Brea Beat

School on Birch is dear to 'Mr. Brea'

By Leslie Stuart Carter

There's a niche in Brea's Hall of Fame that's reserved for a man who was actually born in a log cabin in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas and, like so many others before him, was wafted to our city on the wings of the oil boom.

Dyer Bennett is 80 years old and spryly whimsical about those far-off days in Dyer, Ark., a small town founded by his grandfather. As a lad, Dyer worked

12 hours a day for the princely sum of 75 cents an hour picking peaches and apples, not to mention a stint as a lowly cotton picker.

The youthful Bennett soon heard of the untold riches prevalent in that odd-sounding Southern California place, Brea, and its oilfields, so he made his way here to see for himself. He returned prodigally to rural Dyer brimming over with accounts of the unlimited sunshine, abundant orange groves and four whole dollars a day just for coaxing black gold from the bowels of Brea's soil.

So back here he came after graduating from his Ozark high school in 1926. He travelled west in an old Nash with a friend on an epic 10-day, flat-tire ridden odyssey, leaving behind a tearful, widowed mother and a beckoning life of dire poverty.

"My buddy left me off right in front of Sam's Place, with 13 bucks and my life's posessions in a gunny sack. I got another ride through town with a guy who called me 'Okie.' Make it 'Arky,' I told him."

Within a week the handsome youngster got work in a boiler shop on the site of what is now the Cohen and Christianson accounting firm on North Brea Boulevard, a red-letter day in the fortunes of the man who came to earn the sobriquet "Mr. Brea."

If that June day in 1926 looms large in Dyer Bennett's store of "Days to Remember," then the Wednesday afternoon when Edith Mallory finally consented to let him take her to a Fullerton movie is top of his list.

Edith, darkly and demurely beautiful with enormous brown eyes and a lights-up-the-room smile, was still a co-ed at Brea-Olinda High School. Only 5 feet tall and 90 pounds, she had lived in quiet Whittier after moving west from her birthplace in New York's teeming Brooklyn. Edith's and Dyer's paths crossed when little Miss Mallory came to Brea to housekeep for an aunt.

"I got to lookin' at her while she was on her way to school. I asked her out but it took four attempts before she said 'yes.'"

It was from the sparsley furnished, $5-per-week room that he rented overlooking the alley off the southeast corner of Imperial and Brea boulevards, that Dyer Bennett first saw her. It was there, too, that he got all slicked up in his one and only suit before blowing a whole dollar on two movie seats to see cowboy Hoot Gibson's latest, and hamburgers, soft drinks and popcorn.

"It was a night I'll never forget," said crewcut

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BREA BEAT:

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Bennett, "By that time I was an orphan and very lonely here. 'Sparky' was an orphan, too. That's what I used to call her—Sparky."

Seven years younger than Dyer, Edith Mallory graduated from Brea Olinda High School in 1932 with an impressive record of achievements as an outstanding student and as editor of her school's annual, "The Gusher."

In October of 1933, Edith and Dyer were married and went to live in a small wooden house still standing at 247 N. Brea Blvd. They patronized the Brea Theater, enjoyed their radio in that golden age of broadcasting and danced at the Balboa Pavilion to the orchestras of both Paul Whiteman and Harry James. The music they loved then as newlyweds is immortal: "Wonderful One," "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" and Edith's favorite, "Ramona."

In 45 years of marriage, the Bennetts saw their little 900-resident town sprout into full maturity.

When Dyer went to war, Edith kept the home fires burning all through the conflict, working at a bakery on Brea Boulevard. Her husband, a sergeant-navigator in the Fifth Air Force, survived the battles of Coral Sea, Corregidor and the Philippines and flew over the devastated Japanese cities of Nagasaki and Hiroshima only days after both had been granulated by the United States' atomic bombs.

In 1978 Edith Mallory Bennett, the stunning-looking little colleen that young Dyer Bennett had admired as he saw her pass by his alley window, passed from the worldly scene but not—not ever—from the hearts of those who knew her. Edith's name is perpetuated at the high school where she had shone so brightly, through sports scholarships founded by Dyer. The 60-year-old school on Birch Street is very dear indeed to Mr. Brea: it gave him something—someone—for whom he can never really compensate fully.

But he can try.

Brea Beat is a regular feature of the Brea Highlander. Leslie Stuart Carter is a 21-year resident of Brea and native of London, England. He has written freelance articles for a variety of newspapers and magazines. Comments and suggestions for future columns are welcome.

DEAN F. MILLEN
420 S. POPLAR AVENUE
BREA, CALIFORNIA 92621

THE DEAN AND BETTY MILLEN FAMILY

Although Dean and Betty Millen are not considered "pioneers" of Brea, they have lived most of their adult life in this community, coming to Brea following their marriage in 1938. Dean had worked here since 1935 when he was hired by the Union Oil Company Citrus Division as ranch manager of 2300 acres of groves owned by the Union Oil Company in and around Brea.

Dean was encouraged to become active in civic affairs soon after, with Betty joining him in 1938 when they both became interested in civic affairs of Brea, and soon felt the warmth and hospitality of this close knit, caring community of 2300 people.

Their son and daughter, Bob and Nancy, were eventually born, keeping them very busy, and they realized more than ever that Brea was an ideal place in which to raise a family - where the schools, churches and activities offered a real sense of stability.

Over the years Dean served on the Brea Olinda School Board, Brea Parks and Recreation Commission, Brea Historical Society Board, the Orange County Farm Bureau Board, the Orange County Vector Control Board, the Fullerton Arboretum Board, and most of the Brea Lions Club offices from the Presidency on down. Betty too was enjoying serving on the Brea Womans Club board, her church affiliation and PTA and Scout work. She has served on the Brea Historical Board as well as a long time volunteer for the City of Brea.

Following retirement from his position as managing superintendent of the University of California South Coast Field Station, an agricultural facility in Irvine, Dean and Betty had more time to be with their family, to travel, to enjoy their quarter horses, and generally to "smell the roses", and in turn to participate more in the civic and cultural activities in this City.

Brea has seen many changes in the past 56 years that Betty and Dean made it their home but it still holds the same appeal to them in every way.

WALNUTS AND DRY FARMING

The 1903 Orange County Directory had a full page advertisement for"2000 acres of choice orange and walnut land with water, Randolph area, (later Brea), - if interested contact Townsend and Robinson Investment Company, Long Beach, California".

There is some record of older citrus planting dating back to 1916. Very likely the 80 acre J. D. Siever walnut grove was planted in the mid teens. There are those in Brea who remember picking up walnuts for the Sievers in the Fall of the year.

If you were involved in picking up and hulling the nuts, your hands became very stained. The blacker your hands got, presumably the harder you had worked. Some years the nuts would drop free from the hull, and other years it was a problem. The Sievers had a huller and dryer located on their property. Walnuts had to be dried to a certain moisture content before they could be delivered to a packing house.

One of the early lemon plantings was made by Victor Hualde, one of Brea's early settlers. The 40 acre grove was located south of where Lambert Street goes under the Orange 57 Freeway. In 1941 this grove produced 1000 boxes of lemons per acre which for Orange County at that time was good. When the Union Oil Company acquired this property is uncertain. However, it was a part of the Union Citrus operation when I arrived in Brea in 1935.

The following is a recount of the families that lived on the outskirts of Brea during the period of 1938 thru 1944 and the names of some of the children who attended Brea Elementary School District, Olinda Elementary School District and Brea Olinda Union High School District.

Unfortunately, due to lapse of time and records it is not complete. However, an attempt has been made to record the family name, children of the family and year of graduation from BOUHS.

11'4

Recounted by
Les Piantoni

Les Piantoni
(Ron & Wayne's)

Birch Oil Company lease

Piantoni, Eugene '40
Leo 41
Hazel
Donald

Purdue, Sam 38
Ester 39

Ryan, Mary Louise 38

Tidwell
Austin, Kathleen

Hancock

Ross.

Brea Canyon Road

Epson, Loquilla 41

Irby, Kenneth 41

Kissinger, Donald 41

Phillips, Arnold 39
Donald 40

White

Fullerton Oil Company Leases

Jenks, Joan 41

Osborne John 40

Shell Oil Company Leases

Gray, Beverly 41
Betty 44

Kamphoffner, Richard 44

Murry, Majorie 39

Nay, Marie 39
Rlea 40

Wilhelm 44

Mobile Oil Company Leases

Holderback, Eugene

Union Oil Company tank farm

Hadewig,	Pat	Fullerton 38
Hodges,	Shirley	
Ondero,	Jaunita	42
Robinson,	John	45
	Edith	42
Sage,	Stanley	41
	Alice	43

Union Oil Company (East Lambert)

Manis,	Joyce	42
Manuel,	Lois	40
	Louis	40
Washbon,	Lucille	38
	Robert	39

Union Oil Company (NW Olinda)

Johnson,	James	38
	Mayme Ruth	39
	Marvin	41
Neals,	Conley	39
	Adrian	39
	Lois	41
	Pauline	41
	Wilma	43

Olivida (Various oil leases)

Adams,	Bill	39
Allen,	Mary	41
Barry,	Margie	40
	Ray	40
Bennett,	Irene	41
Carpenter,	Ralph	41
Courtney,	Betty	41
Henderson,	Sam	38
	Herbert	38
Hightower,	Bill	41
Ledbetter,	Paul	38
	Roy	39
McConnel,	Bud	38
	Hubert	38
	Bob	43
Schribne,	Marlyn	40
	Richard	43
Schubert,	Edna	38
	Wally	39
	Robert	44
Smith,	Leo	41
Stagner,	Raymond	38
	Muriel	41
	Lois	43

Olinda (various oil leases) cont

Van Patton, Harold	40
Withers, Velma	41

Union Oil Company (East Imperial)

Ferree, Art	
Ruby	42
Sharp, Floyd	41
Cecil	44

We Remember Mama

Maude Eva Tower was the ninth child born in a family of eleven (12) of Frank and Harriet Tower, on August 31, 1879.

Like so many others, her parents passed up numerous opportunities to become California land barons because they couldn't stop moving on.

Frank came to California from Vermont with his father to the enormous Tower Ranch, situated in Northern California, in the "Mother Lode" gold mining district. This ranch was owned by his uncle and he told many tales about his trip and ranch life. His father was in poor health and when they reached the Isthmus of Panama, they were delayed one night waiting for the train. They stayed at a hotel and Frank thought a chicken dinner would be good for his Dad and he carefully prepared one. He set it on a table outside where they were to eat. He went back inside for something and when he returned his heart sank. Away flew a big blackbird with the chicken in his claws.

After crossing the isthmus, they finished the trip to the ranch by boat up the west coast of California.

Frank went to work on the ranch, doing a man's work and living along side of the other hired hands, at fifteen.

On Sundays they would sit on the bunk house porch and compare their eyesights on people entering the gate a mile away.

In the bunk house was a barrel of whiskey with a padlock. Before each meal the men would line up with their cups and the guy in charge would ration it out. It was all very orderly.

Frank learned the dairy business and got well started in his own dairy in Petaluma, California. At about sixteen he married Harriet Stine who was fifteen.

Now here is one for the books. He told me they were married at that early age so she could move in with him and help in the business, washing milk pans, etc. Who says "times haven't changed?" She also helped him start the production of a large family.

But, as I said before, he had to move on. He loaded the family and all their belongings into a wagon and started for Southern California. Twenty-six days later the weary travelers arrived safely in Tustin, full of fresh memories of brushes with the bandits and Indians.

Los Angeles has not appealed to them, though the best property there could have been purchased for a song.

When they got settled, Frank obtained employment on the huge Irvine Ranch where he soon became boss of the grain threshing crew. He held this job for several years. While there Frank told me that Mr. Irvine offered to give him a deed to a fine farm if he would promise to take over complete charge of the grain threshing operation on the whole ranch but, knowing it was a mistake, he couldn't settle down and take it.

Frank's descriptions of the operations of the ranch in those days were very interesting. Except for some produce grown by small tenant farmers on the coast, the main products of the ranch were cattle and grain. The cattle hides were more valuable than the meat because they could be shipped to the east coast, whereas the meat had to be largely consumed locally. They would bundle the hides up and haul them over to Dana Point (not far from San Juan Capistrano), where they would load them, by cable, onto sailing ships anchored along the coast. It was a long trip around the Horn to the east coast but very lucrative.

Very soon after the family reached Tustin, Mama appeared on the scene and started life in the atmosphere of a large family in which the older girls took care of the younger ones and the boys helped with the outside chores. Under these circumstances they all learned family life from the ground up, including childhood diseases, etc.

They were all able to get basic educations and most were endowed with some natural talents. Two of the boys and one girl played piano by ear and with one or two exceptions, all could sing quite well.

Mama must have been pretty good in school. She was an excellent reader, had beautiful handwriting, loved poetry and did well in arithmetic and grammar.

At eighteen she was beautiful in feature, form and grace and our Dad, noticing this, wasted no time in a long engagement and married her September 11, 1897. About a year later I first met Mama in Los Angeles, California. She was young but she had learned, first hand, how to run a household, was an excellent cook and an immaculate housekeeper.

We were moved by Dad's job to the oil fields when I was about eight months old. Dad built a house on the lease and we lived there for about six years. Here my brother Boyd was born March 7, 1904. Very soon after that we were moved back to Los Angeles.

Right here I will insert an account of an incident which I well remember and by which you will become better acquainted with Mama. Boyd was a year old and I seven. Mama decided we would go on a picnic so she made a lunch, hitched up the horse and away we went. In those days it didn't take long to get out in the country as Los Angeles wasn't so large then. We came to a nice shade tree by the side of the road and Mama said it was a good place.

We got out and she got Boyd settled while I spread the cloth and was unloading the lunch. Just then a man came walking along and roughly he said, "What are you hoodlums doing here? I own this property and you are trespassing." Well, he hadn't gotten all the words out of his mouth when Mama flew at him like a hen protecting her brood. Shaking her finger in his face she said, "We are not hoodlums. We are having our lunch under this tree and we are going to finish it no matter who owns it." By that time, deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, the man was walking down the road. But that was our Mama. As long as she lived, anyone downgrading her family had her to deal with. I think I remember this incident so well is because I was scared stiff.

Mama was quick to assert herself. When a landlord persisted in snooping around trying to find something to complain about, she sent him packing.

When I was about ten and Boyd four, Dad was moved by his company to their oil lease in Olinda where he was installed as superintendent and also put in charge of the old Puente lease where we had lived before. Olinda was a small but busy little oil town. It had a general store, barber shop, church and social hall for community gatherings. It had a four teacher grammar school. We traveled by bus to the Fullerton High School nine miles away.

This was to be the center of our lives until Dad's retirement. It saw Boyd and me through grammar school, high school and college, and also the birth of Glenn, April 5, 1913.

Now back to Mama. On arriving in Olinda she decided to take the management of the lease boarding house which she held for several years. As I remember it, she was quite lucky with hired help as, for the most part, they were competent and stayed with her for long periods.

Periodically we would hitch up the horse and drive to Fullerton. These were general purpose trips, shopping, dental appointments, etc. They were always climaxed with a chocolate ice cream soda at Leander's "ice cream parlor".

On our way home, we would stop in at our favorite navel orange grove

and buy a couple of gunny sacks of beautiful big navel oranges. The grower always thanked us profusely. He said most of those oil well people stole the oranges off his trees.

With her large family background, we always had plenty of visitors - aunts and uncles and cousins by the dozens were always welcome. Among other attributes, Mama seemed to attract those seeking counsel concerning their personal problems. She would listen, advise and they would be happy. This routine prevailed as long as she lived. As the cousins, especially girls, grew up they depended on Aunt Maude.

When a serious illness occurred, she would drop everything and go to the scene to lend a hand.

As I have described Mama, one might get the impression that she was very stern but that was really just one side, reserved for need at the moment. She also had a good sense of humor and could laugh heartily at a joke, even if it was on her. Here I'll relate a confirming incident. We had a family friend who was a practical joker, brilliant and even a bit eccentric. One day when visiting his home in Santa Monica, Mama admired a certain flower he had in his yard and expressed a desire for some seeds to plant. She forgot all about the request until one day several weeks later a little box cane by mail. It was square and about the size to hold a man's pocket watch. We were all wondering what it could be until Mama opened it. Then we knew. As she lifted the lid, a short piece of toothpick which had been suspended on a twisted rubber band was released and as it spun, flower seeds flew all over the room. With seeds in her hair and all around, Mama had a hearty laugh and many a chuckle thereafter as she thought of Billy Wakely's stunt.

As the years went by, she and Did made many friends in Olinda and attended dances, amateur shows, etc. in the "hall". I was proud as I watched them swaying to the strains of a "Straus Waltz". I was sure they were the best looking couple on the floor and the best dancers. Mama taught me my first dance steps on those occasions.

When the drilling of new wells tapered off, the number of single men declined and Mama gave up the boarding house. Dad moved our living quarters away from the boarding house and built several more rooms on our house which was very comfortable. Mama had more time then and was busy with her PTA and Red Cross work.

For several years our summer vacations consisted of a month at Newport Beach. Mama's younger sister, Edith would come from Phoenix and be with us. I can see them now in the surf. As a wave came in they would dip down, the skirts of their bathing suits would balloon

out, and they looked like they were sitting on a couple of rubber rafts. But those were happy days, sugar doughnuts and all.

In 1915 when Glenn was two years old, Mama left him with an older sister, Abie, while she, Aunt Edith, Dad, Boyd and I went to San Francisco for a ten day visit to the World's Fair. On the way home we turned off at Madera and made our way into Yosemite Valley for a few days rest. We were all thrilled at the indescribable grandeur of the Fair and the Park. The world has many beautiful spots and California has Yosemite. The trip was made without mechanical failure in the 1914 Studebaker, the family's first automobile.

At sixteen I was all wise and self-sufficient but I know now the heart aches Mama must have suffered as I became increasingly indifferent to her attentions. Mothers should not have to bear this cruel natural phenomenon, but most of them do. Mama had one break though as I went away to Berkeley about that time. She would direct all her attentions to Boyd and Glenn whom, I hope, caused her less worry than I did.

I dare say that her daily life for the next few years was quite similar to that I have described above. Of course, these were years when rapid changes were taking place. Prohibition, World War I, the roaring twenties and finally the great depression. During these unforgettable highlights, things were also happening in the Welin family. Dad had retired from the oil fields. He and Mama bought a home in Fullerton where they lived for a few years. They then moved to their ranch near Puente. Mama took charge of the Puente High School cafeteria and Dad got an office job directing deliveries of an oil trucking company.

All the boys had been graduated, married and were employed. There is a redeeming feature in that lapse period of a teen age boy's life that I referred to above. After he has been knocked around and taught a few lessons by an indifferent world, he brings back to Mama a very strong affection that lasts a lifetime.

Life for Mama had not been easy but I think she was reasonably happy, as was Dad. But the future held one more devastating blow for them. One night while they were sleeping, a fire started. They had only time enough to get out and were badly burned in their escape. The house was completely destroyed.

Their recovery, however, was very successful. Our doctor said he used some new methods developed in the recent war. The day by day healing of those body burns to me was amazing. I guess the damn war had to be good for something.

When they were sufficiently recovered, they decided to build a new home at the ranch. It was small but convenient. By moving things back, they were able to set a good sized dinner table. The family had many happy gatherings here, with Mama proudly presiding.

Dad departed from this group in 1950 just short of eighty years of age. Thereafter Mama lived here alone for about six years when the ranch was sold. She then took an apartment in Fullerton, the town she had known for so long.

Here she lived out her remaining seven years among friends and familiar surroundings. Her boys were never far away. Mama passed away February 9, 1963.

Footnote: Mama's boys, Glenn, Boyd and Emmett have known for many years that they were endowed with perfect parents and they have been filled with appreciation and gratitude for the special role Mama played in directing their lives.

"She scolded us rarely but loved us eternally."

The Wallenius Family

Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Wallenius came to the U. S. from Sweden. They lived in New York and New Jersey before coming to California.

When they arrived in Olinda they had four daughters. Mr. Wallenius was hired as a machinist for the C. C. M. O. Co.

Carrie, the oldest, married Claude Cheek, who worked for the Company for awhile. They moved to a ranch in Weed Patch, near Bakersfield for a number of years, where they adopted a young girl. Eventually they came back and lived in Brea. Claude was in some kind of business here until his death. Carrie, who is 91, is in a rest home in La Habra.

Hazel graduated from Olinda Grammar School and Fullerton Hi. She worked as Secretary in the C. C. M. O. Office until she married Norwood Crawford, a Company employee.

They moved to Fullerton, and

after a few years, they adopted a baby girl, Sherill.

She grew up and married, and after a number of years, she divorced and remarried. She died in Childbirth.

Hazel, now 85, and Norwood live in Fullerton, 2nd house from Harbor Blvd. on Las Palmas Dr.
Telephone: 525-1350

Sarah graduated from Olinda Grammar School & Fullerton Hi. Vacation times she went to Weed Patch and helped Carrie. She worked as a Mother's helper for Dr. Cowles in Fullerton, taking care of their little boy.

She married Du Chesne, who was a manager of traveling fruit pickers. They adopted a baby boy, and named him Loren.

After a number of years, Sarah tired of traveling, and got a divorce.

She worked at various jobs, and raised Loren.

Loren went to Brea-Olinda and played on the football team, and graduated from B.-O. in 1960.

He is now Chief Investigator in the County District Attorney's Office in Santa Ana.

Sarah died in Sept. 1983 and was cremated. The tree in City Hall Park was dedicated to her; and the family meets there on Memorial Day each year.

Loren is a friend of Don Forkus, our Police Chief.

Loren's address taken from the Combined Class reunion of the High School several months ago, date 1950 - 1961

Loren Du Chesne
232 Mariposa St.
San Clemente, Ca. 92672

Tel: 714-498-2979

The Wallenius family moved to Brea, and Evelyn finished school here and Fullerton Hi.

She married Nate Erwin, from an old Olinda family; and they live in Fullerton, the 3rd house off Brea Blvd on Evergreen St. They have several children, now grown.

Nate has a lock + key business.

Tel: Home: 529-5242
Office: 529-8444

"As Brea looked to me 67 years ago"

Reta Taylor Blystone

My father, Jack W. Taylor, gave John C. Blystone his first job as a carpenter in Waco, Texas. John and my first cousin, Joe Helen Blystone, were married at our house in Waco. After working as a carpenter for several years in Texas, they came to Anaheim with their two small sons, Lyle and Joe, in early 1922.

In early 1928, they and now five sons, Lyle, Joe, Lillard, Francis and Jack, moved to 136 S. Walnut, Brea. John Blystone and Harry Massey were partners in Brea Electric, which was located at 131 S. Pomona, phone 37. I have a 1929 calendar and business card showing that. Massey and Blystone dissolved their partnerships, leaving Harry Massey as owner. John's business cards said John C. Blystone, General Contractor, 136 S. Walnut, phone 33. Over the years he built many houses, schools and office buildings. There are still sidewalks in Brea with his name on them. When the old High School was torn down, there was a walk stamped Blystone.

The Blystone family made a visit to Texas in July, 1929. They urged me to return with them. My parents did not entirely approve and I remember my mother saying, "My little lady, if you go you will have to stay a year." That was 67 years ago.

We left Waco on July 9, 1929 and spent two weeks sightseeing along the way. John was driving a new Studebaker touring car. There were three adults and five boys from 2½ to 11 years. It was a wonderful trip. On July 22, we arrived in Brea. What a beautiful sight those pepper trees were lining the road in to Brea.

That afternoon, met the Zerbe and Williams families, next door neighbors who came over to welcome the Blystones home. I asked directions to the Library and walked to the new City Hall. The library was in a room on the South side of the building. Miss Kathryn Burke was Librarian and we became friends then and there. Volney Siebeuthal was fireman and he came in and Miss Burke introduced us. My family and I visited the library many times over the years. I must tell this: When Steinbeck's "Grapes of Wrath" came out, I went to the library with my two children and requested the book. Miss Burke refused, saying, "No, Reta, I won't let you have it. You are too nice a girl."

Felt first earthquake that day. The school on Whittier Boulevard was badly damaged. Chuck Brawley, a friend of John's nephew Jimmy Campbell, invited me to go with him to see Virgil Kiger, who was in Fullerton General Hospital recovering from work injuries. Met Virgil and his wife Stella who was there - a very full first day.

On my second day in Brea, I started work as secretary at Brea Electric. Elmer Weaver and Frank Holley worked there and someone else, I have forgotten the name.

Nazarene Church was on Walnut and Birch. At the other end of the block was Christian Church on West Ash. Blystone children attended Sunday School there, so I went with them. There are eight children on Church Cradle Roll pictures. Four of John Blystone, two of Frank and Reta Blystone and two of Francis and Shirley Blystone.

The first person to greet me was Mrs. Everhart, then Mrs. Clara Burquist, Mrs. Julia Schweitzer, Mrs. Minnie Bergman, Mrs. Sutliff (Grandma), Mrs. Merriwether, Mrs. Stella Fanning, Rachel Sutliff, Mrs. Danielly, Ruby Jones, Mrs. Bates and Stella Kiger. These ladies were always special to me.

Rev. Remfrey Hunt was the minister. I have a 1931 calendar showing him in front of the church as it was then. Later it was remodeled and is still in use by a different congregation at the same location.

Not long after I came to Brea, I attended a dinner and reception to introduce and honor Dr. Curtis' pretty new wife, Bernice Curtis, to Brea people. It was held in the dining room of the Masonic lodge, which was at that time upstairs in the Sewell Building.

Starting at Ash Street on the west side was the 1st National Bank and going south on Pomona was the Sewell Building. Dr. Jarvis had his dental office upstairs in the Sewell Building. McClatchie Hardware, later Hubbard Hardware. Ruth and Earl Templeman worked there and later built their own Brea Hardware store across the street on the corner of Ash. I remember Ruth laughingly telling me once that Earl sent cards to everyone in the store while he was in the Army during World War I - except her. So she decided to marry him to get even.

I might not have the businesses in the proper order, but the building known as "Sam's Place" was along Pomona. Virgil Kiger had a small snack place, an old house next to it where the Stangers lived. They owned the four apartments on Ash Street across the alley behind the bank. I later lived in one apartment.

Mrs. Gnagy had a clothing store of some kind, Wards Bakery, Faulkner Jewelry Store, Roy Eubanks had his barber shop, Safeway Store where Mr. Stumbo and Bill Richards were butchers. Mrs. Baker and at least two daughters, Lil and Babe and son Ben had a cafe - Ben had a leg amputated after a motorcycle accident - a pool hall and a department store owned by Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff. Ray Roberts worked there and later married Ruth Goodwin, a popular high school teacher. On the corner was a station of some kind and I think it was Speed and Service. Bud Phillips worked there.

Starting on the east side of Pomona and Ash going south was Olsen's Cafe - a building that looked like a house. Frank Holley later owned Brea Electric and had his shop in it. I can remember some evenings hearing Frank, Don Shaffer and Harrison Thompson playing their musical instruments. They might have had a band.

Cox's Grocery Store - both Mr. and Mrs. Cox were there - Mr. Ball and Mr. Gnagy were butchers. Russell Jewelry Store, Close Drug Store with its soda fountain. Mr. Fleisher worked there. The Brea Post Office - Mrs. Matthews was postmistress and her husband Jay

and I think Margaret Lockey worked there. George Gesme had his barber shop and Neff had a shoe shine stand in front. Harry Ray had a Men's Clothing Store. The Sweet Shop was owned by Mr. and Mrs. Steward and her sister. The Red Lantern, Culp & Yost Insurance and Real Estate Office. Seems like there was a vacant lot and Mrs. Stone had a very small building and served good meals at reasonable prices. Bergman Garage was on the corner. Remember Mr. Berman, Walter, Jane and Morrie.

Across Birch was Dr. Doris home and office. Later Mrs. Hogue had a team room for a while. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Abshier lived in the house - he was an early worker at Brea Canyon Oil Co.

Next was Baldwin Motor Co, owned by W. C. Baldwin, a Ford dealer. I think Mr. Epperly had a shoe repair shop. I'm not sure if Floyd Rogers' garage was there then. Bob Shanks Barber Shop. I remember walking past with our two children and Bob always saying "Hello, Miss Taylor."

Starting on the west side of Pomona at Birch was Oilfields Bank. Walker Davis was manager and Ralph Barnes was cashier. Next was Red and White Market owned by J.D. Wakeman. June Miller let me use pictures of the market with her father Perry Bales and uncle J.D. Wakeman standing in front. Brea Electric and seems like Mr. Peterkin was next to it, but I don't remember what it was.

Shaffer Tool was on Redwood; other shops were on North Pomona: Duro Engineering, Brea Boiler Works, Baash-Ross Tool, Oil Tool Supply, Chicksan Tool, and the elder Mr. Sutliff had a small market on Birch between Redwood and Laurel.

In late August 1929, John Blystone's youngest brother, Frank Blystone drove his Star touring car to Brea from Ft. Smith, Arkansas. John had a contract with the phone company to build line camps across the Mojave Desert up into Nevada. In September, Frank went with the crew as his first job in California. In December 1929, John built a service station for General Petroleum Corp. At the corner of Pomona and Central. Frank applied for the job as manager and got it. It opened late December with Violet Ray gasoline and Firestone Tires. His first day's sale was 11 gallons. That soon improved as all G.P. employees started trading with him except one. One day two years later, he drove in and said, "Well, it looks like you are going to make it, so I will start trading with you."

Gas tanks were tested with sticks and I remember him saying at a Sales Meeting they were told never say tank is ½ full, always say ½ empty. Later the new gasoline was Mobil Flying Red Horse. Several local high school helpers were Farrel Finley, Harold Ellenberger and Mush Crabill. After 10 years at the station, Frank sold his stock to Bob Goodman in December 1939. He started working for Pacific Lighting Corp. At their Huntington Beach Compressor Plant. The old Industrial Compressor Plant was across the street from his station on Pomona and workers there encouraged him to apply.

The first superintendent I remember was Ted Miller, who was later at the Huntington Beach Plant. Ernie Jones was next and many people remember when he and wife Lena rode a pair of black horses and then motorcycles. Ted and Ernie lived at the plant and others, I remember, were two Nacaretti brothers and Alex Whyte.

In July of 1930, the Blystone family were expecting a new baby. There was so much interest in whether the baby would be a girl or another boy that the Gordons who owned the Brea Progress held up the presses a few hours to announce the birth of Dolores Joann Blystone on July 9, 1930. Two years later Betty Doreen was born September 1, 1932. That event completed the Blystone family.

I worked at First National Bank with John Cox as cashier and Corrine Innes for two months as bookkeeper until there was an opening as bookkeeper at Bank of Italy (later Bank of America) in La Habra. I started work there as a bookkeeper at $85.00 a month. The other bookkeeper was Marion Schafer. We posted the books by a hand machine. Both of us did the same work, posted checks, filed and sent out statements and served at the Security Box window. Marion earned $100.00 because he was a man and helped support his parents. At that time, I accepted it as okay. I moved to an apartment on Erna Street with two other girls who worked at the Bank, Phyllis West-Foist, was secretary to Mr. Perry, the manager, soon followed by Mr. Brewer. Lydia Hudspeth-Canfield, who ran Batches, Mr. Demarest was cashier, Flora Leuham and Norton Skinner were tellers. Part of my duties was to mark off bank closings every morning. I worked there until I was transferred to Los Angeles. I did not like that and came back to Brea.

Lucille Brawley was bookkeeper at Baldwin Motors and was leaving to marry Braden Sharpe. I took her place. W. C. Baldwin was the owner, Roy Davidson and Frank Cutright were mechanics, Jack Hill was helper. Glen Jones was salesman and later Jap Burch came on as a used car salesman. He later owned the Ford agency on Harbor in La Habra.

We first planned our marriage date on March 10, 1933, but I needed two more weeks to pay for clothes I had bought. On March 10, 1933, I was in the beauty shop at the end apartment on the alley of the Casner Courts on Birch Street. It was operated by two sisters. Have forgotten their names but they later married two of the Waggener boys, Howard was one.

I was sitting in a straight chair under a cumbersome dryer when we heard a loud rumbling noise - then the Long Beach earthquake struck. I was banged on the head by the dryer and knocked out of the chair. We looked outside and the big palm trees on Birch were moving up and down in waves - so was the street. The Mother-Daughter High School Banquet was that evening and many were getting dressed for it. Many people remember where they were. One funny thing was a man in the cafe who put a glass of water in his pocket and ran outside. There were streams of cars going through Brea all night. People were afraid of a tidal wave and wanted to get to high ground. The Stanger apartment where I lived shook violently all night with every aftershock.

Frank Blystone and I were married in Yuma, Arizona on March 25, 1933, at the Parsonage of the Methodist minister. After we returned to Brea and my apartment, we met a real shock opening the door. Mr. Stanger had let Kenneth Waggener, Winnie Pendleton, Glenn Foist and Phyllis West in to decorate. We just closed the door and went to Frank's apartment at Walnut Courts. Took me all the next day to clean up: huge stalks of sunflowers and weeds were in the toilet and tub, cornflakes between the sheets on the bed as well as all over the floors.

Mrs. Baldwin warned me we were getting a chivaree and to dress warmly. Sure enough, a big crowd showed up that evening. Frank and I were each put on a fender of an old car and driven miles over dirt roads in the area.

Back at the apartment, Frank passed out boxes of candy bars. In the confusion, Kenneth Waggener asked to see Frank's drivers license, saying he needed a new one, and he failed to return it. Suddenly the crowd left and Kenneth and Glenn suggested we go to an ice cream place on Spadra and Center in Anaheim. We left and going downhill to Fullerton, I happened to look back and saw a very long stream of lights behind us. When we got to the lumber yard across the street from the park near the railroad tracks, a policeman stopped us and asked to see Frank's drivers license. He did not have it. The policeman told us Brea Chief of Police Harry Williams asked to stop us for a joke. Then he told us "All your friends are over there in the park laughing at you. If you want to get away, go into the lumber yard and come out on the side street." We did.

Frank had rented the house at 101 S. Flower from Mr. Ross at $15.00 a month. We paid cash of $140.00 for our furniture, a bed, dresser and chest, sofa and chair, stove and kitchen table and four chairs. We lived there five years. Lynn was born August 28, 1935. Lynn was 2½ years old when we bought the house at 434 Sievers on 3/12/38. Mr. Culp was the real estate agent. The price was $2,100.00 and our loan was $1,700.00 with payments of $20.55 a month. Taxes were $38.00 a year. We paid the house off early and then added a large dining room, bedroom and bath. There were other improvements over the years. There was only one house across the street where Mr. and Mrs. Marcy lived at the corner of Sievers and Elm Street. It was the last street in town then. Sand wash was vacant land to Brea Creek and groves started there. Dump was farther down the wash. Golf course and houses replaced the dump.

Lee Ann was born there February 3, 1940. Both children went to Brea Schools from kindergarten through high school and each graduated from Fullerton Junior College and Lynn from Whittier and Lee Ann at UCLA. We lived in that house for 26 years.

Frank started work at Pacific Lighting Huntington Beach Compressor Plant on Goldenwest Blvd. In 1939 as oiler, promoted to mechanic, then assistant supervisor. During all those years, our family was active in church, schools, YMCA, Masons, Eastern Star, Jobs Daughters and DeMolay. Frank was a volunteer fireman for many years. In 1960, he was Master of Citrol Lodge 560 at the corner of Imperial and Sycamore.

Frank's last promotion was as supervisor at the Pacific Gas & Supply new Compressor Plant to be built near the Colorado River, 5 miles north of Needles. They

started work September 1, 1964. We sold our house at 434 Sievers and bought one at 2033 Flora Vista in Needles. Again it was the last street in town - all desert - views of the Colorado River, a comfortable house on a hill with walls and roof double insulated.

The new plant was being tested to go on automatic when Frank had a massive heart attack and died at the plant on September 22, 1965. I stayed in Needles until June 6, 1976, when I moved back to Brea at 215 Alder. I had bought this house in October 1974 but could not sell the Needles house before. During that time, George and June Miller were very helpful to me. Many relations and friends came to see me in Needles and during that first year many came to see the progress on the plant. The first visitors we had were Miss Cecile Templeman and Mrs. Helmick. It was a happy year. A new home and interest work in an entirely different atmosphere. Our first grandchild was born. The Woman's Club asked to use our house on the Christmas Tour. The Christmas Tree, Village and Church I had made in 1960 at Stella Bath's Ceramic Classes was interesting to the art teacher and she soon started ceramic and porcelain classes at the Recreation Hall.

When we moved, Lee Ann said, "I will never go to Brea again. This is not home." Later she wrote and said "I have found that home is where the ones I love are."

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THE PAUL AND ALICE WHIPP FAMILY

Alice Logan Whipp, with her father, George E. Logan, moved from Helena, Montana to Brea in 1933. Why Brea? Her aunt and uncle, Alice and Albert Lynes, lived here. Her oldest brother, Harold E. Logan and his family were here.

Paul L. Whipp was born in Ruth, Nevada. His family lived in many places in California. Alice met Paul in 1940 at the Roller Rink between Anaheim and Orange. They were married on December 12, 1940. Paul was on his way to invade Japan at an Atoll in the South Pacific when the bomb was dropped, - then on to Saipan for the completion of his tour of duty. During this time Alice spent over 500 hours in the Aircraft Warning Service on the roof of the Brea Olinda High School.

Their first child, Pamela, was born in July, 1948. Their son, David, was born in September, 1950. They have 2 grandsons and 3 grand daughters and 1 great grandson.

After Saipan Paul worked in an aircraft factory and on other jobs that were available. He worked for the City of Brea as building inspector. When the Whipps moved to Brea Paul worked in the engine lab. He served on the School Board for 12 years. Both Alice and Paul were active in Indian Guides, Cub Scouts, Brownies and Girl Scouts. Alice served as PTA President at Laurel, Arovista and Brea Junior High School

Paul's brother, Lloyd Whipp, joined the Air Force in 1940. He was on Clark Field in the Philipines when World War II broke out. After 22 years in the military, he moved with his family to Brea. He had met his wife, Eileen, in England. Two of his children are living in Brea now, Michael Whipp and Jackie Whipp Stuart. Gary lives in Oregon. Lloyd and Eileen have 5 grandchildren and 1 great granddaughter.

Paul's parents, Ernest and Millie Whipp moved to Brea in 1951. They were active in the Christian Church. They helped Paul and Alice build their home in 1949. Paul retired from Unocal in January after 30 years in 1981.

Ernest and Millie Whipp, as well as sons Paul and Lloyd are deceased.

Account of The Ice House

Returning from the church, walk past the Duplex on W. Ash St. Don and Eula Lee Russell lived there -- Brea's "walking couple" in the & 70's and 80's. He died on the eve of their 65th w. anniversary.
Go down the adjoining alley and walk around the Old House in the back.

This house began before 1910 as a 1-room Ice House. The walls of what is now the living room of the house are still insulated with sawdust. This small bldg. was afterward used as the office for the Standard Oil Co. in Brea.

J.E.Russell, father of Don, bought the property in around 1920-21 and added 2 small bedrooms, kitchen, and bath, for his family. Later a large closet became a 3rd small bedrm. He also built the porch wrapping part way around the house. When this was done he built the duplex where members of the family lived at various times, and then the units were rented. Mrs. R. has also died and the family is fixing it all up to be sold to the city.
The Don Russels were uncle and aunt to Billie Bowland.

Brian — (BHS member)

Russell Family

In 1912, James E. Russell, his wife Sadie and their 3 younger sons, Robert, Donald and Melvin, moved to Brea, then called Randolph. Mr. Russell soon opened a watch repair and jewelry store while Mrs. Russell managed her music store in the same building. Sadie was active in PTA, women's groups and the Brea Congregational Church, of which she was one of the founders.

Robert, who was 15 and an animal lover, had captured and tamed (somewhat) a local bobcat kitten which he named Stutz. The cat's favorite lounging place was on one of the store counters, much to the distaste of his mother. She insisted that the cat had to go, so it was sold to a passing circus.

Robert (Bob) married his wife Mabel in 1918 and they moved to Blythe for about 2 years. After moving back to Brea, they began their family. Their 3 surviving children were Roberta, Dean and Willa.

After working 41 years for Union Oil Company Bob retired. He passed away in 1983 and Mabel

passed away in 1986.

Roberta (Bobbie) married Allen Cutright in 1943 and lives in Downey. Dean married Sarah Collins in 1946 and lives in Eik Grove. Willa (Billie) married Gerald Bouland in 1949 and still lives in Brea. Gerald retired from teaching at Brea Junior High School. They have 5 children and 5 grandchildren.

My father was born in 1909 while his parents, Mary and Harry Thayer were living on an oil lease near a shanty town for wildcaters called, Olinda. The cry of "black gold" and work opportunities brought my grandfather and grandmother to the hills of Olinda from the East. My grandmother's family also moved to Olinda.

Dad, was born Perry James, but was also known as Peck or P.J. in later life. He had one brother, Maynard, and two sisters, Pauline and Evelyn. Dad attended Olinda Elementary School, Brea grammar school, and three years at Fullerton Union High School. He was the first graduating class from Brea Olinda Union High School. What a class that was! Rumor has it, the senor boys hung the principal out a second story window until he agreed to graduate one boy who was failing.

Early in my father's life, his parents divorced. My grandmother moved her children off the lease and began helping her brother Charles Kinsler run the Brea Hotel. That left my father along with his brother and sisters to more or less raise themselves. Dad had great stories to tell about growing up in Brea during the early years. According to his memories, Brea was a wide open town full of Oil fields hands, pool halls, Saturday night fights, and bars. As Brea grew and families moved into town, Brea would start its struggle to become the Brea it is today.

My grandmother, would eventually move to a house on Orange Street until her death in the early forties. My Aunt Evelyn married Joe Kesy. They too, moved on Orange Street down from my grandmother. Evelyn and Joe had two boys, Don and Perry. Evelyn lived on Orange until her death in 1980. Her husband and sons proceeded her death.

In 1927, jobs in Brea were hard to find. College was out for my father, so he took a job digging ditches. Things really looked bleak until he heard Union Oil was looking for a pitcher for their ball team. Thank heavens, Oil Companies really took their ball playing serious back then. Dad tried out for pitcher, got the position and was hired as rough neck to make things legal.

My mom was born in Nolan Arkansas June 12, 1916, to Richard and Hattie Hooten. My grandparents would caravan to California on three different occasions before they settled in Brea for good. They had actually settled first on the Shell lease. My mother neither enjoyed her trips to and from Arkansas or living on the oil lease.

My grandfather had a hard time giving up farming to live in California. However, he truly wanted his children to have the best education he could give them. My grandparents had four children of their own, Nolan, Glenna, Bennie, and Jean (Hilda). They would also raise their two grandchildren, Maureen and Pattie Hooten.

My grandmother's brother Bert Pyland and his wife Addie settled in Brea in 1922. They had two children, Christine and Frances Pyland. Bert was a butcher, but he and Addie would eventually buy and work the Pomona Drive In Market on what is now Brea Blvd.

After high school graduation, mother attended and graduated Fullerton Junior College. Working part time at the Red Lantern Theater, as a tickets seller, she met my father. In 1938 they married, and mom got off the oil lease to live the rest of her life in Brea.

My aunt Bennie married Earl Lambrith and moved to Fullerton. She had one daughter Julia, and son Ricky. Don and Jean had a daughter, Jennifer and son Jeff, both of whom graduated from Brea. Maureen married Jim Nichols, had five children

and now lives in Twin Peaks, California. Patti, married and later divorced Lou Takas, to which she had three boys with. Patti now resides in the beach area.

My sister Judy, married Jeff Harvey and lives in Brea. My brother, Steve, is married to Candace Earsly. He has a step daughter, Corrine Morrell who graduated from Brea, and a ten year old son, Perry James Thayer, who is a student at Arovista. I am married to Tom Roberts. His father was one of the original owners of Spivey Robert's Mortuary, which was built in 1958. It was later sold and renamed Neels Mortuary. Tom and I have two daughters, Cindy and Sandy, both graduated from Brea Olinda High School. Cindy from the old high school, and Sandy from the new high school. Our son, Dustin, is currently attending Brea High School.

Growing up in Brea was a different experience for each generation. Dad saw Brea as a rough and rowdy town with very little law and full of oil workers just trying to survive. The town was just beginning to pave the streets, build stores, schools, and churches. The hills were full of lease homes and families trying to move into town.

My memories of Brea is of a small town with little traffic, few stop signs (the one traffic light wasn't installed until after I had gotten my driver's license). There was a main street that had stores and cafes on it, a theater that would open and close on a regular basis. For a short time Brea also had its own bowling alley & (2 .. plunge located in the only park in Brea at the time. It seemed everybody knew everybody else and there were lots of fun family gatherings for entertainment purposes. Brea had a police and was thought to be very safe. There were few homes left out on the leases, for the families had relocated into town. During my high school years a Tasty Freeze and a Carls fast food were opened to our fast growing community.

My daughters feel Brea is no longer a town, but a city. Sandy finds the stories of nothing but orange groves for as far as the eye can see to be somewhat of an exaggeration, for the only way she has seen Brea is with signals and traffic as far as the eye can see. When I entered high school, I knew just about everyone in the whole school. My daughter on the other hand felt she hardly knew her own grade class members, let alone the whole high school. Oil is no longer the main stay of Brea, for the once thriving town has built itself into the mainstream of the competitive cities surrounding it. Sandy cannot believe there was a time when there was not a need to lock your car doors or houses at night. She also does not know what it is like to have to drive for long periods of time to go shopping or to a nice restaurant.

The year 1984 brought the biggest change to our personal lives. My father passed away at the age of 74, and three weeks later my mother passed away at the age of 69. My father who secured his first job by being a pitcher for Union Oil company, made a successful career of the oil fields. My mother had raised her family and was a member of the Church of Christ, which her relatives had helped to start in Brea. They were and are still today thought of as great parents, grandparents, and two people who will always hold a place in our hearts.

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Two-fers by Thelly Reahm

Thelly Reahm Message 1 of 6 , Aug 10, 2008

View Source

Of all my stories, now over 500, this one best describes life in a small town during the Great Depression (or Dirty Thirties, as my Dad called it)

Two-fers
by Thelly Reahm © Tidbits of Time

1938

Brea, the little town I grew up in had only four blocks either side of the main street called Pomona (now re-named Brea Boulevard). The business section was only two blocks long. If you blinked twice while speeding from Fullerton to Pomona you missed it. And you really didn't miss too much. A lot of great people, just not much town.

There was a Safeway on the main street, but it was closed on Sunday's and at the edge of town on either side were small privately owned family-operated groceries that were always open.

My seven year old cousin Diana Mac Murray arrived at our house all sweaty and out of breath. There was a mild Santa Ana that Sunday and she had just walked the eight blocks from her house on Redwood Street on the east side of town. She was all excited. Like she had an intensely wonderful secret.

"Tell me....tell me...." I got caught up in the excitement that her blue eyes could not conceal.

"I've got money!" she squealed.

At the height of The Great Depression, that was heady news for anyone of any age.

"Zowie!" I said, which was as close to profanity as we got in our Baptist family.

"Let's go buy candy," she suggested, her tongue licking and smacking her lips.

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We left in a hurry, anticipating the sweets we were going to devour when we got to the little grocery. Safeway would have been closer but we knew it was closed on Sunday.

We walked two blocks south and then three over to the main drag to Pylands Market. There was a big sign on the door ON VACATION.

We were in a state of shock. Now what. Safeway was out. The summer heat was oppressive. No wonder the Pylands had gone on vacation. We wished we were too.

"What'll we do now?" I asked wiping the perspiration drops from my forehead. Our summer dresses were clinging to our backs. I should really be the one to figure this out, as I was nearly two years older, but I was drawing a blank. All I could think of was the heat.

"What about Redwood? Diana asked.

"Clear over there?" I asked. "That's too far....besides I don't like walking past Schaeffer Tool Works....it's spooky." The giant foundry building had been closed and cobwebs and weeds spread where busy men had worked on manufacturing tools.

"C'mon," she begged. "We can hold hands as we walk past Shaeffer's."

I gave in. I didn't want to be a scaredy-cat. The streets were deserted. I stopped in front of the loading dock at the Ice House hoping for a chunk of ice to cool my forehead, but there was not so much as a sliver as the trucks weren't delivering on Sunday.

We walked past the Brea Show where Mr. Gumm proudly displayed a picture of his niece Judy Garland. Even the cashier had gone inside it was so hot. Mr. Neff the black shoe shine man was not at his stand next to the Sweet Shop. He had to leave town at sundown (it was the law in Brea) and he didn't work Sundays.

We rounded the corner at Ash Street and walked past the Casa Brea Inn where Diana's grandmother (my Aunt Ollie Theis) was the manager. We didn't go in today as the money was burning a hole in Diana's pocket and we didn't want to be delayed.

Down the hill we could see the little market at Redwood Street. It's rickety screen door was ajar and an old ceiling fan whirred from the high ceiling of the store. We held hands as promised as we passed Schaeffer Tool Works....she was afraid to walk by there too. It looked deserted and scary to us.

"Whatcha want, kids?" the fat lady asked. We didn't know her name. She was perched on a high stool fanning herself with a faded Japanese fan like they sold on the Pike in Long Beach.

"We came to buy candy," Diana said, still holding the money in her sweaty little fist.

We stood in front of the glass candy case dawdling, trying to make up our minds. I kicked at the sawdust on the worn wood plank floor, while Diana kept hemming and hawing.

Visions of Snicker bars were dancing in my head. Or licorice ropes. They lasted longer. But I could taste the caramel and nuts of the Snicker bar squishing between my teeth and it won the battle going on in my mind. I had not had a Snicker since Christmas.

"Do you like Root Beer Barrels or Cherry Barrels?" Diana asked me.

"Barrels?" I said in disbelief, "I thought you had a lotta money."

"I do," she said defiantly, "I have a **whole penny**, and we can get 'twofers'....then we'll each have one," she said using the nickname all the kids used for 'two for a penny' candies.

The Snicker bar took wings and disappeared from my ten year old head. Barrels were certainly better than nothing.

"Root Beer," I said acquiescing, "it's **your** favorite too."

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"I was hoping you'd choose that," she said. Her wet fingers unfolded from around the copper penny and she handed it to the fat lady behind the counter.

"Thanks for the candy," I said as we went through the squeaky screen door and let it slam.

We unwrapped the cellophane from the Root Beer Barrels as we trudged up the Redwood Street hill to Diana's house. She was more than just a cousin. She was my friend. To walk all that way to get me to share her penny was more than I could comprehend.

We popped the Root Beer Barrels into our dry, parched mouths. The Santa Ana weather condition had made us thirstier than we thought. I crossed the lawn in front of her house and leaned down to the hose bib for a drink of water. The water was hot but wet and that was all that mattered.

We were just kids, whiling away a summers day, and it had been a really exciting day, too. That's about as exciting as things got in good 'ole Brea during The Great Depression.

View

Thelly, the Storylady, Cardiff by the Sea
For a virtual visit go to http://www.lifestorywriting.net/
My Blog: http://storyladyincardiffbythesea.blogspot.com/
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For Quiet Moments http://www.gospelcom.net/rbc/odb/odb.shtml
Seeking? http://www.reasons4faith.org/

4 more messages

Bill Hyatt Message 6 of 6 , Aug 12, 2008

View Source

Isabelle,
Give me a call sometime and we can actually meet. It would be a shame for us to live only 7 or 8 miles apart and not get acquainted. My number is 744-5329.
Bill (OTD)
Jesus still saves

Show message history

B.P. Fri Sept 4, 1942

Brea Maternity Home Takes Care of Its Last Baby

Between 400 & 500 babies, including four sets of twins, first saw the light of day at Brea Maternity home, 519 South Pomona avenue.

But there will be no more.

~~Mrs. Ada~~ Ray Closson, who has operated this baby home for 20 years, closed its doors two months ago

At that time she had not made up her mind ~~to~~ whether ~~to~~ or not to open again.

But this week she decided that since she had been taking care of babies for over 50 years, she was going to call it a day.

Mrs. Closson, who at that time was Mrs Snavley, came to live on Stearns lease before there was any Brea here.

Even in those days she did child nursing. However, Mrs Snavley did not neglect her own family because she had four children of her own, three of whom are living.

Jim Snavley works for Union Oil company lives in La Habra. A daughter is married to A.F. Cone who lived in Brea until four years ago. Another daughter resides in Fullerton.

Mrs. Closson regrets that she is giving up her "hobby" as she calls it, and says that "she still is crazy about babies."

Brea Bird July 1 1950

Burt's TV and Appliances.

In the spring of 1950 we became aware that the area where we lived in Los Angeles seemed an unsafe place to rear our three sons. Jess Burt had grown up in the unincorporated area known as Florence, near Huntington Park. When he was in high school he had a summer job at a small rubber plant called Kirkhill Rubber where he made beach balls. When we were looking for a place to move our business we met Thomas Kirkhill in Brea and he assured us that Brea was a growing, thriving town with a great future and the best place to locate a business.

The old residence at 114 South Pomona Ave was for sale and when we talked to the owner, Claude Cheek, we agreed to his terms and packed to move in when school was out. We had heard great things about Brea's school system.

All the stores were "Mom and Pop" and our boys grew up considering them as friends and not just merchants. Mr and Mrs Bogtman ran the Brea Market on our South side and Bob and Mattie Shrambe ran the barber shop on the North.

We needed more room and made plans to build on the rear of the lot. After we had the permits and materials, Mr Burt was seriously injured in an accident and I had to proceed with the building. Although other relatives came to help on weekends, most of the time

I worked alone; and finished the roof by November first, before it beg an to rain.

Ronald, Gilbert and Gary loved the schools and all their classmates. They had a great town to grow up in and I became involved in church and P.T.A and loved the home town atmosphere. I joined the Brea Womans Club and enjoyed working for the community with the other members for many years. In 1958 we bought a home on Alder street, tore down the old frame building and bought the barber shop building next door.

The boys grew up and married local girls: Ron married Shirley Margerison and Gary married Judy McGowan of Brea. Gil married Cheryl Waddell of La Habra. These couples gave us eight grand-children and they have produced (so far) eight "greats", four in Nevada and four in Arizona.

In the seventies Mr Burts health failed and the property was sold to Bill Brundige. Jess died in 1975 and Ron in 1985 but I am still living in Brea.

Mae Burt

February 28, 1985

To: Mr. Jim Sleeper

From: Dean F. Millen

Subject: The old Crookshank home

Victor Hualde built his home in the middle of his huge land holding in 1909 costing $4500.00. It was located on a private road called Deadara Street. This is the property C. C. Crookshank owned for many years and sold to Everett Reese.

The old home stood empty for a number of years. One night during a Friday night High School football game it caught fire and was completely demolished. The property has since been subdivided and people are living there completely oblivious as to its past.

The Bickel Family

In 1917 Velma Catherine Gray and Frank Bickel came to Brea, Calif. because Velma's stepmother "Honey" Blanchard lived there. Eventually Frank & Velma bought the house next door at 210 N. Orange. They lived there until 1942. Robert Gray was born June 16, 1927 at Fullerton General on Lemon in Full. & Frances Elizabeth was Aug. 27, 1921 at Full. General. Both graduated from BOHS. "We were kids all around & we could play anywhere - in kids & streets. We took our B-B guns & hunted rabbits where Kirkhill is now. Bar-B-Qs in the park & Pa Peterkin would bring kids orange boxes & we would play on them ~~the~~ until they would be used for seats & tables at the picnic."

Bob grad. 45 Frances in 39. married Grover Miller in 39 & had 3 sons. Mike Steve & Tony. who still live in So. Ca.

Francis died in '93

June 17

Bob & Shirley were married in 1950 at St. Mary's in Fullerton rec'p at Women's Club in Brea. Shirley was from El Segundo. They lived behind Roy Dudas' 210 S. Orange downstairs for $35 then upstairs for $50. Bought at 507 S. Poplar Shirley was working at Oilfields 1951 & Bob at P.O. (49-51) Bob at Union Oil in '51 (Oct.)

John 52 Jim 53 Karen 55
Matthew Francis Lee

Moved to 831 Lemon around '55
all went to Arcadia & grad
BOHS

John 70 Jim 71 Karen 73

Bob did lawns to help
- worked on P.D reserve

Retired 1986 Shirley 1992

Park & Rec 1992
Senior - Center - trips

Kids

PTA Scouts little league

John Pam Kaiser
Allison
Sean
Sidney

Jim
Chad
Jill-expecting
Or a
Crystalline
Angel

Karen
Stacie
Janie
Katie
Just born

Enjoys going to openings at Gallery & watching T.V

Charles T. Mosey died
May 3, 1973
Ella Moseley died
Feb. 14, 1970

OBITUARY OF
CHARLES THOMAS MOSELEY

It has been a long, long time since that 11th day of May, 1886 when Charles Thomas Moseley was born into the home of George and Caroline Moseley of Baltimore, Maryland. A sister Jennie was there to greet Charles and later another sister Annie was born to make this home complete.

When Charles was just a lad a great cloud came over his life, for his precious Mother became ill...and then was taken by death. Their father couldn't adjust to the loss of the dear wife of those years...and so Charles' oldest sister undertook the task of raising the children. There developed a bond between these three that drew them closer than brothers and sisters normally would be.

Because of the circumstances Charles early had to learn to work and help support this little family, that had settled by this time in Junction City, Kansas. He started picking up any odd jobs that were available to a boy...and soon ended up working in a grocery store there in Junction City. Of course, Charles found time to attend school and gained his basic education there in Junction City. He had a keen mind, even at an early age...and he had a genuine desire to learn. But the most important lessons of life were not learned at a school desk, but in the challenges that heavy responsibility brought upon his young shoulders.

There in Junction City, Charles became a very proficient baseball player even to the point of playing on a local semi-professional team. Now a problem was developing....You see he had started attending the Baptist Church when there were'nt Sunday games to be played. But there at that Baptist Church Charles was very popular with the young people. He had a vitality and a personality that made him the life of the party. The young ladies heads were often turned his way...and then there was one young lady that especially caught his attention and then captivated his heart,,,her name was Ella. Now Ella's adopted parents Mr. & Mrs. James Morton became very concerned about this young man that Ella was seeing...and as is the custom of dedicated mothers...Mrs. Morton began to pray. She prayed that the Lord would get to Charles Moseley's heart. The more she prayed, the more miserable Charles became. I've heard him tell about this many times...how he was working at a grocery store ther in Junction City, Kansas, and he became so miserable one day there at work that he thought he would die. Conviction was so heavy on his heart that finally he slipped away and went down in the basement, walked over behind the big vinegar barrell and got down on his knees and began to pray...and God answered Mother Morton's prayers. Charles Moseley gave his heart to the Lord that day, and through the years that followed he kept the vows he made to the Lord that day. And now

Moseley, Charles Thomas
Moseley, Ella Mosley

Charles had the approval of the Mortons and so on the 14th day of April, 1909 he took Ella Morton to be his wife. What a wonderful marriage and what a wonderful life they found together.

They settled at first there in Junction City, Kansas and Charles continued working in the grocery store. And then on the 11th day of April, 1911 their first child, Florence was born. What a joy and blessing Florence was to their lives and to their home. They were so proud of her as their love became increased through the birth of this baby daughter.

About this time the call of the West began to ring in the hearts of Charles & Ella Moseley and they moved to the golden state of California, with its million golden promises...They first moved to the community of Orange but soon were intrigued with the possibilitites of a little oil field town of Olinda.

In Olinda they soon became established in the Pilgrim Holiness Church and Charles and Ella pitched in to help make this church one of the most dynamic churches around. Brother Moseley served as Sunday School Superintendent of that church for some 9 years. When they moved to Olinda Charles immediately took up the trade he had known best...working in the grocery store. He then transferred to the S.Q.R. Store and finally became manager of that store before it was closed and he was transferred to the Anaheim Store...and then went to work for the Union Oil Company.

While living there in Olinda their family was increased again, then again and then again. First there was Ruth and then Ella Mae and then Charles Thomas Jr. The Moseley's were wonderfully happy together for they were a very close knit family, and each of their children were very special in their lives.

But then a cloud came over the Moseley family for when Charles Thomas was just 5 months old he was taken from the Moseley home in death. This was a reversal that the Moseleys felt for many years.

However in due time they moved from Olinda to Brea and here another son Walter was born...and this made their family complete. The family placed their membership in the Brea Church of the Nazarene and very soon Bro. Moseley became the Sunday School Superintendent. He was full of life and enthusiasm for the Sunday School and the cause of Christ.

Through these years Bro. Moseley never missed a chance to stand up for the Lord. When Bro. Woodroof was pastor of the Brea Church there was a group in Brea that wanted to turn Brea into a gambling center...and placed a referendum on the ballot to legalize boxing and gambling in this town. Bro. Moseley and Rev. Woodroof vigorously opposed this measure...as the day of the election came the people streamed to the polls...every person was urged to vote...late in the afternoon as Bro.

Moseley was out trying to locate still other voters he found two who had not voted and urged them to go to the polls...they did vote and those votes swung the election, and kept the gambling faction from taking control of Brea.

Bro. Moseley was an enthusiastic supporter of children and youth activities... helping to organize a Boy's Club at the Congregational Church with Les Slaughter... Started jail services ~~at the Orange County jail services~~ SERVICES at the Orange County jail to minister to the fellows there...and of course always boosting the Sunday School and the youth activities in his own church.

And through all these years Bro. Moseley was always a good provider. He worked for the Union Oil Co. for about 35 years...starting by chipping boilers and working up to pumper. When he retired from Union Oil he still remained active...working around the church; doing odd jobs, helping where he could.

He was the kind of person who was always looking for a chance to help someone in need. Through the years whenever they saw a child in need they just couldn't turn them away...and on at least six different occasions they took children into their home, shared with them their meals, their home, and their love.

It was back in 1933 that another great cloud came over this home...for it was in that year that their oldest daughter Floreene ~~Mae~~ was taken in death. She was just 23 years of age, right in the process of making her life a great tribute to the parents who loved her so dearly, but now she preceded them home to Heaven.

And so once again the Moseley family had to make the most of what God gave them as they overcame this great heartache in their lives.

Bro. Moseley has maintained his membership in the Brea Church for some 54 years.

As the years passed and the Moseley's became a bit older they moved from their home in Brea to a mobilehome in Pomona where they could be close to their daughter Ella Mae. And then Mrs. Moseley began to fail. And so it was that on the 14th day of Feb. 1970 about 3:40 in the morning Sister Moseley went to be with the Lord.

This was the final ~~last~~ straw for Bro. Moseley...he now felt that there was really more of Him on the other side than there was to live for here. No...he didn't give up...he attended church regularly...he kept the faith...devoutly...but he was tired and weary...and anxious to be reunited with his loved ones in Heaven...And so finally on May 3, 1975 at about 10 o'clock in the evening Bro. Moseley felt the loving arms of His Lord reach down and lift him gently out of this world and ushered him into the City of our God. Praise the Lord...What he had lived for for so long had finally come to pass...Home at last...Bro. Moseley left some notes for the family... Listen to his request...Have a plain casket...Don't make the funeral sad...Just a common soldier going home...CORONATION DAY...No great soldier just a private..One who practiced what he preached.

I think this was well expressed by his son Walter the other day who said,' "My dad really lived his religion."

Left to remember Mr. Charles Thomas Moseley are:

2 daughters...Ruth Aileen Calderwood of Brea
Ella Mae Haynes of Pomona

1 son ...Walter Lloyd Moseley of Upland

1 sister ...Annie Bishop of San Diego

7 grandchildren...

7 great grandchildren and a host of friends.

Information given by
Ruth Moseley daughter of
Charles Moseley

Robert Russell Family

In 1912, the family of James E. and Sadie Russell moved to the town of Randolph, which later became the City of Brea.

James opened a jewelry and clock store on North Pomona. The other half of the store was where Sadie sold musical instruments, sheet music, victrolas and records. The store was later moved to West Ash and then finally to the middle of the 100 block of South Pomona.

The Russells brought with them three sons, Robert, Donald and Melvin. The boys attended Randolph School.

At one time Robert had a pet wildcat named "Stutz", who would lounge in the store. Since most of the customers were frightened by the cat, Sadie made Robert sell his pet to a circus.

Sadie Russell was one of the founding members of Brea Congregational Church.

In February 1918, Robert married Mabel Sachs of Ontario. They lived in Blythe for a couple of years, then returned to Brea in 1930. Robert began working for Union Oil Company in 1931, and retired in 1962.

The couple resided on the corner

Russell (Robert)

of Ash and Madrona until Roberts' death in 1983.

Mabel's parents, Clarence and Carrie Sacks moved to Brea in the Mid 1920's and lived on South Poplar.

Robert (Bob) and Mabel raised three children in their home on South Madrona, Roberta (Bobbie), Dean and Willa (Billie).

The Russells enjoyed the small town atmosphere. They often took long walks in the hills. The friendliness of shopkeepers and city officials who called one by name made one feel secure in a town where doors weren't locked and doctors made house calls.

During World War II, Bob and Mabel raised chickens and rabbits in their back yard. They also kept several hives of bees and had a "victory garden" in the hills behind the Union Oil offices on Lambert Street.

Billie Russell Bowland

[redacted]

Bowland
1133 E Elm St
Brea CA 92621

Copied Verbatum

AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF
MYRTLE IRENE SEXTON WARNER
WRITTEN IN 1967

In the year 1898 a young couple lived in Brownsville, Oregon. This town was, and still is, snuggled in a small valley in the mountains. There, many trees are felled for lumber.

John Leroy Sexton and his bride, Retta Berdella Moore, were married in this town and established their first home.

On September 19, 1899 a little daughter was born to this couple. She was a tiny mite of humanity, weighing three and three quarters pounds. Her mother could slip her wedding ring over the baby's hand, as a bracelet. This is something I believed because my mother told me, but I couldn't hardly believe it, until one of my granddaughters was born. She weighed as little as I, so I put my wedding ring over her hand, as a bracelet. Some of such facts in life are almost unbelievable, but we must believe them.

In 1903, Jan. 15th, another daughter, Hazel Ethel, was born to this couple. Our Father worked in a lumber camp. We had cousins and relatives in and around Brownsville, but being so young, I didn't remember many of them. One cousin, Elma Moore, a daughter of my mother's second brother, Eddie Moore, whom I have kept in touch for many years, since has married and I have married.

Probably in 1904 we moved to Stockton, Cal. Here a third daughter, Ruth Evaline, was born. She was given the middle name, as being named for our maternal grandmother. She lived with us part of every year.

My father drove a dray, which was drawn by four large white horses. A dray is a low bed wagon of four wheels.

We lived about five blocks from town on a corner. I can remember, as I was five years of age, I rode the street car up town, to and from Sunday school. We wouldn't think of letting a five year old ride a street car alone now-a-days.

Back of us around the corner lived a Negro family. I don't remember the little girl's name.

We used to play house through the fence. My mother wouldn't let me go into the little girl's home or yard.

A little son was born to this Negro family. My playmate always had something to tell me about him every day. One day the little girl told me her brother had died.

A day after the mother came over to our house abd asked my mother if I could go to her house to see the baby. My mother let me go. I remember this lady lifting me up her arms to show me her baby that she said "had gone to be with Jesus". Things like this stay in your memory. I believe for a purpose. They are very human.

In the later part of 1904 we moved to Santa Fe Springs. We lived on the Day and Orr Road. All of this country around this area as well as other places has changed and sub-divided that you can't find landmarks.

My mother's oldest brother, Frank Moore, and family lived across the street from us. They had twenty acres and a large two story house. We always had a good time there, fifteen kids, teen agers on down, but not like today.

In years after this we drove, many times I drove the horse

and buggy, with my mother and family, from La Habra and later Brea Canyon, to get fruit of many kinds. We would take home peaches, plums, etc. of 100 lbs. at a time and can.

In Jan. 30, 1905, at Santa Fe Springs, a son was born to this couple. He was named Henry David after his two grandfathers. Henry Moore and David Sexton. Therefore Henry David.

Later we moved to upper Brea Canyon. There were houses on oil leases to be rented to workers.

Farther up the canyon, where Tonner Canyon was later, there was a one room frame school house, about a mile from our house. All eight grades were in the one room. Mrs. Pendergrass was my first teacher. I started in first but my mother had taught me reading, writing and arithmetic, so I was put in second grade. The back yard was separated by a six foot wire fence. There was an outhouse in each yard. One side was for girls and the other side boys. Many of there boys were sixteen to eighteen and still in eighth grade. Several of these pupils that lived farther up the canyon are still living.

One neighbor to the south of us was named Hoffman. The one to the north was Mr. and Mrs. Krieghtbaum and their daughter, Lola. Lola was a few older than I and some grades ahead of me, but she was like an older sister. She would take me to box suppers with her in the school house and Sunday School on Sunday mornings. My father and mother moved to Fullerton, Cal. south of now Brea. Mr. Bert Kriegbaum worked for oil companies . He bot orange land and had a nice home. Soon after he passed away. Mrs. Kriegbaum

lived in the home until she was way in her nineties. I knew her for sixty one years.

In 1943 we rented a portion of her land and had a very successful fruit and vegetable market. Lola passed away and left two children, a son and a daughter. When the daughter was preparing for her wedding, she asked her grandmother to write the living school mates of her mother. She knew her mother would have wanted this. So my husband and I were invited. We attended this wedding in a quaint chapel in Long Beach in 1944.

This daughter of Lola is now a trained nurse. She lived for a while next door to her grandmother.

Incedentially, our oldest daughter and Lola's daughter attended nurse training at Huntington Memorial Hospital in Pasadena the same years, 1941-42.

In 1907 another daughter, Mabel Gertrude, was born. (Feb. 3rd). I was seven years of age then.We had a large barn where we kept a cow, horse and chickens. One day my grandmother sent me to the barn to gather eggs. I had to crawl under the manger to get them. I saw a black and white stripped kitty but I didn't know what he was. When I got to the back door of the house my grandmother took the eggs from me and told me"to go to the outhouse! and take off all your clothes, you stink too bad to come into the house". That black and white kitty was a skunk. How was I to know? She brot something to put around me and took me into the house and bethed me and dressed me in fresh clothes. She buried the others. I must have been saturated and I didn't gather eggs in the barn any more, when I saw the stripped kitty. Many nites we were awakened

by coyotes howling as they came down from the hills after her chickens. We had to always have the doors shut also the chicken house doors. If they were left unlocked we wouldn't have any chickens the next morning.

July 25 of 1908 the sixth child was born, another daughter, Ruby Berniece. We had a spanish girl to work for us. She was very good to us children. Later this year we moved between La Habra and what is now Brea, on the Green Ranch.

We had a white mare Nelly that bore us a colt. We kept the colt and the mother died.My father and I broke this young mare to drive single. He bot a strawberry roan that had never been single. He built a pair of shaves out of young ecucalyptus trees, made a single cart. I would lean on the seat of the cart and the shaves would raise up. He would back the horse under the shaves, then I would gently let them down, over the colt. Agter many days of an hour or so a day we finally broke her to drive. We did the same with the roan horse. After we got her hitched into the shaves (blindfolded) I would go up to the side of the horse and pull off the blindfold. One day the roan nearly knocked me down. We won tho, with both horses. One day the colt reared up on her hind legs and if my mother hadn't seen this and hollered to me, the colts hoop would have hit me in the head.

When the gray mare was still alive, my sister Hazel and I drove horse and buggy two miles to school, then the Washington school on Central Ave. in La Habra.

This frame building was torn down after many years and a stucco modern school was built. Mrs. Albert Launer, then Miss Lulu ????? Conviss was my fourth grade teacher.

While living in La Habra another girl Wilma Leona and another boy was born to my parents. The boy named Edgar Leroy was a deformed child and only lived three months.

In 1910 we moved back to edge of Brea Canyon about one block north of Central in a company house which my father bot and later moved it in the town of Brea after it was organized. Three of us children attended the Randolph school on the corner of Deadora and Brea Boulevard.

I was then in the sixth grade. Mr. Jepson was my teacher then. I entered there in sixth grade. In the spring of the next term I cam home with the mumps. My father, then about 49 years of age, got the mumps and some of the younger children. Then 1913 measles came around. I brot those home. All the children had them. My youngest sister had them and only able to play outside and she went thru the fence in the back yard and ran a barb off the barbwire in her eye. Her system was weak from the measles so she got blood poisoning. Her constitution was too weak and couldn't combat it, so the Lord took her Home.

I never will forget that day. The Dr. told us she wouldn't be with us long. I went into the room to see her. Her eyes had been swollen shut. She opened her eyes and tears ran down her face. She said "Goodbye" to me and closed her eyes. She was such a darling child and as I was the oldest, she meant much to me as my baby sister. The undertaker came to the house and washed and dressed her body, then put her in her casket, which was white, and set it in the front room.

The funeral was in about two days at our house. Then they placed the casket in the hearse drawn by two horses and took her to Little Lake Cemetery in Santa Fe Springs.

I asked the preacher "why she was taken?" and he answered me, "God knows and that is enough".

A few months later my mother gave birth to her ninth child, another boy. He was named Charles Cecil. After about six months he dies of spinal meingatus. In feb of 1915 my grandmother Moore died.

My mother was in very poor health and I was second mother to the children.

I finished eigth grade in 1914. Hester Tallman, Eva Schultz, Harland Brownfield, James Craig and myself were the graduating class of 1914 at the Randolph school.

I went to Fullerton High School two years. Mary Yarite and I rode the school bus when it was rainy weather. Most of the good weather I drove a horse and buggy and picked Mary up from the Hole Lease between Brea and Fullerton.

My mother's health was so bad and I had to miss school to help her, that I couldn't continue and keep up present grades. So June in 1916 when I was sixteen years of age I had to quit school.

I wanted to go to business college and my dear dad told me he would try and send me if I worked and helped him a while.

I worked at a small grocery store, filling orders and posting bills. I received thirty dollars a month and room and board. I kept five dollars a month for my music lessons and gave my father the rest. I drove a horse and buggy once a week to Fullerton to

bank money for my employer. I drove thru what now is Brea, to Loma Vista road and then went west on that until I came to Fullerton Roadas it was then called. I turned south on Fullerton Road and wound around hills until I got into town. The Loma Vista road was where the Bastanchury family lived. There were gum trees that lined both sides of the road after we passed the Arrones lemon grove.

In 1912-13 my family drove horse and surry to Fullerton to the Christian Church, over this same road. My mother, sisters and I drove this at nite many a time. My roan horse that I help train to drive single would run races with the automobiles we had in those days. Of course they didn't go too fast then.

When we moved to Brea Canyon from La Habra there was no Brea. It was barley fields. On the corner of Brea Blvd. and Deadora St. stood the school where I graduated. A few years afterward it was torn down to make room for a parking lot.

The Nazarene Church stands on the same corner where it was originally was built. The Congregational Church was erected on the corner of Brea Blvd. and the south side of Birch Street. Later years this building was moved to Imperial and Flower. This was used for a few years then remodeled and enlarged.

The Christian Church was started on W. Ash and facing S. Walnut Street in 1914. Just a frame building with sawdust floor.

Myrtle Wilson from Santa Ana was sent up to Brea from the Santa Ana Christian Church to help get this going. We were a mission church of Santa Ana Christian Church. Myrtle had a cot she slept on. She wanted to become a missionary and this was part of her

training. I dearly loved this woman. She was ten years my senior. She wanted to go to Phillipines, on her mission work. After she left Brea she went East to learn language and further instructions.

She met Frank Stipp in the Islands. Some time afterwards they were married. They had three children born to them on the Islands. One they laid to rest there. A son and daughter they brot back to the U.S.A. with them. They were sent to Brea as pastor and wife after a few years.

When I moved back to Brea after a few years of marriage I met these people again and work in the christian church with them. They left Brea a short time afterwards and Myrtle was killed in an auto accident in Glendale.

When our church was organized in Brea, my father, mother and I were charter members, along with many others who has passed on.

Mrs. Julia Schwietzer was our choir director. She was a big help to me as a fifteen year old girl just learning to play the organ. One of the choir boys went with me in a buck board up the hill back of our home to get an organ. Some of the notes wouldn't play but I could learn on it. About a year later my father paid twenty-five dollars for a beautiful carved organ for me. This same boy, with the same buck board, drove to Fullerton and brot home the organ. I practised diligently and then I started taking lessons on my neighbor's piano. We had no organist at church so I was asked to play. This went on for several months until Mrs. Schwietzer's niece came out from Ohio. She took over, then I went into the choir. I had taken some voice lessons while in high school, so I could help here, at fourteen.

We had singing groups at the Nazarene Church and there is where I learned to read by note. Eight or ten boys and girls walked passed my house and I joined them. We had a lot of fun singing as we went. We would get home around 9 P.M.

In 1916 I started clerking in the Brea Bakery known as "cams Bakery". It was run by a man named Camm and a widow named Mrs. Kellogg.

I enjoyed working here. I wrapped the loaves of bread, stacked the cookies and the doughnuts on the trays and waited on trade.

In March 1917 I met a handsome young man at church. He was Ross Warner from Jeffersonville, Indiana. He had black hair and beautiful blue eyes. My father was from Indiana too. He was a clerk at a grocery store owned by Mr. Neal. A Mr. and Mrs. Beatty asked all the young people to their house after church. After church she introduced this young man to me. He asked to walk me home and I accepted. The next week a minstrel show in a big tent was in town. He asked me to go. This was our first date.

I never went with any other boy after I met him. The girls at the christian church where we both attended asked him why he didn't date any other girls.

You don't know whether you like us or not. He answered he had found what he wanted.

I still lived down Brea Canyon. A row of pepper trees had been plantedon both sides of the street. Some are still there after fifty years. This was our lovers lane, as we walked everywhere we went.

We became engaged in July of 1917. Soon after he enlisted in the Marines. He was sent to Mare Island. While there he became

very ill with yellow jaundice. The Government gave him a medical discharge and sent him home. I was very, very happy to see him when he came to my folks house that nite. I didn't know when he would be home.

One evening on the way home from church walking down our lovers lane, he asked me when my birthday was. I told him the 19th of Sept. Then he wanted to know what year I was born. I told him after a few minutes. He then that I was fooling him. The reason why was that the date was his birthdate and also his younger brothers. He was four years my senior and the brother my age. He said "Let's get married on our birthday". He thot this would be very unusual. After a day or so I agreed. We had told my parents we were engaged but not when we planned on marriage. He gave me a moonstone ring for our engagement.

I kept on working at the bakery. He was now working for Union OIl Co. on Deadora St. east of town.

I bot material and made a blouse by hand while not aaiting on trade. I bot a cream colored skirt and my shoes.

A young couple lived in the house on the corner of East Birch and Walnut St. in Brea. The husband was a truck driver and the wife was a young lady I had gone to school with in La Habra. He was transferred north and had to sell all household goods. Ross found out about this so he bot the furniture, etc. Took over the contract of their piano which they had had only a year, and rented the house. This house is still standing on the same corner, over fifty years.

The piano was my wedding gift and we still have it.

I went to work from my mothers as usual this particular Wed. A.M. I had two hours off at noon. I almost always spent them with Berniece after I found out she lived there.

Around ten A.M. Ross went to Santa Ana to the courthouse , by buss, and got the marriage license and was back by 1:30.

I changed to my new clothes, Ross came, the minister, Rev. W. E. Spicer, who is still living, came over. Berniece and husband stood up with us and at 2:00 that afternoon the ceremony started. Wed. Sept. 19 - 1917 at 2:15Myrtle I. Sexton and Ross A. Warner were pronounced man and wife.

The young couple left for their new home and work. The Rev. went home and Ross went to the bakery to tell Mrs. Kellogg I wasn't coming back to work then or ever because I was now his wife. She was sure mad. I understand now it was no joke for her.

Soon several women came to our front door. They took lace curtains down from the windows, pinned these on my head as a wedding vale. They marched us north on Walnut St to Ash, then east on Ash to Brea Blvd. (then Pomona Ave.) to Birch, west on Birch to Walnut and our home.

About four P.M. I saw my Aunt Belle walking down the alley towards our backyard. I called out the window "Hello Aunt Belle" and she said to me "You don't need to call me Aunt the way you have treated your old Dad". I hadn't given a thot about how my parents might feel. I was so happy with my new husband and a home of my own to keep, that I didn't think about them.

About seven o'clock that evening our door bell rang. The boys from my S.S. class at the Christian Church came to shiveree us. We hadn't thot about a shiveree so had no goodies in the house. Ross gave them some money to go up town and get ice cream.

A few minutes later the doorbell rang again and it was the group from his class. He gave them money to go up and treat themselves.

A Revival had started at the Nazarene Church which was across the street from us. The ushers at the Church heard the noise the boys were making, as it was now getting dark, and sent Lee Calderwood over to see what was going on. We told him why the boys had come there. Lee answered "Don't you know better than to get married across the street when there is a revival going on?" I met this friend at the 50th anniversary of the Nazarere Church. I asked him if he remembered making the above statement. He was embarrassed and said he didn't remember having said this. This friend Lee and wife Abbie have passed on in the last year. The last time I saw these people was over ten years ago.

There has been many weddings and revivals held in that church and vicinity since 1917. I guess niether has been damaged since our wedding that day.

A few months later we made a down payment on a four room house on Madrona St. We lived there until Ross was called back into the service. We sold our home and all our furniture except my piano and linens.

In August 1918 he left Brea for Jeffersonville, Ind. to join the Army in Camp Zachary Taylor at Louisville, Ky., four miles from the home of his parents.

I went to live with my parents. Moved my piano there too. I got a job again with Mrs. Kellogg in her bakery. Oh, yes, I had a darling white angora kitten. He had one blue eye and one green eye. I took him to my mother's home with me.

Our first wedding anniversary was spent hundreds of miles apart. He is Louisville and me in Brea. That day, Sept. 19, 1918, my 19th birthday, I received a letter with a check for me to come back where he was, and live with his folks. For my birthday and anniversary was a gold octagon shaped wrist watch with our initials on the back. The watch doesn't run any more but I still have it. When I realized the money was for my train trip east, I then began to think this meant leaving my parents and go to his whom I had not met.I wrote him when I was leaving by train but I did't know he was ill with the "flu". The drs. had no hope for him. On the third day of his high fever and unconsciousness they were standing by his room door and talking about sending for me. He had come too, and he told them I was on my way to him. They were surprised to see him conscious, let alone him talking.

I arrived there a week later. The first time I had been on a train. His company men by this time had come down with the measles so he was in quatentine when I reached Jeffersonville.

My husband's mother kept phoning to find out when we could go to camp and see him. After I was there three weeks I got to see him.

The Drs. sent him across the small bridge in a side car on a medical motorcycle. He had fifteen minutes to talk to us. He was so weak he had to lean against a tree. He had lost weight and was in uniform that I had never seen him in and wearing a wide rim army hat. His face was so thin and had I not known he was coming to see me I would not have known him.

I day I arrived in Jeffersonville, my mother-in-law and brother-in-law, Earl, met me.

That evening my youngest brother-in-law , that was my age, and a second Lt. in the army, came home from camp. He came in the kitchen door behind me. He put his face down to mine and said "Hello, you California yap, are you going to kiss your brother?". I said "Sure" and kissed him on the cheek. He was taller then my husband and a handsome Lt. He was the youngest Lt. at 19 years of age.

A few days after I was in Jeff. I went to work at the American Car and Foundry Co., where tent slips were made for the tent ropes on Army tents.

I worked on the emory wheel, smoothing the tent slips, then made cores for the slips. I worked there until the Armistice was signed, Nov. 11, 1918.

My husband was in Charlestown, So. Carolina, expecting to be sent overseas when the "good news" came. He was sent back to Camp Taylor then in Jan 1919 he was given an Honorable Discharge from the U. S. Army.

In early November before Armistice was signed the phone rang in my mother-in-laws home. Pop and I were in the kitchen and he asked

me to answer the phone. My sister-in-law Violet was on the phone. She was a telephone operator. She said she had received a telegram from my husband telling her to give me the message "that he was to be sent to France immediately. And he sent me his love". I stood there speechless. Then she laughed and said "Just a little joke". I hung up and could hardly talk. My husbands father asked me what was wrong. I told him and he was angry. Next A.M. when Violet came into the kitchen my father Warner scolder her for what she had said to me. She didn't like the idea of Father Warner standing for me.

In Mar 1919 we went ten miles out to the country to work on a farm. Ross helped Morris Prather with farming, etc. I helped Lucille in the house with work and canning, etc.

They had one daughter Marie that was two years old when in May a second daughter was born, She was named Marcia Alleda. We put up sunkist strawberry preserves, canned corn, beans, etc. and many kinds of fruit. We canned sausage and cured hams. We had pure cream on our cereal every morning. A wonderful six months we spent on the farm. I saw pineapples for the first time and pimentoes also. We canned some of each. We brot home to Cal some pimentoes.

All the children of Morris and Lucille Prather are married and have their families. Marie is a grandmother. Morris died in 1928 the same year and month our son was born. Lucille died in 1966. When ever we returned to Jeff. to visit we always visited this family. She was like an older sister to me.

In Sept. 1919 we started for Calif. We went to Hebron, Ind. to visit an uncle of mine on my fathers side, a half brother.

We arrived in Hebron by train. They didn't know we were coming.We inquired where they lived. It was only a few blocks from this small town and the shortest way was down the track. We met a young boy going in the opposite direction and he told us where ??? Zed Sexton lived. He didn't know we were relatives. He was surprised when he came back from town to see us at his house.

I had never seen these people. When Uncle Zed came to the door I told him who I was and he said you must be one of John Sexton's daughters because you favor him. He favored my father but had a short chin that my father did not have. Uncle Zed was a tall slim man more slendor than my father. Aunt Minnie was a heavy set person. Just poor country folk. They had one daughter, Maud, and four boys. The youngest Dale was four years old. I can't remember the names of the other three. This little fellow fell in love with us and wanted to go to Cal. with us. We stayed there a week. Went to Chicago to get the train for Cal. Uncle Zed went with us, he was going on to Calif. to visit my father, but trains were on strike, so he had to return to Hebron.

He wanted me not to tell my father I had met him if we got to Calif. first If he got there first he wouldn't tell he had met us, until after we were introduced.

We were going to Burlington Junction, MO to visit my Uncle Charley and wife. We could not get a train for two days. And we wasn't sure of hotel lodging.

The train men talked over the situation and told us, and two other couples, we could ride the caboose down to Burlington.

So we accepted and rode the caboose 16 hours. So we have ridden a freight train. How many young married couples have ridden a freight free and not be riding the rails? Ha. Ha.

We spent a week or more in Burlington Junction. Then the trains started rolling.

My cousin, Dale Moore, then 19 years old, came to Cal. with us and lived with us two years while he went to Fullerton High School and graduated. We arrived home at my folks after dark. We went to my parents home in Brea Canyon. When my father saw me, after I walked in the backdoor, he picked me up and swung me around and said "Hi, Sissy!".

I then turned to Uncle Zed, who had been there a few days, and said "Hi, when did you get here?". This spoiled our plans of introduction. My father was surprised that we had met.

We had to stay at my folks for a few days until we rented a little house on N. Madrona in Brea. We bot some second hand furniture moved my piano, and started housekeeping again.

My mother told me the evening we arrived that my cousin, Maudie Moore Thomas, was buried that day. As a co-incedence, a fortune teller in Louisville, Ky. told me if I made my extra visit I would not see a first cousin again. We would be dead by the time we arrived home. My mother Warner and my sister-in-law visited this fortune teller often. As I was leaving the state they wanted me to go with them and see what he would tell me. I did it for fun. Also he said a blond man was going to fall in love with me. I told this man I was married. He said

that didn't make any difference. I would meet him in the future and he would be in love with me. After we moved to Placentia, Calif. I went to work at a bakery while a clerk was on vacation. This man owned a cafe. The party that came for the bread, etc., every morning told this cafe man about me. The next morning this owner came for the bread. The second morning and the third. The third A.M. he asked me to go to L.A. for dinner with him. I told him I was married and would not go. The next A.M. he asked me again. I told him I was Ross Warner's wife and would not go with him. He said he didn't believe it was true.

He went into the kitchen part of the bakery and asked the man I worked for, Jochan, a Frenchman. He said yes, I was Ross's wife. This man said he was very much in love with me. After Jochan told him I was married, he never came after bakery goods aS LONG AS I worked there. By the way this fortune teller said this man man would be blond and sure enough this one was.

In a few days my husband got a job with Mr. Ipsen, in his grocery store, where he worked prior to our meeting. As soon as we could find a house to rent we moved to Placentia, Cal.

We only rented this house a short time, until we bot a nice home one block south of us on Walnut St. We worked in the Presbyterian Church there and had a happy life. Ross worked with boys in the boys club that met at our house every week. I sang in the choir, taught S.S. and helped with childrens Sunday evening services.

Dale was still with us. Earl Warner, Ross' brother was there a short time too. On May 19, 1922, our first child was born, a dark-haired and brown eyed darling daughter. We named her Frances Mae. She was born in our home, in the afternoon. We had a practical nurse from Anaheim. She stayed twelve days with us.

In May of 1923 we moved back to Brea at 626 E. Birch St. We had paid a down payment on ten acres on the east part of town, Bot two four room houses and moved them onto this property. We had to set them on wooden foundations until we got cement foundations poored. We had to carry water a block before we had ours piped into both houses. This was like pioneering.

On May 28 - 1924 our second bundle of joy came to us. While Ross was in Indiana before Rose was bornhe met his Aunt Jane from Canada. She was telling him about the cousin, her daughter, Georgina. She asked Ross if we would name this child, if a girl, Georgina. He said we would. Rose was named Rose Alleda because I had to have her named within three days. She was four days when her daddy got home.

My nurse, Mrs. Clausen, tried to get the Dr. there and it was a cold May A.M. He was in Fullerton at a hospital. He said he would be there in plenty of time. How did he know he hadn't delivered one of my children before.Just as he drove up, in his small Ford, in front of my nurses home, she ran to the door and told him to hurry. He took his time and when he got to the front door Rose gave a loud "Wa!".

Ross had sent me a telegram stating he had been detained and when he would be home. The telegraph office in Fullerton did not deliver the message because we had no phone. When he went down and scolded them they didn't charge him for the telegram. That didn't keep me from worrying why he didn't write or telegraph.

So being she wasn't a boy I named her Rose Alleda, giving her her fathers initials. So she might have been Georgene if her dad had gotten home sooner or she had waited three days more. The Alleda was after Marcia Alleda in Jeff. Ind.

He told me what Aunt Jane had said and I told him "if there was another girl it would be Georgene.

Our third daughter arrived in 1926 in July 20. Here name Georgene but what to put with it? After much thot Mabel is the only name we could think to go with G. so Mabel Georgene it was. I have a sister Mabel.

An old German lady lived in our rent housewith her son and daughter. Her name was Barbara and her daughter-in-laws name was Alice. Alice had no children. Bamy, the German lady, asked me one day what I was going to name our fourth child. I didn't know because I didn't know about my boy yet. She asked me if it was another girl, if we would name her Barbara Alice? No. 4 was another girl and arrived Sept. 2, 1927. So this was Barbara Alice. Weren't we to ever have a son?

Soon nature told me my fifth child was on its way. I could not think of a girl. This was our boy. I couldn't stand the thot od another girl.Of course, if God had sent 'her' instead of 'him' , I would have had to accept 'her'.

On October 28 - 1928 our son was born. The nite was very foggy Ross had to walk up town and borrow the Mayor's pickup to take me to the nurses home. I didn't need that large a conveyance, but it was the first thing he saw that he could borrow.Our car was out of commission. Barney Lusinger was the owner of the truck we borrowed.

Mrs. Classen attended me with the last four of our children.

Our son was named Albert Leroy. His grandfather Warner was Albert Jacob, grandfather on my side of the house was John Leroy. Six months my husband's brothers' wife gave birth to a son. Her fathers name wa Joseph so that Warner grandson was Albert Joseph. He goes by the name of "A.J.". Our son "A.L.".

One afternoon when Albert was about two years old, a bachelor friend of ours and his lady friend came to visit us from Los Angeles. As these people got our of their car, our son walked down the sidewalk stark naked.We were terribly embarrassed.

We lived at 626 E. Birch, Brea, from Mar. 1923 until Sept. 1929.We had many happy days in this home. One interesting time was when three coucins of my husband came to see us from Detroit. One lady, Grace Cannon, and two men, George Jewell and Bill Jewell, another bro of these two waS Walter Jewell. We raised cantelopes and mush melons. I brot each of these one half of a melon. They were shocked to realize I would serve a half a melon to each.

Our children always had a half a melon for breakfast every morning. We sold many of these to stores. Many were cracked or some flaw that we couldn't sell. We would take these, which were many more than we could use, to people with large families or any one who could use them.

Many interesting people we met and became friends with, that rented the house next to us. Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Stewart, who are still friends after 35 years. These people are still living in Brea.Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Turley. He was Ross' driller when R. worked in the oil fields. They had a daughter and two sons. Mr. T. passed away in 1966.We went to his funeral in Whittier. Bamy & Son, Geo. Caspare. Both have deceased.

Depression hit many people in 1929. So we had to move to 303 E. Birch St., the home of Mr. and Mrs. Emil Carlson. After we had lived there for nearly two years my husband had to go to Veterans Hospital in San Diego to have a tregem ??? removed from an eye. While he was in the hospital I received a letter stating we would have to move as the oil company houses were to be moved and they wanted them. Some friends from my church took me house hunting. I found one on Flower St. across from my mother, for rent. We went to La Habra to find out how much rent was wanted.

The real estate man wanted $25 per month. But being we had five children, he didn't want to rent it to me. When I told _____ how are children had been taught about other peoples property, he agreed to rent to me. He also furnished paint to paint the whole house inside. My uncle Charlie came over and did the painting for me. This was a six room house with large yard and garage. I had mailed a card to my husband that we were moving to 110 S. Flower but he didn't receive the card before we left. So he went to our previous home. A neighbor told him where we had moved to.When he was walking up the sidewalk Rose the second daughter saw him coming . She ran down the street calling "Daddy! Daddy!" and threw her arms around him.

In the early part of 1934 there was a very strong earthquake in Long Beach. Much damage was done there and was strongly felt in Brea. My sister Hazel was living in Long Beach and was very ill. A friend of her put her and all her belongings in his roadster and brot her to my parents home. They said they didn't have room for her. I went over and told him to bring her

to my house. We kept her until she was well. We were crowded, but we put three girls in a bed so it worked out OK.

The house at 646 E. Birch St. was for sale . This was the place that was just finished being built in 1923 that I had hoped some day we might own. Mr. Vanderburg, an elderly man in Fullerton, Cal., and an accquaintance of ours decided to let us have this home. He sold 1/2 acre of ground and six room stucco home for $3,000.00. Nothing down and $25.00 per month. Ross came home and told me he had said yes to the deal. Boy I was really happy.

We didn't say anything to my dad until it was thru escrow and we were sure to move. My father came over one day and said "Sissy, what are you so happy about?" When I told him he was sure happy for us. In August 1934 we moved to 646 E. Birch St. and lived there until June 19 - 1964. Nearly 30 years, when we moved to Orange, Cal.

Our children were small then. Our oldest was thirteen years of age and the youngest six. Frances was entering High School that coming September.

The children all went thru grammar school and high school in Brea. Now grand children have gone through the same grade schools and same high schools, except eight of them. Now one is married and four are in local J.C. and Cal State.

We had ten acres when we bot this home and part of it was avacados. Fruit trees and acre for garden. We had a flower garden. Roses, dalhias, mums, amarylis, gladiolas, iris and many cactus. We raised beans, corn, melons, tomatoes, cucs, and potatoes.

We also had two hundred fifty chickens, two cows, and five saddle horses. We raised some turkeys one spring. Boy that was a job. Also many young chickens. We had fresh eggs, butter, milk and cottage cheese that I made.

Ross worked for himself during World War 2. He bot and sold one to two week old calves. He would drive early in the morning on Tuesday to Artesia at the dairies and bring home 20 - 25 calves. Eat breakfast, then drive back to Artesia and buy the second load and take them to Chino.

In the meantime I would mix powdered milk with warm water, straddle a calf, put my index finger in the mouth of a calf, pull his head down into the pail then he would suck on my finger and get his breakfast. It didn't take them very long to get the hang of this mode of eating and as soon as their mouth touched the milk, would could withdraw your finger.

We would eat our breakfast, load the truck with calves, and head for Chino again. As our children were all in school we didn't have to worry about them. These calves were sold at the action 2 to 3 dollars gain.

In 1941 and 2 we had a fruit and vegetable stand on our front porch. Ross was at Chino one day. He didn't have very much money with him. He spent what he had for corn, fresh from the patch, brot it home and two of the children put it into the little red wagon and sold it to our neighbors. You didn't need a license then. When paid .25 for three dozen ears of top grade corn.

We sold it for 25¢ per dozen. The next day he went back and bot more corn, tomatoes and cantelopes. This is the way we started. Then calls came for fruit to can. So we bot peaches and pears. So we bot our license then because it was a business now. Ross would go to Los Angeles at 2 A.M. and get fresh lettuce, bananas by the stock and potatoes and what have you. He was home by six A.M., boxes to unload, arrange and put in the shade. One time about two weeks before the 4th of July a man drove up with a large truck of water-melons. When I went out on the porch the men were unloading the watermelons and stacking them on the porch. I was shocked because there were so many. I asked my husband why so many, two tons. "He was going to sell them". We sold every melon that week. One year he promised to buy a <u>whole crop</u> of peaches from a man in Chino. He was to pay this man 75¢ per lug box of peaches. The next summer peaches went sky high. We paid 75¢ and sold them for 2.50 per lug. These people pruned, watered, sprayed, picked, sorted and packed these peaches and received 75¢. We made $1.75 per box. He couldn't go this. The next time he went for them, about 50 lugs for a truckload, he changed the bargain. He paid this man $1.50 per lug. We really sold peaches 50 to 60 lugs a day.

We enlarged our business. I ran the stand on the front porch. Barbara ran the one up town on the corner and and Rose and Albert ran one down across the street from Brea Grammar School.

This was in Sept. of '41, grapes and peaches,etc. were in and weather hot. That week we received a telegram from

Paul W. that Father Warner had passed away of a heart attack and one week from our twenty fourth wedding anniversary. We closed the stand by the school and took care of the one in town and at house. Ross went back East for the funeral. In the first week of October Ross and Mom Warner drove back from Indiana. Mom lived with us until March 1943. We had many happy times together.

There was a camp of service men at the high school. Ross worked nights at a job and didn't get home until after midnite. Rose worked too.

One evening Mom called two soldiers from across the street and she and I visited them. We asked them over for coffee and cookies, etc. They said they would be wonderful to visit with one beside soldiers.

Next day one of Lt. came over and wanted me to wash and iron for them. He wanted to furnish eggs, bacon, coffee, _____ sugar and flour, etc., and me cook their meals a day for 8 to 10 of these men. I asked Ross about it. Mom said she would help me. So we washed & ironed & cooked for them. They paid me well.

We had a regular U.S.O. soldiers there any or all hours of the day until midnite.

One evening a new troop came into camp. They saw soldiers at our house so they formed a marching line and came to the house, not asking to come in the house, but barged in. Most of them had too much to drink. I was playing the piano and we were singing. One guy came up and put his hands over my eyes. I told him to "stop" but he kept them on. Georgene slapped this boy and told him

to leave her mother alone. Then the Lt. of the first group ordered these fellows out and back to camp.

In that Sept. was our twenty fifth anniversary. One of the fellows could hardly believe we had been married 25 years. He had been married two years and divorced. We still here from one of the boys, who is married and lives in Texas. (One said have you really lived with one man for 25 years?)

We moved one of our fruit stands to Fullerton, and rented a space by Mrs. Krieghbaums house.

We really made money nine months of the year.

My father passed away Mar.15 1943. I never will forget that time. God was very near me and I heard the voice of my father say to me that night. "Its all right, Sissy." This was his pet name for me.He has been gone twenty four years and it seems such a short time ago.

In July 1943 we had a fire in the attic of the house. . The whole house was smoked. The pantry kitchen and part of the dining room was burned. We had this built over and the whole house painted two coats . It cost us $2800.00 for workers, paint and remodeling. We moved the kitchen stove into the dining room. We cooked, ate and slept in three rooms. We had to move the children from one room to another when one room was being painted.

We made the $2800.00 in three months on fruit. Peaches were sold for $2.50 & $3.00 per lug (2 layers).

After this was when we moved to Fullerton (our stand). We had a wonderful clientel and sure had a wonderful time, along with plenty of hard work.

At the stand in Fullerton we had more of a variety of produce. Bananas by the bunch, which no body sees any more. Bot fruit by 1/2 ton truck full. Watermelons and many more. We hired a boy (young man) to stay at the stand at nite. One evening we hadn't been home in Brea very long until the phone rang. The boy at the stand had been robbed . We handled Christmas trees, the best and really at the sale for them.

We were at this place three years, then sold to a friend of ours. He didn't last very long.

In June of 1945 our oldest daughter Frances graduated from Huntington Memorial Hospital as a registered nurse. During war time the girls were sent to different hospitals to learn different phases of the work. She worked at Orange Co. Hospital a while, went up to Santa Barbara to work amongst the wounded and sick soldiers. After her graduation she worked at the Catholic hospital in Fullerton for three months.

When she was attending college in Pasadena, she met Elmer Kratz Jr. at the U S O. He told us to call him Andy. This was a nickname he acquired in the Air Force so he always been Andy to me. Once when Ross and I were in Bellaire, Ohio, visiting Andys Parents I caalled him Andy. His Aunt said "Who do you mean? I have no nephew Andy instead of Elmer.

On November 16, 1945, Frances and Andy were married at the Christian Church in Brea, Cal. We had a reception at the church then all the families at our home at 646 E. Birch Street, Brea. Frances picked up a black crepe dress for me to wear. After two

honey mooning and seeing friends, they left for Bellaire, Ohio, to his parents. They had never met Frances yet.

They lived there with his parents for a while. She went to nursing in hospital in Wheeling, W. VA. Then they moved up to Cleveland, Ohio. She nursed in the children's hospital for a few months, then went to the hospital across town for adults. Shortly they moved back to Bellaire and in a few months their first son, Ernie, was born. She didn't do nursing any more after she became a mother.

In May of 1946 Georgene eloped to Arizona and married V. J. Contreras. They came back to Brea in two or three days and came to see us. Soon they moved in with us.

On August 4, 1946, our youngest daughter, Barbara, and Ray Howard from Arkansas were married. ???????? Johndalene McClure and George McCauley had their wedding date set for this. Ray had only 30 day leave and he had to return to ship. They planned this date so they could leave in two or three days to go East and visit his folks.

Ross and I were going to go East this summer, also take Albert. Albert came down with the flu and was very ill. Barbara, Ray and Ross left and I stayed home to take care of our son. He was 18 then. After he got better abd Dr. said he could travel, he went to Fullerton and bot our tickets, we were to leave the next A.M. For Indiana by bus. The phone rang at 10 P.M. My husand told us Agnes, Paul's wife, Pauline, Frances and Andy were leaving that afternoon for Calif. Albert and I were very much disappointed, because we had planned a trip together, mother and

son, son as my companion. In about four days Frances and Andy drove up. We had beds all over the place. They visited the various places of interest for two or three days. Then six of us started out for Jeffersonville, Ind. While we were at Mom Warners, Albert got homesick for Betty, who lived in Auburn, Cal. He came over to Mom's and got some of his clothes out of his suitcase and went back to Pauls house. I had some of his money. He didn't want to ask me for his money , because he didn't want me to know he was going to hitch hike back to Cal. When I awakened from a nap I went over to Paul's at the store to get something for evening meal. Agnes told me she loaned him twenty-five dollars to go to Cal. Albert said I would pay her back as I had his money. He left on foot to hitch hike to see Betty. In two days he telephoned for his daddy to wire him more money. He was snowbound and would have to wait there until we sent the money. So Ross wired the money.In a weeks time we had a telegram that he had arrived in Auburn, Cal.

We left for Cal. a few days after this. We went a northern highway home and went thru Auburn. We visited Betty's folks and around that area. Auburn, Marysville, and Grass Valley are in a triangle of 25 miles apart. My mother was born in Marysville so it was nice visiting that place. This was in 1946 and June of 1947 Albert and Betty married.

In March 15th of 1947 Rose Alleda and Paul Brick were married at the Wedding Chapel so. of Anaheim. Rev. ???? Bach, pastor

of 1st Christian Church in Santa Ana, and still is, married them. Albert sang. Then the reception was held there to. Rose was renting an apartment in Santa Ana near her work at the _____ so she and Paul lived there on Sycamore St. The houses that were there are all torn down and business buildings there now. One block north of Santa Ana Court house. The following June Albert and Betty came down from Auburn to Brea and were married in the Baptist Church on the corner of Florence and Birch St. Rev. Buford Clark was our minister then.

Houses was hard to get then. We had a couch in our dining room and a single bed on the back porch which was screened and glassed in. Ray and Barbara, Albert and Betty, Geo and husband, and us. Ray and Ross were working same shift at U. S. Steel in _____. Vince worked another shift at the Anaheim Bulitin and Albert worked another shift. Believe me there were always dishes to wash and beds to make. The first grand daughter came in July of 1947, next grand daughter Jan. of '48, next Andrean in Mar. '48, then Ernie Kratz in Apr. of '48.

All five children were married in nineteen months, five grand children in one year.

We had many wonderful times with these darling ones. I was East in Oct. of 1948 and visited Frances and Ernie and Andy at his parents in Bellaire, Ohio. Ernie was six months then. He was four years old before they came out here. Now there were sixteen grand children. Alita was born in July of 1959. She is the youngest. There are eight grand sons and eight grand daughters and one grandson in law. They were married in Aug. 27 - 1966.

In Sept. of 1957 we celebrated our 40th anniv. Barbara and girls had a party for us. There were Albert, Rose, Georgene, and Barbara and fifteen 13 grandchildren present besides Mabel and Billy < children, Ruby < girls also Betty. They had a two tiered cakeand we had it in Oct. because Ross was just out of the hospital and this was near Albert's birithday so Rose baked him a cake the shape of a note of music. We had a very pleasant evening at our home at 646 East Birch St., Brea.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

MYRTLE IRENE SEXTON WARNER

WRITTEN IN 1967

In the year 1898 a young couple lived in Brownsville, Oregon. This town was, and still is, snuggled in a small valley in the mountains. There, many trees are felled for lumber.

John Leroy Leyton and his bride, Retta Berdella Moore, were married in this town and established their first home.

On Sept 19-1899 a little daughter was born to this couple. She was a tiny mite of humanity, weighing three and three quarters pounds. Her mother could slip her wedding ring over the baby's hand, as a bracelet. This is something I believed, because my mother told me, but I couldn't hardly believe it, until one of my grand daughters was born. She weighed as little as I, so I put my wedding ring over her hand, as a bracelet. Some of such facts in life are almost ~~unbelievable~~ unbelieveable, but we must believe them.

In 1903, Jan. 15th, another daughter, Hazel Ethel was born to this couple. Our father worked in a lumber camps. He had cousins and relatives in and around Brownsville, but being so young, I didn't remember many of them. One cousin Edna Moore, a daughter of my mother's second brother, Eddie Moore, whom I have kept in touch for many years, since she married and I have married.

Probably in 1904 we moved to Stockton, Cal. Here a third daughter, Ruth Evaline, was born. She was given the middle name, as being named for our maternal grandmother. She lived with us part of every year.

My father drove a dray, which was drawn by four large white horses. A dray is a low bed wagon of four wheels.

We lived about five blocks from Town on a corner, I can remember, as I was five years of age. I rode the street car up town, to and from Sunday School. We wouldn't think of letting a five year old ride a street car alone now-a-days.

Back of us around the corner lived a Negro family. I don't remember the little girls name.

We used to play house thru the fence. My mother wouldn't let me go into the little girls home or yard.

A little son was born to this Negro family. My playmate always had something to tell me about him every day. One day the little girl told me her brother had died.

A day after, the mother came over to our house and asked my mother if I could ~~not~~ go to her house to see this baby. My mother let me go. I remember this lady lifting me up in her arms to show me her baby that, she said, "had gone to be with Jesus". Things like this stays in your memory. I believe for a purpose. They are also human.

In the later part of 1904 we moved to Santa Fe Springs. We lived on the Clay and Carr Road. All of this country around this area as well as other places has changed and sub-divided that you can't find land marks.

My mothers oldest brother, Frank Moore, and family lived across the street from us. They had twenty acres and a large two story house. We always had a good time there, fifteen kids, teen agers on down, but not like today.

In years after this we drove, many times I drove the horse and buggy, with my mother and family, from La Habra + later Brea Canyon, to get fruit, of many kinds. We would take home peaches, plums etc of 100 lbs at a time and can.

On Jan. 30 - 1905 at Santa Fe Springs, a son was born to this couple. He was named Henry David after his two grand fathers. Henry Moore and David Sutton. Therefore Henry David.

Later we moved to upper Brea Canyon. There were houses on oil leases to be rented to workers.

Farther up the Canyon, where Donner Canyon was later, there was a one room frame school house, about a mile from our house; all eight grades were in the one room. Mrs Pendergrass was my first teacher. I started in first grade, but my mother had taught me reading, writting + arithmetic, so I was put in second grade. The back yard was seperated by a six foot wire

fence. There was an outhouse in each yard. One side was for girls and the other side boys. Many of these boys were sixteen to eighteen and still in eighth grade. Several of these pupils that lived farther up the canyon, are still living.

One neighbor to the South of us was named Hoffman. The one to the North was Mr + Mrs Kriegbaum and their daughter Lola. Lola was a few older than I and some grades a head of me, but she was like an older sister. She would take me to box suppers with her, in the school house and Sunday School on Sunday mornings. Her mother and father moved to Fullerton, Col., South of now Brea. Mr Bert Kriegbaum worked for oil companies He bot orange land and had a nice home. Soon after he passed away. Mrs Kriegbaum lived in the home until she was ~~in her~~ way in her nineties. I knew her for sixty one years.

In 1943 we rented a portion of her land and had a very successful vegetable and fruit market. Lola passed away and left two children, a son and a daughter. When the daughter was preparing for her wedding, she asked her grandmother to invite the living school mates of her mother. She knew her mother would have wanted this. So my husband and I were invited. We attended this wedding in a quaint chapel in Long Beach in 1944.

This daughter of Lola is now a trained nurse. She lived for a while next door to her grand mother.

Incedentially, our oldest daughter and Lola's daughter attended nurse training at Huntington memorial hospital in Pasadena, the same years 1941-42.

In 1907 another daughter, Mabel Gertrude was born (Feb 3rd). I was seven years of age then. We had a large barn, where we kept a cow, horse and chickens. One day my grandmother sent me to the barn, to gather eggs. I had to crawl under the manger to get them. I saw a black and

white stripped kitty, but I didn't know what he was. When I got to the back door of the house my grandmother took the eggs from me and told me, "To go to the out house and take off all your clothes; you stink too bad to come in the house". That black and white kitty was a skunk. How was I to know? She brot something to put around me and took me into the house and bathed me and dressed me in fresh clothes. She buried the others. I must have been saturated and I didn't gather eggs in the barn any more, when I saw the stripped kitty. Many nites we were awakened by coyotes howling as they came down from the hills after our chickens. We had to always have the doors shut also the chicken house doors. If they were left unlocked we wouldn't have any chickens the next morning.

July 25th of 1908 the sixth child was born, another daughter, Ruby Bernice. We had a spanish girl to work for us. She was very good to us children.

Later this year we moved between La Habra and what is now Brea, on the Green ranch.

We had a white mare Nelly that bore us a colt. We kept the colt and the mother died. My father and I broke this young mare to drive single. We bot a strawberry Roan that had never driven single. We built a pair of shaves out of young eucalyptus trees, made a single cart I would lean on the seat of the cart and the shaves would raise up. He would back the horse under the shaves then I would gently let them down, over the colt. After many days of an hour or so a day we finally broke her to drive. We did the same with the roan horse. After we got her hitched into the shaves (blindfolded) I would go up to the side of the horse and pull off the blind folds. One day the roan nearly knocked me down. We won tho, with both horses. One day the colt reared up on her hind feet & if my mother hadn't seen this

and hollered to me, the colts hoofs would have hit me in the head.

When the gray mare was still alive, my sister Hazel and I drove horse and buggy two miles To school, then the Washington school on Central ave in La Habra.

This frame building was torn down after many years and a stucco modern [illegible] was built. Mrs Albert Lanner, then Miss Lulu Conniss was my fourth grade teacher.

~~After then~~ While living in La Habra another girl Wilma Leona and another boy was born To my parents. The boy named Edgar Leroy was ~~an~~ a deformed child and only lived three ~~years~~ months.

In 1910 we moved back To edge Of Brea Canyon. about one block north Of Central in a company house which my father bot and later moved it in the Town Of Brea after it was organized. Three Orus children attended the Randolph school on the corner Of Acadora and Brea Boulevard.

I was then in sixth grade. Mr Jepson was my teacher then. I entered there in sixth grade. In the spring Of the next term I came home with the mumps. My father, then about 49 years Of age, got the mumps and some Of the younger children. Then 1913 measles came around. I brot those home. all the children had them. My youngest sister had them and only able to play outside and she went thru the fence in the back yard and ran a barb Of the barbwire in her eye. Her system was weak from the measles so she got blood poisoning. Her constitution was too weak and couldnt ~~react~~ combat it, so the Lord took her home.

I never will forget that day. The Dr. told us she wouldn't be with us long. I went into the room to see her. Her eyes had been swollen shut. She opened her eyes and tears ran down her face. She said "goodbye" to me, and closed her eyes. She was such a darling child, and as I was the

oldest, she meant much to me as my baby sister. The undertaker came to the house and washed and dressed her body, then put her in her casket, which was white, and set it in the front room. The funeral was in about two days, at our house. Then they placed the casket in the hearse drawn by two horses, and took her to Little Lake Cemetery in Santa Fe Springs.

I asked the preacher, "why she was taken?" and he answered me, "God knows and that is enough!"

A few months ~~ago~~ later my mother gave birth to her ninth child, another boy. He was named Charles Cecil. After about six months he died of spinal meingetus. In Feb 8 1915 my grandmother Moore died.

My mother was in very poor health and I was the second mother to the children.

I finished eigth grade in 1914. Hester Tallman Eva Schultz, Harland Brownfield, James Craig and myself were the graduating class of 1914 at the Randolph school.

I went to Fullerton High school two years. Mary Yarite + I rode the school bus when it was rainy weather. Most of good weather I drove a horse and buggy and picked Mary up from the Hole Lease between Brea + Fullerton.

My mother's health was so bad and I had to miss school to help her, that I couldn't continue and keep up present grades. So June in 1916 when I was sixteen years of age I had to quit school.

I wanted to go to business college and my dear dad told me he would try and send me if I worked and helped him a while.

I worked at a small grocery store, filling orders and posting bills. I received Thirty dollars a month + room + board. I kept five dollars a month for my music lessons and gave my father the rest. I drove a horse and buggy once a week To Fullerton to bank money for my employer. I drove thru what now is Brea, to Loma Vista road then went west on that until I came to Fullerton Road as it

was then called. I turned South on Fullerton Road and ~~[illegible]~~ wound around hills until I got into Town. This Loma Vista road was where the Bastanshury family lived. There were gum trees that lined both sides of the road after we passed the Arroyes ~~Grange~~ Lemon grove.

In 1912-13 my family drove horse and surry to Fullerton to the Christain Church, over this same road. My mother, sisters and I drove this at nite many a time. My roan horse that I help train to drive single would run races with the automobiles we had in those days. Of course they didnit go too fast then.

When we moved to Brea Canyon from La Habra there was no Brea. It was barley fields. ~~The~~ On the corner of Brea Blvd, and Leadora St. stood the school where I graduated. A few years afterward it was torn down to make room for a parking lot.

The Nazarene church stands on the same corner where it was originally was built. The Congregational church was erected on the corner of Brea Blvd. and the ~~South~~ side of Birch St. Later years this building was moved to Imperial and Flower. This was used for a few years then remodeled and enlarged.

The Christain church was started on W. ash and facing S. Walnut St in 191~~8~~. Just a frame building with Sawdust floor.

Myrtle Wilson from Santa Ana, was sent up to Brea from the Santa Ana Christain Church to help get this going. We were a mission church of Santa Ana Christain Church. Myrtle had a cot she slept on. She wanted to become a missionary and this was part of her training. I dearly loved this woman. She was ten years my senior. She wanted to go to Philipines, on her mission work. after she left Brea she went East to learn language + further instructions.

She met Frank Stipe in the Islands. Some time afterwards they were married. They had three children born to them on the Islands. Here they laid to rest there. a son + daughter they

brot back to U.S.A. with them. They were sent to Brea as pastor and wife after a few years.

When I moved back to Brea after a few years of marriage, I met these people again and worked in the christain church with them. They left Brea a short time afterwards and Myrtle was killed in an auto accident in Glendale.

When our church was organized in Brea, my father mother and I were charter members, along with many others who have passed on.

Mrs Julia Schweitzer was our choir director. She was a big help to me as a ~~fifteen~~ fifteen year old girl just learning to play the organ. One of the choir boys went with me in a buck board up the hill back of our home ~~and~~ to get an organ. Some of the notes wouldn't play but I cmld learn on it. About a year later my father paid twenty-five dollars for a beautiful carved organ for me. This same boy, with the same buck board drove to Fullerton + brot home the organ. I practised diligently and then I started taking lessons on our neighbors piano. We had no organist at church so I was asked to play. This went on for several months until Mrs Schweitzer's niece came out from Ohio. She took over, then I went into the choir. I had taken some voice lessons while in High School so I cmld help here, at fourteen.

We had singing groups at the Nazerene church and there is where I learned to read by note.

Eight or ten boys and girls walked passed my home and I joined them, we had a lot of fun singing as we went. We would get home around 9 P.M.

In 1916 I started clerking in the Brea Bakery known as "Cams Bakery. It was run by a man named Mr Camm, and a widow Mrs Kellogg.

I enjoyed working here. I wrapped the loaves of bread, stacked the cookies and doughnuts on the trays and waited on trade.

In March 1917 I met a handsome young man at church. He was Ross Garner from

Jeffersonville Indiana He had black hair and beautiful blue eyes. My father was from Indiana Too. He was a clerk at a grocery store owned by mr Neal. A Mr + Mrs Beatty asked all the ymng people to their house after church. After church she introduced this young man to me. He asked to walk me home and I accepted. The next week a mistrel show in a big tent was in town. He asked me to go. This was our first date.

I never went with any other boy after I met him. The girls at the christain church, where we both attended asked him why he didn't date any other girls.

you don't know whether you like us or not. He answered he had found what he wanted.

I still lived down Brea Canyon. a row of Pepper trees had been planted on both sides of the street. Some are still there after fifty years. This was our lovers lane. as we walked every where we went.

He became engaged in July 8 1917. Soonafter he enlisted in the Marines. He was sent to Mare Island. While there he became very ill with yellow jaundice. The Government gave him a Medical discharge and sent him home. I was very very happy to see him when he came to my folks house that nite. I didn't know when he would be home.

One evening on the way home from church walking down our lovers lane, he asked me when my birthday was. I told him the 19th of Sept. Then he wanted to know what year I was born. I told him after a few minutes. He then thot I was fooling him. The reason why was that the date was his birthdate and also his younger brothers. He was four year my senior and the brother my age. He said, "lets get married on our birthday." He thot this would be very unusual. after a day or so I agreed. He had told my parents we were engaged but not when we planned on marriage. He gave me a moonstone ring for our engagement.

I kept on working at the bakery. He was now working for Union C&S Co. on Isadora St. East of town.

I bot material and made a blouse by hand while not waiting on trade. I bot a cream colored skirt and my shoes.

A young couple lived in the house on the corner of East Birch and Walnut St. in Brea. The husband was a truck driver and the wife was a young lady I had gone to school with in La Habra. He was transferred north and had to sell all household goods. Ross found out about this, so he bot the furniture etc. Took over the contract & their piano, which they had had only a year, and rented the house. This house is still standing on the same corner, over fifty years ago. The piano was my wedding gift and we still have it.

I went to work from my mothers as usual this particular Wed. a.m. I had two hours off at noon. I almost always spent them with Bernice after I found out she lived there.

Around ten a.m. Ross went to Santa Ana to the court house, by bus, and got the marriage license and was back by 1:30.

I changed to my new clothes, Ross came, the Minister, Rev. W. E. Spicer, who is still living, came. Mrs. Bernice + husband stood up with us and at 2:00 that afternoon the ceremony started. Wed. Sept 19-1917 at 2:15 Myrtle I Horton and Ross A. Harner were pronounced Man + wife.

The young couple left for their new home + work. The Rev. went home and Ross went to the bakery to tell Mrs Kellogg I wasn't coming back to work then or ever because I now was his wife. She was sure mad. I understand now it was no joke for her.

Soon several women came to our front door. They took lace curtains down from the windows, pinned these on my head as a wedding vale. They marched us north on Walnut St to Ash, then

~~west~~ East on Ash to Brea Blvd. (they coming this way) South on Brea Blvd. to ~~the~~ Birch. West on Birch to Walnut, and our home.

About four P.M. I saw my Aunt Belle walking down the alley towards our back yard. I called at the window, "hello Aunt Belle," and she said to me "you don't need to call me Aunt the way you have treated your old dad." I hadn't given a thot about how my parents might feel. I was so happy with my new husband and a home of my own to keep, that I didn't think about them.

About seven o'clock that evening our door bell rang. The boys from my S.S. class at the Christain church came to shivaree us. We hadn't thot about a shivaree so had no goodies in the house. Ross gave them some money to go up town and get ice cream. A few minutes later the bell rang again and it was the group from his class. He gave them money to go up & treat themselves.

A Revival had started at the Nazerene church, which was across the street from us. The ushers at the church heard the noise the boys were making, as it was getting dark, and sent Lee Calderwood over to see what was going on. He told him why the boys had come there. Lee answered, "don't you know better than to get married across the street when there is a revival going on". I met this friend at the 50th anniversary of the Nazerene church, I asked him if he remembered making the above statement. He was embarrassed and said he didn't remember having said this. This friend Lee + wife Abbie have passed on in the past year. The last time I saw these people was over ten years ago.

There has been many weddings and revivals held in that church and vicinity since 1917 I guess. ~~neighbor~~ neither has been damaged since our wedding that day.

A few months later we made a down payment on a four room house on Madrona St. We lived there until Ross was called back into the service. He sold our home and all our furniture except my piano any linens.

In August 1918 he left Brea for Jeffersonville Ind.

to join the army in camp Zachary Taylor at Louisville Ky. four miles from the home of his parents.

I went to live with my parents. Moved my piano there too. I got a job again with Mrs Kellogg in her bakery. Oh, yes, I had a darling white angora kitten. He had one blue eye and one green eye. I took him to my mothers home with me.

Our first wedding anniversary was spent hundreds of miles apart. He in Louisville & me in Brea. That day Sept 19th 1918 my 19th birthday I received a letter with a check for me to come back where he was, and live with his folks. For my birthday and anniversary gift was a gold octagon shaped wrist watch with our initals on the back. The watch doesnt run any more but I still have it. When I realized the money was for my train trips East, I then began to think this meant leaving my parents and go to live whom I had not met. I wrote him when I was leaving by train, but I didnt know he was ill with the "flu" and the drs. had no hope for him. On the third day of his high fever and unconciousness they were standing by his room door and talking about sending for me. He had come too, and he told them I was on my way to him. They were surprized to see him conscious let alone him talking.

I arrived there a week later. The first time I had been on a train. His company men had by this time had come down with the measles so he was in quarentine when I reached Louisville.

My husbands mother kept phoning to find out when we could go to camp and see him. After I was there three weeks I got to see him.

The drs. sent him across the small bridge in a side car on a medical motorcycle. He had fifteen minutes to talk to us. He was so weak, he had to lean against a tree. He had lost weight and was in uniform that I had never seen him in and wearing a wide rim army hat. His face was so thin & had I not known he was coming to see me I would not have known him.

The day I arrived in Jeffersonville, my mother-in-law and my brother-in-law Earl met me.

That evening my youngest brother-in-law, that was my age and a second Lt. in the army, came home from camp. He came in the kitchen door behind me. He put his face down to mine and said, "Hello, you California yap, are you going to kiss your brother?" I said, "sure", and kissed him on the cheek. He was taller than my husband and a handsome Lt. He was the youngest Lt at 19 years of age.

A few days after I was in Jeff, I went to work at the American car and foundery Co, where tent slips were made for the tent ropes on army tents.

I worked on the emery wheel, smoothing the tent slips, then made cores for the slips. I worked there until the Armistice was signed Nov. 11-1918.

My husband was in Charlestown, So. Carolina expecting to be sent overseas when the "good News" came. He was sent back to Camp Taylor then in June 1919 he was given an Honorable discharge from the U. S. Army.

In early Nov, before armistice was signed, the phone rang in my mother in laws home. Pop + I were in the kitchen and he asked me to answer the phone. My sister-in-law Violet was on the phone. She was a telephone operator. She said she had received a telegram from my husband telling her to give me the message, "that he was to be sent over to France immediately, and he sent me this love". I stood there speechless. Then she laughed and said, "Just a little joke", I hung up and couldn't hardly talk. My husbands father asked me what was wrong. I told him and he was angry. Mst A.M. when Violet came into the kitchen my father Warner, ~~the~~ scolded her for ~~what~~ what she had ~~to~~ said to me. She didn't like the idea of Father Warner standing for me.

In Mar of 1919 we went ten miles out into the country to work on a farm. Ross helped Morris Prather with farming etc. I helped Lucille in the house with work and canning etc.

They had one daughter Marie that was two years old when in may a second daughter was born. She was named Marcia Alleda. ~~She~~ He put up sunkist strawberry perserves, canned corn, beans etc and many kinds of fruit. we canned sausage and cured hams. we had pure cream on our cereal every morning. A wonderful six months we spent on the farm. I saw pinapples for the first time and peminton also. He canned some of each. We brot home to cal. some peminton.

All the children of Morris & Lucille Prather are married & have their families. Marie is a grandmother Morris died in 1928 the same year ^1 month our son was born. Lucille died in 1966. When ever we returned to Ind. To visit we always visited this family. She was like an older sister to me.

In Sept. 1919 we started for Calif. He went to Hebron, Ind. to visit an Uncle of mine on my fathers side, a half brother. He arrived in Hebron by train. They didn't know we were coming. He inquired where they lived. It was only a few blocks from this small town and the shortest way was down the track. He met a young boy going in the opposite direction and he told us where Jed Sexton lived. He didn't know we were ~~friends~~ relatives. He was surprized when he came back from town to see us at his house.

I had never seen these people. When Uncle Jed came to the door I told him who I was and he said, "you must be one of John Sexton's daughters because you favor him." He favored my dad but had a short chin that my father did not have. Uncle Jed was a tall slim man. more slendor than my father. Aunt Minnie was a heavy set person. Just poor country folk. They had one daughter, Maud, and four boys. The youngest Dale was four years old. I cant remember the names of the other three. This little fellow fell in love with us and wanted to go to Cal. with us. He stayed there a week. Went to Chicago to get the train for Cal. Uncle Jed went with us, he was going on to Calif. To visit my father, but trains were

on strike, so he had to return to Hebron.
He wanted me not to tell my father I had met him if we got to Calif. first. If he got there first he would not tell he had met us, until after we were introduced.
We were going to Burlington Junction, Mo., to visit my Uncle Charley & wife. We could not get a train for two days. And we wasn't sure of hotel longing.
The train men talked over the situation and told us, and two other couples, we could ride the caboose down to Burlington Jct.
So we accepted and rode the caboose 16 hours. So we have ridden a freight train. How many young married couples have ridden a freight free and not be riding the rails? Ha. Ha.
We spent a week or more in Burlington Junction. Then the trains started rolling.
My cousin Dale Moore, then 14 years old, came to Cal. with us and lived with us two years while he went to ~~H~~ Fullerton H. High school & graduated.
We arrived home at my folks after dark. We went to my parents home in Brea Canyon. When my father saw me, after I walked in the back door, he picked me up and swung me around and said, "Hi Sissy."
I then turned to Uncle Ed, who had been there a few days and said, "Hi. When did you get here?" This spoiled our plans of introduction. My father was surprized that we had met.
We had to stay at my folks for a few days until we rented a little house on N. Madrona in Brea.
We bot some second hand furniture, moved my piano and started house keeping again.
My mother told me the evening we arrived that my Cousin Maudie Moore Thomas was buried that day.
As a co-incedence, a fortune teller in Louisville, Ky., told me if I made my extra visit I would not see a first cousin again. She would be dead by the time we arrived home. My Mother Warner & my sister in law visited this fortune teller often, as I was leaving the state they wanted me to go with them and see what he would tell me. I did it for fun.
Also he said a blonde man was going to fall in

love with me. I told this man I was married. He said, that didn't make any difference. I would meet him in the future and he would be in love with me. After we moved to Placentia, Cal. I went to work at a Bakery while a clerk was on vacation.

This man owned a cafe. The party that came for the bread etc. every morning told this cafe man about me. The next morning this owner came for the bread. The second morning and the third. The third A.M. he asked me to go to L.A. To dinner with him. I told him I was married and would not go. The next A.M. he asked me again. I told him I was Ross Warner's wife and I would not go with him. He said he didn't believe it was true.

He went into the kitchen part of the Bakery and asked the man I worked for, Jochum, a Frenchman. He said yes, I was Ross' wife. This man said he was very much in love with me. After Jochum told him I was married, he never came after bakery goods as long as I worked there. By the way this fortune teller said this man would be blonde and sure enough this one was.

In a few days my husband got a job with Mr Ipsen, in his grocery store, where he worked prior to our meeting. As soon as we could find a house to rent we moved to Placentia, Cal.

We only rented this house a short time, until we bot a nice home one block South & up on Walnut St. He worked in the Presbyterian church there and had a happy life. Ross worked with boys in a boys club that met at our home every week. I sang in the choir, taught S.S. and helped with childrens Sunday evening services.

Dale was still with us. Earl ~~Paul~~ Warner, Ross' brother was there a short time too.

On May 14, 1922, our first child was born. a dark haired and brown eyed darling daughter. We named her Frances Mae. She was born in our home, in the afternoon. We had a practical nurse from Anaheim. She stayed twelve days with us.

In Mar. of 1923 we moved back to Brea at 626 E. Birch St. He had paid a down payment on ten acres on the East part of town. Bot two four room houses and moved them onto this property. We had to set them on wooden foundations until we got cement foundations poored. He had to carry water a block before we had ours piped into both houses. This was like pioneering.

In May 28 - 1924 our second bundle of Joy came to us. While Ross was in Indiana before Rose was born, he met his Aunt Jane from Canada. She was telling him about the cousin, her daughter, ~~Marg~~ Georgena. She asked Ross if we would name this child, if a girl, Georgina. He said we would. Rose was named Rose alleda, because I had to have her named within three days. She was four days when her daddy got home.

My nurse Mrs Clausen tried to get the Dr. there and it was a cold May A.M. He was in Fullerton at a Hospital. He said he would be there in plenty of time. How did he know, he hadn't delivered one of my children before. Just as he drove up, in his small Ford, in front of my nurses home, she ran to the door and told him to hurry. He took his time and when he got to the front door Rose gave a long, "wa"!

Ross had sent me a telegram stating he had been detained and when he would be home. The telegraph office in Fullerton did not deliver this message because we had no phone. When he went down + scolded them, they didn't charge him for the telegram. That didn't keep me from wording why he didn't write or telegraph.

So being she wasn't a boy I named her Rose alleda, giving her her fathers Initials So she might have been Georgene if her dad had gotten home sooner, or she had waited three days more. The alleda was after Marcia alleda in Jeff. Ind.

He told me what Aunt Jane had said and I told him if there was another girl it would be Georgene.
Our third daughter arrived in 1926 in July 29
Here name Georgene, but what to put with it? After much that Mabel is the only name we could think to go with G. so Mabel Georgene it was. I have a Sister Mabel.
An old German lady lived in our rent house with her son + daughter. Her name was Barbara and ~~the~~ daughter in laws name was Alice. Alice had no children. Barny, the German lady, asked me one day what was I going to name our fourth child. I didn't know because I didn't know about my boy yet. She asked me if it was another girl, if we would name her Barbara Alice? No 4 was another girl and arrived Sept 2 - 1927. So this was Barbara Alice. Weren't we to ever have a son?

Soon nature told me my fifth child was on its way. I could not think of a girl. This was our boy. I couldn't stand the thots of another girl. Of course if God had sent "her" instead of "him" I would have had to accept "her".
On Oct 7 - 1928 our Son was born.
The nite was very foggy. Ross had to walk up town and borrow the Mayors pick up to take me to the nurses home. I didn't need that large a conveyance but it was the first thing he saw that he could borrow. Our car was not in commission. Barney Susinger was the owner of the truck we borrowed.
Mrs Classen attended me with the last four of our children.
Our son was named Albert Leroy. His grandfather Harner was Albert Jacob, grand father on my side of the house was John Leroy. Six months later my husbands brothers wife gave birth to a son. Her fathers name was Joseph so that Harner grandson was Albert Joseph. He goes by

the name of "A.J." "our son "A.L."

One afternoon when albert was about two years old, a bachelor friend of ours and his lady friend came to visit us from Los Angeles. as these people got out of their car, our son walked down the sidewalk stark naked. We were terribly embarrassed.

We lived at 626 E. Birch, Brea, from Mar. 1923 until Sept. 1929. We had many happy days in this home. One interesting time was when three cousins of my husband came to see us from Detroit. One Lady, Grace Cannon and two men, George Jewell and Bill Jewell. another bro of these two was Walter Jewell. We raised cantelopes and mush melons. I broke each of these one half of a melon. They were shocked to realize I would serve a half of melon to each.

Our children always had a half of melon for breakfast every morning. We sold many of these to stores. Many were cracked or some flaw that we couldn't sell. We would take these, which were many more than we could use, to people with large families or any one that could use them.

Many interesting people we met and became friends with, that rented the house next to us. Mr + Mrs Charlie Stewart, who are still friends 37 ~~many~~ years after ~~forty~~ 35. These people are still living in Brea. Mr + Mrs Hobart Lurly. He was Ross' driller when R. worked in the oilfields. They had a daughter and two sons. Mr L. passed away in 1966. We went to his funeral in Whittier. Barney + son Leo Caspare. Both have deceased.

Depression hit many people in 1929. So we had to move to 303 E. Birch St., the home of Mr + Mrs Emil Carlson. After we had lived there nearly two years my husband had to go to Veterans hospital in San Diego to have a tregene removed from an eye. While he was in the hospital I received a letter stating we would have to move as the oil company houses were to be moved and they wanted their house.

Some friends from my church took me house hunting. I found one on Flower St., across from my mother, for rent. We went to La Habra To find out how much rent was wanted.

The real estate man wanted $25 per month. But being we had five children, he didnt want to rent it to me. When I told him how are children had been taught about other peoples property, he agreed to rent to me. He also furnished paint to paint the whole house inside. My Uncle Charlie came over and did the painting for me. This was a six room house with large yard and garage. I had mailed a card to my husband that we were moving to 1104 S. Floyd, but he didnt receive the card before he left. So he went to our previous home. A neighbor told him where we moved to. When he was walking up the sidewalk Rose the second daughter saw him coming. She ran down the street calling "Daddy, Daddy" and threw her arms around him.

In the early part of 1934 there was a very strong earthquake in Long Beach. Much damage was done there and was strongly felt in Brea. My sister Hazel was living in Long Beach and was very ill. A friend of hers put her and all her belongings in his roadster and brot her to my parents home. They said they didnt have room for her. I went over and told him to bring her to my house. We kept her until she was well. We were crowded, but we put three girls in a bed so it worked out O.K.

The home at 646 E. Birch St was for sale. This is the place that was just finished being built in 1923 that I had hoped some day we might own. Mr Vanderburg, an elderly man in Fullerton, Cal, and an acquaintance of ours decided to let us have this home. He sold ½ acre of ground and six room stucco home for $3000.00. Nothing down and $25.00 per month. Ross came home and told me he had said yes to the deal. Boy I was really happy.

He didnt say anything to my dad until it was thru escrow and we were sure to move, my father came over one day, he said, "Sissy, what are you so happy about? When I told

him, he was sure happy for us. In August 1934 we moved to 646 E. Birch St and lived there until Jan 19-1964. nearly 30 years, when we moved to Orange, Cal.

Our children were small then. Our oldest girl was thirteen years of age; and the youngest six. Frances was entering High School that coming Sept.

The children all went thru grammar school and high School in Brea. Now grand-children have gone thru the same grade schools and same High School, except eight of them. Now one is married and four are in local J.C. + Cal-State.

We had ten acres when we bot this home, and part of it was avacados. Fruit trees and acre for garden. We had a flower garden. Roses, dalbias, mums, ~~M~~ Amaylis, gladiolas, Iris, and many cactus. We raised, beans, corn, melons, tomatoes, cucs, and potatoes. We also had two hundred-fifty chickens, two cows, and five saddle horses. We raised some turkeys one spring. Boy that was a job, also many young chickens. We had fresh eggs, butter, milk and cottage cheese that I made.

Ross worked for himself during World War 2. He bot + sold one to two week old ~~Calves~~ calves. He would drive early in the morning on Tuesday, to Artesia at the dairies and bring home 20-25 calves. Eat breakfast then drive back to artesia, and buy the second load and take them to Chino. In the mean time I would mix powdered milk with warm water. ~~Straddle~~ Straddle a calf, put my index finger in the mouth of a calf, pull his head down into the pail, then he would suck on my finger and get his breakfast. It didn't take them very long to get the hang of this mode of eating and as soon as their mouth touched the milk, you could with draw your finger.

We would eat our breakfast, load the truck with calves, and head for Chino again. As our children were all in school we didn't have to worry about them. These calves were sold at the auction 2 to 3 dollars ~~profit~~ gain.

In 1941 we had a fruit and vegetable stand on our front porch. Ross was at Chino one day, He didn't have very much money with him. He spent what he had for corn, fresh from the patch, brot it home and two of the children put it into the little red wagon and sold it to our neighbors. You didn't need a license then. Then paid .25¢ for three dozen ears of Top grade corn. We sold it for .25¢ per dozen. The next day he went back and bot more corn, Tomatoes and cantelopes. This is the way we started. Then calle came for fruit to can. So we bot peaches + pears. So we bot our liscense then, because it was a business now. Ross would go to Los Angeles at 2 and get fresh lettuce, bananas by the stock and 2 A.M. potatoes and what have you. He was home by six A.M. boxes to unload, arrange + put in the shade. One time about two weeks before the 4th of July a man drove up with a large truck of watermelons. When I went out on the porch the men were ~~unloading~~ unloading watermelons and stacking them on the porch. I was shocked because there was so many. I asked my husband why so many, two tons. "We are going to sell them!" We sold every melon that ~~was bot~~ week. One year he promised to buy a whole crop of peaches from a man in Chino. He was to pay this man .75¢ per lug box of peaches. The next summer peaches went sky high. He paid .75¢ and sold them for $2.50 per lug box. These people pruned, watered, sprayed, picked sorted and packed these peaches, and received .75. We made $1.75 per box. We couldn't go this. The next time he went for them, about 50 lugs for one truck load, he changed the bargain. We paid this man $1.50 per lug. We really sold peaches. 50 to 60 lugs a day.

We enlarged our business. I ran the stand on the house porch. Barbara ran the one up Town on a corner and Rose + Albert ran one down across the street from Brea Grammar school.

This was in Sept of '41, grapes and peaches etc were in and weather hot. That week we received a telegram from Paul H. that Father Harner had passed away, of a heart attack and one week from our ~~Thurs Dec~~ twenty fourth Wedding anniversary. We closed the Stand by the shore and took care of the one in town + at home. Ross went back East for the funeral. In the first week of Oct. Ross and Mum Harner drove back from Indiana. Mom lived with us until March of 1943

We had many happy times together.

There was a camp of Service men at the High School. Ross worked nights at a job and didn't get home until after midnite, Rose worked too.

One evening Mom called two soldiers from across the Street + she + I visited them. We asked them to come over for coffee + cookies etc. They said they would be wonderful to visit with one beside Soldiers.

Next day one of Lt. came over and wanted me to wash + iron for them. He wanted to furnish eggs, bacon, coffee, flakes, sugar + flour etc and me cook two meals a day for 8 to 10 of the men. I asked Ross about it. Mom said she would help me. So we washed + ironed + cooked for them. They paid me well.

We had a regular U.S.O. Soldiers there any or all hours of the day until midnite.

One evening a new troop came into camp. They saw soldiers at our house, so they formed a marching line + came to the house, not asking to come in the house but barged in. Most of them had too much to drink. I was playing the piano + we were singing. One guy came up + put his hands over my eyes. I told him to "stop" but he kept ~~two~~ on. Georgene slapped this boy and told him to leave her mother alone. Then the Lt. of the first group ordered these fellows out + back to camp.

For that Sept was our twenty fifth anniversary. One of the fellows could hardly believe we had been married 25 yrs. He had been married two years and divorced. He still here from one of the boys, who is married and lives in Texas (one said "have you really lived with one man for 25 years.)

We moved one of our fruit stands to Fullerton, and rented a space by Mrs Krieghbaums home.
We really made money nine months of the year.
My father passed away Mar. 15. 1943. I never will forget that time. God was very near me and I heard the voice of my father say to me that night. "It's all right Sissy". This was his pet name for me. He has been gone twenty four years and it seems ~~at~~ such a short time ago.
In July of 1943 we had a fire in the ~~attack~~ attic of our house. The whole house was smoked. The pantry, Kitchen & part of the dinning room was burned. We had this built over and the whole house painted two coats. It cost us $2800.00 for workers paint & remodeling. We moved the kitchen stove into the dinning room. we cooked, ate, and slept in three rooms. We had to ~~room~~ move the children from one room to another when one room was being painted.
We made the $2800 in three months on fruit etc. Peaches were sold for $2.50 & $3.00 per lug (2 layers).
After this is when we moved to Fullerton (our stand) We had a wonderful clientel and sure had a wonderful time, ~~then~~ along with plenty of hard work.
At the stand in Fullerton we had more of a variety of produce. Bananas by the bunch, which we don't see any more. Bot fruit by ½ Ton truck full. watermelons & many more. We hired a boy (young man) to stay at the stand at nite. One evening we had just been home in Brea very long until the phone rang. The boy at the stand had been robbed. We handled Christmas trees, the best and really at the sale for them.
We were at this place three years, then sold to a friend of ours. We didn't last very long.
In June of 1945 our oldest daughter Frances graduated from Huntington memorial Hospital as a registered nurse. During war time the girls were sent to different hospitals to learn different phases of the work. She worked at Orange Co. Hospital a while, went up to Santa Barbara to work amongst the wounded & sick soldiers. after her graduation she worked at the catholic hospital in Fullerton, for three months.
When she was attending college in Pasadena, she met Elmer

Kratz Jr. at the U.S.O. He told us to call him Andy. This was a nickname he acquired in the air force, so he has always been Andy to me. Once when Ross + I were in Bellaire, Ohio, visiting Andys Parents, I called him Andy. His Aunt said, who do you mean, I have no nephew Andy. She was very indignant to me because it was Andy instead of Ernie. ERNEST.

On Nov 16, 1945 Frances + Andy were married at the Christain church in Brea, Cal. We had a reception at the church, then all the families at our home at 646 E. Birch St, Brea. Frances picked a black crepe dress for me to wear. after two weeks honeymooning + seeing friends, they left for Bellaire, Ohio, to his parents. They had never met Frances yet.

They lived there with his parents for a while. She went to nursing in hospital in Wheeling W. Va. Then they moved up to Cleveland, Ohio. She nursed in the childrens hospital for a few months then went to the hospital across town, for adults. Shortley They moved back to Bellaire and in a few months their first son Ernie was born. She didnt do nursing any more after she became a mother.

On May 7 1946 Georgine ~~nee~~ eloped to Arizona + married P.J. Contreras. They came back to Brea in two or three days + came to see us. Soon they moved in with us.

On August 4 th 1946, our youngest daughter Barbara + Ray Howard from Arkansas were married, Johndalene McClure + Gloria Crawley had their wedding date set for this. Ray had only a ~~two weeks~~ (30 day) leave and he had to return to ship. They planned this date so they only leave in two or three days to go East + visit his folks.

Ross + I were going to go East this summer, also take Albert. Albert came down with the flu and was very ill. Barbara, Ray, + Ross left and I stayed home to take care of our son. He was 18 then. After he got better + Dr. said he could travel, he went to Fullerton and bot our tickets, we were to leave the next A.M. for Indiana by bus. The phone rang about 10 P.M. my husband told by bus. The phone rang about 10 P.M. my husband told me Agnes, Paul's wife, Pauline, Frances + Andy were

leaving that afternoon for Calif. Albert & I were very much disappointed, because we had planned a trip together, Mother & Son, Son as my companion. In about four days Frances & Andy drove up. We had beds all over the place. They visited the various places of interest for two or three days. Then six of us started out for Jeffersonville, Ind. ~~Ross~~ While we were at Mom & Pops, Albert got homesick for Betty, who lived in Auburn Cal. He came over to Mom's and got some of his clothes out of his suitcase and went back to Paul's house. I find some of his money. He didn't want to ask me for his money, because he didn't want me to know he was going to hitch-hike back to Cal. When I awakened from a nap I went over to Paul's at the store to get something for evening meal, Agnes told me she loaned him twenty-five dollars to go to Cal. Albert said I would pay her back, as I had his money. He left on foot to hitch hike to see Betty. Two or three days the telephone for his daddy to wire him more money. He was known & would have to wait there until we sent the money. So Ross wired the money. In a weeks time we had a telegram that he had arrived in Auburn Cal.

He left for Cal a few days after this. We went a northern highway home & went thru Auburn. We visited Betty's folks and around that area. Auburn, Marysville & Grass Valley are in a triangle of 25 miles apart. My mother was born in Marysville so it was nice visiting that place. This was in 1946 and June of 1947 Albert & Betty married.

In March 15th of 1947 Rose Alleda and Paul Brick were married at the Wedding chapel So. of Anaheim. Rev Rash, pastor of 1st Christian church in Santa Ana, and still is, married them. Albert sang. Then the reception was held there To. Rose was renting an apartment in Santa Ana near her work at the Times. So after Paul lived there on Sycamore St. The house that were there are all torn down and business buildings there now. Corner of Fourth & Santa Ana

court house. The following June Albert and Betty came down from Auburn to Brea and were married in the Baptist Church on the corner of Flower + Birch St Rev. Buford Clark was our minister then.

Houses was hard to get then. We had a couch in the dining room, and a single bed on the back porch which was screened and glassed in. Ray + Barbara, Albert + Betty, Geo + husband and us. Ray + Ross were working same shift at U.S. Steel in L.A. Vince worked another shift at the Anaheim Bulitin + Albert worked another shift. Believe me there were always dishes to wash + beds to make. The first grand daughter came in Apr. 1947., Then the first grands son came in July of '47, next granddaughter Patricia Jan of '48, next Andrean in Mar, '48 then Ernie Kratz in Apr '48.

All five children were married in nineteen months five grandchildren in one year.

We had many wonderful times with these darling ones. I was East in Oct of 1948 and visited Frances + Ernie + baby at his parents in Bellaire Ohio. Ernie was six months then. He was about four years old before they came out here. Now there are sixteen grandchildren

Alida was born in July of 1959. she is the youngest. There are eight grandsons and eight granddaughters and one grandson in law. They were married in Aug 27-1966.

In Sept of 1957 we celebrated our 40th anni. Barbara + girls had a party for us. There were Albert, Rose, Georgene + Barbara. and fifteen grandchildren present besides, Mabel + Billy + children, Ruby + girls also Betty. They had a two teered cake and we had it in Oct because Ross was just out of the hospital and this was near Alberts Birthday so Rose baked him a cake the shape of a note of music. We had a very pleasant evening at our home at 646 East Birch St. Brea.

Brea Historical Society

401 South Brea Boulevard
P.O. Box 9764
Brea, California 92622
(714) 256-2283

September 16, 1992

Barbara Warner Howard
1300 Paradise Lane
Fayetteville, AR 72701

Dear Barbara:

I apologize for not writing sooner. Vacations are great, but it takes a while to get back on schedule.

I really appreciate your sending a copy of your Mother's auto-biography. I remember your Mother from the First Baptist Church and I have really enjoyed reading her memoirs.

Once again, thank you for your support and thank you for sharing your pictures and memories with the Brea Historical Society.

Sincerely,

Sharon Dean
President

SD/lej

1300 Paradise Lane
Fayetteville, AR 72701
7-27-92

Brea Historical Society
401 S. Brea Blvd.
P.O. Box 9764
Brea, Calif. 92622

Dear Lillian:

Enclosed please find my personal check in the amount of sixteen dollars and seventy-eight cents ($16.78) which is to pay for one copy of "Brea: Celebrating 75 Years."

Also enclosed is a copy of Mama's autobiography. I have highlighted some info that you might want to include in your book about Brea.

Sincerely,
Barbara Warner Howard
1300 Paradise Lane
Fayetteville, AR 72701

r Boy Larry Jim Gross, 7, gets sledding instruc- Air Force Chief Warrant Officer Jim Gross. The s weakened by polio when he was 16 months old, in behalf of 1952 March of Dimes this January. n all March of Dimes posters with the 1952 slo- Yours." Join the 1952 March of Dimes today.

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Mrs. Westerhout Finds Artificial Flowers Popular

Flowers are abundant in California. It is a simple procedure, in most homes, for the lady to step out to her flower garden and select a colorful flowerpiece for her coat or evening dress any day of the year.

But even so there is a big demand for artificial flowers of all shapes, shades, and varieties.

Mrs. Grace Westerhout, 447 South Walnut, has a hobby of making these artificial flowerpieces and was swamped with orders from friends before Christmas for various corsage numbers to be used as Christmas presents.

Lifelike

Mrs. Westerhout's products are so lifelike and real looking that it almost takes the "pinch" test to prove they are not real flowers. A touch of the correct perfume adds to the realness and attractiveness of the corsage.

In addition to corsages, Mrs. Westerhout also makes table centerpieces and imitations of fresh cut flowers, such as carnations, roses, and violets.

Materials for the flowers may be secured from art shops but from there on, you are on your own. It takes training, practice and deft hands to maneuver the delicate stamens and petals into a lifelike position and then shape and fasten the leaves in place.

Extra Added

Many artificial gardenia corsages show just the open flower but Mrs. Westerhout adds an attractive white bud on a small green leaf to her offerings. She has even produced poinsettias, rosebuds and a small bouquet of violets.

Mrs. Westerhout says there are hundreds of women in Southern California who have taken up this enjoyable and interesting hobby of flowermaking.

complications are present.

The cost of this home care program, as well as research totalling $14 million, is paid for by the March of Dimes.

Man Who Planted Trees on Birch Says It Was Done 1911

Have you ever wondered about the age of the tall palm trees along Birch near the Orange intersection?

William Casner, 80, told The Progress last weekend that he planted those trees in 1911 and gave them to the City of Brea. Casner now resides at 1877 Moore street in San Diego. He is the father of Mrs. Ira B. Millar, 209 East Birch, and Mrs. James S. Lauder, 215 South Orange.

Casner came to Orange county in 1910 and drilled the first oil well on the G & L Lease (Graham and Loftus). He also drilled in the gusher known as the Chapman gusher for the Union Oil Co.

In 1915 Casner built the 2-story residence at 207 South Madrona at a cost of $2600. He said the house is now probably valued at $13,000.

He is in excellent health for a man of 80 years. He has a hobby of writing poetry, and he writes some good free verse. He also has a hobby of whittling or wood carving. One of his Indian head pictures and a horse head picture is on display at the Harding Camera shop.

Casner said he would enjoy hearing from any of his former friends who might remember him from those early days.

The annual meeting of the Congregational church will be held Wednesday, Jan. 9. There will be a potluck dinner at 6:30 p.m. The election of new officers for the year will be the business of the evening.

Thurs
Jan. 3, 1952

Mariposa, California
July 24, 1975

Dear Lois:

Olive and I were talking the other day about how nice it was you were involved in that historical thing in Brea and how much fun research could be. Now you have got me in on it and I find it more frustrating than than fun. It's true that I should know quite a bit about Brea in the early days, but as it turns out, I'm certain about damned little.

Your questions: When was Grandma's house built, Who built it and Grandma's full name are pretty basic and I should be able to tell you, but I can't. Not right this minute, anyhow. I'll ask my mother next Sunday when I call her and send you the answers.

I think the house was built in 1913, but it could have been in 1912. I saw it going up one day and I knew it was Grandma's house. I was three or four years old at the time and didn't even know there was a Hortense, for instance. I don't suppose Elwood Moore is still living, but he would know. I think he worked on it. That was probably the year his daughter, Caroline was born. Mother will know, however, and I'll find out Sunday. It really was the first house in Brea. There were a couple of tents and a couple of tent-houses and some sheet iron sheds down by the Pacific Electric Line, but Grandma's was the first real house. Board and batten it was, and stained green.

The house was built by an awful lot of people. I can very well remember a lot of men sawing boards and driving nails and making side trips to the beer keg. As far as I know they all worked in the oil fields in Brea Canyon. I'm sure Joe or Will Berry was there. Maybe both. Dad was, of course. I think they got it up in a couple of days, except for the windows, doors and trim. I can remember Grandpa Harkey digging the cesspool. I think Mother can tell me who the carpenter was that told them where to saw the boards.

Grandma's name was Mittie Smith. She was the daughter of Danial Smith and Dillie Lofton (Smith). She had her genealogy down pat on both sides of her family and told me about it as if she were reading a stud book. I paid no attention, much to my present sorrow. She could have told you all about your grandfather. I sort of think the Mittie is a diminutive of Matilda, but I'm not sure. Hortense would know and so would Willie Grant. (Aunt Willie is in the Huntington Beach Convalescent Hospital)(You had ought to see her, Lois. She might be able to tell about the Berrys or even the Muzalls) She'd be delighted to see you.

Well, getting back to Grandma: She married Will Gholson and had four children; Fred, Hattie, Willie and Willard. Willard died young. So did Will Gholson who died of gunshot wounds inflicted by Grandma's brother, Neil Smith. My Dad, Fred was eight at the time and the oldest of the three kids. Grandma was a widow for a dozen years, or more, working like a nigra, as they used to say, to keep them alive and fed. When they got up big enough to look after themselves, she married again. This time, John Harkey. They had Hortense. half sister to Fred, Hattie and Willie. Nobody liked John Harkey, except, maybe, my mother. I suppose he was a crude person and I know he was meaner than hell to horses. Good to me, though.

One of Grandma's sisters married a U. S. Marshal named Miller and that's where Barnes Miller, cousin to Fred, Hattie and Willie, came from. They didn't talk much about the elder Miller. I guess he used to go up into Indian Terr. after outlaws that all turned out to be dead when he got them back.

Another one of Grandma's sisters married Fred Gholson, brother to Will. Their son, Jesse, lived at the West Coast Lease for a while. I remember the building, that might have been a store. Two stories, it was, with stairs up the back. Jesse was a double cousin to Fred, Hattie and Willie. He went back to Haskell, Texas where he lived and died.

Grandma died in 1938, I think. You could check this out, along with her first name. She's buried at Loma Vista and has a head stone. John Harkey died in 1918 up in Kern County where he had been working for the General Petroleum.

You know how it was to be a kid growing up. You would know people were doing things but you wouldn't know why they were doing them. As it turned out, they often didn't know why they were doing them either. Custom or superstition had, and still has, quite a bit to do with the way people act. A good example is the religion southern women had that the men didn't have. I'm sure the women equated religion with gentility. Certainly, tobacco chewing, whiskey drinking, poker playing and cussing didn't go with church-going. Neither was it genteel. One of the first things in the high school psychology text book is the theory of psychological compensation. The preachers son is wild as hell and the strict mother's daughter is lenient with her own children. So it was with the southern women. The more earthy the husband the more religious the wife.

Actually, this turned out to be a fairly good background for kids growing up. A sort of a balance for them. They at least got two opinions on most problems and were inclined to come to think nothing was black or white, but only various shades of grey.

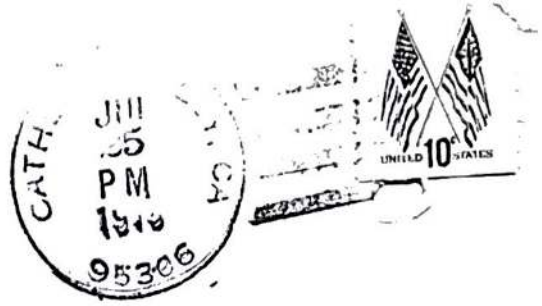
This turns out to be the anniversary of Olive's broken leg. She didn't stir out of the house today for fear it might happen again. I wasn't so active myself. The temperature hit 104° here today. Hottest day of the year. Still, the little animals were active. Had a dozen grey squirrels this morning eating peanuts and walnuts. The hummingbirds drank a quart of sugar-water mix and the raccoons have emptied the trough three times tonight. Had to put out suet and grain for the birds and filled the water troughs twice. Had a handsome buck drinking water out back about dusk. The fox cleaned up the chicken bones I put on the board down by the creek as soon as the moon came up and I think I smell a skunk.

I hope everything is going great guns for you. Perhaps we will be down that way before long. If so, will see you then.

As ever,

Bill

W. J. Gholson
4173 Silver Bar Road
Mariposa, Ca. 95338



MRS. LOIS SMITH

328 AROVISTA STREET

BREA, CALIFORNIA 92621

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s
In't

August 7, 1975

ear Lois,

How nice to hear from you. Your letter certainly brings back many memories from so very long ago; people, places and even the high chair.

Sorry to learn about Smitty. It seems that time takes its toll. So many of our friends and relatives are no longer with us.

As I remember being told, we moved to 138 So. Orange St. when I was nine months old. That would make it May or June 1916.

I do not know who built the house. It could have been Dad's father John, or one of his uncles; William or Robert. I believe that Dad's brother Tristan, at least, did some of the work.

do not remember about any other house they may have built.

Mildred and I moved to this resort community shortly after I retired 3½ years ago. We live in a condominium apartment. Much of our time is spent playing golf and enjoying other leisure time activities here and nearby.

Our son Bill, his wife Carole and our 6 year old granddaughter live in Santa Ana.

Clayton and Kay live in San Diego He is still with Union Oil Company.

We would indeed like to see you and hope the opportunity presents itself before too long. Also, hope to hear from you again.

Best Wishes

Ernie Long

ERNEST R.
1019 Lanza
San Marc

R. LONG
9 Lanza Court
San Marcos, CA 92069

U.S. POSTAL SERVICE
PM
7 AUG
1979

Mrs. Lois Smith
328 Arovista Ave.
Brea, Ca. 92621

Dear Lois,
Ron & I enjoyed
seeing you & Jerry
Bill Howard 3 boys
1980 26
Bill Long
Carolyn
[redacted]
J. M. J.

"OUR DAD"

It is with complete humility that I begin this biography. I am humble toward the man about whom I am to write and humble toward all authors who have preceded me. Perhaps I am not destined to be an author but I am impelled to write this account by some force which will not be denied.

John Emil Welin was born on a small farm in the Swedish (wintry ~~side~~) ~~July 6~~, 1871. At the time of his birth, beside his father and mother, the family consisted of a sister Hannah, the oldest, a brother Warner next and a sister, Alice.

Their home was a building of logs and mud plaster. In a cellar under the kitchen was stored the meager production of the farm. His father worked for the railroad as a bridge builder. No timbers, bolts or steel were used. Instead wedge shaped stones were the sole material. Getting food and clothing was the primary goal. Saving for the future was indeed remote in their lives.

John's boyhood days were fraught with many incidents which, to say the least, would have a tendency to produce a strong man. His mother died when he was six years old. His sister Hannah then accepted the task of rearing the family and caring for her father. Never marrying, she remained in this role until her death.

The home life of this family was very strict but not without love and sentiment. Church attendance was a must and even in the severest weather when the women would stay home, the father and boys would trudge through two miles of snow and sleet to attend. Then throughout the entire Sunday afternoon the father would read the Bible to the assembled family. This, of course, was very boring to the children but it did give them a thorough knowledge of the Bible.

This, as Dad said, was the reason he never had much interest in churches during his adult life.

He remembered one time, though, that he thought the "Ten Commandments" contained the finest formula for human relations ever presented to mankind.

Dad attended school in a one room building, a picture of which we have seen. It was a sturdy structure in open country, with no trees or landscaping in evidence. The instructor was a very hard taskmaster. At recess time he was out taking part in the games and teaching fair play and self control. In the schoolroom he insisted on perfect attention to business. The following incident bears this out. One day he said to the class, "I will read a paragraph

from this book. When I am through I will ask you to review its contents." Upon finishing the reading, he asked a big country boy to recite. There was no response. He said, "I will read it again." Having done so, there was still no response, whereupon he walked to the boy's desk, took him by the collar to the front of the room and administered a sound thrashing. At the third reading the boy was able to give a very good report on its contents.

Vitamins, calories, etc. had little or no room in the minds of people at that time. Dad's school lunch usually was one potato baked or boiled. On rare occasions there was a slice of bacon or salt pork to make it a banquet. This is no slur on present day dietitions, but populations did survive before these things were known. Once or twice a year the railroad would bring trainloads of fresh herring through the country and the waiting people would fill their gunny sacks at twenty-five cents per sack. These fish would be salted down for winter. Dad taught us to cook and eat them. Very delicious.

At the age of thirteen, after hearing a great deal about the wonders and possibilities in the United States of America, one can imagine how he yearned to go there. Through an unexpected cancelation of a ticket and some ardent pleading, his father finally agreed to let him go.

Dad's brother Warner and sister Alice had preceded him to North Dakota and Montana respectively and were grain farmers. Dad left Gothenberg in the fall of 1884. A brief account of his departure, I think, is noteworthy at this point because it was an emotional side of the Swedes that Dad seldom exhibited. Years later, at receiving news of his father's passing, he told me how his father went into the little store and bought a bottle of beer, and they spent their final few minutes together, sharing that beer. With a tear in his eye, Dad said, "It just have been heart rending for my father to say good bye to his thirteen year old son, knowing full well that he would never see him again."

Travelling steerage, his ship had engine trouble and was towed to Copenhagen where, for five days, its passengers lived in a hotel and saw the sights in "Beautiful, Beautiful Copenhagen".

The ensuing trip was uneventful. Like the rest of the passengers, Dad had a particular destination and not much wherewithal. One American dollar and his $38.50 ticket which would take him to Fargo, North Dakota were the extent of it, so they all filled their bags with left over food from the ship's meals for their land travels later.

Upon their arrival in U.S.A. all the immigrants were required to spend several days in quarantine at Ellis Island before they were given freedom on American soil.

At the railroad station a baggage weight limit per ticket was required. Dad knew he couldn't make it because of some extras he had for his brother, so he stood back and waited until he saw a man with just one bag. The man agreed to let him put one of his bags on the scale with his and Dad's first problem in America was solved.

His brother greeted him warmly and urged him to take a homestead in North Dakota. Dad, while staying at Warner's home, enrolled in a business school and became fluent in reading, writing, and speaking English in a short time. During this time his observation of the hard farm life and weather in North Dakota definitely dissuaded him from choosing it.

True to his premise, Uncle Sam laid many varied and tempting opportunities in his path and, constantly pushing westward, he gave each one a fair trial.

At this time there was a contest on between the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railroads, each trying to reach Washington State first. Each would stop at nothing to hinder the progress of the other.

Dad's first job was section hand, later promoted to section boss. Small towns sprung up as fast as track was laid. There was a definite need for evening entertainment, so Dad worked up an act in which he performed as a juggler, equilibrist and slack wire artist. Billing himself as the great "Zella", he also played the violin for dances.

He bought some law books and gave them a trial run, studying evenings.

But while each of these vocations gave some basic ability and knowledge, still he knew he hadn't found what he really wanted.

Much of the time during which he was engaged in the above capers, his home base was at his sister Alice's place in Montana. It was there that a young doctor, with Dad's assistance, performed a successful appendectomy on her, using the kitchen table, boiling water for his instruments and plenty of whiskey for anesthetic.

When the railroads finally converged on the State of Washington, jobs became very scarce and panic conditions ensued. Dad and a pal of his spent the next winter cutting cord wood. They lived in a tent beside a trout stream and bought one half a beef and one hundred pounds of potatoes. Every night they played a game of cards called "Solo" to see who had to get up and build the fire for the stove next morning.

Soon after that a very destructive fire occurred. Many job seekers came to help with the cleaning up and rebuilding. Dad obtained a job in a hardware and implement store owned by Mr. H. E. Graves who later became an important factor in his life. The long awaited combine harvester for grain growers made its appearance. Graves ordered one. It came shipped in many pieces and it was Dad's job to assemble and deliver it to the buyer with instructions for its use. Many of the machines were sold and his mechanical proficiency came to light in the process. For the remainder of his life his pursuits were along mechanical lines.

H. E. Graves had a brother, J. A. Graves, who was very prominent in Los Angeles business circles. Business was booming in L.A. and he persuaded H. E. to come south. Very soon H.E. contacted Dad and told him there would be a job waiting for him in L.A. if he wanted it.

Short of money as usual, Dad contrived a method of transportation, which is worthy of a brief description at this point. He called it his "velocipede" - a very light tricycle with wheels to roll on a railroad track with pedal propulstion and brake. This was the contraption on which he came to L.A. He said he had no trouble as he kept close track of train schedules. However, there was always a chance of a maverick freight train to look out for.

He arrived in Southern California in the fall of 1892 and was sent to work in a sugar factory, one of the projects owned by the J. A. Graves Associates in Chino | California. After about three months training in sugar cooking, he was able to take charge of that department. The general manager of the factory was an old German known and disliked for his rough treatment of employees. In connection with this, Dad always got a chuckle when he told this story. "One day one of the men allowed a tank of sugar juice to boil over. The old German was beside himself and shouted 'how much you get?' The fellow whose salary was $2.50 quickly said $3.00. The German turned to the bookkeeper and said 'cut him to $2.75'."

After a fair trial the sugar factory was abandoned as a poor

investment. The Puente Oil Co. had found oil in the Puente Hills and the old sugar factory was transformed into an oil refinery.

While all this was taking placein beautiful Chino Valley, Dad had met and fallen in love with beautiful Maude Eva Tower whom he married September 11, 1897.

They moved to L.A. where he took charge of the sales yard distributing oil products from the refinery. Their lubricating oil was named "Ruby Red" and their kerosene was "Pearl Oil". It was the big seller, being used for cooking, lighting, etc. There was no demand for gasoline. Crude oil was sprinkled on roads to keep the dust down.

On June 29, 1898 Emmett, the first son was born in Los Angeles, California. About eight months later Dad was transferred to the Puente oil lease, built a house and worked as a mechanic for the next six years. The lease was equipped with a complete blacksmith shop and machine shop. Dad would visualize a needed tool, draw a picture of it, show it to the blacksmith, Jack Merkeley, and between them it would become a workable reality.

Heretofore, after a well had been drilled, it was necessary to leave all equipment there, such as boiler, engine and housing because later on when pumping equipment was installed and subsequently needed for repairing, these items would be needed. Of course, that was an expensive procedure. With this in mind, Dad worked out a design for a self-propelled four wheeled vehicle equipped with a gasoline engine, wire line reels, clutches and brakes.

When completed it would move forward or back up to the derrick, hook onto the wire line, and pull the well. Dad christened it "The Hoist". When he showed the design to the blacksmith, Jack Merkeley, Jack said, "Lead the way, John and we'll build it." When the day came for its debut, all the oil men in the vicinity, who could make it, were there for the demonstration. The machine did itself proud and this same idea is used for the very same purpose today. Today, of course, they have hydraulic hoists and more powerful engines, thereby eliminating the derricks. But Dad's "hoist" was first.

At about this time, March 7, 1904 a second son, Boyd Prescott Welin, was born at the old Puente oil lease.

Dad continued on this job until about 1905 when he was sent

back to the Los Angeles sales yard as manager where he remained for about three years.

Then there was an unexpected shake-up in the management at the Olinda Oil Lease about fifty miles east of L.A. and Dad was sent out there to take the job as Superintendent. Never having actively worked on a drilling rig and in spite of dire forebodings, he proceeded in his unassuming way to take charge and successfully do the job, making friends in the meantime. He insisted on good work and was patient with beginners as they learned. All working conditions were maintained with a view to safety.

Father and mother gradually became acquainted in their new neighborhood. They were pressed into community activities, Mother into PTA and Red Cross and Dad on grammar school board for a number of years. While he was on the board a new four room schoolhouse with an adjacent auditorium was built.

During his tenure he wrote a satire on the three man board. The main characters were "Mr. Dooitall", Mr. Doolittle" and Mr. Donothing at all." It was presented in the new auditorium.

Olinda was a thriving little oil town, with a general store, church, and social hall. The high school students were bussed to the Fullerton Union High School nine miles away. All the schools were well equipped with material and teaching personnel, as the oil fields contributed heavily to school taxes.

As a husband and father, Dad was unsurpassed. Every summer he moved the family to Newport Beach for a month's vacation. Whenever possible we would attend special events and places such as the 1915 World Fair at San Francisco, San Diego Exposition, Yosemite Valley, Grand Canyon, Salton Sea, etc. All of these trips gave the family a broader outlook and education.

On April 5, 1913 his third son, Glenn Tower Welin, was born in Olinda. Dad managed to see them all through college.

Dad and Mother were high minded people. They were gentle to the point of tenderness, generous to a fault, absolutely trustworthy, patient and ever thoughtful of others. They were clean living, clean talking and maintained that atmosphere in our household always.

In 1899 Dad had purchased property in Puente Valley on which

he planted a walnut orchard. As usual, there were problems such as ground squirrels and the big depression.

In 1925 he retired from the oil business and spent the rest of his days in peace and content on "The Ranch". Many happy family reunions were held there. He would sit at the head of the long well laden table and gaze at the folks. His sons, their wives, their sons and their wives, and the younger issues that varied in number from year to year. He would smile and I'm sure he was grateful for what he saw. After all, is there really a greater reward for a long and useful life than this?

Our Dad, foreign born, became a proud citizen of the United States of America and gave freely of his many talents toward its growth and development.

John Emil Welin died April 2, 1950, leaving a large group of sturdy descendants and staunch friends in his wake.

Foot Note: Boyd and Emmett (co-authors) and Glenn, bless his heart, in spirit, make unanimous the declaration that the man whose memory we most respect and admire was "Our Dad".

BOYD P. ("Bud") WELIN

Dec. 1, 1982

3382-A Punta Alta, Laguna Hills, CA 92653
714-768-4462

Born March 7, 1904 - Fullerton, California

Father - John Emil Welin, deceased, born in Sweden. Migrated to the United States as a boy of 12. Pioneered oil production in Orange County. Listed in "Who's Who" of Orange County in 1906 for contributions in industry, school affairs and employee relations.

Mother - Maude Eva Tower Welin, deceased, born in Tustin, California 104 years ago. Co-founder of P.T.A. in Orange County.

Wife - Irene Welin, native of Muncie, Indiana. A housewife and homemaker. We have been married 49 years.

Self - Lived as a child in the oilfields of Olinda, Orange County; attended Olinda Grammar School. Country life background. Attended Methodist Sunday School.

Prep School - Attended and graduated from Fullerton Union High School. Baseball as active sport.

University - Entered University of Southern California, School of Pharmacy, September 1921. Co-founder and President of Trojan Squires 1923-24; Varsity Baseball 1923-24-25; Sigma Sigma, Junior Men's Honorary Fraternity 1923-24; President, Trojan Knights, service group, 1924-25; Skull and Dagger, Senior Men's Honorary Fraternity 1924-25; Student Member, Board of Directors, S.C. General Alumni Association 1925; Half Century Club U.S.C.

Business - Licensed as Assistant Pharmacist, State Board of Pharmacy, 1923; full license as Registered Pharmacist, 1927; employed in retail and manufacturing pharmacy in Los Angeles area 1927-34; employed as practicing pharmacist in Pasadena 1934-40.

nomic recessions and construction industry slowdowns.

The developed city today extends 10 miles and has a population of 32,071. It could grow as large as 24 miles with proposed hillside development. A 1968 study projected residential development in the hills and other areas east and west of the city, which could push Brea's population up to 95,000.

In recent years, a regional shopping mall and major employers such as Sundstrand Aviation, Security Pacific Bank and Beckman Instruments have made Brea their home.

The city has reaped the benefits of development in the form of increased revenues. But the down side is increased traffic and the accompanying air pollution and noise. And those are problems city

the 1960s. The city's closeness to major east-west and north-south systems made it a strategic location for developers, he said.

"The freeways have had a major impact on growth," he said. "Before they were constructed, Brea just sort of sat out here with relatively little growth.

"City officials in Brea chose to capitalize on what they saw as a growing Orange County community. There were people who had vision and recognized that they could build a strong economic base," he said.

"They could have ignored the situation and simply remained a residential community along the freeway, but they chose not to do that."

Don McBride, president of Don

Please see **BOOM/22**

Mary Anne Gotheridge/The Register

These horses and their corral soon will be surrounded by new houses as the bulldozer in the background paves the way for development.

Remembering another time, another Brea

Edna Critchlow, 82, sat comfortably in a beige-colored armchair in the living room of her Brea home. As she talked, she patted her short, white curly hair.

Outside, a car would occasionally pass by.

Her gray eyes peered through bifocal glasses at her visitor. Then, they took on a faraway look as a smile lit up her face. She talked about the good old days of Good Old Brea.

In 1922, Critchlow — as a newlywed — moved into her small, five-room wood frame home on Madrona Avenue, in a section of the city known as Old Brea. She has lived in that same home for more than 63 years.

She has witnessed change, like the transformation of Brea from a tiny rural town into an economically thriving city. The bulk of the growth has been in the last two decades.

"I thought it would always be a small town," Critchlow said. "I moved here from a small town in Santa Barbara. When I came here, there were about 2,000 people here, and now there's more than 30,000.

"When I first came here, I knew almost everybody that I'd meet when I'd go shopping. That doesn't happen now.

Please see **REMEMBERING/3**

BOOMING BREA/INSIDE

Good Old Brea: This three-block business area has maintained its quaint appearance and survived modern-day competition/**10**

Looking back: Longtime residents of Brea remember a small town which bears little resemblance to the bustling community of today/**3**

And now. . . : Growth has come to Brea and with it has come an increase in traffic — and projections for a whole lot more congestion/**27**

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Orange County Register June 25, 1985

Mary Anne Gotheridge/The Register

Catherine Seilor and her husband bought their house in 1950 and had it moved from Pico Rivera to Flower Street in Brea.

REMEMBERING: Women reflect on the many faces of Brea

FROM 1

"I used to know everybody on the block and on the other streets, but I don't think I know more than half a dozen now," she said. "I'm the oldest original owner in this (housing) tract."

Critchlow said the land on which her home and others on the block were built was owned by Union Oil Co. Her late husband, Robert, worked for the oil company.

"Union Oil subdivided the land and sold it to their employees," she said.

Critchlow said there were only a few houses on the block — and in the area — at the time.

But that changed as the 1960s turned into the 1970s. Residential development was gradual, but industrial and commercial growth boomed in the 1970s.

Prior to the construction of the Brea Mall and the Brea Plaza, Critchlow said, residents generally had to leave town to shop for clothes. She said she did a lot of her shopping in Anaheim and Los Angeles.

"Back then I would walk uptown to Brea Boulevard to do grocery shopping," Critchlow said, pointing south. "There was a men's shop on Brea Boulevard. But there were no women's shops. If I wanted to do much shopping, I'd go down and get on the Pacific Electric (railroad) car and go to Los Angeles."

For entertainment, the Critchlows went to the only picture show in town — a movie theater on Brea Boulevard, which, today, is Calvary Chapel of Brea.

Katherine Seiler, 70, also remembers well the early days of Brea. She grew up in Brea and has lived on Flower Street with her husband for the past 35 years. She said that up until the past 15 years or so, there weren't many places in town to go to for entertainment.

"We would go to 10-cent movie matinees," Seiler said, recalling the early days.

"There weren't many restaurants. There was one in town — Robert's Cafe. That's one of the nice

Claire Schlotterbeck was attracted to Brea's rural atmosphere seven years ago.

things about the changes in the city. We have a lot of nice restaurants now."

There were only three or four houses on her block when her family moved to Flower Street, she said. Seiler and her husband bought their house in Pico Rivera and had it moved to Flower Street.

"We had to have orange trees and lemon trees pulled out when we came in," she said. "And there were no curbs and sidewalks."

Seiler said her children, who have since moved from Brea, are surprised at the residential, commercial and industrial growth that has occurred in the city.

"When they came back, they could hardly believe the changes, particularly with the industrial developments east of town," she said.

Debbie Ranzan has lived in Brea for eight years, but she is considered a newcomer — a member of New Brea. The mother of two school-aged children, Ranzan recently moved into the Eagle Hills housing development on the east side of town.

"Eight years ago I moved into the first housing tract east of the 57 freeway on Associated Road and Lambert," Ranzan said. "That area has developed considerably since then. We were aware that the city would be developing, but we weren't aware that there would be so much industrial development."

Claire Schlotterbeck, a seven-year resident of Brea, said her family was also attracted to the city because of its rural atmosphere. She lives in Olinda Village in the Carbon Canyon area.

"When my husband and I moved here we had been looking for a town that didn't have an urban feel to it," she said. "We looked in Brea, Diamond Bar and Yorba Linda.

"One of the things we appreciated about Brea that we didn't see in other communities is that they seemed to value having a variety," she said. "They had industry, apartments, commercial establishments and rural areas, as well, here in Carbon Canyon."

Old and new residents alike say they had mixed feelings about Brea's growth. Critchlow said that in the beginning she had apprehensions.

"I used to think I was against progress," she said. "But people have to have places to live and work."

Seiler agreed.

"Everybody misses the old days to some extent," Seiler said. "But things can't stay the same, otherwise you go backwards."

Couple recounts 75 years of memories

By Barbara A. Williams
DSP Correspondent

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.

BREA — The 1916 photo of Mr. and Mrs. Perry Chansler is a geneologist'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 cityhood on Feb. 23, 1917.

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

The Chanslers — Perry, Marie and their 2-year-old son, Carl — moved to California in 1920, joining other family members in a cramped, 2-car caravan for a monthlong journey that began in Illinois on June 20.

The travelers were hoping to find a climate that would improve the health of Marie's father, George Gregory, and were seeking jobs 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 storytelling 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.

"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-tree-lined 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 Chanslers 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 Terrell 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 Chanslers' remaining children were born — Jennie (now Jennie Phillips of Brea) in 1923 and twins Irl (of Hesperia) and Merle (of Monrovia) in 1926. All five Chansler children attended Brea schools, graduating from Laurel Elementary School, Brea Grammar School and Brea Olinda High School.

(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 Chansler 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.

Perry bought the lot on Magnolia Avenue, Madrona Avenue and their current home on Magnolia 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, 1952."

Marie's razor-sharp memory makes for precision story-telling

came by horse and buggy to see me.")

Marie said she was 16, helping her father in his oilfield grocery store just outside of DuQuoin, Ill., when she caught the eye of the strapping young oilworker Perry Chansler.

Perry lived about a mile and a half up the road from Marie's home — a location that proved

"When you marry the opposite sex, well, you've been raised one way and they've been raised another. You just have to learn to get along...besides, I don't care for divorces. It's not that I don't BELIEVE in divorces, I just don't CARE for divorces."

—Marie Chancler

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 his business to lift her spirits — coaxing her into attending an "oyster suppper" 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 "at a Penney's-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 taffeta-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 shivaree 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 enyears 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 divorces."

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

The Chanslers' 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 luxury of house-trailer camping, with Perry enjoying hunting 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 missionary 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 when Perry was still able to drive. Nowadays their activities are more limited, and they rely on the daytime help of homemaker Kay Thomason of Whittier, who has become "a member of the family" during the past year, Marie said.

Despite getting out and about less often, the Chanslers 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 Wedin, 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

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.

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The Chanslers' made a few more moves in Brea to accomodate Perry's jobs in the oilfield. Their addresses included the Stearns lease, a return to Orr 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, 1952.

" Marie's razor-sharp memory makes for precision story-telling when she recounts everything from retirment 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

Marie said she was 16, helping her father in his oilfield grocery store just outside of DuQuoin, Ill., when she caught the eye of the strapping young oilworker Perry Chansler.

Perry lived about a mile and a half up the road from Marie's home — a location that proved beneficial to the young people's correspondence.

Marie explained that the mailman would pick up Perry's letter, hand-cancel the postage, and drop it off at her house a few

varee 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 enjoythe prairie dogs on the 1920 cross-country trip. Carl died in 1974.

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

which will include a visit from Mayor Wayne Wedin, 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 Chanslers. 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.

Community Briefs

BBC headlines Masons' BBQ

LA HABRA — The Buffalo Brewing Co. will headline the entertainment Sunday at the La Habra Masons' first-ever "Food & Fun Country Bar-B-Que."

BBC has come a long way since its start as a garage band in 1977. Led by band mates Doug Schaper and Mac Parker, BBC now packs local venues such as the Pearson Park Amphitheatre in Anaheim. The band has performed at the last three La Habra Corn Festivals.

Schaper books the shows, plays lead guitar and provides lead vocals and peforms the on-stage "mike chatter." He began his musical career at age 13 as a member of a surf band called the "Chevelles."

Schaper jokingly claims to have several future hits waiting discovery in Nashville. In a more serious vein, he said his top goals are to perform at the Crazy Horse Saloon and to hear a BBC song on KIK-FM.

The newest member of the band is Michael Bradford, who plays bass guitar, sings harmony and plays straight man to Schaper.

Group co-founder Parker plays rhythm guitar and banjo in addition to making the band's booking arrangements.

His son, Travis, 17, plays the fiddle and keyboard as well as providing his skills as the group's musical engineer.

The barbecue will run from 1 to 6 p.m. at the masonic lodge at 1701 W. La Habra Blvd. Admission is $9 per person.

Home buying program offers low down

LA HABRA — The non-profit La Habra Neighborhood Housing Services, in cooperation with a group of participating lenders, is offering a new program to assist families to purchase homes.

The "Community Home Buyers Program" makes 30-year, fixed-rate loans available to families with low-down payments. Down payments can be as low as five percent of the purchase price, of which two percent may be gifts from friend or family.

The loans can be used to purchase single-family homes, condos and planned unit developments. The home must be owner-occupied.

To qualify for this affordable loan program, family income can not exceed 120 percent of the county median. For a family of four in Orange County that would be approximately $62,000.

Another requirement is that borrowers must participate in a home ownership and personal financing seminar. NHS and the participating lenders are providing these seminars free of charge to La Habra and Whittier residents.

Staff will be available to assist Spanish-speaking residents. The first seminar will be held Nov. 16 at 9 a.m. The meetings will be held in the La Habra City Schools Administration Building, 500 N. Walnut St.

"This program is a special opportunity for moderate income families to be a part of the Amer-

Tax seminar for business to be offered

Ernest J. Dronenburg, Jr., Vice-Chairman, State Board of Equalization, announced today that six government taxing authorities will team up to offer a free, one-day tax seminar to Orange County business owners.

The participating government agencies will have representatives, information booths, and exhibits. The seminar will include general information sessions as well as workshops tailored to suit the needs of the small business owner. Some of the topics to be covered include: Deposit Rules for Employment Taxes; Employment Tax Forms and Reporting Requirements; Sales & Use Tax — Common Pitfalls; Employer's Responsibility Under the Immigration and Reform Act; and Understanding the Business Property Tax Statement.

The Orange County Small Business Tax Day is scheduled to be held: Nov. 9, at Orange Coast Community College, Student Center, 2701 Fairview Rd., Costa Mesa, CA 92628.

The seminar will begin with a general information session at 10 a.m. The workshop sessions will take place at 11:30 a.m., 1 p.m., 2:15 p.m., and again at 3:30 p.m.

Participating agencies include: Board of Equalization; Employment Development Department; Franchise Tax Board; Immigration and Naturalization Service; Internal Revenue Service;

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

January 8, 1992

Mr. and Mrs. Earl R. Ward
9951 Hawthorne Drive
Sun City, AZ 85351

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Ward:

Thank you so much for your book-order and for your offer of information about growing up in Brea. We would be pleased if your would like to provide us with information on the following:

1. Addresses - family members

2. Employment - where worked, duties and years

3. Short biography of Mr. Ward's life

4. Any information about people he grew up, interesting events, etc.

Information of this nature is always of interest to the Brea Historical Society. We shall look forward to hearing from you.

Very truly yours,

Dora Varner

Dora Varner
Curator

DV/lej

Ward, Earl R.
Ward, Mrs. E.

Rec'd 1/6/92

Mr. & Mrs. Earl R. Ward
9951 Hawthorn Drive
Sun City, AZ 85351

(602) 974-s675

Dec. 24, 1991

My husband, Earl R. Ward, was one of the first two babies born in Brea, as far as he knows. He lived there most of his growing up years. We lived there a total of about 14 years after we were married. My home area is Garden Grove/Santa Ana. I don't know if you would be interested in any information from him.

Gladys M. Ward

Gladys M. Ward

address – family member

where – year – employment

dates

Short bio about his life

and any information

about people he was

close to

Memories of Brea - Earl R. Ward.

1926 Oil Storage Tanks blowing up from a lightening strike. Local cesspools were caved in, damaged windows, roofs, etc.

EDelivering three magazines that sold for five cents apiece to the president of Chiksan Tool Company and other businesses and door to door. One of them was Collier's. I don't remember the names of the other two. They may have cost more.

Delivering "special delivery" letters for the post office before and after school.

Hiking the local foothills alone for hours. My mother would pack a lunch for me.

Working at Ward's Bakery (no relation) before and after school and on Saturdays.

Shooting rabbits at the wash near our home at 320 West Imperial Highway. This helped put meat on the table.

Doing yard work for many Brea families. Even after I was married some of the dear little elderly ladies would beg me to come trim the Ivy, etc.

In high school some unknown students carried an Austin upstairs and put it on a man teacher's desk. The classroom had double doors, so they had room to get it in the doorway.

Two friends I remember having through school years were Eddie Morefield and Truman Jackson, son of Dr. Jackson.

Soon after I retired January 1, 1978, we moved from Yorba Linda to Vallejo, Ca. This was so we could be near our son and family. Four years later, we wold our home there and lived in a motor home and traveled with a volunteer group called Mobile Missionary Assistance Program. We helped with construction of Bible Camps, Churches, Conference Grounds, etc. from Alaska to Florida. In our traveling we visited all 49 states.

Mr. & Mrs. Earl R. Ward
9951 Hawthorn Drive
Sun City, AZ 85351

Mr. & Mrs. Earl R. Ward
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Sun City, AZ 85351

Information Mez L. Ward family

Mez L Ward and Minnie Ward lived in Brea at least twice over the years. Mez was a machinist for Shaffer Tool, Union Tool and various other oil tool companies. He was an excellent machinist and he knew it. If he didn't like his job, he just quit. A few days later he had another job. He sometimes worked for the same company more than once.

In the early days they lived on Madrona Street, then on Cedar Street. In 1927 they moved to a new house they had built at 320 West Imperial. Some of their neighbors were the Shaffers and Varners.

Their oldest son, Robert, attended Brea schools and died as a result of an automobile accident in Brea in 1937. He was a senior in high school and that year's annual was dedicated to his memory. He was an excellent student and well liked by his classmates. His brother, Earl was in the car with him at the time, but did not sustain any injuries.

Earl R. Ward was born in Brea on October 20, 1920, and was one of the early babies born in Brea. He graduated from Brea High School June 1938 He was on the track team. He attended Fullerton Junior College. He married Gladys Wilcox July 19,1942, in the old First Christian Church on Ash Street. They have two children. Jane, born October 27, 1944. She attended Garden Grove and then Brea schools and graduated from high school in 1962. She attended Biola College one year and Northern Oklahome College. She is a registered Nurse. Her name is now Jane Childress, 8841 East 40th Place, Tulsa OK 74145, (916) 622-2981. She has two children David Cargill, born August 30, 1967, and Kathy, born October 23, 1970.

Tim Ward was born January 13, 1947. He graduated from Brea High School in 1964 and Cal State Fullerton in 1968. He was on the track and cross country teams at both schools. He married Karen Carver in June 1969. She is also a Brea high school graduate. They now live in Lafayette, CA (3495 Echo Springs Rd. zip 94549. Ph. (510) 938-8039. They have two sons: Paul born 1973 and Mark born 1977. Tim is on the Administration Staff of Contra Costa Probation Department.

Continued

Karen teaches piano lessons. Paul is graduating from high school in June and is on track and cross country teams. Mark is also athletic and both boys play instruments.

Lois Vivian Ward was born to the senior Ward's august 8, 1927. She graduated from Brea High School in 1945 and married Kenneth Worden of Orange November 1946. They have three children: Wayne, Beverly and Roger. They now live at 1142 Acacia, Orange, Ca 92668 (714) 538-3047.

Earl Ward worked for Union Oil Research Department for 27 years and now lives at 9951 Hawthorn Drive, Sun City, AZ 85351.

Early Brea City Clerk—'Didn't like politics'

Lois Muzzall Smith

by Susan Gaede

I'm like Merv Griffin, said Lois Muzzall Smith, Olinda and Brea resident since 1911. "I'm still hanging in there."

Lois once lived in Olinda on a dirt road where there were two rows of houses on the oil lease land. She said the people with the most seniority were allowed to rent the houses when there was a vacancy.

"The older houses were known as 'Poverty Row,' and the newer ones, where I lived, 'Prosperity Row.'"

The house appeared in one of the Associated Oil magazines as a model home, and Lois said she was especially proud of that. Her father, being from the south, liked okra and corn and they were grown in the garden along with apricot and peach trees and a variety of other vegetables.

Lois has fond memories of going to school in Olinda.

"I remember marching to the tune of a Sousa march played on the piano with the principal calling 'left-right-left-right.'"

She said they also had a player piano at home enjoyed by all the kids.

"It's been reported that there were only forty people going to school at Olinda. That's absolutely wrong. There were perhaps 200," she emphasized.

On the lease where Lois lived there was a Chinese Bakery, run by a Chinaman with long braids, and a Barber Shop. There was also a stable and a merchantile store that sold everything and a Methodist Church. The girls enjoyed picking violets on the hills.

The big outing was a trip to Anaheim and when the men received their monthly pay check they went to town and always came home with hard candy for the children.

The boys usually got a job with one of the various oil companies and the girls found work in the packinghouses in Yorba Linda or Placentia packing oranges and lemons. Lois enjoyed shooting tin cans in Tonner Canyon with her brother.

The father of one of the boys in Lois' class (Reyes family) would drive through the lease selling watermelons. Gamble had the vegetable truck, and a bell would ring when the man delivering fish was in the neighborhood, according to Lois. Vanilla and brushes were sold by the Wakins man, she added.

The kids stayed away from the oil fields because there was something called "sump."

"That's where they drained a lot of stuff from the wells," Lois said. She said quite a few of the men went into the oil business.

Lois loved sports and attended the game in Brea featuring former Olinda resident Walter Johnson and Babe Ruth, but doesn't remember much of the details.

"I took a commercial business course and got a job in the real estate office owned by Harry L. Ustick."

Lois said about her her first job. She worked in the business world for about 40 years, including office work at Shaffer Tool. She also worked for John Siever, a pioneer in Brea.

Later, she was appointed Brea City Clerk. "I didn't like the politics," she said emphatically. "I'm too sensitive. People disagreed with their water bills or something. They would come in and raise hell and I was the first one they spotted. There wasn't anything I had the power to do about it."

So, Lois took a few years off. She raised and breeded long-haired dashund dogs and sold them to a former English Earl living in Hollywood. She went back to work in the oil tool business and then retired, equipped to take care of her self.

Lois has an antique Christmas card collection and is generous in sharing her historical belongings. The cards were displaced at the library several years ago. "I even know where to get Brea tar," she concluded.

VIRGINIA L CARPENTER
204 N PRINCETON AVE
FULLERTON CA 92631

ANAHEIM, CA 928
1 PM
9 JUL
1991

Brian Saul
505 E. Date St.
Brea, Ca. 92621

Virginia Carpenter
204 N. Princeton Ave.
Fullerton, CA
92631-3819

714-526-3194

From the
study of...VIRGINIA CARPENTER

Dear Brian:
Here is the list. The old paper probably had more or less that I didn't list. I started reading it for placentia but did list some other things as you on the enclosed list.
> I Gazette had charge of years, they have for all there - Araham Library upstairs to the history room. Might be good to phone I go to see if ~~the~~ the reader is free, phone 999-1850 - history room good luck.

I read from 1870-1936.

Virginia Carpenter

Over
Library or corner of Harbor & Broadway

turn right on Broadway
½ block to parking area on
the left.

I carried this on up to 1933
but there is nothing much
about Brea! I'll bring
the rest of the pages to
the library. Postage too
high for 10 pgs. Unless
you want to pay it.
K

300 cedar

Brea Historical Society
401 S. Brea Blvd.
Brea
CA 92621

Attn:
Sharon Dean

Russell Family

In 1912, James E. Russell, his wife Sadie and their 3 younger sons, Robert, Donald and Melvin, moved to Brea, then called Randolph. Mr. Russell soon opened a watch repair and jewelry store while Mrs. Russell managed her music store in the same building. Sadie was active in PTA, women's groups and the Brea Congregational Church, of which she was one of the founders.

Robert, who was 15 and an animal lover, had captured and tamed (somewhat) a local bobcat kitten which he named Stutz. The cat's favorite lounging place was on one of the store counters, much to the distaste of his mother. She insisted that the cat had to go, so it was sold to a passing circus.

Robert (Bob) married his wife Mabel in 1918 and they moved to Blythe for about 2 years. After moving back to Brea, they began their family. Their 3 surviving children were Roberta, Dean and Willa.

After working 41 years for Union Oil Company Bob retired. He passed away in 1983 and Mabel

passed away in 1986.

Roberta (Bobbie) married Glen Cutright in 1943 and lives in Downey. Dean married Sarah Collins in 1946 and lives in Elk Grove. Willa (Billie) married Gerald Bowland in 1949 and still lives in Brea. Gerald retired from teaching at Brea Junior High School. They have 5 children and 5 grandchildren.