

1943 - Randolph School Holiday
Area

March 12, 1943 - town down
road to be used to make
farms school, etc on the Carbon

campus record of ~~Carbon~~ ^{Carbon} N.S. Down
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finder



FREEZE FRAME

Brea school predated city's founding

The area now called Brea already had a one-room school serving families of oil workers when Ontario Investment Co. filed a map for the new town of Randolph. The school was crowded, so the company built a two-story, four-room school on Pomona Avenue — now Brea Boulevard — to entice more residents. The school survived, opening in 1910 with 51 pupils; plans for Randolph didn't. The town was revived in 1911 under the name Brea, and the school — still called Randolph — grew rapidly. Two rooms were added, and the 1913-14 school year began with five teachers and 170 students, many shown in this photo. More schools opened in succeeding years to accommodate growth, and Randolph School was closed in 1916.

I graduated from the old grammar school. It was located on the southwest corner of Lambert and Brea Boulevard (which was then Pomona Avenue) The Chicksan Manufacturing Company was on the southeast corner until 1973. There were four rooms in the school with the seventh and eighth grades in one room. We had water in the building, but no bathrooms. They were the usual little houses out back. One man teacher was also the principal. The school bell was rung by pulling a rope.

The younger kids were the only ones that got a switching then. The older ones got a 'whupping' with a piece of garden hose, slat or buggy whip. Sometimes with a ruler applied across the pal, of your hand with your hand bent backward and you didn't dare say "ouch". The whip or hose was never molested until someone got 'whupped', then it mysteriously disappeared.

Most of the children aged from thirteen to seventeen were in the upper grades, six to ten in the first and second and ten to fourteen in between.

Being Oil workers children and moving around a lot, the boys were a bunch or overgrown, gangling roughnecks and full of the devil. Not mean, just ornery and with the knack of getting in trouble. Our school was small but we had enough kids to make up a pretty good ball team. Our best pitcher was Mickey Smith and he had a drop curve that was really hard to hit, so we generally ended up in first place.

One boy had a horse that was stringhalted in his right leg so if you tried to get him into a lope he would jerk and give a kind of a step and a half action. Another had a burro so you know how hard riding would be. We were a happy bunch with those, great to us, steeds. It made packing trips into the hills a lot pleasanter. We could take more grub and even a tent.