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WINTER
1937



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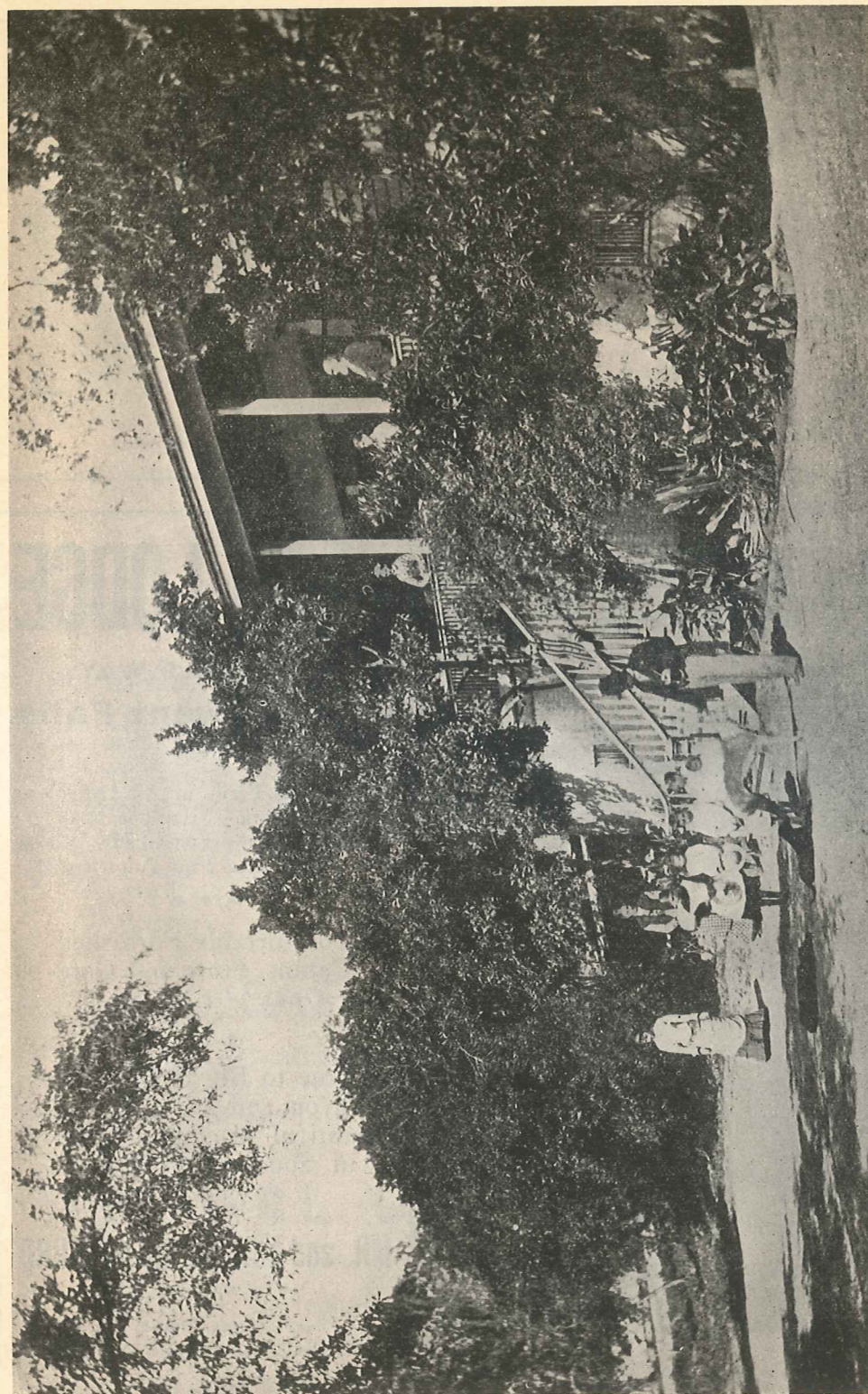
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Benjamin D. Wilson (Don Benito) on the porch of his old home at Lake Vineyard Rancho.
Now the site of the Huntington Library and Art Gallery.

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Trails Magazine

VOL. 4

WINTER, 1937

NO. 1

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THE MOUNTAIN LEAGUE
of Southern California

A non-profit organization of representatives of Public Departments and Outing Clubs, formed for the purpose of stimulating the development and use of mountain trails and other facilities for outdoor recreation in Los Angeles County.

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WHITE GOLD

Much has been said and written of the value of snow to Southern California, how essential it is to an ample water supply and to the production of the electric power which makes Metropolitan Los Angeles cleanest of the great industrial centers of America.

Until very lately snow as snow was allowed no place in Southern California advertising, was a forbidden subject in tourist lures, and thousands in the North and East who might have come were kept away because they just couldn't miss the wonderful times to be had in Winter Sports.

Now, strange as it seems, in this land which has been sold to the world for its sunshine, citrus fruits and flowers, snow and snow sports have taken a leading place as Winter attractions. The world is told of the preparation made for their comfort and pleasure in our snow covered mountains, of the great week-end crowds in snow, and when planning a trip to Southern California to be sure and include their snow sports apparel and equipment.

So to many, both all year residents and tourist visitors, snow sports are becoming one of our greatest attractions. Regular A. A. A.

sanctioned meets are held and world famous names appear in snow sports competition. At Big Pines, Los Angeles County's beautiful forest playground, is one of the great ski-hills of the world. Some of the world's greatest skiers have taken the jumps and some of the greatest records have been made there. If, and when, the 300 foot jump is made, it will probably be when the right man and perfect snow conditions get together on Big Pines' Master Hill.

There are Winter week-ends when at least 100,000 persons play in the snow in Southern California and so, in still another way, snow has become, both in happy, healthful recreation and as an attraction to a playtime throng, WHITE GOLD.

FEBRUARY

The wind is moaning through the trees
The leafless trees and bare.
The snow lies glistening on the leas
In fleecy billows, and the breeze
Has tossed the feathery flakes and made
Low hills and hollows in the glade;
While noontide sunbeams flash and fade
Among the branches there.

The jay flits by on azure wings
That match a summer sky;
His shrill voice through the wide air rings,
As on a swaying branch he swings;
And far across a stretch of snow
In answer caws a querulous crow,
Whose sable comrades, circling low,
Repeat the changeless cry.

The days hold mystic hints that thrill
The air impalpably,
And with prophetic promise still
Brood over vale and snow-clad hill.
The prisoned waters wake and move,
Reach out to find the widening groove,
Then eddy swiftly to the cove,
Rejoicing to be free.

The warm sap stirs low in the mold,
Touched by the subtle spell;
Life trembles in earth's underfold,
Where fibered roots its pulses hold;
And sealed aurelias silent lie
Beside the kindred mystery
Of leaf and branch, and towering tree,
In buried seed and cell.

While happy earth in ether steeps
Rolls on her sunbright way;
By milestones—through the starry deeps
Of measured seasons, still she sweeps;
Nor haste, nor loitering is hers,
Through long unknown, uncounted years,
That range infinity.

By MARGARET DRAKE DEGROOT.

(5)

CABIN LANDMARKS OF THE ANGELES

Again we take you back to the early days of the Angeles Forest with stories of Big Santa Anita, Mount Wilson and the trails over the mountains from Sierra Madre and Altadena.

There were interesting people and happenings in those old days and who, living today, could tell them better than Arthur Carter, who came to Sierra Madre at the age of thirteen in 1882, or Walter Schneider who, with his brothers, George and William, hiked these trails from 1889.

Nathaniel C. Carter, father of Arthur N. Carter, in 1881 bought from Lucky Baldwin and several homesteaders the 1100 acres, now the site of the city of Sierra Madre, and subdivided it into 10, 20 and 40 acre farms. The following year he built, on a spur of the mountain high above the city and valley, the beautiful old residence which has been the home of Arthur Carter for many years and in which he now cares for his mother, still active, interesting and very much interested at the age of 91.

MT. WILSON AND STURTEVANT TRAILS
FROM SIERRA MADRE

By ARTHUR N. CARTER



Arthur Carter

I wish to thank Mr. Lindley Bynum and his associates of the Huntington Library, for invaluable assistance in research of the early history of Benjamin D. Wilson.
THE AUTHOR.

The builder of the Mount Wilson Trail, Benjamin D. Wilson, or Don Benito as he was familiarly known, was born in Nashville, Tennessee. He arrived in Los Angeles in November, 1841, and settled where the Huntington Library and gardens are now located. Here he planted vineyards and orange orchards, and his cattle ranged where Pasadena later grew up.

Early in 1864, in order to obtain timber from the stands of sugar pine and incense cedar on "Wilson's Peak," Don Benito had Indians and Mexicans start work on a trail beginning in Sierra Madre (however, there was no town there then) and following, in a rough way, the canyon of the Little Santa Anita. By July or August of the same year the trail was completed, and E. S. Hereford, a stepson of Wilson, had charge of the first pack train bringing down fence-posts, pickets, and shingles to the town of San Gabriel in the valley. Before the completion of the trail, Mr. Wilson and his children's tutor, had made the ascent to the top of "Wilson's Peak." In the narrative of their trip, mention is made of their following an old bear trail to a spring of pure, cold water on the northwest slope of the mountain.

The original trail did not keep to any fixed grade, but followed, at the the beginning, the top of the spur along whose west side it now runs, and then continued from saddle to saddle in order to gain elevation. The first water found along the trail was from a spring west of and above what is now known as the Quarter-way House. From this point, the trail followed comparatively easy grades through the oaks and madrones to the Half-way House, now usually called Orchard Camp. From here, the trail passed through the flat, later the site of the orchard which gave the camp its name, then continued up the main Little Santa Anita Canyon to the head

where it crossed over, and in short, steep stretches climbed the manzanita covered ridge to the point where it now joins the old Mount Wilson Toll Road on the east side of Martin's Peak, now Mount Harvard. Around Mount Harvard the trail was comparatively level, there was a steep grade up to the saddle between Harvard and Wilson, then level again for a short distance and another steep climb of half a mile to the summit.

Trails Into the Back Country

This early trail over Mount Wilson did not end at the peak, but continued down the back side to the West Fork of the San Gabriel and up the canyon to where Valley Forge Camp is now located, thence up to Barley Flats, Pine Flats (Charleton Flats), Chilao, Horse Flats and the Buckhorn country. This trail from the West Fork to Barley Flats was one of the steepest trails I have ever traveled; a pack burro hardly knew whether his next lunge would carry him forward or tip him over backwards.

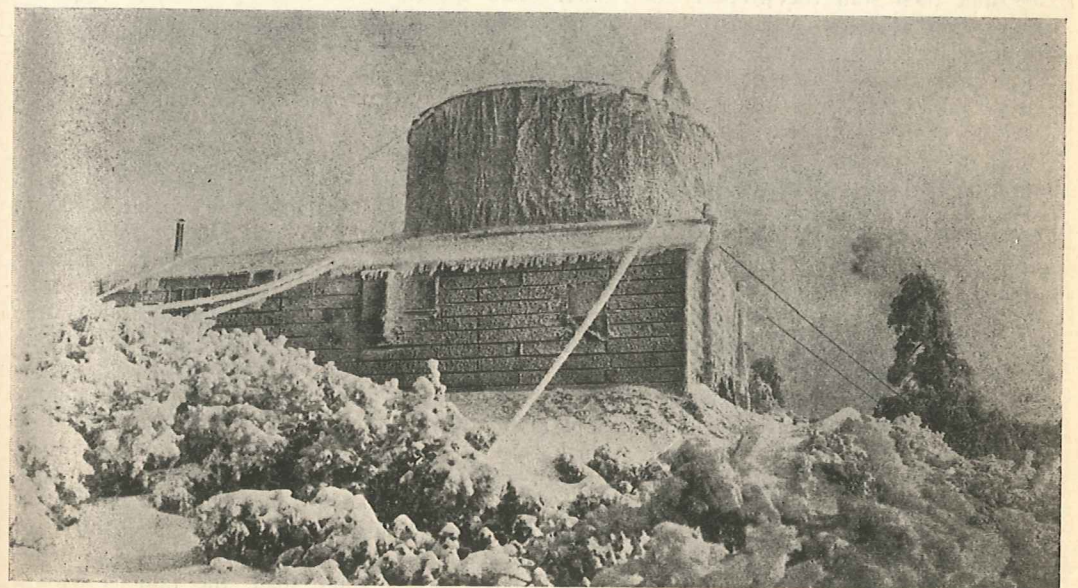
In the spring and early summer of 1893 in order to get rid of this bad stretch of trail, John Hartwell, one of the first rangers in the San Gabriel Reserve, and the writer, built a new trail along a route which had been laid out roughly by Louie Newcomb. This trail started up a canyon which headed towards a low saddle in the ridge between the West Fork of the San Gabriel and the upper Tujunga Canyon, climbed onto the center ridge at the

fork of the canyon, and by a fairly easy grade reached the low saddle on the ridge east of Barley Flats; then it dropped down into the upper Tujunga where it connected with the old trail to Pine Flat thereby eliminating a long, tiresome trip up the West Fork and over Barley Flats. "Shortcut" was the name given to both canyon and trail.

The First Observatory

In the spring of 1889 Harvard College established the first observatory and telescope on Mount Wilson and the trail was widened in places to facilitate the transportation of the heavy castings and other large pieces of observatory equipment. In 1891, to accomodate the increasing tourist travel to Mount Wilson, long stretches of the original trail from the beginning to Martin's Camp were abandoned and replaced with easier grades.

The first buildings along the Mount Wilson Trail were at the Half-way House, were built by Don Benito Wilson during the construction of the trail in 1864 and consisted of a three room cabin, stable, blacksmith shop and a small building later used as a chicken house, all built of timbers and long split shakes. The property was later homesteaded by George Islip and George Aiken who planted the orchard of apples, cherries, plums and chestnuts, some of which still remains. In 1880, on my first trip up the trail, there were still piles of unused shakes and fence posts about, and hanging up in the shop was



The first Observatory on Mount Wilson—1889



The first cabin at Orchard Camp

a long pit saw used in ripping out timbers for building purposes. By this time, Islip and Aiken had abandoned the property and it had reverted to the government. Before 1889 the Half-way House property was again homesteaded, this time by Captain Fred Staples, an old forty-niner, who lived there for some years and then sold the property to A. G. Strain who leased it to various people for resort purposes.

The property is still a part of the Strain estate. James McNally was the first one to make use of the Half-way House (Orchard Camp) as a resort. He was followed by James Beard, Foster Huston and two other lessees. M. A. DeTemple is the present occupant. Orchard Camp was a favorite destination of week-end hikers. The only other early building along the Mount Wilson Trail, presumably built for men hired by Wilson to get out lumber, was a log cabin of fairly good size on the north slope of Mount Wilson on the west side of the ravine some distance below where Strain's Camp was later built. This cabin was destroyed later by a fire which burned over the entire peak. There were also numerous piles of fence posts and pickets on the top of Mount Wilson which had not been packed down.

The old Quarter-way House, one and three-quarters miles from Sierra Madre and between

the present trail and the stream, was built by Emile Deutsch in 1888 and used by the family for many years. Later the property was leased to George A. Damon, then Dean of California Institute of Technology, and several other cabins were built nearby to be used by his relatives and friends. The entire front of the original cabin is decorated with names, initials and dates carved in the walls—many of them dating back to its first years. It is now the week-end home of G. K. Simmons.

At about this time also Pete Stiel and his wife started Stiel's Camp at the saddle between Mount Harvard and Mount Wilson and here a daughter was born, the first American baby of this part of the San Gabriels. She was named Alta Montana Stiel. The camp was later owned and operated by Clarence Martin and known by the more familiar name of Martin's Camp. During the World War others were added to the few remaining camp buildings and the site, together with Harvard Peak, was used as a signal station in connection with the balloon school at Ross Field. Later it was a construction camp during the building of the road from Mount Wilson to Red Box. Several years ago the buildings were all removed and there remains little today to mark the site.

First Resort on Mount Wilson

Prior to the locating of the observatory on Mount Wilson, A. G. Strain had homesteaded there, and in the spring and summer of 1889 had opened Strain's Camp which consisted of one log cabin, tents, and a canvas-covered dining room. In the fall of '89 he built another log cabin and made extensive improvements in preparation for the summer of 1890 as the opening of the observatory brought many people up to Mount Wilson. Some time later the Pasadena and Mount Wilson Toll Road Company obtained property on the peak and built the Mount Wilson Hotel and cottages. Then the company built a trail from Eaton's Canyon to Mount Wilson via Henniger Flats. From this trail one could look down onto the uncultivated uplands west of Eaton's Canyon where Altadena now stands. There below, thousands of golden California poppies bloomed in the spring. General Stoneman of San Gabriel once told my parents of having seen, when he was at Wilmington, this poppy field spread like a golden sheet at the foot of the San Gabriel Mountains some thirty or forty miles away. This trail was widened later into a stage road, the famous Mount Wilson Toll Road.

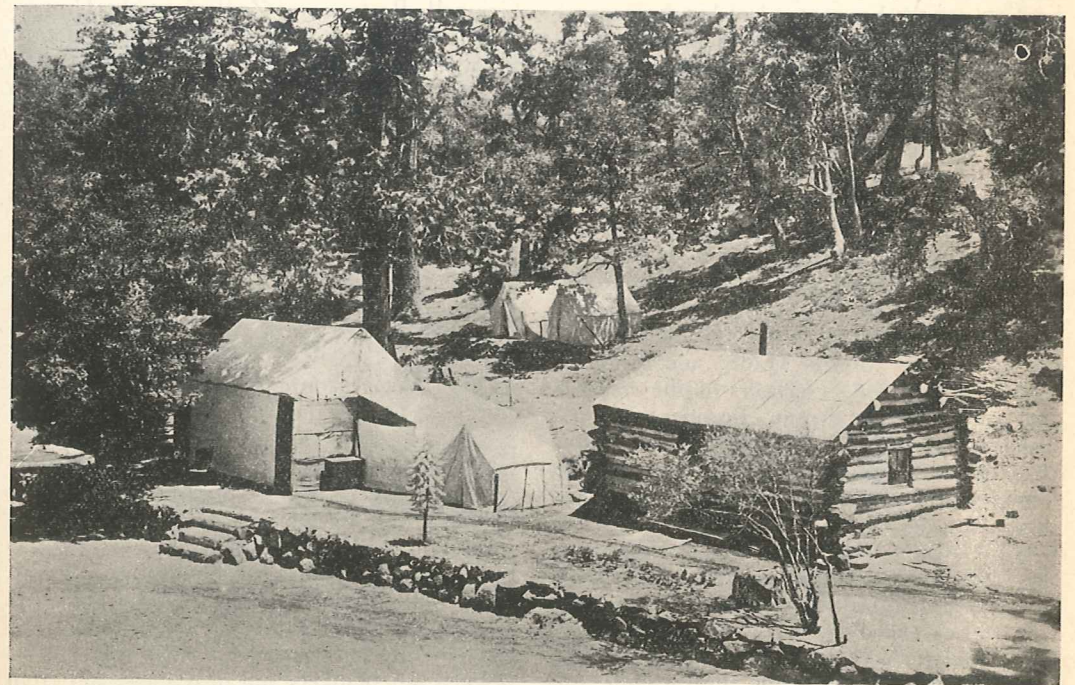
The first lumber and building material used in the construction of the Mount Wilson Hotel and cottages was packed up the Sierra Madre-Mount Wilson Trail by William M. Sturtevant who came into Sierra Madre from Colorado with a string of twenty-three burros which had been used for packing ore from, and supplies to, the mines there. The history of the burro corrals is inseparably linked with that of the trails. The trails, on the whole, were not objectionable, but the corrals, from time to time, caused considerable disturbance in an ordinarily peaceful community. Even as late as 1920 burro "zoning wars" cropped up in Sierra Madre. The first burro corral at the foot of the Mount Wilson Trail was operated by George Carter (not related to the writer) on property leased from N. C. Carter; then the lease passed into the hands of Deutsch and Robinson; from them it went to Sturtevant, and later to Holmes, Staats, and Wright of the Mount Wilson Hotel Company.

About 1908, N. C. Carter sold the property to Rich and Beard who erected the larger stable buildings. At first all the traffic was on the Mount Wilson Trail, but later when the Sturtevant Trail was built, the same corral served as packing headquarters for it. From here, when the mountain resorts were at the height of their popularity, pack trains of

twelve to fifteen or twenty burros made daily trips up the Sturtevant Trail to the Big Santa Anita Canyon and on to Sturtevant's Camp. Food, lumber and household supplies were the principal materials packed up the trails. Pack trains also traveled up and down the Mount Wilson Trail, but not so frequently as on the Sturtevant Trail.

"Rules of the Trail"

One of the "rules of the trail" when a pack train came along was for the hiker to stand on the outside edge of the trail while the burros passed. Timid people, however, often sought the apparent security of the inside bank, and as a result, sometimes got badly bruised, as a burro always plants his hoofs stubbornly in the rut worn in the center of the trail no matter what obstructions his pack may encounter. Burros could be hired as saddle animals for trips up the trail. More than once I have seen ladies who had mounted burros at the foot of the trail and who had not budged from their backs the entire ten or eleven miles to Sturtevant's Camp; by that time it was all they could do to get off the animals, much less move after they had dismounted. Today all that remains of these burro stables and packing headquarters at the head of Mountain Trail Avenue in Sierra Madre are the buildings—now used for parking automobiles.



Strain's Camp—Mt. Wilson—1889



Packing lumber for first hotel at Mt. Wilson

The Original Sturtevant Trail

The original Sturtevant Trail was that which crosses upper Winter Creek and passes through Hoegee's Camp. It was first known as the Burlingame Trail and was built as far as Winter Creek in 1886 and 1887 by a grading contractor, Burlingame, who intended hauling out the heavy stand of big cone spruce which is above Hoegee's Camp. The trail started in the canyon north of the Lannon property (just west of Double Drive at the eastern boundary of Sierra Madre), and had been completed nearly to the stand of timber when the entire San Gabriel Range was made into the San Gabriel Forest Reserve.

Not until 1897 when Sturtevant and Strain developed the idea of building a short cut to the Antelope Valley was any further interest taken in the trail. At this time, articles of incorporation were taken out and the trail was known as the "Sierra Madre and Antelope Valley Toll Trail." Officers of the corporation were A. G. Strain, President, A. N. Carter, Secretary. In the spring of the same year, work commenced on the trail again, overgrown brush was cleared away, slides were removed, a new section of trail was built, from where Carter's Camp was later established in the Little Santa Anita Canyon to the original foot of the trail on the Lannon ranch, and the trail was extended to what is now Sturtevant's Camp and from there on into the West Fork of the San Gabriel Canyon. For a while, toll was collected from people going beyond Stur-

tevant's, but the idea was soon dropped.

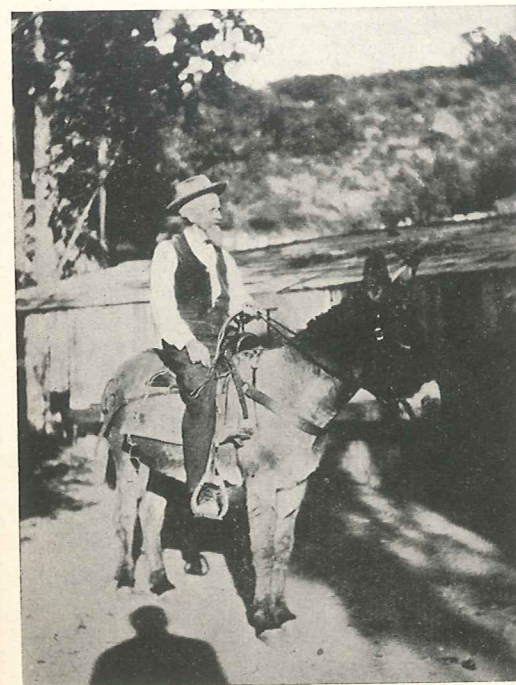
In April, 1897, in order to establish a preliminary grade for the trail beyond Sturtevant's Camp, L. T. Newcomb and I went up the Mount Wilson Trail and down into the West Fork of the San Gabriel where we stayed over night at Newcomb's hidden cabin. Joseph Grinnell, Professor of Zoology at the University of California, tells how the young men of Pasadena who frequented the San Gabriels at that time welcomed every opportunity to learn about the mountains from Louie Newcomb. He laid out many of these early trails, and in recent years his knowledge of the San Gabriels has been invaluable to engineers building roads into the "back country." The next morning we went on down the West Fork and then turned south, up a side canyon, to what is now known as Newcomb's Pass. From there, we worked out a preliminary grade into the canyon where Sturtevant's Camp now stands. We had intended to camp that night at Santa Oline Canyon, where blankets and provisions had been left previously, but night-fall overtook us just as we reached the foot of the Sturtevant Falls. We gathered wood for the night and ate a biscuit and some jerky left from our lunch. The April night was far from warm; so until early morning it was a matter of alternately freezing one side and thawing the other as we attempted to sleep by the fire. By nine o'clock the next morning we reached our blankets and provisions, and from there we had a good trail to Sierra Madre.

Santa Anita Canyon Resorts

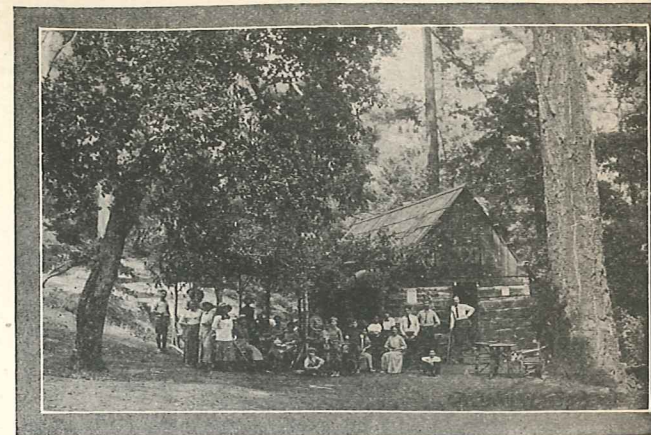
Early in the summer of 1898, William Sturtevant and his family opened Sturtevant's Camp to the public. The camp consisted of a dining room, store, tents and two or three small frame buildings and was, for many years, one of the most popular resorts in the San Gabriel Range. Numerous families regularly spent their vacations there and many hikers made it a stopping place on trips over Mount Wilson and into the back country. Later the camp was operated for a time by J. M. Beard and in 1915 was sold to Edward J. Killian and for several years past has been managed for him by V. B. Hoopes. The lease, buildings and equipment have lately been sold to F. C. Thomas who will himself be in active management, and it may be that Sturtevant's Camp, known to all mountain folks of the old days as one of the most beautiful spots in the range, will regain its old popularity.

The old cabin, constructed of squared logs, which has long been used as library and recreation room at Sturtevant's, was built by Louie Newcomb and others in 1903 and was occupied by him as Ranger for that district. It has always remained the property of the U. S. Forestry Department.

Hoegee's Camp, on the original Sturtevant Trail, was started in 1908 by Arie Hoegee,



William M. Sturtevant



Old Log Ranger Station at Sturtevant

now senior member of A. Hoegee and Sons, of Los Angeles. It has a beautiful setting on Winter Creek, one and one-half miles up from Big Santa Anita and has been a popular resort for nearly thirty years.

Fern Lodge, near the foot of Sturtevant Falls, was started in 1916 by Earl Topping of Sierra Madre who managed it for four years. In March 1920, he sold it to Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Hosford who have been its popular managers since. The later trail to Sturtevant's, and beyond, passes through Fern Lodge and here also starts the East Fork Trail to Spring Camp and Monrovia Peak.

Across the stream and nearer the falls, the Sierra Club, Southern Chapter, built their first mountain home and dedicated it, "Muir Lodge," in October 1913.

Robert's Camp, once the largest resort in the canyon, was started in September, 1912 by Otto L. Roberts and Joe Clark. Though the buildings are still standing, many of the cabins have been sold for private recreation homes and the resort has been closed for several years.

First Water Camp, where Santa Anita Trail first meets the canyon stream, was started in 1919 by Lee F. Tigh who at that time purchased three private cabins on Forestry lease and began construction of the present store, restaurant and recreation hall. Facilities were gradually increased until there were twenty-three cabins and accommodations for one hundred and eight persons. In May, 1928, the lease was transferred to P. J. Benson; in March, 1929, to A. D. Choate and in July, 1932, back to Benson again. In December, 1933, it was purchased by James A. Steele and

*The Hermit of Santa Anita*

his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Steele, installed as managers. Many additions and improvements have since been made and First Water Camp is regaining its old popularity.

The Hermit of Santa Anita

Most mountain areas give shelter to at least one recluse. The Hermit of the Big Santa Anita Canyon was an Armenian who came to Sierra Madre about 1898 with an old horse and an even older buckboard. He built himself a small stone house in Big Santa Anita Canyon downstream from where First Water Camp is situated. His house, built without windows, was ventilated only by small openings between the mortar and the rocks. Here he lived in seclusion and, among other things, made medicines out of native herbs. About once a week he came down the trail, at first with his old horse and later with a wheelbarrow, for necessary supplies. When the Forest Service opened Santa Anita Canyon to cabin owners, the hermit did considerable work in helping build cabins, and in a blasting accident he lost one eye. Until his death, about two years ago, this wiry little man with his long, dark hair, his shaggy dark beard, and with a black patch over one eye, formed a picturesque figure in our mountains.

The first of many recreation and week-end

cabins now in Big Santa Anita Canyon was built in 1908 by a group of Sierra Madre boys who formed the Swastika Club. Among the active members were Dale Bowen, Roy Bowen, Henry Olsen, Ray Bravender and Leonard Tucker. Cement, other building materials and equipment for their stone and log cabin were packed in by the old trail and down into the canyon through Winter Creek on the backs of the boys. "Swilliken Den," as the cabin was called, because of some joke on Bravender, was torn down in the summer of 1936.

At the foot of the mountains in the Little Santa Anita Canyon a camp consisting of thirty-seven tent-houses and five cottages was opened to the public by the Carter brothers in the spring of 1906. After the first year, it was run by Mr. and Mrs. A. N. Carter. In 1913, the property was sold and subdivided into building lots. Carter's Camp was very popular with people who did not wish to make the more strenuous trips into the mountains on the backs of patient burros. Many families stayed at the camp as long as one or two months each season, the head of the family commuting to his work each day. On January 1, 1906, the Pacific Electric Railway began its passenger service to Sierra Madre thereby adding greatly to the success of Carter's Camp and to the popularity of the nearby trails and mountain resorts.

For several years up to about 1916, hundreds, and perhaps even thousands, of hikers used to travel up and down these trails every week-end. The procession of laughing and singing hikers would begin early Saturday afternoon and continue until dusk, or, on moonlight nights, far into the night. Then Sunday afternoon the hikers came down, many of them foot-sore and subdued, and climbed onto the special Pacific Electric cars waiting to take them back to Los Angeles and adjacent towns. But now, auto roads have slashed into the mountainsides, and only those people who hike for the love of hiking use these trails.

OUR COVER PICTURE

Mt. Wilson Buried in Snow

Though this picture was taken so many years ago that we are unable to learn the photographer's name, every heavy snow storm produces similar scenes on this nearby and easily accessible mountain top. There are on display at Mt. Wilson Hotel many photographs of snow scenes so beautiful that they may be duplicated at few places in the world.

THE STORY OF HENNIGER FLAT AND THE HALF-WAY HOUSE

As Told by WALTER S. SCHNEIDER of Pasadena

CAPTAIN WM. K. HENNIGER AND HENNIGER FLAT

It was my good fortune to know Captain Henniger quite well the last five years of his life and to meet him often at the Flat which bears his name. My older brother, George Schneider, who later built the Half-way House, had come out from Minnesota for his health in 1886, followed by a sister the following year and in 1890 both were living at Henniger's. It was my job, assisted by a younger brother, Edward, to about once a week drive in two pack burros loaded with supplies.

For some of the facts here set forth I am indebted to Dr. Reid and his History of Pasadena. Henniger had reached California in the fall of 48, just ahead of the gold rush, and many a thrilling tale he told of bears, Indians and his experiences in the north in the "Days of Old, The Days of Gold, The Days of '49." I recall his saying "we never thought a gold camp amounted to a damn 'til flour sold at a dollar a pound."

Coming south, he lived for awhile near San Gabriel and there married a Mexican or, as Walter Allen tells me, a full blooded Indian woman of the Mission. Questioned about this he stated that unmarried white women were too scarce in those days. It is said he

was the first sheriff of Santa Clara County and that he gained the title of "Captain" in service against the Indians of the north.

In his search for minerals in the local mountains he found the little basin or valley half-way up Mount Wilson where he finally settled in 1880 or 1881 only to be driven out by a dry season which left him without water. The copious rains of 1884 replenished the springs and he returned, built a house, a cistern for water storage, cleared some land and planted trees. Later all tillable land was cleared on which he grew hay, corn, vegetables, fruit and melons.

In 1885 or '86, E. L. Mayberry, a well known land owner of Pasadena, planning to build a house there for his invalid wife, greatly improved Henniger's trail intending to make it a road later on. After a few trips on horseback he gave up the place because of difficulties of access.

The old trail which I tramped so many times in the '90's is overgrown and nearly obliterated. It entered Eaton Canyon at the east end of New York Avenue by the rock crusher. Those big oaks were small then and a sign pointed across the wash "To Kinneloa Ranch." After a few stream crossings we turned up a canyon just above the Police Rifle

*Martins Camp—Mt. Wilson*

Range and a short distance beyond turned up the slope on a series of steep switch backs which led by the most direct route to the Flat. This trail was a mile and a quarter in length, compared to about three miles by the Toll Road which came ten years later, and on a hot day took all we had to keep going.

Cap Henniger was of medium height, stocky of frame, face deeply tanned and gray hair and beard. He was afflicted with palsy and hands and arms shook continuously; however, he could control them somewhat by grasping a chair or table or with a heavy object in his hands and he drank from a heavy iron cup. As food dropped from his palsied hands into his full beard, sometimes after a meal he was not a pleasant sight. He was good natured, full of fun and jokes and with his stories of his frontier days soon had his visitors at ease.

The one thing which stands out, as I think back of this old grizzled mountaineer of half a century ago, was his remarkable ability with a rifle. Just imagine this old man of seventy, without glasses, his arms continuously shaking, picking off the head of a bluejay swinging on a corn stalk out in the field. One moonlight night, attracted by a commotion among his burros, he discovered a mountain lion sneaking in and, at one hundred yards, drilled its skull with a bullet.

During the last few years of his life the Mount Wilson Trail was built, later to be widened to the Toll Road. Pete Stiel, a restaurant man of Pasadena, opened a resort near the summit of Mount Wilson which was later known as Martin's Camp, and by Stiel's packtrain, Henniger, in his last years, got his supplies. When Cap Henniger died on March 4, 1894, it was Pete Stiel who took charge of his affairs and attended to his burial.

I remember, during his last illness, seeing two middle-aged women and some children at the Flat and these, I was told, were daughters and grandchildren from San Gabriel. My brother George helped to carry his body down the mountain and I presume he was buried in the little churchyard at San Gabriel. After Henniger, various parties lived on the Flat. In 1913 some Japanese occupied it with several hundred chickens and later it was used for a fox farm which was said by many to conceal the manufacture of illegal liquor.

On July 3, 1895, the Henniger property, one hundred twenty acres, was sold at administrators sale to H. C. Allen and became a part of the Mount Wilson Toll Road Company's holdings. Later it was sold to Los

Angeles County for the forest nursery which was started about 1917 by Hon. T. P. Lukens, one of the best known and most respected citizens of Pasadena. Mr. Lukens, one of the early supervisors of Angeles National Forest, was a pioneer in re-forestation and it was through his insistence and under his supervision that the forest of pines now surrounding Henniger Flat was planted. On a historical sign erected on the property are many mistakes; the well-known T. P. Lukens is called Arthur Lukins and Captain Wm. K. Henniger becomes John Henniger.

THE HALF WAY HOUSE

and George A. Schneider, Mountaineer

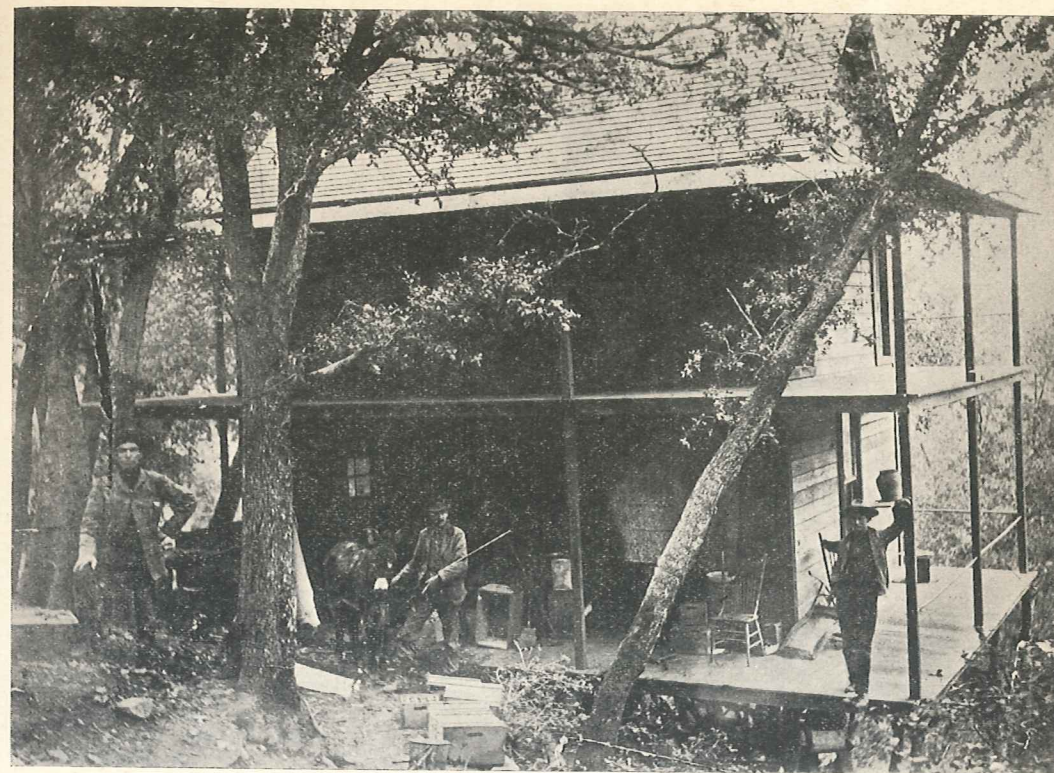
George Schneider, ill and in search of a milder climate than that of his birthplace, Albert Lea, Minnesota, came to Pasadena in 1886 and a year later was joined by a sister, Matilda (Mrs. Frank B. Copelin). Then in March of 1888 the entire Schneider family followed, building a home in North Pasadena.

The following year or perhaps 1890 both George and Matilda, seeking the benefits of mountain air, spent the Summer with that old mountaineer, Cap Henniger at Henniger Flats. George, who had become quite a noted hunter before leaving Minnesota, soon regained his prowess, as game was plentiful and deer and wild cats were often added to the small game which fell to his rifle. He also trapped foxes and killed many rattlesnakes.

He later acquired a few burros, became expert at packing and stayed on at Henniger's for three years, much improved in health and by this time a confirmed mountaineer.

A timber tract of 160 acres, adjoining Henniger's on the east, had been filed on by a man named Curtis who was later accidentally killed. Schneider bought the relinquishment from the widow, refiled on the land for himself, and leaving Henniger's built a small board cabin near what is now known as Idle Hour Junction or Turnout 14, the first Half-way House. I am not sure of the date but recall that he was living there the year of Cap Henniger's death in 1894.

A bullet hole through the door often aroused the interest of visitors. It was made by train robbers known as the Johnson Gang who, after holding up a Southern Pacific train at Roscoe, in the San Fernando Valley, passed the cabin on their way to a hide-out in the mountains. Luckily, George had gone to town for supplies and didn't meet the desperados



Schneider's Camp—Half-Way House on Mt. Wilson Toll Road

but found their calling card on his return.

While the Toll Road was being built and improved, George packed water and supplies for the workmen and on one trip his burros were stampeded by a female mountain lion with two cubs.

About 1897, he started the larger house farther up the road which soon became known as Schneider's Camp or the Half-way House. This was quite an undertaking as his health was not the best and he had little money to work with. It took a whole summer to pack in the material on burro back and considerable ingenuity to negotiate that crooked trail with glass doors, six foot windows, brick for the chimney and finally the successful transporting of the 24 foot timbers which today support the front porch. Swivel pack saddles were devised, with rollers on which to slide the long timbers back and forth, sometimes far out over the canyon at sharp turns of the trail.

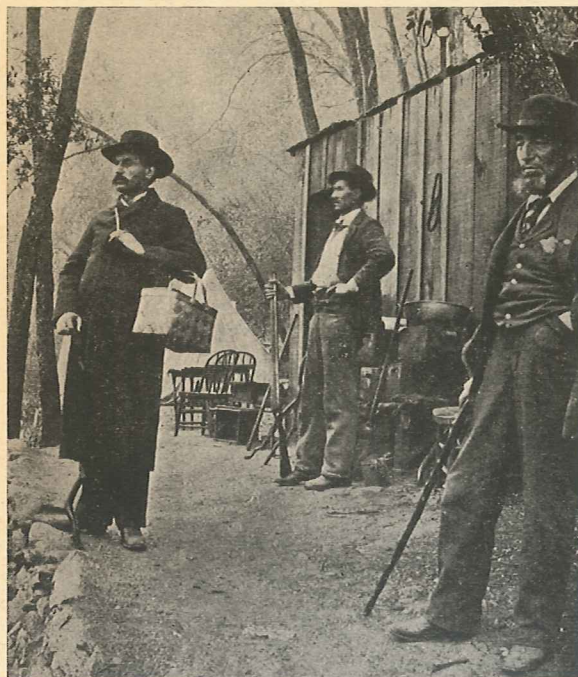
The house, two stories high, with a two story porch on three sides, was completed about 1898, and here, with the assistance of his sister, Mrs. Copelin, he served lunches and soft drinks and rented rooms to those who

traveled the trail. As work on the toll road progressed, large crews of workmen were camped there and, at times, groups of fire fighters who had been hastily recruited in the valley to fight several mountain fires.

At the opening of the deer season it was the headquarters for hunters who knew Schneider as a great hunter himself. I can remember them well, shooting at the mark and talking guns, their favorite target, a black frying pan, hung in the center of the white rock slide near Buzzard's Roost, and 400 yards away. It took a good shot to hit the pan and spurts of dust told when they missed.

As the road was widened, mule and burro trains gave way to horse drawn vehicles and astronomers and scientists came from afar to the observatory on Mount Wilson, stopping for refreshment at the Half-way House. Perhaps the most noted of these visitors was the great Iron Master himself, Andrew Carnegie, whose millions have since made permanent provision for the Mount Wilson Observatory and its staff.

On moonlight nights, especially Saturdays, there were parties of hikers arriving at all



Geo. Schneider, center, and his father, Wm. Schneider, right, at the first Half-Way House.

hours. It was quite the thing to go up by moonlight and I noticed that many of these folk were from a distance or from abroad, while on the other hand, many who have lived long in this vicinity have never been up the mountain.

George Schneider's Half-way House was popular with mountain folk and many are those who recall it with pleasant memories. After about a dozen years his health failed and he came to his mother's home in Pasadena where he died in 1912 at the age of 48. Thus passed the last and perhaps the youngest of the mountain pioneers who built trails and cabins, developed water and helped to make our mountains accessible to the public.

The house which he built at such a sacrifice of strength and under such difficulties is the only one standing of seven buildings which, at one time, stood along the Mount Wilson road.

On the east bank of Eaton's Canyon, at the foot of the old toll road, stood the first Toll House, Dew Drop Inn, and just above, where the road turned east, was a corrugated iron storehouse. Next came Henniger's house, long ago replaced, then the Schneider cabin at Idle Hour Junction and just above it, the Half-way House.

About a mile below the summit, in the saddle between Mount Wilson and Mount Harvard, many old-timers will remember Stiel's Camp, later known as Martin's Camp, which was built before the hotel buildings on the peak. Then a little storehouse, farther up, for the West Fork Resorts and lastly the old log Casino, southwest of the present hotel. All are now gone except the Half-way House and the toll road itself is a thing of the past, replaced by the new high-gear highway from Angeles Crest. It is said that the County will widen and improve the old road to Henniger's Flats which, if true, is welcome news to us all, but the old Mount Wilson Trail and the Toll Road which replaced it will soon be only memories, passing out with those who built and loved them.

THE SILENT FOREST

Complete silence is here, silence absolute.
The sun has gone, day birds are still.
The afternoon wind has died away and the gentle evening breeze has not yet sprung up.
The cedars and the pines are silent.
No other living soul is nearer than miles away.
No living thing domestic is here.
The wild life of the forest has not yet gone forth on their rounds of business or pleasure.
So peaceful—so calm—so still.
An hour like this I sit and listen. Hark!
Do I hear a sound? Nothing.
Then a lonesome, homesick feeling, almost a fear creeps over me. I have listened so intently without hearing anything that I am afraid, afraid now that I WILL hear something. I shiver, though the night is warm.
I speak and my voice cracks the silence like a shot.
An echo flings the tone back to me. Silence is better.
Again I listen, every nerve taut to catch a sound.
Ah! at last! There it comes!
At first the faintest whisper in the tops of the tallest pines—the first evening voice of the forest.
Whispering now a little louder—now a definite murmur.
The evening breeze is coming in.
A night bird chirps and far off an owl calls its mate.
I am no longer alone.

—CLAUDE DOWNING.

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THE MOUNTAINS' INVITATION "COME UP HIGHER"

Reverend E. P. Rankin's own story of his first attempt to climb Monrovia Peak,
January 22, 1920:

*Introduction by Richard N. Johnson, Trail
Companion of Mr. Rankin, and secretary
of Yucca Hiking Club of Monrovia*

Poised gracefully upon the outstretched arm of the East Fork of the Big Santa Anita, Monrovia Peak lifts its mile-high brow and, looking out across the wide spread of the canyon, greets its big-sister-peak, Mount Wilson, clasping the westward stretching canyon arms to its bosom.

And when the mountain turns its gaze southward on a January day to catch the glint of the low-lying noonday sun on the far away waters of the Pacific, it looks down fondly upon the little city at its foot whose namesake it is. Perhaps the thought may arise of how much more the city of Monrovia and the mountain have grown to mean to each other since the coming of the Reverend E. P. Rankin to live out the evening of his life here. Mr. Rankin tells here the story of his first attempt to find his way to the top of Monrovia Peak. He has climbed it every year, on or near his birthday, the last at the age of 91.

Mr. Rankin's story:

After forty-eight years of service as a minister of the Gospel, connected with the Presbyterian Church, I retired from the active work of the ministry at the age of seventy-four. A kindly Providence led us at that time to make our home in Monrovia, California.

Coming from a prairie state, the mountains above Monrovia at once began to arrest attention. Looking up toward them, theirs seemed to be always the invitation, "Come and see." I had always been healthy, strong and active. With much leisure time on my hands in Monrovia, the desire grew on me to accept this invitation of the mountains.

Monrovia is most favorably situated as a starting point for exploration of its neighboring mountain regions. Its streets run up into the foothills; some of them connect with trails leading into forest or higher up the slopes. I soon took to the trails. I found a charm in them that was irresistible.

Within a few months I had become acquainted with all the trails within a distance of five or six miles. I loved the canyons with their lively streams of pure "laughing" water

splashing along in rocky channels. I loved the beauty of overhanging shrubs and of the evergreen towering trees above. And when the trails took me to the heights, I reveled in the far distant views over undulating mountain ranges and low-lying, fertile, prosperous valleys reaching far off toward the sea.

But there were still mountain heights above me that I had not explored. Somewhere along the crest of that ridge above Monrovia was the peak that bore the city's name. There was a trail of somewhat uncertain character leading up to or near the peak, I was told, that could be picked up here and there. And always from those heights seemed to come the ringing invitation. "Come up Higher," while a determined voice in my own soul responded, "Thank you, I will."

The night before my seventy-fifth birthday, January 22, 1920, I said to the family, "Tomorrow it's me for the Peak. You have the birthday dinner ready at night when I get down." But, alas, "the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley." Off to an early start, I passed Deer Park, half way to the Peak as far as mileage is concerned, at nine o'clock. But beyond there the climbing grew stiffer and the trail more obscure. I was an hour longer in reaching what I supposed was the top than I had allowed myself in the day's schedule.

Another fruitless hour was spent in searching for the trail that I had been told led down to Monrovia on the other side. And in doing so I had wandered far from the trail that had brought me up. The afternoon of the very short January day was half gone. I came to a canyon that I knew headed back toward Monrovia, and started down. I soon found it to be a narrow gorge with steep, rocky sides. Rocky ledges looked down over high drops where safe maneuvering was difficult. Darkness came on and I kept searching hopefully for a trail of some kind over which I might travel faster and more safely. Though I did not know it at the time, I was in Sawpit Canyon, a deep and steep cut in the mountain side looking out toward the city. In the deepening darkness I had to feel my way until I stumbled and fell. That fall knocked the breath out of me for awhile. I had to give up

(Continued on Page 25)

SAN ANTONIO TO IRON MOUNTAIN

By J. RAYMOND MINNICH
of *The Baldy Bighorns*

Now that the Devil's Backbone has been made "safe for civilization," Mt. San Antonio becomes more readily accessible than ever before. The summit can easily be reached from Lytle Creek Divide in two hours and it has been done in less than one hour. Therefore, some of the hardier hikers of the Angeles have come to consider Old Baldy, not as a goal, but merely the start of a pleasant day's hike.

The ridge westward to Iron Mountain offers the easiest and most enjoyable continuation. There are no man-made trails in this area and only seasoned hikers should attempt the trip. Along the ridge itself, game trails abound and one can amble along viewing the vast upper reaches of Coldwater on one hand and the wild recesses of Fish Fork on the other.

At a point about three miles west of Baldy the Ridge suddenly begins to make an astounding series of precipitous rises to the summit of Iron Mountain. Just before the first of these "sawteeth" is reached an old trail crosses the ridge from Coldwater to Fish Fork. One can follow this trail down the Coldwater side about half a mile to the Gold Dollar Mine, an interesting old establishment which still operates in the summer. From here, the regular trails can be followed back to Camp Baldy, 12 miles.

The more difficult alternative is to continue westward across the "sawteeth" to the summit of Iron Mountain itself. This is a bit ticklish in spots but danger can be reduced to a minimum by use of ordinary care and judgment. From the peak one gets a matchless close-up view of San Antonio to the east, while the west side of the mountain falls more than 5,000 feet into the tremendous chasm of the East Fork of the San Gabriel.

One has the choice of several routes down off the mountain, but probably the best is the one down the west side to the Stanley Mine. This gold mine still operates and is located on well marked trails. From here one can either take the regular trails back to Camp Baldy, 22 miles, or go down to the auto road in the East Fork of the San Gabriel, 5 miles.

In order to make this a loop trip one must leave a car at Camp Baldy and take the Bear Canyon trail or else get a lift to the Lytle

Creek Divide. With an early start the loop trip, via the Gold Dollar Mine, can be made in a day. The longer hike, via Iron Mountain and the Stanley Mine, has been made in a day, but such speed is not recommended.

Water can only be obtained at the two mines and from streams along the return trail. There is no water on the Ridge. Bighorn Mountain sheep have been observed on Iron Mountain and from tracks seen on several occasions this area, little frequented by man, seems to be a favorite haunt for them.

PIONEERING THE PACIFIC CREST TRAIL

By WARREN L. ROGERS

Executive Secretary, Pacific Crest Trail System Conference.

Acting as trail guide in accompanying the Y. M. C. A. groups through two summers of hiking in the first endeavor to hike the Pacific Crest Trail from Mexico to Canada, I find myself in a position to recommend trips along the route to everyone who is interested in hiking and camping along the Pacific coast.

Clinton C. Clarke, who developed the trail idea, was hoping that some organization which could cover all the route, would tackle the job to learn, at first hand, trail conditions along the way. Up until the "Y" relay hike of the trail system was begun only sections of the system had been covered well by mountaineers. Many hiking clubs have in past years made outings over well known trails within the system, but never before had an attempt been made to travel the entire route of 2,267 miles.

Following Mr. Clarke's leadership the Pacific Crest Trail System Conference of leading west coast hiking and camping organizations was formed in June 1935. With this advance recognition and the Conference outline of trails and landmarks within the system the Y. M. C. A. launched a relay hike destined to cover the entire route.

The first relay group began their northward trek from the U. S.-Mexican border at Campo 10:50 a.m., June 15, 1935, following the ceremonies held at the California Pacific International Exposition in Balboa Park in San Diego that morning. Blanchard R. Evarts, county Y. M. C. A. secretary, was the leader of eight boys who comprised the first team. The ceremonies were begun at the Exposition Organ Amphitheater. Eldwood Bailey, Exposition director, bade the boys Godspeed and give them a letter from Frank Belcher, Exposition president, wishing them the best of luck

and success "in this eventful hike."

The Piute Indian band furnished music for the starting ceremony and four big chiefs in uniform from the Indian Village gave the boys an Indian blessing. They smoked a pipe of peace while grouped to represent north, south, east and west. They were: Big Tree, Black Hawk, Willow Bird and Little Bison. A fifth chief, Thunder Cloud, gave the sun call.

Ernest Hulick of Harry Morgan's special days and events staff, arranged the details of the ceremony. Herbert H. Holmes, San Diego "Y" secretary; Blanchard R. Evarts, hike leader, and Robert E. Callahan, manager of Indian Village, spoke. The boys and Indians marched from the pavilion to the Indian Village, from where the hikers were taken by automobiles to Campo, the southern end of the Pacific Crest Trail.

There, after collecting the signatures of the postmaster and customs officials and having the log book stamped with the post office seal, the hikers stepped over the "line" into Mexico, made an about-face and began the relays which so far have covered 1,612 miles of trail across desert sands and mountain ridges from Mexico to Odell Lake in Oregon. An estimated distance of 655 miles separates the relay point of last summer from the Canadian line which "Y" groups expect to hike this coming season.

Additional accounts of "pioneering the trail" will be printed in subsequent issues of TRAILS MAGAZINE.

ANGELES FOREST NEWS

Los Padres National Forest—

This is the new name for the Santa Barbara Forest, 1,722,555 acres, largest in California. It includes a large part of the mountain area of San Louis Obispo, Santa Barbara and Ventura Counties and extends from Monterey County line to Santa Clara Valley. This great area is administered by Supervisor S. A. Nash-Boulden, with offices in the Federal Building, Santa Barbara.

Angeles Crest Highway—

Many of our readers are asking what has happened to this important highway across the mountains. Grade is now finished from Charlton Flat to Short Cut Canyon trail east of Barley Flats. Honor Camp construction crews are now working directly below the forested area of Barley Flats and we are told that the contract will soon be let for 1.3 miles,

to connect this grade with the present completed section at Red Box. Fourteen miles of new highway from Red Box to Charlton Flat should be open by September 1 and, it is stated, that funds for the widening of that section between Charlton Flat and Buckhorn Flat will soon be available.

Charlton Flat—

This 600 acre forest park, which was several years ago, granted to the City of Pasadena under a special use permit, has been returned to the Federal Forestry Department. Work will start in early Spring on the development here of one of the largest and finest camp and picnic grounds in the Angeles Forest.

County Joshua Tree Park—

Fifteen miles east of Lancaster and about two miles northeast of the Antelope Valley Indian Museum at Piute Butte, is a grove of Joshua trees which contains the largest and oldest specimens known. The largest tree in the grove, and largest in the world, was burned by vandals in 1930. This tree was 58½ feet high and 24 feet around the trunk, but there are several now growing here which are nearly as large. It is encouraging to find that so many are interested in saving this remarkable grove, the oldest living things in Southern California and possibly of an age equal to the giant Sequoias.

San Gabriel Gorge Road—

The grade of this new mountain highway is now completed to The Narrows, and is open for public travel to Honor Camp No. 4, five miles up the river from Camp Bonita. A bridge has been built across the gorge at The Narrows and a 267 foot tunnel is now being driven through a spur of the mountain just above.

Dams of the San Gabriel—

Many of you are overlooking something mighty interesting in the San Gabriel Dams. The Pasadena Dam, at Pine Canyon, is one of the finest re-inforced concrete dams in the world, and most of it is open to public inspection at all times.

It may be reached by a short spur from the paved highway and there is ample parking and turning space on top of the dam. It is several times as big as it looks from the highway; go down and see.

(Continued on Page 25)

SKI-CONSCIOUSNESS

By ETHEL SEVERSON

Member of Sierra Club, Southern California Chapter, and Ski Mountaineers of California.

It used to be—here in Southern California—until the last year or so, that if you happened casually to mention that you were going skiing, your auditor invariably would gasp, "How high can you jump?", or would look at you with suspicion and inquire, "But where do you ski around here?"

Now, mention skiing—faces light up and conversation flourishes. "What kind of bindings do you use?" Have you ever tried the slalom course on Baldy?" "How do you like that run on San Geronio?"

The glistening slopes of San Geronio and San Antonio, even San Jacinto, are no longer unknown and wasted. People have become aware of skiing, mountain life does not cease with the coming of winter; instead, it begins, or continues with renewed impetus at the first snowfall. Formerly (this means only three or four years ago) the high slopes were deserted save for a few of the vanguard of skiers—those who discovered early the joy of the crisp air, the breath-taking beauty of winter days on mountain peaks, the thrill of a down-mountain descent.

Week-ends see a veritable parade leaving the city, autos bristling with skis, occupants quivering with anticipation as they hasten to their promised land. And they're not an army of toe-strappers playing at throwing snowballs; they're serious-minded skiers, out to learn the turns, the control and the proper technique so that they may enjoy to the fullest this most satisfying of sports.

They're not "ski-rabbits," arrayed in heavy woolen scarfs, gaudy colors arranged with no regard for harmony, and ineffectual shoes, built neither for skiing nor cold weather. They are trimly dressed in dark ski pants or knickers, light-weight parkas or windbreakers, the most sturdy and practical square-toed ski boots, and—those fine points taken care of—they let themselves go in riotous shirts, mittens, and be-feathered Austrian hats.

One by one, huts are being built in the higher altitudes. The ski hut of the always pioneering Sierra Club, high on Mt. San Antonio, the clubhouse of the Big Pines Ski Club, the Arrowhead hut at Keller Peak—these are only the forerunners of many to come.

This year, as if Nature herself is in accord with the amazing growth of interest in skiing,



Ethel Severson

we are particularly blessed with snow. Even the lower resorts have an abundance. It is rather amusing now to recall the December meeting of a certain ski club which resolved into a prayer meeting for snow.

Now that I've told you about the joys of skiing in southern California, how we are only beginning to realize our possibilities and how fortunate we are in our locale where we may drive among the scented orange groves to and from our white fairylands, it must be confessed that this is being written enroute to the ski fields of Sun Valley, Idaho. This must not be considered traitorous. All my anticipations of Sun Valley are based on recollections of glorious days of skiing near Los Angeles, and it does not seem possible that anything in Sun Valley or elsewhere can surpass them.

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Outing Club News

TWO NOTEWORTHY EVENTS

Special honors were accorded the Editor at two very interesting and enjoyable events since last issue.

The first of these was a dinner and entertainment celebrating the 200th business meeting of the Roamer Hiking Club on the evening of January 13. This splendid outdoors organization is looking forward to very soon filling its restricted membership and they may celebrate that event at their Seventeenth Anniversary Party on February 6.

The other, celebrating the beginning of a new chapter in the history of the Sierra Club of Southern California, was the opening of their beautiful new Club Rooms at 751 So. Figueroa street the evening of January 22. Not only the spacious new rooms, but the large hall on the same floor which had been donated by the building management for entertainment and dance, were crowded with a happy throng.

Trails Magazine wishes for both of these fine clubs the fulfillment of their fondest hopes in 1937. They, together with many other similar organizations of Southern California

are doing splendid work for both the present and future of the Southwest. "Trails" welcomes their splendid assistance and fine co-operation.

THE SAN ANTONIO CLUB

The 1937 schedule of this club lists trips of wide variety and outstanding interest, and again all within Los Angeles County.

The hike of January 10th was to Mt. Josephine and was a trip of outstanding beauty. Though the summit was not quite reached on account of deep snow, the wonderful ice formations along Colby Canyon more than compensated for the disappointment.

February 14th, Los Pinetos Ridge. A ten mile hike on the sky line between the San Fernando and Santa Clara Valleys. March 21st, Devil Gulch, west of San Gabriel Gorge; new, wild and good. April 16-17, Shake Canyon and Sawmill Mountain. Through that interesting country between Elizabeth Lake Canyon and the old Ridge Route.

For information, write or phone to Will H. Thrall, President, 400 S. Garfield, Alhambra, or Edward Coughran, Secretary, 246 S. Putney, San Gabriel.

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BALDY BIGHORNS

By J. RAYMOND MINNICH

The Baldy Bighorns have continued their varied activities with several hikes late in the Fall. Mt. San Jacinto was ascended via the precipitous Snow Creek Canyon. A rather large field of ice was discovered high in the West Fork and due to the lateness of the season it was felt reasonably certain that this "snow-bank" is perpetual. Most of the round trip was made in one day.

The Minaret Region of the Sierras was visited but snowstorms prevented any major ascents. Since Christmas excellent skiing has been enjoyed by the club near their cabin in Manker Flat. The annual hike up Mt. San Antonio for the Easter Sunrise will be carried out as usual despite the possibility that the present heavy snow will maintain its present levels well into the spring. Adverse hiking conditions have always been overcome in this annual ascent.

CALIFORNIA TRAILS**Organized to Save the Wilderness**

With prominent western publications, organizations, and individuals joining the campaign to save California's last real wilderness—the higher part of the Sierra Nevada between Yosemite and Walker's Pass—it is evident that there will soon be a strong enough public sentiment against spoiling the area to end the destruction caused by roads and commercial exploiters.

Last year California Trails allied with packers in the Independence-Onion Valley area to oppose further construction on the King's River Highway and it is hoped that the road will be discontinued before it invades and destroys the solitude and beauty of the King's Canyon. This year a party of members of the organization will enlist the support of the packers in the Lone Pine-Olancha region in the fight against the proposed Trans-Sierra highway from Porterville to Lone Pine, which would spoil the scenery, solitude and hunting and fishing advantages of California's pack-trip paradise.

During the coming spring a membership drive will be started and a concentrated movement to insure the preservation of the only sizable primitive area in the state will be carried on as rapidly as limited funds permit.

Anyone interested in this campaign is asked to communicate with Martin Litton, 345 E. Redondo Blvd., Inglewood, California.

WHEN IS THE DESERT NOT A DESERT?

By H. BENJAMIN ROBISON,

*Field Executive, Department of Camping,
Pasadena-San Gabriel Valley Council,
Boy Scouts of America.*

Several Boy Scouts in the Pasadena-San Gabriel Valley Council are asking this all important question. The Fourth Annual Desert Caravan, sponsored by the Department of Camping of that Council, and under the direction of Camp Director H. Benjamin Robison, left Pasadena headquarters on December 28th for its usual three-day desert exploration trip. Over 200 Scouts and Leaders were in the party. This year's trip was known as the "Caravan to Pipes" Canyon, located just north of the Morongo Valley and of considerable historic and scenic interest. Upon reaching Windmill Tanks it was to see that the chosen campsite had from fourteen to twenty inches of snow on it, so camp was made at the Tanks, which are about a thousand feet lower in elevation. Snow was falling at the time of our arrival and the Scouts greatly enjoyed the thrill of making camp under adverse conditions.

Grease wood was plentiful and soon many little fires were burning throughout the picturesque little valley in which camp had been made. After supper a huge campfire was enjoyed where songs, stories and stunts flavored of the desert. The weather had cleared and a long hike was taken in the moonlit desert canyon. Weird shaped Joshua trees and shadows made the trip one of intense interest and thrills. A lone coyote voiced his resentment at our intrusion, or perhaps it was the moon he objected to.

The next day's schedule was devoted to exploration hikes, the study of cacti, geology and other interesting desert lore, were of necessity turned into snow hikes and battles. These met with great approval in spite of the fact that some were hardly prepared for winter sports. Campfire the second night was held in a secluded little rock cove and was the high point in the trip. Thrilling stories of desert adventure caused everyone to relive the days of the early West. Before going to bed everyone received on his favorite piece of camp equipment the traditional Caravan Brand. Highly prized evidence of participation in a real adventure was displayed by Scouts who had received brands on other Caravan trips. Caravan destinations on previous trips have been Calico and Borate, old mining towns north of

Daggett and Trona; famous borax plant on Searles Lake; also a spring caravan to Death Valley. This year's trip was very worthwhile in teaching camping under adverse conditions. Scouts are still looking for the answer to their question, however, and wondering what happened to all this much-talked-of desert warmth and sunshine.

THE YUCCA HIKING CLUB OF MONROVIA

The year's most important date for the Yucca Hiking Club of Monrovia is January 22nd. This is the birthday anniversary of the founder of the club and its leader until a year or two ago, the Reverend E. P. Rankin. This year's anniversary marks the ninety-second mile-post of his life. The big event of each year's celebration is the raising of a spotless new flag of the United States to the top of the tall flag pole on the summit of Monrovia Peak. The flag raising ceremony was inaugurated by Mr. Rankin when only one or two companions undertook to make the climb with him, but with improved trails it is now possible for larger groups to take part. Last year some fifty persons were at the top.

Arrangements for the flag raising are in the hands of the Monrovia Post of the American Legion, who erected the present flag pole two years ago and will perpetuate this event in honor of Mr. Rankin. The exact date of the event is never certain. Weather and trail conditions govern, but the aim is to place the date as near January 22nd as possible, preferably on a Saturday. Some years a wait of as much as a month has been necessary. This year's date cannot be fixed at this writing, because of deep snows on all higher approaches to the summit, and the uncertainty of how soon the trails will be practicable for all those who will wish to take part in the ceremonies. Mr. Rankin has been at the top each year, but now says he will not undertake it this year. (See elsewhere in this issue for his own story of his first attempt to reach the summit, seventeen years ago.)

Recent hikes of Yucca Club parties have revealed many new and interesting aspects of life and color along the trails—beauty of colorings brought out particularly because of favorable atmospheric conditions. Bear Canyon, West Fork and East Fork of the San Gabriel, the Arroyo Seco from Oak Wilde to Switzer's, Fish Canyon, and other trails nearer home have been greatly enjoyed.

No attempt is made to lay out a definite program schedule except to maintain the second and fourth Tuesday of the month for the hikes. Current conditions overhead and under foot are factors in deciding the hiking day's destination and program. Spring hiking trails are often chosen because of the known wealth of flowers that they offer.

Mrs. Harold H. Scott, President, 158 N. Madison Ave., Monrovia, California. Richard N. Johnson, Secretary, 116 N. Alto Vista, Monrovia, California.

ROAMER HIKING CLUB, INC.ERNEST REED, *President.*

This Club has just completed another successful year under the leadership of Al Crossley, who retired as president on December 31.

The year has been prosperous and rich in fulfillment of the objects for which we are organized. There have been many enjoyable hikes and pleasant social events and these have sharpened our zest for the enjoyments that the new year promises to bring forth.

The Christmas party at our Dark Canyon Clubhouse, the trips we made in the snow to Opid's Camp and to Kelly's Kamp have especially pleasant memories for us, perhaps because these have been the most recent of our activities, but undoubtedly because they were well patronized and were certainly enjoyed by all who shared in participation.

A campaign is now being organized to bring our membership up to the full quota permitted under the provisions of our constitution and by-laws. When this has been accomplished, our membership roll will be closed and a waiting list created.

The Club celebrates its seventeenth anniversary at a Dinner Dance on February 6, 1937. At the time of writing the place has not been selected, but will be announced soon. Watch for our new Spring schedule, which will be distributed some time in February.

FOREST CONSERVATION CLUB OF PASADENA

Forest Conservation Club held its annual meeting November 28 and elected the following members to the Executive Board: Edward Danner, E. A. Heflinger, Paul Kimmey, Tracy B. Ryon, Dorothea Scheibler, Ellen Sparks, Charles E. Warner. The following officers were elected by the new board: Mr. Ryon, President; Mr. Heflinger, Vice-President; Miss Scheibler, Secretary; Miss Sparks, Treasurer; Mr. Warner, Executive Secretary; Mr.

Danner, Schedule Committee; Mr. Kimmey, Entertainment. At the December meeting Mr. Warner's resignation from the board was accepted and Miss Rachel Wells elected to fill the vacancy.

The usual reception on Christmas was held at the Warner residence at which about forty guests were present. The club president, Mr. Ryon, presented to Mr. and Mrs. Warner especially printed Honorary Life Membership cards typifying the kindly spirit in which they are held by the club officials.

The club schedule for first quarter 1937 includes: January 17, hike along the backbone of Verdugo Hills. Friday, February 19, 8 p.m., social gathering at 279 Grand View St. Sunday, February 21, 9 a.m., meet at Maiden Lane and Mt. Lowe R. R., Pasadena, and climb the Echo Mountain Trail, planting acorns. Friday, March 19, 8 p.m., social meeting at home of Miss Rachel Wells, 1105 Avoca St., Pasadena. Sunday, March 21, 8 a.m., meet at end of Lincoln Avenue car and proceed to Red Box over Angeles Crest highway, climbing to Dry Lake and Mt. Disappointment. Some of the club's hikers will make the climb from Switzer's. Those who desire information may obtain it by phoning NIagara 4638.

MINERALOGICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Interest in the earth sciences, such as geology, gemology, mineralogy, paleontology, and the cutting and polishing of stones, minerals and gems has increased to such an extent in California during the last three years that not only have clubs and societies been formed throughout the State, but the groups have affiliated into a statewide organization known as the California Federation of Mineralogical Societies. The second annual convention was held in Bakersfield on January 2 and 3 with over a hundred delegates attending. The field trips and programs of the various meetings are announced in the "Mineralogist," a monthly publication coming to all members of the various societies with their membership dues.

Following are the active societies, and the city following each group is the meeting place for that district: Mineralogical Society of Southern California, Pasadena; Los Angeles Mineralogical Society, Los Angeles; Northern California Mineralogical Society, San Francisco; Orange Belt Mineralogical Society, San Bernardino; Kern County Mineralogical Society, Bakersfield; West Coast Mineralogical

Society, Fullerton; Mineral Society of San Diego, San Diego; Mother Lode Mineral Society, Modesto; San Diego Gem and Lapidary Society, San Diego; Santa Barbara Gem and Rock Club, Santa Barbara; Southwest Mineral Society, Huntington Park.

Anyone interested in the meetings, exhibits, and field trips to the mountains and deserts conducted by these various groups are invited to attend. Wendel O. Stewart, Secretary, 108 E. Colorado Blvd., Monrovia, California.

GLENDALE COMMUNITY HIKERS

This popular hiking club is out with another interesting schedule for February and March. The regular meeting place is on Louise Street, east of Glendale Junior College. Transportation to the point where the hike begins may be arranged, at one cent per mile. A trail fee of five cents per person is collected by the leader, this to cover incidental club expenses.

Following are some of the future events: February 7—An afternoon hike in Los Flores Hills. February 14—A morning hike in Stough Canyon, with breakfast in the open. February 20, 21 and 22—Two nights on the desert, details to be announced later. February 28—Valley Forge Lodge by Angeles Crest Highway and a hike through the forest up the slope of Mt. Wilson.

March 7—Short afternoon hike and supper in Stough Canyon. March 14—Mesa Park from Crater Camp. Over lava flows and through beds of sea fossils. March 24—Moonlight hike in Eagle Rock Hills.

For information of this club's rules and activities, write or phone to R. M. Haight, Chairman, 420 So. Lincoln Ave., Glendale. Phones VAndike 8785 and Glendale 4872.

THE NATURE CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

By MAY ALSOP, *Chairman of Hiking*

This club has had many interesting trips and hikes the past year, centering chiefly in this country. Our mystery trip in November proved so popular that another will be held January 24th.

First field trip this year, January 10th, was to Yato-Kya (House of the Sun), the Antelope Valley Indian Research Museum, founded by H. Arden Edwards, head of the art department of Lincoln High School, Los Angeles, artist, writer and archaeologist of distinction. This museum is located 15 miles east of Lancaster on south side of Piute Butte, site of an ancient Indian encampment. It contains won-

derful exhibits of relics collected from the Mohave, New Mexico, Arizona, and Channel Islands. From summit of Piute Butte, 3500 feet, one gets marvelous views of desert, snow covered mountains and vast areas of Joshua trees. The proposed county park of 2,000 acres preserving the finest of these trees is located near this museum.

The heavy rains and snow so far this season give promise of good wild flowers this spring.

For information concerning this club's activities, write or phone Mrs. Viola N. Poole, 1626 Victoria Ave., Los Angeles; telephone, PA 6473.

MOUNTAINS INVITATION—

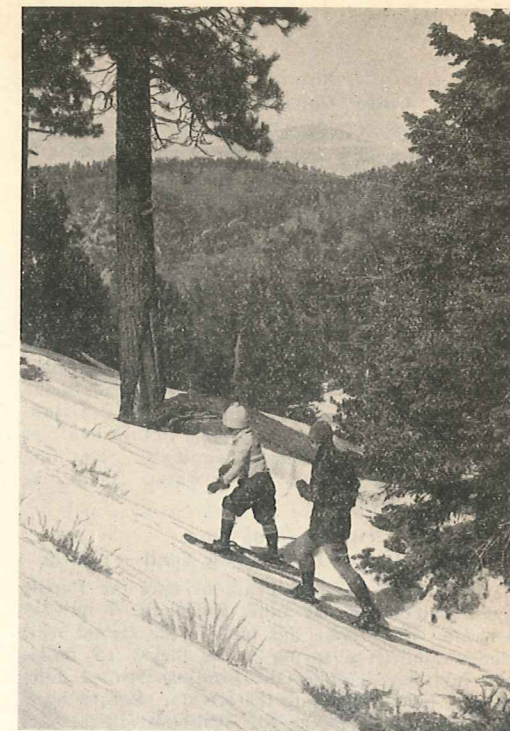
in despair and under the shelter of a great rock I lay out the rest of the night. When light came with the morning I was able to make my way down the canyon and proceed on to my home to set at rest the anxiety of the home folks.

Though disaster had overtaken me on this, my first attempt, to "go to the top," I tried to take comfort in the thought that despite those disasters I had reached the top. But that solace was taken away from me when I learned that the actual peak was some distance beyond the peak I had reached—and much higher.

However, on the next year's birthday, my feet stood on the summit of Monrovia Peak which I had sought unsuccessfully the previous year. I reveled in the sense of achievement; I drank in the purity of the mile-high air; I gloried in the wonders of the billowing mountain ridges and crests that spread out in every direction, except the south, toward the sea. Here and there the more aspiring peaks lifted up heads white with snow and seemed to whisper new invitations to the soul. But their story must await another day.

ANGELES FOREST NEWS—

County Flood Control Dam No. 1, three and one-half miles above, now 60% completed, when finished will contain 10,600,000 cubic yards, $3\frac{1}{4}$ times the bulk of Hoover Dam. The length across the top will be 1,670 feet; height from stream bed to crest 325 feet, from bedrock 382 feet; thickness at bottom 1,800 feet, at top 40 feet; will have a capacity of 58,000 acre feet of water at spillway level and a maximum storm capacity of 65,000 acre feet. They are building a mountain across this canyon stream and putting it there to stay.



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Trail Trips

Colby Canyon—½ Day

Drive Angeles Crest highway to Colby Canyon Trail, .3 of a mile beyond the road to Switzer's Inlet. Hike trail leading north from highway through Colby Canyon to Forestry campground, 1.5 miles, and return by same route. Beautiful little canyon. Plenty of water. Total hiking distance, 3 miles.

Mt. San Gabriel—Elevation 6152 Feet— From Red Box—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 branch trail to the summit, .8 of a mile. Magnificent panorama of valley and mountains. Carry water. Total hiking distance, 6 miles.

Old Trading Post

By Sierra Madre-Mt. Wilson Trail—½ Day

Drive to Mt. Wilson Trail, or take the Pacific Electric, Sierra Madre Line, and walk .4 mile to the same point. Hike this trail to the second trail junction (there's a spring at the forks) 1.8 miles, turn right, passing the Old Trading Post, .2 mile, and stop for lunch along the stream. Return by a lower trail, south to the Mt. Wilson trail, .3 mile, and back to starting point, 1.4 miles. Carry cold lunch as no fires allowed. Plenty of water at spring and stream. Total hike, 3.7 miles.

Monrovia Canyon—½ Day

Drive north through Monrovia on Canyon Blvd., up the canyon road to East Fork, turn right into East Fork and park the auto at the gate across the road near the top of the dam.

Hike this road beyond the gate to Deer Park Trail, 1 mile, and from here the road around the slope or trail in the canyon as desired. From the gate by road and trail to Deer Park Lodge is 3.5 miles. Plenty of water. No fires allowed.

Barley Flat—by Angeles Crest Highway— From Red Box—1 Day

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. Beautiful wild flowers in season, magnificent views across the mountains in all directions. No water between Arroyo Seco and campground and not always there in summer. Carry one quart of water for each two or three. If planning to use fire, secure permit before starting. Trails both east and north on which one may go farther if desired.

Return by same route—round trip 8 miles; or go east from camp to Short Cut Canyon trail, 3.5 miles, south (right) by Short Cut to West Fork, 4 miles, then up stream through Valley Forge, 2.2 miles, and Opid's Camp, 1.8 miles, to Red Box, 1 mile. Total for the round trip, 16.5 miles.

Orchard Camp—Hoegee's Camp—by Sierra Madre-Mt. Wilson Trail—1 Day

Drive to north end of Mountain Trail Avenue or take the Pacific Electric, Sierra Madre Line, and walk .4 mile to the same point, then ½ block west to the Mt. Wilson Trail. Hike this trail through Orchard Camp, 3.2 miles, to a trail junction at the summit of the ridge near the Mt. Wilson road, 1.8 miles. Here turn southeast (right) along the ridge, 1 mile, then down trail through spruce forest to Hoegee's Camp, 1.6 miles, then back over the old high trail, passing Clark's Mountain Inn, 3.8 miles, to starting point, 2.4 miles. Carry cold lunch or eat at resorts on the trail. Water—a quart canteen for two is ample. Total hike, 14 miles.

Mt. Harvard from Sierra Madre—1 Day

Drive to the north end of Mountain Trail Avenue or take the Pacific Electric, Sierra Madre Line, and walk .4 of a mile to the same point, then ½ block west to the Mt. Wilson trail. Hike this trail through Orchard Camp, 3.2 miles, to the old Mt. Wilson road, 2 miles, up the road to the old site of Martin's Camp, 1 mile, and then turn south along the ridge to the summit of Mt. Harvard, .3 of a mile. Carry water and cold lunch. No fires permitted in this area. Total for the round trip, 13 miles.

Sturtevant Camp—by Big Santa Anita Canyon From Arcadia—1 Day

From Foothill Blvd., 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 down to the stream at First Water Camp, .8 mile, up stream passing Fern Lodge, 1.2 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 campgrounds along the trail. Water at convenient intervals. If planning to use fire, secure permit at Santa Anita Ranger Station on road in. Total hike, 8.5 to 9.5 miles, according to return route.

Monrovia Peak—Elevation 5261 Feet—by Big Santa Anita Canyon—1 Day

Drive up Santa Anita Ave., Arcadia, and on new mountain road to the end and park auto. Hike trail from the road, passing First Water Camp, .8 of a mile, to junction with Santa Anita-East Fork trail, 1 mile. Here turn east (right) on Monrovia Peak trail through Madrone Flat, 1.6 miles, to Monrovia Peak, 3.5 miles, then turn west (left) along the firebreak trail over the other part of the double peak and down to Spring Camp, 1 mile. From Spring Camp take nearly level road around beautifully forested slope to meet the trail followed coming in, 1.4 miles, and return to auto by the same route, 5.7 miles. Carry water between Madrone

Flat and Spring Camp, plenty the balance of the trip. Carry cold lunch as no fires allowed in this area. Lunch either on the summit or near the spring at Spring Camp. This is a very interesting hike through beautiful canyon and forest with fine views from the summit. Total hiking distance, 15 miles.

Bichota Canyon—1 Day

Drive San Gabriel Canyon highway to Bichota Canyon sign, 3 miles above Camp Rincon, turn down this road to the stream, drive up to a gate across the road in Bichota Canyon and here park the auto. Hike up this road to the point where it leaves the canyon, 1.3 miles, take trail from here, following the stream, passing a picnic ground at the junction of Burro Canyon trail, 1.9 miles, to last stream crossing .8 of a mile, and around the upper slope to the Bichota-Devil Gulch divide, 1.4 miles.

About a mile south along the ridge (no trail) will bring you to the summit of North Rattlesnake. If arrangements for transportation can be made a nice return trip is by the Burro Canyon trail which comes out directly north of the main forks of the San Gabriel, about 6 miles. Carry water in the higher areas. By Bichota to the divide and return totals 11 miles.

San Dimas, Lookout and Sycamore Flat— From Big Dalton Canyon—1 Day

Drive from Glendora to the forks of Big and Little Dalton Canyon, up Big Dalton road, ½ mile, and park auto near the trail. Turn east (right) up mountain to San Dimas Lookout, 3½ miles. Eat lunch here or at Sycamore Flat near by and return by same route. If transportation can meet you on San Dimas Canyon, there is a choice of two routes, one leading to the San Dimas Ranger Station at the dam, the other to the County Park and Picnic Ground near the mouth of the Canyon. The distance on all routes is approximately the same. Total hiking distance, 7 miles.

Vasquez Rocks—by Escondido Canyon— 1 Day

Drive through Saugus and up Soledad Canyon to Agua Dulce Canyon road, then turn north (left) about 2 miles to Escondido Canyon and park auto.

Hike Escondido Canyon east (right) to main forks, 2 miles, then up a trail north (left) to Vasquez Rocks, ½ mile, and a good campground under an overhanging cliff near the center of area and stop for lunch.

After lunch, explore thoroughly this most interesting stronghold of the famous bandit, Tiburcio Vasquez, 1 mile, returning by a rock-walled canyon which borders the area on the west, to Escondido Canyon and back to auto, 2½ miles. Water in Escondido Canyon and at a resort near the campground.

This area is very interesting both for its romantic history and the wonderful beauty of the rock formations and well worth a visit. This is private property and there is a small charge for picnicking. Best season is from April 15th to June 15th. Total hiking distance, 6 miles.

Opid's Camp—Mt. Lowe—Bear Canyon— From Waterman Ranger Station—1 ½ Days

Drive Angeles Crest highway to the Switzer-

Land road and by it to Waterman Ranger Station. Hike up the Arroyo Seco by forest service road, in the bottom and on the south slope, to Red Box, 4 miles, and down road to Opid's Camp, 1 mile. Stop at Opid's for the night, or if camping in the open preferred, West Fork Camp No. 1 is a mile down the canyon.

Second day. From Opid's Camp, hike the trail through beautiful forest to the Mt. Wilson road, 1.2 miles, then left on this road to Mt. Lowe trail, .8 of a mile, then right, following signs at trail intersections, to summit of Mt. Lowe, 2.4 miles, then down the west trail to the Bear Canyon-Switzer Land trail, 1.7 miles.

Here turn west (right) around Mt. Lowe to the Millard-Bear divide, 2 miles, down Bear Canyon to Arroyo-Seco, 3 miles, and up through Switzer-Land to Waterman Station, 2.3 miles.

Carry water between Opid's and Mt. Lowe Tavern, plenty the rest of the way. Hiking distance, first day, 5 miles; second day, 13½ miles.

Monrovia Peak—Elevation 5261 Feet—By Sturtevant Camp and Newcomb Pass— 1 ½ Days

Drive up Santa Anita Ave., Arcadia, and on paved mountain road to parking place at the end. Hike trail through Fern Lodge, 2 miles, to Sturtevant Camp, 2.2 miles, and stop here for the night, or if you prefer to camp in the open there is a good forestry camp a quarter mile below.

Second day take the trail to Newcomb Pass, 2.5 miles, and turn east (right) at the summit by trail and road to Monrovia Peak, 6.5 miles. Follow the firebreak on over the east point of this double peak and turn south (right) by trail, road and trail again to Madrone Flat on East Fork of Big Santa Anita, 3.4 miles, on down to main canyon, 1.6 miles, and back to the auto by trail of the day before, 2 miles.

No water on this route between Sturtevant Camp and the East Fork, but may obtain water at Spring Camp, ¼ mile to the right, just before reaching Monrovia Peak; trail marked. If camping, secure fire permit at Ranger Station on road in. Cold lunch for second day as no fires permitted in this area.

This is beautiful canyon and forest scenery. Hiking distance, first day, 4 miles; second day, 16 miles.

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One thousand extra copies were only half enough. Anticipating a demand for these numbers we carried 1,000 of that year over to 1935, but the supply has long been exhausted.

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