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E-MAGAZINE

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Publisher: Ian T. Rumford
Editor: Freda A. Rumford

Contact: ian@manzanillosun.com
freda@manzanillosun.com

For advertising information in magazine or web pages contact: ian@manzanillosun.com

Writers and contributors:

Tommy Clarkson
David Fitzpatrick
Suzanne Marshall
Vivian Molick
Freda Rumford
Terry Sovil
Senior Tech
Karen Trom
Kirby Vickery

Comments, brickbats and bouquets on our featured articles are always welcome. Individual writers or authors may also be reached via the following: freda@manzanillosun.com

Submissions for possible inclusion in the magazine, please send to the editor by 20th of each month.

We are always looking for writers or ideas on what you would like us to write about in the magazine. Preferred subjects are concerning Manzanillo or Mexico.

All articles should be 1000 words or less or may be serialised. 500-750 words if accompanied by photos (.jpg)

Pictures appropriate for the article are welcome.

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Letters to the Editor

We had one letter from a reader protesting the story of Catrina as being an old story. After much consideration the editors decided that as the story was unknown by many people it was worth inclusion in our magazine. This month we include part II: The finale.

We are adding the new Mexican Immigration laws pertaining to cars. As it is a very long document and therefore difficult to include within the magazine we will be adding it as a readable document in pdf format, on the website.

For those Canadians in Mexico who have not heard the news, the Canadian Penny has been discontinued by the Canadian Banks. The penny costs more to make than the worth of the coin. Prices of goods include the odd penny when using a Debit or Credit Card but the retailers will usually adjust the price to the nearest 5 cents when using cash.

For those protesting a cold, cold, rainy Spring: Summer Solstice or Midsummer’s Day in 2013 is on Friday June 26th. This is also the longest day in the year. We thought you would like to know.

Editor
Cherry Tomato
*(Esculentum lycopersicum)*
Family: Solanaceae
Also known as: Mexican Midgets

Yes, these Cherry tomatoes are, indeed, an important part of the *Ola Brisa Gardens* plant family. Why you ask? Well, firstly and quite simply, I love to pick and eat fresh tomatoes right off the vine!

(It's a delightful vice that I first learned from my cousins Jeanette, Dick and Cindy back on their parent's farm in Western Kansas. During those early Eisenhower Whitehouse years, we'd grab a salt shaker and race into their mother's large garden to munch on vegetables that we'd pull up from the dirt or pick right from the bush or vine. Among them, wonderfully sour rhubarb stalks, crisp, crunchy carrots, fresh lettuce, tangy radishes, and yes, lots and lots of tomatoes!)

The second reason for their inclusion along with the several other hundred tropical palms, plants and flowers in our gardens is that these hardy little guys are native to and grow wild here in Mexico! In fact, their ancestors were savored by the Aztecs and whatever was good enough for Montezuma is durned straight good enough for me!

Those that vigorously grow next to our infinity pool – and on which I stop and chomp during my daily pool exercises - did not come from any store bought seeds. No way Jose’! (Conveniently, that's also our gardener's name.) These are the real things!

In fact, I first found these tiny- and I mean small, little, iddy biddy – cherry tomatoes growing wild in the Sierra Madre Occidental Mountains in the southern part of the State of Jalisco during one of Jose’s and my botanical treks into the “interior”!

About the size of my little finger tip, there they were growing in a clustered clump, right next to some large boulders about sixty meters from heavy tropical overgrowth.

A few botanists contend that those originated in Peru or Ecuador and Northern Chile. (But I think that they may be the tiny-fruitd currant tomato *Lycopersicon pimpinellifolium*).

And, I just gotta' ask, “So just how'd these, that I found, get here in the wild?” Hence, I concur with those who believe that this variety originated here in Mexico. . . . but I've gotta' admit that the pictures I've seen of those more southerly currant tomatoes look a lot like mine what with their delightful trusses of sweet tiny fruits!

Easy to grow. Come by *Ola Brisa Gardens* and I'll give you a few for seeds!

As you can see, these are no monsters but make up for their small size in gigantically good taste!
With so many cultivars now out on the market it's a bit confusing sorting out what variety stemmed from what and where. Historically, tomato seeds appear to have been taken to Europe from Mexico after Cortez wreaked his havoc on the natives in 1519. And though originally from the New World, they were introduced to the gringo palate in the U.S. in the 18th Century. (I'd like to think that these domesticated ones may have been distant relatives to my wild ones!)

Growing cherry tomatoes is pretty easy – perhaps more so than the regular, larger ones as these guys produce copious blossoms allowing a good chance some will set fruit. But for the best results with prolific yields, give them what they like best – lots of full sun (at least eight hours per day), fertile, well-draining soil, and evenly applied moisture.

Cherry tomatoes often remain productive in very hot weather when the blossoms of larger-fruited varieties call it quits and drop off. As to how much water is needed depends both on the rainfall received and the type of soil. With fast-draining soil, one needs to water often if the weather’s been dry. But before watering, check the soil for dryness – down a bit, not just the surface. If the foliage looks limp – as I often do after a full day in the gardens - you’ve neglected them too long.

Once your cherry tomato plants are established and around a foot tall I’d encourage mulching them with compost.

Just as in familial situations, strong support is important! Plant-wise, early on, prune the vines to two or three major branches. I prefer caging inside the pot with a portion of concrete re-enforcing wire “screen” which allows good air circulation and easy access to the fruit. But, make sure you stick it firmly into the ground. Those wimpy inverted conical cages sold commercially all too often bend and may collapse under the weight of mature plants with all those yummy “maters’.

Beyond standing by the bush and simply savoring them on the spot as I do, a bit more cultured - yet simple - way to enjoy them is to roast 'em in a pan with a little garlic, salt and pepper. Or, as mix with chopped onion, fresh basil, fresh mozzarella, balsamic vinegar, olive oil, and a bit of salt. Now that is one heck of a great tomato salad!

(Now that I’ve fully warmed to the subject, next week we’ll discuss growth of tomatoes as a whole.)
I’ve been back in my Canadian home for three weeks now. We had tried to completely miss the winter and snow by staying one week longer in Manzanillo. It should have worked but it didn’t. Due to an abnormally cold April and ten times the normal snow fall, there were still snow-blown mounds of snow melting behind our north facing fence where the stack was an incredible 5ft. high x 30 ft. wide by 15ft. deep. Thank goodness I left the electric blanket on the bed as it was still below freezing at night.

All of this of course is not really shocking for a born and bred Canadian girl. The sticker shock I refer to is the price of almost everything in this country once you’ve been in Manzanillo for almost six months. Some of our wintering Canadian friends have said that even though they are living on pensions and savings now, their bank savings account balance drifts nicely upward while living in Manzanillo.

It’s pretty much a given that fresh fruit, vegetables and seafood are astonishingly inexpensive in Manzanillo. And I can’t get over the giddiness I feel at the cost of fish and shrimp in which we happily indulge ourselves probably 4 times a week. Of course there are economics at play here since in Canada fruits and vegetables are seasonal and we rely heavily upon importation of goods from as far away as Chile. But even our own crops during the summer are expensive given the cost of labor, land, growing and the handling of products that arrive at the local markets.

When we came home with our first trunk full of groceries, we unpacked them in stunned silence knowing that we had just paid an estimated three times more for the lot. There were other eye openers for us this year too. Before leaving Canada in the fall I went to my dentist for a checkup and cleaning. When leaving the clinic, my insurance paid about $154.00 Cdn but apparently there were more charges that weren’t going through the computer system. So they agreed to call me later with the information.

About a month later, I received a call on our Canadian phone line in Mexico from the dental office saying I still owed $183.00. Now that’s shocking. A total of $337.00 to do nothing but look in my mouth, scrape around a little and polish. To put it bluntly I feel ‘used’. I have since been given an estimate of $40.00 Cdn to have my teeth cleaned in Manzanillo. Guess who gets my business next year!

Over the winter I returned two times to this extremely well trained dentist, who received her training in the USA and is an orthodontist. She repaired a broken lower front tooth (you cannot tell there was ever a problem) and had a TMJ splint made up for me. Each of these procedures was under $45.00 Cdn. All of these procedures (plus a cleaning estimate) added up to less than the $183.00 uninsured charge for a simple cleaning back in Canada.

(Note: a TMJ mouth guard made for me in Canada twenty years ago was $400.00 Cdn even back then!)

Another example: One blustery day as we sat at a sea-side table in front of our condo watching the incredible surf crashing in, the wind surprised us and picked up the table umbrella (a very heavy one) lifting it a foot out of the table stand. Instinctively, my husband stood up and grabbed it to stabilize it from falling over and then it suddenly dropped back into the hole along with his baby finger. I’ll spare everyone the gory details but he ended up jaunting one block over to the emergency clinic on the boulevard and returned within the hour with a bandaged hand and
10 stitches. He was seen immediately. He returned to the clinic two more times for dressing changes and again for stitch removal. So for 3 clinic visits, freezing and stitching, tetanus shot and a final visit for stitch removal, the entire cost was less than $100.00 Cdn. Later we were told that the attending physician was a world famous orthopedic surgeon.

Whether you are from Canada or the USA, I think we all know that the cost factors for the same treatment in our own countries would likely be ten times more. And even though we may have insurance to cover these costs, considering waiting time, deductibles and so on the service in Mexico remains remarkable.

So not only is Manzanillo, Colima beautiful, friendly and safe, it's also a remarkably economical place to visit and live.
If one goes beyond the early records of the Pima and Navajo the origins of the Ho-Ho-Kam come out of their respective woodwork in the muck and mire of early Earth. Today’s archeologists have traced the beginnings back to one of two ways by doing extensive study of the Indian history mostly through their pottery.

One theory has the predecessors filtering in during the late Pleistocene era which would put them in the Desert Archaic tradition around 9000BCE. Another has them coming up from Central Mexico around 3500 BCE. If the second theory is correct the Mogollon people replaced the Desert Archaic peoples.

The Mogollon peoples were the Nahua speaking Indians and as they filtered in they broke off into several sub-sects. One of their major sub-sects was the Mimbres Culture which flourished from about CE 1000. It is through these people that archeologists have been able to track their individual histories. The Mimbres Culture produced very distinct pottery which has been easy to historically follow. It was black and white with bold lines and later carried other bold designs. The entire Mogollon inhabited area ran from Central Mexico northward up through the present day four corners area which has been designated as the Anasazi area to the eastern part of southern Arizona which became home to the group that claims their ancestors were the Ho-Ho-Kam.

This background history lends credence to the Mixtec Mythological story of the beginning of the world. Although their current story of creation labels local areas as places of happening, it also is very descriptive of places within the Gila River Basin. These people currently are a small group located in the southern part of Mexico and they are slightly isolated which according to recent history suits them just fine. They are also part of the Nahua speaking peoples and have their ancient history as being present within the Mogollon area which currently ended at the northern border of the present state of Durango.

Their world was created as it arose from the primeval muck and mire. The deer-god, named Puma-Snake had human form along as did his mate, the deer-goddess, Jaguar-Snake. They took all of the knowledge and magic and raised a high cliff and made many fine places or home in which to live. At the very top of their cliff they placed an axe with the blade facing upward. It was a fine copper axe and they had the heavens placed on it to hold them up.

In contrast to this the ancient Egyptian’s had their heavens with the stars and the moon held up by four elephants. Remember that the Greek mythology used Atlas as the god who held up the world. Egypt, at least the northern part, is sand and sandstone. The strongest thing they had seen was the elephant so it makes sense that they would recruit the animal and its strength to hold their heavens up.

The Greeks valued the human form above all else so having a ‘strong man’ supporting their world also has its logic. As with the cultures on one side of the Atlantic river, the mythological beliefs fall into the realm of being acceptable when their climate, topography, flora and fauna, is taken into consideration.

Many years passed for these two gods. After a time they had two boys who were perfect in every way and fully skilled in all the arts. They named one, Wind-Nine-Snake and the other Wind Nine Cave (Viento de Neuve Culebras and Viento de Neuve Cavernas respectively) and they could change themselves into a snake or an eagle, or even become invisible while they passed through solid things like trees and rocks.

Again, taking surroundings into consideration, these two brothers took the place of Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. Christian theology teaches that God provided all their needs and built/created the garden. With the Mixtec’s these two brothers did all the work for themselves by first mixing tobacco with other herbs and...
mixing it into incense bowls and then letting them smolder. This became the first offering to the ancestors. Then they set about making all they could for animals and plants. They also put together a special level, grass covered, place for offerings (un prado). Then they thought of everything else and built places for lakes, running water, crops and other ecological necessities. They provided sacrifice and offerings in their special place to allow their ancestors to provide light. They also pierced their ears and tongues and sprinkled their plants and trees with their blood using willow twigs. All this ensured their continued pious good life on their little plot of earth while they propagated through the years.

Alas, as with all good stories of creation, an evil happened to these brothers. A giant flood came about which wiped out almost all the people and totally wrecked the little world on the cliff. This has to sound a little familiar when you think of Noah. It also follows through with the ending of this particular story with the appearance of a god called the Creator of All Things. He reformed the heavens and the earth and restored the human race.
Cooking Around the World

Patties, Pasties and Pies
by Freda Rumford

Every country has its peasant food that is made and enjoyed by the people from ingredients found locally, in plentiful supply and cheap. In most instances these meals are tasty but have different versions as usually dictated by the family matriarch.

In Italy, even the way that pasta is made varies from town to town and village to village. There, “Nonna” is the person who has passed her own family secrets on from daughter to granddaughter, who will then do the same in time.

The strange thing is that when looking around at the various dishes, often there are similarities in other countries.

One English recipe that I have made often and which is enjoyed by many people is in fact almost replicated in Mexico, India and many other countries. That is the Cornish Pasty, the earliest recipe for which was discovered recently in a book dated 1512.

This pasty was made by the household cook for Cornish tin miners to take to work each day. There was not the luxury of the canteen diner or a local restaurant to get a meal at break time. Dinner had to be taken into the mine by each man and eaten whilst sitting on whatever was available as a seat (mostly the floor.) Meals were often made of leftovers from the previous night’s supper as they could not afford for anything to be wasted. The pasty consists of meat and vegetables with occasionally one end used as dessert with a jam filling. So, a complete meal was baked in one sealed pastry.

In Mexico a similar item would be the empanada. This is a pastry filled with a variety of fillings from tuna, meat, fruit or whatever is available in the kitchen that day. Often the pastry was fried rather than baked due to the lack of ovens in all domiciles. The local baker would also make a supply that were relatively inexpensive but still extremely good and nourishing for the people going to the mines or fields, or whatever their line of work might be.

Scotland has its Bridie which is made from mostly meat with just a little onion, Jamaica has its curry flavoured “Jamaican patty”, Italy the calzone and the panzerotti which has pizza dough as it envelope. The Indians have deep fried samosas, and the Polish their boiled dumpling “pierogis” which although not identical are similar enough with their different but mostly potato and onion filling. In Minnesota many people are familiar with the Fleischkuekle which is a German-Russian meat pasty and the Finnish Karelian pasty which is similar but contains rice and eggs.

All supermarkets in Mexico carry a selection of empanadas which are inexpensive and mostly fruit filled but in Manzanillo, the “Illusion” bakery in Las Garzas has an incredible Tuna empanada. A little spicy due to the jalapeno nestled therein, these little devils which cost only 7 pesos each make an excellent addition to party fare. The bakery will make any amount you require with just a couple of days notice.
Making pasties can be an ideal for a large gathering and as they freeze beautifully either cooked or uncooked make an ideal dish for making ahead. The only other recipe that I know as easier to make is the sausage roll. Which recipe I will give instructions for another time.

Again, these have become family favourites and over the years I have developed many short cuts which I will pass on here. Go to any cookery book and you will not find an identical recipe but be assured they will be good. As they are wrapped in pastry, they can be eaten without the necessity of plates or cutlery, are delicious hot or cold and are ideal to put in the cooler when heading for the beach. If frozen when cooked, they reheat very quickly in the microwave for a quick meal.

In the Manzanillo Sun for May, I gave my recipe for pastry. But will give it again here for simplicity One batch of the Anna’s pastry recipe will make about 24 pasties dependant on size. Don’t fill the pastry too full of filling or they will burst their seams and not be so pretty or easy to handle.

All of the measurements of ingredients can be doubled and changed according to personal preferences. This is a very forgiving recipe. For instance if using lamb, a little rosemary would be acceptable but this is not then a Cornish pasty, neither would chicken with a little poultry seasoning but both would be good.

The Mexican empanada is so similar that the addition of jalapenos and very little potato would work well. Mix and match is the name of the game.
Anna’s pastry (from May issue)

5 cups of AP flour
1 lb White Crisco shortening
8-10 oz Seven-up

Cut shortening into flour. Pour in sufficient Seven-Up to make a damp but not wet dough. The dough should be sufficiently damp to be malleable (it depends on the atmosphere.) Refrigerate for a short while before using. Will keep for several days and freezes well.

Cornish pasty filling

Ingredients
1 lb Ground meat (beef or lamb although other meats would work too)
1 large Chopped onion
3 or 4 Diced cooked potatoes or 1 bag cubed hash browns
1 tbs dried parsley
1 tsp dried sage
Salt and pepper
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
1 tsp Liquid Bovril or similar
2 cups Gravy (I use Bisto)
Method

Brown meat in large skillet.
Add onion and fry lightly until just softened.
Add potatoes and all other ingredients
Mix well, do not brown.
Cook mixture over low heat until completely cooked and
flavours blended. Adjust seasoning.

Let mixture cool and refrigerate before using as the hot
mixture will spoil the pastry.
(Note-The pasties can be completed next day.)
Roll out pastry (not too thin) and cut circles with saucer
as a guide.
(Note-These can be made any size you wish but this is
regular size.)
Place filling in centre of pastry and pull together long
sides of top.
Dampen edges of pastry and seal together. Crimp edges
along the top edge.
Place on cookie sheet allow space between pasties for
expansion.

Cook in 400* oven for approximately 30 minutes or until
golden brown.

Allow to cool before freezing or keep in refrigerator and
heat through gently in oven if serving warm.
Catrina

(Part Two)

by Tommy Clarkson

Having begun in last month’s issue of the Sun, this is the continuation of the amazing resurrection of a filly named Catrina - an act that came about through the selfless efforts of some rather remarkable people.

“When Philip and Sharon brought Dr. Horatio and his team to where I remained bound, they - like the Chandler’s had been, when first they saw me - were overtly dismayed. My “home” consisted of conditions of the worst sort - a dirty, desultory, demolition site ... my place of incarceration.

Apparently, I had not realized just how bad of shape I was in as this animal medical team decided right there and then that they needed to operate - immediately. So with saline drip hung from a nearby tree, their operating theatre was my packed soil field. From what they later explained to me, it was quite the operation ordeal. But it was followed by my very first bath. (I just wish I’d felt a bit more like enjoying it at the time!)

Not owning me, Philip and Sharon had far surpassed what they probably should have done. But at least, finally, they were able to get an official written warning delivered to my captor who ultimately bought me some meager rations. (I really feel the need to insert herein that he was not, by nature, a truly vile and evil man - merely a poor and uninformed man who felt little concern for creatures such as me.)

That all having been said, luckily the Chandlers continued to visit and it fast became obvious to them that I was not only not recovering but was nearer death than ever before. Unbeknownst to them, I was actually allergic to the very antibiotic drugs that everyone thought should be helping me!

I felt dreadful and finally - after all I had been through - had to lie down . . . something my parents told me, when I was only a wee filly, was one of the worst signs of failing health that we horses could ever do.

When Sharon saw me on my side she was beside herself. Maybe her mom and dad had told her the same thing. While Phillip stayed and talked with me, I learned later that she drove home like a lady possessed and through copious tears of concern called Dr. Horatio asking what they should do.

It should be said that while all of this was transpiring Philip was in pain too. He had recently undergone surgery for kidney stones on one side and was to soon have the procedure repeated for the other one.

Now even we horses know that one must stay hydrated when one has kidney stones. But he stayed by my side from 10:00 AM until 3:00 PM with no water until sharp, nearly debilitating pains drove him to briefly leave my side in order to sate of his acute thirst.

While Sharon was frantically calling any and all she could think of in a desperate search for help, Philip stoically remained with me. He continually patted and reassured me finally saying, after five continuous hours by my side, that he was going to cross the street to find a drink of water to hopefully alleviate some of his great discomfort. As he left, I heard him praying for me to find the strength to get up.

“Well,” I thought, “if they care for me this much and all believe in me as they obviously do, then I mustn’t give up either.” So I struggled to my feet - much to Philip’s great amazement and delight when he returned.

They knew that I needed an antihistamine injection to counter the problems I was incurring from the drug reaction, but no one - anywhere in the general Manzanillo area - seemed to have any. From one veterinarian location to after another Sharon raced. Finally at the very last one with which she was familiar, one single vial was found on their shelves. Back to me she flew, Philip gave me the shot and soon I felt much better.
Later that day, Sharon confided to me that Dr. Horacio had called to say that he had found a place for me in Guadalajara. But they had to get me up there and I was certainly in no condition to walk, cantor, trot and/or gallop there... that's some more horse humor, ya' see!

Well, as is often the case, ya' gotta' know somebody who knows someone else. The Chandlers spoke to their House Manager who talked to their gardener who knew somebody who was familiar with someone who could get me there! And in high style it was. If ever there was a Ferrari of horse coaches this was it. Though I felt pretty puny, I must admit, it felt awesome to travel (anywhere) in style like that after the previous several months of abysmal bondage.

And then we arrived in Guadalajara

Horse Heaven

"Well if there is such a place as that – and I, for one know there is - then Dr. Reuben’s clinic is certainly a part of it. My "room" was, perhaps, the most spotlessly clean, immaculately scrubbed and pristine of places imaginable. And, while seeming to be an elegant hostel for horses or a five star equine spa, it was, in fact, a hospital owned and operated by yet another of those angels who saved me – Dr. Rueben! (I learned later that it is renowned as the foremost of its sort in the world.)

After examining me at length, he - not knowing I well understood "human talk"- told Philip and Sharon - "This is one very sick and ailing horse and what with those parasites Well, let me tell you, after all these folks had already done for me I decided right there and then I would, absolutely, not only survive but show them all that I truly could be!

With those parasites eating her very flesh, (I think he called it phytosis) she may not survive – I give her a 50/50 chance of making it.”

This most kind and gentle of veterinarians told my Chandler angels that if they would just pay for my keep he would be pleased and honored to contribute the upkeep, treatments, and drugs free of charge. What a kind, considerate and caring man!

The handling I received – I later came to realize – was nothing short of amazing. In fact, such was my condition that Dr. Reuben has discussed it and my recovery in international seminars, showing pictures of the process.

Ya’ know, I’m hard pressed to decide, but if I could be re-incarnated as a human man, I don’t know whether I’d prefer to be Philip or Dr. Rueben!

The next eighteen months were a blur. I became acquainted with several other “Puny Pony Patients” – as we called ourselves. But most of my time was focused on recovering. Much to my delight, the Chandlers were regular visitors, bringing me apples and other treats – of course Kai and Duke, their giant Schnauzers, came along. Being multi-lingual I was able to communicate with these two canines and we, too, became fast friends.

After several operations, gaining 200 kilos of my weight back and a year and a half I was pronounced “fit ‘n fine!” the only thing lacking from my luxurious hospital chambers was a mirror so I really had not been wholly aware of my appearance. However, in my latter stages of regaining health I was taken for walks and on no few occasions several of the stallions who were in nearby residence kicked up quite a storm of appreciation whinnying and smacking on their stall walls with their hooves . . . those naughty, horny boys! (Later, one of those most handsome of study steeds became my lover and soon, I hoped to become a mother.)

But at that time I began to wonder, what might come next? As it appeared there wasn’t, after all, an imminent glue factory in my future, what would become of me? Obviously I was now well and whole - affirmed by equine, canine and human friends alike.

Dr. Reuben and the Chandlers told me that they wanted to find the perfect person match for me. Having only my original owner and the three of them by which to judge I could only hope but for someone reminiscent of the latter trio.”
My Re-Birth Completed

"At this time, into my life strode Carla Gabriela Chavez Ruiz, a 25 year old veterinarian who had been working in this professional field of endeavor since she was 14 who, after her university graduation interned with Dr Reuben.

Interestingly, her favorite sporting activity is the escaramuza (the performance of precision equestrian displays), Mexico’s national sport. This is all the more interesting in that none of her relatives are “charros” or have ever had anything to do with horses. But, I’m proud to say, she is very good. In fact, even though she is still quite young, she has already competed in 3 national charros championships.

Early on she told me that she had always wanted a horse of her own but simply could not afford one until Dr. Reuben asked the Chandlers if they might allow her to adopt me. And, now, am I ever glad that she did!

But at first – given the abuse to which I had originally been submitted, I must admit I was a bit skittish, temperamental and not very easy to touch. In fact, once I was fully healed, I wouldn’t even let anyone in my pen. But with Carla’s love and tenderness – to say nothing of apples, pilonsillos (brown sugar cakes), sugar donuts and obvious, massive amounts of true care and concern for my well-being – she conquered my heart.

Carla had hoped that I could join her in Charro routines. However, as a result of the several tissue removal operations caused by the phytosis – while I’m now in perfect health – I can’t do all the necessary skips, struts and steps as would be required of me.

So now my home is in "la primavera" a small forest close to Guadalajara. After a short period of unease, I now comfortably live and play with a herd of other horses which – I must admit – has done wonders for my earlier nervousness. I sleep indoors in my stable and whenever Carla whistles I race to her so that I might take her for a ride.

She, clearly, loves me as much as I have come to care for her and now we take rides often, after which she carefully and always soothingly, brushes me.

But a bonus is that now I can return the love and attention the four of my angels have given to me!

Carla has a six year old niece, Mariana Gonzalez Chávez, who suffers from Down Syndrome, who she loves like a daughter. Mariana and I have totally bonded and I don’t know who enjoys it more – her or me – when she takes rides upon my back. Why she even likes it when I gallop! Carla tells me that these times together are therapeutic for her - whatever that means. But for me, it’s simply giving and getting love.

Dr. Ruben concurs. Recently when asked about Catrina he replied, “She is in the best possible condition living in La Primavera in Guadalajara – almost in the wild during the day but in comfortable, protected environs at night. Karla rides her regularly which makes both of them very happy. Sadly, as she has “hyperplasia reproductive organs” there is no possibility that Catrina can ever have a foal but she is very much beloved by Karla and will be well taken care of forever.”

So now, my life truly is whole and meaningful. But it’s certainly been quite the adventure getting here!

However, now there are problems on yet another front. Not long ago I learned that when Sharon returned to the United Kingdom with Kai, not only was he badly mauled and scarred when attacked by a German Shepard, he was diagnosed with Shar Pei Fever – a ticking time bomb of a health problem. What a worry.

But after all that the Angels Chandler did for me – the seemingly impossible – I dare say, who knows, what they may be able to do for Kai, yet another of their dear and much loved animal friends.

If but all humans could be as caring of their fellow creatures as are they.
This is another film with astonishing art direction. It plays like an adult fairy tale without the happy ending. It is also done in a style that is not meant to appear realistic and for that reason I thoroughly enjoyed it as a total escape and a great adventure.

The costuming and continuity to the 1920’s era made it even more mesmerizing. The old cars, street and club scenes, cityscapes and such are quite stunning.

The sound track on this film is very fast paced and intriguing and every now and then there are a few riffs of the current music genres that surprise you, yet somehow seem to work.

For me, Leonardo’s’ role was more Clark Gable in Gone With The Wind, (definitely not a bad thing) than the dreamy Robert Redford in the previous Gatsby movie of 1974.

This film is really worth seeing. IMDB gives it a rating of 7.4/10 based on viewer votes of over 12,500. I would notch it up to an 8 because it is just so beautiful and sumptuous to look at.

Suzanne A. Marshall
All That Glitters Is Still Gold, but Should You Buy It?

Everywhere you turn these days, it seems as if someone is telling you that now is the best time to invest in gold. Should you consider it?

Historically, gold has been considered a "safe haven" in times of economic, financial and geopolitical instability. This is certainly the case today, given the ever worsening debt crisis in Europe, the artificially low discount rate from the Feds as far as the eyes can see and unstable political environments in other parts of the world.

Inflation and currency devaluation are good reasons to invest in gold, because it holds its value: there is definitely a major potential for those conditions to develop today.

Gold's greatest advantage is that it performs differently from other assets, which is why many recommend gold stocks as a way to diversify a portfolio of stocks, bonds and real estate. This helps protect against inflation, debt default and bad investment climates.

That said, no investment is a sure thing, and gold is no exception. Just like any asset class, its price can fluctuate widely. For example, it declined from more than $800 per ounce in the 1980s to $250 in the 1990s. Of course, since then it's been on a tear, reaching close to $1,800 per ounce in October of 2012, then on a major correction to around $1,350 last month (yes, that's a 25% hair cut from the top) and stabilizing to slightly above 1,400 today.

If you're interested in investing in gold, you can do so in a number of ways, from buying gold itself to buying stocks of gold-mining and gold-producing companies. The latter is simpler, as it allows you to obtain the potential advantages of rising gold prices without physically taking possession of gold. But buying gold stocks does require some research. You can also buy ETFs that follow the commodity or that even store gold for you in a well-known Canadian bank's vault. In any event, discuss it with your financial professional.

Yann Kostic is a Money Manager and Financial Advisor (RIA) with Atlantis Wealth Management specializing in retirees (or soon to be), self-reliant women and Expats in Mexico. Yann works with TD Ameritrade Institutional as the custodian of client's assets. He splits his time between Central Florida and the Central Pacific Coast of Mexico. Comments, questions or to request his Newsletter "News You Can Use" Contact him at mailto:Yannk@AtlantisWealth.com
In Mexico: (314) 333-1295 or in the US: (321) 574-1529.
Come listen to your favorites songs “from Dance to Romance” in English, French and Spanish.

Check http://Blackswan-Diamonds.wix.com/blackswan for our schedule in Ajijic.
Tables or Laptops? That is the question.

These days we have many choices when it comes to computers. There is a choice between laptops, tablets, desktops, and cell phones; which are all computers. I am dictating this article on my iPad.

If you live in Manzanillo all year round then a desktop computer is probably all you require. The desktop computer is cheap and very powerful and allows the user to accomplish many things. Desktop computers require space and are not very portable so they are not a choice for travelers.

Laptops are available in a number of varieties such as Macintosh, PCs running Windows, or Linux. In this article, I will be concentrating on the Windows (PC) and Macintosh computers.

PC laptops are available from a number of manufacturers, such as Dell, Lenovo, HP, Sony, and others. The most common screen sizes are between 11.6 inches to 15.6 inches. Prices range between $370.00 and $700.00 for non-touch screen budget models. Expect to pay between $800.00 to $1,850.00 for touchscreen models and upgraded non-touch screens. If you do heavy duty word-processing, or photo editing you will most likely want to consider a computer that has the horsepower to run these programs quickly and efficiently. Avoid netbooks; they are underpowered, the screen sizes are small and with the Internet available in Manzanillo, surfing the Internet will be a chore.

If you are considering Macintosh products, there are a number of laptops available between 11 inches, 13 inches, and 15 inches. Apple has gone a long way to make the customer experience a most enjoyable one. But this does not come without a cost. 11 inch models start at $999.00 and the consumer grade 15 inch MacBook pros are $1800.00. Apple is a hardware manufacturer and as such they offer their software at a reasonable cost.

1. Cellular models have always on Internet (a 3G or LTE account is required)
2. The Cellular models have a built in GPS and with a GPS app such as Sygic North America ($34.99) the iPad will provide directions for Canada, USA, and Mexico. Garmin and Tom Tom also have GPS apps available.
3. Apps that were purchased for your iPhone can be downloaded at no additional cost for use on the iPad.

As with laptops, Apple’s tablets tend to be more expensive than their counterparts in the Android (Google’s Tablet and Cellphone operating system) world. A 7 inch iPad, is priced at $329.00 and a 10 inch iPad starts at $529.00. The most notable Android tablets are made by Samsung and Asus. The Asus 7 inch Memo Pads are selling for $169.99 and the 10 inch version is $299.99. The Google Nexus 7 by Samsung is available for $239.99 and Samsung’s 10.1 inch Galaxy tab 2 is $349.99. If Cellular Data or GPS capability is not a concern, then consider an Android Tablet.

Both iOS(Apple) and Android systems have a large number of applications to make the devices useful. The apps, as they are called, tend to be less expensive than applications for a computer. I am using Apple’s word-processor, “Pages”, to dictate this article. The built-in voice recognition system, Siri, allows me to speak into
the microphone while it converts my spoken words into text. The “Pages” app cost is $9.99. I can also have the final product saved into a Microsoft “Word” document to ensure compatibility.

In November 2012, Microsoft announced their tablet version which is known as the Surface. The Surface tablet comes in two varieties, the Surface RT and the Surface Pro. The 32 gig model of the service RT starts at $499.00. This model has the “Home and Student” version of Microsoft Office installed. The Surface Pro is a Windows 8 computer in tablet form, which means it can run all current Windows applications. The RT model is limited to applications written for the Surface RT platform. The Surface Pro costs between $899.00 and $999.00, depending on the configuration. ASUS also offers the RT and Windows 8 versions in their Vivo Tab models, but I would recommend the Microsoft products.

All tablets can be paired with a Bluetooth keyboard to make them more like a laptop. Tablets are lighter than laptops, and all tablets have a touch screen interface.

Tablets have another advantage over the laptops. During security procedures at airports, they can be kept in your carry-on luggage. Laptops, on the other hand require separate trays; which may lead to a lost computer. In the US, over 1400 computers a day are left at airport security.

To determine the computer (laptop or tablet) best suited for your needs consider the following statements. If the computer is to be used solely for email, checking Facebook, or to surf the Internet, then a tablet will suffice. If the computer is used to create content, such as photo or audio editing, formatting long documents / complex spreadsheets, then a laptop should be considered. While tablets can produce content, and edit photos, laptop computers have more computing power to handle complex operations.

If you decide to purchase a tablet, I highly recommend purchasing a stylus. A stylus has a soft rubber tip to provide a higher degree of accuracy than your finger can on the screen. The stylus also minimizes smudges.

Prices quoted are in Canadian dollars. If you plan to purchase in Mexico, expect to pay 15-20% more.

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If you have a topic you would like covered, or require further information on this topic, please contact me at techguy@senortech.ca.

Señor Tech resides in Manzanillo during the winter and Canada in the summer and fall.
Some of you may not be old enough to identify with any of this! Sometimes I wonder..

WHY did it ever end?

by Kirby Vickery

LET’S DO IT OVER AGAIN
BLACK AND WHITE TV

(Under age 40? You won’t understand.)

“Good night and God bless.”
You could hardly see for all the snow,
Spread the rabbit ears as far as they go.
Tin foil sometimes helps but you have to wrap it just right and tight.
Your three stations are: ABC, CBS, and NBC.
“Why Matt Dillon is our Marshall an’ he’s right over there talking with Miss Kitty.”
Pull a chair up to the TV set
‘Say good night Gracie.’
‘Say the magic word and win $50.00’
‘Who knows what evil lurks in the minds of men . . .’
‘Good Night, David.’
‘Good Night, Chet.’

My Mom used to cut chicken, chop eggs and spread mayo on the same cutting board with the same knife and no bleach, but we didn’t seem to get food poisoning.

My Mom used to defrost hamburger on the counter and I used to eat it raw sometimes, too. Our school sandwiches were wrapped in wax paper in a brown paper bag, not in ice pack coolers, but I can’t remember getting e.coli.

Almost all of us would have rather gone swimming in the lake instead of a pristine pool (talk about boring), no beach closures then.

The term cell phone would have conjured up a phone in a jail cell, and a pager was the school PA system.

We all took gym, not P.E. . . . and risked permanent injury with a pair of high top Ked’s (only worn in gym) instead of having cross-training athletic shoes with air cushion soles and built in light reflectors. I can’t recall any injuries but they must have happened because they tell us how much safer we are now.
Flunking gym was not an option; even for stupid kids! I guess P.E. must be much harder than gym. Speaking of school, we all said prayers and sang the national anthem, and staying in detention after school caught all sorts of negative attention. We must have had horribly damaged psyches.

What an archaic health system we had then. Remember school nurses? Ours wore a hat and everything. Oh yeah . . . and where was the Benadryl and sterilization kit when I got that bee sting? I could have been killed!

I thought that I was supposed to accomplish something before I was allowed to be proud of myself.

I just can’t recall how bored we were without computers, Play Station, Nintendo, X-box or 270 digital TV cable stations. My wife grew up playing in bomb craters.

We played 'king of the hill' on piles of gravel on vacant construction sites, and when we got hurt, Mom pulled out the 48-cent bottle of mercurochrome (kids liked it better because it didn't sting like iodine did) and then we got our butt spanked. Now it's a trip to the emergency room, followed by a 10-day dose of a $49 bottle of antibiotics, and then Mom calls the attorney to sue the contractor for leaving a horribly vicious pile of gravel where it was such a threat.

We didn't act up at the neighbor's house either; because if we did we got our butt spanked there and then we got our butt spanked again when we got home.

I recall Donny Reynolds from next door coming over and doing his tricks on the front stoop, just before he fell off. Little did his Mom know that she could have owned our house. Instead, she picked him up and swatted him for being such a goof. It was a neighborhood run amuck.

To top it off, not a single person I knew had ever been told that they were from a dysfunctional family. How could we possibly have known we needed to get into group therapy and anger management classes?

We were obviously so duped by so many societal ills, that we didn't even notice that the entire country wasn't taking Prozac!

How did we ever survive?

MY LOVE GOES OUT TO ALL OF US WHO SHARED THIS ERA; AND TO ALL WHO DIDN'T, SORRY YOU MISSED. I WOULDN'T TRADE IT FOR ANYTHING!
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