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Cover Photo courtesy of
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There are many areas of marsh and wetlands down the west coast of Mexico, and in to the interior lakes. They are often partly filled with tall rush and low water lilies or other dense stands of floating vegetation. These wetlands make ideal homes for many water fowl with the right physical characteristics.

Long term success in living and sometimes, just survival, demands an ability to fit in well with the environment. The abilities of an organism, in physical terms need to be a good match with the challenges and opportunities the organism will face. So, what does it take for a bird to do well in wetlands?

The purple gallinule is one bird that thrives in the rushes and on the floating vegetation in marsh areas. It is a member of the rail family and is a similar size to a chicken. Its back is a purple-blue turning to an iridescent green over the lower back and tail. The bill is bright red with a yellow tip and it has a pale blue shield on its forehead. There is a white patch under the tail, and yellow legs with very long boney toes.

Members of the Rail family are narrow from side to side. Being slim is a great advantage when you need to travel through the thickets of tall rushes without disturbing them and giving away your location. Birds that spend their time on more open water, such as

ducks, do not have this advantage. Of course, bird watching becomes more difficult because, although you may be very close to them, once they are a few feet into the dense reeds they are completely out of sight. Nesting is much safer as predators have a much harder time finding the nests and moving around in the dense rushes to search for them is very difficult.





When out among the lilies or water hyacinth the long toes come into action, spreading the weight of the bird so widely that it can easily walk over the floating plants. These long toes are also used to turn over vegetation in the search for food which consists of quite a variety of pant and animal matter. Although it prefers to walk over the floating vegetation, it can swim very well when it needs to.

Even its colors, which at first may sound so showy, help it blend into its environment of blue flowering water hyacinth and the many shades of green and blue-green of the plants. Chicks are a fuzzy black and also have very long toes so even at one day old they can follow parents looking for food. While the chicks are very small they are fed by the parents.

The birds can fly when startled but appear to be very clumsy. It is a little strange that birds that appear to fly so poorly are in fact very good at exploring and finding new wetlands. They are mainly tropical birds but have been found as far north as Canada. Purple gallinules are well fitted to the wetlands, and even to finding new homes if the old ones dry up. Perhaps this is why they are slowly increasing in number and range.



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Planting Roots In Mexico Tommy Clarkson

African Mask

Alocasia amazonica

Family: Araceae

(Also known as: Amazon Elephant's Ear, Green Velvet, Jewel Alocasia, Alocasia Alligator, Amazon Lily, African Black Shield Plant, Alocasia Polly (or Poly) Hilo's Beauty Elephant Ear and I know a Mexican gardener who calls them Vampire's Ear!)

Enjoying full sun to partial shade, it is one of five species of similar palms originally found on tiny Round Island of the Mascarene Islands, east of Madagascar, but is now, virtually, at the point of extinction in its natural habitat.

I have thought that this uniquely, dramatic tropical beauty, with its striking, two-tone leaves, might better be named the "Alias Plant" as it is called by so many different names.





And beyond that, there is no little debate about its creation – exactly who hybridized it. But by most accounts it appears to be a hybrid of the Southeast Asian Alocasia longiloba and Alocasia sanderian and seems to have emerged in the public's awareness in the 1950's.

From here on I will endeavor to be a bit more exact – such as the fact that we know this highly attractive plant is hybrid family member of the 78 species in the genus *Alocasia* which is comprised of broad-leaved rhizomatous or tuberous perennials – perhaps best known for the Calla Lily and Jackin-the-pulpit,

As a rule its magnificent leaves are 30.5 cm (12") to 61 cm (24") long and 15 cm (6") to 30 cm (11") wide. These generally reach at height of 61 cm (2'), though I've heard of them being - but have not seen them myself - them being between three and four feet tall.



These striking – deep dark, roughly serrated, green through dark purple to nearly jet black – heart-shaped, leaves are marked by boldly prominent, whitish or light green veins and deeply scalloped along their margins. Surrounding those primary lateral veins are very light colored zones and some clones have an intriguing network of silver veinlets that run between the primary lateral veins.

The underside is, more often than not, a matte purple in color. As a rule, each main trunk will only produce four to five leaves at a time and as a new leaf grows it sheds an older one.

The green-colored petiole is around 38 cm (15") with a dullish brown variegation in its lower half. The corms (short swollen underground stem base) are white with a tint of pale pink.

While appreciating high humidity (low humidity can cause leaf dieback), these guys like bright, indirect light preferring about 60% shade. Confusing? Simply remember that they that they don't like strong, direct sunlight. Another protective measure to take is that they need protection from the wind.

Like most of the *Alocosias* they like to keep their feet wet. But, allow the soil to dry slightly between watering. Ensure 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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Panjanillo Sun E-Majazine Raggedy Wings



Raggedy wings had the motley old crow but two more they were than man'd ever grow.

As a kid, I used to dream that I could fly. For some reason or another, however, I had to climb a flagpole first and then commence to soar from there. As humans, we're pretty smart and do a lot more things than birds. But, all things considered, without mechanical help, we still can't fly.

When I was young, my buddies and I were scolded by crows while exploring "the rocks" playing army and throwing Yuka pod hand grenades at each other? My earliest childhood pal, Robert, with his bare hands, caught a carp someone had let loose in the water tower runoff stream that ran down through "the rocks" to the Creek. Over it, above the lazy, muddy flow of the Pawnee Creek (where it went around both sides of Peewee Island), while sprawled on an overhanging limb from a tree whose roots were all but washed away, we dropped firecrackers into the water for hours on end? And on that creek in which we fished and swam, we'd ride our tractor tire tube raft with the current to where it joined the Arkansas River? (That's right; out where we grew up it was the Ar-Kansas, not Arkansaw, River.)

We caught crawdads with pieces of weenies tied to fishing line - or when we got fancy - seined them from a farm pasture pond, took them home and boiled them up for crunch munchy treats? We ran in and out of an old barn, playing for hours in a hay loft finding hidden nests of eggs, hens had thought, no one could ever find? We spent the entire day exploring a shelter belt made up of WPA planted cedars, Russian Olive, elm trees and hedge apples (some call them Osage Oranges - go figure!)

Fifty years ago there was so much more fun than video games, rap music, and inane animated cartoons. Kids were - believe it or not - kids! What a novel thought.

In the winter, for fun - if the temperature was over twenty-five degrees - we went outside. We made snow angels by lying on our backs in the snow and waving our arms up and down. We played "Fox and Hounds" in a tromped out patterns in the back vard

Our snow forts - I'm sure - were as formidable as any fortifications found on the Siegfried Line! Or, little sexists that we were, we made snowmen with honest to goodness carrot noses and rock eyes.

But the ultimate fun was when the city closed down 5th Street for sledding. Over three blocks of great down hill slickness! Rip to the bottom. Then trudge to the top. again and again and again. It just didn't seem like it could get any better than that.

However, having so said, through spring, summer and fall it was "Katy bar the door." Ball games of "work up" every evening after school and "kick the can" when dusk neared. And when school was out, summer ball games and every imaginable type of program offered by the city in the municipal park, from archery to oral readings! Even Bible school, though short, wasn't all that bad either - the cookies and Kool-Aid were great and the church had that cool, well, churchy smell!

But those summers! Fishing for crappie at the sandpit day after day... and cleaning and frying them ourselves. And on week-ends, water skiing with dad driving his outboard Johnson powered, aluminum, 11' foot boat for hours on end. Getting sunburned, of course, but such was a part of summer.

And our tree houses that were always in one stage or another of development. I'm hard pressed to ever remember any of us actually finishing a tree house, but we certainly did have fun working toward that end! Just the act of climbing trees, in itself, was a rewarding experience.

Some days, with my WWII, aluminum canteen attached to the old web belt I got at the Army Surplus store with pennies saved from my paper route, my pal and I would head west along the creek to explore in search of adventure and treasure. These were "wilds" to us and we just knew danger lurked around every tree and bush.

Once, we actually even found treasure! While rooting in a crevice of a monstrous piece of sandstone that had broken down and away, we excitedly found scores of candy bars. Apparently looted from a nearby Boy Scout treat machine,

Manzanillo Sun E-Magazine



they had been hidden there by the thieves. Armed with more sugar products than we'd ever imagined, we lumbered home our load to show this great find to our mothers. To our total chagrin and mortification, they made us throw it all away - a loss of major consequence to the two greatest explorers ever to come from Mann Street in Larned, Kansas!

Of course, there were the Ban Johnson baseball games in the evenings. The stadium was only a block and a half from my home - right below the water tower and next to where the County 4-H Fair was held each year. In all reality, as boys aged in the single digits, we went to those games for two primary purposes: the treasures at the snack bar and in hopes of catching a foul ball.

But the 4th of July was the pinnacle of summer. We'd all trek back to that stadium which was sort of dug out of the side of the hill. (Even today I have to admit it was a neat place and still is, though, sadly, seldom used. But then, it looked so much bigger!) With blankets spread out on the man made hill (another of our favorite places to sled during the winter) we'd lie back and do all the crowd "oooohs and ahhhhhs." But then, we really meant it.

And then it was harvest time. (Did you ever make wheat gum by chewing kernels of wheat - without swallowing? I did . . . and still can!)

Harvest was a big deal. It was Uncle Dale's livelihood and, until Grampa got his leg caught in a wheat auger and messed it up, his too.

The heat, sweat, dust of harvest in those days before air-conditioned trucks and combines, I remember well.

And when the combine was on the far side of the section, and all was quiet, we might hear from those large, noisy birds from above . . .

Raggedy wings had the motley old crow but two more they were then man'd ever grow.

Tom Clarkson 30 December, 2002











TIWI GOT SICK

Terry Sovil

Blackie and Tiwi (tea-we) entered my life in February 2009 right after I moved to Manzanillo. They were the "church dogs" from the church next door to our dive shop. They had collars, were fed twice a day, had a yard but I saw them on the street. After they got to know me better if they saw me walking down the street they would give a sideways glance at each other and run to meet me. That thrilled me and I would always stop and give them attention.

We had made a "no dogs" policy when we got here. They were never allowed on the property and quickly learned where the line was. Tiwi became a favorite because she was shy and showed a real affectionate side when Blackie, the alpha, would let her.

My arms full of clean laundry they ran to meet me. I set the laundry down so I could devote both hands to their demands. Tiwi proceeded to vomit down my left leg and filled my shoe. Screaming like a little girl and running for the hose I got everything washed off and out of my shoe. Did the laundry have to go back? The laundry was still clean. The dogs were nowhere to be seen. But this isn't the time Tiwi got sick.

The Pastor took a new church and couldn't take the dogs with him. Tiwi and Blackie asked if they could stay with us at the dive shop. Being such good friends with "intimate moments" I couldn't say no. Tuesday August 7, 2010 we got two used dogs. After several days adjusting to their new surroundings we all started to learn about their various problems. Tiwi wasn't all that smart and she didn't eat, she inhaled like a Kirby vacuum. Blackie was terrified of thunder and fireworks. We adjusted.

December came. I was still in shock at the price of dog food and wishing I could eat it too. We added "the

girls" to the staff of the dive shop and put their pictures up on the website. Adding customer service value Blackie BARKS at everything and everyone that comes in the yard. With her buggy little eyes and a crooked tooth that sticks out so she looks mean. Then Tiwi got really sick.

I grew up on a farm with dogs, horses, cows and various pets but I had never seen a dog this sick. Three visits to two vets accomplished nothing. She was going to die and it seemed nothing could change that. Then a dear friend had a visitor; a practicing vet. He examined Tiwi and said it was a serious viral infection, like meningitis. I looked up Canine Distemper on the internet. Everything fit. Tiwi was indeed very sick. Two weeks earlier she was tearing around the yard and thrilling me running to meet me. Now she could hardly move.

Canine Distemper Virus (CDV)

It is the most significant and highly contagious viral disease of dogs. It targets various organ systems at the same time. It's the same virus that causes measles in humans. It can affect dogs at any age. It is transmitted primarily by air and shed through urine and feces. In the body for 2 to 5 days it has moved to the nearest lymph node and started reproducing, rapidly spreading through the lymph system. Younger dogs are more susceptible because of undeveloped immune systems. It is difficult to diagnose because of universal and wide range symptoms. Days 6-9 it spreads to the blood then to the respiratory, gastrointestinal, urogenital and then the central nervous system. Most dogs develop an inflammation of the brain and spinal cord. Tiwi was vomiting, no appetite, raging fever that left and returned, rapid heartbeat, lethargic, weak, depressed, muscle twitching, sensitive to pain in her hind legs, balance problems, slipped on the floor (hardening footpads), almost total loss of rear leg motor skills and briefly "weepy eyes". Sudden death is not uncommon and we braced for the worst around Christmas. Merry Christmas.

A friend mentioned three dogs, including a puppy, with symptoms just like Tiwi's. All died. CDV is rampant in the



dog population among unvaccinated dogs. Young dogs in many countries are vaccinated as young as 6 weeks. Booster shots are given yearly. That's what I was used too. There is no direct treatment. Blackie and Tiwi were spayed so the assumption was they had all their shots. We had no medical records or history.

All we could offer was support, hope and prayer.

Tiwi gradually began to recover. Her appetite started to return. She has begun to return to health. The vet provided seven daily shots to give her and advised on feeding and exercise. Tiwi continues to improve but neurological damage can still appear. She has a muscle twitch in her head that may never leave. The vet advised that "mutts" had a better chance of recovery.

Now she waits by the gate and actually runs to meet me. I'm thrilled.

Don't let this happen to your most faithful friend. CDV is in Manzanillo. **Immunize!**





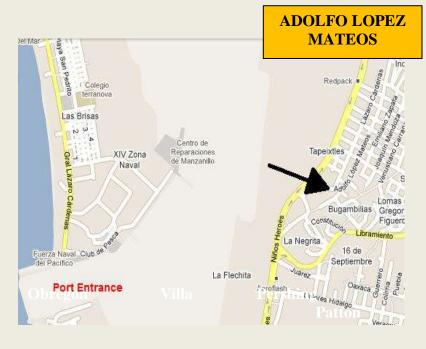






The Streets of Manzanillo

Terry Sovil



Adolpho Lopez Mateos 1909-1970

• Born: 26 May 1909

• Birthplace: Atizapán de Zaragoza

• *Died:* 22 September 1969

• Place of Death: Mexico City,, Mexico

1958. The world is quiet. The Korean War is over. France averted a civil war. Fidel Castro is still a guerilla. Eisenhower is at his peak. Joe McCarthy died of alcoholism in 1957 ending a period of national paranoia in the USA. Ozzie and Harriet were presiding over their TV program.

López Mateos, a former Veracruz governor, has been elected President and is giving Mexico a steady, frugal government pushing growth but not heavy public spending. An indifferent speaker he has replaced a president, a fine orator, 20 years his senior. He has charisma and support among liberals and unions. He was elected as president in 1958 in the first vote by women in a National election. Like President Cárdenas, he redistributed millions of acres of farmland and in 1962 nationalized all foreign power companies.

López Mateos was born May 26, 1909, in Atizapán de Zaragoza in the state of Mexico. This was only months before the Mexican Revolution broke out against Porfiro Díaz. His mother was a schoolteacher. His father, a small-town dentist, died when he was young. He graduated from the Scientific and Literary Institute in Toluca, Mexico. He received his law degree from the

National Autonomous University of Mexico.

In 1934, during the presidency of Lázaro Cárdenas, he became a regional secretary of the Partido Nacional Revolucionario, predecessor of the PRI. He served in the Senate from 1946 to 1952 and was briefly the ambassador to Costa Rica. When Adolfo Ruiz Cortinez was elected president he was made Minister of Labor on the cabinet. His success in handling labor unrest caused his stock to rise.

López Mateos won the presidential nomination of the PRI in 1958. Nomination was almost like winning the election; he did win 90% of the total votes cast. He was 48 at his inauguration. He wanted to move the Mexican Revolution a bit to the left, but not too far. He wanted social reform.

Land redistribution was almost forgotten but Mateos handed out 30 million acres during his sixyear term. This was more than any Mexican president since Lázaro Cárdenas. Along with land, he made low interest loans and technical training available. The government purchased controlling stock in a number of foreign industries. U.S. and Canadian electric companies and the motion picture industry came under government control. Social welfare projects such as low cost housing, medical care, pensions and social security were pushed. The health care program drastically reduced polio, tuberculosis and malaria. Federal spending rose over 132% from the previous six-year period. The gross national product was rapidly growing as well and so the country withstood the expenditures.



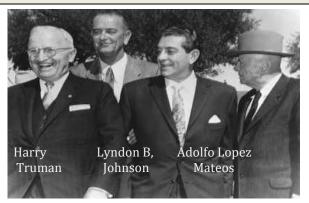
Mateos implemented a forgotten article from the Constitution of 1917 which called for owners of industry to share their profits with labor. By 1946 many workers were getting an extra 1 to 10% of their annual wage in profit sharing. He voted against expulsion of Fidel Castro's Cuba from the Organization of American States. While moving the climate to the left he still had critics on the left. He removed Communist leadership in the teachers union, railroad workers union and some university staffs.

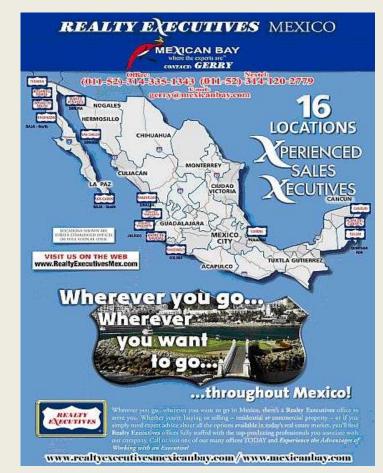
A 1960 census revealed more illiterates in Mexico than there had been 50 years earlier. Mateos increased spending and created free but compulsory textbooks for grades 1-6. This caused uproar with the equivalent of a Parent Teachers Association and the Roman Catholic Church on the grounds that it sought to standardize the thought of the youth. Mateos didn't back down and the books went out in spite of the protests.

López Mateos served as president of Mexico from 1958 to 1964. He suffered a severe stroke shortly after leaving office in 1964. He lay in a coma for six years. At his death he was eulogized as a nationalist and a humane statesman who supported the poor and powerless in Mexico.

López Mateos was also the first chairman of the Organization Committee of the 1968 Summer Olympics and called the meeting that led to the creation of the World Boxing Council.











Manzamille o lifestyle E-Magazine

A Day with the Armada, aids the Naval Hospital

126 Expats had fun yesterday as guests of the Mexican Navy, aboard their ship *Manuel Doblado PO 104*. Each paid \$500 Pesos (about US \$ 42.) for the event which raised roughly US \$5,000 for the Naval Hospital Auxilliary in Manzanillo. The crew had rigged a large canvas cover over the aft part of the main deck, normally used as a helicopter pad, to provide some shade for those who wished to enjoy the cruise on the few seats available. The Captain of the ship, Comandante Gerardo Almonacid Simancas, took us in a large circle north and south of Manzanillo harbor, not more than 10 miles out to sea, cruising at about 18 knots. Some whales provided entertainment at one point performing some jumps off the port side, during the 2 1/2 hour excursion.

The more adventuresome were allowed to climb all over the ship's upper decks from stem to stern, including the bridge, where the captain and helmsman kept us on course. Having served on a similar ship (Destroyer) in the U.S. Navy some 55 years ago, I found that negotiating the ladders and hatches between decks was a good deal more difficult than I remember as a twenty year old sailor! Throughout the cruise we were "shadowed" by one of the Mexican Navy's high speed assault boats with a doctor and paramedic aboard for both security and in case there was a medical emergency requiring someone to return to shore in a hurry.

The 200 ft. *Doblado* was built in the Alameda, CA shipyards where it was first launched in 1941, and served in the U.S. Navy Pacific Fleet during WW II, including the invasion and occupation of Okinawa. In 1973 the ship was turned over to the Mexican Navy in Acapulco, after which it was renovated and modernized by the steelworks at Salina Cruz, in the state of Oaxaca. Since then it has been operating in Mexican waters with a crew of 61.

Manzanillo has become the headquarters of the Mexican Pacific Fleet, however the Navy also maintains bases in Acapulco, Lazaro Cardenas and Ensenada. On the Atlantic side, Vera Cruz is the main Mexican Navy port for it's Caribbean operations. In total, the Mexican Navy has about 20 commissioned ships, plus many high speed small craft, helicopters



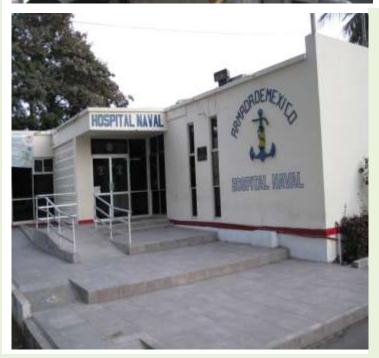




and fixed wing aircraft. Its mission is more similar to that of the U.S. Coast guard, in that it is primarily assigned to protect Mexico's extensive coastlines. In recent years they







have had good success with drug interdiction operations, capturing and confiscating many tons of illegal drugs intended to be smuggled into Mexico by ships and boats.

The armament of the *Doblado* includes a 3.5 inch cannon, 20, 30 and 40 MM anti aircraft guns, and many automatic small arms weapons. The ships in the Mexican Navy are old, mostly surplus from the U.S. and a few other countries. However, they appear to be well maintained and capable of performing the tasks they are assigned.

After the ship returned and was tied up to the Manzanillo Navy dock, we all walked a short distance to the Officer's Club where we enjoyed a very good buffet of botañas, carne asada, camarones and other Mexican delicacies. All were impressed with the professional and congenial crew of the Doblado, and had a most enjoyable day.

Robert Hill









PATA POKER TOURNAMENT 2011

By Jim Evans

As the sun, on its daily journey, began its final descent behind Elephant Rock in Santiago Bay on Wednesday evening February 2, 2011 PATA began their third Annual Poker Tournament. For the second year in a row the tourney was hosted by **The Oasis Restaurant**, in Club Santiago, whose owners **Diego** and **Paco** graciously donated the room and the tables. The Oasis has a fantastic food, and the only real **Beach Bar** in Manzanillo.

PATA Board Member and Tournament Director Chantel Oleskin kicked off the festivities around 7 pm with a reading of the rules of play, and once again this year Chantel, in her inimitable style made the obligatory call....exhorting the dealers to "shuffle up and deal".

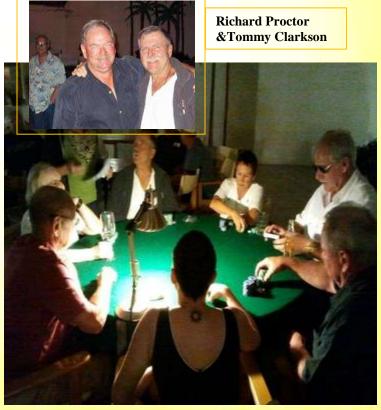
All in all 29 players of all ages and skill levels from all over the world contributed \$ 450.00 Pesos each to be used by PATA in their various endeavors including: "Free" Spay and Neuter Clinics, the annual 5 day clinic, and monthly mini clinics.

The dealers: Susan Corey, Chris Hatherell, Patty Talasay, Kenny Talasay, and Jim Evans... all accomplished poker players, donated their time for the event. Lora Bloss served as an alternate dealer and was instrumental in setting up the room, along with June Evans, Brigett Cowan, Stan Burnett and M.J.

Once again the former winners for two straight years, **Benny** and **Grace McCormick** were present and appropriately attired in bulls-eye t-shirts, several people were focused on the pair, determined to knock the affable Canadians from their lofty perch... It didn't take long for this year's cadre of Poker aficionados to zero in on the targeted pair, knocking them both out in the first round. It was pretty clear from the beginning that several people were taking this event very seriously.

After several hours the final six players were determined.. The chip leader **Richard "the Engineer" Proctor** never relinquished his lead, and with a series of crushing raises and a bit of luck literally destroyed all who challenged him.







As the dust settled only two warriors remained ... Richard, and Tommy Clarkson... unfortunately for Tommy, Rich held an enormous chip advantage of over ten to one, as he whittled away at the challengers ever diminishing stack... On what was to be the final hand between these two proud Poker antagonists, Rich bet \$ 3000.00 before the flop and Tommy called, he was all in... The leader turned over A-8, Tommy who had been card dead for most of the final table showed K-6...

An Ace came on the flop ..

The turn and river were insignificant and Rich raised his fist in victory as the faithful watchers cheered ... Interesting side note... just the night before four of the winners were in a poker game together.. wonder who won that one ??

The four remaining winners in order of their finish were:

- **Tommy " the Colonel" Clarkson** \$1,000 peso gift certificate for La Pergola Restaurant,
- **"TV Patty" Clarkson** Massage therapy gift certificate valued at 800 pesos,
- **Courtney " the Best" Firmi** Brunch for 2 at Pepe's Hideaway in La Punta,
- Glen "the sleeper" Ohlinger Dinner for 2 at El Fogon.





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Comings and Goings... Roving Reporters

Changes at El Caribe.

We went to El Caribe last night, and Martin told us that he is leaving there Mar 7th. We are very sad about him leaving El Caribe. As it's the best Coconut shrimp anywhere, and he is a very nice man. We wish him good luck in the future. Maybe people can go there and have a great evening. SC We do hear that he is to be the chef at the new golf course in El Naranjo and that El Caribe will quite probably be under new management.

Antonio returns

Many of us were deeply saddened when Antonio closed the door of his restaurant "Antonio's Rincon de Chef" in las Brisas two or three years ago but were heartened that he would be cooking elsewhere. After a couple of tries at different places, he finally put away his pots and pans, hung up his knives and went into retirement. The call to cook has been yelling at him for the past few months and finally, after two years without his wonderful Garlic soup, incredible, lamb dishes and Shrimp Florentine, we need rely on memories no longer. Antonio is coming back.

This time he will be at the Palapa opposite the Salagua gardens by the traffic lights on the boulevard. The restaurant will be know as **ANTONIO'S** and will be open

for business in one month. (end March/beg April) The phone number for reservation will be 336-6048. Many of us remember going to Antonio's Rincon one Valentines day, when there was a power outage. The orders were taken but we sat in the dark for almost an hour, getting quietly looped until Ed (who had been with Sask. Power) decided to investigate the problem. Within minutes there was light and, within twenty minutes to half an hour, all of those waiting (almost 40 diners) were enjoying our meals. That was impressive and memorable. He and his staff got a huge round of applause and (I hope) a good tip that night.

REMEMBER, Antonio's # is - 336-6048

Sorry there is no information on hours of operation yet. Watch this column next month. FR

Stove Top Stuffing

Now in Wal-Mart, in three flavours! I was pleased to see this as I like having a starter for my stuffing. They also have **kosher salt** as well as **Cuyutlan Sea Salt** at La Vianda across from the entrance to Club Santiago. They also have many other rarely seen goodies and it is hard to get out of there without spending even when nothing is needed. Beware.

La Comercial is changing it's store around again and if anyone can find anything, please let me know. Happy Hunting.

Please let us know of anything ne that catches your eye







MARCH 2011

March 1 - Tuesday - ANNUAL CASA HOGAR LOS ANGELITOS

GOLF EVENT

Where: ISLA DE NAVIDAD GOLF COURSE

Time: 8:30am check in

Cost: \$1600.00 pesos or \$130.00 US

Event Chair Jack Babcock jackbabcock@comcast.net

335-0032

Co-Chair: Wayne Larson wayne@cwlars.com

335-1780

Pat Martin pmartin61@aol.com

335-0402

Details: Open play – men & women 4 door prizes of 2 free rounds of golf at Isla

First pay, first play - field is limited

Includes: Green fee, cart, 2 drinks, lunch, prizes, contribution

March 4 - Friday - BAHIA DELI WINE TASTING

Where: Bahia Deli, Blvd. Miguel de la Madrid H. No. 1780

Time: 6:00 pm to 8:00 pm **Contacts:** Barbara & Francisco 334-2472

March 5 - Saturday - SANTIAGO FOUNDATION CENTER

GARAGE SALE

Where: Santiago Foundation Center, El Naranjo

Time: 4:00 p.m.

March 6 - Sunday - PATA MINI CLINIC

Where: Tapeixtles
Time: 9:00 am - meet

Contact: Stan Burnett stan@patamanzanillo.com

<u>March 10 - Thursday</u> - "SAVORY SAUCE BASICS" Eileen's Cooking Class La Manzanilla

Where: Calle Playa Blanca #16, La Manzanilla – on the other

side of the arroyo

Time: 11:00 a.m.

Cost: \$250 pesos or \$20 USD includes recipes, lunch, and

beverages

Contact: 351 5383 or eizack1@yahoo.com

Complete Information at

http://www.eileenslamanzanilla.com/cooking.html

<u>March 11 – Friday</u> – LA MANZANILLA ART GALLERY "MEET THE ARTIST RECEPTION"

ARTIST: TO BE ANNOUNCED

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

Time: 4:00pm – 8:00pm

Contact: 315.351.7099 or silvermx@mcn.org

March 12 - Saturday - OPEN WATER MARATHON

Where: Manzanillo Bay

Contact: Roberto Michel, Michelsports – for preparation &

training 333-6964 or cell 314-121-8331

michel@michelsports.com

<u>March 13 – Sunday</u> – Daylight Savings Time STARTS; "spring forward" one hour.

March 17 - 22 - PATA MARCH MASH CLINIC

Where: TBD but expected to be at Casa Ejidal Salagua

Time: 8:00am - 5:00pm

Details: Need volunteers for recovery, instrument washing,

registration, and community members to provide

healthy breakfasts, lunches and snacks

to fuel volunteers. To pitch in or to provide a meal:

Contact: <u>info@patamanzanillo.com</u> or <u>stan@patamanzanillo.com</u>

March 18 - Friday - BELLAS ARTES DEL PACÍFICO - 9:00PM

ORQUESTA DE SAN LUIS POTOSÍ "PINK FLOID

SINFÓNICO

SAN LUIS POTOSI PERFORMING "PINK FLOYD

SYMPHONY

Information to follow

<u>March 24 - Thursday</u> - "RAW: SALADS AND BEYOND" Eileen's Cooking Class La Manzanilla

Where: Calle Playa Blanca #16, La Manzanilla – on the other side of the

arroyo

Time: 11:00 a.m.

Cost: \$250 pesos or \$20 USD includes recipes, lunch, and beverages

Contact: 351 5383 or eizack1@yahoo.com

Complete Information at

http://www.eileenslamanzanilla.com/cooking.html

Please send information to Glenna Palidwor:-calendarofevents.zlo@gmail.com.





How Do I Get My Stuff?

Terry Sovil

You really need something but you can't get it here. You look at the great pricing on the internet in the USA. You'll have to have it shipped. You already know the costs are high. The frustration level will be even higher. A weed whacker part is \$12.00USD but shipping will cost you \$40.00 making an overall purchase price equal to half the original cost of the whacker.

We run a business and some of our best suppliers are, unfortunately, in Southern California where a lot of dive equipment manufacturers are located. PADI (the Professional Association of Dive Instructors) is also in Southern California and all of our training materials come from them.

The local MBE (Mailboxes Etc.) will allow you to rent a mailbox with an address in Laredo, TX. Your mail is sent to Laredo, TX and then put in a pouch (big envelope) which then travels via UPS to Manzanillo. They have various plans for letters/packages based on overall weight and volume. They will also send from Manzanillo to Laredo, in a pouch. The Laredo office then stamps and mails the item via the US Postal Service (USPS).

The staff at MBE is fantastic and helpful but the actual service outside of their hands is dismal. I've never rented a box so really can't speak to the incoming mail / packages delivery but I have sent individual pieces of mail. If you have truly *critical* mail you can send it overnight via UPS and it will arrive. You get the tracking number and can follow it so you know it made it. The cost is obscene. An individual letter in their bi-weekly pouch runs about 40 pesos or \$3.25 US\$. They will tell you it should arrive at the USA destination within 10 days but my experience shows the time closer to 4 weeks.

My personal mail is via a group in Livingston, TX (NE of Houston) called the Escapees RV Club. They serve people who have "escaped" and are traveling via RV. They provide a USA mail address and also a domicile.

They bundle up mail and send it weekly. I get first class mail and certain magazines. It comes via regular USPS International Airmail and arrives within 2 weeks. I've never had a lost mail envelope. They can't send packages however.



Package options are limited to UPS, FedEx, DHL and USPS. I've had mixed results with UPS and FedEx. I've had nightmare experiences with DHL. Use one of these carriers and you'll find that NAFTA doesn't exist in the real world. DHL is absolutely the WORST carrier I have ever used in Mexico or the USA. Every DHL shipment has been "stuck" in Guadalajara where they fail to communicate and outright lie about status. When it gets to your door the cost will be more than the quoted rate because the local office has added on charges for some reason they can't explain. My recommendation: NEVER use DHL for anything that will cross the border! DHL within Mexico has a better reputation but I won't use them anymore.

Internally, within Mexico, Multi-Pack has been quite reliable. You get a tracking number and can get accurate information on where your package is via their website. If it arrives in Manzanillo and isn't moving it's an easy drive to their office (on Miguel Blvd "in front" of Yakitory). Just print the tracking information and circle the tracking number and they will produce it quickly.



A recent shipment from the USA gave me an opportunity to compare some costs:

Shipping from Rancho Santa Margarita, CA 92688 to Manzanillo, Colima, MX 28860 for a 14.5lb box measuring 15"x12"x6".

FedEx Priority (1)	\$166.69 USD
FedEx Intl (1)	\$145.70 USD
USPS Express Mail	\$78.00 USD
(3)	
UPS World Wide Saver	\$190.86 USD
(1)	E50070
UPS World Wide	\$171.62 USD
Expedited (1)	THE RESERVE TO SERVE THE PARTY OF THE PARTY
DHL Express	\$169.67 / \$153.97
WorldWide (2)	online rate
1. Not including import taxes. Even for didactic and training materials! NAFTA? 2. The WORST shipping company. Add an outrageous import tax and brace for the final actual shipping cost when the driver shows up – it will exceed the quoted rate. Guaranteed!	3. Never been charged an import fee on any shipment; very reliable.

Packages sent to me via USPS Express Mail require a signature and have always made it through within about two weeks. I have NEVER incurred a customsfee of any kind.

Best option for small packages? Get someone to carry it down to you or drive it across the border for you!





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THIS 'N' THAT



by Vivian Molick

Easter is celebrated by Christians all over the world rejoicing in the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. Like almost all Christian holidays it had a secular side as well. It is said that Easter was originally a pagan festival, but many cultural historians say that the celebration of Easter was actually a convergence of three traditions – Pagan, Hebrew and Christian.

The origin of Easter is owed to the old Anglo-Saxon Teutonic tribes' mythology. The original spelling was Eastre (or sometimes Eostre) and was the name of their pagan goddess of spring and off-spring. They celebrated the whole month of April, with a festival held at the vernal equinox (when the day and night get an equal share of the day). As it happened, the pagan festival of Eastre occurred at the same time of the year as the Christians observed the resurrection of Christ. Early Christian missionaries seeking to convert the people of the Teutonic tribe adopted the celebration of Eastre's festival as their own, simply substituting one festival for another. This allowed the new converts to continue their tradition, but its meaning and purpose had changed. The early English Christians decided to use the name 'Easter' so that it would match (almost) the name of the old spring celebration.

An actual date for the Easter celebration wasn't established until 325 A.D., when Emperor Constantine met with church leaders and together decreed that it would fall on the first Sunday after the first full moon after the spring (vernal) equinox, which is always March 21. Therefore, Easter is observed anywhere between March 22 and April 25 each year. Orthodox Christians use the Julian calendar which

typically makes the holiday a week or two after the Western churches, which follow the Gregorian calendar.

In the U.S. the early settlers were mostly Puritans and they did not believe in ceremonies related to religious festivals, so, it wasn't until after the Civil War that Easter and its importance came to be felt in America through the initiative of the Presbyterians. People slowly found the teachings of the resurrection a great source of motivation and hope.

In Mexico Easter is known as 'Domingo de Pascua. 'Semana Santa' and 'Pascua' are two different observances which form part of the Easter celebrations; 'Semana Santa' stands for the entire Holy Week – from Palm Sunday to Easter, whereas 'Pascua' is observed for the period from Resurrection Sunday to the following Saturday. Easter bunnies and jelly beans are not very common in Mexican Easter celebrations, as people are busy attending church masses.

Easter season in Mexico begins with the carnival in Mazatlan. This carnival is the third largest carnival celebration in the world, after Rio de Janeiro and New Orleans. Offices and schools are closed for two weeks; a week before Easter and a week after, which makes it a perfect time for vacations and most government offices and banks are closed. The beaches are flooded with large families of campers and day-trippers (as we can all attest). In many communities, plays related to the events of Christ's life are enacted on Holy Thursday and Good Friday. The actors that perform in these plays prepare for their roles for the entire year and in some communities they even perform a real crucifixion. In some Mexican cities a 'Procesión de Silencio (a silent procession) takes place where people march down the streets holding candle lights in silence. Another tradition followed in Mexico is the burning of a Judas effigy filled with firecrackers. Though the custom was outlawed in the 1960s when thousands died due to a massive explosion, it is still followed in rural areas.

During Lent (the forty-six day period just prior to Easter Sunday) red meat is forbidden, but seafood is permitted. Also a popular food called nopal (a type of cactus) is prepared with salads, shrimp, eggs or tacos.

As Easter started to take on a more secular spirit in the U.S., the Easter bunny and Easter eggs became more symbolic of the holiday. To find the origin of the bunny we go back to the pagan goddess Eastre, whose symbol was the rabbit or hare. The eggs also go back to the Teutonic tribes where the giving and receiving of eggs was a common tradition symbolizing rebirth and renewal, as it is in most cultures. As early as the

second century wealthy people covered eggs in gold leaf, while peasants dyed theirs with flowers and herbs.

As we follow the history and traditions of Easter we must mention Easter bonnets and the famous Easter parade in New York City. The parade had its beginning in the 1870s, where the church goers would carry Easter flowers from St. Thomas Church to St. Luke's Church. The social elite would attend services and parade down the street to give onlookers (and each other) a chance to show off their new Easter fashions. (The original Easter head accessory was not a bonnet or hat, but instead, head wreaths with fresh flowers, with the wreath symbolizing the earth's orbit around the sun as well as the cycle of the seasons.) After the Civil War, mothers and daughters who had been wearing the dark colors of mourning for a long time began wearing colorful flowered hats and elaborate corsages as part of the Easter celebration. Their hats were adorned with fresh flowers and if the flowers were not blooming they would make them from paper, ribbon, feathers or sea shells.

As the parade grew (expanding out of 5th Avenue and extended from Madison Square to Central Park) so did the 'bonnets'. It became a tradition to wear hats decorated with almost insane amounts of detail: ribbons, bows, flowers and even bird nests. The parade was made into an American icon with the 1948 Judy Garland movie "The Easter Parade", in which Irving Berlin wrote a song about the Easter bonnet.

"In your Easter bonnet, with all the frills upon it...." $\sim \sim$ Irving Berlin 1948







It's Official... I Think The Same As You. By Steve Jackson

One minute you are at relative peace with yourself in this world, or more precisely, that small part of the world you happen to inhabit. Then crash-bang-wallop, you're kicked where the sun never shines and that fragile string we refer to as 'persona' is snapped with an almighty twang.

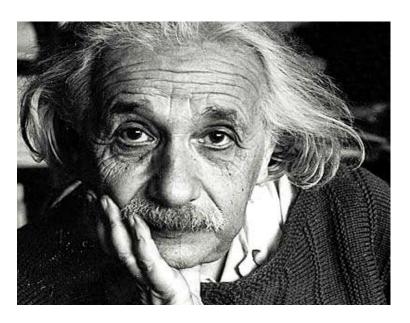
So what awesome disaster has befallen to force me to question my identity, who I am, or who I thought I was. Well, just 3 lines in some obscure medical journal no one ever reads except obscure medical journal readers.

After years of exhaustive study, a team of bespectacled, white coated, spotty anorak types at a major Science University, at a cost of some trillions of taxpayer's dollars no doubt, have concluded that the age old theory that the right hemisphere of the brain is more dominant if you are left handed is hogwash (I plead the 5th if some anorak types read this and take offence)!

Doesn't matter if you're left handed, right handed, ambidextrous or capable of using any other parts of your anatomy (I'll let your imagination run away with that one), the hemispheres of the brain interact in the same way. Not those exceptions where the brain functions totally out of kilter, as with psychopaths, autism or Brittany Spears...but the majority of normal, well adjusted people.

So why has this apparently insignificant snippet caused so much chaos in my mind you might ask? Well, having graduated (centuries ago it seems) with a degree in graphic design, spending most of my working career designing and compiling holiday brochures in the UK and being told throughout my life that I had a definite flair for the arts, the right hemisphere theory sat comfortably in my psyche. Interestingly, left-handed students are more likely to major in visually-based, as opposed to language-based subjects. In a sample of 103 art students it was found that an astounding 47% were left or mixed-handed.

And a lot of the greats throughout history were left handed, weren't they? Tiberius, Julius Caesar, Alexander autrec, Beethoven, Rachmaninoff, Isaac Newton, Albert Einstein, Marie Curie, Albert the Great, Aristotle, Napoleon Bonaparte, Joan of Arc, Michelangelo,,



Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, Toulouse Schweitzer Winston Churchill, Jimi Hendrix...and Oprah Winfrey to name but a few.

From my own experiences, and the things I had read or been told during my life about left handedness, it appeared that many of the attributes accredited to lefties applied to myself. Left-handers' brains are structured differently in a way that widens their range of abilities it was said, we are more likely than right-handers to be creative geniuses. Left-handed people have an excellent ability to multi-task and are predisposed to visual-based thought. Left-handers are also generally better at 3-dimensional perception and thinking.

Left-handers are also usually pretty good at most ball sports and things involving hand-to-eye co-ordination and excel particularly in tennis, baseball, swimming and fencing. Almost 40% of the top tennis pros are left-handed. I was also pretty good at most sports I tried and very good at some. Surprisingly, one in four of the Apollo astronauts were left-handed, instead of the one in ten you'd expect (it's not a sport but I thought I'd throw it in anyway).

So I was one of a rare and talented breed (though I haven't been up into space yet), one of just 10% of the population that had different thought processes compared to the rest of the masses. I had a uniqueness that I could be proud of. But as with everything, there is an equal and opposite reaction and we lefties have our crosses to bear. Until quite late into my adulthood everything was made for the right-handers in this right handed world. You can't use your stronger hand when confronted with a right handed can



opener, using a fountain pen was near impossible and you had to teach yourself a writing technique that stopped your hand smudging your work.(BIC'S were banned at my school or hadn't been invented yet, it was so long ago!). Why do you

think most lefties handwriting is at a 45% angle, I ask? Ever considered that we lefties could never write in the left hand column of those big ring binders and had to take the damn page out each time?

Left handed electric guitars were either non existent or incredibly expensive in my early years and friends of mine who were keen musicians would buy a right handed version, reverse the strings and have to accept that the fret board keys, control knobs and output socket were not where they would normally be (out of the bloody way, that is). Look at some old footage of Paul McCartney in the Beatles and maybe you'll see something you haven't noticed before. Jimi Hendrix played a right-handed Fender Stratocaster strung upside down to accommodate his left-handedness.

Other friends from these days who took up golf had the same problem and some learnt to play with right handed clubs. If you golfers out there get the chance, borrow a left handed club and try hitting a ball. Chances are you'll fail or become a serious liability to the physical welfare of those within striking distance in any direction.

What chance did I ever have in a right handed armwrestling contest? Another potential career path denied to me because of my cack handedness. It also takes me much longer to put coins into a slot machine with my right hand, though you could argue that it takes longer for me to lose my money than my righthanded counterpart.

Many functions we perform require the use of our stronger, more controlled hand. For example, we've all tried to write with our opposite hand at some time or another and know how incredibly hard that can be. For we lefties in this right hand world some simple tasks take on daunting proportions when our weaker, uncontrollable twin can't cut the mustard. If you are a right-handed person, grab a pair of scissors with your left hand and try cutting a piece of paper. Don't be surprised if the experience feels extremely awkward.

It pains me that, given that 4 of the 5 original designers

of the Macintosh (Apple) computer were left-handed, including Bill Gates, an ideal opportunity to stick one over on you righties and design them with we left-handers in mind. was overlooked. Half of then left handed people use a computer

mouse with their right hand, probably due to becoming tired of having to move mouse, pad, etc, etc, to the other side after a right-hander has used it. Every work station in an Internet café I've been in was set up for right-handed use, so the next time you see some poor sap struggling to drag wires and equipment across to the left hand side of the table, you'll know why!

If you think this is all sour grapes over some minor inconveniences let me lay this one on you. Left-handers are, on average, likely to die 9 years earlier that our right handed compatriots. Boy, that's some rod to bear isn't it? Though it does beg the question that if I learn to write and use my right hand better that my left, can I deceive the grim reaper and get those 9 years back?

Here's another. Left handed people are three times more likely than right handed people to become alcoholics (scientists speculate that it is because the right hemisphere of the brain has a lower tolerance for alcohol then the left side of the brain). My theory is we turn to the bottle after finding out we die 9 years earlier! (cont...next page)







1998: Burger King published a full page advertisement in *USA Today* announcing the introduction of a new item to their menu: a "Left-Handed Whopper" specially designed for the 32 million left-handed Americans. According to the advertisement, the new whopper included the same ingredients as the original Whopper (lettuce, tomato, hamburger patty, etc.), but all the condiments were rotated 180 degrees for the benefit of their left-handed customers. The following day Burger King issued a follow-up release revealing that although the Left-Handed Whopper was a hoax, thousands of customers had gone into restaurants to request the new sandwich. Simultaneously, according to the press release, "many others requested their own 'right handed' version."

I suppose I should be thankful not to be born 200 or so years ago or earlier. In the Middle Ages, writing with your left hand was punishable by death. During the 18th and 19th centuries left-handers were severely discriminated against and it was often "beaten out" of us. In ages past, society was not sympathetic to the lefthanded. Young students who preferred using their left hand to write were punished for doing so. Some of these eventually learned to write with their right hand, but only after enormous effort. In adulthood, lefthanders were often shunned by society, resulting in fewer marrying and reproduction. As discrimination was reduced, the number of natural left-handers who staved left-handed increased from 5% to 10% in the last hundred years. The rising age of motherhood has also contributed as, statistically, older mothers are more likely to give birth to left-handed children.

Despite some of the drawbacks to being a lefty, especially those 9 years of life I may lose, I am content to be labelled with the attributes and, just as importantly, the deficiencies of my creed. It gives me a get out clause to all those things that I am not very good at or desperately struggle with. As a child I excelled at art and sports, and laboured massively with learning my native tongue, the English language. I have never truly felt comfortable when writing and would avoid it whenever possible. Much easier to visualise it and draw it if I could. But I had a rational explanation for this avoidance, I'm a lefty and the way my brain functions calls the shots. I can't do anything about it I could justify to myself.

This shortcoming was also the worn out excuse for my woeful attempts (or complete lack of attempts, to be brutally honest) to learn Spanish in the 3 years I have been away from the UK. It's nothing to do with laziness or lack of intelligence on my part, I reasoned, it can be laid squaring at the foot of the old grey matters doorstep.

There appears to be some much evidence pointing to the left-hand, right-sided brain theory that I find it very hard to accept this new study. Maybe I'll send them a trillion dollars and request they 're-evaluate the data'. For that kind of money they'll print anything I want, I would imagine. Can I have my identity back, please!

www manzanillosun

Steve Jackson







ZLO

FOOD~DRINKS~BEDS

333-3643

Freda Rumford

1pm-(11pm-12am.. is a guess)

Recently, when hit with an attack of the munchies, we were astonished to find that it was almost 1 p.m. and we hadn't eaten breakfast yet. Goodness gracious we had better find a watering hole pretty quickly before we faded away!

Fortunately "Big Daddy" remembered that a new little restaurant opened recently that he had on his "Want to try List" and this could be the perfect opportunity. Arriving in front of big locked gates opposite the last Pemex in Santiago, we wondered if it were just a dinner place but as a delivery truck was parked outside, if we waited a while, we'd be able to ask. Only a couple parking spots outside and extra parking is available at the Pemex.

Sure enough, at 12.55 p.m. (more or less) the gates opened, the delivery man exited and we pounced. Checking his watch, the chef (as the gatekeeper turned out to be) said time was close enough and welcomed us in. Opening hours are from 1 p.m. till?

ZLO is a small restaurant, right on the Santiago Bay Beach, with a beautiful view of the rolling sea and well within sound of the surf. A few tables were lined up against the wall opposite a long polished bar with steps leading down to the beach. Quite possibly it could become a favourite of many Beach walkers in need of refreshment as well as those on their way back from shopping in town. Probably maximum capacity would be 50 patrons.

Prices on the menu are very reasonable most under 100 pesos with the most expensive being Bourbon Steak at 137 pesos. As this was lunch time, we opted for sandwiches, myself choosing roast pork tenderloin and green peppers with gouda (95 pesos) and "Big Daddy" opting for a tuna melt (69 pesos). Both arrived in reasonable time on a large plate with piping hot French fries, the filling in a flavoured crusty roll, mine being whole wheat, his jalapeno and with a small salad alongside. Naturally we each eyed the other's meal and decided they looked too good not to share. Both were absolutely delicious, with perhaps the less expensive tuna melt being the winner.

Other offerings on the menu are various sandwiches of neat sounding ingredients, tapas, salads, meat & poultry,



burgers, and sea foods, French fries with cheese sauce (the nearest thing to poutine) plus the usual shrimp and fish choices. If memory serves me correctly, the dessert menu sounded pretty good too; rice pudding with tangerine sherbet in particular. It might be neat one day to try the Spanish Deli Platter for just 95 pesos.

The beers were icy cold and at the usual 26 peso price, margaritas 65 pesos. Piña Colada 75 and a reasonable selection of other liquors, including gin, scotch, rye and bourbon displayed behind the bar. The service was good, fast and unassuming.

This was a good experience and should the diner have a little too much wine or not fancy the drive home, **ZLO** has overnight rooms to rent as well.







It was the light than captivated me. I had read about it — the reason Pablo Picasso moved to live in the south of France where he was entranced by it. Light that sparkles, lustrous, lively, adding an astounding depth to perception. Light that fires the soul of painters. But I am not painter, and I am getting ahead of myself.

When I retired we decided to drive down form Canada, from the snow and the cold, and spend a few months in the sun and warmth of Mexico. All very simple. We looked for somewhere along the Costa Alegre where we could rent a home for a few months and begin our exploration of retirement. Melaque was available, affordable, and as good as anywhere to start.

We quickly learned what many other retired Canadians have discovered. Mexico lives up to its billing as warm and sunny, and it is an economical place to live. The people are friendly, and it is not too hard to get by with just a little Spanish. The drug war violence, while it does exist, is greatly overblown by the media.

We expected the weather to get unbearably hot at times, and to be bothered by bribery, corruption and timeshare sales – wrong on all counts. We started to feel settled in Mexico – a very comfortable life. It was then that I noticed the light.

I was enjoying spending time in a beach front bar across from our rented home and sipping cerveza. As the afternoons wore on the sun would begin to drop lower in the sky and the light flowing over the palapa roof and on to the sea changed. The waves sparkled more and the pelicans glowed in sharp relief. Terns hovered overhead then dived into the ocean returning with silver fish in their bright red beaks. Snowy egrets danced in the foam. Even the waves rolling in appeared to glitter with more silvery fish than water.

I know what you are thinking – too much cerveza! Too much heat!

Not so fast with those thoughts, because I have a camera, and the camera does not lie! **Vive Melaque!**





Camarones al Cilantro by "T" from Schooners Restaurant

Ingredients

1 medium onion, chopped

2 cloves garlic, finely chopped

2 tablespoons butter or margarine

2 tablespoons oil

16 large raw shrimp, peeled and de-veined

2 tablespoons snipped fresh cilantro

Lemon slices

Cook and stir onion and garlic in butter and oil in a 10-inch skillet until tender. Add shrimp, and cook for 1 minute. Turn shrimp. Cook until pink, add cilantro and cook about 2 minutes longer, making sure not to overcook.

Serve shrimp over rice. Pour pan juices over shrimp; garnish with lemon slices and accompany with asparagus, green beans or broccoli florets for color.











Hope you are enjoying all of the monthly editions of Manzanillo Sun. Please drop us a line, let us know what you think, and what you might like to see more of. Please contact the Editor Freda@manzanillosun.com

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