



THOU SHALT LOVE THY NEIGHBOR...

SILENCIA
ZONA
DE
HOSPITAL

The Newsletter

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Cover by Allen Jay Coy

A Return

Carolyn Ressler Shenk

Dedicated to those who have never returned

Here and there, peeping through the lace formed by the still abundant tropical vegetation, one notices the pop art formed by the splashes of color on green. Color and paint indicate affluence. So does T.V., which is rampant. The increase in houses has not paralleled the increase in motor vehicles. Wherever the road shoulder does not drop off steeply to the side or rise in a perpendicular wall, motor vehicles repose precariously. And those curves.....no change there!

Look! There is Casa Grande! Much the same in her old gray garment, yet very different without that constant flow of activity. All is quiet except for a few sounds. Those emitted from the old laundry are Ivan Mendez at work on his clay figurines. From behind the old shop, the sound of metal on metal pounds through the air as a man works on obsolete cars... a cheerless sight. The farm is overgrown and speedball is gone forever.

The road winds down from the old project, over the bridge, now in front of the "new" Baptist Church, along past dense, tropical acres, now a new store, past the funeral home whose lighted sign is straining to blend the people with modern ideas, past Miguel's barn-like general store just across from the second unit school which has evolved into the high school, then on around two curves to the old ceramic factory turned carpenter shop, and here the "houses below" sneak into view. But, now something catches the eye, and there it is.

It is an appealing oasis. It dominates the valley forming the meeting point for the roads that roll down into the community. The road past the lake also indicates affluence, for it passes a gas station and the community co-op store in front of which a shopping center is to replace the old, old casa grande. More houses seem to be perched on the hill-sides now and more paved roads lead to them. The center of town has changed little. The post office, the furniture store, barber shop and co-op office remain the same as do the community center buildings. Behind the latter rest the white buildings of the grade school past which winds the road that leads to the crown of the hill.

This crown, the Hospital, in not unlike a sprawl of rose-colored boxes, bibbed with white lace. Part of it seems to have slid downward, coming to rest on the green carpeting which is splashed with plants stretching in the sun. This appendage is the nurses residence. The Hospital plant itself encloses the facilities needed to run such an institution, including the laundry, shop, storeroom and kitchen. The lawn spills merrily to the "river", above which is the new apartment for personnel and, close-by, the Church of the Brethren.

The mountains still rise around Castañer. The clouds still lean down upon the emerald trail-covered hills. The pulse of Latin music still cries from the small way-side "tiendas". Some English is heard almost everywhere. But the "familiar" hammocks that brought patients to the Hospital from miles around are no longer seen. Friendly "Holas!" are too often drowned out by the sound of horns.

"Progress", she thought as she went down the road, "can be good. But why does the soul hunger for the old, the familiar?"

Happiness From Within

May Conklin

As we work at our daily tasks, we often see pain and sorrow, loneliness and despair in the patients of our Hospital. A woman is dying. An old man cries with homesickness, fearing he shall never return home. A child huddles in the crib fearful of strangers in white -- pathetic, shy, neglected. A new mother worries over her first born, sickly and weak.

Yet, some spirit within us has touched the lives of each of these people. A few moments of companionship with the woman at death's door has quieted her restless body. The old man's face becomes alive and wreathed in smiles when the doctor says he is going home. Gradually the timid child lifts her eyes as you pass and, one day, returns a smile, and, then, a laugh. The new mother contentedly nurses her first born, now a healthy pink.

There are a multitude of these miracles every day. It is inherent in the living faith -- an active faith, in which each of us may participate, experiencing these very things.

Sacrifice is not just deprivation of self, but giving of yourself for the sake of another and sharing in the transformation of that person's life.

Los Servicios Sociales aumentaron considerablemente durante el año pasado. Este departamento realizó 3,080 entrevistas entre pacientes en el hospital, personas que vienen a la oficina y 648 visitas a hogares. Las personas atendidas como casos de emergencia fueron 404. Se distribuyó ropa y zapatos a un promedio de 300 personas pobres del área.

Entre los casos más destacados durante el año figuran el de la familia Quiñones Rivera, residentes en Bo. Río Prieto de Yauco. Esta familia se compone de 15. Hay 13 niños desde las edades de 14 años a 9 meses. Viven pobremente en una casa de un cuarto dormitorio y tienen solamente dos camas. Lay mayor partede ellos duermen en el piso. Hay poca higiene en el hogar. Todos tienen la dentadura dañada y no usan zapatos. El padre es obrero de la finca y recibe \$4 por el día de trabajo. José Luis, hijo de diez anos sufrió querma duras graves cuando contaba pocos años de edad y perdió un pié y la mitad de otro. Este niño fue referido para tratamiento como lisiado y actualmente se encuentra en el Hospital del Niño en San Juan, donde lleva aproximadamente un año.

Translation

The social services grew considerably during the past year. This department had 3,080 interviews among the patients in the Hospital and persons who came to the office and 648 visits in the homes. The persons attended as emergency cases were 404. Clothing and shoes were distributed to approximately 300 people in the area.

Among the most desperate cases during the year was the family Quiñones Rivera, residents of the Rio Prieto area of Yauco. This is a family of 15. There are 13 children from the ages of nine months to 14 years. They live very poorly in a house of only one bedroom with two beds. The majority sleep on the floor. The hygiene in this home is poor. Their teeth are bad, and they do not wear shoes. The father is a farm laborer and receives \$4 a day for his work. José Luis, his ten year old son, suffered serious burns when he was only a few years old and lost one foot and most of the other. This child was referred for treatment of the crippled and is now in Hospital del Niño in San Juan where he has been for about one year.

After weeks of planning, the day of the Anniversary dawned in the land of perpetual springtime as an overcast, drizzling day with showers between the drizzles. The day had begun at 4:00 A.M. with several men roasting the pigs for the lechon asado.

Early in the morning, many guests began arriving to consider the past, present and future of a project that has shared experiences with our community for 25 years in matters such as community living, education, agriculture and religious and health endeavors. Several former project members had returned, and there were many friends of the project from out of the area.

After Church and Sunday School, the Banda de la Escuela Superior de Guanica led a parade from near the old project to the cancha where they joined the Banda de la Policia de Hato Rey for a short concert. Also in the parade were several of the dignitaries and two floats featuring the work of the Hospital and several of the employees who have been here for most of the life of the project.

The ladies served an unusually fine luncheon to friends who filled the comedor and waiting room and porch areas, of lechon asado, arroz, pan, pasteles and arroz con dulce for dessert.

The afternoon was dedicated to a program on the cancha including very fine musical programs of both bands and our own community chorus. There were many wishes of continued success from representatives of the Community Committee, the Puerto Rican Government, the U.S. Government, Puerto Rican Department of Health and Medical Association, American Association of Protestant Hospitals, Brethren Service Commission, and the Hospital itself.

As long as an hour and a half later, there were still small groups clustered under umbrellas having the last word among the remaining cups and napkins.



Sharing and Caring and Forging Ahead
Ellis J. Shenk

Here in Castañer, as I sit down to write about the ongoing program, I wonder to whom I am really writing. Each of us who now serves at Castañer feels that this is an important moment in the history of the work, but I trust this has not led us to forget that it has been a long and hard road to this point in the history of the institution, and that there have been many dedicated persons who have worked hard before us to smooth the way for us. Though we may, at points, appear to forget, our main reason for sending out this letter is not to sing our own praises, but to attempt to maintain the fellowship of service which has bound so many persons -- each one of you -- to the making of a better Castañer. And, there is room for many in this fellowship. Many of us here have barely gotten past our initiation rites into this society. The veterans -- you who are receiving this letter -- have certainly been no less interested in what is happening to Castañer, 1967 style. Polish up your old dreams for Castañer and bring them along too. Though not all of them have come true, some have, and there is still hope for others.

Let us look at some of the important events and trends of the past year. Administratively, this was not a good year for the Hospital. During the last six months, the Hospital has been under the administration of a person new to Puerto Rico and to hospital administration. Following Gene Yeazell's departure last year, Dr. Edgar Kiracofe served a brief period as acting administrator, followed by an interim period of administration by a Committee composed of D. Ray Slaubaugh, Treasurer; Mrs. Elsa Groff, Director of Nursing Services; Dr. Keim T. Houser, then Chief of Medical Staff; and Rev. Don Pike as special member of the Committee. Despite the difficulties of operating without a "chief" among equals, the Administrative Committee managed to survive and to resolve the very grave financial situation in which the Hospital found itself, with income remaining constant but costs of services rapidly increasing. Though everyone at Castañer worked hard at resolving the problems, special recognition is due to the four members of the Committee for the way in which they assumed the special responsibilities forced upon them during this long interim period.

One of the important events of the year was the intensive study of the Hospital and its program made by a special deputation appointed by the Brethren Service Commission. Dr. Nevin H. Zuck, BSC Chairman; Rev. John C. Eller, former Administrator of the Bethany Hospital and currently Executive Director of the Protestant Hospital Association; and Dr. W. Harold Row took advantage of their trip to take part in the 25th Anniversary celebration. Their report to the Commission pointed out the need for added space in the offices, in the OPD, a second major operating room, and an increase of bed capacity from 33 to 50 beds. The Commission accepted the report but specifically stated that "no action will be taken on the expansion of the physical plant until after the comprehensive survey and feasibility study called for in the report have been completed, reported and approved." The Commission, however, did not provide funds for the proposed survey. After preliminary inquiry at the Department of Health, an official request has gone to them asking for assistance in locating government or foundation funds available for such surveys. We hope to report positively to you next year.

Through the effects of federal legislation, a number of important changes in health care have been brought about, or are being effected. The rapid increase of expenses, especially due to the application of the minimum wage to hospital employees, has been a major reason for the necessity to keep a stricter system of charges for the services of the hospital, OPD, and pharmacy. Also, it has necessitated a major revision of the government support for the services to indigent patients in the area.

Through the provision of federal funds from the Office of Economic Opportunity to a local committee in three "barrios" in the eastern part of the Municipality of Maricao, a multi-purpose center has been opened at the site of the former Km. 22 clinic. The program is run by the local committee. One of the most important aspects of the center is a clinic open five days each week. The Hospital has contracted to provide the services of a physician, X-ray and laboratory services, and medicines and other supplies. Inasmuch as most of these patients previously came to Castañer, this relationship has resulted in better medical care for patients, with all hospital costs covered.

Certainly, it is one of the few isolated areas in Puerto Rico to have such adequate medical service, with even the necessary transportation being provided by the center. Beyond the service being offered, this center provides a chance to study the values of placing medical services closer to the people, a problem which Castañer has not sufficiently resolved for those whom it serves.

In Puerto Rico, the most controversial part of the federal legislation on health services has been Title XIX, better known as Medicaid. The ratio of federal-state sharing of the costs for Puerto Rico has been established at 55-45%, though in, at least, one other state, the federal share has been set at more than 80%. Because of the high percentage of Puerto Ricans who would qualify for assistance, the law would place a tremendous financial burden on the Island.

The Medical Association of Puerto Rico sponsored a public campaign calling on the Department of Health to provide the benefits of this legislation through all hospitals and physicians. Nevertheless, there has been no indication that the government will do this. The Department continues to care for all indigent patients in government hospitals and health centers, using the federal funds obtained in attempts to upgrade the quality of services and facilities.

For Castañer Hospital, much depends on the outcome of this issue. If the health care in the government centers is upgraded and continues to be free, people will prefer to go there for services. Since the percentage of persons in the Castañer area who qualify for this service is so great, the results could assume grave proportions. If, on the other hand, the government should release these funds for Castañer and other private institutions and physicians, the old problem of obtaining reimbursement for the cost of services to those who cannot pay might finally be solved.

Another aspect of the program in Castañer, which certainly is of interest to all of you, is the progress toward making this Hospital an indigenous institution. The deputation recommended the re-affirmation of the long-term goal of turning over the Castañer Hospital to the people of Castañer. Though there have been some very specific timetables set unilaterally in the past, the decision now is to start over and attempt to arrive at the details on a mutual basis so that the growth of the local body toward responsibility can be steady and sound.

The deputation realized that this is necessary if the goal is to be achieved. Any estimate of the time needed for this turnover is simply a guess until there has been more chance to work together in this direction.

Other events in the community indicate that this is not merely a dream. The leaders of the community have indicated willingness to work toward this goal, and, the progress of the Consumers Cooperative gives further evidence. The Coop sold almost a quarter of a million dollars of merchandise last year. They have outgrown their present facilities and have broken ground for a new shopping center in Castañer at the site of the coffee mill, right by the original hospital site.

Also, in relation to the very pressing need for an adequate community center, a local committee has taken the initiative. The Department of Parks and Recreation has drawn up preliminary plans. Representative Jaime Rullán Mayol, of Adjuntas, has given untiring support in attempts to obtain legislative approval of a grant to be applied to the construction of the center. Progress here is not as concrete, but, with continuing efforts, there seems little doubt that the goal will one day be achieved.

The Hospital has tried to do its own share to encourage community interest. In April, as had been done the year before, friends of the Hospital, relatives of employees, the people whom we serve -- all were invited to an Open House. Most interest seemed to be aroused by the opening of the operating room and by a collection of specimens on display. However, many people expressed real gratitude for the chance to see the Hospital from top to bottom.

In connection with the Open House, announcement was made of the person selected by fellow employees as Employee of the Year. Recipient of the nomination and the award of a portable radio was Antonio Justiniano, faithful head of the laundry. Pepe (José) Alvarez, our social worker, was recipient of the honor in 1966.

It is a pleasure to honor formally such persons who have done their jobs well. But, there are others worthy of honoring as well. Through the years, you have worked with them, and they have cooperated with you in making their working experience a profitable learning experience. Were it not for the hard core of dedicated and competent people from the Castañer area who have learned well the jobs entrusted to them, the Hospital would not be able to take in its stride the many shifts in major personnel which constantly take place.

This lack of continuity is a major problem. Finally, we have three local nurses on our staff. And, the number of local girls training for the nursing profession seems to be increasing. This includes several persons who had spent as many as ten years working as practical nurses before going on to training. It is too early to indicate that we will have no further problems in hiring nurses, but, at least, the prospects appear to be getting much better.

Also, we seem to have the dental services assured until 1970. This is a great step in the right direction following a year's lapse in services. The medical staff situation is more critical. Three of the four doctors terminate next July, and only one replacement has been found. Therefore, a rather frantic search for two or three more physicians is underway. Any help which you can offer in encouraging friends or acquaintances to consider Castañer will be deeply appreciated.

The picture of Castañer and its Hospital which this "Newsletter" offers will be, we trust, more than a mere sentimental stimulant to your memory. The realization that many years of many lives have gone into making this possible may perhaps remind us of the smallness of individual contribution and demonstrate for us the lesson that only in common effort can we hope to solve large problems. Therefore, let it be our aim to work with those who have preceded us, with those presently committed to the task, and with the willing hands and hearts in the Castañer and Puerto Rican community to pursue and develop the goals which brought all of us to know and love Castañer.

Comparisons
Dr. Felix Spector

We are lucky people here at Castañer! The average church-related, overseas project is mission oriented, which is so different from our service orientation, that I thought it might be interesting to relate some of my experience early this year in a Baptist mission hospital in southern Nigeria. There were also striking geographical differences.

We take our convenient nearness and close relation with the States for granted. Imagine being in a place which was ten flying hours and then six driving hours from the States, where currency was pounds, shillings, and pence, where an airmail letter took about eight days to the eastern U.S., a cable took four days, a telephone call -- forget it, the wires were usually down or the voices were too faint in one direction or the other, and where the imminence of war gave a constant feeling of fear.

This Baptist hospital is two years old, and the U.S. trained doctor there had not had a day off in all that time. We split the work evenly, yet we were both going all day and many times during the night. There is no water or electricity as we have here. Instead, water is collected in rain gutters from roofs and conducted to underground cisterns and must serve for the six dry months of the year. Very few houses have their own generators, although the hospital did. It was used for two hours every evening and was also used for the X-ray machine. The X-ray tube had not yet arrived since the hospital opened.

This is as things go in other areas of the world. The people were in real need, and so they are in Castañer. This is our reason for being here. But, it is interesting to speculate sometimes as to serving with evangelizing purposes in mind, or simply serving as one is best able, letting the example of one's life speak for itself.

Co-ops in Castañer
John Forbes

Talking to Wes Whiteside the other day, I realized that there is some confusion about my role in the community and its co-ops. There is no time like the present to straighten it out.

Needless to say, one could spend twenty-four hours a day working in the fascinating field that is cooperativism. But this, by no means, is to be interpreted that one person is running everything to do with the co-ops in any given community. Rather it must be said that cooperatives are an advanced expression of democracy and, as such, are the work of many individuals, none of which need play an outstanding role. In Castañer, the co-ops have given the people of the community a special opportunity to be active in civic affairs.

Then, what is the need for a John Forbes? Simply this, that, at times, the co-ops need someone who looks a little bit further ahead, escaping from the routine, but tough, day-by-day job. Sometimes they need someone who will stick his neck out, even with a big danger of getting chopped. Sometimes they need someone who will take cases to the big wheels of government, enlarging ongoing programs and bringing in new ones. In other words, a trouble-shooter, a go-getter if you like, an organizer at times, but not a big wheel, a great man, the whole cheese. No, never.

The other day, in the annual meeting of the Consumers Cooperative, we had a little ceremony of homage to Reverend Francisco Ríos, who, besides pastoring the local Pentecostal Church, has been Secretary of the Consumers Co-op and the Treasurer-Administrator of the Credit Union. His job has been an outstanding one, though a quiet, unnoticed one, of keeping the records and correspondence of both organizations up to date. Without his participation, the co-op work here would be tremendously more difficult. Yet, he is just one of many leaders who unselfishly contribute their time and labor to making a better life for their neighbors.

Such is the satisfaction and the spell of working with the mutual self-help methods of co-ops that has become a way of life for us who, together, tend to the destinies of these organizations of, by and for the people. We have to take some hard knocks, but they are more than offset by the rewards of seeing the projects come to fruition that lead to a better life for their neighbors.

The month of October was one of glory for our Consumers Co-op. Tentative plans called for the ceremony of signing for the construction loan that will bring into existence the Castañer Cooperative Shopping Center. The ceremony took place during the Week of Cooperativism, October 9-15. Construction should start within a few months, after competitive bids by contractors, final plans, and other preliminaries. Total cost is estimated at \$170,000, and the center will include a supermarket, department store, pharmacy, soda fountain, offices and barber shop. The supermarket will have almost three times the space of the present "superette". A far cry from 1960, when the co-op sold over the counter, with few articles, less hygiene, and no sales or promotion.

Ask Any Nurse Elsa Groff

At last, we can sing alleluia again in the Nursing Department! After several hard months of struggling along with very few nurses, we now have an almost full staff of R.N.'s and practicals.

We have had an almost complete turnover of our graduate nursing staff since last year. We lost from our staff Fern Hudson, Bernice Martin Ruff, Elvira Martinez, Carmen Ramos de Sanchez, and Bruni Mercado, who left at the end of the summer after working in our Public Health Program for several years.

Carmen Dolores Cortes, who studied under a Bethany Scholarship, joined our staff in September. She is a graduate of St. Luke's School of Nursing in Ponce. Doris Idalia Rivera, who graduated this year from Arecibo District Hospital, has joined our staff also. Roberta Albin, a B.V.S.'er came, also, to join our staff alleviating the need for nurses.

Our nursing staff now consists of: Elsa Groff, Ofelia Rodriguez, Pat Moyer, Brenda Brandt de Soto, Shirley Fike (part time), Carmen Dolores Cortes, Roberta Albin and Doris Idalia Rivera.

There is a continuous desire to learn yet among the practicals and other hospital personnel. Recently, we offered a course in obstetrics for practicals and aids sponsored by the Department of Maternal and Infant Health in Puerto Rico and the staff of Hospital Castañer. Many of our practical nurses, 13 in total, took advantage of this course. Also, we have a very large group of hospital employees who are taking classes at night to finish their high school education. This year, one of our employees, Hilda Quintana, mother of two children, graduated from high school and entered nurses training under a bachelor program. She is a Bethany Hospital Scholarship student. In the community, practical nursing classes are being held. Ofelia Rodriguez is the teacher.

Hospital life is never dull. Our nursing staff is frequently confronted with very exciting experiences. Ask any nurse!

Castañer Revisited
Wesley and Marilyn Whiteside

After 12 years, what a thrill to anticipate a visit once again to the Castañer Valley. Many doubts crossed our minds as we planned for the trip...it couldn't possibly be the same after a dozen years had elapsed. Would the magic of the Valley still work its charm on visitors? Would the warm heartedness of the Puerto Rican people still be present even though, certainly, by this time, many conveniences had penetrated into the coffee country? Would we be welcome? In our hearts, we knew it could not possibly be the same, nor would we want it to be. But, had the changes been good for the valley, or had materialism changed the way of life so drastically that we would be sorry we had returned? What about BVS? Was it doing the job it had set out to do 25 years ago, and was the project becoming so indigenous that it would not be recognizable? Certainly the new hospital could not capture the imagination of volunteer doctors as had the makeshift arrangements of the old hospital. What about the community center, farm, and other services of 12 years ago? We could not express all of our feelings verbally, but our hearts were heavy, and we are certain if it had not been for the fact that we would be seeing good friends, we probably would not be making the return visit--but would have been content to let sleeping memories remain sweet and nostalgic.

We were met at the airport by Agnes and Walter Keiser, who now live in San Juan. We listened to their wondrous tales of multitudes of cars and trucks on mountain roads, light poles at Cerrote, T.V. in all the houses, statistics about the Castañer Co-op, etc. Our apprehension grew, but, now that we were on the Island, so did our curiosity.....so, on to Castañer.

Would you believe the roosters still crow all night?.....even louder if that is possible! Probably more cocks for the fights. It was dark when we arrived, but the traffic on the mountain roads was all the Keiser's said it would be. Can you imagine an Esso tank truck taking those curves between Arecibo and Adjuntas at 40 mph? It was a surprise to see children with shoes and socks, and coeds at the second unit school looked as if they stepped out of the pages of Vogue or Seventeen with mode fishnet stockings, makeup, and the latest in hairstyles.

The Hospital appeared -- a magnificent pink structure with the latest equipment. Cars are everywhere -- even project personnel scrape up enough money to buy second hand cars. Very seldom do you hear a juke box anymore in the tiendas (which are all new) but rather Captain Kangaroo, Popeye, and Gunsmoke blare from T.V.'s all over the hillside. There is still poverty, but it is not what it was at the inception of the project nor what it was even 12 years ago. The factories in the area are providing employment, and it is not unusual to find women commuting to Adjuntas to work. More leisure time seems to have brought the desire for cultivated gardens of flowers and vegetables, landscaping, etc. The big need in the Valley appeared to be in the area of recreation and family services.

It was a fine visit. We saw many familiar faces and visited in a few Puerto Rican homes. The residents at Cerrote still talk about the workcamp that built the water tank, and the one before that worked on the road. Only now, the water tank has been expanded into a water system which serves the whole area so that running water is piped to every house. The fathers of the school children maintain the jeep road -- one of whom was one of the children 12 years ago who carried the concrete blocks up to help construct the water tank.

We are glad we made the return visit. We were happy to see old friends -- both Puerto Rican and Continental. The Valley has changed so much, we can keep our nostalgic memories and rejoice in the knowledge that the work of the past BVS'ers has, in some way, aided to the growth of the Castañer Valley.

¿Are You Curious About Subacute,
Necrotizing, Ulcerative, Gingivitis
And Stuff?

Philip R. Ark, D.D.S.

The Department of Dentistry is in full function. Due to the help of all the members of the staff of Hospital Castañer and cooperation with all of their departments, we have been able to develop a fine working order in the Department of Dentistry.

A new member has been added to the staff in the Dental Department. Neftali Valentin is assisting at the chair and doing many of the unofficial duties that the doctor just does not have time for.

We are also taking an active part in the out clinic set up. Every Wednesday, we are attending the out clinics with a physician and the nurses and doing a large amount of extractions in these clinics.

A small amount of new equipment has been acquired, one of which has been extremely helpful to us and is a new suction machine to use in the surgical part of our dental care.

We are seeing on the average of between 12 to 20 patients a day and have been very active in a large amount of restorative dentistry.

The educational realm of the practice at Castañer is still the most important because of the lack of education here relating to the modern treatment which is being offered.

New Hope at Kilometer-22

Larry J. Miller, M.D.

The Castañer area includes some of the most isolated barrios in the municipalities of Lares, Adjuntas, Maricao, Las Marias, and Yauco. The majority of people living in these barrios are extremely poor, have large families, lack adequate education, exist in deplorable environmental conditions, suffer from poor health and have grossly inadequate medical care. The lack of hard surface roads, public transportation and communications, plus the extreme isolation and inaccessibility of this area from the municipalities has made the effective implementation of government programs very difficult and often impossible. For these same reasons, many families find it impossible to obtain medical aid except in cases of real emergency. These barrios, therefore, represent some of the most neglected and backward areas in all of Puerto Rico.

Since its' founding in 1942, Hospital Castañer has been the only local agency providing health services to the 20,000 people in the Castañer area, dispensing services to all people on an equal basis without regard to race, color, or creed. From the beginning, its aim has been to bring a high level of health to the area which it serves. The effectiveness and value of its existence are immediately evident within a five kilometer radius of the Hospital, where economic, social and health standards have vastly improved. However, for the majority of people living outside this five kilometer radius, the foregoing deplorable conditions continue to exist.

For many years, Hospital Castañer has been aware of the urgent needs of the people in these isolated barrios, however, it has always suffered from severe budget limitations and understaffing which has made an outreach program of any large scope impossible. The net results have been that only four clinics per month could be held in these areas. The prospects of future expansion of this program were grim until this year at which time, in cooperation with the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO), a program of health and social services was begun on a full-time basis in the area of our Kilometer-22 clinic in Maricao. The project is under the sponsorship of the Municipality of Maricao, which supplies the administrator, the social worker and one assistant, the community educator with five assistants, three Plan Johnson workers, a chauffeur, a maintenance crew, a new ambulance, a modern concrete clinic building and an original stock of medicines. The project known as the Maricao Multi-Service Center has contracted dental services three days per week and has contracted with Hospital Castañer to provide a full-time doctor for \$1,500 per month, to supply all necessary drugs and supplies up to \$1,000 per month and to provide laboratory and X-ray services up to \$500 per month. (The four doctors donate their \$1,500 per month to Hospital Castañer, an amount which is greater than the donations of the entire 200,000 member Brethren Church to Hospital Castañer.)

In the original Maricao Clinic proposal, it was estimated that fifteen patients per day would be seen. However, it is evident that need for such a clinic was grossly underestimated, since more than 50 patients per day are now being treated at the Center. The dentist treats another sixty patients per week working half time.

With the help of the Federal Government, the Municipality of Maricao and of Hospital Castañer, the people of the Kilometer-22 area are now enjoying, for the first time in their lives, adequate medical, dental, and social services which they have previously been denied due to lack of resources. It is our hope and plan that these programs of Federal Aid can be expanded to include many more of our isolated and neglected people.

"What!? That can't be broken already, we just patched it up last week!" And so, another "challenge" is presented to the Maintenance Department of Hospital Castañer. The challenge is usually acknowledged by "I sure wish those #'+%&?! doctors would take it a little easier." "Don't those dumb nurses know anything?" Or maybe just a smile and "Thanks for telling me it's broken." No matter what the immediate reaction may be, the important thing is that we have a new objective to add to our list and possibly something different to seek out, investigate, and conquer.

For a short time after my arrival on the scene of the main conflict, I was quite content to limit my encounters to the less "powerful" forces of the enemy; dripping faucets, leaky pipes, and black light bulbs were interesting enough while I was becoming oriented. Then one day, with the addition of new "recruits" (volunteers really), we sought out and overcame a smoky, black, unsanitary incinerator. As a memorial to our victory, we erected a roof top (new incinerator building) from which to shout the glad tidings.

Since the dirty enemy was on the run, we rallied other forces, armed with paint and brushes, to completely wipe out the remaining "pale-faces" (more like pink face--of the Hospital). With this accomplished and colors boldly displayed (hospital painted), we focused our attention on rebuilding our inner "forces". Within a week, we were charged, ready to go, and assured of a "full head of "steam" (from our new boilers).

Our next main concern was a proposed inspection tour from headquarters. With most of our energy channeled into preparing for the visit (25th Anniversary Celebration), it was necessary, at times, to divide our forces to control the ever-aggressive enemy. During a lull which followed, both sides seemed to rally new forces (Wayne Groff joined our ranks), for, once the second series of battles began, it was a long, severe fight (expensive too!).

Our first hint of trouble was blue smoke from the firing of oil, instead of gasoline, in the Ford stationwagon. Our standard plan of attack for such cases--to scatter the enemy forces (rings, bearings, etc.) and deal with each separately--proved to be a successful one again as we preformed the crowning achievement (replaced the hood).

This attack was closely followed by a similar, but more unprovoked attack. Though, of basically the same nature, and seemingly less planned, the latter (Toyota) of the two attacks was harder to overcome because of a "hidden sniper" (roughed-up cam shaft).

On our next encounter, we were introduced to "hit and run" tactics. (Dodge transmission and differential) Though the affair lasted only a short time, it left it's mark (like \$70 worth). Through much work and lots of luck, (bad!) we became involved in a "Vietnam-type war"; (Landrover--bet the British would appreciate that!) a long dragged-out affair, with neither side gaining or losing much (waiting for parts) but always having something to look forward to--when it's all over. Since this has worked so well, we have started another such monster (the Ford windshield wipers to accompany the Landrover speedometer) with very high (&) hopes. For the moment, things are on a "low simmer", but, as oftentimes in nature, this could be the lull before another storm.

So, under the direction of Juan A. Rivera, we press ever onward in the fight against leaky faucets, loose nuts, sticky carbs, and worn out equipment. Although tiring and discouraging at times, we gladly accept our small part in this most important, but "never-ending battle".

Your Lab Today+
May Conklin, ASCP (MT)

The scope of action of the laboratory covers the Hospital, Out Patient Department, Kilometer-22 Clinic, and the four away clinics at Cerrote, Calcerada, Pezuela and Rio Prieto. At present, we are doing screening tests on school children in these areas. The screening tests include hematocrit, stool, and urinalysis. In addition, our general scope of lab services cover Hematology, Biochemistry, Microbiology, Mycology, Amebas, Parasitology, and Urinalysis. Presently, we are investigating new methods of stool concentration techniques.

The predominant parasites of this area include: trichuris, ascaris, uncinari, Strongyloides and nine classes of amoeba.

We are making some revisions in our older tests, simplifying our staining methods and systematizing more than ever before. Our electrolyte studies will be facilitated in the near future by a new flame photometer donated by Nathan Leopold.

++During the past year, José Cortez and Rosa Esther Rivera, lab assistants, left after working in the lab for one year. Mrs. Helen Martin, from South Bend, Indiana, who was here as a visitor-worker, worked in the lab. Kevin Keller, BVS'er from Greenville, Ohio was assistant technician for several months. Freddie Crouch, a chemistry major at the University of Puerto Rico offered his services for a few weeks, and Dr. Felix Spector, osteopath from Philadelphia, served in the lab for a short time. Jim Livingston completed his term of BVS service in August, and Lowell Moyer is presently working in the lab as assistant to May Conklin, our first registered lab technician in a few years.

+ Excerpt from Hospital Castañer Medical Bulletin 10/67.

++ Compliments of Jim Livingston

Let's Build A Chapel
Joseph Weddle, M.D.,
Religious Chairman

Over the years, it has been the general plan of Brethren Service and the Church as a whole to not make our facilities "Brethren". We have felt each new project should be community centered and gradually be turned over to the community. Thus, our main interest has been to add to the community as a whole and to assist the community in it's need.

A few Sundays ago, in our English Sunday School class, we were discussing the Christian witness (not Brethren witness) of Hospital Castañer. It was the feeling of the class that, in our effort to make the Hospital community centered, and not Brethren, we have made it less of a Christian institution that we want it to be.

The various aspects we discussed were the lack of a chapel or private place where a priest or pastor may talk with a patient, and no apparent Christian witness in the form of pictures, literature, etc.

A recent example of a need in this area took place during one of the times when the Hospital was full. There were three beds in the hall. One of the patients requested mass and communion. Having no private room available, this patient received sacraments in the hall.

Lack of space is a major problem, affecting more than one aspect of Hospital Castañer. For the clergy, it is almost impossible to conduct confession or speak in privacy in a two or four bed hospital room. Counsel in family matters also is difficult to perform.

We are in need of your prayers, and, in so doing, if you are led to contribute to the building of a chapel here in Castañer, we would be most grateful. Will you help us answer this need?

Long Ago, Far Away When It All Began
Everett Groff

When we see a young man or a young lady, we often say, "I wonder how he looked when a baby". We look at a baby and say, "I wonder what he will be twenty years from now".

A few of us have had the privilege of looking forward and also looking back at our adult and our fledgling, the Castañer Brumbaugh Unit Hospital. The past has faded, but the present is very real.

In those days, we were known by many as a prisoner of war camp. Our "publico" to San Juan or Ponce was a bicycle with a home-made two speed drive. Our \$10 allowance had not seen inflation, so it remained at \$5. We were sometimes fortunate in getting a ride to town on a PRRA truck which stopped every little bit to unload cement bags at some new "granja". To speed up the process, we usually pitched in and helped carry the sacks -- good clothes and all. English was a foreign language at that time, and the universal language was a smile, hola, si, no and a cup of coffee. A day's wages were 11 cents per hour or 80 cents to \$1 a day. Our "guagua" became a 1933 Chevy with a wooden body painted red and white, while our ambulance was a 1936 Chevy panel without side windows. Our water supply was very good when our reservoir was not stopped up with silt and brush. An X-ray machine built of spare parts from here and there gave us some very interesting transparencies for camera club, while an old boiler, into which we had to crawl to clean it, served the Hospital with less interruptions than our modern equipment.

The coming of the cow! In 1943, a dairy run by the project supplied us with fresh milk and all that goes with it. Many evenings were spent in family dance gatherings where unit folks and Puerto Ricans became a part of a single group. Almost any evening, three or four young men in a group could be heard walking down the road singing to the strumming of their guitars, and, at 5:00 A.M., one would hear workers singing and whistling as they headed for work. We were lucky in those days, for there was no public telephone, so, naturally, we were never upset by, "phone's out again". Lights were not on enough to become accustomed to, so they were a luxury to be enjoyed while they lasted.

Along came a new post office, and Doña Julia Maldonado, one of our local neighbors was put in charge as post mistress. We could then go to the post office and get our own mail! That was the Day! We came into our own as Castañer, Puerto Rico. We were no longer Los Rabanos, even if some of the road maps 23 years later say to the contrary.

1948 and a big event - An academy sponsored by the project - and a lot of good to excellent students graduating. The insular Government took responsibility of the high school in 1954.

Through every bit of polish acquired in our efforts to become the ideal hospital of today, we lost something of our life as a family of complete unity. We took a step as a child venturing out on his own. Like him, as we grew, we turned from our childish ways and became step by difficult step an adult losing our child-like faith and courage to love and trust each other. We are growing as an institution, but we must remember that we are composed of individuals whose concern for the institution can only be reinforced by concern of the institution for its individual members.

The Church on the Move
Don Fike

A growing spirit of renewal and anticipation mark this year in the Castañer congregation. Each day, we are seeing new results of efforts during the past year to help members of the local congregation increase their understanding and application of Jesus' "life principles".

Dealing honestly with attitudes, feelings, beliefs -- life's raw materials -- in the light of the Scriptures, has fostered a high level of interest in several small groups. The youth have not entirely recovered from the loss of their most energetic leaders last year, but new surges of life and Christian joy are clearly evidenced in the children's and adult's departments. A gratifying increase in participation and involvement of adult permanent residents of the community is being experienced.

The Island-wide Graham campaign this summer simply boosted growing local enthusiasm and helped re-focus attention on the basic spiritual nature of our life. Hosting the all-church-sponsored community Bible School and directing a Brethren-Presbyterian Jr.-Hi camp were other challenging summer activities.

It is also with a sense of accomplishment that we report the return to the community of a promising young member of the Church, Carmen Dolores "Lolita" Cortés. Her solid faith and the support of the Church have seen her victoriously through three years and many obstacles to the happy completion of studies as a registered nurse. Studying with scholarship aid from Bethany, she was graduated with honors late this summer from St. Luke's Episcopal School of Nursing in Ponce. We are very happy that she was permitted to return to work in our own Hospital.

And last, but most thrilling of this year's developments, is the initiation of a new area of Christian witness in Rio Prieto "adentro". It is a real inspiration to see both the response of residents of the area and the enthusiastic participation in leadership by lay members of the Castañer congregation.

SOS!

Harold Huffman, M.D.

When we arrived here in July, it was a dream come true. I had always wanted to come to Castañer since I decided to go into medicine. We were quite impressed by some of the more modern conveniences and the weather, which is very comfortable. We are enjoying every day of our stay at Castañer and are busy in work which we love.

It was comforting for me to have three other very competent doctors to lean on during the rough times of beginning, and I have learned a lot from them. All of these doctors are, as of now, scheduled to leave next June or July. Fortunately, there are one or two other doctors whom we now know will be joining our staff.

As of now, we have a program going which keeps four doctors overworked and would keep five comfortably busy. Unless we can get enough doctors, our work will be reduced quite a bit, and our **service** to the community will fall drastically. I would like to invite any doctor who is interested to join me in this very worthwhile work. We would welcome you for one, two or more years, or any fraction **thereof**. This includes any of you who have been here before and would like to take a one or two month vacation. If any of you who are not doctors know of a doctor who is facing the draft and/or looking for a constructive way to serve, please pass the word along.

In my opinion, Castañer is an excellent place for a doctor to get plenty of experience and to serve humanity at the same time. I have learned quite a lot since I arrived here and am looking forward to the remainder of our stay with great anticipation.

Tribute to Another School Year Miriam Oliver

During the school year of 1966-67, we had six pupils: David and Amy Smith, Wanda and Doug Fike, Gandhi Forbes, and Richard Groff. Besides completing the regular academic course of studies, we put on two programs. One was the Christmas program, and the other was a puppet play close to the end of school. The puppet play was put on to earn money for science **and art supplies**. The older pupils especially were interested in earning money for a microscope. Through selling cupcakes at the 25th Anniversary, putting on the puppet play, and selling student art, we earned \$17.25. However, it was not necessary for us to buy a microscope, for we were given an old one that was sitting in the lab. With a little cleaning and adapting, we now have quite a powerful microscope for an elementary school. Through it, we may explore the fascinating world of micro-organisms.

The arrival of the Shenks in the spring gave us another student -- Suzanne Shenk. Suzanne took a correspondence course for the second grade which we continued in the summer. Summer school was held in the morning with Suzanne and Lusila Rivera. Lusila started coming to our school just before Suzanne. She is an older Spanish child who did not go to school when she was younger. We worked on beginning Spanish, reading and arithmetic. This year, she attended second grade in Spanish school for half a day and, then, came to English school half a day.

David and Amy Smith have moved to San Juan so are not here for the 1967-68 year. Wanda, Doug and Gandhi, along with Lusila and Suzanne, come to school during the morning. Two kindergarteners, Susan Weddle and Todd Shenk, come in the afternoon. Three preschoolers, Kim Heffron, Krystal Shenk, and Wanda Heffron (the little Puerto Rican girl staying with the Heffrons), join them for half a day each during the week. Richard Groff comes for an hour, after attending Spanish school, for work in English composition.

After painting the walls of our classroom last year, we have done little painting this year. I did put up some bulletin boards, using burlap and some old building material suitable for bulletin boards. They are very handy this year with the kindergarteners.

I also removed the picture file from a large box which was getting very termite eaten, and with the help of some young people who were working here for a short time, put it in an old wooden file cabinet. This cabinet seems to be termite resistant.

I want to thank everyone who has sent us materials to use. We have many old text books, but, generally, only one or two of a kind. Workbooks we have to buy, and these are certainly needed. Art supplies are difficult to come by here. We have appreciated the money, supplies and all the books donated to us.



Aspiring Choirs and Getting Away From
"It All"
Shirley Fike

You may be sure that something is always stirring in Castañer, but just exactly what?

Whenever the sounds of a voice coming from a loud speaker mounted on a jeep mingles with the usual sounds of the dogs, chickens and pigs across the river, the babies in the Pedi Ward, the sounds of the three households at our front door, our children practicing a musical instrument, Don shovelling gravel for our new patio, Wendy begging to go jeep riding, or my own many and varied noises, it is time to stop and lend an ear. If only the announcer wasn't shouting into the microphone or were not so close to it, the message would come through better, but it is always fun to guess. It will not be anything as practical as the fact that the water will be shut off for a day but probably the Popular Political Party is meeting, or the Pentecostal Church is launching a campaign, or one of the three co-ops is having an assembly, y que no falte nadie, or perhaps it is an assembly of the Recreation Committee, the Community Committee, or the Cultural Committee -- you name it -- we've got a committee.

As a "for instance" announcement, last month, the Cultural Committee brought in a solist and a guitarist -- everything from "Ay, Ay, Ay" to Mozart. They even kept the usually noisy Castañer audience attentive.

But Castañer is full of talent, so let's develop some instead of always looking somewhere else. "Oh si, que bueno", says everyone. So band practice is announced, an attempt made to start a school chorus, etc., -- no luck! A church choir does well until graduation time, when the youth go off to college. But there must be somebody left!

Last spring, the ministers agreed that we should prepare a choir for the annual community open air services during Holy Week. The first practice was a smashing success with one young man in attendance. He had a nice tenor voice and a good ear and left quite thrilled to think he had hidden talent. He returned bringing another good tenor. So, we had another practice -- a little heavy on the tenor. The melody did not come through at all, so I spent the week talking up the Castañer Choir having no idea who could or could not sing -- sort of picking houses at random.

The next practice produced five voices. With a bit more propaganda, ten appeared, and now there exists a going group of 30.

The biggest hurdle is the first practice. Each one must be convinced individually, first, that I do not bite if he gets off key, second, that singing parts really is a possibility, and, thirdly, that we really intend to stick with it. Castañer has a reputation, among it's own people, for starting lots of things off with a bang, followed by continued dwindling of enthusiasm after it becomes obvious that some real effort is involved. After that, no big problem -- just little ones, like the six monotones who needed special help. As soon as they developed a little self confidence, they sang on key also.

About ten excellent voices have left for the army, to work or to study, but we are getting along with 30, hoping to recruit more. Since they do not read music and have never sung parts before, all the work is done "by ear". Castañer is very proud of them and with good reason. It is quite a mixed group including seven teachers, several students, a publico driver, housewives, the unemployed, practical nurses and now Dr. Huffman and his wife, who are a big help. Rosalee Heffron is our faithful accompanist. Carol Slaubaugh helped by playing or singing before their second baby came into the picture. The group's ages range from 17 to 40. Their goal is to make enough money to buy robes, but, at this point, I am more concerned with how they sound than how they look -- but that isn't very Latin, you know.

Besides singing in several communities, they have sung for weddings in the Episcopal (Bartolo), Catholic (Adjuntas), and Brethren Church. At their last performance, one of the Representatives heard them and gave them a tremendous build up, inviting them to sing for the Governor. Several buttons popped, so I must now convince them they still need lots of practice. It will be a cold day in July before they sing for the Governor, however, we have had some pretty cool days this summer.

The plan now is to start a choral group in the high school. With the impetus this group has given, it will probably "take" this time. Last year, several project women helped give singing classes in the elementary school. Almost all the women here now play the piano, which is quite a record.

The biggest problem in the high school is no piano. Miriam Oliver was kind enough to let us move the old school piano into the community center for both the choir and the school classes, but the high school is too far away to use it. Have you ever seen a caged piano? A group of work campers were here and moved the piano and built a cage for it. I did my best to convince them it wasn't strong enough, but they were sure I was exaggerating when I described the treatment it would receive in a public place. So, they slapped a few boards together which didn't last the month out. The piano began suffering at once, when the number one odd-job man appeared, Rosalee's father. He built a really substantial cage so no one could get to the pedals, keys or strings.

There are several more things in the air but best not report on them yet in case government funds do not come through. If they do, however, the community should be stirring with several new activities.

With a full church program and a busy hospital at our hands, you will understand why I always start when a visitor passing through comments, "My, the pace here is so relaxed -- what a nice place to come and get away from it all". I will agree, it is a nice place to be, but I haven't discovered yet what "it all" is that we have gotten away from.

Thirty-five Cents, Please!
Violet Harris de Crespo,
Acting Pharmacist

This is what comes to my mind as I begin to tell you something about the Hospital pharmacy as it is today. As the price paid for most medicines, it is repeated many times each day.

Most of you will remember the small, square drug room along side the laboratory in the younger hospital in Llinás. Some others will recall the few shelves which served the old hospital in Rábanos. And for the past seven years, the rest of you may have passed through the much larger pharmacy in the new hospital in Castañer. Its size and variety show the progress that should occur in any similar project. Better hospital, bigger patient load, larger clinics with more doctors, more spacious and efficient pharmacy.

Where does a missionary hospital get drugs to fill its shelves and the doctors' desires? At present, the drugs come from about five sources.

Most of the medicines come through New Windsor from IMA (Interchurch Medical Assistance). Twice a year, or more, we present our needs chosen from a list of drugs available, paying only the shipping charges.

A similar source is offered through a present doctor member of CMS (Christian Medical Service). Many expensive drugs are obtained this way at a minimal fee.

A varying amount of drugs are given us by Public Health through Ponce, Arecibo, and the Sanatorium in Bayamón. As we get nearer each July, when the government budgets are running low, often there are few or no drugs available. It is our most unreliable source.

A fourth source is friends, Stateside and Islanders, who have, at some time, come to know the need through visits or relatives of members. Most of these come in big boxes of mixed samples collected by churches or individuals from doctors or druggists. Separated and bottled, they are classified and shelved separately according to their use. Needless to say, some are here today and gone tomorrow, the amount of any certain one being small. Being only a nurse and not a pharmacist, I learn a great deal as these samples are classified. There are friends or former project members on the Island who help us secure a considerable amount of a specific drug needed, as in an emergency or of for-bidding cost.

A recent gift from a former member provided injections of Gamma Globulin in an unusual number of infectious hepatitis cases, until it could be obtained from Public Health. Other expensive medicines we would not have were it not for drug agents who visit monthly and leave samples. They also offer large deductions for hospitals. These donations are highly appreciated, and we thank all of you who remember us.

Also, there are the drugs we must regularly keep in stock, even if it is necessary to buy them, depending on the amount of money available at the time. Much is saved by purchasing cheaper drugs under the generic name.

All drugs given us are given to the patients. Purchased drugs are sold at cost. To cover expenses, a fee of 35 cents is collected for each drug filled. Thus, many an afternoon, no one pays more than 35 cents. Since last spring, all drugs are paid at the time they are given -- on a cash basis. The cost is stated to the patient before preparing the medicine. Should the person not be able to pay, the doctor is consulted and a substitution made or the patient may return later, if not seriously ill, to buy it. Many times, the same drug is on hand as purchased or given, and the poorer patients receive the cheaper. No one is sent away without medicine simply because he cannot pay, as long as he lives in the pre-arranged area served by our Public Health Unit. A list of drugs owed still exists from the beginning, but in the more prosperous community, comparatively full of offered opportunities, people are gradually wakening to the responsibility of using their income for medicines as well as television sets and cars.

We are trying hard to make the pharmacy, at least, pay for itself, and, thanks to all who, in some way, provide a needed medicine, we may make it.

Thirty-five cents please!

One Year With Medicare
D. Ray Slaubaugh

"Hospital costs have increased 16% over the past twelve months." You have most likely read this in one of your local newspapers or in a recent magazine. This is just about correct for us here in Castañer also. For the first time, we are covered by the Federal Minimum Wage Law, and this has brought with it a much needed boost to our employees' pay checks and, at the same time, a major increase in our expenses.

We are also beginning to realize that, with a seven year old hospital building, we need to be thinking about the replacement of some of our major equipment, and this can amount to a considerable sum, as it did this year. Our replacements include a Dodge truck, a walk-in freezer and refrigerator, a mimeograph machine, and two boilers. The total investment in these four items was over \$16,000, of which the Brethren Service Commission contributed \$8,200, and the Sunnen Foundation another \$3,000. This left a balance of \$4,800, which was absorbed by our operating fund.

There is a bright side to our year, however. Federal Medicaid funds enabled us to increase our contract for indigent care with the Department of Health from \$36,000 in 1965-66 to \$65,000 for the past year and a further increase to \$90,000 for this coming year. This increase was brought about partly because of the efforts of the Community Advisory Board who really got behind the Hospital administration and did some effective lobbying in San Juan. Also, over-the-counter income continues to show a gradual increase corresponding to the improving standard of living in the community. The more isolated barrios, however, still face a long and seemingly impossible road, as little or no progress is really being made, and we do not seem to have an easy answer to the problems.

Our total budget for this coming year approaches a quarter of a million dollars, of which \$16,000 is given by the Church of the Brethren. The number of employees is increasing due to added work and the offering of better service. We now have 14 Continental workers and about 60 Puerto Rican employees.

The Church of the Brethren should probably look forward to an extended stay in Castañer and make every effort to recognize and meet the needs of maintaining an approved hospital with an adequate staff and an adequate budget, and to understand the need for increased community involvement to really be in Castañer as a service organization.

¿What do you think
of the Castañer Newsletter?
¿May we have your suggestions
for making it better?

Nature and Diapers
Ed Myer

Editorials represent opinions...right? ...write...As an assignment for a BVS'er, Hospital Castañer is superb. If you appreciate nature; if green is a favorite color; if you are not addicted to city life (and excitement); if you can still get things done when the necessity of rush is removed (!); if you think you can comprehend living in an environment where you don't ask, "Is your watch running?" but, more naturally, "Camina tu reloj?" or where "mañana" may mean tomorrow; if you have a defective time piece which habitually runs a half hour late; if you prefer downpours to perpetual drizzle; if you enjoy scenic drives (and don't mind a few curves); if you like bananas and mangos (rice and beans); if you want to try to learn Spanish; if you have a purpose, or are looking for a purpose; if you go for the cool pool at "El Mango" or "La Nuez"; if you care to check out a place where you meet all kinds; if you like going to sleep by quiet night noises (coquis) and awakening to the tune of dogs, roosters, and even variable pitched "publico" horns (if you're still in bed at 6:55 A.M.)... then...you have come to understand IF usually relates to conditions or attitudes and if a majority of the above listed IF's could be applicable (there are adaptive processes for exceptions)--then--this is a pretty nice place to be--in fact--even enjoyable!

As a BVS orderly, there are truly innumerable opportunities and experiences. Though learning never dies, here it is intensified (but I guess that's inevitable when entering a new culture). The variety in the job description is probably one of the greatest "pro's", especially when consideration is given to the fact that, invariably, each experience includes a unique situation from which much can be incorporated. Patient care is the prime point of action: making beds, giving baths, handing out meals, retrieving empty trays, providing treatments, applying bandages, etc. Variety? Central supply sterilization techniques, scrubbing or circulating in the O.R., even mopping the floor when surgery is over, passing meds (The right medicine to the right patient in the right bed at the right time only needs to be checked four times for each "right", or it won't be), oc-

casional away clinics, picking up some pointers from the doc when the chance arises to help out, admitting or discharging patients (just avoid forgetting any of the six places the check-in or -out time must appear), would you believe changing diapers?, or just keeping the older pedi patients temporarily entertained, ETC!! (as above mentioned: innumerable). That's supposed to be work--what greater an opportunity can one ask for?...and, after all, when the shift is 3-11 P.M., you can even sit in the sun and watch everyone else run around getting things done while you take your time trying to write an "editorial"--which you've never done before.

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Medical Meanderings
Warren Heffron,
Medical Director

For a few short months this past year, we had a "dream staff" of five doctors. It seemed so nice to be able to practice as one would always like to with sufficient time to care for hospitalized patients and take time needed for each patient in the Out Patient Department. However, this dream was short lived as our "changeover period" started in January when Dr. Smith went to Adjuntas to work in the Centro de Salud for six months and, then, in July, started an ophthalmology residency at the University of Puerto Rico. We are secretly hoping the "eye man" will come back to work with us in another four years! Our other sad departure this year was the loss of our "chief" when the Housers moved back to the north country of Chicago where Dr. Houser is busily engaged in an OB-Gyn residency. He said he had to go back and learn how to do the operations he was already doing here in the absence of a specialist. Their biggest announcement was the addition of Mike just before they left.

The holdovers are very busily starting their second year at Castañer and continuing to develop a feeling of closeness to the project and people of the valley, as the day is already approaching when they will be replaced. Dr. Weddle will be going to Portland, Oregon for a residency in physiatry. Dr. Miller is going back to Cook County in Chicago where he will take a surgery residency. Dr. Heffron is looking for a residency in internal medicine "out west".

We have two new additions to the Medical Staff. One is Dr. Harold Huffman who came to us from Norfolk, Va. with his wife, Barbara, and daughter, Donna. They have rapidly fit in so well, everyone thinks of them as old timers. The next welcome addition was Dr. Philip Ark, a dental surgeon, who has reopened the dental clinic, and things are moving up front again after a year without continuous service in this area. His wife, Sandra, is finishing some anesthesia training, and, soon, we will have some welcomed anesthesia help in our Operating Room.

We had some very able assistance this year also from three unusually fine men and their families who were with us for a month or more during the year. Dr. Dale Anderson, a general surgeon, and his family from the U.S. Public Health Service Hospital in Gallup, New Mexico were here for the month of March.

When the word got out that we had a surgeon, it literally rained surgical cases from all over our area. During the change-over period, Dr. James Ramey and family left their practice in Danville, Kentucky and helped us have a very smooth transition period until the Huffmans arrived. Dr. and Mrs. Holt and family were here for the month of June and reopened the dental clinic before the Arks arrived. They were from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Work in the Hospital and clinic has been running steadily for the past several months. Dr. Nelson continues his faithful journey from Mayagüez each month to do our big surgery. Without his generous help for the past several years, we would not be able to offer the standard of medical care that we are able to now. Also, Dr. Paul Kindy is coming one day a month for orthopedic consultation. He was one of the early CPS volunteers in the project and says in only 20 years, he has gone from dishwasher to consultant. Two other physicians in the States are also making it possible to offer a high degree of medical practice. Dr. Dan Urschel in Mentone, Indiana is interpreting difficult EKG's, and Dr. Jerry Kerner is reading difficult X-rays. He is a radiologist in West Covina, California.

We are continuing our field clinics and presently have one each week rotating at Cerrote, Rio Prieto, Calcerada, and Pezuela. We are not only shorter one doctor this year, but have added a full time clinic in the Indiera Alta area where one of us goes each day for a clinic that was set up by the Municipality of Maricao under sponsorship of the Office of Economic Opportunity in Washington, D.C.

In thinking ahead, we feel, as in the past, the project offers an exciting work and witness. However, we have only one application so far to replace the three who are leaving, so, if anyone knows of interested physicians, please let them know about Hospital Castañer.





Land, Ho!
Brenda Brandt de Soto

All hands on deck! Ready, heave! Ready, heave! Ready, heave! Slowly the heavy white sails ceased flapping in the breeze as they reached the height of the mast and suddenly snapped open into a billowing, powerful force, pushing the Yankee Clipper along over the white caps toward her first island-hopping port-of-call.

Home port for the Clipper is the bay of Philipsburg, St. Maarten in the Netherlands West Indies, and we were a group of 70 tourists and crew members off on a windjammer cruise to the Lesser Antilles. The Clipper is the largest of a fleet of sailboats owned by Captain Mike Burke. She is 200' in length, accommodating 70 people, and was formerly a Vanderbilt yacht. Now she brings much pleasure to hundreds of people, taking them on exotic, out-of-the-way tours of any place from the Caribbean to a round-the-world cruise.

After a Bon Voyage party at the Da Vinci Hotel in San Juan, where we met our future shipmates and received a general briefing from Capt. Mike, we flew in groups of twelve by small chartered plane to Philipsburg, St. Maarten, where we boarded our home-to-be for the next ten days. The passengers included landlubbers and experienced sailors, from age ten to seventy-two, and the crew was made up of ex-sailors who still had a lust for the sea and natives from many of the islands we were about to visit, who often joined the crew out of curiosity and left at the next port. Thus, life was interesting and varied aboard the Yankee Clipper.

Our first port-of-call was English Harbor, Antigua. This historic British colony, reconstructed and maintained by a Methodist group, is normally a very small, dry, barren island, but we were fortunate enough to be drenched by a storm as we danced on the patio of Admiral's Inn to the beat of a steel band.

At 6:00 A.M. the next morning, we lifted anchor and sailed toward Dominica. Upon arriving, we were charmed to be offered the informal services of five or six young Negro guides, ages ten to fifteen. We did get a very thorough tour of the small town of Roseau in the midst of lush, tropical mountains, complete with a large experimental garden, a beautiful, modern hotel, hand craft shops, the River Belle Fille, which is used as a public bath and laundramat, and lots of little fellows as anxious to have their pictures taken as they were to beg for a few cents.

After only a few hours there, we bid adieu to our guides and set sail for St. Lucia. Arriving early in the morning, we were greeted by the sight of a large port, at that time loading a big banana boat, one of their main exports. After the sight, we were greeted by the smell of a busy, garbage-laden dock. We all departed rapidly, anxious to see a more pleasant part of the large, modern city of Castries. Told of an active volcano, everyone proceeded to literally pile into a cattle-type truck for a not-too-comfortable ride of two hours duration to Soufrière. When all had had their fill of the sulfur-laden air from the hot, bubbling springs, we held our breath through a rather "thrilling" race to the bottom of the mountain and back to town. After supper aboard ship, we were entertained by a calypso dancer, limbo dancer, and flame swallower (all the same person in different outfits) at the Reef Club and, once again, kicked up our heels to a steel band. Several of our crew members who were anxious for a hot shower and a "non-moving bed" stayed ashore that night in the Reef cottages.

Bright and early Sunday morning, we left for Martinique. Arriving at the main port city, Fort-de-France, on a Sunday, left us to find a very empty, quiet city. However, the special catering to which Clipper passengers soon become accustomed was in full swing, as one of the famous French restaurants served a special dinner for us that night, among the specialities-lobster pancakes! Monday found everyone scurrying from one French shop to the other, filling their arms with expensive perfumes, crystal, china, watches, cameras, liquer, etc., all at greatly reduced prices on these islands.

After leaving Martinique, and a rough, rainy night at sea, we dropped anchor off the coast of Isle de Saints and took a dip in the clear, blue water before taking off on another long, stormy haul to Monserrate. Wednesday afternoon, we took taxi tours around a rather dirty, poor island. Running across a secluded, volcanic beach of black sand later in the day, some of us took to the ocean.

After being hailed off by two natives fighting on the dock over which one owned the Island, we sailed to the pretty, little, French (Although having a Scandinavian background, having changed hands several times) Island of St. Barts (a contraction of St. Barthélemy).

Such a picturesque and sparkling little isle, complete with its red tile roofs and Swedish clock tower. One almost expected to see wooden shoes in the doorways of the homes. After a walk around Gustavia, the duty-free port of St. Barts, we headed for the beach -- a beautiful white, crescent-shaped beach, the whiteness of its sand contrasting sharply with the deep turquoise of the sea embracing it.

That night, the last night aboard ship, our parting dinner was one of champagne and steak followed by a not-too-quiet farewell party in the harbor of St. Barts.

Early Friday morning, we tearfully watched the harbor of Philipsburg come into view once again, but, this time, not a motley crew of landlubbers. After much experience at hoisting sails, taking our turns at wheel watch during the night, sharing sea stories (and a few other types) upon the Freudian deck out under the stars or sun bathed during the days, we all felt like weathered sailors, taking home with us many memories of the wonderful places and people we will never forget.

Saturday 4/1/67 We left from San Juan via Iberian and very soon were looking upon the green hills of Columbia and landing on the plains of Bogota. Is it ever cold! People wear wool suits and topcoats. This called for a hot cup of delicious Colombian coffee -- even better than Puerto Rican coffee (which is better than American coffee). Went through immigration and baggage check and took a taxi in the rain to the Hotel Continental, where we found very clean rooms, although not fancy. Later, walked through the Hotel Tequendama - the biggest and fanciest in Bogota. Talked with some children on the street -- they are very friendly, very tiny, and very dirty.

Sunday 4/2/67 On a morning walk, saw a beautiful little plaza with a band setting up for a concert. Walked around Simon Bolivar Square and visited the capitol building with house and senate chambers -- all rooms were closed on Sundays. Went to an outdoor market and looked at ponchos. Found a restaurant and ate empanadas (not like those made in Puerto Rico). Walked up to the cable car and rode to the top of Monserrate Shrine for 75 cents each, in exchange for a beautiful view of the city. Later, were impressed by the many artifacts and museum pieces at the home of Simon Bolivar. A steak dinner at the Crem Helado, which has a Bavarian atmosphere, is inexpensive. Ended the day with stops at the Hotel Tequendama and Suiza Tea Shop for tea and cake.

Monday 4/3/67 Up at 6:00 A.M. and onward to the airport to catch an Air France flight to Quito. Quito has a very pretty little airport and nice gardens. Took us almost an hour to get through customs. Had to buy tourist cards, also. Were met at the airport by Rene and Karen Calderon and Clara Rae Walters. Drove into town and up to visit the sun-god monument above Quito. After leaving luggage at the Calderon's home, had an excellent dinner of filet mignon. Went on tour of McDaniel's Candy Factory - bought candy and nuts. Had some American money changed into sucres and walked around the main plaza, looking in shops and bought stamps at post office. Late dinner with the Calderons consisted of beef, eggs and bread. An electric blanket that night felt good against the cold air of Quito. 10

Tuesday 4/4/67 Up at 6:00 A.M. again to catch a taxi to Clara's house out near Llano Grande. Walked to the big quebrada (steep ravine) and countryside near Clara's clinic. Later, observed clinic and chewed on chunks of cornstalks, which are quite sweet. Drove to a bakery, feed mill, saw chicks being raised by co-op members and later returned to Clara's house for lunch of rice, beans, meat, tomatoes, and cake. During the afternoon, went to the town of Calderon to vaccinate some children with D.P.T. Visited the shops where decorative type dolls are made from bread dough -- bought a few tiny ones. Took pictures of the plaza. Drove out to the Calderon Church of the Brethren. Had supper of potato cakes, pork, peas, naranilla juice, jello salad, bread and fruit with George and Ilma Kreps.

Wednesday 4/5/67 Walked downtown this morning with Sr. Calderon to confirm reservations and change money. After a shoe-shine, returned on the bus. Had lunch with Gene Browns of the United Andean Mission -- also Mrs. Van Dixhorn and Felda Hostetler were there. A very pleasant visit and good meal of ham and sweet potatoes. After looking around town a little more, visiting a hospital, sweater shop and looking at some crayon drawings, went back to Calderons. Later, another good meal at the Dr. John Horning's. Interesting conversation -- much about the family planning program he is in there.

Thursday 4/6/67 Rene and Karen spent the morning showing us around Quito -- cathedrals, with a woman practicing for a Bach concert in one, much gold work, Museum of Art, Embassy, Hotel Quito, University Center and drove out in a residential section south of town. Ate lunch at the Calderons -- with Blanca and Cesar. In the afternoon, we went shopping again, ordered some sweaters, got some material and took it to the tailors. It rained some. In the evening, went with Rene and Karen to La Fuente, an American-type restaurant for supper.

Friday 4/7/67 In the morning, went downtown with Rene to change airline tickets to Guayaquill, north of Quito. This involved trips to Metropolitan Touring, Avianca, Air France and Ecuatoriana Airline offices. After lunch, took off in the V.W. bus for Otovalo.

Soon left the good paved road for a cobblestone highway with extremely steep cliffs. It is the Pan American highway, but a new part is being constructed. Drove through a lot of desert country with cactus and brush, through several little towns, past an equatorial marker and on to Otovalo, where we stopped at our hotel. A room and breakfast costs just \$2. Later, went out to Ibarra, bought some contraband Fab soap, and saw the town. Ben Gutieri, a missionary there, showed us around.

Saturday 4/8/67 Up at 5:15 A.M. to get to the Indian Market early. (Actually got there before some of the Indians.) Very interesting; made some good buys -- two ponchos and some woolen scarves. The Indians stand in long lines with their wares in front of them, many having only a few things to sell. Drove to the town of San Antonio to watch wood carving -- bought a few pieces and a heavy sweater from the Peace Corps gift shop. Went through Ibarra to Picalqui to see the farm and work there. The countryside is beautiful -- many green fields and cattle grazing. Ate lunch at Picalqui and visited the weaving shop there. Back to Quito for dinner with the Ralph Van Dixhorn's. Had a good talk about his work as an agriculture expert at Picalqui and Santo Domingo.

Sunday 4/9/67 Left for Santo Domingo with John (Hank) Herr and the Ben Gutieri's -- a beautiful drive to a much lower altitude. Part of the drive reminded us of Puerto Rico, but the road was much straighter and wider. There were many banana plantations on the lower plain. Found Santo Domingo to be a dusty, dirty, rough and ready frontier town which has attained it's present size in the last ten years. It also has the very colorful Colorado Indians running around in their ancient dress. Saw about 20 of the Colorado Indians. Attended the Brethren Church there. Walked through the main street and the Sunday fair and later drove to the Brethren farm where the Don Lang's live. Don, an E.U.B. minister, helps with the evangelistic work. They are really out in the jungle and used to have to fight snakes, etc. Had rice and beans for dinner. Driving around the mountain roads, saw some wild orchids and a beautiful waterfall. Returned to Quito tonight.

St. Thomas, V.I.
The Heffrons

Monday 4/10/67 Spent part of the morning downtown shopping, went to the Hotel Quito for postcards and met Clara at Mission Headquarters. Lunched at La Fuente and then drove to another of the quatorial markers nearer the city -- a dusty drive.

Tuesday 4/11/67 Found out our Air France flight had been delayed 24 hours. Went downtown to the travel agency to see about other flights. Air France came up with a way back to San Juan via Bogota, Caracas and Guadalupe.

Wednesday 4/12/67 Before catching our flight, took a short walk to a hill which overlooks Quito and had lunch. Air France stopped in Bogota. There are two cute little Danish girls on the plane with their parents. Caracas -- it's raining and getting dark -- couldn't see much. On to Guadalupe. Upon arriving there, took a taxi to a hotel -- an old, white sugar mill converted to a hotel -- a beautiful place and quite expensive, but Air France is footing the bill for it and our delicious five course dinner.

Thursday 4/14/67 Left for the airport in Point-a-Pitre. It is raining. Our surroundings are beautiful -- a little like Puerto Rico. It is warm and humid. There is a small island close to the hotel where there is good snorkling -- the water looks very clear. The plane (D.C.4) left on time, stopping in Antigua and St. Maarten very briefly and on to San Juan. Arrived in Castañer at 10:45 P.M. -- right back where we started from.

St. Thomas, one of the Virgin Islands, is an easily accessible travel attraction to visitors or residents of Puerto Rico. Originally settled by the Danes in 1666, it was acquired by the United States in 1917, along with the Isles of St. John and St. Croix. Natives of the Islands are descendants of slaves who were brought there during the years when the Islands served as a slave trading center.

St. Thomas is much smaller than Puerto Rico, as it is only 32 miles square. The hilly terrain has much less rainfall than Puerto Rico, and, hence, less tropical vegetation. However, it boasts coral reefs excellent for snorkling and outstanding beaches. Magens Bay, located on the north coast of the Island, is a marvelous white sand beach with turquoise water. While visiting there one morning, the lifeguards formed an impromptu calypso band and entertained everyone for a good hour.

Shopping in the picturesque village of Charlotte Amalie (the only town on St. Thomas) is fun. There are a variety of shops on the main street, but more intriguing are the less crowded alley ways with their quaint shops. A visit to the open air market on Saturday mornings allows one to see the natives buying produce. Along the waterfront are produce-laden sailboats and, usually, an ocean liner on a Caribbean cruise.

Caribbean crafts, such as straw goods, seemed to be more expensive in Charlotte Amalie than in Old San Juan, but items imported from European countries are much less expensive than in the United States due to the freeport policy.

An "economizing tourist" can stay at a small guest house instead of a plush hotel. Food in restaurants tends to be expensive, so another idea to save money is to buy picnic supplies at a local St. Thomas grocery store. To make the most of a stay of only three days, we found it easiest to rent a car one day in order to see the more remote parts of the Island, including the highest lookout points and the beaches. Taxis will take tourists to these spots, but the rates are quite high. Then, on shopping and sightseeing trips around Charlotte Amalie, we found our own two feet to be the best mode of transportation.



CASTAÑER ROLL CALL

The new faces around project since October, 1966 include:

Brenda Brandt de Soto

Originally B.V.S. nurse from Pennsylvania who decided to go "native" and is now a permanent resident of Castañer.

Roberta Albin

B.V.S. nurse hailing from Kansas.

Phil and Sandra Ark

Our new dentist (D.D.S.) for one year and wife, an R.N. who is currently training in anesthesia in San Juan.

Ralph Ed Myer

B.V.S. orderly claiming Castañer, (this is but a return for Ed, whose family was here when his father was on the Medical Staff.) California, Mexico, and Washington state as home territory.

Allen Jay Coy

B.V.S. maintenance man from Ohio.

Dr. Felix Spector

Doctor of Osteopathy from Philadelphia -- Jack-of-all-trades.

Ellis and Carolyn Shenk and family -- Consisting of Suzanne, Krystal, Todd and Jolyn.

Our Administrator arriving from Sardinia in March.

Harold and Barbara Huffman and Donna

Our latest addition to the Medical Staff. Barbara is our gracious project hostess -- from Virginia.

May Conklin

Lab technician coming to Castañer after two years of service at El Guacio. Originally from New Jersey.

Wayne Groff

Came from Oregon to join the family (brother of Everett Groff) and found himself on the maintenance crew.

Ryan Jay Slaubaugh

Newest addition to the Slaubaugh family joining up in July.

Those who left Castañer and now linger in our memories:

The old faces (¿):

Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Janice, David and Amy Keim and Sylvia Houser and Mike Jerry and Bernice Ruff Jim Livingston Kevin Keller Fern Hudson

Miriam Oliver
Bonnie Cervone
The Families:
Slaubaugh
Heffron
Weddle
Miller
Moyer
Groff
Fike

Visitor-Workers

With whom we shared and thank so much;

Workcampers from Inter-American University

Rev. and Mrs. Edward Walker and a group of 14 high school students

Dr. and Mrs. Dale Anderson and sons

Mr. Harold Fisher

Dr. Dale Stoner

Mr. Elmer Halt

Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Hartsough

Mr. and Mrs. Inman Whitmer

Dale Bowman

Mr. and Mrs. Glen Torrence and family

Dr. and Mrs. Holt and family

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Grabowski

Dr. and Mrs. James Ramey and sons

Bruce Cable

Freddie Crouch

Came to Castañer many weekends last winter offering their services.

Connecticut Congregational Church

Joined the Medical Staff for the month of March.

Sebring, Florida

Sebring, Florida

North Liberty, Indiana

North Liberty, Indiana

North Liberty, Indiana

North Manchester, Indiana

All of whom gave Hospital Castañer her new look.

Installed our new phones -- Toledo, Ohio

Dentist -- Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Medical student -- Chicago, Illinois

Joined the Medical Staff for six weeks last summer -- Danville, Kentucky

Interim treasurer while the Slaubaugh's vacationed in the States - Syracuse, Indiana.

Student who helped in the lab for a few weeks during the summer.

Change of Address Card
for Newsletter File

Name _____

Our New Address: _____
