

The Carrick Argus

Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news

Issue no 112

April 2026



View to Boscawen Point

by Alan Barker

An entry for the 2025 Photography Competition

Contents

To go directly to a page, just click on the item below if you are using a desktop or laptop. If you use an iPad, touch an item in the list.

Contents	2
Editorial	3
Book Review: Chatsworth - The House	4
Eating out & about	7
Carn Euny	10
The Knife Angel Statue	12
Creative writing: Eastertide	14
Creative writing: Easter Celebrations	15
Old Photograph of Perranporth	17
Humour	18
Riddles	19
Adrian's pick of the month (part 1): Things in Threes	20
Quiz	23
Picture Quiz: 1960s singers	24
Doodles	25
Riddles answers	25
Adrian's pick of the month (part 2)	26
Quiz answers	30
Doodle answers	30
Picture Quiz answers	31
Thoughts for the day	32
Carrick Argus: Contact details	33
Policy and guidelines for contributors	33

Editorial

First of all, a huge thank you to our **regular contributors**, the Carrick Argus would not exist without you and as editor I am very grateful to be able to rely on you every single month. If any of our members feel inspired to write an occasional article, then these will also be very welcome. The subject could be anything of interest to our readers; perhaps a recommendation for a film or play, a successful holiday or place to visit, childhood memories or amusing events in your life, suggestions for games to play, whether the board or video variety. The list is endless. I look forward to hearing from you.

Sadly, I have to report that I have not yet received any entries for David's competition which was announced in the March edition of the Argus. David is a very talented artist who has kindly agreed to donate an original signed sketch to the winner. The category could be either a book title or doodle similar to the ones he has published in previous editions. Entries will be included in future copies of the Argus, so come along, get those creative juices flowing and let's see what you can come up with!

Another thank you, this time to those **Group Leaders** who have volunteered to come along to our **Open Morning on Saturday 18th April at the Pendennis Community Centre**. With over 700 members, the committee cannot do everything and we rely on our Group Leaders to support these events by talking to members of the public about the brilliant variety of activities that Carrick u3a provide. The stand we had at the **Falmouth Flower Show** was very successful and we spoke to many potential members over the two days, some of whom will be coming along to the Open Morning to find out more. If any other groups would like to be represented, please let me know so that we can set out enough tables, it's vicechair@u3acarrick.org.uk.

Sue Hutt
Editor



Following on from **David Westby's** very successful contributions to the Argus, (*we know through reader feedback how much you have enjoyed them*) we are pleased to announce a competition.

As an extra incentive to get those little grey cells going, David will kindly donate an original sketch to the winner.

So, if you can provide at least 5 '**Suggestions for recommended reading**' along the lines of David's previous contributions, or any '**Riddles**' or any '**Play on words**' that could be illustrated, please send them to carrickargus2017@gmail.com.

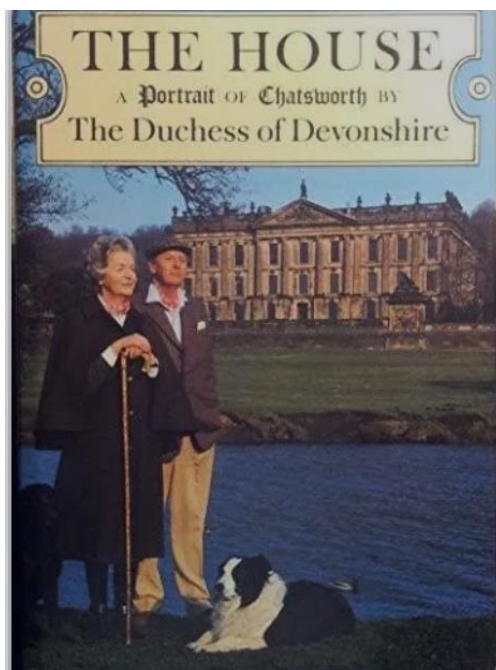
You are also very welcome to submit any ideas for David's future illustrations. We look forward to seeing what you can come up with.

To all our **contributors** please note the very early deadline for the next edition

Saturday 18th April

Book Review: Chatsworth - The House

by The Duchess of Devonshire, and reflections of Christmas at Chatworth, December 2025



Courtesy of google images

This tome of a book echoes my first impression of Chatsworth House – it’s enormous. Everything about it, including its gardens and the Xmas market, was hard to take in as it was all so big. Reading the latest guidebook beforehand was a help as our coach trip only allowed us three hours there.

Like her sisters Nancy and Jessica Mitford, Deborah is a good writer. Her introduction begins, *‘We live in furnished rooms. There are a great many of them and they are very well furnished’*. The Duchess and her husband Andrew, the 11th **Duke of Devonshire**, are now tenants who pay rent to the Chatsworth House Trust, whose object is *‘the long-term preservation of Chatsworth for the benefit of the public’*. It’s a reversal of the previous seven centuries, when the **Cavendish** family were landlords of huge tracts of land and owned many properties.

Despite *‘being able to walk indoors for hours on a wet day’*, she comments that *‘the building is not a palace, a castle, or a museum, but a house – a place for people to live in, growing over the years in a haphazard sort of way, where nothing fits exactly. It’s a conglomeration of styles and periods, a decorator’s nightmare, with rooms furnished in a typically jumbled Chatsworth way’*.

When Deborah married Andrew Cavendish in London in 1941, the last thing she expected was to become its chatelaine. Sadly however, Andrew’s elder brother William was killed in action and Andrew became the 11th Duke of Devonshire. He and ‘Debo’ as she was known lived nearby until they moved into the House in 1959.

During the war it was used by the pupils of **Penrhos College**, N Wales, when their boarding school was taken over by the Ministry of Food.

‘The Painted Hall was used for assemblies and prayers, the Orangery became the art room, physics was taught in the butler’s pantry, biology in the stillroom, and chemistry in the Stables. Dormitories were scattered throughout the House, with up to 20 girls sleeping in the State Drawing Room. The contents of

the House had been packed away and the best furniture and pictures piled into the library. The duke realised that a girls' school would make better tenants than soldiers. Three hundred girls and their teachers spent six years here, doing lessons in the dining room and drawing rooms'.

One day two German twin-engined bombers, having deposited their bombs in Sheffield, flew down the river and opened fire on two boys who were in the Rose Garden at the time; fortunately, they were unhurt.



Chatsworth House

Courtesy of google images

When the House was empty it was gradually cleaned and modernised, a mammoth task with over 175 rooms, and 1.3 acres of roof to be kept watertight. Seventeen new bathrooms were installed, including those in the six flats created for staff and their families.

In 1841 a printed notice read *'In wet and dirty weather parties of no more than 8 persons may see the principal apartments.'* In 1849 the railway brought 80,000 people to visit that summer. A tour of the House and gardens was free until 1908, and fees charged between then and 1947 were given to local hospitals.

After the war Chatsworth, like so many big properties, had to pay its way and it became one of the leading stately homes in terms of annual visitors. With no business training, the Duchess became a successful entrepreneur. She said that *'the best book on retailing ever written'* was **'The Tale of Ginger and Pickles'** by

Beatrix Potter. The Gift Shop in the Orangery, which we patronised, is described as *'a monument to my passion for commerce!'*

They have never asked for any government grants. The Duchess generously allows charities to use the House for functions, and with it being so large, neither charity is aware of the other if two events happen on the same date!

In her book **The Sisters – the Saga of the Mitford Family**, Mary S. Lovell wrote, *'When the House was first reopened to the public in the 1950s staff were often asked where they could buy souvenirs, so Debo and her housekeeper organized a trestle table to sell matches and postcards. From this small beginning sprang a sizeable trade in souvenirs and high-quality items for the home'.*

When visitors asked about getting a cup of tea, *'half a dozen picnic tables and chairs were provided'.* Beginning with a Tea Bar in the Stables in 1975, a series of café and restaurants gradually evolved. *'The House, the retail and catering spin-offs now support the estate, rather than the other way round, and it all helps to secure its future'.*

This beautifully illustrated book includes details of *'Behind the Scenes'* tours, which began in 1996. Like most large estates, Chatsworth had been completely self-sufficient, even producing its own supply of gas. This was made at the gas yard from 1862 until 1939, when the House was connected to the gas main.

The book is another to be added to the huge collection which is spread throughout the House, though mainly in the gorgeous Library and Ante Library next door; together they contain over 17,000 volumes.

Unfortunately, the State Music Room wasn't included in the Xmas House tour. I would have liked to have seen one of Chatsworth's most famous works of art, the **trompe l'oeil** painting depicting a violin hanging on a door, by **Jan van der Vaardt** (1653-1727).



Photo courtesy of Wikimedia commons

However, we enjoyed hearing three handbell ringers playing carols in Flora's Temple (1694) and seeing the **Emperor Fountain** in the Canal Pond sending a jet of water 200' into the air.



Courtesy of google images

Nearby was **Elizabeth Frink's 'Walking Madonna'** sculpture, which I've admired for many years. It's a life-size dark figure which strides through the Garden, so you have to know where to look for her!

Sue Amer

Additional ref.

Counting My Chickens by Deborah Devonshire: Long Barn Books, 2001)

Eating out & about

With Spring just around the corner wanderlust has me in its grip.

Why not give this review a wider remit? Why not give in to the siren call of cheap flights from Newquay Airport and take dining out to new heights?

Food from all the world can be enjoyed in the many ethnic restaurants that abound in Cornwall, but nothing can compare to eating where that food originates. Dining is after all a combination of food, atmosphere and situation. If only we can manage to subdue our eco-conscience we can now be whisked away to Spain, Portugal or Germany for less than the cost of a train to London. So, with consciences grumbling (*we'll re-cycle harder when we return*) we bought our flights, booked a bargain apartment and set off for **Malaga**.

At six in the morning **Newquay Airport** buffet was already full of revellers, exotic cocktails and pints of beer flying over the bar into the eager hands of hysterical hen parties and desperate stag parties. Everyone bent on a last glorious fling before the shackles of matrimony cripple with debt and responsibility. Nervous families sheltered their young from the wildest excesses, silver haired couples pulled censorious faces and boisterous youth continued its celebrations, blind to it all - the party starts here!

Such badinage and whooping on the clanging boarding ramp. With infinite patience harassed hostesses restrained the leaping and shrieking and storing of bags. Singing swelled and '*Going up Camborne Hill*' drowned 'Fasten your belts....'. With order restored and all strapped to our seats we finally, gratefully sailed into the air - Up, up and away to a cloudless blue sky. The freedom of cheap flights, the lure of foreign parts, the promise of la dolce vita!

And there we were in the centre of Malaga Old Town, the sun blazing on the turrets of the Alcazar Castle. We leant out from our window and far below the **Plaza de la Marced** thronged with tiny people crossing and recrossing the open space. Families gathered round a seated bronze Picasso, a child was placed on his knee and cameras immortalised the moment. A juggler claimed the busiest corner and started to perform, his batons flying into the air disturbing the pigeons and a huddle of musicians softened the evening with African song.



The next day we walked to the port area in search of lunch. Down a little dark alley, we find **La Recover**. A one-time junk shop now a cheap local cafe, open only until the afternoon to avoid evening revels. We

shoulder our way past dusty furniture, pots, statuary, dirty paintings into a room of plain wooden tables with checked linoleum covers, easy to wipe and indestructible. A menu is chalked on a board hanging over the bar, barrels of wine, piles of glass tumblers, bottles of beer, mysterious sauce jars and a thin active woman who dispensed dishes that mysteriously appear from the kitchen behind. Two agile girls transport food with nibble efficiency to the waiting clientele. Snails seem quite popular and flaming red sausages, thick yellow tortillas and steaming stews are delivered with speed. Few interloping tourists, the place is for locals, no need for translation, just eat and be amazed at the price.

We chose the menu of the day, always a bargain - A bowl of braised pork and chick peas, a tortilla, bread and tumbler of wine for 12€ and finish with scalding espresso at less than one euro. Well-nourished and happy we wandered out into the busy street. La Recover - a definite recommendation for your trip to Malaga!

Oranges hang from the trees that line the broad boulevards. A sound like rusty clockwork rattles the palms, the song of green cockatoos chattering to neighbours, they are happy immigrants from nearby Africa who have colonised the city. Joining the tourists we headed for the Picasso Museum to make necessary obeisance to the biggest artistic and financial success Spain has ever produced. Malaga's brilliant son, an artistic prodigy, a powerful artistic evolutionary, an indulged aged Maestro, adored or reviled. He is good value even if you would not want him on your wall.

Evenings were spent enjoying recommended restaurants well away from the overpriced and frantic eateries on the main tourist streets.

We can vouch for the high quality of **Caos on C/Gomez Pallete 5** serving an adventurous menu of Latin/Spanish dishes at reasonable prices in a calm and comfortable atmosphere. Here we ate the freshest Ceviche (14€), yucca and plantain fritters (4€) and the best dish of all to acknowledge the primitive rituals of historic Spain - an unctuous Coda de Toro washed down with the richest Rioja!



All too soon those snatched days of sunlit pleasure came to an end. On the last night of this brief trip we visited the **Antigua Casa de Guardia**, the oldest wine bar in Malaga. Here nervous tourists rub shoulders with the locals, old men and women, hard working couples with little to spend and the tragic homeless. Everyone reliant on the comfort of obliterating alcohol, grateful for the tumblers of cheap wine, the sweet

soporific of Malaga. The atmosphere is joyous, but despite the warm friendliness we felt like voyeurs. We drink our beakers of 2€ Masala and are soon gone.

**Salud! La vida es corta asi que celebra cada momento!*

What a shock arriving back in Cornwall! Seeking to soften the blow we look to find somewhere that might rekindle the pleasure of those exotic evenings in Malaga. Tapas bars have sprung up everywhere, so it should be easy to find a local alternative to that splendid continental interlude.

We opt for **Casa Tapa** – enthusiastically recommended on Trip Adviser and just down the road near **Falmouth** Dell Station. Once a wooden shed selling newspapers, crisps and Marathon bars it has now been elevated (literally) into a tall two-level glass fronted Tapas bar and restaurant.



We booked for an early supper and at 6pm the upper room was already busy. We were directed to a tiny central table with upright wooden chairs, not very inviting, but it was no problem to insist on a padded window seat and we settled down with a pleasant bottle of Spanish Rosata (£22). The menu offers tapas dishes or charcuterie and cheese platters and recommends three or four dishes per person. We shared tempura fish (£11.50), braised pork cheeks (£12.50), Padrón peppers (£6.90), ham and mushroom croquettes (£7.50 each), patatas bravas (£6.90), scallops del dia (£13.50) and two portions of bread and aioli.

The presentation was elegant and the food well cooked and we enjoyed all the dishes (*other than the croquettes - impossible to distinguish between the two unidentifiable soggy fillings - avoid these!*) but I was still hungry. Perhaps my expectations were misguided – Tapas are after all intended as an accompaniment to an evening of enthusiastic drinking and are not the main attraction. Am I being unfair to think that Casa Tapa did not quite cut it? Difficult to meet the flair and cheap prices of Malaga, I definitely felt lighter in the pocket and far from satiated after an evening of Falmouth tapas compared to the equivalent in Spain. Ah well! - ***Asi es la vita!*

L.W.

All photos courtesy of LW

**Salud! La vida es corta asi que celebra cada momento* – Cheers! Life is short, so celebrate every moment!

*** Asi es la vita* – That's life

Carn Euny

The village of **Carn Euny** at Sancreed close to **Penzance** was established during the Iron Age and occupied throughout the Roman occupation of Britain before being abandoned around 400 AD. It is one of the best preserved in the south west and well worth a visit, particularly on a clear day when the views across towards Mount's Bay are stunning.



An aerial view of Carn Euny

The original houses were probably wooden constructions covered in turf, although these were thought to have been replaced by simple, single roomed round stone houses and some larger 'courtyard' ones between 50 BC and 100 AD. Remains of these can still be seen, along with a fogou, an underground stone walled passage only found on this part of the UK.



View looking into the Fogou

All Images courtesy of English Heritage

We visited the site a few years ago, but my interest was reawakened by an AI generated picture of what the original village might have looked like, courtesy of the **Ancient Cornwall and Britain** Facebook page. For anyone interested in history this is well worth investigating.

The field boundaries around the village can still be seen, and it is easy to imagine the villagers long ago farming the 40 acres of land, growing crops of oats, barley and rye, keeping goats, sheep or even cattle.

The site is managed by English Heritage, entry is free and it is open *'at any reasonable time during daylight hours.'* There is a small car park a short walk away.



The Ai generated image of how the settlement might like looked based on a recent drone photo and available documentary evidence
(No prizes for spotting the modern buildings in the distance)

Sue Hutt



Courtesy of Facebook & thesized.com

The Knife Angel Statue



Some of you may have seen the announcement on the local news that the **Knife Angel** has come to **Plymouth** to raise awareness of knife crime. It is made up of knives seized by the police and it is hoped that it will serve *“as a powerful reminder of the impact violence can have.”*





The city council estimate that around 1 in 2,000 people carry knives in Devon and Cornwall and more than 3,000 incidents of knife related crime occurred in 2025 across the two counties.



Many of the knives have been engraved with poignant messages from families who have been affected by knife crime and it is hoped to start conversations around the subject and reduce the number of such incidents in the future. The Knife Angel, which was designed by artist **Alfie Bradley** and manufactured at the **British Ironworks Centre** in **Oswestry** was in Plymouth until the end of March.

Sue Hutt

Photos courtesy of Adrian Rowlands.

Creative writing: Eastertide

In the Northern Hemisphere, Eastertide is such a very special time of the year – the earth is waking up from its Winter sleep, the daylight hours are lengthening and the warmth from the sun is encouraging growth of Spring flowers and farmers' crops.

It is also a very spiritual time of year and most of the World's religious teachings have their roots in the year's beginnings. It all seems to have begun in the World's centre of Man's cultural awakening - The Middle East. People with developing intelligence were fascinated by the stars and studied them voraciously, reading all sorts of messages from the Gods in Heaven and writing them down on scrolls. Sages and Magi watched the stars' movements and foretold the coming of the Messiah – they bestrode their camels and followed one star in particular to Bethlehem in Judea, where they found a nativity scene in a stable beneath an Inn. They presented the new born baby boy with expensive gifts and bowed down to worship. This amazing event has captured the imagination of the human race and over two thousand years later, Christianity is a major World religion.

In this part of the World, in Cornwall, on the outskirts of the small village of Budock Water, there is an ancient Church, where St Budoc supposedly came across the water with his mother, St Azenor from Landévennec in Brittany and set up a hamlet of like-minded Christians. They built a granite cruciform Church in about 1360 and there has been a church on the site ever since, probably using the original granite blocks in its construction. St Budock Church is the Mother Church of the area, being by far the oldest. *(A previous Vicar, with his French wife, led several pilgrimages to Landévennec, trying to trace the origins of St Budoc, but there are many myths and legends).*

St Budock Church is where I headed with my two toddlers when we came to live here in 1967 and have always felt comfortable and welcome in this remote '*far away from home*' village. I immersed myself in the life of the church and made many friends. More lately I was asked to take on the duties of Church Warden.

I was still very new to the job when the new vicar came in 1998 from a small parish, further west, at The Lizard. Fairly new to priesthood and very keen to try out his innovative ideas, I, as his apprentice Church Warden, was willing to support him as he introduced a Bible study group, a hymn singing group, plus further gatherings, which were enthusiastically received.

One day Geoffrey told me he liked to celebrate Easter Day with an al-fresco gathering of worshippers at sun-rise, facing East - sing some hymns, say a few prayers and read the Easter story. What did I think? I thought it a lovely idea, found a compass and suggested we headed for Pendennis Castle – which, incidentally, the Parish had retained when Falmouth was carved up, as new churches were built. With our backs to the castle wall facing St Mawes Castle, our compass pointed due east. A visit to the castle curator established she was willing to open up for us at 6am-ish and we were all set.

Notices given out at Church Services and a mention in the Parish Magazine produced a group of bright-eyed enthusiasts on that Easter Sunday morning in 1999. It was just beautiful, watching as the sun rose behind St Mawes Castle, the air soft and mystical, creating a truly spiritual start to Easter Day. We sang to

Geoffrey's guitar, prayed and listened before finding our cars and heading back to the Vicarage for bacon butties, hot cross buns and a mug of coffee.

Sadly, our Vicar is retiring after Easter this year, I just wonder if anyone will carry on his tradition – I do hope so.

Eleanor Holland

Creative writing: Easter Celebrations

'It's not so windy now, is it?' Carol asked hopefully, buttoning up her duffel coat as the Innisfallen pulled slowly away from the lights of the Fishguard quayside.

'Oh, no,' Mike assured her, *'It's gone down a lot.'*

The gusty north-westerly blowing during their afternoon drive from Cardiff had rocked the little Renault alarmingly, leading Carol to suggest that they might wait for better conditions. *'But we'd miss the celebrations,'* Mike had countered, *'and Gerry and Clare are expecting us.'* Now he urged *'Come on, we'd better find a seat in the saloon if we can, at least we'll keep a bit warmer.'* Carol followed as he pushed their way through the crowded below-deck passages. Easter sailings to Ireland were always full, and this year there was the added incentive of the fiftieth anniversary of the Easter Rising, for which exceptional celebrations were anticipated.

Their luck was in; a good proportion of the passengers had rushed for the bars as soon as they opened, so some seats were still available. *'Whoops!'* exclaimed Carol, her descent into the seat coinciding with the first lurch as the ferry felt the open sea. An hour later the ship was rolling and thumping her way through the swells; the saloon was crowded as the drinkers returned from the bars bearing cans and bottles, and the air was blue with tobacco smoke. By the halfway mark of the eight-hour crossing a large proportion of the passengers were either feeling seasick or already had been, and the remainder were happily oblivious. Mike himself eventually fell asleep, waking with a start hours later to find that the motion had lessened and the sun was streaming through the portholes. The saloon was pungent with the smells of alcohol, cigarette smoke and vomit, and Carol was slumped against him, dribbling onto his PVC coat.

'Wake up!' he told her, and when he was satisfied that she seemed conscious, *'Got to go to the toilet! Watch the bags, and hang onto my seat!'*

'Uh!' she replied blearily, wiping her mouth with her hand.

On his way to the heads, he noted that many passengers clearly hadn't made it to the object of their pilgrimage. Having relieved himself he returned to the saloon. *'We're just passing Cobh,'* he told Carol, *'We'll be in the river soon, so shall we go outside? The weather's nice, and it stinks in here. We might even get a cup of tea!'*

All the way up the blue water of the River Lee the sun shone from a cloudless sky, and when they docked in the centre of Cork Gerry was waiting with his Cortina to whisk them out to the bungalow in Turner's Cross. *'Dad found it for us,'* Gerry explained, *'Not what I'd have chosen, but gift horses and all that. And there's schools and buses and it's close to Auntie Rene, so when the kids come along, she'll be handy.'* He

gave an embarrassed laugh; *'Being an estate agent, Dad thinks about these things.'* Kids, thought Mike, so that's what coming back home does!

In the evening Gerry drove them all into town for drinks at one of his favourite watering holes, Molloy's.

'Always good crack, there's music upstairs, and they do food if you want it.'

'Well – you can't say fairer than that.' Mike responded happily.

Molloy's proved to be all Gerry said; clearly dating back to the Victorian period and not 'modernised' as so many pubs had been recently – no fruit machine or juke box either.

'So – what can I get us all?' Gerry asked.

The girls opted for lager.

'I'll have a pint of Guinness,' Mike responded.

'Have the Beamish instead,' Gerry advised, *'It's brewed just round the corner.'*

While Gerry was at the bar Mike heard a pipe tune coming from upstairs; he recognised *The Bold Fenian Men* – maybe a bit sentimental for so early in the evening, he thought; he said so to Gerry.

'You know this one?'

'You forget – when we were at University, I used to drink in the Regent – big Irish pub. I invited you along a couple of times, but you didn't seem keen.'

'Ah well, you know how it is – it was bad enough sometimes just being Irish, without getting totally typecast.'

'Yea, I suppose,' grinned Mike. *'After all, being a philosopher was bad enough, without being a stereotype Paddy as well – that would be the sublime to the ridiculous.'*

Gerry laughed. *'You can talk, Taffy – and Bronwen here!'*

Carol cast her eyes to the ceiling, but laughed in her turn.

'Anyway – another?' Gerry gestured at Mike's near-empty glass.

'Yeah – good stuff. It's my turn, I'll get 'em in. But tell me, where are the toilets?'

'Down there, far end of the bar.'

Mike put in the order, and made his way down the long room; not one seat vacant, he noticed. On his way back he stopped short, in front of a fair-haired man his own age. *'Hello, John! This is a coincidence!'* The man frowned. *'Do I know you?'* His companions looked suspiciously at Mike.

'Course you do. Mike! From the Regent!'

'The what?'

'The Regent! The pub! In Liverpool!'

The man nodded slowly. *'Ah, I see! You mean my brother, Sean. I'm Seamus. We often get taken for each other.'*

'You're twins?'

'We are. So I'm afraid you're mistaken.' With that, the fair-haired man turned away.

Back at his own table, Gerry was frowning. *'Do you know that fellow?'*

'I thought I did, but turns out I made a mistake.'

'Well, maybe. But stay away from them; they're not people you want to have dealings with.' Gerry's accent had become more pronounced.

'Why? Who are they?'

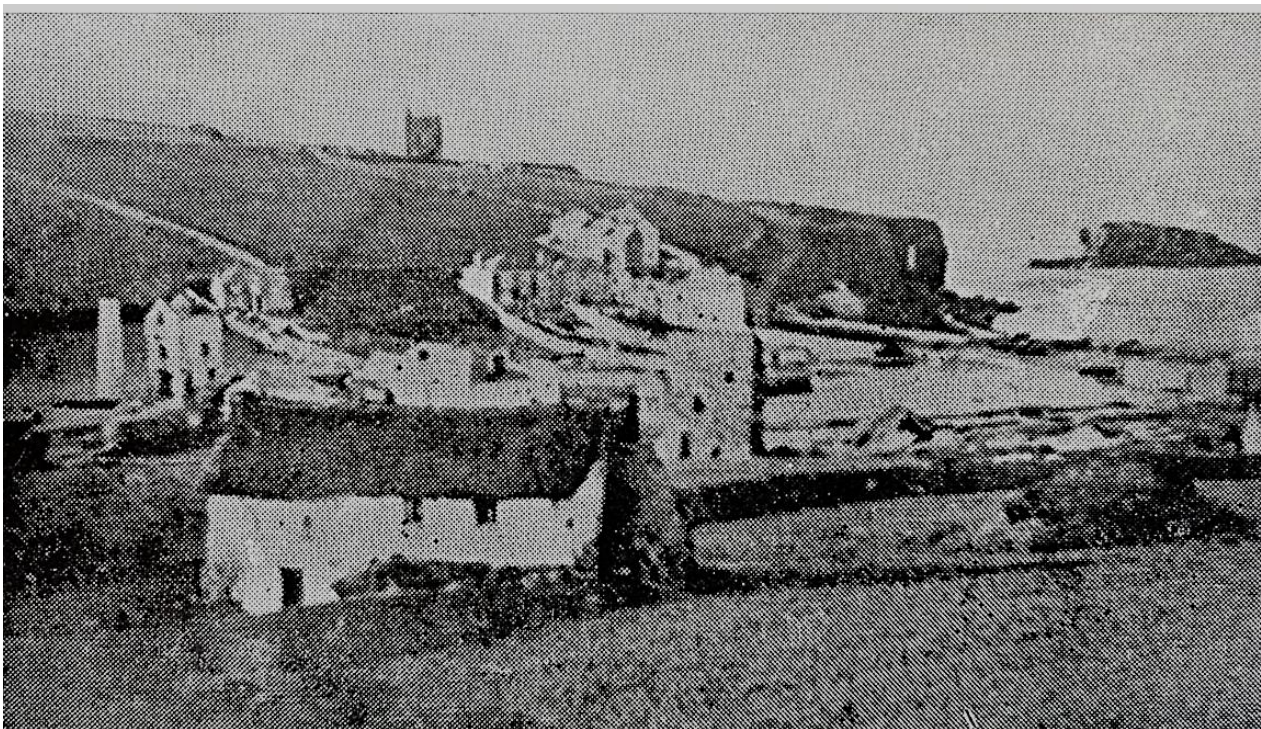
Gerry leaned forward. *'IRA,'* he murmured, *'Don't forget that you're in Rebel Cork now, and this stuff is very much a live issue. So, drink your porter and forget all about it. We'll get another and go upstairs to listen to the music.'*

But when they did, somehow the songs didn't seem to have quite the same emotional effect they had back in Liverpool, and when, on Easter Sunday, they were back in the city centre enveloped in a happy confusion of pipe bands, marching societies and cheering crowds, Mike was still unusually thoughtful, until Gerry diagnosed his malaise and plied him with enough pints of Beamish and whiskey chasers to transform him back into his usual extroverted self. So it was with a substantial hangover that he went the following day with the others to Blackrock to watch a hurling match. It snowed heavily and the match was called off halfway through, to be re-run as soon as circumstances might allow, both sides parting with bloodcurdling threats of their actions on that occasion. To Mike it all seemed somehow symbolic.

u3a Carrick member writing as Warren Thorpe

Old Photograph of Perranporth

This is believed to be a copy of the oldest surviving photograph of Perranporth



Courtesy of Ralph Elcox, The kids from Yesterday Cubert, Crantock, Holywell, Newquay & Facebook

Humour

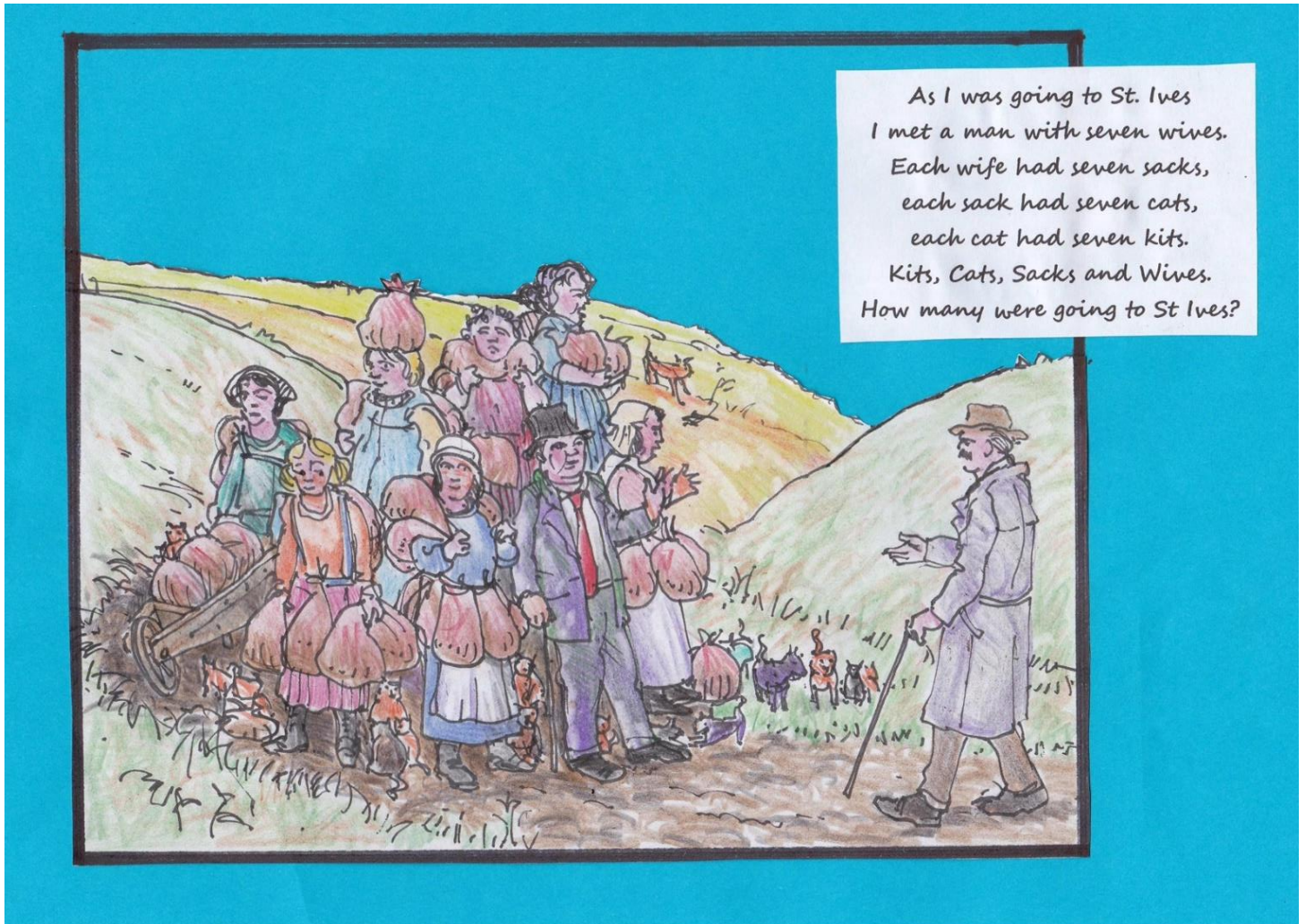
April's reading suggestions are **Memories** selected by local bibliophile **Noah Lott**.

1. Falling Off a Cliff by **Eileen Dover**
2. My Life with Igor by **Frank N. Stein**
3. Into the Lion's Den by **Hugo Furst**
4. This is not goodbye by **C. U. Leiter**
5. How not to make an ass of yourself by **Don Keye**
6. My Knighthood remembered by **Neil Down**
7. Ken, my kind of guy... by **Barb E. Dahl**
8. After the Revolution... by **Anna Keye**
9. It kept happening over and over by **Rhea Curran**
10. Unexpectedly tongue tied by **Norma Leigh Lucid**
11. Let's meet later by **Tamara Knight**
12. A Mixed Bag by **Miss Elaine Ios**
13. My Life on the Road by **Cara Vann**
14. Empathetic Sympathy by **Ophelia Payne**



David Westby

Riddles



How many were going to St Ives?

Can you also solve this conundrum

This is a most unusual paragraph.

How quickly can you find out what is so unusual about it? It looks so ordinary you'd think nothing was wrong with it – and in fact, nothing is wrong with it. It is unusual though. Why? Study it, think about it, and you may find out. Try to do it without coaching. If you work at it for a bit it will dawn on you. So, jump to it and try your skill at figuring it out.

Good luck – don't blow your cool!

David Westby

Answers on page 25

Adrian's pick of the month (part 1): Things in Threes



All images courtesy of u3a Carrick Photography group







Quiz

Sport

1. What is the diameter of a standard basketball hoop?
2. Which football team is known as the Owls?
3. How many players are in a baseball team?
4. Which weapons are used in fencing?
5. What is the final event in a decathlon?
6. How old are the horses in the Epsom Derby?
7. Which sport uses stones and brooms?
8. Which is the only non-English team to have won the FA Cup?
9. On which sport would you find a 'slap shot'?
10. Who holds the record for winning the most 'Grand Prix' races?
11. Who was the youngest ever world heavyweight boxing champion?
12. Which city was the first to hold a modern Olympics twice?
13. How many people in a polo team?
14. Which sport is referred to as 'toxophily'?
15. Who won the men's singles at Wimbledon in 2025?

Games

1. In which game might you 'castle'?
2. In which game would you get a 'Royal Flush'?
3. Who were the 3 original female characters in Cluedo?
4. Where would you come across a 'dummy'?
5. In which game might you 'peg out'?
6. How many suits are there in Mah-jong?
7. How many pieces does each player have in backgammon?
8. How many dominoes are there in a full set?
9. What is the most expensive property in Monopoly?
10. How many draughts are on the board at the start?

Anagrams of dances

1. Klof
2. Abmur
3. Kaber
4. Ynpolhid
5. Lassa
6. Sncalrheot
7. Lalrrokncdo
8. Baams
9. Nneisve zlawt
10. Ttxofro

Answers on page 30

Picture Quiz: 1960s singers



1



2



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10



11



12



13



14



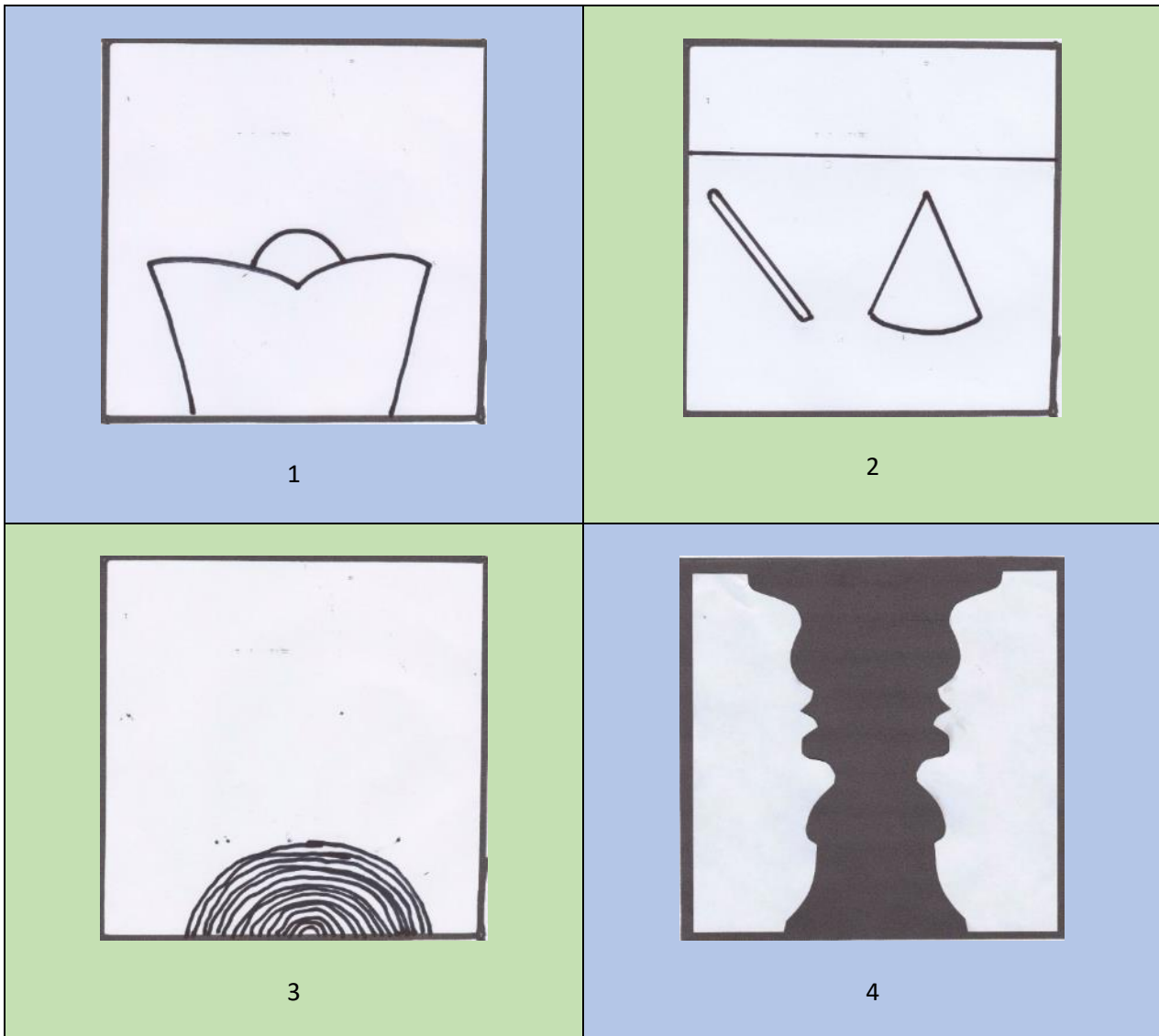
15



16

Answers on page 31

Doodles



Answers on page 30

Riddles answers

How many were going to St Ives?

ONE, only I was going to St Ives

Conundrum: Why is the paragraph unusual?

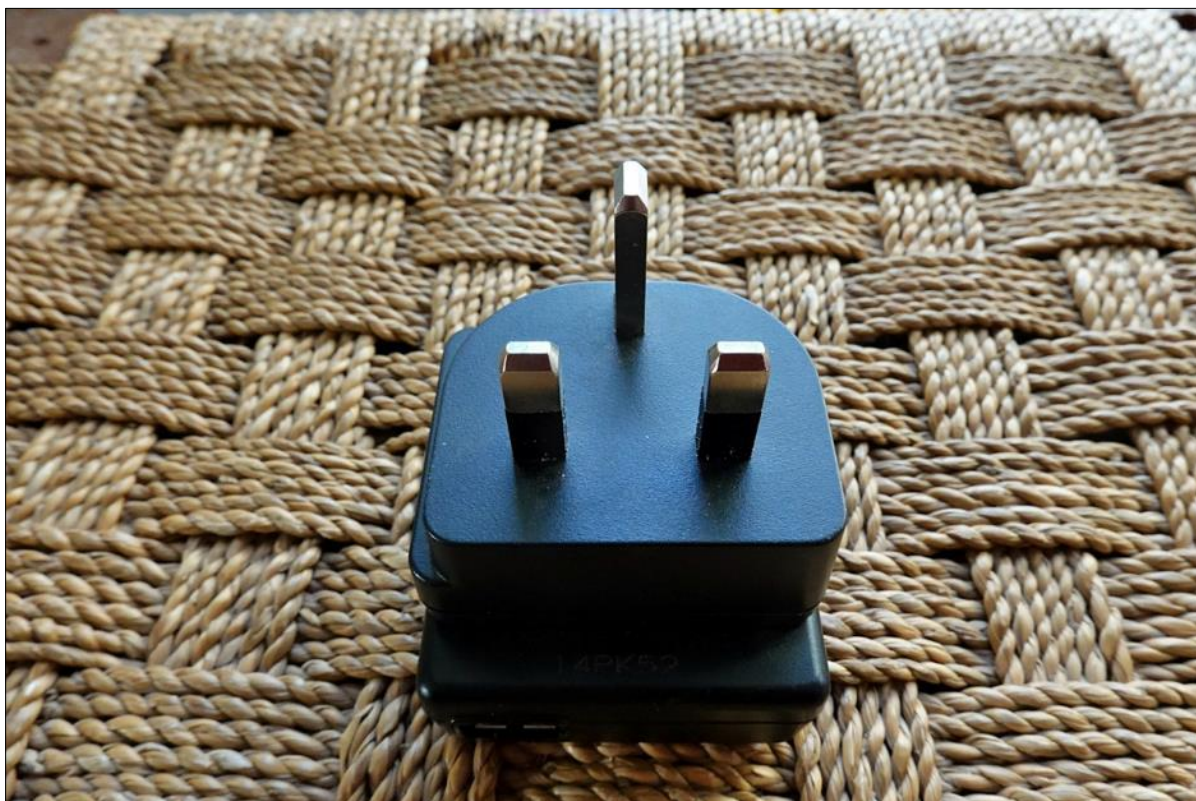
The most common letter in the English language, the letter e, is not found in the entire paragraph.

Adrian's pick of the month (part 2)









Quiz answers

Sport

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| 1. What is the diameter of a standard basketball hoop? | 18 inches |
| 2. Which football team is known as the Owls? | Sheffield Wednesday |
| 3. How many players are in a baseball team? | 9 |
| 4. Which weapons are used in fencing? | Epée, Foil, Sabre |
| 5. What is the final event in a decathlon? | 1500 metres |
| 6. How old are the horses in the Epsom Derby? | 3 years old |
| 7. Which sport uses stones and brooms? | Curling |
| 8. Which is the only non-English team to have won the FA Cup? | Cardiff City |
| 9. On which sport would you find a 'slap shot'? | Ice hockey |
| 10. Who holds the record for winning the most 'Grand Prix' races? | Lewis Hamilton |
| 11. Who was the youngest ever world heavyweight boxing champion? | Mike Tyson |
| 12. Which city was the first to hold a modern Olympics twice? | Paris |
| 13. How many people in a polo team? | 4 |
| 14. Which sport is referred to as 'toxophily'? | Archery |
| 15. Who won the men's singles at Wimbledon in 2025? | Jannik Sinner |

Games

- | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|
| 1. In which game might you 'castle'? | Chess |
| 2. In which game would you get a 'Royal Flush'? | Poker |
| 3. Who were the 3 original female characters in Cluedo? | Miss Scarlett, Mrs Peacock, Mrs White |
| 4. Where would you come across a 'dummy'? | Bridge |
| 5. In which game might you 'peg out'? | Cribbage |
| 6. How many suits are there in Mah-jong? | 3 |
| 7. How many pieces does each player have in backgammon? | 15 |
| 8. How many dominoes are there in a full set? | 28 |
| 9. What is the most expensive property in Monopoly? | Mayfair |
| 10. How many draughts are on the board at the start? | 24 |

Anagrams of dances

- | | |
|------------------|----------------|
| 1. Klof | Folk |
| 2. Abmur | Rumba |
| 3. Kaber | Break |
| 4. Ynpolhid | Lindy hop |
| 5. Lassa | Salsa |
| 6. Sncalrheot | Charleston |
| 7. Lalrrokncdo | Rock and Roll |
| 8. Baams | Samba |
| 9. Nneisve zlawt | Viennese waltz |
| 10. Ttxofro | Foxtrot |

Droodle answers

- | | |
|--------------------------------|--|
| 1. Bald man reading newspaper. | 2. Witch riding broomstick under water. |
| 3. Half a sliced onion. | 4. Twins hanging face to face and upside down at midnight. |

Picture Quiz answers



Jane Birkin



Helen Shapiro



Glenn Campbell



Gene Pitney



Marvin Gaye



Aretha Franklin



Neil Sedaka



Petula Clark



Roy Orbison



Diana Ross



Smokey Robinson



Alice Cooper



Bob Dylan



Dusty Springfield

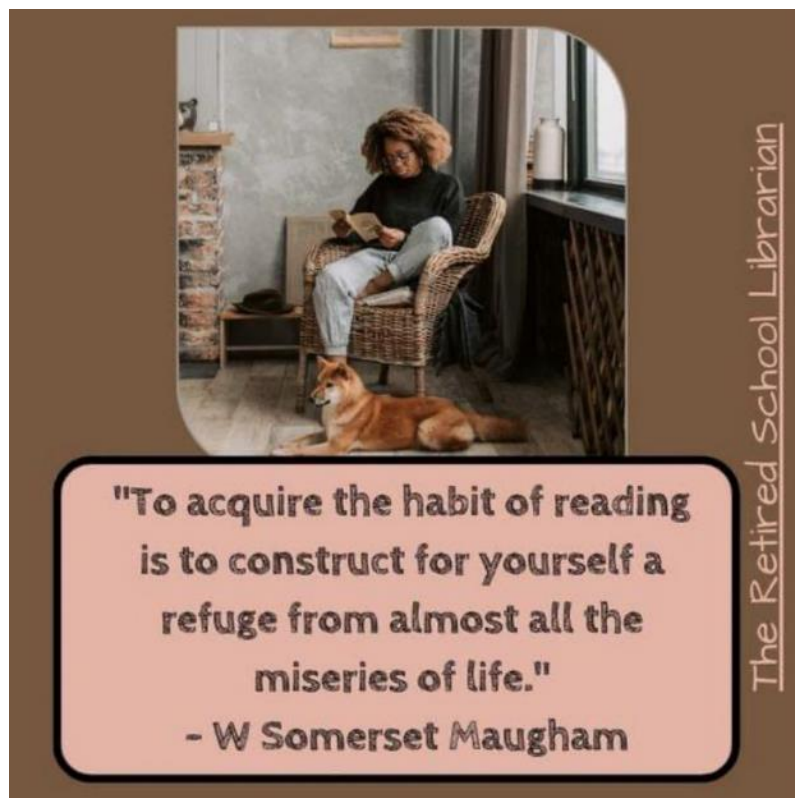
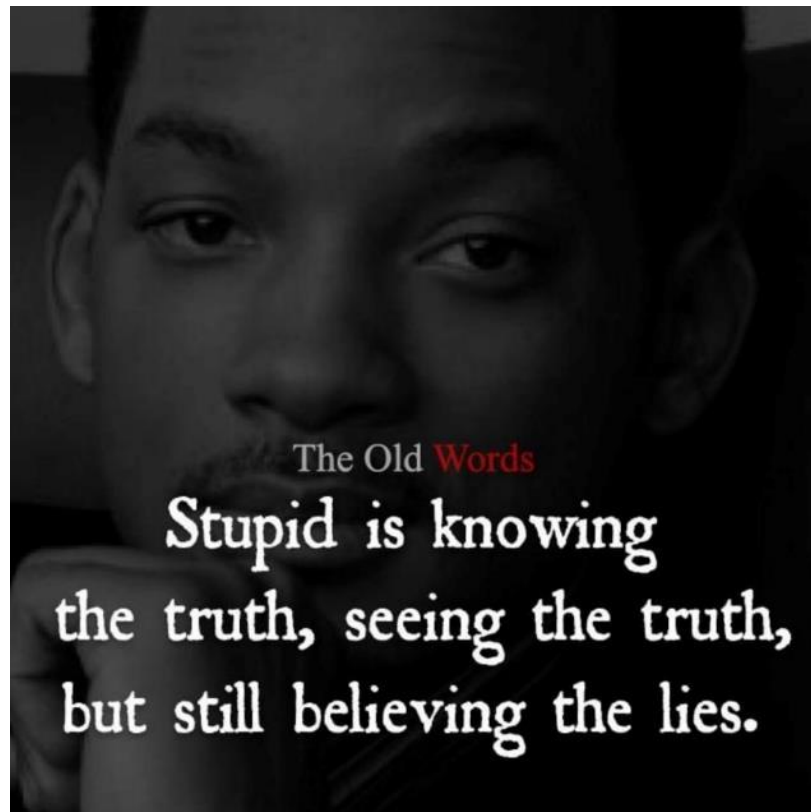


Lulu



Cilla Black

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 – Saturday 18th April 2026

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.

Copyright guidance:

The Carrick Argus does not knowingly infringe the copyright of other authors or publications by copying and pasting some, substantial parts, or complete copies of their original work. The Carrick Argus is not a commercial enterprise. No Carrick Argus contributor receives any remuneration for their work.

Authors of literacy pieces or photographs are asked to provide an assurance to the Carrick Argus Editor that their work is original. Authors of technical pieces must give courtesy and state the source of small extracts of texts and websites that may have been used. Authors recounting experiences in their lives and family histories are assumed to be genuine in their descriptions but should reference any quotes referring to a third party. Members writing letters must reference any quote to third parties that may be referred to in their letters. The inclusion of sources of information is of benefit to our readers as it enables them to follow up the ideas and information that they have encountered.