

My Family History with the Pasadena Rose Parade and Game By Del Snider, Wildomar Senior Apartments

My Grandparents on my mother's side started Jannoch Nurseries in Pasadena in the early 1900's. At first it was on South Pasadena Avenue down the road from the old railroad tracks and station that are no longer there. The end of the line station was on the north side of Colorado Blvd. Just west of Pasadena Avenue so if there were plants to be shipped to other areas it was easy access. The station area is now the South Pasadena Freeway overpass on Colorado Blvd. This property was down the hill from the Valley Hunt Club which started the Rose Parade to entice Easterners to come to California where the roses bloom in the winter. The nursery supplied some roses but mostly Heather which was used as Baby's Breath is used today. My Grandfather supplied Heather to not only the Rose Parade but also shipped it all over the country as it became very popular. In about 1920 or so the Nursery moved near the Devil's Gate Dam on 60 acres where much of it was planted in Heather. This property is now part of the 210 freeway. At that time my grandparents moved to a home on Mountain Avenue near Lincoln Avenue way out in the "toolies" at that time and had an acre plot down the street all planted in roses, camellias and bay trees. They lived there many years and well after I was born. I can remember that house and the garage had a basement that had an outside ground door you opened on the side to go down the steps. My Grandfather, being German, made his own beer there. I can remember helping him as a young child with the capping of the bottles.

As a young child my mother rode on one of the floats – they were horsedrawn in those days. She was on a swing in a beautiful spring dress with her hair flowing in the breeze. Later on as a teenager she became a Japanese girl on a "Tea House" bridge on a float also drawn by horses. These were the days that there were chariot races near Caltech – football came later. This association with the Tournament of Roses really influenced my parents as it did most of Pasadena. In those days Pasadena was a small town and the floats were simple but beautiful. Later on motorized floats came into the picture – the first ones were towed by a truck and later making the floats on the trucks became the standard. Everyone got involved. Besides the Tournament of Roses members who did the organizing,

etc., the whole community got into the building and gluing flowers. I did my share of gluing. Even though the nights were cold, the hot glue made it a hot, sticky job but lots of fun as many friends did it together. The glue was heated in large buckets. You'd get a small bucket of the "stuff" and the flowers you were to paste and away you'd go to your assigned position. Sometimes climbing on ladders or crouching on landings to get to your appointed place! Our daughters and their friends did their share of gluing in their teenage years also.

As far back as I can remember two things happened on January 1st in our home. #1 my Dad and I always went to the parade. Dad would go to the police department a few days ahead to secure a parking and/or drive-through pass, there were only a few available to residents of Pasadena who lived in the area. This area around the Rose Bowl and Brookside Park were reserved for game parking. We had a pretty good chance to get one because we lived above the Rose Bowl and only needed the pass for the parade. We'd drive down about five in the morning to get as close as possible to Brookside Park as this was then an easy climb up trails past the Gamble House to the Parade route. In those days the flagpole was in the middle of Colorado Blvd. and Orange Grove Blvd. and the parade had to circle around it – the bands sometimes split to go on either side. The flagpole is now near the intersection on the Norman Simon Museum property. My dad and I walked down Orange Grove a little ways, and he was carrying a stepladder all this time. I would sit on the top, he'd stand on the bottom step and if children were around, he'd let them stand on some of the other steps. When it was all over, we'd reverse the whole procedure and home we'd go. The authorities do not allow ladders now.

Now comes the #2 happening of the day. My folks always had open house with a spread of food that was unbelievable. This was the main reason Mom rarely went to the parade as she was getting the house and dining room table ready for the onset of people. We always had a hoard of friends, family, business associates and others as many were both. As a matter of fact, we seemed to have more friends that day than any other time of the year. They would park in the vacant lots surrounding our place and then walk. They could come in for lunch and then come back for dinner. It was an all day affair. We had fun watching what some people will do that makes for a comedy.

Some of the ladies would come dressed fit to kill and in high heels. Instead of walking down a paved road which would take a little longer, they tried going straight down a dirt hill at the end of our street to get to the Rose Bowl.

We had some memorable New Years Days. One I remember was my cousin, Jim Troy, arrived in the wee hours of the morning in a tuxedo having been to an all night party and needed much-much-much coffee and had to change his clothes as he was to be on a float in the parade. One year when I was attending USC, I invited the whole USC team to come after the game. That was the year we got beat by Michigan 49 to 0. My dad was overwhelmed by the size of those guys – he kept saying he'd have to brace up the house. We ran out of food so Mom & Dad had to open cans and whatever else they had – it was fun! My Mom always decorated the house in the colors of the two teams playing in the Rose Bowl and she really went to a lot of preparedness and trouble but loved it.

The Rose Parade and Game have been a wonderful, memorable tradition in our family from its beginning. Now I feel the whole thing is a little too commercial, the floats too big, and the glitz too much. However, this year, 2006, I noticed more towns and cities and less companies so maybe someone got to the Tournament officers to turn things around. Sorry it rained this year as this doesn't happen very often. In all my years growing up in Pasadena, I can't really remember a rainy New Years. The Lord always seemed to give us glorious, sunny days to show off our city and state! My grandparents certainly found a wonderful area to start our family and it will always be a nostalgic memory for me.