

The Carrick Argus

Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news

Issue no 109

January 2026



'Caw Blimey'

by Richard Barton

An entry for the 2024 Photography competition

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Editorial

Is it just me, or does it seem odd to anyone else to be writing 2026? How did that happen? Not so long ago it was the 1990s and now suddenly we are more than halfway to the 2030s...where did that time go? Do you remember the approach of 1984, wondering if the world would really turn out like in the novel of the same name?

On a lighter note, we are looking forward to another year packed with fun, laughter and lots of varied activities at Carrick u3a. Have you written any New Year's Resolutions? Perhaps this is the year to take up a new interest, maybe start a new group about something that you enjoy and would like to share with others or write an article for the Argus. If you feel you could contribute to helping to run our great organisation and give something back, would you like to join the committee? We are always looking for new ideas of what to provide, so don't be shy!

As mentioned previously some members of the committee ran stalls at local village fairs to spread the word about Carrick u3a and encourage more people to join us. If you could spare an hour or two to come along and chat to people, you would be very welcome. Please let me know, vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk. Dates will be announced as soon as we know them. So, there are plenty of options of ways to contribute, we look forward to hearing from you.

Two dates for your diary.

Monthly meeting

Thursday 15th January, 10.30am at Kea Community Centre. Doors open at 10 for coffee and a chance to catch up with old friends and welcome new ones. This will be a social event, with a few surprises in store. Lesley will be emailing everyone with more details closer to the time.

Ceilidh

Sunday 1st February, 7.30pm at the Perranwell Centre, where we will be entertained again by the Brim Ceilidh Band and their caller Kate. It was great fun last year and with your support I'm sure we will all have a wonderful time. To reserve your place, please send your name to vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk. Payment of £10 please by BACS or in cash to any member of the committee. You are welcome to bring your own drinks and nibbles; tea and coffee will be supplied.

In the meantime, I would like to wish you all a Happy New Year and a healthy 2026.

Sue Hutt
Editor

Letter to the Editor

I would like to thank the contributors and editors for a copy of this month's Carrick Argus (*December*). I found it especially interesting this month.
Your time well spent and much appreciated.
Again, thank you.

Mary Jarvis

Rag & Bone: A family history of what we've thrown away

by Lisa Woollett published by John Murray (2021)

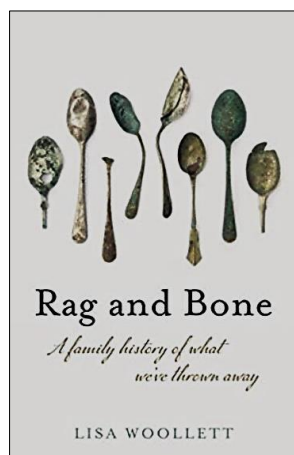


Image courtesy of Goodreads

I read this book before going to an exhibition at London Museum Docklands called '**Secrets of the Thames: Mudlarking London's Lost Treasures**'. The book was good preparation for seeing a fascinating display of artefacts including the Waterloo Helmet, so called because it was discovered near Waterloo Bridge in 1868. It's the only Iron Age helmet found in South England and the only one with horns in Europe. Made of bronze, it would have shone brightly when new.



The Waterloo Helmet

Other objects which caught my eye were a large battle axe with a curved blade and a knife called a seaxe with a decorated iron blade inlaid with silver, spelling out the name 'Osmund'. Axes and seaxes were both used by the Saxons, and the name Saxon itself is derived from seaxe. Around 600AD they navigated to England from Germany, building their own version of London, known as Lundenwic (now The Strand). 200 years later the Vikings arrived and tried to seize their wealth.



A Seaxe

Both images courtesy of the British Museum

Woollett explains that bone fragments are very common finds as the material is strong, light, and easy to work, *'the plastic of its day'*. It was often polished to resemble ivory. She is the holder of a permit for mudlarking, and in the first chapter of her book she relates collecting bones while searching the tidal Thames foreshore of central London. She moves on towards the Isle of Sheppey at the mouth of the river, where she grew up. As a child she searched local beaches, digging up old bottles and sifting the shingle for fossils and sharks' teeth.



Lisa Woollett

Courtesy of google images

Now living on the south coast of Cornwall, Woollett later describes sorting debris on Penhale beach near **Perranporth**, and Whitsand Bay near **Plymouth**.

On a recent return visit to her birthplace, she says *'It marked the entrance to the capital, with the Thames' long history of maritime trade'*. On the estuary marshes is the new **London Gateway** 'super-port', the deep-sea container terminal which handles ships transporting 20,000 HGV-sized containers: *'From a distance they look like brightly coloured Lego'*.

In 1997 the 'Tokio Express', a container ship bound for New York, was hit by a rogue wave 20 miles off Land's End and 62 of its containers were lost overboard. One of them contained nearly 5 million pieces of Lego, many of which were from sea-themed sets. They included scuba tanks, life jackets, diver's flippers, life rafts and octopuses. Pieces still wash ashore, and 3 tiny flippers can be seen in **Perranzabuloe Museum** in **Perranporth**.

The author explains how plastics were originally the *'hero'* of society but have now become the *'villain'*. *'The first plastics were conceived as a means of protecting the natural world, by reducing the pressure on scarce natural resources. Celluloid was invented in response to concerns about the*

dwindling number of elephants, due to European and American demand for their tusks. Ivory was used extensively to make piano keys (hence *'tinkling the ivories'*) and billiard balls. Celluloid could also mimic veined marble and mottled tortoiseshell.

Bakelite, invented in 1907 as *'the material of a thousand uses'*, was initially conceived as a replacement for shellac, a resin secreted by an Asian beetle and used as an electrical insulator. During WW2 nylon replaced silk in parachutes and plastics were used in everything from helmets to radar and the atomic bomb. After the war this boom dried up, so manufacturers sought new markets using advertisements. With strong links to the powerful oil industry, all they needed to do was persuade us to buy, using planned (built-in) obsolescence.

Today much of the debris littering our shores is nurdles, the resin pellets that are melted to make all the plastic we buy and end up discarding. As Woollett notes, *'Plastic has of course transformed our lives, in many ways for the better, such as reducing fuel consumption by lightening cars and making possible life-saving medical advances, from pacemakers to replacement knees. The problem is that we've misused it, turning a valuable, non-renewable resource into disposable, single-use plastics. This has enabled our transition from local customer to global consumer. Today, only 2 percent of plastic packaging uses any recycled content at all'*.

She quotes the writer **John Tierney**, who says *'we embrace recycling as an act of moral redemption, a rite of atonement for the sin of excess'*.

Despite efforts to recycle waste, plastic and its associated toxins are now found throughout the world's oceans and rivers like the Thames. One third of all UK-caught fish contains plastic.

During my nursing training in the early 1970s we were taught that the blood-brain barrier in humans acts as a filter to keep harmful substances such as toxins away from the brain. It was very disturbing to read in the 'Times' last June that microplastics can cross this barrier and accumulate in brain tissue, potentially contributing to neurodegenerative conditions such as **Alzheimer's disease**.

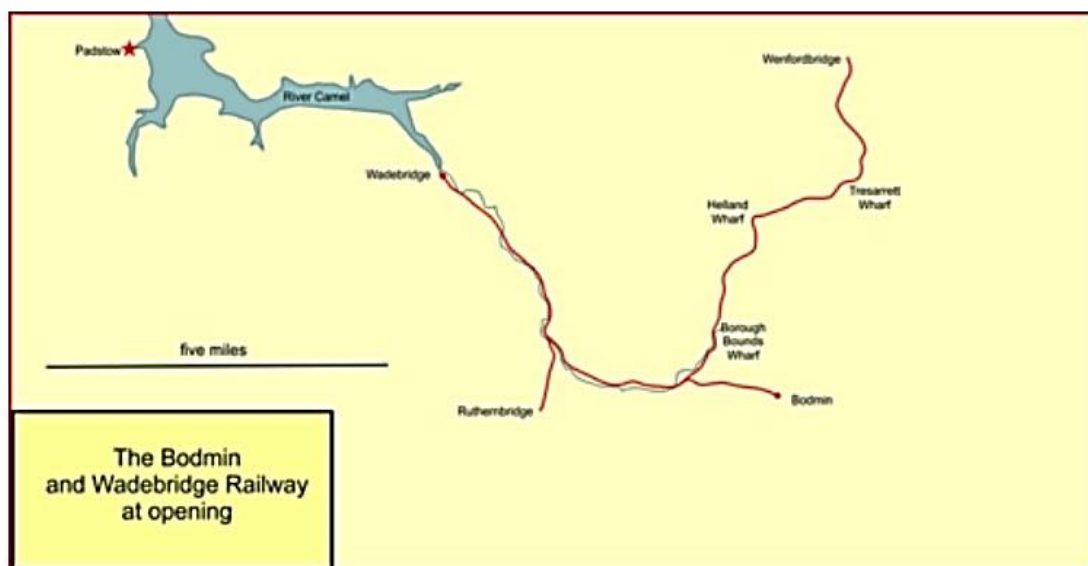
Also in the exhibition were several wine bottles, including some 18C ones known as *'onions'*. Woollett's eco message can also be found echoed in a less-well known song by the Beatles on their White Album, called **'Glass Onion'**. One line of the song mentions the *'cast iron shore'*, referring to a beach near Liverpool, awash with junk, being close to the city's iron factory ('The Beatles Lyrics' by Hunter Davies).

Everybody loves a treasure hunt, which is partly why I'm an avowed **'charity shopaholic'**, and as I also love estuaries perhaps mudlarking would be the ideal hobby to pursue!

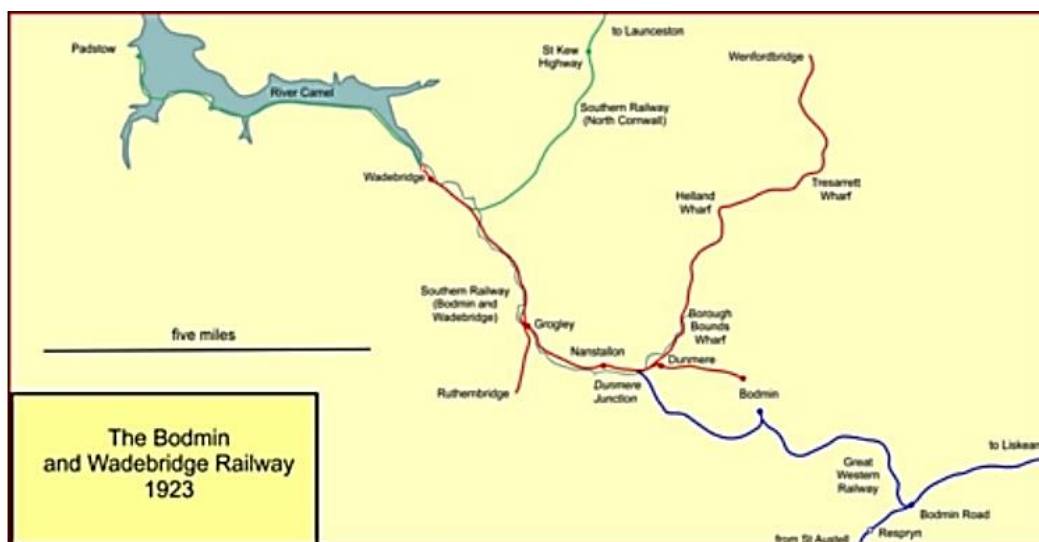
Sue Amer

The Bodmin & Wadebridge Railway

The first steam powered railway line was established in 1834 to transport minerals, China clay and granite to the port of Wadebridge from Wenfordbridge and to bring sea sand, which was used to improve agricultural land, in the opposite direction. Slate from local quarries was also taken out to the coast with fish from Padstow being brought inland and moved onto London and other big cities. A branch line to Bodmin was added and some passenger travel was allowed.



At first there was only one locomotive, The Camel, but a second, The Elephant, was added in 1836. Passengers could travel from Wadebridge on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, returning on the alternative days. The line was in financial difficulties following a series of disasters including flooding and the washing away of bridges. It was sold to the Cornwall and Devon Central Company for £35,000, and in 1847 ownership transferred to the London and South Western Company for the same amount. For railway enthusiasts, there is a long and complicated history of small independent companies applying to Parliament for permission to create lines across the county. *



Both maps courtesy of Wikipedia

Passenger services finished in January 1967 and the remaining use for transporting China clay ended in 1983. The Bodmin and Wenford Preservation Society was established in 1974. They have a museum of railway history at Bodmin General and run steam engines from Bodmin Parkway to Boscarne.



Image courtesy of All about Great Britain

The most interesting part of the line perhaps was where it passed through Hellandbridge, including between houses and with no health and safety laws in place there must have been accidents waiting to happen. One cannot imagine how such construction was allowed so close to houses.



Image courtesy of Wikipedia

Part of the original line now forms the Camel Trail, used now by an estimated 400,000 people a year for walking, horse riding and cycling, bringing around £3 million into the local economy.

Sue Hutt

Ref. Wikipedia

bodminrailway.co.uk

*cornishheritagetrust.org

The Wheel Agar Mining Disaster

Mining has always been recognised as a dangerous occupation, and areas such as South Wales and Cornwall have no shortage of disaster stories. The one which occurred at **Wheal Agar** in East Pool in 1883 was one of the worst in the county.



Wheal Agar (photographed in 1913)

Photo courtesy of Francis Edwards, The Cornish Historian

Because of the depth of the shafts, miners had to be lowered down to where they were working by means of a cage. There was no official limit to the number of men who could be crammed inside, however riding on the top was strictly forbidden. A whim engine was used to raise and lower the cage, with the rope being wound round a drum. In the early hours of 15th August, the rope was found to be faulty and was replaced with a steel capstan one on the orders of **Ralph Daniell**, the man in charge.

This particular capstan had been used on the previous Saturday for lowering 20 tons of pumping gear underground. At the inquest following the disaster, the HM Inspector of Mines for Cornwall and Devon, **Robert Frecheville**, stated that it was the duty of the mine manager to ensure that the rope after it had been used for such heavy weights should not be used for taking men up and down the shafts. The capstan had also been declared to be corroded two months before, although it had apparently been repaired.

At 7am on that fateful morning, at the end of a long and exhausting shift, ten miners entered the cage and as Ralph Daniell was not present to enforce the rule, three others jumped on top, no doubt desperate to get home. This was at the height of the Methodist movement in Cornwall and the group of miners in the cage included members of the Band of Hope and the Redruth Mission Band,

as well as local preacher Joseph Roberts of Illogan. Many of the men sang hymns as they rose to the surface.



Photo courtesy of Francis Edwards, *The Cornish Historian*

On reaching the surface one of the men jumped off the top before the rope broke and the cage hurtled to the bottom of the shaft, overturning and crashing at 130 fathoms. The cries of the men could be heard over 50 yards away. The inquest was held at **The Plume of Feathers in Pool, Grenfell**, the coroner, after hearing the evidence, summed up the proceedings by saying *“If the jury considered the accident was caused by an improper rope being used...then he did not see how the jury could do otherwise than return a verdict of manslaughter against Captain Daniell.”*

Thirty minutes later a verdict of accidental death was recorded and Daniell was fined £2, (*around £190 in today’s money*). Being absolved of any fault, the mining company were not obliged to pay the three years’ wages to the miners’ families which would have been the case if they were found to have been responsible.

Local philanthropists like **J. Passmore Edwards** donated to a relief fund as with the absence in those days of a welfare state the miners’ families would have faced starvation and possible eviction from their homes. The one positive outcome of the disaster was a greater concentration in the minds of the mine owners on the safety of the cage designs, many of which were demonstrated at the **Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society** later that year.

Conditions such as those prevalent in 19th century Cornwall still sadly exist in parts of the world where human rights, health and safety regulations and the safety of workers are not given the priority they deserve.

Sue Hutt

Creative writing: The Graveyard Shift

Adrian Cooper wound down the window and reached out to show his pass to the Alliance Defence Systems security guard; the man nodded, shedding raindrops from the peak of his cap, and trotted back to his hut. With a clank the gate slid back; Adrian accelerated through and turned onto the perimeter road, down the side of the darkened office block and into the floodlit hinterland of the factory buildings themselves. He paused for a moment to let a fork-lift cross his path, its yellow light flashing, then turned into the car park. Adrian reached for the clipboard with his timesheet and glanced at his watch; two thirty-five on the graveyard shift. Being Duty Engineer was a lottery; one week he would be out every night, the next there would be only one call, sometimes none at all, but the extra ten pounds a week came in regardless.

He climbed out of the van, retrieved his tool case from the back, and entered the building. Keying in the entry code for the computer suite, he passed into a warm atmosphere smelling faintly of plastic and ozone. The operator, a woman he'd never met before, rose from the console to meet him. He noted that she was a great deal more attractive than the usual run of night-shift operators – probably in her twenties, wearing a mid-thigh grey skirt and a striped shirt.

'Hello! U.C. Service!'

By now she was close enough to read the name-badge. *'Hello, er, Adrian! I'm Avril! What's it like out now'* – she glanced at his jacket – *'looks as though it's raining?'*

'Oh, it is; seems to pick my call-outs specially. Why – what time do you go off?'

'Six o'clock. I hope it's stopped by then – I've got to get the bus back.'

'Well – fingers crossed! Anyway, what seems to be the problem?'

She turned back to the console. *'I keep getting a "Unit Four Fix" message up on the screen; but the tapes are right, I've checked them three times.'*

'Oh? What are you running?'

'Design database update. That's why I'm doing it, and not the usual operator – I'm security cleared.'

'Mm. Maybe the tape header's corrupted – have you tried a forced start?'

'Yes. It just says "Unit Not Recognised" But how can it not be recognised? It's just told me that unit's locked, so it must know it's there!'

Adrian laughed; *'It's a computer – you mustn't expect logic! Anyway, I think you'd better order the coffee now. If it's the deck, they can be tricky.'* He bent to open his tool case, thinking as he did so that Avril was a girl that he wouldn't be at all sorry to spend a bit of extra time with.

Ten minutes later, Adrian replaced the screws in the tape-deck's casing and sat back, puzzled. *'Can't find anything; it must be a software problem. Can I use your console?'*

'Well – I shouldn't; you don't have our security clearance.'

Adrian thought quickly. He didn't want to have to record an 'Ongoing' result in the log; theoretically he was equipped to deal with any problem, hence the ten-pound weekly bonus, and his manager didn't allow for the foibles of their customers.

'The thing is, Avril, if I have to leave it, you'll have to wait till Monday for one of your own chaps to look at it, and with no guarantee he can fix it. How urgent is the update?'

Avril sucked in her bottom lip; Adrian thought it made her look like a naughty schoolgirl – an image he found strangely stimulating. She shook her head. *'I don't think it can wait; the factory expects to'*

be working from the new data on Monday morning.' She frowned; *'This isn't really the sort of thing I can decide, though.'*

'Maybe you could phone your manager?'

'Mr. Gerard's the only one who would really be able to say, and he's away on a golf weekend.'

'Well – surely they'll see there was nothing else you could do?'

She snorted, laughed. *'You don't know them – if anything goes wrong none of them will put their hand up!'*

'So, they'll blame you if production doesn't start on Monday?'

She nodded. *'More than likely! So, we'll have to go ahead with it. But first, I could really do with a coffee. I can't leave this room - so if you wouldn't mind?'* Adrian nodded. *'There's a machine just to the right in the corridor,'* she went on, *'but don't have the tea, it's horrible!'*

When Adrian returned, she stood to take her coffee; he raised his hot chocolate; *'Cheers!'* Avril smiled in return, which he saw as an encouraging sign.

'Have my seat,' she said, *'I'll get a chair.'*

When she was sat beside him, he asked *'So what's so urgent it has to be ready for Monday?'*

'Well – you know what we do here?'

Adrian shrugged; *'I know it's missiles – like that one that blew up a few months back.'*

'Yes, that was difficult to keep quiet – they said it was a gas explosion, but nobody believed it. They don't test the engines onsite anymore.'

'So, this,' he gestured at the console, *'is for one of them?'*

'Mm. The project title is Stalwart – you'll see that on the file, so I'm not giving anything away.'

'Right,' said Adrian, trying to concentrate despite the close proximity of an undeniably attractive girl, *'Let's see what Stalwart has to say for itself!'* He tapped several key combinations in succession; there was a soft clunk, and the tapes spun rapidly for a few seconds before slowing, speeding up again, slowing, speeding up, slowing and finally stopping altogether.

Adrian stared at the screen, frowning. *'Is this tape encrypted?'*

'Encrypted? No! This is the raw data!'

'Well – look at it!' The screen was full of random symbols. *'And this!'* he tapped a key; the screen showed a different set of gobbledegook. He tapped again; more nonsense. *'That's three different dumps of data from three random sections of the tape; looks as though it's all like that!'*

Avril leant closer to the screen, trying to will some meaning into the nonsense. *'It can't be! That's three months' worth of development data! Where's it gone? Has somebody taken it?'*

'And is there a back-up?'

'No! This would have been the back-up, to the hard disk!'

Oh dear! Adrian thought to himself, the last time I saw anything like this – in the Air Force – the result was a six-week investigation by the S.I.B. and two long prison sentences for those involved, convicted of selling 'information useful to an enemy. Whatever his previous feelings about Avril, it was clear that the less he had to do with her from now on the safer he would be. He stood up and quickly re-packed his tool case. *'Nothing I can do here,'* he told her, *'You should call Security now - and your Mr. Gerard.'* He walked quickly away, leaving her staring open-mouthed at the closing door.

Outside, Adrian fell gratefully into the driving seat of the van, and breathed a long sigh of relief. He took out a packet of No. 6 from the glove box, lit up, and inhaled deeply; his nerves certainly needed steadying. The rain was lighter now, just a spatter on the windscreen; he leant forward to press the wiper switch, and as he did so the passenger door opened and a bulky man slid into the seat beside him. The man reached into his mackintosh and brought out a small card case; in the yellow glare of the floodlights Adrian could see the government crest.

'Inspector Dennison, Special Branch,' the man announced, *'I think we need to have a little chat Mr. Cooper. About things that seem to have gone missing - rather sensitive things. I expect you know what I mean!'*

u3a Carrick member writing as Warren Thorpe

January's Riddle



*When young I am sweet in the sun.
When middle-aged I make you gay,
When old I am valued more than ever.*

David Westby

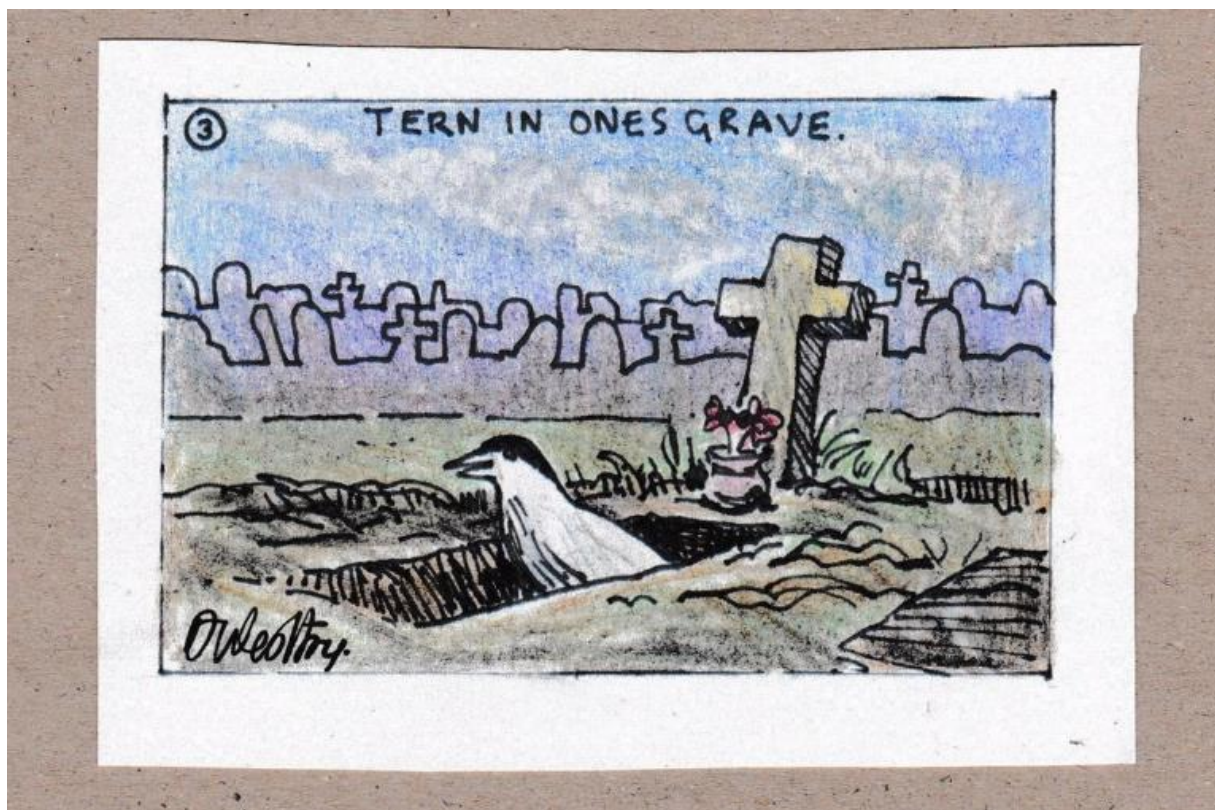
[Answer on page 27](#)

Humour

This month's recommended reading about the **ARMED SERVICES** has been selected by **Barry Cade**, the well-known author of **Classic Wartime Defences**.

1. **World War Two Armaments** by **Tommy Gunn**
2. **Remembering the heroes of past wars** by **Poppy Day**
3. **Get up and go!** by **Sally Forth**
4. **Taking your time digging a trench** by **Doug Witherspoon**
5. **Weapon from Outer Space** by **Ray Gunn**
6. **The lucky gun shot** by **Rick O'Shea**
7. **Sound the Alarm and Launch the Life Boat!** by **May Day**
8. **A Sailor's Misadventure** by **Ron A Ground**
9. **How to keep sailing in all weathers** by **Evan Keel**
10. **The Marksman** by **Eamon Shute**
11. **My life in a submarine** by **Perry Scope**
12. **Life in the General's staff** by **Ada Campe**
13. **Wave the White Flag** by **Sue Render**

David Westby



David Westby

Prussia Cove



Courtesy of Ancient Ridgeways and Tracks of Great Britain.

Prussia Cove, situated between **Praa Sands** and **Perranuthnoe**, is famous for its smuggling past. Previously known as *Porthleah*, it took its present name from **John Carter**, locally known as the **King of Prussia**, due allegedly to his resemblance to Frederick the Great, the actual King of that country. John, born in 1738, married Joan Richards of **Breage** in 1765 and had six children.

The Carter family had initially been involved in privateering during Britain's wars with France, Spain, the Netherlands and America before branching out to become one of the most successful smuggling rings in Cornwall. John was apparently a devout Methodist with a reputation for honest dealing as a smuggler and managed to escape justice, however his brothers Harry and Charles had disastrous encounters with the law. In 1788 Harry took a cargo to **Cawsand** where Charles was due to meet him. However the HMS *Druid* was there instead, Harry's crew fired on them, killing one and injuring seven more. In the ensuing battle Harry escaped and later fled to America on board a ship belonging to the Dunkin family, who were smugglers operating out of **Penzance**.

Charles was put on trial in 1793, with the Attorney General trying to recover three times the value of the smuggled alcohol found in Charles' cellar. The defence plea that the cellar did not belong to him was thrown out and Charles was found guilty and ordered to pay £1469.12s.

John Carter died in 1803 and the lease on Prussia Cove was put up for sale. In order to put a stop to smuggling operations from the cove, a row of coastguard cottages was built in 1825. The name of the cove remains to this day, in recognition of the Carter dynasty which over many years had provided employment and income to the otherwise desperately poor families of the area. The tracks cut into the rocks by carts carrying the smuggled goods up from the beach provide a reminder of their illicit activities.



HMS Warspite aground at Prussia Cove
Courtesy of Smugglers of Mousehole



HMS Warspite memorial
at Cudden's point
Courtesy of Wikipedia

Prussia Cove hit the headlines again in 1947 when the **HMS Warspite**, a legendary warship known as "*The Grand Old Lady*" ran aground while being towed for scrap to a breaker's yard. Storms had broken the tow cables and the ship hit the rocks. After several attempts she was refloated, but beached again in Mounts Bay close to **Marazion**. Here she remained for many years whilst numerous salvage operations were mounted. Remnants of the hull can still be seen at low tide.



Courtesy of submerged.co.uk

Showcase Photographs









All photographs courtesy of
Adrian Rowlands

Quiz

Where in the UK would you find these buildings?

1. The Shard
2. Beetham Tower
3. Castle Howard
4. Pierhead Building
5. The Lighthouse
6. The Grand Opera House
7. Quart Abbey
8. The Liver Building
9. The Glasshouse International Centre for Music
10. Wollaton Hall

Who directed the following films?

1. Saving Private Ryan
2. Taxi Driver
3. Reservoir Dogs
4. Oppenheimer
5. The Godfather
6. The 39 Steps
7. Million Dollar Baby
8. Lawrence of Arabia
9. Annie Hall
10. Trainspotting

Anagrams of Cornish towns and villages

1. Dueb
2. Ssievt
3. Wodapts
4. Cropasati
5. Gassnet
6. Occrevka
7. Ywnnle
8. Tesslerboa
9. Heevnlthrop
10. Oeuaslcntt

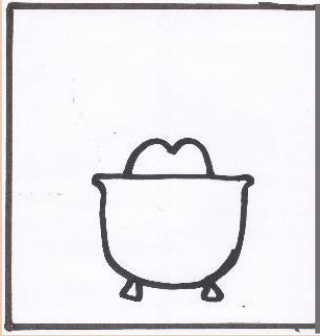
[Answers on page 26](#)

Picture Quiz: Flags of European countries

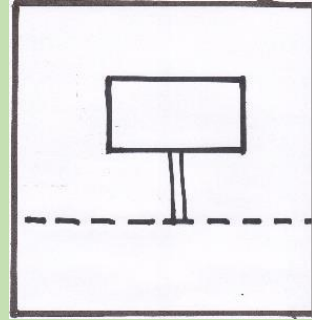


[Answers on page 27](#)

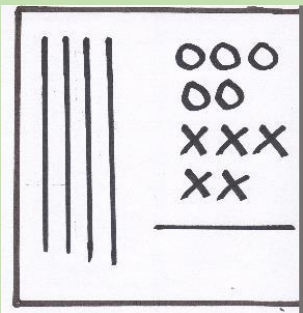
David's Doodles



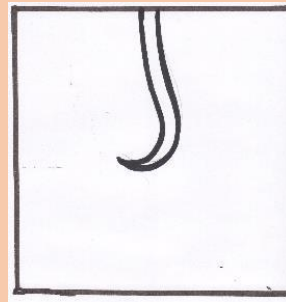
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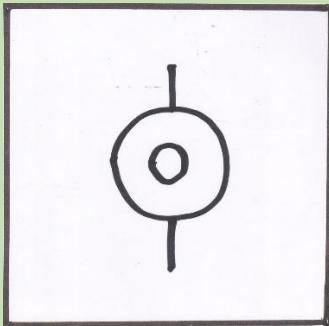
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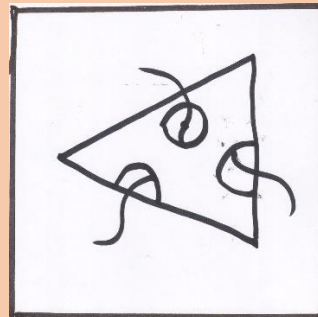
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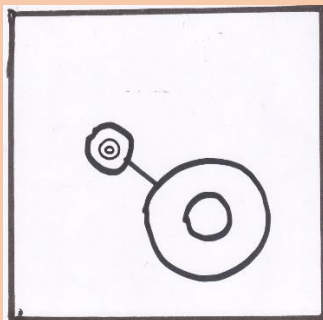
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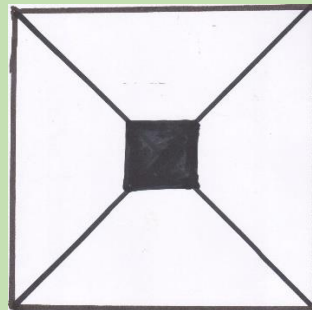
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6



7



8

[Answers on page 26](#)

David Westby

Early Twentieth Century Truro in old photos



Truro docks & Cathedral before the Eastern Tower was added

Courtesy of Bob Richards & Facebook



Truro, War Memorial

1930

Courtesy of Paul Quinton & Kids from Yesterday



Courtesy of Paul Quinton & Kids from Yesterday



1906

Courtesy of Paul Quinton & Kids from Yesterday

Quiz answers

Where in the UK would you find these buildings?

- | | |
|--|---------------|
| 1. The Shard | London |
| 2. Beetham Tower | Manchester |
| 3. Castle Howard | Yorkshire |
| 4. Pierhead Building | Cardiff |
| 5. The Lighthouse | Glasgow |
| 6. The Grand Opera House | Belfast |
| 7. Quart Abbey | Isle of Wight |
| 8. The Liver Building | Liverpool |
| 9. The Glasshouse International Centre for Music | Gateshead |
| 10. Wollaton Hall | Nottingham |

Who directed the following films?

- | | |
|------------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Saving Private Ryan | Stephen Spielberg |
| 2. Taxi Driver | Martin Scorsese |
| 3. Reservoir Dogs | Quentin Tarantino |
| 4. Oppenheimer | Christopher Nolan |
| 5. The Godfather | Francis Ford Coppola |
| 6. The 39 Steps | Alfred Hitchcock |
| 7. Million Dollar Baby | Clint Eastwood |
| 8. Lawrence of Arabia | David Lean |
| 9. Annie Hall | Woody Allen |
| 10. Trainspotting | Danny Boyle |

Anagrams of Cornish towns and villages

- | | |
|----------------|------------|
| 1. Dueb | Bude |
| 2. Ssievt | St Ives |
| 3. Wodapts | Padstow |
| 4. Cropasati | Port Isaac |
| 5. Gassnet | St Agnes |
| 6. Occrevka | Coverack |
| 7. Ywnnle | Newlyn |
| 8. Tesslerboa | Boscastle |
| 9. Heevnlrop | Porthleven |
| 10. Oeuaslcnnt | Launceston |

Droodle answers

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| 1. Searching for lost soap in the bath | 5. A Mexican on a bike |
| 2. Sign on a dotted line | 6. Three Mice in a block of Cheese |
| 3. De-constructed noughts and crosses | 7. A Mexican Frying an egg |
| 4. Monkey sitting on a fence outside a window | 8. Looking up a chimney at midnight |

Picture Quiz answers

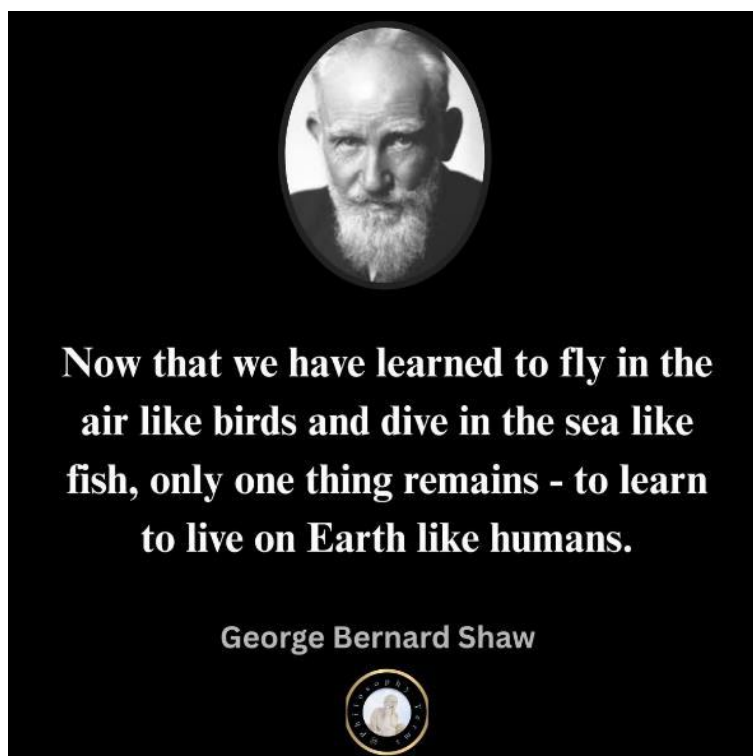
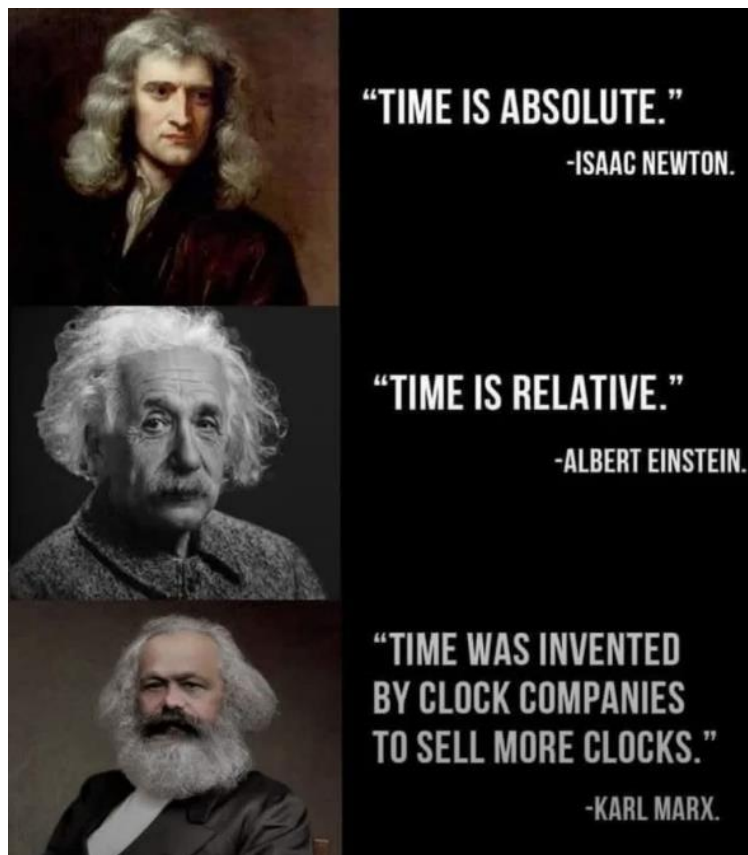
			
Sweden	Norway	Italy	Greece
			
Slovenia	Luxembourg	Portugal	Belgium
			
Monaco	Liechtenstein	Wales	Andorra
			
Malta	Czechia	Denmark	Lithuania
			
Croatia	Moldova	Latvia	Scotland

Riddle answer

*When young I am sweet in the sun.
When middle-aged I make you gay.
When old I am more valued than ever.*

Answer: Red Wine

Thoughts for the day



Both courtesy of Facebook

Carrick Argus: Contact details

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

Deadline for next issue –Tuesday 27th January 2026

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