



The Heritage Junction Dispatch

A Publication of the Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society

Volume 44, Issue 6

November-December 2018

Calendar

Monday, November 26

Board of Directors Meeting
6:30 PM Saugus Station

Saturday, December 1

Christmas Open House
Noon-4:00 PM Saugus Station
See page 7

Monday, December 3

Deadline for the January-February
Dispatch

Monday, December 24

Board of Directors Meeting
6:30 PM Saugus Station

Check www.scvhistory.org for other upcoming events.

President's Message

by Alan Pollack



They were the blacksmithing family of Newhall. Phil Scorza, Cathy Martin, Dianne Erskine-Hellrigel, and I recently had the pleasure of interviewing Tom Frew IV about the

history of his illustrious clan. Tom was a third-generation blacksmith, whose familial ancestors arrived in Newhall at the turn of the twentieth century.

THE FREW FAMILY HISTORY

On ancestry.com, the Frew family history can be traced as far back as 1735 on the paternal side, with the birth of James Frew on August 24, 1735, in Bathgate Castle, Bathgate (Westlothian), Scotland. James Frew had a grandson John Frew, born in 1781 in Parish of

Connor, Ballymena, Antrim, Northern Ireland. John Frew was a Sergeant in His Majesty's fifty-second regiment and may have served with distinction in helping to defeat Napoleon in the Battle of Waterloo in present-day Belgium in 1815. He married Marjory "Mae" Naughten in Diocese of Cork and Ross, County Cork, Ireland in 1823. Marjory, born in Inverness, Scotland in 1794, has a family history that can be traced back on the maternal side to James Clunas, born in 1685 in Parish of Dyke, Moreshore, Scotland. Her parents were Thomas Naughten and Elspat Clunas, the granddaughter of James Clunas.

Sergeant John Frew and Marjory Naughten had at least four children, one of whom was Thomas McNaughten Frew I. Tom Frew I was born in Liverpool, Lancashire, England on December 27, 1828. He was the second oldest of his siblings John, David, and Sarah. Sgt. John Frew died in Belfast, Northern

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

To arrange for filming at Heritage Junction, contact Cathy Martin at 661 645-0107

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President's Message

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Ireland in 1832. By 1833, the Frew family had moved to Inverness, Scotland. Tom Frew I eventually married Christina Rose in Avoch, Ross & Cromarty, Scotland on June 30, 1854. They went on to have eight children, the third of whom, Thomas McNaughton Frew II was born October 6, 1858, in Dingwall, Ross and Cromarty, Scotland. Other than his being a sheriff officer and auctioneer, little else is known about the life of Tom Frew I. He never had the opportunity to visit America and died in Dingwall on February 17, 1900.

THOMAS M. FREW, II

Tom Frew II would become the first of the Frew clan to move to America. He grew up in Dingwall along with his siblings and parents. Dingwall is a small market town in Northern Scotland with a current population of just over 5,000 people. It was founded as a royal burgh in 1226 by King Alexander II, and was the site of the 1411 Battle of Dingwall between the Scottish clans MacKay and Donald. For unknown reasons, after learning the blacksmithing trade, Frew II decided at the age of 27 to leave Scotland and emigrate to America in 1886. He arrived in the Port of New York on February 23rd. He had crossed the ocean with his brother William Rose Frew from Liverpool, England, and Queenstown, Ireland on the Cunard Line ship "Servia".

After arriving in New York, Frew II settled in Waushara, Wisconsin, where he met and married Evangeline Mary Lilly on December 20, 1890. The cold weather in Wisconsin and promise of land available for homesteading caused them to move to Montana, where they were disappointed to find the weather just as cold. By the next year they had moved to Sacramento and then to Lancaster, California, where Frew II again took up the blacksmith trade. He first started out traveling around the Antelope Valley to sharpen tools and shoe horses. His brother William Rose accompanied him to Lancaster and worked as a photographer. Evangeline eventually gave birth to eleven children between 1891 and 1910, the third of whom was Thomas McNaughton Frew III.

By 1900, the Frew family grew tired of the Lancaster heat and wind and decided to move to a cooler climate in Long Beach. They drove out of Lancaster through Bouquet Canyon and stopped in the town of Newhall to buy some food items at the general store. When their children entered the store, the proprietor, James Gulley, recognized their father waiting

outside and asked them to have their father come in to talk. The Newhall town blacksmith had recently died, and they were desperately in need of a new blacksmith. Knowing of Frew's blacksmith profession, Gulley persuaded Frew to remain in Newhall, offering him a blacksmith shop on 715 Spruce Street for \$400, with a home next door included in the price. The Frews never made it to Long Beach.

Tom II purchased a 23-acre parcel of land next to what would become William S. Hart's future property in Newhall, and built a house in 1913 where the Frew family took up residence. There were eight children living in the house, including Tom Frew III. The parents and girls slept in the two indoor bedrooms of the house. The boys had to sleep on a sleeping porch, and bathed in a bath located outside the house. Tom Frew II made his boys haul water up to the top of the Hart property to water trees to "keep them out of trouble". Within one year of moving into the house, six of the children got married and moved out of the house. The Frew's owned acreage adjacent to the house that is now the location of the Historical Society's Heritage Junction buildings. On this land they kept a small number of dairy cattle and barnyard animals.

THOMAS M. FREW III

Born on Jan 31, 1895 in Lancaster, Tom Frew III grew up in Newhall, went to Newhall Elementary School, and when old enough, helped his father in the blacksmith shop. He married Clara "Patsy" Grace Hofer of Kansas in August, 1927.

In 1928, Tom III was camped in the area below the St Francis Dam on March 12 while going dove hunting and decided to leave just before the dam broke that evening. He helped out in the aftermath of the disaster by making grappling hooks to pick up deceased bodies.

Tom Frew III hated being a blacksmith, so much so that he volunteered for the army during World War I to escape from shoeing horses. Ironically, he ended up at Fort Sill in Oklahoma where he was assigned to shoe horses anyway. After the war ended, Tom III returned to Newhall where an ailing Tom II asked him to help run the blacksmith shop. Although he hated the work, Tom III was the only sibling willing to do it. When Tom Frew II died in Newhall on June 21, 1934, Tom III was forced to take over ownership of the shop. Tom II is buried at Forest Lawn cemetery in Glendale.

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Newhall Nights of Mercs & Sunglasses

by John Boston

“And go get yourself some cheap dark glasses...”

— *profound lyrics from Z.Z.Top*

One of life's profound vanities for me is sunglasses. I seemed to have misplaced another pair — a retro 1950s Cary Grant movie-star set of horn-rimmed Ray Bans trimmed in gold. It was the second pair of Ray Bans I've misplaced in the last year. Prior to that, I lost a ridiculously expensive set of Oakley Factory Pilots that I had managed to hang on to for eons.

My alleged best pal and Madison Avenue advertising mucky muck Phil Lanier used to manage the Oakley account. Bless that man's heart, Phil would show up from time to time with a large box filled with designer shades hot off the assembly line. I still remember those magic words the first time Phil arrived on my doorstep with the eyewear booty: “Take whatever you like,” said Phil.

At first, I thought Phil meant I could have my pick of one (1) from the box of several hundred. No. I could have as many as I wanted out of maybe 300 pair, each costing a few hundred bucks.

“Well then,” I said, lips pursed in a suppressed smirk and eyebrows nearly touching the ceiling. With pomp and ceremony, I gingerly picked up the entire box and moved it over to another table, signifying official transfer of ownership.

“NO,” chided Lanier. “You can't have ALL of them. That would mean that some children in a ghetto in Brazil or somewhere would have to go through life without sunglasses.”

What can I say? That wasn't, nor would it be today, a problem with me.

Anyway, chagrined, I walked over to the box and brought back a single case and handed it to my bud. After a few minutes of the Laurel and Hardy performance art that was our life's relationship, I ended up with a dozen of the coolest shades on the planet and a mantra to ogling hipsters on the street: “These are prototypes. They can't be purchased

anywhere. No one, not even James Jannard Himself, Oakley Factory Pilot founder, can, by law, wear them.”

But that was many years ago. No longer do I drag David Lee Roth through Beverly Hills, wrapped around my ankle and sobbing for my fire engine red, completely cool, UV-rated shades. Today, I am a fallen man. I have to shuffle along at the mall with the unwashed masses and pay retail. Or, as the sunglass shop owners snicker behind our backs: “Obscene Retail.” It's like being some fetid drug addict. Once you've worn \$350 sunglasses, you are hooked.

Many years ago, I was shopping for a new washer and dryer. My friend, Becker, who has no first or last name, happened to own a string of appliance stores. Becker said he'd be more than happy to sell me a spiffy cleaning duo for quadruple retail. However, Becker pointed out he had a friend who was moving and was getting rid of an essentially brand new washer and dryer combo for just a hundred bucks. For the pair.

Let me spell it out for you. I could have purchased TWO washers and TWO dryers for less money than I've spent on a pair of sunglasses.

In the 1970s, in absentia, I purchased a lowered 1956 green Mercury convertible with leopard skin interior. Once, Phil and I briefly owned a college satire magazine. Lanier and I shared a joint checking account.

One Saturday morn, before 8:00, I woke to the unpleasant sight of my best friend, sitting on the edge of my bed, grinning.

“We bought a car,” Phil said, beaming.

“Do we like the car?” I asked. On its own, my head crawled back under a pillow.

“Yes,” Phil said. “We do.”

“How much did the car cost that we bought that we both like that I haven't seen yet?” My muffled voice asked from a warm, safe place.

“It cost \$125,” Phil said. “Even better, it runs, runs great.”

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Ramona Day at Rancho Camulos

By Maria Christopher

Dolores Del Rio's 1928 movie *Ramona* will highlight a day of Ramona-themed activities at the Rancho Camulos Museum on November 10. This full length silent film, once considered lost but now recovered and restored, is one of four American-made *Ramona* films based on Helen Hunt Jackson's 1884 novel of the same name.

The *Ramona* connection is one of the reasons Rancho Camulos became a National Historic Landmark in 2000. It is still the only National Historic Landmark in Ventura County.

Preceding the 3:00 PM screening, internationally recognized film historian Hugh Monro Neely will share the amazing history and backstory of this Edwin Carew-directed epic. Earlier in the day Mr. Neely will also do a presentation on

the DW Griffith 1910 *Ramona* starring Mary Pickford that was filmed on location at Rancho Camulos and is regularly shown as part of their docent-led tours.

On November 10, visitors to Rancho Camulos Museum can also take docent-led tours of the historic buildings, visit exhibits such as the new Tataviam interpretive area, see the 1910 movie, and engage with living-history characters.

Step back in time at Rancho Camulos . . . where the history, myth, and romance of old California still linger. See the *Ramona* Day schedule and details at ranchocamulos.org, and learn more about Rancho Camulos, *Ramona*, and the *Ramona* films at SCVhistory.com.



1928 *Ramona* Poster



1928 *Ramona* Screenshot

Hart's Scrimshaw Cribbage Board

by Margi Bertram



On display in the Hart Museum's Guest Wing sitting room, there is a cribbage board owned by William S. Hart. As with many of the collectibles in the house, we don't know any specifics of how Hart came to have this piece.

It's an example of an art form called scrimshaw, which is whalebone, ivory, shells or other materials that have carved and sometimes colored designs. This handiwork was developed by sailors during the days of the commercial whaling industry in the United States.

It developed as a leisure activity during lulls in the season or at night after chores were done. It was originally done using knives, or the needles used to sew canvas. Sometimes, a pigment made from soot would be applied to the engraving to highlight the designs.

However, in this article I want to go in a different direction, using this cribbage board as an inspiration. What is cribbage, and how do you play it?

What other games might have been popular during the time William S. Hart lived here in Newhall? And, is there a connection between the games we play and the society of the time?

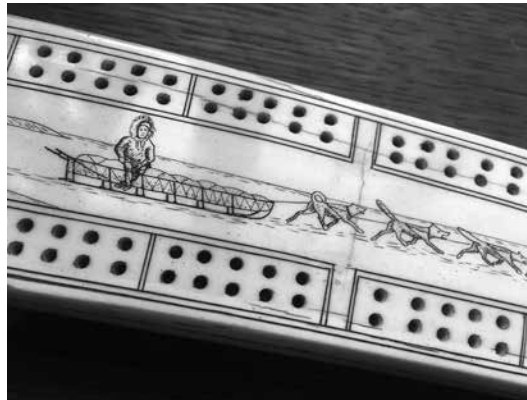
Cribbage, or crib, dates back to the 1600s, and was invented by Sir John Suckling. It is a card game where you receive points for playing and grouping cards in different combinations. There are several distinctive elements of cribbage: The special board for scorekeeping, the crib (a separate hand counting for the dealer), two scoring stages (the play and the show), as well as a unique scoring system. Some have named it "Britain's national card game."

We also know that there are decks of cards in the collection, including one with a custom monogram, so we can be pretty certain that Hart played cards. And then there is the gaming table in the Ranch House. So, do you think William S. Hart played cribbage?

But what were some of the other games played during the 1920s, 1930s and 1940s?

During the 20s, the "roaring" economy and innovation meant more leisure time for the working and middle classes. We were given a license to have fun again, following the shortages

of WWI. When people weren't watching movies or listening to the radio, families might be playing board games. An early version of what we know as *Monopoly* was patented in 1923. Interestingly, its message started out as a way of pushing back against the capitalism of the early 20th century. Ironically, later it became a game whose aim is driving your opponents into bankruptcy! In 1924 Mahjong was imported from Asia where it had been popular in European clubs, and became the rage in America. Some wealthy fans create entire rooms in their homes redone in Chinese décor, and then dressed in Chinese satin robes to play the game.



With the Depression, people didn't go to movies as often, so families were staying home and being frugal. Board games became even more popular, as they could be played again and again after just one purchase, and were often handed down to save money. *Monopoly* was released on a large scale by Parker Brothers in 1935. By the early 30s, roughly 45% of American households owned an automobile, so we began to see board games with motoring themes!

In the early 1940s, rationing limited the use of rubber and metal, but games were still produced using alternative materials, often paper and wood. Many were designed to reinforce a sense of patriotism in kids. Battle board games were popular, sometimes based on actual events. There was a game called *Bombs Away*, which was a cork board with a map of Europe that was placed on the floor. One stood over it looking through a bomb sight and aimed at cities on the map. When the button was pressed, it release standard darts. You got points for hitting the targets. Of course, today the game would be banned because of the chance of bombing your feet instead of the map!

The game of *Clue* was first designed by an Englishman to recreate old-fashioned murder-mystery parlor games he had observed while working as a hired pianist in English country estates. Originally titled *Murder!*, it was a way to pass the long nights indoors during air-raid blackouts. It was patented in 1947, but due to post-war shortages it was not released until 1949.

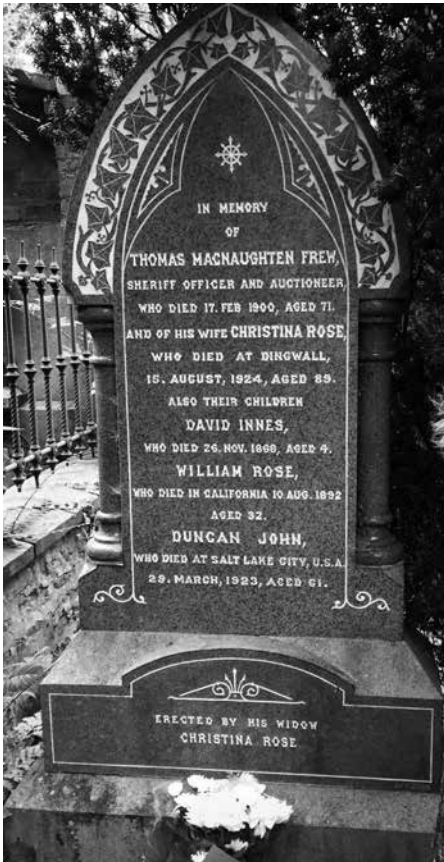
Clearly, toys and games have always reflected the society in which they are created and enjoyed. What will anthropologists say when they look back at the games we are playing today?

President's Message

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During World War II, Tom III did a lot of work for the Bermite Powder Co., which manufactured explosives, flares, and small munitions in Saugus. According to Tom Frew IV, Tom III worked long hours, and the only fun he got out of life was going hunting. Newhall Land and Farming Company made him a game warden and allowed him to hunt on their properties. He also belonged to the Masonic Lodge. Every year, he and his wife Clara would visit his in-laws in Colorado. When in Los Angeles, they enjoyed dining at restaurants like Lawry's. His community activities included stints on the Boards of the Newhall School district and William S. Hart Union High School District. He was also a member of the American Legion Board that supervised construction of the American Theatre, the first movie theater in the Santa Clarita Valley. Silent movie star William S. Hart provided the financing to build the theatre. Being a next-door neighbor to Hart, Tom III was invited to the Hart Mansion many times to visit with the actor.

The history of the Frew family will conclude in the next issue of the *Dispatch*.



Frew Family Grave

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*

Cathy Altuvilla	Cynthia Harris
Linda Comella	Kate Waterson
Ann and Fritz Grayson	Judy Wood

Archiving

Sarah Brewer Thompson	Ann Stansell
Ariel Ludwig	

Grounds

Mike Jarel	Steve Martin
Howard Kwasman	Leon Worden
Cathy Martin	

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

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John Boston Article

Continued from page 3

Now that's friendship, when your pal can drain your joint business checking account to purchase a 1956 orange and black Mercury low rider with faux leopard skin interior. But the point of this is the convertible Merc cost \$125 — less actually, \$67.50 for my half.

I've actually bought several cars for less than \$300. (Lanier also picked up a non-running 1934 Dodge panel truck in the Merc acquisition. We sort of forgot to pick it up at Tim Behan's dad's house and, good to his word, Tim's dad towed it with his tractor where to this day it still averts dangerous flash flood waters menacing the homestead.)

I so wish we had that Mercury today. When it ran, it ran great and you could fit an entire giddy high school pep squad in it. The darn car broke down in front of Les Peter's house on Cross Street. Big Les kept threatening to dump 1,500 pounds of horse manure in the unprotected convertible and turn it into a rose planter. Good soul and roustabout in his youth he was, Big Les never made good on his promise.

Sigh. That Merc would probably be worth 20 grand today, at least. In some insane math universe, that means my Oakley sunglasses today would be worth \$40,000. And remember. That's for one set. I had a dozen-plus pair.

I know I'm a Republican, but there are days when I longingly glance toward Obama and His New Socialism. Complete hepcat daddy designer sunglasses. In Utopia, aren't they the next logical step in the things that should be provided — for free — by God and the even mightier federal government?

And, to skip merrily along the same logical path: When sunglasses are outlawed, only dogs will have sunglasses...

Having penned more than 11,000 columns, blogs, essays, books, stories and features, John Boston is the most prolific humorist in world history. He has 119 major writing awards, including The Will Rogers Lifetime Achievement. Starting in August, he has returned to write The Time Ranger/SCV History column in Sunday's Signal and Mr. SCV in Friday's. He is currently working on the sequel to his bestselling novel, "Naked Came the Sasquatch." Visit Amazon.com and look up his latest novel, "The Melancholy Samurai." Better? Buy it.

Did Someone say the "C" word?

by Cathy Martin

Yes, it's that time of year again. Planning for the 2018 "Christmas" Open House is now well under way. It seems to come around faster every year. Why, I don't know. It just happens!

First off, I would like to thank my team of volunteers from last year again. Without this group of dedicated volunteers nothing would have happened. You are all truly priceless one and all: Laurie Cotten, David Spinella, Barbara Martinelli, Anna Shinler, David Veal (our music man), Harold Hicks (Saint Nic), Amanda Surette, Anna Kroll, Quester groups Canyon and Heritage Reflections, Father Craig from OLPH, and Vanessa Vanderslade from Copper Hill Animal Clinic. A special thanks to Starbucks for supplying the hot coffee and to Laurie for baking all of those delicious cookies.

Save the date for this year: Saturday, December 1, 2018

Time: Noon to 4:00 PM

Animal Blessing: 1:00 PM at the Ramona Chapel; pets must be on a leash or in a carrier.

Santa Claus: 1:00-4:00 PM

Crafts: Ongoing, or until we run out

If you would like to be a part of this fun event, give me a call. We need help with guiding tours of the grounds and houses, handing out Animal-Blessing certificates, monitors for the craft tables, train and train yard monitors, and dessert and coffee-bar host. If you have a knack for hanging lights on houses, I could sure use your help! (I have crippling a fear of heights.) Also, you don't have to volunteer for the entire event. If you can only help out for a few hours, that's OK, there is always something to do. You can call me at 661 645-0107 and let me know what you would like to do.

Remember folks, even if you don't want to volunteer, we would still love to see you and share in the holiday spirit. Our event is always free, and it's a fun way to spend the day with family and friends.



The Heritage Junction Dispatch
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Tom Frew I with Grandchildren
in Dingwall;
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