

Manzanillo

April 2010

SUN

Manzanillo's Lifestyle E-Magazine

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by Leticia Villarreal

May Photo contest prize
donation by Monkeys Chicken

SUBMIT YOUR WINNING PHOTO NOW



Doubles, such as this growing on our Pal Judy's terrace, are equally as attractive.



Planting Roots In Mexico

Hibiscus

Tommy Clarkson

Family: *Malvaceae*

Also known as Rose of Sharon, Rose of China, Rose Mallow, Rosella, Flor de Jamaica, and Shrub Althaceae

A brilliantly colored hibiscus is to the tropics what beans, around here, are to frijoles!

These sun loving beauties are evergreen. Throughout the warm, temperate, subtropical and tropical regions of the world, the vivid, five-petaled, mallowlike hibiscus flowers bloom in a wide array of colors. Popular as free standing plants or landscape shrubs, they may also be effectively incorporated into tropical gardens or dramatically placed on terraces or balconies in pots. Both singular and double varieties are readily available.

The large, showy and, usually, trumpet shaped flowers of this species are what give these plants their great allure. (Some may recall Dorothy Lamour wearing one in her hair in the Bing Crosby/Bob Hope "Road" pictures of the – dare I say it – 40's!) In its totality, this genus consists of around 250 different annual and perennial herbaceous plants sized

from smallish, woody shrubs to the awesome, 70-80 foot *hibiscus macrophyllus* trees.

With the flower itself the general focus of attention of this family, it is worthy of note that the plant entirety of the noble appearing *hibiscus elatus* is recognized as one of the most strikingly attractive tropical flowering trees in the world.

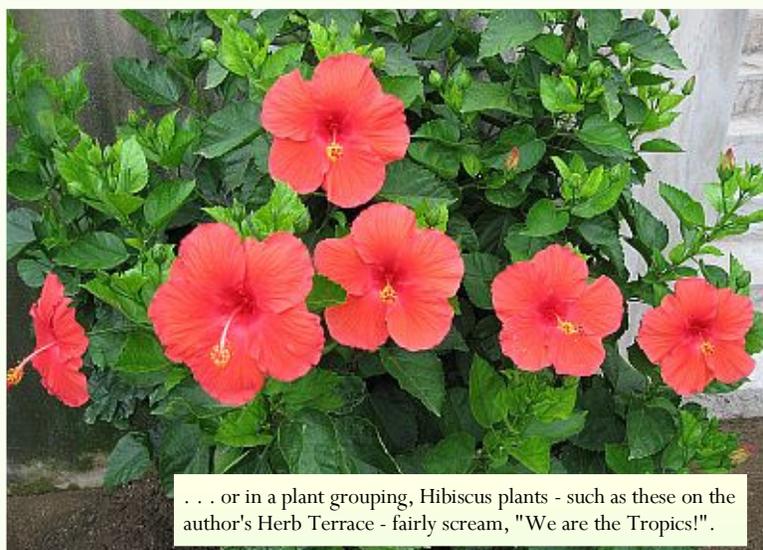
However, it is the eye striking beauty of the blooms which most of us seek. The majority of the hibiscus plants sport five-petaled flowers - the largest being nearly one foot across - with longish, protruding central stamens and pistol.

In fact, beyond the blooms, a few of larger species are singularly magnificent appearing plants wholly unto themselves. Some have simply beautiful leaves. (In fact, the leaves of the *hibiscus acetosella* are purportedly edible and can be cooked or used in salads.)

In Mexico an herbal tea, *agua de Flor de Jamaica*, is made by boiling the dehydrated hibiscus flowers - with sugar it tastes somewhat like cranberry juice. Jams are made from it in the Caribbean. In Polynesia, the hibiscus bark fibers are used to make grass skirts and even wigs. In Southern India a ground paste shampoo of hibiscus leaves and flowers solves dandruff problems, while its petals are used to cure fever and its roots stop coughs.



Beautiful as a singular blossom . . .



. . . or in a plant grouping, Hibiscus plants - such as these on the author's Herb Terrace - fairly scream, "We are the Tropics!"

But for those who seek only the beauty of its flowers, remember, it requires regular moisture, sandy, well-drained, loamy soil and some peat or pulverized coconut coir – more about that last item in a later column. And, recurring fertilization is a plus. There are a wide array of cultivars and hybrids spawned from the *hibiscus rosa-sinensis* and *schizopetalus*. They can be propagated by seed, cuttings or simple plantings. As long as the temperature stays warm, most of these are perpetual bloomers. Plant, enjoy and every morning upon sighting your little beauties, greet them with a hearty "Hi biscus"!

Tommy enthusiastically grows exotic palms, plants and flora in both the Puerto Vallarta and Manzanillo areas. For advice, information or a tour of his gardens please e- mail: olabrisa@gmail.com

Letters to the editor

If you have any comments or suggestions regarding our magazine, please send to: freda@manzanillosun.com

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Specialties

Chilaquiles, Machaca, BBQ Ribs and Chicken, Burgers, Mexican Dishes, Expresso, Capuccinos, Milk Shakes, Cold Beer

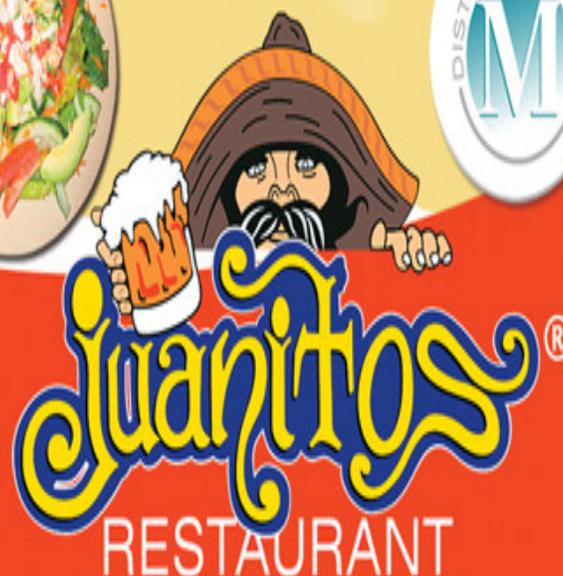
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In The Good Ole' Summertime

Freda Rumford

So now it's time to leave the Eden that is Manzanillo and go home to the frozen north. After all it is unbearably hot in Manzanillo during the summer and everywhere is crowded as Mexican people flood to the coast. Wrong!!

After the Easter rush, which is Semana Santa (Holy week) followed by Semana Pascua (Easter week), everywhere is calm and peaceful and we are back to the Manzanillo we know and love for the rest of the summer season apart from the odd hectic weekend and a couple or so weeks of summer holidays with kids home from school. Here most schools only have six weeks of holiday which commence either at the beginning of July until mid August or from mid July to end of August depending on the City they are from. But it is very safe to say that August is very, very quiet.

The weather, however, is just delightful. Warm to hot, lots of clear blue sky and often a little rain in the late afternoon or evening to freshen everything up and wash the streets. The ocean is delightful as warm currents from the south come our way and swimming is a joy (watch the wave action before entering is a good rule this time of year). As the season progresses towards fall, rain increases in frequency and volume until September, that's when the real hurricane season commences for us on this part of the coast. I think it is safe to say, that really, September is the only month I don't care for, followed closely by October. It does rain a lot, all day and every day for a while, the clouds are heavy and threatening plus the humidity levels go through the roof. When the storms come though, it can be very exciting to sit and watch the lightnings, both forked and sheet, battle it out at sea. The claps of thunder can be rather loud when directly overhead and upset pets but certainly it's no worse than the loud music we are treated to at store openings and the such.



Unfortunately, because it is low season, airlines diminish their schedules and few flights come here each week, but Puerto Vallarta is still accessible and the bus runs frequently if not speedily. (Travellers are strongly advised to take only Premiere Plus Service) The year before last, for some unexplained reason, there were no flights at all into Manzanillo in October, I think it was. Last year, luckily we had one Air Alaska flight each week, which gave some access to home, plus Continental did a regular flight into Houston, making that a very good option. Aero Mar and Mexicana still visit very regularly with North West Airlines and Continental also coming to Manzanillo on much tighter schedules.

If travelling here by car ensure that on long distance on the motorways, vehicles are allowed to rest (in the shade if possible) a few times during the day as tires do overheat and occasionally do burst. Murphy's Law being what it is, it will very likely be in a very inconvenient place. Fortunately when it happened to this writer we were only ten minutes from town (Tepic) so the little spare was quite adequate for returning and replacing the offending tire.

So come, enjoy the summer with us, don't bother with the inclemency of the imitation summers up north. The margaritas are wonderful, the beer, sheer heaven even to non-beer drinkers and the "limonada or naranjada" delightful. Plus, what can be nicer than sitting under a (pruned) coconut palm or umbrella and watching the eye candy whilst reading a good book. Oh yes! We can get **plenty** of reading material now.

Throughout summer, it is bathing suit weather and wear for all housework or cooking and an outdoor kitchen would be absolute heaven but for those two months it is generally salad only for dinner wherever possible. Even though Northern visitors wear shorts to everything, Mexican businessmen still wear long pants with socks and leather shoes. Work loads diminish as much as possible and siestas become a little more urgent.

There have been many occasions when we have just gone to the mall to sit in the cool and have an ice cream before boiling blood levels peak and explode. All of the other summer months are absolutely fine for holidaying, just so long as the sun lotion is a high number and applied frequently.

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Green Iguanas and the Iguanario

Terry Sovil-Writer & Photographs

Fascination with green iguanas is common among residents and visitors to Manzanillo. They are fun to watch and very beautiful in their coloring. They range from southern Brazil to Mexico, the Caribbean Islands, Hawaii and even feral populations in South Florida where they are regarded as an invasive species. They are herbivores and can grow to a length of 4.9' or 1.5 meters but some specimens have been up to 6.6' and upwards of 20 pounds.

Green iguanas are active in the daytime and eat fruits, vegetables and leaves. They are often found near water and are agile climbers. An iguana can fall up to 50 feet (15 m) and land unhurt. An iguana swims by letting its four legs hang limply and propel with their tail.

Green iguanas are popular pets and as a food source in Latin America. They are not endangered but could be some day. They are classified as "trade must be controlled so as not to harm the species in the future". Consider that in 1995 the USA pet trade imported 800,000! They have a calm disposition but they are very demanding to care for properly. Most iguanas bought as a pet will die within a few years. They are considered a source of meat and are sometimes called *gallina de palo*, "bamboo chicken" or "chicken of the tree" because they taste like chicken. So why not eat chicken?



Iguanas possess a row of spines along their backs and tails which helps to protect them from predators. Their whip-like tails can be used to deliver painful strikes and like many other lizards, when grabbed by the tail, the iguana can allow it to break, so it can escape and eventually regenerate a new one. They also have well developed dewlaps which help regulate their body temperature. This dewlap is also used in courtships and territorial displays.

When frightened they will attempt to run, and if near water will dive in and swim away. If they are cornered they extend their dewlap, stiffen and puff up their body, hiss and bob their head. If the threat is persistent they may lash with their tail, bite and use their claws in defense. The "head bobs" and dewlaps are also used in social interactions, such as greeting or courtship. The frequency and number of head bobs have particular meanings to other iguanas. Iguanas are hunted by hawks and their fear of hawks is often used to catch them. The sound of a hawk call will cause them to freeze and makes them easier to capture.

Green iguanas have excellent vision and will detect shapes and motion from long distances. Their very sharp teeth are capable of shredding leaves and even human skin. Females lay clutches of 20 to 71 eggs once per year during a synchronized nesting period. The female gives no protection after laying the eggs. The hatchlings emerge from the nest after 10-15 weeks of incubation. Young iguanas look similar to the adults in color and shape. Juveniles stay in familial groups for the first year of their lives.

So, now that you know a little about the green iguana where can you see one? You can visit the "Iguanario" right in downtown Mazanillo. Head out like you were driving to Compos. Pass the big sailfish in Centro, and at "the end" take a left on Mexico Avenue. When you come to that "really weird intersection" bear right and then left. You'll pass a divided street and the next right on Padre Hidalgo Colony will lead you to the Iguana Sanctuary. Run by Ramon Medina and his father Juan for over 20 years this is a real treasure trove and an opportunity for great photos.

Ramon and family visit the markets each morning to purchase, or hopefully be given, fruits and vegetables to keep the iguanas fed, happy and safe. There is a small contribution pail out front so make sure you drop a few pesos in to help with the care and feeding of this unique Manzanillo resource. It seems unfortunate that the city or state isn't helping to preserve this unique sanctuary.



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Tinto has just been released from hospital. Here are his before...and after pictures



UNIDOS para AYUDAR de MASCOTAS (UAM)

Diana Stevens

This is the third of a series of articles on how you can help the coexistence of humans and animals in our adopted city. Read about each group, investigate what catches your fancy and decide where you fit in.

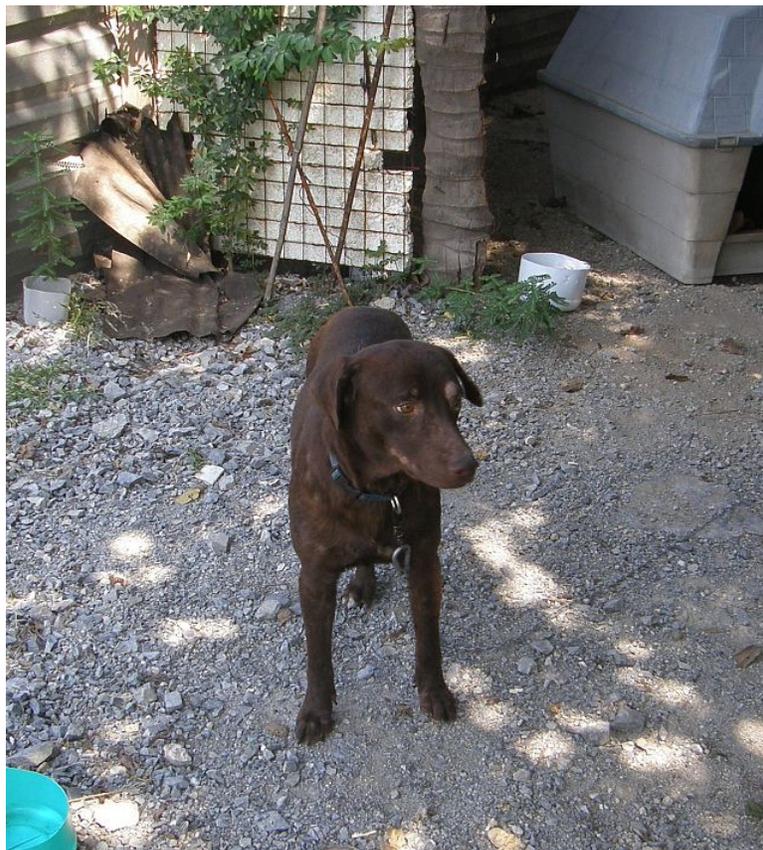
This original animal group in Manzanillo is a unique undertaking. It is a Shelter for very sick, hungry and unhappy street animals and is the creation of a dedicated woman, Silvia Beas, with the unstinting support of her family. Twenty years ago the Beas' bought a plot of land in the country to take in stray dogs, cats and birds which later on was expanded but is now surrounded by houses. Silvia places cats with a friend, an American lady looks after birds and currently four dogs are farmed out to allow room for new arrivals.

Upon arrival, I was given a fabulous welcome by a motley collection of at least six assorted dogs overjoyed to see yet another kind person. Any horrors from their past have been erased by the constant love and attention they now receive. Going into the comfortable shade of the patio we talked

of her undertaking while two dogs lay at our feet and several more around about, some on chairs. Currently there are sixteen residents. It was a peaceful, happy afternoon siesta for them and a very congenial time for us.

Silvia talks excellent, non-stop English and is a trained pharmacist. Well known in the surrounding Mexican community people bring patients to her, many of which are sick or injured or occasionally have horrible skin infections. Usually they start off in her hospital shed where they are given needed care several times a day with much love, plus given a name which speeds the healing process. No dogs are ever put to sleep. They are given the best of nursing care and their lives allowed to run their natural course.

All new arrivals are given blood tests and shots and when necessary surgery - including sterilisation - which is performed by a local vet who donates his services. UAM ran a Vaccination Clinic at the Shelter in Salagua this March with rabies and annual shots free. Silvia and her family pay for all medication, tests, X-rays and food for up to twenty dogs themselves. Patients eventually move to the front of the garden where, through a fence, they can make the acquaintance of other residents very gently.



Many dogs stay at the shelter for up to a year whilst recovering from the original bags of skin and bones they were finally emerging as sleek and beautiful animals ready to make someone a perfect pet. Many evenings Silvia scours the neighbourhood for reliable people prepared to adopt. Her reputation going before her, people know where to come and what they are taking on. She keeps a watchful eye on local families who may lose interest in a now grown pup or decide to extend their house and tie the pet to a tree on the street.

She welcomes volunteers to help with anti-tic bathing, brushing, massage, love and sometimes a walk on the beach! Recently Silvia was badly injured in a car accident and cannot carry on with the practical work as usual so is very grateful for any assistance you may give. Picking up after the dogs is always done by Sylvia's student son, who



also cleans house and does washing as well as allowing his bedroom to be used as a maternity ward for mothers with young puppies!

If you would like to donate something, soap, shampoo, towels and old sheets are always needed. As a pharmacist Silvia adjusts human medicines to canine doses so anything slightly out of date is useful for their ailments. Special needs are 'Frontline' or 'Advantage' against ticks, as well as 'Dioxyciclina', antibiotics for eyes and ears, 'Endogard' or 'Cardomec' against parasites, and 'Bovitraz' which works wonders on skin infections.

Food is always needed. A kind volunteer has organised a pick-up for meat leftovers from the Pergola Restaurant twice a week, but there are plenty of other days and plenty of mouths to feed. For this, please contact Sharon at chandlerlapunta@hotmail.com who co-ordinates what can be used when. Silvia is a vegetarian and eats organic vegetables collected periodically from a supplier in Colima. Chiles and a selection of herb teas are grown on the property which is green and lush with many fruit trees. Bananas, limes of several kinds, papayas, grapefruit, and mandarins provide both her human and canine families with valuable vitamins. There are even small plums and mangos which the dogs both play with and eat! The family seem to consume only what is left over from the dogs.

UAM or Refugio de Mascotas (Pet Rescue No-Kill Animal Shelter) has been on a sound legal basis since its initiation and receives little financial help from elsewhere. No active fundraising is done but donations help the work continue. The family live very simply in a small house which they share with their very extended canine family whom Silvia refers to as her "babies".



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“horses in the treetops, and sharks in the pond”...

Jim Evans

While back..it was a typical Sunday afternoon in 1964 at the Grog Shop, a piano bar style watering hole, on Kalakaua Blvd in the heart of Waikiki... Ted, the piano player was as usual holding court and the regulars were awash in good spirits. An eclectic mixture of Airline Pilots, Flight attendants, a disc jockey, local surfers and pulchritudinous young ladies were working their way through the last afternoon before the dreaded drudgery of yet another Monday morning in paradise. An occasional “everybody suck ‘em up” could be heard above the light hearted banter...no one had as yet heard of “Cheers”, but at this beach side Bar and restaurant everyone certainly knew your name.

Then it happened, a ripple coursed through the twenty odd imbibers as the word “Tsunami” was uttered, not in a light or jocular manner but in a deadly serious tone. Moments later the sirens along the beach wailed their warnings.. For a second the room was silent, then the mood changed and conversations turned to “Tidal Waves “and their destructive force... Ted suggested that the revelers adjourn to his seventh floor apartment adjacent to Waikiki Beach where an ample supply of the “nectar of the Gods “ was available, it was perfect perch from which to observe an impending disaster ... The mood once again lightened and the party, reduced to about fifteen hardy adventurers, trekked across the adjacent parking lot and ascended to the apartment.

Out on Kalakaua Blvd police cruisers patrolled barking evacuation orders in lyrical Island Pigeon English through tinny loudspeakers and bull horns... meanwhile the party raged on, most everyone crowded onto the balcony to witness the impending “killer wave”... nothing much happened, and many were disappointed that the initial event was marked by a somewhat less than stellar three inch recession.. There was some minor flooding later that day and the Honolulu Advertiser featured a front page photo of a local surfer, Bobby Ah Choy, riding the waves on Kalakau Blvd created by the police cruisers patrolling Waikiki chasing stragglers away from the area...

Those revelers on the Beach in 1964 were lucky.. But then it has been said that “God protects drunks and children” ... It is far more likely that “ignorance was bliss”...

Tsunami

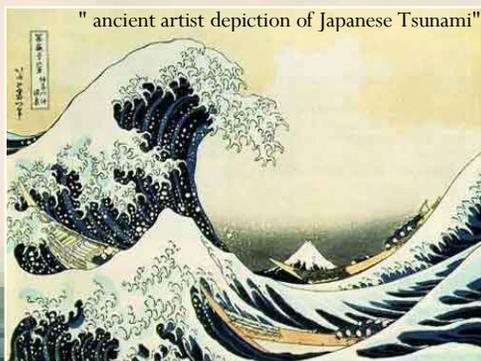
Tsunami (pronounced soo-NAH-mee) is a Japanese word. A tsunami is a series of large sea waves caused by earthquakes, volcanic eruptions, and occasionally generated by giant meteors impacting with the ocean. These events may generate a tsunami if they are of sufficient force to cause a violent movement of the Earth creating substantial and sudden displacement of massive amounts of water. They occur, not as a single wave, but as a series of waves which can be as long, peak to peak, as 60 miles (100 kilometers) and up to an hour apart.

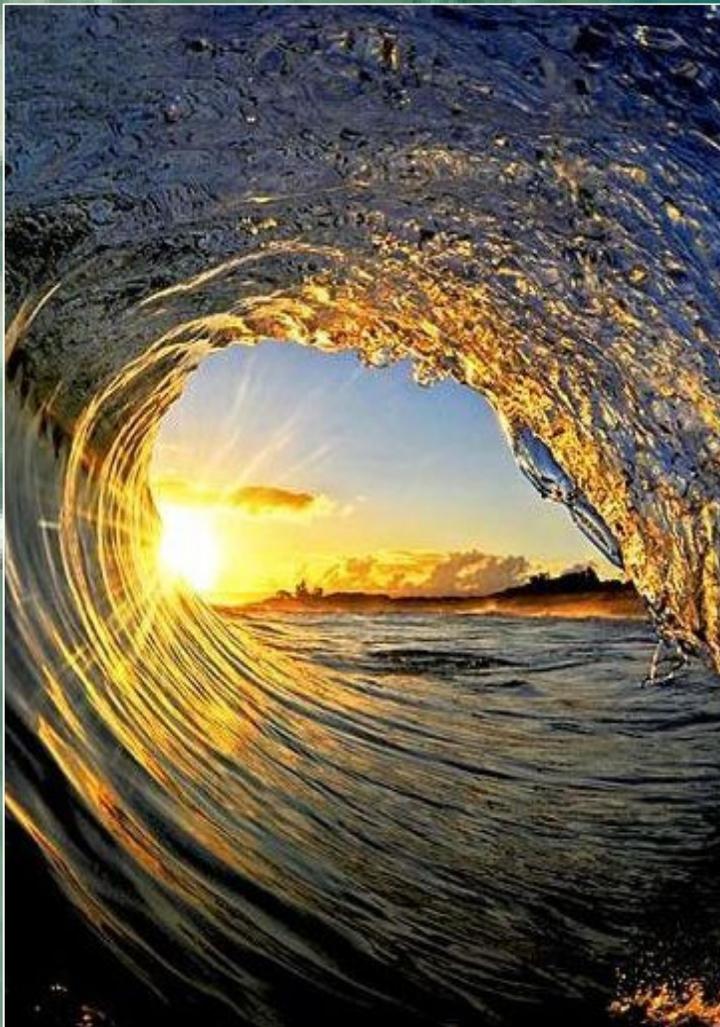
A tsunami may be less than a foot (30 centimeters) in height on the surface of the open ocean, often going unnoticed by sailors. But the powerful shock wave of energy travels rapidly through the ocean as fast as a commercial jet. Once a tsunami reaches shallow water near the coast it is slowed down, and the top of the wave begins to move faster than the bottom, causing the sea to rise dramatically, creating havoc along coastal areas as it “breaks” along the shore.

Cuyutlan

Mexico lies in a zone where the North American, Cocos and Caribbean plates meet. These tectonic plates constantly shift, sometimes causing earthquakes which occasionally produce tsunamis. Earthquakes of magnitude 5 or more can cause considerable damage depending on their depth. These quakes over the years have produced huge killer waves.

On June 22, 1932 such a monster quake, force 8.2, and resultant wave struck Cuyutlan, a once thriving tourist destination, approximately 25 Kilometers southeast of Manzanillo. The first indications as related by historians were the disappearance of small animals, and an eerie silence that usually precedes a major earthquake. Then the first tremor, and the water started to recede, slowly at first then rapidly until the ocean floor was exposed to an incredible distance of 400 meters, or over 1300 ft... just less than a quarter mile... Then it struck, a wall of water 10 meters high , (over 30 feet) hit the coast with the speed and momentum of a runaway freight train inundating the area before its destructive energy dissipated .





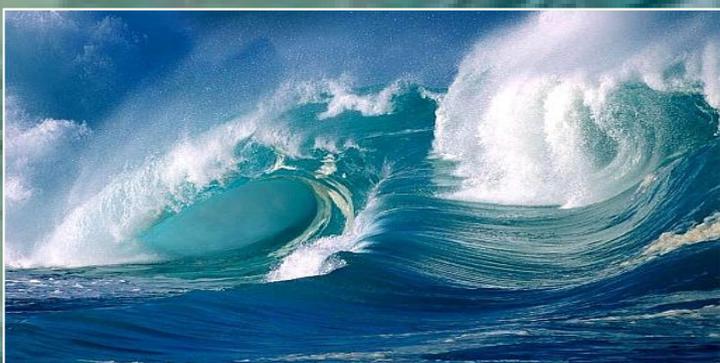
The massive wave traveled over a kilometer inland destroying most of the city. Four hundred predominantly wooden structures, including the famous Hotel Ceballos, were shredded and seventy people lost their lives, while another one hundred people sustained injury. The devastation was everywhere, causing one eye witness to remark "there were horses in the tree tops and sharks in the ponds". It was no wonder that most of the residents soon migrated to Armeria, gave up their fishing poles and to become farmers and merchants.

Over the years there have been many notable destructive tsunamis along the West coast of Central Mexico including one that came ashore on October 9, 1995. This 18 foot wave caused major damage from Cuyutlan to Barra De Navidad.

While Tsunami have been a major cause of property damage and death in most areas of the Pacific Ring of Fire, warning systems installed throughout most of the region usually predict the possibility of these "killer waves" accurately. But, sometimes as we just saw recently with the massive Chilean earthquake the predictions of the wave sizes can be a bit overstated... this author having survived that less than fateful day on Waikiki Beach tends to take these predictions a little more seriously now and rather than judge warnings of enormous waves and impending disaster too harshly, as the media sometimes does, he usually just heads for higher ground with all the smaller wiser animalia, he certainly no longer jokes with old surfing buddies about waxing up one more time for the big one..... JE

For those of you interested highlight and drag the link below into the address bar of your browser... it contains amazing models and depictions of the 2004 tsunami that took over 200,000 lives in Sumatra. No Gory pictures, but some great pics and short videos of the cause and effect of this massive geological event...

<http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/nova/tsunami/anat-flash.html>



Tsunami waves approach American Samoa's Tafuna Airport in Pago Pago



Shallow Water, Seafood & Sunshine



The Life of a Cormorant

Howard Platt

Often in the morning a stream of dark-coloured birds will flow across the bay, a hundred feet or so above the water.

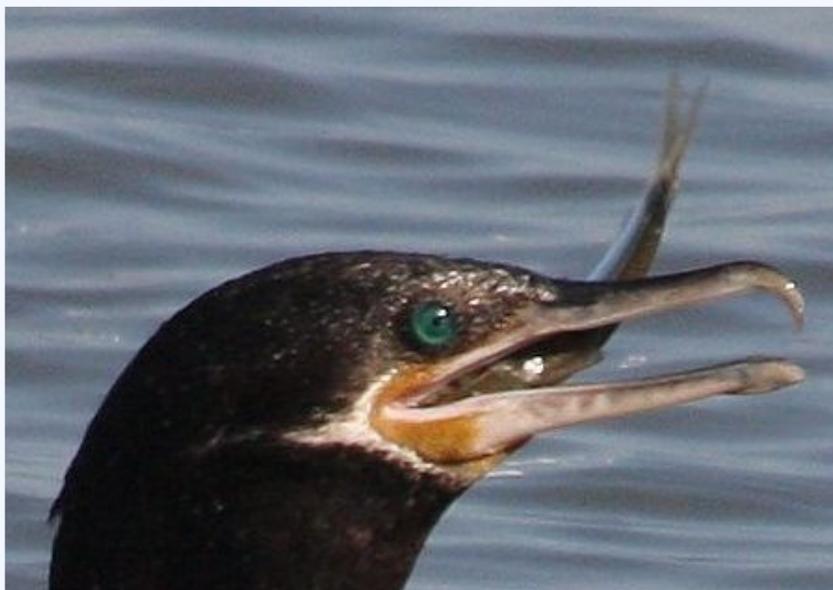
The stream is not very wide, but there may be hundreds of birds moving from roosting to feeding grounds. They are neotropic cormorants and are the only cormorant you will regularly see down here on the west coast. Some people think they are ugly, but how can you not love a bird with such deep emerald eyes?

The feeding grounds vary, depending on the supply of small fish, and they may not all go to the same place. Shallow ocean water or fresh water lagoons are equally good as long as there are fish. The birds usually hunt in a small pack. They swim low in the water because their feathers are not very waterproof and not buoyant. This makes it easy for them to slip under the surface and look for fish.

When the small fish come close to shore you may see a line of cormorants, low in the water, moving forward with most of them underwater, and then popping up with fish in their sharp, hooked bills. They flip the fish around and swallow it head first. It takes a second or so and then they are underwater again, so don't blink.

Once they have had their fill they will find a quiet rock or post to perch on and spread their wings in the sunshine to dry them off and make flying back to the roost easier.

A little dip in the ocean; sea food dinner with friends; then some time to bask in the afternoon sun. What more could one want?





What are Ejido Lands



Freda Rumford

There is really no easy way to describe Ejido land. Usually we have said that for simplicity sake consider it more or less along the lines of an Indian reservation but in actual fact it is really more of a commune with the entire community making decisions rather than the individual concerning property (true communism).

With the Agrarian land reform, which started at the end of the 19th century and continued until mid 1930's, many well known revolutionists such as Pancho Villa & Emilio Zapata became highly involved. The transfer of lands from the original elite ruling class owners and the Church caused much strife and Mexico was in an upheaval for many decades. After Porfirio Diaz was over-thrown at the beginning of the 20th century the very slow and gradual change in land ownership which was promised to all Mexicans who "needed it" finally commenced. Previously, all Mexicans not in the elite group, although not slaves or serfs as known in other countries, owed everything to the land owners who kept them both uneducated and in extreme poverty in order to totally subjugate them.

Presidents Alvaro Obregon (the initiator of the reform) and Lazaro Cardenas (who forced the release of much land into the hands of Ejidos in 1934) are some of the most well known names of that era. Cities are named after them as are streets in most cities throughout Mexico. This subject cannot possibly be covered in a short article but Wikipedia.com has extensive information available to those interested in more information.

According to an excellent article written and well worth reading by David W. Connell at <http://www.mexicolaw.com.mx/ejido.html>, no foreigner may legally purchase ejido land unless it has been converted to private land by the ejido. There are various loopholes which refer to possessing the land in good faith for 5 years (knowing the original owners and being given some sort of entitlement to live there), or in possessing the land in bad faith for 10 years (meaning that the owner is unknown and the individual is in fact a "Squatter"). Many nationals and foreigners (who have obtained Mexican citizenship) will offer to hold the entitlement to ejido property on behalf of a non-

citizen but in very many instances the holder has then seized the property for themselves leaving the purchaser little or no recourse to regain it. Whatever the conditions, it is very hazy and no-one should enter into purchasing any land from any individual without considerable investigation and without a good and reputable lawyer and notary in control.

There have many instances in Mexico of people selling land or properties that did not belong to them resulting in murder and mayhem. (In recent years this actually occurred in the Chapala area.) All land and property purchases have to go through a "Notario" (notary public), who then investigates land titles in great depth but will not necessarily be held responsible in the eventuality that the purchaser be left with nothing. The land titles office in Mexican towns bears no resemblance to those in other countries we have become familiar with and extreme caution should be taken by foreign "would be" owners. Land ownership is very possible but be wary.

Local real estate agents do not necessarily have all the information to hand as they only have their client's information and "say so" to go by, in such cases hopefully the notary can catch anything untoward. There have been many real estate agents appearing on the scene in recent years as land and property in Mexico becomes more desirable and is comparatively reasonable for retirement for those from colder climes. More people see this as a good income opportunity in the country where they wish to live. Because there are no regulations regarding agents it is advisable to ask around both the foreign and national community to find good and knowledgeable representation.

The moral of this story: Avoid attempting to buy ejido land. There was an instance within the last ten years when an entire block of condominiums was seized in Cabot St Lucas to many screams of protest. Like most legality in Mexico, everything depends upon whom you ask and what they actually know. This writer is sure to receive many floods of protest for inaccuracies stated above. Please be assured that this is only written as a warning to be careful what you do and with whom you deal, and not to be taken verbatim.



Casa Talk – The Homes of Manzanillo

Philip and Sharon Chandler's Home of Mon Plaisir's - *My Pleasure*



"Let's Chat..... Welcome! Let me introduce you to Philip and Sharon Chandler, Duke and Kai. Duke ~ A Giant Schnauzer and Kai ~ A Chinese Shar-Pei (or as Philip affectingly calls him ~ "Bucket Head")..."



"Originally designed and built by the Architect, Joaquin Torres. I now am a reflection of their exquisite taste from the many elegantly appointed rooms... to the brilliant colors that complement my tranquil outdoor magnificence that makes people feel instantly at home."





"Add to my décor this beauty, a baby grand piano, crafted 100 years ago from Burr Walnut – and Sharon definitely knows how to "tickle the keys."

"But the greatest beauty that I possess can be found in the hearts and souls of these two generous and caring people. I can certainly tell you that the Manzanillo area has benefited in so many ways since they moved here from Essex, England three years ago."

"Philip retired from his family businesses of restaurants, night clubs and the largest Greyhound Racing Stadium in England - founded by his Grandfather in 1933 - and his private business of betting lounges."

"It was in one of these lounges, on Grand National Day, that he met Sharon for the first time 31 years ago and she is, as Philip says 'The biggest winner I could have ever backed'."

"Sharon retired from the world of fashion. She modeled for the renowned clothing retailer, Marks & Spencer for a number of years. Sharon may have "retired" from professional modeling but for those who know her it is readily apparent that she did not leave her style and grace in England."

"Both are deeply involved with Silvia in rescuing injured or neglected dogs that would otherwise be living miserable lives... if they survived. They donate time, energy and money to mankind as well through their work with Asilo de Ancianos de Manzanillo the home for the elderly."



"And, of course, there is Katrina, the horse they found in December 2008. This incredible story underlines not only caring but the long term commitment of, I am proud to say, my owners. When they found Katrina she had been bitten by a snake and the owner had simply left her penned up with no food or water. The Chandlers contacted Dr .Rueben, a veterinarian from Guadalajara, and with his help she was transported to his animal hospital and received an operation, medications and care that saved her life. There she spent the next year convalescing. Many times during that year, Philip and Sharon would make the drive to Guadalajara to spend an hour or so with Katrina. But more than just feeding her carrots and apples they gave her love, encouragement and support. They would then come home to me in La Punta."

"I am delighted to report that Katrina now has a wonderful home with a family whose two daughters who dolt on her and there is a gelding in residence as well. Beyond that Dr.Rueben volunteered to breed, the now four year old Katrina with a stallion."

"From hors d'oeuvres and scrumptious dinners that Sharon loves to prepare to all of the animals and people that they have helped and saved, my Chandlers are a beautiful couple to their very core."





Personality of the Month

Jolanda Hendriksen

By Tommy Clarkson

North of here in La Manzanilla - approximately 70 minutes of enjoyable driving - live and work a most intriguing and adventurous pair. They are the Dutch couple of Leon Landsheer and Jolanda Hendriksen. (In the Netherlands married people may keep their original names.)

To say that they are unique is to say the Pacific might contain a little salt water! For example, in August 2000 – leaving Leon with his computer software chores, Jolanda – who at that point supervised a staff of nearly 150 professionals operating a disabled persons village- took advantage of her earned 90 day vacation and commenced a three month backpacking trek of Viet Nam, Nepal and Thailand...alone.

Upon her return the couple re-visited the priorities of their life. They talked long, thought hard and decided decisively to sell all of their worldly possessions and commence on a protracted motorcycle adventure. Such sojourn commenced with a circuitous trip through Europe visiting family and friends and then began in earnest touring: Germany, Austria, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Iran, Pakistan, India, Nepal, Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, Malaysia, Australia, Indonesia, across the United States and then down into Mexico.

Just your basic three year drive through the country!

Our acquaintance with this adventurous duo commenced several years ago while shopping at Commercial during a special, large exhibition of Thai foods. Conversation ensued as Jolanda and I both keenly eyed the stack of canned Tom Yum – an indescribably delicious hot and sour, lemongrass soup to which I became addicted while living in Bangkok. (To this base stock, I add fresh shrimp, mushrooms, baby corn, and an extra twist of fresh lemon grass, for a delectable dish of Tom Yum Goon – Hot Shrimp Soup.)

Some of her staff - that's husband Leon behind her.



Before long we had the opportunity to become more personally acquainted with this amazing couple through visiting their restaurant, which offers perhaps the most unique array of food on the western Mexico Pacific coast.

Upon arriving in La Manzanilla they realized the potential the beautiful, small community held. Here was a vibrant, growing area which – at that time – had but a very limited selection of restaurants...now there are 38! Correctly, they accessed it as a potential mini Puerto Vallarta.

Our last early morning breakfast there consisted of Dutch Pancakes with bacon, topped with bananas and Belgian Waffles with fruit and whipped cream. Though I must admit I really considered the Indonesian Vegetable fried rice with egg!

For lunch or dinner, for instance, consider these tasty morsels from the international appetizer array of selections: Thai Fish Patties, Dutch Bitter Balls, Indonesian Rampah (meatballs), Beer Battered Mussels and Mushroom au Gratin.

Recently, her special was Hungarian Goulash – a sure winner. But among the numerous, regular fare items, were a diversity of delightful choices ranging from Spanish Zarzuela made with white fish, mussels and shrimp in a tomato leek sauce, to a lentil burger with mango chutney. Or there was the tantalizing Thai yellow coconut cream curry with your choice of chicken, fish, shrimp or mixed seafood.

And a wonderful Hungarian Goulash.

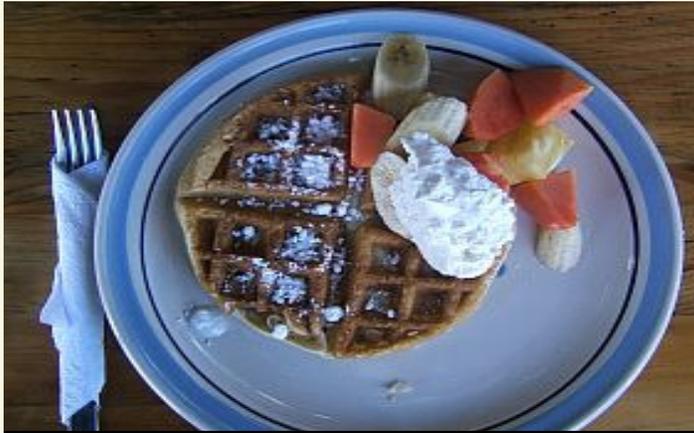




"Or, for lunch or dinner Mexican Chicken Poblano with chilipoblano cream sauce?"



For those seeking cuisine of Europe, maybe Italian Lasagna Bolognese or Dutch Lekkerbekje (Fish and chips – which we have had folks from Great Britain and Canada say surpasses any they have ever had before, anywhere!) Then, almost as an afterthought among the various choices one spies a variety of Asia Stir fry dishes or a wonderful Mexican Chicken Poblano with chilipoblano cream sauce. Desserts? Absolutely! But one is hard pressed to pass up her Dutch Apple Pie. Beyond that is the superlative selection of exotic sounding but "oh so delicious" home made jellies and jams for sale to include: mango-jalapeño, mango-chocolate-vanilla, papaya-mango-chili, jalapeño-basil, banana-apple-cinnamon, banana-orange- ginger and strawberry marguerites.



". . . or Belgian Waffles with fruit and whipped cream?"

And in the trite and hackneyed phrase of many a television infomercial – "But wait, there's more!" On Monday evenings the beach front location pulses with live music.

Lastly, for the ultimate dining experience, schedule – well in advance as it fills up fast – their Indonesian Rice Table of twenty different excellent dishes offered on Christmas Eve and Christmas Day.

These two are restaurateurs of the highest order and humans par excellence whose mutual love, admiration and appreciation for each other is manifest in every action they share.

How does one find this great place? Drive off the highway going to Puerto Vallarta into La Manzanilla, passing over three topas and at the third "water run off ditch" in the road, turn left down the recently paved main street going two blocks. Almost immediately, on the right one will find Jolanda's.

Trust us on this...the drive will be well worth it!

CALENDAR OF EVENTS

Compiled by Darcy Reed

MONTHLY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Mujeres Amigas Luncheons

When: First Wednesday of each month
Where: El Caribe Restaurant, Las Brisas. 1.00 pm.
Contact: Candy King 044-314-103-0406
candyk@coldwellbankerbienesraices.com

WEEKLY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR

Thirsty Thursdays – Manzamigos

Where: To be announced each week. 6.00 pm.
Contact: Jack Akers manzamigos@gmail.com
To join Manzamigos: Linda Breun lbgringa@gmail.com

APRIL 2010

Mar 28th to Apr 4th Semana Santa - Easter Week – Palm Sunday to Easter Sunday, and including Good Friday
Apr 4th Children's Fishing Tournament (Children's day)
Apr 25th Open to Children 5–11 yrs. No charge
Tel. 314 332 7399 for information

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Manzanillo's Hidden Culinary Delights

Mariscos La Suerte

Terry Sovil

A very small little gem tucked away 1 block off the Blvd in Centro Santiago. They feature Carnes y Mariscos, mixed drinks (pina colada, margaritas, vampiros) plus beer, micheladas and soft drinks.

If you know Martitas, go one more block heading towards Las Hadas/Las Brisas, take a left and walk one short block and there it is. The street is just opposite the edge of the open air market where the taco stands and furniture dealer locate during the week.

There is excellent food and good prices. I'm a shrimp fan and though I've tried the beef (excellent, in BBQ, ribs, burgers) I usually end up ordering shrimp (Diablo – hot or Ajo – garlic). I'm not sure what goes into their rice but their rice is excellent. I suspect it could have some saffron in it but it sure is tasty. The service is good and friendly and I've enjoyed the music in the background on visits.

The place is small with a minimal number of tables and a nice old fashioned counter with stools that is great to sit at for a mid-afternoon beer or pina colada. The walls are adorned with various stuffed sea creatures to hold your attention while they prepare your dinner. If you look kitty-korner from the restaurant you'll see a funeral home and next door is a bakery. The bakery has no sign but if you are there later in the day you'll find a huge selection of fresh-baked treats. The bakery is an easy stop after dinner to take some things home.

La Suerte, "Good Luck", is a must try.

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Santiago, Manzanillo, Col.



From T's GALLEY at SCHOONERS RESTAURANT

Camarones Al Chipotle

Ingredients

- 1 lb large shrimps, peeled and butterflied with tail shell left on
- Sea salt and freshly ground black pepper
- 1/4 cup fresh lime juice
- 1/3 cup light olive oil
- 1 medium white onion, finely sliced
- 2 medium tomatoes, broiled or tomate verde (tomatillos)
- 4 chipotle chiles in adobo
- 1 garlic clove, peeled and roughly chopped
- 1/3 cup white wine
- 1/4 teaspoon Mexican oregano

Directions

Season the shrimps with salt and pepper and lime juice and set aside to marinate for about 30 minutes.

Heat the oil in a frying pan; add the drained shrimp, reserving any liquid and sliced onion and fry, shaking the pan and tossing the ingredients, for about 3 minutes. Remove the shrimp and onion with a slotted spoon and set aside.

In a blender jar, blend the tomatoes, chipotles, and their liquid, and garlic to a textured sauce. Reheat the oil, and add the sauce, and fry over high heat stirring and scraping the bottom of the pan to prevent sticking for about 8 minutes.

Add the wine, oregano, marinade and salt to taste and cook for another minute. Add the shrimp/onion mixture and cook for about 2 minutes--for the shrimps should be just cooked and still crisp.



PHOTO COMPETITION



Send us an original photo for one of our next editions of *Manzanillo's Lifestyle E-Magazine*.

The winning selection will be used as the cover photograph on a future edition of our magazine.

Prize: 10 Piece Chicken Bucket with One Side Order

Courtesy of Monkeys Chicken

(We reserve the right to use all submitted photos in ManzanilloSun.com SA de CV)



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The Streets of Manzanillo



Boulevard Miguel de la Madrid Terry Sovil

Where does this name for Manzanillo's "main street" come from? Costero (Coastal) Miguel de la Madrid Boulevard is named for Miguel de la Madrid Hurtado. The airport in Colima bears his name as well. Born December 12, 1934 in Colima, Mexico he is a Mexican politician from the Institutional Revolutionary Party (PRI) and served as President of Mexico from December 1, 1982 –November 30, 1988. He was preceded as President of Mexico by José López Portillo and succeeded by Carlos Salinas, Ernesto Zedillo, Vicente Fox and currently Felipe Calderón.

His family roots in Colima stretch back to the 18th century. His father placed high importance on education. Miguel de la Madrid received a bachelor's degree in law from the National Autonomous University of Mexico (UNAM) in Mexico City in 1957. His duties started to exceed his training so he completed his master's degree in public administration at Harvard University (USA) in 1965. He worked for the National Bank of Foreign Commerce and the Bank of Mexico, and taught law at the UNAM.

Madrid first entered government service in the Treasury in 1965. From 1970 to 1972 he worked for Pemex (Petróleos Mexicanos). He returned to government service in 1972 filling various economic posts and became minister of planning and budget in from 1976–1982.

Madrid is credited with helping to plan utilization of the oil wealth to promote economic growth. His term in office was filled with difficulties including severe economic crisis and an earthquake in 1985 that caused significant damage to the capital. The economic crisis was an inheritance from previous administrations who borrowed money from international markets. The period was marked by high inflation, increasing an average of 100% a year to 159% in 1987. Foreign debt exceeded 90 billion, one of the highest debt loads in the world. A decreasing demand for oil didn't help in repaying the crushing debt. Unemployment rates hit 25% in the mid-1980s. Incomes declined while economic growth was sporadic. This pushed thousands of workers to cross the northern border into the USA in search of work.

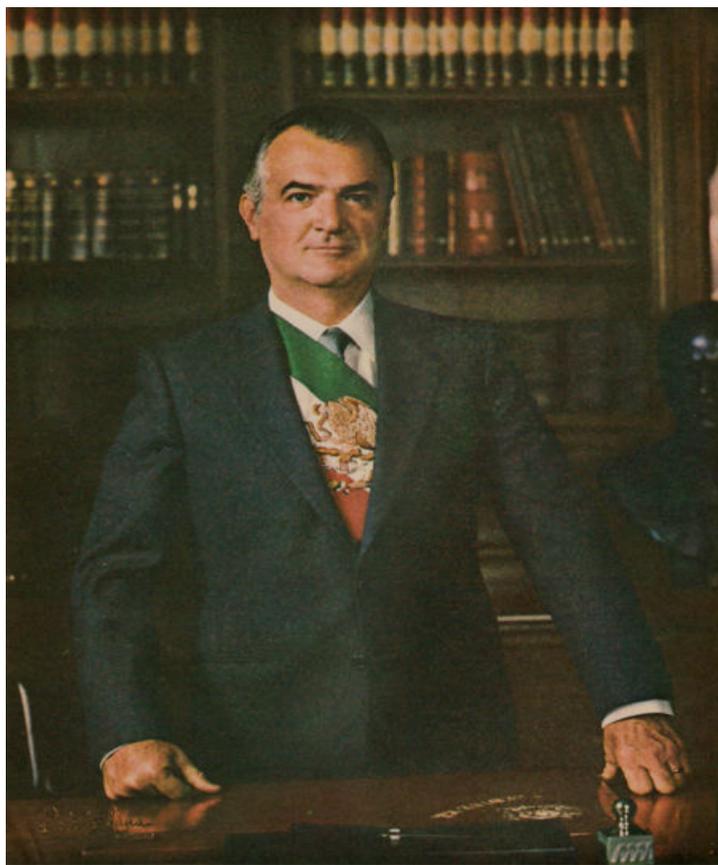
The peso slipped against the dollar, going from 260 to 380 in the summer of 1985. If that wasn't enough the earthquake of 1985 hit Mexico City and his administration badly handled it by initially refusing international aid.

Madrid instituted austerity measures that included wage freezes and elimination of over 50,000 federal workers. This had to be done to restore confidence in Mexico by the world banks. He reduced federal subsidies and sold inefficient and unprofitable state-owned businesses. He limited the size of wage increases and tried to reduce imports of nonessential consumer goods. Of course, none of these were very popular with citizens.

Madrid is a member of the Collegium International. This group of leaders with scientific, political and ethical expertise has the goal of finding approaches to a peaceful, socially conscious and financially stable world. He was more highly thought of internationally that he was at home. He refinanced foreign debt with support of his austerity measures by international entities.

He served only one six-year term.





Miguel de la Madrid's Timeline in History

1981 - Mexico's Governing Party Picks Presidential Nominee Miguel de la Madrid as its choice to become the next president.

1982 - Ending corruption is Mexican chief's priority. In addition to the huge economic problem President Miguel de la Madrid takes on corruption in every level of Mexico's society.

1983 - U.S., Mexico Differ on Latin Fighting and are deeply split over Central America policies.

1984 - Mexican President Miguel de la Madrid rejects Reagan Administration's approach to Central America in speaking to a joint meeting of Congress.

1985 - Earthquake seriously damages sections of Mexico City and President Miguel de la Madrid encounters a rarity in Mexico -- an angry mob seeking missing relatives.

1986 - Reagan raps drugs at a Mexico Summit, expressing concern that Mexico's history of political stability could be ended by powerful drug-smuggling figures. Regan blamed Cuba and Nicaragua for backing the drug trafficking.

1987 - President Miguel de la Madrid, addressing the nation as he enters his final year in office, says his policies of austerity are pulling Mexico out of its economic crisis while avoiding a predicted social explosion.

1988 - De la Madrid lectures Reagan on drug efforts to halt cultivation and says USA fails to curb consumption. He praises cooperation to restructure Mexico's \$107 billion foreign aid debt. There is disagreement on dealing with Nicaragua's Sandinista regime. Reagan praises Madrid's handling of the economy and predicts history will treat him kindly.



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Mexico...Past & Present

A Tale of Two Lively Lassies - Anne Bonny & Mary Read

S. Shine Dawson

Hark, come hither, come down here I say
For a true story to tell I'll tell it my way.
'Bout two lassie Pyrates that bound up their breasts
To pass as a mate they would rival the best.

Anne Bonny was born to her father and maid
Astonished the wife, and "vowed they must pay".
For sins of her husband, they did constantly quarrel
So he pulled up his stakes, lock stock and barrel.

He took the fair lassie, his maid and his wealth
Hit the high seas for Anne's better health.
For sickly she was as a child they say
She was viscous and mean and she spat everyday.

For Carolina he thought he'd have better luck
So he bought a plantation and there Anne was stuck.
For she hated her mother, her new place of being
Anne stabbed mothers' belly and she was only 13.

She knew what she wanted and knew how to get it
The plantation was prosperous, and the money they split it.
She loathed the plantation, her father and found
"Tis a fire I'll set and it burned to the ground".

And now we are here to talk of another
Mary Read was born, and with her a brother.
For twins they were, but the boy he fell ill,
There was naught to be done, he was found deadly still.

Her mother was fretting and ached for her honey
For granny loved boys and she had the money.
So Mary was dressed in boys' pantaloons
To deceive the old woman that supplied the doubloons.

The granny had died and left them to squander,
So mother decided to pick up and wander.
Through England they roamed and they roamed,
To find quiet lodgings and call it a home.

"Enough" said Mary and she went on her way
For the New World was calling, a voice then did say,
"Commission yourself on a ship sailing east"
For booty and riches that's sure bound to please.

With her roving young spirit she wanted much more
So she joined the Queens' Navy 'board a great Man-o-War.
The position she landed to serve with her mate
Her secret was kept 'till one day-it was fate.

She boarded the vessel in the cloths of a man
Took position as powder monkey and there she did stand,
The canons were ready to fire at will
She was brave and courageous and was out for the kill.

She wanted much better for she served as the best
So she went to the Captain and made her request.
To have a position of much greater standing
She would do as he say, with all his demanding.

She went below deck, the Captain she sought,
Was told he would see her, for busy he's not.
He gave her the duty of mending the tack
"Twas Captain John Rackham known as "Calico Jack".

Astonished she was and she accepted his offers
For more booty she'd earn from each and all coffers.
He smiled at Mark Read, for that's how they'd meet
Her Captain Calico Jack with ugly green teeth.

She turned 'round to leave to go back up on deck,
When Calico Jack said "I'm not done with you yet.
For here is a mate you will meet here today"
"Twas young Anne Bonny and dressed the same way.

They took a young fancy to each others lookings
Calico Jack said to Mary "You just keep on cooking".
For he sensed something's wrong at thus he was loathing
For he looked once again-They are in the same clothing.

Anne Bonny that night saw Mary and said
"You look quite like me- there is a secret I dread.
I dress like a man but I fight with the best"
She pulled up her shirt and exposed her bare breasts.

Mary said "Aye" I know your deception
For I am like you, the exact same reflection.
I am here for the pieces of eight that they swindle
For dressed as a woman my chances would dwindle.

With boldness and courage they fought with such daring
To hide from their mates the secret they were sharing.
With cutlass, muskatoon and pistols at arm
The sailors they fought, they did them more harm.

They cut at their noses their eyes and their ears,
They lanced at their hearts and left them in tears.
"Get up you poor bastards" and then Anne just said
"I'll cut off yer balls and then I'll cut off yer heads".

'Twas Mary and Anne that led all the men
To the ships they had captured then scuttled and then
They fought to the death fer it was gold that they scored
For the rest of the crew, they threw overboard.

It was ship after ship that these pyrates then boarded
With ruthless and cunning the booty they hoarded.
When all said and done 'twas 20 ships captured
They toasted their fortunes of the deeds they had mastered.





'Twas 1718 there was a new proclamation
From England it came to serve this New Nation
Of freedom for pyrates if they turned themselves in
To the court in Jamaica to be tried for their sins.

Calico Jack thought it over and then he did heed
But Mary and Anne said that is not what we need
For we'll fight to our deaths and each man if willing
Will stay on this ship for 10 extra shillings

They set sail that morning and off to their aft
They caught sight of a frigate heading into their path.
The crew was frightened and startled and scared
Heading below deck thinking 'tis they who'd be spared.

"Get up here and fight you cowards you bastards,
'Tis my cutlass you'll feel and you'll be quarter mastered"
Mary opened the hold and with pistols she aimed
Killing one of the crew- wounding 4 more in vain.

The English then boarded the galleon of Jacks'
To find only 2 that weren't going back.
They fought with a vengeance, outnumbered by many
To know that the crew down below- there were plenty.

They captured the 2 and the rest of the sort
Took them back to Jamaica and tried them in court.
In shackles and chains they went to stand trial
All marched two by two in strict rank and file

I plead for my belly Anne Bonny did say,
Mary Read then spoke up "I am in the same way".
"For the bastards you carry I pity you not,
'Tis my prison you'll stay, and there you will rot".

The jailers they took the two lassies back
And there they saw him-It was Calico Jack
He was hanging by shackles and getting the flog
If he had fought like a man he wouldn't die like a dog.

For history recorded Mary did rot in jail
And died of malaria and never would sail,
For her baby went with her to Hell and not Heaven
That jail killed them both- she was but 27.



Anne Bonny they say no records were found
All hoped in vain she's 6 feet underground.
For these 2 lassies fought with pride and great glee
Left a great mark in history of these pyrates at sea.

Young lassie's now listen, a moral to test
To be a great pyrate you need not bind your breasts.
You just shake your shimmy with your young firm asses
Just look at those pyrates and bat your eye lashes.

'Fer You must be wary of men like that Jack
For he'll lead you astray and never turn back
So the history you know, so now listen up please
Stay away from those pyrates with ugly green teeth.

Ask any pyrate who roams the high seas
Of the hauntings of Anne Bonny and young Mary Read.
So now my fair readers you ask what is next,
I am sorry to say, I've run out of text.



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Our Twisted Way Of Speaking - IV

Tommy Clarkson

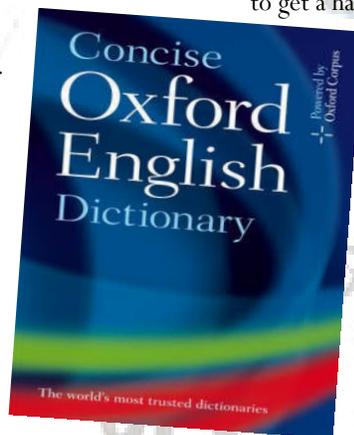
It would “appear” as quite obvious, to those who know me, that I like to play with words. Accordingly - in an attempt to, again, apply logic to our English language - if that lack of awareness, on their part, were to go away, said cognition would “disappear.” Thus, does not sound logic dictate that if I were to not “play” with words, I’d then be “displaying?”

As now noted, the object of today’s prattlings is the prefix “dis” . . . and “dat” is a fact!

We can lovingly “agree” or passionately “disagree”. We may “establish” something but later decide to “disestablish” it. We “arm” and “disarm” for wars. We “connect” with folks and then – a few bad experiences later - we “disconnect”. We “regard” ourselves to have good intentions only to “disregard” our doctor’s advice about our favorite bad habits. We “charge” and then, with a literal, figurative or financial bang, we “discharge”.

I’d be “disappointed” if this all were not so patently obvious to us all! (But, if I wasn’t would I have been merely “appointed”? And, if so to what, by whom?)

Perhaps as parents, at a time or two when a daughter was an hour or more late in meeting her “be home by” curfew, we may have been somewhat “distracted”. However, for the life of me I don’t remember being consciously “traught” before such. And, if there is a “distinct” possibility that may not have been, then what is the condition of “tinct”?



Increasingly, getting my mental arms around this seems to be a bit of a “disaster” – apparently, preceded by a blissful condition of “aster”? Maybe we should just commence “discarding” these ruminations and get along with “carding” our lives. (Which, by the way, probably happened to no few of us when trying to buy beer back in high school?)

But “disjointed” nostalgia notwithstanding let us make a “joint” effort to get a handle on this “dis” deal. We understand: please/displease;

continue/discontinue; favor/disfavor; gorge/disgorge; infect/disinfect; mount/dismount; prove/disprove; order/disorder; parity/disparity; organize/disorganize; integrate/disintegrate; lodge/dislodge; place/displace and the good old stand-bys of like/dislike.

So, as we read these printed words and begin to feel a degree of “closure” to understanding this confusion, “disclosure” must be raising its ugly head when the following come to mind: cuss/discuss; gust/disgust; patch/dispatch; tend/distend; tort/distort; and tract/distract. (Did I “miss” something when learning to read and write or should I just give up and consider “dismissing” these convoluted ponderings?)

Now, have these strange thoughts caused a bit of “discord” and “dispute” in your life? If so I heartedly apologize. Please go back to your normal, day to day, “cord” and “pute.”

I “disregard” any “regard” for further elucidation, elaboration or mental convulsions and “solve” this confusion by dissolving any further discussion.





Book Review

'Book Review' is a column in which we invite people to review a book they have enjoyed. Please send all submissions to freda@manzanillosun.com

The War After Armageddon

Ralph Peters

Reviewed By Tommy Clarkson

Be he merely literarily gifted or his books the result of focused and well researched work, the writings of Ralph Peters are thoroughly enjoyable and highly thought provoking. His latest, "The War After Armageddon" is certainly no exception. It, like "Atlas Shrugged" - the most classic of "where we almost are today" novels - is all too frighteningly close to possible reality.

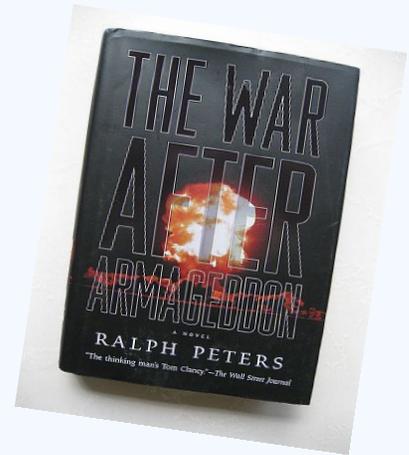
A retired U.S. Army Foreign Area Officer, Lieutenant Colonel Peters regularly appears as a subject matter expert and international strategist on an array of television news venues. In addition to superlative works of fiction, Peters writes not only for numerous newspaper and journals of consequence, but has also written several well documented, insightful non-fiction books such as "Beyond Baghdad", "Beyond Terror" and "Fighting for the Future". A multi-talented author, Peters also has written several Civil War novels under the name of Owen Parry.

Throughout his writings, Peters' excellent use of metaphors effectively makes his point. He is a master of the art, to wit, these examples from his earlier book, "The Devil's Garden": "backs and limbs as stiff as prejudice", "Miles (Davis) skulking through the scales like a recon patrol", "the self-possession of a choirboy caught shoplifting", "her face might have rendered cows barren and cursed fields" and my personal favorite describing a situation encountered by the protagonist which was "uglier than a whorehouse in a leper colony!"

No mere cliché, "fact often exceeds fiction." Accordingly, the basic plot of this book is based on numerous, known realities. Take for example these known truths: The U.S. military has allowed itself to be lulled into a highly vulnerable, sense of security based on - all too easily broken/disrupted/destroyable - technologies; Jihadists seek the death of all non-believers; The U/S/ and Europe are unbelievably vulnerable to large scale nuclear, chemical or biological attack; and, religious radicalism is not limited to those of the Islamic faith.

Built on such truisms, "Armageddon" unfolds following "simultaneous detonation of dirty (nuclear) bombs" of eleven major European cities, the ensuing action by the European Union to "expel Muslims from the continent" as a result of fear "of a Muslim demographic takeover of Europe," "nuclear destruction of Israel and the terror attacks on Los Angeles and Las Vegas," and then a groundswell of religious fervor by a substantive number of U.S. citizens "bemoaning the captivity of the ancient Christian heartlands" joined by "American politicians from both parties (who, facing re-election) rediscovered their religious roots.

Frighteningly factual, all too familiar, similar "leads" have leapt out at us from the headlines of the morning newspapers or been mouthed by smarmy, pundits with slick hairdos on the evening news, have they not?



However, one need not be a CIA operative or military intelligence officer to see these hypotheses as valid and all too real!

In a recent conversation with LTC Peters regarding how he would describe "Armageddon" he responded, "I see it as the dramatization of numerous current issues of consequence. In it I strove to humanize the frightening implications of recent and potential global events. Hopefully, I was able to do so not only by reaching my readers heads, but, perhaps more so, their hearts and souls."

Recognizing that some readers may not be familiar with the combat use or make-up of UAVs, nature of a FRAGO, or what constitutes the 1 ID, the glossary in the back of the book will of significant assistance.

This is an excellent read and, quite simply, a piece of literature highly germane to today's realities. To quote a writer friend of mine, "The War After Armageddon" is "A good story well told that will haunt the mind long after the day's headlines have been forgotten."

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Kicking Up a Stink!!

Anonymous Writer's E-Mail

I went to Home Depot recently while not being altogether sure that course of action was a wise one. You see, the previous evening I had prepared and consumed a massive quantity of Shirley's patented 'you're definitely going to poop yourself' road-kill chili. Tasty stuff, although hot to the point of being painful, which comes with a written guarantee from me that if you eat it, the next day both of your butt cheeks WILL fall off.

Here's the thing. I had awakened that morning, and even after two cups of coffee (and all of you know what I mean) nothing happened. No 'Watson's Movement. Despite the chillies swimming their way through my intestinal tract, I was unable to create the usual morning symphony referred to by my dear wife as 'thunder and lightning'.

Knowing that a time of reckoning HAD to come, yet not sure of just when, I bravely set off for Home Depot, my quest being paint and supplies to refinish the deck.. Upon entering the store at first all seemed normal. I selected a cart and began pushing it about dropping items in for purchase. It wasn't until I was at the opposite end of the store from the toilets that the pain hit me.

Oh, don't look at me like you don't know what I'm talking about. I'm referring to that 'Uh, Oh, poop, gotta go' pain that always seems to hit us at the wrong time. The thing is, this pain was different. The chillies from the night before were staging a revolt. In a mad rush for freedom they bullied their way through the small intestines, forcing their way into the large

intestines, and before I could take one step in the direction of the toilets which would bring sweet relief, it happened. The chillies fired a warning shot.

There I stood, alone in the paint and stain section, suddenly enveloped in a toxic cloud the likes of which has never before been recorded. I was afraid to move for fear that more of this vile odor might escape me. Slowly, oh so slowly, the pressure seemed to leave the lower part of my body, and I began to move up the aisle and out of it, just as a red aproned clerk turned the corner and asked if I needed any help.

I don't know what made me do it, but I stopped to see what his reaction would be to the toxic non-visible fog that refused to dissipate. Have you ever been torn in two different directions emotionally? Here's what I mean, and I'm sure some of you at least will be able to relate. I could've warned that poor clerk, but didn't. I simply watched as he walked into an invisible, and apparently indestructible, wall of odor so terrible that all he could do before gathering his senses and running, was to stand there blinking and waving his arms about his head as though trying to ward off angry bees. This, of course, made me feel terrible, but then made me laugh.
...BIG mistake!!!!

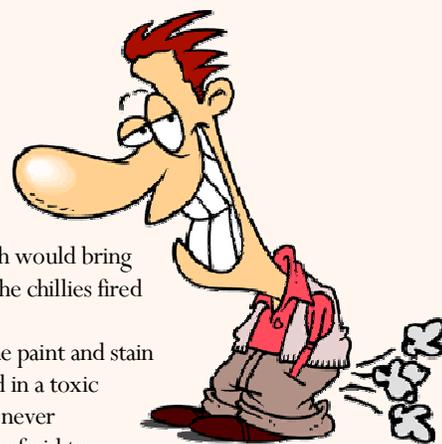
Here's the thing. When you laugh, it's hard to keep things 'clamped down', if you know what I mean. With each new guffaw an explosive issue burst forth from my nether region. Some were so loud and echoing that I was later told a few folks in other aisles had ducked, fearing that someone was robbing the store and firing off a shotgun. Suddenly things were no longer funny. 'It' was coming, and I raced off through the store towards the toilet, laying down a cloud the whole way, praying that I'd make it before the grand explosion took place.

Luck was on my side. Just in the nick of time I got to the john, began the inevitable 'Oh my God', floating above the toilet seat because my butt is burning SO BAD, purging. One poor fellow walked in while I was in the middle of what is the true meaning of 'Shock and Awe'.. He made a gagging sound, and disgustedly said, 'Son-of-a-bitch!, did it smell that bad when you ate it?', then quickly left..

Once finished and I left the restroom, reacquired my partially filled cart intending to carry on with my shopping when a store employee approached me and said, 'Sir, you might want to step outside for a few minutes. It appears some prankster set off a stink bomb in the store. The manager is going to run the vent fans on high for a minute or two which ought to take care of the problem.'

My smirking of course set me off again, causing residual gases to escape me. The employee took one sniff, jumped back pulling his shirt up to cover his nose and, pointing at me in an accusing manner shouted, 'IT'S YOU!', then ran off returning moments later with the manager. I was unceremoniously escorted from the premises and asked none too kindly not to return.

Home again without my supplies, I realized that there was nothing to eat but leftover chili, so I consumed two more bowls. The next day I went to shop at Lowe's.



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PHOTO COMPETITION WINNER



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

Leticia at Mi Paraiso Surf Shop

She wins a meal for 2 at Drago Sushi Restaurant
to the value 200 pesos

CONGRATULATIONS

LORENZO'S CORNER

.....to be continued.....

TOP REASONS TO LIVE IN NEW BRUNSWICK

1. One way or another, the government gets 98% of your income.
2. You're poor, but not as poor as the Newfies.
3. No one ever blames anything on New Brunswick.
4. Everybody has a grandfather who runs a lighthouse.

TOP REASONS TO LIVE IN NOVA SCOTIA

1. Everyone can play the fiddle. The ones who can't, think they can.
2. You can pretend to have Scottish heritage as an excuse to get drunk and wear a kilt.
3. You are the only reason Anne Murray makes money.

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