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The most unusual "symphony" in the world struts its stuff in Taxco, Mexico.

Morning, noon and night the impromptu "orchestra" provides soft accompaniment to the easy life that prevails in the quaint silver-mining town. Its "members" are roosters, donkeys, cows, pigs, goats and dogs.

A major "number" gets underway with the crow of a rooster, who in turn is challenged by another on the opposite side of town. This will be followed by the braying of a jackass, the moo of a cow, or the bark of a dog.

The mechanical age is represented by the occasional toot from an automobile, winding its way through the crooked, cobblestone streets. All blend to produce an unusual mixture of tone qualities.

Clinging to the sides of some seven hills, Taxco furnishes good acoustics for nature's serenade. Within easy reach of Mexico City, Taxco is a popular spot with American Airlines passengers South of the Border. Lying in a semi-tropical belt, it offers continuous spring weather due to its 5,000 foot altitude.

These sounds come drifting up to you on the lofty patios of such hotels as the Borda, Victoria and Rancho Telva. From the same vantage point you see the town spread out below, its red-topped houses contrasting sharply with the green countryside. At night, lights stand out like diamonds on black velvet.

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Dominating the skyline from all sides is the magnificent Santa Prisca cathedral, built by Jose de la Borda, in 1727, who realized a fabulous fortune from the silver mines in the area. A mine is still being profitably operated on the grounds of the Borda Hotel.

Popularly known as the Borda Cathedral, it boasts seven small altars, each one embellished with silver replicas of cattle, goats, horses, dogs and household items. They are placed there by residents under the belief that a lost possession will be returned if the token offering is made.

Silver is everywhere. Craftsmanship is at a high level. Pieces range from inexpensive trinkets to elaborate tableware in intricate designs. Everything is made by hand. Workers in tin let themselves go on masks with grotesque features, elaborate headdresses, ornate earrings and semi-precious stones set in the eyes.

The charm of the town, preserved by Government edict, is captured by countless artists, who find unusual scenes on all sides for portrayal in water colors and oils. Weavers of baskets have now turned to producing straw baseball type hats that are readily snapped up by visitors.

Taxco is a town where you can "dress native" without raising an eyebrow. For the girls it means a hand-embroidered off the shoulder blouse, a long, loose skirt made locally with a bold-hand-painted Indian motif. Men break out in a rash of shirts of matching material.

Life there revolves around the plaza, with an occasional traveling merry-go-around or carnival to liven up the proceedings. The No. 1 attraction is the Cathedral, followed closely by the curio shops ringing the square. You can sit on a bench under the Indian laurel trees, planted by Borda, to watch the activity, or repair to Bertha's or Paco's, two establishments which cater to the thirsty.