

CLUB INTERNACIONAL D'ANDORRA



VOL. 13 - Núm. 4 - SUMMER/ESTIU 2004

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Published by: Club Internacional d'Andorra
Typeset & Layout: S. Manning
Printed by: Impremta Envalira

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

Cover photo: Child Art in Andorra

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INTERCOMM

International Club of Andorra Quarterly Magazine SUMMER 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

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 2004, or handed in to one of us at a Coffee Morning.

EDITORIAL

I understand that sunshine actually arrived in Andorra on May 15th. What a welcome relief from all the rain and, yes, snow that seemed to settle in for Spring. Let's hope that Summer with warmer days and flowers finally makes an appearance too.

The CIA Annual General Meeting was held on March 24th. We have included some of the reports from the various groups under News from the Groups. There have also been a few changes on the Board of Directors: George Stobart has stepped down from his position as Treasurer. Thank-you George for all your dedication and hard work over the last few years! And we welcome Silvia Abello who has come forward to become our new Treasurer. Silvia is an Andorran who speaks several languages including her native Catalan and English and wanted to "give something back" to her community. What a find!

Many of you will know Ann Archer, a long-time resident of Andorra. Ann has taken over the role of Advertising Coordinator for the magazine. As you can see from the number of new ads in this edition, Ann has been very busy lately. Well done Ann!

Ole Nilolajsen has done an amazing job in creating a new website for the International Club. Look under the Computer Group news for more information.

This edition features articles from Ralph MacLachlan on life in Africa and from Trevor Tasker on the 60th anniversary of the massacre of the entire village of Oradour sur Glane in France. We also have the continuation of Sunny's life, the conclusion of Sven Ostergaard's story, a delightful poem about Carcassonne, another recipe...as well as some amusing anecdotes that should make you smile. For all of us who attended the Valentine's Lunch organised by Richard Hooker at the Roc de Caldes Hotel, see yourself in the splendid pictures taken by Dortie Blessum to remind us of the fun we had. So, in spite of the poor weather recently, the international community continues to thrive!

One final note: after the 2004 Autumn issue of InterComm David and I will no longer be business manager and editor respectively. For various personal reasons we have decided to resign from these roles in mid-August. David will also be relinquishing his position as Membership Secretary at that time. Please consider volunteering.

Have a great summer and send in your contributions about what continues to make Andorra such an interesting place to live!

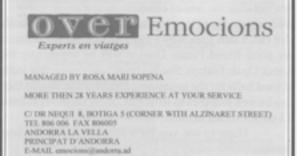
Best wishes, Sandra Reid

One wonderful thing about going on holiday is that it makes you feel good enough to go back to work - and poor enough so that you have to !!!

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NEWS FROM THE GROUPS THE TENNIS GROUP THE ART GROUP

by Dick Gillingham

Here it is raining again with snow down to 1800 meters
but with true John Wayne grit and Bulldog
Drummond determination we have actually started some
sort of tennis scene during what was the dreariest April I
can remember here in Andorra (but great for the close of
the ski season).

The Grand Opening Season Gala on 4 April went wellfortunately it was held indoors. Twice as many turned up for the Gala as for our first Tennis International tournament which just goes to show that our groups have their priorities right. Someone suggested that since there was so much more interest in eating and drinking than unnecessarily exerting yourself chasing a ball perhaps we could combine these activities on some sort of a tennis picnic. We shall see.

We had our first confusion-free Tennis International Tournament on the 21st April at the Coma Hotel in Ordino. With miraculous good luck this was the one day of the month when the weather was perfect. Our numbers were down. With so much advance warning about the event given in our last issue, only 9 contestants could not make alternative plans (7 pretty females jealously guarded by 2 Alpha males slightly over their prime). The event went unusually smoothly. Whether this was due to Di's superb management or the new exorbitantly expensive Match Display Board (or the low but docile numbers), I do not know. Anyway with it all running so smoothly we have actually managed to tabulate the results and the big winners were numbers 1 and 8. Hurray..!

We did not have so much luck with the start of our Knock Up on Fridays which was supposed to begin officially on the 16th April. It'officially' rained on this day as well as the 23rd and then the 30th April. (BREAKING-NEWS FLASH!!! The first Knock Up on Friday took place today 7 May with two participants braving the odd snow flurry). We had no replies to our Bubbly Challenge of the last issue and so we will give you one last chance to translate 'Nema U Chema'. If I had been my normal polite semi-British self on receiving the autograph from the wildcard winner of Wimbledon a few years back, he would probably have replied 'Nema U Chema'. This time you do not have to be a member of the Official CIA Tennis list. Any CIA member can give it a go (and possibly be upgraded to join our elite list free of charge).

Well, we are about to go on holidays again. If everybody else can, I don't see why I can't as well. In my absence my good friend Penny Dunlop will be organizing the Knock Up on Fridays. She has been busily collecting loads of used balls for the occasions. She says she should then also be well prepared to write this article for the next issue if I do not return in time.

Hope to see you on a sunny court in the near future......

by Nina O'Brien

A short time ago, a few CIA Members confronted me with an interesting question-whether the art work done at the studio bears any relationship to our lives in Andorra, or was it just because one feels that one must do it—a sort of obligation, like keeping the house clean! To answer a question like this is not easy nor is there a single answer, for art is not a tangible entity.

Art always, everywhere, reflects the life around the artist. Even abstractionism is indicative of its time and culture. Marriages were recorded in paintings when there was no formal way of having a marriage certificate. For centuries, pictures have been a source of information. Why suddenly should what we do not be associated with our life in Andorra? Actually, living in Andorra is like living in many worlds. The way Andorra has developed, it does not have a peculiar culture of its own – whatever we see has grown from the region around us.

Art basically is a creative process which is linked with everyday happenings. To me, this is no way to judge whether what we do is in fact related to Andorra. It is the experience of living here and producing art unconsciously that matters. The act of going to the studio as a group to paint has a pleasure unmatched by any other activity. I suppose the sensation of pleasure we share in what we do is linked in some way with our life in Andorra, although the subject matter may not always be Andorra.

We meet every Tuesday from 1PM to 4PM in our studio in Andorra la Vella. Members contribute towards the monthly rent and tuition is free. If interested call Nina O'Brien, 837772 or Val Rylatt, 835606.



THE GARDENING THE GROUP

by Gaye Keep

ur summer Gardening schedule is something along

Tues 18th May: Visit to La Seu market and the garden centres just across the border.

Wed 16th June: Looking at flowers in the wild, probably at the Port de Cabus.

Thurs 15th July: Nothing specifically arranged yet. We shall also have a return visit to Sonia Hunter's garden in June.

The Andorflor gardening show in La Massana takes place on 21-23 May at the campground. This is where all the garden centres have stands and sell their summer bedding plants.

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COMPUTER GROUP

by Ole Nikolajsen

CLUB NEWS.....

YOUR WORLD IS ONLY A CLICK AWAY.

The International Club now has its own website/homepage and many of the things you appreciate getting from the Club is only one or two clicks away - News Weekly -Activity calendar - AndAds - and much more.

Just enter the website under www.international-clubandorra.com and continue by clicking the flag of your choice.

You can then follow the easy menus or make shortcuts to the page you are looking for.

The Main Page will tell what is new and that is only ONE click away.

For more news hit the NEWS FLASH area and the latest club news will be presented - next activity - member news - photographs from club events etc.

If you click on "Links" or "Very Valuable Links" you will have a direct link to very useful websites in- and outside Andorra.

There is even a page that tells you how to give suggestions to the Board or indeed complain (what more can one

So let tomorrow be the day where you click yourself into the future.

Have fun!

CLUB INTERNATIONAL D'ANDORRA



THE INTERNATIONAL CLUB OF ANDORRA





s regarding this web contact, fole-roted

Last updated: Monday, May 03, 2004

wing pages have been updated

FOR SHORTCUTS CLEIK ON A SUBJECT BELOW

INTERNATIONAL SINGERS



ANNUAL REPORT TO THE CLUB INTERNACIONAL MARCH 04

by Clare Allcard

This, our 15th Anniversary year, has probably been the most momentous in the choir's history. When I last reported to you, our director Barbara Melin was still gravely ill in hospital. Three weeks ago, that gutsy lady resumed her old practice of catching the bus into town to take charge of our rehearsals.

In between we've had several other ups and downs. During Barbara's absence, Leela Herriman did an excellent job teaching us new music. We fulfilled requests to sing for the International Day of the Sick, for the wedding anniversary celebrations at Meritxell, the Day of the Gents Grans in Ordino and at the Christmas Fair. Determined not to let Barbara down, the choir also joined others from all over Andorra to sing for the International Day of Music - and that despite being handicapped by having me as conductor.

Undoubtedly, though, the most momentous invitation of all was to sing last July at Meritxell Sanctuary for the inauguration of Andorra's new Co-Prince, Bishop Joan Enric Vives. It is just possible that all the other choirs were already at the beach – after all I could only find seven of our own Singers to participate, nonetheless it was wonderful to be invited to sing for such an historic Andorran event. Wonderful, too, that our International Club was represented by seven different nationalities: Andorran, Brazilian, Catalan, Danish, Dutch, English and German!

And then came the red letter day, Thursday September 23rd when our director finally returned to us. As the door opened we rose as one and sang fortissimo 'Happy Days are Here Again'. And we meant it. You have no idea how much fun, energy - and discipline - that woman injects into our rehearsals. By the way, if any of you want to experience it for yourselves, you're very welcome to drop by.

At the beginning of December we had the very sad task of singing at the funeral of our previous choir director, and dear friend, Sheila Hooper. Sheila had never wanted to direct us and only did so because no one else would volunteer and yet she bravely carried on, always patient, always cheerful despite increasing ill-health. It was a sad moment for our community when she moved to France.

And then it was the Christmas season which consisted of two well-attended concerts, the Ordino one accompanied by the always popular refreshments offered by the Club and organised by Solveig. Thank you. As usual the concerts raised a goodly sum for local charity, something which we see as an important part of the choir's raison d'être.

As soon as the concerts were over, Binnie Segal, our beloved pianist of 10 years, retired. Words cannot describe how much she meant to us: her musicianship, her loyalty and her concern for us are all precious. So precious that we asked Hassan Shaida to engrave a bowl for her. I brought it along tonight so you can share in its beauty – BUT PLEASE DON'T TOUCH IT! The musical notes engraved on it are from one of Binnie's favourite songs. The words that go with them are 'And my heart is with you always.' Just as ours are with Binnie.

For the previous two years, at Binnie's request, I had been searching for a volunteer pianist to take her place. It proved a fruitless task, so finally, reluctantly, we decided we would have to move with the times and, like all other choirs here in Andorra, pay for professional help; either that or give up the choir altogether. As you know, we have a serious lack of men and one simply cannot sing unaccompanied, 4 part music with twenty women, four basses and two tenors... Come on Men, where are you! However, we consider the choir incredibly lucky to have found someone as skilled and simpatico as Patricia Rouquette who, for ten years before coming to Andorra, accompanied a large choir in Lyon.

This change has, naturally, caused us some problems and we are truly grateful to the Club for their one-off grant to tide us over while we search for a more permanent financial solution.

We are proud that our choir is drawn from all walks of life: baby-minders, newly-marrieds and shop assistants as well as professionals and the well-to-do retired. We decided that the fairest way to meet our new challenge, and keep all our Singers, was for everyone to pay a set biannual sum towards the costs of the choir whilst encouraging those who can afford it to also join our new 'Friends of the International Singers'. We still have a way to go before we meet our target and the Club will be sending out a mailing inviting those of you who have enjoyed our concerts and who would like to support us, to join the Friends.

Meanwhile, in this our 15th anniversary year, the choir continues to grow – we now have 27 members preparing for our summer concerts. Have you got a pencil handy? The first will be on Sunday, 23th May at 6pm at La Massana church. The second at 9.15pm on Saturday, 5th June at Santa Maria del Fener Church and then, on Thursday 17th June, we plan a special 15th anniversary benefit dinner and concert: 'At Home with the Singers'. Different from the other two concerts, we will not only sing some of our favourite songs but also encourage members of the choir to share their individual talents: singing, playing the guitar and flute etc., while the diners will be encouraged to join in some of the best known melodies. It should be fun and we hope to see many of you there. That's Thursday 17th June.

I'd like to close on an upbeat and international note. Our very latest recruit exemplifies for me much of what the choir – and the Club - is about. Aïssé Gryga has just turned 24. Her father is from Senegal her mother from Germany; however she was born and brought up in France - and she teaches English. Thank you very much.



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HELPLINE AGM REPORT FOR 2004

by Gaye Keep

It has been a very quiet year. I believe the Nielsons are retiring from their role in Helpline and we give them our sincere thanks for all the hard work that they have done throughout the year. Their dedication, patience and professionalism is a great credit to the community and we wish them well. Susanne Marke joined us during the year as a Helpline Co-ordinator. Susanne was a professional nurse in Denmark before she retired and came to live in Andorra and so we welcome and thank her for all that she has achieved in the short time she has been in Andorra.

We thank Pam Churcher for donating much valuable equipment to Helpline from her late husband Gerry who was well known in the CIA. We have acquired a beautiful black wheelchair and some other aids for the elderly.

We helped out with the clearing and selling off of the contents of Frances Turner's flat. Many people were involved but I would like to thank Solveig Feilberg in particular for her many hours of work in sorting and pricing the goods.

Our main activity has been in the renting out of equipment: child car seats, high chairs and the cot. We have now acquired a fold-up bed so if you have a full house of visiting family at Christmas be sure to add the bed to the list of renting requirements.

I would personally like to thank our many benefactors during the year who have willingly given up their time to help out and to the many people who have donated generously in lieu of paying a few euros to hire equipment. To Isobel Bowen, once again, our thanks for her time and effort in doing the accounts and to John Tabernacle for providing storage for the equipment.

I asked a friend of mine if she had any difficulty with her Spanish. "No", she assured me, "But the Spanish do".

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God must love stupid people... He made so many.



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THE OFFICIAL HIKING BOOK FROM OFICINAS DE TURISMO LA JUNTA DE ANDALUCIA ROUTE HUELVA:25

LOCALITATION: Natural Park of the Marismas del Odiel

POINT OF REFERENCE: City of Huelva

ACCESS: Obvious

DIFFICULTY: Easy. About 15Km

TIME: More or less about 4 hrs, but where do you start. REMARKS: We'll leave from the Cathedral of Huelva in Plaza de la Merced and we'll take the Independence Avenue to the Bullring, really beautiful, even for them who don't like them.

Arriving to the Quarter of Carmen (her best) we'll cross on the left for arriving to the quarter of Navidad in wich bok starts the the Marismas del Odiel.

We'll find lots of rubbish on the zone which makes us lose the cort-rut, in this country we love to fill all around with "rubbish"; now everybody can see how much we have worked.

We accede to the Odiel river on this bank, crossing through marish vegetation and we'll go up it by the margins through the canals that sometimes make us fighting with the wire entanglements, but this make our work more thilling.

5Km further, the river became narrower and the banks linked jint when we can see the first encolyptus.

Following the rising river we'll get to the village of Gibraleon where we could be finished. Here the water is red coloured and tastes very acid but is limpid and we would like to take a bath after. The worst is the rubbish that we'll find on the banks beautiful forest and is it worth the trouble.

Thank you to our fellow Spanish Ramblers, we love you for your perception and truthfulness!

Jane Coville



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



HOW WE MAKE MYTHTAKES WITH MYTHS

It was autumn, and the villagers in a remote Pyrenean hamlet asked their new Councillor if the winter was going to be cold or mild. Since he was a Councillor in a modern society, he had never been taught the old secrets, and when he looked at the sky, he couldn't tell what the weather was going to be.

Nevertheless, to be on the safe side, he replied to his villagers that the winter was indeed going to be cold and that the members of the village should collect wood to be prepared. But also being a practical leader, after several days he got an idea. He went to the phone booth, called the National Weather Service and asked, "Is the coming winter going to be cold?" "It looks like this winter is going to be quite cold indeed," the Meteorologist at the weather service responded.

So the Councillor went back to his people and told them to collect even more wood in order to be prepared.

One week later he called the National Weather Service again. "Is it going to be a very cold winter?" he asked. "Yes," the man at National Weather Service again replied, "it's going to be a very cold winter."

The Councillor again went back to his people and ordered them to collect every scrap of wood they could find.

Two weeks later he called the National Weather Service again. "Are you absolutely sure that the winter is going to be very cold?" "Absolutely," the man replied. "It looks like it's going to be one of the coldest winters ever." "How can you be so sure?" the Councillor asked. The weatherman replied, "The villagers are collecting firewood like crazy."

Anonymous.

Extract from Financial Times 26th September 2003

New Zealand's farmers are emulating their militant French colleagues in an attempt to roll back an innovative tax on livestock gas emissions. The new impost - branded the "FART tax" by the powerful agricultural lobby - is to be levied on millions of tons of methane blown off by New Zealand's cows and sheep, which amount to an estimated 55 percent of the country's greenhouse gas emissions. Wise environmental husbandry or flatulent political correctness? An ill wind or a fair wind?

Opposition to the tax - presumably an acronym for Farm Aroma Reduction Tax is probably overblown. It will cost the country's highly efficient farmers an average of NZ\$300 (£110) a year, avoidable entirely if they help fund research into global warming. The Dominion Post of Wellington probably got it about right when it described the proposed measures as "more a piddling levy than a full-blown fart tax".

There is a debate as to whether ruminants' digestive systems create or merely recycle greenhouse gases, since the grass they eat is a great absorber of carbon. But Joe Bell, a local poet affiliated with the green lobby, sheds prosaic light on this:

Their stomachs have four chambers Where the grass they eat ferments And as with all such action, The gas produced must vent.

So, is New Zealand, which bravely phased out farm subsidies more than a decade ago, blazing a new path in environmental policy? Could, say, the cattle barons of George W.Bush's Texas one day face a fart tax? As with every pioneering fiscal approach, it is probably too early to judge. Such radical measures could attract widespread support, however, if they were developed further - above all through mechanisms to tax other forms of hot air.

EARTH FIRST! We'll stripemine then other planets later.



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WORDSMITHING

The Washington Post's Style Invitational asked readers to take any word from the dictionary, alter it by adding, subtracting, or changing one letter, and supply a new definition. Here are the winners for 2003:

- 1. Intaxication: Euphoria at getting a tax refund, which lasts until you realize it was your money to start with.
- 2. Reintarnation: Coming back to life as a hillbilly.
- 3. Bozone (n.): The substance surrounding stupid people that stops bright ideas from penetrating. The bozone layer, unfortunately, shows little sign of breaking down in the near future.
- 4. Foreplay: Any misrepresentation about yourself for the purpose of making further progress of a sexual nature.
- 5. Cashtration (n.): The act of buying a house, which renders the subject financially impotent for an indefinite period.
- 6. Giraffiti: Vandalism spray painted very, very high.
- 7. Sarchasm: The gulf between the author of sarcastic wit and the person who doesn't get it.
- 8. Inoculatte: To take coffee intravenously when you are running late.
- 9. Hipatitis: Terminal coolness.
- Osteopornosis: A degenerate disease.
- Karmageddon: It's like, when everybody is sending off all these really bad vibes, right? And then, like, the Earth explodes and it's like, a serious bummer.
- Decafalon (n.): The grueling event of getting through the day consuming only things that are good for you.
- 13. Glibido: All talk and no action.
- 14. Dopeler effect: The tendency of stupid ideas to seem smarter when they come at you rapidly.
- 15. Arachnoleptic fit (n.): The frantic dance performed just after you've accidentally walked through a spider web.
- 16. Beelzebug (n.): Satan in the form of a mosquito that gets into your bedroom at three in the morning and cannot be cast out.
- 17. Caterpallor (n.): The color you turn after finding half a grub in the fruit you're eating.

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by John Coville

What a marvellous idea! Having such a lunch at the resplendent Hotel Roc de Caldes bypassed all that irritating nonsense of having to buy the wife/partner/co-defendant etc. chocolates, roses, perfume and other such female fripperies. Here it was, all laid out on a plate! Just arrive and be pampered.

The actual day – February 14th – was all wrong so the club had to take a chance and take the 13th. A big sigh of relief as it all went brilliantly to plan. After negotiating the battlefield building site parking arrangements, surviving guests enjoyed an intro Cava gossip session, hosted as eloquently as ever by Richard & Lesley Hooker – "amb la nostra millor consideracio". Unsteady imbibers were then ushered to their platters to be showered with the many rare treats and the new taste adventures on offer. Ian West provided the musical sophistication and, had the writer had someone suitable then he may well

have been tempted to propose, such was the romantic atmosphere; instead





he won the superb raffled bottle of Cava and from then on all was lost. All went home with a smile of contentment on their faces, impatient for next year's repeat. Bravo!

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Carcassonne

(For all those who frequent Carcussone Airport and friendly Mr. Ryanair)

Adapted by Clifford Harrison from an old French song by Gustave Nadaud

1

The sun-warmed valley of the Aude leads down To Carcassone, an ancient Roman town. Far off above the nearer hills, one sees The ridges of the Eastern Pyrenees. Some half way up the valley stands Limoux. The only thing that once would hurry through The village, was the stream that gave its name Unto the vale. The summers went and came; The seasons changed: but other change was none. Till ten years had gone. The busy world Stopped short at Carcassone.

2

And in this quiet nook in Southern France, With days that knew small touch of variance, A peasant lived, who never once had been More than a few short miles away, nor seen A larger place than this Limoux. To him The outside world was mythical and dim, Toulouse - and Paris - Bordeaux - and Rome - O yes they all were there: but this was home. One place he'd longed to see and only one:-He'd meant to go, and yet had never gone: It was the city yonder - Carcassone.

3

He said, "I'm growing old. Nigh seventy year, I've lived my life, and worked the months round, here. And yet - I doubt not wisely - God has willed My fondest wish should never be fulfilled; A wish that I have fostered since a lad The one desire that I have always had. But now I know - we learn it often thus In disappointments that are sore to us - There's perfect happiness on earth for none. I shall not have my wish fulfilled for one. No, I shall never go to Carcassone.

4

"One sees the town upon a clear, fine day
Beyond the mountains yonder far away.
To reach it you must go across the plain;
'Tis five leagues there, and five leagues back again.
They say the road's a good one and I've known
Folks who've gone there all the way alone.
Ah - if the vintage were but good this year! The grapes will not turn yellow yet I fear But if the sun had only brightly shone
Prosperous the year had been for everyone;
And so I might have gone to Carcassone.

"They tell me that each day, week in, week out, A week of Sundays, every day, no doubt, One sees crowds always going up and down, Hither and thither, all about the town.

6

"The curate he was right, I must confess:
He spoke the very truth, and nothing less 'We look too high - we want too much' said he A sermon to remember - 'for, you see
How often thus by our desires we fall:
Ambition, oh my friends, destroys us all.'

Quite true. But yet I'm sure it must have fall'n to you To see some men get what they want. Yet be No whit the worse. Well now that puzzles me. My god-child - she is married now - has seen Perpignan - yes sir: and my wife has been With our son, Francois - not to go alone - As far (you'll not believe it!) as Narbonne! And I? - I've never been to Carcassone.

"Is it a foolish and a sinful thing
This wish? Peace and contentment age doth bring
In much - I have my work, when I am strong;
I get to church; and, when the days are long,
I do my bit of gardening. "Twould be wrong
To say that there is much I regret.
No: still I'm bound to say there lingers yet
That one wish of my boyhood Yes, I should like before my life is done I should! - I should! - to go to Carcassone!"

"Cheer up, old friend, for go you shall!" I cried.
"Ay, and we'll go together, side by side;
We'll go tomorrow, if the day is fine."
And in a brimming glass of good white wine
We pledge good luck to the auspicious day.
We started. All the world was bright and gay.
The village all came forth to see us start.
We sat beneath the awning in the cart
And as we passed along a sweet smile shone
Upon his face, as he, to everyone
He met, cried out "I go to Carcassone!"

Down through the valley, and across the plain;
Over the Aude, made hoarse with autumn rain;
Past dusty thickets, where the crickets sing;
And vintage walls where fruit is ripening;
Through busy little towns and villages,
Where folks were sitting underneath the trees;
We drove. The diligence went past anon,
A cart with oxen yoked came slowly on.
And then, just where the crossroads meet in one,
We saw the signpost. Half the way was done.

I pointed out the words "To Carcassone."

But ah! May heaven forgive us all, say I,
For, as we halted in some shade near by,
I turned, I say, to point the signpost out.
He had been silent for some time. A doubt
Struck on me. "Are you tired, old friend?" I said.
He answered not. I touched him - he was dead.
Bells on the harness jingled. Far away,
The great plains sleeping in the sunshine lay.
The road, a long white line, before us shone.
A clock struck noontide. Half the way was done.
But he - he never went to Carcassone.

Limoux is changed. Since then its quiet ways
Have heard the roar and scream that nowadays
Alters for good or ill all places such
As this. And Carcassone - changed too? - In much
No doubt! But not that Carcassone he sought.
Changing for all, it still is changed in nought:
For it is built upon enchanted ground.
Ah! Who has seen it? Was it ever found?
Think not this peasant only, he alone,
Dreamt of this place: 'tis nigh to everyone.
For all the world there is a Carcassone.

ORADOUR – SUR – GLANE 10TH JUNE 1944

by Trevor Tasker, photos Alex Campbell



This June is the 60th Anniversary of the D-Day landings 6th June 1944. The fighting for Europe sparked off by the allied invasion of Normandy was a lot closer to Andorra than one might think.

This article is about the martyred village of Oradour-Sur-Glane but also about the drive of the 2nd SS Panzer Division (known as 'DAS REICH') From the Toulouse area to Normandy. This division was resting and reforming after fighting on the eastern front. Shortly after D-Day it was ordered north to Normandy. It was the job of the local Resistance to harness and slow-down the division's journey to the Normandy battlefield.

The Resistance in France consisted of numerous factions usually divided by political differences. Specially trained agents known as Special Operations Executives (SOEs) were sent to help co-ordinate local Resistance.

'Das Reich' consisted of 15,000 men and 1,450 vehicles including tanks. The tanks had to be transported on special flat rail carriages and the Resistance sabotaged many of these by putting an abrasive substance in the carriage axels. Then railway bridges were attacked so that 'Das Reich' was forced to make its way north by road. An expected 3-day journey to Normandy was going to take 17 days, with many casualties on both sides and nearly all the civilians of Oradour. The casualties became high at the town of Tulle where a Group of Partisans decided to attack the German garrison there and Das Reich was diverted a few miles to help out. After the fighting, 99 people were hanged from lampposts in Tulle.

Around this time, 9 June 1944, two 'Das Reich' officers were captured. This added more delay and frustration for the division. It set up road blocks looking for the two officers. A road block at Salon-La-Tour resulted in the capture of one of the most famous SOEs, Violette Szabo (code name Louise). In 1956 a book was written about her and a film in 1958, both titled "CARVE HER NAME WITH PRIDE".

By the time 'Das Reich' reached Limoges one of the missing officers had been

found and told of being driven around by his captors and passing villages where Resistance fighters were prominent. 'Das Reich' was to spend the night of the 10th June in Limoges and two villages just to the west. This meant driving past the village of Oradour.

'Das Reich' encircled the village to stop anyone slipping away and rounded up the whole population, separating the women and children into the church and the men into various barns in the village. It then searched the houses for arms. At just after 2pm, the shooting and burning began. 642 men, women, children and babies were killed at Oradour plus one German officer who was killed by falling masonry.



Club Internacional d'Andorra

There are many reasons put forward for why the massacre took place. Some say it was a map reading mistake and nearby Oradour-Sur-Vayres was the target where Partisans were known to be. But this does not explain why a whole village was slaughtered. It was not a communication problem because there were seven nationalities in 'Das Reich' including many fluent French speakers from Alsace. One English author wrote a book in which he stated the reason was "hidden gold".

'Das Reich' had spent years fighting on the Russian front where the mass slaughter of the whole villages was common, and used it with the terror practice of collective punishment. After Oradour, Resistance declined, but the area north of Limoges was open, more urban and not ideal guerrilla warfare



country. In addition, the closer the Resistance got to Normandy the closer they got to the allied airforces. The division was known as the 'Walking Forest' because of all the branches on the vehicles to prevent detection from the air.

The two German officers in charge of Oradour were later killed fighting in Normandy, so are not available to answer questions. 'Das Reich' went into Oradour looking for Partisans and arms but found none.

Oradour would have been slightly different from many villages in central France. It was only a few miles from Limoges and since 1911 linked by a tramway. The pleasant countryside by the river Glane had made Oradour an idea weekend getaway from the big city. Also, Oradour had a prosperous market gardening industry and its produce was able to be transported easily to Limoges. Added to this,



Interior of Church where \$50 women a children were

the village population had nearly doubled by the inclusion of refugees. These refugees were a mixed lot: from Paris, Alsace-Lorraine, Jews from many other nations, and even 30 Spanish from the civil war.

With the refugees and the market gardening employment there would have been more men folk of a certain age, so the population of Oradour might have seemed very odd to Germans unfamiliar with the Limoges area.

There were many massacred villages in Europe during the Second World War. However Oradour-Sur-Glane is the only one where the ruins of the whole village have been preserved as a national memorial.



Club Internacional d'Andorra



I visited Oradour in July 2003. I was on my way to the Somme at the time, and walking through the ruins felt like walking through a village on the western front in 1916. In the church I noticed a plaque with the names of the villagers who had died in the Great War, and in that same plaque were bullet holes from the 10th June 1944.

The ruins of Oradour are now 60 years old and the weather and time are slowly sanitizing the village. The soot stains have long been washed away by the rain and bricks continue to falll down. The rusting ears now have to be rust-proofed or they will not last another 60 years. This is why the next

time you are travelling through France you should make a side trip to Oradour. It is close to the motorway and is well signposted.

10 years ago an exhibition centre of remembrance for Oradour was built. (Headphones with translation in many languages are available.) There are also many museums in the area to the Resistance (Toulouse, Limoges, Tulle, etc). Every 9th June garlands can be seen hanging from certain

lampposts in the small town of Tulle.

I would-like to thank Noel Campbell of Sant Julia for lending the photographs of Oradour taken by her husband, a SOE in the Limoges area who visited Oradour a few days after the massacre, Alex Campbell died in Andorra in 1999.



My wife keeps complaining I never listen to her.... or something like that.

ROSARIO MARTINS

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HOW TO SURVIVE A HEART ATTACK WHEN ALONE

If everyone who reads this tells it to 10 people, you can bet that we'll save at least one life.

Let's say it's 6:15 p.m. and you're driving home (alone of course), after an unusually hard day on the job. You're really tired, upset and frustrated. Suddenly you start experiencing severe pain in your chest that starts to radiate out into your arm and up into your jaw. You are only about five miles from the hospital nearest your home; unfortunately you don't know if you'll be able to make it that far. What can you do? You've been trained in CPR but the guy that taught the course neglected to tell you how to perform it on yourself.

Since many people are alone when they suffer a heart attack, this article seemed to be in order. Without help, the person whose heart stops beating properly and who begins to feel faint, has only about 10 seconds left before losing consciousness. However, these victims can help themselves by coughing repeatedly and very vigorously. A deep breath should be taken before each cough, and the cough must be deep and prolonged, as when producing sputum from deep inside the chest. Deep breaths and a cough must be repeated about every two seconds without let up until help arrives, or until the heart is felt to be beating normally again. Deep breaths get oxygen into the lungs and coughing movements squeeze the heart and keep the blood circulating. The squeezing pressure on the heart also helps it regain normal rhythm. In this way, heart attack victims can get to a hospital. Tell as many other people as possible about this, it could save their lives!

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The Eccentric London Club (conclusion)

by Sven Ostergaard

A stonewall, yes indeed a very high stonewall.

Standing right there so close to it,

"Why not drop the whole thing; here I am 78 years old; why bother! Enjoy your last years in harmony with your surroundings. Look at yourself, you really have it made. Don't get yourself in some jam you can't get out of, or even maybe get hurt in some way".

A few days later, his old friend Mr. Bellingham telephoned, just to hear how he was doing.

" Hubert, how very nice of you. There's something in your voice that tells me you're bothered."

"Well, yes, actually I am. Can we meet at the Restaurant as usual and we can chat? Next Tuesday at one o'clock? "Yes, I'll be there".

Bellingham sniffed,

"This is the first time you've ordered this corner table. Whatever's on your mind must be important. Anyway, we can talk here without being heard."

"Let's have a drink first", said Sir Hubert," it'll relax us a bit."
Then, slowly at first, he told the story of this "Mysterious
Club" without interruption. When finally finished,
Bellingham asked the odd question, and then snorted,

"Don't worry about anything right now Sir Hubert. As you very well know, I've been retired from Scotland Yard for over 20 years, but once a Policeman, always a Policeman. I still have many good connections at the Yard. Do give me a few days to have the whole case investigated in a proper way. Then I'll ring you."

Four days later he called up Sir. Hubert,

"No record, absolutely nothing on them, how very odd, maybe the boys at the Yard are not as good today as in my day! Hang on Sir. Hubert, I'll do the investigations myself, one way or another I'll get to the bottom of this. Please excuse me, I must leave now. I quite fancy the idea of a little work on the side."

A week later, no word from Bellingham,

"How very strange," thought Sir. Hubert. "Is he ill?"

He called the office and was told there that they had not heard from him either.

At that moment he happened to glance at his fresh morning copy of The Sun, and there, right in front of him on Page Three, just beneath Samantha's daily contributions, was an article regarding an historic building that had been gutted by fire. Five dead, principally because the heavy main door was impossible to open due to the malfunction of the electric lock. Just inside the door lay the bodies of a man and three women, suffocated to death. Another man's body was laying in a back room upstairs. The sign on the door said "Laboratory" and on a narrow table was the charred body of an older man. His flesh was neatly stripped from his legs by the surgeon's knife, cut into small steaks and was laying on a plate to be carried out to the kitchen.

THE END



FRONT COVER -CHILD ART IN ANDORRA

by Nina O' Brien

This time, the front cover shows a selection of pictures. These are from the child art exhibition, supplied by the local schools and arranged by the Pyrenees Department Store. It generally takes place in December and is presented according to the age level.

Art is certainly not the same for all age groups and it is difficult to define what art means for any particular individual. Usually the term "art" has very definite connotations – among them are museum pictures hanging on the walls, full colour reproductions, model posing and many similar things. Art for an adult individual is often concerned with what we generally call beauty or, in some more modernistic galleries, something though provoking.

Art for the child is something quite different and is basically a means of self-expression. No two children are alike and each child differs from his earlier self as he constantly grows, understands and interprets his environment. A child is a dynamic being; art becomes for him a language of thought. Regardless of his/her native country, the expressions are the same as any other child of the same age. Looking at this front cover group of pictures, it is difficult to predict the nationality of the artist.





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INTO AFRICA

by Ralph MacLachlan

Inspired by a 2003 Intercomm article by Henry Feilberg on his work experiences in The South China Sea (if memory serves), I should like to relate some experiences during a work assignment in Tanzania in the early 1980's. I had been happily ensconced in the expatriate (tax free) life in Bahrain, Arabian Gulf when asked by my U.S oil company employers ("the Company") to accept a 2 year assignment with an associated company in Tanzania. Suspecting (rightly) that this was not a progressive career move I sought clarification on the alternatives - which were (a) permanent transfer to the New York head office or (b) redundancy (allegedly to the Company's regret). I had previously sampled the joys of New York life so I accepted Africa. I was mindful of Cromwell's offer to Irish land-owners in 1650 - "To hell or Connacht". Connacht was (and still is) the least fertile of the Irish provinces. So I accepted Connacht - I mean Africa. An additional inducement was the chance to visit East Africa at company expense.

The Company advised that normal consumables were not available in Tanzania, so expatriates were allowed a special sea shipment (at company expense) to cover 2 years supply of such essentials as toothpaste and toilet paper. My wife was intrigued by the chore of estimating toilet paper needs for the period - but she did her sums and the shipment was despatched. Perhaps alarmed by the anticipated shortages, my wife significantly exceeded our accompanied air baggage allowances. As a result I was faced with a British Airways demand for £250 excess charges. Payment in cash was required so I had to rush around Heathrow for a bank outlet. Some slight marital disharmony was overcome and we boarded our plane. When we finally arrived in Tanzania the company generously repaid my excess charges - in local currency at the official rate of exchange which yielded some 10% of my expenditure in Sterling.

There was no direct BA flight to Tanzania at that time, so we had to over night in Lusaka, Zambia. After a long tiring flight we arrived at our pre-booked hotel. On presenting ourselves (including excess baggage!) at the reception desk we were blandly informed that we had already arrived and had occupied our room! After 30 minutes of discussion we found that a couple of Canadian MacLachlans had arrived without reservations and had taken possession of our quarters. Of course the hotel was full! Some 30 minutes later the hotel "discovered" a spare room which we gratefully accepted. We met the other MacLachlans later but could not trace any family relationship. The following day we resumed our Odyssey to Tanzania by the Air Tanzania Company (ATC) renamed "Air Total Confusion" by appreciative travellers. On arrival at Dar Es Salaam airport we were refused admission because of some defect in our visas. However, help was at hand. The company "fixer" (named Mogabe) met us in the arrivals lounge and assured us that the visa problem was minor and that a solution was in process. Mogabe had an unusual eye defect – one eye operated normally on a horizontal plane but the other was fixed at an angle of some 45 degrees upward from the horizontal. Face to face conversation was an experience. After some 2 hours delay, we secured admission to the Socialist Republic of Tanzania and were taken to our hotel in the centre of Dar Es Salaam (which translates to "Haven of Peace", not very appropriately). This was our introduction to Tanzania – we thought the worst was over but we were wrong!

The hotel was reasonable but suffered from the virtual absence of any goods normally imported. This was attributable to the enthusiastic adoption of Marxist-Leninist principles by the government. Everything had been nationalised. Collective farming had been imposed and subsistence conditions had replaced the original free market economy. The sisal farms (a former source of foreign exchange) had gone to seed. The result was that the state was bankrupt. The main sources of foreign exchange remaining were overseas aid and subventions from sympathetic Scandinavian governments who regarded President Nyerere as a socialist hero. The government had determined priorities for utilisation of what limited hard currency was available; firstly drugs and medical supplies, secondly oil. No supplier would ship oil until a firm letter of credit in US dollars had been opened and confirmed by an overseas bank. This impinged on my subsequent dealings with the (nationalised) central bank - on behalf of the Company. The situation outlined had further alarming consequences for expatriates. No salaries or profits could be repatriated but, as a corollary, anyone with access to hard currency could live like a king. One hundred pounds sterling paid offshore would garner a small suitcase full of Tanzanian shillings.

We stayed in the hotel for some weeks while my predecessor explained the joys of working in

Tanzania and prepared to vacate the company house to be allocated to us on his departure. Memories of the hotel remain vivid. Stocks of 2 ply toilet paper had been split into single ply and the single sheets cut in two – thus one original sheet became four. The wine was locally produced – some Belgian missionaries had introduced the technique, not very successfully. The bottles were unlabeled, but the waiters still gravely displayed the bottle for approval before serving. The original training had not been in vain! Water shortages were common – inexplicably as there was plenty of rain – and I recall my wife racing from floor to floor in exasperation to have a shower before supplies failed. Finally, outside the hotel there was a cohort of tall beautiful black ladies (Tutsis from Burundi) who offered a range of personal services with commendable zeal.

I had been warned about the income tax regime before arrival but it was still a shock to pay a flat rate of 75% of salary (after deduction of small personal allowances). In order to ease the pain, the Company had instituted a procedure whereby the difference between local tax and a notional home country tax was paid offshore in US dollars as a loan! The loan was destined to be forgiven at the end of the assignment. Fortunately the Tanzanian government had not introduced tax on benefits in kind. Had I to pay tax on the company – provided house and car my take

home pay would have tipped over into the negative. This was the situation for expatriates; for local employees there was no relief as the punitive tax levy was effected at source on modest pay. Company office staff struggled to survive by taking numerous taxi trips "on business" around the city. Taxi fares (unreceipted) were reimbursed from petty cash. My subsequent half-hearted efforts to control this expenditure were met with a mixture of anger and incomprehension!

Despite our excess baggage, my wife discovered to her chagrin that she had failed to pack a swimming costume – and the beaches were attractive. Since purchase was out of the question (no imports) my wife decided to utilise one of her existing dresses to fabricate a bikini. We therefore made an early sortie to what had once been the downtown shopping area to obtain some dress making pins. The cost of these simple accessories was astronomical – and the pins were rusty to boot. My wife was shaken by this experience but for me there was some consolation in the fact that there was nothing else in the shops to buy. The bikini was duly completed but was not an unqualified success – it tended to slip under service conditions. Perhaps fortunately, it was stolen shortly afterwards and my wife found a replacement under some barter arrangement.

Before leaving Bahrain we shipped my wife's used Japanese car to Tanzania. One of my first tasks, therefore, was to arrange customs clearance so I secured the assistance of Mogabe, the company fixer. The initial customs demand (for import duty) was far in excess of the value of the car. I pointed this out to our fixer but he appeared unable to resolve the matter. Finally, with much rolling of his good eye, he indicated that perhaps the offer of a substantial "facilitating payment" to the customs official involved would resolve matters. I declined to accept the easy way out, and faxed the Japanese manufacturers for a realistic value. This was duly received and presented to the customs authorities. Somewhat to my surprise, this value was accepted and a reasonable duty assessed. The next step was retrieval of the car from Dar es Salaam docks. My wife accepted the argument that since the car was hers, she should attend at the docks together with the company fixer. The simple chore of retrieval took 8 hours (in mid-summer) and my wife needed some TLC to recover from her ordeal. She swears that the engine number was checked 10 times before the car reached the dock entrance. Since cars were unobtainable on the open market, we now had a valuable asset. The company fixer introduced me to an Indian gentleman who bought the car for delivery 2 years hence. The purchaser agreed to pay the purchase price in 24 monthly instalments, beginning immediately. No contract was required and each payment arrived on time. In due course I delivered the car - to the purchaser's complete satisfaction.

On a brief historical note, Tanzania (Tanganika) was incorporated into the German Empire in the 1880s and 1890s after spirited resistance from the local tribes who did not fully appreciate the coming benefits of European civilisation. During the first world war, a handful of German officers and some few thousand local troops (askaris) fought a brilliant campaign against the might of

the British Empire for four years whilst cut off from the German homeland. In the 1950s the German government decided, belatedly, to award military pensions to any surviving askaris. As the ship carrying the German emissaries sailed in to Dar Es Salaam harbour, some 50,000 ageing askaris lined the docks to claim the pensions. Records were deficient – how could claims be assessed? A German military representative had a brilliant idea. Any Tanzanian of appropriate age who could obey the German drill commands – on the docks – was enrolled immediately as a pensioner. (To be continued)







Keep honking while I reload.

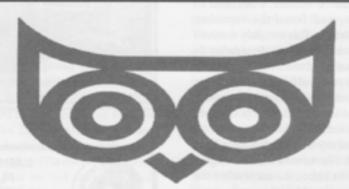
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Add the veggies to the salted boiling water and cook, covered, until the potatoes begin to fall apart - about half an hour to 40 minutes, depending on the potatoes. Add the butter at the moment of serving.

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DEAR CONCEPTIA

ear Conceptia,

I am becoming increasingly worried about my husband who appears to be obsessed with his own immortality. He would like to have instructions placed in his will detailing an appropriate epitaph. Please help me with this. Worried of Cortinada.

Dear Worried,

Thank you for your long and involved letter which left me in no doubt that your husband's immortality is not a problem since he has left many little indiscretions known and unknown to you in almost every corner of the globe. In view of this may I suggest the most appropriate epitaph to be:

Dearest Husband. At last I know where you are sleeping at night.

Yours,

Conceptia

Dear Conceptia,

I am finding my large overweight husband's amorous advances ever more difficult to cope with. What do you suggest? Crushed of La Massana.

Dear Crushed,

You certainly have a problem ! A friend with a similar nuisance has advised me as follows.

She sympathises with you but cannot offer a solution. She describes her husband's attentions as akin to being suffocated by a large wardrobe falling on top of her, but with a very small key. If however part of his weight is due to a fat wallet then she advises you to " lie back and think of Cartier's! "

Yours,

Conceptia

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