



BRITISH SOCIETY

NEWSLETTER



"Here's to the end of a perfect first date!"

BRITSOC COMMITTEE

In office

The AGM on 10 June elected the following, with thanks to their predecessors:

President: Richard Empson

Vice-President: Madeleine Pool

Treasurer: Michael Brown

Newsletter Editor: Germán Villar

Secretary: Susan McConnell

Sir Winston Churchill Home and Benevolent Fund Chairman:

Ivan Zimler

In this issue

Our Society President addresses us (page 8)

Go back in time with Tony Beckwith (page 11)

TABS and a request you should consider (page 5)

Obituary - Arturo Beare (page 9)

Next month's coming events (last page!)

COMING EVENTS

1st September - Club de Lunch Uruguayo - Británico's Monthly lunch.

8th September - *British Society Lecture - Supper Cycle*. Starting at 8pm, we'll be enjoying a nice dinner while Richard Cowley will captivate us with pirate stories. At The Anglo School.

18th September - *St. Andrew's Society's Senior Caledonian Ball* at Punta carretas Golf Club 10pm.

For more information, go to page 2, and if you need encouraging, read Tony's story in page 11!

Regular Sections

Embassy News (Page 3)

Letters to the Editor (page 5)

Art and Culture (pages 6 & 7)

Dictionary Corner (page 8)

Lamb Chops (page 10)

CALEDONIAN BALL 2010

CLUB DE GOLF DEL URUGUAY

Saturday, 18th September 2010

This Traditional Ball consists of a splendid night when people of different ages enjoy a memorable party, with the opportunity of dancing Scottish Country dances.

Enjoy the music of the pipes and drums and also the excellent performance of the dancers. Dance also to the oldies of the DJ. Roberto Alvarez. Food and beverages will be served as well.

For information, tickets and reservations please contact any St Andrew 's Society Committee Member:

Pilar Ellis - 29013841 - Maria Pia Abin - 27089587

Raquel Stewart - 24801453 - 099157615

Norman Alexander - 26194646

Tommy Hobbins - 095 706060

Gonzalo Rodríguez - 099682625

From the Editor

Well, here I am again at it. Never thought it possible... two months in a row! August issue was hard, but rewarding. Hope to make amends for some mistakes in September.

Curious, we 've had some nice feedback for the last issue, but no letters.

Come on, I 'm sure you have something to say, so get to it, write it down, and email it to britsoc@gmail.com.

Comments, ideas, suggestions, requests, poetry, and of course, donations, you name it, every line is welcome.

Remember, as a member of the British Society in Uruguay, this is YOUR Newsletter, and it is up to you to help to keep it up.

Ed. E. Tore

Embassy News

FELIPE LLANTADA RETURNED FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD AND WROTE A TESTIMONY TO SHARE.

When I was asked to write a few words about my experience of living and studying in the United Kingdom for a year I did not know where to start. How could I convey in words what it is like to live in the United Kingdom, in the city of Oxford and attend the University of Oxford, one of the oldest and most prestigious institutions in the world? How could I transmit what is like to live in a developed country where the values of liberty, multiculturalism and tolerance are the essence of the people's identity? To be member of a University where you can attend lectures on any subject imaginable, and conferences by Nobel prize winners and famous academics on a weekly basis. To meet people from places you have never even heard of, to try different foods, and to learn different ways of doing things and of thinking about the world.



Yet the experience is not limited only to the academic, how can I explain what it is like to walk by the same river where Lewis Carroll was inspired to write Alice in Wonderland, to have a beer in the same pub where J.R.R. Tolkien and C.S. Lewis used to discuss literature, to go to the Oxford Union where Churchill and many other Prime Ministers once took part in great debates.

I cannot.

Because I cannot transmit what it was like to live in the United Kingdom, I simply hope that the Chevening Scholarship programme will remain in place for years to come so that other Uruguayans will have the opportunity to benefit from studying there too, where I can say that I spent one of the best years of my life.

Felipe Llantada
Foreign Service Programme 2009-2010.
University of Oxford
Trinity College

IMPORTANT NOTICE. - FRAY BENTOS

We are still organizing the weekend in Fray Bentos. Please let us know if you are interested, answering the following questions by email to britsoc@gmail.com.

1) Fancy going? 2) If so, how many? 3) Twin beds or double? 4) Up for dinner on Sat? 5) If so, how many? 6) Special diet? 7) Mobility problems? 8) Coach there and back, or meet there?

Date has been postponed. It will be done in November, and we are planning some very interesting local tours.

The British Society lecture-supper cycle:

HARRY MORGAN AND THE BATTLE FOR THE CARIBBEAN

Taking up where we left off a couple of years back, The British Society invites members and non-members alike to partake in its new cycle of lecture-suppers. In this first lecture of the series, Richard Cowley will enthral us with the tale of **Harry Morgan and the Battle for the Caribbean**, and afterwards, we 'll savour a three course supper including a delicious Lamb Rogan Josh prepared especially for the occasion by a group of excellent cooks from our own Community. The event will take place on **Wednesday September 8th starting at 20:00 hrs at The Anglo School** (María Saldún de Rodríguez 2195, behind Portones Shopping Center). The lecture's topic is as exotic as it is interesting: a great story about a gigantic and colourful personality, whose exploits are absolutely true, though occasionally hard to believe. It takes place against the background of the struggle between the English and the Spanish in the Caribbean of the 17th century. Morgan was a privateer and a leader of buccaneers, who became the scourge of the Spanish. With semi-official support from the British, he ravaged and swashbuckled his way round Cuba, Portobello and Maracaibo, and once he led 1,400 desperate men through disease-ridden, snake infested swamps and jungles to devastate Panama City. Clearly a tale you don't want to miss! Tickets are available at \$150 for members and \$200 for non-members by reservation only. Those interested should contact Susan McConnell at 099267413 or susan.a.mcconnell@gmail.com. Seats are limited, so if you want seats **book now!**

LORD CASTLEREAGH & THE BUTLER'S GHOST

Enterprising Dia del Patrimonio guide Alastair Sadler discovered rather more than he was expecting when he researched the history behind the pictures at the Residence in Jorge Canning. Looking at the early 19th century, at the British influence that helped create Uruguay, and the men behind it—Foreign Secretary George Canning, British envoy John Ponsonby and War Minister Lord Castlereagh — Alastair discovered there was a Byronic world of intrigue and scandal behind the events of the time. Canning, first of all, was said to be jealous of Ponsonby's good looks, and so sent him to South America to get him out of the way, while the Secretary of State carried on a royal *affaire*. The Prince Regent (of whom Beau Brummel once famously said to the Prince's companion, 'Who's your fat friend?') was so grossly over-



Robert Stewart, Viscount Castlereagh

weight he had to have special trousers made up for him, with a 126-inch waist, and it seems his lady's eye had lighted on the less portly Ponsonby too. Lord Castlereagh, meanwhile, was a talented soldier and crack shot, who fell out violently with Canning after an argument about troop movements. The two men fought a duel: Canning the diplomat, who had never fired a gun in his life, shot first and missed, at

which point Castlereagh mercifully plugged him in the leg. By an irony of fate, however, the War Minister himself did not have long to live, as depression overtook him along with massive unpopularity. By 1822 he had become so suicidal that his wife hid all the knives in the house, but she forgot the letter-opener which Castlereagh used in slitting his throat. Later it turned out that he feared he was being blackmailed for homosexuality. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. The affair nonetheless makes for an interesting tour on the Dia del Patrimonio, along with the story of the drunken butler who fell down the stairs at Canning 2491 and left his ghost behind. Last year's guides treated this story with some scepticism, but if the accident really happened it must have been post 1928: perhaps a reader can throw some light on the tale?

JCL

Letters to the Editor

I believe that all of us should retire relatively young.

Fidel Castro

I can 't listen to that much Wagner... I start getting the urge to conquer Poland.

Woody Allen

Never seem more learned than the people you are with. Wear your learning like a pocket watch and keep it hidden. Do not pull it out to count the hours, but give the time when you are asked.

Lord Chesterfield.

I have found that the best way to give advice to your children, is to find out what they want, and then advise them.

Harry S. Truman

Don 't ask of your friends what you yourself can do.

Quintus Ennius

He who has a thousand friends, has not a friend to spare.

And he who has one enemy, will meet him everywhere.

Ali ibn - Ali - Talib

History will be kind to me, for I intend to write it.

Sir Winston Churchill

Please – can you give a little of your time to help?

We need just a few more volunteers...

We now have a good group of volunteers to start the process of setting up a support system for the elderly in our Community, but we need a few more. It's related to the **TABS** (**T**houghtful **A**ssistance for the **B**ritish **S**ociety) idea which was received with enthusiasm at the AGM.

As a first step, we are going to offer a transport service for our elderly friends who need a lift to get to the Hospital, the shops, a meeting or whatever.

Can you help? Would you be able to make yourself available for an occasional trip (maybe once or twice a month) in your car to help someone in the Community out? This really means occasional not a regular burden, and petrol costs will be covered, if required. If you'd like to join the existing group of volunteers, please call Richard and Liz Cowley on 710 2809.

Thanks very much.

ART & CULTURE

By Veronica Cordeiro



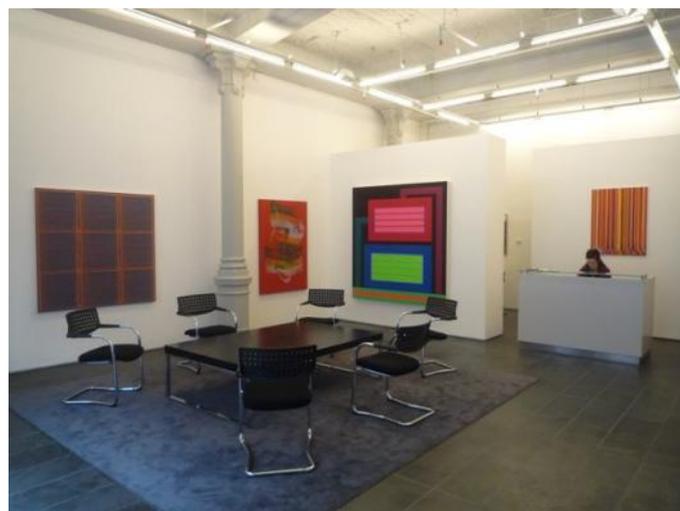
Dear readers, September brings us an exciting cultural agenda.

In the Visual Arts, a most unprecedented opening took place two weeks ago:

re.volver is the title of the group show that inaugurated Uruguay's first contemporary art gallery of international stature. Situated downtown in Ciudad Vieja, on Bartolomé Mitre just off 25 de mayo, **Xippas Arte Contemporáneo** opened its doors to the public on Thursday 19th August. Art dealer and entrepreneur Reno Xippas has been an important international figure in the contemporary art circuit for over three decades. In 1990 he opened his first large-scale gallery in Paris, a 700 square-metre white cube situated in the distinguished Marais district; a few years later, his second gallery tripled in size to accommodate large-scale installations and sculptural projects in an industrial space located 60 km from the French capital, called La Réserve. In 2003 he opened his third contemporary art gallery, this time in Athens, where Xippas was born after his family was forced to leave Cairo during the Nasser revolution; and last year he expanded the Greek presence with another large space called Exit 7, based on the same premise as La Réserve, dedicated to special projects. During and after the Egyptian revolution Xippas' father visited Uruguay at the height of its splendour, in the mid 1950s, and fell in love with the country. In 1956 he decided to bring his family – his son, Reno, was then seven years old. Reno Xippas lived here until the age of 23, when he finished his studies and moved to London. Thirty years later he returns, enamoured by his childhood memories and propelled by the challenge of introducing a contemporary art market where there is none – none that can be called official and international. In the inaugural exhibition, which will be on show until November, are select paintings and photographs by French, German, Brazilian, British, Belgian and American artists of confirmed international acclaim such as Ian Davenport, Vik Muniz, Chuck Close, Phillipe Ramete, Valérie Jouve, Dan Walsh, among others. This is a truly unique occurrence. Check out the gallery's website – a visit to our new contemporary art jewel is a must:

Xippas Arte Contemporáneo, Bartolomé Mitre, 1395. Tel: 915 5013. montevideo@xippas.com

www.xippas.com



As for the best of our music, romantic and poetic singer-songwriter Jorge Drexler, Uruguay's only Oscar winner to date (nominated Best Original Song in 2005 for *Al otro lado del río*, written for Brazilian film director Walter Salle's film *Diários de Motocicleta*), comes back to his hometown with his new album, *Amar la Trama*. Get your tickets now for the concert that will be held on the 14th of September at the newly refurbished historical Teatro El Sodre. Note that despite his emigration to Madrid in the mid '90s, the celebrated musician continues to collaborate with fellow "orientales": the cover illustration of the new album is a drawing by a young and most talented painter called Manuel Rodríguez and the cover design, in turn, was created by another young local talent, Santiago Velazco.

Auditorio Nacional Adela Reta - Sala Fabini (Andes y Mercedes) at 21:00

Tickets available at: Red UTS (Palacio de la Música, CD Warehouse and Red Pagos)

Visit the British Embassy in Montevideo website at <http://ukinuruguay.fco.gov.uk>

See also:

Events and Openings:

From Thursday 2nd September at 19:00 hs: **Martín Pelenur**, installation. Centro Municipal de Exposiciones SUBTE, Plaza Fabini, **Tuesday to Sunday, from 12.00 to 21.00 hs.**

On **Friday 3rd**, an interesting group show opens at the Alianza Francesa **at 19.30. Ancestros**, with works by Gladys Afamado, Doreen Bayley, Olga Bettas, Silvia Brewda, Silvia Dimant, Alvaro Gelabert, María Guerreiro, Eloísa Ibarra, Nora Kimelman, Lilián Madfes, Raquel Lejtregger, Mario Marinoni, Sara Slipchinsky and Margaret White.

El monte análogo, painting, sculptures, objects, photography and drawing; **Pablo Uribe**, installation; and **Guillermo Laborde**, painting. Museo Nacional de Artes Visuales, Parque Rodó, **Tuesday-Sunday, 14.00 to 19.00 hs.**

Pedro Figari, painting. Museo Pedro Figari, Juan Carlos Gómez 1427, **Monday to Friday 13.00 to 18.00, and Saturday from 10.00 to 14.00 hs.**

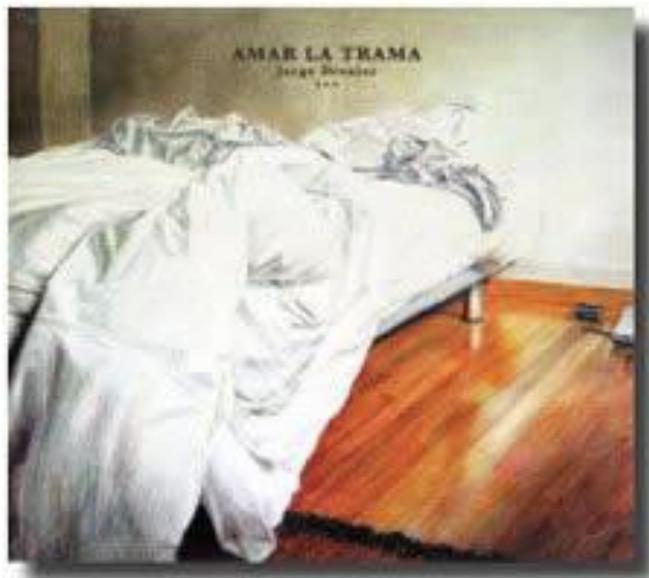
José Gurvich, painting. Museo Gurvich, Itzaingó 1377, **Monday to Friday, from 10.00 to 18.00, Saturday from 11.00 to 15.00 hs.**

Silvia Cacciatori, video; **Isidoro Valcárcel Medina**, installation; and **Angel Rama, culture explorer**, books, documents. **Juan Perazzo**, intervention. Centro Cultural de España, Rincón 629, **Monday to Friday from 11.20 to 20.00, Saturday from 11.30 to 18.00 hs.**

Yudi Yudoyoko, painting. SOA (Solamente obras de arte – new arte café in town), Constituyente 2046, **Monday to Saturday from 10.00 to 20.00 hs.**

Javier Abdala, Santiago Aldabalde, Sebastián Barranteguy, painting and sculpture. WTC Hall, Torre 3, Plaza de las Torres, all day.

Seven Peruvian artists, painting. Museo Zorrilla, Juan Zorrilla de San Martín 96, **every day from 14.00 to 18.00 hs.**



From the President

Dear members

As some of you have probably heard, we have had an unexpected change in our ranks. Virginia Campbell, elected at our Society's last Annual General Meeting in June, has stepped down as Chairman of the Sir Winston Churchill Home and Benevolent Funds. She has been replaced by Ivan Zimler, who will take care of the funds until a Chairman is formally elected at our next AGM. The Society's Executive Committee (and, I believe, the Community in general) is thankful to Ivan for having agreed to take over this difficult job and wishes him all the best for his time in office.

Moving on to lighter topics, as was to be expected our Community's golfers failed to keep Andrew Cooper's hands off the Grabbe Cup at last month's St. Andrew's Society's annual golf tournament. Andrew was so confident of winning, apparently, that he even forgot to take the Cup (which had been given to him to take by last years' winner) to the Cerro Golf Club on the day of the tournament! We wish the Community's golfers better luck next year...

Among this month's events two stand out. The first is The British Society's lecture-supper at The Anglo School. This will be the first of a new cycle of lecture-suppers our Society plans to hold every couple of months or so, and promises to be a full house. On this occasion, former Society President and renowned lecturer Richard Cowley will captivate your attention with the exotic real-life tale of pirate Harry Morgan and the Battle for the Caribbean, while a group of excellent cooks from our own Community will captivate your stomachs with a delicious three course meal including a plate of Lamb Rogan Josh prepared especially for the occasion. Since seats are limited, I would recommend you book a place right now!

The second event is the St. Andrew's Society's Caledonian Ball. For those unfamiliar with the event, this is the evening when all the Community lets loose its Scottish spirit and (some dropping trousers and donning kilts) hops about to the sound of fiddles and bagpipes. We are sure this year will be no exception and the Punta Carretas Golf Club will shake under the feet of eightsomes dancing to Scottish country music!

Richard A. Empson

How many software engineers does it take to change a light bulb?

Four, plus one senior analyst to manage the project, one technical writer to correct the spelling and grammar of the one who documented it, one light bulb librarian, a sales-force of at least five to drum up enough users who want to turn the light on, 274 users to burn out the new bulb, at which point we go to tender for another light bulb change,...

Fact of the Day

Because microwave ovens cook so fast, microbes can survive on the surface of the food. To counteract this problem, cover the cooking dish with another dish of glass or ceramic, not plastic. The steam that accumulates will heat the surface, thus killing any surviving microscopic critters.

DICTIONARY CORNER – 3

More help with those words that seem designed to mislead us:

Gregorian - Someone unsure of his name.

Abdicate - To give up hope of ever having a flat stomach.

Amok - I'm fine.

Kindred - Fear of one's own family.

Fallible - Something that is likely to fall over.

Juggernaut - An empty beer tankard.

OBITUARY - ARTURO BEARE

On July 27th., just before his 89th. Birthday, Arturo left us, to rest in peace together with his beloved wife Barbara.

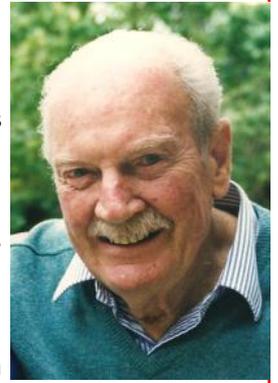
He began working with the Montevideo Water Works & Co. Ltd., after which he joined shipping, with the Royal Mail Lines and later on in life, Houlder Brothers Ltd.

During his active years, and through his daily work, he related with, and helped many British subjects who passed through or lived in Montevideo, working for British companies or missions. He also attended to Royal Navy ships when they called in at the port.

He also served his terms on the boards of the British Schools Society, the Old Boys Club, English Club, Montevideo Cricket Club, SKAL Club, and the Apostleship of the Sea.

We will remember him, as a true friend, and a hard-working, kind, gentleman.

To his children, Diana, Peter, Andrew and their families go our sincere condolences.



Sir Winston Churchill Home News

On the 9th of September at 4pm we will be celebrating Betty Machado and Eileen Kelard's birthdays.

Should anyone like to do so, we'd love to have you for a cup of tea.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PIPE BANDS

Please let us know if you are willing to bring a small package back from UK or the USA... Our pipe bands are always in need of transport for small maintenance items, such as reeds, blowpipes, and bags.

Give us an address and we 'll make sure they get to you in time.

These items are not much bigger than a pack of cigarettes. Well, the bag can be a bit larger, but it is normally flat and silent, as the noisy piper is not yet attached to it, so you can fit it easily in your luggage!

Contact us at britsoc@gmail.com

LAMB CHOPS

By Jonathan Lamb

My Life as a Fag

When your correspondent was a smelly-footed 12-year-old, his parents tried to find a way of sending him to public school. There was a perfectly good grammar (ie public) school in the town where we lived, but the done thing in those days was public (ie private) school, preferably in Kirckudbrightshire or somewhere suitably distant and downwind. The problem was that there was no money. The Old Man ran a charity for retired Naval Officers in London, on a less than chaitable salary. He had to cultivate the very rich while having no money himself, which can't have been easy. There was one story he told about going out to dinner with Theodore Barclay, and then having to pay for it because Barclay said he had forgotten his chequebook.

Meanwhile my mother made ends meet by cooking in a village primary school. When things got really tight she made pigs and bears as soft toys. So to get the younger one schooled, the only way was to look for a scholarship. They took me to Winchester, but Winchester pronounced, over a glass of sherry, that the boy was not clever enough. In the end the Old Man found a school in East Devon, on the cliffs between Seaton and Lyme

Regis, where Army officers sent their offspring, and where consequently any one was clever enough. This was Allhallows School.



Fagging at Allhallows was called 'studies'. Twice a week you would have to get up at 6.30 and run a bath for the prefects. Then you would fill the coal scuttle, polish their boots, sprinkle the insides with talcum powder and wake their owners with a cup of tea. One prefect was so violent on being woken that you would have to prod him from a distance with a broom handle. After breakfast you would make the prefects' beds. In the morning break period between classes you had to go to their Common Room to prepare them coffee and toast, and the same after lunch. You then got a rest until the evening, when you had to go and make toast and coffee again and do the washing-up.

An abiding memory is the smell of burnt toast, instant coffee and for some reason melon pips - why did they always eat melon? - congealing on the plate. The music on their record-player was Cream and Led Zeppelin, and the boots you had to polish were from the King's Road, but they had the power to thrash you with a cane so you polished well. And it was not the prefects, but the ones just below them, who were the real criminals.

Jonathan Lamb

From 'My Life as a Fag', or 'Inside Lindsay Anderson's If', a talk about life and death at a British public school in the 1960's, at the Anglo Centro, San Jose 1426, at 6.30pm on 1 October (date to be confirmed). Admission free.

CLUB DE LUNCH URUGUAYO BRITANICO (CLUB)

Sr. Patrick Mullee, Presidente Honorario

Por la presente nos es grato informarles que nuestro próximo almuerzo tendrá lugar el miércoles 1 de setiembre, como siempre en el NH Columbia (Rambla Gran Bretaña 478) a partir de las 12:15 horas y el almuerzo comenzará a las 13:00 hrs. En esta oportunidad, nuestro Expositor Invitado es el **Lic. Edward Hogg** y el tema a desarrollar será: "[Cambio Climático: lo que implica para su negocio](#)"

The Caledonian Ball

By Tony Beckwith

Many years ago when the British arrived in Argentina and Uruguay, they came first as soldiers, which is how they did things in those days, and then as businessmen, which was a much better idea. Thriving new opportunities then attracted people from all over the United Kingdom, launching a wave of immigration that brought several generations from the old world to the two countries that border the River Plate.

The Scots who came to the region in the very early days trusted their native experience and settled in rural areas as sheep ranchers and shepherds. They brought with them their traditions, their music, and their dances; their kilt and bagpipe became recognizable icons everywhere. In time they blended into the larger British Communities in the area, whose members to this day are descended from those early adventurers.

This explains why the Caledonian Ball was one of the high points of the social calendar during my youth in Montevideo. The Ball was a very grand affair, held at the Parque Hotel, in their spacious ballroom with polished parquet floors, sparkling chandeliers, and waiters in dinner jackets. It was a gathering of the clans, a tribal experience, attended by a cross-section of the community and thoroughly enjoyed by venerable elders, frisky youngsters, and everyone in between. I was a teenager at the time and enjoyed the event to the full extent of my capacity for having fun, which in those days was prodigious. And why not? There was a most agreeable feeling of belonging. Plus, I was all spiffed up in formal attire, at a splendid hotel, surrounded by friends and music. It was always a night to remember.

But you couldn't just show up at a Caledonian Ball. You had to be part of an eight-some, which hopefully included seven of your wildest friends. And you had to attend practice sessions for weeks in advance so that you and your wild friends could perform flawless renditions of the traditional group dances – the Eightsome Reel, the Schottische, the Dashing White Sergeant, Strip the Willow, the Petronella, the Highland Fling, and so on. Some of them were sedate, some lively, some downright dangerous, in which excited couples careened up and down at breakneck speeds, occasionally colliding with others, which only added to the excitement. There was a giddiness in the air all night, like a carnival or a very popular wedding. People connected with their inner highlander and, by some unspoken understanding, certain codes of behavior acquired an unusual elasticity.

The dances were of the traditional variety: four couples form a square, with all dancers facing inwards. They raise their arms above their heads, thumbs touching their middle finger and the other fingers fully extended. Then they hop from one foot to the other, in time to the music, tapping the floor with the toe of the raised foot on the offbeat. Men and women perform this ritual jig in a prescribed order, then sashay towards each other, meeting in the center of the square for a sequence of approaches and steps that lead to a linking of arms and skipping around in a circle. There is much merriment and no restriction whatsoever on shouting or squealing with laughter. In fact, the more noise the better, or so it seemed back then at the Parque Hotel.

Some people actually wore a kilt of their clan's tartan to the Ball and there were, of course, the usual jokes about what went on under the family colors. If I'd had one I would certainly have worn it, probably over my rugby shorts, like everyone else. It would have to be a Campbell tartan because my family is descended from the Campbell clan through my paternal grandmother. Someone once told me that long ago, back in the misty highlands of Scotland, there were two clans, the Campbells and the MacDonalds. There was bitter animosity between them, like the Hatfields and McCoys in the United States, and one day my forebears invited the MacDonalds to a meeting and then massacred them all. I remember being extremely puzzled as to how all that affected me, and feeling a little uncomfortable around those who were descended from some of the more fortunate MacDonalds who presumably survived. I used to wonder if, in the excitement of the Ball, they might be contemplating a little old-fashioned revenge. After all, you never really know what's going through people's minds. A couple of whiskeys and some of them think they're Rob Roy himself.

My brother wore a kilt on at least one occasion, but I have no idea how it came into his possession. Christopher, who was fourteen months older than I, was one of the bagpipers that night, and the pipers were the highlight of the Ball. They readied themselves in a private room, adjusting their kilts, straightening their stockings, and downing a ritual tumbler of neat Scotch whisky before exploding into the ballroom and filling the hearts of all present with the extraordinary sound of the Scottish bagpipe. It can be wild music, evocative of moor and glen, its intoxicating rhythm inciting you to give your inhibitions the night off and dance like one possessed. Or it can roll over you slowly like a dirge, its thick welling notes suffocating you with sadness.

Our ancestors were undoubtedly present amongst us on the night of the Ball. The event was a potent manifestation of Scottish tradition that allowed those so inclined to create a Scottish persona they could wear like a fancy dress at a costume ball. People got into the spirit of the occasion and, as the evening progressed, started referring to young women as "lasses," and saying "aye!" at the drop of a hat. They'd roll their "rr's" like Sean Connery does and attempt a variety of linguistic experiments, saying things like, "aye, that's a verra nice drop o' whuskey, laddie!" Nobody minded these unscripted deviations from the norm. With bagpipes wailing and sips of Scotch warming one's throat, who *didn't* wonder aloud whether there was "a moose loose about the hoose," or sing a nostalgic verse or two from *Auld Lang Syne*? Hoots mon, this was the Caledonian Ball!

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Treasurer: Michael Brown

michaelb76@aol.com

Newsletter Editor:

Germán Villar

(britsoc@gmail.com)

Secretary: Susan McConnell

(susan.a.mccconnell@gmail.com)

Auditor: Ian McConnell

MAKE A DONATION

and we will thank you on every page!

On behalf of a growing number of Uruguay 's most affluent and Influential movers and shakers, plus diplomats, international companies, recent settlers and language institutes.

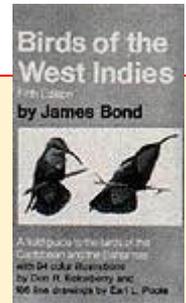
Contact britsoc@gmail.com

Other Events

Friday, October 15th, and Saturday, October 16th, Riverside Pipe Band, City of Montevideo Pipe Band, as well as Grianán and Trelew are in for the 7th Encuentro Uruguayo de Música Celta at the Sala Zitarrosa.

Saturday November 6, WDA Bazaar starting at 2 p.m. in the Lafone Hall, next to the Anglican Cathedral. Tea at tea time and many stalls to enjoy.

The Name's Familiar



James Bond

James Bond, known to his friends as; Jim, was a Philadelphia ornithologist and the author of a book called Birds of the West India.

While the bird-watching book may not have been a bestseller, it did catch the attention of an Englishman named Ian Fleming. At the time, Fleming was living in Jamaica and writing a book of his own. It was the story of an as yet unnamed British secret agent who had the code name 007.

One day, as Fleming was sitting at breakfast looking through his favorite non-fiction tide, he found the perfect name for his hero: Bond, James Bond. Interestingly, the name Bond was not chosen because it was strong, exotic, or even memorable. As Fleming later wrote, "It struck me that this name, brief, unromantic and yet very masculine, was just what I needed." Jim Bond didn't know about his fictional namesake until the early 1960s when he read an interview in which Fleming explained the origin of his character's name.



In 1961, Bond's wife, Mary, wrote to Fleming and half jokingly threatened to sue him for defamation of character. Fleming replied, "I most confess that your husband has every reason to sue me.... In return, I can only offer your James Bond unlimited use of the name Ian Fleming for any purpose he may think fit."

In the wake of the Exxon/Mobil deal and the AOL/Netscape deal, here are the latest mergers we can expect to see:

Hale Business Systems, Mary Kay Cosmetics, Fuller Brush, and W.R. Grace Company merge to become Hale Mary Fuller Grace.

Polygram Records, Warner Brothers, and Keebler Crackers merge to become Polly-Warner-Cracker.

3M and Goodyear merge to become MMMGood.

John Deere and Abitibi-Price merge to become Deere Abi.

Zippo Manufacturing, Audi Motors, Dofasco, and Dakota Mining merge to become Zip Audi Do Da.

Honeywell, Imasco, and Home Oil merge to become Honey I'm Home.

Denison Mines, and Alliance and Metal Mining merge to become Mine, All Mine.