

NUMBER SEVEN

WINTER 2012

THE NUMBER ONE MAGAZINE IN CABO

FREE

Land's End

CABO SAN LUCAS

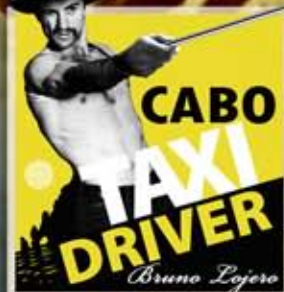
CABO PULMO

Fun
is
in
the
Air



By Alan Hermosillo

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RICK & ROD
Rolando





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From The Editor



Evolution

In the process of working for this publication, we've had the chance to know more and delve deeper into the history of Los Cabos, always discovering new veins and investigation areas where we can find great stories to write about, plenty of charming characters and anecdotes full of authenticity and originality. Los Cabos is like a heaven for a magazine like ours, which tries to keep its contents in this editorial, historical, authentic and entertaining line of stories.



Meeting all these characters and their stories has taught us a valuable lesson, which in my humble opinion is being always optimistic about this destination. After having interviewed and talked to fishermen, farmers, traders, investors and social organizations founders. We have learned that Los Cabos is a destination whose main ingredient is that one that propitiates adaptating and change no matter what the circumstances are. In a history that covers literally hundreds of years, the zone has gone through some rough times and has been transforming constantly, from a blooming farming zone which used to produce and export tomato, sugar cane and cotton to a big major trade node, all of this by taking advantage and turning into a great opportunity what most people would only see as a geographical inconvenience.



The touristic activity is the one that has reached its peak in recent years, and after a few not so good years, it's slowly recovering and again, adapting to the new situation, learning and taking advantage from the rough times, and it is almost immediately that we can see the positive results that promise new development lines for the region.



Evolution is not, however, necessarily for everyone. The changes modify the social and economical environment of the zone, and only those who can adapt will be able to stay at what we are sure will become a much better place for living, more complete and with new incentives to keep growing.

Roger L.

WELCOME TO THE NUMBER ONE MAGAZINE IN CABO *Land's End*



CABO SAN LUCAS-SAN JOSE DEL CABO-TODOS SANTOS-CABO PULMO

Land's End is a free magazine dedicated to all the people who loves to read timeless stories about Baja and Mexico.

This is not a real estate or clasified publishing and will never be.

Consider yourself part of this adventure... Enjoy!

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The Cover

Fun is in the air.

Sure it is! With this new cover, Alan invites us to find it! Remember, you're always welcome to send us your pictures of Los Cabos, one of these days could be your lucky day and Alan could find his inspiration in one of your photos. Making the cover of the best magazine in Baja, I'm sure that must be lots of fun!

Roger L.

Land's End

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From Our Readers



Land's End Magazine

@LEM_Cabo

- The Number One Magazine in Cabo -
Los Cabos <http://www.landsendmagazine.com>

Edit your profile

387 TWEETS

1,993 FOLLOWING

811 FOLLOWERS

**811 FOLLOWERS
SO FAR!**

Due our first anniversary we're very happy to announce that we reached the 800 followers recently on Twitter. Among them we have great friends, fans and people involved in making our Baja the best place to visit and live. We also thank you for your critics and opinions. That allow us to improve and to bring you what you wish to read inside in every edition. GRACIAS!

LETTERS

- We want to congratulate you for your outstanding publication, we were surprised when we found really good articles in it, very good to read!! Please keep the good quality and I hope I can send you some pictures that I think you'll like.

Kelly and Mike Jhonson,
Chandler AZ

Hello Kelly and Mike, thanks for your kind words. We are working very hard to keep up the quality of the magazine, please send us your pictures, we are always interested into communicate with our readers!!

ED.

Excellent publication! I have three issues of the magazine and I am looking for the missing. Greetings!

Paul T. Bakersfield, CA.

Hello Paul, We hope you are very well!! It's really hard to get past numbers of the magazine because, we ran out of them!! But you can read all of them online at: <http://issuu.com/rolojero> Thank you very much for your interest!!

We love your magazine, I always find it at the bakery near to La Jolla. We congratulate you for your job, is a very nice magazine.

Ralph Moore, Santa Clara, CA.

Thank you Ralph, well sounds like a great combination, a cup of hot coffe, some fresh bread and something good to read!!

MAGAZINE CONCEPT



Hello, my name is Veronica and we are visiting Cabo from Mexico City, we found your magazine in the street and love it, you have great artwork. Congratulations!!

Hello Veronica, we hope you had enjoyed your visit to Cabo, It's a great place to spend some vacations and relax. Thank you for your kind words, hope to hear more from you even from Mexico City!!

- I'm sending you some pictures from a fishing trip we had about fifteen years ago to Cabo San Lucas, it has been years since I went to Mexico, but a friend who makes frequent trips there brought a few copies of your magazine to the US and I really liked it. Hope you like the pictures I sent you.

George Edwards, Sacramento, CA.

George, your pictures are great!! I'm sure we will be able to use them at some article if it's OK with you. We will let you know, but even better, if you have a good story from that trip, send it to us, probably you can become a writer in our publication!! That's something to brag about isn't it?

HARD COPIES STANDS

Check Puerto Paraiso, Plaza San Lucas, Shrimp Factory, Tiendas de Palmilla, San Jose Downtown, Molly's at San Jose, Barefoot Cantina, Dante's Bar, and many other places!!

NEWS

**DO YOU WANT TO
BECOME A
Land's End
CONTRIBUTOR?**



If you have an interesting story, pictures and rarities to share about Baja and Los Cabos area this place it's yours! There's thousand of people in this community and overseas awaiting for your article to read. Please contact us and we'll provide you information about how to deliver your writing and photos. Besides you'll have the incentive to appear in the credits (and a funny caricature of you of course) on the main index. Good luck and start writing!

WHO TO FOLLOW ON twitter

Los Cabos
@LOSCABOSCVB
Located at the tip of the Baja Peninsula, Los Cabos is home to award-winning hotels, golf courses, spas & more.
Los Cabos, Mexico

WRITE US

Be part of our community

Land's End magazine would love you to share all your stories, tellings, jokes and experiences about your life in Cabo, the Baja or wherever you are.

Also, we welcome all your feedback, critics and comments about our magazine and articles inside.

Yes!, be part of the best 5 comments by email and they will appear on this section with you caricaturized or we'll make a funny sketch about your writing. GOOD LUCK!

editor@landsendmagazine.com



Bette Davis

facebook



We invite all community to join or Facebook page, we're ready to receive your comments, questions and suggestions to make this magazine your home. Any news and upcoming events in Cabo are welcome.

LAND'S END TRIBUNE reserves the right to publish, cut or not publish any letter or pictures sent from readers regarding to politic views, real estate propaganda, advertising and public or private disputes.

Iridescent

Small, Shiny Hidden Treasures, Sunken into the Ocean
and the Recipe to Make Haunted Oysters.



By Pit Pey

pitpey@landsendmagazine.com

Everybody knows that memories are living moments for most people. When the things we have experienced are so numerous that they become overwhelming, we should let a little bit of them go by telling others about them. Perhaps that's how many novels and stories are written, maybe even history books.

Among the few belongings I rescued from my divorce, there was an old pearl necklace which my aunt Tina gave me a few months before I got married.

However, when she first gave it to me she warned:

"Be careful to whom you are going to give this because this necklace seems to have a spell, if you give it to a girlfriend, it is very likely that you will end up marrying her."

When she saw I was smiling incredulously she said:

"I insist! Be careful to whom you give it."

I got this necklace from my mother and she received it from my father, YOUR grandfather, a year before they got married, and it already carried that fame."

I don't need to tell you that despite the warnings of my dear aunt, I gave the necklace to my now ex-wife, the day I went to my visit my future parents-in-law to ask for her hand in marriage.

Luckily, she never liked it; maybe because it only has five pearls and they are set in silver. That's why I could get it back with no problem.



However, I deeply appreciate that necklace because my aunt Tina, my Mom's sister, was a character who made a deep impact in my childhood. I remember spending the holidays at my aunt Tina's home. The huge house was built in the early 20th century, in the middle of a large spacious lot, and enclosed by adobe walls. Around the house, my aunt Tina had planted a garden with hawthorn, wild cherry, walnut and fig trees. At the front, two flower beds with roses, carnations, chrysanthemums and other flowers gave a cheerful view. A stable for the horses, and rooms for the servants were at the end of the patio. There was also a henhouse located close to the kitchen.

“At night we always waited for her to fall asleep so we could break into the pantry and feast with the jam and marmalade jars”.

Aunt Tina was the typical Italian mamma, a big lady, ruddy, full of energy, religious and obliging, she was a godmother for maybe half of the town, and she enjoyed baking her own bread and making her own pasta. In her pantry you could always find canned fruits, jam and marmalade she made with the fruits she harvested from her backyard.

At night we always waited for her to fall asleep so we could break into the pantry and feast with the jam and marmalade jars. I remember those years as the best for her, my uncle worked as a construction contractor and he always had plenty of clients and work. Later on, when she was widowed, the house slowly lost its spark; even the gardens seemed to be sad, and the weeds overtook the yard. But Aunt Tina's great fighting spirit, and the joy of living always kept her in a great mood when she grew old. We visited her as often as we could, and the day she gave me that necklace, I could see tears in her eyes

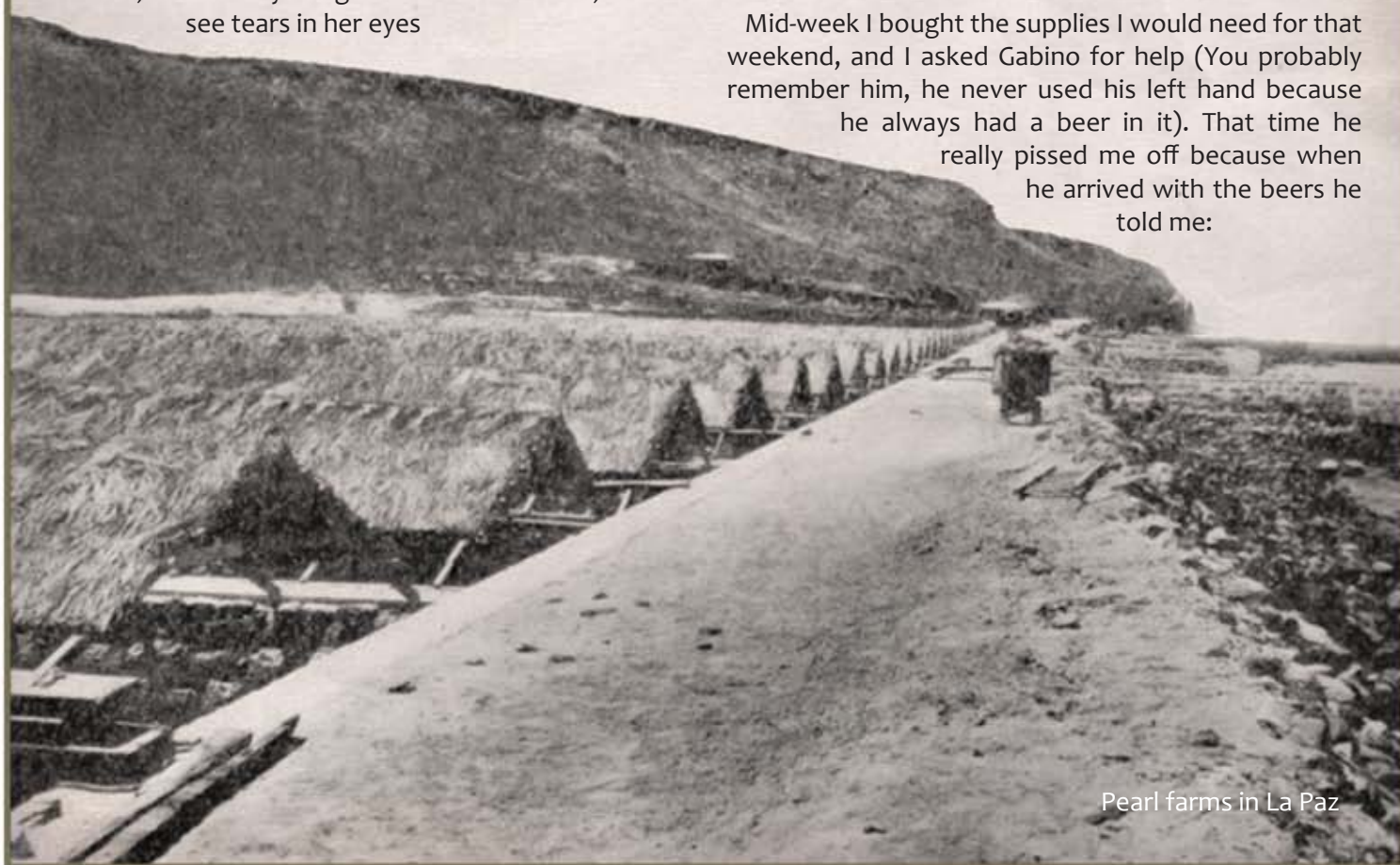
As you can probably tell, it's been a few years now that I enjoy my memories, but not because of that I have stopped thinking on the advantages of having feminine company with me. I'm mostly retired from business, but I still keep a small shop that gives me enough for paying the bills and occasionally for a treat. I also have excellent friends, American and Mexican with whom I have formed a small group to party from time to time, no strings attached and no obligations, if someone is not in the mood for a dinner or a reunion, he doesn't have to come and no one takes offense.

Anyway, it was on one of those reunions we had at Bob's place when his wife had invited a couple of her American girlfriends. They were spending their vacation in 'Baja', both in their forties, divorced, and quite good looking. When I arrived at Bob's place, he and Gabino were laughing their asses off, but their wives not so much. So my presence there eased the tension a little bit. The wives of Bob and Gabino immediately began to tell the 'gringas' who were entertaining their husbands, all of the excellent qualities I had as a man.

The green eyes of Sarah checked me out from head to toe, but she noticed the brand of my clothes and seemed to lose interest. However, Heather couldn't stop laughing at my jokes. It was maybe 11 pm when I said good night to everybody and invited them the following Saturday to my place for another reunion.

Back then I lived by 'La Playita' in a beachfront lot. I had a palapa that worked as living room and dining room, the kitchen was practically outdoors and the camper of my truck worked as a bedroom during the winter. During the summer, I slept comfortably in my hammock. At those reunions, the host had the obligation of providing the meal, while the guests had to bring the appetizers and the drinks.

Mid-week I bought the supplies I would need for that weekend, and I asked Gabino for help (You probably remember him, he never used his left hand because he always had a beer in it). That time he really pissed me off because when he arrived with the beers he told me:



Pearl farms in La Paz

“What’s up Pete? Those ‘gringas’ are hot aren’t they?” Obviously I didn’t answer. “Which one do you like the most Pete?” I kept ignoring him.

“You did notice Sarah was totally checking you out, right?” I just looked at him sideways. “Which one are you planning to hit on?” he persisted. “Hey Gabino, seems like your wife didn’t like any of them did she?” I finally replied. It worked like a charm; Gabino changed the subject and finished unloading the supplies from the truck.

I must admit that Sarah’s green eyes caught my attention, but the sympathy and good looks of Heather were also alluring. To make sure that everyone had a good time at the reunion, I invited my friend Mike, the veterinarian of Max, my yellow Labrador dog that had grown too much, maybe because of some weird breed of a dog combined with a horse. I invited Mike because I knew he was shy with the ladies, a singleton; and there was even a rumor that he was a closeted gay in denial. With such a background, Mike wasn’t precisely a threat for my plans.

As usual, the first ones get there were Bob and his wife. Gabino arrived later, followed by his wife dragging an icebox loaded with beer. Later on, Mike arrived with a bunch of oysters he was going to cook with a recipe of his own.

We were already sitting at the table when Max started barking at both of the ‘güeras’ who arrived wearing sunglasses, sun visors, Yucatan style dresses and carrying huge bottles of sunscreen lotion.

Sarah took a seat and didn’t get up for the rest of the evening; Heather came to the kitchen and offered to help us with the fish. By coincidence, Mike took a seat next to Sarah, who seemed to show a vivid interest in cats, mice, dogs and horse surgery, so I had to direct my attentions to Heather. After dinner the talking moved to our personal lives; when it was my turn, I told them the story of my aunt Tina and the pearl necklace. To make the story more convincing, I brought the necklace to the table, I took it out of its box so everyone could see it closely, when Mike had it in his hands, he put it around Sarah’s neck, she looked gorgeous and the color matched her green eyes.

Later Mike spoke to me in private: “Let me borrow the necklace, I’ll bring it back tomorrow.” I hesitated a little, but how could I not trust a vet?

Our American friends asked about the fame of the pearls of the region, I had read a few books and articles on the subject so I told them: “My friends, the most beautiful pearls of the world are in the Sea of Cortez, from this place. Since the conquest of Mexico, pearls of all kinds and sizes have been extracted and reached the most unbelievable places in the world.”

“Some people even say that Guadalajara is known as the ‘Pearl of the West’ because of the large quantities of pearls which were distributed throughout the world from this city.”

Everyone was listening to what I was saying, except for Mike and Sarah, who had actually moved aside and talked in whispers while gazing into each other’s eyes. (Seems like my plan wasn’t flawless.)

When Fortún Jimenez and Hernán Cortés explored this sea, they knew of the existence of pearls; but it wasn’t until 1595 when Sebastián de Vizcaíno received the express authorization from the Viceroy to extract the pearls and colonize this land.

In 1596, Vizcaíno set sail from Acapulco to Cabo San Lucas, and from there he went up north, harboring in a bay where he was well received by the natives which is why he called this place La Paz. This explorer ventured further to the north in an attempt to recognize the coast. However, he did not succeed in this because his men caused a confrontation with the natives, which left him in a bad situation to continue his trip; so he was forced to return to La Paz. He tried again later, but new failures made him return to New Spain on the mainland.



La Perla de La Paz, famous department store.

The vice-royalty tried to use the exploitation of pearls in order to lure new colonizers to come to the Baja California Peninsula. Back in the years of the missions, the friars never allowed the soldiers to fish for pearls; only the natives could do it freely, which caused abuse from the ship owners towards the local population.

The owners of these ships needed prior permission from the Viceroy so they could fish for the pearls, however, these people used any kind of boat and employed divers who started working at noon, when the light and visibility was better. These primitive divers would go to depths of 35 ft with nothing but a fishnet and a pointy rod stick to tear the oysters from the rock and take them to the surface. The extraction season began in May and ended in October.

Besides permission from the Viceroy, the law stated that one fifth of the oysters belonged to the King, so after setting apart the extracted oysters, they were opened under the supervision of a royal agent. However, the lack of enough agents and the abusive behavior of some ship owners caused conflicts between these and the friars who tried to defend the rights of the natives. Along with this, the one-fifth share for the Crown was rarely respected, which forced the government to charge the fee in advance.

The pearl exploitation zones were divided in three areas:

Mulegé represented the north, Loreto the middle and La Paz dominated the rest of the peninsula to the south (this subdivision remained until the XIX century).

Back in the XVIII century, La Paz was considered the world's capital of the production of the famous black pearls.

By the ending of the XVIII century, pearl oysters were nearly extinct due to over exploitation; the ships were slowly but consistently decreasing in number because it was no longer a lucrative business with the royal tax which consisted of 100 pesos for each boat that went fishing for pearls not mattering they found pearls or not. This law was repealed in 1790 in an attempt for the rebirth of this industry. So the old method was reinstated, of separating from each five oysters harvested, two for the owner of the ship, two for the divers and one for the king, regardless of the size of pearls contained.

By 1874, the divers Bosi and Clark first introduced in Del Carmen Island, the diving suit for the fishing of mother of pearl (nacre), going to depths of 60 ft for up to 2 hours.

Pearl Farming.

There is no doubt about who initiated pearl farming in the sea of Cortez; Gastón J. Vives Gourieux, whom according to some sources was born in San Francisco in 1855, and arrived in La Paz when he was 3 years old. Other sources claim he was born in La Paz (as stated on his Mexican passport).

Whatever his nationality, Don Gastón applied his ingenuity and tenacity for the development of pearl farming. In 1890, he registered, associated with his brother, the 'Pearling Company of the Sea of Cortez', which was the largest producer of pearls during that time.

The exploitation area authorized by the Mexican government, extended from the mouth of the Colorado River up to the river Suchiate in Chiapas. The company had over 500 administrative employees and about 70 divers. They exploited the pearl for use in jewelry and the nacre for the manufacture of buttons and accessories for the fashion industry.

In 1900, the rights to the 'Pearling Company of the Sea of Cortez' were acquired by British investors who changed the name of the company to 'Mangara Exploration Company L.T.D'. In 1911 the overexploitation of pearls, predation of the seabed, combined with poor economic flow, caused the local population to demand the new government (after the 1910 revolution) for the concession to be revoked.

By 1939, mother of pearl was declared extinct in the Gulf of California, Hence the government forbade the fishing for pearls and mother of pearl in the region.

I have the terrible habit of talking, talking and talking. While I was telling this to my friends, Mike and Sarah had walked out to the beach, my aunt Pina used to say 'Platica fulano mientras yo te gano.' (Keep talking while I beat you.)

Anyway, what bothered me most was that Mike had promised to cook the oysters and now he was gone, so using the available ingredients in the kitchen; I had to cook them myself with a recipe, which I invented at that very moment. We ate dinner, and the new couple didn't return for the rest of the day.

It was noon the next day when Mike showed up at my place, clearly embarrassed but bearing a petition that surprised me:

"Pete, I need you to sell me your pearl necklace." he said
"That's impossible Mike, it was a gift from my beloved aunt, and it's a family treasure."

"Name your price, I'll pay whatever you ask for it."
"I can't sell it, please understand." I told him, a bit annoyed.

"Is just that I gave it to Sarah, she really likes it and she asked me to buy it from you."

"Are you an idiot? That necklace is cursed, didn't you hear?"

"I don't believe in curses, please sell it to me, say the price." with such insistence, I couldn't see a way out of this.

"I won't sell it. But, if you want I will rent it to you." I told him so he wouldn't insist.

"Deal! How much do you want for it?"

"Give me five dollars a day- I told him remembering that Sarah's vacations

ended in 15 days."

"Say no more, here you have \$100 in advance." he said.

I accepted the money not in the best mood, but Mike left bouncing with joy, oh poor thing.

I didn't know anything about Mike until two years later, when one day I saw a skinny guy walking into my shop, disheveled, with a long unkempt beard, who hugged me as soon as he saw me. It was Mike! He gave me the necklace and \$1,700 dollars, and told me what had happened since that day he met Sarah.

Turns out they went to Las Vegas to get married. From there, he relocated to Miami, where Sarah lived. The first months they enjoyed their passionate love, he found a new job in a local clinic, and they were never short of money because she also worked as a journalist.

One day they were both invited on a fishing trip. Sarah didn't like fishing, but he accepted and went alone. By the time he returned home, she had packed his stuff and served him a petition for divorce. He asked as one of the conditions that she had to give back my aunt's necklace, so that's how I recovered my friend, my necklace and Max's vet.

Of course, I know that curses don't last forever, if anyone needs a necklace for rent, you know where to find me! -PP



Haunted Oysters

Ingredients:

24 fresh oysters in their shells
6 oz of butter
6 oz of bacon
6 oz of parmesan cheese
6 oz of Chester or Gouda cheese.
1 small can of 'Media Crema' (milk cream).
1 small can of chipotle peppers.
1 handful of parsley.
Olive oil.
½ cup of bread crumbs.
1 medium sized onion.
Salt
Ground black pepper.

Directions:

Wash the oyster shells carefully; brush them gently to remove sand.

Get a casserole and open the oysters carefully to keep the juice they have inside. Strain this juice and reserve.

Carefully separate the oyster from the shell, rinse them to remove any trace of sand they may have and put them in the refrigerator while you prepare the rest of the recipe.

Choose 12 shells, the bigger and prettier ones. Keep in mind that you will serve two oysters per shell.

Chop the bacon in small cubes and fry it.

In a different pan, put the bacon fat and melt the butter, add the chopped onion until it's translucent.

Add the cream and the grated Chester/Gouda cheese.

Pour some oyster juice until you get a thick cream; make sure you don't leave any lumps.

Add half the bacon and a little chopped parsley, check the salt, add pepper to taste and remove from the fire. In a small pot, put the rest of the oyster juice and add fish broth if necessary, let it boil and add the oysters.

Cook them for about a minute, remove from the fire and let them cool. Clean one or two chipotles removing seeds and veins and chop them into thin slices.

Grate the parmesan cheese.

In every shell, pour some cheese and onion cream, put two oysters in the shell and add one or two chipotle slices, a few bacon crumbles on top and more cream, sprinkle bread crumbs and grated parmesan cheese on top.

In a pyrex tray, spread some sea salt and place the shells next to each other, put it in the oven and bake at 350 degrees until the cheese melts. Serve and add a dash of chopped parsley, bacon and a drizzle of olive oil. Serve while they are hot.



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Endoscopy and Gastroenterology
Internal Medicine and Neumology
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CROSSROADS

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MENU FAVORITES

MARISCOS

Catch of the Day
Ceviche

Fish and Shrimp Tacos

CARNES

Arrachera
Fajitas
Steaks

SANDWICHES

Hamburgers
Fish Sandwich
Quesadilla

ITALIAN

Picatta
Puttanesca
Spicy Shrimp

LIVE MUSIC

The Crossroads has live music every Saturday Night. We also have a diverse drink menu that includes beer, liquor, wine and other specialty spirits.

NOVEMBER 2012

Nov 3 The Kilometro Band
Nov 10 Groovestrotters
Nov 17 Tim Lang
Nov 24 Pura Vida

DECEMBER 2012

Dec 3 Open Mike night (Vinorama Idol)
Dec 8 Groovestrotters and Bob Costa
Dec 15 Bolt upright with Tim Lang
Dec 22 Pura Vida with Howie on sax
new years eve party: Brian Flynn

APPETIZERS

Guacamole
And homemade chips
75 pesos

Homemade Tortilla chips
and salsa pico de gallo
50 pesos

LUNCH

SHRIMP COCKTAIL
SHRIMP CHILLED AND SERVED
WITH COCKTAIL SAUCE AND LIME
135 PESOS

SHRIMP CEVICHE
SHRIMP MARINATED IN LIME JUICE, MIXED
WITH CHOPPED TOMATOES, ONION, CILANTRO
AND MILD CHILE
135 PESOS

SHRIMP AGUACHILE
SHRIMP COOKED IN LIME JUICE, CILANTRO
AND MILD CHILE 135 PESOS

SHRIMP CEVICHE TOSTADA
55 PESOS

SEAFOOD

TACOS

FISH TACOS
SERVED WITH SAUTERED RED PEPPERS
AND ONIONS, RICE AND BEANS
120 PESOS

SHRIMP TACOS
SERVED WITH SAUTERED RED PEPPERS
AND ONIONS, RICE AND BEANS
150 PESOS

QUESADILLAS
FLAVOR TORTILLAS WITH MEXICAN SPICY JALAPENO
JACK CHEESE SERVED WITH MEXICAN FRESH SALSA
100 PESOS

CROSSROADS

Hamburger
with cheese
hand-cut fries
120 pesos

MIXED SALAD
MIXED LETTUCES
TOMATOES
CUCUMBER
PEPPERS
& RED ONION

DINNER

Fish

CABRILLA MOJO DE AJO
(BUTTER AND GARLIC SAUCE)
SERVED WITH RICE AND BEANS
175 PESOS

HALIBUT COOKED IN A GARLIC
LEMON, CAPER AND WINE SAUCE, RICE AND BEANS
200 PESOS

AL AJILLO
COOKED IN GARLIC AND
GUAYILLO CHILES
SERVED WITH
RICE AND BEANS
215 PESOS

SHRIMP MOJO DE AJO
SERVED WITH
RICE AND BEANS
215 PESOS

Shrimp

Pastas

PASTA HOMEMADE PESTO
130 PESOS

PASTA PUTTANESCA
OLIVE OIL, GARLIC, CAPERS, ANCHOVES, OLIVES
FRESH TOMATOES AND WHITE WINE
165 PESOS

SPICY SHRIMP PASTA
SHRIMP, OLIVE OIL, GARLIC
CHILI FLAKES AND WHITE WINE 215 PESOS

CHICKEN PICATTA 190 PESOS
COOKED WITH GARLIC, CAPERS,
LEMON AND WHITE WINE SERVED WITH PASTA



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WHOYUNO

Mike Doyle

By Jane Lillico
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For anyone in the surf world, Mike Doyle is truly a legend.

Even a marginally observant person driving along the Carretera connecting San Lucas and San Jose, has seen signs for Mike Doyle's surf school, SUP Store, and Art Gallery. But how many people really know our Los Cabos neighbor, Mike Doyle? The quintessential waterman, Mike is a surfer extraordinaire, Ironman swimmer, board expert, innovator, designer, shaper, marketer, accomplished artist; and a guy whose philosophy has always been that playtime is #1!

Born on March 7th, 1941 in Inglewood, California, Mike was the only child of a young Mum of Polish ancestry, and an Irish Dad, who divorced when he was just a toddler. His Mum, Mary was one of ten children, and she returned with little Mike to live with her mother, along with several of her siblings in the tiny house. At times 20 people were squeezed into his grandmother's home. Mike and his Mum lived a noisy, crowded and chaotic life for six years amongst numerous cousins, and uncles whose close age difference made them more like older brothers.

Mike often slept to a bed with his cousins.

s i x



When he was eight, his mother married a sailor named Walt Delaney. The three escaped the chaos of his grandmother's house and moved into a track home in Westchester. Mike never had any siblings, and was often alone due to his mother's work schedule and his step-dad's long stints at sea; but he has fond memories of his stepfather's love of animals; and summers when Mike would catch a ride to Malibu and back each day with him. Mike also had a strong and special connection with his sweet, hard-working and artistic Mum, who painted totem pole designs on several of his surfboards; and told him that only boring people ever get bored. With his life revolving around all kinds of boards for most of his life, one knows for sure that Mike's never been bored!

Mike grew up as a kid who didn't quite fit in. His favorite subjects at school were art and shop, as he loved to work with his hands and create. He had a hearing impairment, and was periodically sent to a school for hearing impaired children, a place he felt he didn't need to be; but later discovered that lip-reading was a valuable skill. He spent a lot of his time avoiding bullies, and grew up feeling awkward and unaccepted. Mike was seven or eight years old when he first saw the ocean, which had a life-changing impact on him. He began to spend a lot of time at Manhattan Beach, only 15 miles from his home. And by the time he was 12 years old, Mike was totally fascinated by the ocean, the surfers, and their surfboards.

He would hang out and wait till the surfers rode in, and ask if he could use their boards; or wait for an errant board to come his way, so he could hop on and return it to the owner. In 1953, Mike met up and connected with Dale Velzey & Hap Jacobs, a pair of surfers and board fabricators. When Mike had \$75 saved up, he asked them to make his very first surfboard; and still remembers the 9'-6" balsa wood board that featured 64 ants embedded in the fiberglass. When his board sustained some damage, Mike began hanging out at their shop, watching the pair create and repair boards, and eventually Dale and Hap put him to work sweeping the floor. After a while Mike was allowed to participate in the construction and repair of boards.

After some trying and painful experiences, Mike developed his own surfing style, and found true acceptance in the surfing community, where everyone was judged solely on their ability to surf. He had truly found his passion!

When he was 17 and had grown to 6' tall; Velzey & Jacobs offered to make Mike another board, this time for free! Mike thought he'd died and gone to heaven. When asked what he wanted to do after high school, he responded that he was just going to live on the beach at Malibu, surf every day, and collect Coke bottles for food. He discovered he could only buy so much with bottle deposits, and decided to become a lifeguard, working at several of Southern California's popular beaches. When he was just 19, he became the first Ironman Champion for the swim/row/paddle event.

"When asked about his many accomplishments, Mike is quick to say that he is proudest of his inventions ~ the surfing soft board"

Mike was lured to explore the monster surf in Hawaii by his buddies, and ended up spending several winters there, honing his surf skills, and building confidence in the big waves. Despite a horrific wipe-out, being caught in a wave and pummeled by his own board, crushing three vertebrae and breaking his neck; Mike only needed a four month recovery period before he carried on to become a world champion surfer. He won the world championship at the Duke Classic at Sunset Beach on Oahu's North Shore in 1968, and a cash prize of \$1000 USD. Velzey & Jacobs' free surfboard was just the beginning of many endorsements by manufacturers including Catalina clothing, Hansen Surf Boards, and Ford Motor Products. Dividing his time between Hawaii and California, Mike traveled on a free ticket to Indonesia, Rincon, Puerto Rico, Ecuador, Peru and other exotic destinations to surf and compete; launching one of the first professional surfing careers, and lasting over 15 years. That's how Mike got started ~ and the rest is history.

When asked about his many accomplishments, Mike is quick to say that he is proudest of his inventions ~ the surfing soft board, which is used now in surf schools all over the planet. Mike's motivation to invent the soft

board was to protect his then girlfriend's new porcelain teeth, as she learned to surf. This innovative design now used by surf schools all over the world, has made surfing more accessible and much safer to the average person interested in learning; attracting and enabling many more people to enjoy this exhilarating sport.

Another of his inventions was inspired by a dream Mike had about surfing down a mountainside in deep powder snow. He was an avid skier, but felt that by joining skis together, it would make maneuvering through powder much easier.



He experimented by joining two traditional skis together, creating the first mono-ski, one of the precursors leading to the development of the first snowboard. It was during this time, he rescued his long-time friend Joey Cabell, founder of Chart House Restaurants, from an avalanche in Aspen Colorado.

In addition to his professional endorsements, Mike needed to augment his career, and partnered with long time friends Rusty Miller, Garth Murphy and Joey Cabell to form Surf Research, where they developed purple board wax, surf trunks, fin innovations, roof racks, health food, and all kinds of accessories necessary to avid surfers. One of Mike's favorite benefits of technology was the telephone answering machine, which enabled him and his partners at Surf Research to sneak out surfing during office hours and fill orders in the evenings. They later sold the company, now known as Wax Research.

So how did Mike get to Los Cabos? Obviously Mike came to the Baja in search of the swell! He knew there must be surf in Baja Sur before anyone else figured it out. In 1975 he set off from California in a pickup truck, loaded down with gas cans, surfboards, and four 2' x 8' pieces of plywood... clever and forward thinking about how to drive on soft sand. Without any real road, or gas stations, at times he painstakingly laid out the plywood in front of the truck's tires, drove eight feet, moved the plywood, and drove eight more feet.... a very slow way to travel 1000 miles. It took him almost six weeks to drive from San Diego to Lands End. Of course there was much stopping and surfing as they drove, but when they arrived in Los Cabos, they knew the trip had been well worth it.

Mike had always loved the desert. He believed if he could find a place that had a desert plus an ocean ~ it would be his paradise. A fan of mountains and deserts but with the sea in his blood, he loved Baja's unique, rugged and pristine geography.

Mike was hooked! Mike's buddy Chango built the first house on Gringo Hill (or Costa Azul) and Mike's was the second. The houses are still there today, perched on the top of the hill with a perfect view of the surf break, along with the entire coast from Palmilla to Cabo Pulmo. A completely unobstructed view of the Sea of Cortez was visible in those days... there was no Carretera, and they could run straight down the hill to the beach with their boards. Mike held the very first Fideicomiso in all of Los Cabos, and has been here for almost four decades to witness the phenomenal growth and development of this incredible place on planet earth. Mike also had a successful career in real estate here in Los Cabos, marketing properties in Palmilla and La Jolla for fourteen years. His extensive knowledge of the Baja and its growth, combined with his outgoing personality was a huge asset to these developments. He did very well in this area, but in his heart he's always been a surfer.

“Mike doesn't show signs of slowing down much ~ his name is still attached to the surf school on the beach at Costa Azul i”

Mike's interest in art stems a way back to his early school years. Being stimulated by the incredible beauty encountered while waiting for a wave has inspired him to express his artistic side with large scale, colorful, paintings, depicting surf landscapes and beach scenery, as well as other more somber urban pieces. Mike's art has been labeled 'primitive', but I see his work as bold, expressive, and strong artistic statements, full of humor and whimsy.

Mike doesn't show signs of slowing down much ~ his name is still attached to the surf school on the beach at Costa Azul in San Jose del Cabo, and Cabo SUP (stand up paddle). He is now actively marketing SUP's worldwide for both ocean and inland water usage. Mike and his darling wife Annie share their funky palapa style home overlooking the surf break.



The spacious house is filled with light, views of the Sea of Cortez, and many of Mike's colorful and dynamic paintings. Annie herself is an accomplished surfer, SUP'er and artist. They make a delightful and engaging pair. Each morning they simply glance out the window and decide whether to catch a wave, go fishing, kite-board at the East Cape, stand-up paddle on calm days; or stay home and create art.

While many people living in or visiting Los Cabos have heard of Mike, not everyone has the privilege of getting to know him. I'm so pleased I was given the opportunity to interview him and get to know him better. Today, his strong athletic stature, and youthful good looks belie both his chronological years and his difficult childhood. It is easy to tell that Mike's philosophy of doing what he loves has helped him create a life most people could only imagine. -JL

For more information on Mike, please visit his website at www.mikedoyle.com.



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lizards snakes and bugs

A glimpse at what you can find
in the desert of la Baja



By Debra Kelly
cabokellymac@yahoo.com

When your hanging out with friends and sharing a few Corona's the conversation can lead to some interesting wildlife stories and undoubtedly someone will always try and 'one up' the other to win the best 'worst encounter with a bug or animal' story. We Canadians can tell some great black bear encounters or moose tales, but Mexico animal stories wins all!

Everyone lucky enough to live in Cabo has experienced some crazy and scary encounters with a scorpion or giant spider and with time the story gets more and more exciting. My most recent lizard story is a good one.

My little dog Bruce loves to chase lizards and flies out the door each morning knowing their exact hiding spots. This particular morning he immediately found 'big daddy' basking in the sun and he urgently escaped Bruce and ran as fast as his little reptilian legs would go and flew straight into the pool.

"I was barely awake and luckily happened to witness big daddy splash into the water"

I was barely awake and luckily happened to witness big daddy splash into the water. The instant he hit the water his body stopped moving. He definitely knew the dead man float! I was horrified and hoped to see him swim his way across the pool but he did not. I searched my early morning brain and wondered - do lizards swim? Thankfully he was not sinking to the bottom of the pool and still floating but I couldn't tell if he was breathing.

For a split second I thought of jumping into the pool to pick him up with my hands. (Nope) I ran back into the house and found a broom knowing that with each second that passed meant life and death. I reached the straw broom under his lifeless body not knowing if he was dead or if he would spring to life the moment he was out of the water and race away. I gently laid him on the pool deck and he lifted his head (Yeah) but it flopped back down showing me he was certainly dead. I gave him lizard CPR using the broom handle to give 3 short taps on his back, rested for 3, and 3 more short taps on his back ... over and over. He lay lifeless.

Big daddy lizard has lived in my outdoor terrace wall for years and I do enjoy seeing him each summer. I have seen his family grow and even caught him sexing one of his females. Yes, I can report to you that I may be one of very few people in the whole wide world who has actually seen a lizard penis. This being a family magazine I can only say it was exactly the same as a male dog. (Really)

Okay, so I decide to go back into the house and watch from a distance. It didn't take long when he made a full recovery and scurried off to his nearby home in the wall. (Happy ending) Big daddy smarty-pants was playing dead the whole time!

Besides having a few good scorpion and big black hairy spider stories (best told over wine) my absolute favorite is when we had a rattlesnake living in our house and we didn't even know it!

The perfect sunny Cabo morning always includes coffee (bold) while sitting in the shade of the terrace, feet up, and ocean waves crashing in plain view all while soaking up the tranquility of life in paradise. You can imagine the jolt to this exceptional morning when our long time maid Angela started screaming, "SERPENTINO, SERPENTINO" (and other excitable Spanish words) We ran into the house to see what the heck was going on to find her frantically jumping and pointing to our large Poinsettia plant sitting atop a 3 foot planter stand. At first we couldn't see what she was so afraid of but were stunned to discover a rattlesnake coiled in and around the lower branches. "OH MY GOD", we both shrieked and leaped backwards. Freaking out, I ran to put both dogs in the bedroom thinking they would quickly find the snake and try to play with it.

We needed a snake removal plan and my big strong New Yorker was yelling directions (his normal self) at both Angela and me to stay back and to be quiet (he was yelling) in case we woke the snake up! We couldn't even tell which end was which as he was curled around the branches hiding his head. WTF!

Our terrace window was directly beside the large poinsettia plant so I could get a good look at him without any danger. He was definitely sleeping, but even with the glass between him and me I was terrified to get too close to the window. We agreed it would be too dangerous to pick up the big plant and throw it outside knowing he would likely wake up and lash out a good bite.



Mr. NY ran out to the garage and was quick to bring back two brooms, duct tape and a large set of pliers. He worked frantically unscrewing the broom tops and pulling larger pieces of duct tape to wrap the plier arms to the broom sticks. I kept asking, over and over, what are you doing? He was mumbling, this might work, this might work. All the while, the snake was quietly resting.

Angela did mention she had seen this snake a week ago (WTF) and said nothing thinking innocently it was ‘plastico’ and that it was a joke our boys played on us. How on earth did the two dogs not notice! Did the snake sleep in this plant the entire time? Did he slither throughout the house all night long? I would have nightmares over this one.

“Voila! The new invention was now created. A giant four-foot long set of pliers”



Voila! The new invention was now created. A giant four-foot long set of pliers! Mr. NY was pleased with himself and was certain he would be able to pick up the snake, nearest his head, and easily take him outside and set him free. I immediately doubted the plan.

I was afraid to take my eyes off the snake in case he slid into some sneaky hideaway. We would have to MOVE. Until now, it was just Mr. NY, Angela and myself and I insisted on going next door to get the neighbors’ gardener to help out. w a s



Mr. NY sure the gardener would have had too much beer already but said, okay, go get him. (I am pretty useless at this sort of thing)

Mr. NY’s new 4 foot long pliers were working pretty good picking up a tea towel and I suggested he try something heavier just in case they were not strong enough for the snake’s weight. He agreed to test the strength of his new invention on my finger and when I pulled away ... sure enough they snapped apart! (I knew it) Back to the drawing board he went. He used the entire roll of duct tape to strengthen the broom handle pliers and his new tool was now strong enough to pick up a person! The more urgent dilemma is to make damned sure he picked the snake up closest to his head so he wouldn’t have any length to snap out and bit one of us.

“The gardener was only slightly juiced, one injured eye (who knows what happened there)”

The gardener was only slightly juiced, one injured eye (who knows what happened there) and had a shovel in his hand and ready for a snake fight. Mr. NY was now ready to pick up the snake and guess what? Yup, he picked the snake up 4 inches from his tail, the wrong end, and the snake awoke snapping mad, flailing and lashing out. We were all screaming. The long pliers were working but barely keeping the 3 foot long snake within the 4 foot long broom handle porting of the giant pliers.

“We quickly realized there was no possibility to follow through with plan A, to set the snake free”

We quickly realized there was no possibility to follow through with plan A, to set the snake free, so as usual my Mr. NY was yelling orders in English, to the Mexican gardener (Didn’t understand any English) to catch the head of the snake with his shovel on the carpet. (Yes, my new IKEA carpet) The snake was frantically flailing his body and wildly snapping out in every direction and someone was surely going to get bit.

With the minutes passing and the madness of it all escalating the gardener finally managed to catch the snake's head between the shovel edge and my nice new carpet.

The gardener was jubilant and pointed at his victory catch and pulled a knife from somewhere on his body and quickly sliced the head off. I had no idea snakes had so much red blood and it was now pooling on the carpet, and guess what? The body was still wriggling long after the head was off. The gardener was thrilled to be able to keep the catch. (For what?)

Mr. NY and I were high on adrenalin, marveling at the expertise of his 4 foot pliers, and once we calmed down had the same question ... was he alone? -DK



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By Bruno Lojero
bruno@landsendmagazine.com

One of the very first ideas we had to write an article about was interviewing a local cab driver. As you can imagine, it's such a great source to obtain curious stories and anecdotes.

Finally for this edition we were able to contact two pioneers of this activity, they shared some interesting facts and experiences with us and now we are going to share them with you.

CABO TAXI DRIVER

**DRIVING
AMONG TOURISTS**

The first driver we interviewed was Mr. Miguel Angel Romero Amador, a native of San Jose del Cabo and founder of many organizations and activities in the zone. Living peacefully at his ninety one years old, we met Don Miguel a.k.a “El profe” sitting at the porch of his home located in one of the main streets of San Jose, where you can find the oldest families in town. He welcomed us with the characteristic hospitality of working people, even before knowing who we were and the purpose of our visit he invited us to take a seat and offered us a glass of water. We introduced ourselves, and explained him that we came to his house straight from the offices of the Cab drivers union, or “Frente Único”.

We came here directly from the meeting - we told him.

- Ah you're right - he replied - today it is the day 6th of the month, meeting day.

- I started as a cab driver when I was twenty years old, at that moment there were probably no more than forty cabs in the region, and I'm talking not only about San Jose but also Cabo San Lucas, Santa Anita, Santiago and Migrifio. One day I thought it would be fun to be a taxi driver and I found someone crazy enough to let me borrow a car, and that's how overnight I was driving one of the first cabs in San Jose”.

- At the very beginning, there was not a ‘Union’ in the strict sense of the word; however the group of cab drivers used to have a weekly meeting to keep organized and discussing issues as rates, new routes of service and every now and then, the admission of a new driver into the group.

During those early years almost any car or pick up worked as a cab, sometimes cars that during the week were used for transporting products, found a new use for the weekends, working as cabs.-

Don Miguel told us he was one of the first leaders of the cab drivers Union “Frente Único”, those are the yellow cabs.

-Our main clientele used to be the residents of San Jose del Cabo and the towns and farms around it, people who needed to go to town to see the doctor, going on shopping or even carrying some products to sell at the stores downtown.

At the early 40's there weren't many tourists or American residents in the area; that was something that happened until many years later.-

Don Miguel has the looks of the honest, hardworking man; nevertheless the age has got into him, with cataracts on both of his eyes and a cane that helps him walk, you can immediately notice that he has lived many many years, but he stills has a flawless memory and you can also notice that his spirit is still strong and willing to live many years more.

Don Miguel is a man of experience, you may think that being a pioneer cab driver and one of the first leaders of the Union is plenty for a lifetime, but he was also an elementary school teacher for forty three years.

He remembers those years with an emotional look in his eyes; I could notice that he still has a great love for this profession.

As a teacher he was able to see, literally, hundreds of kids growing up, see them becoming part of the society. He also saw the first generation of students that had a wider palette of options at the moment of choosing a career. He was in charge of providing education and encouraged the young ones to take bigger risks and going out and trying to become an engineer or a doctor, even if they had to travel to Mexico City, Guadalajara or Monterrey, leaving their families and town looking for a better future.

“When we started looking for a person that could talk to us about the beginning of the cab service in Los Cabos, many of them referred us to Don Miguel”

When we started looking for a person that could talk to us about the beginning of the cab service in Los Cabos, many of them referred us to Don Miguel, and I think this was because they knew he had lived all of his life based on honesty and values. You can live your life in many ways but the only way to get people remembering you and even sharing stories about you, is by doing it as Don Miguel Angel, doing things and living the right way.



The second person we talked to was also referred to us by the cab drivers we met in one of the corners of the town while waiting for the next passenger. They sent us to Don Geronimo Castillo Tamayo, also a former leader of the 'Frente Único' or the Cab Drivers Union, the yellow ones.

Don Geronimo received us in the terrace of his house; he has been retired for about ten years now.

-When I started as a driver it was not just a matter of driving people from one place to the other, once or twice we even had to grab a shovel to build a new road to a Rancheria that needed the service.

“He is a widower now, but his family keeps him company as his children and grandchildren visit very often”

Don Geronimo is seventy five years now, he is a very quiet man, father to five sons and daughters, two of whom followed his steps becoming cab drivers. He had to retire sooner than he had wished because of a stroke he had, from which he has been recovering one step at a time. Nowadays, he's still active; he owns some cabs which he manages to maintain his house and supporting one of his sisters who lives with him. He is a widower now, but his family keeps him company as his children and grandchildren visit very often, he also has a loyal dog that is always by his side.

-I got to service many tourists, there was a time that Los Cabos was flooded with tourism, the first ones were fishermen, some of them wanted to be taken to the ocean to throw a fishing line even before registering at any accommodation -he narrates to us.

-The arrival of American visitors was everything but unnoticed. As you can imagine, they came here with money and looking for pangas to take them fishing, so they have been always welcome into town.

At the beginning it was an adventure for both sides, because very few people in San Jose were able to speak English, but every time we managed to find a way to understand each other and getting out safely of every risky situation.

Don Geronimo told us that he also used to be chief of pangas at the hotel Cabo San Lucas, also known as Chileno. He was in charge of organizing the fishing trips every day and sometimes also leading the boat himself when a pescador got sick or just absent.

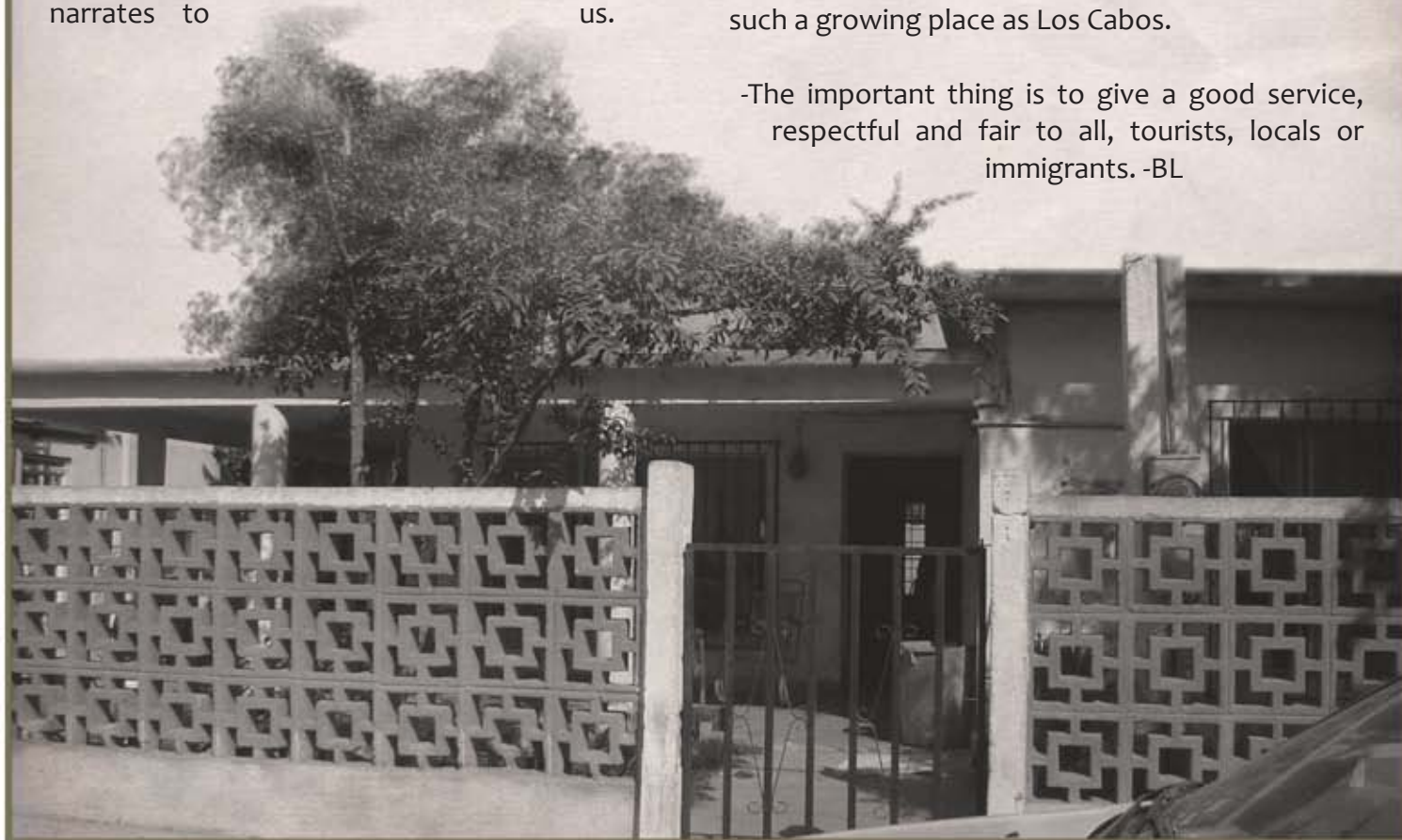
Don Geronimo also mentions he never got in trouble giving service to American clients.

-The bigger problems we got as cab drivers, begun when the market started to grow and new service providers arrived in the zone. You must understand the sense of belonging that the old drivers had as they worked so hard to build the roads, so the arrival of people from the mainland that pretended to use all the infrastructure just like that, did upset many people.-

“The important thing is to give a good service”

Nevertheless Don Geronimo is very confident that all of those situations are in the past, and from now on all workers will have a fair deal to work in such a growing place as Los Cabos.

-The important thing is to give a good service, respectful and fair to all, tourists, locals or immigrants. -BL



Here are some anecdotes and stories that we could get from some taxi drivers that we talked to, we hope you enjoy them!

- Once I had to drive a tourist from the airport to his hotel in Cabo San Lucas, seems like he had taken a sleeping pill for the flight because when we arrived to the hotel he was completely asleep, anyway the Front Desk clerk and I took him to his room, then the clerk paid me and I left.

- I was taking an American couple from the Westin Hotel to San Jose around 8:30 at night. Near Cabo Colorado we saw a car crash and stopped to try to help. Luckily no one got hurt, they were two local families, and a lady and her children were scared and crying. The American couple asked me to take them to town, but I didn't want to leave them in the middle of the road, so all of us got into the cab and headed to San Jose. The American lady had to take a child in her lap trying to calm him down. For me it was a mind opener, something like that could happen to any of us and it's great to see how people regardless of the differences in culture and language, can always find the way to help each other.

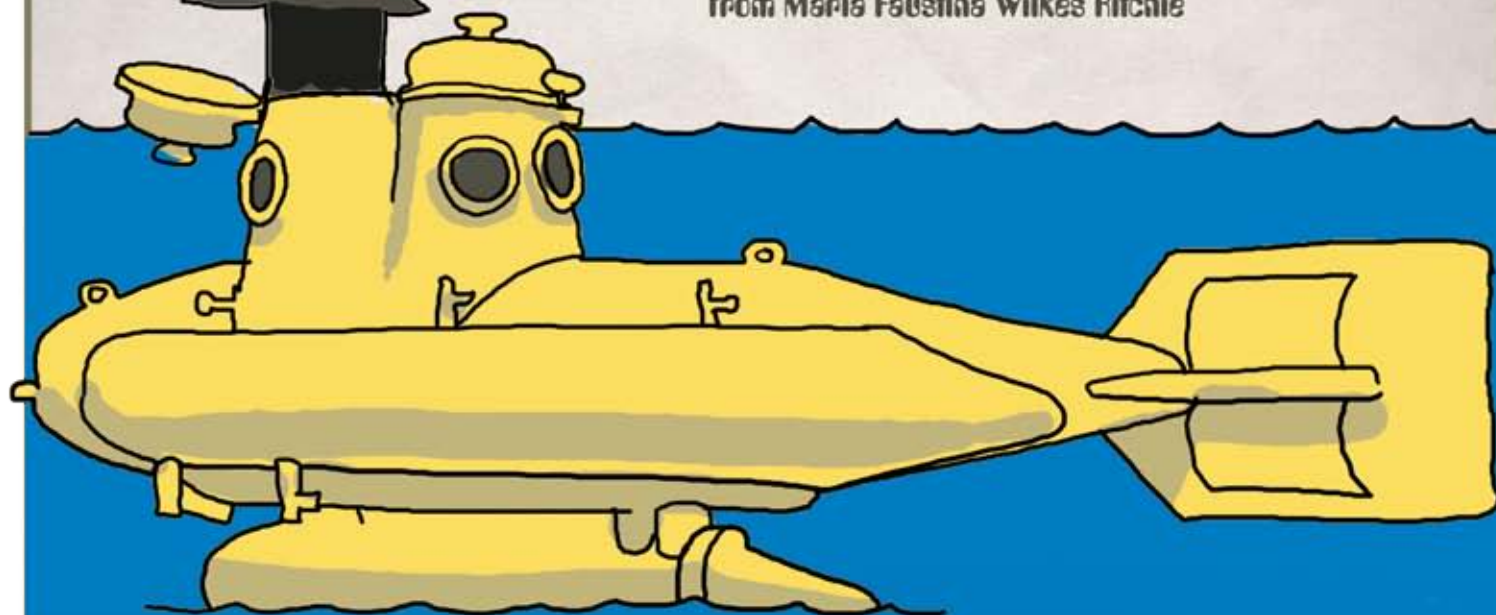
- Back in 1982 I was driving back from Cabo San Lucas on my way to San Jose, when passing the Santa Maria beach I saw a couple of gringos waving their hands asking me to stop. I stopped and one of them asked me how much I would I charge them for a trip to San Jose, I told him and he agreed. Then he and his friend started carrying a HUGE fish they had behind a small dune and asked me to help them getting it into the cab, we argued for a few minutes and finally they convinced me on allowing it inside the car. I had to fold down one of the seats of the cab so we could get the fish inside. At the end, the guys asked me to drop them downtown and they gave a big tip and some extra money to wash the car.



The Yellow Submarine

The Visit of Jacques Cousteau to Cabo San Lucas

Extract from the book "El San Lucas que yo conocí"
from Maria Faustina Wilkes Ritchie



It was the beginning of the 60's. The Beatles were enjoying the success of their famous song 'The yellow submarine'. That day, in the horizon off Cabo San Lucas, a very small dot was visible: It was a ship coming into the bay. The neighbors of 'El Médano' and the people working at the fish factory were the first ones to notice it, and they ran for their binoculars to see what kind of ship was coming into the harbor. And why not see if there was a chance of getting a job?

The ship continued its entrance into the bay but no one recognized it. However, as soon as the name of the ship was known, the news spread quickly around town: 'Calypso'.

"God knows which ship this is?" they said, and since they didn't have any idea, they didn't care much either. The ship arrived during a very warm summer, and two, or maybe three people descended in a small boat. Juanita Castro noticed the ship didn't dock at the pier, so she told her husband:

"Hey Cayo, the Calypso anchored in the bay, do you have any idea why?" she questioned.

"I don't know, but I will wait for them so I can take them to the harbor master's office." Ricardo Ruiz C. was the harbormaster at that time.

The crew of the Calypso presented all the necessary authorization papers. They were scientists, photographers and divers who would explore the submarine world of the harbor and the bay. They extended an invitation to Mr. Cayo Ruiz and some other townspeople for a dinner at the Calypso, in order to meet and develop friendships with the locals, and gain information about Cabo San Lucas.

On the ship, a Frenchman who was the director of the exploration, introduced himself as Jacques Yves Cousteau.

The locals had no idea they were meeting a celebrity, an explorer and researcher of the waters who had studied so many known and unknown living forms of the marine world. During that dinner, Cousteau showed them a tiny, two person capacity yellow submarine. That very same day, the Calypso began to be referred to as 'the scientists' ship' by the locals and the small yellow submarine was simply called 'the baticasco'.

The following year, the locals anxiously awaited the 'scientists' ship's' return. When it arrived in the harbor, everyone in town went to observe 'the baticasco' descend into the waters, either standing on the pier, or approaching even closer in small boats. It was something no-one had ever seen before, a very small submarine according to all. Back then, fans of Jules Verne's writing got the chance to see the huge submarines of WWII, and made comparisons with 'the baticasco'.

“By the ‘Piedra Negada’ you will see lobsters, several kinds of snails including giant snails and black snail”

Anyway, back to Cousteau, everyday he descended into the water following the advice of the locals: “Make sure you descend by the end of the pier because it's deeper, the blue turns into a dark navy blue and you will find colorful fish, eels, and some delicious species like sardines, sea horses, sea bass of all sizes, groupers, etc. By the ‘Piedra Negada’ you will see lobsters, several kinds of snails including giant snails and black snail. Be careful with this last one, because it will stain you with its ink.”

Everybody gave valuable information based on their personal experience to this man who loved the oceans. And he took their advice, because “It's wise to listen to elders.”

On this trip, Cousteau encountered the unique and incomparable beauty of the submarine canyon of Cabo San Lucas. Initially it was referred to as the 'Submarine trench', and is now world famous, and visited by thousands of tourists to study and to observe the great biodiversity, and many other interesting things like the water currents which cause beautiful sand cascades; the 'Piedra Negada' (lit. 'Rock in denial') where you can climb onto its platform; and the 'Pelican rock' so called because it's always crowded with pelicans. Other spots you can see are 'Lovers beach' (originally 'Playa de Doña Chepita'), the Arch which ends the cape, or the mountains which form 'Lookout hill' and 'White hill' from where you can see 'Seals' rock' where the alpha male is always on guard, ready all of them for playing or at the sound of its howl, to dive into the sea and bid farewell to the other seals, the tourists, and others.

The Long Stone

The 'long stone' or 'Upside down Baja', is a rock someone who didn't take the time to do some research also called 'Neptune's Finger'. The first time I ever saw it under this name, was on a postcard of Francisco Arámburo Salas, it wasn't that bad, because I sold A LOT of them!

When leaving for a tour around the bay, you will find this rock that hasn't changed its name yet, they call it 'The last rock', separated from 'White hill' by just a few feet. It is also unique because of the beauty of its fish. Only by watching them, can one understand the charm they have on the divers who take this dangerous risk. Right by this side is also located 'The northern wall' with a depth, which remains unknown to this day



It was like this that Cousteau discovered this deep blue universe, sometimes in crystal clear waters, and sometimes turbid, according to other experienced divers, like Enrique Villanueva a.k.a El Yucateco, who found a submarine mountain of black coral. Later followed the avid reader Manolo Metaca, Francisco 'The Lamb' Alonso, Francisco 'Paco' Saiza, Victor Castonera and many others. The first ones began to exploit black coral, and opened a shop of black coral accessories called 'The Back Coral Goddess' which was open until this fishing was regulated because the coral reef, was and is damaged with this activity. It's such a shame to do this to the coral, which is a gift from nature, and the submarine universe.

"For three summers the scientists and the 'baticasco' (that's how the locals referred to the bathyscaphe) were here"

For three summers the scientists and the 'baticasco' (that's how the locals referred to the bathyscaphe) were here, and the same three summers that the locals were always excited, expecting new discoveries from Cousteau.

"Every single day, Cousteau invited him to descend to the submarine trench:
- Not even if I were insane!"

Antonio Ruiz Castro, remembers that one of the duties of his father (who was the Harbor Master) was measuring the temperature of the water daily. For this, he used a very simple and cheap thermometer, and he did that by descending into the water at the end of the pier where there was a stair, and he always found the Frenchman there. Every single day, Cousteau invited him to descend to the submarine trench.

"Not even if I were insane!" was always his answer, "If you say that you descend down to 1200 ft inside this tin can, and you don't see the bottom; no way ~ I would suffocate down there!"

When Jacques Cousteau finished his first trip to Cabo San Lucas, he gave my father a brand new high-tech thermometer. After he left, my father continued to receive postcards from Cousteau from all around the world.

Antonio also told us that also in 60's, Cousteau sent a new group of explorers to Cabo San Lucas, they camped in a vacant lot, where years later Rafa Sandoval opened a 'disco'. "I made friends with them, and I still have a photo of a fish they gave me." he said. The photographer was Ron Church.

He kindly gave me a copy of the photo of a fish, which was taken back then. He added "What if it's the first sub-aquatic picture ever of a specimen of the bay? It may be." He continued "The French man loved the seabass soups, the fried fish and the fish meatballs, and why wouldn't he? My mom was the cook!"

"One day" said Antonio's mother "I told Jacques Cousteau: If you want to taste the best fish, catch a grouper, it's especially delicious when grilled. Next day Cousteau brought me a huge one, do you remember? A huge grouper over 7 feet long, and I thought ~ Why on earth did I open my mouth?" She grilled the huge fish, but she waited until they had a beach party on a full moon night.

"A few days before leaving, Cousteau found this bank of giant blue shrimp at a depth of 50 fathoms"

Antonio continues with his story "A few days before leaving, Cousteau found this bank of giant blue shrimp at a depth of 50 fathoms, between the beach of the Pedregal and the old Lighthouse. It was the biggest shrimp I've ever seen, even bigger than jumbo size. Fishermen usually cannot fish these shrimps easily; they need special equipment for this kind of depth. Standard ships have cables for 15 to 30 fathoms only, but given that this shrimp is more expensive, way more expensive, it is worth the investment."

Back to the photo, which dates back to the 60's. Do you remember Dan Scott? Well, I remember that in the Planta House he opened a diving shop, and sold gear which Cousteau himself designed, I think the brand was Aqua Lung, and he started touring groups that were pre-contracted. Ron Church and Dan were the tour guides, and they used to have lunch at my mother's house.

Ron was simply stunned by the beauty of Baja. The day he developed that photo, he pinned it to the wall, and I still have it.

The 'baticasco' of Cousteau and Jean Mollard was a SP-350. When they saw that the SP-350 did an excellent sub-aquatic performance, they repeated their successful work now with two submarines that could reach depths of 1500 ft. 1965 was their last visit to our bay and our town.

"This zone will be from now on, a submarine haven where this marine spectacle must be preserved"

Because of the important discoveries of Jacques Cousteau and his team, a presidential decree came to declare the bay of Cabo San Lucas as a natural protected area on November 29th in 1973, under the mandate of President Luis Echeverría Álvarez. This presidential decree details the reasons why this place is declared a natural protected area:

'This zone will be from now on, a submarine haven where this marine spectacle must be preserved, given that there is an actual risk of destruction for this natural laboratory. It will allow as well, studying the erosion process of the submarine canyons and also prohibits the capture of fish and other life forms that complete the beauty of the place, which together form a very peculiar ecosystem. Therefore, this area must be free of fishing exploitation with the purpose of turning it into a tourist attraction'. In article 4, it says 'Anchoring is strictly prohibited as well as throwing toxic substances harmful to the species'.

Here in Cabo San Lucas, in the Plaza de la Soberanía, at the Ringbell hill, there are two plaques on a small monument, which read:

Plaque #1: Submarine haven for flora, fauna and ecological conditions of the seabed in Cabo San Lucas, BCS, to the north by the parallel 22°, to the south by 22°50'50", to the west: by the meridian 109°54', to the east: by the meridian 109°50'.

Plaque#2: A seal of COMIRO (Mexican Engineering Committee on Oceanic Resources) states: Submarine haven for flora, fauna and ecological conditions of the seabed in Cabo San Lucas. Territory of Baja California, Undersecretariat of Fisheries, August 1973.

The photos of these two plaques are not published as they are unfortunately covered with the new 'culture' graffiti. This cultural and sports area seems to have been forgotten, which is such a shame. There are three municipality offices right there and no one seems to care about this place, I just say.

Also in the bay, there is the confluence of two oceanic currents, on one side from the Gulf of California (also known as Vermilion Sea or Lauretan Sea) and on the other side on the Pacific Ocean or Southern Sea. It is also known as Vermilion because Francisco de Ulloa called it that when he took possession of the mouth of the Colorado river (in Spanish 'Colorado' and 'Vermilion' are synonyms) and referred to it as that on his fact-finding trip of 1539.

Lauretan Sea is the name that the first Jesuit missionaries gave it because of Loreto, the capital and first mission of the Californias.

Southern sea, is how Vasco Núñez de Balboa called it when he first discovered it for the Europeans in 1524. -FW



- El San Lucas que yo conoci.

Faustina Wilkes Ritchie, a truly loved and loving teacher, born and raised in Cabo San Lucas, a place where many people own her the dedication and love that she offered them when she was their teacher.

She has dedicated part of her time to write her experiences and memories in a list of articles that she now has edited in a book called "El San Lucas que yo conoci" The San Lucas I knew that is.

Being a presential witnesses of most of these stories, she can narrate to us the history of San Lucas with more vivid words and feelings that anyone can. She is now invited to this publication to share with our readers her stories, we are sure you will enjoy them and you will have the tales and says of Cabo, handed to you first hand from a leading character of this place.

Please enjoy this contributions and if you want to give some opinion to teacher Faustina writings, you can email at our offices, contact@landsendmagazine.com.



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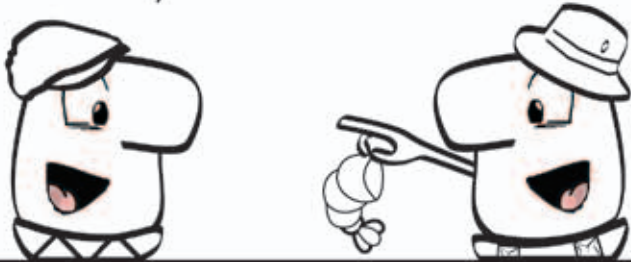


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