

whom I have talked, they say that they would much prefer marrying Americans--and they doubtless make very excellent wives, they are pretty, intelligent, and seem to be very good mothers.

As I look back over this little trip, it seems the things that stand out most in my mind are: the quaintness of Quito, the filth of the Indians there and yet at a distance their picturesqueness and their clever handwork, the sheer beauty of the landscapes, the grandeur of the snow-capped peaks; at Cali - the heat, the kindness of my friends and the number of Americans at the Columbus Hotel; at Bogota - the rareness of the air, the coldness of everything and the number of people (of the poorer class) stretched out ~~prone~~ in every park or grassy spot soaking in every bit of sunshine possible; in Medellin - the grandeur of the Nutabari hotel, the wealth of the people, and at the Country Club--the beauty of the surrounding mountains, the gorgeous flowers, and the brilliant stars at night. No where here does time seem to mean anything to anyone--their planes are always from two to six hours late, they serve breakfast until 9:30 ^{or even 11:30} in the morning, lunch until 2:30 or 4 P.M., and anyone who goes in to dinner before 8:30 dines alone. They serve dinners until 10 P.M.--or later, I presume, if someone should straggle in and ask to be served; and they think nothing of dancing until 4 or 5 A.M. This is just routine, and for a while it is the life--at least an interesting vacation.

I have been invited to two or three teas in private homes and have found them quite delightful. Most everyone's home is out away from the city in very picturesque surroundings--they are beautiful and comfortable and the people very hospitable--and wealthy.

There was a big luncheon served for a group of Colombian women here at the Club, and the centerpiece on the table was dozens of the most gorgeous orchids--purple, yellow and a spotted orchid. No one seemed to think any more about them than we would ^{zinnias}, but they nearly took my breath away. I all but gasp over one beautiful orchid and to see so many of them at once seems like a dream. We have vases of them on our dining table all the time and also have flowers in our room.

One night the International Rotary Club gave a big banquet and dance here. The crowd was rather cosmopolitan, but the Colombians were in the majority, naturally. The music was much like any American orchestra would play--familiar waltzes, rhumbas, etc., etc. The people here don't "go in" for elaborate dress, but the men wear business suits or sport clothes all the time (day and evening) and the women dress similarly.

They have many silver shops in Medellin and much leather goods, the other stores have imported goods and it is very exorbitant in price.

I have done very little shopping but it has been interesting to look.

June 29th -

Now my return ticket is O.K'd, my reservation on the plane for Balboa made for tomorrow morning rather early--so I must again say "hasta luego" to a wonderful and interesting vacation.