



The Heritage Junction Dispatch

A Publication of the Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society

Volume 45, Issue 1

January-February 2019

Calendar

Monday, January 28

Board of Directors Meeting
6:30 PM Saugus Station

Friday, February 1

Deadline for the March-April
Dispatch

Monday, February 25

Board of Directors Meeting
6:30 PM Saugus Station

Check www.scvhistory.org for other upcoming events.

President's Message

by Alan Pollack



Continuing the history of the Frew family from the last issue of the *Dispatch*,

THOMAS M. FREW IV

Tom Frew IV was born in Newhall Community Hospital at Spruce and 6th Street on November 28, 1929. He was a student at Newhall Grammar School when it burned down in February, 1939. An infamous photo appeared the next day in the Los Angeles Times of the students rejoicing in front of the burned-out school remains. Tom relates that his mother made him go to a barber in the Porter Hotel in San Fernando because she did not like the way the local Newhall barber cut his hair. At the time that

Hart High School was started in 1945, Tom IV was already a senior at San Fernando High School, from which he graduated.

Tom IV met William S. Hart twice in his life. The first time was at the dedication of the American Theatre in 1941, the second while Tom was working for Ralph Williams at the local drug store. One day, Tom IV was at the front of the store at the cigar counter. Hart came in and sat down at the counter. Williams came running up to Hart and asked how he was feeling that day. Hart replied, "I feel like hell". That was the extent of their entire conversation.

With the Korean War underway in the early 1950s, Tom IV was drafted into the army for a 2-year stint. He spent the first 1 1/2 years at Camp Stoneman in Pittsburg, California. He was sent to South Korea for the last six months, spending his whole time in Korea

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Articles and inquiries regarding *The Dispatch* may be made to 661 254-1275

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President's Message

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in the capital city Seoul. He describes his time in the city as being "like a country club", with relatively little to do for his army duties. Tom was given a nice office job, and he spent his free time reading and looking for Korean artifacts. He still has a collection of bells from Korea at his home.

When Tom IV came back from the army, he reluctantly agreed to work at the blacksmith shop per the request of his father Tom III. Both father and son hated the work. His father expected Tom IV to continue the blacksmith business and encouraged him to go to a welding school in Cleveland, Ohio, for 8 weeks in the 1950s. Tom IV spent every weekend with a cousin during his time in Cleveland. That year, he stayed in Cleveland until his brother William got out of high school, and they travelled to New York City and Quebec. Unlike Tom, his brother refused to work in the blacksmith shop.

After returning from Cleveland to Newhall, Tom IV started working with his father at the blacksmith shop. In a typical day, he would get to work before 8:00 AM, make sure that all of the fifteen employees were there, and tell the employees what they had lined up for that day. He resented having to take calls from the oil fields in the middle of the night with orders for the morning. He describes the shop as having a forge with an anvil where blacksmiths would heat pieces of metal with a torch, a threading machine, a rack where they put bars of steel that they needed, and an ancient lathe. The shop also had drill presses, a shaper, and a welding section. There was a horseshoe in the sidewalk in front of the shop. They also used a couple of fans to keep the air moving inside to mitigate the heat. The blacksmith shop had been built in 1936 by Tom III to replace the original shop given to Tom II.

THE END OF THE FREW BLACKSMITH DYNASTY

After Thomas Frew III died on August 27, 1963, Tom IV reluctantly continued to run the blacksmith shop. He wanted to sell the shop, but his mother Clara didn't want him to close the business after 70 years of operation. When Clara died in 1968, Tom IV was still running the

shop. One day, two years later, he sat down and realized he hated the work, and decided to sell the shop. The Frew blacksmith shop was shut down in 1970. There weren't many interested takers, but Tom was slowly able to sell off each piece of blacksmith equipment. Right after the Sylmar earthquake in 1971, his old boss Ralph Williams needed a place to move his damaged drugstore and rented out the old blacksmith shop until his building could be rebuilt. Tom eventually sold his building to National Auto Glass. The old Frew house had been sold in the late 1950s to Los Angeles County. The family still owns the oil rights on that property.

Tom Frew IV had never wanted to be a blacksmith. His real passion was to do behind-the-scenes work in the entertainment field. After closing the blacksmith shop, he finally got the opportunity to do what he really wanted all along and joined an independent production company specializing in commercials. He started out helping to build budgets for filming events and ended up being a location scout and production manager, which he describes as "the person who would be blamed for everything". As a location scout, he would knock on doors and ask homeowners if they would be willing to have their house used for a film shoot. To coax the homeowner, he would offer money and a bouquet of flowers.

Later, he was approached by a location scout to use of his own house for the "Freaks and Geeks" television show. He ended up with \$1400 as he was a master negotiator due to his previous experience as a location scout.

Sometime after the Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society was established in 1975, Tom IV became a member of the Historical Society's Board of Directors, and eventually served as President of the Historical Society. For his community service, Tom was honored by the Santa Clarita City Council with a key to the city when he decided to leave for Ventura County to start a nursery business in April, 2003.

Tom has two sons, William and Tom Frew V. He is currently retired and living in Camarillo.

A Litany of Resolutions I'll Never Keep

by John Boston

I'm lucky I laugh a lot. Daily, thank you. A couple years back, a dear friend was lamenting the sorry state of his grown son. As of press time, the offending offspring hadn't made it out of Newhall to conquer the Steppes of Mongolia nor invented a workable anti-gravity device, let alone gotten out of bed.

"The guy just doesn't seem to have a single ounce of ambition in his body," my buddy opined.

Yup. These days, the 40s can be tough on a person.

"I'm not sure ambition is all it's cracked up to be," I told my best pal. "I've got more ambition than the Founding Fathers and look at me. Every day, I step up to the plate and ending up corkscrewing myself into the ground with yet another strike out."

We laughed and exchanged "Amens" and "Boy howdies."

The year 2019 is making heavy breathing noises outside my window. I've yet to make a single New Year's Resolution, which balances out at the end of my life. I've yet to keep one. Oh, I suppose I'll continue to stand resolute about staying away from those malignant midget cabbages some call Brussels Sprouts. Although, a dark part of me would like to take a 25-pound bag of these frozen vegetables the size and color of a the other political party's collective brain out to the desert along with a good one-wood, whack them toward some coyote den and scream: "FIRE IN THE HOLE!"

In restaurants, I'll still probably continue to slap cauliflower out of people's hands and off their forks, followed by the indignant accusation: "CAULIFLOWER? EATING CAULIFLOWER? REALLY? WHAT KIND OF SICK INDIVIDUAL ARE YOU!?!?!?"

What Kind Of Sick Individual Are You?

That's actually a good question, one rarely answered with openness and reflection. The few times it has been addressed to me, I shift my weight, tilt my head and coquettishly ask: "And what are the categories again?"

It's not that I'm giving up on galloping after the Holy Grail of self-improvement, far from it. I'm not built that way. But, I'm hard-pressed to think of a single New Year's Resolution these three-plus decades I've been strolling through this parenthesis of woe that I've ever kept.

Flossing?

Still do it, but not with anything approaching religious zeal. Still trying to lose the same 40 pounds from the 1980s. Or is it a *different* 40 pounds? Does body fat rejuvenate every seven years into new, fresh, body fat? I'm way past 22 and careening downhill toward Middle Age like a brakeless double semi on the Grapevine. I still can't two-hand reverse dunk.

What is up with that?

To my credit, many years ago I did learn to do the Mashed Potato. But that accomplishment is tarnished by the fact doing the Mashed Potato had never been any planet-saving goal, nor was "Do the Mashed Potato" ever on a New Year's Resolution list, so I don't think it counts.

I'm probably more judgmental than I've ever been. Which is actually a plus, because I noticed the country is suddenly bubbling over with judgmental souls such as myself, the only difference being some of them have smaller vocabularies. And 14-inch high foreheads. And drool cups.

Money? This is wrong, I know it is. But, I'm haunted by Bill Gates. At one point in my life, I was richer than William. Then, he passed me, right around the time I was on my 23rd marriage and Bill was just getting out of the 4th grade.

It's 2019. What do I so desperately desire? A nice, bouncy, rich, full, healthy, curly head of Rita Hayworth hair? The devil is in the details. If I were to work real hard on growing such a mane, would my neck be able to support the extra weight? Would the vestiges of Obamacare cover cream rinse? Would I waste perhaps too many hours, standing on a mountain vista, wind blowing my locks behind as Wagner's Ride of the Valkyrie blasts from the truck 8-track?

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William S. Hart's Dog Cemetery

by Margi Bertram

NATURAL
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LOS ANGELES COUNTY

Something that speaks to Bill's character, and charms many of our visitors, is his creation of a dog cemetery on his ranch. It reminds us how deeply he felt for his dogs, especially his bulldog Mack, who was originally buried in Santa Monica and was later reburied here on Hart's Newhall property.

Historically, many cultures buried animal remains. Ancient Egyptians are famous for their mummified cats, thought of as deities. Did you know about the Ashkelon dog cemetery in Israel? Discovered as recently as 1986, these dog burials date from the fifth to third centuries BC, and may contain thousands of dogs. Sometimes referred to as a zoological necropolis (!), there was an informal pet cemetery in London's Hyde Park between 1881 and 1903, complete with miniature headstones. Cimetiere des Chiens et Autres Animaux Domestiques (*Cemetery of Dogs and Other Domestic Animals*) in France is an elegant, more formal, burial site for a wide variety of pets ranging from horses to monkeys to lions and even fish. Dating from 1899, it contains many ornate sculptures, some as elaborate as you will find for humans. Large concrete dog kennels, glass domes containing tennis balls, long heartfelt epitaphs, flowers and gifts are left behind by loyal, grieving companions. Monuments include one to Barry, a Saint Bernard who died in 1814, having reportedly rescued 40 people trapped in snow on the Swiss Alps. Sadly, Barry lost his life while trying to rescue his 41st survivor in 1814 (note: this is just a memorial plaque – his stuffed body is displayed at the Swiss Natural History Museum). Who knew that this spot in France is the final resting place of Rin Tin Tin, the star of Hollywood films?

Back in America, the largest and oldest pet cemetery is in Hartsdale, New York, just 20 miles north of New York City. Dating back to 1896, it was founded by Samuel Johnson, a Manhattan veterinarian. He had a successful practice in the city, as well as a retreat in the country in the middle of an apple orchard. Johnson was a pioneer in the field of animal welfare and was

involved in the founding of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (ASPCA). Sound like anyone we know? Given the location and timing, this may have been a place that our friend, Bill Hart, may have known about.

By 1905, Dr. Johnson's orchard had gained enough notoriety to be written about in *The New York Times*. On September 3, under the headline "A Canine Cemetery of Three Acres in Which Scores of Pets are Interred – Hundreds of Dollars Spent on Graves by Their Sorrowing Owners," the article describes dogs being "laid away with deepest regret and strong affection." And although the idea started with the burial of dogs, and has the word "canine" in its name, it is open to cats and other animals. And maybe, in 1905, Bill would have read this article with interest.

Today, more than a hundred years later, Hartsdale Pet Cemetery is the final resting place for nearly 70,000 pets, and continues to be a place of comfort for the people who love them (including Diana Ross and Kate Smith, among others).

During World War I, as the public read press reports of acts of battlefield bravery and heroism by dogs that had been pressed into service, the country witnessed a growing fondness for animals. This may have been the reason that burial of all pets gained acceptance, and in the three years from 1914 to 1917, more pets were buried at Hartsdale than in the previous two decades! And when there was a movement by the public to create a monument to honor the 7,000 military canines who had served with distinction in the war, Hartsdale was honored to be chosen as the site for this memorial.

Hartsdale was listed on the National Register of Historic Places in 2012.

Our own dog cemetery here in Hart Park is not fancy, nor quirky. But I feel it characteristically reflects Bill Hart's simple, honest, and moving love for his dogs.

Photos are on page 5.

Dog Cemetery Photos



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

Weekend Docents

Cassie Croasmun	Annette Moulay
Shea Haddy	RuthAnne Murthy
Ginny Haddy	Alan Pollack
Anna Kroll	Anna Schindler
Barbara Martinelli	Gordon Uppman
Benn Miranda	

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

Those who open and close for the docents

Cathy Martin	RuthAnne Murthy
Barbara Martinelli	Alan Pollack

First Sunday Questers*

Becki Basham	Judy Holland
Nancy Cordova	Linda Likens
Lynn Grayson	Sue Yurosek
Roberta Harris	

Archiving

Sarah Brewer Thompson	Ann Stansell
-----------------------	--------------

Grounds

Sarah Brewer	Steve Martin
Tom Hough	Phil Scorza
Mike Jarel	Ann Stansell
Cathy Martin	Leon Worden

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

SCVHS Board Elections

The following members will take office as Board members at the meeting at the Saugus Train Station on January 28, 2019, as they ran without opposition:

Dianne Erskine-Hellrigel	Phil Scorza
Cathy Martin	Leon Worden
Barbara Martinelli	Sue Yurosek

Author Helen Hunt Jackson to Visit Rancho Camulos

by Maria Christopher

On January 26, 2019, at 1:00 PM and 3:00 PM, experience Helen Hunt Jackson's January 23, 1882, visit to Rancho Camulos, which inspired her to include this vestige of the Californio lifestyle as one of the settings for her novel *Ramona*. Re-enactors will engage and delight you as they portray this event which forever changed the peaceful life at Rancho Camulos.

By popular demand, this year's annual re-enactment has been expanded to 2 performances; a meet and greet reception with Helen Hunt Jackson and the Del Valle family will follow each one. The suggested donation for the re-enactment is \$10, and tickets can be purchased on line at www.ranchocamulos.org, or at the gate. For information, contact info@ranchocamulos.org or 805 521-1501

Imagine if you will the following article appearing in the local paper in January, 1882: Noted author, Helen Hunt Jackson, is visiting Southern California. Mrs. Jackson, of Denver, Colorado, is well known for her poetry and travel writings in such publications as *Century Magazine*. Her most recent book, *Century of Dishonor*, has raised some controversy. It details allegations of mistreatment of the Indians in what Jackson terms the government's "shameful record of broken treaties and unfulfilled promises".

Just who was Helen Hunt Jackson?

Helen Maria Fiske was born in Amherst, Massachusetts, in 1830, to strict parents. Her father, a professor at Amherst College, and her mother both died when she was a teenager. She attended Ipswich Female Seminary and the Abbott Institute in New York, along with her lifelong friend, poet Emily Dickenson. Helen's first marriage, in 1852 to US Army Corps of Engineers Lieutenant Edward B. Hunt, ended in his tragic death in 1863. She also suffered the loss of their two sons, one as an infant in 1854 of a brain disease, and the other at age nine in 1865 of diphtheria. Her grief led her to take up writing poetry, short stories, and travel essays. She was a prolific writer of the 1870s, publishing anonymously, also under the name HHH, and even under a male nom de plume.

In 1875 she met and married banker and railroad executive William S. Jackson of Colorado Springs, CO.



Her life changed dramatically in 1879 while visiting in Boston, when she attended a lecture by Chief Standing Bear, of the Ponca Indian tribe, who told of the mistreatment that his people in the mid-West had experienced because of Government agents and policy. She became what she herself had once described as one of the most onerous things in the world, "a woman with a cause". In 1881, she published "A Century of Dishonor" and sent a copy to every member of Congress, inscribed with a quote from Benjamin Franklin printed in red on the cover: "Look upon your hands; they are stained with the blood of your relations". Although the book was largely ignored, she decided to travel to Southern California to write a supplement focusing on the former Mission Indians.

During her first of two trips, she met Don Antonio Coronel and his wife, who encouraged her to visit various locations including Rancho Camulos, which was owned by the del Valle family.

Seemingly insignificant, Helen Hunt Jackson's visit would have an impact on the history of California and specifically on the Santa Clara River Valley. Her visit provided the foundation for her best known work, the 1884 novel *Ramona*, which she wrote to call attention to the mistreatment of Native Americans. It also resulted in the first tourism boom to California, and the popularization of a romantic view of early California culture.

Her visit there lasted only a few hours, but it made such an impression that it would become one of the settings for her 1884 novel, *Ramona*. In 1882 she was appointed as an Indian Affairs agent, which enabled her to pursue her investigation. Her research and travels further inspired her to write a romantic novel which she hoped, in the manner of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, would engage people to support the Indians' cause. She was right.

During a three-month period beginning in December, 1883, she completed *Ramona*. However, Helen Hunt Jackson did not live to see her enduring impact on Indians' rights and California tourism. She died of stomach cancer in San Francisco in August, 1885.

John Boston Article

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There's a price to pay, having great hair.

I doubt if I'll ever make the Top 51 Most Influential People in the SCV list.

"The guy got one vote," some insufferable newcomer Yuppie would whisper as I passed. "What kind of sorrowful life unlived is that?"

All these January Firsts. I've yet to make it to February with a squeaky clean colon. Still haven't mastered the piano. Or gotten that new \$75,000 truck with the driver's side lumbar massaging back support. Haven't given up practical jokes, Coca-cola, rolling my eyes A.C.P. (At Certain People). I've charted my weight gain since birth. At this current rate, I'll weigh nearly 18,000 pounds by the time I'm 97. Do you know how many calories it would take to maintain a healthy 9-ton weight? I'd have to live in a shallow lake to support myself.

No, I think I'm going after more realistic goals for 2019.

Like: Levitation, mind control (over other people), and maybe a new tan Bentley convertible.

Sigh. January 1, 2019.

There's always the toughest resolution nut: I could be more grateful.

I know from experience it makes my world go 'round.

Happy New Year's, friends.

Having penned more than 11,000 blogs, articles, columns, essays, editorials and various other genres, John Boston is the most prolific humorist in world history. He recently rejoined The Signal. His Mr. Santa Clarita Valley column appears Fridays on the op/ed page. His Time Ranger/SCV History tome runs in The Sunday Signal, way in the back.

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Seven Inches in Newhall

January 4, 1974





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Newhall- January 4, 1974
San Fernando Road (Now Main Street)
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