

END OF YEAR TRIP!



THE BRITISH SOCIETY
IN URUGUAY

THE CONTACT

October 2015

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THE SOCIETY AT A GLANCE



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PRESIDENT'S WORDS

Dear readers,

Our Ambassador Ben Lyster Binns and Belinda have gladly opened their Residence for us once again, and our next Lecture Supper will be hosted there, with a talk given by our Defence Attaché Captain Andy Hancock, on the Royal Navy, today and tomorrow. So, mark Thursday the 15th on your calendars, and be sure to reserve quickly since the seating is limited and will be quickly taken.

Our end of year outing is taking us to the chacra and bodega Los Nadies, in Canelones, where Manuel Filgueira and his wife will welcome us with lunch, a walk around the chacra, showing and explaining to us the process of winemaking, and where we will enjoy some wine tasting.

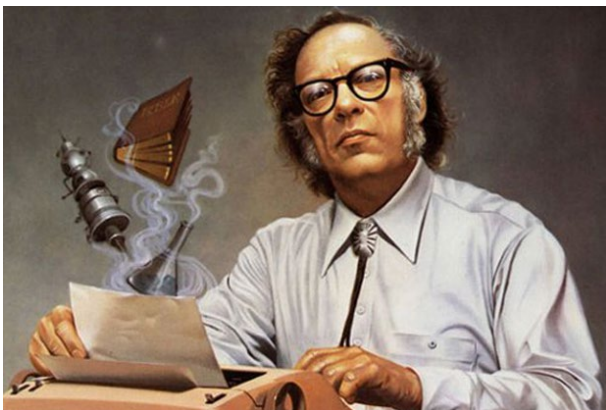
We will be accompanied by London actor Mr. Niel Titley, who will offer us a dramatized reading of Oscar Wilde, while we savour good wine, and a grand view of vineyards of Canelones. Well, that's my idea of a relaxing good Sunday, so we hope you can make it and join us! We will organize a bus, for transport, with a couple of picking up places, so we can all relish freely the good wine, and children can accompany free of charge.



I hope you enjoy your reading,

All the best,

Madeleine



"People who think they know everything are a great annoyance to those of us who do"

Isaac Asimov



UPCOMING EVENTS

Saturday, 10th October
Rugby Time
Uruguay vs. England
 Residence British Embassy

Thursday, 15th October
BSU Lecture Supper
 Residence British Embassy

Saturday, 17th October
Globe Theatre on Tour
 Anglo Institute

Sunday, 1st November
End of Year Trip
Wine Tasting
 Estancia Los Nadies

ANGLICAN CHURCH NEWS

The Anglican Church of Uruguay has published their September Issue of "The Town Crier", its Diocesan Bulletin

You may ask for a copy at:
elpregoneroiau@gmail.com



SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL HOME NEWS

The fact that the world has become smaller means that it is more important to know about other cultures, not less. People still grow up within a particular culture and they are still influenced by it.

The SWCH received the visit of Lic. **Desiree Conti** who is working on an anthropological project called "**Migrante Europeo en Uruguay**".

Andrea Davies

*Visit the website
www.vissidarte.com.uy
 if you are interested
 in taking part
 in this project.*



From left to right: Vivi Miles, Dr. Villar, Lic. Desiree Conti and Peter Schor





BSU LECTURE SUPPER

We cordially invite you to our

October Lecture Supper

Lecture **The Royal Navy,
Today and Tomorrow**

Lecturer **Defence Attaché
Captain Andy Hancock**


Date **Thursday 15th of October
19:30 hrs**

Venue **Our Ambassador's Residence
Jorge Canning 2491**

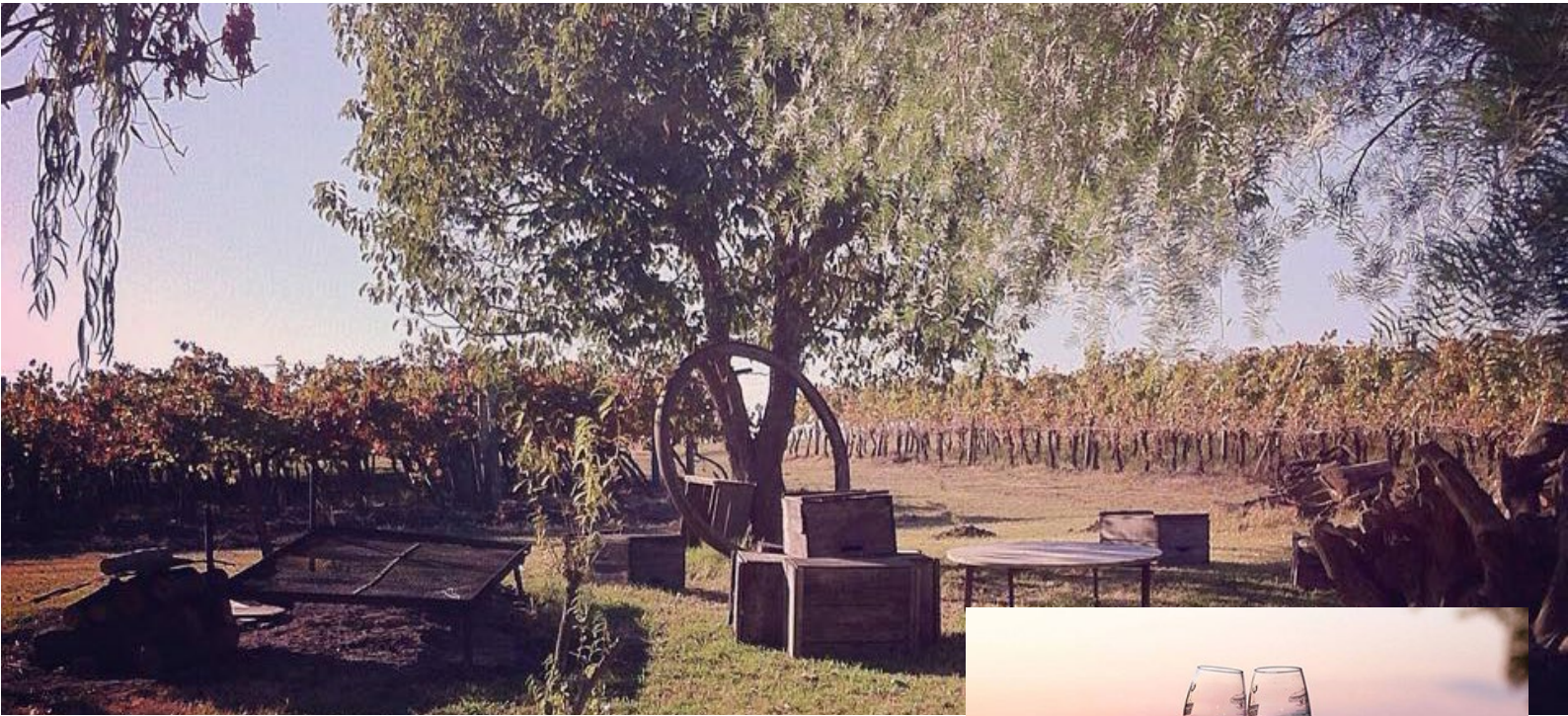


Price **\$400 for Members
\$550 for Non-Members**

**Seating is limited, so please,
book your place now at
secretary@britsoc.org.uy
or call Susan McConnell at 094 384 020
www.britsoc.org.uy**

More information... 

END OF YEAR TRIP



End of year trip: Wine tasting and Oscar Wilde reading in Chacra Los Nadies.



Venue: Chacra Los Nadies,
Canelones, Ruta 81, km 6 1/2 Santa Lucía
Date: Sunday 1st of November
Event: Lunch, wine tasting and
Walking us through the wine making process
Oscar Wilde reading by London actor Mr. Niel Titley

A bus shall take us to the chacra and bodega Los Nadies, where we shall be shown and explained the process of wine making, have lunch, and enjoy a wine tasting of their wines.

London actor, Mr. Niel Titley will be joining us, and be delighting us with some Oscar Wilde dramatized reading.



BRITISH EMBASSY NEWS

GREAT SUCCESS AT EXPO PRADO!

More than 75,000 people visited the British Pavilion at the Expo Prado 2015 during the 12 days of the show. The Pavilion was awarded first prize in the category "Best Embassy and Chamber of Commerce Pavilion" by the Uruguayan Rural Association.

We would like to thank all the companies and organisations that were part of it, including the Falkland Islands, and to all those who worked hard to make it such a success!



Embajada Británica
Montevideo

CHEVENING SCHOLARS 2015-16

A record number of 31 professionals have been awarded with our Chevening scholarships to study master's degrees in the UK, some of them co-funded by the Uruguayan Agency for Research and Innovation, ANII. At the farewell event held at the Residence on September 1, Ambassador Ben Lyster-Binns and ANII's

President Fernando Brum signed an agreement to renew the cooperation for the Chevening Scholarship programme for 2016-17 and another one to implement a Fund on Science and Innovation. Chevening applications are open until November 3 via www.chevening.org/uruguay





BRITISH EMBASSY NEWS

RUGBY TIME INVITATION TO RESIDENCE



The Ambassador would like to invite members of the British Community to watch the England-Uruguay rugby match at the Residence on Saturday 10 October at 16:00, following Día del Patrimonio.

There are 50 places available and the Embassy will get in touch with those guests to confirm their place.

Replies to
RSVP.Montevideo@fco.gov.uk

ROYAL NAVY LEADERSHIP SEMINAR

The British Defence Attaché to Uruguay, Captain Andy Hancock (Royal Navy) gave a presentation to an invited Uruguayan Navy audience on the Royal Navy's approach to leadership. This was followed by a second presentation from Captain Angie Hancock (Royal Navy Reserve)

on female leadership in the Royal Navy. Captain Angie Hancock, apart from being Andy's wife, is also one of only three general service Royal Navy Captains in the Royal Navy to date. The seminar was attended by nearly all of the female officers of the Uruguayan Navy.





BRITISH EMBASSY NEWS

RESEARCH CONNECT COURSES ON PUBLICATIONS AND PRESENTATIONS



As a part of the Science and Innovation Fund run by the Embassy, Prof. Tara Mitchell, from British Council Singapore, gave two workshops for 20 professionals each, on Writing for Scientific Publications and Presenting with Impact.

The demand by researchers and scientists was so high that both courses will be given again in November and February.

DIA DEL PATRIMONIO



British Embassy
Montevideo

Día del Patrimonio

This year the British Residence will be open to the public from 12:00 to 16:00 only.

Come and visit us!

Jorge Canning 2491





ANGLO NEWS

#OctubreBritánico

3
OCT
21:00

BRIEF ENCOUNTERS

9
OCT
21:00

THE
WOMAN
IN BLACK

16
OCT

9 Encuentro
Internacional
MINI

17
OCT
21:00



GLOBE
THEATRE
ON TOUR

MUCH
ABOUT
NOTHING
BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



23
OCT
18:30

OSCAR WILDE
by Neil Titley



CULTURA
BRITÁNICA
ESTO TAMBIÉN ES ANGLO



ANGLO

@ anglocultural@anglo.edu.uy

f Anglo Cultural





SILVER RIVER LODGE NEWS

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

For further information please contact us at secretarysrl876@gmail.com or call Mr. Martin Macadam at 096 001 995.



THIS MONTH'S QUIZ ABOUT FREEMASONRY IS:

Q Is Freemasonry an international Order

A Only in the sense that Freemasonry exists throughout the free world.

Each Grand Lodge is sovereign and independent, and whilst following the same basic principles, may have differing ways of passing them on.

There is no international governing body for Freemasonry.



BRITISH CEMETERY NEWS

- Thursday 1st October, 1700, World Music Day, guided tour.
- Saturday 10th and Sunday 11th October, 0800 till 1800, "Dia del Patrimonio".
- Wednesday 11th November, 1100, Remembrance Ceremony
- Friday 11th December, Museos en la noche.

GUIDED TOUR



On Thursday 1st October at 1700 to mark the World Music Day we will be repeating the guided tour that took place in March this year of the tombs of the many Uruguayan musicians who found their final resting place within the British Cemetery.

We managed to combine the theme of this years "dia del patrimonio", architecture in Uruguay, with the recent designation by UNESCO of Fray Bentos Industrial Landscape as a World Heritage site. Guided tours will take place on both Saturday and Sunday each hour from 1500 onwards concentrating on two of the founders of Villa Independencia, later known as Fray Bentos, Augusto Hoffmann and James S. Lowry.

After functioning for more than 50 years in the centre of the city the British Cemetery finally moved to its new premises in Buceo in 1885. The surrounding walls, house, stables, Chapel as well as the layout of the paths are all from that year.

On 14th October 1885 a dedication ceremony was carried out in the newly constructed Chapel by the Right Reverend Waite Hockin Stirling who was the Lord Bishop of the Falkland Islands.

Therefore we will close the event on Sunday with a brief ceremony to mark our first 130 years in the Buceo neighbourhood.

<http://whc.unesco.org/en/list/1464/>





MEDICAL COLUMN

Dr Jorge C Stanham MBE
jorgestanham@yahoo.com

Gifts, notes and letters

A fortnight ago, I stayed at home in Montevideo for the weekend, as I had to overview an academic event at the hospital. On Saturday afternoon, I decided to put some order in my workplace, where I could barely get in and wiggle between papers, books, overburdened shelves, computer screens, keyboards, folders, stationery and stickers reminding me of phones, events and deadlines long passed, that had passively accumulated over nearly two decades. As I emptied the shelves one by one and took their contents to the living room floor, I encountered a number of items that I had squirreled in and between books that were piled beside and on top of each other. I made a special place on the floor for these objects and papers, as I wanted to give them a closer look.

After a few back and arm-aching hours of lifting, sorting and repositioning books on the now neat shelves (minus the many books which I decided to throw or give away), I sat on the living room floor to examine the objects I had set aside. Some were Christmas cards, which had deeply felt messages from some of my patients. Others were notes that were attached to presents I had been given. There were letters, most a page or so long, where I was thanked for the care and treatment given to a patient or a loved one. Some of these were dated more than one or two decades ago. At a time when most of our communication travels on the electronic highways of e-mail, SMS and WhatsApp, the traditional method of handwriting or signing a typed note carries with it the physical feeling of the presence of the sender, even if he or she is not now amongst us.

I sorted the papers and put them in boxes, which were assigned a special place on one of the shelves I had cleared. None of the notes, cards or letters were thrown away; they will stay with me as long as I am connected to others as a physician.

When I was finishing my springcleaning, I realized that the rug where I had put the books and objects was also a present. Still sitting on the floor, I looked around the living room at the pictures hanging on the walls, many of them presents, each one reminding me of a patient, a spouse or a loving family.



When the long afternoon melded into the dusk of the evening, I sat to watch the news on the TV set, which was a present given by the wife of a patient I cared for during his last three years of a long illness. I served myself some food and helped myself to a glass of Chilean Carmenere wine from a bottle given to me by a patient a few days earlier in my office.

Although that weekend I was alone at home, I felt accompanied by the connections to my patients, present and past, alive or long gone.





BACK IN TIME

by Tony Beckwith
tony@tonybeckwith.com

HURRICANE!

The first thing I noticed was the wind. It was clammy and restless, and flicked up my apron as I went from the galley to the walk-in freezer in the pre-dawn darkness. On the way back I stepped to the edge of the platform and looked down at the waves surging and churning around the pylons of the rig. The Gulf was a mass of skittish whitecaps dancing all the way to the black horizon. Something was up. You could feel it in the air.

By late morning the order had come in from the oil company's office in Houston: "Evacuate the rig!" There was a hurricane moving in from the east and we were right in its path. It was time to get out of there.

The galley was the gathering place on our little metal island. As the resident cook, I was the unofficial host as the men crowded in out of the storm to wait for their helicopter ride ashore. Someone shouted, "Hey Cookie, how 'bout some fancy snacks for the trip?" Another one said, "Yeah, I could go for a *feelay mee-nione* on a bun!" Everyone laughed. There was the usual rough and tumble camaraderie amongst the crew, but with an underlying tension today. We all knew that a hurricane was no laughing matter.

We were told we'd be evacuated in alphabetical order, so I was ready to leave with the first group. But the chopper came and went and nobody called my name so I went to see the tool pusher, the boss of the rig. He explained: "Tool pusher's the last man off the rig. Electrician's gotta stay with him in case of any last minute electrical problems. So the

cook's gotta stay too, in case we get stranded and have to ride out the storm." He grinned. "It's in the fine print of your contract." I wanted to tell him that people who sign up for this kind of 'Foreign Legion' job don't usually read the fine print on anything. But there was no point, so I let it go and made my way back to the galley. The wind was howling around the little cluster of prefab buildings now, and although it was barely past noon the light was fading fast. The dark waves were running high and strong and I started wondering what it would be like to be stuck on this rig when the full force of the hurricane hit. My little refuge from the world now looked puny and I suddenly felt scared.

When all the roughnecks and roustabouts were gone, the tool pusher, the electrician and I sat in the galley drinking coffee, huddled around the company radio. A small helicopter was trying to get back out to fetch us, but the headwinds were almost too strong. We listened to the roaring gale and the crackle of the radio, and waited for what seemed like forever.

At last we heard the whirring of the chopper as it landed on the helipad. We turned off the lights, secured the door, and headed up the metal stairs. The tool pusher yelled, "Don't let go!" I nodded and gripped the rail as if my life depended on it. Once on the pad we crouched down, held onto each other, and scuttled over to the helicopter, the blades beating the air just above our heads. Getting the door open against the wind was a struggle,





BACK IN TIME ...Continued

but then we were inside, and the pilot was revving his engines. “Buckle up and hang on,” he shouted. “When we lift off it’ll try to dump us in the water!”



With engines screaming, the pilot took off. The little egg-like craft was immediately hurled to one side and sucked downwards. I pushed down hard with my boots against the floor as we plummeted toward the wild waters beneath us. Waves broke over the runners, spraying the window beside me with a staccato spatter of drops that sounded like machine gun fire. The chopper drifted towards the platform, shaking and shuddering and tilting desperately in the opposite direction. The muscles bulged in the pilot’s forearms as he fought for control, his khaki shirt dark with sweat. I held my breath and watched in horrified fascination as we slowly—*slowly!*—pulled away, rose up and headed for Louisiana.

The hurricane was now blowing at very close to full strength and the helicopter was like a little mosquito in the wind. We were battered and swatted from side to side and thrown up and down, lurching and plunging every inch

of the way. The pilot battled nonstop to keep from being forced down into the terrifying waters of the Gulf. I never loosened my grip on the arms of my seat, and even though I braced myself as firmly as I could, the sudden violent movements slammed my head and shoulders against the side of the cabin every few minutes. We flew in a murky, grey-green rainy darkness under low, angry black clouds and I’m sure we all wondered if we’d ever make it home.

But we did. After two exhausting hours the helicopter landed in Lafayette. We sat in the darkened cabin as the blades gradually stopped turning, each of us lost in our own thoughts. I looked out at nothing in particular—the raindrops sliding down the window, the sign over the office door swinging in the wind, and the lights of the town. We stepped down onto the tarmac, and the ground had never felt so good.

Released from the riveting fear of the last few hours, I felt giddy and a little disoriented. Nobody seemed to know what to say and we suddenly, spontaneously, all shook hands. “Come on,” said the tool pusher. “The first round’s on me.”





LAMBCHOPS

by Jonathan Lamb
vozinglesa@gmail.com

How to Get Something from Customs

If you've bought something online and don't want to pay a *despachante*, take the papers, your ID and a printout of your bank statement – the bit showing the purchase - to the big TCU building to the right of the old airport. You check in at reception, go to a holding area to identify the goods, pay duty at a cash desk (this is where you need the printout), go back to reception to pay for storage and then return to the holding area to collect the stuff. On a good day, everyone is friendly and helpful and it can take about an hour. Let's not mention bad days. If you forget the printout (whoops) and have a smartphone, the lady at the cash desk may allow you to mail her a screenshot.

Failsafe

At the height of the Cold War, homeowners in the West were sent a circular about what to do in the event of a likely nuclear strike. The leaflet told them to tape the outside windows, draw all blinds, ensure that connecting doors were shut and retreat to an inner room behind as much concrete as possible. It ended, 'And keep an eye on the neighbours'.

3.63 Billion Mobile Phones

More recently, a Channel 4 TV news report on the migrant crisis concluded that although the phenomenon can be debated at a general level, it can only be understood at the individual. While this is no doubt true, it could also be said to illustrate the empathetic nature of understanding these days. The IT revolution has enabled us to feel what it must be like in every individual plight, from sickness to civil strife, all over the planet. In the same way it has enabled migrants with a mobile phone to show everybody back home what life in paradise is like, for those who make it through.

Film review: 2014 ground-breakers

2014 appears to have been a vintage year for unusual films. There was *Boyhood*, filmed over more than a decade, with the lead actor aging in the process from 6 to 18; *Whiplash*, a modern

jazz-drumming thriller that thrilled even this hater of modern jazz and drums; *Kauwboy*, a moving Dutch coming-of-age film about a boy and a crow; *Birdman*, or *The Unexpected Virtue of Ignorance*, a backstage comedy thriller filmed in long, mobile takes; and *The Grand Budapest Hotel*, which people either loved or hated but was beautifully filmed. Seen from here, *Birdman* could have done without the random subtitle, *Kauwboy* could have done without the bicycle accident and *Boyhood* – like so many films these days - could have done without at least 40 minutes; but the performances, in *Birdman* in particular, must have made 2014 a hard vintage to beat.



Cheap Food in Punta

Good lunch recently at a new place in Punta called **28 Street**, on 28 y Gorlero. The dish of the day, *Peceto al horno* (pictured here) came with a duo of purees and home-made bread - served by its most agreeable cook - and cost 190 pesos. Not as cheap as the amazing **Family** (29 y Gorlero), where Belen and Junior send pedidos flying out the door at 140 pesos for two pork chops and a big salad; but one for the gastrolist all the same.

Competition

Mr & Mrs Doyle's oleaginous daughter was of course **Lindsey Doyle**.

What about those Kansas fans Mr & Mrs **The Wind**, and their son D*****? A Davok on 3 Oct to the winner. Answers to vozinglesa@gmail.com.





CAROLINE'S COOKING CORNER

by Carolina Conde
carolinaconde@teachers.org

Cornish Pasties

*They might look like
“empanadas” but
Cornish Pasties certainly
have their own identity.*

Time to roll up our sleeves:



Ingredients

For the pastry

500 g strong white flour, plus extra to dust
115 g lard
20 g margarine
1 tsp salt
175 ml cold water
1 egg, beaten with a little water

For the filling

200 g beef skirt
75 g waxy potatoes, peeled
125 g carrots, peeled
2 small onions, peeled
Butter

Instructions

To make the pastry, put the flour into a mixing bowl and grate in the lard. Add the margarine and salt, and rub the fat in until the mix becomes crumb-like. Mix in just enough cold water to bring it together into a dough – a food mixer is useful here, as it will take some time. It's ready when it comes cleanly away from the side of the bowl. Wrap and chill for 2 hours.

Cut the beef and vegetables into an evenly sized dice. Mix and season well.

Roll out the pastry on a lightly floured surface to about 5mm thick and cut out circles to your desired size.

Divide the filling between the pastry, leaving space around the edge and top each with a dollop of butter.

Brush the edge with egg wash, then pinch the edges together to seal. Crimp as desired, and cut a small hole in the top of each.

Preheat the oven to 200°C. Brush the pasties with egg wash. Bake for 20 minutes until golden brown, then turn the heat down to 160°C and cook for another 20 minutes.

Enjoy!





IN THE HAMMOCK

Under the orchids
By the big tree
The hammock lies waiting there
Just for me

The birds flit and Twitter
In its branches above
And all of a sudden..
Down comes a dove.

I lie quietly listening
To cooing and chirp
And half fall asleep,
And then wake with a jerk!

The screeching and squealing
And terrible row
Can only be parrots
Invading us now!

They fight and they squabble
For nearly an hour
And shatter the peace
Of my own little bower!

Then all of a sudden
In a green wave of flight
They are gone and there's silence
Oh, blissful respite!

Again I hear sparrows
And little wrens too,
The cardinals close by,
Was that one blue?

The hornero so elegant
Walks briskly along,
Did I hear correctly
The calandria's sweet song?

The woodpeckers tap
In the branches above
And eat very quickly
The very last grub

A breeze adds the music
Of leaves to the scene,
And bits of the sky
Through the trees I can glean

The sun sparkles bright
On butterflies wings
And thought filter through
Of beautiful things.

The peace and the quiet
That afternoon brings
Is full, if you think,
Of wonderful things.

Zorzales are briskly
Making their nests.
Pirinchos, untidy
And wobbly at best

Fly off as the black birds,
Dressed all in their best,
Arrive and investigate
Every new nest.

A glimmer of gossamer, what can
it be?
Blue, green and yellow, so tiny to
see
A humming bird lands
On the crab apple tree!

Adrift in my hammock
Under the tree

The sounds of the silence
Are music to me.
As afternoon wains
And birds go to their rest
A whistling heron
Flies by to its nest.

And silently big
Etched out in the sky
An owl and his mate
Hoot as they fly by.

The music has changed
To a more somber note,
Tree frogs and toads
Have started to gloat.

Glow worms and fireflies
Sparkling and bright,
Keep up the magic
Far into the night.

The moon sails majestically
Across the dark sky,
Some clouds stop to greet her
As she passes by.

The day has now ended, and off I
must go,
And leave my green hammock as
it waves to and fro
To the music of nature
So sweet and so low.

OEnone





LILLIAN CLOSE (1936 - 2015)

Lillian passed away peacefully at the Círculo Católico on August 29, 2015. She led a very active life, especially as a secretary and as a teacher in the Anglo and other institutions and, until recent times, had been active religiously and politically. Since childhood she had been a regular attendee at British Community activities such as the Queen's Birthday celebration, later the British Women's Society and the various jumble sales associated with the community. Lillian was cremated according to her wishes, at the Parque del Recuerdo (Canelones) and, also as she wished, there was no public announcement. Her remains will be deposited in the sea, in the near future, according to her request.

Those who knew her will be aware that she was a voracious reader, particularly of 'good' light literature, and she left extensive collections of novels by well-known authors (almost all in English, and generally in good condition).

I am currently putting the main collections in order and would very much like these to go to appreciative individual readers. I would consider helping someone to 'complete' a set, but would prefer them to go as groups. There are plenty of other, individual, books available for the British Hospital, jumble sales and individuals.

As I am currently very busy with my own affairs as well as dealing with Lillian's, I'm going to issue a list of authors with an approximate list of books by each one. Anyone interested can get in touch with me by mail at warclose.adinet.com.uy or, if fortunate, at 2481.4427 and they will be treated on a first-come-first served basis if promising to take a full set. Other arrangements are negotiable.

No charge will be made for these books.

Some of the authors involved, with approximate number of books -

- AUEL Jean - Children of Earth Series - 'Plains of Passage' etc. Full set of 6. Prehistoric Society
- GEAR & GEAR M. - 'People' Series 8 books - Pre-Historic North America.
- ARCHER Geoffrey - Thrillers 8 Bks.
- CLAVELL James- Historical Fiction set in Asia 'Shogun' etc 7 books.
- COOKSON Catherine - Historical and Modern Fiction set in the North of England, based on her own life - most of the pre-posthumous books - c. 85 books. Also wrote under other names.
- COSTAIN - Historical Novels and semi-fiction. Well-researched 11 books
- GRAHAM Winston - Historical novels including most of the 'Poldark' series plus others 16 books
- OLDENBERG Zoe - mostly historical Fiction based on in-depth factual experience. 7 books.
- FOLLET Ken - Thrillers 16 books.
- BAGLEY Desmond 7 books
- INNES Hammond - Thrillers 18 books.
- CUSSLER Clive - Thrillers - 15 books
- MICHENER James - mainly historical fiction 14 books
- KAYE M.M. Historical Fiction, thrillers and Autobiography, mainly set in Asia - 'The Far Pavilions' etc. 11 books
- MC CULLOUGH Colleen 3 books including 'The Thorn Birds'
- LAMOUR Louis - Fiction, mainly westerns c. 30 books.
- There are also series by Nora Lofts and Mary Stewart, so far unclassified.

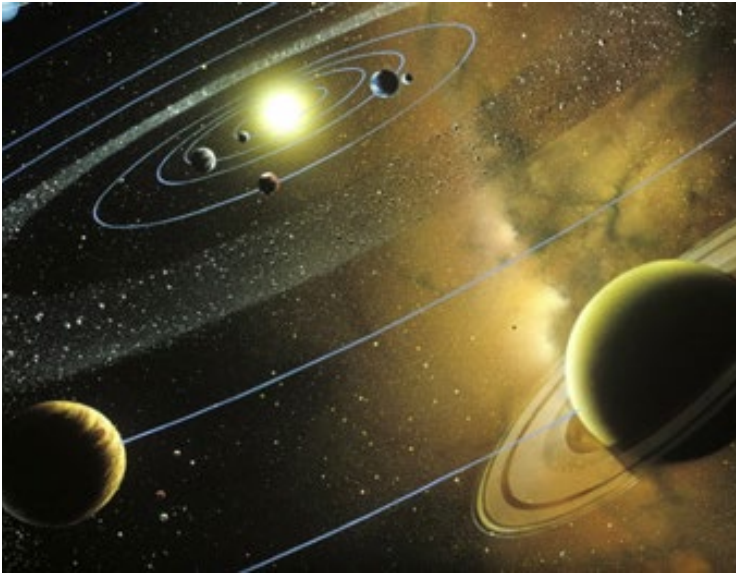
Thank you.

Les Waring





LINK O' THE MONTH

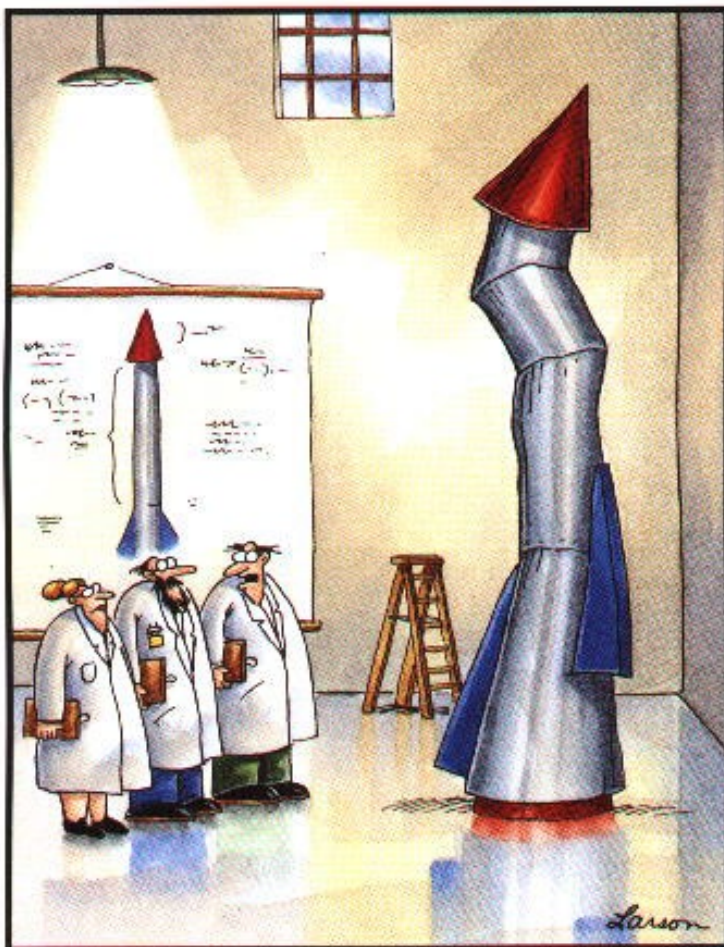


On a dry lakebed in Nevada, a group of friends build the first scale model of the solar system with complete planetary orbits: a staggering illustration of our place in the universe.

Click here to watch it!



THE FAR SIDE



"It's time we face reality, my friends...
We're not exactly rocket scientists."

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www.boskejo.com

