



EL CAJON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

HERITAGE



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www.elcajonhistory.org

April 2024

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE



Hello to all. We had such a wonderful time at our last Quarterly meeting at Hooters. We learned so much from Steve Baldwin. Thank you for being a great speaker. Our next Quarterly is on 04/25/2024 at the Boll Weevil in Lakeside. Our speaker will be David Lewis. He will talk on the history of Julian.

I am begging again for more docents. We also need to fill positions on the board. Please contact us if even slightly interested. It is such an amazing organization that keeps history alive. The people are some of the best you could ever meet.

We continue to be open the 1st and 3rd Saturday of every month. We would love to see you there for a wonderful tour. Sometimes I make time to just slowly walk through the museum and read all the captions in all the museum rooms. I learn something new each time. The Knox Museum is such a wonderful piece of history.

I would like to thank everyone who has supported the El Cajon Historical Society with your generous donations. It has really made a difference. Thank you!

Linda Garity, ECHS Board President



ECHS MEMBERSHIP

We are so grateful for your continued support of the ECHS. Your membership keeps us going.

Membership dues are: \$15 for Individual, \$25 Family, \$45 Business & Non-Profit,
\$500 Enhanced Life (Life members never need to renew).

Please continue to "Keep History Alive" in our community.

Please make checks payable to ECHS and send to:

P.O. Box 1973, El Cajon, CA 92022-1973.

We are still gratefully accepting donations to our budget expenses as well. If you have any questions or would like more information, please contact us at the number below.

Telephone Messages: 619-444-3800.

A BIT OF HISTORICAL TRIVIA

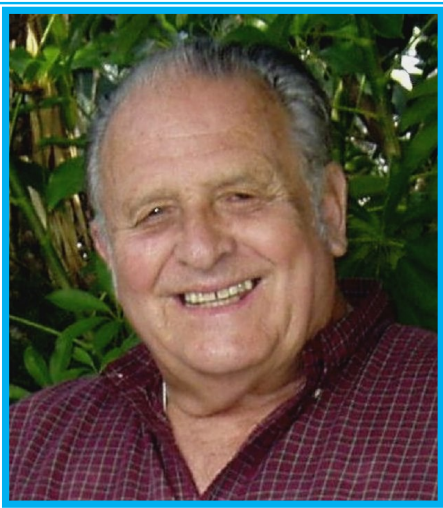
Many of you remember growing up with the actor and singing cowboy Roy Rogers and his trusty horse, Trigger? It was brought to the attention of the Historical Society, that a couple living in El Cajon by the names of Charles & Alice were relatives of Roy Rogers. To this day in front of the house they had owned, are a pair of horseshoes, given to them by Roy Rogers, imbedded into the concrete on the apron between the sidewalk and the street.



WELCOME NEW MEMBERS!!!

- ✦ Joyce Bradshaw Barner
- ✦ Linda Fischer
- ✦ William Woods

IN MEMORIAM - G. CARROLL RICE



Carroll Rice passed away on December 26th after lengthy health issues. It was a life well lived.

During his lifetime he served in the United States Air Force, worked for Douglas, Gibson Cyrogenics, Walker Scott and ended his career at Solar Turbines in San Diego. He also was an actor at the Old Globe Theatre in Balboa Park and was an avid reader and writer, and wrote many articles for our newsletter, The Heritage.

Carroll Rice was a valued member of the El Cajon Historical Society, and its Board of Directors.

He will be greatly missed along with his priceless stories and memories of growing up in El Cajon. We will miss his smile, his laugh and his eloquent renditions from his acting days. It was certainly a pleasure and we were fortunate to have known him.

A reprint of one of G. Carroll's stories from our July 2018 Heritage is shared on the following page.

My Mother, School and a Lamb

by G. Carroll Rice

I was six years old in February 1935 and had seldom been away from my mother. My grandmother, great aunt, neighbor, or close friend had always been available to take care of me when she had to be away for a short time. She had taught me to read some, print my name, count, tell time, and other first grade skills, but playmates had been scarce in my pre-school years. Sometimes my mother took care of Malcolm Ellis, who was my age, while his mother worked part time during the orange packing seasons. This, and a weekly visit to a Baptist Church Sunday School class brought me in contact the other children my age, but our two neighbor boys were considerably older than I.

When the time came to go to school and the Cajon Valley Union Grammar School beckoned, I was naturally excited but really not too sure as to the details. My mother, recognizing that I would find the transition difficult, rode the school bus with me the first two days. The legendary first-grade teacher, Mrs. Josephine Vacher welcomed me and assigned me a desk. It was fun and I quickly recognized some of my Sunday school friends in the crowded classroom. Scotty Embleton was acting up and my mother laughed when the teacher called him by the names of his father and uncles . . . and Mrs. Vacher laughed too. She had been teaching for a long time.

My mother rode the bus with me again the next day, making sure I knew where my classroom was and what bus I was to ride, Again school was fun, but the third day, knowing that I was familiar with the routine, she slipped away leaving me crying at my desk. I felt abandoned by my mother and wept bitterly. Mrs. Vacher, God bless her, was familiar with situations like mine and just let me cry my misery away.

Although my mother walked me down the driveway to the bus stop, the daily school bus departure still left me tearful and apprehensive. Would I remember the right bus? Would I find the right restroom? Would that big bully threaten me with words I didn't understand?

Still I forced myself to take the steps up into the school bus suffering a haunting feeling that I was leaving all that was familiar behind. The other students on the crowded bus seemed hostile or indifferent, but my wise mother saw the situation and determined to see to it that I was 'singular.'

Back in 1935, Fletcher Hills was relatively unpopulated and the vegetation was kept in check by grazing livestock, including flocks of sheep.

Lambs are sometimes abandoned by their mothers and a sheep herder gave one such orphan to my father. The lamb thrived under my mother's care, and one morning she called him as we left the house. He came frisking and jumping, joining us on our morning walk to the bus stop. We played with the lamb until the bus came, laughing at his head butting and attempts at grazing.

When the bus arrived, the riders crowded the windows, fascinated by the lamb, his gamboling gait and happy tail-shaking jumps. Soon I was brushing back my tears and answering questions about the lamb. After a week or so, the lamb was no longer so fascinating; I was bravely meeting the bus by myself and had been accepted into a friendly band of bus riders.

Of course the time came when the lamb grew into an aggressive little ram and a positive nuisance. My father gave it to a friend who passed it on to Lakeside-Ramona writer Judy Van der Veer who made pets out of her livestock. I am told that she referred to that sheep in one of her many books about animals, so he probably lived to a ripe old age.

It was not long before I was enjoying myself at school and having fun riding the bus. A combination of my mother's compassion, love, and a lamb had set the foundation for a host of long, long-lasting friendships.

From: El Cajon Historical Society
P. O. Box 1973
El Cajon, CA 92022

To:

APRIL QUARTERLY MEETING

The April quarterly meeting will be held on Thursday, April 25th at 11:30am at the Boll Weevil restaurant, located at 9741 Winter Gardens Blvd. in Lakeside.

Our guest speaker will be David R. Lewis, an author, and third generation Julian resident who continues to run the family apple orchard, conducts tours of the Julian Cemetery and a member of the Julian Historical Society.

The cost is \$20 and we hope that you will be able to attend to share good food, friendship and learn more about Julian's history, along with his newest book titled "African American Pioneers" Julian, California.

Reservations must be in by Saturday, April 20.

Quarterly Meeting: April 25, 2024 at 11:30am

Number attending @ \$20 per person _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zip _____

Phone _____

E-mail _____

RESERVATION DEADLINE:

Saturday, April 20, 2024

Mail reservations & checks to:

ECHS, P. O. Box 1973, El Cajon, CA 92022-1973

Reservations not kept become a donation.