

**Manzanillo**

**April 2011**

# SUN

*Manzanillo's Lifestyle E-Magazine*

## **IN THIS ISSUE**

### **General Interest**

Calendar of Events - April 2011

Letters to the Editor

Office Bytes - Adjusting the font size **Vivian Molick**

Tech Talk **Claire Gibson**

The Guernsey Literary and Potato Pie Society- **Tommy Clarkson**

### **History**

Streets of Manzanillo - Juan Escutia **Terry Sovil**

Catholic Missions in Mexico & Latin America **David FitzPatrick**

### **Humour**

We all have met 'em. . VIII **Tommy Clarkson**

### **Living in Manzanillo**

Naval Hospital **Freda Rumford**

Ken Kesey living in Manzanillo **Tommy Clarkson**

Vision of Mexico **Freda Rumford**

### **Living in Mexico**

Who was that badged man **Tommy Clarkson**

### **Nature**

Planting Roots- Pygmy Palm **Tommy Clarkson**

The Gray Hawk. **Howard Platt**

### **Food**

Hot Cross Buns **Freda Rumford**

Recipes from T's kitchen **T Quizoz**

Culinary Delights - Captains Fish & Chips **Terry Sovil**

Manzanillo's Phenominal Sunsets

Cover Photo courtesy of  
Mapy Seidel



# Letters to the Editor

Freda

I want to say THANK YOU for publishing such a fantastic magazine. I look forward to it every month. All the new restaurants, things to do, places to see, birds native to Mexico & all other information. I share this with as many people as I can as there is a place that is fantastic & it is called Manzanillo. I compliment all of the writers of articles & you Freda for putting it all together. This is the first year we were not able to be in Manzanillo for the winter & sure miss it. If there are people taking trips to other parts of Mexico that could document their travel & write it up for the Manzanillo Sun to provide all of us places to go. Many people visit the big city of Guadalajara & have fantastic experiences like what to see, where to stay as well places not to miss visiting. It might be interesting to have some of the local Mexican people write some articles of where to visit in the surrounding areas. Once again! Thank you for doing a great service to all who are reading the MANZANILLO SUN. Arnold & Maureen Thompson, Las Brisas

*Ed: We are looking for new writers but they are shy.*

Freda,

Your magazine just keeps getting better and better!!! Carol

Freda

Just want to say that this issue was most enjoyable and a big improvement, with more variety of topics. Congrats! I will definitely try the ZLO restaurant, but who is Big Daddy?

Please ask Ian to send me the ad rates. It is late in the season but I hope to be able to run an ad sometime soon, for sure before the start of the next season, on my ceramic tile murals. Thanx.

Roberto

*ED. See our article on Robert's mural in this months edition.*

Hello,

Enjoyed the mag, especially Terry's column about Lopez Mateos. Fascinating. DR

*Ed:*

*We have had some very complimentary letters this past month, Thank you all and thank you to our great writers! However, we are only as good as our writers at any given moment but some are getting tired and need a holiday. Even people with talent sometimes get caught up in other events or "life" at times.*

*If anyone out there has a desire to write, we desperately need you to send your ideas to us. We are particularly interested in Sports, Fishing, Activities, information about the single scene, What's happening around town and most definitely, What's new and exciting around the town. It is also necessary to include the Costa Alegre in our Magazine and we would love to hear stories and items of interest about Melaque & Barra de Navidad.*

*If you don't feel you can write but have ideas of possible interest, we would like those too because someone else can take the story and run with it!! So many people have said they would like to send a story to us, but it just doesn't arrive. Please do, we would be pleased to hear from you.*

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## CALENDAR OF EVENTS MANZANILLO

### MUJERES AMIGAS LUNCH MEETING

**WEDNESDAY 6<sup>TH</sup> APRIL** EL TABLAO FOR THIS MONTH.

BUFFET with one BEVERAGE 150 PESOS PER PERSON NOT INCLUDING TIP

Mujeres Amigas E-mail: Elaine Parker at

[mujeresamigas20@yahoo.com](mailto:mujeresamigas20@yahoo.com)

WATCH FOR FUTURE PLACES FOR LUNCH.

### MANZAMIGOS THIRSTY THURSDAY FOR THE WEEKS UNTIL EASTER

We meet each week for Happy hour at 6 p.m. and dinner from 7 p.m.

Manzamigo members will be advised each week of the location by the Vice President Gerry Szakacs. If you are visiting Manzanillo and would like to attend one evening, you are welcome but reservations **MUST** be made by contacting Gerry of number in party and their names, by Tuesday evening prior to the evening at email: [manzamigos@gmail.com](mailto:manzamigos@gmail.com)

**7<sup>th</sup> April** La Pergola **14<sup>th</sup> April** El Tablao  
**21<sup>st</sup> April** El Oasis Ocean Club

### GAMES DAY AT LA HUERTA

Every Tuesday afternoon from 2 pm till 4 p.m.,  
Contact Linda Breun for more information  
[lbgringa@gmail.com](mailto:lbgringa@gmail.com)

**HAPPY EASTER TO ALL OUR FRIENDS AND  
SAFE JOURNEY HOME.**

## NOVEMBER

**November 4-7 – Friday to Monday PATA**

### FALL MASH CLINIC

**Where:** TBD, but expected to be in

Centro Manzanillo

**Time:** 8:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m.

**Contact:** Stan Burnett

[stan@patamanzanillo.com](mailto:stan@patamanzanillo.com)

## DECEMBER

**December 4 – Sunday - PATA DOG JOG**

### WALK-A-THON

**Where:** Santiago Peninsula

**Time:** 8:00 a.m.

**Contact:** Stan Burnett

[stan@patamanzanillo.com](mailto:stan@patamanzanillo.com)

To publicize events contact Glenna at:  
[calendarofevents.zlo@gmail.com](mailto:calendarofevents.zlo@gmail.com). by the 25<sup>th</sup> of  
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THE GRAY HAWK by Howard Platt



Power-lines or other such open perches along roadways are good places to see raptors – the top of the food chain among birds. Here on the west coast the most likely raptors to be seen are grey hawks. They are classed as Buteos, a group noted for its broad wings and sturdy bodies. In North America the group are usually called “hawks” while in Europe they are more commonly referred to as “buzzards”.

Most hawks are migratory, spending their summers in the USA and Canada but flying south for the winter. About the middle of spring there is a spectacular return as hundreds of thousands of raptors a day can be seen streaming north over the coast areas of Veracruz.

The grey hawk is a little different in that it spends all the year locally, with only a few moving up into the southern tip of the USA in the summer. They can be found all the way from the southwestern United

States down to central Argentina.

The adult birds are up to two feet long and weigh about a pound, with the females being larger than the males. The body is a pale grey with fine light streaks across the front but the tail is much darker with three light bands across it. For the first year or so the immature birds look quite different. The young birds are many dark brown on the back with brown and white streaks of the front. The head and neck is streaked in buff and brown.

The grey hawk mainly eats lizards and snakes which are common all year round on the west coast of Mexico. They will also catch small mammals, frogs or even other birds when the opportunity arises. Like all buteos they have very good eyesight, powerful talons and strong beaks. The talons are used for catching and killing prey and the beak is reserved for tearing the prey apart once it is dead. These hawks usually take care to keep their head and eyes away from prey like snakes until they are sure they are dead!



Grey hawk preference is for dry deciduous woodland or thorn scrub where they perch on a branch while they can watch to spot their prey. They have slight narrower wings and longer tails than most buteos with faster agile flight well fitting for hunting in open woodland. The open nature of coconut plantations suits them very well. They will then swoop down to make the capture and kill with their claws. Less often they will glide low over the ground hunting for food.

The grey hawk tends to be monogamous and they return to the same nest year after year. The adults split the task of raising young. The female incubates the eggs and cares for the hatchlings using her larger size to protect them from threats. The male does all the hunting for the family until the young are at least two weeks old. The process last a few months usually over the winter and into early spring.

Next time you are strolling along and see those eye looking down on you enjoy them while you can. You can expect them to swoop away as you get closer and move to a more distant perch as they regard you are a threat rather than food.



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# Planting Roots In Mexico

Tommy Clarkson

## Pygmy Date Palm

*Phoenix roebelenii*

Family: *Araceae*

(Also known as: Miniature Date Palm)

The interest generated by an earlier column on the desert native, Medjool Date Palm, leads to this discussion of its tiny, tropical forest, “feather palm” cousin – a highly popular accent plant – which originated in Southeast Asia and Southwestern China.

The little Pygmy (is that redundant) Date Palm is one of the most widely used landscape palms in North America. As a result of its small stature, slow growth, easy care and graceful, attractive crown, it is great for patios or entryways. “Functionally cute” may be a good way to describe this popular accent palm.



They are slow growers reaching an ultimate height from two to three meters with a width that sometimes exceeds its height – though, while not seeing it myself, I’ve heard of a 35 year old plant that was 17 foot tall. They thrive both as an indoor container plant (but re- member, like its larger relatives it has very sharp, needle-like spikes) or as a complement to other outside tropical greenery. Keep in mind that they need protection from the wind.

Adaptable to most, well draining soils, it likes bright sun to partial shade and while salt/drought tolerant when mature, it requires adequate moisture – water three times



a week - to grow to its potential. It also appreciates (read “needs”) of magnesium sulfate, manganese and potassium fertilization every three months are so and some extra nitrogen is a good thing. A healthy plant will develop “sucklings” from the root base of the plant.

The Pygmy Palm’s delicate, dark grey-green, pinnate, crown of 50-100 leaflets are arranged along gently arched leaves. It has a slender, straight or multi-curved trunk with old leaf scars. Though a single stemmed plant it can be grouped – generally 3-5 – creating a particularly attractive arrangement wherein the plants all gracefully grow away from the center of the clump.

Yes, it does have dates (but only with Papa Date’s approval and always home by 10:00 PM). This fruit, borne (or is that born) on the female plants, they are small and, initially, jet black that turn a deep red when ripe and, throughout the year, come from small flower clusters, white/cream/grey in color – that are hidden deep in the foliage.





This pretty palm can be propagated by seed that takes three to four months to germinate but as they are reasonably inexpensive to buy already started, why not go that way?

Overall, a rather hardy plant - tolerating brief dips of temperature to as low as 20 degrees Fahrenheit - one should still be on the watch for scale pests, mealy bugs, red spider mites, leaf spot and bud rot. If potted, don't allow its roots to stand in water.

At the sake of redundancy, remember to use caution when in working immediate proximity of these palms as its needle-like spines - arranged near the base of the leaf stem - can easily penetrate one's skin in a most painful, attention getting manner!



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## Who was that Badged Man?

(A drive to Laredo and back)

It was shortly after a Manzanillo midnight that we embarked upon our sojourn to Laredo. 2,963 kilometers, 2,006 pesos in road tolls, and three days plus seventeen hours later we would return.

And just what was the impetus for this journey? Well, interesting that. It actually started nearly a year ago.

As they had for fifteen years, Jimmy and Barbara Brown were, last year, bringing a motorcycle into Mexico. Upon endeavoring to do so they found that the laws had changed and, inasmuch as they already had other vehicles in-country, such was now impossible. Thus they put it into temporary storage just across the border in Texas.

Finally, twelve months and no little number of visits to assorted officials later, all the legal hurdles were overcome and said "bike" could then be brought to Manzanillo. However, during this time traveling conditions in the area had changed appreciably. Hence, Jimmy wisely felt it best to not undertake the drive alone or with merely Barbara as his sole companion.

Enter the traveling entourage of "The Good, The Bad and The Ugly", the unholy trio, the most diverse threesome imaginable – Wolf, Buck and Tom (aka Tommy). A German, a Canadian, and a former resident of the USA together in a Mexican tagged truck. (It is left to those familiar with us to decide who best fits which of the earlier epithets!)



My traveling amigos - Wolf, Jimmy, Barbara, Freddy, Buck.

Prudently, the Woods also ask adopted son Freddy



Even the stark openness of parts of Mexico has a vast, open beauty.

(Captain Suifredo Godinez, of the outstanding fishing boat "**Double Trouble II**" [www.manzanillosportfishing.com](http://www.manzanillosportfishing.com).) to come as well. Wise man that Jimmy! We fast found that Freddy, with his gentle eyes and kind dimpled smile, was clearly the "go to guy" for any and all problems encountered!

(Much of the drive would be taken on roads designated by signs as "Ruta 2010" that are, in fact, six historical, geographical routes. They have been so designated in celebration of the bicentenary of Mexico's independence from Spain in 1810 and the 100<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Mexican Revolution in 1910.)

For we three amigos, however, our adventure began somewhat inauspiciously. The combination of light rain and a light reared-ended truck made traversing the steep hill to my home impossible. Thus, the trip convened with me trudging down the slippery slope to join my somewhat abashed pals, waiting below. Once at sea level, the trek commenced amid a sloppy mix of fog, rain and large, slow tractor trailers. The welcome, bright sun was not to venture forth until we neared San Luis Potosi no few hours later. . . a beautiful city virtually void of graffiti and painted gang "tags".

As superlative at driving as he is as Manzanillo's foremost chef - with occasional, glimpses of his German Autobahn driving past emerging in the darting, zipping headlong speed north - Wolf manned the wheel the preponderance of the time with occasional breaks by Buck. I supervised. This is to say that Senors Hausladen and Johnston were smart enough to keep me ensconced behind them as the official back seat "nagivator?"

Early on we came to accord in an unspoken pact. Wolf and Buck could smoke with the vehicle's windows open if



they allowed the third party - that would be me - to subject them to seemingly endless bad jokes and terrible puns. By journey's end they had come to rue this arrangement and only strict Mexican laws concerning crimes of violence and disagreement about how to dispose of my remains saved me from a sad, unsightly and most unsavory demise.

Though dark for several of the initial hours, points of interest were carefully noted along the way. One such site of consequence happened around 4:00 in the morning. Intent on absorbing as much local culture as possible, the two front-seated and ever alert, travelers observed several scantily clad, hard bodied young ladies, plying their particular trade at a small truck stop. However, so engrossed in fully appreciating this particular phenomenon were they that fully failed to rouse their slumbering companion in the back seat. Hence, sadly depriving me of the opportunity of viewing this portion of cultural intercourse . . . so to speak.



Wolf at the wheel, multiple horses under the hood, and no autobahn in sight!

After sunrise, asking us to keep our eyes open for the appropriate vendors, Wolf announced his keen interest in the acquisition of a rattlesnake for which he had culinary designs. His somewhat abashed and visually unnerved seatmate immediately vetoed this idea encouraging instead, a stop for coffee. This was a quest found to be much more difficult than imagined with either cold, or no, caffeine being the norm after several attempts - but it did divert the driver from his serpent quest.

Finally, upon arrival at the border our intrepid band was stopped by a rather young, uniformed representative of the US Immigration Service. If such individual exemplifies this organization then it is truly in deep trouble and may explain why so many foreigners

visiting the US have such bad opinions of the country and its people. At best he was an abusive, arrogant and simply snotty twit with a vastly over inflated sense of self importance. Only a modicum of barely controlled restraint thwarts a more lengthy and specific discourse of his lack of professionalism. (When seen in person, feel free to ask me how I really feel!) But soon enough we were rid of him and by 4:30 PM we had achieved our first objective of being on the terra firma of the United States of America.

(At this juncture it would be appropriate to state that the Browns are quite possibly the nicest, most gracious and considerate couple with whom this writer has ever had occasion to meet. At the sake of embarrassing them - as they might, at some point, read this accounting - I will not embellish on the statement but do know it to be a fact! It was I that derived the enjoyment and pleasure of this event and seriously doubt I provided even a modicum of actual help to them. But I, like my truck mates Wolf and Buck, enjoyed this shared activity immensely.)

Following a busy day of securing provisions not available further south, the convoy of two vehicles headed home, back across the border. With a massive sigh of relief, the - all too often in the past - dreaded Mexican customs officials were found to now be polite, organized and clearly professional. At no time did any invoke any hint of interest in obtaining *mordida*. (cont next page)



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Clearly, the Mexican government, which, not long ago, fired hundreds who had come to assume such was an integral and justified part of their job description, has clarified its expectations and now employs only those who will act accordingly.

But, barely through this process and back on the highway the lead truck, piloted by Freddy, was pulled over by: (A) a representative of some manner of police force, (B) an individual who, in an off-duty capacity, was "moonlighting" for himself or, (C) an enterprising soul - albeit a complete sham and con artist - posing as a cop. Most of those involved believed it to be "C" or, possibly, "B".

Nonetheless he dismounted his unmarked motorcycle and officiously strode to the truck announcing that they had been "aggressively speeding". (We, directly behind them knew this to not be the case.) With a complete lack of any organizational designation on his rather "vanilla" uniform one had no idea of his professional validity. However, with a customs agent awaiting our arrival but a few kilometers ahead, he was paid the 1,600 pesos he demanded. Cringing with a collective bad taste in our mouths we then continued on.

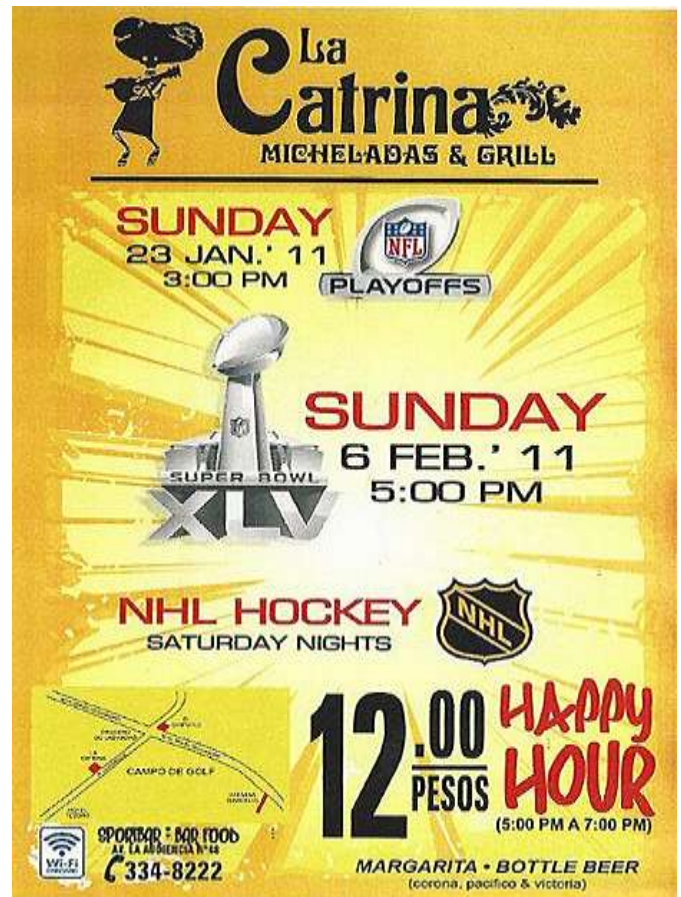
Interestingly it was noted that both on our trip north and during the return, at no time did we observe any State or Federal Police cars patrolling the roads. Massed together with several parked cars near check points, yes! But out on their own - nada! H'mmmmm...

Uneventful thereafter, we arrived in at our hotel in Zacatecas in the early evening. For those entertaining a try at Jeopardy, this lovely town is named after a local native indian tribe and means "green pass."

For those not positioned behind the wheel, the next day was filled with more enjoyment of the varied and often wholly magnificent scenery of Mexico. Our vehicle was filled with a plethora of conversational topics ranging from politics, religion (brave weren't we?), hobbies, travels, international living experiences, and cooking (clearly the best of this from Wolf) to a highly informative and interesting explanation by Buck - a professional mechanical engineer in the ironworks industry - of how steel is made.

I, the supposed wordsmith, strove to keep copious, detailed notes during the course of our passage, filling pages from which I planned to glean anecdotal data for this article. Upon trying to read it this morning, however, I found virtually all of it a hopeless scrawl and totally illegible - a result of my recent somewhat jarred and jolted rear seat existence!

But, all told, it was a thoroughly enjoyable adventure with dear friendships now even more cemented and begging but one lingering question - in paraphrase of the old radio and TV series "The Lone Ranger" - **just who was that badged man?**



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## We all have met 'em. . . 8

(The following is the seventh installment of a slightly embellished and bit fictionalized account of an almost real event!) by **Tommy Clarkson**

We all have met 'em. . .

. . . you know the sort, it may be a brother-in-law, next door neighbor or that particularly irritating high school bully who has gone badly to seed. Recently while flying home, trapped at an altitude of 39,000 feet, one such person sat next to me. The following is a continuation of this experience.

As if reading my mind, the stewardess announced that we had arrived at our cruising level and could now "move around the aircraft." The thought of a hasty getaway - to the aisle, crew's galley, storage compartment . . . anywhere - from my verbose, non-stop talking seatmate, Mr. Dexter Lowdsworth Smyth IV made me almost giddy with anticipation. But before I could flee he turned in his seat and with his enormous body effectively blocked my singular - slim - avenue of escape by picking up where he felt he'd left off.

"And speaking of athletes" (I didn't recall that we had been, immediately therefore, talking about sports, but such did not deter my new amigo!) "Did I tell you of my upcoming Olympic adventures?"

Before I could even muster the nucleus of a grain of a response, in a grave and serious tone, he continued. "Not long ago," he began somewhat vaguely, "I received a call from the Oval Office and the 'Old Man' begged me to help the U.S. regain a degree of dominance at 'The Games.' Since - as you probably know - I had pretty much got him in office through my connections and campaign savvy, I felt like I shouldn't let him down."

"So I ask him in which events he felt we were weak." With a distinct air of self confidence, he went on, "My Chicago chum told me these to be the 100 meter dash, 3,000 meters and hammer throw, as he well knows these all are events at which I've been known to excel, shall we say?"

On he went, "Inasmuch as I've been somewhat busy of late I really hadn't been doing any long distance running - beyond my morning constitutional of twenty miles, of course. Nor had I 'tossed iron' lately." As an

aside he added, "You know, of course that the Olympic hammer weighs sixteen pounds and is attached to a just under four foot wire. Well as I didn't care to disturb the turf at the estate I've not chucked the old "ball and chain - as we called it during my college days when I smashed the NCAA record."

With a snort he seemed to finish this thought with, "But that certainly won't deter the likes of me from doing my patriotic part!"

Then on he went, "However, as to being 'fleet of foot', to keep somewhat in shape I regularly dash down the hall between wings of our country home - conveniently, some 123 meters - for the fun of it."

"My Man, - my valet don't you know (with a heavy articulation of the "t") - likes to time my pre-shower, morning scamper and assures me that my time for 100 meters or so of that bit of a dash is always around the high nines. . . . certainly world class time," he assured me with dramatic affected understatement.

Without warning, he returned to the earlier event saying, "As to tossing the old iron, on a caprice I went over to the university, borrowed their team's hammer and threw a few practice tosses - to see it I still had the arms, you know. Well, my fourth effort was a little past 275 feet and close enough to the world record that I knew I'd have no difficulty once I recaptured my swing and rhythm." He then sat back the briefest of moments in what I hoped would be a long break of contemplative silence.

No such luck. In yet another massive understatement he then went on, "Now the 3,000 meters seemed a bit more of a challenge as I'd actually never really done that distance previously. So, let's see," he paused momentarily for effect, "When was it? Oh yes, the night before last, I thought I'd just do a jaunt around the yard of our place - all told, it's a bit in excess of 3,000 acres, of course."

"I must admit Old Man (back briefly came that affected British accent . . . for whatever reason) I was a tad winded upon completion of my little jog but found that I was only eighteen seconds off the world mark. So, I see no reason I should have difficulty if I train a bit more, don't you know!"



As if this all was not enough, he then wrapped up with, "He's also asked me to represent the ol' Stars and

stripes in two other events - the uneven bars and gymnastics floor exercises - as well. But I told him, unless absolutely necessary, that I'm just too busy to really prepare for more than those first three events . . . but would if he truly needed me to"

In light of the array of (might we say with a bit of understatement) rather excessive claims he'd made over the last twenty minutes this seemed close to topping them all. The very idea of his substantive girths either flipping about on (let alone getting on) the uneven bars or doing mid air, flipping pirouettes was more than my sense of either humor - or simple rationality - could handle. I alternated between chocking gasps and gurgling gags as I strove to suppress almost hysterical gales of guffaws. He looked at me in disapproving puzzlement.

Finally I mustered a croaked, "Sorry, I swallowed wrong." Then, I looked at my watch to realize that we'd only been airborne still less than a half an hour!

"If your caps lock ends up on in Word, is there any way to change a sentence from caps to regular without erasing and doing it again?"

## TECH TALK

Claire Gibson

Yes there is a keyboard shortcut that will change the case of text in your Word document. In fact, it is one of my favourite shortcuts.

Select the text whose case you want to change then press Shift+F3. Hold down Shift and press F3 repeatedly to cycle between lowercase, Title Case and UPPERCASE.

If you select an entire sentence (or several sentences), then the options are lowercase, sentence case and UPPERCASE.

This shortcut works in PowerPoint as well.

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# Ken Kesey In Manzanillo

With the Merry Pranksters

*"I am in the ocean, doing nothing, just bobbing."*

By Terry Sovil

Kenneth Elton Kesey, September 17, 1935 to November 10, 2001, was a novelist, a psychedelic notable of the counter-culture and leader of the Merry Pranksters. He considered himself a link between the Beat Generation of the 1950's and the hippies of the 1960s. "I was too young to be a beatnik and too old to be a hippie" he said. "The Electric Kool-Aid Acid Test", written by Tom Wolfe, tells part of his story.

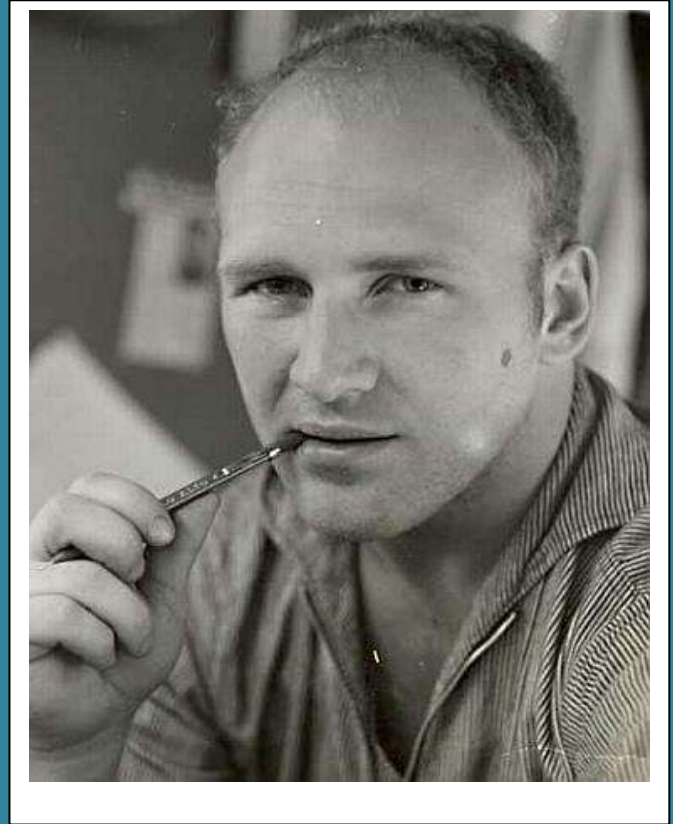
Kesey, working as a night aid at the Menlo Park Veterans Hospital in 1959, volunteered to participate in a CIA-financed study, Project MKULTRA, on the effects of psychoactive drugs. Kesey wrote articles on his experiences during the project as well as experiences of private experimentation afterwards. The combination of the project and his work at the hospital inspired his book **"One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest"** in 1962. The book was adapted into the movie which won the "Big Five" Academy Awards: Best Picture, Best Actor (Jack Nicholson), Best Actress, Best Director, and Best Adapted Screenplay.

Kesey talked with patients on his night shift at the hospital, often under the influence of the drugs he had volunteered to test. He did not believe the patients were insane but merely did not fit what was regarded as "normal behavior".

Kesey published a second novel, "Sometimes a Great Notion" in 1964 and had to visit New York. He gathered friends and they called themselves the Merry Pranksters. They made the trip from California to New York in an old school bus named "Further", a 1939 International Harvester bus. The book was made into a film in 1971 with Paul Newman starring and directing. It was nominated for two Academy Awards and in 1972 was the first film shown by the new HBO television network.

The success of the books allowed him to relocate south of San Francisco where he entertained friends and guests with parties called "Acid Tests". These parties involved music by The Warlocks later called the Grateful Dead, black lights, fluorescent paint, strobes and LSD.

The "tests" ran from 1965-1966. Kesey was introduced to Allen Ginsberg, who wrote poems about



them, Tom Wolfe included accounts in his book and Hunter S. Thompson wrote about them. A friend introduced him to Timothy Leary.

In 1965 Kesey was twice arrested for marijuana possession. Facing jail time he faked a suicide with his friends leaving his truck on a cliff-side near Eureka, California with an elaborate suicide note written by the pranksters. The headlines announced his suicide: "LSD GURU SUICIDE!" Kesey fled to Mexico. He ended up in Manzanillo in 1966, a man hunted by the F.B.I. and Mexican Federales.

In 1966 Manzanillo was more of a port town jungle outpost at the end of a two lane road to Guadalajara. This is where Kesey parked his Magic Bus "Further", and turned on the music from his loudspeaker system. He was joined by his wife, Faye, their children and pranksters. Kesey and family rented a house on the beach down near The LaPosada hotel in Las Brisas. The pranksters hang hammocks in an abandoned pet food factory they called La Casa Purina.





*"It isn't by getting out of the world that we become enlightened, but by getting into the world ... by getting so tuned in that we can ride the waves of our existence and never get tossed because we become the waves." –Ken Kesey*

Bart Varelmann describes them in his book, "The Innkeeper", his auto-biography with a great history of Manzanillo. He doesn't mention Kesey in detail but he does describe the pranksters as men of all ages, little kids, grandmothers, babies and girls. They parked the Magic Bus north of the La Posada by the big rock that would become Roca Del Mar.

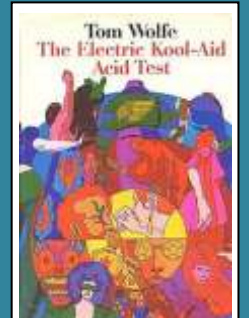
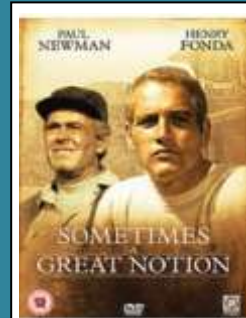
Varelmann noted that at that time soft drugs were easy to obtain in the market. He describes their music as dreamy, pre-rock by Miles Davis and Stan Kenton. They enjoy the weather and the heat and humidity they called "Manzanillo mucus". They swam, fished, did laundry and partied. It lasted only until the fall, a few days before their visas expired. Kesey returned to the USA, did his five months in jail and got back to being an author and icon.

Robert Stone, a prankster, wrote about Manzanillo in 2007: "In the moments after dawn, before the sun had reached the peaks of the sierra, the slopes and valleys of the rain forest would explode in green light, erupting inside a silence that seemed barely to contain it. When the sun's rays spilled over the ridge, they discovered dozens of silvery waterspouts and dissolved them into smoky rainbows." They called the light "Prime Green".

Kesey started to suffer a series of health problems starting in 1997. He had a stroke that year and was diagnosed with diabetes. October 25, 2001, Kesey had a tumor removed from his liver. There were complications from the surgery and he died on November 10, 2001 at age 66.

Kesey's writings included:

1. "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" in 1962
2. "Genesis West: Volume Five" a 1963 magazine article
3. "Sometimes a Great Notion" in 1954
4. "Kesey's Garage Sale" in 1973, a collection of essays including the play "Over the Border" based on his time spent in Mexico hiding from drug charges in the USA
5. "Demon Box" in 1986, short stories and essays
6. "Caverns" a 1989 novel,
7. "The Further Inquiry" in 1990, a play
8. "Sailor Song" in 1992, a novel
9. "Last Go Round" in 1994, a novel co-written
10. "Twister: A Ritual Reality" in 1994, a musical play
11. "Kesey's Jail Journal" in 2003, a collection of essays







# Office BYTES!

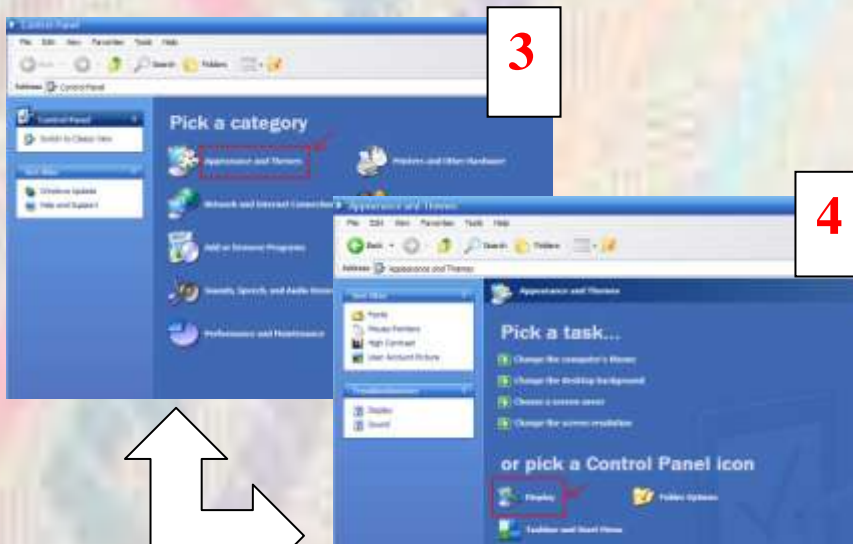
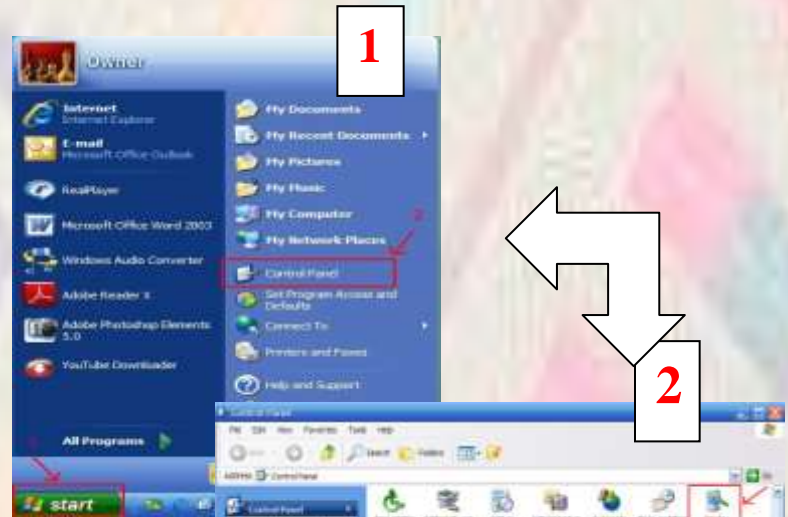
by Vivian Molick

## Adjusting the Font Size on Your Computer

Have you ever wished that the text on your computer screen was 'just a little larger'? Did you know that you can change it to a different size? All it takes is just a few clicks.

If you're still using **Windows XP** (like I am on one computer), then use the instructions below. First, click on the **Start Menu** then click on **Control Panel**. When the Control Panel opens click on the **Display** icon. (1, 2)

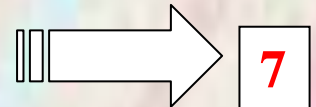
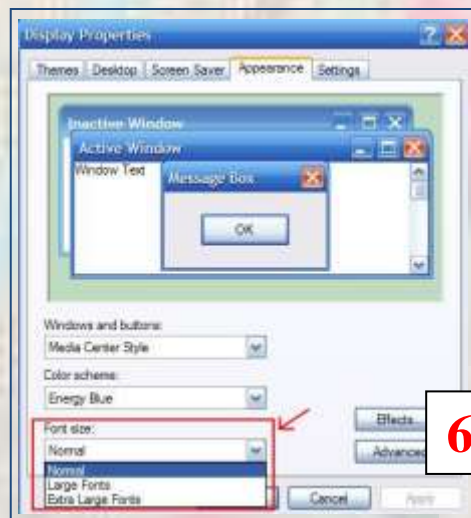
(My Control Panel is in 'Classic View' (right), but if yours is in 'Category View' it will look like the two pictures below.) (3, 4)



After you click on the **Display** icon, click on the **Appearance** tab. (5)



Look for the **Font Size** option near the bottom left of the next window. Click on the down arrow next to **Normal** and you will see options for **Large** and **Extra Large** font sizes. (6)



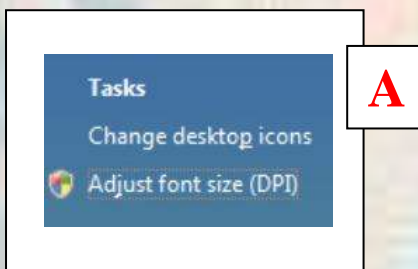




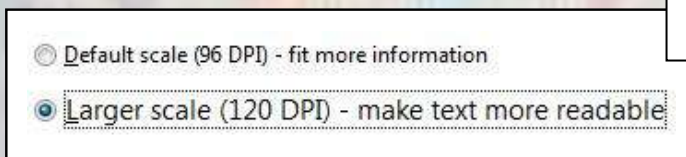
Click on the size you want and in the next window click on **Apply** and then **OK**. The background will turn gray and you will see a small window open that says '**Please Wait**' while the computer makes the font size changes.(7)



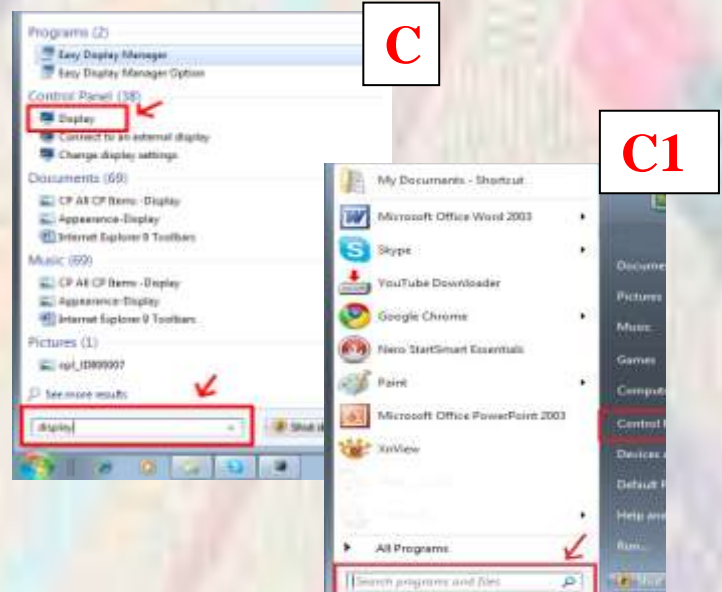
If you use **Windows Vista or Windows 7** the following instructions will apply. In Vista, right-click your mouse on the desktop screen and choose **Personalize**. In the option that pops up, click on the **Adjust font size (DPI)** link (A)



After that, a 'User Account Control' warning might pop up asking for your permission to continue. Click the **Continue** button. (Your computer wants to be sure that it really is okay with you.) Next, click the option that says '**Larger scale (120 DPI) - make text more readable**'. The computer will change to the larger font. (B)

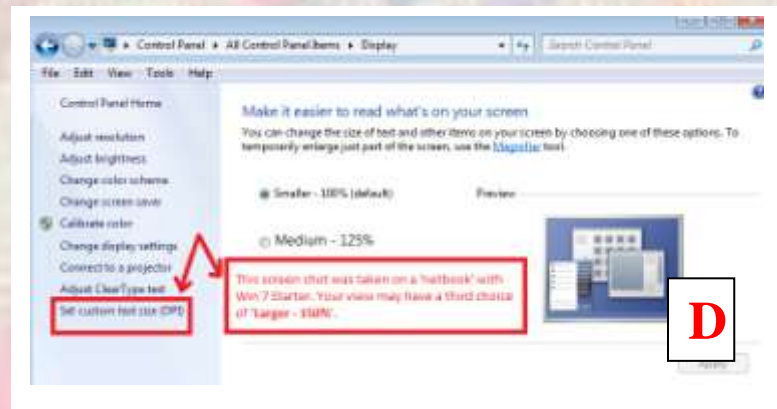


The **quickest** way to access this option in Windows 7 is to first click on the **Start** button; when it opens type '**display**' into the **Start** search box. When that window opens, click on **Display (C)**



(You may see the 'Control Panel' option when the Start menu opens. This is another option, but you would continue by using the instructions for Windows XP. Like many things, there is more than one way to accomplish tasks in Windows.)(C1)

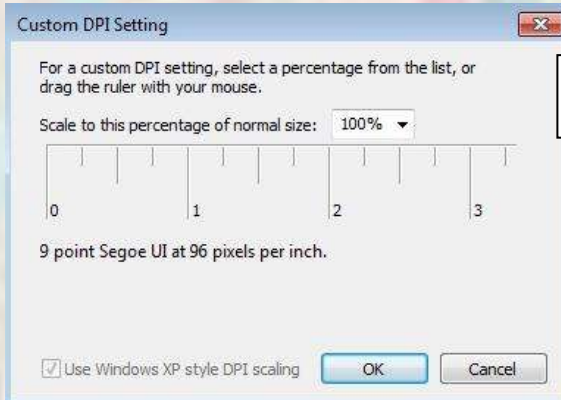
When the Display window opens you have a choice of three sizes. Check the one you prefer and click Apply. You should see an instant change. There is also the option to 'Set custom text size (DPI)'. (D)







When you click on this option another window will open and you will be given the choice to either click on a percentage of normal size or use the ruler and 'click and drag' with your mouse. **Click OK.** (E)



When you select one of the larger sizes, it will increase the size of all text on your computer screen; including your favorite Web sites and documents.



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## VISION OF MEXICO HIGH ON THE HILLTOP

Freda Rumford

When one is living in a jewel-like setting, high atop a mountain overlooking the crystal blue Pacific Ocean with sparkling, white crested waves, surrounded by a curved bay with palm trees waving in a gentle breeze, just how do you add yet another layer of beauty without detracting from both?

This was the mission given to artist Robert Hill when he accepted a commission to fashion a ceramic tile mural for new home owners, Ed & Jeannette Rapier. The couple had seen his work previously, liked it and thought that if anyone could do such a mural with style, class and distinction, it would be Robert. In turn, when he first saw the setting into which the mural would be eventually placed, he realised that some of his visionary ideas could now take root. Explaining his ideas to Ed & Jeannette, they became enthusiastic and invited him to make some preliminary sketches which would enable them to easier visualise what would eventually become a very important part of their home.

Robert drew pictures of the Mexican lifestyles, the lives and loves, the works, people, pleasures and dreams of this beautiful country which he had come to call home ten years ago. He incorporated the old with the new by including remnants of the pre-Hispanic cultures which have profoundly influenced the modern day culture of Mexico.

The preliminary sketches turned finally into a beautiful collage, depicting the importance of family life in Mexico. In the background, the towering "Volcan de Fuego" stands tall with its ice capped peaks and the ancient pyramids stand side by side with the colourful houses of this lovely agricultural State of Colima. Also high on the hill for all to see when working, is the church, where the people go to worship and thank God for his many blessings. It overlooks, embraces and enfolds them as they work in the fields of corn, a primary food staple. Lower in the mural, farmers and

fishermen harvest the bounty of land and sea while mothers work in the fields alongside their men folk in addition to preparing the well loved dishes of the region and caring for both very young and elderly. The brilliant colours of both houses and clothes in the mural reflect the Mexican love of bright happy colours. The most prominent figures in the composition are musicians, singers and dancers (even horses dance here) who love to celebrate their beloved country. Mexicans sing about everything they hold so dear and their music is totally unique. Just listen to their songs, watch their dances and you will understand the soul of Mexico.

The finished mural, now sits in the entrance way to the Rapiers home set immediately above a small fountain with inset lights. It is 12 feet long by 4 feet high and consists of 192, 6x6 ceramic tiles. Original drawings were made, delightedly approved by the Rapiers with very few "tweakings" and then, the final design painted to half size on a wood panel. The mural was eventually enlarged to the actual size in 4 separate sections and then each portion of the picture individually hand painted onto the white clay, bisque fired ceramic tiles by the artist, in ceramic glaze colours. For the final step, the painted tiles were kiln fired at a temperature of 1,850 degrees Fahrenheit. The colours will never fade and are not affected by extreme weather conditions.

The total process required about 400 hours of work for the artist. Installing the tile mural took just a day to complete as each of the four sections had its own box of numbered tiles for the tiler to work with. He, having worked with the artist previously found this a relatively easy process.

The end result is staggeringly beautiful and can be seen not only when entering the front courtyard but also from the living room as another piece of beautiful art. The lighting effects at night with a reflection from the water are just spectacular.

For more information or for an appointment to see his studio you may contact the artist by telephone (314)334 3165 or by email: [rmayfordhill@hotmail.com](mailto:rmayfordhill@hotmail.com)







# Mexico...Past & Present

## The Missions

David Fitzpatrick

### The Catholic Missions in Mexico and other parts of Latin America

The early Spanish colonizers of Latin America considered it important to establish a permanent, functioning, European style community as quickly as possible. Since the introduction of European Spaniards in sufficient numbers seemed difficult, if not impossible, the "civilizing" of the local populations to ready them to take their place in a European society, became high priority

As it happened, this purpose dovetailed neatly with the proselytizing mission of the Roman Catholic Church. The Church considered that it had a God-given mission to spread the word of Christianity throughout all parts of the world. The acquisition by Spain of very large territories where Christianity was unknown, therefore, constituted a clear and unambiguous task.

The State, in cooperation with the Church, set about therefore, to turn the native populations into devout Christians and productive, tax-paying citizens. All of the major monastic orders played a role, at one time or another, in what was a very major endeavour to convert large portions of the native populations to Christianity. But none equalled the truly heroic efforts of large numbers of Franciscan Friars, many of whom consecrated a major part of their lives to this effort.

The Franciscan Friars were, in general, men of great charitable purpose and felt strong empathy and often affection for the native peoples. But their methods, although in keeping with customs and attitudes of their time, seem Eurocentric, condescending, and even harsh to 21<sup>st</sup> Century observers.

First of all, they worked on the assumption that the Indians were "heathens", "pagans", or "barbarians" needing to be "civilized". No value whatever was attached to the culture and



Franciscan Mission in the Sierra Gorda of Querétaro

civilization of the natives, which had, after all, developed over a period of thousands of years.

All traces of the traditional religion and customs were ruthlessly stamped out.

The fathers travelled the countryside looking for promising locations for their missions. The choice of location was a matter of considerable attention and debate involving every level of the bureaucracy in Spain. Once a site was chosen, rudimentary buildings were constructed, generally with the help of the natives and then the Fathers began to preach to them.

After a very basic introduction to the fundamentals of Christianity, the "neophyte" was baptized. From that moment on, he was a member of the community and did not have the liberty to withdraw. The converts lived in mission residences and followed a rigorous schedule of religious services and classes in a variety of subjects, particularly





Spanish and religion. For a part of the day, they were also expected to work in the fields, for the missions were self supporting farming communities, many of which grew rich over the years.

The Fathers exercised total authority over the lives of the converts, regulating all aspects of their existence including their sexual life. Any disobedience was subject to severe retribution, including corporal punishment. Neophytes who managed to escape from the mission were hunted down like runaway slaves.

While this may sound distinctly negative, there were also some very positive aspects to mission life:

- ✦ Natives who joined the mission had a permanent, dependable source of food, which they had not had before.
- ✦ They learned trades which would be useful in the European-style community the Fathers hoped to build.
- ✦ They acquired a degree of equality with the other members of the urban communities, something the unassimilated natives could not hope for.

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## The Naval Hospital of Manzanillo



*Freda Rumford*

The Armada plays a huge role within the military forces of Mexico. With almost 11,122 kilometres of coastline to protect, it is vital for the safety of Mexico's estimated population of 111 million people, many of whom live in the major central cities, far from the ocean. The country relies totally on the 10 Armada bases on the Pacific coast, the 5 on the Eastern Gulf plus the important base on the Revillagigedo Islands, to patrol and safeguard the PEMEX Oil rigs in Campeche or the Gulf and to keep the drug traffickers at bay.

There are 56,000 men and women plus reserves, which help make up the country's total navy personnel, with over 15,000 personnel and their families attached to Manzanillo. That being so, the Naval Hospital in Las Brisas plays a very important part in keeping these men and women fit and free from illness and life threatening circumstances.

Following the Navy Oceanic trip described by Robert Hill in last month's Sun Magazine, we visited the Hospital where we met with Dr. Ivan Ocadiz who kindly gave us a tour of the hospital, the workings and history of this important part of Manzanillo Health Care. He explained that major redevelopment was underway for a hospital which would be

considerably larger to meet modern needs in a modern building. The current building is old and will be replaced probably within the next year.

The Naval Hospital originated in 1930 in the area known as San Pedrito, which was at one time connected to Las Brisas by a bridge. Then it was simply known as a "Sanatorium" and not called a hospital until September 12 1935 under the first director, Capitan Lusandro Avila Ortiz. It remained in San Pedrito until 1975 and moved to the current location in Las Brisas when the port was enlarged. The current "new" hospital has 29 beds with 11 emergency beds, private and semi private rooms. In the major earthquake of 1996 which demolished many buildings including the Manzanillo General Hospital, it was the only hospital in the city which did not suffer damage and was vital to the rescue and survival of the Manzanillo residents at that time.

In 1991, the hospital received certification called "Friends of Mothers and Children" which is important in Mexico for enabling the treatment and care of the young. They now have a maternity ward and an incubation room for care of sick or premature babies.

Although the hospital is small in size, it has a staff of doctors to cover many specialities including: Internal





medicine, Paediatrics, Colposcopy, Neurosurgery, Gynaecology, Anaestheology, Nephrology, Hemodialysis, Urology plus lots more; including a laboratory, X-ray and pharmacy services; although civilians have to get prescriptions filled elsewhere.

The Naval hospital now under the direction of Director Dr. Carlos Pitano Ramirez, is the first hospital in Manzanillo to have dialysis treatment available. This equipment consists of 6 machines, the original one of which was donated by Mrs. Laurie Leuschner in memory of her husband Bill Leuschner and SSA Mexico, not only for the benefit of military personnel and their dependents, but also for civilians who may require it. They currently are treating 15 patients each week from Monday to Friday.

The Hospital also has a Dysplasia Clinic which came into being due to a donation from the Dames Developers Marina in Manzanillo. This treatment facility requires a team to perform a Colposcopy, required in the diagnosis and treatment of cervical cancer, (the Human Papilloma Virus).

These special facilities make the Navy Mexico and the Naval Hospital of Manzanillo, very much at the forefront of technology for providing much needed health services for both military beneficiaries and the public,

Dr. Ocadiz stressed continually that the hospital was for the use of **not only the military but for civilians also**. Persons requiring attention at the hospital may have such either in an Emergency situation which is free (apart from possibly a donation), or at the office as a private consultation. Most of the doctors work not only at the base Hospital but at IMSS, in private clinics and act as consultants and also have a private practice too. They are well trained in all modern day medical procedures at the Naval Medical Academy and are integral to the health and well being of Manzanillo residents.

The boat trip which we all thoroughly enjoyed was a fund raiser for the hospital and will help provide more equipment for the well being of marines, their families, locals and the foreign population who use it.

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# The Streets of Manzanillo

Terry Sovil

## Juan Escutia & The San Patricios

Pascacio Escuita, from Tepic, then part of the state of Jalisco, born February 25, 1827. This would have made him 20 ½ at his death.



Records indicate he was admitted to the Academy on September 8, 1947 but all other paperwork was lost. He was a second lieutenant in an artillery company. This cadet wrapped himself in the Mexican flag and jumped to his death to keep the flag from falling into enemy hands. His body was found on the east flank of the hill, alongside that of Francisco Márquez. A large mural above the stairway at Chapultepec depicts his jump.

Juan, and the other Niños Héroes, has been memorialized throughout Mexico with street names, monuments (one at Chapultepec Park), a \$5000 peso bill and a \$50 peso coin. There is a Colonial House Museum called "Casa de Juan Escutia" in Tepic.

On the second, and final, day of the battle at Chapultepec, there was another incident in the Mexican-American War brought to conclusion.

## The San Patricios (Saint Patrick's Battalion)

At 9:30am as the American Flag was raised over Chapultepec, an order was carried out to hang 30 Irish deserters who had stood on wagons with nooses around their necks since dawn watching the battle.

There is much speculation why these men deserted from the American Army. Many of the Irish were literally recruited at the arrival dock with promises of citizenship, land and pay. Coming from an impoverished home during the Potato Famine many signed up. Another argument is that they sided with fellow Catholics though General Santa Anna's promises of large land grants and higher pay could have been an incentive too. At peak there about were 200 of these men who formed a battalion..

The unit had their own flag and served as an artillery unit for most of the war. They acted as a counter-balance to U.S. horse artillery. For Americans these men were traitors and deserters. For Mexicans they were heroes aiding Mexico and other Catholics.

Just two days prior to the battle at Chapultepec, the the San Patricios had lost an engagement and most were captured. Almost all were sentenced to death.

## Juan Escutia & The San Patricios 1909-1970

- **Born:** 1828-1832 (date is uncertain)
- **Birthplace:** Tepi, Nayarit
- **Died:** September 12-13, 1847
- **Place of Death:** Chapultepec Castle

Juan Escutia and The San Patricios (Saint Patrick's Battalion) were both significant in the Mexican-American War. The war, under U.S. President James Polk, was highly unpopular but it was Polk's goal to expand land holdings to the Pacific. The war (1846-1848) resulted in a forced purchase of lands from Mexico that now are most of the states of Colorado, Utah, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona and California. The battle for Texas was in 1836.

## Juan Escutia

Juan Escutia is one of the six military cadets who comprise the "Niños Héroes" (boy heroes) from the Mexican-American War. The six young cadets died defending Chapultepec (chə-pūl'tə-pěk') Castle against U.S. Marines on September 12-13, 1847. This battle was mentioned in the U.S. Marine Corp Hymn, "From the Halls of Montezuma..."

Juan Escuita was born in Tepic, today the capitol of Nayarit, sometime between 1828 and 1832. This lack of certainty results in seeing his age at death between 15 and 20 years old. One historian, from research of baptismal records,



There was a lack of formal paperwork kept and many suggest that the form of death, hanging, was against military law and should have been a firing squad. There was a strong backlash to death sentences for all so the number dropped to 50. Few of these men were U.S. citizens.

Twenty men were hung at two locations prior to the battle at Chapultepec but 30 remained. Most all of them had been whipped and many had a cheek branded with a "D".

The following narrative is given on Executed Today website: *"On September 13, 1847, at dawn, Harney ordered the thirty remaining prisoners to be brought forward. They stood on wagons with nooses placed around their necks. This included one man who had lost both legs and was unable to walk to his own execution. The site of these executions was within viewing distance of the site where the final battle — the*

*outcome of which could not have been in doubt — was to be fought. There the sentenced soldiers watched until finally, at 9:30, the U.S. victors raised the American flag atop Chapultepec Castle. At that point the order was given, the wagons were pulled away and the men were all hanged."*When an army surgeon notified Harney that one man had both his legs amputated the day before, Harney is quoted as saying: "Bring the damned son of a bitch out! My order was to hang 30 and by God I'll do it!"

A young Whig delegate running for the U.S. House of Representatives, Abraham Lincoln, offered withering criticism of President Polk for "lying the nation into war." Henry David Thoreau despised the war and landed in jail in 1846 for tax resistance because of it.

The San Patricios are still honored as heroes in Mexico.



Juan Escutia



Niños Héroes



One Man's Hero  
Tom Berenger

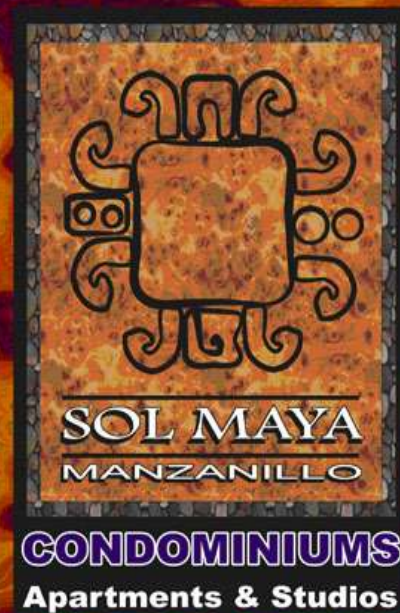


On their 100<sup>th</sup> Anniversary, Harry S Truman said, "Brave men don't belong to any one country. I respect bravery wherever I see it."



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## Captains Fish & Chips

**New and Hot Out of the Oil!**

By Terry Sovil

**Good friends always tip their friends on hot new food finds.** Here's a tip on one such place. Brand new, in and near a familiar location, but you need to keep an eye out to find it. It's The Captain's Fish and Chips.



**English Style Fish N' Chips (way good), Shrimp N' Chips, Clam Fritters, Bloomin' Onions and a very special Louisiana Seafood Gumbo** plus some local fare being added. There are more food items to come in the future including hamburgers, possibly steaks and maybe fresh scones and coffee in the morning. I've tried the scones and some banana bread that is fantastic.

The Fish n' Chips with fries are outstanding. Especially at 55 pesos! They make their own coleslaw (with carrot and broccoli and not an overwhelming sauce) and their own tartar sauce. These delicacies are made in really hot oil so they cook quickly without absorbing the oil. The result in a quality fish n' chips plate that is filling and really tasty. They also make a shrimp taco. Ask for some help in combining the toppings available to make the shrimp taco a really good delight. While in a fast food type location, this is NOT fast food. It is excellent and preparation time on some items, including the seafood gumbo, is measured in hours!

A must try before you head back home or a place to enjoy for the summer! On Miguel de la Madrid head towards Soriana. Just before Wal-Mart where you would turn right for the 'Monkey House' or La Pergola, the very last food stand is Captain's Fish n' Chips.







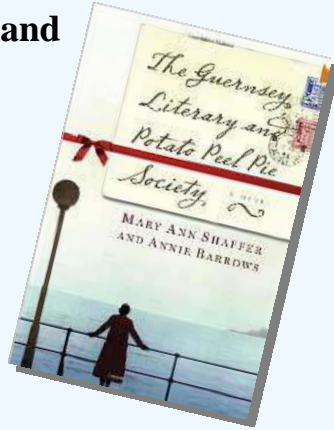
# Book Review

**'Book Review'** is a new column in which we invite people to review a book they have enjoyed. Please send all submissions to [freda@manzanillosun.com](mailto:freda@manzanillosun.com)

## The Guernsey Literary and Potato Peel Pie Society

Written by Mary Ann Shaffer and Annie Barrows

Reviewed By Tommy Clarkson



Perhaps, similar to that of a developed taste for a well aged, single malt scotch, the acquired appreciation for a delicious, dense and crumbly, marbled blue cheese, or – for some – the toasty taste of a firm, even burning, smooth drawing, cigar, our palette for good literature also evolves and matures . . . by the way, sinful ne'er-do-well that I am, I'll just take three of each please!

(Maybe for some, in concert with these accrued and developed tastes that might accompany aging, comes the capacity to laugh at ourselves and ponder our mortality. Top this with a possible accompanying capability to simply not take life all too seriously and we have the beginnings of a reasonably self actualized person. If nothing else, I suspect, one with more enjoyable evenings than most!)

But what – you might ask - does this all have to do with a book written as a collection of communications between a fictionalized English writer and an array of thoroughly enjoyable characters living on the British Channel Island of Guernsey, not far from the coast of France, shortly after WWII? In all candor, I'm not altogether sure myself! It's just that as I commenced to write, such thoughts popped into my head as somehow germane to this marvelous book!

In that regard, over the course of years, I've occasionally read the phrase "a thoroughly delightful read" and wondered at that. As I savored each of its 278 pages I came to fully understand the apt application of those three words!

For example, when talking about a particularly impactful piece of, the protagonist makes a most interesting observation in saying, "Perhaps there is some secret sort of homing instinct in books that brings them to their perfect readers." Later on, one of her characters observes the, oh so correct, truism that "Reading good books ruins you for enjoying bad books." Indeed, delightful observations those!

Ms. Shaffer and her niece often couch incidents and descriptions with expressive, fun to say words that one all too seldom encounters anymore, such as, "snarky", "smarm", "skulking", and "coddle" or describes one rather dislikeable individual as "feckless, flighty (and) cold-hearted" while yet another, simply, as a "pernicious old bat!"

Speaking of such, the island busybody "writes" of herself, "I take no pride in my prescience. It would not be Christian." The authors well portray her as one who "lives on her wrath", "(A) woman too good for daily wear" and (one) "with that doleful mug of hers, all piety and no sense." Have not each of us known one or two such as this? Or what of the young female Nazi collaborator and her "mean little runt" of a German soldier lover and how "The two of them together benasty the mind."

Another indication of these ladies descriptive manner of writing may be seen in this, "I feel as though I've emerged from a black tunnel and found myself in the middle of a carnival. I don't particularly care for carnivals, but after the tunnel, it's delicious."

At other times their observations are shakingly deep and pithy such as a discussion of a deceased acquaintance. "(They say) 'Life goes on'. What nonsense, I thought, of course it doesn't. It's death that goes on; Ian is dead now and will be dead tomorrow and next year and forever. There's no end to that." That's pretty succinct and fodder for no little contemplation and consideration.

Of the opposite nature was this light, unfinished thought, "... where he was mauled by a duck and had to return home." The mind reels at what manner of small quacking fowl might wreak such havoc! And at other times, deep and ponderable thoughts arise such as a discussion when someone speaks of their belief in Calvinistic predestination. One of the figures in the book who has survived a horrific Nazi concentration camp says, "If there is Predestination, then God is the devil." The principal's well reasoned response was that "No one could argue with that – what kind of God would intentionally design Ravensbrück?" (A German women's prison camp wherein scores of thousands died.)

Beyond the great characters and interesting story line, the writers well capture human nature as in this which well describes something each of us all too often experiences, "My worries travel about my head on their well-worn path. . ."

This short novel is as fun and thought provoking as it is heart warming and emotion evoking. I heartily encourage you to read it and enjoy!.





"ONE A PENNY, TWO A PENNY ..."

## Hot Cross Buns



Nigel's favorite

submitted by Freda Rumford

### Ingredients

- 4 cups all-purpose flour
- 1/3 cup sugar
- 1 (.25 ounce) package active dry yeast
- 1 1/4 tsps ground cinnamon
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup fat-free milk
- 1/4 cup butter or stick margarine
- 2 eggs
- 3/4 cup raisins
- 1 tbsp chopped peel (optional)
- 1 egg yolk
- 2 tablespoons cold water

### ICING:

- 1 1/2 cups confectioners' sugar
- 4 teaspoons orange juice

1. In a large mixing bowl, combine half of the flour, sugar, yeast, cinnamon and salt. In a saucepan, heat milk and butter to 120 degrees F -130 degrees F. Add to dry ingredients and beat just until moistened. Add eggs and beat until smooth. Stir in raisins, peel and enough of the remaining flour to form a soft dough. Turn onto a floured surface; knead until smooth and elastic, 6-8 minutes. Put kneaded dough into a bowl coated with non stick cooking spray, turning once to just coat top. Cover with tea towel and let rise in a warm place until doubled, approximately 1 hour.

2. Punch dough down; turn onto a lightly floured surface. Divide into 18 pieces and roll each into a ball. Place in two 9-in. round baking pans coated with non stick cooking spray leaving small space between each bun. Make a cross on top of each roll with a sharp knife. Cover and let rise in a warm place until doubled, about 30 minutes.

3. Make glaze by beating egg yolk and water; brush lightly over buns. Bake at 375 degrees F for 18-22 minutes or until golden brown. Remove from pans to wire racks to cool. Mix icing ingredients then pipe crosses onto rolls.



## No Bake Cocoa Cookie

By "T" of Schooners Kitchen

### Ingredients:

- 2 cups white sugar
- 1/4 cup unsweetened cocoa powder
- 1/2 cup milk
- 1/2 cup butter
- 1 tsp vanilla extract
- 1 pinch salt
- 1/2 cup chunky peanut butter
- 3 cups quick cooking oats



### Directions:

1. In a saucepan over medium heat, combine the cocoa, sugar, milk and butter. Bring to a boil, stirring occasionally. Boil for 1 minute.
2. Remove from heat and stir in the salt, vanilla, oats and peanut butter.
3. Drop by rounded spoonfuls onto waxed paper. Allow cookies to cool for at least 1 hour.



## Bienes Raices

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