

## THE ALPINE ECHO

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### ECHOES OF THE PAST

The Old Timer

By Niel Galloway

Now I am going to start where I left off last week. Mrs. Fisher had a home near the old school house. It burned down. Sidney Wright lived in the parsonage on the southeast corner of Arnold Way and Tavern Road. There was also a family by the name of Rose lived there. They had one grown son. Mr. Rose came from Colorado. He was a jeweler and a topnotch watch maker. He repaired watches for blind people that would strike the hours, half hours, and quarter hours. Most jewelers would not touch one. I think he died there. He was well along in years when he came to Alpine.

Montague Brabazon said his grandfather owned most of the land west of the Alpine store clear to the Tavern; 320 acres and it was in grapes. His father ran it for his grandfather. There were five boys and one girl in the Brabazon family. The father had a winery, but none of the boys liked the wine business so after Mr. Brabazon died they sold the winery to Mr. Felgal. Most of the family, including the mother, moved to San Diego, where the mother died. Monty kept on living in Alpine on a fruit ranch in the south part of Viejas Valley on the Brawley place. I don't know who all owned that place.

Beauford Brabazon built a home on Highway 80 near his brother's place. He passed on quite recently. Cecil worked for the San Diego post office until he retired. Beau was a carpenter and builder. I don't remember what the occupations of the other boys were. I saw them at the old-timers' picnic near Escondido last year. Constance, the only girl, moved to San Diego with the mother. She was badly crippled and in a wheel chair for a long time, but was walking when I last saw her. I danced with her when she was about 15.

Right north of the lumber yard (Hinkle's) is a narrow road going south. That right-of-way goes back quite a long time. There was a man named Smitt lived there; he built a good many of the fireplaces in early day houses, and they all worked. I think he built one in the old Town Hall, and many others in houses that burned down long ago. There are very few of the old houses left standing. Kate Peck, a retired school teacher lived back in there. When they passed a law that school teachers, after 30 years' work, drew a pension; she went back to teaching for awhile, and if there is such a thing as teaching children anything, she sure knew how to do it. Kate and Mrs. Clark, both single ladies lived back there. Kate always drove a wheeled cart. She bought a Hamilton colt from A. L. McNett. The colt was too much for her. She asked me to take him and tame him down; I had him a long time, but when I turned him back, he was still too much for an elderly woman, so she sold him. I sold Kate Peck many tons of hay for her stock. She moved to Bostonia where she died. Mrs. Clark died first.

Hazel Hohanshelt also taught at the old Alpine school. She is a niece of the Stephensons, and always well thought of. Parents say, "When my kids get to Hazel's room, she'll teach them something." She retires this year. Her husband has had a lot of bad health; too much for one man.

Joining the Brabazon place was Eugene Howe. He did a little farming and worked out some. He sold the place to S. M. and May Marshall. The late Sidney Wright also lived back in there. The Marshalls sold to Ed and Marie Clark. She is now Mrs. Lars Carlson, and still lives

on part of that place. Jimmy Ansell and his wife lived at Clark's a long time. She still lives there.

The town hall was built by Arnold. He sold part of the stock in it to the Alpine people for less than it cost him. My brother and I had 10 shares which we sold to the Flegals.

We sure had some grand times at that old hall. The school plays were held there, and graduation exercises for many years. About once a month, in the summer, they held a dance. Cost of the dance was hall, \$3; about \$1 for the gasoline lights, coffee, milk, sugar, etc. The ladies brought cake and sandwiches. We divided the cost by the men present and that was it. The music was local talent—Monty and Edwina Brabazon. Also Edmina's sister, Gussie Foster, Clarence's wife. They were both Smith at that time. Everyone young attended. They brought the children and parked them in the library on the floor. When one started to cry, someone went in and quieted them.

Now I am going to try and remember as many as I can and I am sure to forget some of the young people and some middle-aged at that time. The Walkers, Fred Douglas, Niene, Lucille, and Dorothy. There were two other boys. Bevin died, and Ralph married and moved away. He has a mattress factory on the way to Ramona, still works at 78 years.

The Brabazons, Montague, Cecil, Ted, Beauford, Louie, and Constance. Gussie and Edwina Smith, the two Row girls, also the brother. The McNetts, Burnie, Mable, Josephine and Leha; the Snow girls, Leotta and Jessie. Ed Snow ran the store at that time. The S. M. Marshalls, Lawrence Wilbur, May Gouch, schoolmarm; the Ed Clarks, the Howes, and usually some from Descanso and the guests at the Alpine Tavern. Sidney Wrights, the Darnells, Isabell and her sister, Walford, the two Lord girls and the two Galloways.

At midnight we had sandwiches, coffee, cake and paid the cost. It was not commercialized at all.

I will never forget one cold winter night after the dance. I started home horse back. I had a fiddle under one arm and sheet music under the other. I had a spirited horse; he jumped and shied at something near the Alpine Tavern. I pulled up on the reins; the bit broke in two, and from there on home I had the wildest ride I ever had down what is now called Midway Drive. It was Wilbur Road those days. I was afraid my horse would run all the way in the barn and dash my brains out before I could get off him. I was cold and stiff. Well, he stopped at the door. I never did find part of that music scattered along the road.

There used to be quite a lot of horses hitched to the hitching rail and the eucalyptus trees around the Hall. Every one knew every one and all had a good time.

When the Lords first came, the girls were pretty citified. One hot night the boys took off their coats and those girls wouldn't dance with them because they were only partly dressed. Those girls were wall flowers that night.

At least once during the summer we had a picnic under the oaks just east of what is now called Peacock Ranch. They were grand get-togethers, including the church people who never went to the dances.

After the automobile began to get popular, we had some riff-raff from the city. They made a lot of trouble for everybody. A. L. McNett was deputy sheriff. He lived near the Willows. He and his family were always at the dances. He called some of the square dances. The

Kuhners from Lakeside were most always there, and people from Japatul also. I think we all enjoyed those un-commericalized gatherings more than the young people of today do. The cost was never more than 50 cents and sometimes only 25 cents.

I many times wonder where we all are now after these many years. I know many of them are dead. I should have been in bed an hour ago; it's past curfew for young kinds like me. Goodnight.