



TRAILS

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE CALIFORNIA ALPINE CLUB

COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE

CELEBRATING 100 YEARS

1913 - 2013

Club Purpose: To make excursions into the trailed and untrailed portions of California for the purpose of bringing the people of the cities out into the open, and into the full enjoyment of the natural wonders of the State; to aid in every way possible the preservation of the woods, streams, game and natural features of the country.

- September 1915 -



ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HIKING, PARTIES AND FRIENDSHIPS

In early 1913, a few people began meeting Sunday mornings to hike, coming to Marin by ferry. Notices in the *Call*, one of several San Francisco newspapers, (later the *Call-Bulletin*) informed hikers of these outings. Soon they had formed a club and began printing a schedule of weekly trips. Most people came from Oakland or San Francisco by ferry to Sausalito, then by train to Mill Valley to begin their hike.

By 1914, their numbers had grown to 84 dues-paying members and in April, they held a meeting in the Polito Hall in San Francisco (rented for \$4.50) and adopted the California Alpine Club as the new name. At the June 7 meeting, held at a hike lunch stop at Rodeo Lagoon, the club chose the arrowhead symbol which has been used ever since.

The Mt Tamalpais Railroad, built in 1896, operated from Mill Valley to East Peak until 1930 and was important to hikers. An early Alpine Club member wrote of hiking up to the West Point Inn, then riding the Gravity Car eight miles back down along the Double Bow Knot, now a hiking trail.

World War I had a major impact on the club. Of 206 members, 74 served in the military. Those at home formed the "Sweet Box" committee to send letters and homemade treats to the servicemen. At Christmas, every club member in the service received a gift from the Alpine Club. The group, later renamed the Sunshine Committee, continues to support members in times of hardship.

In the early 1920s members wanted a permanent home on the mountain and purchased a stone cottage on Throckmorton Ridge for \$1700. Gradually the building was expanded, with almost all volunteer help, to include a second floor women's dorm, a sleeping porch, professional kitchen and an additional building for a men's dorm. In 1954 the large event hall was added and in 1995, the east-facing deck.

In 1952, with a membership of over 460 and at the urging of younger members in search of a ski lodge, Echo Lodge was purchased for \$10,000. This historic lodge with a commanding view of Lake Tahoe is located one mile off Highway 50 at Echo Summit.

Over the years, the lodges have been maintained, enlarged and preserved by dedicated members. Today the club offers its 700-plus members weekly hikes, social events, outings and other activities. Every Sunday, innkeepers at the Alpine Lodge welcome the public with coffee and cookies. Hikes for members begin and end at this historic lodge.

*Special thanks to Judi Dawainis, Verna West and Bill Mayers
for their help in producing this special edition of Trails.
- Arlin Weinberger, Editor*

The first issue of *Trails* was published in 1920 and the first four were annual magazines, 80 pages long, with advertising. These early issues give us a fascinating look into who we were back then, what was going on in the world and how the Club and its Lodges grew. Some articles have been edited for space but the language and humor have been kept intact.

HIKING: THAT'S HOW WE STARTED

HURRAH FOR THE TRAILS

Always there are the trails - not roads. Trails, for the hiker - the one that really wants to see the beauties of the scenery - not rush through, too intent upon a road and passing vehicles to really see anything and too intent in possible breaks in machinery and not running out of gas to enjoy what one does see from a machine.

I pity the man dependent upon an auto for his journeying. Me for the trails - the lonely single-file trails that spread spiderweb over the beautiful wild land so near us and yet to the uninitiated, so unknown and un-dreamed of. Me for a day away from the sights and sounds of civilization.

Hurrah for the nearby trails, open to anybody with a day and a dollar to spend.

LET THE LEADER LEAD!

The complaint was made of late, that those who come to the jumping off place for the day's trip and who do not care for that trip, go around asking those present to go along on a different trip. This causes confusion amongst strangers coming on their first trip and generally weakens the prestige of the club.

AND... A CRITICISM Some harsh criticism has been aimed at our behavior on our Sunday walks. Several hikes have been described as "unsociable scrambles to get there first". Lone wolves are free to prowl where they please but those taking part in club excursions should try to abide by the rules which, if observed will be conducive to a more complete enjoyment of the day. [1933]



Hikers along Old Stage Road, 1917

OIL WELLS IN STATE PARKS???

With the election of last November [1940] now somewhat of a memory, we should examine the fate of the one thing we as a club were interested in: Proposition 13. This measure, which would have wrecked the State Park system by allowing oil wells in State Parks, was defeated by a vote of about five to one.

This five-to-one defeat was no mere "act of God." It happened because the Save-the-Redwoods League, the Sierra Club, the Alpine Club, and all the other conservation-minded groups spent time and money to tell the world Proposition 13 would be a curse to California. That the defeat was so decisive should be a source of pride to all hikers who, as pioneers in conservation work, have been able to swing public opinion powerfully to their cause.

NATURE NOTES: WOOD TICKS

The wood tick being a very amiable little fellow, loiters along trails, waiting to strike up a friendship. Once he meets you, he's apt to taking such a liking to you that he becomes firmly attached to you. When you discover him, he tries to hide by burying his head - in you. The only way to break this friendship is to hold a lighted match over him causing him to give up in disgust and leave. So, do not let a wood tick get too chummy with you.

TRAIL WORK AT AZALEA SPRING

A crew of Alpiners spent Trail Clearing Sunday improving Azalea Spring and Trail. The boys did a very excellent job and were furnished a fine lunch at Liberty Camp by Emmy Reiman who prepared the ingredients at the Lodge and carted them to Liberty - and how the boys dug in to 'em. Biggest mystery of the day: what became of the girls? Besides Emmy, only Evelyn Badaracco showed up. [April 1934]

MEMBERS PLACE MOUNTAINTOP REGISTERS

The first register for mountain climbers was placed on Mt. Whitney in 1916 by CAC members. In 1922 the farthest south register of the Club was placed on the summit of Mt Baldy - or more properly- Mt San Antonio (elevation 10,080 ft.) in the San Gabriel range on Sept 9, 1922 by F.E. Briggs and Harry A. Hayes. The register was securely fastened to one of the slabs in the rock monument marking the boundary between Los Angeles and San Bernadino Counties.

A register was placed on top of Mt Gabb, 13,701 feet on July 15, 1934 by a small party basing on the camp of the 16th Annual Hi-trip. They brought in the old tin register can to be filed in the archives of the Sierra Club.

Many others were placed on mountaintops throughout the state.

OUR LODGES

THE CLUB ACCEPTS ALPINE LODGE

The October [1931] directors meeting was enlivened by the appearance of the Trustees of the lodge who informed the club that it had been, in fact, the sole owner of the Lodge for the past two years, although never officially accepted. It was moved that the club go on record as officially accepting the Lodge and retaining the same Trustees. The work done in the first seven years has been a marvellous achievement. This could not have been at all possible without not only the fine work of the Trustees but also the unselfish devotion of the many volunteer workers who gave untiringly of their time, strength and money.

Member support needed

The Trustees have been very successful in renting out the Lodge but added improvements cannot be continued without your support. By that we mean taking part in our monthly overnight affairs at the very small cost of our regular accommodations.

Electricity comes to the Lodge!

A three-burner kerosene gas plate was first installed to lighten the burden of the wood stove. Confident that the extension of electric lines was at hand, we got a good electric range at a bargain through a club member. However it was months of fighting, dickering and arguing before PG&E and other residents of the ridge were convinced that electricity was desirable up there. The poles were finally erected and we began turning buttons instead of chopping wood and gently but firmly shoved the old wood stove out the door. The Lodge deserves all the credit for electric lines being extended to the ridge.

The Lodge Kitchen - An Early History

It is a far cry from the splendid array of cooking equipment now in the kitchen back to the little old wood stove that stood alone in the first days of the Lodge and merrily boiled beans and more beans. From this crude beginning improvements have been made so steadily and unobtrusively, thanks to tireless workers, that it seems things were always as convenient as they are now.

From the table to the horseshoe pit

Our closet space has kept pace with the other improvements. First a long work table with cupboards underneath was built, followed by a large china and pot closet. Many can remember our first dishes, old-style oyster plates, now laid to rest by the horseshoe court where Vic Haun used them to build a retaining wall.

For your dishwashing pleasure

One of the biggest helps was the new big double sink, purchased with funds raised by a dance. We are told that no San Francisco hotel has a better sink. It is an actual pleasure to wash dishes in this platinum-like setting and fortunate are those who gaze into the foamy depth of this wonderful product of the plumber's skill after dinner. Inlaid linoleum has made the floor much more sanitary than the old board floor. Two electric toasters and three percolators were donated. Shelves for the commissary are an important addition, keeping emergency supplies for those dropping into the Lodge who wish to stay and prepare a bite to eat. We also maintain a cabinet of candies and cigars.

[Jules Sigrist initially secured the property with his own funds and 89 Alpiners helped pay for it. Title to the Lodge was in Al Pinther, Harry Hertenstein and Bill Halliday's names until Bill died in 1952 on an Alpine Club trip]



The 1917 Board of Directors: Standing: left to right: Harry Hertenstein, Leon Castel, Sam Deal, Harry P. West. Seated: Mike Murphy, Al Pinther, Nan Scott, Lillian Murphy, Ester Andreson, Charles Cavanaugh.

RECREATION HALL DEDICATION

The 1954 Annual Reunion will serve as the memorable date in the history of the Alpine Club when President Ken Wiltz dedicated Hertenstein Hall, the new recreation hall.

In his address, Ken explained, "a few years ago this hall was only a gleam in the eyes of a few members. Tonight it is a reality. It is a major addition to Alpine Lodge, one which will serve our members well for years to come. Many of us and our children will look back to the days when a lot of good honest sweat was put into the hall's erection by the present membership. I remember the day that the holes for the first section of foundation were dug. That day there was no ceremony, no pomp, just a large group of Alpiners, young and old, short and tall, toiling in good humor toward the aim that all our members present and future would have more area for wholesome recreation.

"Building a structure such as this, in a location such as this, by such people as we, brought a great deal of comment from members of our brother clubs in the Bay Area, some of whom traveling by, enroute to their own scheduled hikes, have hailed the workers, and curiosity getting the best of them, have even given up their hike to pitch into the task they saw. Passers-by have also stopped and offered their assistance. We are indeed fortunate to be living in a country at a time when personal gains do not overshadow the helping hand to one's neighbor.

"We are also indeed fortunate to possess a few very greatly skilled people as members of our club, and to have the skilled assistance of people from brother clubs who have guided each and every action of the construction. Without them I am sure the building would have looked much different.

"Our hall is secure, it sheds rain, it will in the future be warmed by a fireplace, it is very well lighted, it offers a good portion of the sun's rays through these windows and has good ventilation.

"We know it will give the warmth of friendship, the light of knowledge, the fellowship of the good recreation to all who enter, and that makes for a good home. Your home!"

In closing, Ken then dedicated the hall to past members, present members and future members with the contemplation, "May it stand as long as the Sempervirens."

THE REJUVENATION OF ALPINE LODGE

Much has happened to our Lodge on old "Tamy" in the last four months [April 1956]—additions, repairs, house-cleaning, and a new gang of guys and a gal to run it. ...

Most of the work has been done in the original lodge. It started with a new floor, then a new fireplace, woodwork and ceiling were cleaned, sanded, painted or varnished; new light fixtures were donated by Al Pinther (\$237) and new ornamental screen was donated Ed Vogel. Kitchen had its face lifted with the partition torn out, appliances rearranged, new sinks installed with continuous drain boards for the dirty dishes to be scraped, stacked, washed and piled; two mobile containers with electric warmers, so that the dishes can be taken hot to the place of serving are a fine improvement. Washing dishes won't be fun but it will be a lot easier. Hoods over the stoves and outlets for the gas vapors solve a problem. New light fixtures will be donated by Eddie Ivani.

On the outside, a fire escape has been attached to the south side with concrete slab at base. Seems the gals didn't care for the long jump and there was a problem tying sleeping bags together. GI vents have been attached to the gas outlets, getting them over the roof like the inspector said. Basement has been cleared and cleaned.

Come July 18 [1957] the ladies dorm will boast new mattresses. The beds will be reconditioned. The line for reservations forms on the right.

May 1943: Lodge Entrance Enhanced

Have you seen the new entrance to the Lodge? Art Hoffman did some mighty fine landscaping, Harry Hertenstein some excellent carpentry, and Oscar Cook some "expert" wiring to make a really attractive front entrance. All that's missing is the master's grip of J. Louis Callaghan on a paint brush!

That Old Alpine Spirit

Some of us old timers have wondered and worried about the old Alpine spirit. Where was it? You just have to scratch the surface and there it is. You old timers, don't worry about the Alpine spirit. It's still here. The way all the good people have pitched in at Alpine Lodge in the last couple of months is most gratifying and inspiring. That's what makes this club what it is. The potentialities are beyond belief.

This club started with men and women of about the same age, having the same ideas of recreation, and the same physical stamina to carry out the program of activities. As it progressed and we grew older, a new field was recognized: Youth. The program had to be changed to include the young, and we hope that our program will continue to be attractive to the young people.

Now we have a new group that should be taken into consideration. With Social Security, pensions and labor-saving devices giving more leisure time, there will be an ever increasing number of Retired Folks to consider. With leisure time on their hands, the lodges at Alpine and Echo can well be the central points of interest and recreation for them. In return, as we are witnessing at the present time, these folks can help the club with their skill in making improvements necessary for all to enjoy.

The question is - are we equipped? I'll say we are. With Echo Summit Lodge and Alpine Lodge, the possibilities are tremendous. You have heard before about the bother and expense of taxes, water, light, sewer, repairs, etc. of keeping up mountain cabins. We all have a share in our own Club facilities in these two lodges.

Excerpt from PRESIDENT'S REPORT: 1955-1956

Keep in mind that these two stories were written 65 years apart!

AT YOUR LODGE: SLIDING DOWNHILL?

Messrs. Hertenstein, Cook, Hoffman, Callaghan, young Lyn Zwierlein and others have done some concrete work at the Lodge that was critical as well as arduous. Fear of the Lodge sliding down into the garbage pit has never diminished the number at the Lodge parties but take one look underneath the building and cold chills will come over you. When those that do the heavy thinking regarding the Lodge saw it, they had a work day and built concrete piers underneath the building. When the ground where the horseshoe court was slid away, everyone and his uncle looked the situation over and had his opinion, all of which was bad and the Trustees have gone around with fingers crossed and tongue in cheek hoping for the best and fearing the worst.

Crack in Stone Wall

Come sometime last month and Tony tried to fix the south door to the main room. To his horror he found a crack in the stone wall. So in following the concrete pier formula, he started his gang of men (Art Hoffman by name) to digging in the basement. As the hole got deeper, each morning would find the bottom of the hole filled with water, which he would bail out before more digging. That sort of thing gets monotonous as well as wet, so the Brains decided to look in front and find the cause. That exploration revealed a broken pipe leading into the Lodge and a broken grease trap under our sink. So Plumber Cook fixed the leaks, the water disappeared from the hole in the basement, concrete was poured in the right places on the side of the Lodge toward the road and the belief is that all of our trouble is over.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THE DECK IS SAGGING?

What do you mean the deck is sagging? ...this was my rather inane question to Tony Smith's statement when he called me early in the evening on Wednesday the 6th of April.[2011] Tony was staying overnight getting ready for our workday. After repeating my question three times, and getting the same answer from Tony, it was finally clear to me that indeed we had a problem with our much-loved deck. When I met with Tony, we discovered five concrete piers that hold the vertical beams supporting the deck had dropped three inches and were tilting downhill. The combination of the two actions had caused the middle of the deck at the outside edge (farthest from the building) to sag as much as five inches. At that time, we presumed that the earth movement had been caused by the unusually wet winter.

Rumors and Panic

Unfortunately, we (AL trustees) did not release informed and accurate information about the damage to the deck fast enough to the Board and CAC officers which resulted in exaggerated rumors and unnecessary panic about the safety of not only the deck but of all of our buildings. These rumors were soon put to rest by our civil engineer Jay Hallberg and Vincent Howes, a Geotechnical Engineer whom we hired.

Repair work on the deck foundation started on May 2. The next phase of this work will entail repairing the deck and redirecting rainwater drainage.

We hope that you will be reading the June [2011] issue of Trails while enjoying our new deck.

- Hardy Dawainis for the Alpine Lodge Trustees

Keeping Ross Serene - and Those Noisy Hikers Quiet

Hikers coming from San Francisco around 1893, wishing to climb Mount Tamalpais, found that by leaving the North Pacific Coast trains at Ross Station they could strike the trails that lead up the mountain.

Prior to the building of the Mill Valley Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway and later the Ridgecrest Toll Road, Ross was the only station on the main line from which the highway lead directly to the carriage road up Tamalpais.

From the Ross station to the junction of the Mt. Tamalpais road was a distance of about two miles, and from there to the summit was another eight miles.

The peak of the mountain to which this road led was the Northwestern, the site of the tower used by the Coast Survey. The carriage road leading from Ross was a well-graded road of gradual curves and a span of horses could trot up along any part of it. The foot trail up the mountain from Ross was considered one of the best, if not *the* best, mountain trail in the state. It was a pleasant gradual climb and on Sundays the ladies would skim over sections of it on their bicycles.

The carriage road and fine trails to the mountain brought many people to Ross station each week. And this brought complications, for the select, residential section did not want or encourage these wheel and foot travelers. The villagers wanted peace and quiet and the hikers were often noisy as they

tramped along the roads through Ross. So Ross hired a mounted policeman. A resident of the town, this man was hired to patrol the roads and to meet the trains that carried the would-be hikers. If, when met at the train, they did not show the proper cooperative spirit, they were invited to move along to San Anselmo. Woe to anyone who disturbed the sleeping populace after dark. He heard the

galloping trot of the police horse and the mounted watchman promptly escorted him to the station and he was told not to return to Ross.

Thus did Ross keep its serene, shady, suburban residential community patrolled and it was a well-behaved hiker or driver who moved along its streets.

- Trails, November 1943



Alpine Club girls in breeches, July 1920

ACQUIRING ECHO LODGE

In November 1947, Trails suggested, "Ski Lodge for the CAC?" A postcard survey was sent to the membership, starting the activity which resulted in ownership of the Echo Summit lodge. At the January 1948 Quarterly Meeting a committee was appointed to investigate possible locales. A Sierra lodge did not have universal appeal. The first sum to be earmarked for the Mountain Lodge Fund was \$153.83 raised at a dance in October 1948. A rummage sale held in January brought in \$375.

By 1952 negotiations for the acquisition of Echo Summit Lodge were in progress. On April 29 a purchase agreement for \$10,000 was signed with 173 members donating \$3814. Another \$3000 came from the lodge fund reserve and Al Pinther loaned \$5000. The inaugural party over the July 4th weekend saw 44 Alpiners scrambling for bunking and camping space. Thanksgiving weekend saw 25 members and 38 came for New Year's Day.

In 1953, rates were \$4 per day for food and lodging in the dorms, \$4.50 for two persons in a room. For non-members, an extra 50 cents. Children were half price.

"Besides the tangible additions to the Club of assets and members, we've gained something else - a positive, hopeful attitude for the future," stated the article.

SUMMER '54 AT ECHO SUMMIT

Summer is here. The snow is off the ground. The ice has melted from Echo Lake. The snow plants are poking their red noses out of the ground. Echo Summit Lodge awaits our Alpiners for their summer visits.

This summer will find more Alpiners than ever enjoying our readily accessible Alpine setting at Echo. The Lodge was brought out of hibernation over Memorial Day with 38 signed up for the full weekend, and 46 for dinner, lodging and breakfast - Saturday and Sunday.

The exit stairway from the second floor was completed on the north end of the lodge, and the eyesore fire escape was removed. The remains of the old pumphouse were removed and a wide area around the well was thoroughly cleaned up. Interior housecleaning was thorough at the Lodge.

Major projects for the summer are two: (1) making the water system workable for winter use, and (2) improvement of the kitchen layout and facilities. There will be other jobs to be done throughout the summer by way of repair and preparation for winter use, and your Trustees will be looking to each lodge user for some help.

Hiking, fishing, water skiing and swimming are all in the area. Chet Mitchell's Echo Summit Stables have horses for rental. There'll be lots to do from a recreational standpoint so, Alpiners, your Echo Summit Lodge Trustees invite you to work some and play a lot this summer at Echo Summit.

Tree Sniffing?

A big argument at Echo concerns the name of the largest and most beautiful of the pine trees. The one just beyond the kitchen door, for example. Is it a Jeffry or a ponderosa or a yellow pine? The test lies in smelling the bark. The Jeffry has a delightful odor which has been compared to pineapple, vanilla, and violets. The yellow (or ponderosa which is the scientific name) smells like turpentine or has no odor. Tree sniffing became quite a sport at Echo.



Another snowy winter at Echo, 1971

WINTER '58 AT ECHO

The story of Echo Lodge during this winter is pretty much the story of storms, one after the other - and they certainly raised hob with most of our plans.

A typical weekend - Feb. 22, for instance - went this way: A good crowd signed up. The road was plowed on Thursday. On Friday a storm dumped a couple of feet of new snow and continued. We cancelled the weekend.

In March, the road was cleared on Thursday, but by Friday night a blizzard had deposited more snow, blocking the road again.

A fitting climax to our stormy winter came during the end of Easter Week. A group went in on Wednesday in a storm, taken in by snow weasel. It then snowed continuously, about a foot per hour with the winds so strong it seemed a horizontal snow storm. All the windows were covered with snow and had to be shoveled to let daylight in. Thursday the power went out but there was enough water in the tank to get by. Luckily the phone continued to function and the group called for the snow weasel to get them out. They had to come home by way of Reno and the Feather River route, a drive of about 400 miles!

WAR STORIES FROM HOME AND OVERSEAS

THE PRUNE PICKERS

It was the Labor Day (and how) Holiday[1942]. More respect will hereafter be paid to the lowly prune by 90 of the faithful who answered the patriotic call to the farm. At this time of the year the prunes ripen and fall from the tree where they are either picked up or rot on the ground. The country needs the prune crop and the farmers want to sell their prunes to the government because the price is fair for the first time in ten years. They can't get pickers because there all are out in the service or defense work.

The U.S. Employment Department appealed to the Club to help and 90 Alpiners and friends and journeyed to Healdsburg where we camped in the high school and worked in the orchards for the three days.

The trip would not have been possible had Bill Halliday not cooked for us and did so again when we paid a return visit to Healdsburg with 39 over the weekend of September 19-20.

Fruit picking now is a vital war work, the continued need for help is urgent. The Sierra Club has turned out by the hundreds and the Contra Costa Hills Club did a grand job for several Sundays. The spirit of the hikers is wonderful. One only wonders why more don't respond. You CAN pick fruit to save the crops—you CAN give your blood to save a life—you CAN buy bonds to save Democracy. Don't give lip service—DO SOMETHING! The Farm Labor Board furnishes gas coupons to bona fide crop volunteers.

From the Farm Labor Office:

Last Spring [1943] when California crops were threatened by a labor shortage, Federal and State officials called for volunteers to help save these crops, so essential to military and civilian needs.

The California Alpine Club was among the organizations which responded, promptly and generously, to this call for help, and the club's activities on Sundays, Holidays and weekends were a substantial contribution to the success of the harvest program. Your members have every reason to feel proud of the part they played in the emergency.

ON THE HOME FRONT

Tire Rationing: Have you noticed the increased number of hikers on Sundays? Perhaps tire rationing has some advantages!

West Peak Restrictions: As of May(1942) no new restrictions have been imposed as far as West Peak is concerned, despite notices given in the newspapers a short time ago.

Ration Books: Alpiners again owe grateful thanks to Al Pinther who has succeeded in obtaining ration books for the Lodge so a limited number of parties may be held where food will be served.

Red-Blooded Alpiners Donate: Forty-four pints of life-giving, outdoors-enriched Alpine blood were given to the Red Cross for use of the armed forces on March 13, when the Club had its first scheduled "hike" to the Blood Donor Center at Jones and Chestnut streets.

NO MOUNTAIN PLAY FROM 1942 TO 1946

The Board of Directors of the Mountain Play Association beg to advise you, that due to conditions caused by the war and the impossibility of using the amphitheatre on Mount Tamalpais, it has been found necessary to abandon plans for the 1942 play.

And Then - For the first time since 1941, the Mountain Play Association will stage its annual play on May 19 [1946]. As the Mountain Theater returns to civilian status after four years in the Army, it needs mainly what the boys got when they entered the Army- a GI haircut. The stage and seats are quite overgrown with grass and one of the big convenience stations was damaged when a windstorm crashed a tree onto it.

Club's First President Dies - November 1941

Frank Allen, 50, the Club's first president, met a tragic death while serving his country at Dutch Harbor, Alaska. He was a captain in the 250th Artillery. Death occurred in line of duty when he was too near an explosion of dynamite. He served in the first World War, in the National Guard and was the Kentfield Fire Department Chief and a Deputy Sheriff.



1917
Alpine Club at Big Basin
with World War 1
Star Flag - a star
for each club member
serving in the military.



The February 1935 Trails noted, "The part played by club members in the World War will never be forgotten. Near West Peak of Mt. Tamalpais stands a rock monument, built by the Club and on November 9, 1919 dedicated 'To those members who gave their services to our country during the Great War' " That plaque is now in the Lodge, the monument long gone. All 74 members who served returned home.

Letter from Overseas - **WAC Wilma Ligon writes :**

"Do you believe that my heart is really right there in the Lodge with all of you when you are dancing, washing dishes, fussin' over where to sleep or where to sit at the table or wondering if it is too late to walk up to the tank after midnight (why Wilma!) or too chilly to stand there a few minutes to gaze back down on those lights dotted all over the bay like diamonds! YEP, I am right there, every time. Thanks a million for TRAILS. I have read it from one end to the other many times. The articles from fellows overseas are just fascinating and very vivid too. ..." [March 1945]

FIRST POST-WAR PARTY OF THE YOUNGER SET

Preparations for the Welcome Home Party held at the Lodge on Saturday, October 19 [1946] got off to a glowing start when Lynn Zwierlein set fire to the garbage can after lighting the oven for the cooks, Halliday and Hindshaw, early Saturday morning. The party glowed right through a grand and glorious week-end.

A diamond-studded velvet sky, a roaring fire and a loaded table welcomed the younger gang to the first post-war party of the "Juniors", the first, in fact, since the New Year's Eve Party of 1942. More than thirty young men and women, long since beyond the "Junior" age, gathered to renew acquaintances, to make new friends, to have fun and reminisce. ...

Sunday morning our magician cooks served a super breakfast, the perfect beginning to a delightful day of hiking, loafing and talking. The only blight to the gaiety of the occasion was that it had to end, and it was with reluctance that we scattered late Sunday to go back to civilization.

Say, does anyone have information leading to the whereabouts of the characters who short-sheeted the fellows in the dormitory? Sounds like an old Navy custom to me.

Far less was written in Trails about the first World War and the Korean War, but many Club members served in the military during both wars.

THE FIRST WORLD WAR

During the War, 74 members out of 206 served in the military, including Alice Casazus as a telephone operator and Anita Franz (West) and Norma Holroyd (Pinther) who worked in Washington DC. Beth Strioling established a Sweet Box committee and the girls met each week, writing letters, contributing boxes of homemade goodies that Beth picked up, sorted and mailed. At Christmas, every boy received a gift.

During this time, at almost every meeting, one or more of the "boys" resigned because of having been called to serve. Dues were suspended when one was leaving for the front.

A Ranger, in the Army now

"When I left the Service, I felt that it was a criminal waste of money needed elsewhere to keep the parks open during these times. I was dead wrong. Without some outlet, people can't stand up under this life without cracking. What they need is recreation areas where inspiration combines with relaxation to give a new lease on life and new hope for the future."

KOREA

Our Boys in Service (1951)

There is a war on. We know of four Alpine Club members in it as well as many relatives of members. The Hall family has two boys in. Chuck is in Korea or Japan, flying over enemy lines taking pictures. He thanks Alpiners for his Christmas box. Dick, a reservist, leased his house, sold his car and sent his wife and infant back to her folks. Ed Emig, who was trained in map work, has been sent to Korea. Lyn Zwierlein enlisted in the Army and hopes to be sent to radio school.

CAMPING, BACKPACKING AND MORE

Many articles in the early Trails described Club outings in the Sierra. Most are routine accounts of hiking, but this one was a little different. The article has been condensed for this publication.

A PACK TRAIN RETRIEVED

by James Wright, *Trails* 1922

The forced camp on Fish Creek above Cascade Valley on July 19 was made interesting by the non-arrival of the pack train.

A short, rationed, wet and blanketless night at 9,000 feet has its discomforts but morning came at last, as mornings invariably do. With its arrival, two of us set out in quest of the lost pack train. I still persist that we were not thrown out, although our absence at an impending slim breakfast was perhaps rather desirable.

Hunting for the pack train

We started up the trail, seeing no sign of the pack train and continued to Goodale Pass. After about an hour's stiff climb over loose boulders and talus, we arrived at the 12,211-foot summit. We scanned the surroundings for our pack train. No sign was visible.

We started our descent. Avoiding a dangerous rock wall compelled us to cross an innocent-appearing patch of snow. As the leader started to walk gingerly across, I suddenly sat down and made wonderful progress over the icy slide. After this, we used more care, avoiding anything that looked like frozen snow.

Sad end for animals

We eventually caught up with our pack train and learned the cause of the inability to reach our camp: six animals had fallen from a ledge over the falls. Three were rescued but the other three fell hundreds of feet farther down and were mercifully killed. The remaining animal had already passed on to greener pastures and packless trails. Robinson, our head packer and a great lover of horses, keenly felt his loss, the first in a lifetime of mountain packing over rough passes and through treacherous fords.

Worst is Over

A few cheery words and reassurances that the worst was over buoyed up the fagged spirits of our faithful packers. As we wound upward, one mule started on a rampage and succeeded in decorating a considerable portion of the landscape with canned jam, *our* jam, tinned butter and other delicacies before he could be persuaded to desist.

From the pass, the descent to the headwaters of Fish Creek looked far from inviting for the passage of a heavily laden pack train. Huge fields of snow hid treacherous sharp rocks. But we safely made the descent intact without serious difficulty.

The trail improved as we wended our way downward. At 2 pm we reached the main party and a hearty lunch put everyone in the very best of spirits.

CAMPING - The Reasons Why

Men go camping for various reasons—most of them entirely logical and understandable. When the cares of life bear down too heavily and life in general is a circle with unbearable pressure from each of the 360 degrees that surround man's comings and goings, then it is time to get away from it all and return to Nature's healing solace.

It's fun to eat food fried in grease mixed with sand, leaves, bits of twigs and miscellaneous woody debris. It's good to get up before dawn and row on the lake. There's something elemental and he-man about sharing your blood with a few million voracious mosquitos. Swarms of tiny black flies permit one to suffer joyously.

Ah, yes! Camping is a rare treat and restores the peace and sanity of a man's mental processes. By the time he's been camping for a fortnight he's so exhausted and dirty that he welcomes a return to civilization. All men should go camping two weeks in each year. Then there would be less talk of the evils of city life and the decadence of mankind. (*This heresy was copied from the Wall Street Journal and printed in Trails, October 1917*)



Camp cooking on Mt Tam 1917

SQUAWKS AND WAILS FROM WALKS AND TRAILS

Yes, my friends, we still hike! And we also have fun! For instance, have you heard how Vic split his trousers right in the seam? And how Ivy and Betty came to the rescue and how George Freeman furnished the wherewithal to wit: one black shoelace which aforementioned gals (with the aid of Eddie Emig's scout knife harness-mending blade) thereupon laced into place (Vic prone on ground) making a substantial repair with a cute black bow dangling in the rear. Vic's only worry—how it would look on the streetcar. All this happened on that grand Big Rock Ridge hike with its gorgeous Redwood Canyon. Then there was the hike to Chianti Camp. Little Carson Falls with a goodly group and that Bolinas Ridge hike skirting the new Camp Taylor State Park and up Wildcat Canyon with its ferns and redwoods—one bigger than anything in Muir Woods - a beautiful trail, mostly through the woods from the summit to the Bolinas Lagoon. Yes, we still have fun—how about getting in on it?

MICKEY O'BRIEN GOES FORWARD

Our well-loved Mickey O'Brien has taken the long trail from which there is no return. His departure was perhaps as he would have chosen it—surrounded by friends of many years and on the mountain where he long had roamed and found happiness.

Mickey's spirit was summoned to the Great Beyond suddenly, quickly, painlessly. He had ridden to Alpine Lodge in the bus November 9[1947], talking gaily with companions of the CAC. Three weeks before he had suffered a heart attack in Mill Valley after working on the Hoo-Koo-E-Koo Trail, but he was feeling well and was glad to be out on Tamalpais again.

Arriving at the lodge, Mickey went down to the men's dormitory. Shortly afterward as he climbed the short trail toward the lodge he suddenly collapsed, unconscious. Joe Street, Oscar Cook and others carried him into the lodge. He died in their arms.

Born Michael Francis O'Brien in San Francisco 69 years ago, he was known all his life as "Mickey"—an affectionate greeting for a big man of warm heart, of gay, boyish spirit.

Hundreds—thousands—knew him well, and loved him. Probably none better or longer than did Joe Street. Joe, secretary of the Cross Country Club, placed Mickey's name on its rolls in 1911. The two made many winter snow trips together into the Sierras and up Mount Shasta. Three icy climbs of that 14,000 foot peak set records 25 years ago. The first two were on New Year's day, the third on February 22. Lacking equipment, their first attempt in mid-winter failed; the second and third attacks were successful.

Mickey and Joe were charter members of the Tamalpais Conservation Club, formed in 1912. Both were active in it the 35 years since. Mickey became President for the year 1925-26, and for eight or more years preceding his death had edited the California Out-of-Doors, the TCC paper.

All trails on Tamalpais knew Mickey well; they should, for he had helped to build most of them. He was a leader in the work of creating the Tamalpais State Park, throughout the four-year struggle to establish it in 1930.

Since joining the CAC about 25 years ago, Mickey had missed few weekends with the club, except when illness incident to his business work several years ago nearly cost him his life. The hiking in the clear mountain air restored his health; his friends of the out-of-doors gave him happiness. His sister, Nora O'Brien, survives him, and has our sympathy.

[The TCC renamed the former Kent & Carey Trail, which Mickey O'Brien had built in 1930, in his honor.]

To Boots

By May Taysum - Trails 1922

Oh how I remember
With thoughts fond and tender
The wish to possess you
That made my heart swell.

Your cost was mere nothing
Eighteen or something.
Why reckon the cost
When you fit me so well?

Neither gay nor yet gaudy
Stout - surely not shoddy?
Just sturdy and strong
For our wonderful climbs.

Now your laces all knotted
and your stitching all parted,
You've paid with your sole
For all my good time.

Your use is now over
No more can I bother
Patching and tying and making you do.
You dirty old boots,
You crumpled old boots,
Here's goodbye to you!



Anita Franz (left) hiking with a friend - 1916

Postage

Return address

Address



1916 OVERNIGHT HIKE - ON THE ROAD TO MT. DIABLO