



# The Heritage Junction Dispatch

A Publication of the Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society

Volume 41, Issue 4

July - August 2015

## Calendar

### Friday, July 24

Planning Meeting for Christmas  
Open House  
6:30 PM Saugus Station

### Monday, July 27

Board of Directors Meeting  
6:30 PM Saugus Station

### Monday, August 3

Deadline for the September-  
October *Dispatch*

### Monday, August 24

Board of Directors Meeting  
6:30 PM Saugus Station

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

Thursday, July 23: An evening with  
Sidewinder; \$17.00 for SCVHS  
members

Thursday, August 27: An evening  
with Dave Stamey; \$22.00 for  
SCVHS members

Check [www.scvhistory.org](http://www.scvhistory.org) for  
other upcoming events.

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

## President's Message

by Alan Pollack



The famous Ridge Route opened to great fanfare on November 16, 1915. It was the first direct route over the mountains between Southern and Central California. However, much

work was left to be done to ease the passage of automobiles over the new route. In fact, the road was not paved until a few years later.

### BEFORE THE RIDGE ROUTE

Twelve years prior to the opening of the highway, a civil engineer for the Edison company ran a survey over the mountains for a pole line that would later parallel the road. In 1916, he described to the Los Angeles Times his experience traversing the mountainous area in the years before the

Ridge Route. What was originally an Indian trail had become a poorly maintained cattle trail, which was the only way for drovers to get their stock out to the railroad lines running through the San Joaquin Valley. The first vehicles to use the route were wagons belonging to the Edison company. The ruts from these wagons became used as some semblance of a road that eventually became the Ridge Route. The route across the ridge presented many unforeseen difficulties for the surveyor and his crew. Water was so scarce that the crew could not wash their hands or faces for three weeks, to save what little water they had for their horses. Houses of any kind were few and far between. They underestimated how much time it would take to extend the survey over the route and almost ran out of supplies; a job that was supposed to take three days lasted over twice as long. On a subsequent trip over the route, the surveyor was accompanied on

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*The Old Ridge Route near Sandberg, 2006*

See above

## President's Message

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horseback by several of the directors of the Edison company. He later stated, "What these men had to say about the 'Ridge Route' of those days was interesting, but I do not believe it would be printable."

### OPENING OF THE RIDGE ROUTE

After the road was opened in 1915, the advantages of the new highway were seen almost immediately. Even over the unpaved road, auto stage lines loaded with up to nine passengers and their luggage could beat the Southern Pacific train line running between Los Angeles and Bakersfield. Four large Packard cars carried passengers daily between the two cities. Without exceeding the speed limit, the auto stages could make it to Bakersfield in six hours, which included a half hour stop for lunch. In contrast, the Southern Pacific's Owl train took 6 ½ hours to connect the two cities at a much higher fare for its passengers.

By 1917, as reported by the LA Times, the Ridge Route had become "the best known highway in the entire west". It was popular with tourists as a scenic route which was comparatively safe. An endless chain of trucks plied the route night and day, carrying the resources of the San Joaquin Valley to the markets and trading points of Los Angeles. Farm machinery, mining machinery, and equipment for the oil well districts were transported over the road by truck from the railroad stations. Scores of buses traveled the route, carrying passengers between San Francisco, Fresno, Bakersfield and Los Angeles every day.

### PAVING OF THE RIDGE ROUTE

Paving of the Ridge Route began by 1918. Due to the paving project, there was initially a steep but navigable detour at both ends of the road. A four mile detour began from the schoolhouse at Castaic Station and went up a narrow canyon before climbing steeply up the side of a hill and back to the main highway. A detour at the north end of the road was less steep, but had sand in places that required autos to use their low gear. Both detours were very narrow, with few passing places for autos. At one point on the south end, the detour passed through a ranch, at which point it became so narrow that there was not enough room for two cars to pass between lines of barbed wire fencing on either side of the road. The road between the two detours was rougher than it had ever been since opening. There were many dirt and rock slides which were not repaired, except for maintaining a pathway just wide enough for a car to pass through. On

July 7, 1918, the Times reported that the detour at the south end of the road had been eliminated by the opening of five miles of paved road. They estimated that by July 20, the new pavement between Sandberg's and Crane Lake would be hard enough to uncover and open for traffic. In December, 1918, a new stretch of pavement was opened at the north end of the road near Sandberg's. Construction of the Sandberg link was hampered by lack of materials, labor, and water. After completion of the Sandberg link, construction was halted for the winter, with plans to resume in the spring.

When construction resumed in the spring of 1919, the Ridge Route was closed to all traffic after April 1. All motorists had to detour through Bouquet or Mint Canyons to get through to Bakersfield, and they all wondered why the road was closed. Cadillac agent Don Lee found out from the office of the Highway Commission and stated to the LA Times "Less than 18 miles of the Ridge remains to be paved and I am informed that this will be completed during the summer and the Ridge will be a paved road from end to end before next winter. Over 12 miles of paving has been laid during the last year, and work is now in progress. The remaining road has been graded and is ready for paving. Within a very short time all travel even to a wheelbarrow will be stopped. This is necessary on account of the conditions in the higher parts of the Ridge. The Ridge Route has been in poor shape for over one year, and the paving of this road will remove one of the unpleasant features of the trip between Los Angeles and San Francisco. . . On account of the many turns, a couple of good features are being incorporated in the work now being done. On the blind curves, daylight cuts, or benching, is being put in. This consists of cutting away enough of the hill on the blind side to permit a view of the vehicles that might be coming around. . . On the dangerous curves, curbing is being put in. This curbing is 6 inches wide and 10 inches high and is for two purposes, one to assist in the drainage, and the other to protect reckless drivers who may come around a turn too fast. . ."

As June of 1919 rolled around, the motoring public grew increasingly impatient. The Automobile Club of Southern California was inundated with inquiries as to when the road work would be completed. The Times pointed out that the approximately 250 cars and trucks traveling the route each day were driving an extra 23 miles, wasting valuable time, oil, and wear and tear on tires and parts. It was estimated that the road closure was costing motorists an extra \$500 a day in economic waste.

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## Explore the Historic Heritage Valley

by Maria Christopher

**N**ever heard of it! Where is it? Well, the designation “Heritage Valley” is the name given to the Highway 126 corridor from the Los Angeles /Ventura County line to the outskirts of the city of Ventura. It is the lower section, the heart of the Santa Clara River valley. It includes pastoral areas such as Rancho Camulos and unique small towns such as Piru, Fillmore, and Santa Paula. It is a nearby place to step back in time and explore.

Highway 126 parallels an old Indian trade route which was later followed by the early Spanish explorers. As years went by, the Native American villages scattered throughout the valley came under control of the Missions. Such was the fate of the Tataviam village of Kamulos that became the westernmost boundary of Rancho San Francisco, part of the San Fernando Mission lands that once included most of what is now Santa Clarita. When Ignacio del Valle inherited his 1,800 acre portion of the Rancho San Francisco, which had been a 48,000 acre 1839 Mexican land grant given to his father Antonio, cattle and horse ranching were prosperous throughout the valley. It was the land of the vaquero. This was the inland travel route for wagons and stagecoaches going to and from Santa Barbara. However, it was oil and agriculture, helped by the arrival of the railroad in 1887, that caused the major growth of the area in the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries. Today there is a potpourri of related places to explore.

Santa Paula bills itself as the “Citrus Capital of the world.” The Agriculture Museum captures the story of the lemon, orange and avocado groves that still surround Santa Paula, while the California Oil Museum housed in the original Union Oil Company building tells the history of Black Gold in the area. The Art Museum, the Aviation Museum

and the historic murals are some of the other prime places to visit.

Fillmore promotes itself as “the last best small town in Southern California”. It came into existence because of the Southern Pacific Railroad and is still home to the Fillmore and Western Railroad, “The Movie Train”, which runs local sightseeing excursions and specially-themed trips. Nearby are the Santa Clara River Valley Railroad Historical Society and the Fillmore Historical Museum ,which is a collection of four historic buildings featuring the agricultural and railroad history of the community,

whose main street still looks like a 1930’s small town. Just out of town you can visit enterprises such as Chivas goat farm and Otto and Sons Nursery, famous for their roses.

Piru is a small unincorporated area that also resulted from the arrival of the railroad. The Piru Mansion, built as the Cook Mansion and later known as the Newhall Mansion, still dominates the landscape. Piru has diverse

outdoor recreational opportunities. It is the home of Piru Motocross and the gateway to the Lake Piru recreational area. Indulge in honey tasting at Bennett’s Honey Farm, and visit the local fruit stands that dot that section of Highway 126.

Rancho Camulos is now a National Historic Landmark and Museum. The historic buildings dating back to 1853 and the grounds are open only for docent-led tours, and for special private and public events. It is known as the “Home of Ramona”, the setting for Helen Hunt Jackson’s 1884 novel and the location for the 1910 Mary Pickford Ramona movie.

Hopefully this brief overview will inspire you to explore the historic Heritage Valley. Get details at [www.heritagevalley.net](http://www.heritagevalley.net).



## The Hart Family, Part Deux

by Rachel Barnes



Welcome back to the saga that is the William S. Hart Family! With our scant data, we determined that silent movie star Bill Hart had at least seven siblings – one older sister and six younger sisters and brothers. Unfortunately three

of the six younger Hart children did not survive childhood. See page 5.

What happened to the surviving siblings? Hart's youngest sister, Lotta, passed away from typhoid fever (according to her death record, it was in 1901 when she was 19-years-old). But Nettie? And Frances? And Mary Ellen?

Again, Bill's autobiography is not much help on the details. He mentions that one sister worked as a dressmaker, and one worked as a telegraph operator for the railroad. Considering there is no indication Mary Ellen ever worked in either of these capacities, chances are Hart is referring to Nettie and Frances.

Hart also mentions that one of his sisters got married, and his mother was soon scrambling to cover for the loss of income from that sister's employment. This loss was made even more profound when the Hart patriarch, Nicholas, died in 1895. By then, both of the older Hart girls were married, since Hart mentions the only two girls living "at home" in 1895 were Mary Ellen and Lotta.

And they were married; that is for sure. Nettie married Charles Rudd and the two lived at times in New York and New Jersey. If the couple ever had children, they were not reported on the Census forms in 1905, 1920, or 1930. Nettie passed away in 1935 at the age of 74.

Frances married Albert Bierck and had two daughters. Their names were Tulip and Mary Ellen. . . the younger girl named for the one Hart sibling the museum knows something

about. At least, more than her name and possible placement in the Hart sibling hierarchy.

We know Mary Ellen (the namesake) graduated from Hunter College in New York, and while she mostly worked as the caretaker of the ailing Hart matriarch, Roseanna, Mary Ellen also spent her spare time writing short stories. She was published in several magazines and serials over the years, and she published several books with her brother as co-author. Mary Ellen also worked on the "behind the camera" aspects of Hart's career, helping him write his movie treatments and screenplays, and serving as his technical advisor. She never married, although Hart later claimed she was briefly engaged as a young woman, and the engagement was ended when it became apparent Roseanna would need full time care. And thus, Mary Ellen lived with her brother for most of her adult life. On October 1, 1943, while staying in the Miramar Hotel in Santa Monica, Mary Ellen suffered a fatal stroke. She was 71-years-old.



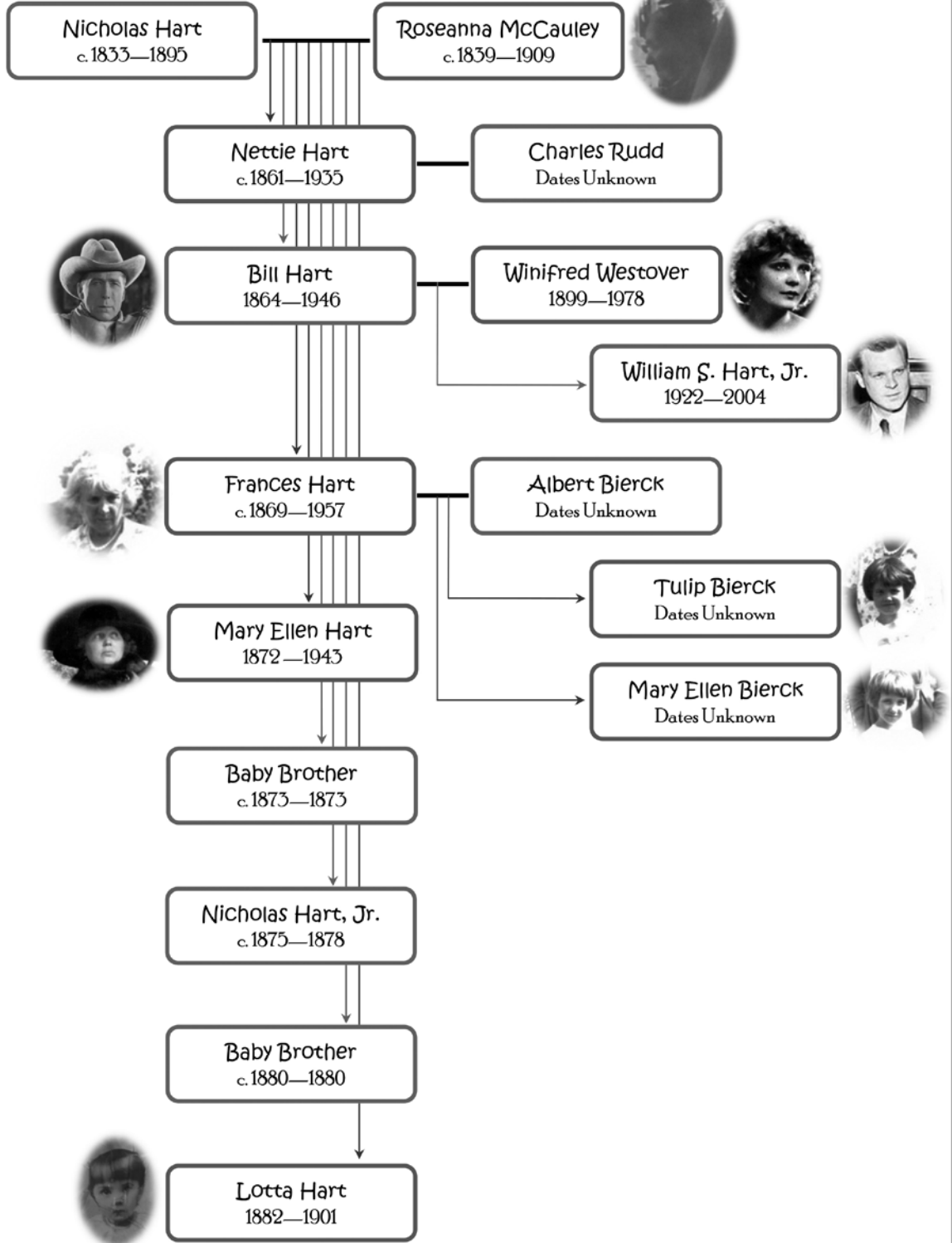
*Mary Ellen (center) with an unidentified woman, possibly Frances, and possibly Frances' two daughters, Tulip and Mary Ellen. Image courtesy of the Seaver Center for Western History Research*

As for Frances, Bill and Mary Ellen seem to have been closer to her than Nettie. We have pictures of Mary Ellen with another woman and two young girls. We have pictures signed "To Mary Ellen, with love, Frankie." Also, letters from Bill stated that "Mrs. Bierck" helped her siblings move into their new mansion in 1927. Not to mention confirmation from Tulip's son (Frances' grandson) that his mom and aunt spent time with the Harts in California.

We don't have much more information on Frances beyond that. She died from cancer in 1957 in Westport, Connecticut, and she is buried in Lyndhurst, New Jersey. She was 88 when she passed, the last of the Bill Hart generation to go.

So, we may never know the full story of Hart's siblings. We may never find a true counting of all the children born to Nicholas and Roseanna Hart. But each new piece of evidence does bring the picture into sharper focus. That is what counts.

Bill Hart's Siblings



## President's Message

*Continued from page 2*

### PAVING IS COMPLETED

Finally, on November 16, 1919, the LA Times announced, "The famous Ridge Route, paved from end to end with solid concrete, is now open to traffic. Nothing has been spared to make this highway one of the finest mountain roads in the world. The paving itself is 20 feet wide. On all turns a curb of concrete protects motorists from possible danger. The Automobile Club of Southern California has posted the road in a most thorough way. Every sharp curve is marked and wherever a warning is needed an Auto Club sign gives it. The usual danger of collision on curves has been greatly decreased by cutting the banks on the inside of the turn. It is now possible for drivers to get a clear view of the road ahead before they go into a turn."

### BUT THE GRAPEVINE SPOILS THE PARTY

Motorists over the newly paved road were delighted as they traversed the Ridge Route, but as they approached the Grapevine they were in for a most unpleasant surprise. As the Times described it, "The situation is like this. After leaving Lebec bound north, or the foot of the Tejon bound south, the motorist is most rudely jolted out of the twentieth century era of good roads and slammed into the days of yore. Yea, he is 'plunked' one might say." While the rest of the road had been paved, the Grapevine sector was just coming under construction, requiring slippery detours with grades up to 22 percent. "To begin at Lebec and work north, one rounds the corner and starts down the hill, over a high crowned road full of chucks and ruts. After slowing down to 10 miles per hour, he finds himself still banging around like a dry lima bean in an empty quart measure. After 7 miles of this, the real excitement begins as the 'Gas House' detour must be made. At the bridge just above the natural gas plant, one veers sharply to the left, through a fence and onto a road that would make any bad highway in the country blush with envy."

Life was hard on the highway in those days. The Ridge Route traveler just could not win! In the next issue of the Dispatch, more on the travails of driving the Ridge Route, the Lebec Hotel, and the demise of the road with the completion of the Ridge Route Alternate.

Alan Pollack

[alanpoll@twc.com](mailto:alanpoll@twc.com)

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

### Weekend Docents:

Sandra Cattell	RuthAnne Murthy
Sioux Coghlan	Alan Pollack
Evan Decker	Jeff Prange
Barbara Martinelli	Gordon Uppman
Monica May	

Interested in becoming a docent? Visit our website at [www.scvhs.org](http://www.scvhs.org)

### Those who open and close for the docents:

Duane Harte	RuthAnne Murthy
Darryl Manzer	Alan Pollack
Barbara Martinelli	

### Weekend Questers\*

Helen Barlow	Jeanine Jones
Becky Basham	June Myers
Nancy Cordova	Dee Roche
Barbara Harris	Jo Anne Vestal
Roberta Harris	Sue Yurosek
Judy Holland	

### School Tour Questers:

Cathy Altuvilla	Libby Hinze
Sandra Cattell	Pat Horanberg
Ann Grayson	Sandra Knopf
Fritz Grayson	Virginia Prager-Elford
Cynthia Harris	Jenewyn Van Wie
Linda Hinz	

### Grounds:

Darryl Manzer	Glen Terry
Cathy Martin	LDS Young Adults

\* Don't know who the Questers are? See [www.questers1944.org](http://www.questers1944.org)

## New Members

### We welcome to membership in our historical society:

Ingrid Van Dorn	Norma Warden
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and Renewing Members ...

Diane Bergstrom	Curt and Judee Kendall
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## Introduction by Darryl Manzer

It is about time I introduced myself. I am Darryl Manzer, the Executive Director of your Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society. (Being the “Executive Director” usually means I dump a trash can while holding the cleaner handle.)

This valley is my hometown, so to speak. Starting in Gorman I’ve also lived in Saugus, (twice), Castaic, Newhall (Mentryville and then Happy Valley), followed by a short stay in Valencia. Now I’m in the Northern Frontier of the SCV in Acton. There was also a short stint in the United States Navy of about thirty-six years. If there was a port with a submarine base, I was stationed there.

I’ve watched our little valley change in my lifetime. There is a picture of me standing in the middle of Drayton Street in Saugus, and behind me is one of the huge Southern Pacific Cab Forward Steam Locomotives. I must have been only one or two years old at the time.

My sister reminded me of another connection I’ve had with Saugus. Just after my birthday this year we had lunch at the Saugus Café. The waitress asked me how long I had been eating at that fine establishment. Before I could answer my sister said, “He was about a year old the first time he came in...and he just had his 65<sup>th</sup> birthday”. So I guess that means I’ve survived 64 years of their food.

The roads were mostly paved as I grew up here, but Church Street in Castaic is still a dirt street; maybe some day... The road south from Newhall was called San Fernando Road. Today’s Sierra Highway was U. S. Highway 6, the 14 and the 5 weren’t built yet, and Highway 99 took us to Bakersfield and beyond. Going south to Los Angeles meant taking Sepulveda or Lankershim through the SFV. San Fernando Road was another alternative there, as was Foothill.

I watched the changes to our valley through the magic of television. Many episodes of “CHIPS” and “Emergency” showed the changes. At three hundred feet underwater on a submarine and watching a movie, usually a western, I could often see various parts of the valley.

Folks ask me what I think about the changes. I love them: Valencia could have turned out like the SFV, a square grid of uninteresting streets. I love the trees and the Paseos. So many things are so much better. I sure don’t miss the smells of the stockyards that were located where Magic Mountain is today. I also don’t miss the onion fields, dairy farms, hog farms and turkey ranches. Driving up Bouquet Canyon used to be a good way to get all those farm smells.

What would I like to see done at Heritage Junction? Well, lots of things. We are close to completing the improvements on the Pardee house, so we can move our museum there and

clear out the baggage room in the Station. I hope that baggage room will become our new place to prepare and catalogue all the stuff in our collection that has not yet even been touched. Much of it is stacked upstairs in the depot.

Along with the museum, the gift shop will also move to the Pardee House. That means the Men’s Waiting Room can return to a more original look, as can the rest of the rooms in the station. There is a thought to convert the old agent’s office to a kitchen. I kind of agree with that, as it would help us provide a space for receptions, parties, and such. We’ve had a few events like that, but have had to resort to catering. There are other changes needed on the station, like proper air conditioning and a proper checkout of our electrical system.

Over at the Newhall Ranch House, some filming has brought in a few dollars. The rooms are mostly cleared out now, and we can finally get around to starting restoration. We do have new front steps, thanks to our own Eagle Scout, Evan Decker.

Have you come by and looked at the gardens? Between the Newhall Ranch and the Pardee Houses, the film company left us with a pretty little flower garden. The SCV Garden Club is taking care of our rose gardens, and we still have our two vegetable gardeners tilling our soil. We may have some fresh veggies this summer.

Thanks to the Cowboy Festival, thousands of folks visited the Junction. It was also a time for the grounds to be cleaned up. The Questers got the pavers installed up at what we now call, “Questers’ Court” and have had our first event there: The Domestic Violence Center of the SCV held a fund raiser and pronounced it a great place for such an event.

Some weddings are being scheduled as we speak for Questers’ Court. Our chapel is also going to be a perfect venue for the brides and grooms.

Last month the Blues Festival was held right on the platform of the station, which turned out to be a great place for concerts. It also served well doing such during Cowboy Festival.

We’re looking at an essay contest for our local high school students next year, along with maybe a “Be true to your school” party when folks would come and wear their school colors. A homecoming for the whole Wm. S. Hart District.

If you’ve any ideas that will be historical in nature and maybe make others have an interest in the history of our valley please let me know. I’m easy to reach. Email me at [damanzer1@msn.com](mailto:damanzer1@msn.com) or call me at (661) 254-1275.

Let me know what you think we can do to make the SCVHS better. Thanks.

## Horsepals don't let Other Horsepals Ride Drunk

by John Boston

*"They talk of drinking, but never my thirst."*

- Scottish proverb

So there was this fellow years ago up in Carson City, Nevada, who got arrested for drunken riding. Drunken riding is different than drunken driving in that you have to be operating a horse instead of a car, although I'm sure the type of mammal isn't really important. You could be atop a Brahma bull, elephant or a mighty big dog while intoxicated. Although, if it were me, my defense would be: "Who put this damn humongously large dog betwixt my legs?"

The perp in this equine misdemeanor had the perfect name to go with his crime: Manuel Carreon. Sounds like an airline directive about small luggage.

Anyway, Manny was arrested for the third time within a month for riding a horse while seriously intoxicated. The 38-year-old cowpoke pleaded no contest to the charge, and this time he was slapped with 90 days in jail. Which, if Carson City were Santa Clarita, that would translate to 90 seconds in jail and 10 sessions of Horseaholics Anonymous.

"Hello. My name is Wilbur and I like to ride damn drunk, nude and sidesaddle through the Valencia Towne Centre just to give the Yuppies something to tell the grandkids."

"Ohhhhh, Wilburrrrrrr," say all the horseys in unison, followed by polite clomping of the hooves.

Under a Carson City ordinance, it is illegal to ride a horse while intoxicated. Carreon's attorney, Mike Roth, cried "whoa" and pointed to a recent Carson City celebration as example.

"It's a good thing they weren't arresting people on Nevada Day for the same thing or they would have arrested half the politicians," barrister Roth noted. Now that's a solution for the ongoing logjam of elected officials. Get them drunk, plop them over a saddle and point their plugs toward San Quentin. Or the San Andreas Fault or the Pacific Ocean.

Manuel Carreon certainly wasn't the first person to be arrested for herding imaginary cattle on a concrete bridle trail. A few holidays ago, some Western binger strung hundreds of Christmas lights to his pony, got rip-roaring drunk, and rode the invisible fence line, just like Bob Redford in "Electric Cowboy." To his inebriated state of consciousness, he must have imagined a rustling conspiracy heretofore unheard of in American cattle ranching. "By God ... fence is down for a thousand miles ..."

I'm not that old but I remember horses being tied in front of the old Trails Bar when it was on San Fernando Road. I miss those days. There used to be some great barroom brawls at The Trails. And cheeseburgers. Sigh. That was in the good old days, before AYSO and hippies.

We've had a ton of GUIs (Galloping Under the Influence) here in the SCV over the years. I'm not naming names (Tom Nelson), but one neighbor had his horse so well trained, it would just saunter home at 2:00 AM with rider (Tom) akimbo in the saddle. Many were the nights both would actually make it back to the ranch around the same time.

One of my favorite stories involves drinking AND nudity. This was in July of 1926. Frank and Alice Robinson, from future Canyon Country (and these things generally ALWAYS happen in Canyon Country) entertained picnickers with their spat. The two got into a battle royale after Alice pulled a Lady Godiva — sans horse and long hair — to the delight and/or shock of 1920s onlookers.

Two things I've rarely seen while living in the SCV for more than a half-century: mountain lions and naked-lady horseback riders. Although, I do recall sipping tea in my old Newhall residence and hearing the clippity-cloppity of hooves on the road. I was standing in the kitchen, with my sibling-like substance Willie. We watched a horse slowly mosey by. Atop was a transvestite with five o'clock shadow, a buttercup yellow prom dress and giant Kentucky Derby sun hat. Where people get the idea Newhall is, ahem, "eclectic," I could not say.

Back in 1936, Bud Galbreath was drunk and fell off his horse, right in the middle of Spruce Street. Caused a traffic jam.

I remember the last time I bumped into a drunk on horseback was at a big lawn party up Bouquet Canyon. It was the 1980s, one of those perfect summer nights and the ranch was just heaven, lit up with gentle outdoor lighting and with soft music coming from the main house. Longtime old Newhall and old Saugus friends mingled and the tone was peaceful.

From out of the dark, this drunken hired hand from a few miles up the road came riding through the front gate, teetering between confused and meanness. Three of us went out to greet him. He had been out posting in the dark and saw our lights. Somehow, the stranger thought this party was staged as our personal affront to him. We attempted to assuage. He would have nothing of it. The

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## John Boston

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night rider was caustic and about the size of an aperitif. In the three of us, you had approximately 700 pounds of fairly kind-hearted albeit take-no-prisoners Western types. The *borracho* started spewing how he just might go back to his bunk and get his rifle and show us what for. Which would have been a mistake. While two of us could have easily put him in the hospital, my other pal happened to be an eighth-degree black belt in a karate discipline which, translated from the Chinese, means: "Kill With One Blow." In his particular school, there was — seriously — only one chap in France and one fellow in China who were his peers. I'll never forget his patient, icy smile. He was like a panther contemplating: "Hmmm. Boar, elk or drunken ranch hand for dinner tonight?"

But, instead of taking a couple of femurs and sticking them where the moon don't shine, we brought the guy a cup of coffee and let him bawl a bit at how, at that blood alcohol level, life was so unfair and fraught with melancholy. We three just smiled and said amen/boy howdy/you're on to something there. He finally rode off all teary and mushy with all his limbs intact. The nice bit of magic there was we had transmogrified an enemy into a friend.

After all: Cowfriends don't let cowfriends ride drunk.

*It just cries out to be a bumper sticker, doesn't it?*

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## Christmas Open House by Cathy Martin

**W**hat? Christmas in July?

Yes, you read that correctly. The wheels are starting to turn for this year's Christmas Open House, which will be the same format as in previous years. The Christmas Open House hours will be from 12:00 noon to 4:00 PM on Dec. 5<sup>th</sup>.

I need volunteers again, and many of you have offered over the past months to help with the event. We are having an event-planning meeting on Friday, July 24<sup>th</sup>, at 6:30 PM at the Saugus Train Station. It's quite a bit of work to put on a successful event, and we need help in the following areas:

- Getting the decorations out of storage
- Putting up the lights on the houses
- Setting up the tables and chairs
- Cleaning up the grounds and the Saugus Train Station before and after the event
- Manning a membership table
- Hospitality
- Helping with the children's craft tables
- Music
- Animal Blessing
- Giving tours of the historic homes
- Letters for Santa
- Developing a historic scavenger hunt

As you can see there is something for everyone. Please contact me if you would like to lend a hand. I can be reached at 661 259-0059 or e-mail at [cowgirl6@prodigy.net](mailto:cowgirl6@prodigy.net).

### Join the SCV Historical Society Today!

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The Heritage Junction Dispatch  
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24101 Newhall Avenue, Newhall 91321  
Open to the public each Saturday and Sunday  
1:00 to 4:00 PM  
Kingsbury House is open the first Sunday  
of each month from 1:00 to 4:00 PM

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