

Chapter XVIII

Into the twentieth century with John Jackson Titchenal and his family and siblings

The family's life after **John's** father, **William**, died in 1891, and his mother, **Sarah**, died in 1895.

William and **Sarah** had pursued their dreams fully to the end, with great hardship and effort for them and their children. They had experienced high adventure and were among the pioneers of America and its great western expansion and they had something to show for their effort. As **Sarah's** obituary said, "They saw their cheap little property grow in value leaving the old folks in good circumstances." **William** and **Sarah**, probably felt they had attained financial success. They may have even felt personal success and comfort.

It would be difficult to say all of their children and grandchildren benefited from their efforts. Certainly their children did not share the health or financial rewards of their parents equally. However I believe their children and descendants all inherited **William** and **Sarah's** work ethic and faith in themselves and hope for the future.

As pointed out in the previous chapter, health was certainly a mixed bag. **William** lived to be 74 and outlived all but four of their eleven children. **Sarah** lived to be 77 and outlived all but three of their children. Four of their daughters died at birth or under three years of age. Five other children died young, between the ages of 35 and 44. Only the two oldest children, born in Fort Smith, where they spent their early, formative years on a farm, lived beyond 60 years: Susan Eliza (Morrison), 69 years and **John Jackson Titchenal**, 64 years.

At the time **Sarah** died, she had a total of 29 grandchildren. Nine had died leaving 20 living grandchildren whose ages ranged from one year to 31 years. She also had seven great grandchildren, whose ages ranged from one to eight.

The living grandchildren included all four of **John Jackson and Alice Titchenal's** children [ages one to eight], all three of David Dickason and Emelia Titchenal's children [ages two to six], and, of course, Samuel Henry Titchenal's son, William Henry, age eight.

Only five of McHenry and Susan Morrison's six children [ages 16 to 35] and six Morrison grandchildren [ages one to eight] were still living. Sarah (Morrison) Snellings had died in Texas in 1892 at the age of 29. She had one son, perhaps **Sarah's** first great grandson, Walter Ono Snellings (age unknown). Only four of James and Rebecca (Titchenal) Hail's ten children [ages 17 to 31] and perhaps two grandchildren were living. Only two of Newton and Martha (Titchenal) Settle's five children were living [ages 16 & 17].

William and **Sarah** may have planned to divide their property equally among their

children and grandchildren, but it did not work out that way because of early sickness and deaths.

A major factor in their decision on the distribution of their property was the sickness and early death of their daughters in northern California and particularly their son, Samuel Henry and his wife in Southern California, that left their grandson, William H. Titchenal II an orphan. **Sarah** appointed J. T. Wool as guardian of her grandson, William II. She put much of her estate in a trust with J. T. Wool as trustee to take care of the grandchild until he was 21.

Only **John Jackson Titchenal**, David Dickason Titchenal, Susan Eliza Morrison and Martha Settle's husband, T. J. Settle, were alive at the time of **Sarah's** death. The two boys and Susan Eliza Morrison each got one dollar, the children of Rebecca and Martha divided their dollar.

The probate is confusing but it would seem twelve orphaned grandchildren or great grandchildren of **Sarah** were left a portion of lots eight and nine in block eleven. These heirs might have been Rebecca Hail's four children and two grandchildren, Martha Jane Settle's two children, Sarah Snellings one grandchild, plus young William Henry Titchenal, who also received most of her personal goods and property. The other two heirs can't be identified.

None of the grandchildren with both living parents (the children of **John Jackson**, David Dickason or Susan Eliza Morrison) received anything. This may not have set well with this part of the family.

J. T. Wool had been named executor of the estate, but did not want it, as he was the principle beneficiary, so McHenry Morrison, **J. J. Titchenal** and D. D. Titchenal petitioned for Letters of Administration. When the petition was approved, **J. J. Titchenal** refused to take it, David D. Titchenal could not come to Santa Ana, so McHenry Morrison and J. T. Wool became the administrators.

Years later, after the grandchildren were grown, my mother, **Dora**, who married one of **John Jackson Titchenal's** sons, **Charles Elmer Titchenal**, said that some of the grandchildren were jealous of William Henry II, whom they thought had led an easy and plentiful life with most everything he wanted. The rest of the children and grandchildren had to work hard to get what they needed.

In retrospect, there wasn't enough money to divide among 20 grandchildren and seven great grandchildren and have enough left to raise young William Henry.

In an autobiography written by William Henry Titchenal II , about 1970, for a high school reunion (now in the Santa Ana Library), he said:

“I was born on French Street between Washington and Willington. My mother died when I was only one year old, and my father died when I was seven. Before my fathers death, he had J. T. Wool appointed my guardian. He was active in the Baptist church and was wonderful to me.

I dropped out of high school in my senior year and attended Business College in Santa Ana. After some bookkeeping, I became a carpenter and cabinet maker. I was active in the union, becoming financial secretary for six years. I retired in 1959 at the age of 72.

I was married 3 years prior to WWI in which I served. My daughter, Marsie was born in 1918. She has two daughters and six grandchildren. My daughter, Patricia, was born in 1922. She has five daughters, three sons, and one grandson. So I have seven great-grandchildren; that is great for me.

I was widowed in 1924 and married again in 1928. A son was born in 1934. Another son was born in 1942, he has a daughter, age four; another child is due September 28.

My health is good, one problem is distorted vision. Spots in vision, no reading, very little TV. I need a cane or seeing eye dog. I celebrated my 82nd birthday July 25, 1969. The school reunion was great. Thank you for inviting me.”

William Titchenal II was the last descendant actually named **Titchenal** to live in the city of Santa Ana. **William’s** grandson died in the city in March, 1973 at the age of 86. It is interesting that the first **Titchenal** to live there was **William H. Titchenal** and the last one to live there was also named William H. Titchenal.

However, one of William H. Titchenal’s great grandsons still lives in Orange County near the city of Santa Ana.

William H. Titchenal II’s son, Ralph William Titchenal lives in the city of Orange only a few miles away. Also Jeffrey Marion Titchenal, grandson of David Dickason Titchenal lives in nearby Laguna Hills, Orange County.

William and **Sarah’s**, grand-daughter, Stella May (Titchenal) Elliott continued to live in Santa Ana until she died in 1986. Her two children, Barbara Wylie, and, Edwin Elliott, and their children still live in the city.

William H. Titchenal II

The Titchenal Saga The Gold Under The Sycamore Tree

According to the book, *Generations*, by William Strauss and Neil Howe, my grandfather, **John Jackson Titchenal**, and most of his siblings were born into the Progressive Generation (1843 to 1859).

William Strauss and Neil Howe said:

“By the standards of their next-elders, the progressives lived their lifecycle in reverse. They set out as sober young parents in the shadow of Reconstruction—attired in handlebar mustaches and tight corsets— and ended up as juvenating midlifers in an era of Rough Riders and gunboats, evangelism and trust busting, Model Ts and hootchie-kootchie girls, and Frauds “talking cure.” Taught the importance of emotional self-control, they reached the new century probing desperately for ways to defy taboos, tell secrets, and take chances. They satirized obsession, self-denial and savings, turning their attention toward leisure and consumption instead.”

John Jackson, his brother Charles, and his sister Susan may have been aware of but not a part of some of these movements and happening in the eastern part of America.

David Dickason and Samuel Henry were too young to be affected much at all. The family was on the move to the west, living in isolated mining towns which kept most war ravages in the background. They must have observed the national mood shift during the Civil War, but were too far removed from the war to know or think much about it.

William Strauss and Neil Howe continues:

Most families in the east experienced the implosion of family life and the desire of middle class Americans to seal their life off from the howling storm outside. The extended absence of fathers gave mothers a stronger role in her children’s world. Catherine Beeches warned against turning children over to “coarse hard unfeeling men, many a war-era ballad idealized “Mother” as the embodiment of social order.”

William’s sons were very much involved with working with their father all through the war.

“They may have experienced the mood of the eastern shell-shocked Civil War children as they reached their twenties and tried to please the adults, who advised them to show neither excess, nor defects, in their character, but instead harmonious blending, and delightful symmetry. If so, it must have been a confusing message in the wild mining towns. They, along with all progressives, passed from youth to adulthood between the late 1860 and early 1880s, a time of mounting social consensus, in favor of Victorian rectitude in personal (and sexual) behavior.

The decade between 1870 and 1880, was also a time of growing size and complexity of the industrial economy. This sparked a rising demand for technical skills, in which, many progressives in the eastern schools had been trained to excel.”

William’s children may have learned practical skills, but while growing up they had

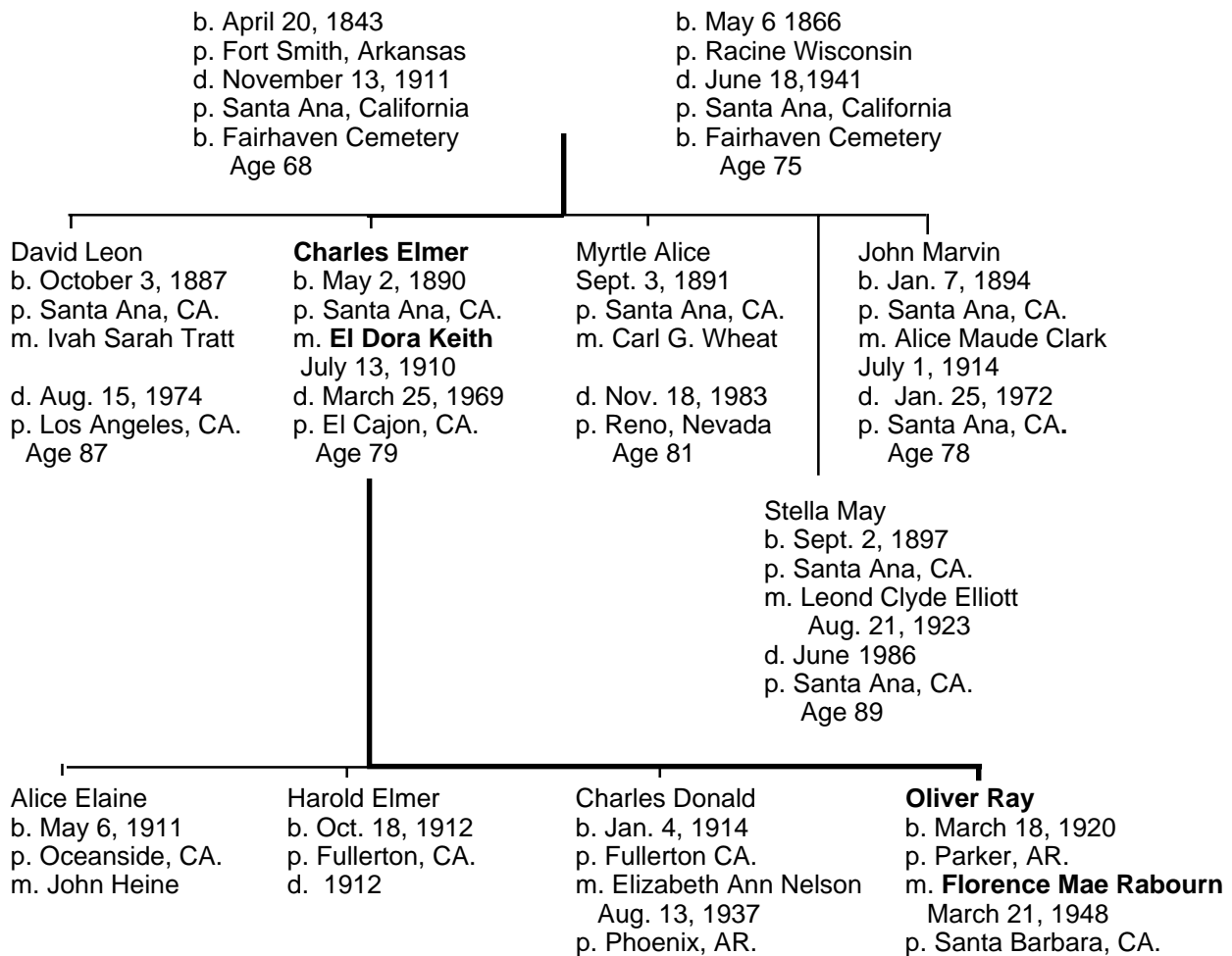
missed out on most of their school and social education. Their progressive contemporaries in Santa Ana were trained as lawyers, academics, teachers, metallurgists and accountants. This probably gave **William's** sons an inferiority complex and put them at a disadvantage.

John Jackson couldn't have had an opportunity to get much of an education. The family left Fort Smith when he was six years old. He was ten when they reached Murphys. The mining camps didn't provide school opportunities, besides they moved every two years. When they reached Hornitos in 1862 they stopped moving. By then **John** was 19 years old and too old to go to school even if Hornitos had a good school (which it didn't). When they reached Santa Ana, **John** was 26 and was still needed to help the family get a new start. In the 1870s to 1890s many men of the Progressives Generation made their fortunes in retailing. **William** himself joined the changing times and turned to land management and retailing when he built the Titchenal block between 1881 and 1886.

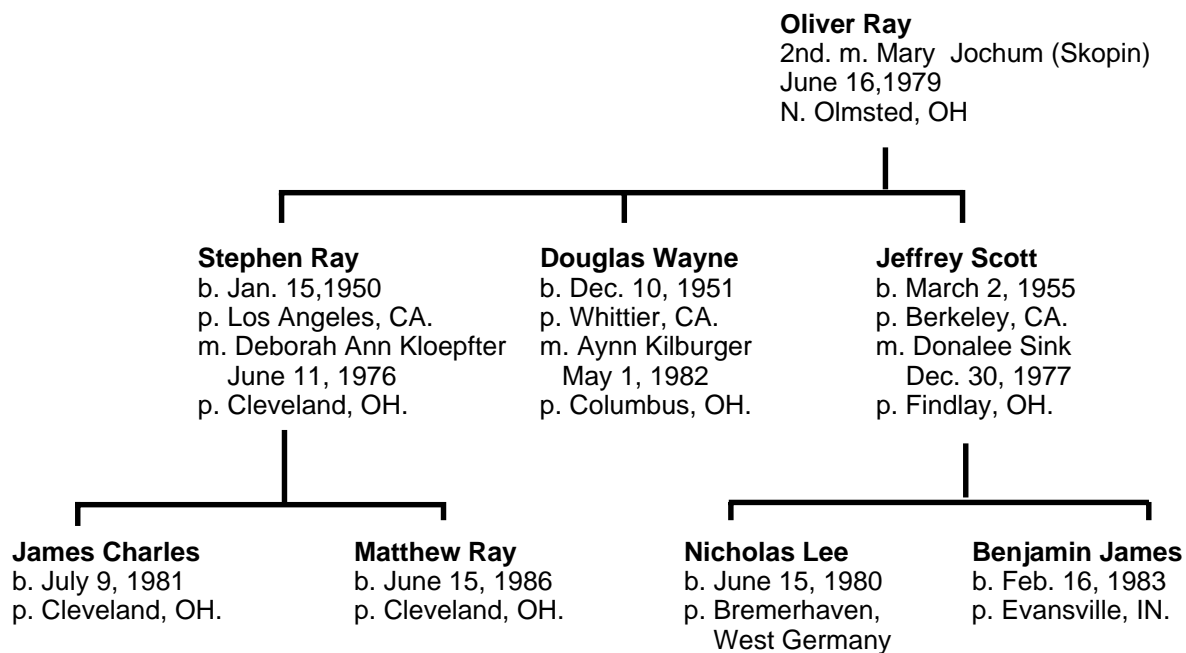
John Jackson Titchenal Family Genealogy Chart

John Jackson Titchenal and Alice Elizabeth Burton

Married August 25, 1886, Los Angeles



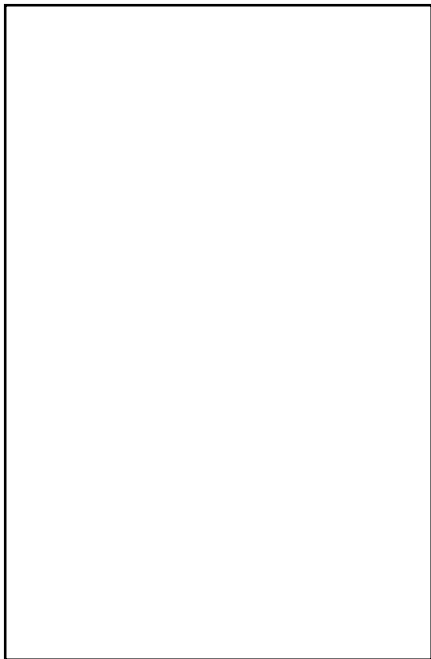
The Titchenal Saga The Gold Under The Sycamore Tree



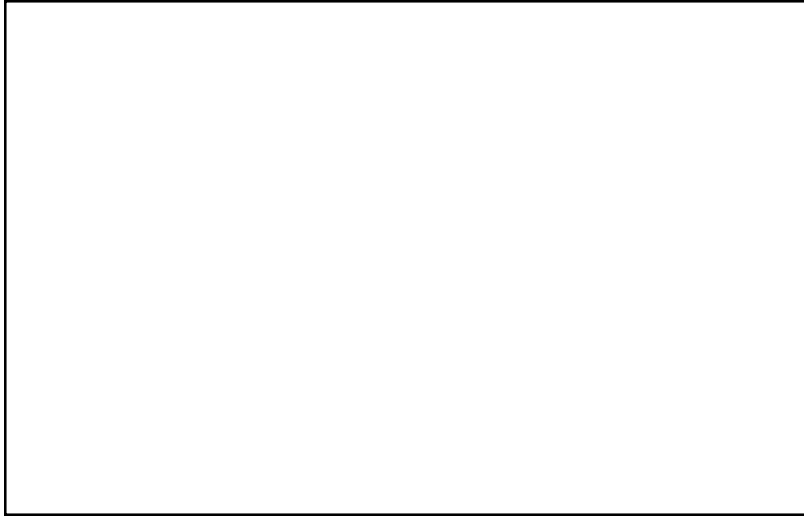
My grandfather, **John Jackson Titchenal** did not marry until August 25, 1886 when he was 43. He had stayed and traveled with and helped his father work the mines and farm most of his adult life. He didn't marry and start his own family until his father had stopped searching and settled in Santa Ana.

Why my grandfather **John Jackson** delayed starting his own family and stayed with his parents so long is unknown. Perhaps it was just the circumstances and the changing times, perhaps he believed it was his duty to help his family, or maybe he had a demanding father or mother whom he couldn't refuse. Both **William** and **Sarah** seemed to be powerful people and in control of their family. Maybe he just did not have a spirit of independence and individual adventure like his father and mother and procrastinated until the last.

William H. Titchenal had owned nearly the whole block of what is now Wellington street. **William** built his second house there. He later subdivided the property.

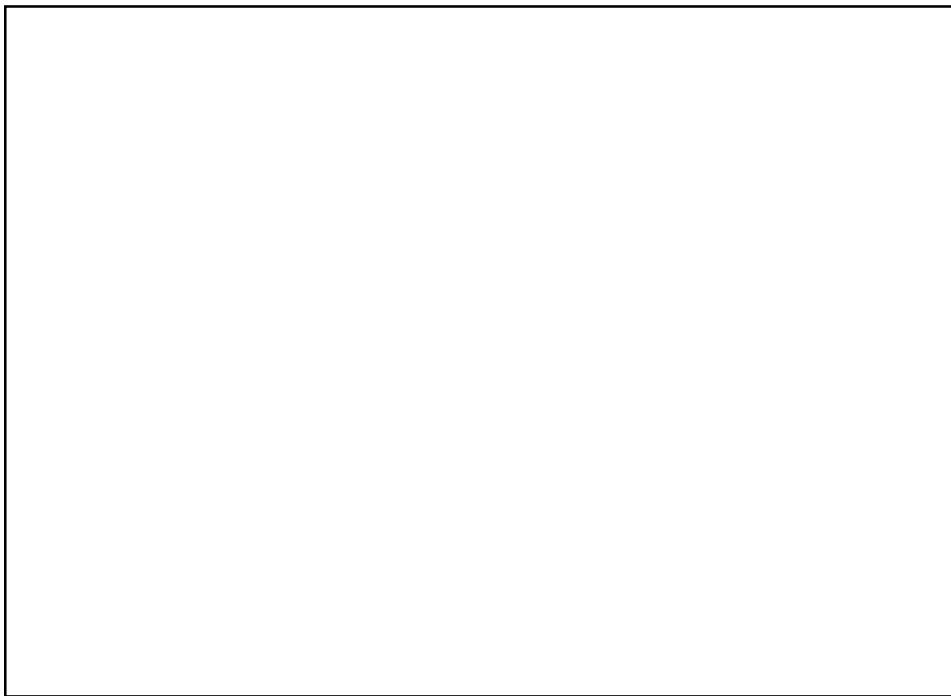


John Jackson Titchenal
about 1873, age 40



**William H. Titchenal with Family
on porch and yard of their new
house on Wellington street.**

His son, **John Jackson**, was either given or purchased one acre of land on Wellington street and built a two story house on it close to his father and mother's house after he married in 1886,



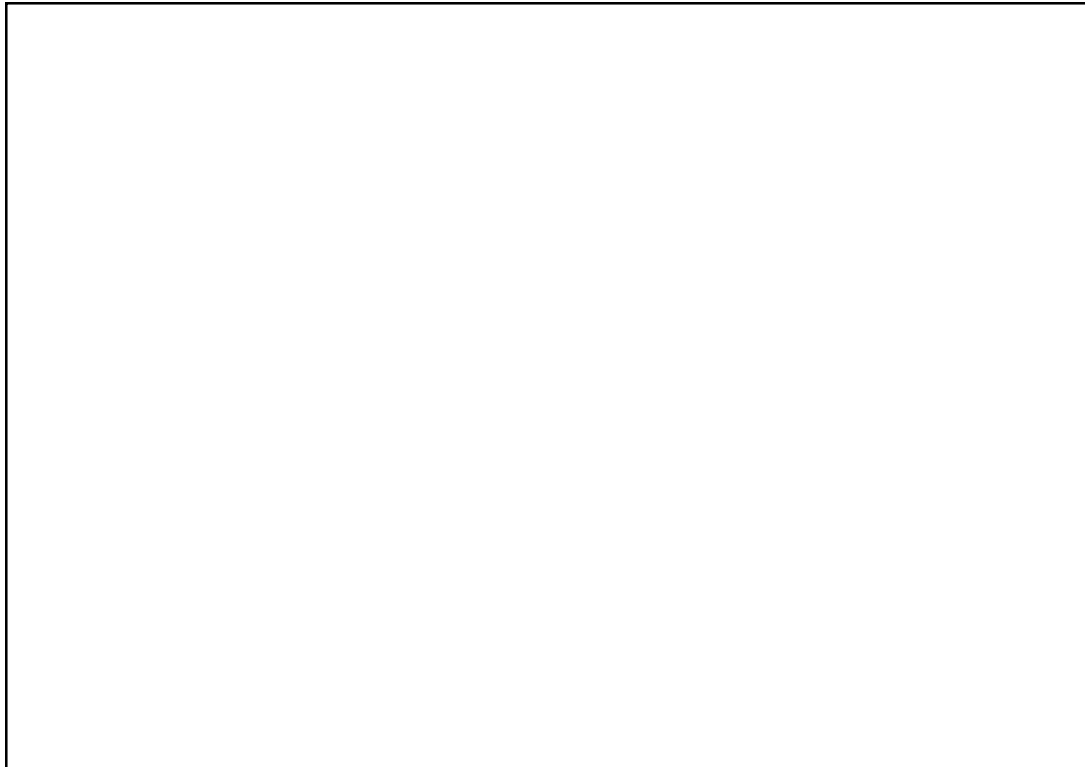
John Jackson and Alice Titchenal
standing in front of their first home on Wellington Street
with their children David Leon, **Charles**, Myrtle and John Marvin
March 10, 1886

They had an acre of land with a chicken coop, ten loquat trees and a large fig tree in the back yard

The Titchenal Saga The Gold Under The Sycamore Tree

In 1900, **John Jackson** traded the property for two and one half acres and a seven room two story house on Wright Street. It had an acre of various kinds of fruit trees and an acre of alfalfa. They had large barn and some chicken pens. John purchased a horse, which they named "Tom," and a carriage. He also purchased a cow and some chickens. They used the milk from the cow and ate the chickens and eggs. They made a small amount of money from their fruit and alfalfa. The house had a hand pump on the back porch for water. Later John installed a windmill for running water.

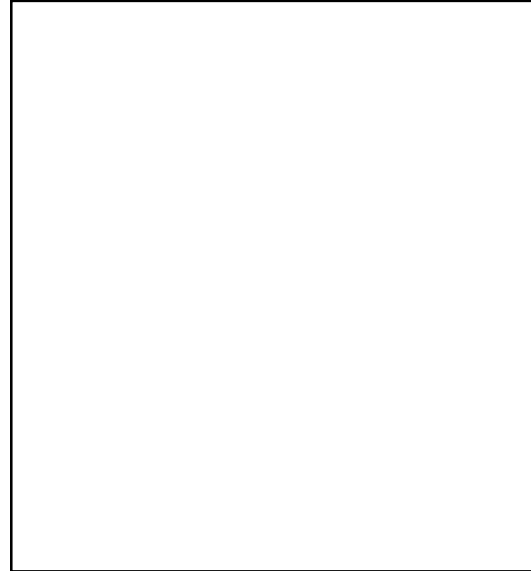
He never had much money or a good job. To supplement his income, he worked for the city part time and earned a living by contracting himself and his wife and children out at harvesting time for the various fruits and nuts grown in the Santa Ana area. My father, **Charles**, remembers working in the fields with the family. His father, **John**, and the children would pick apricots or whatever fruit was ready, while his wife, **Alice**, would pit the fruit. They received ten cents for a 50 pound box. It must have been a hard life for all of the family, especially his wife.



John and **Alice Titchenal** in front of their new home at 113 French Street, with Leon on the step, **Charles** leaning against the porch roof support, John (Jack) , Myrtle and Stella sitting on the step (about 1905)

In 1905, **John** sold the property on Wright Street and bought a house at 113 French Street, where they lived until his death, November 1911. In spite of his late marriage, they had 25 years together. **Alice** continued to live in this house until just before she died in 1941, when she sold it and went to live with her youngest daughter, Stella.

When **John Jackson** died, their oldest son David Leon was 24, not married but working on his own. My father, **Charles**, was 21, married with a 5 month old daughter, and working for the Santa Fe railroad. **Charles** and my mother, **Dora**, joined the Salvation Army. Three other children were still at home and unmarried: Myrtle, 20, John Marvin, 17, and Stella, 14. It was before Social Security and **Alice** had to continue working in the local fruit and nut packing houses to earn a living for herself and family for most of her life. She lived another 30 years, and died June 18, 1941 at the age of 75.



Charles and **Dora** with daughter **Alice**, 1911

Not much is known about **Alice Burton Titchenal**. She was born in Racine Wisconsin. Her mother's name was **Sarah A. Burton**. She came to Santa Ana when she was five. She was a twin and had four brothers, Walter (the twin who died as a boy), Jess, Jene, and George.

At the time I started to write this part of the story, my mother, **Dora**, was still alive, and in an attempt to learn what type of man **John Jackson** was, I asked her about him. She knew **John Jackson** for a few years before he died. She attended the Holiness Church, which John and his family attended. She met his son **Charles** there and they were married on August 13, 1910. Their first child, **Alice Elaine**, was born, May 4, 1911, about five months before **John Jackson** died.

Dora said he was a thoughtful and kind man, quiet and easy going, never ruffled. She didn't get a chance to know him well, as he died only a year after she married my father. However, she liked him very much. The only sample of his handwriting that he left were the words he wrote in my father's grade school graduation book. The words he wrote suggest his thoughtfulness and peaceful feelings:

*Dear Son,
May your life today be ever sweetly calm and peaceful. Be as some clear and silvery river joyously
rolling along to the sea.
Your Father, J. J. Titchenal*

Note the difference in feeling and writing styles of the day. **Sarah A Burton** my father's grandmother, wrote;

*"Dear Charlie, I wish you many happy years, may you be a good man, if you live."
Grandmother Sarah Burton*

The sample was pretty small. But I had **John Jackson's** handwriting analyzed. It suggests a man with such characteristics as: Affectionate, conventional, reliable, modest, discreet with an interest in harmony, open and spiritual in nature, a desire to stick to essentials but a safety margin between himself and the objective, visual and emotional, and one who understates his own importance.

Assuming the handwriting analysis is correct, John would have been a person who could have been easily dominated by a father or mother as strong minded as **William** and **Sarah** seemed to be. The constant moving and living in small male dominated mining camps during his formative years and young adult life would have hindered him from meeting young women or getting an education and finding a career of his own.

I think **John Jackson** was a happy man, satisfied with his life. Maybe he wished from time to time he was more of a financial success, but he seemed to value honesty, friendship, happiness and peace of mind more than money. I think he passed the same beliefs along to his children. At least, I know he passed these beliefs on to my father, **Charles Elmer Titchenal**.

Sarah had kept in contact with her family in the north, but after her death the various branches of the family lost track of one another. **John Jackson** and the family that stayed in Santa Ana kept in touch with one another for a while, but as they moved and the older generation died, the younger generations married, moved away and raised their own families. They lost contact with each other. My father, **Charles**, was one of the first to move away from Santa Ana.

According to William Strauss & Neil Howe in their book, *Generations*, **Charles** and his siblings were all born into the "Lost Generation" (born 1883 to 1900). They said this of this generation:

Lost Generation children entered the cash labor market at a higher rate than any generation of America before, or since. In 1910, nearly one child in five between age 10 and 14 (three in five between 15 and 19) was gainfully employed. Many worked in "sweatshops" (a word first coined in 1892). No other generation ever purchased such a large share of its total consumption with self earned income. This cash sustained America's national marketed Sweets, including jelly beans, Tootsie Rolls, Hershey Bars and bubble gum. From 1889 to 1920 the per capita consumption of sugar doubled. Sugar became a term of endearment.

Lost Generation youths showed little improvement in rates of illiteracy, absenteeism, dropout, or college entry. From 1880 to 1900 the share of all white children in primary school dropped from 62 to 54 percent. After 1950, when the Lost began to reach their mid sixties, the learning gap between the elderly and the non-elderly rapidly widened. In 1970, the average years of schooling for adults over 25 was 12.2 years. Adults over 65 averaged 8.7 years.

The lost were America's first generation to grow up amid widespread adult - approved narcotics use. In 1900, while opium and chloral hydrate consumption was rising, many other newly synthesized and unregulated drugs were entering the marketplace such as heroin and

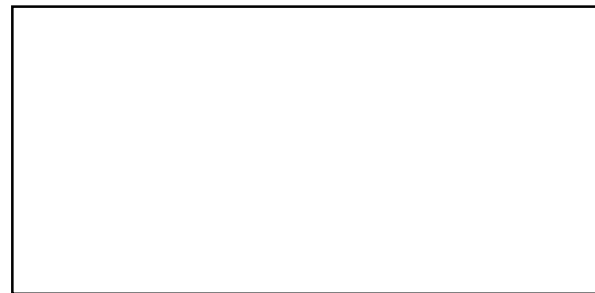
cocaine or coca- a wondrous midlife discovery to Sigmund Freud, Sherlock Homes and many like-aged Progressives in America - was sold in cough syrup, lozenges, and until 1904 in Coca-Cola.

World War I was cruel to soldiers in the trenches, and home coming was period of great change, In 1919 and 1920, the Volstead Act purged them of liquor, they experienced "The Red Scare" and the Palmer Raids against the radical Reds, the 19th Amendment to provide for women's suffrage.

During the 1920s this generation fought ideology and moral crusades with pleasure, bathtub gin, binges and opulent sex. America was going through the greatest, gaudiest spree in history, setting the tone for the roaring twenties.

My mother, **Dora** and my father, **Charles** almost died during the great influenza epidemic of 1918, fatal mostly to young adults and killed over 250,000 people, five times the number killed in combat during World War I. They missed much of the fast life of the roaring twenties and the depression because of **Charles'** steady employment on the railroad, especially after he moved to small railroad towns in Arizona in 1917.

Charles studied bookkeeping and telegraphy, after graduating from grade school, then started work for the Santa Fe Railroad in Santa Ana as a cashier and apprentice operator. He reported to work June 19, 1907, just as he turned 17, and was paid \$20.00 per month.



Santa Anna Santa Fe Depot in 1906

His first assignment after completing his apprenticeship was a job as a telegraph operator in Rialto, California. This job paid \$50.00 per month.



His next assignment was in San Dimas, California. He worked there for over a year, after which he had an opportunity to go back to Santa Ana with a raise to \$60.00 per month.



Charles' father and mother, **John** and **Alice**, and his siblings, had started attending the "Holiness Church" in Santa Ana. **Charles** started attending also. This is where he met my mother, **Dora Keith**.

The Titchenal Saga The Gold Under The Sycamore Tree

After a short courtship, they believed they could get along on \$60.00 a month and were married July 13, 1910. They found a small house for \$12.00 a month and were happy, but 3 months later, in November of 1910, **Charles** was offered a second shift operator job at Oceanside California with a raise to \$77.00 per month. They jumped at the chance to make more money.

Their first child, Alice Elaine, was born in Oceanside, May 6, 1911. They liked Oceanside, it was at the beach. **Charles'** father, **John**, came to visit them for two weeks that summer to cool off and see his granddaughter. It was good that he did because he died the next November on the 13th. **Charles** and family got back to Santa Ana for a few months about that time, but were transferred again in January of 1912, this time to Fullerton, California.

They liked Fullerton very much and stayed there for several years. Two more children were born there: Harold Elmer, October 10, 1912, Harold Elmer died five months after his birth and Charles Donald, was born January 4, 1914.

In October of 1915, **Charles** was offered a promotion to station agent at a small town, Etiwanda, CA. It was a better job, but the town was so small there were no houses to rent. They had to live in the baggage room for several weeks while the railroad built a side track and sent out an outfit car (house car) to live in. They didn't like the station, or the living arrangements. The town was small and lonesome with few neighbors. The station was on the main line with as many as ten or twelve passenger and four or five freight trains, every day and night. Their home was the house car on the side track, which was only few feet from the main line, which made it very noisy, day and night. But more important, it was dangerous for their two small children. They toughed it out for over a year.

By January 1916, **Charles** and **Dora**, had enough, and decided Etiwanda wasn't right for them. It was too risky for the children with the tracks so close. Don was two years old and quite active. There was no school close and Alice was five years old and ready to start kindergarten. **Charles** asked to be transferred back to Fullerton.



Charles working in the Fullerton Station, 1916

He got the first trick operator job. The hours were 8:00 AM to 4:00 PM and he had evenings at home. The first trick included the Western Union manager's job and paid \$15.00 more per month. He also had to copy the news bulletins from the United Press for the local newspaper. It was interesting getting the news before it was printed in the paper and seeing how they presented it. He liked working at Fullerton. Alice started to school and every

thing was fine until the United States entered World War I, and the railroad became very busy with many more trains.

Just after Christmas 1917, **Charles** got a telegram from the superintendent of the Santa Fe and Phoenix Railway. The railroad ran from Ash Fork, Arizona on the main line of the Santa Fe, to Phoenix and also to Parker, Arizona, connecting with the pacific division of the Santa Fe to go on to Los Angeles.

The telegram read, "Offer you agency at Crown King, Arizona salary \$100.00 per month and \$50.00 per month wife assistant." The salary was great, more money than they ever had, but why him? He didn't know the superintendent, or what kind of a place Crown King was? **Charles** had never been out of the state of California. **Dora** had been born in Oklahoma (Indian Territory) but she left there to come to California as a little girl and didn't remember anything about it or the trip.

They looked for Crown King on a map. It was a little town in the mountains, about 60 miles from Prescott on a branch line. The train made a round trip once a day from Prescott and back. He also discovered a friend whom he had worked with when he was cashier at Santa Ana was a now a traveling auditor and had recommended him to the superintendent.

Charles and **Dora** talked it over and decided to take the job, it was more money and an adventure. It turned out to be more than an adventure, it changed their life and their children's lives considerably. Unfortunately, **Charles** did not thoroughly investigate, the background of the Santa Fe and Phoenix Railway or the town of Crown King. Had he investigated the history of the railroad and town he might not have accepted the job; he would have found:

Crown King, Arizona (elevation 6000 ft.) had been a prosperous small mining town as early as the 1890s. By the 1900s several different mining companies were operating in the area or close by. A railroad was badly needed to service these companies.

After considerable delays, frustration and expense, the Bradshaw Mountain Railroad (which was a branch of Santa Fe and Phoenix Railway) was extended to Crown King at the top of the Bradshaw mountains May 12, 1904. The Bradshaw mountains were rugged and very steep. To reduce construction costs, and keep the track as short as possible, the track had been laid out to use switchbacks to get up the mountain. The train would go forward at a slope the train could handle mile or so, then back up another slope several miles, go forward again. This was repeated many times until the train finally got up the mountain. This slowed the train down quite a bit and made for more work, as the trainmen had to get off the train to turn the switches each time the train changed directions, but the result was a spectacular view and ride.

Crown King's population fluctuated greatly, depending upon local mining activity. Prior to the turn of the century the population fluctuated from fifty to five hundred. The figure leveled out to about two hundred by 1907. Unfortunately 1907 was one of the last years of high productivity. By 1914 abandoned mines outnumbered active ones.

However, a brief resurgence occurred (when **Charles** was offered a job) between 1916 through 1918, due to wartime (WWI) demand for copper. The market collapsed again in 1919 after the war ended. Very few mines operated near Crown King by the end of 1919.

Charles, worked as the station agent in Crown King from January 1918 until December 1919, almost two years. Freight business was slow by 1919 and there was talk of closing the station. **Dora** tired of the pioneer living conditions, the cold and snow quickly. So, **Charles** took the month of December off. **Dora** and the children, vacationed in California, while, **Charles**, tried to find work. He didn't find anything in California, but he bid a job in Parker, Arizona where the winters were warmer.

They lived in Parker for a brief period until July of 1920, when their last child, **Oliver**, was born there March 18, 1920. It got very hot in Parker and the mosquitoes came in swarms. Crown King came up for bid again, **Charles** bid it, and they were glad to move back to Crown King.

Charles and family, stayed in Crown King until May of 1921, when the railroad finally closed the station. **Charles** had to bump the last assigned operator on in the division, which happened to be the night operator's job at Hot Springs Junction. Hot Springs was in the desert and worse than Parker or Crown King. **Charles** and his family stayed there until the agency at Mayer, Arizona came up for bid in October of 1922.



They liked Mayer and stayed there until 1926. After that, Every few years mother, (**Dora**), would take her children, Alice, Don and **Oliver** and go to Santa Ana or Los Angeles to see our two grandmothers, Alice Titchenal and Anna (Arnett) Keith and our other aunts, uncles and cousins.

This picture was taken on one of those visits.

Grandmother Alice Titchenal
with Oliver, Alice, Jean Wheat, Don, and James Wheat
about 1923

On one of her visits to Santa Ana, my mother , **Dora** had everyone from the **John Jackson** family for Christmas diner, and arranged for pictures to be taken. This was the last time the entire family of **John Jackson** and **Alice (Burton) Titchenal** got together. It was Christmas 1926. (see photograph on page no. 282).

Our family never moved back to California. Except for letters and a few visits every year or so, we lost direct contact with most of our **Titchenal** and **Keith (Arnett)** aunts, uncles and cousins. My mother, **Dora**, kept in touch with some of our relatives through correspondence with her sister-in-laws until about the 1960s and 70s, by then many of her generation were either dead or too old to correspond very much.

My generation had scattered all over California and America, and [we all] were too busy with our own life to keep up the correspondence, so we lost contact. I personally seldom saw or heard anything about my cousins, until the last few years, when I made an effort to locate them again to gather information for this story. I guess this is typical of most American families. After gathering the information for the twelve or thirteen generations of the **Titchenal (Tichenor, etc.)**, family history, I realize that is also the main the reason each generation of our ancestors lost contact with one another.

Family histories never end, and each of the children and grandchildren of **William and Sarah Ann Dickason Titchenal** have a story of their own to tell. Only they can tell their story. I will end this story here, in as much as my father, **Charles**, has written his own story about his boyhood and his life on the Santa Fe Railroad. At a future time, I will add my own history for my children and grandchildren.

However, I believe I should write something about the **Titchenal** family curse, **Retinitis Pigmentosa (RP)**. This eye disorder had a major effect on the lives of all of, **John** and **Alice's**, children and some of their grandchildren and great grandchildren, I know it will be of interest to all of this family.

Retinitis Pigmentosa (RP)^[1] **THE FAMILY AFFLICTION**

Four of **John** and **Alice Titchenal's** five children, had the disorder. Three boys, **Charles Elmer**, David Leon and John (Jack) Marvin and their sister, Stella had Retinitis Pigmentosa. It is an inherited disease in which the retina degenerates in many places over time. It affects about 1,000,000 people in U.S.A., about 23,000 are legally blind due to Retinitis Pigmentosa (1985). The patient first notices poor night vision, then loses peripheral vision, although central vision may be as good as 20/20 until middle age. There is no known treatment and eventually tunnel vision (down to a small pin hole) results. There is no known cure, even today.

My father, **Charles**, and his siblings, probably inherited the disease from their mother, **Alice Burton**. It was thought to be transmitted mostly, by the female to the male, but today it is known to be transmitted in other ways.

None of **Alice Burton Titchenal's sons** have transmitted it to their **sons** nor did the sons transmit it to their children or grandchildren. (So far all have been males.) However several of the daughters and granddaughters have transmitted it their sons and are anxiously checking the grandchild's eyes to see if the inherited gene has stopped,

This disease had a large effect on the career of **Charles Elmer** and the life of his family. After he moved to Arizona and the war was over, sometime in the 1920s, the Santa Fe Railroad made the Santa Fe and Phoenix Railway a separate division from the California division with a separate seniority roll.

Charles was never able to transfer back to the California Division. He would have had to quit and take a chance to be hired again in California at the bottom of the seniority list. By the 1920s his eyes were bothering him and he was afraid to start over. He didn't think he could handle a night job on a main line main line station.

Charles was right about unable to handle a night job. On at least one occasion, when he had to take a temporary night shift job on the main line at Holbrook, Arizona. Mother (**Dora**) wouldn't move there with him. So he asked his son, Donald (who was about 16 at the time) to stay with him all summer and help with such things as passing the messages up to the engineers. He worked at small towns and daylight jobs until he took a disability retirement in 1945 at the age of 55.

Several times during his career, he was recommended for promotion to other positions on the Santa Fe Railroad, but he was afraid his eye disability would hinder his work and turned the promotion down. Nevertheless, his hard work was an inspiration for his children and he was a good provider all during the "big depression" for his family. However, many times, the small towns where he worked had limited school facilities and hindered the education of his children.

Because of our frequent moving, and the small towns where we lived, my brother, Donald, and my sister, Alice, had to leave high school before graduating. Fortunately, as I was the youngest, dad and mother were alone by the time I was ready to go to high school. They were able let me live (mostly alone) in Phoenix to finish my high school education. I was also able to attend Fullerton College in California before starting to work at Douglas Aircraft Company before World War II started.

In spite of our interrupted and limited education, my brother, Donald, was able to parlay his artistic talents into a job with a large grocery chain in Phoenix that led to a position of Vice President and advertising manager of a large wholesale Grocery Distributor.

At Douglas, I was able to work my way up to Project Tooling Engineer for several important airplanes during the war and also Supervisor of the Tool Engineering Department.

My work was interrupted by a short hitch in the Marine Corps, where I saw action in the Pacific on the Islands of Sipan, Okinawa and occupation duty in China. After which, I worked my way up to Director of Packaging Research and Engineering for the St. Regis Paper Company, then Research Director of Packaging Systems for the Dow Chemical Company. While working, I obtained more than 30 patents on several different packaging systems. I used some of patents to start and manage my own successful plastic film, bag and automatic packaging machinery manufacturing company for ten years before my retirement. I continued to work as a consultant for a while after retirement.

My father, **Charles**, gradually lost more and more of his sight until he became totally blind at the age of about 75. Before he went completely blind, **Charles** wrote the story of his boyhood life in Santa Ana, his married life and his early family's life, living at many different small railroad towns up to and including my birth in 1920 at Parker, Arizona. After he died, I had it made into a book and published it for our family. I named the book, "*Along the Santa Fe*".

Both of his brothers and his sister, Stella, also lost their eye sight over a period of years until they became completely blind. Only his sister Myrtle escaped the devastation of **Retinitis Pigmentosa**.

I don't have many of the details of the life of **Charles'** brothers, David Leon and John Marvin, however, both of them worked for the Telephone Company all of their life. David Leon started as a delivery boy for Western Electric Company and worked his way to wire chief, in spite of his eye handicap. He was greatly admired by his family. John Marvin started as a telephone lineman and worked his way to supervisory positions, before retirement.

David Leon's two sons, David Leon and Robert Allen, both graduated from San Jose State college and while there, played football together on the same team. They both played in the early days of the professional football league (Washington Red Skins and San Francisco 49ers), later they both became college coaches. David was on the faculty of Glendale College for 35 years, [as tennis and football coach and head of the Physical Education Department and Athletic Director. His brother Bob first coached at the U. of W. VA. (where he was surprised to meet another, Robert A. Titchenal, a descendant of the brother of his [great₂] grandfather, John R. Titchenal, that stayed in Virginia [see Chapter XIX].) He then coached at U of New Mexico the U of Denver, U.S.C. and ended up as a full professor on the faculty of San Jose State (33 years) as well as Athletic Director and football coach for many years. He was the first person to put skin and scuba diving into a college curriculum in the state of California, and certified over 3000 students.

Footnote: See chapter on **Retinitis Pigmentosa (RP)**



Alice (Burton) Titchenal
Her children and grandchildren
Christmas 1926

Left to right top to bottom
 Charles Elmer Leon Elliot Carl Wheat Alice Elaine John Marvin David Leon
 and and and and and
 Dora (Keith) Stella Myrtle ALICE (BURTON) Alice(Clark) Ivah(Tratt)
 Oliver Jean Barbara Don Edna & James Glenn Jean Robert David
 (Wheat) (Elliot) (Wheat)