



THE BRITISH SOCIETY
IN URUGUAY

-Contact

October 2016

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BSU CONTACT Newsletter
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Montevideo, Uruguay



PRESIDENT'S WORDS

Dear members,

It is with sadness that this month we see Ambassador Ben Lyster-Binns leave Uruguay. During his years in Uruguay, Ben has been a staunch supporter of our little British community and friend to us all. We wish him the best of luck for his life back in the UK and for wherever destiny chooses to take him next. On a more personal note, before his arrival in Uruguay I had not seen Ben since our shared days in Oman in the mid-nineties; I very much hope it will not be another decade and a half before our paths cross again!

And as we all know that old adage "le Roi est mort, vive le Roi", we welcome Ben's successor, Ian Duddy, to Uruguay. We hope he enjoys his time among us and look forward to getting to know him at future events.

Speaking of which, October brings us the Caledonian Ball (at the beginning of the month) and The British Society croquet tournament (at the end). Those who survive the kilt-twirling should definitely give the flamingo-bashing a try. I promise you that Jonathan Lamb, our capable tournament organiser, can make excellent sportsmen of even the dullest among you, even those unable to believe six impossible things before breakfast. :)

Richard A. Empson



Alice Playing Croquet
Sir John Tenniel, 1865



UPCOMING EVENTS

Saturday, 1 October at 20:30

Caledonian Ball 2016

Punta Carretas Golf Club, Bvr. Gral. Artigas 379

Organised by: St. Andrew's Society in Uruguay

Weekend, 1-2 October, from 14:00 to 18:00 hrs

Heritage Day 2016, Guided Visits

British Cemetery. Gral. Rivera 3868

Organised by: British Cemetery

Saturday, 22 October

Croquet Tournament

Yacht Club Uruguayo, Puerto del Buceo,

Rbla. Pte. Charles De Gaulle s/n

Organised by: BSU

Weekend, 5-6 November

Tour to Conchillas

Colonia West Hotel

Organised by: Anglo Institute

Friday, 11 November at 11:00

Remembrance Day

Brief Service at the British Cemetery

Organised by: Anglican Church of Uruguay
and British Cemetery

Sunday, 13 November at 10.30

Remembrance Sunday Service

Cathedral of the Holy Trinity (Templo Inglés),

Reconquista 522

Organised by: Anglican Church of Uruguay

SOCIAL NEWS

This Month's Birthday!

1/10 Richard Empson

New Member: Gloria Trelles

When is your birthday?

Do you know any member's birthday
or special occasion that we can publish
here and celebrate together?

Let us know at editor@britsoc.org.uy



CROQUET TOURNAMENT

LET'S PLAY!

The 2016 Croquet Tournament will be on Saturday 22 October (with the Saturday 29 as the fallback date) at the Yacht Club Uruguayo. Last year the British Society Cup went to the Empsons, but this year half of the team is gone so victory is up for grabs!

This will be the tournament's tenth anniversary, so we should prepare something special - suggestions welcome.



ÉDOUARD MANET, FRENCH (1832-1883). "THE CROQUET PARTY"



BSU CROQUET TOURNAMENT
YACHT CLUB URUGUAYO, 2015

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL HOME

12th September. The Earl of Wessex, Prince Edward visited Uruguay, the prince was in the Expo-Prado 2016 Montevideo. Prince Edward also visited the British Hospital in Montevideo. He greeted the Residents of the Sir Winston Churchill Home.

[Watch here the video of the Prince visiting the British Hospital](#)



On 21st September the Sir Winston Churchill Home was invited to celebrate the arrival of Spring at the Green Residence. We had a lovely time at the garden, chatting and drinking Royal Blend tea with scones and other delicious savoury bites prepared at both Homes.

Andrea Davies





SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL HOME



ANY SIMILARITY IS MERE COINCIDENCE :)



BRITISH EMBASSY

UK ON SHOW

Over 75,000 people visited the British Pavilion during the Expo Prado. The Pavilion highlighted the UK's high quality products and services, as well as its education and cultural offer. The Embassy organised a series of conferences called "The Technological Revolution in the Countryside" with British and Uruguayan speakers and the first Agro Hackathon, together with the Uruguayan Rural Association (ARU) and the IT Chamber (CUTI.)



Fourteen teams worked over 36 hours to develop solutions to problems the agriculture sector faces in Uruguay. The winning team worked on livestock theft, producing a prototype and mobile app for farmers to track their animals. The winners will attend a specialist agritech conference in Cambridge and a workshop on the use of drones in agriculture at Harper Adams University.



ROYAL VISIT

His Royal Highness The Earl of Wessex visited Montevideo 13-14 September as part of a regional tour that took him to Rio and Santiago. Prince Edward met president Tabaré Vázquez, visited the Expo Prado and The British Schools. He also visited the British Hospital, where he handed over a British Empire Medal to Gloria Trelles, PA to Doctor Jorge Stanham, for her services to British nationals.



Embajada Británica
Montevideo

BRITISH EMBASSY ...Continued

MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT IN URUGUAY



British parliamentary members of the Inter-Parliamentary Union visited Uruguay 18-23 September invited by their local counterparts. They had a busy programme of meetings including acting president Raúl Sendic and acting president of the Senate Lucía Topolansky. The Uruguayan-British Chamber of Commerce organised a business day for them and they also travelled to Maldonado.

URUGUAYAN CHEVENING SCHOLARS

29 Uruguayans have just started their Masters degrees in the UK through Chevening scholarships, granted by the British government. Eleven of them have been co-funded by the Agency for Research and Innovation ANII. See who they are and which courses are studying in [this photo album](#). Applications for the 2017-18 academic year are now open until 8 November. More info on www.chevening.org



FAREWELL AND WELCOME

The Embassy team and many friends gathered at the British Pavilion pub in Expo Prado to say goodbye to Jane Silverwood, assistant to HMA. After many years in Uruguay, Jane has now returned to UK. It was a pleasure to have her with us! Pilar Arocena has taken her place. Welcome to the team!





ANGLICAN CHURCH OF URUGUAY

by Bishop Michele Pollesel
iglesiaau@gmail.com

REMEMBRANCE . . .



According to Wikipedia: "Remembrance Day (sometimes known informally as Poppy Day) is a memorial day observed in Commonwealth of Nations member states since the end of the First World War to remember the members of their armed forces who have died in the line of duty. Following a tradition inaugurated by King George V in 1919, the day is also marked by war remembrances in many non-

Commonwealth countries. Remembrance Day is observed on 11 November in most countries to recall the end of hostilities of World War I on that date in 1918. Hostilities formally ended "at the 11th hour of the 11th day of the 11th month", in accordance with the armistice signed by representatives of Germany and the Entente between 5:12 and 5:20 that morning."

And, "Remembrance Sunday is held in the United Kingdom and the Commonwealth as a day "to commemorate the contribution of British and Commonwealth military and civilian servicemen and women in the two World Wars and later conflicts". It is held on the second Sunday in November, the Sunday nearest to 11 November, Armistice Day, the anniversary of the end of hostilities in the First World War at 11 a.m. in 1918."

For over 100 years this event has taken place in different countries around the world, including right here in Uruguay.

We hold it to remember and honour those who gave up their lives so that we can now enjoy so many of the freedoms we have. We hold it to remind ourselves that we must not repeat such actions in our own time (although this is becoming an increasing challenge nowadays, especially with all the acts of terrorism we hear about).

Over the last few years, this very important act seems to be losing much of its appeal here in Montevideo, with fewer and fewer people showing up for and participating in one of the two events which are offered to the English speaking community: the brief Service of Remembrance at the British Cemetery, held on November 11th, and the Remembrance Sunday Service, held (this year) on November 13th, beginning at 10:30 a.m., at the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity (also known as the Templo Inglés).

We do hope that trend can be reversed and that more people will make an effort to attend and participate in one, or both, of these services.



ANGLICAN CHURCH OF URUGUAY

by Bishop Michele Pollesel
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HOLY TRINITY CATHEDRAL

As many of you know, Holy Trinity Cathedral, more commonly referred to as “el Templo Inglés”, has been part of the Montevideo scenery for well over a century. The original church was built in 1844 and, with the building of la Rambla in the 1930’s, had to be demolished.

The current building, re-constructed and re-opened in 1934, sits across the street from the original.



Sitting, as it does, with full exposure to the River Plate, has taken its toll on the fabric of the building. The winds and the salt sea air have been eroding away at the metal and cement exterior of the building, and the seemingly incessantly high levels of humidity have also affected parts of the interior walls.

The small congregation is determined to begin a program of renovation and reconstruction of the complex so that it can once again become a source of pride, especially to those who have English roots, and also to others who value its historic presence.

This brief article is written to invite you, the reader, to consider ways in which you can participate in this renewal and restoration.



If you would like to speak to someone about this, please contact either Mrs. Ellen Jacoby (ejacoby@netgate.com.uy), or Mr. Robin Cooper (robin.cooper@jrwilliams.com.uy).



ANGLO-URUGUAYAN CULTURAL INSTITUTE

FROM SURREY TO THE RIVER PLATE

Falkland Park South Norwood, a once solidly upper middle class residence in wealthy Edwardian South Norwood. What could possibly connect this with Puerto Madero in Buenos Aires?



A shipwrecked welsh cook and some home made money. How could these be connected with the construction of Montevideo's rival port?



Puerto Madero, Montevideo's great rival for trade and shipping. What could possibly connect this with a sleepy spot on the eastern banks of the Rio Uruguay (the river itself excepted)?

The answers to these questions and more can be discovered just a three hour drive away in the town of Conchillas, Colonia on the weekend of the 5th of November. Come with us for a tour of this almost forgotten corner of Uruguay and discover the history and people that made it.



ANGLO

Anglo Montevideo
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Montevideo, Uruguay

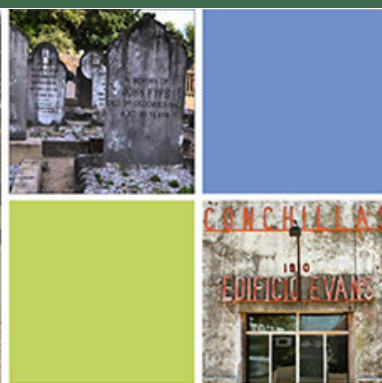
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ANGLO-URUGUAYAN CULTURAL INSTITUTE ...Continued



TOUR TO CONCHILLAS



5th & 6th November

Indulge yourself with this weekend away, enjoying one night in the all-inclusive Colonia West Hotel in Conchillas. In addition, the tour includes a visit to Montes del Plata state-of-the-art cellulose pulp production mill on Saturday morning, an evening presentation about the history of Conchillas by John Robinson and a guided tour to this enchanting "Company Town" and its historical buildings on Sunday morning.

The Tour includes: an overnight stay in the all-inclusive Colonia West Hotel*, an evening presentation about the history of Conchillas by John Robinson and a guided tour to the 'Montes del Plata' industrial complex and Conchillas town.*

Special Price for members of the British Society in Uruguay:

U\$ 94 (USD) per person (two or more people in an Executive Double Room)

U\$126 (USD) Executive Single Room

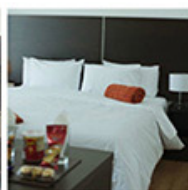
*Please note that the price does not include transport.

For further information e-mail anglocultural@anglo.edu.uy

CULTURA BRITÁNICA
VEN A VIVIRLA AL ANGLO



COLONIA WEST HOTEL
PUERTO DE CONCHILLAS





BRITISH CEMETERY SOCIETY

IV YEAR- CULTURAL PROJECT

Heritage Day 2016

1st. and 2nd October
“ Education has its history”

GUIDED VISITS FROM 14:00 TO 18:00 Hrs.



THE BRITISH CEMETERY MONTEVIDEO

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ACTIVITIES CALENDAR

Outstanding educators, school founders and architects of educational buildings have made this history.

Circuits will take place every hour: “12 Symbolologies” and “Flight of Angels” by Pisc. Graciela Blanco from Argentina and “Trails in History” by Arch. Eduardo Montemuiño.

Supported by the DNC / MEC , CPCN and MINTUR.

With a musical closure in each event:

Saturday 1-18:00h. Brief violin concert by Leticia Gambaro.
 Sunday 2-18:00 h.- Choir “Terapia de Miércoles” directed by Prof. Marcella Turubich.



AUSPICIOS

RED URUGUAYA DE CEMENTERIOS y SITIOS PATRIMONIALES
 RED IBEROAMERICANA DE VALORACIÓN Y GESTIÓN DE CEMENTERIOS PATRIMONIALES
 TULSU - E / FHCE/ U de la R.
 BIBLIOTECA NACIONAL - URUGUAY
 MONTEVIDEO CAPITAL IBEROAMERICANA DE LA CULTURA
 COMISIÓN NACIONAL DEL URUGUAY PARA LA UNESCO
 ASOCIACIÓN DE INTÉRPRETES-GUÍAS Y GUÍAS DEL URUGUAY (A.I.G.U.)
 ASOCIACIÓN URUGUAYA DE FÚTBOL
 COMISIÓN DEL PATRIMONIO CULTURAL DE LA NACIÓN- MEC
 DIRECCIÓN NACIONAL DE CULTURA / MEC

Set. 2016



Premio Anual a la mejor Gestión Cultural del XV Encuentro Iberoamericano de Valoración y Gestión de Cementerios Patrimoniales-Chile 2014



Comisión Nacional del Uruguay para la UNESCO





SILVER RIVER LODGE

In 1875 a Masonic Conference of Supreme Councils of the Scottish Rite was held at Lausanne, Switzerland, at which a treaty was drawn up. One of the provisions of this treaty was that the National Masonic Authority of any country had sole jurisdiction over all that territory, and no other sovereign Masonic Authority had any right to warrant any Lodge within the territory of another sovereign Masonic Authority; also that, while Lodges already existing within the territory of one sovereign Masonic Power pertaining to other Masonic Authorities would continue to be recognized, no recognition would be accorded by any national Masonic Authority of any country to any Lodge formed within its territory without its consent in future by any other sovereign Masonic Authority. The Grand Orient of Uruguay subscribed to this treaty in 1877.

In 1893 a Royal Arch Chapter was formed in Montevideo, and attached to "Acacia" Lodge N° 876.

In 1909 fourteen Brethren from "Acacia" Lodge N° 876 petitioned Grand Lodge for a warrant to found a new Lodge in Montevideo. The warrant was granted, and the new Lodge, "Silver River" Lodge N° 3389, was consecrated on the 9th October 1909.

However the Grand Orient of Uruguay, bound by its obligations under the Treaty of Lausanne, declined to accord recognition to the "Silver River" Lodge, which had been formed within its territory without its consent. Apparently the founders had either omitted or neglected this essential formality. The attitude of the Grand Orient was tolerant, and even friendly to the new English Lodge, but official recognition was withheld. This was a matter of considerable

concern to the English Brethren of both Lodges in Montevideo, but all the efforts to obtain official recognition were unsuccessful for many years.

Happily the circumstances became known to Grand Lodge in London. The Most Worshipful, the Grand Master, sent the President of the Board of General Purposes, the late R.W. Sir Alfred Robbins, P.G.W., to South America on a Masonic Mission in 1927. There was a clause in the Treaty of Lausanne permitting sovereign Masonic Authorities to accord special concessions to other Masonic Authorities under treaties, if so desired for the benefit of the Craft, and thanks to the able diplomacy of this distinguished Brother, a satisfactory arrangement was reached, and the long standing problem happily solved. The Grand Lodge of England undertook not to warrant any more Lodges in Uruguayan territory provided the Grand Orient accorded official recognition to the "Silver River" Lodge. An official representative of each of the two sovereign Masonic Authorities was duly accredited at the headquarters in due course, to maintain friendly intercourse between them in future.

In the following year the Grand Master of the Grand Orient of Uruguay became an Honorary Member of the "Silver River" Lodge, and the official relations between the Grand Orient and that Lodge has ever since continued on a most cordial basis.

***This address will continue
in our next issue...***



DICKENS INSTITUTE

FAREWELL TO THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR FROM THE DICKENS INSTITUTE

We would like to share with you the goodbye letter that headed The Dickens Newsletter to all our teachers in Montevideo and around the Country.

Dear Colleagues,

The British Ambassador, Ben Lyster-Binns, is leaving Uruguay for good next month and we are going to miss him sorely. From my point of view he is the best Ambassador we have ever had, although all the previous ones represented Britain well and had a good relationship with Uruguay.

Ben from the very start was interested in all things Uruguayan, our language, our history, our customs, our education and so on. He travelled all over our country admiring its beautiful landscapes and meeting a lot of our countrymen. Every year on Heritage Day, the British Residence, his home in Uruguay, had its doors wide open for all those who wanted to visit it. But not only on that particular day but whenever there was occasion for celebration the doors of the Residence were wide open.

He did a lot for education. He was always there when we asked him to hand out International Awards and say some words of congratulations and encouragement to the students. He worked hard to send graduates on postgraduate scholarships to Britain.

As for all the work he did towards the excellent relationship between Britain and Uruguay, it would be too long to relate here.



On Monday 26th September, Dickens invited Ben to a farewell lunch at Francis. We had a lovely time and really enjoyed ourselves. We gave Ben a china unicorn (the Dickens symbol) to remember us by.

And then...The final goodbye!

Ben and family, all the very best from the Dickens Team and all the teachers and students who belong to the Dickens family! And thank you!

Monica Harvey, Patricia Alvarez and
The Dickens Team





MEDICAL COLUMN

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

GOOD-BYE, MUM

Forty months ago, Dad died at home, rather suddenly. It was a Thursday morning. I wasn't there, although he was accompanied by Mum, my sisters and Alice, my wife. I wasn't prepared, even if aware that his late-80s age was setting the stage for what happened that morning. Mum out-lived and out-aged Dad, to just short of 2 months of becoming 90. During this time, I was more aware of her physical, but not mental, decline in vitality. I kept visiting her regularly at least once weekly to have a late tea and supper, especially since the opening of the Policlínico Carrasco in mid-2015, when I moved my Monday afternoon clinic to her neighbourhood. She was now living in a small apartment in central Carrasco, just across Stella Maris parish church where she went regularly, first daily, then weekly, on her own and during the last months, on a wheelchair, accompanied by one of us or an assistant.

Ageing and mortality make us, not only healthcare professionals, but especially family and caregivers, face a decline in functions, both physical and mental in our loved ones, which restrict them further and further and make them more dependent on others. These challenges require a reformulation on how we use the available resources that medical science and society provide us. The concepts of Palliative Care and Slow Medicine are but two of many approaches to our inevitable decline and fate. In the time frame separating the death of my parents, I have become aware of both the power and limitations of healthcare and this has helped me understand the basic wisdom and meaning of being a physician. I have read many books on the subject (I'll

list three at the end) which have transformed my views and have helped me provide what I hope, is better care for my patients.

Since my childhood, Mum gave me a strong religious foundation, on which I have built a worldview that combines theology and science, which has contributed to my understanding of what it means to be a physician.

Good-by, Mum. After what we've read and commented together on those many evenings, we know that you're reunited to Dad forever. As one day, we'll all be.

Books recommended. All available on Amazon Kindle for less than USD 13.00.

1. *Atul Gawande MD: Being Mortal (2014)*. A New York surgeon who's family migrated from India, investigates and reflects on ageing, decline, dependence and death. A must-read for all, patients, families, caregivers and healthcare professionals.

2. *Katy Butler: Knocking on Heaven's Door (2013)*. A journalist who's family migrated from South Africa first to the UK and then to the United States, writes on the futility of overextending medical care beyond reason and the red tape she had to go through to transform the medical care of her parents from doing more to caring more.

3. *John Shelby Spong: Eternal Life: A New Vision (2010)*. A retired Anglican-Episcopalian bishop from Newark, New Jersey, who's a brilliant theologian, reflects on life, time, eternity, the universe and the possibility of an afterlife, based on science and theology, reaching beyond organised religion. His target audience is anyone, religious or not. A mature, original, 21st century view of the basic human search for truth and meaning in life.



MEDICAL COLUMN ...Continued

MY WRITING SELF

At the end of last year, I reached the #50 mark in my contributions to the Medical Column. The monthly gymnastics of grabbing an idea in mid-air and putting it in understandable prose (it was poetry once) have made me discover that writing has become, to a certain extent, my second self. When I was in Liceo at the British School, one of our Spanish teachers to whom I owe what I have (or remains) in the mastery of grammar, essay writing and using correct punctuation, taught us that if we cannot write down what we think, we don't have a clear grasp of our ideas about something. Recently, I have come across the fact that in many medical schools, there are Departments of Narrative Medicine, where students, doctors, nurses and other healthcare personnel, listen and read patients' and other clinicians' stories and write their own narratives, in an exercise which recovers the personal involvement of all those in the healthcare equation, beyond the cold, isolated, academic-scientific dissociation between subject and object.

In last month's Newsletter, I describe the nature of vocation in healthcare. I have my own version of the definition of vocation: 'A profession is vocational when the limit between what you do and who you are is blurred or doesn't exist.' In the 'helping' professions (physical and mental health, social service, spiritual care) this blurring is ever-present: your self is defined by what you do. This can end tragically. When the time to retire inevitably comes, as I see in many of my now not-too-senior colleagues, a tremendous feeling of existential vacuum invades the self: nothing has been nurtured beforehand to fill the gap of decades of self-negation and service to one's professional goals. Depression, alcohol and sedatives, marital and family discord, become the partners of this final lap, which due to the increase in life expectancy, may last for nearly two decades, or even more.



I have discovered writing as my other self. Thanks to the British Society Newsletter, I expect not only to continue with my contributions until my neurones dry up, but to venture into other realms like short story writing and maybe at least one novel. I have been a physician for more than thirty six years (still a few more to come) and thanks to my patients, my colleagues, co-workers, family and friends, I have treasures of experiences and stories to share. The inside story of healthcare has to do with the constant interface of fear and happiness, despair and hope, pain and relief, uncertainty and clarity, death and life, all of which illustrate the unavoidable existential plights of the human condition.

So, here I am, regularly going to the gym of typing letters and words on the keyboard, preparing for my life outside medicine (now) and after medicine (in a few years). Writing will be a way of maintaining a connection with my lifelong medical identity.

I'll be forever thankful to the British Society Newsletter for the opportunity to discover my non-medical self.



BACK IN TIME

by Tony Beckwith
tony@tonybeckwith.com

TEA TIME

The streets were deserted that Sunday afternoon in Olivos. It was midsummer and the large houses in this leafy Buenos Aires suburb were quiet, their well-groomed gardens empty. Some of the owners were away at the beach or the mountains; those who were in town were taking a siesta after a big lunch. It was the mid-1940s, the twilight of Argentina's British-backed golden age, and properties encircled by high walls were still few and far between. It was a beautiful place to ride a bicycle.

My parents each had a bicycle, and were keen riders. For one thing, they had no car, so they took the train if they went into town, and took a bus to more local destinations. But they rode their bikes around the neighbourhood. Especially if we were just going over to Grannie's for tea. Sunday afternoon tea at my paternal grandmother's house was a much-anticipated and well-attended family event, and we were all looking forward to it. Dressed in our Sunday best, my brother and I were placed on our seats; he on my father's bike, and me on my mother's. Hers had a woman's frame, so my little saddle was bolted to the diagonal bar. I sat facing forwards with my hands gripping the centre of the handlebars and my feet resting on little struts attached to the fork that held the front wheel. I was just a few days from my fourth birthday.

On a previous ride I had discovered that I could make a marvellous noise by putting the tip of the sole of my shoe up against the spokes of the front wheel, edging closer and closer until the very edge of the leather made a rapid flapping noise that, to me, sounded just like a motorcycle. I had been rather strictly reprimanded for doing so, and told in no uncertain terms that I was

never to do it again. But that Sunday afternoon I couldn't resist the temptation to slide the toe of my left shoe very furtively, a millimetre at a time, towards the spokes. I was not actually intending to break any rules, I was just thinking about the sound of the motorcycle. At that very moment the front wheel ran over a seam in the road filled with a slightly raised wedge of tar, and the jolt was enough to slide my shoe onto the spokes. My foot was dragged forwards and downwards and my ankle pressed against the spinning metal rods. I squealed and my mother braked and swept me up in her arms, letting her bike fall with a clatter on the street. Both parents examined my ankle and, seeing that it was a scrape and a bruise rather than a broken bone, decided they should take me to the neighbourhood *farmacia*. On a Sunday afternoon in Olivos in those days, that was about the only place where any sort of first aid was available.

There would be a wait while someone went to the pharmacist's house to rouse him from his siesta, so my father and brother went on ahead, and my mother and I sat on a bench in the park across the street where, she said, we would "possess our souls in patience." By that





BACK IN TIME ...Continued

time the shock of the accident had worn off, and though my ankle was painful I certainly wasn't in agony, so my real concern now was that we were missing tea at Grannie's. I was a little weepy about how the afternoon was turning out and, as always, Mum rose to the occasion. She sat at one end of the bench and I stretched out with my head in her lap and my wounded ankle cushioned on a towel.

"Do you know why we have tea at Grannie's?" she asked. I shook my head. My eyes were closed and I was picturing the table in Grannie's dining room, laden with plates of biscuits and cakes and buns. The scones were hot out of the oven and let off a little puff of steam when you sliced them open and lathered each side with butter that melted immediately and sank into the grainy texture. There were spice cakes and carrot cakes and chocolate cakes; the cucumber or watercress sandwiches were double-layered between three slices of white bread, moist with mayonnaise, cut into triangles with all the crusts neatly trimmed away. Grannie poured tea from a large teapot that sat, snuggled in its knitted cosy, on a wooden rack at her elbow. She filled one of her dainty china cups, milk first, and passed it to me, the spoon lying in the saucer ready to shovel in a heap of sugar and stir.

My mother kept talking, explaining that the custom of drinking tea had originally started a long time ago in China, probably as a medicinal drink. British merchants shipped cases of tea back home and introduced it to their compatriots, who took to it and made it their national temperance drink. Samuel Pepys tried it in 1660 and immortalized the experience in his famous diary: "I did send for a cup of *tee* (a China drink), of which I had never drunk before."

The tea plant had also grown in India since time immemorial, and when the British East India

Company arrived there in the early 1820s it set about producing tea on a massive scale. It wasn't long before the names of Indian teas—Darjeeling, Assam, Nilgiri, and others—had become household words in the United Kingdom, and afternoon tea had become a national institution, an expression of British identity. When Grannie's grandparents came to Argentina from England in 1872 they brought their language, their culture, and "tea time"—their custom of having a cup of tea at four o'clock in the afternoon. Like their other traditions, this daily ritual was a comfort as they settled into their new life and adjusted to their new surroundings far from home. On weekends, especially on Sundays, it became a way to bring their expanding family together and nurture the bonds between generations. Time passed. Things changed. Children grew up, got married, and begat children of their own. "But the tea time tradition survived, and I'm glad it did. Aren't you?" my mother asked.

What she had been talking about was very interesting, but not to an almost-four-year-old who was daydreaming about slices of hot buttered toast smothered with *dulce de leche*, soft croissants dusted with powdered sugar, and homemade *alfajores de maicena*, which were not British at all, a token reflection of the family's transplanted heritage. And so irresistible! I was still thinking about glazed pastry cones filled with whipped cream while the pharmacist bandaged my ankle and reassured my mother that all was well. We then cycled over to Grannie's house where aunts and uncles and cousins gave me a hero's welcome. I could neither understand nor articulate what Mum was saying that afternoon, but in time I came to see her point, and agree that our tea time tradition was—and is—an integral part of who I am.



CAROLINE'S COOKING CORNER

by Carolina Conde
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Cheesey Cauliflower Fritters with Warm Pepper Relish

Instructions

Dice the onion, deseed and chop the peppers, crush the garlic and chop the chilli but leave the seeds in. Put the onion, peppers, garlic and the chilli in a pan sprayed with oil. Fry them for a few minutes to soften them before adding the tomatoes, sweetener and vinegar. Cover the pan and let it simmer for 30 minutes, before taking the lid off and letting it simmer for another 10 minutes.

You can now start making the fritters. Put a large saucepan of water to boil, cut the cauliflower into quarters and remove the central large stalk. Then weigh out 350g of the cauliflower and chop it into small bits.

When the water is boiling, pour all the cauliflower into the pan, cover, and let it boil for three minutes. Drain the cauliflower well before tipping it back into the saucepan and putting the pan over a very low heat, to dry the cauliflower out slightly. Take it off after a few minutes.

While that's drying, you can make the batter. Put the flour into a large bowl with black pepper. Then, gradually whisk in the beaten eggs until you have a smooth batter. Crumble in the cheese and the chopped parsley before stirring in all the cauliflower.

It's now time to fry your fritters. Heat a large saucepan until it's very hot, spray with oil and then drop heaped tablespoons of the mix onto it, flattening them out slightly with the back of your spoon to make 10-12cm round fritters. After three minutes or so, lift one up using a fish slice and check the bottom. If it's golden, spray the area it was just on and flip it over onto the uncooked side. Press the top of the fritters slightly to flatten it again. When it's ready, transfer it on a plate and pop it in the oven on a low heat to keep warm. When they're ready, just pile on a plate alongside some relish and a salad.

Enjoy!

Ingredients

For the fritters

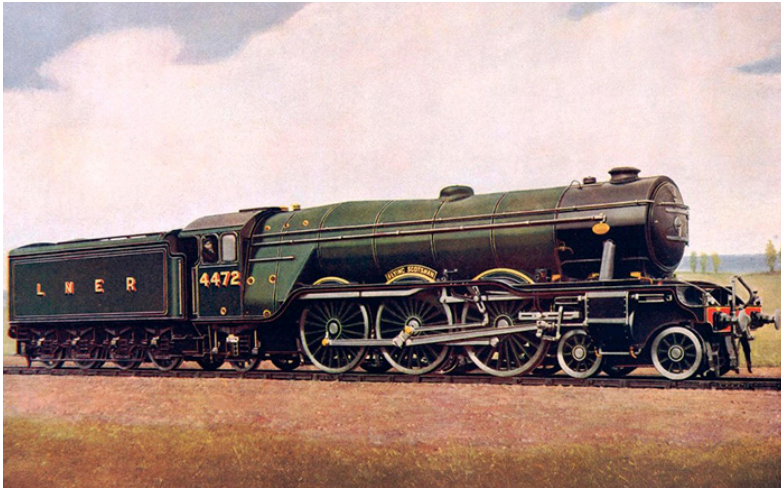
- 1 cauliflower
- 100g plain flour
- 4 eggs
- 170g goat cheese
- a small bunch of flat leaf parsley

For the warm pepper relish

- 1 onion
- 2 red peppers
- 2 garlic cloves
- 1 chilli
- 250g tomatoes
- Two teaspoons of sweetener
- 50ml red wine vinegar

LINK OF THE MONTH

The Flying Scotsman is back!



The locomotive was built in Doncaster becoming the first locomotive of the newly formed London and North Eastern Railway.

In 1934, Scotsman was clocked at 100mph on a special test run – officially the first locomotive in the UK to have reached that speed.

The Flying Scotsman is running again after a 10-year restoration which has cost more than £4m.

[The Flying Scotsman
www.bbc.com](http://www.bbc.com)

ANDY CAPP

by Reg Smythe

