

falling stone but it did not even cry and eyed the dim and desolate scene quite cheerfully from its father's arms.

It is not my intention to dwell on the waste, wounds and sudden death that follow a severe earthquake: they are only too well known, but I do insist on calling to mind the generous and co-operative helpfulness that followed the disaster.

Local and international sympathy and prompt material help went far towards soothing the bruised and broken, and spoke to those who had time to think, of possible peace on earth and goodwill towards men that should stretch from west to east and from north to south, claiming One Father's family on this little planet as a unity of brethren.

On the day following the earthquake the entire staff of the girls' Lyceum came on duty, including the youngest and the best beloved member—a beautiful girl of Italian descent—only recently qualified to teach, who in past years had been a pupil.

Her bright smile of hope and courage was the last I ever saw of her. She died next day of heart-failure brought on by shock.

Those of the staff who belonged to the First Aid section (they called it "Red Cross") were told off under the orders of their president, the Civil medical officer of Copiapo, Don Ricardo Vallejo, M.D., and of his aide-de-camp Doctor Unvedal Sierralta (Lina's colleague for the classes of hygiene in her Lyceum) and ex-pupil or elder schoolgirls who belonged to the same organisation followed lead.

I wish I had space in which to do justice to their humane and beneficent leaders and to their own brave and modest helpfulness, but I must urge on to the historic visit of Don Arturo Alejandri, President of the Chilean Republic in 1922, who accompanied by many of the government authorities and a group of physicians was rushed to the scenes of desolation.

Bad as these were in Copiapo they were even worse in Vallenar and other settlements further south, and when the President and his suite arrived in Copiapo the whole party was suffering from overwork and depression.

Nevertheless they and the local authorities visited every district carefully, counselling, consulting and assisting in all.

Minnie stood behind the head of Lina's bed in the Kindergarten ward, when the Commission crowded in.

A military salute and a shaky expression of welcome and thanks were all Lina could offer to her superior officer in answer to his kindly words of sympathy.

To herself she said: "I have shaken hands with all Chili's presidents since 1896—but never thus."

At the outset of her accident Lina had been given up as a hopeless case, having saturated the premises with her life-blood to the limit of the possible, but within a fortnight she was out of danger and Minnie returned to Caldera to look after salvage work there.

Beyond seaweed and other marine deposits in the back premises and a holocaust of crockery and glass, Minnie's home had escaped serious damage, and she was able to clear up with the aid of an Irish ex-sailor and return to her favourite pursuits.

Among these swimming was most appreciated.

In spite of the icy Humboldt current that washes the Chilean coast and often gives to the water a truly arctic temperature, Minnie would swim far out into the bay sometimes accompanied by her friend Mrs. Duncan Mackenzie, the lady of our British Vice-Consul, or other friends but more often quite alone.

Caldera Bay is a sanctuary for birds and beasts.

On one occasion the bay was invaded by a herd of sea lions and Minnie was advised not to bathe. But personal caution was not in Minnie's line.

"I shall be all right," she said, and swam out as usual.

When she was well away from the shore an immense old buck with ferocious looking tusks, took a fancy to her, and her friends walking on the parade suddenly observed Minnie coming in, almost shoulder to shoulder with a gigantic sea-lion, who turned his head with an almost conversational affability towards his companion.

In shallow water he contentedly turned back to his herd,

as one who had complied correctly with a chivalric duty.

"Were you not horribly frightened?" asked a friend who had rushed down to help Minnie.

"Well," remarked Minnie truthfully, "his tusks were rather awful, but I remembered reading somewhere that sea-lions are not dangerous unless provoked!"

In September, 1927, Lina was allowed to retire from active service with a Government pension and arrived in Caldera smothered in floral farewell offerings.

From that time on the sisters were reunited. Many were the evenings they spent reviewing early days, which, as we grow older, generally stand out with great clearness, while incidents of active strife in the arena are less vivid.

"Don't you remember . . ." Minnie would begin, and then mutually prompting and correcting, we relived the romps, the fun, the ideals of our childhood.

It is from these rehearsals I compiled the few scenes I was able to give Minnie's friends of her "Early Years."



A CORNER OF AN EMERGENCY CAMP IN THE PLAYGROUND OF THE LYCEUM AFTER AN EARTHQUAKE IN COPIAPO.

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