

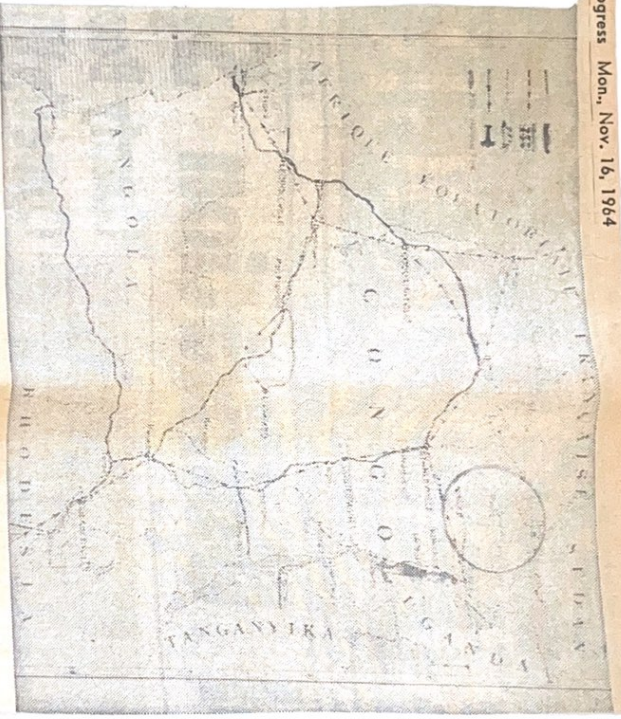


# Congo Memento



Horace Chansler, 347 S. Laurel St., Brea, shows a leopard skin sent by his missionary sister, Agnes Chansler, from the Congo before she was listed as missing behind the newly-forged iron curtain. She said the leopard entered her home to attack her dog one night. Native friends speared the animal. No word has come from Miss Chansler or from 27 other missionaries in the area since Oct. 16. (News Tribune Photo)

Progress Mon., Nov. 16, 1964



MISSION AREA IN CONGO.—In circle some 300 miles above Stanleyville is Paulis where Miss Agnes Chansler of Brea has operated mission school.



TYPICAL CONGO SCHOOL.—Here is picture of typical Congo school such as one operated by Miss Agnes Chansler near Paulis.



WILD ANIMALS.—Elephants and other wild animals frequent area in which Agnes Chansler of Brea has operated school in Congo. Here elephants are shown bathing in river at Albert Park not far from where she served.

# BREAN AMONG CAPTIVES IN CONGO

## Three Americans, 52 Others Slain As Rebels Continue Fierce Battle

**LEOPOLDVILLE.** The Congo (UPI) — Five Americans — three missionaries and two children — were reported at the mercy of savage rebels today in isolated jungle areas of the Congo. Several hundred other white hostages were unaccounted for in rebel-controlled territory.

Three Americans and 52 other foreigners already have been slain in three days of rebel atrocities.

Diehard rebels stiffened their opposition to government efforts aimed at crushing the leftist insurgency. A fierce battle was reported for control of Stanleyville. The rebels were apparently prepared to fight to the last man.

### IDENTIFY AMERICANS

The five missing Americans were identified as Mrs. F. J. Cunningham and her two children, W. McClesney and Miss Agnes Chansler, Brea, Calif. Officials said all five were connected with the "Heart of Africa" mission which has headquarters in Fort Washington, Pa.

In Fort Washington, a spokesman for the mission today identified the five as Mrs. F. J. Cunningham, a former resident of the state of Washington, and her two children; William McClesney of Phoenix, Ariz.; and Agnes Chansler, 63, a veteran missionary worker in the Congo from California.

(The mission is sponsored by the Worldwide Evangelization crusade in Fort Washington.

## Many Whites Still Missing

(The Gunninghams were stationed at Malungwa, a mission outpost, 230 miles north of Itangi.

### CONGO VETERAN

Miss Chansler, who has been in missionary work in the Congo for about 35 years, was doing general missionary work at the mission station at Egabila, 45 miles north of Itangi. Her brother, Horace Chansler, lives in Brea.

(McClesney went to Africa about four years ago.

The spokesman said they had not heard from the five since July 30.)

The rebellion appeared to be far from over.

Reports from Stanleyville said most of the city was a "no man's land" with neither the rebels nor the white mercenary Congolese army in control.

### REBELS ENTRENCHED

"If you walk in the streets you are liable to get a bullet in the head," one government soldier was quoted as saying. Government forces controlled

the airport but the rebels were entrenched on the left bank of the Congo River. They were armed with mortars and machineguns. An attempt by Congolese army troops to cross the river was reported to have been repulsed.

Observers said rebel leaders would mobilize their fanatical followers to keep them fighting to the last man.

"There is one mile around the post office in the center of Stanleyville that is safe," Col. Jeremiah Puren, a white mercenary, reported from the former capital of the rebel empire. "The rest is in big trouble."

### RETAKEN TOWN

Unconfirmed reports reaching here said other rebels recaptured the town of Punia, 300 miles south of Stanleyville. It was taken by government forces a week ago but no guard was left behind. It was reported.

Some of the rebel-held hostages, including the five Americans, were believed captives in the eastern Congo towns of Burma and Wamba. There were no announced plans for paratroopers to rescue them.

# BREA MISSIONARY IN CONGO SAFE

## 400 Whites Still Missing; Atrocities Revealed

The family of a Brea missionary rescued from rebels in the Congo today expressed joy at news of her safety. Miss Agnes Chansler, a missionary in the Congo for 33 years, has been rescued from a village deep in rebel-held territory and was flown to safety in Leopoldville. She had not been heard from since July.

Three of Miss Chansler's seven brothers and sisters live in Orange County.

"Thank God," said a sister, Mrs. Carrie Wilson, 2548 E. Clarke Ave., Fullerton, of her sister's rescue. "I know it was God's hand that was leading." A brother, Perry Chansler, 339 S. Magnolia Ave. Brea, said he was overjoyed at the news. Another brother, Horace Chansler, 347 S. Laurel, Brea, was attending a Nazarene Church retreat over the holiday.

### BURDEN LIFTED

"I don't know of anything that lifted a burden from my heart like the news my sister is safe," said Mrs. Wilson.

It was reported that Miss Chansler was airlifted from the village of Pauls along with two other American missionaries and two children. She was quoted as saying that at least eight Roman Catholic mission workers were killed at Wamba and that 18 persons there, in-

cluding other missionaries, were missing.

Although it came as no great surprise, the first confirmation the family of Brea missionary Agnes Chansler had that their sister actually had been a prisoner of the Congo rebels did not come until Thanksgiving Day — the eventual day that they learned she had been rescued.

Final word came to the family Friday from the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade, which called from Fort Washington, Pa.

### RECEIVE CALL

Perry Chansler said a brother-in-law in Canoga Park called the State Department in Washington Thanksgiving Day when the news came that United Nations rescue teams had reached Pauls in the Congo. That was the last known address of Miss Chansler, a missionary in the

## Woman Saved From Rebels

Family Overjoyed by News, Hopes For Early Return to California



MISS AGNES CHANSLER

# ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ Congo Survivors Tell Of Terror, Cannibalism

BRUSSELS (UPI)—"I believe priests were taken away to be the four priests were eaten," eaten.  
the nun said. "Eating a priest  
is considered powerful medi-  
cine."  
As the cold November wind  
whipped across the Belgian air-  
port, Dominican Sister Marie  
Johanna Tack stood beside the  
airplane that brought her and  
128 other refugees back from  
months of horror in the rebel-  
held northeastern Congo town  
of Paulis.

There are more still trapped  
there, she said.  
"My Sister Maria is still in  
rebel hands, together with five  
nuns and two fathers at their  
mission in Viadana, 40 miles  
west of Paulis," Sister Marie  
said.  
"There must be many more  
like them. I think 200 would be  
a safe guess."

"There seems little hope for  
them, the way the antirebel  
campaign is going," another  
refugee, oil worker Charles  
Depeesse, added.  
The refugees told of the rebel  
terror, the massacres after Bel-  
gian paratroopers arrived in  
the Congo — and the day they

White people suffered, Sister  
Marie said, but the educated  
Congolese in the town suffered  
more.  
"Whoever could read, write  
and do sums was shot," she  
said. "Most of the Congolese  
we have educated are dead—

at least 2,000."  
In Paulis, she said, the reb-  
els imprisoned the town's 73  
white men in the hospital. The  
16 Dominican nuns were al-  
lowed to remain free.

"We were allowed to cook for  
them and also had to feed the  
Congolese guards. We really  
spoiled them in the hope of  
putting them in a good mood."

"But on Tuesday rebel cap-  
tain Otto Yenga, with a wide  
grin on his face, announced  
that all men would be executed.  
That was after the Belgian pa-  
ra troops had dropped on Stanley-  
ville.

"On that day they shot or  
beat to death 12 whites.  
"The next day four fathers  
including Father Remo Armani,  
an Italian, and three other  
white men were taken out and  
killed.

"Father Armani was pinned  
to the ground and shot through  
the heart. They all had their  
mouths covered with adhesive  
tape to prevent them from  
screaming."

"It all happened in an eerie  
silence before our eyes.  
"The man who deserved a  
decoration is a Dutchman from  
Bueda, named Slegers. He had  
immobilized two trucks of the  
brewery where he worked as a  
mechanic. The rebels could not  
use them. But as soon as the  
first paras had landed he crept  
through the long grass, got the  
paras to his trucks which he  
alone could start again and  
drove to the hospital.

"On the way he was shot  
through the arm. If it had not  
been for him the guards would  
have killed more."

# 'Death Was Near,' Says Rescued Brea Missionary

NEWS TRIUNE

DECEMBER 4, 1965



## Friend Saved Life In Congo Declares Brea Missionary

By CRAIG SHEFF

A friend's persistent pleading "saved my life," Brea missionary Agnes Chansler, rescued from the death-darting Congo rebels, told the Progress Tuesday.

**A HAPPY REUNION** — Miss Agnes Chansler, (center), a missionary worker who was rescued from rebel-held territory in the Congo last week is shown with her sister Mrs. Carrie Wilson of Fullerton and brother Perry Chansler of 339 Magnolia St. in Brea, as she told of her experiences yesterday.

**STAR-PROGRESS PHOTO**

"When the paratroopers arrived, they told us we had two minutes to get a few things together and board the truck," Miss Chansler said.

"When we got to Pauls there were bodies lying everywhere. She then said that 'we got on the last plane for 90, but by plane had room for 90, but by removing the seats, all 120 of us were evacuated.'"

**Priests Killed**

United Press International reported today that while hostages is rescinded, Thursday had told us in Brea, while priests believed they believed celebration of the Mass was a spell cast over them.

A Belgian nun, Sister Rataele Bourguignon is reported to have told the UPI that a nun was killed last month by rebels in the Boma area and others were raped.

**Killings Began Aug. 10**

A missionary worked in the Congo for 30 of the last 33 years. Miss Chansler said that "the killings first started August 10" when the rebels arrived in Pauls.

She said that after three weeks in Pauls, nearly 4000 people were murdered by the rebels.

"They arrived at our station (Egolia) on Sept. 3," recalled Miss Chansler.

"There were 15 in the group, including one local man, also a Communist. Five of them were Simbas (soldiers) and there were seven killers, and three youths."

She explained that the "killers" had one duty, and that was to kill. "Although," she added, "the Simbas and youths would sometimes kill too."

After arriving at the station, the rebels "told us they were going to kill us. Then they bound the men with their spears."

**Threats of Death**

"They accused us of hiding people and they looked everywhere, under beds, on roofs, in cupboards and everywhere possible. They did not let us up."

"After an hour and a half of searching and threatening our lives, they all jumped in my new car and left. (The car had been purchased through M.I.S. donations by Brea people. She explained that she only had the car four months.)

She then said that the rebels would reappear at spasmodic intervals, coming in the middle of the night or day. "We never knew when they would come."

Miss Chansler said.

"They would come looking for the chiefs, they wanted to kill the more educated people. Our chief was so brutally killed that the natives wouldn't repeat it to us," Miss Chansler added.

**Taken to Brewery**

After being evacuated to Pauls, the paratroopers "took us to a brewery and we stayed there all night, while the paratroopers guarded us. There was a shooting during the night," she said.

At noon Friday, the day after Thanksgiving Day, Miss Chansler and 19 other civilians were evacuated safely to Leopoldville.

She arrived in the United States Tuesday and left from Fort Washington, Pa. where the "Heart of Africa" missionary headquarters is based, early Wednesday morning.

A devoted missionary worker, Miss Chansler said that she would "have been happy to spend Christmas in the Congo, wasn't ready to leave yet."

## News of Congo

### Missionary

#### Cheers Family

"We're so grateful," Horace Chansler said Friday in Brea when he learned his sister Agnes, a veteran Congo missionary, had been returned to Leopoldville.

Earlier, she had been reported missing.

"She lived through trouble in the Congo before but was determined to stay there," said Chansler at his home, 347 S. Laurel Ave.

Miss Chansler, 64, began her work in the Congo 33 years ago and has been home for year-long visits just three times since. For 30 years she has operated a mission station 17 miles from Paulis.

She left Brea after attending California Christian College (now Chapman College) and Pasadena College. She is a Fullerton High School graduate.

#### Last Letter in July

Chansler held her last letter from rebel-held Ibandi, dated July 7, in which she reported the missionaries were holding a conference because the government has asked us to define our policy and to show what our work is and why we are here."

Chansler said that when he failed to get a birthday letter from her in August, for the first time in 20 years, he became worried.

## Rescued Missionary Soon to Return Home

BREA — Miss Agnes Chansler, Brea missionary to Africa, has returned to the United States, is in good health and will return home soon, according to word received from the Worldwide Evangelization Center in Ft. Washington, Pa.

She called her brother, Horace, 347 Laurel St., this morning from Ft. Washington, where she was flown from Africa.

This was the first direct word the free world has had from Miss Chansler since last July, when Congolese Communists took over the country, holding whites as hostages.

Word was received last week that she was alive and would be brought out of the Communist-infested jungles where she has been a teacher, nurse and missionary for 33 years. Soon after news of her rescue was received, however, relatives and friends were concerned over news of a Dutch airplane that crashed, killing whites leaving the country.

Chansler said he talked to his sister on the telephone and she said she was well and will return to Brea this week. Perry Chansler of Fullerton, another brother, said, "We are very thrilled and thankful to God for his blessings."

The family became concerned last July over the missionary's safety when she stopped writing. They said she was very faithful with her correspondence, and when it suddenly ceased, along with reports of Communist revolt of the Congo, they became concerned. Her last letter told of "trouble" in the area, but since she was stationed in a small village more than 300 miles from a city of any size, she felt that she would be safe.

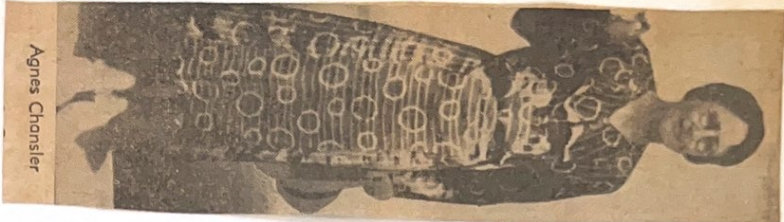
When the Africans took over control of the country in 1957, Miss Chansler refused to leave her post. The family said she probably would not have left this time except that she had no choice.

A school teacher before leaving the U.S. to go to the Congo, Miss Chansler had many hurdles to clear before being permitted to dedicate her life to African missionary work.

Her major problem came when she was turned down by several groups because of "ill health," but was finally sent to

Africa by the Worldwide Evangelization Crusade.

Miss Chansler said her life was in the balance two weeks ago when Communists came to her village searching for missing prisoners. They thought she was hiding them and they threatened her with knives and guns.



Agnes Chansler

Miss Chansler's family includes another brother, Perry, 345 Magnolia St., Brea; Mrs. Carrie Wilson, 2348 E. Clark St., Fullerton; Mrs. Alice Long, 20554 Roscoe Blvd., Canoga Park; Mrs. Tressie Heaton, YUCAIPA, and Mrs. Mildred Rasinger, Dunsmuir, N.M.

By RAY RHODES

"They said they would kill me tomorrow, but the next day the Belgian paratroopers dropped out of the sky and they ran away, into the jungle." That was how Miss Agnes Chanster described her rescue in Eghilia, Belgian Congo, on Thanksgiving Day. Very thin but

calm and happy to see her family, the Brew missionary arrived home yesterday afternoon from Leopoldville after her "deliverance" from the Congolese Communists.

She said she was not happy to be home and will not be happy for some time after seeing 4,000 of her people die in the hands of the brutal African rebel killer Leans and "Simbas."

#### PRAYED FOR SAFETY

When the Communists arrived at the little town of Poulas, only 17 miles from her missionary outpost, Miss Chanster had already listed among the missing in Brea where her family was praying for her safety.

"They rounded up all government workers and bound them as soon as they entered the town," she said. "They then set up two killing times each day, one in the morning and one in the evening."

She said they lined up the bound prisoners and held a few minutes of trial for each one. The trial consisted of selecting a method of killing.

#### KILLER SQUADS

The "killers," as they were called by natives, were divided into four squads, each squad with different weapons. They used clubs, spears, machetes and axes. The Red leader decided which group would do the killing.

"They all killed slowly," the frail little woman said. "Occasionally a fortunate one would be shot, but the slowest death came from beating with clubs." Before rescue came, 4,000 of the 10,000 people in the village died. Miss Chanster said they first

# Red Terror In Congo Told

## Agnes Chanster Returns Home, Paratroops Answer to Prayers

packed government workers all the way down to the Sudan carried. They then rounded up most of those who had any education at all and killed them in the middle of the little village.

#### CHIEFS SLAIN

They came to her small outpost of Eghilia in search of three native chiefs, but found and killed only two. They thought the missionary was hiding the other chief, and searched her home day and night for several weeks. She said she never knew when they were coming so, "we stayed dressed all the time for weeks." "They said we must tell them where the people were hiding. They said they would kill us soon and we all believed them," she said.

She said the Communist movement in the Congo is P.R.O.-ness-inspired and radio P.R.O.-grams from Red China constantly wage a hate campaign against America. She said she heard programs daily accusing America of atrocities in Africa including news reports of American bombers destroying a school filled with children. Most of the educated natives laugh at the programs, she said, but literally hundreds of thousands of the blacks believe the stories and hate America.

When the Communists arrived in Poulas, they permitted natives to join their troops if they chose. Government workers and educated natives had no choice, however, and were killed.

#### CHILD YOUNTEERS

"Most of the volunteers were just children, and they took them away, both boys and girls, in trucks to fight government forces with spears and clubs," she said sadly.

She said the "big medicine" came from leaders in Zanzibar. Native Communists believed that "big medicine" made them "immune to bullets and even machine gun bullets would turn to water when they struck their bodies."

One of the restrictions of the "protection" is that they cannot touch a white person. If they are touched, they kill the person immediately.

"They came into the house without knocking and ordered food or tea, she declared. "When we brought things to them, they pointed to the table and said 'put it there.' They were afraid we would touch them. They were covered with blood," she said.

The missionary described her loss of a pickup truck purchased by her family and other Brea residents last Christmas. The four-wheel-drive vehicle arrived in the Congo four months ago and was a "Godsend" to the little woman who had to walk to outpost churches. Be-

fore the truck arrived, she walked 40 miles a day to instruct teachers and visit Christian natives.

#### TRUCK STOLEN

"I broke all our hearts when they came after the truck," she recalls sadly. "They told me to put the key on the table and when I did they said, 'All the trucks have two keys, get the other one!'"

#### Miss Chanster arrived home

with only a tiny overnight bag. Belgians, after arriving in Poulas, told whites that they had two minutes to get ready. They permitted only one small bag because the cargo plane equipped for only 90 passengers in bucket seats, carried 120 whites out of the area.

"When the Dutch arrived, the natives headed for the jungle. They all left," she said, "and most of the Reds headed for the Sudan."

Miss Chanster feels that she not only lost her possessions, very likely she has lost much of her 35 years of work in the Congo. Many of the natives she has taught and nursed are now dead in a land where it is a killing offense to be educated.

#### OPENED SCHOOL

When she first arrived at the little outpost, she opened a school to teach natives to read and write. She nursed them and in her spare time taught them of God. After several years of teaching, she established teachers schools for her advanced students.

Through the years, she has provided a large staff of teachers who man their own schools throughout the Cong. She had 15 native teachers at her school when the Reds arrived.

"We are thankful that the children were not at Eghilia when the Communists came. School had not yet started for the year, or they would probably have been killed too," she

When asked about her plans for the future, she said she hopes to return to the Congo "things straighten out." Other than that remote hope, she said she has no plans at all.

#### STAYS WITH BROTHER

She is now staying at the home of her brother PERRY Chanster in Brea, but she has not even made plans for a place to stay. She has another brother and sister living in Brea and a family reunion was held at the modest little home yesterday.

Her brother, Perry, said he is now retired and will be able to take his now-famous sister any place she wishes to go. He said he drove her to many speaking engagements during her last visit in 1957 and will again be available to help his sister.

Each of the family feel that the Brea missionary is born "because of the power of prayer."

The missionary, who has managed to maintain a sharp sense of humor in spite of her tragedy, said she was well cared for after the Communists arrived. She said she had better food than, as a guest of friends, than she had had at the school before.

"The raven brought all the food I needed," she said with a chuckle, referring to the Raven who fed Eliza in the Bible





A KISS AND A SMILE — Marie Chanseler gets an affectionate kiss from her husband Perry upon the celebration of their 69th wedding anniversary last month. The Chanselers moved to Brea from Illinois in 1920, making a cross country journey in a Model T which lasted a month.

(Star-Progress photo by Brian H. Green)

and since then the Chanselers have seen it grow to 28,000.

"Sometimes when we'd get up there on Bastanchury Hill we'd say 'That's not the little Brea I used to know,'" she said.

The couple has been extremely active in the Church of the Nazarene since 1924 and Perry attributes their long and happy life to being a devout Christian.

"Heaven is preparing a place for prepared people and if we don't prepare ourselves, we won't end up there," Perry said. "I've endeavored to live a life free of sin and it isn't always an easy task. For 36 years, Perry served

on the church board in addition to serving as the president of the Young People's Society for seven years. He doesn't hold a position on the board now, jokingly adding, "I guess they think I'm too old."

Meanwhile, Marie served as treasurer for the church and treasurer for the Missionary Society for 10 years. The society is now the equivalent of the World Vision group in the church.

Marie described her favorite Christmas which was when she was 10 years old. Her mother, sick in bed with the measles, couldn't get out to buy gifts for the family.

"My brother and I went out and got all the presents and surprised her on Christmas morning."

Marie said the tree was decorated with berries and popcorn strung on thread and paper chains made by Marie and her brother. The tree also had wax candles on the limbs to light up the tree.

"When I wasn't very old," Perry said, "it commenced to snow on Christmas Eve and my parents had me convinced that Santa Claus couldn't come because of the snow."

Though Perry said his family was poor, he woke up Christmas morning to find presents under the tree. Santa Claus had come after all.

Their love and affection, as well as their health, has endured the test of time. For the Chanselers, like many in the city, Christmas is a very special time of year.

# Perry and Marie; Love and companionship for 69 years



By Brian H. Greene

DSP Staff Writer

BREA — Chestnuts roasting on an open fire, Jack Frost nipping at your nose. If you haven't heard already, Christmas is on its way once again.

And for a unique couple in Brea, they'll be celebrating their 69th Christmas in wedlock this year.

Perry and Marie Chanseler, 91 and 88 years young respectively, moved to Brea in 1920 and seemingly have lived happily ever after.

Their affection has remained as steady and constant as the sunrise each day. Yet in this everchanging world with a divorce rate on the rise, how has their relationship stood the test of time?

Simply put, "love" Mr. Chanseler confided.

"You have to learn to live with the opposites in your personalities," he said, explaining it's a "50/50" relationship. "You've got to give and you've got to take."

Perry first saw Marie when she was 15 and working in her father's general store as a clerk. She invited Perry to a Valentine's Party.

"I fell in love with her then and never fell out," he said.

The proud parents of five children, 12 grandchildren, and 11 great-grandchildren, the Chanselers came out to California after being married in Illinois on Nov. 22, 1916.

"We drove a Model T out here. There weren't many good roads then," Perry said. The trip took the Chanselers about a month.

Upon arriving, Perry got a job with the Union Oil Co. working in the oil fields and stayed there "just 27 days short of 40 years."

He labored as an oil well pumper, did repair work on wells and worked as a field mechanic for the last 14 years.

"I made \$5 per day in 1920 and got a six-bit bonus," he said. Six bits in 1920 was about 75¢.

Perry said company policy dictated that he retire in 1960 at age 65, though he didn't want to quit.

"I'd have worked another five years if I could have," he explained. "I can still go do a good day's work today."

While Perry worked in the fields of Union Oil, Marie tended their house located in the hills behind the field.

"There wasn't too much here when we came to Brea," Marie explained. Just over 1,000 people lived in the city at the time

TO HAVE AND TO HOLD — Perry and Marie Chanseler on the their wedding day, Nov. 22, 1916. After coming to California in 1920, Perry worked for the Union Oil Co. in Brea for almost 40 years before retirement in 1960.

## BREA 75 Years Wed—Time Simply Flew

As Perry Chansler sat, dozing in his favorite chair, his wife, Marie, recounted their life together with the precision of a historian. Indeed, it would take no less than a historian to tell the tales of their life together.

From the smallest details of what she was wearing on their wedding day to the weather, Marie dredged up memories as if she was speaking about yesterday. Quite a remarkable feat, considering that today the couple will celebrate their diamond wedding anniversary. Diamond, as in 75 years.

Perry, 96, used to be the family storyteller, but Alzheimer's disease has taken away many of his rich memories. So the job of keeper of the family history has been left to Marie, 94, who relishes the job.

"Perry's sister and my sister went [to the wedding] when we got married in Bridgeport, Ill. It was raining like anything," Marie said, her soft voice steady as she quietly ticked off the details. "Perry drove a horse and buggy, so we had to stay at my parents' that first night."

The Chanslers met, on the oil fields outside the Illinois town of Lawrenceville. She worked in her father's grocery, selling salmon for about 8 cents a can to Perry and the other hungry oilmen who made their living in the fields.

According to family members, Perry described Marie as "the prettiest thing he ever saw." After a whirlwind courtship, they were married Nov. 22, 1916. A few years later, they packed up and moved to California.

Today, four generations of Chanslers will gather to celebrate the 75 years of marriage, an accomplishment even the happy couple have trouble believing.

"It doesn't seem like it ought to be that long," Marie said. "It sure went by fast."

Oil and the weather brought Marie, Perry and several other family members to the West from the Midwest in 1920.

After living in La Habra for a few months, they settled into a two-room house that Marie's father built on North Orange Street. The Chanslers were one of the first families to call Brea home.

While Marie raised their five children—including twins Irl and Merle—Perry took a job with the Union Oil Co., where he worked for 40 years. Carl—her eldest son, who died in 1975—would walk down the hillside to attend Laurel Elementary School. Marie recalled.

Much has changed in Brea since those sleepy oil town days. During a recent drive around town, Marie found apartments on the spot that their house once occupied in Brea Canyon.

"It almost made me cry," she said. "You can hardly tell where you are."

Her talk wove in and out of their years together but kept coming back to the memories of the day they wed.

Surrounding her as she spoke was the evidence of their long union. Pictures of their surviving children—all now older than 65—join those of their 12 grandchildren and 18 great-grandchildren in filling the walls of their home. The living room is neatly kept; a Bible rests near a basket full of anniversary cards.

Many of their offspring live nearby and often get together in the couple's small house on Magnolia Street, in which the Chanslers have lived since 1952.

"It is a privilege to be able to do [things] for them," said daughter Jennie Phillips, 68, who lives just a few blocks from her parents. "We are very lucky ... to have them." —LYNDA NATALI



Perry and Marie Chansler have been married 75 years. They came to California in 1920. Photo is of them in 1917.

DON KEISEN / Los Angeles Times

known throughout Southern California. A native of Hamburg, Germany, that occurred March 10, 1873, and he received his education in the public schools of that country. On finishing his schooling, he was apprenticed to the trade of window trimmer, paying for his instruction at a private school, and was obliged to serve four years there before following his trade elsewhere. He then served two years in the German army and spent the next year working at his trade in Germany.

In 1900 the young man sought greater opportunities, and came across the sea to the City of Mexico, and secured a position as window trimmer with the large department store of J. Albert Company, remaining with that concern five years. At the end of that time he came to Los Angeles, and became cashier and steward of the Turner Hall cafe on South Main Street. After six years with them he was steward and cashier of the Louvre Cafe on South Spring Street for two years.

In 1911 Mr. Kluewer located in Anaheim, and started a cafe and grill at 154 West Center Street, where he now has one of the best appointed grills in the country, which is noted for a decided novelty in the shape of two private dining rooms patterned after large wine casks, and seating twelve guests each, an idea Mr. Kluewer got from a Paris restaurant he visited some twenty years ago. He has splendid cooks and serves only the best foods, maintaining a first class and well appointed establishment and has met with deserved success in his business. In addition to his other business interests Mr. Kluewer has bought and sold real estate in Anaheim, and at one time was the owner of a ten-acre orange grove at Fullerton.

The marriage of Mr. Kluewer which occurred in September, 1919, united him with Miss Louise Rasmueller, a native of Chicago. Fraternally he is a member of the Red Men, and its past chief in the lodge at Anaheim. With the best interests of his city and country at heart, Mr. Kluewer has entered whole-heartedly into all projects for advancing their welfare, and his broad-minded and generous aid have been of material help in the general progress of this section of California. He is a member of the Anaheim Chamber of Commerce and of the Merchants Association.

**WILLIAM A. CULP**—How much Californians have accomplished both to advance the state of husbandry and also to make this part of the coast areas fruitful and attractive to the rest of the world, is well illustrated in the life and accomplishment of William A. Culp, the orchardist of Brea. He is a Pennsylvanian by birth, having been born in Clarion County of the Keystone State on December 18 of the Centennial Year, and his parents were J. C. and Louise (Lineman) Culp. His father was an oil man, and had an interesting association with the development of one of the great industries of Pennsylvania. They were the parents of four children. Mr. Culp is deceased and Mrs. Culp resides in Rochester, N. Y.

William A. Culp attended the grammar and high schools at Meadville, and early got into the oil business, which he followed in the East and after coming West in 1911. Three years later, he had entered another field, that of growing citrus fruits and still later became the owner of the Brea Garage, and is now erecting a modern cement block building for a moving picture theater. He is an active member of the Chamber of Commerce, and leaves no stone unturned to contribute to the growth of Brea and its flourishing county.

On August 29, 1900, Mr. Culp was married to Miss Edith Goodwin, who has proven a valuable helpmate, sharing enthusiastically in his enterprises. His children, Helen, Lura, Julia, Margaret and Sarah, have always enjoyed a large measure of popularity. Although a "standpat" Democrat in matters of national politics, Mr. Culp is broad-minded and free in his support of local issues. He has been honored with the presidency of the school board, and also of the Chamber of Commerce.

**GEORGE RAYMOND JONES**—Another representative business man of Fullerton who has brought to bear, in the discharge of his responsibilities, a valuable experience and a never-failing energy, so that the community in which he has cast his lot has come to feel and benefit from his healthy influence, is George Raymond Jones, of the well-known firm of C. C. and G. R. Jones, agents for the Oakland Motor Car. He was born at Jacksonville, Texas, on March 4, 1895, the son of J. E. Jones, who was once president of the First National Bank of Fullerton, but is now retired. His wife was Texanna Crosby Brooks before her marriage, and she and her worthy husband are still living, blessed by their five children.

The third child, George Raymond, came to California in 1914, having been educated in the schools of Arkansas, after which he went to the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor. Returning to Fullerton, Mr. Jones was for a while in the Fullerton National Bank as assistant cashier. When the opportunity presented itself, Mr. Jones bought

June 19, 1942

BP Death Takes William Culp,  
Brea Resident for 30 Years

Death came peacefully last Friday evening to William Amos Culp, 66 years old, one of Brea's best loved citizens.

About five years ago Culp suffered a stroke. After stroke followed from time to time until six months ago when he was confined to his bed.

The story of Brea is closely aligned with Bill Culp. He came here in 1913, when he took charge of a gasoline plant for the Pacific Gasoline company.

He left the company in 1918, operated a garage for two years in back of where Vern Russell's and J. W. Grimes' offices now are located on Pomona avenue.

In ~~1920~~ 1920 Culp opened a real estate and insurance office, had been in that business ever since.

Born in Pennsylvania! (Bold)!

It was quite natural for Culp to gravitate to an oil community like Brea because he was born amid the oilfield of Pennsylvania, worked in the oilfield there until he left for California. He lived one year in Bakerfield before coming to Brea.

Before his illness Culp was active in Brea's religious and social life. He was a member of

The Lions Club, member and one of the founders of the Congregational church.

... Mrs. Culp has made no plans yet for the Culp business.

Brea Progress  
Fri., Feb. 19, 1937

## Culp Has Had A Hand In Building

WAS ONE OF FIRST CHAMBER  
OF COMMERCE HEADS

(By Lucille Washbon)

"I have traveled from Alaska to Mexico and from Los Angeles to Boston, I have never seen any town that I have liked better than Brea," is the statement given by W. A. Culp, realtor.

He came first to Randoiph (now Brea) in June, 1910, in interest of the Eastern Machinery House and installed the first case-ing-head gasoline plant in California, on the Birch lease in Brea Canyon.

He moved permanently to Brea in September 1912, affiliated with the Pacific Gasoline Company. He was elected to the Grammar school board, and held this position until all the present business buildings were built.

Mr. Culp was one of seven organizers of the Orange county road, Central avenue, through La Habra, in district one. He was one of the first trustees of the Brea Congregational church, and helped build the first church building, located on the south west corner of Pomona and Birch.

Mr. Culp was one of the first presidents of the Chamber of Commerce, with Frank Schweitzer. He designed and built Brea's first fire engine, and also the first fire chief. He helped sub-divide seventy-two acres into town lots and built a number of houses. He helped to organize the Brea Lions club. Mr. Culp said that he has not as yet bought a home for himself, but if he ever does, it will be in Brea.

## Jack Collins Came Twenty-Two Years

POMONA AVENUE WAS THEN  
ONLY GOOD STREET

(By Bud McConnell)

Jack Collins, who is manager of the Brea lumber company and is a prominent member of the Lions club, has been many places and seen many interesting things so far in his life. He has been a rancher, prospector, miner, clerk in a store, and lumberman, which he is now.

Mr. Collins came from Wilmington to Brea in December 1915, to manage the Brea lumber company for his Wilmington boss.

He says that there was a population of approximately fifteen hundred at that time and only one paved street which was Pomona avenue. The rest of the streets (if they could be called streets) were mud holes in winter and dusty during the summer.

South of Birch, where the park, residential district, and some stores now stand, and east where the Brea-Olinda high school is, were nothing but grain fields as there were no orange orchards at the time.

According to Mr. Collins, the stores were in the same location as they now are, with the residential district being Madrona street.

Twenty-two years ago, students were attending grammar school in the building where the Union Oil office is now located. At the time there was no such thing as the Laurel school. "Mr. Fanning," says Mr. Collins, "put the Brea grammar school system where it is today because of his splendid educational work for its betterment."

Quoting Mr. Collins, "When the Brea-Olinda high school was built, it was the best thing that could have happened to the community as it brought together, and made many new friends of, men who had not known each other existed beforehand."

Mr. Collins says that he is very proud of the fact that his two sons, William and John, have gone completely through the Brea grammar and high schools.

He now has a pet rabbit in his lumber yard. Although the rabbit is of wild breed, Mr. Collins says he can get quite close to him because the rabbit has grown up at the lumber yard. He says there used to be two of them, but something hapened to the other.

Mr. Collins came into this world in 1873 at Ontario, Canada. He was there until 1890, when he came to Los Angeles in May and spent two days there before proceeding to Oakland where his brother-in-law and sister had a ranch.

Mr. Collins spent five years on the ranch, before he decided to go to Alaska to try his luck at prospecting in 1895. While he was in Alaska, he worked in mines, wood yards, a store, and prospected on his own. He was in Alaska for seven years, 1895-1902. During that time he saw three of the famous dog races that took place each year and also saw Dan Magrue, the man that so many poems have been written about, and Archie Mitchell leave on that fatal trip when Dan Magrue was shot. He became very friendly with Rex Beach, a famous writer. Rex, according to Mr. Collins, is about sixty-eight years old now. He says that Rex wrote a book "The Spoilers" which is a true story of Alaska, characters and setting.

In 1898, he says, there were about 750 reindeer shipped to Alaska to distribute to the natives, as the Americans had killed off most of the reindeer in Alaska.

Mr. Collins had the privilege of helping to carry Alaska's first printing press to Nome. It was late and the owner of the printing press had no way of transporting it, so he asked Mr. Collins if he would get some men to carry the

press as a storm was approaching.

Alaska is made up of the words Al-ay-eska meaning "the Great Country." It was purchased from Russia in 1867 for \$7,200,000, and it was admitted into the Union the same year it was purchased. The highest point of Alaska is Mt. McKinley, which is 20,300 feet high, and the lowest point is Umga Islet, which is 150 feet above sea level.

It gets to be 80 degrees above zero in the summer, and 80 degrees below in the winter. Mr. Collins says that he was outside at one time when it was 75 degrees below, and he had to keep moving or he would have frozen

Brea Progress  
Fri., Feb. 26, 1937



# Couple recounts 75 years of memories

By Barbara A. Williams

Our Correspondent

BREA — The 1916 photo of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Chanister is a nostalgic's delight — a crisp, black and white, formal pose of two young people who had just vowed to face the future "for better or worse."

The photograph was taken in a boxcar studio near Lawrenceville, Ill., only a few months before a fledgling California community called Brea declared its eldhood on Feb. 23, 1917.

Seventy-five years and a 2,000-mile trek later, these two midgets of family and civic history will be celebrated in the same city. Brea residents Perry and Marie Chanister will observe their 75th wedding anniversary on Nov. 22, just three months before their adopted hometown celebrates its own Jubilee.

The Chanisters — Perry, Marie and their 2-year-old son, Carl — moved to California in 1920, joining other family members in a cramped, 2-year caravan for a monthlong journey that began in Illinois on June 21.

The travelers were hoping to find a climate that would improve the health of Marie's father, George Gregory, and near Marie's job and homes near Marie's sisters who were already established in La Habra and San Pedro.

The story of their cross-country adventure was best told by Perry, Marie noted fondly, because Perry always had the best memory in the family. Now that Perry's memory is fading at the age of 96, the story-telling duties have fallen to his 94-year-old wife, who carries her own vivid recollections of their journey to the Golden State.

Marie recalled that neither of the family's two vehicles came with the luxury of a trunk. Household possessions had to be piled high in the back seat, or strapped into a compartment her father had built along the back and running board of one of the cars, Marie said.

Motels and campsites were only a futuristic dream, so the family had to set up their own roadside camp each night, filling tents with quilts and feather mattresses and cooking meals over a hastily built fire.

Motels and campsites were only a futuristic dream, so the family had to set up their own roadside camp each night. Filling tents with quilts and feather mattresses and cooking meals over a hastily built fire.

"I remember one night we sat and said, 'Just think, we drove 100 miles today!' We thought we were a-flying," Marie remembered with a chuckle.

However, crossing the desert in the summertime was no laughing matter. Family members had to take turns pushing each other's car out of the washed-out roads, Marie said.

"It was so hot, I was sick," she added. "We'd wet clothes and put them on our faces to keep cool."

Marie also remembered the Indians who sold their wares in Albuquerque, car trouble in Needles, and the delight young Carl took in watching prairie dogs run from the approaching cars. And she remembered pulling into La Habra on an orange-bellied road now called Central Avenue.

"We all just wanted to get to an orange tree and pick an orange," Marie said. "Now you can't find a tree anywhere around."

After "renting a bit" in La Habra, the Chanisters moved into a two-room house at 142 N. Orange in Brea that Marie's father had built for them. They were living on Orange Street in 1921 when daughter Leta (now Leta Terrill) of Brea was born, but eventually moved to an oilfield lease home off Brea Canyon Road when Perry accepted a pumping job in the oilfield.

The Brea Canyon site was still called home when the Chanisters' remaining children were born — Jennie (now Jennie Phillips of Brea) in 1923 and twins Jrl (of Heperla) and Merle (of Monterey) in 1924. All five Chanister children attended Brea schools, graduating from Laurel Elementary School, Brea Grammar School and Brea-Olinda High School.

The Chanisters' made a few more moves in Brea to accommodate Perry's jobs in the oilfield. Their addresses included the Stearns lease, a return to Or-



(Star-Progress photo by Stan Bird)

**A DIAMOND ANNIVERSARY** — On the road of life together for the better part of this century, Perry and Marie Chanister are celebrating their Diamond Anniversary this month. The photo they hold was taken in a boxcar studio several months before Brea became a city, in 1917.

ange Street, Madrona Avenue and Avenue.

"Perry bought the lot on Magnolia and helped them build the house," Marie said proudly. "I'd come over and bring lunch and help paint a little. We moved in May 31, 1922."

Marie's razor-sharp memory makes for precision story-telling when she recounts everything from retirement dates ("Perry retired in 1960. He always said he had spent 40 years minus 27 days in the oilfields") to the details of their courtship ("Perry often

"When you marry the opposite sex, well, you've always been one way and then you just have to learn to get along...be BELIEVE. It's not that I don't just don't CARE for di-

— Marie Chanister

minutes later on his route. Perry's support helped Marie through one of the most difficult times in her young life, she recalled, when fire claimed their family store and home. The family had been taken in by neighbors, and Perry quickly made it coaxing her into attending an "oyster supper" at the nearby Methodist church on the evening after the blaze.

Marie's family eventually moved east to Lawrenceville, where her father operated a flour mill and Marie worked "a Perry-type store."

When Marie was 19, the 21-year-old Perry took action on their long-standing agreement to get married, Marie said. On Nov. 22, 1916, Perry rented a new Ford and drove his tatted-gowned sweetheart to the Methodist parsonage in Bridgeport, Ill., where they "repeated their marriage vows" under the archway between the parsonage's living room and dining room, with Marie and Perry's sisters, the parson, his wife and his daughter in attendance.

"It was raining so hard that we had to go back to my folks' house that night," Marie recalled. "There was supposed to be a shower for us the next night at his folks' house, but it was still raining too hard to hold it."

The young couple set up house near Lawrenceville, moving into a "Big Four" oilfield house while Perry worked the oilfields. Son Carl was born in 1918, thereby earning his right to call the cross-country trip. Carl died in 1974.

As Perry and Marie prepare to celebrate their 75th anniversary, Marie looked back across the

years with practical clarity. The secret to a solid marriage, she figured, was compromise.

"When you marry the opposite sex, well, you've been raised one way and they've been raised another. You just have to get along," Marie said. Besides, she added, "I don't care for divorce."

"It's not that I don't BELIEVE in divorce, I just don't CARE for divorce," she clarified.

The Chanisters' 75-year partnership contains many happy memories for the couple — family camping trips with the children, for instance, ("no sleeping bags then, just quilts and hot rocks for warmth") and the retirement hobby of house-trailer camping and salmon fishing.

Both enjoyed serving on the board of Brea Christian Church, now known as Yorba Linda Faith Community church of the Nazarene. Marie supervised the Sunday School's primary department and headed the women's mission group, while Perry served as president of the young people's group.

Perry and Marie also enjoyed a longtime association with the Brea Senior Center, visiting the center at least three times a week to drive. Nowadays their activities are more limited, and they rely on the daytime help of homemaker Kay Thomson of Whittier, who has become "a member of the family" during the past year, Marie said.

Despite getting out and about less often, the Chanisters have promised to return to the Senior Center on Nov. 22 to be the guests of honor at an 11:45 a.m. anniversary luncheon party, which will include a visit from Mayor Wayne Weida, center staff said. Then Perry and Marie's family — which now includes 12 grandchildren and 17 great-grandchildren — will be hosts for an celebration at their home on the following day.

But that won't be the end of the partying for the Chanisters. Daughter Jennie Phillips and her husband, Don, will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary on Dec. 21. And then, of course, it's about time to celebrate Brea's birthday.

# Longtime resident has history on the line

790

"Hello Central, Give Me Heaven... (For My Daddy's There...)" Sheet music for the old tear-jerking song depicts the obligatory golden-haired little angel looking skyward while talking on one of those two-piece telephones as stalwart Daddy's image is superimposed smiling tenderly down from suspiciously frothy-looking clouds. Front cover of "Hello, Ma Baby (Hello My Honey, Hello My Ragtime Gal)," one of prolific composer Joseph E. Howard's numerous big hits, composed in 1899, has a misty-eyed couple smiling through tears as the telephone links them while they're parted. "Hello Ma Baby" was the first well-known song to refer to that new-fangled instrument.

## BREA BEAT

By Leslie Stuart Carter

**"Walter had proposed to me twice — eight years apart and once when we were children."**

—Ruth Calderwood

When Brea's Ruth Moseley Calderwood first saw the light of Western stars in 1913 in long-vanished Olinda, that everyday instrument looming largely in all our lives had been on the scene a mere 37 years. Scottish-born Alexander Graham Bell's momentous if mishapped brainchild of 1876 ("I have accidentally made a discovery of the very greatest importance," he wrote to friend Gardiner Hubbard.) now spawns an estimated 190 billion domestic calls alone each year in the United States.

Wasn't quite that frantic in the days when Ruth Calderwood first began plugging away on her PBX board at Brea's first telephone exchange building at 115 Birch St., constructed in 1925. For 23 years before direct dialing eliminated the stereotypical "number, plee-us," talk-of-the-town operator from the local scene, the little box-shaped, white-stuccoed structure was Brea's hub. Still visible behind errant foliage and beneath a voracious coat of paint, Pacific Bell's symbol on the now vacant building's east side defies obliteration. All through the years after the place became a chiropractor's office, swapping phones for bones, that telephone sign was a constant reminder to Ruth Calderwood of her four-year sojourn as a Brea switchboard operator.

Ruth Allene Moseley graduated from Brea-Olinda High in 1931, in the first class to have passed through the city's entire school system. The daughter of Charles T. and Ella Morton Moseley still has her striking speaking voice that attracted Pacific Bell's attention all those years ago. "They called me, I didn't call them," she laughed in a recent interview.

At first a night relief vacations operator handling many calls from patrons with telephonitis (described by the ordinarily austere Webster's Dictionary as a "marked fondness for, or obsession with, telephoning... common to all teenagers") Ruth Moseley doubled as a waitress at another Brea landmark, Granny's Cafe, across Brea Boulevard from the Red Lantern Theatre. The Gumm family ran the theater and would nip across to Granny's for lunch. Ten-year-old, precocious Frances Gumm who, as every Brean with an atom of knowledge of city history knows became ill-fated, tragic Judy Garland, wasn't among Ruth's favorite customers. "Frances-Judy was a spoiled brat!"

In January, 1939, while war clouds glowered over Europe and a posturing little Viennese housepainter, Adolf Hitler, held a continent for ransom, teenagers pretty Ruth Moseley and handsome Walter Calderwood were married in the Randolph Street home of the bride's parents. "Walter had proposed to me twice — eight years apart and once when we were children," smiled Ruth. Although the newlyweds left Brea (pronounced Bree-a by Ruth Calderwood) for Encinitas in San Diego County where they bought a coffee shop ("I made all the pies"), our city was the base where the couple raised two children, Joyce and Myrtle called "Mickey" after his first day at Brea-Olinda High when the name Myrtle got the lad assigned to the girls' gym class!

Diminutive, effervescent and animated Ruth Calderwood's neat Brea home echoes yet to twin tragedies that decimated her little family. After 53 years of marriage, Walter succumbed to Alzheimer's Disease in December, 1990. "I should be snapping out of it soon," Ruth smiled wily. "Walter so badly wanted to be an architect but he lacked the money for college so he went to work for the Safeway Co. He had left home in Cardiff-by-the-Sea at age 16 after losing his mother who died in a San Diego hospital of a thorn prick from an asparagus fern."

The loss of son Mickey in 1969 at the tender age of 26 still looms large in the mottled world of Ruth Calderwood. "Mickey worked on the Long



On the Brea Exchange Ruth Calderwood (front, third from left) stands with other operators in front of Brea's first telephone exchange building, which was constructed in 1925. For 23 years the little box-shaped, white-stuccoed structure was Brea's hub.

Beach docks and one day when one of those huge loading arms that they use to load ships swung dangerously toward him, he did the only thing he could; Mickey dove into the ocean — but he was too close to the wall..."

With one great-grandchild whom she dotes on, Ruth looks back at her time as a telephonist during Brea's formative years when her job was less formally performed than with today's anonymous voices and push-button dialing. In fact, the only push-button about Ruth's PBX was the panic button she pressed to summon a supervisor when her switchboard occasionally lit-up like Bill Clinton's and George Bush's from irate callers wanting to know if the two candidates *have* to use those contrived-sounding expletives. "We'd get perhaps a drunk on the line who'd want to talk," said Ruth, "and we just had to go along with them. We could, when we weren't busy, chat with callers or with messenger boys who'd deliver to people without phones."

Earlier, separate-earpiece phones weren't the slick-looking jobs of the 1990s. Just as well for old Front Page-style Hollywood movies where Pat O'Brien or Lee Tracy, smoking

up a storm, would dash from the courtroom to call the visor-wearing, cigar chomping, grizzled editor. Jiggling frantically; "Gimme city desk! Hello, chief, this is Scoop. Hold the front page. Louie took

**"We'd get perhaps a drunk on the line who'd want to talk. We could, when we weren't busy, chat with callers or with messenger boys who'd deliver to people without phones."**

it on the lam!" Let's see them remake that with push-button phones and Tony Perkins.

It's no historic revelation that Abraham Lincoln never saw a telephone: could be why he looks so brooding in photos — no way to call up all his girlfriends. A familiar misconception is that Honest Abe was a one-gal fella, Ann

Rutledge. Now, while he was no rail-splitting Warren Beatty, the lanky lad from Kentucky had several romances going one of which was with Ruth Calderwood's great, great, great aunt, Mary Owens, whom he met while clerking in a small general store in New Salem, Ill. While the mild affair wouldn't phase Jane Fonda-Ted Turner, history's Great Emancipator called Mary "intelligent and agreeable" and said he had "no objection to plodding through life hand in hand with Mary." The old ardor cooled, though, when Mary developed a marked tendency to ahem, like, well, sort of put on weight. Lincoln gave her what is today called The Big Elbow while wishing her "a long life and a merry one attend you" in the flowery verbiage of the mid-19th Century.

One thing you can say about Mary Owens' great, great, great niece, Ruth Calderwood: telephone operator or not — she certainly had great connections.

Brea Beat is a regular feature of the Brea News. Leslie Stuart Carter is a longtime resident of Brea and has written freelance articles for a variety of magazines and newspapers.



**RACE-DRIVING MAYOR** — Emil Carlson, mayor of Brea in 1945, has a past that includes race driving and flying. Shown above at the wheel of his 1907 converted Packard, Carlson won many local road races at

**EX-RACE DRIVER**

**Former Brea Mayor  
Recalls 'Calmer' Days**

Oct. 7, 1964

In the early days, Carlson became a truck driver when he was 12. Trucks were a new thing in those days and a person who could drive could find a job no matter how young he was, he explained. By the time he was 13, he owned a garage in Placentia and staged with the mechanic trade for many years.

By the time he was 15, he had switched to race cars and was building up his own speedsters. He converted a 1907 Packard and left for the Phoenix Road Race but ran into trouble.

He drove the racer all the way to Phoenix, including a ferry trip across the Colorado River. When he arrived, they would not let him enter the race without a new set of tires, which he couldn't afford.

A few years later, he switched to airplane-building and became an aviator himself after a frightening experience. He said he was flying with a French pilot out of the old Brea Airport one afternoon when they spotted a bridge across the small creek east of what is now the Union Oil Co. Research plant on Imperial Hwy.

"The pilot asked if the plane would fit under the little bridge and I suggested we land and push it under to see. He decided otherwise and few under at full throttle. That's when I decided to learn to fly myself." Carlson helped construct the famous Brea Hummingbird here, about which many fa-

area. The plane was the first low-wing cantilever craft ever built and had no external guy wires or struts.

"The little plane came to a disastrous end in Brea and the pilot Ray Freeman of Anaheim, was killed.

"We had an air show here that day," Carlson recalls, "and a group of De Havilland bombers were performing for the crowds. Freeman decided to make a few runs on the bombers with the Hummingbird and he pulled the wings off the plane," he said.

He explained that the little craft was first flown powered with a motorcycle engine. Later they installed a larger three-cylinder Italian engine, but it was too powerful for the plane.

"I set a governor on the engine to reduce the power, but Freeman took it off. It was just too much power for the small plane and it crashed," he said.

He worked on several other "home-made" aircraft, including one huge twin-engine plane that was designed and built in Placentia and Brea to be entered in the Honolulu race. The plane carried 1,100 gallons of gasoline and one of his jobs was to weld a system of baffles inside the tanks.

When the plane was constructed and tested here, the builders found it to be an excellent plane and a top contender in the race. Carlson said the rules in those days included a final check by Navy pilots of all plans in the race to assure liability for the long over-water flight.

**PLANE CRASHED**

"We flew the plane down to San Diego and turned it over to the Navy for checking," he said. "Several days later, they were up flying and the fog rolled in. They smacked the hills at Point Loma and completely destroyed the plane and killed the pilots," he said.

By 1942, when he was first elected to the City Council, Carlson was working for a large oil field instrument company in Los Angeles. He became mayor in 1945.

He said his biggest accomplishment during his terms on the City Council was bringing Metropolitan water to Brea. "We had a terrible water system in those days and our well water was so hard that it was almost undrinkable. We also had water from the La Habra Water Co., but it was primarily irrigation water and came here in an open ditch after running through barriovards all the way from Los Angeles County," he said.

**LINK TO MWD**

"They told him that joining Metropolitan was impossible because the community had to have an assessed valuation of at least \$11 million. He worked with attorneys and water experts in the area and found that they could join if a larger entity helped them out. He began the long task of attempting to get help from the Irvine Ranch Co. along with other councilmen and A. W. Studebaker, now city water superintendent.

Carlson knew several of the members of the Irvine Board of Directors, but he said he couldn't seem to convince them that they should "stick their necks out for Brea."

"We went to a final meeting with them and fully expected to thank them for their trouble and give the whole thing up," the ex-mayor said.

"Just as a parting shot, I told the board that this was like the story about the little boy who wanted a drink out of a water fountain but he was too short. The old man came by and lifted the little boy up and gave him a drink. I told the board that we were the little boy and they were the old man. They burst out laughing and voted to give us the necessary assistance and we joined Metropolitan," he declared.

**FIRST GLASS**

He said they tied into the main line in front of the high school and they drew off the first glass of water for him as mayor to drink.

"We took pictures and were very happy, but when I started to drink the water, it was so dirty I waited until the camera was gone and threw it away," he laughed.

Now retired, Carlson says he keeps busy with a little carpenter and shop work at his home on Laurel. He remembers his first carpenter attempt when he built a home on Birch St. just east of Pioneer St.

"There were no homes in the area at all in those days," he recalls. "I didn't have any building permits, but it worked out all right. It is still standing today and is a pretty good house," he chuckled.

**By RAY RHOADS**

BREA — A Brea mayor of 25 years ago said the old days were not so tedious and hectic in the city. He was a race driver, aircraft builder and flyer, truck driver, mechanic and carpenter, to name a few activities.

Emil Carlson, who lives on Laurel St., was born in Placentia and moved to Brea in 1920 when "there was almost nothing in the city."

He was elected to the City Council in 1942 and claimed that there was no "bickering and fighting" in those days.

"Maybe it was because there wasn't the battles to be elected then," he said. "A man in town said I should be on the council and I thought he was kidding. He filed my name and I was placed on the ballot. I forgot now whom I voted for but it wasn't for myself."

An indication of the difference in the way things were handled



**RACE-DRIVING MAYOR** — Emil Carlson, mayor of Brea in 1945, has a past that includes race driving and flying. Shown above at the wheel of his 1907 converted Packard, Carlson won many local road races at

By RAY RHOADS  
 BREa — A Brea mayor of 25 years ago said the old days were not so tedious and hectic in the city. He was a race driver, aircraft builder and flyer, truck driver, mechanic and carpenter, to name a few activities.  
 Emil Carlson, who lives on Laurel St., was born in Placentia and moved to Brea in 1920 when "there was almost nothing to the city."

EX-KALE ... OCT 7, 1964

## Former Brea Mayor Recalls 'Calmer' Days

In the early days, Carlson became a truck driver when he came to Brea. Trucks were a new thing in those days and a person who could drive could find a job no matter how young he was, he explained. By the time he was 13, he owned a garage in Placentia and stayed with the mechanic trade for many years.

By the time he was 15, he had switched to race cars and was building up his own speedsters. He converted a 1907 Packard and left for the Phoenix Road Race but ran into trouble. He drove the racer all the way to Phoenix, including a ferry trip across the Colorado River. When he arrived, they would not let him enter the race without a new set of tires, which he couldn't afford. A few years later, he switched to airplane-building and became an aviator himself after a frightening experience. He said he was flying with a French pilot out of the old Brea Airport one afternoon when they spotted a bridge across the small creek east of what is now the Union Oil Co. Bessacht plant on Imperial Hwy.

The pilot asked if the plane would fit under the little bridge and I suggested we land and push it under to see. He decided otherwise and flew under at full throttle. That's when I decided to learn to fly myself. Carlson helped construct the famous Brea Hummingbird race about which many fa-

The plane was the first low-wing cantilever craft ever built and had no external guy wires or struts.

The little plane came to a disastrous end in Brea and the pilot Ray Freeman of Anaheim, was killed.

"We had an air show here that day," Carlson recalls, "and a group of De Havilland bombers were performing for the crowds. Freeman decided to make a few runs on the bombers with the Hummingbird and pulled the wings off the plane," he said.

He explained that the little craft was first flown powered with a motorcycle engine. Later they installed a larger three-cylinder Italian engine, but it was too powerful for the plane. "I set a governor on the engine to reduce the power, but Freeman took it off. It was just too much power for the small plane and it crashed," he said.

He worked on several other "home-made" aircraft, including one huge twin-engine plane that was designed and built in Placentia and Brea to be entered in the Honolulu race. The plane carried 1,100 gallons of gasoline and one of his jobs was to weld a system of baffles inside the tanks.

When the plane was couriered and tested here, the builders found it to be an excellent plane and a top contender in the race. Carlson said the rules in those days included a final check by Navy pilots of all plans in the race to assure liability for the long over-water flight.

### PLANE CRASHED

"We flew the plane down to San Diego and turned it over to the Navy for checking," he said. "Several days later, they were up flying and the fog rolled in. They smashed the hills at Point Loma and completely destroyed the plane and killed the pilots," he said.

By 1942, when he was first elected to the City Council, Carlson was working for a large oil field instrument company in Los Angeles. He became mayor in 1945.

He said his biggest accomplishment during his terms on the City Council "was bringing Metropolitan water to Brea." "We had a terrible water system in those days and our well water was so hard that it was almost undrinkable. We also had water from the La Habra Water Co., but it was primarily irrigation water, and came here in an open ditch after running through baryards all the way from Los Angeles County," he said.

### LINK TO MWD

They told him that joining Metropolitan was impossible because the community had to have an assessed valuation of at least \$11 million. He worked with attorneys and water experts in the area and found that they could join if a larger entity helped them out. He began the long task of attempting to get help from the Irvine Ranch Co. along with other councilmen and A. W. Studebaker, now city water superintendent.

Carlson knew several of the members of the Irvine Board of Directors, but he said he couldn't seem to convince them that they should "stick their necks out for Brea."

"We went to a final meeting with them and fully expected to thank them for their trouble and give the whole thing up," the ex-mayor said.

"Just as a parting shot, I told the board that this was like the story about the little boy who wanted a drink out of a water fountain but he was too short. The old man came by and lifted the little boy up and gave him a drink. I told the board that we were the little boy and they were the old man. They burst out laughing and voted to give us the necessary assistance and we joined Metropolitan," he declared.

### FIRST GLASS

He said they tied into the main line in front of the high school and they drew off the first glass of water for him as mayor to drink.

"We took pictures and were very happy, but when I started to drink the water, it was so dirty I waited until the camera was gone and threw it away," he laughed.

Now retired, Carlson says he keeps busy with a little carpenter and shop work at his home on Laurel. He remembers his first carpenter attempt when he built a home on Birch St. just east of Flower St. "There were no homes in the area at all in those days," he recalls. "I didn't have a any building permits, but it worked out all right. It is still standing today and is a pretty good house," he chuckled.

the age of 15. He was a truck driver at the age of 12 and one of the nation's pioneer aircraft builders. He helped construct the famous Brea Hummingbird and flew the craft out of the old Brea airport.

He was elected to the City Council in 1942 and claimed that there was no "bickering" and fighting in those days.

"Maybe it was because there wasn't the battles to be elected then," he said. "A man in town said I should be on the council and I thought he was kidding. He filed my name and I was placed on the ballot. I forget now whom I voted for but it wasn't for myself." An indication of the difference in the way things were handled

# NEWSLETTER



401 South Brea Boulevard  
P. O. Box 9764  
Brea, California 92622

Vol. 5 No. 1

January, 1987



George F. Cullen

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## CULLEN FIELD

The Lowe Co. has currently prepared the land east of Brea-Olinda High School for redevelopment, clearing everything, and plowing the land as far as State College Blvd. It is now neatly theirs and marked off with a wire fence.

Historians will miss the row of green lacy pepper trees along Birch St. (The pepper tree is Brea's official tree). They also will recall an earlier time, in 1933, when the baseball field, just east of the stadium, was named in honor of George F. Cullen. A large sign proclaiming this name stood at the entrance to the field for many years.

Mr. Cullen arrived in Olinda in 1907, having been a station agent for the railroad in Indiana and in California. He was employed by and operated the storehouse for Chansler Canfield Midway Oil Co. (C.C.M.O.) on the Santa Fe Lease.

The family eventually included eight children. In addition to his duties with the oil company, Mr. Cullen was known for his artistic abilities. In his spare time he produced many pictures in oil, water color, and crayon -- making the tool supply house where he worked a pleasant place of scenery and portraits.

When the Olinda Grammar School was

built, Mr. Cullen had been a trustee of that district for many years and was a guiding force behind the project.

During the early years in Olinda, high school students were bussed to Fullerton, and transportation was somewhat crude. Olinda was very important to the Fullerton Union High School District because of the oil production's assessed valuation. A group of Olinda citizens, headed by Mr. Cullen and Frank Mason, decided that if they could get the cooperation of Brea, they could have their own high school. The Brea-Olinda School District was organized in 1925 and the high school was built in 1926.

The original Board of Trustees were W.D. Shaffer, A.H. Brown, Harry Becker, George Cullen and H.H. Williams. Mr. Cullen was a member of the board continuously until his death in March, 1933. In May of that year the board issued a statement citing Mr. Cullen -- "He was always solicitous of the best interests and advantages of the students of the district, seeking constantly to increase the opportunities of young people through education", The board then directed that the baseball field be dedicated in his name.

(Material for article furnished by Louise Cullen Bleininger, and by Dean Millen who searched the School Board minutes, and took the picture from 1934 Lions Club Ball Game program).

## GENERAL MEETING

January 26, 1987 - Monday - 7:30 p.m.

Historical Center, Old City Hall  
401 South Brea Blvd.

Election of Board Members  
Report on Historical Oil Display

Speaker: Jim DeStefano, "Good Old Brea"  
(rescheduled)

## NEW MEMBERS

Recent new members include:

Madeline LoCascio  
Susan Gaede  
Elinor Sutherland  
Sedalia Phillips

We look forward to seeing you at the January meeting!



THE SMALLEST HOUSE IN BREA

On the northeast corner of Imperial Highway at Walnut, sits an extremely small house. Its origin was in the dim past. It shares the lot with a house occupied for many years by Mr. Woodruff, of Woodruff and Henigan. This was a general merchandise store of the early twenties, where Canning's Hardware now stands.

The "little house" brings to mind a lifestyle of the early days that concerns two women employed by the Brea School District. They were Elinor Elder, first grade teacher of Fullerton, -- Irene Preble, school nurse, whose home was in Tustin, with her parents.

It is recalled that even in the 1930's women school employees' contracts had such items as "you may not marry during the school year" -- and "you must be a resident of the city of Brea". The "little house" was rented from Mr. Woodruff by these two, who for years drove to Brea on Monday morning, and home again on Friday evening, thus establishing their residence here. Miss Preble took care of many ills the children suffered at school, and many recall her sweet yet competent manner. Miss Elder taught at Laurel School and her students are numbered among many persons who recall simpler times in Brea.

(Note: At the same time, Mrs. J. Burquist of 100 blk. So. Madrona, ran what was called the "Teacherage" at her home there. Teachers who wished room and board found it a pleasant place to stay, and with wonderful food).

GIFTS

- 8 ft. oil derrick model -- made and given by Harry ("Frog") Winchel
- 3 ft. oil derrick model -- given by Mr. Joe Clark of Anaheim
- 25 framed pictures of oil industry -- given by Pat Kammerer of Placentia
- Story and pictures of visit by Lewis Sutherland to Brea Christian Church in the 1920's. Given by Elinor Sutherland.
- "Grasshopper" sketch by Harold Robbins, in pen and ink. Given by Elinor Sutherland.

Brea Historical Society thanks all of the above persons for their donations.

BLUE BUNGALOW VIDEO

The Redevelopment Agency headquarters, SE corner of Brea Blvd. at Birch, is now ready for occupancy. There will be a presentation about this former home of Dr. W.W. Davis on "Brea Line" program - Cable TV Channel 3 - at the following times:

- Wed. Jan. 20 - 7 p.m.
- Mon. Jan. 26 - 8 p.m.
- Wed. Jan. 28 - 7 p.m.
- Mon. Feb. 2 - 8 p.m.

This is done by Mike Maxfield, Audio-Visual, City of Brea.

Personal History

- A sense of place and time --
- A sense of identity --
- An esteem raiser.

BREA HONORS DR. C. GLENN CURTIS

SEPT 18, 1967



COMMUNITY LEADER—Dr. Curtis was an active leader in civic affairs locally. Here he is shown in a light moment at a gathering.

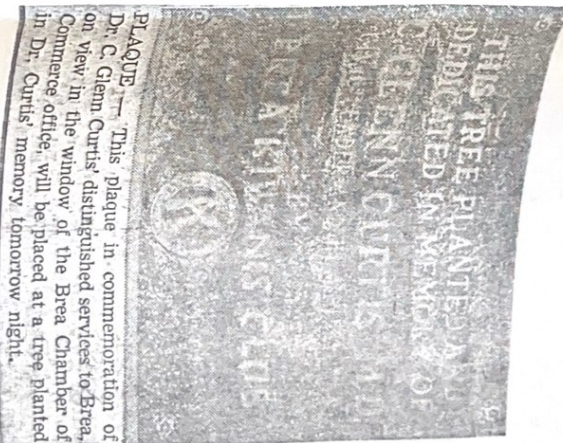
At a special ceremony at the Brea Golf Course, where a tree is planned in his honor, the late Dr. Charles Glenn Curtis of Brea was eulogized last night by Vincent Jaster, superintendent of the Elementary School District. The Kiwanis Club, which sponsored the ceremony, sent out 50 invitations to long-standing friends of Dr. Curtis and his wife Bernice, of 418 S. Brea Blvd.

Dr. Curtis died on Nov. 15, 1939, at the age of 63, after a two-year period of invalidism from a cardiac condition.

**Came to Brea in 1927**

Dr. Curtis came to Brea in 1927 and established his practice in the building now occupied by Burt's Repair Shop. Dr. O. S. Parrett took a leave of absence to prepare for missionary work, and it was in this office that Dr. Curtis first started his practice locally. He at first was associated for a few months with Dr. Claude E. Steen and then continued by himself when Dr. Steen moved to Fullerton.

In Brea he was a leader of the community in civic and political affairs. He was the local surgeon for the Union Oil Co., the Shell Oil Co., the Associated Oil Co., and the Santa Fe Railway, and in addition carried on a successful practice. Taking a vital interest



PLAQUE — This plaque in commemoration of Dr. C. Glenn Curtis' distinguished services to Brea, on view in the window of the Brea Chamber of Commerce office, will be placed at a tree planted in Dr. Curtis' memory tomorrow night.

in 1948-50, and upon the request of government officials in Washington, D.C., served as chief of the party of the Health and Education Department of the Institute of Inter-American Affairs in Quito, Ecuador. In Quito he led an organization of 52 persons, including four doctors, in carrying on a program for eliminating tropical fevers and establishing hospitals in that area.

In August of 1949, a disastrous earthquake occurred, taking a total of over 4,000 lives. Dr. Curtis worked with distinction in the devastated areas, helping to provide serum for the Indians and preventing epidemics of typhoid fever and plague. For his distinguished service, which helped to restore order and save lives, he was honored and received a citation from President Galo Plaza of Ecuador.

**Organizations**

In the early part of 1928 Dr. Curtis became a member of the Orange County Medical Association and the California Medical Association and continued his membership in the American Medical Association. He was secretary of the Orange County Medical Association for four years in 1937-40 and subsequently vice-president and president in 1941-43.

## ... Dr. Curtis

He was an organizer and past president of the Public Health of California, and a member of the Executive Committee of the United Public Health League.

In fraternal organizations he was a member of the Brea Chorol Lodge F. and A.M., the Fullerton Commandery, the Al Malakian Shrine, the Brea American Legion post, the Lions Club, and the Jonathan Club of Los Angeles. For many years he was a member of the Professional Ethic and Public Relations Committee of the College of Medical Evangelists.

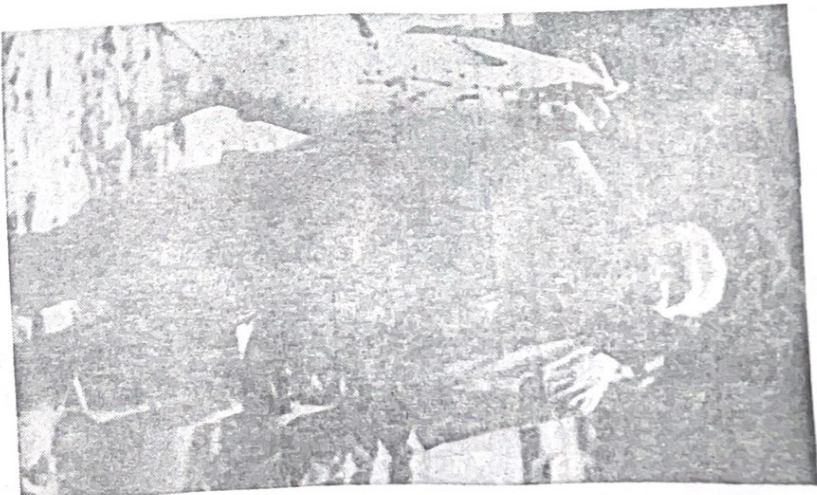
In recreational activities, he engaged in coin and stamp collecting and had outstanding collections of both. He was a member and, at one time, president of the Orange County Coin Club. He was also an enthusiastic amateur photographer.

Dr. Curtis was born in Atlanta, Ga., on June 24, 1894, the son of a medical practitioner in that city. He received his high school training in Graysville and Ooltwah, Tenn. In 1917-1918 his education was interrupted for a year by service as a private in the Army Medical Corps at Camp Gordon, Ga. during World War I. Later returning to school, he obtained his B. S. degree from the College, Jefferson, Neb., in 1920. Continuing to the College of Medical Evangelists, receiving his M. D. degree in 1924.

In 1932, Dr. Curtis married the former Bernice Williams of Chattanooga, Tenn., an accomplished pianist. Mrs. Curtis, who lives at 418 S. Brea Blvd., has lent her talents to Brea's musical circles. Also surviving Dr. Curtis, besides his wife, are two sisters, Mrs. Lee Fields of Atlanta, and Helen Curtis of Orange. His Mother died in 1960.



**IN QUITO**—In Quito, Ecuador, Dr. Curtis headed the Institute of Inter-American Affairs in the study of sanitation problems. He is shown here in front of the famed monument at the equator.



**FISHERMAN** — Dr. Curtis shows a salmon he caught while on a fishing trip near Crescent City, Calif., in 1945.