

THIS WEEK'S GUEST WRITER

Mrs. Hazel Hohanshelt has been a teacher at the Alpine Union Grammar School since 1928, when she was the only teacher. For the twenty children then attending the school. Many of her pupils continue to keep in touch with her through the years.

Next week's writer will be Jack Gould.

Surrounded by hills and trees so cool
Stands Alpine's little old country school.
There's an old wind-mill in the corner of the yard
That pumps and squeaks when the wind blows hard.
There are old-fashioned desks and an organ inside,
But for all the old things, they're our love and our pride.

by Dorothy Marie Lamb, Grade 7
Alpine School, March 10, 1931

Turn back two hundred twenty-six pages of twenty-three calendars and you will find the year 1928. "I remember, I remember" Alpine's little old country school, and the way it looked with its row of pepper trees along the front, the big eucalyptus tree with the circle seat around it in the north yard, and the windmill over the well in the south west corner. I can see the high board fence that extended from the woodshed behind the school for seventy feet or so to the east. That high board fence had been built originally to keep the boys and girls in their separate play areas, but we used it mostly for playing "anti-over."

It faced the west and as we entered the small vestibule we hung our wraps on hooks beneath the shelf on which we put our lunch pails. The heavy bell-rope was fastened against the wall and at half-past eight every morning one of the children rang the bell. It was a heavy bell and as it swung it pulled the "ringer" right off the floor and its tones rang out for everyone in the village to set their clocks by.

When a pair of linnets came in the transom window and built a nest on top of the big clock over the door we tip-toed in and out and about the room until the family of four became fledglings and deserted us.

Twenty children—five in the first grade, three in the eighth and the rest apportioned to the remaining six grades in ones, twos and threes, made up our attendance that first year, 1928.

There was a wood stove right in the middle of the room. I remember the time I cooked a chicken on it and it made everyone so hungry he just couldn't study for thinking about chicken and dumplings. The boys carried in the wood and helped me with the janitor work.

We had cretonne curtains at the windows and a big walnut cupboard with glass doors, in which we kept our books and supplies until another family of linnets found the doors open and started up housekeeping on the top shelf, and we had to move our necessities to quieter and more sanitary quarters.

Noons we sometimes took our lunches and went down by the creek near the Tavern to eat. Miss Dowd often sent us cookies or some other delicious treat, and we made a real picnic

of it.

We had wonderful programs and gave plays that filled the town hall (now the Woman's Club), and every spring we had a circus. I remember we spent the thirty dollars we made on one of them for outdoor tables, which lasted for fifteen years.

Yes, we have come a long way in twenty-three years. From twenty children and one teacher to three hundred sixty children and eleven teachers is a big step. And we aren't through yet.

Bigger and better vistas lie ahead, but none will ever arouse the nostalgic memories as do the three years I taught in a country school.

Hazel Hohanshelt