

Manzanillo

February 2011

SUN

Manzanillo's Lifestyle E-Magazine

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*Cover Photo courtesy of
Joan Vernon*



Posada Children's Christmas Party

December 24th saw the Posada for 100 kids at the home of Angel Cuevas, in Lomas De Santiago, which she wanted to host in memory of 2 of her 3 children who were killed in a tragic accident one year ago.

Each child received a nutritious meal of at least one chicken salad sandwich (chicken, peas, potatoes and carrots with mayo) along with a tangerine, and plenty of Jamaica punch. After breaking open 3 piñatas full of goodies, they all filed past the Christmas tree for a nice gift and a bag of candy.

Meanwhile, Shine Dawson's face painting was a real hit with the kids. Phillip and Sharon Chandler donated over 40 peluchas (stuffed animals), as did others for a total of over 50, which Angel and her family wrapped in cellophane and tied with a ribbon. These were given to the younger kids ages 2 - 5.

Joyce Metcalf and Lynn/Larry McNish did a great job of selecting over 60 equally nice gifts for the older children. All in all, some 34 expats showed up to help with the work, the cleanup, and to enjoy the festivities.

A huge "muchas gracias" to all of you who donated time and money to make this a special and successful party to celebrate the birth of Jesus. Our Treasurer, Bob Mikesell will be sending acknowledgements to all of you who contributed.

Four years ago, Ted and Trish Turner, Bob & Dee Mikesell and I started the first Christmas Posada in the Pancho Villa Colonia, for about 85 kids. The following year Jimmy and Barbara Brown, along with Bob and Jan Cowan joined in with their substantial financial support, and that Posada grew to over 300 in 2009. Starting in 2010, that party is now organized and supported by the Manzamigos group.

This year a small group of us (Gerry/Dorothy Szacaks, Bob/Dee Mikesell and me) decided to stage a second Posada in a different poor neighborhood, and we invited others to join in. We are particularly grateful for the substantial financial support of the Browns and the Cowans, who have contributed to both the Pancho Villa and the Lomas De Santiago Posadas. There appears to be ample support within the Manzanillo expat community for even more Christmas parties, and there is no shortage of poor neighborhoods.

My apologies for not mentioning everyone by name, who supported this effort, but Jesus knows who you are and it was His party!!! I wish all of us His blessings in 2011.

Robert Hill





LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Hi Ian,

Pamela Heselden commented on your link.

(Facebook)

Pamela wrote "Thanks Ian. It is fantastic. Thoroughly enjoyed reading it."

Ed: How nice to hear they enjoy Manzanillo events in Australia!

I just read the article you wrote in the "Manzanillo Sun" concerning your stay in Guadalajara and found it comforting in many ways. Particularly the assistance you received from Sr. Mario was a great relief. I had visions of you trying to cope entirely on your own, while in a state of shock and disbelief. It also reassured my belief that the Mexican folk have truly good people in their midst. I really wanted to know more but I didn't want to ask. I'm glad you wrote the article as it answered all the questions that were running around my head. His passing will definitely leave a hole in the Manzanillo 'gringo' community.

Gordon Wilson

Ed: It was a terrible time and extremely scary but also incredibly uplifting to get so much help from so many people. I cannot it happening to the same degree elsewhere.

Freda

I enjoyed the January issue, thank you. It included an especially nice obituary for Nigel, whom I counted as a good friend for many years.

I also enjoyed seeing the double page spread with many photos of the children's Posada, sponsored by *Manzamigos*. However, I am a bit disappointed that no mention whatsoever was made of another children's Posada, which took place on the same day in a different poor neighbourhood of Santiago. I sent photos and a description of this event to you, the President of *Manzamigos*, and many others on December 25, the day following the event. Apparently, this celebration for over 100 poor children did not merit mention in your e-Magazine.

It is obvious that your editorial policy favours articles ad-nauseum on the flora and fauna of

Manzanillo, Mexican history (yawn) and the activities of *Manzamigos*. There are so many interesting and exciting things going on in Manzanillo, most of which involve *people*. Most of the people I know would love to read articles about *what is happening*, as opposed to 4,638 ways to plant flowers or the battles of long forgotten Mexican generals, even if written in correct, Oxford English.

You may recall that I was part of a small group of people who founded *Manzamigos* many years ago, when you and Nigel provided the leadership to make it into a thriving organization of expats intent on sharing good times together. Manzanillo has grown a lot since then and many people are now looking at other venues for socializing. Now that you have begun publication of the *Manzanillo Sun* e-magazine,

I suppose it is natural for you to have a motherly instinct for the activities of *Manzamigos*. However, in your new role as the Editor of a publication which purports to serve the entire community, I must question your decision to favour one children's party over another.

Robert Hill

You may consider this as a "Letter to the Editor" and you have my permission to re-print it

Ed: Unfortunately, with the, quite literally, hundreds of emails received at the extremely difficult time of the death of my husband in December, the information sent by Robert Hill was either missed or did not arrive in my mail box. The omission is regrettable but the article referred to has since been re sent and is included in this issue. Manzanillo Sun is a totally different entity to *Manzamigos* and the story of their Children's party last month was the first time an article about that association happenings has been included. Frankly, we were only too pleased to have been able to get last month's issue out at all. We would really welcome articles being submitted from persons with an interest in the many other events and occurrences in Manzanillo. Be aware also that we have a **writer's advisory board** of very experienced persons who meet and decide each & every month which items are appropriate for our magazine. We do not wish to offend neither do we wish to be boring.





Planting Roots in Mexico

Orchids/Dendrobium

Tommy Clarkson

Family: *Orchidaceae*

Right now, I've a lot of information with too little time and space! Firstly, the genus whole of orchids is the second largest family of flowering plants having between 22,000 and 27,000 currently accepted species in 880 genera - not counting more than 50,000 registered hybrids! Today's featured species, Dendrobiums, has perhaps 1,500 species in this genus alone. That's a lot to cover! But, with a goal of moderate brevity, into the task we plunge!

While the shape and form of Dendrobium stems and leaves vary greatly, the pattern of flowers is fairly constant ranging from smaller than a tiny matchbox to large, robust specimens that measure more than one meter. With that most simplistic base, here now are three initial, background, nuggets of knowledge regarding these most magnificent of tropical flowers:

(1) Their origin is a diversity of habitats ranging from much of southern and eastern Asia to include the Philippines, Australia, Borneo, New Guinea, New Zealand, the Philippines, and the Solomon Islands. A well adapted genus, they thrive in as diverse climates as the high altitudes in the Himalayan mountains to lowland tropical forests and, remarkably, even the dry climate of the Australian desert. Right from the outback, eh, mate!

(2) The name, Dendrobium, stems from the Greek word *dendron* ("tree") and *bios* life") - thus meaning "one who lives on trees." (No, Tarzan was not a Dendrobium!)

(3) Lastly, in this trivia trio, is the fact that this genus was first identified and established by the Swedish botanist Olof Peter Swartz (September 21, 1760 - September 19, 1818). I'm not sure, but we may have gone to college together!

My first personal experience with Dendrobiums came a few years back when I owned and operated Coconut Post in multiple locations throughout Hawaii. These were one of the various products we sold from our retail outlets. More recently, I learned of "Viveplants orchids and exotics", just north of Manzanillo, run by a most exceptional young businessman, Fidel Maza. While touring his impeccably groomed operation, I learned that his company offers a wide array of high quality, very



competitively priced, orchid species - both cut and potted. So well organized is he that in but seven years he now provides more than half of the orchids consumed over all of Mexico.

Beyond selling throughout this republic he is now expanding to international markets in Central and South America as well as Europe. His products are numerous species of Dendrobium hybrids and a diverse array of Oncidium, Phalenopsis, Vanda, and Ascocenda Orchids. (Along with orchid planting and growing tips, more on these species in later columns)

Some more "nuts and bolts" data on the Dendrobiums species is that they are either epiphytic or lithophytic. The former means that they, non-parasitically, grow on other plants (such as a tree) - or other objects - and derive their moisture and nutrients from the air and rain. The latter are plants that grow on rocks, feeding off moss and deriving its nutrients from rain, litter, and its own dead tissue.

A fact upon which "Viveplants" is well and justifiably capitalizing, Dendrobiums are commonly used as cut flowers because of their sturdy stems and distinctive coloring. . . to say nothing of their startlingly brilliant blooms ranging from subtly subdued to vibrantly vivid. they are planted in well draining, well aerated potting soil. (That "well draining" part is very important as too much



standing moisture can cause crown rot.) If used as an indoor plant, keep an eye out for spider mites – or scale if plant is stressed.

During the warmer summertime, feed once a month with a balanced, soluble plant food. And in order to have the best presentation, cut away dead and dying leaves and wipe off the leaves every now and again to enjoy the full majesty of their beauty.

By whatever name you decide to call them, they are a wonderful addition to your garden!



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By Howard Platt

Fiery Redheads



The common habit of assuming a type of behaviour from a name can be misleading. The official name for the vermilion flycatcher is *pyrocephalus rubinus*. "Pyro" comes from the Greek meaning fire and "cephalus" means head. When you see one you are likely to be impressed by the descriptive accuracy of the name. The male is mostly dark brown, or even black, but the front of the body and top of the head are a flame red.

These are small perching birds and are just one of the species in the tyrant flycatcher family. The family contains around 400 species and is the largest family of birds in the world. They are found throughout the Americas, but the greatest variety is from Mexico south. As the name suggests, flycatchers feed mostly on insects

such as flies, grasshoppers and beetles which they usually snatch from mid-air.

Vermilion flycatchers prefer open arid or semiarid habitats with scattered trees or bushes, and they are frequently found along river courses and similar sources of water such as irrigation canals. You may see them on the coast but they are more numerous in the fields a little more inland and are quite common on the lower slopes of the volcano above Colimaeye recognizes one you will probably see many.

The male does little to live up to the image of a fiery redhead. He can show off, flying high into the sky and singing to attract a mate, and will even sing at night. He will often offer the female of his choice a butterfly as part of courtship.

Once in a relationship the birds remain monogamous and both work to raise the young. The male may spend as much as 90 percent of the day on one of his favorite perches waiting for some insect to fly past so he can capture it and take it back to the brood. Quite the well behaved family man.

So when you see the red head of a vermilion flycatcher, perhaps think of it more as a beacon of good behaviour rather than a fiery tempered tyrant.





The Palm Reader

Tommy Clarkson

... discusses topics on all things, PALM

Bearing the Loss of Departed Fronds

Intellectually, I know it's not my fault. But my botanical emotions are a complete and total wreck. I feel that I have failed in my duties and, as a result, upon my psychological shoulders I wear something akin to the guilt-ridden mantle of parental responsibility shirked. My self image is beyond contempt, wholly without any possibility of redemption and akin to the lowest of life forms. Why so? I may have been an unwitting party to palm infanticide.

Oh, sure I strive to convince myself that my beautiful baby, with the luxurious, ruffled fronds and once proud, firm, trunk was already gone ... or, at worst, my actions may have been merely a necessary, mercy killing. Nonetheless, I feel I shall never be whole again.

As we age and hopefully mature (read, "become – frustratingly – older"!) most have special places in our hearts for children, grand children and great-grandchildren. Beyond that, many also find they've significant, and highly emotional, feelings for their pets. For me, these days, my babies are my tropical plants, flowers, and most of all, my delightful array of palms.

Some would justify my actions by saying that those beastly beetles of the palm boring sort had already viciously violated my magnificent palm tree "child". But that salves not my horrible, bad-parenting, guilt that I should have somehow seen signs, read symptoms of some sort, anticipated the worst and taken preventive actions. But I did not. And I'm purported to be the reasonably knowledgeable "Palm Guy!" How could I have let such a thing to happen?

So similar to Poe's "Tell Tale Heart" have been the last several hours. I feel as if the world can sense and see my terrible guilt. Trying to remove the cankerous death, not along ago, I frantically scratched, chopped, sliced and dug into the pulpy palm trunk flesh – made a watery mush by these damned bugs from hell. As I did so, the slight brushing sounds of the drying, limp palm fronds, above me, harkened of happier days we'd shared.

Perhaps worst of all, this was my prize specimens! It was one of those I am studying, writing about and carefully documenting as I perceive them to be a heretofore unacknowledged variety of *Washingtonia* from Arabia – distant cousins of the *W. filifera* and *W. robusta* from north western Mexico and southern California. Indeed, my ultimate intent is to present these studies to the International Palm Society so as to show them to be a yet unrecognized variety on a wholly different continent. Thus, this baby and its siblings are, indeed, precious to me!

Of the seven I've grown from seeds – plucked from beneath their parents in the hot dryness of Iraq – this beauty (at not much more than three years of age) had already sported a trunk girth (the diameter on the outside of the neatly, short cut, fronds at its base) of well over seven feet. And, it was already nearly 18 feet tall. Of the three in the grouping I'd planted to replicate the first ones I found in Iraq, it was significantly the biggest, best and brightest!

As I gently cut off each of it well over fifty, once beautiful palmate, fan palm fronds the vicious, curved, barbs tore at my hand, arms, scalp and face. But, who was I to complain? Perhaps, it was protesting this ultimate indignity. My heart hurt far more than my body's scratches, tears and minor lacerations. But one burning thought emerged, though I may eulogize the passing of my palm tree child, I would be sorely remiss should I not warn others of that which led to this horror - Palm Beetle Borers. **Beware, my fellow pals of plants, of these burrowing, bastard, bug beasties!**



THIS 'N' THAT

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

"Love is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies"
~~ Aristotle



Every February 14th candy, flowers and gifts are exchanged between loved ones, all in the name of St. Valentine. Do you know who this mysterious saint was and where this tradition came from? The history of Valentine's Day, like many legends, seems to be veiled in mystery. The one thing that does not seem to be debated is that it clearly links back to a Catholic priest who was later declared as 'Saint' Valentine.

One legend contends that Valentine, as a priest, served during the third century in Rome, during the time of Emperor Claudius II. It is said that Claudius had prohibited marriage for young men, claiming that bachelors made better soldiers. Valentine, realizing the injustice of the decree, defied Claudius and continued to secretly perform marriage ceremonies. When his actions were discovered, Claudius ordered that he be put to death. It is said he suffered martyrdom on the 14th of February, about the year 270 A.D. After his death, Valentine was declared a "Patron Saint" in 496 A.D by Pope Gelasius.

Another legend states that Valentine was imprisoned by Claudius for his beliefs in Christianity and fell in love with the daughter of his jailer that came to visit him during his confinement. Before his death, it is alleged that he wrote her a letter, which he signed "From your Valentine", an expression still used today.

It was the ancient custom in Rome to celebrate the Lupercalia... a fertility celebration commemorated annually on February 15, dedicated to Faunus, the Roman god of agriculture. During these occasions a 'lottery', of sorts, took place where the names of young women were placed in a box and were then drawn by chance by the men and they were to be his partner for the coming year. In an attempt to "Christianize" these celebrations, instead of the pagan god Lupercus, the church looked for a suitable patron saint of love to take his place. They chose St. Valentine and decided to celebrate Valentine's feast day in the middle of February (the 14th, which is thought to be the day of his death). It was not until the 14th century that the

Christian feast day became definitively associated with love. Even though the 'lottery' had been banned by the church, the mid-February holiday, in commemoration of St. Valentine, was still used by Roman men to seek the affection of women. It became a tradition for the men to give the ones they admired handwritten messages of affection, containing St. Valentine's name.

According to UCLA medieval scholar Henry Ansgar Kelly, it was Chaucer who first linked St. Valentine's Day with romance. In 1381, Chaucer composed a poem in honor of the engagement between England's Richard II and Anne of Bohemia. As was the poetic tradition, Chaucer associated the occasion with a feast day. In "The Parliament of Fowls" the royal engagement, the mating season of birds, and St. Valentine's Day were linked... *'For this was on St. Valentine's Day, when every fowl cometh there to choose his mate'.*

By the 18th century in England it was common for friends and lovers in all social classes to exchange small tokens of affection or handwritten notes on Valentine's Day. The cards were made of lace, ribbons, cupids and hearts. (Cupid—from the Latin *cupido*, meaning "desire"—was known in Roman mythology as the son of Venus, goddess of love. He is said to be a mischievous boy who goes around shooting gods and humans with his arrows, causing them to fall in love.)

In the 1840s, Esther Howland of Worcester, Massachusetts, followed the English tradition of exchanging cards and started making and selling them through her father's stationery store. In the first year of her business she sold \$5,000 worth of cards, which was a lot of money in that time. The sales were so overwhelming that she had to hire a staff of young women and set up an assembly line in her parents' home to fill the tremendous sales. These are considered to be the first commercially produced valentines in America and she is known as the 'Mother of the Valentine'.

Sadly, Valentine's Day is known, not only for the cards that were sent to loved-ones, but is also the day in 1929 that a savage and bloody event took place, as five Chicago



gangsters were lined up and murdered with machine guns, apparently at the order of Al Capone. That became known as the Valentines Day's Massacre.

In the mid-1980s the commercialization of Valentine's Day continues and noting the sales effect of the holiday on chocolate, flowers and cards, the diamond industry takes the opportunity to get in on the action by promoting St. Valentine's Day as a time for giving jewelry. And so, the "tradition" takes off!

According to the Greeting Card Association, an estimated one billion valentines are sent each year (approximately 25% of all cards sent), making it the second largest card-selling holiday of the year (second only to Christmas, in which an estimated 2.6 billion cards are sent). In 2009, Valentine's Day generated an estimated \$14.7 billion in retail sales in the United States. Approximately 85% of all valentines are purchased by women (surprise!).

The oldest known valentine still in existence today was a poem written by Charles, Duke of Orleans, to his wife while he was imprisoned in the Tower of London. The greeting, which was written in 1415, is part of the manuscript collection of the British Library in London, England.

In this author's opinion, the saying, "It's the thought that counts", is very true. Yes, the candy, flowers, or jewelry are nice items to receive, but to receive some kind and loving words from someone letting you know how much they care for you is worth much more than any object could convey.

"Age does not protect you from love. But love, to some extent, protects you from age." ~Anais Nin

Happy
Valentine's Day

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IN THE NEWS!!

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Manzanillo, Mexico loves us

By City Hall Scoop on January 28, 2011

The good people of Manzanillo, Mexico have a message for you, ST. Paul, and it's this: rock on!

A small delegation from the beautiful, beachy Manzanillo, St. Paul's sister city on the Mexican Pacific coast near Puerto Vallarta, showed up in City Hall on Wednesday, fresh from a spine tingling trip to the Mall of America. They were all smiles and thank-yous. "It's the most important sister-city relationship we have – St. Paul-Manzanillo," said Francisco Cotera, president of his city's sister-city committee, which his wife also sits on.

(The scoop is not trying to get Cotera in trouble with anyone or anything, but Manzanillo also has sister-city status with Flagstaff, Arizona and San Pablo, California. Ouch! Take that Flagstaff! Feel the burn! Totally faced faced faced faced!)

The Manzanillo-St.Paul relationship has consisted of more than just proclamations and plaques. Since 2001, St.Paul has donated an ambulance, a fire truck and oodles of fire fighter training. A bookmobile left the Twin Cities for Manzanillo, which is popular and touristy but still pretty poor, in 2006.

St Paulites, joined by the good people of the Roseville Rotary Club, have also donated computes, school buses, and even a "Peanuts" statue, and there have been high-fives and thumbs up all along.

The sister-city committee arrived Tuesday and took a short tour of the Twin-Cities, courtesy of St.Paul Convention and Visitors

Authority, making a special stop at Mall of America. (Don't we all?) "I had to pull them out of there," quipped Cotera.

They will head back to Manzanillo on Sunday

www.TwinCities.com

Articles to Print

Over a period of time, Manzanillo Sun will be including various articles of importance to people moving to or visiting Mexico and Manzanillo in particular.

Coming from Northern climates, conditions, perils, government rules, different logic and sometimes the incomprehensible. It is advised that you print these articles and put them in a folder with divisions covering the various topics. We have already covered or will be covering in future issues any or all of the following: passport & visa Information, immigration, importation of cars and personal goods, who may drive your car while it is here, insurance for vehicles and personal effects, pets accompanying you by car or plane, old age card, CURP cards, Mexican health care, buying real estate, fideicomiso, taxation for homes, applying for various utilities, hiring and firing Mexican personnel, forming a company or working in Mexico so far as foreigners are concerned, various natural disaster and phenomena - what happens and how to be prepared, which forms or identity items you are advised to copy and have available plus anything else that we are asked to investigate that would be of general interest. Please realise that we cannot deal with specific problems as we are not lawyers and cannot give categorical advice. Everything written in this magazine are subject to constant change and should only ever be used as a general guide except for when we quote various articles of Law, even then as they are translated into English to enable us to read them, there could be various errors. Please, never take anything in Mexico as gospel!!

SUN TRIVIA

In many countries, it is the custom to wish friends a "Happy Birthday" on January 1st, rather than a "Happy New Year." This day is nicknamed "Everyman's Birthday," and is considered the day when everyone becomes a year older, whether it's their actual day of birth or not. Similarly, this practice is observed in horse racing. No matter when a race horse is born, they all "become" a year older on New Year's Day, although there are no records explaining how or why this came to be. LB

OUR STATE

The State of Colima is divided into 10 municipalities, each headed by a municipal president (mayor). Municipalities are named after the city that serves as municipal seat; e.g. the municipal seat of the Municipality of Manzanillo is the City of Manzanillo. The municipalities (Municipios) are: Colima, Villa de Álvarez, Comala, Cuauhtémoc, Minatitlán, Ixtlahuacán, Tecmán, Manzanillo, Armería and Coquimatlán. These municipalities could be best compared to Counties in the United States, in that they have their own government, police, and services. They also hold their own culture which culminates to create the state's culture. Each has its own songs, dances, clothes and traditional foods.

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We hope that everyone uses the website as a lot of people have worked hard to put as much general information as possible to be made available for your use.

Want to submit an article, please send all articles to Freda@manzanillosun.com. Articles should try to be under 750 words. Pictures accompanying the article will reduce the amount of words required. Have an idea, but cant write..send your idea in, with all your notes and one of our writers will write it for you.



FEBRUARY 2011 **CALENDAR OF EVENTS** **MANZANILLO**

February 2 – Wednesday –

PATA ANNUAL POKER TOURNAMENT AND SILENT AUCTION

Where: Oasis Ocean Club Restaurant (Club Santiago)

Time: 7:00pm – 11:00pm

Details: Silent auction items available for online bidding after the New year and will feature new "table top" theme package prizes in addition to regular gamut of area tours, activities, restaurant meals and one-of-a-kind craft creations.

info@patamanzanillo.com or stan@patamanzanillo.com

February 3, 4, 5 – Thursday, Friday, Saturday –

NATIONAL SAILFISH FISHING DERBY

4 Man teams

Contact: Vidal luckiestfishing@yahoo.com.mx

February 5 – Saturday –

12TH ANNUAL ENRIQUE COREY GARCIA SCHOLARSHIP FUND DINNER AND DANCE ~~Cancelled – possibly to reschedule later in the year.~~

In lieu of tickets, those that wish to help the fund, can donate directly to the account of the fund at any Santander Bank, in the fund's name, Enrique Corey Scholarship Fund, account # 65500202073 or drop of your donation at Juanito's Restaurant, and we will deposit it to the fund. Please put your name and address on it to confirm to you the deposit of the donation.

February 8 – Tuesday –

28th ANNUAL SANTIAGO FOUNDATION DINNER AND LIVE AND SILENT AUCTIONS

Where: Tesoro Hotel

Time: 6:00 pm – Silent Auction

7:00 pm – Dinner followed by Live Auction

Tickets: \$750 pesos (\$55 USD)

Contact: Jeanne Bradner 335-0875 JeanneBradner@gci.net

Susan Hess sbhess@verizon.net

"Dancing with the Stars" event was so popular last year that it will be repeated!

February 8 – 11 – Tuesday to Friday –

2ND ANNUAL EFREN GONZALES OIL PAINTING WORKSHOP

Where: Las Brisas

Time: 9:00 am – 4:00 pm

Contact: brigitteyc@aol.com

February 8 – 12 – Tuesday to Saturday –

ENART – CENTRO CULTURAL REFUGIO IN TLAQUEPAQUE

See the best of Mexican crafts.

For information and to register www.enart.com.mx

Book hotel space in advance.

February 9-12 – EXPO MUEBLE INVIERNO 2011 (MEXICAN FURNITURE)

Where: Expo Guadalajara

Time: 10:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m.

Over 500 exhibitors. Register on line or on site.

February 11 – Friday –

LA MANZANILLA ART GALLERY "MEET THE ARTIST RECEPTION"

ARTIST: GAYLE SILBY

Where: La Manzanilla Art Gallery, Calle Perula Sur #83

Time: 4:00pm – 8:00pm

Contact: 315.351.7099 or silvermx@mcn.org

February 18 – Friday –

BELLAS ARTES DEL PACÍFICO CONCERT

RUSSIAN STATE BALLET PRESENTS "CARMEN"

(THE GYPSY WHO SEDUCED THE WORLD)

Where: Auditorium in Manuel Bonilla Valle

Time: 8:30 p.m.

Tickets: Reserved seating: \$500 pesos, \$300 pesos, \$200 pesos (50% discount for University of Colima students)

Purchase tickets at Salon Marbella, Hotel Costa Brava, Juanito's Restaurant or at the Mujeres Amigas Luncheons

Also available at the door the night of the concert.

February 20 & 21 – Sunday & Monday –

VIDA PLAYERS

Where: Tenisol Hotel

Time: Cocktails 6:00 pm Dinner 6:30 pm Show 8:00 pm

Contact: Bill Pecha 335-0573 wrpecha@yahoo.com

Marge Tyler 335 0889 maggiet19@earthlink.net

Tickets will be available approximately the 3rd week of January 2011.

February 27 – Sunday –

VIDA ART SHOW

Featuring Artists who live on Juluapan Peninsula

Where: Vida Office

Time: 2:00 p.m. – 4:00 p.m.

Cost: Free – open to public.

March 1 – Tuesday –

ANNUAL CASA HOGAR LOS ANGELITOS MEN / WOMEN GOLF EVENT

Where: ISLA DE NAVIDAD GOLF COURSE

Time: 9:00am – **no further information**

Cost: **To be announced**

Event Chair Jack Babcock jackbabcock@comcast.net

Co-Chair Wayne Larson – **no contact at present**

March 5 – Saturday –

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Where: Santiago Foundation Center, El Naranjo

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Feb 10 – Thursday – "TROPICAL MAIN COURSES"

Feb 24 – Thursday – "PALETTE OF INDIA"

Mar 10 – Thursday – "SAVORY SAUCE BASICS"

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A Mixed Bag of Memories

Tommy Clarkson

*If in your mind you root around and through your past do look
you'll find so many memories that you could fill a book!*

We weren't aware that we were learning, but we were, in those Truman/Eisenhower days as Kansas kids. We were the children of two sisters - Delilah and Zola Mae - and their recently returned from World War II husbands, Roy and Dale. And, in those days before - during and after the Korean War - our whole lives lay before us, waiting to be found, explored and experienced.

Now in point of fact, I don't ever recall a single, specific incident, spent with my cousins, where I intentionally set out, planning to learn something - but, inevitably, almost every day, I did. Sometimes it was one of those "Eureka" type discoveries that we'd share. Others, it was a talked about observation of farmyard fact or incident. Occasionally, it was the cold, stark, gnawing fringes of realization that - though we did not yet fully understand it - life was vulnerable, fragile and fleeting.

It might have been in coming to understand which plants - wild and domestic - monarch butterflies preferred. At other times it was the youthful recognition of fact - mentally grappled with and finally grasped - that hardly twenty years or so before, most of the farmers in the area had plowed and farmed with horses!

Sometimes we'd head out into the fields and pastures in simple search of adventure - and normally we would find one, even if it was of our own making! Other times it was in viewing life around us. Like in watching my cousin's cat - Tiger. often, either while springtime trekking among the milkweed and cow paddies in the pasture, early fall walking between the rows of wheat or maize stubble in the field or year 'round climbing on a hay bale stack, we'd find her silently crouching, waiting for a mouse to unwisely show its head.

And then, when she had kittens, how she would catch a mouse alive, take it back to her litter to let it loose, capture it and then repeat the process again and again in front of them so they could learn to hunt like she. Or coming to face, the hard way, with reality. Like the fact that one simply can not raise orphaned baby rabbits only to - once grown - release them into the wild. They fast became easy prey for coyotes or

other predators still stalking not far away.

Lurking in memory are those initial, impactful, impressions on our senses. Like the musty stale wheat straw scent that remained in an antique combine not used for many years. Or the feel and neatly organized look of a small, cardboard box of .22 caliber hollow-point rifle rounds. And, in turn, knowing the difference between .22 longs and shorts.

Then there was the mysterious machinery of the old grain mill in the barn, about which we puzzled but never came to understand. And the lingering smell of propane, around the large tank on which we climbed. And - in the back of our minds - always, the question as to whether or not it might explode!

There was, of course, the front porch on the roadside of the farmhouse onto which no one ever came. As in most farmsteads, all visitors understood that one came to the back door which, of course, led directly into the kitchen - the heart and soul of a farm home!

And the living room, into which no one generally went other than to possibly try to play on - or with - the piano. Around the kitchen, in various states of use was my Aunt's multi-colored, everyday fiestaware - off which we ate - and, now, which is such a collectable!

How about the tap water, from the well, that had a light brown look and smell of sulfur? No thought was given to - yet unheard of - bottled or even chlorinated, filtered city water, it was what we had and used. We washed in it, cooked with it and drank it when thirsty and seem to have well survived!

Also, I can but smile in remembering the time we got the giggles over one particular drawn frame of the Wile E. Coyote in a "Roadrunner" comic book and how we laughed ourselves silly for nearly an hour! It was forgone that we'd save every possible cent to buy fireworks for the easy, simple joy of buying and shooting off something you'd earned yourself.

My cousins were my family, my enjoyment and so much a part of my life. Kind and gentle Jeanette - she and I the oldest - and she plagued by bad asthma, something not good for one who had to live on a farm, Dickie with his floor covered by thousand piece puzzles and little Cindy who was always there with her perpetual cheerful smile



and twinkling eyes. Everything - they shared with me.

Once in a while we would go into Rozel - the closest town about five miles away. It had a population that might have been around two hundred or so, but, in those days, years before fast food franchises and shopping malls, it was a hotbed of business. Rozel had the mandatory farm community co-operative - called a co-op, a grain elevator, railroad station, general hardware store, a grocery store, small restaurant - run by Willard, my cousin's cousin on the other side, their Dad's younger brother - a school, a couple of churches and the area switchboard run out of the living room of a lady's house right on Main Street!

This was a busy, vibrant community that in those days that had pride in itself and even hosted large community events such as the annual Christmas parades. (In fact, Dick and I took first prize one year dressed as "Beetle Bomb" a race horse whose posture was somewhat strange - I, then taller, in front and he the, well, horse's tail!)

Back at Uncle Dale's and Aunt Zola Mae's, after a week of long, busy working days, there were the Friday or Saturday - late into the evening - games of pitch our parents played while drinking strong, dark, coffee

- made the German way - while we played endless games of hide and seek.

Days into nights into days. Summer night sleeping out on the second story, outdoor, screened-in porch and then, too soon, waking to the crows of roosters and cattle's early morning moo's after a night of giggles and ghost stories.

But then the reality of facts became all too real with Uncle Dale's heart attacks. His first, of course, scared us all but we believed he'd soon heal and life, as we knew it would return. But when one is the primary breadwinner on a small farm, who else can do all of those hard, grueling and necessary, daily tasks?

Jeanette and Cindy labored hard and long to help their parents. Dick, the only boy and then in early high school took on many of the "manly" chores as did our Grampa who'd retired several years before. But pride is man who lives by the sweat from his land. And, despite directions from his doctor, Uncle Dale soon reassumed his arduous, farm labors . . . only to suffer a second, terminal attack.

And life, for us all then changed and with it, a measure of our innocence.

Tommy Clarkson



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The Spanish Missionaries in Mexico

David Fitzpatrick

The exploration of the new world came at a crucial time in the history of Spain. After struggling for many centuries, the Spaniards had finally thrown off the yoke of the Arabs who had occupied Spain for 800 years. In a momentous concurrence of events, the liberation of Spain from foreign domination and the discovery of the New World both came in the year 1492.

The long war, with its heavy religious overtones (the Spanish had resisted conversion to Islam for fully 800 years.) gave rise to a fervent, almost fanatical Christianity. This strong religious sentiment had several profound consequences, some positive; others less so. The Inquisition, for instance, although set in motion by the Vatican, found its most virulent expression in Spain immediately following the defeat of the Moors. On a more benign level, the Spanish Church was inspired with a missionary zeal which found its most natural expression in the newly discovered lands in America. The "Crusade" to Christianize America had the full support of the Crown: following the expulsion of the Arabs, the Pope had granted the Crown control over the Church in Spain. Both the Emperor Charles V (1515 – 1555) and his son Philip II (1555 – 1598), accepted this charge as a personal mission to spread Christianity for which they felt directly responsible to God.

Accordingly, the missionary orders were granted a special status outside the hierarchy of the Church, responsible



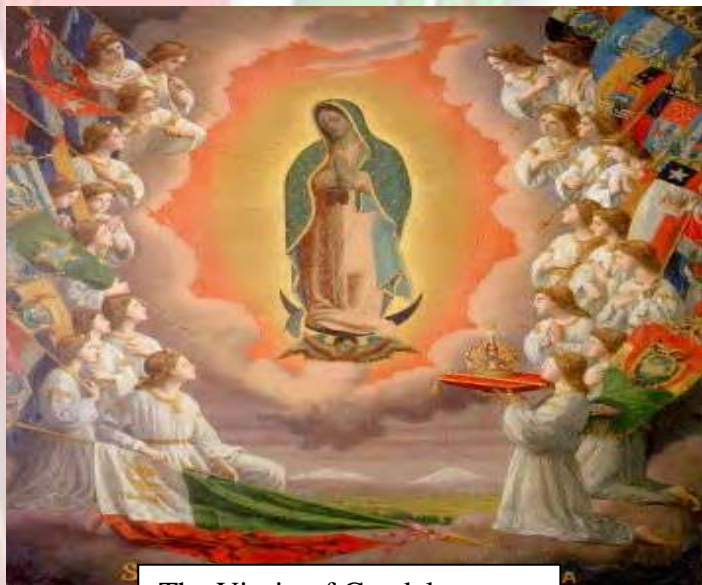
Emperor Charles V

only to their own Superiors who, in turn, answered only to God (or to the King, upon occasion).

Imbued with an intense religious fervour engendered by this super-charged atmosphere at home, the missionaries arrived in Mexico on the heels of the Conquistadores. The Franciscans, sent out at the request of Cortez, made their first appearance in 1523, in the immediate aftermath of the conquest (1519 – 1520). They were followed by the Dominicans (1525), the Augustinians (1535), and much later, the Jesuits (1571). By 1559, there were over 300 Franciscan Friars at 80 missions throughout Nueva Espana. During the three centuries of Spanish rule, some 12,000 Churches were built.

The Fathers of the Church came with one idea in mind: to convert the Indians and save their souls. But, faced with unexpected circumstances on the ground, they rapidly re-oriented their mission in other directions.

They fortuitously fell into the role of buffer between the Indians, on the one hand, and the military and commercial elements in the Spanish establishment who had already begun the ruthless exploitation of the native populations. In this way, they earned the trust of the local peoples, which greatly facilitated their proselytizing task. In addition, every mission included a school in which the native peoples were educated, in the narrow sense of the term, but also assimilated into the European way of life. Once they were fluent in Spanish, it was only a matter of time before they began reading widely and absorbing European thought patterns. Moreover, some of the more dedicated Friars immersed themselves profoundly in the



The Virgin of Guadalupe



native cultures, often learning to speak several native languages, as a means of meeting the Indians on their own territory. They often demonstrated great sensitivity and understanding in their appreciation of the Indians' inner lives and the realities of their daily existence. Certain Spanish language histories of the Indian peoples date from this period.

In the proselytization of the local peoples, the Fathers met with varying degrees of success. The sedentary nations, they found, were far more susceptible to conversion than the warlike nomadic tribes such as the Apaches and the Cherokees of the North. The Aztecs of Central Mexico proved particularly amenable to Christian influence as they found a number of points on which the new religion seemed to coincide with their old tribal beliefs. For instance, the worship of Tonantzin, their Great Mother figure, metamorphosized easily into adoration of the Virgin. All Saints' Day coincided on the calendar with the Aztec festival in honour of dead ancestors. To this day, the early November "Day of the Dead" represents a fusion of the two holidays. Even the ritual human sacrifices of the Aztecs, so abhorrent to European sensibilities, found a familiar echo in the symbolic practices of the Holy Eucharist.

The event that seemed to confirm the dominance of the new religion in Mexico was the apparition of the Virgin Mary to an illiterate peasant named Juan Diego. The shining image of a dark-skinned virgin was miraculously imprinted upon his cloak. This was taken as a message sent directly by the Virgin herself.

With this miracle, the Christian Church had come of age in America. The dark Virgin, the "Guadalupeana, Reina de Mexico" is now the patron saint of all Latin America.



Boabdil, King of the Moors, surrenders Granada, the last stronghold of the Moors, to Ferdinand and Isabella (1492)

NEXT WEEK: The Lives of the Missionaries and the Missions they built

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"Why our streets are named what they are?? What are the origins of these names?"

The Streets of Manzanillo

Terry Sovil

Francisco I.
Madero



laid miles of train tracks and brought in foreign another. He controlled the press and reporters could be jailed without trial. Elections were blatantly rigged. Few tried to challenge him.

By 1910 Díaz was in his late 70's. His wealthy supporters worried about replacing him. The rural poor, tired of him, were primed for revolution. A 1906 revolt at a copper mine in Cananea, Sonora was brutally put down. He had promised free elections in 1910 and Madero believed him.

Madero formed an "Anti-Re-electionist" party opposing Porfirio Díaz. He wrote and printed a book, *The Presidential Succession of 1910*, which became a best-seller. He campaigned on the promise of free elections and that Díaz had claimed he would not seek re-election. He talked of the Copper mine revolt, massacres of Maya and Yaqui Indians plus the crooked system of governors. His platform struck a chord and Mexican's flocked to him.

Francisco Ignaciao Madero 1873-1913

- **Born:** October 30, 1873
- **Birthplace:** Parras, Mexico
- **Died:** February 22, 1913
- **Place of Death:** Mexico City,, Mexico

Francisco I. Madero was born in 1873 in the state of Coahuila. His parents were in the top 5 richest families in Mexico. He studied in Austria, France and the USA. Returning from his studies his family put him in charge of a large hacienda in San Pedro. He made money and treated his workers wel.

When a political demonstration was forcibly stopped in 1903 he became more involved in politics. His ancestry and wealth enabled him to start his own newspapers but his voice was effeminate and he was a small man. He was a vegetarian, a teetotaler and a spiritualist claiming contact with his brother Raúl who died very young. All this made it hard to garner respect in macho Mexico.

Porfirio Díaz, in power since 1876, was a strong and forceful dictator. While he had modernized the country, investment the poor lived in extreme poverty. He kept a wary eye on opposition. He was an expert at playing off politicians and military men against one



It became obvious Madero would win so Díaz jailed him on a charge of plotting armed revolt. Madero, from a wealthy family, could not simply be killed. Díaz "won" the election and Madero was bailed out of jail by his father. Madero moved to San Antonio, Texas where he declared the election invalid. He called for armed revolution, exactly what he had been

jailed for previously. With Madero in open revolt Díaz rounded up many of his supporters, *maderistas*, and had them killed. Emiliano Zapata responded and raised an army of peasants creating serious trouble for wealthy landowners in Morelos. In Chihuahua armies were raised and from their ranks rose Pancho Villa.

Madero returned to Mexico in February 1911 with 130 men. He was not trusted by Northern leaders, Villa and Orozco, but his force grew to 600. He attacked a federal garrison and led the attack himself. Outgunned and injured they were forced to retreat. Though ending badly, his bravery gained him respect among the northern rebels. Orozco even called him the leader of the Revolution.

When Madero met Pancho Villa each man recognized their differences and his own weaknesses. Villa knew he was not a politician or visionary and Madero knew he was a man of words, not action. They joined forces and began a push to Mexico City. In the south, Zapata continued to take towns in Morelos. By May, 1911

Díaz could see the end was near. He negotiated surrender with Madero who allowed him to leave the country. Madero then made several mistakes. He accepted Francisco León Barra, a former Díaz supporter, as interim president and he didn't discharge the armies of Orozco and Villa. Now president, he never intended to make radical changes. He reassured the privileged class he wouldn't change the power structure Díaz created. Zapata, expecting land reform, lost his patience. Madero dispatched Huerta to put down Zapata. Huerta was violent and an alcoholic and his actions only made things worse. He was called back to Mexico City but he despised Madero and started to conspire against him.

Madero, finally elected president October 1911, had only Pancho Villa as a friend. Orozco returned to the field joined by many of his former soldiers. Madero didn't understand the danger he was in. Huerta conspired to remove him.

Félix Díaz joined with Huerta and several other generals and took up arms. His forces entered Mexico City and a 10 day standoff ended with Madero accepting Huerta's protection. Huerta had him arrested on February 18, 1913 and four days later he was killed. Huerta turned on his fellow conspirators and made himself president.

Although Madero was not radical, he sparked the Mexican Revolution. He ignited the fire that got rid of Porfirio Díaz but in the end could not contain the brutal men that fought around him. In 1920 Alvaro Obregón seized power and was able to control the regions. Madero is seen as a hero, as father of the revolution. Though weak and idealistic, he was

an honest man destroyed by those around him. He was executed before the worst of the revolution and thus not tarnished by later events.

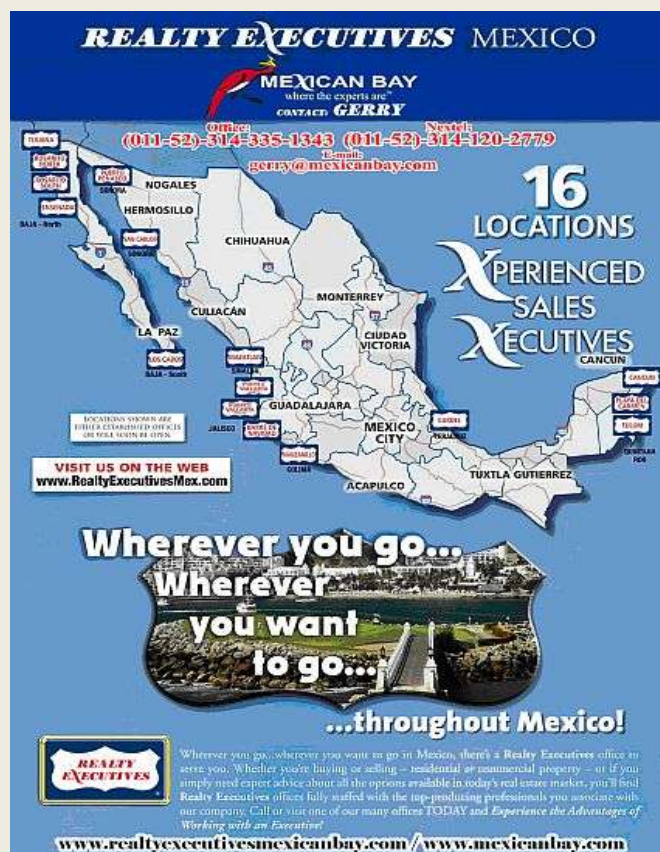


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We all have met 'em. . . 7

(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.

More than a little taken aback (perhaps the greatest understatement I've ever made) by my seatmate's proclivity for one-ups-man-ship, I endeavored to turn the conversation toward something other than his purported, galactic sized, deeds, accomplishments and possessions. I mentioned that a flotilla of full rigged, three-masted ships was in the New York Harbor.

"Ahh yes," he commenced anew, "I built one from scratch you know. But just a 165 footer," he said with a false, failed attempt at modesty. "Fell the timber myself in the ancient growth of the northern Canadian wilderness, astraddle one of the larger ones I floated the logs downstream, where I milled and scrapped them for finishing and boring, then bound the planks with wooden Ash pegs. All told, she took nearly 2,000 Oak and 25 Ash trees!

His eyes took on a glazed, unfocused, glow. "But I was particularly proud of my masts," he continued, "Up forward, her fore mast - the second tallest mast of course - was 94 feet. Her main mast was 112 feet with the mizzen mast a short 82. I considered installing a jigger mast toward her stern but decided against it. But her sails, aye, there was a thing of true nautical beauty! She had a full complement of Jibs, Staysails, Studding Sails, Spankers and a Gaff Sail. Why when fully outfitted she took nearly twenty miles of sheet," which I knew to be rope.

All of his braggadocios nature aside, I had to admit that, at the least, he knew a bit - or sounded like he did - about sailing ships. Well, based on the fact that most of what he said resonated as close to factual as I could tell to information I had learned while reading the Patrick O'Brians's masterful sea faring classics starting with the "Master and Commander." And then, almost as if he

we're inside my brain, a curious thing happened. At that very moment, for whatever reason, his speech took on a clipped, accented English sound

"A'hhhh, my good man she was bloody marvelous, jolly good in heavy seas and simply, a cracking good craft! One would have to have been daft not to have loved her. And my mates were a crew of Mohawks from the Kahnawake reservation near Montreal who, like me, of course, have no fear of heights. Well, they were a blooming good crew. Bully, I say, for them, bully indeed!" He paused briefly, then continued, "When he got bladdered on grog, my first mate Chief Bear-Who-Flies-with-Eagles was a bit of cheeky, he was, but could he ever shimmy up a mast!"

"Indeed, all was tickety-boo until I lost her and the entire crew in a Tsunami back in '93. Starkers, I floated alone in the briny blue for a fortnight before a tramp

steamer found me." He maintained the lost stare into space for a moment, then slowly shook his head

Accustomed as I had almost become to the bombast, this new linguistic thing and alteration of attitude totally floored me. What had prompted it, why and how? But then, for whatever reason, he appeared to drop the subject . . . but, I suspect, he was clearly waiting for me to inquire of the "floating alone at sea for two weeks incident. By then, however, I was wising up and didn't bite!

Though the jet engines roared outside our craft, the unfamiliar silence that hung over us - after the preceding twenty minutes of his non-stop monologue - seemed deafening. But it was not to last long!

"Realizing I didn't know what to call him I said, "Forgive my bad manners, but what is your name?"

He sat up more erect, his chest clearly puffed out and he replied, "Why I'm Dexter Lowdsworth Smyth, the fourth. Young 'Five' and his bride recently present 'Six' to us on my sixtieth birthday. We're of the Baltimore Smyths and trace the family to Viscount Reginald Lowdsworth Smyth, of his majesty's court, in the mid 1390's. But of course, we're originally British don't you know. And you, young man (though obviously I was several years his senior) what of you, your family, your lineage?"

Knowing that a character like myself who was a Scotch-Irish-German Midwest mutt, who had no "papers" and not wishing to affect the pretense, I responded "just a plain old farm boy who grew up in Kansas."

In a condescending manner he answered, "Oh, what a pity that." I bit my lip, counted to ten (twice) and, remembering the manners my mother and grandmother had taught me said no more.

And the "Buckle your seat belt sign" from takeoff was still on. Heck, we'd still not yet even leveled off! How long was this flight going to be I wondered?

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- ✚ Inform all the troops that communications have completely broken down.
- ✚ Should I abide by the rules until they're changed, or help speed the change by breaking them?
- ✚ Better start rushing before the rush begins!
- ✚ My opinions may have changed, but not the fact that I'm right.
- ✚ Please don't ask me what the score is, I'm not even sure what the game is.
- ✚ Try to relax and enjoy the crisis.
- ✚ I can do only one thing at a time, but I can avoid doing many things simultaneously.
- ✚ Everything takes longer than you expect even when you expect it to take longer than you expect.
- ✚ Been through hell? What did you bring back for me?
- ✚ My life has a superb cast but I can't figure out the plot.
- ✚ If you can't learn to do it well, learn to enjoy doing it badly.
- ✚ I don't have any solution, but I certainly admire the problem.

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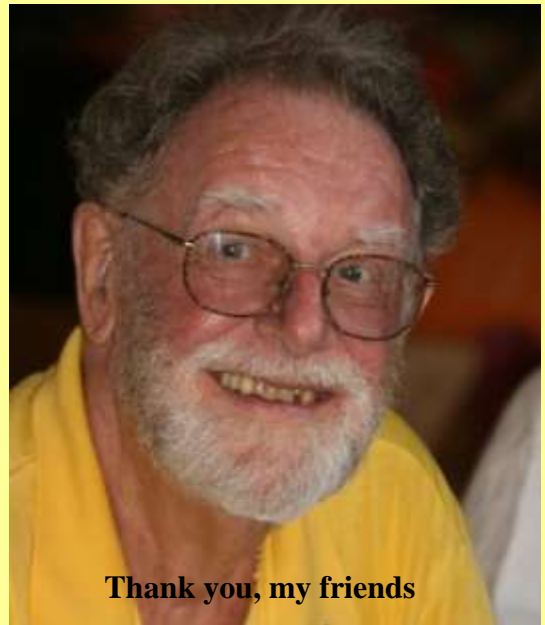
A really good "Wake"

On 18th January 2011, there was a "Wake" held in memory of Nigel J. Rumford who had passed away on December 6th 2010 just 4 days short of his 77th birthday.

Nigel had requested that no service or religious ceremony be held but he did so love a party. James Johnson, Linda Breun and several other good friends including Lydia Bevaart, Lynn McNish & Jimmy Brown joined in the planning committee. From these few people came many ideas and a "Wake" happened such has never been seen in Manzanillo, or many other places, before.

Taking Nigel's love of yellow shirts as the theme, a place on the beach that he loved and the inclusion of the Cordera family with whom life in Manzanillo commenced and the presence of many good friends, the planning of the "Big Party" came to reality!

On the day, almost 200 people wearing yellow converged on the Oasis Ocean Club in Club Santiago, Manzanillo, Mexico. It was the most amazing sight as no-one could have had any idea that so many shades or ways of wearing the colour yellow were possible. Friends greeted friends with chuckles as all solemnity



Thank you, my friends

was swept away in the amusement of seeing even more people arriving and wearing yellow. What an incredible tribute to this man who left such a legacy of friendship behind him.

The date, fortuitously, coincided with AJ and Maria Volk's arrival back home to Manzanillo. AJ, as a vice



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**FAMOUS
FRIED
CHICKEN**

principal in his former life took on the mammoth task of co-ordinating all the bits and pieces collected by James and his crew in both relating the "Story of Nigel" and entertaining the many friends who had collected to say their Adios' to Nigel.

Daughter, Claire Gibson worked with James, in trying to get a collage of photos taken throughout the 77 years that Nigel had been walking this earth onto TV but unfortunately, as often happens with electronics this day and age, the right sockets and plugs did not materialize despite emergency Office Depot runs by Ian. Finally giving up on that idea, the collection was seen on her computer rather than the large screen TV available at the Oasis. The song of "Remember" by Josh Groban followed by a version of "Over the Rainbow" by the late, native Hawaiian artist, Israel Kamakawiwo'ole, moved many to tears with both the incredible beauty of his voice and the often amusing pictures on screen.

Several friends spoke their piece throughout the memorial, followed by a beautiful eulogy written by Nigel's best friend, David Agar (who could not attend personally due to illness). The humour, love and companionship the two men had shared and enjoyed for over 50 years came through loud and strong.

Nigel's favourite sausage rolls and doughnuts were served and Diego Cordera's wait staff ensured that everyone was well lubricated.

The "Wake" was a huge success and it was felt by many people that Nigel Rumford did, in fact, attend his own funeral. It took very little imagination to hear him laughing his well known belly laugh at the stories everyone told each other of their own memories. To have a "funeral" full of laughter is a wonderful thing to behold.

One thing absolutely for sure, is that he made a huge mark in Manzanillo and a hole is left that will be difficult to fill. He left a legacy of friendship that will live on for a very long time.

The family Rumford give many thanks to the many friends, family members, including all of the cousins in England, New Zealand, Dubai and France, along with Manzamigos AC. for contributing to the Enrique Corey Scholarship Fund in Nigel's memory. It was Nigel's fervent belief that education was integral to Mexico's future.



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Para Llevart Bistro Café

By Terry Sovil

Acting on a tip that a fantastic new café had opened in the Las Brisas area we set out to sample the fare. This new spot is down by Costeños Coffee Shop, directly across the street from Dr. Navarro's Eye Clinic and about a half block before SKOL's Bar & Grill. From the big crucero with the sailboat keep on the right lateral. You'll go through two stop lights and then you want to keep an eye peeled for the purple rope lights on the right just down from the corner.

Para llevar means "to take away" but adding a "t" to llevar "t" means great food at a table on site. **Para Llevart Bistro Café** opened on 3/January/2011. The ambiance is outstanding and we listened to a blend of soft jazz, world and world lounge type music. It fit the décor nicely. The street-side tables in Las Brisas beat the deafening sound of Madrid Blvd.

Chef Freddy Alariste and Adriana Bautista have lived and worked in San Francisco and Freddy is a world traveled chef. Freddy is also an instructor at the Casserole training center and has had his hand in menu development for several restaurants including the new China Palace that just opened by Schooners.

The menu had a nice variety of foods from sandwiches to full course dinner delights. Spanish on the left side, English on the right side. Both Freddy and Adriana speak English. They serve breakfast treats like bagels and croissants and then continue with lunch and dinner. It was tough to make a choice! I selected the house coffee which was large and served Mexican style with a subtle aftertaste of cinnamon at 15 pesos. A tapas, similar to a brochette, was served for starters,

mild peppers and olives gently baked in oils on top of a nice French style bread.

Dinners were Lacquered chicken thighs (\$80 pesos) with mustard and lemon and a vegetarian sandwich with egg plant, red pepper, fried zucchini, cheese and a balsamic vinegar (\$35 pesos with salad). The chicken was absolutely delicious with an outstanding sauce on a bed of spinach. The sandwich was similar to a thin Panini, warm and good. For dessert we tried a Pañuelos, warm chocolate carefully wrapped in a fried puff pastry served on a bed of peaches. The presentations were nothing short of stunning on square, clear plates.

Consensus was that this was "world class taste at Mexican prices". We left full, but not stuffed. There is a large selection of beverages but alcohol is not served at this time. **Para Llevart Bistro Café** is open daily from 7am to 11pm Monday through Saturday. They are closed Sunday but may consider opening for a Mexican Brunch in a few weeks. Call 333-3008 for details but don't waste time on the phone, **get down there and try this place out!**





Comings and Goings... Roving Reporters

PERFECT MEAT New meat market on the Boulevard across from Soriana
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Phone: 314-333- 8162

HOTEL TENISOL RESTAURANT
Many will remember the popular bar and restaurant "Jalapeños" on the Blvd, owned and operated by Carlos and Pepé Rojo, which closed about 6 years ago when they lost their lease. Carlos and Pepé are now back in the restaurant business, having taken over the bar and restaurant at the Hotel Tenisol, in Club Santiago. In addition to the same menu of Mexican and seafood dishes they offered at Jalapeños, they will also be open for breakfast, along with lunch and dinner. Plus, they have hired a Chinese chef and will soon be serving a full menu of Chinese dishes, including takeout. The restaurant is located behind the hotel in a beautiful, poolside tropical setting, with dining on both the upper and lower levels. The separate bar is poolside with swim-up service, if you care to cool off. Easiest to enter off the side street, behind the hotel.

MEALS TO GO
Alma and Miguel (el Calvo) Garcia, have started a new enterprise. Over the years they were personal cooks and are now preparing a short menu for take home orders. They are very highly recommended for

quality, freshness and cleanliness. It has been suggested that you take your own containers so as not to have to return theirs.

Alma speaks no English but understands it, Miguel is very able to do so.

Please phone your order in at least 2 days ahead.

Phone: 314-334-7784

MENU : *Pozole de Cerdo 50 pesos per litre (2 servings) (Saturdays only), Chiles Rellenos de Queso (Cheese) or Chiles Rellenos de Carne (Meat) 50 pesos each, Ceviche de Cameron 350 pesos kg, Ceviche de Pescado Molida (ground) 250 pesos kg, Ceviche de Pescado Picado (pieces) 250 pesos kg*

ART GALLERY Opposite Juanito's Restaurant.

NEW RESTAURANTS .

"La Bamba" in front of Hotel Torre Victoria (up from Juanito's)

New Bar in building process, just up from CFE building on Ave. Mexico.

NOTARIO #4 Has moved opposite Comercial Mexicana into Hotel Plaza Manzanillo

SHOPPING

Available in **Comercial Mexicana** as well as **Bahia Deli**, Chocolate Tequila. (Yummy!!!)

Walmart - Stove Top stuffing, Knorr seasoning cubes (Onion, Garlic, Chipotle), Kraft's Mac & Cheese, canned whole tomatoes CIRIO, Heinz gravies, Tapioca, Tofu, Potato Buds by Betty Crocker.



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Recipes in the SUN!!

Basic Mexico- Salsas

Chunky Guacamole

Ingredients

4 Ripe Avocados
1 medium tomato, seeded and diced
¼ cup of onion, peeled and diced
1 Serrano Chile, seeded and diced (adjust to your heat liking)
¼ cup Sour Cream (optional)
1/8 cup cilantro leaves, coarsely chopped (optional)
1 tablespoon lime juice
Salt and Pepper to taste



Preparation (prep time 15mins, serves 8-10)

Mash 2 of the avocado. Add in the Serrano, onion and cilantro. Fold in sour cream and lime juice. Add salt and pepper to taste. Dice the remaining avocado into 1/4 – 1/2 "pieces. Fold the diced avocado and tomato into the mashed avocado mixture. Serve immediately.

Tip: Keeps better if Avocado pit is placed in bowl until ready to serve



Pico de Gallo (A quick, basic Salsa)

Ingredients:

2 cups seeded, chopped tomatoes (6-7 medium tomatoes)
The leaves from one bunch of fresh cilantro, chopped (This can be adjusted to taste)
6 cloves fresh chopped garlic
1/2 an onion chopped
1 jalapeno, finely chopped
1/2 teaspoon salt
about 1 tablespoon lime juice

Preparation: (prep time approx 10 mins)

Mix all ingredients until well incorporated. Refrigerate overnight for maximum flavor.

Tip: if you grab a handful of leaves from the top of the bunch and pull them out firmly, you will get mostly leaves. If a few stems remain, it's okay.

Refried Beans

Ingredients:

2 cups uncooked pinto beans
2 sprigs epazote (if available) **
1/2 cup bacon drippings or lard
1/2 teaspoon garlic powder
1 serrano chile, seeded and halved (optional)
Salt to taste



Preparation:

Rinse beans and check for debris. Place beans in a large pot and fill with water (approximately 7 cups.) Add epazote. Bring beans to a boil, then reduce to a slow simmer for 2 hours. If water level gets low, replace with more boiling hot water.

When beans are extremely soft, prepare a large skillet by heating drippings or lard over medium heat. Cook the Serrano chiles until browned. Using a slotted spoon, add in about 1/2 cup of beans and mash with back of spoon or mashing utensil. If the mixture seems thick, add about a tablespoon of the cooking liquid from the beans. Continue to add beans and mash them together, adding liquid as necessary. Remove chiles and discard. Add garlic powder and salt to taste.

**** NOTE:** Epazote is reputed to have some beneficial medicinal uses, but it is better known as a culinary herb and is often used in Caribbean and Mexican cuisine. It can be likened to cilantro or even arugula in that it has a very distinct flavor that you'll either love or hate.

The most popular dishes incorporating epazote are unquestionably legumes such as pinto beans and black beans. This herb is also featured in soups and other recipes containing eggs or cheeses. Epazote is reputed to have some beneficial medicinal uses, but it is better known as a culinary herb and is often used in Caribbean and Mexican cuisine. It can be likened to cilantro or even arugula in that it has a very distinct flavor that you'll either love or hate. The most popular dishes incorporating epazote are unquestionably legumes such as pinto beans and black beans. This herb is also featured in soups and other recipes containing eggs or cheeses.

I've seen some reports questioning the toxicity of consuming large quantities of epazote, so this is an herb that I only use occasionally and in moderation as a seasoning.



Sleep with your mouth closed!

A LOVE STORY.



Recently at my husband's "Wake", people were asked to give memorable stories. Something that tickled the funny bone rather than the dreary and morbid! Very few people had courage to speak out in front of almost 200 people and so, on the quiet, I was told of this small remembrance of the two of us on a very early occasion in Manzanillo.

When we arrived in Manzanillo, it was the end of November and few places had accommodation over Christmas available. We could stay until Christmas Eve but after that time we had to move. As this had been the story all the way down the coast until we arrived in Manzanillo the town that we had decided would be the southernmost point of our trip, we were becoming a little desperate. New to Mexico and its ways and with no knowledge of the surge of inland Mexicans to the coast over Christmas, we were becoming a little desperate. We really had to find somewhere and quickly.

Our luck was in, we found accommodation in Las Brisas in a not bad looking, apartment hotel right on the beach. The price was incredible – only 1200 pesos for the month! Unfortunately, as time progressed we realised that this was the real value of the place, possibly even a little over priced.

There was however a kitchen, bathroom and bedroom, so all was well. The kitchen boasted a sink & draining board, a shelf with 2 plates and mugs (one cracked) a frying pan and bowl and three spoons, two forks and a knife. At that price however, we decided that we could afford to splash out for the few more items that we needed to set up our temporary home.

Very quickly, we made friends with people staying down the beach and started to spend more and more time with them away from our rooms, as the dust and noise from the road became a little too much to handle.

The weather in December that year was very hot and dry and we found it difficult to sleep with any covers or nightclothes. I had been having difficulty in sleeping anyway and my husband usually slept like a log! One night, after finally dropping off, I was awoken with a yell from my partner, who was by the



Freda Rumford

time I roused out of bed, frantically searching for something on the floor and under the bed. "What on earth is the matter?" I asked when I could find my tongue. "I had a cucaracha running up my leg" was the response. We couldn't see the little devil until we turned out the light and, then by the light of the moon, there he was. BAM! All gone! Unfortunately, this happened a couple more times and Nigel was getting quite disturbed by our little uninvited night guests.

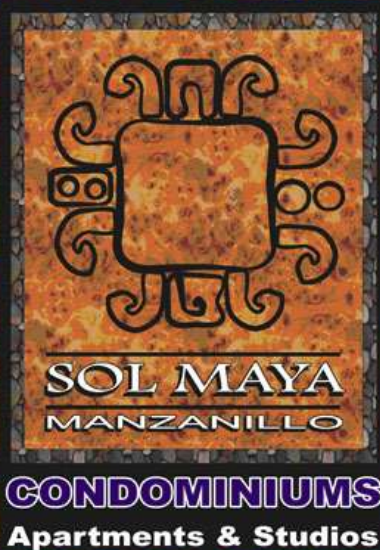
On exploration around the apartments we discovered that in the evenings, the concrete clothes washing station not far from our place was absolutely seething with the little blighters who had made it their home.

One evening our new friends came to visit and over a cup of tea, Nigel relayed to them the difficulty we were having with our unwanted guests who had by now visited on several nights and asked what did they suggest? Quite unwittingly, out of my mouth came the answer "Sleep with your mouth closed, darling!"

That comment, stayed with Rose until she saw me again 15 years later and reminded me just a week ago. What an impression we had left! That pretty much summed up our marriage though, wherever there is a problem, there is always an unexpected solution!



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