

This Week's Guest Writer

Olive Ball Manning came to Alpine with her family, the Dr. Howard Ball's, in 1937 when she was nine years old. She is an active young person. During her teens she belonged to the 4H club and the Alpine Clodhoppers, and participated in everything she could in school. Now she belongs to the Alpine Woman's Club, and is busy raising her three charming little girls.

Viejas

Our mountain, Viejas, has been a source of pleasure to me for many years. I first began to admire her beauty when I was in high school, and at that time I wrote quite a few verses. I haven't written any since that time but I still enjoy the charms of the mountain.

The first of these verses that follow has in it a legend about Viejas and how she got her name. The rest are just meditations about her and her beauty as it appealed to me.

Viejas (Old Ones)

Alone with all the warriors gone,
And all who could possibly flee,
These few old squaws set all alone
Weaving basketry.
This is how the white men found it,
When they came up from the sea;
They found a few old ladies
A'weaving basketry.
The Indian village round them
Was deserted, for all were fled,
And the mountain that lay beside them
Was glowing dusty red.
They called the mountain "Viejas"
For at its feet they found
The "old ones" sitting, weaving,
And empty hogans 'round.
Viejas is the mother of the hills I love,
Her children she lies far above,
She has the form of a lady fair
With sleeping eyes and flowing hair.
When sun is set and clouds are nigh
She lies against a royal sky.
When day is done and Viejas sleeps
And vigil she no longer keeps,
She lights her lamps up in the sky
While the moon looks down with patient eye.

VIEJAS AT SUNRISE

Arise Old Viejas! The morn is on!
The night is broken by the dawn!
The clouds are burning in your skies!
El Capitan, who lies
So far below your royal skies,
Is glowing from the flames of red
That burn around your purple bed.
The burning clouds strewn in your skies
All but blind a mortal's eyes.

VIEJAS AT SUNSET

Now the mountains lie alone
Against a light blue sky;
With just a little purple tint
That fascinates my eye.
Viejas, feeling the bite of weather's tongue,
Wraps a veil of fleecy cloud
About her form so well beloved of people here below.
A jealous gray cat of moonlit cloud
Comes creeping from behind,
And pounces down upon her head
As though to keep her face from telling
How much she truly does enjoy
The honor we bestow upon her.

Olive Ball Manning