers and ornamental grasses, with a glorious view of the estuary, this is an idyllic place to enjoy the inventive dishes and home-made delicacies they produce on the spot. Don't be in a rush, there will understandably be a wait when you have ordered. We relaxed with a large jug of fruit filled mock sangria. Our lunch was a banquet - A very generous shared platter of meats, smoked salmon, assorted local cheeses, pies and home-made chutney followed by imaginative salads, artisanal breads and cooked dishes that change with the seasons. Everything reflected a respect for local ingredients and other reviews have sung the praises of the Cornish cream

teas, the home-made scones, the cakes and preserves that we vowed to indulge in at a later date.

There was nothing to criticise – Even the original ancient toilets tucked round the back of the house (admittedly very basic, a brave attempt by the owners to share their own facilities with visitors) – seemed in keeping with the informal and personal ambiance of this genuine piece of Cornwall.

With summer almost over it is inevitable that this idyllic outside venue will be closing its door before long, though they did promise that occasional bright days may persuade them to open. So, if you are walking in the area check their Facebook page for information- or try the often erratic mobile - 07799268763. You may be fortunate enough to enjoy something exceptionally delicious and very reasonably priced from the Secret Cupboard.

Large sharing platters £25

Assorted salads and cooked dishes £12 - £15

Large sharing jug of Mock Sangria £12

Our minds were firmly centred on food as we staggered out of the recent Science Group lecture at Kea community Centre, full of new information about our withering capacity to retain important nutrients – An encouragement to top up as quickly as possible before the dire consequences of magnesium deficiency made us keel over.

And there across the road was a most convenient answer – **The Arborist Cafe**, newly opened this year, part of the **Killioff Estate**, the former home of a golf course that has been converted into a licensed restaurant and music venue.

Whizz round the roundabout and drive down the delightful winding lane to a capacious free car park and join the many other customers enjoying the lovely views.



The building has been designed to make full use of the landscape with a glass wall facing the fields and flanked by a patio for use in sunny weather. Pick up a menu and order your choice at the bar in the large interior, then choose a table and wait for service. Our food arrived promptly and cheerfully – a healthy ‘Nourish Bowl’ (*assorted salads and a rather wet frittata*) for me and a shrivelled baked gnocchi and dauntingly large wedges of focaccia for the silent blonde. We needed the drinks to help this all down so we expectantly waited...and waited...and waited...and finally returned to the bar to do our own table service before the gnocchi congealed. The young and inexperienced bartender, all alone trying to take orders, pull the pints, open the bottles, register sales and

serve at the tables obviously overworked and understaffed was forgiven - not his fault, the management should note.

All the customers around us were enthusiastically tucking into thick toasted sandwiches or bowls of chips and a glance at the Breakfast Menu showed all the trusted favourites, such as Full Cornish, Eggs Benedict, Royale etc, though costing slightly more than usual.

Other reviews I checked were mixed, with the cost often mentioned, but overall, there seemed an agreement that the visit was a good experience. Guests staying in the converted cottages were pleased with their stay, but locals were less enthusiastic about the conversion of a loved golf course to a cafe. Some were enthusiastic about the occasional evening music events – if you are a fan of folk or nostalgic pop music this might be for you?

Overall, I think the beautiful views compensated for the lack of exceptional food. You may also like the ‘Reading Room’ with sofas, antique style furniture and walls covered in paintings – an ersatz country house parlour added to the main restaurant and unfortunately like a stage set, but undeniably a comfy place to enjoy a leisurely coffee and cake.

Breakfasts (8.30- 11.30am)

£12 – £14.50

Lunchtime (12.0 – 4.0pm)

Sandwiches. Plain or grilled with salad garnish £12 - £14

Nourish bowl (changed daily) £14

Cakes £4 - £4.50p

Coffees and teas £3.10 - £4.

LW

Photos courtesy of LW

Quiz

Who recorded these songs with a colour in their title?















1. Purple Haze
2. Paint it Black
3. Red Red Wine
4. Heart of Gold
5. Lady in Red
6. Yellow Submarine
7. Blue Suede Shoes
8. Green Green Grass of Home
9. Goodbye Yellow Brick Road
10. Brown Girl in the Ring
11. Green Tambourine
12. Lily the Pink
13. The Black Hills of Dakota
14. Blue Velvet
15. Nights in White Satin
16. Band of Gold
17. White Light
18. Pink Toothbrush
19. Brown Eyed Girl
20. Charlie Brown

British Prime Ministers

1. Who were the Prime Ministers in 1963?
2. Who preceded Eden as PM in 1955?
3. How many terms did Baldwin serve as PM?
4. Who was the last Liberal PM?
5. What do the initials H.H. stand for in H.H Asquith?
6. Who was the shortest serving P.M.?
7. How many terms did William Gladstone serve as P.M?
8. Who is the only P.M. to have been assassinated?
9. Who was P.M. from 1945-1951?
10. Who was the longest serving P.M?

[Answers on page 33](#)

Picture Quiz: BBC radio presenters past & present

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

[Answers on page 34](#)

Mousehole Men or Cut-Throats



Richard
King of the Germans
Earl of Cornwall
Courtesy of European Royal History

Mousehole, with its natural harbour, was probably a settlement in Anglo-Saxon times, but it wasn't until the 13th century that it was recorded in a written document. In October 1242, **Richard**, younger brother of **King Henry III**, was on his way home from Bordeaux when his ship had a narrow escape in a storm but managed to land safely in Mousehole. The following year King Henry gave Cornwall to Richard as a birthday present, making him the High Sheriff and Earl of Cornwall. The revenues from Cornwall made him one of the wealthiest men in Europe.

By the 16th century the village was comprised of a few cottages by the western cliffs. On 23rd July 1595 a squadron of Spanish galleys arrived from their base in Brittany intent on invading England. Accounts suggest at least 400 pikemen and arquebusiers (*armed cavalrymen*) landed in Mousehole. The unarmed villagers fled to Paul and Newlyn, while the squire, **Jenkin Keigwin**, was killed defending his house. The Spanish then burnt down the village before setting off to Paul where they burnt the houses and the church.



Image courtesy of A Brief History of English Privateers

The nickname 'cut-throats' to describe the men of Mousehole is thought to date back to the 1600s when those of the parish of Paul and surrounding parishes sought revenge on the Spanish for the destruction of their villages by becoming '**privateers**', allowed by the government to ambush ships at sea and steal whatever they could find. On returning to Mousehole with their treasures, those who had stayed at home called them '**cut-throats**', possibly out of spite or jealousy. The nickname apparently survives today in the village, no doubt as a badge of honour.

Sue Hutt

Humorous book titles

This month's essential reading on MORTALITY selected by Val Haller

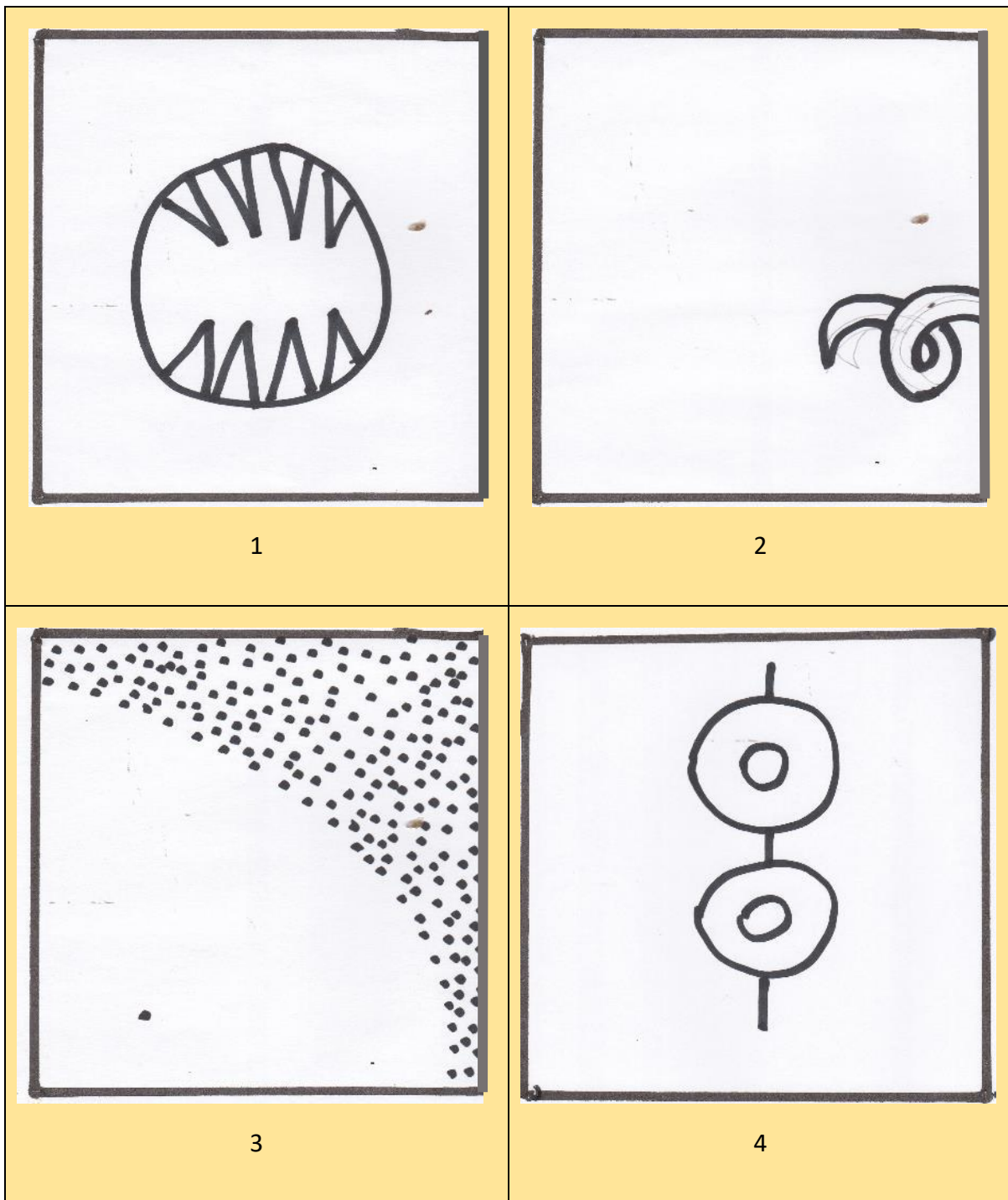
1. **Entrance to the After Life** by Pearl E. Gates
2. **The journey to the cemetery** by Paul Bearer
3. **There is life after death** by Ryan Carnation
4. **The undertakers assistant** by M. Balmer
5. **Making the most of old age** by Gerry Atrick
6. **Working at the Cemetery** by Doug and Phil Graves
7. **Wearing raincoats in the cemetery** by Max Bygraves
8. **Evening prayers** by Benny Diction

An additional selection by Polly Philler for DIY related subjects

1. **The house construction manual** by Bill Ding
2. **All About Security Fences** by Barb Dwyer
3. **Leaky Taps, Waste Pipes and Drains** by Anita Plummer
4. **Getting rid of the waste** by Sue Ridge
5. **How to get rid of rain water** by Duane Pipe
6. **Learning from a Master craftsman** by Anna Prentice
7. **The Polyfilla manual** by Phil McKrevis
8. **Favourite Fire Places** by Ray Burns
9. **The broken window pane** by Eva Brick
10. **Traditional Floor Coverings** by Lynne O'Liam.
11. **Classic Wall Decoration** by Anna Glypta
12. **Getting to the Point** by Brad Hall

David Westby

David's Doodles



David Westby

[Answers on page 33](#)

Trerose Manor



Trerose Manor

Image courtesy of Jonathan Cunliffe & Country Life

When out walking with the 5 Bananas we often catch glimpses of intriguing buildings and wonder about their history. One such building was seen on our walk from **Mawnan Smith** when we passed Trerose Manor close to the coast path. Trerose means ‘house in the headland’ and the woods would have hidden the inhabitants from invaders.

The **Killigrews** of Awenack in Falmouth lived in the house from the late 1500s and it is likely that it was used for smuggling. The Killigrews were known for their dubious activities but the Crown overlooked their misdeeds in return for support against possible invasion.

The house was sold in 1635 to **Sir Nicholas Slemming**, the governor of **Pendennis Castle**. Unfortunately, he was killed in battle in 1643 and the house was sold to a merchant from Falmouth. The present house dates back to the 18th century and is much smaller than the original manor, but some of the architectural elements of it can still be seen.

Wendy Forman

Quiz answers

Who recorded these songs with a colour in their title?

- | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Purple Haze | Jimi Hendrix |
| 2. Paint it Black | Rolling Stones |
| 3. Red Red Wine | UB40 / Neil Diamond |
| 4. Heart of Gold | Neil Young |
| 5. Lady in Red | Chris de Burgh |
| 6. Yellow Submarine | The Beatles |
| 7. Blue Suede Shoes | Elvis Presley |
| 8. Green Green Grass of Home | Tom Jones |
| 9. Goodbye Yellow Brick Road | Elton John |
| 10. Brown Girl in the Ring | Boney M |
| 11. Green Tambourine | The Lemon Pipers |
| 12. Lily the Pink | The Scaffold |
| 13. The Black Hills of Dakota | Doris Day |
| 14. Blue Velvet | Bobby Vinton |
| 15. Nights in White Satin | The Moody Blues |
| 16. Band of Gold | Freda Payne |
| 17. White Light | George Michael |
| 18. Pink Toothbrush | Max Bygraves |
| 19. Brown Eyed Girl | Van Morrison |
| 20. Charlie Brown | Coldplay / The Coasters |

British Prime Ministers

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Who were the Prime Ministers in 1963? | Harold MacMillan, Alec Douglas-Home |
| 2. Who preceded Eden as PM in 1955? | Winston Churchill |
| 3. How many terms did Baldwin serve as PM? | Three |
| 4. Who was the last Liberal PM? | David Lloyd George |
| 5. What do the initials H.H. stand for in H.H Asquith? | Herbert Henry |
| 6. Who was the shortest serving P.M.? | Liz Truss |
| 7. How many terms did William Gladstone serve as P.M? | Four |
| 8. Who is the only P.M. to have been assassinated? | Spencer Percival |
| 9. Who was P.M. from 1945-1951? | Clement Attlee |
| 10. Who was the longest serving P.M? | Robert Walpole |

Riddle answer:

I have no feet, no hands, no wings but I fly to the sky. What am I?

Smoke.

Droodle answers:

1. Vicious circle
2. Pig going past a window
3. Germs avoiding solitary germ with penicillin
4. Mexicans on a tandem

Picture Quiz answers

 <p>Vernon Kaye</p>	 <p>Zoe Ball</p>	 <p>Chris Evans</p>	 <p>Eddie Mair</p>
 <p>Jennie Murray</p>	 <p>Greg James</p>	 <p>Jo Whiley</p>	 <p>Katie Derham</p>
 <p>Mishal Hussain</p>	 <p>Amol Rajan</p>	 <p>Nicholas Parsons</p>	 <p>Rev Richard Coles</p>
 <p>Dr Michael Moseley</p>	 <p>Reeta Chakrabarti</p>	 <p>Samira Ahmed</p>	 <p>James Naughtie</p>

Thought for the day



Philosophy Feels

"The first step in a fascist movement is the combination under an energetic leader of a number of men who possess more than the average share of leisure, brutality, and stupidity. The next step is to fascinate fools and muzzle the intelligent, by emotional excitement on the one hand and terrorism on the other."

Bertrand Russell



Courtesy of Philosophy Feels & Facebook

Carrick Argus: Contact details

We look forward to receiving your letters and any other contributions you may like to offer such as quizzes, articles, and short stories by email to carrickargus2017@gmail.com

Deadline for next issue – Monday 27th October 2025

Policy and guidelines for contributors

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

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