

Scene- *an older version of the Robin figure from station 1 standing near the sycamore tree as it appears now –old, stooped and gnarled. There is a safety sign in front of the tree. A large full moon is present.*

Old Man Sycamore

Come closer folks, my voice is not as strong as when you first met me and this full moon helps me to see you better as my eyes are not as sharp either.

(Laughing)

It will happen to you when your nearing my age, wait and see, wait and see! I like what Betty Davis says about getting old “It’s not for sissies!”

I’ve had a long rich life and now in my golden years. Why there is even a plaque dedicated me to at the Museum of Ventura County, it’s located in the museum’s courtyard. I am part of a larger permanent exhibit on prominent trees in this area called “History Through the Trees” - It reads *(puts his hand over his heart)*:

Trees have stood in many cultures as symbols of knowledge. From the scientific to the religious they have shared the development of our communities and cultures. This exhibit focuses on the trees and tree groupings associated with

historically significant peoples and events in Ventura County. These trees recall our county’s past and have the potential to bear witness to future generations.

Fine words I must say and I am honored to be included. There is even a mural to go along with the plaques of the trees honored *(holds up a photo)*. The plaque tells a little bit of my story -a story you have all shared in tonight on this ghost walk. Stories of buried treasure, a woman in white floating onto the highway and a teenage girl hitchhiking. And before you ask, YES, I know where that treasure sleeps! Some seekers have come close to finding it, yet it is still hidden where those two rascal guards hid it! My leaves are sealed, and you won’t get it out of me. I’ve been working on a riddle about the location of the treasure and someday I might whisper it to you in your dreams!

As you can see, the county has given me some elder support *(he puts his hand on the caution sign)* to help keep me upright and prevent accidents. We

don't need another pesky teenager up to more tricks, that Penny has her hands full with Blanca as it is! Oh and by the way, I wanted to tell you that Anita and Leon did get married – right under the shade of my leaves. They named their first daughter after Blanca. It was a beautiful ceremony and Blanca was present, glowing in her angelic white dress –angelic is my way of saying that Blanca lost her trial and met her maker too young, too young. That witch Senora Ortiz was found out eventually, her poison tongue gave her away and she was banished from the Santa Clara River Valley with cheers from all the town folk. Later we heard one of her curses backfired on her and she went up in a plumb of smoke. I suspect, Sanapia might have had something to do with that!! Spirits can get up to mischief as you now know (*laughing*). Now as you heard earlier one of my roles was standing in as the local post office, I still shave some letter here that may interest you (*he shows the crowd a packet of letters*) one in particular is a response to the mail-order bride letters that Joe and Cuss wrote to. I'll read you one. This one was meant for Cuss, it's from a Miss Clara Stone from Atlanta Georgia. She writes:

Dear Cuss,

Thank you for writing me back. I admire a man who likes to be in the outdoors, drinks spirits and hunts game. My Pa use to have a still out in the deep woods and

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make his own whisky so we share a love of spirits. I use to help my Pa and know my way around making whisky so maybe we could start our own still and show the Californian's how whisky should taste.

I understand how your needing to save up some money before you can send for me. Well I am anxious to get out there and have a little money so I will take the next train out in a few weeks. I will write you with my arrival time. Oh I appreciate you for not caring if I am blind in one eye from when the still blew up.

Your future wife,
Clara