

THE ALPINE ECHO

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ECHOES OF THE PAST

The Old Timer

By Niel Galloway

I am told that a man by the name of Whitney built the first Alpine store and it was somewhere near where Louie Landt's store now is. The next one Arnold built; the first storekeeper I knew any thing about was Charlie Emery. The Emerys were real old timers. The Post Office was in the store. Emery used to keep a little whiskey there. Not to sell, but to use as medicine. That was against the postal regulations. Some one complained on him and a U. S. postal inspector came out with a team of livery horses from El Cajon to check on it. When he got here to my ranch, Nick Anderson, a relative of the Fosses lived on the ranch at that time; he asked Nick how to get to Alpine and said he was a postal inspector. Now Nick Anderson was quite religious, but he knew about the jug of medical whiskey. So he sent the inspector up South Grade Road the long way round and he got on a horse and went the short way and told Charlie Emery of the coming of the inspector. So, of course, when the inspector got there there was no whiskey around.

Ed Snow was the storekeeper when I came. He came to Alpine for his health; some kind of respiratory trouble. He got well and moved to San Diego and ran a store there for several years. He had three girls, Lotta, Jessie, and Helen.

I think C. V. Hilton was storekeeper next. They had one daughter. He had been a traveling salesman before they came to Alpine. Then there was Flegan, or perhaps it was the other way around. However, Flegan ran it for awhile. They had one boy. They also bought the Brazazon winery. There was another one in there before Hilton. The old store burned down, and Hilton built the two-story building that the Alpine Store is in now, and you all know of the Wilsons. They had quite a family.

The Snows used to live in a two-story house east of the Peacock Ranch. As I got it, Arnold built his home where the Peacock Ranch is. After his death, W. W. Putman bought it. Putman invented a machine to make barbed wire. Also a machine to make safety pins. Anyway, he was apparently wealthy. Roslin Pennoyer was a caretaker there for several years. The road curved off south at Honey Hill. Stuyvesant built his home there. Stuyvesant was a Seventh Day Adventist Missionary from Guatamala. Came to Alpine to recuperate his health. He had three children, two girls, one boy. The boy was also a missionary in the south; still is. The girls, May and Esther, both became registered nurses. One married a doctor. Stuyvesant moved to Half Moon Bay, California. He was still alive last Christmas. He was over 90 years old. He came to see me two or three years ago. He regained his health here. She was very sick at one time with a bad heart, but she lived up to her eighties. Very nice people, very much respected by everyone.

On the same road, a little south of the present Highway 80 was one Fred Schepel, a German. Dutch Fred, as he was called, was an old timer. Some of the newcomers that thought they could raise some cattle on a mountain asked Fred about it. Fred's advice was, first you get your feed, then your cattle. Of course, most of the land was too poor to raise any amount of feed on. Dutch Fred also had a vineyard and made some wine. One of the old winos got a jug there and met up with a bad Indian off the reservation, the Canajos, got the Indian drunk also. The Indian went back to Fred for more wine. Fred refused him and the Indian shot and

killed Fred, then got drunk and went to sleep under the bridge. A. L. McNett was deputy sheriff. I don't know who found Dutch Fred, however McNett took the Indian to jail. All the other Indians used to say he was a very bad Indian. All the evidence was circumstantial, so he got out in a few years. I don't know what finally came of him. However, he (Dutch Fred) willed his ranch to Mrs. Fisher.

Mrs. Fisher sold the ranch to the Russels. They had one daughter, Lotta. She married a nephew of McNett's, Lloyd Baker. They split up and she shot herself a couple years ago. Her father was night watchman at Cudahy's Packing Plant for several years. He fell down an elevator shaft one night. That crippled him. Lotta Russel used to be to all the old time dances.

Next we come to the McNett place. He built a large adobe house which still stands. Dr. Hubbard had her office there for a long time. The McNetts had one boy and three girls: Burnham, Lea, Josephine and Mable. Mable married a man by the name of Brooks. I spoke of Burnham before: he married Willeta Eaton. They separated. Josephine is the only one left. She married Carl Strough. They had several children. The McNetts always had a houseful of company on Sundays. I knew all of them very well. A. L. McNett always had a lot of little deals going here and there. Burnham said he had no record of any of them when he died. McNett also used to butcher a beef about once a week and pedal it around the neighborhood.

F. B. Walker was next at the Willows. Walker also used to be the local butcher before McNett. The Willows got to be a very popular summer resort. They also served meals. They had seven children: Ralph, Lucille, Fred, Neine, Dorothy, Douglas and Beven. He died young. All the rest of the family are living. The Willows was a very well known resort in the days of the old horse stage, as well as the auto traffic. They had an excellent reputation for serving very fine meals. All the Walker children used to be at all the old time dances. I knew them all. They probably will be at the Old Timer's Picnic in June at Felecitas Park, near Escondido. There are very few real old timers left. They passed on a long time ago. The most of the Walkers were born at the Willows.