



The Heritage Junction Dispatch

A Publication of the Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society

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May - June 2022

Calendar

Due to ongoing construction, Heritage Junction is closed until further notice.

Wednesday, June 1

Deadline for the July - August Dispatch

Check www.scvhistory.org for other upcoming events when Heritage Junction reopens.

President's Message

by Alan Pollack



The tragic slaying of police officers represents a particularly dark side of Santa Clarita's history. The 52nd anniversary of the most infamous

Newhall Incident, in which four CHP officers were killed in a shootout with two ex-convicts, occurred just last month. Sadly, it was not the first time that officers in the valley had given their lives in the line of duty. Back in 1909, deputy constable Charles A. de Moranville was killed while attempting to arrest a man who had just waged a drunken tirade with a revolver in Nick Rivera's Saloon in Newhall.

"ARIZONA JACK" ALLEN

John W. "Arizona Jack" Allen, a mild-mannered 35-year-old man with a Southern accent,

hailed from Macon, Mississippi. Just before the turn of the century, he left Mississippi for Arizona, where he worked as a cowboy. Later he did some prospecting in California and finally ended up employed at the Evelyn & Kings Ranch in the Coahuila Valley.

Allen carried a 32-caliber revolver into the saloon on the night of January 4, 1909. He wore a dark suit and a brown fedora hat. In a news article the next day, the *Los Angeles Evening Express* described him as "being 40 to 45 years of age, height 5 feet, 5 or 6 inches, weight 140 to 150 pounds, light complexion, brown hair, smooth face, a dimple in each cheek. The index finger of his right hand is off close to the knuckle." The *Los Angeles Times* characterized Allen as "a typical ranchman of the western plains, little, drawn and wizened, with skin seemingly as tough as sole leather, and his eyes betokening more than the average intelligence."

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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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ALLEN KILLS DE MORANVILLE

De Moranville was summoned to the saloon after Allen recklessly brandished his revolver in a row with the saloonkeeper. While driving customers out of the place, he chased the bartender out the back door and headed back toward the Kellogg Ranch. De Moranville arrived on horseback after receiving a call from the bartender. After hearing some gunshots, he caught up with Allen several blocks away on the tracks of the Southern Pacific Railroad. De Moranville pointed his gun at Allen and ordered him to throw up his hands. Allen later claimed that de Moranville fired three shots at him without giving him a chance to give himself up. He responded by firing one shot, which hit de Moranville in the wrist, went up his coat sleeve through his armpit, penetrated the lung, and lodged in his heart, killing de Moranville instantly.

Allen then headed back to the Kellogg Ranch, where he told Kellogg about the shooting. The next morning, Kellogg drove to Newhall and informed Constable Ed Pardee that Allen was at his ranch. Sheriff William H. Hammel and Deputy Martin Aguirre immediately drove out to the ranch. The *Express* reported: "Armed with rifles and revolvers, the officers left Los Angeles early this morning for Newhall. They made the run up through the steep mountain pass in record time... Warned of the alleged desperate character of the man they seek to capture, Hammel and Aguirre went to Newhall prepared for a fight." In addition, officers in every county in Southern California were asked to look out for the outlaw.

THE CAPTURE OF ARIZONA JACK

Allen evaded the officers in the hills above Newhall all day, but his luck ran out that evening when they caught up to him at 7:15 pm at a barn on the Kellogg Ranch. Allen had worked for Charles Kellogg as a ranch hand; while at the ranch, he had raised a dog as a puppy. Upon arrival at the ranch, Hammel commandeered the dog and sent it into the barn several times, before it found its master under some sacks and barked. After hearing the officers' voices outside, Allen desperately crawled on his hands and knees out of the barn and ran toward some willows on a creek bank. Hammel caught a glimpse of him leaving the barn and gave chase, eventually driving Allen back to the Kellogg Ranch, where he was captured while walking through a field near a wagon.

He was brought to the county jail and charged with murder in the court of Justice Summerfield. He retained Fred H.

Thompson as his attorney. At his arraignment, Allen stated, "I was paid off [at the Evelyn & Kings Ranch] and decided to stop off at Newhall on my way back to the ranch. Had a number of friends in the town. I am a free spender when I have money and had a good time at Newhall with the boys."

In a prison interview, Allen claimed that he shot the deputy in self-defense in a pistol duel after mistaking the officer for a "highwayman". He said that he feared that the officer might have been part of a group of hoboes who had held him up and robbed him shortly after the incident at the saloon as he headed back toward the Kellogg Ranch. He showed two marks on his body purportedly made by bullets from the officer's gun to back up his claim. Said Allen, "I was glad to give myself up to the Sheriff. My only fear was that I would meet up with some of De Manville's [sic] friends and that they would not try very hard to take me alive. I knew the Sheriff would treat me right, and as soon as I was sure that it was the Sheriff in the next room, in the barn where I was in hiding, I walked out into the moonlight. As soon as the Sheriff yelled to me to throw up my hands, I did so. I told him I wouldn't resist."

While he refused to talk to reporters about the killing of de Moranville, Allen told the Sheriff and others at the jail, "Four or five men held me up Monday night. They cut my trousers pocket out and broke my watch in the struggle when they tried to rob me. I finally got away from them, and when I met this man they say was an officer, a little later, I thought that they were after me again. We exchanged shots, and when I saw him fall, I ran away." While Allen's trousers were indeed cut, and the ring of his watch was broken off, his story about the marks on his body was deemed suspicious. Officers examining the evidence could not explain how a bullet would have passed through his outer shirt and burned a spot on his back near the right shoulder without penetrating his undershirt. The purported bullet mark on his left hand was indistinguishable from numerous other callouses on his hands. The next day, Dr. F.C. Shurtleff came to the prison to determine the extent of the wounds Allen claimed to have sustained in a gun battle with de Moranville.

THE TRIAL OF ARIZONA JACK

Preliminary hearings for the trial of Arizona Jack Allen began on February 3, 1909. Asa Keyes, the deputy district attorney who would later question William Mulholland in the coroner's inquest following the St. Francis Dam disaster, was chosen as the prosecutor for this case. Preliminary

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witnesses included Frank I. Putka, a barkeeper at the Rivera Saloon in Newhall. He testified that Allen had been in his bar a few times on the day of the shooting and showed no predisposition towards violence. However, he further noted that three hours before the shooting, Allen had left his baggage at the saloon and never came back to pick it up. Rancher Joseph R. Moore of Newhall heard several shots fired around 7:00 pm. While hunting with his son ten days after the killing, he found Allen's broken watch fob under a barbed-wire fence near the railroad tracks about 200 feet from the shooting site. Moore's testimony supposedly supported Allen's story that his watch had been taken from his pocket shortly before meeting up with de Moranville. However, the prosecution would later use this as evidence that Allen lost the watch while trying to escape through the fence. Former employer Charles Kellogg stated: "Allen said he believed some men had tried to hold him up the night before and stated he fired one shot at them." Sheriff Hammel testified that Allen had told him about being held up and then opened fire on de Moranville when he drew a revolver on him. He further said: "Allen, in his statement to me, said 'they say I shot the constable. Why, that man was one of my best friends, and I would never hurt him intentionally.'"

The main trial for Allen was set for June 1, 1909, before Judge Davis. After picking a jury, testimony began the next day. Dr. George V. Campbell described an autopsy performed on the dead officer, which revealed a shot by a "32 caliber revolver in the right side under the armpit, the bullet passing around the fourth rib and through the lungs and was extracted at a point opposite that of the entrance." Joseph Moore repeated his testimony about finding the watch fob.

On June 3, 1909, the prosecution rested their case. They had shown that Allen had probably torn his coat pocket and lost his watch fob while trying to escape through a barbed wire fence after shooting de Moranville, negating the claim that a gang of hoboes had held him up.

The defense presented their case on June 4, 1909. Allen took to the witness stand to testify in his own defense. He stated: "I was walking up the railroad track going from Rivera's Saloon when I heard a voice from the rear in the darkness. Someone shouted, 'Hold on there. Throw up your hands!' I wheeled around and slipped on the rail and fell to my knees. The man fired, and the bullet struck a finger on my left hand.

He fired again, and by that time, I had my gun out and fired. The fellow dropped, and I suppose he had hidden in the bushes. I waited a minute for him to show again, and when he didn't, I went on. I never dreamed it was de Moranville I was shooting at. He was one of my best friends."

Closing arguments in the trial of "Arizona Jack" Allen were made on June 7, 1909. Asa Keyes spoke for the prosecution, after which Dudley Robinson and William Willis gave the defense argument.

Allen's trial ended in a hung jury on June 9. After deliberating for twenty-two hours, the jury of men deadlocked at seven for acquittal and five for conviction. Judge Davis set a retrial date for August 19, but a second trial never took place, as all charges were dropped, and Allen was set free on July 13, 1909.

Deputy Sheriff Charles de Moranville was 39 years old at the time of his death. He had worked for nearly two years as a deputy under Constable Ed Pardee. He was survived by his wife. After a funeral at Bresee Brothers Chapel, he was buried at Forest Lawn Cemetery.

Sources used for this article:

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Los Angeles Times, June 3, 1909, "Allen's Trial. Testimony is Begun"

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Los Angeles Evening Express, June 7, 1909, "Closing Arguments in Trial of 'Arizona Jack'"

Los Angeles Herald, June 9, 1909, "Jury in Allen Murder Case Unable to Agree"

Los Angeles Evening Express, June 10, 1909, "Retrial of 'Arizona Jack'"

Los Angeles Evening Post-Record, July 13, 1909, "Release Man Who Shot Officer"



VITAL RECORD } **BIRTHS.**
DEATHS.
MARRIAGES.
DIVORCE.

Deaths.

POLLARD. Louis Edward, beloved husband of Mary Belle Pollard, aged 52 years. Funeral 1:30 p.m. Thursday, from John H. Paul's chapel. Interment Forest Lawn.

WALDEN. Gottfrid L. Walden, aged 47, January 6, 1909. Accidental.

DE MORANVILLE. At Newhall. Jan. 5, 1909, Chas. A. De Moranville, aged 38 years. Funeral at Bresee Bros.' chapel, 855 S. Figueroa, this (Thursday) afternoon at 1:30. Interment Forest Lawn Cemetery.

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Paranormal Explorations at Rancho Camulos

by Maria Christopher

Join Ghost Hunter Marie Mason to explore Paranormal Investigation: Tools, Tactics, and Tales at the Rancho Camulos Museum May 22, at 1:30 PM. Ms. Mason is a Santa Clarita-based history enthusiast, drone pilot, gold mine owner, podcaster, author, and Rancho Camulos Museum volunteer. She will share her ghost hunting expertise and adventures, including those at Rancho Camulos and other areas such as Randsburg. The latter is the subject of her newly published book, *The Madame - Ghosts of Randsburg*,

Opinions differ as to whether ghosts exist, and if Rancho Camulos is haunted. The most famous ghost linked with Rancho Camulos is “the Billywack monster”. This monster was first reported in the mid-1940s. He is described as a ghoulish humanoid creature that was supposedly created in secret government labs in the basement of August Rubel’s Billiwack Dairy in Aliso Canyon near Santa Paula. Even today, he reportedly roams Highway 126 and the backroads of Ventura County. August Rubel was also the owner of Rancho Camulos. The local myth after his untimely death serving as an ambulance driver in World War II was that he had been a secret government agent engaged in clandestine research. However, there has never been any concrete documentation to support the existence of a secret lab at Billiwack or the secret life of August Rubel.

Nevertheless, we do have a long history of paranormal investigations (the term ghost hunters prefer to use today) at Rancho Camulos. Ghost hunters started visiting Rancho Camulos when this private property was first opened to the public after the historic buildings were severely damaged in the 1994 Northridge earthquake.

Archaeologist turned paranormal investigator Robert Wlodarski and his wife Anne were among the first ghost hunters invited to visit the nonprofit museum that was established to preserve and restore the historic buildings and grounds. Over the years, Wlodarski and many other investigators such as Richard Senate, Brian Clune, and even a group

who called themselves the “Paranormal Housewives” visited the grounds. Many of Wlodarski’s visits involved historical research, and several are shared on his Facebook page “Ghosts of Rancho Camulos”

Over the years, many strange experiences were reported; some even by people who were not seeking paranormal evidence. For example, a contractor working on the restoration of the 1920 del Valle Adobe snapped a photo that captured a young couple in 1920s vintage dress; they were thought to be Nachito del Valle and his bride. He was the last ranch manager in the del Valle era and was the son for whom that combination ranch manager’s office/residence adobe was built. Just a few months ago, a visitor to a book signing at the museum discovered an unexplained image when he snapped a picture while picnicking in the courtyard.

The investigators are always respectful of the property and its significance as a National Historic Landmark. The Home of Ramona is the only National Historic Landmark in Ventura County.

In the last few years, Marie Mason believes that she too has captured evidence of paranormal activity at Rancho Camulos. Join her on May 22 as she explains and shares her tools, tips, and intriguing tales. Her book will also be available for sale and signing. Bring a picnic, enjoy the intriguing presentation, and take a docent-led tour. The last scheduled tour will be 3:00 PM. The suggested donations for the event are \$5 for adults and \$3 for children.

The jury is divided as to whether ghosts really exist. If so, do they exist at Rancho Camulos? However, many visitors agree that there is a SPIRIT that permeates the grounds and historic buildings: A spirit of peace and tranquility. Come

discover for yourself the spirit of Rancho Camulos where the History, Myth, and Romance of Old California still linger. Rancho Camulos Museum is open for docent led tours most Sundays from 1:00 to 4:00 PM and is located on Highway 126, 10 miles west of the I-5. Visit Ranchocamulos.org for details.



When Lions Attack. And Attack. And Attack.

by John Boston

“An optimist is someone who gets treed by a lion but enjoys the view.”
— Walter Winchell

Friends of mine living up Acton way in the late 1970s would share stories about a noise as native to the upper reaches of the Santa Clarita as a crow’s plaintive caw.

The sound? The ambulance siren. Why? Paramedics were answering calls at the site of the most dangerous movie ever made. For all time.

The faux jungle film was called “Roar”, and it put Santa Clarita in the record books in a category that will probably never be bested. The producers who re-released it in 2015 had no shame in boasting about the injuries. From the official Filmways movie poster: “Actors being eaten”.

There’s a certain poetic justice. For *The Mighty Signal* newspaper, the injury list was manna from heaven. Publishers and editors may grimace, but the dark humor of journalism states: “If it bleeds, it leads.”

Cinematographer Jan de Bont had the dubious honor of collecting the most stitches — from one attack. De Bont was “nearly” scalped by a 600-pound male African lion, and it took 220 stitches to close his head wound.

Actress Tippi Hedren, who owned Africa U.S.A. in Acton, had been injured in the Hitchcock film, “The Birds.” In “Roar,” she broke a leg after being thrown by an elephant. Her then-husband and the movie’s producer/director, Noel Marshall, was nearly killed several times. Get this: Marshall had so many wounds, he contracted gangrene.

Hedren’s daughter from a previous marriage would later become a superstar actress. She was 14 at the time. You probably recognize her name: Melanie Griffith. Poor kid was nearly ripped to pieces and had to undergo facial reconstruction surgery. Doctors thought Melanie was going to lose an eye. The healers did a great job, judging by how the teen would become a beautiful Hollywood star.

Doron Kauper was the assistant director. Mr. Kauper was mistaken for lunch by a lion and had his throat ripped open, missing the jugular by an inch. Along with nearly having an ear and jaw torn off, Kauper nearly died.

“Roar” died at the box office. I think film critic Hubert Vigilla said it best: He called the production “dangerous, irresponsible, and a compelling idiotic home movie that happens when naïve, rich people get a bunch of wild animals together in a remote Los Angeles-area mansion.”

Roar reportedly cost \$17 million to make, grossing \$2 million.

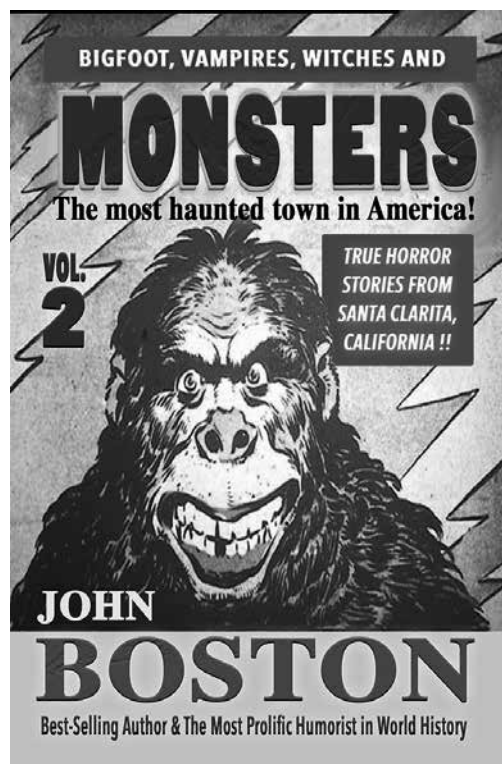
Oh. For the record? Tippi Hedren argued with the number of major injuries on the set, noting that it was closer to — are you sitting? — 100 than 70.

AN ORDINARY DAY IN THE LIFE OF A COP...

No matter what protesters chant. Whatever they pay cops, it ain’t enough.

In a place like Santa Clarita back in the late 1960s, life could be quiet. A loving wife might even kid her Sheriff’s deputy husband about how slow his day had been.

But then, there comes a day when you’re in the wrong place, at the wrong time and you will NEVER close your eyes again without seeing that sight both surreal and fatal.



The “Roar” set wasn’t the first-or-last time SCV newspaper headlines screamed about a human attacked by a quarter-ton African lion.

The great rains of 1969 were Old Testament in description. There was only one day — ONE DAY — here in February when the sun came out. Nonstop torrential torrents tore out roads and bridges, and stranded hundreds. The rains up in Soledad Canyon were so severe, they washed great sections of the fencing around Africa U.S.A., the exotic big animal compound in that no man’s land between Agua Dulce and Acton.

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John Boston Article

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The Signal reported the strangest sight: a groundskeeper walking a hippo and giraffe along the railroad tracks to higher ground. Three full-grown lions escaped and were prowling in a residential trailer park a half-mile down the canyon. Two were found wandering the mobile home estates and were shot. The third?

In a driving rain, a lone Sheriff's deputy was carefully searching for the last escaped predator. The big cat appeared from behind a trailer about 100 feet away and charged. A charging lion can cover 100 YARDS in less than 3 seconds. The deputy fired. The lion fell about 30 yards away, got up and charged again. The deputy fired again, fatally hitting the lion as it was flying through the air toward him. It SKIDDED, dead, right up to his feet.



How did he answer the question from his wife: "How did work go today, dear?"

By the way. Not counting the estimated 100 injured by African lions during the shooting of "Roar," there were a total of six — SIX!! — OTHER separate attacks by African lions in the 20th century in the SCV.

(This was an excerpt from Chapter 14, Volume 2 of the SCV History of Monsters; available at <http://johnbostonbooks.com/> in paperback and ebook.)

John Boston is the most prolific humorist/satirist in world history and one of America's top newspaper columnists. Visit his <http://johnbostonbooks.com/> to buy Volumes 1 & 2 of SCV Monsters, plus other Boston Books.

Melanie Griffith's a teen here, as she's getting groped by a lion. Besides her getting facial injuries requiring 50 stitches, a lion grabbed her hair and wouldn't let go. / Filmways

Organ Restoration

Society board member Guy Horanberg (seen below) recently completed his masterful restoration of the Carrie Jacobs-Bond organ, which has been placed inside the Ramona Chapel at Heritage Junction.

Jacobs-Bond, the most successful female composer of her time, is said to have used the 1880s organ when she composed "I Love You Truly" and "A Perfect Day." The organ found its way into the collection of Robert E. Callahan, who opened his Mission Village auto park in Los Angeles in the 1920s and later moved it up Sierra Highway, where it became Callahan's Old West Trading Post and Indian Village. After Callahan's death in 1986, his widow donated the organ and chapel, along with many other artifacts, to the Historical Society.

Evidence proves Jacobs-Bond and Callahan knew each other. An old photograph shows

the two of them sitting together inside the 1926 replica chapel, which Callahan said Bond designed. The chapel is vaguely reminiscent of the real chapel at Rancho Camulos, the "Home of Ramona."

For the nearly monthlong restoration, Guy enlisted the aid of a professional organ restorer and spent a full and informative day with wife Pat at the Musical Instrument Museum in Phoenix. Guy painstakingly restored the internal workings and replaced components that were beyond repair.

Now in working order, the organ is ready for someone to come along and play "I Love You Truly" when Heritage Junction reopens for weddings and events.

See photos, page 8.





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The Carrie Jacobs-Bond organ.
See article, page 7.

