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Manzanillo

TEQUILA

SUN

Manzanillo's Lifestyle E-Magazine

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Giant Starfish Flower, *Stapelia gigantean*

Family: *Asclepiadaceae*

(Also known as a Carrion Flower, Carrion Plant, Carrion Lily, Toad Cactus, Zulu Giant or Hairy Giant Starfish Flower)



Resembling a cactus, but without thorn, its blooms explode forth from leafless, knobby, fleshy, ascending, four-ridged stems. These scalloped ridges sport upward pointing soft "teeth." While in the species whole the stem colors vary from bright green through olive green to a brownish green, the color of the Giant Starfish - most often around 25.5 cm (10") in length - is pale green.

One morning recently I noted that, in one stage or another, our little plant had seven blooms. In others of this species, these beautiful, attention getting, perfect star shaped flowers can be as big as 45.7 cm (18") across. But sweet of aroma they definitely are not!

In the *Asclepiadaceae* - Milkweed or Madagascar Jasmine family, there are around 100 species of the succulent perennial *Stapelia*. They originated in the semi-arid tropical and subtropical regions of Africa and India. This particular one - the *Stapelia gigantean* - comes from northwestern South Africa. A rather curious and intriguing succulent, it has a major flowering (and smelling) attitude!

Actually, they have a rather putrid, nauseating, smell - hence the alternate name of Carrion Flower. (Some folks have observed that its odor is similar to that of rotting flesh!) These stunningly attractive blooms are, many times, flesh-colored, often rimmed in crimson and are

covered with soft, white, silky hairs. To the compound eyes of carrion insects these hairs resemble a layer of mold growing on rotting matter which, in bug speak, says “Yum yum!” This “scent of death” attracts carrion beetles and blowflies, flesh flies and midges to the central orifice where the male and female floral sex organs are located.

The extremely attractive and exotic looking, five petaled flower is also found in the colors of red, yellow, brown and purple. With beauty within beauty, often there is a small star within the star shaped bloom. In maturity these plants should grow to about a foot tall. So large and heavy are these flowers that they generally come to rest on the ground.

As plastic tends to keep moisture in longer these are best grown in clay pots. Good drainage is important hence be careful to not overwater. They are prone to root rot, so use a good, sterile potting soil leaning toward sandy. Grown indoors or out, it likes humid or dry air.

What with blooms that are larger and more pendulous than its stems they are excellent plants when used in a semi-cascading venue.

Purportedly most happy in morning sun to afternoon shade – mine is in full sun all of the time. They are easy to propagate. So when you wish more, simply cut or snap off a stem, let it air-dry in shade for a day or so and then plant it right side up.

Planted with smaller succulents they are – in the words of the botanical great, Robert Lee Raffle, “wonderfully outlandish.” I – though no where the intellect as he – wholly agree!



WestJet Seasonal Direct Service to Manzanillo Launched!

Suzanne A. Marshall

To say I am thrilled about the new seasonal service offered by WestJet via Calgary, Alberta direct to Manzanillo, Colima is definitely an understatement. And I know I am not the only one who sees it this way. There are many Canadians living in and visiting the Manzanillo area every winter, not to mention those with permanent residences there. I had a lovely chat with people from Ottawa and other parts of Alberta who were equally pleased.

The service is a partnership between WestJet and the Mexican Tourism Board. The flights function like a 'hub' out of Calgary from various connections across Canada, which serves to fill the seats on this weekly flight and provide the much sought after direct access to Manzanillo. Most of us have been unable to reach our 'paradise' without cumbersome connections via the U.S.A. and often (as in our case) requiring lay-overs for flights the following day. For those travelling with family pets, new regulations were creating even further complications.

Thanks to information picked up from the Manzanillo Sun a few months back, my husband and I decided not to drive the distance in our own car. The ability to fly direct was just too tempting. It's pretty hard to compare driving for a week versus flying about 5 hours. What a relief! The service will cover the winter season from the beginning of November to the end of April; perfect for us that's for sure. I am also under the impression that if there is enough demand that there could be more than one flight per week in the future.

So we booked our flights for the November departure and arrived in Calgary from Edmonton with lots of time to connect in the WestJet lounge and contemplate the winter in our sunny destination. What we hadn't expected or thought about, was that we were actually on the 'inaugural' flight for this new service. As we waited, we began to notice an unusual bustle of activity, breakfast treats were being served for the lucky passengers and we were all delighted to listen to brief speeches from WestJet management and dignitaries with the Mexican Tourism Board. Attending the launch were:

Chris Avery, VP and General Manager WestJet Vacations
Jennifer Stanford, Public Relations, WestJet
Fernando Moran, Minister of Tourism, State of Colima
Fernando Villar, Consul of Mexico in Calgary
Rodrigo Esponda C., Director, Mexico Tourism Board, Toronto



Passengers at the WestJet boarding gate in Calgary await the Inaugural flight to Manzanillo, Mx



(left to right) Rodrigo Esponda, Mexico Tourism Board, Jennifer Stanford, WestJet Vacations, Fernando Moran, Minister of Tourism, State of Colima, head for the Manzanillo Terminal after arrival from Calgary



Rodrigo Esponda, Director Mexico Tourism Board, Toronto, addresses the Inaugural Event

Following a smooth flight the crew announced our descent and arrival in Manzanillo. If anyone hadn't noticed that this was a brand new service, they figured it out pretty quickly. As the aircraft taxied along the tarmac to the terminal a fire truck on the runway opened up a spray of water over the plane, which I like to interpret as a 'baptism' of this inaugural event. Once on the ground, passengers walking to the terminal were welcomed with a sign in English and an excellent mariachi band complete with Spanish señoritas dancing in full and beautiful Spanish dresses.

Now I'm going to be quite selfish here when I say let's give WestJet and Colima Tourism our full support by booking these seasonal flights, telling friends and family and referring anyone to this marvelous and beautiful location for their next Mexican vacation. I truly believe that this service is going to give tourism to Manzanillo and destinations in our area a big boost and this will be nothing but good for all of us!!

Official News Releases

WestJet launches new service to Manzanillo
Inaugural flight departs today to the airline's 80th city and seventh Mexican destination

CALGARY, Nov. 2, 2012 /CNW/ - WestJet today launches non-stop seasonal service to its 80th destination, Manzanillo, Mexico. The inaugural flight from Calgary to Manzanillo departs from Calgary International airport today at 10:05 a.m. MDT.

WestJet will fly between Calgary and Manzanillo weekly on Fridays. Following are the schedule details of WestJet's new service to Manzanillo:

Calgary - Manzanillo flight times

Flight	Departure	Arrival
From Calgary (WS 2272)	10:05 a.m.	3:03 p.m.
From Manzanillo (WS 2273)	3:50 p.m.	9:06 p.m.

"We're excited to begin service to Manzanillo today as we reach this impressive milestone," said Peter Tong, WestJet Director, Schedule and Network Planning. "Manzanillo is truly the Pearl of the Pacific, featuring stunning beaches and magnificent blue lagoons. With this new destination, and the addition of our other new sun destinations, we're pleased to provide Canadians with even more service to the sun."

"We are pleased to welcome WestJet's newest service to Mexico's West Coast," said Stephan Poirier, VP and Chief Commercial Officer for the Calgary Airport Authority. "WestJet is an important partner in Calgary and we support their growth strategy, which continues to result in new air service offerings for our community."

Full schedule details and affordable fares to Manzanillo are available by visiting westjet.com, by calling WestJet's Sales Super Centre at 1-888-WESTJET (937-8538) or through your preferred travel agent.

Checked pet restrictions related to extreme heat

The following restrictions are applicable for pets travelling in **checked** baggage only.

The temperature in the cargo hold will vary based on whether the aircraft is on the ground (outside air temperature would then apply), the duration of the flight, the cruising altitude and the speed.

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JAMES DEAN \$60
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Conoce nuestras promociones facebook/skolmanzanillo

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CHRISTMAS IN MANZANILLO
by Vivian Molick



Picture taken by Vivian Molick
'Table is set for Christmas dinner at Casa Molick'

I must admit, that the first couple of years that I was living in Manzanillo at Christmas time, I was not a 'happy camper'. I was so lonesome for my family that I cried and was very depressed. I didn't want to do anything, like getting a tree and decorating it, nor have people over to help celebrate the season. It just didn't feel like Christmas to me. Coming from a state in the USA that is very white with snow for Christmas and all winter, it was hard to get in the mood. I was used to wearing heavy jackets and boots and many layers of clothing just to try to keep warm. Here I was in Mexico and there's no white stuff on the ground or trees, it's so warm that there is definitely no reason to be wearing anymore clothes than is absolutely necessary, and I don't have any of my family around me. I wanted to be 'home' for Christmas!

Then, one year I decided to do just that, go 'home' for Christmas. It was a real 'eye-opener' to say the least. I had remembered the big dinners we had with all the wonderful smells in the house from the food and the Christmas tree, the

warm fuzzy feeling I got with family all around, going to church and celebrating the real meaning of Christmas, and all the decorations that made me feel so good about the season (oh, how I loved decorating the house inside and out and the tree).

The first thing that happened when I returned home that year is that the very next day started a continuous time (the whole month I had planned to stay there) of winter storms;

blizzards, ice, freezing cold temperatures, and everything else you could possibly imagine. This was not starting out very much like I had been imagining and it was only the beginning of my disillusionments. There were no big dinners with all those wonderful aromas of food cooking, no family all around (they all had made other plans), and there were minimal decorations. Suddenly I realized that everything was so different than I had remembered.

I realized things were never going to be the 'same' again... I had been stuck in a memory. This doesn't necessarily mean it was bad, because it was a good memory. But, we (and everyone else) are always changing, even if we don't realize it because sometimes the changes are ever-so-slight at any given time in our life. And, you know, that really is the way life goes... it never stays the same (or it shouldn't). But, then

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there are those times like the one I had, where it was a sudden realization. I realized I could make it feel like Christmas wherever I might be; it didn't have to depend on the food, decorations, or who I was spending the time with... family or friends. By the end of my visit I was getting very anxious to return to Manzanillo... I was now getting lonesome for that 'home'.

The next winter season (this time back in Manzanillo) I was determined to make it the best Christmas I possibly could. I bought a tree and decorated it, put up decorations around the house, strung lights outside, and decided to invite a group of friends over for that big dinner with all those wonderful smells of Christmas I remembered. We were all without our families and just decided to have the best time possible with each other. We ended up having a great time together and all our bellies were so full of that wonderful food that we could hardly move and all wanted to take a nice long nap.

I have never felt like I was missing something by not being 'home' for Christmas again... I have many good friends right here in Manzanillo... even if there is no white stuff outside on the ground and trees and I don't have to dress like I'm living in an igloo... not so bad after all!



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Watch Out all Buses

Freda Rumford

I am known by quite a few people in Manzanillo as a small person although perhaps a little rotund. I might be a little fiery at times, much like a fighting hen, but am well meaning and with sincere intent.

That fieriness has developed over the years and I think it quite safe to say that most things do not "Faze" me at all. One thing is starting to bother me a little, however, and that is the fact that I am becoming unable to recognise my size in comparison to others of a larger stature. Maybe that is because the men folk in my family are all large and I have had to stick up for myself on many occasions or become over run! It has become a family pastime now to parade the young of my family before me and measure them against my small person. Yes!! Sure enough, I am now the smallest now in the family, apart from my great grandsons. I'm sure that won't be for too long either.

It seems I am starting to transfer my pouter pigeon bravado onto my little raspberry coloured Ford Fiesta which is fast becoming one of my most favourite vehicles of all time. My driving has caused many comments from friends over the past few months, particularly those familiar with the 'Beach Boy's' refrain. "Go Granny Go!" Not having heard that song myself I was not sure whether I should be insulted or not. But have always chuckled and taken it the best way I could.

Recently, I had occasion to drive my little raspberry car in La Valle Las Garzas in Manzanillo, where they are doing much renovation and building of roads and overpasses galore. I really don't know how some of those apartments are going to be able to put up with cars passing by their bedroom windows on the fifth floor. But I digress. Having just left the Red Cross building, I approached the main drag of Elias Zamora and saw that there was a perfect niche for me if I carefully drove by the left side of a stationary bus. This I did with ease until a fine upstanding drain cover, threw me into the rear of the bus leaving a light scar line on the back of the bus and absolutely decimating my right front fender and passenger door.

Seeing only a faint mark on the bus, I presumed all was well until the bus driver and supervisor came over to look at and gesticulate at my vehicle. Then on their phones they obviously were calling the police and a black and white vehicle with red and blue flashing lights pulled up. A young, very pleasant looking policeman got out of the squad car and strolled over to my now scarred and sad little raspberry car.



He came over to me and tried to make conversation with this now quivering race car granny, took my driver's licence and indicated that I was to follow him and the bus to the police station. He was smiling and didn't look like a crocodile, so I felt somewhat relieved.

Driving as a convoy, we made it through several sets of traffic lights and arrived at the police station just a couple of miles away. I was shown where to park and taken into the police station whereupon all Spanish I had ever learned, promptly vanished. Another very young policeman smiled at me pleasantly, jumped up and ushered me to a seat in front of a computer and told me to write in English what had happened. This I did and when finished, he leant over, pushed a button and I saw that I had written in brilliant Spanish. That didn't really make me feel too much better. He then sat in front of the computer himself and started asking more personal questions. Such as name, birth date, age, address, etc. etc. etc.



Upon hearing my birthday he became very excited as he told me that was his birthday too, so I was obviously a very good person and he would see that I had nothing to worry about. I had admitted my fault several times, I mean, how could I possibly put the blame onto a stationary bus?

Realising that the bus driver was looking more and more unhappy, I asked my translator to question whether he would lose an afternoon's pay. No, but he drove on a rider share of the fare. - I had to dive in and see what I had and fortunately it was a 200 pesos bill which at first he refused and then grabbed thankfully and I got the first hint of a smile.

This story was much kinder and gentler to me than expected, the officials not arrogant or abrasive and I began to realise that there really are benefits to being a little old white haired granny lady with a decidedly English lilt to her limited Spanish. They were all kindness itself, even the insurance adjusters and body shop personnel.

Not so from my dear friends and family who until this day go out of their way to indicate the difference in size between my little raspberry car and a bus and tell me if I make haste I could get this or that one quite easily. After all, I only had a quarrel with things 20 times my size, so

don't back down now sister!! And if there are two buses, how do you choose?

It's the little old lady from Pasadena

The little old lady from Pasadena
Go granny, go granny, go granny go
Has a pretty little flower bed of white gardenias
Go granny, go granny, go granny go
But parked in her rickety old garage
Is a brand new shiny red Super Stock Dodge

And everybody's saying that there's nobody meaner
Than the little old lady from Pasadena
She drives real fast and she drives real hard
She's the terror of Colorado Boulevard
It's the little old lady from Pasadena

If you see her on the street don't try to choose her
Go granny, go granny, go granny go
You might drive a goer but you'll never lose her
Go granny, go granny, go granny go
Well, she's gonna get a ticket now sooner or later
'Cause she can't keep her foot off the accelerator.

Beep! Beep!

The logo for Monkey's Famous Fried Chicken features the word "Monkey's" in a large, bubbly, yellow font with a red outline and a blue shadow. The letter 'o' in "Monkey's" is replaced by a simple cartoon monkey face with a smiling mouth and small eyes. To the right of "Monkey's" is the word "FRIED CHICKEN" in a bold, red, sans-serif font, stacked vertically.

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The Twisted Way We Gringos Speak - IX

By Tommy Clarkson

See how you do!

Perhaps, we may have dozed off during high school English class when the literary terms onomatopoeia, assonance, consonance and alliteration were addressed. But now that we're a slight bit older (for some of us, substantive literary license is used there), might it not be fun to see just exactly what those words, in fact, mean and how often we, unknowingly, hear them used?

In the simplest of definitions they are as follow:

Onomatopoeia is the vocal imitation of the sound associated with the word, examples are, buzz, clatter, sizzle, clang, drip, squeal, and purr;

Assonance is the repetition of vowel sounds, such as in "The crumbling thunder of seas" by Robert Louis Stevenson or as E.E. Cummings wrote "... on a proud round cloud in white high night. . ."

Consonance, on the other hand, is the repetition of the consonant sounds, usually in the more important words or in the accented syllables. A great example is that of M.H. Abrams who penned "buckets of big blue berries",

Alliteration is well shown in Paul McCann's fun short poem, "Dewdrops Dancing Down Daisies". (Look it up, as I think you'll enjoy it!)

Edgar Allan Poe was a master of such literary devices as may be seen in but this one line from the his poem *The Raven*: "And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain . . ."

Assonance can be heard well employed in the "ur" sound in "purple" and "curtain". Consonance is clearly heard in the "s" sound in "uncertain" and "rustling". While alliteration is shown in the "s" sound that begins "silken" and "sad."

Over the years, I have had the delight of teaching creative writing all the way from the third grade up to undergraduate college level. The following is a poem I wrote and gave to them - from children of eight to young adults of twenty and more - with the task of identifying each of the four preceding literary techniques.

I heard
the pitter
 patter
 plunk
of the
 numbing
 drumming
 rain,
with its
 same
 incessant
 sounding
of its
 pounding
 on the pane.

I stared at drops
that
smeared
and
 steered
 around a
 long forgotten
stain,
and watched the world
distorted
through my
 muddled
 puddle
brain.





by Tommy Clarkson

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

We all have met ‘em. . .

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

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

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

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

All of his braggadocios nature aside, I had to admit that, at the least, he knew a bit - or sounded like he did - about sailing ships. Well, based on the fact that most of what he said resonated as close to factual as I could tell to information I had learned while reading the Patrick O’Brians’s masterful sea faring classics starting with the “Master and Commander.” And then, almost as if he we’re inside my brain, a curious thing happened. At that very moment, for whatever reason, his speech took on a clipped, accented English sound

“A’hhhh, my good man she was bloody marvelous, jolly good in heavy seas and simply, a cracking good craft! One

would have to have been daft not to have loved her. And my mates were a crew of Mohawks from the Kahnawake reservation near Montreal who, like me, of course, have no fear of heights. Well, they were a blooming good crew. Bully, I say, for them, bully indeed!” He paused briefly, then continued, “When he got bladdered on grog, my first mate Chief Bear-Who-Flies-with-Eagles was a bit of cheeky, he was, but could he ever shimmy up a mast!”

“Indeed, all was tickety-boo until I lost her and the entire crew in a Tsunami back in ‘93. Starkers, I floated alone in the brimey blue for a fortnight before a tramp steamer found me.” He maintained the lost stare into space for a moment, then slowly shook his head

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

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

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

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

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

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

And the “Buckle your set belt sign” from take off was still on. Heck, we’d still not yet even leveled off! How long was this flight going to be I wondered.

Guys

by Kirby Vickery

If you or I were in Northern Mexico or Southwest America we would expect a seedy waiter in a seedy bar in some dirty little western community to amble over and call us Hombres. If we didn't like that then we could either tell him to "Smile when you say that partner." Or get up and run because . . . well just because. Isn't that what they do in all the westerns?

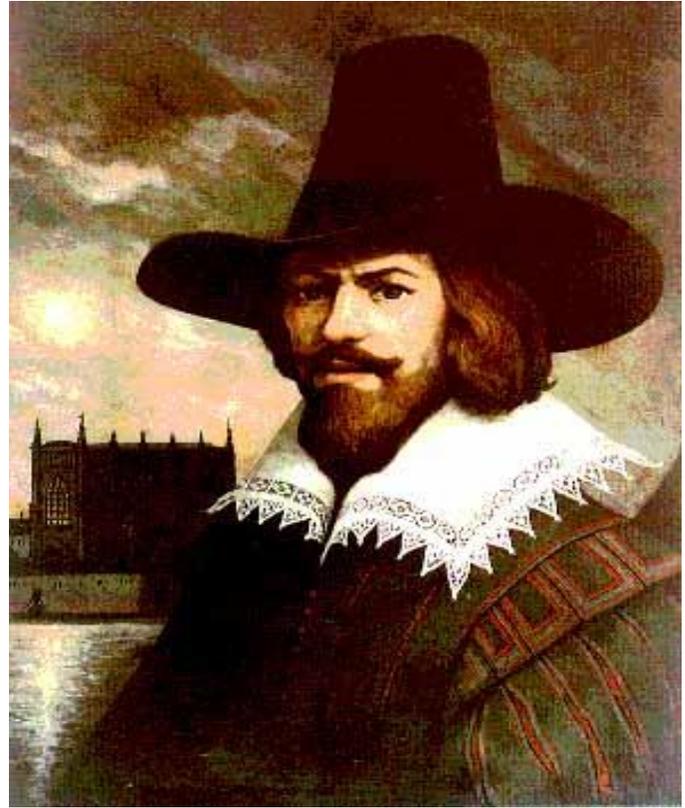
Ever think about the word "Hombre"? How about its equivalent in English? Stumped? Try "Guy." You know. The waiter dude, four day need-a-shave, over weight and a shirt that last saw water was when it rained three months ago says, "Whad youse Guys want?" (I know wrong accent but it fits my story.) Oh yeah, I can't forget the cigarette hanging out of his mouth and a bar towel that has a green something green growing on it partially covering the word 'Lusitania.' Well, that's better than 'The Plaza Hotel.'

It happens all over America and in spots in Canada. I haven't heard it used in Mexico yet but they use a different language and the use of their 'Guy' is known to be aggressively insulting. So we probably won't get insulted that way any time soon where we understand the insult.

I've heard it in several different mid priced restaurants now, even the better ones. Both waiters and waitresses use it to be friendly toward their customer. "Hi Guys." "What would you Guys like to drink?" "Have you Guys decided on what you want yet?" We, the customers and the cash paying public to be catered to are being insulted across the entire continent by being called the English equivalent of the Spanish 'Hombre;' in a word: 'GUY.'

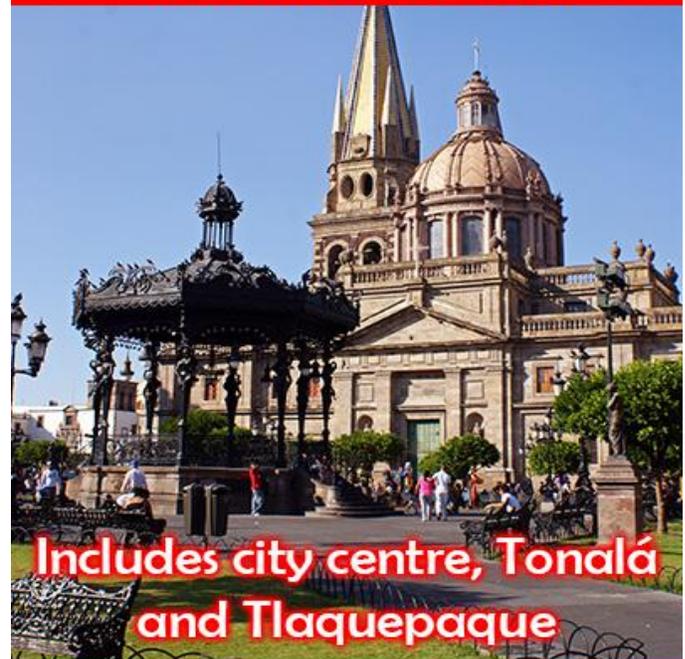
Why is this? I don't think my nose is that crooked or overly large and my ears don't stick out. Why are they insulting me? And why are they insulting my lady who obviously isn't a 'Guy?' After questioning several of them I've discovered that they are just trying to be friendly in conversing with their customers in what they think is a bright and cheerful manner. They actually didn't know that the term they were using was detrimental. When informed of their verbal indiscretion, most of them swore to never use it again. The others went into the back room and just swore because we would cut their tips in half for repeat offenders.

Many of you may not know why the use of the word 'Guy' is so bad. All you have to do is to look into the word's



Guy Fawkes

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history. It was the first name of arguably the ugliest man in English history. Guy Fawkes was an English national hero until his involvement with the Gunpowder Plot in 1505 which was an assassination plot to kill James I. He was arrested while sitting with 36 barrels of gunpowder stacked up beneath the House of Lords where the King was to be seated that morning.

Overnight he became the national scourge of England and was convicted after several days of torture (also illegal in those days but James gave his personal blessing that would attempt to get the names of the rest of the conspirators from him) before he was to face a gruesome death which started by being pulled off the hanging scaffolds before he died to endure being drawn and quartered after having certain body parts cut off. Actually he got loose and jumped from the scaffold and broke his neck thus cheating the King and country of that terrible death thus becoming a national icon for evil and ugliness.

What most histories don't tell you is that he was incredibly ugly. Other histories tell of his ugliness as being not in his face but his personality although that's refuted by accounts from people who knew him. His nose was overly large and his ears stuck out. He also had a very sharp chin which sported a goatee and a long mustache in an attempt to fatten his very thin lips

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In England masks of his face started to appear worn by protesters, partiers, and children on Guy Fawkes Day (November 5th). This practice spread across the pond and is the reason New World children wear masks of fright and ugliness on Halloween. Back in England, when you wanted to insult someone you called him or her a 'Guy.' The term sorta died out for awhile but was picked up by gangsters in the 1920's as a term of 'brotherhood.' This was exemplified by James Cagney's famous line: "All right you Guys!" in some gangster movie about organized crime's early days under prohibition. There it meant a mark of respect as they were all real tough 'guys' with Tommy guns and bathtub booze fighting Eliot Ness and his FBI Untouchables.

The use of 'guys' died out again until it was picked up in the sixties by the new feminist's organizations as a term of endearment among the organized ranks of equal opportunity seekers. You know, 'just one of the boys.' This time the word made the gender gap jump and from there slowly became a friendly term for friends and family in social greeting. "Hi guys!"

I remember telling this story to a History Professor friend of mine at Arizona State. Her only comment with a smile to me was: "Get over it Kirby or I'll get my wife's permission to beat on you." Damn, I didn't know she was married.

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Dear Dan at Beach by Kirby Vickery

Dear Dan,

In the past I have written to you about the people and a little about some of the road conditions here in Manzanillo, Mexico. This letter will broach a subject of a different topic but needs an introduction so you'll understand the tie in with life in Manzanillo. Anyway, please let me tell you of my odyssey even though it's embarrassing.

The other way to get wet is to drive to a local public beach of which there are miles and miles. The chief advantage to these beaches are the beach side taverns which serve everything one can think of from well stocked bars and kitchens. They have other advantages too. One of these in the place where my hostess takes me is the on-the-beach tables, lounge chairs, umbrellas, alcohol and food service. These places offer the perfect vacation day of relaxation. They also include vendors selling everything from fresh coconut creations to all sorts of trinkets which you can purchase for the friends, relatives and associates from whom you're vacationing, like Aunt Joie or even brother Pat. These vendors walk up and down the beach selling their wares from off their backs to variously configured push carts most of which have deflated bicycle tires and removable canopies.

My hostess is convinced that most of these vendors are part of a religious cult because all the women are named Maria and the men are all called Joseph. They all dress alike too but I think it just to keep the sun off of them. So far she hasn't been able to get anyone to talk about it so she's still really in the dark. Should you go out with her when you're down here, you can expect that to be a topic of discussion at some point during the day.

This beach is located in Club Santiago and always has quite a few diners as well as drinkers and people looking to access the beach for swimming, surfing, surf-sailing, and diving. I had planned to initiate my diving foray from there I had had been told of a sunken wreck in the bay.

I used to be an experienced diver but that was so far back as to be in another lifetime. Most of my diving was in the Mediterranean and the Florida Keys. All of this was done in exceedingly clear waters to the depth of forty to fifty feet. Many of these dives were made over known ancient

ship wrecks with some WWII ships occasionally. I had stopped diving when I moved to Southern California. Quite frankly I didn't want to go to the bother of putting on heavy wet suits and the water was just too cold to be enjoyable.

I found the water around Whidbey Island to be of a temperature which made your lips turn blue when you put your big toe in it. Yeah it's clear and I'm sure there are some very interesting things down in it. I just found it too cold for my taste and am wondered why the fish could stand it until I discovered that there weren't any up there.

Arriving at the Beach Club here, I found sets of large waves coming in and begging for people to come out on their surf boards. I also noted that the water was full of stirred up sand. So I decided that I needed to think about this undertaking for a bit. So we sat and ordered a ceviche plate (oh yum!) and a michelada served by a tall, good looking, young girl from some little place just south of London, England who was dressed in some short shorts and a tee shirt. And, yes Dan, I had to get that in. You, at approximately 43 years old, would appreciate that more than I.

After the second on of these libations, I waded out to the depth of my knees and then turned around for balance whenever a wave came up to me. They were rather powerful but as they were warm, I didn't really care and I was making headway through them anyway.

When I finally got beyond the breakers and was doing a breast stroke. I donned the mask and snorkel, poked my face into the water and was greeted by a sandy storm of swirling stuff that I knew would ruin any viewing at any depth. The surge pulled the mask off but it didn't get very far before I grabbed it and surfaced. This ended the expedition as far as I was concerned and I started back with that mask and snorkel strapped around one arm.

Everything was going smoothly until I got hit from behind by another large wave. I finally swam into water about to my upper thigh and remembered that I used to know how to do a little body surfing.

I launched into the curl of a really nice wave. At first everything went beautifully and my body was perfectly placed in the wave for a nice long ride. I was so out of practice I hadn't realized the hazards of the end of

ride. As the water got shallower and shallower, I found myself still riding in beautifully. Then it all hit the fan.

I had forgotten to arch my back and ran out of water underneath me. When I recalled this missing action I found my face being planted then dragged in the sand toward the beach. I felt the skin from the bridge of my nose being scraped away faster than I could bring my hands back to push up out of the wavelet. By the time I got my hands back under my shoulders I had realized that my forward momentum was still too great to affect a lift of the top part of my body. This was losing the rest of my nose. Just as my momentum slowed I made another mistake thinking the ride was over.

.A second wave hit me from behind launching my legs and lower torso over my shoulders. All of this was happening while my face was still planted in the sand. That's when I heard two little clicks like breaking Popsicle sticks in the

back of my neck and developed an instant headache as the wave attempted to flip me over lengthwise.

Finally it was over and I found myself laying half in the water. I was able to push my shoulders up and noticed blood dripping from my nose into the foam and back rushing water. Walking back to the beach club I was concerned about my neck although the pain eventually went away over several days. People were staring at me and I was wondering how much of my nose was still there. My hostess was also shaking her head as she handed me the oldest of the towels we had brought with. I caught her smiling at me from time to time during the third michelada when she thought I wasn't looking.

As it turned out the nose was only badly scraped and healed in a few days. But the next week I was helping level a stove when I accidentally lost my big toe nail. All this happened in June and I haven't had the opportunity to swim in the wonderful and peaceful Pacific Ocean since.



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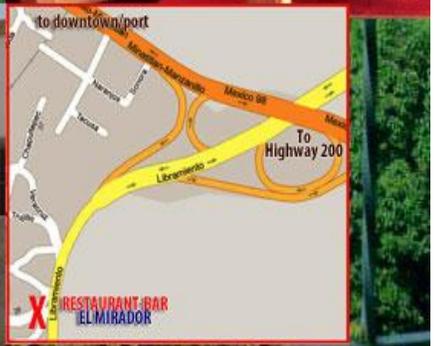


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Tempted to Sell before the U.S. "Fiscal cliff"?

Don't get trapped by the 'Wash-Sale' Rule!

In today's volatile markets, you may be tempted to buy and sell some securities, especially in light of the U.S. "fiscal cliff" everyone is talking about. If you do, you'll want to keep in mind the so-called "wash-sale" rule.

According to the Security and Exchange Commission (SEC), a wash sale occurs when you:

"Sell or trade stock or securities at a loss and within 30 days before or after the sale you buy substantially identical stock or securities; acquire substantially identical stock or securities in a fully taxable trade; or acquire a contract or option to buy substantially identical stock or securities."

Why would an investor do this?

Mainly to take a capital loss while retaining the security.

The Internal Revenue Service (IRS) frowns on this, but many investors try to find ways around the rule, especially in today's market environment. Many others just may not understand how wash-sale rules work.

For example: You buy a stock and hold it. A few years later, you purchase additional shares of the same stock. A few days later, you sell the initial shares at a loss. You then deduct the loss.

This seems to meet the wash-sale rule requirements - but it doesn't.

Many investors mistakenly assume the rule applies only when you buy back a security 30 days after the sale, but as the SEC definition explains it applies before a sale as well.

Some areas of the law are fuzzy. For example, the definition of "substantially identical" is unclear.

So be sure to consult your advisor before buying and selling any stocks, bonds or mutual funds.

Yann Kotic is a Money Manager and Financial Advisor (RIA) with Atlantis Wealth Management specializing in retirees (or soon to be), self-reliant women as well as Expats in Mexico. Yann works with TD Ameritrade Institutional as the custodian of client's assets. He splits his time between Central Florida and the Central Pacific Coast of Mexico. Comments, questions or to request his Newsletter "News You Can Use" Contact him at mail to: Yannk@AtlantisWealth.com, in Mexico: (314) 333-1295 or in the US: (321) 574-1529.

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We wish to each and every one of you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Years.

Sincerely Dr. Jesus Ibarra and family
Dra. Paniagua Hernandez and family

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CALENDAR OF EVENTS

DECEMBER

December 9 – Sunday 2012 PATA DOG JOG

Where: Santiago Peninsula

Time: 9:00 am

For further information – stan@patamanzanillo.com

December 15 – Saturday BILL Y BOB'S
REHABILITATION CENTRE BAZAAR

Where: In front of Iglesia de Esperanza
(Church of Hope), on the Blvd. de

Miguel

de la Madrid by Juanito's Restaurant's
parking lot.

Time: 9:00 am to 5:00 pm

For more information, call Ginny Ruiz 335-1955
or Jean Scheifele 335-1064

December 17th – Monday

Annual pot luck and dance,
this year held at Club Libre. Restaurant/Bar behind the
Pena Colorada Social Club. 100 pesos per person for
hall rental and a musician. Bring a dish to share and
your own own drinks.

Contact and reservation: Alex at:

alexleona@yahoo.com or 334-8843

December 25 - Tuesday

ENGLISH ECUMENICAL WORSHIP SERVICE

Christmas Service of hymns and scripture

Where: Vida del Mar – adjacent to L'Recife pool

Time: 10:00 am

December 28 **Manzanillo closing for entries to photo
contest. Send entries in to:
info@manzanillosun.com**

JANUARY

January 25 - Friday CASA HOGAR LOS ANGELITOS
16TH ANNUAL BENEFIT DINNER AND AUCTION

Where: Gran Pavillion, Manzanillo

Time: 5:30 pm – Silent auction

7:00 pm – Dinner & program

Cost: \$45.00USD

Contact: Marge Tyler – maggiet19@earthlink.net

Janice Morgan – janicemorgan@comcast.net

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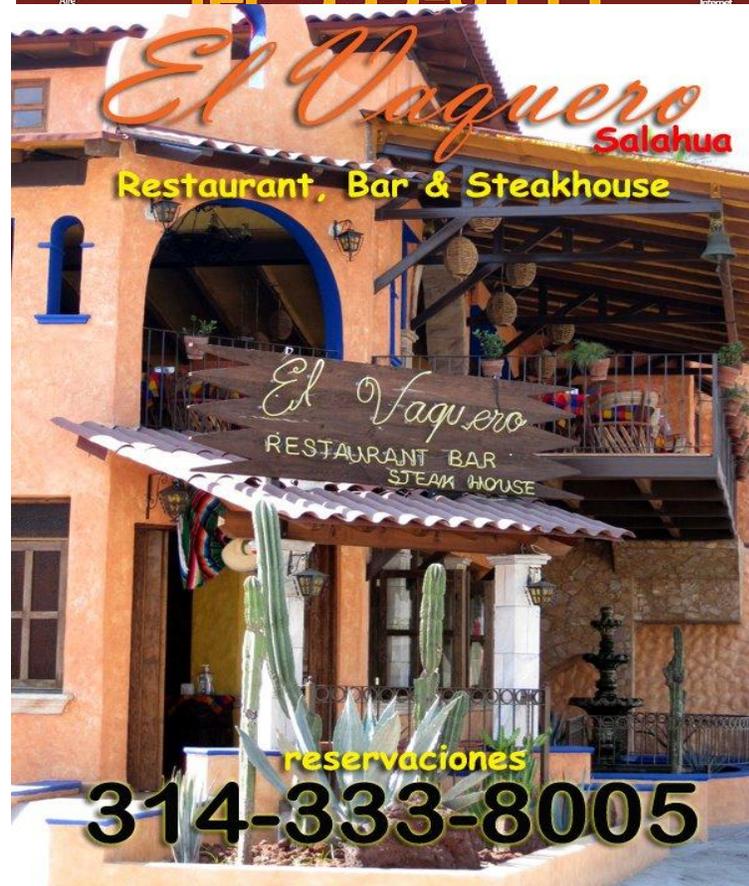
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January 26 - Saturday CASA HOGAR LOS ANGELITOS

FEBRUARY

16TH ANNUAL OPEN HOUSE AND CHILD PONSORSHIP DAY

Where: Casa Hogar Los Angelitos Home Facility
#16 Privado Pedro Flores, Salagua,

Manzanillo

Time: 4:00 pm to 7:00 pm

Contact: Casa Hogar 334-0878 or
nysfeed@comcast.net

February 12 - Tuesday

SANTIAGO FOUNDATION

30TH ANNIVERSARY AUCTION & DINNER

Where: Tesoro Hotel

Time: 6:00 pm – Silent Auction

7:00 pm – Dinner & Live Auction

Cost:

Contact: Jeanne Bradner for tickets: 335-0875

January 29 - Tuesday PATA POKER TOURNAMENT
, SILENT AUCTION, ART SHOW

MARCH

Where: Club Oasis

Details to be announced later.

March 7-11 – Friday to Tuesday

2013 MARCH PATA STERILIZATION CLINIC

Where: Casa Ejidal Salagua

Time:

For further information – stan@patamanzanillo.com

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