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Trails magazine.  
1934-39.

ROSEMEAD 824

**Title**

- Trails magazine.

**Publisher**

- Los Angeles Mountain League of Southern California

**Former frequency**

- Quarterly

**Publication History**

- 1934-

**Issuer**

- Sponsored by the Los Angeles County Dept. of Parks and Recreation Camps and Playgrounds.

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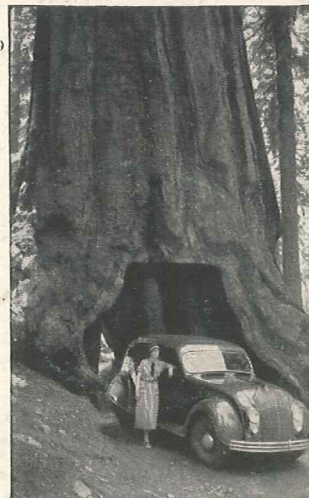
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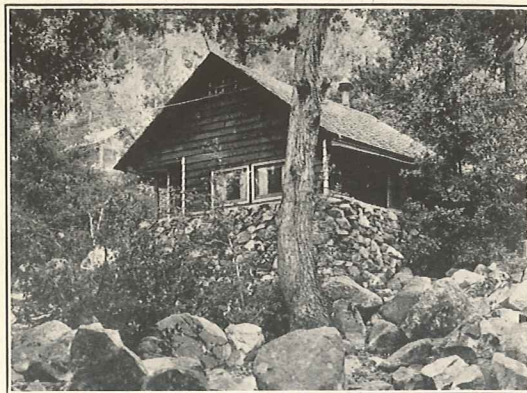
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## Trails Magazine

VOL. 5 SUMMER, 1938 NO. 3

Published Quarterly by  
THE MOUNTAIN LEAGUE  
of Southern California

To assist in the conservation and development of  
our mountain resources, to interest and educate our  
citizens in the value of forest protection and to  
encourage, so far as is consistent with safety, the  
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Phone MUTUAL 9211, Station 3300

Editor and Business Manager.....WILL H. THRALL  
Staff Artist.....WILL G. NORRIS  
Official Photographer.....HARLOW A. R. DORMER

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## WE NEED MORE PRIMITIVE

The National Administration is favorable,  
the Forest Management is favorable, State and  
County officials are favorable, and natural con-  
ditions are the most favorable in many years.

The Angeles National Forest comprises  
about 700,000 acres, mostly within Los An-  
geles County, of which 33,000 acres have been  
set aside as the Devil Canyon-Bear Creek  
Primitive Area. On the upper East Fork of  
San Gabriel River and its tributaries, between  
San Antonio divide on the east and North  
Fork divide on the west, north of a line drawn  
west of Camp Baldy and extending over the  
main range to the surveyed route of Angeles  
Crest Highway, we have a Primitive Area  
which ideally fills the Federal requirements.

Excluding the Prairie Fork Division of Big  
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ests and towering snow peaks. It is almost

impenetrable by roads but capable of being  
developed by trails and campgrounds into one  
of the grandest hiking areas in the world.

With this 35,000 acres additional we would  
then have less than 10% of the Angeles For-  
est as primitive, and who will say that we  
should not hold as wilderness at least 10%  
of that great playground in which we have  
had the privilege of escape from crowding civ-  
ilization and the fast pace of modern life.

Trails Magazine urges immediate action by  
all outdoor organizations and interested indi-  
viduals.

## AND THE LEAST OF YOU MAY ALSO SERVE

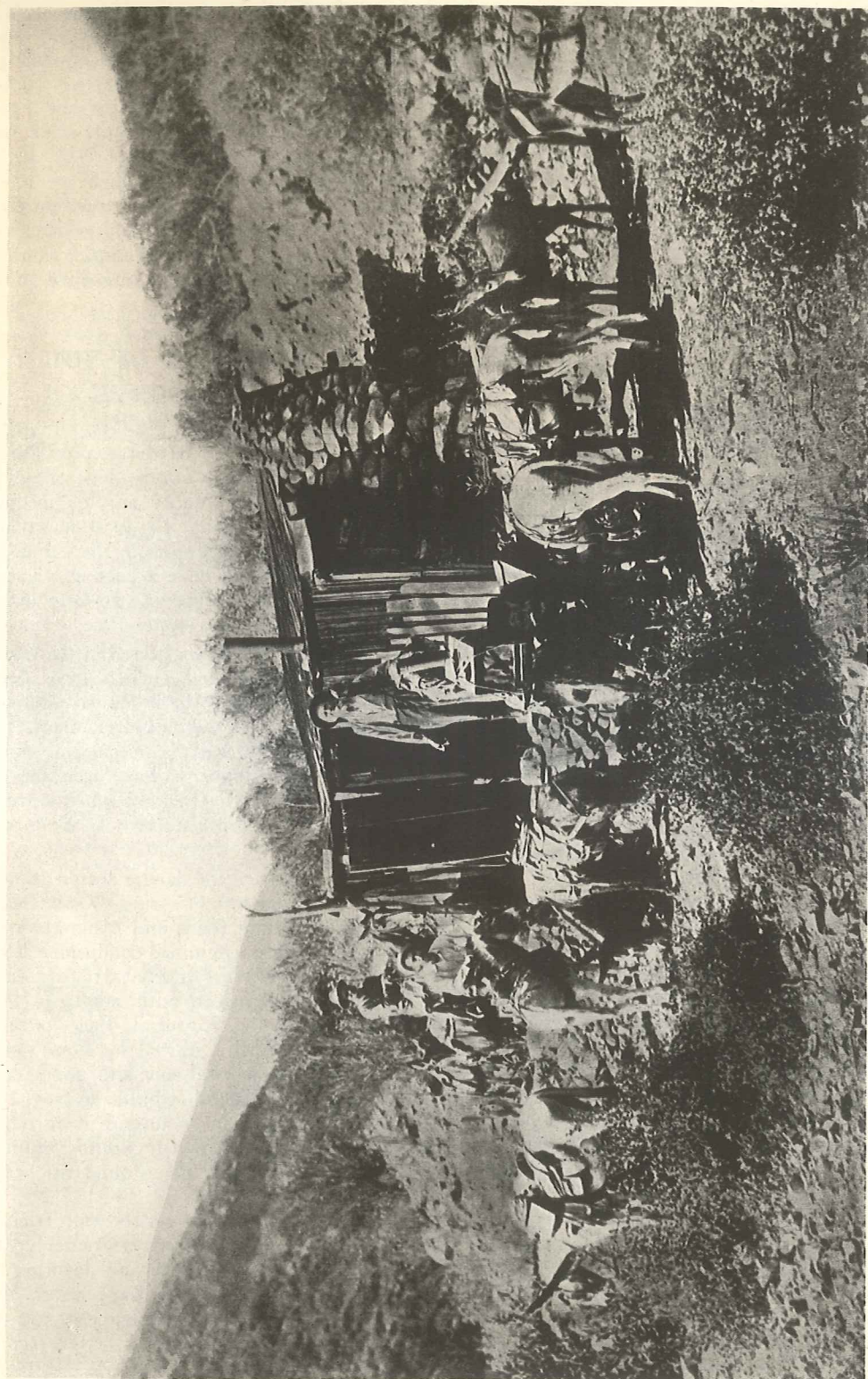
For the past five years it has been our priv-  
ilege, as a division of the Department of Parks  
and Recreation, to serve our readers, the citi-  
zens of Los Angeles County and the people  
of the whole Southwest. To assist in saving  
a priceless heritage, to educate in the values of  
forested mountains, to have a part in a great  
program of fire prevention and to help many  
thousands of you have a better time.

Our success is in part registered in the many  
thousands of new friends which have been  
gained for our mountain back country and for  
this department of County Government, the  
tremendous new interest in mountain recre-  
ation, the real assistance we have been able to  
furnish in juvenile control and adult unrest,  
and the unprecedented reduction in mountain  
fire losses.

Again we approach the danger season; much  
of the luxuriant growth of spring is now tinder  
dry; many mountain roads and trails are still  
impassible and most are in bad condition. The  
Forest Service is fearful of what dry, hot days  
will bring. We repeat with emphasis this  
paragraph from the Editorial Page of the  
Spring issue: "A fire started by some one's  
carelessness, in some vital spot and under cer-  
tain weather conditions, would destroy the  
rest of the best of your mountain playground  
and bring restrictions which would prohibit  
the use of much of that playground for years  
to come."

Now we call on our readers and friends  
for even more devoted service, a greater vigil-  
ance, a personal responsibility and devotion to  
forest protection such as we have never had  
before. Let's answer the challenge of nature  
and the elements with an even better record  
for 1938.





THE OLD CABIN AT HEATON'S FLAT MINE—BUILT IN 1891.  
Pictured (left to right) are Ralph Follows, E. V. Lucas and William T. Heaton.

### CABIN LANDMARKS OF THE ANGELES

In this number we continue the story of the Old Cabins of the Angeles Forest with a brief history of the old days and old characters of the East Fork of the San Gabriel. For this narrative, which so vividly portrays those old days, we are greatly indebted to Mr. Sedley Peck, grandson of William T. Heaton and owner and operator of the Heaton Flat mine which has been in continual gold production during most of the time of this story.

Mr. Peck purposely omits all reference to the earlier Indian mining and early Mission influence in the Canyon, likewise the history of Cattle, Cow and Coldwater Canyons, including the saga of the Canyon Bad Man, John Knox Portwood, all of which will appear in later issues of Trails Magazine. Our Readers will note that the original and historic names of Laurel Gulch and Sheep Mountain are used, instead of the more recent designations of Allison Gulch and Iron Mountain, which Old Timers of the Canyon do not accept.

We are also indebted to Mr. Peck, to Mrs. Jane Follows and to Cornelius Smith, Secretary of the Azusa Chamber of Commerce for the pictures which illustrate this old history.

## COLORFUL OLD DAYS ON THE UPPER SAN GABRIEL

By SEDLEY PECK

The March floods of this year erased so much of the visible evidence of the Pioneers in the Upper San Gabriel Canyon, that this bit of historical writing will be more of a Ghost Dance than a guide book. Trees which had seen two centuries; monuments to sturdy men, and of their mining efforts; and cabins with the experiences of seventy-five years, eloquent though silent in their walls—all were washed away.

The San Gabriel Canyon has a rich and lusty history developed through the clash of the purposes of man against the forces of Nature, and the eternal struggle of man with his fellowman. The accounts of the Canyon before 1844, when Henry Dalton settled near its mouth, are legendary and nebulous. From the meager newspapers and magazines of the time we know that a certain Captain Ham-mager made a survey of the Canyon from the Dalton Ranch to the Blue Ridge Divide above Prairie Fork in the year 1855. He reported considerable mining activity in the Iron Fork and Coldwater Canyon sections.

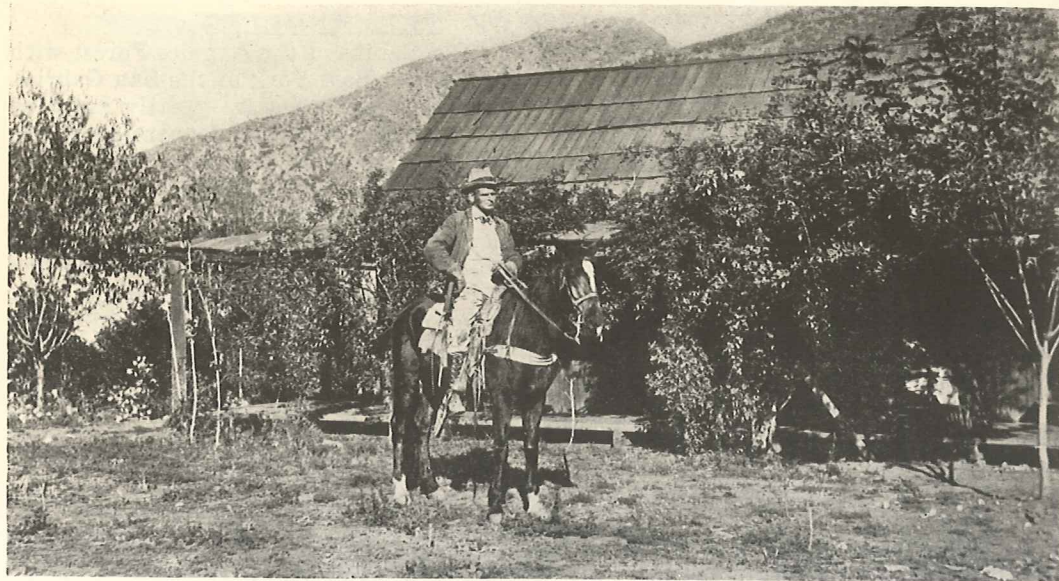
These were the first American miners known to have worked in the San Gabriel Canyon. They were miners from the Kern River diggings who had drifted on South, and who had entered the Canyon by way of Cajon Pass in April, 1855. These early miners were typical "boomers," the type of gold "snipers" who drift from place to place, following each

new rumor of a "strike." They made crude rockers, or sluice-boxes cut from trees on the spot, and went after coarse gold only.

There was nothing permanent about the lives of these early comers to the Canyon, and there are no monuments or cabins existing which date from them. The records of the Wells-Fargo Express Company and of the United States Mints, along with some few references in print—plus the fact that they persisted in their work, are the only proofs that they were actually getting that which they sought, and paving the way for the large scale hydraulic mining which was to follow. Among the few earlier miners who left written evidence were Baker and Smith, partners, who worked between Iron Fork and the Narrows, and took out \$800 worth of gold in one eight-day period. Tom Driver, working on a claim just below the Narrows on property which is still being mined by the San Gabriel Mining Company, took out \$350 in two hours.

The "Star" reported on December 5, 1859, that "The miners of the San Gabriel Canyon have done very well this year." The next year was again reported as a good one for the miners, with some three hundred accounts on the books of the El Doradoville stores. This prosperous boom town lay at the junction of Cattle Canyon with the East Fork. It boasted three general stores, and a half dozen saloons with their gambling and dance halls running





Ralph Follows and cabin he built for his parents in 1891. The rear rooms are the original Miners Trading Post, built by Henry C. Roberts in 1861.

wide open. John Robb, who spent more than sixty years of his life in the Canyon, claimed that he made more money by running the sawdust from the floor of the Union Saloon through his sluice box than he was able to make from real mining, so prodigal and careless of their pokes were the miners and gamblers of those days. On November 6, 1860, four hundred votes were cast in El Doradoville, nearly all for Lincoln.

In 1861, the Wells-Fargo Express Company was shipping an average of \$12,000 per month in gold nuggets from San Gabriel Canyon sources to San Francisco, well armed Express Messengers sitting beside the Butterfield stagecoach drivers, guarding the familiar Wells-Fargo strong boxes en route. It is logical to assume that at least an equal amount was sent by other agencies or carried by private parties. Major Ben C. Truman in his book, "Semi-Tropical California," published in 1874, wrote, "During the past eighteen years, Ducommun and Jones have purchased over two million dollars in gold dust from the placer claims of the San Gabriel River."

In December of 1861 the usual rainy season set in, and after three weeks of nearly continuous downpour had saturated the watershed, a rain of cloudburst proportions on Saturday, January 18, 1862, literally washed the floor of the canyon away. The entire town of El Doradoville was obliterated, not one

building resisting the flood waters. The miners lost all cabins, supplies and equipment which were anyways situated in the riverbed, including the dozens of China pumps, those ingenious water-wheel dippers which came to California mines from the rice fields of China, and with which the riverbed drifts were kept reasonably free from water. The "Boomers" were finished, and never returned; some of the more persevering stayed on, and gradually others came in. The mines of the San Gabriel have never been idle, for the lure of gold keeps men ever on its quest, and a continuous, if variable, stream of the precious element flows from them to the mints of our Uncle Sam.

#### The Hydraulic Period

H. C. Roberts, whose home, built in 1859 in the very mouth of the San Gabriel, and for whom Roberts Canyon was named, had been closely associated with the life of the Canyon since the first American miners came. In 1861 Roberts built a stone and log cabin on the mesa which was later to become internationally famous as Follows Camp, and there conducted a general store, buying the gold from the miners and supplying them with whatever they required. This building is one of the few in the Canyon which survived the 1862 floods, and it is still in use, no doubt the oldest existing structure in the region. Roberts watched the steady stream of nuggets which came to his scales from the Cecil Graham

Hill immediately across the river, and finally he decided to take over that property and exploit it on a large scale with hydraulic machinery.

At about this time, William G. Fergusson, Los Angeles pioneer and prosperous owner of the Fashion Livery Stables on North Main Street, commenced to install hydraulic equipment on mining properties adjoining the Roberts' holdings on the West. It became a race between the crews of Roberts and Fergusson as to which would first complete the ditches and flumes to bring the water from six miles up stream to the artificial lakes constructed in gulches and draws high above the mines. The volume and pressure thus acquired was needed to force the water from the hydraulic nozzles with sufficient power to tear away the high gravel bars and wash rocks, gravel, clay and all through the long sluice boxes where the gold could be trapped.

The building of these ditches, which may still be traced along the mountain-side, was a stupendous undertaking. Dams were built to divert the river water into settling basins where the sand, which would have quickly clogged the ditches, was removed. Conduits were blasted and hewn from the rock-walls of the canyon, flumed on steel supports driven into sheer cliffs, carried on high trestles across gulches and canyons, through clay lined ditches across high mesas, by gentle grades which soon raised the level, until the water was finally brought to the storage lakes a thousand feet above the rapidly falling canyon floor.

The Roberts ditch ran along the north and west canyon walls, while that of Fergusson skirted the south and east sides. Finally the laborers—Indians, Mexicans, Kanakas and Chinamen—working under American bosses, completed their tasks. The lakes were full, the monitors ready, four hundred feet of sluice boxes installed, and hydraulic mining began in the Fall of 1870. For the next four years, in spite of endless trouble with the flumes, and the fact that their crude process retained only the heavier pieces of gold, these two hydraulic companies recovered an average of \$1000 per month in gold nuggets. Small scale miners still mine the tailings of these hydraulic workings, recovering more gold per cubic yard than was taken out originally.

Roberts refused an offer from a San Francisco Chinese Tong of \$250,000 in cash for his holdings in the summer of '73. During the next year as they worked deeper into the

hills they were constantly breaking into old tunnels and chambers from which the rich pay streaks had been removed by early Indian miners. Then, harassed by adverse State laws, hydraulic operations came to a close.

#### Modern Old Timers

Some of the men who had worked on the hydraulic projects remained to carry on the small scale mining which has persisted ever since. These, with some few early recruits, became the "Old Timers" as we of today knew them. Since no chronological catalogue of the old Canyon miners, nor of its hunters, campers, explorers or cabin builders could be at all accurate, it may be well to start at the headwaters of the canyon and drop down the stream, with a nod as we pass to the Ghosts of the Pioneers, and apologies in advance to those we may miss.

Away up near the Divide in Vincent's Gulch is the Big Horn Mine, where the snows lie deep in winter—the scene of some gallant rescue work by the Forest Service men. Then there is the Native Son Mine in Prairie Fork. Over on Sheep Mountain is the Golden Chalice Mine, the old Stanley and Miller property which is still being operated by Gordon Stanley. And at the head of old Laurel Gulch is the Allison Mine, now being run by a group



The author of this story, Sedley Pack, and Mrs. Peck, examining a promising pan from the Heaton Flat Mine.

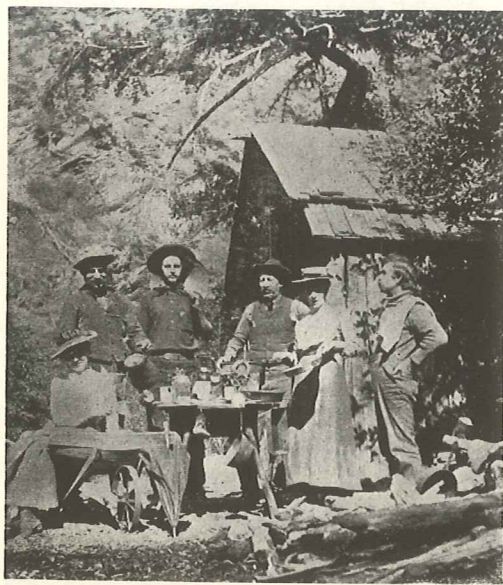


who have no connection with the epic history of the Allison's which must some day be written. These four mines are grouped as the only active quartz mines in the region.

Charles "Tom" Vincent, a famous Big Horn sheep, bear and deer hunter in the days long before the Canyon was included in a game refuge, lived high up in the gulch to which he gave his name, in a cabin which was actually surrounded with the horns and skulls of game he had shot. "Tom's" friend, Billy Bristol, still lives just over the divide in Wrightwood, where he conducts a Natural History Museum, well worth a visit by any lover of nature.

The Giddings' cabin, which stood for fifty years just above Iron Fork, was washed away in the March floods, as was the "Hell and Gone" cabin above it. Up in Clark Gulch the old cabin of hand-hewn slabs and shakes built by Fred Clark in 1897, has resisted fire, flood and time, to shelter the casual passerby in its old age, since nobody lives there now, and the door is always open. The slab floor is all that remains of the old Snow cabin in Iron Fork since it was burned down in the 1919 fire.

Right in the fish-hook cove which shelters the mouth of Iron Fork stands an old cabin of slab rock, the origin of which is attributed to the Mormon settlement of San Bernardino.



The Giddings Cabin, built in 1897. Pictured (left to right) are Annie Follows, John Drips, Charlie Bauder, George Trogden, Miss Beckwith and Frank Spence.

This place was taken up as a homestead by Dan McCarthy, husband of Annie Potter, and was taken over by George Trogden in 1898 when he came there as an agent for the Pacific Light and Power Company. Trogden, though a landsman, was the exact type in appearance of Long John Silver, even to the rolling gait, stiff leg and bad eye. He was born, however, to be a host to outdoor people; his coffee pot and frying pan were always ready to do service, and Trogden's became a focal point for nature lovers of all categories—campers, hunters, fishermen and just plain loafers. In this spot, difficult to reach over a hazardous, narrow trail, and two days from a railroad, electric light, or flush toilet, groups of tourists fraternized with grizzled miners, mighty hunters, and lying fishermen, and no one asked, or even cared, whether he was sharing his beans and coffee with a bank president or a bank robber.

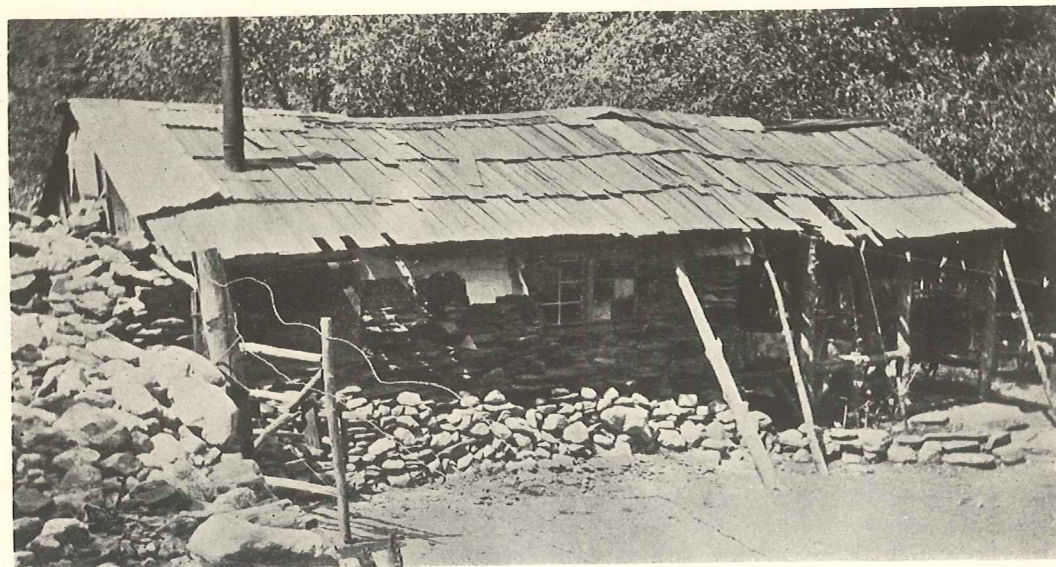
The two Trogden daughters could outride and outshoot any men who came to the camp, and many a proud hunter lost both his bet and his pride when he matched skill with them. It is said that Trogden's giant burro, "Coalie," often brought George home across The Narrows by balancing him on her back, when his own sense of equilibrium would never have been equal to the task. Indeed, most travelers dismount and walk this narrow trail, which clings high on a dizzy cliff for over a mile through The Narrows.

Among the miners who were often at Trogden's, also a central point for mail, supplies or company, was the veteran prospector, John Dripps, and his youthful partner, Charles Bauder, now the head of the Los Angeles office of the State Fish and Game Commission.

But of all the beauty and grandeur, only the memories remain in Trogden's cove. The front of the old cabin, and all of the other buildings, corrals, orchard, garden, and the majestic native oaks and pines were washed away in the disastrous floods of last March. The wild Iron Fork is tamed, temporary, until Nature and Time can restore it to its old vigor. The present owner, John Hibsich of Azusa, son-in-law of Old George, with his daughter Ina and her husband Wallace Piper, plan to restore the old cabin, and it is well that such a loved old landmark should not disappear from the face of the earth.

#### Canyon Graves Are Marked

The grave of Oliver Justice is on the mesa above Iron Fork. This bearded patriarch was



The original cabin on Iron Fork still stands. Built in Mormon Colony days—Familiarly known as Trogden's.

found dead in his chair by Ranger Tom Trout in June 1929, and was buried in a coffin which he had made from hand-hewn pine, and in a grave which he had previously dug for himself. Old friends in Azusa have placed a marker on his grave. The Justice cabin miraculously escaped the floods, everything around it being washed away, even great trees which stood on higher ground. It has sheltered many a straggling fisherman or prospector when overtaken by night or storm, and its massive stone walls stand as a landmark of the Upper San Gabriel Canyon.

In The Narrows section of the Canyon the ghosts are most insistent. Several cabin ruins here could speak eloquently of the years of struggle for gold on the part of some of their occupants; and of idyllic honeymoons for others; of health restored to sufferers by this clear air and pure water; of children born with but rude assistance; and of lives ended quickly by blasts, cave-ins, gun-fire, or more prosaically by the ravages of disease or old age. Pastors on picnic away from their parishes have come here; prospectors with "Spirit Guides" or equally nebulous "doodle bugs" to aid them in the location of gold; runaway boys out to emulate Tiburcio Vasquez or Joaquin Murieta, both of whom, by the way, knew and used the old San Gabriel Canyon—but that is another story. What tales these cabins could tell!

The Strunk cabin still stands, one of the

few to resist the ravages of time and weather. It was built in the '80s, and has been the home or shelter of many miners since that time. Perhaps its most notorious occupant was Chicken Findlay, an evangelist, chicken thief and miner, who finally went blind, was taken out to the County Farm, escaped, and was drowned in the stream in Little Dalton Canyon while trying to make his way back to the Canyon.

The famous old Horseshoe Mine has had many owners, and has periodically produced much gold, though probably not as much as has been put into it. Although new shacks appear from time to time on this property, the old buildings have all disappeared.

At the mouth of scenic Devil's Canyon is the Saunders patented mine. The original cabin, situated just where the trail through The Narrows starts up the mountainside, is located on a windy point. Even with some modern additions, it still looks more like a Swiss Alps cairn than a Western cabin, and it should be there as long as rocks shall last. Richard Saunders, son of the Old Timer who built the cabin, now owns it and mines there intermittently.

Another grave is in the mouth of Rattlesnake Canyon, where One-Eyed Mountain Charlie is buried. He owned to no other name. His partner was "Twitchlip" Kelly, and this peculiarly assorted pair mined in the riverbed around Devil's Canyon. Mountain



Charlie lost his left eye during the 1891 floods. The fire of 1919 destroyed his cabin close by the site of his grave where he was found, long dead, by Ralph Follows on the first pack train up the Canyon after the 1914 flood.

There remains only the foundation of the Joseph Cook cabin which, from 1860 to about 1900, was operated as a store, inn, shelter and friendly refuge to all who passed that way. Cook and several associates started a tunnel at Laurel Gulch with the idea of pushing through to Devil's Canyon, the plan being to take the river underground and leave the workings free from water. These hardy miners worked in deep and swiftly running, cold water, timbering with laurel logs as they went, for three heart-breaking years, but all to no avail since their tunnel developed more and more water as they went along, and their herculean efforts were doomed to failure. Cook then formed the San Gabriel Mining Company, which still mines two miles of the riverbed, but which lost all of its buildings and equipment in the recent floods.

Passing Laurel Gulch and the historic Allison Mine, the next historic mine is that of Alonza Shoemaker. Shoemaker came into the Canyon with the Kern River "Boomers" in 1855, and located the high bar, above the tributary of the San Gabriel River which bears his name. Another of the Kern River veterans, a Scotch bridge worker by trade, John McCaslin, later husband of Clara Potter, was a partner of Shoemaker, and together they mined that high bar for many years.

In 1890 a company composed of William T. Heaton, J. M. Striplin, Jim Smith and Joseph Cook, all experienced miners in this region, leased the Shoemaker Mine and installed a "self shooter," a kind of miniature hydraulic system. They took the water from high up in Shoemaker Canyon and ran it to a storage reservoir which automatically flushed itself as frequently as it filled to the top, washing the gravel through the sluice boxes. It was slow work although it paid well enough, and when they found better prospects on the Good Hope Bar across the river, they abandoned the Shoemaker Mine. On the Good Hope they often took as much as ten ounces of gold in a day, but in two years they had run four great drifts, thirty feet deep and five hundred feet long across the Bar, and further work would have meant too great an excavation effort, so they again went prospecting.

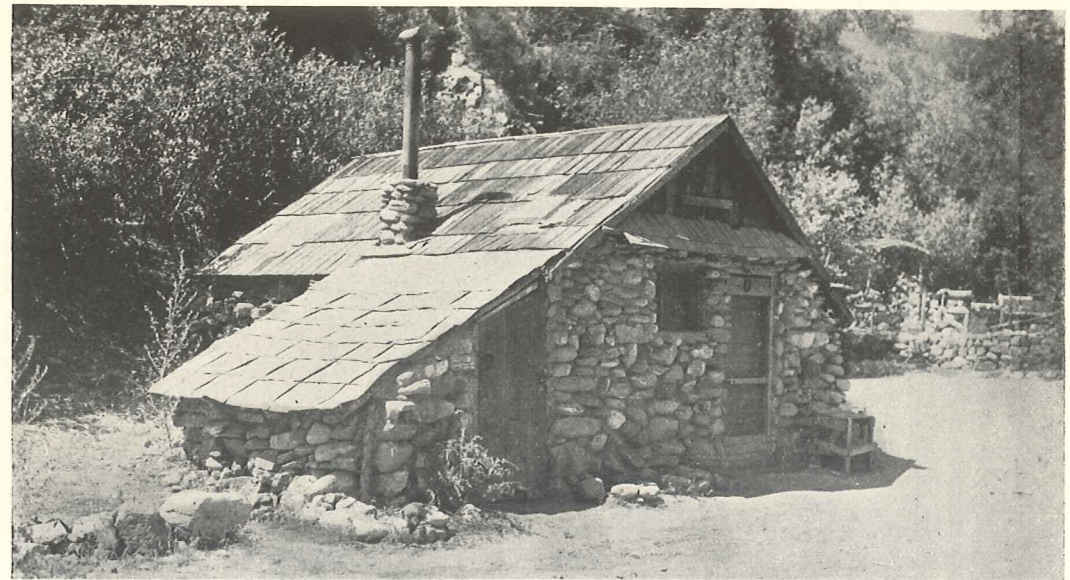
George Diley relocated the Shoemaker place

in 1893, and built the cabin later known as the Robb cabin, since John Robb jumped the claim when Diley became mentally unbalanced and left the Canyon. John Robb had been in the canyon since the early hydraulic days, had married Jane Potter and lived at the Vaughn place below The Forks. He brought his wife and three daughters to Shoemaker Canyon in 1897, but later deserted by his wife and children, became a sad recluse. In 1919, while burning some weeds in his garden in the mouth of Shoemaker Canyon, he set the forest fire which raged from September 12th to 27th, burning over 60,000 acres, the largest fire which the Angeles National Forest has ever known.

Shortly after that fire, Robb died, and the place came into the possession of James Ryan, who still holds it. "Dad" Strandberg, Vick Strandberg and Michael Vas now live on this claim and mine in the old Shoemaker diggings. Strandberg came into the Canyon in 1903 and located on the then vacant Good Hope Bar. He and his stalwart sons built the cabin on the site of the old McCaslin cabin, well above high water possibilities and near some splendid oak trees. The March floods left this cabin perilously near to a new-made cliff, and took the two-hundred year oaks out, roots and all, while its occupant, Peg Leg Bill Coyne, unable to hit the trail, could only watch and hope that the waters would recede. Strandberg had sold this place to E. V. Brink in 1930 and moved up to the Ryan place.

Coming on down the Canyon only the Ghosts of the old-timers are met, for the building of the ill-fated road, and the ravages of time have combined to sweep the Canyon clean. There in the mouth of Smith Gulch are a half dozen rocks to show where once was the cabin and burro corrals of Uncle Jimmy Grayson, who packed in most of the "grub" for the miners in the higher reaches of the Canyon in the old days. Then there was Old Man Armstrong in his shack opposite Grayson's, and a bit further down was One-Eyed Alexander's cabin. This cabin stood hard by the trail under a huge oak tree and was the typical "House By the Side of the Road" over a period of thirty years, until the coming of the new road obliterated all trace of it.

William T. Heaton, who came to the Canyon from the Northern Mines, first mined in Coldwater Canyon; then on the Shoemaker Claim and Good Hope Bar, and in 1891 lo-



The Fred Maley cabin, built in 1894.

cated on "Peachtree Flat," which soon became known as "Heaton's Flat," and built a cabin there which stood as a landmark until the coming of the road in 1933 obliterated the last trace. This flat was planted to peach trees and grape vines when the white man first knew it, evidence that the Mission influence was strong at this spot, and a peculiar red rock, which was known to the Canyon Indians as "Prayer Rock," stands at the lower end of the Flat. Down the river from this rock the old Indian Luisenna lived out his days.

On the mesa above the hogan of Luisenna, an Italian shoemaker, Bartholdi, built a rude shelter of rocks and mud in 1872. Bartholdi had set up a boot and shoe repair shop at The Forks the year before, and had a good business among the hydraulic workers, but he, too, got the Gold Fever, and struck out for himself within a year. In later years this old Italian who was called "Bismark" by his friends, became more interested in his bees, to whom he gave the hut which still stands on the hill, and in the garden, vineyard and orchard which he had planted on the flat below. There he built a substantial house from the lumber of the abandoned hydraulic flumes, and developed an Old World atmosphere in his secluded self-sufficiency. He had a dozen varieties of grapes which he mixed to make a light red wine which had no name, but was of an unusual delicacy of bouquet. In the Fall of 1917 Bartholdi was riding his burro along the trail when the

animal shied from the whizz of a rattlesnake, unseating the old man, whose foot stuck in the stirrup. The burro dragged him to safety but in trying to release the foot bit him, causing an infection from which he died. Although badly damaged by the March floods this vineyard is still held by Bartholdi's heirs and has been used in recent years as a picnic place for an Italian Club known as "Club Baton."

There has always been some sort of place at the junction of Cattle Canyon and the main river. El Doradoville sprawled over this region in the early days, and different miners, storekeepers and resort people have kept up the activity there ever since. The last owner, Dr. Davenport, conducted a store and resort, but the March floods caused such heavy damage that the Forest Service is not renewing the lease, and Camp Bonita becomes another Canyon Ghost.

The old Ranger Station which was built by the veteran fire fighter Jack Sanborn in 1912, on the site of the old Union Saloon of El Doradoville, was abandoned in 1937 when an elaborate new Station was erected a half mile below on Maley Flat. It was, however, re-assigned to duty this year, when the floods swept through the new Station with disastrous results.

Fred Maley was one of the Canyon's later pioneers. He came in the early '90s, and located on the high bar above the Cattle Canyon junction. In the years 1894-95, he and



two associates recovered approximately \$60,000 worth of gold, but an injunction against muddying the water forced him to abandon the mine. Maley built the stone cabin on the flat below Cattle Canyon, and gave his name to the flat. It was here that the Swiss family Everhardy lived when they first came to the Canyon, before they moved their goats and cats down the Canyon to the chalet which hung on the cliff. Here Doc Wilson lived and mined for many years, and Dad Murray, and finally Saylor, who died in 1937, leaving it to his nephew Joe Saylor, along with a placer diggings across the river. In March of this year Joe watched the old cabin, as well as his mine, disintegrate and fall into the raging waters.

Then there was the cabin of Troubadour Rodriguez, a Yaqui Indian, who mined a high bar, carrying his pay dirt down to the river sluice-box in sacks made of hides. Across from his cabin, which the Atkinson road, built in 1936, destroyed, Troubadour had an alfalfa field on a high bench which was watered by a magnificent spring. Just below this spring John Malone of Azusa had a cabin, but no trace remains of field, spring or cabin since the March floods of this year.

Then there is the Jim Williams Ranch, evoking in its present ruins the memories of one of the most interesting characters of these

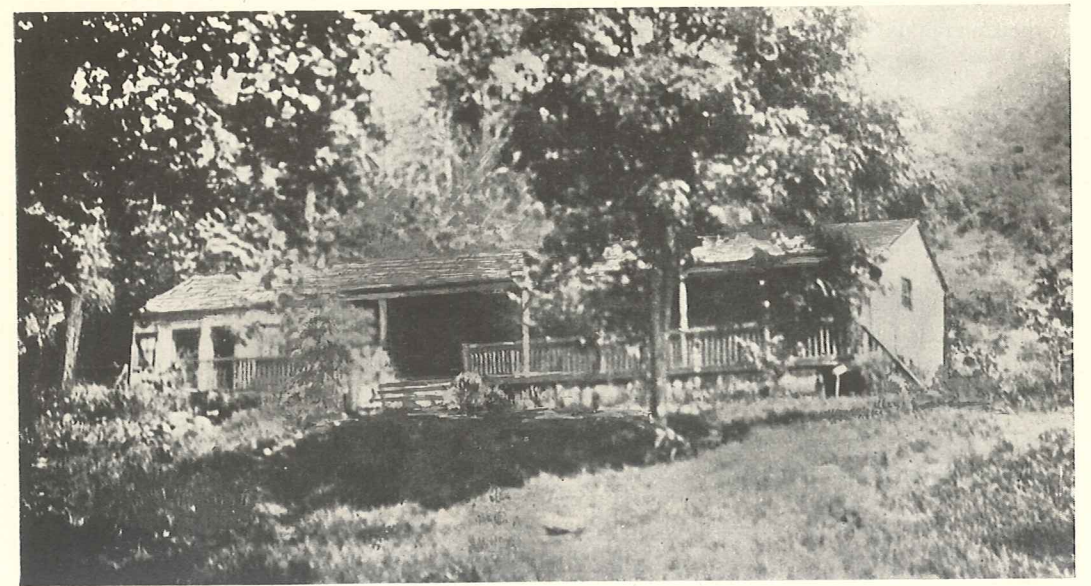
mountains, and his religious but very outspoken Irish helpmate, "Sister Mary," who lies buried under a large oak tree on that flat. The original Williams cabin still stands, high up on the bench on the rim of Horse Canyon. It was largely made from flume lumber. This is another cabin which could tell many tales if its walls could achieve speech. Jim Williams found it easy to do the assessment work for a dozen claim holders on any pleasant afternoon, and made his living chiefly in this manner. He had some tin mines up Horse Canyon, which he was always ready to sell, and had revamped the old Clark arrastre in Williams Canyon, across from his place, but his actual mining work could be told about in few words. After "Sister Mary" died, Jim became feeble-minded, and was finally taken out to the County Farm, where he died at the age of 91, in 1936.

In 1880, Kennett, a St. Louis man, bought the Roberts interests, including the store, on the mesa across from the Cecil Graham Hill. Little is known about Kennett except that he was soon in trouble on a manslaughter charge, and Ralph Follows, who came to the Canyon in 1891, bought him out.

In 1897 Ralph Follows married Jane Heaton, daughter of William T. Heaton, whom he met when packing supplies to the Heaton Mine and, until the coming of the automobile



*Follows Camp Stage, about 1900, leaving camp for Azusa—D. Aguilar, driver; Ralph Follows by the wheel. Standing—C. D. Manning, later a Supervisor of L. A. County, and Will T. Barker.*



*Mountain View, built in 1878 by William Potter, of hand-sawed lumber, hewed timbers and split shakes. Was finest canyon home in the old days.*

in about 1915, Follows Camp, with its four horse stages, saddle horses and Western atmosphere, was one of the show places of California, at times accommodating as many as two hundred guests. Many of the early "Western" motion pictures were made at and around Follows Camp, with the stages and horses, oftentimes with Follows himself, "Grandpa" Heaton, the hired hands, and even the guests appearing as "extras" in the films. The coming of the automobile made the trip to Follows Camp too easy, the romance was gone and soon the Camp languished and died. Ralph was killed when his machine jumped the highway in 1926, and Mrs. Jane Follows, who now owns the place, visits it only in the vacation periods.

Next west of Follows Camp the old William G. Fergusson property is owned by Clarence Fergusson of Los Angeles, and a grandson, William G., is now the most frequent visitor. Several modern buildings have been built on the property and only scars on the mountainside indicate the great mining activity of the old days. Here the Ghosts of Soldier Thompson, Charlie Hagan, and "Two Gun" Don Rosenkrantz seek in vain for their old friends and haunts. Up Graveyard Canyon still earlier Ghosts, but these of native Indians, must wait at the despoilation of their burial mounds, but White men can't see why pretty beads should stay buried! The ruins

of the Massey stamp mill and cyanide tanks in Graveyard Canyon are evidence of the buried hopes of a too sanguine miner of earlier days. Close by is the E. J. Fricke Ranch, where he has cleared a high mesa, developed water, and now has a beautiful orchard and a snug home. He also keeps bees and sells real mountain honey. Ed Lattin, who lives in a cabin on Fricke's place is the son of the Lattin who first mined in Coldwater Canyon when the Kern River miners came in the '50s.

Mountain View Ranch now marks the edge of the flood control lake reserve above Dam No. 1. This place was located in 1850 by Domingo Arviso, who came to the Canyon, bringing his bride, direct from Arispe, Sonora, Mexico. The Arviso family built cabins, tilled the fertile soil, and hunted and fished. They were a large and contented family; one of the children, Arnaldo Arviso, still lives in Glendora, rich in memories of early days in the Canyon.

William G. Potter, one of the early miners in the Canyon, was washed out by the floods of 1862, but came back the next year, bringing his wife Ruth, and went to work for Fergusson in the hydraulic construction work as a carpenter. In 1878 he acquired Mountain View and there built a splendid home for his large family. They had three boys—Curry, Hayes and Bill—and a half dozen girls, who supplied sturdy and competent wives to many

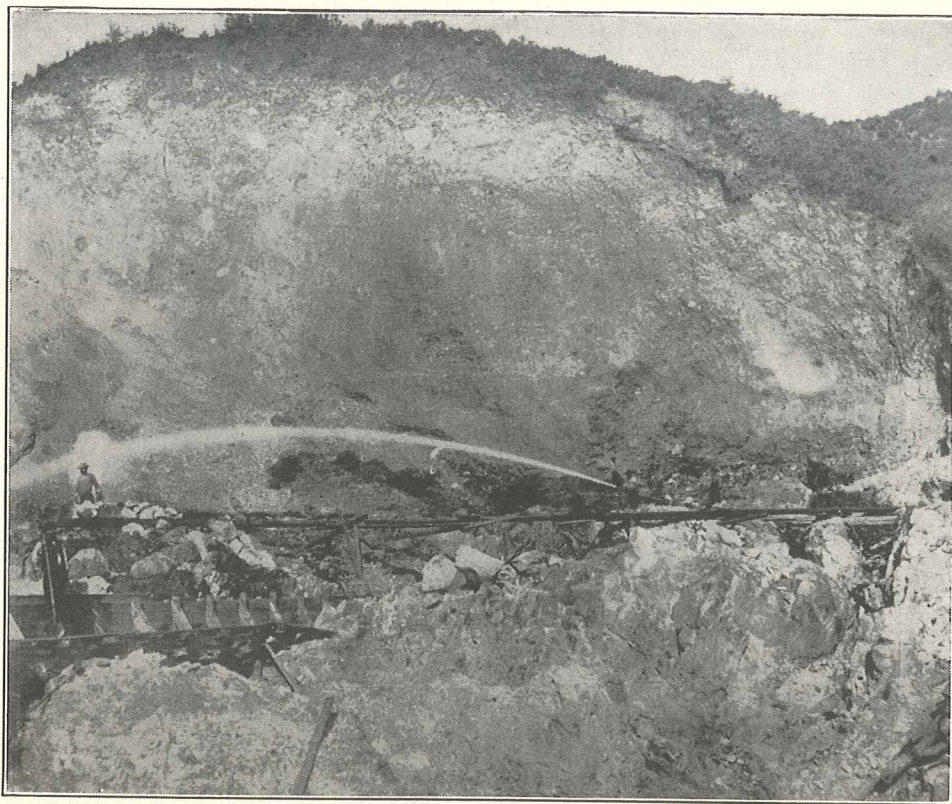


of the Canyon pioneers. Potter became known as "Lying Bill" and his stories are still told wherever Old Timers from the Canyon meet. One time a group of fishermen going out of the Canyon thought to alarm Bill by telling him a fake story of a terrific forest fire raging up above and certain to burn right down to his place. Bill calmly turned to his son Hayes and said, "Well, Hayes, that accounts for them fish you caught this mornin' with their fins and tails burned off!"

The Potter family mined, hunted, fished, and cultivated a fine orchard and garden, enjoying unusual prosperity until, after the father's death in February 1903, Hayes attempted to run a summer resort. The vicissitudes of business soon finished him, the bank foreclosed the mortgage, and Hayes became a fugitive. The property was then bought by Ralph Follows, who operated it in conjunction with Follows Camp, a mile above. The Los Angeles County Flood Control now owns this historic place, which is partially covered when the Dam No. 1 is full as it was in this year.

From Mountain View to The Forks, the Ghosts again are insistent. There was McNabb's Ranch, Jose Maria's hogan, Hessert's Mine, Jimmy Neal's cabin, Bill Bassett's artistic gorge home, and in the mouth of Burro Canyon, McCaslin's stone cabin to which he took young Clara Potter when they were married. But this area has all been denuded to make way for the flood waters behind the Dam, and must lie as a desert from now on.

At present there is no road into the Upper San Gabriel Canyon, except that out of Glendora, by Little Dalton Canyon, and down to Camp Bonita. This mountain road of sixteen miles has not one single hundred yard stretch of straight going, and mounts over 4,500 feet. The highway up through the Canyon to Big Pines Playground, so terribly wrecked in the March storm, will likely be abandoned, in line with the desire to leave that a primitive area, but some sort of road will be built to connect Camp Bonita with the Azusa-Crystal Lake highway, either over Dam No. 1 or around the lake area to Camp Rincon.



The Henry Roberts Hydraulic Mine in the 1870s. A wonder of its day.



—Photo by Will H. Thrall

## THE PACK TRAIN

From "Songs Of The Trail," by Henry Herbert Knibbs

Oh, some prefer the beaten track from city unto city,  
With fence and fence on either side and smoke at either end,  
Nor know the joy of trail and pack—and silence—more's the pity:  
It's hurry! hurry! everywhere, and little time to spend.

The morning's on the hills of blue with mist across them blowing:  
Then hang and balance each kyack the dead-weight of the other,  
And lay the diamond neat and true, for up the range we're going;  
Heave hard and steal an inch of slack, and if you can, another.

All trim and stout? Then string 'em out and start 'em slow and steady:  
Our trail is up the hills of blue with sun on ridge and hollow:  
The leader knows what he's about—he's wise, but never heady,  
So now there's nothing else to do but fork your horse and follow.

Around the bend, along the ledge—the clouds are rolling under,  
From shore to shore like drifted snow, and in the distance gleaming,  
A thread of gold, the ocean-edge: we're higher than the thunder;  
With blue above and gray below, and in between we're dreaming.

It's creak of rope and plod of hoof—a sort of outland rhyming,  
As up the grade to timber-line we make it mile by mile.  
We're riding on the morning's roof—it took a bit of climbing  
To top the land of spruce and pine—so let 'em rest awhile.

Then down along this rocky ridge dividing all creation,  
The backbone of a giant ram that humps to meet the sky,  
A narrow but a solid bridge to reach the Ranger Station,  
And there's the flag where Uncle Sam is watching, far and high.

It's closer to the stars than most. Well, all the packs are riding:  
It's fuss and fiddle down the grade and shuffle through the Pass,  
And 'way out yonder is the coast the morning mists were hiding,  
And here's the camp, with plenty shade and mountain-meadow grass.

So slack the ropes and drop the packs and let 'em go to grazing,  
They've earned a rest—they put it through two hours ahead of night:  
Just watch 'em roll to dry their backs: they won't need any hazing  
To feed and water on The Blue—and how's your appetite.

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## WHEN DISASTER STRIKES

The great flood of 1938 is history; all mountain events will date from March 2, of this year; what has gone before is the story of the past. We have counted our losses; with characteristic spirit and optimism we refuse to be licked; we are on our way to rehabilitation and we are proud of our mountain folks.

The few stories for which we have space are not particularly outstanding examples of sacrifice, heroism or service, but were duplicated many times and in many places during those days and nights of horror.

If one has not experienced these things, the thunderous din of boulder crashing boulder, the sight of massive mountain buttresses crumbling under the ceaseless battering of flood and rock, of great masses crashing down the slopes carrying everything before them, great trees which have grown for hundreds of years torn out by the roots and pounded to matchwood, the resistless power of a mountain flood sweeping everything before it, then the terror of it all is beyond comprehension.

### The Big Tujunga

The Big Tujunga, protected for the past seven years by the flood control dam, had become a bower of beauty. With a controlled flow all the year the canyon trees had made a splendid growth and on Summer week-ends thousands of happy campers found healthful recreation in their shade along a rippling stream. About thirty families had permanent homes on patented land between its walls and were called the lucky ones by their valley friends.

Then came the storm of March 2, the dam was filled to overflowing before the peak was reached, and such a flood rolled down the canyon as the oldest inhabitant had never known.

O. W. Rutherford was the Forest Guard on duty and with his family lived in a cosy little home high on the west bank, protected up stream by a massive shoulder of the mountain which, jutting far out, turned the water to the opposite side. As the river began to rise, wave on wave, higher and higher; as the thunder of crashing boulders grew until it shook the mountainside; as one well-known landmark after another went rolling by on the boiling flood, they were concerned for their neighbors and friends but, protected by their point, nothing could happen to them.

But look! what is happening there? Great

masses of rock on which they had depended for protection were tumbling into the flood, and within fifteen or twenty minutes of the first assault, using logs and boulders as battering rams, that protecting point was cut back to a hundred foot cliff, the little flat with all its buildings which they had called home, was crumbling into the torrent and they were desperately searching along the mountainside for anything which offered security and shelter from the storm.

### Coldbrook Camp

When the flood, carrying everything movable, rolled down Soldier Creek, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. McGhie, caretakers at this resort, took to the trees and, from 11 a.m. to 6 p.m. on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon, were in the branches of one of the giant oaks on the grounds, while the flood swept away their buildings and belongings and raging water and crashing boulders threatened to tear up by the roots even the great oaks in which they had taken refuge.

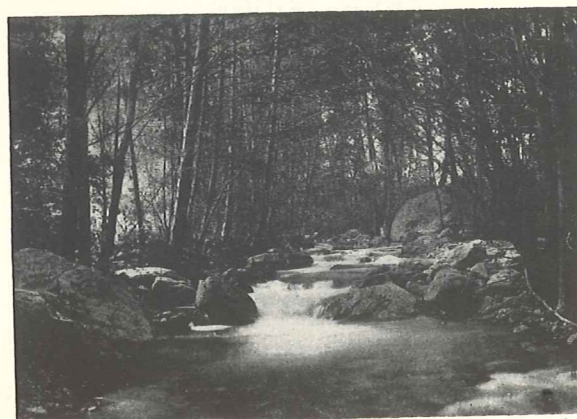
The camp cat climbed the tree with them, while the dog and a tame deer, which had been raised in camp, found precarious refuge near by. Late in the afternoon they waded to the hillside, and by 10 a.m. the next day, the cat, dog and deer still with them, were able to reach the Ranger Station only a quarter mile away. This popular resort, which was started by A. A. (Doc) Beatty in 1891, now lies buried under twenty feet of rock.

Just across the stream at the C.C.C. Camp, Mr. and Mrs. Arlie Booker were having an even worse experience. Booker had gone to look for a lantern when the Recreation Hall, in which they had taken refuge, started to collapse under the pressure of flood and rock. Mrs. Booker sought safety in a building which remained above the flood. When her husband failed to appear she supposed he had been swept away, while he, caught in the wreckage of the building, crushed from the waist down and unable to escape, expecting every minute to be swept by the torrent into the gorge, a hundred feet deep, which was rapidly cutting back through the camp, was sure his wife had met a like fate.

Booker's plight was discovered about 11 a.m. the next day by Messrs. Headlee and Dorman of Camp La Cienega, guided to him by the barking of the dog, and it was not

until some time later that Mrs. Booker was found collapsed, and nearly unconscious, in the building where she had taken refuge. First aid for injury and shock was administered under the direction of Frank Driscoll, Chief Ranger at Crystal Lake Playground, and not until 1 p.m. on March 6 were doctors able to reach them.

Food and medical supplies were brought down the mountain from the store at Crystal Lake for those at Coldbrook and some twenty others who were marooned along the North Fork, while Driscoll and his crew were doing super-human service among the injured and the homeless. Saturday, March 5, Assistant District Ranger Maxwell arrived with two boys from the C.C.C. Sunday at 11 a.m. Fen Richards of the Crystal Lake force arrived after a tremendous thirty-six hour struggle from Azusa. By 11 a.m. Monday airplanes were dropping supplies by parachute.



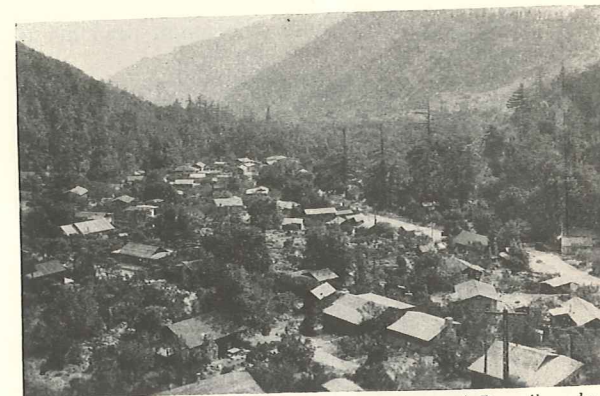
—Courtesy of Dan Alexander

San Antonio Creek—Before the Flood.

On Tuesday, March 8, at 8:30 a.m. and five days after his rescue, the terribly injured man was placed on a stretcher and carried nine miles, through that awful wreckage, to the lake above Flood Control Dam No. 1, arriving at 5 p.m. The following morning a Navy plane landed on the lake and flew him to a hospital at Long Beach.

### Ice House Canyon

The unearthly din of the flood had eased and the deluge of rain had turned to snow. The Allisons at Ice House Resort had seen the wreckage of a majority of the cabins of the Canyon go by on the crest of a raging torrent. Their own cabins had gone with the rest and all that remained was the main lodge, which was also their home.



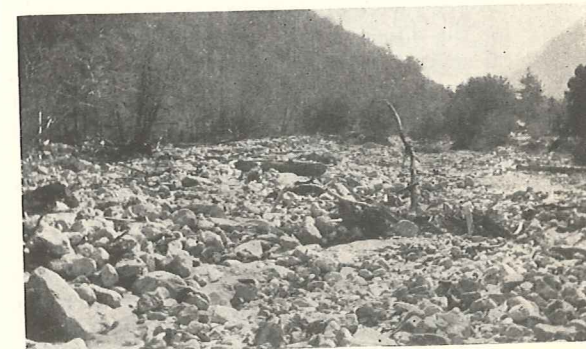
—Courtesy of Dan Alexander

Looking south from Camp Baldy—Before.

Splendidly upholding the traditions of a family of mountaineers, George Allison set out up Ice House Canyon, through a veil of falling snow, into a world completely changed, to give help where needed and rescue whom he might. Finding two families who needed his assistance and having assured himself that there were no others, he guided them to the shelter and protection of the Lodge.

There were ten humans to feed and food for only a few days, all modern means of communication were destroyed, and realizing that there must be many in other parts of the canyon who had barely escaped with their lives, if at all, he started, by trails and ways which he alone knew, to get word of their plight to the outside world.

Twelve weary miles over boulders, down timber and the wreckage of the storm, and Allison reached the valley and means of communication, their desperate need was reported to the sheriffs of San Bernardino and Los Angeles Counties, measures for relief were soon under way and George Allison was on his weary twelve-mile return trip, constantly on



Looking south from Camp Baldy—After.



the lookout for those who might need his assistance.

### Around Camp Baldy

The flood in San Antonio Canyon reached almost unbelievable proportions. The tumbling stream that we all remember which through all floods of the past 25 years had kept well within its banks, became a raging torrent 100 to 150 feet in width. The roar of tumbling water and rock pounding rock was deafening and great boulders, which even modern machinery would have found it difficult to move, were tossed about like chips. Wherever the water struck it took everything before it. Of the 588 privately owned cabins in the canyon, 206 were completely demolished and perhaps 200 others more or less seriously damaged.

Camp Baldy lost 68 out of 84 cabins, half of the main hotel, all of the fine new Wagon Wheel Casino, all of the garage and machine shop and half of the swimming plunge. Eleven Oaks Resort a quarter-mile below fared as badly, but Bear Canyon Resort, halfway between, through some inexplicable provision of Providence, was left almost unharmed.

Realizing almost immediately the extent of the disaster and that the hundred or more persons in that vicinity were likely to be cut off from the valley for several days, Jack Tonnall, Forest Guard, and Wm. Vernon, owner of Bear Canyon Resort, immediately organized a committee, gathered all available food supplies at the Forestry Station where they were rationed out as needed and saw, as far as possible, that every one had food, clothes and shelter. From the first it was seen that to conserve food and provide nourishing meals all must be fed at a central point, and the entire equipment of Bear Canyon Resort was immediately placed at their disposal.

Crews were organized from those best fitted for the different tasks, needed food and medical supplies were delivered by parachute from airplanes, arrangements made for the inoculation of all against typhoid, and more than 3000 meals were served during the ten days before the road was opened across the mountain from Glendora.

Trails Magazine considers it a privilege to publish the following poems which were exchanged by Mr. I. D. Perry, who lost his Big Santa Anita Canyon cabin in the March flood, and Mrs. R. B. Hosford, hostess of Fern

### THE FLOOD

The rain slants down and the skies are gray  
I gaze with dismay at the canyon floor;  
The little cabin is washed away.

Not again will my keys untrammel the door,  
No lantern hangs where it used to sway—  
I gaze with dismay at the canyon floor.

Waves and torrents and splash and spray  
Gray walls and green roof I shall see no more—  
The little cabin is washed away.

The furious stream ate the banks and bore  
Timber and plank down to dark decay—  
I gaze with dismay on the canyon floor.

Yesteryear by it my son was at play;  
His sons shall not listen to the gurgle and roar  
Of the stream, by the cabin, it's swept away.

Uprooted are live oak and maple and bay—  
I gaze with dismay at the canyon floor.  
The rain slants down, and the skies are gray;  
The little cabin is washed away.

### FERN LODGE

Your letter came in the post today:  
As the rain slants down and the skies are gray  
We read with interest what you say  
About your cabin that's washed away.

You'll need no key to untrammel our door,  
And our lantern hangs where it hung before—  
To guide the hiker who comes our way  
To be in the Hills that are here to stay.

Gaze not in dismay at the canyon floor,  
But look to the latch string on our door.  
Neither waves or torrents, splash or spray  
Will keep real mountain folks away,  
'Cause the good old Hills are here to stay.

The furious stream that ate the bank  
And bore the little cabin you loved away,  
Is gentle now as it winds its way  
Through gleaming sand on the canyon floor,  
As it passes the spot where your cabin stood  
I'm sure a mountain person could  
Hear the gay voice of a lad at play,  
In the good old Hills that are here to stay.

Gaze not in dismay at the canyon floor,  
Nor grieve in your heart for what's gone before  
But think of the memories you have today  
And the hundreds of other lads who play  
In the good old Hills that are here to stay.

As the twig is bent is the tree inclined,  
So keep this happy thought in mind:  
Your grandson will come, and his grandson, too,  
To the hills for strength when feeling blue,  
And go back to the battle, carefree and gay,  
For the good old Hills are here to stay.

Lodge. The answer was written for Mrs. Hosford by John W. Faux, Secretary of the Big Santa Anita Cabin Owners Association:



—Photo by Will H. Thrall

The beautifully forested meadow of Brown's Flat.

## BROWN'S FLAT — AN OLD VOLCANIC CRATER

By WILL H. THRALL

Brown's Flat, the subject of our cover picture, is a name familiar to most of those who hike the trails of the Angeles Forest, but comparatively few of this generation have ever crossed this highland meadow or camped in the beautiful groves of Jeffrey pine which dot its surface.

The flat proper is a lake-like depression covering about 80 acres, at an elevation varying from 4247 to 4300 feet, in the high plateau between San Dimas and San Antonio Canyons. It is entirely surrounded by oak forested hills, rising from just a few feet above the flat at the northwest rim to 700 feet on the opposite side.

It lies within the 17,000 acres of the San Dimas Experimental Forest, now closed to the public, except by special permit, surrounded by but not included in that great forest laboratory.

Many residents of the adjacent valley and some scientists have claimed this beautiful little valley was, ages ago, the crater from which poured the lava and volcano rock found in many places throughout the surrounding area and which underlies, in a great mass at about 300 feet depth, a considerable part of the valley about La Verne. It is possible that we have, here remaining, some of the old range, which was undoubtedly volcanic and which preceded the present San Gabriels.

Brown's Flat was, without doubt, well known to the native Indians and probably to the Spanish early in the 1800s. It must have been a popular hunting outpost early in the American occupation, but no one seems to have considered ownership until about 1892, when John Bradford Camp, and some of his cronies, began to use it for a hunting headquarters. On November 4, 1898, Camp filed a location on the N.E. ¼ of Sec. 9, T-1-N, R-8-W, and on August 29, 1902, title passed to him by U. S. Patent. Camp spent his summers on the flat and kept a few hunters who came for deer in those early days before this was included in the game refuge. A little cabin, which has long since disappeared, was built, but an attempt to develop a permanent water supply was unsuccessful, and this must be brought from a spring just over the north rim.

Like every part of our mountain area, Brown's Flat had its interesting stories, and one of the best of these, narrated by Frank Wheeler, the "Sage of Claremont," was published in the *Los Angeles Times* of July 1, 1903.

Camp had gone in early that Spring and had been busy for several weeks cleaning up and getting ready for his summer guests. He had heard the cries of mountain lions for several nights, and nothing can make one feel so



terribly alone in the high country as that long-drawn-out, piercing scream.

On the last Friday in June, while cutting brush a short distance from the cabin, he heard the soft fall of padded feet and looked up to see a huge lion facing him in the trail, snarling, switching his tail and evidently looking for trouble. As he reached for a small revolver on his hip another big lion and two half-grown cubs walked into the trail, and realizing the impotence of his light gun and so scared that accurate shooting was impossible, he created a momentary diversion by pulling the trigger and gained the shelter of the cabin about one jump ahead of the lion.

Looking out he saw his frightened burro, Al Borak, tugging at his rope as the tawny brutes crept up for a kill. With a wild lunge the burro broke loose and rushing for shelter with the lion in close pursuit, shot through the door which Camp had opened and which was closed and barred just in time.

All day Saturday and Sunday the lions prowled about or stood guard a short distance away at the edge of the clearing. Monday morning a cautious look around showed the coast apparently clear. Hurriedly saddling Al Borak, Camp mounted and headed for the valley and the burro, sensing danger perhaps better than the man, needed no urging.

Just as they passed over the rim of the flat for the brush-covered down-slope, a long piercing scream split the air and across the flat came a lion in hot pursuit. Terrified beyond control, Al Borak started for the valley with the speed of a race horse and the trip to Lordsburg (now La Verne) was made in time which will probably never again be equaled.

A night's rest in safety put man and burro in good condition and the next morning Camp, with Al Borak looking like a walking arsenal, started back for the flat determined to exterminate all the lions in the area and add the bounty for their pelts to his meager funds.

The truth of this story the writer cannot vouch for, but it is definitely known that an attempt to turn the flat into a hog ranch, fattening the animals on acorns which were produced in great quantities in the thick oak forest about the rim, ended in failure because the mountain lions acquired such an appetite for acorn-fattened pork. It is said that they gathered in such numbers that killing lions for the bounty became the more profitable occupation.

## FIFTH ANNUAL BIG PINES TRAILS MARATHON

START—Big Pines Recreation Camp.

DATE—Saturday, August 13, 1938.

TIME—5:00 P.M. DISTANCE—Total run 40 miles.

PACK—Each entrant must carry 10% of his weight; this to include his clothing, but exclusive of food and water.

ROUTE—Big Pines to Crystal Lake Recreation Camp and return. From Davidson Arch at Big Pines Camp to Inspiration Point on Blue Ridge road, west on Blue Ridge to Vincent Big Rock Divide, thence via trail to top of Mt. Baden-Powell. Elevation 9399 ft. Westward from Mt. Baden-Powell via trail to Mt. Islip saddle, thence to Crystal Lake Recreation Camp, finishing at Ranger Headquarters. Elevation 5655 feet. Return is made in reverse order of stations named above. Finish of race to be made at Davidson Arch Big Pines Recreation Camp. Elevation 6868 feet.

This event is sponsored annually by the Los Angeles County Department of Parks and Recreation. The following organizations will be in charge of control points: Catholic Boys' Camps, Harry James "Trailfinders" and the Los Angeles Boy Scouts.

Radio communication throughout the entire race will be furnished through the cooperation of the United States Forest Service Department of Agriculture. A trophy will be awarded the winner donated by Trails Magazine. Additional prizes will be awarded first, second and third places.

All entrants must have A.A.A. rating and applications should be received before noon August 13th, accompanied by a \$2.00 entry fee to Harlow Dormer, Swartout, California.

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## ASCENTS OF MOUNT SAN ANTONIO

From the palms and orange groves of Southern California can be seen in classical contrast the highest peak of the San Gabriel Mountains. Mount San Antonio, more vulgarly known as "Baldy." San Antonio and Baldy are one and the same peak; 10,080 feet in elevation above the sea.

The earliest record the writer has noted of Mount San Antonio is in the Whitney Survey report of 1865. In 1877 John Muir made a trip in the San Gabriel Mountains but did not reach the summit of its highest peak. When the first ascent was made is not now known, but in the book *Picturesque Los Angeles County*, published in 1887, there is a description of the ascent and mention of a register on top.

When the Sierra Club members started exploring the Sierra Nevada it is not surprising to find in 1903 a group of Los Angeles members of the Sierra Club walking up San Antonio Canyon from Upland and making an ascent of the peak "visited by a number of persons each year." The party returned down the Devil's Backbone and to Glenn Ranch in Lytle Creek Canyon. An account of this trip appeared in the *Sierra Club Bulletin* for June 1904.

From 1910 to 1913 there was enough interest in Mount San Antonio for Wm. B. Dewey to run a camp during the summer on the summit. It was mostly made up of tents, but there were also some small stone buildings, the ruins of which can still be seen. For an account of this camp and a picture see the Spring 1937 issue of the *Trails Magazine*.

In 1923 was published *The Southern Sierras of California* by Charles Francis Saunders. One of the chapters describes an ascent of the peak via San Gabriel Canyon. About 1924 the Sierra Club placed a metal register on the top, but now so many people visit it that the book fills up very rapidly.

The first ascent on skis was made as early as 1922. George O. Bauwens, who learned to ski in Bavaria, made the trip on January 16 after one unsuccessful attempt. Mr. Bauwens is now the Chairman of the Ski Mountaineers Section of the Sierra Club, and was in charge of the construction of the Sierra Club's San Antonio Ski Hut.

The real ski history of the peak began ten years later in 1932, when on February 14 Dr. Walter Mosauer, Murray Kirkwood and

Lloyd Cooper made the trip from Snowcrest Camp. An article on the subject with pictures appeared in the *Game and Gossip* for April 1932. The late Dr. Mosauer founded the Ski Mountaineers Section of the Sierra Club and was first to popularize ski touring in Southern California. In 1935 the San Antonio Ski Hut was first built, and now the ascent to the summit on skis is frequently made by properly equipped parties.

In summer the ascent of Mount San Antonio is not difficult and now even the Devil's Backbone has a cable in the places which caused anxiety to some parties. In winter this ridge has been the scene of several accidents. Mount San Antonio, with its commanding view of Southern California, is an ideal excursion at any season of the year.

The undersigned would be pleased to be informed of any early ascents of Mount San Antonio.

GLEN DAWSON.

## THE TRAIL TO BALDY

(Mount San Antonio)

It's a bumpy road and a narrow road  
Up the trail to Baldy's top,  
But a person doesn't mind the bumps  
And doesn't want to stop.

It's a hot road, and a dusty road  
Up the trail to those white snows,  
But once you've started you keep right on  
And you like it—goodness knows.

Yes—for people who don't love beauty  
It's bumpy and narrow and hot,  
But for those of the Race of Joseph  
The bumps don't mean a lot.

The blue of the sky and the white of the clouds,  
The big majestic pine  
Mean more to them than the dust and the rocks  
That they find along the line.

The trail to the Top of Baldy!  
Was ever there greater grace  
Granted to man by the God of the Woods  
Than to look upon his face?

Yes, it's the face of the Lord,  
This mountain with its snow,  
So the trail is never dusty or hot  
When traveled by those who know.

—DAN ALEXANDER.

## OUR COVER PICTURE (Sentinel Pines)

This beautiful group of Jeffery Pine, some of them over 200 feet high, stands on the northwest rim of Brown's Flat, marking the entrance by the old trail from San Dimas Canyon. The photograph was made many years ago by the Editor.



## Outing Club News

### CAMP REGISTRATION 100% AHEAD OF LAST YEAR

Putting the OUT in ScOUTing seems to be the ambition of an increasing number of Scouts and Leaders this Summer. While there is an increased interest in Troop Camps to the mountains and desert areas, the Ocean Camp of the Pasadena-San Gabriel Valley Council, Boy Scouts of America, located at Cherry Valley Harbor on the lower end of Catalina Island, is being literally swamped with applications.

Although at this writing the first of the five Camp sessions is still at Camp Cherry Valley it is interesting to note that Second Camp and Third Camp are entirely filled, the fourth session has gone well past the one hundred mark and the fifth camp is filling rapidly. Indications are that the total attendance will exceed nine hundred.

The High Sierra trip, which follows the Catalina Camp, has been limited to twenty Scouts and four Leaders, and it also is full.

This keener interest in the out-of-doors on the part of the constituents of the Boy Scouts of America, is most encouraging and we sincerely trust that this out-of-doors interest will continue throughout the year to a point where Troops will conduct more out-of-door meetings than indoor meetings.

For information on Camp registrations contact Tallman H. Trask, Scout Executive, Pasadena-San Gabriel Valley Council, Boy Scouts of America.

### NATURE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

The weekly dinner meetings of this club will be discontinued through the months of July and August, but the regular field activities will be carried on as usual.

The usual two-weeks outing for this Summer is planned for August 1 to 15 and will include Pfeifer's Redwood Park, Sonora Pass, Calaveras Big Tree Park and back through the Lake region. Travel will be by bus and night stops will provide for both resort and campground facilities as desired.

For information on Nature Club outings and other activities contact Miss Viola N. Poole, 1626 Victoria Avenue, Los Angeles. Phone PARKway 6473.

### SKI MOUNTAINEERS' SECTION SIERRA CLUB

The week-end of July 9-10, ground was cleared and construction started on a new Ski Hut at Keller Peak in the San Bernardino Mountains. This hut will fill a need long felt by the Sierra Club for an accessible lodge, with good skiing for beginners as well as tours for the more advanced. The site, leased from the U. S. Forest Service, is between Lake Arrowhead and Big Bear Valley on the Rim of the World Highway, in an easily accessible yet secluded spot just north of the road and a few hundred yards from the Snow Valley up-ski. Situated amid beautiful yellow pines, at an elevation of 6700 feet, it will be ideal for summer as well as winter use. The Hut will be about 35 by 15 feet, two stories, with sleeping accommodations for thirty-five persons.

Building of the Walter Mosauer Memorial Hut, which is planned for a site overlooking the South Fork Meadows on the north slope of Mt. San Geronio, will likely be postponed until spring, pending a Forestry Department decision on revising the boundaries of the primitive area. In order to determine what developments, if any, will be permitted at San Geronio, the entire region must first be surveyed, and this the Forest Service is not in a position to do at this time.

### ROCK CLIMBING SECTION SIERRA CLUB

With all the enthusiasm of an old-fashioned lynching party, a fine crowd of 50 gathered, the June 18-19 week-end at Tahquitz Rock, above Idyllwild, to learn the technique of using rope in modern rock climbing. All previous attendance records were shattered, as climbers literally swarmed over the rock from all directions. Experienced climbers cooperated splendidly in handling the throng of beginners. Many of the newer climbers show promise of developing into excellent leaders. A number of spectacular climbs were made, including the Wanger Spire, which was climbed for the first time. At the Saturday evening campfire a talk by Randall Henderson, well-known Sierra Club climber and Editor of Desert Magazine, was greatly enjoyed.

An all-night bivouac at 14,000 feet, spring

skiing, practice in snow and ice-craft and varied rock climbs marked the Fourth of July knap-sacking trip to the Palisade region of the High Sierras, where 32 camped at Third Lake, 10,300 feet elevation. Climbing was rendered difficult by unusually deep snow.

Two ropes of three, including Bob Brinton and Johnny Mendenhall, leaders, Wayland Gilbert, Muir Dawson, Hensel Fremstad, and Walter Hennies, climbed North Palisade (14,254 feet) by the East Face Route on Sunday. Partway up the climb, they found three solo climbers, who, while apparently fast climbers, were unroped and inadequately equipped. The RCS climbers, after answering their calls for help, roped them to the summit, and also taught them to rope down, which so delayed the party that they were unable to get off the face by dark. The party of nine spent a cold night on a small ledge at the top of the snow chute. Leaders, Brinton and Mendenhall, in bringing the large party safely through a difficult situation, clearly demonstrated the efficiency and safety of RCS standards compared with haphazard climbing by unequipped climbers.

Anxious campers at Third Lake, early the next morning, organized a rescue party who found the missing climbers safe. Other climbs made were Temple Crag (13,016 feet) and Mt. Sill (14,200 feet).

### GLENDALE COMMUNITY HIKERS

Owing to the uncertainty of opening dates of many mountain roads and many changes in rulings as to areas closed to hikers, it is difficult to set a definite schedule for the Summer months.

A weekly schedule for August and September has been distributed and wherever scheduled trips conflict with Forestry rulings, others will be substituted.

This schedule includes a breakfast and boating at Lancaster Lake, Sunland, for August 28; a three-day camping trip on upper Kern River for September 3-4-5; a moonlight party on the Malibu Coast for September 10; a hike in Fish Canyon for September 18; an overnight camp near Jackson Lake, Big Pines Playground for September 24-25.

For information on this club's activities and the time and arrangements for trips, contact Mr. R. W. Haight, 420 South Lincoln Avenue, Glendale. Phones DOuglas 4872 or VAndike 8785.

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## THE YUCCA HIKING CLUB OF MONROVIA

This Club carrying on the custom established by its founder, the late Rev. Edward Payson Rankin, of making the study of trail-side plant-life, flowers and birds its major interest, has found its trail trips of spring and early summer exceptionally rich with the display of flowers. The greatest number of varieties observed and identified were those on the April hike up the Big Dalton-Sycamore Flat trail, some 97 varieties being listed, including Fritillarias (Chocolate Lilies), Zygadene lilies, Mariposa lilies.

On the last Wednesday in April the hikers found the Madrone trees along the old Hoegee trail in bloom. That day's hike took the group into the spruce forests of upper Winter Creek, and the return trip was made down through Winter Creek Canyon, where the March floods had wrought great destruction, washing out much of the trail and wrecking things generally. Palmer Canyon on May 4th displayed large patches of Blue-Eyed Grass, Brodiaeas and other flowers of blue and purple hues, and over the divide in Evey Canyon several clumps of the somewhat rare Flowering Ash were in full bloom and a plant or two of the curious Scrophularia gave added interest.

Fern Springs, on the Pine Mountain truck trail from Camp Rincon, was the May 11th destination, more than fifty flower varieties being found along the way. This trip also disclosed the extent of the desolation wrought by the March floods in the West Fork and East Fork of the San Gabriel. It was an utterly changed San Dimas Canyon the hikers visited on May 18, the flood damage there being so great that the day's hike was much shortened. But many kinds of birds were observed, and about 60 varieties of flowers.

Birds were again the large interest on the ten-mile round trip from Chantry Flats to Sturtevant Camp and back over Mount Zion and the Hoegee trail, on May 25th. Several clumps of Pink Dicentra (Bleeding Heart) were somewhat of a surprise, in bloom near one of the wrecked Santa Anita cabins. A lovely Mountain Rose was in bloom at the base of a rocky cliff, and many of the less common flowers were listed among the more than sixty varieties observed during the day.

But Fish Canyon, on June 1st, was the most lavish of all in its display of flowers,

with great quantities of the lavender Godetias and Golden Yarrow spreading their blankets on the canyon slopes, and one large sized colony of the exquisite "Lantern of the Fairies" occupying rather an extensive space. The Pencil-leaved Stylophyllum was just about ready to burst into bloom. Sixty-five flower varieties were listed on this hike.

The Summer's first moonlight hike took a group up the trail of Dark Canyon to the Tujunga-Arroyo Seco Divide. The trail was redolent with the scent of the Pitcher Sage that grows there in profusion. Another large display of flowers in Roberts Canyon, included a tall Leopard Lily stalk in full bloom, though the bulb at its base was lying exposed and dry, having been cast up by flood waters.

Two of the Yucca Hiking Club members, Irving Wilke and Richard Lejon Johnson, covered an eleven-day period of hiking and exploring in the Mammoth Lakes district of the High Sierras from June 26th to July 6th. Birds and flowers of great interest were found, as well as the great wealth of gorgeous lake and mountain scenery in which the district abounds.

The summer's second moonlight hike was to Barley Flats on July 11th, and two more moonlight hikes are planned, for August and September, together with several picnic trips for those two months, to cover the period before regular hikes will be resumed in October.

For information contact Richard Lejon Johnston, Secretary, 116 North Alta Vista Avenue, Monrovia.

## SAN ANTONIO CLUB

Most of the outings of this club since the March flood have been work trips to their mountain headquarters, Big Spruce Cabin, on Bear Canyon west of Mt. Lowe. Though the building escaped damage in the big storm an enormous quantity of boulders were piled on the grounds and leveling operations have necessitated plenty of hard work.

The August 7 week-end will find them again at Big Spruce, and following that there will be several fine trips to finish out the summer. For information write or phone to Will H. Thrall, President, 400 South Garfield, Alhambra, or Edward Coughran, Secretary, 246 South Putney, San Gabriel.

## ROAMER HIKING CLUB

Our Clubhouse in Dark Canyon, just off the Arroyo Seco, has now been repaired and restored to the use of our members and their guests. Overnight parties are again enjoying themselves over the week-ends. There is nothing as beneficial to mind and body as a rest in the quietness of the mountains.

Taking notes from our current schedule, we find a Sunday beach party at Belmont Beach for July 24th. A moonlight hike Saturday night, August 6th, to Sister Elsie Peak. (This hike should attract quite a crowd, as it has been found that a great many hikers particularly enjoy hiking "behind a flashlight.") On August 21st there is scheduled another beach party, this time at Manhattan Beach. Winding up this schedule is a fine camping-out trip and hike over Labor Day holidays to Mt. Baden-Powell.

Club trips and events are open to guests as well as members, and it is suggested that anyone interested in our Club contact by telephone or letter, our Publicity Committee, either Florence Kennett, 1727 E. 69th Street, JE 4015, or Esther Davis, 929 Dexter Street, both in Los Angeles. A schedule will be gladly mailed to you and your name added to our mailing list.

As the summer season approaches we urge our membership and guests to strictly observe Forestry Department regulations regarding camp fires and smoking. These regulations are the result of years of experience and are necessary for the best of all who love the mountains.

## FOREST CONSERVATION CLUB

This fine club has just completed an interesting Spring schedule and, as always, it has included something constructive and helpful for all who hike the trails. A notable example of this is the repairing of the trail from Altadena to Echo Mountain, thereby making available a whole network of trails in the area about Mt. Lowe.

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The high spot of the Summer schedule, now out, is the two-weeks High Sierra trip to Agnew Meadow and Mammoth Lakes, which starts on July 17 and finishes out the month. Also on July 17 a hike in Millard Canyon for those who do not go on the high trip.

An overnight camp by the sea at Huntington Beach on August 6-7. A picnic supper in Glen Oak Park and moonlight hike over the Eagle Rock hills for August 13. Evening picnic in Flintridge for September 9. A camp in Charlton Flat and sunrise climb of Vetter Peak for September 17-18.

For information on club activities and further details of outing trips, contact Charles Warner, 279 Grand View street, Pasadena. Phone NIagara 4638.

## ANGELES FOREST NEWS

### \$150,000 FOR TRAILS—

There has just been an allotment of \$150,000 for immediate use in the repair and replacement of trails, campgrounds and truck trails which were damaged or destroyed in the March flood. This must be completed by September 30 and the work is now going forward with all possible dispatch.

### SENIOR FORESTER RETIRES—

W. L. Sears, familiarly called "Doc" by his many friends, is retiring from U. S. Forestry after twenty-two years of service. He has made a host of friends among the mountain folks of Southern California who will miss him from the information desk at Angeles Forest headquarters.

His place will be capably filled by Ranger John P. Kay, who has been, for the past three years, in charge of the Santa Anita Station at Sierra Madre. Previous to that he served four years in the Camp Baldy area and two years as Ranger at Valyermo in the Big Rock district. Mr. Kay has made many friends during his years of service who will wish to join with Trails Magazine in wishing him success in his new position.

## IMPORTANT NOTICE

We wish to call our readers' attention to the new location of Trails Magazine—on the third floor of the County Agricultural Building, 524 North Spring St., Los Angeles.



## Trail Trips

With repair and replacement of flood-damaged facilities in the Angeles Forest going forward as fast as men and money can do it, road, trail and campground conditions are changing very rapidly. Trails Magazine will keep in as close touch as is possible with changing conditions and will answer your questions on any particular part of the mountain area of Los Angeles County. Questions to be answered by mail must be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

### Mt. San Gabriel—Elev. 6152 Feet—½ Day

Drive Angeles Crest Highway to Red Box on the Arroyo Seco-West Fork Divide and park the auto. Hike south, up the ridge, by trail and road to the saddle between Mt. San Gabriel and Mt. Disappointment, 2.2 miles, then left on a branch trail to the summit, .8 of a mile. Magnificent panorama of valley and mountains. Carry water. Total hiking distance, 6 miles.

### Winter Creek and Hoegee's Camp from Arcadia—½ Day

Drive up Santa Anita Avenue, Arcadia, and on new mountain road to the end and park the auto. Hike the lower trail to Winter Creek, 1 mile, and turn left up Winter Creek to Hoegee's Camp, 1.5 miles. Just above Hoegee's Camp cross the stream on a trail which leads around the mountainside back to the auto, 2.5 miles.

On the trail back from Hoegee's you pass through a grove of madrone trees, one of three in Southern California. The madrone is a giant heather found only in California and largest heather in the world.

Water at convenient intervals. Total hiking distance, 5 miles.

### Fish Canyon Falls—½ Day

Drive Foothill Boulevard to just east of Duarte and turn left on marked road to mouth of Fish Canyon. Park auto and hike trail up canyon to falls, 200 feet high, 2¾ miles. Plenty of water. Picnic ground at the falls. Total hike, 5½ miles.

### Castro Peak—Elevation 2822 Feet—1 Day

Drive Ventura Highway to the Malibu Lake-Cornelle-Seminole Hot Springs road and south on this road. Two miles beyond Seminole Hot Springs find Forestry Road to Castro Peak and park the auto near the gate. Hike this road east up the slope to the Lookout Tower on the summit, 4 miles, and return by the same route. Carry water and cold lunch. No fires allowed in this area. Total hike, 8 miles.

### Upper West Fork of the San Gabriel—1 Day

Drive Angeles Crest Highway to Red Box and the West Fork road, passing Opid's Camp and down to Campground No. 3. Hike from here, down stream, passing Short Cut Canyon, 1.2 miles, to Campground No. 6, 3.3 miles, and stop for lunch. Return by same route. Plenty of water along the way. May use fire at Camps 3, 4 or 6 if you have a permit. Total hike, 9 miles.

### Upper Eaton Canyon—1 Day

A new trail has lately been opened which passes below and west of Henniger Flat to the upper canyon. Park the auto at the old Mt. Wilson Toll House on Foothill Boulevard, Altadena. Hike the old Toll Road to the new Eaton Canyon trail, 2 miles, then turn west (left) on this, around a densely forested slope, high up on the east wall of Eaton Canyon, to a Forest Service road, 2 miles. Turn left on this road to the end, half a mile, and find trail to the right along the slope to the stream above the gorge, half a mile. Carry cold lunch as no fires are permitted, since the flood, in this area. Round trip hike, 10 miles.

### Sturtevant Camp by Big Santa Anita Canyon from Arcadia—1 Day

From Foothill Boulevard, Arcadia, drive north on Santa Anita Avenue to the mountains and on the new mountain extension to the parking place at the end of the road. Hike the trail about half way down the slope and turn left, up canyon, passing Fern Lodge, 2 miles, to Sturtevant Camp, 2.2 miles. Sturtevant Falls ¼ mile above Fern Lodge, following the stream.

At Sturtevant Camp either return by the same route or take trail around the mountain to Hoegee's Camp, 2.6 miles, and from Hoegee's a trail around again to the auto at the end of the road, 2.5 miles.

There are four trail resorts and eight public camp grounds along the trail. Water at convenient intervals. If planning to use fire secure fire permit at Santa Anita Ranger Station on road in. Total hike, 8.5 to 9.5 miles, according to return route.

### Mt. Hawkins from Crystal Lake Playground—1 Day

A strenuous trip but a wonderfully scenic one. Drive the San Gabriel Canyon road from Azusa to Crystal Lake Playground and park the auto where the U. S. Forest road starts to Mt. Hawkins. Hike up this road to the summit of South Hawkins, 7.5 miles. There is a different return route which does not add to the mileage: north along the ridge, over the summit of Mt. Hawkins (elevation 8418) to the Pacific Crest Trail route, 2 miles, then left to Little Jimmy Springs, 2 miles, then trail and road back to the auto, 3.5 miles. Carry water, as there will be none along the summit. Total hike, 15 miles.

### Kelly's Camp and Ontario Peak by Ice House Canyon—1 Day

Drive through Camp Baldy to Ice House Canyon and park auto. Hike Ice House Canyon trail to summit of divide, 4 miles, and take trail to right, marked, to Kelly's Camp in beautiful forest, 1 mile, and on to Ontario Peak, 1½ miles, elevation 8752 feet. Lunch at Kelly's or cold lunch at the summit. No fires allowed. Return by same route. This is all the way through beautiful forest and will furnish interesting views of damage in the March flood. Total hike, 13 miles.

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### Mt. Baden-Powell, Elevation 9399 Feet—from Crystal Lake Playground—2 Days

Drive the San Gabriel Canyon road from Azusa to Crystal Lake Playground and park the auto where the U. S. Forest Service road starts to South Hawkins Peak. Hike from here by road and trail to Little Jimmy Campground on the north side of Mt. Islip, 4 miles, and camp for the night.

Second day leave all equipment in camp and with lunch and water hike east along the Crest Trail, passing Mt. Hawkins, 2 miles, and Throop Peak, 1.5 miles, to Mt. Baden-Powell, 2.5 miles. Return by same route to camp, pick up equipment and return to Crystal Lake Playground.

The only water on this trip is at Little Jimmy Springs, on the trail, 250 yards before reaching the campground. Hiking distance, first day, 4 miles; second day, 16 miles, the last 10 miles all down grade. This hike is mostly on the crest of the San Gabriel Range and affords magnificent views of mountains and desert.

### Mt. Pacifico and Sheep Springs—1½ Days

Mt. Pacifico, perhaps the most beautifully forested summit in the San Gabriel Range, with a magnificent view of the Mojave Desert, is also easiest to reach. Drive Mint Canyon Highway to Vincent, turn south on the new Angeles Forest Highway to the crest of the range, 9.6 miles, then east on the crest road to a parking place where Indian Ridge Trail crosses the road, 5 miles, and park the auto.

Hike the trail north, up the slope to the crest of the ridge, .5 of a mile. Here the trail divides, the one up the steep ridge to the right leading to the summit of Mt. Pacifico, .3 of a mile; that straight ahead around the mountain dividing again in a quarter-mile and the left hand trail leading down the slope to Sheep Spring Campground, 1.2 miles from the auto. If you prefer a campground reached by road, drive on east to Sulphur Spring, 4.8 miles, or Horse Flat 5.8 miles. Signs at road junctions will point the way.

Second day for the hike, follow a nearly level trail north around the mountain between Sheep Springs and the summit, to Fountain Head Spring, 2 miles, from the Sheep Spring Junction, on the east side of the peak, then up the east slope to the summit, 2 miles, down the west ridge and back to the auto. Leave equipment and carry water. The hike may be made before noon, returning to camp for lunch.

### South Fork of Big Rock Creek—1½ or 2 Days

Drive either way to Valyermo on Big Rock Creek and up the canyon road to South Fork, 2.7 miles, and turn right to South Fork Campground, 1 mile. If this last mile of road is impassable, will have to pack to camp. A half day is ample time to reach camp and get set for the night. If there is extra time the trail over the ridge northwest from camp, to Holcomb Creek, 2.5 miles, and south end of Devil's Punch Bowl, a half mile farther, will prove worthwhile.

In the morning hike the trail south from camp and up stream, crossing almost immediately and lifting by switch-backs to a point several hundred feet up the west wall, gradually gaining altitude along this slope to 6700 feet on the saddle between Mt. Islip and Mt. Williamson, 6 miles from camp. Return by the same route.

There is always water at a little stream crossing the trail 3.5 miles from camp. Carry small canteen. Be sure to take shovel and axe in auto, and secure fire permit before starting, or at Valyermo Ranger Station on highway just west of mouth of Big Rock.

For trips in the Charlton Flat-Chilao-Buckhorn area see Spring Number of Trails Magazine; for the Big Tujunga area see Winter Number.

## STANDARD DISTRESS SIGNALS

Uniform signals for hikers, mountaineers and out-of-doors people generally, suggested by the American Alpine Club of New York, have been adopted by the U. S. Forest Service and many hiking clubs throughout the nation.

The key to the code is simplicity itself. Three quickly repeated calls, audible or visible, repeated at regular intervals, is a signal of distress. Such a signal should be used only to call for help.

In the daytime, signals may be sent by waving the arm or a piece of cloth, by flashes of a mirror, or by smoke signals, controlling the smoke with a coat or blanket. By night flashes from a light may be used, or three fires may be built in a row. Audible calls, as with a metal whistle, are of course equally good for day or night.

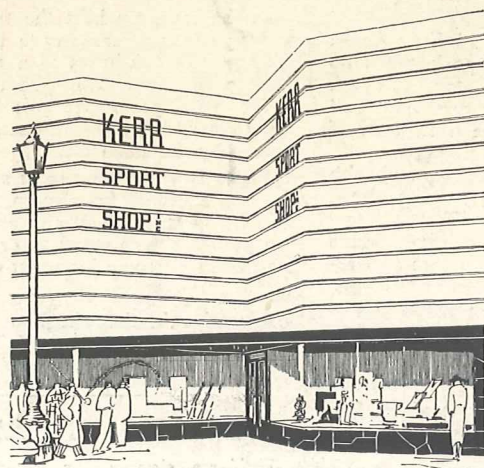
Anyone receiving such a call should first acknowledge it with the "all clear" signal of two calls, using the same system as the person in distress; then notify others if possible and proceed to the rescue. The rescuer should continue to use the 2-call signal, and the injured person the 3-call signal.

A small card, giving briefly the code and instructions, may be obtained free by calling in person or enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope to TRAILS MAGAZINE.

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