

rather old but somewhat elaborate. I also found some Americans and English there but not as many as there were in Cali. Most of the Americans were business men; their wives and families prefer living at a lower, warmer place--nor do I blame them. I soon left Bogota, too, for the ideal climate and altitude of Medellin, Colombia. This is a dream place--a place where many Americans have come and I'm sure many more will come from Balboa for a vacation.

I elected to spend my vacation at the Club Campestre (Country Club) about ten miles from the city proper and a more wonderful place I have never been in. The Club-Hotel combined is in a most beautiful valley with gradual slopes off to very high mountains in every direction. All the buildings are gleaming white, with red-tiled roofs--rather Spanish (to-modern) style, and the grounds and buildings are kept immaculate.

Never have I seen any prettier formal gardens, such well-kept lawns, and such breath-taking flowers--everything from the lowly periwinkle and snapdragon to the most gorgeous lilies and orchids by the bushel basket (no kidding either). There are geraniums higher than your head, asters that are as large as your large yellow 'mums and of every color, roses and daisies and bougainvillea and coralita and almost every kind of a tropical and temperate-climate flower.

The sun is bright and warm, the shade requires a light wrap, the nights--two wool blankets. I love it!!!

I'd have to be a horse and twin colts to eat all the food they serve me. All of it well-prepared and delicious.

The broad verandas have polished tile floors, multicolored furniture, leather upholstered. There are many potted palms, soft lights and from every direction a heavenly view of the mountains, soft clouds and blue sky.

There are few regular guests at the Club--but many members who come to enjoy the wonderful golf course, the many tennis courts and the inviting swimming pool.

This is a perfect place for a change of climate and scenery for a Canal Zone-ite and only a few hours by air. The air-transportation not half what it is to Miami, and I'm sure the hotel here more reasonable than any first class one in Miami or Miami Beach.

One really should speak some Spanish to enjoy this place most. But I find my meager knowledge of the language sufficient to "get me by" most of the time. Occasionally I must call in an interpreter, which is usually possible.

Every American or Englishman or German who has been here in South America a few weeks has picked up enough Spanish to make himself understood. I met one American in Cali who had been there five weeks and was transacting his business, with at least two dozen native employees, and he said he spoke no Spanish before he came down. So it can be done. And I am sure if I remained here for a few weeks longer I'd double my vocabulary in Spanish. Each day I find myself adding another word or two.

There are one or two people here who speak English and I think I get more rest by not having so many English-speaking people around me. I really rest and relax, more.