AS I REMEMBER

The Nurses Training School of Good Samaritan Hospital, Portland, Oregon, as it was called at the time of its founding, was opened June 1, 1890. It was the first school of nursing in the Northwest and the only one north of San Francisco. There are rumors that others had been started, but this was the first one that succeeded in carrying on.

Coming to Oregon April 27, 1890, and to Good Samaritan Hospital, Portland, Oregon, May 1, 1890, I found myself one of three graduate nurses in a city of 70,000 inhabitants. The hospital was a two story frame building facing L, now Lovejoy street which stood on the corner of what is now 23rd Street. It was six blocks from a street car line, a horse car that came up G, now Glisan Street. I know, because I came as far as I could on a G Street car, and walked, carrying my bag the remaining six blocks.

The place looked small enough after the big rambling buildings of Bellevue of which hospital I was a recent graduate, but the grounds consisting of two double blocks gave us plenty of room to expand. On the day of my arrival services were being held to celebrate the completion of the endowment of the Queen Victoria Diamond Jubilee Commemoration Bed. Mrs. Emma J. Wakeman, one of the best women on earth, was Superintendent of the hospital, also its business manager, head bookkeeper and a few other official positions in the place. I became the Supt. of Nurses, floor nurse, operating room supervisor, etc. and in my leisure moments did any necessary work about the place. We all worked, and no one grumbled, not even at the end of a perfect
day of from 12 to 16 hours of labor, for there were no hours off in those days and sometimes no afternoons. The work was hard, the hours long and everybody worked.

The Oregonian of May 1st contained the following: "Training School For Nurses—An inquiry was recently made through the columns of the Oregonian as to the existence of a school for the teaching and training of nurses. We are glad to be able to inform our correspondent that such a school is soon to be opened in Good Samaritan Hospital in Portland. Etc."

Our School of Nursing started June 1, 1890 with six pupils, three of whom were employed in the hospital in nursing capacities at the time the school opened. We carefully studied the characteristics of the young women who went in training and their reasons for taking up that work. We tried them out and weeded out undesirables. One of these took up training because she looked well in a uniform. All classes were held in my room in the evening. As instructress I often wanted to go to sleep, so did those tired girls who had worked hard all day, but we had our hour of anatomy, physiology, materia medica as expounded by our small brown books, or an hour in Clara Week's Manuel of Nursing. Also we had lectures by the doctors of the staff. I remember one of them complained that so many of the nurses got sleepy during his lectures and that he feared his literary efforts were not appreciated!

At this time Good Samaritan Hospital had about fifty beds available for patients. Some of these beds were in a new addition not used till after June 1st. Of these, eighteen ward beds were for women, twenty-four for men, eight were private rooms and two "cells"—later on more politely termed "guarded
rooms." We had four bath rooms, all bathtubs were of tin, also there were linen rooms where clean clothes were sorted and shelved. It took some figuring to make our scanty supply of linen "go round" on many occasions. Also there were pantries where dishes were washed and stacked on shelves. We practiced economy in every form and all sizes—made our bandages out of muslin bought by the ball and torn after they were cut into the required length. I can still hear the noise of that tearing muslin as two nurses pulled alternate bandages. When soiled they were washed and being well boiled and dried were rewound by means of primitive bandage rollers, of course, by hand. We were often short of dishes and silver, especially in the men's quarters where our faithful Toney, the Italian dish washer who was lame from an old T. B. hip, did hate to wash dishes or silver during serving. We felt he swore about it sometimes as he became so excited, but if he did it was in Italian, and at times we had difficulty in understanding him even in his calm moments, so if he swore in these moments of excitement it was lost on us.

In the basement was the kitchen, men's dining room, family dining room where the nurses ate, a sewing room, two store rooms, two sleeping rooms for help, and quite an extensive dirt floored basement which held our furnaces. These two furnaces, burning wood were presided over by "Old Clark," a one-eyed English ex-seaman, an ugly sullen chap who scared many nurses by glaring at them; never hurt anyone, but had a peevish temper. We felt sure he counted his sticks of wood, because he always knew when someone wanting more heat put in a few extra sticks while Clark was out tending the other furnace.
To some patients I game personal care. One of our first operatives, Mrs. Jas. D. Slater, tells me she was quite annoyed when I turned her over to one of my girls for her daily bath. I, myself, taught every nurse each detail of nursing.

Our patients in all parts of the hospital except the recent "new part" attracted the nurses by means of tap bells. There was no wiring for electric bells.

On the first floor were the Superintendent's office containing also the bookkeeping department and the safe, the reception room doctors small lounge, the drug room, a mere pigeon hole of a place, and a linen room. On this same floor, back of this were three small womens wards, one of which was our maternity department, our two interne rooms, operating room, and seven private rooms for patients. On the second floor were four men's wards, a smoking room, convalescents' dining room for men, two bath rooms, pantry, two "cells" and four private rooms. In a hall over the main entrance was our improvised chapel, having in it a prayer desk, lecturn, and primitive altar. The organ, given by a member of the Couch family was at one side in the rear of this improvised chapel. Here chairs were brought from the adjoining wards, and services held every Sunday afternoon for the benefit of patients who were able and willing to attend. Different Episcopal clergy-men gave their services; later on one of them was made the chaplain. Very often our Bishop himself held services. Two faithful church women furnished the musix and everyone sang. Everybody read the responses. I wonder if the nurse is living, and remembers, who said to one of the patients, "You had better go to Church. We are taking your chair anyway, so if you don't
"So you'll have to go to bed." I wonder what became of the small book of Sermons from which Bishop Morris frequently read his address. Mrs. Wakeman and I used to sit near the stairway railing so to keep a watchful eye on the lower hall and office while services were going on.

At this time we possessed two wheelchairs which were very much in demand. We had many county cases. I think the county paid us sixty-five cents a day for them, or was it fifty cents? They paid for no extras. I have heard Mrs. Wakeman say that Judge Moreland, then the county judge, was like a father to these human derelicts cared for by the county, taking a personal interest in their troubles both physical and otherwise. We had many British seamen. One especial favorite was an apprentice who was with us for many months, had a fractured spine from a fall down the hole of the ship, and was practically helpless from paralysis. After several months his mother came from England and later they took him back there. They carried him on an air mattress and one of our graduates, Lillian Boot, went with him. He lived several years after reaching home.

Our first beds were of straw, whose ticks were washed and filled in between occupants, and occasionally when a patient was with us for sometime this straw had to be replaced or more added to that pulverized by long use. In the making of "standing," i.e. vacant, beds we used a long flat stick "a la Bellevue," in an emergency at times even a broomstick handle was used to flatten and even the beds, and we would often roll the sides of the blankets to give the beds that much-desired square effect. Some of our pillows were of pulu, but most of them were of feathers. Our night nurses used tallow...
candles set in tin candlesticks, and it was one of the duties of the "probes" as we called the probationers to clean these candles daily.

In the sewing room were two sewing machines on which some of us exercised in our leisure moments. I found I could cut and make a man's night shirt in an hour. Also, we had seamstresses sent and paid for by the City Board of Charities.

My first quarters, a sleeping room, was over one of the women's wards. My salary was twenty-five dollars a month and living expenses. In this same part of the house the matron, Mrs. Ruth Campbell, had her room, and also one of the former nurses who was taking the nurses training, Miss Helen Eborall, had a tiny room next to mine. Our bath room was near the front part of the hospital, just about a block away from our sleeping quarters. The rest of the nurses, two or three in a room, were placed in different parts of the hospital in rooms too small or otherwise not available for patients. A little later some dormitories were added near this same "Ward 3" which provided beds for five women patients on the first floor, and in the floor below quarters for eight nurses. How I did object when the nurse would refer to those basement rooms as being "in the pit." Later on we used the dormitories above for nurses as their increased number required more beds.

Not only did we do the nursing in the hospital, but we cleaned, scrubbed, mended— not only clothes but carpets—, washed windows and paint, even varnished and painted when necessary, and it often was necessary if any painting and varnishing was done. I remember one "job" very distinctly; we painted the smoking room chairs a bright red, thought it
would brighten up the place a bit. The seats were of leather thongs. They apparently dried, but the first day they were used we were shocked to find an impress of that red checker effect on all the trouser seats of the habituees of the smoking room.

But in spite of all the drudgery the nurses of the old days surely possessed the human touch. I do not know how I could have managed that first class had it not been for the three nurses who had served in the hospital before entering training: Helen Eborall, Margaret Macauley and Anna Peterson. God bless them, for they possessed much practical knowledge of the care of the sick and were fine high-typed women and no kind or amount of work daunted them!

Our doctors who were so loyal to us worked so hard to advance the hospital in every way. Dr. Wm. Saylor, in charge of men's ward, always drove a good horse at breakneck speed and cut the corners short. We always expected he would have an accident which he finally did. He upset his buggy, but no one was seriously hurt. His one passenger was laid up in the hospital with numerous bumps and bruises for several days but had no broken bones.

Dr. Curtis C. Strong was head of our largest women's ward and our obstetrical department. He had a habit of saying, "I'll give you something for that..." when patients told him of their aches, pains and discomforts. On one occasion when he was writing an order in his order book he mechanically asked his next patient about how she felt. The reply came, "I'm feeling just fine!" to which he responded, "I'll give you something for that." And our men with the deft fingers and clear brains, Doctors Holt C. and George F. Wilson, and our much loved Dr. Giesy.
We gave a two-year course and adopted as our uniform a double stripe of blue and white seersucker, similar to the Bellevue stripe and at the end of forty years it was still in use. Our caps were the Bellevue cap of book muslin with ruching below the band. Our first operating room, we called it "surgery" in those days, had a double window at the end and a single one at the side. The floor was painted and later covered with linoleum. Mrs. Wakeman conducted the first operation held after my arrival, and my Bellevue training of even that period received a shock. She told me that in an operation she had recently witnessed in another hospital she was impressed by the convenient way they handled the sutures; the threaded needles of both silk and catgut were stuck in the window shade. Our needles which were threaded with silk were woven into a piece of bandage and boiled with the rest of the instruments.

Soon the Bellevue operating room technique of that day was installed. Our towels were boiled, then soaked in 1-1000 bichloride all night. After an operation we had to wash the blood out of them, otherwise the laundry that did the hospital work would refuse to do our washing. Our steril water was boiled in the diet kitchen, at first over a wood or kerosene stove, later over gas. We were so proud when gas was installed. The cold steril water was boiled by the night nurse in this same diet kitchen, each kettle full had to boil hard for fifteen minutes, then was emptied into a large covered granite can, previously scalded or steamed. When a labor case came in the night nurse had no time to cook supper which was a part of her duties. The hot water was carried in large porcelain pitchers each one covered with a bichloride towel.
A favorite joke was to ask the nurse in the diet kitchen if she could boil water without burning it.

Our first abdominal operation made a lasting impression. It was such hard work to get towels enough to run it and we were short of many other necessary things, so it took several days to get ready for it. After all the trouble it was of no use. The next day the patient died of internal hemorrhage—a ligature had slipped. We were all heartbroken!

The field of operation was covered with a rubber sheet soaked the night before in a bichloride solution. Over this rubber sheet were placed our bichloride towels. Every surgeon irrigated, using a well boiled rubber irrigating bag. Mops were used to get the water off the floor, sometimes during the operation, always after it. As I was usually first or second assistant they often accidentally irrigated me also, and usually after a morning spent in the operating room all my clothing, even my shoes, had to be changed. How we scrubbed and cleaned everything and rinsed them in bichloride! This scrubbing process included even the field of operation, nothing was spared! Unless the patient's skin was red we felt it had not been properly prepared. We kept bichloride solution in gallon bottles 1-1000 solution was stained blue, 1-3000 was stained red. All pans were boiled in a wash boiler kept for that purpose.

At first we used sea sponges for sponging, bleaching them with oxalic acid and permanganate of potash and then washing them through many waters, trying to get out every partical of sand, then soaping them in bichloride solution. Soon we made gauze sponges, bought unbleached gauze by the roll and bleached it with chloride of lime, rinsed it thoroughly,
boiled it, shook it dry and folded it, thus making also our steril gauze. In bleaching care was needed not to use too much chloride of lime, and having it well dissolved as in either case the gauze would be rotted if not enough lime was used our gauze would still be yellow and stiff. How big and how important was a bolt of gauze in those days! From the steril gauze we made iodo form gauze which was used on most wounds with a plentiful sprinkling of powdered iodo form underneath the gauze. The nurse who made the iodo form gauze was usually very unpopular with her neighbors on account of the odor, a pet joke with some of the doctors was, "I sat near some of your girls at the theater last night, I know I did because I smelled the iodo form."

During each operation one nurse was official brow-wiper—no face masks in those days. A few of the surgeons objected, preferring to let those beads of perspiration fall when and where they would, but their objection was overruled. One surgeon dropped his eyeglasses into an abdominal cavity, we irrigated more than usual and if I remember rightly the wound healed by "first intention"—not even "laudable pus" in it. Catgut was cut in yard lengths and wound on pieces of glass rods, put in glass (mason) jars, covered with alcohol and boiled an hour in a water bath for four successive boilings, three or four days apart. Preparing the catgut was my job, and rather nervous work, we had several explosions with no bad results. While boiling it we corrected examination papers and charts, copied histories, etc. For a number of years Sunday was our busy day in the operating room—the only day the doctors did not have office hours, and there was no golf! But we gradually broke up that Sunday operation habit by
pursuading them that these nurses of ours needed one day of rest.

In the treatment of patients for ordinary heat to feet, etc., we used stone jugs, bricks, glass pint and quart bottles all enclosed in flannel covers which were made out of old pieces of blanket or other woolen cast off material. We were always short of corks to fill bottles and jugs. A few choice rubber hot water bags were kept for abdominal applications, etc. Flaxseed poultices were usually very popular, also hot stupes, especially turpentine stupes—both were made over our oil stoves. At first gas was used only for lighting, later it was piped into dressing rooms, serving rooms and diet kitchens to replace wood and kerosene stoves.

We had many faithful employees. Among them Andrew Spencer, was pronounced by one of our girls to be "the most popular man in the hospital—always in demand." He was a very black negro, and loved to be spoken of as the "porter." Andrew was born in slavery, could neither read nor write and when admitted to the hospital in 1880 was totally blind—cataracts in both eyes. Operations by Dr. Holt C. Wilson restored to him excellent vision. Staying on as an employee of the hospital after he was well, he proved a most faithful servant, and how he loved Dr. Holt C. Wilson who had given him good sight from total blindness! One of my girls writes, "I remember Miss Welsh giving a lawyer a "calling down" because he insinuated Andrew might have stolen money from a patient, also he called him a "nigger." She said, "That colored man has been here twenty-four years, we would trust him with our lives. If that patient's money had to wait for Andrew to take it, it would be safe for all time."
Andrew had a sense of humor. One day as he discussed with me a small girl named Madge, an epileptic, he commented, "Madge fits in any place."

Andrew's room was in the basement directly under the maternity ward where, on one occasion, was a motherless baby. Everytime that baby cried, that electric bell rang. It was really "spooky" and the nurses could not understand it! Andrew would hear the baby cry, and would make a connection with the wires of the electric bell which went up through his room. He was always ready and willing to help everyone. One night there was a terrible storm of wind and rain, telephone and telegraph wires were broken down, making any travel dangerous. A patient was suddenly taken very ill. It was necessary to call her people, so Andrew picked his way among the spitting wires, defying all dangers to tell her people of her serious condition.

Our maternity ward had only three beds and a tall hard bed we used for a labor bed, also four cribs and a stove in which we burned wood and heated water on its flat top. Building up a good fire in it when we bathed the babies we nearly roasted out the mothers.

Our wooden ash barrels, kept in a shed on 23rd Street, occasionally took fire. On one occasion while Andrew was directing his hose toward a burning ash barrel, his feet slipped on the muddy earth, falling backward he carried his hose with him soaking a group of us who had been standing back of him merely looking on. Uniforms, books, etc. were wrecks from the deluge!

How Andrew loved chicken! We kept a flock of them in an enclosure back of the hospital, and he delighted to kill them
easily, and gracefully by twisting their necks. He was especially devoted to the night nurses for whom he occasionally "swiped" one of these same fowls. One of our graduates tells of him that as she got off the street car preparing to enter the school of nursing she encountered Andrew standing in the basement doorway. In reply to her question as to where she could find Miss Welsh, then in charge of the school, with a broad smile he said, "Come right along sister, I'll take you to her." Picking up her suitcase he took her to the Nurses Home and finding Miss Welsh said to her, "Here's another girl for you Miss Welsh." In 1915 a new flag was presented to the hospital by the ladies of the D.A.R. Andrew was chosen to be the first to unfurl that flag at the ceremony of its presentation.

In 1922 Miss Thomas was out in Riverview Cemetery and met Andrew bearing in his hand a bunch of purple and white lillies and hunting Mrs. Wakeman's grave, asking Miss Thomas to help him saying, "You know she was the best friend I ever had."

He died of Angina in 1919. I thought more real tears were shed at his funeral than at any I had then ever attended. We all cried, and no one was ashamed of it. The Oregonian wrote of him: "Andrew Spencer was born somewhere in Tennessee. His earliest memory was of an auction block, when a boy of six he was sold to a man in another state, never to see his "Mammy" again. As a young man he came to Oregon.

Another among those most faithful was Nelson Johnson, a night orderly for over twenty years. He had granulated eyelids, so preferred night work, and gave a fine service. Everyone liked him, and he had that saving sense of humor. He went
with the night nurses while they made rounds in the "spooky"
basement hunting for signs of fire or anything else wrong. But
We had no night watchman. Miss Imlay writes, "Many times I
goto get Nelson Johnson and had him hunt for the cause of
strange sounds which I had heard, or other suspicions of
trouble. Then William Pierce, assistant firemen who was an
epileptic and by a witty patient was dubbed "Fitzwilliam".
He considered himself Andrew's rival and was dreadfully jealous
of any favors shown Andrew by Mrs. Walker or the rest of us.
Once a glass of jelly fell from a second story window and
landed on William's head. It took a lot of pacifying to
pursuade him that Andrew was not responsible for the accident.

Also, Chas. Anderson, a faithful carpenter and fireman,
was with us and did good work for so many years. (OVER)

Helen Quiner McBride writes, "The nurses of today never
can know what those earlier years meant—the heart aches,
the joy, the drudgery, the sorrow, the planning it took to
make it the institution it is today. When I visit our little
hospital here, today and hear them tell people they must have
a special nurse for the patient needs more care than can be
given them on general duty, I think back to the winter of
1902 and 1903 when down the long hall we each had four or
five patients and really everyone required a special nurse's
care.

Flora Diner Koelsche, class of 1899 writes, "I have many
happy memories of my girlhood days spent in G. S. H. as a
student nurse. The G. S. H. was an old frame building, you
were all working hard to build the present hospital. When I
entered there as a probationer in January, 1896, the main
enterance was on Lovejoy Street. There were numerous vines,
And we must not fail to remember our faithful Chinese help, Gang, our vegetable man with us over twenty years, and Lum, a faithful waiter for about ten years who tried so hard to get everyone exactly what they wanted, and Sam, an equally faithful houseman.

Íf anyone had told me twenty years ago that a Chinese vegetable man would be the best thing in my life, I should have thought them mad.

Our Chinese were always so kind and tried to give us exactly what we wanted. Gang, our vegetable man, was always willing to please us.

One time a bill of fare fell from the second story window and I never found out what happened. It was a lot of fun for everyone to speculate.

Alec, one of our Chinese men, was very kind and helpful.

One day he showed me some books that he had written and I was very impressed.

He and his family were always happy and made everyone feel welcome.

When I first came to America I was very lonely, but the Chinese were very kind and helped me a lot.

I will never forget the time when I was very sick and they all came to see me.

I hope I can return their kindness someday.

The Chinese are very special people and I will always remember their kindness.

Ellen Mitchell
shrubs and flowers all around the grounds. The private room side was beautiful with verandas overlooking a well-kept lawn. Some of us who were fortunate enough to own bicycles would enter under the beautiful arch of vine maple at the corner, (The Bishop's Arch), and park our "bikes" in a room in the basement fixed with stalls for our much-treasured wheels."

In these early days we fumigated with sulphur candles, later we used a copper cylinder filled with formalin, below this was a kerosene lamp used to heat the cylinder, a copper tube from the cylinder carrying the steaming formaldehyde through a keyhole into the room to be fumigated. One evening as I was operating this machine a blue flame appeared all around the cylinder. Stooping down, I turned off the kerosene, stepped into the hall closing the ante-room door after me. Suddenly the cylinder exploded sending the top of it into the ceiling above, and filling the ante-room with the irrisperable gas. The noise of the explosion called forth questionings as to its cause, etc. from the patients down the E. P. R. hall. It took some talking to persuade them that this was the usual procedure. Some of us looked pretty white the rest of the evening at so close a call--I was one of them, as there was only a half minute between myself and another world!

Sometimes in those days people refused to come to the hospital--afraid of hospitals! So the hospital went to the patient for an operation, carrying all possible paraphernalia from the hospital. We usually used their kitchen or dining room table for the operating table, finding it more satisfactory than the reversed ironing board sometimes used for that purpose. Bedroom stands and marble topped tables
with the marble turned upside down made excellent sponge and instrument tables. Going a few hours before the time set for the operation we scrubbed and cleaned everything, covered the tables with bichloride towels, boiled water in pans and kettles on the kitchen stove. Sometimes the whole family helped, keeping them busy kept them out of our surgical apparatus and then, being busy, they did not have time to faint.

In an early day a picket fence was around the hospital grounds, a very useful thing, it kept out the neighbors' cows. One neighbor just across the street owned a cow that sometimes would even stray through a gateway accidentally left open. Also, our neighbors chickens would come in. One of our patients said he had never seen such healthy, much alive chickens, not a single dead one had he had served on his tray since he entered the hospital. When that picket fence went to the refuse dump or was burned we felt quite unprotected.

I suppose in every hospital Christmas has been "just Christmas" always—the same "good will" prevailing, the same gift giving and receiving, with a turkey dinner for everyone who is able to eat it. On a few very lean years chicken was substituted, but like all substitutes was not quite so good. I don't know when our first Christmas tree for the children or the child was instituted, but it was surely with the first child who was there on Christmas day, and long before we knew the joy of having a children's ward.

In the early day the few children we had were scattered among the other ward patients, and as our chaplain said did much of the missionary work of the hospital. Located in the men's wards a small boy did much to prevent swearing, no man wanted to hear the boy swear so did not swear himself at least where the boy could hear it. Placed in the women's
ward these patients forgot minor troubles and small jealousies in the desire to get the best for the small sufferer. Usually there was one patient to whom the child was especially devoted. I recall one man named Pete with empyema, and a small boy with the same disease. Pete would explain, "We are big and little Empyema." Also there was a man and a small boy having diseased hips, both on crutches and always together. Here is the oft repeated bit of conversation between the two. Small boy, "What are you going to do with me someday, Jack?" And Jack with an assumed growl would reply, "I'm going to eat you up, pick your bones and use your crutches for tooth picks." Which so amused the small boy that he would almost lose his balance laughing. A small "Johnnie" was the object of everyone's attention. Did he want cookies? A patient would say to his wife or sweetheart, "Johnnie wants cookies. Bring him some." And the cookies were forthcoming. When December 25th came the children were always well supplied with gifts. I have frequently told of the small girl who had thirteen dolls given her for Christmas and not a single shirt did she possess; the hospital had to supply these and other "bread and butter" items.

One of our small boys badly deformed by a T. B. spine used to look longingly out of the windows at the passing street cars, and on one occasion remarked, "When I grow up I am going to be either a street car conductor or a King."

One of my girls mentions "Andy", a two and a half year old boy with crooked legs, and how we all loved him! A good result followed an osteotomy and he needed some good luck. His father had deserted the mother and she had died. After he was well he was sent to an Aunt somewhere in the East.
Another nurse tells about a small boy patient of Dr. Wm. Wood who followed Dr. Wood all over the hospital. He would ask different patients, "Are you sick?" And if the reply was in the affirmative, would add, "Dr. Wood will make you well."

There were many good hospital visitors who supplied gifts for the children, also for the many chronic cases which were in the hospital in those days, and since an early day our doctors have supplied the gifts for the children's Christmas tree. Each doctor was asked to contribute a dollar toward it. Many give more than one. Later on we invited all children who had been patients in the hospital during the year to be the hospital's guest at the annual Christmas tree. Also, we invited children of ward patients unable to go home for Christmas to be our guests. Many times we have gathered together a hundred small people to celebrate this occasion and afterwards sent them home happy with two or three gifts and always the bag of candy made out of mosquito netting in the shape of a small stocking.

One girl of twelve years had a badly scared face and typhoid fever. She gladly endured the fever when told she would lose her hair and it would come in curly, and it did. She acquired a very beautiful head of curly hair.

I wonder if every nurse remembers her first Christmas in the hospital—how homesick she was and how busy, so she had no time to think about the loneliness. Your family could not understand why you could not be spared for the usual Christmas celebration at home. I think every nurse has had to educate a family in this matter. Once in awhile some good mother would tell me how wonderful her daughter was to not even ask to go home for Christmas, explaining to the family group that all could not leave, and if one left the rest would
We had a small isolation department. I remember one case of diphtheria, a woman who suffered a temporary paralysis, almost total, as a sequella of the disease (no antitoxin in those days), but who made a fine recovery. Another interesting case was a girl of 18. More than half her body was burned. We all contributed skin, and some of the grafts "took". She died duodenal ulcer when half healed. Then comes a case of Reynaud's Disease which attracted everyones attention. A case of that disease was unknown out here. She was the object of many consultations and much discussion.

On one occasion a delirious alcoholic pneumonia was in the women's ward, "Ward 3", just underneath my room. The night nurse roused me from slumber saying she could not keep this patient in bed, as having the care of all the other patients she could not stay with this one. So I slept on a cot near this patient with one hand on her. After the second night a nurse told me I said, "I'm dead for sleep and I'm going up to my own bed. I don't know whose life is worth the most her's or mine." Anyway she recovered and came back ten years later with pulmonary tuberculosis. That first year in the G. S. H. I never knew what it was to have a whole nights uninterrupted sleep. We were always short of help. One of the other graduate nurses in the city, Mrs. Morgan, was a charming well-educated woman, a fine nurse, always in demand, doing 20 and 24 hour duty at three dollars a day, but no hospital patient ever had a special nurse under any circumstances, it simply "was not done." As for having two nurses, no one thought of it. The first case that had two nurses was Mr. Henry Brandes who had a very serious injury and was in a state of shock and his nurses were Miss May Welsh and
Miss Lottie Duckworth of our first class.

Another memorable patient in Ward 3 was "Mary" having pneumonia rather than empyema, she was with us a long time. She came from back in the mountains of Oregon, was sixteen years old, but could neither read nor write. One day while she was still in bed she called out suddenly for the nurse to come to her. The nurse found Mary with her finger on her wrist and she greeted the nurse with, "How do you feel your pulse anyway? I've had my hand on mine for five minutes and it has not stopped yet." On another occasion some good ladies said to her, "Mary does your mother ever pray?" "How can she pray, she is deaf and dumb!" was Mary's response.

A man was admitted for a minor operation and in the course of preparation the orderly took him to the bathroom, but the patient positively refused to get into the water, insisted on getting dressed and going down to see Mrs. Wakeman, the Superintendent. She tried to coax him, but he argued, "I don't think I ever had a bath since I was born, and I'll not take one now." "But did you never fall into the river and get wet?" questioned Mrs. Wakeman. "Yes, but I got out as fast as ever I could," was his reply. On another occasion a woman with a swollen face was admitted wearing a fat, juicy beef steak poultice.

We had a diet kitchen, an alcove in the hall leading to Ward 3. Each nurse served her time in it. Here were made the broths, soft diets and always custards. This diet nurse was also in charge of the milk room where were many large tin pans of milk, some of which were skimmed for the cream and the skimmed milk used for cooking. In this same diet kitchen was where the night nurse boiled the steril water, also
"got together" and cooked the midnight meal.

We had no elevator, every bed patient had to be carried up and down stairs. I don't know that we ever dropped anyone. Four of us handled the stretcher—a piece of canvas with poles at the side. On one occasion an emaciated woman weighing about eighty-five pounds was to be taken home to die, as she had an incurable disease. The stretcher looked hard and she was so thin and small! I asked the orderly if he did not think he could carry her down to a wagon that was waiting for her. He hesitated, so I picked her up, carried her down two flights of stairs, and raised her to the level of the cot in the wagon ready to receive her, and deposited her safely. Believe me! That orderly never again told me he could not lift anyone. How proud I was of my muscle in those days!

But as a general thing we had faithful, willing help, among them was one "Mike"—I don't know his other name—a big flat-faced Irish orderly. We often lifted together, and when we had done an unusually good job he would say, "And shure, Miss Loveridge, you and I are the bìst min around the place ony how!"

In 1891 came an addition to the hospital which increased its capacity for patients in rooms to eight beds, in wards to twenty beds, an operating room, a dressing room, and also provided fourteen beds for nurses on the lower floor.

Our graduation exercises were often held in the medical college, then just across the street from us on the corner of 23rd and Lovejoy Streets. Later on, after the nurses home was built they were held there a few times. This was the great event of every nurses life. The class pin was very similar to the Bellevue pin, only on it in the place of the stork we had a
beaver, an animal of industry because it had been on the first seal of the State of Oregon. This use of the beaver was the Bishop's suggestion. Our first class During the year 1891 the hospital Board was incorporated.

Our first class, that of 1892 had twelve members.
Helen Eborall                Cora Robinson
Margaret Macauley            Lottie Duckworth
Annie Peterson               G. Mary Welsh
Lillian Boot                 Lydia Merritt
Mona Bowman                  Mrs. Margaret Fulton
Agnes Sweet                  Mrs. Lucetta Petros

They were dressed at graduation in the school uniform, the double blue and white seersucker dress with a bull white apron and a Bellevue cap of book muslin. I always made all the caps for the graduating class. The exercises were held in Trinity Church then down on 5th Street in September, 1892. Our much loved Bishop Morris presided and gave the address, in which he said, "When one day in 1874 I crawled out through the brush and briars and over stumps and logs to look at the present site of the hospital, I never expected to live to see the first class of trained nurses graduate from its walls."

In the Bishop's address he praised the work done by the officers and school and explained that the reason the beaver was on the pin he presented to each was because he was an animal of industry, sagacity and quietness——significant of a nurses duties.

During 1892 the record shows we cared for 907 patients. In this same year stands out one big day when there was a bad wreck on the Southern Pacific, called the Lake Labish Wreck. Thirty or more patients, all seriously injured came at one time.
We put up beds and cots everywhere in halls and every other available place. The other hospitals in the city were also filled with patients from this wreck and as many as were able went to hotels. Every nurse and other hospital employee worked all day and part of the night. There was no such thing as calling specials for the bad cases in those days as there were no specials to be called. One of my girls writes, "Among the forty-two patients was the engineer whose foot was cut off. He had left home when thirteen years old; ran away and came out West. He was a middle-aged man at the time of the wreck and had sent for his Mother to come and visit him. She was on his train, but he did not know it. She was uninjured, but it was tragic to see her sit and watch her apparently dying son. He lived. We felt his grit and wit helped to carry him through, and how he and his Mother did enjoy each other during his convalescence."

Mrs. Margaret Fulton wrote me of her training days, "I came to you with a sad heart having lost my husband and my home being broken up. To be with the sick and sorrowful to whom I might be helpful was just to my mine, and the dear old hospital was a home to me. How I wept when I had to leave it and be on my own!" And she was not the only one who wept on leaving the hospital. My mind has a picture of Margaret Macauley sitting on a bench in the front hall, angry and crying because she was being sent out on a case. Most schools of nursing in those days sent out on cases the nurses in training; we did this only on three occasions, two of which were by special request, the nurse sent being a friend of the patient.
After graduation Miss Eborall acted as druggist over a period of years, doing good work in that capacity.

In December of 1890 another addition was nearly finished and much needed, as we were refusing patients. This gave us twenty more ward and eleven private room beds and left the hospital $11,000 in debt. Here came a typical Christmas celebration. Turkey dinner and ice cream, gifts for everyone, entertainment by the Kings daughters and music by St. Marks choir. About this time our street was opened. In November 1891 a fund was started for a new home. Temporary rooms for eight nurses were fixed up in the basement of the north wing.

The class of 1893 was composed of six nurses.

Mrs. Lena Conklin        Miss Louise Rourke
Miss Jennie Lee          Miss Stella Smith
Miss Mary McDonald       Miss Enola Twigg

The graduating exercises were held in the Armory of Bishop Scott Academy on November 6. Miss Rourke recalls that they went down on the street car, wearing the uniform of the school, but some kind friend hemstitched Miss Rourke's apron, thereby thinking to add to her pleasure and the beauty of the occasion. Mr. C. E. S. Wood gave the address, a fine one. Also, Dr. Josephi gave an equally fine one and Bishop Morris presided and made appeals for funds for a nurses home. Music was furnished by a voluntary choir under the direction of Mrs. E. T. C. Stevens. Bishop Morris said in his address, "The training school for nurses under the admirable administration of Miss Loveridge has accomplished all or more than we anticipated. It is an invaluable adjunct to the work of the hospital and has done much to give it the high character
it enjoys with all who have a knowledge of its ways and workings. At this time there were twenty nurses in training and many applicants. During this year came the death of one of our first class, Cora Robinson, much loved member of the class of 1892.

The hospital grew and with it the school of nursing, and we also increased in popularity. We were able to improve the quarters provided for our nurses, also the food. We always had good homemade bread, good butter and milk and plenty of it. Enola Twigg Mitchell recalls a party given on board a British sailing vessel where we were royally entertained by Captain Porter and his officers. The first mate of the ship was a patient in the hospital with a broken back. She adds, "When we were in training we were shown the most minute detail of how to do things, so we knew how when we had to do them alone."

Our first sterilizer about this time was made to order here in Portland, made of tin and copper. Dr. Herbert Cardwell supervised its making. It was similar to one in the East where he had served an internship. It was twenty inches tall, thirty inches long, eighteen inches broad, and we heated it over a coal oil stove which, of course, blackened it so it required frequent cleaning.

During this year came the death of Dr. Clarence Glisan, a fine physician. Also, during this year the hospital lost three other generous friends, Mr. Lloyd Brooke, Capt. George Flander and Judge Mathew Deady.

Seven nurses graduated in 1894.

Gertrude Churchman          Edith Duke
Ellen Dunseath              Marian Eastham
These graduates again wore the school uniform and the exercises were held in Trinity Church in October. Forty nurses were in training at this time. Bishop Morris gave the address; also, Dr. C. C. Strong and Major McCauley.

Mrs. Wakeman was East this year, leaving Miss Loveridge in charge. We had so much typhoid in these days. I can remember a ten-bed ward, every bed filled and each patient a typhoid in different stages of the disease. We sponged and sometimes tubbed them. They had to have good care if we were to get them well, and we gave them the real essence of nursing and lost very few of them. I recall Dr. Geo. Wilson looking at one of his patients as the patient sat up dressed in his clothes for the first time after a siege of it. All the doctor said was, "Hello, where's the knott hole," and went on. And I also call to mind one private-room case, "Charlie," who would tell us wild stories of the wonderful things he was getting to eat when he was receiving only liquids—part of the treatment of typhoid in that day. He assured us that a Chinaman passed this food up to him through a trap door in the floor. Also, he owned six white horses and was up and ready to go home before he could be persuaded that they were merely one of a series of pipe dreams. Also, during a typhoid epidemic the health officer sent in a young man with typhoid whom he had found in a shack in the suburbs of the city; filthy, delirious and covered with vermin. It was a long time before we even found out his name. About this time nine of our nurses
had typhoid due to infected milk. This made us very short of help, so I would get up early and give them baths, etc. before the day's work began. Everyone of them recovered, but some had a pretty close call. One, Edith Duke, I especially recall as running a temperature for many weeks. At last in desperation we fed her, but she felt she had a temperature and so feared to eat. She would ask the nurse her temperature, was assured it was normal, whereupon she would turn her big eyes and emaciated face toward her nurse and say, "You lie, you know you lie, nurses always lie!" But when Dr. Giesy comes he will tell me the truth." We would have Dr. Giesy tell her the same story and then she believed it!

About this time one of the tragedies of the hospital was the suicide of Charlie Hall, a poor old locomotor ataxia patient who suffered intensely and had to have much morphine. He used to beg continually for something to put him "out of his misery," as he expressed it. We thought we had taken away from him everything wherewith he could take his own life, but one day in desperation while back of a screen he thrust into his heart an old jagged knife with which he used to cut off pieces of chewing tobacco. One of my nurses writes, "All of the girls in training learned to give baths on Mrs. Bruce and to give hypos on Charlie Hall."

In an early day Lieutenant Schwatka, noted Arctic explorer, came to us desperately ill of pneumonia and lived only a few hours.

Here was a period of hard times, but the hospital cared
for 991 patients, 374 of whom were free or part pay. We could accommodate eighty patients. Our house was often filled even to using the parlor for patients.

The class of 1895 numbered eight.

Mira Calef
Helen Godfrey
Agnes Ketcheson
Louise Waelty

Winnifred Eborall
Alameda Hall
Gertrude Smith
Bertha Blair

Dr. F. Cauthorn made the address.

About this time came an addition to the hospital, a twenty-bed men's ward on the upper floor, and seven private rooms on the floor below, an operating room and a dressing room. In the basement were six rooms which we used for nurses sleeping quarters, two in a room. We called them the lower rooms, and again I objected when anyone called that region "the pit." This increased the capacity of the hospital for patients to one hundred fifty beds.

Once Bishop Morris phoned Mrs. Wakeman asking her if she could give a room to an old man who had a cold, was not very ill but his family was out of town. Of course, she assured him she could. A little later he appeared and in response to her question of where was the old man he laughed and said, "Here I am."

We loved our grounds, dogwood trees with a background of evergreens and we called one group of stately evergreens "the cathedral," the maple trees and holly. A Port Orphan Cedr, a vine maple and one magnolia are still standing near Lovejoy Street. Also, there were beds of colorful flowers---geraniums, helianthros, tulips, etc. We had a croquet set in a somewhat vacant piece of lawn on the grounds.
Also, we had a pet crow. As soon as a mallet hit a ball that bird would come swooping down from the tallest trees to take part in the game. He would chase the balls as they rolled, hopping along after them, and if we did not "shoo" him away he would put his bill under the ball and make it roll further. He would allow only one person to touch him, an orderly in Ward 8, and was devoted to that orderly visiting him on the upper E.P.R. porch. Eating from his hand, perching on his shoulder, and showing signs of real affection. But one day he came up missing. His dead body was found under a clump of trees in the lower part of the grounds. Someone had killed him, probably with a blow of some kind.

In the class of 1896 were Hannah Scott, Mattie Morris, Elizabeth Dyer, Blendina Manning, Julia Hinkle, Annie Roth ---six in number. Uniforms were worn as usual. This event was saddened by the serious illness of one of its members, Mattie Morris, who died some few weeks after. Bishop Morris made the graduation address. Graduation was held this year on August 12 on the hospital grounds. Parsons Orchestra furnishing the music. Bishop Morris presided and Rev. Cole gave the address.

This year came the war with the Philippines. Eleven of our graduates were in service there during the war. Margaret Macauley, Stella Smith, Louise Rourke, Kate Dwyer, Lucile Flick, Ivy Eastham, Mona Bowman, Louise Waeltl, Mable Lake, Lottie Duckworth and Agnes Sweet. These nurses did good work. Major Crosby once said of them that they were the best surgical nurses he had ever seen. As Margaret
Macauley was leaving one of the wards she received a gift from the men in it and the inscription that accompanied it read, "To the best nurse that ever lived. We are better men for having known you." Our two internes, Dr. Harry Littlefield and Dr. Harry Rosenberg, left us to enter the service. The hospital was thus without any interne. We simply did the best we could and succeeded in "carrying on."

In Bishop Morris' address to the convention he called attention to the fact that we were the fourth largest Episcopal hospital in the United States.

Helen Hull Quilliam writes, "We loved the roses which bloomed in our garden, but had to watch that the hospital gardener, Gottleib Endemule, was out of sight if we picked any.

Class of 1897 was a small one, only five members.

Cora Bushnell
Marjorie Johnson
Barbara Scott

Graduation exercises were held in the Medical College on October 18th. Badges and diplomas were given out by Bishop Morris. Dr. Josephi gave the address and also Rev. Garrell. The hospital grew and advanced in the quality as well as the quantity of work done. During the year of 1897 we cared for 1070 patients. (Wilders Orchestra furnished music. Uniforms were worn. At that time the hospital was crowded.)

Somewhere in these early days a patient went to the operating room after the usual preparations and the usual questioning. In the midst of the operation she vomited and
out of her mouth came a pair of cheek plumpers. No one had ever seen a cheek slumper before.

I wonder if anyone of our graduates remembers our book of rules, the last one of which read, "And remember that to sleep on night duty is sufficient cause for dismissal."

Also, about this time we fixed up a small room near my room as a guest room, used all sorts of odds and ends of furniture, etc. to make it attractive.

Among other economies we washed our muslin bandages and rewound them after each drying. Our convalescent patients helped us. We held a regular class in this work with one of our nurses as teacher and some of the bandages were washed, wound and used many times.

In 1898 came a class of six which again wore the uniform.

Flora Deiner Rosalie Kellogg
Maud Ferris Rose Smith
Annie Hutchins Mattie Walby
Helen Hull

The address was given by Bishop Morris on July 12, 1898, at the Oregon Medical College.

Maud Ferris mentions a watermelon party on the hospital lawn given by the class of 1898 to the class of 1897—the graduating class. The invitations were in rhyme. The watermelons were brought in on a decorated wheelbarrow. The graduates wore white and the hostesses pale pink and green. Miss Ferris adds, "My memories of the hospital all seem to be of the kind that one could not publish; it would look as if we were a lot of wild young things when we were not.
Young, yes, but the foolish things we did when off duty were just the reaction after a day of hard, serious work. Flora Deiner Koelsche writes, "Twenty-five nurses were in training with me. I took my work very seriously, especially, my head nurse duty, for on those days all our head nurses were seniors in training. The most popular patient I had while there was Dr. Geesy. He was suffering from lumbago," and she adds, "Bishop Morris often held services in our chapel. Christmas was always a happy occasion for the nurses and hospital family. A good dinner was in readiness for each one of us. Miss Loveridge, you were such a busy woman, working early and late in the operating room for all operations and superintending our work everywhere in the hospital. Then after duty you held our classes in your room over the women's ward. I remember a "hard times party" and enjoyed the queer costumes the nurses got up. Two wore Chinese costumes, one a gentleman's dress coat. I was an old Swedish lady. Another great social event was when George L. Baker sent you complimentary tickets as he did often for us to attend the theater. And then! Do you remember our crawfish parties? But the great event of my life, my graduation was held July 12, 1898 at the Medical College. The seniors entertained the graduates on the lawn a few days before. If I had my life to live over, I would surely again enlist as your student nurse. I well remember the excellent care given sick nurses; Mattie Morris, Cora Bushnell, Margorie Johnson, Edith Barnett and Maud Carson."

Cora Robinson of the first graduating class died within a year after graduation. During this year two others of our faithful graduates died, Miss Mattie Morris in 1896 and
Cora Bushnell. Each one of the three was a great loss to all of us, their friends, and to the nursing world.

In the class of 1899 were Margaret Imlay, Lucille Flick, Mae Walker, Rosalie Woodrow, Jessie Peck and Lillian McNary.

During this year was started the first brick addition to the hospital. The southwest corner was a memorial erected and furnished by Mrs. C. H. Lewis to the memory of her husband, C. H. Lewis, and was called the Lewis Wing. The central part of the West Wing was erected with hospital funds and to the funds were added gifts from many good friends. The laying of the cornerstone of this West Wing was a great event, the stone was placed under the Lewis Wing. In it were placed things removed from the old cornerstone, copies of the Oregonian, Oregon Churchman and other interesting papers. The services were conducted in part by the Masons. When finished this addition added greatly to our capacity, giving us fifty-six more ward beds and twenty-six private rooms, and the only buildings that had to be torn down to make room for it were the isolation department, a ten-bed men's ward, internes' quarters, and a series of sheds on 23rd Street. Miss Thomas writes, "I was the first night nurse in this West Wing and Annie See was the first head nurse. We loved the Haviland China and fine linen furnished by Mrs. Lewis for the Lewis Wing. Kathleen Ward Jamieson says, "We were so pleased with the fine new furniture.
and other really good things in this wing."

During 1899 we bought our first X-ray, one of the first in the city; a very primitive affair. Also, the hospital gets painted outside.

On May 22, 1900, we graduated seven nurses.

Kate Dwyer                Belle King
Celeste Foote              Anna McGee
May Hammett               Ada Scarlett
Mattie Tuttle

About this time the entire hospital was wired for electric lights. Mrs. Eleste Foote Nelson mentions a D. T. case, and we had a number of them in those days; a fractured leg put up in a heavy cast. The patient got up and walked on it, and still it came out all right. She also says, "I remember going to the dispensary in a hurry "once on a time," and I pulled out a drawer a little too far and down on the floor went drawer and contents! Just then you passed by the door, not a word did you say! Not one reproof! I picked up and replaced the articles---nothing was broken. When next we met you merely said, "I know exactly how you felt when that drawer dropped!"

In April, 1900 the new building was delayed by being unable to get the quality of brick we desired and specified.

Flora Deiner Koelsche writes, "September 5, 1900 was the date of the fire which was in the shingled roof over Ward 8 just at noon. The Chinese walter, Lung,---(Andrew used to call him "One Lung")---came running up the back stairs saying the roof was on fire, and it was right over our heads! The nurses left their noon meals and rushed to their post of duty. All the patients were moved and not one suffered from the moving."
Kathleen Ward Jamieson writes, "How quickly all the patients were taken out of the hospital without any harm coming to them. Of course, as it was proved later, it was not necessary to move them all, but not knowing this we took no chances. Lung was struggling with the big hose and kept in the hall near Ward 8 when his cue came loose and wrapped itself around the hose. He was furious! In spite of my anxiety it was funny."

And she adds, "My G.S.H. training was a happy time for me. We did work hard, twelve hours a day, but it was a pleasure."

Concerning the fire another nurse writes, "September 5, 1901 a fire broke out in the shingles of the roof over our largest men's ward, a twenty bed ward. Much damage was done on all three floors by the water used to extinguish the flames. All patients from that side of the house, the East Wing, were quickly and carefully moved to places of safety. After the fire was out many were taken back, but most of the rooms and two wards were so gutted by water they could not be used until repaired."

In his convention address Bishop Morris wrote, "That lives were not lost was due to the mercy of God and the efficient work of the officers, nurses and employees of the hospital and to the prompt assistance rendered by the police and fire department and many willing workers who hurried to the spot."

One patient, a man with fresh skin grafts, did not wait to be taken out, but put his trousers on over skin grafts and all dressings and walked out.

Some of the patients were moved to St. Vincents Hospital, others to their own homes or neighbors houses. In the hospital we used every possible space to accommodate them. One small boy, Tom Tongue, I carried down stairs and he was taken to a neighbors house. When night came I went to get him. He
replied to my inquiry as to whether he wished to come back with me, "You bet I do," which naturally won my heart. No patient suffered harm from the moving, but they were frightened, and so were we. At the time of the fire an operation was going on. The operator finished the operation, then picked up the patient in his arms and carried her to a point of safety. One doctor is said to have thrown a wooden bedside table—or was it a China basin and pitcher?—off the South porch, smashing it of course, and very carefully carrying a small pillow down under his arm. Many of our patients were brought back that night. For some time after, ex-patients would greet me with, "Do you remember the fire in Ward 8 when you picked me up and carried me down stairs?" One nurse writes, "Perhaps the fire was a blessing in disguise, as immediately after our straw ticks were discarded and new mattresses bought."

The house looked a wreck after the fire was out. The walls were blackened and the hallways flooded. We used two of the nurses cottages for patients, and the nurses "doubled up" in their other quarters. Following the fire many friends came to our help financially. Among other gifts the Elks gave a carnival which netted the hospital $1200, and $1800 was given us by other individuals. The East Wing was out of commission for two months following this fire.

Cleste Foote Nelson mentions that about this time Judge Parker was one of our patients. Later on he was Democratic candidate for President. She also says, "One of our patients was a cousin of Theodore Roosevelt, and it was from her that I learned to put grated carrots in custard as a dessert."

During this year the cottage on 22nd and Northrup Street was taken over for nurses sleeping quarters.
In 1893 Dr. Geo. Wilson used the first Murphy Button in the city. In an early day a tramp tried to board an S. P. train and was shot by the conductor who thought him a hold-up man. Not thinking the man was wounded the train went on. The man walked a mile or two till he reached a suburban street car which took him to the city where he collapsed on the street and was picked up and brought to us. Dr. Geo Wilson operated suturing two holes in the bladder and eleven in the intestines. Some of the intestines were so badly shattered that it was removed and the Murphy Button used. The patient was quite ill but recovered. When the time came to give the enema that we hoped would bring away the button, the order was either overlooked or neglected. I was "wild eyed." I went up to the men's ward, Ward 8, and gave the enema myself and got the button, which so delighted me that I forgot to scold the nurses. The patient lived to work on the rock pile later on.

The class of 1901 was made up of twelve members.

Carrie Anderson  Christine Hume
Edith Barnett  Nettie Kuntz
Eleanor Baird  Annie See
Tallien Eisenhart  Maude Shelley
May Huffer  Verna Rudig (1911)
Beatrice Fiskin  Evelyn Ramp

About this time Mrs. Belle J. Sellwood was the housemother. She was a very wonderful woman, with an understanding heart, a sense of humor and was such a fine influence and beloved by all. Also about this time we began to use our hospital cottages as sleeping quarters for our nurses. It was a relief to them to room further away from the hospital and helped them to live
lives more like normal girls. Also, as we gradually took over the cottages for our nurses we bought a piano for each one as we could afford the luxury. In the year 1901 Bishop Morris presented to the nurses in training a cottage at Seaside to be used for them during vacations and days off, "Hide Away Cottage," and it was a source of great pleasure to many of them.

Twelve nurses graduated in 1902.

Eugenie Ayerst
Mary Boyd
Ivy Callender
Mrs. Katherine Edris
Maude Hammond
Ada Thomas
Aristta Miles
Caroline Montague
Nellie Rich
Margaret Scott
Laura Shaw
Kathleen Ward

During this year we built the Nurses Home, completing the second and third floors at the breaking of the ground on May second. Mrs. Wakeman took out the first shovel of earth, and Miss Loveridge the second. Bishop Morris said we were both poor farmers, as we pushed in the shovel with our left foot instead of our right. The shovel that was used on this occasion is in the nurses home among our souvenirs and bears the inscription, "This spade broke ground for the Nurses Home on May 2nd, 1901. The honor is great. May it rest from its labors."

Ada Thomas writes, "We surely enjoyed our home. Our days of work were long ones—7 to 7—and often we worked overtime, in fact we always finished our work before we left our floor. I often wonder if we were not better satisfied and happier than the average girl in the present school of nursing. We were contented in our rooms in the evening or in the "parlors" as
we called the reception rooms. We had chafing dishes and one
of our favorite foods was scrambled eggs with crackers and tea.
There were no movies, in fact very little amusement of any
kind, so we all stayed in our home which we appreciated so
much, and we loved that wonderful woman, Mrs. Belle J. Seilwood,
our housemother. After nearly thirty years I look back with
pleasure on the days I spent in training." And she adds, "I
remember two pictures in the hospital reception room, a
painting of a vase of lilacs and some framed eidelweiss,
both of which were transferred to the nurses home and are still
there."

Josephine Brune Egan recalls a night of excitement, she
says, "A patient in one of the small rooms near the chapel
fired a pistol he had brought in with him concealed in his
belongings. I think he fired it twice, right through the wall
and at three o'clock in the morning. Of course, I was terribly
frightened, and I ran for you as fast as I ever ran in my
life. You were as calm as usual, just hurried more, that was
all. You went right up and took the "gun" away from him,"
(in reality I coaxed it away from him.) Anna McGee Whitcomb
continues, "I have a very vivid mental picture of you that
night clothed in a red eiderdown dressing gown, and your long
heavy braid of hair hanging down your back. The next day he
was adjudged insane and sent to Salem." Somewhere about this
time we bought a house and had it transferred to our own
grounds facing Northrup Street, 742 Northrup, to be used
as sleeping quarters for our orderlies. A few years after,
we bought and transferred a house for our officers to 752
Northrup, next door to the orderlies cottage.
Graduation was held in the Medical College. Bishop Morris officiated. It was his last class.)

The class of 1903 were:

Louise Andrews                 Margaret Wood
Pearl Cooper                   Mary Belle Hall
Corrine Hansen                 Berth Luthy
Margaret Hodgkins             Setta Smith
Anna Swenson                   May Stevens
Edna Watkins

Emma Wintler

Doctors Ray and Ralph Matson were our internes at this time and were intensely interested in x-ray, working very hard night and day sometimes to get results from this then little known branch of the science of surgery. Dr. Geo. Wislon was in charge of that department. The machine was placed in one side of the Pathological Lab, making very crowded quarters for both departments. Today this x-ray would seem a very crude affair, but then it was the best there was and one of the first in the city. So many tubes were broken in the experiments by the twins, but they were tireless, introducing many new ideas that added greatly to this new science. These x-ray tubes were expensive, we had to send East for each replacement, (did not have money enough to keep one "in stock," ) and had to spend our time in "weary watching" until the tube arrived. It was first used for bones only. We felt it very wonderful to have a plate of the bones of our own hands. Also in this pathological laboratory, I had my first view of a material germ as it "wiggled" under this lens, found, of course, by the Matsons. Our microscope was then considered a fine one. Now it would be thought quite incomplete. No one could tell those twins apart—which was Ray and which was Ralph. They would tell the nurses,
"I did not tell you that, it was my brother," or, "I did not promise to come and dress that case, it was my brother." But their enthusiasm was wonderful, so was the work they did in that tiny hole of a laboratory. How annoyed they were when one of the head nurses refused to let them put their test tubes of germs in the oven of the second floor serving room stove! One one occasion one twin called the other one down, assured him he was wrong—all wrong—had no brains at all! After the abused one left the room, I said to the accusing one, "Why did you talk to your brother like that. You know he was right."

"Yes, I know he was right," he replied, "but if I did not call him down he would get so spoiled we could not endure him."

Then I had a couple of kittens, trying to train them to catch mice and even rats which I regret to state were always appearing. First one kitten died, then the other. I accused the twins of having fed them germs, but they swore they were not guilty. Later on, however, I found specimens labelled, "Liver of Miss Loveridge's first cat," "Liver of Miss Loveridge's second cat," etc., and the queer alabism they rendered made one more than ever suspicious.

In 1904 came a class of fourteen.

Stella Anderson
Josephine Brune
Helen Baber
Minnie Buxton
Ellen Duneler
Birdie Gallentine
Ada Hart
Cora Litchfield
Brittania McDevitt
Georgia Marrs
Matilda Muckle
Alice Roberts
Ethel Shawe

Helen Quiner McBride writes, "Each nurse in training had
by day four or five patients, sometimes everyone of them needed a special. There were no special nurses on any floor and no graduates in charge of wards or as supervisors." She also tells of reading "Peck's Bad Boy" to Nelson Johnson when she was on night duty.

During this year our beloved superintendent resigned on account of ill health. Miss Emily L. Loveridge was appointed her successor, and Miss G. Mary Welsh, class of 1892 who was Miss Loveridge's assistant was made Supt. of Nurses. She held this position for a year at which time she was made Asst. Supt. of the hospital, and Miss Rebecca M. Jolly, a graduate of the Episcopal Hospital in Philadelphia was put in charge of the School of Nursing. Also, in 1904 Bishop Morris died, and the hospital lost its best friend and one that was loved by everyone. At the graduating exercises held in the Medical College, Bishop Keator of the state of Washington presided and presented the diplomas. Also in 1904 Dr. Wm. Saylor died. He was one of the members of the first staff and a very valuable one.

The Elks wreck came during this year. It occurred near Olympia, Washington where the Portland Chapter of the B.P.O.E. were to have a picnic. Many were seriously injured. We not only filled every bed, but again extra ones and cots were put in every available space. Even in the halls, and wherever possible two patients were put in a room. Many of these people were with us for months. Mrs. Helen McBride also calls attention to the frequent visits of Rabbi Stephen Wise about this time.

The members of the class of 1905 were:
Pauline Benham
Corrinne Carr

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During 1904 the Northwest Wing was built giving us four more private rooms on the first and the same on the second floor while on the third and fourth floor that same space was devoted to the Couch Operating Suite. This suite was given as a memorial to John and Caroline Couch by members of the Couch family, and was completely equipped in every way with the most up-to-date surgical appliances of that time. Our first elevator was in this Northwest Wing. We were all inclined to operate it and were proud when we were able to make good landings. During this year Senator Mitchell was a patient in our hospital. He had diabetes, went into a state of coma and lived only a short time.

Lena Marshall tells us of a treat given all nurses who could possibly attend when The Oakes were first opened. Dr. A. E. Rockey gave them not only a trip to the Oakes and the free use of all of its amusements but each one was served a dinner out there. In this year of 1905 one of our graduates, Minnie Buxton, was on the steamer, Columbia, bound for San Francisco when it struck a rock and sank among-those-saved off the California Coast. She was among those saved though many others perished. Among those lost was her roommate.

The graduates of the class of 1906 were:

Lena Backwith

Margeurite Boyer
At this time the hospital was sending out its laundry, costing them $500 a month. Aside from the expense the very soiled and all surgical linen had to be first washed or the laundry would not accept it, and there were the clothes lost! So this year we built our own laundry, a building about half the size it is now and adjoining it a room we called the carpenter's shop, devoted to repairs of all kinds of fixtures and furniture in the hospital and the buildings belonging to it. We had a carpenter, Mr. Green, who not only repaired furniture but made new pieces. Above the laundry were rooms for the laundry help and other female employes. Our laundry proved most satisfactory. I myself, found it very relaxing to run clothes through the mangle, as I would do occasionally when I was making rounds. We were able to give our clothes a little extra heat in the good suds and also a longer time in a very hot rinsing water.

This year the two unfinished floors of the Nurses Home were completed. The upper floor by our own help, mainly Andrew and Chas. Anderson. As they could work on it only two or three hours a day on account of disturbing the night nurses and when not busy with repairs etc., it was slow work. The finishing on the first floor provided a lecture room, two
reception rooms, quarters for the house mother and several sleeping rooms for nurses in training. The rooms finished on the fourth floor also provided much needed sleeping quarters and bath rooms for nurses in training.

This was the year of the Lewis and Clark Fair. One of our graduates, Margaret Scott, was one of the nurses in attendance at the emergency hospital on the grounds. Also, in this year fire proof doors were put in the nurses home.

One year our entire lawn had to be ploughed up on account of many weeds and much moss and potatoes were planted. One of our friends was showing the city to some Eastern friends who exclaimed, "What! raising potatoes on a lawn?" "Oh, now," our friend explained, "those are winter roses."

This was the year of the San Francisco fire. We cared for many refugees, among them all classes were represented from Bowery toughs up. We outfitted some nurses as well as patients. Some of the patients were with us for months. One of my nurses recalls one of them, an old Swedish man who had a tubercular spine, apparently developed or roused up from an injury received in the earthquake. We tried to treat all who came with consideration, those who appreciated the help received and those who did not as well. We kept them till they were able to leave and had some place to go. A number of our nurses and among them Miss Welsh, went to San Francisco on a special relief train. This group was organized by R. L. A. J. MacKenzie to render medical, surgical and nursing care to those needing it.

Class of 1907 were:
Grace Brown
Mrs. Frances Cleland

Zoe Cannaday
Florence Collins
I don't remember when rubber gloves were first used, but I do remember the thrill that came with each advancement. For a time they were used by the operator only, then by operator and his assistant, till gradually everyone wore them. About this time the boards were removed from the Bishop’s Arch, leaving the vine maples to support themselves which it was then quite able to do. Taking away the boards improved that entrance very much. Soon after an iron gate was put in there at the corner of Lovejoy and 22nd Street. This helped in keeping out the public, some of whom would like to use our grounds for a park. This same arch was planted by Bishop Morris himself when the hospital was first established, and he brought the small vines from the then nearby woods.

Class of 1908 was composed of:

Alvilde Aarnes
Maud Booth
Belle Crouse
Marian Chase
Emily Fagerstrom
Helen Hansen
Laura Heston
Ovidia Nelson
Edith Richardson
Ora Scoville
Sadie Specht

Helen Foster
Callie Fridley
Rose Gans
Harriet George
Gladys Haines
Daisy Huffer
Katherine Kent
Lydia Pritchett
Wilda Rowland
Sue Smart
Victoria Woesham
During this year the central building was erected as a memorial to Bishop Morris. The main entrance of the hospital was transferred from Lovejoy to Marshall Street and our capacity increased by twenty private rooms and thirty ward beds. One of the wards, Ward 50, was a twelve bed children's ward built as a memorial to Doctors R. L. and Clarence Glisan, two physicians connected with the hospital in an early day. Another ward for men accommodating twelve patients was a memorial to Capt. Geo. H. Flanders, a large and wise contributor of funds to the early building up of the hospital. For a time the second floor was utilized for office purposes, also doctors rooms, trustees rooms and superintendents quarters, but as these rooms were needed for other things offices of Dept. of Nursing, Record dept., etc., the bookkeeping dept. was moved to the first floor. On the third floor were three small operating rooms with their accessory rooms, three guarded rooms, dressing rooms, a small x-ray dept. and a six-bed men's ward near the Flander's Ward, twenty-six private rooms and a half dozen recovery rooms were located on the three upper floors.

The class of 1909 consisted of:

Emily Booth  Pearl Owen
Stella Brown  Kate Deverean
Ingeborg Bloomwick  Bernice Gaunt (1911)
Jeanette George  Edith Rice
Laura Hale  Birdie Jansen
Edith Love  Beneta Straud
Elizabeth Wofford  Jessie Johnson