

The Club Abu Dhabi



JANUARY 1983

Monthly Newsletter



Have all my clothes shrunk? or.....
have I been indulging rather too
well? That infernal machine in
the bathroom tells me the truth!!

What to do, what to do - diet!!!

UGH - well, maybe, but only if I
can find recipes that will still
let me indulge!

One of my favourite sweets is
cheesecake - I've never been
known to refuse. Here's a recipe
that is different from the
traditional cheesecake, but is
very pleasant and low in calories.



BLACK BOTTOM CHEESECAKE

Ingredients:

16 teaspoons unflavoured gelatine
8 fl. oz. (240 ml) cold water
16 fl. oz. (480 ml) boiling water
2 lbs. (960 g) canned pineapple
chunks (canned in juice - no sugar added)
8 oz. (240 g) nonfat dry milk powder
Artificial sweetener to equal 4
tablespoons sugar, or to taste
1 tablespoon grated lemon rind
2 teaspoons vanilla flavouring
2 tablespoons unsweetened cocoa powder
Few drops brown food colouring (optional)
1 lb. (480 g) ricotta cheese (any of the 0% fat
skimmed cheeses available here are just as
good if you cannot find ricotta)

Method:

Soften 8 teaspoons gelatine in 4 fl. oz. (120 ml) cold
water in blender goblet. Add 8 fl. oz. (240 ml) boiling
water; blend until gelatine dissolves. Add half the
pineapple, milk, sweetener, lemon rind, vanilla and all
the cocoa and food colouring. Blend until smooth. Transfer
to a large mixing bowl; beat in half the cheese with a wire
whisk or rotary mixer. Pour into 9 x 3 inch (23 x 8 cm) pan
with removable base, reserving half a cup for decoration.
Place pan in refrigerator until almost firm. Repeat above
procedure with remaining ingredients but do not reserve any
mixture. Pour over chocolate layer; refrigerate until
slightly firm. Place reserved chocolate mixture in a piping
bag with a plain tip. Draw 3 circles, one inside the other.
With the tip of a knife, from the outside to the centre, drag
the knife through the circles to make pointed designs.
Refrigerate until firm. Makes 8 servings.



By next month I will find some
more "slim-line" recipes for
dinner parties, as there must
be others trying to "cut down"!!

I'm sure our Editor agrees!!!

ALPHONSE

Winter Break



Through small, square panes of the cottage window, she watched him. The sound of his car coming down the narrow lane had surprised her. After their parting the week before she hadn't expected him.

The cottage was on a bank above the laneway which once had been a stream, so that she was able to look down on him. He made no immediate move to get out of the car, but sat hunched and brooding. Why had he come, she thought? He had said he would be staying in London for the party over which they had quarrelled. But, of course, it wasn't the party that they had quarrelled over. It was much, much more than that. It was their marriage, and someone called Donna.

He switched off the engine, hesitated, then got out of the car, looked around in an unfocused way, and walked up the damp stone path. His red hair, greying at the sides, was smoothed down too flatly, adding somehow to the lines of his face. He was not the jaunty man she had welcomed the week before.

She went to the door, moving aside the heavy patchwork curtain she had stitched happily, was it only a few months ago? He hardly looked at her as he made his way in and stood awkwardly on the rug before the unlit, log-stacked fireplace. It was March, chilly, so that daffodils scattered about the garden were a golden yellow that cast no surrounding glow on the new green grass.

"Well....?" she said.

"Well?" he replied, a faint aggressiveness in his voice.

"I....didn't think you would come..."

"You need to shop..."

She was touched by his gesture. He had travelled sixty miles from their London flat to collect and drive her seven miles to the market town. There was no village shop, and she didn't drive. Then almost immediately, she felt irritation for he was reminding her that she was still dependent on him. In the past he had seemed to gloat on this her small dependence. Last weekend he had said angrily; "If you want to go on living here you must learn to drive."

"I can drive," she answered sharply, at the same time knowing she had a fear of driving, a fear that she'd allowed to grow over the years, when, in her highly-paid public relations work for a French perfumery company, she'd had a taxi-fare expense account.

The clock on the electric stove in the galley-kitchen that was separated from the living room by a curtain, ticked loudly. There was the bell-like song of the robin, the robin that, in delight, she and Mathew had called "Our robin."

"I'll fetch my coat," she said.

She climbed narrow stairs that led to the two attic bedrooms, one leading straight from the other. The peace she always found here flowed over her. It was her room. Under low, brown beams was her single bed, covered by flowered chintz that matched the curtains at the tiny window which looked straight on to great fields with winter wheat now green in the damp earth. A small room. It held a single bed and the antique chest for her cloths.

He was waiting in the car, as if anxious to be away from the cottage. They drove off.

"A letter arrived from Fiona two days ago," he said.

That's why he has come down, she thought, to talk about our daughter. After that last terrible parting, he couldn't telephone me any more than I could telephone him.



"You know you're getting old when everything you own is paid for"

Any members wishing to join Netball, please come along to our practice's on Mondays and Wednesdays between 4-6 p.m. on the car park in front of reception. We will be starting again on Monday 3rd January 1983 and are always looking for new players.

It just remains for me to say that I hope you all enjoyed your Christmas, and to wish you all a very happy and successful New Year.

Anne Wheeler



CLUB ROYAL



CLUB NATIONAL

Netball

We have now reached the half way stage in the Netball season, and in second position on the league table is "CLUB ROYAL" - - Hooray, after an excellent match with the top of the league "The Bats" who had decided that they had shared first place with us long enough.

Although this was a match enjoyed by Players and Spectators alike, it was only surpassed by the match between Club Royal and Khansaheb Sykes, in contention for second position on the League Table. It was a very good game, only made more exciting by the cheers of the spectators (which both Club netball teams are always happy to hear) when the Royals came away with a draw, and were unlucky not to have scored in the closing seconds. Well done Club Royals, lets see more of this kind of Netball.

Club National, now making a late run for a better place, and at present sitting very comfortably in fourth position after what was, I am told, a very good match with the Al Khubairat team, when the League Shooter of the Year for the 1981/82 season, Claire Geisberger was on top form, dropping the ball into the net every time she touched it, this of course was made possibly by the good play and passing of the rest of the team. Well done Club National, nice to see you back on form, keep it up.

I should like at this stage to thank those who support the Club Netball in their league matches, it does lift the players, and makes a good and exciting match. We hope to see you back on the side lines when we resume again in January 1983.

On Saturday 11th December, The Club was represented at the Christmas Tournament by Club Royal, Club National and mens team made up of some of Club Nationals husbands. There was one other mens team put in, The Bats Men. The afternoon was concluded with an all male final which National Men won with a superb display of Netball and a score of 5-2. Club Royal took the ladies prize having taken third position by beating the other loosing semi finalists, Al Khubairat.

DID YOU KNOW?

THE warmest part of the human body is a point between the eyes and the nose.



"Fiona." he repeated. "She's selling the house. The divorce is going through." She knew the pain the words held for him. Fiona, clever at the sciences as her father, had been promised a place at university when she was barely seventeen. Then, a year later, she'd met Jack, a philosophy lecturer from Savannah, and, despite their pleas, she'd given up all thought of an academic career to marry him. She'd forced Mathew to give in by going off to live with him. They'd known Jack was wrong for her, not because he was a forty-year-old negro, but because they felt he needed someone more earthy than their dreamy daughter.

"Where will Fiona live?" She heard her own voice, strained.

"She's coming home."

Home? she thought. He said; home. But where will home be. If he and I part? They were spared further talk, for now the road was water-covered from streams swollen by the night's storm. He had to drive slowly and then test the car brakes. It was almost as if they were joined by concentrated effort. They reached the main road. Surely, she prayed, he wouldn't stop at the garage where their quarrel over the party had fired into ugliness when, innocently she'd opened the glove pocket of the car and found, in his handwriting, a birthday card addressed to "Donna"...Paying for the petrol he'd caught sight of her studying the card, and he'd pushed his arm through the car's open window to grab it from her, saying; "Kit! Stop spying on me!"

Even though her words had been angry in reply, she had thought; Mathew being so absurd! And then; He cares for this Donna. He has remembered her birthday, it was a family joke that he never remembered birthdays.

Today he drove past the garage without a glance and parked in the centre of the town, near the market place. Beneath the clock on the tower of the gracious, grey stone church, stalls spread down the hill in irregular, happy-go-lucky lines. The folk were unhurried, pleasant, smiling. After years of pressurised life in London, it was this which charmed and held her. Would he stop with her, as he had during the past year, seeming to enjoy filling their wicker basket?

"I'll wait in the library." he said.

"Where....where shall we meet?"

He hesitated.

Should she say; "At the Barn." where they lunched each weekend, save the last when both were too strained to want food?

"I'll come to the library." she said quickly.

She passed through the small crowds. During the early days of the week, while she prepared the garden for spring planting, memories had come to her, as if she tugged at them as persistently as she'd tugged at the weeds....looking back over her life...

She had enjoyed her work, thinking up ideas, making contacts, being part of a group of imaginative men and women, creating. Yet there had been too a feeling of destruction. In trying to be a mother committed to her home and a woman committed to her work, bits of her seemed to be killed off, so that it was the occasional burst of joy which broke through. Mathew had come second to the children and work. She'd had to make it that way. Or so it seemed.

One or two memories were never far from the surface....Seven-year-old Fiona, with a bad attack of measles...she'd held her in her arms all night, listening to the high-pitched whine, feeling the flushed cheeks, and knowing that somehow in the next few hours she must attend a meeting to get copy for a charity flower show which would launch a new perfume. She'd left Fiona to the care of the cleaning woman, with a sickness that had actually made her vomit.





And Duncan her son....that day she missed his prize-winning race at the school sports even though she'd rushed for a train and changed in the train lavatory... Where was he, Mathew, at these moments? Amiably wandering off to his research laboratory, aloof, it appeared to her. She'd resented his way of distancing himself from it all, and she'd thought; If we can't be companions in domestic crises, why should you expect me to be your companion in intellectual talk... The children had grown and left. She had no longer felt an appetite for work and London had palled. Their mansion flat stifled her. She longed for a weekend cottage. Mathew thought it a good idea, and they had found and fallen in love with it when it was merely a shell on a sloping bank, its garden a wilderness.

A helpful builder had plastered walls, rubbed down beams, Mathew had cleared the garden while she worked happily within, turning it into a charming, weekend cottage, which she found more and more difficult to leave...

The idea of Mathew wanting another woman hadn't occurred to her. But of course, it was likely. She'd been away for so long, even though he drove down at weekends. It was months since they'd celebrated completion of the cottage, rugs on the floor, curtains at the windows a table and chairs, beds with pretty covers prints on the walls, and an eighteenth-century brass fender with Mathew had picked up at an auction and which he'd polished that evening. Upstairs, he'd turned towards her, and with a surprising burst of emotion, he'd put his arms around her and said, "Well, Kit, it's ours at last. The cottage you've always wanted."

She had moved away almost irritably, straightening the crisp, glazed cotton bedspread. She hadn't anything inside her to give to Mathew. She wanted to be left alone to take....to take in the beauty of this prized tranquillity, the dusk casting a cinnamon glow on the white walls, the soft noises of the birds in the honeysuckle outside.

He'd turned and gone downstairs. From the movement of his body she'd known he was hurt, and his hurt angered her. Why couldn't he understand that this moment was one she wanted to cherish. Why wasn't it possible to tell him? All through their married life, she thought, she had been able to "read" him through his movements, the hunching of his shoulders, the set of his mouth, the impatient gesture of his hand. It was the only code she had to his deeper self, the self beyond words that passed between them in the chit-chat of everyday. He was a naturally reticent man...Now, she thought, as she walked on, I know more...I know that there is a woman called Donna with whom he would prefer to stay in London. She tried to imagine this other woman, who was likely to embroider the threads of everyday life with him. It bought her sharp pain.

In a shop window she saw herself. A woman of over fifty, in low-heeled shoes, a corduroy cap, and a tweed coat with a silk scarf knotted at the neck. She hardly recognised herself. For so many years she had worn elegant town cloths. It was Mathew who had always looked the same, slightly worn and untidy, until last weekend when she'd noticed he was wearing a new shirt and tie, and shoes that had been bought without her listening to his plea; "Are they alright?..."

The library had a domed ceiling. White sunlight shone through high windows on to the polished tables. Mathew, a book before him, was gazing thoughtfully into space. When he saw her he came towards the door.

"Lunch?" she said.

He nodded. They turned into the cobblestone alley that led to The Barn. Although they lunched here regularly it was never without a feeling of guilt on her part.



SQUASH

At the time of writing the GPI Abu Dhabi Squash League is at half way point.

In division 1 neither of the two club teams is doing well, Club II being in bottom position and Club I next to it.

The most successful of our men's teams is Club OV, otherwise known as the Geriatrics in Division 2. They are in 3rd position with Club III in 5th position.

So much for the dismal news. The success story is that our Ladies Team is at the top of the Al Dhafra Ladies League by a long distance. Apart from natural ability our ladies have shown enviable dedication to the task of turning out most Tuesday evenings. Support by their husbands to the point of frenzy has no doubt contributed also, although the girls waiting to play being pitched among a pack of howling dervishes was hardly a good thing for some.

The ladies team has been selected from:-

Cheryl Bradley
Sheila Higham
Christine Bailey
Sandy Derbyshire (Captain)
Wendy Lloyd
Sue Burrow
Jan Anderson



Keep it going for the second half, girls!

Thanks are, as always, due to the Club Committee and Management for enabling us to entertain our guests well and economically.

One plug we must make, however, is to get our viewing gallery sorted out and obtain our share of the Dhs: 600,000.00 which was agreed to be spent outside the main Club House at the 27th October E.G.M.

Mr Dean, Sir, we know you are beaver away - but please beaver in our direction.

DID YOU KNOW?

ROMANS used to shake hands with statues for good luck.

David Derbyshire

REMEMBER, REMEMBER...

Dear Members!

I would like to remind you that
Membership fees for 1983 are due
from 31st December 1982.



Members who have not paid their
fees by 15th January, will have
their names posted on the notice
board, followed by a possible
cancellation of Membership, if
payment remains outstanding.

Membership Secretary



DID YOU KNOW?

THE Gulf state of Dubai bought a snow plough
in 1975—to clear sand from the main roads.

As if she were reminded that she had left Mathew to fend for himself in London, she was not cooking for him nor looking after his home. While she enjoyed the quiet of the vast spread of fields, he was driving to work through petrol-laden streets.

Mathew too had his masculine role clearly defined and made no attempt to be domesticated. Unlike Duncan who had cooked and cleaned for her when she'd been under heavy pressure in her job. Yet it was Mathew who was consistent in his role, willing to be breadwinner, while Duncan had no such intention. He was living with a girl on a Scottish commune. As for Fiona, well, there were times when she sympathised with Jak. For Fiona, housekeeping was something to be done when all else failed...

"I've put your coffee in the lounge." said the waitress coming to collect dessert plates. Kit looked up in surprise. Each Saturday she said, "No coffee, thank you." thinking with that absurd sense of guilt, in making coffee back at the cottage, she might save a little money to buy seeds and plants. The waitress said; "Sorry, I made a mistake. You don't usually have coffee. Well it will warm you up." She smiled as if she wanted to add; You look as if you could do with it, because they had sat through the meal making no attempt at conversation.

The coffee tray had been placed in an alcove behind a beam which put them out of the trust of the great log fire. Opposite them stretched two people, at least the man stretched his long legs forward, eyeing his highly polished brown shoes with satisfaction. His wife sat more upright in a dulled taestry chair, but she too eyed her shapely legs in their neat court shoes. Her new handbag was on the floor beside the chair and she picked it up, extracting a snow-white handkerchief. Then she tidied the bow of her obviously new blouse. He looked at her and each smiled complacently as he offered a mint chocolate, saying, "Go on, have one. You know you want to."

Their voices, not their clothes, identified their class. It was unlike the stagey cockney in which Duncan spoke to disguise his public school education of which he was now ashamed.

She poured coffee which Mathew accepted and he offered her a chocolate from the plate. "No, thank you." she said, determined that discipline should still be part of her life. Mathew ate two, he had no weight problem. It was the lines that were now on his face that showed his age.

The woman opposite smiled at her, "Tempting, aren't they?"
Kit smiled politely.

"Nice to let yourself go. You on a winter break too?"
For a moment Kit thought, Yes, we are. But it was not the winter break in the hotel that the man and woman described.

"No." she said.
If only we were on that kind of winter break, she thought. If only life were as simple as I had once thought it before Mathew had arrived last Friday, looking jaunty at first, and then saying suddenly, "I may not be down next weekend... I can't always come down."

"Of course not." she had replied, at the same time feeling a sense of unease, a click in her head reminding her that several times lately he had not been at home when she's phoned.

He had picked up a colour supplement in pretence at engrossment.

"Something interesting, next weekend?"

He'd turned a page as if in truth he had been reading, then said casually, "It's just a party...you like it here..."

"Someone we know?"

DID YOU KNOW?

THE wings of aircraft can ice-up at
temperatures well above freezing point.

ALL
MEMBERS MUST CARRY
THEIR MEMBERSHIP CARDS
AT ALL TIMES



"You like it here. You don't need me." He looked like a guilty child wanting to be rid of a secret.

"A...friend...she's giving a party..."

For a moment the room which was her world at the moment went spinning round.

"Next Saturday..."

"You know her well?"

"She works in a lab that makes things for our tests...tiny glass ampoules...some woman are very good at it...Actually she has a degree in psychiatry in New Zealand...but she's ticking over while her daughter is at school here..."

"And her husband...?"

"She's divorced."

He needn't tell me anything more, we're not tied by any moral obligation to tell each other these things, she thought. At the same time she felt they were tied.

"You've seen her often?" It was a humiliating question and she was humiliated.

Until that moment she'd been living happily in the cottage thinking that, in a way, she was building a future life for them. "We're going in opposite directions," she said.

"You seem contented here." He got up and went upstairs to the single bed that she had chosen for him because each bedroom was so small.

For a while she sat downstairs. Then she passed through his bedroom to her own. He was hunched under the bedclothes.

The next morning the countryside was blurred by sleet. Inside the house the air was ringed with tension. The pain within her surprised her yet she felt a tremendous physical energy and went out to plant, even though snowflakes fell on soil she had so painfully dug over during the warm spell earlier in the month. Snow-rain lashed down, water ran from her hair to her neck, the anorak parted at the waist with the energy with which she worked. Rain soaked the packet of beans spilling them down the muddy bank, and with absurd obsession, painstakingly she picked up each muddy seed, trying to find the delicate fibres so that each might be tucked correctly into the soil. It was as if she were protecting something. Herself?

After an hour passed, he came anxiously into the garden, holding out an old mackintosh.

"Put this on," he said. "Come in. You're wet through...you'll need shopping..."

For two weeks...she thought. For longer...?

She went in doors, changed, and they had driven off, and it was when he stopped the car for petrol that she had found the birthday card. Then, after the fury with which he had slammed down on her wrist to take it from her, he had lapsed into brooding silence. Her hand was bruised and she nursed it, but he did not comment. When they arrived back he let her out of the car and drove off...

Now, a week later, as they drove back from lunch at The Barn she had a curious feeling that they were falling back into their old roles again. Was he going back to London to this "Donna's" party? She could not ask. The cottage was cold and in a moment he was lighting the fire, which he had always left for her to do. When there was a good blaze he said "Sherry?" and she said "Yes"

They sat on opposite sides of the fire.

"Fiona's coming home," he said.

"Yes." Did he want her back so that Fiona might have a home?

He looked so tired that she felt a longing, not felt for a long time, to comfort him. She had forgotten him in her love affair with the cottage, that much she had told herself in the past week. But could they go back together, even if this Donna passed by...?



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QUIZ RESULTS



The last quiz was held on Sunday 28th November and was kindly sponsored by Euro Mechanical & Electrical Contractors, Al Nawras Video Library and Wong & Sons Trading Co. The Champagne and Sparkling Wine, which helped to bring such a convivial atmosphere to the evening, was as always, nobly donated by African & Eastern and Grey Mackenzie.

We were very pleased, if somewhat intimidated too, by the large turnout, a total of 23 teams competed in what proved to be the usual gruelling, tense fight-to-the-finish!!

The excitement generated during these Quiz Evenings is a constant source of amazement and even the most nonchalant find themselves caught up in the nail biting and back biting!!

After a very close run set of results the top three teams were:-

- 1st The Butterballs
- 2nd The Grins and Tonics
- 3rd The Sixth Formers

However, we feel that all the teams who took part deserve a pat on the back, for all their hard work and enthusiasm, and also for lasting the course! We, as a team, thoroughly enjoyed presenting the Quiz even though at times it was all quite exhausting, and we can only hope that everyone else who took part that night, forgave us our questions and enjoyed it too!!



Lindsay Davidson
Int. Int.

DID YOU KNOW?

A beetle found in Norway contains its own "anti-freeze" which enables it to survive temperatures as low as minus 25 degrees F.



"Kit." he said. "I've been thinking..."

She did not encourage him.

"I don't want to go on racketing around." he said clumsily.

Still she did not say anything.

"Donna, she's a good sort. You'd like her. She's independent like you..." He made a helpless gesture with his hand. "I met her at a lab party. We had a meal together, and then, well, I've seen her several times....last Monday she asked me to her home to give her daughter some advice on reading physics at UniversityI didn't want to go...but she hasn't a husband and I thought I might help... She gave me a scotch..."

All of a sudden she wanted to laugh. Oh, Donna, love, she thought, you played a wrong card there...

Only she knew that he hated Scotch whiskey and trifle and bridge and too comfortable hotels and Wagner and all the little things she had learned through the years.

"I love this place." he said, "but it began to seem to belong to you. There wasn't any room for me." The truth of his words wounded her. "I've always known I was second to the children and your work, half-way between a chauffeur and a chemical encyclopaedia..." She smiled, for often she'd asked him for help with descriptions of perfumes she marketed. "But when you gave up working and we bought the cottage I hoped it would change..Kit..I don't want any other woman but you. I never have."

"Last week you thought that you did..."

"....And going home to a dark house each night through the winter, I couldn't take it, Kit. At least I thought I couldn't...but if that's what you want...do you? After last week I wondered. It felt as if you might still care..."

"You're not going to her birthday party?" she asked.

"No...but she knows about you..."

The silence of the courtyards was so great that their voices discussing their lives had an unreality. One word another way would make a decision. She sat looking at the fire. They had once chosen. She remembered him on honeymoon, not quite used to her being around; he was like that then and it had amused her for it left her free to her own thoughts...Their first visit to France when the car had broken down as they were starting for the Riviera, and they'd had to stay in a room above a noisy, smelly garage instead...then the many holidays in rented bungalows on the east coast, Mathew taking the children to the beach while she prepared meals...picnics when he had forgotten to put the hamper in the car even though she had put it down in front of him...The more she remembered the more she realised that each memory had its vision of "the snag that had temporarily spoiled the bliss"...the punctured tyre, the forgetting of front door keys, bills that were left unpaid...In those early days they'd had blazing rows, but over the years she had let it all become submerged in her work.

"If you want to live alone..." he was saying flatly.

The wind which had got up suddenly, as it did in these parts, howled. Usually she liked it, but tonight it spread a sense of isolation which even tv films of joy or horror in far off countries would not diminish; the world was not at the touch of a switch. It was deep inside her, deep inside him. And there was a great mystery about it all, in which they each lived, like flotsam on the edge of a wave.

DID YOU KNOW?

LIGHTNING strikes the Earth 6,000 times every minute.





"Kit." he said, and she realised from his voice that he was more of a simple man than she had imagined. "Kit...I need you..." She had only to stretch out and take his hand. But that was a simple gesture. One that she could easily make, one that now she desperately wanted to make. It would seal a bond between them, but in the years ahead there would need to be so very much more. She stared at the fire for a long time. Then she held out her hand. "I'll be coming home." she said.



French Beauty Institute

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I think it can safely be said that "Sleeping Beauty" was a most successful Panto, incorporating a little something for old and young alike, slapstick, horror, fun, one or two risqué jokes (which became 5 or 6 by the end of the 6th night). The ad. libbing grew and grew, particularly by Queenie, who changed her script each night as did the Lord Chamberlain.... I peeped at the audience every night while the Panto was in progress and even those people I would never have expected to be there were grinning and quite obviously taking it all in!! So, many Congrats. ADDS, and to Eric Stevens, the Producer.

Rehearsals for "The Light of Heart" starts this month, Nigel Glass hasn't yet divulged who his cast are to be. This is a Tragicomedy by Emyln Williams and will be done 'in the round'. Nigel would like to hear from anyone who could make costumes 1930's style, and if any of you have photo's dating back to that era they will be very useful in deciding the type of furniture, and even atmosphere of those days, as well as fashion of clothing. Also a bit of an expert is required - someone who knows and can deal with quadrophonic sound (something to do with 4 speakers I think!) This person must be "dedicated with expertise".

Don't forget 20th January for Bar-B-Q at the Sailing Club, all you ADDS non-members who are interested in joining up do come along, you will be very welcome.

Eyrl



Queen & King
of Happikinland



Scene from the Panto
"Sleeping Beauty"



Find thirteen words beginning with R.



ANSWERS
Rail, Rope, Ring, River, Ruse, Rakes, Rat, Rabbit, Rook, Robin, Rose, Ruin, Rail, Rake.

FRIDAY CURRY LUNCH FOR JANUARY 1981

FRIDAY 7th JANUARY		FRIDAY 21st JANUARY	
MADRAS CHICKEN CURRY WITH SIDE DISHES	20.00	BEEF AND VEGETABLE CURRY AND SIDE DISHES	20.00
OR		OR	
BEEF OXOLASH, BOILED POTATOES AND MIX VEGETABLES	20.00	ROAST LEG OF LAMB, ROAST POTATOES AND GREEN BEANS	20.00
OR		OR	
SELECTION OF COLD BUFFET	20.00	SELECTION OF COLD BUFFET	20.00
CHILDRENS COURSE:		CHILDRENS COURSE:	
FISH FINGERS CHIPS AND PEAS	12.00	MEAT BALLS IN TOMATO SAUCE, FRENCH FRIES AND PEAS	12.00
OR		OR	
HALF PORTION OF THE ABOVE MAIN COURSE	12.00	OR	
SWEET		HALF PORTION OF THE ABOVE MAIN COURSE	12.00
APPLE PIE WITH ICE CREAM		SWEET	
OR		SPICED FRUIT FLAN WITH FRESH CREAM	
SELECTION FROM THE CHEESE BOARD		OR	
		SELECTION FROM THE CHEESE BOARD	
FRIDAY 14th JANUARY		FRIDAY 28th JANUARY	
LAMB CURRY AND SIDE DISHES	20.00	CHICKEN CURRY WITH SIDE DISHES	20.00
OR		OR	
FILLET OF HAMOUR VERONIQUE PARSLEY POTATOES AND GARDEN PEAS	20.00	BEEF BOURGUIGNONNE, CREAM POTATOES CARROTS AND PEAS	20.00
OR		OR	
SELECTION OF COLD BUFFET	20.00	SELECTION OF COLD BUFFET	20.00
CHILDRENS COURSE:		CHILDRENS COURSE:	
COTTAGE PIE AND PEAS	12.00	SAUSAGE, BAKED BEANS AND CHIPS	12.00
OR		OR	
HALF PORTION OF THE ABOVE MAIN COURSE	12.00	HALF PORTION OF THE ABOVE MAIN COURSE	12.00
SWEET		SWEET	
PEAR SPONGE WITH CUSTARD		PEACH CUSTARD WITH ICE CREAM	
OR		OR	
SELECTION FROM THE CHEESE BOARD		SELECTION FROM THE CHEESE BOARD	

The Sweet or cheese & biscuits are included in the price of the Main and Children's courses. Lunch will be served between 12.30 pm & 3pm. The above is the only menu available or served in the hall. The normal snack menu is available in the snack bar and where normally served elsewhere in the Club. The above menu will be adhered to whenever possible, but additions or deletions may have to be made depending on availability.



TO THE CLUB CINEMA FANS

As you will no doubt appreciate film selection along with availability of the particular film chosen is a different task, and with video taped films providing a far larger selection than what is available in 16-MM projection for cinema audience screening, one would expect a marked fall in our Club cinema attendances, but this has certainly not been the case.

Quite often the epic effect of a film may well be lost on a small television set, and cannot compete with the wide screen projection of a cinemascope production for which viewing the film was designed.

We have recently obtained two zoom lenses as some of you may have noticed which throws a much larger picture, and also overcomes the problems that we have previously encountered with some film prints which have a small format, which resulted in an equally small film projected onto the screen with the standard lens fitted to the machines, but we now use the zoom lenses for all films apart from cinemascope, where it is not necessary.

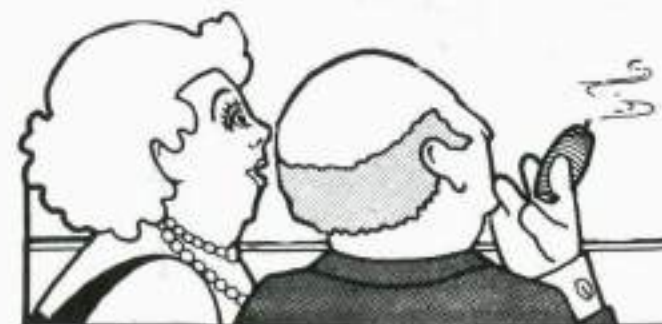
We think that we have just about cracked the problem with some of the noisy youngsters by having a word or two with them and where we have a three reel film which is about average, instead of stopping off for the refreshment break exactly half way through the show, we have been running right through the first two reels, this enables them to get settled into more of what the story is all about and in most respects seems to work better for everyone.

Returning once again to the question of film selection and availability, repeats are just unavoidable, but have attempted to provide a fair balance in the choice of story and when possible selecting some of the more classic films such as we have for example this month.

There are still plans to return to outside cinema shows when it is possible to get the necessary work entailed put in hand with the screen erection, which has been delayed with more urgent projects to be dealt with, but with the dreadful weather during recent weeks we would have been forced back inside in any event.

Anyway in summing up, cinema nights at the Club are still well supported and that after all is what Club life is all about and makes our efforts very much worth while.

Fern Leat and Alan Pottage



CLUB CINEMA GUIDE



Tues.	4th Jan	GODFATHER II	: AL PACINO. ROBERT DE NIRO
Fri.	7th Jan.	DIRTY HARRY	: CLINT EASTWOOD
Tues.	11th Jan.	PAPER MOON	: RYAN O'NEAL. TATUN O'NEAL
Fri.	14th Jan.	SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT	: BURT REYNOLDS. JACKIE GLEASON
Tues.	18th Jan.	THE GRADUATE	: DUSTIN HOFFMAN. ANNE BANCROFT
Fri.	21st Jan.	ROCKY	: SYLVESTER STALLONE
Tues.	25th Jan.	THEY CALLED HIM BULLDOZER	: BUD SPENCER
Fri.	28th Jan.	BONNIE & CLYDE	: FAYE DUNAWAY. WARREN BEATTY



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NEWSLETTER IS FAR
REACHING. ARE YOU
ADVERTISING IN IT?
IF NOT CONTACT THE
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ON 822788



الجمعة ٣ ديسمبر	الجمعة ١٧ ديسمبر
٢٠٠٠	٢٠٠٠
قاري حفرة ولحم خروف ومشروبات	قاري دجاج مشراس مع المشروبات
او	او
٢٠٠٠	٢٠٠٠
لحم شيك مشوي مع اناش	قطعة بورك مع ارز
او	او
٢٠٠٠	٢٠٠٠
مختارات من البوفيه البارد	مختارات من البوفيه البارد
للأطفال	للأطفال
١٢٠٠	١٢٠٠
امامع معك مع بطاطا	همبرغر وملحقاته
او	او
١٢٠٠	١٢٠٠
نصف الطبق الرئيسي	نصف الطبق الرئيسي
الخلويات	الخلويات
باق مع كسترد او حينه مع سكويك	شيري تريفل مع فواكه او حينه مع سكويك

الجمعة ٢٠ ديسمبر
٢٠٠٠
قاري محل والاشياك المشوية
او
٢٠٠٠
سمك هامور وبنط
او
٢٠٠٠
مختارات من البوفيه البارد
للأطفال
١٢٠٠
مقانيق وسيف الخ
او
١٢٠٠
نصف الطبق الرئيسي
الخلويات
تفاح ساخن مع ايس كريم او حينه مع سكويك



סידתי

פי השנה האתונה קדמנו לך אכלה שנהיה . ופי זהו השנה נקדם לך
טלפו מן החליות הערבית המפורסמת .. אנהו טלפו הבסוטה או הנמורה .

(הכמה 10 - 12 שנה)

נחם כילו זבדה דאנמארקית

פנחן חליב סאחן

פנחנאן סקר

טלטה פנאחין סמיד

זובי הזבדה ואמזחיהא מע הסמיד בעלעקה מן חשב . סחני החליב ואפילי

הסקר איה ואמזחיהא חידא לידוב טמאמא .

אחלטי הזבדה והסמיד מע החליב והסקר ואמזחיהא חידא .

אדחני הצנינה טחינה (טול 40 סמ ערוץ 26 סמ ארטפאק 4 סמ טקריבא)

אסקיפיהא המזיג ואטרקיהא כל הליל אי חואלי 12 או 14 סעה . ופי היום

הטלי אקטעיהא בסקין חאדה מל תקטוע הבקלאוה וריני כל קטעה בלוזה לטלמק

בה .

פעיהא פי פנ מעטל החרה (350 דרה) למדה טלשין דקיפה פי הטבה הספלי

מן הפנ טמ ארפעיהא אלי הטבה העלי למדה טלשין דקיפה חטי יחמר וחיהא .

הקטר:

1 1/2 פנחן סקר

1 1/2 פנחן מא

עסרה חאמץ

1/2 מלעקה סעירה פאנילא

אטחי הקטר ליסח כסיפא נועא מא . אסקי הקטר הסאחן עלי הצנינה , בעד

אן טברד . קדמיהא באחפה הקשטה או הקרימא פוקהא , אדא שטת .

לנהו פיההא & הסאחנהא חוס

Kenny Ball and his Jazzmen.....Showstoppers

hit record makers - MIDNIGHT IN MOSCOW, SAMANTHA, SUKIYAKI, GREEN LEAVES OF SUMMER, MARCH OF THE SIAMESE CHILDREN, I WONNA BE LOVED BY YOU, they have for more than twenty years been acclaimed by the world's press as the most exciting group ever to appear on the traditional jazz scene, and even more importantly by the general public as the band that plays the happiest, hottest and most infectious music.

Kenny Ball and his Jazzmen.....Globetrotters

since 1959, Kenny and the Band have been on the road, playing to old and winning new audiences worldwide, taking their exuberant blend of top flight jazz and showmanship to people and places in AMERICA, JAPAN, KENYA, HONG KONG, INDONESIA, MALAYSIA, OKINAWA, AUSTRALIA, THE FIJI ISLANDS, RUMANIA, SPAIN, SWEDEN, NORWAY, DENMARK, HOLLAND, FRANCE, EAST AND WEST GERMANY, THE UNITED ARAB EMIRATES and many other countries, and last but not least, entertaining their countless thousands of home grown fans in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales.

Kenny Ball and his Jazzmen.....No Namedroppers

but they've worked alongside some of the greatest names in show business, and guested in practically every major light entertainment TV and Radio Show in England, from those of Les Dawson to Morecambe & Wise, appeared regularly on BBC's Saturday Night at the Mill for almost five years, and in 1981 were honoured to appear at Buckingham Palace, when they were specially invited to entertain 1,500 guests at Prince Charles and Lady Diana's wedding reception ball.



KENNY BALL and the JAZZMEN



(٤) ازالة منصة القفر القديمة واستبدالها
بمنصة جديدة لها قاعدة كونكريتية

٨ ٥٠٠ر٠٠

(٥) بناء سلالم ودرايزين يعمل ما بين
حوض السباحة ومنطقة الشاطئ الرملي

٢٣ ٤١٥ر٠٠

(٦) ازالة البلاط من منطقة حوض السباحة
واستبداله بالسجاد الاخضر وما يلزم من
اعمال اخرى

٢٥٢ ٨٧٢ر٠٠

(٧) شفط الماء من الحوض وازالة جميع
الاشياء المعطوبة واصلاح وصيانة معدات
التصفية الخ

٦٣ ٥٥١ر٠٠

(٨) تركيب سقف اصطناعي جديد في مبنى
الالعاب وانوار جديدة وتكييف هواة الخ

٥٧ ١٥٩ر٠٠

(٩) اعادة تلميس حائط ملاعب السكواش ،
وظلاؤها ورسم الخطوط المناسبة
 واصلاح الارضية الخشبية الخ

٧٥ ٧٧١ر٠٠

(١٠) تعبئة حوض السباحة للاطفال وتركيب
السجاد المناسب الخ

٦ ٧٢٠ر٠٠

(١١) شراء طاوولات جديدة لحوض السباحة
وكراسي الخ

٢٤٩ ٨٧٢ر٠٠

المجموع

٩٢٠ ٢٤٦ر٠٠

=====

واضافة الى ما تقدم كانت هناك اعمال اخرى لم يتحمل النادي اية تكاليف في سبيل
انجازها ، مثل اعادة استصلاح الارض خلف المبنى الرئيسي للنادي ، ودفان منطقة
موقف القوارب وتسوية تلك المنطقة .



كلمة من السكرتير الفخري



في العدد السابق نشرنا وقائع اجتماع الجمعية العمومية الاستثنائية . ونورد في هذا العدد ملاحظات السكرتير الفخري حول بعض ما اشار به الاعضاء في الاجتماع المذكور.

بدا واضحا في الاجتماع الاخير للجمعية العمومية الاستثنائية ان عددا كبيرا من الاعضاء الحضور كان يمثل الفئحة التي تستفيد من مرافق النادي الخارجية . وحسب اقوال المتكلمين المختلفين فان تلك المناطق من النادي كانت مهملة تماما وان المظهر الخارجي للنادي يوسفله وان هناك حاجة الى مزيد من المرافق مثل ملاعب كرة الشبكة وتمديد المنزلق وغيرها .

وفي اواخر الاجتماع ووفق على تخصيص ٦٠٠٠٠٠ درهم ليصرف على مرافق النادي الخارجية .

ولعل الكثيرين منكم يدرك انني كنت عضو اللجنة الممولة عن مبنى النادي للسنوات الثلاث التي سبقت الاجتماع الاخير للجمعية العمومية الاستثنائية . وانني بذلت وقتا طويلا في سبيل تحسين المرافق الخارجية التي تكلفت مبالغ كبيرة اضافة الى المبنى الرئيسي للنادي . وكان كل ذلك في وقت كان النادي في اشد الحاجة الى مثل هذه الاصلاحات .

واود في سبيل تعريف الاعضاء الحدد ومن احل وضع النقاط فوق الحروف ان ابين فيما يلي التحسينات التي اجريت في النادي والتكاليف التي تكبدها النادي في سبيل اجراء هذه الاصلاحات :

درهم

١٢١ ٣٠٨٠٠	(١) اعادة تعبيد ملاعب التنس واطهارها بلون مناسب ووضع خطوط مميزة للعب
٤٢ ٩٠٠٠٠	(٢) اعادة تجهيز ملاعب السكواش واصلاح الحيطان واعمال الطلاء الخ
١٨ ١٧٨٠٠	(٣) اصلاح مستوى ارضية ملاعب البادمنتون وتخطيطها بما يناسب اللاعبين

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MEMBERSHIP NEWS

We have the pleasure of welcoming the new members listed here below.

Mr & Mrs S.A. Hijazi

Mr & Mrs E.S. Emeira

Mr & Mrs F.J. Dare

Mr & Mrs P.R. Lambie

Mr & Mrs P. Twomey

Mr & Mrs J. Henning

Mr & Mrs D.J. Taylor

Mr & Mrs P.A.A. Smith

Miss A. Bailouni

Mr A. Hassan

Mrs S.E. Ansari

Mr M. Simon

Mr C.S. Gavan

Mrs L.A. Hastings Stevens

Mr H.S.H. Al Hader

Mr A.K. Masreya

Mr & Mrs E.C. Grant

Mr & Mrs J.M. Jones

Mr & Mrs P. Franzen

Mr & Mrs T. Higgins

Mr & Mrs T.W. Flanagan

Mr C. Robinson

Mr Y.A.A. Balfgeeh

Mrs E. Al Nazer

Mrs E.J. Artan

Mr & Mrs W.F. Kubba

Mr R. Leo



واذا كانت ادارة النادي قد بذلت جهدا طيبا لانجاح هذه الاحتفالات ، فلا ننسى ان نوجه الشكر الى العاملين الاخرين في النادي الذين كانوا يقدمون الخدمات الى الاعضاء والبسمة على وجوههم رغم العناء والتعب الذي لا بد كانوا يعانون منه . ولكنهم كعادتهم يسعدون اذا سعد الاعضاء .

وفي مجال النشاط الثقافي والاجتماعي قدم فريق ابوظبي للتمثيل انتاجه الحديدي الملاك النائم في اواخر الشهر . وكان حفلا متقنا لاقى من الحضور كل تشجيع وتأييد . والحقيقة ان فريق ابوظبي للتمثيل قد اثبت انه راسخ القدم في العمل المسرحي ولا بد لنا من تقدير هؤلاء الذين يبذلون جهودا مفسنية ويضحون باوقاتهم الخاصة من اجل تقديم عمل مسرحي مقنع يرضي اذواق الاعضاء - وهو ما يصعب تحقيقه اذا تذكرنا القول المشهور لا يمكنك ارضا كل الناس كل الوقت .



ص ب ٦٥٨
ابوظبي
دولة الامارات العربية المتحدة

٨٢ ٢٢ ٨٨



كلمة العدد

العضو المحترم

عندما يمل هذا العدد بين يديك يكون عام حديد قد خل وانقضى عام فات علينا بافراحه واتراحه .. ولكننا جميعا نتطلع الى عام حديد حميل ، نعلم فيه البشائر على الجميع ويعم فيه الخير على كل اعضاء النادي وعلى البلاد بوجه عام . وفي خلال ديسمبر احتفلنا - الكبار منا والصغار - بتوديع العام ٨٢ وباستقبال العام الحديد ٨٣ . وكان لكل منا امنية ، وكان لكل منا فرحة ، ولعل البعض راح ما مر به من احداث خلال العام ، وخطط لما يتمنى ان يكون عليه العام الحديد بالنسبة له .

والاحتفال بالعام الحديد عادة تحدها في معظم بقاع الارض .. رغم انهم في كل مكان يهيئون لهذا الاحتفال شكلا وصورة تختلف عن المكان الاخر . كان لابنائنا دور في احتفالات هذا العام سعدوا فيها واستمتعوا بالمسابقات وسعدوا اكثر بالحوازر دون شك .. ويرجع الفضل في نجاح هذه الحفلات الى جهود مخلصه بذلتها بعض السيدات من العضوات . فلهن الشكر على ما قمن به وعلى الوقت الذي قضينه في اعداد الحفلات وفي الاشراف عليها . ونأمل ان تظل الفرحة التي ارتسمت على وجوه ابنائنا كذلك على مدى العام والاعوام المقبلة . اما الاعضاء الكبار فقد ابتهجوا بتوديع العام واستقبال العام الحديد بطريقتهم الخاصة .. وكان الحفل الذي اقامه النادي شيقا وبديعا ، لا يقل ان لم اقل كان يتوفق على حفلات الاعوام السابقة خاصة بما لذ وطاب من المأكولات التي اعدتها كبير الطهاة في النادي .

EDITORIAL

P.O. BOX 658
ABU DHABI
U.A.E.

Tel: 822788

Did you all have a good Christmas? lots of nice presents and goodies to eat, if you've eaten too much, no need to worry, Alphonse has come to the rescue with a nice slimmer's menu!

Come on, how many of you made new year resolutions?, more to the point how long did they last. I hope at least one of you made the resolution, and will keep it, of writing to me, is there no cure for "Apathy Sickness", I ask myself!

One group of people who certainly do not suffer from apathy, and a good job too, is our ADDS members. What a great Panto, a marvellous performance, a most enjoyable show, the children were totally involved, and enthralled, which is exactly how it should be, but what happened to my lolly pop? I take my hat off to all the cast, but especially to David Rayner, Queen of Happikinland, who has been suffering a great deal of pain from a very nasty virus. Some of the cast told me they just didn't know how David kept going, what a showman.

The next showman, who shouldn't be missed, is Kenny Ball, he is appearing at The Club on 8th, 9th and 10th of January, tickets will be on sale at the reception, unfortunately at the time of going to press cost of the tickets is unknown.

I wish each and everyone of you a very Happy New Year, and as a member said to me the other day "If humans had as much patience as a cat, what a happier world this would be".....

Laugh with ANDY CAPP

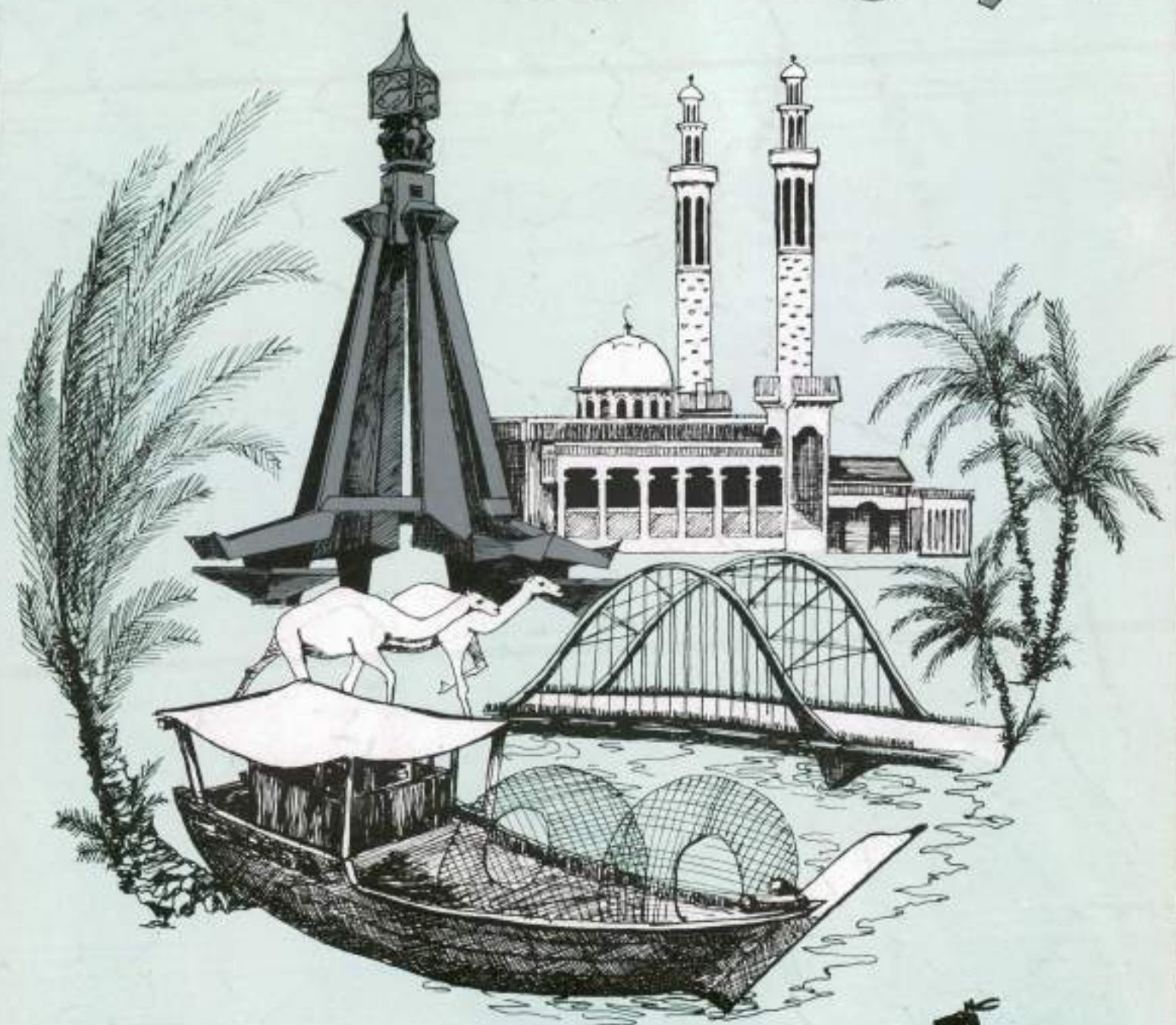


Jenny Peel



[illegible][illegible]

بنادي ابوظبي



ينسايير ١٩٨٣

مجلة شهرية