

**Manzanillo**

**June 2010**

# Sun

*Manzanillo's Lifestyle E-Magazine*

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by Ken Marsh

Photo contest prize  
donated by Bahia Deli



# A Cheeky Cheeky Bird!

## Golden Cheeked Woodpecker

Howard Platt



It is the bird's call that gets me. "Cheeky, cheeky" it yells at me as I wander through wooded areas. Often I cannot see where the bird, just hear its taunting. Then it swoops by me in its undulating flight and lands on the trunk of a tree.

They have big claws for hanging on to tree trunks, and stiffened tail feathers they use almost as a third leg or as a prop to keep upright. When they are not teasing me they are hammering away at a tree in search of insects or to excavate a nest.

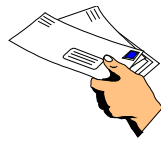
If the bird sees me watching, it rapidly scrambles around to the far side of the trunk where I cannot see it, but peeps out from time to time to check where I am. A beady brown eye surrounded by a black eye patch and set off by the red on top of the head and the golden hue on the cheeks and back of the neck.

These are golden-cheeked woodpeckers, the most common woodpecker seen on the west coast of Mexico. The black and white stripes on the back and tail contrast with the greyish yellow belly. Both male and females have the golden cheeks, but only the male flaunts the red cap. They are much smaller than the lined woodpeckers and the pale-billed woodpeckers that may sometimes be seen around here, and they seem to choose the softer coconut palms trunks for their excavations.

Some days they seem to be everywhere, in the woods, in trees in town, or even on the telephone pole across the street. They have become used to having people around, so it is not unusual for a pair to take up residence at the bottom of your garden. Or hunt for bugs in your banana plant. Yet while they come close, they also take care to stay out of reach and prefer to hang onto the opposite side of the tree from where ever you view them. Consummate teasers, they offer a glimpse of themselves then quickly tuck themselves out of sight.

So, whether it is the call, the behaviour or the cheeks these are definitely "cheeky" birds.





## Letters to the editor

(All letters may be edited by Manzanillo Sun for brevity and content)

### THE ARTICLE ON REINA GARCIA

I was happy to see the feature article you did on Reina, as she certainly deserves credit for her work. I was a bit surprised you did not include anything about her family. There were arrows and a "continued" but I could not find any more text. RH

*When speaking with Reina in the company of her brother-in-law, mention was made of her family but Reina gave the distinct impression that this subject was off limits. After receiving this comment I double checked with Reina and her decision stands. The article was designed to highlight the tremendous achievements that this incredible young woman has had and how she merits being "Woman of the Year in Manzanillo". It certainly would have shown just what personal sacrifices Reina has made for her community had it been more personally directed but her preferences, as always, are for others. Many people of the foreign community are of the opinion that Mexicans do not help each other. Reina Garcia proves otherwise.*

*The arrows referred to indicate a continuation onto the next page, which is in fact there for all to see. ED*

I just got home from Minneapolis and learned that during my absence my dog, Feliz, was kidnapped from my dog sitter's house. Many of you know Feliz because she is a tiny Maltese that goes around with me to most events in my purse. I call her my "Purse Dog". So if you can get the word out to all that are still here about her missing that would be wonderful. My telephone number is 335-1134. My email address is [mcanderson8@hotmail.com](mailto:mcanderson8@hotmail.com). It is important to have as many people as possible aware and to keep their eyes open. If you spot her and she responds to Feliz take her to return to me. She was spotted by a friend before she knew she was missing. She was with a 15 year old girl. She was abducted in Santiago a few blocks from the bakery. MA

*Let's see if anyone has seen her. Ed.*

### Army introduces new number for anonymous complaints

Agencia | Agencia AG | 31 de Mayo del 2010 | 18:31

### Emergency Toll Free Number Announced for Colima

The Colima State Governor, Mario Anguiano, today announced that there is a telephone service now in place 24 hours a day, seven days a week for anonymous reporting of any criminal or suspicious activity. He stated that it was vital for all citizens to realise that the army was totally trustworthy in "this effort to reduce all criminal activities within our midst." The Campaign for the Colima state is called, "Call, the Army is on your side."

The Governor was accompanied by the commander of Military Zone XX, Adolfo Domínguez Martínez, who also emphasized the close working relationship between the State Government and Army. Dominguez Martinez said that the main objective of this campaign is to give people the security they deserve, and said that it is thanks to the anonymous tips received so far that most of the raids have taken place. He emphasized that all calls will be treated with the utmost confidentiality.

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# Hawksbill Turtle

Highly endangered species found along the Mexican Pacific

The hawksbill turtle is considered a critically endangered sea turtle and was thought to be extinct on the Pacific east coast. Recent studies by the Eastern Pacific Hawksbill Initiative have determined that there are hawksbill turtles along the stretch of the Gold Coast. The hawksbill turtle faces a triple-threat due to commercial exploitation: harvest of its meat and eggs for food and for its shell which is used to make hair clips, combs, jewelry etc.

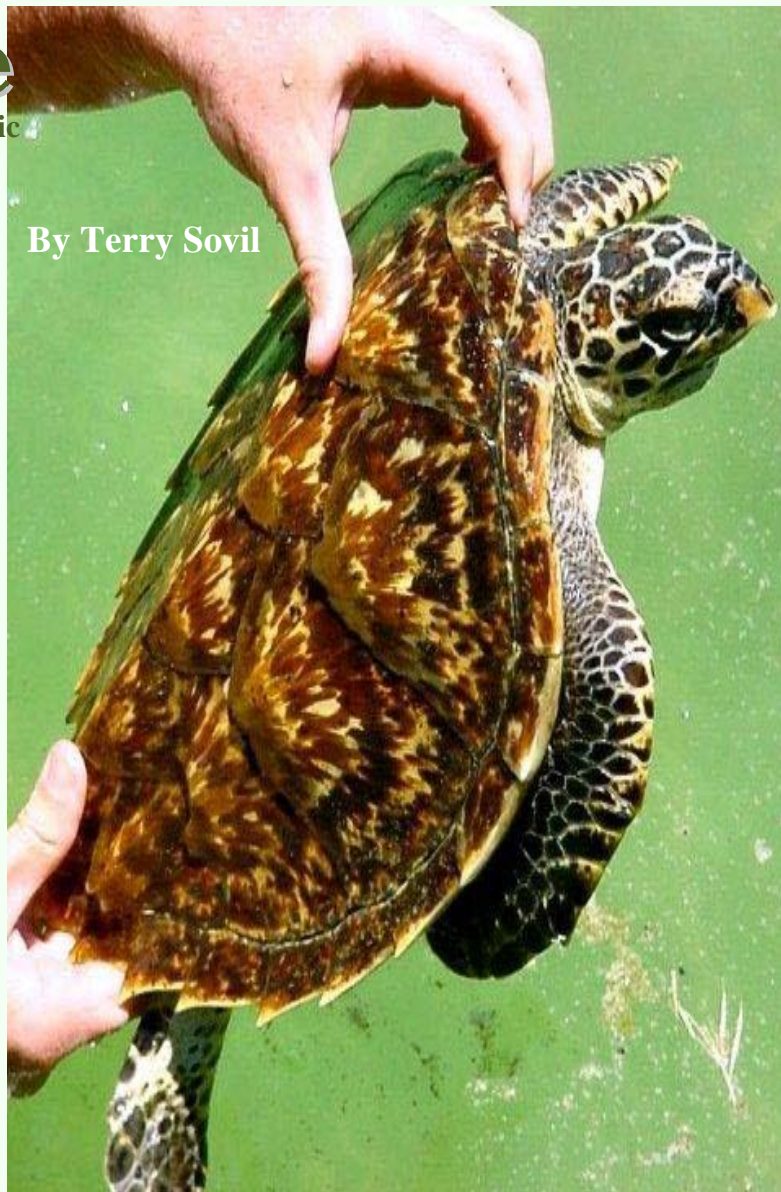
A recent visit to Manzanillo by a research team from the Eastern Hawksbill Initiative occurred late last July. Alexander Gaos, his wife Ingrid Yañez, and their new assistant, son Joaquinn (1 ½ years), have formed the group Proyecto ¡CAREY! and with International cooperation have been studying and looking for hawksbill turtles along the Baja, mainland and farther south. During their Manzanillo visit several turtles were observed and one was caught and tagged. Visit their website at: [www.hawksbill.org](http://www.hawksbill.org).

The Aquatic Sports and Adventures dive shop in Manzanillo is working to help promote and monitor sightings. This is an incredibly valuable and fragile sea creature worth far more in the open seas than their value as a steak or a hair comb. The hawksbill turtle shell is still in demand. Some Caribbean areas allow a legal catch of hawksbill turtles including the British Virgin Islands, Cayman Islands, Cuba, Haiti and the Turks & Caicos Islands (U.K.). Hawksbill products are openly displayed in the Dominican Republic and Jamaica despite a ban on harvesting hawksbills and eggs.

Directed harvest exists in the Pacific. This is an intentional and systematic harvest of nesting female turtles and their eggs both on the beach and in the water. Incidental capture by fishing nets, primarily gillnets, also causes damage to recovery.

You can identify a hawksbill turtle because of its long, tapered head that ends in a beak-like mouth more sharply pronounced and hooked than other sea turtles. The hawksbill's arms have two visible claws on each flipper. It has very distinct shell structure (scutes) that overlap near the rear to give a look similar to a serrated saw or a steak knife.

By Terry Sovil



## PHOTO COMPETITION WINNER



The Winner of the front cover photo competition for this edition of *Manzanillo's Lifestyle E-Magazine* is

Ken Marsh

**Their Prize: picnic for two,  
courtesy of Bahia Deli**

**CONGRATULATIONS**



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# 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)

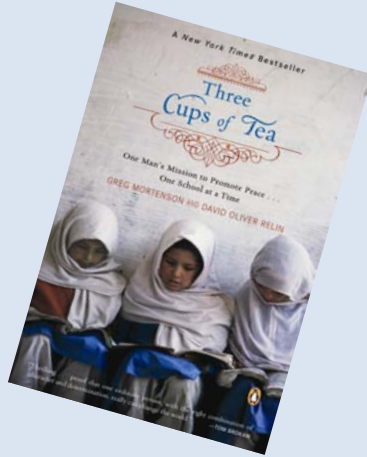


## Three Cups of Tea

David Oliver Relin

Reviewed By Diana Stewart

In late 1993 Greg Mortensen staggered into a remote village in northern Pakistan lost, exhausted, and sadly disappointed. He had failed to climb the Himalayan peak K2 largely because he and a friend had gone to the rescue of another injured climber. The village of Korphe welcomed him and nursed him back to health with infinite kindness and hospitality from their own meagre resources. Mortensen asked to see the village school and was amazed that 78 boys and 4 girls had a teacher 3 days a week (at a dollar a day) and studied by themselves on the other days in the freezing open air. He had wanted to do something for the village - now he promised to return and build them a school.



Greg returned to Pakistan buying building materials in Rawalpindi before driving into the mountains. Disappointment awaited him - the Head Man of the village pointed out the obvious - a bridge across the Indus gorge would be needed to transport the materials! Eventually the donor put forward another \$10,000 for this and three years after his first arrival Greg kept his promise.

His donor, now convinced of his dedication and competence set up the Central Asia Institute and made Greg the director. Around fifty schools were built over the next five summers but dark clouds were gathering across the nearby border with Afghanistan.

After 9/11 Greg chose to stay in Pakistan! He built schools for Afghani refugees who had fled the Taliban, investigated Waziristan being held prisoner for four days by the fiercest of tribesmen. Wild horsemen from N.E. Afghanistan rode for six days to ask for his help. Moderate, sane Muslims - including these wild tribesmen - knew that a balanced education was the key to peace. The million dollars Greg Mortensen now had to spend was a pittance compared to the oil money from Saudi Arabia funding "Madras's" in the poorest areas of Pakistan. These were the Koran based, boys only, training grounds for bigoted fighters. Top students transferred to Saudi Arabia for ten years further indoctrination and then returned to Pakistan to take four wives and breed up a new generation of terrorists! Fundamentalist Islam is thinking 20, 40 or 60 years ahead.

This book tells an incredible story and tells it well. Greg's aim is to give all girls the chance of at least a fifth grade education. This transforms families, fights poverty and educates a new generation. We hear how he met a perfect wife, raised two children and another million dollars. Visit his website at [www.threecupsoftea.com](http://www.threecupsoftea.com) to see

what mountains this former mountaineer is still moving and information about the sequel to this best seller. I have two copies of this book to lend to anyone in Manzanillo who would like to know Greg's recipe for peace in the sane Muslim world.

#1 New York Times Bestseller

## Three Cups of Tea

*One Man's Mission to Promote Peace . . . One School at a Time*

By Greg Mortenson and David Oliver Relin

VIKING Hardcover 2006 ISBN 0-670-03482-7  
PENGUIN Paperback 2007 ISBN 978-0-14-303825-2  
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# Planting Roots In Mexico

## Rose Moss

**Tommy Clarkson**

**Rose Moss:** *Portulaca grandiflora*

Family: *Portulacaceae*

(Also known as Portulaca, Moss Roses, Eleven O'Clock, Purslane, Sun Plant and Wax Pink.



On our outdoor Dining Palapa we have a hollowed/ waterproofed coconut trunk planter to keep folks from leaning/stepping too far and paying an unscheduled visit to the Herb Terrace some ten feet below. Inasmuch as that southern view is a rather spectacular vista of the Bay of Santiago below us, we did not want tall plants to block it. Rosy, our housekeeper and shrewd purveyor of local facts and common sense knowledge suggested the, ever blooming succulent, Ray de Sol (Moss Rose) a popular garden flower since the late 1800's. Like the preponderance of the counsel she quietly dispenses when asked, her idea was perfect!

Native to South America, above needle-shaped leaves, the Moss Rose has produces tough, long lasting, strikingly vivid, one inch in diameter, single, semi-double or double, rose-like blooms in shades of rose, yellow, white, orange, red, purple, pink, bi-colors and even stripes. To keep these small, beautiful flowers blooming,

pinch dried ones off. As a further aside, the blooms of newer varieties stay open longer during the day while the older types open around noon, close at dusk and stay closed on overcast days. . . a lot like me!







In the *Portulacaceae* family-whole, there are up to a hundred genera of annual and perennial herbs and shrubs. Their solitary or cyme (a flower cluster in which each flower stem ends in a single flower and other flower stems form below and to the side) arranged flowers are bi-sexual and radially symmetrical. The Moss Rose (*Portulaca*) has approximately 100 species of primarily annual herbs itself. I know you could barely control yourselves in anticipation of those neat and nifty, nuggets of knowledge, right?



From above, amid the needle-like leaves, the one inch in diameter pink, rose shaped blooms open in abundance when the sun shines on them."

Moss Rose is easy to grow if it has six to eight hours of full, direct sunlight every day. It prefers no more than your average, run-off-the-mill, loose, sandy or loam soil but that is well draining. As regards the latter, they're an obvious good choice for naturally sandy soils and slopes. And, this four to six inch tall, up top 18 inches across, thick stemmed and fleshy leaved plant has little problem with heat and drought requiring little moisture to thrive and bloom. In fact, allow the soil to dry between watering.

They are perfect for the forefront of your garden, as a border edging, in rock or window gardens, as bedding plants or as simple, attractive ground cover. They also look good in containers, hanging pots and in those multi-pocketed strawberry jars in which it is difficult to keep other plants well watered. But remember, moss rose is suited to the dry conditions.

So as to ensure a good start when first planting, add a general purpose, high nitrogen fertilizer. A high Phosphorous fertilizer is a plus just before blooming and then no other fertilizer applications is required. Once established, then prune the plants to create a fuller, neater appearance. Provide plenty of air circulation through the plant to help avoid fungal disease.

And just when you thought you finally knew it all about this plant: The seeds are edible raw or cooked and can be ground up for soups or sauces and there's a weedy, non-ornamental species that can be eaten as cooked greens or included in salads. I'm told that it lends itself to stir fry dishes with a slight lemon-like taste and mushroom-like texture . . . but I have not tried as I've not yet found any Betty Crocker or Martha Stewart Rose Moss recipes!

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# Manzanillo's Personality Of The Month

## GUILLERMO GOMEZ

*Freda Rumford* By **Terry Sovil**



Just where does one start on a story about this gentleman. With an initial demeanour that says “shy”, don’t believe it. This man is a mover and shaker in Manzanillo. Educated as a Biologist at the Universidad Autonoma de Guadalajara, he is General manager for ‘Tema Nissan’ in Fondeport, Manzanillo. Guillermo is a relative of many political and prominent families in the State of Colima, as well as good friends with almost everyone else in town. Married to Patty since November 1990, they have three very active teenagers which means a bustling household to come home to each day.

We first met Guillermo about 11 years ago, when my husband was invited, to become a representative for Canadians in Manzanillo in a new association about to be formed. We both turned up at City Hall and to our surprise, along with about 20 other people we were ushered into the Mayor’s office.

At that time, the Mayor was Rogelio Rueda (now in National politics). This was the initial meeting of “Manzamigos”, an association dreamed of and initiated by Guillermo & his friend the late William Zeiner, U.S. consular warden for the Costa Alegre at that time. They had invited top ranking officials of all departments in the city who would or could have contact with tourists and the foreign community. (Tourism, Immigration, Customs, Bank, Police – federal and local, Harbour Master and so on and so on.) Guillermo was unanimously elected as the first President of Manzamigos with Rogelio Rueda Chairman of the initiation meeting.

We met several more times over the coming year but the next meeting of importance was when, as a fledgling reporter, Guillermo introduced me to the Sports Fishing Association of Manzanillo, an organisation of which

he was also about to become President. He is still involved with the Sports Fishing Association today and talks of the continuing problems with long lines in the day time and gill nets at night, all of which are a threat to marine life as they catch everything indiscriminately. Even whales have become entangled in the gill nets. The other major problem they had recently was a fire at the Association offices in San Pedrito, which fortunately did not touch the expensive new palapa.

At the time of our meeting, the Sports Fishing Association was about to challenge the Guinness book of Records for the most children between 6 and 11 years of age fishing at one time. Since then, they have broken all records at the Children’s Day Fishing tournament on April 25<sup>th</sup>. Not with the 1000 children hoped for but with 798. Manzanillo Sports Fishing Association will now be in the Guinness Book of Records. This was a healthy number of children to watch over and to keep safe on the harbour wall as they fished to their hearts content.



*Childrens Day Fishing Derby 2010*

When Guillermo became President of the Sports fishing Association, he handed the reins of “Manzamigos” over to Nigel Rumford, as by then he was also heavily involved as founder member and Treasurer of the “Bomberos”, an Association of Fire Fighters, all volunteers, who have their base in Las Garzas on a strip of land donated to them by the city. The land given them was completely useless for any permanent structure but ideal for the few broken down vehicles that the volunteers were in the midst of attempting to repair to a halfway decent running condition. They transformed a shipping container into a warehouse, come office, come dormitory and were desperately trying to form themselves into a viable and professional Fire Brigade. Among their vehicles which they proudly showed us, was a very old Coca Cola truck, whose only pretence to being a fire truck was that it was red. Since that time they have been given a real fire truck by Manzanillo’s sister city, St. Pauls Minnesota, as well as several other vehicles which are gradually being transformed into a respectable fleet.



The monthly stipend which the Bomberos receive from the City of Manzanillo for being available 24/7 and for saving lives, homes and businesses as well as quelling the many forest fires is 10,000 pesos per month. All else they have to beg, borrow or inherit to be able to continue in giving Manzanillo their services. Fortunately with most of the local buildings being cement it is not as deadly as dealing with the wooden framed structures up north but this does not diminish their importance or the fact that they donate hours every week. The volunteers are mostly from the Port authority, the Electric plant or Marines and retirees from other forces.

At about the same time as the "Bomberos" were formed, there was also talk going around town that Guillermo was to run as mayor of Manzanillo, a rumour which he hastily dispelled because he really had no time to propel himself into public life.

During our meeting, we were told of the latest plans for the current expansion of the Port as they affected his business by moving the rail line up the centre of Blvd. Miguel de la Madrid (de la Madrid is a relative), the numerous happenings around the area that are also affected such as the old Folks home which has to be moved elsewhere to make way for progress, proper access roads being paved to the bus station as well as several overpasses which have to be built by the Port authorities in exchange for roadway access for the rail road. Avenida Lazaro Cardenas has also to be completed by the port as access to the northern end of the Port boundaries has been expanded into Las Brisas. The Lagoon on the opposite site of the Boulevard M. de la Madrid is to be turned into a properly developed ecological park for Manzanillenses to enjoy.

Along with all the trappings which come with building a business, Guillermo has also found time to become Vice President of the Colima Auto Dealership, which association is lamenting the bypassing of Mexico as a favoured builder as India is becoming a major, if very unreliable manufacturer of vehicles. He is also Vice President of COPAMEX the Union of Company Directors.

As if this were not enough, recently he became Head Scout of the newly formed Sea Scouts of Manzanillo "Poseidon" which received their charter in April and he spends as much time as possible with the boys and girls who are training in a lifestyle started by Lord Baden Powell nearly 100 years ago. They have been given 3 boats in various stages of repair and are learning navigation, sailing, fishing, diving as well as how to maintain a boat. In return for the kids cleaning the marina, the troop receives free mooring for their boats at Las Hadas.

I am absolutely amazed that I have been able to cram into just over 1000 words the enormously busy life of this dynamic man I am proud to call a friend, who can still take time to sit and chat for a while. And - just where does he go from here? His dream for Manzanillo is as a bustling busy Port City with tourism the minor industry and families or retirees staying in pensions rather than the big giants of the Hotels of the ritzy world. There would be sufficient work to employ those who want to be employed and no smoke from the energy plant. Guillermo, sees himself, building nice family houses and accommodations for people who love to live by the sea and wishes to become involved in the development of the importance of the Port in Mexico. No small dreams but then he is not a small man.



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# Manzanillo 1972

## The Pemex fire at the docks

**Terry Sovil**

It was March 13, 1972 and folks broke from a hot day to enjoy lunch and read about Don Luis Echeverria Alvarez who was in Tokyo, Japan for an economic alliance between the countries of the Pacific. The president was of the mind that it was important to pay attention to the economics of the Far East.

Typical of most mornings, the vendors were pushing their carts offering fruit and refrescos, while others were busy with their shopping. People stopped to chat and exchange news and neighborhood updates.

The harbor was abuzz with workers carrying corn from the ship "Meditate" while others were loading the "Gotaza Jayanti" with sugar. The tanker Mary Ellen was off loading 15 thousand barrels of gasoline and opposite her was the tanker "Abelardo L. Rodríguez", a PEMEX tanker here to fuel the warships of the Mexican Navy.

The Mary Ellen was flying the Panamanian flag but had Liberian registry. Her crew was mostly Italian and they were busy with the process of pumping out their cargo of fuel when flames erupted aboard the vessel.



*The tanker Mary Ellen at the dock*

It was 11:55am and suddenly all work and conversation stopped and all eyes turned in the direction of the large fuel storage tanks. A thick column of black smoke and flames were rising into the sky. Workers close to the conflagration started to run; others were running with them not yet fully understanding what they were running from.

Others closer to the fire were in a stampede to get away, some rushing towards Campos and others heading to the National Highway in cars, on bicycles or scooters and on foot. As the alarm spread offices and commercial sites were abandoned. Some offices actually closed but most just left with their doors wide open. The police moved in and monitored the situation, no looting occurred.



*PEMEX Fire 1972- Manzanillo Port Monument to the Tugboat-Scorpion*

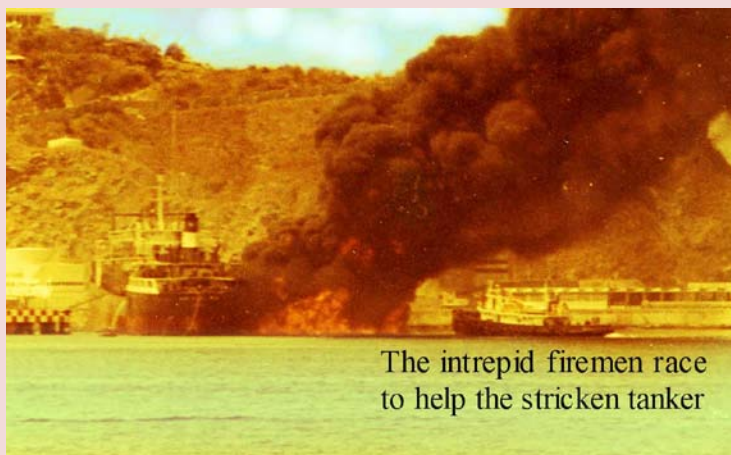
School children were efficiently handled by the discipline of their teachers and they deployed into the surrounding villages. But among neighbors it was uncontrolled panic.

Across the bay Bart Varelmann was hard at work on the Roca Del Mar condos next to his hotel, LaPosada. He and Chris Merson, his partner, were getting photos of their progress on the project. The smoke and flames got their attention and they realized something volatile was burning close at hand.





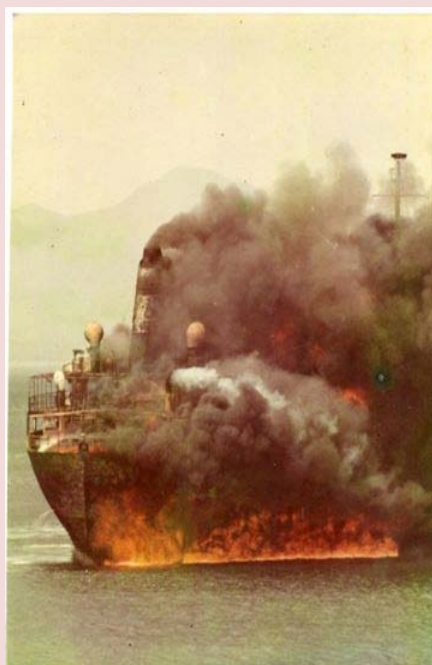
## The Pemex fire at the docks.... continued



The intrepid firemen race to help the stricken tanker

*Scorpion Approaches*

The above photo shows the Tugboat Scorpion making way towards the burning Mary Ellen. There was both professional and volunteer crew aboard the tug. Risking their lives the tug approached the wall of flames. Meanwhile PEMEX workers were able to close off the pipes and valves to stop the flow of fuel.



*Mary Ellen Ablaze*

from nearby San Peditro beach as well as on Las Brisas. About the time Bart and Chris were ready to abandon their position, they realized that the volatile payload this ship carried, was being blown by a wind that had caught the Mary Ellen and beginning to push it away from shore.

The Scorpion crew was led by Captain J. Leoncio Ucha Mora who never lost his composure. Helped by brave volunteers and a part of the crew's tug his plan was to pull the burning Mary Ellen to the middle of the bay where the fire couldn't spread thereby averting a major disaster in the port.

The tug succeeded in getting the heavy mooring lines removed and pushed the tanker out into the bay. As the tanker moved into the middle of the bay it began to drift toward shore.

Bart and Chris watched and speculated it was time to get away rather than watch. Like them, others lingered to watch



The tugboat Scorpion, meanwhile, made her way toward the middle beach. She had sustained heavy damage in her heroic efforts to get the Mary Ellen away from the docks.



*Remains of the Scorpion Tug aground on the middle beach*

The tug came ashore in the middle of the beach and her crew was received as heroes. Some had minor burns or wounds from their dangerous rescue. Exhausted, they went to a medical facility or to their homes to assure loved ones they were ok and to tell their stories.

In spite of their heroic efforts, the crew faced a lawsuit. The tug had been taken without formal permission of the owner or original captain. While it didn't seem logical, because of the dire emergency, the crew was still honored by the Social Club and The Lions. Captain Mora was honored by the mayor for his courage in front of the tug.

*Note: Special thanks to Bart Varelmann who provided photos and gives an account of his observations in his book The Innkeeper. Copies of the book can be obtained at the La Posada in Las Brisas or at Juanito's in Santiago.*

*You may also visit Bart's website at: [www.manzanillo-innkeeper.com](http://www.manzanillo-innkeeper.com)*







# The Streets of Manzanillo



**Hidalgo**

## Father Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla

**(1806-1872)**

### Terry Sovil

The Hidalgo I know is a movie starring Viggo Mortensen about a fantastic true story of a pony express rider that takes his horse to Arabia for a race. The name is a very popular street name. Mexico City alone has roughly 624 streets named Hidalgo! Manzanillo has its own Hidalgo streets with the largest near Centro/San Peditro. This Hidalgo was a priest that was later credited with lighting the fire that eventually led to Mexican Independence.

The French Revolution and Napoleonic wars kept Spain's attention closer to home and not on Mexico. This allowed a climate that helped dissatisfaction grow. The French removed Ferdinand VII as Spain's ruler and put in Napoleon's brother, Joseph. Mexican intellectuals used this to promote independence in the name of Spain's legitimate King. At the time Mexico, New Spain, was dominated by Spanish-born rulers while Mexican-born Creoles held a 10:1 majority. Neither the intellectuals nor the existing rulers wanted to involve the masses in government or local control. The centers of the independence movement were in Querétaro, Morelia and San Miguel. Dolores was San Miguel's closest neighbor.

Father Hidalgo was the parish priest in Dolores, Guanajuato. Prior to becoming a political activist, and ultimately a hero, he helped start local industry. He spoke local languages, worked in ceramics, carpentry, textiles, planting mulberry trees and vineyards and training farmers and craftsmen. By promoting social and economic development he gathered loyal local support for the Mexican Independence Movement.

The Literary Club of Querétaro formed for intellectual discussions but evolved to a forum for planning a revolution. Reform-minded people



began to think of using lower class masses to gain control. Father Hidalgo was well-educated, liberal, questioned church policies and doctrines and was a member of this group. His primary congregation in Dolores was Indian. In the spring of 1810 he and a sympathizer, Capt. Ignacio Allende of the Spanish army, planned an uprising in December. This news was leaked to the Spanish in Querétaro. The wife of the mayor sent a warning to Father Hidalgo

which forced him to action before he was ready.

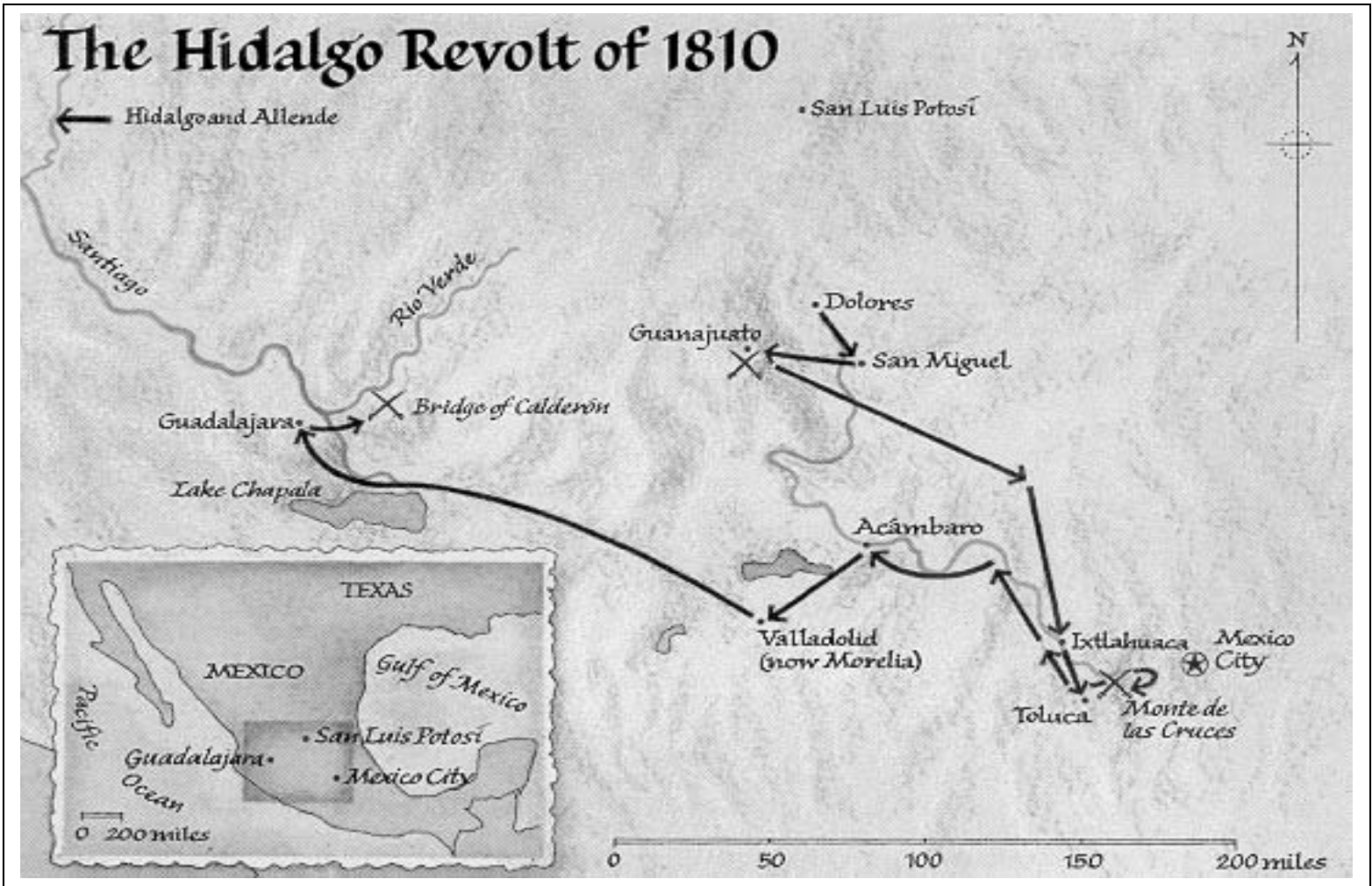
It was September 16, 1810 when Father Miguel Hidalgo y Costilla gave the "Cry for Independence" to help start the movement. At exactly midnight on September 15 he rang the church bell and assembled local citizens. No one knows what exactly was said as part of the "Grito de Dolores" (Cry of Pain) speech. Historians cite three contemporary reports from the time that offer dissimilar accounts.



From studies it is probably safe to say that the following types of things were said: Long Live Ferdinand VII! Long Live America! Long Live Religion! Death to Bad Government! Neither the king nor tributes exist for us any longer. We have endured the Spanish tax for 3 centuries! We will assemble in a few hours. Hidalgo left with 700 farmers, citizens and slaves armed with basic tools such as pick axes and machetes.



## The Streets of Manzanillo – Hidalgo cont..



Their first stop was in the village of Atotonilco just outside of San Miguel. There Hidalgo found a cloth picture of the Virgin of Guadalupe, patron saint of Mexico, and it became a banner for their cause. He also gathered additional support and when he left his army had grown to 5,000! They marched into San Miguel and the battle was over in minutes. The mayor saw the crowd and turned the city over to Father Hidalgo. Their first battle was won. He continued his campaign and eventually had an army of 20,000 but the tide started to turn against him.

As the independence movement suffered defeats Father Hidalgo and friends moved farther north into areas where the independence flame continued to burn. On March 21, 1811, a sometimes rebel sometimes loyalist, Ignacio Elizondo, ambushed Father Hidalgo and friends at the Wells of Baján. Hidalgo and associates were captured and subsequently executed in Chihuahua. In 1940 Lazaro Cardenas initiated the festival "Cry for Independence" which occurs every September 15<sup>th</sup> in the atrium of the Parish Church of Dolores Hidalgo.

*Terry Souil.*

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# Casa Talk

by Patty Clarkson

## The Homes of Manzanillo

### Casa Escondida-Ed and Kate Preston

*"Let's Chat.....I am lovingly nestled in the foothills above the Santiago Bay in Santiago"*



*Ed and Kate share me equally with Jefe and Molly, their buff colored "almost" identical Boxers.*

*I was conceived and born by Gilberto Ramirez, a local architect with no muss – no fuss! Which I understand is quite an accomplishment for any new casa.*

*My two absolutely delightful and fun loving masters, Ed who is tall and almost regal and Kate a petite, curly haired bundle of energy. They moved into me June 2005 – much to my delight goodness – five years ago! But time does go fast when you're having fun, as Ed likes to say.*





*They love to entertain and I was designed to mirror that interest plus I am very functional and easily maintained.*

*I am adorned with eclectic pieces of art from their travels all over the world with added cozy display nooks for the larger beauties. And, of course, there are a few originals sprinkled around for that added touch of class*



*I think the journey that "my people" traveled before creating me is note worthy. Ed retired from the US Navy after spending twenty-three years as a Naval Aircraft Pilot and experienced both the Viet Nam and Korean "Conflicts". With too much energy and lots of time he formed Ed Preston Real Estate, Inc., a real estate firm in Sedona, AZ. Kate, who by education is an attorney but by passion a real estate broker, begin coming to the Manzanillo area twenty-one years when Manzanillo was only a hint of the promise seen today.*

*After vacationing and owning a condominium in this part of the world for ten of those years they finally made the "big break" and retired here eleven years ago. They both still had too much energy and lots of time so they decided to open a real estate firm here in Santiago and so Ed Preston Bienes Raices soon had the doors open and was ready for business Ed and Kate operated that business for eight more years.*

*Now settled in and playing a lot of golf and enjoying themselves immensely. Kate says..."just how lucky are we to live here?"*







## In the News

### Colima to develop the coastline



**Shown in this picture is Miguel Gomez Mont of Mexico National Tourism Fund (FONATUR) in the company of other members of the development association and members of the private sector.**

There is news breaking this week, that Colima is to develop the coastline from Isla de Navidad, site of the Grand Bay hotel, south to Manzanillo which will encompass the "ORO-PENA BLANCA" area thus creating an area much like Cancun. We have heard in the past few months of a similar project commencing in Jalisco south of Tomatitlan and this will be in direct competition.

The new road to the Manzanillo Playa D'oro airport, which currently seems to be rather oddly routed and has people wondering why it is so, is vital in avoidance of the development touching into Jalisco via Cihuatlan. Many of us still have memories of the posturing between the two States a couple of years ago as they battled (as they have done for many years) for the right to ownership of the Isla de Navidad, Colima and the important revenues which could be generated.

Naturally this news will immediately arouse interest of investors to both the area concerned and Manzanillo. As required permits etc. take time to realize, it may well be a year or so before plans actually come to pass but it bodes well for investment in Real Estate in Manzanillo. Hopefully, within the plans for radical expansion will be accommodation for an infrastructure to prevent any similarity of the inadequate sewage systems of Acapulco and Puerto Vallarta. This development will attract a huge migratory population and Manzanillo could soon become very dominant in the playgrounds of the world as the "baby boomers" reach retirement age and cast their eyes around for easy to reach destinations.

The availability of the job market opening so radically is of immense importance to the coffers of the State of Colima and trickling down into Manzanillo but those of us who have found a place in our Eden are sure to be saddened by the distinct possibility of how such a radical change could affect us adversely).



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# Changes at Mexico's Immigration Department (INM)

Hopefully the endless wait at the Immigration office will be a thing of the past as Mexico's Immigration Institute (INM) have changed procedures totally as of April 30<sup>th</sup> this year. All foreigners living in Mexico MUST now go on line to the website to [www.INM.gob.mx](http://www.INM.gob.mx) find the form (in Spanish), fill it out, print it, sign it and send it electronically to the authorities as and how requested. A receipt for the filing will be sent to the applicant along with a file number. Take all required documents (no change), completed & printed with application form file number to the Immigration office where officials will check that documents are relevant. The **new card** (the green book is being phased out) will be available at the local INM office on a stated date when the applicant must go back to pick it up. Sounds simple enough but nothing is ever as it first seems in Mexico as we have all learned.

I have gone to the site and found it a little unwieldy but it appears that all persons entering Mexico (foreign or nationals returning) need to fill out the same form initially, indicating in the applicable space whether they need the new FMM (which replaces the FMT) an FEM for Mexican Nationals only, or if they hold an FM2 or FM3. There are parts of the site available in English and also a spoken explanation in English but it really did not seem particularly clear to me but then I really am not good at filling forms out in the first place.

The form must be filled out on the computer entirely except for the bottom orange part which is for official use only. In the case of FM2, leave box 13 blank and in box 12 show the number of days abroad. In the 365 day visa (FM3) leave box 10 and 12 blank. Keep the right hand portion of the form handed to you by Immigration in a safe place as it will be required on exiting the country. Ensure that applications are made on time as there will be penalties for being an unlawful person in Mexico.

There are bound to be initial teething problems while the new procedures are being implemented and doubtless some changes or misunderstandings. So do the required downloading and filling out of the form. Have all necessary papers ready and proceed to Immigration with a good book and a smile. They are probably frazzled too.

NB:

Requirements have not changed except that there is no longer an allowance in income requirements for couples or for owning property, for everyone it is now US\$1400 per month.

## Requirements for form

See right →

## Amigo extranjero Conoce las Nuevas Formas Migratorias para acreditar tu estancia legal en México

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Forma Migratoria Múltiple	FMT/TV de Turismo, Transmigrante y Negocios	A extranjeros NO INMIGRANTES cuya estancia en el país sea menor a igual a 180 días. Excepciones para: Turismo, Personas de negocios, Transmigrantes, Ministros de Culto o Asociados Religiosos, Visitantes Distinguidos, Estudiantes o Corresponsales. También aplica por 30 días para extranjeros titulares de una visa para viajar por FM2 (Forma de No Inmigrante) o FM3 (Forma de Inmigrante).
Forma de No Inmigrante	documento migratorio de No Inmigrante	A extranjeros No Inmigrantes cuya estancia en el país sea mayor a ciento ochenta días.
Forma de Inmigrante	FM2	A extranjeros que pretenden residir permanentemente en el país.
Forma Migratoria de Inmigrante	FM2 o FM3	A extranjeros Inmigrantes que han adquirido derecho de residencia permanente.

### Nuevas Formas Migratorias para la Frontera Sur

Forma Migratoria de Visitante Local	Aplicable a visitantes Guatemaltecos y Beliceños.
Forma Migratoria de Trabajador Fronterizo	Aplicable a extranjeros Guatemaltecos y Beliceños para desempeñarse como trabajadores fronterizos en las entidades federativas de Chiapas, Quintana Roo, Yucatán y Campeche, conforme a lo previsto en el Acuerdo publicado en el Diario Oficial de la Federación el 17 de Marzo de 2008.

Al concluir tu próximo trámite de prórroga o refrendo, si tu FM3 o FM2 se encuentra vigente al 30 de Abril de 2010, No te preocupes, sigue siendo válida hasta el término de su vigencia te entregaremos la nueva forma migratoria.

Si eres Inmigrante actualízate, cambia tu FM2 o Foto Credencial por la Nueva Forma Migratoria de Inmigrante.

### INFORMES:

Infórmate marcando directamente al conmutador de las oficinas centrales del Instituto Nacional de Migración ubicadas en la Ciudad de México al teléfono 53 87 24 00 y selecciona la opción correspondiente o bien del interior de la República al 01 800 00 INAM, en internet ingresa a: [www.inam.gob.mx](http://www.inam.gob.mx)

### QUEJAS:

Llama al Órgano Interno de Control en el INM a los teléfonos 53 87 24 77 y 53 87 24 00 ext. 18016

También puedes llamar desde el interior de la República a la Secretaría de Función Pública sin costo al 01 800 38 62 460, desde el Distrito Federal al 2000 2000 o bien de Estados Unidos de América al 01 800 475 2393.



## Requirements for form

- 1 & 2 Names – as on Passport (ie: John Smith)
- 3 Nationality
- 4 Date of Birth d/m/yr
- 5 Sex M/F
- 6 Passport Number
- 7 Means of transportation
- 8 Airline & Flight #
- 9 Country journey originated + number of FM2 or FM3
- 10 City of destination
- 11 Reason – tourism, work, transit, other
- 12 Days in Mexico
- 13 Address in Mexico
- 14 Main activity (work, leisure)
- 15 Date d/m/yy - signature



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# DEATH BE ALLOWED

By Annie Stirling



*DEATH be not proud, though some have called thee  
Mighty and dreadful, for, thou art not so...  
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,  
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.*

**John Donne Divine Sonnet X**

As my joyful preparations for my own demise gain momentum, my wish for my Creator to release me from the grip of my torturous lungs becomes stronger and stronger. I am always surprised to be facing this dichotomy every morning when I wake up coughing with a fire in my chest and a willingness to do all that it takes to make me comfortable enough to stay in the gift of each moment.

I am amazed that so many of my friends and family think I should not WANT to die. It has become a family joke that I am just like our Mom who talked about dying for years even though the poor soul didn't get to do so until she was 91. I have often decried a law that doesn't allow us to be put out of our misery like we lovingly do for our pets. As I co-signed a contract with my landlady, Gloria and my friend, Neil, that permits him to take over my apartment when I am gone, Gloria shed a tear and reminded me as does everyone in my adopted land of Mexico, death will come si Dios quiere (If God wishes).

Those who love me most, amaze me when they "should" on me these days. I "should" stop talking about dying. I "should" get out more and live it up even though it takes days to recover from each outing." I "should" not do so much." I "should" practice what I preach and believe in the power of positive thinking". I "should" walk more, do yoga more, exercise more, get more sun, eat more, take more pills, sleep

more, talk less, do less...do more...write another book, close the door against visitors, put a sign up that says, "Do not disturb." etc.etc. etc But strangest of all, I am told that I "should" not die any time soon.

I have two buddies here in Barra who are 24/7 on oxygen support also and both of them WANT to live on in spite of their challenges. I can only explain my wish to die by saying that although the one thing I know for sure is that I know nothing, I also feel certain that it is my body alone robbing me of the desire and perhaps the will to stick around. If I didn't have to suffer the agony that my lungs bring to me, I'm sure that I'd embrace life on this planet for years to come. Right now my lungs are burning and I am struggling to breathe. Someone is burning something in the kitchen below.

That's the other thing. I have faith in one more certainty when I ask, "What happens when we do leave our bodies?" If the essence of me, (my spirit/soul) is just energy and energy doesn't dissipate, it follows that life must keep showing up eternally albeit in a different shape or form. I can easily picture my soul flying solo without the protection or even encumbrance of blood, flesh and bones.

Please understand that I am not ungrateful to my body. Although I've been sickly much of my life, my body has served me well for 76 years. Even my lungs have stood me in good stead simply by giving me the breath of life. Now that they've weathered too many pneumonias to count, mycobacterium avium, tuberculosis, pleurisy along with pericarditis, twenty some years of smoking and at present pulmonary fibrosis and bronchia stasis, my lungs are tired. They need to quit working for the sole purpose of keeping the rest of me alive.

Most of my body though aging is still strong. Through lack of exercise my legs and arms are weak of course but the grey matter that is my brain, while losing memory cells, keeps on inspiring me to write. My arthritic fingers and hands allow me to tap it all out on the keyboard and my aching bum and back support me on the bed most of the time to do my thing or sleep. When I read, write, google, watch TV, welcome guests or cuddle my Bichon, Timoteo, my failing eyes let me see and appreciate it all with the help of three sizes of eye glasses. My unaided ears are lulled by the ocean waves to inspire me while my still strong heart beats on. My appreciative taste buds still enjoy the tea and chocolate that satisfy my last remaining sin after lunch ever day. My tactile sense delights in the silken skin of my son, Jeh's arm as I hold onto it for comfort and support in perhaps our last time together on this planet. He goes home next week. All my organs and other body parts though frail and less dependable are continuing to function to keep me here in this moment, even while anticipating the visit of my my daughter, Jan and my surrogate son, Rob.

**Cont'd...**





## ***I "should" address all those "shoulds" that I'm hearing. Of course they are simply echoes of my own inner judge:***

**#1.** "I should stop talking about dying." In my experience, it is fear of the unknown that plagues us. When I consciously speak of death as part of the natural process of living, I am not afraid. To tell the truth, I am more afraid of living now when it means ongoing suffering.

**#2.** I "should" get out more and live it up even though it takes days to recover from each outing." Though I love love love dancing and dining and socializing, it is becoming harder and harder to pull it off. I've given up sex as part of the natural process, why not all the other sensual delights? It takes so much energy every time I attempt a night out on the town. It is such a struggle to hang in. I see myself as becoming a drag for everyone I'm with.

Though obviously lovingly helping me just to get to and from places, they lend their arms and carry my plethora of paraphernalia (my portable oxygen tank, my plump little Timmy dog, my shawl or sweater and my bag full of meds, puffers, lozenges, Kleenex, prednisone and Melox). Every time I get to one of my favourite places now, I make it a point to enjoy every second while admitting that it will be my last time to even attempt to get there.

Recently I've gone to the Grand Bay to hear Trish and Gord perform; house parties at Wanda's and Bill's; Bananas and Roosters to satisfy Jeh's enjoyment of having breakfast out by the sea; Maya's restaurant to hear Simone and Michael sing; Sea Masters to hear Bonnie and Mark and Estrella for its opening. I even went for a wonderful cruise on Neil's yacht to Tamarindo for lunch. I will be climbing the stairs to Sambuca for the third time this winter to celebrate Poet Bill's birthday on Sunday. After each outing I promise myself I won't be tempted ever again and when I break that oath, I live to regret it. While cherishing every moment of the experience...like an alcoholic drinking it all in with abandon, I am miserable the next day or even week. Sometimes I take codeine just to handle it all even though its side effects are nasty too. When my kids, Jan, Jeh or Rob or other loved ones are here, I tell myself it is worth it to push myself out of my bed but I am learning to accept the truth of my limitations and thereby avoid the consequences.

**#3.** I "should" practice what I preach and believe in the power of positive thinking. I wonder why people can't think of death as something positive. Why wouldn't the release from suffering be just as miraculous as birth is and as much of a relief as the end of labour pains? I am counting on thinking positively about death as an instrument of relief and release. What a joyful message to speak loud and clear to my Creator for Her to lead me home. Trish and Gord tuned in loud and clear when they sang, "I wanna go home".

A celebration of life often supersedes funerals now as the people's choice. Last year, I chose to have my life celebrated by nearly four hundred guests on my 75th birthday with Bill's gift of the funds to pull it off. For me to have given and received the LOVE while I could be part of it all was indeed an awesome blessing. Though it's almost

embarrassing that I'm still here for my 76th, it doesn't need to be. Who cares WHEN the celebration comes as long as the incredible experience of having lived and loved is honoured and acknowledged especially while I'm still here to enjoy it. This year was special too as I got my film buff son all to myself to guide me through the Oscars on my birthday.

**#4.** I "should" walk more, do yoga more, exercise more, get more sun, eat

more, take more pills, sleep more, talk less, do less...do more...write another book, close the door against visitors, put a sign up that says, "Do not disturb." etc.etc. etc. I know all these "shoulds" to be lovingly coming from caring souls. I have however reached the stage that I am unconditionally accepting my choices as I go with the flow of my daily life and simply show up to each moment.

If it is too hard to push myself to do anything physical or when I know it will be debilitating to walk any distance, I just don't. More and more often, I give in to napping or watching a film or answering e-mails when I "should" be doing yoga even though my yoga teacher is such an inspiration. I choose to stay cool rather than get all sweaty in my daily fifteen minutes of sun on the terrace. I make time and find energy for every visitor, remembering that there will be eight months of solitude when everyone flies home. When I choose to do yoga or meditate or sleep or just "be" instead of doing anything at all, I no longer have to "should" on myself or judge my choices. I have indeed started another book and have written some short pieces as well as long talks but I no longer feel anxious over not getting to share them or even finishing them.

After all, I learned years ago that I am a lovely, loving, loveable and loved lady living OR dying. Death in LOVE'S presence is surely only a powerful part of life. May our Higher Selves create an ongoing eternal bliss. "Ah sweet mystery of life at last I've have found you!" Death be allowed as part of it all. Give me one good reason why not.

### **IMPORTANT NOTE:**

*My friend Annie Sterling died in her home on Mothers Day May 2010, thirteen days after refusing to remain on life support machines. She was surrounded by friends and family. Her very last piece of writing will be in next months edition of Manzanillo Sun. Freda Rumford-Editor*



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# Change of Climate

Most of us who have moved to Manzanillo from the Frozen North rub our hands with glee when we hear or read of storms back in our old neighbourhoods, be they snow, ice, freezing rain or hail and thank our lucky stars that we are away from the horrors of living in the cold. No more cars that won't start because we forgot to plug them in and the block heater is frozen. No more ice on windshields to scrape off and no more frozen toes and chilblains or frozen pipes. What we don't always stop to realise is that we have traded one known set of hazards for a completely different set that are unknown. Should a person from Manzanillo move to Calgary, Winnipeg or Minneapolis the hazards of the cold would be totally foreign and he/she would not know how to drive a vehicle in sub-zero weather or on icy roads without becoming first acclimatized. It is exactly the same for us here but in the opposite way. Although the sun is almost always shining and it is nearly always warm, along with these delights come the hazards of living in the tropics and a completely new set of rules that must be obeyed if we are to survive.

As the oceans to the south of us by many countries warm in the heat of the summer, the warm currents meet with the colder air travelling south and out of this volatile mating is born the hurricane. Most of the Eastern Pacific Hurricanes commence off the coast of southern Chile between May and November and travel northwards with ever increasing velocity until they become extremely dangerous to all in their path. They whip the sea into a raging fury and the music they make together becomes more and more fearsome along the journey.

What we have to become knowledgeable about is what can happen in such situations. Already we know that snowstorms following a thaw can cause dangerous avalanches in the mountains but that does not mean that we are there and in peril at any time of danger. We also know not to travel in the mountains or on icy roads without snow tires or chains and that we should always have an emergency pack in the car should we encounter a deadly storm during the winter months. The same is with hurricanes, they occur but that does not mean that we will always be personally at risk and if we know how to be prepared, we are already on the way to being safe. Have the equivalent of an emergency pack available in the home in the rainy season. Know what is to be prepared for emergencies, have it in a safe place and then put it out of mind.

The intent of the articles we will be including in the magazine over the months and years to come are not intended to scare everyone to death but to encourage a state of preparation so that the wonderful weather and life in the tropics can be enjoyed without constant fretting.

We are including lists of items to be prepared which are recommended by trained experts in survival techniques, so that should something very untoward happen, such as a hurricane touch land in Manzanillo, people are ready for it and can be safe. For interests' sake, such an event has not happened in Manzanillo since the late 1950's. Everyone in your household, be they residents or guests, should know where the "Safety Book" is, what to do in some eventualities or where to go in others. Then FORGET IT and enjoy this wonderful country that we have all come to love and enjoy so much

# Be Prepared

## What to do in the event of a hurricane

### Before the hurricane

- 1) Have your vehicle always ready with a full tank of gas during hurricane season.
- 2) Put all important papers in a plastic bag and have required medications/first aid equipment at hand.
- 3) Move all outside things that could become flying objects to a safer place
- 4) Ensure that there is sufficient fresh water for each person for several days & extra water for flushing toilets etc.
- 5) Have canned or packaged food available in sufficient quantities for several days
- 6) Ensure that there is sufficient dry food and fresh water for your pet in a safe & accessible place, should you have to evacuate & leave them behind. Most shelters will not take animals.
- 7) Electricity will be automatically turned off, have a portable radio and flashlight available and turn off the gas taps.
- 8) Wait for instructions from the coordinator.

### During the hurricane

- 1) Keep yourself and your family calm
- 2) Have all emergency items with you at all times
- 3) The "Proteccion Civil" advise taping windows diagonally with an X and closing shutters and doors.
- 4) Wait until you are advised that the Hurricane has passed over and it is safe to return home or return to normal before doing so. You may be in the eye of the storm; or it may be a temporary lull and there is more to come.

### After the storm

- 1) Listen to all advice given by the authorities very carefully. Ask questions if you do not understand.
- 2) Check your house, for any damage that may have occurred, Be very careful with gas and electricity connections.
- 3) Listen to the radio or television for any warnings especially concerning contaminated food or water.
- 4) Only use the telephone in an emergency. Leave the circuits clear.



# Naming Hurricanes

Hurricanes are only hurricanes in the North East Pacific and the North Atlantic, the oceans around North America. In other parts of the world the same type of cyclonic storms go by different names. In the Indian Ocean, off the east coast of Africa they are cyclones as they are in the South Pacific east of Australia.

For several hundreds of years, hurricanes in the West Indies were named after Saints.

Names are easier to remember than longitude and latitude. The storms raging around the coasts of Japan & China in the Western Pacific are typhoons. Regardless of title all are similar, all destructive, terrifying and potential killers.

Each oceanic area has its own differing group of names thus the ones affecting the Pacific coast of Mexico are different to those on the Gulf of Mexico & the West Indies.

By using names it reduces the confusion and defines which part of the world is being affected by the conditions, particularly when more than one hurricane is on the move. One may be moving slowly in the West Indies and the other moving rapidly up the East Pacific coastline and the other more rapidly with different name the meteorologists can pin point the hurricane being referred to and give more accurate & timely warnings. In 1953 the phonetic alphabet names were abandoned and in 1978 men's & women's names were used alternately & the Atlantic and Gulf of Mexico followed suit the following year. The World Meteorological Organization updates the names each year. There are six lists of names used in rotation and on the seventh year list one is used again. Should a storm have devastating effects on an area, that area or country may apply to have that name removed from the list and replaced by another.

*Courtesy of the National Hurricane Centre*

NOTE: Hurricane names from the 2009 hurricane season may be retired. If any hurricane names are officially retired, the 2015 list will be adjusted as necessary.

2010	2011	2012	2013	2014	2015
Agatha	Adrian	Aletta	Alvin	Alma	Andres
Blas	Beatriz	Bud	Barbara	Boris	Blanca
Celia	Calvin	Carlotta	Cosme	Cristina	Carlos
Darby	Dora	Daniel	Dalila	Douglas	Dolores
Estelle	Eugene	Emilia	Erick	Elida	Enrique
Frank	Fernanda	Fabio	Flossie	Fausto	Felicia
Georgette	Greg	Gilma	Gil	Genevieve	Guillermo
Howard	Hilary	Hector	Henriette	Hernan	Hilda
Isis	Irwin	Ileana	Ivo	Iselle	Ignacio
Javier	Jova	John	Juliette	Julio	Jimena
kay	Kenneth	Kristy	Kiko	Karina	Kevin
Lester	Lidia	Lane	Lorena	Lowell	Linda
Madeline	Max	Miriam	Manuel	Marie	Marty
Newton	Norma	Norman	Narda	Norbert	Nora
Orlene	Otis	Olivia	Octave	Odile	Olaf
Paine	Pilar	Paul	Priscilla	Polo	Patricia
Roslyn	Ramon	Rosa	Raymond	Rachel	Rick
Seymour	Selma	Sergio	Sonia	Simon	Sandra
Tina	Todd	Tara	Tico	Trudy	Terry
Virgil	Veronica	Vincente	Velma	Vance	Vivian
Winifred	Wiley	Willa	Wallis	Winnie	Waldo
Xavier	Xina	Xavier	Xina	Xavier	Xina
Yolanda	York	Yolanda	York	Yolanda	York
Zeke	Zelda	Zeke	Zelda	Zeke	Zelda

Photo: Manzanillo Bay- Courtesy of Howard Platt



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# From T's GALLEY at SCHOONERS RESTAURANT

## Chiles En Nogada

### Ingredients

- 12 poblano chiles, roasted and peeled
- 1 cup ground veal
- 1 cup ground pork (with 30 percent fat content)
- 1 tsp sea salt, or to taste
- 1/2 tsp freshly ground black pepper, or to taste
- 1/4 cup vegetable oil
- 1/2 medium onion, finely chopped
- 1/2 cup almonds, chopped and toasted
- 1/2 cup pine nuts, toasted
- 1/2 cup raisins
- 1 1/2 cup fresh walnuts, skinned
- 1 cup milk
- 1 philadelphia cheese
- 1 cup cream
- 1 seeds from two ripe
- 1 pomegranates
- 2 tbsp fresh parsley, finely chopped

### Directions

Make a vertical slit down the side of each chile and carefully remove the seeds, leaving the stem intact.  
Mix the veal and pork in a bowl.  
Add the salt and pepper.  
In a large heavy skillet, over a medium heat, cook the oil with the onion until translucent.  
Add the ground meat and cook, breaking up any clumps, about 5 to 7 minutes.  
Add the almonds, pine nuts, , raisins, . Cook and stir constantly, until the meat is done. Remove the meat mixture from the heat and let cool.



Stuff the chiles with the meat mixture and put them on an ovenproof platter, covered with loosely tented foil.  
Place the platter in a warm oven while finishing the sauce.  
Place the walnuts in a blender. With the motor running, add the milk slowly, until smooth and thick. Add the cream and blend well. And one Philadelphia cheese and blend well.  
Cover the chiles with the walnut sauce and garnish with the pomegranate seeds and parsley.

## PHOTO COMPETITION



Send us an original photo for one of our next editions of  
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# Classified Ads

Local non-profit (Amigos por un Refugio Animal en Manzanillo, A.C.) is looking for a **webmaster on a volunteer basis** to update our existing website ([www.ara-manzanillo.org](http://www.ara-manzanillo.org)) monthly. Estimated 10 hours per month. Please contact Debi Teter at [buzzndebe@yahoo.com](mailto:buzzndebe@yahoo.com) or call 334-3335 if you can help. Site is bi-lingual, but Spanish translations will be provided to the webmaster for posting.

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## LORENZO'S CORNER

Two guys are bungee-jumping one day. The first guy says to the second, "You know, we could make a lot of money running our own bungee-jumping service in Mexico."

The second guy thinks this is a great idea, so the two pool their money and buy everything they'll need - a tower, an elastic cord, insurance, etc.

They travel to Mexico and begin to set up on the square. As they are constructing the tower, a crowd begins to assemble. Slowly, more and more people gather to watch them at work. The first guy jumps. He bounces at the end of the cord, but when he comes back up, the second guy notices that he has a few cuts and scratches. Unfortunately, the second guy isn't able to catch him, he falls again, bounces and comes back up again. This time, he is bruised and bleeding. Again, the second guy misses him. The first guy falls again and bounces back up. This time, he comes back pretty messed up - he's got a couple of broken bones and is almost unconscious. Luckily, the second guy finally catches him this time and says, "What happened? Was the cord too long?"

The first guy says, "No, the cord was fine, but what the heck is a 'pinata'?"

Aimara, a Mexican maid announced to her boss, Mr. Blanco, and his wife that she was quitting. When asked why, she replied, "I'm in the family way."

The wife was totally surprised and shocked, and asked who it was.

The maid replied, "Your husband and your son."

Mrs. Blanco was mortified and demanded an explanation.

"Well," Aimara explained, "I go to the library to clean it and your husband say, 'You are in the way.' I go to the living room to clean and your son say, 'You are in my way.' So I'm in the family way and I quit."

## Carlos Mendoza

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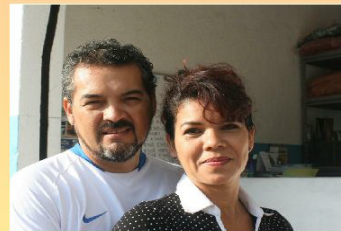
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"Many have read Tommy Clarkson's column "Planting Roots in Mexico", either monthly in the Manzanillo Sun or weekly in the Puerto Vallarta Tribune. Yet others have had the delightful opportunity to be with Patty's magnificent, multi-terraced tropical garden overlooking Santiago Bay. He recently shared that inasmuch as a number of his plants have attained maturity he has a few – in many cases very rare – **FOR SALE water loving papyrus, a few succulents and bromeliads and even some palms unique to Mexico, including a very few Medjool Date Palms which originated around Saddam Huessein's palaces and a giant trunked - yet to be named by the International Palm Society – Washingtonia.** Those who might be interested in purchase of any of these plants or for contracting landscaping services, contact Tommy at **314-334-0856**

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## CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Compiled by Darcy Reed

### MONTHLY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

#### Mujeres Amigas Luncheons

When: First Wednesday of each month  
Where: El Caribe Restaurant, Las Brisas  
Time: 1.00 p.m.  
Contact: Candy King 044-314-103-0406  
[candyk@coldwellbankerbienesraices.com](mailto:candyk@coldwellbankerbienesraices.com)

### WEEKLY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

#### Thirsty Thursdays – Manzamigos

When: To be announced each week  
When: 6.00 p.m.  
Contact: Jack Akers [jack@manzamigos.com](mailto:jack@manzamigos.com)  
To join Manzamigos: Nathan Peach  
[manzmbr@gmail.com](mailto:manzmbr@gmail.com)

### JUNE 2010

**June 21, 2010** ARA present Black Jack Madness from 6-10pm at the Hotel Playa de Santiago. Tickets \$100 pesos  
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or ARA at 044 314 376-5974 (email: [ara.mzlo@yahoo.com](mailto:ara.mzlo@yahoo.com))

**June 7 – 12** Breakfast Buffet at “La Catrina” Sports Bar  
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# Our Twisted Way Of Speaking - V

**Tommy Clarkson**

As many who read my column "Planting Roots in Mexico" know, nearly every day I can be found – along with my faithful friend and plant pal, Paco – working in our tropical gardens. But at some time this morning, mid-frond trim, the semantic question hit me. Prior to tending to these magnificent creations of nature, what had I been doing – pretending?

While I struggled with this newfound language vagary, I became more and more wrought up culminating with abject disconcertment and in a somewhat tense state which in turn, begged the question as to whether all of my earlier calm and comfort was not in fact merely pretense!

What, I ask myself, is the nature and meaningful mission of this prefix - "pre?" In fact, the word itself is confusing for would it not logically follow that, by its very necessity, something would have to be broken before it was repaired - hence, in a state of "prefix?"

Before we amble off on a trek of evaluation and discovery we surely must commence with a preamble; and, prior to beginning to pare off superfluous, word extraneousness I suspect we must properly prepare. This may be a somewhat precarious path we tread. (By the way, "carius" means "having caries or decayed" but, interestingly, my dictionary makes no mention of rotten condition as regards the definition of "precarious!" Long aware of the twisted way of our speech, perhaps such is patently dictable . . . and if not that, at least, most assuredly predictable!

Now, I pose a bit of a philosophical question. If we accept the definition of "precept" as meaning "A rule or principle imposing a certain standard", might not the lack thereof - regarding the use of "pre" - mean that we are in a state of pre-precept? Hey, don't curse the observer! I'm only trying to clear things up here.

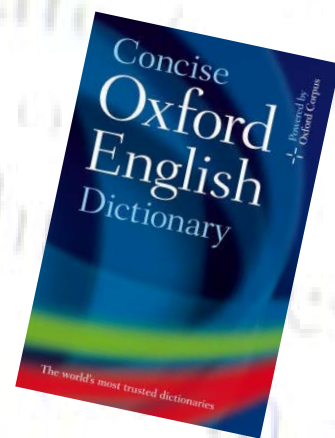
Let us give pause and curb an enthusiastic desire to be precipitant in jumping to conclusions – we've hardly had time to get comfortable with our condition of being cipitant . . . whatever that is, was or isn't. (And with that having been said, I don't think I'll even begin to get into the similar semantics conundrum of precipitation/cipitation!)


My head hurts. Let's strive to presently be precise and we can flounder with cise soon enough. Let's preclude consideration of confusing words cluding only those we know. Focus, we must, on predictable – rather than those (I suppose) – durned dictable words.

If not already cariously close, we are precariously so to the perilous precipice – if not cipice itself – of outright confusion.

At this juncture, I sense we are substantially past predicament and well wallowing in an outright, full scale, dicament. I wish I would have predetermined not to be so blasted determined to address this in the first place. I guess the results were dictable if not predictable.

So, spurning preamble, please allow me to merely amble off, back to my plants. My dependable - much easier to understand than our words - plants!





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## We all have met 'em. . .

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

. . . it may be a brother-in-law, next door neighbor or that particularly irritating high school bully badly who has gone badly to seed.

You know the kind - those guys (and occasional woman) who, no matter what you say, are the "I can top that" sort!

Yesterday while flying home, trapped at an altitude of 39,000 feet, one sat next to me. Our (dare I call it such) conversation went somewhat like as follows:

Anticipating take-off in the next week or so, our jet slowly turned onto one of the taxi tarmacs. Befuddled by my seatmate's preceding comments of "one-ups-man-ship", I mentioned that earlier in my work life I had been a college administrator and had taught some college courses.

He launched upon a discourse of how - following a recent round of lectures regarding personally created curricula innovations, presented at Harvard, Cambridge, Yale, Oxford, Stanford and MIT - he soon planned to pursue post-doctoral work regarding the relevance of sub-atomic vagaries in effecting post-coital deportment in a rare plum eating piranha found only in one seasonal stream located some 255 kilometers from the primary Amazon tributary. He continued that he anticipated both the National Geographic and Smithsonian to do full features on his work - explaining that he didn't want to write up the research himself as he didn't care to again face all of the "interview hassles" by the Pulitzer Prize committee, inferring this had, previously been quite a problem. (Interestingly, for the first time, I sensed a tiny chink in his armor of verbosity as he somehow avoided any mention of any colleges or universities through which he, himself, had ever matriculated.)

After mouth open pause to assimilate that bit of information, with substantially shaken confidence, struggling, I offered that early in my adult life I had enjoyed serving in elective office in Midwest Kansas.

He responded how he had personally tutored United Nations Secretary General Ban Ki-moon in proper international parliamentary procedures, had honed Former President Bill Clinton's image (post-Monica), had been begged, repeatedly, to take Ted Kennedy's seat in U.S. Senate, but being the humble sort he was had not wished to call attention to himself and - in a conspiratorial whisper - explained how, in all reality, it had been he who had written the entirety of the new Health Care bill.

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Wishing to steer clear of all that hinted of politics, I told him how we had thoroughly enjoyed the climate while living and working in the Kwajalein Atoll in the far south west Pacific.

Before I could explain the nature of our work he interrupted saying that, each Spring, he immersed himself in the Italian Riviera lifestyle; each summer, jetted between the Galapagos Islands, several of the westernmost Mongol provinces and the Great Barrier Reef off of Australia; during the fall he hiked several of the seldom traversed Alps, peaks of the Hindu Kush, a number of the Northernmost Tibetan highest reaches and the "oh, so tame", furthestmost Canadian Rockies; and in the winter relaxed in the Antarctic . . . but was vague on specifics or explanation of that season's sport.

Breathless at the thought of the physicality of any of his purported adventures, I mentioned how in addition to a daily regime of walking - as a result of slightly raised blood pressure - I now took medication.



cont....

Conversely, he explained how he worried little about any manner of bodily infirmities as he could lower his heart rate to twenty beats per minute, could control his body temperature to anywhere between 90 and 110 degrees, and could hold his breath to just short of ten minutes – and could do all at the same time!

Undaunted, I turned the conversation to more familial matters, mentioning how our granddaughter had just finished second in the grade school spelling Bee.

He observed that that was all well and good, but his daughter did crosswords in Sanskrit, sang a multiplicity of ancient songs in Aramaic and home schooled her children in Esperanto, Etruscan and conversational Latin as well as how to properly write in one of the more ancient variants of Japanese Kanji.

Hoping to change the conversation, I commented how while my wife and I had worked in Iraq and had befriended many Sunni and Shiias.

"Tut-tutting" the paltriness of my comment, he launched into a discourse of how he had uncovered basic theological tenant similarities between an small animistic Northern Utah tribe of Navajos and a particular Bedouin tribe of splinter Islamists in the lower Arabic peninsula and how - through his personal interventions – the two groups had become fast friends, now engaged in regular vacation "home swapping" and were fast pen pals.

. . . mercifully, the pilot then announced we were about to take off

(Next issue – the conversation continues.)

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