

The Newhall Signal

VOLUME SIX

NEWHALL, CALIFORNIA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1924

NUMBER 36

"For Each Other—Not Against Each Other."

UNION OIL COMPANY STARTS IN NEW FIELD

The Union Oil Company has the material on the ground and will put down a deep prospecting well on the 1600 acre tract it recently leased just north of Saugus. The Union has discovered all but one of the deep oil pools of Southern California, and we hope the judgment of their geologists in highly recommending this field proves to be correct.

Mrs. Boeckman Passes Away

The many friends of Mrs. May Boeckman wife of Louis Boeckman, of Fillmore, were shocked to hear that she had passed away Tuesday night at the Big Sisters' Hospital in Ventura, after a short illness.

May Haskell Boeckman was daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John C. Haskell, who were pioneers of Los Angeles and it was there the deceased was born and received her education. She was married in Los Angeles, but for a number of years lived in this section. Because of her lovely character everyone admired and respected her.

She was a member of the Newhall Woman's Club and of the San Fernando Chapter, O. E. S.

Besides her husband, Mrs. Boeckman leaves four sisters, Mrs. J. Taylor of Newhall, Mrs. Macnider and Mrs. Mass of Stockton, and Miss Helen Haskell of Los Angeles, and two brothers, J. C. and Fred Haskell of Saugus.

The funeral was held Thursday in the Noble undertaking parlor at San Fernando, in charge of the Christian Scientists. Interment was in Rosedale Cemetery, Los Angeles.

Sunday School Picnic

About sixty attended the Sunday School picnic held at Santa Monica, Wednesday. The trip was made in Mr. Dill's new school bus and private cars. When the children arrived they were made happy with surf bathing, fishing and playing on the sand. At noon a sumptuous picnic dinner, after the children enjoyed the roller coaster, merry go round and Ferris wheel, followed by a jolly trip home where they arrived just as the golden sun was setting, very happy in memory of a pleasant day.

Canada Vacationists

The return of those from Newhall who made vacation trips to Canada has been so long ago that it is no longer news, of course, but some of the facts and incidents are interesting, nevertheless.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Woodard went as far as Vancouver, and no further because of the required red tape in getting their car into Canada. But they found out something about Canada. As they were going into Vancouver on Sunday, they wondered why so many cars were going to Bellingham, Washington. Vancouver seemed dreadfully quiet, but anyhow they decided on a picture show for after lunch amusement. Eventually they learned that everything closes tight at noon Saturday, and does not open until Monday morning. But they get it back on Washington, for the stream of cars is going the other direction, for in Canada there is something besides ice water. At one crossing of the Sierras there is a rise of 3,700 feet in six miles.

Mr. and Mrs. Walton Young made what is known as the 'triangle tour' of Canada, going from Vancouver to the Jasper National Park, where they spent several days taking in the sights of that wonderful beauty spot of the North. Then they went to Prince Rupert, then visited the "door" of Alaska and saw the old Russian house that was the southernmost headquarters of the Russian government. Over this floated the Stars and stripes, the evidence of our authority in Alaska. From there they returned to Vancouver by boat, taking the inner passage, a route of great beauty. Mr. Young visited the head of his company, the Standard Oil, and received his 35 year service pin, of which he is very proud.

School Contract Awarded

The school board let the contract Monday evening to C. M. Good for the erection of a temporary school room, next to the present building. This is expected to take care of the needs of the district until the proposed new building is completed next year. The temporary room is 25x30 feet in size, and the contract price is \$890.

Newhall Teachers

The Newhall schools will open Monday, September 15th. There is no change in the teaching force, the teachers of last year having given such satisfaction that they were all re-engaged. The following is the list:

E. H. Osborn, Principal.
E. T. Baugher, 5th and 6th.
Constance I. Catherman
Bernice Chaney.

Club Meeting

Wednesday, Sept. 10 will be the first meeting of the Newhall Woman's Club, after our summer vacation.

All the women of Newhall, Saugus and the surrounding community are cordially invited to attend.

If you are an old member be on hand promptly at two o'clock. If you have not joined, come in and get acquainted. It may be this is just what you have been looking for, an opportunity for entertainment and improvement, and a chance to work for the betterment of the community. A good speaker will be present.

Mrs. McLean

The funeral of Mrs. Lida McLean was held today at Forest Lawn Cemetery. Rev. Evans of Newhall conducting the services. Mrs. McLean passed away Wednesday at Olive View Sanitarium, San Fernando. Newhall people will remember Mrs. McLean, as she clerked in the local dry goods store for several months when Mr. McNutt had the store.

A Wholesale Accident

Four autos piled up in a wreck early Tuesday morning on Tunnel hill, in front of the Scherzinger Service station. One car was able to go on but three of them were so badly smashed that they had to be towed in. One car carried a lady as a passenger, but the others contained only the drivers. No one was injured in the least, and after comparing notes the three drivers concluded they had all been to blame. Only one of the cars was insured. The total damage was estimated at not less than five hundred dollars.

Presbyterian Church Notes

Sunday morning the pastor will deliver the fifth sermon on "Love's Old Sweet Song in the Bible."

The Sunday school lesson is, "Jesus Heals a Nobleman's Son."

In the evening there will be a song service, after which Col. Smith will deliver an address. He is one of the great speakers of our country. Do not fail to hear him.

Monday evening we are to have another treat. The Volunteers of America from Post No. 1, Los Angeles will be with us. At 6:30 there will be an open air service near the drug store, after which there will be a service in the church. All are invited. Adjutant Jewell and family, all musicians and singers, will be present Monday evening.

Sunday School Social

A Novelty Social will be held in the church under the auspices of the Sunday School Friday, Sept. 12 at 7:30. Fruit punch and home made canby will be on sale. There will be many surprises for entertainment. Proceeds will go toward finishing paying for the song books.

New Pleasure Resort

A new pleasure resort is being put in by a club composed of a number of Los Angeles Germans, the new place being called "Sachsen Platz" in honor of the native place of some of the members in Germany. A well will be drilled and a pumping plant and a swimming pool put in. But the outstanding feature of the new resort will be archery, in which sport all the members are said to be expert, so much so that the late William Tell would have nothing on the most of them in the use of the bow and arrow. The amount of improvements to be put in will cost, it is estimated, about ten thousand dollars. The members have been making week end trips to the tract, and assisting in the work. The tract on which the improvements are being made is the Wilson 5 acres in Placerita Canyon.

Malcolm Crowe

Malcolm Crowe, a young man of Mint Canyon passed away on Tuesday and was buried Thursday at Forest Lawn. Rev. Evans conducting the services. The young man was at Olive View several months, but returned home a short time ago. He leaves a mother, stepfather and several brothers.

The Newhall Signal
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BLANCHE B. BROWN
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A. B. THATCHER
Associate Editor

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Foreign travelers are of course welcome to come and go as they please in the United States; but an observer rather disgustedly remarked recently that there was one class that ought to be reminded in a very pointed manner that their room is better than their company. They are the ones who spend their time criticising everything we do, and everything they see, from the time they land until they go back. In short, they seem to have but one idea of our country, and that is, "It's all wrong." Maybe so, but up to date none of these critics have brought over any credentials as to success in correcting any of the evils of their own countries. Uncle Sam is rather careless as to who he lets stick around, and a little bit more careless as to how some of us behave, but we'll venture a guess that if he compelled these critics to exhibit pictures of their own back yards, while hunting for litter in ours, they would have a whole lot less to say.

One can get an idea of the appalling damage from careless driving by noting the dozens of wrecks that take place every week on the boulevards adjacent to Newhall. And while some of them are unavoidable, nearly all could be prevented, with ordinary care. Unless motorists themselves bring the change for greater safety, they are

going to bring upon themselves some drastic laws in the near future. Among the laws already discussed are: rigid examination for operators license; automatic suspension of both car and operator's license in accidents until innocence of blame is shown, bonded drivers, and many others that will certainly prove irksome to careful and honest drivers. It would be far better if autoists would unanimously agree to observe present traffic laws, and thus make it reasonably certain that more drastic ones will not be enacted.

Judging from "straw" votes and general impression one gets wherever politics is discussed, the contest for the presidency is between Coolidge and LaFollette, with Davis a poor third. But of course a multitude of circumstances might arise between now and election day to change the entire complexion of things.

The really dangerous part of the great round-the-world flight of the American aviators has been completed, and all that remains is the rather commonplace trip across the continent, which apart from the fact that it ends the long flight, has proved only that the trip can be made; but it has not been shown that the route chosen has any practical value, and with all the precautions taken was only fifty per cent safe for shipping. It is also evident that as yet there are many things to be done before crossing the ocean in an airplane is anything but a more or less dangerous experiment.

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Any person who goes into the mountains on a camping trip should equip himself with an "ANTI-VENOM" OUTFIT to be used in case of RATTLESNAKE or poisonous insect bite. It is a very effective antidote and will not fail, if used according to directions. For sale at Newhall Pharmacy \$2.50 each.

NEWHALL PHARMACY

Mrs. JULIA RIEDEL, Prop.



Col. DAN MORGAN SMITH
At Presbyterian Church Sept. 7th
7:30 P. M.
"The Spirit of America."

Dots and Dashes.

McPeak & Anderson have bought the restaurant of Mr. Lane known as the Pleasant Cafe. This new management is in a position to render up to date service. Come in and get acquainted.

The Ladies' Aid will hold their first meeting on Thursday, September 11th. A good attendance is requested.

Mr and Mrs A. H. Wilkie and Donald were in Santa Monica on Labor day to select a location for the Annual Sunday School picnic.

SUITS MADE TO MEASURE By M. BORN & CO.

Workmanship and fit guaranteed. Our new fall samples have arrived showing all the latest patterns. Come in and see them. Suits made to measure, Priced from \$24.50 to \$53.

Community Tailors, Newhall

Mr and Mrs B. H. Curtis and Willard Curtis and family, of east of Los Angeles, went thru town Friday and Saturday on their way to the beach near Santa Barbara. They are relatives of Mr Wilhelm, who drove over and joined them on Sunday, remaining until Monday evening.

NOTICE

Strayed to my ranch at Lang, Calif. Aug. 26 1924, small Jersey bull. Owner can have same by paying for his keep and this ad.

Will be delivered to J S Pilcher, constable, on Sept 25, if not claimed.
H. A. Slayton.

Sept 5, 12, 19, 1924

215 Chatsworth Drive Phone Blue 217

Sanders Motor Company
STAR MOTOR CARS
Repairing Tires Accessories
Will H. Sanders Elmore J. Sanders
San Fernando California

Mr and Mrs J. P. Hernandez are down from Monterey visiting Mr Hernandez' parents, Mr and Mrs D. Hernandez.

Mr and Mrs Riedell returned from their northern trip, Thursday. They found some tough going and slippery roads "up where the rains begin."

Mr and Mrs R. R. Carr and family returned from their vacation trip on last Friday. They report a fine time.

Biggest In World

The Signal has it on good authority that the Shell Company has material on the ground for the deepest test well in the world not very far north of Newhall. Special machinery, steel derrick, extra high and heavy, will permit a depth of ten thousand feet, it is stated.

Saugus Items

Mr and Mrs Wibbenhurst and daughter Henrietta of San Bernardino and Mrs B LeFevre of Pueblo, Colorado were weekend house guests of Mr and Mrs E E Estes.

Mr and Mrs J G Wilson have just returned from a weeks trip to San Diego and Tiajuana. They were registered at the Hotel Corynado.

Mr and Mrs S Markland were Ventura visitors last Thursday.

Mr and Mrs Walter E Neale and son Billie motored to Redondo Wednesday.

The Union Oil Co., has commenced putting up a steel rig on their lease on the Newhall Land and Improvement Co., land north of town.

Mrs Etta Wood returned from Ada, Oklahoma, where she spent a two weeks vacation. After a short visit with her sister Mrs Markland, she returned to Ventura where she is house-mother at the Ventura State School for girls.

The Jin-Jer Jar

Young Harold Glendell MacDunnell Drove his Buick like a shot thru the tunnel;
Made all the rest duck—
A blind curve—a truck—
They put back his brains with a funnel.

Sociability and fast driving do go together in auto parties. The faster a man goes, the less time or inclination he has to know what is said to him or by others in the party. So if you are going with a fast driver, make your own good time, for the driver can't help.

MY "HOSIERY"

The socks I darn for thee, dear heart,
Mean quite a pile of work for me.
I count them over, every one apart,
Thy hosiery.
Each sock a mate, two mates a pair
To clothe thy feet in storm and cold,

I count each sock unto the end and find
I've skipped a hole.
Oh carelessness, this thy reproof;
See how it looms across thy sole!
I grind my teeth, and then in very truth
I darn that hole, sweetheart, I darn that hole.

—Omar Grey.

If a Kansas cyclone should hit the "Needles" page:—



Hiram—"Zeb, kin I borrow yer step ladder? I want to git my Ford down off th' barn roof."

Zeb—"Down offa th' barn roof, y' say? How did she ever git up there?"

Hiram—"I was jes' crankin' her and th' darn thing flew right offa th' handle."—Ex.

THE PRINCE'S CHALLENGE

I'm no Baron, flash in the pan;
But a regular prince, catch me if you can.

Send the Signal to Your Friends at the old home.

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SHOE SALE

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"NEEDLES"

from a Whispering Pine

Edited by THORNTON DOELLE

Santa Barbara National Forest, Ridge Road Division.

I Heard Her Laugh

By THORNTON DOELLE

I heard her laugh
 Out in a crowded street
 And lo, a hundred people
 Turned and smiled;
 A newsboy sold a dozen papers,
 While a sunbeam
 Kissed her cheek in play.
 Again I heard her laugh,
 'Twas in a room
 Filled full of sorrow,
 Where pain had made the hours
 Seem ages long,
 And lo, the sickroom echoed
 With a song—
 A breath of summer joy
 That lightened all the gloom.

CHRONICLE OF ACCIDENTS ON THE RIDGE—WEEK ENDING AUGUST, 30

August 24—Ford touring car left highway one-quarter mile north of National Forest Inn. Dropped 25 feet into canyon. Accident caused by ineffective brakes and exceeding speed limit on curves. Nobody injured. Car damaged slightly.

August 25—Studebaker, "6", turned over on highway half mile south of National Forest Inn. One person injured and car badly damaged. Accident caused by speeding on curve. Car skidded.

Ford belonging to Albert Bauman, San Pedro, went through fence four miles south of National Forest Inn and dropped fifty feet into canyon. Two men in car. Both were under the influence of liquor. Neither was seriously injured. Taken into custody by Deputy Constable Ed Brown and locked in Newhall jail. Car wrecked.

August 28—Truck loaded with grapes, southbound, turned over on Ridge between Liebre and Sandberg's. Driver not injured.

Head on collision between two cars near Avis Service Station. Driver of one car was intoxicated. Placed under arrest by motorcycle officers and locked up in Newhall jail. Booklet on reckless driving charge. Case before Judge Miller.

August 29—Ford coupe, license No. 666-906, left highway half mile north of National Forest Inn. Dropped 50 feet into canyon. Three persons in car. All received minor cuts about the head and body. Car badly damaged.

Chevrolet touring, license No. 983-229, left highway on bad turn, about one mile south National Forest Inn and dropped 25 feet into canyon. Driver intoxicated and slightly injured. Car not badly damaged.

August 30—Donald Green, riding motorcycle, skidded into a heavy car

on the Ridge about three miles north of National Forest Inn and was taken to the Newhall emergency hospital with internal injuries that may prove serious. Green, who is one of the Edison boys, camped at the Inn, fell underneath his machine as it skidded under the car. He was dragged ten feet and it is surmised that one wheel of the car ran over his left side. The driver of the auto was Rev. A. E. Harper, a minister of Riverside, who stopped, picked Green up, taking him to the Inn. He was transferred from there to the hospital by Joe Palmer of the Inn Garage.

Just because you've got a "permanent wave" don't think you're the whole ocean.

Antelope and the San Gabriel valleys and the Compton-Artesia districts are the only ones open to dove hunters in Los Angeles County. Dove season opened September 1.

SIGN ON BACK OF FORD

"A Rattling Good Car."

The Los Angeles Times of Sunday, August 31, had a very fine article in the "pink" section, on forest fire prevention in the San Francisco canyon, where the "M. P." federal troops are on patrol duty. We noticed a very interesting picture of our own district ranger, N. E. Peterson, heading the article. The picture also shows Lieutenant Strickland and a new Nash car with balloon tires which we expect Pete anticipates owning in the near future. The Times' article is "good stuff" and the Santa Barbara appreciates it.

The brush fire which started near Hughes Lake last Saturday afternoon, was quickly controlled. It burned over about 30 acres.

Travel was exceedingly heavy over the Ridge on August 30, 31 and September 1.

Twelve machines bearing only one headlight each, were seen coming down the Ridge late Sunday evening, between Castaic and National Forest Inn. Two of the machines were ten trucks loaded heavily. People sometimes wonder why it is that so many accidents occur on the Ridge. Persistent violation of the headlight law is one of the reasons.

One of the principal reasons why Bob LaFollette can never expect to become president, is because he is too much "on the square." He isn't afraid to tell the truth.

Forest visitors or users were responsible for 62 per cent of the 876 forest fires reported in the national forests of Oregon and Washington up to August 10, according to a report compiled in the office of the district forester here.

The causes are listed as follows: Smokers, 202; campers, 143; brush-burning and lumbering, 93; railroads, 27; miscellaneous, 77.

These fires covered 31,707 acres of national forest land, 8450 acres of private land inside national forests and 38,013 acres of private land adjacent to national forest boundaries.

Spare The Flowers!

Withhold the devastating torch, that fires the forest bowers, and sears with blighting, black'ning scorch, the tender, opening flowers. Guard well the fragrant blossoms, rare, of every rainbow hue, the ferny fronds and grasses fair, that bend with morning's dew. Disturb not springtime's songsters sweet, or wood-bird's cosy nest; the wee wren's sylvan, safe retreat let nothing cruel molest. Preserve God's glorious gardens green, unharmed by vandal hand; mar not a peaceful rural scene, in all the sunny land.

One who gayly wend your way, through forest, field and glen; who spend the blithesome summer's day, far from the haunts of men, heart-cherish and in love protect, kind Nature's varied charms, save them from thoughtless man's neglect and everything that harms. Lest when ye come this way again, to view these places fair, ye find green groves and hush are ferns; all birdless, bleak and bare. That little children, following you, may through life's tetsure hours,

share lavish Nature's treasures, too! Please! tourist. Spare the Flowers! —A. S. Alexander.

Loneliness

"Well have I known
 The loneliness of mountains,
 The loneliness of seas,
 The silent loneliness
 Of pathless deserts,
 And jostling cities—
 Lonelier than these.
 Oh, I have known
 The loneliness of dawn,
 But naught so lonely
 As an empty dwelling
 With love forever
 From its doorway gone."

Pickwick and Packard Station

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SANTA BARBARA NATIONAL FOREST

CHESTER E. JORDAN, Supervisor, Santa Barbara
 WM. MENDENHALL, Deputy Supervisor, Santa Barbara

NEWHALL-SAUGUS DISTRICT (Protection Force)

N. E. PETERSON, District Ranger, Newhall
 P. C. MILLER, Dispatcher, Newhall

Phone all mountain and forest fire calls direct to the Newhall Ranger Station, Pacific phone Newhall 23. Telephone connections over any line in this district.

J. A. BIDDISON, Bouquet Canyon Division
 LESLIE WRIGHT, Soledad Division, Lang

ELI MUNZ, Elizabeth Lake Division
 THORNTON DOELLE, Ridge Road Division,
 National Forest Inn.

Piru Creek Division, Co-operative Protection.

Free camp fire permits for this district may be secured from any of the above forest officers or from any authorized National Forest agent.



Mint Canyon Juleps

A number of Mint Canyonites are away at present, enjoying the cool beach air.

Mr and Mrs Glen A. Wright returned to their home the first part of the week, after a vacation of several days duration at San Diego and other beach towns.

Charles Petty, who has been visiting relatives in Mint, the past week, returned to his home in Fullerton on Saturday.

We want to remind you of the dance that will be given at the Mint Canyon school house on the night of Sept. 13th. Dorris Johnson and his players will furnish the music. The proceeds of this entertainment will go toward the buying of school equipment. So everybody is invited to come and try the new floor. Remember the night, Sept. 13, '24.

Subscribe for the paper that is not afraid—the Newhall Signal.

Mr and Mrs William Heim attended the Ford day doings in San Fernando. Their aged flivver nearly ran its wheels off to get there in time for the parade, but made it all right, and took second prize as the oldest Ford, only fail in to make first place by three days. Mr. Heim purchased his Ford in 1911. On the back it bore the prize winning motto, "Darling I am Growing Old." According to the published list of prizes, they are the owners of an electric iron and a ukelele.

Mrs Nina B. Wright has been enjoying the sea breezes at Balboa the past few days. She will be home the last of this week.

Odd Locomotion

Tibet has her feminist leaders no less renowned in their own way than prominent women of western lands, according to Sir Charles Bell. At one monastery Sir Charles, who spent a year in Tibet as a British government official, lunched with Dorja Parwo, the most eminent woman in Tibet, who, he said, was believed to have the power of turning herself and the 50 other inmates—who were monks, not nuns—into pigs, says the Detroit News.

On his way to Lhasa, the holy city, he met pilgrims who were covering every inch of the way by prostrating themselves. By this tedious method of traveling the pilgrim stretches himself on the ground, then makes a mark with his fingers a little beyond his head. The pilgrim rises, walks to the mark, mutters a prayer and again prostrates himself. Some pilgrims have been known to go 2,000 miles

like this and spend seven to ten years on the journey.

Bath Un. Alarmed

The Good Friday of 1809 was a red-letter day in the history of Bath, Me., says London Answers. The whole city was in a ferment over a reported prophecy that the place was to be destroyed by an earthquake.

An old woman, so the story ran, had been warned by an angel of this event, which was to cause Beacon hill to meet Beechen cliff. The more skeptical scoffed, but many were impressed, and great crowds left the "doomed" city before the dawn of the fateful day.

But the promised earthquake did not come. And presently the origin of the scare was revealed. It appeared that two noted fanciers had arranged a cock fight and fearing interference by the authorities had named their champions after their respective places of residence. The agreement between them that "Mountbeacon would meet Beech cliff precisely at twelve o'clock on Good Friday" had, as it passed from mouth to mouth, grown into the prophecy of an earthquake.



going away

for YOUR VACATION

Summer excursion fares are still in effect.

Spend your vacation days at one or several of California's delightful beach and mountain resorts.

Benefit by Southern Pacific summer round-trip weekend fares, sold until and including Sept. 28. 16-day return limit.

Or Southern Pacific season tickets, sold any day up to and including Sept. 30th; good until October 31st.

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Newhall, Calif.

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New Goods

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Come n and Look Them Over

NEWHALL DRY GOODS STORE

A. H. WILKIE

**Sydney Blair's
Experience on
the Open Road**

By GEORGE ELMER COBB

(©, 1924, Western Newspaper Union.)

A winter long Sydney Blair lived in a 6 by 10 room in a poor lodging house.

He was a poet at soul. As to his effusions, only three in his life had he received real pay from a real publication.

Once a year his soul swelled. It was when, as now, he turned his face from the turmoil, dust and hollow excitement of the city.

Outside of a little bundle, usually strung across his stout walking stick and containing a change of linen and a blanket, Sydney Blair had no other possession of some utility and value. This was a piano tuning key. From the profession of poet in winter our good friend enacted a broad transition to piano tuner at summertime.

Once, at dusk, Sydney, resting under a great gnarled oak, was aroused by a shrill echoing cry. He ran towards the highway to observe three rough-looking fellows disappearing in the dim distance. He stumbled over a troscrate form. It was that of an old man. There was a cruel gash on one side of his head. A buttonhole of his vest was torn apart, showing where his watch chain had been torn from place. Evidently footpads had robbed this victim.

Sydney ran to a brook near at hand. He soaked a handkerchief in water, and did all he could to remove the traces of violence from the insensible man. Finally the latter sat up. He put his hand confusedly to his head, his eyes were somehow glazed and unsteady as he surveyed Sydney.

"See here," spoke the latter, "who are you and what has happened?"

The victim seemed to make a desperate effort to concentrate his thoughts, failed and shook his head blankly.

"H'm," soliloquized Sydney, "a bad blow. See here, old friend, I must get you to a doctor."

The victim placidly allowed Sydney to lead him to a nearby village. There a doctor looked him over, plastered up the wound on his head and questioned him as to his home.

"I don't know," was the monotonous response.

With the morning the same cloud of haziness hung over the victim. All that morning Sydney led him about the vicinity. No one knew him. He was an utter stranger to the district.

"See here," said Sydney, "what am I going to do with you? What do you want to do?"

"Go with you," replied the old man, simply. "I like the sunlight, the woods, the birds. I feel rested, I feel happy, only—I forget what was."

"All right, I make you my partner," said Sydney.

The old man grew quite blithe and talkative during the next day of idle wandering. He was like a pleased child. Some injury to his brain, it was apparent, had blotted out the past. Sydney observed that he was an educated man, his attire evidenced respectability. There was not a mark on his clothing, not a scrap of paper found to give a clue to his identity.

Every morning and evening, however, the old man took from an inner pocket an exquisite little medallion. It held the portrait of a beautiful girl. He would gaze at it raptly for nearly an hour. And then Sydney got to sharing his mute adoration.

Like nomads those two passed along the flower-fringed byways. Each day the old man seemed to grow happier and more contented with the carefree, joyous life.

One evening, while seated in a little wayside inn, Sydney struck up an acquaintance with a physician. He told

the story of the old man. The doctor became interested. He examined the patient.

"There is a depression of the skull," he said. "This man's memory can be restored by a surgical operation."

It would cost fifty dollars, the doctor said, for he would have to call in a surgeon. Sydney made arrangements for the housing of his friend in the village. Then he started out tuning pianos.

It was a glad, proud day for his good, kind heart when he returned with the money to pay for the operation.

The doctor had predicted rightly. The operation concluded, the old man rose up, a new intelligence in his face. He listened to the story of the doctor. His eyes were filled with gratitude and love as he was told of the noble sacrifice of the tramp poet.

"Bring me a check book," he said "and a pen."

His apparent whim was gratified. He scratched out "Bank of Hilton," substituted "State bank of Wareham," signed a name—Henry Morse—and handed the check to Sydney, filled in for five thousand dollars.

Then came his story of visiting some land at a distance, of being assaulted and robbed. Sydney must accompany him home. A sorrowing daughter, who mourned him as dead, greeted him at his own palatial home. She was the original of the cherished portrait, Eva Morse.

When all the beautiful story of the soulful fidelity of Sydney Blair to a stranger was told, gratitude shone in those lovely eyes.

And then love, and in the golden days that passed by as a joyful dream the poet knew no more of loneliness and deprivation and neglect.

**Leaves, Twigs, Sawdust
Become Synthetic Wood**

Leaves, twigs, small branches of trees, waste from the cutting of sawlogs and timbers, sawdust and other wood waste that heretofore have been thrown away as useless, are being changed as by magic into boards, beams, moldings and all forms in which lumber usually appears and many forms in which wood has never before been used, says the New York State College of Forestry at Syracuse.

Synthetic wood is not exactly like lumber in appearance. Most of it bears a close resemblance in color to common pasteboard. Its texture is much finer. For many purposes it is said to be more serviceable than natural wood, especially for interior construction. The products of the pulp and paper industry are being manufactured through chemical and mechanical processes to take the place of many metal, leather and hard rubber articles. This is especially true of vulcanized fiber, a substance as hard as iron, light as aluminum, easy to work and impervious to water.

Another kind of converted wood called binder-board is made from hardwood waste. This is being used in automobile bodies by one of the leading manufacturers. This artificial lumber has good waterproof qualities and insulation against heat and cold; it is also said to be less subject to checking and splitting than natural wood.

The day may come when junk dealers will be collecting sawdust, old boards, broken-down furniture, remnants of boxes, barrels, baskets, leaves, twigs, etc., to be manufactured into new lumber.

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**LOVELIEST
SPOT IN
THE WORLD**

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(© 1924, McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

"Thank goodness," said pretty Sally Lane, when she secured a position in New York city, "now I can come back to Cow Meadow merely for week-ends. Please don't think I am an ungrateful child, Aunt Louise, for I'm not; but the very thought of always heading my letters 'Cow Meadow, N. Y.,' does make me feel blue!

"Of course we shall miss you, my dear, but young birds must try their wings; good-bye and lots of luck, and remember you've got a home here, even if it is Cow Meadow!"

They all laughed and waved to Sally as the train started, and she stood on the rear platform until it rounded the bend and disappeared among the scrub oaks. As they drove slowly home they could hear the engine whistle at distant crossings, and finally it died away on the cold winter air.

The first night in the stuffy little hall bedroom, which was all that she could afford at first, Sally Lane regarded the bony-looking iron bedstead with much disfavor. The one window overlooked a black and fathomless void of back yards, and from some nearby corner elevated railroad trains clattered all night. Toward morning she slept a little, only to awaken unrefreshed and very hungry.

"The idea of not being able to have one's meals in the house," lamented Sally, as she dressed. She remembered leisurely, comfortable meals at home in the cosy dining room, with Uncle Abel stamping in with the morning mail and Aunt Louise always busy about something—there was always "something going on" at Cow Meadow. A homesick pang caught her throat as she hurried in to bat and coat to seek a nearby restaurant where she could have some breakfast. Afterwards she felt better, and when she had put her room in order she went out to see the people for whom she was to work. The position was a good one and everyone made Sally welcome, so that she was soon at home in her small room and at her own desk in the office.

About this time she met Larry Camady, who fell a victim to Sally's bright beauty. His father was the rich Camady who owned many banks in the state, and the simplicity of the youth and the plain every-dayness of his parents made a great impression upon Sally.

"Where do I live?" Sally used to repeat, when people inquired; "oh, we live near Bunting."

"That must be near Cow Meadow," someone remarked once.

"It is very near," Sally, ashamed of her country town, blushed at her own duplicity.

"I spent a summer at Cow Meadow once; it is perfectly beautiful there," pursued the new acquaintance.

Then one day Aunt Louise announced in an excited letter that a bank was to be opened in Cow Meadow in the spring. Another letter announced that the name of the town was to be changed.

"I wouldn't mind living there if they changed the name," she thought foolishly.

"My father is opening another bank," remarked Larry Camady one day. "Wants me to go in as assistant cashier—way, back in the country."

"Oh, don't you hate that?" asked Sally quickly.

"Hate it? Oh, I don't know as I do—I like to see things grow—develop."

"But don't you hate the idea of living in the country—away from the city, with its amusements and lights and music?" Sally's voice faltered because she felt how little all these things must mean to a young man with a serious purpose in life.

"Amusements?" But, Miss Sally, you can come to town when you want to hear good music or see good shows, but in the country you can have a real home and real neighbors and enjoy all sorts of sports. Why, I'm going to start right off and buy a house for myself in that little village where I am going. Father likes it so well—seems his ancestors used to live there years ago, and the village was named after them—Camady—he's bought the old homestead up on Sport Hill and is going to make it over. You can see the Sound from three sides—"

"Sport Hill—Camady—where is the village of Camady?" asked Sally in a queer voice.

"Camady? Why they call it 'Cow Meadow now; degenerated into that, I believe, but the old name is to be revived—it must be somewhere near where you live—it's near Bunting."

"I live right in Cow Meadow," declared Sally distinctly, suddenly glowing with shame at her own foolishness.

"Why didn't you say so before?"

"Because I hate it so—I love the city, and I do hate a country town."

"Larry made no reply to this remark and they talked of other things." She did not see him very often as spring advanced, because he was away at Cow Meadow, helping to get the new bank started. Aunt Louise wrote about that "young Camady," who came to call on her because he knew Sally, and she told how he stayed to tea and ate ten waffles—he played Sally's piano and repaired the radio for Uncle Abel, and, in fact, it was a wonderful evening.

Sally Lane cried after reading this letter. The city grew lonely now that she never saw Larry Camady any more, and they did not correspond. She heard how he had built a tiny bungalow near the water and had a Japanese servant. The cashier also lived here, but his wife was expected soon, and they would go to housekeeping in the old Adkins place, etc., etc.

It seemed as though Sally's vacation would never come. At last, the glorious midsummer day when the omnibus left her at Aunt Louise's door. How beautiful those two indle-dinged people looked! How sweet was the old house with its vine-wreathed porch, its quiet rooms. "I never want to go away again," sobbed Sally, "even if it is called Cow Meadow."

"Cow Meadow, it's going to remain for a while longer," grinned Uncle Abel. "Now, Sally, stop your crying and powder your pretty nose, we have company to supper, and there's waffles to make and bake—"

"Company" proved to be Larry, who came in like a member of the family. Sally blushed hotly when she asked her mischievously why she did not spend her vacation in her adored city.

"Please don't, Larry—I have made such a fool of myself," she confessed. Later, in the shadow of the vine-clad porch, Larry also made a confession.

"I've wanted to ask you to marry me and come to Cow Meadow to live but I hadn't the nerve—you do hate a country town, and to tell the truth, my dear, I think it's great here. The city has nothing to offer in exchange!"

Sally hesitated for an instant. The old pride held her back. Then, desperately, "Larry, I could be happy anywhere with you, and I think Cow Meadow is the loveliest spot in all the world."

And Sally still believes that, at

though they never changed its name, and it is still "Cow Meadow."

Want Ads

Local ads under this head will be 20 cents per line—but no advertisement taken for less than 35 cents.

A Desirable Government

WHAT HOPE is there for disabled soldiers, cripples, infirm in body and mind when the new order is established on earth?

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IN THE JUSTICE'S COURT OF SOLEDAD TOWNSHIP, COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, STATE OF CALIFORNIA. ORDER FOR PUBLICATION OF SUMMONS.

A. LANE, Plaintiff,

vs.

CHAS DECKER, Defendant.

On reading and filing the affidavit of A. Lane plaintiff in the above entitled action, and it appearing from the said affidavit that the defendant, Chas Decker cannot after due diligence be found in the County of Los Angeles, and has departed from the County of Los Angeles, and from his last known place of residence in said County of Los Angeles, State of California. And it also appearing that a good cause of action exists against said defendant and in favor of said plaintiff, by the said affidavit and the complaint on file in said action, and that said defendant Chas Decker is a necessary and proper party defendant in said action; and it further appearing that a summons has been duly issued out of said court in said action, and that personal service of the same cannot be made upon said defendant Chas Decker for the reasons hereinbefore contained, and by said affidavit made to appear.

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED that the service of the summons in this action be made upon the said defendant Chas Decker by publication thereof in the Newhall Signal a newspaper printed and published in the County of Los Angeles, State of California, hereby designated as the newspaper most likely to give notice to said defendant; that such publication be made once a week for two months.

P. C. MILLER, Justice of the Peace, Soledad Township.

Dated at Newhall, Calif., August 28, 1924.

Published Aug. 29, Sept. 5, 12, 19, 26, Oct. 3, 10, 17, 24, 1924.

DR. W. I. DILL
VETERINARY SURGEON

Office: 415 Mission Blvd.
Phone Green 89
San Fernando

INSURANCE

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A. G. Thibaudau
Newhall, Calif.

4-072 c
NOTICE OF CONTEST

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE
Los Angeles, California, August 13th, 1924.

To Charles N. Bainbridge, 950 Fresno St. Los Angeles, Cal., Contestee:

You are hereby notified that (Mrs) Margaret D. Fraser, who gives 1339 West 12th St., Los Angeles, Cal., as her post-office address, did on August 13th, 1924, file in this office her duly corroborated application to contest and secure the cancellation of your Homestead Entry No. , Serial No. 0 84541 made November 12th, 1921, for N.E. 1/4 of S.E. 1/4 & E. 1/4 of N.E. 1/4 Sec. 20, and N.W. 1/4 of N.W. 1/4 Section 21, Township 3 North, range 16 West S. B. B Meridian, and as grounds for her contest she alleges that said land has not been cultivated since date of filing and that said Charles N. Bainbridge has not resided thereon since date of filing.

You are, therefore, further notified that the said allegations will be taken as confessed, and your said entry will be canceled without further right to be heard, either before this office or on appeal, if you fail to file in this office within twenty days after the FOURTH publication of this notice, as shown below, your answer, under oath, specifically responding to these allegations of contest, together with due proof that you have served a copy of your answer on the said contestant either in person or by registered mail.

You should state in your answer the name of the postoffice to which you desire future notices to be sent to you.
B. B. Smith, Receiver.
Date of 1st publication Aug. 22, 1924
Date of 2nd publication Aug. 29, 1924
Date of 3rd publication Sep. 5, 1924.
Date of 4th publication Sep. 12, 1924.

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Summit and Thereabouts.

Work is progressing on the lime kiln installation on the Karl Gest place. Soapstone is being hauled from the deposits on the same place.

A new new house has been erected on the Conlin place immediately west of Summit.

A large car went into the ditch near the Sophia Oliver place Monday. Particulars not ascertained.

A San Fernando laundry contemplates running a route thru Mint Canyon in competition with the present service.

Among the week's callers at Summit have been A. H. Charlton, wife and daughter, of Los Angeles. Mr Charlton is one of the accountants of the Los Angeles Street Railway.

Frank Darling and his son, of Bell station spent most of Tuesday doing a repair job on the former's tin mule at Summit. We use the term "tin mule" advisedly—for the creature consists of a rather old Hupp chassis, and Ford engine and front wheels. He had most of another Hupp chassis on his trailer so was able to obtain spare parts without trouble. He is moving the last of his worldly goods from up Owen Valley way.

Wm. Andrews called on his brother-in-law, C. W. Thompson, Sunday. He was accompanied by wife and two children, and the two families made a trip to Vasquez Rocks during the day.

Proposed Auto Regulations

Believing that motor vehicles may be made safer for pedestrian and driver alike by prohibiting incompetent persons from handling cars, the Automobile Club of Southern California is investigating systems of examinations for drivers in other states, with the view of determining the best method of reducing casualties.

In one Eastern state the fatal automobile accidents in 1924 were less than they were in 1919, in spite of the enormous increase in the number of vehicles in use during that period. It was found that from 20 to 30 per cent of those applying for the privilege of operating a motor vehicle on the highways were unable to demonstrate their fitness to be allowed this privilege. This withholding of licenses to drive from incompetents is held as one of the chief causes for the marked reduction in this Eastern state in deaths attributable to automobile crashes.

The situation in California today, it is pointed out, is that any person, irrespective of mental and physical qualifications may obtain a license to operate a car. As far as the law is concerned, the applicant may be an inmate of a home for the feeble-minded, but if he can fill the little card furnished by the motor vehicle department, on which the color of the hair, eyes, and a few inconsequential details are listed, a license is granted. It has been demonstrated that the chief cause of motor vehicle fatalities throughout the United States is incompetent handling of cars, so that it would appear that if incompetent

drivers can be weeded out, an appreciable reduction in the number of motor vehicle accidents will result.

As a further argument for the examination of motorists, it is shown that there are many foreigners and illiterates, unable to read or understand English. This makes it impossible for them to interpret the warning signs which have been so generously distributed by the Automobile Club of Southern California to call attention to dangerous spots on the highways, or for them to read even the most simple provisions of the state law covering the operation of motor vehicles on the highway. This condition alone, is a prolific cause of many violations of the traffic regulations.

Other organizations are expected to join the Automobile Club in finding ways and means of remedying the costly situation created by incompetent drivers.

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Southern Pacific Railway

Effective 12:01 A. M. Apr. 20, 1924, trains due Newhall as follows:

NORTHBOUND

Train 35; 8:14 A. M., Ventura via Santa Paula.

Train 87; 11:45 A. M. Stops only to pick up passengers North of Saugus.

Train 37; 6:52 P. M. to Oxnard, via Santa Paula.

Train 49; 12:40 A. M. to San Francisco. Flag

SOUTHBOUND

Ventura, via Santa Paula.

Train No. 8; 6:15 A. M.; Flag stop.

Train 34; 9:46 A. M.

Train 36; 5:12 P. M.

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