

The Carrick Argus

Supporting Carrick u3a – sharing members' interests and news

Issue no 115

July 2026



Drifting By

by Fiona Granville

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: In the Shadow of Man by Jane Goodall	4
British Curiosities	7
Poetry	10
Creative writing: A Cornish Fairy Tale	12
Humour	14
Riddle of the month	15
Eating Out & About	16
Poetry	18
Adrian's pick of the month: Pub signs	19
Quiz	22
Picture Quiz: Birds	23
David's Doodles	24
Blind at Sea	25
Doodle answers	25
Quotes from famous artists to inform and inspire	26
Quiz answers	27
Riddle answer	27
Picture Quiz answers	28
FOUR LETTER WORDS: answers	28
Thoughts for the Day	29
Carrick Argus: Contact details	30
Policy and guidelines for contributors	30

Editorial

With the very hot weather we have been subjected to recently, perhaps now is a good time to catch up on all the wonderful learning opportunities provided by the **Third Age Trust**, all of which are included in your membership fee. New ones include

1st July	Technology in Modern Cars
2nd July	Mrs Charles Dickens tells her story
6th July	Interactive Painting
7th July	Flight Inspirations: ending the Cold War
7th July	How Nature supports well being
10th July	AI news
10th July	The role of women in Ancient Egypt
24th July	Dick Turpin- a virtual walk around York
27th July	Secrets of the human brain
31st July	Staying safe online

These are just a few of those on offer. See the website for full details, u3a.org.uk

The Third Age Trust recently held a **photographic** competition, where u3a members were invited to submit a photo they had taken. This month is the turn of our **writers**. **The subject is an account of an incredible real and non-autobiographical journey**. This could be a historical voyage, a scientific or medical breakthrough or a spiritual journey. Essays must be submitted by **Friday 31st July at 12 noon**. Details of guidelines are on the website.

u3a Getaways is an exclusive holiday programme for u3a members and their friends. These include-:

14th September	The Agatha Christie Story	
12th October	Appreciating Shakespeare	
18th November	Yorkshire Festival Treats	As ever, full details at u3a.org.uk

At the recent **Volunteers' Week event** on **Lemon Quay**, where Carrick u3a had a stall, the overwhelming response from people we spoke to was '*How on earth do you manage to provide so much for only £32?*' The answers of course are our wonderful collection of group leaders who despite what some people believe, do give their time freely and willingly to share their enthusiasms with others, along with careful management of our funds regarding venue hire. Every penny counts, as they say.

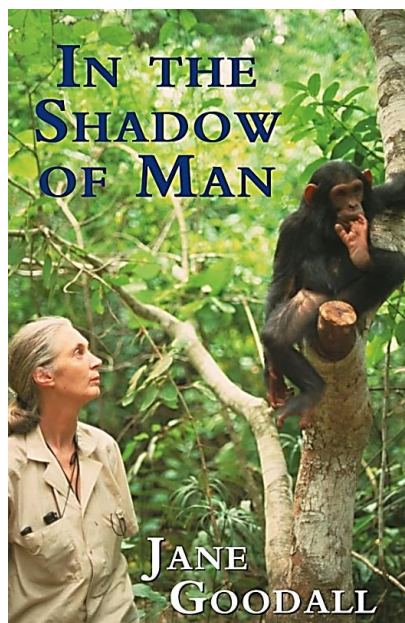
One comment that stood out for me was from the gentleman, recently retired, who said he doesn't get up till lunchtime as he had nothing to get up for. He now, hopefully, has Carrick u3a. It was a very powerful message to me, that there are so many out there who would benefit enormously from what we can offer. So, we will continue to publicise, but word of mouth is often the most effective way of doing this. So please, can you all do your part and tell friends and neighbours about us.

Many thanks to all who came to support the stall on Lemon Quay and to **the choir** for providing the entertainment, it was a great team effort.

Sue Hutt
Editor

Book Review: In the Shadow of Man by Jane Goodall Photographs by Hugo van Lawick

Published by Weidenfeld and Nicolson Ltd, London (1971, revised edition 1988)



This book promises to *'provide an impressively detailed and absorbing account of the early years of Jane Goodall's field study of, and adventures with, chimpanzees in Tanzania, Africa.'* In my opinion it certainly does that, especially the first half; it describes her first six years of patient observation of our closest living relatives, who share 99% of our genetic material.

Immediately after the Foreword, Goodall acknowledges her debt to the **National Geographic Society**, which began financing her research in 1961 and supported the entire project at **Gombe** until 1968. She also pays tribute to her husband Hugo, who built up *'a magnificent collection of photographs and documentary film record of chimpanzee behaviour. It is largely due to his constant help and administrative ability that the Gombe Stream Research Centre was formed. His patience and understanding of both his animal subjects and his wife are remarkable!'*

Goodall needed a companion in the early days, so she and her mother camped on the eastern shoreline of **Lake Tanganyika** for five months. During that period, she wandered alone in the valleys and mountains, hoping to catch a glimpse of the chimps. At first, she watched groups of them from a distance, feeding on figs. *'Because I always looked the same, wearing similar dull-coloured clothes, and never tried to follow or harass them in any way, the shy animals began to realise that after all I was not horrific or terrifying.'*

I loved her description of how the chimps made their bed for the night in a tree. *'Each individual, except for infants who slept with their mothers, made his own nest, which took about three minutes. The chimp usually chose an upright fork or crotch in a branch, then bent over small branches onto this foundation, keeping each one in place with his feet. Finally, he tucked in the smaller leafy twigs growing around the rim of the nest and lay down.'*

After her mother had to return to England, Goodall lived largely on her own for a while. She says she didn't feel lonely, as she was utterly absorbed in her work, fascinated by the chimps, and too busy transcribing her notes in the evenings to brood.

'I became immensely aware of trees. I longed to be able to swing through the branches like the chimps, to sleep in the treetops lulled by the rustling of the leaves in the breeze. I particularly loved to sit in the forest when it was raining, feeling enclosed in a dim twilight world of greens and browns and dampness. I think I spent some of the coldest hours of my life in those mountains, sitting in clammy clothes in an icy wind watching chimpanzees. I could move through the trees silently, continuously learning more and more about them and their behaviour.'

One day, she heard a sound from above her and saw a large male directly overhead. *'He stared at me, and I looked away, as a prolonged stare can be interpreted as a threat. More chimps appeared on the ground and I realised I was surrounded. All my instincts bade me flee, but I tried to appear uninterested. After a little while the chimps disappeared.'*

Several similar encounters took place until one memorable day when two males sat feeding calmly only a few feet away from her. *'Many of the chimps had begun to accept me as part of their normal, everyday landscape. A strange white ape, to be sure, but not after all terribly alarming.'* Goodall's sister Judy came out to stay with her, sponsored by Reveille, the weekend newspaper. Judy spent many hours in hides in pouring rain waiting to take photos of the chimps. Her patience was rewarded when she obtained some of the first-ever pictures of them using tools to fish for termites.



After just over a year in the field Goodall went to **Cambridge University** in 1961 to work for a PhD in ethology, the study of animal behaviour. She returned to Africa six months later and was pleased that *'the chimps in the Gombe Stream Chimpanzee Reserve were, if anything, more tolerant of my presence than before.'* The two adult males she'd been studying, whom she named David and Goliath, began visiting her camp regularly for bananas she left out, and soon took them from her hand. Other chimps followed, and this meant she was able to make detailed observations of their social interactions.

On April 10th this year **'The Times'** reported that a bloody 'civil war' had been observed among wild chimps for the first time. Scientists spent 30 years observing a large group of them in **Kibale National Park** in **Uganda**. James Brooks, of the German Primate Centre, commented that Goodall reported a group of chimps which splintered 50 years ago, but the new study was the first full documentation of a 'fission' as it occurred. Brooks wrote, *'A hostile split among wild chimps is a reminder of the danger that group divisions can present to human societies.'*



Hugo van Lawick joined Goodall at the camp in the early '60s. A professional photographer, he was sponsored by the National Geographic Society to make a documentary of chimp behaviour, including their tool-making skills to capture termites. Goodall had seen them choose small leafy twigs which they stripped of leaves and then poked into the termite mound. When they withdrew the twigs, several termites were clinging to them, which the chimps ate.

Goodall and Hugo fell in love and were married in London but cut short their honeymoon to hurry back to Gombe to see a new-born chimp. Their own son, called little Hugo, accompanied them everywhere and during periods at the chimps' observation areas he was placed in a cage to protect him.

In 1977 the **Jane Goodall Institute for Wildlife Research, Education and Conservation** was established to continue their work at Gombe.

Sue Amer

All images courtesy of Jane Goodall Institute UK



Elizabethan map of Carrick Roads

Courtesy of Facebook

British Curiosities

The Yoxman



Photo courtesy of Don Read Jones & Wild Things Publishing

The bronze 7.9metres tall statue was installed at **Cockfield Hall in Suffolk**, close to the A12 in 2021. Sculpted by **Laurence Edwards**, it represents *“a lightning rod for loads of issues about ecology and what we are doing to this planet.”*

Little Italy



Photo courtesy of Dave Hamilton & Wild Things Publishing



Photo courtesy of Dave Fell & BBC

Unlike its famous neighbour, **Portmeirion**, this Little Italy is not open to the public. Hand built from slate, it consists of over 200 miniature Italian landmarks, connected by ‘wibbly wobbly paths’ carved

into the hillside. It was constructed by **Mark and Muriel Bourne** who had been inspired by their visits to Italy.

Mannakin Hall



*Photos courtesy of Dave Hamilton
& Wild Things Publishing*



Recycling at its best. When **Roz Edwards** discovered in 2008 that most mannequins were only used for 4-5 years, she set up a business to rescue them and hire them out for event or press days, set designs or installations and now claims to have saved over 45,000 from landfill. Most are nude although some are painted or clothed for times such as Halloween. Mannakin Hall is near **Grantham** and is open to the public.

The Tilted Globe



Courtesy of anguschisholm.com

The Tilted Globe can be found at **Knockan Crag** in the Scottish Highlands. Because the layers of rock are not horizontal, the sphere appears to be tilted. Created by **Joe Smith**, it is a modern reminder of ancient geological activity. The oldest rocks at Knockan, around 1000 million years old, are metamorphic and are on top of younger sedimentary rocks. It is thought that the older rocks were moved around 70 km west to their current location.

Blackchurch Rock



Photo courtesy of Mark Wordy & Wild Things Publishing

More evidence of geological activity can be seen at **Blackchurch Rock** near **Clovelly**. It is over 22 metres tall and is composed of Carboniferous sandstone and mudstone, formed over 320 million years ago. The uplifting of the strata was caused by the breakup of the ancient supercontinent of Gondwana which began roughly 180 million years ago. Erosion by the sea has caused the weaker, mudstone layers to wear away, carving out the arches. Geologists have discovered marine fossils and goniatite imprints embedded in the rocks.

Sue Hutt

Ref: The Guardian Article

'Weird Britain 10 glorious oddities to visit and marvel at United Kingdom holidays'

Poetry

Ode to my Walking Boots

*Alas my walking boots have lost their sole,
Each one of them is no longer whole.
One sole lies somewhere along a Cornish track,
The other made it home alone to the shoe rack.*

*They are many decades old,
With many a story to be told.
If only they were capable of talking,
They would relate of all my walking.*

*Bought in Millets in Plymouth city
In memorial, I write this ditty.
Tested first on Dartmoor granite,
A tough terrain on this planet.*

*They've protected my wonderful feet
On sphagnum grass and moorland peat.
Up mountains and across the dales
Oh, they could tell you lots of tales.*

*With fifty kids, we climbed Mount Snowdon,
Fitter then than young Phil Foden.
Cross Crib Goch via Miners and Pyg Tracks
To the summit; where we stopped for snacks.*

*On field trips, they came as trusted friends,
Uphill, downhill, round river bends.
Peak District moors and Yorkshire Dales
Lake District hills or down mines in Wales.*

*On many a farm they've carried me
To learn the ways of this industry.
Sometimes they've ventured overseas
Across Iceland's glacial freeze.*

*They've stomped through parks of the western USA,
Where bison roam and coyote's bay.
They've shuffled through canyons, dusty and wide,
Yosemite, Bryce, Zion, all taken in their stride.*

*And Death Valley temps of fifty-seven
Seemed like hell rather than Devon (☹).
They grumbled at stones, they groaned at the heat,
Yet still they carried my weary feet.*

*They've trudged up Mount Volcano too,
And saw views of Mediterranean blue.
More recently, over 5 Bananas miles
They've clambered o'er Cornish stiles*

*They've squelched through mud and splashed through rain,
And sighed and smiled, "Here we go again!"
They've marched with gusto, they've shuffled with grace,
They've seen more sights than most boots could face.*

*So, here's to my boots, both battered and true,
For decades of service, I owe much to you.
Though cracked and tired, with laces frayed,
You've been the best companions I ever made.*

*Thank you, old friends, for each mile and each view —
My faithful boots, I'll always treasure you.
My final thoughts to you from me
Ends with the letters R I P.*

Graham Moseley



Photo courtesy of Graham Moseley

Creative writing: A Cornish Fairy Tale

Once upon a time, in the land of Lyonesse, a boy was born. He was the seventh son of a seventh daughter, only half held by the Faery World, for he was not the Seventh Son of a Seventh Son with a fixed destiny. So, he could not become a Douser, or a Magus or assume the Cloak of Invisibility or interpret the language of the birds or indulge in privileges of prophesy, but he had all the dreaming, all the glimpses of the Faery world that came and went, visions in a hall of mirrors that he could not control.

Years passed and he grew to be a fine strong youth, with many skills of foraging and fishing and a happy face and a cheerful smile that won him friends wherever he went, which was fortunate for he had no home and had journeyed from childhood, wandering with the Romanies the length and breadth of the land, searching for somewhere waiting to be known.

He travelled always towards the setting sun and finally came to the land's end, a good place where he made camp, settling for the night in a sheltered cove where the sea lapped gently over the golden sand and trees overhung the water. The clear summer night filled with a highway of stars and the moon cut the dark with the thinnest curved blade, and the boy, let us call him Caleb, slept deep in a dream of wanting and waiting.

Dawn came with a blaze of gold. At the water's edge a girl walked slowly into the sea. Her hair spread like a golden web on the surface of the water as she submerged beneath, then a thousand sparkling gems as she rose and stood and shook her head. She looked at him and waved. He ran out against the waves and held her, and her skin shone the silver of oyster shell, her laughter rippled across the water and her eyes glittered like green glass beads.

And so, they made their home there, where the long-grassed fields met the sea, living on seafood and juicy berries, leaves and roots, and cultivating the rich soil. In winter they were warm in their shelter of woven willow and in summer they slept beneath the stars. They measured the days by the turn of the sun, the seasons dictating their labour. In the field they grew fava and barley and long green beans, fish seemed to jump from the sea into their net and wild birds gave one egg in return for some grain. They were happy and young and cartwheeled over the sand, ran through the reeds and thrashed through the water. He made her necklaces and bracelets from shells and dried flowers and she kissed him long and hard for her gifts. Life stretched on forever and Caleb no longer had dreams.

But sometimes he felt the pull of conversation, the need to see faces, to watch other folks' lives, and he would make the long walk alone to the little village that kept to itself on the distant hill. There he would joke with the sunburned labourers, greet a man walking his dog, or sit for a while in the bake house chatting to the rosy cheeked owner as she pounded the dough. These visits earned him the occasional bag of sticky lardy cake or yesterday's loaf, for his charm was magic and the woman longed for his arms about her. After his visits she would toss in her bed, wonder about him, wanting answers to questions she never dared ask. Of this he knew nothing for his green-eyed lady was all he desired. He would take the sweet offerings and go down the lane, waving farewell and out of sight.

So, the baker grew old nursing her dreams, missing her destiny of husband, children, and grandchildren, and a family stretching through time.

One day Caleb caught sight of his face in a rockpool and was greatly surprised to see a man with white hair and creased sunburnt skin. A glimpse and then gone, like the dreams he once had. That night he turned to his lady and stroked her golden hair. Like silk it felt as it slipped through his fingers and her skin shone mother of pearl as smooth and unmarked as a child. She lifted her head and stared into his eyes. Her green glass gaze sank into his mind and read there a question uncurling, a tiny worm growing. She knew it was time. *'Sleep now my love'* she whispered, a sigh like the sound of the waves.

Caleb did not obey his lady; he did not sleep. Silently watching, he felt her rise from their bed. She stood for a while at the edge of the sea, the moon so full of light it spilled over her thin raised arms before she dived. He saw her hair now silver white, spread like a web, a memory of his first sight of her so many years ago. But now she did not rise to shake sparkling wet gems from her head, the water closed over her, rippled, and she was gone.

Time fell away as he ran towards where he knew she would be, and the waves rolled over him as he felt her white arms binding and pulling him into her world, the world of dreaming.

The farmers were sad when they pulled his body from the creek. They had enjoyed his bright smile and gentle humour on his occasional visits to their village. They had thought him a lonesome gypsy and had not asked where he came from. There was surprise when they discovered the neat wattle hut and tidy vegetable garden at the edge of the wild land that bordered the beach. Surprise that a man could live there alone for so many years and be so full of cheer. There was little inside the hut, a high straw bed, some rough wooden tools, a sharp knife, a curl of beautifully woven strings of shells and dried flowers in a huge polished shell, strange things for a vagrant to treasure.

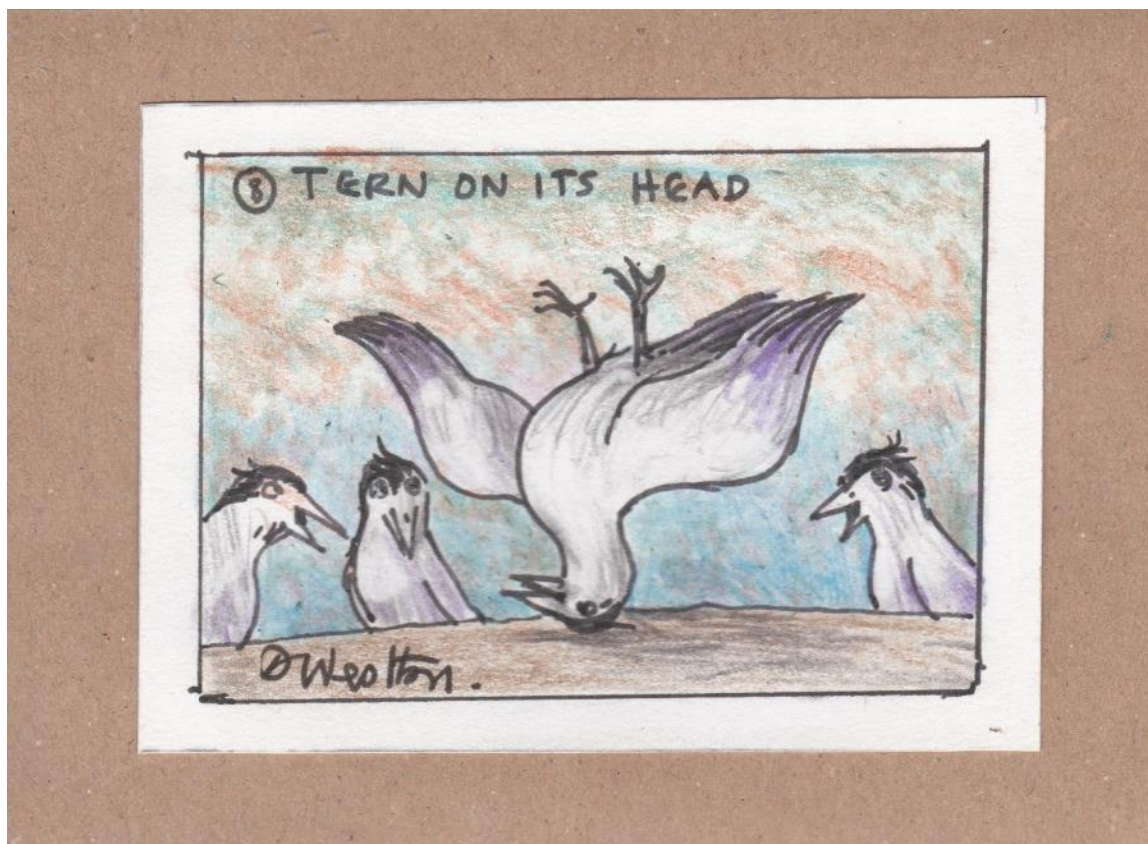
They gave him a burial plot outside their chapel walls and didn't know what to put on the little wooden cross, so left it unmarked to weather in the wind. They shook their head when the baker planted bunches of pink sea thrift, but it flourished and spread and flowered every spring and pleased everyone who passed by and soon there was no sign of the grave, just a patch of wild flowers waving.

Leonie Whitton

Humour

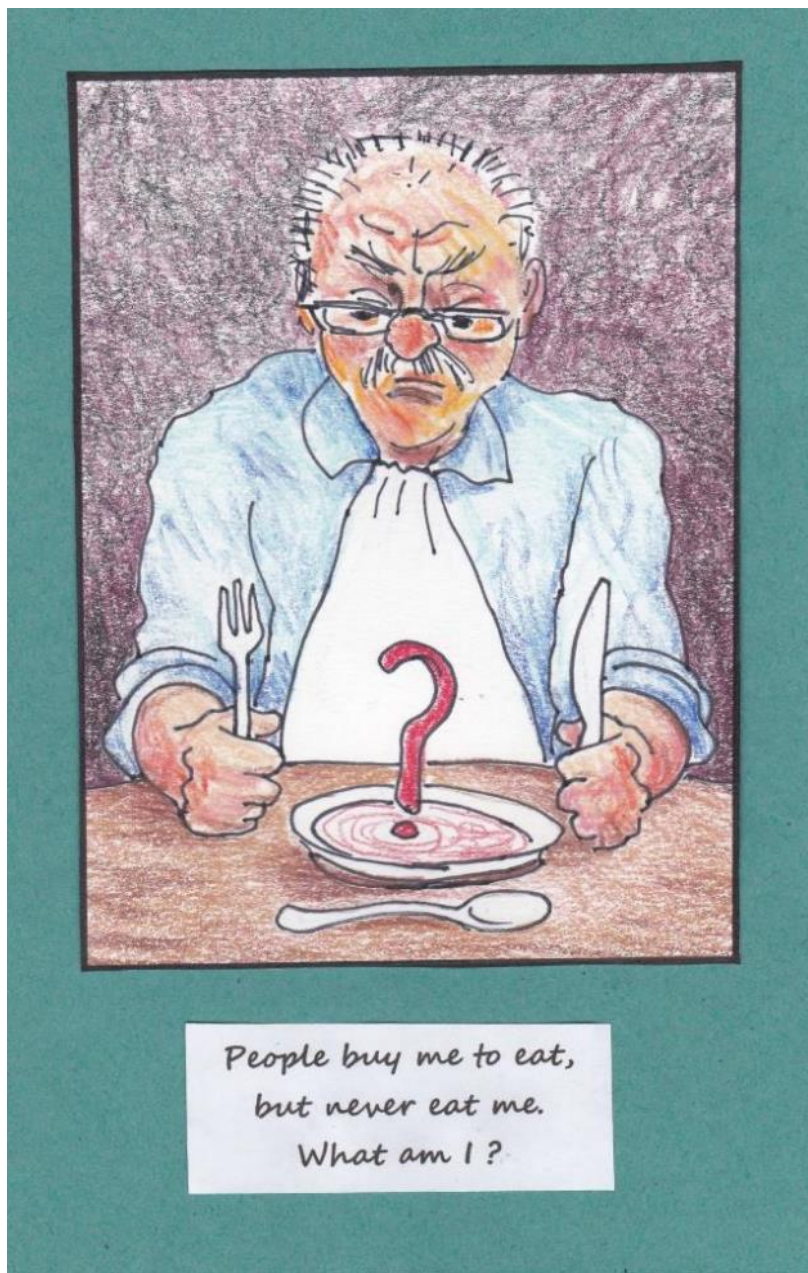
This month reading; a small selection of appetising food related volumes PLUS some risky short stories both recommended by **Bill Loney**

1. **Discovering Pasta** by Lynne Gweeny
 2. **Enjoy your Greens!** by Brock Lee
 3. **Classic Meat Dishes** by Biff Wellington
 4. **Classic Sausages** by Pepe Roni
 5. **Eat what you can** by Eddie Bull
 6. **Fine Wines** by Ruby and Tony Porte
-
1. **Embarrassment on the Beach** by Lucy Lastic
 2. **Stop Nosey Neighbours looking in** by Annette Curtain
 3. **Who's a naughty boy!** by Tanya Hyde
 4. **Well, I never!** by Heidi Clare
 5. **Private parts** by Jenny Tull
 6. **Does my bum look big in these!** by Hugh Janus



David Westby

Riddle of the month



[Answer on page 27](#)

FOUR LETTER WORDS.

1. What four, four letter words can you make with the letters; MNEA?
2. What four, four letter words can you make with the letters; VLIE?
3. What four, four letter words can you make with the letters; NPSI?

[Answers on page 28](#)

David Westby

Eating Out & About

Exploring Cornwall to find exceptional places to eat is a great thing to do - there is no better way to spend the day, and I now have the added excuse of writing reviews for the Argus! Just to stop it being pure indulgence I try to be as objective as possible, so there are certain boxes I tick when recommending a venue.

Here is my list-

1. **The venue** should be in an interesting location - possibly with a garden to visit or a splendid view to enjoy.
2. **The staff** must be helpful, cheerful and efficient (*sadly it is too much to hope that they won't call everyone 'guys' - when did that universally happen?*).
3. **Presentation** should be elegant and the portions adequate.
4. **The ingredients** should be locally sourced if at all possible.
5. **The seating** should be comfortable, preferably not backless garden benches.
6. **Most importantly the price** should reflect the overall quality of the whole experience; I expect to pay more for a Michelin star, but object to compulsory service charges- if staff are properly paid this should be a personal choice.

Eating in pubs often ticks most of my boxes and a recent visit to the **Old Quay Inn at Devoran** confirmed this. Situated high in the village with splendid views along Restronguet Creek, it is the perfect stop for keen walkers and cyclists.



Acquired earlier this year by experienced cook **Darren Briggs** and front of house **Clare Bear** it is now a favourite of tourists and locals alike. They have improved the atmosphere of a traditional old pub with a good selection of real ales, daily specials on the menu board, well-spaced tables and comfortable seating and there are special evenings to be enjoyed by everyone.



Darren is an enthusiastic chef and he provides a good choice of starters, main dishes, sharing platters and puddings. We finally opted for a generous bowl of local mussels, crispy squid, a creamy and delicious crab and lobster bisque, the ploughman's platter and fish dish of the day (*perfectly cooked solid fillets of lemon sole, broccoli and fondant shaped potato*). No complaints at all.

After our hearty lunch we took our drinks out into the sunshine and climbed the terraced garden that rises behind the pub. Here there are spectacular views of the creek and rolling countryside, so we made use of the comfortable garden chairs and engaged in conversation with a couple of garrulous villagers who had nothing but praise for the new incumbents.



There was inexperienced but willing service from a young local lad (*newly appointed and will probably get better*) who was understandably harassed and exhausted by the steep winding trek up from the kitchen. However, if the sun continues to shine then we will show no mercy to the staff and the beer garden will definitely be where we choose to eat next time.

The Old Quay Inn. St Johns Road
Devoran TR3 6ND

Prices-

Starters	£7.95 - £12.95p
Mains	£15.95 - £21.95
Desserts	£8.95

If steaks are your thing, you can have them spectacularly grilled at your table on volcanic rock £23.95- £32.95p (*There is a cheaper offer on Tuesday Steak Nights*).

LW

All photos courtesy of LW

Poetry

My Skin at 70

*My skin's unstable,
Unable
To be proper skin any more.
Once waterproof, smooth, elastic,
Body's biggest organ, quite fantastic.
Now it bags and sags,
Covering itself in ugly tags,
Warts and moles and wrinkles.
My skin stinkles,
It's unstable,
Unable
To be proper skin any more.*

Denis Nightingale

Adrian's pick of the month: Pub signs







All photos courtesy of u3a Carrick photography group

Quiz

Who said?

1. I can resist anything except temptation.
2. I think therefore I am.
3. Whatever you have, spend less.
4. Believe you can and you're halfway there.
5. All that glitters is not gold.
6. Knowledge is power.
7. Nothing is certain except death and taxes.
8. Whatever you are, be a good one.
9. I have a dream.
10. I have not failed. I've just found 10,000 ways that don't work.

Who sang these Bond film theme songs?














1. Goldfinger
2. Live and Let Die
3. Skyfall
4. You Only Live Twice
5. Thunderball
6. A view to a Kill
7. Nobody Does It Better
8. Diamonds Are Forever
9. No Time to Die
10. You Know my Name
11. For Your Eyes Only
12. Golden Eye
13. Licence to Kill
14. Die Another Day
15. From Russia with Love

Food and Drink

1. What does IPA stand for?
2. What is sold at Billingsgate market?
3. What is a frikandel?
4. What is a punt on a bottle of wine?
5. What is a Dorset Blue Vinney?
6. What is Pumpernickel?
7. What is Bombay Duck?
8. What is the most common pub name?
9. What would you measure in a hogshead?
10. What is ghee?

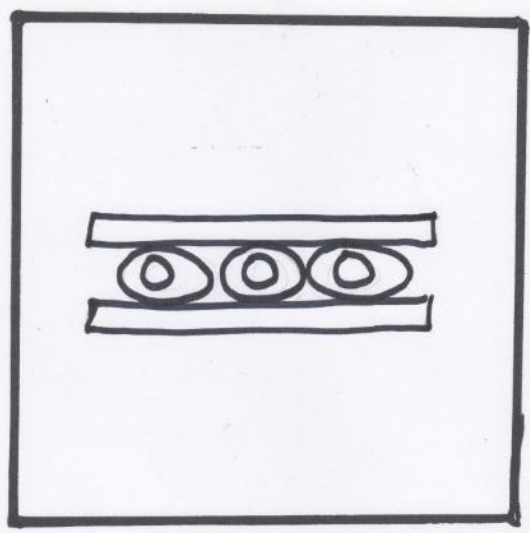
[Answers on page 27](#)

Picture Quiz: Birds

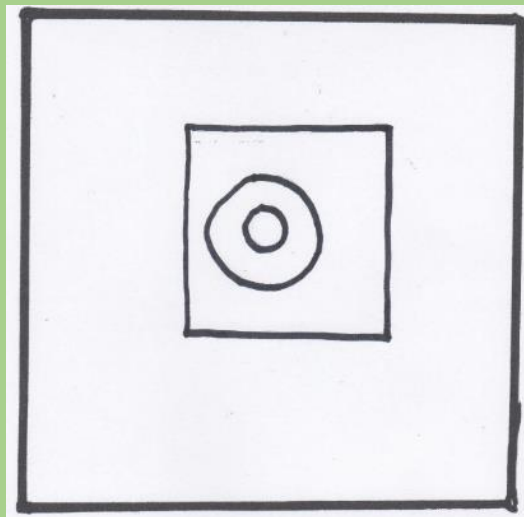
 <p>1</p>	 <p>2</p>	 <p>3</p>	 <p>4</p>
 <p>5</p>	 <p>6</p>	 <p>7</p>	 <p>8</p>
 <p>9</p>	 <p>10</p>	 <p>11</p>	 <p>12</p>
 <p>13</p>	 <p>14</p>	 <p>15</p>	 <p>16</p>

[Answers on page 28](#)

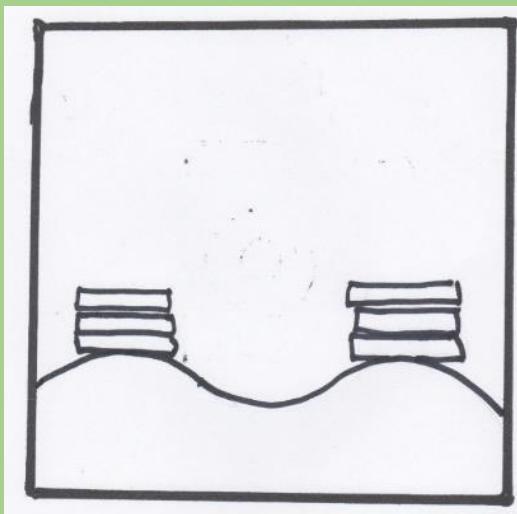
David's Doodles



1



2



3



4

[Answers on page 25](#)

David Westby

Blind at Sea



Are you blind or partially sighted adult?

Looking for a new experience on the water?

Blind at Sea (BATS) is a Cornish charity offering the chance to enjoy sailing or sea angling in a safe, friendly, and supportive environment. Whether you have experience or have always wanted to try something new, you are very welcome to join us.

If you are unsure about getting on a boat, there is no pressure.

You can visit beforehand, explore the yacht, and meet our fully qualified, experienced, and enthusiastic volunteers, before heading out.

Enjoy the freedom of the sea, feel the wind in your hair, try your hand at fishing for mackerel or maybe, even a bull huss!

Our yacht, a Beneteau Oceanis 31, is well equipped for safety and comfort, including refreshments and onboard facilities.

We also offer occasional summer sessions of early evening pier fishing.

To find out more, visit <https://www.blindatsea.co.uk/about-us/>

Call **Doreen on 07952 710452**

Or email sailing@blindatsea.co.uk

Please note that all of our team are volunteers, so response times may vary.

We look forward to welcoming you aboard.

Registered Charity No. 1011055

Blind at Sea (BATS), Cornwall

Submitted by Rozy Brooks

Droodle answers

1. A sliced egg sandwich
3. Camel balancing books to improve posture

2. Mexican in a porta-loo
4. The eyes have it.

Quotes from famous artists to inform and inspire



A drawing is simply taking a line for a walk

Paul Klee



If I could say it in words there would be no reason to paint

Edward Hopper



The works must be conceived with fire in the soul, but executed with clinical coolness

Joan Miro



I never paint dreams or nightmares; I paint my own reality

Frida Kahlo



I shut my eyes in order to see

Paul Gauguin



Creativity takes courage

Henri Matisse

Have no fear of perfection. You will never reach it

Salvador Dali



Painting is easy when you don't know how, but very difficult when you do

Edgar Degas



Every child is an artist; the problem is how to remain an artist when you grow up

Pablo Picasso



Great art picks up where nature ends

Marc Chagall



Art is a line around your thoughts

Gustave Klimt

To be an artist is to believe in art

Marc Chagall

David Westby

All images courtesy of Wikipedia

Quiz answers

Who said?

1. I can resist anything except temptation.
2. I think therefore I am.
3. Whatever you have, spend less.
4. Believe you can and you're halfway there.
5. All that glitters is not gold.
6. Knowledge is power.
7. Nothing is certain except death and taxes.
8. Whatever you are, be a good one.
9. I have a dream.
10. I have not failed. I've just found 10,000 ways that don't work.

Oscar Wilde
René Descartes
Samuel Johnson
Theodore Roosevelt
William Shakespeare
Francis Bacon
Benjamin Franklin
Abraham Lincoln
Martin Luther King Jr
Thomas Edison

Who sang these Bond film theme songs?

1. Goldfinger
2. Live and Let Die
3. Skyfall
4. You Only live Twice
5. Thunderball
6. A view to a Kill
7. Nobody does It Better
8. Diamonds Are Forever
9. No Time to Die
10. You Know my Name
11. For Your Eyes Only
12. Golden Eye
13. Licence to Kill
14. Die Another Day
15. From Russia with Love

Shirley Bassey
Paul McCartney
Adele
Nancy Sinatra
Tom Jones
Duran Duran
Carly Simon
Shirley Bassey
Billie Eilish
Chris Cornell
Sheena Easton
Tina Turner
Gladys Knight
Madonna
Matt Monro

Food and Drink

1. What does IPA stand for?
2. What is sold at Billingsgate market?
3. What is a frikandel?
4. What is a punt on a bottle of wine?
5. What is a Dorset Blue Vinney?
6. What is Pumpernickel?
7. What is Bombay Duck?
8. What is the most common pub name?
9. What would you measure in a hogshead?
10. What is ghee?

















India Pale Ale
Fish
A sausage
The dent on the base
A cheese
A type of bread
Dried fish
The Red Lion
Beer or wine
Clarified butter

Riddle answer

People buy me to eat, but never eat me. What am I?

Cutlery

Picture Quiz answers

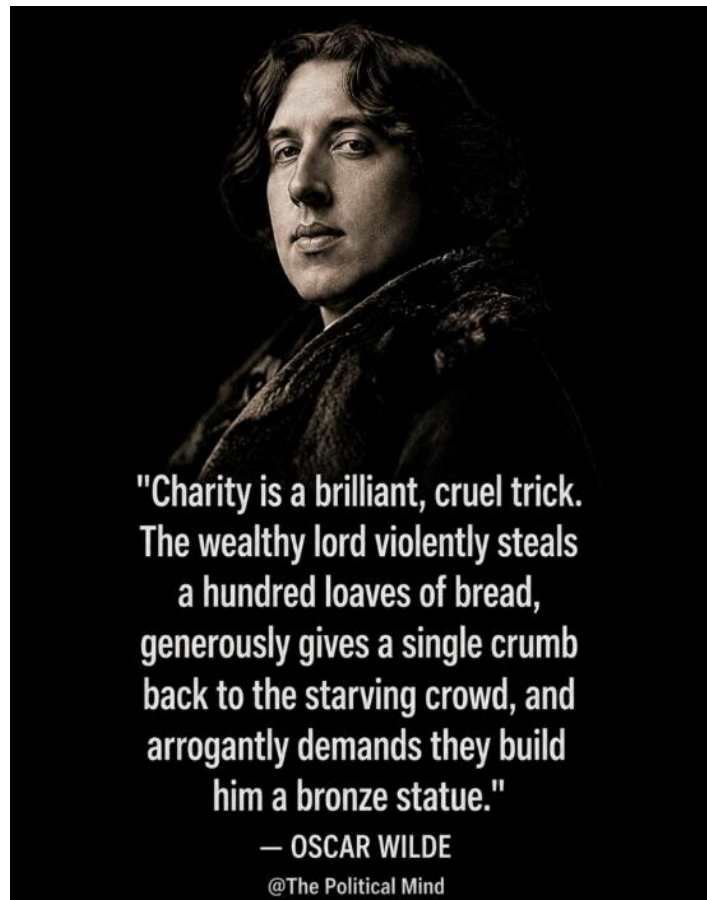
			
Sparrow	Cormorant	Puffin	Kestrel
			
Great Tit	Chaffinch	Jay	Buzzard
			
Chough	Woodpecker	Thrush	Macaw
			
Kiwi	Cockatoo	Sea Eagle	Barn Owl

FOUR LETTER WORDS: answers

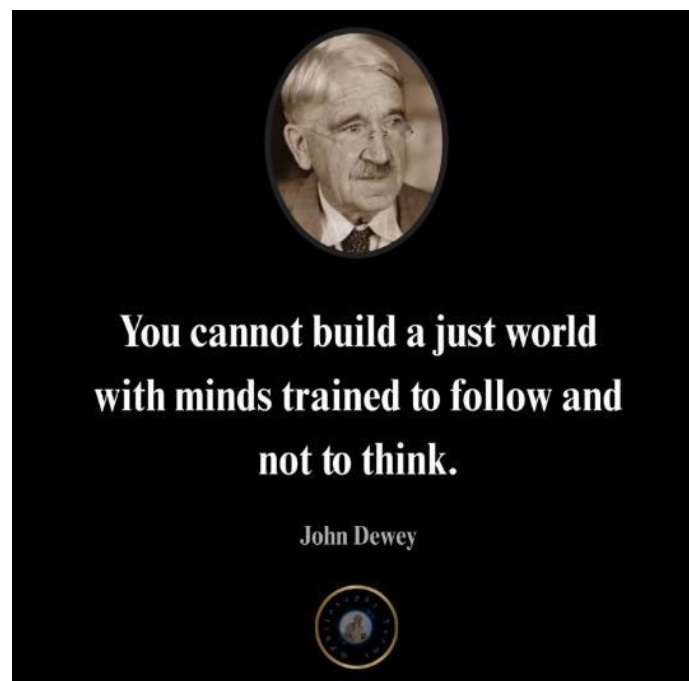
1. Four letter words from the letters; MNEA?
2. Four letter words from the letters; VLIE?
3. Four letter words from the letters; NPSI?

Mane	Mean	Name	Amen
Vile	Evil	Live	Veil
Nips	Snip	Spin	Pins

Thoughts for the Day



Courtesy of The Political Mind & Facebook



Courtesy of Philosophy Terms & 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 – Sunday 26th July 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.