



EL CAJON HISTORICAL SOCIETY

HERITAGE

Volume 37, Issue 1

www.elcajonhistory.org

JANUARY 2016

Women to lead ECHS in 2016

The year 2016 should be an exciting one for ECHS with a new president and vice president. Carla Nowak, who served as ECHS secretary for many years, is now president and Colleen White, who is relatively new to ECHS but not to El Cajon, is our vice president.

ECHS members voted in the Board of Directors for 2016 at its annual dinner meeting October 21. Their terms began January 1.

Linda Garity will continue to serve as recording secretary, Sharon Jarboe as corresponding secretary, and George Dall, C.P.A., as treasurer.

All ECHS members are invited to attend Board meetings which are held at 9:30 a.m. on the third Saturday of

the month at the Knox House. If you'd like more information, please call (619) 444-3800 and leave a message. A Board member will get back to you as soon as possible.

Book uses images to capture history

"Images of America: Around Mt. Helix" is now available. The Mt. Helix Park Foundation has partnered with historian James D. Newland to create this photographic history. The book contains images of Mt. Helix and its neighbors, including El Cajon.

The book is available through the foundation at www.mthelixpark.org or the La Mesa Historical Society.

ECHS slates lunch meeting January 20

Spain's role in the American Revolution and California's military heritage will highlight ECHS's next quarterly meeting, which will be held at 11:30 a.m.

Wednesday, January 20, at Por Favor Mexican



Restaurant, 148 East Main Street, El Cajon. Lunch will be served at noon followed by an outstanding presentation by Georgia Callian, a seventh generation Californian whose ancestor accompanied Father Serra on the Great Expedition of 1769.

Georgia has conducted quarterly workshops on San Diego/California Family History at Old Town State Park since 1992 and has served 19 intermittent years as the President of The Descendants of Early San Diego.

She retired from San Diego City Schools where she worked for 29 years, the last 15 years as a site coordinator for the Second Language Program (ESL). She says that even though language and linguistics were her profession, history has been her ever growing love.

See the back page of this newsletter for menu selections and the meeting reservation form. Reservations must be received by Monday, January 18.

Don't miss this sure to be fun and informative meeting.

Renewals now due for most members

It's a new year and time for many ECHS members to send in their dues. Most memberships are on a calendar year basis.

We greatly appreciate members who pay their dues in early January. By doing so the costly expense of

sending out a special billing is eliminated and the subsequent cost savings enables ECHS to make better use of its resources.

As they have for several years, membership dues remain unchanged. Annual dues for an individual is \$12, a family's is \$20, an organization's is \$30, and a business' is \$40. Enhanced Life is a one-time fee of \$500. (Life members never need to renew.)

Please make checks payable to ECHS and send to P.O. Box 1973, El Cajon, CA 92022-1973. Thank you for your support of ECHS!

MUSEUM HOURS

Beginning January 16, 2016, the Knox House Museum will be open on the first and third Saturday of each month between the hours of 11 a.m. and 2 p.m.

President's Message

How I came to ECHS

by **Carla Nowak**

I feel it necessary to let you know how I came to be a member of the El Cajon Historical Society so that you can understand who I am and am not and how I hope to move us forward this year.



I worked for the Cajon Valley Union School District in the Media Center. My job was to provide materials that helped teachers to enlighten their students. Some of those materials were related to the history of El Cajon, and I distributed them to Third Grade

teachers each year. As a result, I knew of and eventually met, Eldonna Lay whose books were part of our collection.

A more direct involvement came when the Superintendent of the Educational Services Department asked my boss if I could attend meetings of the Historical Society in her place. She thought it important that the school district be represented but did not have the time to attend herself.

I can't remember what year that was. (My historical skills are somewhat lacking, you see!) I do remember, however, that Harriet Stockwell was the Parliamentarian, and I sat next to her at the meetings, soaking in knowledge like a dry sponge. I attended for several years as a non-voting member and was then asked to consider becoming the Secretary, which was a voting member of the Board. Reason would have told me to say "no, thank you!". Of course, reason had nothing to do with it. Relationship was the key factor. By that time I had formed friendships with members of the Board of Directors – friendships which continue to this day. It is not my knowledge of history that keeps me coming, but my relationship with the people who are part of El Cajon history that caused me to say "Yes" to being president.

So I ask you to see me not as the treasure trove of knowledge that a Carroll Rice, Eldonna Lay, and Rick Hall are, but as one who reveres El Cajon history through their eyes and wishes to encourage and enable ECHS to move forward in 2016. Please join me in that effort.

Carla

From the 3rd Grade Essay Contest

El Cajon's Toy Story

by **Jamie Ash, Fuerte Elementary School**

El Cajon's toy story begins about 35 years ago in a special place called El Cajon. Wooden toys have been handcrafted here by Mr. Don Riley, The Toy Maker, in his El Cajon garage. Some toys were airplanes, helicopters, trucks, cards, and cameras, and then came the elaborate, animatronic music boxes.

The Andrew Express was the first toy made in this little garage. It is a long wooden train with many cars that was made for The Toy Maker's son, Andrew. Mr. Riley's garage is filled with toys galore! They are all made out of a 2x4-inch block of Douglas fir.

Music boxes take somewhere between six months and two years to build. These unique animatronic music boxes are the only ones like this in the world, and they were made right here in El Cajon. The first one was built in 1993, and is called "Carousel Waltz." In the late '90's, the music players were tape players, but now, guess what they are – MP3 players! There are ten music boxes with themes like circus, showboat, around the world, alphabet blocks, and robots. These special music boxes have been displayed in glass cases in hospitals and libraries around the county. Over the years, thousands of children and adults have enjoyed pressing the buttons, activating the sound and movements of these music boxes.

I was invited to see the workshop where the world-renowned music boxes and wooden toys were built. On one side of the garage, there were papers filled with ideas of future designs. One project was a Harley-Davidson them. Music box number eleven is going to be an awesome carousel with motorcycles that spin around instead of horses. Like every other music box, it has an interesting button that might be hidden. The button turns on all the lights and everything else.

The Toy Maker said, "Seeing a child smile after she pushes a button on the cabinet to turn the music box on is enough for me." There are approximately 300 toys given away each year, and over 5,000 toys have been given away so far. "I give these toys away without expecting anything in return," The Toy Maker said. Mr. Riley has done all of this work, and all of it is for free!

And Mr. Riley was happy. So were the trees that the toys were made out of.

This is the end of the amazing El Cajon's Toy Story.

Winning essays are posted at www.elcajonhistory.org and are included in this newsletter as space permits. Since the 3rd-graders conduct their own research, the El Cajon Historical Society cannot guarantee that the information is historically correct.

Knox House needs friendly smiles to greet visitors

Whether you like being called a Greeter, a Docent, or a Guardian, the Knox House Museum needs folks who enjoy talking about life “in olden times” to help share the artifacts in the museum.

In addition to being open the first and third Saturdays of each month between the hours of 11 a.m. and 2 p.m., we already have 14 third grade classes coming to visit the Knox Museum in 2016. Ideally, field trip tours run most smoothly with four adults to talk about the various items in each room. If you can donate just one day a month, between 9 a.m. and noon, please contact Becky Taylor at cruznbecky@cox.net or by phone at (619) 440-3069. Once you experience the curiosity and interest from children and parents alike, I think you will be “hooked.”



Greeter Becky Taylor, center, chats with visitors in the kitchen at the Knox Museum.

Essay guidelines get needed make-over

This year will be the 35th annual Third Grade Essay Contest. Many changes have come about over the years, however, the purpose of the contest – to interest third graders and their families in the history of El Cajon – remains unchanged.

Last year 521 students, representing 13 schools, participated in the essay contest. Although the number of essays submitted to the contest has increased, the overall quality of the essays has decreased causing ECHS to revamp its guidelines for the contest.

This year the topics the students may write about will be limited to the following topics:

- Olaf Wieghorst
- Plants and Animals Native to the El Cajon Valley
- Historic Ranches of the El Cajon Valley
- Kumeyaay Culture, Yesterday and Today
- My Family’s Journey to El Cajon

Essays will be judged grouped by category with no fewer than three judges determining the winner in each category. A trophy and monetary prize will be awarded to the writer of the award-winning essay in each category.

The Rexford Hall Perpetual Trophy will be awarded to the student whose essay is determined to be the best of the five above winners. The trophy will be on display in the student’s school for one year.

As in past years, ECHS will need volunteer readers this spring to help us determine this year’s winning essays. If you can help, please contact Becky Taylor at (619) 440-3069 or by e-mail at cruznbecky@cox.net.



Residents of all ages enjoy this all-day patriotic event which celebrates the many diverse ethnic and historical groups in the community.

ECHS to celebrate ‘America on Main Street’

The El Cajon Historical Society will again be participating in El Cajon’s America on Main Street May 21.

The one-day event showcases the myriad of cultures that make up the city and runs from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. on East Main Street and Rea Avenue.

For more information, visit the city’s website at www.ci.el-cajon.ca.us or call (619) 441-1762.

NEW AT THE KNOX

by Mike Kaszuba, Curator

Well, just when it seemed as if your Knox Museum staff would be singing "I'm Gettin' Nuttin' for Christmas" this year with Barry Gordon, our sister historical society in Lakeside came through and mailed us a very nice archive addition.

PROGRAM FOR THE 1955 FOOTBALL MATCH-UP BETWEEN EL CAJON HS AND GROSSMONT HS

Donated by: Dixie Lansdowne and the Lakeside Historical Society

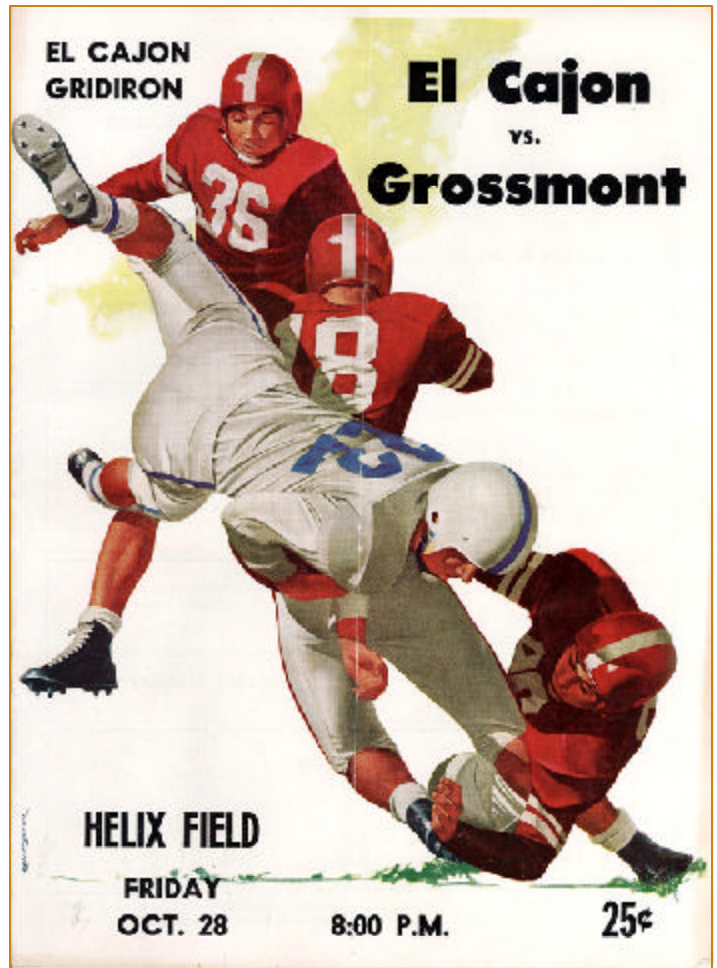
Description: It was the first year of the new El Cajon Valley High School, and in fact, work had barely completed just two months before this big game when the school doors first opened to many new students. This beautiful new learning center received eager young minds from all portions of the Cajon Valley Elementary School District not in the Grossmont High attendance area and all of Alpine, Dehesa, Jamul-Las Flores, Dulzura and Barret school districts. It was built where it stands today, at 1035 East Madison Avenue, and Mr. John Cornelius was its first principal.

The year 1955 marked the beginning of a great football rivalry between the El Cajon Braves and the Grossmont Foothillers. The two schools competed together for 55 years, until 2009, and each year's winner could boast possession of the coveted Peacepipe, the perpetual trophy that exchanged hands with each year's winner. Though a mere 12 pages, this pamphlet has some great pictures of the 1955-56 athletes and their supporting classmates. So a big thank you and Merry Christmas goes out to Dixie and the Lakeside Historical Society. Oh yes, almost forgot ... our El Cajon Braves were victorious!

"BATTLING BRAVES"



Left To Right — CRAMPTON, BRATLEY, LARA, BONNER, KLUCIEWICH, and AMPTMAN.



EL CAJON SONG AND CHEER LEADERS



Seated: MARGIE THOMPSON, FALLINE NELSON. Back Row: GLENNA CARROLL, SANDY TISUE.



Cheerleaders — ANITA LEWIS, BEV ANDERSON, ZACH TREPPE, JEANETTE SHARP, SUE JEFFERS.

MORE NEW AT THE KNOX

ARCHIVES OF THE MOTHER GOOSE PARADE

(consisting of boxes and boxes of photos, slides, 16mm news briefs & videos of parades, newspaper articles, etc.)

Donated by: Mother Goose Parade Association (while technically a “donation”, it is hoped that these items will eventually be returned to the MGPA.

Description: While the floats have changed, the participants have changed, and even the routes have changed, one item has remained consistent throughout the storied history of the Mother Goose Parade: In the sixty-nine showings since this eagerly anticipated family affair first traversed Main Street in 1947, the Parade has never failed to put huge smiles on the faces of young, middle-aged and elderly attendees alike! That first parade, which was assembled as a gift to El Cajon children of all ages, had an estimated attendance of 25,000 people, at a time when the entire population of El Cajon numbered around 5,000. It has grown somewhat since those early days, with parade entries from around the United States, and attendance now exceeding 400,000 people. Recently, the Mother Goose Parade Association lost its office space and had nowhere to store its archives. Fearing that the archives would become forever lost to posterity, the El Cajon Historical Society has volunteered to become the new caretaker of these archives. As the quantity of nearly 70 years of Parade records is so great, it is hoped that this stewardship will be short-lived. Meanwhile, the Knox Museum is in desperate need of a volunteer to assist with the digitizing of all of these records. Most of the work will involve scanning thousands of photographs. Please leave a message with the Museum if you would be willing to donate a few hours each week to help out.



Boxes awaiting a willing volunteer!

THE RON PENNOCK COLLECTION

Alpine on Main Street

Perhaps some of you who lived here in January 1951 will remember how peaceful and bucolic the charming little mountain community of Alpine felt back then. While there, you had your choice of Pearl Oil Kerosene or Conoco, Chevron, or Texaco gasoline all at the same stop, where an attendant in uniform would assist while you ran to grab a 5¢ ice cold Coca Cola! Note the landmark Alpine Store that was torn down in 2011.



ALWAYS SOMETHING GOING ON

by G. Carroll Rice

Compared to the great ranches of the past, our ten acres may seem insignificant, but it was like an island universe as far as the Rice family was concerned. In contrast with the traditional ranch houses in the area, such as those of the Cunningham and Yale families, our home started out as a simple three room affair with an outhouse behind the garage. The original house, built from retrieved materials from San Diego's 1915 Panama Exposition and placed at the center of an orange grove, was adequate for a small family.

Before I was born in 1929, my father installed a bathroom and, during the late 1930s and early 1940s, he hired local carpenters to build three bedrooms on the south side of the house. Shadowed by great pepper trees, it may have appeared 'modest,' but it was not much different from many other 'back country' homes.

The 'back-country' was a different world then and a kind of tranquility lay over the El Cajon Valley, Lakeside, Ramona, and the other nearby smaller communities. To me, it was a dream world that didn't totally fade into interurban bustle until after World War II.

A 1945 book entitled "... a Few Happy Ones" by Judy Van der Veer contains tales of 'Sky Valley' between Lakeside and Ramona and mirrors the many quiet, unassuming people who loved their land and cherished their animals. Her writing was quite popular and she was locally famous for the variety of animals – horses, cattle, sheep, and goats – whose antics and personalities she recorded. Local people, too, appear on the pages of her books. As might be expected, they are distinctly, accurately, and lovingly portrayed. It was my kind of world, and as I write these paragraphs, I frankly admit that I have drawn on memory and some of the dates are approximate.

I was fortunate in that my family had a comfortable place to live, we never lacked for food, and there was plenty of love in our little home. Nonetheless, the Depression made us aware that life had its serious side for many. We could see the barefoot boys at school and knew that there were hungry and homeless families living in El Cajon, as well as the 'hobos' (men looking for work) walking along the roads. There was even a small 'hobo jungle' or camp

under the eucalyptus trees (gone now) where the Jamacha Road met Highway 80. Highway 80 itself brought new arrivals every day, their cars loaded with a family's pitiful belongings and bearing license plates from Texas, Kansas, Oklahoma, and Arkansas.

Work for many was seasonal, and families depended on the cyclic ripenings of oranges, tomatoes, grapes and lettuce. There were reminders of hardship everywhere, but the small farms and 'truck gardens,' the orange groves and corrals, and even the remnants of El Cajon's great vineyards softened the impact. The promise of abundance was always present for those of us who lived in the rural countryside. As might be expected, my mother often fed tired and hungry men at our back door since we had no money to pay them for work. At least once, I helped her carry Christmas toys and food to a neighbor family she knew was in desperate straits.

When I was about four years old, Mrs. Knowles, who owned the property on the west side of Third Street, was frightened by noises in her barn. My father was apparently the nearest man she could find and he followed her home to investigate. I may have been young, but the sight of my father walking across the fields carrying a thin old man in his arms will be in my memory as long as I live.

His name was Tom Knight; he was homeless, starving and had crawled into that barn to die. I was shooed out of the way as the man was propped up at the kitchen table. My mother, who had been a hospital dietician, fixed him something nourishing and easy to eat.

Within a very short time, he had agreed to work for my parents for two dollars a week and 'found' – room

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A tranquil El Cajon Valley was a "dream world" to young Carroll Rice, the east end shown here looking north in 1935.

ALWAYS SOMETHING ...

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and board. A room was prepared for him out of an old horse stall and he stayed with us for about three years, planting and maintaining beautiful vegetable gardens. The variety of foods coming from those gardens was astonishing; the usual tomatoes, squash, corn, potatoes, and beans were supplemented by an array of peppers, chard and okra. Needless to say, we had hosts of “friends” since my parents often said “Come and help yourself to our garden.”

Over and beyond Mr. Knight’s green thumbs (metaphorically; he had no thumbs) there is a story that bears telling . . . and I regret that I know so little of it. However, calling upon childhood memories, the things my parents told me, and seeing the papers Mr. Knight left behind, I’ve pieced together a few incidents that highlight an extraordinary ‘ordinary’ life that began in post-Civil-War Texas.

As I remember him, he was a slightly-built man, over 80-years-old with gray hair and mustache and a dark scab on his left cheek. Battered by a long rough life, he maintained a relatively cheerful attitude in spite of poverty and repeated misfortune. In my mind’s eye, I can see him in his room, sitting beside his little wood stove, smoking his pipe and peering at books and papers through glasses held in place by strings around his ears. Drawn to the Jehovah’s Witness point of view, he frequently told my father, “George, I ain’t never going to die.” Be that as it may, he has certainly lived on in my memories.

I believe he was born in the vicinity of Ballinger, Texas, 36 miles northeast of San Angelo. His father died when he was 12 and he dropped out of school to support his mother and little sister. One day, while he was plowing, with the horse’s reins wrapped around his thumbs – his hands guiding the plow handles – a train went by and the horse bolted. Both of his thumbs were torn from his hands in a matter of seconds. Nonetheless he continued work on farms and ranches - perhaps for a while as a lineman on a telegraph line (I have seen a picture of him in that role.). Eventually, he earned enough to buy a ranch near San Angelo, was married, and had a son and daughter.

Apparently the ranch was prosperous, but sometime around 1920, Mrs. Knight died of tuberculosis, leaving her husband desolated, but still taking pride in his children. His son, a talented writer, enrolled at Texas Christian University to study Journalism. The son’s university career was



The tranquil El Cajon Valley from Mt. Helix in 1940 before it faded into “interurban bustle” after World War II.

brilliant, and to keep him in school, Mr. Knight mortgaged his ranch. There was some agreement between father and son that the loan would be repaid as soon as the son was established in his career. While the young man was in his senior year, at the top of his class, he fell ill and died . . . of tuberculosis, like his mother. The ranch was foreclosed upon in 1922, and Mr. Knight began traveling and working at odd jobs, even as he had as a youth. I don’t know how he came to El Cajon, but it was probably to search for work in agriculture, an area in which he had plenty of experience.

During the late 1930s Mr. Knight’s daughter, Betty, came out to El Cajon to see him once that I remember. Her husband, Rene, was in his full-dress Marine uniform and looked *impressive*. They had a daughter, DeAlvah, a dancer at one of the theatres in San Diego and I believe the mother and daughter were living together. In those pre-war days, allotments for dependents were small, and the two women were suffering from severe poverty with nothing to share with the old man. Years later, for example, I found a letter that Betty had written to her father describing how she had fainted from hunger on the street in San Diego. The police had taken her to the hospital where she was fed for a day and then released . . . they needed the bed for more starving patients.

At least three times a month, Mr. Knight would ride into San Diego with a Mr. Levitt who made regular trips into town with local produce. There he would buy himself a half pint of whiskey and then sit around Horton Plaza, palavering with the other old men who gathered there. On one such trip he met a doctor who was looking for participants in a series of clinical trials for an alternative treatment of skin cancers like the brown scabby growth on his face.

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ALWAYS SOMETHING...

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After that, the doctor would meet Mr. Knight and take him and a retired admiral (the “AdMIRal”) to his laboratory in La Jolla for treatments and studies. I don’t know how long that continued, but he probably received some small compensation as well.

I wish I could say that I was always respectful and well-behaved toward Mr. Knight. I can’t lie; I was a brat! I would stand in his way while he was hoeing weeds and was genuine nuisance. I won’t say he hated me, but he would have been hard-pressed to say anything good.

As an example, I offer the time that I was riding on our Caterpillar tractor with my Daddy as he drove through a wet area with high weeds. Suddenly there was a yelp – our Boston bull terrier, Patsy, had been in the weeds and was caught under the track treads. She had been pushed into the mud and was soon extracted, but she was doubled with pain and appeared to have a broken back. Concluding that it would be necessary to destroy the dog – and reluctant to do it himself – my father went out to Mr. Knight’s room and asked him to shoot Patsy. The old man just shook his head, said, “No. I’d rather shoot Carroll.” With that, he shut the door.

As a side note, I must say that when another neighbor was asked, he checked the dog’s back and concluded

that it wasn’t broken. He made a poultice that removed her pain and she eventually recovered.

On the other hand, my sister Rosemary stole his heart. Mr. Knight never tired of looking at her with her golden, curly hair and blue eyes. Everything she did charmed him, and I think she reminded him of his wife and daughter, both curly-haired blondes.

Mr. Knight did much more than plant gardens. Self-directed, he pruned trees, cleaned the chicken house, fed the animals and did any other task my father asked him to, including kill and dress chickens. He was fond of the chicken heads (a “rarity”) which my mother cooked for him, loathing every second. At the table, his habit of eating everything with his knife also appalled my mother. It was not that this ‘cowboy’ fashion was upsetting in itself, but she harbored the fear that I would take it up. His passion for spicy foods did appeal to me and continues to this day. (The pepper sauce on our table was vinegar-preserved red *arbol* peppers in catsup bottles, such as often found in Louisiana.)

One task he was forbidden to do was to cut the fronds from the two date palms to the west of our house. The stiff stiletto-type thorns at the base of the fronds are often unseen and dangerous. Still, for what ever reason, Mr. Knight made the attempt and it cost him an eye. Too embarrassed to say how it happened, he told my father he was sick and stayed in his room for the night. The next morning, the pain was so intense, in spite of consuming a half pint of whiskey and a bottle of aspirin, he admitted that he had injured himself and needed medical help. He was taken to County Hospital and received treatment there for several days. Shortly after he was released, his daughter wrote that she was living in Los Angeles, was working, and had a place for her father. He soon joined her there, leaving behind a stack of books and a trunk of mementos. Years later we opened the trunk and found a number of items reminiscent of his long adventurous life. Most outstanding were a few cowboy tools – hoof nippers, a curry comb, a hypodermic syringe set – and pictures of his lost, beloved ranch.

He returned once more, about a year later. He had hitch-hiked from Los Angeles to see Rosemary. He was ‘mighty proud,’ he said, to see her as beautiful as he remembered and delighted to hear her sing “Little Brown Jug.” He was gone the next day and we never heard from him again. Of course he was never forgotten; his frontier tales, his remembering the outlaws (“They come in the front of the saloon, I went out the back door.”), and his love of hot, spicy food live in memory. He embodied, indeed, the gritty frontier spirit that meets trouble head-on, refuses to surrender to hardship, and endures to tell about it.

2016

EL CAJON HISTORICAL SOCIETY BOARD OF DIRECTORS

President	Carla Nowak
Vice President	Colleen White
Recording Secretary	Linda Garity
Corresponding Secretary	Sharon Jarboe
Treasurer	George Dall
Curators	Mike Kaszuba, Eldonna Lay
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Membership	Christy Klock
Essay Contest	Rebecca Taylor
Heritage Editor	Anita Tinsley
Website Manager	Michelle Braun
Members at Large	Jack Dickens, Fran Hill Joe Klock, Dick Lay

Telephone Messages (619) 444-3800



Each year the East County Toy and Food Drive culminates with a parade of real fire trucks loaded with toys for El Cajon children. Photo courtesy of Monica Zech

Members recall community holiday celebrations

In fondly remembering their own participation as children in community and civic Christmas celebrations, some hope that similar events are still being held for today's children. In years past, lists of those events were posted in East County's only daily newspaper, *the Daily Californian*.

Since that publication's regrettable closing a few decades ago, there is far less coverage of those traditional tree-trimming, community sing-along and toy-giving events. However, they do continue, although news of those sponsored by business, civic, cultural, school and church groups require different access to places, dates and times. Among them are the free weekly newspapers: *East County Gazette*, *Herald* and *East County Californian*. There is also the former helicopter television traffic newswoman, Monica Zech, for several years now the City's public information officer. She posts upcoming events in those weeklies and on the City of El Cajon's website, www.ci.elcajon.ca.us, under the button Current News that has a link to "What's Happening ..."



This historic fire truck paraded down Rea Avenue as part of El Cajon's Centennial. The downtown celebration was reminiscent those held in cities and towns all over the U.S. in the mid-1800s. The event was so popular it sparked the present America on Main Street annual event.

In a single week in December, Zech announced a number of holiday breakfasts for youngsters wanting to meet Santa. Among those hosting them were the Cajon Valley Education Foundation, the Salvation Army, and Home Town Buffet.

Notice was also given of the annual Fire Truck Toy Parade that was held December 12. Each year the East County Toy and Food Drive culminates with a parade of real fire trucks bringing toys donated by concerned residents wanting El Cajon's children to receive at least one toy during the holidays.

Other announcements requested nominations for the Chamber of Commerce's annual selection of a "Citizen of the Year" and the St. Madeleine Sophie's Center "Wings & Snow Holiday Art Show" at their Rea Street gallery featuring the sale of paintings and crafts created by talented adult students with developmental disabilities.

Announced, too, was the City's winter edition of its *Guide to Recreation* – with classes and sports offerings for young and old. This attractive magazine can still be picked up at City recreation centers, libraries, City Hall, or the downtown police station and is also available on line at www.elcajonrec.org. That website also provides far more activities and news of City events, meetings and services.

Information on a disaster-preparedness class to teach residents how to help themselves, their families, and their neighbors prepare for an emergency situation or large natural disaster is available at www.heartlandfire.org or by calling (619) 441-1737.

There are far, far more public and cultural events and occasions occurring around town including symphonic concerts, ballets, and theatrical performances at our two colleges, high schools, and local museums in addition to events at the Water Conservation Garden and Gillespie Field. These events are announced in local and church bulletins, Chamber of Commerce newsletters, and on various websites.

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

To:

ECHS to savor Mexican flavor

ECHS's next quarterly meeting will be held at 11:30 a.m. Wednesday, January 20, at Por Favor Mexican Restaurant, 148 East Main Street, El Cajon. Lunch will be served at noon followed by an outstanding presentation by Georgia Callian, a seventh generation Californian.

Three lunch options are available:

- Fish Tacos
- Cheese Enchilada
- Tostada Fiesta

Taco and enchilada entrees come with rice and beans. Salsa will be available for those who'd like to spice up their entree. Chips and salsa will also be provided while awaiting lunch.

All meals include coffee, tea or soda. The cost for the meeting, including the meal, is \$15.

Reservations are required and must be received by Monday, January 18.

Reservation Form for January 20th Meeting

Number Attending _____ (\$15 each) *Reservations not kept
become a donation*

Amount Enclosed _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, Zip _____

Phone _____

E-mail _____

LUNCH CHOICE

(if more than one person, indicate number of each)

Fish Tacos _____ **Cheese Enchilada** _____ **Tostada** _____

RESERVATION DEADLINE
MONDAY, JANUARY 18, 2016

Mail reservations and checks to:
ECHS, P.O. Box 1973, El Cajon, CA 92022-1973