

CO-AP1

CAS. 1

DOC. 26

TOL. 1

Anderson, Alexandra 10

28

Washington, D.C.  
1726 M St. N.W.  
January 9, 1929.

Señorita Angélica Palma,  
Miraflores, Lima.

My dear Miss Palma:

Your very kind letter of December 14th, makes me feel as if sometimes dreams come true. For so many years your distinguished father has been one of my literary heroes. And, later, when I read of your own work, I said to myself: "If I could only meet Angélica Palma!"

And now, if we have not actually met, at least you have written me and have granted me the great honor of translating one of your books.

"Tiempos de la Patria Vieja" has arrived and I have almost finished it. You have done a beautiful piece of work and I only hope it may be given me to interpret it in sympathetic ink to my countrymen. As soon as I have two chapters done, I will mail the MSS to you for your criticism. The title has given me some hours of thought. You doubtless understand English as well as I do Spanish and will quite realize that we Anglo-Saxons sometimes need a phrase to adequately interpret one of your rich words. Patria is one of these. We must say "Native land", or country and then it is not the same. Also, we shall need a title that can llamar la atención of our readers who know almost nothing of South American history. I believe the best title to suggest all that the original one means would be

"HEROIC TIMES IN OLD PERU"

What do you think of it? That seems to me a good suggestion of your story. But let me know if you



think differently.

I am now working on a translation of one of José Milla's historical novels of Guatemala, "La hija del Adelantado". You have read it no doubt. The Guatemala Minister is much interested in my doing it and we hope soon to have it in the hands of the publisher. But I wish to present this of your's at the same time if possible. I do hope we shall strike a lucky star. Historical novels seem much sought after and your fine story ought to capture the students and thinkers. But I feel a strong presentiment that one of your modern novels would be a "best-seller". I have tried and tried to buy a copy of

POR SENDA PROPIA

and

UNO DE TANTOS.

But they are not to be had here. Could you send them to me? (allowing me of course to pay for them). I have read of them but do not know the plots or scenes. If I could have one or both, I might have one ready if our first venture succeeds as we have reason to think it will. For I constantly think of one of your modern stories becoming as well known as Thornton Wilder's quite remarkably popular "Bridge of San Luis Rey". This historical one may be it. But all the same I want one of the modern stories also.

Of course I do not yet know what terms the publishers will give us but will ascertain as soon as the work is ready to be submitted.

The Conference of Conciliation and Arbitration is happily over and I can breathe once more. For five weeks I have been translating there from 9 a.m. until 6 p.m. We were very sorry your Dr. Maúrtua has been so ill but hope he will soon recover. I had the pleasure of hearing him at the opening session and he was very fine.



I am using my mother tongue in writing you because I feel sure you read it easily and I can certainly write it better than I can "el hermoso idioma de Cervantez".

How wonderful for you to have had those years in Spain bringing out your father's Tradiciones. Few if any daughters have had such an honor. I rejoice that you were appreciated and I can fully understand what pleasant memories you hold of that experience.

I cannot claim to be famous. Married very early to a British subject (Scotch in fact), I went to live in Guatemala. My husband was British Vice Consul for years. There he lost his large fortune through the presidency of Manuel Estrada Cabarrera, good currency being superseded by billetes worth nothing. It was a sad story and my poor husband, twenty years older than I, was completely overwhelmed and died in a few months. I was left with five children and without anything, after having had everything. Being a native of this country I came here to educate my children and my eldest son grew to be a well-known and brilliant Engineer and together we brought up the family. He was my right hand. But he died in the service of our Country in France 1918-an Officer of the 22nd Engineers. So I take life up again and try to be worthy of having been mother to a hero.

My father was a distinguished Hungarian scholar. Alexander Kocsis (I am his namesake). We are pure Magyar on his side. He fought for independence with Kossuth and came here an exile in 1850. Married my mother who belonged to the South Carolina Colonial family of Middletons, and my father never went back to his own land. That is my back ground, dear Miss Palma. And I am spending the twilight of life here. My boy's earthly body lies in the National Cemetary at Arlington, not far from our UNKNOWN SOLDIER; and I have my Club and friends and one young daughter with me. Sometimes we may have the pleasure of seeing you here.

Since my widowhood and especially since my son's death, I have worked in Legations here as confidential translator. Also I write stories and whatever I can persuade editors to buy.

Please accept my sincere thanks for your trust and be sure to speak quite frankly about my work as excellence is what we will strive for.

It is a comfort to know what a chorolque is. I hope you liked my translation of your father's Tradición.

With best wishes for the New Year,

Yours faithfully,

*Alexandra K. Anderson*