



# BRITISH SOCIETY

## NEWSLETTER



*"My boss wants us to appeal to a younger and hipper crowd. So I'd like to get a tattoo that says-- 'Accounting Rules!'"*

<i>In this issue</i>	<u>COMING EVENTS</u>	<i>Regular Sections</i>
<p>Our Society President addresses us (page 10)</p> <p>Go back in time with Tony Beckwith (page 12)</p> <p>Next month 's coming events (last page!)</p>	<p><b>6th October</b> - Club de Lunch Uruguayo - <b>Británico</b> 's Monthly lunch.</p> <p><b>Thursday 14th October, Friday the 15th and Saturday the 17th</b> Bill &amp; Bob at The Montevideo Players ( see page 2 )</p> <p><b>Friday, October 15th, and Saturday, October 16th,</b> 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.</p> <p><b>Thursday 21st October, Friday 22nd, Saturday 23rd,</b> Bill &amp; Bob at The Montevideo Players</p> <p><b>Thursday 28th October, Friday 29th and Saturday 30th,</b> Bill &amp; Bob at The Montevideo Players</p>	<p>Embassy News (Page 3)</p> <p>Letters to the Editor (page 5)</p> <p>Art and Culture (pages 6 &amp; 7 &amp;..)</p> <p>Dictionary Corner (page 8)</p> <p>Lamb Chops (page 10)</p> <p>Nature News (page 12)</p>



## . The Montevideo Players Society: Bill & Bob *now booking!!!*

Shows on:

Thursday 14/Oct - Friday 15/Oct - Saturday 16/Oct

Thursday 21/Oct - Friday 22/Oct - Saturday 23/Oct

Thursday 28/Oct - Friday 29/Oct - Saturday 30/Oct

Thursday 4/Nov - Friday 5/Nov - Saturday 6/Nov

**At 21:30 Hrs.**

Tickets are priced at:

- For performances on 14,15,21,22 & 23/Oct

Adults - \$ 150.- Students & OAP's - \$ 80.-

- For all other performances:

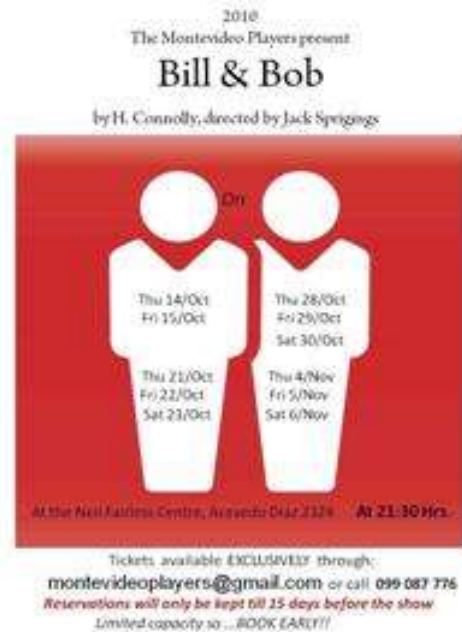
Adults - \$ 180.- Students & OAP's - \$ 90.-

Bookings EXCLUSIVELY through [montevideoplayers@gmail.com](mailto:montevideoplayers@gmail.com),

or calling **099 087 776**

**Reservations will only be kept till 15 days before the show**

*Limited capacity so ...BOOK EARLY!!* The Committee



## From the Editor

October has arrived with Spring. With it come new ideas and collaborators. You 'll find a puzzle from the Man With A Hundred Names (reminds me of Clint Eastwood, I don 't know why...), a different story from our Art and Culture columnist, and some other things you might find interesting... or not!

Joanna is still away, so I hope you don 't starve. You can always buy a sandwich at your favorite corner Bar. Jonathan has sent in his chops, and Tony is in with something. October events in our first page, and November in our last, so you can re-schedule in order not to miss anything new.

Just in case you are not aware, there will be the 4th South American Pipe Band Gathering in Buenos Aires the 5th of November (Friday). No fireworks for Guy Fawkes, but a lot of noise for sure, as the eight regional pipe bands will parade together from Plaza de Mayo to the Obelisco at 19:00hs. Might be worth getting across the pond!!

Ed. E. Tore

## Embassy News

**Patrick Bimson MBE:** Congratulations to Patrick Bimson, who was recently awarded with the honor "Member of the Most Excellent Order of the British Empire". In the photo, Patrick proudly shows his honor, handed to him in a small ceremony at the residence by Ambassador Patrick Mullee.



**Another Uruguayan to Oxford:** Ignacio González, a lawyer and diplomat with the Uruguayan Foreign Ministry was awarded a Chevening Scholarship to attend the Oxford University Foreign Service Programme. The Ambassador hosted a lunch for him, his family and Foreign Ministry officials, during which he presented Ignacio with the "Canning Award".



**Día del Patrimonio:** once again the British residence opened its doors to the public to celebrate "Día del Patrimonio" on Saturday 25 September. 981 people visited the house and gardens in six hours!

The Embassy would like to thank the guides (photos), who generously gave up their time to help out and make this such a successful event.



By **LEONARD THANE**

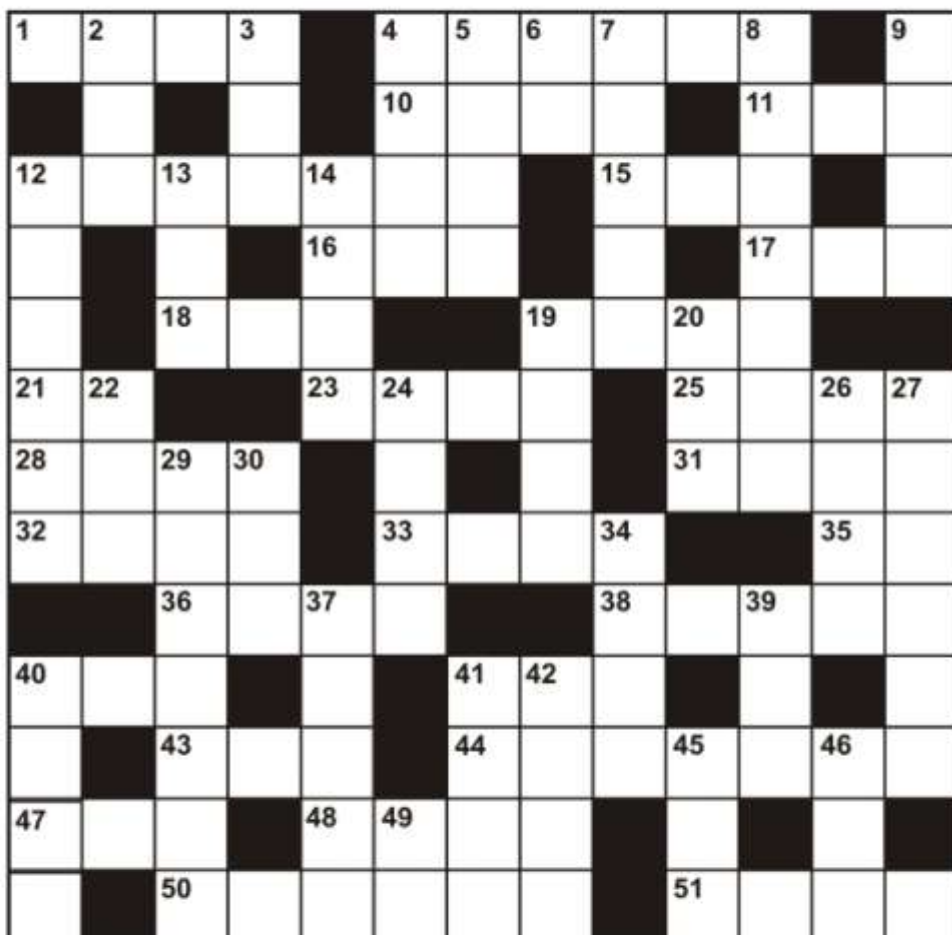
# CROSSWORD PUZZLE

## Across

1) One of John Buchan's 39. 4) Indifference, indolence. 10) Reputation. 11) Large vase. 12) Idle talk. 15) Zilch. 16) Lamb's mother. 17) Paranormal perception. 18) Land vehicle. 19) Russian river. 21) Preposition. 23) Rend. 25) Couch. 28) Titled woman. 31) Matured. 32) North American lake. 33) Positive sign. 35) Printed announcement. 36) Amiss. 38) Island near Naples. 40) Chart. 41) Bustle, fuss. 43) Unit of work. 44) ... for **Colum-bine**, Michael Moore's documentary. 47) Sailor. 48) Large monkeys. 50) Relating to old age. 51) One joule per second.

## Down

2) Ceylon, perhaps. 3) Round, edible seed. 4) Once more. 5) Peel. 6) Before noon. 7) Domingo, for instance. 8) Christmas firewood. 9) Photograph. 12) Mortar's crushing partner. 13) Hit the ball in a high arc over the



tennis's head. 14) Sleeveless garment. 19) Pakistan's official language other than English. 20) American unit of photographic sensibility. 22) Paddle. 24) Catch sight of. 26) Dread. 27) Summing. 29) Basic garments for babies. 30) Wood used

for making bows. 34) Flat bottomed barge. 37) One of King Lear's daughters. 39) Greek letter. 40) Butterfly's wool-eating cousin. 41) The first murder victim. 42) Prescribed amount of medicine. 45) Moo. 46) Court divider. 49) 3,1416 or 22/7.

Interesting Idea from Paddy...

### **Recommend your Handy Man (or not!)**

We all need a handy man every now and then. Plumber, electrician, painter, gardener.

However, most of those available are not entirely reliable.

Do you have one that is? Do him and others a favor, and let us all know!!

Send us his/hers details and specialty with your opinion and we'll all be grateful.

We'll start a short but detailed appendix to The Newsletter with this information.

Letters to the Editor

Hello Editor,

just to refresh your memory, I am Rev Brigitte Gutbrod of Holy Trinity Cathedral (Templo Ingles). As every year we will have a special celebration on Remembrance Sunday on the 14th of November.

I am very glad that the Rt Rev David Leake CBE will be our guest preacher. Above please find some information about him. We know him well as we lived 23 years in Salta, Argentina. When I heard that he was there at the moment I did not doubt a moment but invited him for the special occasion and I am very happy that he consented to come over.

Could you please announce it in the newsletter

Warm regards,

Revd Brigitte Gutbrod

**Rt.Rev.David Leake CBE**

Bishop David was born in Argentina and educated at St. Alban's College in Buenos Aires and the London College of Divinity. His parents were missionaries amongst the Indians in Northern Argentina.

He was consecrated bishop in 1969 in St. John's Cathedral in Buenos Aires and served as bishop in the Northern Diocese until 1989 when he was appointed Bishop of Argentina and moved to Buenos Aires. He was also the first Presiding Bishop of the Province of the Southern Cone. He retired to the United Kingdom in 2002 and lives in Norfolk where he was appointed Honorary Assistant Bishop of Norwich.

Bishop David is married to Rachel and they have three children Andrew living in Argentina, Philip in the United Kingdom and Judith in Uganda. They have five grandchildren.

As consultant to the Argentine Bible Society he has been involved in the translation of the New Testament into the ethnic Toba language, his current visit back to Argentina coincides with the presentation of the completed translation.

Dear Editor,

I was speaking with Richard this evening about the possibility of including this in the next newsletter. I know that time is short, and I would not like to be responsible for holding up the issue, but I would be grateful if we could be included.

David

The British Cemetery can now be found at two sites on the internet.

The institutional webpage in both English and Spanish at can be found at; <http://www.cementeriobritanico.com.uy/en/>

There is also an entry on Wikipedia which is being added to each day with a brief version of the history of our Cemetery, details of a few personalities, mainly connected with the British Community, links to organizations in Uruguay with British connections, as well as some useful sites for those of you interested in researching your own family.

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\\_British\\_Cemetery,\\_Montevideo](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The_British_Cemetery,_Montevideo)

It is easy for anyone to add details or make corrections to this page, but if you would prefer to send information, or photos to us at [info@britishcemetery.com.uy](mailto:info@britishcemetery.com.uy) we will upload it for you.

With time, we would like to gather together some of the rich heritage that gives our community its collective identity.

David Rennie

President

The British Cemetery Society

*Last Minute announcement from The Montevideo Players:*

THERE WILL BE NO CAR RALLY THIS YEAR. For any extra info, call the Players.

## ART & CULTURE

By Veronica Cordeiro

[dencuentro.vc@gmail.com](mailto:dencuentro.vc@gmail.com)



Dear readers, this 10<sup>th</sup> month of the year '10 is also packed with innovative exhibitions, concerts, plays and films to check out, and hope that more than one of them will further uplift the soul: at the end of this section you'll find a selection that will help you pick and choose, or look further afield for more. In the meantime, my introductory story will not promote an upcoming show or review a new space or project in town. Something most unusual happened to me a few days ago, and since it sees a series of chain-events that end up at Jorge Drexler's concert previewed in this newsletter's last edition, I thought it would be interesting to share it with you.

It was Tuesday, 14<sup>th</sup> September, 12:30pm, approximately. Traffic lights on red at the juncture between avenida Brasil and boulevard Artigas, precisely. I sat opposite the wheel in the driver's seat of my relatively new car, reading the city map – and I know that only someone as spatially challenged as myself needs a map to find her bearings in a city where the river separating those loved by everybody from those known to attract less neighbourly love demarcates your south against your north, east and west pretty evidently. Really, getting lost in Montevideo is just like getting lost in Manhattan, pretty daft. But there you go, I don't get lost, ever, because I take my disintegrating foldout Ancap map with me everywhere. En fin...I was not only holding an enormous piece of crumpled paper all over the driver's wheel, front panel and windows, I was also ending a mobile phone conversation which I managed to retrieve thanks to the G3ipod I had just scooped out of my handbag to find the number of the person I had to call, to let them know that I was running 15 minutes late because just as I was about to leave the house my baby had started crying and seemed to be coming up with a cold.

Well, thanks to this sprawling absentmindedness, typical, I suppose, of females (I can still hear my husband's voice exclaiming, as an insistent and ever present echo, "what the hell were you thinking, WOman!) I saved my cel phone, house keys (these must have fallen out of the handbag when I took out my electronic organizer), and ipod. But the rest went.

I never was so frightened so quickly. A hand as swift as Japanese cartoons launched a rock that hit the window and smashed the glass in god knows how many thousandths. I had shards of glass all over my head, hair, neck, legs, I was sitting on it without ever having lifted my behind, incredible. A fright in such conditions takes only instants to recover from, once you realise that more is coming and that the smash, bang boom was just the beginning. And that is when it's too late, a few instants too many. The mugger smashed the window, his arm zapped in, took the handbag way in display all over the passenger seat practically yelling for someone to snatch it, and ran.

I parked and panicked. I panicked and got out of the car. People driving other cars waiting in line for the same traffic light to turn green had actually tried warning me that this guy was approaching my window with a rock in his hand, and I remember thinking, with my eyes glued to the map, what the racket in the traffic was all about.

The rest of the story is pretty boring: what did I lose? A bunch of stuff. So my husband, bless him, arrives in no time, so does the police, we stroll around to see if we can find my lovely handbag. Nothing, obviously. People stop and tell us where the guy went, everyone seems to have seen him. Everyone except dumbos here. So we make our way to the police station to declare all stolen goods: ID card, yes; bank cards, bank statements, family hospital membership cards, projects, agenda, new sunglasses (hurts me to remember those), prescription glasses (I only used them for driving...), etc, the list will go on. My favourite lipstick. And, quite a bit of cash, seeing as I had just stopped at an ATM machine, slipped inside my wallet in the same pocket as the ticket I had just bought for my brother to join us the next day at Jorge Drexler's concert.

Next day, exactly 32 hours later, I enter the teatro del Sodre with my fellow companions, and as we make our way in, I ask my husband, "by the way, do you remember exactly where that seat was when you bought it?" "Of course I do," he replied, "I bought it looking at the screen with the seating arrangements precisely so that your brother could be next to us." Mmm, I think, interesting. I start feeling a little nervous. We reach our row, and there she is. His mom, I tell husband, oh my God, it's her, I'm sure, look where she's sitting, this is too much of a coincidence! I could call the police, right now. This would be such an easy one to solve. A ticket can't move too far for free in less than a day and a half. What to do? My friends just want to have a good time, and I'm going to ruin this show? I'm still under a lot of shock/stress from the aggression. Before I can think twice, I excuse myself and move out of my row and then excuse myself again as I move into the row in front, making my way past a bunch of legs until I reach the seat where my

brother has transfigured into an elderly lady. On closer inspection, she looks more like she might be the mugger's granny.

Ramona es mi nombre, por que? She replied, hesitantly, after I ask her name, where she purchased her ticket, if she's alone. I was given this ticket. Really? May I ask who gave it to you? Why? Oh, sorry, I suppose I just want to know. Well, someone gave it to me at the community centre where I work. Oh, a young man? No, a girl. Ah. I sigh. I run out of things to ask, I have no strategy. Whence I notice a whole empty aisle behind us. Ramona, would you mind it terribly if you came and sat down with me over there until the lights go off and the show starts? All right, I suppose.

We make our way to the empty aisle. Ramona, let me tell you why I'm interrogating you like this. And so I tell her what happened to me. She starts disarming, her expression softens, she seems to start showing some empathy. I don't really know what I'm doing, but I just know that this woman is directly related to the man who tore into my car and snatched my bag. The thing is, she might not know that her son/grandson/nephew/son in law is involved in crime like that. Had she suspected that the ticket she held in her hands was stolen, would she have gone, by herself, fearlessly, to see Jorge Drexler in one of the best seats available at the newly refurbished historical theatre in town? All these things crossed my mind and all I could feel for her was respect. And awe. I certainly wouldn't have had the guts to take that ticket all the way to its destination. We talked, I told her about the work I do, not only in the field of art but with ex-prisoners and shantytowns in Brazil, and that I there were few people in the world who believe, profoundly, in the potential of transformation of the human being. We talked, we almost philosophised. She asked for my telephone number, in case she came across any clues at the community centre. I thanked her.

We returned to our seats. My friends and I got bored of the show an hour later and left before it ended. It was ok, but I suppose I was elsewhere that night. I nurtured hopes that Ramona would call to tell me that she had all my lovely trinkets and that I could go pick them up on such and such a date and place. Daft, again. But none of that really seemed to matter anymore. What was worth all this unfathomable incidence, is that meeting Ramona rid me completely of the paranoia that I had started to feed in regards to the amount of information the mugger had on myself and my family. Meeting Ramona dissolved my fear. It didn't bring back my belongings, but it restored my calm, and my faith in people. If she is the mugger's relative, he might have somewhere to go back to the day he realises that life in crime is not worth it. Or not?

See also:

#### **OCTOBER MUSIC:**

**02 OCT. -- Chico César** (Popular Brazilian music)

Ciclo MUBA 2010.

**Teatro El Galpón - Sala César Campodónico** (Av. 18 de Julio 1618 , Tel: 2408 3366) at: **21:00**

**Cost:** \$ 390 and \$ 530.

**Sales at:** Red UTS (CD Warehouse, Palacio de la Música and Red Pagos) and at theatre.

**07 OCT. -- Pilsen Rock Circus** (Rock)

The Pixies (USA) and Buenos Muchachos (Uruguay).

**Teatro de Verano 'Ramón Collazo'** (Canteras del Parque Rodó , Tel: 1950 1830) at: **21:00**

**Cost:** \$ 600 and \$ 900.

**Sales at:** Red Abitab.

**08 OCT. -- Elymar Santos** (Brazilian music)

The Rio de Janeiro artist will sing themes from his last album, "Elymar, homem de sorte".

**Conrad Resort & Casino** (Playa Mansa Parada 4, Punta del Este , Tel: 4249 1111) at: **21:30**

**Cost:** USD 100 per person (dinner show).

**Sales at:** Red UTS (CD Warehouse, Palacio de la Música and Red Pagos).

**09 OCT. -- Buceo Invisible (Music-Poetry)**

Alumbrar. Introducing songs from their second album: "Cierro los ojos y todo respira". Guest participant: Florencia Ruiz (Argentina).

**Lindolfo** (Lindolfo Cuestas 1388 esq. Washington , Tel: 2916 2915) at: **21:30**

**Cost:** \$ 200.

**Sales at:** Red UTS (CD Warehouse, Palacio de la Música and Red Pagos) and at venue.

**09 OCT. -- Nicolás Arnicho**

Nico Arnicho Super Plugged. The percussionist musician presents an exclusive show, every Saturday of September and October. The show will be listened to with earphones provided by the theatre.

**Teatro Solís - Sala de Conferencias y Eventos** (Buenos Aires 686 , Tel: 1950 3323) at: **20:30 - 22:00**

**Cost:** \$ 250.

**Sales at:** Red UTS (CD Warehouse, Palacio de la Música and Red Pagos) and at theatre.

**14 OCT. -- Arnaldo Antunes (Rock-Pop)**

Introducing his new album, "Ie, ie, ie".

**La Trastienda Club Mvd.** (Daniel Fernández Crespo 1763 , Tel: 2402 6929) at: **21:00**

**Cost:** numbered preferential living \$ 700, general standing \$ 500. Financed by Visa and American Express.

**Sales at:** Red UTS (Palacio de la Música, CD Warehouse and Red Pagos) and at theatre.

**6 OCT. -- Pilsen Rock Circus (Rock)**

**Rural del Prado** (Lucas Obes and Buschental ) at: **15:00**

**Cost:** \$ 500 (until September 20), \$ 600 (from Sept 21 until the show).

**16 OCT. -- Soledad Bauzá (varied)**

Las canciones de Mateo. Saturdays 2, 9, 16 and 23 of October, Soledad Bauzá (voice), together with Nicolas Selves (guitar), Julio Batista (base) and Luis "Guá" Martínez (percussion) interpret some of Eduardo Mateo's best songs.

**Museo del Vino** (Maldonado 1150 esq. Gutiérrez Ruiz , Tel: 2908 3430) at: **22:30**

**Cost:** \$ 150 (includes a glass of wine).

**Sales at:** Red Abitab.

**OCTOBER ARTS**

**Carlos Furman**, Tango. Fotogalería del Teatro Solís

Teatro Solís, Buenos Aires esq. Bartolomé Mitre (Montevideo)

Until: November 16, 2010.

**Haroldo González**

Centro Cultural Dodecá, San Nicolás 1306

Tuesday-Saturday, 18:30 to 21hs.

Until October 15<sup>th</sup> 2010



**Mireya Masó**

Antártida. Tiempo de cambio / Time of Change

Centro Cultural de España, Rincón 629

Tel. 29157594

Monday to Friday, 11:30 to 20 hs and Saturday, 11:30 to 18 hs

Until: November 13<sup>th</sup>, 2010

**Nibia de Tomás Laurenz**

NIBIA

Centro Municipal de Exposiciones (Subte, Sala Cero)

18 de Julio y Julio Herrera y Obes, subsuelo de Plaza Fabini

until: October 1<sup>st</sup>, 2010

**Atelier Livni-Escuder**

Intervención textil

La Pasionaria, Reconquista 587 (Montevideo)

tel. 2915 68 52

Until: October 7<sup>th</sup>, 2010

**Pincho Casanova**

Siete comunidades indígenas en Caa- guazú, Paraguay

Museo de Arte Precolombino e Indígena (MAPI)

25 de Mayo 279 ex Ministerio de Defensa Nacional, Montevideo

Until: October 12<sup>th</sup>, 2010

## 7º Encuentro Uruguayo de Música Celta



The most renowned Celtic music festival in Uruguay, the Encuentro Uruguayo de Música Celta, is back in town. The music of the Celtic nations of Asturias, Brittany, Cornwall, Galicia, Ireland, Scotland and Wales that has left its mark on many Uruguayan performers will be present in Montevideo once again to the delight of the followers of this genre.

To be held at the Sala Zitarrosa theatre (Avenida 18 de Julio 1012) on Saturday 16<sup>th</sup> October starting at 21:00 hrs and on Sunday 17<sup>th</sup> October starting at 20:00 hrs, the festival reunites all the best Celtic bands in Uruguay, ranging from Scottish and Galician pipes to Welsh and Irish folk.

Organised by the bands themselves as a way to promote this type of music in Uruguay, the festival promises to be as successful as it has been in all its previous editions. Tickets are already available at the Sala Zitarrosa and throughout the Red UTS.

**From the President**

Dear members

Many of you attended the British Hospital's AGM on 28 September. Those who did were pleasantly surprised (yet again) by the healthy condition our hospital is in and the interesting plans for building expansion that were presented. Though some may have been saddened at discovering that Graciela Bascou, in-house secretary to the British Hospital Society and long-standing assistant to Walter Pereira, has decided to retire, it is good to see the hospital in constant evolution and progress. May it ever be so!

The British Society's first lecture-supper at The Anglo School in September was a great success and we have received plenty of positive feedback. I want to thank all those who let us know their views (good and bad) regarding this event, since it is only through members' input that we can gauge if the events we set up are appreciated by you. Given the result, we will be having a second lecture-supper in November, the details of which will be announced in our next Newsletter.

This month is a busy one with many events taking place both within and without our Community. As ever, I would like to highlight one of them for those of you who may not be familiar with them.

It is the annual Uruguayan Celtic Music Gathering (Encuentro Uruguayo de Música Celta) at the Sala Zitarrosa. This is your chance to listen to the best Celtic music in the country, at the hands of the usual suspects: our Community's Riverside Pipe Band, City of Montevideo Pipe Band, Grianan and Trelew, plus their Galician and Asturian friends, and new kids on the block Creepy Celtic Brothers. Miss it and it will be your loss!

Richard A. Empson

***IMPORTANT NOTICE. - FRAY BENTOS*****British Society trip to Fray Bentos**

Due to circumstances beyond the Society's control, the long-awaited trip to Fray Bentos has had to be postponed to the first weekend of December. Therefore the plan is to go on the weekend of the 4th and 5th of December. The package will include the bus trip to and from Fray Bentos, accommodation at the Gran Hotel Fray Bentos for Saturday night, guided excursions to the UPM (former Botnia) plant and the former Frigorífico Anglo as well as other local attractions and tea at the Fray Berntos Golf Club. Further details to appear in our next Newsletter. Seats are limited, so book yours a.s.a.p. All those interested please contact us at [britsoc@gmail.com](mailto:britsoc@gmail.com).

## LAMB CHOPS

## My Life as a Fag ( 2 )

So far in an undistinguished life your correspondent has been shot at three times, but only hit once. The first time was with a friend called Nick, at the age of about 10. We both had peashooters, which have presumably been outlawed now, but in those days were tin tubes slightly longer than a pencil, with a plastic collar at one end for blowing into. The tube was just large enough to take a dried pea. Near where Nick lived there was a wood, and in the wood was a house with a parrot in the window. For two small boys with peashooters, a house with a parrot in the window is an irresistible attraction, particularly when the window is open; and one day we were using the parrot for target practice when the owner of the bird came bursting out of the house with a shotgun. He was shouting something about little bastards. We turned and ran through the woods as if our lives depended on it, which might indeed have been the case, for as we ran we heard the roar of the shotgun, and a sound - not unlike rain - as the pellets tore through the trees above us. How far above, we were never sure.

The second time was a bit similar. It was in December 1989, during the Romanian Revolution, when your correspondent was in Bucharest and had unwisely ventured out into the

street with a cassette machine to record what was happening. The cassette is still on a shelf somewhere. Over a lot of crowd noise (recorded from well to the back of the crowd), a rather nervous voice describes how two armoured personnel carriers are looking on as the **crowd chant** 'jos dictatorul, noi sintem poporul' (down with the dictator, we are the people) and 'greva generala' (general strike). Then the voice says 'Burst of heavy machine fire...' and cuts off abruptly, the speaker having legged it pronto before getting trampled underfoot. As with the parrot-owner, it was never clear how far above us the **APC's were aiming**.

The third time was at school in the late **1960's**. Readers of the last Newsletter may recall that in those days the prefects at this now-defunct school had the right to thrash younger boys with a cane. It was not the prefects we fags were most wary of, however, but the boys just below them, whose power was all the more evil for being illegitimate. Some of them were right sadists. They would grab you if you walked down the wrong corridor and make you clean their common-rooms, or just persecute you for fun. The unofficial school sport was knife-throwing: a class-mate was once stood against a changing-room door while one of the older boys, a brilliant knife-thrower who later joined the Parachute Regiment, planted blades in the woodwork around him. The prefects often

knew what was going on beneath them, however, and caught up with one large fellow whose pleasure was to trap a very claustrophobic small boy inside his bed. They took the tormentor down to the basement, and when they had finished with him, left him hanging over a pool of blood. They did not, however, catch up with another group of sadists who would line you up against the wall behind the firing range and shoot you with an air pistol. The secret, we soon learned, was to stand so that your shirt hung away from your torso, and then it only stung a little. Some weeks later the police came, and took two of the boys away during prep: their books remained open and we never saw them again. But that was for entirely different reasons.

*Jonathan Lamb*



*Above: a bigger boy's face from the school photo. '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, will be at the Anglo Centro, San Jose 1426, at 6.30pm on Friday 22 October. 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 **6 de octubre**, 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 **Cr. Pablo Ferreri**, Director General de Rentas y el tema a desarrollar será: **"Contexto actual y desafíos futuros"**:

## Sounds of Uruguay

by Tony Beckwith

On Sunday afternoons in summer all was quiet in Montevideo and the streets were deserted. Lunch was over and most people were ready for a nap. Most adults that is, because the children were wide awake and listening – straining to hear a particular sound – listening. There it was! Off in the distance but getting louder by the minute: “¡Cooooo-na-prole!” It was the cry of the ice cream vendor, who walked the streets pushing his yellow cart, bringing joy to the children of Pocitos, the neighborhood where I lived.

The vendor’s brand of ice cream was *Conaprole*, but he’d stretch out the first syllable for maximum effect. In the second, more complicated part of his cry, he serenaded the street with a litany of his wares: “¡vasito, barrita, bombón helado!” Every Sunday I had to make an agonizing choice: ice cream in a cup? Dipped in chocolate? On a stick? Oh, delectable dilemma!

During the week, another sound drifted through the streets of Pocitos: the knife grinder’s whistle. It was actually a little panpipe – just like the one Pan played – but made of tin. The *afilador* rode a bicycle, and slid his whistle back and forth along his lips as he blew into the little holes, playing up and down the scales from low notes to high notes and back to low again. He carried his grinding stone mounted on a rack over the back wheel. When people heard his whistle and came out of their houses and waved, he’d stop and pull his bike up onto a stand, then sit on the seat facing backwards, pushing the pedals with his feet. The backward pedaling made the grinding stone spin, and he’d lean over it to sharpen dull blades of all kinds, adding a dash of mineral oil now and then, and exchanging news and gossip with housewives and maids as he worked.

Montevideo is a coastal city blessed with a string of beaches that stretch for miles, hugging the northern shore of the Río de la Plata until it meets the deep, salty blue waters of the Atlantic. Pocitos beach, barely a stone’s throw from my home, was a summer playground for us all, young and old. Throngs of people lounged on the sand on weekends, in bathing attire of varying degrees of modesty and taste, working hard at acquiring the savage tan we all craved. Some brought brightly colored beach umbrellas and volley balls and radios with the volume stuck on loud; some just a towel to lie on. Some had no time for food; others brought a picnic. The rest of us waited for the hot dog man. We could hear him coming from a long way off, singing out his signature call: “¡Frrrran-frrrute!” They were still called frankfurters at that time, though the beach vendors tended to butcher the word almost beyond recognition. They wore a white shirt and slacks, with a pair of *alpargatas* (locally-made rope-soled espadrilles) to protect their feet from the hot sand, and carried a large metal box on a strap over their shoulder. When hailed by a customer, they’d put the box on a folding stand and go to work. The box had a compartment where the dogs floated in hot water, which was in turn kept hot by built-in burners. There were separate compartments for the buns, already sliced, in paper wrappers, and plastic bottles full of mustard. The vendors used metal tongs to pull a dog from the water and settle it into a bun. “¿Mostaza?” they’d ask, and if you said yes the dog would come with a squirt of bright yellow mustard. Then the man would shoulder his box – which was both hot and heavy – and be on his way again. No hot dog tasted better than the ones sold on the beach. And nobody had a better tan than those vendors.

The beaches weren’t quite as crowded when a soccer game was being played, especially if it was between *Peñarol* and *Nacional* – the two top local teams. Then the fans would fill the *Estadio Centenario* and their roars could be heard for miles around. When they weren’t yelling and screaming – at their teams or at each other – you could hear the sing-song sound of the coffee vendors: “¡Sorocabana café!” These strong, agile men carried a large metal tank full of coffee strapped to their backs, and had all the accoutrements hooked onto their belts. They’d pull a cup out of a sort of scabbard and fill it from a hose attached to the tank, then sprinkle a little sugar into it. Aaah! Hot coffee, sweet and strong – just the ticket for getting through a long afternoon of *fútbol*.

This stadium, crowned by its dramatic winged tower, was built in 1930 to commemorate the centennial of Uruguay’s Constitution. The very first World Cup tournament was played there that year and when Uruguay won, the whole country reverberated with ecstatic cheers of victory – one of the sweetest sounds of all.



**NATURE NEWS**

BIRDS IN BALNEARIO SOLIS, MALDONADO

By Joy Gepp (vivigepp@gmail.com)

Some years ago I counted 75 species of birds I had seen either, in our garden or flying over; some only seen once or twice a year.....But, today, owing to the increase in human population in Solis, the variety of birds has changed. Those birds which adapt to human habitation have increased, like the mocking birds [calandrias], sparrows [gorriones] and the funny and boisterous grey-necked wood rails [chiricotes] ( picture below ). Others have diminished or disappeared: white-tailed kites [milanoblanco], white tipped doves, and both white and grey monjitas.

Of the migratory birds the fork-tailed flycatcher [tijereta], the streaked flycatcher [venteveo rayado], the tropical kingbird [suiriri real] and the bran coloured flycatcher [mosqueta estriada] are much less common nowadays; and the vermilion flycatcher [churrinche] ( picture at left ) is never seen.....all these owing to the " war " against flies and mosquitoes.

But all is not lost and in a future article we will give a few tips, which if adopted, will help to preserve the birds we have.



**COMPETITION.** The first name of the son born to conversationalists Sr y Sra Voss was of course Benny.

Next, an English one:

What was the first name of the son born to Mr and Mrs Dimprovement?

**DICTIONARY CORNER – 3**

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

**Kaleidoscope**

Traffic camera which only captures crashes.

**Papist**

Dad's drunk.

**Knowing**

Flightless

**Polygon**

A dead parrot.

**Oasis**

A card player's cry of delight.

**Matrimony**

The bill for a wedding reception.

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I've always ordered beverages one simple way: "A Coke, please."

Lately, though, this hasn't seemed to work. Waitresses now often respond, "I'm sorry, we don't have Coke. We have Pepsi, Diet Pepsi, Nix, Nix Light."

Tired of listening to the long list of soft drinks, I thought I'd make life easier. So one day I simply asked the snack bar clerk at a movie theater for a "dark, carbonated beverage."

The young man behind the counter chuckled and asked, "Sir, would you like a cylindrical plastic sucking device with that?"

### **Christopher Robin Milne**

Christopher Robin Milne was born, according to The Times of London, "in a genteel street of bay-windowed cottages where fuchsias and geraniums flourished in fastidious front gardens."

His father was a playwright and novelist, but he became most successful with the stories he wrote about his son.

The two most famous are Winnie the Pooh and The House at Pooh Corner. Christopher Robin did have a stuffed bear named Pooh, and he did remember playing "pooh sticks" as a boy. But as he grew up, he found it hard to remember which of his childhood memories were real and which his father had invented for his books.

While A. A. Milne was most famous for writing about his only son, according to Christopher Milne the writing took the place of spending time with him. As a young boy, Milne spent most of his time with his nanny in a nursery on the top floor of the house. Three times a day the nanny would formally bring him downstairs to see his parents.

When he was old enough, Milne was sent to a boarding school. Winnie the Pooh was already tremendously famous, and Milne was often teased by other students.

Throughout his adult life, Milne tried to distance himself from his famous name. He opened a bookstore in London, but found that customers came in on a regular basis to meet "the real Christopher Robin." "I'll write about him and see how he likes it," Milne once said of his father.

In the 1940s, that is exactly what he did. He published a series of three autobiographies. Eventually, Milne decided to use his name to advantage, selling autographed copies of his father's books for Save the Children.

Christopher Robin Milne died in April 1996. And Winnie the Pooh's best friend, Christopher Robin? He will probably live forever.



Daphne Milne with her son, Christopher Robin, Cotchford Farm, Sussex, c. 1925

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## **Other Events**

**Thursday November 4th**, Bill & Bob at  
The Montevideo Players

**Friday, November 5th**, and Saturday,  
November 6th, in Buenos Aires, 4th South  
American Pipe Band Gathering. Massed  
bands parade from Plaza de Mayo to the  
Obelisc at 19:00 hs.

**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.