

CALLAO, LIMA PERU

We didn't expect to stop here. Just after crossing equator enroute to Valparaiso, Chile from Puerto Vallarta, Mexico, AE2 Carl Schmidt took ill. Our docs diagnosed acute appendicitis and we had to get him to the beach right away. We diverted toward the nearest city, Lima, Peru. Our two helos, with Carl and Doc Peterson aboard flew off to Peru where the ship was to meet them the following day. Quick diplomatic clearance was gained for our entry . . . but with a warning. Lima, and its port city of Callao were under a state of martial law. Terrorists were active, shootings were occuring and the place was generally made out to be like Beirut! With thoughts of recent car bombings, shootings and terrorist activities, our crew cautiously went ashore (but not everyone!!). What we found were very pleasant people, fascinating Inca ruins, and lots of great souvenirs. Sure, there were armed soldiers at most street corners, and some visible signs of bombings, and even sounds of gunfire at night. But we observed the curfew and had no problems. But, it's the closest any of us want to be to a war zone.

1. Do you take visa? 2. Inca ruins. 3. Downtown Lima. 4. FN Beasley and DC2 Bautista cleaning the jelly fish out of the sea strainers.

