

Manzanillo

JANUARY 2010

SUN

Manzanillo's Lifestyle E-Magazine

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

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END OF A DAY, BEGINNING OF A NEW YEAR

MANAGEMENT TEAM

www.manzanillosun.com



Ian Rumford
Chief Executive
manzanillosun.com
ian@manzanillosun.com

Over 30 years in travel, hospitality and tourism industry. Graduated from ITA course with honours. Won many awards for advertisements and design following

Architectural & Interior Design studies at Mount Royal College, Calgary, graduated with honours. Professional Pipe Drafting, graduated with honours.

Was voted College volley ball MVP in Alberta and was on the winning National Canadian College Championship men's volleyball team. Plays a mean game of snooker and has also been in the International 8-Ball Tournaments in Las Vegas several times.



Steve Jackson
Accounts Manager/
Feature Writer
steve@manzanillosun.com

After studying for a degree in Graphic Design, went into the tourism industry. Spent nearly 20 years working for some of the biggest Tour Operators in the UK,

rising to Brochure Production Manager and Commercial Director. Has so far visited 26 different countries and hopes to see more in the foreseeable future.

A keen footballer who played competitive league soccer for 28 years, many of those at senior amateur level. Now currently "surviving" in sunny Manzanillo.



We hope that you enjoy this edition of
Manzanillo's Lifestyle E-Magazine.
Please contact us with your comments and suggestions for future editions at:
ian@manzanillosun.com



Can't find a Doctor, Dentist, Lawyer, Mechanic, Upholsterer, Translator, etc.

Our Manzanillo business and services directory is growing daily...

Check Manzanillosun.com

Business Directory

Happy
New
Year!

FROM ALL OF US AT
MANZANILLO SUN



Our Contributors This Month



Tommy Clarkson Feature Writer

An oft published writer, journalist and author since the 60's, Tommy Clarkson also loves to root in the dirt! Now semi-retired, he and his wife, Patty have, savored, explored and traveled throughout Mexico for several years, residing, full-time, in

Manzanillo now for nearly three. Prior to this grand adventure, he has lived in Hawaii, Germany, the Marshall Islands, Viet Nam, Thailand and Iraq. He enthusiastically grows exotic palms, plants and flora in both the Puerto Vallarta and Manzanillo areas. For advice, information or a tour of his gardens, contact him at: olabrisa@gmail.com.



Jim Evans Feature Writer

Jims first love is aviation, he began flying at the age of 16 and has flown for over 52 years, 30 years as a professional Aviator living and working in North America, Europe, Asia, Africa, the Middle East and

Southeast Asia's. Over the years he has crossed paths with many characters, both scurrilous and heroic. With always with a tall tale to tell, he is currently working on a novel and several non-fiction pieces. He is a regular contributor to several publications, and currently resides in Manzanillo.



Mariana Llamas-Cendon Co-editor/Feature Writer

Mariana Llamas-Cendon is a bilingual journalist, who lives and works in between California and Mexico. She worked as a Managing Editor for Mi Estrella, the bilingual publication of the Ventura County Star newspaper;

as Entertainment Editor for Hoy Newspaper and Life and Style Editor for La Opinion, in Los Angeles, among others. Currently, she is for hire and contributes to various publications and websites in both English and Spanish, and spends a lot of time in Manzanillo, a place she loves.



Howard Platt Feature Writer/Photographer

Howard Platt is a Canadian who has retired to the Manzanillo area and spends much of his time photographing birds.

www.flickr.com/photos/hplatt/



Freda Rumford Co-editor/Feature Writer

Founding member of Manzamigos. Previously columnist for Guadalajara Reporter. Editor/writer for Manzamigos Messenger. Many years spent as regional representative for International cosmetic and perfume companies in Canada, responsible for training,

advertising and promotions.



Terry Sovil Feature Writer

Computer related work for many companies, including GE, Target, Honeywell, from 1973-2005.

Acted as one of four field-based corporate trainers for Target's Loss

Prevention team on the west captain's coast of the USA from 2005 to 2008. Currently a partner in the new PADI Resort Facility, Aquatic Sports & Adventures, dive shop in Manzanillo. PADI Master Instructor, USCG 50 ton master's license (license), Emergency First Response Instructor and a Specialty Instructor in 12 areas. Love sailing, diving, photography, music, movies and books.



Patty Clarkson Feature Writer

Following a career in television media sales she moved half way around the world with her husband Tommy, to Kwajalein, a 1.2 square mile island in the Central Pacific. Their adventures continued when he accepted a position

in Iraq. After seven months in Puerto Vallarta she joined him there, working for over a year as a Senior Program Manager. Discovering Manzanillo, they settled here three years ago.....what a journey, it has been and is, for an Oklahoma bred gal!

Teresa Quizoz Recipe of the Month

Hi! "T" is short for Teresa and she was born in Veracruz a few decades ago. She majored in Biology and Biochemistry obtaining her PHD, then worked in her own clinical analysis lab for many years. During this time she took after her mum, who was a superb cook, taking many courses in French, Thai, Chinese, Mexican and Mediterranean cuisine. Following Manny in many adventures throughout the world they have decided now to make Manzanillo home, where they have had a place for over 18 years. Aside from cooking "T" is a remarkable outdoors woman since she kayaks, sails, fishes and runs camps for kids. Her speciality is pampering all who go through the door at Schooners.

MUJERES AMIGAS CHRISTMAS PARTY HELPS OLD FOLK

Lydia wishes to thank Elaine Parker and Joyce Metcalfe for helping so much with both taking the money and writing name tags. It was very much appreciated.

In turn, Mujeres Amigas thank Lydia Bevaart for once again spending so much time in arranging everything to make such a great evening for another year, also to Art Bevaart for providing seed money. This is an event we all look forward to each year. **THANK YOU.**

Numbers were down over previous years and it was too bad that another great event, The Moscow Ballet, was on the same evening but those who attended the party had a great time, great food and great music in a great setting. Several people joined the party after the ballet and, hopefully, also contributed towards the Old Folks Home.

Lydia is going to check what is needed at the Ansilo des Acianos and report back to the Ladies luncheon.



57 persons at 100 pesos each..... 5700 pesos
 Our cost of rentals music and incidentals were. 4200 pesos
 Left over for ANCIANOS is.....1550 pesos
 Left over from last year was.....50 pesos

Left at Pelicanos this year was some change, and 1 pie scoop, 2 large silver spoons, 1 large black serving spoon and 1 melamine platter.

To claim the above call Lydia at: 334 -0002 or email lydiabevaart@yahoo.ca

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

JANUARY 2010 - FEBRUARY 2010

- Jan. 8th Artists Reception – Efren Conzales
 Galeria La Manzanillo 4 pm-8 pm
- Jan 15th **CANCELLED** “Always...Patsy Cline” performed by
 Patteye Simpson. St. John’s Auditorium 7.30 pm
 Contact Potter Hanson for ticket refunds.
potter40@prodigy.net.mx
- Jan 21st A Night of Improv – Spanglish Imposition
 Manzanillo Country Club 6pm onwards
 Call **334 7927** for tickets
- Jan. 22nd Annual Casa Hogar Los Angelitos Benefit
 Gran Pavilion Fair Ground, Valle de las
 Garzas. Contact Marge Tyler
maggie19@earthlink.net
- Jan 28th Mexican Independence Gala Concert
 San Luis de Potosi Orchestra and soloists
 Manuel Bonilla Valle Auditorium 8 pm
 Tickets bellasartesdelpacifico@gmail.com
- Feb 2nd Annual Casa Hogar Los Angelitos Golf
 Tournament. Isla de Navidad Golf Course
 Contact Jack Babcock 314 335 0032 or
jackbabcock@comcast.net
- Feb 2nd ‘Dia de la Constitucion’ Official Holiday
 commemorating Mexico’s Constitution
- Feb 6th Annual Enrique Corey Garcia Scholarship fund
 dinner, dance, free show and raffle 7 pm
 Contact John or Susanna Corey
juanitos@prodigy.net.mx
- Feb 7th Third Annual Rotary Club Chili Cook-Off
 Contact Don Merriman
merriman.don@gmail.com
- Feb 9th 27th Annual Santiago Foundation Dinner and
 Auction. Tesoro Hotel
 Contact Glenda Meisel glmeisel@yahoo.com
- Feb 12th Artists Reception – Ernesto de la Pena Folch
 Galeria La Manzanillo 4pm-8pm
- Feb 19th to 21st Costa Alegre Wine and Jazz Festival
 Viva Vino Jazz Club. Information at:
www.costaalegrewinejazzfestival.org.mx
- Feb 19th to 24th Carnival celebrating Catholic Lent, with
 Feb 24th being an Official Mexican Holiday
- Feb 25th St. Petersburg String Quartet. 8 pm
 Venue to be announced. Information at:
www.bellasartesdelpacifico@gmail.com
- Feb 27th Mese Annual Breakfast. Benefit for street
 children. 10 am. Contact Mapy Seidel
mapyseidel@yahoo.com.mx



dougslitzlo

dougslitzlo is offered to the Manzanillo community as a free and simple way to advertise items (For Sale and Wanted), services (Offered or Needed), and a place to post public announcements about events and meetings.

www.dougslitzlo.com

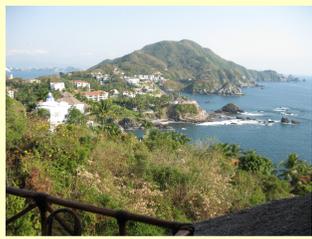


CASA TALK – THE HOMES OF MANZANILLO

Casa Azul's Family are Annie McCullough, Doug Poole and Casper

Patty Clarkson

"Let's Chat..... in casa years, I'm pretty young – but for several years I was a colorless, unloved rental property that was used and abused until Annie, Doug and Casper found me. They swept me into a life filled with hundreds of fun Mexican Folk Art objects amid bold, brilliant colors that change as often as some ladies dye their hair. I can't believe that it has only been two years since they came into my life and altered me forever! "



"They lived very close to me at Vida de Mar for six long years. I

had noticed Annie walking the hills past me. She thought that I was a just a small bungalow...spectacular vista, but not very big. I kept trying to tell her...come and see me... you will be amazed at how wonderful I can be with your help. They FINALLY decided to leave Prescott, AZ and live in Manzanillo full-time. My dreams soon came true when Annie saw that I had, indeed, "good bones" and was much larger than she thought. So within two hours the deal was made to buy me."

"From that day on my life has been one of constant - and exciting – change!"

"Annie is an artist and the first change they made to me was to build a palapa for her art studio. Next I got extra closets; they remodeled my windows so I could have an even more magnificent view and breathe better. My next present was a huge wall display



unit for scores of art creations, then facelifts to all of my bathrooms.

Continued on next page.



CASA TALK (cont)

"I was polished, painted and pampered as I had never been before."

"Now I can look over Annie's shoulder while she paints the most entertaining clay masks, frogs, and fishes...and even chairs. I



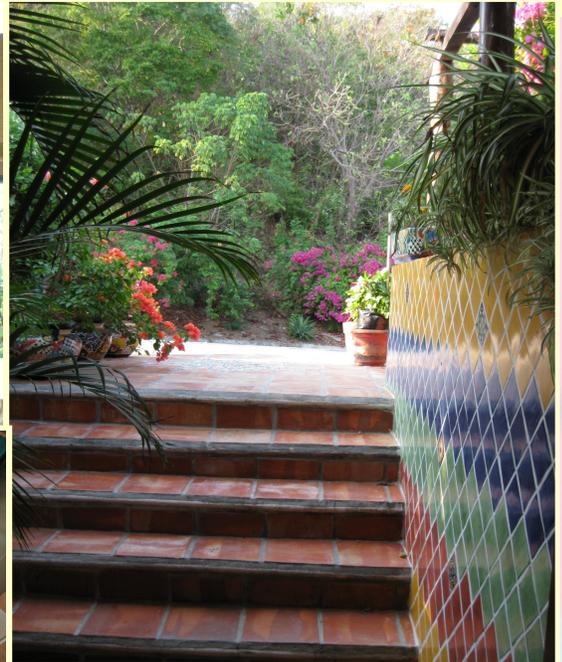
"My neighboring casas now simply call me Art....or Casa de Art."

think that Annie will paint anything that isn't moving and I love it!"

"Doug enjoys cooking so I am often filled with wonderful aromas - as exhilarating as the exquisite scent of Shalimar.

And tickling my tiles is Casper, the cutest little white bundle of canine joy."

"Now when the sun strikes my tiles I bask in all my good fortune of finally being the home I had always dreamt of being."



"Para dar a un niño el mejor regalo; la educación"
 "To give a child the best gift; education"

FE Fondo Escolar Enrique C. Corey Garcia A.C.
EC

Cena y Baile
Dinner and Dance
 Música en Vivo
 Live Music

8 TO 10 TICKETS RESERVES A TABLE 8 A 10 BOLETOS RESERVAN UNA MESA

Sábado, 6 de Febrero del 2010
 Saturday, February 6th 2010

\$ 550.00 Donación/Donation
 Dinner and Dance

Free Cocktails, Cocteles gratis 7 - 8 p.m.
 Cena / Baile 8 P.M.

Desayrche Botella propia. \$ 75.00 Vino \$ 180.00 Licor. Bring your own Bottle for Setup. Liqueur \$ 180.00 Wine \$ 75.00
 TAX & TIP Included IVA & PROPINA INCLUIDA

FOR TICKET INFORMATION:
 INFORMACION PARA BOLETOS

Reyna Garcia	33 302 54
Carlos Cuellar	33 308 42
John/Esperanza Corey	33 313 88
Elena Oliver/Navarro	33 400 68
Froilan Ramos	33 222 58
María Luisa Ruiz	33 112 03
Nigel/Freda Rumford	33 465 38
Susan Corey	044 314 358-6200

TESORO

PHOTO COMPETITION WINNER



Our Prize winning cover photograph was submitted by **Stephen Carano Sr.** for his ethereal picture of "Sunset through the Palms." This type of beautiful sunset is very typical of those we see and enjoy very often in Manzanillo. There were several other very lovely pictures submitted this time which will be considered for future editions. Thank you to everyone for taking the time to send them to us.

He wins breakfast for 2 with juice and coffee at **Juanitos Restaurant, Santiago**
 Prize courtesy of **John Corey**
CONGRATULATIONS



WHEN IS A MOTEL NOT A MOTEL?

Freda Rumford

No, this is not a conundrum, this is for real. When a traveller goes to a motel in Mexico for the first time it is an eye-opener. It is NOT a Super 8 or Quality Inn.

We had travelled quite a long way after an exhausting trip which included finding Sandborn's Insurance Agency in Tucson and entering Mexico at the truck stop in Nogales. It was taking much longer than expected and after also passing through Mexico Immigration and Car Importation, time was getting on, our supply of money was dwindling and the road went on forever.

Eventually we arrived at Hermosillo, Sonora at about 5 p.m. and as it is recommended in the Sandborn's book not to drive at night; this was as far as we could go. We had passed several motels on the way into town but were getting hungry having had nothing since breakfast. Eventually, we spotted a supermarket and decided to see if we could get something to make sandwiches.

We were in luck and found some great crusty rolls, *bolillos*, ham, cheese, tomatoes and a carton of milk so that we could make a cup of tea. Now the objective was to find somewhere for the night.

There were two or three hotels that had vacancy signs as we drove into town but now as we returned, they showed "No Vacante". OK then, we'll go back up the road out of town to the Motels we had seen.

It was quite a drive back but found one, Motel Auto Parador and drove into a very pleasant building complex with well groomed lawns and flower beds with a gateman who asked what we needed. Now the fun was on. Neither of us spoke any Spanish but the young man was smiling, very patient and extremely polite. With many gestures and much miming, he understood that we needed a room for the night. No problem, just drive around the circle road and he would meet us at the entrance to our suite. The price was 150 pesos for the night (at that time the exchange was 4.8 pesos to the Canadian dollar – so roughly \$30, reasonable enough we thought).



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: Food & Drink for 2 at **simplementedeli**

Max value: 300 pesos

**Prize courtesy of Louis & Edgar at
Simplementedeli, Salagua**

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

We pulled into a carport with a canvas curtain and were invited to look at our room for the night. It was delightful, the curtains and bedspread were artfully arranged and obviously costly, the furniture a very fashionable Spanish/Mediterranean style and the bathroom even had a bidet. The young man, pleased with our comments, withdrew wishing us Buenas Noches.

My delight continued as I noticed the sewing kits by the bed and turned to humour when I saw the mirror over the bed. I always have to check out furniture and went to the large Spanish style chest of drawers. Goodness!! What was this?? It was a block of wood with decorations on it to look like a chest of drawers. The night tables were similar, the bed was extremely hard and turned out to be a thin piece of foam on a cement block, not the comfortable bed it seemed to be at first glance. The bidet worked but there were only two skimpy towels. Oh well!

My husband looked at me and grinned, "You know where we are don't you" he said, "In one of those No-tell Motels we read about". Sure enough, I remembered that the Mexican seniors like to take their lady love to "special places" and we had found one.

I then looked at the contents of the night tables, a menu for room service, and what was this now? Oh my Goodness!! The sewing kit was a condom!!

Continued on next page....

When Is A Motel Not A Motel? (cont...)

I then looked up at the mirrored ceiling over the bed and firmly announced, "Not tonight Josephine! I bet there's a movie camera up there!" There was TV though, so we could make our sandwiches and tea, then relax on the bed with supper. OH, OH! The TV had several channels but all of them Bluevie or Playboy or worse! Good grief and no hanky panky because of the mirror?

Surprisingly, after much hilarity we had a good peaceful night and the morning came almost sooner than expected when we had to hit the road again. This was the only time we had ever been asked for our passport and somewhat reluctantly we had handed them over. Do not EVER do this, we did get them back without problem but it is dangerous to let them out of ones hands. Perhaps it is a good idea to have a few copies, but even then it could be dangerous to let someone have that much information these days.

Much, much later, after regaling our friends with our story, we discovered that most people stayed at these motels on their journey down to Manzanillo as all regular hotels are in the towns which are not easily accessible from the toll roads. Generally the motels are clean, the car hidden from potential thieves by curtains and they are staffed with security teams.

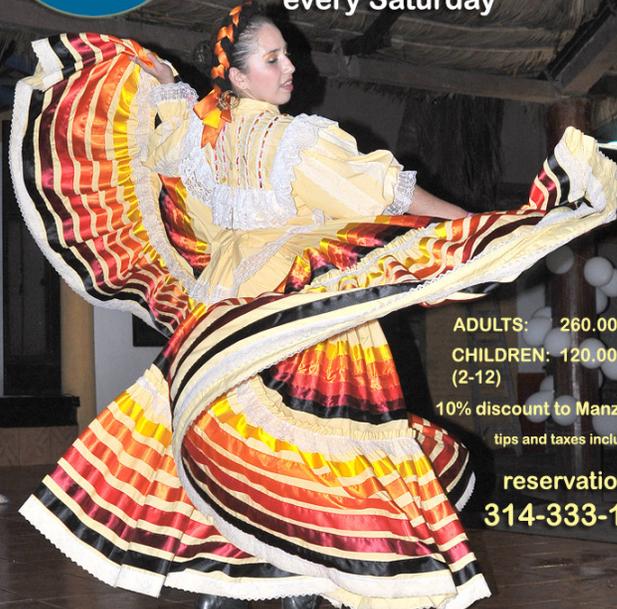
One word of advice: Should you decide to use one of these Motels, upon entering and paying the room rate, make sure you know just how long the room charge is good for. On another occasion, we were rudely awakened at 3 a.m. (after a 15 hour drive and an exhausting day) to a persistent person telling us on the room's telephone "that our eight hours were up" and we had to leave. She would not go away and kept phoning the room while the maid rattled the door until it was obvious we were not destined for more sleep that night and finally left. It seems that rates are by the hour, with the top rate being for 8 hours only. If you wish an entire night, make that very clear initially but be prepared to pay extra at the onset.



PHOTO COMPETITION WINNER

Mapy Seidel (L), winner of the Manzanillo Sun December '09 Photograph Competition; Ian Rumford Managing Director Manzanillo Sun; Diana Stevens, feature writer for Manzanillo Sun

Mapy won a gift certificate for dinner for two at Schooner's Restaurant with her lovely photograph of a young Mary seated on a donkey and waiting for La Posada to begin.



CLUB FIESTA MEXICANA BEACH
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MEXICAN FIESTA
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CHILDREN: 120.00 pesos (2-12)
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DOMESTIC DRINKS

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PREHISPANIC AND REGIONAL DANCERS
Rope Twirlers and Singers**

**CLUB FIESTA MEXICANA
BLVD MIGUEL DE LA MADRID km 8.5, MANANILLO COLIMA**



**JUST ANOTHER
NORMAL DAY AT
THE BEACH!!
PHOTOGRAPH FROM HOWARD PLATT**



THE NUTCRACKER BROKE MEXICAN ICE

Mariana Llamas-Cendon - Amigos805.com

Even though it wasn't snowing and the heat was particularly hideous, the Christmas classic "The Nutcracker" of Piotr Ilich Tchaikovski, interpreted by the Moscow State Russian Ballet gathered 400 people in the city of Manzanillo, in Mexico, last December 13.

With more than 12 dancers on stage of which the distinguished soloists were Georgy Smilensky and Natalia Krapivina, the ballet show was divided in two parts: The first completely dedicated to "The Nutcracker" and the following to a compilation of traditional Russian, Hungarian and Slavonic dances with a perfect finale contemporary style performed on skis that definitely made an indelible impression among the audience.

According to entertainment entrepreneur Ivan Petrov, in charge of the logistics and coordination of the ballet, finding the right time within the ballet's agenda wasn't an easy task.

"After ten years a dream came true now," Petrov said, referring to the investors "that believed in the project to give the necessary support for the ballet arrival, to pay the show's production costs, the ideal stages for the presentation and the logistic and technical requirements of the ballet".

Both the local audience—which included locals and foreigners alike- and the Russian dance company, shared a "first time" feeling: The public got to enjoy an international dance spectacle in their city, and the dancers experienced an unknown audience in an also unknown place.

The dance troupe wasn't only exposed to the warm Manzanillo weather, but also to the ardent welcoming, characteristic of the Mexican people.

The ballet's adaptation to their new environment was far from painless. At least that how it was for Sergey Yudin, who played the roles of President and Mouse King and for whom the first days in Mexico were difficult due to the time change between Moscow and Manzanillo.

"We got up in the middle of the night, and we were starving; in the morning, we didn't want to eat just stay asleep," Yudin said.

One of Yudin's public encounters had occurred on the streets of Manzanillo, where people approached the dancers merely to salute them; that is why, he described Mexicans as "hospitable and genuine". Whilst Ivan Petrov mentioned that even though he knew the audience's high expectations regarding an international show, "the Mexican playgoers had been fantastic, and expressed it through applause that represents feedback for both artist and spectator".

Alexey Kharitonov is one dancer that the audience will never forget and not only because he performed the last number; or because he wore a super tight bright blue revealing diving suit that exposed the perfection of his body and his musculature; nor due to

the fact that he wore skis as stage tool but because through ski movements he had shown that his body capacity for balance and strength. Alexey skied on stage along with a female dancer: their bodies bent forward as if a steep slope awaited right in front of them, reaching a 45 degree angle without a break in rhythm.

Most local attendees may have never experienced skiing, but thanks to Kharitonov they could imagine the complexity intrinsic to this particular sport, which by the way Alexey had never practiced either.

Even though the first thing that comes to Alexey's mind when thinking of Mexico is the ocean, he agreed with Yudin regarding the Mexican people, whom he considers "warm and gentle".

"The audience understood the meaning of the pieces," Kharitonov said, who also has found certain similarities between Russian and Mexican cultures such as "language and pronunciation," he said. "Mexicans like to learn Russian words such as one, two, three". In a deeper sense, Kharitonov noted that Mexicans and Russians alike feel the necessity to express emotions "sometimes even through screams".



Kharitonov, who was part of the famous Bolshoi Ballet and also performed in various operas and plays, said that "Mexicans as well as Russians have strong family bond and a very similar economy". Also Mexican culture shelters lots of pre-Columbian mysteries that fascinate Russians.

Alexey confessed that the hardest thing for him in going back to Russia this upcoming December 23, will be the change in the weather. "It is easier to travel from winter to summer than the other way around," he said.

According to Ivan Petrov, the ballet will return to Mexico next May on a national tour that will feature Carl Orff's "Carmina Burana" and Maurice Ravel's "Bolero".

PELICANOS

Howard Platt

Do you ever find yourself thinking that things that look alike probably behave alike? Then you retire to Mexico, start to learn the language and discover that you will probably never fully understand Mexican culture! How can people who look so like me behave so differently to me?

I was thinking such thought as I watched flights of white pelicans arrive on the Laguna de las Garzas in Manzanillo. They were on their way down from their summer homes on fresh water lakes in Canada and the northern United States. Travelling in tight groups, and feeding in discrete groups on the lagoon.

Structurally the white and the brown pelicans belong to the same family. They are the two of several species of pelican in the world that are found in north America.

Every school child would recognize them

What wonderful birds.

A wonderful bird is the pelican,
His bill will hold more than his belican.

He can take in his beak

Food enough for a week,

But I'm damned if I see how the helican.

(Dixon Lanier Merritt)

They are huge. Wing spans of up to seven feet in brown pelicans and nine feet in white pelicans. They are strong fliers, brown pelicans cruising effortlessly inches above the waves: white pelicans migrating thousands of miles each year.

But when it comes to feeding they are quite different.



The brown pelican takes kamikaze dives into salt water to grab fish it can see from cruising above the waves. The white pelican usually works in a group, probing the dark waters of fresh water lagoons and lakes, relying on the sense of touch in their bills to let them know when they have found food.

Sure they both capture prey in a capacious bill, but they drain all the water out before lifting the bill and swallowing their prey. Newton's law tells us why – their bills can hold up to three gallons of water – thirty pounds – much more than their own weight, and it is impossible for them to lift that much weight out of water without pushing themselves totally under! So they carefully drain out the water before lifting and swallowing. Good for them, but hard for me to photograph.

So, like us they are superficially the same, but in their basic cultural habits they are worlds apart. I have never seen conflict between them. Perhaps we could learn from that.





OUR TWISTED WAY OF SPEAKING - II

Tommy Clarkson

Like no few folks, both my wife and I extensively use, and are highly dependent upon, our computers and phones. In that regard, recently, we experienced a problem not unfamiliar to other ex-pats . . . communications equipment problems.

In response to our dilemma d'jour, our local electronics professional, David (nearly a family member as much time as he spends here), responsibly raced up to our home. After diagnosing our difficulties, he informed us that he would have to re-install the modem.

OK, that seemed to be a logical prognosis. Upon setting up our household we had "installed" a modem and now, this one being on the fritz, we needed to "re-install" another. We were "repeating" an original process.

But given the convoluted manner in my mind seems to work, that initiated a somewhat convoluted thought process.

By definition, "re" means to "restore to a previous condition". Thus by employing that semantic rationale, if we first "installed", then we "re-installed", did we the "peat" before we could "repeat"

the process"? In fact, in that I am now "recounting" this incident, did I previously "count" it?

In thinking this through, if we wish to not "refuse" something, if we choose to accept it must we "fuse" it? Certainly to not do so is to refuse. Likewise, is it imperative that we be "tired" before we can "retire"? Or must we "turn" before "returning"? "Tort" before "retorting"? "Tract" before "retracting"? "Vive" before "reviving"? "Pent" before "repenting"?

By further striving to incorporate consistent rationale in the way we speak and write, I know that while "renumbering" is merely "numbering" again, should it not then follow that we must "spect" someone before we can "respect" them? Yes, we generally "view" before "reviewing" but for the life of me I can not recall "verting" anything before "reverting".

Bogged in a veritable quagmire of word confusion I turned to that which should explain. My faithful, well worn and dog eared dictionary defines "retry" as "To try again." Brevity, directness and simplicity - that's a good and simple explanation. However, is to "duce" a mandatory precursor before "reducing". Or must first "vere" before "revering" or "veal" before "revealing"?

As I "reflect" on this - was I earlier "flecting" on it - I can but only wonder, am I missing something or am I linguistically "retarded. But, then again, I don't remember ever first being "tarded!"

I surrender and "spect" we merely must "respect" this amalgamated language of ours for what it confusingly is. (But, honestly, I still have difficulty understanding the need to "pose" prior to "reposing" in thoughtful contemplation of how it somehow works.)

Admittedly, it bothers me a bit to think that while Patty and I now reside in Mexico full-time we, apparently, must have previously "sided" in Iraq, Kwajalein and various points north of here across the border. That somehow sounds semantically askew of something.

But, then again, critical thinker that I strive to be, I "reserve" the right to so wonder and, apparently have "served" so for some time. So, while some may "resent" my sometimes ponderous - if not outright strange - critical dissection of our native tongue, I can only wonder if, beyond that, they previously may have simply "sent" all manner of my convoluted ponderings! If so, where?

I worry not. I'm "resilient" and, apparently, have long prided myself in my "siliency"!

Those who know me well will attest, I am not one to "depress" over "unrequited" feelings. So if I've put anyone out by my word worries, I hope that I can properly "requite" myself with them.

Oh dear, now that introduces two more cans of semantic worms - those regarding "de" and "un." . . . another day, another day!



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UNIQUENESS THAT IS MANZANILLO

Sports Diving in Manzanillo

Terry Sovil

Jacques Yves Cousteau and Emil Cagnan invented the SCUBA (Self Contained Underwater Breathing Apparatus) unit in 1945. Not that long ago. This invention put underwater exploration within reach of everyone. Personally, I've found that SCUBA diving is more than just a sport; it's a way of life and has been very rewarding for me since I started diving in 1969. Instant diver, just add water!

If you have ever contemplated trying SCUBA you should. It's easy. You can experience it in a pool and if you enjoy it an open water dive can be done so you can experience it all in a single day. If you enjoy it and decide to pursue a certification, it's easy to do. The important thing is that you learn from professionals and understand the few basic rules to stay safe.

Ever wonder what divers do? Besides enjoying the absolute thrill of breathing underwater divers experience pleasures such as underwater photography, diving on shipwrecks, looking for lost objects and watching fish to mention a few. The diving in Manzanillo is excellent! You can't make direct comparisons to the Caribbean side of Mexico because our visibility isn't as good. Make a few adjustments in your expectations to Pacific coastal diving and you will be pleased at the visibility we do get and the incredible amount of fish life you can see right off our shores. You can see it with a snorkel or with full SCUBA gear. Jump in, the viewing is exciting!

Manzanillo, Mexico is on the same latitude as Hawaii and the bottom structure is much the same. There is rock, boulders, ledges, walls, pinnacles, canyons, coral, lava flows, cracks and crevices for SCUBA divers to explore. The location is volcanic in origin and one can see evidence of early lava flows underwater. Water temperatures range from 72°F in the winter to 82°F and higher in the summer.

Manzanillo bottom formations attract a wide diversity of fish and critters for you to watch. The diversity of fish life is fantastic and has been proclaimed so by many groups and divers. The most endangered turtle in the world, the hawksbill, has been observed in Manzanillo both by divers underwater and on the surface. Watch for lobster, moray eels, stingrays, electric rays, spotted eagle rays, the beautiful King Angelfish and the Moorish Idol plus many more. You'll be pleased at what you will see in your own backyard. Interested in seeing more photos of Manzanillo underwater fish life? Try this link and select "Manzanillo Fish Life":

<http://www.flickr.com/photos/tsovil/sets>

Continued on next page...



KING ANGELFISH



MOORISH IDOL

PANAMIC GREEN MORAY

Sports Diving in Manzanillo (cont)

While you enjoy the natural beauty of Manzanillo, please respect the importance and fragile nature of the underwater world. Practice some basic eco-tourism: Enjoy but don't touch! Take only photos and memories - leave only bubbles. Don't remove anything from the natural environment. Choose seafood items caught or harvested from sustainable native fish populations. Don't buy products made from coral, a threatened marine species or wood products obtained from clear-cut tropical forests causing siltation damage to coral reefs.



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FISH IN SEASON

November to February

Black Marlin, Blue Marlin, Dorado, Marlin Rallado, Medregal, Sailfish, Wahoo, Yellow Fin Tuna

March to May

Blue Marlin, Marlin Rallado, Swordfish, Yellow Fin Tuna

June to August

Bull Tuna, Marlin Rallado, Roosterfish
Swordfish, Yellow Fin Tuna

September to November

Sea Bass, Swordfish, Wahoo

All Year

Amberjack, Bonefish, Bonito, Damsel fish, Dorado, Drum
Giant Manta Ray, Giant Needlefish, Grouper, Jack, Crevalle
Lookdown, Mojarra, Moray eel, Mullet, Parrotfish
Pompano, Portugese man-of-war, Rock Grouper
Sea Catfish, Sea Trout, Triggerfish

Costa Alegre Travel Guide

www.costalegre.ca/Fish_In_Season.htm

Club Deportivo de Pesca Manzanillo

Sports Fishing Association of Manzanillo

Office: San Pedrito, Manzanillo
Tel/Fax: 332-7399

Contact person: Silvia Jimenez
Presidente Club Deporivo Pesca
Jose Luis Gonzalez Magana

TOURNAMENTS

National Tournament

1st weekend February
Entry fee: 2000 pesos per fishing rod

Children's Tournament

Last Sunday in April (Children's day)
Open to Children 5-11 yrs.No charge

Torneo Fiestas Mayo

Check dates with office

Entry fee: 2000 pesos per fishing rod



MANZANILLO SUN'S PERSONALITY OF THE MONTH

Tommy Clarkson

JUANITO – JOHN COREY

John Corey is a big man . . . with an even bigger heart! Many are the stories of him anonymously doing kind deeds for others – be they ex-pats or locals, individuals he has known for years or first time visitors. Clearly, he is a gringo of the sort that the rest of us should strive to emulate.

Born in Mexico City in 1950, where his father was a senior executive with American Airlines, he speaks Spanish like the proverbial native. However, early in his youth his parents were divorced and he returned to the US, going to school in Florida and then college in California. But early on during the latter academic experience, while on his summer vacation, he sought to reconnect with his mother who lived in nearby El Colomos, so down he drove. (That, mostly pre-paved roads, trip is, in itself, an entire full length story!)

So positive, impactful and life altering was that experience in 1970, that when he came back the following year he never returned to the States. Shortly thereafter he met Esperanza, the beautiful young, small grocery store running “big sister” of 15 siblings. Visits for cold cervazas and vittles turned to romance and - after finally convincing the family whole of his honorable intentions and solid character - they were married in 1972.

Effectively utilizing his bi-lingual skills, he worked in condo management until 1976 when he took the first step of his, ever since, continued trek in the restaurant business. With his good friend and partner Les Armstrong, they opened *Ahamburguesia* – or as he smilingly describes it, “a hamburger joint.”

Their restaurant, offering the limited fare of hamburgers, hot dogs and fried chicken, had a corner on the market as the only purveyors of such items in the entire area. But more than that was a special ambiance. With no TV stations and only one radio station in the area, to the delight of diners, music resonated through their restaurant via 400 long playing albums.

Three decades plus ago, with an overall population of around 30,000, only two lane roads and no stop lights, Manzanillo was a different town then. He recalls how, “We had one highway patrolman, one customs agent, and one immigration officer.” One might say that Manzanillo was, in those days, a much more simple and basic, one burro town!

Between 1973 and 1977 the three Corey children were born: Enrique (who was killed in a car wreck in 1993 – see

accompanying story), Carlos and Susan. In 1980 - with the Coreys living in an apartment on the second floor – Juanito’s opened its doors where it now stands today as the second longest lasting restaurant in the area. Those who are familiar with the area know that many directions given start with, “From Juanitos go . . .”.

Operating a very family oriented establishment, when seating their guests, John, Esperanza, Susan, Carlos, and his wife Jisela, orchestrate the co-mingling of ex-pats, locals and vacationers. In doing so they encourage cross table chatting and the creation of new acquaintances. And, in fact, from such, many long term friendships have spawned.

Beyond this, John, Esperanza and their extended family take pride in offering a variety of local and American style dishes at easily affordable prices. In addition to these great meals, having some of the best coffee in town and

making their own sausage, the phone and computer services available have proven invaluable to many a visitor. It’s the kind of restaurant in which one feels comfortable and earmarks it as “one of our favorite places”.

Be it his cuisine, kind counsel, or care for community, this gracious, gentle and soft-spoken man is truly a Manzanillo treasure!



"John and the love of his life, his wife Esperanza."



ENRIQUE COREY GARCIA SCHOLARSHIP FUND

Tommy Clarkson

A young life, cut tragically short, has been the impetus for helping educate scores of area youths.

John and Esperanza Corey's first child, Enrique, was born in July of 1973. Less than two decades later he was killed in an auto accident. Shortly thereafter, friends of the family created the *Fondo Escolar Enrique C. Corey Garcia (Enrique Corey Garcia Scholarship Fund)*.

The first year of this fund's existence, monies raised enabled a local girl and boy to pursue an education beyond that which they would probably have been able. Today, thirty-four such children so benefit - with the number increasing each year.

Contributions to this fund go to the deferral of tuition, school supplies and required uniforms and shoes for secondary and preparatory age children, of economically strapped families in the Santiago, Miramar and Salahua area.

The singular largest money raising event for this highly worthy cause is the *Cena Baile Anual* (Annual Dinner Dance). This is the tenth year of this highly heralded - called by many as the "Manzanillo social event of the year."

Held in the Hotel Tesoro, as in previous years, this year's event will be on February 6th commencing with free cocktails at 7:00 PM.

Tickets for this most worthwhile activity may be purchased at Juanito's Restaurant in Santiago, through <http://fondeenriquecorey.spaces.live.com>, www.juanitos.com or juanitos@prodigy.net.



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From T's GALLEY at SCHOONERS RESTAURANT

Poblano Chicken with Salsa Verde

Ingredients

- 4 poblano chiles
- 4 chicken breasts, cut into bite-sized pieces
- 1 medium onion, coarsely chopped
- 1 cup chicken stock
- 2 tablespoons olive oil
- 1 cup cheese, shredded (something that melts well)

For sauce

- 3 medium green tomatoes
- 2 fresh jalapeno chilies
- 1 large tomato
- 1 medium onion, finely chopped
- 1/4 cup lime juice
- 1/4 cup cilantro, chopped
- salt and pepper, to taste



Directions

To make the sauce, place tomatoes and jalapenos in a small saucepan and cover with water.

Bring to a boil then reduce heat slightly and continue heating until the tomatoes and jalapenos turn light green (about 10–15 minutes). Remove from heat and drain well. Scoop mixture into a blender, then add onion, lime juice, cilantro and salt and pepper. Puree to desired consistency and set aside.

In a shallow casserole dish, roast the Poblano chili under a broiler until black on all sides. Remove from heat and allow to cool. Once cool, peel off black skin and remove stems.

Next, in a large skillet, heat olive oil over medium heat and add chicken. Cook until lightly browned, then set aside. Add onions to skillet and brown. Add chicken, chicken stock and seasoning and boil until water is evaporated.

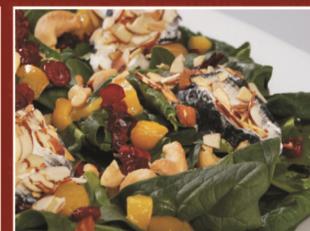
Next, slice open Poblanos and lay them flat in a lightly greased 9 x 13 casserole dish. Top with chicken mixture, verde sauce and cheese. Cover with foil and bake at 375 about 20 minutes or until cheese is melted and the casserole is bubbling.

Remove foil and cook uncovered for an additional 10 minutes. Allow to cool slightly before serving.

Serve's Six.



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“MANZANILLO'S HIDDEN CULINARY DELIGHTS”

Terry Sovil

TANILOS & CARLOS MARISCOS

1000am – 8:00pm 044-314-357-5896 (cell)

This brand new restaurant just opened on Saturday, December 5. It is located next door to Carlos & Sussy's Laundry. If you are headed towards Las Brisas the restaurant is just down from Juanitos. There is a stop light just past Juanitos, keep a sharp eye and the restaurant is on the corner of the very next street (Privada Los Naranjos). It is easy to spot going this direction.

The restaurant features tremendous seafood dishes with fish (pescado), shrimp (camarones), octopus (pulpo) in a variety of traditional, and delicious, presentations. The ceviche has garnered a lot of praise for taste and I've overheard several say "it's the best I've had". I'm not a big ceviche fan but actually liked this. Many are familiar with Taniolos restaurants at the lagoon by the power plant and on La Boquita near Club Santiago.

Carlos and family spent 10 years in Paso Robles, CA (wine country, remember the movie "Sideways") and they are all bilingual. Carlos wants to present traditional Mexican seafood but also has a keen interest in some ex-pat foods. A traditional ex-pat type salad bar is in the works and Carlos is eager for feedback on other options that might be of interest. One recent suggestion was for an "authentic hamburger day" one day each week. His liquor license is approved but not officially active until the end of the month when he will feature beer, margaritas, pina colodas as well as soft drinks.



Friends and I have sampled the menu and tried the ceviche as I mentioned. The soup is fantastic, add some ketchup and hot sauce al gusto. We've also tried the tacos (bean, fish and shrimp), the shrimp tostado and the quesadillas. All were done extremely well and tasted great! The overall menu is extensive with something that should please everyone. Carlos opens at 10am and while it isn't on the menu you may be able to score some delicious scrambled eggs with bacon or ham and sides of beans and rice. It is really good, a must visit.



MANZANILLO'S



BEST STEAK HOUSE





LECHE, LIQUOR AND THE LADIES

Tommy Clarkson

Perhaps ten minutes north of our home, in the Mexican State of Colima, seven kilometers north of Santiago, lies a valley of magnificent beauty. Apropos to the ensuing, it is triangulated by Cerro del Toro, Cerro dela Vaca and Cerro los Monos – the mountain peaks of Bull, Cow and Monkeys.

Early one morning recently, with our good amigos Paco and Rosie acting as guides, to this idyllic dell, my wife, her best friend, and I drove.

Along a mango lined dirt road, serenely nestled in this lush and verdant vale is Paco's Uncle's ranch. On it, fresh in from an evening of casual grass grazing, cattle milled, as such creatures in such environs are wont to do. The herd was comprised of ninety Brahmas of assorted colors: buckskin, dark tan, tan/white, and white and one large black and white cow of dominating stature. With a proper sense of bovine egalitarianism, cows and bulls alike sported horns – some of singular magnificence in their sweeping symmetry.

Casually, comfortable in their own hide, they patiently perused their surroundings, chewed their cuds and balefully ignored their intruding gringo visitors.



Slowly they randomly moved about the handmade pen comprised of posts made from stout tree limbs and hand strung barbed wire - some strands rusty worn and others a newer, dull gray. Ten of their number, oblivious to their bleak, imminent future, stood penned apart, awaiting transport to market.

Occasionally, and seemingly without reason, members of this bovine mob bellowed in a deep, rich, sonorous bass pitch and timbre of which far away lighthouses must surely yearn. Here, the sound seemed to merely accentuate the pastoral tranquility of a magnificent Mexican morning.

Shading the tejaban watering pen, in which the cattle have gathered, are large Perote, Higera and Luasima trees. Over the pen of the butcher bound bulls, one Perote growing from a small, nearby hill, leaned so precipitously as to be nearly parallel with the ground.

Continued on next page...

"The ladies – pal Judy, my Patty – salute Jose, who owns the herd."



LECHE, LIQUOR AND THE LADIES (cont)

A non-school day, near us, surveying her familial domain, from atop a tan cow – seated there by her obviously proud father - sat Joshephina, the eight year old daughter of the herd's owner, Jose. To we three US ex-pat gringos – Tommy, Patty and Judy - who grew up in Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, respectively – the rustic scene was rather reminiscent of the rural U.S. Midwest and South of our youths.

Bringing us back from musings of days gone by, a vaccaro deftly separated a nursing cow from her companions, tethered her calf nearby, and lashed her hind legs so as to hobble her. Squatting near her flanks Paco then deftly kneaded her udder of warm, whole milk – leche fresca - into three plastic mugs. Then, into this fresh and frothy milk roughly two teaspoons of raw sugar and chocolate were mixed, followed by a generous splash of de alcohol de caña de azúcar – clear (and clearly potent) sugar cane alcohol.

All but defying description which could do it proper justice, this most basic of concoctions harkened gentle farm memories from days long past and while evoking new - almost wickedly salacious - taste sensations, bathing, sweet and brightly, on the most tired and calloused of our taste buds.

Not a drink, we are sure, for the unadventurous or urban raised faint of heart. However, as we experienced it, a double mocha latte – at its Madison Avenue marketed best – could not have appeared as attractive nor could it possibly have matched the fresh and unique taste of this most delightful of morning beverages ... ala rural Mexico!



"If there be bovine beauty, might this not be such?"

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AVOIDING DENGUE FEVER

Howard Platt

Facts about the Aedes mosquito:

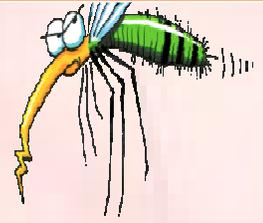
- it lives where people live, in homes and gardens in urban areas of over 100 countries of the world including the southern USA and Hawaii;
- the female needs human blood to produce eggs;
- she prefers to bite during the day – around daybreak or late afternoon before dark;
- the mosquito's eggs can hatch and grow up in the tiny amounts of water found in things like discarded cans, bottles or other trash; flower vases, bird baths, flower pots or even home toilet tanks;
- the female can pick up dengue virus when she bites a person with dengue fever;
- the viruses multiply inside her and is then be passed on to the next person she bites;
- she can bite through very thin clothing, but not thicker clothing;
- she does not like repellents such as DEET, picaridin, or oil of lemon eucalyptus;
- she cannot fly through closed doors or windows or mosquito screens;
- she rarely travels more than a couple of hundred yards from where she hatched;
- she likes to rest in shady places such as closets or under beds.



Facts about Dengue Fever:

- it is caused by one of four viruses;
- there is no specific cure, but severe cases are helped by supportive care;
- during outbreaks most people (more than half the population) will probably be infected;
- most cases are very mild and are mistaken for flu;
- more severe cases cause a fever, headache, muscle and joint pains and a rash that looks like pin-point size bruises;
- once you have been infected by one you are immune to that one but not to the others;
- outbreaks are occurring more and more often in all tropical and subtropical countries;
- the World Health Organization estimates that there are about 50 million cases every year.

So, here is what you do to avoid it:



- help keep your local environment tidy and free of breeding places;
- use mosquito screens, or close the doors and windows;
- use mosquito repellents such as DEET especially around dawn and dusk;
- spray closets, bathrooms and under the bed with insecticide once in a while;
- if you do get it, seek medical care and avoid aspirin and NSAIDS.

For more information:

<http://www.who.int/mediacentre/factsheets/fs117/en/>



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ADVENTURE IN PUERTO ESCONDIDO

Jim Evans

It was late spring 2008 and we, my friend chicken Leo and I were off on an adventure, two old coots, one nearing seventy, the other pushing seventy-five on a road trip that would cover over 1000 miles south from Manzanillo to Puerto Angel in Oaxaca.

We discussed the relative merits of various methods of travel and considered several routes, finally opting to drive down route 200 which roughly follows the coast of Central and Southern Mexico. Once selected our mode of transport, and route became the topic of endless conversation, mostly well meaning and advisory in nature, but at other times we were warned ad nauseum by friends, strangers and self proclaimed experts that the road was treacherous and unsafe. If you believe various pundits from the snowbird/ex-pat community larcenous ancestors of the infamous Pancho Villa lurked behind every bush. Drug dealers lie in wait with picking their teeth with Bowie knives wrested from the cold dead fingers of the Texans slaughtered in the Alamo by their fierce murderous ancestors.

I packed a suitcase and brought my laptop etc, Leo showed up with various plastic bags stuffed to capacity with his travel stuff... some he tossed in the back, the rest were strewn around his feet for ready access. Oranges, apples and a couple of bottles of water soon rolled around his ankles as we hurtled down the highway to the strains of Creedence Clearwater and Fleetwood Mac.

The road after Tecoman quickly rose into the mountains of Michoacan, initially it was a bit dicey but fortunately we were early enough to avoid most of the trucks and buses which can make driving two lane roads in Mexico a serious adventure. I will admit that I drive a bit faster than most, and certainly much more briskly than my compadre, Leo, who always, it seems, halves the speed limit and subtracts 10. After about 30 minutes of mountains, bushes and tension we rounded a particularly sharp bend and were treated to a breathtaking view of the ocean a couple thousand feet below. "Look at that view, Leo" I exclaimed. He mumbled something incoherent, it was then that I noticed his white knuckled fingers grasping the chicken handle and his eyes riveted on the road ahead.. he was braking with every turn, his breath was labored while the fruit and water bottles bounced higher around his feet which seemed to be pushing through the floorboards attempting to apply the brakes and save us from impending doom.

Several hours later we decided to find lodging for the night and struck out towards the ocean. After several failed attempts to find anything remotely resembling a hotel we stumbled on a small beachside inn on the beach somewhere southeast of Zihuateneo...our apartment, was up a flight of stairs and had a wonderful view of a magnificent Mexican sunset... I proceeded to unload part of my suitcase.. Leo on the other hand, was busy with carting in various plastic bags which held his treasures...

I decided to take a walk on the beach and returned a bit later to find various items strewn around the living room and on the table, amongst the apples, bananas, and water bottles were, a slightly



rumpled pair of jockey shorts, a camera, an open bag of laundry soap, and what turned out to be his only pair of socks.. black socks. Leo was busy filling the kitchen sink with water he added some laundry soap and proceeded to wash his jockey shorts, black socks and wife beater. (sleeveless undershirt) ... once finished he set about hanging his personals from various light fixtures, curtain rods and chair backs...Dressed in only a towel he seemed to be enjoying himself immensely...whistling all the while...



I guess that I should explain that I really do like and respect Leo, and over the years I have known him he has been the source of some great stories and some belly wrenching laughter, but, relatively speaking, I am the Felix to his Oscar. We irritate each other daily. Not too long ago he decided that since he was drinking fresh carrot juice everyday he no longer needed his reading glasses which still provides some great laughs amongst his friends...

Continued on next page.

ADVENTURE IN PUERTO ESCONDIDO (cont)

Evidently, as related by another friend over lunch, the carrot juice has some unexpected beneficial side effects for Leo.. It turns out that all his liver spots have disappeared, that's right carrot juice causes liver spots to vanish..(I guess if you can no longer see them they don't exist!)There was one deleterious effect however, the very same magic juice causes him to dislike road maps...as evidenced during a particularly intense moment when we were lost in Acapulco, I asked him to check the map to see where we were, he replied, "I don't Like reading maps". Of course I suggested he use his glasses, to which he remarked "I don't need glasses anymore since I started drinking fresh Carrot juice"... I was sorely tempted to ask about the liver spots, but I was ready to burst..My inner merriment was bubbling over...



Leo knows of my fear of Scorpions, and I am sure what transpired that first night was his way of poking at me a little for driving too fast and any number of other impoliteness's on my part. My room while relatively clean did seem to have some black spots on the

ceiling, and they seemed to be moving.. So, I called Leo, and asked, "what are those?" of course his reply was "probably scorpions". I spent the night with the light on staring at the ceiling daring not to sleep. I had visions of these deadly creatures dropping ... The next morning not much was said, but I detected a twinkle in his eye as we packed gathered our stuff.

It was to be several days later, on our return trip that I was to exact my revenge... We had just spent the night in a very nice spot in Puerto Escondido and were having breakfast at one of the many sidewalk cafes that line the Malecon opposite one of the finest surfing beaches in the world, when a older Ford Crown Victoria pulled up across the street and parked. Well, it didn't exactly park.. It attempted to park, bouncing off the curb several times and ending up hanging askew next to the curb.... The doors opened and four huge sturdy muscled locals unfolded from within... We took this in as they purposely walked across the street and entered the restaurant behind us... as they passed Leo tensed and put his head down obviously bothered by their presence.. As I said they were big, muscled and something else... menacing. I said "I've seen guys like this all over the world, these guys are professionals.. This could get ugly". "What do we do" Leo asked? ... "Well", I said, "if something happens, get under the table fast, that's what we always did in Saigon" (note: I was in Saigon, and did get shot at.. But it was at the airport while waiting to unload the airplane, I was never a combatant, but Leo didn't know this) His eyes wide with tension, "Really?" he said.



A minute or so passed and several jeeps loaded with soldiers brandishing automatic weapons careened around the corner and pulled up in front of the restaurant. After dismounting the soldiers, a grim bunch, took up positions on every corner and across the street, weapons at the ready. Leo was now primed, his brow furrowed and sweat from his hands which were shaking marked the tablecloth, he was obviously considering my suggestion. "Look Out!" I said loud enough for him to hear, yup, he dove under the table scattering cups ,silverware, while my pan dulce rolled into the street stopping at the feet of a soldier. Some laughter ensued, and just then a black Cadillac Escalade sped around the corner and parked across the street. A short rotund partially balding gentlemen emerged surrounded immediately by more intense looking characters who escorted him to a table at the rear of the restaurant... Meanwhile Leo extricated himself from his hidey hole and sheepishly resumed his seat. The waiter was re-arranging our table and refreshing our coffee as he explained that this was the new drug czar, a highly respected former federal prosecutor from Mexico City, and he always traveled with body guards and soldiers, "it is normal senior"... I looked at Leo, and said "scorpions indeed". Mexico City, and he always traveled with body guards and soldiers, "it is normal senior"... I looked at Leo, and said "scorpions indeed".





The Official Canadian Temperature Conversion Chart

50° Fahrenheit (10° C)

- Californians shiver uncontrollably.
- Canadians plant gardens.

35° Fahrenheit (1.6° C)

- Italian cars won't start.
- Canadians drive with the windows down.

32° Fahrenheit (0° C)

- American water freezes.
- Canadian water gets thicker.

0° Fahrenheit (-17.9° C)

- New York City landlords finally turn on the heat.
- Canadians have the last cookout of the season.

-60° Fahrenheit (-51° C)

- Santa Claus abandons the North Pole.
- Canadian Girl Guides sell cookies door-to-door.

-109.9° Fahrenheit (-78.5° C)

- Carbon dioxide freezes, makes dry ice.
- Canadians pull down their earflaps.

-173° Fahrenheit (-114° C)

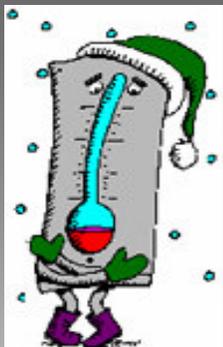
- Ethyl alcohol freezes.
- Canadians get frustrated when they can't thaw the keg.

-459.67° Fahrenheit (-273.15° C)

- Absolute zero; all atomic motion stops.
- Canadians start saying "cold, eh?"

-500° Fahrenheit (-295° C)

- Hell freezes over.
- The Toronto Maple Leafs **win** the Stanley Cup.



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LORENZO'S CORNER

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

TOP REASONS TO LIVE IN BRITISH COLUMBIA

1. Vancouver: 1.5 million people and two bridges.
You do the math.
2. Your \$400,000 Vancouver home is just 5 hours from downtown.
3. You can throw a rock and hit three Starbucks locations.
4. There's always some sort of deforestation protest going on.
5. Weed

TOP REASONS TO LIVE IN ALBERTA

1. Big rock between you and B.C.
2. Ottawa who?
3. Tax is 5% instead of the approximately 200% it is for the rest of the country.
4. You can exploit almost any natural resource you can think of.
5. You live in the only province that could actually afford to be it's own country.
6. The Americans below you are all in anti-government militia groups.