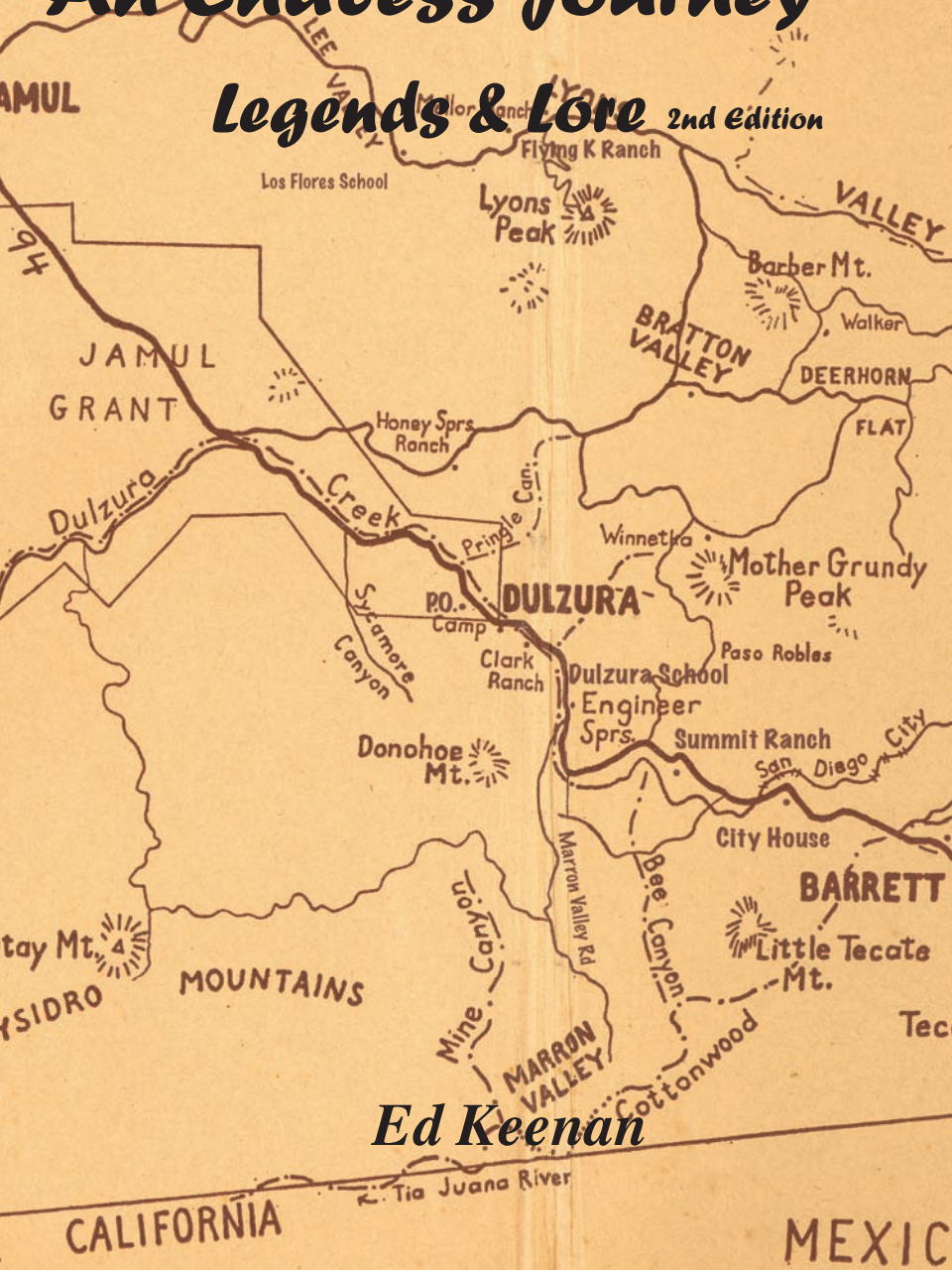


# Times Like These – An Endless Journey

**Legends & Lore** 2nd Edition



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## ***Part 3: Boyhood***

### ***“The City House”— Another Beginning***

“The City House” in Dulzura was an old redwood structure on a rock foundation and piers, clinging to the side of a steep canyon, about three hundred yards below the galvanized “steel flume,” that hung precariously on the cliff above. Like the “steel flume”, the old house was similarly attached, but on stilts, clinging to the side of the canyon. Yes, “The City House,” that’s what it was called, because it was owned by the City of San Diego, but that was a misnomer. It was on the highway but it was anything but city... then again, it did have city conveniences. Three bedrooms, albeit cramped, running water and an inside toilet and a bathroom! Having no modern hallways, you had to go right through the bathroom to get to one of the bedrooms. That ended up being the girl’s bedroom, talk about your morning commute! There would be many traffic alerts and backups!

The idea of an indoor toilet wasn’t necessarily well received anyway. I mean it wasn’t called an outhouse for nothing. For all the obvious reasons that’s where it belonged—out, as in outside! Air fresheners, aerosols, green chlorophyll wicks or otherwise, were unheard of. But, how about having to clean that thing by hand? Nobody ever got down there and cleaned an outhouse toilet! Maybe the seat was mopped with some cowshed disinfectant once in a while and the floor swept—shucks, if it really got that bad you just backfilled the hole and dug another one. How simple and sanitary is that? But now we had this outhouse in-house that had to be scoured often. That’s the problem with materialism, it’s always high maintenance.

Anyway, the rustic house had an adequate living room and a large kitchen with bay windows on two sides over looking the steep canyon... Mom thought she had died and gone to heaven! There was no electricity in heaven though, that would come a little later. However, there was a party-line phone, the old crank type. Cranking it made it ring. Our ring was two longs and two shorts, paid for by the city! In a short time we knew the grapevine and



City House & Steel Flume Above

like never drinking from the water dipper, and “get your elbows off the table” and “sit up straight and don’t slouch,” but it was here that Mom got serious. I mean, after all, we weren’t just honyocks with no learnin’ and no manners anymore. No, we were living in a city house!—If you sleep on it, make it up. If you wear it, hang it up. If you drop it, pick it up. If you eat out of it, put it in the sink. If you step in it, wipe it off. If you open it, close it. If you empty it, fill it up. If you got it out, put it away. If you spill it, clean it up. Take your hat off in the house! Wash up before coming to the table. Don’t slurp, don’t burp and don’t smack. Bring your food to your mouth not your mouth to the food. Ask for it, don’t reach for it. Take some and leave some. Again, keep your elbows off the table! The only substitute for good manners was fast reflexes! I mean Mom got downright etiquette on us and she had Dad’s backing because he had an equal set of his own outdoor rules—more like laws!

I almost forgot... she had one more ditty for a house rule. “If it’s got a hole in it, patch it!”—Yes! She meant it. My brother and I had to patch our Levis’. It’s true. We had to sew patches on the knees of our Levis’. We learned that a hand-sewn patch is a skill and an art. The first step was; we had to take a pair of scissors’ and cut out the edges of the hole nice and clean. Then,