



The Heritage Junction Dispatch

A Publication of the Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society

Volume 41, Issue 6

November - December 2015

Calendar

Saturday, November 7

Talk on Fillmore's Legendary
Locals 2:00 PM Old Town Newhall
Library

Monday, November 23

Board of Directors Meeting
6:30 PM Saugus Station

Tuesday, December 1

Deadline for the January-February
Dispatch

Saturday, December 5

Christmas Open House
Heritage Jct.;
Part of Vintage Christmas
Celebration. See page 9

Saturday, December 12

40th anniversary of the SCVHS

Monday, December 28

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, November 19: An evening
with Adrian Buckaroo girl; \$17.00
for SCVHS members

Check 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



Was the story of the Oak of the Golden Dream fact or legend? In this three-part series of articles we will examine the evidence available to us.

As the story goes, on March 9, 1842, forty-year-old Jose Francisco de Gracia Lopez (more commonly known as Francisco Lopez), foreman of the Rancho San Francisco, and two of his coworkers, Manuel Cota and Domingo Bermúdez, wandered into the Cañon De Los Encinos (Canyon of the Oaks), now thought to be Placerita Canyon, in search of some stray

cattle. Needing some rest on a hot day, Lopez fell asleep under an old oak tree and dreamed of finding gold. Upon awakening, he decided to make some lunch. Under a nearby sycamore tree was a patch of wild onions. Upon digging up some of the onions, Lopez found clinging to their roots some flecks of gold. Shortly thereafter, Lopez sent a letter to California Governor Juan Alvarado notifying him of the gold discovery and seeking permission to mine the gold. Thus we have the first documented gold discovery in California history, fully six years before the more famous discovery of gold by John Marshall on the South fork of the American River. The oak tree under which Lopez presumably fell asleep is now referred to as the Oak of the Golden Dream. But is this how it really happened?

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CHRISTMAS OPEN HOUSE DECEMBER 5 AT HERITAGE JCT.

THIS YEAR PART OF A VINTAGE CHRISTMAS CELEBRATION!

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President's Message

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MENTIONS OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA PRIOR TO THE LOPEZ DISCOVERY

Gold had presumably been found in California and the Santa Clarita Valley, but not documented, even prior to the Lopez discovery. According to Guy J. Giffen in *The Quarterly | Historical Society of Southern California | March 1948*, a cleric accompanying Sir Francis Drake on his famous circumnavigation of the globe made note of a golden treasure to be found among the rocks of the California coast when the Drake expedition landed in California on June 17, 1579. Sebastián Vizcaíno sailed up the coast of Alta California in November, 1602 on a mission to find safe harbors for Spanish Manila galleons on their journey from Manila to Acapulco, and to map in detail the California coastline. He reported to the Spanish King about possibilities of gold in California. Russian explorers were said to be aware of gold in California in 1814. Mountain man Jedediah Smith was thought to have found gold near Mono Lake in 1825, which he took with him to the Green River camp of the American Fur Company. Eugène Duflot de Mofras, a French naturalist, botanist, diplomat, and explorer, was sent to explore the Pacific Coast of North America from 1840-1842, ostensibly to access the Mexican Alta California and American Oregon Territory regions for French business interests. In his records, he mentions the discovery of gold at San Isidro in present day San Diego County in 1828.

Giffen also mentions in his report an interesting document from the Philadelphia Mint that shows the first shipment of California gold to the mint by the firm of Hussey and Mackay on January 30, 1838. The firm handed in 851 oz. 63 dwt. of California native grains, (placer gold) worth approximately \$16,000. According to Giffen, "Just how this firm came into possession of these grains has not been determined. A letter from Mabel Gillis, Librarian of the California State Library may throw some light on the subject. One Thomas McKay was an employee of the Hudson [sic] Bay Company. He trapped in the Klamath country, Northern California, as early as 1825 and was in and out of California for a number of years, returning to Vancouver in 1838. In the will of the New York George Mackay he mentions a brother T.R. Mackay, who might or might not have been the Thomas McKay of the Hudson Bay Company. In spite of the difference in the spelling of

the name, one might conjecture that he was the relative of the New York broker, and that the gold was sent to him by his brother."

In the Santa Clarita Valley, there is the legend of the Lost Padres Mine, a story of a cache of gold that may have been buried by the Padres of the San Fernando Mission in the 1790's. To this day, no one has found a trace of this gold. There are also reports of gold mining in San Francisquito Canyon in the 1820's and 30's.

LOPEZ FAMILY GENEALOGY

According to José Jesús López, the grandnephew of Francisco López, in an interview with author Frank F. Latta (*Saga Of Rancho El Tejon*, 1976) in 1916, the ancestors of the Lopez family came from the Asturias Province in Spain. The family was very wealthy and belonged to the aristocracy of Castile. This is disputed by Lynn Adams, a descendant of José Ygnacio Maria de Jesús López, who's genealogical research shows that the patriarch of the López family in New Spain was Andres López, born circa 1695 in Sinaloa, Mexico. She speculates, although unsubstantiated, that the grandfather of Andres López, may have been a Juan López who was a Conquistador under Hernán Cortés. José Ygnacio María de Jesús López and his wife, María Facunda de Mora de López, brought the López family to Alta California, arriving from Baja California by about 1771. By order of the King of Spain, he would oversee the construction of the San Gabriel Mission. They started their journey in the mainland state of Michoacán, where they helped put down a revolution. As a reward for his service in Michoacán, one of their sons, Juan Bautista López was appointed Mayordomo of the San Fernando Mission when it was built in 1797. Juan Bautista López and his wife María Dolores Salgado de López had a number of children, including Pedro López, who became Mayordomo of the San Fernando Mission after the missions were secularized in 1834. Another of their sons was the gold discoverer Francisco López. Pedro's daughter (and Francisco's niece) Catalina López married her second cousin Jerónimo López. They became the proprietors of López Station, a stagecoach stop which they built around 1861. The site of López Station later became the Van Norman Reservoir in Sylmar. They also built the López Adobe in 1882, which still stands in the City of San Fernando.

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THE LIFE OF FRANCISCO LÓPEZ

Born in 1820, Francisco López studied French in college in Mexico City and learned mineralogy at the Colegio de Minería. When he came to the Rancho San Francisco, he spent time hunting for gold, bears, and mountain lions. María Jacoba Feliz, the daughter of José Tomás Feliz and María de Jesús López, ended up marrying Antonio Del Valle, the man who was granted the Rancho San Francisco (the Santa Clarita Valley) by Governor Juan Alvarado in 1839. Prior to obtaining the land grant, Del Valle had taken over as Mayordomo of the San Fernando Mission from Pedro López in 1837. The DelValles rented a portion of the Rancho to Francisco López, which he used for grazing cattle. Francisco would himself become a wealthy landowner. He and his brother Pedro were granted the Rancho Tujunga (now Lake View Terrace, Sunland and Tujunga) in 1840. They traded Tujunga for the Rancho Cahuenga in 1845. Francisco, along with José Arellanes, was granted the Rancho Temescal (Piru and Lake Piru to Hasley Canyon) in 1843. Finally, in 1846, Francisco obtained yet another land grant (along with Luís Jordan and Vicente Botiller), the Rancho Los Alamos y Agua Caliente. This later became part of the Tejon Ranch in Kern County. After obtaining the Rancho Temescal, Francisco found and mined gold in San Feliciana Canyon. Although some speculate that this may have been the actual location of his 1842 gold discovery, other sources claim this to be a separate gold discovery from the one in Placerita Canyon.

On October 1, 1842, a brief article in the newspaper "New York Observer" announced the Placerita Canyon Gold discovery to the world:

CALIFORNIA GOLD. — A letter from California, dated May 1, speaking of the discovery of gold in that country, says: — "They have at last discovered gold, not far from San Fernando, and gather pieces of the size of an eighth of a dollar. Those who are acquainted with these 'placeras,' as they call them, (for it is not a mine,) say it will grow richer, and may lead to a mine. Gold to the amount of some thousands of dollars has already been collected."

ABEL STEARNS, 1867

So let's look at the sources of the López gold discovery story. On July 6, 1867, Los Angeles merchant king Abel Stearns wrote a letter to Louis R. Lull, Esq., Secretary of the Society of Pioneers, San Francisco, in which he related what

Francisco López had personally told him about the gold discovery: "The circumstances of the discovery by López, as related by him, are as follows: López with a companion, was out in search of some stray horses, and about midday they stopped under some trees and tied their horses out to feed, they resting under the shade; when Lopez with his sheath knife dug up some wild onions, and in the dirt discovered a piece of gold, and searching further found some more. He brought these to town and showed them to his friends, who at once declared there must be a placer of gold. This news being circulated; numbers of citizens went to the place and commenced prospecting in the neighborhood, and found it to be a fact that there was a placer of gold. After being satisfied many persons returned; some remained, particularly Sonorensee (Sonorians), who were accustomed to work in placers. They met with good success. From this time the placers were worked with more or less success, and principally by Sonorensee (Sonorians), until the latter part of 1846, when most of the Sonorensee left with Captain Flores for Sonora. While worked there was some six or eight thousand dollars taken out per annum." Note that there is no mention of a golden dream or golden oak in this account.

Stearns, upon receiving gold samples from the canyon, sent the samples on November 22, 1842, to Alfred Robinson and asked that he take them to the United States Mint in Philadelphia to be assayed. Robinson wrote to Stearns from New York on August 6, 1843: "My Dear D. Abel: I embrace this opportunity of the sailing of a ship from Boston to address you a few lines, and therein to inform you of the result of your shipment of gold, which is as follows, as per statement from the mint at Philadelphia: Memorandum of gold bullion deposited the 8th day of July, 1843, at the mint of the United States at Philadelphia, by Grant & Stone, of weight and value as follows: Before melting, 18 34-100 oz.; after melting, 19 1-100 oz.; fineness, 926-1000; value, \$344.75; deduct expenses, sending to Philadelphia and agency there, \$4.02; net \$340.73." A voucher from the United States Mint dated June 8, 1843, was found in the office of the First Comptroller, Washington, DC, in 1891, which confirmed the gold deposit mentioned by Robinson.

In the next issue of the Dispatch, we will look at additional historical accounts of the Placerita gold discovery.

Moving In Helped Clean Up a Disaster

by Nora de Vita



It was 1927. After waiting for most of the year, William S. Hart, along with his little sister Mary Ellen, moved into the house that Mr. Hart described as the house of his dreams. The house cost roughly \$100,000, which, as Mr. Hart commented, made his pocketbook look “mighty thin.”

The Hart Mansion was located on top of a hill that had total command of the valley, and Mr. Hart soon got into the daily life of the surrounding town of Newhall. Despite being someone who was already larger than life in the eyes of the Newhall residents, Mr. Hart loved to give back, and he would soon prove himself to be a true hero on not only the screen, but in real life as well.

Shortly after Mr. Hart moved into his new home on Thanksgiving weekend in 1927, disaster struck. The worst recorded disaster in the Santa Clarita Valley occurred in the middle of the night of March 12, 1928. The St. Francis dam had broken, and caused widespread devastation along the Santa Clara River, all the way from Saugus to Ventura.

At first, nothing had seemed out of place; citizens only noticed the lights had turned off in their homes. But then soon after, torrents of water gushed from the broken dam, ending up taking the lives of between 430 and 600 people. Unbelievably, the town of Newhall and Mr. Hart's new home were untouched by the disaster, but the town of Newhall was heavily invested in the cleanup, including Mr. Hart.

Even though Newhall was away from the water, hundreds of bodies dotted the areas around the town, and one body, of an 8 year old boy, initially went unclaimed. Mr. Hart, deeply moved by the boy's death and having a son who was around the same age, stepped up. He offered to give the boy a proper funeral, and he dressed him in cowboy attire for a proper viewing. All expenses would be paid for by Mr. Hart. Then, at the last minute, family or friends identified the child as John Trexler, and he was buried in Oakwood Cemetery in Chatsworth, next to his mother.

Now, 87 years later, the Santa Clarita Valley has a way of remembering the terrible flood; the Ruiz family cemetery displays a nice stone monument in memory of those who had their lives claimed by the flood. Yet visitors might notice something else, too: The names of a few famous people who helped in the relief are also listed, including William S. Hart. His memory therefore, not only exists as a famous cowboy on the silver screen, but also as a brave and generous citizen of this very valley, thanks to a new home he first occupied 88 years ago this month.

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

Weekend Docents:

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

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

Those who open and close for the docents:

Duane Harte	RuthAnne Murthy
Cathy Martin	Alan Pollack
Barbara Martinelli	

Weekend Questers*

Sandra Cattell	Virginia Prager-Elford
Linda Hinz	Louise Schultz
Pat Horanberg	Jenewyn Van Wie

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

Join the SCV Historical Society Today!

Life Member	\$350.00
Life Member with spouse	\$500.00
Corporate	\$200.00
Non-profit	\$50.00
Family Member	\$55.00
Regular member	\$30.00
Senior Member (60+)	\$20.00
Junior (18 & under)	\$10.00

Memberships make great gifts for your historically-minded friends and family! To join or renew online, visit <http://www.scvhs.org>.

Upcoming Events at Rancho Camulos

by Maria Christopher

Many of us are aware that Rancho Camulos is an important place in our local history. It is what remains of the 48,000 acre 1839 Mexican land grant to the del Valle family that once included most of what is now Santa Clarita Valley. It was part of the San Fernando Mission lands, known as Rancho San Francisco. Located on highway 126 near Piru it is only a 15 minute drive from Santa Clarita but a world away. It is now a National Historic Landmark because of its historical significance and because it is acknowledged as the "Home of Ramona", one of the settings for Helen Hunt Jackson's 1884 California novel "Ramona". She wrote it to call attention to the mistreatment of the Native Americans however its timeless romantic theme and depiction of 19th century California life, ensured its survival. This novel is still in print today and its social message is still relevant. It is accepted that the fictional Moreno Rancho, the Home of Ramona, was in fact Rancho Camulos.

The novel spawned four movies. The first three were silent films, and these movies will be featured during events at the Rancho Camulos Museum on November 7 and 8.

On November 7, "Ramona Movie Night" will be a museum fundraiser with candlelight tours, dinner, and a showing of the first 2 Ramona films, accompanied by historical insights and discussion. Since they were actually filmed on location at Camulos in 1910 and 1916, you will have the opportunity to see that the 1853 Adobe looks much the same as it did 100 years ago.

The 1910 movie was directed by D.W. Griffith and starred a young Mary Pickford. It is believed by many to be the first film shot in the Santa Clara River Valley. All of the exterior shots of this 17 minute single reel silent were filmed at Rancho Camulos over a 3-day period.

The 1916 movie directed by Donald Crisp and starring Adda Gleason was an estimated

10 to 15 reel epic that is a "lost" film. It was filmed predominately at Casitas Springs in Ventura County over a three month period. It was also shot in Santa Barbara, Rancho Camulos, and other locations in Ventura County. The November 7 event will offer a unique opportunity to see the only reel known to exist, which has been preserved in the Library of Congress film archives. Hugh Munro Neely, an internationally recognized film historian, will lead a group that will provide background information. The group will include Patricia Clark Doerner. Her grandfather's ranch in Casitas Springs was the primary location for the shoot, and she will share family anecdotes and memorabilia. The museum will also display related material such as the

1916 program. Reservations are required for this very special evening and the \$50 per person donation will include museum membership.

On November 8, the museum will host "Rancho Camulos Days" starting at Noon. In addition to attendees' having an opportunity to experience 19th century rancho life, they will have an opportunity at 3:30 PM to see Carewe's 1928 interpretation of 19th century

rancho life as they watch the famous Latina actress Dolores Del Rio's "Ramona". This 80 minute silent film has a unique story of its own. Hugh Munro Neely, who was part of the search for this "lost" film, will relate how it

was recovered in the Czech Republic about 5 years ago, having gotten there by way of Nazi Germany and the Soviet Union. The film will be shown only at 3:30 and is included in the \$5 suggested donation for the day. Rancho Camulos Day will provide a wide range of activities for all to enjoy.

Rancho Camulos holds a special niche in local film history both as a filming location and an inspiration. Please join us to explore this silent film connection. Details can be found at www.ranhocamulos.org.



A scene from the 1916 Ramona



SCV Historical Society Celebrates 40 Years

by Evan Decker

Santa Clarita... a community that is deeply rooted in history. In the past, our valley has lost many of its historic structures to the onslaught of development and progress. Many of those that remain would not exist today if it weren't for our organization, the Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society. This year the Historical Society marks its 40th anniversary of incorporation as a nonprofit corporation.

The group has a celebrated history of its own. The Historical Society first had its meetings in 1974 at the Old Orchard Elementary School. Among the founding members of the organization were Cynthia and Norman Harris, Mimi and Charles White, the renowned local historian Jerry Reynolds and his wife Myrna Reynolds, Tony and Ruth Newhall, and Art and Betty Evans. The Society was subsequently incorporated on December 12th, 1975 for the purpose of collection, preservation and publication of any and all papers, books, documents, photos, prints, records, etc, having any historical significance to the Santa Clarita Valley and surrounding areas. Shortly thereafter the first board of directors was elected with Art Evans as its president. Other inaugural board members included Jerry Reynolds, Vonnie Yetter, Frances Sanders, Mimi White, Tom Mason, and Craig Obara.

Throughout its 40 years as an organization, the Historical Society can boast of numerous accomplishments. One of the first and greatest achievements of the Historical Society was the rescue and transport of the Southern Pacific's historic Saugus Train Station from its original location near the Saugus Cafe. The station was successfully moved to Heritage Junction on the night of June 24th -25th, 1980. Since then the Historical Society has saved, transported and preserved seven more historic buildings to Heritage Junction Historical Park, including the Newhall Ranch House in 1990 and the Pardee residence in 1992. In 1981, famous singing cowboy Gene Autry donated Southern Pacific steam locomotive no. 1629, built in November, 1900, and previously used in movies at his Melody Ranch, to the Historical Society. The engine was moved to Heritage Junction on April 22, 1982.

Over the last 40 years the Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society has continued in its mission to preserve the historic buildings and the history of the Santa Clarita Valley. To pass on this history to current and future generations, we have presented numerous educational programs and have established a vast online archive of photos and documents related to Santa Clarita history. We hope to continue this tradition for the next 40 years and many more after that.!

Local Author to Talk on Fillmore's Legendary Locals

Local author Evie Ybarra will be giving a talk on her new book, **Legendary Locals of Fillmore** (Arcadia Publishing). This new local history book reveals the intriguing characters and everyday citizens who have made Fillmore's history legendary. The book shares the stories of unique individuals and groups, past and present, who have had a lasting impact on the community throughout its history. **The presentation will be held at 2:00 PM on Saturday, November 7 at The Old Town Newhall Library, located at 24500 Main St. in Newhall, California. Following the presentation will be a book signing with the author.**

Since its beginning as a Southern Pacific Railroad town 100 years ago, Fillmore has been the setting of many legends and true tales, like the St. Francis Dam disaster, the 1994 earthquake, and Hollywood film shoots. Joaquin Murietta hid in the hills, and the murder of T. Wallace More in Rancho Sespe in 1877 was the "murder of the century." Rancho Camulos, owned by the del Valle family until 1924, signifies the last of the Californios. Today, it is owned by the descendants of August Rubel. Tales of the sycamore tree abound, and it is an icon on Highway 126, as is the tower of the Sanitary Dairy, which was ordered from the Sears, Roebuck & Company in Chicago. Oil was discovered early in Shiells Canyon and brought Texaco to town. The fruit industry prospered, and Sunkist was welcomed. Hugh Warring installed indoor plumbing in the Piru Mansion. The likes of "Booty" Sanchez, Marcelino "Woody" Ybarra, Gene Wren, Kevin Gross, Jim Fauver, and Dorothy Shiells still influence the community.

Evie Ybarra is a native of Ventura County and is an avid reader of history, especially local history. Her father's family settled in Fillmore in the early 1900's, and her mother is a native of Oxnard and Santa Paula. Evie's children through marriage are descendants of the pilgrims from the Mayflower. She graduated from Fillmore High School, Ventura College and the University of California, Santa Barbara. She taught elementary school in Fillmore for twelve years during the time when her father was the school custodian. She continued teaching high school and middle school in Ventura County.

Evie enjoys painting and photography during her spare time. She was delighted to work with the families and people of Fillmore, Bardsdale and Piru in compiling this historical record of legendary locals of the community. She edited the images printed in the book, and she included some original photographs as well. **The Santa Clarita Valley Historical Society is pleased to present Legendary Locals of Fillmore! The general public is welcome. Admission will be free.**

The Uncountable Downsides of SCV Journalism

by John Boston

“Mommas, don’t let your babies grow up to be journalists.”

— lyrics (slightly paraphrased) from a Willie Nelson song

It is beyond comic how we stumble along life’s myriad of paths, thinking we have a choice. The odd happenstances that bloom, ooching us to take one road vs. another. Like the zen koan of a butterfly’s wings causing a tsunami, I’ve ended up marrying people because another date wasn’t home to answer the phone. Or so they would suggest in small claims court.

One dratted thing about modern life is that you have to accumulate this annoying, filthy stuff called money to exchange for things like bananas, electricity, motorcycles, bowtie macaroni, wax lips and cigars.

In 1974, I applied simultaneously for employment at the Burbank Police Department and *The Former Mighty Signal*. You know, that postage stamp-sized former Best Daily Newspaper In America, now a haven for dumb advertisers? That dastardly newspaper called first, thereby ruining my life because, after 48 months in civil service, at least in the Fire Department, you get to retire at 12 times your yearly income. *The Signal* didn’t offer me so much as a job, but rather a series of veiled threats.

I smile because, looking back, I wouldn’t trade hardly a thing. I was actually working for *The Signal*, so when my best friend and sports editor Phil Lanier quit for a job where he could actually afford to buy food, I was supposed to be a shoo-in as his lesser-paid, better-looking and more-talented replacement.

Part of my PR problem was that I had already worked for two of *The Signal*’s competitors. I had dropped out of college to take a job with NBC at their local cable station, VCCT. I called it *Viet Cong Cable TV*. NBC called it *Valley County Cable Television*. I actually started something called SCVTV 30 years before the current incarnation. The Newhall family of Scott and Ruth and their son, Tony, came to the strange conclusion a couple years earlier that I was re-writing *Signal* stories for the newscasts.

Being the punk kid I was, my response then was, “So?” It really didn’t matter whether I was rewriting stories from *The Signal* or Rudyard Kipling, because nobody ever watched the programming. Besides the fact I was one codpiece short a buffoon, *Signal* Managing Editor Ruth Newhall didn’t like me because I had been her counterpart at the anemic weekly down the street, *The Record*.

Actually, all Ruth and I shared were the letters in the title, “Managing Editor.” Comparing we two journalists was like trying to make a case for who you’d like to start at quarterback, the orangutan in Clint Eastwood’s *Every Which Way But Loose* or Tom Brady of the New England Patriots. Of

course, I do remember when Clint’s movie about bar brawling hit the Plaza Theater on Lyons, the ape drew a 20-minute standing ovation from the locals.

Top that, Ruth Newhall. Still, while we became dear friends and colleagues years later, I got the distinct feeling she didn’t want to hire me, drawn mostly from her comment: “I don’t want to hire you, and, I’ve never really liked you.” That’s because she didn’t know me. Like my drinking buddies.

I can’t say working for *The Record* was journalism. It was more like a crafts class and performance art piece for the epically boring. I was 19 or 20 when I worked there; young, confident and awful. My layout designs were like bad rock album covers or perhaps more like the notebook design of an 8th-grade girl. Still. It was a job, writing. And I got paid. Sort of.

One thing I’ve noticed over the years. People in journalism aren’t quite right in the head. My boss, *Record* owner, publisher and editor, Jackie Storinsky, was no exception. She was this human bobble head doll, a chatterbox who didn’t require actually people in the room to hold a conversation. She was a great, industrial orchard sprinkler, with each automated click spraying Foghorn Leghorn pronouncements and moisture on anything unprotected within her designated circle.

And it wasn’t like Jackie Storinsky had a bargain in us. I worked with my pal Phil then and our baby man intern and my kid-sibling, Willie Peters-Boston. Never give a 19-year-old the keys to your office. Not even if they were teenage Jesus. I do not at all mean to be profane, but if Jesus had spent his teen years with me, Phil and Willie, they wouldn’t have written the New Testament about Him.

The three of us would sneak back into the office in the wee small hours and play Wiffle Ball. Sometimes, we’d use a T-square as a bat. I mean, the three of us had something like 4 units of combined college and you’d think with all those smarts, we would have thought to move Jackie Storinsky’s prize giant office fern out of the strike zone. We ended up whacking away a huge leaf every two days and Jackie Storinsky would get very, very angry and very, very suspicious over the big mystery as to why her beloved huge office plant was looking more like a big asparagus.

Toward the end, the wheels were coming off *The Record*. For one thing, of all the smart business people in town, Jackie Storinsky had instead picked some low-life carry to be her business partner. The guy brought his vast experience of no experience and Jackie Storinsky gave him access to her bank account and the keys to the office.

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John Boston Article

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To his credit, he did not hack up any houseplants, but he did bankrupt the operation and fled town with all the money, which included 240 hours for my back pay.

Phil and I and our plucky cheeseburger-eating intern Willie were the last to work for the paper. I gave notice after six weeks of non-payment and agreed to see Jackie Storinsky through one last issue. When you think of the sheer magnitude my own, Polish joke stupidity involved in those final days, well, it's embarrassing.

Phil and I agreed to write, design, edit AND deliver 10,000 copies of *The Record*. The last rolled-up issue was the size of two Brawny paper towels. In it was nothing to read and it was thrown onto wet lawns owned by people who sometimes asked us not to deliver it so as to save them the trouble of shoveling it directly into the trash. It would have easier to take the 10,000 copies directly to Chiquita Land Fill.

I'm not even sure what I was driving then. Maybe a Pogo Stick. Maybe a horse. Phil had a Volkswagen bug that could hold a small container of cottage cheese. Willie was like five years old. Point being, amongst the three of us we didn't have a vehicle that could carry three young men and 10,000 newspapers.

We used Jackie Storinsky's Pleistocene-sized Buick. Phil, Willie and I worked through the night and took nearly 24 hours to deliver those papers. Jackie Storinsky gave us \$20 for soda pop and Jack-in-the-Box, and we ended up spending more like \$60 of our own cash, which in 1970's money was 800 cheeseburgers or three years tuition at Valley State College.

It was a surreal evening. We were dwarf names never used by Walt Disney: Punchy, Delirious, Exhausted, Weepy, Giggly, Flatulent (Willie), throwing in one Indian name: Needs To Pee. From Castaic to Acton, through a brand new Valencia to Canyon Country, we delivered those blankety-blank wasted trees to every house and business in the SCV. This was no easy feat, because the papers were so small and light, it was like trying to toss one square of Scott's Bathroom Tissue 40 yards onto a porch. I think it took us two months to get the last of that blasted ink off our hands, this in the days before the EPA, when newspaper ink was made from mercury, DDT and rotting pork.

Okay, here's the kicker. I came in later in the week to collect my last check. It was light.

Amongst many other things, like money, missing from my last paycheck, you know what Jackie Storinsky deducted? She, not including the government, took out \$50. From MY

paycheck. In 1970's money. That was like a month of the district superintendent's salary then. She took out \$50 from my paycheck to replace the gasoline we used that night in her Buick to deliver HER newspapers. Yes. That's right. I'm making sub-minimum wage and end up paying for the pleasure of delivering Jackie Storinsky's newspaper.

Last week, after all these years, something finally hit me. I called my amigo, Phil, in Chicago and asked him, right out, without even a Hello: "That night, you, me and Willie delivered Jackie Storinsky's paper and she cut 50 bucks from my paycheck for the gasoline in her car."

"Yes," said Phil. "I remember."

"I'm going to ask you a question, Phil," I said. "Did Jackie Storinsky LIKEWISE deduct \$50 from YOUR last paycheck - Phil?"

The line was silent for a long moment. Finally, Phil responded. "That was sneaking up on 50 years ago. Perhaps, and I'm just saying this as your friend who worries about you, perhaps, John, you need to let this go."

Another pause. "What you're saying is that she DIDN'T deduct any money from your last paycheck," I said, "did she?"

"I didn't want to bring it up because I knew it would only upset you," said Phil. "Besides. I told you to not go into journalism. I told you to go into law enforcement. Do you know they pay YOU to drive around in other people's cars, not the other way around? Then, after you retire, they pay you, handsomely, until you die to NOT drive around in other people's cars. Is that beautiful, or what?"

(John Boston has earned more than 100 major awards for writing, including being named, several times, America's best humor, and, best serious columnist. Look for his Time Ranger & History of the SCV column every week in your SCV Beacon. And don't forget to read his national humor & commentary website, [#foofmagazine.com](http://foofmagazine.com) © 2015 by John Boston

New Members

We welcome to membership in our historical society:
Stephanie O'Connor Linda Pippin

and Life Member ...

Gregory Wilzbach

Christmas Open House: Saturday, December 5

by Cathy Martin

It's that time of year again! We are planning this year's Christmas Open House, which will be part of a larger Vintage Christmas Celebration. See the full schedule below.

The old favorites will be returning again:

- *The Animal Blessing at the Ramona Chapel
- *Holly Trolley will be running from Heritage Junction through Downtown Newhall
- *Historic Home Tours
- *Photos with the Mogul locomotive.

This year, as a special treat, Santa Claus is bringing two of his real live reindeer to Heritage Junction. Yes, you read that right! Santa's reindeer are going to be at Heritage Junction, with an estimated time of arrival at 2:30- 4:30 PM!! These are special reindeer in training, they don't know how to fly

just yet. But before they all head back to the North Pole, they are going to help Santa here in the SCV.

We are also welcoming the Forge Ahead Arts group to the Saugus Train Station. They will be teaching children the art of making their own special Christmas cards. You will also be able to write a letter to Santa Claus.

If anybody would like to help volunteer for this event, please let me know at 661 645-0107. Our group of organizers are members of The Old Town Newhall Merchants, Forge Ahead Arts, The City of Santa Clarita, The SCV Newhall Library, The Questers, and our SCVHS board of Directors.

The entire event will be free of charge. Please come out with your family, and don't forget your pet!

Vintage Christmas Celebration on December 5

FARMERS MARKET, MAIN STREET & LYONS AVENUE

Santa	8:30 AM to 11:00 AM
Pony Rides & Petting Zoo	8:30 AM to 12:30 PM
Chef Demo – Chef Herve from Culinary Wonders	9:00 AM to 10:00 AM
Kettle Style Candies nuts	
Story Time & Crafts – Old Town Newhall Library	10:00 AM to 11:00 AM
Reindeer Run/ Holiday Donation Food Pantry	10:00 AM to 10:45 AM (activity pending)
Ma Maison and Color Me Mine	11:00 AM to 4:00 PM
Purchase Ornaments and paint for Holidays	
Music	Time pending

NEWHALL HOLIDAY TROLLEY 10:00 AM TO 4:00 PM

Loop starting at Heritage Junction; runs continually through Old Town Newhall with 3 stops. Last stop will be at Heritage Junction at 4:00 PM. There will be caroling on the trolley.

CHRISTMAS OPEN HOUSE AT HERITAGE JUNCTION

Flag Raising ceremony with ROTC Marines	11:00 AM
Historic Home Tours, Crafts, Write/Mail Letters to Santa, Forge Ahead Arts Group	12:00 PM to 4:00 PM
Santa Claus Arrives at Newhall Ranch House	12:30 to 4:00 PM
Animal Blessing at The Ramona Chapel	1:00 PM to 1:30 PM
Live Reindeer/ photo op/ feed graham crackers	2:30 PM to 4:30 PM
Music Performed	Time pending



The Heritage Junction Dispatch
P.O. Box 221925
Newhall, CA 91322-1925
info@scvhistory.com

Telephone (661)254-1275
Headquarters: Saugus Train Station
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

Historical Society Board of Directors

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Gordon Glattenberg----- Dispatch Layout

"Preserving the best of the past for the good of the future"

Society Info: www.scvhs.org

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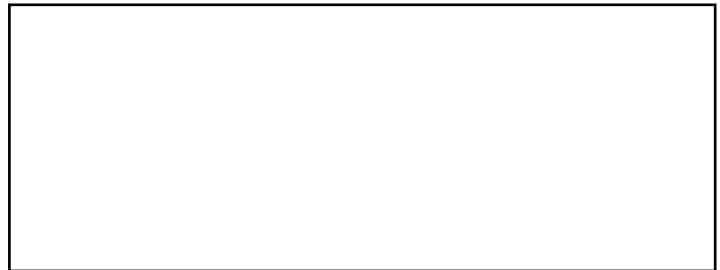


Photo by Gordon Glattenberg

2015 Marks the Centennial of the Original Ridge Route. This Is Dead Man's Curve near Lebec I-5 In the Background Was Hit By Mudslides Near Here in October