

INTER COMM

CLUB INTERNACIONAL D'ANDORRA



VOL. 13 - Núm. 2 - WINTER/HIVERN 2003

**THINKING OF SELLING
YOUR ANDORRAN PROPERTY
WE'VE GOT IT COVERED ALL WAYS**



IN ANDORRA

e-mail: rocpropietats@andorra.ad

www.andorran-properties.com

Tel.: 835 346 Fax: 836 674

We market property both locally and abroad

- Local advertising
- Well positioned offices in La Massana
- Advertising in international property magazines
- London, Dublin and York International Property Exhibitions
- Multilingual, friendly sales team

CALL NOW FOR A FREE MARKET APPRAISAL



auping

Finally for people in Andorra!!



ITC Partners S.L.
Carrió, 33, bajos
08240 Manresa (Barcelona)

Tel.: 93 872 28 96

Fax: 93 872 87 03

E-mail: itc@itcauping.com

Home page: www.itcauping.com

(for English look into "Scandinavia"
version)

We speak English, Dutch, French and
Spanish

*To have service in your own
language, it is better to make an
appointment by 'phone before
visiting.

AUPING manufactures the Royal bed
made to measure so that it fits the individual
perfectly. It is adjusted according to height,
leg length, weight and size.

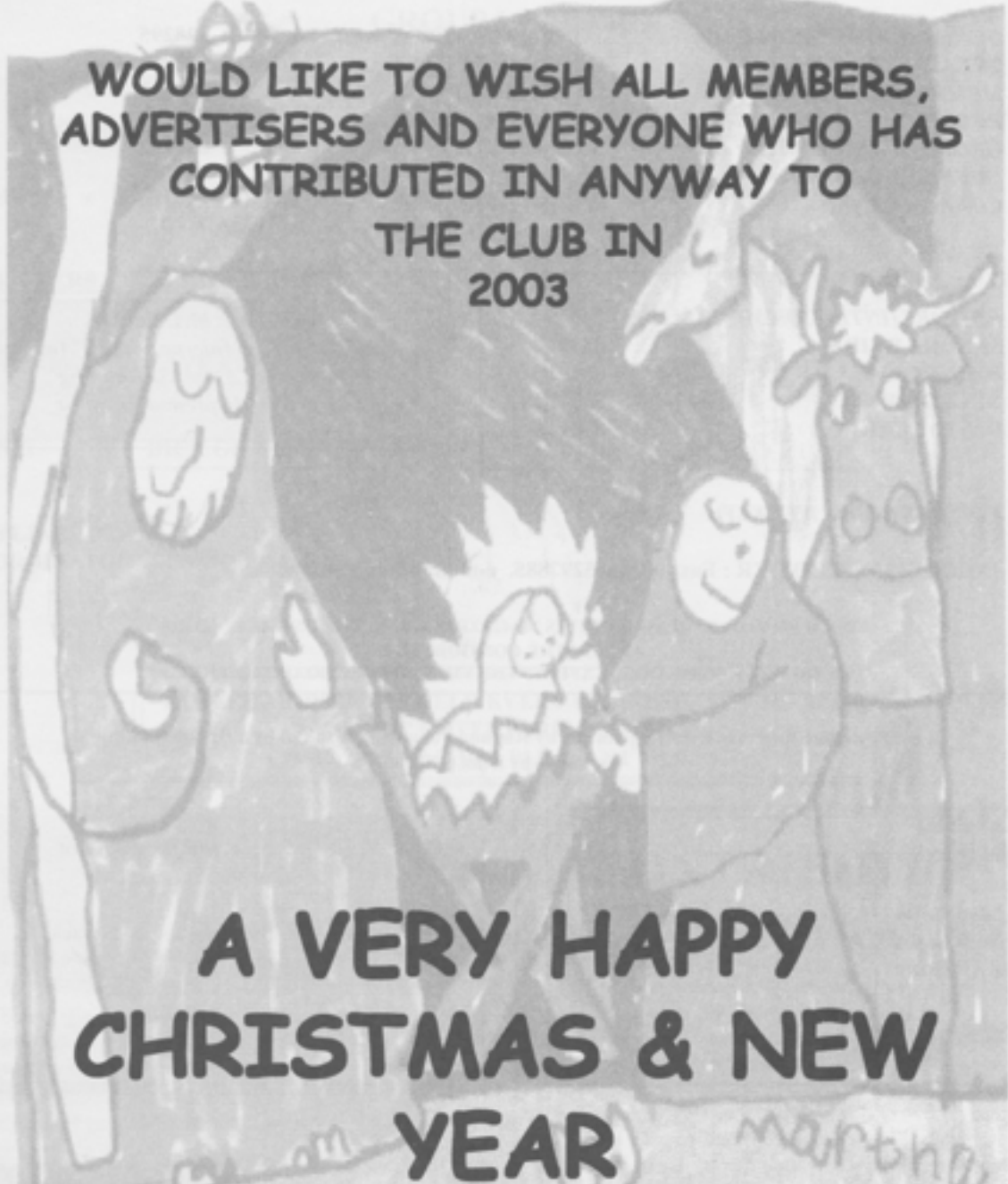
The bed can be fitted with up to four
silent motors that will adjust the neck, the
back, under the knee and foot section. The
bed also has a memory function that secures
up to three of your favourite positions. The
CM4 also has as an optional built-in airing
and heating system in the mattress.

The nearest showroom to see and try
the system from Andorra is in Manresa (about
2 hours by car) SO TAKE A DAY OFF and visit
us*. It will be the first step to the best
investment for comfort in your life.



THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB OF ANDORRA

**WOULD LIKE TO WISH ALL MEMBERS,
ADVERTISERS AND EVERYONE WHO HAS
CONTRIBUTED IN ANYWAY TO
THE CLUB IN
2003**



**A VERY HAPPY
CHRISTMAS & NEW
YEAR
AND ALL BEST WISHES
FOR 2004**

martha

CLUB INTERNACIONAL D'ANDORRA

Address: Box 182, Crèdit Andorrà, La Massana

THE BOARD

PRESIDENT:	SIMON BINSTED	835975
VICE PRESIDENT:		
CLUB SECRETARY:	TBA	
ACTIVITIES CO-ORDINATOR:	OLE NIKOLAJSSEN	836926
	JANET HUMPHREYS	839541
GENERAL ADMINISTRATOR:	TONY DAWTREY	838295
TREASURER:	GEORGE STOBART	838084
MEMBERSHIP SECRETARY:	DAVID PERKIN	838931
PUBLICITY CO-ORDINATOR:	CARLOS HANSEN	832235
GROUP CO-ORDINATOR:	NINA O'BRIEN	837772
COFFEE MORNING		
CO-ORDINATOR:	SOLVEIG FEILBERG	837118

EDITORS (INTERCOMM):

SANDRA REID	838931
JOHN COLVILLE	838827
NINA O'BRIEN	837772
DAVID PERKIN	838931

Translators: *M.T. Raurell*,
Published by: *Club Internacional d'Andorra*
Typeset & Layout: *S. Manning*
Printed by: *Impremta Envalira*

EDITORS (NEWS WEEKLY):

JACQUELINE CROZIER : Fax: 0033565297885. e-mail: bdore@wanadoo.fr

THE OPINIONS EXPRESSED IN THIS MAGAZINE ARE THOSE OF THE EDITORS
AND/OR THE CONTRIBUTORS
THEY DO NOT NECESSARILY EXPRESS THE VIEWS OF THE BOARD OF THE C.I.A.

Cover photo: Christmas Eve - oil painting by Ruguna Ponudrai (inspired by a British painting)
- arranged by Nina O'Brien

CONTENTS:

Christmas greetings	1	A Genealogical Tale	11	Proceeds of the Car Boot	
The Board	2	Trip to L'Alt Urgell	12	sales this Summer	12
Group Leaders	3	Colour photos	13	Farewell Samia	23
Magazine Policy	3	Grand Christmas Draw	16-17	Gemstones and back track in	
Editorial / Welcome	4	Diagnosed with AAADD	19	Africa	24
News from the Groups	5-7	"She" A cautionary tail	20	In the Italian trenches	26-27
Peter Parkinson Obituary	8	Tribal Matters	21	Poem / Recipe	28
				BBQ Photographs	29



Massage Therapy.

Thomas Ostergaard
Certified massage therapist

Hotel Arinsal
Tel. +376 361136

E-mail: thomasdk2@andorra.ad



viatges relax

Mossen Tremosa No 2
Andorra la Vella
Tel: 822044 Fax: 827055
e.mail: relaxtravel@viatgesrelax.com

INTERCOMM

International Club of Andorra

Quarterly Magazine

WINTER 2003

GROUP LEADERS

ART	NINA O'BRIEN VAL RYLATT	837772 835606	PATCHWORK	GILL FURMSTON	836060
CHOIR	CLARE ALLCARD M.T. RAURELL	836269 836123	WINE & FOOD	TBA	
COMPUTERS	OLE NIKOLAJSSEN	836926	SOCIAL ACTIVITIES	OLE NIKOLAJSSEN	836926
GARDENING	GAYE KEEP	839070	DRAMA	TBA	
TENNIS	DICK GILLINGHAM	836528			
HELPLINE CO-ORDINATOR	SUSANNE MARKE	838515			

COFFEE MORNING IS HELD EVERY WEDNESDAY, 10.30 – 12.00
AT THE HOTEL PARIS-LONDRES
COME ALONG FOR A PLEASANT MORNING

MAGAZINE POLICY

It will be self-evident that both text, whether editorial matter or contributed articles, and advertising must be in conformity with the Statutes and Rules of the Club. The Statutes refer to "gatherings of a linguistic, cultural or leisure nature", and to exclusions from its objectives of "any class, political or social revindications". The "aim of promoting — friendship between the different nationalities" implies the necessity of avoiding controversy in certain areas, in particular religion and politics. Under Andorran law, Board Members are responsible for the content of the Magazine, so they must exercise a measure of discretion in what can be accepted both for contributed articles and for advertising. We are confident that all members will realise that the Editorial Board must reserve the right to edit, in the widest sense. This may in practical terms be minimal, provided contributors will bear this statement of policy in mind. The club may not engage in commercial activity.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO INTERCOMM

We of the Magazine Sub-committee are always on the lookout for almost anything that can be of interest to members. Even if you have only a half-formed idea, get in touch with one of the Editors by telephone or at the Coffee Morning. Don't be concerned if English is not your first language. Our job as Editors is to polish your text to make it appear that you were a native Anglophone. There has been no slackening in the need for new contributions. Wherever possible, one or more photographs, postcards or drawings make for greater interest.

Contributions for the next issue to be left please in the Club letterbox at the Servissim Office in La Massana by 2nd FEBRUARY 2004, or handed in to one of us at a Coffee Morning.

EDITORIAL

It was about this time last year that I started to work with Peter Parkinson on the Editorial committee of Intercomm. Until then I had only met Peter at Wednesday coffee mornings where he took charge of recording members' names.

Peter was a joy to work with. His mind was always as sharp as a needle when it came to editing articles. Having worked in the business world for many years, I am very much aware that grammatically correct sentences are no longer considered relevant to 'getting the job done'. Not so with Peter. And Peter's broad interests and, therefore in his case, his in-depth knowledge continued to amaze me. For those of you who have lived in Andorra longer than me, you are already familiar with the fascinating articles he wrote for Intercomm ("in case you need to use up space," he would say).

So it was with great regret that I heard Peter had passed away while I was on a trip to Canada. He had just written an article about the Spice Trade for the previous magazine and I, for one, was eagerly awaiting the sequel. To my mind he was something of a modern day 'Renaissance man'. Someone who studied not only Engineering and Economics but also French, just because he found it interesting, is quite an unusual mix.

I will miss our meetings in Peter's apartment where we edited articles and listened to classical music on a French radio channel. Adieu, Peter. I will toast you with my next glass of good red wine!

It is also with sadness that we recently had to say goodbye to Samia Omar. Samia has gone to live in Arizona and to study for a doctorate in Hospital Administration. If ever there was a bundle of energy with a smile for everyone, it was Samia. We were very lucky to have her as a Board Member and Co-coordinator of Helpline for so many years. For people who lived in or drove through La Massana (me included), we will no doubt miss the sight of Samia walking by in one of her stunning hats with her little dog wearing his decorated collar. Love and very best wishes from all of us, Samia.

On a much brighter note, it is with pleasure that I welcome John Coville to the Editorial committee. John has been delighting us with his poetry in the last few issues and he will be a great addition to the team.

Finally, I would like to wish everyone a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Thank you for all your contributions over the last year. Please keep them coming!

Best regards,
Sandra Reid



MY GRATEFUL THANKS TO TWO WONDERFUL PEOPLE

It was just three weeks ago that I was discharged from hospital. Not being able to walk, Binnie had arranged for me to be taken home by ambulance. Two kind members of the Bomberos carried me up to our flat and laid me on my bed. Binnie had also called Ann and Eddie Nielsen, told them of my problem as well as the day and time I would be home. Both of them were waiting for me and soon we were discussing their plan to help me.

Ann and Eddie came in the morning to get me out of bed and to the bathroom. Then they helped me in the shower, dressed me and put me in the wheelchair. For the first ten days these two caring professionals came to assist me three times a day. As I got stronger and, with their help, it was soon only necessary to get me up and to help me shower and dress.

After three weeks of their wonderful care, I felt stronger and much more confident in my walking. Without their help Binnie and I could not have coped with my convalescence. I cannot thank them enough. I also want to add my sincere thanks to Helpline who so kindly made the wheelchair available to me.

Joe Segal
12th October, 2003

WELCOME TO ANDORRA



We are also lucky that Susanne Marke has decided to make Andorra her new home.

Susanne became a professional nurse in 1965 and worked in Denmark. For the last 10 years of her career she was a 'home nurse' who worked with patients in their homes.

Susanne recently retired and moved to Andorra where her daughter has lived for many years. Almost as soon as she had arrived, Susanne sought out ways that she could become involved in our International community and offered to be our new Helpline Coordinator. She can be reached at 838 515.

NEWS FROM THE GROUPS

THE TENNIS GROUP

by Dick Gillingham

Well, it is that time of year again and here we are packing for our Autumn hols. Aspirins? Check! Toothbrushes? Check! Tennis Racquets? Check! We only have an hour for this article and then we are off (even more so than usual). Fortunately these brief moments for sober reflection on our accomplishments of the year only come once a year:

We had a bad year as far as our Tennis International Tournaments are concerned. We only had one tournament in April. The Summer tournaments fizzled and sizzled out for various reasons. We tried to get one going in October but the weather and falling leaves got the best of us. It is definitely a mistake to leave these events so late in the season and merely hope that nature will be kind. This points up the need for finding a weather proof venue.

One success we did have was the 'Knock up with friends on Friday' which brought out a few new players swinging from the closet. This initiative has been slightly criticized for lacking the spirit of competition and that the only way to improve your tennis was to play competitively with someone better than yourself. Sampras has retired; Hewitt is watching football; Agassi is child minding. Who else is there to sharpen our skills against? Anyway, there are pleasures in the rare moment of joy of a clean hit with hand and eye coordination performing at its peak striking a brilliant (but meaningless) stroke. This is pleasure which can truly exceed the joy of hand and mouth coordination. Our Official CIA Tennis List has progressed well enough and we have even drawn up an e mail list for our tennis group which has yet to be tested. We were a bit unwilling to use it for the first time to announce the 2nd cancellation of our Oct Tournament due to being 'leaved off' a few days ago.

So much for last year and now on to our New Year's Resolutions:

- a) Find suitable all weather venue for Tennis Tournaments (nice to start with the impossible which we can then easily forget about).
- b) Resolve parking difficulties for Escaldes courts by working out car pool system.
- c) Make 'Knock Up on Friday' a bit more competitive pushing 2nd hour for game play.
- d) Plan ahead more for our Tennis International Tournaments. Buy Cray weather predicting computer which can even account for butterflies flapping in the Amazon.

Phew... Thank goodness the Taxi has just arrived.

THE ART GROUP

by Nina O'Brien

The Art Group meets every Tuesday at 1pm to 4pm, whenever possible, in our studio in Andorra la Vella. During the severe summer months there was a complete shut down - usually we do continue through the summer. For art lovers it seems to be an outstanding season. A very rare and exciting exhibition of Romanesque Art has been put together in the Government's exhibition hall (behind the fire station) for 100 days until 5th January 2004. The exhibition includes murals from churches of Santa Coloma and Santa Roma de les bons which are usually displayed in the State Museum of Prussia in Berlin. These exhibits form part of an integral section of Romanesque art heritage of Andorra and Catalunya.

For a brief introduction to the subject, Romanesque art is from the period of early middle ages, immediately preceding the Gothic style. It is entirely religious and was produced to adorn churches and monasteries.

Visiting the National Museum of Catalunya is like visiting 25 Romanesque churches in a single day. Frankly, it can be exhausting to assimilate so much in such a short period of time. Many years ago, someone noticed that Romanesque churches of Northern Catalunya were falling into disuse and lack of repair and he had the idea of salvaging the art - especially the frescoes, while there was something to salvage. These are now in the museum. They have done a great job of building wood and canvas structures in the exact shape and form of the original apses etc. to replicate the way the art once stood in the buildings, right down to the painted windows, cavities and the like. A really unique collection to come together!

I can't say how much of what I saw in Barcelona is being displayed here but the exhibition is very creatively arranged with light and sound effects. It would be wise to read something about Romanesque art in advance in order to appreciate fully such a collection.

VIATGES

PANTOURS

YOUR TRAVEL AGENCY IN ANDORRA

Plaça Rebés, 11 Tel: 804 010 - Fax: 804 011
ANDORRA LA VELLA

e mail: pantours@andorra.ad

OUT OF MY MIND...BACK IN 5 MINUTES.

PATCHWORK GROUP

by Pat Swanson and Elsie O'Shea

At "The Friday Meat" on September 19th 2003, 40 people listened to a talk on Patchwork, given by Valerie Rymarenko. Valerie pointed out that over the centuries, patchwork quilts have warmed cowboys, adorned the bridal bed, welcomed the newborn, have gone to war, been created in palaces and prisons, have given women a political voice, have carried secret messages, and have led to murder. They have even been made by men!

*Samuel Attwood in
Mufti, with the
quilt he made in
India in the
1850's*



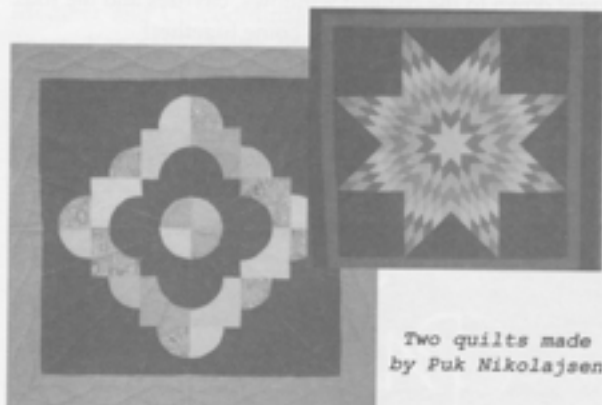
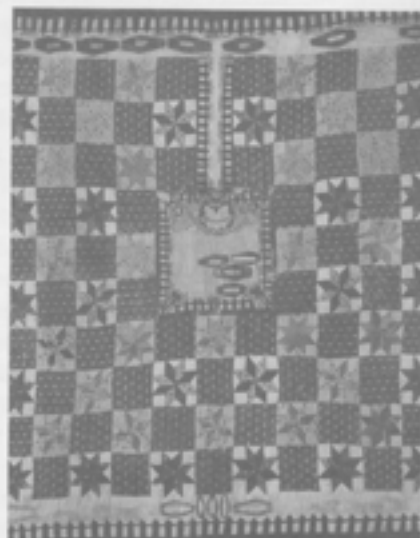
From this stimulating beginning Valerie took us through many aspects of the subject, including the different stages of making a quilt, names and meanings of different designs and patterns, and the many ways in which quilts have been used. A fascinating example of this was the accompanying picture of the graveyard quilt, made in 1839 by Elizabeth Mitchell. Elizabeth made the quilt after visiting the graves of her two sons. 19 coffins ring the edge of the quilt bearing the names of her then family. In the centre of the quilt is a fenced graveyard, containing the 2 coffins of her sons. Sometime after the quilt was made, 2 more family members died, and their coffins were unpicked from the quilt edge and re-sewn in the central graveyard.

Graveyard quilt

One story rang true to all patch workers who were there and demonstrates the passion they feel for their creations. An American patchworker made a wedding quilt for her dearest friend. It was presented at the wedding, labelled with a dedication to the couple. However the quilter asked the bride and groom (privately) that if they separated, they would return the quilt, since, 1. it was a work of art and, 2. it was given to them as a couple, not as separate individuals – the couple agreed. Years later they divorced, refused

to hand over the quilt, and argued between themselves as to which one should keep it.

The divorce went to court, and the quilter won back her quilt. How? In front of the judge she unpicked the label, and underneath was another label. This label had written on it the demand that the quilt be returned to its maker if the couple divorced. The judge agreed, and the quilt was handed over to its rightful owner. We were all impressed by Valerie's commitment, enthusiasm, and expertise. Her exceptional artistic and needlework skills are always most generously shared within the local group, and we are delighted that these gifts have now been communicated to a wider audience.



*Two quilts made
by Puk Nikolajsen*

DR ROBERT MUMMERY
LDS RCS (Eng.) FIAOS
DENTAL SURGEON

1-1 a Casa Nova Teixido
(next door to Hotel La Massana)
L'Avinguda Sant Antoni
La Massana
Tel 837332



"Your home away from home ..."

WISHING YOU ALL A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Tel. 835 640



THE INTERNATIONAL SINGERS

Well, we're all set for Christmas, albeit a quieter one than usual, and we very much hope to see you either on
SUNDAY, 7th December at Ordino church at 5pm or
SATURDAY, 13th DECEMBER AT Santa Maria del Fener Church at 9.15pm (after evening Mass)

So as not to overburden our precious director too soon after her return, we've decided this year to sing our favourite carols from the past plus just a few new ones. This Christmas Season is also special as it not only marks dear Binnie's tenth year with us but also very, very sadly her last. So do all come along and support us and give her a rousing send-off. As always the Club is very kindly offering everyone wine and cake after the Ordino concert.

Yes, what a joy, Barbara is back! Boy, did we miss her! She has already conducted us in the National Auditorium when we took part in the concert for the *Gent Gran* organised by the Ministry of Health, and then joined us afterwards for the excellent cava and canapés on offer. Mossèn Josep Maria invited the choir to sing for the 25th and 50th wedding anniversary celebration led by the country's new *arxiprest*, Mossèn Ramon, in Meritxell Sanctuary. Now I think we are ready to put *Ma Bella Bimba* and *O Sing! Rejoice!* to rest for a while.

And so to the future. Our ranks are swelling again... Gitte Mechlenberg recently passed her audition with flying colours. Our newly married Marta has rejoined the choir after a year's sabbatical and we very much hope that one of our founder members, Jean Axten, will be back with us soon. But have you noticed something? They're all women. Come on men. We NEED you.

We also need a replacement pianist. As I write we have hopes that we are on the way to finding one. A really charming, warm, talented woman came to listen to us the other day. We took to her immediately and she, I think, to us. She will return to accompany us for an 'audition' rehearsal next week and then we will see how we feel. But even so, she faces us with a major dilemma. The Singers have always been a volunteer choir; indeed the only choir in Andorra where no one is paid, not even the director. At the same time we have always sung accompanied music. Without a pianist the choir would almost certainly die. And, up till now, no volunteer replacement has come forward. This pianist is a professional; playing the piano is her job. If we want to keep her we have to raise the money to pay her without somehow sacrificing the unique, family atmosphere of the choir. Please ring me (Clare 836 269/344181) if you have any ideas: fund-raising concerts, a 'Friends of the International Singers' support group, an altruistic businessman? (I rejected the nude calendar idea on aesthetic grounds.) Or best of all a volunteer pianist. If you simply want to join us to sing please ring Clare or M^{re} Teresa 836 123

SEE YOU AT A CONCERT!





PETER PARKINSON OBITUARY

On Wednesday 10th September 2003, Peter Parkinson suffered a heart attack while packing his car for a trip to his home in Cruscades, France. He was taken to hospital in Andorra la Vella where, despite initial hopes for a complete recovery, he suffered a second heart attack and died in his sleep on the morning of Friday 12th. He is survived by his only daughter, Vicki and his two grandsons, Thomas aged 14 and Daniel, 12.

Many of Peter's friends and colleagues at the International Club know little of Peter's life outside of Andorra, so who was the real Peter Parkinson? Peter Gath Lindsay Parkinson was born in Blackpool on 15th July 1925 and it's fair to say that he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. Peter's grandfather was Sir Lindsay Parkinson, ex-footballer with Blackpool and Blackburn, Member of Parliament, Mayor of Blackpool and Chairman of Blackpool Football Club. In his later years, Sir Lindsay was offered - and turned down - a Baronetcy.

Sir Lindsay also found time to build up the family business - a construction company responsible for many major Civil Engineering projects in the UK and abroad. Among their most notable achievements were the East Lancashire Road (A580) between Liverpool and Manchester, the Western Avenue (A40) in West London, the renovation of Old Trafford stadium following war damage, and Ice Rinks in Paris, Amsterdam and Hammersmith.

Unfortunately, Sir Lindsay's sons, including Peter's father Robert, did not inherit their father's business acumen and by the time Peter had left University, the family business was in terminal decline and was eventually swallowed up by Fairclough (now AMEC). Peter's silver spoon had been well and truly snatched from his lips but fortunately he had been blessed with a sharp mind and the drive and determination to succeed on his own merits.

Peter was educated at Arnold School in Blackpool and won a place at Cambridge University where he gained a 1st Class Honours Degree in Engineering and then moved on to postgraduate studies at the London School of Economics. With qualifications in engineering and economics, it seems strange that he should choose a career in Marketing and Advertising but not much in Peter's life was simple and straightforward. Following stints at J Walter Thompson and Pedigree Pet Foods, the late 1960's found him working at BICC, a copper-wire manufacturer in Liverpool. In 1972, Peter moved to Paris to take up a post at CIPEC, an inter-governmental organisation representing the interests of the world's copper-producing nations. He remained with CIPEC until his retirement in 1988.

Peter's work at CIPEC had taken him around the world but when the time came for him to retire he chose to move to Andorra, which he had first stumbled upon in the 1950's. He soon realised that he had found a country where wine was cheaper than water and he vowed to return permanently. Peter remained busy during his retirement; he became an active member of the International Club with particular interest in the Drama and Investment groups and also remained a keen skier well into his late 70's.

Peter was twice briefly married and twice divorced. His first marriage, to Daphne, was childless but in 1961 his second wife, Barbara, gave birth to their only daughter, Victoria.



DOGS HOME - Only 4 km from Seu d'Urgell

- New premises
- Situated in a rural area, surrounded by fields
- Individual kennels
- Fully heated

NEW KENNELS OPENED END FEB 2000

Borda Del Batllevell
Ctra. d'Arís,
s/n, Montferrer

- Cleaned daily & disinfected
- Individual meals served according to age, weight, size and breed
- Walks daily
- Medication & treatments when necessary
- Parking for dog-trailers



GROOMING BY
APPOINTMENTS
SALE OF ALL KINDS OF
PRODUCTS FOR DOGS:
Nourishment, Hygiene &
Accessories
RUN BY A FULLY QUALIFIED
VETERINARY
TELEPHONE:
Mobile - 0034 639 20 69 72

MEMORIES OF MY GRANDFATHER

My grandad always looked to me like a bit of a mad professor. He always had a bit of a mad hair cut, which of course he always did himself with the aid of a mirror and a pair of garden shears. My favourite story that he ever told me was when he worked for Pedigree Pet Foods - he told me that one of his jobs when he was very junior was to deal with letters from the public. One day he received a letter from a customer who said her cat had changed colour - Grandad told me that when they made cat food they used to put colouring into the meat mix to change it from grey to pink and this cat had ended up eating the whole pellet of pink colour. My grandad was also the world's worst pizza chef - somebody should have told him that you can't make pizzas in a microwave.

Thomas Lyons, age 14,
Grandson of Peter Parkinson

MY GRANDAD

My grandad used to pretend that he was very intellectual but when he came to our house he always used to grab the telly zapper and keep it for two weeks. He was a secret expert on everything that ever happened on Coronation Street but most of all he loved watching The Bill. He was also the world's greatest conservationist (or

hoarder according to my mum and dad). People tell me I am a clone of my grandad which sounds fine to me as long as I keep my hair a bit later than he did - I don't want to be bald at 25!

Daniel Lyons, grandson of Peter Parkinson

Hotel - Restaurant

Micolau

Cuina cassolana



Carretera general
Tel. 835 052 - Fax 839 181
ARINSAL (Principat d'Andorra)
web: www.arinsal.com/hmicolau • e-mail: hmicolau@arinsal.com

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO ADVERTISE
IN THIS MAGAZINE?**

**DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO
WOULD LIKE TO PLACE AN ADVERT?**

**TELEPHONE
ANN ARCHER
831488**

**MOBLES
★
DIANA**

**Closing down sale
La Massana only**

Av. Sant Antoni
Edif. Rossell
Tel. & Fax: 839 705
LA MASSANA

&
c/ L'Aigueta, 22
Tel.: 862 405
ANDORRA LA VELLA



**WOULD YOU LIKE TO
ADVERTISE
IN THIS MAGAZINE?**

**DO YOU KNOW
ANYONE WHO
WOULD LIKE TO
PLACE AN ADVERT?**

**TELEPHONE
ANN ARCHER
831488**

SICOM S.L.



**SKY DIGIBOXES
SATELLITE TV**

**INSTALLATION
UPGRADING
SKY CARDS**

Peter Smith

Tel: 850 200 Mobile: 321858

E-mail: sicom@andorra.ad

IMMOBILIARIA PROFIMA

**Edif. Font Baixos
ORDINO**

Tel: 836787

Fax: 835957

Santi Marin El Busto: 331533

Lesley Pittock: 337857

**IT LIFE WERE A BED OF ROSES SOME FOLK
WOULDN'T BE HAPPY UNTIL THEY DEVELOPED
AN ALLERGY**



Av. Sant Antoni, 30 · LA MASSANA
Tel. +376 836978 · Fax +376 838733
E-mail: kyla@andorra.ad

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO
ADVERTISE
IN THIS
MAGAZINE?**

**DO YOU KNOW
ANYONE WHO
WOULD LIKE TO
PLACE AN ADVERT?**

**TELEPHONE
ANN ARCHER
831488**



**Rosa Mari Sopena
Directora**

**THE NEW TRAVEL AGENCY
IN ANDORRA WITH 25
YEARS OF EXPERIENCE
C/Dr. Nequi, 8 - Botiga 5
Tel: 806 006 Fax: 806 005
ANDORRA LA VELLA
(Principat d'Andorra)**

**E-mail:
emocions@andorra.ad**

A Genealogical Tale

by Ralph MacLachlan

My wife Oonagh (nee Hewett) made her literary debut in the 2003 summer issue of "Intercomm" with the story entitled "Firestorm in Canberra". Spurred on by some mildly favourable comment she considered publication of the following tale from her family history – but modestly decided to entrust the task to me!

My wife's grandfather, Commander George Osborne Hewett D.S.O., Royal Navy commissioned a family history from a professional genealogist in the early years of the last century. This was a monumental task (before computers and associated data bases) but the expert succeeded in tracing the family back to one "Ulward Uuier" a follower of William the Conqueror who, subsequent to the conquest of Anglo-Saxon England, was granted an estate in Kent. This estate, called "Manor Hewat" was recorded in the Domesday Book.

The tale now jumps five centuries – to 1536 when a descendant of the original Hewett, one Sir William Hewett Kt. (a wool merchant) was Lord Mayor of London with a house on London Bridge. In that year, Sir William's nurse, was holding the merchant's infant daughter in her arms at an upper window when the infant "leaped from her arms" and fell into the Thames. A young apprentice of Hewett's, Edward Osborne jumped in to the river and rescued the infant. In true fairy tale tradition, the merchant promised his daughter's hand in marriage to the brave apprentice and in due course they married. Edward Osborne eventually succeeded to the wool business and became Lord Mayor of London in 1592 and was knighted in 1601 by Queen Elizabeth. A great-grandson of Sir Thomas Osborne was elevated to the peerage as Duke of Leeds in 1691. A fairy tale success story indeed!

Returning to the Hewett family, the baronetcy became dormant in 1821 in circumstances that the genealogist (and I) found confusing. However, the rescue of the merchant's daughter in 1536 has been recorded and celebrated through the centuries by inclusion of the name "Osborne" in the first names of every male Hewett. Thus my father-in-law was "Edward John Osborne" and my four brothers-in-law also follow the tradition. With a touch of whimsy, my wife induced me to name my second son "Eoin Osborne" – combining the Celtic and Norman/Anglo-Saxon traditions. The tomb of Sir William Hewett, Lord Mayor, can still be visited in the vaults of St. Paul's Cathedral in London – and is one of only four to survive the Great Fire of London in the seventeenth century.

My wife and I have visited the tomb on several occasions. The story of the rescue is recorded in "Plairfairs British Family Antiquities" published in 1801 and now in reprint. A novel "Old London Bridge" by G. Herbert Rodwell is based on the same facts.



CASA SERVEI S.L. REMOVALS AND STORAGE

For all your Relocation Requirements

*National and International
Two Weekly Groupage Service*

from our U.K. depot

**Free Estimates
Packing Service
Storage
Full or part loads
Advice on documentation
Air and Sea Freight**

**FRANCE - SPAIN - ITALY - U.K. - DENMARK
SWITZERLAND - USA - AUSTRALIA - SAUDI**

Reg. Office: Naus Teixidó, Nau 2, Local 2, La Massana
Principat d'Andorra

Tel: (00 376) 835 633 - Fax: (00 376) 837 428

Mobiles: (00 376) 325 509 / 323 340

E-mail: cservei@mhx.ad

Web: www.casaservei.com

Andorra in Red October

The wild blue crocus, dotted up the high slopes appear larger than I remembered, the sword sharp leaves making a colourful foil against a flower head, drooping shyly in the winter sunshine.

Such a pretty blue. It reminds me of the lovely colour one remembers from the medieval Book of Hours. So vivid, so poignantly beautiful.

The majestic mountain slopes are white with newly fallen snow, fir trees glisten in a mantle of silver and the bells of the wild horses are heard in the distance. Soon they are seen. The foals and mares appear almost red against the autumn tints of the setting sun. Now they are safely on the lower slopes, sheltered from the winter storms and blizzards fat and healthy after grazing in lush Andorra meadows.

Later in the evening as I gaze through my window I can once more hear the bells and see the horses prancing through the streets of Arinsal.....going home.

Elise Kellett

TRIP TO L'ALT URGELL

On September 1st a group of CIA members travelled to the picturesque county of L'Alt Urgell in Spain. We spent the morning in the district capital, Pont de Bar, where we visited the Romanesque church of Sant Andreu de Aristot and the Mountain Wine Museum. In the afternoon we moved on to Sanilles, an Eco-Village and Park located on the south-facing slopes of the Pyrennees close to the east-west Cerdanya valley. Some of the group swam in the thermal spa pool while others walked in the park or sat looking at the incredible views. We then all tucked in to a fabulous 'eco lunch' of food grown and prepared on the premises by the owner and his wife. Many thanks go to Minnie Dubbeldam for organising such an enjoyable day.



SURE YOU CAN TRUST THE GOVERNMENT! JUST ASK AN INDIAN!

TRIP TO L'ALT URGELL

Photographs relate to article on opposite page



Memories
of winter
2003



Andorra-Property.com

Servissim
ARINSAL • CANILLO • LA MASSANA
IMMOBILIÀRIA • LLOQUERS • GESTORIA



Andorra-Holidays.com
Skiing, Walking, Mountains

Servissim
VACANCES • S.L.
APARTAMENTS • XALETES • VACANCES



PASTEUR-5

ÒPTICA OFTÀLMICA

AV. SANT ANTONI - AP. ROSELL / TEL. (376) 836183 / FAX (376) 836171
LA MASSANA - PRINCIPAT D'ANDORRA



Hematology, Coagulation, Biochemistry, Microbiology,
Serology, Hormones, tumor markers, Allergy.

C/ Bonaventura Armengol 15, 1º. Andorra la Vella.
Tel. 805 905 Fax. 866 757

E-mail. laboratoripasteur@andorra.ad
Web site: www.pasteurandorra.com

BLOOD TEST CENTRES

Laboratory:

Bra. Armengol 15, 1º, Andorra la Vella. Tel. 805 905
Mon-Fri: 8:00 - 19:30. Saturday: 8:00 - 10:30

Farmàcia Òptica Pasteur 5:

C/ Sant Antoni, La Massana. Tel. 836 183
In front of the Comú

Farmàcia de Arinsal:

Carretera General. Arinsal. Tel. 839 903

Farmàcia Baixench:

Carrer Major. Encamp. Tel. 832 732

Home visits available if required.



**The bank I have
always dreamt of!**

Dynamic, innovative and with a lot of imagination.
A bank able to offer me more options and more
opportunities for benefits where other banks are
satisfied merely with managing things correctly.

A bank with personalized treatment, which takes care
of me and sees that my investments perform at their
best, with new proposals and a responsible management.

BPA is the bank I have always dreamt of!

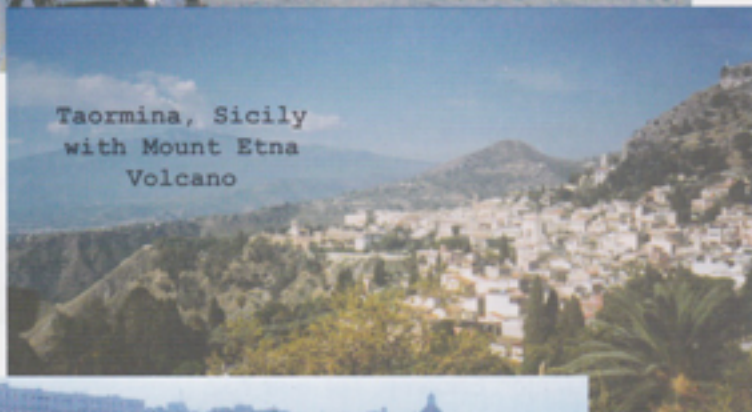
BANCA PRIVADA D'ANDORRA 

GRAND CHRISTMAS DRAW

By Charles Barrand



Departing Valetta
Harbuur, Malta at sunset



Taormina, Sicily
with Mount Etna
Volcano



Leaving Valetta, Malta
aboard SS.Oceanic



Taormina, Sicily. Town
square



Taormina, Sicily with
Mount Etna Volcano in
background

'Obviously some are better salespeople than others', I thought, as early bargain hunters at last year's English-Speaking Church Fair evaded my eye contact and said they had bought their tickets or would buy them later. I handed our unsold raffle tickets to my wife; perhaps she might have better luck while she served teas and snacks at the refreshment stall? By early afternoon - with an eye on the TV second prize that, if we won, would replace our own and whose fading picture threatened to disappear down the hole in the middle - we bought the last unsold tickets to add to those we already had.

At 3 pm. tickets were drawn and excellent prizes, including the TV, were claimed by lucky winners. Somewhat disappointed, my wife was about to leave when her name was called to collect the totally unexpected Star Prize - a magnificent week's cruise for two from Barcelona aboard the Bahamian registered 39,000 ton S.S.Oceanic. A week or two later we discussed the trip with the Director of "Viajes Emocions", Sra Rosa Mari who, along with Simon Binsted of Servissim, had donated the prize. We decided to take advantage of a late September departure that promised good weather and an opportunity to celebrate a birthday.

The ship, operated by Pullmantur Cruises, is part of a group that also own Spanair, a number of hotels and coach companies as well as three more cruise ships. At the Port Terminal our 1,260 fellow passengers crowded to collect boarding passes and check baggage through Security. Coming from all over Spain, only 35 Maltese and a dozen Dutch seemed to speak English. Popular

with honey-mooners as well as those who wanted to renew their wedding vows, their average age seemed about 40. The 521 crew members from 30 different nations were under the command of a Portuguese Captain whose prime consideration was our comfort and safety. He had 34 years of world-wide seagoing experience and, with a passenger to crew ratio of well under 2.5 to 1, we were assured of excellent service and a happy ship.

Sailing at 5 pm, we had a day at sea in which to explore the ship, enjoy the sunshine and calm seas, relax on sun

beds or take advantage of one of the several Jacuzzis before we arrived at Malta, the largest of three islands forming the Republic. We tied alongside Vallets's ancient city walls and hurried ashore to begin a busy day of sight-seeing embracing more than 6,000 years of history. As twilight fell, we sailed past floodlit battlements sipping cocktails at the Captain's poolside party before the Gala Dinner. This was the only occasion when we were requested to wear more formal attire. Dress code did not allow swim wear in the restaurant or bars and lounges on any occasion nor shorts in the dining room after 8 pm.

Entertainment by various artists was provided twice nightly supported by a Cuban Latin-American band in the 600-seat theatre. We were unable to follow the rapid repartee of the Spanish comedian but, judging from the reaction of his audience and his facial expressions, he was very entertaining. The Brazilian and classical ballet dancers were splendid. There was also the usual Casino where it was said that if you want to leave with a small fortune, you should enter with a big one! Although BBC world news and Spanish movie channels were available in our cabin, our Cuban steward arranged for the crew's recent 24-hour English language movies to be routed to our TV.

The next morning, having docked at Messina Italy, two escorted coach tours were organised. One was to the active 11,000ft. Volcano of Mount Etna and the other to a typical small Sicilian town of Taormina, once the location for scenes used in the film "The Godfather". In its pretty floral town square we saw a beautiful Sicilian bride in her lovely white gown on the arm of her proud father entering the church surrounded by family and friends. Viewed between the ruined columns of the Greek/Roman theatre, slumbering Mount Etna, with a faint plume of smoke trailing from its summit, formed a stunning backdrop. After enjoying a cup of "Cappuccino" and some delicious "Gelato" we returned to the ship to join the Captain on the bridge. Here we witnessed a difficult departure through the Straits of Messina with its swift currents, whirlpools and over-falls. However, a much-needed siesta took precedence over views of the small conical volcanic island of Stromboli.

The next day we docked at Civitavecchia where we English-speakers – now known as 'The Maltese group' – were escorted by coach through vineyards to the 'eternal city' of Rome. Parking near the Vatican, we were free to explore as much or as little as we wished. Some chose to visit its museum of St.Peter's basilica surmounted by its dome and famous fresco by Michael Angelo. Others elected to throw charitable coins into the Trevi Fountain to ensure their return. Cleaned regularly every Monday morning, our guide cast some doubt on what really happened to the money.

The following day we docked at Italy's naval base and second biggest port, Livorno. Given a choice of visiting either Pisa or Florence, we opted for the latter on the basis that if you've seen one leaning tower, you've probably seen 'em all! (Editor's note: really!) On the other hand, Florence, the capital of the Leghorn Province of Tuscany, is in a region rich with culture and culinary arts. Here, thankfully, we were left to our own devices rather than join the Spanish tour groups who were being herded from one tourist spot to the next by more active tour guides. Instead, we enjoyed the company of two Dutch ship-mates and had an interesting Tuscan-style meal with wine in a small taverna. Afterwards, we leisurely visited the church of Santa Croce with its replicas of the famous ornamental bronze "Doors to Paradise". The original doors, now preserved in a museum, were damaged by floods a few years ago. We also strolled across the unique Ponte Vecchio with its gold and jewellery shops bridging the River Tiber. Leaving just before a massive power outage plunged the whole of Italy into darkness, we sailed that night for Villefranche-sur-Mer where those who still had the energy visited Monaco or Nice on a rather damp Sunday. We opted to remain on board and dined that night with our charming Captain and his attractive Cambridge-born wife who, in turn, was the Assistant Cruise Director as well as the Keep Fit Instructor. The last morning of our wonderful week saw us disembarking at the Barcelona cruise terminal to board coaches while next week's cruise passengers bustled to join the ship.

Meanwhile, dock workers set about unloading / loading baggage and replenishing supplies for the next voyage that left in a few hours. We had consumed 7,000 kgs of meat and chicken, 1,500 kgs of seafood and fish, 900kgs of cheese, 16,000 eggs, 900 litres of ice-cream, 4,500 litres of milk and 4,800 kg of vegetables all prepared by 60 chefs and cooks. It is said that the average passenger usually puts on about 3 kgs in weight during the cruise but I still contend that it was just the salt sea air that shrank my clothes!



We are most grateful to Servissim and "Viatges Emocions" for so generously donating such a fabulous prize.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO ADVERTISE
IN THIS MAGAZINE?

DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO
WOULD LIKE TO PLACE AN ADVERT?

TELEPHONE
ANN ARCHER
831488



*Estate Agents
and
Developers*

- *We are the specialists based in Arinsal*
- *We have all types of properties available*
- *We can sell your existing property or find a home to suit your needs*
- *We can arrange lettings. We always have special offers*
- *We REALLY want to help you - Come and see us*

*Josep M^a Camp Areny
Director Comercial*

Casa Jan - Tel.: 837 721 - Fax: 837 827 - ARINSAL - La Massana (Principat d'Andorra)



La Torrada

RESTAURANT DEL CAMPING XIXERELLA

INTERNATIONAL CUISINE

CLUB HOUSE OF EL TORRENT D'ANDORRA PITCH & PUTT

Tel. 837 452
XIXERELLA - LA MASSANA
(Principat d'Andorra)

SPECIALISTS IN:
KEBABS & SPARE RIBS

Recently, I was diagnosed with AAADD: Age Activated Attention Deficit Disorder.

This is how it manifests itself:

I decided to wash my car. As I start toward the garage, I spotted the mail on the hall table. I should go through the mail before I wash the car. I lay the car keys on the table, put the junk mail in the dustbin under the table, and notice that the dustbin is full. So, I put the bills back on the table and take out the rubbish first, since I'm going to be near the mailbox when I take out the rubbish anyway.

I might as well pay the bills first. I see my chequebook on the table, but there is only one cheque left. My extra cheques are in my desk in the study, so I go to my desk, where I find the bottle of juice that I had been drinking last night.

I'm going to look for my cheques, but first I need to push the juice aside so that I don't accidentally knock it over. But the juice is getting warm, and should be put in the refrigerator to keep it cold.

Heading toward the kitchen with the juice, a vase of flowers on the worktop catches my eye. They need to be watered. I set the juice down on the worktop, and find my reading glasses, for which I've been searching all morning. I had better put them back on my desk, but first I'm going to water the flowers.


I set my specs back down on the worktop, fill a jug with water, and suddenly spot the TV remote. Someone left it on the kitchen table. Next time I sit down to watch Shopping TV, I will be looking for the remote, but nobody will remember that it's on the kitchen table. I should put it back in the TV cabinet where it belongs, but first I'll water the flowers. I splash some water on the flowers, but most of it spills on the floor. So, I put the remote back down on the table, and get a cloth to wipe up the spill.

Then I head down the hall trying to remember what I was planning to do.

At the end of the day: the car isn't washed, the bills aren't paid, there is a fermenting bottle of juice sitting on the worktop, the flowers aren't watered, there is still only one cheque in my chequebook, I can't find the remote, I can't find my specs, and I don't remember what I did with the car keys.

I'm trying to figure out why nothing got done today; it's quite baffling because I know I was busy all day long, and now I'm really tired.

I know this is a serious problem, and I'll try to get some help for it but first I'll check my e-mail. Do me a favour, will you? Forward this message to whoever you think might enjoy it, because I don't remember who I've already sent it to.

Restaurant
L'Hisenda


BELGIAN GASTRONOMIC

Ask for our suggestions

13.00h - 15.30h 20.00h - 22.00h

Closed on Tuesday

Cra. Coll d'Ordino, Ed. Safir i Robi
ORDINO - Tel: 839 267



"SHE" A CAUTIONARY TAIL

by Mary Graham-Watson

It was February when She first came to live next door. The poor thing was terribly thin and seemed to have very little means of support. But neighbours were kind and gave her food and by April she looked less peaky. I used to see her out and about on my way to and from the village but she kept herself to herself and never seemed to want to stop and chat.

One morning in May a smart silver Mercedes with Barcelona number plates drew up to the houses on the top road and a handsome black-haired fellow jumped out. Before you could say 'love at first sight' he and She were spending the evening looking into each other's eyes on the balcony and there was a lot of noisy partying. He only stayed for a long weekend and I did not see her for a while. When I did, she looked a lot fatter and definitely more healthy.

In due course, perhaps inevitably, the Twins arrived. I must say they were gorgeous, the bluest of eyes and masses of dark hair. They were very well behaved, you rarely heard them crying. How She managed to feed them I cannot imagine but She kept them on milk for ages and they grew to be fine and strong.

Time moved on and about the same time as the Twins reached adolescence, the smart silver Mercedes once more drew up on the top road. Once again the handsome fellow with black hair and blue eyes appeared on the scene. Of course, She was delighted to see him and soon the evenings were punctuated by revelling and general mayhem. I told my husband that he would have to do something. But he wasn't very sympathetic and added a few comments which, after 50 years of marriage, I ignored!

A week later the stranger and the silver Mercedes departed for Barcelona and in due course, I regret to tell, there were obvious signs that there was to be another population explosion. She had Triplets this time and each of the Twins had a further set of twins!

Anyone want a couple of lovely kittens going begging? Our grassy bank has ten to choose from...no charge for delivery!

Borda Callissa Indian Restaurant

Open from 7 p.m Thurs - Sun
A full range of tandoori and
curry dishes individually
cooked to your taste.

Take away available

Relax with a drink on our new sun deck

Mas de Ribafeta - Arinsal Tel. 839710



**LABORATORI
FLAQUÉ
ORTOPÈDIA**
Josep M. Flaqué
ORTOPÈDIA TITULAT CONSULTOR

Av. Miquel Mateu, 7 - ESCALDES
(al costat del Hotel Paris Londres)
Tel./Fax: 826 258

ORTOMEDIC
Av. Fiter i Rossell, 29,
Escalés - Esgorrià,
Andorra.
Tel / Fax: 864 983
E-mail: ortomedic@andorra.ad

SANITAT HOUSE
Xavier Flaqué
C/Unió, 4
ANDORRA
Tel.: 826 259

Invico
has
moved

INVICO
Established in 1969

**ESTATE AGENTS &
COMPANY MANAGEMENT**

We offer you a personalised friendly service backed
by over 25 years experience

Property rentals and maintenance
INVICO, Edifici Eland-Unió 5-2
Avda del Fener 11-13
Andorra la Vella
Tel: 807970 Fax: 807969
e-mail info@andorra.ad www.invico.ad

Tribal Matters

By Henri Feilberg

It was on a modern freighter many years ago somewhere in the South China Sea. Exactly where only the captain and the ship's mates kept track of. Everybody else just went on with the day's work.

By order of the telegraph I had just stopped the ship's main engine, when the relief appeared. We exchanged a few remarks, but it was all routine, the records were in the log book and instructions on a blackboard fastened to the upright for the same purpose so I left the engine room by the ladders.

On the way round the main deck, Cook held out a cup of coffee through the half door of the galley and without stopping I slipped a finger through the eye of the handle and proceeded without looking at him. It was a game he had started some time back to break the monotony, he had claimed the knowledge of knowing who was where at what time and wagered to know our footsteps. It cost several beers on both sides and many a good laugh.

There was nothing to see from the deck. In the morning mist visibility was less than a mile, but moving over to the port side of the ship I found the reason for our stop, - we had been hailed by a sampan. Holding on to the tiller was a Chinese woman. She was shouting at the top of her voice and making gestures. On the deck of the ship one or two of the crew laughed and threw her a line, which she caught without difficulty and fastened to a rope she already had made fast at the bow of the sampan. The seamen pulled the sampan alongside and then the strangest thing happened:

In deep contrast to our limited world, out from under the canopy of the sampan appeared a gentleman. He took hold of the rope ladder and deftly climbed up, stepped over the railing and stood right before me holding my coffee cup. He was one of the best dressed persons I had ever seen. He was Chinese, probably some 60 years old, wore a freshly ironed white shirt with two pockets, short sleeves and a black tie. He was wearing short trousers to two inches above the knee, white stockings two inches below the knee. The stockings had a tassel on the sides and adding to this he had black shoes. Polished black shoes with a capital P! The shoes were not even scratched during his exercise with the rope ladder.

He was the Hong Kong Pilot.

Arriving on deck he removed his cap and said: "Good morning. Please show me the way to the captain".

I felt awfully shabby in my old khaki shirt, which I had pulled out OVER my Scandinavian style shorts (oh dear), both with oily spots. My attire was completed by heavy shoes that had never seen polish. An oily rag hanging out of the pocket completed the picture.

"Ah- bah, this way Sir, and - uh - up the steps here, uhh-sir".

The ship's engine went half speed ahead and we started moving again.

After a wash I passed the port side of the ship again. The sampan was running some 10 yards from the ship's side pulled by the rope at a speed of about 8 knots. It was

expertly controlled by the Chinese woman as though she had never done anything else in her life. The Ship's Mate on the same shift as mine noticed my worried looks, laughed and said: "It is the Pilot's wife. Don't worry, we are keeping an eye on her all the time."

We went into the mess for our breakfast.

I often think of the plight of our children. Despite good education or, perhaps due to it, they are now all three confined to downtown Copenhagen, where they spend their time glaring into a computer screen and moving a "mouse" with the right hand. The generations following ours will never experience what we have experienced. If they go anywhere it is all arranged and most of our ways of life will be lost to them.

Many of you in Andorra are of the Expatriate Tribe. You have seen sights, you have done things that never can be done again. You should write it down and send it to the Editor.

15 June 2003

Editor's notes: Please do! This could be fascinating!

FERRETERIA

arnau

☎ 83 80 48

Edifici Trini (baixos) - LA MASSANA - Principat d'Andorra

7 Llops

**KENNELS
Erts**

Heating

Indoor & Outdoor

Personalised Attention

Countryside Setting

Collection from your house

Tel/Fax: 838 156

Mobile: 337 906

TRADITIONAL FRENCH CUISINE
DUCK SPECIALITY



RESERVE TABLE ON
WEEKENDS AND
BANK HOLIDAYS -
CLOSED SUNDAY
NIGHT AND
MONDAY

LA FONT D'ARANS

Tel: 850 830 Arans (Ordino) Principat d'Andorra

PROCEEDS OF THE CAR BOOT SALES THIS SUMMER



Cheque presented to (left to right) Alan Montané, of Infants del Mon and Josep Maria Camp of Caritas




Gardenia Pottery Studio
Decorate your own pottery gift
Take lessons
Order a pottery piece
Tel. 837892 - 351892
Astrid von der Lancken
Xalet 1, La Gomarada, Ordino

WOULD YOU LIKE TO ADVERTISE
IN THIS MAGAZINE?

DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO
WOULD LIKE TO PLACE AN ADVERT?

TELEPHONE
ANN ARCHER
831488



SICOM S.L.

COMPUTERS
INTERNET
WEBSITES
E-MAIL
INSTALLATION
PROBLEM-SOLVING
ANTI-VIRUS
TUITION

Peter Smith
Mob: 321858
E-mail: sicom@andorra.ad

Tel: 850 200

FAREWELL SAMIA



A dear friend to everyone, Samia Omar, has left Andorra to live in Arizona and to study for a doctorate in Hospital Administration.

During her time here she completely updated the Helpline Handbook and was always a welcome visitor to club members in hospital with her flowers and cards. Samia only stopped working for Helpline to care for her sick husband, Edward Meek, who passed away on July 30th, 2002.

Samia also played Father Christmas for the Christmas Fair and one year filled the Helpline stall with exquisite homemade decorations. These were the type of gifts she was always presenting to her many friends.

Samia knew everyone in the village, including all their children and grandparents. Here are pictures of her accepting a small token of our affection. Stay in touch, Samia!



GEMSTONES AND BACK TRACK IN AFRICA

by Bernie Cruickshank

At a recent 'Friday Meat' gathering of about 45 people Alan gave a talk and demonstration on gemstones and the various methods of faceting, polishing, tumbling and carving them. He described faceting, showing a garnet ready to cut and polish on a machine he had brought with him. He also brought along magazines showing beautifully cut gems and carvings as well as diagrams indicating the different weights of certain stones. One diagram identified all the exhibits: garnet, turquoise, tanzanite, tiger's eye, diamond, ruby, hornblende and zoisite. His collection of rocks and gems included 2 large pieces of Jade, one black, and one green. Other people brought along their own 'treasures' to show and Alan answered their questions.

Alan's gem-cutting and rock-hunting hobby took off when our son had to make a decision between Geology and Art. We were living in Africa at the time and a Professor Loupkine was giving lectures on Gemstones at Nairobi University. I decided to take my son to the lectures and he immediately became involved in exciting projects such as growing crystals. We also met George Gaganakis, a Greek, who showed me a large cut Tanzanite, a beautiful blue stone. (The natural colour is Tricheroil but it had been heated in a kiln to produce the lovely blue. It was later named Tsavorite after the mine from which it came in Amboseli on the Tanganyika-Kenya border.) Alan and George met and soon Alan was set up with a cutting machine and instruction books. Thus began Alan's gem-cutting hobby. Over the years he produced many 'perfect gems' of varying cuts.

Alan's hobby also led us to meetings with miners, dealers, cutters etc. to buy rough material. One such meeting was with an American, Ondway, from the Deep South who had such a 'drawl' that we waited with baited breath for the next word. He was a rock-hunter and often called to ask us to go out in the bush with him. And so started several adventures.

One safari was to a small border post called Namanga at the Kenya/Tanzania border. Here tribesmen were selling rocks and trinkets. (In fact we bought the very attractive ruby, zoisite, and hornblende pieces Alan brought to his demonstration from these same tribesmen.) We decided to have lunch at the Namanga Hotel that had a pleasant, open veranda with a makuti roof and a shady garden. The choice for lunch was curry or cold buffet (we later nicknamed it "food poisoning"). One from our group chose curry, the other three, cold buffet. We then set off to do some serious rock-hunting in the bush, but not into the actual Game Park that was also on the border. Our American friend was driving a heavy Range Rover. Some way along a mud track we saw that the way was flooded so we took off onto the grass to avoid it. Unfortunately, we got very bogged down in a Wart Hog hole and there we became stuck up to the right front axle. When we tried to get out we only succeeded in covering ourselves in mud. The jack gave out and young trees pushed under the body of the vehicle were to no avail. And it was getting dark; in the tropics night falls at 7 p.m with a 20 minute leeway either side throughout the year. We decided we had to stay the night and sleep in the car.

At that moment three Masai women came along. They were tall and thin, a shuka tied over one shoulder, a long spear in the other hand and hair plastered with murrum and, I think, cow dung. They proceeded to stand on one leg, their traditional pose, and looked at us. "You have made a mistake," they said. "Yes," we replied, "your manyatta is nearby can you go and get some of your men to help us." Unfortunately, all the men had gone on safari to kill a lion and to prove their manhood. But the women indicated that our young daughter could go to stay with them. She was about 10 years old at the time. "Thank-you, but no, she will stay with us," we said. So we remained in the Range Rover and tried to get some sleep. But the vehicle was stuck at a very acute angle and, to add to our plight, three of us were suffering from food poisoning!

The next morning Ondway, who had eaten curry and was therefore reasonably well, decided to make it across the bush to the main highway and find a petrol station. On the way he met a Masai who offered him breakfast, freshly drawn cow's blood mixed with cow's milk and curdled into a gourd. He politely declined, went on his way and finally found a petrol station where he negotiated for a lorry to help us out of the Wart Hog hole. As he was talking a policeman in 'plain clothes' approached him and asked if he were driving a yellow-coloured Range Rover. On saying yes the policeman told him that the Rockefeller Foundation had received a call from a worried wife because we had not arrived home in Nairobi the night before. The police were about to send a light aircraft to look for him but were actually going into the Game Park. It was a Monday morning and the police decided to come out to help us...six young Africans in clean-pressed khaki shorts, blue jerseys and shiny black boots.

We were of course where Ondway had left us and the same three Masai women came back saying "Oh, you are still here?" As a result, we were pleased to see the police and Ondway arrive in a jeep. They started to tow us but the tow broke several times. Finally, when they had managed to haul us out all six were covered in black mud. But they remained cheerful and uncomplaining. Ondway thanked them and said he would make a recommendation to Police Headquarters. We eventually set off for Nairobi, filthy but in good spirits and home to a shower and a change of clothes...we off to work and our daughter off to school with a story to tell.



HOTEL I APARTHOTEL COSMOS (Guest private parking - Hotel Cosmos)



CUINA I ENOLOGIA ITALIANA
Full menu, menu of the day and pizza

Avinguda de lese Escoles 10
C/Santa Anna s/n
Escaldes-Engordany
Tel. 870 755 - Fax. 863 015
www.hotelcosmos.ad



gufo & marc vell restaurants

Specialities:

Carn a la brassa, fondue (meat & raclette), pizza and pasta

Lunch from 1 p.m. to 3.30 p.m. (closed Monday)

Dinner from 8 p.m. to 11 p.m.

(home orders delivered - phone 837 670)

Lunch Menu changes daily, 1500 Ptes, includes wine, water, etc.

marc vell (next to Garralla)
Carretera General s/n
Ed Casa Nova Grillaire
LA MASSANA
Tel: 837 670

gufo
Av. De les escoles, 16
ESCALDES-ENGORDANY
Tel: 820 713

IN THE ITALIAN TRENCHES

by Trevor Tasker



Last September I went on a 10 day tour of the Italian Front of the Great War. The rest of the party flew from London to Verona, but I flew Barcelona to Milan, and then took a train to Verona to join up with the group. There were 18 of us.

We did not stay long in Verona, just overnight, but long enough for a few beers (at tourist prices), and to visit Juliet's balcony. Shakespeare based Romeo and Juliet on the novella "Romeo e Giulietta", and it was set in another Italian town. So why do tourists flock to this Veronese balcony? A classic case of historical fact losing out to romantic fiction.

The next day we went north to the Alps. This battlefield tour was going to be a study of mountain warfare, where the rugged terrain and quick changing weather can be more deadly than the enemy. Hannibal crossed the Alps in 218 B.C. and lost half his army before he even started fighting the Romans. Technology improved over the centuries but the mountains remained just as formidable. Artillery caused most of the battle casualties in the Great War. But in the mountains where exposed rock abounds, flying rocks were added to the shrapnel and shell fragments.

Our coach negotiated all the hairpin bends and we reached the Asiago Plateau, and our hotel in the small resort town of Asiago. We visited the massive "Sacrario Militare" memorial commemorating 54,000 Italian and Austro-Hungarians soldiers the British took over the frontline in 1918. We also visited the battlefield and the five other British war cemeteries on the plateau. In Granezza cemetery which contains 142 graves, the most famous grave contains the body of Edward Brittain, killed 15th June 1918. He was the elder brother of Vera Brittain, author of "Testament of Youth", the best-known book of a woman's experience of the Great War. When war broke out she volunteered as a V.A.D (voluntary aid detachment) to help out in the hospitals and served in France and Malta. In her book she describes her pilgrimage to her brother's grave shortly after the war. In 1970 she died and, according to her wishes, her ashes were scattered over her brother's grave.

Asiago is 1,000 meters above sea level, the same height as my apartment over-looking Sant Julia. Some in our party were surprised that I could have summer during the day and winter during the night. I replied "welcome to living in the clouds".

We then descended to the river Piave. It was here that Ernest Hemingway was wounded while he was an ambulance driver with the Red Cross. He was taken to a field hospital in Treviso, and finally to hospital in Milan. Hemingway's "A Farewell to Arms" is based on his experience on the Italian front.

We visited the British front on the river Piave, the memorial to the 7th division, and the island of Papadopoli in the river where a lot of fighting took place during the war. However, due to the recent drought in Europe, the river Piave was dry and Papadopoli was no longer an island.

The next river on our trip was the Tagliamento. This was the river that Frederick Henry, the principal character in "A Farewell to Arms", swam across while fleeing from the advancing enemy.

Then we headed for the Julian Alps and over the border to Slovenia, to the town of Caporetto (now called Kobarid).

The battle of Caporetto has a significant place in history. It was here in October 1917 that the Austro-German forces pushed the Italians from the Isonzo river right back to the Piave River. Some historians regard Caporetto as the birthplace of Blitzkrieg.



Author in the preserved Italian Trenches on the Kolovrat Ridge, Slovenia

It was at Caporetto that the young Erwin Rommel made a name for himself and earned the Pour Le Merité (The Blue Max).

Caporetto/Kobarid is a lovely small town with an excellent museum to commemorate its turbulent past. It is surrounded by mountains with deep gorges of the blue/green Isonzo River (now called the Soca River). This is a great hiking, rafting and fishing area.

After a week of Italian hotel breakfasts, I appreciated Slovenic breakfast (with extra cholesterol). Since I was unable to swim in the Piave and Tagliamento rivers I made up for it with a swim in the Isonzo/Soca River. Being so high up and in fast moving water my swim was a bit cold. However, I had had a Slovenic breakfast for insulation! We then drove down the Isonzo / Soca River to the Adriatic Sea, visiting various sites on the way including Gorizia (mentioned in Hemingway's book).

Our last full day was spent in Venice. Vera Brittain visited Venice and bought rose buds and a small asparagus fern for her brother's grave. She describes Venice as "all sea and sculpture". The sculptures were under threat of being bombed when the frontline was along the river Piave.



However, the Austro-Hungarian Royal Family gave orders that Venice was not to be harmed in any way.

While writing this article I had an e-mail to say that one of our party had died suddenly. Eric Lewis of Cardiff had also been on my trips to Salonika and Gallipoli. I would like to dedicate this article to the memory of Eric.

THE SMUGGLER

*Watch him when he opens his bulging words,
Justice, Fraternity, Freedom, Internationalism,
Peace, peace, peace.*

*Make it your custom
to pay no heed
to his frank look, his visas, his stamps
and signatures.*

*Make it your duty to spread out their
contents
in a clear light.*

*Nobody with such luggage
has nothing to declare.*

Thank you - Norman McCaig

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO
ADVERTISE
IN THIS MAGAZINE?**

**DO YOU KNOW
ANYONE WHO
WOULD LIKE TO
PLACE AN ADVERT?**

**TELEPHONE
ANN ARCHER
831488**

Cristòfol

**Fine furniture and woodwork
made to order**

Using the best materials from around the world we design, make and install furniture to suit you and your home/office

Recent commissions have included:

- Oak panelling
- Period fireplace
- Display stand with lighting
- Longcase clock with painted dial
- T.V. and hi-fi cabinet
- Computer desk
- Bookshelves
- 4 poster Bed

If you can't find it we can make it
Also available for antique furniture

- Restoration
- Repair
- Alteration
- Copies

For information, free advice or an estimate, call

Ian Sharp on

Tel (376) 332042 fax (376) 432042

<crisfolmobles@andorra.ad>

AN OCTOBER WALK WITH JANE

We walked,
but only the earth moved
beneath our feet.

We talked
but only the geese heard us,
arguing in the sky
about who would lead.

We breathed
but only between words,
and the words
caught in the thin wind
flew away with the geese
down to the warm south.

We paused
but only to admire
the wet sun paint the clouds
with October gold.

We were frozen in the day,
but still,
between the clay,
between the gold
all was silent, all was old
this evening time,
with greater age's still untold

Soon, all of this is gone
out of reach of change,
and what we saw this day
the great designer very soon
will re-arrange.

John Coville

**WOULD YOU LIKE TO ADVERTISE
IN THIS MAGAZINE?**

**DO YOU KNOW ANYONE WHO
WOULD LIKE TO PLACE AN ADVERT?**

**TELEPHONE
ANN ARCHER
831488**

CHOCOLATE ROULADE

from Sue Surtees

Prepare day before it is required

6 ozs good quality plain chocolate - broken
into pieces

6 ozs castor sugar

5 eggs - separated

For finishing:

Half a pint of double or whipping cream
Fresh orange segments or tin of mandarin
oranges

Lightly oil a swiss roll tin and line with
greaseproof paper or baking parchment.

Slowly melt chocolate in a bowl over a
saucepan of hot water. Do not allow base of
bowl to touch water.

Whisk egg yolks with castor sugar until
mixture is pale yellow in colour.

When chocolate is melted, slowly add to egg
yolk mixture and mix well.

Place egg whites in a clean bowl and whisk
until they form soft peaks.

Add chocolate/egg mixture a little at a time
and fold it in gently. Pour into prepared tin
and place in centre of pre-heated oven
(medium heat) for 10 to 15 minutes. It is
cooked when risen and set.

Remove from oven and cover with clean tea
towel which has been run under cold water
and well rung out. Leave overnight.

Some hours before serving, place large sheet
of greaseproof paper or baking parchment
onto worktop. Dust thoroughly with icing
sugar.

Carefully turn roulade out of tin onto
prepared paper and gently peel away base
paper.

Whip cream until it reaches soft peak stage
and then spread onto roulade.

Starting at one of the narrow ends and using
the paper as a guide, gently roll up roulade.

Tip onto serving plate and decorate with
fresh orange slices or mandarin segments.

ROSARIO MARTINS

INMOBILIARIA HORIZO VERD

English, French & Spanish Spoken

SERVICES PROVIDED
COVER -
ALL ASPECTS OF
RELOCATION INC.
RESIDENCIAS

Ed. Tiffany's esc. 2,
apart 621
LA MASSANA
Tel: 837 516
Mobile: 323 296
e-mail: ihoritzo@andorra.ad



CIA BARBEQUE

The annual CIA Barbeque was held at the La Rabassa ski station above St. Julia. 35 people attended this event. It was a glorious day for weather, thank goodness, and, included in the price of admission was a musician who sang and played the organ. Some of our members were so entertained by it all that they got up and danced!

The day was organised by David Perkin.





Don't trust us



**Better ask
your friends
about
us**



AV. SANT ANTONI · LA MASSANA (ANDORRA) · Tel: 00-376-737373 · Fax: 00-376-737379
www.cisagroup.com · e-mail: cisa@andornet.ad