

LUSITANO BULLETIN

The Publication of the Lusitano Club of California



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Michael McDougall writes enthusiastically about visiting the Bay of Naples-Amalfi coast of Italy (see page 20). The Marina Piccola, Sorrento, depicted above, provides docking facilities for ferries and hydrofoils which connect to Naples itself and ports in this region. "It is one of the few places in the world worth visiting at least once in your life to get a sense of world spirit and diversity." **Keith Bellows**, Director, National Geographic Society.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

2006 CALENDAR OF FUTURE EVENTS

Saturday, December 9

Annual Christmas Party, San Mateo Elks Lodge

Please watch for your flyers in the mail during the year for these and other upcoming events.

NEW MEMBERS

Lusitano welcomes the following new members since our last announcement:

Hermancia Lai

Geraldine Piglowski

Cristina de Souza

Edmund Lai

Sylvia Remedios

Barbara Vas

Ferdinand Piglowski

Lourdes Maria Souza

LUSIFONIA GAMES IN MACAU

During October 7th to the 15th this year, Macau will be hosting the Lusofonia Games for the Portuguese-speaking countries. Without doubt, it will mark another historical event in Macau. The Presidents of all the worldwide casas have been invited by the Government of the Macau SAR and the 1st Lusofonia Games Organising Committee (COJOL) chaired by Dr. Manuel Silverio. More details on these games can be found on website: www.macau2006.org.

PARTICIPATE IN OUR CHRISTMAS PARTY TALENT SHOW

Can you sing, dance, play an instrument, perform magic, or juggle?

Calling members and friends of all ages to participate in our Lusitano Christmas Party Talent Show on December 9th, 2006 at the San Mateo Elks Lodge. We want you to show off your talents! Please contact Teresa Roliz at (415)786-1558 or Teresa@RolizSilmon.com for more information.

REPLACEMENT FOR LUSITANO EDITOR SOUGHT

We are still searching for a new editor to replace Mike McDougall when he retires at the end of this year. Please contact us.

EDITOR'S APOLOGY FOR MISSING THE SUMMER BULLETIN

Your editor regrets that he was unable to publish a summer issue of the Bulletin as scheduled owing to illness accompanied by chronic anemia and lethargy. Complications from a persistent cough day and night since the middle of June has made it difficult to sleep and required hospitalization first at a San Luis Obispo hospital, then at UC Medical Center, San Francisco. Antibiotics and other medications together with months of rest at home have freed him from the cough, but what caused the infection is being studied with further tests at UCSF scheduled or under way. He is frail but is happy to be part of the human race again.

He thanks the many readers and friends who have phoned, e-mailed or sent cards wishing him well, and looks forward to expressing his gratitude in person.

Desculpa

(M.M.)

*The Editor welcomes letters. Publication will be at his discretion.
Letters may be edited for clarity and brevity.*

This letter was addressed to Rod de Souza commenting on an article on Jack Edwards from the South China Morning Post which he originally circulated to the Editor and others.

Death of Jack Edwards, Noted British POW

I read with devout interest an obituary in the South China Morning Post (Hong Kong) on Jack Edwards, a former POW who spent years seeking the redressing of justice and claims from the Japanese. Having said that, and with regard to his bold efforts let me as a Hong Kong-born FM mention that our own late Luigi Viera-Ribeiro was a co-collaborator with Jack Edwards in this matter. Here is how I understand the issue. In the early 1980's the Japanese Government agreed to compensate the British, the Australian and the Canadian governments with reparation money for POW



War and peace: (clockwise from right) Jack Edwards in front of the Cenotaph in Central, Hong Kong; outside the Murray Barracks in uniform in 1946; knee-deep in mud during a return to the Kinkaseki mine (where he did forced labor) shortly after the end of the World War II; survivors from the mine aboard a US ship after the liberation of Taiwan.

(South China Morning Post caption & photo)

captors. (The Americans were not included for reasons which at the moment I prefer not to delve into as it would be a digression on the topic at hand).

The reparation and passport issues took two routes. The reparation money came under the jurisdiction of the British Ministry of Defence and there was no problem disbursing the money to British subjects born in Britain. With Hong Kong there was a catch as many HKVDC POWs were not born in Britain so that most FMs and HK Eurasians POWs were to be exempted from this reparation money. This is where Jack Edwards, Luigi Viera-Ribeiro and some others took up the fight.

To cut to the chase, the British Ministry of Defence relented and the FMs and their surviving spouses received the reparation money which I understand amounted to about £15,000 as annuity payments to be disbursed throughout the lifetime of the recipient. My late brother Roque received his share. As for the passport issue it came under the jurisdiction of the British Home Office. As I understand the position, the Hong Kong Government issued its own "Hong Kong passport" which allowed travel to Britain but does not include a permanent residency clause quite unlike a passport issued by the British Home Office. The Hong Kong passport was considered a "2nd class" one.

In the 1980's the Hong Kong Hand-over was in the minds of many who for many reasons wanted to "repatriate" to Britain to live there rather than remain in Hong Kong when it came under Chinese sovereignty in 1997. On the nitty-gritty level, Luigi Viera-Ribeiro and Jack Edwards received, I am told, British passports but not their wives, (Luigi's wife was Eurasian, Jack's Hong Kong Chinese). It took some more arm-twisting before their wives got their rightful papers

that should have been theirs in the first place.

Quite recently relatively speaking, about three years or so ago, there was a situation in which civilian widows of British subjects interned at Stanley were assigned some sums of money. A Hong Kong-born local Indian lady who was interned with her late British-born husband was denied this allotment. She claimed racism and bigotry and took her case to the British Privy Council (equivalent to the U.S. Supreme Court). The jurists voted unanimously in her favor.

Now to another matter. Mike McDougall, the long-time editor of the *Lusitano Bulletin* has published the experiences of many of our own FMs who were POWS during WWII. Examples I raise are the three-part series of his war experiences by the late Luigi Viera-Ribeiro, one by the late V.A. ("Toning") Sequeira of Victoria, B.C., on FMs who served with the Hong Kong Volunteers in general, on the four Reed brothers (my first cousins) who were killed during the Battle of Hong Kong, and just recently the conclusion of a long, two-part series as a POW at Shamshupo camp and at Sendai, Japan, by the late Cicero Rozario of Vancouver, B.C. We must tell our own publishable stories for posterity's sake!

Readers would be glad to know that the three California social clubs, UMA, Lusitano Club of California, and Casa de Macau placed a joint wreath at the war memorial at Club de Recreio last November 13, 2005 on the occasion of "Armistice Day."

Shouldn't we expect a directive from the heads of these three clubs to continue on this tradition again this year? Furthermore, we hope that Hong Kong-born FMs particularly of the *casas* at Vancouver, Toronto, and Sydney would pressure their respective clubs to follow suit. Lest we forget.

Armando "Pinky" da Silva
San Francisco, August, 19, 2006

Lusitano Editor's Retirement

Thank you, Mike. I enjoyed writing for YOUR bulletin. It involved some sacrifices such as skipping Saturday afternoon at the MET (opera broadcast from New York) and spending the time writing.

However it was worth it. Thanks for giving me a chance to use Macanese which lay dormant in my brain for 30 years.

You were also an appreciative and helpful editor and it was a pleasure to write for your publication, which you elevated from club bulletin to literary journal - yes, literary journal chronicling the history, social life and customs of the Macanese.

I hope that somewhere the Bulletin will be archived for the next generation to read. It captures Macanese life during our Golden Age in Hong Kong and brings it to life in a way that history books cannot.

So Mike, in violation of your modesty, I feel that you deserve more than a toast with *vinho de Porto*. We have to *cantar* (sing) your praises.

When Rudolf Bing retired as general manager of the MET, international opera singers sang a tribute which had this line:

"Chacun a Bing's gout."

This is a play on the French expression, *"chaçun a son gout"* (everyone to his own taste) - thus, everyone to Bing's taste.

And so the (unrehearsed) chorus of FMs sing *"Chaçun á MIKE'S gout."*

Lembrancas.

George Remedios

Toronto, May 16, 2006

The following was excerpted from an e-mail to President Maria Roliz, who passed it on to us:

As usual, I thoroughly enjoyed reading the latest Bulletin and felt sad to note that Mike McDougall is retiring as editor. He has certainly created a magazine from just a bulletin, with wide ranging articles of interest to people like me. I will certainly miss his leadership and hope you will be able to find someone else who is

just as dedicated to the roots of the Macanese community.

*Priscilla Canavarro,
June 14, 2006*

* * *

There is a season for everything and 'a time to retire (again).'

In the Spring of 2001, I submitted a *boba-reesa* (nonsense) article called "Canadian Batatada" for the fun of it.

Mike, only with your encouragement, guidance and *juizo* (wisdom), did I continue submitting a total of 17 articles to-date under your editorship. I truly enjoyed sharing some *muito comico* (funny) stories with Lusitano readers and keeping in touch with our Filhomas culture.

Now as you hang up your laptop for a stack of books and fun in the sun, I wish you: *Uma Feliz Retiro Com Uma Bom Vida Cheia De Saude e Que o Sol Brilhe Por Muito Mais Anos.* (Happy retirement, wishing you a long life full of good health and sunny days for many years to come)

With *muito apreciacao e abraco*,

*Doreen Remedios
Toronto, July 11, 2006*

* * *

I am so very happy that you will be freeing yourself up to enjoy all your interests without the burden of having to publish the *Bulletin* which I know requires so much time, energy and hard work. But, I am *muito triste* (veery sad) for all your devoted readers who are the beneficiaries of your talent and efforts.

I can't thank you enough for all the pleasure, laughter, knowledge and appreciation of our very special culture that the *Lusibull* has given me during the past 13 years. My regret is that I did not save every issue, but I still hope that some day the significant articles will be posted online.

I remember in particular the early series you did on your family and your life and travels while you were growing up. I enjoyed it so much that I was moved to e-mail my thanks, and that is how our acquaintance began.

Mike, you have been so generous with your talent and time that we cannot possibly begrudge you this next "retirement" which is so well deserved. I do hope you will make good on your promise to continue contributing articles. I will be eagerly looking for them.

*Eleanor Orth
Seattle, July 15, 2006*

* * *

When I read in your last issue that Mike McDougall was leaving as editor, I thought: Oh no, *qui sayung!* (What a pity!)

My sincere thanks and appreciation for Mike's dedication and painstaking efforts in his stewardship of *Lusitano Bulletin* over so many years! Mike has made the *Bulletin* such an attractive, enjoyable, informative and interesting publication to read.

I know I speak for many Filhomas in wishing him good health and all the best as Mike moves on to spend more time with the many other interests he mentioned in his recent message to us readers.

Hats off to Mike!

*Danny Souza
New York City, July 18, 2006*

* * *

I took some time looking at the Spring issue and saw your excellent sketches. You captured their expressions excellently.

Sorry to see that you will be retiring. We will really miss your finesse in editing our bulletin Mike. You always do a splendid job! I hope the next editor will be able to do the job as well.

I see that you had been through a lot health-wise and you felt that you would want to have time to pursue other things. Well Mike, we sure do appreciate your good work for our community. Hope you and Dawnna will enjoy your travels and the extra time together. Please thank her for working with you on those quarterly issues. We really appreciate your joint hard work.

*Rod de Souza
San Francisco, August 17, 2006* ■

INTER-CASA ACTIVITIES



From left, Arturo Britto, President, Casa de Macau, USA; Yvonne Herrero, President, Casa de Macau, Australia; Maria Roliz, President Lusitano Club of California, and Alex Xavier, President, UMA Inc. at the dinner party held at the Xavier residence recently.

Down Under Casa President Dines with California Counterparts

President of Casa de Macau, Australia, Mrs Yvonne Herrero, was recently in the Bay Area with her husband Manuel to attend a big Ramos/Herrero reunion. During their stay, the three USA casa presidents and their spouses were able to catch up with news and gossip of our comrades from Down Under, and enjoy a most sumptuous dinner and enjoyable evening hosted at the home of Alex & Maureen Xavier.

Australia's Casa de Macau's Committee

At the 12th Annual General Meeting of the Casa de Macau Inc, Australia on Sept. 16, 2006 in Sydney, the following Committee for 2006/2007 was elected:

President: Yvonne Herrero
Vice President: Marcus Gutierrez

Secretary: Mary Rigby
Deputy Secretary: Antonieta Manolakis
Treasurer: Mariazinha Callaghan
Committee Members: Lizette Akouri
Quito Barros, Rogerio Fernandes
Jose Carlos da Silva

MACAU CULTURAL CENTER UPDATE

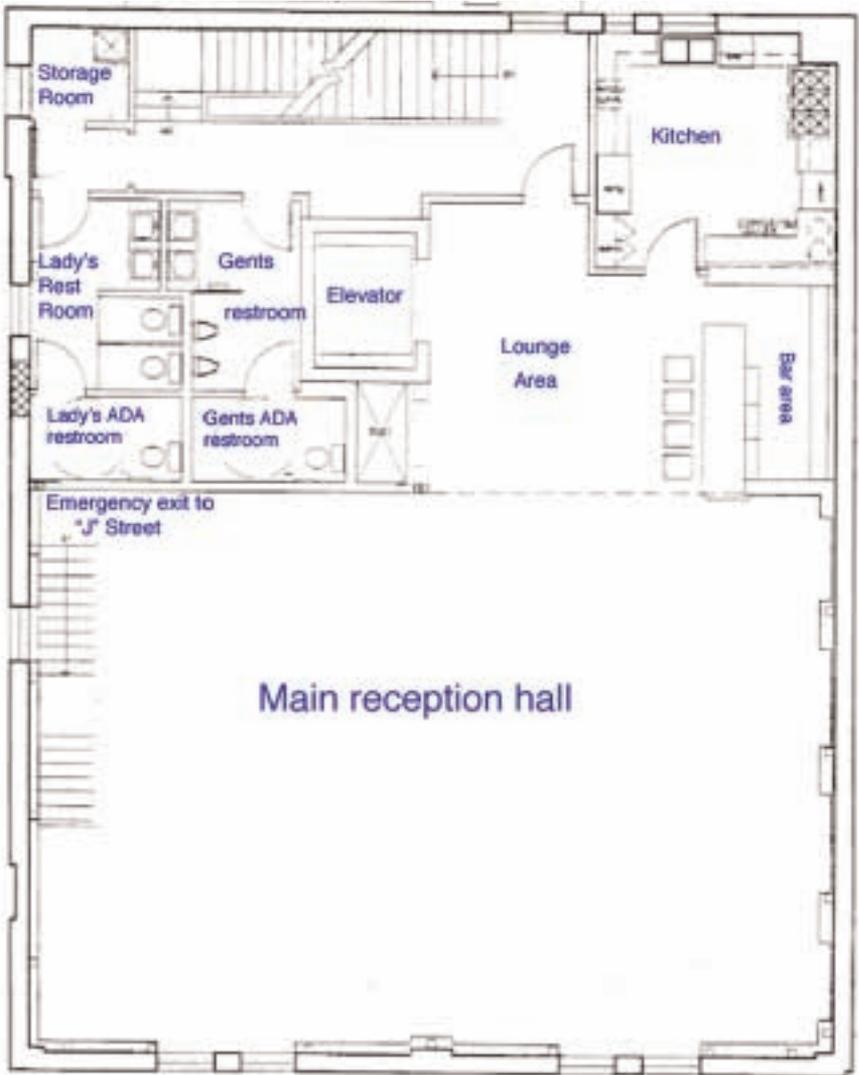
Architect James Chao's Renovation Proposals for the M.C.C. Building in Fremont Presented

By MARIA ROLIZ

Before beginning his presentation at the Macau Cultural Center building in Fremont at 11:00 AM on July 16, 2006, to some 50 members of the three Clubs, (Casa de Macau, Lusitano, and UMA. Mr. Chao, our architect, emphasized the importance of our keeping our cultural backgrounds. He mentioned that he's of Oriental ancestry and culture, and stated that "integrity is the most

important virtue" for us to display to the City of Fremont and our neighbors.

Mr. Chao described the proposed plan in detail and indicated that his initial meeting with the City left him encouraged. However, one of the individuals at Fremont's Planning department was not available and he would meet again with the members after he had received the suggestions for changes and



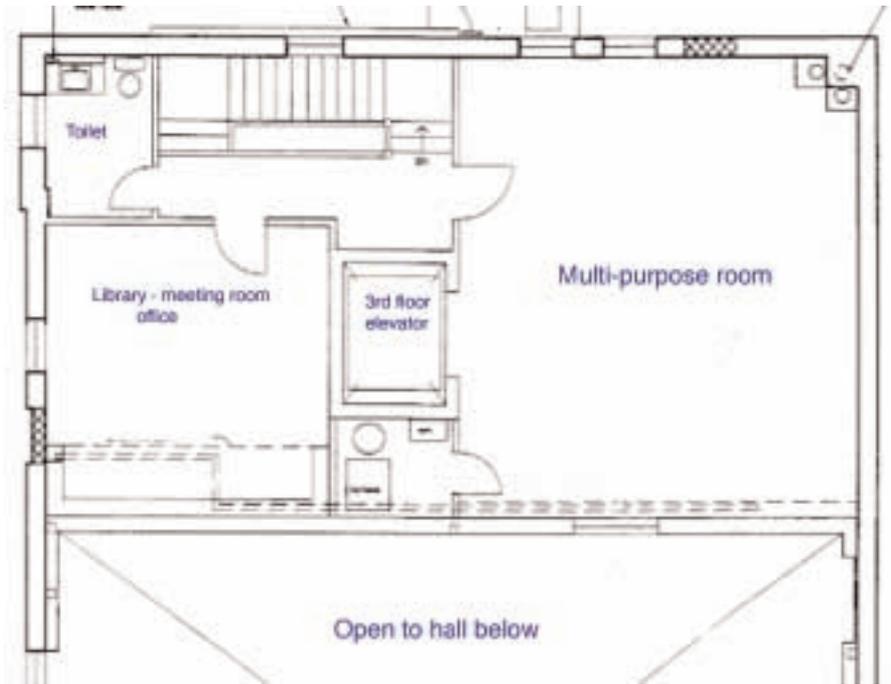
REVISED 2ND FLOOR PLAN

received the final approval from the MCC Board.

He asked those present to "dream wild dreams" for this could be our one and only chance. It was asked that all recommendations be sent to Art Britto.

The subject of the toilet at the ground floor level came up and several individuals were

most vocal about not having it. Mr. Chao then mentioned that this already existed and it would not be very expensive to retain the toilet and to have it fixed up. The question then came up as to who should have access to it. The concern about possible liability if shared with future tenants and renters of the hall was brought up as well as cleaning the area after



REVISED 3RD FLOOR PLAN

each function. The consensus was that this toilet area should be locked up and restricted to the use of members only.

The issue of the elevator was brought up and questions raised about whether or not it would go to the 3rd floor and if this would be a problem. Mr. Chao assured those present that this would not be a problem, that he had planned for it going up to the 3rd floor, and recommended that we went with a heavier, more substantial elevator to prevent possible liability suits. He covered the reasons thoroughly.

A few of the members present were interested in creating an impressive and inviting J Street entrance, a subject that was discussed at length. Mr. Chao also mentioned that the sidewalk belonged to the City and covered some of the difficulties involved in designing the entrance to provide access for the handicapped. He is

very familiar with the handicap access and codes as his wife has been in a wheelchair since 1963 and this is believed to be one of his expertise as it is of major interest to him.

Mr. Chao challenged the MCC Board and those present to come up with a strategic long term plan and to establish committees for this purpose. He fielded all the questions extremely well. Everyone present was most impressed both with his experience, his demeanor, and the way he made his presentation.

Since this presentation, the proposed plans (see drawings) have been presented to the City of Fremont and are now pending permit approval to start the renovation process.

A 3-stop 2500-lb elevator has also been ordered from Otis Elevator Co. with a 4-month delivery time. If all goes well, the building should be completed for use by mid-2007. ■

Lusitano Participates in *Dia de Portugal* Fete in San Jose for 12th Year

By MARIA ROLIZ

Photos by HUNTER CHOI

WHAT DIA DE PORTUGAL?

Dia de Portugal, de Camões e das Comunidades Portuguesas is the formal name for a worldwide event celebrated on June 10th in Portuguese-speaking countries as well as other countries with significant populations of people of Portuguese heritage.

Dia de Portugal, or Day of Portugal, a national holiday in Portugal, commemorates the life of Luis de Camões, Portugal's greatest poet, and recognizes the valuable contributions of the many Portuguese communities worldwide.

In the U.S., people of Portuguese descent are concentrated in New England, the East Coast (New York, New Jersey), Florida, California and Hawaii. Annually, they join with their fellow Americans to celebrate their Portuguese heritage and culture during June.

The 2000 US Census shows that 340,974 Californians identified themselves as being of Portuguese heritage. That figure represents the largest number of Portuguese-Americans for any one state in the U.S.

The banquets, concerts, folklore programs, flag-raising ceremonies, and other events that take place provide an opportunity to share the Portuguese heritage. It's a chance to learn more about the contributions that Portuguese-speaking communities and Portuguese-speaking immigrants have made towards the advancement of humanity.

Excerpted from the Dia de Portugal website



On parade: (Top), Ladies carrying banner of the Portuguese Historical Society. (Middle), San Leandro? Marching band. (Above), a Portuguese group from Tulare County.



One of many folk-dancing groups at the Fair.

On June 10th 2006, in fine weather, the club participated for the 12th year with a Macanese food booth at the annual Portugese Festival, *Dia de Portugal* at Kelley Park, San Jose to promote our heritage, and to offer a sampling of our cuisine.

We were glad to see some of our members and friends visiting and supporting our booth, including some familiar faces from past years.

As customary, the program included a parade, a variety of Portugese folk dances and musical performances, as well as food and other booths – all of which Portuguese organizations throughout California participated.

It was also encouraging to see more participation from other groups from our Macanese community with a booth serving desserts by Casa de Macau, and a booth promoting Macau by the Macau Businessmen Association.



Chefs staffing the Lusitano booth are from left, Ken Harper, Dorothy Oliveira, Yvo Ozorio, Gerry Hook, Clem Ismail, with Maria Roliz and Maria Joao da Cruz, partially shown behind Clem.



Fair goes milling around the various booths sampling Portuguese dishes and desserts.



Poster promoting Macau displayed at Casa de Macau stall.



Attendees at the tables in the shade not far from the various booths at the background.

Credits

Thanks to our many member volunteers getting up early to help set up, cook, and serve at our booth, we had a very successful day. A big thank you to all of them!

Chefs: Dorothy Oliveira, Maria Joao Da Cruz, and Clem Esmail for preparing the dishes, *Galinha a moda de Macau* and *Costoleta no pao*; Yvonne Ozorio for the *Vegetables and Chourizo*; Ken Harper for the *Lacassa*; and Lulu Xavier for the *Mochiko*.

Food servers: Jerry & Marylou Hook, Lulu & Jojo Xavier, Dave & Doreen McKissack, Kirk Harper, Virginia Yoshida, Hunter Choi, and Shirley Wong.

Parade representatives: Horace Ozorio & Ina Capitule. ■



Chefs and servers at the Lusitano booth are from left, Clem Esmail, Dorothy Oliveira, Yvo Ozorio, Jerry Hook, Ken Harper, Maria Joao da Cruz, Lulu Xavier, and Maria Roliz.



Galinha a moda de Macau (Chicken Macau-style) cooking in a deep saucepan.



Yvonne Ozorio prepared this delicious mixed vegetable and chourico dish to complement the other items on our menu.



From a poster at the fair showing the choice of dishes offered at the different booths. Lusitano had the largest menu.

Chopsticks “R” Us

Their construction, lore, use, versatility, & etiquette

By *DOREEN REMEDIOS*

Filhomac food is a union of Portuguese, Chinese, Filipino, Malaccan, Indian and even Japanese cuisine. At home we always ate our *arroz* (rice) on a plate with a fork and spoon. However, *nossa gente* (our people) are not just made up of *arroz com minchi* (rice topped with mince meat).

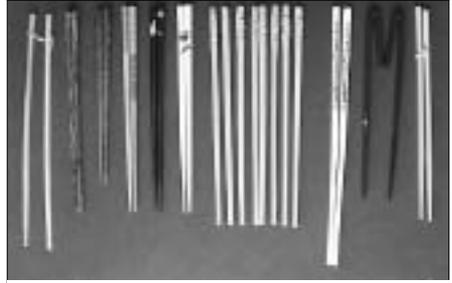
Our eating habits are made up of East/West fusion, without the confusion. Life is simple – we would neither dream of eating Macanese food with chopsticks nor having *dim sum* with a fork. So the rule is - fork and spoon at home and *fai chee* (chopsticks) in Chinatown.

Chopsticks 'R' Us...no Filhomac can live a truly happy, meaningful, bountiful, satisfying and joyous life without Chinese cuisine and *dim sum*. Often before Sunday mass is over, someone in the congregation would whisper down the pew, “After mass, *nos vai comer dim sum*” (let’s go for *dim sum*). Personally, I would never reside in any part of any country that did not have good *dim sum*. *Deveras* (truly). What’s the point of living?

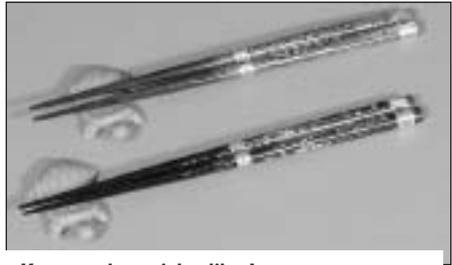
Chopsticks were developed about 5,000 years ago in China. It is likely that people cooked their food in large pots which retained heat well, and hasty eaters then broke twigs off trees to retrieve the food. By 400 BC, food was chopped into small pieces so it could be cooked more rapidly, thus needing less fuel and easier to eat with chopsticks.

Types & Construction

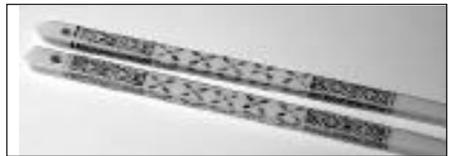
Chopsticks are two long, thin, usually tapered, pieces of wood. Bamboo is the most common material, but they are also made of various types of wood, as well as plastic, ivory, porce-



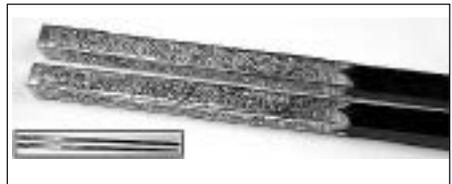
Chopsticks made from various materials. The longer ones are generally used for cooking. Note the spring-loaded pair, second from right, favored by novices.



Korean chopsticks, like Japanese types are shorter than Chinese, and taper to a point. Note the porcelain chopstick rests.



Porcelain blue and white chopsticks from Hong Kong.



Silver and ebony chopsticks from Vietnam.

lain, animal bone, metal, coral and jade.

Sometimes chopsticks are quite artistic. Chopsticks can be made of lacquered wood and covered with artwork. Truly elegant chopsticks might be made of gold and embossed in silver with Chinese calligraphy.

A child's plastic set of chopsticks might feature a cartoon character, such as Mickey Mouse.

Japanese chopsticks differ in design from Chinese chopsticks in that they are rounded and come to a point; they are also shorter (7 inches long for female, and 8 inches long for males). Starting in the 17th Century, they were the first to lacquer these wooden chopsticks, making them slippery but usable.

In my childhood days we were given a pair of Japanese chopsticks which came in such an attractive box with a transparent top we never used them, and kept them as an ornament.

Cooking chopsticks, usually of wood or bamboo, are longer than those used at the table, in order to keep one's hands away from the heat.

"Forkchops"

"Forkchops" are chopsticks for insecure Westerners and feature chopsticks at one end and forks and knives at the other, just in case the user can't manage during the meal.

However, on many occasions I've witnessed the so-called secure *kwai-los* (westerners) trying to eat fried rice straight from the plate with their chopsticks. I often shake my head as I watch them struggle to prove a point "five grain at a time." *Nao tem juizo!* (no common sense). This scene took forever before Mr. Kwai-lo would admit defeat, and switch to a fork.

In contrast, I would fill my bowl with fried rice and using chopsticks, I would *pah fahn* – an act whereby you bring the bowl to your lips, *abree bocca grande* (open mouth wide) and shovel as much rice as possible into your mouth. I guess the Macanese equivalent would be to *dali arroz* (heap the rice). In my Hong Kong days, passing by a construction site or *tai pai tong* (side walk vendor) and watching the

coolies in their singlets and baggy black pants squatting by the sidewalk and *pah fahning* their rice with their salted fish was a *sabroso* (delicious) sight. When one *pah fahns*, every morsel looks *sabroso*.

Handy Hints

Besides eating, I have found many other uses for chopsticks:

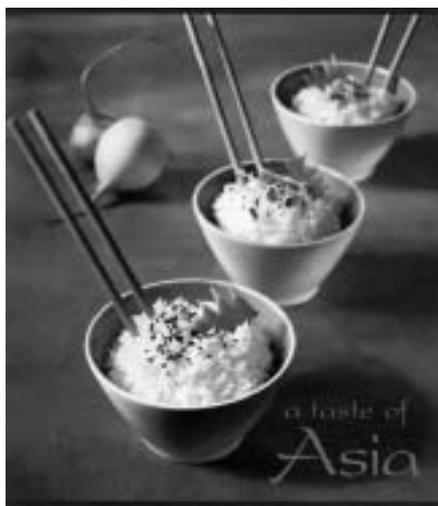
- Just the other day when my plant was drooping, I used a *fai chee* to prop it up.
- Often I would use the other chopstick to mix glue, putty or grout.
- Instead of using so many cooking utensils, just a pair of chopsticks would do for stirring spaghetti sauce, gravy or for scrambled eggs.
- Also for snatching tempura from hot oil, tossing stir-fries, scraping batter from the bottom of the blender,
- Cake tester or beef tester... *choo choo* (poke) to see if it's well done.
- Level flour in a measuring spoon or utensil with chopsticks.
- Rapping kiddies' knuckles.
- I hear that some girls in the West Coast will gather up their long hair and twist in into a *cheekee-ah* (bun) and then pierce it with a chopstick to keep it up and in place. Not just Asian girls. (I hope they don't eat with it afterwards!)

I am sure you have some of your own handy hints.

Chopsticks Etiquette

Ann Landers may not have written about the use of chopsticks in table manners, so here they are:

- Do not spear food with your chopsticks.
- Don't point with your chopsticks to something or somebody – it's threatening.
- Do not move your chopsticks around in the air too much, nor play with them.
- Do not use chopsticks to drum the table



When the Hawaiian executive of an internationally-known seller of kitchen equipment saw this cover, left, for a booklet promoting Asian food, produced by her company's design department, she was horrified as it showed chopsticks sticking into the rice bowl, a violation of Asian etiquette. She caused the entire press run of several thousand booklets to be discarded and reprinted, this time with the modified cover photo at right.

during *dim sum*.

- If you have already used your chopsticks, use the opposite end of your chopsticks in order to move food from a shared plate to your own plate.
- No sticking chopsticks vertically into a bowl of rice.
- No sucking chopsticks.
- No hitting anyone over the head.
- Do not *pah fahn* in front of guests. Acceptable only among family.

Some other interesting aspects of the humble *fai che* (chopsticks) are as follows:

Contact with Poison

During the Middle Ages, aristocrats often favoured silver chopsticks since it was thought that silver would turn colour if it came into contact with poison.

My amah was no aristocrat but she carried her own ivory chopsticks whenever she went out for dinner. When I asked her why, she gave the same answer that that ivory would turn

black if poison was in the meal. *Que ramade!* (how terrible) being poisoned while eating with friends! Ah Ng would explain that this custom was handed down from her village in China; she is just continuing the tradition.

Chopsticks Waltz

Chopsticks (original name "The Celebrated Chop Waltz") is an extremely well known, simple waltz for the piano. It is often one of the first that a new student learns using two fingers hence the name chopsticks.

Confucius Promotes Non-Violence

Some people think that the great scholar Confucius influenced the development of chopsticks. A vegetarian, Confucius believed knives would remind people of slaughterhouses and were too violent for use at the table. *Falah Sung Ya!!!* (If you say so!!)

Since all Filhomacs are related one way or another by blood or in spirit, enjoy your *dim sum* or *chow fahn* even if you have to *pah fahn*.

After all, Chopsticks "R" Us. ■

Present & Former Street Names in Shanghai

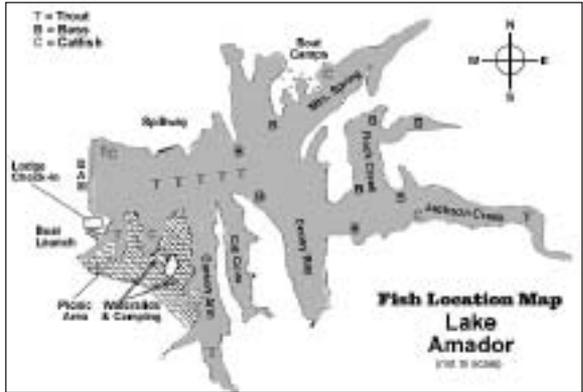
Following the Communist takeover in 1949, all foreign street names in the former International Settlement and French Concession were permanently changed to Chinese names. Some were transliterated; Szechuan Rd became Sichuan Lu, and so on. (The city-named streets go east-to-west while the provinces north-south.) The name of the bund Bund, an Anglo-Indian word, remains unchanged.

| <i>Present</i> | <i>Former</i> | <i>Present</i> | <i>Former</i> |
|-----------------|---------------------------|------------------|--------------------------|
| Beijing Lu | Peking Road | Jianguo Xi Lu | Frelupt, Rte |
| Beijing Xi Lu | Avenue Road | Jiangsu Lu | Edinburgh Road |
| Changde Lu | Hart Road | Jiangxi Lu | Kiangse Road |
| Changle Lu | Rue Bourgeat | Jinling Dong Lu | Consulat, Rue de |
| Changshu Lu | Sayzoong, Route du | Jinling Xi Lu | Foch, Avenue (East) |
| Changming Lu | Brenan Road | Jinshan Lu | Astor Road |
| Changyang Lu | Ward Road | Jiujiang Lu | Kiukiang Road |
| Changzi Dong Lu | Seward Road | Lafayette, Rue | Fuxing Zhong Lu |
| Dalian Lu | Dalny Road | Liyang Lu | Dixwell Road |
| Daming Lu | Broadway | Maoming Bei Lu | Mulmein Road |
| Danshui Lu | Rue Chapsal | Maoming Nan Lu | Cardinal Mercier, Route |
| Dinghai Lu | Point Road | Nanjing Xi Lu | Bubbling Well Road |
| Dongdaiming Lu | Seward Road | Panyu Lu | Columbia Road |
| Dongdaming Lu | Broadway East | Renmin Lu | Deux Republics, Blvd des |
| Donghu Lu | Doumer, Route | Ruijin Er Lu | Pere Robert, Route |
| Fengyang Lu | Burkhill Road | Shaanxi Bei Lu | Seymour Road |
| Fenyang Lu | Rue Pichon | Shimen Er Lu | Carter Road |
| Fumin Lu | Amiral Coubert, Route | Sichuan Nan Lu | Montauban, Rue |
| Fuxing Xi Lu | Gustave de Boissezon, Rte | Tianmu Dong Lu | Boundary Road |
| Fuxing Zhong Lu | Lafayette, Rue | Tongren Lu | Hardoon Road |
| Fuzhou Lu | Foochow Road | Wanhangdu Lu | Jessfield Road |
| Gaoan Lu | Cohen, Route | Wujiang Lu | Love Lane |
| Gaolan Lu | Rue Corneille | Wujin Lu | Range Road |
| Guangdong Lu | Canton Road | Xiangshan Lu | Rue Moliere |
| Hami Lu | Rubicon Road | Xiangyang Nan Lu | Rue de la Tour |
| Henan Zhong Lu | Honan Road | Xingang Lu | Marcel Tillot, Rue |
| Hengshan Lu | Petaim, Avenue | Xingle Lu | Paul Henry, Rue |
| Houshan Lu | Wayside Road | Xizang Nan Lu | Boulevard de Montigny |
| Huaihai Lu | Avenue Joffre | Xuchang Lu | Washing Road |
| Huashan Lu | Haig, Avenue | Yanan Dong Lu | Edward VII, Avenue |
| Huangbi Bei Lu | Mohawk Road | Yanan Xi Lu | Great Western Road |
| Huiming Lu | Baikal Road | Yanan Zhong Lu | Foch, Avenue (West) |
| Huqi Lu | Museum Road | Yongkang Lu | Rue Remi |
| Jianguo Dong Lu | Conty, Route | Yueyang Lu | Ghisi, Route |
| Jianguo Lu | Chevalier, Rue | Zhoushan Lu | Chusan Road ■ |

Lusitano Camps at Lake Amador

By MARIA ROLIZ

Photos by HUNTER CHOI & COHORTS



Lake Amador is located in Amador County in the oak-studded foothills of the Gold Country, about 60 miles southeast of Sacramento, and some 40 miles northeast of Stockton. It takes a little over two hours drive from the Bay Area to get there.

The lake is situated near the town of Ione, (population 7,000) and is known best for its great bass fishing. (According to this website, www.lakeamador.com/fishinfo.htm “in 1986 an accomplished angler named Tim Kamura, of Sacramento, landed 17.1 lb. Huge Bass on a



The camping area chosen was in a shady area not far from the water's edge.



Lusitano Director Michael Carion who organized the trip, seen here in cast and crutches after having surgery on his foot only a week before, still helped bring in much of the supplies.

Tennessee Chad crank bait. That record stands to this day as the lake's record bass catch.”)

The lake, actually a man-made reservoir, is relatively small at 425 acres, but has 14 miles of shoreline, set at an elevation of 485 feet. Points of land which jut into its waters are favored for bass fishing, while catfish are caught

on the week before, it did not stop him in his plaster cast and crutches and his right hand lady, Sayumi, from getting all the food and supplies, and roughing it out with some 20 other fellow members and friends who were there during that weekend.

Among the die-hard campers were Dave

near the base of the dam. Trout can be occasionally caught in deep, cold water while bluegills and other pan fish can be caught everywhere else.

Lusitano Director Michael Carion organized the trip for the weekend of June 30, July 1 & 2, 2006, a three-day camping trip for interested club members – the third camping trip that Lusitano has organized so far. Despite Michael having broken his foot and just been operated



Children about to go into the water at a beach close to the camp site. Adults took turns as lifeguards. In the heat, the water was refreshing.

McKissack's daughter and grandkids who had flown in from Nebraska to join us, just for this camp-out weekend. With temperatures normally reaching 103°F in the area, we were lucky it was a little cooler topping at 98° .

Paul Carion, Jerold Carion, Ken Harper, and Dave McKissack, played life-guards while escorting the children in to swim, while cooling themselves off.

Others like Kirk Harper, Doreen McKissack, Hunter Choi and I, tried our luck at fishing. Unfortunately, none of us caught any big bass we were hoping for but we did catch caught loads of bluegills which we pan-fried and enjoyed that weekend.

All the families, and especially the children had a wonderful time. ■



Maria Roliz catches a whopper! Or is it bait?



By lantern light, Hunter Choi and Doreen McKissack clean and gut the fish caught earlier before pan-frying.



Big bass are said to favor the still waters around such points of land and inlets created by this man-made reservoir-lake.

Italy's Bay of Naples and Amalfi Coast

Spectacular hillside-waterfront towns and islands, great food, warm people & a sense of history are attractions.

By MICHAEL MCDUGALL

Last June my wife and I and members of our family, spent a week in Sorrento, a popular resort town in southern end of the Bay of Naples. The occasion was the wedding of our son Eric to Claudia Ceniceros (see

story and photos, page 42), both San Francisco residents, but who, like many foreign couples chose the area's salubrious and romantic ambience to wed. I was so taken in by the cultural and holiday attractions and amenities of the area I thought I'd recommend it wholeheartedly to our readers.

The wedding festivities took place in the Bellevue Syrene, one of many hotels perched on the cliffs which have panoramic views of the Bay of Naples with Mt. Vesuvius in the distance, and overlook a line of breakwater-swimming piers and beaches below. About a mile northeast of the hotel is Marina Piccola terminal from where hydrofoils and ferries have regular service to major destinations in the Bay of Naples and the Amalfi coast.

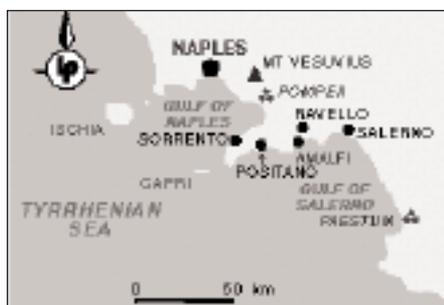
Sorrento

Sorrento (population: 16,500) a popular tourist destination, also served visitors as a base of excursions to Naples, the famous ruins of Pompeii, Herculaneum and Paestum, the dramatic hillside-seafront towns of Positano and Amalfi, the islands of Capri, Ischia and Procida and other regional attractions.

Sorrento is celebrated in the popular Neapolitan song, "Torna Sorrento," (Return to Sorrento), sung by many including the famous tenors, Enrico Caruso and Luciano Pavarotti who came to the luxury hotels on the cliffs. Some famous people who came here include Lord Byron, Keats, Goethe, Sir Walter Scott, Maxim Gorky, and Wagner, who, like today's visitors, were attracted to the unique attractive



Map of Italy, above, and enlarged map of the Bay of Naples region below.





Aerial view over Sorrento showing the Bay of Naples with Mt. Vesuvius, left, in the distance with the city of Naples at its base. The volcano which famously destroyed Pompeii and Herculaneum in the year 79, last erupted during World War II in 1944, and is a popular tourist attraction, today. (Sorrento info.com)



Hotel Bellevue Syrene where our son's wedding festivities took place, is among the many hotels lining Sorrento's cliffs facing the Bay of Naples. The furthest pier at bottom right, used for swimming and sunbathing, was adapted as the setting for the nuptial ceremony. The bride and her best man came by boat to the heraldic music of a brass quartet. The wedding party and guests then came up through candlelit historic grottos and galleries to an open air reception and dinner dance at the hotel (See page 42). (Photo: NRSA)

human-scaled communities, the sunny and mild Mediterranean climate, the superb food, comfortable accommodations, excellent shopping, the presence of history, art and the humanity and warmth of the Italians.

Taxi drivers, hotel clerks, waiters, and shopkeepers all seem to speak English for the British and Americans have been coming here for ages. (German voices seem to predominate more in the north especially in the Piedmont lake district, and around Venice.)

My wife and I and other family members stayed in the Antiche Mura (Ancient Wall) Hotel several blocks away from the Bellevue Syrene. The Antiche Mura is so named because it sits aside the ruins of the 16th century fortress walls. Like most commercial establishments here it caters largely to an English-speaking clientele –judging by the talk of the people sitting around the hotel’s swimming pool and dining room.

Liquor bottles on a shelf of the poolside snack bar included such Anglo staples as

scotch, gin, brandy, beer, etc. that one find in a pub, and even a bottle of Pimms No. 1 Cup (reminding one of sipping this drink sitting on the veranda of Club Recreio in Kowloon in the old days). The pool itself sits in the middle of a beautiful lemon grove.

The hotel provided its guests an elaborate breakfast buffet daily which included fruits, cereals, eggs and bacon plus prosciutto, Parma ham, salami, freshly-baked breads, pastries and cakes, whereas Italians typically have some fruit, a hard roll and a cappuccino.

One side of the dining room looked across a deep overgrown chasm, about 100 yards wide, which, together with the walls which once surrounded the entire town, protected it from invasion. Some old cannons still remain for decorative effect.

Another side of the dining room opens out to a pleasant patio where guests can breakfast under the shade trees and flowers. A portion of the old wall runs along one edge of the patio, creating an intimate enclosure. A small



View from the cliffs overlooking Sorrento’s Marina Piccola where hydrofoils and ferries run regular service to Naples, the islands in the Bay of Naples such as Capri, and communities along the Amalfi Drive and beyond. At the concourse, taxis, busses transfer passengers to Piazza Tasso and to the railway station. (Photo: Marco Arrigoni)



Our hotel the Antiche Mura is named after the ancient walls of a 16th century fortress that stood above a deep chasm, both forming a protective barrier from invasion. The ruins of an old mill lie below.

statue of St. Francis of Assisi placed into a niche hollowed out of the old wall presumably adds spiritual protection.

Sorrento's history can be traced as far back to the Phoenicians who came from the Eastern Mediterranean, followed by the Greeks, Etruscans and Romans. In later history everyone, it seems – the Visigoths, the Spanish, the French, and even the Saracens – ruled Sorrento. The town's name derives from the Roman town Surrentium where a temple to Athena and the Sirens was built.

In Homer's epic, the *Odyssey*, Sirens are sea nymphs who lived on islands with steep cliffs and rocks, and who, by their seductive songs, attracted sailors who would be shipwrecked on the rocks and drown. Ulysses plugged the ears of his crew and made them lash him to the ship's mast to avoid temptation! The name



The ancient wall for which the hotel is named, encloses the dining patio at left. The path leads to the swimming pool, below.



The Antiche Mura's swimming pool sits in a clearing in a citrus grove. A kiosk-bar (not shown) served drinks and snacks to a mainly English-speaking clientele. Several guest rooms open up to this attractive space.

syrene (siren) appears in various places in Sorrento peninsula where precipitous cliffs, grottos, caves and rocks abound. The Hotel Bellevue Syrene where the wedding festivities took place is named after these mythical Naiads.

A few blocks inland, Piazza Tasso, the city's heart, was formed in the 1800s by filling in the chasm which once surrounded three sides of the town but isolated it from its growing suburbs. The area in front of our hotel leading from the piazza, a block away, was also filled isolating an old mill in the chasm which later was abandoned.

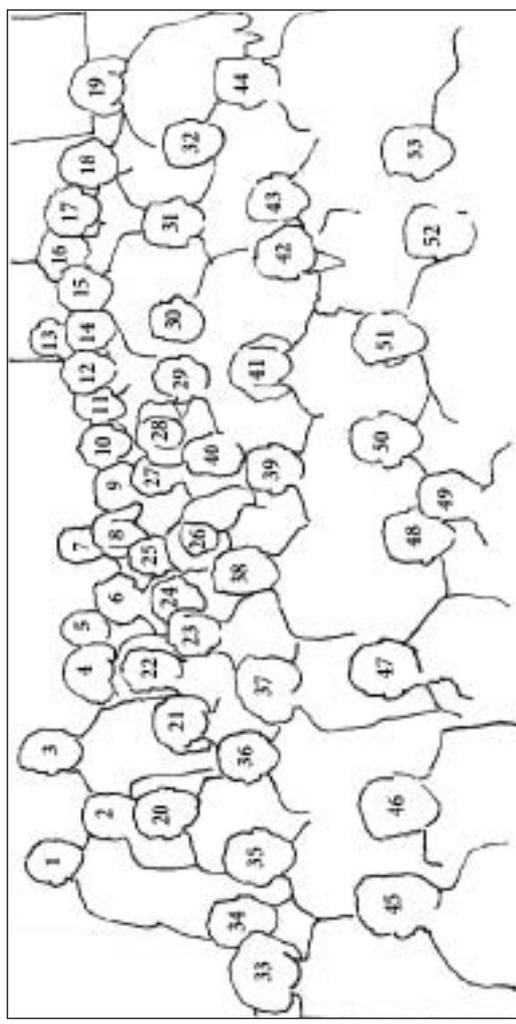
The piazza is named after Torquato Tasso (1544-1595), a famous poet and native of Sorrento, whose statue punctuates the square. It is actually a large traffic intersection of five busy streets, lined with open air restaurants and

continued on page 26

Guests at a Matto Moro Party in the early 1950s

Photo kindly forwarded to us by Jackie "Gerry" da Silva (#35) of a group at Norman Lewis' (#39) 21st (?) birthday party at St. Joseph's Terrace, Hong Kong, in the early 1950s.

Thanks to Eddie Guterres (#36), Flavio Collaco, Bosco Correa, Meno Baptista (#1), and Gerry McDougall for helping identify those guests depicted, in the old picture at right.



- | | | | | |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------------|
| 1. Meno Baptista | 12. Dulcie Barradas | 23. ----- | 34. Fernando Vieira | Vieira? |
| 2. Johnny Rocha | 13. Francisco Noronha | 24. Gracie Franco | 35. Jackie "Gerry" da Silva | 45. Robert Roza |
| 3. Dennis Rocha | 14. ----- | 25. Rennie Tavares | 36. Eddie Guterres | 46. Carlinho "Carli Kai" Vieira |
| 4. Joyce Osmund | 15. Cauline Vieira | 26. Evelyn Abbas (?) | 37. Anita de Senna | 47. Reggie Pires |
| 5. Bobby Medina | 16. Barbara Cunha (?) | 27. Alphonse Demeo | 38. Johnny Remedios | 48. Sonny Castro |
| 6. Loretta Luz | 17. Noreen Phillips | 28. Therese Tavares | 39. Norman Lewis | 49. Leonardo Lewis |
| 7. Francis Botelho | 18. Anita Chan | 29. Alex Lewis | 40. Charlie Remedios | 50. "Moretao" Chan |
| 8. Yvonne Castro | 19. Pansy Chan | 30. Junior Tavares | 41. Angelina Marques | 51. Mickey Tavares |
| 9. Jenny Tavares | 20. Roberto Vieira | 31. David Vieira | 42. Milita Vieira | 52. Danny Vieira |
| 10. Elizabeth Tavares | 21. Lulu Diespecker | 32. Alfredo Britto | 43. Mickey Ribeiro | 53. Carlos Castilho |
| 11. David Tavares | 22. ----- | 33. Rose Maria Ferras | 44. "Old Man" Lewis or José | |





The northwestern part of Piazza Tasso, the heart of Sorrento. The square, a lively place in the summer evenings and late into the night, is ringed with open air restaurants and snack bars, pizzerias, and hotels. At right of center is Santa Maria del Carmina, a Baroque church, and a statue of Torquato Tasso, (1544-1595) a famous poet who lived here. Under the flags, left, is an opening with a view towards Marina Piccola and the Bay of Naples.



The western end of Piazza Tasso as seen from Santa Maria del Carmina church at dusk when traffic builds up with more cars and pedestrians. The square is actually an intersection of five busy streets created by the filling in in the 19th century of a deep chasm which separated the original Greek settlement from the adjacent areas built-up later.

continued from page 23

pizzerias, snack bars, and the baroque facade of the Santa Maria del Carmina church.

Pedestrians, motor scooters, motorcycles, buses, horse-drawn carriages and cars criss-crossed on this square in a uneasy symbiosis. Few people observe the pedestrian crossings.

A good place to people watch is from any open air restaurant or snack bar on the piazza. Snack bars found in Italian town centers, typically serve hard liquor, soft drinks, coffee, snacks such as *pannini* (pressed toasted sandwiches), pizzas, salads and delicious *gelati* (ice cream). This is the nearest thing to Italian fast food – consumed, however, at a leisurely pace. During our visit we never saw a McDonalds and the like.

Here we would watch in amazement how people, and even a large tour group, would jay-walk diagonally across this wide space with Fiats, Alfa Romeos, Vespas and busses swarming around them.

Every Italian driver feels he is a grand Prix driver maneuvering a Ferrari around the narrow cobble-stoned streets, tailgating the vehicle in front, even on the *autostrada* from Naples. They were so skilful that towards the end of our stay I managed to get over my initial white nuckles experience. One taxi driver told me, “Italians regard traffic lights as Christmas decorations.”

Italians, and Europeans drive sensible-sized cars, given the narrow roads and gas prices ranging from US\$6.00 to \$7.00 a gallon. No big gas-guzzling SUVs and macho pickup-trucks Americans love even when running to the supermarket for a loaf of bread.

Our womenfolk did a little shopping at the many stylish boutiques which offered excellent Italian-made clothes, shoes, leather goods, and ceramics. My wife commented that there were no “Made in China” goods or “big box” stores.

Craftsmanship everywhere typically was of high quality. The furniture in our hotel room was made with beautiful inlaid woods – mar-



Narrow shopping streets, above and below, in the oldest part of Sorrento, derive their grid pattern to the time when the town was a Greek colony.



quetry is a traditional specialty of this area. Interior finishes of marble, travertine, ceramic or mozaic tiles and fine woods are common. The exteriors of buildings are solidly built and exhibit a feeling of of permanence about them.

World Cup

Our visit to Italy coincided with the World Cup of football – soccer, as known in the U.S., the most popular game in the world. The Italians like other soccer powers, take their *futbol* seriously.

On our first night in Sorrento, at the recommendation of our hotel staff, my wife Dawnna, daughter Leslie, grandson Alex, and I went to a nearby restaurant for dinner. We were led down to a stone walled cavernous room in the basement with a theater-sized screen showing commentators discussing the USA vs. Italy game which was about to begin.

We ate pizzas for which the area is notable, together with some pasta, and drank some champagne and a bottle of *Lacryma de Christe*, a famous local wine once made by a religious order. The rich volcanic soil around the Mt. Vesuvius region combined with the sunny climate make ingredients such as its durum wheat flour and tomatoes so wholesome and flavorful.

The excellence and simplicity of Italian cuisine is determined by the quality and freshness of such ingredients. No need for elaborate reduction sauces and exotic components.

Soon tables in the restaurant began to fill up with the Brits and a few locals. A waiter unfurled a huge Italian flag to show off his loyalty to the team that wore dark blue jerseys and played aggressively. When our server brought us a dessert of fresh berries and *gelati* (ice cream) garnished with mint leaves, he said that its red, white and green color scheme were the Italian colors.

I told him I was not optimistic about the U.S. team's chances given the team's disappointing performances earlier but he said diplomatically, "You cannot tell who will win a football game until humans put their feet to the ball."

By the time we left the restaurant and headed towards the waterfront looking for the hotel where the four-day wedding festivities would start the next day, the Italian team drew first blood: U.S.A. 0, Italy, 1.

At nearly every shop and restaurant we passed – even those with adjunct outdoor seating across a narrow street, we were able to follow the progress of the game by looking at the TV screens brought out for the occasion. By



This delicatessen offers a wonderful selection of cured meats, breads, cheeses, confections, condiments, wines and other drinks for a home meal or a picnic.



Brightly colored ceramics, many decorated with Sorrento lemons, are popular not only with tourists, but also used in Italian homes.



Italian shoes are known everywhere for their style, elegance and quality. These displays are from the leather shop shown in the photo, below.



A huge variety of well-made and stylish bags, belts, wallets, shoes etc. are offered for sale in this leather shop oddly named "Gloves."

the roar of the crowd and the piercingly loud klaxon horns we knew when the Italy was threatening the American goal or had a near miss in their own goal.

One leather goods shopkeeper suspended a TV set from his upper floor residence and wedged it into a niche 10 feet above the narrow street so that he and potential buyers could follow the game from his stall. The niche presumably held the statue of some saint which must have been temporarily relegated to storage while the World Cup was on.

By the time we returned to our hotel, we learned that the final score was U.S. 1– Italy 1, the latter team's player having inadvertently kicked the ball into his own goal. During our week in the Sorrento-Amalfi area, regardless of where we were, we were always aware how the Italian team was doing. In the Piazza Tasso whenever the Italian team was victorious, a spontaneous processions of vehicles would drive by with flags flying and horns sounding.

Even when we were returning by ferry from a day trip to the island of Capri late one evening, whenever Italy scored a goal, we could hear cheers and firecrackers or see fireworks set off from the shore about half a mile away.

And when we took the train from Sorrento to Naples and back, the ubiquitous tricolor Italian flags were displayed everywhere, even en masse on entire blocks in the Naples high-rise slums.

The Amalfi Coast

With the actual ceremony scheduled for 6:00 PM on the wedding day, and the early part free, our son Eric generously hired a chauffeur to give my wife, her mother and I, Claudia's mother and her companion a tour on a 30-mile stretch of Italy's most famous and scenic road, the Amalfi drive.

This two-lane corniche which links Sorrento to Salerno on the southern side of the Sorrento peninsula, winds its way through countless bends and switchbacks, over steep and wild terrain with enormous fantastic rock forms,

precipitous drops down to the sea, and requiring dramatic road and bridge engineering “improvements” in places.

As the road twists and turns, the scene constantly changes giving us successive glimpses of hotels, resorts, restaurants with umbrellas on terraces with panoramic views, picturesque clusters of tiled roofs, a church dome or tower, elegant villas, an abandoned watch tower built by the Saracens in the 12th century, etc. In small towns such as Positano, Priano or Amalfi houses were painted in bright colors and built along the contours of a hillside, cascade down in terraces to the crowded beaches. Pleasure boats can be seen anchored off shore in clear blue waters. With an endless variety of subjects, these towns attract colonies of artists and photographers.

We made a pit stop at a Positano (population:

3,700) commercial area so we could stretch our legs, and get some refreshments. Dawnna bought us each small containers of sweetened lemon-ice (slush) which in the 90 degree heat, was most refreshing. (The street vendor told her that her family had occupied the same corner since her grandfather had began selling this beverage here.)

As we sat on a parapet in the shade of a tree we observed the activities on this street, vehicles slowly meandered through the narrow, winding street dodging pedestrians, while a traffic cop would momentary hold up traffic to allow delivery vans maneuver or back into tight spaces or steep driveways. Occasionally huge sight-seeing busses would pass through with barely inches of clearance on either side.

Typically small shops or restaurants were at street level with several floors of apartments or



Positano on the scenic Amalfi Drive, with its multi-colored houses, apartments and hotels densely built in terraces, cascading down the steep hill to the water, is one of the most popular tourist destinations. Pebbled beaches are common along the Sorrento Peninsula. (Photo: T. Dansby)



Building of the Amalfi Drive entailed some dramatic highway engineering with its retaining walls, cantilevered roadways from the sheer face of the mountains.



The main highway splits into opposing one-way streets through Positano's commercial section. An officer may hold up on-coming traffic to allow delivery vans to back into tight driveways.



These brightly colored garments displayed on full-sized plywood male and female mannequin cutouts on one the Positano's stores, above right, caught my wife Dawanna's eye.



visitor accommodations above.

After we got back on the main road and drove a bit, we stopped for a delicious lunch at a roadside restaurant near Amalfi recommended by our driver. The gnocchi (dumplings) made with potatoes and buffalo mozzarella cheese – not always included as an ingredient in most recipes – in a tomato sauce sprinkled with Parmigiano-Reggiano cheese just melting in one's mouth. Our driver told us that the best buffalo mozzarella was produced south of here in the Paestum area and is ideally eaten the

same day. (Water buffaloes were introduced from India in the 16th century.) Buffalo mozzarella is watery and moist compared to ordinary mozzarella.

Then to top off our lunch, the proprietor surprised us with some ice-cold limoncello, a liqueur from this area, and made from macerated lemon rind and sugar aged in alcohol.

I first thought it must be my imagination that lemons here taste better than elsewhere, even the Meyer and Eureka lemons from our California garden. But as we tried local lemon-

flavored gelati, desserts, ices and now limoncello, I realized that these lemons are special. (Sorrento *femminello* and *Interdonato* lemons are grown at the University of California Riverside's nursery which has the largest collection of citrus in the U.S., but yet not available in retail nurseries.)

Jews are said to have first brought lemons (from the Near East?) in the 1st century for ritual use. In the 16th century the Jesuits planted the first lemon grove in Sorrento, and since then lemon trees are grown in every garden here, and have become indigenous.

If we had more time, we would like to have seen more of Amalfi which shows Moorish influences in its architecture. In the 11th century the city was a powerful maritime republic rivaling Genoa and Venice, and had a population of 60,000, compared with 6,000 today.

We would have liked to go further south on the highway to Ravello, a spectacularly sited hilltown off the main highway which was part of the Duchy of Amalfi and in the 13th century when trade with Sicily and the Orient was at its height. But like many other attractions in the Bay of Naples, and indeed Italy itself, which has an inexhaustible supply of art and places of



Amalfi occupies a steep peninsula jutting into the Tyrrhenian Sea. The small watch tower at the tip of land was built by the Saracens in the 1100s. (Photo: Archivio Matoni)

interest, we would have to return.

Capri

Some of the guests stayed on after the wedding on the isle of Capri, one of the most romantic spots in the world, located off the south-western tip of the Sorrento peninsula.

The island is only 4 miles long by 2 miles wide, yet it captivated many famous people including Roman emperors Augustus and Tiberius, with the latter building himself a palace, some remains of which have been unearthed, and is now called Villa Jovis on a mountain named after him.

Capri's natural beauty derives from two massifs at its east side and another at the middle with a low saddle in between where the two beach harbors, Marina Grande and Marina Piccola at opposite sides of the island give access by sea. Capri has spectacular scenery



For honeymooners? An Amalfi shop offers dried red hot chilies as "natural Viagra."



Another batch of visitors disgorges on to the pier at Marina Grande, Capri's main harbor. .



Marina Grande provides connections to the island and region by ferry, hydrofoil and boat. You can take a taxi, bus or funicular from here.



A pedestrian walkway with low walls and adorned with flowering plants and trees give shade from the hot summer sun.



A van and our taxi slow down to pass with inches to spare. Capri taxis replace their hardtops with fabric awnings which give passengers unobstructed views of their surroundings.



Via Krupp is named after the German industrialist who built these series of switchbacks in some spectacular road engineering on the south side of Capri near Marina Piccola.

made up of cliffs, beaches, huge rock formations, wilds, caves with grottos, including the famous Blue Grotto.

Dawnna and I, and other family members spent a memorable day there, taking about 40 minutes by hydrofoil from Sorrento. We enjoyed the dramatic seascapes along the way.

At Marina Grande, the island's principal and busy port, ferries connect to communities around the Bay of Naples and beyond. Here hotels, restaurants, taxis and boats are available.

The island has two towns: Capri (population: 8,000) located on the saddle overlooking Marina Grande to which it is connected by a municipal funicular railway, and Anacapri (population: 5,400) tucked into the slopes of Monte Solaro (elevation: 1,930 ft.).

At Marina Grande we got into two taxis which were to take us to Marina Piccola on the opposite (and quieter) side of the island for lunch and a dip in the Tyrehennian Sea.

Our taxis were converted minivans with their roofs and windows replaced by soft fabric tops which enabled passengers to have unobstructed views of the surroundings as the taxis drove the narrow winding roads.

At each turn a delightful succession of perspectives might reveal, say, a trellis of bougainvilleas over a sun-drenched court with a glimpse of a tiled patio and the ocean beyond; an early modern Cubist house perched on a rocky hillside; steps seen through a massive wrought-iron gate to a swimming pool and guest house, an entrance to a mountain trail, etc.

We would give collective gasps as an intimate vista would turn to a spectacular 180° panoramas of the landscape and ocean beyond, then back to another close-in view.

Our taxis stopped at the cul-de-sac just above Marina Piccola, we went down several flights of steps to the pebbled beach where swimmers and sun-worshippers were packed together. We had a delightful lunch under the umbrellas at a restaurant sited on a rock outcrop on the beach. About a half mile down the beach we



An idyllic view of the entrance to a villa in the high ground overlooking the three Il Farragioni monoliths on the south side of Capri.



The shore at Marina Piccola, the quieter side of Capri, with the three I Farragioni rocks, reaching 360 feet in height, in the distance.



The entrance, left, to the famous Blue Grotto, is tight and can only be accessed by small rowboats. The deep blue color of the water inside the grotto is through refraction.

could see offshore the three famous I Faragioni freestanding rocks, some 360 feet high, and depicted in countless postcards.

Grotta Azura

After lunch we took a taxi ride to Capri's Blue Grotto, the most famous of its many grottos, located in the northwestern corner of the island. To get there one has to drive a large portion of the island, again with changes in landscape, and through some striking road engineering, requiring, in one section, some dramatic cuts through a solid overhanging rock face.

When the road ended at a cul-de-sac some 40 feet above the Blue Grotto, we could see passengers on several powerboats which had come by sea put-putting about, waiting their turn to transfer to small rowboats holding two or three passengers, which could clear the low and narrow entrance to the grotto. We went down the stairs to a rock platform at the mouth of the grotto and eventually our turn came to transfer to small rowboats. Even so we had to bend way down towards the floorboards to make it through the low entrance.

Once inside, the grotto is spacious with an eerie light from the entrance refracting an unusually deep blue water. The cave is about 175 feet long, 50 feet wide, 100 feet high, and its waters 50 feet deep.

Though swimming is not encouraged inside the grotto, it did not prevent our daughter Leslie, our son-in-law Zane, and our three-year old grandson Cyrus from jumping in, and frolicking in the water, squealing with delight.

After returning to our taxis, we were driven to the town of Capri to look around a bit before taking the funicular down the mountain to the Marina Grande wharf to pick up the ferry to take us back to Sorrento.

Piazzetta

We left our taxis when Via Roma became a pedestrian-only way leading to the forecourt outside Piazza Umberto I, (Piazzetta) Capri's



Open air lunch on the beach at Marina Piccola.

center, and looking at upscale shops and at views over the Marina Grande below, and the Bay of Naples, beyond.

The Piazzetta consists of several parts; an open terrace overlook with the funicular terminal at one end, and off to the right its relatively narrow entrance, a clock tower articulating the opening to the square which is enclosed on three sides by municipal and commercial buildings, open air cafes, and Santo Stefano, a domed Baroque church built between 1688 and 1695.

The Piazzetta serves as both an outdoor room and stage, bustling with activity day and late into the night, where its occupants are simultaneously the actors and the audience. From the inside the square, looking back towards the entrance next to the clock tower, is a striking view of the mountain, illuminated at night, in the distance.

This ensemble of buildings, spaces and views is, for many architects and urban planners, a successful piece of urban design. (To appreciate the sequence of spaces, please read the photos starting from the top left, downwards.) Whether deliberate or a happy accident, this is a superb example of the Italian genius for creating highly humane and aesthetically pleasing public environments.

After lingering for a while at the piazza we boarded the funicular to be taken down to Marina Grande to board this time the slower ferry, instead of the hydrofoil. We sat on its



From this spectacular outlook you can enter the Piazzetta Umberto to the right below the clock tower, or take the funicular from the terminal (hidden behind the tower) down the hill to Marina Grande and the ferries and hydrofoils.



The portholed side of Santo Stefano church as seen from the inside of the Piazzetta.



Ancient Roman ruins are part of the base of the clock tower which marks the entrance at right to the Piazzetta.



Inside the Piazzetta is Capri's city hall together with outdoor cafes and shops.



Just beyond the entry to the Piazzetta is the domed baroque church of Santo Stefano.



From Santo Stefano the Piazzetta entrance frames, and opens up to a view of Mt. Solaro.

open upper deck as it returned to Sorrento.

Naples

Having only one day left of the week we had planned for this leg of our trip, we debated whether to spend it in Pompeii or at the Naples Archaeological Museum. We decided on the latter as two of our friends who had just visited Pompeii independently came back unenthusiastic saying that the site's vastness – Pompeii's ruins sits between two stops on the railway. And given the 90° F. heat wave, and the lack of amenities such as public toilets and cafés combined to make their visit unenjoyable. Besides many of delicate frescoes and treasures removed from Pompeii were now in the Naples Archaeological Museum, possessing one of the world's most important collections.

We rode the train taking over an hour to arrive in Naples intending to take a taxi to the museum, but an Italian lady on the train told us that taking a taxi in Naples was risky for one could be robbed or hijacked – so we transferred to the subway taking innumerable stairs, escalators and elevators, in the process of getting to the museum.

But the Archaeological Museum was a disappointment for it was undergoing major seismic retrofitting, with many of the rooms closed or empty of exhibits which had been removed for storage. The place had a look of benign neglect; the only place where one could get a snack or refreshments was a kiosk in the one of the courtyards where there were only a few seats and tables.

However, we did see some fine Greek and Roman sculpture including the enormous Farnese Bull (c. 200 BC) originally excavated at Rome's Baths of Caracalla, said to be the largest sculpture group to survive from antiquity.

At the mezzanine level we found the Secret Cabinet, a room of erotic displays from the excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum which once caused embarrassment to Naples's Bourbon rulers, who, under pressure of the church, prohibited the public from viewing the exhibits, but now are a popular attraction. During the Roman period



The Farnese Bull (c. 200 BC) in the Naples archaeological museum, and excavated from the Baths of Caracalla, Rome, is the largest sculpture to survive from antiquity.

these objects and sexual acts depicted in the delicate frescoes were found in ordinary homes. Penises, some greatly exaggerated in size, and one with wings (!) were considered fertility symbols. What was amusing was seeing the expression of other visitors as they first beheld these erotica.

We returned to Sorrento by train during the 5:00 PM rush hour. Our fare was something like 5 euros each (US\$6) for the hour-long train ride from to Naples and return, and good for two transfers on the Naples subway system. A terrific bargain. When we found that we had exceeded our three-hour time limit, an official at the subway turnstile courteously opened up the next turnstile and waived us on.

I cite this as an example of the humanity of the Italians. not to mention their art, and their way of life, as what endears visitors like ourselves to this great civilized land. When I am asked by any first-time visitor as to which country in Europe to visit, without hesitation I say: "Italy."

There is so much to see. Its cities and communities have such variety. Yes, by all means see Rome, Florence, and Venice, but there are hilltowns, lake-side towns, and waterfront towns worth visiting.

Viva Italia. ■

Our Annual Picnic at San Mateo's Beresford Park attracts some 100 people.

By MARIA ROLIZ

Photos by HUNTER CHOI

Among the many events Lusitano sponsors in its social calendar, our annual picnic together with our Christmas party are usually the best attended. Since there is something to please every age group, these events have appeal for entire families – some spanning four generations.

Our Annual Picnic was held in the afternoon of Saturday, July 8, 2006, at Beresford Park in San Mateo, a venue that has served our club well over several years. This year, as always, was a good time for us to get together, enjoy one another's company, exchange gossip, eat some good food, see the youngsters play, and generally enjoy the spaciousness and greenery of the park. Here the children can have fun,

and make all the noise they want without any grown-ups complaining.

With the nice weather on our side, we had a little over 100 members attending. It was especially gratifying to see many of our young adult members joining us from the East Bay.

The club continues an old Clube de Recreio Boxing Day sports tradition in holding three-legged races, sack race, spoon & egg race, water-toss, tug-of-war set up for the children and young adults, with prizes for the winners.

Some of our older members could be seen concentrating at the mahjong tables under the big shade trees. Others just simply sat back and relaxed, enjoying the the company, the park, and all the goodies.



Relaxing under the park's shade trees during Lusitano's Annual Picnic are from left, Virgie Yoshida, Dorothy Oliveira, Sheila Rull, Alvaro da Roza, Robert Roliz, and Pinky da Silva.



Youngsters preparing for the sack race.



Children and adults ready for the 3-legged race.



Preparing for the water-toss game.



Adults in the egg-and spoon race.



Adults pulling together in the tug-of-war.



Children during their tug-of war game.



Hunter Choi, left, and Ozzie Ozorio grill the beer burgers to perfection.

Acknowledgments

Thanks to all volunteers for helping out with the preparation and cooking during the day, especially, Dorothy Oliveira for her delicious *lang mien* (cold noodles) and home-made beer burgers which are always a hit.

Set-up crew: Sheila Rull, Sheila Remedios, Hunter Choi, Maria Roliz, Dave & Doreen McKissack

Cooking crew: Dorothy Oliveira, Maria Joao Da Cruz, Ozzie Ozorio, Dave McKissack, Hunter Choi, and Helen Siu.

Game coordinators: Leo & Melissa Xavier ■

Macanese-Cherokee Attorney Keith Harper made a partner in international law firm

Deleen McKissack e-mailed us an item from the *Native American Times* published in Tulsa, Oklahoma, stating that her son Keith has become a partner in the international law firm of Kilpatrick Stockton. The firm has 480 attorneys in nine offices over the world.

Bill Brewster, managing partner with the firm said, "We are excited to have one the country's leading Native American affairs attorneys join the firm. Keith's depth of experience will only enhance an already outstanding and well- recognized team."

Elouise Cobell, the Blackfeet woman credited with bring the issue of Indian trust funds to the public arena said, "Keith has been an instrumental force in representing over a half a million Native Americans in our landmark case -- *Cobell v. Kempthorne*. Keith's hard work in this great struggle since the day it was filed over 10 years ago is a testament to his

commitment and dedication."

In 1966 Kilpatrick Stockton filed a class-action lawsuit in Washington DC District Court to require the federal government to account for billions of dollars belonging to approximately 500,000 American Indians and their heirs, and held in trust since the late 19th century.

Keith arose to prominence for helping plaintiffs in Indian Country in the huge trust case

Preparatory to entering law school at New York University where he earned a J.D., Keith attended University of California, Berkeley earning a B.A. in Sociology and Psychology.

He worked in private practice, then was a law clerk for Judge Lawrence W. Pierce of the U.S. Court of Appeals, Second Circuit.

Keith has been:

- Past president of the Native American Bar Association of Washington, DC
- Rockefeller Foundation's NGL Fellowship recipient.
- A lecturer in "Federal Indian Law" at

Catholic University
Columbus School of Law
• American University
Washington College of Law
lecturer.
• Appellate judge on the Mashantucket Pequot Tribal Court since 2001.



Cynthia Ozorio Joel & granddaughter Kelly Joel, a British police officer

Cynthia Ozorio Joel who lives in Brighton, England, wrote us recently: “I am attaching a picture of Kelly, my 19-year old granddaughter who joined the Police Force four months ago. I was walking in Brighton High Street when I was accosted by this policewoman... Lucky I had my camera with me. I was so thrilled to see her, but my goodness, do I fret away when I hear police sirens now.

“(Kelly) is the daughter of my first-born, Christopher. I don’t know how she arrests crooks as she is quite tiny.

“...She was telling me how much she enjoyed her job. What made her go for this work was the horrible experience she had some two years ago when she was very nearly abducted at a bus stop in broad daylight – at 4 PM – as she was making her way back home



from work. Not sure she is setting out to catch this man, or she just wants to work in the community to help the vulnerable.

“Her calling is quite a surprise to us all, and though we worry, are glad she is doing something she thinks is worthwhile.” ■

Indians, 1959/60 Softball Junior League Knock-out Trophy Winner

Meno Baptista sent us this old photo of members of the Indians Softball team celebrating at the Peninsula Hotel after they won the Knock-Out Trophy. “Not the same as winning the League Championship, of course,” he wrote, “but still pretty good for a bunch of Hong Kong island boys!”



From left: Meno Baptista, Johnny Chaves, Albert Xavier, Francis Souza, Robert Olaes, Peter Souza, and Bosco da Roza.

McDougall-Ceniceros Wedding in Sorrento, Italy

Eric McDougall and Claudia Ceniceros were married at the Hotel Bellevue Syrene in Sorrento, Italy on June 20, 2006 with 120 guests in attendance.

Eric is the son of Dawnna and Michael McDougall (the retiring *Lusitano Bulletin* editor), and is a special events consultant and producer to Fortune 500 hi-tech companies and public agencies.

Claudia, the daughter of Dina Lawrence of Novato CA, is a vice-president of Cisco Systems Inc. of San Jose, CA and the Senior Director, Media and Content Strategy.

The wedding festivities took place over four days at the Hotel Bellevue Syrene, which is situated atop the cliff that fronts Sorrento on to the Bay of Naples (see page 21), as well as at the Marina Grande fishing village on the shore west of the hotel where the bride's birthday was feted on the eve of the wedding.



Claudia Ceniceros and Eric McDougall after their wedding in Sorrento, Italy, on June 20, 2006.



The newlyweds during their first dance as husband and wife at the reception dinner-dance in the loggia of the Bellevue Syrene Hotel, Sorrento.

The Bellevue has a panoramic view of the Bay of Naples with Mt. Vesuvius in the distance, and overlooks a line of breakwater-swimming piers and beaches below.

The wedding ceremony was held on a pier, decorated for the occasion, where the guests and relatives were gathered. The bride and the best man came by motorboat, heralded by an Italian brass quartet on the pier.

After the brief ceremony, white doves were released according to Italian custom, and the bridal party and guests went up to the hotel through ancient galleries and grottos, specially candle-lit for the occasion, for a reception and sit-down dinner dance with a band at the hotel.

For their honeymoon the bridal couple went to the isle of Capri, followed by a stay in Paris where both Claudia and Eric had worked at one time – he as a consultant for Apple Computers (Europe), and she for I.B.M. – before they met each other. ■

Dr. Lisa Remedios, Ob-Gyn resident at Parkland General Hospital makes Page 1 of the *Sunday Dallas Morning News*

Arthur Remedios of Moraga informed us that his daughter Dr. Lisa Remedios and Parkland General Hospital where she is resident, made page 1 of the *Sunday Dallas Morning News* on June 11, 2006. (President John F. Kennedy was taken to Parkland after he was shot in 1963.)

The following is an excerpt from the article, "Parkland Brimming with Babies," by Sherry Jacobson. (The complete article, together with photos and videos, is online at: www.dallasnews.com/sharedcontent/dws/dn/latestnews/stories/061106dnmetbabyfactory.8539095)

The baby was born healthy and crying, and his mother managed a faint smile before anyone realized that a routine C-section was going terribly wrong. Suddenly, blood was everywhere in the operating room at Parkland Memorial Hospital, and a call went out to a third-year medical resident to get there "stat" and take over the surgery.

It was **Dr. Lisa Remedios'** job that day to grapple with any surgical complications that came up at the second-busiest maternity unit in America. In this case, she had to stop Fabiola Oviedo from hemorrhaging to death. "I ran all the way to the operating room because I knew she'd be bleeding until I got there," the doctor recalled. "There was no screaming or yelling, but the situation was tense."

Doctors determined that the placenta that cradled Ms. Oviedo's baby had grown into the wall of her uterus, a potentially life-threatening condition that occurs once in every 2,500 deliveries. The 24-year-old Duncanville woman underwent an emergency hysterectomy and required the infusion of 10 units of blood – essentially replacing her blood supply.

Ms. Oviedo probably would have died at another hospital – but not at Parkland.

"The whole system is poised to take care of a patient like this," said Dr. Remedios, who was covered in blood by the end of Ms. Oviedo's successful surgery.

It was a particularly hectic April day at Parkland, with 57 babies born, a third more than normal. Women were in labor in the hallways, doctors and nurses were too busy to break for lunch or dinner, and, suddenly, Ms. Oviedo's emergency cropped up.

Still, it wasn't too much to handle at

Dallas County's public hospital, where delivering healthy babies has become a primary focus and a source of deep pride.

Last year, Parkland's doctors and nurse-midwives delivered 15,590 babies – a diaper-wearing contingent that was double the population of Highland Park. Babies arrive at Parkland at an average rate of 42 infants per day. Feeding this birthing frenzy: the growing number of Hispanic immigrants using the hospital.

More than 80 percent of the women who gave birth at Parkland last year had Hispanic surnames. The hospital does not focus on whether these women are legal residents of the U.S. Federal law requires hospitals to care for any woman who shows up in labor.

"We are the safety net hospital for Dallas County, and these folks are residents of our county," said Dr. Ron Anderson, president and chief executive officer of Parkland. ■



Dr. Lisa Remedios and daughters, Cadence, left, and Laurel, in a Christmas 2005 photo taken by Lisa's husband, Dave Tomlinson.

Leonel d'Aquino's painting wins First Prize in City of Fairfield CA

Leonel d' Aquino entered his painting "Yosemite Forest" in the Fairfield postcard competition and won first place!

He was scheduled to get his award on September 7 at a reception in the City of Fairfield in Solano County, California.

He told us, "I am basically a self taught artist since about 12 years of age, and loved to paint landscapes, portraits, birds and mammals.

"In 1997 I started taking art lessons from a very famous landscape artist Stephan Bauman for four years, and learned to make landscapes look three-dimensional with great detail on cold and warm values, depth, shadowing, and lighting in the style of Albert Beardstadt who lived in Yosemite for many years in the 1800 and produced the first beautiful landscapes of the wilderness. Stephan demonstrates his talents in outdoor painting every week in San Mateo's PBS Sstation."

Leonardo is a retired design engineer who worked for Lockheed for 23 years in their many hi-tech projects which he says "were very much like art-work. The remainder of my work experience has been in the design, repair and operation of ships and their machinery plants." In Hong Kong he worked for China Light & Power. He lives with his wife in Fairfield. ■



Promising Macau race driver Rudolfo Avila, places second at the 66th Grand Prix of Pau, France

In our last issue we reported on the debut of Rudolfo Avila to motor racing in Europe. This time we are happy to learn that he placed second in British National Formula 3 racing class at France's Pau circuit, its oldest motor racing course, and the first one to be called a "Grand Prix."

Avila dedicated his placing in the Pau Grand Prix of Pau British F3 National Class placing to his homeland Macau.

"I've enjoyed Pau. As I'm from Macau I've grown up watching street circuit racing, and it gives me great pleasure to be on the podium on a street circuit. My first position on the podium is dedicated to all my Sponsors, to Macau and to every Macanese." The driver was sponsored by:

- Macau Government
- Rio Casino
- Hotel Fortuna
- Macau-Slot.com
- BNU
- Gain Well Group
- Tong-Lei
- CESL-Asia
- PAL - Asia Consult
- RP MACAU
- CTM
- Tsingtao Beer
- Fat Siu Lau Restaurant
- PT Asia
- Sujika Crafts



Rudolfo Avila, left, on the podium after placing second in Formula 3 at the 66th Grand Prix of Pau, France, the first success in Europe racing for this promising Macau driver.

The Transitions - A Novel

by **FELIPE B. NERY**

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REVIEW BY CLAUDIA ANTUNES

Felipe Nery, a frequent contributor to the *Lusitano Bulletin*, has published *The Transitions*, his second novel, his fourth book although all his books have been wholly or partially autobiographical.

His first book, *Filho de Macau* (Son of Macau), is his personal story from his early life in Shanghai before World War II until he first came to the United States.

Nery's second book, *Concealed Identities*, a mystery, draws on his experiences and observations in court and the legal processes while successively litigating against the California Public Utilities Commission alleging age discrimination in his job promotion.

His third book, *Mr Right*, is a romance that mirrors with his own life. His two protagonists are a Macanese man and a Russian lady who marry, endure hardships, and prosper after they come to America, paralleling his own life.

Transitions, Nery's latest book is yet another iteration and updating of his life. It emphasizes the condition of the Macanese including their club life in California. The respective career paths between Miguel Chaves, the protagonist,



and the author are similar. Marina Chaves, the protagonist's wife is Russian as is Raisa "Mary," Nery's wife. Intimates to the author will find it irresistible to guess the real names of the thinly disguised characters in the book.

The reader won't find much character development, imaginative use of language or turns of phrase, sparkling dialog, soul-searching, allusions to myth and metaphor – to cite some of the literary devices that are novelists' meat and potatoes. Still, readers will find common ground with the places and conditions in Nery's story.

Not all names are fictional as the book avers; many names including those of the Lusitano president, its editor and others are real.

The following is a list of chapters in the book. Some chapter headings on topics such as bloggers, toxic waste disposal, stem cell research, the history of Colma – to name a few – don't quite fit into the novel's plot or schema but are a potpourri of the author's own broad concerns:

- The Macanese Manifesto
- Establishment of Macau
- Macau's Jobs and Education
- Macanese People and their Language
- Customs, Idiosyncrasies and Cuisine
- Decline of Macau, a Refugee Haven
- Macanese Foods
- Fascinations about Fish Sauce
- Hong Kong, a British Crown Colony
- The Macanese in Hong Kong
- World War II
- The WWII Flight of the Macanese Community
- The Communist Takeover of China
- Our Senior's Daily Struggle to Survive
- Mother's and Father's Day Tribute to our Parents
- Taking Refuge in Macau
- Departure for America
- Job Hunting in San Francisco
- Miguel working for the California P.U.C.
- Achieving the American Dream
- The Establishment of UMA & Club Lusitano
- Benefits of the Diaspora
- Preparations to Become U.S. Citizens
- Michael Chaves, an Aspiring Writer
- Christmas in the U.S.
- A Tribute to Billy Branden
- A Friend Afflicted with Alzheimer's
- In Defense of Workers and other Government Workers
- Driving a Car is not only a Privilege but a Necessity
- Our Young People Taking Over the Reins
- The Future of Our Clubs and Cultural Centers
- The Final Days of Occupation
- Establishment of the League of Nations and United Nations
- The Death of a Pope
- Selection of Pope Benedict XVI a.k.a. Cardinal Ratzinger
- Old China Hands
- New Rules on Border Crossing
- The 2004 Encontro & Other Past Encontros
- Who are the Individuals Called Bloggers?
- California and the U.K. are Joining Forces to Expand Stem Cell Research
- The Role of Macau Toward the Development of China
- American-Style and Foreign-Style Houses are Sprouting in China's Chichi Suburbs
- Sounding the Alarm Bell and Rising Our Awareness
- The Fate of Our Children Should Come First
- What Lies Ahead is No Bed of Roses –It Takes Courage, Know-how and Tenacity to Overcome Obstacles
- The Final Transition
- The Development of Daly City and Colma
- Toxic Waste Disposal
- America and its Peace Corps ■

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LUSITANO BULLETIN

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Among the four generations of the Roliz family attending the Annual Picnic last June was this happy group of family and friends. (last row L-R) : Maria Roliz, Cardida Roliz, Murray Stewart (background), Laura Roliz, Vanessa Roliz, and Rosanna Roliz (Front row L- R): Ricardo Coliaco (kneeling), Annelia Maher, Teresa Roliz, Mammie Roliz Clark, Tania Roliz, Tila Danenberg.

Mailing Label