

I was travelling with a young girl who has been in school in the States and was going home to Guayaquil (Ecuador) for summer vacation. She knows many people on the Zone whom I know and I enjoyed visiting with her coming down here.

Just before we got into Quito we came in view of three very glorious snow-capped peaks--they rank well up with some of the highest in South America. I am not sure of the spelling of these but believe they are: Cayambi, Cotopaxi, and Chimborazo--this last named is the ~~highest~~ ^{highest}. They all looked beautiful with the bright sunshine on them. They are all practically on the equator as is Quito--and our plane notified us as we crossed the imaginary line--dipped salute.

But, oh boy, howdy, was it ever cold when we got out of the plane at the airport. I buttoned up my top coat and shook in my shoes. Customs wasn't too much trouble, but the immigration officer had to have a few papers and photographs and what have you. If all the pictures of me that I've handed out were laid end to end they would look like a rogue's gallery--at least I think any native of any country could recognize me if they put all my pictures on display.

I was cold and weary last night so I had my dinner early (at least it is early for this place)--about 8 o'clock--and I turned in soon thereafter. It is now 8:30 A.M. and I am still in bed. I had my breakfast "sent up" as that seems the proper thing to do in all these countries. You should hear me airing my Spanish--and does it ever need airing--but that is the only way I could get what I wanted to eat. I ordered my cafe con leche and pan tostadas and frutas--but they came up without the fruit. When I told the waiter I wanted fruit and specified orange juice he returned with a large plate of fruit and a glass of orange juice. I thanked him and devoured most of it. The fruit was one large banana, two big slices of papaya and a mangosteen. I ate the papaya and half the mangosteen and drank the orange juice--drank some of the hot coffee (with mostly hot milk) and a piece of the toast. It really tasted good to me. The bill was 8.70 which is suces or less than 65 cents.

Now I must get up and get dressed and take a look at this city.

I understand there are more than three hundred thousand people here--mostly Indians.

June 6 -

First I made a trip to the bank to exchange some dollars to suces and I feel very rich now since I have quite a large roll. The exchange is 13.13 to 1--so for every 20 dollar bill I got 260.+ suces. I have found all native produce very cheap here but imported things are out of sight.

Well, I went to arrange my trip with the tourist agent to go up through the valley to Ambato and see some of the gorgeous scenery at close range--and to my utter delight Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh (the agents) invited me to be a (paying) guest in their home. They have a ~~large~~ beautiful home about ten minutes ride from the main part of the city and just across the street from a new hotel, the "Cordillera". I have a large, beautiful, sunny room with two large windows opening one to front and one to the side of the house, and a very beautiful mountain