



MANUEL R. ALVAREZ

1934  2021



In 1966, at age 32, Manuel bought himself a brand new, cool rockin' Daddy-O Ford Mustang, canary yellow with black vinyl top and wood-grain steering wheel embedded with pieces of glass made to look like diamonds.

He is shown here where he grew up – the 600 block of South Macon Street – on a Sunday when the entire family went to “Grandmom’s” for homemade spaghetti and tomato sauce.

These were some of the best days of his life.



MANNY'S GALLEY

“Give the ship a good name...”



1. Fabada, Linthicum by-way-of Asturias
2. Manny's Hot Dogs & Beans

Fabada Stew

Serves about 6



INGREDIENTS

2 tbsp olive oil
Half-pound slab bacon, uncut
1 tbsp Kosher salt
1 lb boneless country pork ribs
2 links smoked chorizo
1 large Spanish onion, diced
4 cloves garlic, minced
2 cups chicken stock
1 cup water
Pinch of saffron
One 15 oz. can garbanzo beans
One 28 oz. can cannellini beans
1/4 cup minced cilantro

INSTRUCTIONS

Heat 2 tbsp olive oil in a thick-bottomed soup pot over medium heat.

Fry bacon until lightly crisp on both sides. Remove and set aside.

Season pork ribs with Kosher salt and fry until brown on each side. Remove and set aside.

Fry chorizo until brown. Remove and set aside.

Decrease heat to medium low. Remove excess oil from the pot, leaving enough to cook the onion until completely soft but not caramelized. Cook the onion gently.

While the onion is cooking, mix broth and saffron in a small saucepan over medium heat

until fragrant. Turn off heat and set aside. Meanwhile, chop the chorizo and country ribs into chunks.

When onion is done, add half the garlic, stir for 30 seconds, and return pork and chorizo to the pot. Add the stock and saffron, water and beans. Bring to a boil then reduce to a low simmer for one hour, stirring occasionally.

Check beans for tenderness and broth for seasoning. The stew is done when the beans are tender.

Immediately before serving, toss the cilantro and remaining garlic into the hot stew and stir. Serve with crusty bread.



“Time at the stove is as close to quiet reflection as I ever get. I can’t speak for my father, but I’m guessing he would agree...”

Simple and Sturdy

by Victor Paul Alvarez

This is not an authentic *fabada* recipe, not to my father, who often made it on a whim – and called it *fabado* when he did – nor to its Spanish roots, where it originated in Asturias and is made with fava beans and a blood sausage called *morcilla*.

I’m not sure where my father got the recipe but he adapted it, using garbanzo beans, chorizo, and bone-in “country” pork ribs. The sausage was made by my brother Danny, who has made it by hand for our family for decades.

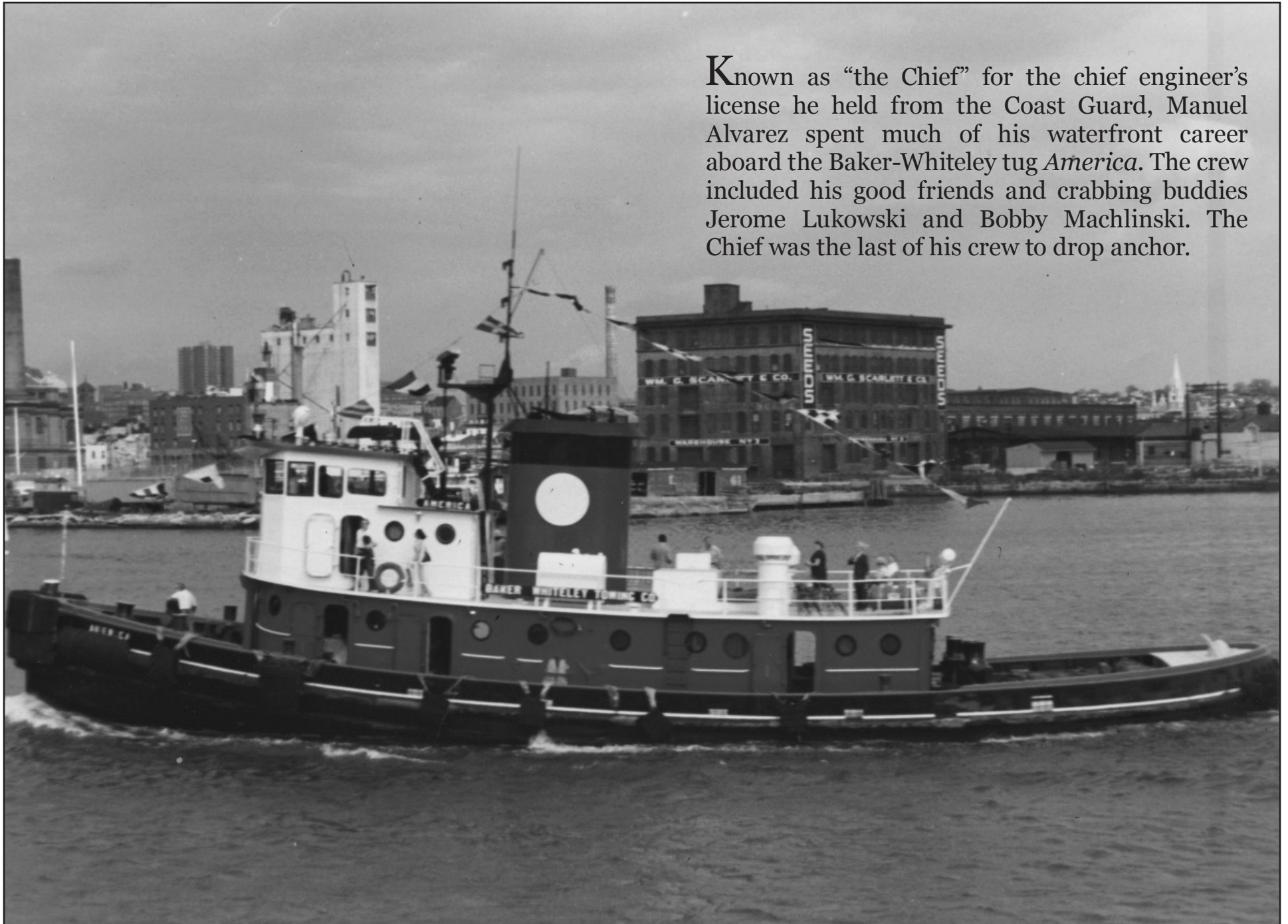
In my Rhode Island kitchen I avail myself of skills gleaned from knocking around professional kitchens in years

when the writing work was sparse. My neighborhood market caters to Latin American tastes and my pantry game is a little tighter than the Old Man’s, who sailed throughout the world but probably never knowingly purchased or consumed cilantro.

If you follow this recipe to the letter – it is simple and sturdy and requires almost no “talent” – it will be a fantastic dish.

The sausage and saffron do all the work and, as my father liked to say, everyone loves beans. See how it goes. Then keep it in mind next time and make it your way. That’s what Manny did.

Known as “the Chief” for the chief engineer’s license he held from the Coast Guard, Manuel Alvarez spent much of his waterfront career aboard the Baker-Whiteley tug *America*. The crew included his good friends and crabbing buddies Jerome Lukowski and Bobby Machlinski. The Chief was the last of his crew to drop anchor.



MY OLD MAN

They say you are not supposed to speak ill of the dead. I have been to a few funerals where they had to get pretty creative to put a positive spin on someone's life. I will have none of those limitations with my father. In my entire memory I have never heard anyone speak ill of him, he was frankly one of the most unique and wonderful souls I have ever known.

What is it about the calm and cool ones? Why do they hold so much power and intrigue? My father knew how to be still, how to really listen; how to share in a gentle way.

From my earliest memories I felt an attraction to everything he said and did; from learning all the tools in his toolbox so that I could be his little helper



to sharing the excitement and mystery of our Sunday night viewings of the incredible adventures of Jacques Cousteau and Marlin Perkins' Mutual of Omaha's Wild Kingdom.

Dad gave me my love for the sea and rivers, the natural world and the respect we should give the earth and the living things all around us.

My father never really hugged me or told me directly he loved me, it was a reflection of his generation. But he sang to me, and teased me in the most loving way. Every little pat on my head and a whistling tune was a hug. Every time he gave me a dollar and told me I did a good job it

"Dad always started the New Year's Day cocido with a few pieces of cabbage in two pots. I brought the chorizo. He'd have a big pot of white Navy beans and garbanzos soaking in a separate pot of cold water. The beans and potatoes were the last to go in, after the chicken, ham and beef..."

– A son learns from his father

was a gift for a lifetime.

People have said I am a lot like him because I can, at times, be calm and collected long enough to make good decisions or to quell a brewing storm among us. That is an exceedingly generous view, I am lucky to have any part of him.

I think about my father's gifts as the very best Easter egg hunt, where out of thirty or forty eggs there are four or five that have the special prize.

Ralph, Victor and I have found those few eggs and were either born with or incorporated those gifts into our lives. Every time I go crabbing with a kid, and we pick up a trap with a couple of big ones, the look of enchantment on the child's face lets me know that my father is with me.

Every time Ralph listens to the life story of another and writes that story he is there. When Victor cooks and presents one of his many magnificent meals he is there with us all.

I'm having a very hard time looking at pictures of my Dad; the hole in my heart is so massive that I'm praying that time and the love from my family will slowly fill it.

The entire time that I cared for my father during his illness, it never felt like I was facing the final outcome.

Our time with loved ones is short yet time is also the great healer. Share what you've learned from the life of Manuel Alvarez. And remember how very short each day is for all of us.

– Daniel Alvarez
September 30, 2021
Linthicum, Md.



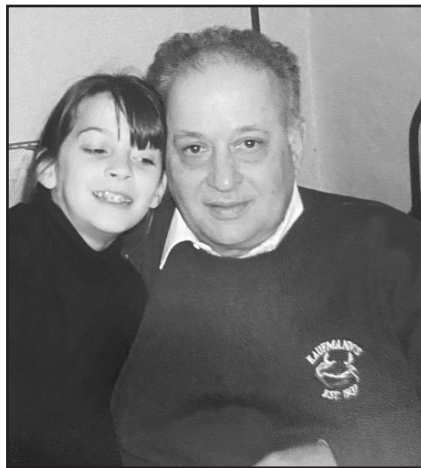
Jake and his grandfather on Thanksgiving morning, 2020. For a detailed account of this day, Google [nyt.com](https://www.nytimes.com) & [penknife](https://www.penknifemag.com).

“There’s no phrase more evocative of Grandpop than, ‘Sit down and tell me a sea story.’ He always wanted to know what was going on in your life, asking about friends and restaurants you’d told him about. It wasn’t just that he cared about you, he was interested.”

– **Manuel Jacob Alvarez,**
his grandfather’s namesake

“**O**ne of the many things I loved about Grandpop was that you could tell him anything. He was always willing to listen and he always gave me space to talk. Once I told him about a big Christmas party Adam and I threw and how at the end of the night, after the crowd was gone, ten or so of our best friends were still there, lounging on our couches. I said that was my favorite part. Grandpop described it as the moment when ‘the people you like leave, and the people you love stay...!’

“A big gift he and Grandmom gave me was how to entertain. I think of him every time I set my table and see the [bronze] pepper grinder just like the one in his kitchen. I’ll miss him terribly, but he lives on in all of us.”



Sofia and her grandfather in the basement of 627 Macon Street.



Above: Gloria and Charlotte Alvarez. Right: Henry Alvarez

Charlotte remembers sitting at the kitchen table on Orchard Road, watching her Pop Pop make tomato sauce. Pop Pop was a strong cook, slow and deliberate. Making his standard tomato sauce took hours. He wore his Hanover Beans apron and shuffled back and forth to the fridge, answering Charlotte’s many questions. He told her the secret was to use good tomatoes. But he had another trick up his sleeve with this particular pot of tomato sauce, one her brother Henry would be shocked to discover.

This was about the time Henry decided to become a vegetarian. He loves animals and can’t abide hurting them. He’s not an evangelist about his choice, and he would never question his Pop Pop’s diet. But he was shocked when he discovered Pop Pop’s other secret ingredient – pig’s feet.

“I remember watching him eating those pig’s feet from the sauce,” Henry recalls. “It didn’t freak me out. I just thought it was nasty.”

Hot Dogs & Beans

Large batch, fills 6-7 Quart Crock Pot

INGREDIENTS

4 – 15 ounce cans of Hanover baked beans
½ Pound of Pork Bacon
1 Pound of ALL BEEF Hot Dogs
1 Large Yellow Onion
1 Large Green and 1 Large Red, sweet Bell peppers
1 Cup Ketchup – Sea Salt – Fresh Ground Pepper
¼ Cup Pancake Syrup (or 2 tbsp of brown sugar)

INSTRUCTIONS

Add 4 cans of Beans into crock pot on medium heat (or large iron skillet on low heat).

Simmer Bacon strips in deep nonstick pan on medium heat.

After Bacon is half cooked dice onion and peppers and add to pan, stir frequently for 5 minutes.

Slice hot dogs thin on slight angle and add to pan, raise heat to med/high and stir fry until hot dogs are slightly browned.

Use Spatula to break up bacon into small chunks.

Sprinkle with Sea Salt (about 1 tablespoon) and grind in your preference of fresh black pepper (about 1 teaspoon)



Manny & Meme

“Grandpop had a quiet dignity, a rare quality in a man and one that I greatly admired in him. A good meal, an adult beverage and spending everyday with his best friend; my grandmother. That’s all it took to make him happy. People may have lived bigger lives than Manuel Alvarez but I’m not sure anyone lived better.”

– **Amelia Alvarez,**
grandchild No. 1, and a big fan of “The Popper’s” hot dogs and beans

Add contents of pan to crock pot, add Ketchup and either pancake syrup or brown sugar. Stir well and cover, reduce heat to low and let crock cook for 3 hours.



“**H**e always called me Brittanina like one of the tugboats he worked on. I’d just stop by and he’d joke that it just happened to be dinnertime – and end up staying til 11 p.m. with a refreshment and good conversation. He made the best omelets – magic happened in his little cast iron pan.

“We talked about the friends he had growing up on Macon Street and family traditions, like “Sol y Sombra,” a Spanish after dinner drink of Anis del Mono and brandy with a side of black coffee so strong it would make a grown man cry.

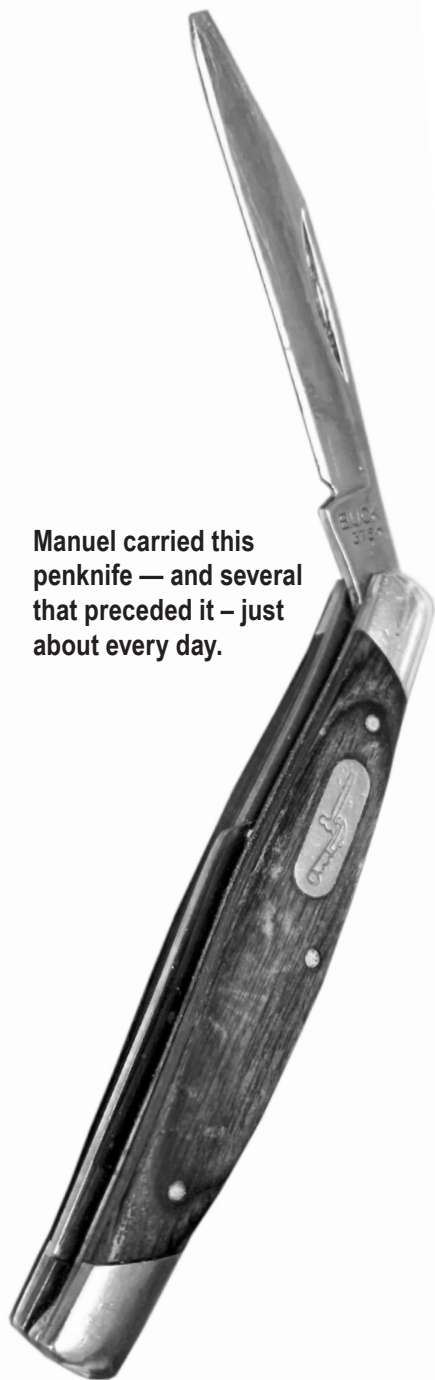
“Anytime I drive by the harbor and see a boat, even if it’s not a tugboat, I think of him.”

– **Brittany Alvarez**



“A perfect evening with Grandpop was simple – family, a homemade meal and a pitcher of sangria ... The memories of cold beer on the beach and tugboats in the harbor and the family traditions he instilled will live on through us and our children.”

– **Erica Alvarez**



Manuel carried this penknife — and several that preceded it — just about every day.



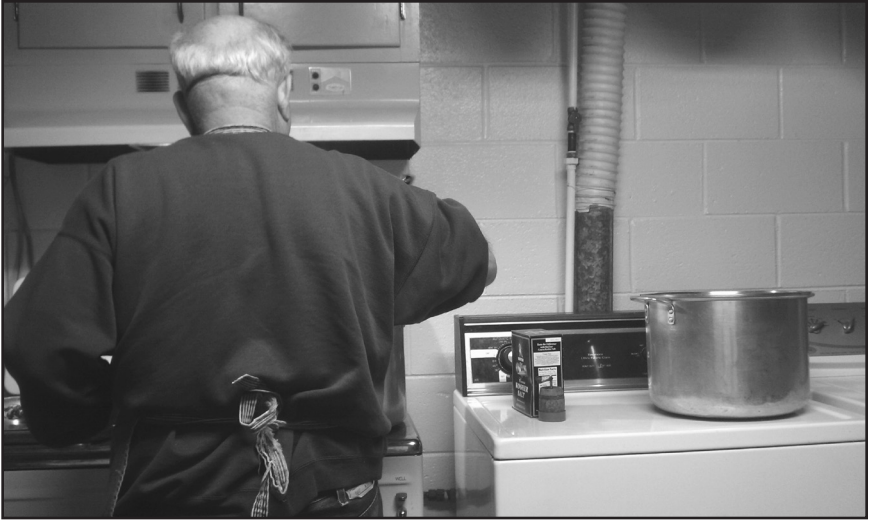
I was 16 when I started dating Danny and when I met his family I felt connected to their history and tradition. At Christmas Eve, everybody knew where they were going to sit because that's where they always sat. My family didn't celebrate Christmas Eve and I'd never had empanada or calamari before and I liked that [Manuel] and [his brother] Uncle Victor fried the fish together. I'm not a fish person and I didn't eat that stuff at first, but now I look forward to it.



— Renee Farson Alvarez



Teenage sweethearts Manuel and Gloria, attendants at the Thanksgiving 1951 wedding of Manny's cousin Catherine "Cass" DeFelice and horn player Jack Buckley. Ceremony at St. Elizabeth of Hungary Church, East Baltimore Street and Patterson Park.



*So long, Pop.
See you on the other side.*

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