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Caleta, the Morning Beach in Acapulco, Mexico, is one of those places you read about. It has charm, glamour and wonderful facilities for swimming and sunbathing. The tropical sun brings on a ready tan. The water is calm and crystal-clear.

For the small sum of 11 cents in U. S. currency (the equivalent of one Mexican peso), you can rent a chair under a wide concrete canopy. Right next to you may be a Hollywood movie star, an internationally-known celebrity, or just plain folks from your hometown.

From then on you don't have to lift a finger. A steady stream of beachboys, as speedy as American Airlines Flagships, cater to your every want. It is best to stick with one boy, as an unwritten law dictates that you belong to him, and he belongs to you for the duration of your stay. He becomes your personal helper.

The boys are individual contractors, receiving commissions on the food and drink they serve you from small-scale restaurants on the neighboring beach, known as Caletilla. They are under the jurisdiction of the municipality of Acapulco and must obtain a permit to go into business.

Typical of the beachboys is Rito Maya, a native of the town. He speaks English fairly well - mostly picked up from tourists. A common sight is a visitor and a beachboy giving each other lessons in their respective languages. When all else fails, you can always resort to sign language.

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Need some suntan oil? Rito will get it for you. The local version is a mixture of cocoanut oil and tannic acid. It has a strong aroma but is effective. Rito even will give you a hand spreading it on your body.

Need a cocoanut mat to lie on the sand? Rito will rustle up one. The rental is all of 11 cents for the day.

Feel thirsty? Rito will see to it that the situation is corrected. Soft drinks (iced) go for 11 cents. Beer is 15 cents a bottle.

A real treat is the juice of a green cocoanut sipped through a straw from the shell. The pointed end of the husk is whacked off with a machete and the tip of the shell is clipped to form a neat hole in the natural container. There are no refills. Each one is discarded after use.

When the juice is all gone, Rito will have the shell opened up and the soft "meat" extracted for you to eat. Plain cocoanuts are obtainable for 22 cents.

Cocoanut juice also mixes well with such spirits as tequila and gin. A tequila cocoanut sells for approximately 35 cents, while one with gin is a dime more.

On the solid side, there are cooked shrimp and raw oysters (in the shell or in a cocktail), ranging from 65 to 85 cents a dozen. A helping of ceviche, bits of raw fish marinated in lemon juice, runs from 25 to 45 cents. A whole lobster is \$1.50. Vendors of cakes, cookies and candy ply their trade from portable stands

One of the more colorful characters is the straw hat and bag man. His wares are strung about his person. Small straw, shoulder-type bags go for 25 cents. Large sombreros with fringed brims, peak caps, and Tyrolean-type hats decorated with gay figures of animals, can be had from 35 cents to \$1.00.

By noon the mariachis, or strolling singers, make an appearance. For 25 cents a song they will serenade you with something soft and romantic like "Tu Sole Tu," or the robust, perennial favorite, "El Rancho Grande." As the temperature rises, so does the music. Beachboys cut capers to the torrid strains of the Mambo, Samba or Rhumba, and not a few visitors join in the fun.

In case you've forgotten your camera, there are tin-type camera-men to record the event. The going rate is about 25 cents per picture. You pick the spot, in or out of the water, and they oblige.

Swimming is ideal at Caleta. You can go way out and still see the bottom. There is little or no surf. The sheltered bay is warm and placid throughout the year. Use of a diving mask uncovers a wonderland of marine life. Brightly colored fish swim lazily around, indifferent to human intruders.

The next best thing is a trip in a glassbottom boat, which lasts about an hour and costs \$1.25 per person. English speaking captains explain the undersea activity, brought into sharp focus in the clear ocean.

Paddleboards also get a big play. Easy to handle by the rankest amateur, they rent for 35 cents an hour. You can tour the bay, or just paddle out and sun yourself while drifting slowly offshore. A few are even equipped with sails.

For \$5 an hour you can try your skill at water skiing behind a fast speedboat.

A pleasant motorboat trip to a quiet beach, known as "La Requeta," about a quarter of a mile away, calls for an expenditure of 55 cents per person, round-trip.

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