

still got to watch her step because of her stitches.

39. SO ANYWAY, THE TAXI DRIVER JUST DROVE CALMLY ALONG. I told him Bellevue Clinic. I said we don't have time. The doctor had said to go down to the Maternidad first, Emergencia Maternidad downtown Puerto, and then he said, "The nurse will call me when it's time for you to come up to Bellevue." But I now thought, "Well, we just don't have time to go down there! Good night! The baby's about to be born in this taxi! We've got to go straight to Bellevue! If that's where he is, we gotta get up there."

40. SO HERE WE ARE, Maria practically holding her breath trying to hold the baby in, and we got up to Bellevue trying to find the emergency entrance which they don't seem to have.

41. BY THIS TIME IT WAS ABOUT 11 O'CLOCK when we got to Bellevue and we'd just left the house about 10:30 or so and we ran around looking for a doctor, a nurse, or where we should take this emergency case in quick that's about to have a baby in the taxi cab! But everybody just sauntered around unconcerned.

42. YOU ALWAYS HAVE IN THESE HOSPITALS HERE A TERRIBLE TIME FINDING ANYBODY, there's nobody around, the nurses are hiding out somewhere and the doctors aren't even there. So the little bitty nurse comes out and says, "Not here, you can't take her here!" And I'm fretting and fuming trying to get her out of the taxi, but Maria says, "No, no, no! Wait till we find out."

I was going to rush her right in if I had to carry her in. But the nurse said, "You can't have her here, no, no! You've got to take her down to Maternidad."

And I was so mad, I said, 43. "WHERE'S THE DOCTOR! Where's the doctor?" She said, "The doctor's not here, he's gone to Santa Cruz." And, oh, my heart sank, I thought, "My Lord! Here she's about to have the baby this minute and the doctor's in Santa Cruz, he can't possibly make it!" So she says, "You'll have to take her down to Maternidad where the midwife is and they'll take care of her down there."

44. SO MY HEART SANK as we climbed back into the taxi and Maria was still in the backseat hanging on to the baby trying to hold it in. The taxi driver, like it didn't matter if he had babies born in his taxi everyday, just calmly climbed back in and drove us slowly down to Maternidad, right down there to the little emergency clinic near the Plaza Charco on the corner where the local poor go too.

45. MARIA IN THE MEANTIME SEEMED TO BE GETTING ALONG GREAT! She was just laughing and smiling with all the confusion and thinking it was really funny the way we were acting, and she was the calmest one in the bunch and hardly having any pains at all!

46. EVERY NOW AND THEN SHE'D BLOW A LITTLE BIT, but I don't think she hardly blew much in that cab all the way down. (Maria: Just maybe once or twice, but the Lord really... Well, I prayed I wouldn't have to have it in the taxi. It

didn't seem like... well, the quarters were rather cramped!) You can say that again, and with the three of us in the backseat already!

47. I THINK I WAS ALMOST WORRIED MORE ABOUT MESSING UP HIS TAXI than I was about her having it in the taxi! I knew if she had it in the taxi she'd be all right, but I figured, "Oh my Lord, I'll have to pay to have this cab cleaned up and the poor taxi man will be upset if we mess up his cab!"

48. BUT ANYWAY, WE MANAGED TO GET DOWN THERE to Maternidad about 11:25 A.M. and we pulled her out of the taxi and she kept jerking her arm away from me saying, "I don't need so much help -- I can walk myself!" She was trying to be so independent, she's such an independent little rascal, and wanted to show she didn't need all this help.

49. BUT ANYHOW, WE HELPED HER UP THE STEPS and she and Lydia got up there, and I don't know what happened inside, as I was outside taking care of the taxi.--What happened inside? (Maria: Oh, they just got me up on the big table...) Well first of all, while she was still in the taxi the girls ran in, Rachel or somebody ran in to try to find a doctor or nurse quick to come out and help and to find out where she's to go.

50. --AND THEY COULDN'T FIND ANYBODY! There was some little chit of a girl up there mopping the floor and Rachel asked her what to do, "Where's the doctor, where's the nurse, where's the midwife?" But she said, "They're not here". And Rachel said, "But

we've got a woman out here about to have a baby in the taxi, what do we do?" She said--well, I guess I'll have to let Rachel tell you about that. The girl said, "Bring her in", or something like that.

51. SO RACHEL COMES OUT AND SAYS, "I CAN'T FIND ANYBODY! There's no one up there but a little nurse's aide, but she says to bring you in." So we helped her up the steps and they helped her into the maternity room and laid her out on the table, and this girl didn't get excited in the least bit, this little girl!

52. THE GIRL THAT WAS MOPPING THE FLOOR, mind you, she just laid down her mop and began to take care of Maria and lay her on the table and went in and began washing her hands and getting a few instruments collected. (Maria: She had her hand on my stomach for about ten minutes measuring something, I don't know, she never even looked at me or started prepping me or anything.)

53. IT TURNED OUT SHE WAS THE MADRONA, THE MIDWIFE AND THE NURSE and the only one up there and the doctor wasn't even there! And it was cold as a crutch in there! The windows were wide open and Maria suffered more from the cold than she did anything else, she was just freezing, almost shivering! So she said,

54. "PLEASE COVER ME UP", and she had somebody go get her socks and so on because they had her half-naked lying on the table and there was a big cold wind blowing a draft on her head.