

Peninsula Diary Mayo Hayes O'Donnell

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Santa of Jolon

This is a story of a strange stagecoach Santa of Jolon which was seen by a little boy along the old Jolon road near Mission San Antonio on Christmas Eve 1881.

We discovered the tale in an old scrapbook given to the Monterey History and Art Association by the late Victor Mossop, a long-time member who was made an honorary member before his death a number of years ago because of his devotion to the history of Monterey County.

Moonlight trickled slowly through the low hanging clouds along the Santa Lucia mountains and plummeted into the ancient valley of the Mission San Antonio, and finely lit up the small gullies and ravines along the old stagecoach road to the east of Jolon.

One telltale shaft of light from this December moon outlined the figure of a small boy crouched behind some rocks and hidden by underbrush.

Once he left his hiding place and went to the middle of the road which was nothing more than two wagon ruts squirming off into the night. He seemed to be waiting for something or somebody. It was Christmas Eve of 1881, and Carl Edward Browne, age 8, was waiting for Santa Claus to come in on the southbound stage from Soledad.

Carl remembered it had been only that morning when his father said, rather exasperatingly, "I've told you time and time again, son, that Santa will be here tonight because he will come in on the stagecoach."

"Well," said Carl, "I know he can't come by sled. We ain't got any snow here like we had in Ohio."

"When we wake up tomorrow morning," his father said, "you will find that your Christmas stocking will be filled, and you will have a fine time with all your presents. Wait and see, son, Wait and see."

The youngster had worried about Santa's arrival ever since the family's arrival on the 160-acre ranch near the stagecoach stop at Jolon, and his father and mother had told him that Santa would arrive by coach. It was always the same.

So, there he was waiting beside the road for the night coach to come in. He would see Santa Claus probably

riding with Charlie Moran, the grizzled old driver who waved at him from his perch high atop the stage. Not that he believed Santa would not arrive, but that Charlie would not recognize him.

Maybe Santa would not stop at the Brown's ranch a few hundred feet from the road. Carl had crawled out of his bedroom window just to make sure everything was going to be all right for his first Christmas in California.

Suddenly from down the road he could hear the horses. Out of the flickering shadows which skittered and pranced nervously in the valley meadow, the boy saw a team moving in the moonlight. And he heard the long wail of a horn which Charlie always blew to warn the hostlers at the Inn to get ready.

Carl shivered with excitement as the hoofs drummed nearer and nearer and he edged back into the brush, as if the driver would see. Then through the night the team was upon him. He heard someone yell, "Come on Prancer, you lop-eared, no good, flea bitten varmint. You too, Blitzen. Keep moving."

High atop the coach perched a fat man with a conical shaped hat which fell down over one eye. His long whiskers floated behind him, as if trying to keep up with their reckless owner.

"Why, it's Santa himself driving," Carl thought. And they weren't horses, they were reindeer. He could see their antlers silhouetted in the fluttering moonlight.

It was Santa Claus, not coming as a passenger, but driving his own reindeer. "Gee, it's true." When Santa did not stop at the Brown ranch, Carl only eight, started to cry. He walked slowly back to the sprawling ranch house and let himself in his bedroom window and back to bed.

When his mother waked him the next morning with the announcement he had better come quickly to see what Santa had left for him. Carl was startled and said, "But how could he? He went on by, I saw him. I saw him." He was amazed when he saw the sparkling Christmas tree and all the presents in his stocking and under the tree.

Later that day Jack Brown walked into the inn at Jolon. Near the stove sat the driver, Charlie Moran, munching on a fat-sized chaw of tobacco.

"Charlie, you old rascal, that was a wonderful stunt. My kid sneaked out last night and saw you ride by. He told us all about it. He swears it was Santa Claus and his

reindeer instead of you and the team. Did you tie antlers on them horses?" Carl's father asked.

Charlie looked long and speculatively out of the window toward green hills, and sighed, "Funny thing about that, Jack, you are the third person that said they'd seen Santa Claus last night. You see, what makes it funny is that there ain't been a stagecoach out of Soledad for three days."