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Letter from the Editor

This month we have several articles in the magazine from our correspondents saying why they came to Manzanillo. These underline what we have said for years that people come to Manzanillo for one hundred reasons but stay for mainly one, the people. In Manzanillo, the local inhabitants are warm friendly and very welcoming. This phenomenon rubs off onto the newer foreign population who also become warm, friendly and welcoming. The town itself is not bad either. We invite you to tell your story of Manzanillo or Mexico. We will choose the best of which to publish in later editions.

This month also, sadly we report the death of one of our most popular feature writers. Howard Platt is irreplaceable in the magazine but hopefully we will be able to continue his work for a while at least.

There are many changes in Mexico regarding the importation of foreign vehicles and as it is quite complicated and highly important for “Snowbirds”, we are delaying the reporting of this information until next month’s issue, when we hope to have a much clearer and accurate picture. Watch for the August issue on Manzanillo Sun which should be on the website at the beginning of that month.

As always, we are looking for new writers, if you have an interest, there are probably many others who share that interest and would like to hear your story and opinions. If you do not have the confidence to write it yourself, send us the information or outline and one of our writers will complete it for you. Naturally we will give credit where it is due unless you prefer to be anonymous. (That person wrote a lot of stuff too.) Naturally, our preference is for all things Mexican with Manzanillo in particular but we are open to other articles also which have not been submitted elsewhere.

Have a great summer and we look forward to seeing you all back home I the fall.

Freda Rumford, Editor, Manzanillo Sun

Previously required. From $15 (prior) to $400 (now) is quite a difference to consider.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

The Ministry of Finance and Public Credit (SHCP) has issued a decree which states that beginning on June 11th, 2011 anyone applying for a temporary import permit for vehicles must make a deposit in the amount determined by the following table:

Vehicle Year Model  
Amount to be paid in Mexican Pesos. (Peso amounts are based on applicable exchange rate.)
2007 and later - USD $400
2001 until 2006 - USD $300
2000 and earlier - USD $200
This deposit is compulsory and can be paid by credit card, debit card, or cash (in US Dollars only.)

Users must keep in mind that if the deposit is charged to a credit card, the charge will be made in Mexican Pesos and will be calculated based on the exchange rate of the day on which the payment is made. This deposit will be refunded to the same credit card on the next banking business day after the vehicle is fully returned and based on the exchange rate of that day.

The vehicle must be returned on time and within the time period stated on the temporary import permit. If the vehicle is returned after the stated time period, the entire deposit amount will be transferred to the Office of the Treasury on the day following the expected return date, as allowed by current law.

Information on importation of vehicles into Mexico

Next month this information will be covered more fully but it is vital that if travelling to Mexico with your vehicle you know this now, rather than arrive at the border unprepared to pay higher premiums than were

DEEPEST SYMPATHY

MANZANILLO SUN...... Sends deepest sympathy to Ewa Platt and her family. It is with sorrow we report that our “Bird man” writer and photographer, Howard Platt, died on 27th June 2011, in Prince Rupert, British Columbia. Already on chemotherapy which was proving successful, he picked up a nasty bug which turned into deadly pneumonia. His humor, friendship and smiling face will be sadly missed. He left a legacy of information on local birds which we hope will continue to grace our pages.

Ian & Freda Rumford, Manzanillo Sun
**SPANISH HELPER**
Compiled by Linda Breun

**Useful Statements**

I (don't) like it. (No) me gusta
I'm not sure No estoy seguro
I don't know No se
I think so Creo que sí
I'm hungry/thirsty Tengo hambre/sed
I'm tired Estoy cansado
I'm ready Estoy listo
Leave me alone please Dejame solo por favor
Just one minute please Un minuto por favor
One moment please Un momento por favor
Come in Adelante
It's cheap/expensive Es barato/caro
It's a cold/hot Hace frío/calor
It's too much Es demasiado
That’s all Es todo
Thank you for your help Gracias por tu ayuda

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**SUN TRIVIA**

More people are killed annually by donkeys than die in air crashes. **SO**—beware if you see a donkey while in Mexico.
Acapulco Damselfish (or Acapulco Gregory)
These fish are common on the mainland of Mexico to Panama and as far south as Peru. They are solitary and inhabit rocky and coral reefs and shorelines. They tend to ignore divers but will usually allow a slow, non-threatening approach. From the Family of Damselfish they have a light colored fore body that makes an abrupt change to a dark rear body. They range in depth from 5-75’. They have a light brown to gray fore body with a dark brown to charcoal rear body that grows increasingly dark on their tail. There are thick dark outlines on their scales. They grow from 2 ½” to 4 ½” to a maximum of 7”.

Balloonfish (also called Porcupine Fish or Blowfish)
Spines are usually lowered but can become erect without the fish inflating. They are common from the Gulf of California south to Panama. Generally solitary but loose schools of them can be observed in Manzanillo. They prefer shade, protective areas in rock reefs and boulder strewn slopes and walls. They can be wary of divers but will usually allow a close approach. They are of the Family of Spiny Puffers. They are generally brown with small dark spots. They have no spots on their fins and long spines on their heads. Size is 8-14”, maximum 20”.

Banded Guitarfish
Dusky blotches form bars across back and tail base. Single row of short spines extend down the back and tail. They are from the Family of Guitarfishes. Usually shades of brown, occasionally gray; often have pale spots on back. They have a flattened, relatively narrow disc; long thick tail base with two prominent dorsal fins and large tail. They are rare in the Gulf of California and Pacific Coast of Baja; also north to Southern California. Many were observed in Manzanillo waters this past high season. Inhabit rocky reefs and gravel strewn areas. Commonly rest in crevices and other recesses; rarely bury in the sand. Tend to ignore divers; move away only when closely approached or molested. They grow from 1 ½ to 2 ½ feet to a maximum of 3 feet.
Barberfish

These fish live in depths from 10-70' from the Baja to Panama. They prefer boulder strewn areas and often travel in large schools. They tend to ignore divers but will move away if you approach. It's best to wait in their path, stay still and quiet or approach them very slowly.

The barberfish are part of the Chaetodontidae Family of Butterflyfishes which are known in Mexico as Peces Mariposas. They have a black ring around the eye and a black bar from their mid-dorsal to the base of their tail. They have a silver head with a silver-yellow body and a black ring around their snout. There is a black bar from the front of their dorsal fin to above their eye. They grow from 3-4” with a maximum of 6”.

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Saturday
Domingo de: 1 pm a 10 pm
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How I came to Manzanillo
David Fitzpatrick

In the last few years I have had to acknowledge that time was going by. I was one of those people who managed to stay 30 for about 25 years (or so I liked to think). But then, the unmistakable signs of flagging energies began to be apparent and I had to think about where I would retire. Long ago I swore to myself that I would find a place in the sun. Never again would I shovel the snow off the front stairs or dig my car out of a snow bank. Never again would I put on my super-heavy winter coat. It was getting so that I could scarcely lift it. Never again!!!

But where to go? For a while I considered ex-Yugoslavia where I had worked during the war in the 1990s. Or maybe North Africa; a region from which I have some wonderful memories.

I was mulling this over when an old friend in New York said “You should think about Mexico”. He had just built himself an enormous house in a place called Playa del Carmen – of which I had never heard. I went down to see what it was all about, took one look at Playa del Carmen and decided it wasn’t for me. “This is not Mexico,” I told my friend. “This is transplanted Florida!!” I rented a car and drove up and down the coast from Cancun to Tulum. All very beautiful – but to me, not what I considered to be Mexico. Besides, I realized, if I was going to take advantage of lower prices in Mexico, I had probably missed the boat in Cancun.

My wanderings along the highway had had one clear and undeniable effect: I had fallen in love with the country. “This is the place for me,” I said to myself. “I’ll find a place by the sea in a part of the country which is still very Mexican and there I will spend my retirement.”

So on the very day the semester ended at my college in the frozen North, I was on the plane to Mexico. The Pacific Coast this time but in Puerto Vallarta, another disappointment awaited me: PV was definitely not the beautiful, unspoiled little village by the sea I remembered from the 1980s. I am no longer in a frame of mind to enjoy Permanent Spring Break.

I asked the locals about the region: “What will I find further down the coast?”. I queried. A guy in a bar in PV told me not to expect a lot. “There’s nothing much to see down there”, he said. “There’s only one major town in the region south of Vallarta and that is Manzanillo. But you can forget that. It’s a big industrial town choking with traffic and drowning in smog”.

What was he thinking?? Thanks to him, I almost skirted Manzanillo and continued my trip southwards. But then I said “What the Hell!! What have I got to lose?” And I headed into Manzanillo. As I rounded the curve on the road from Puerto Vallarta, all at once, the vast shimmering Pacific spread out before me; a huge expanse of shining silver and blue as far as the eye could see. “So where’s all the smog?” I said. All I could see was startling clarity all the way to the horizon. “This could take some checking out!”

I drove down the main boulevard – miles and miles along the beach. A dozen times I thought “This must be the end.” But no!! It continued forever! And for the whole distance, the ocean was visible just one street over.
I was met by a very sweet lady who had some houses for sale to show me. She and I spent the next few days going round and round the town looking at condos and apartments. She explained how the city was organized. “For those on vacation who want to go to the beach, there is a full 10 kilometers of beach. For those who want to see old-time Mexico the way we remember it from the 70s and 80s, we have that too. In Manzanillo, you have the charm and exotica of Old Mexico, but you can also find all the convenience of home up north. We even have a Wal-Mart now! Need I say more?”

To make a long story short, my mind was made up by the second day. “This is where I will stay.”

Since then I have become more and more convinced that my first instinct was right. In the three years since then, I have never ceased to be charmed by the warm friendliness of the people of our town and their eager willingness – eagerness I might almost say – to accept newcomers as a part of the town. Not to mention a large, open, hospitable community of expats.

I have now spent a couple of winters soaking up the sun and drinking Margaritas under the palm trees. I go back to the frozen North from time to time, but less and less frequently. On the return trip, when I get off the plane in Manzanillo it is a genuine home-coming.
Humberto and Lupita are two of the wonderful friends I have met here in Manzanillo over the past 10 years. They were having a birthday party for Lupita at their beautiful home recently, and I was invited. I found myself seated next to Lupita’s father, a kindly old gentleman named Salvador García who is 83 years old, but could pass for 70. We began to converse and I asked him many questions about his life here in this Western part of central Mexico. Before long we came to the startling realization that this was not the first time we had met!

A little chill ran down my spine when we discovered that he had helped harvest the oranges in my father’s orange groves, in Southern California, more than 60 years earlier, when he was in his 20’s and I was about 10.

Salvador was born into a dirt poor family in the town of Tamazula, Jalisco, not far from Ciudad Guzman. Salvador has lived in the same house his whole life, which has been enlarged and remodelled to accommodate his wife, Teresa, and their 4 children, including Lupita. When Salvador was a young man in Tamazula the only employment opportunity was at the huge sugar mill, which processed sugar cane during the rainy summer months. It was next to impossible for a young man to raise a family and rise above a life of poverty. For these reasons Salvador became one of the adventurous young Mexicans who, along with his compañeros in the sugar mill union, took advantage of the Brasero program during the off season.

This program was a cooperative effort between the governments of Mexico and the United States, whereby migrant farm workers could legally work for a few months each year in the citrus groves of Southern California, the fields of the huge San Joaquin Valley in Central California, or in the orchards and fields of Washington state, Texas, Arizona and elsewhere. These young men did not relish the thought of leaving their families and beloved Mexico, even if for only a few months each year, but it was their only choice for escaping a life of extreme poverty. During the time they worked in the U.S. they would earn 3 times the money they made at the sugar mill in Jalisco.

Salvador and his compañeros made their way North by train, in the second class cars with not much more than wooden benches to sit or sleep on. The old steam engine would chug along all the way from Tamazula to Guadalajara, then North to the border to meet the labor contractor who had contracted with U.S. growers for their services. Once at their destination the braseros were housed in what looked like an army camp.

The brasero camp which served all of the orange and lemon growers in the Pomona Valley, was located in a eucalyptus grove on East Mission Blvd. in Pomona, about 40 miles east of Los Angeles. All of the citrus crops from the communities of Pomona, Claremont, Riverside, Redlands, Ontario, Upland, etc, were harvested by braseros from this camp. That is why I can say with a high degree of certainty that Salvador worked in the groves of my father and grandfather in Pomona, and he remembers being in the camp there.

This whole area, about 20 miles square, encompassed thousands of acres of almost solid citrus groves in Eastern L.A. County, Western San Bernardino County and Northern Orange County.

The camp, provided by the labor contractor, had war surplus army sleeping tents, a large mess tent for eating, and another for rest rooms and showers. The tents had wooden floors and low wooden walls, with canvases.
extending upward and forming the roofs. Each worker had his own cot to sleep on and a Mexican cook prepared the Mexican fare they liked. Each worker received a lunch of tortillas, beans and meat which they heated on a wood fired comal at the location they were working at.

The braseros were transported to the job site in large trucks with benches and a canvass covering. The truck pulled a trailer loaded with the special ladders (wide at the base and narrow at the top) which allowed them to gain access to the fruit at the tops and inside branches of the orange trees. Oranges cannot be simply pulled from the branches because the stems would likely come out of the orange and it would quickly spoil.

It takes 2 hands to pick an orange; one to hold the fruit and the other to cut the stem with a small pair of side cutters. Each worker wore a large canvass bag with a wide, padded strap crossed over their shoulder and extending down to the ground. The bottom of the bag was open, but folded up and held closed with brass clips. When it was full of oranges he would hold the bottom of the bag over one of the large wooded “field boxes”, release the clips, and the oranges would fall out of his bag into the box. At the end of each days work my dad would drive our 1929 Model A Ford flatbed truck through the grove, onto which the field boxes of oranges would be loaded, and then it was off to the Sunkist packing house. Here they were inspected, graded and packed in smaller wooden crates.

The finest oranges were individually wrapped in paper and shipped by rail to large Eastern cities, while the smaller fruit was sold to processors for making juice. My dad used to laugh at the roadside stands which advertised “tree ripened oranges”, as there is no other way to ripen an orange!

I was a skinny kid of 8 – 12 years old during all of this and I especially liked the 3 weeks or so when the Mexican braseros came to pick our oranges. I was always out in the grove with them trying to communicate and help out. They seemed to like having me around and at times let me sample their muy picante food. One of them taught me some Spanish words which I later found out at our family dinner table, were very naughty words. My mother said she would wash out my mouth with soap and water if I ever repeated them. I was never sure how she knew what they meant, but the braseros had a big laugh the next day when they found out about it.

The thing I remember most was the music. Imagine standing in the middle of a twenty acre orange grove, and hearing the most heavenly sounds rising up from...
the trees, sung in 4 part harmony from men you could not see. One of them would begin singing a Mexican ballad or folk song, then all the rest would join in like a choir of 20 voices singing in perfect harmony. This was more than 60 years ago but I can still hear the sounds. I have since discovered that singing while working is an important part of the Mexican culture, mostly songs about everyday life.

When the harvest was finished, Salvador and his friends would head South again with money in their jeans. They could hardly wait to see their wives and kids and to have a huge fiesta to celebrate their safe return.

**MORAL OF THE STORY**

First of all, this story proves that neighbouring countries can work together in ways that make sense. The Brasero program was a big plus for the U.S., whose workforce did not want to perform what they considered to be menial labor. It also provided respectable and comparatively good wages for Mexicans trying to escape a life of poverty, within a legal structure. I do not believe that we can morally blame Latino workers for the mess which has been made of the U.S. immigration laws. Many of the migrant workers, like Salvador, did not return to Mexico when the crops were harvested, but stayed in the U.S. to make a new life for themselves.

For more than 4 decades the U.S. immigration authorities turned a blind eye to what was happening and did very little to enforce immigration laws. After all, there was no other source of labor for low paying jobs in America. One day someone started counting noses and discovered there were 20 million illegal immigrants in the U.S., mostly Latinos. The obscene situation we now see at the border is not about work or workers. It is about the insatiable desire America has for mind altering drugs, now about $200 Billion every year, much of which crosses the U.S./Mexico border.

Secondly, this story is about how the Brasero program made a huge difference in the life of Salvador Garcia and the future generations of his family. Without it, his children would not have been able to go to the University and eventually become part of the emerging Mexican middle class. My friends, Lupita and Humberto met while he was studying agriculture at the University of Guadalajara. They married and after graduation, Humberto was offered a job as an agricultural advisor for the State of Colima, so they moved to Manzanillo.

They both worked hard and saved the money to buy 26 hectares (about 80 acres) of prime agricultural land in Colomos, on which they planted banana trees. Today they harvest and ship about 1,700 TONS of bananas every year. They have a beautiful home, drive new cars, and have become leaders in the business community. Their daughter, Paola, recently graduated from the University of Colima with a degree in nutrition. She is employed by the State Department of Health and maintains a private business as a nutrition consultant.

I am happy that Salvador Garcia has lived long enough to see all of this. I am also amazed and happy that we happened to bump into each other again after more than 60 years. Small world indeed.
WHERE ARE THE GARAGE SALES?

Mexico gives a whole new meaning to recycling. What most Gringos see as the end of the shelf life for an item, a Mexican not only puts it to good use for another five years, but may very well reinvent its purpose.

Aside from thinking green, and motivated to recoup some of the unexpected expenses of moving here, I gathered together a small collection of perfectly good, what I thought to be, useful items and priced them attractively. No Manzanillo E-bay or Craig’s List I could find so I began looking for the best way to get the word out about my items for sale: An HP printer, pocket translator (5 languages!), internet signal modem, patio misting system, and a stove.

That’s why another “Newby” surprise, having just moved to Manzanillo, was the obvious absence of Yard Sales, thrift stores, and consignment sales. Newspaper classified ads list more available jobs than items for sale. Free listing Penny-Saver/Recycler-type magazines are nearly non-existent, though there is the “Aqui-Entrenos” — if you can catch them at the office or get an answer to your e-mail inquiry or locate their distribution points. I couldn’t find the community bulletin board at the market where you can tack up your “For Sale” announcement with the multiple tear off tabs with your phone number. Wal-Mart only allows property notices. No posters stapled to phone poles or For Sales signs in people’s front yards. How was I going to advertise?

The Tiangis was a thought but not for long. Spaces are expensive and permits required. I couldn’t go door to door and a broadcast e-mail sounded practical but where did I obtain the e-mail addresses?

Finally, I thought of the Manzanillo Sun and contacted Freda and Ian to ask the cost of classifieds. To my surprise, they welcomed my ad and even announced the Classified Section on the front cover of the May issue. Not only does it reach the intended market, there’s no monitoring necessary to assure the ad is still alive and well. You just have to get it in by their publication deadline, the third Monday of the month. Anything classified is welcome -- from sale items to services available to announcements and more. Their rates are amazingly modest.

What do you have in the back of your closet taking up space when it could be the answer to someone else’s search?

Anyone have an oven thermometer they want to sell??
Our immediate reaction every time we arrive in Manzanillo for the winter is absolute sensory overload. This is observed with excitement and a happy acceptance of the differences we experience here compared to our many years of living in Canada. Perhaps our sojourn home every spring is the very thing needed to ensure this renewed perspective each year. And it seems to work the other way when we return home in the spring. I love the fact that it helps us avoid taking anything for granted. I treasure this because entering retirement has found me more sensitized to the little nuances of life around me. There was a time when the hectic and busy routines of balancing a career, children and family, might have kept me from noticing the small things. But I do now and am so grateful for my life.

Of course when arriving in Manzanillo it hits you the minute you descend the steps of the aircraft and walk the tarmac to the arrivals area. It feels as though we must drink the air rather than breathe it as we have left a very dry, cool and relatively arid climate. You walk the pavement to the terminal and it sort of squishes under your feet. Suddenly you anticipate the warmth, the beaches, the palm trees, the endless sun and the friends and acquaintances that you will see again.

Having mulled over and pondered with friends the unique environment that is Manzanillo, I’ve concluded that one of the contributors to the unique and eclectic physical environment is the lack of legislated laws, by-laws and zoning restrictions that are a way of life in Canada (probably the U.S.A. as well). It’s neither good nor bad just different, and the more I observe this possibility the more it seems to make sense.

So in Manzanillo you can find a delightful mix of homes, businesses, street vendors, clubs, restaurants, groceries, bakeries, hand-made furnishings, laundries, tailors, schools and flower shops all located side by side, for example. You never know for sure what’s around the corner. Needless to say, it is great fun to go ‘walk about’ and explore new neighbourhoods pretty much anywhere.

You will not find this type of mix where we come from.

Residences are built with regulated uniformity, special zoning is legislated for businesses and services and restrictions abound as to what we can do on the property that we actually own. Well I suppose that’s OK to some degree as you will rarely find a rowdy hotel and bar behind your house, or a gas station and mechanic shop on the corner; or some idiot spoiling your view of a park across the street because they’ve built a multi-level dwelling right in front of you. So we rely on these laws to keep us safe and content but I do wonder quite often if we haven’t gone completely over-board. Now it seems we contend with urban sprawl, big box stores located in hard to reach zones that require driving on crowded freeways or routes dotted with traffic lights. It is very difficult to find all of the amenities that you use in daily life within your own neighbourhood. Meaning, we very rarely walk anywhere, we drive our children to schools and community arenas and many of us lack exercise and fitness as a result.

So where am I going with all of this? Well by comparison, the unique experiences that we encounter in Manzanillo are just that. Not all of them are positive but most are. We walk and walk and walk. We feel so good after a few months that we’ve decided against bringing or purchasing a car here. It’s cheaper, less hassle and better for us.
At least while we can still walk! We average 2 – 4 miles walking per day. We shop for groceries, visit the laundry, see a movie, walk for dinners and walk as often as possible. We haven’t felt this good in years thanks to the accessibility of so many shops and services. If we want to go somewhere too far to walk we take the bus or call a taxi, all of which are still very economical by comparison. If we want to visit Guadalajara or go touring, we rent a car or take one of the great bus services that Mexico offers in extremely comfortable and well equipped vehicles.

Speaking of the town buses, we quite enjoy hopping the buses with the locals and on many occasions have been entertained by buskers strumming guitars and singing for a few pesos, young boys pounding drums and singing for a local charity and bus drivers who will pick you up almost anywhere and drop you off along their route right in front of your favourite restaurant if you ask. (Especially if you entertain them , with your attempts at speaking Spanish!)

On one of our previous visits we were fascinated by the use of scarecrows. Of course, the typical use of scarecrows for us is in farmers’ fields to ward off birds or deer anxious to consume whatever crop is growing. But in the harbour we have actually seen scarecrows built on small boats moored in the bay to ward off the pelicans who like to perch there in great numbers and of course make a terrific mess of bird droppings. How clever is that!

We are always finding new restaurants to enjoy. One in particular serves up the best coconut shrimp I’ve ever tasted (complete with homemade mango sauce) and whole grilled red snapper equally as yummy. It took many trips to this restaurant before I noticed that the front end and roof of the place on the front street seemed to be supported by a big tree trunk painted the typical white to ward off bugs and such. This is not an untypical sight.
There are a number of different types of trees in Mexico that are varnished and embodied into kitchen designs and ceiling supports as an architectural feature. We actually have this in our own kitchen area and it gives our condo a ‘cabana’ feeling. But one evening we are sitting in this same restaurant and I notice that near the ceiling where the tree supports the roof are a few small branches and green leaves poking out. Curious about this, I ask our waiter if the tree is alive and still growing. To my surprise the answer was yes! He explained that the owner did not have the heart to chop this beautiful mature mango tree down so it was incorporated into the design. Apparently when the mangos are ripe they drop on the roof making a loud noise and sometimes cracking the material. Still the tree survives and I expect the mango sauce may be cooked up in the kitchen there with this fruit tree growing right over the roof. When we left that evening we crossed the large boulevard to have a look and sure enough, proudly growing above the roof was a large mango tree probably 25 feet tall. This is something we won’t likely see anywhere else!!

The next time you find yourself taking a ‘walk-about’ in Manzanillo, take a really close look around. You may see things you’ve never noticed before. Enjoy!
CERAMIC TILE ART
by Robert Hill

MURALIST - PAINTER
DESIGNER - TEACHER
Manzanillo, Colima, Mexico

Ceramic art from the Ming Dynasties of China have been unearthed, dating back thousands of years...JUST LIKE NEW!

Ceramic colors never fade or corrode from the sun, salt air or humidity.
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Depending on the colors, style and motif you want, Robert will do a unique one-of-a-kind design to fit your requirements. After your approval he will produce the tiles, ready to install. The total cost is $20.00 USD per tile (6 inches by 6 inches)

MURALS - FOUNTAINS POOLS - BAR TOPS BORDER - ACCENT TILES

Individual or small groupings of tiles can be framed. Larger murals are installed directly on the wall.

CONTACT ROBERT AT rmayfordhill@hotmail.com
To say that this is the age of electronics is putting it mildly. I remember not too many years ago, working in the Electronics Department of The Hudson Bay Company (now called The Bay) in Calgary, Alberta and selling many VCR’s. I soon established an elderly clientele, as word quickly got around that there was a person in the electronics department who could explain the intricacies of a VCR and the differences between 2 head and a 4 head, stereo versus mono, without using all of the long and baffling gobbledygook. Little did my dear customers know, the reason for this was that I didn’t always know the words! I actually learned all that I knew, about electronics and the workings, from young boys who would come into the department and stroll around looking at everything and more than pleased to instruct me with their wealth of knowledge. Hey! I’m not too proud to listen to the experts.

Journey now into a new life, a new age, where computers and gadgets are leaving the old behind. Not just old “things” but old “people”.

This time, on my trip up “north” I have gone absolutely berserk in Best Buy and Future shop, looking everything over in Walmart and London Drugs and listening to countless young men (probably they were either the young lads or the cousins of those who taught me about VCRs). I have spent far too much money but am now well prepared for all eventualities. I have a TomTom GPS, a Nook, a Blackberry, an EHD (external hard drive), a car which has Bluetooth and Sirius, as well as countless other gadgets which I haven’t as yet found the courage to explore. All in good time!

The reason for my dashing into the computer world came from several awestruck moments, when, riding in my daughter’s car, a voice told her which road to turn on at 200 meters, where to avoid road works and that we had now arrived at our destination. This was the amazing GPS. I dithered a bit as I have always enjoyed getting lost and finding new routes in the process and I thought this might take some of the excitement out of my road trips. On the other hand though, how nice to have a gadget with all the maps of Canada, the US and Mexico that helped tremendously with wherever I was trying to find.

The NOOK, I researched quite extensively. This is an electronic reader which downloads books that I wish to read in mere minutes, thus saving me from going to the bookstore and being tempted by hundreds of others (that will never go away I fear). But the principal reason why I rejected the KOBO, the KINDLE, the Sony E-reader and others, is that the new NOOK is in colour. Not only are books available by the thousand, but magazines and newspapers can also be downloaded and come into the NOOK automatically when current issues are due.

The latter was a huge decision maker for me. Both my husband and I were, “magazine-aholics”. When I came to take over the bill paying in January, I was absolutely horrified at the cost of having magazines shipped to Manzanillo. Buying them online is cheap, as we could get most for no more than $1 to $1.50 a copy and with free shipping to Laredo, but from there – it is madness. It came to crunch time, when I ordered a special edition of People Magazine for $5.50. When I picked it up from MBE, my cost was $40 for shipping from Laredo! This is ludicrous, obviously I have to change my ways. I must cancel most of the magazines I have enjoyed for so long.

Upon seeing the coloured NOOK, it seemed that my prayers were answered. I can now have the same magazines pop up automatically in my little gadget, they are in glorious Technicolor and all I have to do is learn how to use it!! This may be more difficult that it appears when I am on my own and without the incredibly helpful salesman in Barnes & Noble at my side. Fortunately both my daughter and granddaughter have been able to help and soon I will be proficient. Well almost.

My Blackberry, new to me, was retired from my
computer-buff daughter's life. Her new one speaks to her in the car and she can have conversations with whomever or dial whomever from the car without ever touching the gadget. It is operated verbally. A command such as "Call home" is answered by a lady saying "Did you say call home?" Upon hearing the word "Yes" the dialing commences and conversations begin without eyes being taken off the road. Amazing! I have difficulty currently with seeing where the "on" button and "off" button are but I am sure that in time I will become more proficient.

The new car has multi-gadgets on the dash board and I have no idea what most of them do, but I can use my computer, use memory sticks and charge everything up as I am driving, when I discover where the controls are. At the moment, I am having difficulty with using the air conditioning dial, but the radio is incredible. I have all local stations and "Sirius" which is a satellite radio and which I have on one station only and am really enjoying all the old Barry Manilow songs once again. (Oh No! I can hear Ian now…7 days of Manilow...how much is the bus to Manzanillo from Vancouver?)

The external hard drive is just a replacement for one which I had for a very long time. I had all my photos saved on it but dropped the darn thing, thereby making it completely inoperable. My old one was 40Gb and thought to be sufficient to hold and backup my files for years, the new one, about half the physical size has 320Gb and I can save so much more, I will be able to back up files forever, at least until I drop that one!

When they say paper is going to be a thing of the past, I am now a believer. Who could have conceived that these gadgets were things we absolutely could not live another moment without? Or even more to the point that I would ever know or want to know how to use them? Hopefully, I will know everything by the time I arrive back home in Manzanillo.
My company recently offered free health assessments for all of our associates and their spouses. This is the second year we have done it and it is always eye opening and a bit scary. The assessment includes measuring height, weight, waist and wrist measurements for figuring body fat and body mass index. They also checked blood pressure and drew blood for a battery of tests. We each had a personal meeting with a nurse to go through the results.

Here are a few of their stories:

Bill, 44, hasn't been to the doctor in years because he feels healthy. At last year's assessment he was shocked to find that his blood pressure and cholesterol were too high and his body fat was well above what it should be. He and his wife decided to make some major changes to their lifestyle. They added more fruits, veggies, and whole grains to their diet and cut back on red meat. She also changed the way she prepares food—no more deep fat frying! They also limited their alcohol consumption to 1 night per week and only a couple of drinks each. Bill also goes to the gym 3-4 times per week.

At this year's appointment, Bill was thrilled that his waist size went from 38 to 32, his blood pressure is normal and his cholesterol, while still high, is better. Cholesterol is a tough one to control as genetics play a big part so you might still need medication, but eating right can really help. Just because you feel healthy it doesn’t mean you are. Many “healthy” people drop dead of a heart attack not knowing they had a problem that could have been corrected.

Margie, 45, still thinks of herself as a skinny California chick, but her results said otherwise. Too much alcohol, too much fried food, and no exercise packed on the pounds over the years and seeing those numbers in black and white was frightening.

Margie did what a lot of people do—she changed everything all at once. She stopped eating and exercised like crazy. Margie quickly tired of this and went back to her old habits. I told her to pick one or two things at a time; too much change at once is very frustrating.

She started to walk every evening before dinner. At first, she couldn't get around the block without stopping to catch her breath, but she added a little more time and distance each day and is now up to 30 minutes at a brisk pace. Soda was cut out completely and she switched to lite beer and just one glass of red wine per day.

Margie found that she enjoyed walking so much that she wanted to work out even more. She signed up for a gym membership and some sessions with a personal trainer. Being new to a gym is rather intimidating so use a trainer to show you the equipment and set up a routine. She called me the other day to say her muscles were really sore but she loves it! This is very exciting from a person who has not done anything to improve herself for 20+ years; I’m looking forward to her progress reports.
Kelly, 26, has had a rough couple of years. She was laid off from her job, her husband was demoted at his and they lost an unborn child. She and her husband comforted themselves with food and she soon found herself in the obese category with pre-diabetes.

With an active toddler at home and both of them looking for new jobs, she felt awful about how she looked and felt. Rather than giving up, Kelly decided to pull herself together and get healthy. Kelly knew she couldn’t do it on her own so she joined Weight Watchers and found a very supportive leader who is helping her reach her goals. She discovered “Zumba” at the local YMCA, to help her with her cardio needs. She and her husband both found jobs so things are looking up for this couple. The combination of better eating and exercise has led to a 25 pound weight loss so far and her doctor says her pre-diabetes is gone!

So- what does this tell us?

1- Know your numbers. Do you know your blood pressure, cholesterol, triglycerides, and body fat percentage? How long has it been since you stepped on a scale? Is your liver functioning correctly? Have you been to the doctor in the past year? In the past 5 years? When you go, do they run a full blood screen? Ladies over 40- have you had a bone density scan? Mammogram? Men- prostate cancer is 100% curable if caught in time, have you had a physical lately? Is it time for a colonoscopy?

2- Do you make an effort to get 30 minutes of cardio exercise almost every day? Do something you like and want to do, for some it is walking, others like running, biking or dancing.

3- Do you know how to “eat healthy?” It is such a broad statement, but it can be as easy as switching from white bread to whole grain (not whole wheat) or buying low or non-fat dairy products.

Next month I’ll take a look at what we eat and how to make simple changes to help you live a healthy and longer life. (Did you know that corn tortillas are a much better choice that flour?) And...stay tuned for my famous Green Smoothie recipe!

Can’t wait until next month or you need daily motivation? Follow my blog at http://vivalavida-karen.blogspot.com/ or contact me at karzlo@gmail.com
Álvaro Obregón was born on a hacienda in Novojo, Sonora and attended school in Huatabampo and Alamos. He taught primary school but was a very good chickpea (garbanzo) farmer due to application of scientific principles. His intelligence and memory helped him to become one of the finest generals in Mexican history.

Francisco Madero had started a revolt against Porfiro Díaz in 1910. Obregón’s nephew and friend had become a supporter of Madero. Obregón was more concerned about his two children as he was now a widower. His commitment was to his children and his community. He ended up as President of his local community and led a small army against the invasion of Sonora by Pascual Orozco in 1912.

When Victoriano Huerta ousted Madero in 1913 he had Madero murdered. Sonora rebelled and Obregón joined recruited them into an army. Obregón proved to be an effective military commander and an astute politician.

In June, 1914 Venustiano Carranza promoted him to General and he commanded the Army of the Northwest. After Huerta’s fall in 1914, Carranza, Pancho Villa and Emiliano Zapata vied for power. Obregón backed Carranza. At the Convention of Aquascalientes he spoke out for Carranza but the convention did not back him. Obregón fought Villa at Trinidad, León and Celaya.

At the battle of Santa Ana del Conde Obregón lost his right arm. As he stood on a tower viewing the battlefield a shell exploded and shattered his right arm. Obregón was certain he was bleeding to death so he pulled his pistol and attempted to shoot himself in the temple. Fortunately, his aide had cleaned the pistol the night before, removed the shells and forgot to replace them. His men took him to the hospital.

Villa’s preference in battle was mass cavalry charges. Obregón, from reading news of World War I, used barbed wire, trenches and machine guns. His disciplined army beat Villa down from a formidable enemy to an inconvenience. Villa respected Obregón. When Obregón went to Chihuahua to speak for Carranza, Villa had ordered him shot and took him into custody. Obregón told Villa it would be a favor as it would make him a martyr. As he waited for the firing squad he played cards. He would go back over the exact sequence of cards played after each game totally astounding his captors. Villa finally allowed him to leave and he returned to Mexico City.

Obregón became Secretary of War under Carranza. He was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of 1919 in Querétaro but quietly broke ranks when liberal and radical articles, not wanted by Carranza, were adopted. Obregón kept quiet but privately encouraged the leftists. When the Constitution was adopted in 1917 he returned to private life in Sonora where he had a large farm and several businesses.
He cultivated friends and associates and in 1919 announced his candidacy for the presidency after carefully laying groundwork among supporters. Carranza tried to have an engineer put in as president but the Sonora group—Obregón, Calles, de la Huerta, Hill—overthrew him. Carranza was shot trying to flee to Veracruz. Elections were held and Obregón won.

At first the United States would not recognize Obregón’s government. Obregón needed recognition to reduce the risk of a revolt against a perceived weak leader and for credits to help rebuild a war-torn Mexico. Finally, after much discussion the United States recognized the Obregón government as part of a gentlemen’s agreement reached at the Bucareli Conference in Mexico City, May-August 1923. Obregón managed to keep peace among the various revolutionary cliques but fought against implementation of some constitutional provisions.

Obregón was a good speaker and frequently used humor. He once noted that “no Mexican general could withstand a cannonade of 50,000 silver pesos”. He also explained that they had found his severed arm by throwing a silver peso in the air and his detached arm reached up and caught it. He was not a man to offend. He had a temper, one could die for crossing him. He demanded, and got, loyalty from persons of all types.

He decided to run for president again in 1927 and succeed Calles. They were able to get the constitution amended and Obregón easily won. On July 7, 1928 he joined friends in a celebratory banquet. A young man named José León Toral shot him dead to avenge the execution of fellow Catholic fanatics.
THIS ‘N’ THAT

Why Mexico and Why Manzanillo?
by Vivian Molick

Why did we (my husband and I) decide to move to Mexico? There are many reasons, some of which are; we love the people, we could no longer afford the cost of health insurance in the US, and the winters in Minnesota are horribly cold with lots of snow. We had finally had enough and made the decision to move to Mexico – Manzanillo in particular.

I will have to say, for me, Mexico was not love at first site. The very first time we visited Mexico our pastor led a group from church to Acapulco, and in his known ‘cheapness’, he reserved us hotel rooms in an area where the average ‘out of the country’ tourist would not stay. It was a huge culture shock for me (I guess I led quite a sheltered life) and it took all the strength I had to not burst into tears… I kept thinking, “Oh my God, I’m stuck here for a whole week”. Everything looked dirty and I didn’t even want to touch the bed in our room. My hubby was such a dear and tried his best to find a better hotel, but to no avail.

What was I to do? One day, while sitting in our room having a ‘pity-party’ for me, myself and I, the maid came in to clean. As I observed the way in which she cleaned, I saw that the room wasn’t dirty at all; it just looked that way because of age and use. I found this true for the entire hotel. Finally, I gave in to the fact that I was there for the week and I might as well try to enjoy it. By the end of that week, we not only enjoyed it, but could hardly wait to return. After visiting Mexico quite a few more times we were introduced to Manzanillo. The only way I can describe how we found out about Manzanillo, and eventually deciding to live here, was Devine orchestration; it was under very strange circumstances.

One hot summer day as I was driving home in rush-hour traffic with my AC on, my car started to overheat. I got out of the main traffic and on to a side road as soon as possible. As soon as I stopped, a woman came out of a house and asked if she should call 911 (emergency telephone number in the US). By this time there was a huge amount of steam rolling from under the hood of my car and I was afraid it was going to explode. A man stopped and told me to let it cool off and I decided that 911 would probably not be of use, but asked the woman if I could use her phone to call my husband and a tow truck.

While waiting, the woman started talking to me. I had on a t-shirt from Acapulco and she asked me about visiting different places in Mexico. I was rather rattled at this point so was not paying much attention to what she was saying. It took a while for my husband and the tow truck to arrive so I had time to calm down… enough to comprehend what she was saying. She was telling me they had a B & B in Manzanillo and might I be interested in visiting sometime. Why was she living in Minnesota if she had a B & B in Manzanillo? It happened to be that she was originally from Minnesota and was visiting her daughter for the summer; so it wasn’t even her house, it was her daughter’s. She gave me her telephone number and, after all the commotion with car was taken care of, my husband and I talked and decided to take a chance on visiting their B & B... we were hooked on Manzanillo from the ‘get go’. There was something different here from any of the other Mexico cities we had visited; was it the people? the weather? the general atmosphere of the whole town?... it was (and still is) hard to explain.

After staying at the B & B a few years we became very good friends with the owners and they introduced us to the general manager of a land developing company that was building a new gated community. It was so NOT like us, but
we bought a lot in the development; we were planning to buy the land, then, as we got closer to retirement age, we would build a house. Well, the very next year we decided to go ahead and build even though we could only use it for vacations at first. It didn't take long before circumstances in our lives convinced us to retire early; even though we needed to learn how to live on less money, we wanted to be able to enjoy life while we still had relatively good health and could enjoy our home in Manzanillo. Our house was built in the years 1999-2000 and we have been actively living in it (for the majority of the year) for the past five years.

We love the Mexican people and all the great friends we have made; and also, some new gringo friends. Of course, when living in Manzanillo, I miss my family and friends back in Minnesota and when in Minnesota I miss all my friends in Manzanillo. Thank goodness for things like email, Skype, Magic Jack, etc which makes it much easier to keep in touch with everyone.

Even now, every time we drive past the Miramar beach area (especially if we take the by-pass road – up, over and around the lagoon) I think to myself as the car faces the ocean, “I can’t believe that I am so blessed to get to live here”!

*Note: We have never had any mechanical problems with that car before OR after that incident; we believe this was ‘meant to be’!
Manzanillo’s Lifestyle E-Magazine

DID YOU KNOW.....?

This is a new column for which we would appreciate whatever interesting items the reader may have to offer. We hope to offer some interesting items over the next few months.

Zinnias were discovered in Mexico by the Spanish Conquistadors in 1519.

Aspartame is 180 times sweeter than sugar.

Poinsettia, or Noche Buena, comes from a region of Southern Mexico called Taxco del Alarcon. The ancient Aztecs called this plant Cuetlaxochitl and used it for many medicinal purposes. The plant is named for Joel Roberts Poinsett, the first United States Ambassador to Mexico, circa 1825, who later founded the institution known today as the Smithsonian. The Poinsettia officially was given its new name around 1836.

West Jet, an airline from Canada, flies to Puerto Vallarta from most Canadian airports two or three times a week. Whilst, as yet, although rumours abound, not coming into Manzanillo, it is an easy bus ride to Puerto Vallarta. Those Canadians living in the BC interior or northern Washington, can access the Fraser Valley airport of Abbotsford far easier than Vancouver airport. The taxes are more reasonable too. Fares are available for one way travel, a boon if the traveller has not decided upon a return flight. Should a mistake in return date be made, notify them in good time and the trip will be “banked” for use within the year.

Tequila may only be made under this name in the State of Jalisco in Mexico. Although the Blue Agave grows in many other areas, the resulting drink from any distillery outside of Jalisco must be called by another name, rather than Tequila. It must be made with a minimum blue agave content of 51% to be named tequila, otherwise it is Mescal. There are over 100 distilleries making over 900 brands of tequila in Mexico and more than 2,000 brand names have been registered. The Tequila Bottlers Registry was created to identify approved bottlers of Tequila and created an agency to monitor the registry.

Red Tides have been around for centuries and are not a result of pollution. They are caused by algae which bloom at certain seasons, poisoning certain sea life. The sea takes on a reddish colour and in Manzanillo a certain smell has been detected. It is advisable to avoid swimming during a red tide as this may result in an itchy skin. Fish, lobsters, crabs, and shrimp are safe to eat even if caught in red tide waters. On the other hand, shellfish may not be safe even before or after a visible red tide occurs. These tides are more prevalent in late spring but can occur at any time.

Antidotes to Jelly fish stings, Vinegar, Urine and Vicks Menthol Rub (for some inexplicable reason). Jelly fish are becoming much more of a nuisance these days. The culprit is waste pollution. Jelly fish breed around the point of the harbor in Manzanillo and are swept to shore during certain tides. Children are fascinated by these strange pieces of jelly and grief can follow if they are not taught the dangers of picking them up. Swimmers encountering them are advised to give that recreation a few days rest to allow the jelly fish time to return home. Jelly fish should not be confused with the Portuguese Man of War, which is a highly dangerous threat to divers and must be avoided at all times.

Mexican Hairless Dog is a rare, hairless breed of dog also known as Xoloitzcuintle or Xolo for short. It is known to have been in existence for over 3000 years and is used for both hunting and companionship. Considered sacred by Ancient Aztecs, this strange looking dog was valued to accompany the warrior into the after-life. Having a strangely warm touch, the dog was also used as a “bed warmer” and care must be taken that it not be exposed to sun as without hair it could easily get sunstroke. Many myths and legends surround this dog which is also an accepted breed by Kennel Clubs throughout the world.

www.manzanillosun.com
With Antonio’s return to the Manzanillo culinary scene, about 40 friends descended for a “Thirsty Thursday” dinner recently at the new restaurant at the Salagua Jardin traffic lights, with mouths watering in anticipation. Needless to say, we were not disappointed. Although prices have increased (some substantially) from a few years ago, the quality and variety is unchanged and the menu, although a bit shorter, contains sufficient of the old and remembered favourites to satisfy everyone.

The astonishing Garlic soup was offered before the meal and, as always, nothing short of astonishing. The roast lamb, the Florentine shrimp, the incredible little pot roasts, stews, ribs and steaks came pouring out of the kitchen to the eagerly awaiting guests. This is cooking at its very best. The few people who had not gone to any of Antonio’s previous locations, were watched with glee by old aficionados, for the fully expected expressions of pure delight on their faces as they sampled their selections.

This is a return to heaven for many of us. Antonio has not changed. He delights in his cooking and it was such an absolute pleasure to watch him scurrying happily in his new, now open to diners, kitchen. Huge pots of stock bubbled on the stove as he and his son, Antonio (grown from the little boy we remembered always being with his dad in days of old) worked side by side making magic before our eyes.

The wait staff was good, drinks flowed not always quickly, but still worth the wait. The only SNAFU was in paying the bill as the lady cashier was obviously not used to everyone wanting to pay the bill at the same time. But no matter, by that time tummies were full and waiters tried hard to help patrons as quickly as possible.

It has been noted that the restaurant has had many diners each time we have driven by since its opening and we sincerely hope that Los Antonios has found a new and permanent home. The only draw back is in the poor parking facilities, so be prepared to park a little way away or even over the road on busy evenings. It is however worth the aggravation and some of the other chefs, whom we feel have been resting on their laurels of late), will have to work a bit harder if they are not to be left in Antonio’s dust. Certainly, it will be this writer’s restaurant of choice for special evenings in the future. I am already salivating at the thought of the Paella I will be enjoying soon. (This dish takes much longer to prepare than most, so it is a good idea to pre order it if it is going to be your meal of choice on any particular occasion. I love the version with fideo noodles).

Go soon to Los Antonios, enjoy your evening and say that Manzanillo Sun sent you.

Los Antonios is situated at the traffic lights of Salagua Jardin, on the golf course side
From the GALLEY
Hot Tamale (Home made kind)

Ingredients

Ingredients for 16 Tamales

Tamale Filling:
- 1 1/4 pounds pork loin
- 1 large onion, halved
- 1 clove garlic
- 4 dried California chile pods
- 2 cups water
- 1 1/2 teaspoons salt

Tamale Dough:
- 2 cups Masa Harina
- 1 (10.5 ounce) can beef broth
- 1 teaspoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 2/3 cup lard
- 1 (8 ounce) package dried corn husks
- 1 cup sour cream

Recipe Instructions:

Place pork into a Dutch oven with onion and garlic, and add water to cover. Bring to a boil, then reduce heat to low and simmer until the meat is cooked through, about 2 hours. (A crock pot is also ideal for long slow cooking.)

Use rubber gloves to remove stems and seeds from the chile pods. Place chiles in a saucepan with 2 cups of water.

Simmer, uncovered, for 20 minutes, then remove from heat to cool.

Transfer the chiles and water to a blender and blend until smooth. Strain the mixture, stir in salt, and set aside.

Shred the cooked meat and mix in one cup of the chile sauce.

Soak the corn husks in a bowl of warm water. In a large bowl, beat the lard with a tablespoon of the broth until fluffy.

Combine the Masa Harina, baking powder and salt; stir into the lard mixture, adding more broth as necessary to form a spongy dough.

Spread the dough out over the corn husks to 1/4 to 1/2 inch thickness. Place one tablespoon of the meat filling into the center. Fold the sides of the husks in toward the center and place in a steamer. Steam for 1 hour.

Remove tamales from husks and drizzle remaining chile sauce over. Top with sour cream. For a creamy sauce, mix sour cream into the chile sauce.
WARNING TO CANADIAN CITIZENS
IN JALISCO or COLIMA STATE

Please share the following important information with all the Canadian citizens in your organization, area or district.

Hurricane Season is now upon us and extends from June 1 through November 30. The key to hurricane or tropical storm protection is preparation, and we encourage you and your family to review your personal safety practices. By taking sensible measures before, during, and after a hurricane, many lives can be saved and property damage averted.

Keep well informed by listening to the latest warnings and advisories on the radio, television, or web sites. Many Hurricane Centres will issue and update these when necessary. It is also important to follow the advice of local authorities and emergency response personnel. Note that the contact information for Protección Civil authorities in your state is as follows:

**Protección Civil - State of Jalisco**
Calle 18 de marzo 750
Col. La Nogalera
44470 Guadalajara, Jalisco
Tel.: (33) 3675-3060 ext. 123/124
Fax: (33) 3675-3060 (tone)
E-mail: trinidad.lopez@jalisco.gob.mx
Website: [www.proteccioncivil.jalisco.gob.mx](http://www.proteccioncivil.jalisco.gob.mx)

**Proteccion Civil - , Manzanillo Colima**
Tel: (314) 336-7300 or 116 (Free) Captain Sanchez

A hurricane preparedness plan includes three basic elements that are important in the threat of any severe weather event, and not just for hurricanes:

1. Maintaining a disaster or emergency supply kit;
2. Securing your home and property;
3. Having a safe place to go in the event of evacuation or prolonged utility outage.

We would encourage you to visit the following web sites where further information is available, on hurricanes specifically and emergency preparedness in general.

The hurricane page on the website of the **Embassy of Canada in Mexico** at: [www.canada.org.mx](http://www.canada.org.mx)

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**Foreign Affairs and International Trade Canada** at: [www.voyage.gc.ca](http://www.voyage.gc.ca)

**Public Safety Canada** at: [http://www.getprepared.ca/knw/ris/hrr-eng.aspx](http://www.getprepared.ca/knw/ris/hrr-eng.aspx)

**The US National Hurricane Centre** at: [www.nhc.noaa.gov](http://www.nhc.noaa.gov)


We would be grateful if you would pass on the contents of this letter to any other Canadian citizens you know, and have them bring their whereabouts to our attention if they are not already registered with us.

For consular emergencies, please contact the **Consulate in Guadalajara**, Tel: (33) 3671-4740, from Monday to Friday, 10:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. or at gjara@international.gc.ca. After hours and on weekends, you may call the Operations Centre of Foreign Affairs and International Trade Canada in Ottawa via the Canadian Embassy in Mexico toll free number **01-800-706-2900** or by placing a collect call at (613) 996-8885.

Best Regards

**Ana L. Bará**
Consular Program Officer
Agente du Programme Consulaire
Oficial del Programa Consular
Canadian Consulate/Consulat du Canada/Consulado de Canadá
World Trade Center (WTC), Torre Pacífico, Piso 8 Av. Mariano Otero 1249, Col. Rinconada del Bosque 44530 Guadalajara, Jalisco México

[giara@international.gc.ca](mailto:giara@international.gc.ca)
Tel.: (33) 3671-4740 ext. 3340
Fax: (33) 3671-4750
AVIS AUX CITOYENS CANADIENS SE TROUVANT A JALISCO, A COLIMA

Nous vous serions gré de bien vouloir faire part de l'information suivante à tous les citoyens canadiens se trouvant au sein de votre organisation, de votre région ou de votre secteur.

La saison des ouragans est commencée et s'étend du 1er juin à la fin novembre. La meilleure façon de se protéger contre un ouragan ou une tempête tropicale est de s'y préparer et nous vous encourageons, ainsi que les membres de votre famille, à examiner vos pratiques reliées à votre sécurité personnelle. Prendre des précautions peut éviter des pertes de vies humaines, des pertes financières ou matérielles. Veuillez rester vigilant et informé au sujet des avis et avertissements d'ouragan émis et mis à jour par le Centre de prévision des ouragans, à l'aide de la radio, de la télévision ou des sites internet mentionnés ici-bas. En tout temps, veuillez observer les instructions émises par les services d'urgence locaux. Veuillez noter que les coordonnées des autorités de Protección Civil dans votre état sont les suivants:

Protección Civil - State of Jalisco
Calle 18 de marzo 750
Col. La Nogalera
44470 Guadalajara, Jalisco
Tel.: (33) 3675-3060 ext. 123/124
Fax: (33) 3675-3060 (tone)
E-mail: trinidad.lopez@jalisco.gob.mx
Website: www.proteccioncivil.jalisco.gob.mx

Proteccion Civil -, Colima Manzanillo
Tel: (314) 336-7300 or 116 (Free) Captain Sanchez

Un plan d'urgence contre un ouragan ou une tempête tropicale comprend trois éléments:

- Posséder une trousse d'urgence en cas de désastre;
- Protéger vos biens et propriétés;
- Identifier un endroit sécuritaire où vous pourriez vous réfugier lors d'une évacuation ou de pannes de service prolongées.

Nous vous encourageons à visiter les sites web suivants pour des informations supplémentaires sur les ouragans ainsi que des conseils pratiques sur les préparatifs en cas d'urgence en général.

La page sur les ouragans du site internet de l'Ambassade du Canada au Mexique: www.canada.org.mx


Sécurité publique Canada: http://www.preparez-vous.ca/knw/ris/hrr-fra.aspx

US National Hurricane Centre (site en anglais seulement): www.nhc.noaa.gov

Centre canadien de prévision d’ouragan: http://www.ec.gc.ca/ouragans-hurricanes/

Nous vous saurions gré de communiquer le contenu de cette lettre à tous les citoyens canadiens que vous connaissez, en leur demandant de nous transmettre leurs coordonnées s’ils ne sont pas déjà inscrits auprès de nous.

En cas d’urgence, vous pouvez communiquer avec le Consulat du Canada à Guadalajara en composant le (33) 3671-4740 du lundi au vendredi, de 10:00 h à 14:00 h ou en utilisant l’adresse électronique suivante: gjara@international.gc.ca. Après les heures de bureau, vous pouvez contacter le Centre des opérations d’Affaires étrangères et Commerce international Canada à Ottawa en composant le numéro sans frais de l'Ambassade du Canada au Mexique 01-800-706-2900 ou en faisant un appel à frais virés au (613) 996-8885.

Veuillez agréer, Madame, Monsieur, nos salutations distinguées.

Ana L. Bará
Consular Program Officer
Agente du Programme Consulaire
Oficial del Programa Consular
Canadian Consulate/Consulat du Canada/Consulado de Canadá
World Trade Center (WTC), Torre Pacífico, Piso 8, Av. Mariano Otero 1249, Col. Rinconada del Bosque 44530 Guadalajara, Jalisco México
gjara@international.gc.ca
Tél. : (33) 3671-4740 ext. 3340
Télécopieur : (33) 3671-4750

Annonce de Service public de
Le gouvernement de Représentant Consulaire du Canada dans Guadalajara
**RATES**
Three lines, name, price, phone number or email FREE. Two ads per phone number maximum.

Non Profit Org. Giveaway Ads, Announcements, limited to 5 lines always FREE. One per issue per tel number/organization.

Single Picture Ads, & Home For Sale Ads 200.00 mxn per month.

All Accommodation Rentals ads 1 free picture 200 pesos per month.

No Political, or Adult related ads allowed.

Pictures in .jpg format are max 150x150. Large pictures will be shrunk to fit.

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**FOR SALE**
All items are in Manzanillo area unless noted.

- **Modem and Huawei Repeater** to P/U internet signal. Pd two hundred and is new works well. $125 USD
- **Pocket translators**. English, Spanish, French, Italian, German & Dutch. $35 USD 314-333-9307 or 909-233-4659 or email cwchurrc3@gmail.com.
- **Need to cool off?** Missing systems for along eaves of the patio (2). New in box. 18” long each $25.00 USD
- **Pocket Translator**, Spanish/French/German/Italian/Dutch. $25 USD contact cwchurrc3@gmail.com
- **HP Color Printer**, includes install disc, annual, and extra unopened black ink cartridge. Good condition, compact $40.00 USD Contact 314-333-9307 or 909-233-4659 or email cwchurrc3@gmail.com
- **Canon Powershot A540 Digital Camera for sale**. 6.0 Megapixel, 4x Zoom, with case in like new condition. 75.00USD QBO Contact 312 307 2353 or email fredgea@gmail.com

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**SERVICES**

- **Custom, Handpainted Tiles, or Murals** made to order. 6 x 6 tiles email Robert Hill rmayfordhill@hotmail.com
- **Maintenance Residential or Commercial** Carpentry, Electrical, Painting, Construction, Curtains and Blinds, Plumbing reasonable rates, Manzanillo & Guadalupe Call Gonzalo cell 314-124-9139 ZLO cell 311-239-4958 GDL minimal English spoken, but understand basics

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**WANTED**

- **Anyone interested in forming a Shaw Satellite group (Satellite TV)** please email: annamex1969@gmail.com

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**NOTICES**

- **ITEMS TO giveaway???** Patio Furniture Fridges, stoves in good working order?
- **Tables, Chairs. etc Moving back to USA?** List your giveaway items for FREE!!
- **There are always people looking for items** Usually most people are new to Manzanillo and need these items for a short time

Photographs! Need your best shots of Manzanillo and area, and its people. Your photo could be the cover shot of next magazine. Win prizes for being selected. All entries become property for the sole use of Manzanillo Sun SA de CV.

Love writing? Need an outlet for your passion Contact Manzanillo Sun.
Email Freda@manzanillosun.com - Editor