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Cover photo: "Tastes of Summer" article page 18. Arranged by Nina O'Brien.

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INTERCOMM

International Club of Andorra Quarterly Magazine SUMMER 2003

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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 August 2003, or handed in to one of us at a Coffee Morning.

EDITORIAL

As a relative newcomer to Andorra it seems to me that summer has arrived...at least in time for the summer edition of the magazine!

Just look again at those tomatoes on the cover page. Don't they make you think of the lazy days of summer and the indolent thoughts that pass through our minds of someone serving us scrumptious salads, barbequed meats, fish and chilled wines. Well, in Andorra we know that we will also see many tourists who are beginning to see the benefits of being in Andorra that we have already discovered. But, shopping aside, we know that we can flee to the mountains whenever we wish. We really are lucky to be here.

Since our last edition a number of important events have taken place in the CIA. An Annual General Meeting (AGM) was held on April 2nd, at the Paris-Londres Hotel. 46 people of whom 6 were Board members attended the meeting. We know that many people travel constantly or are otherwise outside of the country but what happened to our other 400 or so members? At any rate, several changes to the Board of Directors were officially announced at the AGM. Samia Omar and Fiona Dean did not stand for re-election; Nina O'Brien was re-elected for a further term and the following individuals were welcomed for an initial term: Simon Binsted, Carlos Hansen, Ole Nikolajsen and David Perkin. Subsequently, Janet Humphreys, a lively and eager new member of our community, has been 'co-opted' to the Board. We owe a big thank-you to Samia and Fiona for their help and dedication. Being a Board member is not an easy task, but certainly a worthwhile one.

Another important issue, at least in terms of the attendees of the AGM, was the discussion about the CIA Newsletter. Caroline Colvin-Smith, who had previously resigned from the Board of Directors, announced that because of other commitments she was unable to continue to write the weekly newsletter. We have been accustomed to assume the publication to be an automatic right as a CIA member. There followed a very interesting debate at the AGM that, quite frankly, did not move us in any positive direction. Therefore, we are extremely lucky that Jacquie Crozier has agreed to be the new Editor and to produce the Newsletter on a bi-weekly basis. First, we all owe a HUGE debt of gratitude to Caroline's journalistic skill in producing such an excellent Newsletter for what to most people seems like forever. Only mothers are so committed with so little thanks! Next, we must warmly welcome Jacquie for stepping forward to write the Newsletter from France.

As for this quarter's magazine, we have a number of interesting articles. Many of us will have met or heard of Alan Hadden who recently died at the age of 86. In this issue we celebrate his fascinating life in the Obituary you will see in the following pages. We have reports on a visit to Australia that inadvertently coincided with the fires in Canberra. There are accounts of two well-attended presentations: one given by Ole Nikolajsen on the Greenland National Park and the other concerning the ecological issues arising from Andorra's rapid

development. We also have a heart-wrenching report on Val Rylatt's childhood that was the subject of a newlyformed 'Friday Meat Meeting'. Read on! Ole Nikolajsen has some passed on information on how to 'do' Europe on 5,000 Euros a day. For those intrepid puzzle-people we have the solution to last edition's Crossword and John Coville has given budding or otherwise closeted poets a worthwhile challenge. Our ongoing groups have updated us on recent and upcoming events with their usual gusto. In addition, Nina O'Brien, Group Leader for the Art Group has taken up the call for further activity with 'Cooking Made Easy'. My own offering is a recipe for 'Glorious Greek Salad' that necessarily includes one of summer's fruits, TOMATOES, as well as all the luxurious vegetables that make living in Andorra a treat. Taste, savour and enjoy!

Best wishes,

Sandra Reid.





MARRAGE IS THE ONLY UNION THAT CANNOT BE ORGANISED. BOTH SIDES THINK THEY ARE MANAGEMENT.

NEWS FROM THE GROUPS

THE ART GROUP

by Nina O'Brien

I have so often thought that one should go out for landscape painting. We are surrounded by such exquisite, naturally composed landscapes. One can stand anywhere and paint the impression or precise copy depending on one's style. Creating an impression is faster but not easier, with rapid changes of weather and lighting it is preferable to compose, do the focal point and leave the rest for studio work.

The weather in Andorra has often been a deterrent but, this summer, come what may, we go out. Other CIA members are most welcome to join this sort of working picnic. (By the time you receive this edition of Intercomm we will have enjoyed a picnic at Pal ski station.)

Our Bohemian Exhibition is on hold for a while. Bohemian or academic, it entails a whole lot of preparation and painting. Right now the Group is busy painting their annual group project.

We meet every Tuesday, 1pm to 4pm (whenever possible) in our studio in Andorra la Vella.

For information call Nina O'Brien: 837772 or Val Rylatt:835606.

THE TENNIS GROUP

by Dick Gillingham

So far, we have had an unusually active Spring season with the unplanned (as far as we in the tennis group are concerned) Davis Cup followed by the Gogo in Barcelona followed by our Tennis International Tournament which we held today April 28 (here I sit writing with my trainers, track suit bottoms, sweaty Gogo T shirt and Moya style head band- not to mention my fingers.) Anyway, with so much to report and in consideration of the CIA's budget for our magazine expenditure (no more than 10 pages per group please), we have decided to abbreviate our report for the last quarter as follows:

- a) Davis Cup (4 to 6 April): super, wonderful, marvellous- although we lost badly.
- Gogo Tournament in Barcelona (21 to 27 April): Great, Cool Man, Groovy (please no more Donald-we are not talking about war) with good seats and weather.
- Tennis International Tournament (28 April)

 Chaotic and stressful for organizers but the weather was not bad and 16 rioters turned up.
- d) The tennis list: Exponential growth. Good prospects with guaranteed benefits. Soon committees will be needed to consolidate performance.

So much for the last quarter's report and on to the future.

Someone in our group put forward the following very logical argument: "All CIA members have a place reserved in heaven. Non CIA members have no places reserved. Most tennis players of high standard (no names mentioned) have places reserved in heaven. Therefore (irrefutably) a tennis team of CIA members will thrash the living daylights out of a team of non CIA members".

Now, logic was never one of my strong points (nor were maths, physics, economics and so on) but I have drawn up countless Venn diagrams and come to this same conclusion every time. So for our next tournament we will have to put this cold logic (and Venn) to the test of tennis reality.

As implied earlier, our tennis tournaments are becoming more and more like the Tower of Babel – the LA Watts riots seem pale in comparison. Fortunately, the lunch breaks of Andorran authorities seem to coincide with the timing of our tournaments. Otherwise, we would be facing severe embarrassment. And so, unfortunately, we are going to have to enforce a bit more discipline in our tournaments to ensure we actually play a bit of tennis. Towards this end, we are purchasing a match board to display who plays whomever and a whistle to attract attention (to be blown by Di who has experience in teaching Birmingham over spill kids – so watch out contestants!) My weary hoarse voice has reached its limit. I do not know why but no one ever seems to listen to me. No one. Ever....

Finally, future events:

The next round of the Davis Cup – sometime in midsummer. Members of the Official CIA Tennis list will be fortunate enough to receive exact dates. The next completely new and original Tennis Tournament – sometime in mid-July. Again fortunate members of the Official CIA Tennis list....

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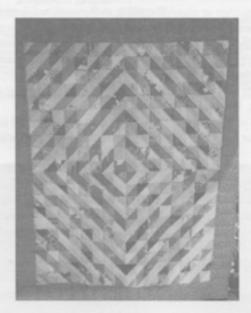
PATCHWORK GROUP

by Gill Furnston

The Patchwork Group continues to grow and at this moment we have a 'full house' with fifteen members. It is always a lively, mutually educational meeting, where everyone shares new techniques, new ideas and gets great pleasure in showing the week's work.

George Eliot expressed a dismal view of the craft of patchwork through Maggie Tulliver in 'The Mill on the Floss' - "It's foolish work" said Maggie, with a toss of her mane,"tearing things to pieces to sew them together again." I have heard this said many times but it is a statement given without much thought. It is a craft that has been interesting. women and men since time immemorial. The Egyptians did patchwork, as did the Japanese and Chinese. A frozen man recently found in the mountains between Italy and Switzerland is thought to be a lost climber there from ancient times - his clothes were padded and patched! Making things out of pieces is, in fact, very ancient. The earliest known example of patchwork was found in The Cave of the Thousand Buddhas in India and dates from between the 6th and 9th centuries AD. The Crusaders brought patchwork back to England from the Middle East. The Pilgrim Fathers, who sailed in 1620, took patchwork to the New World, but the oldest surviving example of English patchwork dates from 1708 (in Levens Hall in Kendal).

There are all kinds of patchwork, traditional, classical, folk and country. Everyone has material that can be used to make patchwork; shirts, dresses, children's clothes that have been outgrown or worn in places, all can be cut up to make 'scrap quilts'. It is lovely to see the finished quilt and to remember where all the scraps have come from - daddy's shirt or baby's dress.



Scrap quilt made by Puk Nikolajsen

Unfortunately, we soon move on to buying material and a patch worker never tires of acquiring beautiful material of every hue and colour and making it into patterns and pictures and then into articles for the home or presents. not only quilts to keep one warm in winter months but bags, aprons, cushions, dolls, animals, the list is endless. We all have cupboards full of materials, a non-patch worker cannot envisage why we need so much but we have plans for every single piece. It is a craft that takes over everything and once you have the "bug' you become hooked and we plan our day around getting an hour alone to stitch. Likewise, for the uninitiated, it is a waste of time but we do not listen to such quibbles, we are too busy working at our latest project.

Last year the Group made a quilt to raffle for the Charity 'Hope and Homes for Children'and we raised £877 and 1005 euros. The raffle was drawn on the 5th March 2003 at the International Club Coffee Morning.

The quilt was won by a Mrs. Stark of Bath, who had bought her ticket at the Wiltshire Support Group of the Charity. On my last trip to England I took the quilt to Bath and presented it to Mrs. Stark personally. Hope and Homes for Children helps to find a family and home for orphans of war worldwide.



"QUILT BEING PRESENTED TO MRS. STARK IN BATH, ENGLAND, BY GILL FURMSTON.

Thus did a meeting of like-minded women, who meet every Monday, put their time and effort into making a quilt to be raffled, the money raised going towards helping orphans who live in appalling conditions to have a better future not bad for ladies who "stitch".



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THE INTERNATIONAL SINGERS

MARTA'S WEDDING

Martinez has graced the choir with her musicality and beatific smile for the past five years and so, when she announced she was to be married in the chapel at Montserrat on the 15th February last, we wanted to be there too and to sing for her. Here is Leela Herriman's report of the great day.



What a day!

The midnight before our director, Barbara Melin, was moved into Intensive Care at the hospital. She was so gravely ill that Clare decided to stay with her and her husband John and so missed the wedding. This meant I got to drive Edward's 8-seater People – and piano – Carrier; a new experience but much less frightening than I had anticipated. Snow was gently falling and my passengers strongly suggested/requested I not overtake any slower vehicles. Already I was wondering how we could get to Montserrat in time for the wedding as the Spanish roads might be treacherous.

In St Julia we joined Gloria and Hugo Caffaratti. At the Spanish Duana we consulted. Clare had suggested we go via Ponts. Gloria thought we were supposed to take the Cadi Tunnel. Hugo pointed out that the tunnel road was likely to be clearer so we decided to follow his advice.

It was a good decision (little did we know that the previous day the tunnel had been closed altogether), and with Hugo to guide us, we got to Montserrat in plenty of time at about 10.45am. The wedding was at midday. However, the next hurdle was to get the Singers and the piano to the hotel next to the Basilica. The 'authorities' were intent on making this a cumbersome, but not impossible business. Fifty minutes later we were at various stages of (un)dress, when we suddenly realised we had 10 minutes to finish dressing, warm-up our voices and get to the 'back' door which was to be opened specially for us at 11.45am so we could set up the piano before the ceremony started.

Not surprisingly we ended up a little late; but then so did the person who was going to unlock the door. We spent the next 15 minutes chatting with Marta's

family, friends and husband-to-be, Miquel in a very cold and dark hallway. But, at 12:00 a punt the door opened and we all piled in.

We knew where the plugs were and where we had to stand – except that that turned out to be in the middle of the aisle where Marta would pass by on her way to the altar. No problem. A collective effort removed the necessary chairs and got us arranged facing Binnie at the piano where she was nearly visible to all - if only we stood on tiptoe. This was particularly important as she was not only playing beautifully, as is her wont, but she was also directing us.

Marta came in looking like a dream in a most gorgeous ivory-coloured, lace dress. The priest kept us waiting a little longer, while everyone wondered if there was something we had forgotten or should be doing. Alba was (or appeared to be) tranquillity itself as she competently indicated to Binnie when it was our turn to sing: every time at a different moment from what we had expected. Thank heavens for Alba. And Sonia who positioned herself in the aisle and gave us clues about when they exchanged the rings. Of course Francesc knew all along that there was no need for us to worry, reassuring us benignly, fatherly, amused (or was it exasperated?). And he was right. Once the ceremony started all went smoothly and beautifully (and yes, we did sing well!) and we could relax enough to enjoy the beauty of the Montserrat chapel, at once intimate and impressive – what a lovely setting for Marta's wedding. Long and happily may they live together.

And then the pica-pica reception, out of this world, all three courses of it and a great deal more than anyone could eat. A radiant Marta together with Miquel came to spend a little time with us and gave us each a rose ... ah we did feel included and special!

For me it was a lesson: we know each other well enough to be able not just to sing but to act together as well. We learned to delegate and trust a little more than we did before. Clare had primed us with what to expect. Barbara had trained us for many, many hours and we all 'fell' into place: Binnie most beautifully on the piano, Richard and Sonia carrying and setting it up, Francesc reading and interpreting our map, Pop directing the warm-up, Brenda organising choir positions and sharing out tunnel and petrol costs, Gigi singing her solo so well and helping us to appreciate the acoustics of the chapel, everybody doing what was necessary. Thankfully, Barbara is now out of hospital and we eagerly await her return. But our unexpected adventure without her brought out the resourcefulness and the teamwork of our choir. What more could anyone wish for?

(If you are interested in joining the choir we'd love to have you - provided you can sing in tune! Just ring Clare Allcard on 836 269 or Ma Teresa on 836 123)



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COOKING MADE EASY

By Nina O'Brien.

The Spring issue editorial mentioned quite a few ideas coming forward from CIA Members and cooking is one of them. Also, I recall, someone referring to "creative cookery". Defining creativity is a dilemma let alone "creative cookery". Creativity is such a relative term. What is creative to one person may not be the same to someone else. For example, residents of the Australian outback may have creative recipes for witchety grubs that are none too tasty to those living in Epson.

Why not have a group of people, comparing and sharing the easy ways of doing the same old things? Perhaps some demonstrations of short cuts or even experiments with new recipes.

Creating "taste" is not a complex procedure but somehow in most places it is refered to as "gourmet cooking" and other similar cliches. The very word "gourmet" is intimidating. If someone asked me to join a "gourmet group" I would be totally lost as to what to cook in such a gathering. I love to experiment and take short cuts when I am not painting.

Within such a truly international group, there must be much to share, learn and compare.

Considering our travel and social events, it would be wise to meet once a month or whenever, by mutual consent. We could make it a dinner or lunch event, taking turns for venues.

Anyone ready for simple adventure to share – call me. Nina O'Brien: 837772.



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TOWARDS AN ANDORRAN FUTURE

By a concerned member of the International Community of Andorra.

On 30th March the English – speaking Church and Community hosted a well – attended seminar on the present state of the Andorran environment and the prospect for the future. The speaker was Patricia Quillacq, an environmental lawyer and outgoing president of the Association for the Defence of Nature.

Patrica spoke of the degree of environmental destruction we saw about us and which did not abate. She wondered aloud whether the situation in Andorra was actually worse than it was elsewhere or whether the country's small size only made it appear so. It was clear, however, that Andorra has distinct development limits.

Patricia outlined the current campaign launched by AND and the citizen's platform P3M under the banner For a Sustainable Andorra, NOW! Although forms of natural resources legislation exist, they are not necessarily enforced. Guaranteeing the protection of our water, air, landscape, agricultural land and biodiversity – the very quality of Andorran life and its surroundings – is of paramount importance. The serious matter of waste disposal requires a solution applicable to the ability and nature of the country. The recycling of various types of waste is, in fact the responsibility of the individual parishes. And there is a need to control construction and to enforce regulations in the case of large infrastructures, the building of more hotels, of dispersed urbanisations and of ski pistes. Fifty percent of the national budget has been ceded to infrastructure, while no mention has been made to improving public transport.

In the afternoon two videos were screened. The first video presented the Government's projected territorial plans, chiefly concerning road improvement, the 'now' graphically replaced by a 'virtual future'. It raised few eyebrows, although the bombshell fell at the end, when the Prime Minister blandly informed us that the projection covered the next 43 years. "I'll be 80!" cried Patricia. The second video was a clever riposte. Set to music from "Titanic", it simply toured Andorra by car from one frontier to the other. These were no sanitised shots, just the never — cleared construction residue decorating roadsides and riverbanks as well as the stumps of destroyed trees, the road works and traffic jams.

There was a lively question and answer session. It was sobering to know that Andorrans themselves did not know what to do about the situation. Patricia's presentation was frank and sincere and was well received by a thoughtful audience. And, ladies of the community, you make great sandwiches!











IMAGINE THIS!

HELLO?

The boss of a big company Needed to call one of his employees about an urgent Problem with one of the main computers. He dialled the employee's home phone number and was greeted with a child's whispered, "Hello?" Feeling put out at the inconvenience of having to talk to a youngster the boss asked "Is your Daddy "Yes", whispered the small

Voice.

"May I talk with him?" the man asked. To the surprise of the boss, the small voice whispered, "No." Wanting to talk with an adult, The boss asked," Is your Mummy there?" "Yes" came the answer. "May I talk to her?" Again the small voice whispered, "no" Knowing that it was not likely that a young child would be left home alone, the boss decided he would just leave a message with the

watching over the child. "Is there anyone there besides you?" the boss asked the child. "Yes" whispered the child, "a policeman".

person who should be there

Wondering what a cop would be doing at his employee's home, the boss asked "May I speak with the policeman"?

"No, he's busy", whispered the child. "Busy doing what? asked the boss. "Talking to Daddy and Mummy and the Fireman", came the whispered

Growing concerned and even worried as he heard what sounded like a helicopter through the ear piece on the phone the boss asked "What is that noise?"

"A hello-copper", answered the whispering voice.

"What is going on there?", asked

In an awed whispering voice the child answered, "The search team just landed the hello-copper." Alarmed, concerned and just

A little frustrated the boss Asked, "Why are they there"? Still whispering, the young voice replied along with a muffled giggle "They're looking for me"

the boss, now alarmed.

Joan Spiller.

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IN THE ARCALIS BOWL

The mountains gathered around me like Andorran bandits. Their leader swaggered up close in the dark light, full of threats, full of thunders.

But it was they who stood and delivered.
They gave me their money and their lives.
They filled me with mountains and thunders.
My life was enriched
with an infusion of theirs.

I swept downhill through the ugly weather.

And when I turned to look goodbye to those marvellous prowlers a sunshaft had pierced the clouds and their leader, that swashbuckling mountain, was wearing a bandolier of light

John Coville

The Northeastern Greenland National Park

A talk given by Ole Nikolajsen at the St. Gothard Hotel, Erts/Arinsal on April 22nd, 2003 by Valerie Rymarenko



My insatiable curiosity coupled with my gross ignorance of all things related to Greenland drew me to a most delightful evening of enlightenment by Ole Nikolajsen. In a conversational manner, with nicely humorous self-deprecation which made light of what had clearly been a hazardous adventure, Ole took his large audience to the Northeastern Greenland National Park. Ole knew his subject in depth because he had spent 6 years in the Danish Air Force during the 1960's and, as Navigator, flew 1,500 flying hours over Greenland. His task was to patrol the Park's coastline and to leave winter fuel (coal and petroleum), provisions and post for the 65 scientists, who were — and still are - the only people allowed in the area. Failure to deliver would have been disastrous. The plane used was a flying boat, Convair PBY-6A Catalina, because it could land on water, gravel and land, and could stay in the air for 20 hours — vital over such a huge landmass.

To set the scene, Ole told of the recent history of Greenland. In 1934 Denmark and Norway both claimed the area, but it was legally declared Danish as the Danes had been patrolling the coastline on foot – 11,000 kms! They had taken dog sleds, but only to carry provisions, not men. Greenland achieved its independence in 1973, but pays Denmark a few kroner a year to continue running the country.

And what an amazing country! With an area of 2,175,600 sq. kms. (840,000 sq. miles) it is equal to the combined area of the U.K., France, Germany, Italy and Spain, yet has fewer inhabitants (55,000) than has Andorra. It is 2,670 kms (1,660 miles) long, and 1,000kms. (620 miles) wide, and extends from 83.8° North to 59.9° North. It is almost completely covered with ice, and contains about 10% of the world's fresh water: a land of pitch dark or full sunlight, with a short summer from mid-June to the end of August, no trees, and a sky alight with the Aurora Borealis. The National Park covers a third of Greenland, and is policed by the Danish Armed Forces 'Sirius Patrol', with 18 people divided into 6 sledge patrols.

Club Internacional d'Andorra

Ole made this cold harshness come alive because he described – and illustrated – how native wildlife manages. Summer is a rapid transition from snow to green shoots in a week, but plant growth is so slow that there is only food for a very limited range and number of creatures. There are Canadian/Arctic Geese, Musk Ox (historically hunted almost to extinction), Polar hares (white in winter, grey in summer), seals, Arctic foxes and Polar Bears. These bears are enormous, 14 foot from nose to tail, and completely unafraid. In the 1930's, '50's and '60's, scientific expeditions on the Greenland ice cap 10,000 feet up were attacked by Polar Bears although there was no reason for the bears to be there as there was no food source for them. (Editors note: Yes there was... the scientists!) It was only in the 1980's that scientists discovered that young male bears, hunting for seals, drifted from north to south Greenland on ice floes. The bears then lumbered back north, running over the ice for 2,600 kms. in temperatures of –30°C to -50°C, without any food for the 26 days it took them to get home! I felt pleased that the scientists actually acquired such delightful insights to reward them for working in such a tough 'laboratory'.

Ole told us of the nice distinctions between old hunters' 'huts' (10 sq. metres or less) and 'houses' (10 -20 sq. metres), built between 1905 and 1930. These are still used for shelter and stores today, though Polar Bears do break in and steal tinned food. They rip the tins open with ease, hoping to find sweet contents, but toss the full tins aside if they contain savory food. A hut or house can be wrecked in moments by a robber bear – and human life can be imperiled unless guardians like Ole repair and restock before a man in real need of food and warmth reaches the haven of a building.

As well as air patrols, Ole described sledge patrols of two people undertaking trips of 6,000 kms. in 12 to 16 weeks, using dogs to pull the supply sleds. The dogs used are native Greenland dogs ('Dogs are better than snowmobiles: if you get lost a dog tastes better than a snowmobile!') and the lead dog is always a female – they fight their way to the top by highly unfair, rear attacks on the males! But the dogs are worked to death and only half survive a full trip.

During the Second World War the Germans briefly made a weather station at Daneborg, and currently the Americans have built a city on the ice cap where 50 people live, looking at radar screens and watching for missiles from Russia. (That sounds like an activity frozen in time!) The snow grows 3 feet deeper each year so the buildings of these watchers are on stilts, and every 10 years the buildings are jacked up by 10 metres.

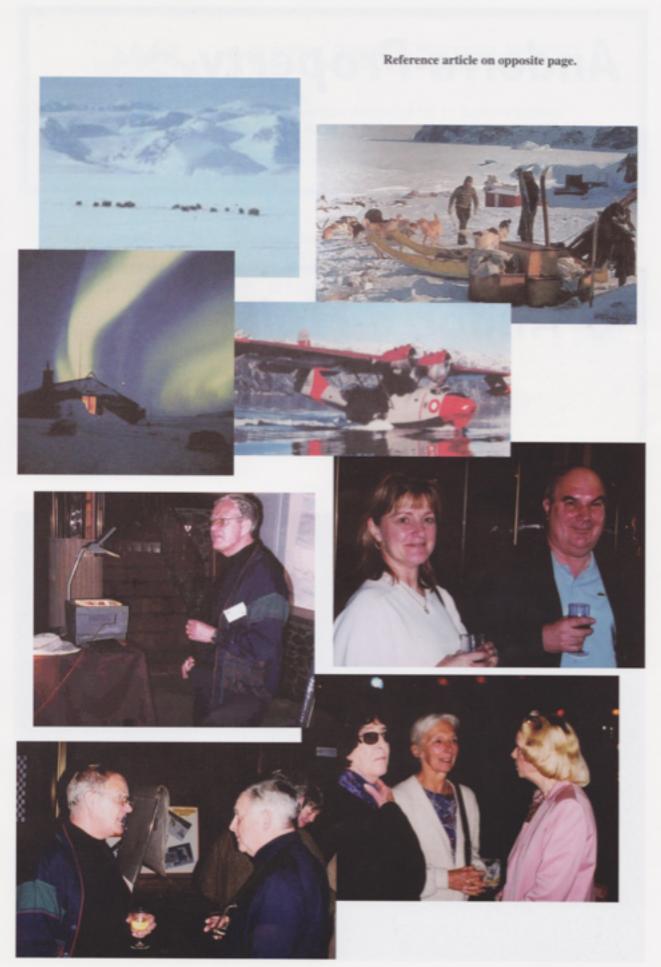
Ole's talk was full of surprising images: his aircraft had skis which were so hot after landing on ice that, if the plane stopped moving, the skis would melt the ice, freeze, stick – and the plane could never fly again. So the aircraft had to taxi in slow circles as people and goods were got on and off.

There was so much more: we heard of the birth of ice bergs created from precipitation; of the 100 million year old ice at the heart of Greenland; of how all north European weather originates; of how Ole used Morse Code for communications – often whilst navigating and leaning on a stack of foul-smelling dry cod fish and outdated margarine, destined as dinner for sledge dogs. And how today 3 different types of airplanes (including the Bombardier CI.604 Challenger and the Sikorsky S-61A-5 Sea King) do the work once fulfilled by Ole's Catalina. The talk closed with a film taken by Ole in the 1960's, illustrating much of what he had told us. Good tapas, wine and conversation ended an excellent evening.

This was the second talk in a series in which people relate experiences and interests they have. Given the wonderfully wide range of backgrounds of members of the International Club of Andorra, there should be many 'gold mines' out there! Ole, having done the groundwork for all aspects of his presentation and arrangements for the evening, says he is happy to give practical advice to any one else who would like to participate in this series of talks.

I had a most enjoyable evening and came away much the wiser. More please!





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Reference article on page 12-13







Reference to article on page opposite.

These were taken at 3pm on a summer's day-10 mins apart- indicating the speed the fire was approaching.

FIRE STORM IN CANBERRA

By Oonagh MacLachlan

On a fine January morning this year, I (accompanied by my husand)landed at Sydney airport to visit relatives in Canberra, the Australian capital. The relatives were my eldest son and his family and my eldest brother and his family. To digress momentarily, my brothers and sisters exemplify the Irish diaspora; siblings being resident in Ireland, UK, Germany, USA, Canada, Australia – and Andorra. These are excellent conditions for vacation visits – but difficult for family reunions.

My son (and family) met us at Sydney in a large SUV and, after the usual felicitations, we headed towards Canberra - some 200 kilometres to the south. There was some desultory discussion on forest and bush fires that had been burning south and west of Canberra for some weeks. My son, however, assured us that these fires were deep in national forests far from Canberra and that there was absolutely no risk to the city, it's inhabitants or visitors. Canberra, a "city in a park" had been established for 100 years and, despite a few scares, had never been seriously affected by fires. Cheered by these assurances, I was not greatly worried by recent evidence of bush fires beside the highway as we drove south. Nearing Canberra, however, rolling clouds of smoke from the horizon caused some apprehension - not fully dispelled by continued, but muted, assurances that there was no danger. These smoke clouds increased in intensity as we headed through Canberra to my son's home in the southern suburbs - ever nearer to the fires in the state forests!.

By arrival time, early afternoon, the sun had completely disappeared and the sky was black – even the local residents were displaying some signs of disquiet. There was desultory talk of evacuation and Canberra residents "on the coast" were summoned by relatives and friends to return to save documents, memorabilia etc. – and (if brave enough) to safeguard their houses. The emergency was now recognised as real. The worst drought in living memory had resulted in tinder-dry conditions and the pine forests in the suburbs were belatedly recognised as a further significant hazard. By 6 PM the sky had changed from black to red and the roar of the fires, fanned by a strong south wind, was terrifying.

My son's household was mobilised to clear gutters, spray water on walls and fill bath tubs whilst my husband searched for beer and endeavoured to bond with his grandchildren. Charred and blackened vegetation, carried by the strong wind, arrived in increasing and threatening quantities. Neighbours congregated in the streets presenting continued but hollow reassurances that there was no real danger and that evacuation was not (yet) warranted. The local radio station continued to broadcast somewhat conflicting advice; "flee immediately" or "stay to fight the fire". The local emergency services were overwhelmed. My husband, cool under fire, continued to drink beer.

By 8 PM, the crisis was acute. The fire had reached the hill top behind my son's house and the flames were burning steadily towards the residential area. My brother, living in an adjoining suburb, was packing his car, for evacuation. One road separated the burning bush from his home. My husband, a self-acknowledged expert(?) on the subject of Australian fires, assured us that the danger was still illusory and that the hill top was too barren to sustain the flames. Providentially, and to my chagrin, my husband was proved right!; The wind died at 8.15 PM and the flames flickered and expired. Finally we re-entered the house and got something to eat.

Next morning the full extent of the disaster was revealed. What victims described as a fire storm had struck two of the city suburbs. Five hundred houses were completely destroyed and four lives lost. Recriminations were voiced. State park managers blamed environmentalists for their opposition to preventive controlled burning. The Canberra pine forests were too near residential areas. Assistance-from the New South Wales fire services was offered but not accepted. The local paper established a disaster relief fund.

Although the immediate danger had passed, a state of high alert persisted for 7 days. Forest fires continued to burn vigorously to the north and south-east of the city. The drought continued and no rain fell but controlled burning kept the hungry flames at bay. Certainly in the south-western suburbs (where our son and my brother live) there was not much left to burn!. Families returned to poke around in the debris of their destroyed homes—depressingly like the aftermath of an air raid. House builders anticipated a prosperous year. Life went on. We enjoyed the remainder of our stay in Australia.





TASTES OF SUMMER



By Nina O'Brien.

The tomato, an ordinary but sensuous looking fruit, has an emotional role and impact on life in this region. For some centuries, tomatoes have become an integral part of food – cooked or uncooked. Originally natives of South America, they were introduced to Europe during the sixteenth century. At first in North America they were grown only as a curiosity because for a long time the fruit was thought to be poisonous. They are now cheap and plentiful worldwide. However the outdoor grown bush or vine tomatoes of the Mediterranean have a taste that is not found in the hydroponic greenhouses of more northern countries.

In southern Europe, tomatoes, fresh or dried, in different categories and size have a heavenly taste. Those still hanging on the vine encourage you to feel, touch, hold and eat. People seem to be so involved emotionally — such as during Spanish fiestas — throwing the tomatoes at each other, not in anger but with mirth and gaiety. It must be a major task later cleaning up the streets and facades of buildings afterwards. In other parts of the world, tomatoes are often used to display anger and discontent in political demonstrations and other similar events.

The first time that I was served with tomato, garlic and bread in a restaurant I thought it was some sort of D.I.Y. cookery. However, looking around, I saw people taking the tomato/garlic/bread ritual very seriously. Since then, I have often seen people in the Anyos Club and elsewhere, with a "tomatoed" toast and glass of orange juice, looking as content as if it had been bacon and eggs plus the works. Must be very healthy! Recent research shows the tomato served with breakfast is a cancer deterrent. This test did not include a Bloody Mary!

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AN INTERESTING STORY

His name was Fleming and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while trying to make a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and ran to the bog. There mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself.

Farmer Fleming saved the lad from what could have been a slow and terrifying death. The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the Scotsman's sparse surroundings. An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy Farmer Fleming had saved.

"I want to repay you"said the nobleman. "You saved my son's life". "No I can't accept payment for what I did" the Scottish farmer replied, waving off the offer. At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel.

"Is that your son?" the nobleman asked. "Yes" the farmer replied proudly. "I'll make you a deal, said the nobleman. "Let me provide him with the level of education my son will enjoy. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll no doubt grow to be a man we both will be proud of". And that he did.

Farmer Fleming's son attended the very best schools and in time, he graduated from St Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming the discoverer of penicillin.

Years afterwards, the same nobleman's son who was saved from the bog was stricken with pneumonia. What saved his life this time? Penicillin.

The name of the nobleman? Lord Randolf Churchill. His son's name, Sir Winston Churchill.

What goes around comes around.

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BABES IN THE FOREST

By Bernie Marchand (Cruickshank)



It was November 18th, 1936, in the Sherwood Forest area of Nottingham, when two baby girls were born in a small, private Nursing Home. Margaret Wheeler's baby was full term and weighed seven and a half pounds, and Blanche Rylatt's baby was six weeks premature and weighed little over six pounds. (Blanche's husband, Fred, had not wanted her to have the baby in a nursing home because he feared a mix up might happen!) The babies were not given to the mothers for twenty four hours. The nurse asked Blanche, "is this your baby?". She replied, "don't think so", so the baby was handed to Margaret. It didn't seem the same as the one she had given birth to Margaret became convinced that she had the wrong baby. There was a feeling of panic, not unknown in a Maternity ward. On this occasion, it was a feeling that grew into certainty. Flowers and messages were delivered to the wrong mothers, but the husbands couldn't believe anything was wrong. Charles Wheeler said that it was the stuff of fairy tales. Blanche found the subject so awful she eventually closed her mind to it. Margaret was determined to keep in touch with the Rylatts so she asked Fred to act as godfather to her daughter. (Really his own!) Peggy 'Rylatt' and Valerie 'Wheeler' grew up over two hundred miles apart because in 1938 the Wheelers moved to Cumberland. But Margaret took every opportunity to visit the Rylatts in Nottingham so that she could see Peggy.

Before this, when the girls reached their first birthday, Margaret went to see the then brown-eyed Peggy. She said that Peggy was 'unmistakably' her child. (Margaret was the only brown-eyed parent amongst the four and it was highly unlikely that the two blue-eyed Rylatts would give birth to a brown-eyed child.) Again, Blanche closed her mind to it.

After seven years, when no legal action could be taken, the two families were allowed to inspect the nursing home records, and found that the full term baby had been entered as Rylatt and the premature baby as Wheeler. The whole drama had happened because two mothers had been mixed up!

It was at this time that Margaret started corresponding with George Bernard Shaw, a renowned 'Thinker'. He advised Margaret that the two girls should remain where they were (they were not packets of sweets to be handed around) the two families should meet regularly and adopt an aunt/uncle relationship. Margaret and Charles saw Peggy almost annually, but Valerie only recalls one visit to the Rylatts. Margaret had a book published of the correspondence with GBS. Val also has a copy.

Life carried on, the two girls not knowing they were with the wrong mothers. As a child, Val felt emotionally insecure and unwanted, and does not remember any kisses and cuddles. She was nothing like her 'brothers' and 'sisters' – they were emotionally and physically different. They were all extroverts whereas Val was shy and timid and more introverted. She always felt like an outsider. In her teens, she would look at her birth certificate to reassure herself that she belonged. Sometimes when a nice person visited, Val would wonder if the visitor would like to adopt her. Margaret admitted later that at times she regarded Val as a usurper and that she was not able to treat Val as she did her other children. She could not give Val the love she needed although Charles always tried not to differentiate between the children.

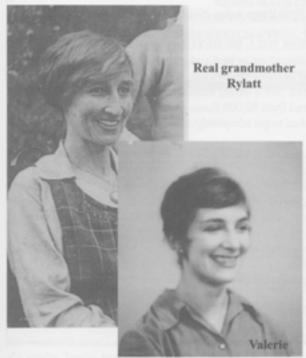
When Val was about eight, she was sent to stay with Blanche, to try to convince Blanche of the mistake. She met her true little brother and immediately bonded with him, playing on the swing, helping him and protecting him, but of course not knowing the real relationship. Blanche seemed a kind, gentle person, and considered Val a 'charming little visitor'. Fred, the father, was in the background' and Val didn't see much of him.

When Peggy was eighteen, she got engaged to be married. The Wheelers, wanting her to know the truth and perhaps be married under her proper name, went to Nottingham to tell her. She accepted the truth, mistaking a photo of Denise, Margaret's second daughter as one of herself! Nevertheless she still wanted Fred, who had been a father all those years, to give her away.

Val was not told for a further two years. She was at Teacher Training College at the time and had to face her finals. The Wheelers had not wanted to upset her. Finally she was told just before her finals. She said she had known something was wrong, confirmed when she was about fifteen and had come across a bundle of letters marked 'The Peggy/Valerie affair'. She was afraid to delve into them then and felt that if there HAD been a mistake, she would have been told. She had not fitted into the Wheeler family, felt discriminated against yet had struggled many years to be a 'Wheeler'. The stress, when the truth came out, made Val very ill. She later went to live with the Rylatts which was strange and difficult. She struggled to be a Rylatt and to catch up on a lifetime of family relationships and memories. Thankfully sheeventually felt loved and was happy. Blanche said that it was very hard, having a complete stranger in the house. Fred was very upset when he

realized how wrong he had been all those years and he tried to make amends. When Val got married, she asked Fred to give her away, not Charles.

The mistakable likeness of the two girls to their true families is striking-especially that of Val to her maternal grandmother.



Now, half a century later, a number of people here in Andorra have recently seen the BBC video, made in 1988, in which Val, Peggy and the two mothers took part, explaining in their own words what took place all those years ago. The four parents have now gone. Val and Peggy keep in touch and always introduce themselves as 'sisters'. Val still becomes emotionally affected when talking about her life, but accepts that she grew up in an unusual environment, rich in books and academic strength. She feels she has many advantages, especially that of an extended family. All felt enriched by the experience, once the original trauma faded into the background.

Val is a wonderful, talented person, always willing to help others and be a good friend to many. She is a loving, supportive mother to a son and daughter, which is how it should be.

The saddest thing is that a woman, a mother, can call a lovely little child a USURPER! Val, my RAFIKI – we all love you.



Peggy, "real" mother Left, Val "real" mother right.

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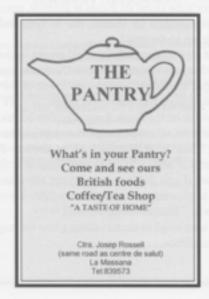
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EUROPE ON 5000 EUROS A DAY

(Take from PUNCH by Ole Nikolajsen)

Whatever you may believe, it is possible to Do Europe on 5000 Euros a day. Not spectacularly of course, but if you know your way round and can cut corners, tolerably well.

ON SO LIMITED A BUDGET MANY EVERDAY PLEASURES WILL BE BEYOND YOUR PURSE. Forget about your personal executive jet – even the basic Learjet taken from Barcelona to Berlin chalk-up 3000 Euros per flying hour, plus crew expenses and landing fees. So 1000 miles, a couple of smoked sandwiches, and you're borrowing again.

Then there's the yacht, for that traditional milling round-the-Med. Not a wildly extravagant idea, you might think — but stuck on 5000 Euros a day, forget it. Even last year Katy I chartered from 50,000 Euros a week, so should you and a couple of rationed friends chuck in your 5000s-a-day, you'd still be pushed to get adequately afloat. Those 25,000-a-week yachts are, as you can imagine, pretty basic. So who needs hard tack?

On 5000 Euros a day, keep it cool and modest; leave the extravaganzas to the Big Spenders. Nevertheless, at 5000 a day, you are, in certain haunts, still observed for conspicuous expenditure.

But back to grim reality, and your 5000 Euros a day. You can't attain a personal jet with crew saluting and customs cringing. But an Airline Boeing 737 will wing you from any capital in Europe to any other (on first class of course), accompanied by a quarter bottle or two (are you sitting comfortably?) for a modest 1500 Euros, with almost three-quarters of the day's ration still unexpired.

The South of France is not my favourite place, just too crowded, but Monaco retains a certain style. To move around, a classic and practical conveyance might be a 1929 Phantom I with a liveried chauffeur (limousines are strictly out, being VERY common). A London company specialises in such gentlemanly transport, say 800 Euros a day plus - and still money left jingling in your pocket.....

Trendies jeer at Monte Carlo; let them. Take a suite at the urbane Hotel de Paris (1000 Euros a day); if you don't like the furniture, they'll change it.

On your basic allowance you'll not risk gambling, so next day move towards Cannes and the Palm Beach Casino – but only for dinner, allowing 500 a head. Watch the rich folk listlessly losing, then to Val de Cuberte, just inland, where it's fashionable to follow certain Middle Eastern Sheik's example and swim fully clothed. This can take its toll of dinner jackets (say 1200 Euros per dive, made to measure from Saville Road). For the night there's Byblos at St. Tropez where (like Acapulco's Las Brisas) a swimming pool comes with your suite. Ignore Carlton, Eden Roc, Martinez, infested by the resprayed white Rolls brigade of show-biz rag trade and even television (groan).

Moving northwards, Paris remains hard to ignore – especially when you realise how delightful it would be without the Parisians (in August). Take a suite at the Plaza Athenee (1200 Euros a day per person) or, if you're pushed, the George V (a gentle 800 a day). Shop at Cartier or Hermes for bargains between 1000 and 2000, try mesclagne Mere Irma at Laserre or noisettes d'agneau Edouard VII at Maxim's (300 a head, going easy on the wine) and then on to New Jimmy's. That carefree day should show what a Euro-pincher you need to be on 5000 Euros a day.....

Going eastwards, staying within the limit, there's the Palace at St. Moritz, if you can stand the noise-and-the-people. My taste is more towards the Grand at Burgenstock, above Lake Lucerne. In springtime the air's like champagne – and if nature isn't enough Sophia Loren has a pad up the road. Roger Moore was striding about when I was where – and he only lives down the hill, on the next lake.

Then there's the Hotel du Palais at Biarritz, once home of the Empress Eugenie who wasn't exactly The Girl Next Door. But I have nostalgia for Vienna, that so symphathetic/European/Cul de sac and the red-plush of Sacher – though how did that Torte get so famous?

The most elegant expenditure of all awaits in that favourite city of all: a private gondola. Price, open to negotiation – but watch it. Stay at Ciprian's, over on Giudecca, and eat simply but well at Harry's, where the crowd is worth the cash (some well placed Euros will secure you a seat at the back). Then drive down the leg of Italy to the Sirenuse at Positano; a moonlit dinner on that balcony is magic, at ANY price. Pop over to Sardinia and head north from Olbia for the Patrizza or Cala di Volpe on the Costa Smeralda; that bogus patina is out of Disneyland, but still stunning and not cheap. Fly then on to Madrid Ritz, where you regress an age and have to wear collar and tie to walk in the garden, but worth every Euro with the King's head on it. Getting back to Andorra is easy there's regular business air connection to Gerona and the HeliAnd helicopter will whiz you off to your helipad in the mountains.

So you see if you don't spend all your allowance on a fine bottle of wine or one sleeve of an haute couture dress, it is possible to pass an agreeable time on 5000 Euros a day. Just avoid tourist traps, curb extravagance and reach for the bill very slowly.

At some later stage in the travelling game we might go into "Europe on 50,000 Euros a day", now that's a realistic budget, with possibilities....

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OBITUARY

A lan Edwin Robert Hadden, MIPR, FIP, who died in his 86th year on February 4th 2003 at home in Erts. was the only son of Captain Archibald and Evelyn (née Tunnicliffe) Hadden. He was educated at St. Nicholas Lodge and

Heddon Court preparatory school, at Westminster, and at The Law Society's School of Law. He was articled to his cousin, Gerald England Tunnicliffe, senior partner in Maude & Tunnicliffe, but abandoned the law to work with Arland Freke in his Novel Book Exchange venture and with Justin Vulliamy on the launch of "London Week". Subsequently he joined the Mayfair Press as sub-editor on "Decoration" before volunteering as an ambulance driver with the Spanish Medical Aid Committee on the Republican side in the Spanish Civil War.

Invalided home, he devoted 1938 to fund raising for the Committee, and in 1939 took out the last convoy of civilian relief to reach Catalonia, crossing back into France two days before Franco reached the frontier.

Thereafter he sailed for Argentina and worked for six months on a Luke estancia in Corrientes Province before accepting an offer to join the staff of "The Standard", one of the two English-language dailies then published in Buenos Aires.

Hadden was a member of the Army Officers Emergency Reserve (and subsequently of R.A.R.O.) and on the outbreak of war reported, as required, to the military attaché at the embassy in Buenos Aires. In due course Hadden was ordered to report to the Embassy in Santiago de Cille, and serve there, in the Legation in La Paz, in Buenos Aires, and in Bogotá until he was demobilised in London in 1946.

Early in 1947 Hadden was engaged by Asiatic Petroleum, a Royal Dutch/Shell company, and was dispatched at once on a two-year training course in the Maracaibo lake basin oilfields. He remained with Shell companies in Venezuela, the United Kingdom, and the United States of America for the next thirty-odd years, concerned principally with Industrial Relations, Employee Communications, and Public Affairs. On Retirement he and his wife, Karen, decided to make their home in the Principality of Andorra. Hadden was thrice married; first to Renée (née Dickinson), who died within a year of the marriage; then to Carmen (née Masters); and finally to Karen (née Bush) who survives him, as do his son by his second marriage, Abel, his grandchildren Leo and Camilla, and Alexander, his son by his third marriage, R.I.P.





EULOGY ALAN HADDEN 1916-2003

VERY FEW AND FAR APART CAN WE FIND MEN OF ALAN HADDEN'S CALIBER. TO BE ALAN'S SON IS IN ITSELF A GREAT HONOUR; TO HAVE BEEN CLOSE TO HIM AS A PERSON IS A BLESSING. OVER 86 YEARS, CONTINENTS, COUNTLESS ADVENTURES IN DOZENS OF CITIES MY FATHER, IN HIS EVER CHARISMATIC WAY, HAS TOUCHED SO MANY PEOPLE'S LIVES. EVERYONE WHO KNEW HIM HAS AT LEAST ONE STORY TO TELL. HE WAS GENEROUS, KIND, UNAGINGLY HANDSOME, UNCANNILY WITTY, INCREDIBLY INTELLIGENT AND FULL OF SOME OF THE SOUNDEST ADVICE ANYONE HAS EVER HEARD, AND, IT IS KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN SAID, THAT HE HAD A WICKED SENSE OF HUMOUR, NOT TO FORGET THAT TWINKLE IN HIS EYE. THERE ARE SUCH A LARGE VARIETY OF WAYS TO REMEMBER HIM AND HIS LIFE; I HOPE ALL OF YOU CHERISH THOSE IMAGES HE SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT ENGRAVED IN THE PHOTO ALBUMS LOCKED IN OUR MINDS. WHAT AN INCREDIBLE FORCE TO HAVE AS A FATHER OVER THE 22 PRIVILIGED YEARS I HAD WITH HIM. ALWAYS STRONG, ALWAYS GUIDING, NEVER AFRAID AND FOREVER ENCOURAGING. READY TO LISTEN AT ANY MOMENT ABOUT ANY OLD FUTILE ISSUE, EERILY CALM WHEN FACED BY TEENAGE REVOLT, AND, OF COURSE, WE HAVE ENJOYED SOME OF THE MOST INTERESTING CONVERSATIONS I HAVE HAD IN MY LIFE. A WEALTH OF KNOWLEDGE HIDDEN AWAY THE HADDEN WAY, JUST WAITING TO BE UNLEASHED UPON ONE AT THE MOST UNEXPECTED MOMENTS. INCORRIGIBLE WITH INSIDE JOKES AND

NEVER MISSING A

SAGE REMARK WHEN ONE WAS NEEDED. I WILL MISS HIS COMPANIONSHIP AND LOVE VERY MUCH. TO ME HE WAS A TUTOR, MENTOR, FRIEND AND DAD. AND AT THE AGE HE WAS WHEN I WAS BORN I AM VERY LUCKY TO HAVE HAD HIM AROUND FOR SO LONG. A LOT OF PEOPLE PROBABLY BELIEVE THAT IT IS DIFFICULT TO HAVE AN OLDER FATHER BUT THE TRUTH IS HE WAS THE BEST DAD ANYONE COULD EVER WISH FOR. FROM BRITAIN, TO SPAIN, TO THE SOUTH AND NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENTS AND BACK TO EUROPE. BORN DURING THE FIRST WW, DRIVING AMBULANCES IN THE CIVIL WAR, SURVIVING THE SECOND WW, WORKING IN SOUTH P.R.FOR SHELL, RETIRING IN ANDORRA, COUNTLESS FRIENDSHIPS. THREE MARRAGES, TWO SONS, FOUR GRANDCHILDREN, 86 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE, HE WAS TRULY ONE OF THE WISE ONES. HE REALLY LOVED ANDORRA AND HIS MANY FRIENDS HERE AMONG THE ANDORRAN, CATALAN, FRENCH AND BRITISH COMMUNITIES. THIS IS WHERE HE WANTED TO BE FROM THE MOMENT HE DISCOVERED ITS EXISTENCE. WHEN HE WAS JUST A LITTLE OLDER THAN I AM NOW. I WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU ALL FOR SHOWING HIM SUCH FRIENDSHIP AND HOSPITALLITY OVER SO MANY YEARS. MAGRADARIA DONAR LES GRACIES A LA COMUNITAT ANDORRANA PER L'AMISTAT Y L'HOSPITALITAT QUE LI HAN ENSENYAT DURANT TAN DE TEMPS. ON BEHALF OF THE HADDEN FAMILY HERE TODAY I WOULD LIKE TO THANK YOU ALL FOR BEING HERE IN MEMORY OF MY OUTSTANDING FATHER ALAN HADDEN. DE PART DE LA FAMILLA HADDEN VULDRIA DONAR LES GRACIES A TOTHOM QUI HAGI VINGUT AVUI PER CONMEMORAR AL MEU PARE ALAN HADDEN.

BY ALEXANDER HADDEN



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The following advertisement in the Melbourne Age is reported to have received numerous calls:

Single Black Female seeks male companionship, Ethnicity unimportant.

I am a very good-looking girl who loves to play. I love long walks in the bush, riding in your ute,

Hunting, camping, and fishing trip, cozy winter nights lying by the fire.

Candlelight dinners will have me eating out of your hand.

Rub me the right way and watch me respond.

I'll be at the front door when you get home from work, wearing only what nature gave me.Kiss me and I'm yours.

Call xxxx-xxxx and ask for Daisy.

Over 5,000 men found themselves talking to the RSPCA about an eight week – old black Labrador Retriever puppy.

Men are so easy.

Joan Spiller.

Borda Callissa Indian Restaurant

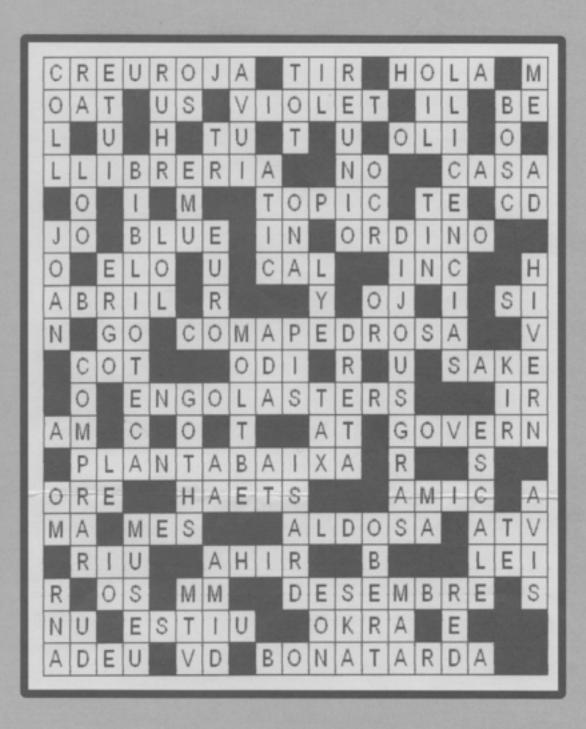
Open from 7 p.m Thurs - Sun A full range of tandoori and curry dishes individually cooked to your taste.

Take away available

We also serve traditional English Sunday Lunch with all the trimmings.

Every sunday from 1 p.m - 4 p.m

Relax with a drink on our new sun deck Mas de Ribafeta - Arinsal Tel. 839710 ANSWERS TO LAST ISSUE S CROSSWORD



GLORIOUS GREEK SALAD

Reprinted courtesy Chatelaine Magazine

In keeping with the Cover Page theme, The Tastes of Summer, some of you may wish to try the following tasty Summer dish. Briny black olives contrasting with assertive fresh mint and garlicky marinated tomatoes make this particular Greek salad worth the marinating

Preparation Time: 25 minutes

Standing Time:

1 hour

Serves:

6 people

Ingredients:

4 large tomatoes

1 small red onion

° cup (55 ml) olive oil

3 tbsp (45 ml) red-wine vinegar

3 crushed garlic cloves

tsp (2 ml) granulated or brown sugar

1 tsp (5 ml) dried leaf oregano

o tsp (1 ml) salt

° tsp (1 ml) freshly ground pepper

° tsp (1 ml) cayenne pepper

1 tsp (5 ml) anchovy paste (optional)

10 cups (2.5 l) bite-size pieces mixed salad greens such as leaf lettuce, romaine, escarole and arugule.

2 green onions, thinly sliced

1/3 cup (75 ml) small Mediterranean style black olives

1 green pepper

° cup (55 ml) fresh mint leaves coarsely chopped (optional)

English cucumber

1 cup (250 ml) feta cheese, cut into small cubes (about 125 grms)

Preparation:

- Cut unpeeled tomatoes in half. Squeeze out seeds and juice and discard. Then, cut tomatoes into bite size pieces and very thinly slice the red onion.
- 2. Measure all dressing ingredients into a medium size bowl. Whisk until blended, then gently stir in tomatoes and red onion. Let mixture stand at room temperature, uncovered, for at least 1 hour, or preferably several hours, to allow tomatoes to soften and soak up the dressing flavours. Stir occasionally.
- 3. Prepare salad by combining salad greens, green onions, olives and mint, if using, in a large bowl. Seed green pepper. Cut pepper and unpeeled cucumber into chunks and
- 4. Just before serving pour entire marinated tomato mixture, including juices, over salad greens mixture. Sprinkle feta cheese over top and toss until evenly mixed. Serve right away.

Nutrients per Serving:

6.4 grms protein; 2.2 mg iron; 19.8 g fat; 179.0 mg calcium; 17.6 g carbohydrates; 259.0 calories.

Sandra's comments:

- 1. We use the whole tomato, without discarding seeds and juice.
- 2. Definitely suggest you add the fresh mint but we find the salad sweet enough without the sugar.

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