



The Heritage Junction Dispatch

A Publication of the Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society

Volume 43, Issue 5

September - October 2017

Calendar

Monday, September 25

Board of Directors Meeting
6:30 PM Saugus Station

Monday, October 2

Deadline for the November-December *Dispatch*

Monday, October 23

Board of Directors Meeting
6:30 PM Saugus Station

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

Friday, October 27: An evening with Almeda Bradshaw. \$20 for SCVHS members

Check www.scvhistory.org for other upcoming events.

President's Message

by Alan Pollack



He may not have been Newhall's first judge, but he was certainly one of the earliest in the town's illustrious history. Judge John F. Powell, as a young man, was credited

with working with famed explorer Dr. David Livingston to free 700 slaves in Africa. He eventually settled in the Antelope Valley, where on May 8, 1875, he was appointed judge of the newly formed Soledad Judicial District. Shortly thereafter, he made his way to Newhall. The district had been formed to bring law and justice to the wild west of the Santa Clarita Valley and surrounding areas at that time. In fact, outlaw Tiburcio

Vasquez had hidden out in the wilds of this valley in the middle years of the 1870s just before he was captured in present day West Hollywood and sent to San Jose to be hung in 1875.

POWELL'S MILITARY CAREER

At the time of his appointment as Judge, Powell was a 35-year-old veteran of both the Army and Navy. He had been born in 1839 in Galway, Ireland, and 15 months later immigrated with his family to America, ending up in Charlestown, Massachusetts. As a navy lieutenant at age 19, he was sent to Africa to help suppress the slave trade. It was here that he met and worked with Dr. Livingston. Powell later joined the Army and fought in the Civil War. During his time as an Army officer, he participated in seven

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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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battles as leader of the 5th Massachusetts infantry, and later served as commander of Goat Island in San Francisco Bay. He was honorably discharged from the Army in 1869.

POWELL BECOMES A JUDGE

After the War and his Army service, Powell remained in California but migrated south to the Antelope Valley, where he took up sheep ranching with his brother. After being appointed Judge in 1875, he gave up his ranching endeavor, and eventually moved to Newhall in 1878, just as the town moved from its original location in what is now Saugus to its present locale. Newhall, at the time, was desperate to bring some law and order to a wild territory. They gratefully gave Powell two prime lots on Main Street (now Railroad Avenue), where he settled in a home he might have brought down from the sheep ranch. Local historians originally called Powell the first judge of the Santa Clarita Valley, but a closer look at historical Court documents reveal that the Justice Court of the Soledad Township was created in October, 1873, with J.H. Turner presiding as Justice of the Peace after receiving all of 3 votes in an uncontested election.

POWELL GETS MARRIED

Joseph Leighton, a constable who worked with Powell in the early years of Newhall, also ran a popular local saloon, The Derrick, on 8th Street. There he employed two sisters, Dora and Flora May Lake, who had migrated to California from New York. Dora would end up marrying Powell. Mrs. Powell and the Judge had three children, Florence, Francis and Alfred. Her sister Flora married Pennsylvania oil driller Alex Mentry, who drilled the first commercially successful oil well in California in 1876. The wells drilled by Mentry and others in Pico Canyon would eventually become part of Standard Oil of California.

POWELL'S FIRST COURT CASE

Powell is said to have never set foot in a real courtroom, nor did he ever have a verdict overturned by a higher court. On occasion, he used his Main Street home as a courtroom. Later after moving to his second home at Chestnut and Market Streets, he opened an office at the back of the property, where he held court. The first trial presided over by Powell was in 1875, when Andrew



John Powell

Kaczinski, the manager at Lyons Station (and later the proprietor at Andrew's Station), sued station owner Sanford Lyon's brother-in-law Sam Harper for damage done to his barley crop by Harper's cows. He asked for \$10 in damages. The trial was held under a cottonwood tree, and was said to have drawn a large crowd, many of whom had to scatter away when a large hive of bees located in the tree became restless. Powell was of the opinion that the two neighbors should have been able to settle their differences without going to the law. He sent out a message to the community by fining Harper \$140 in court fees. Later on, Powell was able to settle many cases

out of court. In 1920, he slapped a \$50 fine on famous movie actor Tom Mix for driving recklessly through the streets of Newhall.

Sometime in the late 1800s, Powell gave up his Judiciary appointment in Newhall, and moved close to the Nevada border to run a store. He apparently stayed away from the Court for about twenty years, when he was persuaded to return to Newhall as a Judge in 1900. He continued in the position until retiring for health reasons on January 1, 1923. He died in his home on December 29, 1925, shortly after his 86th birthday.

Indians – I; The Shame Police - 0

by John Boston

Every few years, I breathe a big, huge Western sigh of relief. For another day at least, sanity earns a reprieve. Big Brother gets driven from the castle walls and is sent skulking off to the underworld to plot another battle.

At the turn of the 21st century, the state Assembly voted 35-29 to kill a measure that would force California schools to remove the word, "Indians" or anything Indian-related from being a public campus mascot. In my heart, a thousand flowers bloomed.

You see, I am a Mighty Indian. Is there a drop of Amerindian blood pounding through my miles of arteries, veins or capillaries? I've been told there's a shot glass of Iroquois. I'm essentially one of those allegedly evil white European rotters the politically correct have targeted these past few years. I'm part Cossack. That's like a Polish Indian.

Like thousands, I'm a humble albeit Mighty Hart High Indian from the cowtown of Newhall, California, and it wasn't like it was my choosing. There was one high school in town back in 1965 — William S. Hart. The campus was named after the famous silent film star and life-long friend to the Sioux nation.

Actually, in the late 1940s, a hasty election was called and the school voted on a mascot name. We were nearly called the "Buckaroos." I would have really liked that. But, the student body spoke. They didn't vote to hurt anyone's feelings. They did it to honor, respect and immortalize an indigenous and wonderful people. I can honestly say, in nearly 50 years of being a Mighty Hart High Indian, I have never heard a disparaging word uttered in association with one of the planet's cousins.

The Indians do not hold a monopoly on being splendiferous. Skin color. Hue of hair. The geographical happenstance of where we were born. It doesn't really matter. All races and creeds have their problems, unique and generalized. Honest to goodness, I would have been happy and proud to have been the Mighty Russians, the Recalcitrant Swiss, The Fighting Negroes, or The Greater Pacifistic Eskimos.

Why? Because there would probably be a terribly interesting tale behind how a small high school got strapped with such a handle.

It was a narrow vote in Sacramento.

Public elementary schools, junior highs, high schools, JCs and colleges would have been forced to remove such mascots as Braves, Chiefs, Redskins, Apaches or Comanche.

The author of the bill, Los Angeles Democrat Assemblywoman Jackie Goldberg, noted "(It is) a matter of simple dignity."

Hardly. It was yet another assault on freedom from the Shame Merchants. They are adept at entering a room with their pouty lower lip preceding them by a quarter of an hour. There is so much that needs fixing in this country. To name a few: fighting terror, crime, and child pornography. But that unholy trio seems to be the God-given right of expression to a vocal few from the wet blanket politically-correct left.

My problems with this attempted hijacking of local government and expression are many. The supporters of this legislation don't see that sparkle in a person's eye, a sparkle that doesn't know skin color or language. They see victims and handicaps. They see injuries waiting to happen. They are the Pity Police.

As a lower-case historian, I know better than most the long litany of mistreatment Native Americans endured. Most California Indians were the victims of a state-sponsored genocide, so they weren't even around long enough to endure. It was a black mark among many in American history.

Ms. Goldberg's motives may have been pure. I doubt it. But here's the problem: I am a huge fan of sensitivity. The greater one's ability to be sensitive means the more tools they can bring to any situation. Being sensitive means you can read an event, study it and react in hopefully the best possible way. Being sensitive doesn't mean going "Shush shush" and covering everyone's mouth. That's called manipulation and oppression. Deep down, it means you view certain people — black, brown, red, or yellow usually — as being inferior and weak.

Years ago, I lived in America where the dream was equality, where you would give anyone a chance, no matter what their background.

I know there has been resistance to this simple vision, that all people are created equal and deserve equal opportunity. But the pendulum has swung wildly from one insane viewpoint of white superiority to the opposite insane viewpoint of minority superiority.

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John Boston Article

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David Cogdill, the Republican assemblyman from Modesto, told The Associated Press: "Generations of students have been proud to identify with the names. They have chosen to honor them."

What shame is there in that?

Plenty — for those who insist on manufacturing shame and stuffing it by the shovel-full not so much on the unsuspecting, but on disinterested sheep.

(With more than 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 SCVBeacon.com. 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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Thanks to those who volunteered since the last issue of the *Dispatch*:

Weekend Docents

Sandra Cattell	RuthAnne Murthy
Sioux Coghlan	Alan Pollack
Evan Decker	Anna Schindler
Anna Kroll	Gordon Uppman
Barbara Martinelli	

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

Those who open and close for the docents

Sioux Coghlan	RuthAnne Murthy
Evan Decker	Alan Pollack
Barbara Martinelli	Sue Yurosek

First-Sunday Questers*

Linda Hinz	Jenewyn Van Wie
Dee Roche	Sue Yurosek

School Tour Docents

Barbara Martinelli	Anna Schindler
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School Tour Questers*

Linda Hinz	Jenewyn Van Wie
Pat Horanberg	

Grounds

Mike Jarel	Ron Rediger
Cathy Martin	

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

Great Danes

by Margi Bertram



Anyone visiting the Newhall home of Western movie star William S. Hart knows he was fond of all animals, but especially horses and dogs. Among his favorite dog breeds was Great Danes.

The Great Dane is a very old breed, refined as a distinct type for probably 400 years, if not longer. Huge, and immensely strong, Danes still are the picture of elegance and balance, with the smooth and easy stride of born noblemen. The coat comes in different colors and patterns, perhaps the best-known being the black-and-white patchwork pattern known as “harlequin,” as seen in Hart’s dogs, Gal and Prince.

Over the years I’ve seen a number of old films featuring these majestic, elegant dogs:

- The silent Buster Keaton comedy *Seven Chances* (1925) tells the tale of a man who learns he’ll inherit a fortune if married by 7:00 PM that day. The leading lady has a pet Great Dane, who as a puppy is played by a tiny Dalmatian, who grows up to be a Harlequin Great Dane. The dog gets the center of attention at the end of the feature.
- In each film version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle’s *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, a Great Dane was cast as the cursed hellhound that kills the Baskerville family.
- Greta Garbo, in 1933’s *Queen Christina*, is seen riding into the castle followed by two Great Danes, who also appear later ascending some stairs.
- Boris Karloff plays a scientist seeking a meteor in *The Invisible Ray* (1936). He has a Great Dane in his home. Bela Lugosi joins Karloff on the search. Once Karloff discovers the meteor is radioactive, the Dane appears in a key scene.
- We see a Great Dane in the classic tale, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* (1936), with Freddie Bartholemew as Ceddie.
- In *Private Number* (1936), a new maid (Loretta Young) falls for her wealthy employer’s son (Robert Taylor). The son’s pet Great Dane is seen several times, including the son’s first big entrance.

- In 1937, *Breakfast for Two* features Barbara Stanwyck competing for the affection of a playboy (Herbert Marshall), who happens to own a Harlequin Dane named “Pee Wee” seen often in the movie.
- In the classic Alfred Hitchcock film, *Foreign Correspondent* (1940), featuring Hart’s friend Joel McCrea as a New York reporter who tries to expose enemy agents in London on the eve of WWII, a Great Dane appears twice.
- And who can forget the Harlequin Great Dane belonging to the ruthless Edward Rochester (Orson Welles) in *Jane Eyre* (1944).

But my favorite cultural reference is to a dog that came to be known as “Just Nuisance.” This dog was born in 1937, and moved to Simon’s Town, South Africa, with his owner Benjamin Chaney. He became popular with the Royal Navy sailors stationed at the base there. Being a friendly dog, he was the recipient of all kinds of treats. The uniformed sailors, in bell-bottomed trousers and square blue collars, all looked the same to him, so every sailor was his friend! He began hanging around the docks and the ships, where his favorite spot was at the top of the gangplank, of course. So you can understand the origin of his name.

Just Nuisance began following the sailors as they traveled for R&R to Cape Town, 22 miles away, jumping on and off the train at different stations. Try as they might, the sailors were unable to hide this dog from the ticket collector. Kicked off at the next station, Nuisance would simply wait and re-board the next train. Although people offered to pay his fare, the train officials were not amused. They told Mr. Chaney to confine his dog, pay his fares, or put him down. You can imagine the uproar that resulted! The Navy decided the answer was to enlist the dog in the Royal Navy. On Friday, August 25, 1939, Just Nuisance was enlisted, and given the trade of “Bone Crusher” and his religious denomination was listed as “Scrounger” (this was later upgraded to Canine Divinity League). His enlistment papers were signed with a paw print. As a member of the Royal Navy, he was eligible for all the benefits, including free rail travel. Later, to allow him to receive rations and because of his longstanding unofficial service, Just Nuisance was promoted from Ordinary Seaman to Able Seaman.

See photo on page 7

The Vaquero Mysteries

By Maria Christopher

I first saw "The Vaquero" at Rancho Camulos about fifteen years ago, sitting in a storage area with several other similar pictures. All of them were full-sized, printed copies of paintings by an artist named James Walker. As I was told by fellow docents, a man delivered them one day, stating that he had rescued them from a trash heap. He thought the Rancho might have some use for them at the developing museum. There were two different stories about their source: one claimed that they had been in a conference room at the Newhall Land and Farming headquarters, while the other located them in the lobby of a bank in Santa Clarita.

We received three James Walker rancho-era pictures. One was said to depict several del Valle family members judging a herd of cattle at Camulos. A second was reported to be del Valle and Newhall ranch riders corralling wild horses on their adjacent properties. The third one was "The Vaquero," which featured a handsome gentleman in full regalia roping a steer in the traditional vaquero style. However, that one was said to be set at Rancho Santa Margarita (a rancho near present day Camp Pendleton).

The copies of these beautiful paintings sparked my interest, and I scoured the internet to find out more about James Walker (1819 - 1889) and the paintings. I learned that he was a prolific painter noted in his early years for his large scale and accurate renditions of battle scenes. One of them, the Mexican-American War "Battle of Chapultepec," hangs today in the Capitol building in Washington, D.C.

Walker found his way West to California by way of Mexico. In California, he produced a lot of early California-themed depictions, reportedly featuring real local people and capturing their traditions. There was no specific mention of either the del Valles or Rancho Camulos in any of the material I found. However, several citations did mention Rancho Santa Margarita as the location for "The Vaquero" (1877).

Eventually, the prints were put on display in the main adobe at the Rancho Camulos Museum. "The Vaquero" was given a place of honor above the fireplace in the living room of the adobe that had been added in 1862. Years went by, and one day, a docent leading a tour noticed something as the afternoon light hit the painting. He reportedly exclaimed, "If this is a painting set at Rancho Santa Margarita, why does the horse have the del Valle brand?" Different theories were advanced, such as: the del Valles did sell horses throughout a wide area; one of the del Valle daughters had married into the Forster family who at one time owned Rancho Santa Margarita; or perhaps the brand was added as a prank.

Fast forward to March, 2017. A docent from the Pico Adobe in San Fernando visited and donated a clipping that had been destined to be thrown in the trash. He thought we might be interested in it. It was an original page from a printed document depicting "The Vaquero." I lifted it carefully from the construction paper it was mounted on and looked at the back. It apparently came from WESTWAYS Magazine, an official publication of the Automobile Club of Southern California (ACSC). I then noticed the caption that had been cut out and pasted on the picture. "The cattle round-up on our cover was painted in 1877 by James Walker, famous artist of early California. The pastoral setting he chose is historic Rancho Camulos, owned by the distinguished California family, the del Valles, and situated above present Newhall. The painting depicts Rancho Ignacio del Valle, gracious host to Walker, who was registrar of marks and brands for Los Angeles. On page 56 we have reproduced the registration of the brand on his horse....". Now, that was an amazing revelation to be explored further!

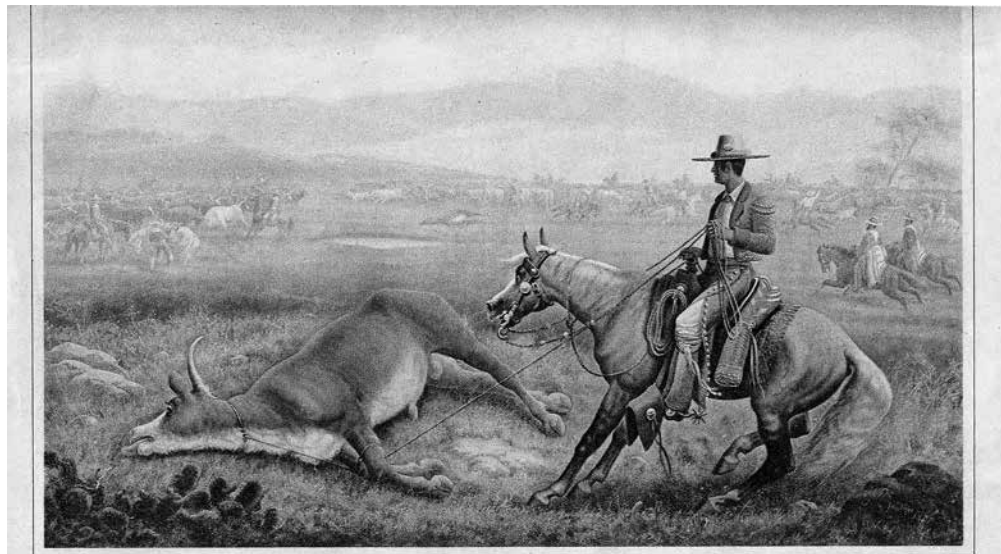
Thanks to Morgan Yates, the Corporate Archivist for the ACSC, we now know that the Walker painting was reproduced on the cover page of the October, 1966, WESTWAYS, which was devoted to Spanish- Mexican California. The description was on the contents page just as it appeared on the copy we received. The article makes no further mention of Walker or the del Valle connection. Ignacio would have been about age 69 at the time of the painting, so perhaps this was a romanticized homage to his youth. However, the tall handsome vaquero does not resemble the short stocky Ignacio as described and photographed elsewhere. I could not find a mention of his being the Los Angeles registrar of brands. Was the Vaquero at Rancho Santa Margarita or Rancho San Francisco /Rancho Camulos?

So, now my fellow history sleuths, it is up to you. Can you shed any further light on the story? Who was the mysterious donor of the copies of the James Walker prints? Where had they come from, a bank or Newhall Land and Farming? Do you remember seeing them or have pictures of them hanging at that location? What about documentation of the people depicted in the Walker paintings? Where are the originals? What was the source of the information in the WESTWAYS caption? Is there more to the story of the Walker - del Valle connection? Please share your findings and, come see the Walker prints during a docent-led tour at Rancho Camulos on Sundays at 1:00, 2:00, or 3:00 PM.

See photo on page 7



*William Hart and his Great Danes;
see page 5*



Charros at the Round-Up

James Walker (1819-1889)

The cattle round-up on our cover was painted in 1877 by James Walker, famous artist of early California. The pastoral setting he chose is historic Rancho Camulos, owned by the distinguished California family, the del Valles, and situated above present, Newhall. The painting depicts Rancharo Ygnacio del Valle, gracious host to Walker, who was registrar of marks and brands for Los Angeles. On page 56 we have reproduced the registration of the brand on his horse. The Walker painting is reproduced through the courtesy of Carl S. Dentzel and was photographed by Armando Solis.

*A James Walker image;
see page 6*



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Photo by Gordon Glattenberg

Vacation time: Last month the Dispatch editor visited the Palace of the Governors in Santa Fe, NM, the oldest (1610) continually occupied public building in the United States.