

Enjoy our **NEW FORMAT!**



THE **BRITISH SOCIETY**
IN **URUGUAY**

THE **NEWSLETTER**

May 2015



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Lecture Supper

**The Quintinshill
Rail Disaster**

British Cemetery

Lectures at Sunset

Christ Church Montevideo

**Mothers & Daughters
Supper**

St Andrew's Society of Uruguay

Ceilidh Night



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THE SOCIETY AT A GLANCE



President: Madeleine Pool
president@britsoc.org.uy / 098 503 920

Vice-President / Webmaster: Geoffrey Deakin
vp@britsoc.org.uy / 098 586 168



Treasurer: Jessica Bell
treasurer@britsoc.org.uy / 099 210 984

Hon. Secretary: Richard Lockhart
secretary@britsoc.org.uy / 094 44 12 72



Chairman of the Sir Winston Churchill Home
and Benevolent Funds: Andrea Davies
swch@britsoc.org.uy / 099 123 906

Newsletter Editor: Jeanine Beare
editor@britsoc.org.uy / 099 652 559



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



PRESIDENT'S WORDS

Dear readers,

April started with a gratifying Annual General Meeting at the British Schools pavilion; many thanks to all our members who were able to attend and to our Ambassador for his support.

We had a few changes in our committee, and so stepping down, after six years in several positions (treasurer of the British Society, treasurer and later Chairman of the Sir Winston Churchill Home and Benevolent fund), we have nothing but grateful words for Mr. Michael Brown, and our full appreciation for his competent management and guidance throughout these years. Also, sadly, our Newsletter editor, Mr. Ricardo Medina, who has been in our team for almost five years (created our website, and handled singlehandedly our Newsletter, keeping it entertaining and a strong nexus throughout our institutions and our community), after having completed both of his terms, has had to step down. Our grateful thanks for all their hard work.

We are very glad to welcome into our committee Mrs. Andrea Davies as Chairman of the Sir Winston Churchill Home and Benevolent Fund, and Mrs. Jeanine Beare as our new Newsletter editor. Andrea, has been a regular visitor to the Sir Winston Churchill Home since the year 2010, and has been an invaluable help on the Home's committee these last two years, so we are very pleased she should accept this new position. Jeanine is happy and willing to delve into the nothing-easy task of keeping this Newsletter straight! So, welcome, and all the best to you both.

Coming up, is our May Lecture Supper, where Jonathan Lamb, Jack Sprigings and Eddie de León will perform a 30 Minute Radio Play, which unravels a century old rail crash, the biggest in British History, and the cover up that followed. Please see more details below. We hope you can join us.

We are hoping to promote the participation of the younger generation into our community inviting them to receive our newsletter and updating their profile information. In this way, they may participate in our future events and enrich our Society with new and fresh ideas.

Soon, we will be sending a general email requesting that you update your personal information regarding the British Society. Most important is your birth date since you could be entitled to special members' benefits. I thank you in advance for your cooperation.

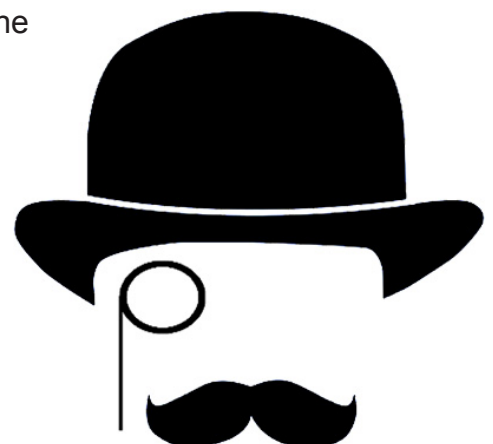
As you can see, this month's Newsletter has a new visual format. We hope you like it. To give the Newsletter more personality, we are looking for a name to use in future editions. Therefore, we are welcoming ideas for such, from our readers and collaborators, so please put on your thinking caps and send us your suggestions to editor@britsoc.org.uy.

I hope you enjoy this month's issue,

All the best,

Madeleine

***"To be born a gentleman is an accident
but to die a gentleman is an achievement."***
Adage





UPCOMING EVENTS

Thursday, May 7 at 7:30 pm

Lecture Supper
British Hospital Policlínico
Morales 2578

Friday, May 8 at 7:30 pm

Mothers & Daughters Supper
Christ Church Montevideo
Arocena 1907

Friday, May 8 at 10:00 pm

Ceilidh Night
St Andrew's Society of Uruguay
Av Garibaldi 2631

From May 16 at 7:30 pm

Until May 17 at 9:00 pm

V Shamrock Cup Indoor Piping
International Competition
The Shannon Irish Pub
Bartolomé Mitre 1318,
Esq. Buenos Aires

Friday, May 29 at 6:30 pm

Lectures at Sunset
British Cemetery
Av Rivera 3868

SWCH NEWS

Mildred's birthday was on the Monday 13th April. Many thanks to her cousins and friends, who dropped in, phoned and brought beautiful cards and flowers. We would also like to thank Virginia and Heather who come on Sundays to visit the residents.

In May, the staff and the multidisciplinary team of the British Hospital will attend a workshop presented by Lic. Silvia Grima: "Atención Integral al Adulto Mayor del SWCH", aiming at the excellence that is characteristic of the British Hospital.

CHRIST CHURCH NEWS

The traditional Mothers & Daughters Supper will be held at Christ Church on Friday 8th May at 19:30 hrs.
Arocena 1907

All ladies are welcome.

Tickets will be sold at the door.



Christ
Church
Montevideo



MAY LECTURE SUPPER

-WANTED-



**THE TRUTH ABOUT WHY, A CENTURY AGO THIS MONTH,
THESE TWO MEN KILLED 240 HEROES.**

AND WHY THE BRITISH AUTHORITIES COVERED IT UP.

'The Quintinshill Rail Disaster', a 30-minute radio drama, premiering at the British Society Lecture Supper on Thursday 7 May 2015 at 7.30pm, on the top floor of the BH Policlinicas building (Morales 2578). Price including a dinner of pork loin and prunes, chocolate marquise and lemon velvet ice cream: \$350 (members), \$500 (non-members). Places limited. Apply to secretary@britsoc.org.uy

**With the World
Premier of:
The Quintinshill
Rail Disaster**

**A 30 Minute
Radio Play
by
Jonathan Lamb**

**With
Jonathan Lamb
Jack Sprigings
Eddie de León**

**Dawn, southwest Scotland, 22 May 1915.
Two trains hurtle towards each other,
one packed with troops for the Front.
But the signalmen at Quintinshill have other concerns...
A drama about errors and history,
and the human beings who made them.**

Delicious Menu

Loin of pork and prunes with mustard sauce accompanied with applesauce, pineapple coleslaw and for dessert, chocolate marquise and lemon velvet ice cream!
Specially prepared for you by your volunteer British society cooks!

Date:

Thursday, 7th of May at 7:30 pm

Venue:

British hospital's policlinics building
Last floor of the British Hospital Policlínica (Morales 2578)

Price:

\$350 for members / \$500 for non-members



BRITISH EMBASSY NEWS

GOAL TO THE FUTURE

The 50 young football players who were awarded with English language scholarships last December got their certificates in a ceremony held at the Residence, as they completed their summer courses at the Anglo Institute.

The beneficiaries of these scholarships are 14-19 year old girls and boys who play in the junior teams of professional clubs and are members of "Gol al Futuro," a programme run by the Ministry of Sports that the Embassy has supported for the past three years.



HOLOCAUST REMEMBRANCE

Deputy Head of Mission Katharine Felton had the honour to accompany a Holocaust survivor and representatives from the Jewish community in lighting a candle at the remembrance event organised by the Israeli Community in Uruguay on Holocaust Memorial Day. The UK currently chairs the International Holocaust Remembrance Alliance (IHRA), an international body committed to preserve the memory of those who died during the Holocaust.





BRITISH EMBASSY NEWS

NORTHERN IRELAND EXPERT

Prof. Dr. Max Watson, expert in Palliative Care from the University of Ulster in Northern Ireland, visited Uruguay with the support of the Embassy. He was invited by the Echo Project, led by Dr. Henry Cohen, as Dr. Watson is a pioneer of this project in his country and in Europe, India and other Asian countries. The project idea is to bring together general practitioners and specialists, nurses, and other health professionals who live in rural or urban polyclinics in the interior through teleconferences with specialists from the Medical University in the capital to discuss patient cases collaboratively. Up until now, the ECHO Project was applied in Uruguay only in cases of Hepatitis C and HIV and from now on, it will cover other pathologies and situations, including palliative care. Dr. Watson gave four interesting lectures open for all in Montevideo and San José.



NEW PAINTINGS

The artwork in the Residence has had a makeover. We've received a number of new pieces from the Government Art Collection in the last few weeks.

So next time you visit see if you can spot them!



Embajada Británica
Montevideo

ANGLO NEWS

DOWNTON THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

You love Downton Abbey, but would you like to know more?
What exactly is an Earl? Why is it an Abbey, there are no monks?
Where is Mrs Patmore's husband? Why are all Lord Grantham's dogs named after Egyptians?
Who mows the grass? What are the grouse the Dowager Countess is waiting for?
Who sank the Titanic, and how do you actually play cricket?
Doesn't that house remind you of another British icon,
and will Mrs Hughes ever give up the storeroom keys?

Find out all this and much, much, more in a series of evening talks conducted by John Robinson.

Wednesdays: May-August 2015

Module 1: 13th and 27th, May

Module 2: 3rd and 17th, June

Module 3: 15th and 29th, July

Module 4: 5th and 19th, August

Time: 7 to 9 pm

Anglo Pocitos: Bvar España 2609 TEL: 27088491

Fee: \$1300 pesos per module

For enquiries regarding enrolment, please email anglocultural@anglo.edu.uy



DOWNTON THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

Wednesdays: May-August 2015

Time: 7 to 9 pm

Anglo Pocitos: Bvar España 2609



ANGLO

@ anglocultural@anglo.edu.uy

☎ 2 7088491

📘 Anglo Cultural



CLUB LUNCH NEWS

INVITATION TO MONTHLY LUNCH



Convocatoria Almuerzo

Miércoles
6 de mayo
12:15 horas

Seniors:
Una oportunidad
para empresas y
para Uruguay

Gabriel Rozman

Hotel NH Columbia
Rambla Gran Bretaña, 473

Secretaría del Club de Lunch
Esteban Grenno
secretaria@clublunch.org
Teléfono 2900 5241



BRITISH CEMETERY NEWS

LECTURES AT SUNSET

Friday 29th May at 6:30 pm
“A Los 105 Años del Celeste”

The story of Uruguayan football and the British contribution.

A programme of lectures organized in a cemetery may sound a little bit, shall we say, unusual? But they are well worth attending.

Exceptionally well organised, punctual, interesting, with a reception tent, special illumination, refreshments – it was a very positive experience when we went last Friday. In addition, the next lecture has special appeal for the Brits – the story of Uruguayan football, with reference to, for example, William Leslie Poole. A founding father of Uruguayan football, there is a plaza named after him – do you know where it is?

Find out on the 29th.

There will be a guided tour of the tombs in our cemetery of the famous football figures, the following day, Saturday 30th May.

Try one of these Encuentros a la Puesta del Sol...
You may be surprised.





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 secretarysrl876@gmail.com or call Mr. Martin Macadam at 096 001 995.

THIS MONTH'S QUIZ ABOUT FREEMASONRY IS:

Q Why do you call God the Great Architect?

A Freemasonry embraces all men who believe in God. Its membership includes Christians, Jews, Hindus, Sikhs, Muslims, Parsees and others. The use of descriptions such as the Great Architect prevents disharmony. The Great Architect is not a specific Masonic god or an attempt to combine all gods into one. Thus, men of differing religions pray together without offense being given to any of them.



ST ANDREW'S SOCIETY NEWS

CEILIDH NIGHT

FRIDAY MAY 8th 10pm

The St. Andrew's Society of Uruguay
The City of Montevideo Pipe Band
The River Side Pipe Band and Their Dancers

Avda. Garibaldi 2631 (Hogar Hungaro)
Entrance: \$200 (includes a drink)
Contact: 099 157 615, 091 048 937, 099 682 625



ANGLICAN CHURCH NEWS

OPEN CALL

The Anglican Church of Uruguay is offering an OPEN CALL to anyone who would like to participate more actively in certain administrative and oversight functions.

We are looking for people who have gifts and abilities in human resources, property management and various other committee type functions.

This participation has no financial remuneration since it is purely on a volunteer basis.

The minimum monthly requirement is 3 hours and the maximum requested would be 15 hours.

Please send a CV (with the heading VOLUNTEERISM) describing what you would like to offer and why, to iglesiaau@gmail.com.



SHAMROCK CUP



The V Shamrock Cup Indoor Piping International Competition at The Shannon Irish Pub.

Bartolomé Mitre 1318, esq. Buenos Aires

The Shamrock Cup Indoor Piping Competition will have four parts:

- Piobaireachd
- March, Strathspey and Reel
- 6/8 March
- Hornpipe & Jig



Light Music. For March, strathspey and reel competitors shall submit one setting. The same applies for Hornpipe and Jig, and 6/8 March.

Time Signatures. All marches for the MSR shall be in 2/4 time signature.

Length. All tunes submitted shall be a minimum of four parts.



MEDICAL COLUMN

Dr Jorge C Stanham MBE
jorgestanham@yahoo.com

I sometimes forget... I was once a junior doctor myself. Even after three and a half decades in practice, you can still easily fall into the timetrap of thinking you're still close to where you started. Thirty years ago, my junior colleagues were just out of Medical School, still in their Residency years and on the steep part of their learning curve of experience, knowledge and wisdom. Each year a new generation of doctors enters the profession and our own gradually approaches the exit door of retirement. Professional maturity brings wisdom, which comes on its own without asking, not only after seeing so many totemised truths disproved and anathemas abolished, but by the experience of disease, illness, suffering, hope and cure that we have shared with our patients over many years.

Sooner or later we, as doctors, will have to delegate to, or trust younger physicians to care for our patients when we are away, for our families and inevitably... to care for us as patients ourselves. Doctors, most of the time, do not morph into easy patients, or into docile family members of patients cared for by other colleagues, especially if the attending doctor is about two decades younger than ourselves. It's understandable that in a profession where the amount of knowledge to master is massive and virtually changing completely every five to ten years, we are probably excessively cautious when a junior colleague is at the helm of the care of our patients, a family member or ourselves.

However, as years and decades have gone by, I have learned to trust, encourage and even admire the generations of colleagues that will eventually replace us. These newer doctors have knowledge more solidly founded in science; they don't believe anything they are told or taught by seniors or even their professors unless they can check, confirm or modify new data by searching validated sources of information, most of it from the Internet. We did not have these modern tools to back up our knowledge; we had to be gullible enough to believe whatever was told to us in Medical School or find out the hard way, learning that many times we were causing harm by blind faith in questionable information, founded in eminence but not in evidence.

I have learned to care better for my patients by listening to my younger doctors who have replaced me during my holidays. They have improved on some of the diagnoses and treatments I was providing. I have managed to overcome the hubris typical of senior doctors and feel grateful for my junior colleagues... and relieved that when I'll phase out of practising medicine, my family and my grandchildren will enjoy better medical care than my generation has provided.

The newer generation of doctors values work-life balance more than we did. This does not mean that they care less about their patients. They are more prone to teamwork than we were, who were to a great extent solo cowboys in macho mode. There is a greater proportion of women doctors nowadays and some specialties are clearly dominated by 'doctoresses'. This has been a major factor in improving work conditions and environment, to the benefit of patients, who are the main reason we and the newer generations entered the medical profession in the first place.





BACK IN TIME

by Tony Beckwith
tony@tonybeckwith.com

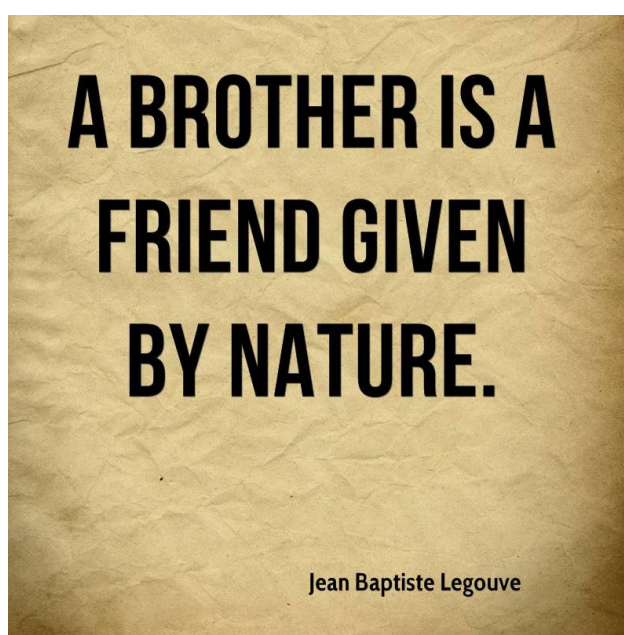
MY BROTHER AND I

On a summer night in the early 1960s I rode my Vespa along the Rambla from Carrasco to Pocitos. The breeze wafted up off the beach, gently buffeting my face. At that time of the year the night air was exquisite, and I was perfectly comfortable in a short-sleeved shirt, cotton slacks, and moccasins with no socks. On nights like that I felt I could ride forever.

As I approached the corner of 26 de Marzo, where I would usually turn off the Rambla to go home, I hesitated. Then I accelerated and kept going. I rode past the Buceo Yacht Club, standing white in the moonlight, a few sails bobbing back and forth on boats riding at anchor in the little harbour. Past the Edificio Panamericano and down to Pocitos beach, where the long row of apartment buildings rose up on my right to face the sea. I turned in at Avenida Brasil and then right again on Benito Blanco, past the Expreso Pocitos—still open, with people sitting on the terrace enjoying the balmy night. Halfway down the block I pulled over and parked. That summer an enterprising parrillero set up shop on the street in the evenings. He had a sawn-off oil drum on legs, full of smouldering coals, with a grill over the top. He served chivitos and had some beer in a cooler. There were no tables, no chairs, no frills. The smell of the thinly sliced meat cooking on the grill was heavenly. Actually, not a smell—an aroma; a sublime fragrance.

I was drinking a beer and smoking a cigarette when, to my amazement, my brother rode up on his motorcycle. “What are you doing here?” we both said at the same time. We were both on our way home after being out on dates. We had

each recently discovered this place, and in a rare case of serendipity had both decided to stop there to round off the evening. We stood on the pavement and chatted. Putting our beers on the running board of my Vespa, we held our steak sandwiches in both hands and leaned forward so that the juice wouldn’t drip on our shirts. Then we ordered a second one.



We chatted easily about nothing much, just small talk, and I marvelled at how well we were getting along. Because usually, unfortunately, we didn’t. I never fully understood why. We were fourteen months apart in age, and had grown up in identical circumstances. There were just the two of us and we still lived with our parents. Our worlds were very much the same. But of course, none of that mattered if a stubborn competitive

streak kept us from being friends. We butted heads regularly, over the silliest things, which caused our parents a great deal of anguish, for surely no mother or father can enjoy watching their children bicker and fight.

But that evening, standing on the pavement under the canopy of plane trees, we were getting along famously, like two old friends. Maybe it was because we were on unfamiliar ground, and could accept each other as equals in a place where neither could claim the upper hand. Maybe it was because there was nobody around to prove something to. The light from a nearby street lamp reflected off a plate glass window in the building behind us, creating a mirror effect. Out of the corner of my eye I caught a glimpse of the two of us and suddenly saw something that astounded me. *Continues on the next Page...*



BACK IN TIME ...Continued

I made a gesture to emphasize something I was saying, a sort of shrug accompanied by a tilt of the head and a movement of my hands. It was exactly the same gesture I had seen my brother make a thousand times. I couldn't believe it. I had always thought we were so different. Were we really more alike than I had ever dreamed?

I started recalling moments we had shared during the course of our brief lives, neither of us having yet completed our second decade. I remembered him showing me how to "shave like Daddy did" when we were very small, using a ripe banana as a shaving stick and one of Mummy's precious silver table knives as a razor. How he, being older, wanted to tell me the truth about Santa Claus, and then was sorry because I was heartbroken to hear the news. How he, being bigger and stronger, went looking for someone who had bullied me in the school playground and that someone never bullied me again. I remembered us getting into trouble together and sharing a fear of the consequences.

I pictured him giving me a thumbs-up sign as I waited in the wings to go onstage when we were both involved with the Montevideo Players. Just as I applauded him when he and his fellow bagpipers took the floor at the Caledonian Ball.

As I sifted through those memories and others that crowded into my mind I wondered—sadly and not for the last time—why we couldn't get along. Why we had to ruin every chance we got by making sarcastic remarks, pushing each other's buttons, and rubbing salt into old wounds. I envied other sets of brothers who, at least on the surface, seemed to get along reasonably well. I wistfully imagined how good it must feel to be friends with your brother and share your life with him, as Christopher and I shared the hour or so we spent together that night in Pocitos. We would, of course, break the spell by racing each other home afterwards, and the winner would crow as though it was a meaningful accomplishment. But until then it felt good to think that my brother and I could be friends.

NEWSLETTER NAME QUEST

We are searching for a name to identify our Monthly Newsletter.
Not only newborn princesses are christened...

We are welcoming ideas for such, from our readers and collaborators, so please put on your thinking caps and send us your suggestions to editor@britsoc.org.uy.

Two early suggestions:

- Brit News
- BriTalk

...and yours is?

I
need a
name!





LAMB CHOPS

by Jonathan Lamb
vozinglesa@gmail.com

Sex in a Glass

...is what the Oxonians enjoyed at a recent blind tasting of Pinot Noirs. For that's what this difficult but rewarding grape was once called by a Grand Master of Wine; someone else said that if God makes Cabernet Sauvignon, the devil makes Pinot Noir. Blended with Chardonnay and Pinot Meunier to make champagne, or grown in south-east France to make Burgundy (in Belgium the Walloons used to drink burgundy because it came overland, and the Flemish, Bordeaux because it came by sea), Pinot Noir now hails from almost everywhere, particularly – and expensively – from California and Oregon. At Jacobo and Lizzy's lovely house in Solanas, the group sampled six bottles, ranging from Pueblo del Sol at \$90 to Doña Paula at \$800. The consensus seemed to be that there wasn't much difference between them, but the winner for quality and price was Undurraga's Aliwen from Chile, at around \$280 (Devoto, Geant); and their Sauvignon Blanc at a similar price is even better.

Napoleonic uniform made so that he could take part in reconstructions. There can't be many people on the planet who know more about this extraordinary day of hand-to-hand carnage than him. Except, maybe, the late David Howarth, who wrote one of the most thrilling books about what the battle must have been like: 'Waterloo, a Near Run Thing'.



Did you know that while the fleeing Napoleon was caught with just-in-case diamonds sewn into his clothes, Wellington went home and slept on the floor on a straw mattress because an officer was dying in his bed? And what about the expensive dentures called 'Waterloo Teeth', that were made with teeth extracted from the fallen? Apparently, they were also shipped to Europe in barrels after the battles of the American Civil War. Gruesome stuff, History.

Competition

Here are the six tennis players hidden in last month's text:

WAITER: Channa **Dal**? Lentil curry from Punjab, sir. Very good. The deliciousness of this dish is terrific.

MR DINER: That'll do for me. Re**becca**?

MRS DINER: Spicy, please. This lady's only happy when you've **fed her a** really hot one. Make it a **Phal**, then I can give my man here a lip-**smackin'** romantic kiss.

WAITER: Certainly. So it's an anniversary! Would you like a drink **on us**? We have a 2015 **Bourgogne**...

This month: Find the five peers of the realm hidden in descending order in this passage. *'In due course the postmark was to alter, leaving out the 5. I count this as a bad job: arrant nonsense, in fact.'*



Eyeless in Gasa

It has been a lovely dry mosquito-free summer, but commiserations to anyone with dust-allergy conjunctivitis who has been lying around under iced pads of gasa (gauze) to soothe their weeping peepers. Aldous Huxley wasn't far wrong.

Selfiesh

Just when you thought that people's holiday snaps couldn't get any more boring. "Here's one of me at Iguacu falls....and here's one of me up Corcovado...I took this one of me with a selfie stick on the beach at Punta..."

Waterloo Teeth

Don't miss Alberto Marquez on the battle of Waterloo, if the British Society are lucky enough to get him. Alberto used to live there, and even had a

LAMB CHOPS ...Continued

Stop press: Jane Silverwood Hits the Stage

Look out for Jane's stage debut in the 30-minute radio drama *Quintin's Hill*, about Britain's biggest-ever rail disaster in 1915. She plays a signalman's wife and a young Army officer. Before a delicious pork supper on the top floor of the British Hospital Policlínica (Morales 2578) at 7.30pm next Thursday 7th May: see elsewhere in the Newsletter for more details.



GEOFF THE CHEF'S CORNER

TRADITIONAL BRAZILIAN BRIGADEIRO

Ingredients

- 1 teaspoon butter, plus more for greasing hands
- One 14-ounce can condensed milk
- 2 tablespoons cocoa powder
- Chocolate sprinkles or similar (be creative!)

Directions

In a medium saucepan over medium-low heat, melt the butter. Add the condensed milk and cocoa powder.

Cook the mixture until it thickens enough so you can clearly see the bottom of the pan when stirring, about 15 minutes. The consistency should be firm enough to stay together.

Pour it directly into a dish and let cool to room temperature, about another 15 minutes.

Lightly grease your hands with butter and roll about a teaspoon of brigadeiro between your palms to form 1½ inch balls.

Roll them in your favourite chocolate sprinkles and place them into small paper cups.

Farewell

I am very saddened to inform my dear readers that this is my last recipe for the Newsletter since my new duties as Digital Designer are quite overwhelming.

It was a superb pleasure sharing these many calories with you all.

Also, allow me to introduce our next Chef, Caroline Conde who will be delighting our taste buds in the next editions.

Remember, love and cook with wild abandon!

Thank you and God bless!



LINK OF THE MONTH

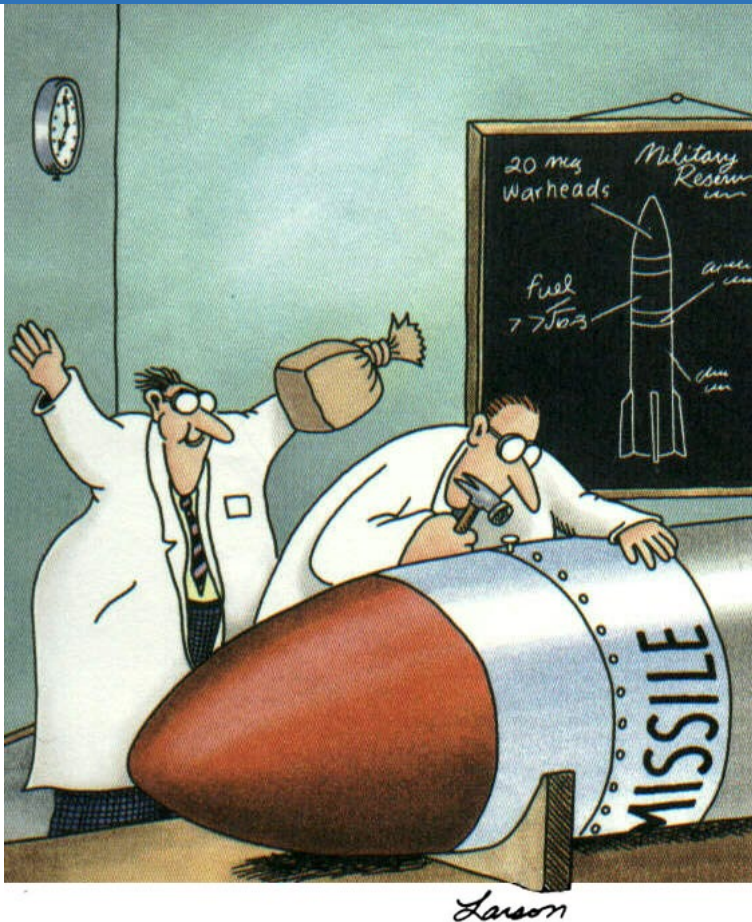
What happens to our Queen's image on the one-pound coins as Her Majesty gracefully ages?

Click here to find out:

BBC Secret of the Coins



THE FAR SIDE



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