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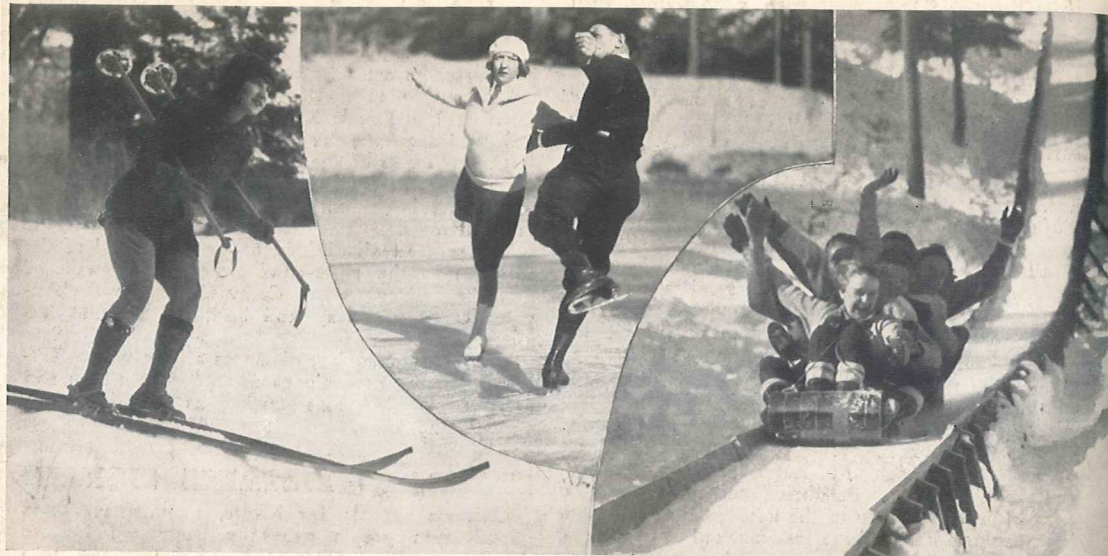
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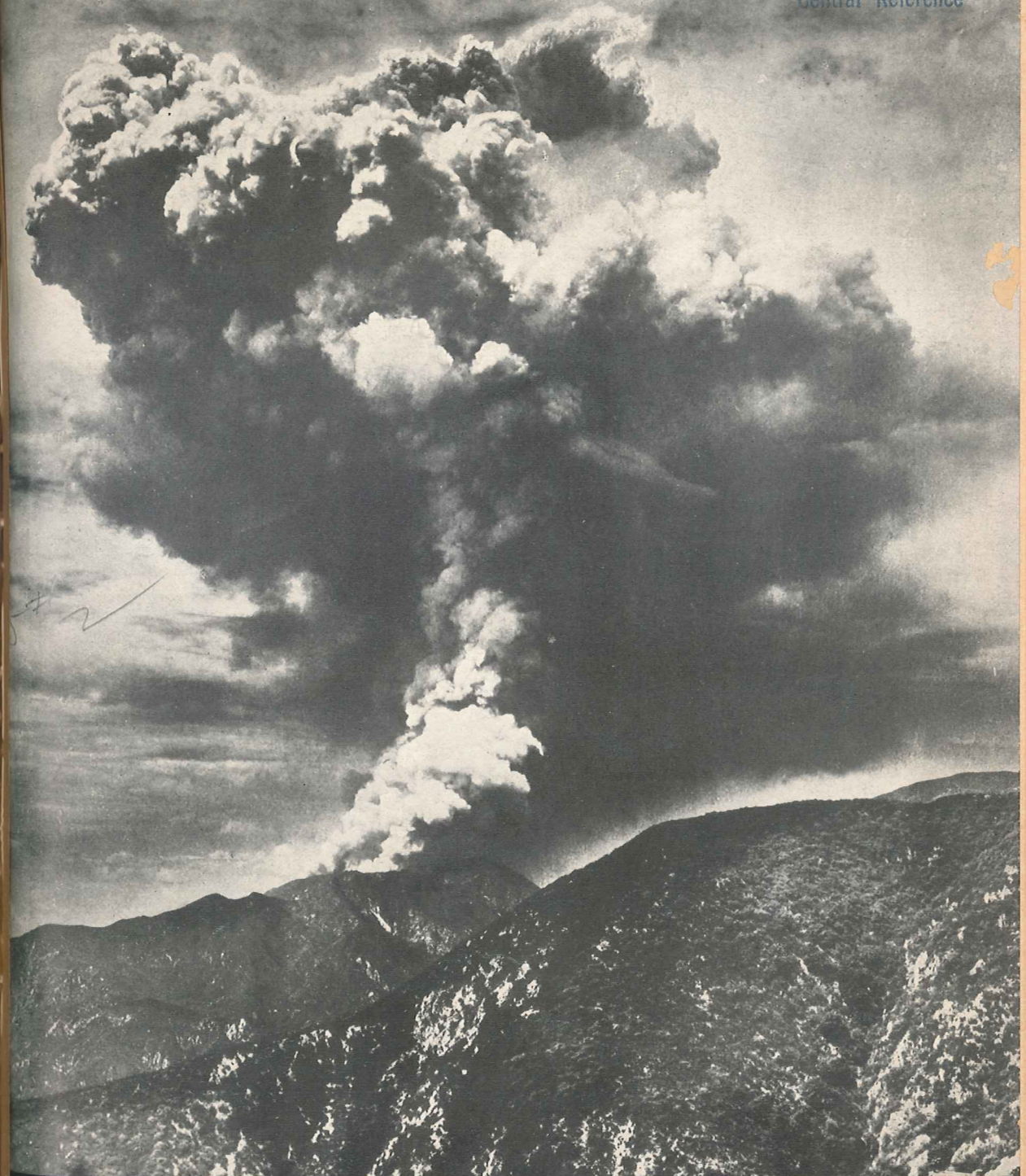
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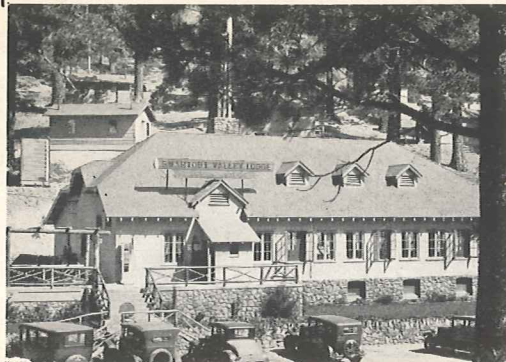
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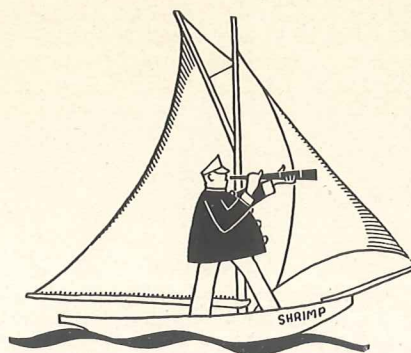
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Trails Magazine

VOL. 5

SPRING, 1938

NO. 2

Published Quarterly by
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.

Sponsored by
The Los Angeles County Department of Recreation
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A VITAL MESSAGE

Trails Magazine and the County Department of Recreation had faith in you and the result shows how splendidly you justified that faith.

1937 was a crucial year. During 1935 and 1936 the fire loss in our mountain area had been growing steadily less with hikers responsible for little if any of that loss. If we could come through 1937 as well, we felt we should be satisfied, and how splendid you did come through is shown by Forestry Department reports, some of which have been published.

You will soon be permitted to travel by a beautiful paved highway, into the very heart of our high country and how will you treat that privilege? The opening of fourteen miles more of the Angels Crest Highway makes 1938 another crucial year and on what happens in that area depends further and greater recreation privileges.

The great storm of March 2nd wrecked roads, trails, guard stations and equipment. Much of the mountain area will be inaccessible

to modern fire fighting equipment. A fire started by some one's carelessness, in some vital spot and under certain weather conditions, would destroy the rest of the best of your mountain playgrounds and bring restrictions which would prohibit the use of much of that playground for years to come.

The Editor wishes to urge on every reader of Trails Magazine to constitute yourself a volunteer fire-guard, to by correct information and kindly persuasion, try to secure absolute compliance with forest rules and the strictest care of fire in the mountain areas.

THE MOUNTAIN CANARY COMES INTO HIS OWN

That patient, stubborn, sure-footed friend of the mountaineer has again become a necessity to those who travel the back country.

His lusty "AAW-HE" is again heard echoing from cliff and peak; the familiar and forceful burro language of the old days is again heard along the trail. Stones against which we have been stubbing our toes for many a year as we climbed the grade, will become scarce on the trail; we will again see the campground carefully gleaned of every greasy bacon wrapping and gaudy covering from cookie package or candy bar, the burros' favorite delicacies.

Again we will have to learn that the outside of the trail, scary as it may look, is the only safe side, that the only way to back a burro is to turn him around and that if two miles an hour is his gait that has to be yours also.

Yes, old Mother Nature, in a smashing rebuke of today's fast pace, has given us back the mountain canary.

OUR COVER PICTURE

What could be more appropriate to the season and the need, since the flood, of more than ordinary care in fire prevention. This remarkable photograph, one of the finest ever made of a smoke cloud, is of the fire on Mt. Lukens, (Sister Elsie Peak), September 13, 1913. It was photographed from Echo Mountain by Charles Lawrence and made available to Trails Magazine through the courtesy of the Mt. Wilson Observatory.



Built about 1890

LOU NEWCOMB'S FIRST CABIN AT GHILAO
Following are those whose names we are able to give: Back row—(1) Frank Robinson, (2) Clyde Cook, (3) W. D. Medill, (5) Antonio the Mex.
Front row—(2) William Sturtevant, (3) Frank Osborne, (4) Jasper Osborne, (8) John Hartwell.

—Courtesy of W. D. Medill

CABIN LANDMARKS OF THE ANGELES

For many miles across the top of the San Gabriel Range, extending from the head of the Big Tujunga, north to Little Rock Creek and east to Kratka Ridge and Mt. Williamson, is a chain of high country flats, gently rolling and beautifully forested. Through these, Carlton, Chilao, Horse Flat, Cloudburst and Buckhorn, our new mountain top road, the Angeles Crest Highway will soon be open to public travel, and it is of these that this installment of "Cabin Landmarks" will attempt to tell.

For the historical stories of this area we are greatly indebted to Odo B. Stade, friend and confidant of Captain Lester Loomis, co-author of that stirring story of the Mexican Revolution "Viva Villa" and writer of western stories of note; to Dan S. Hammack, prominent attorney of Los Angeles, one of a group of students of Occidental College who hiked the primitive areas of forty years ago; to Arthur N. Carter, pioneer of Sierra Madre, Ranger and mountaineer of the old days, author of the story of the Mt. Wilson and Sturtevant Trails in the Winter 1937 Number and needs no introduction to Trails Magazine readers. Also to Faust Havermale, P. B. (Pete) Goodell, W. D. Medill, Bill Bacon, Jess Sevier, James McClung and many others who have assisted with information and pictures.

A TALE OF OLD PINE FLAT

(NOW CHARLTON FLAT)

By DAN S. HAMMACK

This high mountain valley with its beautifully forested rolling slopes, named for R. H. Charlton, one of the early Supervisors of Angeles Forest, was known and always will be known to the mountaineers of a generation ago as Pine Flat. Looking northeast towards Mt. Waterman from the summit of Mt. Wilson, the row of pine trees seen along the crest of the second ridge is the south rim of the Flat. Only ten miles in an air line from Sierra Madre and the start of the trail forty years ago, but twenty-five by that winding trail, and a hard day's work it was.

The trail to the Flat from the West Fork originally lay through Barley Flat. The story goes that Jim Akin and George Islip, for whom the mountain above Crystal Lake is named, laid out this trail. Later a more direct route was laid out by Louie Newcomb and built under his direction by Arthur Carter and John Hartwell, and as this trail was known as the short-cut, the canyon it followed naturally became Short Cut Canyon. The ranger, on Summer duty only, had been housed in a tent, but in 1902 the Forest Service decided to build a cabin at the Flat and Lou Newcomb, Jess Sevier, Will Bacon and Jack Slade, all of them rangers, did the work. The cabin was small, eight by ten feet, with a fireplace and a loft for sleeping quarters in cold weather. The setting was beautiful, as will be seen from the picture accompanying this

article. The entire flat is covered with a fine stand of conifers, jeffery and yellow pines, "bull pines" and coulter, with spruce along the canyon trail to Chilao. Two springs, one quite near the cabin, furnished the water.

Bill Bacon, who now lives at Monrovia, was Ranger on the Flat from 1901 to 1907 and during most of this time Jess Sevier was the Ranger at the West Fork Station at Short Cut. All of the quartet who built the cabin are still alive but none of them now in the service except Sevier who, returning to duty in 1937, has served for two summers as guard at the Fire Lookout Tower on Vetter Peak, at the west edge of Charlton Flat.

Bacon and Sevier were "mighty hunters" and mighty good rangers, and recall with pride that there was never a serious fire in this locality while they were on duty. Many of their friends, including the writer of this story, and many times during those early years enjoyed the hospitality of Pine Flat, exploring the area for miles around, from the beautiful rocky gorge of the East Fork of Alder Creek to the towering summit of Mt. Waterman.

The second cabin on the Flat was built in 1908, on the ridge at the northeast edge, by a group of hunters which included Lou Newcomb, Bacon, Ike and Tom Cooper of San Gabriel, Moye Stephens, a Los Angeles attorney, who died recently, Bert Reese and Tom Bulpin. This cabin was about twelve



Old Ranger Station on Charlton Flat—Built in 1902. —Courtesy of P. B. Goodell

by fourteen feet and was used as a hunting headquarters until the area was included in the game refuge.

The City of Pasadena acquired the Flat from the Forestry Department on a Special Use Permit, dated April 23, 1931, and began the development of a recreation area. They were later granted a two-year extension, but failing to complete their improvements and development it reverted to the government in 1936.

This entire area was a favorite with hunters, deer and other big game being particularly plentiful about the heads of Big Tujunga and Devils Canyon. Among many others, the Cooper brothers, Tom and Ike, had been visiting the locality for many years prior to 1900 and had many "tall" tales to tell. Old timers will remember "Natty," an over-sized burro owned by the Coopers and his prowess as a pack animal which was almost legendary.

There are many stories of the locality still remembered, some of them tragic; how "Lid" Winston perished in a blizzard near Buckhorn; of the two boys who lost their lives in the snow between the Flat and Loomis Ranch; of Fred Buchanan of Pasadena, who was shot through the neck while hunting near the Flat;

of his companion, leaving Buchanan more dead than alive, making almost impossible time to Mt. Wilson for help. In less than twenty-four hours a doctor and a nurse arrived. "Buchanan's Camp" was established and the wounded man nursed back to partial health after a three months' siege.

While Bacon was on duty four members of the National Guard came to the Flat on a hunting trip armed with heavy "Krag's." Against Bacon's advice they went into upper Devils Canyon. Two of the men finally regained camp, their clothing in shreds. The other two, after several days, near death from hunger and exhaustion, staggered into a camp on Bear Canyon, one of the tributaries of the West Fork.

Captain Bacon of Duarte, father of Bill, together with C. B. Blaine and George Hutchins, took a trip one Spring to the Flat. Hutchins was from Minnesota and longed for cold weather again. He was serving on the jury at the time and had been excused for a few days. The trio with Bill's horse "Charger" and three burros, reached the Flat in a snow storm. The snow was four feet deep on the level, the men were marooned and the animals were missing. After five days the horse floun-

dered into camp, so hungry that he ate the old magazines. They blanketed him the first night but the blanket was missing in the morning. He preferred its food value to its warmth.

Bill Bacon, after one unsuccessful effort, finally reached the Flat on foot. The men were all right, as they had plenty of food, but the burros were still missing. Bill broke the news to Hutchins that the sheriff had a warrant for his arrest for failure to report for jury duty. The burros were finally found under a tree, where they had lived for twelve days on snow and such tree branches as they could reach, which goes to prove that it takes more than a two weeks' fast to kill a burro. In three days the party was back in town more dead than alive, but the burros were ready to go again.

In these days of automobile roads reaching farther and farther into the primitive, there are few "frontiers" left, and in a very few weeks we will be rolling on rubber to old Pine Flat. Would that we who love the mountains might go back forty years and take the trail once more from Sierra Madre. High above the Big Santa Anita the old trail went; past "Santa Olene" and Winter Creek to Sturtevant's Camp; then up the zig-zag and over the ridges with the condors flying overhead; down to the West Fork and up "Short Cut" and over the ridge and down into the Big Tujunga; then up the dreary climb over that last stretch, as white as an alkali flat

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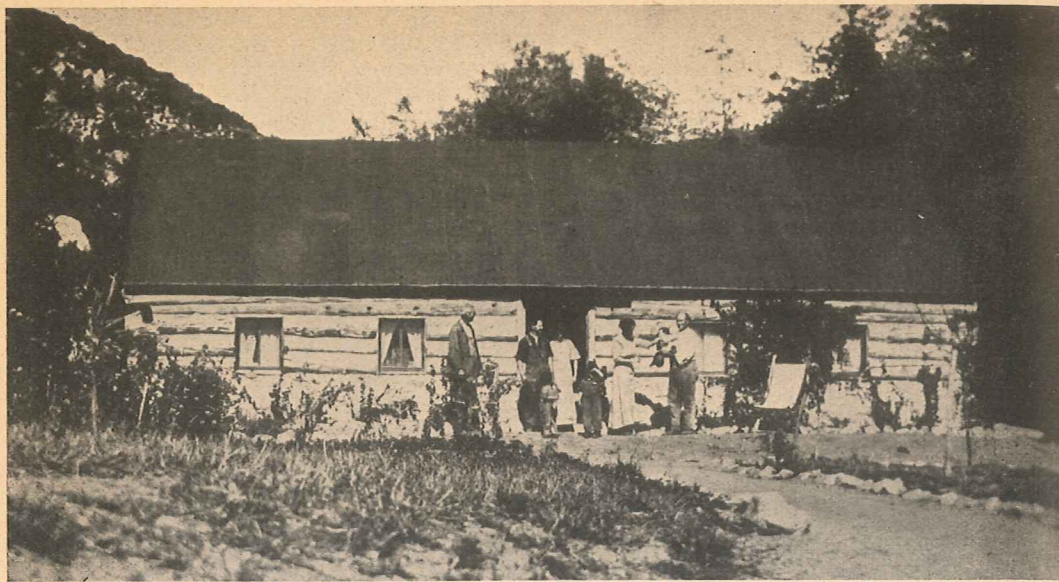
(why is it that the worst part of a trail is always at the end?) Then over the south rim into that glorious forest and down hill through the pines to the old ranger cabin, where Bacon always had a piping hot supper of venison, with a pot of beans and hot biscuits from the dutch oven, for the weary traveler. And after that to sit around the fire, spinning yarns of past experiences and those we hoped to have, then to a bed of pine needles under the stars.

Sad to say those days are gone for many a mountaineer who loved Pine Flat. Ike and Tom Cooper and Captain Bacon and many another no longer tramp or ride the trails. Charlton, too, is gone, but who that knew the old Pine Flat does not envy Charlton that the Flat now bears his name. As for the rest of us, we who loved Pine Flat in the by-gone years, we can still remember!



Hunting Club Cabin on Pine Flat—Built in 1908.

—Courtesy of W. W. Bacon



*The Loomis Home on Alder Creek in the Early Days.
Captain Loomis, on the left, with some of his family.*

LOOMIS RANCH--LAST HOMESTEAD

By ODO B. STADE

If you look straight north from the top of Mt. Wilson, you see Mt. Pacifico, its crest dotted with umbrella-shaped pines. At its base, amid the sombre olive-gray of the chaparral, lies a green spot like an emerald, spotty with specks of deeper green, and bordered on the left by a ribbon of another tinge of the same color. The emerald is the "upper field" and orchard of Loomis Ranch; the green ribbon, the double row of stately alders along the banks of Alder Creek's North Fork, on which the ranch is located.

In the days before the roads, it was a 25 mile hike from Mt. Wilson or Alpine Tavern, and twenty miles from Acton, on the desert side of the San Gabriels. A long day's hike for most, but the ranch at the trail's end, its charming host and hostess, the excellent food—most of it grown on the ranch—and the clean, soft beds, more than compensated for whatever toil the trail and blazing sun had brought.

To arrive after a long hike over the hot trails was to taste life to its fullest. To see it for the first time was like discovering something out of bygone, happy days. Somehow, the ranch had a touch of antiquity a few years after its start; a feeling of having been there

always. Sun, rain, snows, and wind had weathered the buildings so quickly, and they had been built with such a sure eye as to setting and with a most pleasing, simple artistry, that they seemed to be one with the surrounding country. In reality, Loomis Ranch was the last homestead to be patented in the Angeles National Forest, and it was not until April, 1913 that, at the age of fifty, Captain Lester G. Loomis drove the first stakes.

Captain Loomis was every inch a man. He stood well over six feet two in his days of manhood, and his mental stature rose high above his physical one. How else can one explain his sudden decision to start anew, to engage in the hardest kind of work at an age when others prefer an age of ease in the cities. His life up to then had been rich in adventure and work as seldom a man's life, and it would take volumes to tell of it properly.

He was born in Peoria, Illinois, in August, 1863. He came of pioneer stock, and was one himself all of his long life in the truest sense of the word. His parents took him to California at the age of eleven, to Los Angeles, then a small town—a sleepy pueblo of some ten thousand inhabitants, of which the majority were Mexicans, Chinese and Indians. A

marvelously interesting place for an inquisitive youngster. But a few years later his father moved to Reno, Nevada, via San Francisco, and young Lester's pioneer years began.

He was in turn miner, teamster, cowboy, range detective, prison guard, owner of a sawmill, and so many other things besides that the story of his youth reads like that of a dozen people. He was far from being a jack-of-all-trades; whatever he touched he did well by using his keen mind.

But he didn't come into his own until 1886. On August 25th of that year, he married Grace Williams, his boyhood sweetheart, and was united with her for over fifty years. They called him "Lucky" in those days, and whenever he looked at her, he knew that they called him by the right name.

Shortly after their marriage, bride and groom moved to Los Angeles, which had become meanwhile a thriving boom town. He joined the police force, and when, shortly thereafter, Mayor Workman created the first post of sergeant, Loomis got the nomination, thus becoming the first Police Sergeant Los Angeles ever had. But he did not stop there. Six months later he was made captain, and within another year he was Acting Chief of Police.

Politics not being to his liking, he refused the position as chief, and took over the management of the Evergreen Cemetery, which he managed for fourteen years with the help of his wife, who ran it all by herself while he went into the Klondike. Unlike his later neighbor, Delos Colby, he went way into the interior, had adventures by the ream, but did not find gold till he returned home. During the years of his management of the Evergreen Cemetery, he transformed it from a mere burial ground into a park and garden. He built the first modern Crematorium, and inaugurated the perpetual care system, copied since by almost every cemetery in this country.

Whenever time permitted, he went to the mountains, and there, in the early nineties, he found the place which was later to become his home.

He also laid out the still famous Inglewood Cemetery, which after a record completion of the first unit, he managed for four years. Then the open spaces called again, and he went into partnership with Babbit Brothers & Co. This meant still greater activity and new adventures out on the desert while looking after mining properties of the company of which,

among others, Edward L. Doheny was a partner.

He was happy in this work, but when he received a good offer from Portland, Oregon, he left for that city to lay out another cemetery there. He finished this job in record time also, but California kept calling, and soon he was back in Los Angeles with his wife, his three daughters, Hazel, Ruth and Anna, and his recently acquired sons-in-law, Orval Thomas and Todd Viets.

He decided on being a contractor on his own. The most important job of that period was the laying of the pipeline from Taft to Los Angeles, of which he laid the section running along the present Ridge Route.

But the mountains, and old mining claims called him more and more, and in April, 1913 he decided to pull his stakes for good, and at the age of fifty, he carved for himself a homestead out of the last wilderness. He really went with the idea of developing his mining claims, but as the years went on, and work on the ranch became heavier, the claims could be worked only in winter time. But I am ahead of the story.

Until the cabin was built, Captain and Mrs. Loomis, and their family lived in three



*The beloved Master and Mistress of the
Loomis Ranch.*



*The Tom Clark Cabin still stands.
The Loomis Family—First Summer on Alder Creek—1913.*

tents. The old cabin, built by Tom Clark during the late nineties, was used for a storage shed. This old cabin, built of cedar posts placed upright and topped by a pyramidal roof, is still standing, having weathered the storm while buildings, built years later were washed away. It was a landmark known to hunters, who had come to the small clearing long before the ranch was thought of.

Once the flats on both sides of the creek had been cleared with mattocks, axes, and brush-hooks—and back-breaking toil—the pioneer family looked for a building site. That in front of the Clark cabin seemed the best, and a twenty by forty cabin was staked off. Now, building a house in a city is a simple task compared to doing so in the mountains where the material had to be searched for. The problem of rocks for the foundations and the four-foot rock walls was easily solved. But the logs must be cut in Middle Fork, and rafters, sheathing and shakes must be cut, sawed, and split on the four-mile distant Chilao, and all packed down to the site over a steep and narrow trail.

Meanwhile the garden, tended by Mrs. Loomis and her three daughters, was doing very well. The rains had been heavy that year, and the creek kept flowing strong all summer long, and way into fall. Presently,

beans, onions, corn, potatoes, beets, and alfalfa were harvested in turn; all of surprising size and quality. Old Indian utensils, such as matates, pestles, and arrow heads were found in quantities, upholding the claims of old-timers that the upper reaches of Alder Creek had been favorite camping grounds with the Mojave Indians.

Nothing seemed to be more fitting once the house was finished inside and out than to invite some of the neighbors to a typical Western housewarming. I can still hear the captain tell about it. His eyes glowed, and there was a suspicion of moisture around their corners as he said: "That was a day I'll never forget. Mind you, we had worked mighty hard, and the getting in of all the furniture, the heavy stove, and the like had taken us weeks. Mother got out her finest linen and the best of china and silver, and the table was set that pretty, and there was so much food that Cogswell's eyes began to bulge. I must tell you sometime how he got even with me. He hadn't seen the like in many a year."

That must have been a happy, proud, and contented family around the table that night; and it must have been a Thanksgiving dinner in the truest sense.

A small forest fire, started by a heavy thunderstorm, furnished an unwelcome thrill,

and brought the first rangers a few days afterward. Their coming raised the question of settler's rights. Homesteading in National Forests was being made more and more difficult, and it took perseverance and a good many letters to the San Francisco land office before the homesteaders received reassuring news.

A surveying party arrived during the following spring and when they were finally done, Captain Loomis found that he could lay claim to a fraction less than eighty acres. Though this was a disappointment at first—he had hoped for the full 160 acres—he was glad of it later on, holding that there is no sense in owning more land than one can use.

This is only one example of his clear outlook and the philosophy for which all who knew or got to know the captain honored him. Many a young hiker returned from Alder Creek wiser for having listened to him, and found the world an easier place to live in by following his sound advice.

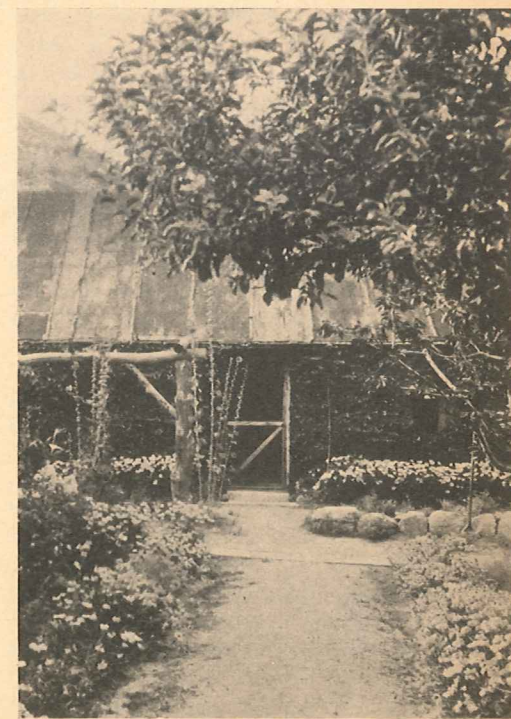
With the cabin completed, work was begun on barn, corrals, and an arrastra. The latter was driven by waterpower, Captain Loomis building the turbine himself, and when it came to the building of the sawmill he proved to be just as ingenious. Then still more land was cleared, the orchards were planted, and more livestock was driven in. In an amazingly short time the ranch took on the aspect of having been there always.

Presently the two young couples had to look for work and homes of their own, and a short time afterwards Norman Ross, then a United States Forest Ranger, courted and married the youngest daughter, Anna, and presently the old folks were alone on their ranch. Busy years followed with hard work in the home, the fields, and the mine from early morning till into the night, and on top of all this, hikers discovered the new ranch and the Loomis hospitality. Word soon spread about its genial host and hostess, the good food, and the soft beds, and no wonder; the ranch seemed Utopia to most—what with chickens and eggs, honey and vegetables, and milk, butter, and cream such as one could not find in the valleys below. There was fruit from the orchards, luscious peaches thick with cream, and apples transformed into miracles of apple-dumplings by the white-haired mistress of her domain. At its height, Loomis Ranch was a place where milk and honey flowed, and those lucky enough to know the place then will always be the richer for it.

The World War brought rising prices, and hikers came less and less frequently. Lean years followed for the hard working couple, and they had to decide with a heavy heart to go down into the valleys to augment dwindling funds. A hard decision, for by then the ranch had become an integral part of their life. While they were gone, the writer held down the place, and when he left the following late spring, John Farrar took over until that happy day when they were finally able to return.

Followed years of toil, of new building activities—a larger barn and two cabins were built with lumber furnished by the sawmill—of quiet joy when the children came up with their offspring, and before long the first great-grandchild was brought to the ranch. It seemed as though the old couple were blessed with eternal youth; they seemed younger every time one called.

The years of depression were keenly felt on the ranch; the ranks of hikers were thinning once more, and a series of dry years called



*"For they live in a world of their own
and have made it altogether lovely."*

—LEE SHIPPEY.

The hospitable front entrance of the Loomis home which many mountain travelers will remember with pleasure.

for all the ingenuity on Captain Loomis' part to keep the gardens and fields green. The steady increase of wild life brought still another problem; the deer ate vegetables and alfalfa as quickly as they grew, and no fence was high enough to keep them out.

The mine came back into its own in 1932, and the new price of gold brought a number of interested parties to investigate possibilities. Since none of them had the hardihood to stick it out, Captain Loomis decided upon working the mine himself with the help of his grandson, Lester Thomas, and that of a young mining engineer, Hoyt McClain, who worked the mine, off and on, for a matter of about two years. With modern mining machinery the yield might have been good, but hampered by the lack of it, the gold obtained was barely enough to keep things going. Captain Loomis' was steadily declining; he had complained of abdominal pains for years, and his working hours became shorter with each passing week.

Shortly after celebrating their Golden Wedding, on August 25, 1936, Mrs. Loomis realized that something should be done for her husband's health. They left, with a heavy heart but with hope undimmed, in October of the same year and Captain Loomis underwent an operation which promised to be successful. Then, suddenly, a relapse set in and he died after weeks of suffering on December 12, 1936.

When the word flashed over the wires, his friends refused to believe. To his family and his many friends he had always seemed as sturdy, as ageless as the giant oaks near his mine. It was snowing up on the ranch on the day on which he was buried in the Inglewood cemetery, which he had laid out. Simple touching words were spoken over him, as he lay amid many flowers in the chapel he had named Grace Chapel in honor of the wife who had stood by him faithfully and with undimmed love during the fifty years of their life together.

The widow could not be consoled by her life in the valley, and as soon as the roads were open once more, she returned to the ranch, to be back on the place on which she and her husband had spent their happiest days. Up there, though often alone for weeks, she felt closer to him who had left her.

Worried about her being alone so much, her family visited her as often as their work permitted, and they were finally able to persuade her to come down to the valley during the winter. Frank J. Mathys, the ranger on Chi-

lao, promised to look after the place. All went well until the days of the flood. On that Wednesday, which we of Southern California will long remember, a wall of water swept down Alder Creek, and forced Mathys to take to the hills. All of the smaller cabins were washed away, the waters even sweeping through the main cabin whose door was crashed in by a log riding the flood. It was all over in a few minutes but the damage done was great, many of the buildings were gone and the whole landscape was sadly changed.

But Mrs. Loomis refuses to be discouraged. Backed by her family, she is waiting for the opening of roads and trails to return in order to rebuild as much as is in her means. Such courage calls for unstinting admiration, and her many friends hope that the coming years will compensate her for all the sorrow, loss and discouragement of those gray days since he, whom she loved so well, passed on to his reward.

HEIGHTS

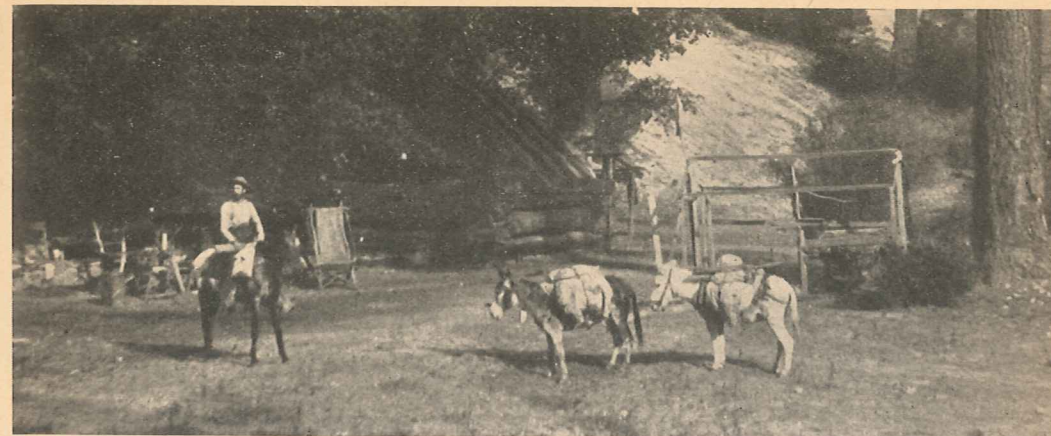
By LEON WOOD

Boldly we climb by the Crest highway,
Swing round the curves in a dizzy sway,
Scramble up grades where the engine knocks,
Over sheer chasms and under tall rocks;
Flourish of speed in a feather of fog,
To Red Box we come, and stand all agog,
For at Red Box the mountains are tossed in a heap,
Peaks are pitched lofty, the canyons crawl deep;
You can't see the bottom, you can't see the top,
Where Thor stacked it up, then decided to stop—
Left the world on tiptoe, to tower and wait;
Enough standing straight up for another big state.
Fierce tearing streams in their old mountain feud
Chew bony shins of the old mountain brood;
Ranges bully the canyons that sullenly hide,
Peaks gather in gangs, even man is defied;
Old-timers get tangled or hopelessly lost,
Even rangers and scouts their woodcraft exhaust.
The long look is upward, the long way is down;
Five miles to Mt. Wilson, fourteen to a town.
Go where you will, not a trail on the level,
Earth tosses her mane in abandoned dishevel.

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Chilao

—Courtesy W. D. Medill.

TRAIL SONG

From "Songs of The Trail," by HENRY HERBERT KNIBBS

We took the trail with bell and book,
Our candle was a star:
And high and dim the way we took,
To where the peaks, untroubled, look
On range and range afar:
Our book, the log of what befell,
Our bell a silver pack-horse bell.

Chilao! Sing Chilao!
We're on the upland track:
God send the day be far away
When we shall journey back.

Where Barley Flats lay singing
In the wind across the night,
A pack-horse bell was ringing,
The moon was big and white:
The shadows danced along the tree,
And from the firelight ran
While, round the fire, in reverie,
A little song began:

Chilao! Sing Chilao!
The mesquite and the pine!
God send no less content to fill
This hungry heart of mine.

Down deep within The Narrows
We rode a moonlit trail,
Where flashed the silver arrows,
Where fell a silver flail.
In dusk a dream lay hidden
The while we rode along:
A melody unbidden,
A half-remembered song:

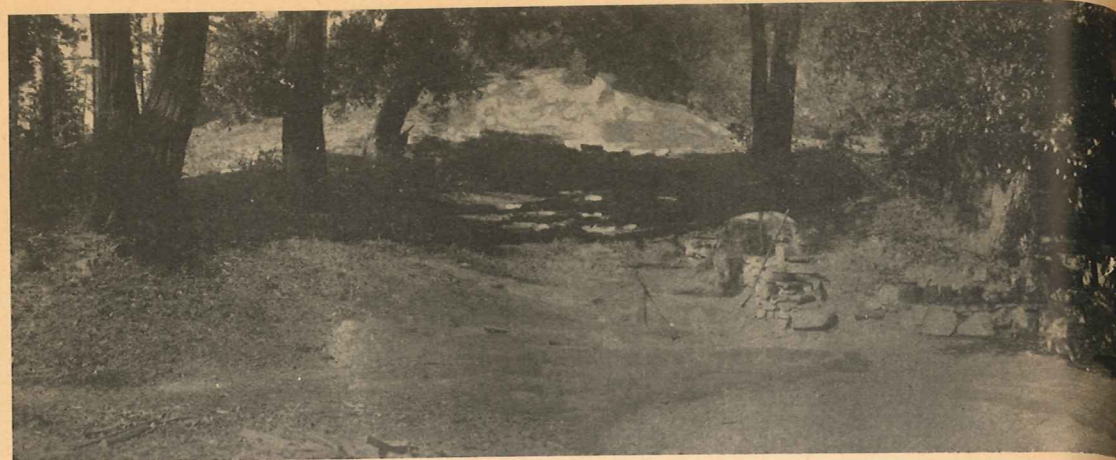
Chilao! Sing Chilao!
The green below the blue!
God send no other trail than that
Which leads again to you.

Who packs and trails the world around
May know much wonderment:
But never will a place be found
Wherein is such content
As high Chilao's children know,
Yea, each and every one!
The little brothers of the snow,
The sisters of the sun,
The silent watchers of the pass,
The hunters of the moon,
The angels of the mountain-grass,
Those changelings of June:

Chilao! Sing Chilao!
With purple roof and gold!
God send your fires may never die
And we shall not grow old.

So we, with candle, book and bell
Have reached Chilao's crest,
Thereon a little while to dwell,
We wanderers of the West:
Then once again to take the trail,
The trail unknown and long,
Our souls where high the eagles sail,
And in our hearts a song:

Chilao! Sing Chilao!
The Trail, The Pool, The Sky!
God send no fate that we forget
The name we know you by.



Beautiful in 1898.

EARLY DAYS IN THE CHILLIA COUNTRY

By ARTHUR CARTER

CAMPFIRE TALES

There is without doubt a story of this area which should precede that of these historical cabins and their interesting owners, a story of thrill, adventure and tragedy. The tales told about the campfires, in the old days of Charlton Flat, Horse Flat and Chilao, were told by those in closest touch with that older time and were, many of them, tales which have had no place in published history. Some of those campfire tales we will give you here.

Chillia—The Man

It was told that Jose Gonzalez herded cattle on the Flats in the early 70's. That he was famous for his handling of a knife, throwing with lightning speed and deadly accuracy from almost any position. That he jumped a bear one day, a big fellow, who had killed some of his calves. He chased him up a tree and having no rifle with which to shoot him, after ruminating a spell, he hit on an idea. Why not build a fire under the tree and smoke him out? No sooner thought than done. Well the tree got mighty hot and when the bear could climb no higher he came slithering down. When the smoke of fire and battle cleared Jose was minus his clothes but his trusty knife had reached a vital spot. For this exploit his campaneros named him "Chillia" (Hot Stuff) and the area has since been known by that name.

Vasquez the Bandit

It was told that Chillia became a herder and guard for Tiburcio Vasquez and that the Flats became a hide-out and pasture for stock stolen in the San Gabriel and San Fernando Valleys, and brought to the lush feed of these mountain meadows over almost impassable trails. Old brands were blotted out or made over into something different and the animals sold north or east in the mining country.

It was told that he stole Government horses at Yuma, changed brands at Chillia and sold them in the southern valleys, that he sold horses back to ranches in the San Fernando valley from which he stole them; that one of his confederates made a mistake and stole a pair of mules, the largest and most famous in the whole southwest and, fearing to show with them again in the valley, they were finally taken into an obscure canyon and killed. It was told that Chillia disappeared immediately following the capture of Vasquez at the ranch of Greek George near Cahuenga and nothing seems to be known of him since.

Sturtevant the Mountaineer

He always referred to as home the little cabin in the notch south of Mt. Waterman which he built in 1887. Prospecting was his hobby and he had samples of ore from this vicinity which ran as high as \$300. to the ton.

He told that four pack-trips in all were made by him from Colorado into Southern California. The first with forty burros and

carrying a "Pay Pack." He entered the mountains by Aliso Canyon from Acton, passed through West Chillia and Pine Flat, down the Big Tujunga to Wickiup Canyon, over Barley Flat and down Short Cut Canyon by the old Indian Trail, up the West Fork and around the west-side of Mt. Lowe and probably to the valley by the old Spanish-Indian trail through Millards Canyon.

Upon his descent into Short Cut he told that he encountered about eighty Indians, feasting on bear meat and acorn-meal bread, that he ate with them and was treated royally.

On his second trip he found the old Rattlesnake Trail over Mt. Wilson and landed on the Carter Ranch at the mouth of Little Santa Anita Canyon, Sierra Madre.

CHILLIA CANYON

Chillia, though still beautiful, was far more so when in 1890 Louie Newcomb, one of the best known mountaineers of those days, built the old cabin pictured on page 4. It wasn't much of a cabin, the walls were only three big logs high, the roof and gables thatched with slabs, bark, anything which would turn rain and snow, and the door so low that one doubled up to go in, but it was a landmark of those days and the scene of many a joyful gathering of the mountain folks.

This area was included in the San Gabriel Timberland Reserve, established on December 20, 1892, but though Newcomb and his friends were using the cabin much of the

time, he delayed filing for patent on the quarter-section until October 12 1898. In the summer of that year he was made a Forest Ranger, one of the first, and served in that capacity for many years.

Faust Havermale says "Newcomb's cabin was old and dilapidated when I first saw it in 1907 and badly in need of a new one which I helped him build, about twenty-five feet west of the old site, in 1910." A short distance to the west, at a site then known as Fawn Camp, there had been an earlier cabin, possibly built by or for Jose Gonzalez, for whom it is said Chillia was named. Tom Hall one of the early mountaineers and also one of first Ranger force reports having seen it, then partially in ruins, in 1874.

During Newcomb's first years at Chillia it was occasionally visited by bands of Indians who came back to their old camping ground on hunting trips through the range. There were also bears in those early days and it is told that Tom Lucas, known to many of the old timers as "Barefoot Tom," one of the first Rangers, killed the last grizzly seen in these parts, near the east end of Chillia in 1898; also that four black bears were seen there in the winter of 1908.

Newcomb's only neighbor during those early years was William Sturtevant, mountaineer and packer, who built the Sturtevant Trail, Sturtevant Camp, packed the lumber for the first Mt. Wilson Hotel in 1905 and



The Lou Newcomb Cabin at Chilao—Built in 1910.

shared with him the reputation of being the best posted on the mountain country. Sturtevant's cabin was in the notch at the head of Devil Canyon, between Mt. Waterman and Twin Peaks and could be plainly seen from Chillia.

My first visit to the area was in late summer of 1890 when, accompanied by Kent Wible, and with a burro to carry the supplies we hiked the old trail from Sierra Madre. Our route was by the old Wilson Trail to Mt. Wilson, down the Rattlesnake Trail to West Fork and up the old, steep trail by Valley Forge canyon to Barley Flat, the last few miles so steep that our burro could scarcely make the grade. We arrived in camp at the old east spring on Barley Flat just before sundown and in the rays of the setting sun the rocks and cliffs of Waterman Ridge, to the north-east, stood out like great, medieval castles of old.

The next night we camped on Pine Flat (now Charlton Flat) a short distance east from where the little log cabin Ranger station was later built. Here I shot a deer which furnished us meat for the balance of our stay. Later we went on to Chillia and the first night there our burro was restless and frightened. In the early forenoon two boys, Roach and Graham from Pasadena, came over the trail from the Crystal Lake country. The pack on their burro was covered with a white

canvas and our burro on sighting that, with a snort and a mighty lunge, broke his picket rope and started for home with myself tailing as best I could.

He was soon out of sight, hitting a pace that was sure fast for a burro and the next I saw of him was five miles on the way, going down the slope into Big Tujunga. Sighting me, with a snort he was away again and I gave up the chase as hopeless, but what I told that burro was the first short wave broadcast on record. Returning to camp I found large, fresh bear tracks and the scent of that bear must have been the reason for his hurry. Later the Cooper brothers, Tom and Ike, coming into camp, reported that they had caught and tied him at the foot of Barley Flat trail. As Roach and Graham wished to stay but were out of provisions and we had provisions but must go, they brought back the burro in exchange for the food and we left for home.

My second visit was in early spring of 1893. The winter had been dry and cattle were being pastured through Chillia Canyon and Horse Flat, the herders Totty and Snodgrass camping near the old cabin for the water supply. Feed became so scarce that some of the weaker stock died and the herd was taken out. The next year sheep were driven in by Spanish herders, coming along the foot of the mountains from Cajon Pass and into the Flats by way of Little Rock Creek. Many

sheep were killed by mountain lions and fires were kept burning at night to drive them away.

John Hartwell of Pasadena was with me on this trip and we were building the new trail which had been laid out by Newcomb by way of Short Cut Canyon. We camped for a time on the West Fork, fishing was good and it was no unusual thing to catch forty trout before breakfast and two of us finish them at the meal. One night the burro lifted the kettle of prunes, simmering on the fire, and with the handle in his mouth started down the canyon. A wild yell from Hartwell and he set them down in the trail without spilling a prune.

In the spring of 1898 a party consisting of Myrta and Myra Sturtevant, Julia Carter, W. D. Medill, an engineering student from Stanford University by name of Dart, with Mrs. Carter and myself as chaperones went to Chillia for a months' vacation and were later joined by Lou Newcomb. Medill was the photographer and took several of the illustrations used with this story.

The women did the cooking and housework, the men kept up the wood and meat supply and there was ample time for many delightful excursions into the surrounding areas. At that time there was plenty of game on and around the flats and on one of our trips we found fresh bear tracks thirteen inches long.

In 1924, with my daughter and two of her school girl chums, we spent several weeks at Chillia, roaming much of the surrounding area including Horse Flat, Pinon Flat, upper Little Rock Creek, Buckhorn Flat and Mt. Waterman, including the wild south slope. One trip we will always remember was down the beautiful, rock walled gorge of the East Fork of Alder Creek through scenery so fine that we named it Little Grand Canyon. On this trip we stopped at the Loomis Ranch for one of those chicken dinners for which Mrs. Loomis was famous.

That summer on the Flats was a banner year for rattlesnakes and including a few killed by the Pine Flats Ranger we had twenty-seven to our credit. When we first arrived in camp we found one coiled up in the dutch oven and one, that was evidently hunting frogs, at the water hole.

Those were the days when one must really love the mountains to make the effort; the days of the patient burro and narrow trails, when you watched for wide spots to pass the pack-train and then were careful to take the

outside, when it took two days of hard hiking to cover the thirty miles to Chillia; the good old days.

OLD TRAILS

By J. E. PEMBERTON, SR.

I trod old trails, faint traced today,
They seemed like parts in hair; their way
Runs rugged ridge tops through their sway.
The chaparral the hillsides lined;
Beside the trails 'twas all entwined,
But my old eyes old paths could find.

Long, long ago, the elk and deer
Were first to find their course quite clear;
Then Indians later followed here.
Next horsemen came, of later birth;
Hoofs deeper dug the dents in earth.
Still, well these hill ways were of worth.

Now gradual grades go down below,
Where gliding gaily fast cars go,
But rough ridge trails more beauty show.
They catch more clear clouds golden glow;
There balmier air hill breezes blow,
And landscapes lovelier lure bestow.

Near none now know how neat they be,
But still their steeps call strong to me.
I long again their lure to see,
My age is gone—I'm young once more!
When there I climb as oft before
I did in yesterdays of yore.



*—Courtesy of J. C. McClung
The Great Cliff of Mt. Waterman.*

YOUR MOUNTAINS NEED YOUR HELP

A CALL TO PUBLIC SERVICE

By EARL KUDELL, *Department of County Forestry*

Mr. John Public must help to maintain a thoughtful guardianship over his mountains this summer and fall.

Not for years has the forest fire problem from a standpoint of fire control, loomed as serious as it does at the start of this season. The cause, of course, is the damage done by the heavy flood of February-March.

Throughout the entire mountain territory—in Angeles National Forest, the Malibu highlands and the widespread foothill areas—fire suppression facilities which involved years of planning and building have been seriously damaged, if not utterly demolished.

Roads, motorways and trails into otherwise inaccessible fire danger spots have been so washed out, covered with debris or rendered useless by the loss of bridges that it will not be before the end of this season, or possibly several seasons, before many of them can be made serviceable.

The effect is naturally serious, for rapid access to fires is of urgent importance, if they are to be kept under control. For years the Department of County Forester and Fire Warden has been decreasing its traveling average time to fires, and has made it an objective to get to them within fifteen minutes after they are sighted. It has been found that these fires can usually be controlled when this objective is reached, providing, of course, that abnormal climatic conditions do not prevail.

The use of modern pumpers has made mountain roads and motorways not only important, but essential, for without them fire control agencies must depend on manpower with hand implements. Even under these limited circumstances the loss will be felt, for crews cannot be expected to perform efficiently after trudging over miles of steep slopes with pack mules before going into action.

All in all, the onslaught of the rain again emphasized the very close relationship between fire and flood. On many disastrous occasions we have been shown how fires can cause floods, but here we had a good example of how floods, in turn, can aggravate fire dangers.

Possibly the outcome may not be as bad as the outlook. We know that the heavy rains have brought out a heavy growth of vegetation; grass and weeds are not only more luxuriant but they are growing in places where they would not ordinarily be, and by midsummer they will add to the flammable material. On the other hand, however, fire danger depends considerably on the unpredictable factors of humidity, high winds and other climatic uncertainties. Strong desert winds are particularly an important factor, and if we can be spared these we may be able to duplicate last season's good record.

But then we should not assume this favorable outcome, but should prepare for what is more likely. One of the best ways to do this is to increase our public campaign in fire prevention.

Educational activities of this kind which have been conducted in recent years have already had their effect on newspapers, radio broadcasting stations, school authorities and others in control of large blocks of public opinion, and they are very cooperative in their efforts to help. Every effort will be made to encourage a continuation of their good work. But we should not depend on them entirely.

Every individual who loves outdoor life and who frequents the mountains can designate himself or herself as a crusader, for those who travel the trails and campgrounds can have many opportunities to drop a few words now and then among the uninitiated. These opportunities should not be ignored.

It is surprising how much good can be accomplished in just such small ways. If one out of every hundred of our population can be counted on to take an active interest in the safeguarding of our watersheds, and can be intelligently enlightened on the subject, they will create a force of public opinion which will tame the other ninety-nine.

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The number of those who frequent the county's mountain by-paths has increased so tremendously in recent years that they already make up an army sufficient to control and shape the opinion of the remainder of the population.

This does not mean that these initiates should designate themselves as policemen or otherwise attempt domineering methods. They can accomplish more and save themselves possible blackened eyes by setting a good example, instead. If not an example then a friendly suggestion now and then. There are times, of course, when a man's sense of duty impels him to take more drastic steps, but in most cases the person who breaks the rules of our forests is not a deliberate malefactor. The chief offenders are carelessness and ignorance.

It is against these offenders that all of us must fight.

HIKING RECEIVES NATIONAL RECOGNITION

Here's a piece of grand news for all who are interested in mountain recreation. The Federal Government is at last taking an active interest in hiking and skiing, campgrounds and primitive areas. There have been appointed, through the National Park Service, Regional Advisory Committees in all of the principal mountain recreation areas of the Nation who will assist in formulating policies and practices for these areas.

Myron H. Avery, Chairman of the Board of Managers of the Appalachian Trail Conference, has been appointed Chairman of the National Hiking Committee. Following are the five Californians on the committees:

Hiking: Clinton C. Clarke of Pasadena and Bestor Robinson of Oakland, Chairman and Director, respectively, of the Pacific Crest Trail System Conference. Skiing: Dr. Joel H. Hildebrand of Berkeley, President of the Sierra Club, and Arnold N. Weber of Placerville, President of the California Ski Association. Camping: Louis H. Blumenthal of San Francisco, Past President of the Pacific Camping Association.

Trails Magazine was honored, on April 20, by a call from Edward B. Ballard, Associate Field Coordinator and special representative from Washington and your Editor spent three mighty interesting hours with him in an exchange of ideas and information.

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Outing Club News

CALIFORNIA TRAILS

During the coming summer California Trails will conduct a survey of the southern Sierra Nevada in order to present a plan to the Forestry Service, the National Park Service, and the division of highways whereby it is hoped that the upper watersheds of the San Joaquin, Kings, and Kern Rivers may be set aside as a permanent wilderness area.

The project would necessitate the abandoning of the two roads now under construction in the area—the Kings River Highway and the trans-Sierra highway. Both are expensive, unnecessary, and destructive, and it is hoped that there will be no insistence on their completion, which would spoil the beautifully primitive character of the region they are invading.

Work on the roads has been temporarily suspended, partly because of the damage done by heavy rains and snows.

Other activities for the summer include hikes in the San Gabriel, San Bernardino, and San Jacinto ranges. In August, California Trails will conduct a pack trip in the highest and most precipitous section of the Sierra Nevada—The Kings-Kern Divide and the surrounding country. During the two weeks the party will visit Tulainyo Lake, the Kern Canyon, Mt. Bernard, the Kern-Kaweah River with its rugged gorge and magnificent falls, Triple Divide Peak, Center Basin, Junction, Shepherd, Colby, and Kearsarge Passes, Roaring River, and the Kings River Canyon.

Any one interested in the activities of the group is asked to communicate with Martin Litton, 345 East Redondo Boulevard, Inglewood, California.

SIERRA CLUB CELEBRATES

One Hundredth Anniversary of the Birth of John Muir.

By E. STANLEY JONES

Every lover of the out-doors should know the story of the life and works of John Muir. To no man are we more indebted for the Yosemite National Park than he. It was through his untiring efforts that this wonderful place was forever set aside for the people. His writings on the mountains of California have been a keen source of inspiration to thousands of readers.

John Muir was born in Scotland April 21, 1838. He came to America as a boy. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin and shortly thereafter was attracted to California. His first summer in the Sierras so inspired him that he returned to them on numerous occasions through his life. He traveled widely throughout the world, however, he never forgot his first love—the Sierras in California. It was he who interested such men as Theodore Roosevelt in the Yosemite. It was his pleasure and distinction to show the wonders of the California mountains to distinguished visitors to the State. Through his efforts favorable legislation was enacted to preserve the areas he loved so well as national monuments for the people.

In 1892 he founded the Sierra Club and from that time until 1914 he acted as its distinguished president. Today the Sierra Club stands as a monument to the life and vision of John Muir—numbering over 3,000 in membership—having Chapters in San Francisco, San Jose, Los Angeles and Riverside.

On Sunday, April 24, the Southern California Chapter of the Sierra Club will celebrate the 100th anniversary of the birth of John Muir at Muir Lodge in Big Santa Anita Canyon. Members of the club, who knew Mr. Muir personally, will speak on his life and work. The public is invited.

WHY DO WE CLIMB ROCKS?

By RICHARD JONES, *Secretary*
Rock Climbing Section, Sierra Club

We climb for fun. We climb for thrills, for the love of adventure and for recreation. It's fun to solve problems, to figure out puzzles, to master difficult situations, and there are plenty of them in rock climbing. It is fun to co-ordinate the mind and body at the same time. Every difficult pitch requires not only at least normal physical effort but mental as well, as over 80 percent of climbing hazards are purely mental. There are few occupations in which the mind and body must work so closely together.

It is fun to climb with friends. In a climbing party the spirit of co-operation, helpfulness and the golden rule is foremost. It is fun to be alive and aware to one's immediate past,

present and future. Past as one sees where he has been. Present as he finds himself on the spot. Future as he seeks where he may or must go.

But to be really enjoyed, rock climbing must be done in absolute safety. For this reason we schedule a regular practice climb to gain knowledge and proficiency in rock climbing technique. For information concerning our activities during the coming Summer, contact Howard Koster, 1000 Arapahoe; FE 1910.

ROAMER HIKING CLUB

EARL E. DIXON, *President*

While considerable damage was done to our clubhouse in Dark Canyon, near Camp Oak Wilde, plans have already been made to salvage what we can of the building. Work parties have been doing much toward clearing the mud and rock which filled the rooms three feet deep. We fully expect to have the clubhouse habitable for the enjoyment of our members when the summer vacations start.

An overnight trip to Twenty-nine Palms recently was enjoyed by a group of forty-one members and friends. Split Rock, Quail Springs and the new Joshua Tree National Monument were among several of the places explored.

We enter the Spring and Summer months with enthusiasm, and our schedule has many fine events lined up, both hiking and social. Palos Verdes rocks, a local hike in Griffith Park with breakfast preceding it; an overnight hike to Santiago Peak for sunrise, are among the hikes, while several parties are included on various dates.

We seek inquiries from any who are interested in hiking. A card will start a schedule to you with full details of all events and a brief outline of the purpose of our club. Address Miss Florence Kennett, Chairman of Publicity, 1727 East 69th Street, Los Angeles, California. Phone, JEFFerson 4015.

WOMEN'S ATHLETIC CLUB OF GLENDALE

The Hiking Department of the Women's Athletic Club of Glendale has enjoyed many delightful outings during the season now drawing to a close. These have included hikes to Mount Wilson by Rattlesnake Trail, Colby Ranch, Sierra Pelona Lookout, Henninger Flats, Malibu Canyon and many other places of interest. There was also a Sunday outing

at Valley Forge, which was enjoyed by more than eighty members of the club.

Each Thursday during the club year this group hikes five to fifteen miles on one of the mountain trails and despite the recent stormy weather, only three of the hikes scheduled for the season have had to be cancelled because of rain. A two-day trip to the desert, and other interesting events are scheduled for the month of May. For information pertaining to the Hiking Section, write or phone to Helen Lockwood, Chairman of Hiking, 523 No. Orange Street, Glendale. Phone DOuglas 3917.

FOREST CONSERVATION CLUB

By CHARLES WARNER

The new schedule of the Forest Conservation Club covers months of April, May and June and is notable in the earliness of starting hour on some trips.

Friday evening, April 22, 8 p.m., a social gathering will be held at the Kimmey home in Highland Park, 3164 Carlyle street, two blocks east of Verdugo Road, near Avenue 32, Los Angeles. The following Sunday, the 24th, a trail work trip to Echo Mountain, meeting at Poppyfield Station where Mt. Lowe tracks cross Maiden Lane, Altadena, at 8 a.m. Tracy Ryon, leader; STerling 2794.

Friday evening, May 13, a social gathering in Flintridge, details to be announced later. Sunday the 15th trail dedication of the short cut from old Mt. Wilson road to upper Eaton Canyon. Contact Charles Warner, Niagara 4638, or E. A. Heflinger, COLORado 3951.

May 28 to 30, Memorial Day outing to Carlton Flats. For particulars phone the Danners, Wakefield 6858. Saturday, June 11, picnic and social gathering at the Danners, 3790 Elma Road, East Pasadena, 6 p.m. (3 blocks south of Colorado and 1 block east of Rosemead). Sunday, June 19, 8 a.m., Fish Canyon, meeting at Lake and Colorado. Beautiful waterfalls. Hiking distance to suit up to 14 miles. Ed Van der Veen, STerling 8671; D. Scheibler, TErrace 2053.

July 17 to 31 Summer outing to Agnew Meadows and Mammoth Lakes. About 700 miles driving distance to and fro. Paul Kimmey, ALbany 4316.

All prospective participants are requested to phone the leaders of trips to arrange transportation and to learn of possible changes because of unprecedented conditions since the flood rains.

CAMPING ACTIVITIES

Pasadena-San Gabriel Valley Boy Scouts of America.

By H. BENJAMIN ROBINSON

Under the sponsorship of the Department of Camping and Activities of the Pasadena-San Gabriel Council, Boy Scouts of America, some 40 Scouts and their leaders left Council headquarters in Pasadena Monday morning, April 11, for a four-day caravan through the most interesting parts of Death Valley. The party planned to spend their first night at Emigrant Spring, catching their first glimpse of Death Valley from Augerberry Point. The first day in the Valley was to be spent in exploring the northern portion around the Ubehebe Crater and Scottie's Castle.

Camp was to be made the second night on Furnace Creek and the most colorful and fascinating southern portion of the Valley will be explored. The caravan will return by way of Baker and will be led by H. Benjamin Robinson, Field Scout Executive.

* * *

Gathering by Patrols and Troops with their packs on their backs, some 1500 Scouts from Pasadena-San Gabriel Valley Council, Boy Scouts of America, will report between the hours of 12 and 2 on Saturday afternoon on May 14 at the Santa Anita Recreation Park in Arcadia. Almost by magic, 150 small camps will appear dotted here and there about this vast park.

After making camp, the entire group will assemble for games, contests and field activities. After preparing supper, a huge campfire will be built on the baseball diamond and a program of unusual interest will be put on. Seats have been provided for 4500 spectators and everyone is invited to enjoy this unique program. On Sunday morning Scouts and their leaders will participate in a non-sectarian Scout church service with Rev. Milo Fiske of Arcadia Community Church as speaker. Catholic Scouts attending the Camporee will attend mass in the Arcadia Catholic church.

Following the church service, demonstrations of Scouting will be given. The grand finale will take place at 3 o'clock with a general assembly of Scouts and spectators. The closing ceremonies will include the awarding of honors to Patrols earning them in the Camporee.

WOODCRAFT RANGER NEWS

By ROBT. B. GOULD, *Executive Secretary*

The Woodcraft Rangers have adopted as their motto, "Every Member in Camp this Summer." One of our two camps, known as Camp Ah-Da-Hi, is located in the West Fork of the San Gabriel Canyon, and the other is situated at Lake Arrowhead.

Camp Ah-Da-Hi will accommodate thirty-five boys each week. The cost is so low that any boy can earn enough money to spend a week there. The boys will enjoy swimming, hiking, handicraft, games, and many other activities. Tony Randles, well-known Woodcraft Ranger guide, is the director.

The Lake Arrowhead Camp will accommodate one hundred boys a week and is one of the best known camps in Southern California. Here the mountains, the tall trees, and the blue lake offer an opportunity to enjoy a real vacation. The boys may participate in boating, swimming, canoeing, and fishing on a real lake. There are many other activities such as handicraft, archery, nature study, games, etc. This camp is again under the able direction of Harold L. MacTaggart.

We all realize the value of camp life experience to the child, so let's all help to make it possible for every youngster to attend a summer camp.

SUMMER CAMPS

The Los Angeles Council of Camp Fire Girls has been most fortunate in that both their mountain camps were spared from the flood.

Camp Yallani, on the Santa Ana River, in the San Bernardino Mountains, is the summer camp of the girls and is ideally situated among tall pine and cedar trees. Among the many attractions is a fine swimming pool. Picnics, sports, out-of-door cooking, hikes, evening fires, horseback riding and many more things make summer days a joy to the Camp Fire Girls.

Camp Caldwell, the week-end camp, is located on the west fork of the San Gabriel River, one mile from Opids Camp. This camp is reached over the Angeles Crest highway, and until the flood, each week-end found the camp full of girls enjoying hikes and other camp fun.

At the present date it is impossible to reach either of the above camps, but it is hoped both will be in condition to open when school closes.

Camp Temescal, in a canyon at the Pacific Palisades, is scheduled to open on June 26, and will remain open for seven weeks. Here swimming, hikes, nature walks, star lore and sea-life trips, as well as crafts and evening fires make life a round of fun throughout the summer. Girls from six to eighteen years of age are accepted at this camp.

MINERALOGICAL SOCIETY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

Members of the Mineralogical Society of Southern California joined with the geology department of Pasadena Junior College under the leadership of E. V. Van Amringe for the annual Easter vacation trip to the desert and mining districts from April 8 to 18. The excursion included Parker, Kingman, Chloride, Boulder Dam and a 75 mile ride on Lake Mead, Valley of Fire, Cathedral Gorge, Ely, Tonopah, Manhattan, Goldfield, Lost Valley, and Death Valley. The May 8 field trip will be taken to the borax mines at Stauffer north of Frazier Mountain. Holcomb Valley east of Baldwin Lake will be explored for garnets on the May 30 trip.

The current exhibition of fine mineral crystal groups in the Planetarium in Griffith Park are loaned by members of the society who are generous in loaning their collections to museums, libraries and special educational affairs. Lectures and exhibits of minerals are held on the second Monday of each month in the lecture room of the Pasadena Library and are open to the public. Time, 8 p.m. All activities are suspended during July and August.

For information on events, contact Wendall O. Stewart, Secretary, 138 Alta Street, Arcadia, California.

GLENDALE COMMUNITY HIKERS

This fine group of outdoor enthusiasts present another attractive schedule for the Spring months. Though some must necessarily be changed on account of the flood damage, others will be substituted.

During April they enjoyed a breakfast at Santa Anita Park, a hike near Pacific Palisades and a trip to the old coal mine near Soledad Canyon.

Trips for May and June include: May 8, Live Oak Camp and a hike up Los Pinetos Ridge. May 14-15, a desert trip in the Twenty-nine Palms area with visits to Indian picture rocks, gold mines, etc. May 28-29, camp

in Red Rock Canyon with hikes through that interesting and colorful rock area. These interspersed with breakfast hikes, moonlight hikes and social events.

Several of the trips planned cannot now be taken on account of roads and trails washed out, but it is hoped that repairs will be made by the dates selected. For information on this Club's activities, contact Mr. R. W. Haight, 420 South Lincoln Avenue, Glendale. Phones DOuglas 4872 or VAndike 8785.

THE YUCCA HIKING

CLUB OF MONROVIA

Prior to the cataclysmal floods of early March, the Yucca Hiking Club of Monrovia had, in the course of its weekly field trips, enjoyed the privilege of visiting so many of the more distant places of interest in our mountains which are not now accessible, that now its members are quite content to hike the old familiar trails nearer home, to observe changes wrought by the flood waters, to renew acquaintance with Spring's trail-side flowers and to give welcome to newly arrived song birds.

February trips before the storms included an instructive hike up old Mt. Wilson toll road to Henniger Flats and its County Forestry nursery activities, a wintry hike over the Signal Rock trail in San Antonio Canyon from Barrett Canyon to Camp Baldy, and a thrilling hike along the cliff-ledge trail from Pacoima Dam to lovely Maple Canyon.

First of the post-flood hikes was into Sawpit Canyon to Sawpit Dam and lake, then on into that other branch where a newly scoured canyon bottom from which practically all trees have been swept has brought to Monrovia Falls a new setting and a wider perspective.

Next hike was Clam Shell truck trail from Sawpit Canyon on the east, around Ruby Canyon (known locally as Kelly's Canyon) where numerous slides impeded hiking progress, then on down to Foothill boulevard.

Starting again from the same point at the mouth of Sawpit Canyon, Observation Trail (as it is known locally), around the ridge-rim of Spanish Canyon gave the day's hikers a most interesting show of some fifty varieties of spring flowers. Also a magnificent view of San Gabriel Valley, with San Gabriel wash as its most conspicuously prominent feature, some newly made overflow lakes shimmering

(Continued on Page 27)

Trail Trips

You who have hiked the trails have new mountains to explore. You who have complained of improvements may now find plenty of the primitive. Much that was familiar to you, great trees which were landmarks, great boulders which were milestones, shady nooks in which you were wont to rest, all are gone with the flood. Perhaps the greatest loss to hikers are the campgrounds which dotted the mountain area, now 75 percent washed away. But there are still good places to go and many new ones will be added with the opening, soon, of the Angeles Crest Highway.

Vetter Peak Lookout—from Charlton Flat

Hike by trail and road, southwest from the camp to the Lookout Tower on the summit and a magnificent view of much of the San Gabriel Range. The round trip, 2.5 miles.

Little Grand Canyon—East Fork of Alder Creek

From Charlton Flat, hike by road and trail, west down the canyon, following the canyon when it and the trail separate, down the rock-walled gorge of the East Fork of Alder Creek. No trail but fairly good going. Return by the same route. Distance as you like.

Big Tujunga—from Charlton Flat

Hike the trail south, over the rim and down to the road in the canyon bottom, 3 miles, and up this road to a grove of fine trees and a stream which always runs, 1 mile. Returning, follow the road on to Angeles Crest Highway, 1.5 miles, and by it back to camp, 3 miles. Total hike, 8.5 miles.

Chilao—from Charlton Flat

Hike by road and trail, west from camp, gradually swinging to the right, north and northeast to Chilao Ranger Station, 3 miles, or on by the old road to Chilao Campground, a mile farther east. Return by the same route or by the highway as preferred. Total hike, 6 to 8 miles.

Loomis Ranch—from Chilao Ranger Station

Hike northwest, by road and trail, 1.5 miles, then down to the Loomis Ranch on Alder Creek, 2.5 miles. The ranch can be seen from anywhere along the canyon rim. Total hike, 8 miles.

Devil Canyon Forks—from Chilao Campground

Hike the trail south across the Angeles Crest Highway, down the slope to the stream in a branch canyon and down this to Devil Canyon Camp, west of the stream and a short distance below the forks, 3.5 miles. Return by the same route. Total hike, 7 miles.

Sulphur Spring—from Chilao Campground

Hike west on the old road for half a mile and find trail turning north to Horse Flat Camp, 1 mile. Then road to Horse Flat Junction, half a mile, and trail north, down through the forest to Sulphur Spring Camp, 2 miles. Returning find a faint trail, south from camp, up a little canyon to Squaw Camp Cabins, 2 miles, fair trail from there up to the road, 1 mile, and down through New-

comb's Ranch to Chilao Camp, 2.5 miles. Total hike not over 10 miles.

From Chilao Campground it is 5.5 miles, by road, to Winston Campground in Cloudburst Canyon, and 3.5 miles farther on to Buckhorn Flat Campground.

Mt. Waterman—Elevation 8038 Feet—from Winston Camp

Hike the trail east, up the slope, to meet the road on the divide, 1 mile, and turn south, up the ridge to the north summit, 1 mile. Then around the horseshoe shaped rim to the south and highest summit, half a mile.

It is about one mile down through the open forest and great granite boulders of the south slope to the Mt. Waterman-Twin Peaks saddle, where William Sturtevant built his old cabin in 1887. There are springs on this slope and always water in the head of Devil Canyon.

Never go beyond the summit of Mt. Waterman alone, or attempt the climb of Twin Peaks unless an experienced mountaineer. Round trip, Camp Winston to Mt. Waterman, 5 miles.

Cooper Canyon Triangle—from Camp Winston

Hike trail east to the divide, 1 mile, cross the road and follow the trail around the slope, down to Cooper Canyon and down the canyon to its junction with Little Rock Creek at Camp Rio, 3.6 miles, and stop for lunch.

Returning, retrace the trail to Buckhorn Junction, .6 of a mile, turn south, up through beautiful forest to Buckhorn Flat, 1.6 miles, then road and trail back to Camp Winston, 3 miles. Total hike, 10 miles.

Little Rock Triangle—from Buckhorn Flat

Hike the trail north from Buckhorn Camp, down to Cooper Canyon, 1.6 miles, turn right to Camp Rio, .6 of a mile, then up the Little Rock trail to where it leaves the canyon at the Narrows, 2 miles, and here stop for lunch.

Returning, take the trail up the mountain side to meet the Pacific Crest trail on the Bear Creek divide, 1.2 miles, turn right through Cedar Spring, .6 of a mile, to Buckhorn Flat, 3.5 miles. Total hike, 9.5 miles.

Buckhorn Flat to Little Jimmy Springs—2 Days

Hike east from Buckhorn on the Pacific Crest trail, passing Cedar Spring, 3.5 miles, over the summit of Mt. Williamson, elevation 8,214 feet, 3.5 miles, passing the trail which leads down South Fork to Big Rock Creek, 1.5 miles, to Little Jimmy Camp, 4 miles, and here make camp for the night.

There is water one mile out from Buckhorn, again at Cedar Spring, about a mile west of the summit of Mt. Williamson, at Windy Spring north of Mt. Islip, and at Little Jimmy Springs, 250 yards east of the Camp, along the main trail. Return by the same route. Total hike, 25 miles.

Big Oak and Pre-Cambrian Rocks of the Sierra Pelona—1 Day or Week End

Drive Bouquet Canyon Highway to Bouquet Lake. About halfway along the south shore, turn right on the Sierra Pelona Truck trail and drive to Artesian Spring campground, 2.5 miles and make camp.

Hike up the road to the summit, 2.5 miles, turn east along the crest to Big Oak trail, 1.3 miles, and north down this to the Pre-Cambrian rocks, said to be not less than 500,000,000 years old, just below the crest. From these rocks continue down the trail to Big Oak junction, half a mile, and turn west (left) through a dense growth of oaks, about 300 yards to the Big Oak, largest in Southern California.

Returning you may climb directly up the slope to the road, a half mile, turn west to Sierra Pelona Lookout, 1.5 miles, and from there you may come directly down the slope to the road and back to camp, 2 miles. Total hike not over 10 miles. Water at Artesian Spring, Willow Spring on the road to the crest and a spring at the foot of Big Oak.

If planning to use fire be sure you have a shovel and axe and secure your permit before starting, or at the Bouquet Canyon Ranger Station on the road in.

Shake Canyon and Sawmill Mountain—1 Day or Week End

Drive either Bouquet or Elizabeth Canyon highways to Lake Hughes, then west on Pine Canyon highway to Shake Canyon, 6 miles, and turn south on a road, rough but passable, a quarter mile to Lower Shake Camp, hidden from the highway by a heavy screen of trees.

Hike a perfect trail, through a beautiful tree lined canyon, to Upper Shake Campground, 1.5 miles, and up through this beautifully forested flat to Sawmill Mountain, 2.5 miles. Returning hike the forest road back to the Upper Camp and by the canyon trail back to the starting point. Total hike, 10 miles.

Carry water from Upper Shake Camp. If planning to use fire be sure you have a shovel and axe, and secure your fire permit before starting or at Pine Canyon Ranger Station about 1 mile east of camp.

For available trail trips in other parts of the mountain area of Los Angeles County, see or write to the Editor. Enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for a mail reply.

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YUCCA CLUB—

in the sun, and Puddingstone Lake filling its cup in the hills to the southeast.

Fourth of the March hikes was the old Mt. Wilson trail from Sierra Madre to Orchard Camp, with a close-up of the storm damage at the camp and along Little Santa Anita Canyon. The old trail, so well seasoned by its many years of service to man and beast, was little damaged except at stream crossings.

The opening of the road to Chantry Flats made possible a hike to Sturtevant Falls, still roaring with a large volume of water. Part of the way over new, rough trail and temporary bridges of logs felled by the storm. We found every canyon-bottom cabin wrecked or destroyed.

The many varieties of flowers to be found along the old Sycamore Flat trail to San Dimas Lookout station from its starting point near the mouth of Big Dalton Canyon, makes it one of the most interesting of the club's spring hikes, and this will be our trip for Wednesday, April 20.

Hiking days are Wednesdays, starting from Foothill and Myrtle avenue, Monrovia, at about 9 o'clock a.m., and all persons interested are invited to accompany the day's group. For information, contact Richard Lejon Johnson, secretary, 116 North Alta Vista Avenue, Monrovia.

STANDARD DISTRESS SIGNALS

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

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

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

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

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

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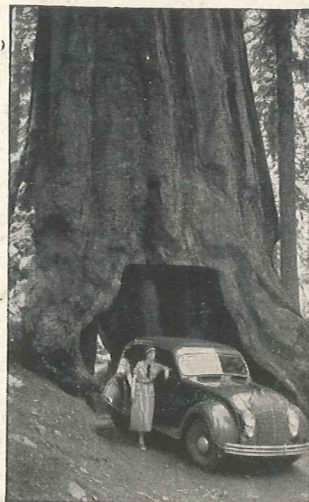
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