

THIS WEEK'S GUEST WRITER

February 1, 1951

Our guest writer this week needs little introduction: everyone knows him, Jack Gould, of Hobby Horse Ranch, and this is what he says...

So many people ask me why I drive seventy miles, round trip, each day to my work in San Diego, being away from home from 6 a.m. until 6 p.m., or later. There are many folks here in Alpine who do the same thing. What does Alpine have that we are so willing to give this extra time and transportation money to be able to live here? Well—one day, I tried to figure it all out:

While most of the countryside was still asleep,
I was thinking thoughts, pretty deep.
As I rode down the highway, at six a.m.
I thought to myself how lucky I am
To live in Alpine, high in the mountain
Where Ponce De Leon could have found his Fountain.
But what is it that makes Alpine so fine?
Is it the scenery? the people? or is it the clime?
That is the question that comes to us all,
Rich man or poor man, great or small.
I thought to myself why do I ride so far,
And spend so much time sitting in a car?
Is it the sunshine up there away from the cloud?
Is it the beauty of Viejas that stands so proud?
What has Alpine that it so rates?
Is it the cozy homes, the lovely estates?
As I rode out of the sunshine and into the fog,
I thought it's because we're out of the smog.
Is it the water we have that comes from above?
That's so very good but not much of!
Or is it the Log Cabin Café in the center of town?
Or the horseshoe court where the "boys" hang round?
Is it the school with its very fine teachers?
Or the Community Church where Larson is Preacher?
I thought of my family, one by one,
How glad I am to get home when my day is done.
How I'd like to just stay there with them in that lovely fresh air,
Without a worry in the world, and never a care.
I thought how the people should band into one
And make it a heaven, second to none.
I thought and I thought from morning till night
But the question that haunted me wouldn't come right.
So I stopped in front of the General Store,
For this elusive answer I'd search some more.
At last my heart was filled with joy,
The riddle was solved by a little boy.
"Why do you live in Alpine?" I asked, "Tell me, Sport."
"It's the best climate in the United States, by Government report!"

Jack Gould