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Coming Events

- ▶ **Sunday 17th**
Palm Sunday service at Holy Trinity Cathedral
- ▶ **Sunday 17th - Thursday 21st**
Maundy Thursday service at Holy Trinity Cathedral
- ▶ **Sunday 17th - Thursday 21st - Friday 22nd**
Good Friday service at Holy Trinity Cathedral
- ▶ **Sunday 24th**
Easter Day service at Holy Trinity Cathedral.
- ▶ **Tuesday 26th**
At Christ Church Hall
2:30 p.m. WDA Bridge Tea
For tables please phone Joan Lucas-Calcraft at 2600 1836 before April 24th
- ▶ **Wednesday 27th**
The British Society AGM at The British School's Conference Room (Máximo Tajes 6400) at 7 PM.
- ▶ **Thursday 28th**
British Hospital Guild AGM at the British Hospital Conference Room, on the 3rd floor of the Policlínica building.
- ▶ **Friday 29th**
Celebration of The Royal Wedding (see Embassy News)

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Winter is on it's way!



Wizard of Id



From the Editor

Dear Readers,

A new year has officially started, even though the cyclists are yet to start the Vuelta. We are back at it, with some new things, some the same as before. Veronica has regretfully declined to continue in our staff, and Alice has moved forwards to help. We are always on the lookout for any sort of collaboration, so if you think you can add to our Newsletter on a regular or a sporadic basis, please drop us a line. No special connections needed, this is not a family run business, even though some might think otherwise. Yes, Verónica was (still is) my cousin, Yes, Alice is Richard's Mother, Yes, Joanna is the Ambassador's wife, and NO, this is not something to do with the family. They just happened to be the most remembered phone numbers in a moment of crisis. I want to thank you all for your support. All the nice things you've said about the last issues give me strength to face my wife and tell her I'm still at this. Regarding the nasty things you said about last month's issue, it was not my doing. I was on holidays, so it was all Richard's doing, I am innocent.

Cheers,
Ed. E. Tore

(For those new to Uruguay, we are described as a lazy place, where the year is shorter, as nothing really happens until the last cyclist has arrived from the Vuelta Ciclista, which is a bicycle race all around the country during Holy Week).

To the Editor

Dear Editor,

I am hoping that you may be able to introduce me to a member of the British Community in Montevideo who would be willing to conduct occasional correspondence with me.

I am researching my grandmother's brother and sister who lived and died in Montevideo.

Their grandfather was the illegitimate son of Sir Henry Charles Englefield.

I would be very grateful for your help in contacting someone..

Thank you,

Reader Englefield
25 West Horton Lane
BISHOPSTOKE
Hampshire
SO50 8LS
0044-(0)23 8060 0211

Dear Editor

Congratulations on your News Letter. It is easy to read, not too long, interesting and has a very useful coverage of Coming Events. As President of the Hospital Guild I have organised our Annual General Meeting for Thursday 28th April to be held on the 3rd Floor of the Policlínica of the British Hospital in the Assembly room at 3p.m. We shall have our annual reports followed by a talk by Mr. Winston Willans and tea. Thank you so much

GERRY FAIRLESS.

Thank you very much for my copy of the March 2011 Newsletter. I found it well presented, very lively, and full of interesting information. Congratulations, keep going!

John F. Hubber
Milan - Italy

Dear Ed. E. Tore,

Just to let you know that we have received the latest edition of the British Society Newsletter for which many thanks. It brought Ann and I right back to our all too brief time in Montevideo which we look back on with such affection and nostalgia.

I hope that you and all our friends on the British Society Board are keeping well and that you had a enjoyable summer break.

Best wishes from a cloudy and cold London.

Paul and Ann Martinez

Anglo Institute News



ANGLO COURSES

As from April 2011

- ✓ Course in Contemporary English Literature
 - ✓ Anglo Drama Workshop
- ✓ English through Cinema Course
- ✓ Cultural Background to Britain
- ✓ English Pronunciation Course
 - ✓ Advanced Conversation
 - ✓ Post Proficiency Course

FOR MORE INFORMATION

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Lexophile madness

1. A bicycle can't stand alone; it's two tired.
2. A will is a dead giveaway.
3. Time flies like an arrow; fruit flies like a banana.
4. A backward poet writes inverse.
5. In a democracy it's your vote that counts; in feudalism, it's your Count that votes.
6. A chicken crossing the road is poultry in motion.
7. If you don't pay your exorcist you can get repossessed.
8. When she got married she got a new name and a dress.
9. Show me a piano falling down a mine shaft and I'll show you A-flat miner.
10. When a clock is hungry it goes back four seconds.
11. The guy who fell onto an upholstery machine was fully recovered.
12. A grenade which fell onto a kitchen floor in France resulted in Linoleum Blownapart.
13. You are stuck with your debt if you can't budge it.
14. Local Area Network in Australia: The LAN down under.
15. He broke into song because he couldn't find the key.
16. A calendar's days are numbered.
17. A lot of money is tainted: 'Taint yours, and 'taint mine.
18. A boiled egg is hard to beat.
19. He had a photographic memory which was never developed.
20. A plateau is a high form of flattery.

British Embassy News

Celebration of the Royal Wedding, Friday 29 April

The Ambassador and Joanna are pleased to invite members of the British Community to the Residence for a Reception to celebrate the occasion of the Marriage of HRH Prince William of Wales and Miss Catherine Middleton, to be held on Friday 29 April from 12.30 to 14.30.

This is a special event for members of the British Community and therefore we are pleased to extend this invitation through the British Society Newsletter. It is essential for security reasons to let the Embassy know by Thursday 21 April if you will attend. Please contact the Embassy by email (royalwedding.rsvp@gmail.com) or by telephone (2622 3630-50 ext 2238) so that your name will be included on the list of guests. In the true tradition of British weddings, hats will be welcome!



New Member of the Embassy Team

A warm welcome to Verónica Psetizki, who is our new Head of Communications. Veronica previously worked for the BBC in London. One of her first tasks was setting up a Facebook page where users will find information about the Embassy, the UK, and upcoming events, such as the Royal Wedding and the Olympics. Search for it as 'Embajada Británica, Montevideo', or follow this link www.facebook.com/embajadabritanicamontevideo



Make sure you press 'me gusta' or 'like this'.



Journalist visit to the Falkland Islands

Uruguayan journalists Rosario Castellanos, from radio El Espectador, Horacio Varoli and photographer Manuel Mendoza, from Galería magazine, were invited to visit the Falkland Islands by the Falkland Islands Government. They were accompanied by Vice Consul Sarah Cowley.

Rosario broadcast a series of very interesting live reports for Radio El Espectador, giving impressions of life on the Islands. You can listen to them online and see some of the great photos that she took, at http://www.espectador.com/1v4_especialfalklandsmalvinas_historico.php?idZona=723

The Galería article was published on Thursday 31 March. You should still be able to get copies!



President's blurb

Dear members

I would like to remind members that we have made a call for nominations to Honorary Membership (see details in separate box on this page). I underline that being an Honorary Member is the British Society's way of acknowledging those members of our Community whose accomplishments in favour of the Community over a long period of time have been outstanding. All nominations will be considered and the Executive Committee will present the acceptable ones to the Community at the next Annual General Meeting for approval. In order to do so, we must receive them very soon, so please let us have your nominations a.s.a.p.

April's most significant event for us is The British Society's AGM on the 27th at The British Schools' conference room. I strongly encourage members to attend, since this is the time when you get to be told first hand about how we have been doing, what we are up to and what we plan to do next. It is also one of the few chances you will get to tell us what you think face to face (though I would kindly ask you to leave the rotten eggs and baseball bat at home!). This year we will be offering those who come along the additional attraction of proper English tea and some home-made treats, to make the evening more amenable for all.

The other highlight of the month is the British Embassy's celebration of the Royal Wedding (see details under British Embassy News). I encourage our members – especially those of what we have come to call the Next Generation – to support the Embassy's interesting initiative. I would also like to thank the Ambassador and his wife for kindly opening the doors of their Residence and inviting the Community to this event.

Nominations for Honorary Members are Now Being Accepted

The British Society Executive Committee invites Active Members to propose individuals for Honorary Membership based on the following criteria:

1. Nominee must be an Active Member of the Society, but not necessarily a British passport holder.
2. Nominee will have made an outstanding contribution to Community life over a long period of time, aside from office holding.
3. Nominee will have acted unofficially, or informally, to support the community. These acts must be described in detail on a Nomination Form.

The Executive Committee will review the nominations and present acceptable ones to the Society for approval at the Annual General Meeting.

Please remember not to tell the individual nominated that his/her name has been put forward. This is to avoid embarrassment if the nominee is not accepted.

Nomination Forms and the detailed Procedures and Criteria may be requested from any Executive Committee member or by e-mailing a request to BritSoc@gmail.com. Nominations must be returned to an Executive Committee member or BritSoc@gmail.com no later than 8 April 2011.

Catholic heart attack

A man suffered a serious heart attack on the street and had to be rushed to hospital for open heart bypass surgery. He awakened from the surgery to find himself in the care of nuns at a Catholic Hospital.

As he was recovering, a nun asked him how he was going to pay for his

treatment.

She asked 'Do you have health insurance?' He replied in a raspy voice 'No health insurance.'

The nun asked 'Do you have money in the bank?' He replied, 'No money in the bank.'

The nun asked 'Do you have a relative who could help you?' He

replied 'I only have a spinster sister, who is a nun.'

At this, the nun became agitated and said loudly 'Nuns are not spinsters! Nuns are married to God.'

The patient replied 'Perfect. Please send the bill to my brother-in-law.'

Art & Culture

by Alice Tourn



aytourn@gmail.com

The Royal Wedding

Prince William's wedding to Kate Middleton will take place on April 29, 2011. Clarence House, the official residence of Prince William's father Prince Charles, announced that Prince William became officially engaged to Kate Middleton while they were on a private holiday in Kenya last October.

Kate Middleton – already nicknamed Her Shyness – and Prince William met while studying at the University of St. Andrews in Scotland. The romance flowered while they later shared a house together.

William and Kate will tie the knot on a Friday, and the British Government has designated the day a bank holiday. David Cameron welcomed the announcement of the wedding date, which he said would be a “happy and momentous occasion”. The timing of the wedding will mean there will be two four-day public holidays, two week-ends in succession.

The Queen

Ivonne York, the Buckingham Palace specialist, writes that the Queen was absolutely livid when the Clarence House tweeted the royal wedding details, and Her Majesty was quoted as having asked her grandson “At what point do you stop being trendy and start being realistic?”

According to York, Her Majesty didn't bother to hide her anger after hearing that Prince William had made wedding plans without consulting her... she is, after all, paying the bulk of the wedding costs! The main source of the Queen's displeasure was the planned wedding breakfast reception at Buckingham Palace. This is usually a sit-down for around 130 people consisting



of family and close friends, but William announced a buffet reception, to which the Queen said she would ‘consider the idea’.

The Buckingham Palace specialist adds that while Charles and William undoubtedly mean well, the fact is that neither of them has ever organised a royal wedding before, and have no idea of what is involved. All occasions that Her Majesty attends are planned with skilled precision and run like clock-work. While the Queen is William's grandmother, she is also his sovereign and has not been very amused at how things have been handled.

Dress and deportment

In the run up to the Royal Wedding there has been much talk about Kate Middleton's wedding dress and her choice of designer. The spotlight has simply not been on William's outfit. However, we now know that Prince William will wear

his military uniform, but which one? Prince William has served in the Army, Navy and Royal Air Force. He is currently working as a search and rescue helicopter pilot. Both Prince William's father, Prince Charles, and grandfather, Prince Philip, wore the Royal Navy uniform on their wedding days. Either way Prince William, in his military uniform, will be a hit with Kate! ‘Lip Readers’ suggested that she said “I love the uniform, it's so, so sexy” to a friend, at Prince William's Army graduation ceremony a few years ago.

Will the nearly 2,000 people in attendance at Westminster Abbey when Prince William and Kate Middleton tie the knot behave themselves? St. James's Palace says the guest list is an eclectic mix of European royalty, military personnel, charity workers, diplomats and friends of Prince William and fiancée Kate Middleton. Some invitees will have been born into families that

teach children to curtsy as soon as they can walk, but others may need a bit of help navigating the etiquette and protocol that such an important day demands. The royal family are masters of co-ordinating this kind of event. They know how to deal with people from all sorts of backgrounds, from all around the world, and they know how to help people do the right thing.

While invited guests are studying their manners guides, some of the uninvited are plotting ways to get around security and in the door on the royal couple's wedding day. It has surfaced that even pop star Katy Perry has made plans to crash the nuptials of the future king and queen!

High tech

The entire royal ceremony, including the vows, blessings and all musical accompaniment, will be available on iTunes and other digital-download sites just hours after the 29 April service, after which it will be available on CD, cassette and even (gasp!) vinyl on 5 May.

More than a dozen smartphone apps are offering to bring fans everything royal wedding-related wherever they are, so they can check the days and minutes until Prince William and Kate Middleton's 29 April wedding, hoard news and pictures about them and instantly share their favourite royal wedding tid-bits on social media networks. One iPhone app – Alarm Royale –

even lets people set their phone alarm clock to a wedding march or royal-themed music like 'God Save the Queen' and 'Rule Britannia'. Once a person wakes up, the app also shows them a new fact about the royal couple every day. Just who is using these royal applications? While the US and Britain are the largest markets, people are downloading the apps from as far away as the Philippines and Saudi Arabia!

It looks as though people all over the world simply can't help but keep track of how many minutes there are until Kate and William say "I do"...

Teaching of English in Balneario Solis

By Barbara and Ian Rugeroni

In the 40's, 50's and 60's Solis in the summer became very active with the arrival of Argentine and Uruguayan Anglos to enjoy the beach and social life that the Los Cardos, Hosteria Bella Vista, Hotel Solis, The Chaja and a little 9 hole golf course had to offer.

Spanish speaking Uruguayans probably had to put up with so much English spoken that it may have become a source of irritation then. Because of this Barbara and I felt that it would be a good idea to finance the teaching of English at the local primary and secondary school in Solis to make amends.

We committed to hire two English speaking teachers, buy the appropriate books, feed the students as the teaching was to take place after lunch and that the children would write exams at the Anglo Cultural in Maldonado, covering all the costs..

Little did we realize that to make all this happen there was a heavy administrative burden. Our friend and lawyer, Paula Fraquelli became the administrator, paying salaries, school costs, purchasing the books each year, handling staff problems and interacting with the Director of the School Mr. Silvio Pereira. We also provided funds for our teachers to take advance courses in English. Paula gave her time for free as she felt that this was a worthwhile charity. We were fortunate to find a teacher in the name of Mariana Calistro who was the main driving force in the teaching part of the program.

The program started in May 2003 with 28 students and all of them passed their examinations. Those that started at the beginning of the program reached Senior level of whom 8 sat for the exams for First Certificate in English of the University of Cambridge, in 2010 they all passed.

Students came from Balneario Solis, Jaureguiberry, Bella Vista, Las Flores, Cerros Azules and Gregorio Aznarez. We were able to meet some of the parents who were most appreciative and we also understood how difficult it is for many of these families to give their off spring a better education. Also one eight year old child asked to be taken off the program as his job after school was to look after the family pig farm and as he said, pigs do not speak English!

We are pleased that some of the senior students have found good jobs where their English was a requirement. Also many have ambitions to continue their education at a University level which is very unusual for children going to these local schools.

We discontinued the program for many reasons. One was that the Director of the School was transferred, secondly we saw the program through a full cycle and lastly the financial crunch and a strong peso made the costs move away from our budget.

This effort was in honor of my parents Clarence and Lillian Rugeroni whom were staunch supporters of the British Community in Uruguay over many decades.

Lamb Chops



by Jonathan Lamb

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Professional UK theatre in Uruguay

BRIEF ENCOUNTERS by Noel Coward, performed by Tour de Force Theatre at the Millington-Drake Theatre on Wednesday 23 and Thursday 24 March; UNDER MILK WOOD as a workshop and reading on Saturday 26 March.



As the third annual performance of professional UK theatre hosted by non-profit organization *actorstouruguay* – in which this reviewer should declare an interest – and generously sponsored by the British Embassy, the Anglo and Buquebus, Tour de Force theatre came from Wales in March to give us a double bill of short plays by Noel Coward called *Brief Encounters*. Tour de Force is a group that specializes in touring small-scale productions of quality scripts: for this trip it consisted of husband-and-wife team Adrian Metcalfe and Sonia Beck, and an old friend of theirs called Llinos Daniel (LI pronounced as in Llandidnod) who was working with them for the first time. You could see from the start that these were three extremely experienced troupers, whose comic timing was impeccable. Their CV's showed they had done all the repertory, TV and film work under the sun. Mild Oats, the first piece, was a delicious piece of Cowardery from between the wars, written when the master was barely out of shorts: in it a couple of cloistered upper-class ingénus each pluck up courage to go out on the town for the first time, meet in the street (nudge, nudge) and find themselves having a daring whisky in a flat the man has borrowed from a friend. Deep down, however, they would rather have a cup of tea, and within twenty minutes the man has proposed. The audience found Mild Oats charming. It was followed by an interval in which the actresses from the next piece went round in 30's waitress costume offering biscuits: they were setting the scene for *Still Life*, the one-acter that Noel Coward turned into a film script for David Lean's 1946 film *Brief Encounter*, with music from Rachmaninoff. On this occasion the music was played quite beautifully on the Millington-Drake's grand piano by Zhanna Macmillen, who was born in Moscow. It showed. The original genius of *Still Life* has something to do with the setting against which a guilty love affair between two married thirty-somethings is played out: trains, steam, whistles, announcements, departures, life. At the Anglo the sound effects did

the job, thanks to brilliant technicians. If there was a problem with the production it was that the interval biscuits and the early knockabout of the subplot established Sonia Beck as a comic actress of the first order, and it was not easy to readjust to her as a guilt-ridden romantic heroine. A clearer visual distinction, even a change of hair colour, might perhaps have helped. All three actors did wonders, however, with a plot that broke new ground in its time, and can now only be seen from across the broken ground: this was the original 'We can't go on meeting like this' story. Well, perhaps not the original.

On Saturday 26 March Tour de Force offered a one-day workshop on *Under Milk Wood* by Dylan Thomas. As a participation event the workshop sold out in no time, which is not surprising when you consider lines as good as 'Alone in the hissing laboratory of his wishes, Mr Pugh minces among bad vats and jeroboams, tiptoes through spinneys of murdering herbs, agony dancing in his crucibles, and mixes especially for Mrs Pugh a venomous porridge unknown to toxicologists which will scald and viper through her until her ears fall off like figs, her toes grow big and black as balloons, and steam comes creaming out of her navel'. As a public reading *Under Milk Wood* did not sell out, but that did not stop the readers having great fun. Luciana Chouhy's rendering of a nannygoat was worth the workshop fee alone. In Buenos Aires we gather both performances of *Brief Encounters* have sold out too: an extra performance has had to be laid on, and maybe even an extra extra performance, which must be gratifying to BA backers AACI, Buquebus and the Birchman Group. Next year HMG may be too cut about to stand the airfares, so sponsors, please come forward. For the cost of a boardroom ashtray you can get mentioned on radio and TV, bring a little pleasure to River Plate hearts, and see professional West End theatre without having to go to the West End. Tour de Force were the business.

Restaurant of the Month

TANDORY

Small and modish, dimly lit and red-walled, this Pocitos restaurant has a quirky, intimate atmosphere. With one floor of stone and another of polished hard wood, the walls are covered with a strange mélange of African masks, plainly framed Chinese parchments and colorful, slender, conical lamps.



Located on the corner of Massini and Libertad, its name is a deformation of the Hindu word Tandoori, but this does not make it an Indian restaurant. Of all the dishes, only one or two are remotely Indian, the rest being Thai, Basque, French, local or the chef's own. Notable starters include sweetbread in sherry and mushroom sauce, Spanish octopus over bouillabaisse potatoes, and tender tongue with pickled vegetables. There are different choices of pasta, risotto and gnocchi, as well as fish and chicken dishes. Feel free

to request an extra layer of spiciness for whatever you chose, if you are so oriented.

With drinks comes a basket of breads, spicy sauce, cheese and pate foie. The chef often ventures out of the kitchen to meet his customers and comment on the food.

In a country where beef reigns supreme, this is an interesting alternative and an enjoyable place. Tandory has been around for seven years, and Chef Gabriel Coquel has a unique selection of regional and international dishes.... a poem of a menu!



Chef in Residence

by Joanna Mullee

joannamullee@hotmail.com

Spiced cannellini bean and tomato salad

Drain beans and rinse well. Cover with fresh water and bring to boil. Skim off the froth and simmer gently for 1 hour or until tender.

Gently warm oil in a frying pan and add the dried spices, chillies and garlic, stir over a medium heat for 2 minutes.

When beans are cooked, drain well and add to warmed spices and oil mix. Allow to cool to room temperature.

Add the sun-dried tomatoes, coriander, mint and lemon juice and season well.

Herbs are added when the mix is cooled to retain their colour

Alternative variation:

mix the cooked beans with finely diced red pepper, chopped fresh tomatoes and lots of finely chopped parsley, garlic, olive oil and a squeeze of lemon.

It's all marvelous with lamb be it chops, rack, whole leg or BBQ.

Enjoy!

Ingredients:

- 175g dried cannellini beans, soaked overnight
- 5 Tbsp olive oil
- pinch of turmeric
- 1/4 tsp ground cumin
- 1/2 tsp black onion seeds (optional)
- generous grinding of black pepper
- 2 red chillies, deseeded and finely chopped
- 3 garlic cloves, crushed
- 100g coarsely chopped semi-sun-dried tomatoes
- 1 bunch fresh coriander leaves chopped roughly - stalks chopped finely (or parsley)
- 1 bunch of mint leaves, finely chopped
- juice of 1 lemon

Back in time

by Tony Beckwith

tony@tonybeckwith.com

Ché Inglés!

For reasons of his own, Emilio never let me forget that I spoke Spanish poorly, like a foreigner. I felt ashamed because I'd been there my entire life, all sixteen years of it. I was born in Argentina and had lived in Uruguay ever since. But my family originally came from Britain so we were *ingleses*, and even though I'd never been to the old country, my mother tongue was unquestionably English.

My alma mater was a local, cosmopolitan institution that catered to children of the foreign community and a smattering of the local elite. It was modeled after English schools, and many of the teachers were "imported" from "home." We were forbidden to speak Spanish, a rule I was never in any danger of breaking.

As a child I played a game with friends during recess. A handful of little boys stood in a circle, and one said, "I'm a Canadian, what are you?" The next boy said, "I'm an Italian, what are you?" And so on around the circle, but when it was my turn I never knew what to say. To me, it wasn't that clear cut. What was I? I wasn't exactly sure.

After graduating I gratefully declined my father's offer to send me to his old school in England to further my education, and instead got a job at an advertising agency in Montevideo. I was the office boy and Emilio was my boss. "*Che inglés*," he said loudly so that everyone could hear. "Hey Englishman, when did you arrive from England?" I

blushed and hung my head.

My sheltered life in the cocoon of my Anglo community was insular enough that I'd never needed more than a rudimentary command of Spanish — until now. I was shocked and humiliated to discover this inadequacy, and I yearned to speak with the same fluency and grammatical precision that I enjoyed in English. Emilio taunted me at

wooden planks for a floor. We sat at rough wooden tables on an eclectic selection of chairs and drank the house red in heavy, stubby little glasses. The musicians hardly ever took a break, and most of the men in the audience danced with each other in the *mano-a-mano* Uruguayan folklore style, with much flashy footwork and staccato stomping of heels to the rhythm of the guitars. Emilio was an excellent *malambo* dancer and was constantly out on the floor, lithe and graceful as a bullfighter, whirling and strutting with the best of them. Grinning all over his dark, sweaty face.

Lourdes was Emilio's girlfriend, and she and I kept each other company at a table tucked away in a corner. "He always abandons me when we come here," she pouted prettily. It was noisy and crowded and we had to sit very close together to hear what we were saying.

Lourdes loved to talk and she was endlessly entertaining. Maybe it was her huge brown eyes, or maybe it was the wine and the music and the pounding heels, but as the night wore on my Spanish miraculously improved. My words flowed like a mountain stream, with a rhythm and fluency that was new and exhilarating. Lourdes fluttered her eyelashes and squeezed my hand encouragingly. When Emilio finally returned she said, "Look, I've got *el inglés* hypnotized! Now he believes he can speak Spanish." She was quite right, and I've spoken it like a native ever since.



every opportunity, saying things like "*che inglés, cerrá el puerta que entra el mosca*," a scathing parody of my precarious grip on gender. He was right, I spoke like a foreigner. How embarrassing to be a stranger in my own land! *¡Qué vergüenza!*

Emilio finally took pity on me. He said I desperately needed a transfusion of *criollo* culture and invited me to a *malambo* club that he frequented in the old part of town. It was a dingy dive in a ramshackle building that looked like a dimly lit stable, with a low roof and whitewashed walls and

Alerts to Terror Threats in 2011 Europe

By John Cleese

The English are feeling the pinch in relation to recent terrorist threats and have therefore raised their security level from “Miffed” to “Peeved.”

Soon, though, security levels may be raised yet again to “Irritated” or even “A Bit Cross.”

The English have not been “A Bit Cross” since the blitz in 1940 when tea supplies nearly ran out.

Terrorists have been re-categorized from “Tiresome” to “A Bloody Nuisance.”

The last time the British issued a “Bloody Nuisance” warning level was in 1588, when threatened by the Spanish Armada.

The Scots have raised their threat level from “Pissed Off” to “Let’s get the Bastards.” They don’t have any other levels. This is the reason they have been used on the front line of the British army for the last 300 years.

The French government announced yesterday that it has raised its terror alert level from “Run” to “Hide.” The only two higher levels in France are “Collaborate” and “Surrender.” The rise was precipitated by a recent fire that destroyed France’s white flag factory, effectively paralyzing the country’s military capability.

Italy has increased the alert level from “Shout Loudly and Excitedly” to “Elaborate Military Posturing.” Two more levels remain: “Ineffective Combat Operations” and “Change Sides.”

The Germans have increased their alert state from “Disdainful Arrogance” to “Dress in Uniform and Sing Marching Songs.” They also have two higher levels: “Invade a Neighbor” and “Lose.”

Belgians, on the other hand, are all on holiday as usual; the only threat they are worried about is NATO pulling out of Brussels.

The Spanish are all excited to see their new submarines ready to deploy.

These beautifully designed subs have glass bottoms so the new Spanish navy can get a really good look at the old Spanish navy.

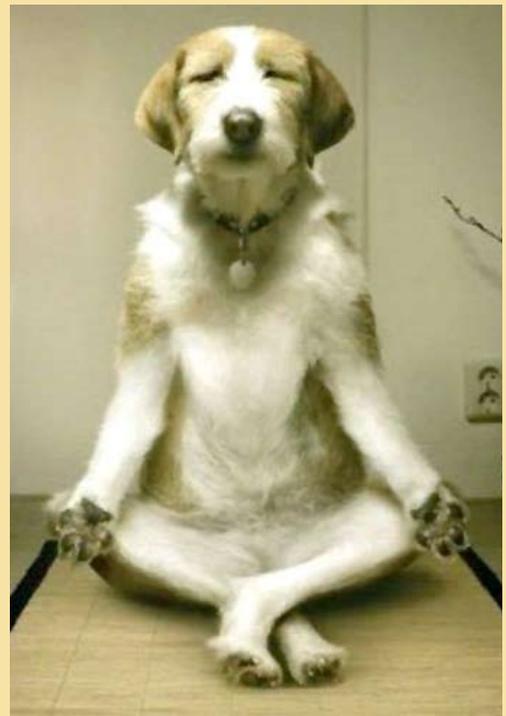
Australia, meanwhile, has raised its security level from “No worries” to “She’ll be alright, Mate.” Two more escalation levels remain: “Crikey! I think we’ll need to cancel the barbie this weekend!” and “The barbie is canceled.” So far no situation has ever warranted use of the final escalation level.

John Cleese. British writer, actor and tall person

Inner Peace

*If you can start the day without
caffeine,
If you can always be cheerful,
ignoring aches and pains,
If you can resist complaining and
boring people with your troubles,
If you can eat the same food
every day and be grateful for it,
If you can understand when your
loved ones are too busy to give
you any time,
If you can take criticism and
blame without resentment,
If you can conquer tension
without medical help,
If you can relax without alcohol,
If you can sleep without the aid
of drugs...*

Then you are probably...



The Family Dog!

A tribute to our South African friends

My South Africa

By Jonathan Jansen

My South Africa is the working-class man who called from the airport to return my wallet without a cent missing. It is the white woman who put all three of her domestic worker's children through the same school that her own child attended. It is the politician in one of our rural provinces, Mpumalanga, who returned his salary to the government as a statement that standing with the poor had to be more than just a few words. It is the teacher who worked after school hours every day during the public sector strike to ensure her children did not miss out on learning.

My South Africa is the first-year university student in Bloemfontein who took all the gifts she received for her birthday and donated them - with the permission of the givers - to a home for children in an Aids village. It is the people hurt by racist acts who find it in their hearts to publicly forgive the perpetrators. It is the group of farmers in Paarl who started a top school for the children of farm workers to ensure they got the best education possible while their parents toiled in the vineyards. It is the farmer's wife in Viljoenskroon who created an education and training centre for the wives of farm labourers so that they could gain the advanced skills required to operate accredited early-learning centres for their own and other children.

My South Africa is that little white boy at a decent school in the Eastern Cape who decided to teach the black boys in the community to play cricket, and to fit them all out with the togs required to play the gentleman's game. It is the two black street children in Durban, caught on camera, who put their spare change in the condensed milk tin of a white beggar. It is the Johannesburg pastor who opened up his church as a place of shelter for illegal immigrants. It is the Afrikaner woman from Boksburg who nailed the white guy who shot and killed one of South Africa's greatest freedom fighters outside his home.

My South Africa is the man who went to prison for 27 years and came out embracing his captors, thereby releasing them from their impending misery. It is the activist priest who dived into a crowd of angry people to rescue a woman from a sure necklacing. It is the former police chief who fell to his knees to wash the feet of Mamelodi women whose sons disappeared on



his watch; it is the women who forgave him in his act of contrition. It is the Cape Town university psychologist who interviewed the 'Prime Evil' in Pretoria Centre and came away with emotional attachment, even empathy, for the human being who did such terrible things under apartheid.

My South Africa is the quiet, dignified, determined township mother from Langa who straightened her back during the years of oppression and decided that her struggle was to raise decent children, insist that they learn, and ensure that they not succumb to bitterness or defeat in the face of overwhelming odds. It is the two young girls who walked 20kms to school everyday, even through their matric years, and passed well enough to be accepted into university studies. It is the student who takes on three jobs, during the evenings and on weekends, to find ways of paying for his university studies.

My South Africa is the teenager in a wheelchair who works in townships serving the poor. It is the pastor of a Kenilworth church whose parishioners were slaughtered, who visits the killers and asks them for forgiveness because he was a beneficiary of apartheid. It is the politician who resigns on conscientious grounds, giving up status and salary because of an objection in principle to a social policy of her political party. It is the young lawman who decides to dedicate his life to representing those who cannot afford to pay for legal services.

My South Africa is not the angry, corrupt, violent country those deeds fill the front pages of newspapers and the lead-in items on the seven-o'clock news. It is the South Africa often unseen, yet powered by the remarkable lives of ordinary people. It is the citizens who keep the country together through millions of acts of daily kindness.

'In the end, only kindness matters' - Jewel

Sport News



by Mark Teuten

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Much has happened in the sporting world since our last edition, but perhaps the most outstanding from a UK-Uruguayan perspective was the January transfer of Luis Suárez from Ajax to Liverpool. Since his signing Suárez has proved that he is well worth the U\$40 million that Liverpool paid for him, by scoring goals, making goals for others and generally carrying the team. Long may it continue and when Pepe Reina leaves Liverpool at the end of the season, at least they will have a stand-in goalkeeper already at hand.

This week also saw the Uruguayan football team beat Ireland 3-2. But earlier in the month there was a much greater shock, when Ireland beat England at cricket. For non-cricket fans this is the equivalent of Peñarol losing to the Tupambaé pub team. It was a remarkable performance by the Irish, including the fastest 100 in the history of



the World Cup by Kevin O'Brien from only 50 balls. It appears he is a bartender* when he's not thrashing England. Unfortunately it was not enough to keep them in the tournament or to knock out England. But England subsequently found their way to lose against Sri Lanka. The final will be played this Sunday 3 April between India and Sri Lanka in India. It is the first time that two Asian teams have qualified for the final. Not too much work is going to get done this weekend on the Indian sub-continent and perhaps well into the following week – they are rather keen on their cricket there.

On the rugby front England have just won the Six Nations, but missed out on the Grand Slam by losing their last game against Ireland (their second sporting defeat to the Irish in a month). The fact that they lost that game obviously came as a surprise to the England players, as they had previously filmed an advert proudly proclaiming themselves as Grand Slam winners. You can still see this video on YouTube. An embarrassing case of counting chickens....

Another notable British loss was that of Andy Murray in the final of the Australian Open tennis. He is now 0-3 in Grand Slam finals and awkward questions are being asked: is he a bottler? Is he just a grumpy Scotsman? Does he hate the English? For now we just have to hope the Scot can find his mojo in time for Wimbledon and if he could smile occasionally in the process that would be a nice bonus.

*This may not be 100% true...

Dilbert



by Scott Adams

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Future Events

- ▶ **20th May**
St Andrew's Society Ceilidh Night
- ▶ **25th May**
The British Society lecture supper
- ▶ **18th June**
St Andrew's Society Junior Caledonian Competition
- ▶ **25th June**
St Andrew's Society Scottish dance practice
- ▶ **23rd July**
St Andrew's Society Scottish dance practice
- ▶ **6th August**
St Andrew's Society Scottish dance practice
- ▶ **30th September**
St Andrew's Society Caledonian Ball
- ▶ **14th-15th-16th October**
8th Uruguayan Celtic Music Gathering
(8º Encuentro Uruguayo de Música Celta)
- ▶ **2nd December**
St Andrew's Society St. Andrew's Day Dinner

Confucius he say...

Man who runs in front of car gets tired, man who runs behind car gets exhausted.

Man who wants pretty nurse, must be patient.

Man who leaps off cliff jumps to conclusion.

Man who fight with wife all day get no piece at night.

Man who drives like hell is bound to get there.

Man who stands on toilet is high on pot.

War does not determine who is right, it determine who is left.

Passionate kiss, like spider web, leads to undoing of fly.

Lady who goes camping must beware of evil intent.

Finally Confucius say...

Lion will not cheat on wife, but Tiger Wood.

Link of the Month

Don't miss a chance to have a good laugh.

<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=yI-dtufFR-w>



The Society at a Glance

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1 To find a woman you need Time and Money therefore:

$$\boxed{\text{Woman} = \text{Time} \times \text{Money}}$$

2 "Time is money" so

$$\boxed{\text{Time} = \text{Money}}$$

3 Therefore

$$\text{Woman} = \text{Money} \times \text{Money}$$

$$\boxed{\text{Woman} = (\text{Money})^2}$$

4 "Money is the root of all problems"

$$\boxed{\text{Money} = \sqrt{\text{Problems}}}$$

5 Therefore

$$\text{Woman} = (\sqrt{\text{Problems}})^2$$

$$\boxed{\text{Woman} = \text{Problems}}$$

