MILANCE REVER

THE SIGNAL



A Special Anniversary Edition Celebrating 75 Years of The Signal, Santa Clarita Valley's Newspaper

\$4.95

Magic Ford and Lincoln-Mercury Congratulates The Signal On It's 75th Anniversary

Like The Signal..

Magic Ford and Lincoln-Mercury has been successfully growing and expanding in the Santa Clarita Valley for quite some time. For those who are unfamiliar with Magic Ford and Lincoln-Mercury, let us share our history with you.

Norm Gray had a dream...

It was the American dream. Magic Ford first opened it's doors in downtown Newhall in 1978. The first month they sold 48 cars. Little did we know that fifteen years later they would be sitting on 20 acres in Valencia's prestigious Anto Row. Magic moved it's Ford dealership to

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"We at Magic, being built on a foundation of outstanding employees, dedicate ourselves to exceed customer expectations both before and after the sale. We feel that the people make the difference. Our goal is and always will be, No Unhappy Customers."

-Norm Gray, President

customer satisfaction and customer service is stronger than ever.

The Magic family is also dedicated to supporting the community. Magic is a longtime contributor to the local Boys and Girls Club and many other community services.

We believe in Magic...

The Magic family of dealerships also contributes \$300 million in retail sales annually. When you shop in the Santa Clarita Valley, the State of California returns 1% of the sales tax revenue to this valley. The Santa Clarita Valley portion of sales tax revenue

from the Magic family is well over 2 million dollars annually, which means Magic is the number 1 generator of sales tax revenue in the entire Santa Clairta Valley. We, the Magic family, want to thank the families of the SCV for making all this possible.



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Scott Newhall (1963-1978)
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Blanche Brown (1920-1925)
Thornton Doelle (lessee, 1925)
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75 Years of The Signal, Santa Clarita Valley's Newspaper

FEATURES

The Great Adventure: An introduction by John Boston	6
St. Francis Dam: A retrospective on one of America's worst disasters	14
Signal Society: Beauty pageants, tea parties and gossip	28
The Name Game: Ever wonder where we got our names?	39
The Silver Screen: The Little Santa Clara Valley as a film mecca	42
Scotty on the High Seas: Saluting The Signal's most-feared writer	48
The Perkins Perspective: A.B. Perkins, the consummate historian	52
The SCV's Soap Box: Unsolicited opinions of readers and columnists	54
Toon-ing in: Wicks and other cartoonists tickle minds and funny bones	64
Escapism: Respite from the tired world of uppity entertainment sections	71
WAR! A look at The Signal as the nation went to battle	78
Hut! Hut! Answers to the longest-burning SCV sports questions	81
Quake, '94: The valley's most-covered disaster	92
The Next 75? Where we've been, where we're going, by Tim Whyte	94
THE DECADES	

THE DECADES	
1919: An era begins	7
The 1920s: A small town and its newspaper	9
The 1930s: Optimism in the face of hard times	19
The 1940s: War, cowboys and newfangled devices	29
The 1950s: Anti-communism and rodeo queens	34
The 1960s: Change, change and more change	59
The 1970s: Who are we, really?	72
The 1980s: A boomtown bursts onto the scene	86
The 1990s: Shopping malls, wars and earthquakes	89

THE SIGNAL, 1994

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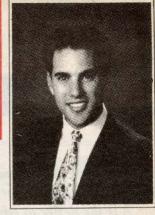
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On the cover:Lightning strikes over The Signal's offices at 24000 Creekside Road in Valencia.
Signal file photo.

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MARKETS THE



BROKER



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Tropical setting for this dynamic luxury "custom." Incredible pool, spa & plush decor! Separate guest quarters! Room for large RV plus 3 car garage. \$449,850



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Spacious kitchen. Low down w/low monthly
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28803 BOUQUET CANYON ROAD, SAUGUS

Custom ranch w/.84 acres! Beautiful property! 2386 sq. ft. 4 big bedrooms, huge country kitchen. Horses are ok! Very usable land. Must see for yourself! \$299,850



20519 ROMAR LANE, SAUGUS

Huge rear yard! Great floorplan w/4 bedrooms, 1 bdrm. & bath downstairs. Big kitchen, family, living & formal dining rooms. Safe cul-de-sac street. Block walls. Big master w/double closets.



25663 | FTICIA VALENCIA

Popular Valencia Sunrise home, 3 bedrooms, 2 baths, near paseos, pool, parks & shopping. Bigger yard. \$163,500.



24943 CHESTNUT. NEWHALL

Cute 3 bedroom home with huge lot in Newhall. Fireplace, formal dining. Lots fo RV parking space. \$159,850.



24335 JENNIFER PLACE, NEWHALL

Beautiful 3 bedroom, 2 bath home. Great location, near schools, shopping and freeway.



24065 PLAZA LUNETA, VALENCIA

Popular Valencia Hills home with fantastic view. Spacious 6 bedrooms with large master suite. Outstanding location with pool and clubhouse facilities. \$291,850



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Truly dynamic golf course custom on "The Point." Dazzling sunsets! Gorgeous pool & spa w/waterfalls! Masterfully designed gourmet kitchen! \$799,850



27618 SUSAN BETH. SAUGUS

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26621 TORREY PINES, NEWHALL

Check out this price! Big rear yard w/a spa, safe cul-de-sac street, family & living rooms, remodeled kitchen, A/C, newer roof, fireplace & more. Make offer! \$184,850



24111 DEL MONTE #2. VALENCIA

2 bedroom, 2 bath, overlooking sparkling pool area. Shows extra nice. \$128,500



19775 ELIZABETH WAY, **CANYON COUNTRY**

Fantastic price for American Beauty Classic home. Two story, 4 bedrooms, 3 baths, view. Earthquake Damage. \$159,850.



20347 WINTERDALE. **CANYON COUNTRY**

3 bedrooms, 2 baths, over 1500 square feet with family room and cozy fireplace. Great RV access. \$184,850.



28431 SECO CANYON RD. #162, SAUGUS

2 story townhome w/2 bdrms, & 2-1/2 baths & a 2 car attached garage. New carpet & new paint inside! Low down & only 1091/mo (PITI & dues . . the whole thing!). \$135,850



20352 JAY CARROLL DRIVE. SAUGUS

Spacious El Dorado Village home with gated RV access. 4 bedrooms and 3 baths, kitchen has nook area and lots of pantry space. \$242,500

FACT: Lou Fricke represented 14 buyers and sold 11 of his listings for a total of 25 sales last month!

FACT: The median time frame it took Lou to sell his listings was only 22 days!

FACT: It doesn't cost any extra to hire the Santa Clarita Valley's #1 agent in 1991, 1992 and 1993...

RE/MEX of Santa Clarita 286-9349/255-2650 SCV ** Network



Living the great adventure

"The strongest human emotion is neither hate, nor sex, nor love, nor fear. It is the desire to edit another person's copy."

Anonymous

By JOHN BOSTON
Mr. Santa Clarita Valley

Tewspapering is the grandest adventure.

It is the daily safari of tramping through God's teeming jungle, taking notes on the oddest of creatures — kings, poets and perverts. Liars and heroes, members of the Department of Motor Vehicles. And they all have The Story

The Story is tragic. Or comic. Inspirational or gut-wrenching. Sometimes, when the wind is just right and you get lucky, it's factual. The Story is rarely true. It may have the names spelled correctly - again, if we're lucky and weren't up the night before, weeping with our own problems. And all the 'he saids,' 'she saids' are pretty much verbatim. But writing a newspaper story is pretty much like the Japanese fable of "Rashomon." You have one earthshattering event with a half-dozen completely different viewpoints and agendas, both hidden and embarrassingly obvious and usually unprintable.

For 75 years, The Mighty Signal has been chronicling life in the Santa Clarita Valley. What change. What sameness

There are still those living in town who remember dirt roads and quieter, halcyon times. The Valley was a simple farm town of 500 souls. On Feb. 7, 1919, the very first Newhall Signal hit what streets there were and the die was cast for that irreverent, questioning, caring style that has been the unmistakable trademark of this community's newspaper ever since.

We ran jokes in the first Signal.
And chicken tips. (i.e., tips on raising chickens.) We called for a variety of civic improvements — like a steam laundry, pool hall, sugar factory and even a bank — to join us in our village of commerce and community. World War I had just ended and we reached out to the larger community



Engraving courtesy SCV Historical Society

Could this 1873 engraving, showing John Lang's confrontation with a bear in Soledad Canyon, have been a hint of the valley's newspapering adventures to come?

beyond, which, at the time, was still so mysterious and much unexplored.

We fought many good fights over the years — and yes, a few bad ones, This is not an easy business. It can cost you alleged friends and money. People sometimes worship comfort and denial above all else and ask why

'It is the daily safari of tramping through God's teeming jungle, taking notes on the oddest of creatures — kings, poets and perverts.'

too. If you're a good community newspaper, you're the heart and soul of your town, both cheerleader and preacher. But there are days when you have to be more. There are times when even in good stewardship, you have to uplift a rock to expose those who murder. Or cheat their neighbor. Or violate a public trust.

can't we just print the positive. We can't. Because like a good parent, no matter how much we love our children, there are times when we have to present information that our children don't particularly want to hear — but it's information they *really*, *really* need to know.

We've been dead wrong and plain

stupid. Newspapering seems to attract few omniscients and fewer saints, although we can't understand why. The pay is low enough and the hours can be brutal. But for any of those rare instances the past three-quarters of a century, real or imagined, where we've hurt someone, honestly, we're sorry.

The Santa Clarita has survived a 500-foot wall of water descending on this valley when the St. Francis Dam broke in 1928. We've cleaned up and rebuilt after floods and fire, depressions, wars, earthquakes and teenagers. Despite our own building burning down, or being shaken by the throat by monumental continental tremors, in 75 years, we've never missed getting a newspaper out to our community.

It's called vigilance. It's forever.

John Boston first worked for The Signal in 1971 and is currently editor of Son of Escape, The Signal's weekly entertainment section.

1919

7ith this issue we unfurl the sails of the Newhall Signal upon the sea of journalism, and we hope that our efforts will be of service and benefit to the Newhall and Saugus valley area. In order to do our best, we must have the unbiased support and cooperation of the good citizens of these communities, and we are looking forward with perfect faith that this assistance will be extended to us.

"The columns of this paper will be open for the discussion of any subject that will be of interest or benefit to the people of the Newhall and Saugus sections, but we reserve the privilege of eliminating anything that smacks of malice.

"We should continually bear in mind that what tends to the true interest of one, helps others, and we must all work in harmony to promote the ongoing of our home section.

"In conclusion, will say that we hope for the loyalty and help that is necessary to make this paper a credit to the town."

An era begins

The Newhall

Vol. I.

DEVOTED TO THE NEWHALL-SAUGUS VALLEYS Newhall, California, Friday, February 7, 1919

Build Up, Don't Tear Down

PERSHING UP ON FRENCH CUSTOMS

American General Claims Admiration of the People.

KISSES OLD FRENCH LADY

Round Smack on the Two Checks of Dear Old Lady Who Made Speech Expressing Gratitude of People to Americans—Acquires Such Facility In the Language That He Can Now Make Good Speech in French.

General Pershing has kissed "une Francaise"—French scholars notice the gender, This was no official embrace of a bearded general. It was round smack on the two cheeks of a dear old French Indy.

General Pershing is known to have acquired such remarkable facility in the French language that he makes a rattling good speech in French today. It remained for "Le Carnet de la Semaine," a French weekly paper, to reveal that the general in chief of the Yank forces has not lagged behind his subordinates in acquiring French manners, In a recent issue Le Carnet says:

"General Pershing is a great Amer."

"General Pershing is a great Amer-ican. Learned, restrained, always caim, he symbolizes that American simplicity which looks on and learns.

"The general's manners likewise are characterized by the most spon-taneous frankness and his actions re-main graven in the memory of those

main graven in the memory of those who have seen him.

Klases Old French Lady.

"At D——, General Pershing arrived recently with his shift. The armistice had been signed the evening before— delirious enthusiasm, ovntions. In this little northern village a little crowd quickly surrounded the glorious American liberators and their chief. Such a riot ensued that an old mistress of ceremonies raised herself and the rout and demanded silence so that, in the name of ull, sha might thank the general. Silence warrestored and an old woman, a veriold and trembling little woman, a proached him in all her dignity and murmured words of gratitude. As she proached him in all her dignity and murnured words of gratitude. As slic went on she became confused with the unaccustomed honor. Her words became mixed. Finally, knowing nothing else to do, she suddenly selzed both hands of General Persiting and shook them heartily. 3. "And the general mutually squeezed the two hands of the old lady. Then suddenly, without a word, he removed his hat—and kissed her on each cheek."

"One other day," the paper con-tinues, "the president and Madame Poincare, with the general, chanced to meet at an official luncheon in St. Mihiel. At St. Mihiel the family of the president of the republic are known only as "Monsieur et Madame Itaymond." During the luncheon, which was a very cordial one, they talked a little politics.

FAIRBANK'S NEW FILM

of about two hundged, came up from Los Angeles Tuesday by special train and autos and pulled off a movilar picture situnt. We did not learn the name of the future film, but judging from what we saw, "Douglas at the County Pair" might be considered ap-propriate. The location chosen for the taking of the pictures was the vacant ground lying west of the depot. Market street from the drug store to the railroad track, was decorated with yards and yards of bunting, signs, flags, etc., not omitting the "ice cream" stands along the way. There were about forty horses in the performance and these did their part by going through the antics which people pay to see at a county fair. A "special train" met by the committee was an interesting feature.

Altogether the performance at "Fair-point," which was the name Newhall assumed for the day, was very enter-taining and we did not have to pay the price of a ticket either.

OUR HEALTH OFFICER MAKES A

OUR HEALTH OFFICER MAKES A VISIT:

The Stearling Borax Mine, near Lang, are working full time, three sets of miners working eight hours each consequently the mine never stops working. Forty-five men are now employed and the town has an air of inployed and the town has an air of inp dustry. The men are all loval and devoted to their Superintendent, Mr. Stewart. They all look prosperous and contented. The Colony was visited ast week by our local Health Offier ast week by our local Health Of-fier, Dr. Geo. Stevenson, who in-spected the school children, reports no slekness, and the healthleat bunch of youngsters he ever met. Mrs. Stewart, wife of the Superin-

tondent, acts as godmother over the children, looking after their physical needs while Miss Lemon, the amitable and competent school teacher, is very proud of the progress the children are making in their studies. Our Health Officer, Dr. Stevenson, and Mr. Chas Houghton the dependent Mr. Chas. Houghton, the druggist, were welcomed and entertained by the officers of the Company to which they return thanks for the same.

"'In Berlin! Then you will go there, mailme!' cried the general to Madame Policere.

Madame Poincare.

"Then they talked of other things and after the luncheon the presidential motor car took the guests on a tour of the region. Learning that the president's personal estate was near St. Mihlel, General Pershing asked to visit it, and the car was directed thither.

visit it, and the car was directed thinter.

"It drew up before a mass of grey cinders, once the Poincare family home. Pershing bowed his head. Madame Poincare, silent and full of memories, stood beside him. The general turned and said quietly to her:

"At Berlin, mariame, now I understand."

THE LOCAL **NEWS ITEMS**

"Say, can't you send us in som chool notes each week?"

There have been several cases on the "flu" here, but they are all up and tround now.

Mr. Buttler of the Buttler Grocery was in Los Angeles the first of th week buying goods.

Mr. L. G. Pullen, our genial barber was in Los Angeles Monday buying stock for his cigar stand.

so far this season and the farmers are praying for more moisture.

The five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs Thomas M. Frens, who has been very sick with pneumonia, is rapidly im

Mr. Bricker, of the Bricker Gro He is kept quite busy with his

E. S. Chrisfield is repairing the

in the matter of count stands No. on our list of subscribers.

Mr. Bucknell, manager of the New-hall Lumber Co., and family, spent Sunday in Los Angeles with friends and relatives.

We are strangers here, and if those knowing of items of interest will kindly bring them to this office, it will greatly assist us in making our col-umns more interesting.

Mr. W. W. Hooper, of Brawley, Cal. an old mining engineer, is stopping at Hotel Swall. Mr. Hooper is not feel-ing very well and is here for his health. He has many words of praise

We understand that there will be services in the Presbyterian church next Sunday, the first time for eight weeks, which was also closed on ac-count of the "Flu." It is understood Pastor Evans will speak.

Los Angeles Tuesday on business. The Swall Hotel is enjoying a good busi-ness as several are here for their health—and from the way they speak, this climate agrees with them.

and proprietor of "Eggland," informs us that he is enlarging his hen houses so as to be able to run 1500 laying White Leghorn hens. He believes in the best, that is the reason be has White Leghorns.

SHIPS FIRST IN

Must Have Aid in Restoring Merchant Marine.

VAST LOSSES SUMMED UP

Edward de Billy, Deputy High Com-missioner of the French Republic to the United States, Gives Statement of Country's Needs—2,500,000 of Her Young Men Killed or Maimed, 26,000 Factories Ruined.

With 2,500,000 of her youngest, ablest, and most spirited men killed or mained, and upward of half her industry and shipping destroyed by the war, France's appeal to her allies during the period of rehabilitation will be for help in rebuilding the factories and farms which the Germans wrecked and for assistance in constructing or purchasing ships, said Edward de Billy, deputy high commissioner of the Fre,ch republic.

chassing shilps, said Edward de Hilly, deputy high commissioner of the Frach republic.

Admitting his country's gain by the conflict, in the revitalizing of the French spirit of self-conflects, and in recularing Alsace and the testing of the French spirit of self-conflects, and in recularing Alsace and the testing of the French spirit of self-conflects, with the french spirit of self-conflects, and in recularing Alsace and the testing the dender that France was "bled white," but said the handicap imposed as a result of her sacrifices in resisting the invader could not be overcome except with outside aid.

Resorting to figures, he declared that 20,000 factories in the French districts occupied by the Germans were destroyed or stripped of their matchinery; that almost 12,000,000 host of conflict, in a manual that the money cost of the conflict, in appropriations and public debt aggregated -158,000,000,000 tons, and that the money cost of the conflict, in appropriations and public debt aggregated -158,000,000,000 francs, or \$31,000,000,000.

"Our army had to stand," he said, "the first rush of the language, or \$31,000,000,000.

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"Our army had to stand," he said, "the first rush of the language of the conflict, in appropriations and public debt agreement of the swiss border. Thus our losses were greater than those of any other army, the front held by the French had never been less than two-thirds of the Swiss border. Thus our losses were greater than those of any other army, and afterward that of the American army, the front held by the French had never been less than two-thirds of the Swiss border. Thus our losses were greater than those of any other army, and a ferrowed and splendid energy. But here stronged, while on the fighting line the soil of France

By TIM WHYTE Signal managing editor

o wrote The Signal's first editor, in the newspaper's very first issue, on Friday, Feb. 7, 1919, launching a 75-year tradition of vigilance and community journalism.

Edward H. Brown's fledgling publication had a hometown feel from the start, carrying front-page items about parties, trips to the beach and residents' shopping trips to Los Angeles and other points south.

But even then, when Newhall was an almost-sleepy rural town where talk at the corner store may have focused on a big crop, or the proper way to breed chickens, there was the hint of the growth that would occur in the coming 75 years. In The Signal's premier issue, Brown published an ad on page 3, listing Newhall's needs:

Bank, moving picture, general merchandise store, general machine implements, chalk and feed mill, pool hall, millinery store, steam laundry, cobbler shop, harness shop, furniture store, cheese factory, skinning station and sugar factory.

And after this list of needs, a bright outlook for the future:

"Newhall is a small town of 500 souls, with great opportunities ahead of it; and the aid of irrigation, which it now has at its door, there is no reason why she should not improve rapidly."

The Signal's first issue reported that

U.S. General Pershing, who kissed an old French lady, has become so fluent in French that he can make a "good speech" in French.

And on the local front, it was reported that the valley's role in the film industry was rapidly evolving: "Douglas Fairbanks and his company of about 200 came up from Los Angeles Tuesday by special train and autos and pulled off a moving picture stunt. We did not learn the name of the

Please see 1919, page 8



Photo courtesy of SCV Historical Society

When Edward H. Brown published the first issue of The Signal in 1919, Newhall was a relatively sleepy town of "500 souls."

1919

Continued from page 7

future film, but, judging from what we saw, 'Douglas at the County Fair,' might be considered appropriate . . . Market Street from the drug store to the railroad track was decorated with yards and yards of bunting, signs, flags etc., not omitting the ice cream stands along the way. There were about 40 horses in the performance and these did their part by going through the antics which people pay to see at a county fair."

Newhall was called Fair Point for the day.

When The Newhall Signal made its debut, a one-year subscription cost \$2. There were no screaming headlines, and one could find unlabeled opinion just about anywhere within the paper's pages.

Among the tidbits in the first issue of The Signal: "There have been several cases of the 'flu' here, but they are all up and around now." . . . "Mr. Buttler of the Buttler grocery was in Los Angeles the first of the week buying goods." . . . Mr. Bricker, of the Bricker Grocery, was in San Fernando

"Newhall is a small town of 500 souls, with great opportunities ahead of it; and the aid of irrigation, which it now has at its door, there is no reason why she should not improve rapidly."

— The Signal, Feb. 7, 1919

on Monday. He is kept quite busy with his truck business."... "The Stearling Borax Mine, near Lang, are working full time, three sets of miners working eight hours each, consequently the mine never stops working."

The paper also reported 45 men were employed, "loyal and devoted to their superintendent" and they looked "prosperous and contented."

The Signal's first big story was that of the destruction of the Swall hotel, a landmark structure and one of the newspaper's regular advertisers. On Friday, March 21, 1919, the headline read: "AN OLD LAND MARK BURNS DOWN TUESDAY."

The story: "One of the oldest buildings in Newhall, and probably one of

the oldest in this part of Los Angeles County, was totally destroyed by fire Tuesday afternoon. The fire was first discovered about 3:15 o'clock and is of unknown origin.

"The building was Mr. A.C. Swall's old hotel, and he is practically the only loser, as he did not carry any insurance. His loss also includes a 3-room house at the rear of the hotel.

"The building was first built by the Newhall brothers in the early days of the town, about 40 years ago, and was then used as a blacksmith shop."...

"The very tall chimney of the old building stood plumb throughout the fire and was standing Wednesday morning when Tom Mix, a wellknown 'movie' actor, arrived with his company. Mr. Mix has a wonderful trick horse and this animal did his share.

"Throwing a rope around the chimney, and with the other end attached to the saddle on the horse, Mr. Mix gave the word, and with a snort and plunge, 'Trixie' started forward, and with the downfall of the chimney, away went the landmark of the old Newhall hotel."

In the same issue, Hotel Swall's advertisement appeared as usual. The following week, A.C. Swall announced plans for an all-new "fire-proof" building.

The Signal in its first year still had an early post-war feel, carrying the occasional letter from one of "our boys" still stationed in Europe after serving during World War I. Brown noted sarcastically in the Feb. 28 issue: "The Germans still cherish hopes that America will stand their friend at the peace table. The sinking of the Lusitania and the bombing of American Red Cross hospitals are, of course, strong and convincing reasons why we should feel kindly toward them."

Far from the suburb it has become,

Please see 1919, page 24

■ The 1920s

Roaring along

Newhall Signal tested its new wings in 1920s

By CAROL ROCK Signal staff writer

he 1920s were characterized by historian A.B. Perkins as a decade when "nothing much happened" outside of the St. Francis Dam disaster and the "Buffalo Tom" Vernon train robbery.

The Signal was still a fledgling, getting used to its wings and townspeople. Spaces between stories were often filled with large ads reading, "Boost Newhall," editorials called people who didn't get involved in their community "flat tires" and the tops of pages carried the slogans, "The Newspaper With A Backbone," and, "For Each Other, Not Against Each Other."

The Signal was far from perfect. It didn't have the date on every page or even page numbers. There were typos and sometimes pages ran upside down—or completely blank. But the paper always had strong support from the community.

They sold all kinds of things at The Signal office, such as Brunswick records, fuse plugs, note pads and school pads, cards and "No Shooting or Hunting" signs. The Signal office was where people came to register to vote. It was the area's printing shop and was pretty proud of its work, according to an ad from September 1924: "WANTED Your Printing Business. If We Can't Please You DON'T COME AGAIN!"

Humility wasn't politically correct then.

But the pages reflect a gentler time. People didn't always die in the paper; rather, they were "called to their reward," "met their maker" or "passed away." The Signal also shared a lot more details, in melodramatic style; of just how someone made their crossing to the Great Beyond. And we mourned as a family. For the death of President Warren G. Harding in August 1923, The Signal wrote, "Then came the sad news of a relapse which severed the tender cord which holds us from passing from



Photos courtesy of SCV Historical Society

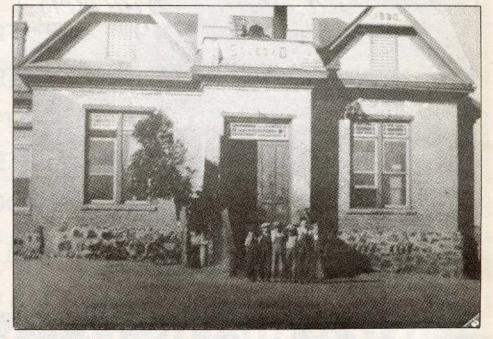
Was it a sign of things to come? Even in 1929, there was an occasional traffic jam in Saugus for events such as the annual rodeo. Here, motorists crowd the street lined by Saugus Cafe and the Saugus Station (left). Below, students of 1926 pose in front of Soledad School, established in 1890 in present-day Canyon Country.

life unto death." Obituaries always ran on the front page, never on the inside, and cards of thanks from bereaved families commonly accompanied them.

There were three different editorial regimes in the 1920s, starting with Edward Brown, founder of the Signal. Upon his death in 1920, his widow Blanche Brown took the reins and brought in Thornton Doelle as her assistant. Blanche's papers were full of news, the society column ran on the front page and Thornton, whose real job was with the Forest Service, wrote several columns and poems. In addition, they occasionally ran a column called "Peanut Pietro," written totally in Mexican slang. Readers' tolerance was certainly different then.

Newspaper ownership apparently did not provide enough of a living for Blanche, as she sold insurance throughout 1924 to supplement her income. (We know from the ad that ran consistently on the back page of the paper.)

In January 1925, while Blanche still owned the paper, Doelle took over as



lessee and editor. He filled the pages with graphics, poetry and colorful columns, like "Soledad Snapshots," "Porcupine Quills (Extracted Painlessly from Live Porcupines,") "Pine Tree Needles (Pointed Paragraphs Pertaining

to Outdoor Life,") "Boquets," and a short-lived scandal column entitled "They Tell Me," bordered by the striking Navajo pattern later known as swastikas. He was a colorful editorial writer, tak-

Please see 1920s, page 10

Continued from page 9

ing on his foes with name-calling such as that aimed at the Santa Paula school board that denied their teachers the right to bob their hair. He called them "a silly, narrow-minded, antique bunch of human tombstones," which pretty much told the reader where he stood.

His reign was short. The newspaper was sold to A. B. Thatcher in June 1925 and the whole look of the paper changed. Doelle's plethora of poems disappeared. In their place a daily O. Lawrence Hawthorne appeared under the masthead, complete with artwork. Page one was news, society items, obituaries and, sometimes, sports. Local news jumped to the back page, and inside pages were filled with wire service stories, items on cooking, housekeeping, agricultural or historic features and serialized stories. This trend continued into the 1930s.

The Signal published weekly, on Fridays in the beginning, changing to Thursdays in 1924. Subscriptions were \$2 a year, six months were \$1 and single copies were 5 cents. Those prices did not change during the decade.

The newspaper was a strong supporter of a chamber of commerce, proposing

its organization in 1919 and again in 1922, when a board of directors was actually appointed. At the time, it was estimated that 2,200 cars drove through town daily (the paper also lamented the lack of a town sign like Pomona or Alhambra already had). The chamber's first economic development victory was the establishment of the Newhall Goat Milk Canning Company at the corner of 4th Pine and Streets. Unfortunately, the chamber died in 1925 for lack of interest. Proving the third time is a charm, the Newhall-Saugus Chamber of Commerce formed in May 1928. We got our fancy, electrified sign (with 18-inch-high colored glass letters, at the cost of \$350, installed at Market and 8th Streets). And today, although the sign is gone, that chamber serves the community as the

Santa Clarita Valley Chamber of Commerce, one of three chambers in the

Our advertisements were certainly unique, and never subtle. "SUBSCRIP-TIONS-ADVERTISING-JOB WORK - We Need Them All" ran on the front page. A lost and found ad read: "Came to my ranch, one light bay mare weighing

Headwear for Winter Season



900 pounds. Owner may have same

You could even buy a Ford Touring Car

JELLIED FRUIT PH IS NICE FO

by paying for this ad." The Silver King Fur Farm advertised "breeding stock for sale of chinchilla lilac and whites for the coming industry." The irony was the last line of the ad: "Silver King Barbecue."

And advertorial

(stories written to boost a certain business) wasn't past The Signal in the 1920s. "Thrifty Children" was a twocolumn front-page article about children saving that was a thinly veiled plug for

Please see 1920s, page 12



Diamond Tennis Bracelets

Reg. \$49900 Now \$29900

- Custom-Made Mother's Ring
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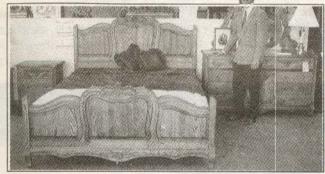
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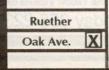


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(ACROSS FROM HOME DEPOT)

MON.-FRI. 16

"251-6622 HOURS:

MON.-FRI. 10-8, SAT. 10-6, SUN. 10-6

Continued from page 10

the Bank of Italy. And when a Kiwanis endorsed Newspaper Advertising, The Signal put a splashy headline over the coverage, boxed it and made it look just like an ad.

Comics first appeared in The Signal on Nov. 18, 1926: A single box cartoon Kettner and strips Featherheads" and "Micki, The Printer's Devil." All were from the Western Newspapers Union. WNU also provided the first full-color front and back page illustrations (done by Kettner) of Santa Claus in a holiday scene.

The Signal certainly was opinionated on the issue of Prohibition, referring to it in 1924 as a "tragic farce" and "the greatest curse that has ever befallen this nation." In the next issue, The Signal said, "Prohibition as it is NOT enforced by the higherups is rotten to the core, unjust and extremely discriminating."

Not that illegal moonshine wasn't making its impression on our valley; liquor runs and bathtub stills were constant news items. In 1929, a still in a cave near LaSalle Canyon exploded, causing a fire that destroyed 20 large mash vats, capable of producing 800 gallons of white lightning each.

"How dear to my heart is the steady subscriber, Who pays in advance without skipping a year; Who sends in his \$2 and offers it gladly, And casts 'round the office a halo of cheer. Who never says 'Stop it, I cannot afford it!' Or 'Getting more papers each day than I read'; But always says, 'Send it, the whole outfit like it — In fact, we regard it a fraternal need!' How welcome is he when he steps in the sanctum: How he makes our heart throb, how he makes our eves dance!

We outwardly thank him — we inwardly bless him — The steady subscriber who pays in advance."

> - "An Editorial Song" The Signal, Feb. 12, 1925

A restriction causing much public conflict today was the rule of the decade; smoking was not allowed ANYWHERE but on your own property. Smokers in their automobiles would be arrested. The smoking restriction included guns, which could not be discharged anywhere in public. The reason? Fire danger.

The Signal's reporting on the com-

bustibility of the area ranged from amusement at the government to casting a pathetic mirror on the fire service's inadequacies. In 1921, The Signal announced that the Saugus Ranger Station might move to the local forest area at the cost of \$390, but the Forest Service would only kick in \$300, because rangers in other isolated sections had much worse living conditions. Fireman C. L. Hawthorne of the Los Angeles County Fire Department came to Newhall in 1925 and inspected the fire hose (yes, THE fire hose) that served the town, finding it entirely worthless. The closest apparatus was located in Pacoima. This became a tragic footnote, when a fire in 1927 destroyed the Staughty Pool Hall and the Chaix building occupied by E. R. Holding's barber shop and the Motor Stage Cafe. The fire spread because of wind and lack of water, and the distance of the company coming from North Hollywood. A bucket brigade including William S. Hart fought the fire until equipment arrived.

Of course, what The Signal didn't report on was almost as amazing as what it did. There is absolutely no mention of the stock market crash of October 1929. And June 27, 1929, must have been the slowest news day in history. The Signal printed a complete play-by-play, minuteby-minute, motion-by-motion account of the Kiwanis meeting on the front page. What couldn't be filled with Kiwanians was filled with sports, posting the inning-

by-inning scoreboard tallies.

A community high school was actively campaigned for in this era, spearheaded by A.B. Perkins and his wife, who got

Please see 1920s, page 24

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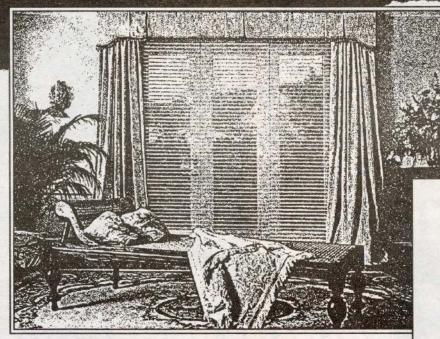
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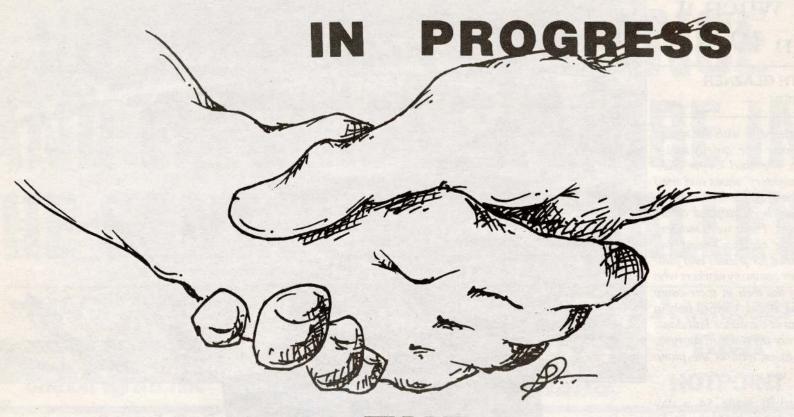
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ley under armed escort, illegal stopping and searching of

automobiles and wholesale dynamiting of the aqueduct

made the Owens Valley fight the most magnificent

building, Mulholland proceeded anyway with the St.

Francis, the 19th and last dam he was to build. It plugged

the pastoral San Francisquito Canyon, which had been

topography - a natural narrowing of the canyon down-

stream with a broad upstream platform, which would

Mulholland chose the canyon because of its favorable

Please see ST. FRANCIS, page 16

the main route between Los Angeles and Bakersfield.

Buoyed by his reputation as the patron saint of dam

water brawl of the time."

■ St. Francis tragedy

Dam of doom

Mulholland's pawn in water wars killed 450 people when it burst in 1928

By ELIZABETH GLAZNER Signal staff writer

The man wandered in with the rest of them, and after some time, quietly took a seat at the piano. The hotel keeper gathered her own daughters' shoes and tried to fit them to some of the lost children whose clothes had been stripped off by the water's current. There were mothers crying for missing children, neighbors searching the crowd for friends and family, teams of power company workers who watched most of the men in their camp wash away to sea. Bodies clothed only in mud were laid out at the dance hall down the street, suddenly a makeshift morgue, while the stone-faced man at the piano began to play.

Bailey Haskell made \$4 a day while helping to build the St. Francis Dam in San Francisquito Canyon.

"Back then that was a whole lot of money," said Haskell, who was 14 when the project came to town, in 1924.

Haskell was one of hundreds employed to dynamite trees and clear acres of brush to make way for the 12-billion-gallon reservoir. He also helped cut steel reinforcement bars for the massive dam.

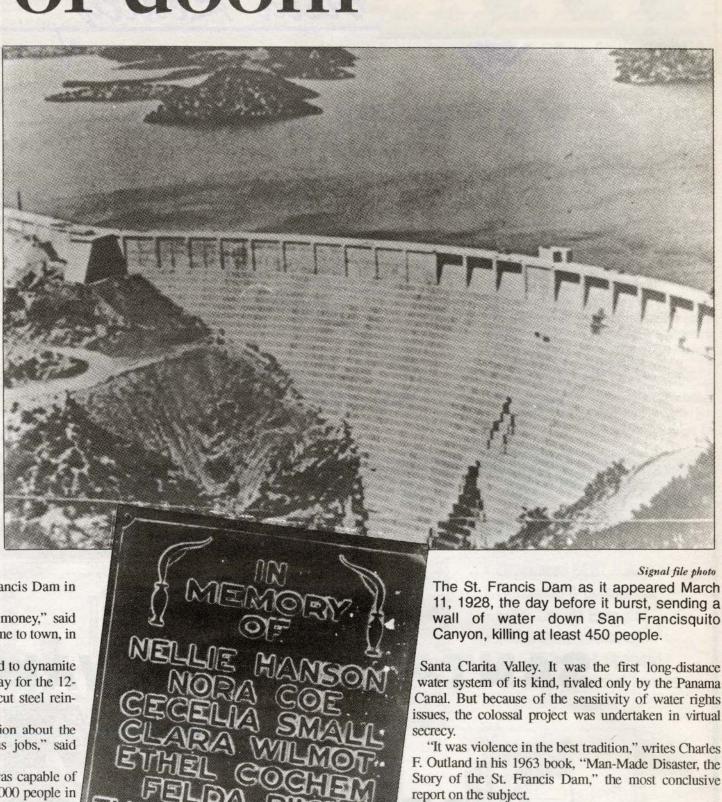
"There wasn't a whole lot of discussion about the dam, except that it was gonna bring us jobs," said Haskell in a 1993 interview.

To its builders, the St. Francis Dam was capable of bringing much more than water to the 3,000 people in the Santa Clarita Valley, and to Los Angeles over the hill, which had a population of 114,000 in 1924.

Both populations were rapidly rising as a result of the Los Angeles-Owens Valley Aqueduct, which since 1913 had been delivering water to the infant metropolis from Northern California via a 225-mile pipeline.

The aqueduct's designer was the unbridled William Mulholland, chief engineer of Los Angeles' Bureau of Water Works and Supply (later the Department of Water and Power) from 1886 until he retired in 1928. Mulholland was despised by Owens Valley ranchers and farmers, who were unaware that the chief's acquisition of 307,000 acres of their valley included the water in it.

The aqueduct routed that water through the







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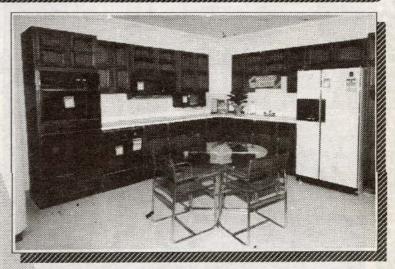
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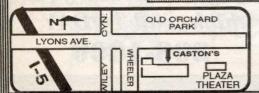
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St. Francis

Continued from page 14

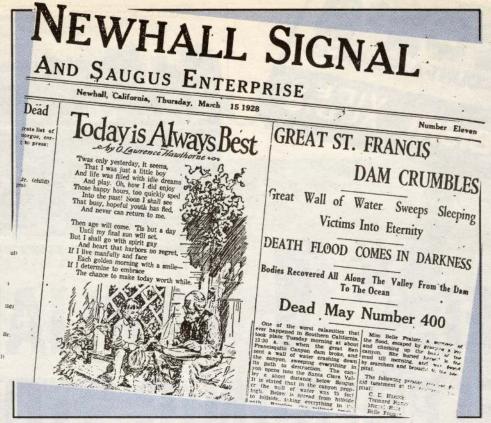
provide a large water storage area. The water it would hold was insurance against losing the water wars.

Saugus and Newhall prospered during its construction, because of the hundreds it employed and because of the money being spent in town by water department employees. But a cloud of gloom shadowed the project, as rumors of poor concrete, bedposts used as reinforcement bars and bad geology circulated.

On March 12, 1928, dam keeper Tony Harnischfeger called Mulholland to report he had noticed muddy water leaking from the west abutment, indicating the dam was eroding the canyon. Mulholland and his assistant, Harvey Van Norman, took a limousine to the site that day, but returned to Los Angeles convinced everything was in order.

Abigail Riley recalled the way the dam looked that Sunday afternoon.

She and her husband, Bill, had taken their two young daughters for a drive from their home in Piru to Palmdale. On their return, they stopped their old Ford truck at the dam site and walked out over the structure, teeming with cool Owens Valley water topped off by recent rains.



"Bill looked down and he said to me, 'Look, dear, do you see what I see?" said the 94-year-old Riley in a 1993 interview. Her husband was pointing to a steady rush of water that spilled over the 200foot-high structure, and to the leak Harnischfeger had shown to Mulholland. Abigail was skeptical when her husband began shouting that the dam was about to break. If that were the case, "Why would they leave all the houses and people here?" she argued, as Bill sped all the way back to Piru.

It was dark in the canyon as they raced

for home, and Bill said Abigail would have to dig out the emergency candles when they got home, because the flood waters would douse every light for miles.

"He kept telling me the dam was going out, but I just thought he was crazy," said Abigail.

In a lagoon just below the dam, a pool of water had been collecting steadily since morning, says Robert Hanson of Canyon Country, who has studied St. Francis Dam myth and memory.

The leak buried the lagoon under nearly 20 feet of water, Hanson says.

Something else seemed off that night. San Francisquito Canyon was typically fertile with the sounds of crickets, birds, raccoons and a stream. Hanson says the water that had risen in the lagoon silenced the wildlife.

The Rileys sped past old Powerhouse #2, a mile and a half downstream from the dam, where 28 workers and their families lived. They raced past the sprawling rancheros of the Ruiz family, the San Francisquito Canyon school and the nearby cottage where its teacher, Cecelia Small, lived along with a little boy she cared for.

After tucking into bed their two daughters, Phyllis, 9, and Rose, 11, the Rileys retired themselves.

Please see ST. FRANCIS, page 18





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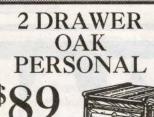


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Store Hours Monday - Friday 10-7, Saturday 10-6, Sunday 11-5

St. Francis

Continued from page 18

The house was still when Rose awakened her mother just before midnight. The little girl had dressed up for the Sunday outing, and a favorite ring she wore caused painful swelling in her finger.

"I didn't want to wake the others, so I took her into the kitchen and turned on the light," says

Abigail.

She soaped the finger, pulled the ring off, and turned off the light. She took Rose's hand and led her back to the child's room, reaching for a light. She pulled the switch.

No lights.

"Then I remembered — the DAM!"
She ran for her husband, just as a neighbor banged on the door, shouting that the St. Francis Dam had burst.

"I could hear it off in the distance it was like a million freight trains letting off steam," Abigail said, recalling how she stood on the front porch as Bill went off into the night to help with rescue efforts. Mist from the flood raging below her felt "like a soft rain."

The disaster has been given these dimensions by investigators: A wall of water 170 feet high hurled down the canyon at 18 mph, a destructive soup of concrete and barbed wire debris.

It stripped bark off trees and ripped laces from its victims' shoes, demolishing 1,200 houses and 10 bridges, and knocking out power in Castaic, Piru, Santa Paula and Fillmore before splashing through Ventura, into the sea.

"I could hear it off in the distance

— it was like a million freight
trains letting off steam."

— Abigail Riley

In its path, at least 450 people were dead.

Abigail's mother ran the Round Rock Hotel in Piru, where families of victims gathered, hoping to find each other, trying to make sense of the disaster.

She remembers a speechless, griefstricken man at the piano, who played a soulful melody. The man had lost his entire family in the flood. "That next day was when the sadness came," Abigail says. "Mama took everything out for the Red Cross, and we all gave up our shoes."

Bill returned the next morning, muddy and broken, his truck laden with bodies, which were taken to a dance hall down the street.

"Great St. Francis Dam Crumbles," wrote The Signal, March 15, 1928. Buried in the story, an understated paragraph expressed the destruction:

"At the San Francisquito school, the teacher, Miss Cecelia Small, lived in her own cabin. It is said a small boy made his home with her. Nothing is left of the school house or cabin, and it is presumed both perished."

The dam keeper's lunchbox was found among the debris at the site where Powerhouse #2 had been.

The dam keeper's girlfriend was found there beneath the rubble. "And she was fully clothed," Hanson reveals, a fact that suggests the girl had been walking on the dam when it failed. Hanson ponders: Was she alone?

"Therein lies the mystery."

What happened?

Almost immediately after the dam's collapse, theories about it flooded the area — and many blamed William Mulholland.

"No man, no combination of men, has the right to gamble on the lives of five hundred men, women and children," wrote The Signal in an editorial March 22, 1928.

Mulholland somberly accepted responsibility, and soon retired.

"Don't blame anyone else. You just fasten it on me," Mulholland said of the state's worst man-made disaster. "If there was an error in human judgment, I was that human."

Mulholland at first thought the dam had been blasted by Owens Valley outlaws, who had wreaked similar havoc on his aqueduct.

Two theories exist to explain the events leading up to the dam failure.

The governor's commission produced a report officially calling it a "foundation oversight." It stated Mulholland erroneously built the dam on a fault consisting of porous layers of a sandstone-like rock.

Another version was put forth in 1992 by J. David Rogers, a former Cal Poly geology student. Rogers contends the failure was caused by an unknown ancient landslide, which started moving naturally, with no evidence of seismic activity, a few hours before midnight. The resulting uplift caused the blow-out.

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Photo courtesy of SCV Historical Society

Among the valley's firsts during the 1930s was a Fourth of July parade in Newhall that brought the entire community together.

■ The 1930s

Depression and optimism

Times were tough, but the hometown paper carried messages of hope

By LINDA HOLLINGSWORTH For The Signal

s the year 1930 dawns, we find publisher A.B. Thatcher at the helm of The Signal. His column, "A Jin Jer Jar" is a steady front-page feature. In it, Thatcher offers up wit and wisdom on everything from baseball to Einstein's haircut.

He considers giving up his column, but "it gives me a chance to get rid of some of my meanness, without hurting myself or anybody else — much."

The paper was published at that time weekly, on Thursdays. The cost for a one-year subscription was \$2, or a single copy for 5 cents. The front page of the newspaper had as its centerpiece a poem.

These poems are graceful and ethereal, immortalizing the beauties of childhood, motherhood and man's higher nature. They are serious, and innocent and considered front-page news.

The front page of the early 1930s is peppered with features on church news (complete with Sunday school topics, soloists and sermon notes), school news, Kiwanis news, births, deaths, women's club news, lost dogs, weddings, (often headlined "Pretty Wedding") and social goings-on. There are regular announcements of dances at the Saugus clubhouse.

Newhall School news is divided by grades, and students submit information after grade one. (In kindergarten and first grade, the teachers submitted the news).

A tidbit: "Mr. Dalbey's room, the eighth grade received the half hour early dismissal Friday as the girls had a surprise for the seventh grade girls. When the seventh graders were dismissed, they went to the cafeteria to find cocoa, tea, and cookies waiting for them. All the teachers were invited and we had a nice time — Geraldine Bowers."

The front page also features local news. For example: "Last Sunday Alicia Dobbings, her sister and brother went hiking and got a few wild cucumbers. They have thorns about a inch and a half long. Alicia stumbled and fell into a patch of them and is suffering with a very thorny pair of hands."

On the second anniversary of the St. Francis Dam disaster, the townsfolk commemorate the event at the Saugus clubhouse. Music includes piano solos by Mrs. Carol Satterwhite, and whistling solos by Mrs. Smith. "Taken all in all, it was a very fitting and splendid observance of the disaster." It is also noted that the monument was formed from a



Signal file photo

Lang Station, (above) near the east end of present-day Canyon Country, was a regular Southern Pacific railroad stop in the 1930s. Note the small dog in front of the station.

piece of the great dam that broke.

The inside pages are devoted to California news, ranch news, "A Bedtime Story For Children," sometimes a "Children's Corner" and much long serial fiction, with titles like "The Handsome Man."

News from the surrounding areas: The Saugus Enterprise (edited by members of the Saugus Community Club), Honby, Sierra Pelona Valley and Mint Canyon

Please see 1930s, page 20

the ground peanuts

mixed with

the salad dress-

ing. Put together

in pairs." Yum! And if it is true

that advertising will

tell the story of a culture,

then the Valley of the

Little Santa Clara is charac-

terized by the Bank of Italy

(the only bank in town, (it

became the Bank of America in

1931), Flit Insect Killer for Fleas,

J.W. Doty's Ford Dealership,

Southern California Edison ("Yes!

We have enough reserve capacity to

meet any emergency! Don't worry

about outages!"), Lydia E.

Pinkham's Vegetable Compound (a

1930s

Continued from page 19

Juleps fill the other pages. This is the story of a neighborly group of folks, living close to the soil, eyes turned to the skies, watching for the blessing of rain.

The area itself is called "The Valley of the Little Santa Clara." Little Clara is literally, "Clarita."

So, what comes to mind when you think about the 1930s? Joblessness? Selling apples? The Grapes of Wrath?

The Depression of course was ongoing. But in the early 1930s, mentions of "hard times" were rather scarce. A.B. Thatcher wrote: "Someone remarked that poor folks were never poorer nor rich ever richer than now. If that is true, which I don't believe, things are coming to a smash. Or would but for a very important fact. That is the inbred feeling of love and charity in the great American

Another writer, Dr. Warner, said, "Practice of the Golden Rule by all of us would end the depression at once."

A column by Z.N. Brown, headlined "Howdy!" said, "Of course the common talk now is about the 'depression,' but as this subject is getting to be rather tiresome, just suppose we leave that out and talk about the good side of things for awhile.'

Occasionally the Depression was mentioned, but it never sounded depressing. As reported in The Signal, the times were hopeful, the people resourceful. A wire service photo in October 1931 showed college students in the Midwest paying their college tuition with grain. Only stipulation: The grain had to come from farms where they were raised.

The obvious missing component in The Signal of the 1930s is the lack of crime. To our modern minds, the word "crime" has become interchangeable with "news." But in the early 1930s, The Signal reports only a handful of "crimes."

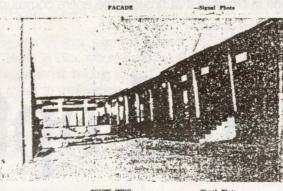
In August 1931, a headline reads: "Officers Nip Big Booze Factory," and the continuing article details a raid by the "Booze Squad." It seems an old barn in Pelona Valley housed a large still, and would have been in full production when the officers arrived, had the offenders not run out of fuel to run it.

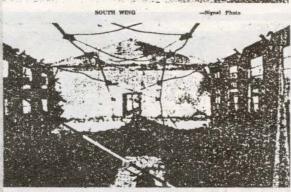
One suicide is reported in those early years, by a man named William Mayer. Bewilderment prevails in the community: "No cause for his act could be surmised, as he was in good circumstances, with plenty of food on hand . . . and a good-sized flock of chickens." He was also well thought of by his neighbors.

Deaths, however, were recorded regularly, due in large part to the relatively new and exciting national pastime of driving an automobile. Imagine almost everyone on the road being a new driver. Imagine unlit, unpaved, unmarked roads.

MYSTERIOUS







All of the gratings which

HARRY CARRY Jr. LEAVES

Fake Times Fire Picture Rouses Ire

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS

There is not a structure in Newhall of any size that is free from the active menace of the agency that destroyed its biggest building, the school.

There is plenty of water available, but not for fire ortection. There are no fire hydranta.

Who is to blame? Everybody.

When the new mains were installed it was to everybody's interest to say that there were fire hydranta and arrangements to pay for water for fire use. It was everybody's business. And so it was it was not the water.

ody's business.

It was not the water company's business. The pany's husiness was and is to sell water. The pany provided T's for hydrants, but it was under compulsion and no obligation to provide free fire

remedy touted for miraculous recovery for all forms of exhaustion), Renfro Pharmacy and the no compulsion and no obligation to provide free fire fighting facilities.

Everyhody's business in Newhall, in the last analysis is the county's business. The county supplies fire and police protection. And we pay taxes for it. There is nothing free in the deal. The schools are under county supervision. The taxaperer pay for that. If the county is justified in building fire roads and erecting water tanks on remote mountain peak-to protect everyhody's natural scenery then why lan't phone company. These phone company ads aren't pleas to change long distance companies or upgrades in service, but ads for just plain phone service -

> get a phone! "What price would you put on a child's laugh, heard a thousand miles away? ... The young folks in your home will join in so many good times if your home has a telephone ... When concluding a business interview it is worth it to say 'This is my phone number' ... In one emergency the telephone may be worth more to you than it costs in a lifetime." So just call Newhall 10, and any telephone operator will take your order.

A.B. Thatcher ran an article quoted from the American Banker's Magazine, explaining that advertising was a moral "duty" of every business man. And sometimes, he ran a quarter-page ad stating: "Many Subscriptions are due. It will be a great accommodation to the publish-

Please see 1930s, page 22

The Signal reported a steady litany of 'crashes," "smashes," and untimely deaths along the Ridge Route. "Two die in Sunday Smashes," and the story recounts how a Henry Stark was fatally injured, dying while transported to the hospital. Dewitt Standle "had his right arm broken and mangled. Officers found a quart and a pint bottle partly filled with liquor in the car. It was a gruesome sight, being smeared all over with blood."

Driving accidents were not the only deaths. In 1932 the Signal ran a headline that stated: "Shot By A Maniac." The story reinforces the obvious assertion.

But most of The Signal news centers around home, church and family. Taking a peek into a 1930s kitchen window, one will find a wood-burning stove, or one of the newfangled gas stoves that are advertised weekly. The wood stove, of course, giving "considerable heat, and desirable in the spring or fall when the mornings and evenings are chilly and the middle of the day almost hot." Our weather is one of the few things that haven't noticeably changed.

A short article on food ran consistently during the early 1930s and was called, 'Good Things For the Table." In this, the following recipe appears: "A good sandwich to give the children for their luncheon is the Bacon Peanut Sandwich. Fry crisp several slices of bacon. Grind half a pound of freshly roasted peanuts, mix with a good salad dressing. Spread the bread with butter or margarine, lay on the bacon and spread one slice with

55 Or Older? Congratulations! LONGS DRUGS
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OVER 1000 FINE
LONGS BRAND PRODUCTS
EVERYDAY!

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 The list goes on....

We guarantee quality. After all, our name is on it. Just show proof of age to your cashier and start saving money today!

*Offer does not include sale items, liquor, diapers or incontinence products. Senior discount good only at Longs Valencia, in Granary Square.



Store Hours: M-F 8-9 SAT & SUN 9-7

Granary Square — 25880 McBean Parkway, Valencia Store (805) 254-3755 • Photo 254-0594 • Pharmacy 254-3766 Pharmacy Hours: M-F 8-9 SAT & SUN 9-7

Continued from page 20

er if all who are indebted to the Signal and Enterprise will bring it in at once!"

And just where were you in 1932? If you had been in Newhall, you could have picked up a little bit of property: "NEWHALL LOTS, NO DOWN PAYMENTS, NO MONTHLY PAYMENTS." The total price was \$550, and a five-year mortgage was available at 8 percent interest. The only requirement was that you build a "modest" home on it. "Let's put Newhall on the map! — Atwood Addition."

Most advertisements just tell it like it is: "Women like their men strong - and their men's pipes mild! Don't let your pipe stand between you and domestic happiness." ... "Our foods eat right where you hold it, because it is both appetizing and wholesome - Motor Stage Cafe." ... "Ice cream is a food as vital as sunshine. Old and young like it and one should eat it each day. Instead of eating so many solids, eat more ice cream and keep cool." ... "The Bank has made a very healthy growth during this period... and this should be reassuring news to everyone... we need not have any great fear for the future — Bank of Italy."

But as we all know, by the mid-1930s

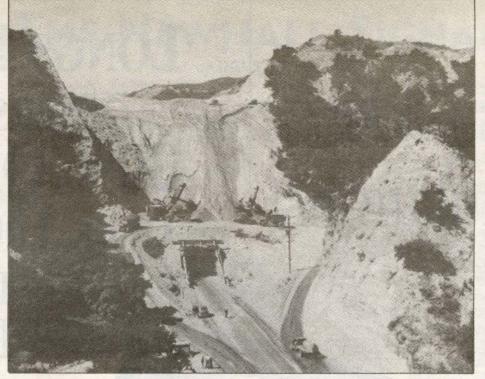


Photo courtesy of SCV Historical Society
Long before there was a Highway 14-Interstate 5 junction, a tunnel was built

the country was in the grip of what was to be called the Great Depression. Not given the wisdom of hindsight, the news unfolds slowly, weekly, with the veil of the future drawn ahead. The weekly

poem disappears from the front page.

in the 1930s to improve access to the San Fernando Valley.

Still, patriotism runs high. In 1934, the community plans the Fourth of July celebration that was to be "a wham, a Zow, and likewise a K-nockout!" Details explain that from the time the "Comp Comps start belching from Tingles San

Fernando Brass Band at 9 a.m. to the last sad strains of Home Sweet Home from the sobbing violins of the orchestra somewhere's around midnight, not a minute will there be except those chockfull of action and enjoyment." The parade route leads from Kansas and Pico Street to Chestnut, to Spruce (the boulevard, which was to become Lyons Avenue), then to the judges and reviewing stand.

In 1936, Roosevelt is re-elected to a four-year term in a landslide victory. Also, Americans consume more turkeys for Thanksgiving than ever before. This is due in large part to the grocery stores taking on distribution of turkeys.

Locally, a plane crash kills 12 and people of Newhall help with rescue attempts. Kudos are given to switchboard operators at Olive View Sanitorium who first saw the crash, and "showed the world what they could do. Time after time they were calling for half a dozen persons on separate lines and never mixed a call, or forgot the slightest detail." The ladies' only comment: "We were only doing our duty; glad we could."

In the "Farmer's Corner" column, a headline reads, "Tin Can Tourists." Then the story describes the "drab colored wagons of drought and depressing" that

Please see 1930s, page 23



Janis Lee is a multimillion dollar producer who continually has shown that persistant hard work does pay off. A Real Estate Agent for 5 years in the Santa Clarita Valley, she has climbed the ladder of success from her 1st year as "Rookie of the Year" earning several prestigious awards yearly including President's Club and Distinguished Achievement Award.

Janis attributes her success to honest reliable service, hard work, ethical practice and her outstanding staff are the primary factors in her production. Her satisfied clients and the many referrals she receives are solid proof.

Janis's greatest reward is the joy of helping her clients achieve their dreams and the many friendshps that have grown from her business relationships.

Janis believes that each home needs to be marketed on an individual basis. Each home has unique features andis analyized and marketed in the way that best suits that special home.

Kathy Williams, a Real Estate Broker, has been in Real Estate for 10 years. She is the office manager, escrow coordinator and Janis's assistant. Kathy's experience, efficiency and compassion for people help make the transaction a pleasant one.

Janis Lee is a member of: Santa Clarita Valley Board of Realtors & MLS, San Fernando Valley Board of Realtors & MLS, Foothill Board of Realtors & MLS, Santa Clarita Advisory Group, Mike Ferry Referral Network, Select Equestrian Properties Network, Several Club Affiliations and a large referral network.

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Continued from page 22

streamed into California in record-breaking numbers in the mid-decade. They came in "wheezing derelicts of the second hand car lots... and now there are 50,000 more persons in need of manual labor, according to the State Dept. of Agriculture."

Federal work, if you can find it in the valley, pays the following for a full eight-hour day: Asbestos workers: \$10; electricians: \$8.80; carpenters: \$8; laborers: \$4; painters: \$8.80; roofers: \$8.80; teamsters: \$4; and truck drivers: \$6. It was reported building had slowed, but never completely stopped, a sign of economic strength.

The mid-1930s also saw the opening of Boulder Dam and the Golden Gate Bridge, and the California aqueduct was under construction.

In the later 1930s, The Signal's world-consciousness was beginning to expand. The world news via the wire was featured on the inside pages. The local news was still featured on the front page, but the inner pages were often filled with photos of Japan, China, Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin. Ranch News disappeared quietly.

In 1937, a small headline declared: "World is Preparing For Another War." It details the portion of national income going to military purposes, and how this has reached "alarming" proportions in Japan and Germany. Alarming for Europe and China, but America is suffering her own economic woes, and the urgency of these machinations doesn't come across in the paper.

With the winds of war swirling in the air, The Signal runs a front-page photo of a kitten, with the caption, "The very fact that pets and animals don't pose makes

them ideal photographic material."

The face of evil isn't always so obvious. No one had a crystal ball, and Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin were just three irritating dictators, perhaps even irrevelant to us, and maybe not even so bad.

A short column from the wire news service in 1937 encouraged parents to "take heart," if their children seemed like total failures: Hitler seemed like a failure in his childhood too! It details his sporadic school attendance, unsuccessful artistic career and his homeless-

"Women like their men strong
— and their men's pipes mild!
Don't let your pipe stand
between you and domestic happiness."

- Advertisement, mid-1930s

ness and poverty as a young man. He shoveled snow, slept in a "cheap men's hotel," and begged. When he could he'd go to some "cheap cafe to make political speeches." And then, the columnist states in a chilling and innocent voice: "Here was a man in his 30s who never showed any real promise in anything he did. Then Adolf Hitler formed an ideal of government."

We tend to forget, with our modern minds nursed by the information explosion, just how small the parameters of the world were in the 1930s. Travel was in its infancy, although California was already seen as "tourist-friendly." A column entitled "My Trip to Honolulu" by Mrs. E. Frew appeared on the front page of The Signal in 1937 — in every issue for a month.

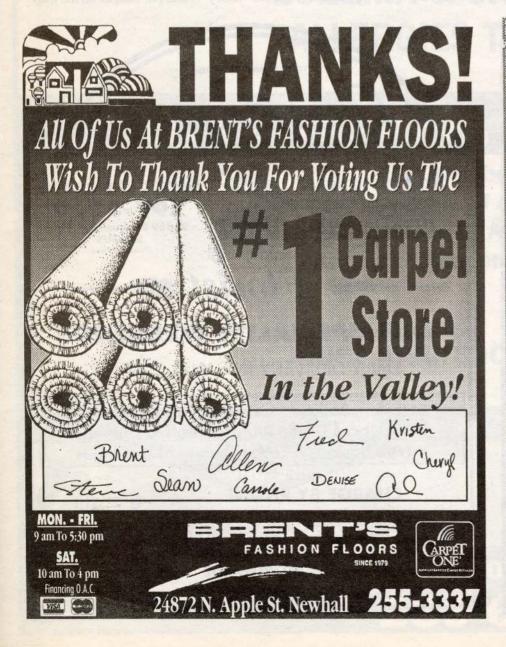
In fall 1938 The Signal took on a decidedly different look. This rather abrupt change was due to a change in publishers, and F. W. Trueblood took over at the helm. A.B. Thatcher's "Jin Jer Jar" was moved to the back pages, quietly signaling the end of an era.

The church news was moved to the back pages, under a headline of "Church Services." All of the details of church services were removed, and only the times of worship were listed. In fall 1938 there were six churches in the area, including the Community Church, Full Gospel Church, Seventh Day Adventist, Foursquare, Community Presbyterian in Acton and Our Lady of Perpetual Help.

The first letters to the editor are noted, under "Getting it Off Our Chest," and the Saugus news comes in from "Saugus Correspondent," Mary Mahoney.

Local attention turned to the plight of the valley's high school students, and what lengths they had to go to for education. The exciting news was that a new high school was on the horizon, and if combined with the 7th and 8th grades under the status of junior high, could open with 400 students and a "first class teaching staff."

As the decade draws to a close, The Signal reflects an optimistic community of simple, good-hearted townsfolk. Innocently, they cannot see their sons and brothers plucked from their homes to fight on foreign soil, nor can they see any of the changes that await behind the door of tomorrow. What comes through in the yellowing pages of The Signal is a faith in God and fellow man, and a certainty that brotherly goodness in the human heart will prevail.





1919

Continued from page 8

the valley in 1919 was an agricultural community where everyone knew everyone's name. A wedding announcement would refer to the bride as "one of our most outstanding girls."

Throughout The Signal of 1919 can be found hints of the role of the ranch in the Newhall-Saugus area. To wit:

On Feb. 14, The Signal reported there would be a tractor course offered at the Van Nuys high school. And in the same issue, an advertisement offered rabbits whose fate could depend on luck: "For sale, rabbits for breeding. Also fryers."

On March 7, The Signal reported that "Hogs like sweet clover," and a May 23 front-page story told us, "Local hen lays two eggs in one day."

Other notes seem a bit odd by today's standards. One small ad of 1919 read, "For your cigars, cigarettes and tobacco, go to L.G. Pullen, the barber."

Politically, The Signal showed signs of anticommunism right from the start. On July 11, 1919, under the headline, "HIRAM TALKS TOO MUCH," The Signal lambasted California Sen. Hiram W. Johnson, who criticized President Wilson's League of Nations plan. The story said Johnson "should put the soft pedal on his radical utterances that become a Bolshevik shaking a red flag, and at no time becoming a senator from California."

Politics aside, The Signal's emphasis was on community, and home. On March 7, Ed Brown's Newhall Signal announced: "Next week a genuine Wild West Show will be held around these canyons by the Bill Hart Company. Hoorah!"

Hoorah indeed.

1920s

Continued from page 12

a bond measure on the ballot and personally lobbied the Los Angeles Board of Education to start a district to serve the 150-plus students who then commuted to San Fernando High School. The bond measure failed, forcing Perkins to convince local businesses to pay for the school. Registration was well under way for the school at decade's end.

Of course, the biggest news was the death and destruction of the St. Francis Dam on March 12, 1928. At three minutes to midnight, the sides of the dam collapsed, sending a 75-foot-high wall of water from the top of San Francisquito Canyon through Castaic Junction, past Piru and Fillmore, ending up in Ventura when the waters found the Pacific Ocean. The flood destroyed the Edison station and the Harry Carey ranch, washing entire families and much of their homesteads toward the sea. Some victims heard the roar of water and managed to escape. From the dam to the ocean, every vestige of life was swept from the path taken by the water. In San Francisquito Canyon, even the bark was stripped from the trees and the ground resembled a paved highway - except that in the fills were pools of mud and slime.

On the first issue after the disaster, The Signal printed a partial list of the dead, then noted as 58, with several unidentified victims, described as "one Mexican woman" or "a 3-year-old boy."

Erroneous wire reports of Saugus and Newhall being completely under water were broadcast across the country.

The rear of the hardware store in Newhall became a telegraph room, with reporters from The Associated Press, the Examiner and the Los Angeles Times keeping the keyboards busy. Both the Times and Examiner carried photographs of the dam on their front pages, but photographs were a feature that had yet to be added to The Signal.

Although The Signal did not carry photographs, they were available, as evidenced in ads from Newhall Pharmacy, which read: "Flood Pictures — A Large Assortment, come in and see them," followed in the next issue by, "Those Flood Pictures Are Going Fast, Better Hurry."

As if the decade knew it needed a little more excitement, one of the last events reported in the 1920s was the November 1929 robbery of Train No. 59, West Coast Limited by "Buffalo" Tom Vernon.

The train derailed at 7:45 p.m. on Nov. 10, after Vernon loosened rails and removed fish plates. Posing as a railroad employee, Vernon calmly ushered the passengers into the last two coaches, telling them an engine was on its way from Saugus. Twenty-five startled victims handed over \$400 worth of cash and valuables to Vernon, a five-time convict, who escaped over the hills in the darkness. He fled the valley by begging a ride to the hospital where the derailment victims were being taken.

Arrested in Oklahoma, he returned to live on in railroad history — and put Saugus on the map.







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A PROFESSIONAL REALTORS ORGANIZATION NETWORK

■ Signal society

Heels a' kickin'

Society makes front-page news in hometown paper

By CAROL ROCK Signal staff writer

In its 75 years, The Signal reported on the gatherings of valley residents, told when they motored to the shore and described in detail their entertaining luncheons. We were the busiest bodies in print. Birth, death and wedding announcements appeared on the front page, often with great flourishes. We celebrated and mourned openly.

Editorializing on society items was common in the early days; "just the facts" was not The Signal's style. For example, in 1919: "Another Newhall girl becomes a bride. We have just learned that Miss Marie Baugh, daughter of Mrs. O. C. Huddlesun of Elsmire (sic) Canyon and Mr. J. W. Bryan of Los Angeles, were quietly married in that city Sept. 10. The bride is well-known in Newhall as her people have lived here for a number of years and she has grown up to young womanhood here and is one of our sweetest girls."

A typical society column from 1937 read: "Mrs.

Verna Ball and children have moved into one of the Mayhue houses on Chestnut Street. Dr. Susan L. Murray spent Monday and Tuesday in Los Angeles. Mrs. H. Larkin of San Juan Capistrano has been visiting relatives here this week. Mrs. Claude Atherton is reported quite ill with pneumonia. At last accounts, she had passed the crisis and is improving."

Vacations were common items of interest; The Signal ran Mrs. E. Frew's correspondence column, "My Trip to Honolulu," for three consecutive weeks.

We celebrated our little victories, like the completion of Soledad Canyon Road across the wash. Of course, the Fourth of July celebrations at Slippery Gulch (today's Melody Ranch) were the stuff of legend. Our headline for the 1950s observance: "Old West Fourth of July Whing Is All Ready to Ding."

And anyone who thinks the valley's social life wasn't newsworthy need only look to this 1919 report: "A jazz dance is no longer considered a success unless somebody tries to call the police."

"The hullabaloo at the Odyssey made the other Los Angeles County first-round pageants in this international round robin of beauty look more like livestock auctions in Cheyenne, Wyoming, than serious studies in female physiology."

- Scott Newhall

Editorial on 1980 Miss SCV Pageant

The competition for space to tattle on each other was fierce. From the 1920s through the 1960s, there were 15 "gossip" columns, most of them localized.

The 1990s column, "Inside Scoop," is tame compared to the colorful titles used then: "Jin Jer Jar," "Atwood Addition," "Soledad Snapshots," "Porcupine Quills," "Boquets," "Pine Tree Needles (Pointed Paragraphs Pertaining to Outdoor Life)," "Ye Towne Stuff" by Tizz, "Heard In Saugus," "Saugus Says," "They Tell Me," "In Our Town," "Smoke Signals from Soledad," "Scoops of Sand Canyon" and "At Hart High" all eagerly shared the goods on who went shopping over the hill, who was on vacation, and

Please see SOCIETY, page 83





■ The 1940s

Back burners

Gas stoves were quite the rage and Newhall needed a high school, but World War II removed local issues from the forefront — temporarily

By CAROLE A. BROOKS

Signal staff writer

T's New Year's Day, 1940. The Little Santa Clara Valley awakes to a foggy morning.

The future bustling areas of Newhall, Saugus and Canyon Country are mere hamlets of homes tucked together, collectively called Soledad Township. Lights from gas and electric lamps shield off the fog that has blanketed the valley for the past week.

Radios are tuned to popular shows broadcast from NBC and CBS. In kitchens, mothers turn on their new stoves, getting breakfast going. In another room a phone rings, the voice of a cheery relative granting New Year's wishes over a party line.

It's the opening of a brand new decade that will bring with it a world war, the advent of nuclear weapons and, closer to home, a new high school, the death of a beloved celebrity and an oil boom.

But all that is still in the future. Right now it's the first week of 1940, and the sun has just shone through the fog. The Newhall Signal just landed on the doorstep beside today's delivery of milk from Ridgeway Dairy...

000

The first issue of 1940 was dated Friday, Jan. 5, and the top news was that no holiday-related accidents had occurred over the weekend. Judge William Kennedy — who would die shortly after his re-election in 1942 —said it was the first time the New Year holiday had not led to a line-up in court.

It was a new decade and people were looking forward to the end of the Depression. Franklin Delano Roosevelt was president, tires cost \$3 to \$7 each and you could only buy American cars — huge Fords at Clymore Motors in Newhall and Chevrolets at DuVall Chevrolet. If you wanted a Buick, you had to go out of town. The electric company was one of the few places where electric appliances could be bought, each year drivers received new license plates and the favorite form of suicide was hooking a hose up to a car's tailpipe, shoving it through the floorboards and



The Signal's first issue after the Pearl Harbor bombing offered an optimistic message during a difficult time. Yet, even as war was declared, The paper managed to carry a photo of an attractive young starlet.

running the engine until it and the person ran out of gas.

A war was being fought in newspaper advertisements over the benefits of electric stoves and gas appliances. A common ad read: "Quick hot water goes a long way to shorten dishwashing. For it dissolves greases in a hurry and makes glasses shine like crystal. No matter how much hot water we use — for dishes and other household needs — our automatic gas water heater never lets us down." Those inspired to purchase one of the new-fangled devices could run to E.E. Wood Plumbing and Contractor on Spruce Street.

Crime was low, but mortality rates were high on the Ridge Route, where at least one person was killed each week on the winding two-lane road.

The talk early in the decade centered around a need for a local high school. At that time, teen-agers had to be bussed and driven "over the hill" to San Fernando High. The battle to get a high school turned political when it became a campaign issue in the 1942 U.S. Senate race pitting Gorman resident George Hamilton against incumbent Julian Beck, of San Fernando.

A Signal editorial said Beck was hard at work making sure Newhall did not get its own high school. Since Beck's hometown benefitted from local teens coming in every day, he didn't want the neighboring valley to have its own high school, the argument went.

Although 20 acres were secured for the school in May 1940, it wouldn't receive students until 1946. Even then, the 75

"Quick hot water goes a long way to shorten dishwashing. For it dissolves greases in a hurry and makes glasses shine like crystal. No matter how much hot water we use — for dishes and other household needs — our automatic gas water heater never lets us down."

- 1940s ad

ninth-graders met in Quonset huts.

Later in the decade, several bond measures were passed to pay for school buildings. A stadium was dedicated in 1948, and a pool was built the next year.

Talk of war was already in the air as early as the first morning of 1940.

The first wisps of the war were felt when an army flying school was granted use of a local field in early 1940. There, the Army Air Corps Flying School would train.

Placerita Canyon residents who lived near the strip fought in vain against it, and there was some concern that the drone of the Army planes would interrupt filming at the Monogram studio in those parts.

Signal editorials supported the school, saying the soldiers who trained there would soon defend the country.

As early as May 1940, residents were called to watch for fifth column workers—enemy spies and agents planted years before a war to foster support for the enemy and obtain key positions to counter defense efforts. Supposedly, a strong organization of fifth columnists was at work in Los Angeles.

Until the bombing of Pearl Harbor, the consensus in the Little Santa Clara Valley was that the United States should not send troops to war, but instead should be prepared for possible invasion of the continental 48. Editorials decried the president's and nation's lack of motivation to churn out weapons and war supplies.

A New Year's editorial in 1941 tried to Please see 1940s, page 30



Photo courtesy SCV Historical Society

It was opening day at Fielding S. Wood's sandwich shop next door to the Saugus Cafe in 1941, but a runaway truck destroyed the new business.

1940s

Continued from page 29

assuage fears that the valley would be plunged into war soon and motivate residents to find issues closer to home.

"Instead of looking at and worrying about the course of events in Europe and Asia, look at the course of events in Newhall and Soledad Township.

"None of us are big enough or important enough to have any special influence on national or international events, not to speak of state and county events. Nothing we can do can change or improve matters in these fields.

"But right here in our own back yard, we can do something, In fact, we have done something ...

"The formation and work of the newly organized Newhall Chamber of Commerce is only one of many manifestations of this community spirit."

That mood changed during the year, and by the time Japan bombed Pearl Harbor on Dec. 7, 1941, The Signal was calling on residents to sacrifice for the war effort.

The front page of the Dec. 12 issue, the first after the Pearl Harbor attack, read in large bold face: "The war has come to Newhall with an impact that was felt by every man, woman and child."

The paper reported that the day after Dec. 7, the town

turned into a martial camp. Two army battalions set up in a park and at Newhall School. Searchlights started to pierce the sky each night, looking for enemy aircraft. Huge anti-aircraft guns were rolled into place, ready to shoot down Nazi and Japanese planes.

Twelve Japanese residents were detained Dec. 8 by Army officers and sheriff's deputies to question their background and loyalty. Under a national edict, everyone of Japanese descent could be arrested and questioned.

Also, two Germans living in Castaic were arrested and accused of being spies. Siegfred Julius Deitzman, 32, and Clementine Dietzman, 57, were suspected of being fifth columnists because they had a camera and letters from Germany. The FBI took the case and the Dietzmans weren't seen on The Signal's pages again.

Instructions for blackouts were printed on the front page for several weeks. An Army ordinance stated anyone who didn't dim their lights enough during blackouts could be prosecuted.

Inside The Signal's pages, a drastic change took place, not in what was covered, but in the advertisements. Suddenly, gas, electric and telephone companies asked people to curtail the use of their services. Before, utilities begged people to use more gas and electricity and to make more calls.

But that ended. Energy sources had to be spared for

war efforts. Rationing hit early in 1942, and the town took part in tire and scrap metal drives. A war bond quota was slapped on each municipality, and Soledad Township beat its quota for each bond series.

The Signal shrank to about four pages a week in an effort to save newsprint.

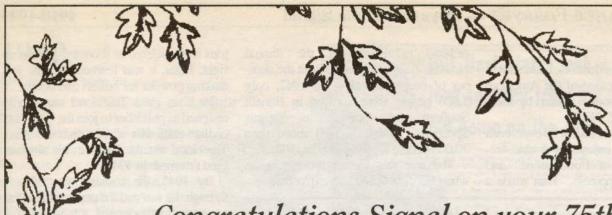
Several hot issues were put on hold until after the war, including the new high school and a possible hog ranch invasion. Instead, readers received a regular update on men in the service. A column called "Mrs. America Meets the War" gave tips on cleaning without bleach, cooking on rations and keeping the family entertained during blackouts.

More than 3,000 men from the Santa Clarita and Antelope valleys had their draft numbers called up during the war. The Signal printed long lists of names several times a year. Of those called off to fight, 18 died. After the war, a memorial was commissioned.

In early 1942, publisher Fred Trueblood took a strong stance against Jehovah's Witnesses who visited the valley each week, preaching on sidewalks and doorsteps against the war.

He wrote in an editorial May 1: "It is time that something be done about that politic-religious sect which styles itself Jehovah's Witnesses ... These politic-reli-

Please see 1940s, page 32



Congratulations Signal on your 75th Anniversary!!

from the Management and Staff of



A gourmet Italian Trattoria, serving fine Italian cuisine at affordable prices.

* Wood Oven Pizza

* Full Service Bakery/Deli

* Great Atmosphere

Families welcome Reservations strongly suggested 24201 W. Valencia Blvd., Valencia (805) 287-4444

Come and Jachyn Smith are ravings.
Come and Jachyn Smith are ravings.
Come and Join the Sister

and Jachyn Smith are valencia.

Continued from page 30

gious termites are not wanted in Newhall. They have no church and few, if any, communicants here. At least 999 out of 1,000 residents resent their presence. Nobody wants them to come here or stay here. They are the rankest kind of intruders and troublemakers."

Another editorial that year stated that "A Jap sitting on an American flag" was less dangerous to America's moral senses than Jehovah's Witnesses preaching against the war.

The paper also applauded when a group of cowboys beat up a team of Jehovah's Witnesses in mid-May. Supposedly, a group of highway patrol officers laughed while watching the attack and did nothing to interfere.

In a news story, a Signal staffer wrote: "The complainants, however, probably neglected to state that the incident was the result of the spontaneous, unanimous resentment against subversion and disloyalty on the part of the whole town, and that while only a few individuals took part in the chastisement, everybody else approved."

Although the war dominated most people's thoughts during the early '40s, other events managed to compete with Hitler for the limelight.

In May 1941, residents took time out to attend the gala opening of the American Theater, a movie house donated by silent film star William S. Hart.

All 400 seats were sold at 50 cents each and the audience enjoyed a double feature: "The Earl of Puddlestone" and "Here Comes Happiness." Hart made a

ordered organizers of the annual Newhall-Saugus Rodeo to limit the number of people attending. In 1942, only 5,000 people were allowed in Bonelli Stadium, now known as Saugus Speedway, which housed more than 20,000 people for the rodeo in 1941.

The war was further brought home when Bermite opened an explosives fac-

"It is time that something be done about that politic-religious sect which styles itself Jehovah's Witnesses ... These politic-religious termites are not wanted in Newhall. They have no church and few, if any, communicants here. At least 999 out of 1,000 residents resent their presence. Nobody wants them to come here or stay here. They are the rankest kind of intruders and troublemakers."

- Fred Trueblood, editorial dated May 1, 1942

dramatic entrance in western attire and made a speech touching on how much he loved the community and films.

After opening night, prices dropped to 30 cents for adults and 10 cents for children. Films were shown Thursday through Saturday, and when they weren't rolling, the theater doubled as the American Legion Post, as it does today.

During the war years, the Army

tory in Saugus. In May 1942, Bermite landed a top-secret government contract that forced the company to hire 300 more workers to man a third shift, dubbed the MacArthur shift. The company wanted its work force to be 70 percent women, and only American-born people were eligible to be hired.

The factory was heavily fortified. The Army patrolled the perimeters and sen-

tries were ordered to shoot trespassers on sight. Later, it was learned Bermite was making powder for bullets and bombs.

In June, Fred Trueblood temporarily resigned as publisher to join the U.S Navy civilian staff. His wife, Anne, and Mark Trueblood ran the paper in his absence. Fred returned in 1944.

By 1943, the country was midway through the war and the paper reflected an entrenched attitude: Yes, this is war. Yes, it's not over yet. And yes, the end is not in sight. So buy war bonds.

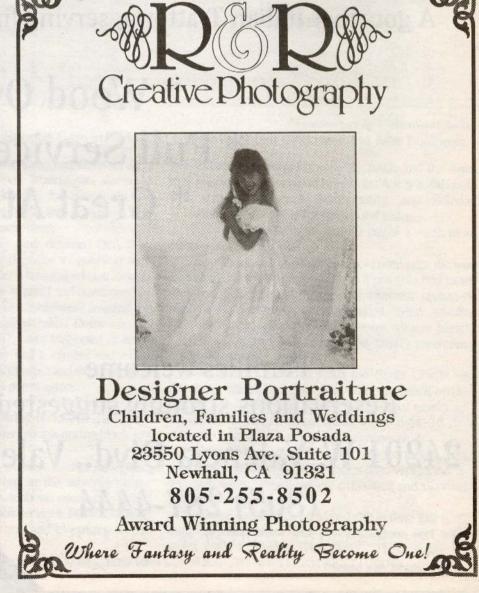
During 1943, several businesses in town closed because they didn't have enough employees. Saugus Cafe closed its doors and didn't reopen for a year.

Crops were in danger because past farm hands were harvesting death overseas instead of rows of potatoes. A nation-wide call for volunteers to help bring in the needed crops was put out. People were asked to plant "Victory Gardens" and the Southland was given a quota of 100,000 gardens.

This prompted acting publisher Anne Trueblood to ask Newhall Water Co. whether it had enough water for victory gardens, and if so, could it give residents a discount. The water company replied that no, it did not have the extra the water. In fact, it said, it had a hard time provid-

Please see 1940s, page 33





Continued from page 32

ing water to the entire valley on a regular basis.

Trueblood shot back in an editorial that it was a pitiful state the valley was in if the water company can't even meet current needs. She brought up the annual brush fires and the need for fire hydrants. Trueblood called for a symposium to study the water situation. No such meeting was ever held, but a few years after the war, Newhall Water Co. started finding new wells and bringing more water to a growing valley. Newhall received the valley's first fire hydrants in 1946.

By 1944, the end of the war was in sight. Ads encouraged women to "dream of that brand new kitchen you can have after the war."

Army troops stationed in the valley were withdrawn in January of that year. Southern California Edison disbanded its group of sky watchers who searched for enemy planes each night from a hilltop.

The valley celebrated the twin atomic blasts in 1945 that brought the end of the war:

"Newhall rejoiced with all the nation Tuesday," the paper reported after Nagasaki and Hiroshima were bombed. "All business suspended immediately after the President's broadcast. Flags were broken out ... On Spruce Street the Firestone burglar alarm busted loose. Led by the sheriff patrol car, a cavalcade of motor cars swept up and down with wildly blasting horns. People on



The valley bade farewell in the 1940s to cowboy film star William S. Hart, Newhall's top celebrity.

the sidewalks answered with whoops and shrieks. A tide of shredded packing paper appeared from somewhere. Smiles and happy faces were universal. Victory had

An editorial in that issue applauded the development of the atomic bomb, comparing it to development of beneficial fire. It said: "We will not be exterminated. We will

all eat better and live better."

In October 1943, the town lamented the death of Mary Hart, sister to William S. Hart. A quiet funeral was held for the 64-year-old woman.

Earlier in 1943, Hart had disclosed plans to will his 350-acre Horseshoe ranch and home to the town of Newhall. He also told Los Angeles he would donate his Hollywood home to that city.

The disclosure of the will upset Hart's son, William S. Hart Jr., who sought to change the will on the basis that his father was not of sound mind. The younger Hart's attempt to get his father's will reversed so he could receive the million-dollar estate lasted years after his father's death. He was still fighting the issue in court into the next decade.

Hart died June 25, 1946. The 81-year-old actor was cremated several days later and interred next to his sister.

At first, the paper reported Hart had been cremated immediately after a short service. But a few weeks later, The Signal discovered Hart Jr. had ordered doctors to dissect his father's brain to determine whether the actor was mentally disabled in his last years.

After the war, issues that had been put on hold returned. Hart High School opened and bonds were passed to raise funds to build the school.

In 1945 and '46, Soledad Township revived its battle against hog farms.

The valley had long been seen as a popular place to put hog farms. Los Angeles and the San Fernando Valley by the 1940s had zoned hog farms out of existence. Farmers looked north for new sites to raise garbage-fed

Please see 1940s, page 63

·····

1 Lot long ago, my teen-aged daughter was riding in the car as 1 drove down Lyons Avenue. She turned to me and said: "Dad, this was a good place for me to grow up.

> Thank you Signal for what you have done, over the past 75 years, to help make this community a good place to raise our children.



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We serve the finest quality with pride to the Santa Clarita Valley.

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■ The 1950s

Rockin' around the bomb shelter

Chinchillas, hogs, communists and two-headed calves mark tail-fin decade

By TIM WHYTE Signal managing editor

rewhall had a national rodeo roping champion, high school sports teams called the Injuns, a Fourth of July parade at "Slippery Gulch," a two-headed calf and a champion chinchilla named Mike.

Communists were rumored to be on state election ballots, the March of Dimes was tackling polio and stories of heroism came home with the bodies of local soldiers killed in the Korean War.

It was 1950. The dawn of a decade that would bring Newhall tail fins, sonic booms and a precursor of the growth boom to come, as The Newhall Land and Farming Co. unveiled its massive plans for a new community to be called Valencia.

But for the time being, a Signal ad told veterans they could own a home in "Rancho Santa Clarita" for \$7,900.

The Signal of the early-1950s had already established a few trademarks. Signal Owner/editor/publisher Fred Trueblood's "Signal Tower" column appeared each week on page one, and Trueblood's editorials took government officials to task for everything from letting the military go to pot after World War II to hauling Los Angeles trash to the SCV and feeding it to hogs.

Trueblood railed on communism and proclaimed U.S. superiority on the nuclear front, saying Russia wasn't capable of developing atomic weapons because of the United States' technological superiority.

"As long as this Nation commands these supreme assets, nobody is going to start an atomic war," he predicted.

But, the Towerman warily observed in 1951: "We just feel about the atom bomb like we feel about lightning and thunder. If you hear the thunder the lightning has missed you, and you are safe — for the moment."

Trueblood also likened hog ranches to nuclear weapons. In June 1951, after Los Angeles struck a new contract to send L.A.'s trash to local hog ranches,

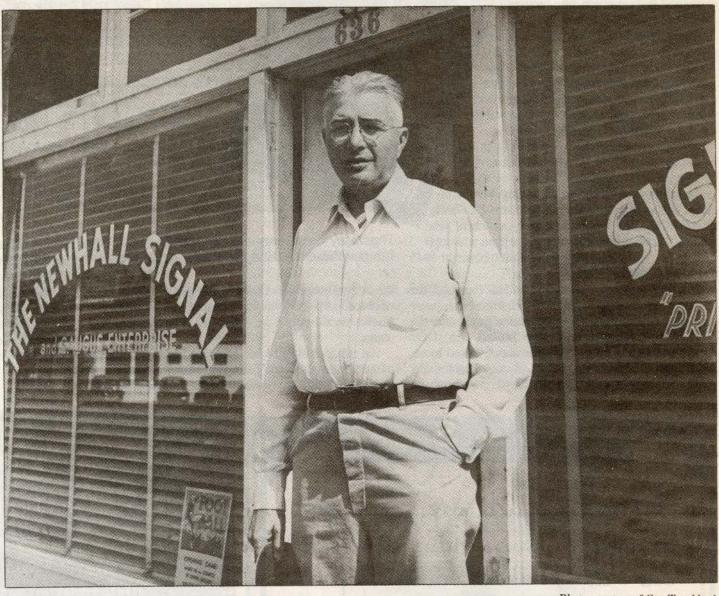


Photo courtesy of Gus Trueblood

Owner/Editor/Publisher Fred Trueblood (above) carried The Signal torch during the 1950s. A Signal archive photo (below) features an unidentified employee in the typesetting department of the 1950s.

"The great hog war is over. The hogs have won."

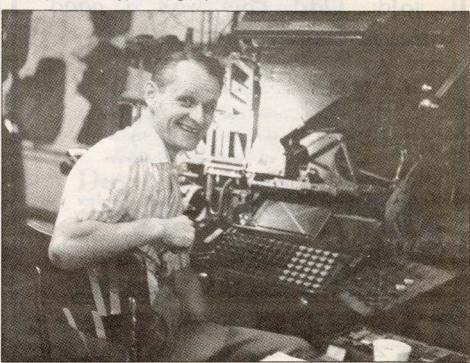
Fred Trueblood
 June 14, 1951

Trueblood wrote:

"The great hog war is over. The hogs have won."

Due to activists' efforts, the hog permit would later be canceled, but ironically, The Signal urged Los Angeles County to establish a trash dump here. An editorial in 1951 said the county "owes us a dump," so local residents would have a place to dispose of their own trash.

Even with the increased coverage of Please see 1950s, page 35



Continued from page 34

politics on The Signal's front pages, the small-town community news still played prominently. In 1951, it was reported, poison oak in the greenery failed to spoil the annual junior prom at Hart High School. It's evidence of how times have changed: The high school decorating committee had gone into the canyons to gather greenery for the prom, and accidentally gathered a large amount of poison oak.

Also in 1951, The Signal moved its print shop from its 32-year home at 636 Spruce Street, a location where Signal readers were told to kick the door a few times should it stick.

The new location was 104 West Sixth Street, just around the corner from the Newhall sheriff's station.

It was a sheriff's station that was becoming increasingly busy with crime, perhaps a sign of growth and perhaps a sign of the valley's proximity to the growing metropolis to the south.

Wrote Trueblood in his Towerman column: "Lots of newspaper readers are beginning to wonder who is the

biggest news feature — General MacArthur or any Los Angeles sex fiend."

In 1958, a Hart High School student was found shot to death on a lonely road in Ventura County. The Signal's new story reported a Los Angeles "queer" was accused of the murder of Daryl Kelch, 17.

The story reported: "Officers of both Los Angeles and Ventura counties were of the belief that young Kelch had been killed by one of the small army of creeps and queers which haunt the highways out of Hollywood and Los Angeles."

Aside from the "creeps and queers," a good deal of local concern was concentrated on polio. The Signal routinely published front-page requests for donations to the March of Dimes' battle against the disease, and local PTA groups went door-to-door gathering donations, asking contributors to leave

their porch lights on.

On Jan. 27, 1955, The Signal reported that a mothers' group was conducting a march on polio, just as it was disclosed that Judy Kill, a 14-year-old Hart High freshman, was rushed to a hospital with a case of the deadly disease.

A year later, polio would vanish from the headlines with the advent of Jonas Salk's polio vaccine.

The early part of the decade was occasionally marred by bad news from afar: A headline in 1950 reported,



Signal file photo

newspaper readers In the 1950s, the sheriff's station was in Downtown are beginning to Newhall. The Signal would later occupy the building.

"Former Newhall boy killed on Korean battlefield." Pfc. Robert L. Whisler, 19, had moved from the area, but, "Robert spent the better part of his life in Newhall, and can be considered the community's first definite casualty in the savage battles with the North Korean reds."

About two years later, The Signal published a photo of a "local boy" in his airplane, with a story headlined: "ENSIGN GENE KELLY SHOT DOWN IN KOREA — DIES IN CRASH."

Kelly's death spurred a Trueblood editorial that stated, "Looks like we need better bombers." Trueblood lamented the possibility that inferior military equipment may have contributed to Kelly's death.

On a brighter note, a bit of the valley's history made big news as it was was preserved for public enjoyment in

Please see 1950s, page 36

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† Channels available for individual purchases. Addressable converter box required.
Some restrictions apply that may be applicable to either of the offered services.

Continued from page 35

1950 when the William S. Hart estate lawsuit was decided in court. Hart, the famed cowboy film star, had left his Horseshoe Ranch to Los Angeles County for preservation as a public park.

However, the will was challenged by Hart's son, who argued his father wasn't of sound mind when he authored the will. A Signal headline from the trial: "Hart Jr. says dad was affectionate but incompetent."

The jury upheld Hart's will, and after additional legal jousting through the decade, William S. Hart Park was dedicated in 1958.

The 1950s were not without their oddball news items. There was the champion chinchilla raised by a local couple, and the photo of a Hart High School gymnast with a caption proclaiming, "As you can see in this picture, Hollywood itself has no more shapely or charming misses than Hart Hi."

And, of course, there was the two-headed calf in

The Signal reported: "Folks who want to take a look at California's only double-headed calf will have to wait at least six months, and then they will only see it as a mounted specimen. The queer, pathetic little animal gave up the ghost at 8 a.m. Friday at the T.C. Wood Hereford Ranch in upper Castaic Canyon, where it was born a week previously."

Sizzling news indeed. Another item, this one from 1954: "COPY OF SIGNAL USED WITHOUT ITS CONSENT IN ARSON ATTEMPT AT VAL VERDE."

"It has long been our contention that the Newhall Signal is the only paper most interested in Newhall and vicinity and it is our goal not only to report the news here thoroughly and accurately, but to handle it with a personal touch as kindly as we can make it, without showing bias or favor.

Editorial, Aug. 12, 1954

The arsonist, it seems, had saturated a copy of the paper with kerosene, stuffed it into a chair and set in on fire, causing \$4,500 damage to a home. Said the paper's front-page story: "The Signal would like its readers to know that while it tries to print some hot news occasionally, it frowns on any attempt to use it

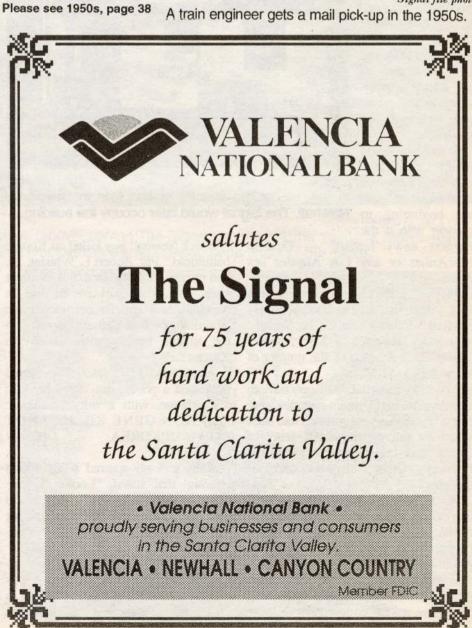
for incendiary purposes."

Among the "hot" news printed in the 1950s was The Signal's program for the Fourth of July festivities at "Slippery Gulch," which would become Melody Ranch when Gene Autry purchased the Placerita Canyon land for use as a movie set in the late-1950s. The program, called the "Slippery Gulch Gazette," proclaimed in 1952 that the valley's first "real" fireworks show would be held at Hart High.

The Signal in 1954 also gave itself an editorial plug, comparing itself to the larger papers of metro-

Signal file photo







1950s

Continued from page 36

politan Los Angeles: "It has long been our contention that the Newhall Signal is the only paper most interested in Newhall and vicinity and it is our goal not only to report the news here thoroughly and accurately, but to handle it with a personal touch as kindly as we can make it, without showing bias or favor. Help in attaining this goal is constantly sought and always appreciated."

"Newhall and vicinity" would, in the coming decades, include a place called Valencia. In 1957, The Signal carried a top-of-the-page story headlined, "NEWHALL RANCH REVEALS VAST DEVEL-OPMENT PLAN FOR FUTURE.'

The plan, as it came to be realized, would be one of the keys in the valley's transformation from a small town to a thriving modern suburb.

The 1950s closed with news stories that were an odd mix of old, new and things to come. In 1959, past and future collided as two horses were killed on Lyons Avenue after they jumped into the street and were struck by a Chevy sedan. The local little league launched its season on new fields provided by Newhall Land, Newhall had its own phone book, and it was rumored that a dial phone system would be installed by 1960.

And, there was a reputed "race riot" at Hart High School. The Signal reported afterward that it "boiled down into a simple beef between a colored boy and a

Times, they would soon be a-changin'.



Coordinating Council to elect Wednesday

And SAUGUS ENTERI

The Soledad Township Coordinating Council will hold its next meeting on Wednesday, January 12 at the 507 Club. This will be a luncheon meeting at 12 o'clock noon and reservations can be made by phoning Mr. Ralph Bell, secretary, at 8729-M-1. New officers will be elected at this meeting.

Chest X-Ray unit plans for stops during January

A concentration of locations for the Chest X-Ray Truck in for the Chest X-Ray Truck in the American and for 20 days beginning named for 20 days beginning January 3 was announced today January 3 was announced to the January 3 was announced today 3 was announced to the January 3 was announced to the January 3 was announced today 3 was announced t

rent.

Fourteen locations have been set in San Fernando. Solemint. Val Verde, Castaic, and New Lall. The survey opens at Machall. The survey opens at Machall Avenue and San Fernando Road from 2 · 7 p.m. this common Monday (Jan.3).

At the same time it was announced that there is an urgent nounced that there is an urgent need for hostesses to assist in

NEWHALL, CALIFORNIA

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A copy of with kerose fed chair w Verde in the The house,

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> Clothestime 255-9640 Cost Cutters 259-4440

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Granary Cleaners 259-3386

Great Earth Vitamins 255-2928

Great Western Bank 254-2100

> Harry's Place 254-4265

Home Fed Bank 254-5002

Honey Baked Hams 255-9000

Hughes Market 254-3440

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- 10. We are professionals working for you
- 11. Century 21 has the largest VIP referral network system
- 12. We'll get you ready to sell
- 13. We know how to show off your property
- 14. You'll always know what's going on
- 15. The Century 21 systems is actively involved in corporate relocation
- 16. Our skilled negotiations close the sale
- 17. We can help with other services
- 18. We keep you up to date
- 19. We offer proven success
- 20. The Century 21 name means



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REALTOR®

The SCV name game

By JERRY REYNOLDS

For The Signal

A s one looks back on the past 75 years, a variety of names come to mind.

Some have changed, and some have stood the test of time, but nearly all of the Santa Clarita Valley's names can be placed in a historical context.

To wit:

ACTON

Acton Station was established in 1876 as a depot on the Southern Pacific Railroad, taking on a great deal of gold, silver and other ores from nearby mines. It was named for a Massachusetts village.

AGUA DULCE

Spanish for "Sweet Water." Captain Don Pedro Fages found natural springs in the region while chasing Spanish army deserters in 1772.

ANGELES FOREST

The 555,520-acre San Gabriel Timberland Reserve was created Dec. 20, 1895, becoming the Angeles National Forest on July 1, 1908. In September 1925, the Saugus District was separated from the old Santa Barbara National Forest (now Los Padres) and attached to Los Angeles. It is the oldest national forest in California.

BEALE'S CUT

General Edward F. Beale, hero of the Mexican-American War, ambassador to Austria, surveyor general of California and master to the 297,000-acre Tejon Ranch, called out the Army to hand-dig a 90-foot-deep slash through the mountains, bypassing the hazardous Old Road through Elsmere Canyon. It was the main route north from Los Angeles from 1862 to 1910, when it was replaced by the Newhall Tunnel.

BOUQUET CANYON

Originally "Live Oak Canyon," "Ship Ranch" (Rancho de Buque) was started there by a French sailor, Francois Chari, in 1843. American map-makers spelled "Buque" as Bouquet, changing the meaning from a vessel to a bunch of flowers.

CANYON COUNTRY

The intersection of Soledad and Mint Canyons was known as "Solemint" since the 1860s. A century later, with a growing population and mushrooming shopping centers, community leaders such as Arthur Evans, Dr. Everett Phillips and entertainer Cliffie Stone attempted to establish a Solemint Post Office. Rejected by postal authorities, they fell back on another name —

started as a railroad siding in 1887. The town of Castaic was founded in 1914, when Sam Parsons started a store to supply workers building the Ridge Route. Lake Castaic, part of the State Water Project, opened in April 1972.

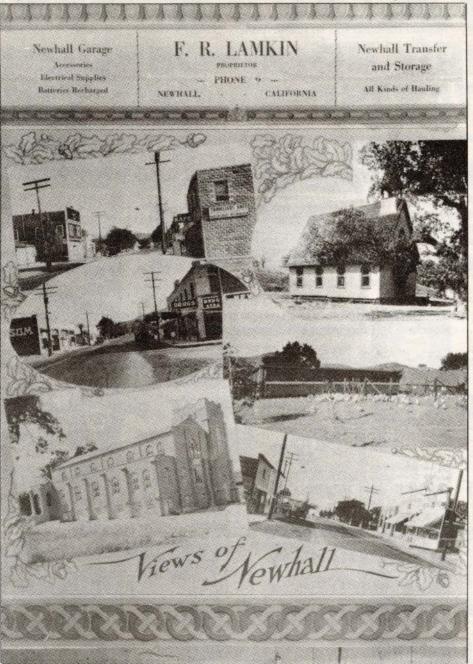


Photo courtesy SCV Historical Society

Newhall, featured on this 1920s calendar, is among the local names derived from historical origins.

Canyon Country — that had floated around for a decade. The Canyon Country Post Office was established in 1968, making the term official.

CASTAIC

An Indian word, "Kashtuk," meaning "eyes," was applied to a small lake just east of modern Lebec. Spanish explorers wrote it in a variety of ways, until Rancho Castic was granted on Nov. 22, 1843. The "I" was added to Castaic by Yankee map-makers. Castaic Junction

ELIZABETH LAKE

This sag pond on the San Andreas Fault was known as Rabbit Lake and La Luguna de Chico Lopez until 1849, when Charles Wingfield camped on its shores with a party of pioneers bound from Los Angeles to Visalia. His wife went down to the pool for water, slipped and fell in, so it was Elizabeth's Lake from that time on.

ELSMERE CANYON

Canada de Uvas, or Grapevine

Canyon, was an Indian trail followed by Spanish explorers, padres, Mexican ox carts, John C. Fremont and the Butterfield Overland Stage, bypassed by Beale's Cut in 1862. Known as Fremont Pass for a time, it was named "Ellesmere" in 1889 by Ed Lingwood, for his birthplace in Port Ellesmere, England. Over the years, the spelling was changed to its present name of Elsmere.

GORMAN

James Gorman was an Irish immigrant serving in the Mexican-American War, and then as a government hunter supplying meat to Ft. Tejon after 1854. He bought the "Widow Ranch" four years later, becoming a stop on the Butterfield Stage route. The property was sold to George Ralph, founder of the grocery store chain, after Gorman's death. The Ralph family still owns the town.

HART PARK

Renowned western film star William Surrey Hart bought the Horseshoe Ranch in 1921, using it as a movie set until he retired four years later. Hart then began construction of a magnificent Spanish-style home on a lofty hill, moving in during 1928 and entertaining a host of celebrities, including Robert Taylor, Will Rogers, Charlie Russell and Barbara Stanwick. The estate was willed to the Los Angeles County Parks and Recreation Department upon Hart's death in 1946, and is now a museum.

HASLEY CANYON

An Indian word, "Islay," meaning "berries."

HUGHES LAKE

Patrick Hughes trailed 5,000 sheep down from the Santa Maria River in 1872, settling near West Elizabeth Lake. He later sold out to his brother Owen

LANG

A New Yorker, John Lang, set up a dairy farm on the banks of the Santa Clara River (south of Shadow Pines) in 1870. Channeling nearby sulphur springs from the mountains, he created a spa and hotel, which became a stop for freighters. On Sept. 5, 1876, Charles Crocker drove a gold spike at Lang, the final link in Southern Pacific Railroad connecting Los Angeles with San Francisco. A train station existed until 1971, when Southern Pacific bulldozed it into the streambed.

Please see NAMES, page 40

Names

Continued from page 39

MENTRYVILLE

California Star Oil Co. renamed Pico Springs "Mentryville" in 1876, after their superintendent, Charles A. Mentry, drilled C.C.O. No. 4, the first commercially successful oil well in the West. Now largely abandoned, Mentry's home, barn, a school house and some derricks remain behind locked gates at the end of Pico Canyon Road.

NEWHALL

Southern Pacific Railroad founded Newhall Depot Oct. 13, 1876, and the town gradually grew up around the station. It was named for Henry Mayo Newhall, owner of the surrounding rancho. This became The Newhall Land and Farming Co. after Newhall died in 1882.

PICO CANYON

Named for Andres Pico, the Mexican general who surrendered California to John C. Fremont in 1847. Pico skimmed oil in the canyon that bears his name and used it at his San Fernando Ranch.

PLACERITA CANYON

Jose Francisco de Gracia Lopez start-

ed the first gold rush in California on March 9, 1842, near an ancient tree known, today, as The Oak of the Golden Dream. Placerita, meaning "little placer (mines)," is a state and county park.

PYRAMID LAKE

Pyramid Rock was created in 1933, when Highway 99 was being built. The lake and dam recalling this landmark were completed in 1974.

RAVENNA

Manuel Ravenna was an Italian immigrant who set up stores in Los Angeles and Soledad City. Southern Pacific named its railroad station for him in 1876. It was abandoned and destroyed in 1972.

RIDGE ROUTE

Completed in 1915, it was officially The Tejon Route, but it quickly became "The Ridge," as it snaked over the tops of the mountains. There were 942 curves between Castaic and Gorman. adding up to 97 complete circles in 32 miles. Reworked several times, it was abandoned in 1933, when Highway 99 was completed. There is a movement to make it a National Historic Trail.

SAN FRANCISQUITO

Rancho San Francisco became sepa-

rated from Mission San Fernando in 1804, covering the land from Piru Creek to Soledad Canyon. "Little St. Francis" Canyon was named at that

SANTA CLARITA

The River and Valley of St. Clair, Patroness of Sore Eyes, were named by Father Juan Crespi Aug. 10, 1769. Long confused with Santa Clara up north, A.B. Perkins coined the term Santa Clarita, or "Little St. Clair," in 1946. The city of Santa Clarita was founded Dec. 15, 1987.

SAUGUS

Saugus Station was founded Sept. 1, 1887, named for the birthplace of Henry M. Newhall in Massachusetts. The Indian word means "a narrow, sandy spit of land." A town, Surrey, grew up around the depot, finally changing its name to Saugus in 1915.

SOLEDAD

Explorer and army officer Don Pedro Fages named the canyon in 1772, as it reminded him of his home in Catalonia, Spain. It means "homesick or "lonely."

ST. FRANCIS DAM

The Los Angeles Department of Water and Power built a concrete dam in San Francisquito Canyon in 1925 to store water brought by their aqueduct from Owens Valley. On March 12, 1928. the dam collapsed, drowning some 450 people and causing over \$13 million in property damage. It is the second-greatest disaster in the state's history.

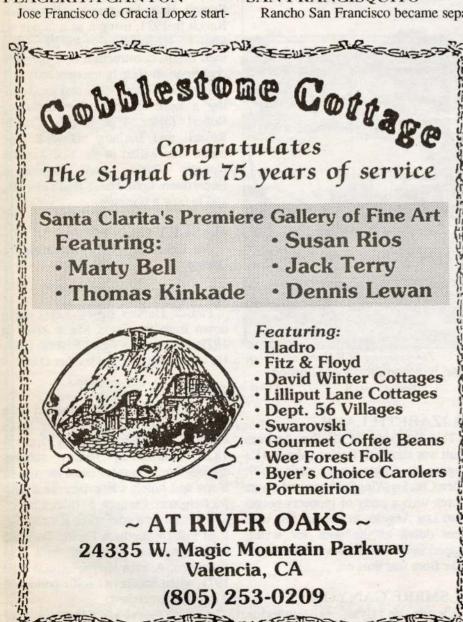
SULPHUR SPRINGS

In 1860, Colonel Thomas F. Mitchell started his Sulphur Springs Ranch at Lost and Sand canyons. John Lang ran the springs down to a health spa 11 years later. In 1872, they started the Sulphur Springs School in the kitchen of the Mitchell Adobe. It is the second-oldest school district in Los Angeles County.

Lieutenant Francisco Ruiz's soldiers found a dead badger north of present Gorman, naming the pass Tejon, or Badger. Rancho El Tejon was granted Nov. 11, 1843, and Ft. Tejon was established Aug. 10, 1854. Edward F. Beale acquired the ranch in 1865.

VALENCIA

A master-planned community dedicated by The Newhall Land and Farming Co. Aug. 20, 1967. The name Valencia was chosen by Scott Newhall, after the ancient Spanish city.

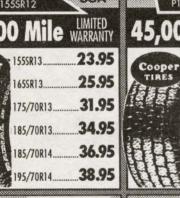


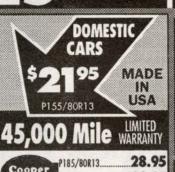
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■ The moving pictures

Big screen, big valley

Film industry a focal point for The Signal

By CAROL ROCK Signal staff writer

"Douglas Fairbanks and his company of about 200 came up from L.A. Tuesday by special train and autos and pulled off a moving picture stunt. We did not learn the name of the future film, but judging from what we saw, 'Douglas At the County Fair' might be considered appropriate. Market Street from the drug store to the railroad track was decorated with yards and yards of bunting, signs, flags, etc., not omitting the ice cream stands along the way. There were about 40 horses in the performance and these did their part by going through the antics which people pay to see at a country fair. Newhall was called 'Fair Point' for the day."

So began The Signal's coverage of an industry that would contribute significantly to the development of the Santa Clarita Valley. It has influenced architecture in downtown Newhall, brought multi-level sound stages to the industrial center and caused thousands of cowboys — rhinestone and rough-ridden — to thunder through our canyons.

Hollywood began using the canyons and streets of Newhall for Western movies in 1903. The first feature produced in the valley was "Bronco Billy's Christmas Dinner" in 1912, starring Newhall resident Gilbert Anderson. Newhall soon became the stomping grounds for stars like Charlie Chaplin, who filmed parts of "The Champion" in Newhall, and Tom Mix, who used many downtown Newhall facades as "Mixville," where he and his crews staged brawls and horse races.

Mix built his own studio near the corner of Walnut and Market Streets, from which he released his film "Western Blood" in 1918. He favored daring stunts and even "jumped" his steed, Tony the Wonder Horse, across the 90-foot-deep Beale's Cut. No actors — equestrian or human — were ever in danger, as cinematic magicians "painted out" a supporting bridge under the running horse.

In 1919, the nearest movies were shown in San Fernando at Cody's New Theatre. When the American Theater, the first in the valley, opened in 1941, adults got in for 30 cents and kids for a dime.

The valley also made its mark in the drive-in era, sporting two car-friendly theaters; the Mustang Drive-In in Canyon Country and the Corrall Drive-In on San Francisquito Road. Both are now memories.

Motion picture viewers were a discerning breed even in the early days of silent films. Movies were brought to Newhall by road crews who were criticized by their audiences on the front pages. The films were deemed to be "of ancient vintage and poorly projected." To quote one activist of the day, "The people of Newhall want up-

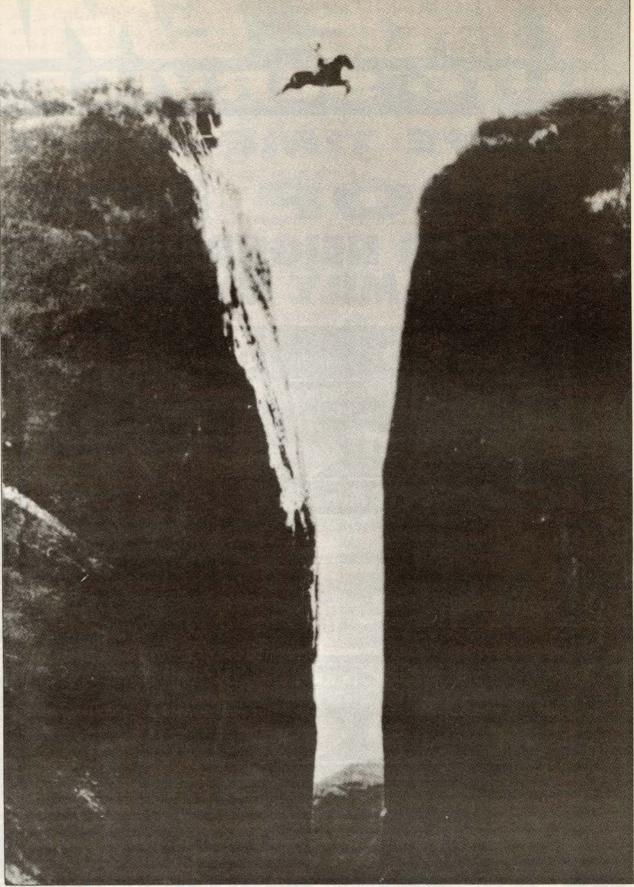


Photo courtesy of SCV Historical Society

Film star Tom Mix and Tony the Wonder Horse "jumped" Beale's Cut in an early movie stunt.

to-date pictures or none at all."

In 1921, "The Halfbreed" was being filmed in and around Newhall. And, although its real purpose was to provide shelter for silent film star William S. Hart's pintos, Elizabeth and Cactus Jake, the cabin on his Newhall property was a location for "The Testing Block." Hart went on to use his 300-acre ranch as a location for many more films, including "Tumbleweeds," his last film.

In 1924, Ben Wilson Productions Corp. planned to build a studio on the Frank LaSalle Ranch in Wiley Canyon (near Elsmere Canyon). Accessories, machinery and electrical light plants were planned by Wilson, who hoped to use them exclusively for cowboy films.

The same year, Bob Anderson built a Western facade on Walnut Street that included two old-time saloons (which, The Signal noted, were "for picture purposes only"), grocery store, blacksmith shop, bank, dry good emporium and restaurant. Fox, Goldwyn, Thomas Ince and Wilson Studios were already in line to use the locations as soon as they were built.

Hart's hilltop mansion was seen in print ads across the country, as it served as a backdrop for a promotion of the 10 millionth Ford automobile to roll off the line.

In 1940, Hart donated a lot in downtown Newhall as a site for a motion picture theater and lodge for

Please see MOVIES, page 44

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A Commitment to Caring Since 1923

Movies

Continued from page 42

American Legion Post 507. The entire town of Newhall went wild for their benefactor. Copies of The Signal sold out, people were so eager for the good news.

A year later, the American Theater opened with all seats reserved for opening night. It cost \$25,000 to build, had 400 seats and the screen was framed by tan valances and drapery. Special prices for that event were 50 cents plus 5 cents tax. On the bill were "The Earl of Puddingstone" and "Here Comes Happiness," a newsreel and a cartoon. Hart, decked out in Western garb, made a grand entrance, which got a standing ovation. The event generated three pages of ads and copy.

Hart and his ailing sister, Mary Ellen, lived on the "La Loma de los Vientos" or "Hill of the Winds" estate until his death in 1946. He left his mansion and the surrounding parkland to the people of Los Angeles County "so that the people who spent their nickles and dimes to watch my pictures could enjoy my home."

Hart still made headlines even after his death, as his son, William S. Hart, Jr., who was left out of the will, filed a petition with the court objecting to "strangers as guardians" of his father's estate. After a long, drawn-out court battle, the court ruled against young Hart and the property became William S. Hart County Park.

Just south of the "wild and wooly" downtown, another boom town was growing. Trem Carter of Monogram Pictures built Western-style sets for some "B-grade shoot-em-up" pictures. The sets were bought by Ernie Hickson and moved to a 100-acre parcel in Placerita

Photo courtesy of SCV Historical Society

Cowboy film star William S. Hart was perhaps the valley's most famous resident.





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Photo courtesy of SCV Historical Society

Ropin' 'n' racin'



Signal file photo



Photo courtesy of SCV Historical Society

The Bonelli Ranch, now known as Saugus Speedway, has been a hub of many community events in the past 75 years. Before stock cars, there was the annual rodeo that drew thousands. Wild Bill Elliot (above, right) congratulated winning rodeo riders in 1940, and calf-ropin' was still a featured event in the 1950s (left). Over the years, midget race cars (above) have joined the traditional stock cars as featured performers.



■ The Scott Newhall years

Ahoy! A tribute to the pirate king

By JOHN BOSTON

Proud member, dear boy network

or two weeks, I cried like a baby after Scott died. And yet, there are those hours when I feel he's still here in the office, the next desk over, humming those silly tunes and creaking back in that ancient chair.

Scott Newhall was the pirate king of

If he liked you, you were a "dear boy." Or a "dear girl." If he didn't like you, batten down your ears, put on a raincoat and strap yourself to the mast.

For a quarter of a century, no government vessel was safe from the buccaneer's pen. No coastline of commerce, society or even good taste went untouched. Prince, pauper, charlatan and thief all shivered at the mere mention of Newhall's name. For a man who loved the sea, Newhall's legacy was written in the dusty onion fields of his boyhood home — the Santa Clarita Valley.

There has never been a man who had a more profound effect on the community than Scotty. Not the legendary Don Juan bandito Tiburcio Vasquez. Not the gunfighting hero of the silver screen, William S. Hart. Not even Scott's great-grandfather, Henry Mayo Newhall, who founded the town that still bears his name. While there may never be a man to fill his shoes, or rather, shoe, there might be a woman: Scott's wife, Ruth Waldo Newhall. Tom Neuner, a long ago mover and shaker, aptly dubbed her, "The Godmother."

Scott would enter the newsroom with his pronounced limp, the result of losing his leg in a Mayan rainforest on his honeymoon in 1930. On every entrance, the effect would be the same: A slight straightening in the seats and quieting by all the reporters.

of the storm. Ruth was simply Order In Francisco, 1953. The Universe. Scotty died in October

1992, upstaging Halloween and a presidential election. From 1963 to 1988, he was editor/publisher of The Signal, although he preferred the term, 'proprietor.' Just his return to the Santa Clarita was an epic tale.

Born in 1914 to the land-owning blueblood family, Scott was the black sheep of the family, the second of three brothers. He lived in the spacious Newhall mansion in San Raphael, which boasted of a two-cook kitchen and butler and maids for each level of his home. In the warm summers, he occasionally returned to the little Santa Clara Valley, as it was called back then, where his family owned the massive Newhall Land and Farming cattle and agriculture operations.

Few are fortunate to be born into wealth. Fewer are



Signal file photo

Scott was a force of nature. The brunt Scott and Ruth Newhall at the Cotillion, Palace Hotel, San

fortunate to be born into mischief.

"I participated in private schools and was fired from a couple for non-conformity." He shared this about nine years back at a small dinner with Ruth and a young friend. "One school was in New Jersey. The winters were cold. I went south with a young housemaid of mine, in search of warmer weather." Scott smiled at the recollection, a mixture of warmth and deviltry. "Graciously, they took us back. I then staged and promoted a prize fight for paying customers between two houseboys, supplying them with a bottle of Gordon's Gin for training purposes."

And thus was a recurring theme in the journalism master's life: A grand, celestial idea sent smashing back on an island in the center of campus. "I escaped, but not without detection," Newhall confessed. Scotty visited several prestigious schools, getting the boot from most.

to earth by the envious Fates. Scotty's prize fight was

interrupted by an unscheduled visit by the dean.

The headmaster was giving a tour to prospective high-paying parents. They

heard the fisticuffs and fight crowd

"Due to complaints from the customers, I was fired from another school for bootlegging," Newhall recalled. "I had confessed my involvement to the dean and was fired not so much for bootlegging, but for adulterating the gin.'

Young Newhall was no Nobel science laureate. He had distilled the alcohol from iodine, poisoning several students. "To my credit, no one went blind."

The Great Depression was the scourge of the land, creating millions of homeless decades before the word became popular. The Newhall family fortune hibernated. A king's ransom in cattle, oil and farming vaporized and Scotty lived in the attic of a San Francisco garret. His mother, Anna Scott Newhall, cooked and helped the teen, whom the Roaring '20s had patterned, attend college at UC Berkeley.

It was there he met Ruth Waldo " . . . and from there, my life blossomed before me like a rose."

Scott said that at the small dinner that night. He and Ruth had been married over half a century by then, but the eyes gave him away. They were sweet. And sincere. And filled with a twinkle of a most rare and excellent man — a man who loves his wife.

Perhaps in that steamy Mayan jungle they found some magic. While Scott left his leg in Mexico, he and Ruth were granted one of history's most spectacular lives together.

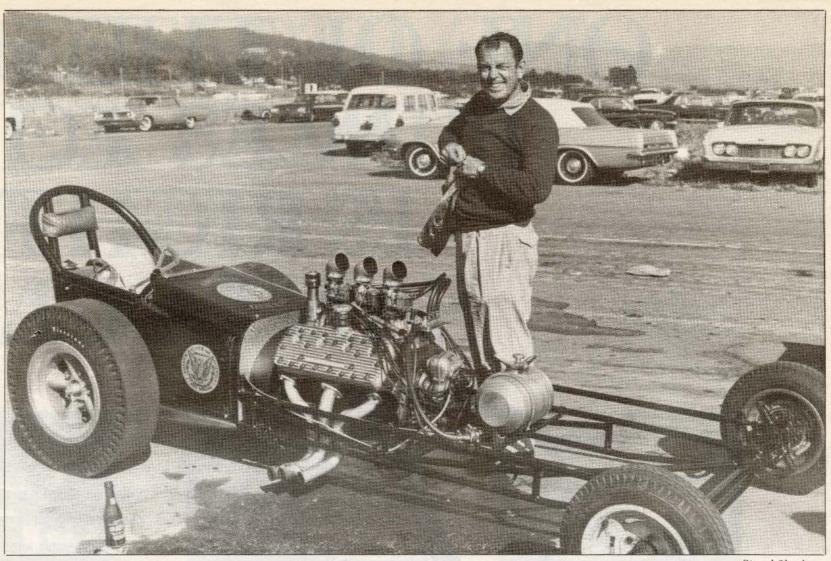
Consider this: In 59 years of marriage, Scott and Ruth safaried to faraway jungles and enjoyed an endless parade of balls, dinners and parties with an international who's who of politicians, stars and millionaires.

As editor of the San Francisco Chronicle, Scott ran publishing billionaire William Randolph Hearst out of the city in the famous Northern California newspaper wars. He also sailed solo around the world, ran a dragster on the race circuit, restored classic car, ran for mayor of San Francisco (and lost) and, most importantly, bought The Newhall Signal in 1963.

But before we talk about that infamous SClaritatown fish wrapper, there are, of course, more Scott stories.

How did he get started in the newspaper business? In 1935, Scott sailed across the bay from Berkeley to

Please see SCOTTY, page 49



Scott Newhall raced a dragster (above) and he and Ruth owned a collection of classic cars (below).

Scotty

Continued from page 48

San Francisco to answer an ad in the Chronicle for a photographer. Mind you, the silver-spooned Newhall lad had never even picked up a camera. Basically, he lied himself into a job.

"That night, Ruth and a friend got me a book by Ansel Adams, 'How To Make A Photograph.' I read it the night before my first day and stayed at The Chronicle ever since."

Scotty was a foreign correspondent, covered World War II and worked his way up the editorial ladder until becoming executive editor in 1952. It was there, at The Chronicle, where he developed that slashing, gashing, whimsical, 19th century

Barnum & Bailey style of promotion (he once sent a reporter to Mexico to bring back the head of Poncho Villa). His formula was simple, he confessed: Get their attention. And enlighten them a bit.

Scott bought The Signal from Ray Brooks in October 1963. Brooks himself had owned the little weekly less than a year, having bought it from the



Trueblood brothers. Mind you, Scott was still editor of The Chronicle and, for eight years, made the grueling journey back and forth and back and forth and back and forth from the sophisticated Bay Area to the dusty arroyos of the little Santa Clara River Valley.

It's important to see this.

In the early '60s, this was farm and ranch country.

The paper always had a feisty, conversational streak to it. But still, The Signal felt more a family photo album and letter from home than a newspaper. The scattered few thousand residents had nothing to prepare them for the onslaught of the Newhall family journalism.

Scott, a self-described "carpetbagger," started innocently enough, spicing up the paper in genteel fashion. But then there were the stories about Bigfoot prowling the canyons. And a woman in Saugus who had a UFO landing pad in her back yard. Scott found it shocking that the hordes of farm animals in the SCV ran around naked. He commandeered a plane and ordered an air drop of horse and cow diapers. And, of course, there was that

lengthy piece of fiction on Zambians being launched into space as astronauts in a 55-gallon trash can.

Scotty didn't always play the fool. He faced down an armed and angry Ku Klux Klan mob in the Soledad river bed one summer night. "I didn't feel the Santa Clarita Valley was a proper environment or backdrop for

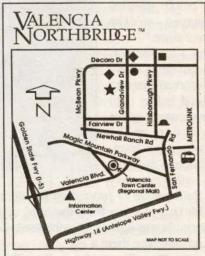
Please see SCOTTY, page 95

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t's Valencia, very much at home in the new book "50 Fabulous Places To Raise Your Family," written by Lee and Saralee Rosenberg. People love Valencia's meticulously landscaped network of traffic-free pathways called paseos. They also love being able to live, work, play and shop all in one community. It's even a community that puts on festive annual events to promote a warm, hometown atmosphere. "Fabulous," too, are the new single family homes in Valencia's newest neighborhood, Valencia Northbridge. Whether you're a first-time homebuyer or moving up to a more spacious residence, you'll find a wide selection here. It's all convenient to a neighborhood park, school and a wide selection of exceptional recreation amenities, including neighborhood swimming pools with spas, tot lots and clubhouses. So if you're sold on the scenic Santa Clarita Valley and considering a move, visit us in Valencia and see how fabulous it is for yourself.

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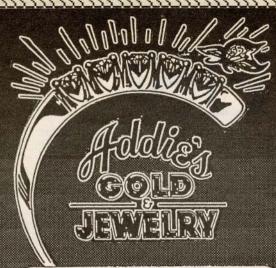


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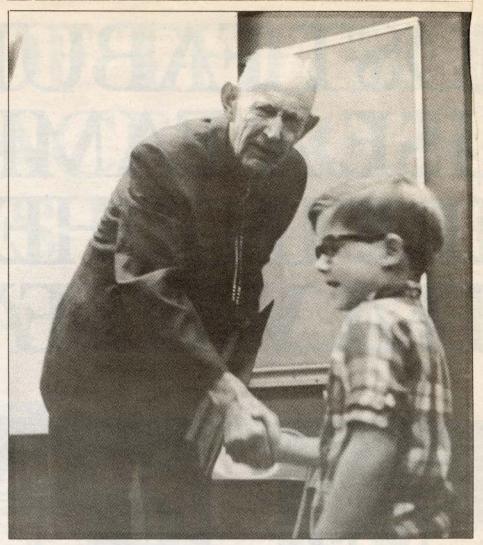
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Signal file photo

A.B. Perkins shakes a young boy's hand during "A.B. Perkins Day,"

Perk-ing up

A.B. Perkins: Signal's consummate historian

By JERRY REYNOLDS For The Signal

e seemed to be carved from his native New England granite this fellow known as "Perk" or "A.B." — from his tall, angular frame to the square set of his jaw.

His craggy features were nearly surrounded by a pair of ears that resembled satellite dishes, but it was those dark, flashing eyes that caught everyone's attention. They could light up and dance in merriment, or literally hurl thunderbolts at those who crossed him.

A.B.'s research center was a crowded, cluttered cubicle in the old Newhall Signal offices at 6th and San Fernando Road in Newhall. There, draped in a straight-backed chair, he received visitors and answered questions about local

There were stacks of yellowed photographs, reams of eyewitness accounts concerning the early days of the valley, and books full of newspaper clippings. A lithograph of Old Newhall was thumb-tacked over a Playboy calendar, while a motto hung above his battered, upright typewriter. It read: "Illegitimi non Carborundum," loosely translated from Latin as, "Don't let the bastards grind you down.'

Arthur Buckingham Perkins was born in Bennington, Vt., in 1891. At the age of 15, he headed west, becoming a "chain man" in a survey crew roaming the California-Nevada desert. He prospected for gold and set up field kitchens for miners, wintering at Arizona State College, where he also edited a paper.

His solitary ways ended in 1915, when he met and married an assayer's

Please see PERKINS, page 53

"Well, Perk has died

after a fashion. But

he will never really

Valley. Every day, in

thing that has come

to this valley will be

thing that Perk has

be gone from the

some way, every-

touched by some-

left behind."

Santa Clarita

Perkins

Continued from page 52

daughter, Marguerite O'Brien. The new Mrs. Perkins was born June 22, 1897, in Gillette, Colo., and together they would have two sons, Valentine and Richard.

They moved to Los Angeles in 1918 and, a year later, relocated to Newhall, where Perk had secured a job with the Newhall Water System (now Newhall County Water District). In time, he ended up owning the waterworks and becoming a justice of the peace in the Soledad Judicial District.

In 1919, Newhall was going through one of its periodic growth spurts with some of the older buildings being

replaced by modern structures.

For some reason, A.B. took an interest in Newhall history. His fascination spread to every community from Piru to the Sierra Pelonas.

He interviewed "oldtimers," gathered references and collected artifacts with a passion. He squirreled all of them away in that little 6th Street office. searched He archives and attics for faded photographs and maps, musty which were diligently filed

away in bulging file drawers.

Perkins was among the 30 people who got together Oct. 9, 1922, forming a Masonic Lodge, acquiring the Mayhue Building at Railroad and Market streets five years later. In 1931, they rebuilt, with the lodge meeting upstairs in the new building and the courts convening on the ground floor. Sold in 1960, it is now the "Ye Olde Courthouse" offices.

On May 17, 1928, the Newhall-Saugus Kiwanis was founded with 37 members, and A.B. was inducted as club historian. They immediately set out to widen and improve Spruce Street (San Fernando Road) and dedicate "The Oak of the Golden Dream" as a state historical landmark, which was quickly accomplished.

He invented the term "Santa Clarita" for a school that became Hart High, but

the term spread to finally refer to a city.

Meanwhile, Marguerite was making a weekly trek over to San Fernando, picking up motion pictures to be shown to school children. A regular theater did not come along until 1941, when William S. Hart built one that is now the American Legion Post. She helped form the Newhall Women's Club, pushed for a local high school, was active in the PTA and 4-H Club while feuding with the I.R.S. She made her tax checks out to "The Infernal Revenue Service," which were cashed anyway.

Perk was not without his critics, some claiming that he "borrowed" family pictures and never returned them. Others, such as Christine Urtel, said that one could not get a water

hook-up without joining the Kiwanis.

At any rate, Perkins began publishing sporadic histories in The Signal that became weekly features and finally a series, "The Story of Our Valley," in the 1960s.

Scholarly, well-researched articles appeared in the Historical Society of Southern California Quarterly, some reprinted as booklets.

Even now, books, reports and other publications relating

to valley research quote him as a source.

— Scott Newhall

For reasons best known to himself, A.B. was a bit antagonistic toward the founding of a historical society in 1975, saying, "It would never last."

While presenting a couple of slide shows at early meetings, he never joined.

Part of his accumulation of research material went to the Valencia Library, but the bulk of his collection remains locked away in a garage behind his home on Apple Street.

A.B. Perkins passed away on April 8, 1977. Scott Newhall wrote his epitaph, saying: "Well, Perk has died after a fashion. But he will never really be gone from the Santa Clarita Valley. Every day, in some way, everything that has come to this valley will be touched by something that Perk has left behind."

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"It's good for boys as well

Daring Signal editorial, 1921

as girls to get outdoors."

■ The opinion page

Death to traitors!

A legacy of very bad words in very big type

By JOHN BOSTON Faculty adviser

there was a sign on the old Wells Fargo stagecoaches that used to stop through Newhall a century ago. "Passengers will please refrain from discussing religion or politics."

That is, after all, left for the opinion

There have been some pretty rough verbal outlaws penning commentary for nearly a century at the paper. Some have even been employees. You can almost read, "...arrgggh," or, "...why I oughtta,"
"...or enough of this talk — let's break down the door and lynch the sons of

(expletive du jour deleted)" between the

Basically, writing an editorial is somewhere between poetry and throwing a mud pie with a rock in it, sniggering and then hiding behind the trousers of the First Amendment. A truly good, or bad, editorial should get you a few anony-

mous calls from the frontiers of schizophrenia and the calmly whispered observation, "We know where your children live."

But, really, who

are we kidding. In those late nights besmirch someone in Sri Lanka and chances are you'll get your bare feet spanked with a monkey branding iron.

You take a pot shot at an elected official in the U.S. and they sulk. America. What a great country!

The Signal's 'shoot-from-the-hip,' almost 19th century style of 'Death to Traitors' editorials started with Ed Brown, The Signal's first editor.

"We have so much law, it is impossi-

"Where the hell is China, anyway?"

- Ed Brown

Blanche's husband, 1919

"It's good for boys as well as girls to get outdoors," she demanded in 1921.

editorial stance.

And that pretty much summed up Blanche as a political thinker. Thornton Doelle, a forest ranger, took over editorship briefly, writing a

few riparian pieces on walks in the woods. He was firmly anti-forest fire and

Blanche, a bookish, quiet woman who

doubled as the town librarian and was

often teased by kids as "Peanut" Brown

due to her affection for health food,

adopted a rather tepid, if non-existent,

A.B. "Dad" Thatcher bought the paper in 1925 and brought along a more heated editorial approach. One of Dad's favorite and reappearing editorial phrases was, "damphoolishness," and many ideas for-

Please see OPINION, page 56

behind an ancient manual typewriter or keyboard plugged into some Mother Ship Computer, writing an editorial is really just a dandy way to insult someone silly enough to run for public office. You

ble to know what it all means," wrote Brown Feb. 28, 1919 — The Signal's first real editorial. "The man who drafts a long law is a public enemy."

Hear-hear.

- Blanche Brown

Brown was also the first Signal editorialist - but not the last - to ask, "Where the hell is China, anyway?" He died, five days shy of a year as editor. His wife,



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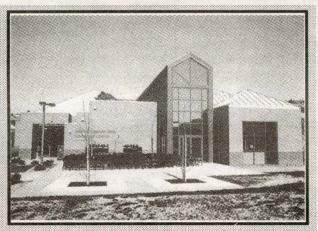
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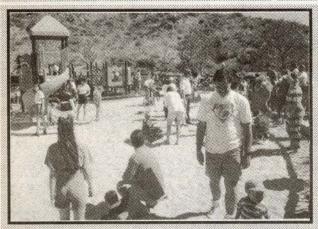
Santa Clarita incorporates -Dec. 15, 1987 -The Signal was there.



City opens first new park -Jan. 1990 -The Signal was there.



City dedicates new train station -Oct. 1992 -The Signal was there.



City opens Begonias Lane Park in Canyon Country - April 1993 -The Signal was there.



City dedicates the South Fork Trail -May 1993 -The Signal was there.



City celebrates 6th birthday with a 5K Run/Walk - Dec. 1993 -The Signal was there.



Hats off to The Signal for 75 great years!

A public service of the City of Santa Clarita

Opinion

Continued from page 54

eign and domestic were dubbed thus, including an American woman who broke through guards to kiss Hitler. "Mussolini says democracy is a failure," Thatcher wrote in 1932. "A lot of Italians regard him as a failure, but they dare not say so. When they do, they're no longer Italians. They're dead."

Thatcher disdained the show-biz crowd that hung around Newhall during movie shoots. "Hollywood has no one living in it but movie folk and the people there do nothing but hold wild parties and murder and divorce each other."

Editorials bring out the best and worst in men. Thatcher, Fred Trueblood and Scott Newhall — three dashing editorialists — gave a combined 63 years to The Signal. Their pens shined both on the unlimited expanses of light and dark corners of their world and community.

It was Thatcher the poet who observed a sparse Depression Christmas in 1936: "There seems to be a dark picture ahead. Diplomats may plan and argue, rulers may threaten and prepare for slaughter, but in the last analysis, the only safety for civilization as we know it is through remembering the teachings of the Man of Gallilee, whose birth we celebrate."

Fred Trueblood, a conservative, patriotic editor, savaged a group of Jehovah's Witnesses who picketed against U.S. involvement in World War II. Trueblood railed: "These politic-religious termites are not wanted in Newhall ... At least 999 out of 1,000 residents resent their presence ... They are the rankest kind of intruders and troublemakers Something must be done about them."

Something was.

A group of local toughs beat up a group of Jehovah's Witnesses. And a follow-up Signal editorial approved.

Dark side and all, Trueblood was a master wordsmith, decrying the invasion of a giant hog farm: "Something like a garbage atom bomb hit Soledad Township last week. The exact landing spot was the upper end of Haskell Canyon. But like Hiroshima and Enitewok, the effects promised to spread far and wide.'

Despite wearing a "Democratic tag on the masthead for 12 years," communists, real and imagined, "fellow travelers" and "pinkos" were also favorite targets of Trueblood. In a 1950 editorial, he stated, "Several avowed communists would be running on the state ballot, but would not be labeled as such." Yet, Trueblood vehemently called for the censure of commie-

Please see OPINION, page 93

CERTAIN AS DEAT

Our very first letter to the editor

Feb, 28, 1919

Dear Citizens:

. . . Bring in your figures, your problems, your doubts, and your questions. ... Many thousands who were not effected by the Federal laws taxing incomes must this year file returns. Here are the require-

Every unmarried person who had a net income of \$1,000 or over during 1918; and every married person, who together with wife (or husband) and minor children, had a net income of \$2,000 in 1918.

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Very respectfully, L.H. Peters

Internal Revenue Service

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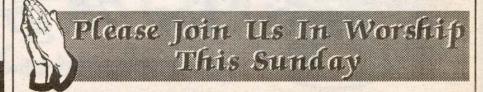


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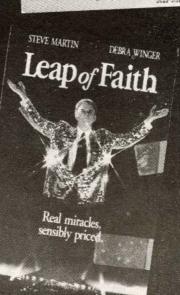
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■ What else? The columnists

Blah-buh-blah-buh-blah

By COUNT VLAD SAUGUSLAVSKY Fictional Signal gossip columnist

If you threw a rock through The Signal's editorial office (by the way; don't) chances are Lyou'd hit a columnist. While The Mighty Signal was perfectly fine not running ANY local columnists during its first three years, today, in any given month, you'll find some 30 regular columnists offering unasked-for opinions to the unsuspecting public.

That is a lot of "Blah-buh-blah-buh-blah." For almost a century, The Signal has been the sanctuary for an endless parade of colorful rascals and montebanks. This seeming locust cloud of Santa Clarita wordsmiths have had one thing in common — a liberal offering of rantings, junior-varsity political commentary and advice on how to rebuild Chevies.

The most decorated columnist in Signal history is John Boston, Just ask him. Besides being inducted into Who's Who of American Writing in 1977, most of his 23 national, state and regional awards for excellence were earned writing about the SCV. His comments about Burroughs-Ridgecrest: "It sits in the desert like a brown stain on a hobo's underwear," earned him both an L.A. Press Club award and three death threats.

The first regularly running

local columnist was a manly-man, a Dudley Do-Right-esque character named Thornton Doelle of the U.S. Forest Service. His column, "Pine Tree Needles - Pointed Paragraphs Pertaining Outdoor Life," first appeared in the Aug. 7, 1922, issue of The Signal. He duly noted that only 28 men qualified for the forest ranger written test - less than two for each of the state's 17 parks, "... and, it's he-man's job, too." Thornton later graduated to

editor of this paper and noted: "If you don't like the news we print, don't make it."

verbal tonnage. These are estimates: # of columns 1) Fred Trueblood (1938-63) 1.200 Jerry Reynolds 1.080 John Boston 975 Ruth Newhall (Mimi) 750 Linda Pederson 700 6) A.B. Thatcher (1925-38) 600 Eddie Meyer 525 8) Hal Ratner 504 9) Phil Lanier 503 10) Dwight Jurgens 502

> by Tizzy, "Breezes from Bouquet," "Saugus Says" and "They Tell Me" were all local columns. In the latter ran the snippet: "Famous Last Words - Let's try to incor-

Churning out the columns

The following are The Signal's top 10 all-

time leading columnists in the category of

Please see COLUMNS, page 93



I've been in the lending business for 15 years.

When it absolutely has

to close... Wallace Hagstrom.





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■ The 1960s

Charting the change

The Signal and the valley cope with a whimsical yet troublesome decade

By WALT CIEPLIK Signal staff writer

For half a decade, The Signal stalked turbulent seas, the journalistic equivalent of a pirate ship, intellectually ravaging, looting, pillaging and even delighting a sleepy little village and the world beyond.

The pirateer, Scott Newhall, sported a wolfish grin and had the seeming ability to inhale all the air in a room. His twin sons, Tony and Jon, were like starving literary conscripts whose insatiable appetite for mischief could only be cured by a next, grander, more shocking prank pulled on an unsuspecting readership.

Every decade has its particular signature. For the little Santa Clarita Valley, the indelible, burning brand of the 1960s was change. Hellacious, no-going-back, painful, spinning out of control change.

Before there was a Scott, there was a Newhall Signal. For 40 years, The Signal had been the equivalent of a public family scrapbook. It had panache under the helm of owner/publisher/editor Fred Trueblood, Sr. He was a dashing figure who sometimes wore a cocky hat that bordered on Robin Hoodesque. He was the voice and soul of Santa Clarita. One of Trueblood's loves was poetry and he ran a regular "Signal Poetry Roundup" featuring local bards. It was one of his last editorials. Friends called him "The Admiral," and most of the valley wept before they read on a May Thursday morning in 1960 what they already knew: "Life wrote its final 30-dash to the career of Fred W. Trueblood, Sr." He died in his sleep. In 22 years, Trueblood had taken one solitary two-week vacation from the weekly he had loved.

His son, Fred Trueblood II, took over the stewardship. The Signal, like many businesses in the valley, was a "Mom and Pop" operation. All the Truebloods pitched in at various times.

The Signal was on the east side of San Fernando Road then, south of Market, wedged between the old post office and a pool hall called the Happy Valley Roundup Club. The Signal served as a



Lyons Avenue in 1966 (above) was beginning to take shape as a commercial strip. When Ray Brooks (below, left) bought The Signal in 1963, the Trueblood brothers' old Babcock press was removed from the print shop.

print shop and railroad freight office, and had a lazy, albeit dubious, business arrangement with the competing Los Angeles Times. Clyde Stewart was the circulation manager for The Times, and his entire operation consisted of a cigar box under the counter at The Signal. Stewart's job was to mosey in from time to time to see if anyone left any change.

The whims of nature and the selfinflicted accidental gunshot wound were the headlines mainly greeting valley readers on Thursday mornings.

Life was bucolic. Quiet. Everyone knew everyone else. The valley still hosted a world-famous rodeo and the annual Placerita Festival to celebrate gold being first discovered in the state there.

A November flash flood sent a 10-foot wall of mud and water cascading down Placerita Canyon, taking livestock, fences and even a sheriff's patrol car with two deputies in it downstream. And another force, invisible and later to prove a mirage, washed across this valley. Despite pulling in 2,640 votes here and carrying the Santa Clarita Valley by a



whopping margin of 345, presidential candidate Richard Nixon was defeated. A grinning young Massachusetts senator, John F. Kennedy, gave the country fresh-

ness. Youth. Hope. Most of the photos on the front pages of the first few years mirrored that — kids carving pumpkins, Please see 1960s, page 60

1960s

Continued from page 59

beauty queens, sports heroes, community leaders confidently shaking hands.

Census takers cleared up one of the hot debates: How many people lived in Soledad Township (then the name of the SCV)? Estimates ran from 11,000 to 25,000. "Newhall would have a heap of growing to reach 25,000. But the time is not far away," wrote Trueblood II.

If someone said "Nike" in 1961, they weren't talking about hundred-dollar tennis shoes. No. Nike meant the Nike missile base atop Magic Mountain. And again, no. Magic Mountain wasn't the amusement park. (It was a decade away.) The 4th Army Battalion stationed a topsecurity base at the top of Sand Canyon, housing silos filled with nuclear missiles. The frequent exercises for Armageddon were part of life. Air raid sirens blasted without warning, sending school children under desks to "duck and cover." The thought of Nike missiles a few miles out of town made many residents sleep soundly and others not at all. We were a prime target, and the anxiety helped spawn a cottage industry in the valley: Backyard nuclear fall-out shelters. The Signal ran ads and stories about the shelters, which, curiously, out of the ground, looked like giant concrete bon-bons.

Trueblood II and his Signal were fervently anti-socialist, Almost every ediat the Hart auditorium about how communism had infiltrated our own society. Trueblood was one of the first people in the country to see a greater problem. He



tion had some blurb or editorial blasting the "Red Menace," the "pink menace" closer to home, and anything that reeked of too much government interference. A "B" movie actor, Ronald Reagan, spoke predicted "... a burgeoning Japanese economic powerhouse on the horizon."

Locally, one of The Signal's great trademarks was to grandly splash plans for giant projects that never saw the light of day. Architectural drawings of neverbuilt mega shopping centers were displayed across the front pages. Still, the valley was slowly being leveled. Historian A.B. Perkins lamented in 1962, recalling, "... it was a bulldozer in 1940 that razed the last adobe walls of the long forgotten Castaic Spanish mission." Even Trueblood, who was pro-growth, wrote in a strikingly prophetic editorial June 14, 1962: "Progress or Monster?" The thought piece questioned the value of "an invading megalopolis eating up our hills and changing the countryside."

Likewise, Trueblood worried about outside businesses coming in, gobbling up property, running downtown Newhall merchants bankrupt, and that the valley would forever lose its small-town feel.

One of our last giant oaks, at the corner of Cross and Market, fell. Perkins wrote of the tree with a 30-foot girth: "Maybe it's better nature has attended to this finale — but it somehow hurts to think of that beautiful specimen of God's creation, feeding the winter's fireplaces."

As if in revenge, the biggest fire to strike the area since pre-written history ignited a hellstorm in Placerita Canyon, destroying 17,000 acres.

In a subtle way, more and more, a small story was making the front pages

Please see 1960s, page 61



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1960s

Continued from page 59

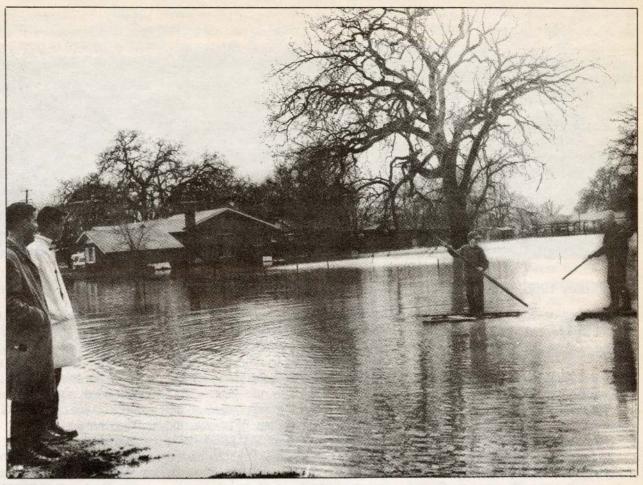
of The Signal. The headline kept appearing: "Drug Arrest." The amounts were small, persistent and brushed aside. The real news of the day, on May 2, 1963, was that Fred Trueblood II, after 25 years of having the paper in his blood and in his family, sold it to a printer named Ray Brooks.

The very next issue, May 9, 1963, The Newhall Signal continued with the tradition of front page editorials. "It Says Here" was the short-lived title of Brooks' think piece. It was short-lived because Brooks' tenure was. He owned The Signal only six months before selling it to Scott Newhall. But in that time, he totally revamped the look of the paper, creating a busy cartoon farm logo. Brooks also brought in technology.

The paper always had been printed on hand-fed presses, which had sailed from Boston around Africa's Cape Horn, then were brought by rail from San Francisco. It took 11 hours to print and fold, by hand, 3,000 copies of an eight-page Signal. The new presses could print 3,000 copies — 16 pages — in 15 minutes.

Brooks brought The Newhall Signal up from the Stone Age. But, citing age and weariness and the fact that some wicked sea-faring San Franciscan newspaper editor offered him twice as much as what the paper was worth (\$100,000), Brooks sold The Signal to Scott Newhall. It was, perhaps not so ironically, that Newhall's first words in the paper he ran for a quarter of a century appeared on Halloween day in 1963. Thus

Please see 1960s, page 62



Signal file photo

Tim Morgan and Gary Michael get ready to have a "paddle duel" after a major 1962 storm created a temporary lake in a hollow behind Arcadia Street.



ROBERT SCHWARTZ
President

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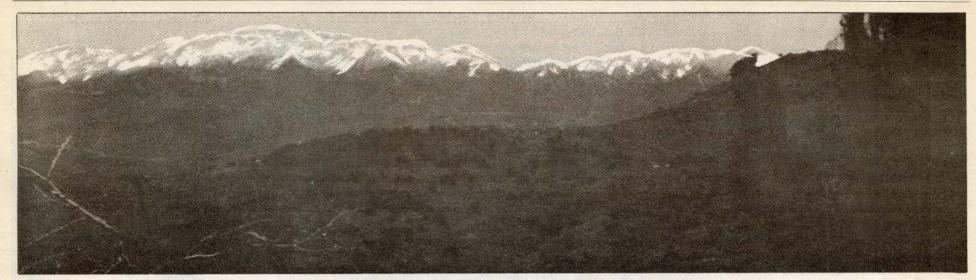
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Signal file photo

In February 1966, snow blanketed local mountains — but apparently not to the satisfaction of an editor who used "white-out" to add more snow.

1960s

Continued from page 61

began the "Mad Hatter" dance of cultural revolution that divided both nation and valley. Thematically perhaps, The Signal was broken into and vandalized the very day Scott took over. Three weeks later, Lee Harvey Oswald murdered John F. Kennedy.

January 9, 1964. That was the first of what you might call the "modern" Signal. It had the screaming eagle with the banner, "Vigilance Forever" draped across it. And, of course, the unmistakable stamp of the Scott Newhall style: Blatant, bold-faced sensationalism. Read a teaser: "What's wrong with Newhall women?" This was the paper's first "Question Man." It was asked at the Newhall Snooker Club. Who was the first Question Man? Ed Murdock, a teacher today at Saugus High. He earned his keep, in part, by asking women if they planned to buy topless bathing suits.

Either on purpose or by accident, The Signal launched a controversial and highly profitable style of journalism. On that January day, it was the newspaper - not necessarily the news — that was the news. People weren't reading the paper to see so much what happened, but rather what mischief The Signal was going to come up with this time.

And that they did.

Newhall brought in a gigolo columnist named "Count Marco," who immediately slandered every woman living in the valley. He described SCV housewives as "... a herd of cows straggling into an abattoir. In terms of sheer horror, the current fad for stretch pants on the bulging bottoms of Santa Clarita Valley women rivals the black plague that swept across Europe at the end of the Middle Ages."

But this was nothing compared to the "series" on the Zambian space program.

Jaws dropped. Mouths ovaled. This was the community that voted by a 143vote margin to put Barry Goldwater in the White House instead of LBJ. On the front page of an allegedly rural, ultraconservative cow-town family paper was a large photo of a black man, Godfrey

Please see 1960s, page 63



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1960s

Continued from page 62

Knolso, "Zambian director of space research," holding a spear and inserting himself into a 55-gallon oil drum that was to be launched to the moon by catapult. In another photo, Knolso, with the aid of several other alleged Africans, stood on his head on a picnic table, "... simulating outer space angles."

An outraged writer called The Signal "a Newhall Prayda." Only with more ads.

The Signal doubled in size in 1965.

Scott, his two sons and San Francisco Chronicle staffer David Bynum continued with their bag of tricks, promotions and even journalism to attract readers. On one hand, they championed a move to rename the valley, and even held a contest. Such handles as "Newsaurita" and "Heartland" brought grimaces of civic leaders, who asked, "Can't we just be the Soledad Township or Newhall?"

No

Scott Newhall managed to still keep that hometown flavor to the paper. Babies were proudly displayed. Weddings and cake bakes dominated the news lineage. Businesses were shamelessly applauded. There were the standard picnics and parades. But you could almost feel the pulse quicken.

The Signal became Adam, naming everything. They wanted to call North Oaks "North Valencia" or "Sole White," like some detergent. Scott Newhall put on a theatrical stunt, calling the valley's naked farm animal population an abomination. He forged a telegram to Newhall Land and Farming, demanding they put under-

wear on all their cows and horses.

The Signal chartered an airplane and dropped animal diapers to be used by the valley's ranchers and farmers.

This bears repeating: The Signal chartered an airplane and dropped animal diapers to be used by the valley's ranchers and farmers.

Amidst all this, Watts was burning. Fear was that the riots would spread to Santa Clarita. The Signal printed that Bigfoot was stalking the back canyons and to be careful not to go out at night.

Angry, fed up with this kind of journalism, a local

'The Signal couldn't write enough about it — sex. Hippies. Weekend love-ins. Group sex. Wife-swapping. Love-crazed biker rallies.'

businessman, Art Evans, had started his own paper, The Record Press. Scott Newhall, in an editorial, challenged him to a duel in the middle of San Fernando Road. Art didn't show.

"I would have rode up on a horse, pulled out a pistol, and told Scott to start dancing," quipped Gus Trueblood, brother to Fred II, 30 years later over breakfast.

In 1966, again The Signal doubled in size. On Dec. 5, 1965, it published its first Sunday paper. For the first time in history, The Signal wasn't just a true weekly anymore. In October 1966, like some mutant cell, it expanded again, coming out three times a week — Monday, Wednesday and Friday.

There was this thing called Valencia. More than a

giant housing project, it was a monumental community planned by The Newhall Land and Farming Co., the same company that richly provided dividends to Scott Newhall and family. The same company that Scott broadsided at 100 mph on a regular basis. But they were in good company. Scottie went after Lyndon Johnson, demanding his impeachment or resignation for America's involvement in the Vietnam War. Almost heartbreakingly, the valley split down the middle over this war. It symbolized a rift that went much deeper—a fundamental shift in values. Revolution was in the air.

By 1968, a disturbing phrase entered our vocabulary: "free love." Translation: Sex.

It was explicit in the music, fashion and lifestyle of the youth and middle-aged. Bras disappeared. Men exploded in outlandish facial hair like bell-bottomed werewolves. Young women's feet were banned from exposure at Hart High, as they were, according to an administrator, "erogenous." What about boys' feet? "They're different," said the same Hart spokesman. And The Signal couldn't write enough about it — sex. Hippies. Weekend love-ins. Group sex. Wife-swapping. Love-crazed biker rallies.

And drugs.

Add to all that a widening rift here after the Martin Luther King assassination of April 1968. Placerita Junior High students, angry that the flag wasn't flown at half-mast for King (it was for Walt Disney), refused to go to class and staged a demonstration.

People wept openly, months later, when Robert Kennedy was killed and there was a definite "Us against Them" feeling in town — with no one knowing who the "Them" was.

1940s

Continued from page 33

Little Santa Clara River Valley folks wanted to follow suit, only civic leaders sought to impose an anti-hog farm ordinance rather than changing zoning laws.

The township set to work to try to change zones. It held workshops, meetings and protests. Residents, under the leadership of Judge Arthur C. Miller, wrote letters, signed petitions and attended supervisors' meetings to encourage them to outlaw hog farms in the Little Santa Clara River Valley.

It came to a head in 1949, when Ben K. Kazarian tried to establish an 8,500-acre ranch that would house 250,000 garbage-fed hogs in Haskell Canyon. Kazarian would later found BKK Corp., a landfill company that in the 1990s would seek to put a large dump in Elsmere Canyon.

Residents got angry. They wrote more letters, signed more petitions and pleaded at county supervisors' meetings to reject the hog ranch proposal. There was no place in the valley, they said, where garbage fed to hogs could not be smelled.

The paper wrote editorial after editorial decrying Kazarian's proposal in particular and hog ranches in general.

The year ended with the issue being forwarded to the following January.

While residents fought over trash, they celebrated the oil boom in Newhall.

The first major oil discovery was made

in November 1948 at the Sherman well. Within the next few months, new oil wells popped up all over Newhall, tapping into a large oil pool.

000

It's New Year's Eve, 1949. Soledad Township is celebrating the end of a decade that brought fundamental changes to the valley. The little hamlets of Newhall, Saugus and Solemint are beginning to burst into towns.

Business is beginning to boom again. New stores open on a regular basis. New buildings are constructed. A baby boom has just started.

The paper has grown with the changes. The weekly picture of a scantily clad starlet has been replaced with pictures taken of local people, local events by Signal photographers. The front page is filled with news about oil discoveries and hog ranch debates.

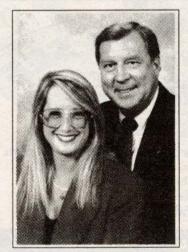
In homes filled with electric light, the 10,000 people who call the Little Santa Clara River Valley home are counting down to midnight, 1949.

Ten, so long, war. Nine, so long, the 18 residents who died in World War II. Eight, so long, William S. Hart. Seven, hello, Hart High School. Six, hello, baby boom. Five, hello, television. Four, greetings, rock and roll. Three, greetings, population boom. Two, welcome, Cold War. One, bring on the 1950s.

Happy New Year.

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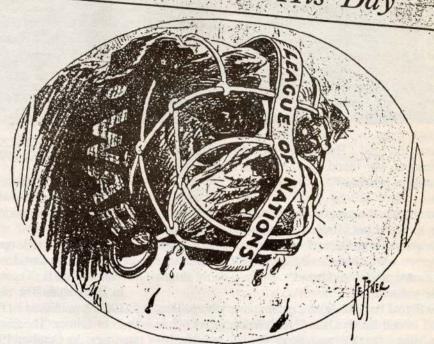


1919

The first cartoon ever to appear in The Signal (March 14, 1919)

The 75-year evolution of editorial cartoons in The Signal

He Has Had His Day



1919

The first editorial cartoon in The Signal (Oct. 10, 1919)

For more cartoons, see page 65

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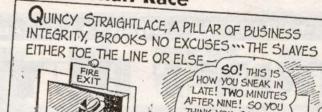


1938



All major studios of filmland are giving fullest cooperation to the Shrine celebrations in Los Angeles Coliseum, June 7, 8, 9, and particularly to the Motion Picture Electrical Pageant and the Cavalcade of California. Mickey, Donald and Pluto the Pup head the carrieon stars

The Human Race



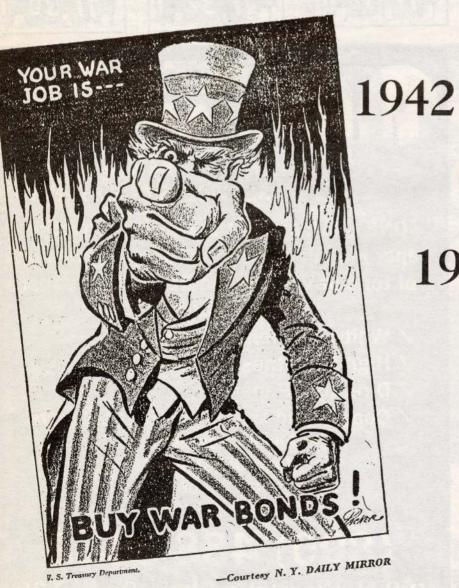


BUT OBSERVE, IF YOU PLEASE, OUR GOOD BROTHER STRAIGHTLACE WHEN HE THINKS NO COPS ARE

GUESS I CAN SNEAK THROUGH THIS STOP LIGHT... HEH-HEH! TIMES



For more cartoons, see page 66



1949

1963

OUR REFUGE AND OUR STRENGTH



1967

1971

Doonesbury



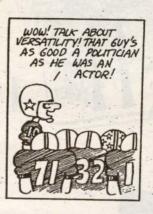
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by Garry Trudeau







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Cartoons



t's beeen almost 15 years since the first cartoon by Randy Wicks appeared in The Signal. In that time, there have been many changes in the valley and its newspaper, but the one constant for Signal readers has been those Wicks cartoons.

Wicks came to the Santa Clarita Valley from Iowa in 1976 to attend CalArts in Valencia and started working part-time in The Signal's art department. Upon graduation in 1980, he became The Signal's first and only full-time editorial cartoonist. Since then, Wicks cartoons have won 15 state and national awards for editorial cartoon excellence.

Whether commenting on local, state, national or international issues, Wicks cartoons might make you laugh, cry or get mad, but they always make you think.

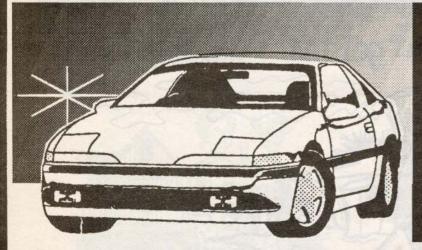
Says Wicks: "I've been drawing cartoons since I could hold a crayon in my hand and will continue drawing cartoons until they pry the pen from my bony fingers."



PLAY MY WAY OR I'M NOT PLAYIN'AT ALL

For more WICKS, see page 68

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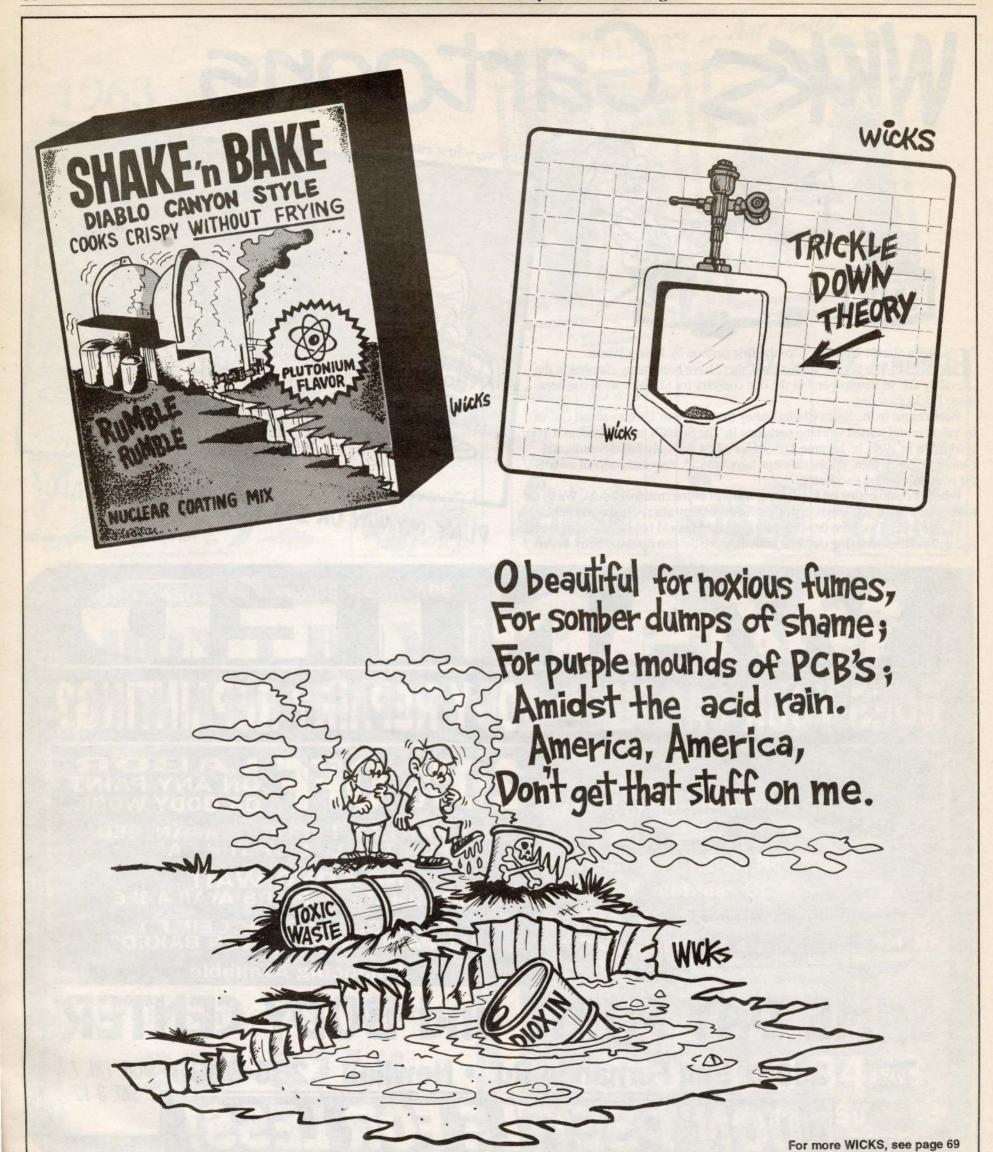
NO LONG WAIT
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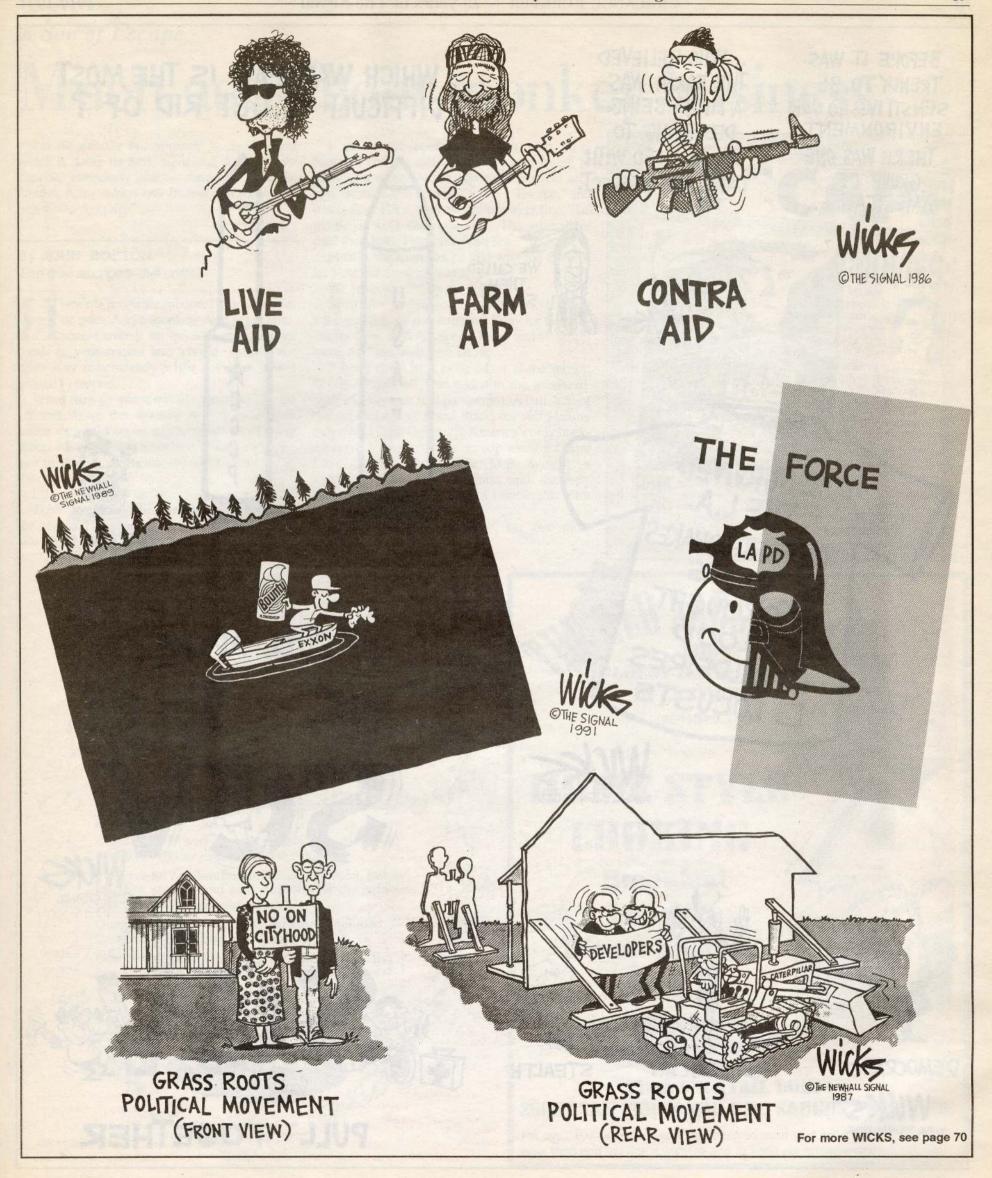
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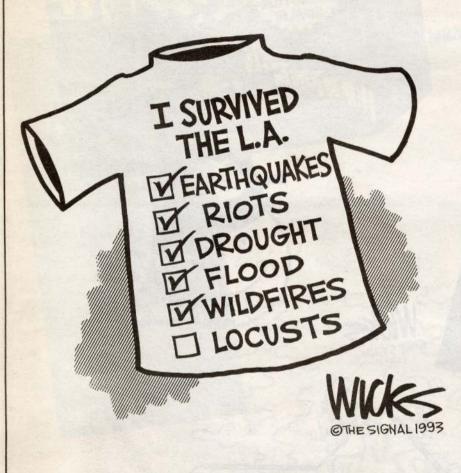
BEFORE IT WAS TRENDY TO BE SENSITIVE TO OUR ENVIRONMENT THERE WAS ONE GROUP OF AMERICANS...

... WHO BELIEVED THE EARTH WAS A LIVING BEING DESERVING TO BE TREATED WITH CARE AND RESPECT.











DEMOCRATIC



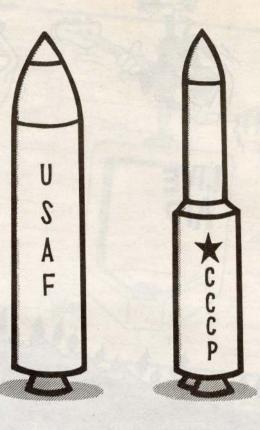


REPUBLICAN



STEALTH

WHICH WARHEAD IS THE MOST DIFFICULT TO GET RID OF ?





PULL APART





TOGETHER

■ Son of Escape

Much ado about monkey business

"to be nobody but yourself — in a world which is doing its best, night and day, to make you like everybody else — means to fight the hardest battle which any human can fight, and never stop fighting."

- e.e. cummings

By JOHN BOSTON

The guy who gets the coffee

Tumor is a volatile mixture. You take a little pain. Add a monkey. And some kindness. Cover it up quickly and put your hands in your pocket and whistle, looking the other way nonchalantly when authority comes around to inspect.

When they go away, quickly yank the blanket off and shove the monkey by the head back inside the cauldron, as monkeys are prone to be independent and like to escape. If any meanness gets in, it sours your concoction. Same thing with ego.

Life is hard. And unfair.

There are times when you have to walk into the cave and face that. And, there are times when you need a really good video and some popcorn. I sat in the conference room with Tony Newhall and his dad eight years ago, trying to think of a name for our new entertainment section. Scotty came up with the title, "Escape," and it was thus. For a year, everything went fine. The monkeys were the right size. The advertisers paid their bills. Fistfights were few.

Finally, the truth can be told why the three of us went our separate ways.

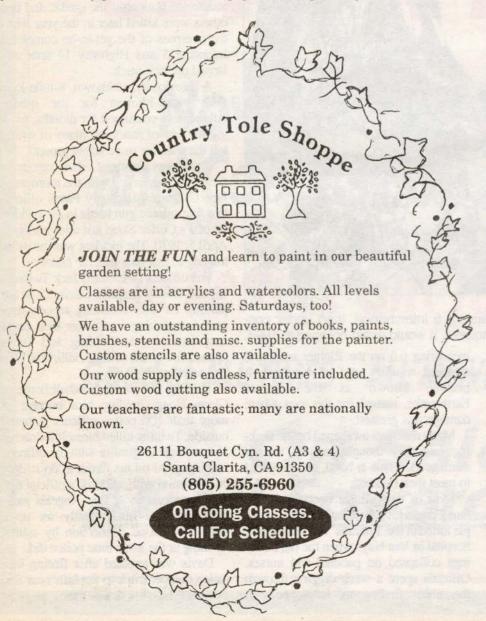
We were wanted by the police.

Scott for a long-outstanding bootlegging transgression, no pun intended. Tony for that palimony thing with the Sports Illustrated swimsuit girls. And me, well, you know.

When I came back to be editor of the section in 1992, "Son of" was added to the masthead. Why? (Please see first paragraph). A battalion of rascals was added: Carol Rock, our sushi-hating cafe critic; Ogie Ogilthorp, America's only hockey-playing film reviewer; gossip monger Count Sauguslavsky; the lunatic M.E. Wright, a Limbaugh-loving TV columnist; and, the jolly Santa Clarita Valley Society of Insufferable Film Critics.

Forget the news. Monkeys are our most important product.







■ The 1970s

Searching for identity

Decade of disco, 'rock for pot,' and sociological schizophrenia

By MARK SABBATINI Signal staff writer

olyester was out of control. Bad haircuts, sideburns and disco clubs were everywhere. Lines at the gas pump and the government's prosecution table stretched out of sight.

Diplomatically speaking, the '70s were a sociological holocaust.

This schizophrenia could not be kept away from a desert basin that residents officially decided in 1973 to name the Santa Clarita Valley. Optimistic officials stated annually that "as of this time next year" cityhood might be bestowed on an area finally coming together as a community, while traditionally conservative residents were protesting the invasion of Tony Alamo's "hippie church" and the Rock for Pot music festival.

The clash of cultures was part of the inevitable growing pains the valley experienced as it changed from a community that - in The Signal's words - "has traditionally housed more cattle than people" to one where newcomers were participating in lottery drawings for a flood of new homes in Valencia.

A series of random polls taken by The Signal in January 1970 indicated 61 percent of residents thought President Nixon was doing a "fair" to "excellent" job and an "overwhelming majority" supported his policy in Vietnam. In addition, 88 percent said communists should not teach in public schools and 62 percent did not believe in astrology.

An outcry against development was beginning to surface in the valley, an area one county supervisor described as a "billboard blight area." Signal staffer Ken Gosting wrote an analysis in 1970 stating the valley was still comprised mostly of medium-sized homes and single-story businesses, but predicted "boxlike" housing would cover much of the area by the end of the decade.

"Valencia Valley, as the New Year begins, can be likened to a fan in its physical appearance, but by 1980 may more closely resemble a glob of glue with diced pineapple in the middle," Gosting wrote.



Look familiar? The Highway 14-Interstate 5 interchange, then under construction, collapsed in the 1971 earthquake. It would again collapse in 1994.

Landmarks such as Six Flags Magic Mountain, Castaic Lake, College of the Canyons, California Institute of the Arts, and Henry Mayo Newhall Memorial Hospital popped up during the 1970s. Plenty of other projects met resistance, however, as residents held funerals for oak trees marked for extinction in Placerita Canyon and a community activist named Carl Boyer used a 50year-old county ordinance as justification to tear down hundreds of placards advertising various developments.

Mother Nature proved the biggest hindrance to development, providing the event of the decade with an earthquake, measuring 6.6 on the Richter scale and centered 6 miles east of Newhall. It became known as the Sylmar Earthquake, named for the area where damage was greatest.

Many residents awakened by the shaking said they thought nuclear war or Armageddon was at hand, and prepared to meet their maker.

Most of the damage occurred in the San Fernando Valley, including 49 people killed at the Veterans' Administration hospital in Van Nuys when the old buildings collapsed on patients and nurses. Officials spent a week digging through the rubble, finding one employee with

"If we do not adopt an official name for our valley once and for all - and do not do it right now - we shall be a hopelessly frustrated and fragmented people forever."

> - The Signal April 13, 1973

minor injuries after three days.

A Signal headline described damage in the Santa Clarita Valley as "Mess and Destruction, Not Devastation." The county condemned 32 local buildings immediately after the earthquake, and officials estimated 70 percent of the trailer homes in the area sustained damage.

No deaths occurred during the quake, but one man died after having a heart attack one hour after the quake, and two others were killed later in the year when the overpass of the yet-to-be completed Interstate 5 and Highway 14 split collapsed on their truck.

A previously unknown 8-mile-long fault was blamed for the quake. Aftershocks continued for months, feeding the fear of residents, many of whom left the state for more stable ground.

There was plenty of other tragedy in the 1970s, beginning with the murders of four California Highway Patrol officers in a five-minute gun battle in the parking lot of J's Coffee Shop just after midnight April 5, 1970. The incident was the worst tragedy to that date in CHP history.

The officers confronted Jack Twining, 35, and Bobby Augusta Davis, 28, in the parking lot after receiving reports they were brandishing a gun from their car at motorists on I-5. Twining and Davis opened fire on the officers, killing all four and escaping.

Twining fled to the Newhall home of Glenn Hoag, holding him hostage as more than 100 police officers gathered outside. Twining killed himself following an exchange of gunfire with the officers, making good on his threat to do so in a conversation with a sheriff's official that was broadcast by a Los Angeles radio station, which inadvertently set up a three-way phone connection by calling Twining at the same time police did.

Davis was arrested after fleeing in a stolen camper truck to the hills near San

Please see 1970s, page 74

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Continued from page 72

Francisquito Canyon, and remains in prison after being found guilty of four counts of first-degree murder.

There were plenty of other murder stories in the pages of The Signal in the 1970s, as the uninhabited hills proved a popular dumping and burial ground for victims. One victim, Connie Marsh, a 21-year-old CalArts student, disappeared from Pico Canyon April 3, 1974, without a trace except for a partially completed painting of the landscape. Her skull was found Dec. 15 in Texas Canyon by a sheriff's deputy hunting quail.

On Nov. 27, 1972, the slashed bodies of Linda Greenwood, 24, her 3-year-old son Adrian and his 3-year-old playmate Scott Murphey were found in Greenwood's Valencia home. Robert Grigsby, 17, who lived a few blocks away, was arrested for the murders.

Finally, Ronald Doyle Wilburn, 37, who was stopped July 29, 1978, when two CHP officers noticed his van had no outside rear-view mirror on the driver's side, was arrested for murder after they found the mutilated and dismembered body of Mary Ann Linco, 21, inside. Her breasts had been sliced off, and Wilburn reportedly told officials, "I believe I ate them."

The most scathing accusations during the 1970s were reserved for Richard Nixon, blasted often and unmercifully in The Signal's pages for the Watergate scandal. His resignation Aug. 9, 1974, was accompanied by a front-page Scott Newhall editorial stating, "(In) tougher Latin states, he would have been court martialed, then propped up against an adobe wall and shot."

The best "sorry I can't make it to your event" excuse of the decade came from Gerald Ford, who had to cancel a speech on the steps of CalArts scheduled three days after Nixon's resignation. The arranger of the speech, Newhall-Saugus-Valencia Chamber of Commerce President Dick Millar, showed up by himself at the college in a tribute to what might have been.

Watergate threw a lot of voters into apathy during the June primary election that year. No official voter turnout was listed, but a front-page Signal photo featured a cat sitting under a row of empty election booths.

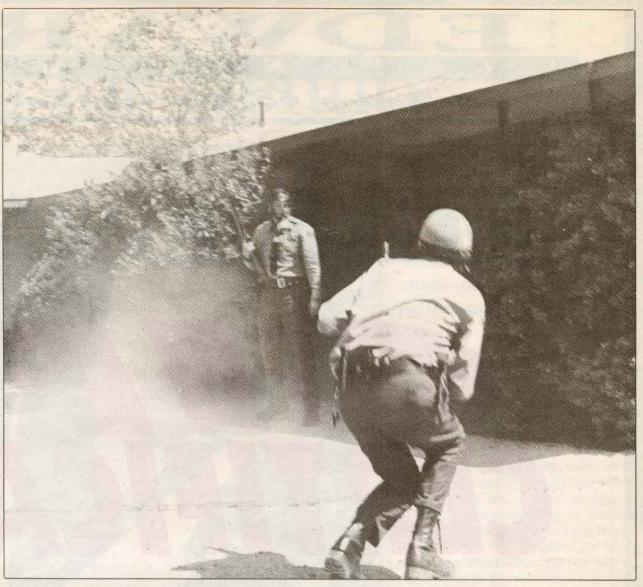
The editorial accompanying the photo was titled, "The Farce of Election Day," which heartily condemned American democracy as a system in which "idiots, thieves, swindlers, bankrupt tax dodgers and the feebleminded are encouraged to step into the voting booths and scrawl their miserable crosses on ballots," allowing "hamfatters" and "cheap hustlers" to be elected.

Turnout was also described as light in November, with about 50 percent of local voters casting ballots. But there was little criticism or support about Watergate expressed to The Signal from residents, and local politicians diplomatically spoke about not dwelling on the past, but looking toward the future with hope.

There was also remarkably little opinion expressed locally about the Vietnam War as it wound down during the early 1970s. Front-page headlines such as "A Bloody Christmas Eve" announced events such as the U.S. bombing of North Vietnam in December 1972, but letters to the editor in the weeks after that event were from those more concerned with the qualifications of the football coaches at Canyon High School.

Residents were anything but apathetic to local politics and issues as development and the environment became the center of attention in the growing valley.

The biggest political battle was an attempt to break away from Los Angeles County and establish Canyon County, a triangular area with Acton, Newhall and Gorman as its defining points. Proponents argued Los



Signal file photos

Sheriff's deputies (above) approach the home where Jack Twining, a suspect in the 1971 shooting deaths of four California Highway Patrol officers, held a hostage. Twining's body (below) is removed after he killed himself.

Angeles County services were too costly and the area could be better served by local representation. Opponents expressed concerns about the likely reduction of public services such as police and fire protection.

The plan was defeated countywide in 1976 and 1978, but voters within the proposed county approved it both times.

Many Canyon County organizers, including current city Councilwoman Jan Heidt, expressed reluctance about an alternate form of self government — the incorporation of nearby communities into a city.

"A city is just another layer of government," she told The Signal after the Canyon County proposal was defeated in 1978, adding, "I'm not for that at all."

Incorporation was an annually discussed topic gaining widespread support on the local political agenda. But by the end of 1979 all that had been achieved was an ad-hoc committee with an application pending with the state to be officially recognized as the City Formation Committee.

A small victory was won in 1973 as the area was officially designated the Santa Clarita Valley. The Signal, after a decade of fighting the name for "semi-technical" reasons, admitted defeat and began using it April 13 of



that year

"If we do not adopt an official name for our valley once and for all — and do not do it right now — we shall be a hopelessly frustrated and fragmented people Please see 1970s, page 75

Continued from page 74

forever," the Signal's concessionary editorial stated.

The area's biggest tourist attraction, Magic Mountain, opened on 200 acres May 29, 1971, with parking costing 50 cents and adult admission \$5. The amusement park hired about one out of every 15 applicants, with a policy of "no long hairs." The Newhall Land and Farming Co. owned the park for most of the decade, but sold it to Six Flags Corp. in June 1979 for \$53.3 million.

Higher education got a boost in 1970, as COC opened its permanent campus and accepted 1,100 students, and CalArts opened a temporary campus in Burbank. CalArts moved to its permanent campus the following year. Streakers at graduation ceremonies and other bizarre behavior by liberal-minded students irked many conservative residents.

Liberal thinking also proved a curse for a church opened in Mint Canyon by Tony and Susan Alamo in 1970. Residents denounced the church for taking hippies in and many began pelting churchgoers with rocks and other objects. By 1974 the Alamos were accused of brainwashing youths into signing over all of their belongings to the church, and the couple disappeared shortly afterward to Tennessee, where they reportedly solicited more than \$1 million a year in contributions from followers.

Medical care took a quantum leap in the Santa Clarita Valley when the \$9 million Henry Mayo Newhall Memorial Hospital opened Aug. 3, 1975, with 100 beds. The Signal reported there was "standing room only in the emergency room," after the hospital's opening was delayed for more than a year by labor strikes and bad weather that delayed the



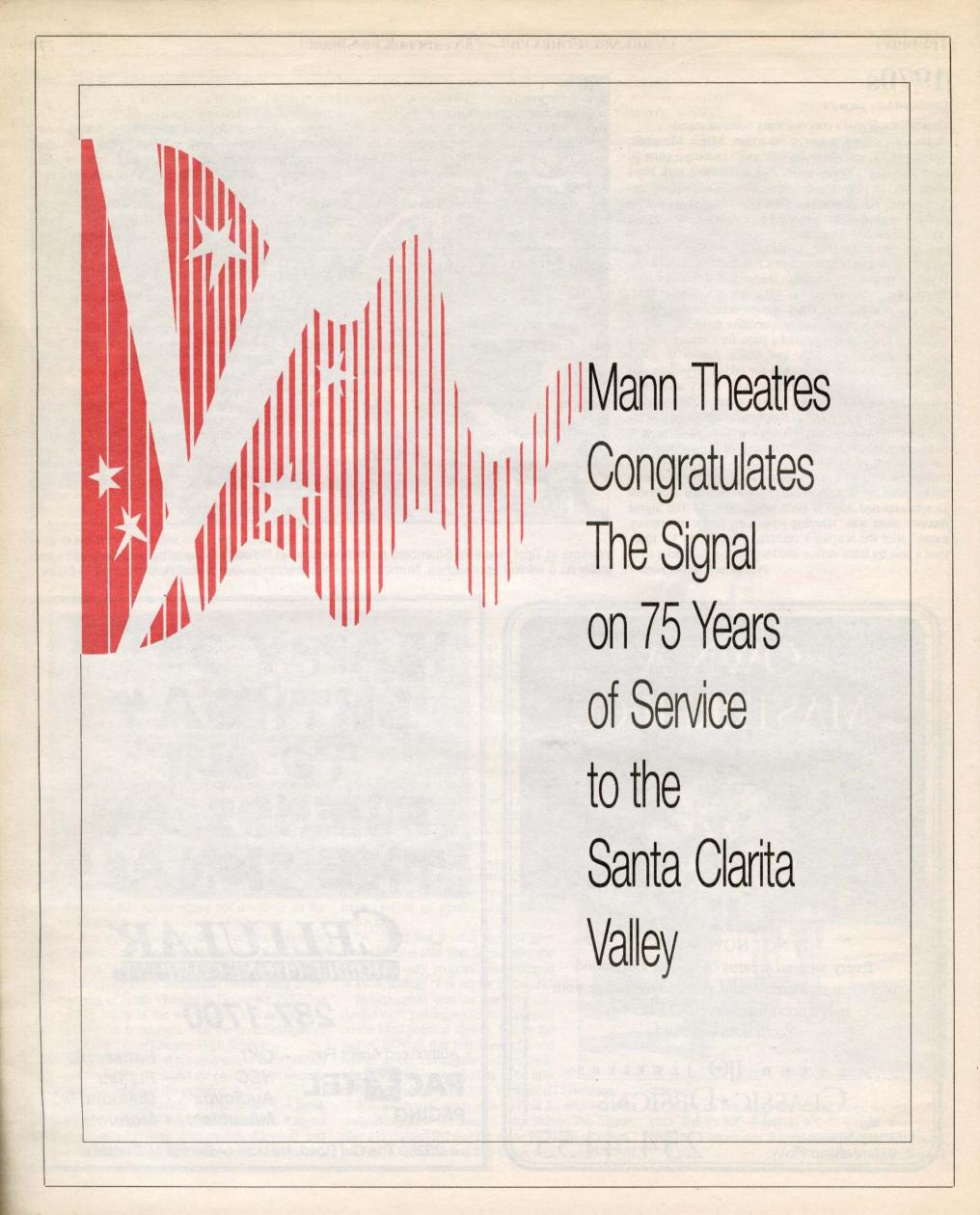
ignal file photo

than a year by labor strikes and bad weather that delayed the Workers at Tippi Hedren's Shambala animal preserve in Soledad Canyon try to coax a lion into a Please see 1970s, page 77 trailer as a wildfire approaches. Numerous animals had to be evacuated during the 1979 blaze.





25269 The Old Road, Newhall - Behind McDonald's



Continued from page 75

arrival of equipment.

Recreation and the number of scantily clad women on the front page of The Signal both got a boost when Castaic Lake opened in 1972. The beach proved popular with sunbathers and photographers took shameless advantage of it.

Dramatic growth in housing was accompanied by an increase in home prices. Homes that sold for \$20,000 to \$35,000 in 1970 were going for \$70,000 to \$100,000 by the end of the decade.

Competition for new homes was fierce: A lottery by Valencia Co. for 103 homes, one of several drawings in 1979, drew 700 hopefuls, many of whom camped overnight to be first in line.

The Signal hailed 1972 as the year the environment became a central issue, as increased citizen participation resulted in the county denying or delaying several developments.

A proposal announced by the county in April 1979 to build a toxic waste dump on a 720-acre site in Sand Canyon occupied by a hog farm drew a fury of opposition from local residents. The proposal teetered on the brink of defeat several times, but would not be finally defeated until the next decade.

Local government was hardly foolproof — or perhaps more appropriately, fool-free. The most notorious example may have been the five-member West Los Angeles County Resource Board in 1979, which The Signal stated "enjoyed expense-paid junkets, variously quarreled, spent, shouted, drank, drew the attention of Supervisors and the District Attorney, and firmly resisted any move to dissolve the district as they were being was high-priced and in short supply.

Gas rationing and skyrocketing prices occurred in 1974 due to the Arab oil embargo and again in 1979 because of the hostage crisis in Iran. Headlines such as "Motorists Feel Gas Pains" and pictures of lines at local gas stations stretching out of sight were common. By 1979, gas prices hit 80 to 90 cents a gallon.

The Signal underwent few significant changes during the decade, remaining a

"A city is just another layer of government ... I'm not for that at all."

- Jan Heidt

Future Santa Clarita city councilwoman, 1978

investigated at year's end."

The board was supposed to determine the best way to spend taxpayer money. It was suspected instead of wasting money on things such as a November trip to a Sacramento convention where members stayed at pricey hotels they were eventually thrown out of because hotel officials suspected them of stealing \$371 worth of towels, pillows and blankets.

The 1970s proved frustrating for motorists. In addition to having to deal with American car debacles such as the Pinto, Gremlin and Nova, fuel for them

three times a week paper. A sense of the outrageous dominated the pages, with front-page editorials, huge accusatory headlines, and stories mincing no words as they criticized the follies of government and residents.

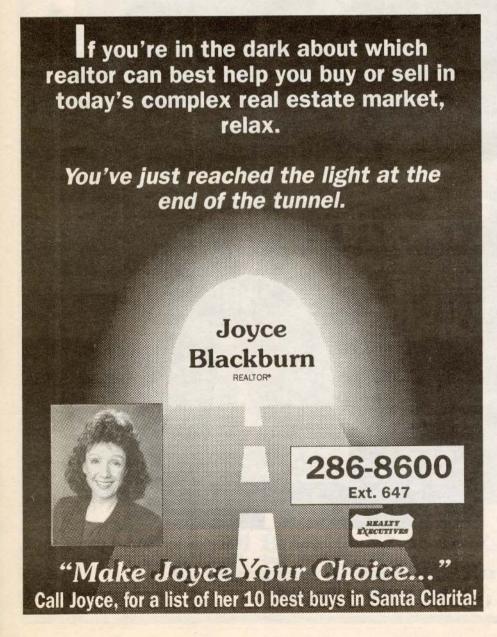
A column by Count Marco in the early 1970s split its time pieces generally critical of women, and answering a flood of hate mail and anti-female mail. He proclaimed marriage to be the security all women seek and told a puzzled reader the reason more married women see therapists than single women is "proof that

married women also like to lie down with more than one man at a time."

The first Sunday edition of The Signal appeared Oct. 1, 1978, featuring a new advice column by "Aunt" Agatha Honeycutt. In her first column she advised a Bouquet Canyon resident complaining about her neighbors' noisy animals to "put a muzzle on the cat, slip the chihuahua a doggie bag of sleeping pills and . . . teach the Amazon parrot to sing 'God Save the Queen.' Or you might try calling the Sheriff, the Pound, the Fire Department, the U.S. Immigration Department, and the Beverly Hills Hunt and Gun Club."

Promotions included a \$500 "Mystery Face" contest in 1973 featuring "disguised" photos of celebrities displayed on the front page with clues as to who they were. Another was the "King of Kastaic" treasure hunt a year later, one of several such promotions in Signal history featuring a buried treasure.

Finally, The Signal ended the decade by calling 1979 "The Year Without Answers," questioning the area's growing pains, lack of cityhood and political turmoil. True to the end in representing the schizophrenia of the 1970s, the front-page column titled "Solutions for 1980" offered no remedies, merely the hope: "May 1980 be a year for answers."





■ The Signal at war

Yellow ribbons and protests

Is The Signal a hawk or a dove? It all depends on the conflict

By CAROLE A. BROOKS Signal staff writer

Although The Signal never had to cover a war on America's soil, it did provide insight to how the century's five wars affected the residents of the Santa Clarita Valley.

The paper provided long lists of those called up for duty. It let parents and friends know what their husbands and sons were doing on the front. And The Signal also performed that other sad duty of reporting war — listing the dead.

The Signal also bounced from being hawkish and dovish on war. For World War II, for instance, early editorials encouraged the United States to stay out of the European conflict. However, the beginning of 1941 saw a change in that stance, and The Signal instead called on action to be taken.

The Korean conflict was seen as a move to stop the evil communists, but the paper still wasn't very supportive of it.

Vietnam was another story. The paper, under the direction of Scott Newhall, in 1967 called for a quick and decisive end to the war. But the drawn-out conflict received very little coverage after that.

The Signal was born just under four months after Germany surrendered to the Allies in 1918 and therefore took up the task of reporting the return of "doughboys" and the wrap-up of the war.

The first edition of The Signal, printed Feb. 7, 1919, included two stories about France — one about General Pershing kissing a French woman and how the French sorely needed help after Germany demolished her resources.

But even with the war over, the country and The Signal both expressed animosity toward Germans. Wrote editor Edward Brown in an editorial: "The Germans still cherish hopes that America will stand their friend at the peace table. The sinking of the Lusitania and the bombing of American Red Cross hospitals are, of course, strong and convincing reasons why we should feel kindly toward them."

The year 1919 was marked by strong



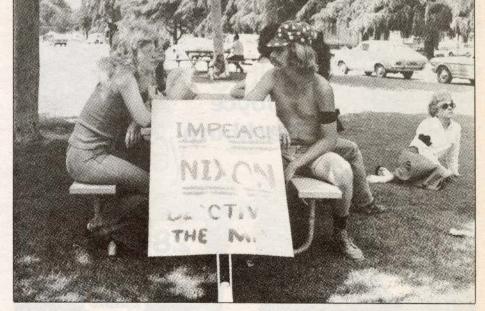
Signal file photos

The Vietnam War spawned sporadic protests in the SCV during the early-1970s, but generated few headlines.

patriotism. Political cartoons lauding the League of Nations and editorials bashing critics of President Wilson's peace plan were sprinkled among coverage of weddings and film releases.

An editorial that ran about a year after the German surrender read: "One year but such a year. Then we thought the blood of our sons had made the world safe for democracy. Today, we find it grasping in the throes of disintegration. Jealousy, hatred and suspicion of one another has been engendered in the governments and peoples of Europe. No one trusts one another. Open discord is everywhere. Russia is a seething cauldron; the Balkans are a melting pot; and Turkey is a living hell. ... The peace of nations is a misnomer, a phantom of the brain which does not even follow its own convictions."

The following year, the Santa Clarita Valley and The Signal laid war to rest for the next 20 years. But when it returned, it



was with a bang.

The valley and The Signal were hardly surprised to be pulled into World War II with the bombing of Pearl Harbor.

Editorials and articles printed in The Signal leading up to the war said we needed to get involved.

Please see WAR, page 80



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War

Continued from page 78

As early as New Year's Day 1941, talk was in the air that the nation may be pulled into the war already in full swing in Europe. The Signal, in editorials written by Editor Fred Trueblood, called for the United States to get involved.

The nation got the chance to do just that when President Roosevelt, on Dec. 8, 1941, urged Congress to declare war the day after the Japanese destroyed most of the Pacific fleet. The Dec. 12, 1941 issue — the issue that came out the week after the nation had gone to war - let everyone know the war had come home.

"The war has come to Newhall," read a short piece on the top of the front page. "The war has come to Newhall with an impact that was felt by every man, woman and child."

The Tuesday after the "day of infamy" saw martial law arrive in the valley. Residents of Japanese descent were interrogated. Two Germans living in Castaic were accused of spying.

The town conducted blackouts every night, sharing all Californians' fears that the Japanese would attack here next. For the next three years, residents and Southern California Edison employees sat on hilltops every night watching for enemy aircraft that never came.

The paper printed rules for blackouts and for the next few years ran features on how to entertain yourself while living behind blacked-out windows on rations.

The lists of local men called up to fight the war ran in The Signal on a quarterly basis. The first list ran long before the war, in 1940. But after the first set of fighters went to the fronts, more lists ran.

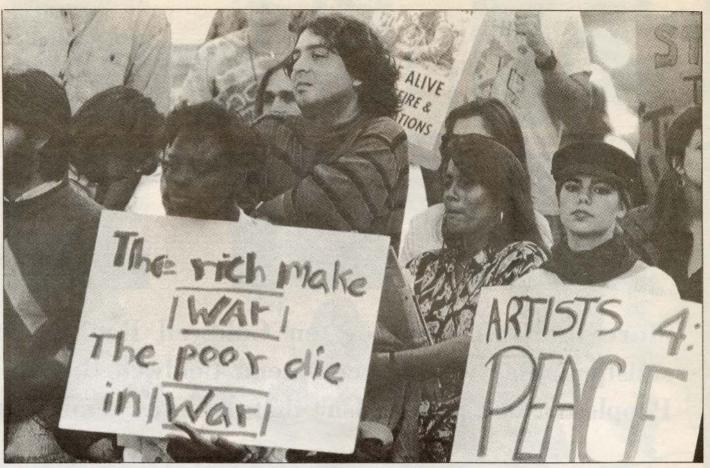
The Signal also ran war casualties, usually touching obituaries outlining the young man's life. The first war death was reported March 13 when news came that LaVern Ferguson of Castaic was killed Dec. 24 in the Phillipines. He was 18.

For the next four years, The Signal joined a nationwide crusade to preserve resources and reduced the paper to four pages a week. Editorials and political cartoons berating Hitler, the Japanese and the Italians and urging Americans to do their part in securing a victory ran daily.

Fewer advertisements graced the pages, and those that did urged people to use less electricity, gas and phone service and to take only necessary trips. The only items residents were encouraged to buy more of were war bonds.

The Santa Clarita Valley bunkered into war mode. The Bermite factory ran 24 hours a day and hundreds of local women went to work making ammunition. By late 1942, production was cut to 16 hours a day at the Saugus plant.

By 1944, war coverage had dwindled some in the paper. D-Day, the battle in which Allies stormed Normandy and



Signal file photo

CalArts students protested the Gulf War, and other residents responded with rallies supporting U.S. troops.

started the move to kick Germany out of Newhall resident Pfc. Robert Whisler, France, received a small article on the front page reading that the event went pretty much unnoticed in the valley.

But that seemingly indifferent mood changed when the United States dropped the world's first atomic bombs on Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

Read a banner story bordered by American flags: "Newhall rejoiced with all the nation Tuesday. All business suswho at 19 died on the Korean battlefield.

The Signal criticized the government for letting the military go to pot with the end of World War II. Because of that, the Signal contended, no compromise would ever be reached with the Kremlin.

"In a shooting war, a hot war, if you don't go in to win, you are going to lose," read an editorial June 25, 1953. "In Korea, we have never really gone in to on U.S. armed troops, we have decided to reproduce it because of the military pageantry involved, and as an example of the source of trouble into which illinformed military men can fall."

Local coverage of Vietnam then took a back seat to other issues for the next few years. The hippie invasion and the struggle for cityhood appeared to dominate the valley's — and the paper's — attention.

The Gulf War about 18 years later captured more headlines. The Signal started running stories about local boys at the front during Operation Desert Shield the buildup of troops in Saudi Arabia to ready for combat against Saddam Hussein's Iraqi forces.

When Operation Desert Shield turned into Operation Desert Storm Jan. 17, 1991, The Signal ran stories about local residents concerned about the ground fighting that would last only 100 hours. But during those few days, the valley saw an outbreak of protests and rallies.

On Jan. 19, Cal Arts students staged an anti-war demonstration. It was followed the next day by a community "Support our troops" demonstration.

Yellow ribbons — a symbol signifying support for the war and troops - were placed all over town.

The war — and local coverage — fizzled by the end of February after the ground offensive started.

And until American troops take up arms again in a declared war, The Signal will continue to do what it has done for the past 75 years: Bring insight to those political battles and wars closer to home.

"In a shooting war, a hot war, if you don't go in to win, you are going to lose."

— The Signal, June 25, 1953

pended immediately after the President's broadcast. Flags were broken out. At Bermite, President Lizza called the employees together, announced the great news and declared a holiday until Monday. On Spruce Street, the Firestone burglar alarm busted loose. Led by the sheriff patrol car, a cavalcade of motor cars swept up and down with wildly blasting horns. People on the sidewalks answered with whoops and shrieks. A tide of shredded packing paper appeared from somewhere. Smiles and happy faces were universal. Victory had come.'

The nation received five short years of relief before plunging into the Korean War, which folded well into the nation's growing fear of Soviet communism.

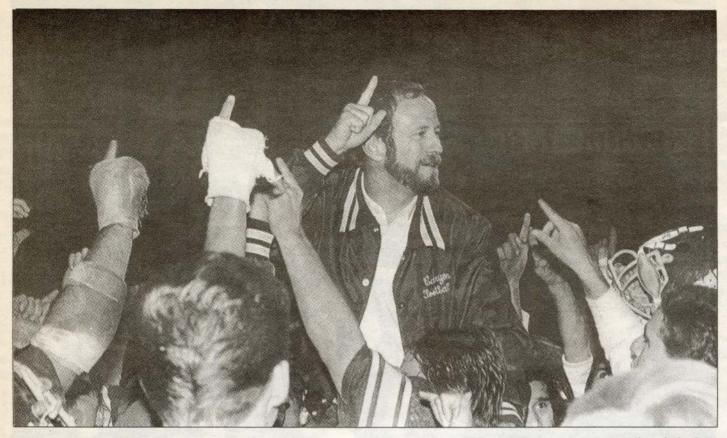
While entry into the war was never mentioned in The Signal, effects of the war were. Among the first articles on the war was a story on the death of former win. And so we have lost - lost thousands of American lives, lost billions in treasure and worst of all, lost prestige, lost what the Orientals call 'face' in the World opinion."

During the Korean War, the Bermite factory was put back on line, but not all was as cheery as during the previous war. Workers went on strike in 1952 because management wouldn't recognize a union.

The war ended in 1953 with not much mention in The Signal.

The first rumblings of the Vietnam conflict hit The Signal's pages in October 1967. Publisher Scott Newhall ran a copy of a lithograph of the Battle of Little Big Horn depicting General Custer right before he was killed. Newhall insinuated that the long ago battle was akin to the fight in Vietnam.

He editorialized: "Although this work of art does not reflect tremendous credit



Signal file photos

Canyon football coach Harry Welch (above) is lifted by his charges as they celebrate their first of three consecutive CIF championships in 1983. The Hart Girls Athletic Association (below) got together for a photograph in the 1950s.

By JOHN BOSTON Former Signal sports editor

Buzzer beaters. Bad calls. Heroic goal line stands. Thousands of screaming fans at the Hart-Canyon games. One parent watching his daughter ride a horse in a distant, dusty corral. Practicing sit-ups for the big Newhall-Saugus elementary olympics. Laughter and tears. Through the uncountable sporting events in the 75 years of reporting sports in the Santa Clarita, two questions are asked and reasked of The Mighty Signal Sports Department:

"Why do you guys despise us so?"

"Why do you guys at the paper ALWAYS print stories about the other schools and NEVER about us?"

For the past quarter-century, hardly a day has gone by without someone from Hart, or Canyon, or Saugus asking that question. Students, coaches, teachers and parents from each campus seem convinced the beleaguered Signal Sports favors one school over another.

Readers — it ain't so. It just ain't so. Surprisingly, The Signal doesn't favor one school, player, coach or team over another. And for its first 50 years of existence, Signal Sports pretty much ignored matters athletic.

The first mention of anything vaguely relating to sports was on March 7, 1919

— The Signal's fifth issue: "The school has purchased a new soccer ball. The teachers hope they will appreciate it."

Because the valley didn't have its own high school until 1946, there really



weren't very many traditional sporting events on which to report.

From the Roaring '20s until the peaceful 1950s, hunting and fishing were the big media events. In fact, the Santa Clarita was prime hunting area with people coming from all over Southern California to try their luck bagging a prize deer, bear or mountain lion. One hunter shot a 9-foot-long, 300-pound cougar in then-unpopulated Saugus.

But really, rodeo and things western were the kings of sports. We had wild West shows, many hosted by a who's who of Hollywood celebrities — William S. Hart, Tom Mix, Charlie Chaplin, John Wayne, Randolph Scott

and more. Newhall was one of the world's most famous spots for rodeo. Baker Ranch, (today, called Saugus Speedway) hosted dog and pony racing but also giant rodeos that drew tens of thousands of visitors, sometimes causing traffic jams all the way to Los Angeles.

High school students were bussed through the old tunnel to San Fernando High and it was Donald Frew, on April 15, 1921, who was the first sports figure to be mentioned in print in The Mighty Signal. Frew scored the only touchdown in a 6-0 win over Lancaster. And do note that football season in 1921 was in the spring. Speaking of heroes, the SCV still has a football legend living within its

■ Signal sports

WHO'S NUMBER ONE?

Sports boosters pose age-old questions; reporters relay tales of victory

halcyon confines. Lew Calzia, a longtime Hart High supporter and father of two Hart stars, John and Pete, started on San Fernando's championship squad, the CIF's only unbeaten and unscored upon team — a record that still stands today.

The first interscholastic sports story involved Newhall and Saugus elementaries. These youthful olympics included games such as "...the bat ball serve, potato races, sit-ups and basketball throw." Newhall won, 99-58.

We had our own municipal baseball team as early as the 1920s, when Don Woods, a pro baseball player before World War I, started a local team. "Anyone having aspirations of becoming an athlete and who can throw a ball should get in touch with Woods. Now is a good time to get Newhall on the sporting map," read the front-page Signal call to arms Feb. 10, 1922. The mighty local horsehiders, until World War II, played in an informal league with North Hollywood, San Fernando, Chatsworth, Owensmouth (today, called Canoga Park) and, a team with the rather unusual name from Tarzana. "The Apemen" were coached by Edgar Rice Burroughs. famous author of the Tarzan series.

It was in September 1945 when the Santa Clarita opened the doors to its first high school. Of course, there were no real buildings on the other side of the doors and just 70 ninth-grade students attended. Hart held its first football game in October against the eighth graders at Saugus elementary. But it wasn't until Nov. 15 when The Signal got around to

Please see SPORTS, page 82

Sports

Continued from page 81

reporting it. The story wasn't exactly given war-declared status, either. The first Hart football story was one paragraph long, buried in a 3-inch tidbit about Hart: "The football game with Saugus was very exciting. All students in the ninth grade went to see it. Saugus won by two points."

One interesting tidbit from those early Hart years — their first mascot wasn't an Indian. Hart actually beat Canyon to the punch by 25 years and called themselves The Westerners. The next year, Hart started playing its games at the Bonelli Stadium (stay with us: Baker Stadium was then Bonelli Stadium, which would later be Saugus Speedway).

What was so interesting from that time of hope and innocence in post-war Newhall was the hometown feeling. There were bonfires before big games. Visiting teams spent the weekends in the homes of Santa Clarita parents, sitting at the same dinner table opposite their opponents. And after the game, you went to the Hi Chic, Dairy Dee-Light or A & W drive-ins for a burger and a milkshake.

We had our scandals, too. In 1950, six prominent Hart High athletes were arraigned in Santa Monica for a series of armed robberies and heists. The football team couldn't steal a game themselves, going on a two-year losing binge. But it was in 1958 — a year many old-timers still talk about - that Hart had the big streak with a 10-0 perfect season. Joe Kapp, later to play in the Super Bowl as quarterback of the Minnesota Vikings, led that squad and he may not even be the best player ever to come out of this valley. It's always debatable, but they

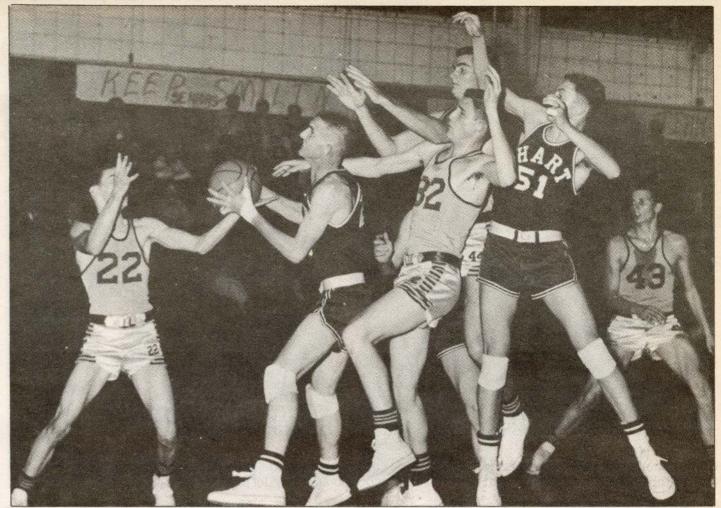
say John Sheeler, who lives in Castaic today, may have been the area's best.

But for 45 years, The Signal didn't even have ball. The teachers a sports page, let alone hope they will appreciand, in fact, the a sports editor. The first Signal sports editor was ate it." Jack Hager in 1963.

One of the landmark years in Signal sports was 1968 — the year

Canyon High and College of the Canyons both opened their doors — and the season Fran Wrage painted the historic, wood-stained gym at Hart shocking pink. It probably helped rookie COC coach Lee Smelser. A man without a campus, or a gym, he held practice at 5 in the morning in the icebox of a gym. At least the pink must have made the place

The 1970s were the first big heydays in sports coverage and there were so many "big games" one would have to compose a separate encyclopedia of



The Hart basketball team was driving to the net in the 1950s (above), and the short-lived College of the Canyons football team (below) drove for the goal line in the 1970s.

Santa Clarita Great Moments in Sports. There was the big, Hart-Canyon benchemptying brawl in which Canyon High coach Chuck Ferrero's quote made giant headlines in 1974: "You tell Willie Peters if he hadn't saved me, I would have been kicked to death." Ferrero himself was involved in the fisticuffs that followed and from that time, the Hart-Canyon

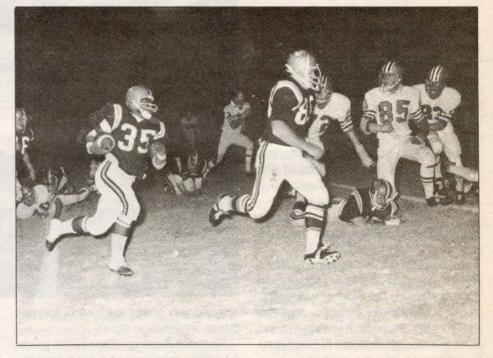
"The school has pur-

chased a new soccer

game has been held on neutral turf. There was High's Saugus early CIF champiheroics onship Centurion upstarts were the first team to win a CIF title — The Signal - in girls cross March 7, 1919 country. There were

dynasty baseball teams (the Cougs were the first local team to win state championships - a remarkable three), coached by Mike Gillespie (now head coach at USC). There was COC's short-lived football team (it was axed in 1982 after 11 years due to budget cuts) ranked nationally, with a running back named Clint McKinney who broke O.J. Simpson's single-game rushing record. There was Tim Roderick, who bowled a perfect 300.

Samantha Ford was one of the top athletes of the 1980s, setting a record for



pitching nine no-hitters in a season. Hart and Canyon both captured the valley's first CIF football titles - in the same year, 1983 — and both went on to build dynasties that are alive today. Canyon put together an awesome 46-game win streak. The William S. Hart youth baseball program won four World Series titles. The Hart High School cross country team won three state titles and the mythical national championship in 1991.

It was 1987 when the Saugus Centurions put their tiny boys basketball team on the court and came away with the most amazing, come-from-behind Cinderella treks to a CIF championship. In 1989 and 1990, the Hart girls basketball squad took the CIF 5A title.

There will be other championships, other great moments in Santa Clarita sports.

Soon, Valencia High will open its doors. And the phones will ring. And they will ask the question: "How come you guys hate us? How come you always write about the other schools?"

Society

Continued from page 28

who had been seen kissing at the recent box lunch social.

Things haven't changed much, as people still like seeing their names in the paper. People ripped open the pages to read January Jones, Carolina Kelly (Linda Pedersen) and the infamous Mimi, otherwise known as the inquisitive, observant and unflappable Ruth Newhall.

It was a real status symbol to find your name in Newhall's annual holiday poem about the movers and shakers; if you weren't there, you simply had not arrived.

The first real society page was printed February 1964 with editor Carmen Sylva penning the "Tumblewords" column. Some of the items were pretty avante garde, like columnist Barbara O'Rourke's item called "A Date With ..." in which Ms. O'Rourke would go out with local gentlemen and report on their evenings together. We covered parties and we threw them. On April 16, 1964, can-can girls served food at a "Get Acquainted" night at The Signal's old 6th Street offices.

In 1977, Kitty Ruth of Granada Hills was named Miss Valencia and went on to become Miss California. In the same year, Mike Sable of Newhall became Mr. Western America in a muscle-flexing contest.

Although The Signal routinely ran photographs of beauty pageant winners on the front page, there was an ugly rash of letters, including threats and complaints, about running pictures of Val Verde beauty contestants "Folks have asked me here how I like Newhall. Well, rather good, even more than that. The folks here have stuck out their hands real glad like and said 'Welcome stranger' and that makes a fellow feel like he hasn't strayed into a strange pasture where the grass is all took up."

— Z. N. Brown Guest columnist, 1932

on page 1.

Pageant fever struck in 1980, and Editor Scott Newhall was its enthusiastic victim. He wrote: "The SCV is about to embark on a noble experiment in the way of social events." We ran individual photographs all 40 contestants. After the pageant, Newhall wrote:

"Long Live the Queen — the hullabaloo at the Odyssey made the other Los Angeles County first-round pageants in this international round robin of beauty look more like livestock auctions in Cheyenne, Wyoming, than serious studies in female physiology."

As usual, Scotty had a way with words.

Volunteering was something the paper always encouraged. In the 1920s, we called someone who didn't become active in the community "a flat tire." That spirit has not waned through the years, as service clubs and community groups continue to turn out to raise money or extend a helping hand wherever the need exists.

If our society pages have reflected anything, it's that the SCV is a cohesive community. From the community pulling together after the disasters of 1928, 1971 and the recent earthquake, we have not lost our small town sense of oneness. An issue from 1932 included a "Howdy" column written by Z. N. Brown from Texas, who wrote:

"Folks have asked me here how I like Newhall. Well, rather good, even more than that. The folks here have stuck out their hands real glad like and said 'Welcome stranger' and that makes a fellow feel like he hasn't strayed into a strange pasture where the grass is all took up. To sum it all up, we are all just one big family after all and it don't make any difference where we hail from, we are all just folks, living our lives the best we know how and when the Big Roundup takes place, I reckon we will all get herded together under the same brand."

You bet your boots we will, pardner. Here's looking at you.

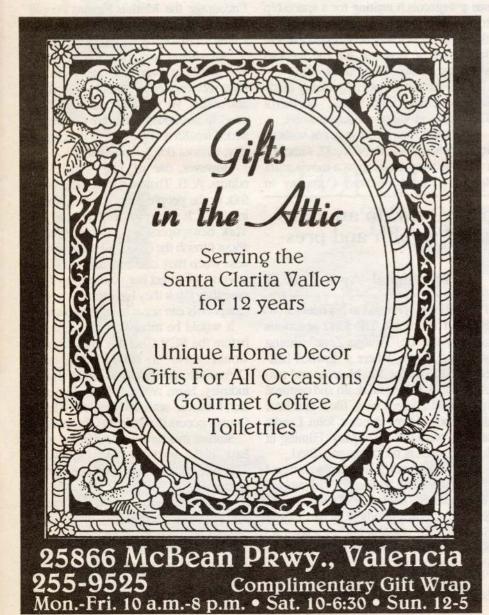






Photo courtesy of Harry Carey Jr.

Film star Harry Carey, whose son Harry Carey Jr. has also graced the silver screen, made his home on a ranch in San Francisquito Canyon in the 1920s.

Movies

Continued from page 44

Canyon. Hickson had a bang-up business going when singing cowboy Gene Autry bought the land in 1953 and named it "Melody Ranch." Autry filled the streets and sound stages with gunfire and hoofbeats. Soon the likes of John Wayne, Hopalong Cassidy, Charlie Starrett, John Mack Brown, Roy Rogers, Mae West, Harry Carey, Jr., Jock Mahoney, Clayton Moore and Glenn Ford brought the legends of the West to life for the movie cameras.

The ranch earned a different kind of notoriety in September 1955 when Signal publisher Fred Trueblood, on an errand to get more paper, heard the cries of a young boy in the "death trap pool" on Melody Western Ranch. Little Johnnie Landis (no relation to the director) owed his life to Trueblood who jumped in and held him above the surface until rescuers could assist the pair. The pool was part of a movie shoot and, as Placerita Canyon youngsters did so often, the youth had snuck into the ranch while it was vacant.

In 1962 a raging fire destroyed 17,200 acres of Placerita Canyon, taking with it most of the buildings of Melody Ranch. Billed as the worst fire disaster in Newhall's history, it leveled all the wooden structures and incinerated countless items of Western memorabilia. "There won't be any more Dodge Cities here," the caretaker said as flames engulfed the ranch. In 1991, the Veluzat family pur-

chased what was left of Melody Ranch
— now a 10-acre parcel — and have
painstakingly restored the main street,
christening it with the production of
Disney's "Tall Tales."

A few years before the inferno and a few miles up the canyon, Walt Disney purchased the Golden Oak Ranch for use in his family-oriented films. A home for Walt was built (but never used) along with a handful of old-fashioned towns and a lake with a covered bridge. Soon shows like "Spin and Marty" were filmed

Rocks as a backdrop. It wasn't unusual to see a stagecoach waiting for a spaceship to finish a shot at the unique rock formations. Needless to say, it provided the perfect town of Bedrock for the modern stone-age family, "The Flintstones."

Even director Stephen Spielberg made his first feature film, "Duel," on Sierra Highway and Vasquez Canyon Road.

The local film business is not without its tragedies. Dick Kerwoo, 32, father of two, was wing-walking as a movie stunt for the Franklin Farnum Company in pointing out on April 2, "We Should Encourage the Motion Picture People." The editorial emphasized the value of the valley's "atmosphere" and "location."

"We venture to say that for every courtesy we have ever extended them they have reciprocated eventually with dollars and cents... We should not extend an 'icy paw' to an industry that brings so much added wealth and prestige to the community, without doing it any harm."

However, one of The Signal's own editors, A. B. Thatcher, didn't like movie folk or the people they attracted, writing in 1932, "It seems to me that those New York newspapers and picture men just about furnish the climax of damphoolishness when they chase an actress all over town to try to get her picture. But I suppose they think they have to do it so other damphools can see what she looks like."

It would be more than 50 years later before the SCV Chamber of Commerce would form a Film Development Committee specifically to attract the film industry. Now, nearly half of all permitted location activity in Los Angeles County occurs in the Santa Clarita Valley.

Studios that have set foot in the valley have nicknamed it "Newhallywood." The rest of the entertainment industry agrees. Would William S. Hart ever have dreamed the valley would become the site for "The Terminator" or a landing stop for the Starship Enterprise?

The Santa Clarita Valley has helped make the film and television industries the art form of the century.

And that's a wrap.

"We should not extend an 'icy paw' to an industry that brings so much added wealth and prestige to the community."

— The Signal, April 2, 1925

there and shown nationwide, along with many nature and western movies made by Disney. Since then, the location has been used for "Bonanza," "Roots" and "Little House On the Prairie."

Disney extended his good will to Hart Park in 1962 when Walt himself presided over a donation of a herd of buffalo to the park grounds, the descendants of which still graze the hillsides.

Other productions that delighted townsfolk with a glimpse of their favorite stars were "The Dukes of Hazzard," which made Warner Bros. Valencia Oaks Ranch in Pico Canyon their home, "Greatest American Hero" which used Hart High School as a base of operations, and the hundreds of commercials and movies that used spectacular Vasquez

1924 when he plunged to his death from 500 feet in the air. The most notorious accident was the "Twilight Zone" filming at Indian Dunes, where a downed helicopter killed actor Vic Morrow and two child actors. Wrongful death and criminal negligence charges were filed, and later dismissed, against director John Landis and his production company. Filming at Indian Dunes is no longer permitted.

Today the valley is home to several sound stages and businesses that support the industry, including Santa Clarita Studios, Lindsey Studios, Magic Movie Studios of Valencia, Studio K, Shotmaker, Technicolor, Creative Presentations and AVG Productions.

In 1925, The Signal recognized the benefits of the fledgling movie industry,



Misty Burghout 255-7667



Lillian Snyder 286-5307



Bob Hale 298-6540



Brian Clark 255-7666



Sandy Ramirez 286-3169



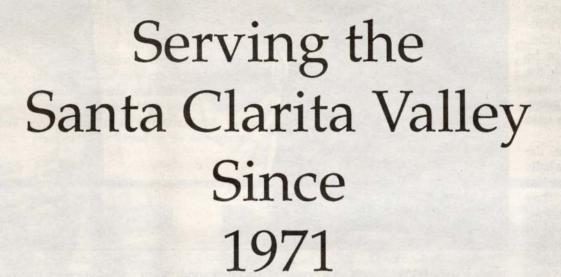
Lowell Hukill 259-2606



Diane Kauzlarich 286-5042



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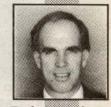
24102 Lyons Ave. 259-2606



Bernie Kramer 259-2606



Gail Duijshart 259-2606



Bob Morrissey 286-8385



Fran McPhie 298-6876



Jackie Pense 255-7666



Peter J. Nightingale 259-2606



Yolanda Bishop 251-1226



Denise Furmidge Aynur Page 342-0200



251-1226



Fred Cueto 259-2606



Renee Page 286-5566



George Kumazawa 294-5074



Bonnie Shumaker 259-2606



Carole Martin 255-7666



Linda Wedhoff 255-7666

■ The 1980s

BOOM SCV and the paper experienced their biggest growth spurt ever The new wave met the old as the

By TIM WHYTE

Signal managing editor

rowth. That's what happened to rthe Santa Clarita Valley in the 1980s, a decade in which the valley's population exploded with a vengeance, a city was formed and the SCV's suburban identity evolved as never before.

It was a decade of transition, for the valley, its people and The Signal. By the end of the 1980s, the newspaper blossomed from a thrice-weekly freebie into a full-fledged, seven-day daily just starting to flex its newly developed muscles.

The valley's growth would not be achieved without some pain. While the SCV remained a relatively safe bedroom community, issues such as gangs and graffiti would find their way onto the front page by decade's end.

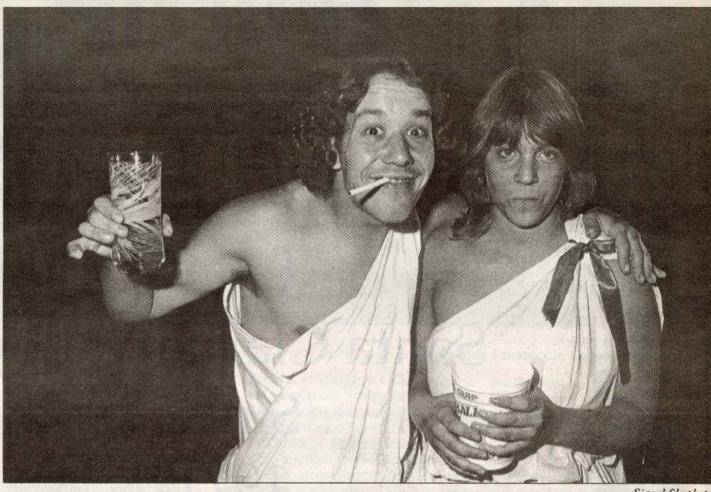
Through much of the decade, the newspaper was still run by the Newhalls Ruth, Scott and Tony - who had sold it to Charles Morris in 1978. They would leave the paper in 1988, but for most of the 1980s political leaders at all levels were subjected to Scott Newhall's blistering, front-page, above-the-masthead editorials.

One example: In a 1980 editorial headlined, "Our Castrated Yankee Dollar," Newhall lamented the "trashy" coins being minted, namely, the Susan B. Anthony "dollarette," which he described as "the most odious, unattractive, dwarfed, and repellent whorehouse token in place of the good old American buck.'

Perhaps the decade's first sign the SCV had "arrived" came in March 1980, when Rebecca Lewis, 17, was crowned the first Miss Santa Clarita Valley from a field of 40 contestants. If we had our own beauty pageant, well, it must mean we'd arrived.

On the political scene, activists were trying to make sure Santa Clarita arrived as a city, but sometimes the proposal appeared threatened by a lack of inter-

The drive started and stopped several times, and some cityhood meetings drew only a few people. But by 1987, the drive was in high gear and the cityhood proposal was approved by voters, giving Santa Clarita residents a local government responsible for addressing local issues — and spending local tax money on local needs. Installed by vot-



Signal file photo

In the early-1980s, The Signal covered the occasional "toga party," such as this one in 1981 (above). Also, the new decade prompted a reader's "New Year's resolution for America" (below) on behalf of U.S. hostages in Iran.

ers as the fledgling city's first council members were Howard "Buck" McKeon, Jan Heidt, Jo Anne Darcy, Carl Boyer and Dennis Koontz.

The 1980s would see the paper become increasingly interactive. In the early-1980s, The Signal carried the "Voice of the Valley" page, featuring contributed writings from various valley residents, including prose, poetry, photographs, drawings and cartoons.

Irreverence was the operative word in the early-1980s, and CalArts, the local Disney-owned arts school, was no exception. In 1980, CalArts had its most memorable graduation ceremony ever. The Signal published photos of a grad who cut off his "hand" (it was a fake) and was airlifted away by a helicopter, and a woman who accepted her diploma topless.

To the surprise of few, The Signal displayed a little irreverence of its own. An early-1980s photo of a woman in a bikini holding up a pair of fish she'd caught at Castaic Lake received the headline, "Big ones," while a photo of a

Please see 1980s, page 87



Continued from page 86

helicopter dropping water on a fire was headlined, "Bird dropping."

And in the "yes, we can't believe they got away with it" department, a story in October 1981 about a court worker who's worked as an interpreter received this headline on page one: "A Cunning Linguist Settles In Valencia."

Ahem.

Regardless of the advent of the Susan B. Anthony coin, the almighty dollar still held unrivaled appeal for most everyone. In 1980, a story headlined "Populace Falls For Pyramids" detailed pyramid schemes in which one would theoretically invest \$1,000 and eventually receive \$16,000.

Another sign of 1980s trends: In 1981, controversial clothing was banned at Canyon High. The offending articles included "Sex Wax" T-shirts and Dolfin shorts.

More important to many valley residents is the memory of youth lost to drunken driving. Perhaps the most widely known incidents were the separate alcohol-related accidents that killed Canyon High School graduate Joe



Signal file photo

This skiing elephant turned heads at Castaic Lake during the 1982 filming of a Panasonic commercial.

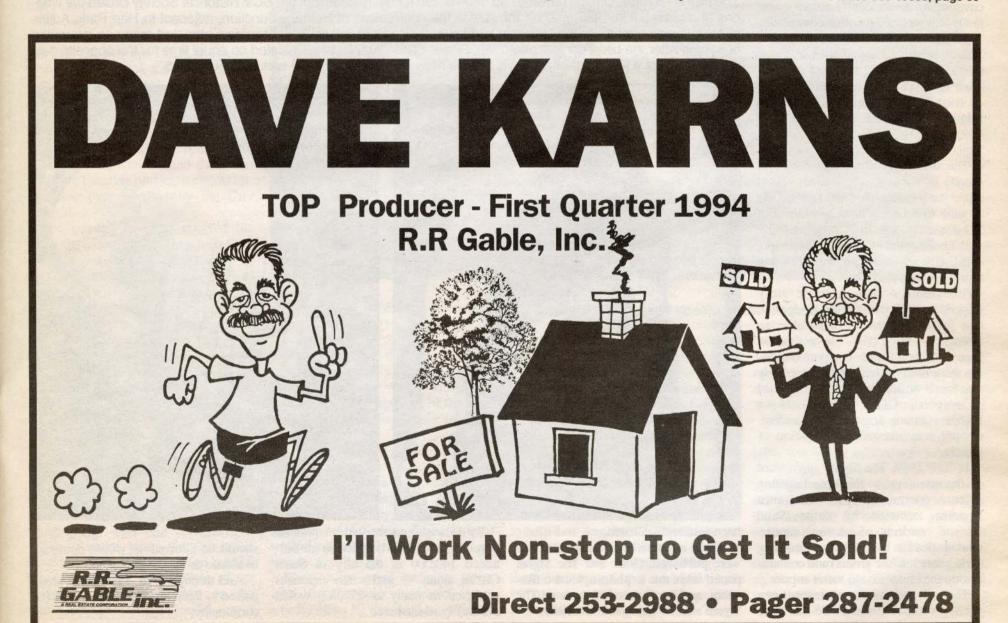
Crawford and his 1985 prom date, Laura Strickland. The teens' deaths an anti-drinking and driving campaign targeted for local high school students, and the Crawford-Strickland prom photo was displayed on an anti-drunken

driving billboard.

As new subdivisions sprouted up and prompted their mothers to join forces in the valley's population steadily increased, the valley also got in touch with its history. In 1980, the Saugus train depot was relocated to the new Heritage Junction historical park, and

the downtown Newhall merchants established the Western Walk of Fame, saluting western stars - beginning in 1981 with Gene Autry, Tom Mix and William S. Hart.

The Signal made strides of its own. In Please see 1980s, page 88



Continued from page 87

1986, it moved from its longtime downtown Newhall location to the Morris Newspaper Corp.'s shiny new facility on Creekside Road.

Two years later, the Newhall era would end as Scott, Tony and Ruth departed.

The Newhalls formed their own competing newspaper, The Citizen, which later folded because of financial difficulties.

After the Newhalls' departure, The Signal named Darell Phillips publisher, Sammee Zeile general manager and Chuck Cook editor.

Cook wasted no time shaking things up. The look of the newspaper became more modern, with an aggressive style of reporting the news. In October 1988, The Signal began a series of stories questioning school bus service provided by Laidlaw Transit Inc.

The headline read, "Sex, drugs, wreck and roll," and things would never be the same for Laidlaw. The Signal reported incidents of misconduct by bus drivers, including allegations of sexual advances toward students, drug use and covering up an accident. Laidlaw eventually was replaced by other contractors.

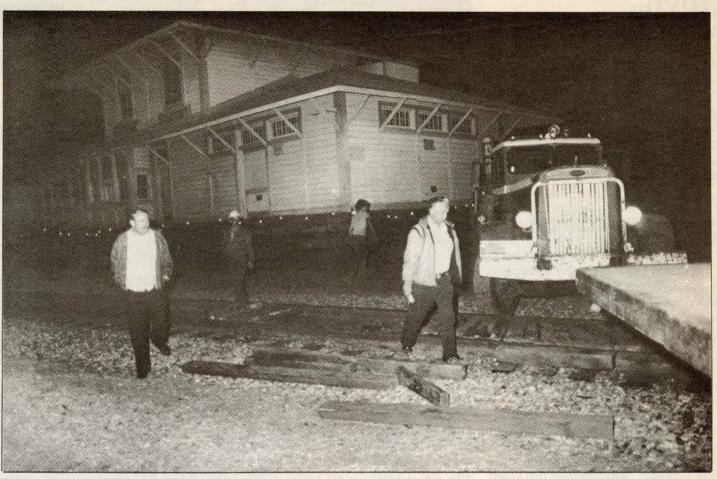
In January 1989, the Santa Clarita Valley witnessed its first-ever gang-related shooting as a result of a down-town Newhall clash between members of rival San Fernando Valley gangs. Miguel Jimenez, 15, was killed by a shotgun blast allegedly fired by Alfonso Tapia, 18.

The shooting was witnessed by Jim Finnila of Saugus, who called 911 to report the incident. He feared for his life as gang members approached him. But 911 dispatcher Sgt. Jim Green evidently didn't believe the caller had witnessed a crime. Green hung up on Finnila, telling him to "have a nice day."

Two months later, a tragic story gripped the valley: Sara Nan Hodges, 7, was found strangled to death after an intensive three-day investigation launched when Sara was reported missing from her Newhall home. Her body was found stuffed behind the headboard of neighbor Curtis Cooper, 14, a Placerita Junior High School student. Cooper was arrested on suspicion of murder.

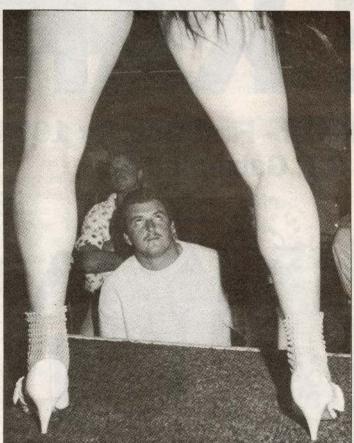
In June 1989, The Signal again went on the offensive — this time targeting defense contractor Space Ordnance Systems, accused by some Sand Canyon residents of causing cancerrelated deaths by illegally dumping toxic waste into the ground and contaminating the underground water supply.

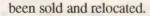
The allegations have never been proven or disproven, and SOS has since



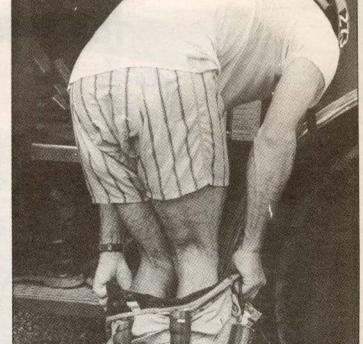
Signal file photos

The historic Saugus Station (above) had been slated for destruction, but the SCV Historical Society circled the wagons and moved it in 1980, making the station the centerpiece of Heritage Junction, adjacent to Hart Park. A little history was also made at the Limelight night club (below, left), where bikini contests attracted many an interested observer. After the bikini contest photo ran, Signal Editor Ruth Newhall insisted on equal time for the opposite sex, so the photo of a firefighter changing out of his heavy gear (below, right) was also published.





About a month after the SOS stories were published, Cook and The Signal parted ways due to philosophical differences, and Joe Franco, 26, became The Signal's editor going into the 1990s.



By decade's end, the valley's population had more than doubled to an estimated 140,000 in the city of Santa Clarita alone — and some estimates predicted as many as 270,000 would eventually reside here.

Growth — and how much of it should be allowed — would dominate headlines as the 1990s began.

And through it all, The Signal stood poised to keep in stride with a growing community.

■ The 1990s

Bouncing back — and forward

Recession, then recovery and predictions of a bright future

By TIM WHYTE Signal managing editor

So how does this story end? It doesn't. After 75 years covering the Santa Clarita Valley, The Signal is plunging forward into its next 75 years.

The 1980s finished with the Santa Clarita Valley still growing — and local activists and politicians disagreeing on how, or whether, it should continue to grow.

The early part of the 1990s was marked by several tooth-and-nail battles over growth and roads. However, as the economy took a downturn, those arguments took a back seat to debate over how to get things rolling again.

Before the recession took hold, there was the failed Proposition P, which would have taxed valley property owners to fund new roads, and there was the Santa Catarina project, the most bitter issue ever handled by the City Council.

The council in 1990 rejected the Santa Catarina proposal, in which G.H. Palmer Associates proposed to exchange millions of dollars in road improvements for the city's approval of a 1,400-unit condominium complex.

There was also Measure Q, a growth-limiting initiative that was defeated after almost a year of heated political battle in the SCV. If the initiative had been approved, it would have set an annual cap on the number of new homes that could be approved each year in the city of Santa Clarita.

Activism entered the 1990s alive and well in the Santa Clarita Valley, with the fight against the proposed Elsmere Canyon landfill emerging as a unifying factor among the valley"s political cliques.

The Elsmere issue remains unresolved in 1994, as activists and landfill proponents await completion of an environmental impact report on the plan. Opponents of the landfill fear it



Signal file photo

County Supervisor Mike Antonovich listens as President Bush speaks at the dedication of a new jail facility at Peter J. Pitchess Honor Rancho in 1990.

would contaminate the valley's underground water supply and destroy pristine natural areas, while those who favor it say it's a vital part of the solution to an impending waste management crisis.

There was a war in the Persian Gulf, where numerous local residents served and Santa Clarita was informally named the most patriotic city in the country after CNN reported on the proliferation of American flags on local streets and rallies staged to show support for U.S. troops.

There were more growing pains, with disputes over increasing gang activity offset by the disclosure that the

FBI considers Santa Clarita one of the safest places in the country.

The Santa Clarita Valley received a historic visit from President Bush in March 1990, when the president appeared at the dedication ceremonies for a new maximum-security jail facility at Peter J. Pitchess Honor Rancho. The local jail has evolved over the years from a relatively small "honor farm" to a sprawling facility designed to help Los Angeles County handle its massive inmate population.

And, for the shoppers among us, there was a sign that the SCV had arrived as a vibrant economy unto itself: Valencia Town Center, the longawaited regional shopping mall, the symbol of suburban affluence, made its debut to throngs of people who, recession be damned, had money to spend.

The "gloom and doom" of the early-1990s, when real estate brokers informed us the market was firmly in the dumper, has been replaced by a cautious optimism that, in spite of defense cuts and a general flight from California, the economy will get back to its former robust self.

Life in the 1990s is, obviously, far different from life in 1919. Among the signs: In February 1990, The Signal published its first feature on a local res-

Please see 1990s, page 90

Continued from page 89

causes AIDS. The story told the story of the 33-year-old man and his homosexual lover, who had died of the disease.

The Signal's pages also reflect a growing awareness of the impact larger issues can have on the valley's residents. The famous Rodney King beating and subsequent legal battles, riots and demonstrations have spurred much debate on The Signal's pages, and national issues are often "localized" to check the SCV's pulse when it comes to the big picture.

All seriousness aside, one constant factor has been the paper's continuing effort to entertain as well as inform.

In May 1990 Food Editor Rebecca Howard stuck up for the "lowly wienie" as barbecue season heated up. The headline: "Grilling elitists stick up their noses at wieners."

That same year, the Lifestyle section carried "a constructive analysis of big hair," from Marge Simpson to Don King to Peggy Bundy.

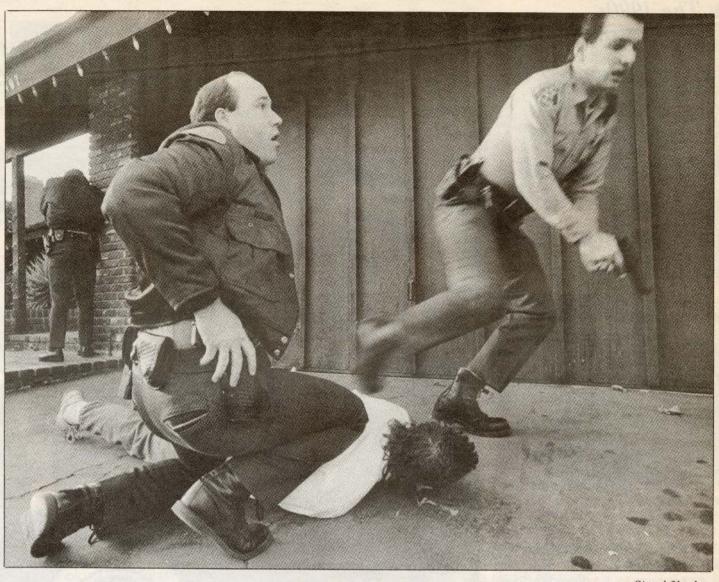
And continuing the paper's tradition of finding something to make the reader smile is the entertainment section's return to its roots as "Escape," now called "Son of Escape," where readers can catch up on all the truly important things, like poetry, the role of monkeys in modern cinema and the question of how much violence in a film is too much when you happen to be 8 years old.

On the entertainment front, The Signal has occasionally received a little help from the newsmakers themselves. In 1991, the city of Santa Clarita raised eyebrows by staging a "hairdresser luncheon." The event, staged in a "Donahue-style" format, asked local hairdressers to tell the city what they thought of key local issues.

Other eye-catching story topics of the past few years included the legal battles of Canyon Country residents Will and Mary Ellen Tracy, who faced prostitution charges in connection with their Los Angeles "church," where followers were absolved of their sins by having sex with Mary Ellen.

The Signal in the 1990s has undergone changes of its own. Under the direction of Publisher Darell Phillips, the newspaper has taken steps to expand, establishing a special weekly edition for the Castaic community, increasing its publication of special editions and continuing its trend of increased reader involvement through popular features such as Tell it to The Signal.

In fact, "Tell it" may be the best-read portion of the paper. The call-in line allows readers to vent their feelings on any topic, and their calls are printed



Signal file photos

Santa Clarita in the 1990s is rated among the safest cities of 100,000 or more in the nation, but that doesn't mean sheriff's deputies aren't called upon to battle crime and, occasionally, nab a jewelry store robbery suspect (above). In 1991, artist Christo unveiled his "Umbrellas" project (below) in the hills north of Santa Clarita, but the display ended in tragedy when one of the giant yellow umbrellas was uprooted by high winds, killing a woman.

each day on the opinion page.

Many of those calls, readers will surely note, are in reference to daily columnist Dwight Jurgens.

Looking for someone who could test the community's wits — and maybe even patience — Phillips in 1992 launched a nationwide search for a columnist.

He found Jurgens, who aptly provides the "cantankerous factor" that had, for so long, been provided by Scott Newhall.

Jurgens doesn't pull his punches, which is perhaps why the Tell it to The Signal phone line is so often loaded with responses to his column.

The latest addition to the paper's reader involvement arsenal is the "Reader Meter," which poses a new topical question five times each week and allows readers to register their informal "vote" on the issues by calling one of two special phone lines.

And, of course, the biggest development for The Signal and the valley so far in the 1990s has been the Jan. 17, 1994 earthquake. The disaster would become the most-covered event in the



paper's history, dominating the front page for weeks after it occurred — and the rebuilding process still awaits completion. All this, and there are still six years left in the decade.

For a full account, check your front porch every morning.



David Hoshaw (805) 255-2650 x653



(805) 255-2650



Marcia Waterman (805) 286-7336



Frank Ball (805) 251-2650



Paul Morad (805) 250-8600

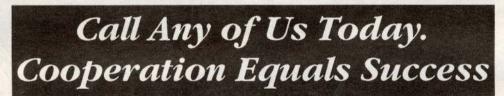


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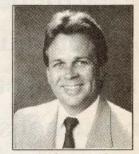
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Rod McIntosh (805) 286-7715



Kathy Watterson (805) 298-6205



Diane Kauzlarich (805) 286-5042



Mildred Kucera



(805) 250-8600 x403



■ Earthquake, 1994

A test of vigilance

6.7 earthquake poses difficult set of challenges for journalists

By TIM WHYTE Signal managing editor

The Signal has never missed an issue. Not when the St. Francis Dam burst in 1928. Not when the 1971 Sylmar earthquake struck.

Not during any of the various wars, power outages, floods, stock market crashes, sand storms or any other adverse event.

Not even after the 1994 earthquake, which brought normalcy to a screeching halt at 4:31 a.m. Monday, Jan. 17, registering 6.7 on the Richter scale, bringing our freeway system to its knees and killing 61 people throughout the Southland.

The Signal's office, like much of the Santa Clarita Valley, was a mess. The power and phone lines were down.

Signal staffers, like everyone else, had family emergencies and earthquake damage to attend to. But, reacting to what was obviously a major breaking news story, a host of Signal photographers and reporters set aside their personal needs and took it upon themselves to do what they do best: Go cover the news.

They went to the Greenbrier Mobilehome Park, where 14 homes went up in flames after being knocked off their foundations. They went to the Highway 14-Interstate 5 junction, where the freeway overpasses had collapsed and a Los Angeles police officer had lost his life after driving his motorcycle off a severed bridge.

They went to the various emergency command posts and damaged buildings and streets, gathering the information and photographs they'd need to put out the next day's paper.

One minor problem: No power, no presses. Generally, presses are a fairly critical component when putting out a newspaper.

An impromptu staff meeting was held



Signal photo by RICH SHVEYDA

When the 1994 earthquake struck, the Highway 14-Interstate 5 junction collapsed, as it had in 1971.

in the parking lot of The Signal's quakedamaged and darkened offices. The only answer, it seemed, would be to find another place to publish the paper.

The solution, after a few quick phone calls, was to pay a visit to The Antelope Valley Press in Palmdale, which had not suffered major damage in the quake. Signal staffers packed up their notes and film and made the 35-mile trek to Palmdale. Using the AV Press' comput-

ers, phones, photo darkroom and presses, The Signal completed a 12-page, limited-edition, all-earthquake paper for Jan. 18.

When the day was done, some employees had been working from immediately after the quake — literally — until well after midnight. The Signal hit the streets of Santa Clarita within 24 hours after disaster struck.

In the weeks after the quake, much

would be written and said about it. It dominated The Signal's news pages and the thoughts of local columnists, most of whom agreed on one very important thing: At least we survived.

The quake's toll on the community was extensive. It caused two fatalities in the SCV — including the LAPD officer killed at the collapsed freeway interchange and one resident who died of a

Please see QUAKE, page 95

Opinion

Continued from page 56

chaser Sen. Joe McCarthy.

On a local front, you could almost feel the lament of Fred Trueblood I at the unstoppable juggernaut of progress. He was against the proposed freeway linking the SCV with the world beyond. "Believe it or not, there are quite a few folks who like it here because it is NOT citified."

Trueblood's son, Fred II, may have been the better writer. He wrote light, insightful pieces on topics ranging from Little League sportsmanship to typographical errors. He also printed a prophetic piece, "Progress or Monster?" about the invading megalopolis eating up hills and changing the countryside.

The zen, unblinking master of the 'Take No Prisoners' editorial was Scott Newhall. He came to town humbly enough in 1963, self-effacingly apologizing and introducing himself as a "lowly carpetbagger" to the unsuspecting community.

One of his first editorials was to suggest changing the name. Not of the paper. But of the whole area. Scott wanted to call the community, "Valencia Valley."

Even bigger, Scott wrote an editorial calling for an end to the drought. It rained a week later. "Such awesome power demands great discretion in the hands of its wielder. We'll have to be careful," he wrote.

It was a few days before Christmas, 1965, when Scotty penned the now-famous, "Art Evans, I'm Calling You Out" editorial. Evans ran the competing Record Press. Newhall said this town was only big enough for one paper. He challenged him to a gunfight in the middle of San Fernando Road. Evans never showed up.

Master Newhall was a force of nature. Scotty was the only known newspaperman to ever get away with this 72-point headline on the front page of a paper: "If They Won't Slow Down, Throw the Bastards in Jail!" It was about speeding big-rig truckers, a topic in which the crusading editor had personal interest. It was a truck, driven by a drunken driver, that had killed Newhall's only daughter when she was 8.

Scott walked out of the paper Aug. 10, 1988, having penned some 2,500 editorials in 25 years. The next weekend, at a Western Walk of Fame dinner, a jubilant and relieved Supervisor Mike Antonovich was at the podium and quipped that he was "... happy, at least, that his name wouldn't be appearing anymore in those Newhall Signal editorials."

The next day, in a Signal editorial, someone panned the good county exec for unfairly taking credit for the formation of the Western Walk of Fame, citing that Mike "... should be sandpapered, lightly salted and fed to cannibals" for doing so.

"You guys are morons"

On March 7, 1990, The Signal launched an experiment: "Tell it to The Signal." Sort of an Electronic-Age instant gratification answer to "Letters to the Editor." By dialing an answering machine (255-2617) readers could vent, praise, or ask the age-old question: "Hey. Where's my paper?"

COWBOY POETRY

"Regarding the city putting on the Cowboy Poet Fest for \$83,000, I have a limerick: Project manager Cecilia Burda/Has planned an event quite absurda/Will pay 83 thou/To hear words that rhyme with 'cow'/By poets we ain't never hearda." — March 1994

WOULD CANCEL IF ONLY

"You guys are all a bunch of morons. I wish I had a subscription so I could cancel it." — November 1993

JUST NOT SWEDISH

"... in the Food Section was an article, 'Daddy's Dinner.' I come from Sweden. My mother is visiting from Sweden and we have never heard of anybody eating pancakes with cherries on it together with meatballs. It just wasn't Swedish. Neither was the recipe for Swedish meatballs. That is not the way you make Swedish meatballs. I'm sorry." — Jan. 1, 1993

A NEW AWARD

"I hope this is in acceptable taste. I know your staff had to be in hysterics when they printed the 'Who's To Blame' call in the paper. The caller stated he bedded a co-worker who needed special attention because she was lonesome. He goes on to blame the church for unwanted children and disease due to the closure of the Safe Sex Shop in Newhall. I would like to nominate this man for the Biggest Anal Orifice award in the Santa Clarita Valley." — July 3, 1993

Columns

Continued from page 58

porate." It was also in the middle of the roaring '20s when A.B. "Dad" Thatcher bought the paper and began the long tradition of running — right there on the front page — pretty much whatever the editor wanted to write. Thatcher's "Jin Jer Jar" column was a regular feature for a quarter of a century. Thatcher was a corncob pipe-type essayist. He boyishly wondered why Einstein never got a haircut and passed along "colored" jokes on the front page. But he was also a voice of courage and hope that helped guide the SCV through the crippling Depression.

Sally Sackrider offered a weekly real estate column and we mention this because Sally was the first real estate salesperson in the SCV — and, was the aunt to Jeanne Feeney, Signal managing editor in the late-1980s. Both claimed linkage to a woman burned at the stake as a witch in Salem.

The longest-running column was penned by Fred Trueblood. For a quarter-century, Editor Trueblood ran his "Signal Tower" and later, "The Towerman" columns prominently on column one of page one. There, he tackled all manner of subjects. Sometimes with the condemnation of an Old Testament prophet. Sometimes with quiet introspection. Often, with humor. He once noted how



the SCV finally made Time Magazine when a local man, cleaning his revolver, shot himself in the foot. Twice.

The Signal has a long tradition of using odd bylines and made-up names, from "Peanut Pietro" in 1923 written in Speedy Gonzales-esque dialogue to Vladimir Sauguslavsky, The Signal's current gossip columnist. In between were such notables as: Pablo Politico (Fred Trueblood II); Granny (Friendly Valley's May Taylor, who was one of Dwight David Eisenhower's best friends); Carolina Kelly (Linda Pederson); and, of course, the lovely Mimi (Ruth Newhall).

Dwight Jurgens is The Signal's current and only daily columnist.

What was one of the most touching moments in all those paragraphs? Perhaps on May 2, 1963, when Fred Trueblood II, after 25 years of Towerman, signed his patented close: "Thatsallthereis. Thereisn'tanymore" for the last time.



■ Vaya con Dios y gracias

Newspapering: Knowing what to do when the cattle, um, er, uh ...

By TIM WHYTE

Signal managing editor Editor, "Vigilance Forever"

We drank too much soda.

Yes, this special 75th anniversary edition of The Signal was emblematic of the very reasons we got into this business in the first place.

It was nostalgic. Exciting. Life on the edge, with deadline fast approaching and, quite possibly, a premature stroke upon learning that our intended cover photo — featuring cattle on the Newhall Ranch — had one fatal flaw:

A bull. And a cow. Engaged in an activity we couldn't mount on the cover of our hallowed 75th-birthday edition.

So. As an experienced journalist, what do you do when you discover, shortly before deadline, that your cover photo is marred by cattle with their clothes off?

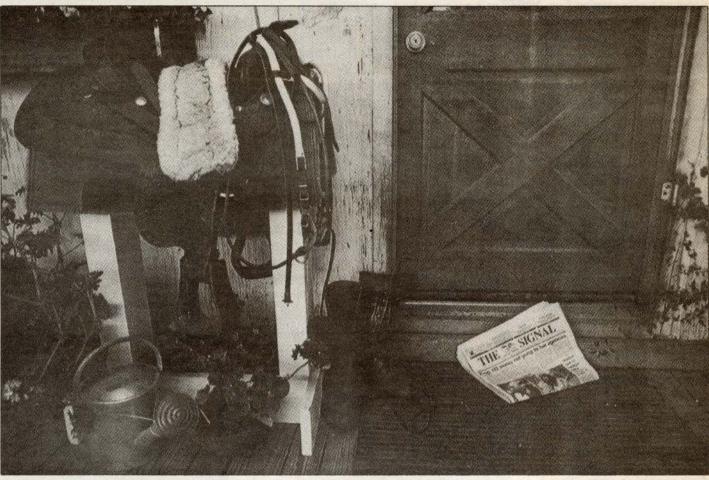
You go to the general manager and sheepishly report your findings. You make a few tasteless jokes. Then you panic. It's a simple three-step program.

In this case, we ended up using a rather majestic photo of vigilant lightning illuminating the sky over our own little house of vigilance here at 24000 Creekside. The photo had been hanging in the office of Willie Fleet, our general manager. As far as we can tell, there are no farm animals in this photo, and if there are, they're behaving themselves.

At one time, the bulls-doing-thenasty photo may have played comfortably on the front page of The Signal.

That was then. When I moved to the Santa Clarita Valley 18 years ago, The Signal was the quirky little local paper. Back then, it carried blazing editorials above the masthead. And when the editorial writer took a day off, the top of the front page was filled with news of the weird, "Our Amazing Planet," often focusing on things like UFO sightings.

When I was 14 years old, The Signal carried a front-page photo of a topless woman accepting her diploma at CalArts. This was one of the many nostalgic tidbits we, er, uncovered during our research for the 75th-anniver-



Signal photo by SHAUN DYER

After 75 years, The Signal thanks its readers for the space on the front porch.

sary edition.

It was quite a task, and the reporters, editors, photographers and even the guy who gets the coffee all get a hearty pat on the back for their exhaustive research.

voking thought, and sticking to it.

In some ways, The Signal hasn't changed these past 75 years. Its front page is still devoted to local news, and the hometown feel is still there. We tell you everything from the score of your

'As an experienced journalist, what do you do when you discover, shortly before deadline, that your cover photo is marred by cattle with their clothes off?'

And exhaustive it was. But I guess it should have been no surprise when an observer asked, "What's taking you guys so long? You've had 75 years to work on it."

Uh huh.

It was, at the very least, an enlightening bit of work. We found the good, the bad and, yes, the ugly of The Signal's first 75 years.

It also reminded us of a few lessons, like the importance of pulling out all the stops, saying what you believe, pro-

kid's soccer game to the name of the baby your next-door neighbors had last week.

We just package things differently now. We have modern technology at our disposal, and we're learning more about it every day. We have color photographs, graphics and reporting tailored for readers who live in a shrinking world. We're more interactive, involving the reader through things like the "Reader Meter" and "Tell it to The Signal." We also have all kinds of other

fun technical stuff that you don't really want me to explain, so I won't, which is good because it's a little over my head anyway.

The SCV has been growing up, and the paper has taken steps with it.

And newspapering is still a blast here at The Signal. It may be hell, and the cattle may not always cooperate, but no two days are ever the same and we always manage to keep our collective sense of humor. For that, I'm thankful. We may still be a little quirky, but I like to think of it as having character.

So join us as we wish ourselves a happy birthday. May The Signal always remain its irreverent, vigilant self. And thanks, from the bottom of our hearts, for letting us land on your front porch every morning.

Anyway. As I always say on my way out of the newsroom after a long day: I'm off like a prom dress. Or, more appropriately, a bovine's nightie.

Quake

Continued from page 92

heart attack. It rendered some 100 homes uninhabitable, knocked 1,656 mobile homes off their foundations and damaged more than 5,700 private structures.

It also caused tens of millions of dollars in damage to publicly owned facilities, including streets, bridges and buildings. Total estimated damage, according to the city of Santa Clarita: \$244 million.

In its aftermath, the quake would result in two special projects for The Signal. "Here's to the Heroes" was a special section saluting hundreds of heroes, from Red Cross workers to emergency personnel to volunteers directing traffic, all of whom went above and beyond to help others after the quake. Also, at the suggestion of Signal owner Charles Morris, the paper produced "Images 6.7," a 68-page glossy book containing a photographic retrospective on the quake, by the staff of The Signal.

All told, the earthquake of 1994 posed The Signal's toughest challenges ever. It was one of the three biggest stories ever covered by the paper, along with the St. Francis Dam disaster and the 1971 earthquake. And, unlike the earlier disasters, this one occurred at a time when The Signal was a seven-day-a-week, no-excuses publication.

And still, in 75 years, The Signal has never missed an issue.

Scotty

Continued from page 49

river bed one summer night. "I didn't feel the Santa Clarita Valley was a proper environment or backdrop for their philosophies. I got to quarreling in a bit of an abrasive way. They took umbrage. No one was killed," Scott recalled.

No one was fooled. In an editorial he ran — and he ran his editorials in 'war-declared' size type on the top of the front page — in September 1966, he showed the depth and

compassion of his listening ear: "I detest and protest this mockery of the Life and spirit of Jesus Christ. The Savior whose creed I was taught, was a soul dedicated to such noble and eternal concepts as gentleness, compassion,

love of one's fellow man — and above all — to peace."

Scott and Ruth lived in a mansion.

Literally. Ruth's still there.

It is a creaky cathedral to pleasant rest and whimsy. You just know there are trap doors and subterranean chambers holding hidden laboratories. The Piru Mansion is surrounded by orchards and in the evenings the sea breeze makes it in from the Pacific. It has been rattled twice by monster earthquakes, and on Feb. 18, 1981, a house painter ("a woman house painter," Scott recalled) was using a blowtorch to knock off old paint chips. An ember landed on the roof. The house burned to the ground in minutes. And this was after the final stages of renovation.

In a complicated and often heated business deal with

current Signal owner Charles Morris, Scott sold the paper to Morris in 1978. For 10 years, he, Ruth and their son Tony stayed on to run the paper through its most profitable times and biggest growth spurt.

And the editorials continued. Scott may have asked for the resignation of every president since Eisenhower. The Santa Clarita mutated like a cell, growing, expanding, pulsating, changing. Through it all, in those formative growth years, Scott was there to lead.

Scott was the man who came up with the name,

"Valencia." (In fact, he tried unsuccessfully to rename this area, 'Valencia Valley'). He fought for a separate county, then, later, a separate city. Eight months after the municipality of Santa Clarita was formed, Scott, Ruth and Tony were having their usual

department head meeting at the paper.

- Phelps Dewey

President, Chronicle Publishing

"He was totally unique, like that rare

vintage bottle of wine that is priceless

simply because there is none other

remotely like it.'

Item "G" on the meeting notes was about employees sticking their hands through a broken peanut machine in the lounge. Tony said he didn't begrudge anyone free nuts, but didn't want anyone to cut their hand reaching in. Item "H" was that as of that afternoon, the Newhall family was leaving the Creekside building for the last time—the building that still bears dedication to Scotty.

Of all the hundreds of tributes paid to Scott when he died, one of my favorites is from Phelps Dewey, president of Chronicle Publishing: "... Scott didn't do any of the things most people do. He was totally unique, like that rare vintage bottle of wine that is priceless simply because there is none other remotely like it."



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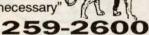
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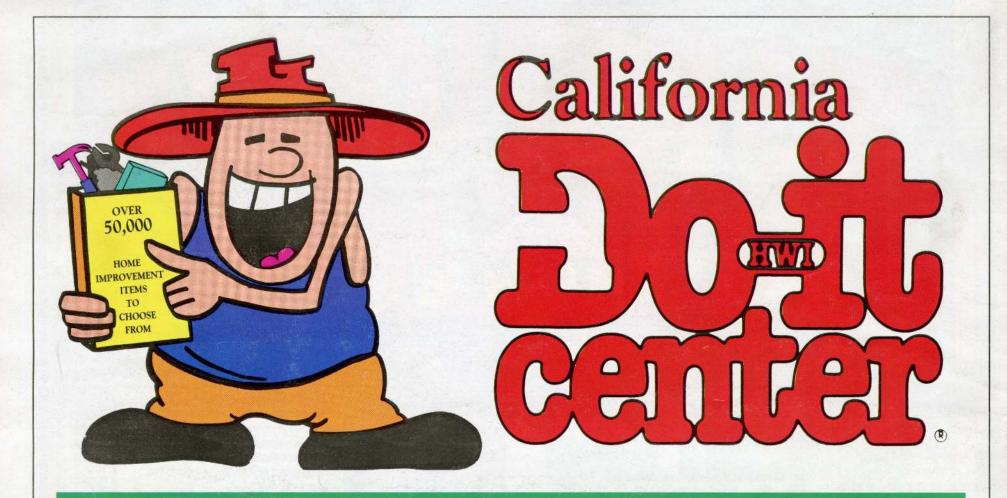
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