

DUNAWAY - ALLDER - PYLE FAMILY

BY

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INTRODUCTION

Why this family story? In the first place this story is told because I seem to be the family historian and the keeper of Vital Statistics. Being single, I have kept in close touch with all the different branches of the family, always have a record of addresses, dates of birth, marriages, etc. Someone is eternally asking me for "this one's address" or "the married name of that one", or "the name of a new baby". Egged on by different members I decided to compile the family record for the younger and coming generations.

To my nieces and nephews, great and great-great nieces and nephews, and those yet to come, you have a good inheritance. I'm expecting you to live up to your potentialities. I hope the different medical and social tables herein will be as interesting and valuable a study for you as it has been for me in compiling them.

In the second place, for the last thirty years, a great part of my time has been occupied by writing family histories or reading what social service workers have written for me to read. When I have been confronted with the mass of trouble and entanglements which befall the human race (or which people can get themselves into), it gives me pause to wonder; then when I have been bewildered by the thousands of physical disorders encountered in my fifty-four years of practice, I have been amazed that our family (or any other family) should be so fortunate as to have escaped so much. At this time there are seventy-six living descendants of my parents, in four generations, ranging in age from two months to ninety years, I am amazed because of the following: there has been but one untimely death in the family in the last sixty-five years! (A grandson died from influenza, 1918).

My parents reared nine of us without a serious illness, a broken bone, a surgical operation or an allergic condition, though these problems occurred to many of us in middle age or later. There has never been a still birth or neonatal death. There has never been a member of the family with a chronic disorder, that is to say, a disease which "runs" in the family. If there is an inherited trait, it is longevity. In these five generations there has been no major disaster or violent death. This story includes eighty-seven

persons, seventy-six living and eleven deceased. Direct line covers one hundred sixteen years, pioneering days, four wars, an industrial revolution and four or five financial depressions. An unusual record, for in my experience, it is unusual and I ask why?

After much study I find the reason. In every case each one of the Dunaway-Allder line has been fortunate enough to marry into families of equally sturdy stock down to the fourth generation. In recalling all the thousands of histories I have studied, the record is rare.

Dear Nieces and Nephews:

I hope you will consider this written effort of mine as a chatty, gossipy series of letters of family news and events. Many of you have never met some of the older generation or some of your own generation.

This is an attempt to introduce you to each other and give a compilation of social, cultural, educational and medical history.

It is not important individually who had a broken bone, or was left handed, who married or who remained single; neither does it matter whether this one or that one graced the military service with his presence: but collectively it gives us a chance to compare one generation with another and to compare ourselves with the norm or average.

In an early day in the wild and woolly west some of the nobler and braver folks thought it would be well to have a Sunday School. One young man was asked to play the organ; he timidly but reluctantly consented. This is the sign he put in front of the audience: "Don't shoot the organist; he is doing the best he can." I beg your indulgence: hold your gunfire!

September 1, 1959

PROGENY OF WILLIAM F. AND LUCY JANE DUNAWAY

L.T. Dunaway	Ferol Jackson	W.Dunaway Jackson Hettie Leaetta	Alan Scott Thomas Farrel
	Algernon (d. 4 mo.)		
	Loren Thaddeus (M.-no children)		
	Howard Kennedy (d. 15 yr.)		
	Mildred Enloe	Louis Henry Howard Lenden	
Alice D. Nipps	Cecil R. Nipps	Cecil Ray, Jr.	Gerald Robert Barbara Jean Karen
		Carolyn Nipps Wilson	Carolyn Andrea Charles Duane
		Jean Swaim	Larry Joe Carol
	M. V. Nipps	Marie Harris	John Steven
Nellie	d. 7 mo.		
Henry	d. 16 mo.		
Carrie	d. 21 mo.		
Eva Garee	Rubi (Single)		Brian Scott Karen Louise
		Jack Edwin	Gary Edwin Cheryl Denise
	Stella Dean		
		James Alder	Kenneth Alder
		Robert Lee	Denise
	Elizabeth Bullard	Irene Eliz. Bauman	David Robert John Keith
		Charles William	Garee Don
Frances Peters		Laree Wayne	
	Wayne Francis		

Eva Garee (continued)	Lucy Jane Nemecek	Mary Eva Glenn Edwin Carol J. Murphy	Mark Edwin
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Stella Whipkey (M.-no children)

Jane E. (Single)

May (d. 1882)

Whig F. (M.-no children)

Elvira I. (d. 1884)

Bernie Koch	Dorothy Jane McMullen	David Koch Joel Haynes Eleanor Christine Susan Lynn
	Edwin O., Jr.	

John A.	John Alder, Jr.	Sally Putnam Lucy Alder
	William R.	Robin Ris Tina Lynn
	Sylvia Jane Daugherty	Rosanne George Alan

Cecil O.	Margaret Elizabeth Fay	Thomas Cecil William Dunaway
	Jean Louise Nichols	John Dunaway Carol Margaret

Jane English Dunaway, M.D.
 New Wilmington, Pennsylvania or
 728 E. Atwater
 Bloomington, Indiana

JANE ENGLISH DUNAWAY, M.D.

TRIBUTE TO A PIONEER LADY DOCTOR

--by Sophie Hansen Stackhouse

Known to thousands as "Dr. Jane" -- to hundreds as "Doctora" -- this lady with the beret atop her iron-grey hair is filled with a zest for living. Her deep blue eyes belie her eighty years. They glow with the intensity of the unquenchable spirit within.

Quiet, modest, she wears a cloak of reserve among strangers. To those privileged to know her, Dr. Jane Dunaway is one of the outstandingly brilliant women in Pennsylvania.

Still active professionally, she can look back over more than fifty years of service to her fellow-man.

Jane Dunaway chose medicine as a career when that path, for a young woman, was almost completely blocked by obstacles. Two maternal uncles were doctors, as was also a beloved and admired older brother. Quite possibly this elder brother, Dr. Louis T. Dunaway, was a strong motivating force in her choice of a career. As she says, "We always did everything together. I could do everything he could do -- from acrobatics to breaking and training horses." She chuckles as she tells of doing a backward somersault off a two-wheeled cart to escape the flashing hoofs of a rebellious animal. Dr. Jane still rides and is an ardent horsewoman.

She was born January 17, 1879, in Cedar County, Missouri; the eighth child of the fourteen children of W. F. (Ben) Dunaway and Lucy J. Alder. After attending a Teachers Training School in Eldorado Springs, Missouri, she taught school for four years to secure funds with which to start her medical education.

Her first goal was achieved. She was accepted as a medical student at the University of Missouri. Of the fifty-two members in her freshman class, she was the only woman. (Asked if she were ever subject to the ridicule or torment of male classmates,

Dr. Jane smiled. "Some tried -- none succeeded.") She became class secretary in her freshman year.

Courses may have been a little bit tough. Of the fifty-two members in that freshman class, eight were graduated on schedule -- seven men and one woman. Jane Dunaway was that woman.

Upon graduation, Dr. Dunaway passed the Medical Board requirements in both Missouri and Oklahoma. After three years of practice in Noble, Oklahoma, the intrepid young woman sailed to Puerto Rico, to accept a position at Presbyterian Hospital in San Juan.

Arriving at daybreak, she hailed a bull cart and sallied out to the "hospital" -- three wooden structures on stilts, with forty-five patients and a staff of two doctors. Alone and unattended (an unthinkable procedure for a young female at that time and place) she presented herself to the staff. Consternation reigned! "This can't be the new doctor!" But it was -- the new "Doctora".

Soon proving her mettle, she was appointed Inspector of Sanitation, by Dr. W. W. Lippitt, who was the first director of the Board of Sanitation of the Puerto Rican government. She served in Isabella District, eighty miles from San Juan.

Dirt and disease were rampant. Hookworm, tuberculosis, malaria, yaws, syphilis, and elephantiasis, all exacted a terrific toll in human misery. The infant mortality rate was shocking. Dr. Jane fought shoulder-to-shoulder with her gallant colleagues to bring these enemies under control.

Returning to the United States she joined forces with her brother, Dr. Louis T., in fighting the awful influenza epidemic of 1918. Her brother's fifteen year old son was the first victim in the county to the dreadful scourge. Recalling those days, Dr. Jane says, "One fact stands out, for whatever significance it may have. All of my desperately ill patients who experienced a severe nosebleed during the course of the illness, recovered."

Her vivid memory paints a graphic picture of those early "horse-and-buggy" days in medicine. Pithy comments tell a story.

"Diagnosis had to be made without the scientific laboratory aids of today."

"When you're in a situation where you know no one near enough can handle it better than you, you have to take action!"

"The baby was delivered where ice froze on a pan of water in the room."

"An ironing board can (and did) serve as an emergency operating table for a child."

On one occasion Dr. Jane was summoned to a farm home to attend a woman in childbirth. She had never seen her patient before, but had responded to a frantic husband's plea for help and with no other persons present. To her consternation she found the woman in eclampsia. Instrumental delivery was imperative! The doctor found her own hands lacking in strength, so she enlisted the help of the husband. Placing his hands on the forceps, she placed her own hands over his with the instruction, "Let your hands follow my lead; when I press, you press -- when I pull, you pull." Both mother and infant were saved.

Dr. Jane recalled: "I was thankful the husband happened to be a farmer who was accustomed to animal births instead of a lawyer or a professor!"

Asked how much she received, financially, for such a delivery, she answered, "Come to think of it -- nothing. That man never did pay bills." She went on. "There was another man, though, who never paid delivery fees either; but he took care of them. As soon as each child became a wage earner, he was marched into the doctor's office by his father, to pay for his own birth with his own first pay check!"

Continuing to grow professionally, Dr. Dunaway became a successful psychiatrist, having served on the staff of the State Hospital in St. Joseph, Missouri and at Somerset, Pennsylvania as resident physician, for four months. In 1928 she became a member of the staff at Warren State Hospital, Warren, Pennsylvania, where she remained for a fruitful fifteen years. Following this were two years of private practice in Warren, Pennsylvania; seven years at Mercer Sanitarium, Mercer, Pennsylvania; one year and a half of private practice in Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania and for the past four and a half years she has served as Associate Resident Psychiatrist at The Overlook Sanatorium in New Wilmington, Pennsylvania. In between she has done private practice in Butler, with the Dunaway-Koch Nursing Home.

In 1955 she was honored by the Pennsylvania Medical Society and presented with a plaque commemorating her fifty years of service to Medicine.

By invitation, in November of this year she returned to Puerto Rico, the scene of her early struggles and triumphs. Her

admiration and affection for the people of Puerto Rico is boundless. Evidently the regard is mutual. They had not forgotten their "Doctora". Graciously she received their tribute.

She returned to Pennsylvania with a deep feeling of satisfaction. As she tells it: "San Juan is a beautiful clean city now. A big modern hospital stands in place of the mean structure on stilts. Hookworm is vanquished! Yaws and elephantiasis are practically non-existent. Malaria, syphilis, and tuberculosis are under control, and -- wonder of wonders -- the infant mortality rate is less than the average for some states in the United States!" She relates these facts with all the quiet rejoicing of one who knows, deep inside, "I helped to bring this about."

Dr. Jane Dunaway looks back over a well-spent life -- and ahead with dignity and confidence.

* * *

Dr. Jane is a Democrat, member of American Association of University Women, League of Women Voters, and many medical societies.

She enjoys T.V., movies, polo games, horse-shows and racing, but most of all, friends. Attends any and all churches, subscribes to the tenets of none.



1947

Jane English Dunaway, M.D.

DANIEL L. CARLSON
Adopted son of Dr. J. E. Dunaway
1907-1955

Dan was born, July 7, 1907 in Puerto Rico, the son of Lorenzo Carlson of Denmark, a retired Captain of a Danish ship and his Castillian wife, both Protestants.

Dan's mother died about 1908-09 in childbirth at the age of 23 and left three children. Dan's father was then over 73 and in ill health.

He allowed one child, Peter, to be adopted in 1910 by an American physician's family, Dr. S. B. Grubb of U.S. Public Health, who was a consultant on the staff of the Presbyterian Hospital, San Juan, Puerto Rico, while I was resident physician. Eliza was adopted by a fine Puerto Rican family, and Dan remained with his father, until his father died in March, 1913. According to previous arrangements, Dan's guardian brought the little boy to my house in Isabella.

In August, of 1913, we moved to Oklahoma City, and two years later to El Dorado Springs, Missouri, where I was in private practice.

Dan was a prepossessing blue-eyed little boy, charming in manner, quiet and obedient.

His diplomatic, gentlemanly behavior, would put to shame most American children. However, he showed signs of being a severe neurotic very early and by the time he was sixteen had become a drug addict, bordering upon symptoms of a psychopath. After an attempt at cure, in another state hospital, I left my position at State Hospital No. 2, St. Joseph, Missouri, and bought a farm in 1924, in southern Missouri, to keep him from temptation. Then he tried his hand at boot-legging liquor. Finally, he was twenty-two years old, and I withdrew any further support and interest.

In the August 7, 1954 issue of the Saturday Evening Post, he gives an account of himself; had been off dope for five years at that time, had a wife and child with him, in New York City. He with a friend, from the Federal Institute for drug addicts at Lexington, Kentucky, organized Narcotics Anonymous, similar to Alcoholics Anonymous (A.A.). He died in October, 1955.

His wife has nothing but praise for him, but she married him about the time he freed himself from the drug habit.

He had spent almost half of the last twenty years in institutions. Apparently, being uprooted and moved to a strange and foreign environment had little (or nothing) to do with his delinquency, as both his siblings were psychopath's and caused their foster parents endless trouble. Having studied such problems all my adult life, I am forced to the conclusion that some are constitutionally inadequate, emotionally.

Lately, I have read that such inadequacies may be due to a great difference in the ages of the parents.