JEAN COLLINS EBERSBACH MANN

1917 - 1994

A SHORT HISTORY OF A GOOD WOMAN

Nashville, TN

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Jean Collins Ebersbach Mann was born in Columbus, Ohio on October 22, 1917. She died in Nashville, Tennessee on September 19, 1994.

We are accustomed to hear more about the lives of the rascals of this world, the expensive harlots, the con men and the demagogues. We should learn more about the quiet ones, the productive people who make this world a better place for everyone. Here is an account of such a person.

Jean's family immigrated to the U.S. from Germany in the 1840's. There is some uncertainty about the year. It is intriguing to believe that it was her grandfather, Martin Ebersbach with his family whom Charles Dickens described disembarking in 1842 along a lonely place on the Ohio River between Marietta and Cincinnati. Dickens, in his book American Notes -- A Journey (International Publishing Corporation, New York, 1985) describes the riverboat segment of his journey from Pittsburgh to Cincinnati. They drifted and paddled downstream from Marietta. The boat stopped to set some immigrants ashore. Dickens wrote:

> "Five men, as many women and a little girl, all their worldly possessions are in a bag, a large chest and an old chair: one old, high-backed rush-bottomed chair: a solitary settler in itself. They are rowed ashore in a small boat, while the vessel stands a little off awaiting its return, the water being shallow. They are landed at the foot of a high bank, on the summit of which are a few log cabins, attainable only by a long winding path. It is growing dusk: but the sun is very red and shines in the water and on the top of some of the tree-tops like fire.

The men get out of the boat first: help out the women: take out the bag, the chest, the chair; they bid the rowers goodbye and shove the boat off for them. At the first splash of the oars in the water, the oldest woman of the party sits down in the old chair, close to the water's edge, without speaking a word. None of the others sit down although the chest is large enough for many seats. They all stand where they landed as if stricken into stone and look after the boat. So they remain quite still and silent: the old woman and her chair in the center; the bag and the chest upon the shore, without anybody heeding them; eyes fixed upon the small boat. It comes along side, is made fast. The men jump on board, the engine is put in motion and we go hoarsely on again. There they stand yet, without the motion of a hand. I can see them through my glass, when, in the distance and increasing darkness they are mere specks to the eye; lingering there still. The old woman in the old chair, and all the rest about her: not stirring in the least degree. And thus I slowly lose them."

Whether or not it was the Ebersbach family Dickens described, it was there along the river that the clan landed and stayed. Martin (born 1836) married Sophia Wildermuth in 1859 and they had 10 children, all born in a house on Laurel Street or on a farm near Cheshire. There were seven boys and three girls. Jean's father, Emil Theodore was born in 1875, the ninth of Martin and Sophia's children. There is a photograph of old Martin, made about 1919, the year he died. He is a

large, square man, bearded and grim, sitting in a large old chair about like the one Dickens described. Jean had a large old wooden chest that legend says came from Germany with the immigrants. Who can say now?

Martin's seven sons always worked together. First they opened the Peacock Coal Mine in the bluff above the town of Pomeroy. They mined and shipped coal on the river to Cincinnati, then the industrial center of the West. They owned two tow boats, the Eagle and the Condor and they ran a company store called "The Red Anchor." When the Peacock Mine played out they opened the Old Rolling Mill Mine and the Charter Oak Mines and they began to ship coal by rail. Theodore traveled through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Kentucky selling Peacock coal.

The brothers company was expanded into highway construction. They built many roads throughout the South extending into Florida and they built roads in Brazil. They constructed the runways for McDill and Eglin air fields in Florida and they built roads across Louisiana. The Ebersbach boys were often difficult businessmen, shrewd and litigious. The family lived in Pomeroy and in Florida in the winters and they often traveled back and forth but the home place for Jean was always the square old house on the riverbank in Pomeroy.

Jean's father Theodore had an interesting marital history. He and a Pomeroy woman, Mrs. Mable Hartenbaugh, and a registered nurse named Florence Collins were witnesses to the baptism and confirmation of Mrs. Grace Payne Ebersbach on July 14, 1914. Grace Payne was born in Mason, West Virginia, across the river from Pomeroy on January 4, 1880. The date, place and

circumstances of Theodore and Grace's wedding are not known. Her parents were Henry C. and Delia A. Turner. Manning Webster, a Pomeroy lawyer and friend of Jean's family, once told me that he believed Grace Payne had been previously married, had either one or two children, and for some reason was in great trouble. He believed that Theodore had married her as an act of compassion and that Grace was baptized and confirmed on her death bed. She probably died of some form of cancer. She was cared for in her last illness by Florence Collins, a registered nurse who had trained and worked at the Grant Hospital in Columbus, Ohio. Florence was the daughter of Frances Henry Collins who was born in 1858 at Falmouth, Cornwall and Celeste Stonestreet who was born in 1856 at Prince William, Virginia. Frances and Celeste were married in Columbus, Ohio in 1881. Florence Collins trained as a nurse at the Grant Hospital in Columbus where Jean was born. Jean had the diary that her mother kept recording the patients she cared for, both in the hospital and at home, because in those times it was usual for the nurse to go home with the patient.

Theodore and Florence were married in Columbus, Ohio on November 10, 1915. They had two daughters, Elizabeth born in 1916 and Jean born in 1917. There is no evidence that Florence Collins was related to Floyd Collins the celebrated caver who died in Crystal Cave in Kentucky in 1926 but in our family she was often chided for being Floyd's niece. Florence died in childbirth with her third child in 1921.

After Florence died Theodore married Mary (Dee) Roberts, R.N., who had cared for Florence Collins during her final illness. Dee had served in the U.S. Navy

as a nurse during World War I with sea duty in the Caribbean. Following the war she and a friend had started and failed at a poultry farm in New Hampshire. Dee died in 1962.

Jean went to grade school in the old brick school building on Butternut Street in Pomeroy and was sent off to Chatham Hall in Virginia for high school. In the summer she worked as a clerk in the Red Anchor Store. One summer she was promoted to assist the bookkeeper, Mr. Lietweiler. When he went off to see his son graduate at Annapolis he gave Jean explicit instructions that she was not to allow her older cousin, Dor Schaffer, to poke around in the books. Sure enough in a few days here came Dor and she ran him off - true grit!

Jean became an Eagle Girl Scout and was a very proficient swimmer. Impressed with the frequent drownings in the river, she organized a swimming school. All the children in the town were invited to come to a place in Racine upriver where there was a suitable beach. The trip required transportation so Jean cut a deal with a taxi driver to carry the children to and from for a nominal sum. Still, some did not have the money so Jean paid for them till she ran out of money and then her father subsidized her. Often when we went to Pomeroy we would meet people who would say, "Oh, Jean Ebersbach, do you remember me? You taught me how to swim." Their very presence was her reward. Lately I have a letter from Jean Altemeyer who writes that Jean once saved her life when she got beyond her capacity in the river.

When the bridge was built over the river to Mason, West Virginia a photo was made of the two Governors, some mayors and engineers, and there was Jean

in her Scout uniform.

After high school at Chatham Hall, Jean enrolled at Randolph Macon Women's College in Lynchburg, Virginia. She spent her Junior Year (1937-38) at the University in Munich, Germany. This was at the peak of power of the National Socialist Democratic Party. From 1933 Hitler and his people were in dictatorial control of the German nation. A totalitarian police state was developed under the Schutz Staffel (SS) run by Himler. The Germany Jean saw was one of patriotic extremes, resurgent industry and prosperity and only faint suggestions of the debacle to come. She did not like to discuss her time in Germany but once when we were in Munich in 1960 we went to that ornate Oriental Tea House in the English Garden. She said she and three friends were sitting at a table there in 1937 when a cavalcade of long autos pulled up and a group of uniformed men came in - one was Adolf Hitler. One of his associates recognized one of Jean's friends and so they were all introduced to Herr Hitler. In those times and in that place Hitler was indeed a revered and honored leader. Neither she nor they could have seen how the events would play out.

Jean returned to the U.S. in 1938, graduated from Randolph Macon in 1939, and enrolled in the School of Nursing at Johns Hopkins University. There she met and came to emulate one of the great models of her life, Anna D. Wolf. Born of missionary parents Anna Wolf graduated from Goucher College in 1911 and from the Johns Hopkins Training School in 1915. She obtained a Master's degree at Teachers College of Columbia University in 1916. Anna Wolf believed that nurses should have collegiate educations. In this she was obstinately

rebuffed, not only by the Hopkins doctors but by physicians everywhere who chose to see nurses as their hand maidens, servers of bed pans, givers of baths and recorders and executors of "Doctor's orders." Anna Wolf gave up at Hopkins and went off to the Peking Union Medical College in China where with the help of Dr. Henry Houghton, the head of that organization, she created the first collegiate nursing program. The obstructions erected for Anna Wolf were and are a stain on American medicine. Jean saw Anna Wolf as one of her models, after Eleanor of Aquitaine, the 12th Century liberated wife of two kings and mother of two more.

During her nurses training Jean won the coveted Emma Cullen Prize for nursing and executive ability in both 1944 and 1945. She was sought after by the nursing faculty and worked there for a time until her marriage in 1947.

Jean and George met on the wards of the Hopkins Hospital when they were students. The improbable way they met has been told so often and is so universally disbelieved that it will not be repeated here - although it is all true.

Jean was a remarkable nurse - mainly because she saw her role as the patient's ombudsman and to do this she saw herself as a full doctor's partner. Working in the colored female ward as an intern, I had an elderly obese patient with extensive varicose ulcers on her lower legs. I had read about an old remedy called Merck's Paste and so I asked for it in the order book. Somehow, somewhere Jean found the archaic mixture and each afternoon we would clean the old lady's ulcers, cover them with the paste and put on fresh bandages. Jean would be there on her knees helping - handing. One day the old lady said to us, "Nobody ever fixed me like this afore." It was rewarding for both of us.

Another time I wrote an order for two teaspoons of peppermint water for another old black lady who was complaining of "indigestion." Jean gave her two teaspoons of oil of wintergreen! Sensing her error at once, she came running thinking she had poisoned the old lady. I called for the stomach tube for an emergency lavage. We hustled in - the old woman was sitting cross legged in bed with a big smile and with a big burp she said, "Doc, that medicine sure did fix my stomach." We backed out, bowing a little and the treatment turned out alright.

We were married December 27, 1947 in the living room of the old family house in Pomeroy. Finlay Wright, my medical school classmate, came from Baltimore to be my best man. Jean's father gave us a Plymouth coupe and we set out for a winter swing through the South. When we reached New York it was snow - the deepest accumulation of the century. We settled in a neat little third floor flat in Newtonville, a Boston suburb. I commuted to the Harvard School of Public Health and she - for a short time - was a homemaker with free time.

The Boston childbearing days were hard for her but rewarding - especially after we moved to the 1720 house beside Longfellow Pond in Wellesley Hills. She worked long and hard with the cleaning, restoration, cooking and nursing the children. Starting with no culinary experience she became an expert cook, with baking and preserving. Her specialty was Yorkshire Pudding. Our first Christmas there Dee sent us a fruit cake. Christmas Eve rats came up from the cellar and ate the cake. Her two older children, Theodore and Marian, started to school there in Wellesley Hills. She went through two fierce hurricanes alone. We restored the old house, rebuilt the barn and had many fine skating parties on the

pond followed by supper in front of the big fireplace.

In 1958 we moved to Nashville. Now with five young children Jean was totally involved in child care. In 1960 for the first time she left the children at home with a Serbian/German couple to go with me to do a study of 300 pygmies in the Ituri Forest of the Congo. The pygmies were fascinated with her brown hair. It was there one night in a lovely little cabin in Bunia, where we spent our nights, that the steam from her hot bath caused the resident lizard to lose his footing on the ceiling and fall into the tub with her. She came out screaming - I retrieved the lizard - and put him outside, but the very next night he was back on the ceiling - a slow learner.

One night we stayed in a rondhavel in the Prince Edward Park not far from Goma. About 3:00 a.m. she awakened me saying, "There's something outside." We looked out and sure enough there within 20 feet was a huge male elephant. His borborygmi had awakened her.

She went with me again in 1962 to Maasailand in Tangania. We lived in a lovely safari camp for several weeks and examined 300 Maasai men. These people were intrigued by the gold inlays in her teeth. They thought they were for decoration. She spent a good deal of time showing her teeth to fascinated groups. I learned only much later why we were always running out of antimalarial drugs for our staff. She gave the drugs to infected children reasoning that they needed it more than we.

In 1964 I was assigned to what is called a site visit by one of the study sections of the National Heart Lung and Blood Institute of the NIH. The project

proposed was in Iceland. Jean decided that she and the children would go with me and tour Iceland while I was occupied and then we would go on to the U.K. for a few weeks. The children were aged 7 through 14. We went via Icelandic Air with a stop in Newfoundland. The tobacco smoke was so thick in that plane one could not see the length of the cabin. We stayed in a modern hotel in Reykjavik. Although it was late winter and cold outside, the hotel windows were left open because with all their cheap geo-thermal hot water there was no concern about heat bills. Jean and the children went bus touring, they rode the Icelandic ponies and they saw much more of Iceland than did I. One snowy afternoon the site visitors were returning from a project in a small van. Near the hotel we moved past a woman trailed by five bundled children slowly making their way through the snow up a hill to the hotel. One of my colleagues, Felix Moore, an inveterate photographer, asked the driver to stop so he could photograph this "native woman" and her brood. I never told him that he had photographed Jean and the kids! We went on to England, took the train to Scotland and the Western Isles and then back to England and London. She was a fine tour manager.

In 1966 we made the ultimate family trip - a safari through East Africa. Jean went ahead with the children to Germany, Italy, Greece and Egypt. In the last place they had trouble with enteritis, I suspect because in that hot place they violated my rule - "Never drink water in Africa." I met them at the Kenyatta Airport in Nairobi.

With the help of the Flying Doctor Service we recruited a driver, Danielli Lomoni, and a Swahili cook named Rujaba. We hired a Landrover and a VW

Combi with camping gear, bought food and set out. First we went to Malindi on the coast where we spent a couple of days on the beach at a place called Turtle Bay. Then we drove through Tsavo Park and on up onto the shoulder of Mt. Kilimanjaro to a place called Loitokitok. We stayed at the lodge in Amboselli and there the trouble began. Willi, now 8, complained of a belly ache. The next day we drove to Arusha and then on to the hotel on the Rift Wall at Manyara. Willi still had a belly ache. When I examined him it was clear that he had appendicitis. The hotel had no telephone service because the giraffes had knocked down the lines. What to do? I started Willi on erythromycin but he needed surgery. I happened to see an Anglo farmer walking up the road carrying a radio. He told me it was from his Piper Cub - that he could quickly repair the radio and then - when in the air - he could reach Nairobi. He did that and in about two hours a Kenyan Air Force plane came in to the airstrip with two pilots and a nurse. Danielli carried Willi onto the plane, Jean followed and with a roar and a cloud of dust they disappeared to the north.

The rest of us went on to Ngorongoro, the Leakey digs at Olduvai and on to the Serengeti - always wondering how Willi and Jean had made out. We camped at Klein's Camp on the Kenya border and then drove through the forest to Loliondo where we stayed for a couple of days with the White Father Catholic priests. Ted shot his first gazelle - which we ate. Then it was on to Narok and at last to Nakuru where we rejoined Jean and Willi. He still had his sutures and was canted a little to the right. The only complication in the hospital had been his refusal to drink water, "My father says I am not to drink water in Africa." They

gave him an I.V.

We drove on over the equator to Lodwar on Lake Rudolph. In Northern Uganda two interesting things happened. One day, driving west, we saw storm clouds to the north in Sudan and while no rain fell on us we soon came to a place where the road was flooded. People had gathered on each side - maybe an eighth of a mile apart. We waited for a while for the water to subside - and then decided for me and Danielli to drive the vehicles across - everyone else to wade. The native women were quite taken with Jean and her towheaded children. The women helped them across with much laughter and good will.

That night we came at dusk to a small town in Uganda called Paranga. Wondering where best to camp, we pulled up to a military barracks to seek advice. I asked a sergeant and he took me into the office of his colonel, a large very black Acholi man with a crooked nose and quite good English. He seemed puzzled by my query. He said, "No tourist has ever asked to camp in this town before. I believe you should camp here behind our barracks where we can keep an eye on you." We did that. I believe that colonel was Idi Amin.

We went on to Murchison Falls where the hippos came to graze around our tents at night. Danielli and Rujaba always slept in the vehicles - no flimsy tents for them! We took the fabulous boat ride up the Victoria Nile to Murchison Falls and then drove along Lake Albert to the Ruwenzori and then back to Kampala. From there Jean and the children took the plane to Nairobi while Danielli and I drove the vehicles back and we headed for home via Addis Ababa and Athens. There was a delay in Athens because it is not so easy to book seven seats on a New York

flight in mid-summer. Altogether it was a great and memorable trip. Willi brought his appendix home in a bottle.

When Willi, the youngest, was in high school Jean decided to go back to the nursing profession. She took some refresher courses at UT Nashville and at Scarritt College. There she met Dr. Ina Brown and Carrie Lou Goddard. Dr. Brown was a noted anthropologist and Carrie Lou a Methodist Deaconess in charge of the Department of Christian Education at Scarritt College. These two became friends and teachers for Jean. In 1967 she went to Nashville General Hospital and applied for work as a general duty nurse. In a little while they made her Director of the Nursing Service. She made many friends and had admirers both on the staff and in the patient population. Her approach was the old fashioned one, so coveted by physicians for their nurses. She preferred to take care of patients rather than work as an administrator and paper pusher. Inevitably, in that job she was required to deal with many personnel problems because staff had to be hired and fired. She came home with many bizarre stories. She told of meeting with a black woman whom she had to discharge for incompetence. The woman explained her deficiencies by extending her arms and saying, "You see, Mrs. Mann, it is because of my scars." Jean said, "But I see no scars." The woman said, "The scars of slavery."

Jean was a completely loyal wife but it was interesting to watch her subtle interests in a few other men. She thought Dr. Joseph Merrill, our collaborator in the pygmy study, a very attractive man. She could not understand why he had not married. A little later he did marry a Swedish beauty and this seemed to

relieve Jean's anxiety. We typically watched the ABC evening news and she came to admire the anchorman Peter Jennings, a handsome Canadian. He sometimes would be away from his usual place and she would always miss him. She would say, "Where is Peter tonight?"

During the 1960's when coronary care units were being developed in hospitals, there was a great need for specialist nurses. Dr. Fred Ownby organized a series of training courses and Jean participated. At the end of one of the courses Dr. Ownby arranged a celebratory dinner and arranged for the country singer Marty Robbins to sing. He sang El Paso, Don't Worry, Devil Woman, A White Sport Coat and a Pink Carnation and we were all enchanted. When he had finished Robbins came down the aisle with Dr. Ownby and when they got to Jean Dr. Ownby said, "Marty, I want you to meet Jean Mann, the best nurse in the world." Robbins gave her a hug and he said, "Jeanie, I may be needing you one of these days." A little while later Marty Robbins died at St. Thomas Hospital when a coronary artery surgery went bad. He remained Jean's country music favorite.

Jean always loved pets. When she was a child she and Elizabeth had a play house over the garage and there they kept kittens, rats, rabbits, and guinea pigs. When one died, a funeral would be held, the service conducted by Hugh Davis, a neighbor a little older with a certain ministerial air. He went on to become a distinguished classicist.

She and the children came home to Nashville from Pomeroy one time with five newly hatched peafowl. These grew into three peahens and two peacocks, elegant but noisy and sometimes messy on the terrace. Warren Wilkerson

brought us a crow with a broken wing. Jean revived him and I built an elaborate wooden cage for "Jim." He promptly destroyed that cage. He could not fly but he was so fierce and aggressive that no dog or cat could handle him. One Saturday I took him in to Vanderbilt to see if Andrew Loveless, the chief surgical lab technician could fix his wing. I did the anesthesia while Andrew and his helper James worked on Jim's wing. The broken bone was like a soda straw, thin, brittle and hard to stabilize. Bill Scott, the chief of surgery, came in and they worked for two hours inserting a stainless steel tube - but alas - the repair never healed. Jim never flew again.

A friend gave Jean a sparrow hawk to tend during vacation time. The hawk was kept in a cage on the front porch. One day while Jean was feeding it the bird escaped. Jean was remorseful. In fact the bird never left the neighborhood; it found a mate and nested nearby.

The children found a baby tree squirrel and fed it for a couple of days and then tired of it so Jean took over. Since it needed to be fed every few hours, she carried it about in a cup of her brassiere. One Sunday afternoon, some neighbors came calling. Jean went to the door. The squirrel, hearing strange voices, came up to see what was happening. The callers beat a hasty retreat!

In the 1960's I was using primates for studies of sterol metabolism. I obtained a young chimpanzee, Gigi, from a dealer. Gigi was too young to go it alone in the laboratory so Jean took her over. Outfitted with diapers Gigi rode about on Jean's back, ate at the table and slept with Marne. When Jean would go shopping at the supermarket, for some dowager to come around an aisle and

meet Jean and Gigi must have been a sobering experience. When she got to be about one year old Gigi went to the laboratory setting and she was followed at home by Kim and then a male named Juan. Eventually all three were given to the zoo in Little Rock where they thrived and raised two large families. We often wondered if they would recognize Jean if she were to go out there. I think they would but Jean was not so sure. We never did the trial.

Jean was a great stoic when it came to pain. The people at General Hospital gave her a Rottweiller puppy when she retired in 1987. She named him General and he was devoted to her. In his first year, in a rambunctious moment, he knocked her down. She came in holding her left arm and said apologetically that she feared she had broken her arm. She had a classical Colles Fracture. I took her into the Vanderbilt Emergency Room where she was seen by an Assistant Resident in Orthopedics. After x-rays he rigged up a pulley and a line to extend and straighten her arm. Then he decided to do a brachial plexus block. He left us and when he didn't come back I went looking and found him in the intern's quarters studying the anatomy of the brachial plexus. He came out, injected the analgesic and went to work. Jean said not a word. When I asked if it was hurting she nodded, but when he stepped away for a moment she said, "Don't bother him - he is doing the very best he can." She was more concerned about him than about her pain and discomfort. She was a stoic - and that figured in her final illness.

Jean was exceedingly careful about health care - for her children and for herself. She made regular visits to the dentist and for physical check-ups. From

the time they were first introduced she had mammograms done at regular intervals. In August 1992 she was called and told that she had a lesion in her right breast. A biopsy was done and showed it to be a malignant growth. Arrangements were made for surgery and on August 11, 1992 Dr. Jean Ballanger did a modified radical mastectomy at St. Thomas Hospital. The pathologist found two dozen positive nodes - a bad sign. Subsequent investigations revealed that the mammograms had been misread for at least a year. This is a commonplace error of incompetency. Mammograms, like Papanicolaou smears are operated as profit making projects - more than preventive medicine. The readers are often unqualified and over-worked.

The breast surgery Jean had usually requires at least five days of hospitalization because there are drains to manage. On August 13, two days after surgery, Jean called and said that she wanted to come home. I went to the hospital and got her. She was weak and wan but she walked out. The next day, August 14, a severe windstorm swept through and brought down a tree behind the garage. I was out there sawing it up when Jean came out and began to drag the limbs away. Such a helper - such a stoic!

All went well for her until April of 1994. Her arthritis was managed with methotrexate but her osteoporosis increasingly caused a kyphosis and her worn knees limited her mobility. In April of 1994 Ted and his family and Dan and Patricia were here. We went up to Cardwell Mountain and acquired some deer ticks. That tick is the vector for Lyme Disease, a disorder caused by a spirochaete now endemic in New England and along the Atlantic Seaboard. It is

spreading westward as our deer population increases. Jean developed a spreading rash on her buttock that appeared to be erythema migrans, a typical first sign of Lyme Disease. She developed rib and bone pain, especially on motion - a syndrome called radiculitis, another manifestation of Lyme Disease. I suggested to her primary physician that she might have Lyme Disease. He, who had never done a physical examination of Jean, was skeptical - and also ignorant of this disorder. I then went to Jean's rheumatologist and asked him to draw blood for a test called a "Western Blot." Her bone pain increased. I was apprehensive but was seeking a curable disease. The Western Blot came back equivocal with a suspicious band at kd51. But hoping for the best we treated her with doxycycline for three weeks. There was no response. It was not Lyme Disease. Then we went in for a technetium bone scan. The result was clear. She had metastatic lesions in her thoracic vertebrae and ribs and these were causing the pain. Her care was transferred to Dr. Anthony Greco, an oncologist now at Centennial Medical Center. He changed her chemotherapy from tamoxiphen to megesterone and she was given 10 x-ray treatments to her spine. These relieved her back pain over two weeks but not the rib pain. She developed increasing dysmea on exertion and her mobility decreased.

She had a long and difficult illness. One day, preparing for our trip to the hospital for an x-ray treatment she came out and said, "Each time I look in the mirror I see the faces of all those women I have helped care for." A good nurse pays a large price for her vocation. The contrast between the incomes of nurses and physicians is a reflection of the perversity of current social values. Who can

defend the obscene multimillion incomes of members of the Frist clan - and the salaries of the nurses? One of my medical school classmates is a famous thoracic surgeon who made $9.5 million in 1992 - a bad year for him. Was he worth all that? The answer to that lies in the central conviction that Jean had. The object is not money - there is a finer reward. In her quiet way she pitied Denton because she thought he had lost his way.

Through it all, with her pain and discomfort and the awful certainty of the outcome she showed flashes of a great sense of humor. One night when I was turning her she said, "You know this thing has brought us closer together." Sometimes when I would make a mistake in the kitchen she would smile and wink at me. When I read to her from the Bible she gently agreed that much of it is hate, violence, enemies and vengeance. We agreed that the Book of Job is a sorry game between God and Satan - with Job the victim. Willi brought her a set of tapes of the New Testament but she didn't like the amateurish attempt at histrionics. When I lamented that she received so little help from the Christ Presbyterian Church that she had supported so long and generously - she smiled a little and said, "My reward from the church comes in a different way." I suppose she meant that it is better to give than to receive - and that was the way that relationship worked. We would sometimes see one of her Sunday School students, now grown, pontificating on local T.V. She would smile and say, "Now that one - he was so wild we had to tie him to a chair to keep him from running away." Through the years the Sunday School people at the Christ Presbyterian Church tended to assign the behavioral problems to Jean for "one on one" while

the main event was managed by the climbers working on their CV's. Nashville's religion is very crass.

She was often concerned about me - not herself. It was difficult for her to get in and out of bed, so I got a lift chair and she slept in that in the little downstairs bedroom. For a time I slept upstairs and came down during the night to check on her. Then, fearing that she might fall, I slept in the little bedroom downstairs. Each day we took a little walk, at first outside and then only about the first floor. She continued to have severe rib pain. We varied the dose of morphine, codeine and tylenol but it was difficult to control her pain without keeping her asleep and large doses of morphine spoiled her appetite. She ate less and less. This was a hard way to die. She knew and I knew but the uncertainty was when it would come. Sometimes she would say, "If only I could die." One time she said, "If only that man would come to help me." She meant Dr. Jack Kevorkian.

All the children came to spend some time with her. Willi was off in Siberia on a research project with some Russian geologists. Beginning in the middle of August, Maria his wife in Austin, began to try to contact him via E-Mail. That proved difficult. On August 20 she reached him and on August 22 I had a telephone call from him via Moscow. The Russian operator and I had some trouble because her English was no better than my Russian. Finally we were connected but so badly that I could understand only about a fifth of what Willi said. The earliest he could get out was August 25, but he would start. A few days later he reached Maria by telephone and said he would be in Austin on August 26 and

here by August 27. Jean was pleased and relieved and I think she began a strategy of holding on until Willi reached her. She would never admit it but for several reasons Willi was her favorite. He was her last child and they had many common interests, especially in travel. They traveled Europe from Spain to Poland and they got on famously in the make-do of sightseeing.

When Dan was here about August 1 she prepared a folder marked "death." On a sheet dated August 11 she gave directions for her cremation and asked for her ashes to be scattered over the Ebersbach burial plot in Pomeroy. She gave money to the Grace Episcopal Church in Pomeroy, and money for Denise Broughton, a special black friend at the Maternal and Infant Unit at General Hospital where Jean volunteered. Marian, who was here at the time, and I approached August 11 with some trepidation but the day passed without incident. Still, Jean was steadily failing.

A great comfort to her was her remarkable dog "General." He is unusually intelligent and he was utterly devoted to Jean. Although not aggressive, when a stranger came, General would manage to place himself between the visitor and Jean. He gave her and me great confidence. She was safe when General was about. As she grew sicker he seemed to sense her trouble. He would go to her and put his head on her knee, lick her hands and cry softly. One of his most prized possessions was a blue rubber ball. Even I could not always pick up that ball. Sometimes he would leave it outside and when they missed it Jean would say, "Now where is your blue ball?" He would go out and start looking and always come back with the blue ball. One night when she was crying a little General

brought his blue ball and put it in her lap - as though to comfort her.

When Marian was here she brought in some video movies and they proved a useful way to pass the time. Reading became difficult for Jean because it was hard for her to hold a book. Still, she collected and read extensively, especially in European and medieval history. Her bedroom overflowed with books. I worried about the weight of them. In 1988 we had rented a van and took about 1500 books to the library in Pomeroy, built on the very site of her old family home. On those trips to Pomeroy we always took General and stayed in a Holiday Inn in Gallipolis where there was a kennel and a large grassy area for General. Of course when it got dark he was brought into our room for the night. One night an unusual thing happened. About 3:00 a.m. General awakened us and indicated that he needed to go out. I took the door key and in my slippers and pajamas went out the back door of the hotel with him. The door closed behind me with an ominous click. I turned to see a sign saying that only the front door of the hotel was open after 11:00 p.m. How were we to get back in? While our room was on the ground floor I could not be sure of the right window so, instead of awakening Jean, I might be turned in as a burglar. I took General and went to the front door. Sitting in the center of the lobby under a large chandelier was an elderly black man in a tan uniform with a Sam Brown belt. He was the security guard. How would he react to a dude in his pajamas with a large black dog? Since the guard seemed to be asleep I quietly opened the door and with General at heel tried to slide by. But just as we reached him the old man opened one eye and tipped his hat back. I said - as jovially as I could - "Good evening - lovely night out there."

The old fellow blinked a couple of times and said, "Yessuh, yessuh, it's a fine night." General and I went hustling on. I think the guard thought he was dreaming - after all,who sees a polite man in his pajamas with a large black dog in a Holiday Inn front lobby at 3:00 a.m.?

Jean's father was white haired and she began to gray in her 40's. She managed this with regular visits to a hairdresser for hair coloring. During her illness I took over as the hairdresser. I cut her hair and washed it and then undertook to tint it. The number and variety of tints available was baffling but I picked out a reddish blond hue and we set to work. The result was just fine. She liked my work better than that of her expensive hairdresser.

One evening we watched our favorite film Pasternak's Dr. Zhivago. Toward the end there is a moving scene when Zhivago's brother, the Inspector General, is questioning a young woman who he believes to be the daughter of Lara and Zhivago. He queries her about how she was lost in the Far East of Russia. The girl describes the shelling, the confusion, the burning and then she said, "And then he let go of my hand - then he let go of my hand." Jean began to cry a little and she said, "When I go - hold onto my hand." I promised her I would - and I did.

Jean spent her last several weeks in a lift chair because it was painful for her to get up and down in bed. At the last she could neither eat nor drink and so I could not maintain her fluid balance or give her oral medication. On Sunday, September 18, I asked the home health agency to send an ambulance. The stupid woman sent a fire truck - Engine 17! It took four hours to get Jean from home to a hospital bed. The delays were caused by the perceived need to justify

the admission for insurance payments. This means blood chemistries and x-rays. In the event, the chest x-ray included a view of her face and the radiologist sent a bill for $24.00! At last with an I.V. running she seemed fairly comfortable but deeply sedated. On Sunday afternoon Dr. John Hainesworth, Dr. Greco's partner, came in to the room. Not expecting her to respond I said, "Look, Jean, here is Dr. Hainesworth." She opened her eyes a little and waived her left hand. She remembered him from General Hospital.

She had, even in her anguish, a wry sense of humor. Once at home in the evening she was a little disoriented. She thought she was in a wheel chair in Dr. Greco's office. She said to me, "Can't we go home now?" I said, "Jean, we are home." She hesitated a long moment and then she smiled a little and said, "Oh, yes - it's nice and warm here - why don't you hop in with me."

The home nursing service was, in general, a disaster. An overweight young nurse with shoulder length hair and a stethoscope draped around her shoulders would come once each week to take what she called "the vital signs." All she measured was blood pressure and that always turned out 128/82. One day while she was chatting on the telephone in the hall with some friend I took her stethoscope apart and put an M&M in each of the ear tubes. I felt that this would minimize any confusion from the odd sounds she might encounter. So now all her blood pressures will continue to be 128/82.

I spent the last night in the hospital in the hospital on a cot in Jean's room. The nurses let me turn her every two hours because I knew how to do it with minimal pain for her. In the morning Ted came by and said goodbye for the last

time. I went home and took care of General and went back to the hospital about 10:00 a.m. She was deeply obtunded. Dr. Greco came by and said what I already knew - there was nothing more he could do. About 2:00 p.m. she began to breathe irregularly and then she became cyanotic. I held her hand. At about 2:15 p.m. she stopped breathing and in a few minutes she was dead. I called the nurse.

A memorial service for Jean was held on Thursday, September 22nd in the Wightman Chapel of Scarritt College where she had schooled with Dr. Brown and Miss Goddard. Willi and Jean's old friend, Jeannine Briley planned the service, led by Rev. David White. Nathaniel and Mollie arranged for a single, lovely flower piece. I suppose there were about 75 people present. Dan was in Fairbanks and Marian was somewhere on the Alcan Highway but the rest were there including her three granddaughters. Many people rose to express their admiration and love for Jean. First was Jeannine, then John Stone, the Director of Metro General Hospital. Then came attorney Bill Willis who knew Jean when he was chairman of the Metro Board of Health and Hospitals. John Stone put it about as well as could be done. He said, "Jean was the rose in our garden." Others who spoke were a black nurse supervisor whom Jean had helped with her schooling, Dr. Stephen Schillig - the Chief of Cardiology, Jack Kallam whom she had helped with missionary work in Haiti, Terri Snell - the chief midwife and of course, Carrie Lou Goddard, her teacher and friend. It was a moving and elegant ceremony. Willi and Jeannine had arranged a meeting that fit her exactly.