

June 4, 1946 -

At last I am really ready to depart on a short (4 weeks) trip to the northern part of South America. The red tape that a person goes through "wears one down" until he feels he needs a "double" vacation to recuperate.

First our own American passport (though only one year old) must be re-validated--two forms filled out with personal information thereon, and also two photographs attached--then a vaccination certificate not more than two years old (or 1 year if travelling on an Army plane or ship). Of course I had to have a leave order from The Panama Canal; then, since I am visiting both Colombia and Ecuador, I had to secure visas from the consuls of each of these countries. The Colombian visa was easy--I drove to the Embassy one afternoon at 3:30 and they detained me about 30 minutes. I filled out 2 more forms and gave them 2 more photographs and they charged me nothing. Then--I began trying to get a visa for Ecuador. I made 2 trips to the Embassy before I knew it was closed until August. The ambassador had returned to Quito and closed the place. Then I went to the consulate. I was informed I had to secure a letter from the Air Company stating I had my ticket in and out of Ecuador. I also had to have a letter from the Health Department insuring I was in good health, a letter from the police stating I was in "good standing", and four more photographs. It took me about 48 hours to "round up" all this dope, then I spent an entire morning with the Ecuadorian Consul filling out papers, tourist cards, having him write letters to the immigration officer and others, and he requested three more photographs, also that I give my fingerprints (at least he didn't ask for my great-grandmother's given name, and examine my back molars).

And, oh dear, my "family" and friends insisted on feeding, <sup>11</sup>partying and gifting me before I left--to my embarrassment--since I had a vacation in the States only last year.

Of course I did appreciate and enjoy their kindness, but felt it was just too much.

It took me an hour or two to get my ticket written up and other information at the airport--but I finally got it all accomplished--threw all my borrowed heavy clothes into a hand bag and was off "to the races".

June 5: Quito, Ecuador -

Yesterday was a perfect day and I had a wonderful flight. We left Balboa airport about 11 A.M. and landed at Cali <sup>Colombia</sup> about 2:30 P.M. (Oh me, how hot it was there--it seemed like the torrid zone<sup>^</sup>, alright, though they say the nights are very cool). We came on into Quito airport about 5 P.M.

We flew high all the way and it was very smooth sailing--a few big puffy white clouds below us but no storm clouds and we could see the water, mountains, rivers and vegetation the entire route.

They served us hot lunch aloft and ice cream in the afternoon before we landed at Quito.