



The Heritage Junction Dispatch

A Publication of the Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society

Volume 43, Issue 1

January - February 2017

Calendar

Monday, January 23

Board of Directors Meeting
6:30 PM Saugus Station
See page 6

Wednesday, February 1

Deadline for the March-April
Dispatch

Monday, February 27

Board of Directors Meeting
6:30 PM Saugus Station

OutWest Concert Series at The Repertory East, 24266 Main St in Newhall. 8:00 PM

Call 661 347-9700 for the schedule
for January and February

Check www.scvhistory.org for
other upcoming events.

President's Message

by Alan Pollack



It was in the early morning hours of May 21, 1924, and they were angry. About 3 miles north of Lone Pine, California and just below the Alabama Gates, a group of

Owens Valley protestors dynamited the Los Angeles Aqueduct. It was the opening salvo in what was to become known as the Owens Valley Water Wars.

EATON'S VISION...AND BUILDING OF THE AQUEDUCT

Twenty years earlier, William Mulholland and Fred Eaton had taken a ride out to the Owens Valley in search of a new source of water for a rapidly expanding Los Angeles.

Eaton, a former Los Angeles mayor and water superintendent, had recognized that Los Angeles could not continue to grow if it were to depend solely on the Los Angeles River for its water supply. On this trek in 1904, he and Mulholland hatched the grandiose idea of building an aqueduct to divert the waters of the Owens River some 233 miles to Los Angeles. In order to accomplish this feat, it would first be necessary to obtain all the water rights to the Owens River. With the help of his friend Joseph B. Lippincott, local regional chief of the U.S. Reclamation Service, Eaton began buying up land in the Owens Valley from ranchers and farmers under the false premise that the land would be used for a federal reclamation project or for cattle ranching. At a meeting with LA city water

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Articles and inquiries regarding
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President's Message

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officials on August 4, 1905, Eaton explained his enterprise: "Thirteen years ago I went to Owens Valley to study the water situation with a view to colonizing the valley, having heard having heard a great deal about the magnificent water supply of that region. . . . Then the idea came to me that here was the source of water supply that I knew Los Angeles would need in the course of years I caused a preliminary survey to be made then at my own expense. . . . I allowed the matter to lie dormant until the middle of last year. . . . Finally I made up my mind that the time had come for action. My idea . . . was to organize a strong company which should develop the great water power of the streams which pour down from the high Sierras and then combine with the electric feature . . . bringing the water to the San Fernando Valley . . . and from the sale of the electricity and water I was satisfied the project would be an inviting one. . . . I knew the government was planning to put in irrigation works, relying on the waters of the Owen River for the supply If I had waited until after the government was at work, it would have required \$1 million to \$2 million more to get the water for the city, and that probably would have killed the project. . . . Later . . . I met Mr. Mathews [the city attorney], and he urged me to . . . let the water be developed by the municipality. This I disliked to do, for it would deprive me of what I believed to be a splendid opportunity to make money I finally consented The result was an agreement that I would turn over to the city all the water rights I had acquired at the price I had paid for them, except that I retained the cattle which I had been compelled to take in making the deals."

Mulholland successfully directed completion of the Los Angeles Aqueduct in 1913, with a celebration taking place in the San Fernando Valley on November 5, 1913, attended by some 40,000 Angelenos. He became a great hero to the city of Los Angeles, but the citizens of the Owens Valley considered him a villain who had stolen their water under false pretenses. In spite of the hard feelings, things remained relatively quiet through the remainder of the 1910s, but the peace would not last into the 1920s. The continued population growth, combined with a major regional drought in the early 1920s, forced Los Angeles into taking actions which led to conflict with the Owens Valley citizens. While previously using water primarily from the lower part of the Owens Valley, Los Angeles began buying up more land in the upper regions of the Valley to secure water rights to almost the entire Owens region. Then, as the drought worsened, the City began pumping

ground water at the expense of Inyo County ranchers who could no longer sustain their crops and livestock due to lack of water. Ranchers began leaving the valley in droves, causing schools in the area to close down for lack of students, and businesses to falter due to lack of clientele.

THE INSURRECTION BEGINS

Things came to a head in May of 1924, when Los Angeles filed a lawsuit claiming that canal companies and individual farmers were illegally diverting water from the Aqueduct and asking them to cease their water consumption completely. At 1:00 am on May 21, 1924, a section of the aqueduct was blown up just north of Lone Pine. Fresh tire tracks were found at the site of the explosion, suggesting two large touring cars had been used for the attack. Weighing at least 500 pounds, the dynamite charge was placed in a small tunnel at the base of the concrete spillway of the Alabama Gates (named for the adjacent Alabama Hills). The heavy iron gate to the spillway was damaged beyond repair. For fifty feet above and below the spillway, the concrete lining of the aqueduct was shattered. Mayor Cryer of Los Angeles offered a \$10,000 reward for the capture of the perpetrators. The next day, the Los Angeles Times reported that about forty people in ten or eleven swiftly moving automobiles with license plates removed and lights extinguished participated in the attack. They were believed to be a consortium of desert ranchers from the Mojave, and cattle owners and ranchers from the upper Owens Valley. A number of letters and papers were discovered at the site of the bombing, thought to contain the names of men participating in the action. According to the Times: "In the meantime, a huge force of mounted guards has been rushed from this city to the aqueduct and the entire ditch from the intake to where it crosses into Los Angeles County will be under guard day and night." Reginaldo F. Del Valle, President of the Board of Public Service Commissioners, stated: "The attempt to dynamite and wreck the Los Angeles Aqueduct early Wednesday morning ranks as one of the most dastardly and sinister crimes ever directed against the people of this city. . . ." Investigators apparently figured out who many of the bombers were but never chose to press charges.

Among the suspects in the aqueduct bombing were brothers Mark and Wilfred Watterson. The Watterson brothers had become political, social, and business heavyweights in Inyo County, owning six bank branches in the area, with much of the money in the area held by

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their institutions. With the goal of shutting off Los Angeles' access to the upper Owens River, the Wattersons helped form a local irrigation district to fight Los Angeles on aqueduct issues. Ironically, an uncle of the brothers, George Watterson, proved to be an ally of the city of Los Angeles and helped obtain additional water rights for the aqueduct. For his efforts, George Watterson was branded a traitor by the Owens Valley ranchers, and his life was threatened if he chose to stay in the Valley. One of G. Watterson's associates, attorney L.C. Hall, was kidnapped by an angry mob from a restaurant in Bishop on August 27, 1924. According to the LA Times, the abduction followed a series of warnings to Hall to stop investigations into the water situation in the Owens Valley on behalf of Los Angeles. During the abduction, Hall was reported to have been handcuffed, choked, and beaten.

TAKEOVER OF THE ALABAMA GATES

Possibly the most infamous incident of the Water Wars occurred on November 16, 1924. That morning, around seventy Owens Valley residents led by Mark and Wilfred Watterson drove south in a caravan from Bishop and took control of the Alabama Gates spillway of the Los Angeles Aqueduct just north of Lone Pine. They opened the spillway gates, allowing water to flow out of the aqueduct into the surrounding valley and Owens River. The raiders refused orders of Inyo County sheriff Collins to leave the site, and threatened to continue to waste the water, at a cost of \$10,000 per day, until a committee from Los Angeles came to "settle" with them regarding their grievances with the aqueduct. Chief Engineer of the Los Angeles water department Harvey Van Norman stated his opinion that the attack on the gates was "another gesture in a long program to force the city to buy extensive properties in the valley." Later in the day, the group of protestors grew to around 100. William Mulholland issued a statement to the LA Times: "...It is now planned to institute damage actions against each of the men comprising the group of raiders, in addition to the injunction proceedings to be instituted in the Superior Court of Inyo County this morning. Interference with a public utility is a serious matter—of greater import than interference with mails. Mail robberies are of no more import than such an action as was taken yesterday at Lone Pine." The group continue to peacefully resist any orders to leave. They were said to consist of physicians, lawyers, businessmen, merchants, a Baptist minister, and

even a local deputy sheriff. The minister stated "Most of my congregation is here. My place is with them." The seizure of the Alabama Gates was officially endorsed by a resolution of the Bishop Chamber of Commerce, a copy of which was sent to California Governor Richardson in Sacramento. The male raiders guarded the gates taking 24 hour shifts. Their women came down from Bishop to serve food to the men.

On November 19, the LA Times reported: "Inyo County is in a state of anarchy. Guerilla warfare is a possibility, unless Gov. Richardson rushes state troops to the Alabama gates, where a party of ranchers and business men of Owens Valley have defied all efforts to dislodge them since Sunday morning, while three days' supply of domestic water for the city of Los Angeles rushes to waste." There was concern by local authorities that peaceful resistance by unarmed men was about to escalate into an armed insurrection. Governor Richardson never did have to send in his state troopers. A truce was declared on November 20 when J.A. Graves, President of the Clearinghouse Association of Los Angeles, recommended mediation of the Owens River controversy by a court of three judges selected from the courts of the State of California. The Clearinghouse Association earlier in the day had promised the Owens Valley protestors that it would use its good offices for a settlement of the controversy. The ranchers found this to be satisfactory, closed the Alabama Gates, and headed back home. But they left with continued threats of further violence against the aqueduct if their concerns were not addressed.

EXPLOSIONS IN NO NAME AND COTTONWOOD CANYONS

Led by the Watterson brothers, haggling and negotiations with the city of Los Angeles continued on a tortured path throughout 1925-1927. There were multiple instances of sabotage of the aqueduct throughout this period, thought to be perpetrated by disgruntled ranchers who were dissatisfied with negotiations with Los Angeles for payment for lands in the valley. As the impasse between Los Angeles and the ranchers wore on, the attacks on the aqueduct become increasingly emboldened. Finally, in the early morning hours of May 27, 1927, the largest blast yet to occur did major damage to the aqueduct in No Name Canyon, some sixty miles north of Mojave. According to aqueduct employees Tom Spratt, and his nephew Lew Spratt (who were witnesses to the attack), ten men surprised them in their hut. Four of the men forced them

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to a safe place up the canyon, while the rest of the men laid the explosives and set them off. Harvey Van Norman later inspected the site and found 450 feet of iron pipe torn out to the tune of up to \$75,000 in damage. The dynamiters, all armed and unmasked, released the Spratts shortly after the explosion and disappeared into the dark night. Asked by the Los Angeles Times to comment on the attack, William Mulholland said he could not do so adequately without using unprintable words. Said Mulholland: "What can you say but that those blacklegs are at work up there again. We have paid them and will pay them all they have coming to them. Do they think they can get away with dynamiting from now on?"

Within 24 hours, a second blast took place sixteen miles south of Bishop at the Big Pine Power House No. 3, on Big Pine Creek, ripping apart a sixty foot section leading into the plant. Los Angeles was outraged and prepared to send some 600 policemen into Owens Valley. The next day, the Times editorialized: "There must and shall be no temporizing with the dynamiters who seek to enforce unreasonable demands upon the city by terrorism and sabotage. The full powers and resources of the city and of the state if necessary should be invoked to bring to swift and certain justice the criminals who have repeatedly tried to wreck the Aqueduct with high explosives placed at vital points." Reginaldo del Valle issued a statement calling the incident "flagrant outlawry and a vicious effort to blacken the name of Los Angeles throughout this state and nation." He further opined that the purpose of the raid was to force the city to buy, at exorbitant prices, ranch lands in the valley, and to pay "reparations" to business interests in the communities in the valley.

Yet another attack took place on June 5, 1927, at Cottonwood Canyon, twelve miles south of Lone Pine. At 1:30 am, the side walls of a large open concrete conduit of the aqueduct were wrecked by dynamite. The daring act took place very close to where aqueduct employees were living next to the Cottonwood Power House, yet there were no witnesses to the sabotage. Homes of the employees were shaken but not damaged, and no injuries were reported. The same men involved in the No Name Canyon bombing were suspected in this attack, but no arrests were ever made. In response to the repeated bombings, the water department hired 200 guards armed with Thompson machine guns to provide 24-hour protection for the aqueduct.

DOWNFALL OF THE WATTERSONS

The efforts of the Owens Valley renegades came to an end in August, 1927, when their heroes the Wattersons were exposed to have double-crossed their neighbors. Without warning, all five banks owned by the Wattersons in Inyo County closed their doors. A notice placed on the doors of each bank stated: "We find it necessary to close all of our banks in Owens Valley. This result has been brought about by the last four years of destructive work carried on by the city of Los Angeles." In spite of the Wattersons' allegations, State Superintendent of Banks Will C. Wood, in his investigation of the banks, came to a quite different conclusion. He found that huge embezzlements amounting to around \$800,000 were the cause of the demise of the Inyo County banks. In spite of the continued support of their community, the Wattersons were arrested on August 13 and charged with 43 felony counts. They were released from jail on bail and traveled up and down the county proclaiming their innocence. But community support was not to last long, as the Watterson's guilt became increasingly evident. They went on trial in November, and were found guilty on all counts and sentenced to ten years in prison at San Quentin.

Because of the failure of the Inyo County banks, many residents of the valley were forced to sell their land to the City of Los Angeles and left the area. The revolt against the city's aqueduct ended with a whimper. It could be said that Los Angeles won this battle, but within three months they would lose the war with an epic tragedy in San Francisquito Canyon.

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Hiking Santa Clarita in the Middle of the Night

by John Boston

“Listen to them, the children of the night. What music they make.”

Bram Stoker, ‘Dracula’

Something refreshing lives in the nocturnal. I don’t know what odd combination of events — nature, environment, gene pool, state of mind — makes me love the night. I remember being quite bright in school and having problems. If only they’d start classes at a decent hour, say, 2:00 p.m., right after brunch. It’s hard to jump cheerily out of bed at 6:00 when your little head finally hit the pillow four hours earlier.

Don’t blame my parents, at least not for that. As a child, I might have technically been in bed, but I wasn’t asleep. I was doing calisthenics or standing on my head. At age 7, without parental supervision, I’d just go out and take walks in the middle of the night.

Except for all the Baptists, I miss living in Placerita Canyon. I’d hike in the wee hours to Fox Field. I’m not going to tell you where Fox Field is, because I don’t want the last sanguine and sacred semi-wild place in the valley to be overrun with jogging yuppies.

Anyway, a while back, we had a cold snap and there was a full moon. Eskimos would probably politely chuckle at my expense. Me carrying on how cold it was when the mercury plunged to the low 20s. I piled on layer upon layer of clothes, topped off with a coyote fur hat. Not very P.C., but I rationalized that this one probably died of old age — before we skinned it — and besides, he was being put to good service long after he had departed his decadent coyote lifetime.

I’ve led a double life, being an active partner in the Santa Clarita and shunning the 9-to-5 routine. I’m not being judgmental, just nocturnal. The 9-to-5 has never been my cup of tea.

I like walking in the woods when the moon is full, everything non-wild is asleep, and it’s below freezing. I know there are bear and wildcats, puma and deer around, close. I can hear rustlings, small to medium to large. When the moon is full, the sky is so bright, you need sunglasses.

Or, in my case, moonglasses.

One of these days, the feds will get around to reopening the post office on Lyons. When I’d get antsy at 1:00 a.m., I’d hop on the bicycle and make a run from Placerita Canyon

to the post office in Newhall. It’s so refreshingly dark and quiet. Sometimes, a harsher dose of wanderlust was needed; I’d jump in the car and drive to Mojave or the beach.

Sometimes it’s important to honor our whims. Years ago, I was adding to my growing collection of unpublished work and had been making suspiciously wonderful progress. I hit a wall. It wasn’t writer’s block, there is no such thing. Sometimes, you just need to shake yourself up and open the inner and outer ears.

Taking a tape recorder, my truck just headed us north. It seemed a few seconds later, I was miles past Castaic. What I had prayed for — inspiration — I received. For the next three hours, I drove and dictated notes into my Sony recorder.

Up to Gorman for gas. It was freezing and the wind stabbed my unprotected skin with frozen air. It was quite refreshing.

I zigzagged back and forth across the back roads of Antelope Valley, headed back through the lonely Munz Ranch Road, and drove through Lake Hughes. I’m often haunted by that great line from a Beatles song — “Oh that magic feeling, nowhere to go. Nowhere to go.” I stopped along the way, sat on the tailgate, and looked up at the stars. There are four planets currently aligned in the western sky. As much as I like the solitude of being so by myself, it can get a little creepy, and that’s fine, too. I’ve had that feeling around campfires, by myself, that something is out there, watching you. I think a big part of it is what the 20th century philosopher Joel Goldsmith called, “The Thunder of Silence.” We are constantly drowning in so much noise — even the hum of appliances — that when it’s quiet, truly quiet, it can be startling. Same thing with light pollution. In cities and suburbia, even in the longest part of night, there is an omnipresent night light blazing so powerfully you can’t see what’s out there.

I was on the road for hours and passed only four cars on those back roads. I saw falling stars and a poor deer deader than the wide lapel decomposing on the shoulder. I roared by owls and dutifully trotting raccoons, galaxies, and sleeping farmers.

I drove with the window open. No stereo. Just the sounds of the wind roaring through. I wore my fur cap and ran the heater on my legs. On the way home, there was a coyote trotting down the center of Lake Hughes Road. He was

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John Boston Article

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coming right at my headlights. I slowed. He slowed. We both stopped to regard one another.

We're both old souls, although the modern coyote has been around the Santa Clarita for eons. This was a big fellow, used to civilization and smelly exhaust. He has a sense of smell a million times more acute than any human's. Perhaps in some future life, he'll be a literary critic.

Brother Coyote turned and trotted away, perhaps toward some deer carcass 20 miles off. He actually stopped to look at me again, a coyote's version of the doubletake.

Maybe he recognized the hat.

© 2016 by John Boston

(With some 10,000 essays and opinion pieces, SCV author John Boston is America's most prolific humor writer. Weekly, he pens The Time Ranger & SCV History for the SCV Beacon. Every two weeks, he writes the SCV History for your SCV Gazette. Don't forget to check out his national humor, entertainment & swashbuckling commentary website, THEjohnboston.com. You'll be smiling for a week...)

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AND THEN, order his 5-star cult classic adventure comedy novel, NAKED CAME THE SASQUATCH <http://www.johnbostonchronicles.com/books/naked-came-the-sasquatch/>

2017 Board Elections by Sioux Coghlan

The following people are currently running for SCVHS Board positions for 2017-2019:

Sioux Coghlan

Alan Pollack

Laurene Weste

Roberto Torres

All four members have been on the board previously, and would like to be elected for the upcoming term. If you would like to participate in activities of the Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society, come to our next meeting on January 23, 2017, at 6:30 PM at the Saugus train station.

Questers News

by Roberta Harris

Oak of the Golden Dream Questers #381 is pleased to announce that they are the proud precipitants of a generous grant from The Henry Mayo Newhall Foundation. This money, along with the funds earned at our December Boutique, will be used for the preparation and purchase of a handicap-accessible lift for the Pardee House.

Previous projects completed by our chapter for this house are: Repair of all windows and frames, wood flooring throughout, painting, and installation of a working bathroom. When completed, the Pardee House will become the Santa Clarita Valley Historical Museum.

Oak of the Golden Dream is a chapter of a non-profit, International Organization, called "The Questers" with chapters throughout the United States and Canada. Their goals are preservation and restoration of artifacts, existing memorials, historic buildings, landmarks, and education as to how our past influences our future.

To find out what other chapters are doing in California, visit www.CalQuest.org. To learn more about International Questers, see www.questers1944.org. Interested in joining a chapter? Contact roberta@myquesters.com

Save the Tom Mix Cottages by Evan Decker

Downtown Newhall today might be considered the burgeoning Fine Arts District for the City of Santa Clarita, but 100 years ago it was where people who lived in the area obtained their groceries and everyday services from various businesses. There was even an elegant hotel on the southwest corner of Market Street and Spruce Street (Main Street today).

Unfortunately, many historic structures in our community have been lost to make way for more modern developments. This is possibly the case for two little cottages on Main Street between Market and Sixth Streets that were built around 1923 and used by famous silent cowboy movie star Tom Mix as his movie trailers. After Tom Mix used them throughout the 20s and 30s, they were converted into businesses. These neat little cottages were used until 2016, when both of them went up for sale. These two structures that have stood through earthquakes, floods, and fires should not succumb to a bulldozer. They are one of the last vestiges of early filming in the Newhall area. Both buildings are on the City of Santa Clarita's Historic preservation list, and thus should be maintained in their present state for the education and enjoyment of future generations.

Joseph Leland Roop

by Margi Bertram

**NATURAL
HISTORY
MUSEUM**
LOS ANGELES COUNTY

Just as William S. Hart was getting his start in moving pictures, in 1914, there were folks experimenting with a process called “stop motion” animation. A leader in the field was Willis O’Brien,

who animated stories set in prehistoric times, using clay creatures supported by frameworks. Later he perfected his process by using ball and socket structures covered in flexible materials such as foam, latex, animal hair and fur. O’Brien had demonstrated his skill at animating dinosaurs by the time First National Pictures hired him to work on the dinosaur effects for a 1925 silent movie version of Arthur Conan Doyle’s novel, *The Lost World*. More examples of his work can be seen in *King Kong* (1933).

Among O’Brien’s assistants on *The Lost World* was sculptor J. L. Roop. Born in Kentucky, and having worked as a sculptor, Roop ended up in Los Angeles. In the 1920s he modeled and animated a series of films with characters called Tom and Jerry for producer Lloyd C. Haynes. For his work on *The Lost World*, one source of inspiration for the work was the paintings, drawings and sculptures of Charles R. Knight, an artist known for his pioneering portrayals of dinosaurs and other prehistoric animals, considered at the time to be scientifically accurate. One of the models Roop created for this film is housed at the Natural History Museum of Los Angeles County.

In 1929, with this experience creating these fantastic creatures, Roop was hired by NHM to create life-size sculptures of the extinct ice age animals found at the La Brea Tar Pits, to be installed throughout Hancock Park as a kind of “Pleistocene Zoo.” Unfortunately, Roop died in 1932 before this job could be completed. Herman Beck, the taxidermist at the Natural History Museum was assigned to finish the project.

In 1931, during his time working at NHM, he was also assigned the task of creating a diorama of wax figures illustrating the founding of Los Angeles, showing a party of 44 settlers walking from the San Gabriel Mission to the site of the Plaza.

So, you can see that J. L. Roop is well represented at both the Natural History Museum and the Tar Pits. What is left? Is there a connection with the William S. Hart Museum? Of course there is. We have on display this charming sculpture of Hart and his favorite pony, Fritz, created by Roop. We are still exploring the connection between these two gentlemen, but we have reason to believe Roop may have had a studio next door to Hart’s studio in Silverlake, in which case they would have been neighbors, and quite likely friends.



Helen Hunt Jackson Returns January 28

By Maria Christopher

Rancho Camulos Museum near Piru is a National Historic Landmark. It received this designation because of its role in California history, Californio history, California agriculture's history, and because it is acknowledged as the "Home of Ramona". Rancho Camulos is considered to be one of the settings for Helen Hunt Jackson's 1884 novel, "Ramona". Ms. Jackson, a poet and travel writer turned activist for Native American rights, wrote this novel after her book, "Century of Dishonor", failed to rally attention to the mistreatment of Native Americans, particularly through government policy.

While the novel did have some impact on policies regarding Native Americans, its major impact was that it caused the first tourism boom to California. People fell in love with the beautiful Señorita Ramona who fell in love with the handsome Indian Allesandro and lived in the golden hills of California. The novel's popularity, paralleling the expansion of the nation's railroads and fueled by the promotional efforts of the railroad entrepreneurs, put the "Home of Ramona" on the map.

Therefore, it has become a tradition at Rancho Camulos Museum to pay homage to its history and begin the year with an historical reenactment of Helen Hunt Jackson's visit to Camulos that resulted in its becoming one of the settings of this quintessential California novel that is still in print today. Visitors can share the living history experience as



costumed docents portray Ms. Jackson, and the members of the delValle family as they welcome her to their 1853 adobe.

However, the visitors won't meet Ramona. Why? Because Ramona was a fictional character created by Ms. Jackson, as she wove together stories gathered as she traveled throughout Southern California. They will hear these stories as well as have an opportunity to experience 19th century Californio rancho life. Step back in time on Saturday, January 28, at 1:00 PM and join us as we welcome Mrs. Jackson as she returns to Rancho Camulos, where the history, myth, and romance of old California still linger.

Thanks to those who volunteered since the last issue of the *Dispatch*:

Weekend Docents:

Sioux Coghlan	RuthAnne Murthy
Evan Decker	Alan Pollack
Sara Floyd	Jeff Prange
Anna Kroll	Anna Schindler
Debra Martin	Gordon Uppman
Barbara Martinelli	

Interested in becoming a docent? Visit our website at www.scvhs.org

Those who open and close for the docents:

Evan Decker	RuthAnne Murthy
Barbara Martinelli	Alan Pollack

First-Sunday Questers*

Barbara Harris	Virginia Prager
Linda Hinz	Louise Schultz
Lisa Hoover	Jenewyn Van Wie
Pat Horanberg	Dee Ann Wood
June Myers	Sue Yurosek

School Tour Questers:

Helen Barlow	Dee Ann Wood
Linda Hinz	Sue Yurosek

*Don't know who the Questers are? See www.questers1944.org

Volunteer Opportunities

by Cathy Martin

Do you like to garden? We could use some help with the Rose Garden.

Want to be a docent? Volunteer for an event? Let us know.

Please call 661 254-1275 and tell us what type of work you would like to do. There is something for everyone!

Christmas Open House December 3, 2016



Father Craig from Our Lady of Perpetual Help



Photos by Bret Cotten





The Heritage Junction Dispatch
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This sparkling stream is the outflow from the Valencia sewage treatment plant. The treated water is absorbed into the Santa Clara river's bed. The Los Angeles County Sanitation District conducted a public tour of the facility on December 10.