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President's Blurb

Dear members

As a friend of mine told me, today is the first blank page of a 365-page book.

2014 is upon us, with its promise of undiscovered events and moments, and we each have our own wishes of how we would like it to unfold. Your Society will do the utmost to live up to your expectations and will try its best to offer you an interesting panoply of information, events and activities.

Since not much is happening over the next few weeks and most of you will be away at least part of the time to enjoy this country's lovely beaches, you will find this edition of our Newsletter slightly slimmer. But here it is, nevertheless, bringing you (hopefully) good reading material and a reminder that your Society continues to work for you even during the summer holidays.

We are glad to see the number of followers of our Facebook page increasing steadily. We try our best to keep it interesting, so it is good to see this starting to pay off!

As most of you know, December ended with an Extraordinary (and marathonic) General Meeting at which we discussed and agreed on most of the text



of a new set of Statutes for the Society aimed at modernising the Society's outlook and bringing things in line with how we actually do them in practice. Those who had wanted to attend but were unable to will be glad to know that we will be calling a second EGM to finish the job, since much discussion and fine combing of the text made it impossible for us to go through more than 24 of the 36 articles proposed. The Executive Committee is in the process of changing the text of the articles discussed to that we agreed on, which will then be circulated to make sure we are in complete agreement before we call the next meeting to finish off the rest. The good news is that all those who attended saw the value in modifying our out-dated current Statutes and had a chance to have a say in what will be the future of the Society. If you want to have your say, don't miss Reform of the Statutes: part II :)



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Si. Claro si.



British Embassy News

Follow us on **Facebook**
and keep in the loop!

Christmas Carols

Ambassador Ben Lyster-Binns was delighted to celebrate Christmas with members of the British Community, friends of the Embassy and their families, at the Residence.



The band Ubrass performed a selection of Christmas Carols and guests sang along from their carol booklets. The mince pies and gingerbread biscuits contributed to make it a typical British Christmas evening, except of course for the warm weather!



Earlier that day, the Ambassador visited the Winston Churchill Home to wish the residents a Happy Christmas.



English for Diplomats

The Ambassador presented certificates to members of the Uruguayan Ministry of Foreign Affairs who successfully finished an English course specifically designed for diplomats. This cooperation project between the British Embassy in Montevideo and the Artigas Institute at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs has been running for three years and was implemented by The Anglo Institute.



British vehicles

In a formal ceremony, the Ambassador delivered the keys of a number of Land Rover vehicles to the Uruguayan Army. The new vehicles will be used to patrol the borders. The event was also attended by UK-Uruguay Chamber of Commerce directors.

January – Embassy working hours

During January the Embassy will be open from 8.30am to 2.30pm.

Twitter

Another tool to stay in touch: follow us on Twitter!

Look for us under [UKinUruguay](#)

More news on our [website](#)



Battle Of The River Plate

13th December 2014 sees the 75th anniversary of the Battle of the Plate. Stephen Harwood writes that the following commemorative events will take place, organised by the two UK River Plate Veterans' Associations (HMS Ajax and River Plate Veterans' Association and the River Plate Veterans' and Families Association) on behalf of those who served in the three ships HMS Ajax, Achilles and Exeter.

12th April 2014: Unveiling of a Memorial to the Battle at the National Memorial Arboretum at Alrewas in Staffordshire.

June 2014: The town of Ajax, Ontario hosts an official visit by HMS Ajax and River Plate Veterans' Association, part of which will include the presentation of Admiral Harwood's day uniform by two of his grandsons, Jonathan and Ben Harwood.

13th December 2014: Anniversary luncheon at Portsmouth.

The Battle memorial will be a polished black granite disc on a plinth, with inscriptions, set in a paved area with a granite bench so that visitors may rest and reflect on the names displayed and on the whole history of the battle. It will clearly be amongst the most notable of the memorials at the Arboretum. The supporting information on the Battle will give due prominence to the on-going epilogue of the story, in which the British community has always shown great interest.

The Veterans' Associations are seeking to raise a guaranteed minimum of £18,000 to cover the cost of the memorial, its inauguration and its upkeep. Donations

are well advanced, but, as always, more donations would be welcome. Anyone wishing to donate could do so by BACS to HMS Ajax and River Plate Veterans' Association, Account number 35150668, sort code 30-99-56 (this account is held on behalf of all three ships in the battle, the Ajax, Achilles and Exeter) or by visiting www.hmsajax.org, opening the 'Memorial Page' and using the 'donate' button to pay by Pay Pal or credit/debit card. Donors will receive information and an invitation on the unveiling ceremony. Any surplus will be given to a naval charity.

The National Memorial Arboretum at Alrewas is a national site of remembrance dedicated by the Archbishop of Canterbury in the presence of the Queen in 2007. It is set in 150 acres in the heart of England and honours the fallen, recognises service and sacrifice, and fosters pride in this country. Over 50,000 trees have been planted in the Arboretum and it contains many memorials to members of the armed forces, civilian organisations and voluntary bodies who have served their country in time of conflict.

Note: Henry and Stephen Harwood are hoping to privately publish a short book, available at cost, on the Battle and its aftermath to commemorate the 75th Anniversary, also including extracts of some eyewitnesses, both in the ships and from shore. They have two from shore, one from Katherine O'Donaghue to her parents and one from an unknown person to "Cousin Kathleen", living in Uruguay, and mentioning "Evelyn" who might have been her husband or close friend. If anyone can identify Kathleen please inform the Editor at editor@britsoc.org.uy who will pass the name on to the Harwood family.





Medical Column

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

The Accelerating Pace

I passed the 60 mark more than a year ago and since then have been more aware of my limitations; some joint aches, getting tired easier, more need to rest and longing for a slower pace in my everyday routine. However, present day general medical practice has grown more complex: information expands exponentially and access to it is only not related to doctors catching up with it, but to deal with the information that reaches us through patients connected to the internet and other sources. Present day communications have made the old-fashioned-one-size-fits-all typical office visit only one of many other ways of interacting, at the same time that access to information about our patients is a bare keystroke or mouse click away. It feels that on a same day, I am practising many modes of medicine besides the traditional face-to-face-one-one-one consultation - all at the same time or at least in rapid succession. At a stage in my professional life where the distance I see in the rear-view mirror is a lot longer than what I perceive through the windshield, I have to adapt to the accelerated pace that is imposed on all of us.

Immediate access to information means waiting is equated to time wasted: if the information is available instantly, why wait to make a decision about it? All of us: patients, general physicians, consultants, laboratories, diagnostic and treatment services interact in modes which are expected not only to be instant or immediate, but also of high quality and reliable. The bar of expectations is continuously ratcheted up and the pressure to perform to the changing standards is ever-present. In this new milieu, many of those involved resist the changes. Some patients stick to the old-style office visit or phone call; many physicians do not use messaging or e-mails and even request to see their patients to refill chronic medications or check on test

results; we still have laboratories requesting that results be picked up or at best faxed (not providing e-mail or secure web access). Although some of the resistance can be attributed to legal concerns, most stems from the uncertainties posed by the changes, although their inevitability will commit us all to adapt and write history... or be part of it.

In this final lap of my medical life, I have decided to jump into the bandwagon. I have used e-mail to interact with my patients for the last sixteen years; I try to avoid face-to-face interaction for returning test results or medication refill requests for stable and controlled patients; during my workday, I have input from five sources: standard phone, cell phone, SMS, e-mail and messaging embedded into the electronic health record. Does this feel like an accelerated pace and a crammed agenda? You bet! But I have the satisfaction of finishing today's work today and using face-to-face interaction for those problems where it provides its maximal added value. The buzzword is accessibility: minimal waste of patients' and my time, with time use tailored to patients' specific needs. Am I overwhelmed with work and overwork? Yes, sometimes, but mostly during normal daily work hours. Ready accessibility on workdays and work hours is coupled with very low or minimal requests on weekends and out of hours on workdays.

At the time many are mourning the lost times of good old practice patterns, I am enjoying my small share of what the future will bring in interactions between patients and their healthcare providers. Yes... the pace is accelerating more and more, but like Moses on mount Nebo, I'd like to see the Promised Land at least from afar when my time to retire comes.

One-Liners

Do not argue with an idiot. He will drag you down to his level and beat you with experience.

The early bird might get the worm, but the second mouse gets the cheese.

To steal ideas from one person is plagiarism. To steal from many is research.

If you think nobody cares if you're alive, try missing a couple of payments.

How is it one careless match can start a forest fire, but it takes a whole box to start a campfire?

A computer once beat me at chess, but it was no match for me at kick boxing.



Geoff the Chef's Corner

by Geoffrey Deakin
gde@boskejo.com

As our dear old friend, John Lennon, would say:

*And so this is Christmas
And what have we done
Another year over
And a new one just begun*

*And so this is Christmas
I hope you have fun
The near and the dear one
The old and the young*

*A very merry Christmas
And a happy New Year
Let's hope it's a good one
Without any fear*

Sweet Franks

This is what you need... how much depends on how many...

- Pack of small Frankfurters (Pildoritas)
- 1 litre of red wine in a box (the sweeter and cheaper, the better)
- 1 kg of brown sugar

Instructions:

1. Place the wine and sugar in a large pot and heat up.
2. Add the Franks when the mix starts to boil.
3. Cook for 10 minutes (don't over boil).

Serve warm as an appetizer.

Whatever Franks and sauce are left over can be stored in the fridge for a long, long time. Don't throw away remaining sauce. It can be used later on for new batches of sausages.

Skillet Sandwich

Ingredients:

- Sliced ham (not very thin slices)
- Sliced cheese (likewise slices)
- Hamburger buns (Tortugas, or your favourite bread)
- Olive oil

Instructions:

1. Heat a flat skillet with a dash of Olive oil.
2. Fold in half 2 slices of ham and place them on

the hot skillet.

3. Flip them over when the bottom slice is browned.
4. Place 2 slices of cheese, folded in half also, on top of the ham.
5. Place another slice of ham folded in half on top of the cheese.
6. When the cheese starts to melt, flip everything over and cook until the bottom ham is brown.
7. Place in the previously cut Hamburger bun (or favourite bread).

Serve warm.

Some friends in Brazil also add a couple of tomato slices and cucumber with a dash of oregano to spice up the taste. It's called a Bauru sandwich over there.

Tip o' the day

Eggnog for Christmas

Ingredients:

- 4 egg yolks.
- 1/3 cup sugar, plus 1 tablespoon.
- 1 pint whole milk.
- 1 cup heavy cream.
- 3 ounces bourbon or light rum.
- 1 teaspoon freshly grated nutmeg.
- 4 egg whites*.

Directions:

1. In the bowl of a stand mixer, beat the egg yolks until they lighten in colour. Gradually add the 1/3 cup sugar and continue to beat until it is completely dissolved. Add the milk, cream, bourbon and nutmeg and stir to combine.
2. Place the egg whites in the bowl of a stand mixer and beat to soft peaks. With the mixer still running gradually add the 1 tablespoon of sugar and beat until stiff peaks form.
3. Whisk the egg whites into the mixture. Chill and serve.

I wish you a wonderful holiday season and a New Year full of happiness and prosperity!





Anglo News



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*Warmest thoughts and best wishes for a Merry Christmas
and a very Happy New Year which will mark the celebration
of our 80th anniversary.*

We hope you will join us!

EL PROYECTO CLIPPERTON

El 2014 nos encontrará comprometidos con esta iniciativa multidisciplinaria que utiliza conceptos de exploración, viaje y descubrimiento con el fin de que el público mejore su comprensión de los temas sociales, en particular aquellos relacionados con el medio ambiente. Deseamos demostrar cómo involucrándonos activamente en estos temas puede ser el camino para modificar la manera con que enfrentamos los cambios del mundo actual.

Queremos invitarte a que nos acompañes.



Arts & Culture

by Alice Tourn
aytourn@gmail.com

The Desolation Of Smaug: Middle Earth Regains Its Mojo

Glad tidings for followers of Peter Jackson's film adaptations of J.R.R. Tolkien's stories of Middle Earth: the second film in the trilogy of movies based on the 1937 fantasy novel *The Hobbit* is a big improvement from last year's first entry, *An Unexpected Journey*. The new movie jumps straight into the action and doesn't relent until its cliffhanger ending almost three hours later.

In this film, Bilbo Baggins (Martin Freeman) and the dwarves are forced to pick their way through a phantasmal forest, navigate raging rapids and escape the clutches of Lake-town's corrupt Master (Stephen Fry) to complete their quest to reach Erebor. And at the end there's the small matter of a dragon...

that. Moody, urgent and, for want of a better word, Ringsier, it's a much more satisfying film. If anything, it dispenses with early events with something approaching impatience: Beorn, the aforementioned bear-man (Mikael Persbrandt), is left behind before we've really had a chance to savour his peculiar brand of beastly intensity (though no doubt he'll be back to claw up baddies in part three, *The Battle Of Five Armies*), and the same goes for Mirkwood's hallucinatory boughs, which have the company tripping balls in a variety of amusing ways.

One problem with the former film was that it re-trod too closely the footsteps of the Fellowship of the Ring: it was difficult to share Bilbo's awe at entering the



About an hour into the raucously entertaining middle slab of the *Hobbit* trilogy, having already tangled with a fearsome bear-man, hissing arachnids and sundry other perils, our posse of undersized heroes clamber into wooden casks and are lobbed into what's not so much an action sequence as an unrelenting pile-up of lunatic, barrel-based gags. As they rocket down-river, pursued by elves and orcs (who are simultaneously waging war in the branches above), oak cylinders fly at the camera, plunge down fizzing waterfalls and bounce off rocks to scatter servants of evil like skittles. And to think that at this stage in the last film, the dwarves were still loading the dishwasher.

While *An Unexpected Journey* had plenty of bucolic charm, it did, for a Middle-earth film, feel oddly inconsequential. *The Desolation Of Smaug* remedies

elven city of Rivendell, given that we'd already been there 11 years before. Here, you can feel Jackson's relief at having entirely new worlds in which to play. The forest domain of the Silvan Elves has beauty edged with menace, plus it gives the dagger-eyed Thranduil (Lee Pace) an amazing elk-horned throne. But the real standouts are Lake-town and Erebor, contrasting but equally stunning showcases of production design. The former, a fog-shrouded, Dickensian burg that we're informed "stinks of fish oil and tar", has a new, pleasingly earthy flavour for Middle Earth. Kingdom-under-the-mountain Erebor, on the other hand, is the kind of mad location that could only exist in a computer, its centrepiece a stash of wealth so vast it would give Scrooge McDuck a quacking fit.

Arts & Culture

by Alice Tourn
aytourn@gmail.com



As Bilbo and Co. near their destination, the film gets increasingly busy, splitting the group in two and intercutting between those strands and Gandalf (Ian McKellen), who's off poking around the ruins of Dol Guldur. This last storyline still hasn't quite caught fire (it basically amounts to the wizard yelling at a giant, evil ink-blot), and it could be argued that more screen time might have been usefully given to the dwarves, who remain largely anonymous. Besides Thorin (Richard Armitage), whose facade of nobility is beginning to

crumble revealing baser motives beneath, the only one who gets much attention is Kili (Aidan Turner), vying with a returning Legolas (Orlando Bloom) for the attentions of auburn-haired elf Tauriel (Evangeline Lilly). As love triangles go, it's fairly rote — and might have been more dramatic were Kili not the one dwarf who looks like an elf anyway — but Tauriel, a character created for the film who's already got some Tolkienites raging, fits seamlessly into the world and gets to execute several pleasingly brutal orc kills.

Stephen Fry and Ryan Gage give good sleaze in their brief appearances as Lake-town's venal Master and his aide, Alfrid. Luke Evans is surprisingly Welsh as hero-in-waiting Bard The Bowman. But the standout new character is, predictably, the titular beast. Benedict Cumberbatch excels in his performance (vocal and mo-cap) as the blazing-eyed, honey-voiced, spike-helmed "serpent of the north". We've seen many a dragon on screen before, but nothing with this much personality: Smaug is a startlingly well-executed creation, toggling between arrogance, indolence and rage as he uses his wyrm-tongue to try to draw out Bilbo. And once he does, the film kicks into full throttle for an immense, half-hour finale that threatens to bring down the mountain itself. It's Jackson once more at the top of his game; God knows what he has in store for part three.

Middle Earth's got its mojo back. A huge improvement on the previous instalment, this takes our adventurers into uncharted territory and delivers spectacle by the ton. And in case you were wondering, yes, someone manages to say the title as dialogue.





Back In Time

by Tony Beckwith
tony@tonybeckwith.com

The Pocitos School

"You Can't Go Home Again" — Thomas Wolfe (1940)

When my alma mater was founded in 1908 it was called The British School. But since, at that time, it was in fact two schools—one for Girls and one for Boys—it was generally, though not always, referred to in the plural as The British Schools. The institution was originally established at Juan Manuel Blanes 112 in Montevideo but soon outgrew the premises. There were a couple of temporary moves and then, in 1925 the governing body bought about two thousand square meters of land at José Benito Lamas 2835/45 and built what became known as The Pocitos School.

I was enrolled in kindergarten there in 1950, and remember it as a large building on a quiet residential street, with high-ceilinged classrooms on two floors. There was a gymnasium-cum-assembly hall on the ground floor, and an open-air, paved playground around the back with a high, red brick wall surrounding the perimeter and another, lower one that separated the boys from the girls. In my memory, the playground was huge.

In 2011, when I returned to Montevideo for the fiftieth anniversary reunion of my graduating class, I was excited to catch up with old friends but I also really wanted to visit the Pocitos School. I had spent a significant portion of my childhood there and longed to see it again. But times had changed. It was now a Jewish School (Escuela Integral Hebreo Uruguay) and security was extremely tight. In recent years several friends had dropped by and had been turned away by armed guards. One afternoon, however, thanks to some skilful diplomatic moves by a well-connected classmate, a handful of us were granted permission to visit. We were warmly greeted by school authorities and given an escorted tour that began with a photo op, posing on the front steps just as we used to do at the end of every term. Once inside, we were taken straight down the corridor to the back door and shown the playground where we used to play *bolitas* and *payanas*, among other things, many years ago.

As I stepped out onto that paved surface my mind was awash with memories that, needless to say, didn't quite match what I was looking at. The dividing wall has been removed and the whole space felt tiny, far too small for all the marching we did in the mornings and the wild soccer games that overwhelmed the boys' area during breaks. The tree I loved best was still

standing beside the back wall, but did not look nearly as mighty as I remember it. Apartment buildings have been constructed in close proximity to the property, so that the playground now felt boxed in and there was no longer a sense of wide-open sky framed by a few leafy green trees. Another floor has been added to the rear of the main building, jutting out over the playground and supported by concrete columns, creating a bunker-like feeling on the ground level. The bicycle shed is gone, as is that whole open strip on the side of the building where classes sometimes used to spill out onto the steps for some *al fresco* learning.

Inside the building I was sad to see that the assembly hall—where I sang, did calisthenics, and learned to box on Friday afternoons—exists now only in memory. It has been replaced by a sunken library that no doubt inspires the same affection today that students at "El British" felt for that space in our time. The corridors on either side of the new library and on the upper floor are perhaps the most unchanged feature of the building. The floor tiles are the same, and the stairs have been carefully restored using identical materials. The railings are as lovely as ever, with their well-worn wooden balustrades looking just as they did in my day. I had difficulty locating the laboratory, which may say something about my lacklustre science grades. But my heart leapt when I saw the wall radiator outside the upstairs corner office where I remember—vividly—standing in detention, humiliated and contrite in my short grey flannel pants.

We wandered around the school for an hour, peering into classrooms that transported us to a distant time and place. When we emerged I remembered the candy vendors with their barrows parked outside the gates at ten past four, and thought about the mouth-watering *refuerzos de mortadela* at the shop across the road that is also but a memory. We all have different recollections, of course, based on our own unique perspective of events that we experienced in our childhood. But what happens to our emotional links to the past when they are exposed to the bright light of the present? This visit did nothing to corrupt or diminish mine. If anything, it brought me closer to those misty memories of long ago. In spite of the inevitable changes, it felt good to see the old place again and I'm glad I went back. In my opinion, it's not so much that we can't go home again. It's that we shouldn't expect it to be exactly as it was when we left.

Lamb Chops

Jacques Hughes

by Jonathan Lamb
vozinglesa@gmail.com

Congratulations to Martin Wells for getting in just before Richard Cowley: the famously controversial French son of Monsieur et Madame Hughes was of course Jacques, as in Dreyfus and *J'accuse*. The famous newspaper headline in *L'Aurore* was by novelist Zola - whose wife, it has been suggested during the comp, was a bit of a Gorgon. Martin wins a bottle of the wine made from a grape that is known by a thousand names in France: the last six on the list for ACROSTICKing off were as follows:

Mouranne, Auxerrois, Luckens, Beran, Estrangey, Calarin.

For those similarly bent, what about the elusive daughter of Herr und Frau Höll? Five letters, beginning with H. No prize for this one.

Cheap Lunch In Punta Del Este

Will Punta be a ghost town when the Brazilians have gone in early Jan? So it would seem, but sources near to the ground have suggested that there are still substantial pockets of the other visitors in Jose Ignacio and chic bits further up the coast. The best advice to anyone looking to rent in the peninsula would be to come after 5 Jan and offer no more than half the asking price. As renters-out we would certainly take it. Meanwhile the best way to keep a business open in Punta is to be genuinely exclusive, sell mementos to cruiseship tourists, run a supermarket or offer a good deal in basic food. This is the successful tactic pursued even through the winter by a restaurant called *The Family*, in Las Gaviotas just off Gorlero. How can anyone make money by asking 90 pesos for a *plato del día* of pork fillet, beef steak or chicken breasts and salad that looks like this? They deliver, the waiter's charming



and there's sport on TV. The only risk is that some of the other lunchers may offer to read your palm.

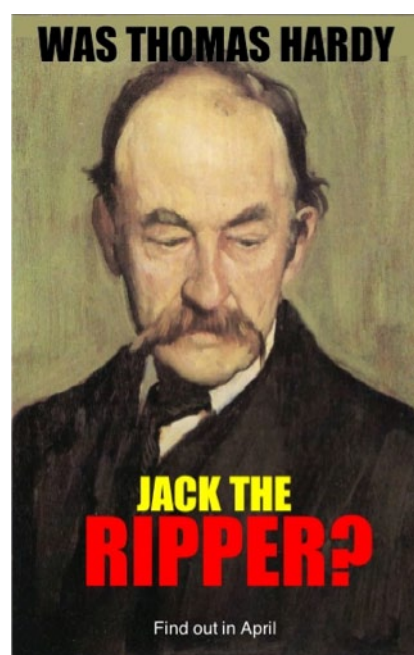
Record Price For Plastic Box

\$2335, Mercado Agrícola

The Day Of The Future

Seen on a bus-stop poster in December:

'DAY OF THE FUTURE. Come and see us in November!'



The Computer Says No

Submissions are welcome for the most splendid examples of computer nonsense in the local market. Currently tying for first place are Banco de Santander, whose software will only let them name the first holder of a joint account when sending an international transfer; and Devoto supermarkets, who will give you a 10% discount on 6 bottles of the same wine, but guess what? Not on the next five if you're such a naughty customer you want to buy 11 instead of 6.

Rental Accommodation Sought

Some friends of Fernando Bonilla's are looking for a flat to rent in Montevideo for a couple of months. Please contact feonis@gmail.com.

Happy New Year!



Future Events

► Saturday 12th April

- Unveiling of Battle Of The River Plate Memorial at the National Memorial Arboretum at Alrewas, Staffordshire.

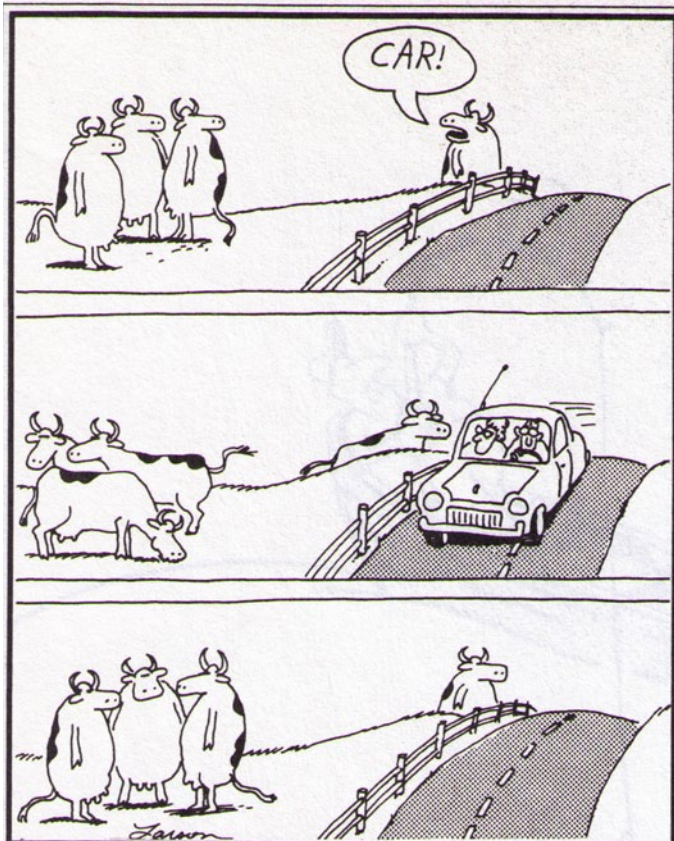
► Saturday 13th December

- Luncheon for the 75th Anniversary of the Battle Of The River Plate in Portsmouth, Hampshire.



The Far Side

by Gary Larson



Link Of The Month

That's the attitude! Don't miss this one:

http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ji5_MqicxSo



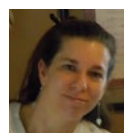
The Society At A Glance

Executive Committee



President: Richard Empson
president@britsoc.org.uy / 099 658 497

Vice-President: Jessica Bell
vp@britsoc.org.uy / 099 210 984



Treasurer: Madeleine Pool
treasurer@britsoc.org.uy / 098 503 920

Secretary: Susan McConnell
secretary@britsoc.org.uy / 099 267 413



Newsletter Editor / Webmaster:
Ricky Medina
editor@britsoc.org.uy / 094 547 279

Others



Chairman of the Sir Winston Churchill Home and Benevolent Funds: Liz Cowley
swch@britsoc.org.uy / 099 692 757

Auditor: Ian McConnell
imcconnell@winterbotham.com / 099 155 663