An article in a local newspaper informs us: "In the year 1885, the Honorable A. Hamilton Levings, then Mayor of the City of Appleton, invited the Franciscan Sisters of St. Louis, Mo., to come to Appleton for the purpose of founding a hospital. On account of financial matters and other difficulties, the sisters were unable to accept the invitation until fourteen years passed by." (This mayor was the Dr. Levings who later played an important part in the history of St. Joseph's Hospital, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.)

At the time of the request, Reverend Mother Bernarda Passmann sent Sisters Theodora Brockmann and Carola Lachnicht to investigate, but no definite understanding was reached and, as indicated, nothing was done until 1899. In that year the city agreed to furnish a piece of land for a hospital. This resulted in various activities, including a visit to the Bishop of the diocese; Father Kaster of Sacred Heart Church, fortified by Brs. V.F. Marshall and A.M. Freund, presented himself to him and obtained his permission for the proposed hospital.

So that Father Kaster might be properly arrayed for the momentous occasion of meeting and properly impressing our sisters, the two doctors gave him an elegant stovepipe. Thus bedecked, he and his two medical friends surged to Chicago, met the sisters, and triumphantly brought back two of them, Sisters Carola Lachnicht and Philippa Breidenbach, who arrived on November 19, 1899 to look things over and see to some preparations for their permanent lodging. It was the feast of St. Elizabeth, one of the glories of the Third Order of St. Francis, of which we too are humble members; so the hospital, such as it was, an eleven-room frame dwelling on a three and one-half acre lot, previously the Schimberg residence—was named in her honor.

An article in the Appleton Evening Crescent of November 21, 1899 headed "The New Hospital Assured" tells us that a meeting at the council chambers the previous night was well attended and most harmonious. It was held to discuss ways and means of
assisting our sisters to establish a hospital in Appleton. Father Kaster explained the purpose of the meeting, the need for a hospital, and the efficiency of our sisters in hospital management, while Sisters Carola and Philippa, who represented the sisters, answered a number of questions. Further information included the following: "The plans for the new hospital provide for the erection early in the spring of a brick building to cost about $25,000, so planned to permit of additions later on as required. The location is a tract 700 feet square, at the corner of Fremont and Lake Streets, in the fourth ward, on the line of the interurban railway, negotiations for which have already been closed. The new building will be ready for occupancy early next fall."

T.B. Reid was made chairman and Gustave Keller secretary of a central committee, chosen that evening to appoint committees to solicit funds for the new hospital. It selected a number of men and women of the city, who met November 21 to plan for the campaign. (The motherhouse copy of St. Elizabeth's income during 1900 indicates that $5,218.63 were donated, besides the $1,253.90 obtained "Von der Collects." Lack of funds prevented construction during the first year.)

It was doubtless at this time that the following statement, defining the policies of the new hospital, was drafted: "The Franciscan Sisters who are about to start a hospital here wish it distinctly understood that its doors will be open for the admission of all, no distinction being made as to class or sect, each receiving the same kindly and efficient care and nursing at their hands. Patients affiliating with any church may be freely visited by clergymen of their own denomination, the utmost freedom being granted in this respect. All regular physicians in good standing will be afforded equal activities at the hospital and their patients receive the same care and attention."

This paper is signed by the "Franciscan Sisters," per Sisters M. Carola and Philipp. The original is still on hand, written in pencil and, except for the signatures, in Mr. Rush Winslow's handwriting, preserved on two very old and wrinkled slips of paper, part of a memorandum pad. One piece is dated (in print) "June 17th. 1899," the other, the 18th, but the statement itself is undated.

It so happened, forty-eight years later, that both Reverend MotherMaura, provincial
and the author celebrated St. Elizabeth's feast with the sisters at St. Elizabeth's. So too did the first candidate from Appleton, Sister Camilla Vosbeck who, in addition commemorated the anniversary of her return to Appleton, having arrived ten years before the day. They sampled the "St. Elizabeth roses"—deep pink, pale pink and tea rose shade served at breakfast; roses which have marked the feast for so many years now that a tradition has been established. They were large, thin layers of pastry, crinkled into flower like shapes by the hot fat in which they were fried, served with a generous sprinklin of powdered sugar—the pollen, no doubt!

SOME EARLY EXPERIENCES AT THE NEWBORN HOSPITAL

On December 3, 1899 Sister Carola, superior, and Sister Clothilda Schaefer came to the little frame "hospital" to stay. By December 15 Sisters Armella Restle and Aegidia Steinmetzer had joined them, completing the personnel that was to be theirs until they moved into the new building. Sister Carola was not only superior, but registrar, bookkeeper, and the chief and only person in the "front office," as well as one of the almsgatherers when circumstances permitted her absence. The "front office" was a unique room, inasmuch as it had seven doors, leading to various points of the compass—a sort of headquarters from which radiated the other parts of the first floor. Sister Armella had charge of the kitchen, laundry, and whatever else comprised the housekeeping. (Her water supply came from a well in the cellar and a cistern under the kitchen.) Sisters Aegidia and Clothilda were the nursing staff, day and night, the latter also being in charge of the operating room. No very sharp lines marked the divisions of labor, everyone lending a hand when necessary at whatever had to be done. They had no secular help, which made things simple, because they knew exactly what they had to do—everything!

A couple of bedrooms containing the minimum—beds and bedding—had been prepared for their coming; aside from this, there was almost nothing in the house except a stove which was broken and had to be repaired before it could be used. Besides these 20 rooms, the sisters reserved one other for themselves. It served as oratory, where they meditated and recited their prayers; as kitchen, where their meals were prepared; as dining room, since they had to eat there also; and as laundry on wash day, which came once a week and started at 1 A.M., winding up with the ironing.
If the doctors needed the kitchen sink at meal time to wash their hands, the sisters would betake themselves to the cellar steps, opening off the kitchen, to continue their meal in privacy. One morning a doctor who came early to visit his patient, finding no one in the hospital section, stepped into the kitchen in search of a sister and there beheld the nursing force at breakfast. In the center of the table reposed a pat of butter, still in the little wooden scoop in which the grocer dispensed it in those days, for dishes were not plentiful. That and bread constituted their breakfast, but Sister Carola, may she rest in peace, was disturbed because no one had whisked that butter out of sight when the doctor appeared. "Now he will think we are living in luxury," she wailed.

When warm weather came, they were enriched by an additional room—a shed which they used as summer kitchen and dining room. True, its floor was the bare ground and a board which spanned two empty barrels was their table. If weighted too much at one end, it would upset, adding more spice to a life already seasoned with the sharp flavor of poverty and hard work. But what of that? They were having an opportunity to be real Franciscans—practice their holy founder's primitive ideal!

The rest of the building was set aside for patients, with accommodations for seven, besides an operating room. Though beds and other necessary equipment had been ordered, they had not yet arrived, nor had other necessary arrangements been completed when, early one morning, a few days after their arrival, and before the second pair of sisters had joined them, a country spring wagon stopped at the door and Dr. Willis appeared, pleading that his patient be accepted. Having no bed, Sister Carola hesitated but finally agreed; Sister Clothilda went out to help bring in the patient, whose husband had driven her in; But when she looked at her, she turned to the doctor, exclaiming, "Doctor, she is dead!" "Oh, no," said the doctor, in alarm; "surely not!" "But she is," replied Sister, and sure enough, the poor woman was beyond all human aid. Thus, sadly enough, was the problem of accommodations solved for the first patient.

A December 22 article in the Evening Crescent of 1899 informs the little world of Appleton that the sisters had that day received the balance of the necessary furniture for their small hospital and expected to be fully settled immediately after Christmas.
The next patient was a man with delirium tremors. He was not too bad, but being up and about part of the time, there was always the possibility of his wandering outside his bounds or otherwise becoming a nuisance. At the same time an electrician was wandering around, installing electric lights, an expense tolerated only to avoid explosions in the operating room during the administration of anesthetics.

The sisters received a great deal of help from kind neighbors who responded to their begging or who, observing their circumstances, enriched them with gifts of various kinds. For instance, one neighbor across the street, Mr. Ulrich, delighted Sister Armella with a bread board, meat board, and rolling pin, products of his own ingenuity and industry. We do not know who was more pleased—Mr. Ulrich or Sister! Some of the doctors, eager to have a hospital to which they could bring their patients—even a hospital of this poor sort generously made sacrifices to help them. They wanted every-in the operating room white, and brought the wherewithal to make it so, furnishing also the linoleum for the floor. They brought equipment from their own offices to help supply the other needs of the operating division; in return, the surgical nurse had to see that certain sterile materials were ready for them when they went out on cases from time to time.

About a week before the hospital was formally opened to the public (in quite an informal manner, however) a meeting was called of the doctors of the vicinity, about fifteen in all. It entailed laborious preparations, since chairs had to be borrowed from the neighbors so the doctors might enjoy minimum comfort while discussing the new institution, including regulations and other problems. Fortunately for the sister Dr. Rush Winslow, a kind and cooperative person, became the first president of the little staff. Dr. R.R. Beveridge served as the first secretary. Other members included Drs. S.S. Willis, and the two who figured earlier in this story—V.P. Marshall and A.M. Freund. These five worked together, Dr. Beveridge administering the anesthet

On one occasion Dr. Willis was frantically trying to get a boy into the hospital, a charity case, but Sister Carola was frantically trying to make ends meet and did not see how she could possibly add to her dilemma by admitting him. To complicate matters, a member of the nursing staff gave a patient the wrong dose of medicine. Though the patient, given quantities of milk to drink, vomited freely, the nursing
staff feared that she might suffer some detrimental effects. Greatly troubled, the
innocent one, on behalf of her guilty comrade, retailed the story to Sister Carola
and begged her to accept the free patient with the hope that God would bless their
charity by bringing the wrong-medicine-patient back to health. Overcome, Sister
Carola yielded and Dr. Willis, delighted as a boy that his boy was now going to get
care, picked him right up and brought him in.

Solicitous for the lad's welfare, Sister Carola was further importuned for a bit
of beef, so that broth might be prepared for him. Sister Armella, receiving permission
hurried to the nearby butcher shop, brought back the precious beef, placed it on the
improved table in the summer kitchen, covered it with a crock, and went her way. But
a neighbor's dog a trespasser always nosing around on the sisters' property, where
he had absolutely no legitimate business, smelt the meat, climbed up, tipped off
the crock and flew away with his prize. Sister Armella, near the scene of disaster,
flew after him, distractedly determined to recover her meat, usable or not, while
a couple of carpenters, busy about the place at the time, doubled up with laughter
at the comical scene. The dog outran poor Sister, of course, who hung her head and
wept, for now she could not prepare the broth for the poor patient, and dared not ask
for money to buy more. Reverend Mother Cecilia Hawig, on visitation at the time,
heard the commotion and quite naturally wanted to know what it was all about. Upon
learning the facts, she handed Sister a small hard-earned quarter to purchase another
piece of beef, and thus, after many vicissitudes, the boy received his broth.:

As for the provincial's visit—when Sister Carola heard that Reverend Mother
Cecilia was coming, she engaged rooms for her and Sister Willibalda Stein, her
companion, at the home of a neighbor, their quarters being too cramped to squeeze
them in. When, on the other hand, Reverend Mother saw the hardships and privations
under which her sisters worked, she was disturbed and did what she could to alleviate
the situation. Fortunately, it was not long before they could move into their new
hospital.

Sometimes, the little institutions became so crowded that patients had to be re-
fused, the doctors clamoring for beds before the patients were well enough to leave
them. Not all patients, however were willing to come! Dr. Willis, after waiting patiently for a bed, arranged to have a hernia patient enter for surgery. Inquiring at the hospital he learned the patient had not arrived and upon facing him with his delinquency, the latter firmly informed the crest fallen doctor, trying to make a success of the little hospital, that he did not intend to go to such a place! He had started out on the street car, but when he arrived and surveyed the exterior, he did not even stop for a look inside, instead he turned around and went home, declaring he would betake himself and his hernia to Chicago for care and cure!

At other times, when work was dull, the nursing force, especially Sister Clothilda, was kept busy doing home nursing for the doctors. The first patient for whom Sister was called was a boy with pneumonia, one of eight children. When she arrived she found the room fireless and the window tightly closed, with a blanket before it for further protection from air. The boy, cyanotic and very sick, was buried under a wealth of coverings, including a feather bed, while another feather bed below protected him from undercurrents of air. Horrified, she immediately removed the blanket from the window, supplied air, reduced the coverings, ordered a fire in the room to furnish warmth, and tried to educate the family to the need for ventilation and hygiene in such illness. The lad recovered, much to her happiness. On Saturday he planned to celebrate by receiving holy communion the following day, but Sister was called to another case where she was more needed, so could not celebrate with him.

One Saturday an emergency was brought in and the doctor, a Catholic at that, insisted upon operating the following morning. When the surgical nurse heard about it, she was by no means delighted. "Why not operate this evening, Doctor? I shall be glad to help." For some reason not all all obvious to her, he declined; it had to be done Sunday morning.

"But I shall have to attend eight o'clock mass," declared Sister, firmly. "I can get a dispensation for you from the Bishop," boasted the resourceful doctor.

"I do not want a dispensation, I want mass," was Sister's spirited rejoinder, and to mass she went, at Sacred heart Church, about three blocks away. The patient had surgery afterwards and recovered, to everyone's relief. But there was the poor woman who died after surgery, leaving five small children and a distracted husband.
Such occurrences were heart rending, though fortunately, there were only two post-surgical deaths during the little house’s career as a hospital.

This doctor was an exception. Most of the doctors were kind and considerate, doing what they could to lighten the burden of the sisters, and the sisters, in return, tried to do the same. Even Sister Armella, good soul, would be a round, in motherly fashion, to hand them an occasional glass of cold buttermilk at propitious moments, as when they emerged, hot and tired, from a long siege in the operating room; for besides her other occupations, she looked after a cow (which they possessed only because someone had charitably bestowed it upon them). (The surgical nurse mad the hay, so the cow could continue to eat after the grass was gone!)

True, both doctors and patients sometimes seemed very much in the way, swarming all over the little house and making privacy for the sisters difficult; as difficult as a little time for themselves, since they were at the beck and call of doctor and patient day and night, with only an occasional respite.

Many non-Catholics were disgruntled that a Catholic hospital had been established in their midst—the only hospital in the city, at that—and hesitated to go there, scolding their doctors because they tried to lure them into the "sisters' hospital." Sometimes the little tussles caused by prejudice were amusing, as the time when Sister Aegidia, working in the room next to that of a non-Catholic patient, heard the patient’s pastor expostulating with her. It seems she was reading a Catholic magazine supplied by Sister to while away the lonely hours. The pastor, seeing it, insisted it was poison. She stoutly maintained it was not; it was good, very good, and she was enjoying it! He told her he would bring her something worthwhile the next day and she should discard such dangerous matter, but she insisted she would not! Evidently she was one of his more recalcitrant sheep.

At any rate, when he himself became ill, he wished to become a patient at the hospital, but moving from the old to the new institution was in progress at the time and he could not be accommodated, so he had to go elsewhere. His wife afterwards entered and died at St. Elizabeth's, but that was years later, when the present hospital had been in use for sometime.
objected to having the "sisters of charity" conducting a hospital in the city, and told his people not to help them, as Appleton did not need a hospital! He lived to eat his words, however, for soon after, a middle ear infection descended upon him (though probably not in punishment for his words, which came from his mouth, not his ears). The doctor ordered certain care and treatment which, apparently, his housekeeper could not or would not render; so one of the sisters from the hospital went over there faithfully three or four times daily for several days. She told the housekeeper Father should not have solid food, but the lady with a heart of ice said Father would eat what she ate or else! So, poor thought the sisters were at the time, the sister attend him managed to get some meat for beef broth. (Our faith in the nutritive value of beef broth is shattered today, but formerly it was great.) This broth, with milk and butter milk, was brought to him from the hospital. The comfort he derived from good nursing care and the charity offered in return for his antagonism so disarmed the already chastened priest that henceforth he became their staunchest friend.

Life in these cramped quarters lasted only about fourteen months. During that time the sisters cared for 108 patients. Ninety-five operations were preformed and as previously stated, only two of these patients died. Five others also left this world for the next within those humble walls—four who had met with serious accidents, and an elderly woman with cancer. Evidently the poverty and limited quarters did not interfere too much with good care. The little house was later moved to 110 E. Fremont Street and is now the Claude Snow dwelling. Nicely painted, it is well preserved and doubtless somewhat altered.

RETREATS

The sisters' first retreat was an interesting one, a bit different from the ordinary. Though diocesan priests conducted the Sacred Heart Church, the Capuchins had St. Joseph's, the other church in Appleton. Probably they had charge of the sisters' spiritual laundrin because, zealous for the spiritual welfare of the sisters and anxious that the sound health of their souls be not impaired by their manifold duties and hardships, the Capuchins thought that, by all means, they should have their annual retreat! So in the summer of 1900 arrangements were made for a three-day retreat at Sacred Heart Church. Thither the sisters repaired, morning and afternoon,
for their conferences and meditations, and there in the house of God, empty save for
the five of them, Father Fulgentius, a Capuchin with a big, impressive, red beard,
pered them earnestly while exhorting them to repentance for their past sins, and firing
their devotion in the approved retreat manner.

This was the first of a long series of retreats at our Appleton mission, stretching
down the years, even to the present, but only the one described was conducted at the
parish church, the sisters having their own chapel for those which followed. Some
years they even had two retreats, one in English, the other in German, our sisters from
nearby missions joining them and swelling the number of devout participants. From a
report received today (June 4, 1947), the last of the series included in this book was
a "howling success," if the surge of sound at its close was any indication. Though it
was conducted in the lovely month of May, closing on June 1, five and one-half inches
of snow fell during its progress! It draped the apple trees, covered with blossoms, in
soft and clinging white, thus coldly threatening to rob Appleton of its apples, of
'1 thins! Thus the reader can see for himself that the first and the last retreats
were truly remarkable—for one thing or another.

ALMSGATHERING

When the sisters could be spared from the little institution, they went almsgathering
in the city and immediate vicinity; sometimes on longer trips. On both short
and long trips they enjoyed a great variety of experiences, but we will describe only
one of the local and one of the more distant sallies.

Actually, the local tour we are about to describe did not even materialize, being
nipped in the bud. The budding occurred soon after arrival in Appleton. At the time
the two nurses sisters were on day duty, while Sister Carola, the superior, took
over the night shift, after gathering alms during the day. Mr. Herman Langenberg, a
charitable man of the vicinity, helpfully accompanied her on these trips. On this
particular day they had barely started when Sister collapsed on the street and Mr.
langenberg, after taking her to Kamp's Drug Store, nearby, and letting her rest a bit,
asked her what the trouble was. She said she supposed it was hunger and fatigue. His
further questioning elicited the fact that she had been up all night and had nothing
to eat since the day before. Then began this walk in...
needs of the patients must first be met. Mr. Langenberg had the druggist prepare a nourishing drink for her and then sent her home on the street car as unfit for begging hat day. He himself, however, undertook the job, broadcasting the state of affairs at St. Elizabeth's by the mouth-and-foot network of the period. As a result, Appletonians especially the women of St. Joseph's parish, grew very busy, providing help in sundry forms.

The lengthier trip, undertaken after they had moved into the new institution, brought Sister Clothilda Schaefer and another sister who had joined their forces in the meantime Sister Antonia Klostermann to Stockbridge, a small place not far away, but reached by train. When they arrived, early in the afternoon, they immediately made their way to the rectory, to be met by the housekeeper, who told them the pastor was giving instructions. Nevertheless she notified him that the sisters (whom he knew were coming) had arrived. "Send one of them over to help with catechism, so I get finished and can talk to them," he ordered. So Sister Clothilda forthwith repaired to the room where he was teaching the children. Entirely inexperienced in this art, she

3 in a state of trepidation, but Father made short work of everything except the actual business at hand. Thrusting a catechism into her trembling hands, he pointed out the questions she was to ask of the group seated at one end of the room, while he spent his energies upon those at the other, telling her to send to him anyone who did not know his lesson! The teaching staff being thus doubled, instructions were completed in about half an hour and both teachers repaired to the rectory for the introductory almsgathering talk.

Father, apparently hospitably inclined ans soft hearted as to the frail body and its needs, the proposed that the housekeeper furnish the sisters with the noon meal. The stony-hearted woman- were they all that way, those days?- objected, saying it was past time and they could get along very well without it for once! This conversation, held in another room in low German (but not a low voice), floated so clearly to the ears of the sisters that they could not help hearing it, or grasping it, either, since both understood the dialect. Finally Father triumphed and the lunch was prepared, the sisters carefully concealing their knowledge of what had preceded. They probably thought it prudent to accept any meal available, as meals, when away from home, were sometimes
uncertain as to number and time.

In the absence of a sisters' convent, they were then sent to the hotel, a typical small town place, conducted by a goodhearted Catholic woman, who took them in, free of charge, and heartily promised to look after them. Sister Antonia, however, attaching herself after mass the next morning to some of the churchgoers from out of town, went with them to Jericho, a little farther away, where there were parochial school sisters with whom she could stay, leaving Sister Clothilda to gather alms as best she might in Stockbridge and vicinity.

The pastor gave her some idea where she might stop for donations, warning her emphatically not to go to the home of a certain man, a most embittered Catholic, who refused to give a single penny to the church and who, in Father's opinion, might even injure her in his resentment and anger. One of the parishioners, an estimable young lady name Annie, charitably drove Sister around in her father's "spring wagon." But Annie, not knowing just where the ogre lived, innocently made her very first stop at his home. Sister was duly ushered into his terrible presence by his daughter and when she found out why she was there, and after all his questions had been satisfactorily answered, he expressed hearty approval of the work being done by the "barmherzigen Schwestern" and gave her the handsome sum of $25.00! Annie, who by this time had learned where they had stopped, looked anxiously at her as she came out, but Sister was joyously hugging her $25.00, and thanking God for her good luck. Either the villain had been painted blacker than he deserved, or Sister carried grace around with her!

Through painful experience, Sister had learned that going around to the back door on begging tours was better business, as it presented more signs of life than the front, where all too often a stubborn undudging door and dead silence rewarded her knock or ring. On one such backdoor trip, she came upon the family busily engaged in butchering hogs. Being asked her business and duly statint it, the woman who questioned her (a non-Catholic) said they had no money. Her son, however, not knowing Sister's linguistic abilities, jokingly remarked to his mother (in low German) that they might give her half hog. Sister promptly took him up, saying she would gladly accept it. and
even had a bag to accommodate the gift! Caught, the son could not gracefully retreat from the offer and soon she and the woman were lugging the half hog, dumped in the sack, to the wagon.

The faithful Annie drove her around each day during the several days of the tour. When they received nothing to eat on their rounds, the omission was supplied by the kind proprietress of the hotel, at least as far as Sister Clothilda was concerned. It was nearing Thanksgiving Day and the weather was cold when one day, chilled to the bone by their drive in the open wagon, they stopped at the home of a poor woman. When she said she had nothing to give them, they asked if they might step in to warm themselves, and while they were thawing out before the fire, she hospitably offered to "make a cup o' tay." Annie longingly whispered to Sister "If it were only a cup of coffee!" but Sister shushed her, telling her the "tay" would warm their interiors; which it did, while bread and butter stopped the pangs of hunger.

By the time their eventful tour was over, the spring wagon had carried back to Annie's father's farm, besides the half hog, various members of the vegetable kingdom, including potatoes, apples, cabbages, etc., and additional members of the animal kingdom, among them chickens, ducks, and even a goose. Naturally Annie's good father had to feed the poultry to maintain health and nutrition until the sisters were ready to leave. Then he crated them, excluding the goose, donated too late for that, and packed fruit and vegetables so that they might be sent by train to Appleton, also carting them to the station. Apparently, Annie and her father were some of those "friends, indeed!"

Besides all these treasures, Sister Clothilda had collected the magnificent sum of $180.00. As it accumulated, she put it carefully into a little bag, which she placed under her ear each night, fearful lest she be robbed while sleeping. Sister Antonia, less fortunate, came back to Stockbridge bringing with her not more than $10.00.

They left the town together, bag and baggage, the hand luggage including the live goose in a sack, which they placed carefully on the train seat with them in such fashion that the creature could waddle around a bit if it so desired, and honk as it pleased. When they and their shipment of gifts reached home, they were greeted with great joy, especially by Sister Armella, the cook, and particularly the half hog, which she received with open, empty arms, visualizing many a good serving of pork in its future.
delicious forms,

Though the sisters' experiences on begging tours were frequently inconvenient and sometimes hard to accept cheerfully, many of them became highly amusing in retrospect, and some precious enough to live as cherished memories. (Sister Clothilda told this story with great relish!)

City almsgathering was soon discontinued, probably after the new hospital was completed, but annual or more frequent tours to nearby rural areas continued until about 1918.

**THE FIRST REAL HOSPITAL**

An additional eight acres adjoining their property had been purchased soon after their arrival, to which two more were added in the summer of 1911 and additional ground in 1923.

The *Evening Crescent* tells us on April 18, 1900 that all bids had been rejected by the building committee because they raised the total cost beyond the limit set, and new bids were being requested. Perhaps this explains the reputation for poor instruction the new hospital enjoyed later and which, it seems, it deserved to some extent. (The actual cost was $63,704.00.)

On May 1, 1900, about six months after their arrival in Appleton, excavation began. On June 19, Monsignor Fox, Vicar General of the Green Bay diocese, in which the sisters were located, laid the cornerstone. The ceremony was attended by a number of priests, and Catholic as well as non-Catholic organizations were well represented. While the workmen went ahead with the labor, the sisters begged St. Joseph to protect them and advance the work, but so leisurely did St. Joseph, the workmen, and the sisters fulfill their respective tasks, that it was winter before the building was under roof.

On May 8,1901, Bishop Sebastian Messmer dedicated the institution, Monsignor Fox delivered the sermon, and a number of priests as well as many of the public attended the religious services, which ended with benediction of the most blessed sacrament. On the 9th, the hospital was open for public inspection, the four sisters, aided by our girls from St. Joseph's parish, acting as hostesses and treating the enthusiastic inspectors to a glass of lemonade in one of the lower corridors.

At last they had a real hospital with room—all kinds of room!—and the sisters sigh-
ed and sooner or later, with contentment to think that now they could spread out a bit.
Also, they had a chapel, a chaplain and daily mass!

**THE FIRST CHAPLAIN**

Father (later Monsignor) Andrew Seubert retired from the parsonage of St. Mary's Church, Menasha, Wisconsin and came to act as chaplain at St. Elizabeth's Hospital a year or two after the new building was completed. He had a little cottage build on the hospital grounds for his sister, who had been his housekeeper at Menasha, and whom he knew would be happier there than living at the institution, as he did. Strict with himself, uncompromising in his attitude, a bit abrupt, very decided, and careful to give no one occasion even to hint at scandal, he was an unusual priest, whose self-sacrificing life was led in such an unobtrusive manner that it was probably noted only by those who could closely observe him—the sisters in whose institution he lived.

There were times when he denied himself all good, taking only water, for two or three week periods, yet went about doing his work as usual. He would often visit the very ill in the wee hours of the morning, perhaps two or three o'clock, and if they desired to receive, yet could not comfortably fast, would bring holy communion to them at that time, often himself preparing them for its reception before going to the chapel for the sacred host. He prayed, it seemed, almost unceasingly, slept little, lived frugally, and apparently existed only for God, as has been vouched for by one of the sisters who spent some years at the hospital during his lifetime and knew him well.

His decided views about some matters can be surmised from the following incident: One day the sisters one day set a second place at his table for his niece, who was visiting him, but he refused to have her eat with him, saying she did not belong there.

Both as chaplain and as confessor of the sisters, he watched over them, quietly estimating their liabilities and their assets, and dealt with them accordingly. If a sister of the province died, whether she were of Appleton or elsewhere, a requiem was promptly sung for her the first morning after the news was received. He did this too for the elderly people who, in the early years of the 1900 hospital, came to spend the remainder of their lives there and who passed, one by one, from St. Elizabeth's to their eternal home. If a close relative, as for instance their mother, of one of the Appleton sisters died, she too would be similarly remembered. Yet he would never accept
a stipend for such masses, or, indeed, for any mass he said for the sisters' intention in the chapel. Nor would he accept a salary as chaplain. On the other hand, when he therewithal to pay the grocer or other merchant who supplied the hospital was not at hand, he would pay the bill from his own pocket.

Before his death he saw to it that all records of his charity to the sisters were destroyed. Part of his estate, a small one, came to them, including the house in which his sister dwelt, with the proviso that they take care of her as long as she lived, which was about two years after his death. All this was done so quietly, even secretly that there was no publicity. His sister's cottage was later sold and moved off the hospital grounds. It still stands across the street.

He had purchased a place for his remains in the cemetery of a neighboring town, probably Menasha, but when he saw how often the sisters visited their dead at St. Joseph's cemetery, he said that was where he too wished to lie, and accordingly bought a spot in it. Born December 16, 1846, he was ordained priest May 22, 1869 and died April 14, 1920, so he has been quietly resting there for more than twenty-seven years.

St. Elizabeth's Hospital has probably had no more devoted and generous friend in need or a more deeply religious and zealous chaplain than Monsignor Andrew Seubert, and the sisters are sincerely hopeful that he now enjoys a rich reward for all he did for them individually, as well as for the patients in their institution and for the institution itself.

MORE ABOUT THE HOSPITAL, WHICH BEGINS TO ATTRACT POSTULANTS

Though the accommodations at the new hospital were much better than those in the little frame building, the times were still primitive compared to the present, and it held few of the modern facilities now considered essential to such an institution. For instance, there was no laboratory. Such work, if done at all, was done by the doctors in their offices, by laboratories in Milwaukee, or by the state laboratory. The first one to be established in the hospital was started in 1919.

St. Elizabeth's was in advance of all our other hospitals, however, when it came to x-ray. Dr. F. Marshall informs us that installation of a machine came about in his wise; In 1902 a man who had been shot in the back was brought to the hospital. There was some evidence of spinal cord injury, but to determine its extent an x-ray picture was deemed necessary. Accordingly, Dr. Marshall telephoned to V. Mueller and
Company, a surgical supply house in Chicago, asking them to express a machine at once, providing they would extend credit to him for the cost, approximately $2,500.00. which they did. The patient's bullet was located by x-ray, but its placement made surgery inadvisable. The machine was, of course, used upon the other patients also and because lead gloves were not available, Dr. Marshall was one of the first to get an x-Ray dermatitis of the hands. Incidentally, Sister Rose Dofing, who assisted, at least on occasion, also received some hand burns.

As might be expected, the machine bore little resemblance to those of today. The necessary electric current was obtained by hand revolutions of large glass disks; but this peculiar, outfit was proudly installed in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, which was still so new that it shone with its first undiminished glamour. It became a particularly fascinating contrivance to a certain black-eyed budding maiden of Appleton, who gazed at it with the greatest interest and enthusiasm. Not only that, she encouraged three young ladies, interested in the religious life, to come with her to the hospital and see the wonderful "extra" machine. They went. Whether it was the extra machine (which Ima learned later was not "extra" at all, but x-ray) or some other attraction, they decided to throw in their lot with the congregation which harbored this extraordinary bit of equipment, though they had made practically all their arrangements to go elsewhere.

Upon hearing this, Alma told them, with an air of great mystery, that they would probably be very much surprised in about a year. Maybe they were and maybe they were not, but in less than a year, she followed them to St. Louis. Shortly after, she acquired the coveted Franciscan habit as well as the name of a young Polish Jésuit saint. All this before she was eighteen years of age! Long after, she even learned to operate an "extra" machine, one of a more modern type, and for some years, efficiently manipulated it, making beautiful pictures of people's interiors.

Of course, these four fair maidens were not the only ones to become Franciscans. Three girls had already preceded them, the first being Sister Camilla Vosbeck(as previously mentioned) and many followed. In fact, one who followed became the third of our three American-born provincial superiors, Reverend Mother Maura Rossmeissl.

Another who followed long after and was employed at the hospital before she entered
history of the entire congregation, much less that of the province, and so it should perhaps to on record here. She had been told to ease a mattress out of a second-story window to the lawn below. Since it was not customary for the sisters to throw things out of the windows, there was probably some good enough reason for this particular request; perhaps it was the shortest, best, and least laborious method of getting said mattress out of doors; But somehow or other, she managed to go out also, landing on the lawn below. Greatly surprised to find herself there, she was still more astonished to find she was whole and unharmed. Picking herself up, she hugged her secret to her breast, unburdening to no one except her mother, who advised her, since she was unhurt, to hold her peace! She confided the secret to the author long after she became Sister Bernita Hermus. It must be nice to have a charmed life! We hope she will manage to live through all of life's jolts as unharmed as she did through that one!

Appleton was and still is fairly prolific in Franciscan vocations, so that we always have a certain number of Appletonians in our midst. They loyally stand by their city and even though, at times, they enjoy the advantages of larger and finer municipalities, they ever retain a soft, warm spot for their own little home town. We trust that future years will bring them to us in even larger numbers, and we stand ready to welcome them with open arms and hearty greetings.

SUPERIORS

In June, 1900 Sister Carola Lachnicht, who was growing feeble and was much in need of a rest, was replaced by Sister Fidelis Mellin, who remained until Mother Vita Klitsch replaced her in the early part of 1917. She in turn was followed by Sister Baptista Freund in March, 1924 and Sister Kunigunda Knecht in March, 1930. Then Sister Baptista returned in 1936 to serve until January 1946, at which time Sister Florina Kloep, the present superior, was installed.

EARLY HOSPITAL PERSONNEL AND THEIR ACTIVITIES

After moving to the new hospital, the sister personnel did not immediately increase. In fact, when Sister Wendeline Kehl, now eighty-four years old and still moving about among us, came to St. Elizabeth's in 1904 to add her head, heart, hands, feet and other possessions to those already there, she found only four sisters with few nations but much novelty; besides there was a large garden. Cows, chickens,
and above all, cats! The latter were so numerous and noisy that they constituted a major nocturnal problem for the hard-working nuns, who had to listen to their howling at most unreasonable hours. One night Sister Wendeline saw many cats ("nine pieces," to use her own literal translation from the German). Greatly disturbed by their racket, she aimed the contents of a wash bowl directly at them. In the excitement of the moment, however she forgot that the window was closed and her wouldbe missile becam a boomerang, while the cats went on hilariously with their lawn party.

After telling the writer the above delectable story, she earnestly assured her that the nuisance improved with the years, so that today cats are no longer a problem at St. Elizabeth's!

She also stated that she was given charge of the laundry and the garden, the latter a large and wonderful one, yielding many vegetables. She regularly cooked all her own soap for laundry as well as household scrubbing purposes, a custom common enough at that time. The laundry contained fine machinery, small but very good and serviceable. This included a mangle with four small rollers, a wringer, a washer with two parts to it, and a drier. The latter being very small, much of the beautifully white wash was hung outdoors to dry, a better method anyway. She stated that the machinery still serves in the laundry of one of the Appleton hotels, running smoothly and quietly, and giving no trouble by way of getting out of order. She is sure the later, larger machinery installed at St. Elizabeth's is not nearly as good as that first fine equipme

Fortunately, St. Elizabeth's never had any fires, a thing always to be dreaded in a hospital, but since there was much wood construction in the area housing the heating equipment, she and another sister, taking turns as watchers, would often steal down there in the night to be sure all was well. Indeed, the sisters took care of heating equipment themselves until John Bouten came on July 4, 1910. His duties, besides the day's work, included getting up at 2:30 in the morning twice weekly to help in the laundry, and also rising now and then during the night to tend the fire. He was not only an employee, but a benefactor. Seeing the sisters' poverty, he bought six cows and all the garden tools. He also purchased the first electric flaitron. The superior was averse to such new fangled items, but after trying it out, her attitude
changed and nine more irons followed, all at John's expense!

His brother, who came in April, 1911, had charge of the garden, the lawn, etc. They were the first to be employed at the institution, earlier work having been done by some of the old men who had come to the hospital to end their days, and who did what they were able.

Among these, there was John Wurdinger, for example, who cut the wood and mowed the lawn, and Tom McGillan, who had charge of the chickens. Tradition says that the latter trimmed a Christmas tree for his charges. He would pick up the sisters's discarded tree, decorate it with corn, potatoes, apples etc. and place it in the chicken house so they could enjoy a feast day, even though circumstances made it a tardy one. He insisted that the hens liked their tree!

Another, Mr. McCarty, when asked how everything was at the hospital, would respond: "The cows are good, the chickens are doing fine, and the sisters are all right too!"

The vegetable garden, besides supplying fresh vegetables in season, also took care of winter needs. A local newspaper article of May 20, 1920 informs us that every quart of vegetables used in the institution was canned by the sisters in the kitchen from the products of their own garden, and that the previous year, four thousand quart containers had been filled by them with fruits, jellies, preserves, and vegetables. They were also preparing every ounce of bacon, ham and dried beef being used for patients and personnel buying the fresh meat and preparing it in their own smoke house and brine barrels. Certainly the sisters of the culinary department were not standing idle, either in the market place or the kitchen, waiting to be employed by the Master!

The article adds that, besides the vegetable garden, the hospital boasted more than three hundred chickens, chiefly Rhode Island reds, who supplied from 140 to 190 eggs daily during the laying season. Five cows, pastured on the grounds, supplied the milk, while two men (these were the Bouten brothers, just mentioned) did the heavier outdoor work. (Both Boutens are still at the institution, but are living in retirement, spending their last days there, and doing only the occasional little odd jobs they can handle.)

The same article tells us that Sister Wendeline's little laundry machinery, though antiquated and much too small for the needs, was turning out more than 8,000 pieces of
linen weekly, so evidently the laundry personnel were not standing around, either.

The garden still exists at this writing, furnishing the bulk of certain fresh vegetables in season, but the canning, smoking, and salting feats are no longer performed to any extent. One apple tree yet remains of the fruit trees of that day, newer ones having replaced the others. Dairying was given up during Mother Vita's superintendence. The chickens were retained until, grown fat and lazy, they went on strike, when a ruthless slaughter wiped them off St. Elizabeth's map in 1946.

Long after the chickens had arrived, sheep came to furnish blood for Wassermann tests while incidentally but withal picturesquely grazing the pasture grounds. They were disposed of the same year, 1946, after furnishing, in addition to blood, many a pound of "St. Elizabeth's wool." Thus, as one can readily see, many of the more ancient glories of the institution are vanishing with the passing years, while others are appearing!

But let us return to the hospital completed in 1901. The number of sisters increased though at first very slowly. Seculars were gradually added to the personnel, so that labor became somewhat more divided than in those earlier poverty-stricken years and specialization thus became more frequent, but the number of patients had by that time also increased, the new hospital being able to accommodate fifty.

While the sisters in the various auxiliary departments of the hospital were doing their share, as the preceding passages indicate, those in the hospital made their contribution—not a small one, either. Nursing should ever be a work of mercy and sweetness, but it is not always pleasing to the senses, or easy for human nature. This was particularly true in those days, when scientific knowledge and nursing conveniences were often limited.

There was, for instance, the man who, his body a mass of corruption—from the ravages of syphilis and gonorrhea—lay slowly rotting away, while death approached inch by inch, fortified by the strength of his renewed faith, his contrition, and the sacraments, he patiently and humbly awaited it, acknowledging that he was responsible for his illness, and striving to offer up his sufferings and his ghastly condition as penance for his sins. We hope that they were expiated upon earth and that when death claimed him, heaven did also. No doubt the poor sisters who had to care for him had their share of penance too!
There was also the musician who, acutely ill and very delirious, insisted that he must get up and be about his business, provided it did not rain or snow! In an effort to keep him calm and in bed, Sister assured him that both were in progress. During the night she heard a conversation in the room and looking in, saw a heap, which might have been a person, on top of his bed. Mustering up the courage to enter, she found that he was carrying on both sides of the conversation, the heap being his fur coat, shows, and whatever else he needed for his trip to a neighboring city, where he thought he had to go and play. Fortunately, the trip was successfully delayed and he left the hospital. In fact, he still lives at this writing. 11

However, we cannot tell all the tragic as well amusing incidents which varied the lives of the nursing sisters, and so this bare sampling must suffice, with one additional curious fact. The only three lower limbs that, as far as is known, were reluctantly divorced from any of our sisters, were removed in St. Elizabeth's Hospital and lie buried in St. Joseph's cemetery in Appleton!

A newspaper article, published May 26, 1919 informs the public that from 1900 to 1918 inclusive, the hospital cared for 13,433 patients at an average cost of $10.00, per week for bed, board, and nursing, making a total of $134,330, if one figured one week as the average stay of each patient. Had these patients been obliged to hire a trained nurse at $25.00, a week, the current charge at the time the article was published, the additional expense would have been $345,825, or 150 per cent more. Hence it certainly paid the local community, in hard dollars and cents, if nothing else to have a hospital in their midst. The article also tells us that the sisters at this time numbered twenty-seven, seventeen of whom were registered nurses.

THE CAMPAIGN FOR A LARGER HOSPITAL

Accommodations at the hospital were much more than sufficient at the time it was built. As the years passed, the capacity was pushed from fifty up to seventy-five by adding beds to rooms previously private and sometimes placing them in the corridors. The need for yet more space finally led to a campaign for funds, launched in 1920 from May 25 to 29. More than 225 workers took part in the drive, headed by Mr. M.A. Wertheimer of Kaukauna as chairman, with Mr. F.J. Sensenbrenner of Neenah as assistant. Mr. A.H.
Krugmeier was chairman, with of the building committee, as well as the program committee for the dedication. It was also he and Mr. A.J. McKay who took over, without charge, the enormous task of collecting the pledges after the campaign. These men, as well as others who participated in the drive, were indeed good friends and benefactors of the hospital. Outstanding among them, perhaps, is Mr. F.J. Sensenbrenner, senior, still living at this writing, but quite aged. He and his family have been unusually generous in their financial support, as well as loyal in their friendliness.

An effort was made at the time of the drive to divide the funds into two parts, so that a "non-sectarian" hospital might also be built. More recently, another attempt was made to campaign for such funds, but neither succeeded. Two hospitals are not really needed, but it seems there has always been prejudice against St. Elizabeth's because of its religious affiliation, and some dissatisfaction because of real or fancied grievance regarding its services.

While the goal of $300,000 was being reached by energetic campaigners, and other preliminaries were being attended to, great preparations for the new institution went on among the sisters. For example, Sister Wendeline, then some sixteen years older than when she arrived (and presumably wiser in proportion) assumed, with a couple of other sisters, the gigantic task of furnishing soft and airy pillows whereon the weary heads of future occupants of the new institution might rest in peace and comfort. The many pounds of bulky feathers required for the purpose were duly sorted and confined within stout ticking. Though a big job, it was only one of the many that had to be tackled, some of them probably being graver, but surely none more ticklish!

THE MEDICAL STAFF.

The same year building was started (1920) the medical staff was reorganized. Fortunately, we have a fairly complete picture of its development from the very beginning to the present day. A statement, preserved for more than forty-seven years, is before the writer as this is being compiled. It is dated March 24, 1900 and, as can easily be determined by comparing it with his signature, was written by Dr. Rush Winslow. The five doctors here mentioned were apparently the group chiefly responsible for bringing out sisters to Appleton. It is an agreement that Doctors R. Winslow,
A.M. Freund, S.S. Willis, W.F. Marshall, and T.T. Beveridge shall constitute the staff of the new St. Elizabeth's Hospital, then being built, whenever they shall have paid $400.00 each toward its construction and equipment, with the understanding that $500.00 of this total would be used for equipping the operating room, the materials for it to be selected by the staff.

It was further agreed that Sister Carola Lachnicht, the superior, might appoint two more physicians in good standing and acceptable to the majority of the staff, as members, each of whom would pay $500.00, into the hospital fund. Evidently Doctors H. Rieve and E. Richie were these appointees, as they frequented the first little hospital and were rather more prominent than others who came only occasionally. She was also to appoint two out-of-town physicians, in good standing and acceptable to the majority of the staff, as non-resident staff, the amount of their subscription to be later decided. They would have no voice in the management of the affairs of the regular staff. The sisters would be free to ask for the resignation of any member of the staff, resident or non-resident, but in such a case would return to him the full amount of his subscription. All patients coming to the hospital without an attending physician would be assigned to members of the staff in such as they might determine. The sisters would receive medical and surgical treatment free of cost. This statement was signed by the above-named doctors, in the order listed, and appears on correspondence paper from the office of Dr. Winslow.

Another carefully preserved scrap of paper, bearing the same date and signed by Sister Carola for St. Elizabeth's Hospital, states: "The Franciscan Sisters hereby acknowledge the receipt of four hundred dollars from Dr. Winslow, M.D. in full for his subscription to St. Elizabeth Hospital, three hundred dollars of which we hereby agree to refund to him in case he should hereafter resign from the staff of said hospital." Whether the other four had the same individual agreements is not apparent since no other similar statement has been preserved.

Another larger scrap which escaped destruction, again in Dr. Winslow's handwriting, dated and unsigned, and evidently a first rough draft, states that the following statement, rules, and regulations for the government of St. Elizabeth's Hospital and the bylaws for the government of the staff or said hospital have been adopted by the
staff and approved by the sister superior in charge of the hospital. They are: 1 (That the staff shall consist of not more than seven physicians and surgeons in good standing in the profession; 2 (that they shall be appointed by the sister superior, but must be acceptable to the majority of the staff already appointed; 3 (that their duties shall be to advise the sister superior in the management of the hospital and in the development of rules and regulations for the government of the hospital and the patients.

A plaque, placed on the corridor wall at the entrance of the 1900 hospital, and still there at this writing, contains the following tribute to Dr. Winslow, who did not live long after the new hospital was erected:

"In loving memory of Dr. Rush Winslow
7 Nov. 1843-27 Dec. 1902 and in commemoration of his devoted labors in securing St. Elizabeth Hospital for Appleton and his faithful services as President of its staff and guardian of all its interests from the opening of the hospital until his death."

At his funeral appeared a woman in religious garb whom our sisters could not identify; they later learned that she was his sister, an Episcopalian nun!

Drs. Freund, Willis and Beveridge followed him into eternity soon after and thus, of the original five, only Dr. Marshall remained. He was a young man who had graduated from medical school in 1898 and had come back to Appleton in January, 1899, joining the four previously mentioned and thus forming one of the five who worked together. It seems there had been some sort of rift between the four older doctors and the rest of the medical men in Appleton, but after their death, it disappeared.

According to information obtained from Dr. Marshall, no attempt was made to form or maintain a closely knit medical staff, or to hold regular meetings, after this preliminary organization and the death of the chief organizers. All reputable doctors were permitted to bring patients to the hospital and problems were met by those concerned as they arose.

This arrangement continued until 1921. On April 7 of that year a meeting was called for the purpose of drawing up constitutions, bylaws, and regulations for the active
staff of St. Elizabeth's Hospital. Dr. T.C. Hegner was elected temporary chairman and Dr. V.F. Marshall, temporary secretary. Besides the doctors present and voting at the meeting, there was the superior, Mother Vita Klitsch, in addition to Sisters Edmunda Trunk, Callista Nicholas and Constance Geoke. The last named, it appears, had come for the purpose of assisting in the organization. An executive staff consisting of Father Josaphat Muesig, O.F.M. Cap., pastor of St. Joseph's Church as honorary chairman, Mother Vita as chairman, six other sister members and four doctor members, was proposed and accepted. It was also proposed and accepted that the active staff would consist of twenty-two doctors from Appleton, two from Black Creek, one from Hortonville, three from Kaukauna, one from Kimberly, one from Little Chute, two from Seymour, and one from Shocton, these men being accepted by name and as individuals, not as a quota from the towns mentioned.

This organization plan was printed shortly after in booklet form. With a few slight changes, it was again issued on February 11, 1929. The next and last revision was that issued (in printed form) in September, 1947.

Although theoretically the hospital was departmentalized in 1921, the departments being specified in Section 2, actually it did not so function, since the doctors were not assigned to any specific department, there were no department heads, and few of the doctors were specialists in the sense that they worked entirely in one special field. The first real attempt to carry out specialization is being made since the last (1947) revision.

The hospital was approved by the American College of Surgeons in 1923, two years after the medical staff reorganized, and has held this approval since.

The first intern, Dr. W.O. Dehne, was accepted in 1921. Since then the hospital has always had one or more interns (with the exception of one year, 1944-45) and occasional residents for a general service. The first regulations for interns which were formally organized were printed in 1923. Revisions have been made from time to time, but they are no longer in printed form.16

Perhaps we should mention that, long before the reorganization of the staff, there was a period of slump when it seemed the hospital might have to be discontinued. Patients were not patronizing it well. Some who had surgery developed peritonitis and
died, and apparently neither the surgery nor the surgical techniques were all that might be desired, at least in some instances. Bishop Fox, in an effort to help the situation urged Dr. D.J. O'Connar of Green Bay, a young man but a skilled surgeon, to go to Appleton and attach himself to the hospital. This was a difficulty request to accede to, as Dr. O'Connar had a large practice and was well established, but he finally consented, and came to Appleton in 1906.

In return, the Bishop urged the priests of the diocese to send work to him, so that he could again build up a good practice, and soon patients were coming from all directions to Dr. O'Connar and St. Elizabeth's Hospital. He was an excellent surgeon, who not only sent patients, but gave the institution the benefit of his sound advice and assistance is such matters as he could, helping too to bring the operating room technique to a much higher plane. He stayed with St. Elizabeth's until his death in May 1935. The following commemoration of his death appears upon the records of the active staff:

"Whereas, an all wise Providence called one of our members from earthly activities,

"And whereas, that member has been active and energetic member of the Staff of St. Elizabeth's Hospital, giving of his time and energy always with unselfish motive, always interested and in sympathy with the best interests of the institution.

"Be It Resolved, that this resolution of sorrow for the death of Doctor Donald J. O'Connar be entered in the records of this society and a copy be forwarded to the family of the deceased."

THE NEW HOSPITAL

When Father Josaphat Muesig blessed the ground for the new hospital on June 28, 1921, he also lifted the first shovelful of earth, followed by Mother Vita Klitsch, superior, and the sisters. Excavation was started on the 28 and on October 9 at 2 P.M. The cornerstone was blessed and laid by Bishop Rhode of Green Bay.

Reverend Mother Casimira Meyer came about three months before dedication, to remain until after the ceremony, which took place on July 3, 1923. More than forty vested priests, including representatives from all the churches of the Fox River Valley, marched in procession with Bishop Paul P. Rhode to the chapel, where solemn high mass was held at 9:30. Mass was celebrated in his presence by Monsignor P.J. Lochman and
attended by the sisters, a few friends, and the members of the building committee with their families. The new chapel, though sufficiently large for the sisters and the personnel, was too small to accommodate more, so this phase of the ceremony was private. After the mass, accompanied again by the vested priests, Bishop Rhode marched solemnly through the corridors of the newly-built hospital from basement to attic, blessing each room with holy water, after which a well-earned breakfast was served to them by the St. Elizabeth Club.

The public celebration began at 1:30 in the afternoon, with the principal address delivered by the Bishop. Other speakers included Mr. F.J. Sensenbrenner. Threatening weather reduced the number of participants, and rain shortened the talk of the last speaker, driving the audience indoors, where members of the St. Elizabeth Club guided them through the buildings, calling attention to points of special interest. All the rooms were open and everyone willing to tramp a mile or so of terrazzo-covered corridor and tread the pink marble stairs or use the roomy automatic elevators, could look and marvel at the beauty, modern conveniences, and up-to-date equipment of the hospital which their enthusiasm and funds had helped to build. (Thought the campaign for $300,000 was a success, it did not cover the cost, which amounted to well over $700,000.) They saw a building containing 250 rooms (excluding attic storage space) and accommodations about 150 patients in suites with baths, in single rooms with and without baths, in double, triple, and four-bed rooms, all cheerful and pleasant, some luxurious, some with beds having not only backrests but flexible knee rests also, and some boasting marvellous views of the beautiful country around them.

They also saw that all the floors, not merely those of the endless corridors, were of terrazzo, as well as the sills of the 462 windows, while the 538 doors each carried two glass doorknobs. There were other interesting things to see, among them the refrigerating system, electric clock, and silent lighting signal systems. In addition, there was the chapel, previously mentioned, as well as a two-story service building accommodating the heating equipment in the basement, the laundry on the first floor, and rooms for male personnel on the second floor.

Compare all this with the frame residence of only twenty-three short years before,
The following day, from 9 to 12 in the morning and 1 to 6 in the afternoon, literally thousands followed the hundreds who had already swarmed throughout the building. That ended the public inspection. Patients were soon moved from the old building, turning the temporary show place into a real hospital, destined to harbor, within its sheltering tender walls, suffering humanity for many years to come, and to look not only into the glazed and breaking eyes of death, but also and more often into the sweetly innocent blue eyes of beginning life.

But at no time did the two meet so dramatically as on June 3, 1939. "Life meets Death in Delivery Room" was the way one Chicago paper announced it. The doctor in charge of a woman about to be delivered, finding it a difficult case, asked Dr. C.E. Ryan to take over, while he himself administered the anesthetic. Dr. Ryan had just successfully completed the delivery when he dropped over dead! The chaplain hastily anointed him there on the floor and the body was then placed in one of the rooms for the time being. Some time after one of the sisters, entering the room, saw an edifying picture—a man and many children were gathered about the bed on their knees, praying the rosary. It was the husband of the new mother and their eight children. He had been at the hospital, anxiously awaiting the outcome of his wife's ordeal; hearing what happened, he had gone home and returned with his little brood to pray for the man who saved their mother's life, though the new baby died.

Not only were the walls destined to look upon the hundreds of scenes, amusing, sad, tragic, holy, or beautiful, furnished by daily life and death in a hospital, but likenesses of some of the heavenly host kept them company; others were gradually added and had they had eyes to see and ears to hear, they would have viewed many scenes arousing amusement, sorrow, sympathy, understanding, or joy. From their niches in the lobby, St. Elizabeth, patroness, and the Portuguese St. Anthony, another xshining light of the Franciscan Order, watched whose who swung through the front door—doctors, visitors personnel, patients with their anxious relatives and friends, salesmen eager to sell. The Immaculate Heart of Mary silently but beautifully took over the supervision of the third floor. Our Lord Himself, with His sacred heart exposed, gazed upon other hospital scenes, while various saints, big and little, beautiful and not so beautiful, looked hopefully out of their masks (we hope) from rooms, corridors, or other points of
Many of these images were gifts; other gifts, too, came from time to time, as when George and Catherine Baldwin's lives, already lived, were commemorated by two sons who furnished six sun and two other rooms in their honor. Gifts continued to come, from various sources, of various kinds, for various purposes, just as they had been coming since the beginnings in Appleton. Too bad that it is impossible to name the long line of donors from the beginning to the present. However, we here acknowledge them, gratefully and sincerely, an masse. May God bless them a hundredfold! The hospital, in its turn, gave too- to the needy, the sick, the suffering. Since we are but the custodians of God's and man's material gifts, our concern is not only to receive, but to dispense, wisely and well.

After moving out of the old institution in 1923, alterations were made so that it might house most of the personnel living at the institution, besides an obstetrical unit. When completed, the latter had accommodations for twenty-eight mothers and newborn babies.

Previous to the new hospital, normal obstetrical cases had not been accommodated out the unit, after being established, was well patronized. During the first full year of its operation, 1924, 243 babies were born there and during the last full year, 1947, 2,069! Of the latter, forty-one went to eternity before they saw the light of earth. Twins abounded, numbering twenty-two pair, and one set of triplets crowned the record of multiple births. During the intervening years, so many infants first saw the light of day in that little obstetrical division, that a goodly number of the younger citizens of Appleton and vicinity can point to the hospital as the place where they first started the battle of life. No doubt a fair proportion of that number, unless they wander to other parts, will also pass through it to enter the portals of eternity, thus, in circular motion, beginning and ending earthly existence at the same point.

During 1922, the last full year in the old hospital, 2,003, patients were admitted, while fifty-two were already there on January 1. Operations numbered 1,763. The personnel included twenty-nine sisters, two secular graduate nurses, and sixteen domestic while the medical staff had more than thirty members. Of the total patients, 1,015, a trifle over fifty per cent, were Catholic, and this proportion remains remarkably
similar throughout the later years.

In 1924, the first full year in the enlarged institution, besides the sixty patients there on January 1, 2,672, were admitted during the year, while 1,866, operations were performed. The personnel numbered forty-three sisters, seven secular graduate nurses, and thirty-two domestics. By 1930, the number of patients admitted had increased to 3,989, not including the ninety in the hospital on New Year’s day; nursing days amounted to 36,816, and operations totaled 2,501, while the personnel had increased to forty-six sisters, sixteen secular graduate nurses, and forty-three domestics.

CATASTROPHES

Nursing went on apace, day and night, in the big new hospital, each day bringing its quota of the sick and suffering, the vast majority to be sent home well or improved; but occasionally an influx of patients upset the daily routine. Two major disasters will be briefly described.

On the first Friday of October, 1927, the Kimberly Clark Paper Mill of Kimberly, Wisconsin was the scene of a terrible accident. Some thirty injured men were brought o St. Elizabeth’s and early the next morning, a few more arrived; the latter had been buried under debris and had only then been dug our of it. Several died, in spite of all that could be done for them.

Another terrible accident shook the neighborhood with horror eighteen years later, this time on Thanksgiving eve, 1945. An automobile, passing in front of the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad’s 400, its de lux streamlined flyer, somehow stalled on the track derailing the engine and two coaches, which rolled down a side embankment. There had been four unused beds in the hospital that afternoon, but four accident patients were in them when a telephone call at 8:45 P.M., notified the institution that the victims were being brought in. Since there was not a single bed available, beds in the store-room were quickly made up, brought to the sun rooms, added to single -bed rooms, and otherwise placed so that fifty-nine patients were accomodated without a single bed being placed in the corridor. The patients, most of whom had been given a stiff drink of spirits by the proprietor of a tavern near the accident, came in quiet and manageabl since none were Appleton people, the usual uproar of weeping, wailing and gnashing of
teeth produced by those nearest and dearest to the victims, crowding in from the local was conspicuous by its absence.

Four of the victims were unconscious and one, a sailor, remained so for fourteen da Many were badly injured and one couple from Milwaukee, man and wife, were in particula bad shape, suitcases from the coach rack having fallen down upon them. They were confi as patients at St. Elizabeth's for nearly a year, but they eventually left, recovered, and not a single one of the casualty group died.

The accident was broadcast, calling for the nurses and aides who were off duty at t time. They came back to render service, while available doctors also poured in. Sever persons thoughfully came to offer blood, should it be needed, and when the plasma in stock at the hospital gave out, some one accomodatingly rushed over to Theda Clark Hospital at Neenah for an additional supply, returning promptly with it. The hospital sent out telegrams and telephone message to anxious relatives of the victims, and name and addresses were quickly recorded by one of the sisters, who went from patient to patient, so that the newspaper reporters, who called the next morning, were able to turn infor publication this important information.

By 2 A.M. Thanksgiving morning all first aid and immediately necessary service had been rendered, even the operating and x-ray rooms being emptied of their customers, and the house settled down to its accustomed nightly quiet. The next morning all who could eat, received breakfast, though it was a rather slender one, as additional dishe sorely needed, were still resting in the storeroom. By noon, however, the dish shortage had been remedied, and even thought the hospital had more than a half hundred unexpect od Thanksgiving guests, it rose to the occasion nobly, turkey and all the fixings beir served in generous quantity. It was speedily as well as completely consumed by said guests, their appetities no doubt whetted by the abridged morning meal. The Red Cross sent helpers to see about the immediate needs of the patients, snatched from their belongings so quickly and unexpectedly, and thus probably short a toothbrush, cigarettes, and what not.

That Thanksgiving Day will be long remembered, not only by the victims, but by the personnel who were at St. Elizabeth's when it occurred. Though many plans for the day
were blasted for the victims, all were grateful that life, at least, had been spared. It is said that the accident cost the railroad company the tidy sum of two million dollars or more, but even that is cheaper than priceless lives.

**IMPROVEMENTS AND ADDITIONS**

The new hospital was not very old before improvements, replacements, and additions had to be made, some of them very expensive. The ice machine, for instance, was replaced with a larger system in 1929; a new heating plant was installed in 1936; in 1937 a combination dial and code telephone system was adopted, and the entire electric wiring in the old building was changed. Many others preceded and followed these.

Each department was changed, more or less, in the course of time, with the idea of either improving the service, amplifying it, or rendering things more convenient for the personnel. Provisions had been made for a fine laboratory and an x-ray unit. The equipment in the latter was the property of Dr. Sandborn, who had managed the department already in the old hospital. Dr. McGraw succeeded him, but in 1930 he sold his property to the hospital, which provided, a technician, Dr. McGraw continuing to head the department as roentgenologist.

Basal metabolism tests became available in about 1924. The laboratory developed as the hospital's functions expanded and became an exceedingly important unit. In 1947 it became the proud possessor of a Pierce Wire Recorder, the first such instrument to be purchased at any of our houses, as far as the writer knows. It serves many purposes besides recording laboratory reports, for interesting talks, sermons, etc. can be easily obtained and later transcribed on the typewriter or blotted out at will.

The physical therapy department was started in 1926 and has functioned ever since, greatly increasing its services in the course of time, and adding gymnasium apparatus in 1947.

A medical library was started in 1928, chiefly through the efforts of Dr. D.J. O'Connor, Mr. F.J. Sensenbrenner, and Mr. George Baldwin, each donating $500.00, toward it. A library for patients, similar to the one at St. Anthony's, was started in 1946.

In 1928 the St. Elizabeth Club paid the last $1,000, for the $12,000,free bed it
had donated to the hospital. This club was formally launched on December 15, 1921, at
meeting held at the hospital at 4 P.M., the purpose being to endow a free bed in the ne-
s hospital, not yet in existence, and to sew hospital linens, Mrs. D.J. O'Connor, wife of
Dr. O'Connor, became the first president. After the last payment was made on the free
bed, the club became inactive.

Progress, at least in the form of expenditures, was slowed during the depression
years, Money was limited, as the patient census tended to decrease, while free cases
grew more numerous and the poor knocked at the hospital doors for many more meals than
during times of prosperity; but as money began to flow in more freely again, it flowed
out too, in larger amounts.

During 1940 a committee from Outagamie County conducted a drive for funds to purchase
an iron lung, which was then placed in St. Elizabeth's Hospital, thus making it available to all in need, without charge. Shortly before, in August, 1939, "glass boots," with which alternate pressure and suction might be applied to the limbs on a principle similar to that of the iron lung, had been purchased by the hospital. In 1945 the
pleton Lodge of the Royal Order of Moose presented the hospital with a resuscitator,
inhalator, and respirator.

The hospital accepted the Blue Cross plan, which had been operating in Wisconsin
since January, 1940, on September 1, 1942.

WAR AND POST WAR ACTIVITIES

Volunteer Red Cross aides gave service at St. Elizabeth's during the war. A class of
twelve completed their training before January 23, 1943, when the Appleton Saturday
Evening Post-Crescent pictured four of them giving varied services in the institution.
Another class appeared in the Post Crescent of January 31, 1945. On May 9, 1946,
fifty aides, after having collectively contributed hundreds of hours of service to the
institution on a volunteer basis, attended a Florence Nightingale party at the hospital,
and disorganized as an active corps to become a reserve one, the war being over. Because
of the still critical shortage of nurses, they were willing to give volunteer service
on call, but practically, the service was ended, as only one came thereafter, giving
her last service in the summer of 1947.
Shortly after the Red Cross aides were organized, a volunteer orderly corps was started by Chester D. Shepard, who conducted a broker's office in Appleton. The men received special lectures and instructions, and cheerfully gave many hours of very welcome service during the war.

In 1943 a plasma and blood bank was established at the hospital as a result of the war and the defense plans which flowed from it.

It had long been necessary for the hospital to accept cases of anterior poliomyelitis if they applied for admission. This type of service assumed more prominence and received more publicity in the summer of 1946, when a ward of twelve beds was set up in a unit which could be easily isolated, so that the three-week period decided upon for the quarantine of active cases could be easily carried out. The iron lung was already available, as well as the whirlpool and other aids, and by September 6 of the same year a sterilizer which kept compresses hot and sterile for use in the care of these patients had been installed, furnished by the Outagamie chapter of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, Inc.

A newspaper article of April 19, 1944, informs us that little Robert Driessen, eleven years old, was one of the first patients in the area to receive the new drug, penicillin, and another article, undated but probably of early 1947, tells the public that St. Elizabeth's Hospital is one of the forty-six Wisconsin hospitals acting as "depots" for the new wonder drug, Streptomycin, presumably better than the sulpho drugs and penicillin in the treatment of certain infections.

1947

A glance over the report of the year 1947 reveals that, to the 117 patients in the hospital on January 1, 1947, 6,774 were added during the year, 111 of whom were still there on December 31. Of those admitted, 3,818 were Catholics. The nursing days totaled 52,748, of which 1,538 were free and 4,740 part pay. There was a daily average of 148 patients, almost seventy-four percent occupancy. (The bed capacity at this time was 201 besides fifty bassinets.) The average stay per infant was not quite seven days; per tient, eight days.

The X-Ray department's various services totaled 5,550, the laboratory performed 43,620 tests, the physical therapy department administered 3,407 treatments, and 681
Basal metabolisms were recorded.

Besides one intern, the personnel numbered forty sisters and 130 employees. The latter included twenty-eight registered nurses (extremely scarce at this time,) two orderlies, ninety-two aides and maids, and eight men.

The list of changes and additions is long, including the replacement of much equipment, remodeling of the entire operating unit and the sterilizing room in the obstetrical department, the installation of a central supply room, new sidewalks around the buildings, etc.

**RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES**

The new chapel which had been provided when the hospital was built was decorated in 1926 and beautiful new stations, donated by various generous friends, were erected. In 1945 the interior of the chapel was transformed, a distinctly different style being adopted. The former high wooden altars gave way to three pink and white marble tables of modern type, enhanced by artistic wooden candle holders, and the chapel was redecorated in a conforming pattern.

The sisters had had their own chapel from the time the first hospital was built in 1901, Father Scheyer from Sacred Heart Church coming over to say mass for them a couple of times a week. Soon a succession of priests received short appointments as chaplains and still within the first year or two of the chapel's existence, Father Andrew Seubert came. With a chaplain of their own, daily mass began and has continued ever since. The present chaplain is Father Horace Schroeder, who came in 1935, his service having been broken, however, by a three-year absence.

As early as 1909 permission for holy hour with exposition on Thursday was granted, first of our missions to enjoy this privilege. Holy week services were held there for the first time in 1925, to which three ore was added in 1936. When forty hours' devotion began is not exactly known, but it has continued each year since. The sister's retreats have already been mentioned. The first retreat expressly for secular personnel was held in November 1925, by Father Camillus Becker, O.F.M. Cap., and since then they have been frequently conducted at the hospital.

Thus, while other departments and services were increasing and improving, we trust
that the one which directly and specifically served God, Author and Cause of this home for the sick, suffered neither shrinkage nor less loving and efficient service, but increased in quantity and quality. Since such immaterial substances cannot be measured in the approved modern way, or with any degree of accuracy, we must leave the development of this unit somewhat vague in our readers' minds.

It is true that in later years, records were kept of certain religious and devotor matters. We could, for instance, tell you that in March 1927, Dr. Denne, the first intern, made his first holy communion and that Dr. Dupont, made his at the solemn and beautiful Christmas midnight mass in 1926, while interning at the hospital. We could also tell you something about the mission and other religious activities of the institution, entirely outside of their care of the sick. The record of 1928, for instance, informs us that $352.00 was contributed to the foreign missions by the mission club of the hospital, a club which consisted of employees; that two Chinese students for the priesthood, with their last two years of study to complete, were adopted by St. Elizabeth's, which meant that the hospital bore the expense of their education and maintenance during those years; that St. Elizabeth's Hospital was made a center of the Sacred Heart League and that 357 members had been received into the Apostleship of prayer that year, while the Messenger of the Sacred Heart had been sent into 135 homes through the efforts of the personnel.

We could also inform you that during the same year, 683 masses were said in the chapel, 26,500 sacred hosts were consumed by worshippers, three irregular marriages were righted, twenty-five fallen-away Catholicas came back to the Church, six non-Catholics entered the Church, and forty infants were baptized. Looking at the last statistics available, the numbers are similar, though baptisms have greatly increased.

Such figures, of course, tell part of the story. But growth in holiness and union with God, whether of the sisters or of those influenced by them, are not measured by statistics. Only when the book of life is finally opened and all its secrets read, will we really know what progress took place in this department of God's service. Already fourteen of our sisters lie waiting in St. Joseph's cemetery for this final judgment, having passed their particular judgment with flying colors or otherwise-
who knows? We do not know how many whom they influenced for better or worse wait with them, but are quite safe in assuming that by now the numbers run into the hundreds if not the thousands. May they and all the souls of the faithful departed, through the infinite mercy of God, rest in peace! We are interested in them, for while we serve the living, we also, through prayer, penance and sacrifice, haste the admittance to the glories of heaven of those who tarry.

GOOD-BYE

Having carried you through forty-eight years, one month, and eleven days of life in St. Elizabeth's, it is time to say "Good-bye and God bless you," for 1948 is seeking admittance.