

I also find myself interested in their activities here and feel that with their whole-hearted cooperation with each other and tourists' agencies a better knowledge and understanding between our countries will soon be attained and the result will be a mutual benefit--socially and financially.

The shops in Quito intrigue me because of their native handicraft--weaving, leather goods, beautiful silver, brass, the use they have made of the tagua nut both carved and in artistic paint designs. Then they have many artists here and a very fine art school where water colors and oil paintings are beautifully done and the detail of paintings on a small bone 2 x 4 inches is as painstaking as a canvas half as big as a wall to your room.

The most inspirational thing I have done is drive to the top of a very high hill all but in the center of Quito and get the unobstructed view of the snow-capped peaks that surround this place. There are six peaks visible that are always covered with snow. For nature to throw up such monstrous mounds at the equator and keep them covered with snow seems paradoxical.

Everyone who comes to Quito goes to the Equatorial Monument, so of course I went out to see Latitude 0°0'0" and to step back and forth between northern and southern hemisphere as often as I wished.

In reaching the exact spot on the equator from where the original surveys were made to determine the curvature of the earth we drove from a very green valley around a mountain into a real dry desert-land but kept our view of at least three of the snow-capped peaks. I had pictures made standing "on the line" between northern and southern hemisphere, and again with one foot in each.

But at last I said goodbye to Quito and flew on to Cali, Colombia. There the city is only about 2 or 3 thousand feet high and at 3° north of the Equator and very warm. The airport, a new one since the Colombian government had usurped the original field for their Army Air Corps, is about twenty-five miles from the town and over a rough dusty road.

I was soon established in the Columbus Hotel, very swank and modern and filled with Americans--mostly wives of business men who have made or are making themselves very wealthy--transacting or establishing business with Colombian enterprises. There were a few of our Army (air corps) there at the hotel but most of them have been withdrawn--only F.B.I. left.

The Nevilles (English couple whom I had met in Balboa) soon contacted me, took me to their very lovely home for tea, also drove me over the city, had me for dinner and in general made my three days in Cali most pleasant. I also met many American women at the hotel, had one session of bridge with them and got fairly well acquainted with the town.

The altitude in Quito had kept me from doing much walking and it seemed the change from the high altitude to the lower at Cali also affected me somewhat. Most people notice it, I understand, though I had never been affected by flying at nineteen or twenty thousand feet over the Andes.

After a few days in Cali, I went on to Bogota, the third highest capital in the world. (I had previously been at the other two--La Paz, Bolivia, 11,000 ft., and Quito, 10,000 ft.) It was cold in Bogota and it didn't seem such a friendly city. There are many prosperous looking people there, pretty shops, parks, drive-ways, churches, and other buildings. The main hotel where I stayed is the Granada--