

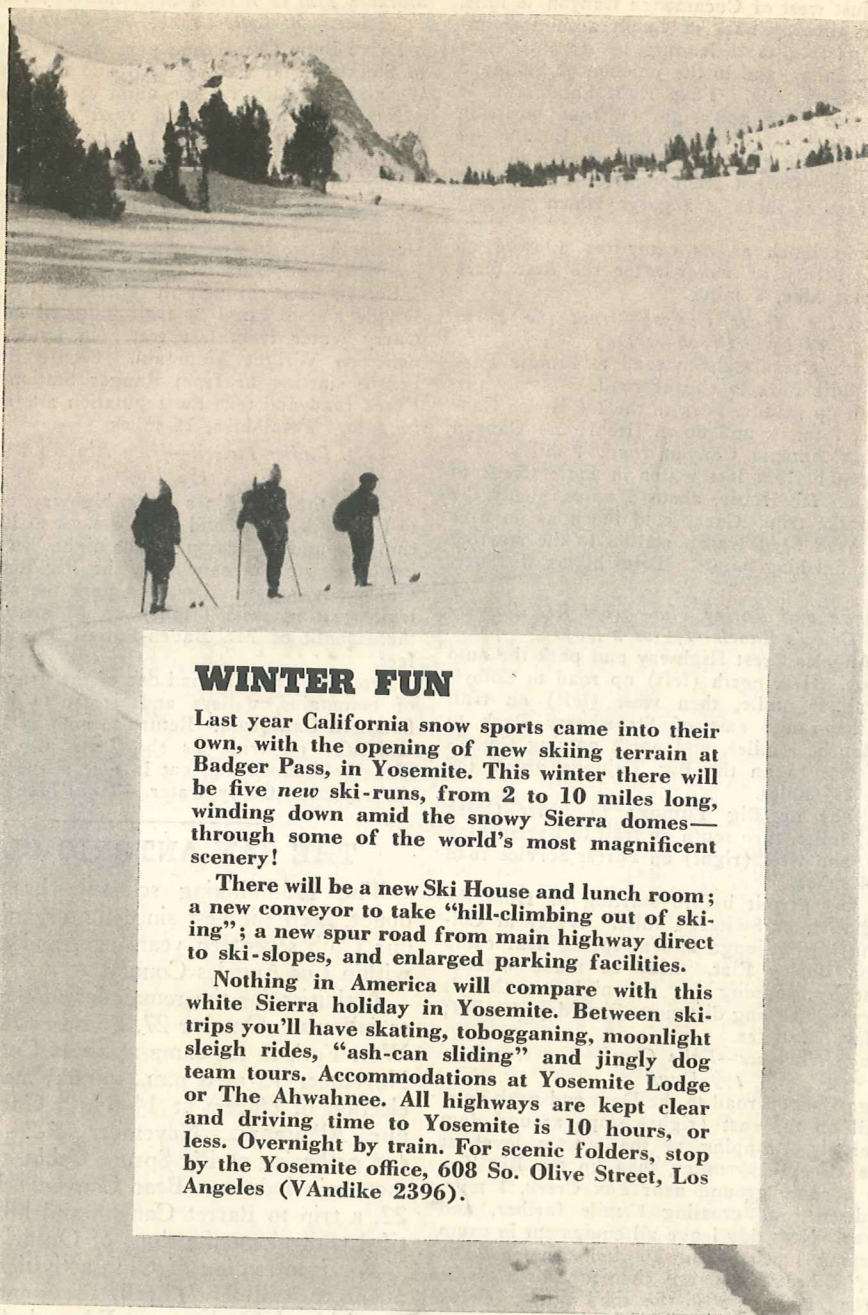
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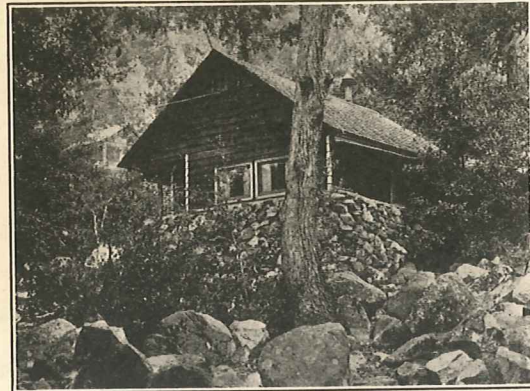
TRAILS MAGAZINE



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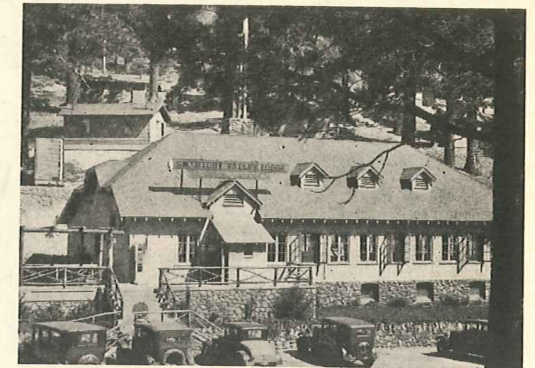
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Winter at Bear Canyon Resort

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FEDERAL FORESTRY
NUMBER

STORIES OF
THE SAN GABRIEL
TIMBERLAND RESERVE
THE OLD RANGERS
AND OLD
LOG CABIN STATIONS

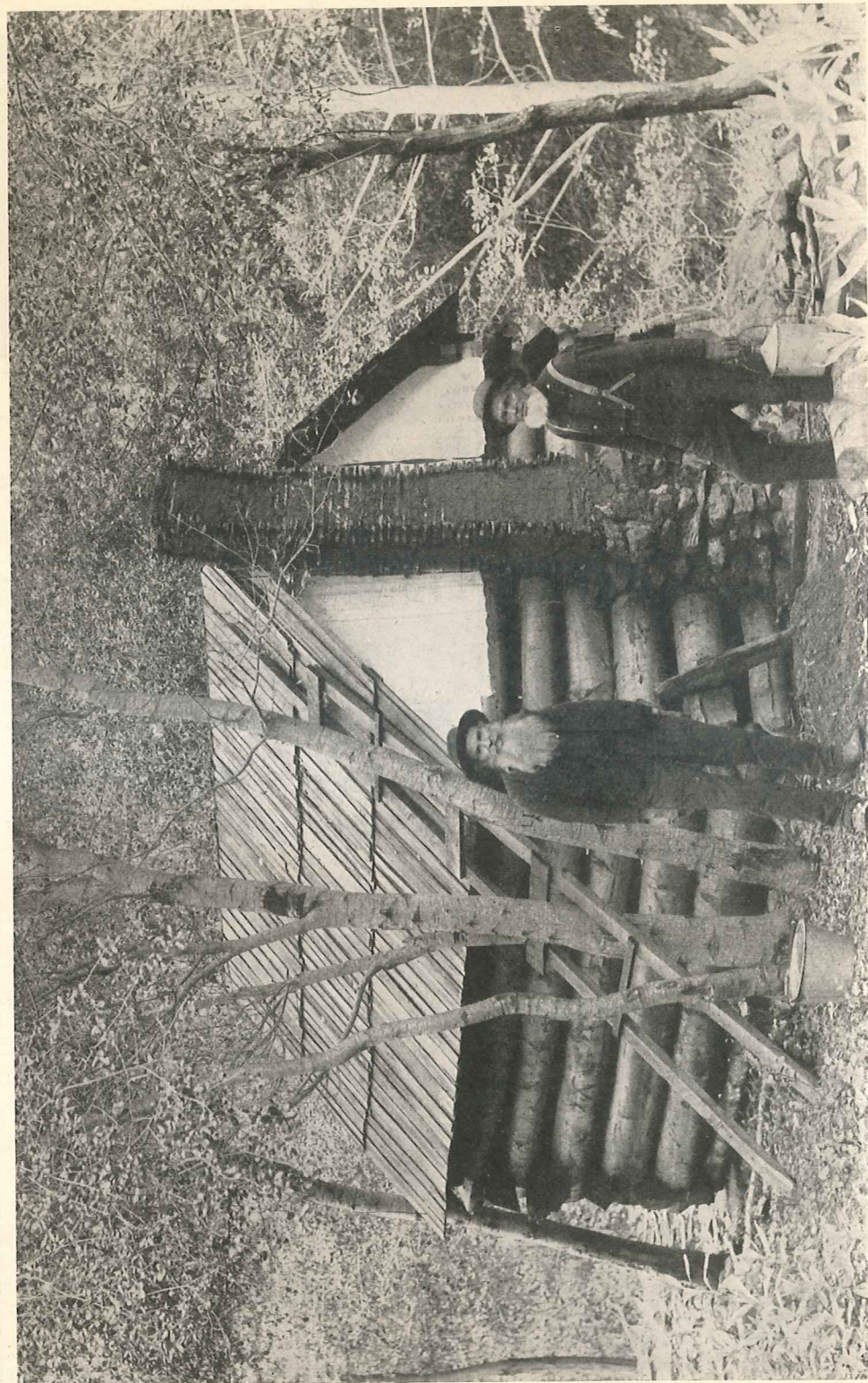
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FOREST PLANTATION

ROAD—TRAIL—CAMPGROUND

Development of the
ANGELES FOREST

OUTING CLUB NEWS
and TRAIL TRIPS

OUT IN APRIL



"Brown Boys" Cabin on El Prieto (negro) Canyon.
Jason and Owen Brown.

Trails Magazine

VOL. 3

WINTER, 1936

NO. 1

Published Quarterly by
THE MOUNTAIN LEAGUE
of Southern California

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OLD HISTORY

TRAILS MAGAZINE is collecting the un-written history of the mountain area of Los Angeles County, the story of those interesting old cabins and characters of 30 to 80 years ago, that it may be preserved for the future while many of those who had a part in its making are still with us.

During 1936 we will publish, under the heading "Cabin Landmarks of the Angeles Forest," the more interesting history and stories of those old cabins, many of them now gone, which you have seen, and perhaps wondered about, while traveling the roads and trails of the Angeles Forest.

Now all that is possible to learn of their history is to be put in print, as much as possible of this will be written by those who lived it, and we believe it will make interesting reading for Trails subscribers.

The first installment appears in this issue.

OUR SNOW SPORTS

ATTRACT THE WORLD

Southern California is developing Winter Sports to beat the world and Big Pines Park, Los Angeles County's big forest playground, with its ski hills for all classes, its beautiful, rolling, snow-covered slopes for skiing, tobogganing and coasting, with 9,000 and 10,000 foot peaks close at hand for those who look for thrills, is fast becoming the snow sports center.

Then it is not necessary to go as far as Big Pines except for the larger area and more complete equipment. Snow is reached in a few minutes by many roads and in many places near the centers of population and, many resorts of the south slopes are equipped to care for the snow-play throng.

We, who are here, often fail to appreciate the ease with which we go into the snow and out to flowers and golden fruits at will. Probably at no other spot in the world is the difference so great or the quality so high.

Our snow-sports areas are close to 3,000,000 people, and there are hundreds of thousands here to play. Other hundreds of thousands will come if the kind of sport they want is provided.

A VALENTINE

I love you now while winter's wind
Sighs through the leafless trees,
And countless glittering fetters bind
The sleeping earth, who wakes to find
A soft snow-blanket o'er her pinned;
While high the burning stars are shrined
Above the glistening leas.

I'll love you when the summer's glow
And summer gladness meet;
When the sweet flowers are nodding low
Where southern breezes softly blow,
And happy birds flit to and fro,
And humming bees slow come and go,
Mid grass and clover sweet.

I'll love you when the world is old;
Her snows and summers o'er;
When the long years on years are rolled,
And all their story has been told,
In far, bright realms of light I'll hold
And love you evermore!

MARGARET DRAKE DEGROOT.

TRAILS MAGAZINE

yearly subscription 30 cents postpaid

1936

CABIN LANDMARKS OF THE ANGELES

Dedicated to those old boys who lived in and loved the San Gabriels in the early days, those hardy mountaineers of the late 1800s when the streams of the San Gabriel Range were teeming with gamey trout and her forests with deer and bear. When even the giant grizzly was often met, with consequent stories of lucky shots and desperate battles.

WHEN SWITZER CAME EARLY DAYS OF THE ARROYO SECO

By LLOYD B. AUSTIN

Editor's Note—Lloyd B. Austin, whom we have selected to write the story of Switzer's Camp and the Arroyo Seco, needs no introduction to mountain lovers of Southern California. To those who travel the trails the name of this modest but real mountaineer stands out most prominently. Thousands of us who have known him as hiker, guide and for many years as the genial host of Switzer's Camp, know that he has stood steadfastly for all that was best for and in the mountains. It is with a great deal of pride and satisfaction that we submit this, the opening installment, of the old history of the Angeles Forest.

Arroyo Seco—they dubbed it, out on the mesa—Dry Gulch—but from the first days of the little colony at Pasadena every hunter or fisherman who ventured beyond the granite gateway a mile above Devil's Gate brought back stories tingling with the romance of trout pools, foaming cascades and forests of live oak, sycamore and spruce, hemmed in by imposing cliff walls above which towered jagged Alpine peaks. But not until the early eighties did the recreational possibilities of the upper Arroyo gorge begin to lure adventurers.

It was late in the summer of 1883 when Commodore Perry Switzer, Los Angeles carpenter and former plainsman, bearing a name that promised action, became possessed of his daring idea. He would be the first man to open a public resort away back in the untrailed mountain region north of Pasadena. Friends protested. Could it be that the usually level-headed, mild-mannered old boy was losing his balance entirely? The thing would be sheer folly, even for a young man with money to gamble. For C. P., now over fifty, with little more than his carpenter's kit and the shirt on his back—well, somebody must bring him to his senses. To construct a pack trail from old man Brunk's cabin near Las Casitas, up to the region where C. P. proposed to build

his tourist camp would cost a small fortune and after it was built, who would be crazy enough to pay for a bed up among the grizzlies, mountain lions and bobcats?

Fortunately for all mountain lovers, the idea stuck. One day Switzer fell in with "Bob" Waterman, just after the latter had returned with his bride from a month's camping trip up to the headwaters of the Arroyo. The Watermans' account of their wonderful adventures, even as I heard it from them half a century later, was crammed with romance. Starting from the site of the present ranger station, with a single pack horse, they made their way mile after mile up that rock-bound gorge over a route never followed by a horse before or since, now stopping a few days to burn great logs that blocked their passage, again spending days constructing a rock stair for the horse up over a waterfall, at night swinging their pack high out of reach of marauding bears, and finally after two weeks, making camp at the head of the upper waterfalls on the spot where a year later Switzer built his first log cabin.

No, they did not find the mythical lake from which all the trout in the lower canyon were supposed to come, but their stirring stories of the picturesque gorge that was to attract many thousands of visitors during the next fifty years helped to make Switzer adamant against the skeptics. Presently his friend, J. Walker, broken in health and wanting to try mountain life, offered to finance the building of a few log cabins and in the spring of 1884 Switzer built the first rough trail over the general route of the later "zig-zags," tents and equipment were packed in, and the "Great Idea" began demonstrating, as great ideas do, that his opponents were after all very short-sighted.

Not that the pioneer camp found easy sledging. We who in later years entrusted our

fortunes to the backs of burros over a trail less viciously steep, wonder how that first resort ever made ends meet—with board and room at \$1.50 per day. Pasadena was only a village. Would the tourist visit the mountain camp? Three times a week, the old horse stage ran from down town to Las Casitas, then your choice of "shank's mares" or a temperamental burro for the eight mile trail trip, including some sixty stream crossings before the seemingly endless "zig-zags."

The Watermans, who still live in La Canada, soon joined Switzer in operating the camp. They tell of the cow horn hanging from a big Manzanita bush a half mile from camp. Are there five hungry guests with the pack train today? Five blasts on the cow horn carry the word to the cook!

And there were "giants in those days." Waterman still likes to tell of bear hunts, particularly of the shooting of the old silver-tip that had killed one of the camp burros and also of the cub that made a sixty-pound roast for the bear dinner advertised in Pasadena. Deer were plenty and also smaller game. Trout dinners were featured regularly. One morning three anglers reported a catch of 240 below the site of the ranger station.

Soon a resort was opened on Mt. Wilson and Delos Colby, former Alaska gold hunter, opened his ranch in the Big Tujunga eight miles beyond Switzer's, a mecca for many mountaineers in the early days.

In the fall of '89, C. P. Switzer, his nephew A. M. Switzer, who still lives in Pasadena, and the two Watermans took a long camping trip across the range to the desert, on the way climbing the present Mt. Waterman, which they christened Lady Waterman Peak in honor of the first white woman to make the ascent. Later the Watermans built a log cabin on the site of the present Waterman Ranger Station.

Among the near neighbors of the camp during these first years were Owen and Jason Brown, sons of the anti-slavery agitator John Brown of Harper's Ferry, then white-haired old men living with their sister Ruth Thompson in their cabin near the mouth of Millard's Canyon, where they were visited by many Pasadenans.

Unfortunately for friends of Switzer's Camp, the death of Switzer's partner, Walker, in the early nineties was followed by financial pressure from Walker's heirs and Switzer left the camp, spending the rest of his years with his nephew and part of the time at the Sim-



Switzer's Camp in 1890

mons ranch at Las Casitas. He made a final visit to the camp on his 80th birthday.

In the fall of 1896, a disastrous forest fire from the north ran unchecked for several weeks, devastating nearly the entire Arroyo Seco watershed and leaving in its wake only a deserted log cabin at Switzer's Camp. It is interesting to note that forest fires were of so little concern to Pasadena that all of Waterman's attempts to organize a band of fire fighters in the earlier stages of the fire met with no response. For nearly a decade after this fire, occasional hikers found shelter in the abandoned cabin. Then in 1905, Brainerd and Martin built another resort on the Switzer site, which was operated by Clarence Martin, formerly of Martin's Camp near the summit of Mt. Wilson, until his death in 1911.

In January, 1912, a Y.M.C.A. secretary in Los Angeles, yielded to the mountain urge and there began the 24-year regime of "Switzerland, the Austin Home—and Yours" which, however, has no place in this article, except to bring us to the closing announcement of the transfer since January first of Switzerland to Messrs. Clifford E. Clinton and Ransom M. Callicott, owners of the Clifton Cafeterias and Hotels in Los Angeles.

"Time Marches On!!! The grizzlies have long since given way to the campers and now the modern highway has banished the last plodding burro, but, though tamed a bit here and there, the Arroyo Seco canyon has not forgotten the charm of its primitive days and in point of service to increasing multitudes of valley dwellers who now, more than ever before, need the tonic and freedom of the mountains. I believe the canyon resort, under the Clifton management is entering upon the most eventful and significant period of its history since the first dream of its founder.

THE BROWN "BOYS" CABIN

By EDWARD SIMMONS

Great Grandson of old John Brown

In those old days of 40 to 50 years ago, the days of horse and buggy and Tally-Ho Tours, the cabin on the south slope of Brown Mountain which Owen and Jason Brown built for their sister, Mrs. Ruth Thompson, was visited by hundreds of the patriotic and the just curious but, strange as it may seem, the old log cabin in El Prieto Canyon, first of three cabins built in the mountains back

of Pasadena by these sons of John Brown, was little known and seldom visited. It is this old cabin, a very fine example of this type of building, which is here reproduced for TRAILS MAGAZINE.

In the early '80s these upstanding sons of the old John Brown of song and story who led his little army in the attack on Harper's Ferry the night of October 16, 1859, and precipitated this nation into the war which abolished slavery, came to Pasadena and established a home on the high mesa, between Millard's Canyon and the Arroyo Seco, overlooking the city and later called Las Casitas.

They were both great lovers of nature and spent much time tramping and exploring the neighboring mountains. While on one of their many hikes they discovered, near the head of El Prieto Canyon, a small tributary of the Arroyo Seco, now better known as Negro Canyon, a beautiful little wooded glen with a fine stream of water, and determined to, in this secluded retreat, build themselves a mountain cabin.

Just about 50 years ago this little cabin was completed, built with logs from the alders which grew along the stream, the fireplace of stone from the canyon bottom and the chimney a cribbing of smaller branches plastered with mud. Great care was used in the selection of logs for size and soundness, so that none were cut that could not be used and the surroundings left unharmed and natural.

The little cabin was finally completed in 1886, with fireplace and chimney and ready for use; I fear not strictly according to Forestry regulations, for this was long before we ever dreamed of a Forestry Service, nevertheless through no fault or negligence on their part, did anything happen, for ten long happy years, to it or its surroundings.

Then came that great holocaust of October, 1896, when driven by dry, desert winds, a wall of fire averaging ten miles wide, swept entirely across the mountains from Little Rock Creek to Altadena, destroying not only these but many historical landmarks of the early days and ending for all time a unique episode of our ever intriguing mountain history.

I took many a trip into the mountains in those old days, visiting many beautiful spots where the trees are now burned and the strerams dry for most of the year, but my memory harks back to one place which I took special interest in visiting, the "Brown Boys" Cabin in El Prieto.

THE BIG SPRUCE CABIN

Many an old-timer and many hikers of these days will recognize, in the picture which illustrates the poem "Over The Range," the Big Spruce Cabin (El Abedo Grande) of Bear Canyon.

Standing near the stream and midway between Mt. Lowe Tavern and Switzer's Camp, shaded by two enormous spruce trees, said to be the largest in Southern California, this old log cabin was a landmark of that area for half a century. It stood on a camp ground often used and spoken of by Owen and Jason Brown, but the name of its builder and the history of its early days are today unknown. In 1898 a group of boys from South Pasadena found it without a roof and rather a wreck, made it habitable and used it for week-end trips.

James S. Montague, now a prominent dentist of Los Angeles, with two friends, Samuel T. Norcross, now living at La Jolla, and Lou Winters of Pasadena, now deceased, became interested in the cabin about 1903, gradually acquired the interest of the former owners and later leased it from the Forestry Department. They, with their families and friends, spent many a happy week-end here in the shade of "The Big Spruce," using the cabin as a store house while living mostly in the out-of-doors, until July 11, 1921, when the title was transferred to the San Antonio Club.

This well known hiking club was organized under "The Big Spruce," November 11, 1919, and was later given the opportunity by the owners to take over the cabin and lease. A commodious and comfortable lodge, the mountain headquarters of this organization, was built in 1924, and in the winter of 1933 the old cabin, which had been carefully preserved as a landmark, was crushed by a falling tree.

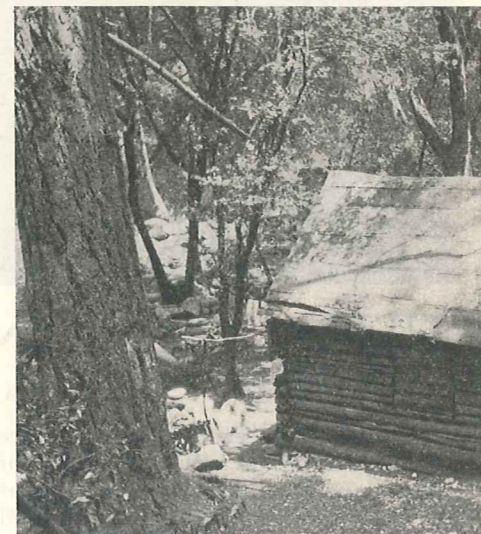
CABINS OF THE BIG TUJUNGA

"Ybarra Cabin"

In Big Tujunga Canyon, just above Trail Canyon, on ground known to all old-timers as the Ybarra Ranch, Pedro Ybarra built his mountain home in 1880. The old cabin still stands, is still in the Ybarra family and now used as a storehouse for a later and more modern home built about 1912 and now occupied by Frank Ybarra, a son. The old board cabin, still in good condition, is the oldest home now standing and one of the first habitations of this canyon.

"Hoyt's Cabin"
This old log cabin, now in ruins, was built and occupied by Silas Hoyt about 1890 and remained in his possession until his death in 1925 at the age of 97 years. It stood on the east bank of the stream, just below Vasquez Canyon, on property now called Pinecliff and occupied by a more modern frame structure, but to all the old mountaineers it was "Hoyt's."

(Continued on Page 14)



OVER THE RANGE

When the cares of the City crowd in too close
And the heart is sick with the struggle for gain;
When the mind rebels at the things which it sees
In this world of greed and grief and pain;

When we find there's no wealth or power or fame
Which ever repays for the struggle and strife;
That it's real service given and kind deeds done
Which gain us true friends for the evening of life;

Then why not away to a spot which I know
Beneath the Big Spruce's cooling shade;
To a cabin tucked in a canyon wall,
Wild flowers scattered throughout a glade?

Where a sparkling stream runs by the door
Singing along o'er its rocky bed,
And the flickering sunbeams come and go
Through the leafy canopy overhead.

Over the range from the busy world,
Where there's quiet and rest and peace of mind;
Where nothing is petty or small or cheap
And all nature's done by a master hand.

Where fortune and fame and power are naught,
But only honor and friendship call;
Where comrades gather at the close of day
And good fellowship reigns over all.

WILL H. THRALL.



WHITE DEATH IN THE MOUNTAINS

By DR. WALTER MOSAUER

Every winter a number of young people are killed or crippled in our mountains. Most of these disasters could be avoided by the use of sound judgment, of the proper technique and equipment. Winter mountaineering and other winter sports naturally possess a certain moment of danger—without it, they would lose one of their greatest charms, the satisfaction of obstacles and dangers successfully overcome. But the hazards must be minimized by caution and by the methodical attack of the situation which characterizes the experienced mountaineer or wintersportsman. Often boys venture to climb a mountain of 10,000 feet elevation in mid-winter with the same outfit and along the same route which took them to the summit in October. They do not realize that winter storms at once double the altitude and transform an oversized bluff or hill into a real alpine mountain threatening with icy slopes on which the foot will not hold.

Few of the victims die uninjured but exhausted and frozen after a long struggle through loose snow or a raging blizzard. The great majority of casualties is due to accidents which often cause fatal injuries, when the inherent dangers of steepness or speed prove too great for the individual's technical ability.

Nobody can claim—as some mountaineers venture to do—that rock climbing, ice climb-

ing or skiing can be rendered *absolutely safe* by the exercise of care; Dr. Zsigmondy, one of the most famous mountain climbers of nineteenth century Europe, did not live to see the second edition of his classical work on "The Dangers of the Alps"—the man who had masterfully described how to recognize and avoid the menaces of rock and ice, died when his rope slipped on a mountain crag. Colonel Bilgeri, one of the pioneers of skiing in Austria, a ski mountaineer famous throughout Europe, died last year over 60 years old, of injuries received in a skiing accident. Many other mountaineers have died a sudden death on their beloved peaks, after they have a hundred times or more attempted and accomplished the seemingly impossible, on sheer cliffs and among yawning crevasses. Thus, even greatest prudence, long experience, superb mastery of mountain craft and technique can not make for absolute safety at all times—but they will guide the climber or skier safely countless times through extreme difficulties when the foolhardy are doomed at the first attempt of something relatively harmless.

The greatest number of recent "alpine" accidents near Los Angeles have occurred on the slopes of Mt. San Antonio, informally called Baldy. The automobile road through San Antonio Canyon to the Lytle Creek Di-

vide is open unless the snow is too deep, and brings the summit (10,080) feet within a short distance from the car. So boys of the most daring and possibly foolhardy age of life pile toboggan, sleds, or skis into their open roadsters, crowd into the remaining space and up they go, to a mountain which is not the same as the one they know from the summer time, but an unapproachable, sometimes even formidable, peak which should be treated with respect and caution. The alternating heat of a California sun and cold of the winter night, together with the violent and icy summit winds, soon cover the snow with a crust as hard as rock and as slippery as glass. Along the sharp ridge leading to the summit, called the Devil's Backbone, there may be blank ice, and no experienced mountaineer would set his foot on such treacherous ground without crampons. Crampons are ice creepers, iron or steel devices which are strapped to the boots and bite into the ice with 6 to 10 long sharp spikes. They afford safe footing on steep slopes of 50 degrees when gentler ice fields will send the imprudent spinning, slithering and bouncing to a sudden death, or perhaps to a slow death after terrible sufferings.

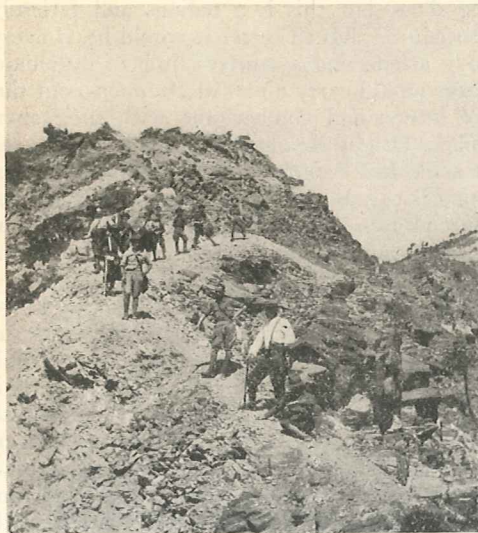
If the crust is not too hard, and the slope not overly steep, safe going may be had without crampons by kicking steps or footholds into

the slope, but this is a tedious and fatiguing procedure. Much better it would be, if everybody attempting a winter climb of our major peaks would carry a pair of crampons, but they are heavy, and cumbersome with their sharp spikes. Light weight ice creepers are for sale at some Los Angeles stores. The second best thing is to stay away from steep, frozen slopes, especially on cold, windy days, and not to undertake any summit climbs without responsible, experienced leadership.

Certainly, our mountains ought to be respected enough, not to be made the scene for "a good time" of drinking and getting drunk. I will never forget the sight of some girls in one of our mountain playgrounds, senselessly drunk on a sparkingly clear, crisp winter morning. They were put into a safe place by the rangers; but I have seen a youth, skiing while "lit," dislocate his shoulder, and recently several men met with disaster when they, drunk beyond description, fooled on a snow-bound mountain road and finally jumped, yes, jumped, over the edge of the road onto a precipitous snow slope and slid and fell to their doom among the rocks far below. Let those people drink their fill in the city—they pollute the glorious atmosphere of our mountains which they cannot appreciate. Their accidents, reported without candid explanation,



Rangers and dog-team from Big Pines searching for a hiker lost in the snow



MT. SAN ANTONIO TRAIL
The Famous Devils Backbone

Fairly safe in Summer, but when covered with snow and ice a treacherous death trap.

give a bad reputation to winter mountaineering which is one of the finest and wholesomest of sports, but has nothing to do with liquor.

Another type of accidents is caused in winter sports by a loss of control during participation in a sport in which speed plays an important role. In this again sound judgment could prevent countless deplorable injuries. There, a group of boys rides a toboggan down a timbered slope at breakneck speed—to make the expression come true, the toboggan overturns and they are catapulted through the air into a group of trees—but luckily, almost miraculously, only one of them is hurt, and he is just bleeding from a bad cut in his nose and is pale and near fainting from shock. Here a boy comes tearing down a steep hill on skis where expert skiers check their speed by linking turns, but that is not for him; he does not want to learn anything, he just wants the fun and thrill of speed. Suddenly one of his skis, fastened by toe-straps only, comes loose, he stumbles and falls in a tangled heap. His foot, deprived of the ski, has caught in the snow and snapped his ankle off. No thrills of skiing for him, for some time!

As mentioned before, even the expert and careful skier may be injured in a fall, sprain an ankle or a knee, but the probability of this can be much reduced. In the four seasons of my coaching the ski team of the University of

California at Los Angeles not the slightest accident has occurred—knock on wood—although my disciples and I have been on many difficult major tours at elevations from 10,000 to 12,000 feet, not to speak of the races in which the team participated. I believe this to be due partly to my continuous emphasis on steadiness and control. This attitude is especially necessary on long ski trips where a slight injury or damage to one's skis or ski bindings may be everything from annoying to disastrous. A badly sprained ankle, several miles from the nearest shelter, is something different from the same on a "nursery slope" back of the lodge.

Recently an experienced skier died of exhaustion and cold in the Sierra, because after a fall he had lost in the loose snow the detachable heel-strap of his Norwegian ski binding. He was alone on the trip—he had started too late for his way back—apparently he had no spare straps to repair his binding. Without the ski, he was unable to make his way through the waist-deep, loose snow. He did not know how to make a fire in the winter night, and he had no portable lightweight tent. So he stood there in the icy night, and when a rescue party found him about midnight, he was more dead than alive. His "rescuers" did not get a fire going, either; exhausted as they were themselves they could not transport him down, and so they left him there to die.

What can we conclude from the cases reported and others for a set of rules to govern our conduct in the wintry mountains? For the speed demons we might say, controlled speed and mastered danger afford a greater thrill than senseless speeding and spilling. For the drunkards: stay out of the mountains.

For the winter mountaineer and skier, we can say: Do not go on lone trips, but go in groups of at least three. Select your companions carefully, however, and follow an experienced leader whenever possible. On the trip, stay together or reassemble at short intervals. Let the weakest member of the party govern the pace. Carry a first aid kit and know how to use it. Familiarize yourself with the methods of transporting an injured person by constructing emergency stretchers or toboggans from skis.

Start early on your trips and leave a wide safety margin of daylight for your return. Nevertheless carry a flashlight, and matches in a waterproof package. In addition, it is good to carry some kerosene to start a fire.

Know how to build a fire in the snow. If it is to be a long trip, a light-weight bivouac tent (ballooncloth, etc.) may be useful.

On ski trips, always carry an aluminum ski tip or a repair kit in case of a broken ski, and spare straps, etc. to fix a ski binding. Some copper wire, rawhide thongs, a drill and a few clamps and screws come in handy at times. Before all, study mountain craft and snow craft. Learn to avoid steep, frozen slopes on which you may slip, cornices which may break under you, avalanching snow fields which may bury you.

In unfamiliar territory, carry a topographic map and a compass. Do not undertake long trips when a storm is threatening or when the visibility is poor. Be prepared, though, to encounter the worst of blizzards at any time—that is, carry enough wind proof and warm clothing to see you through an icy gale without discomfort.

When you have checked your equipment and made sure that everything is there and in good shape, go out and leave worries behind—be carefree, but not careless, and you will live to see many days of happiness in the splendor of the snowclad mountains.

SCORING POINTS IN SKI JUMPS

W. A. TREADWELL, JR.
President, Big Pines Ski Club

Ski jumping competition is a sport where each individual or team competes in an event for certain points. The method of compiling and the amount of points that a jumper receives for certain efforts in style or distance is little known to the average sportsman.

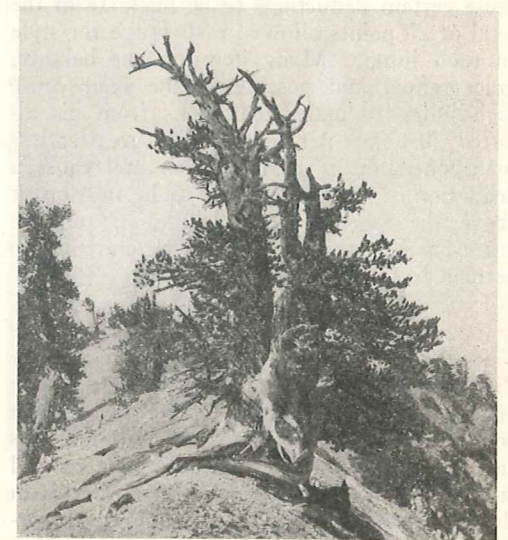
In certain types of team competition, such as football, it is well known that a touchdown counts six points and a conversion one point, and so on. The same is true with baseball. Everyone knows that a runner crossing the plate counts the team one run, or point, but when it is said that a certain man wins a ski meet with a total of 239 points, the average sportsman does not know that this is almost an impossible score or how it might be compiled.

The best analogy to ski jumping competition is the method of compiling points in a track meet where first prize receives so many points, second prize receives so many less, and so on, for as many places as are to be considered in the meet. There is, however, one fundamental difference between skiing competition and track competition in that the style of a runner,

high jumper or a hurdler is not considered in compiling his points. The art of diving on the other hand is judged entirely upon style, distance or speed not being a factor in the determination of the winner. Ski jumping is a sport where style as well as distance both contribute to the points or score of the contestant.

Generally the arrangements for conducting a ski jumping meet are such that three judges rate the contestants on two competitive jumps, both for style and distance. In considering distance, the longest standing jump made during both competitive flights is entitled to twenty points. All other distance points are less in the amount of approximately $\frac{1}{2}$ a point for each meter less than the longest jump, and 10 points are subtracted from distance points on a fall. Each contestant is awarded his distance point by each judge so

(Continued on Page 14)



AT THE TIMBER LINE

Gnarled
And twisted,
Battered and old;
A battle-scarred veteran
On the forest front.
Buffeted by the storms
Of countless years;
Buried by the snows
Of many centuries;
You are still valiantly
Fighting to hold your own.
A tattered old warrior
At the timber line.

that if there are three judges the longest standing jump is entitled to 60 points for distance. A standing jump is one where the contestant rides out the hill without falling or his hands touching the ground or contestant's skis.

Now to cover the distance points. Should a rider make two competitive jumps of equal distance and stand on both and the distance of the jumps be the longest standing of the day, then with three judges his distance points would be one hundred twenty, or maximum. The greatest number of style points is also one hundred twenty, with the same two jumps and three judges, because each judge is entitled to a maximum award of twenty points on each jump. Under the above number of jumps and judges, it can be seen that 120 points is the highest award that can be made, thus for both distance and style only a total of 240 points can be awarded.

Faults in style or form like shorter distance cause certain deductions to be made from the total of 20 points allowed each judge for style on each jump. Many items in the balance, grace, effort and posture of the skier cause each judge to make deductions from his allotted 20 points per jump. The greatest loss to a contestant is a fall, which will cause a deduction of 4 to 20 points. If he falls on or above the take-off he will lose 20; on the other hand, if the fall is made beyond the dip he may lose but 4 points.

Lack of effort on the take-off is a serious fault and is the next greatest cause of the contestant losing style points. If the skier slides off the take-off with inadequate spring or jumping effort he may lose 4 of his style points from each judge and he will lose less and less as his effort increases. Skis crossed laterally or horizontally while the rider is in the air causes a loss of $\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 points. Incorrect position of the body in the air and on landing as well as the excessive use of arms again results in loss of style points. To escape deductions, the skier must not be unsteady in the air, twist the body sideways or show a lack of confidence.

Tables of values for different distances and suggested penalties were formulated by the F.I.S. at the International Ski Congress held in Paris in 1932, as well as rules and regulations for International competition. In order to show the fundamentals of judging ski jumping, the above was made as simple as possible, but a good judge must have extensive knowledge and experience. All meets must have

THE BIG TUJUNGA

Many of these old settlers had personal peculiarities and one of Hoyt's seems to have been an aversion to cutting fireplace wood. It is said that as soon in the Autumn as a continuous fire became necessary, he would cut a tree, trim off and cut up the branches, drag the trunk through the cabin door until one end rested in the fireplace, leaving the rest protruding into the yard. The log was pulled in by ropes as it burned off, and when entirely consumed another took its place.

"Hansen's Lodge"

Just below the Big Tujunga Flood Control Dam, under a fine oak tree, on a little flat near the road, stands a little log cabin, with a big stone chimney. Though it looks ancient in its more modern surroundings it is not so old as it seems, and was built by Dr. Homer A. Hansen, who filed a homestead on this property in 1910.

Later Dr. Hansen built a large and very beautiful log home which was destroyed in the flood of April 7, 1926, and in that same year the big, two-story Lodge which now stands on the property, was completed. Constructed of big spruce logs and great boulders, this big rustic building is an object of interest and wonder to many who drive to the end of the Big Tujunga road. The ground and buildings are now the property of the Flood Control Department, and if not needed for flood control purposes, may some day be another mountain park for our citizens.

There is a real, human interest story of Hansen's Lodge which we hope to later give to the readers of TRAILS MAGAZINE.

OUR COVER PICTURE

Though many of our readers have seen this tiny old log cabin, some of them many times, perhaps few will recognize it as the old Ranger Station on Charlton Flat. We think it a beautiful picture, wonderfully appropriate for the season and the start of the Old Cabin History. The picture is furnished through the courtesy of the Pasadena Park Department and the art work is by our Staff Artist, Will G. Norris.

accredited judges of the National Ski Association in order to have any such records, as are made, accepted as a record by the California or National Association.

BIG PINES TRAIL MARATHON

The second annual Big Pines Mountain Trail Race, probably the greatest trail race in the world, 44 miles over the mountains with a total climb of over 10,000 feet, was held August 13-14, 1935. Three miles were added, making both the start and the finish at the Davidson Arch. The race was started at 5 p.m. on August 13, the seven contestants being sent away at 10-minute intervals. The winner was Paul V. Engelhardt, who won first last year also; time, 13 hours and 32 minutes. Second, Halvor Halstad, amateur ski-jumping champion of the world. Third, Bain J. Bain, who took second place last year.

This year's preparations were most complete with nine checking stations, four of which checked two ways, and patrol cars covering all roads which closely paralleled the course for 18 miles. At Guffey Camp, which the contestants passed twice, at 24 miles and 38 miles, there was a field hospital station with a doctor in constant attendance, and on the summit of Mt. San Antonio, 10,000 feet in the air and 32 miles from the start, a four-man team from the First Aid and Rescue Division, Disaster Unit, Alhambra Red Cross, in charge of Robert S. Dewire.

This race is now firmly established as an annual event, there are many more planning to enter for 1936, and with suitable publicity it should take its place as one of the leading sports events of Southern California.

Y.M.C.A. MOUNTAIN RELAY

Early in the spring the Y.M.C.A. Flag Relay over the Pacific Crest Trail will be on its way, to complete the Mexico to Canada hike which started at Campo on June 15, last year, and ended at Lake Tahoe in the Autumn.

This year the start will be from Lake Tahoe over the Lava Crest Division, 330 miles to the Oregon line, then over the Oregon Skyline Division, 410 miles across the State of Oregon and by the Cascade Crest Division, 440 miles across Washington to Vancouver, British Columbia. The distance covered in the summer of 1935 was about 1100 miles and that yet to be covered about 1200.

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Toboggan Slides at Big Pines Park

PLENTY OF TIME FOR SNOW

Most of the United States, except Southern California, with more snow than they want and we are still anxiously hoping. To many of you who planned for snow sports we suppose the season looks hopeless, but don't lose heart, there's still time for snow.

Many times in the past we have had several weeks of good snow after February 1. In the Winter of 1921 the mountains were buried deep the last two weeks of May and your Editor was one of a party of fifteen who went from Tahquitz Valley to the summit of Mt. San Jacinto over snow from two to fifteen feet deep.

MOHAMMED--GO TO THE MOUNTAINS

By IRVING S. FRITZEN

In modern Americanese, he who goes after what he wants gets it. A long time ago the same idea was expressed when some wise man of the east said, if the mountains won't come to Mohammed, the next best thing for Mohammed to do would be to go to the mountains.

In Los Angeles County the mountains have gone Mohammed one better. They practically sat down in the front yard. And being very wise these same mountains just sat there through the years and said nothing. And so it's about time that the "moving finger" moved into the mountain area and pointed out a few of the more interesting spots. And I'll bet a bacon breakfast on some far-off hilltop trail that few of you haven't the time to "get away from it all" and make the amazing discovery that your legs will carry you farther than from the front steps to your car.

There are 1587 square miles of mountains in Los Angeles County, so you won't have to worry about pedestrian traffic. And by poking around on 2000 miles of hiking trails you'll get better acquainted with some of the more interesting sights and learn some remarkable facts that probably were never before brought to your attention. For instance, you can hike for 80 miles—from Magic Mountain to Mt. San Antonio—and never be lower than a 5,000-foot elevation.

In prowling around you'll sooner or later come across an enormous volcano crater, now extinct but still full of fascination, and if you have an imagination it will be thrilling to visualize the horror and bewilderment of your long forgotten ancestors when this great hole in the earth belched forth destruction and death amid clouds of fire and steam with molten rock flooding the surrounding country. There are great beds of sea fossils showing in the rocks in many places not far off the pavement. Prehistoric ruins and interesting Indian rock paintings can be found along certain mountain trails if you have a yen for that sort of thing.

And out on the desert, with a canteen over your shoulder, you can view the best remaining Joshua forests, relics of a prehistoric vegetation. They are called "clowns of the desert" and deserve the name. But you'll feel little skin prickles when you try to think back how

long they have carried on, through dusty centuries.

Large fields of wild flowers, rivaling any on earth, are on display at your feet in the hidden meadows you'll find as you top the summit of a distant mountain. The largest existing fields of poppies grow in the mountain area of Los Angeles County. Famous in song and story, the sight of them nodding in the canyon breezes will never leave your memory. The time will soon be here when you'll see those tall sentinels of the hills, the white topped yuccas, marching majestically up the mountainsides. They present the world's finest display of this type of bloom.

If you can read the story of the ages as told in rock formations, journey to such fascinating places as the Craggs of the Malibu, Vasquez Rocks and the Devil's Punch Bowl and get a geological treat. Old rock formations on the Sierra Pelona Range are said to date back 500 million years. That's a long way back. But it's not hard to find if you're really interested. A ride in your car, a hike through the hills and there you are—looking at something that was young half a billion years ago.

If, like the poet, you like heaven-kissing peaks, then hike the thrilling trail that leads up Mt. San Antonio and look at the surrounding world from a 10,000-foot elevation. It is the highest peak in the mountains of Los Angeles County. But there are many others which stretch beyond the 9,000-foot point. There is a canyon—San Gabriel Gorge—which is a mile and a quarter deep and still its lowest point is 3,000 feet above sea level. You didn't know that, did you?

There are fifteen beautiful lakes and twenty-two great reservoirs in Los Angeles County. Each of them has something of interest to see. Besides all this, there are fourteen waterfalls in the mountain canyons, every one worth a visit.

Back in the mountains are the men and women who live there the year 'round and who make the mountains their home. Among them they own and operate thirty-five mountain resorts; quiet places where you can enjoy yourself and get that much needed relaxation and change of scenery.

And before you hike very far you will meet those tall, clean, clear-eyed men who make up

SAVE THIS DATE

A feast is in store for both camp counsellors and camp directors, according to the plans now being made for the conference to be held at Camp Radford on May 15, 16 and 17. This will be the ninth annual event of the fore-gathering of the camping brotherhood, all branches, now organized nationally as the Camping Association of America, of which this meeting will represent the Southern California Division.

It speaks well for the valuable content of the programs and fruitful discussions of this conference that it has doubled in attendance every succeeding year. No effort is spared by the conference committee to foster this steady growth by impaneling the most outstanding leaders of the field to direct and conduct the conference sessions, new material is arduously sought out and introduced, and the discussion of new or common problems leads often to most satisfactory clearance and ingenious solutions.

More definite details will be available for announcement by the time that Trails Magazine goes into its next issue, but now is the time to mark the calendar and avoid any possible conflict of engagements. The conference is open to anyone who is interested in the subject of organized camping.

Though the following little poem has appeared in both the Nature Club of Southern California bulletin and the Quarterly Schedule of the Sierra Club, we think the sentiment expressed is worthy of repetition.

Friend, where you stay, or sit, and take your ease,
On moor or fell, or under spreading trees,
Pray, leave no traces of your wayside meal;
No paper bags, no scattered orange peel,
Nor daily journal littered on the grass.
Others may view these with distaste, and pass.
Let no one say, and say it to your shame,
That all was beauty here until you came.

—The Surrey Anti Litter League.

A CORRECTION AND APOLOGY

The poem, "The Tricky Ski," published in the Autumn number of Trails Magazine, should have been credited to the author, C. A. Harwell, Chief Ranger Naturalist, Yosemite National Park. At the time of publication its origin was not known to us.

one of the most interesting and important organizations known to modern civilization—the forest rangers. They are the guardians of man's last retreat. The forest ranger is your friend and guide so long as you treat the mountains as you would have the mountains treat you—kindly and with consideration. If you are careless and thoughtless you will find the forest ranger understands how to deal with that, too. And more than likely you will be escorted gently but firmly to the pavement where a carelessly thrown cigarette will not endanger human lives and treasured forest country.

Last year, according to official figures released by the federal forestry service, more than 140,000 persons hiked the trails in the Angeles Forest. The mountain area of Los Angeles County is the Angeles Forest.

Truly, Mohammed, you must go to the mountains.

NATIONAL RECREATION ASSOCIATION—WESTERN DIVISION CONFERENCE

The National Recreation Association's Western Division Institute Conference to be held at Long Beach, California, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, April 1, 2 and 3, will recognize thirty years of service by the National Association. Twenty-five years of service by Joseph Lee, President, and Howard Braucher, Secretary, will also be fittingly remembered. Because of this the April conference will be of more than usual significance, color and worth.

Some eight or nine research committees will soon be at work in preparing material for review in connection with the conference discussion panels. Samuel L. Friedman, Director of Public Information, Playground and Recreation Department, City of Los Angeles, has accepted service as chairman of the Research Committee and panel discussion group for the session devoted to "Successful Methods in Publicizing Recreation."

There will be papers and discussion on every phase of out-door recreation and the beneficial use of leisure time, by the most successful leaders and directors of the West, and great enthusiasm for this year's meeting is indicated.

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Outing Club News

PACIFIC CREST TRAIL SYSTEM CONFERENCE

Organization of this great trail, which crosses the United States from Canada to Mexico, 2300 miles through what is probably the most magnificent scenic area in the world, is now complete. Following are the officers and directors:

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The "Mazamas."
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The Sierra Club.
Young Men's Christian Association.

MINERALOGICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

WENDALL O. STEWART, *Secretary*

108 E. Colorado Blvd., Monrovia, Calif.

Many readers of TRAILS MAGAZINE may not know of the organization that offers opportunities to learn about geology and mineralogy and visit in organized groups localities in our Southern California mountains, beaches and deserts where geological formations can be studied and mineral specimens collected.

The Mineralogical Society of Southern California was formed in 1931 in response to a demand for an organization which would bring together those interested in the field of mineralogy. Meetings are held at the Pasadena Public Library on the second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m. and are open to the public free of charge. Speakers on geology, paleontology, mineralogy, crystallography, petroleum geology, and allied subjects are selected from the colleges and scientific institutions of the Los Angeles area, and usually illustrate their talks with moving pictures, slides and exhibits.

Our membership of one hundred and sixty is composed of college students and teachers, professional people and just plain pants pocket miners, kitchen sink lapidaries, and collectors of rock garden stones. Once a month we hold a field trip led by people familiar with the area to be studied. Our trips have ranged from Death Valley, south to the Yuha Basin in Lower California, some of them lasting three days. Our official publication is *The Mineralogist*, a magazine published monthly at Portland, Oregon. The small membership

fee includes a subscription to this magazine.

Following our example, other groups of collectors have organized into societies so that now in Southern California the following societies are actively meeting and taking field trips: Los Angeles Mineralogical Society, Orange Belt Mineralogical Society at San Bernardino, San Diego Mineralogical Society, West Coast Mineralogical Society at Fullerton, Kern County Mineralogical Society meeting at Bakersfield, and several other small groups. "The Branner Club," a professional society, and the "Rift Club," specializing in earthquake geology, are active and were started prior to our society.

On January 4 and 5 a California State Mineralogical Convention was held at Riverside. All the societies in the state sent delegates. "The California Federation of Mineralogical Societies" was organized with Mr. John Melhase of Berkeley, president, Mr. John Herman of Los Angeles, vice-president, and Mr. Ernest Chapman of Alhambra, secretary-treasurer.

TRACK!

By ETHEL SEVERSON

Sierra Club, So. California Chapter

The Sierra Club skier is an optimist, first and last—from the early fall months when he first begins to wax his skis and look hopefully toward the mountains, until May or June, when he toils ski-burdened to the highest slope for his farewell "sitsmark" on the last patch of snow. Once the season begins he merely exists from one weekend to the next; the days between he spends praying for snow. Every cloud is to him the forerunner of good news—a snow storm. If he wakes one day to find that the mountains have burst into white like freshly popped corn, the world is well lost. There is a flurry of phone calls, and under cover of night or the early morning hours long before the sun is up he starts on his way toward the high places, laden with skis, poles, and all the paraphernalia he happens to possess.

But if he waits all week in vain for the tell-tale chill in the air, the frosty icing on the hills, the radio broadcast, the telephone call, the postcard apprising him of an expedition to the snow, does he stay in town and mope and cast regretful glances towards his skis standing idle in the corner? As a needle finds its pole, he finds somewhere far above the

haunts of most men the one bit of snow perhaps in the whole of Southern California. It may be large enough only for a few stems or a "Christy," but he is happy. He is in another world and time has no meaning. If a pang of hunger penetrates his bliss he munches a bar of chocolate or tightens his belt and is content till nightfall. If there is a moon, not even the thought of food will draw him away. Like some strange night-bird he will make endless spill-punctuated flights across the glistening slope, delighting all the while in the crisp, cold air, the singing of the snow beneath his skis, the gleam of moonlight on the polished wood.

Warnings of storms do not deter him, for he has learned that often his best days of sport are found at times when others fear and shun the mountains. His dream of paradise is a chain of days filled with uninterrupted skiing, and this year the dream is slated to come true in February when with fellow Sierrans he will spend a week at the Sierra Club's ski lodge at Norden, rising each morning to the joyous knowledge that all day long his ears and voice and heart may thrill to the exultant cry of "TRACK!"

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Member Sierra Club Ski Section
and Lake Arrowhead Ski Club

BIG PINES SKI CLUB IN CALIFORNIA SKI ASSOCIATION

It is with extreme pleasure that the directors of the Big Pines Ski Club are able to announce our affiliation with the California Ski Association. Our petition was accepted and we are now a Member Club of the Association, and as such, take our place among those who extend every effort to keep skiing in the place it deserves, "The King of Winter Sports."

Our affiliation places upon us a trust not to be taken lightly. We have a definite responsibility to the young skier who may, at some time or another, become sufficiently proficient in the art to become a champion. We now obtain national recognition for any records made in our area and, with the assistance of the Association, are able to provide our members with the type of competition necessary to accomplish this.

It is, then, with a unity of purpose that we go forward in our attempt to make the Big Pines Ski Club one of the outstanding clubs in the United States. This is the goal at which we aimed when our club was organized and, with the wonderful facilities at our disposal and the exceptional enthusiasm of every member, this should not be difficult to attain.

Briefly, the organization is as follows: Member clubs elect delegates to the Board of Directors of the California Ski Association, who govern its policies and elect, in turn, delegates to represent themselves in the National Ski Association. The National Ski Association is affiliated with the Amateur Athletic Union, which is the governing body of all amateur athletic competition in the United States.

The club has now nearly 200 members and is adding new ones very fast. For information as to requirements or activities, write to W. A. Treadwell, president, Room 300, 240 South Broadway, Los Angeles, or Harlow Dormer, Secretary, Swartout, California.

ROAMER HIKING CLUB

By AL CROSSLEY, President

The overnight hike to Kelly's Camp on December 7 and 8 was an enjoyable trip, with snow and a full moon. The Christmas Dinner Dance at the Dark Canyon Clubhouse was a great success, with Santa Claus and a group of carol singers. We were unable to reach the

Magic Mountain trail on January 12, as the Pacoima road was blocked by repair work, but we did have a fine hike and a wonderful view from a 5,000 foot unnamed peak above Indian Springs. The roller-skating party at the Rollerdom Rink on January 18 was greatly enjoyed.

January 26 will be the Annual Snow Trip, for which details are not yet complete. February 1, our Sixteenth Anniversary Dinner Dance, the gala event of the year. There will be a Sunrise hike on February 8-9. Could anything be more beautiful and inspiring than to watch the sunrise over the mountains from some lofty peak?

February 18, a Bridge Party at the home of a member. February 23, an eight-mile hike down the West Fork to Short Cut Canyon. February 29, the Leap Year Dance and the girls have a chance to take the boy friend of their choice. Information concerning our Club may be obtained from Lillian Crossley, Chairman Membership Committee, 1421 Echo Park Ave., Los Angeles.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB OF GLENDALE

By SADIE K. ESTABROOK
Chairman of Hiking

The purpose of the hiking department of the Women's Athletic Club of Glendale is to furnish the housewives of Glendale with an opportunity for getting out in the open one day a week. We believe that hiking is the best all 'round outdoor sport for a woman whose interests keep her within doors most of the time.

Our trips are planned with the idea of giving the greatest amount of interest and exercise possible in a limited time. A woman who has a family cannot leave home before eight in the morning and must be home well before the dinner hour. This necessarily limits us to trips of ten or eleven miles and to the nearer trails. Even with this limit we have hiked well over a hundred miles since the first Thursday of last October.

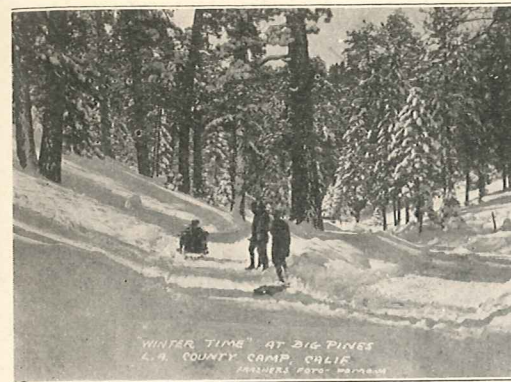
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THE SAN ANTONIO CLUB

This well known hiking organization is out with another fine schedule for 1936. Those who took the Condor Peak hike, January 12, found the last two miles of trail in very bad condition and the last half mile to the summit no trail at all, just a scramble over rocks and brush. The views along the trail and from the summit were very fine. The round trip was 13 miles.

The hike of February 9 will be by the old Mt. Wilson trail through Orchard Camp and back by the Hoegee Camp trail to Sierra Madre. Some beautiful spruce forest and again some fine views. Round trip, 14 miles. March 8 the club will hike the south rim of the old volcano in the Malibu to the summit of Mesa Peak through interesting volcanic formation and a deposit of sea fossils. April 4-5 will be the annual Spring clean-up at the club's mountain lodge in Bear Canyon.

For information write or phone to Will H. Thrall, president, 400 So. Garfield, Alhambra, or Edward Conghran, secretary, 246 So. Putney, San Gabriel.



Snow Sports in Los Angeles County

There are thirty-six women in this group. We are very proud that one of our members is a woman seventy-one years of age and she makes all the trips, including the one to Colby's Ranch. We are interested in all forms of Nature Study and conservation work. Our spring program is a diversified one, including trips to the desert as well as the mountains. The programs are planned at the beginning of each month.

GLENDALE COMMUNITY HIKERS

This popular club has enjoyed several fine hikes during the past month—an evening hike in Hollywoodland; a morning hike and breakfast in Griffith Park; on January 19, a hike through beautiful Santa Anita Canyon to Hoegee's and Sturtevant's.

Sunday, January 26, there will be an afternoon hike and picnic lunch in Brand Park. Wednesday, February 5, a moonlight hike in the Flintridge hills. February 9 a hike from Gold Creek to the campground at Oak Spring. Easy trail and beautiful views. February 16 breakfast at Casa Adobe de San Rafael. February 22 all-day hike from Valley Forge Lodge.

March 1, a hike from Red Box to Colby's Ranch, 9 miles round trip with easy trails. March 6, moonlight hike on ridge east of Verdugo road. March 8, afternoon hike through the old Fremont Pass. March 15, all-day hike to San Gabriel Peak. March 22, early morning hike and breakfast at Mineral Wells, Griffith Park. March 28-29, overnight trip to the desert and a hike in palm lined canyons.

For information, R. W. Haight, 420 So. Lincoln Ave., Glendale, Calif.

THE NATURE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By MISS MAY ALSOP, Chairman of Hiking

The Nature Club of Southern California was organized as a conservation club to keep our California, California, and to protect our wild life, like trees, flowers, birds and animals.

We take two trips a month, one hike trip, and one bus trip. We find in this way we can teach conservation; when we get them out on trails they realize the beauty and how it must be conserved. Trips are made to our National Parks and Monuments to create the desire for more such monuments before it is too late. Plans are now being made to go February 22nd, on a five-day trip to Death Valley. In the summer will visit Pfeiffer's Redwood Park, and Mount Lassen's Volcanic National Park. Besides these long trips our short trips are very interesting as we always have good leaders. If rainfall is sufficient will have trips to see wild flowers, which may be during Easter vacation. Our Nature Club creed is:

"Let them live in your hearts; they will die in your hands. Make week-ends wild flower festival days instead of wild flower funeral days."

Trail Trips

Saddle Peak—For a Wonderful View—½ Day

Drive the Topanga Canyon road to Malibu Ranger Station at Fernwood. Here turn west, up mountain side back of the station, passing Tuna Canyon Road, to the summit of the divide east of Saddle Peak, 6 miles, and park the auto.

Take trail west (left) from the road, along the ridge to the summit of Saddle Peak, 0.8 mile. Beautiful scenery, interesting rock formation and in the Spring good wild flower trip. Returning, drive the Tuna Canyon road to Roosevelt Highway for more unusual scenery. Total hike, 1½ miles.

Maple Canyon from Dillon Ranch—½ Day

Drive Little Tujunga Canyon road to the summit of Little Tujunga-Pacoima divide, then the middle road down to the stream at the Dillon Ranch. Park the auto where the trail leaves the road and follow down the stream to Maple Canyon, 2 miles. Return by same route. Total hike, 4 miles.

Arroyo Seco Above Oakwilde—½ Day

Drive the road in the bottom of Arroyo Seco to Camp Oakwilde and hike up the canyon trail, following the stream as far as desired. It is one mile to where the Switzer-Land trail leaves this canyon, but the stream may be easily followed for another mile. Total hike, 4 miles.

Dawn Mine by Millards Canyon—½ Day

Drive Sunset Ridge Drive to the summit at the Ranger Station. Hike the trail around the mountain side to meet Millards Canyon stream above the falls, then up the canyon to Dawn Mine, 2.5 miles. Return by same route. Round trip, 5 miles.

Cascade Canyon—½ Day

Drive the San Antonio Canyon highway to Barrett Canyon and park the auto near the little bridge at the head of the narrows and 1.5 miles below Camp Baldy. Hike across this bridge and up the Barrett Canyon road to the stream, 0.5 mile, turn right across the stream and south on the Forest Service road to Cascade Canyon, 0.6 of mile, and on to a little grove of pines at the head of Spring Hill trail, 0.6 of mile. Return to auto by same route. Total hike, 3.5 miles.

Mesa Peak—From Crater Camp—I Day

Drive Ventura Highway to first public road, turning left (south) beyond Calabasas, and on this road to Crater Camp and park the auto. Hike trail west through gate, cross Malibu Creek on foot bridge and take trail up the ridge west of the creek. Trail passes through a bed of sea fossils, just below the summit, reaching the summit in 1.5 miles, then west along the top to Mesa Peak, 1 mile. From here turn down the north slope (starting of the trail rather obscure), reaching Malibu Creek just east of Brents Crags Resort, 2.5 miles, find a foot bridge across the stream and back to Crater Camp, 1 mile. Carry Water and cold lunch. No fires allowed. Total hike, 6 miles.

Condor Peak—From Big Tujunga—I Day California Condors sometimes seen.

Turn north from Foothill boulevard at Mount Gleason avenue, drive up Big Tujunga Canyon

to Vogel Flat, 7.5 miles, and park the auto in the Forestry campground.

Hike the trail north from the campground up the west slope and follow this trail to within ½ mile of the summit and south side of peak, 6 miles. From here climb to the monument on the summit along a thinly brushed ridge or follow the trail around to the north side, to the crest of the Trail Canyon-Fox Creek Divide, and climb the last half mile through scrub forest of oak and spruce.

There is a beautiful bed of ferns and a small stream 3.6 miles on the trail. Carry water from here and a cold lunch as no fires allowed in this area. Total hike, 13 miles.

Barley Flat—From Red Box—I Day By Angeles Crest Highway

Drive Angeles Crest Highway to Red Box, summit of Arroyo Seco-West Fork divide, and park auto. Hike northeast (left) on Forest Service road to Barley Flat campground, spring near by, 4 miles, and stop for lunch. Yellow and Big Cone pines and grassy slopes covered with wild barley. Very fine views. No water between Arroyo Seco and Camp Ground and not always there in summer. Return by old trail from west end of flat to Red Box. If planning to use fire, secure permit before starting. Trails both east and north, on which may go farther if desired. Carry one quart water for each two persons. Total hike, 8 miles.

West Fork of the San Gabriel—From Valley Forge Lodge—I Day

Drive Angeles Crest Highway to Red Box and the West Fork road down to Valley Forge Lodge. Hike from here down the stream, passing Short Cut Canyon, 2.2 miles, to Camp No. 5, 2 miles, or Camp No. 6, 1.3 miles farther. Return by same route. If planning to use fire secure permit before starting. Plenty of water along the way. Total hike, 8½ to 11 miles.

West Fork—From Mt. Lowe Tavern—I Day

Take Pacific Electric car to Mt. Lowe Tavern. Hike trail around east side of Mt. Lowe and west side of Mt. Markham to trail forks at head of Eaton Canyon. Here take trail to right across head of Eaton Canyon to road from Mt. Wilson, 3 miles. Go west on road, 0.8 mile, to trail down heavily wooded slope through Opids Camp to West Fork of the San Gabriel, 2.2 miles, and stop for lunch at public picnic ground or have lunch at Opids Camp, as preferred. May return by same route No. 1—or follow road from Opids Camp back to junction with the trail No. 2—or follow road up West Fork to Red Box at top of the divide and trail south (left) around west side of Mt. San Gabriel back to Mt. Lowe Tavern, affording some wonderful views through the mountains, No. 3. No water between Mt. Lowe Tavern and West Fork. Secure fire permit at Federal Forestry office before starting if planning to use fire. Turning back from Opids Camp shortens each trip 2 miles. Total hike—No. 1, 12 miles; No. 2, 13 miles; No. 3, 14 miles.

Eaton Canyon—From Mt. Lowe Tavern—I Day

Take Pacific Electric Car to Mt. Lowe Tavern. Hike trail starting from Inspiration Point trail at Proposal Arbor to Eaton Canyon, 3.2 miles, then down stream to Rocky Flat Campground, ¾ mile, or on down to Sugar Bowl campground at the head of the gorge, 1 mile further. Return by same route. Water at convenient intervals. If planning to use fire secure permit before starting. Total hike, 10 miles.

Bear Creek from Coldbrook Camp—I Day

Hike the trail starting from the road a short distance below Coldbrook Ranger Station, west to summit of divide, north of Smith Mountain, 2.5 miles, and down into Bear Creek, 3 miles. It is about 2 miles up the stream to the falls, or 1.5 miles down stream to a good camp ground at the West Fork of Bear Creek.

Carry lunch and small canteen as no water until Bear Creek is reached. Return by same route. No fires allowed except at the West Fork camp. Total hike, 11 to 14 miles.

Mt. Islip—From Crystal Lake Park—I Day—With Return by West Divide and Crystal Lake

Drive the paved highway through San Gabriel Canyon from Azusa to the store in Crystal Lake Park and park the auto.

Hike the regular Mt. Islip trail over the Mt. Islip-Mt. Hawkins divide; 3.5 miles, around the north side to Little Jimmy Campground, ½ mile, and up to the summit of Mt. Islip, 1 mile, 5 miles from the start.

Returning take the ridge, southwest from the peak, down west of Crystal Lake and back past the lake to the auto, not over 5 miles.

Carry cold lunch and water from Little Jimmy Springs, or with fire permit may cook at Little Jimmy Campground. Total hike, 10 miles.

Coldwater Canyon—From Sunset Divide—I Day

Drive the San Antonio Canyon road to a Forestry road turning west a half mile below Camp Baldy. Turn up this road one mile to summit of Sunset Divide and park the auto.

Hike on the road around the mountain side to the west (right) and the Allison Trail turning right from the road to Cattle Canyon, 3.8 miles. Crossing this canyon take the trail on the opposite slope around the mountain again to the campground in Coldwater Canyon, 3.4 miles. The trail down Coldwater to Webers Camp, 1 mile, or up the canyon to Smith Mine, 1.3 miles, are both interesting and all the way through fine trees.

Water only at the two streams. If planning to use fire secure permit before starting or at Camp Baldy Ranger Station. Total hike, 14½ miles.

Table Mountain—From Big Pines Park—I Day

Hike north on the first road east of Swartout Lodge, Big Pines Park, and a short distance up the slope take a trail leading north around the east side of the Smithsonian Observatory to the crest of the ridge at the head of Le Montaine Creek, 1.2 miles. Here turn east (right) along the crest, through beautiful open forest to where the Wrightwood-Oak Springs trail crosses the ridge, 2 miles. Here turn back along the route

just traveled 1 mile, then north (right) for 200 yards down a gentle slope, to a picnic ground and fire-circle in the head of a little canyon with water nearby. A nice spot for cold lunch, or if you have obtained a fire permit at the Park headquarters you may cook there.

From here retrace the trail to the Observatory fence, 1 mile, take the trail around the north (right) side to the road and down through Camp McClellan, 1.3 miles, to the Arch, 1 mile. Carry one quart water for each two persons. Total hike, 7.5 miles.

Monrovia Peak—By Sturtevant Camp—I½ Days

Drive north on Santa Anita Avenue, Arcadia, and continue on the mountain road to a parking place at the end. Hike the trail down to First Water Camp, 0.8 mile, and up the canyon through Fern Lodge, 1.2 miles, to Sturtevant Camp, 2.2 miles, and stop for the night at the Resort or at a Forestry Campground, ¼ mile below.

Second day, take the trail turning right just below Sturtevant's, up the slope to Newcomb's Pass on the divide, 2.5 miles, then east (right) along or near the crest to Monrovia Peak, 6.5 miles. Go on over the double peak and southwest, down the ridge to junction with Spring Camp trail, 1 mile, down through Madrone Flat, 2.6 miles, to the Santa Anita Canyon trail near Fern Lodge, 1.6 miles, and return to the auto by the route of the day before.

May make this ½ mile shorter, easier and just as interesting by turning to right on a trail through Spring Camp, ½ mile west of the Peak. The only water between Sturtevant's and the East Fork of Santa Anita is at Spring Camp. Hiking distance, first day, 4 miles; second day, 16 miles.

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