

The Carrick Argus

Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news

Issue no 113

May 2026



Snakelocks Anemone at Lamorna Cove

by Emma Coombe

An entry for the 2025 Photography Competition

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Editorial

Many thanks to all the Group Leaders and helpers who came to support our Open Morning, it was lovely to see so many of you there, and proved to be a good chance to get to know each other as well as recruiting new members. The members of the public who dropped in were all very impressed by what a lovely, friendly group of people we have in Carrick u3a. For your information, Bob Williams added another item to the form he prepared to send out to new members, asking where they heard about the u3a. The majority said '*word of mouth*' so please do your bit in spreading that word around. There must be many people in the area who would benefit from all the activities we offer.

Owing to the high cost of postage we are going to try to distribute as many membership cards as possible at meetings this year. It would cost around £700 to post them all, which we would rather spend on other things. The first of these will probably be the **Members' Monthly Meeting at Kea Community Centre on Thursday 21st May** at 10.30am. **The bank is now charging us a substantial amount to pay in cheques and even more to pay in cash, so if you can pay by BACS**, we would appreciate it. Thank you.

On behalf of the committee, I would like to thank David Westby for his kind and very thoughtful gifts which he presented to us at the AGM, they were much appreciated and as they were all signed by the artist himself, I'm sure will be extremely valuable in years to come.

If you haven't yet discovered the **Third Age Trust website**, (u3a.org.uk) do have a look. It is full of useful advice and ideas for Group Leaders and members alike. There are lots of learning opportunities, online forums, quizzes and much more. Highlights in May include: -

1st May at 2pm	Kingsmeadow House, the inside story of a modest country house.
5th May at 10am	The Spruce Goose, the world's largest aircraft in 1947.
9th May at 2pm	Enormous numbers and where to find them.
12th May at 2pm	Stories from the frontiers of exploration.
13th May at 10am	Laughter Yoga
14th May at 2pm	Anna Karenina
21st May at 10am	Mindfulness and Meditation
22nd May at 2pm	AI news
29th May at 2pm	Drones, huh? What are they good for?

All sessions are free to attend and are delivered via Zoom. If you need help getting started on Zoom, contact our digital lead, Ric Reilly, who will be delighted to help.

Sue Hutt
Editor

Eating out & about

It was a dull Saturday morning doing a shop at Asda when we decided to try the nearby Aussie Smoker for a quick lunch. An unusual choice for us - we usually instinctively gravitate toward quiet comfort and healthy options, but why not see what the rest of the world regularly enjoys?

Newly housed at the Kernick Road Industrial estate the **Aussie Smoker** joins a vast range of workshops, outlets and hospitality at the **Verdant Brewery**. After years of very successful BBQ catering at weddings and celebrations it now has a permanent home offering weekend lunches, family and music events.

We were met with thumping pop music, outside tables and a very welcoming Adam the Pit Master dashing around the open kitchen.



The Open Kitchen at the Aussie Smoker

We knew from past experience that the items for sale in the fridge, the BBQ pork ribs and smoked cheeses, were excellent but very pricy and reserved for special occasions, so were looking forward to see what was on offer for lunch.

The daily specials are on the board, but the overwhelming favourite of the youthful clientele seemed to be mountains of chips, cheesy or spiced, consumed with speed and washed down with coke. Was there anything that we could eat without incurring hours of digestive agony? We bravely shared a pulled pork bun, greasy, soft and dripping with melted cheese. A complementary carton of salad (grated cabbage and carrot) did little to reassure us we were eating healthily and the beat of heavy rock filled the air. Sadly, acknowledging our mature years, we dreamed of a quiet pint, a knife and fork and a pub lunch. So, it is not for us, but if you have teenage family members eager to experience a popular 'Cool' venue for a Saturday lunch you could certainly earn brownie points.

And now for something completely different-

Falmouth can finally boast an Italian restaurant that celebrates the hallowed tradition of the long unfolding meal- the reverent acknowledgement of time well spent appreciating the art of the kitchen. A ritual that still sometimes survives in the trattoria of Italy, the restaurants of rural France and the taberna of Spain. Sadly, here in the UK such meals are only to be enjoyed in outrageously expensive Michelin restaurants run by acknowledged master chefs where you must also endure lengthy lectures on provenance and method before engaging with the result.



It may not be on quite that level, but at **Milano's** there is expectation as you browse the menu. First the tempting antipasti, then a choice of satisfying primi, pasta or risotti, then the main seconde with accompanying contorni, then, if you are able, the indulgence of dolce before the seal of espresso or vin santo to settle the gut. Of course, it is rare for Milano's customers to indulge to that extent, but at least there is the option.

We went with a group of friends well acquainted with life in Italy, appreciative of the traditional division of the meal and eager to try the work of Stefano and Federico who hail from the region of **Liguria** and who are bringing their expertise to a venue at the foot of **Falmouth's High Street**.

Our enthusiastic gathering was made very welcome by one of the brothers, and we settled down eager to sample as much of the menu as possible despite the appalling acoustics in the main low-ceilinged room. This is a sad and unavoidable downside to the restaurant so be warned and try to get a table in the entrance bar or be deafened by conversation and the clash of plates.

Hoping that the food was as good as promised we launched into the antipasti. We can personally recommend the homemade arancini and the super fresh plump mussels and others were well satisfied with the authentic ingredients of all other options.

We moved on to the Primo and the pasta and rice dishes were also perfectly cooked, simple, authentic and deeply flavoured. The Secondo meat and fish dishes were good, the Spezzatino con Polenta getting most of the praise. The Tagliata, although tender and rare, lacked the expected generous shavings of parmesan cheese and my excellent Cacciucco had none of the spiciness I had enjoyed in Italy (*perhaps a necessary nod to British taste?*). The accompanying bottle of Primitivo was suitably rich and unctuous. Most of us finished with either a strong Affogato or a sweet digestive Passito, puddings not being high on the Italian menu.

Our group of Italophiles was unanimous - the intention of the two brothers to focus on flavour not fuss had been achieved, their cooking was authentic, their prices reasonable - The wines well chosen - Welcome to Milano's!

Prices- Antipasti from £7.50p to £9

Primo from £13 to £18

Secondo from £17 to £25

Contorni from £4 to £5.50

Wines - glasses from £6 - £9

bottles from £25 - £39

LW

Photos courtesy of LW

Turner, Constable & Cook

It's been announced that in the future, banknotes may feature animals instead of people, which should make forgery harder. In 2019 the new £20 note featured **JMW Turner**. The Bank of England hailed it as its '*most secure banknote yet*', with a depiction of the artist's face and his famous painting 'HMS Fighting Temeraire' in the background. That picture, which Turner painted in 1838, was voted Britain's favourite painting in a Radio 4 poll of 2004.



Image courtesy of The Guardian

Turner loved animals and in April 2025, 15 of his animal drawings were displayed in a Thames-side villa called Sandycombe Lodge in Twickenham which was designed by the artist himself. He often retreated there as he loved the River Thames. Turner particularly adored cats, many of which roamed his studio in the city. When they needed to get in or out, he simply cut a hole in one of his canvases!



Image courtesy of google & The Tate Gallery

The whole span of his oeuvre, from domestic to majestic, was captured in the recent exhibition at the **Tate in London**. There were so many large paintings it was rather overwhelming at times, but seeing his paintbox, fishing rod and favourite chair helped me appreciate his work more. His sketchbooks also offered a useful contrast to his canvases, as did the paintings by his contemporary, **Constable**.



Courtesy of Wikipedia & The National Gallery

Constable's detailed scenes of farming, canals and rivers with their muted colours reveal his love of the Suffolk countryside in which he grew up. He studied the sky and once described small clouds which strayed from the bulk of larger clouds as messengers. I felt his overall message could be summed up in five words: *'appreciate nature while you can'*.

The message of **Beryl Cook's** exhibition, **'Pride and Joy'**, at **The Box** in **Plymouth** seemed to be *'enjoy life while you can'*. Her exuberant style isn't for everyone, but I found myself smiling or laughing at many of her cheerful scenes of Plymouth nightlife.



Image courtesy of The Independent

Cook was a great observer of people and like Turner, she loved animals. Her depictions of fur, foliage and human hair are incredibly real. She was self-taught, studying cartoons and pictures by **Donald McGill** and **Mabel Lucie Atwell**, whose desk she owned and worked at every day.

Her distinctive artwork has been featured in many advertisements, such as those of **British Airways**, **Kellogg's**, **Heineken** and **Royal Mail**. She had 60 exhibitions over the years, and her style was popularised by greetings cards and calendars as well as printed collections. I'd seen several of these before going to the exhibition, but not the painted loo seats, which she started doing when she was a landlady in the city. Those also made me smile!

Sue Amer

The Hidden Poem

After my dear Mother passed away, sorting through the house, we found several old books. There was one that has a leather cover and has obviously been well used and loved, it is entitled "**The Dagonet Reciter and Reader**" by **George R Sims** 1898. It has in it, hand written, William C Nicholls January 1900. Hidden in its pages was a hand written poem on a very old browned piece of paper. I would love to share it with you. I love it!

Jane Blackburn.

Aunt Tabitha

*Whatever I do, whatever I say
Aunt Tabitha tells me that isn't the way,
When she was a girl forty summers ago
Aunt Tabitha tells me they never did so.*

*Dear Aunt! If only would take her advice,
But I like my own way, & I find it so nice!
And besides, I forget half the things I am told
But they all will come back to me when I am old.*

*If a youth passes by, it may happen, no doubt,
He may chance to look in, as I chance to look out.
She would never endure an impertinent stare,
It is horrid, she says, and I mustn't sit there.*

*A walk in the moonlight has pleasures, I own,
But it isn't quite safe to be walking alone,
So I take a lad's arm, just for safety, you know,
But Aunt Tabitha tells me they didn't do so.*

*How wicked we are & how good they were then!
They kept at arm's length those detestable men.
What an era of virtue she lived in! But stay -
Were all the men such rogues in Aunt Tabitha's day.*

*If the men were so wicked, I'll ask my Papa
How he dared to propose to my darling Mama,
Was he like the rest of them? Goodness who knows,
And what should I say if a wretch should propose?*

*I am thinking if Aunt knew so little of sin,
What a wonder Aunt Tabitha's aunt must have been!
And her Grand-Aunt it scares me – how shockingly sad
That we girls of today are so frightfully bad.*

*A martyr will save us and nothing else can;
Let me perish to rescue some wretched young man!
Though when to the altar a victim I go,
Aunt Tabitha 'll tell me she never did so.*



Courtesy of Facebook

Launceston Castle



Launceston Castle today

The castle at Launceston (*pronounced Lanson if you're Cornish*) was built by the Normans in the late 11th century with the aim of securing the border between Devon and Cornwall. It would originally have been a motte-and-bailey design, with a wooden or stone keep on top of the hill and surrounded by a walled courtyard. There would have been a large number of people living in wooden buildings inside the courtyard.

It was planned as the administrative centre for Cornwall and was redeveloped by Richard of Cornwall after 1227. He was responsible for adding a high tower which provided a good lookout point, essential for giving early warning of approaching trouble. Stone houses were constructed for the use of the feudal knights who were given local estates in return for their help in defending the castle. These improvements were paid for from the profits of the tin mines. He also added a deer park around 3 miles in circumference which could hold up to 40 deer and supply the wealthier residents with venison.



AI generated image of the castle in the 13th Century

Courtesy of Facebook

Since then, the castle has had a rather chequered history. Richard's son Edmund moved the administrative centre to Lostwithiel, closer to the tin mines, so the condition of Launceston Castle deteriorated. It hosted the

assizes for the county and served as a jail, where it later earned the nickname Castle Terrible because of the appalling conditions in which prisoners were kept. Edmund died without an heir so the castle reverted to the Crown. Edward II gave the earldom of Cornwall, including Launceston Castle, to his favourite, Piers Gaveston. The son of Edward III, known as The Black Prince, was made the first Duke of Cornwall in 1337.



Painting of the state of the castle in the late 17th century
by Hendrick de Cort

The site continued to see action, being used for executions of more serious offenders, seized by the rebels during the Prayer Book Rebellion in 1549 and later garrisoned by the Royalists during the Civil War. The jail was closed in 1842 and the inmates moved to Bodmin.



Late 19th Century photo showing the remains of the castle bailey in the background

The Duke of Northumberland had the area transformed into a park, removing many of the dilapidated buildings. In WWII some US soldiers were garrisoned there, followed by The Air Ministry. They left in 1956. The castle is now owned by the Duchy of Cornwall and run by English Heritage.

Sue Hutt

All other images courtesy of Wikipedia

Ref: Wikipedia

Humour

May's selection of recommended reading on '**MANUALS and HOBBIES**' is by well-known Truro Librarian, **Carrie Bookes**.

1. **Supporting Scottish Athletes** by **Jock Strappe**
2. **The Scottish cloakroom attendant's manual** by **Angus MaCoteup**
3. **The Indian cloakroom attendant's manual** by **Mahatma Cote**
4. **Classic treatment for wooden cricket bats** by **Lynn C. Doyle**
5. **The German Hairdressers Manual** by **Herr Kutts**
6. **How to murder the President** by **Anna Sasin**
7. **Keep going** by **Percy Vere**
8. **The Stamp Collector** by **Phil Atterley**, illustrated by **Penny Black**
9. **Singing in the Pub** by **Carrie Oakey**
10. **How to make your friends laugh** by **Jo King**, Illustrated by **Joe Kerr**
11. **Collecting Old Furniture** by **Ann Teak**
12. **Building castles by the sea** by **Sandy Beech**
13. **Shorthand skill** by **Dick Tayshion**
14. **Ballet for Beginners** by **Corey O. Graff**
15. **Simple Ceramics** by **Terry Cotter**
16. **Cultivating glamorous finger nails** by **Farmer Cuticle**
17. **Constructing Sheds** by **Bill D'Hutt**



David Westby

Riddle of the month



*The more you take,
the more you leave behind.*

Conundrum

Why is 8,549,176,320 a unique number?

David Westby

[Answers on page 24](#)

Creative Writing: Something in the Air

On a perfect August day in 1924 the normally deserted moor above Strathsplattan Castle was the scene of unusual activity; a number of people were surrounding the basket of a brightly coloured gas balloon, most of them helping to hold it in place while final preparations for the flight were completed. Inside the basket were the prospective passengers, the Honourable Archibald Randolph-Ffitch, and Georgina, the niece of Lord Dundreary, owner of Strathsplattan. As if this event was not unusual enough, a naïve observer would have been surprised to see that all present were stark naked with the exception of footwear (heather is after all rather prickly, and some allowance must be made to practicality; but they were young, the day was warm, and they were surrounded by thousands of acres of the Strathsplattan estate, so no further concessions were necessary). Apart from being wealthy beyond all reason, the Earl was also a devoted follower of the current mania for Naturism (having discarded his previous enthusiasm for Theosophy, on the grounds that it gave one insufficient exercise), hence this gathering of young acolytes.

Prior to being driven up onto the moor in a charabanc, a light lunch had been taken, accompanied (and preceded) by the imbibing of a considerable number of cocktails created especially for the occasion, and named (probably unhappily, in hindsight) **'Hydrogen Bombs'**, after the gas employed in the balloon, so the company was in a jolly mood. Perhaps this goes some way to account for the incident encountered while loading the necessaries into the basket. Carrying the last bag, containing personal items, Fiona McTaggart-Wemyss tripped and fell heavily against Jasper Pace-Brudenell, a young man of generous proportions, who in turn brought down two of his companions. Helpless with laughter, several of the others turned to help the fallers to their feet, not noticing that, relieved of their weight, the balloon had begun to rise silently into the air. Georgina was the first to realise the implications of this. *'The bag! Throw the bag!'* she shouted, and Jasper scrambled to obey, but by this time the basket was ten feet above their heads, and not being the most athletic of young men, Jasper failed to throw the bag high enough to connect with Archie's outstretched arm.

'Well, old girl,' Archie observed philosophically, *'doesn't make any difference; it's a beautiful day and we'll still get our trip.'* Observing that Georgina seemed uncheered by this sentiment, he enquired, *'What was in that bag anyway?'*

'My clothes – and yours.'

'Ah.' He peered down; they were drifting towards the east, and it seemed rather faster than he expected – a breeze must have sprung up. He glanced at the altimeter; 1,500 feet. *'No point in going much higher – I'll release some gas.'* He reached for the valve control line and tugged; he frowned, and tugged harder. *'I think the bally valve is stuck!'*

'What does that mean?'

'Well – we can't go down if it stays stuck. But not to worry – we won't need to for a long time! Anyway, it might free itself! So shall I open the champers, and we can enjoy the trip?'

Archie realised that the main purpose of the day had suddenly shifted; he had intended to take advantage of their unusual environment to make Georgie a formal proposal of marriage while in the air, the ingenious contrivance of the flight being an additional incentive to persuade her to say 'Yes'. Hence, also, the champagne. But a formal proposal required the presence of the engagement ring, and that was currently in the pocket of his trousers - which were in the missing bag. He would have

to contrive some other persuasion at a later date. The pop of the champagne cork restored his spirits somewhat; he shrugged, and filled two glasses.

Two hours later, the novelty of the occasion was beginning to pale. Having remarked on how far one could see from this altitude (not that there were many outstanding features to be seen in the miles of bare moorland), and how different everything was if seen from this angle, conversation had flagged somewhat. The basket had its limitations from a comfort point of view – there was nowhere to sit, for instance – and once the champagne had been dispatched, not a great deal to do either. In addition, Archie was becoming uncomfortably aware that in the not-too-distant future he would have to answer the call of nature.

He was distracted from this reflection by a remark from Georgina. *'I say Archie, isn't that the coast coming up? I can see the sea!'* He looked east; sure enough, there was the North Sea, and a small town with a harbour.

'Shouldn't we try to go down,' Georgina enquired, *'before we get there?'*

'Oh, absolutely! I'll climb up and free the valve!'

Georgina gave a gasp of horror; *'Oh, Archie, no! What if you fell! If you missed the basket! What would I do then!'*

'Nothing else for it, old girl! Otherwise, it's next stop Copenhagen, if my geography serves!' Or the middle of the ocean, he added to himself. He reached for the rope mesh that suspended the basket below the inflated globe of the balloon, and began to climb, wobbling hideously, until he reached the release valve. He pulled on the lever to which the control line was attached, and after several mouth-drying minutes managed to jerk it partly open, after which it stuck fast. Sweating with fear and exertion he made his way back down the netting until at last he collapsed onto the floor of the basket.

'Did you do it?' Georgina asked breathlessly.

'About half-way,' he gasped. He pointed to the gauge – *'But look! We're going down!'* Staggering to his feet, he peered over the side of the basket. But not fast enough! he thought. They were drifting over the main square of the town two hundred feet up, at about walking speed. People were staring up and pointing; At least I'm not still spreadeagled naked in the rigging, he thought, that really would have given them something to stare at! Aloud he said, *'Looks like we might have to swim for it!'* An awful thought struck him; *'You can swim, can't you Georgie?'*

'Course I can, silly; Pa taught me, years ago in Antibes.'

All too soon, they were skimming the waves half a mile beyond the pierheads. *'Hang on!'* he just had time to say before the world dissolved into a chilly welter of spray.

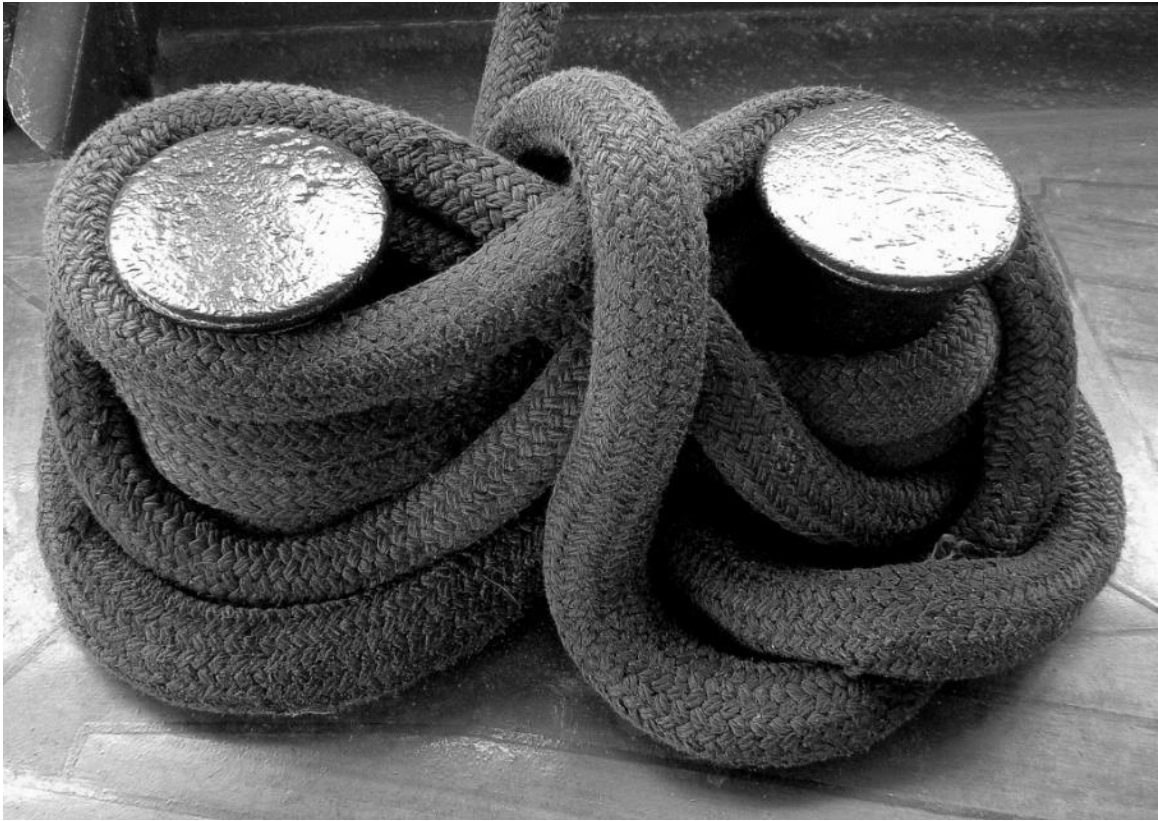
An hour later, liberally smeared with tar from being hauled up the boat's side, they sat shivering on the deck of the herring drubber ***Credulous of Moray***. Her skipper, Donald MacGillicuddy, was regarding them with more amusement than concern, having decided that they were in no immediate danger. He had generously provided them with two old smocks which had been mouldering unused in the forecastle locker; Georgina's smock was daringly short for its present employment, but as MacGillicuddy later sardonically observed, the ***Credulous*** was somewhat wanting in its wardrobe for young ladies of fashion. Archie raised his head and stared groggily about him; wherever this was, it certainly wasn't Antibes.

Adrian's pick of the month: Shapes





All images courtesy of u3a Carrick Photography group



Quiz

What do you call the young of these animals?

1. Alligator
2. Bat
3. Ant
4. Camel
5. Echidna
6. Gerbil
7. Hare
8. Koala
9. Llama
10. Owl

Ologies- what are these the study of?

















1. Oology
2. Cosmology
3. Trichology
4. Philology
5. Pomology
6. Hepatology
7. Dermatology
8. Ichthyology
9. Entomology
10. Ethnology

Miscellaneous

1. What is the capital of Malaysia?
2. In which classic film in 1963 did Charles Bronson appear?
3. Who wrote Don Quixote?
4. Which country is known as the Land of the Long White Cloud?
5. Which planet in the solar system is the hottest?
6. What is the biggest species of cat in the world?
7. Who painted The Haywain?
8. What is the currency of Mexico?
9. What did the three little kittens lose?
10. Which is the biggest state in the US?
11. Who is the Roman goddess of love?
12. What is the home of the Greek gods?
13. Who wrote A Brief History of Time?
14. In which year was the Apollo 11 moon landing?
15. Who was the lead singer of Culture Club?

[Answers on page 25](#)

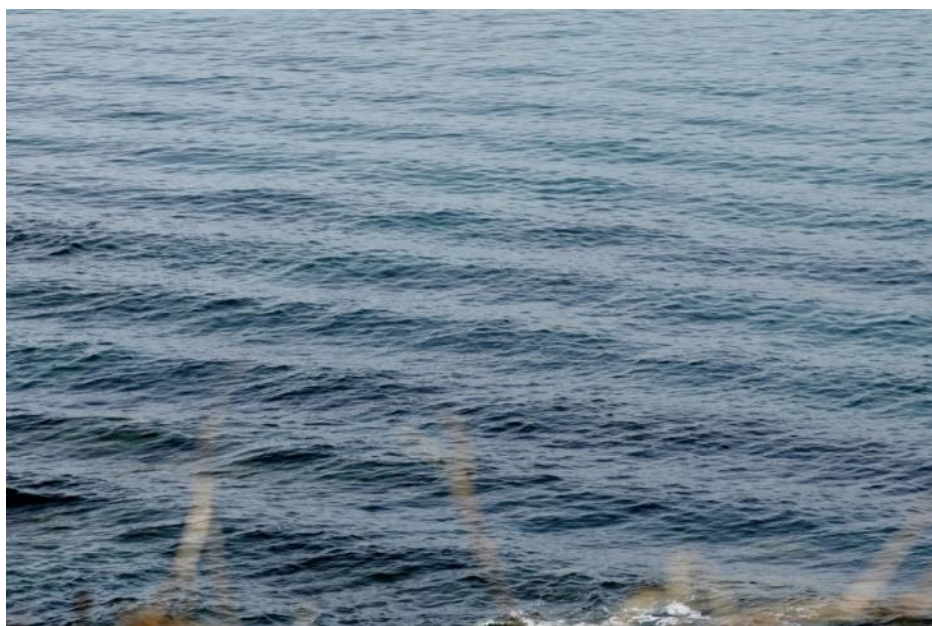
Picture Quiz: Modes of Transport Old & New

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

[Answers on page 26](#)

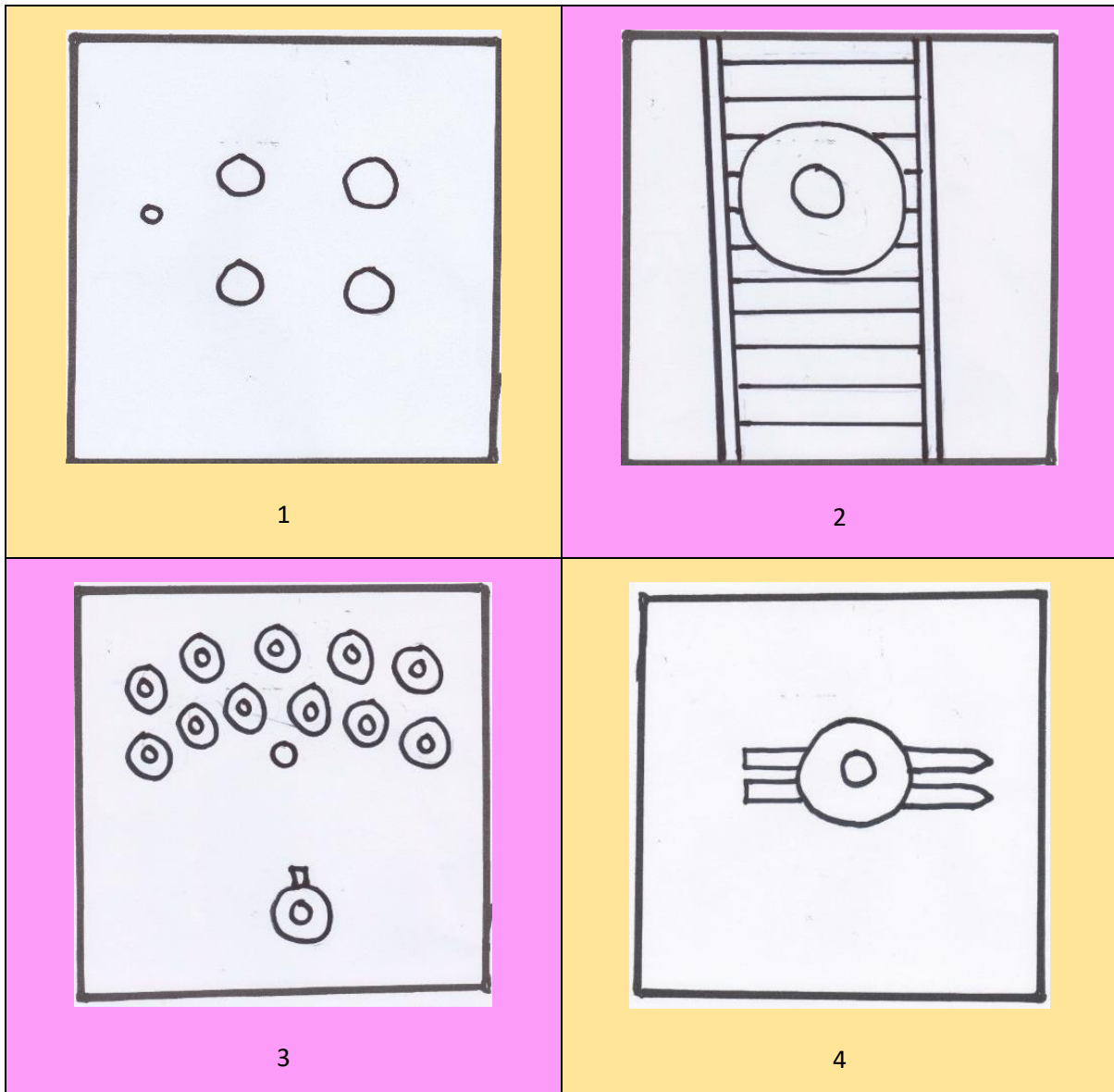
More Shapes







David's doodles



[Answers on page 26](#)

Riddle answer

The more you take, the more you leave behind

Answer: **Footsteps**

Conundrum

Why is 8,549,176,320 a unique number?

Answer: It contains all 10 digits in alphabetical order

8 – Eight, 5 – Five, 4 – Four, 9 – Nine, 1 – One, 7 – Seven, 6 – Six, 3 – Three, 2 – Two, 0 – Zero

Quiz answers

What do you call the young of these animals?

1. Alligator
2. Bat
3. Ant
4. Camel
5. Echidna
6. Gerbil
7. Hare
8. Koala
9. Llama
10. Owl

Hatchling
Pup
Antling
Calf
Puggle
Pup
Leveret
Joey
Cria
Owlet

Ologies- what are these the study of?

1. Oology
2. Cosmology
3. Trichology
4. Philology
5. Pomology
6. Hepatology
7. Dermatology
8. Ichthyology
9. Entomology
10. Ethnology

















Birds' eggs
The universe
Hair
Languages
Fruits
Liver
Skin
Fish
Insects
Cultures

Miscellaneous

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Kuala Lumpur
The Great Escape
Miguel de Cervantes
New Zealand
Venus
Siberian Tiger
John Constable
Mexican Peso
Their mittens
Alaska
Venus
Mount Olympus
Stephen Hawking
1969
Boy George

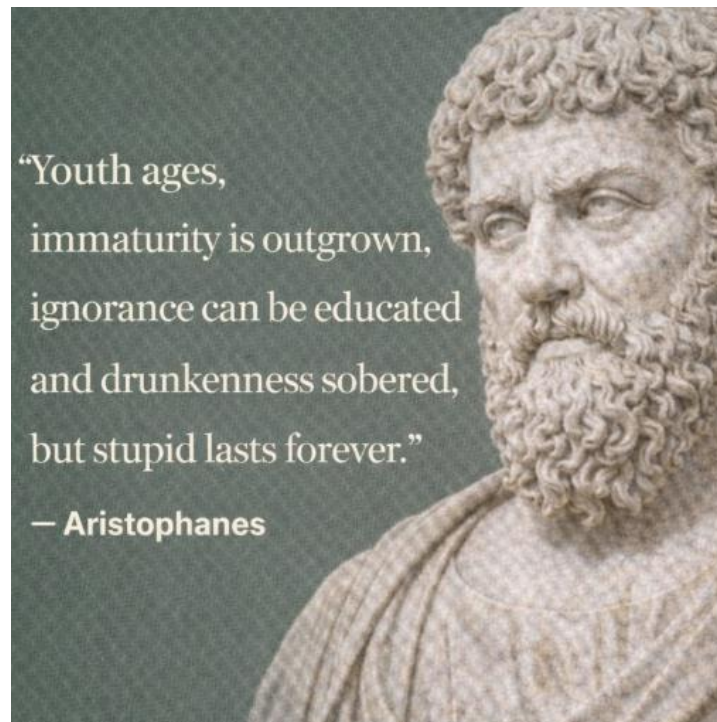
Picture Quiz answers

			
Catamaran	Bath Chair	Sedan Chair	Tok-tok
			
Rickshaw	Landau	Curricle	Phaeton
			
Aircraft Carrier	Kayak	Concorde	Reliant Robin
			
Rolls Royce	Penny Farthing	Monorail	Bullet train

Droodle answers

1. Elephant upside down in swimming pool
2. Mexican on railway line
3. Mexican football team being photographed
4. Mexican on skis

Thoughts for the day



Both courtesy of Philosophy Love & 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 – Thursday 28th May 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.

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