An Ode to Vin Scully

“There will be a new day, and eventually a new year, and when the upcoming winter gives way to spring, ah, rest assured, once again, it will be time for Dodgers baseball! So this is Vin Scully wishing you a very pleasant good afternoon, wherever you may be.”

With those simple words, Vin Scully signed off on the last Dodger broadcast of his illustrious career on the afternoon of Oct 2, 2016. Millions of baseball fans across the country felt the loss of this iconic man, as an epic chapter in Los Angeles history came to a close. As I watched his final words, I was overcome with an emotion as if a death had just occurred in the family. I must admit, I spent the rest of the afternoon mourning the “loss” of Vin Scully.

But then I began to wonder why. Why had this man affected me so deeply? As we grow older, we witness more and more of the heroes and famous of our youthful years getting old, getting sick, and passing on. With most of these icons, we are momentarily sad, and then just as quickly they become a footnote in history. But not with Vin Scully. The loss of Vin Scully as a Dodger broadcaster goes deeper than his fame and renown. And I asked myself, why is that?

On further reflection, I believe that the loss of Vin Scully is a loss of a fundamental link to our rapidly receding childhood years. The long wait through a cold and dark winter. The joy of spring when the Dodgers finally came to life again, heading off to spring training in Vero.
President’s Message

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Beach. And then the glory days of summer, as they worked day in and day out, trying to bring another pennant and World Series championship to Los Angeles.

And through it all there was Vin Scully. His mellifluous voice resonating across a hot summer night. Vin Scully was more than just a sports broadcaster. He was a baseball poet, with a soothing cadence and rhythm to his voice as he called countless ball games and interposed his acumen as a storyteller and as a witness to the glory years of the Brooklyn Dodgers of the 1950s, and the years after 1958, when they moved to Los Angeles. He remained the only broadcaster who had actually met baseball players who had played as early as the 1930s. His memories of some of the greatest moments in baseball history witnessed throughout his 67 years on the job are irreplaceable.

Vin Scully has been the one constant throughout my entire life. As a seven year old child, I began listening to Scully calling Dodger baseball in the summer of 1965. There was my favorite player, Sandy Koufax, along with Don Drysdale, Maury Wills, Willie Davis, and Sweet Lou Johnson. That was the summer when neighborhoods in South Los Angeles became engulfed in flames during the Watts Riots. And it was the summer I began listening to the rock n’ roll music played on radio stations like Boss Radio 93 KHJ and KRLA. I was introduced on my transistor radio to The Rolling Stones, “Satisfaction”, Bob Dylan’s “Like a Rolling Stone”, the Beatles’ “Help”, Sonny and Cher’s “I Got You Babe”, and The Beach Boys’ “California Girls”. It was a magical summer for me. And I was one of those kids who slept with the transistor radio under my pillow, falling asleep to the reassuring voice of Vin Scully. That fall, all the kids took their radios to school to hear Scully call the Dodgers World Series victory over the Minnesota Twins.

The next year, Scully was there again in the broadcast booth as Koufax played in his last World Series, the Dodgers losing to the Baltimore Orioles. Koufax retired after that series, no longer able to pitch effectively with an arthritic elbow that had thrown a few too many blazing fastballs.

As the years since then have turned into decades and a new millennium, so many things have changed in this life, but until now, Vin Scully was always there.

Scully actually began his broadcasting career in Brooklyn in 1950, a protégé of the Dodgers’ legendary announcer Red Barber. Eventually taking over for Barber, he began his 67 year odyssey bearing witness to the Boys of Summer -- Jackie Robinson, Duke Snider, Pee Wee Reese, Gil Hodges, Roy Campanella, Carl Erskine, Don Newcombe, and many more. He was there to call the first World Series victory in Dodgers franchise history at Ebbets Field in 1955. The next year, he was there to announce the only perfect game in World Series history, spun by the Yankees’ Don Larsen against the Dodgers. It was to be the last World Series in Brooklyn.

After the Dodgers, along with Vin Scully as their broadcaster, moved to Los Angeles in 1958, Scully continued to be our voice as we witnessed history in the making.

He was there to call Sandy Koufax’s historic fourth no hitter and perfect game against the Cubs at Dodger Stadium on September 9, 1965: “Two and two to Harvey Kuenn, one strike away. Sandy into his windup, here’s the pitch: Swung on and missed, a perfect game! On the scoreboard in right field it is 9:46 p.m. in the City of the Angels, Los Angeles, California. And a crowd of twenty-nine thousand one-hundred thirty nine just sitting in to see the only pitcher in baseball history to hurl four no-hit, no-run games. He has done it four straight years, and now he caps it: On his fourth no-hitter he made it a perfect game.”

He was there in Atlanta when Hank Aaron broke Babe Ruth’s untouchable career home run record against the Dodgers’ pitcher Al Downing on April 8, 1974: “What a marvelous moment for baseball, what a marvelous moment for Atlanta and the state of Georgia, what a marvelous moment for the country and the world. A black man is getting a standing ovation in the Deep South for breaking a record of an all-time baseball idol. It is over, at 10 minutes after nine in Atlanta, Georgia, Henry Aaron has eclipsed the mark set by Babe Ruth.”

And he was there at the first game of the World Series in 1988 to call the greatest baseball moment I have ever witnessed in my lifetime: “High fly ball into right field, she i-i-i-is gone!! In a year that has been so improbable … the impossible has happened! And, now, the only question was, could he make it around the base paths unassisted?!

You know, I said it once before, a few days ago, that Kirk Gibson was not the Most Valuable Player; that the Most Valuable Player for the Dodgers was Tinkerbell. But, tonight, I think Tinkerbell backed off for Kirk Gibson. And, look at Eckersley—shocked to his toes! They are going wild at Dodger Stadium—no one wants to leave!”

And now he is gone. Vin Scully has been there throughout my entire life. At 88 years old, it was time to call it quits, to enjoy his final years with his family and friends. Godspeed Vin Scully, and enjoy a well-deserved retirement. Like George Bailey, you cannot begin to imagine what an impact you have had on my life and the lives of millions of baseball fans. Dodgers baseball will never be the same without you.
Funny, isn’t it, how we take so much for granted. We’re minutes away from food grown a half-planet away. Clothes from around the world fill the valley, and the latest miracles in medicine wait for us at Wal-Mart.

Life was both simpler and not as convenient for our Native American ancestors here in the Santa Clarita Valley.

Oaks used to number in the thousands throughout the valley. A family of four Tataviam would eat about 500 pounds of acorns a year from these splendid trees. (Small sidebar: an oak will not produce acorns until it is at least 50 years old.) One of the byproducts, however, of an acorn diet was constipation. The native Indians used to also consume *Rhamus Purshiana*, which grows in abundance in the hills around Santa Clarita and is sold over the counter today in homeopathy outlets. It was a natural and powerful laxative. (Mind you, I’m not remotely suggesting this the next time you’re on a hike on the local trails and feeling, ahem, ‘bottled up.’) Some other Tataviam medications were:

- **Eriodictyon Glutinosum**. We know it by its Spanish name of the Yerba Santa plant, which they used as a treatment for respiratory disorders.
- **Grindelia Robusta**, a gum-like plant used for both treating heart ailments and poison oak.
- **Yerba de la Vibora**, or *Caucalis microcarpa*, aka California Hedge Parsley, which was used to treat rattlesnake bites. Hopefully, effectively.
- **Golondrina**, or *Euphorbia Maculata*, was what you reached for in the Tataviam medicine chest to treat warts, cataracts and skin diseases. Careful! It’s slightly poisonous.
- There’s something called Chuchupate, a bitter root. Chew that and say good-bye to headaches, neuralgia and everybody’s enemy: flatulence.
- **Escholtzia**, aka the California poppy, was crushed and used to treat colic in infants. Increase the dosage and it was also a hallucinogenic.
- An oil extracted from *Chiloeicote* supposedly promoted hair growth.
- **Sulphur** was the aspirin of its day and used to treat a wide variety of maladies.

Speaking of things ancient, the Tataviam used to use a variety of local plants for salves and remedies. Balsam sage was used to help cure kidney problems and fever. Juniper berries were used for stomach, liver and blood treatments. Manzanita bark was used for treating constipation, and rather strangely, also for dysentery. The cochineal bug was crushed and used to create a bright red hue for face paint (some early settlers used it for decorating cakes!). Snakeweed, appropriately, was used for treating rattlesnake bites.

Heated asphaltum was applied to rheumatoid joints. The Indians also used red ants to treat the malady. An old log would be pounded and the early Americans would gather up the scurrying insects. They would be placed on an arthritis sufferer’s stomach and encouraged to bite. If you lived through the treatment, then the medicine man mixed up the soil surrounding the ant hole, mixed it with water and gave it to you to drink. Reports were the procedure was both painful and disgustingly distasteful, but effective.

Red ants were also used to treat dysentery or diarrhea (which, until the early 20th century, was one of the top five causes of death in America), where they were swallowed alive.

Likewise, lice were, ahem, “ranched” and cultivated into cold oral infusions as the Tataviams’ answer to a blood transfusion.

**Sauco**, or elderberry leaves, were prescribed for colds and fevers.

One of the more regular treatments the Tataviam espoused was the use of a temescal — a large oven-looking structure also known as a sweathouse. Both the healthy and the sick used it, sweating out whatever ailed them, then jumping into a nearby cold creek and then going back to the sweathouse.

There were about 30 known local herbs and plants the Tataviam used. Thanks to a Dr. Cephas R. Bard, we have at least a small record of their medicinal practice. Bard retired 1894 as president of the Southern California Medical Society and dedicated years compiling native pharmacopoeia and treatments.

“Stooped or bow-legged Indians were seldom seen,” wrote Bard. In quoting another expert on Indian life, Bard noted: “Catlin, the highest authority on the North American Indian states that he never saw an idiotic, lunatic, deformed,
John Boston Article

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rachitic, deaf or dumb Indian.” Best I know, Dr. Bard’s treatise is still in the Ventura County Library.

Local Indian historian O. L. “Pop” Morgan noted that back in the Indian days, the SCV was at the crossroads of several major trade routes. It was also considered a mecca where sick Native Americans came to be cured. Besides the variety of warm and/or sulphur springs in the area, the Santa Clarita was a Garden of Eden for a variety of rare plants and herbs. A certain concoction was banned from use by the local Tataviams and Chumash. It affected the nervous system and was the ancient precursor to the old “Mickey Finn.” Boiled into a tea and consumed, it made the patient/victim powerless against any sexual advances — by man or woman. If anyone was caught making the potion, they were banned from the tribe for life.

Besides physical ailments, our Tataviam treated the psychological. Which was a large list, considering they probably didn’t have any delineation between the real and dream world. For the Tataviam, signs of evil could come from a fox howling, a raven flying directly over your head, or seeing three owls together.

Girls coming into puberty were treated to a ceremony where they were placed in a pit, then covered in warm stones with aromatic herbs laid over the stones. They would stay in the pit for days. The women of the village would dance around them, singing women’s songs and no, it wasn’t Hellen Reddy’s “I Am Woman, Hear Me Roar.” The teenagers would then be removed from the pit, have their faces painted with red ochre, and then be led back to the village, where they were given a lecture by the chief on how to live well. Then, they were welcomed into the village as women.

The boys, upon entering manhood, would be given a hallucinogenic drink made of jimson, or, loco weed.

There were about 25 semi-permanent villages throughout the valley prior to 1800. Throughout these villages, there were two and only two clans: the Coyote and the Mountain Lion. Each village had its own clan leader or chief. The Mountain Lion was the top clan, and the chief came from that family. He was assisted by a member from the Coyotes. Mountain Lions and Coyotes could not marry within their own clan.

Most interestingly, the Tataviam had a myth of creation — an exegesis similar to evolution, Genesis and the New Testament. This story depicts a dark void out of which was formed the moon, stars and Earth, which was first made of only rock, followed by water. Then came plants, then animals, then man, who migrated from a central location all around the globe. The son of the father died, but before he did, he told his descendants that he would one day return to live with them.

How startling is that?

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(With some 10,000 essays and opinion pieces, SCV author John Boston is America’s most prolific humor writers. 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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Making a Good Impression
by Margi Bertram

While William S. Hart was busy constructing his home atop a hill in Newhall, Grauman's Chinese Theatre had its Grand Opening on May 18, 1927, instantly becoming an iconic Hollywood landmark.

The premiere that evening was Cecil B. DeMille's "The King of Kings," filmed in part at the Culver Studios. This studio was built in 1918 by Thomas Ince, William S. Hart's friend and first film producer, offering a few degrees of separation connection between this event and Bill Hart. The Temple of Jerusalem set used in the film was constructed on the studio's back lot. Later, it was redesigned as the "Great Wall" set that King Kong breaks through in the 1933 film of the same name. It was used again in David O. Selznick's "The Garden of Allah" (1936) and finally went out in a blaze of glory after it was made over with Civil War era building fronts and set on fire to create the burning of Atlanta munitions warehouses scenes in Selznick's "Gone with the Wind" (1939).

After he built a couple of other elegant movie theatres that met with great success, the Chinese Theatre was planned as Sid Grauman's personal dream theatre. When construction began in January, 1926, actress Norma Talmadge turned the first shovel of dirt at the groundbreaking. Later, actress Anna May Wong ceremonially drove the first rivet in the steel girders. The cost to build was $2,000,000, and it took eighteen months to complete. Items such as temple bells, pagodas, stone sculptures, and other artifacts were imported from China for use in the design. Forty-foot-high curved walls, copper-topped turrets, and ten-foot-tall lotus-shaped fountains surround the legendary courtyard.

Most of us have visited the forecourt of the Chinese Theatre at one time or another. We've stood in the footprints of Audrey Hepburn or Clark Gable, perhaps hoping some of their glamour will rub off on us. The story goes that the first footprint was that of Norma Talmadge, with some stories claiming it was an accident that then inspired Sid Grauman to begin this tradition. The first "official" imprint was made by Mary Pickford, as she and Douglas Fairbanks were co-owners of the theatre.

Did you know that it's not all footprints, handprints and signatures? Variations have included imprints of:

- Harold Lloyd's wire-frame glasses
- Joe E. Brown's big mouth
- Groucho Marx's cigar
- John Barrymore's face (reflecting his nickname "The Great Profile")
- Betty Grable's famous million-dollar legs
- John Wayne's fist
- Jimmy Durante's nose
- Mel Brooks wore a prosthetic sixth finger for his imprint
- Cowboy horses Tony, Champion and Trigger all left their hoof prints
- And of course, one of the earliest impressions was made by William S. Hart on November 28, 1927, which includes his guns. This would have happened about the time Hart was moving into the Mansion!

Best of all, did you know you don't have to go all the way to Hollywood to see imprints left by Bill Hart? We have our very own set of imprints in cement right here at the Hart Mansion! They are dated 1928, include Hart's name and his two guns, and can be found at the base of the flagpole outside the back door, as seen below.
On Sunday, November 6, from 12:00 PM to 4:00 PM, you can experience 19th century rancho life at Rancho Camulos National Historic Landmark during our annual Fall festival. The return of old favorites and new attractions will make this a unique opportunity with something for everybody, as you can see from this year’s highlights.

- You can preview our Tataviam Native American interpretive area and learn about the first people who lived here. This exciting project is the result of a new partnership between the Fernandino Tataviam and the Rancho Camulos Museum.
- You can interact with members of the del Vallé family of the 1800s and characters from the “Home of Ramona” in living history encounters. Come in costume if you choose, in order to enhance your experience of the historical reenactments.
- You can watch the controversial D.W. Griffith 1910 Mary Pickford “Ramona”, filmed at Camulos. It will be interpreted by film historians and Ramona experts, including Hugh Munro Neely, Dydia Delyser, and Phil Brigandi. They will share information about the latest discoveries of lost “Ramona” films.
- You can visit the “Paranormal Parlor” and learn from expert paranormal investigators such as Brian Clune, Bob Davis, and Rob Wlodarski about the spirits encountered at Camulos. They will share professional investigative techniques and display the equipment used.

- You can meet local author Evie Ybarra and learn about her just-published “Ghosts of Ventura County’s Heritage Valley”.
- You can see the new volunteer-designed and constructed carriage house for the Senora’s 1853 carriage. The restored carriage will be included in the exhibits. Blacksmith Dave Curci will demonstrate the art of blacksmithing.
- You can enjoy the music of Western State of Mind featuring John Bergstrom, as you relax on our shaded lawns and enjoy an afternoon in the country.
- You can savor craft beer from Wolf Creek Brewery, fine wine from Giessinger Winery, and traditional food that will be available for purchase.
- You can shop at the Museum Gift Shop and the Docent Handicraft and Vintage Boutique.
- You can enjoy tours of the 1852 adobe, and children’s (and fun-loving adults) hands-on rancho activities.
- You can step back in time where the history, myth, and romance of old California still linger.

The suggested donation for “Rancho Camulos Days” is $5.00 for adults, and children 12 and under are free. Details about the activities and additional information about the non-profit Rancho Camels Museum and the National Historic Landmark can be found at www.ranchocamulos.org. The museum is located on Highway 126, 10 miles west of the I-5 and one mile east of Piru.
Christmas Open House
by Cathy Martin

This year’s Christmas Open House will be Saturday, December 3, from 12:00 noon to 4:00 PM. Our schedule of events is:

12:00 noon: Flag raising ceremony
1:00 PM: Animal Blessing at the Ramona Chapel.
12:00 noon-4:00 PM: Ongoing activities inside the Saugus Train Station: Kids’ crafts, letters to Santa Claus, cookies and coffee. The museum and gift shop will be open for tours and Christmas gift purchases. Membership renewals or gift a friend a SCVHS membership for Christmas. All of the Historic homes on our grounds will be open for docent guided tours. Remember, this is your chance to see inside the houses and ask questions about the history of the houses.

12:00 noon to 4:00 PM: The steam locomotive will be open for Christmas card photo opportunities.

Newhall Ranch House will be Santa Claus’ headquarters. He’ll be ready to hear your Christmas wishes from 1:00-3:00 PM.

As always, this event is free of charge. It is designed so families (pets included) can spend a day together, relax and enjoy the Christmas spirit.

Ralphs Community Contribution Program
by Cathy Martin

Ralphs has been donating to the SCV Historical Society through your club card purchases for the last year. It’s time to register again. When you register your club card and choose the SCV Historical Society, Ralphs will make a donation to us every time you shop! They do not charge you; they just donate a percentage of your purchase to us.

For those of you that are computer savvy, do this: Go to Ralphs.com, click on Community, then Ralphs Community Contribution Program, then on Enroll Now and follow the appropriate steps shown. Our NPO (non-profit organization) number is 92017.

No computer? Please call 800 443-4438 and give them our non-profit number 92017. Don’t forget to have your club card handy or the phone number you use to get your discounts at check out.

I hope all of you register your cards very soon to help us make some much-needed improvements to Heritage Junction.

Pop-Up Bridal Show
by Cathy Martin

Those of you who follow our Facebook page may have seen a post about Heritage Junction’s being the site for a Pop-Up Bridal Show.

This is a little recap of the show. We had about 20 vendors, from photographers to restaurants to travel agents. There was even a Harpist playing music in the garden! Our goal was to bring attention to our site for small eclectic weddings or private parties. For most of the guests attending, this was their first time visiting Heritage Junction. They all fell in love with the Ramona Chapel and Quester Court.

Our goal is to have weddings at the Ramona Chapel, and this was a first step in making that happen.
Santa Clarita Valley had an unusual visitor on September 28: Santa Fe steam locomotive #3751 is west of Via Princessa Station, returning over Metrolink tracks from Vincent Grade-Acton station to its home in Los Angeles. The locomotive had been on display during ceremonies marking completion of new tracks and facilities at Vincent Grade-Acton.