



*A Fortuitous Encounter*

*The Mayo Clinic*

**Martin Nelson 2025**

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**The Mayo Family**

William Worrell Mayo	1819	1911
William James Mayo	1861	1939
Charles Horace Mayo	1865	1939

**The Moes' Sisters**

Catherine Mary Barbara Moes	1821	1895
Maria Catherine Alfred Moes	1828	1899

## Their Journey to Rochester, USA

William W. Mayo	Sister Albert Moes
(1819- 1911)	(1828- 1899)
Born in Salford, Manchester	Born in Luxembourg
Arrived New York City 22 August 1846	Arrived New York City 27 September 1851
Lafayette, Louisiana 1846-1848	Milwaukee, Wisconsin 1851-1856
Missouri 1848-1854	South Bend, Indiana 1856-1863
	Oldenburg 1863-1864
Le Sueur, Minnesota 1854 -	Joliet, Illinois 1864-1865
	St. Francis Academy, Frankfort 1865-1877
Rochester (Tornado 1883)	
St. Mary's Hospital (1889)	
THE MAYO CLINIC	

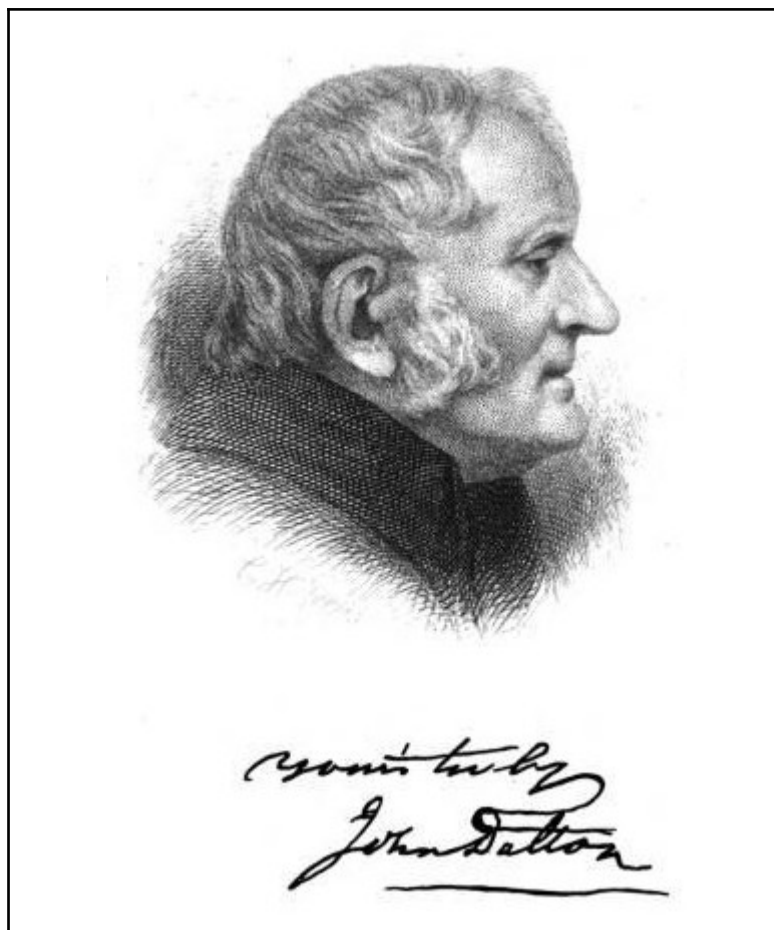
## Prologue

It was William Mayo who started it all. Born in Salford in the North of England, often called the epicentre of the Industrial Revolution, he was only seven years old when his father died.

Leaving school when he was twelve, he trained as a tailor. In time he had his own shop. It was Dr John Dalton a talented scientist who sewed the seeds that tempted him to try his luck in the new territories of the USA

Years later, a tornado in Rochester would bring him and Sister Moss, a nun from Luxembourg in contact. Facing a common need, they laid the foundations for what would become the most successful Hospital complex in the world.

## Chapter One - Dr John Dalton



That day an event occurred that would change William's life. Suddenly he looked at the clock. It was late and time to lock up the shop. Taking a broom, he carefully swept up the rubbish on the floor, placing it in the bin. Then he checked that the Sewing Machine was switched off and its cover was on; he didn't want it to be covered with dust in the morning. Finally he turned off the lights, locked the front door and walked out into the street.

Setting off on George Street, he would normally walk straight home, but a light coming from a corner building distracted him. It was the premises of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society.

Initially he ignored it. His mother was waiting to give him his supper and he didn't want to be late. But curiosity got the better of him and he decided to investigate. He reached the building and noticed that the front door was half-open. That was unusual.

He pushed it gently; it gave. Looking around to see if there was anyone watching, he went in. In the distance, he could hear voices. He was now feeling decidedly anxious but went on. Following them, he continued along a corridor until he stopped in front of another door. He eased it open and peered in. A meeting was in progress.

The speaker, a grey-haired man in his seventies, was standing in front of a blackboard with a piece of chalk in his hand. It was covered with equations and he was discussing some scientific experiments he had performed.

The audience, mainly young men in their twenties, was spellbound. Some were scribbling frantically in their notebooks, others were just listening. All were completely absorbed, following every word he was saying.

Slipping in, he sat down at the back and listened. During a pause, he whispered to his neighbour.

‘Who is that speaking?’

‘It’s Dr. John Dalton.’

‘Dr. John Dalton?’

‘Yes, he’s an eminent scientist. He is giving a series of lectures on Science and the Scientific method.’

‘Can anyone attend?’

‘Yes.’

Leaving the hall at the end of the talk, William felt a strange elation. It was as if the speaker had lifted a cloud from his eyes and he could see more clearly. He had a spring in his step. He bounded into the house and went to find his mother in the kitchen.

‘Mum’ he called out,

*‘Sorry I’m late, I have just had an amazing evening.’*

*‘William, Oh! it’s you, I was getting worried. What happened? You seem very excited.’*

*‘Yes Mum, something extraordinary happened. I listened to an amazing talk from an inspiring teacher.’*

William couldn't wait for the working week to pass. The days seem to drag. He could wait for Friday. As the clock chimed six, he stopped what he was doing, tidied up the shop and closed it for the night.

Carrying his notebook and pencils, he hurried to the hall to hear the next lecture to be given by Dr. John.

Over the following months, he listened enthralled as Dr. John described his discoveries about the composition of matter, and the science of Astrology.

A highly talented Chemist, Physicist and Meteorologist, he had formulated the modern Atomic theory of matter. He was talking about atoms. How the whole universe was made up of particles.

Despite his undoubted ability, Dr. John had been refused a University place. He was labelled a dissenter: a Quaker, he had opposed the

Government's interference in Religious Affairs.

But undeterred, he had set up his own night classes that were open to all. He was keen to tell anyone who would listen, about the marvels of the physical world.

William struggled to understand some of what Dr John was saying; that the physical world was made of particles, atoms and molecules, arranged in different ways. That the size and distribution of these particles determined the physical characteristics of the material.

He attended regularly and usually had several questions to ask at the end of the talk.

In time, the two became friends and more and more, William became more amazed by what he was learning. It was as if his eyes were being opened. He read all he could about science and began to dream about the possibility of even becoming a doctor.

One day after the evening talk, Dr. John stopped him as he was leaving.

*'William, I was thinking about you. Have you ever thought about going to the New World?'*

*'The New World?'*

*'Yes, America; it's the land of opportunity and it is welcoming young people like you from abroad. If I was your age, I would go. You have nothing to lose.'*

William had heard stories of opportunities in the New World, but had never thought of going there himself.

*'What would I do when I got there?'* He wondered.

## **John Dalton Dies**

One evening, William arrived for the usual talk to find the building in darkness. One or two young men were standing around, chatting aimlessly.

*'No talk this evening?'*

*'Haven't you 'eard, mate? The master's dead.'*

*'Dead?'*

*'Yeh, he collapsed; they think it was a stroke.'*

William was distraught. It had happened so suddenly. He had seen Dr. John only a few days earlier and he seemed to be in perfect health.

The news devastated him. His world had crumpled. Dr. John's talks were the highlight of his week. He so looked forward to them.

As he walked home that night, he felt empty and lost. Coming into the house he called,

*'Mum, I'm home.'*

His mother called out,

*'William, I'm in the kitchen, supper's ready.'*

She could see there were tears in his eyes; that he had been crying.

*'Will what is? What happened?'*

*'Mum, it's Dr. John. He died suddenly.'*

*'Died?'*

*'Yes, he collapsed. It occurred so quickly.'*

She reached forward and hugged him.

*'Oh! Will, what can I say? I am so sorry. Why do bad things happen....'*

It was grey and overcast when William left home for work the next day. He hadn't slept well. Dr. John's image, standing in front of the class kept reappearing during the night

He remembered when his own father died. The suddenness of losing someone close to you was so confusing. One minute they were there, alive, animated and the next they were gone, only a memory. It was difficult to accept.

He had hoped he would wake and find it was just a dream, a bad dream but it wasn't. He knew from his mother's face that it was real and now someone else whom he had admired and even loved, had gone.

## **The Public pay their respects**

The word soon got round about Dr. John's sudden death. On Saturday the 27<sup>th</sup> July 1844, his body, placed in a coffin, made of highly polished Spanish Mahogany, was taken from his lodgings to the Town Hall in a mourning coach drawn by four horses.

The town came out in their thousands to line the route and pay their respects. His life had touched so many.

His coffin was solemnly placed in a room specially converted into a funeral parlour and darkened, lit only by one chandelier and several candles.

The public was invited to pay their respects between eleven and six on the Saturday. By the evening, over 400,000 people had walked past his

coffin..

On Friday 9<sup>th</sup> August, the Mayor ordered that the streets along which they would take the Hearse to the cemetery, were to be free of all obstruction. Also as a mark of respect, warehouses and shops lining the route were to be closed.



## Chapter two - William goes to America

Over the following weeks, William thought more and more about his future.

He remembered Dr. John's words.

*'If I was your age, I would go to America.'*

Dr. John's sudden death had finally decided him. There was now nothing to keep him in England. He would go to America to seek his fortune in the land of *Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness.*'

But how to tell his mother? She now depended on him more than ever since his father had died. How could he leave her?

When he finally plucked up the courage to tell her of his plans, she surprised him.

*'William, I understand; you must do what feels right for you. going to America will give you a better future, you must go. Your father, God bless his soul, would have wanted you to go.'*

And so William made plans to go to New York.

### William mounts the gangplank

A loud siren rang out, announcing the imminent departure of the two-masted schooner for New York.

William, then aged 27, followed others as he made his way up the swaying rope ladder.

On reaching the deck, an Officer stopped him.

*'Name?'*

*'William Mayo.'*

He checked his name on his list.

*'Steerage'* then pointing, *'follow those men.'*

William followed the others down several flights of stairs to the lower deck. He was directed to a low-ceilinged space in the bowels of the ship. By the time everyone had boarded, the space was overcrowded with hundreds of men tightly packed together.

Soon the air became foetid. It would be where he would sleep and eat for the next eight weeks. On the journey, he would meet many Lancastrians like himself, seeking a new life. He had been warned that life on board was basic but was not prepared for what he found. He had to sleep on a straw mattress on the floor, only two feet from

his neighbour.

Dried bread, some fruit and water were the only daily rations. Occasionally there would be some meat or fish but it was usually putrid and inedible. Often it would run out before it got to him. Men would fight over it and it would lead to pandemonium.

Whenever he could, William escaped to the open deck. There he could breathe fresh air and watch the ever changing faces of the sea, returning to his mattress refreshed.

## **New York**

On August 22 1846, eight weeks after leaving Liverpool and following a long and uncomfortable journey, William woke to hear voices; a klaxon sounding and hawsers being tied.

The ship had docked at the Emigrant Landing Depot at Castle Island in New York City.

What a relief! At last they had arrived! Collecting his few possessions, and following the others, he hurriedly disembarked and stepped onto the quayside, swaying from the motion of the ship.

*What do I do now? He wondered. Where do I go?*

He didn't have long to wait. On the quayside were several officials ready to greet the newcomers. They were looking for workers.

William saw one carrying a poster advertising the Bellevue Hospital, a public hospital that was originally an Alm's house.

*'That's it!' he said to himself and went up to him.*

*'Good morning Sir, I am looking for work in the medical field.*

*Do you have any vacancies?'*

*'Good morning, where are you from?'*

*'The North of England. '*

*'Welcome, let me have a look at my list. Yes, we have vacancies in the Pharmacy department.'*

William frowned.

*'I know nothing about----.'*

*'Don't worry, we will teach you everything you need to know.'*

*'OK, that sounds fine. Where will I live?'*

*'We have some rooms near the hospital, available for the staff.'*

It was a short walk to the hospital, a bleak grey building overlooking the Hudson river.

After being registered, he was told,

*'Your washing and toilet facilities will be shared with the other technicians.'*

Then he was shown his accommodation, a small dim room with one window overlooking a brick wall. At least he was not sharing with anyone.

The next day, he made his way to the Pharmacy to begin work as a Pharmacist. It was the first time he had worked in a hospital and soon got lost. There were so many corridors and staircases. It was all very confusing.

The Pharmacist, a man in his forties greeted him.

*'Ah! Good Morning, you must be the new assistant? What's your name?'*

*'William, William Mayo.'*

*'William, do you know anything about Pharmacy?'*

*'No, but I am a quick learner.'*

William soon settled and within a short while, had mastered the names and the uses of the many medicines in the jars cluttering the shelves; chemicals like Carbohc, Creosote, Charcoal and Sulphur, all used to make up prescriptions.

He also learned that people were suffering from many serious diseases including Cholera, Yellow fever, Typhoid, Diphtheria, Malaria, Tuberculosis and many others, for which there was little treatment.

William began to enjoy the job and soon made some friends. He even had some free time to look around New York.

While dispensing medicines, he had the opportunity to speak to many of the doctors who came to the dispensary to collect their drugs.

What was just an idea; of becoming a doctor, had now become firmly fixed in his mind.

Meanwhile, he was feeling increasingly concerned about the unclean conditions of the wards and the poor level of sanitation in the hospital. The food was often putrid and the water foul.

## **Cholera Epidemic**

Suddenly, the word went round that there was an ill-understood potentially fatal disease called Cholera spreading in the hospital.

People were dying.

Fearing for his life and not knowing what it was, William panicked and

decided to leave. Packing up his few possessions, he slipped out one night.

By then he had saved some money and was able to buy a place on a horse-drawn wagon.

## Chapter Three - William travels West

Travelling West, the carriage carrying William bumped along rutted mud tracks and uneven roads; in the distance, he could see snow-covered mountain ranges.

It was William's first glimpse of the open American countryside.

He passed huge swathes of land under cultivation and stopped at Inns where he ate and slept.

Travelling along the Hudson river and uncertain where to stop, he decided to continue until he had found a place that seemed safe.

Arriving at Albany, he stayed overnight at an Inn. In the morning, he spoke to some locals.

*'I'm a newcomer. Where would you suggest I go to get away from the fever?'*

*'You need to go further South, to Lafayette.'*

The next morning, taking their advice, William continued his journey travelling from Buffalo across Lake Erie to Toledo. Finally he crossed the Wabash Canal and River and arrived at Lafayette.

There he found a busy township with well-planned roads and simple sturdy houses.

### Lafayette

The local people were friendly and greeted him with warm 'Hello's. It seemed an ideal place to stop and think about his future.

Walking along the main street looking for somewhere to stay, he came upon a shop with a sign in the window.

*'Tailor required'*.

On an impulse, he pushed open the door and entered. A bell rang and the owner, a rotund, bearded middle-aged man wearing a leather apron and carrying a piece of cloth appeared from the rear.

*'Good morning Sir, can I help you?'*

*'Good morning; Yes, I see you are advertising for a tailor. If the post is still vacant, I would like to apply for the job?'*

*'Yes, it is. What's your name?'*

*'William, William Mayo.'*

*'William, have you had any experience of tailoring?'*

*'Yes, I had my own tailoring business in England.'*

*'Good, follow me.'*

William entered a room at the back of the shop, filled with rolls of cloth. There were two sewing machines. Pointing to one, the tailor said,

*'William, please show me what you can do? Sit down at that machine and sew these two pieces of cloth together.'*

William immediately recognised it as one that he was familiar with. Without difficulty, he peddled and sewed. Immediately the tailor could see that he was a craftsman.

After about five minutes, the owner said,

*'OK William, stop, that's good. You seem to know what you are doing. You've got the job. When can you start?'*

*'Right away; as soon as you need me.'*

*'Good, then you can start tomorrow. Do you have anywhere to stay?'*

*'Not yet, I will need to find somewhere.'*

*'I can arrange that. I have a spare room at the back that you could have.'*

Having placed his belongings in the room, William returned to the shop.

*'So William, what brings you to these parts?'*

*'I want to better myself.'*

At the time, William didn't want to reveal his true ambition, to be a doctor; tailoring was only a step in that direction.

The two men soon became friends. William worked hard and within a short time had enough money to be able to rent his own apartment.

## **Dr Deming**

William was busy sewing in the back when he heard a customer come into the shop. Stopping to listen, he overheard the tailor greet him.

*'Good afternoon Professor Deming. What a pleasure to see you again. How can I help you?'*

*'Good Afternoon, I need a new suit for a medical dinner I'm attending. Do you have any suitable material?'*

William was immediately interested. He waited until the conversation had ended and came out to see whether the tailor needed anything.

When the measuring was over, he asked if he could have a few words with the customer.

*'Yes of course William, please.'*

*'Excuse me Professor Deming, I couldn't help overhearing that you are a doctor.'*

*'Yes, I have a practice and am the founder of the Indiana Medical College. Are you unwell?'*

Lowering his voice, William said,

*'No! no! I am fine. I was interested in how I could become a doctor.'*

*'You, a doctor? Mmm, that's interesting. We can't talk here. Why don't you come and see me? This is my address.'*

## **William visits Dr Deming**

A few days later, William visits Professor Elizur Deming's rooms. He was a bit early and was shown into his library where he had some time to look around.

On one wall, there were shelves full of books and on the other, the doctor's framed certificates from the Indiana Medical College.

He read that the doctor was born in Massachusetts and came to Lafayette in 1833, and was a graduate of Williams' College.

William was reading another book when the doctor entered.

*'Ah Mr. Mayo, William isn't it? Good, I am pleased you could find my office. Let me see? You told me you wanted to become a doctor? Do you have any previous training?'*

*'No, not really, but I have attended lectures by Dr. John Dalton, a scientist in Manchester, England. It was he who first put the idea into my head that I could better myself here in America. Soon after I arrived, I worked for a short while as a pharmacist at the Bellevue Hospital in New York.'*

*'Mmm, that's interesting, I have a suggestion. I need an assistant to help me with my patients. If you are free, I would like to offer you the post. In your own time, you could study and if suitable could take the Medical examination at Indiana University.'*

*'Thank you Sir, that would be wonderful'.*

William was delighted with the offer to assist the doctor. It would give him the opportunity he wanted. He soon settled in and the two men became colleagues. It was the time when patients were treated in their homes.

William accompanied the doctor on many home visits, often requiring several hours riding on horseback. He also sat in on consultations as Dr. Deming listened to the patients tell their story.

One day Dr. Deming turned to him,

*'William, I think it's about time you saw some patients yourself.'*

*'How do you feel about that?'*

Initially, William was a bit unsure. To take a history on his own was a different matter.

*'I would like to try.'*

Gradually he became more confident and in time began to see patients first and then present them to Dr. Deming.

## **Cholera In Lafayette**

During that year, Lafayette experienced its first epidemic of Cholera.

William had been called to the home of a well-known politician who had presented with severe watery diarrhoea and dehydration

Assuming it to be a simple case of food poisoning, he had prescribed some Kaolin and Morph. and the following morning asked Dr. Deming to see him.

*'Doctor, I went to see a man with severe diarrhoea. Could you see him and confirm my diagnosis?'*

Before Dr. Deming could visit, he received a message to say that the man had died. Soon more and more deaths occurred.

Lafayette was in the grip of Cholera, a disease that was ill understood and that would in time claim over 300 lives.

## **The Microscope**

The microscope had only just been invented and one became available at the College. Everyone was excited when it arrived one morning in the class. They crowded around it as the Professor showed what it could do.

He placed a small feather on the platform and then adjusted the focus.

*"Gentlemen, I would like you to look through the eyepiece."*

One by one, they peered into it. Looks of amazement appeared on their faces. The details of the individual parts of the feather were clearly visible.

William was astounded. He realised this instrument could tell us so much more about the world. He made a mental note that as soon as he could, he would get one.

It was by viewing through the microscope that in 1854, an Italian Filippo Pacini first identified a bacterium, a *Vibrio*, as the cause of Cholera.



## Chapter Four - 1850 William Awarded a Medical Degree

In February 1850, the College awarded William his Medical Degree. Elated, he rushed into the office to tell Dr. Deming.

Congratulating him, Dr. Deming asked,

*'William, what are your plans, now that you are a doctor?'*

*'Sir, I would like to set up my own practice in due course but meanwhile, I would like to continue working with you if that suits you? I have so much more to learn.'*

Doctor Deming was a patient teacher and encouraged William to ask questions.

As they travelled together to see patients in their homes, he had learned that Dr. Deming was a Mason. It was an organisation William knew little about.

One day, he broached the subject.

*'Dr. Deming, I believe you are a Mason. What is the Masonic movement?'*

Dr. Deming turned to him.

*'Yes William, I am. I became a Mason many years ago. It appealed to me because of its liberal principles of freedom of Religion, friendship and tolerance. It derived its name in the earliest days when a group of Stone Masons in England formed a secret society committed to social good. They called themselves the Masons. It is now well developed here in America under the name of Freemasons. It opposes any separation of a society because of religion, colour or creed.'*

They rode on in silence. William was seeing that he had a lot to learn beyond Medicine.

William's name soon became well known in the small American town; an Englishman who had emigrated to America; had become a citizen and now a doctor, was bound to create interest. He was a guest in many of the local homes.

### William meets Louise Abigail

William became acquainted with a young woman called Louise Abigail Totten Wright. She was a milliner. They met when he passed her Millinery shop in the High Street. He had seen some stylish hats in the window and became curious who the owner was. He went in.

A young woman approached him, smiling.

*'Good Afternoon Sir, may I help you? Are you looking for a Lady's hat for your wife for a special occasion? I have a wide selection.'*

*'No, I was just passing and couldn't help admiring your window.'*

You have some charming hats, do you import them?’

‘Oh! no Sir; they are all my designs, made here in the shop.’

‘Hmm, you are very talented.’

William was immediately attracted to her and found himself thinking about her. Increasingly curious, he made a point of visiting her shop a few days later. She showed suitable surprise.

‘Ah! Mr. William, how nice to see you again.’

Embarrassed, he began to examine some hats.

‘Is there something I can help you with?’

‘No, err I wondered if?’

She interrupted him, realising that he wasn't interested in her hats but in her.

‘Sir, I close the shop at five. Why don't you come back and we could go and have some tea; there is a tea shop nearby.’

They were instantly attracted to each other and were married on 9th April 1851 in Berrien, Michigan.

### **William becomes an Assistant Lecturer in Surgery**

One morning after surgery, Dr. Deming called William into his office.

*‘William, there was a meeting of the Faculty at the State University of Missouri recently. As the Professor of General Pathology and Clinical Medicine, I was invited.*

*During the conversation, I heard that there was a vacancy in the Department of Anatomy for an Assistant Lecturer. I wondered if you would be interested? It would be a good opportunity for you to study the structure of the human body directly.’*

*‘A Lecturer in Anatomy? Yes Sir, I am very interested.’*

Then he hesitated.

*‘Would it mean that I would have to live away from home. My wife Louise is very understanding, but I have been away for many nights this year and I think she is getting fed up with me.’*

*‘William, you are still a young man. Let me advise you. Life demands a constant series of decisions. When you decided to pursue a career as a doctor, I assume your dear wife approved. She must have known that it would entail time away from home?’*

*‘Yes, you are correct. I will tell her.’*

That evening after supper, William broached the subject with some trepidation. Louise and he had already had some differences about his frequent absences from home

*‘Dear, I've got some good news. They have offered me an Anatomy Assistantship in the Medical Department at the University of Missouri. It's a wonderful opportunity to increase my knowledge of the human body.’*

He saw a frown appear on her face. She knew what it meant.

*'Darling, you are not going away again? You are hardly ever here. You seem to be rushing from one place to another.'*

*'Louise, please try to understand. This offer won't happen again so I don't want to miss it. I promise I will come home on the weekends as often as possible.'*

Working as an Anatomy demonstrator, gave William the opportunity to dissect the human body in the course of demonstrating its structure to the students. Working from textbooks, he learned more and more about its complexity. In time he acquired the knowledge and dexterity needed to become a surgeon.

While he was away, Louise expanded her millinery business, advertising it as 'Mrs L W Mayo's Fashionable Millinery and Dressmaking.' She took on extra staff and enlarged her premises. Her hats and dresses were greatly admired and were much sought after.

In the same year, Louise and William had their first child, Gertrude. They would have four live children, Gertrude (1853), William (1861) Phoebe, (1863) and Charlie (1865). Sadly, they would lose two, Horace and Sarah.

## Chapter Five - Malaria

William had come home early. He was shaking, sweating and wasn't feeling well.

*'Dear, you don't look well. What is it?'* asked Louise.

*'I think it's another bout of Malaria. It is the second this year. I have tried another course of Quinine but it hasn't helped so far. Dear, I can't go on like this, every year going down with Malaria.'*

Louise held his hand.

*'William dear, why don't we move to somewhere else; somewhere where the disease is less common?'*

*'I really don't want to, but I think we'll have to. When I have recovered, I will find somewhere safer and then I'll come back for you. While I'm gone, will you be all right on your own, Louise?'*

*'Yes dear, the shop is going well, so I will be very busy.'*

A few weeks later, William hitched up his horse and buggy and set off saying, *'I'm going to keep on driving until I get well or die.'*

Arriving at Galena, Illinois, he took a steamboat to Minnesota, having heard that Malaria was very rare there.

In a letter to Louise, he wrote.,

*I have arrived safely in St Paul, Minnesota, a Malaria-free area and have found a temporary home. I think we should move here. Am coming back for you.*

But they had only stayed there a short while before the family moved again.

### La Sueur

William wrote

*'I have found an abandoned farmhouse at Cronan's precinct in La Sueur. It's ideal, please come as soon as you can, Love William.'*

Louise arrived shortly after with their four children. She was delighted that they were at last settling in one place. But within a few months they had to move from the farm following a severe flood.

In November 1859, they moved into a two-storey house on Main Street, La Sueur.

By 1861, the increasing tension between the Northern and Southern States over slavery boiled over and the Civil War began.

Conscious of the need to help, William applied for a Commission but was rejected.

Undeterred, he found himself involved in the Dakota War of 1862 during which he organised a group of people and set up makeshift hospitals to deal with the wounded.

## **Rochester**

Now based in a town called Rochester, William was soon joined by his family. The local people were very pleasant and friendly and Louise settled down with the children.

*'William, I like it here.'* She said one morning at breakfast.  
*'Why don't we stay,'*

William had saved some money, and within a short while, was able to build a house. He opened a medical practice and was soon busy treating the local people.

During that time, medical treatments were very limited. Illness was considered a dis-equilibrium. Doctors chose treatments to restore the body's balance by inducing sweating, purging. Diarrhoea was treated with Opium.

Rest and diets of gruel, warm and cold drinks were recommended. Injections were rare and pills usually made by the doctor were time consuming. Illness was often attributed to the environment, foul air and contaminated water.

For more obscure disorders, bleeding was the treatment of choice, to remove harmful substances from the system. Acute conditions such as broken bones and lacerations were common.

William's practice grew. He was often called to visit patients in their homes.

Unlike the local people, he knew little about the battles that had been fought between the settlers and the original Sioux people. The locals knew that there were underlying scores to settle and were always wary when setting out on a trip.

William on the other hand had heard the stories but discounted them. So he would set off to see his patients travelling many miles into the countryside without any fear or concern.

## The Sioux

It all changed one day, when he was confronted by a group of Sioux warriors at a crossroads. They stood defiantly in his path. Their faces and demeanour left him in no doubt as to their intentions.

Hiding his fear, he greeted them in a friendly manner but they had other ideas. Motioning him to dismount, they threatened to steal his horse. He raised his hand and spoke slowly,

*'Me doctor visiting a sick man. Me, pass.'*

At first they blocked his path but then one of them with a scarred nose took charge and told the others to let him ride on. But the delay meant that William was late home again.

## Late Home

Louise was panicking. She knew William had gone out on a call in the countryside, travelling on horseback as usual. He should have been back.

She had heard several rumours that the Sioux Indians were trying to get their land back and had attacked many people.

Standing by a window she stared out, hoping to see him in the distance. Pushing her fears to the back of her mind, she returned to her cooking when she heard a horse neighing. Rushing to the window, she was relieved to see William tying up his horse in the stable before coming in. They kissed.

*'How was the patient?' she asked not wanting to reveal her fears or complain about his lateness.*

*'He was fine. A little the worse for drink. The poor fellow had fallen in a pit but fortunately not broken anything.'*

Sitting down for dinner, William was unusually quiet and just ate. That's strange thought Louise, it was not like him. He normally had a lot to say when he had returned from a home visit. She waited until they had finished eating and then lowering her voice said,

*'William dear, did anything else happen today?'*

He knew she was anxious when he was out seeing patients. There had been a rumour that they had attacked several people. He hesitated.

*'Yes, it did, but I didn't want to worry you. I ran into some drunken Indian braves. Their leader was named Cut-Nose, from an old injury. They demanded that I give them my horse. But I refused. I told them that I was on the way to see a sick patient. Eventually they let me pass. Everything was fine.'*

On the 26th December 1862, Marpiya Okinajin better known as Cut-Nose, a Sioux Indian chief together with 37 others was captured and hanged by order of the then President, Abraham Lincoln.

The next day some of the bodies were dug up by grave robbers and sold to the local Medical schools for dissection.

Some-time later, William was teaching his anatomy class and found that the next body he was dissecting was that of Cut-nose.

*138 years later Cut-Nose' remains were buried with all the honours due a chief*

## Chapter Six - The Moes' Sisters go to Church

On the other side of the world, two sisters, Catherine and Maria Moes were growing up in a town called Remich. It was originally a 5<sup>th</sup> C Roman settlement called Remacum. Most of it was destroyed by the Normans in the 8th C. Only a few fragments, such as the St Nicholas' Gate, remained. It lies on the left bank of the river Moselle, forming the border between Luxembourg and Germany.

The Moselle valley is famous for 'Moselle', a white wine that is produced from the local vineyards.

Both daughters had been brought up as devout Roman Catholics, the children of a successful Ironsmith. From an early age, the sisters were aware of the plight of others and the comforts they enjoyed.

Both were well educated; fluent in French, German and English, as well as Music and the Arts.

*'Hurry girls, you'll be late,'* called their mother as Catherine and her sister Maria finished their breakfast. *'Go and put on your habits and prepare to leave the house.'*

They regularly attended early morning mass, held at the local convent and were in danger of being late. Their parents had insisted that their daughters be brought up in a religious home, mindful of their responsibilities to the poor and the infirm.

Arriving as the first service began, they settled into their seats and listened as the choir sang.

*'Lord, make me an instrument of your peace.'*

That day, the Convent had a visiting speaker, Dr. John Henni. Originally Swiss-born, he had immigrated to America and was now the Bishop of Milwaukee, a city in Wisconsin on the western shore of Lake Michigan.

As the music slowly faded, a slim figure mounted the pulpit. A ray of sunshine passing through an open window illuminated his face as he turned to look at his audience. There was a gasp from the audience.

Speaking quietly he began,

*'I am very grateful for the privilege you have given me to speak about a subject that is heavy on my mind, the plight of the Native American children.'*

Then with his voice rising, he continued

*'There is a desperate need for teachers and I am appealing to you, the local young people, to reach out to their overseas fellows.*

*We need to help those who hunger for knowledge but are denied*



it.

*We need you to come to the aid of your fellow human beings. no matter where they are.'*

In bed, that night, Maria whispered to Catherine,

*'What do you think? Should we go? It would be an exciting adventure.'*

*'What do you think?'* she repeated but there was no answer. Catherine was already asleep.

Later that day, the family were walking together along the banks of the Moselle. The grapevines were just coming into fruit. The girls fell back and Maria whispered to her sister,

*'I was thinking about what Bishop Henni said. He was right. It's our duty as Christians to help. We can't just do nothing.'*

Catherine remained quiet but began to think about the idea. They walked on in silence. Later, she whispered to Maria,

*We can't just go, we will need to ask our parents. What do you think they will say? Do you think they would let us go?'*

Finally, Maria plucked up courage. The sisters had returned from their walk and joined their mother in the kitchen. She was preparing lunch and Maria went to help her. She stood by the table, waiting for an appropriate moment.

*'Mother,'* she began. *'You remember, I told you that Bishop John Henni spoke to us at Mass?'*

*'Yes dear; I remember, what about it?'*

*'Well, Catherine and I have been talking about what he said.'*

*'Yes dear: and what did he say?'*

*'He said, we need to help those less fortunate than ourselves. We were wondering if?'*

*'Yes, he's right of course, What were you wondering about my child?'* Maria hesitated.

Her mother began drumming her fingers on the table waiting for a reply.

*'What's the matter, Maria? You are not usually short of words. Speakup! What did you wonder?'*

*'We, Catherine, umm, and I were thinking about what he said.'*

*'Yes! So? Please girl, you have said that already. Get on with it, what do you want to say? I've got work to do.'*

Suddenly she blurted out;

*'We think we should go.'*

*'Go! Go where?'*

*'To America.'*

Her mother stopped what she was doing, her mouth wide open. She couldn't believe what she was hearing .

Taking off her apron, she turned and stared at her.

*'Maria, I don't know what has got into you. Have you taken leave of your senses? Go to America? That's crazy. You need to speak to your father. He will be home soon. He will have something to say about that.'*

Later that day, the family were seated around the kitchen table. They had finished eating and were about to clear up the dishes when,

*'Father,'* their mother began. *'Maria has something to ask you.'* Maria blushed.

*'Yes Maria, what is it?'*

Stumbling, she blurted out,

*'Father, Catherine and I want to go to America, to help the poor.'*

*'Go to America? Mmm I see, Mother, what do you think?'*

*'I think they're too young,'* raising her voice. *'They don't know what they want. How would they manage? They have never lived away from home.'*

Calming down, she turned to him,

*'What do you think, Father?'*

He sat back in his chair, pondering, his hand to his mouth.

*'I think it's a wonderful idea. I am really proud of them wanting to help others.'*

*'But,'* repeated their mother. *'They're too young, too young.'*

Raising her voice, *'I don't want them to go.'*

*'Mother, Catherine is almost 30 and Maria is almost 25. Don't you think they are old enough to know their minds? Dear, we must let them go to do God's work. They won't be alone. Many of our country folk are leaving to look for a better life in America.'*

The years between 1846-1860 were later to be known as **the Second wave of Immigration to America**. Luxembourgers were leaving in their thousands, attracted by the offer of cheap farmland.

## Chapter Seven -Travelling to Le Havre

The prospect of doing something important had excited Maria and Catherine and they immediately set about making preparations to leave. They first contacted several Convents in America, including the School Sisters of Notre Dame in Wisconsin and within a short while had received invitations to visit them.

Although looking forward to the adventure ahead, they feared the day when they would have to say goodbye to their parents.

On the morning of their departure, their hearts were heavy.

*'Have you got everything?'* asked their mother, standing at the front door as they were about to leave. She was fighting back tears.

*'Yes, Mother, we will write as soon as we arrive.'*

*'Goodbye my dear girls; may the blessing of God be upon you and may you do his work.'* She turned away so that the girls couldn't see her tears.

It was Winter and by the time they had reached the Coach station; they were both shivering. Carrying their small bag of belongings, they waited for the horse-drawn coach to arrive. Eventually they climbed in and joined a family of four, a mother, father and two small daughters.

Preparing themselves for the long journey, Maria,whispered,

*'Catherine, 'Are you all right?'*

Catherine reached out and held her hand. She felt her heart racing. It was the first time that they had been away from home and both had mixed feelings; excited at the journey ahead but sad at leaving their family and friends.

Once they had set off, they calmed down and began to enjoy the journey, watching the passing fields. The journey took them along open roads, through small villages and over low bridges, stopping at taverns to rest and eat.

One of the little girls pointed to the Sisters and whispered to her mother.

*'Mummy, why are they wearing black?'*

*'Darling, they are Nuns dear, that's what nuns wear.'*

*'Why mother?'*

*'To show that they have no interest in worldly goods.'*

Maria smiled at the little girl.

Catherine had looked at the map before they left and planned their route. After about two hours, they crossed the Yugoslav border and travelled West into France stopping at Metz where two nuns from the Abbey St. Arnould, a 6th C. Benedictine Abbey, greeted them.

Then they continued onto Reims where they stayed at Our Lady of Reims Monastery, leaving the following day. After a stormy journey through pelting rain, they arrived in Paris where they stayed with nuns at the Basilica of the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

After sad farewells and with a large container of food, they travelled onto Rouen, the last stop before Le Havre.

Finally, they arrived at Le Havre, the port city. It had been a long and tiring journey. There they stayed at the Montivilliers Abbey before beginning their sea voyage. It was originally a Nunnery and was now an Abbey Church. Warmly received, they took part in evening prayers and shared the evening meal.

After breakfast, the following morning, they said their farewells and made their way to the port where they faced the journey across the Atlantic to New York.

Although, by then, some transatlantic ships were being powered by steam, most were still two-masted schooners carrying three to four hundred passengers in very restricted conditions.

## Chapter Eight -The Sisters leave for America

The year was 1851 when the Sister's Maria and Catherine mounted the gangway and boarded the ship for New York, joining hundreds of others. They were directed to steerage, a crowded low-ceiling space in the bowels of the ship.

By the time of departure, over two hundred women would have crowded in. Straw bedding was laid out on the floor for them to sleep.

Standing on the open deck as the ship moved away from its mooring, and seeing the land slowly fading in the distance, the two young women suddenly realised the enormity of what they were doing. They held each other, fighting back tears. Scared and alone, it was the first time they had travelled on the ocean.

Turning to God and prayer, they knelt on the deck,

*'Dear Lord, our heavenly father, protect and keep us safe through the journey we have undertaken. May your face shine upon us and guide us. Help us do your holy work. Keep our dear mother and father safe.'*

As was their custom, they held morning and evening prayers to which others soon joined them. Every morning and evening, the sound of prayers could be heard ringing out across the ocean. It helped to pass the time.

The food and water they had been given for the journey didn't last long as they shared it with their fellow travellers.

The rough seas were the most difficult and both the sisters struggled with seasickness. It was an awful feeling, almost impossible to get away from; the constant swaying motion of the ship. But they soon learned from others that standing on the open deck, breathing in the fresh air and watching the sea during the rough weather, helped.

It seemed as if the journey would never end until one day, the word went round that they were almost there. Immediately the mood of the passengers lifted. Strangers began to talk to each other and smiled. It would be such a relief to arrive.

Finally, in the distance they saw birds in the sky, a sign of land and within a short time the ship was tying up at the dockside.

## Chapter Nine - The Sisters arrive in America

Unsure and confused about what to do, they collected their luggage and with their fellow travellers stepped off the boat unsteadily onto the ground in New York harbour,

Almost instantly they heard their names called. Turning, two smiling faces confronted them.

*'Welcome to America. We are from Mount Saint Vincent de Paul and are honoured to greet you. Please let us take your luggage and follow us. We have a horse and buggy waiting.'*

Relieved to be met, the two sisters followed them. They climbed into a buggy just big enough for the four of them, huddled together.

Twenty minutes later, they drove up to the front of a large brick building. Inside, what seemed like hundreds of smiling faces, were waiting to greet them.

Everyone was excited. After receiving hugs and handshakes, they were shown to their room to rest before supper.

Alone, they hugged, huge smiles of relief appearing on their faces as they clung to each other. But Catherine was fighting back tears, still distraught and uncertain about what they would do and what the future would hold.

Maria took her hand.

*'God is with us, we need not fear.'*

Then they heard a gong sound. It was for the evening meal held in a large communal room, laid out with long tables. Joining hundreds of others, the Sisters were invited to sit at the top table.

The frugal meal was almost finished when Mother Superior rose. Banging the gavel for silence, she began,

*'Sisters, you will all be aware that we have amongst us visitors from abroad, Sister Catherine and Sister Maria from Luxembourg. It is an honour for us to have them share our meal.'*

The room rang out with the sound of clapping.

Turning, she continued,

*'I bring you greetings from your fellow sisters in Wisconsin. They are looking forward to meeting you.'*

Catherine turned to Maria and nodded. Maria shrugged her

shoulders and stood up waiting for silence.

*'Please excuse my English as it is not my mother tongue. Mother Superior, Sisters; my sister Catherine and I are very honoured to be here to share your home.'*

*We thank you for the hospitality that you have extended to us. It was the vision of Bishop John Henni from Milwaukee who lit the flame that brought us here to America, to help the poor and needy. Tomorrow we plan to continue our journey to Wisconsin. May God bless you all.'*

## Chapter Ten - Milwaukee

The following morning with warm farewells ringing in their ears, they continued their journey. Arriving in Milwaukee, they were directed to the convent, the School Sisters of Notre Dame, where a member of the Convent met them.

*'Welcome Sisters, it's a long journey to Rochester but there will be regular stops for you to rest. Meanwhile please break your journey with us.'*

Although their original plan was to go straight to Rochester, they were so moved by the many kind invitations that they received from convents on the way that they agreed to stay at each.

From 1852 to 1863, they lived at the School, Sisters of Notre Dame in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. There they were received into the Third Order of St Francis and accompanied the Sisters on their mission to serve the sick and the infirm.

But things didn't always go smoothly. Maria found herself in conflict with the Orders of the School when they accused her of *'want of a calling'* and for *'a lack of religious spirit.'*

Shortly afterwards, the Sisters moved to South Bend, Indiana where they stayed with the Maronites of the Holy Cross.

There, with two companions, the Sisters took Holy Vows:- *-to live without possessions, -to live the chastity of an unmarried person, -to obey the Heavenly Father in all things.*

At the same time, they assumed the names of Sister Albert and Sister Barbara.

A year later in 1864, the Sisters moved south to the Joliet area at the invitation of the Parish Priest.

Later on, the Sisters moved to La Porte where they joined the Sisters of the Holy Cross. There, Sister Albert was promoted from Teacher to Director. But once again she incurred the disapproval of the Bishop by attending a choir practice, a Fair and a Strawberry Festival, all activities prohibited by her superiors.

A year later, Sister Albert, Sister Barbara and two other sisters moved to Joliet at the invitation of the Parish Priest and remained there until 1865.

In August 1865, fulfilling the promise made by St Francis of Assisi to Jesus, to rebuild my Church, Sister Albert and Father Panfilo de Magliano established the First Franciscan Sisterhood in Frankfort,



Illinois. It was called the Congregation of the Third Order of St Francis of Maria Immaculate (OSF) It would receive Papal approbation later.

In 1869, four years later, the Joliet Franciscan Sisters opened a new St Francis Academy and began serving the Joliet Area, teaching girls aged 3-20. By 1874, they were teaching throughout the five states.

Three years later, in 1877, the Sisters moved from Joliet to Rochester. There they ministered to the poor and sick.

## Chapter Eleven - in 1883, a tornado strikes the town of Rochester.

Suddenly awakened, by a low roar, like a lion calling its mate, Sister Maria sat up. She thought she had been dreaming and then realised it was real. The sound was coming nearer and nearer and growing louder and louder until the whole room was shaking.

Drawing back the curtains, she stared out.

A huge, grey, funnel-shaped column of air, extending from the sky, was spiralling along the ground. It was dominating the heavens and blotting out the light. It was destroying everything in its wake.

Shaking with fear, she dropped to her knees in prayer, fearing that the world was coming to an end. Meanwhile, her sister Catherine slept throughout, undisturbed.

Frantic and not knowing what to do, she prodded her.

‘Catherine, wake up, wake up. There’s something terrible happening. Get dressed, we need to find out what’s going on.’

Dressing quickly, the two sisters ran into the street. Passers-by were shouting,

‘It’s a twister, take cover.’

What they saw horrified them. The scene was devastating. The town centre was in chaos. They watched in disbelief, as houses were lifted up like match boxes, hovered in the air and then crashed down, smashing to pieces on the ground..

Trees were uprooted, thrown high in the air and tumbling down to the ground.

Frantic with fear, people were rushing into the streets fleeing from their homes as they were being shaken and reduced to falling debris. Some were crying hysterically. Others were lying injured, unable to move and some were dying.

Bodies were everywhere. The scene was like something out of Dante’s Inferno, horrifying to most but not unfamiliar to Sister Albert. She had seen it all, years before, during the Civil War when she and her fellow Nuns had tended the wounded and dying.

The pair rushed from room to room, rousing everyone.

*‘Sisters, quick! We have an emergency. There has been a terrible storm. People are injured and some are dying. Everyone, drop what*

*you're doing and come into the streets . They need our help. Bring dressings and bandages.'*

Seeing the injured laying in the open on the ground, Sister Albert realised that they couldn't treat them there. They must move them. They need to be taken under cover but where?

Someone shouted,

*'What about the German Library?'*

Someone else suggested,

*'The Rommel Dance Hall?'*

These were two large covered spaces suitable for nursing and protecting the injured from the elements. Both were available.

## Chapter Twelve - Dr William is awoken



Dr. William Mayo was at home sleeping when the tornado struck. The loud noise woke him. He turned to see his two teenage sons, William and Charles still sleeping.

Uncertain what it was, he went to a window, pulled the curtain and looked out. What he saw horrified him. Houses, trees and piles of litter, were swirling around in the wind. He could hear the cries of the injured.

Shaking the boys he shouted,

*'Sons, get dressed and follow me, we have work to do.'*

The three couldn't believe what they saw when they went into the street. The sky was dark with flying debris. People were rushing for cover; many were injured, lying on the ground, crying out for help.

In the distance, he could see two nuns and caught up with them.

*'We're taking the injured under cover,'* Sister Barbara shouted to him against the wind. *'I've got my Sisters already treating the injured.'*

*'What can we do?'* Dr. William asked, his words muffled by the storm.

*'Come with me, we will need your surgical skills.'*

Together they made their way to the two Halls. By then the casualties had arrived. The scene was chaotic. People were crying out for help, lying on the floor struggling to sit up.

Soon the centres were struggling to cope as more and more injured were brought in. The Convent's medical supplies, including splints, bandages and painkillers soon ran out. Many died because of a lack of equipment.

*'We must get more blankets and mattresses,'* Sister Barbara shouted to her fellow Sisters.

Then she took charge.

*'Doctor William, I need your help. The injured are overwhelming us. We must decide how we are going to best look after them.'*

*Leave it to me Sister, I'll activate a 'Triage'.*

Immediately he walked amongst the injured, assessing their injuries and designating them into three classes

- the minor injured; those who they could leave and deal with later

- the moderate; those with injuries who could be saved - to be treated immediately He and his sons needed to concentrate on them, and the severely injured; those with fatal injuries beyond help, to be given painkillers and kept comfortable. It was a system that he had learned during his service in the Civil War.

Immediately a temporary operating table was set and William and his sons began dealing with broken limbs and lacerations.

The young men assisted as their father sprang into action.

It was the first time they had seen him dealing with an emergency. They marvelled at his skill, and obeying his instructions as he dressed wounds and applied bandages.

They coped well, despite seeing terrible injuries with blood loss and broken bones for the first time. The experience would have a profound effect upon them and in time would shape their careers; both young men later becoming surgeons.



## Chapter Fourteen - St Mary's Hospital is born

Dr. William was wrong. In 1899, six years later, Sister Barbara had raised the money and Saint Mary's Hospital opened with 27 beds and two operating rooms.

Dr. William Mayo became its Director and soon, it was affectionately known as the 'Mayo Clinic'.

At its opening, Dr. William said, *'The building in which we have met to dedicate, represents the work of the Sisters of Saint Francis.'*

### William retires

Louise was worried. She could see that William was struggling under the heavy clinical load. He continued to attend the clinics and was in the Operating Room, three times a week. He often came home late and exhausted, flopped into his favourite chair and reached for a drink and then fell asleep.

Reluctant to say anything, she bit her tongue until one day. Dinner was ready at the usual time but William hadn't arrived home. Eventually she heard him at the front door.

*'Is that you William?'*

*'Yes dear, sorry I'm late but we had a very difficult case which I had to assist.'*

*'Your dinner's in the oven. I've kept it hot,'* she said, trying not to get angry. She looked away

*'I said I'm sorry dear. I can't just walk out of a difficult case.'*

*'I know William but it isn't the first time. Isn't it about time you ..'*

*'Louise please, we have had this discussion before, I am not ready to retire and that's final.'*

That night, she was nearly asleep when he got into bed. Usually she waited for him and they had a goodnight kiss but not that night. He reached for her but she moved away.

William couldn't sleep. His mind was racing. Thinking about the cases and his home life. How to find a balance between them. Louise was right, I should retire but there is so much more to do, to understand.

The years passed, and Louise stopped nagging him. She could see that he was not listening. But a surprise was in store. Secretly, William knew she was right, so he looked for a new partner, someone to whom he could hand over his part of the practice. Once

I can get a replacement I will retire, he said to himself. He didn't have long to wait.

### **William hands over to Dr Augustus Stinchfield**

In 1892, William was introduced to Augustus Stinchfield, a mid-career Physician. He was the ideal person to hand over to. William invited him to join the practice and at age 73, he retired.



## Chapter Fifteen - Professor Baron and son Doctor Kanehiro. *Beri Beri*

In 1906, the Mayo Clinic had an unexpected visitor. Louise was in the garden when an excited William shouted to her.

*'Darling, come in. I have some amazing news. We have a visitor from Japan, Baron Doctor Kanehiro and his son DrYoshihiro.'*

Louise put down her trowel, washed her hands and came into the kitchen.

*'Did you say Japan?'*

*'Yes.'*

*'The Baron is on a world tour. He has just come from London where he gave three talks, at St Thomas's Hospital, London. One was on Beri Beri.'*

*'Beri Beri? What's that?'*

*'It's a deficiency disease, a lack of Vitamin B. He was the first to identify it.'*

*'Is he with his wife?'*

*'No, but he has brought his son who is also a surgeon.'*

On May 19th 1907, a year later William (then aged 89) and Louise visited Baron Takaki in Japan.

Of his visit he said.

*'It seems as if I had been in a wonderland. I've been among new peoples; have seen new ways of doing things; have walked in a world that is practically upside down when compared with our little world.'*

## Chapter Sixteen - William burns himself

The 19th century saw the acceleration of alcohol production in the United States. Copious supplies of cane sugar and molasses had become available that resulted in the growth in production and consumption of Rum.

This ended in 1807 with the Embargo Act that effectively blockaded their supplies. Undeterred, the producers turned to making whisky, which saw a progressive increase in production.

William, like most men of the day liked his tot of whisky and decided now that he had retired, to produce his own. He had obtained the necessary equipment and began distilling. It was all going well until one day.

Louise was in the garden when she heard him shout.

*'Louise, help!'*

She rushed into the stables where she knew William was tending to his still. She found him lying on the floor moaning quietly. Louise could see that he was nursing his arm.

*'What happened William? Are you all right?'*

*'No, I have had an accident. The whisky still blew up; I have burned my arm.'*

*'Let me see.'*

His left arm was swollen and bright red with an area of burnt whitened skin. He was crying in pain.

Louise was horrified. She was not a doctor but could see the extent and severity of his injury.

*'Quick William, We must get you to the hospital.'*

Calling for help from the stable boy, they harnessed the buggy and taking the reins, Louise set off for St Mary's Hospital.

On arrival, William was taken to the Emergency area where his burns were dressed. Cold products were applied to relieve the pain and then a lime-water liniment called Carron Oil on thin cotton strips, was applied.

Later, Louise took him home and dressed the wounds herself but his condition deteriorated and on March 6th 1911, when aged 91, William died.

*Louise died four years later. Soon after, their Rochester home was demolished to make way for the new Mayo Building designed by Dr Henry Plummer.*

*Initially called the Red brick building, it was later renamed the Plummer Building.*



## Epilogue

Wanting to know what was to happen to St Mary's Hospital Rochester in the future, the spirits of William and Sister Albert kept in touch.

*'William, I see your sons, Will and Charlie continued the family tradition. You must be very pleased with what you started.'*

*'Yes, Sister Albert, they turned out to be remarkable young men.'*

*'William? Yes, Sister Albert? You know we really started something when we built St Mary's Hospital. Have you seen what has happened to it?'*

*'No, what do you mean?'*

*'It has added more beds to accommodate more patients. Then something unusual occurred.'*

*'What was that?'*

*'In 1916, the existing Colonial hotel expanded and added more beds and became a Hybrid Hotel.'*

*'A Hybrid Hotel?'*

*'Yes, a new concept. A hotel with some rooms for hotel guests and other rooms for hospital patients.'*

*'That seems a great idea, as a hotel can provide the house-keeping and the kitchen.'*

*'Then in 1920 with the increasing therapeutic use of radiotherapy, the Curie hospital was built'*

*'Did they continue to expand?'*

*'Yes, there was further construction. The new Kahler Hotel/Hospital was built as the demand for beds increased.'*

*Your sons took on a number of colleagues to deal with different aspects of disease. The first one was Doctor Augustus Stinchfield, a Physician who dealt with the patient's medical problems.'*

*'How many Doctors did they invite to join them?'*

*'I think it was seven in all.'*

*Soon after, they decided to become a not-for-profit organisation.'*

*'Expansion continued when in 1949, the Colonial Hospital added a fourth wing.'*

*'Six years later, the New Rochester Methodist Hospital replaced the Colonial Hospital. Then the Curie Hospital was closed and its facilities transferred to the Damon Building.'*

*'But it didn't stop there. The red brick building was replaced by the Siebens Building and that became the Educational Centre.'*

*Finally in 1986, the Methodist Hospital board and St Mary's Hospital under the Sisters of St Francis joined and became the Mayo Clinic Methodist Campus.'*

Then William and Sister Albert were again united in a common cause. Isn't that how it all started?