

view (Mt. Pichincha). Since coming out here I have extended my stay here in Quito to over a week, and could easily spend my entire vacation here without tiring of it. A Mr. and Mrs. Walters, both of whom work at the American Embassy, also live here with the MacIntosh's and they are very pleasant and interesting.

I made a trip to the Embassy and met most of the girls and men out there. They are all very charming and most helpful in getting me acquainted with Ecuador.

Last night and this morning I have been just resting admiring the scenery and watching the Indians traipse back and forth up the mountains with loads on their backs that everyone says weigh from 50 to 500 pounds. You cannot even conceive of their strength unless you really see them. Of course I had seen similar ones in the Andes in Peru several years ago, but you forget from time to time about those things.

Last night we all sat in front of the open fireplace talking and playing a cute little game with dice--then we turned in early, and how I enjoyed the luscious bed I had with all the good wool blankets.

This morning I am going to get my "first" real bath since I left home and this afternoon I shall go down town and visit some of the shops.

June 10th -

I have been neglecting my "notes" the last three days but for good reasons. I have been meeting guests for two evenings, two more ladies from the American Embassy--Clara Rall and Jean Scism--also a Mr. Harris with the Foreign Liquidation Commission. Extra special dinners both evenings and bridge one evening.

The shops are all rather small but very interesting. Many silver pieces and beautiful hand painted pictures and all kinds of gadgets made from the tagua nut. My purchases will be slim since I have little space or additional weight that I can add to my luggage.

And now, oh dear! I must record the most interesting trip of all.

Mr. MacIntosh, the man (and wife) with whom I am staying, conducted a 2-day tour up through the mountains to Ambato and Banos. There were 5 of us--Mrs. Flager and daughter, Marjory, Mr. Kendall, Mr. MacIntosh and I. Ambato is about the fourth city in size in Ecuador and a most fascinating place. I judge it is about 50 or 60 miles from Quito and up through the most beautiful valley I ever saw. All the way was like some famous Van Gogh painting. Any artist would have about gone crazy wanting to stop to sketch or paint the scene in front of him. There were mountains beautifully green--with cultivated fields in all shades that looked like jig-saw puzzles perfectly placed together--many graceful eucalyptus trees in great groves, symmetrical lines, or scattered at random along the landscape. Every little house whether a thatched roof hut or a stone or adobe house seemed to blend into the over-all picture. At times there would be a large hacienda surrounded by low walls made of mud, bricks, blocks or fences; with huge ornate gates at the entrance. Some of the dirt walls were covered with shrubs and flowers--and along the road right up to the timber line were many wild flowers. We had several miles of driving over the barren plateau above timberline before we started back into the valley on the other side of the mountain range.