

# ***Retting-Santen Family***

***Genealogical History***

**For: Retting-Santen Relatives**

**Researched and Written by:**

***Michelle Diane Vardiman Fansler  
1998-2001***

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## **INTRODUCTION**

The purpose of this genealogical and historical account of the Retting-Santen Family is to bring our family history alive to us beyond just the skeleton of names and dates.

The Family Trees following are organized from left to right. The ancestor is to the far left with his/her children in the blue boxes.

The light brown boxes are children of the blue boxes and grandchildren of the ancestor. Each grouping as shown by the lines are siblings and the separate groups are first cousins to each other. There are a couple cases where a person is listed again with a different spouse. The children from that same person are half-siblings.

The Green boxes are second cousins and great grandchildren of the ancestor.

Hopefully these charts will help with seeing the relationships as one reads this historical account based on interviews of family members.

## **DEDICATION**

This book is lovingly dedicated to my children in hopes they will feel somewhat connected with their ancestors and learn from their stories. This book was mainly compiled during each of my children's pregnancies.

As you discover your own unique talents and abilities I hope and pray that you will keep God first in all things and follow the narrow road.

## **PREFACE BY LARRY VARDIMAN**

"Families are a place where we get experiences and learn what the world is all about, have connections with our roots. It constitutes a lot of our security. It seems to me that many times families don't recall a lot of the incidents and people involved in the family because they don't get together like they used to. It used to be people would sit around on a Sunday afternoon or Saturday night and tell stories about each other. But families are spread all over the world these days and don't get a chance to do that kind of thing. So I thought maybe I would help facilitate that a little bit at least by rehearsing some of the memories that I have of my family and sharing that with the rest of the family." (*Larry Vardiman, Glimpses of my Childhood tape #1A*)

# SECTION I

*Mid 1800's to Mid 1900's*

# *Mr. and Mrs. Retting*



### **Retting / Santen**

The family history breaks down at this point. It is understood that the parents of Frank Matthew Retting were both born in Germany. The family story is that Frank Matthew was born on the boat coming to America in 1852.

The family consisted of one son and two daughters. Their daughters did not marry nor have children. They were fairly well off and pampered their son, Frank Matthew Retting. They were able to send him to college. (Xavier College came to mind per Jeannette Santen Vardiman 26 June 2000)

The story goes that Frank Matthew Retting's oldest daughter, Nellie, killed her boyfriend and the father moved the family and changed their last name to Santen. It's possible he took his mother's maiden name we just don't know. Frank's family was from Cincinnati, Ohio originally and they moved to East St. Louis, Illinois.

The trail is cold at this point backward.

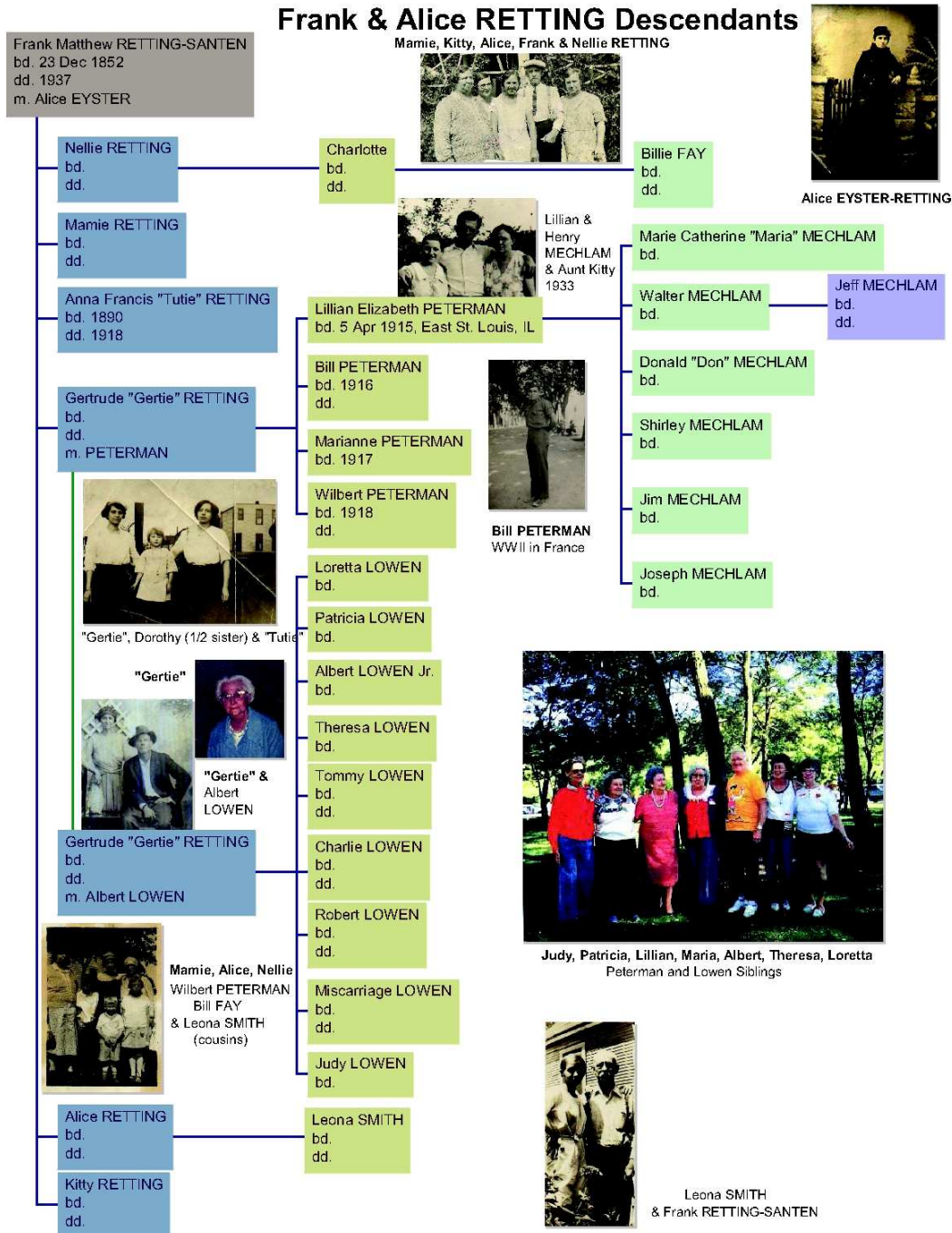
# SECTION II

*Late 1800's - Late 1900's*

***Frank Matthew Retting-  
Santen***



## Frank & Alice RETTING Descendants



### Frank Matthew Retting Santen (1852-1936) and Anna Eyster Retting

Frank Matthew Retting Santen was the son of German immigrants. He was born in 1852. He had two older sisters who never married and never had children. They both died fairly young so Frank was very spoiled as a child. He attended college. (*Xavier according to Jeannette Santen Vardiman*)

“Frank Retting was a Fire Captain in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was part of the Salvage Corp that went in as a big group to try and get anything that could be saved. He had all white horses pulling his fire engine and he took care of them himself. When the big fire of the Cincinnati stockyards burnt he went in to try to help save the livestock.

He lost his job in the family scandal, changed his last name and moved his family to E. St. Louis, Illinois. He was no longer in the fire department from what I know. He trained dogs I think in Illinois.” (*Interview of Lillian Peterman Mechlam, 22 Jan. 2001*)

Frank had 6 girls with his first wife, Anna Eyster Retting. Shortly after his wife passed away when his older girls were in their early teens he married Lillian Matilda Begino Mueller who was 25 years younger than him!



Anna Eyster Retting above

Retting Children:	Birth:	Death:
Nellie Retting		
Mamie Retting		
Anna “Tutie” Retting Kalina	1890	1918-flu
Gertrude “Gertie” Retting		
Alice Retting		
Kitty Retting		



Pictures from Left to Right: Gertie, Mamie, Kitty, Alice, Frank and Nellie and Anna “Tutie” Retting

## Retting Girls



**Mamie, Alice, Nellie (Adults from left to right)  
Wilbert Peterman (Gertie's son), Bill Fay  
(Nellie's grandson), Leona Smith (Alice's  
daughter) - Children from left to right**



**Leona Smith (Alice's daughter)  
with grandfather,  
Frank Matthew Retting-Santen**

### The Family Scandal

Frank's oldest daughter, Nellie killed her lover and Frank spent most of his fortune defending Nellie. There was a trial and Nellie did not go to jail. Frank moved his younger family to East St. Louis, Illinois and possibly changed their family name to Santen at that time.

Some of Frank's older daughters stayed in Cincinnati.



**Mamie Retting Jackman**



## Gertrude Retting Peterman Lowen



**Albert & Gertrude Lowen**  
(Gertie's second husband)



**Lillian (daughter of Gertie)  
& Henry with Aunt Kitty -  
1933**



**William Frank Peterman,  
(son of Gertie)  
Picture taken in France in  
WWII**



**Gertrude "Gertie"  
Retting Peterman Lowen**

Gertie Retting married William Peterman. They lived in Alton, Illinois near E. St. Louis.

William Peterman worked in a rolling mill (steel company). He wanted to join the military when World War I broke out but was turned down because he needed to stay home doing his job to support the military. One time he grabbed a hot tong wrong and seared his side. It burnt through his ribs so when he came down with the flu in 1918 his lungs couldn't take it and he passed away. Gertie had 3 children under the age of 4 and was seven months pregnant with Wilbert when her husband died from the flu in 1918. Gertie's daughter, Lillian Peterman was almost 4 at that time. Gertie moved her family from Alton, Illinois to E. St. Louis, Illinois into her father's house for 2 years. Wilbert was born there.

Lillian remembers playing paper dolls with Aunt Dorothy. They also played under the house and could hear conversations above. Although Grandpa Frank Retting-Santen had a bad reputation he "was very good to me. He had a nice home. My mother's sisters, Kitty and Alice were there on occasion and Aunt Dorothy lived there." After Gertie remarried to Albert Lowen they moved to Cincinnati, Ohio and she had 9 more children with her second husband. She had 13 children total! "After (my mother) married my step-father it went down hill from there." It was never as nice after that. Moved to Cincinnati in 1921.

"I can remember Uncle Frank was my very favorite and Uncle Louis was the best looking. Uncle Louis had a different disposition but he was a very handsome man and liked to hunt with his dogs. Uncle Frank and Aunt Vera wrote to us often, they were my favorite. "Aunt Vera would send us boxes of candy every year and we looked forward to that. She sent me school clothes sometimes." Uncle Frank and Aunt Vera came to visit a lot.

Uncle Louis and Uncle Frank Santen were boxers (and butchers). Aunt Vera (Frank's wife) wrote a letter one time to Gertie (Lillian's mother) that Uncle Frank gave up boxing because the children didn't recognize him when he came home!

Lillian has stomach cancer since 1999 and has to be fed with a stomach tube. Can only eat liquid diet now and very rarely. Her favorite food was meatloaf. She lives in her own apartment though at 85 years old! Children do her laundry and cleaning and check in on her regularly. She has 6 children, 20 grandchildren, 30 great grandchildren and 2 great great grandchildren. (*Interview of Lillian Peterman Mechlam 22 January 2001*)

## Frank Matthew RETTING-SANTEN's Descendants from Second wife, Lillian

**Frank Matthew RETTING-SANTEN**  
 bd. 1852  
 dd. 1937  
 m. 1894  
 Lillian "Lilly" Matilda MUELLER  
 bd. 5 October 1878  
 dd. 2 November 1918



Frank and Lilly SANTEN



Lilly SANTEN



Anne and Louis SANTEN  
 Wedding picture 1921



**Louis Frank SANTEN**  
 bd. 3 Aug 1900, Cincinnati, Ohio  
 dd. 7 May 1954, Fairmont City, Illinois

Frank & Vera SANTEN  
 holding Fran (top)  
 Bill & Charlotte FAYE  
 holding Billie (bottom left)  
 Anne & Louis SANTEN  
 holding Elmer & ? (bottom right)



**Frank William SANTEN**  
 bd. 18 Jun 1906  
 dd. 24 Apr 1963



Frank SANTEN

**Dorothy Lillian SANTEN**  
 bd. 5 Dec 1909  
 dd. 18 Dec 1990

Dorothy SANTEN



**Baby SANTEN**  
 bd.  
 dd. as Infant

Jeannette, Anne, Elmer, Darlene, Jim - 1985



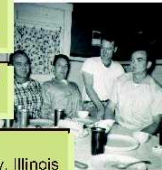
**Loretta SANTEN**  
 bd. Sep 1922, Fairmont City, Illinois  
 dd. Feb 1923, Fairmont City, Illinois



Loretta - 1922

**Elmer SANTEN**  
 bd. 4 Dec 1923  
 dd. Jan 1994, Edwardsville, IL

**James William "Jim" SANTEN**  
 bd. 7 Dec 1925



**Lester Gene SANTEN**  
 bd. 10 Apr 1931, Fairmont City, Illinois  
 dd. 26 Jun 1994

Lester, Jim  
 Robert, Elmer  
 1960

**Louis Robert SANTEN**  
 bd. 28 Jan 1934, Fairmont City, Illinois  
 dd. 1 Sep 1970, East St. Louis, Illinois



Jeannette &  
 Darlene 1955

**Darlene Ann SANTEN**  
 bd. 17 Nov 1937, Fairmont City, IL

**Jeannette Marie SANTEN**  
 bd. 29 Sep 1942, Fairmont City, IL

**Frances Emma "Fran" SANTEN**  
 bd. 11 Jan 1925

**Russell SANTEN**  
 bd. 2 Apr 1927  
 dd. 15 Nov 1955

**George Louis "Pat" SANTEN**  
 bd. 29 Jun 1931

**Betty Jane WELCH**  
 bd. 9 Nov 1927, Cincinnati, Ohio

**Bill WELCH**  
 bd. 20 Apr 1929



Fran & Vera - 1985



Pat

**Frank Matthew Retting Santen (1852-1936) and Lillian Matilda Mueller Santen (1878-1918) “Lilly”**

Lilly was born 5 October 1878. Her mother was 100% Italian and her father was Pennsylvania Dutch.

Lilly had been married before Frank. She was almost 16 years old and expecting her first baby in 1893 when her father asked her to get his hat and shot his wife in the head then killed himself. Shortly after that Lilly's husband died and she had a miscarriage during that time!



**Frank and Lillian Santen above**

Frank and Lilly married in about 1894 when Frank was 42 and Lilly was 16 years old. Lilly was only a few years older than Frank's daughters but they adored her.

Frank and Lilly had four children, two sons and one daughter, Louis Frank Santen, Frank William Santen and Dorothy Lillian Santen. The children were born in Cincinnati, Ohio. They had a fourth child that died at birth according to Lillian Peterman Mechlam.



**Alice, Lillian Santen and Kitty**



**Gertie, Dorothy and Tutie**



### Frank and Lilly Santen's Children:

Santen Children:	Birth:	Death:
Louis Frank Santen	Aug. 3, 1900	May 7, 1954
Frank William Santen	June 18, 1906	Apr. 24, 1963
Dorothy Lillian Santen	Dec. 5, 1909	Dec. 18, 1990
Infant	Died at birth	

**Louis Frank Santen**  
Picture taken 1921



**Frank William Santen**



**Dorothy Lillian Santen**



**Frank & Vera Santen with daughter Frances**  
Bottom left to right: **Bill & Charlotte Fay** (Nellie's daughter) with child **Billie Fay**, **Anne & Louis Santen** with **Elmer** Dark haired child in front is a **niece** (one of the half-sister's daughters)



**Fran and Vera Santen in 1985**  
(Frank William Santen's Daughter and Wife)

## Frank and Lilly Santen

### *Influenza 1918*

In 1918 the Spanish Influenza “Flu” circulated through America killing many people. It was the end of WWII and many people were wearing masks on their faces as protection from the flu even during the public celebration in the streets.

Lilly died from the flu on 2 November 1918 at 40 years old. Her youngest daughter, Dorothy was 9 years old at that time.

Frank’s third daughter, Anna “Tadie” Retting Kalina died a few days later from the flu at 28 years old along with her baby.

They are all buried at Mt. Hope Cemetery near Belleville, Illinois.  
(See Appendix on Influenza 1918)

William Peterman, Gertie’s husband also died from the flu.



### **Dorothy Santen:**

When she was old enough (teenager) Dorothy moved back to Cincinnati and lived with Gertie’s family for a while.

Dorothy met Bill Welch at the Baptist church in Fairmont City, Illinois and they were married.

Bill and his brother, Claude went to Cincinnati, Ohio in 1927 to find a job as jobs were hard to find in E. St. Louis. Aunt Gertie’s husband helped Bill get a job with Globe Soap Company (now Proctor & Gamble). Dorothy who was pregnant with Betty moved to Cincinnati, Ohio then. Betty was born in Cincinnati, Ohio in 1927. They also had a son, Billie born in 1929. Dorothy and Bill divorced after 14 years of marriage. (*Interview of Betty Mason, 26 Jan. 2001*)

### **Frank Retting-Santen:**

Frank Matthew Santen died from a stroke in 1937 at 84 years old.

Betty Mason, (Dorothy’s daughter) remembers her grandfather, Frank Santen:

“I had chicken pox when visiting him one time. He was blind when he died which could have been because he was a fireman and I think he smoked a pipe. He died in 1937 the year of the big flood in Cincinnati. That was a hard time. I was 10 years old and I remember my mother went to his funeral.” (*Interview of Betty Mason, 19 Jan. 2001*)

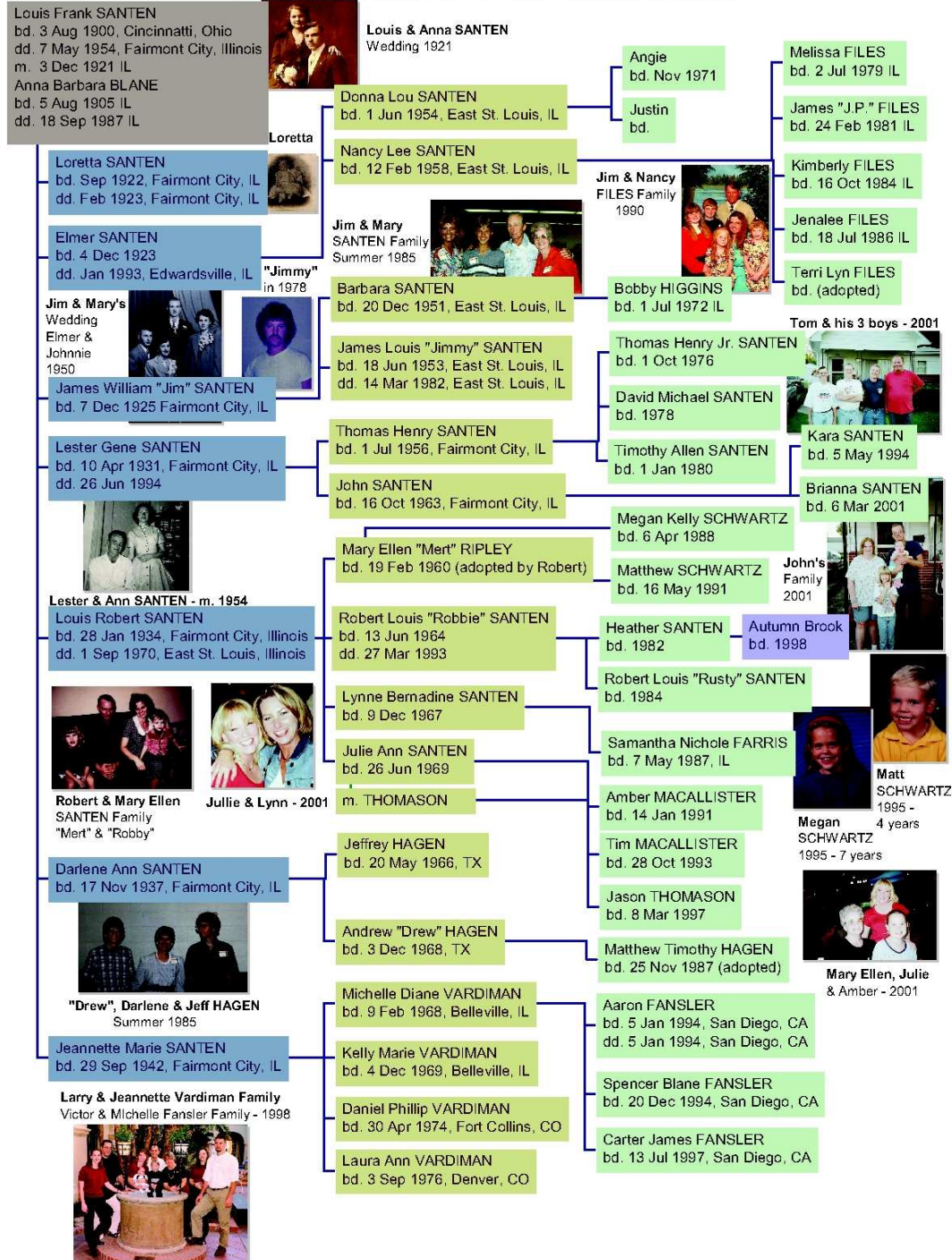


# SECTION III

*1900's*

# *Louis and Anna Santen*

## Louis and Anna SANTEN Descendants



### **Louis Frank Santen (1900 - 1954) and Anna Barbara Blane Santen (1905-1987)**

Louis Frank Santen was born 3 August 1900 in Cincinnati, Ohio to Frank and Lillian Santen. Louis had several half-sisters from his dad's first marriage a full brother, Frank Santen and sister, Dorothy. Louis was 18 years old when his mother, Lilly died from the flu of 1918. Louis was a handsome man with brown hair and brown eyes. He always wore a cap. He had a sanguine personality and made friends easily. His nieces and nephews called him "Uncle Louie". He boxed in his single days.



**Louis & Anne's Wedding  
Picture 1921**

Bessie Blane worked with Frank Santen at the packinghouse and set up for him to meet her daughter, Anne at a "show" (movie). Louis and Anne were married 3 December 1921. Louis was 21 and Anne was 16 years old. They lived in Fairmont City, Illinois.

Louis Santen was a butcher. He started working with Hunter packing company but there was a union squabble and Louis walked off the job. He walked in the door of Circle packing company and they hired him on the spot as he had a reputation for being the best butcher around. He was required to attend union meetings weekly. Unions were very strong during that time and many fights broke out.

Louis drove a Model-A when the oldest boys were young. He had a used Pontiac in the 1930's and Jim bought him a used Chrysler for about \$95-195, which was his last car. It was about a 20 minute drive from Fairmont City to East St. Louis where the packing houses were located just below the bridge on the East side of the Mississippi River.

After a long day at work he would relax at one of the three taverns on their street in Fairmont City, Illinois. Anne would join him at the taverns to spend time with him. She usually drank sodas but would occasionally join him in a beer.

His hobbies were hunting in winter and fishing in summer. He hunted ducks, rabbits and quail. He took his boys out to the lake where they had duck blinds. The boys made duck decoys. He had beagles, which he used for hunting. He trained them himself and was proud of them. He kept them in a pen in the backyard.

His biggest love was fishing. He used a net rather than a fishing pole and caught hundreds of fish at a time. Then he would fry up the fish for their family and several other families at the lake.

Since Louis was a butcher he brought home a lot of pork. They ate pickled pig feet, pig snouts and cracklins (deep fried pig skin), Jeannette's favorite. Other family meals included turtle, frog, rabbits and duck. Louis also fried fish and his other main dish was a big batch of Italian spaghetti. He was a beer drinker only, smoker and gambler. He was a happy drunk and in those days the family didn't recognize him as an alcoholic. They just said he drank a little too much. He worked faithfully but lost a lot of the money by gambling. He made promises he wouldn't keep.

His daughter, Darlene, remembers playing cards as a family. She said her father was a lot of fun to play cards with. They played *Hearts* all the time. Her dad would hold onto the Queen of Spades as long as he could then stick it to the person with the lowest score. The winner is the one with the lowest score at the end of the game.



**Louis at a Fish Fry**



### **Louis Santen (1900-1954)**



### **Fairmont City Stars Softball Team**

In March 1954 Jeannette who was 11 years old remembers her father broke a mirror and someone said, “Oh, 7 years of bad luck.” Louis’ response was, “I won’t be here in 7 years.”

Shortly after that Louis had a gran mal seizure in their kitchen and Anne called the ambulance. (Ambulances were station wagons without paramedics in those days) Louis was taken to St. Mary’s hospital and they transferred him to Barnes teaching hospital. He was diagnosed with lung cancer and had lung surgery. Supposedly the cancer had spread too far so the doctors drilled a hole in the back of Louis’ skull to relieve pressure or look to see if the cancer had spread to the brain. This procedure was called burr holes and did not last long. It was considered a classic failure in medicine.

After two weeks in the hospital Louis was sent home to die. Anne took Louis to the family chiropractor who diagnosed Louis with Hypertension (High blood pressure) and saw no evidence that the lung surgery was actually performed because he still had all his ribs. Anne gave Louis pain medication and took care of him at home. Jeannette would hold his hand when he was in pain and he would squeeze her hand. Louis recognized the family for those two months but went into a coma for the last week when he finally passed away at home 7 May 1954.



**Louis in Swim Outfit**

### **Anna Barbara Blane Santen (1905 - 1987)**

Anna Barbara Blane was born 5 August 1905 in Fairmont City, Illinois. She was the second child of John and Bessie Blane. She had blue eyes like her father and she had blond hair. When she aged it was pure white. She had it permed on a regular basis in her older years. Anna grew up in Fairmont City, Illinois and attended school at Rose Lake Elementary. Everyone called her Anne or “Aunt Annie”.

Nine months after their wedding on 3 December 1921 their first child was born in September 1922, Loretta Santen. Loretta had inteception and died in February 1923 at six months old. They had six more children after that, four boys and two girls. Anne had seizures when pregnant with a couple of her children. While pregnant with her second son, Jim, she had a seizure while holding two year old Elmer. Anne’s sister, Elsie happened to come by and found Elmer hanging on the picket fence by his clothes!

According to Anne’s youngest child, Jeannette “Mother was incredible with animals. She house broke the pig, taught the birds to talk and taught the dog to turn around. She was very patient and had a routine. She had a Chihuahua that fit in the pocket of her apron. We had green parakeets that mom trained to say, “I love you” or “Give me a kiss”. They also sat on the corner of a newspaper while someone was reading it and ate a corner of it. She wasn’t as good with cats though. She had lots of common sense and was very good with numbers and budgeting. (*Interview of Jeannette Santen, Vardiman, 27 June 1997*)



**Wedding Dec. 1921**



Anne convinced Louis to finally purchase a two-bedroom home instead of renting in 1952, two years before he died. It was just up the street at 2534 North 41<sup>st</sup> Street. She purchased a porch swing two months before Louis’ death so he could sit out on the porch comfortably. That porch swing became a place to socialize with family, neighbors and friends through the years.

After Louis died Anne started working as a cook and bar maid at the three taverns on their street, North 41<sup>st</sup>. She also worked as the matron (custodian) for the Rose Lake Elementary school one long block down the street from their home. One time she remembers when a tornado came very close to hitting the school. She and some children huddled in one of the hallways in the brick building. Thankfully the tornado hopped over the building.

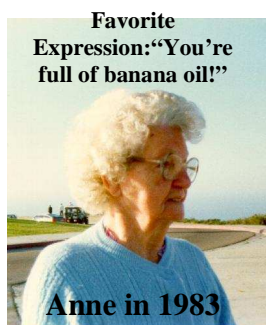
Anne never remarried. She lived in the same house for 35 years! She enjoyed sitting on her porch swing and socializing with neighbors. She had a “pet” squirrel that used to visit her frequently on the porch the last few years before she died from heart failure in 1987.

**Mary David, Anne Santen and  
Elmer Santen  
(young boy in background)**



taking baths. She had some pink ceramic fish as decorations on the wall above the tub. Grandma's bedroom was in the middle of the house between the living room and the kitchen. There was a second bedroom with a double bed where we stayed when visiting. The room was in the front of the house next to the living room and had a window looking out onto the porch swing. Her kitchen was at the back of the house. It had a door on the side going onto a small porch and a door at the back leading to the cellar. Her washer and dryer that my mom bought for her were in the kitchen as well. She had a red stepladder with a back in it that made a comfortable seat for a kid to sit on and watch all the activity as family members and neighbors came to visit.

The small grocery store right across the street and a couple doors down was like a little mom and pop store. It was fun to walk over there to get an ice cream cone or Popsicle. They just seemed more refreshing due to the humidity.



Uncle Lester also lived just around the corner, right next to a tavern, one street over from Grandma's. His house was always run down and wasn't near as pleasant to visit. It smelled like beer and stale cigarettes.

Grandma Santen came out to visit us several times through the years and went on a few vacations with us. She was a special lady. She was kind of quiet but seemed content and peaceful." (Written by Michelle Vardiman, Fansler, 1 July 1997)

**Reminisces by Michelle Vardiman Fansler:**

"I remember visiting Grandma Santen in her small two bedroom one bath home. Fairmont City had kind of a musty, humid odor, which was probably due to the Illinois summer weather. Sitting on the porch swing in the hot, humid evenings of an Illinois summer and listening to the whistle of the trains going by and hearing the crickets chirping was a very peaceful and comforting way to end the day. It was fun catching the tiny frogs that hop up and down the dirt alleyways throughout Fairmont City, Illinois in the dusk of evening.

One time when we were visiting there was a tornado warning. A loud town whistle blows to warn everyone to go to his or her cellars. We saw the tornado in the distance before heading down to the cellar where we waited until it was safe to come out.

Grandma had an old-fashioned porcelain tub in her bathroom that was so comfortable for



**1964**

We also walked down the street to the park where there was a set of swings in the shape of horses. The fire station was right next-door and my sister, Kelly and I liked to look at the fire engines. Life just seems a lot slower in Fairmont City and peaceful.

It was special being able to walk to different relatives homes that lived nearby. Uncle Jim and Aunt Mary had a home half a block away from Grandma's that we could get to by walking down the alleyway and going in the back. They had a wiener dog in their fenced back yard named "Rascal". Aunt Mary always made us feel extremely welcome and I don't think a visit went by that she didn't have *Cheese Its* on her counter for us to munch on.



**Anne's 80<sup>th</sup> Birthday Party – 1985  
Jeannette, Anne, Elmer, Darlene & Jim**



**St. Louis Arch  
completed  
28 Oct. 1965**



## **Louis & Anne Santen's Family:**

<b>Santen Children:</b>	<b>Birth:</b>	<b>Death:</b>
Loretta Santen	Sep. 1922	Feb. 1923
Elmer Santen	Dec. 4, 1923	Jan. 1994
Jim Santen	Dec. 7, 1925	
Lester Santen	April 10, 1931	June 26, 1994
Robert Santen	Jan. 28, 1933	Sept. 1, 1970
Darlene Santen	Nov. 17, 1937	
Jeannette Santen	Sep. 29, 1942	

**Loretta**



**Apr. 1955 – Jeannette & Darlene  
12 yrs. & 17 yrs.**



**Sep. 1960 – Lester, Jim, Robert, Elmer  
29 yrs., 34 yrs., 27 yrs., & 36 yrs.**



**Lester and Ann Shephard Santen  
Married 19 Sept. 1954**



**Darlene and Dave Hagen  
Married 6 Oct. 1963**



**Elmer & Jonnie  
Marriage date unknown  
Jim & Mary Santen  
Married 21 Oct. 1950**



**Robert and Mary Ellen Ripley Santen  
Married Feb. 1963**



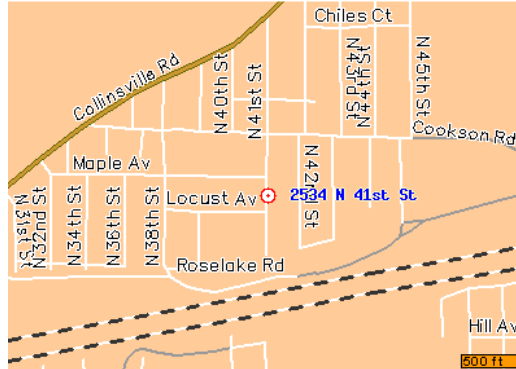
**Jeannette and Larry Vardiman  
Married 6 June 1965**



**Jeannette and Darlene about 1943**



**Jeannette Marie Santen (1942 – Present)  
Fairmont City, Illinois**



Jeannette Marie Santen was born on 29 September 1942 in the same small rented home with only one bedroom that her sister, Darlene and brother, Robert had been born in. It was across the street and up a short distance from Fairmont Baptist Church on 44<sup>th</sup> street. A few years later the family moved to another one bedroom home at 2516 North 41st Fairmont City, Illinois. Jeannette was the youngest of seven children six were living. **It was the middle of World War II**, in fact, the Pearl Harbor bombing had occurred just nine months prior to Jeannette's birth. Her father, Louis was 42 years old and her mother, Anne was 37. At the time of Jeannette's birth her siblings were: Elmer - 19, Jim - 17, Lester - 11, Robert - 9 and Darlene - 5. Their Grandma Bessie Blane (Mom's mom) was still alive at the time.



**Elmer in  
US Navy**

Elmer had finished high school and joined the Navy as a gunners mate. He was stationed on the *USS Manual DE-351*.

Jim enlisted in the Navy on his 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, December 7, 1943. Jim had six months left of high school but convinced his parents to sign a form so he could join the Navy early. He always regretted never finishing high school. Jim became a sonar man second class on the destroyer escorts *USS Frost DE-144* and *USS Gandy DE- 764*. (See Appendixes on the ships)

Jeannette remembers her brothers coming home on leave from the Navy in their uniforms. The big news story of the day was about the five Sullivan brothers who all died because they were stationed on the same ship when it went down. A law was passed not allowing relatives on the same ship after that.



**Jim in US Navy  
1943-1946**



**Louis holding Jeannette with Lester  
and Darlene about 1943**



**Robert, Darlene & Lester**



**Anne holding Jeannette About 1945**

### **Fairmont City, Illinois**

Fairmont City was a small town about 10 miles East of St. Louis. It had a population of 2300 and had 13 taverns, 2 grocery stores, a barbershop, 2 churches - Catholic and Baptist, and a confectionery - *Busy Bee* that was on the corner of Cookson and 42<sup>nd</sup>. There was an ice cream counter where one could get root beer floats, etc. and they also carried essentials such as medicines and cosmetics. The store and tavern owners were considered the "rich" people in town. The Carrol family, a Spanish family, was well known in town as Johnny Carrol owned one of the small grocery stores for many years. The other grocery store was Plaza market and was owned by a Polish family.

Fairmont City was an Industrial and Railroad town. The American Zinc plant was East of town, which poured soot onto the little town causing the land to remain barren. Not a speck of grass grew during that time. Everything was dirt and soot. Another source of employment was the steel mill in Granite City where a cousin, Bill (Boot's husband) and later nephew, Jimmy worked. Uncle Kelsey (Bern's husband) worked for the railroad and finally there were the stockyards in East St. Louis, which is where the Santen men all worked. In those days people stayed with one company all their lives. Great Uncle Jim (Anne's brother) worked for a stockyard company for over 50 years and was proud of the pen the company gave him!

"Dad would come home stinking from the butchering of cattle and pigs and was bone weary. They worked very hard, long hours. There was such weariness in those days. It was right after the depression and people were still trying to get on their feet. Those days were good compared to the depression." (*Interview of Jeannette Santen, Vardiman, 27 June 1997*)

At that time interracial marriages were uncommon so the bloodlines were very distinct which brought cultural influences into the area. Fairmont City was about one-quarter Mexican (Spanish mixed with Indian), one-quarter Eastern European - Polish, Czechoslovakian or Bohemian, one quarter Spanish (Spaniards) or French and one-quarter "Hillbillies" (from the hills of Arkansas, Kentucky or the Ozarks, extremely poor). Inter-racial marriage became more common while Jeannette was in high school during the late 1950's, early 1960's.

The majority of town people were Catholic - 80-85% and about 2% were Baptist. The Catholic church had an annual picnic where the music represented the culture of their town - Polkas from the Polish and Mexican music. The small Baptist church called Fairmont Baptist Church averaged about 50-100 people. It's highest count was 200 when a group of people attended for about a year after a church split. The Baptist church was known for the church ball teams, especially softball and vacation Bible school held for two weeks each summer. They also had an active Girls Auxiliary (GA) for several years where Jeannette memorized many Bible verses and developed a love for God's word from a gifted Sunday school teacher, Mrs. Owens.

### **Young Childhood - before Dad died 1942 - 1954 (birth - 12 years)**

When she was about three years old her dad brought home two little piglets from the slaughterhouse where he worked as a butcher. One of the piglets died right away but the other lived with them until it was half grown at which time they gave it to a farmer. The piglet followed Jeannette to the grocery store and back. It was a great pet. Several years later she watched her dad butcher a hog in the neighbor's garage. That was hard; she didn't like that at all and left before he was done.

The family used to go out to Horseshoe lake where their dad caught hundreds of fish at a time because he used a net rather than a fishing pole. There were two to three other families that were friends of their fathers and they would all go out to the lake for a fish fry. The husbands drank beer, there were lots of kids and the women would bring side dishes such as potato salad. On one of these occasions when Jeannette was about five years old she got into her dad's fishing boat and released the rope so she floated out into the middle of the lake by herself. She was a bit of a dare devil as a kid and felt she was in control and was waving to everyone on shore. Her mom became hysterical and was yelling for Louis to go get their daughter. He got another fishing boat and went out to fetch Jeannette. He seemed kind of proud of her.



**Jerry Hill (cousin, Bern's son), Robert (Blond), Darlene and Jeannette with Fish in 1943-44.**



**Anne, Friend, Louis and Jeannette about 1953**

The two main driving trips that the family took were to Great Aunt Mary's (Grandma Bessie's half sister) farm in Missouri and to one of dad's friend's property about two hours away near Carlisle, Illinois where dad and the boys would hunt ducks, rabbits and quail. That trip was usually in November. The family they visited were country folk that were very poor and had lots of kids. They had a big garden though and the wife made great cherry dumplings. By that time Jeannette's brothers were grown and most of them had their own cars. Dad drove mom and the girls. Otherwise he usually only used the car to drive into work in East St. Louis and back. He parked the car on the side of the house. Mom, Anne never learned how to drive.

"Dad worked long, steady hours at the packing plant but unfortunately he liked to gamble, drink and smoke. Sometimes he would gamble a portion of his paycheck before he even got home which made life pretty difficult at times. Mom stayed home with the children though until she had to work after dad died."

Darlene was "daddy's girl" although he was affectionate with all his children. He had a warm, affectionate smile and told a lot of tall tales which Jeannette believed until she learned later they were just stories. He convinced Jeannette that their heritage was Black Foot Indian. She didn't learn until years later from his sister that he was pulling Jeannette's leg. He told Jeannette about a time that he was kicked out of church for washing his hands in the holy water. Jeannette says she wouldn't be surprised if that story was actually true. Jeannette used to run to meet her dad on the sidewalk and he would throw her up in the air. Although she and dad got along very well she was closer to her mother.

Jeannette had a black cat that she named "little red kitty". Her mom was worried she was color blind because of that.

At that time school started at first grade not kindergarten. Jeannette attended Rose Lake Grade school from first to eighth grade. It was a brick building just one long block from their house so she walked to school or rode her bike, which she received when she was in second grade. She used to ride her bike all over town. They didn't have a television, which had just come out in 1946 so the long evenings were spent visiting neighbors as they walked past each other's houses. Adults went to the taverns. Her dad liked to go to the tavern to watch the boxing matches on Friday and Saturday nights on the television. Jeannette went to her friend Mary's house whose family had one of the few black and white televisions in town and they watched "Lucille Ball", "The Nelsons" and "Alfred Hitchcock". Jeannette preferred to ride her bike or play ball rather than watch TV.

Around nine years old Jeannette loved to organize the neighborhood kids to do talent shows. She used to wear her brother's old Navy P-coat and hat and sing "Bell Bottom Trousers". Most the time she wore Jim's clothes because he was smaller build than Elmer who was tall and stocky. Jeannette was always humming songs.

Some of Jeannette's favorite games to play with the neighborhood kids were "Kick the Can" and "Fly Sheepy Fly". They were both hiding games. They played until the 9 pm curfew whistle blew for all kids to go home. It still blows today.

At the age of nine in 1951 Jeannette became an Aunt when her first niece, Barbara Ann, was born. It was an exciting, happy time because Jeannette loved babies and small children. Her nieces and nephews were a real source of joy to her. It was especially fun having them all live so close by - down the street and around the corner.

In 1952 when Jeannette was in fourth grade they bought the house at 2534 North 41<sup>st</sup> street.

**Jeannette's nieces and nephews about 1959**





Grandma Bessie Blane was the first in the family to become a Christian and began taking Darlene, age nine, and Jeannette, age four, to Fairmont Baptist Church. Jeannette became a Christian at 11 years old in 1954 when she was in sixth grade. Her dad became very sick from lung cancer that year and after several tests he was bedridden the last couple months. Jeannette remembers telling her dad she was going to be baptized on Easter Sunday and he sort of responded. When she came back from church that day her dad had slipped into a coma and died five days later. It took several years for Jeannette to overcome the idea that God was not punishing her. Her father's death had a significant impact in her life and it gave her a desire to go into nursing.



**Lester in US Navy  
Korean War**

Lester was in the US Navy during the Korean War. He became engaged to a gal from New York before his dad died. Louis's response on the engagement was, "I'll believe it when I see it. Who would marry him?" Louis passed away before the wedding.

On 19 September 1954 Lester married Ann Shephard in New York.

Lester worked as an assemblyman at Chevrolet after the Korean War. He was the only son who didn't work at the packinghouse.



**Les and Ann Santen's  
Wedding – Sep 1954**

While Jeannette's mom was away at the wedding a medium size, white, shorthaired stray dog showed up at their house. Jeannette had an instant affection for her and named her Girl. Girl was her favorite pet. Girl followed Jeannette to school and all over town. Jeannette used to sit on the porch and tell Girl all her troubles. One time a neighbor called the pound and Jeannette chased the dogcatcher away on the steps of her school by letting him know that Girl was her dog! One day Girl got out of the basement when she was in heat and ended up having puppies. While Jeannette was away one summer visiting Aunt Mary's farm her mom had the pound take Girl and her puppies away.

"After dad died, mom had to start working to provide financially so she worked at the three taverns on their street as a cook and bar maid. She also worked as the custodian at Rose Lake. Even though she didn't like going to the taverns all the time when dad was alive she still ended up working there afterwards because there weren't many job opportunities in such a small town. The two grocery stores were family owned and staffed by relatives." Jeannette came home to an empty house many times so she often went down to the taverns when she was bored to hang out while her mom worked. She was exposed to a lot of second hand smoke during that time. Jeannette loved playing the song "Red Sails in the Sunset" by Tab Hunter on the jukebox over and over and would sit right in front of the jukebox and sing along. The railroaders would come in to eat and after several times of the same song they would say, "Annie, she's at it again." Her mom was good about it though and didn't mind Jeannette being there.

Jeannette and her mom used to take the bus to downtown St. Louis to shop. One time they took a trip to Terra Haute, Indiana on the train to visit Aunt Bern, Anne's sister.

The families' new dog was a stray named Corky. He had a problem of passing gas and after they got a television the family would sit in the living room watching it and whenever her brother Robert passed gas he would blame Corky. Robert was a fun brother, he used to play jacks and combs (wax paper over a comb and play it like a harmonica) with Jeannette.



**Robert lived at home until  
he was married at 28 in  
1963. He worked evenings  
at the packinghouse.**

**Jr High  
(1954 - 1957)**

At that time all the schools had Sock hops from Jr. High through High school during lunch hour about one to two times a week. The girls would dance the fast songs together and sit out during the slow songs. Jeannette didn't dance with a boy until she was in nurses training. Jeannette loved to jitterbug, which was usually to the song "When the Saints Go Marching In"! Jeannette felt a slight prick in her conscience whenever she danced because of the legalistic view held by Baptists regarding dancing - Baptists don't dance. She still danced anyway because she loved it so much. Her cousin Elaine, Aunt Elsie's daughter also loved to dance and ran for Prom queen in High school.

Jeannette was in seventh grade and at a sock hop the day her Grandma Bessie Blane died. It was 4 November 1955 and she was called out of the room during the song "Elephant Walk" to go to her sister-in-law, Ann's house where Ann gave her tomato soup to comfort her. Jeannette used to love to comb Grandma Bessie's hair and try to braid it. They played pick up sticks and checkers when she would ride her bike to Grandmas house. She missed Grandma telling her stories about Jesus.



**Jeannette's first formal dance  
July 1956 8<sup>th</sup> grade**

Lester and Robert both quit high school when they were sixteen. Darlene and Jeannette were the only ones besides Elmer to finish high school. The girls both went on to Jewish Hospital school of nursing. Darlene played the piano and organ for Fairmont Baptist Church faithfully for years. Darlene graduated from high school about 1956 and went on to nurses training.

Jeannette's seventh grade teacher, Mrs. Diaz, had all her students write papers to the City Council to get a swimming pool put into an empty lot but it was vetoed. The lot remained empty for many years until finally the city put in a baseball field.

There were 12 kids in Jeannette's eighth grade class, five girls and seven boys. The girls were all very close. Two were Catholic, Dorothy and Louise, and Jeannette took the other two, Bonnie and Betty, to church and they accepted the Lord at some point. Jeannette excelled in memorizing verses and had the distinction of knowing the Bible so Dorothy used to have

Jeannette come over to her house to help quiz her for her confirmation. This had a significant impact in Jeannette's life because she learned what Catholics really believed and realized it was not scriptural. She also saw how the Catholics were not really committed in their hearts and just put on an appearance on the outside and knew she didn't want to marry a Catholic.

Jeannette went to the Catholic hall with Dorothy on Friday afternoons to play pool or ping-pong after Dorothy's confirmation class. The Priests thought she would convert to Catholicism but Jeannette seemed to have a special insight and could see it wasn't scriptural and she would talk to them about what the Bible said.

Dorothy was the daughter of one of the tavern owners in town, Stevie's, and they lived above the tavern in a building that used to be a hotel. Stevie's served incredible fish, the best in town, every Friday. He also provided fish for the Catholic picnic every year. Dorothy was considered very rich because she had a big corner room to herself. She also had a dumb waiter either in her room or in the hallway and when Jeannette was visiting Dorothy would call down to her parents and they sent up cokes and chips up the pully!

**April 1955 – 1 year after Dad's death.  
Jeannette – 12 and Darlene - 17**



**Darlene Santen – High School  
Graduation 1956**

### **Jr. High Graduation - 1956**

Jr. High was considered to be seventh through ninth grade but since Rose Lake was on the old system through eighth grade, Jeannette only had to attend Lansdowne High for her ninth grade year. Her friend, Louise and she were driven to school by Louise's dad since it was outside of Fairmont City. Jeannette went roller-skating at the Neighborhood house two nights per week usually. She was very boy crazy and her favorite song in Jr. High was "Too Old for Toys; Too Young for Boys". She always liked boys with dark black hair, brown eyes and olive or dark skin. When a Mexican boy asked her out her mother was uncomfortable with it. One boy she had a crush on in ninth grade named Mike Rough had his black hair in a duck tail which was the fad of the day. Jeannette and her friend Jeanette Lanier wrote an article for their school newspaper predicting what all the classmates would be doing in twenty years. Jeannette wrote that she would be married to Mike Rough and she would be a nurse and he would be a doctor!

It was the 1950's and rock-n-roll music was the in thing. Since they didn't have a record player Jeannette would listen to rock-n-roll on the radio on occasion if her sister allowed it but usually could only listen to it if her sister wasn't home. Before their dad died the radio was always tuned to country western music. Jeannette managed to still hear a lot of music growing up by visiting friends houses or when at work with mom and listening to the juke box. She was really into 50's music especially Elvis Presley and the Platters. Jeannette graduated from Jr. High in 1957. The class's theme song was "Graduation Day" which had just been released that year.



**Lester brought home an accordion from Italy while in the Korean War for Jeannette about 1955. Above: Jeannette playing the accordion in Nov 1959.**



**Jeannette Santen – 8<sup>th</sup> grade 1956**



### **High School (1957-1960)**

High school was from tenth through twelfth grade. Jeannette attended East St. Louis High school, which was nicknamed Eastside High. It was in downtown East St. Louis about one block from her Aunt Alice's house (Dad's half-sister) so she had to ride the bus from Fairmont City. About 65% of the student population was Black and there were gangs and fights but Jeannette didn't have any problems, she just went around any trouble spots. She had a good friend who was black and didn't feel prejudiced toward blacks. After tenth grade the entire school moved to another brand new building on St. Clair Avenue where Jeannette attended eleventh through twelfth grade. Jeannette wasn't able to attend many after school activities then because of lack of transportation. Sometimes she would get a later bus so she could visit Aunt Alice. Aunt Alice was very tiny and frail from a stroke she had years before. Jeannette liked living close to so many Aunts, Uncles and Cousins. They visited several times a year and were always there for one another when there was a need. They had a lot of laughs and Aunt Bern (Anne's sister) and her son, Jerry, seemed to be able to make everyone laugh the most. Jerry told great stories and really thought a lot of Jeannette's father, his Uncle Louie.

Thankfully Fairmont Baptist Church had an active girls basketball team that played against other church teams. John Wrostek played professional baseball for the Cincinnati Reds and his girls were all very tall and athletic. They lived two doors down from the church and were good family friends. Jeannette and her sister, Darlene, and two of the Wrostek girls were all on the team together. Jeannette loved basketball.

### **Lester-29, Jim-34, Robert -27 & Elmer-36 - Sept. 1960 at Jeannette's 18<sup>th</sup> Birthday Party!**



Jeannette graduated from East St. Louis High School in June 1960. After she was out of high school the government started busing blacks into Rose Lake Grade school in Fairmont City just like they were doing all over the country trying to integrate blacks and whites. It was a failure of an experiment and was part of the reason Fairmont City began to have less families because the families moved to Collinsville or Belleville to put their kids in different schools. The blacks were not a problem as they left right after school on the bus but racial tension was still high. Even years later when we would go back for a visit the feeling of "being on the wrong side of the

By her high school years a few changes had taken place in Fairmont City. The Barbershop and Busy Bee's had closed. Helen's, opened up on Maple and 41<sup>st</sup> street. It was the teenage hang out like the typical greasy spoon 50's restaurant but not quit as fancy as what we see today in the nostalgic shops. It had a jukebox and booths. High schoolers didn't really date they just hung out. The girls would be on one side and the boys on the other. Jeannette had a crush on Eddie Martinez who was half Mexican and half White. He had the dark features Jeannette liked. Whenever he was at Helen's when Jeannette was there she would play "Eddie My Love" on the jukebox then stare across the room at him. That was considered bold! Every now and then Eddie would look up and they would glance at each other.



**Jeannette Santen's High  
School Graduation - 1960**

tracks” was very evident just by crossing the railroad tracks we were in a black neighborhood which was run down and sad looking. The Mexicans mainly stay in Firmont City and the Blacks on the other side of the tracks. There are still no Blacks in Fairmont City now in the 1990’s.

Jeannette’s overall feeling about her childhood is summed up in an interview on 27 June 1997 “I had a good childhood, had a lot of fun and good friends.”

### **Nurses Training (1960-1963)**

Jeannette went to Nurses training at Jewish Hospital in St. Louis from 1960-1963. She received her R.N. degree at the end of three years. She enjoyed pediatrics and psychology courses the most. Least favorite was medical surgery. After graduating in 1963 Jeannette worked in nursing for about 3 years in St. Louis, Missouri.



**Jeannette Santen  
Registered Nurse**



**Jeannette and basketball coach at  
Jewish Hospital. Women played half-**

Jeannette married Larry Vardiman June 6, 1965. They had four children: Michelle, Kelly, Daniel and Laura Vardiman. They are currently living in San Diego, California and have two grandsons.





Frank SANTEN

Frank William SANTEN  
bd. 18 Jun 1906  
dd. 24 Apr 1963  
Married  
Vera Dalton  
9 May 1908  
Dec 1989

## Frank and Vera SANTEN Descendants



Fran and Vera SANTEN - 1985

Frances Emma "Fran" SANTEN  
bd. 11 Jan 1925  
Married  
Ray Hatfield (divorced)

Russell SANTEN  
bd. 2 Apr 1927  
dd. 15 Nov 1955



Russell SANTEN - WWII  
Died from Allergic Reaction  
to IVP dye for Kidney test

George Louis "Pat" SANTEN  
bd. 29 Jun 1931  
dd.



Pat SANTEN

Frank William SANTEN  
bd. 27 Aug 1949

Randy SANTEN  
bd. 22 Jul 1950

Jeff Dalton SANTEN  
bd. 25 Aug 1951

Patrick Louis SANTEN  
bd. 9 Sep 1955

Guy Lee SANTEN  
bd. 5 Apr 1951

Kim Marie SANTEN  
bd. 10 Apr 1953

Jeb Russell SANTEN  
bd. 7 Jul

Megan Marie SANTEN  
bd. 1 Mar 1981

Sean SANTEN  
bd. 4 Jul 1989

Sarah Ashley SANTEN  
bd. 2 Aug 1988

Russell Patrick SANTEN  
bd. 28 Feb 1990

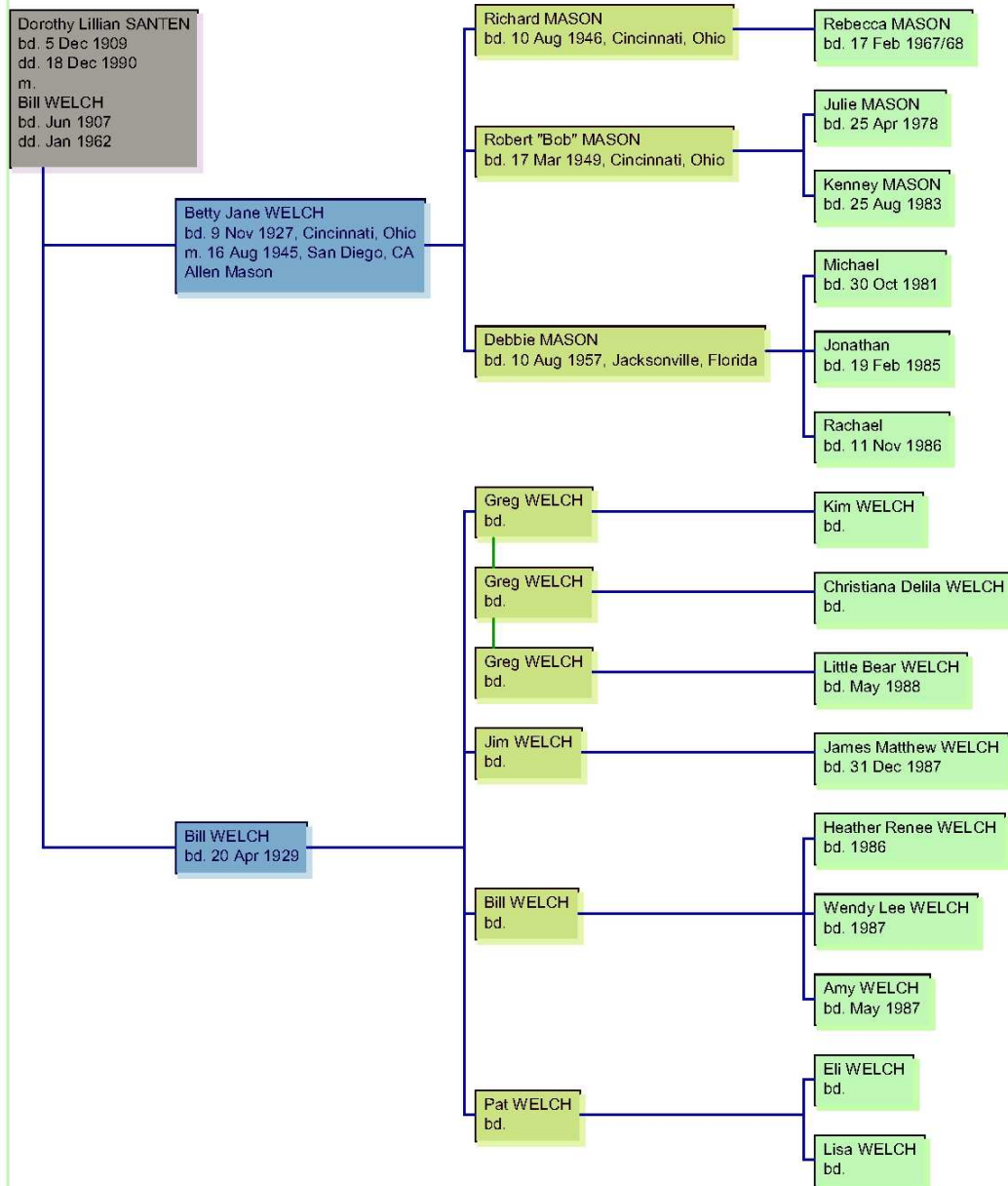
Kyle Louis SANTEN  
bd. 26 Jul 1992

SANTEN  
bd. Nov 1994

Frank and Vera SANTEN  
holding Fran (top)  
Bill & Charlotte FAYE  
holding Billie (bottom left)  
Anne & Louis SANTEN  
holding Elmer & ? (bottom right)



## Dorothy SANTEN and Bill WELCH Descendants



# ***APPENDIXES***

# Cincinnati, Ohio

A city in the hilly southwest corner of Ohio, the seat of Hamilton County. Cincinnati is the third largest city in the state, after Columbus and Cleveland. It is the transportation, industrial, commercial, and cultural center for a region extending over southern Ohio, northern Kentucky, and southeastern Indiana. The city's strategic location on the westward-flowing Ohio River made it a focal point for migration in the 19th century, and it was often referred to as "The Gateway to the West." It became for a time the largest city beyond the East Coast and was dubbed by poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow as "The Queen City," a title still the city's favorite unofficial designation.



Cincinnati, from its earliest beginnings, has functioned as a major port on the Ohio River.



riverfront with surviving river "Showboat" the "Majestic"

## Cincinnati Weather

Cincinnati is located on the north bank of the Ohio River near where it is joined by the Miami, Little Miami, and Licking rivers. The downtown of this picturesque city is built in a basin, with residential neighborhoods spread out on hills above. Its mean elevation is 208 m (683 ft). The city has a continental climate that is influenced by cold air masses from the north and warm air from the Gulf of Mexico, producing changeable weather. The average high temperature in January is 3° C (37° F) and the average low is -7° C (20° F); average high in July is 30° C (86° F) and the average low is 18° C (65° F). Each year the city averages 1050 mm (41.3 in) in precipitation, with somewhat more falling from March through July than during other months.

### How it was named

Shortly after it was founded in 1788, the city was renamed Cincinnati in honor of the Society of the Cincinnati, an association of officers in the American Revolution (1775-1783). The organization itself was named after Roman statesman Lucius Quinctius Cincinnatus, who legend held to be the model of virtue.

### Claim to Fame

The birthplace and early home of the 27<sup>th</sup> president of the United States is preserved at the William Howard Taft National Historic Site. Closer to downtown is the Taft museum.



Taft house and museum



## Immigrant Patterns

Blacks have been prominent in Cincinnati since around the time of its founding. Immigrants from Germany began coming to Cincinnati in the 1830s to escape political persecution and to seek economic opportunity.



buildings in the old German section

Today, a strong German heritage gives parts of the city a European flavor. Formed from the German immigration was a small but significant Jewish community, and in the 1870s Cincinnati became the birthplace and center of Reform Judaism in America (*see* *Judaism: Reform Judaism*). In the 1840s many Irish moved to the city, forced from Ireland by the potato famine.

## Universities

The largest educational facility is the University of Cincinnati, which was founded in 1819 and became state-supported in 1977. Xavier University (1831), operated by Jesuits, and Northern Kentucky University (1968), in Highland Heights, are also leading institutions of higher education. Hebrew Union College—Jewish Institute of Religion (1875) is the oldest and among the best known of the Jewish seminaries in the United States.

Information from: [http://galen.u-max.com/regional\\_frame.htm](http://galen.u-max.com/regional_frame.htm)

## ***Influenza 1918 “Spanish Flu”***

Early in the morning of March 11, 1918, a young private reported to the Army hospital at Fort Riley, Kansas, complaining of fever, sore throat, and headache. Then, another sick soldier appeared, then another and another. By noon, the hospital had more than one hundred cases; in a week, there were five hundred. Forty-eight soldiers died at Fort Riley that spring. No one knew why.

"Influenza 1918" is the story of the worst epidemic the United States has ever known. Before it was over, the flu would kill more than 600,000 Americans--more than all the combat deaths of this century combined. It killed 2-5% of the people infected. Over 30 million people world wide died.

"For the survivors we spoke to," says producer Robert Kenner, "the memory is one of horror and fear--which may explain why many Americans were willing to let those few terrible months fade into obscurity. Schoolchildren know more about the Black Plague from centuries ago than they do about this episode in our recent history."

America in 1918 was a nation at war. Draft call-ups, bond drives, troop shipments were all in high gear when the flu epidemic appeared. American soldiers from Fort Riley carried the disease to the trenches of Europe, where it mutated into a killer virus. The disease would later be dubbed, inaccurately, Spanish influenza. Spain had suffered from a devastating outbreak of influenza in May and June of 1918. The country, being a non-combatant in the war, did not censor news of the epidemic that was cutting through its population and was therefore incorrectly identified as its place of origin.



Military physicians were baffled by the mysterious illness that was striking young, healthy soldiers.

Meanwhile, returning American troops were bringing the flu back home. First hundreds, then thousands, of soldiers were lining up outside infirmaries and hospitals at army bases across the country, falling ill with a swiftness that defied belief. Dr. Victor Vaughan, Surgeon General of the Army, was stunned by [what he saw at Camp Devens](#) just outside of Boston. "Every bed is full, yet others crowd in," he wrote. "The faces wear a bluish cast; a cough brings up the blood-stained sputum. In the morning, the dead bodies are stacked about the morgue like cordwood." On the day Vaughan arrived, sixty-three men died at Camp Devens.

In September, the disease spread to the civilian population. It moved swiftly down the eastern seaboard to New York, Philadelphia, and beyond. Anne Milani remembers sitting on her front step one day: "Diagonally across from us a fifteen-year-old girl was just buried. Toward evening, we heard a lot of screaming going on. In that same house, a little eighteen-month-old baby passed away." That month, 12,000 Americans died of influenza.

It was a flu unlike any other. People could be healthy in the morning and dead by nightfall. Others died more slowly, suffocating from the buildup of liquid in their lungs.

Thanks to advances in microbiology, researchers had developed vaccines for many bacterial diseases: smallpox, anthrax, rabies, diphtheria, meningitis. But doctors were helpless to stop the influenza of 1918. Though they knew the disease spread through the air, medical researchers were unable to see the tiny virus through microscopes of the time and incorrectly identified its cause as a bacteria. Vaccines they developed didn't work; the virus was too small, too elusive.

### ***Influenza 1918 “Spanish Flu” (page 2 of 3)***

With medical science powerless, many people turned to folk remedies: garlic, camphor balls, kerosene on sugar, boneset tea. Public health officials distributed masks, closed schools; laws forbade spitting on the streets. Nothing worked. And the war was at cross-purposes with the epidemic: the war effort brought people into the streets for rallies and bond drives. They coughed on each other, infected each other. Soldiers traveled in crowded transport ships. The disease spread everywhere.



A nationwide casket shortage was evidence of a mounting death toll.

October saw the epidemic's full horror: more than 195,000 people died in America alone. There was a nationwide shortage of caskets. In Philadelphia, the dead were left in gutters and stacked in caskets on the front porches. Trucks drove the city streets, picking up the caskets and corpses. People hid indoors, afraid to interact with their friends and neighbors.

"Everybody was living in deadly fear because it was so quick, so sudden, and so terrifying," says William Sardo, the son of a funeral director whose home was stacked with caskets of flu victims. "It destroyed the intimacy that existed among people."

Surgeon General Vaughan reached a frightening conclusion. "If the epidemic continues its mathematical rate of acceleration," he announced, "civilization could easily disappear from the face of the earth within a few weeks."

Then, just as suddenly as it struck, the calamitous disease abruptly began to vanish. By mid-November, the numbers of dead were plunging. "In light of our knowledge of influenza," says [Dr. Shirley Fannin](#), a Los Angeles County public health official, "we do understand that it probably ran out of fuel. It ran out of people who were susceptible and could be infected."

Over time, World War I and painful memories associated with the epidemic caused it to be mostly forgotten. But for the survivors, the influenza of 1918 changed their lives forever.



## *Influenza 1918 “Spanish Flu” (page 3 of 3)*

### **Among the Victims**

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The onset of illness for those battling the flu of 1918 was quite sudden. In a matter of mere hours, a person could go from strapping good health to being so enfeebled they could not walk. Victims complained of general weakness and severe aches in their muscles, backs, joints, and heads. Often enduring fevers that could reach 105 degrees, the sick fell prey to wild bouts of delirium. Innocent objects--pieces of furniture, wallpaper, lamps--would adopt wicked manifestations in the minds of those consumed by fever. When the fevers finally broke, many victims fortunate enough to have survived now endured crushing post-influenzal depression.

This flu was a great leveler of men; it recognized neither social order nor economic status. It struck with impunity among the rich and famous, as well as the lowly and the meek. Among its more well-known victims: Silent screen star Harold Lockwood, swimmer Harry Elionsky, "Admiral Dot," one of PT Barnum's first midgets, Irmay Cody Garlow, the daughter of Buffalo Bill Cody, General John Pershing\*, Franklin Roosevelt\*, actress Mary Pickford\*, and President Woodrow Wilson\*.

\*survived the flu

### **November 1918**

- Celebrating the end of World War I, 30,000 San Franciscans take to the streets to celebrate. There was much dancing and singing. Everybody wore a face mask.

Information from: **PBS Online:**

**<http://www.pbs.org/wgbh/amex/influenza/filmmore/index.html>**

## **Cincinnati's Great Flood - January 1937**

<http://netnet.net/~feldhaus/enl99e.html>

### **Cincinnati's 1937 Flood**

*These are excerpts from the Internet of Clara Enneking's diary concerning Cincinnati's Great 1937 Flood. The cause of this flooding is not the Ohio River, but its tributary, the Mill Creek. The Mill Creek goes through the city's industrial heart. At that time it was used as an open sewer for factory wastes. Now a flood wall and huge pumps prevent a reoccurrence.*

January 1937

2nd - Office party at my home, the girls had to go home in a downpour of rain.

11th - Went to a funeral. It had rained so much, the cemetery ground was saturated. Boards had to be laid for us to walk, although the grave was on a hillside.

14th - It had rained so much that the flood scare had started. I had club; Nelda could not come, because she was afraid they would have to move that night.

17th - Sun. - Started to rain during the afternoon, it came down in torrents. Mom and dad's card club; the Wiechmans said, they were going to pack up and start to move after they got home.

18th - Mon. - Water continued to rise.

19th - Tue. - Took a walk in the evening, water on the street in front of Wiechmans.

20th - Wed. - Mrs. Wiechman went to her daughter's. By evening Knowlton's Corner was closed to traffic.

21th - Thur. - Rained the whole day and night. It took a long time to get to work

22th - Fri. - They were surprised to see me at work. At noon, the first warning came to conserve light and water. Snow and sleet; I left work early so I could get home. Gas very scarce at home.

23th - Sat. - Stayed home from work. No gas at all, 3 people in church for mass. Went to Caroline's (my Mom) for supper in the evening. Said we would be back the next day.

24th - "Black Sunday" When we got up it was pouring down rain. The snow on the streets had turned to ice, you could hardly walk. We managed to get to church, but could only get in by the side entrance. When we got home I packed my suit case and went to Caroline's house on Clifton Heights. Mother and Dad stayed at home; they would not leave. There were sand bags at the corner to keep the water away from our house as long as possible.

Below the hill from Caroline's, at Brighton Corners, all the sewers were stopped up, and the water was a foot deep on top of the ice. At eleven AM called up Mom and Dad and told them we were all safe. Just as we hung up the receiver mother said she heard the first explosion of the oil tanks of The Standard Oil Co. We heard of it on the radio.

For three miles the flood waters were a mass of flames. The Standard Oil Co., Crosley's Refrigerator Plant, 2 or 3 other manufacturer's plants, plus at least 7 residences burnt to the water's edge. By one PM they had the fire under control, although they still called for dynamite and additional firemen. All of this time it continued to rain, rain and rain. All we could see was smoke. We called Mom and Dad on the telephone and they were all right. The fire burned until the next morning but never reached the oil of the Gulf Refining Company near mom and dad. That Sunday afternoon we just listened to the radio and to the flood news. About four o'clock they told us on the radio to draw water as it would be turned off, and only turned on two hours in the morning and in the evening. Electricity was being turned off, section after section. It seemed funny to look out of Caroline's window and see the whole city below us dark, nothing. Street cars had stopped running at about 6 PM. Everything was closed.

25th - Mon. - I got up not knowing just what to do. I walked to town, when I arrived at the office there were a few others there, and we worked, but could not use any light. We got water at Caroline's at 8:30 PM. Mom and Dad were in the same fix as we were, except they were without gas. They were taking things to Berndsen's to cook on their coal stove. The sun shone all day.

## Cincinnati's Great Flood - January 1937

The Ohio river reached a crest of 79.99 on Jan. 25, 1937, the all time high for the city of Cincinnati.

26th - Tue. - Just about the same as Monday, the river stationary. No drinking water at all on the hilltops.

27th - Wed. - Walked to town, called home mother suggested I come home on Thursday afternoon. Water coming through the pipes getting less and less. Still no electricity I came home early, as there was only one mail. Caroline and I went down to the Viaduct and looked at Cumminsville. Wiechmans house had seven feet of water in the second floor. Mary and Ida Niehaus stopped to see Caroline, they didn't think water was in their attic yet. The river started to fall that day.

28th - Thur. - I left Caroline's in the morning and went to work. When I called home they told me to bring along some canned heat (Sterno). I took the long ride home, a long round-about route over the hill tops and through the lanes of Wesleyan Cemetery.

Mom and Dad were cleaning wallpaper at home. We got just a little water through our pipes that evening. Cumminsville was sad. The water was going down slowly. Caroline got electricity back that evening. Our telephone at home was the only one working in the neighborhood.

29th - Fri. - I did not want to take the long ride to get to work, so I got a boat and boatman from the Red Cross. Then I walked for 2 squares (blocks), then there was more water. I met a milk man and followed him through the English Woods. We waded brooks and oh what mud. He took me in his truck to Hopple and Colerain and there I got in a bus. I came home the long way that evening and brought home more Sterno.

30th - Sat. - I started walking through the cemetery and I got a ride to work. I worked all the morning. I went home that noon the normal way. There was boat service for a square, you just tipped the boys. We hauled water from Garfield School, they brought it there in used whiskey aging barrels, as we got only a pint out of our hydrant the night before.

31th - Sun. - After church we thumbed a ride to Brighton Corners. We had to go through a foot of water for about a square. Had dinner at Caroline's and listened to radio. Daddy went to work on Monday. Still no electricity, water or gas at home.

Feb. 8 - Normal Conditions in Cincinnati, oh what a flood that was, we still had to boil water for 2 weeks. No cases of typhoid were reported.

Clara Enneking (1909-1992)

### **Cincinnati's Great Flood - January 1937**

Here is a copy of a letter from the internet that was written by Mary, a resident of Cincinnati in 1937, wrote to her sister Ann in Anderson, Indiana, on "Black Sunday", January 24, but never mailed.

Sunday Afternoon

My dear Sister:

I guess you are worried about us so I will try to write you a little bit and tell you what is going on here. I can't begin to describe it, but I will tell you that we are alright. The water is only two streets from where we live, it is on both sides of us. I don't think it will get to us, though. You know where I lived in Northside--Well, it is up to the third floors there--There are just thousands and thousands that are homeless. I have all of Bob's brothers and sisters here with me. They have lost everything, even their clothes. The water is off all except two hours a day, and we are looking for the gas and electric to go any minute. It is not only the flooded districts, but the whole city will be without gas and electric. We have plenty of coal tho, and they think there will be enough to eat to last for a while. Yesterday we had about six inches of snow. The city is on a "Sunday Basis". All industries are shut down, all stores are closed, and all cafe and such--only drug and groceries (sic) stores are open, this to preserve power. The schools are closed too, and are all being used by the Red Cross to house refugees. Most of the churches are too.

There have not been many drowned, but I think that was because everybody in the city has worked together. Nobody is allowed on the street downtown, and there is no street car service, only buses. It is all just like a nightmare. The radio is continually calling for boats and volunteers to rescue marooned families.

To add to all this misery there is a big fire on the water caused by a big tank of gasoline bursting, and somehow it has caught fire. It has been burning most all day, and has destroyed about ten big factories including one of Crosley's factories. A number of houses have burned but they got the people out. They say the fire covers about four miles.

It has poured down rain here all day long, and has melted the snow and the slush is about six inches deep in the streets. They have all the street lights turned off and all of the electric signs. All we can do is just sit and wait--for we don't know what.

Well, Mother and Dad are alright. Of course Helen and Earl are not working. Both of their places are under water. Dad and George are working tho, but they both have an awful time getting to and from work. Well, I could sit here and write all night about this terrible catastrophe that we are all in the midst of, but I guess you hear about it over the radio.

Well, it is morning, and our lights are gone. They went out about six o'clock this morning. I don't mind so much myself, but the hospitals and telephones are needed so very badly at a time like this. Thank God the sun is shining a little tho, that makes people feel a little better even tho the river is still rising.

Bob and Howard (his brother) have gone out to see if they can do some rescue work. Every man they can get is on the job, and all the boys from the colleges are out. Believe me, it is a tough job. We thought the flood in 1913 was bad, but it was mild compared to this. I heard this morning they had the fire out, but I don't know how true it is. 32 buildings have burned. Well, I will write again soon. Love to everybody. Kiss the kiddies, bless their hearts. Maybe this will reach you as most of the train service is cut off.

**Love, Mary**



**Chart of ages of these first cousins when parents, aunts, uncles and grandparents  
Passed Away**

Cousins birth years to right & their ages when ancestor died  Relatives death years below	<b>Lillian</b> Mechlam (Gertie's daughter) b. 1915	<b>Fran</b> Santen (Frank's daughter) b. 1925	<b>Betty</b> Mason (Dorothy's daughter) b. 1927	<b>Jeannette</b> Vardiman (Louis' daughter) b. 1942
<b>Lillian Santen</b> d. 1918	3-4 yrs Step-Grandmother	Not born yet  Grandmother	Not born yet  Grandmother	Not born yet  Grandmother
<b>Frank Retting-Santen</b> d. 1936 or 37	22 yrs  Grandfather	12 yrs  Grandfather	10 yrs  Grandfather	Not born yet  Grandfather
<b>Gertie Retting</b> Peterman Lowen d.	Mother	Half-Aunt	Half-Aunt	Half-Aunt
<b>Louis Santen</b> d. 1954	39 yrs Half-Uncle	29 yrs Uncle	27 yrs Uncle	12 yrs Father
<b>Frank Santen</b> d. 1963	48 yrs Half-Uncle	38 yrs Father	36 yrs Uncle	21 yrs Uncle
<b>Dorothy Santen</b> d. 1990	75 yrs Half-Aunt	65 yrs Aunt	63 yrs Mother	48 yrs Aunt

.....

See <http://www.therese-marie.com/> for Mary Ellen Schwartz' music!  
(see Family Tree of Louis & Anna Santen – Louis Robert's daughter – Mary Ellen  
"Mert" Ripley)



**Elmer Santen's Navy Experience:**  
**WWII**  
**Gunnersmate 3<sup>rd</sup> Class**  
Assigned to **USS Manuel DE-351**



**Jim Santen's Navy Experience:**  
**WWII**  
**Sonar Technician 2<sup>nd</sup> Class**

**Dec, 7, 1943** – enlisted in US Navy on 18<sup>th</sup> birthday, 6 months before high school graduation

Boot camp - Chicago, Illinois

Sonar School- - Key West, Florida

Norfolk, Virginia – Wait for assignment

**Atlantic Ocean:**

Assigned to **USS Frost DE-144** – **March 22, 1944**

- ❑ Involved with search for U-856 that was sunk April 7, 1944 by other Destroyer escorts of the Croatan CVE-25 group.
- ❑ Sunk U-488 April 26, 1944 “One of the sonar technicians heard the propellers of the sub and the crew went to general quarters.” (Jim Santen, phone conversation 24 June 2000)

Reassigned to **USS Gandy DE-764** – May 20, 1944 – Had enough sonar technicians on Frost

- ❑ Escorted 9 convoys safely from New York to Lisahally, Northern Ireland and Liverpool from May 1944 - May 1945

**Pacific Ocean:**

- ❑ June 1945 - Training in Cuban waters and heading to Pacific ocean
- ❑ August 6, 1945 – Pearl Harbor, Hawaii to Philippines via Marshalls and the Carolines
- ❑ August 24, 1945 – left Leyte, Philippines in the escort of an occupation force convoy to Tokyo Bay, Japan arriving on September 1, 1945.
- ❑ Formal signing of Japanese surrender on September 2, 1945. Escorted convoy from Okinawa to Yokohama, Japan
- ❑ November 16, 1945 – February 1, 1946 Served the Philippine Sea Frontier on weather patrol between Manila, Samar and Manicani
- ❑ March 26, 1946 – Reached Norfolk, Virginia via Hawaii, San Pedro and Panama Canal

Enlistment ended April/May 4, 1946

*Jim's comments regarding his service during World War II: “It was only 2 ½ years but I was closer to some of them than some people I've known all my life.” And “I slept through the war”. (Conversation between Jim Santen and Michelle Vardiman Fansler, 20 February 2000) Whenever he wasn't on duty he was in his bunk sleeping. He remembers hearing the sounds of gunfire and a little water dripping on him in his bunk then a call to general quarters. Jim remembers one of the sonar technicians who didn't want to find any submarines.*

Jim has a book with pictures of himself in bombed out cities in Japan and the poor people walking around the rubble. Jim remembers visiting San Diego, California briefly in the summer and it was overcast and gloomy. It was probably the June gloom that lasts for about a month timeframe where the weather is gloomy in the mornings and burns off by late afternoon.

When asked if any ports of call were memorable he said, “not really”. He just wanted to go home.



**Lester Santen's Navy Experience:**  
**Korean War in the 1950's**  
**Gunnersmate** Assigned to a small aircraft carrier

**Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships**  
**Office of the Chief of Naval Operations**  
**Naval History Division • Washington**

***USS Manuel DE-351***

(1969) Vol. 4, pp.277-278.

<http://www.hazegray.org/danfs/escorts/de351.txt>

**MAURICE J. MANUEL**

Maurice Joseph Manuel, born 29 April 1917 at Mamou, La., enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps at New Orleans 16 December 1941. During the early months of World War II, he served at San Diego, Calif., where he was promoted to private first class 4 April 1942. He participated in the invasion of the Solomon Islands in August and for more than 3 months, took part in the heroic defense of American positions on Guadalcanal. While fighting between the Mantanikau and Poha Rivers, he voluntarily left a protected position to rescue wounded comrades. Despite intense enemy machine gun fire, he crossed a grassy knoll and carried one seriously injured companion to safety. While making a second rescue attempt, he was struck by enemy gunfire and died 10 November 1942. For his conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity under hostile fire, Private First Class Manuel was awarded the Silver Star posthumously.

**DE-351**

Displacement: 1,350 t.

Length: 306'

Beam: 36'8"

Draft: 9'5"

Speed: 24 k.

Complement: 186

Armament: 2 5"; 4 40mm; 10 20mm; 3 21" torpedo tubes;

8 depth charge projectors;

2 depth charge tracks;

1 hedge hog

Class: JOHN C. BUTLER



**GM3 Elmer Santen**

MAURICE J. MANUEL (DE-351) was laid down by Consolidated Steel Corp., Orange, Tex., 22 December 1943; launched 19 February 1944; sponsored by Mrs. Leona Manuel; and commissioned at Orange 30 June 1944, Lt. Comdr. William M. Lowry in command.

After shakedown off Bermuda, MAURICE J. MANUEL served as a training ship out of Norfolk, Va., until steaming to New York for convoy escort duty 3 October. Sailing in convoy the 6th, she battled heavy weather in the Atlantic and Mediterranean and safely escorted the first American convoy to Marseilles, France, 20 October. After returning to the United States 7 November, between 25 November and 24 December, she escorted another convoy to southern France, steamed to the coast of north Africa, and returned to New York.

On 16 January 1945, MAURICE J. MANUEL sailed for duty in the Pacific. She escorted attack cargo ship CASWELL (AKA-72) to the Canal Zone; thence, as part of Escort Division 78, she steamed to the Admiralties, arriving Manus 19 February. Assigned to TF 75, she began convoy escort duty to the Philippine Islands 3 March and arrived Leyte Gulf the 8th. She sailed for Melanesia 13 March, reaching Hollandia, New Guinea, the 19th, and between 21 and 28 March again returned to Leyte.

MAURICE J. MANUEL maintained her busy pace. Convoy runs sent her between Leyte and New Guinea, the Palaus, and Ulithi, as well as among the Philippines to Manila Bay, Subic Bay, and Lingayen Gulf. Late in July she made a run to Okinawa out of Subic Bay; and as the war ended 15 August, she patrolled the coast of Luzon out of Lingayen Gulf. On 26 August she departed Manila Bay for Tokyo Bay, Japan,

escorting SS WINTHROP VICTORY and transport GENERAL S. D. STURGIS (AP-137). The latter ship carried high-ranking military and naval officers from the United States, Australia, Canada, China, and the Netherlands East Indies to Japanese surrender ceremonies on board battleship MISSOURI (BB-63). The convoy entered Tokyo Bay 31 August; thence, MAURICE J. MANUEL sailed 1 September via Okinawa to Leyte Gulf where she arrived the 8th.

For more than 2 months the escort ship conducted periodic patrols east of the Philippines out of San Pedro Bay. Departing the Philippines 27 November, she steamed via Eniwetok and Pearl Harbor to the west coast, arriving Long Beach 17 December and sailing to San Diego 15 March 1946. MAURICE J. MANUEL decommissioned there 20 May 1946 and entered the Pacific Reserve Fleet.

MAURICE J. MANUEL recommissioned at San Diego 27 April 1951, Lt. Comdr. G. A. Sullivan in command. After shakedown, she proceeded to the east coast for duty with the Atlantic Fleet, arriving Newport, R.I., 11 August. During the next several months, she participated in type training and squadron exercises along the Atlantic coast, in the Caribbean, and in the Gulf of Mexico. From July to September 1952 she served as training ship for the Fleet Sonar School at Key West, Fla. She continued a busy pattern of training and readiness operations between New England waters and the Caribbean during the next 9 months; thence, she departed Newport 16 July 1953 for deployment to northern Europe. With midshipmen embarked, she cruised the North Atlantic, the North Sea, and the Baltic, visiting Bergen, Norway, and Copenhagen, Denmark. Steaming via Guantanamo Bay, she returned to Norfolk, Va., 3 September.

During the next 4 years, MAURICE J. MANUEL continued to take part in vital preparedness exercises, thus helping U.S. seapower keep prepared to meet overt threats to peace while guarding the free world against Communist cold war subversion. Her duties carried her from Argentina, Newfoundland, to Colon, Panama. In addition, she provided continued support to the Fleet Sonar School, and she conducted another midshipman cruise during July and August 1955.

After completing convoy training exercises off the east coast in May 1956, MAURICE J. MANUEL sailed to Philadelphia 24 June for inactivation overhaul, decommissioned there 30 October 1957, and entered the Atlantic Reserve Fleet. Her name was struck from the Navy list 1 May 1966, and in August 1966 she was used as a target to destruction.

Transcribed by Michael Hansen

[mhansen2@home.com](mailto:mhansen2@home.com)

Source: <http://www.hazegray.org/danfs/>





**ST2 Jim Santen**  
**March-May 1944**

**Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships**  
**Office of the Chief of Naval Operations**  
**Naval History Division • Washington**  
**USS *Frost* (DE-144)**

Holloway Halstead Frost, born 11 April 1889 in Brooklyn, N.Y., was a member of the Naval Academy class of 1900. A widely published author, his work ranged the gamut of naval subjects, from history to operational analysis to shiphandling. His naval career was as distinguished as his literary; he not only was a designated naval aviator, but was also qualified for command in submarines. He was awarded the Navy Cross for his World War I service as aide to Commander, American Patrol Detachment, Atlantic Fleet, a billet in which he played a significant role in developing the tactics of surface and air forces in combined operations against submarines. Commander Frost died 26 January 1935 at Kansas City, Mo., while a member of the staff of the Command and General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth.

(DE-144: dp. 1,200; l. 306'; b. 36'7"; dr. 8'7"; s. 21 k.; cpl. 186; a. 3 3", 3 21" tt., 8 dcp., 1 dcp. hh.), 2 dct.; cl. *Edsall*)



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**In The North Atlantic, November 1944**

*Frost* (DE-144) was launched 21 March 1943 by Consolidated Steel Corp., Orange, Tex., sponsored by Mrs. Holloway H. Frost, widow of Commander Frost and commissioned 30 August 1943, Lieutenant Commander T. S. Lank in command.

*Frost* made one convoy escort voyage to Casablanca between 11 November 1943 and 25 December before taking up her primary wartime assignments, coastal escort and operations with the *Croatan* (CVE-25) hunter-killer group. Her first patrol with this group, from 24 March 1944 to 11 May, found her helping in the search for *U-856*, sunk on 7 April by other escorts of the group, and joining in sinking *U-488* on 26 April when she and three other escorts attacked after the submarine had been spotted by an aircraft from *Croatan*.

Again patrolling across the Atlantic to guard the movement of convoys to Casablanca between 3 June 1944 and 22 July, *Frost* made the initial contact with *U-490* on 11 June. A lengthy attack followed, at the close of which the escorts drew the oxygen-exhausted submarine to the surface by feigning their departure from the area. She was sunk by gunfire, *Frost* taking 13 of her crew prisoner. A 2-hour attack on 3 July during which the target submarine attempted to torpedo *Frost*, resulted in the sinking of *U-154*.

During her third hunter-killer patrol from 20 August 1944 to 2 October, *Frost* rescued survivors of *Warrington* (DD-383) who had capsized in a hurricane during the night of 13-14 September. Training at Guantanamo Bay and Bermuda preceded the next patrol, from 23 January 1945 to 7 February, during which her task group formed a part of the escort for *Quincy* (CA-71), carrying President Franklin D. Roosevelt toward the Yalta Conference. Additional training in Narragansett and Casco Bays prepared her for her final antisubmarine patrol, during which she won the Presidential Unit Citation, for her high achievement in joining in sinking two submarines on the night of 15-16 April. The first contact was made by *Stanton* (DE-247) just before midnight, and *Frost* joined in the attack which produced a violent underwater explosion at 0114 on 16 April. This was *U-880*. At 0155, *Frost* picked up another target, and she and *Stanton* illuminated *U-1235* and opened fire. They pressed home a depth charge attack when the submarine dived, and were rewarded at 0410 with another great underwater explosion.

*Frost* sailed from Boston 10 July 1945 for training in the Caribbean, and Pacific duty, reaching Pearl Harbor after the close of hostilities. She carried passengers back to San Diego, then sailed on to Norfolk and Green Cove Springs, Fla., where she was decommissioned and placed in reserve 18 June 1946.

In addition to the Presidential Unit Citation, *Frost* received seven battle stars for World War II service.

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Transcribed and formatted for HTML by Patrick Clancey ([patrick@akamail.com](mailto:patrick@akamail.com))

Source: <http://www.hazegray.org/danfs/>

**Dictionary of American Naval Fighting Ships**  
**Office of the Chief of Naval Operations**  
**Naval History Division • Washington**  
**USS Gandy (DE-764)**  
(1968) Vol. 3, pp.16-17.

Seaman Second Class Andrew Jackson Gandy was born 20 October 1924 in Chattanooga, Tenn.; enlisted 21 February 1942; and gallantly gave his life on board heavy cruiser SAN FRANCISCO (CA-38) in a heroic gunnery action against Japanese torpedo planes during the Battle of Guadalcanal, 12-13 November 1942. He was posthumously awarded the Navy Cross.

DE-764

Displacement: 1,240 t.

Length: 306'

Beam: 36'8"

Draft: 8'9"

Speed: 21 k.

Complement: 186

Armament: 3 3"; 2 40mm; 8 20mm; 3 21" torpedo tubes;

2 depth charge tracks;

8 depth charge projectors;

2 hedge hogs

Class: CANNON



**ST2 Jim Santen**  
**May 1944 –**  
**April 1946**

GANDY was launched 12 December 1943 by the Tampa Shipbuilding Co., Tampa, Fla.; sponsored by Miss Ruby Gandy, sister of Seaman Gandy, and commissioned at Tampa 7 February 1944, Lt. Comdr W. A. Sessions in command.

GANDY, following shakedown training in Bermuda waters, joined Escort Division 22 at New York. After escorting store ship YUKON (AF-9) to Norfolk, she departed New York 15 April 1944 as part of the escort for fast tanker convoy CU-21 bound for Northern Ireland. The second day of the voyage, at 0806, 16 April, German submarine U-550 torpedoed and sank tanker PAN PENNSYLVANIA. During recovery of survivors by GANDY and sister ships JOYCE (DE-317) and PETERSON (DE-152), JOYCE made sound contact with the U-boat and delivered a depth charge attack. When U-550 surfaced about 600 yards on GANDY's starboard bow, Comdr. Sessions ordered "Right full rudder, come to 320, open fire and stand by to ram."

GANDY headed for the submarine's conning tower but the U-boat's deft maneuvers caused the escort destroyer to hit it 30 feet from the stern. GANDY hauled clear,

silenced the submarine's machine gun battery with a short burst of gunfire, then observed the Germans abandoning ship. JOYCE recovered twelve survivors as GANDY, with nearly four feet of her bow strake gone and several plates buckled, assessed her damage. U-550 was shaken by a muffled explosion and sank. Four of GANDY's men were injured in the fight.

GANDY continued with the convoy which reached Lisahally, Northern Ireland, 26 April 1944. She returned to New York 12 May and helped escort nine more convoys safely out of New York to Lisahally and Liverpool by 24 May 1945 when she returned from the last of these voyages. After repairs in the New York Naval Shipyard, she sailed 8 June for brief training in Cuban waters before proceeding to Hawaii. She departed Pearl Harbor 6 August 1945 en route to the Philippines via the Marshalls and the Carolines, then sailed from Leyte on the 24th in the escort of an occupation force convoy which entered Tokyo Bay 1 September. Following the formal signing of the surrender of Japan the next day, she escorted a convoy from Okinawa to Yokohama, Japan, and then departed 16 November to serve the Philippine Sea Frontier on weather patrol between Manila, Samar, and Manicani.

GANDY departed Samar 1 February 1946 and reached Norfolk, via Hawaii, San Pedro and the Panama Canal, 26 March 1946. She decommissioned at Green Cove Springs, Fla., 17 June 1946. She was in reserve status until 10 January 1951 when she was transferred to Italy under the Military Assistance Program. She serves the Italian Navy under the name of ALTAIR.

GANDY received one battle star for service in World War II.

[The former USS GANDY was stricken from the US Navy Register on 26 March 1951. Italian frigate ALTAIR (F-591) was blown up as a target in 1971.

K. Jack Bauer and Stephen S. Roberts, "Register of Ships of the U. S. Navy, 1775-1990," p.224.

"Conway's All The World's Fighting Ships, 1947-1995," p.208.]

Internet Source: <http://www.hazegray.org/danfs/>  
Transcribed by Michael Hansen  
mhansen2@home.com



# *INTERVIEWS*

***Phone Interview of Lillian Peterman Mechlam,***  
**daughter of Gertrude Retting**  
**by Michelle Vardiman Fansler**  
**22 January 2001**  
**1 of 4 pages**

**Lillian Peterman Mechlam:**

Lillian Peterman was born in 1915 on the day Jess Willard (white man) took the boxing title from Jack Johnson (black man). "Any babies born on that day were called "white hope" babies. Don't know what we were hoping for." This event helped to prove birth in order to receive a birth certificate, as they didn't start issuing birth certificates until 1916. Named after step-grandmother Lillian Santen.

When I sent off for some family birth certificates they came back as "Redding" but my mom always spelled it with 2 t's – Retting.

I was married in 1933. My husband worked for the Pennsylvania Railroad.

We had 6 children - 4 boys and 2 girls:

1. Marie "Maria" Catherine Mechlam
2. Walter Mechlam
3. Donald "Don" Mechlam
4. Shirley Mechlam married Larry Miles (Kidney replaced twice now)
5. Jim Mechlam
6. Joseph Mechlam (7 years younger than Jim)

20+ grandchildren

30 great grandchildren

2 great, great grandchildren (one of those is on the way)

Lillian Mechlam is 85 years old. Has stomach cancer for the last 1 ½ years but doing well. Liquid only diet and uses a food tube for nutrition. Favorite food was meatloaf. Lives in own apartment and children help with laundry and cleaning. Have a Mechlam family party every Christmas. Family has gotten so large that they rent a hall now.

**Phone Interview of Lillian Peterman Mechlam**

by Michelle Vardiman Fansler

**22 January 2001**

**2 of 4 pages**

**Mother Gertrude Retting and Father William Peterman:**

**Father's Parents: Valentine and Hannah Peterman**

Valentine was born on Valentine's Day.

- **William and Gertrude Peterman family:**

I was the oldest of 4 children by William and Gertrude Peterman. We lived in Alton, Illinois although I was born in E. St. Louis.

1. **Lillian Peterman** born 1915
2. **William "Bill" Peterman** born 1916
3. **Marianne Peterman** born 1917
4. **Wilbert Peterman** born 1918 (Mom was 7 months pregnant with Wilburt when Dad died from the flu. Wilbert was born at Grandpa Frank's house in E. St. Louis where we lived for about 2 years)

**William Peterman:** "I remember him more as a shadow. He was a very tall man and he would put his hand on my head when he was going somewhere."

He worked in the rolling mill (steel company). He wanted to join the military during the war but they wouldn't let him because he was doing government work. One time he grabbed a tong the wrong way and seared his side and burnt his ribs so badly that when he got the flu he couldn't make it.

- Gertrude remarried

They moved to Cincinnati, Ohio in 1921 and had 9 children together bringing the total children for Gertrude to 13!

**Phone Interview of Lillian Peterman Mechlam**

by Michelle Vardiman Fansler

**22 January 2001**

**3 of 4 pages**

**Gertrude Retting's, Parents:**

**Grandma Alice Eister (Frank Retting's first wife):**

She died fairly young leaving 6 girls to be raised by Frank.

**Grandma Lillian Santen (Frank Retting's second wife):**

She was a "big busted lady. I remember her holding me and she was always so comfortable. She bought little things for us."

**Grandpa Frank Matthew Retting-Santen:**

- **Name Change:**

Gertie's father was Frank Retting. He changed his last name to Santen but don't know exactly why, some family scandal. Don't know how he chose the name.

- **Marriage/Family:**

Frank had 6 daughters with his first wife Alice Eister and after she died he married Lillian. He must have known Lillian before his wife died because they were married very shortly after Alice's death. He had 4 more children with Lillian. Their youngest baby died as an infant.

- **Career in Cincinnati, Ohio:**

Frank Retting was a Fire Captain in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was part of the Salvage Corp that went in as a big group to try and get anything that could be saved. He had all white horses pulling his fire engine and he took care of them himself. When the big fire of the Cincinnati stockyards burnt he went in to try to help save the livestock.

He lost his job in the family scandal, changed his last name and moved his family to E. St. Louis, Illinois. He was no longer in the fire department from what I know. He trained dogs I think in Illinois.

**Phone Interview of Lillian Peterman Mechlam**

by Michelle Vardiman Fansler

**22 January 2001**

**4 of 4 pages**

- **E. St. Louis, Illinois – “The Flu Epidemic of 1918”**

I was 4 years old when my father died from the flu epidemic in 1918. Grandma Lillian and Aunt Tadie also died from the flu. We moved in with Grandpa Frank after Dad died and lived there for about 2 years. (Lillian was 4-6 years old and Dorothy was 10-12 years old) “Grandpa had a nice house in E. St. Louis. Grandpa Frank was very good to me. I had a nice home. My mother’s sisters, Kitty and Alice were there on occasion. Aunt Dorothy lived there. We were very close. After mom married my step-father it went downhill from there. We moved to Cincinnati, Ohio in 1921.

**Aunt Dorothy: (10-12 years old)**

I played paper dolls with Aunt Dorothy (6 years older than Lillian). We also played under the house and could hear conversations above us.

Years later Dorothy moved to Cincinnati and lived with us for a while. We didn’t have much but we made room for her. None of us were rich and famous but we all lived about the same.

**Uncles Louis (18-20 years old) and Frank Santen (12-14 years old):**

“I can remember Uncle Frank was my favorite and Uncle Louis was the best looking. Uncle Louis had a different disposition but he was a very handsome man and liked to hunt with his dogs.”

\*\*\*\*\*

**Uncle Frank and Aunt Vera:**

“Aunt Vera would send us boxes of candy every year and we looked forward to that. She sent me school clothes sometimes.” Uncle Frank and Aunt Vera came to visit a lot.

Uncle Louis and Uncle Frank Santen were boxers (and butchers). Aunt Vera (Frank’s wife) wrote a letter one time to Gertie (Lillian’s mother) that Uncle Frank gave up boxing because the children didn’t recognize him when he came home!

**Uncle Louis and Aunt Annie (Married in Dec. 1921):**

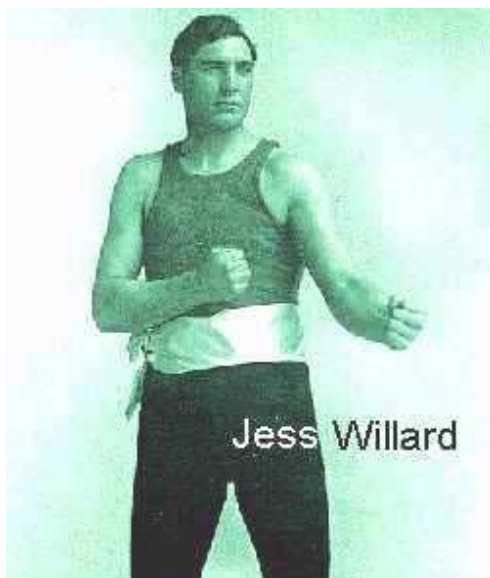
We received a lot of mail from Aunt Vera and Aunt Annie.



## **Boxing - Jess Willard beat Jack Johnson - 1915**

### **Heavyweight Championship of the World**

From 1908, the world of heavyweight boxing and all of the U.S., was looking for someone to take the championship away from Jack Johnson, the black Heavyweight who became Champion that year. Racism was strong enough in the U.S. back then; and being a black athlete, and a black champion at anything, was very unpopular. So, the boxing world was looking for someone to put Jack Johnson -- this black man -- to the mat, and "bring the championship back to the white race." Jack Johnson's boxing style was not the subject of "sluggers", but of "speed." The question was, who could beat him. No white heavyweight fighter of that era seemed to earn the respect and marks of someone who could do the job. Not even Jim Jeffries, who came out of retirement in 1910 to try, but failed. A catch phrase arose, "A Great White Hope". What white hope was there who could beat Jack Johnson. That "white hope" became Jess Willard.



#### **5 April 1915**

Willard beat Johnson in 26 rounds of a scheduled 45-round bout, in simmering 100 degree plus humid temperatures of Havana, Cuba.



Information from:

<http://www.cyberboxingzone.com/boxing/willard.htm>

**Phone Interview 1/19/2001:**

Michelle Fansler asking questions of Betty Mason, daughter of Dorothy Santen

What was the real last name of your mother's father, your grandfather?

**"Don't remember right now. Try again another time."**

Was it true that he was a Fire Chief in Cincinnati, Ohio?

**"Yes. He was a Fire Captain in Cincinnati."**

Do you remember your grandfather?

**"Yes. I had chicken pox when visiting him one time. He was blind when he died which could have been because he was a fireman and I think he smoked a pipe. He died in 1937 the year of the big flood in Cincinnati. That was a hard time. I was 10 years old and I remember my mother went to his funeral."**

Were you born and raised in Cincinnati?

**"Yes. I was born in 1927."**

Have you ever lived anywhere else?

**"For a time. My husband was in the Navy."**

What about your family?

**"I have 3 children. Two boys and a girl. Debbie is my youngest, she is 43 years old! She just got a job with Masaba Airlines as a stewardess. She was born the exact same day as my oldest son 11 years after him on 8/10. She has 3 children."**

What are your sons names?

**"Richard and Robert. Robert lives in Alabama."**

How did Robert end up in Alabama?

**"His health. He needed a warmer climate. His surgery was not successful so he needed to move to a better climate. Robert has 2 children, Julie is a school teacher and Kenneth is 18, he's in college."**

Does Richard have any children?

**"Yes, 1, Rebecca."**

Thank you for your time. May I call you again to ask more questions in the near future?

**"Yes."**

*Phone Interview with Betty Mason*  
*26 January 2001*  
*by Michelle Vardiman Fansler*

Tell me about yourself:

Betty – Phone Interview 26 January 2001

“I knew my husband, Allen Mason because his father married my mother. He joined the Navy during WWII and when he came home to visit we got together. He was on several ships but I don’t remember their names. We were married 16 August 1945 at St. Joseph’s Cathedral (I think) in San Diego, California. I have a picture of our wedding in a box somewhere. People were throwing confetti and doing strange things because that **was the day WWII ended**. We lived in San Diego until March 1946. Allen got out of the Navy and we moved back to Cincinnati, Ohio. Our first child was born 10 August 1946 and at that time they kept us in the hospital for several days. Richard and I both came home on 16 August, which was Allen and my first anniversary!

Both of our boys were born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Allen and I split up for a while I had throat surgery during that time and he joined the Navy again. I don’t want to go into any more details. We got back together and moved to Jacksonville, Florida where Debbie was born at a Navy/Air force hospital. She was born on the same day as our oldest son 11 years later than him and only an hour different! If we hadn’t got back together we would have only had the two boys. We moved back to Cincinnati, Ohio and Allen and I divorced when Debbie was 4 years old. (Around 1961)”

Do you know how Dorothy and Bill Welch met? (Marriage date, place, stories)

Betty – Phone Interview 26 January 2001

“Bill and Dorothy **met at Fairmont City Baptist Church**. Bill Welch and his brother, Claude moved to Cincinnati, Ohio in 1927 to find a job as job’s were hard to come by in E. St. Louis at that time. Aunt Gertie’s husband spoke up for Bill to get him a job with Globe Soap Company (now called Proctor & Gamble). Dorothy moved to Cincinnati to be with Bill when she was expecting me. I was born in Cincinnati, Ohio 9 November 1927.”

# *Growing Up Next to the Stinky Ditch*

*By  
Jeannette Santen-Vardiman*

*Written 1994*

Dedicated to all the children in my family, my own four as well as all the nieces and nephews, who at a young age had to deal with the loss of people they loved very much.

To: My Children:

Michelle,  
Kelly,  
Daniel  
and  
Laura

Great Nieces, Nephews:

Bobby,  
Angie, Justin  
Melissa, J.P., Kimberly, Jennalee  
Thomas, David, Timothy  
Heather, Rusty  
Megan, Matthew  
Stephanie  
Amber



Jaye sat petting her black and white, shorthaired, medium sized mutt affectionately known as Girl. Girl arrived unexpectedly one day when her mom was in New York attending her third brother, Lester's wedding. Somehow she succeeded in convincing her mother to allow Girl to stay, if only for a while.

They were best pals and loved nothing better than to sit on the back porch together. Girl was kind of a funny name for a dog, she guessed not quite as nice as her own nickname. She liked the name her friends had started calling her recently. It seemed to fit her much better than her full name. Her friend, Suzy, is the one who came up with the way to spell it with an "e" on the end. She was always so clever, just like the way she spelled Suzy with a "z".



**Mom and Jeannette "Jaye" in front and Dad behind Jaye with friends.**

Jaye was in one of her reflective moods again. She seemed to have a lot of those these days. She had a lot of changes this past year she realized, as she thought back over last spring when she was still 11. There were many things to ponder now that her 12<sup>th</sup> birthday would soon be here. The most devastating thing had happened in May and yet a decision she had made that spring had helped to make it all bearable somehow.

Life seemed suddenly very complicated and difficult to figure out at times, kind of bitter

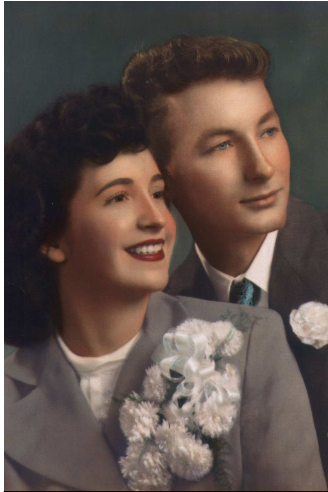
sweet. Before that spring life was pretty carefree for a blond tomboy, the youngest of four brothers and one sister. Thinking back when she was younger was a favorite pastime. It was easier than thinking about the pain of today.

"Oh, Mary, Little Mary, can you come out and play now?" Jaye would often call, standing outside Mary's bedroom window or while bouncing a ball on her front porch. She was always eager to go throw the ball against the brick building up the street, because it bounced better there. She was not as experienced with the game as her sister and cousin and friends their age, who were five years older than her. At age five she was learning to lift her one leg and then the other throwing the ball under it and against the wall but she still couldn't catch it without dropping it.

Mary would often respond, "No, I can't play now!" They had played together since they were three. It seemed there were a lot of times that Mary couldn't come out. As they got older and Mary's grandparents were one of the first to get a television, Mary would respond, "I'm watching the news now."

"The news. Yuk. How can you stand to watch the news?" Jaye would ask. She didn't care if television was a novelty; she had better things to do with her time than watch the news. "Oh, it's really important. Shh now, I can't hear", Mary would whisper, closing the door.

Being the youngest can be very lonely at times. She remembered bouncing the ball down the sidewalk past Mary's great grandmother's house, and then her own three-room house and up the street to begin climbing the pole out in front of Big Mary's house. It's not that she was so big, just older than the other Mary.



**"Big" Mary and Jim**

Big Mary was so beautiful with her long dark wavy hair, sweet smile and instant laugh. She was extra special because she was the girl friend of Jaye's second oldest brother. Jim Boy was still in the Navy when Jaye first started visiting Mary and stationed somewhere in the Pacific Ocean. So was her oldest brother, Elmer. Elmer was big and tall and had an easy laugh.

She could still remember some of the concerns during the war that her parents spoke about. How the five Sullivan brothers had all been killed when the ship they were all on was bombed. After that there was a law passed that made it impossible for family members to be on the same ship.

That's why her brothers were on different ships. When they were home on leave they looked so handsome and Jaye could hardly tear herself away from them when they talked about

some of the places they had visited and funny things they had done. They didn't say much about what they really saw when the war was going on. It was such fun when they got out of the Navy and gave Jaye their old Navy pea coats. She sure looked funny in Elmer's great big coat, so she usually wore Jim Boy's because he was shorter and it fit a lot better. She loved to wear a pea coat to sing and dance for her playmates as she sang,



**Elmer**

"Bell Bottom Trousers Coat of Navy Blue  
She loves her sailor and he loves her too."

Jaye thought she might marry a sailor someday too.



**USS Frost – ship Jim was on in WWII**



**Jim**

For a child with a vivid imagination and boundless energy there were always new fields to explore and roof tops to climb. Climbing really was one of her favorite things to do. The gym set at the city park, a few blocks away afforded many hours of tricks on those round rings and long sidebars. With one leg wrapped around the bar she mastered going over and over so many times she lost count. There were lots of quiet streets to ride her bike on when she got older. Most of the townspeople knew each other and would wave as she went by. Some even stopped to chat.



**Cousin Jerry, Darlene, Robert and Jeannette with Zinc plant in background, holding fish Dad had caught.**

It didn't matter to a child that very little grass could grow or that the sky would sometimes have a sick yellow hue to it coming from the smoke stacks at the Zinc plant at the east end of town. In fact that plant provided a great source of fun at the end of the block where all the kids would sneak off to prove who was the bravest. One after the other attempted to walk across the large rusty pipe that crossed the old yellow stinky ditch where the acid flowed from the plant on a regular basis. It didn't really hurt too much if you slipped and fell in. Maybe a hole in your clothes or some redness on your skin for a little while.

The pain usually came when parents found out where you'd been again. Not only was the

ditch off limits but so were the railroad tracks. A real test of bravery was finding the ashes where the bums or hobos had recently put out a campfire by the railroad tracks.

1954 began calm enough but as the March winds blew the Illinois clouds across the gray sky, Jaye felt the chill of fear the night her father came home and fell on the kitchen floor and began to twitch and toss in all directions. Soon an ambulance arrived to take her beloved daddy to the hospital.

The next time she saw him he was sitting in a hospital bed with what looked like a turban on his head. The doctors had drilled some holes in his head for no apparently good reason. He was able to smile, hug and chat with his little girl while he drank his malt that she gave him. It seemed that he was never quite the same anymore after that. In the



weeks that followed he became weaker and weaker. He had been sent home with instructions given to his wife on how to give him shots. It's a good thing too, because he would often cry out with pain and squeeze and squeeze Jaye's hand. After he had a shot, then he could sleep awhile without being in pain.

As Jaye sat by his bedside with tears streaming down her cheeks there was a time for last goodbyes and words of love. The words she wanted to say the most just seemed to stick in her throat and couldn't be uttered no matter how hard she tried.

"Oh, daddy, if only I could tell you about my new friend, my very best friend of all. You'd like him a lot, I'm sure", she thought.

"How can I let you know what he has come to mean to me in such a short time? I only just invited him to be my friend a few weeks ago even though I've been hearing about him since I was four."

"Do you remember when you and mommy gave grandma Blane permission to take me to Sunday school with her? I want to thank you for that."



**Mommy and Daddy - 1921**

"You see, my best friend is really much nicer than they said he was. Why he's the kind of friend that sticks with you even when you do dumb things and say silly stuff."

"He doesn't laugh at me like some of my other friends or make fun of my torn dresses with the belt always missing."

"I don't think I'll be so lonely anymore when little Mary won't come out to play or no one's home, because they went with friends or to the nearby taverns. I can talk to him all hours of the day and night. My favorite time is when the moon and stars first come out and I can sit on the back porch when no one is around and speak out loud to him."

He always seems to listen. He doesn't ever say, "Later, I don't have time right now", or "I'm busy", or "I don't feel good."

"No, in fact he says if you're tired, come talk to me, when you're frightened, I'll be there for you. If you're sick I'll remind you that I care for you."

Sometimes I notice after I talk with him the pain isn't there anymore. "Oh daddy, if only you would let him take away your pain too. I know He could, but maybe he won't. He would help you where you hurt inside though. If you are frightened or lonely he knows exactly what to do. He even has a book he has written just for you. If you could read it you'd find out how much he loves you too. He loves us all the same. He can never have too many friends. What's so neat, we can all be talking to him at once and he hears all of us. He pays attention to everything we say and do. Even the things we think, are not hidden from his view."

"If I could give you any gift in the world, and if I looked the whole world over, I could never give you a better gift than that you would have Jesus as your best friend too."

"It's really easy too, all you have to do is ask him. He says he is standing there knocking, waiting for you to open the door of your heart and ask him in."

Unfortunately, it was not to be. Those words so deeply felt remained unuttered.

Easter Sunday when Jaye returned home from her baptism her father had slipped into a coma and remained that way until the following Friday at 3:25 when his earthly pain was finally over.

Rushing into the bathroom and crying out to God, His presence was felt in yet another way. First she was comforted and reminded that though her earthly father wouldn't be able to be with her anymore her heavenly father had promised to be a father to the fatherless.

Suddenly life seemed so futile. The devastation of seeing one you love die in such pain, surely there was something that could be done. The anger and sadness was all mixed together. It seemed at that moment a presence called to her and told her that she would be able to do something about people's pain. Someday she would be a nurse and if she couldn't help her daddy, maybe she could help others who were suffering.

After that she seemed to know deep down that life had meaning and she had direction for her life. Even though the pain was still there and didn't go away for sometime to come, she knew that God was going to provide for her and her family.





**Daddy, Jerry and Robert**



**Lester and Ann's Wedding Picture - 1954**



**Nursing School Graduation Day "Jaye" & Mom**



**Darlene**



**"Jaye"**



**Jeannette "Jaye"**



**Fansler Family**  
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