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Coming Events

▶ Saturday 6th December

- ▶ WDA Bazaar, 14:00 hrs. at Lafone Hall.
- ▶ British Society End Of Year Trip

▶ Friday 12th December

- ▶ Battle Of The River Plate Guided Walks, 20:00, 22:00 and 23:00 hrs. at The British Cemetery.

▶ Saturday 13th December

- ▶ Battle Of The River Plate 75th Anniversary Service, 10:00 hrs. at Holy Trinity Cathedral.
- ▶ Battle Of The River Plate 75th Anniversary Ceremony, 12:00 hrs. at The British Cemetery's "Sailors Corner"

▶ Wednesday 17th December

- ▶ Christmas Carols, 18:30 hrs. at The British Ambassador's Residence.

President's Words

Dear readers,

We are reaching the end of the year in full spirits. December brings in hand a month to celebrate and reunite with family and friends, and to remember kindly those we have lost. I hope this end of year brings you well, with plenty of opportunities to recharge your energy for this coming year.

Our first date for the croquet tournament came with heavy rain, but the second attempt brought a splendid day. This year's tournament was in memory of Paddy Sherwood, who always enjoyed the game. The cup went all the way to Germany, so congratulations to Leo Boeing and Peter Hoyer on a well played tournament, and last year's winners, Richard and Andrew Empson who came in very close, in second place. Also thanks to Jonathan Lamb and Jessica Bell for making it all possible.

The final event of the year is our trip to Parque Indígena. Very soon we'll be enjoying an educational trip where we will learn on Uruguayan flora and fauna in a very special place, very close to Montevideo and Punta del Este. I hope you have received the invitation to the event, and if you have any doubts, please let us know. Reservations are rather limited, so if you are interested in going, please book soon to Richard Lockhart, secretary@britsoc.org.uy.

For those of you who are interested, there will be several activities in commemoration of the 75 years of the Battle of the River Plate, many of which are organized by the Navy. We'll be uploading all their details on our website.

Hope you enjoy this month's newsletter.

"The best cure for one's bad tendencies is to see them fully developed in someone else". Alain de Botton

SWCH News

On the first week of November the Residents went out for tea and had a lovely time and delightful tea. On the 11th the Residents who could not go to the Field of Remembrance Service, coloured and made a field of paper Poppies.

Once a month we celebrate "Cooking Day" so we cook and decorate cookies. There is a bit of an artist in every Resident and painting cookies is just as much fun as painting and colouring on paper.



THE BRITISH SOCIETY
IN URUGUAY

Find us on
Facebook

British Society Annual Trip



THE BRITISH SOCIETY
IN URUGUAY

Invites you to our

End of Year Trip

December 6, 2014

New Fee!



Explore native Uruguayan flora and fauna in a private nature reserve close to Solis, Maldonado with English speaking guides.

Fee Includes:

16:00 hs

Guided Tour!

18:00 hs

Delicious Picnic!



\$700 for members

\$1000 for non-members

Book your place now at secretary@britsoc.org.uy or
call Richard Lockhart at 094 441 272



British Embassy News

Follow us on [Facebook](#)
and keep in the loop!

Sharing British Expertise

The Embassy sponsored the visit of para-equestrian and equine therapy expert Clive Milkins to give motivational practical riding clinics. Clive, who has coached several Paralympic gold medal winners, visited Uruguay from 4-9 November. He worked with young disabled jockeys and trainers in equestrianism and equine therapy at the Equestrian Club of Uruguay in Solymar, to develop their skills and knowledge. He also lectured at the Intendencia of Montevideo on "Funding the Future", where he talked to Uruguayan NGOs about the various methods of fundraising used in the UK.



England In The Mini World Cup

The Embassy supported Hogar Girasoles in the Mini World Cup organised by INAU on 22-23 November, coinciding with International Children and Adolescent Human Rights Week. The girls from the Hogar represented England in the tournament and finished in a very respectable fourth place. They played against other teams from INAU homes and NGOs, each representing the countries that played in the Brazil World Cup this year. Well done to Girasoles and thank you for the lovely Union Jack rug you made for the Embassy!



Remembering

The Embassy took part in several activities to mark Remembrance Day. On November 11, after attending the service at the British Cemetery with his wife Belinda, Ambassador Ben Lyster-Binns was the keynote speaker at the monthly Rotary Club lunch where he talked about the meaning of the 100th anniversary of the First World War. María Eugenia Carbajales, from the Communications Department, was present at the inauguration of an exhibition by the National History Museum about the War, explaining the meaning of the Poppy and helping with fundraising. The Embassy was also present in the First World War Cinemateca Film Festival with the exhibition of British film Lawrence of Arabia.



Cooking For A Good Cause

Those who bought their Big Macs at lunchtime in the Montevideo Shopping Branch on 14 November, got hamburgers prepared by the expert hands of the Ambassador. He supported Mc Día Feliz along many volunteers who helped to raise almost \$10 million to build a Ronald McDonald house in Tacuarembó Hospital.





British Cemetery News

PROYECTO CULTURAL 2014

Encuentros a la puesta del Sol IX CEMENTERIO BRITÁNICO

130 AÑOS EN
EL BUCEO
1885 - 2015



Premio a la mejor
Gestión Cultural
XV Encuentro
Iberoamericano de
Cementerios
Patrimoniales
Chile 2014



Detalle de sepulcro de Richard Lagemann - 1899

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CO-ORGANIZAN CEMENTERIO BRITÁNICO Y
ARQ. EDUARDO MONTEMUÑO

MUSEOS EN LA NOCHE 2014 PROGRAMA

12 DICIEMBRE 2014 DE 20 A 24 h.

A 75 años de la Batalla del Río de la Plata

Visitas guiadas a las 20, 22 y 23 h.

ENTRADA LIBRE

TRAER LINTERNA.

21h. En la Capilla charla de Rodolfo Santullo y Matías Bergara, autores de RELATO GRÁFICO

"Los últimos días del Graf Spee"

libro premiado por el MEC, con exposición de los dibujos originales y páginas de prensa de 1939.

21,40 h. Actuación de cuarteto musical de cuerdas de 4 jóvenes uruguayas:

Leticia Gambaro - Mariana Chilindrón - Camila Suárez y Virginia Jara

APOYA Y COORGANIZA M.E.C./D.C.

Los Encuentros a la puesta del Sol proponen descubrir y valorar el contenido patrimonial del Cementerio Británico de Montevideo. Es el Lugar de la Memoria, del rito intangible y de la custodia de elementos artísticos que califican una época y un sentir. Conectamos pasado y presente como parte de la vida de la ciudad y su gente.

DECLARADO DE INTERÉS POR EL MINISTERIO DE EDUCACIÓN Y CULTURA- RES 353/201
DECLARADO DE INTERÉS POR EL MINISTERIO DE TURISMO Y DEPORTE- RES 2014/ 0301
DECLARADO DE INTERÉS POR LA COMISIÓN NACIONAL DEL URUGUAY PARA UNESCO
DECLARADO DE INTERÉS POR LA INTENDENCIA DE MONTEVIDEO

AUSPICIOS

RED URUGUAYA DE CEMENTERIOS Y SITIOS PATRIMONIALES
RED IBEROAMERICANA DE VALORACIÓN Y GESTIÓN DE CEMENTERIOS PATRIMONIALES

BIBLIOTECA NACIONAL - URUGUAY
MONTEVIDEO CAPITAL IBEROAMERICANA DE LA CULTURA
COMISIÓN NACIONAL DEL URUGUAY PARA LA UNESCO
ASOCIACIÓN DE INTÉRPRETES-GUÍAS Y GUÍAS DEL URUGUAY (A.I.G.U.)

APOYOS

COMISIÓN DEL PATRIMONIO CULTURAL DE LA NACIÓN- MEC
MUSEOS EN LA NOCHE - DIRECCIÓN DE CULTURA -MEC
MOVIMIENTO SCOUT DEL URUGUAY
PAISAJISTA Y VIVERO VIRGINIA CROTTI



**CEMENTERIO
BRITÁNICO**

THE BRITISH CEMETERY SOCIETY



Comisión Nacional
del Uruguay
para la UNESCO

UruguayNatural



Anglo News

by John Robinson

The Battle Of The River Plate, A Personal View

As a young boy in late 50's Britain the last war was alive to me, more than anywhere in the stories that my father would tell me about the war itself, and his part in it. He had been lucky, too young to be called up in the first war, and too old for active service in the second, he joined the Royal Naval Reserve as a sub-lieutenant, replacing younger officers who had to go off to fight. He told me about midnight golf in Scapa Flow, he played off 4 and the senior officers liked him as a pair, bridge weekends in Dorset, he was an excellent bridge player and Admirals wanted him as a partner too, and fishing trips in Poole Harbour in the landing craft he was helping to prepare for D-Day. He had what you could call a good war. But the story I liked best was of a far off victory for the British in the early days of the conflict, and an honourable enemy who respected the ancient codes of war.

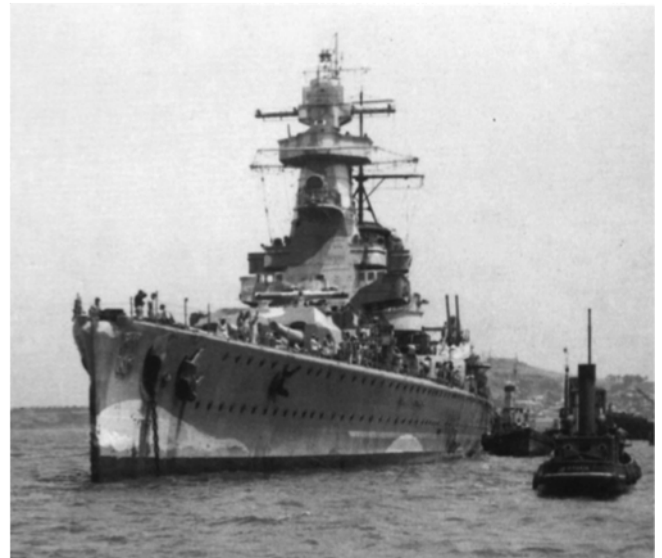
I first heard the name of Uruguay in this story, and I remember how impressed I had been when he told me that that distant land was neutral in the war. It made an impact on me. Those times were fairly black and white as far as we were concerned, we were good, the Germans bad, and the world was split into those who supported either side. But here was a country that deliberately chose not to engage, obviously I knew nothing about the historical paths that led to such a position, but I noted it as different. I was also impressed by my father's respect for a German officer and commander who didn't seem to fit the mould that we had in our heads of an arch enemy.

The battle story itself played to our stereotype. The three plucky little ships Achilles, Ajax and Exeter hunting down the mighty Graf Spee, in the mouth of the strange sounding River Plate, despite Exeter taking terrible damage they didn't give up, and finally scored a decisive hit that crippled the monster and forced it to run for cover. But then the story went off the traditional script. Firstly the element of neutrality in the country of refuge, Graf Spee was allowed into port, but not for long enough to make full repairs. Then there was the character of Captain Langsdorff. My father talked of him with great respect, an honourable man who saved the lives of all the crews whose ships he sank, treated his captives well, and finally, rather than face inevitable defeat, sacrificed both his ship and then his own life, to protect his crew from further danger. This was a man to

be admired rather than hated as an enemy.

Back then, I had no idea how two elements of my life would come to give me greater insights into this famous story, a fame that I later learned the British government turned from a fairly small naval encounter into a major victory, as it was pretty much the only good news they had in that dark December of 1939.

Partly as a result of my father's stories I eventually became a Naval Architect, so I learned about ships. The details of the conflict are well recorded, and you can look them up in minute detail in Google and Wikipedia, so I won't recount them here. What is interesting to me is the way that ship design itself had a role to play in the drama, for the story is not so simple as I had believed.



The Admiral Graf Spee was what Naval Architects call a rule cheater. One of the clauses of the 1919 Treaty of Versailles limited the size of any warship constructed in Germany to 10,000 tons, at a time when the British Dreadnaught was more than twice this size. Naval Architects, however, are well acquainted with ways to bend rules, so, when Graf Spee slid down the ways at the Reichsmarinewerft yard in Wilhelmshaven in 1934 she would actually displace nearly 15,000 tons, allowing her much heavier armaments than the prescribed limits. She was fitted with the latest diesel engines, with 38MW of power, giving her a top speed of 29 knots. All in all an impressive warship, but, despite my old impression of her as a mighty leviathan, still less than half the size of the typical British battleship of the day; she was in fact a battle cruiser.



Anglo News

by John Robinson

What of her three little pursuers? HMS Ajax displaced almost 9,000 tons, but her steam turbines developed 54MW giving her a 32.5 knot top speed, HMNZS Achilles was of a very similar design both being Leander class light cruisers, and finally the heavy cruiser HMS Exeter displaced 10,000 tons with almost 60MW available to propel her at over 30 knots. It was true was that these three were more lightly armed than Graf Spee, but they were significantly more manoeuvrable and faster. There was also one final technical difference that would come into play, although the three allied ships were faster, their steam power took a significant time to deploy, whilst Graf Spee's diesel power could be turned on almost instantly.

These were some of the factors that Commodore Harwood and Captain Langsdorff had to consider in the early morning of 13th December 1939 when they spotted each other some 390 miles east of Montevideo, and they go some way towards explaining why Langsdorff chose to engage what was in fact a strategically superior force, helped by an initial misidentification of two of the cruisers as smaller destroyers. And so the battle commenced, and the resulting story went down in history, with at least most of the details being close to the tale as related to me some twenty years later, although it was another technical detail, the damage to Graf Spee's diesel processing system that left her with only the contents of her day tanks, and a few hours range that made her turn toward Montevideo.

So, that second personal element I mentioned? Many years later I was reminded of my father's story when I met my first Uruguayan, who is now, as it turned out, my wife. And when, at that first meeting she told me where she was from I did remember, specifically,

the story my father told me and my good impression of Uruguay as a neutral in war.

Some years later, when I first visited Montevideo, her father took me on a tour of Montevideo. Standing atop the fort of El Cerro, he pointed to where the Admiral Graf Spee now lies in the Rio de la Plata, and told me how he too, as a boy, had his own personal encounter with this ship when his father took him on a small boat to view her as she lay in Montevideo harbour awaiting her fate.

After moving to live here five years ago, I soon made my way to the Museo Naval, and saw relics of the Graf Spee, and an excellent set of panels describing the battle. I also read up about the battle and its aftermath, and became acquainted with the role of Sir Eugen Millington Drake in the various intrigues that persuaded Langsdorff that further resistance was pointless, and a danger to the people he put before all else, his own crew.

Soon afterwards I went for a meeting in the Instituto Cultural Anglo Uruguayo, and the first thing I noticed was the bust of Millington Drake, who played a leading role in creating the Anglo 80 years ago, and for which, as chance would have it I now work. Now, when I take my morning run, I trace the full length of Avenida Almirante Harwood, and cross and re-cross Calle Sir Eugen Millington Drake. History is written by the winners, but despite there being Calles Ajax, Exeter and Graf Spee in Barra de Maldonado, I can't help feeling that, 75 years after those momentous events, a Boulevard Kapitän Hans Wilhelm Langsdorff is missing, my father would have wanted one.

Silver River Lodge News

All our meetings are held on the 3rd Monday of every month from March through to November at the William G. Best Masonic Temple, located at calle Canelones 1429, Montevideo.

For further information please contact at us at secretarysr1876@gmail.com or call Mr. Martin Macadam at 096 001995.

This month's answer about Freemasonry is:

Question: Are Freemasons expected to prefer fellow Masons at the expense of others in giving jobs, promotions, contracts and the like?

Answer: Absolutely not. That would be a misuse of membership and subject to Masonic discipline. On his entry into Freemasonry each candidate states unequivocally that he expects no material gain from his membership. At various stages during the three ceremonies of his admission and when he is presented with a certificate from Grand Lodge that the admission ceremonies have been completed, he is forcefully reminded that attempts to gain preferment or material gain for himself or others is a misuse of membership which will not be tolerated. The Book of Constitutions, which every candidate receives, contains strict rules governing abuse of membership which can result in penalties varying from temporary suspension to expulsion.



Lamb Chops

by Jonathan Lamb
vozinglesa@gmail.com

High Praise For The Players

Good month for Shakespeare, this November: the Globe's visiting Hamlet (another coup for the British Council) and the Players' Macbeth. People keep saying how good this was. JJ Castillos writes: "I was gobsmacked. Good acting in all roles, high and low, good body language and movements, I was very impressed indeed.... it was among the best Macbeths I have ever seen anywhere. The actor playing Macbeth is very good... They all acted very well, but I think the old porter stole the show'.

What Shakespeare Plays

William Shakespeare certainly knew a lot of stuff. His plays contain references to archery, backgammon, bear-baiting, billiards, bowling, chess, cockfighting, dice, falconry, football, quoits, shovelboard, tennis, wrestling and many more games. In backgammon ('tables') he comes up with the idea of a man so correct he is even polite to his bad dice. "Oh really, dice!"

*This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,
That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms*

Love's Labours Lost, Act V. Scene ii.326

Backgammon Blues

You've played a certain board game for forty years, you've joined a club and even tried a couple of championships, you think you know more or less what you're doing. Then you start playing a person of American extraction in a Maldonado cafe, and you realize, in a moment of Nietzschean Erlebnis, that you know almost nothing at all. You are as a newborn child. You suck. Learning this lesson costs you several hundred pesos a week, which is cheap for Nietzschean Erlebnis. But it can be MORE THAN A MAN'S PRIDE CAN STAND. For example, when your opponent leans over the table and says "Forgive me for asking this, but we're not playing for money that matters to you, are we?"

Blueberry Wine

Where does one stand on blueberries? Probably one has not given them much thought. Fine in summer pudding – less tart than blackcurrants, less distinctive in jam – much prized in the States. But when they're chilled with a slice of bondiola, their subtle flavour comes into its own. Apparently they make wine, but a wine for tweaking and for drinking young, as blueberries have less acidity than grapes. One recipe for home-made blueberry wine contains the immortal instruction: 'Add potassium metabisulfite.'

But man, are these fresh blueberries good. There's a lady out on Ruta 12, a trainer of fine horses, who may let you go and gather great clusters of big ones (blueberries, not horses) for 100 pesos a kilo. Between gorgings, you can bag six kilos an hour. They're best cold or soft-frozen, and if you put a big bowl of them in the middle of the room for people to help themselves as they pass, you end up all gathered round the bowl, going, 'Man, are these blueberries good.'

The Ha'porth Of Tar

There were two schools of thought at the 19th Salon de Vino in early November. The first was, if you've paid to get in to Punta Cala (or have kind and generous friends), just head for the stuff in wooden boxes with names like Pizzicato and Sostenuto, and neck as much as you can, because you're sure as hell never going to pay \$1000 for it. The second approach was, "I say chaps, here's a chance to sip a load of different wines and see if there's anything drinkable at a reasonable price!" This was your correspondent's school of thought, and he was in a minority of one. While the others were glugging the Braggadocio and Fellatio and saying things like 'I'm getting nail varnish with a hint of syrup of figs', your man was spitting out yellow stuff at \$120 a bottle, and getting a headache. No, not true: towards the saner end of the scale, Pizzorno do a respectable Sauvignon Blanc called Don Prospero, and the Petit Grain de Muscat by Varela Sarranz slips down, as does their Cabernet Franc. Don Pascual have an interesting line in oaked red reservas.



Lamb Chops

But how do you compete with the neighbours? The supermarkets have a 2013 Torrontés from Cafayate at about \$180, and it's as good as a Muscat d'Alsace that would cost \$450 in the UK. Anyway, so much for wine: on food at the Salon, everyone said the same. 'What happened to the beef?' The pork just sat there going cold. Without the chunks of Angus, they're spoiling the luxury ship for a ha'porth of tar.

Competition

Mr and Mrs Nal's son, in the end, was Alfie Nal. What were the names of this chap's two aunts, who wept as he left? Don't cry for me, M**** and T***. And an easy clue for Yuletide: Mr and Mrs Christmas and their daughter M***. Have a good one yourself!

Coat-hanger Wire Sieve



Price in UK supermarket:
6 dollars

Price in MVD supermarket:
20 dollars

Average UK monthly wage:
3200 dollars

Average MVD monthly wage:
800 dollars

Equivalent UK cost of sieve:
80 dollars

Christmas Carols

CHRISTMAS CAROLS AT THE RESIDENCE

The Ambassador and Belinda Lyster-Binns are delighted to invite members of the British Society and their families to join them for carols and mince pies.

Wednesday 17th December
18:30 a 20:30 hs
Jorge Canning 2491 esq. Ricaldoni

Please confirm before 10th December by email:
RSVP.Montevideo@fco.gov.uk





Medical Column

by Dr. Jorge Stanham, MBE
jorgestanham@yahoo.com

Behind Enemy Lines

Five years ago at this time of the year, I felt terrible. I was coughing, had a slight fever, my muscles and joints ached and I couldn't stretch myself to do my work beyond early afternoon. After trying for one or two days to self-guess my symptoms into some diagnosis, I decided to squeeze into a colleague's office when one of his patients walked out. He diligently asked me a few questions in the joking black-humour style we doctors treat each other, ordered a chest x-ray and blood tests, which I promptly performed. As the x-ray was normal, he ordered a chest and abdominal computed tomography scan (also normal) while we awaited the result of the labs. An hour later, I went to the lab to pick up the results, to find that certain tests were absolutely off the mark, totally abnormal and... scary! To make a long story short, it all ended in a self-limited, reversible and completely cured viral illness and I was back to work in a little over a fortnight.

Short of an accident, suddenly being aware that my supposedly good health could go up in smoke in an instant, was a brain-changer. Everything I had planned to do one day, one week, one month, one year later and beyond was halted in mid-air. Suddenly feeling vulnerable and finite was something I hadn't faced. Of course, the typical medical-student syndrome of catching the illnesses you read and learn about was not foreign to my experience, but this was something real, absolute, existential... I was a patient! ... with a potentially severe illness: I was behind enemy lines.

The hours that followed during that late Thursday were a sobering experience, but what I most cherished was that my colleague stood by me until late that night, awaiting the results of further tests he had

ordered. Although he shared his uncertainty with me, he seemed confident and while I spent the next three or four days in the hospital, I trusted he would put my Humpty-Dumpty broken self together again.

We doctors don't make the best patients; we sometimes tend to be distrustful of colleagues and consultants, while at the same time the attending physician's attitude may reflect either over-alertness to check every possibility by testing and retesting, or a tendency to minimise the situation, as if seeing a colleague in medical distress distances them from the real problem. Our internal question mark sparked by uncertainty makes us think: "How would I react if I were in this same situation?"

In the end, it was for me a true learning experience in illness, uncertainty, trust and acceptance. I was grateful to what many patients with severe, debilitating and sometimes fatal illnesses taught me over nearly three decades. Trust in a concerned physician and a caring and dedicated nursing, technical and auxiliary staff eased my worries and at the same time opened my existence to accept whatever the outcome would be. Fortunately for me and my family, all ended well. I spent most of the days while I convalesced at home writing the second half of a book which I published a year later. The title of this book (written in Spanish) was: 'The Doctor-Patient Relationship: a Path from Biomedicine to Existence'.

When I suddenly found myself behind enemy lines, it was nice to have a buddy who helped me back to safety.

Things To Keep In Mind

You subscriptions can be paid at:

- Our events to our treasurer
- The Anglo Institute of Carrasco, Centro or Pocitos
- Lucas Calcraft (Av. Italia 6890 esq. Miami)

Reasonably-Priced Translations

English - Spanish, Spanish - English
Also oral translations (interpreting)

Write to: vozinglesa@gmail.com

Book Review

by Fernando Bonilla

A New Book About Sir Eugen Millington-Drake To Hit The Stands

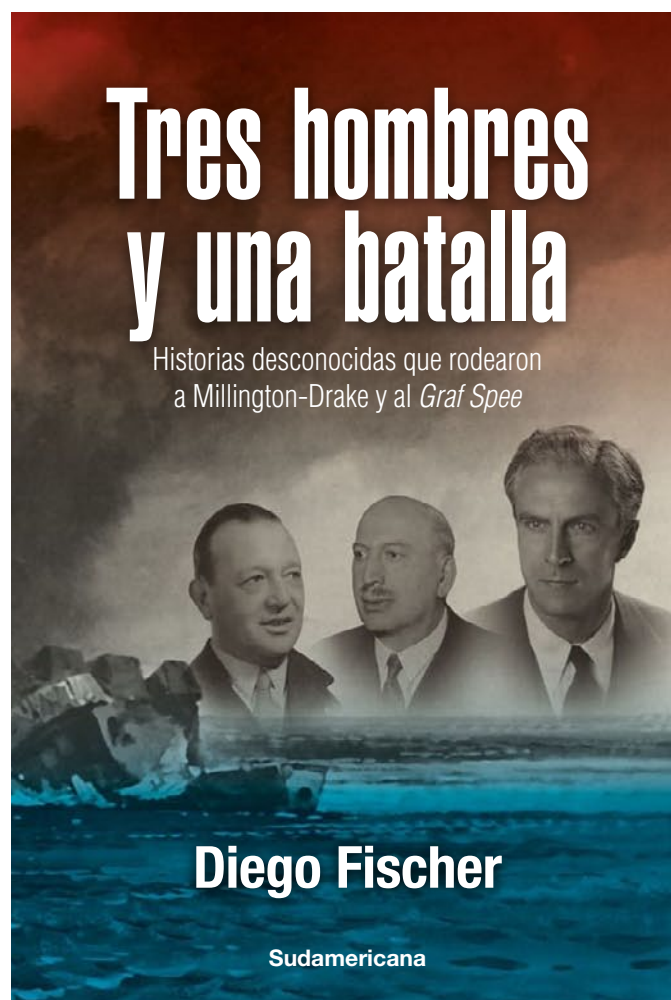
Three Men and One Battle, a new book by Diego Fischer, presents us with a succession of events, largely unknown until now, that changed the course of history. The paths of three very different men, Eugen Millington-Drake, Wilhelm Spielmann and Alberto Voulminot cross, most improbably, during the Battle of the River Plate and the sinking of the battle cruiser Graf Spee.

In this page-turner, Fischer tells the story of a British minister that arrives in Montevideo in 1934 with orders to neutralize the growing influence of Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy; an Austrian family of Jewish origin, hunted by a totalitarian regime, that refuses to accept the prospect of certain death; and an Alsatian family settled in Uruguay in the 1900s that will be called to stand up for France and avenge a historic crime.

There is a twist, though, and it is that this piece of investigative journalism also uncovers documents that remained under wraps for seven decades, which show how the Uruguayan government while voicing its solidarity with the peoples of the occupied territories, effectively closed the borders to the victims of Nazi persecution.

But above all, Three Men and One Battle is also a story of selfless generosity that proves that even in the

darkest moments of mankind there are men who can perform acts of true greatness.



Funny classified ads, which were actually placed in U.K. newspapers:

FREE YORKSHIRE TERRIER. 8 years old, hateful little bastard. Bites!

FREE PUPPIES, 1/2 Cocker Spaniel, 1/2 sneaky neighbor's dog.

FREE PUPPIES, mother is a Kennel Club registered German Shepherd.
Father is a Super Dog, able to leap tall fences in a single bound.

COWS, CALVES: NEVER BRED. Also 1 gay bull for sale.

JOINING NUDIST COLONY!
Must sell washer and dryer £100.

WEDDING DRESS FOR SALE. Worn once by mistake. Call Stephanie.



Geoff the Chef's Corner

by Geoffrey Deakin
gde@boskejo.com

This is a wonderful sweet loaf and a great way to use up those brown mushy bananas. Can be frozen for up to 2 weeks.

Banana Chocolate Chip Bread

Ingredients for 16 servings (1 loaf):

- 2 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/4 cup granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons baking powder
- teaspoon baking soda
- pinch salt
- cup chocolate chips
- cups bananas, 2-3 bananas, ripe, mashed
- 1/2 cup butter, melted
- 1/4 cup milk
- 2 eggs

Directions:

1. Preheat oven to 180°C / 350°F.
2. In large bowl, whisk flour, sugar, baking powder, baking soda and salt
3. Add chocolate chips.
4. In separate bowl, whisk together bananas, butter, milk and eggs; pour over flour mixture and stir just until blended. Spread in greased 9- x 5-inch (2 L) loaf pan.
5. Bake in centre of oven at 180°C / 350°F for 50 to 60 minutes or until cake tester inserted in centre comes out clean.
6. Let cool in pan on rack for 15 minutes.
7. Turn out onto rack; let cool completely.

- teaspoon curry powder
- 2 tablespoons vinegar
- teaspoon soy sauce
- salt
- pepper

Directions:

1. Heat a large frying pan with oil, sauté chicken until golden, remove from pan, drain, and place in long flat baking dish.
2. Sauté chopped onion & crushed garlic in saucepan in extra oil until transparent, add lemon juice, lemon rind, tomato sauce, brown sugar, mustard, curry powder, vinegar, soy sauce, salt and pepper.
3. Cover, bring to boil, remove from heat, and pour over chicken pieces.
4. Cover and bake in the oven at 180°C for between 1 to 1 1/4 hours or until chicken is tender.
5. Serve with steamed Rice



Devilled Chicken

An Australian dish from the 1970's that has disappeared from the dinner table. This is a dish to impress the ladies.

Ingredients for 6 servings:

- 1 1/2 kg chicken pieces
- 2 tablespoons oil
- large onion
- garlic cloves
- teaspoon oil, Extra Virgin
- tablespoons lemon juice
- tablespoon grated lemon rind
- cup tomato sauce
- tablespoon brown sugar
- teaspoon mustard powder

Tip O' The Day

How to Prevent Food from Sticking

Love the sear of a stainless skillet but not the way peppers can start to meld to the bottom midway through cooking?

A little more oil should help.

But don't just pour it over the top of the food or you'll end up with a greasy, soggy mess. Instead, use a metal spatula to loosen the vegetables or meat and push them to one side of the skillet. Then tilt the pan so the empty area is over the heat. Add the oil to the empty area (1 or 2 tablespoons should do it) and let it get hot before moving the food back. The heated oil on the hot pan will create a slick, non-stick surface, guaranteeing a sure-fire sauté.

And remember, love and cook with wild abandon!



Back In Time

by Tony Beckwith
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When A Treat Became A Tradition

A couple of years after we moved to Montevideo my mother was stricken with a severe case of homesickness. It was early December and she pined for the sort of family Christmas she had known while she was growing up. My father, who was at his wit's end trying to decide what to give her for Christmas, recognized a perfect solution when he saw one, and we were soon on our way to Buenos Aires to spend the holidays with her parents.

My maternal grandparents lived in a large house in Coghlan, a leafy suburb where many British families had settled over the years. It was a fine old place, only slightly the worse for wear, with a bright, spacious living room and dining room on the ground floor and several bedrooms upstairs. The kitchen was down a dark hallway that led off the dining room, with French doors that opened onto a back patio. It was a huge, cavernous room, like the kitchens I had seen at estancias in the camp, with an enormous wood-burning stove that must have been put there when the house was built, many years before. There was also a modern gas stove that my grandfather had had installed for doing the daily cooking. But when the house was full of guests, as it usually was on Christmas day, my grandmother fired up the old range so that she could cook a variety of things all at once, some in the twin ovens down below and some on the many burners on the top. She was a terrific cook, the kind who never used a recipe, just added a pinch of this and a dash of that, tasting each item until she was satisfied, flitting about the kitchen to make sure that everything was just right, ably assisted by her two daughters and a maid. Wearing an embroidered white apron over her party dress, she was obviously enjoying herself, occasionally doing little dance steps in time to the music that could be heard filtering in from the living room.

While Grannie and her crew were producing lunch for the score or so guests, Grandpa was entertaining them, ably assisted by his son, my uncle David. My grandfather was a marvellous musician; he had never had a lesson in his life but could play anything that anyone could hum or whistle. While David replenished drinks and bowls of peanuts, Grandpa played the piano by the living room window, encouraging everyone to sing along to the popular songs he had learned as a young man in Sheffield. He sang a few Christmas carols, but mainly played oldies like "Knees Up Mother Brown." Paying tribute to Glenn Miller's greatest hits, he called out, "Pardon me, boy, is that the Chattanooga

Choo-Choo?" From across the room David replied: "Track 29!" and Grandpa sang: "Boy, you can give me a shine." The assembled friends and family were delighted.

At some point David poured a "Gin & It"—Grannie's favourite cocktail: two parts gin, one part sweet vermouth—and ran it back to the kitchen. "Thank you, dear!" said Grannie, as she brandished a long wooden spoon in one hand and a cigarette in the other. It was the cigarette that particularly fascinated my brother and me. Much as we wanted to be in the living room watching Grandpa do his routine, we just couldn't tear ourselves away when Grannie put her cigarette in the corner of her mouth, squinting through the smoke as she stirred one saucepan after another. The ash got longer, and longer, and longer, and finally crumbled and fell into one of the pans. She didn't seem to notice, or maybe she thought it added something to the flavour. My brother and I strained to see exactly where the ash landed, and made a mental note to avoid the carrots, or potatoes, or whatever it had fallen into.

Lunch was finally served at about three o'clock in the afternoon. There was a long table in the dining room where most of the adults were seated, and a couple of bridge tables in the living room for the rest of the party. My mother and father joined my brother and me at one of the smaller tables so that we could all be together for the occasion. "Isn't this fun!" said my mother, who had thoroughly enjoyed working with her mother and sister in the kitchen again after being absent for a while. Grandpa carved the turkey while David sliced the roast beef, and there was a flurry of activity as vegetables, Yorkshire pudding, gravy, and bread rolls were passed from one person to another. Everyone raised a glass and said "Merry Christmas" and then tucked into the meal. The food was, as always, first class and people were soon murmuring "delicious" and offering "compliments to the chef."

As we started eating, my mother inspected our plates and noticed that neither my brother nor I had taken any carrots. "What's the matter," she asked, "I thought you liked Grannie's carrots?" Not knowing quite what to say, we both just looked down at our plates, and were hugely relieved when my father said, "I'd forgotten what fun we always have with your parents. We should do this every year." And just like that, a family tradition was born.



The Far Side

by Gary Larson



Link Of The Month

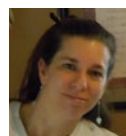
It takes me the better part of an hour to do this!

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wW-rd9ZR-TA>



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