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ELMIAGRO 536. LIMA-PERU.

This is the front door of fine Queen

"SAGA" OF THE PEREZ FAMILY'S TWO YEARS IN PERU

January 1890 to April 1892

Francisco Pizarro founded the City of Lima, Peru, January 18, 1533.

The Perez home (built on the outskirts of Lima in 1787) where Laurita was born, was the "Family Homestead" of father's Uncle, Jose Perez y Rodolfo. After the death of his only son, Tio Pepe practically adopted our father and treated him as a son. He gave us a very warm welcome.

This is written at the request of my nieces Beatrice Gates Bryson of Seville, Ohio, and Clara Jean Gates Kuder of Berea, Ohio.

Our family consisted of:

Father - Manuel Perez y Ortiz, born in Lima, Peru, S.A. January 18, 1860.
Died in Mira Flores, October 5, 1935.

Mother - Laura Weidenbach Perez, born on Good Friday, in Baltimore, Maryland, U. S. A. March 29, 1861. Died in New York City, Saturday, March 3, 1934.

After their marriage they moved into one of the first apartment houses in Brooklyn, New York. Their Wedding Day was January 18, 1883. Father always called mother "Lola", Spanish for Laura.

Their children were:

Rosa Leonor (Eleanor R.) named for my Spanish Grandmother, born in Brooklyn, October 24, 1883.

Carlos Manuel, named for Carlos Sobrino and father. Carlos Sobrino was the favorite pianist of King Alphonso of Spain. He visited us while on Concert Tours in the United States. We called him Uncle "Binc". He was father's class friend. Carlos was born in Brooklyn, July 15, 1885. Died March 10, 1935 in New York City.

Beautiful Door-way, entrance to the "ancestral" Perez home in Lima, Peru, where Laurita was born March 5th 1890.

Evelyn Clara, born in Westfield, New Jersey, July 27, 1887. Uncle Eddie always teased her, calling her his "Jersey Mosquito" and "Putchie". He was always kind to her.

Laurita Victoria ("little Laura" for Mother), born in the Jose Perez Family Homestead, on the outskirts of Lima, Peru, March 5, 1890. Our Cousin, Elvirita Perez Moravski, wrote me recently that the property has been bought by the City of Lima. They plan to make it into a fashionable night spot and restaurant.

Helen Hortense Perez, fifth and last of the Perez Clan, our darling Helen, born June 5, 1892 in West 97th Street, New York City, just a few weeks after we returned to the United States. Poor mother had a hard time, due to the long trip alone with four children all under ten years to care for.

Our father was sent to a Jesuit School in Canada with Uncle Pepe's only son, his first cousin. While having a pillow fight in their dormitory one night, this fine young boy was accidentally thrown from a bed. He lay very still and when they ~~probed~~^{examined} him ~~up~~, they found that his neck was broken. The doctor they had called in said he had died instantly. You can imagine what this tragedy did to our kind Uncle Pepe. He and the whole family were heartbroken, and that was when he practically adopted our father and loved him as a son. Our grandfather, Uncle Pepe's brother, had passed away several years prior to this accident. We never knew either of our grandfathers, or our Peruvian grandmother, Rosa Ortiz Perez.

We left for Peru in January of 1890. Father was a graduate of Stevens Institute, Hoboken, where he took a course in Civil Engineering, and he was employed by the William R. Grace & Co. to take machinery to Peru and install it in plantations (chafcras) in the hills around Lima, where a great deal of sugar cane was grown, and machinery was used to extract the juice. He also put in irrigation systems, as Peru has very little rainfall. The two plantations that I remember, the Waldo Graña "Chafcra", and "Whampanee" the Perez Plantation, had beautiful flower gardens that were dependent on irrigation for their water supply.

I can remember how Carlos and I used to float leaves in these little bricked in ditches which ran through the gardens, pretending they were boats. The water came from mountain streams and was cold and crystal clear.

In those days there was no Panama Canal and we had to cross the Isthmus by train and transfer to another steamship on the Pacific side. I can remember the names of these two South American ships, the Aconcagua going down to Peru, and the Imperial on the return trip.

The Aconcagua was a beautiful white and gold ship, her trimmings railings, etc. were of brass and shone like gold, and in our staterooms, over the front of the berths (or bunks), were draw curtains of pretty flowered chintz. Mother noticed one of these curtains moving, though there was no breeze, and looking to see what it could be she found a huge hairy looking spider crawling up the curtain. She sent for the steward who took one look, "Madam" he said, "that is a deadly poisonous Tarantula, you are very lucky to have found it. Our assistant engineer is being treated for a Tarantula bite right now, and we do not know whether they can save him!" You can imagine after that experience mother searched every inch of those curtains and our bunks before she put us to bed. I never heard what happened to that poor young engineer, but hope he recovered.

We youngsters had a grand time, romping all over the decks. The young Spanish Officers played games with us when they were off duty, and there were several nuns aboard on their way to their convent in Lima who kept an eye on us. I remember how kind and gentle they were. In roaming around I happened to look down a hatchway to a lower deck just as they were slaughtering a steer for fresh meat (in those days, over 67 years ago, there was no refrigeration and meat had to be taken along on the hoof and slaughtered as needed).

I was so frightened by what they were doing to that poor animal that I ran away and never looked down that hatch again.

I believe this part of our trip lasted about ten days, and when we docked in Callao Uncle Pepe met us with open arms. Callao is the Seaport for Lima, only a short train ride from that city.

My first impression of the Perez Homestead in Lima was of a very large square, one story house, with all the rooms opening on a courtyard which was open to the sky. In Spanish it was called a "Patio" and in the center was a small fountain, around which were brightly painted tubs filled with beautiful blooming plants. The walls were covered by flowering vines. I remember the exquisite perfume of jasmine, and the beauty of the passion flower vine, with its delicate purple, green and white petals forming a background for the tiny cross, reminiscent of the "Crucifix, in the center, "Flora Crystas".

In among these vines were bird cages containing many bright feathered birds, the pets of Uncle Pepe's frail little wife, our Tia Maria Manuela. She was partly paralyzed and confined to a wheelchair. Days when she felt well enough, she was wheeled out to the patio where she seemed to enjoy watching us at play. She could not speak a word of English, but I have never forgotten her sweet smile and the way she nodded her head. We were the first Perez children in the family and I think she was trying to let us know she loved us. She was a patient, saint-like invalid, her wonderful dark eyes set in a thin little pale face, her beautiful blue-black, glossy hair, worn in two thick braids that hung to the floor, as she sat in her wheelchair. The whole family adored her, she was so gentle and loving. Uncle Pepe just worshipped her and provided her with every possible care and comfort, many

things which were considered great luxuries in those days.

It was during the two years we spent in Lima that she passed away, peacefully in her sleep. The whole family went into deepest mourning. The front of the house was draped in black crepe, and all of us wore black. Laurita was only about 14 months old, but when Mother protested against dressing a baby in black, she was informed that "Esta el costumbre del País". How often she was told "It is the custom of the country". So Mother had a couple of little dresses dyed black to keep the peace. When in Lima you had to do as the "Limanians" did, or else!

Before I go further I want to give you Mother's amusing account of the Peruvian doctor who attended her when Laurita was born. He came of a very aristocratic family and was the "Society" physician who was called in to bring the babies of wealthy Limanians into the world. I am not sure, but I think his name was Dr. Acuña. He came in full evening dress, having been called away from a social event, wearing a flowing evening cape, white satin lined, and with handsome diamond rings on his fingers. Can you imagine an American doctor delivering a baby in such style? Poor Mother did not know what to make of it, and I think she must have been a little frightened but she was agreeably surprised at his skill. Laurita arrived safely - pretty and round as a butter-ball - a lovely baby.

Uncle Pepe was always so very kind and loving to us all, and he welcomed the two new arrivals, for his eldest daughter, Maria Manuela Koechlin had a baby girl almost at the same time. Mother was able to nurse Laurita, but they had to get a little "Mother donkey" (Burrita) for our cousin's baby - they called it "Mamita", most carefully fed and tended so she would give good milk.

"Patriarchal Fashion", all the family lived under Uncle Pepe's roof. His two daughters, Elvira Rosa, Maria Manuela and her husband, Luis Köchlin, Father's only sister, Maria Cristina, who never forgave her brother for marrying a "foreigner", Miguel Etchenique, Uncle Pepe's overseer at his plantation "Whampanee", and his sister, Pilar, also made their home with him. There were relatives on his wife's side too, whose names I do not remember - altogether 12 to 15 people sat down to table! .

Uncle Pepe had a wonderful Chinese cook ^{Luis} who had been with the Perez family fifteen years or more. He was over six feet tall, and he prepared the most delicious food, and in such quantities! Such a good-natured giant of a man! He beamed with pleasure when he saw how we enjoyed his cooking. My favorite was "Camerone Chupe" - Camerones are of the shrimp family and taste half way between shrimp and lobster. The "Chupe" is a sort of creamy shrimp bisque, delicious!

I was always fascinated at seeing so many people at table at once - at the animated conversation and gesticulation "spanish fashion" - queer not to be able to understand a word they said! There were always two or three waiters serving under the major-domo.

I cannot remember just how long we lived in Uncle's home, but it must have been several months, while father was looking around for a suitable place for us to live. At last he found a house which we were told had been used by Nuns as a sort of auxilliary Parish house by their Order. It was a two-story building with thick adobe walls. On the first floor were stalls for horses, and our living quarters were on the second floor, built around a patio. I remember there were two large rooms with carved, glass enclosed balconies facing the street, living room and master bedroom. When the doors of the balconies were closed they formed two little rooms and we loved to "play house", visiting back and forth. A short time after we moved in, one of their

Revolutions broke out, and father warned us not to play in the balconies, which were of carved wood, because there was shooting in the streets and bullets could pierce through them. There was a cannon planted at one end of our street, which was appropriately named "Calle de la Buena Muerte", which means "Street of the Good Death". President Nicolas Pierola had been thrown into prison by pretender Casseros, who had more soldiers and guns. A case of getting there "soonest with the mostest!" Some of Pierola's followers called on father in the middle of the night with a rope ladder to which they had him fasten iron hooks to clamp on the window sill of Pierola's cell. The rescue party was successful and the president escaped and went into hiding. His beautiful marble "Palacio" was right across the street from us, and every now and then a patrol of Cassero's soldiers would come to search his home trying to take him prisoner again. They never caught him.

You can imagine how worried poor Mother was, for if father had been caught aiding in the escape he very likely would have ended before a firing squad.

In those days, in Lima, there were no building restrictions, and often you would see a beautiful Villa next to a cheap, run down adobe building. Next to the Pierola Palace I remember a little cobbler's shack. That was over 67 years ago. There must be many changes since then. Lima is a beautiful city - "The Paris of the Pacific" they call it. Nicolas Pierola was father's friend, and we were glad when the usurper, Casseros, was defeated, and he resumed office.

When Mother started housekeeping for ourselves, the Manuel Perez household consisted of our little family, Mother, Father and four children. Father had managed to find an English woman who spoke Spanish. Her name was Nellie and

she must have been in her late thirties. She proved very useful as house-keeper, in helping Mother direct the native servants and acting as interpreter. She came to us on condition that we allow her to bring her four year old son into our home. His name was Samuel (we called him "Samuelito") and he was a handsome boy, blue-eyed, very blond hair, and a skin white as milk. I remember how Nellie used to stand the poor child in a tub and pour the icy cold water over him and scrub him with a brush, much as if she was currying a horse. The poor little fellow would shiver and cry, and we used to beg her to be gentler with him, but she'd insist it was good for him, would make him strong, and she'd scrub away. We liked "Samuelito" and he became our play fellow.

In addition to Nellie, the Peruvian servants were a Chola cook and her teen-age daughter, who used to take Carlos and me to school and call for us afterwards, and another helper in the kitchen, Magdalena Vigo, daughter of Señora Vigo, who came twice a week to give mother spanish lessons. I believe the Vigo's were related, distantly, to Tia Maria Manuela. They were very poor and Uncle Pepe was helping them. Magdalena did little more than keep mother company and help a little with us children. The above sounds a bit involved - Magdalena lived with us, her mother gave the spanish lessons. They were well educated, refined people, but really in need and want - we were so sorry for them.

Even as a little child I noticed the sharp contrast, Limanians were of two classes, either the very wealthy living in marblè palaces, or the desperately poor, living in hovels. There seemed to be no middle class like we have in the United States. Servants were cheap, about 16 Peruvian Soles (8 American \$1.00) a month, and well-to-do families had them by the dozen. At that time the Peruvian dollar was worth 50¢ American. The trouble was that

each native servant (cholas) was a specialist, did only the chore for which he or she was engaged; when this was accomplished, it was a case of the first chair they could find, sombrero over the face, and a "Siesta" was in order! Mother was disgusted with the time she had to waste, waking them up. No lady was a lady if she did any housework, she was supposed to direct the servants - a job in itself!

The cook did the marketing on her way to work in the early morning, when farmers brought their fresh fruits and vegetables in to market. The lady of the house would give her a number of "Soles" the night before, according to the size of the family and their means, and cook would "haggle" and bargain for what she wanted, and if she could save a few "centavos" they were hers to keep. Any food left over from dinner she took home to her family, as we had no refrigeration in those days.

On my 8th birthday one of father's cousins, Carmela Romero, brought me a live white leghorne chicken all tied up with red ribbons, supposedly for my dinner. I fell in love with it, and insisted on keeping it for a pet, that I would not eat a bite of the pretty thing and cried so bitterly that mother let me keep it. When father came home and saw my devotion to my pet, he decided to make a chicken run (or coop) out of an unused storage room that opened on the Patio and had a skylight that would let in air and sunshine. He put up perches and a shelf for nests for the chickens to lay their eggs in, built a trough for water and another for chicken feed and scattered gravel on the floor. It really made quite a fine home for our chickens. He bought about a dozen more leghornes and Plymouth rocks and a cute little pair of Chinese bantams. These were less than half the size of the other birds. It was fun to watch the little rooster, he felt himself so important, he'd stretch himself as tall as he could and try to crow louder than our regular size "cock-o-the walk"!

What a flapping of tiny wings, then such a funny little squeaky crow after all that effort! Wee Mrs. Hen was a love. She layed tiny, snow white eggs about the size of robins' eggs, and proundly strutted beside her mate.

One of the gray Plymouth rock hens took a great liking to father. When he entered the coop she would run to him and rub her head on his ankle, just like a kitten. She was so tame, he named her "Ingreida" which means something like "affectionate one". Soon our chickens felt at home in their new quarters and began to lay and we had fresh eggs for breakfast.

One night, while father was away on one of his trips into the hills, there was a loud knocking and pounding on our heavy outer door. When mother went to the window she saw two soldiers in the street, rifles pointed at our roof. She managed to understand enough of their Spanish to know that they had seen two figures on our roof, either men or boys, they could not tell which, and wanted to warn the Senora! Much help they were! After an uneasy hour of searching the house and patio, mother concluded that the soldiers had probably scared away hungry natives who had tried to steal some of our chickens, and went back to bed.

Father's trips into the mountains always made her anxious and nervous. He would be away as long as three or four weeks at a time, setting up machinery (mostly for crushing juice out of sugar cane) with no means of communication, no railroads to carry mail. He took his crew of workmen in on hourseback. They were mostly Chola or Chinese laborers.

There were alarming tales of what happened in those hills surrounding Lima, of bandiits who attacked prosperous looking travellers, stripped them of clothing and valuables, and rode off on their horses, leaving their victims tied to trees and at the mercy of wild animals and the freezing temperatures that night fall brings to that region. I'm sure that Mother never drew a free breath until father was once more safely at home. We children were too young to realize

the anxiety she must have suffered but I think kind Uncle Pepe did. He would take us out for beautiful drives in his fine Coche (Coach-Victoria) drawn by a handsome pair of horses and with "un Cochero", a coachman in livery, driving. We saw a good deal of the beautiful "Avenidas" (Avenues) lined with the marble villas of wealthy Peruvians, surrounded by gorgeous gardens and velvety lawns. The nicest drive was along the banks of the Rimac River.

This was the stream we had to ford when we went to "Whampanee", the Perez Plantation. The Rimac became a wild mountain torrent during the rainy season. I can remember the great stone boulders in the river-bed, swept down by the strong current from the mountains.

I think these interesting drives helped a lot to divert poor mother's mind from her many worries and problems in a strange land, where everyone "jabbered" in Spanish at her, of which she understood only a word here and there.

Then one fine day father introduced Jack and Elizabeth Dockendorf to her. The Dockendorf Seniors were old friends of the Perez family. Like father, Jack had been educated in the States, and was a student at Yale University when he met and fell in love with Elizabeth Goodyear, granddaughter of the founder of the Goodyear Rubber Company. It was a real romance - ladder at the window in the "wee small hours" - "fiery Latin elopes with heiress to millions!" Only Aunt Lizzie, as we children called her, never got any fortune - her grandfather was so enraged by what she had done that he cut her off with a mere \$30,000, as she told mother. Fortunately the Dockendorfs were wealthy and took the young couple in to their beautiful home in "Chorillos", one of the fine beach resorts where many rich Peruvians had handsome villas. Their lawn sloped gently down to the Pacific, and there were gorgeous flowers every where.

I remember a sort of summer house of white stone (marble?) at the bottom of the lawn, where they served us a delicious dinner, butlers in uniform, very elegant! The view of the Pacific was superb. Carlos and I went down to the

beach afterwards and picked up some tiny sea shells - I still have a few! They were fragile and lovely.

"Aunt Lizzie" was a beautiful blonde with big blue eyes. We all fell in love with her, she was so vivacious and full of fun. She and mother, both being homesick Americans, formed a close friendship which lasted many years. She was very fond of children and when Laurita was born she insisted on taking me home with her, to get me out of the way, so she said. In the excitement of getting me ready, my night gown was forgotten, and I slept in the top of one of Uncle Jack's pajamas. I was so little and the jacket so big, we all had a good laugh. I forgot to say that Uncle Jack and Aunt Lizzie were two of the handsomest people I have ever known, a really striking couple, they belonged together. I was allowed to go to market with their cook, and can remember the huge baskets piled with tropical fruits and fresh vegetables, brought in by the native farmers from the surrounding country side.

After "Siests time" they took me for my first ride on a double-decker bus. I don't remember such buses in the United States though there probably were some (horse-drawn, of course) on Fifth Avenue, New York, in 1890. We rode on top, quite a thrill!

They treated me to their version of ice cream, a sort of frozen fruit juice, very good, and bought me a charming bouquet. It was made of long stemmed stawberries tied together and surrounded by a frill of lacepaper, and in the center, a cluster of fragrant jasmine blossoms, - much too pretty to eat!

They all were very kind to me but I stood rather in awe of Mrs. Dockendorf Sr. She was a very dignified person who seldom smiled. She had a brown mole on her chin, from it grew several black hairs which she had trained to form a little curl, which she seemed to cherish.

I was only seven years old then, what a strange store house a little child's brain is, for such odd impressions. I've never forgotten the dignified "Lady of the

Mole"! That visit to "Chorillos" happened 69 years ago.

I enjoyed my visit very much, but was glad to get back to Lima and see Mama and my lovely little new sister.

Shortly after we were settled in our new home, Carlos and I were entered in a private school (Escuela) run by two sisters, I cannot remember their names - the Peruvian pupils disrespectfully called them "Gordiflona" (Fatty) and "Flacocenta" (Skinny) Spanish slang!

Senora "Fatty" was a very large, plump lady with piercing black eyes and a mass of blue-black hair. "Skinny" looked like a New England spinster, tall and spare. The sisters were a complete contrast. They were capable teachers, because handicapped as Carlos and I were, knowing only what little Spanish we had picked up "parrot fashion", they taught us many things in the two short years we attended their school. I believe they took special pains with Los Americanos.

We learned the alphabet, how to count to 100, and we could read quite well after a few months. Girls were taught to sew and embroider as soon as they learned to hold a needle. Peruvian ladies are famous for their exquisite needlework, and the nuns in their convents made it an art.

I still have a sampler (somewhere) that I made when I was seven years old. On each of the four sides a different border design in cross stitch. In the center all the letters of the alphabet in capitals. Really surprisingly neat and well done for such a little girl.

Carlos had a talent for drawing, which the teachers encouraged and helped him with.

It was amazing how quickly we picked up Spanish! We went down to Peru speaking English and German, and came back to New York "jabbering" only Spanish, to the distress of our German Grandmother, who cried and wailed, "Ihr seid wie die Indianer!" "You are like the Indians!" All too soon we dropped the beautiful Spanish, when we were enrolled in our first American School.

But for quite a while, poor patient mother had to hear our prayers in three languages!

The young Chola girl, daughter of our cook, our escort to and from school, was a funny little thing, pert as an English sparrow, accustomed to fend for herself, she was quite self reliant, and so proud of being "Niñera por los Niños Americanos".

"is nurse"

I remember that on the way to school we had to pass a Barracks (Cuartel) and there were always good looking young "Soldados" hanging around ready to flirt with pretty girls. She would take our hands and run like mad, afraid they would catch and kiss her. Often too, herds of llamas would be driven through the streets, and we would have to jump into the nearest doorway to keep from being trampled. Little "Conchita" was quick as a wink, and we always managed to get out of the way in time. We never told mother, so she would not worry.

Conchita (means little shell) would sing and dance for us. I remember a line from one of our favorites, it went: "Ay, mi Palomita, donde va usted?" "Aye, my little Dove, whither goest thou?" Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, Tra-la-la la! and she would do an odd sort of double shuffle and clap her hands and twirl around and around. We got dizzy trying to imitate her.

As soon as Laurita was able to walk she wanted to go to school with us, and when Conchita appeared, she'd toddle away and get her hat - a round straw sailor with ribbons hanging down the back and which she always put on "hind-side fore" so that the streamers hung over her button of a nose, and she'd cry, "Voya al Collegio, voya al Collegio", Want to go to school! Of course she was much too young, but she certainly walked and talked at a very early age. And what a sturdy little busy-body she was, always running, running!

When Laurita was about six months old, and could be safely left with Nellie and Magdalena, father decided to take mother, Carlos and me for a visit to "Whampanee". Evie was also too young. We had to travel on horse back, and it

amazing how mother, who had never been on a horse in her life, managed to stay on her mount riding side saddle (ladies never rode astride in those days). She took to it like a duck to water and loved it. Father had chosen a very gentle sorrel mare, named "Pitching", with a comfortable broad back and a very steady gait. After mother got over her first nervousness, she said that riding "Pitching" was like sitting in a rocking chair. Sounds like the gentle little mare might have been a Pacer. Carlos rode in front of father on "Capitan", a handsome bay horse, and Miguel Etchenique, the Perez overseer, took me on "Enginiero" (Engineer).

We had to ford the Rimac River, and though the current was strong and the water almost up to the horses' bellies, we got across without accident. I was a little frightened when the horses had to scramble up the opposite bank, but they were very strong and amazingly sure footed, and kind Miguel held me securely so I felt safe.

That ride through the hills was a never to be forgotten experience, it was quite dark until the moon rose, and there were strange noises in the woods, wild animals and hoot owls, night prowlers. We arrived safely at "Whampanee" to find the Plantation bathed in a flood of moonlight, and to be greeted by the excited barking of a dozen or more dogs of all breeds and sizes, pets of the Chacra hands, and the family. Needless to say, none of us had to be rocked to sleep after that ride. We two youngsters were fed and put right to bed, asleep before our heads touched the pillows. Next morning Carlos and I went exploring.

Whenever I hear the song "I know a lovely garden" I think of Uncle Pepe's garden at "Whampanee". In my young eyes it seemed to be a place where fairies might live, it was so full of beautiful flowers and delicious scents, roses and jasmine everywhere, and many colored butterflies hovering over the blossoms. I loved a tiny pale-pink moss rose - it was so exquisitely frail and dainty and a plant I've seen only in that garden - they called it the Chinese Lantern plant. It was about five feet high, richly foliated in shiney bright green leaves and from its branches

hung tiny lanterns, with petals alternate stripes of scarlet and orange, perfect Chinese Lanterns in miniature, and hung in such a way that they seemed to have been placed there by human hands to decorate the lovely bush. Carlos and I picked this unusual plant, out of the wonderful garden, as our favorite.

There were mulberry trees - some of the branches hung so low we picked the luscious berries, washed them in the little bricked in irrigation ditches that carried the cold, crystal clear mountain water to all parts of the garden, and were those berries ever delicious!

In one corner of the garden was a marble lined sunken pool, the water flowed from the mouths of bronze lion heads, one at either end of the pool. Don't know whether it was much used - much too cold! There were trellises around it, covered with jasmine vines, and lovely climbing roses of many colors, making it a real beauty spot in a wealth of blossoms.

When Siesta hour was over and it grew cooler, some of the younger Vaqueros put on a "Bull fight" to entertain us youngsters. They gave it in one of the corrals that happened to be empty, using a big ferocious looking black and white goat as the "Toro", and he surely proved to be a mean customer. After the young "Toreadors" had sufficiently stirred him to action, and he was charging at every move they made, Mr. Billy Goat suddenly spied us (his audience) perched on top of the gate that led into the corral, and he came at us. There were four or five of us who had found "Grand Stand" seats on the gate for the show, and we were so frightened by Billy's big, wicked looking horns we made for safety. In scrambling down from the gate, some one gave it a hard push, not knowing it was held in place by only one loose hinge, so down it crashed, all of us managed to jump clear, except Carlos, who fell with the heavy gate pinning down both little legs, just above his knees. He screamed with fright and pain. I was terrified and ran for father, who helped release him and carried him into the house. At first we thought his legs must be broken, the gate was such a heavy weight, but on examination it was

found that where the gate had struck him, were two heavy purplish welts, deep ugly bruises but no bones broken. It seemed like a miracle, and we thanked God that our Carlitos had not been crippled by the accident. I suspect that some careless farm hand got a whale of a reprimand for his neglect in not repairing those hinges. Carlos was put to bed and mother kept cold cloths dipped in water and witchhazel on the bruises. It was several days before he could walk again, everyone was so kind and thought up things to amuse him, and he really was a very good patient.

And so ended our first "Corrida", bull fight minus the bull!

I think I told you, besides cattle breeding, a lot of sugar cane was grown on the plantation, and after the juice was extracted, (by machinery father had installed) it was boiled down in large vats and the sweet molasses-like odor was everywhere.

One of the Chinese cooks surprised us by making candy for "los chicos Americanos". He boiled the sap down until it could be pulled like molasses candy, made it into three strands, then braided it into a huge "Coronet Braid", and brought it to us on a large plate. It looked wonderful and tasted even better, best molasses taffy I've ever eaten, and I still remember the delighted expression on that kind cook's face when he saw how pleased Carlos and I were with his unusual gift of dulce (candy).

Almost forgot to say that Uncle Pepe had given us a darling little pony to ride, her name was "Mariposa" (Butterfly). She was about the size of a Shetland pony, brown and white, with a long, silky tail and white "socks". Only poor Carlos missed a lot of rides on account of his bruised legs. I think we were on the way to being spoiled by all the kindness showered on us.

As soon as Carlos was able to travel, father decided to go back to Lima as he expected another shipment of machinery from Wm. R. Grace & Co. It was decided to go down through the hills on a flatcar used by the workmen to bring in supplies, so

the horseback ride would not be too long and tiring for our patient. As a parting gift, Tio Pepe allowed us each to pick out a pet to take home with us. Carlos picked a fine black and white goat, just growing out of the kid stage and not too large to handle. I chose a wee wooley lamb, just weaned, adorable!

For Evvie we took a tiny piglet, scrubbed so clean that it fairly shone pale pink. It had the curliest tail at one end, and the squealiest "Oink! Oink!" at the other. I never knew a pig could be so cute, even at that early stage.

I cannot remember whether there were seats on that flatcar, somehow we all fitted in, and down we went amid bleats and Baas and Oinks to where the horses met us, where we had forded the Rymac on the way in. We reached Lima safely, and were so glad to see Evvie and our darling baby again.

Our pets were bedded down in the stalls below stairs. Evelyn was delighted with her baby pig, at first.

And so ended our visit to "whampanee", a real child's Paradise with all the animals, the beautiful garden and fields to play in, - a very happy memory!

Below stairs, our menagerie, with the good care and feed they received, prospered and grew, in fact Carlos' goat became so hard to handle that it was decided to return him to "whampanee" where he could run off his excess energy in the fields instead of butting down the walls of his improvised corral. Carlos was awfully disappointed, but it could not be helped. My cute little lamb just disappeared one fine day. They told me it ran away, but I've always suspected that it made someone of our Chola help and family a fine roast lamb dinner!

But Evvie's pig grew and grew, and the bigger it got, the more terrified Evvie was of her pet. When she had one of her temper tantrums, father would swing her to his shoulder and march her down to see her pet, now almost a full sized "porker". She would throw her arms around father's neck and scream: "I'll be good Papa, I'll be good, please don't take me to the pig!"

Before we left Lima, Mr. Porker made his appearance on a number of delicious

pork roast menus. Pork is a very popular meat in Peru, especially ham, which is served at almost every meal, even breakfast. "Jamon y queso" - ham and cheese, platters of it, and famous for flavor.

One day, while Carlos and I were playing in our "Balcony houses", we saw father coming down the street, carrying what looked like a heavy package. It was large and round and he held it by what seemed to be a handle. Of course we ran to meet him and the mysterious package turned out to be "una Tortuga" a huge turtle, one of the kind that live to be 100 years old, or more. Father set him down in the patio and he disappeared completely into his shell for a while. Then slowly his head poked out, and his legs, and he started a slow, lumbering walk around the patio. Father said no one really could tell how old Mr. Tortuga was but that he would guess at least 60 years old. His shell was a greenish-brown color on top and underneath (chest) deep orange and yellow. Because of his great age, we named him "El Viejo", the "Old One". Soon he was quite at home, and taking a swim several times a week in an old tin tub father had dug up. It took two people to lift him in and out of his swimming pool. Then he would draw into his shell and take a siesta. He was a gentlemanly "Tortuga", for he never snapped at anyone. Father had warned us never to poke at him once he had retired to his shell. We used to put Laurita on his back and walk next to her to hold her on, and "El Viejo" would walk slowly around the patio, as though he knew he carried something precious, and little "Inca" would laugh and clap her wee hands and love it. Not everyone can boast of riding on such an unusual steed. Sorry to say "El Viejo" never lived out his hundred years, afraid he ended in the soup just before we left Lima for the U.S.A. Pobre Viejito! But he made good "Chupe".

La "Corrida" en el Plaza de Toros.

Carlos and I were taken to a real Bull Fight. It was a special occasion, as one of the bulls entered belonged to Tio Pepe's son-in-law, Luis Kœchlin, and was bred and raised at "Whampanee", the Perez Plantation. Our "Primo", Luis, was very proud of his fine young bull, a handsome coal black animal, "Un Bravo Campedo" (a valient champion) the kind the "Aficionados" greet with Ole's and Bravos. We were invited to join Luis and our Tio in their box which must have been close to that of El Presidente, for, as the parade of bands, toreadors and picadors (mounted bullfighters) and the many arena attendants reached us, they halted and saluted, so we had a fine view of the colorful parade. The elaborate uniforms of the bands and the gorgeous costumes of the matadors and picadors were of the most brilliant colors, flashing with gold embroidery and many hued sequins. A bewildering sight for a youngster and one never to be forgotten.

The gay, cheering "Aficionados" (fans) dressed in their Fiesta best, the shouts of "Ole! Ole!", the wonderful lilting rythm of the Spanish music fascinated me, a child of seven does not realize the cruelty involved in this marvelous display, that outside of the Latin countries bullfighting is considered a brutal sport and is banned.

At each Corrida (Bullfight) there are always several bulls and when Luis Koechlin's prize Toro was announced we all were very excited, especially the men folks, Tio Pepe, Luis and father all stood up so as not to miss a single move.

The young bull was quick, fiery and gallant, and several times the matador had close calls, - when it came time to strike the blow that would cause instant death (a spot at the base of the bull's neck, between the shoulders, sword driven in there enters the heart and kills instantly.

The matador was clumsy, he struck twice but the gallant Toro was still standing. The crowd began to shout "Ole's" for the bull and to hiss the matador. Luis was furious, and demanded that the animal be removed from the Arena, as he did not want to see his prize bull cut to pieces. Attendants removed him and a veterinarian was called. It was found that the sword had not struck a vital spot, so the fine animal was saved and returned to "Whampanee" and used to breed more prize bulls. Guess that matador felt pretty cheap!

We stayed to watch another bull, who proved a wicked customer. He just missed the matador several times, and the "Aficionados" were wild with excitement, the shouts of "Ole, Ole" were deafening and seemed to enrage the bull still further. For the protection of the fighters, there is a fence built around the arena, just in front of the stands. It has doors that swing inward every few yards, so that when El Toro gets too close the matador can jump through to safety. After several vicious charges the bull got so close that to save himself from being gored the torero had to make use of one of these gates, and he only just made it! The bull followed so closely that his horns were caught in the door, and there he stuck threshing around, bellowing and kicking, until some arena attendants came and released him.

In all, a very exciting day for Carlos and me, we were too tired to dream of bulls and "Corridas", we slept soundly. But to this day, the thrilling memory of the gorgeous parade and our exciting experience at "The Plaza de Toros" remain quite clear and vivid.

Just as it is the ambition of many of our American teenagers to become a "Big Leaguer", so it is the dream of young Latin Americans to be "Un Gran Torero".

Our cousin, Carmela Romero, was one of the Peruvian relatives of whom we became very fond. She was very kind and helpful to mother, and always brought us children little gifts.

One day she put up a little shelf between the beds in the room Carlos and I shared. On it she put a lovely little statue of the Virgin Mary with the Baby Jesus in her arms. Her robe was blue and bordered with gold stars. At their feet was a small glass bowl of oil in which a tiny wick floated. It was kept lighted and threw a faint glow on the statue, illuminating the Virgin's sweet face so that she seemed to smile. Carlos and I used to kneel in front of the little shrine and say our prayers.

Sometimes there would be a slight earthquake in the night, and we would go to our shrine and ask God to protect us. Lima is a city of many churches, and during "Un Temblor" their bells would ring and ring and the frightened people would flock to the churches and pray for protection.

Fortunately during our visit there were no destructive Temblors, but I'll never forget the strange swaying motion of our house during the minor ones we experienced while in Lima.

(These statistics from book: "Let's Go To Peru" by the Judsons.)

Lima's beautiful Cathedral, completed in 1540, on the site, facing the Plaza de Armas, selected by its founder, Francisco Pizarro, was completely destroyed three times during Temblors that almost razed the city.

The City of Lima can boast of three interesting and historical "Firsts":

1. The Great Cathedral, situated in the exact center of the city, famous for its beautifully carved choir stalls, the work of Pedro de Noguera, master woodcarver, the wonderful gold ornamentation, Lima's First Church.

2. Santa Rosa de Lima, the first saint to be canonized in the Western Hemisphere.

3. San Marco's University, founded May 12, 1551, oldest University in continuous

existence in the Western Hemisphere.

In 1746 a tidal wave, following a severe earthquake, engulfed Lima's seaport, the city of Callao, destroying the entire waterfront, which slid into the Bay of Callao. They say that a church steeple, that remained upright, can be seen at low tide under the water. How fortunate we were to have escaped such a calamity during our visit to Peru!

Tia Carmela took me with her several times to visit the wonderful Cathedral when she went to Mass, and I remember the sensation of awe and wonder that came over me at the immensity and magnificence of the beautiful interior. There were no pews like in our churches, and we knelt on the marble floor, which after a time became very hard on young bony knees. I could understand why our grandmother went to church, followed by a "page" who carried a prayer chair for her to kneel on. It was a small bench with a back on which she rested her prayer book.

After Mass we wandered around and Tia Carmela showed me the beautiful wood carvings, especially on the choir stalls, and the lifelike statues of the Holy Family and the Saints in their richly, gold embroidered robes, studded with precious stones, - among them a wonderful statue of Santa Rosa de Lima, Patron Saint of Peru.

The smell of insense and the glow and flicker of miriads of candles, conjure up a never to be forgotten picture of Lima's "First House of Worship".

From the Cathedral we used to go to the convent to visit Tia Carmela's sister, Mercedes Romero, who was a Nun. I do not remember to what Order she belonged. She was always so very gentle and kind, and so glad to see us. For these visits I was dressed like a little Spanish girl, with a lace mantilla draped over my head and shoulders, just like the Senoritas and I felt very grown up.

On January 18, 1892, a terrible blow fell that changed all our lives.

Mother's only, and beloved sister, Clara Hume, gave birth to a son, and died in childbirth. When the news reached us, Mother was stunned and could not believe that the beautiful, blooming girl she had left just two short years ago could, in that brief space of time, have become engaged, married, had a child, and been laid to rest - it just wasn't possible! How they had planned to marry and live near each other and bring up their children together, all just a beautiful dream. "Man proposes and God disposes".

Desperate pleas for us to come home at once, Grandma was on the verge of losing her reason from the shock, and the thought that Mother was expecting her fifth child only added to her despair. After that tragic cablegram arrived, I remember mother and father talked far into the night making plans. It was decided that she should go ahead with us four youngsters and father would follow as soon as he could wind up his business affairs, probably by late Spring.

It was several weeks before we sailed for the U. S. A. as the household had to be disposed of, such things as we needed to take with us crated and packed for shipping, etc. On account of mother's condition, father had engaged a young Chola nurse girl to care for Laurita, who was a lively hand full, too strenuous for mother. At the last minute, just before sailing time, she refused to go and joined her wailing relatives on the pier, they were afraid they would never see her again, if she went so far from home! Fortunately, the Captain of the "Imperial" was a friend of father's and he very kindly offered the services of his cabin boy, Charlie, to watch Laurita, see that she did not fall overboard, and carry her up and down the companionway, and generally keep an eye on the little bundle of mischief! Although father paid him very generously, I think poor Charlie heaved a big sigh of relief when we reached Panama and he was relieved of this duty. He certainly earned the soles father gave him, little "Inca" saw to that! With her mass of curls, the color of newly minted copper coins, creamy skin, big black eyes, and rosebud mouth, she

was beautiful, everybody loved and admired her.

Father, Tio Pepe, Cousin Elvira (his daughter) and Laurita's Godmother, with Tia Carmela went to Calla with us to see us off. I believe there were tears of real regret at parting. In the little over two years we were with them, our warm-hearted Peruvian relatives had grown very fond of us. They all loved children and mother was so sweet and gentle, I know she, also, had won a place in their affections.

Just before the "All ashore" sounded we saw father talking very earnestly to a young man, very nice looking, "dapper", small black mustache - looked something like Ronald Coleman. He brought his friend over and introduced him as Augusto B. Legueia, later to become President of Peru for several terms. Mr. Legueia was travelling with us to New York and father had asked him to keep an eye on us and help Mother with the "shipping over" at the Isthmus, which he very graciously agreed to do. Poor father, he was so anxious for our safety and this relieved his mind.

The last few moments of parting are rather confused. I know we clung to father and Tio Pepe and cried bitterly at the thought of losing them. Had mother realized the tragedy that lay ahead, she would never have left Lima, and there would have been no separation.

Soon after we sailed we ran into a storm and the ship rolled badly. We were all seasick and the smell of the cargo (green coffee) in the hold made things worse. Have you ever smelled coffee before it is roasted? Smells like castor oil tastes - nauseous! We were all very miserable for a couple of days and poor mother had her hands full, then, somehow she managed to get us up on deck, the storm was over and the sunshine revived us.

This trip was not the happy one going to Peru. We all missed father terribly. Officers and passengers were very kind to mother, watching over her so she did not fall when the ship rolled. I think they expected the baby to be born at sea!

When we reached Panama, Señor Legueia and mother went to the customs office on the dock to identify and check our baggage over to the steamer on the Atlantic side. They struck a Customs Officer with a sense of humor, for he asked mother, with a twinkle in his eye, "What is it you declare, Madam, fifteen children and five pieces of baggage?" Just the reverse of what she had told him - well, he gave them a laugh, at a time when tears were nearer the surface for poor mother. I remember very little of that last half of the trip to New York, but it must have passed uneventfully, and once more we were back in our home town, New York.

Soon the "Peruvian Adventure" was little more than a dream to Carlos and Evelyn. I was the only one old enough to remember what I have written here, not quite ten.

I have finished these little sketches on May 10th, "Mother's Day". She was one of whom it is truly said - "God could not be everywhere, so He made Mothers".

*I leave this, as a Loving Memory
To my Family -
Rosa Leonor Perez,
Otherwise known as "Beanie".*

*These "Books" made
possible, thanks to Margaret's
and "Hirny's" fine typing.*