

[- Received in Shelburne, N.H. -]
Sept. 19, 1914 -

I was not well and Mr. Rose felt that our surroundings were rather impossible so the next morning he went to see a Mrs. Bates - of whom we had heard from other friends - She is an American woman who has lived here for over 30 years - a really gifted woman - one who has seen all sides of S. A. life and who herself has known many hard ships - and yet with it all has kept a certain sweetness and kindness that you must love and admire. She has the nicest home here - a large house standing in the midst of a lovely tropical garden and she fills her house with people who come to her recommended by some one she knows. She at once agreed to take us and even gave up her own room to do so.

Treguipa Peru.
August 30th 1914.

My dear Mr. & Mrs. Deane:

Your dear letter came this morning - I cannot tell you how welcome they were for my heart has been so heavy with our terrible sorrow and to have your dear letter this morning and to know that you understood so well what we have lost and how we feel - so it is not necessary to say they were more than welcome - and I do appreciate dear Mrs. Deane's writing - but she must not do anything to strain her eyes but must just get well and strong for you must come to N. during

the winter and make us a visit.
As the time draws near for the
opening of the schools - I think of
our dear boy's hope to go away to a
Preparatory school. He was so
ambitious and wanted so much
to be a good man - oh do you know
he is ever with me. I feel that
I must reach out and take
him in my arms - I was so
proud of him even rain that he
was mine. He was always so sure
of his truth and fidelity to duty -
I am not forgetful of my other
precious ones - but will live ever
in sight without him.

Forgive me for this giving way -
you don't know how tired I am with
the struggle to be brave.
We have stayed in Arequipa much

longer than we ever dreamed of.
We arrived here the evening of July
30th and went at once to the Gran
Central Travel Hotel.
This is a small building - new
and clean with rooms. The rooms
were tiny boxes containing two beds
a wash stand and a set of stuffed
furniture - not a wardrobe, dresser
or even a nail in the wall.
They seem to think a set of stuffed
furniture is all that one can ever
desire in the way of comfort.
We went for our meals to the main
hotel. A good country barn with
horses cows etc - would have
been a palace compared to it
and yet we had roast chicken
soup and a baked apple for dessert.
It seemed so odd to see a real friendly,
homelike, baked apple.

but I know if I was ill it would
worry Mr. Rose and hinder his work.
Araguipa is 1800 ft high and
the atmosphere is so wonderfully
clear - the days are very warm
and the nights very cold - so cold
we have to put on heavy dresses
for dinner - We are just at the
foot of Mistá which is most beau-
tiful - and when we go up on
top of the house - we see not only
snow capped Mistá but two
other snow covered ranges.
It is interesting to watch the
snow - some morning I can
see that more snow has fallen in
the night - and yet in Mrs. Bates
garden Calla lilies are in full
bloom - the loveliest poppies and
snap dragons - forget-me-nots daisies
peach and pear trees in full bloom

5.

The house consists of ten rooms besides
the dining room and kitchen a
wonderful balcony and a side porch
where after noon tea is served.
Our room is very large and looks
out on a small street. We have
one very large window and that
has heavy iron bars all over it
and outside of the window are planted
very thorny cacti - all of the windows
are barred in this way.
Mrs. Deane would be surprised at
the dainty appointments of our
room - it seems marvellous that
a woman who lived 20 years in
a mining camp and so many
years here should know how to do these

things - and in this room we have
real feather pillows - you will
smile at this - but not since we
left Colon have we had feather
pillows - they are stuffed with
wool and as hard as wood.
We have electric lights and
a nice bath.

We have an odd mixture in
the way of travelers - Mr & Mrs
Green - English - he is 28 - she
42 - he is a mining engineer and
she is always talking about American
husbands - how good they are etc!!
He is very English and patronizes
the Americans - says he has never
read Lincoln's Gettysburg speech
though he understands it is very
clear!! They have a friend with
them a Miss Fox - she says by Jove

all the time and we suspect she is
very fond of cock tails.

Miss Smith a small Spanish girl -

Miss Baker a German - who is an oculist's
assistant and a fine woman -

Mr. Basadre - a Bolivian gentleman -
very refined and very kind -

He told me his nephew graduated at
the Univ. of Illinois last Spring and
has gone to Berkeley to take an engineer-
ing course - so you see we represent
many different countries -

Mr. Rose left this morning for Legos
where he will meet Dr. Erdin of the
Jall exploration staff.

I have not been able to go any
higher than Arequipa because
of my heart. Mr. Rose spent two
weeks in La Paz. I was greatly
disappointed not to see La Paz and
Lake Titicaca

There are beautiful cases of shining
instruments a stender a baby
in utero - but alas the doctors
do not know how to use them
or what they are for!

They have no nurse and no
money. The nurse moves through
the day and at night the Chola
women take charge. The Chola women
are the native servants and would
not be allowed in one of our hospitals
until they were fumigated.

In each ward there is an altar -
and the poor sick women looked
so odd - all wrapped up in ugly
brown shawls.

The Madre Superior is French and
rich - The Government allows the
poor sick 14 centavos a day for
food which equals 1 cent of our
money.

9.

scarlet geranium - one peach tree
is filled with bloom and has a
half ripe peach on it and there
is a lemon tree in the garden that
Mrs Bator depends on for her lemons.
The oranges here are most delicious
small and juicy and the figs are
ripe.

Mr. Rose and I have been to
the market which is really a
beautiful building and very interesting.
It is not considered the proper thing
for ladies to go to market here
nor do ladies or gentlemen carry
parols - one must have a barefooted
Indian - dirty and ragged & carry
all packages even a pound of candy

I must not forget to tell you the names of the servants here in the house. They have many in each household - about seven here besides the gardener - Maria is the cook. She is a fierce looking Indian woman - and rules the house. She has a little servant to help her - a chubby face boy who washes the cooking utensils and who loves to say "Buenos dias senora" to me when he gets a chance.

Fortunatus - Scholastica and Ascension - they are all named for a saint.

Housekeeping of the right sort is carried on under many difficulties. The servants are lazy - even filthy and dishonest - Water is scarce, and fuel is scarcer still.

They cook with a dried um bellifer - It is light and burns easily but smokes so dreadfully - we are taking some home to show you -

The sewers are all open and you would become sceptical as to the danger of germs could you see the people drinking this water - washing in it and using it in every way. It is most horrible. We drink a mineral water called Jesus water - pronounced Haesus -

Last Sunday I went with Mrs. Bator to visit the Ho gripa Hospital. The hospital was given to the city by a very rich man. It is the most beautiful hospital I have ever seen.

The operating rooms are dazzling in their whiteness and nicely fitted.

She hadre with her own money
bought cattle sheep and chickens
so as to provide milk and eggs
for these poor people. I thought this a
beautiful charity.

This is a Catholic strong hold and
the priests are very corrupt - consequent
ly the people have no morale.

Legal marriages are rare and
you are depressed by the hopeless
condition of the people.

Financial conditions are very bad.
It is impossible to get money and
all business is very very dull.

One cannot but wonder what there
is in store for this great country.
These people are simply ignorant child
dren

In consequence of our prolonged stay
here we have not heard from the
children as I fancy their letters have
all gone to Valparaiso.

We hope to leave here next week if
we can get a suitable steamer.
I hope I have not gone too much
into detail.

If Mr. Rose was with me he
would I am sure join me in sincere
love and best wishes for you both.
You are both very dear to us and
if my letters do give any pleasure
or interest then I am happy in this.

May God bless you and
keep you and give you health
and strength -

Sincerely

Lon Sims Rose

Interior del Hospital Goyeneche, Arequipa.



Comunicaciones

Tarjeta Postal
(Solo para la Direccion)



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Rio Chile, Arequipa.



Comunicaciones

Tarjeta Postal

(Solo para la Direccion)

This shows the river
Chile in the foreground.
Hardly a river - but
very important here.
Vista at the back.



Rose, Lou Sims. 1914. "Rose, Lou Beatrice Sims Aug. 30, 1914." *Joseph Nelson Rose letters to Walter Deane*

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