

KLAMATH FALLS, OREGON, SUNDAY, AUGUST 18, 1963

KUHS Spanish Students Enjoy Jaunt To Mazatlan, Mexico

Spanish Lessons Put To Stiff Test South Of The Border

EDITOR'S NOTE: Stephanie Guderian, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wes Guderian, 2025 Lawrence Street, was one of a group of 38 Spanish students at KUHS who made a recent trip to Mexico. Her story follows, complete with pictures she took on the trip.

By STEPHANIE GUDERIAN

On June 10, 38 happy students chartered by Mr. and Mrs. James Shields and Mrs. Beatrice Tanielian, adviser of the Spanish Club and Spanish teacher at Klamath Union High School, boarded a bus for Mazatlan, Mexico.

As we left, we found it hard to believe that our hard work, candy sales and rummage sales had finally paid off and we were actually on our way. Our dreams were coming true.

We left Klamath Falls at 8 a.m. and arrived in Reno at 1 p.m. where our bus driver, Mr. Roberts, left us and flew to Las Vegas. He met us there and drove the bus again to the Mexican border.

We nicknamed him "Fireball" Roberts for he seemed to get us to our rest stops from 10 minutes to an hour early and yet managed to stop at every railroad crossing.

We arrived in Nogales, Mexico, at 3 p.m. Tuesday where we chartered a bus from the TNS bus line. By 3:30 we left and soon came to the place where our baggage was to be checked. A little man came out and told us if each passenger aboard would pay two pesos he wouldn't check our baggage and we could go on. This would save us a lot of time so we passed around the kitty for

the coins. Soon after we left.

Before long we came to a check station where an official inspects to see if the people before him had done their job. We were told our visas hadn't been stamped and we would have to return to Nogales. It was 5:30 p.m. when we finally left, which made us arrive in Guaymas later than expected.

Guaymas is a beautiful city and was one of the high points of our trip though we only spent the night. We stayed in the Hotel Rubi which is located near a small harbor which can be seen easily from the hotel terrace. It is very warm there and the hotel makes sure that its guests are comfortable by supplying every room with an air-conditioner.

Leaving early the next morning, our bus driver, Senior Manuel Franco, took us on a tour of the city's ocean residential district. The homes were fabulous and elegant flowers adorned the city and nearby countryside.

At 10:15 a.m. we left Guaymas. The day was hot and sticky as we traveled through Ciudad, Navajoa, Las Mochis and Culiacan to reach Mazatlan about midnight Wednesday. We registered at the Belmar Hotel which is separated from the ocean by just the main street of town. Most of us went directly to bed for the days that followed were to be filled with beauty and excitement.

The city of Mazatlan is built on a peninsula overlooking Olas Altas or High Waves Bay. We were told that Mazatlan means "place of the deer" though it is usually referred to as "Pearl of the Pacific." This city, founded in 1806, has a population of 72,687 and is found on the map almost directly across from the southernmost tip of lower California. Mazatlan prospers from gold, silver, shrimp, sugar, fruits, tobacco and tourists... especially those who are there for the hunting or fishing, though we came to study the language.

Thursday morning we got up early and had our first real Mexican breakfast which was an enormous plate of fresh fruit — pineapple, papaya, mango, banana, oranges, watermelon and cantaloupe. Later that morning Senior Franco took us around to look at all the nearby beaches. At one of them, Las Gaviotas, an American movie had recently been filmed.

For lunch I had fruit cocktail, filet of sole and coconut pie. Later Senior Franco took us to the market to teach us how to bargain. Bargaining is an exciting pastime. I found, "The people enjoy asking 30 pesos for an item and arguing noisily to prevent being talked down to 20 pesos or less."

Every evening a club meeting was held to talk about the problems we had (if any), the friends we had made and the schedule for the next day. Then all lights were out at 10:30 and bed check at 10:45.

Friday we got up early and went on a tour of the residential district of Mazatlan. We saw a new planetarium which was real nice. The building next to it is a showplace the government has built to show off the new housing project. These homes, which cost about \$6,000, are built to house the

low income families and the homeless. There is no middle class in Mexico. The residents are either rich or poor.

We came back to the hotel for lunch... I had turtle steak. It was delicious.

The Pacific College had invited us to a party that evening. We met in an open basketball court which looked similar to a tennis court with no nets, but baskets at either end. We broke a pinata... or rather, Ken McCart broke it and everyone else scrambled for the candy, fruit and balloons scattered all over the court.

Tortillas with cheese and hot sauce were on the menu along with several tasty fruits. All judged the party a real success.

We walked back to the hotel afterwards, as it was only a short distance from the college. It was on this walk that we were caught in our first tropical rainstorm. It was like taking a five-minute shower with our clothes on.

The next day — Saturday — we chartered three fishing boats and most of the students went on a deep-sea fishing trip. Surprisingly enough, the girls turned out to be the best fishermen.

Aboard the Antares were Mrs. Tanielian and 10 girls. This boat caught two sailfish. The Pollux, chartered by Mrs. Shields with a mixed group of students, caught only one fish; but the Peggy Jean, chartered by Mr. Shields with an all-male crew of 10 caught nothing but seasickness. Nan Clark and Marcia Goehring on the Antares caught the two sailfish and Scott Kellstrom of the Pollux landed the other. All in all, it was a very rewarding day.

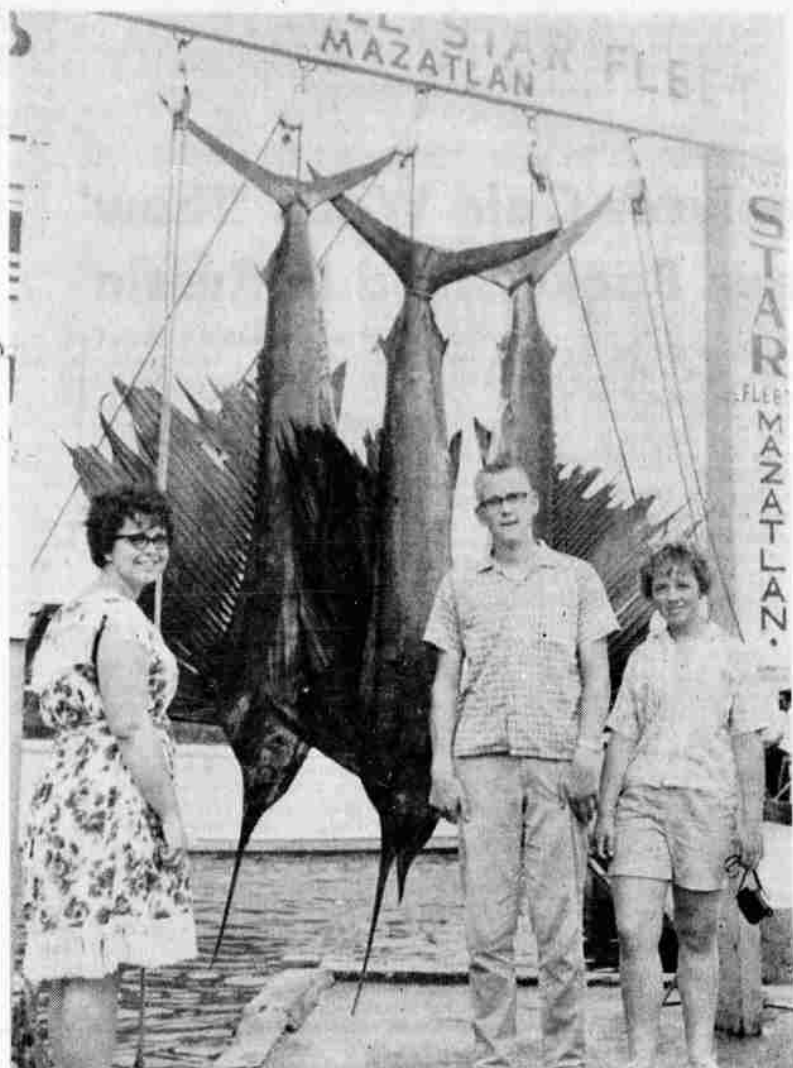
Sunday morning, the college sponsored a picnic on "an island where tourists never go." This island is named La Piedra or "The Rock." The people living there are very poor. Their homes are made of sticks with thatched roofs or are crude shelters built in the shade of palm trees.

Several sea shells were gathered and many of us went on a hike up the hillside to see the beautiful view. Others preferred to swim in the warm ocean. From the island we could see the Mazatlan lighthouse—the second highest lighthouse in the world. We all went back to the hotel looking like baked lobsters fresh from the oven.

That evening the hotel invited us to attend a dance which is held every Sunday night for the city. The manager, Senior Jose Eleazar Pena, played the maracas with the orchestra while we learned to cha-cha. Between every four dances there was a 15-minute break and several Spanish and English students gathered on the porch to tell stories. Many we told were ones I had heard when I was 3 or 4 years of age, but all enjoyed listening and we had a lot of fun telling these fairy stories.

Monday was a "free day" to do anything we wanted such as shopping or swimming. At 7 p.m. the hotel held a banquet in our honor; a happy occasion, yet sad, for we would be leaving the next morning for home.

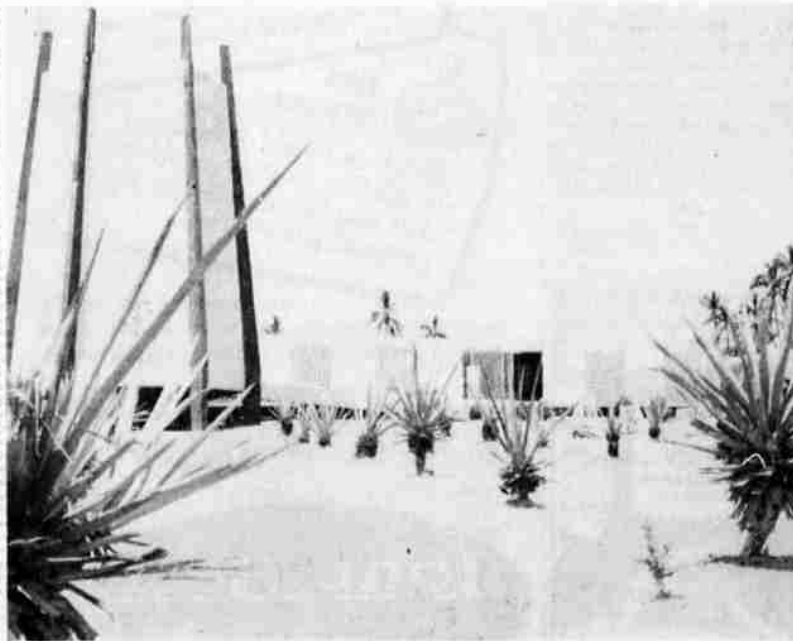
I'll never forget Mazatlan: Its beauty... Its charm. It is a golden setting in deep blue Pacific waters... a peaceful city awaiting a new dawn.



BLOCK AND TACKLE FISHING — The student group chartered three boats at Mazatlan for a fishing cruise on the deep sea. The catch made by these three lucky anglers was so large that block and tackle was needed to hoist the sailfish up for pictures. Nan Clark, left, Scott Kellstrom and Marcia Goehring were the fortunate fishermen.



MEXICAN BEACH CONVERSATION — Ola! Dana Pinney, with hand upraised, greets some new-found Mexican friends in a beach cart drawn by mules at a picnic given for the students by the Pacific College at Mazatlan. With backs to the camera, Linda Saloman and Suanna Whytal chat with Senior Manuel Franco.



PLANETARIUM — Progress is the key word in some parts of Mexico. Here is a view of the planetarium in Mazatlan. The long low building on the right of the picture houses a display of the projected housing program for needy Mexican families. The plants in the foreground furnish the ingredients for that famed Mexican beverage, tequila.



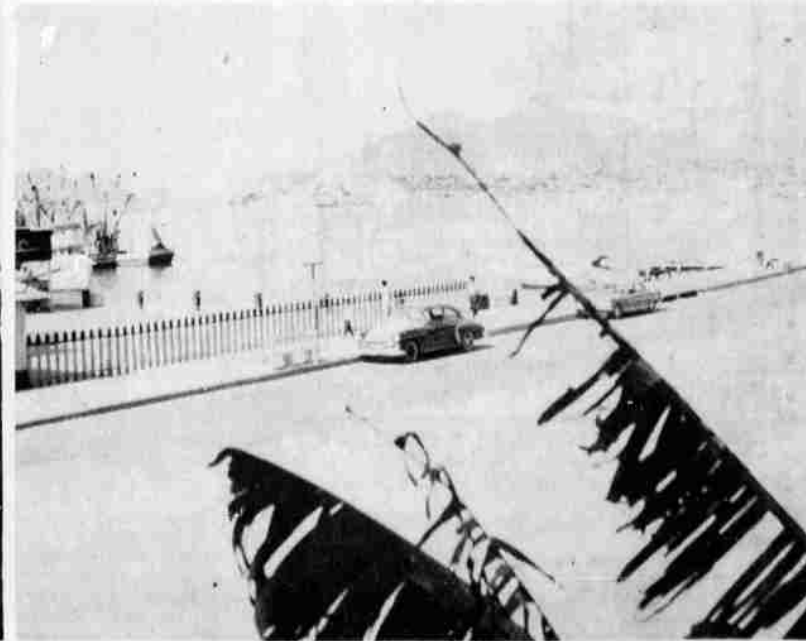
INTERNATIONAL GROUP — Key figures in the tour were, left to right, Mrs. James Shields, James Shields, Belmar Hotel manager Senior Jose Pena, Senora Pena, and their son, Jose Jr., Mrs. Beatrice Tanielian, and Senior Manuel Franco, bus driver.



HAULING IN THE SAILFISH — Students aboard the Pollux were afforded their first view of a sailfish when captain's assistant Pedro Armandez hauled this sea giant into the boat.



THATCHED-ROOF SHELTERS — Huts such as these are typical sun shelters on many of the beaches at Mazatlan. This is Las Gaviotas where an American movie was recently made. The student group visited this beach on their first day in the Mazatlan area.



GUAYMAS WATERFRONT — This is the waterfront view from the Hotel Rubi in Guaymas where the students spent two nights. From this harbor shrimp and fishing boats base their activities.