

June 22 -

I find the days slipping by and my wonderful vacation growing rapidly to an end. I'm sure the rest and change have been very beneficial to me and I do expect to return to this place some day. A friend of Mary Ethlyn's will join me in a few days--then I'll do the shops in Medellin.

I have ^{had} calls from "friends" of friends in Balboa who live here in Medellin and two invitations to teas--may go to them since they are later in the week.

June 25 -

Yesterday I went into Medellin with two other guests of Club Campestre. We had a rather interesting day, saw a few of the shops and I met Mr. Joel Riley at the Royal Bank of Canada and Mr. Vourvoulia of the National City Bank. They each wanted me to meet their families and visit them. Perhaps I shall.

Of course we went to the Nutabari Hotel--a rather amazing place in a town that seems almost like a small village. This hotel is eleven stories of stone and brick and is most modern and swank in every detail. Inside it is all picture windows, modernistic furnishings, elaborate floor coverings, lights, a beautiful lounge, ladies' room, cocktail bar, and tea room overlooking a beautiful swimming pool on one side and garden with fountain on the other. You might wonder when you first see it how this country could support a place that would do credit to New York City, but when you learn the number of millionaires among the Colombians and the number of big American and British business men who spend much of their time here you can realize why the swank hotel.

I had no idea of the wealth in this country. Practically all the business men in Colombia are very wealthy. They have magnificent homes each with private swimming pool and seldom less than four or five servants. Even the middle class have two maids all the time. I met very few who had less than four servants--so you get some idea of how they live.

This Country Club is rather a gathering place for the elite. The women swim, play tennis or bridge in the afternoons; the men golf, swim or tennis, then visit the bar. Nearly every evening there is an orchestra for dancing. On Saturdays, Sundays and holidays they have a special orchestra (ten or fifteen pieces) that plays all the popular music from the States and many Americans come out for special dinners and dancing. At other times these Colombians have a queer custom of securing about three "roving musicians"--they have a guitar, a kind of a banjo and a pair of "gourds" they rattle. These musicians go with a crowd of young people and play all afternoon and evening for the same little group who pay them so much by the hour. Last Sunday one such group came here to the hotel about 2 P.M. They played for the same little crowd of young people until about 5 P.M. in the dining-room, then went into the cocktail lounge and continued playing until about 3 A.M. The music was monotonous, not very "musical" but with a rhythm for a kind of a rhumba dance. The musicians usually sang some rather meaningless Spanish words with their playing.

Most of the young girls are very pretty and quite well dressed--and very conservative. There seems to be no rowdiness, but a general good time. The men are like most Spanish men. I, for one, can't much admire them--they all seem too much on the lounge-lizard type. From remarks from a few of the young girls with