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VOL. 13 - Núm. 3 - SPRING/PRIMAVERA 2004

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Published by: Club Internacional d'Andorra
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Printed by: Impremta Envalira

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THEY DO NOT NECESSARILY EXPRESS THE VIEWS OF THE BOARD OF THE C.LA.

Cover photo: "Spring is in the air"- arranged by Nina O'Brien

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# INTERCOMM

# International Club of Andorra Quarterly Magazine SPRING 2004

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

# MAGAZINE POLICY

t 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

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

#### **EDITORIAL**

Time really does fly by quickly. Already David and I have passed the two year mark of being 'retired' in Andorra. I am writing this editorial on a glorious winter day with a view of the sun shining on Casamanya snowy peaks. It is the sort of day on which non-skiers like me think we should be up in the mountains enjoying more winter activities. But preparing for this issue of InterComm reminds me of all the events that do take place in our community.

Regretfully at the end of last year we lost three more members of the International Club, Sheila Hooper, Roger De Fence and Lynne Ayres. We celebrate their lives in the Obituaries that follow. Many of you will no doubt have fond memories of them too.

On the other hand, the various groups continue their many activities. For example, the International Singers struggled through a difficult year that ended in triumph and Dick Gillingham continues to entertain with his account of previous or proposed challenges. Even if some groups have nothing unusual to report for this issue, those of us who attend regular meetings know that we are always busy sharing ideas.

In November and December two well-attended functions, the Wine-Tasting event organized by Richard Hooker and his team and the Christmas Dinner and Dance organized by Janet Humphreys and Tony Dawtrey, had rave reviews. Look for the fascinating pictures.

As always, we welcome any contributions that our members might find of interest. This particular magazine is a reflection of those interests. We have the first few chapters of a short story written by Sven Ostergaard as well as the beginning of a life story in cartoon format by Ole Nikolajsen. There are a number of shorter pieces that we hope will make you laugh, or at least smile. Because some of us may be struggling with a new diet in 2004, there are some ideas on how **not** to cheat. And Jane Coville has provided us with a recipe for "Bimbo Pud". Don't be put off by the title. It's easy and delicious! Do try it!

In addition, we have included some excellent tips on 'How to Avoid Falls' as well as how to detect and care for yourself or others who suffer from Depression. As someone who has experienced this illness, I believe this is truly important information that should not be ignored.

For the first time we have a "Dear Conceptia..." section and we are setting aside space for CIA members who wish to advertise for free (anything, except a business operation).

By the time this magazine arrives at your doorstep you will have already received a notice regarding the CIA Annual General Meeting to be held on March 24th, at the Paris- Londres Hotel. Do plan to attend. It is how you can make your views known to Members of the Board. And, incidentally, there are **five vacancies** on the Board which need to be filled. Please consider volunteering for one of them.

Yes! This really is a community in which something is always happening. And this magazine is the forum in which you can record, inform, and amuse others. Happy Spring!

Best wishes,

Sandra Reid





# NEWS FROM THE GROUPS

#### THE TENNIS GROUP By Dick Gillingham

Last year we had a general 'slacking off' in our calcivities. Perhaps this was due to lack of planning and preparation. So we are now going to set out our calendar for the entire year for all to see. These dates are set in stone:

4 April - Grand Tennis Opening Season Gala

16 April - Knock Up with Friends on Friday officially begins (11:00 a.m. at Coma Hotel Ordino).

21 April - First Tennis International Tournament

26 April - Godo Tournament in Barcelona. We propose to assist people who want to come on a day tripper basis.

24 May - Roland Garros. Just a reminder. One year we will be going there ourselves.

21 June - Wimbledon (I haven't received my wildcard invitation yet. Have You?)

1 July - 2nd Tennis International Tournament 11:00 a.m. at the Coma Hotel, Ordino. 6 Oct - 3rd Tennis International Tournament 2:00 p.m. at Escaldes Courts.

18 Oct - Madrid Masters Tournament (which we are actually thinking of going to).

Knock Up with Friends on Friday actually ends when leaves prohibit play.

So that's it... I can now retire for the year except for one bit of unfinished business:

Last year, for those of you loyal readers who (are able to) remember, we proposed a competition according to someone's argument:

"All CIA members have a place reserved in heaven.
Non CIA members have no places reserved... etc".
Well someone else disputed this argument and
confused the issue by saying that there were non CIA
members (proficient tennis players as well) who were
married to CIA members and ... "Would heaven really
be heaven without one's lifelong (and perhaps
toothless) spouse?"

This is a tricky one. Where does one draw the line? Coming from Texas, I should be able to handle these gerrymandering issues effortlessly but we will have to think about it for a while...

Anyway for this year we can now all plan and prepare ahead. Lest we forget (left forefinger raised - right hand grips tumbler):

"When the time to perform has come, the time to prepare has long since flown."

Yes! Of course! Why didn't my parents tell me this?? Thank You Dick..

Nema U Chema (another bottle of bubbly for the first official CIA tennis list member to translate).

#### THE ART GROUP

by Nina O'Brien

The Art Group continues every Tuesday in our studio in Andorra La Vella from 1 pm to 4 pm. At this time of the year we are busy preparing for our group project. The current subject is 'Andorra'.

If any Club member has more than a passing interest in art, he or she is welcome to drop in and see our small studio. Space has always been a problem but, since many of our group travel, there is usually some unoccupied corner.

There are no overnight transformations into the classical master. Members of the group are provided with potential 'reference' or they bring their own. Because many of our members have no previous experince in drawing, painting or composition they are guided and advised at every step. In this way the 'reference' can be totally changed to suit the mood or technique of the individual.

Very recently in December 2003, our very well-known art group member, Val Rylatt, had a daring idea... it can't exactly be called a Bohemian way of exhibiting, nor was it in the traditional academy manner. But it had seeds of rebellion! She did not care for the accepted stereotype norms and she ignored the sponsorships and opening day complications.

The 28 paintings were simply but elegantly displayed for the residents of Clara Rabassa Residential Home. No matter how unconventional the idea, the presentation was a great success and attracted not only residents of Clara Rabassa and Club members but also others in passing. The change of venue was refreshing.

I hope Val's daring and original idea will encourage other group members to come forward with their own creations. Well done Val..accept our congratulations!

#### COMPUTER CLUB NEWS

Having problems with the new computer virus? Orjust uncertain?

The Computer Club has now got a small web-site (courtesy of Peter Jennings) which highlights some very useful links. We highly recommend the "stinger" virus checker!

If interested click onto www.benlo.com/andorra

#### FOOD AND WINE GROUP

by Richard Hooker

The Christmas Wine Tasting Party was held on 19th November at the Xalet Ritz Hotel, Sispony and was well recieved by the Members. Firstly, I should like to thank all our wonderful helpers. The smooth running os such an evening is completely dependent upon the helpers on the night. Every helper was absolutely superb, not only in pouring the wine, but also serving the canapés and no tribute would be enough. For the record, all helper paid for their tickets and no person drew any expenses,or recieved any benefits whatsoever from the sale of the wines. The helpers were: Denis Connell, Roderick Crane, Sue Gresham, Jan Hardie, John and Trish Stokes, Jimmy and Louella Turner, Bob and Sue Watts, and Lesley Hooker.I should also like to thank Generaliment SA and Raimat for generously sponsoring the wines, as well as the Hotel Xalet Ritz. Membersagreed that the hotel Xalet Ritz was an excellent venue, with a great atmosphere, good canapés and easy

At the end of the day, the success of such an evening is dependent upon the support of the Members. So, thanks to the 130 Members who supported the evening and especially those Members who purchased winefrom the sponsors, for, without this essential support, further sponsors cannot be found.

As in previous years, all tickets were sold well before the evening, so I apologize to anyone who could not obtain a ticket. For any future events, please book early!

In accordance with the Club's recent desire for greater financial transparency, I invite any Member to write Tony Dawtrey if they would like a copy of the accounts from this event.

It is great fun ruinning a social event for the Club and, in fact, takes remarkably little effort, as there are many people who are willing to help. So, ifyou have an idea, or would like to run an event, please come forward and approach a Member of the Board. You will recieve all the support you need, Being involved is great fun and often has many unexpected benifits.

I an sure I, like all Club Members, very much appreciate receiving the Newsletter and I should personally like to thank Jacquie Crozier, who does a wonderful job.



# THE INTERNATIONAL SINGERS

Thursday, 11th December was both a happy and a sad day for us all. It was also a turning point in the life of The Singers. Happy, as we celebrated and paid tribute to our beloved Binnie Segal and her ten years as our gifted accompanist, loyal supporter and faithful friend; sad, because it was also her farewell party.

When Binnie first joined us we were rehearsing in Jean Axten's home in Super Pal. (How wonderful that Jean, one of our founder members, is now back among us.) Soon we moved rehearsals to Binnie's sitting room. (Here I'd like to offer a very special word of thanks to Binnie's dear husband, Joe, who has always shown us such warm encouragement and who, for several years, put up with us practicing in his living room.) As to Binnie, there was no trouble too much for her, no boring chore too drear: even the tedious hours spent taping all the different song parts so that we could more easily study our music at home. And this from a woman who entered Britain's Royal Academy of Music at the age of 16. Who, on graduation, toured the concert halls of Britain including the Wigmore Hall in London and later started a new musical life in Mallorca where she gave many solo concerts and was also invited to join visiting chamber orchestras. We have always been very conscious of the honour she paid us. And, in acknowledgement of that honour and our love for Binnie, we asked Hassan Shaida if he would engrave a fruit bowl for her in memory of her time with us. When I saw what Hassan had achieved I was 'gob smacked'. It is, quite simply, a work of art. (See illustration) I was frightened even to pick it up in case I dropped it. The music engraved on the sides is from one of our songs, the words for this particular extract being 'For my heart is with you always', and, dear Binnie, that's just where our hearts are.

Two days later we closed our short Christmas season with a concert at Santa Maria del Fener Church. Which brings me to more grateful thanks: thanks to Mossèn Jordi for always being so welcoming and helpful and to the church of Andorra La Vella for allowing us to rehearse in the Fener's church hall. Thank you to Linda Medonell and the Club for all the photocopying over the year and to the Club and Solveig Feilberg and her team for the much appreciated refreshments after the Ordino Christmas Concert. Thank you to all who attended the concerts and gave so generously to local people in need. This year we collected exactly 750. And finally, thank you to all who prayed for our director, Barbara's, recovery. It is truly wonderful to have her back, particularly now as The Singers venture into unknown territory.

After an exhaustive and unsuccessful search for a volunteer accompanist, we have invited Patricia Rouquette to play for us. Young, French, warm and enthusiastic, she comes to us with an impressive CV. Trained both as an organist and pianist, she has won several medals and, for ten years, accompanied a 60-strong German-French choir in Lyons. Now she teaches the piano here in Andorra. Patricia, unlike Binnie, is not retired and so, obviously, needs to be paid. And we have to find the means to do that. The Club has very generously agreed to make a one-off grant to tide us over for the spring season but clearly we have to become self-sufficient. It has been proposed that all choir members make an annual contribution; we have started a 'Friends of the International Singers' and we have set up a fund-raising committee to investigate other possible sources of income. Meanwhile, we all look forward very much to working with Patricia and hope to present our spring concert series to you at the end of May.

The choir continues to grow. We have recently welcomed three lovely new singers: Anna Müller, Lali Gracià and Meritxell Farrero. (N.B. still no new men...) If any of you want to join us do please get in touch.

Finally, as you will have read elsewhere in this magazine, we have sad news too. Last November Sheila Hooper died. Sheila stepped into the breech when our first director, René de Knight, left The Singers at the end of '91 and she directed us until the middle of '98. With her death, our community has lost a wonderful, stalwart, stubborn, brave,

generous and warm-hearted person. Amongst many memories, I have two vivid ones of her in connection with the choir: first, standing up on stage shortly after her mastectomy, wearing a long, low-cut, defiantly slinky red dress to direct us in the Club's presentation of 'Una Nit de Música i Dansa' and the other her insistence that when we sang 'The Lord's My Shepherd' we must not breathe between 'He makes me down to lie' and 'in pastures green he leadeth me'! And Sheila, when we sang at your memorial, we didn't breathe between those lines. Promise.



# SHEILA ELIZABETH HOOPER (nee) OWENS 24<sup>th</sup> August, 1935 to 11<sup>th</sup> November, 2003



#### **OBITUARY**

The following Eulogy was given by Sheila's husband, Tony, at a Memorial service held on 2nd December, 2003 in La Massana Church.

Fifty years ago in September 1953 I was

amongst 150 new students at college who attended a welcoming evening. After the Principal had given his usual welcome and outlined what we could expect in the next 2 years, he asked us all to stand and look at all our fellow students. He then explained that it was the experience of the college that 50% of us would marry someone in the room. That was certainly true of Sheila and me. We married 4 years later and spent 46 very happy years together. Sheila was a remarkable woman who could make friends with anyone. She never judged and I never heard her say or do an intentional thing against anyone. Always she had a smile on her face, and she was always generous with her time and help. Many people who have been in touch since she passed away have told me the same.

Throughout my career she gave me her full support and, when I went into residential education in 1961, she was there whenever she was needed. At various times and in various schools she filled in as a teacher, worked as a seamstress and even took over as assistant chef for one term- always with a smile on her face.

While not sporting herself, she supported me in my activities. However, she did draw the line when a friend suggested that I take up golf. Through these activities, particularly disabled sport, Sheila made friends throughout the world and I have received words of condolence from every continent. When I started a GB ladies' team, she became the official escort. This sounds rather grand but really meant that she performed all the less glamorous tasks looking after the girls, always with her sparkle and her smile.

Sheila loved to sing and performed in her first public concert at the age of 3 in the local hall in her home village. (It was also here that we held the reception after her funeral.) When we went to the first residential school in Weston Rhyn in Shropshire, we found an English village where half the people spoke Welsh. I visited the village last week and met her mentor, Graham who, at 87, still conducts the village choir. Sheila helped him to teach the lads in the school choir to sing in Welsh. This was a choir which had performed at the Llangollen and the National

Eisteddfod, at the Albert Hall and in many competitions in England. Since all the lads hailed from Liverpool or Manchester, Sheila's task was rather difficult. Nevertheless, the choir gave concerts over a wide area and Sheila would sing in both Welsh and English at all of them. In fact, I met several people in the village who remembered her in concerts or singing with the Glyn Ceriog Choir. And we left there 37 years ago! Sheila always sang and competed in youth and national Eisteddfods winning several medals. But she would sing at any opportunity and became a member of several light opera groups in our meanderings around the country. Sheila was always willing to lend a hand and had difficulty in saying no to a request for help. For example, she became the conductor of the choir here for one Christmas concert and then continued on for 8 years. Throughout the 8 years she rarely missed a rehearsal and often, when we were in France for a weekend her message was: "I have to be back for Tuesday evening". She also gave her full commitment to the Theatre Group. One incident which illustrates this was after she had received an implant following a mastectomy. Whilst she was receiving chemotherapy in Toulouse every week she also took part in a St. Valentine's Day show one Sunday evening in Andorra. For several days there had been problems with the implant which was doing its best to escape from her body. She must have been in discomfort, if not pain, but she insisted on performing. At 6 a.m. the next morning she left for Toulouse for an operation to

I would like to thank the many people from Andorra who have sent their condolences and the Basketball Federation for a very kind offer of help.

remove the implant that same afternoon.

Sheila was a remarkable woman who has left behind her a huge store of pleasant memories and has given joy to people of all walks of life. I was a very lucky man to have enjoyed her company and love for 50 years. She was proudly Welsh and never forgot her heritage or her language. She was proud that both our children were born in Wales and consider themselves Welsh. Throughout her illness they gave us both tremendous support.

I would also like to thank The Reverend Laurie Mort who helped us all through the last 2 weeks of her life. I would like to close by going back to our early years. The first song I heard her sing was "Daffyd a Carreg Wen". It was a song that was always in her repertoire when she was invited to sing at various society functions in the towns of South Yorkshire and later at Scottish and Irish events celebrating national days. To remember those days and Sheila, I would like you to listen to "Daffyd a Carreg Wen" (David of the White Rock) sung by Brian Terfel.

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### ROGER ROBERT DE FENCE



**OBITUARY** 

The following text is the Eulogy given by Pierre, his son, at Roger's funeral held on November 24th 2003 in La Massana Church.

Firstly, I would like to thank all the friends of the family for being here today and, in particular, for the help and support you have offered over recent months. It was greatly appreciated, especially since Paulette and I live so far away.

Today we are here to remember Dad. We remember Dad as...Dad the father, the husband, soldier, family man, entrepreneur, entertainer, businessman, animal lover, garden enthusiast and car enthusiast, lover of fine food and wine and lover of life. Dad was born in London and then educated in Glasgow in his junior years...perhaps this was why he was as bright as he was. He then went to boarding school in Epernay, France. Dad could keep the family intrigued by his stories of life in a French boarding school...for example, how he used to smuggle champagne into the dormitories (a good start in life for the years that were to follow.)

Unfortunately, the Second World War disrupted Dad's studies and he came back to Glasgow and enlisted in the army when he was seventeen. Dad trained as a commando and fought in Madagascar, India and Burma for six years. He also helped to free prisoners from the Burma railway line. Those were tough years and Dad suffered from almost every jungle disease and fever known, not to mention being injured in action. Dad didn't talk a great deal about the war. However, his medals for bravery tell us a story in themselves.

Dad survived all of this and returned to Glasgow where he started his career in hotel management and also met Mum. His work took him all over Scotland. But Dad had a hankering to be his own boss. So, when the opportunity came up to take the reins of the family business, he took on the challenge. And this he did very successfully right up until he retired. In between, Dad had a family, myself and Paulette, although not in that order, and then, of course, Kim and Corrie, our great friends, the dogs.

As I reflect, I also see Dad as a man of great patience when I think of the things Paulette and I used to get up to in our younger years. I remember, for example, one Saturday afternoon my friend and I were looking for something to eat. We found a most delicious meal all prepared in the fridge and, assuming it was for us because we were doing some building work in the garden, we ate it. However, it was actually the dinner for guests that evening! I also remember taking my motorbike to bits (often) in the garden and getting oil all over the garage, and, somehow, the kitchen units as well (they happened to be white). He also put up with my biker friends racing their motorbikes up and down the street, much to the annoyance of the neighbours. Yes, a very patient man indeed!

Dad's hard work allowed him eventually to spend time in pursuing one of his great loves, horses. When not at work or with the family, Dad would be riding one of his horses out on the moors around Glasgow or in more exotic locations such as Barbados. He certainly managed to keep the medics fully employed wherever he went. I have lost count of how many

bones he broke from being thrown off. His horse tales could take a whole afternoon in themselves!

In his retirement years, Dad loved to travel and made friends in the south of Spain and the south of France where he and Mum enjoyed many winters.

It was a great bonus to me and the family to spend time with them in all of those wonderful destinations, as well as Andorra where, as you know in the house in Pal, his garden was his pride and joy.

The rest of the story you will mostly know because many of you were part of it here in Andorra.

I would like to think that Dad is now in peace and sharing these memories with us.



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#### LYNNE AYRES

17.01.45 - 28.12.03

#### OBITUARY

Lynne, who died aged 58, was one of the bestknown nexpatriates in Sant Juliá. Herseem ingly inexhaustible wit kept many amused, and many more on their toes. For those who knew her well she is remembered for her extreme kindness and reliability.

Lynne came to Andorra in the late eighties and



built her own house on an enviable site in Juberri. She arrived as a qualified General Nurse with additional qualifications in Midwifery and psychiatric nursing. She had also built up a flourishing driving school in the UK. She had hoped to use her many skills here but found avenues closed. Although she had tremendous local support, this together with poor health, made her decide to return to the UK and join her life long friend Brenda in 2002 to re-establish a business and eventually retire to Spain.

In September 2002 we (mainly those from St Juliá) said farewell and wished her every success in her future plans. Since then she bought land near Málaga to build a home for her retirement with Brenda.

Lynne died peacefully in her sleep on the night 28th December. From the many of us who met Brenda on her frequent visits to Andorra we send our heartfelt condolences.

# DARWIN'S PRIZE AWARD FOR ARMCHAIR BALLOONISTS

A failed pilot who took to the air in a garden chair strapped to 45 weather balloons has won the Darwin Award for Outstanding Contributions to Natural Selection through Self Sacrifice.

Larry Walters, one of the few winners to survive his award-winning accomplishment, brought Los Angeles to a standstill when he decided to realize his dream to fly. Having been disqualified from the US Air Force because of poor eyesight, he became frustrated at watching jets fly over his back garden. He bought heavy duty balloons, each more than four feet across when inflated, and several tanks of helium from an Army-Navy surplus store. He attached the balloons to a garden chair he had anchored to his Jeep.

After testing the machine to make sure it could fly, he planned to spend the afternoon sunning himself 30ft above his girlfriend's garden in San Pedro, California. He made sandwiches and loaded on board a six pack of Miller Lite and some Coca-Cola. He filled water balloons for ballast and loaded his airgun so that he could burst them to descend. Then, taking his Timex watch and a two way radio, he tied himself to the chair, loosened the rope and rose into the air.

Within seconds he passed the 30ft altitude he had hoped to reach, quickly rising to 100ft and then 1,000ft. He eventually leveled off at 11,000ft, frightened to shoot any of the balloons in case he unbalanced his makeshift aircraft.

For 14 hours he floated above the city, cold and frightened, before drifting into the primary approach corridor of Los Angeles International Airport. Fortunately, both a United Airlines and a Delta flight passed him and radioed air traffic control to say that they had spotted a man at 11,000ft in an armchair and carrying a gun. Radar confirmed the existence of an object floating 11,000ft above the airport. Emergency procedures swung into full alert and a helicopter was scrambled. However, as night fell, offshore breezes blew Mr. Walters out to sea.

Wind from the helicopter blades blew the balloon further away, forcing the crew to position themselves several hundred feet above him. A rope was then lowered for Mr.Walters to grab and the helicopter towed him to safety. Mr. Walters was arrested by Los Angeles police for invading Los Angeles International Airspace.

He later told reporters:

"A man can't just sit around".

The stunt cost the former lorry driver £1,000 in a settlement with the Federal Aviation Administration which said he had operated an unregistered aircraft in restricted airspace and had flown in a reckless manner and failed to maintain contact with the control tower. "I only did it because it was my lifelong dream of flight" he said.

Mr. Walters was later approached by Timex which featured him in an advertising campaign about ordinary people facing unusual obstacles.

This Darwin Award is the first to be given to someone some time after they have committed the act that has gained them notoriety. Normally, it is given to someone who has "benefited the gene pool "by killing themselves in the most extraordinarily stupid way before procreating. The 1996 award went to a man who embedded himself in a cliff after strapping himself to a solid fuel rocket normally used to give military transport aircraft assistance when taking off from short runways.

In 1995, a man won the award after he died when he pulled a Coca-Cola machine on top of himself in an attempt to get a free drink.

Mr. Walters, who did volunteer work for the US Forest Service after his release, died shortly after, said his mother: "He would want to be remembered as the armchair pilot"



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#### SIX PHASES OF A PROJECT

- 1) Enthusiasm
- 2) Disillusionment
- 3) Panic
- 4) Search for the Guilty
- 5) Punishment of the innocent
- Praise and honour for the nonparticipants

# 8 WAYS NOT TO CHEAT ON A DIET

The New Year has arrived and some of us have resolved to finally go on a diet to lose those extra pounds. But, sticking to those new eating habits isn't always easy. Some people call it 'cheating". But one of the reasons dieters 'cheat' is that they are often so strict with themselves that they end up feeling deprived.

Remember that healthy eating includes lots of 'good' choices with a few 'naughty' ones as well. Devising some strategies to help you enjoy treats rather than 'cheat' will help you keep

on the straight and narrow. Here are some suggestions to try:

Plan for treats. Making sure you enjoy your favourite treats once in a while will help
you from feeing deprived. Pick a night each week when you can indulge yourself in
something decadent like a piece of chocolate cake. Give yourself permission to truly
enjoy it. Taking time to truly savour your treat is always more satisfying than gobbling
it down with feelings of guilt or shame.

Put your pantry on a diet. If most of the foods that enter your house are healthy, then your battle is almost won. If you must have tempting foods around for a special occasion, store them out of sight or buy them at the last minute. On the big day,

enjoy your favourite foods and send any leftovers home with your guests.

3. Choose your friends wisely. Beware of a friend who continually tries to coerce you into 'just a cappuccino' which you know really means a cappuccino and a piece of carrot cake with inch-thick icing. Put these friends on hold until you are strong enough to say 'no'. Or suggest a different type of get-together such as a walk or a shopping trip.

4. Count the cost as well as the calories. Allocate so much money per pound (or kilo) you plan to lose and save the money in a separate account or a piggy-bank. Or 'pay' yourself so much every day you stay on your weight-loss plan. Then treat yourself to

something fabulous like a new outfit or a trip to a health spa.

5. Picture yourself. Find some not-so-flattering photos of yourself and place them strategically at prime temptation spots- the fridge etc. That way you will be reminded of the positive changes you are trying to make to your life whenever you are tempted to overindulge.

6. Surround yourself with witnesses. Tell everyone you are changing your eating habits. Give them permission to remind you of your dedication to better health if they catch you transgressing. Make sure you have chosen friends who will support and

encourage you.

7. Check up on yourself. Write down every single thing that passes your lips every day. If you often eat when you are stressed or upset, try to record this too. If you gobbled down some chocolate after arguing with your spouse or partner, you probably need to find alternative ways of coping with your moods. Next time try calling a friend or going for a stress-relieving walk.

8. Keep a sense of proportion. We all slip up from time to time. We all forget our best resolutions and try to bend the rules. It's not the end of the world. The worst thing you can do is to give in and say: "Well, let's forget it all. I am never going to succeed."

Now that would be really cheating! Not just cheating on your diet, but cheating on yourself and your health as well.

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# CIA GALA DINNER DANCE - CROWN PLAZA 8th DECEMBER 2003

by John Coville

This years fancy dress request was for the absurdity of 
"Arabian Nights". A broad theme exploited to the full 
by our superb members, demonstrating that it is far easier 
to get older than it is to get wiser and by the time you get 
your head together then your body is falling apart. 
Nonetheless, although the spirits were willing and the 
veils weak, old headdresses were resurrected, scimitars 
dusted down, sand brushed from the desert sandals and 
camels brought in from retirement. (Members are 
requested to always water their camels BEFORE taking 
them to the bar)

Our musical host, Ian, did his best to debilitate his willing customers with an apparently inexhaustible repertoire which took me back to the days when I was International World Twist Champion of Chipping Norton High School - just in case you had forgotten. Very soon the sweat of exertion was visible as the rich tan of our Arabian Knights began to drip into the pristine whiteness of their re-vamped bed sheets. But, having just dined on a spoon of succulent mushy pea and shrimp, we were in no mood to contemplate surrender; indeed, there was a vicious sense of dedication in the air, it was dance or die. Quitters never win, winners never quit but those who never win and never quit are idiots. Perhaps all were idiots because the pace never faltered for the few. Your reporter was solicited on numerous occasions to attack the floor. Argument was useless - there are two theories to arguing with women neither one works.

The only respite from this wonderful event was the sumptuous dinner – I counted three ribs on my dindi or am I just an optimistic old cynic? The sauce was an exquisite meld of the great culinary skills honed down the ages by Holiday Inns International, whose rule with regard to waiters is "if it moves, get it to serve you" –but fortunately this goading was not needed. Delicate waitresses wafted silently between the raucous tables, delivering their mouth-watering offerings to us, their debauched acolytes.

May this undeserving writer (and well known bad loser) offer his hearty congratulations to the winners of the fancy dress (fiasco) fantasia, George & Jane Trepte whose hearts were obviously in it! The evening's most sophisticated Knight – Sandy Ross. The holder of the last unburst balloon whose secret hiding place must forever remain my secret, and the ageing lothario who leapt the baby grand to kiss the princess lips of Janet Humphreys – a gentleman of the old school last seen skipping down the corridors shricking, "At last! At last!". Val Rylatt for being the best dressed lady, incognita, known only by her peseta headband. Mignon astounding us all with an impromptu session at the baby grand – not on it but UPON

it. All you have to ask now Mignon is, will they press charges?

The coffee that I wasn't offered was probably excellent and the liqueurs were out of this world, well actually, out of The Crown Plaza. When I queried these absences I was told, "We the willing, led by the unknowing, are doing the impossible for the ungrateful. We have done so much for so long with so little, we are now qualified to do anything with nothing "They rest their case although I think that several excuses are always less convincing than one. Possibly next year's theme will be "Bad Taste", a scenario at which if not the staff then ourselves should excel.

In conclusion, may I pose the question on The Law of The Contradictions of Humour. We will laugh at a man

in a clown outfit at a fancy dress ball, but we won't laugh at a man just walking down the street carrying a clown outfit in one of those plastic dry-cleaner bags. Life is funny.



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## GENERALIMENT A GOOD TIME

GERONTIUS'S LAWS OF WINE You get the most of what you like the least. by John Coville



On the whole, the concept of a "wine tasting" has to be a GOOD THING! However, the writer must disclose an interest! Many years ago during my misspent youth, and in a time of fiscal volatility, I dipped my toe in the wine trade. This seemed a good idea at the time, however, following a wine-tasting at which eleven Scots imbibers tasted me completely out of selection of a dozen quality German wines and made not one single purchase, I deduced there was no eventriqueness to be had in that business. Not so the CIA wine-tasting party, as ever hosted so magnificently by Richard Hooker, sponsored by Generaliment and supplied by Raimat. All of these definitely know the business. Antomasy in essence.

#### Club Internacional d'Andorra

The Hotel Ritz in La Massana made an excellent choice for the maneuvers to take place in, great ambiance, good parking, warm and welcoming. For a moment there I thought every member of the club had put in an appearance but in reality 135 tasters were on hand, well up on last year.

A word about our hosts - Raimat is a large-scale winery in Northern Spain founded in the 1970's producing a wide variety of wines every year. Although most of the wine produced is consumed domestically, Raimat is also a large exporter of wine mainly to countries in the European Union.

In order to completely control its wine production process, Raimat grows all of its own grapes. This is extremely difficult because Raimat currently has over 2000 hectares of land under production. This control process is time-consuming and labour-intensive. In recent years, Raimat has updated its facilities to make them state-of-the-art. In the past, wine bottles were aged in a large cellar. With time, the cellar became moist which kept the wine from ageing well.

The wine is now aged in either oak barrels or wine bottles. Indeed, one of their cellars holds over 30,000, a guaranteed recipe for "old man's milk".

Action commenced with the sounding of a bell and this was repeated with each new entrant, vaguely like a boxing bout but without the blood and dancing around (that comes later). With bated tongues, critique pens at the ready and dry rasping palates we awaited the first taste. Indeed, something for everyone and all tastes catered for, evidenced by this being the most successful event to date with a record number of cases being purchased by members.

In particular one recalls the Raimat Cabernet Sauvignon with a satisfying alcoholic content of 13.5%. Costers del Segre & Lleida produced. The gorgeous ruby colour with slight tanned tints. Aromas of its ageing, with red fruit touches and a light mineral background, touches of tobacco and liquorice. Very flavoury and fleshy on the mouth where the roasted and fine wood touches predominated. Good finish and should improve in the bottle.

You either love Chardonnay or you hate it but the Blanc with its golden yellow and greenish hues, very fine aromas of fresh and ripe fruit, dairy products and toast which, combined together in style, was light and dry on the mouth, very high quality and bound to please the fans. We also had Raimat Adadia 13°, a juicy red Cabernet/Tempranillo. No hard work, just pleasure. Except for the alcohol it reminded me of carafe of wine I had in Grazelema last summer, which was around 9° so it must be a winner. The coffee-wits were all over this one.

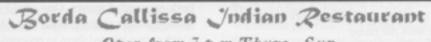
When all was supped, Richard Hooker went on to express his sincere thanks to the Ritz and Raimat for sponsoring the wines which we had all so thoroughly quaffed. The uproar of applause was ample evidence of all our satisfactions.

One must comment also on the trays of delicious canapés and nibbles, supplied by the hotel, these were passed around with alarming frequency, obviously there to soak up the 13%'s! Every thanks and recognition to the willing helpers who toiled ceaselessly throughout the evening for our benefit and with no manducation nor a single ort.

#### THE ANSWER ACCORDING TO DYLAN

With booze you lose, with dope you hope, blow your mind - smoke gunpowder Forgive the cumsloosh.

(If there is anything in this article that you do not understand then please contact the inventor at : johncoville@andorra.ad





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#### The Eccentric London Club

Written by Sven Ostergaard May 25 2002

The setting, is 1999

I "Getting on in years aren't you" somebody told me the other day.

"Hush to that" I replied, looking good for my 78 years. "Look at yourself "I answered back.

"You can hardly hear me without that aid you have in your ear". With that I doffed my hat and said,

"Goodbye to you, Mr. Bellingham, see you again for dinner in 2 weeks time here at this restaurant".

My chauffeur pulled smartly up to the kerb with our new Daimler, leapt out and opened the door for me, with the words,

"Hope you had a nice dinner Sir".

I ignored this impudent intrusion. Silently the car pulled out into the London traffic; destination, was the town house in one of the most elegant neighbourhoods in Chelsea.

At home after sitting down in the parlour, having just watched the BBC News, he told his wife what he had heard at the club, that a very little known organisation was in need of a sponsor, and that Bellingham had told him that he was getting on in years! "Am I Lillian, am I really, speak to me Lillian, tell me the truth."

"Well dear, we are not getting any younger, are we", pouted Lillian Walsworth. "And as with all of our other friends, they are either dead or just sit at home doing nothing waiting for death".

"Yes Hubert, we are different, we are always busy doing something, so why don't you telephone your stockbroker and find out about this organisation you mentioned".

"Yes and thank you for phoning us Mr. Walsworth, yes let me see here, yes, here it is, let me read it to you sir. It is a small and very old club, started right here in London over 140 years ago with the name:

#### THE ADVANCED STUDY OF THE HUMAN BODY.

"At the last count the membership was down to 37, all well-to-do people. I cannot give you the names, because it is confidential, and the reason we here at the office know so much is because we are the only representative of this group, and have been that since it started. As you also know, our firm is over 200 years old".

"How much will a sponsorship cost?" asked Walsworth.

"Sixty thousand pounds Sir", was the answer.

"Hmm", was his reply to the broker.

"That's a lot of money".

"Yes it is sir, but I am right here now looking in your Portfolio, and let me be quite frank, you can easily afford it, and you can deduct it from your Tax liability. So, in a way, it won't really cost you anything".

"Thank you Mr. Lark, I will call you back tomorrow. As you know, I always like to sleep on these matters".

Chapter 2.

At 10 o'clock the next day he rang the broker.

"Yes Mr. Lark, you have a new sponsor, and is it correct, it's for life?"

"Yes" came the response "most certainly, please come to our office, and I shall have the charter changed to have your name added, and then I do hope you will pay this very exclusive club a visit. I'm sure that you have already looked in the telephone directory and other guides, but as you may have noticed, it's not listed anywhere".

He then rang the internal number in his household, told Robert the chauffeur to take them to the broker's office, and called his wife'.

"Well Lillian; let's see where we've put our noses this time".

The transfer of money did not take long, and Walsworth was then handed his membership card with the address of where the premises were located.

"Not far away, right here in the business district, at the back on a side street," said Mr. Lark to him.

"Here, let me sketch the walking route for you. Have never been there myself, maybe one day it'll be my turn to be a member".

When they came back out onto the street, they told Robert that he could take the limousine back to the house because they wanted to do some shopping.

"Why let him know everything".

They then proceeded to walk in the direction of this mysterious Club. They found it rather easily, from the small sketch Mr. Lark had made. It was an old three story building, with 1859 chiselled in over the door, in immaculate shape, with a canopy over the front of the solid oak door. Next to it, mounted on the brick wall, was a highly polished brass plaque engraved as follows:

#### THE ADVANCED STUDY OF THE HUMAN BODY Founded 1859

#### Ring bell Members only

"Well", they whispered together," let's see what we have gotten for our 60 000 pounds". Walsworth reached his hand up to the door bell and rang. A buzzing sound answered back, indicating to push the door open and they both proceeded inside. One could see that there were living quarters on the ground floor. A wide stairway with a rich carpet invited them to proceed up to the next floor. On both sides the walls were hung with expensive oil paintings of previous members, prominent persons, well recognized from the upper echelons of society.

As they approached the top landing, a woman appeared of about 40 years old and dressed in an impeccable black dress with a white apron.

Her words as they reached the top were,

"Welcome Sir Hubert and Lady Lillian. What a great pleasure to have you as our latest members. Mr. Lark telephoned that you were on the way. I am indeed very honoured to see both of you here. The Club is at its lowest membership for many years, and now with you amongst us we look forward to many others joining. My name is Shirley Lancaster and I have been in the position of running the day-to-day affairs for over twenty years with a staff of four, one maid, one women chef and most important, our Pathologist and Lecturer, Mr. George Humphries. We all live here on the premises and the Club itself occupies this entire 2<sup>nd</sup>. Floor. Please do let me show you around". She then proceeded to open a large double door into a great salon with chairs lined up against the walls, a huge table in the middle with a seating capacity of ten on each side, and one at each end, twenty two in all. Over this table hung two great chandeliers, and all around on the walls, as on the stairway were, oil paintings of past members of stature. There was a small electric light shining on each as if to highlight their importance. Two groups of sofas with a low table in front, two large easy chairs behind them, and just inside to the right of the double door, a handsome writing desk with a telephone and a pad. All this completed the room.

"May I introduce you to our chef and our maid," she asked. And, even before they had answered, she dialled a number and hung up immediately.

Almost instantly two people arrived, both in spotless uniforms, bowing in unison to the new members.

"Thank you", said the housekeeper, and the two turned and left.

"Now", she continued, raising her eyebrows, "comes the very core of the club itself: The study of the human body, and if I may prepare you to be introduced to Mr. Humphries, without whom there would be nothing here to discuss, he is an expert in his field. Please follow me to the next room".

The next rather large room was in turn quite a surprise in itself. The walls were lined with glass caskets enclosing full size human bodies. Starting clockwise, a well preserved Egyptian mummy still wrapped in the original bindings, after that some from the early Roman catacombs. All of these were rather grotesque in appearance with skin shrunken tight over the bones, and gaping yellow-toothed mouths. The third casket had a man from the Middle Ages (a criminal it said on a brass plate) from France, who had been beheaded, with the head placed about half an inch from the body, the face still displaying pain and shock.

Glass jars were filled with parts of diseased human parts. On each lid neatly printed were the date, age and what diseases had occurred.

Lady Lillian shuddered a bit at seeing all of this and placed her hand on her husband's shoulder saying, "Oh dear isn't this ghastly".

Then, from a door at the end of this large exhibit hall entered a rather small man dressed in a white smock, long greyish hair almost down to his shoulders, big thick hornrimmed glasses on his small intelligent face. He came up to them with a brisk step, stood still and said in a high pitched voice:

"My name is Dr. Humphries, may I be of assistance to you".

Somewhat startled the Walsworths shook hands with him. "Have you been here long?"

Apparently misunderstanding them,

"Yes indeed, I was born here, top floor. My father had this position before me, and I still live up here, and it is mine, all mine. I treasure my privacy, I rarely go out. I just love my books, I am not married. I consider myself most fortunate ". Then he stopped short,

"Oh excuse me, I can't imagine why I am telling you all this". "Can you show us around "? asked Walsworth.

"Yes, yes, please follow me".

Humphries then went into everything in great detail. For example, why a young baby was floating in a glass jar, deeply immersed in spirits. The explanation was that the mother and the baby died from a rare disease, and a lot of very technical words came streaming out in his high-pitched voice both in English and Latin. Lillian Walsworth squeezed her husband's arm which meant in their secret language," Lets go, I have to get out of this place".

Walsworth looked at his timepiece

"Well we have to go, thank you", and said goodbye.

Once out on the street again, and a half a block away, Lillian barked at her husband,

"Sorry dear, but I'll never set my foot in that place again, it gives me the willies."

"You're right", he answered back, "I had the same feeling".

#### Chapter 3

A week later, after endless hours of tossing and turning in his bed at night, he did decide to go and visit the club again.

"Are you coming along" he grunted noncommittally to his wife,

"No dear, I am as I have said before, not setting my foot in there again. You go, and see if you can squeeze a nice dinner out of them".

And squeeze he did! The dinner indeed was scrumptious, roasted duck, just out of this world. The suggested wine was perfect; the dessert, cream de la pompadour. Better and better. Walsworth asked to see the chef after the meal, and congratulated her effusively.

Later that night as he struggled with his cufflinks, he told his wife what a wonderful experience he had had with this good food.

"Are you coming next time my love"?

The lump beside him just grunted.

Walsworth just could not resist returning to his new club for another good meal. Not that there was anything wrong with his own cook at home. But it was just that there at the club, there was just something that little bit extra. A wonderful and inexplicable flavour in the food.

After sitting down at the table, this time chatting with another member in the club, Walsworth devoured the fantastic meal. The menu was Stew a Casserole avec Champignons and other herbes. The whole meal was flushed down with a special good red wine imported from Georgia over on the southern slopes of the Caucasus Mountains.

"Lillian", he said when he came home, "that food was just excellent, do come along next time, you won't regret it".

"No thank you dear, that place gives me the creeps".

Next week he was back at the large table sitting in the chair assigned to him by Miss, Lancaster the housekeeper. She said with a wry smile,

"How very nice to see you here again Sir. All of us will do our best to accommodate you to the best of our ability".

"Am I to eat all alone"? he asked her

"Where are all the other members"?

"Oh dear Mr. Walworth, almost all our members are very old and some are on holidays, away from England, and as you know there are only 39 remaining, including you".

"Where is the chap I dined with last week"?

"Oh, he called in to tell me he is a little, let's say, under the weather".

"Dr. Humphries, is he here"?

"Certainly", shall I call him"?

"Yes, please do".

A few moment later the little doctor appeared from the exhibit hall, and came over towards Mr. Walsworth.

"Yes", he quipped in his high toned pitched voice.

"Can I help you Sir".

"Yes", answered Mr. Walsworth.

"When my wife and I were here the first time, we didn't see all of your exhibits. Is it possible, if you have time now, to show me the rest"?

"Of course, follow me". And in they went to the exhibit hall, down to the far end, where there were three glass caskets each with a hinge that could easily be opened. Humphries started to explain that the full size wooden models of people lying there were, made of wood. He continued," As you can see", and he pointed to the early male model," it can be taken apart so that we can see inside the body. May I give you a demonstration"?

After a pause came the request to see the heart. Expertly Mr. Humphries removed several pieces of wood from the chest, and exposed the heart.

"Hmm" muttered Walsworth,

"Great, and the other two caskets"?

"Yes sir, let me show you. But let me first put the other parts back.". After that, he opened casket number two with a female model inside, also made in intricate detail. "But", he continued, "the best model we possess is this last one we acquired just a few years ago, made in Italy of plastic and done in the latest technique. Any questions Sir"?

"Hmm, no I can't think of any". And, as Walsworth peered around, he saw a door with the sign," Laboratory".

"What's that", he exclaimed, "Might I look inside"?

"No, no that is my place of work were I study remnants of diseased persons shipped here for examination before burial".

"Really", queried Walsworth, "You mean dead people, right here behind that door? You cut them up to see what

In his high pitched voice Humphrieswent on to say,

"Yes, as a Pathologist, that is my speciality, and I publish my observations in the Medical Journal whenever I find something noteworthy".

"Hmm, thank you" said Walsworth, "I must go now".

"Your dinner Sir"! said the housekeeper as he strode out,

"It's all ready for you",

"No thank you, I'm not hungry today".

#### Chapter 4

"Definitely something fishy going on at that Club" he said to his wife when he came home, "I just don't get it; things just don't add up, just can't put my finger on it yet, but it'll come". Then she answered, "Dear Hubert, please don't set your foot in there again, it gives me the willies". "Yes, yes, maybe you are right", he acquiesced "but again

dear Lillian, remember way back during the Second World War, when I worked for the Home Office, Intelligence Branch, where we specialised in probing into all those odd matters very odd matters. Yes, I do recall, but don't worry too much dear ".

Two weeks later he was back at the Club again despite objections from his wife. He just had to go, and it was an intrigue, an obsession, a magnet drawing him closer and closer to the centre of a web.

The elegant limousine rolled smoothly to a stop in front of the entrance. He rang the bell and, as the door opened, he walked inside and started up the stairs. At the top of the stairs the house keeper greeted him,

"How nice to see you here again so soon Sir Hubert. We were so disappointed that you declined a meal here on your last visit".

This caught Walsworth somewhat off guard. To save face he asked what was for dinner this evening. With a big smile she answered

"As always, the very best Sir. Today, cooked to perfection, thin slices of the tenderest pieces of meat you can imagine, floating in Wild Boar gravy imported from abroad, and as always, wine to your taste. "Shall I inform the chef, sir"? "Yes, why not, will I be dining alone, or are there other members here today?

"Unfortunately, old Mr. Smith had telephoned that he was coming today, but fell ill and died unexpectedly yesterday. So sorry, such a delightful man, a man of great taste".

The meal was, as with all the other meals at the Club before, so very different. The meat, the gravy, the whole atmosphere.

"Time", he said to himself". Yes it is time, Robert must be waiting down by the front door by now".

"Goodbye Miss. Lancaster, I must go now". And as he sat in the car on the way home, he recalled what his thoughts had been while he was eating.

"The meat, what kind of meat was it". Blast, this was getting on his nerves. Next time, next time.

"Lillian, you're right, oh so very right. Things just don't add up at that Club. Where in the world are all the other members. I'm told they're away or sick, or too old to come to the Club. So far I've met one fellow, old Mr. Smith, and he died".

"I've an idea, yes I have, and I'm going to telephone that Miss Lancaster at the Club right now to ask her to provide me with a list of the members".

"Yes, I can't hear you very well, must be a bad connection, yes, oh, thank you Miss. Lancaster. Oh, so the list is confidential. Why Miss Lancaster, I'm a member too!

"Dear Sir Hubert, in these times, with so much crime going on, it was decided for the protection of members that it would bebetter to all that no such list existed. Do please look again in the pamphlet we gave you when you first came. That this is a confidential Club. As you also know, even our telephone number is not listed, except in this little pamphlet.

"Miss. Lancaster, would you let me run a check on you and your staff?,

"Absolutely NOT, you are being impudent and absurd. Please do not phone again with such a request. Goodbye", and with that she slammed down the phone.

.....to be continued.



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#### DEPRESSION

#### General Information

Clinical depression is a health problem that goes beyond just "feeling blue". It affects every part of your life. You may not feel like getting out of bed in the morning. You may have thoughts of death.

Depression can occur after an event in your life such as a death, changing jobs, giving birth or moving house. This illness can affect anyone at any age. It can be triggered by a major illness (such as Alzheimer's or Parkinson's disease).

Depression can change your mood and thoughts. The thinking patterns you have when you are depressed tend to keep you in a "rut" that makes it hard to cope well with problems.

#### Symptoms of Depression

Symptoms of clinical depression are not always recognized. The symptoms are:

- Feeling sad or irritable (those feelings don't go away) for two weeks or longer.
- Losing interest and pleasure in day-to-day activities (including sex)
- Having changes in appetite and weight
- Having sleeping problems ( such as not enough or too much)
- Feeling restless
- Feeling tired or having little energy
- Feeling hopeless, worthless or guilty
- Having trouble concentrating or making decisions
- Having physical problems that don't respond to treatment
- ( Having thoughts about death or suicide.

#### Treating Depression

After an exam, your doctor can tell if you have depression. This doesn't mean you are "crazy" or that you have failed in life.

Like many illnesses, depression can be treated. Treatment usually combines medicine, counselling and self care.

#### Medicine

There are different medicines used to treat depression. You and your doctor can decide which medicine is right for you. Take any medicine as directed by your doctor. It may take a few weeks before you feel better. You may also need to switch medicines or see a psychiatrist (who has special training in medicines for depression). Please be patient. This process may take a few weeks.

#### Counselling

You may work with your doctor or mental health professional who does counselling. Talking about your feelings may get you out of that "rut" of having negative thoughts. Counselling may also help you focus on things that add to your depression. This may be an unhappy relationship, parenting troubles, personal loss or other problems.

#### Self Care.

Set realistic goals for your progress. Your recovery may take time. If you have a task that seems too large, break it into smaller parts.

- Reward yourself when you reach a goal.
- Learn about depression. Your doctor can suggest some reading material.
- Look for healthy activities that make you feel better. Maybe start a hobby or take classes.
- Keep a journal of your progress. Make notes about how you are feeling.
- Think about how family problems, losses or other upsetting events may add to your depression.
- Think about joining an educational or support group for depression. Your doctor may have a list of support groups in your area.
- Exercise to stay active.
- Try to keep an active social life.
- Be careful about using alcohol and other substances. Alcohol and sedatives are depressants. They can make your depression worse. Depression may lead you to drink more coffee, smoke more or take other drugs that will make you feel worse.
- Talk with your doctor, family, friends about any thoughts of suicide you have.
- Be patient. Feeling better will take time and effort.

#### IMMOBILIARIA PROFIMA

Edif. Font Baixos ORDINO

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A SMILE IS TO BEAUTY WHAT SALT IS TO FOOD.



#### 15 WAYS TO GUARD AGAINST FALLS

(Courtesy: Rehabilitation Department, Owatonna Hospital, U.S.A.)

- The muscles that lift your foot off the gas pedal in your car are the same muscles that help your toes to clear the floor when you step forward. Tapping your foot to the beat of music helps to keep those muscles strong. Be sure to alternate feet.
- 2. If you have been reading a magazine or a newspaper and need to get up from the chair in which you have been sitting, fold the papers and stuff them between the cushion and the armrest. Many people fall because they step on newspapers on the floor, which then slide out from under them.
- 3. Medications, whether prescribed by your doctor or bought over the counter (such as vitamins) should be gathered together and taken along when you next visit the doctor. Some medications work against each other to cause dizziness and confusion. Let your doctor see everything you are taking to be sure that you are not working against yourself. Many falls are medication-related.
- 4. Your loving pet may be the cause of a fall. Do not allow your dog to jump on you. Consider using automatic feeders and water dispensers. Sit on a chair beside the cat litter box when cleaning it, rather than bending over since that may cause dizziness.
- 5. Be sure your bedding is out of the way when you turn down the bed so you will not trip on the bedclothes.
- 6. About 85% of falls occur at home. Home health nurses and therapists will work with you to make your home safe for you. You may need a doctor's order in order to get this service. Many private insurance plans will cover the cost of it.
- 7. Making a 360 degree turn is another area where many falls occur. Turn slowly to be safe. If you use furniture for support, be sure that it is heavy and stationary.
- 8. Poor nutrition is the cause of many problems, including weakness and confusion- both of which can lead to falls.
- When going from room to room some people need to use touch to get a "fix" on their environment. Make sure you touch a wall or piece of stationary furniture.
- 10. Small rugs or mats may be the cause of a fall. Remove all small rugs at the head and foot of each stairway. If you need to have a small rug, make sure it has a non-skid backing to prevent it from sliding.
- 11. If you feel that your mobility is a little shaky, carry a cordless telephone with you. A tummy pouch is good for this. If you use a walker, tie a canvas bag on the walker so you can easily carry the telephone with you and still keep both hands on the walker.
- 12. When people fall on the stairs, it is most often because they miss the last step. Here are 2 useful tips: (a) place a bath non-slip tread on the handrail to give you a tactile warning that you are at the last step; and (b) place different coloured tape at the edge of the last step for a visual warning.
- 13. Use a night-light. Many falls occur while people are reaching for a light switch in the dark and over-extend their reach because they have misjudged the distance.
- Be sure that your light is adequate in all areas of your home, including hallways and the bathroom, especially at night.
- 15. If you tend to be forgetful, ask a family member or neighbour to help you to remember important things such as taking medicine and eating meals. This too will help prevent falls which happen when blood sugar drops too low. Prescribed medicine may have been based on your weight at the time of your original prescription. If you forget to eat, the dosage may now be incorrect for you.



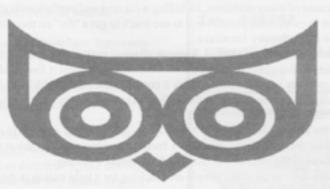
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## BARE ALL FOR BEARS

by Christine Spiers

This little episode occurred late in November 2002, but we have recently been reminded of it by receiving a post card in September with a bear on the front. The sender had written "Saw this and thought of you", PLUS I still quite frequently get asked – "Seen any Bears lately?",

The evening in question I had decided at around 5.30 pm to go and do some shopping, so drove down to Punt de Trobada. Once there, I met someone I knew and had a chat and, as one does, walked along the aisles just looking and so forgot the time. By now it was 7.30 and dark as I drove up to Auvinya and as I approached the farm a long open-backed lorry was blocking the road. It had also brought the power cables down. I went round to the driver and was told that they were waiting for help. Just then another car drew up behind me; it was the young French woman and her small son who lived nearby. She advised me that the best thing was to turn around, drive to the main road, turn left towards Juberri and there was a track that went over the top which would take us home. We did this but once on the track had to keep stopping to move rocks. Another car appeared, this time a Spanish man who had had the same idea. He told me that I would not make it as I was not in a 4 X 4 and that my chassis was too low. I was not offended by this! I should turn around again and drive back, park and walk to the other side of the lorry. They would then drive me home and we could come back to collect the car later.

With that they both drove off, leaving me to turn round on a narrow track on top of a mountain, in the pitch dark. Sometimes you wonder what you are doing in Andorra! On reaching the lorry I found it had been recovered and so I was

able to continue on home. By now it was nearly 9 o'clock, my husband thought this was the night I had chosen to leave him and his luck was in!

The following Wednesday, whilst relating this story to a friend at The Club, we were interrupted and told that I was very lucky as there are bears in the mountains. Only the previous week a woman had been snatched from a bus stop in Soldeu, taken back to the bears' cave and half eaten alive. A courting couple in a car park had had a very narrow escape. I was asked did I live in Auvinya, to which I replied yes, just on a month. I was then asked did I have curtains and if not then to be very very careful as the bears like to look in windows at night and leer at naked ladies as they undress. At my age -what a sight! I was warned that you might only see two red baleful eyes. Later that night we had a storm, all the shutters were rattling, the bears had finally found me..... I receive many calls asking how many bears have I seen and how many bears have seen me. People find this amusing. So far, the only thing we see from our windows are cows grazing, apparently undeterred at the thought of bears, and puddy tats looking for milk - but I know they're out there!



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#### THE SEXES

Mr. & Mrs. Ordinary Person were watching television when Mrs. Ordinary said,

"I'm tired, its getting late and I think I'll go to bed".

She went into the kitchen to make sandwiches for the children's lunches next day, rinsed out the cat's bowl, took meat out of the freezer for supper the following evening, checked the cereal boxes for levels, filled the sugar container, put spoons and bowls on the table and started the coffee pot for brewing the next morning. She then put some wet clothes in the dryer, put a load of clothes into the wash, ironed a shirt and sewed on a loose button.

She picked up the game pieces left on the table and put the telephone directory back into the drawer. She watered the plants, emptied a wastebasket and hung up a towel to dry. She yawned and stretched and headed for the bedroom.

She stopped by the desk and wrote a note to the teacher, counted out some cash for the children's field trip and pulled a textbook out from hiding under the chair. She signed a birthday card for a friend, addressed and stamped the envelope and wrote a quick note for the grocery store. She put both these near her purse.

Mrs.Ordinary then washed her face with 3 in 1 cleanser, put on her Night Solution & Age Fighting Moisturiser, brushed and flossed her teeth and filed her nails.

Mr.Ordinary called out - "I thought you were going to bed".

"I'm on my way" she said.

She put some water into the dog's dish and put the cat out, then made sure the doors were locked. She looked in on each of the children and turned out their bedside lights, hung up a shirt, threw some dirty socks in the hamper and had a brief talk with the one child still doing homework.

In her own room she set the alarm, laid out clothing for the next day, straightened up the shoe rack. She added three things to her six most important things to do list. She meditated and visualized the accomplishment of her goals.

Just about now, Mr.Ordinary turned off the television and announced to no one in particular:

"I'm going to bed".

And he did.....without another thought.



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#### **BIMBO PUD**

Serves 6

Preparation time: 20 minutes Cooking time: 15 minutes 225 gm Plain Chocolate, chopped 110 gm unsalted butter, chopped 4 Large eggs plus 1 egg yolk 1 quarter teaspoon salt 110 gm caster sugar 1 teaspoon vanilla extract 20 gm plain flour

Put 6 X 150 ml metal pudding basins in the freezer for half an hour, remove and lavishly butter. Put buttered baking paper into the bottoms. Dust with flour and return to freezer.

Melt chocolate and butter in a bowl over water, stir until smooth. Cool slightly.

Beat all other ingredients apart from the flour until they are thick-approx 5 minutes. Loosen chocolate mixture by stirring in a part of this mix, add remainder together with flour.

Spoon mix into the basins, chill for 30 minutes.

Preheat oven 200 C / Gas 6 and bake 12-14 minutes until puffed up and a little crusty (think of your husband!)

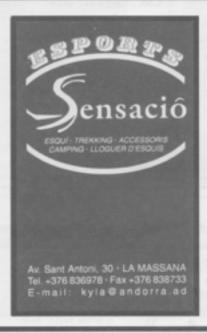
Invert onto serving plates. The puddings may collapse a little. Dust with icing sugar and serve with cream to taste.

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# LETTERS TO CONCEPTIA

Dear Conceptia,

During the summer I leased my flat to a film company and upon my return I found and watched a video they had left behind. Imagine my amazement when I found that it featured a number of people getting "up close and personal" including the husband of an old school friend who we are due to meet at a party next week. How on earth am I to look him in the face?

Stunned,

Ordino.

Dear Stunned.

As I do not imagine that it was his face which caught your attention in the video I am at a loss to understand your difficulty. However if there is some feeling of discomfort I suggest you smile sweetly and ask him if he has had any good sporting moments recently.

Dear Conceptia,

My wife is currently on some form of course aimed at discovering "her inner child". While I am grateful for anything which keeps her off the gin it has led to her behaving in an embarrassingly coy manner in public and expecting virtual strangers to take an interest in her "feelings". A friend of short temper and shorter tolerance has asked us to a shooting party in France next week. How do I ensure he is not tempted to use her for target practice?

Out of patience,

Sispony

Detar out of patience,

The beneficial aspects of gin are often underappreciated and some problems are beyond the ability of this column to solve. I can only suggest you shoot her yourself prior to the weekend.



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

### A POEM FOR AFTER CHRISTMAS

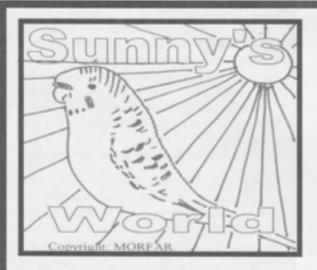
Christmas found me
with other fond and foolish
girls
at the menswear counters
shopping for the ties that
bind.
March found me
guilty of too much hope.
Seems silly now
really.

# MEMBERS CLASSIFIED

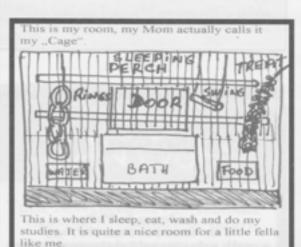
MEMBERS CAN ADVITISE FREE HERE.

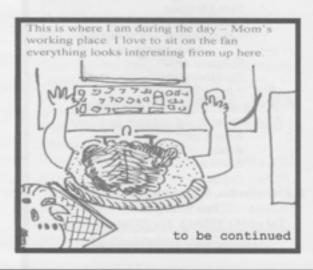
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