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VIAJE MEXICANO By Helen R. Scoredos

Chris and I decided to take Eric to Mexico with us in spite of all advice to the contrary. Eric was about 14 months old; however we reasoned that the Mexicans were rearing children, and if a certain percentage of them died along the way, still a good many achieved adulthood. The only precautions we took were with his milk (canned) and baby food. He was fed only food that could be peeled or cooked, and water boiled for 10 minutes, a daily morning chore before we left our quarters for the sightseeing.

We left Texas from Laredo early one hot afternoon. After a little difficulty we passed customs and for the first time, at least for me, we left the soil of the United States. The early part of our trip was through arid desert region. Of course we had to pass through several checking stations, and were liberally supplied with papers, including travelers' permit, other identification papers, and a large red sticker saying "Tourista," which was attached to our windshield making us fair target for special services. We were very fortunate that in the early and hottest part of our journey it was raining. We travelled on the Pan American Highway all the way to Mexico City and back. It was a very good road but by our standards not a super highway. There are frequent signs warning the driver to watch out for live stock, necessary because it is one of the most travelled of roads by pedestrians, stock, etc. Side roads do not exist, and it is safe policy to keep to the highway.

The homes and villages are quite picturesque, mostly with thatched roofs and of very light construction. One of the things that surprised me most was the number of people everywhere, for rarely did you pass any sort of shelter that wasn't teeming. The agricultural equipment was very primitive. It was astonishing how many of the things we saw reminded me of illustrations in my grade-school geography book. The scenery is superb, particularly as you go through the mountains. Many times Chris exclaimed, "That looks like an interesting climb!" But Eric and I remained firmly in our seats. As you drive the car around the hairpin curves, you see all sorts of intriguing sights such as fruit stands, homey activities in private dwellings, and little chil-