

Mountain Climbing by Car, New Experience for Local Folks in San Bernardinos

(By Cliff Salmon)

Written from San Francisco, California, (Believe it or not!) Friday, Nov. 18th, 1949.

Folks! When you are the busiest—that when the time goes the fastest. Los Angeles was really quite a merry-go-round for us, so this winter is long overdue and must get way back on the afternoon of Oct. 24th.

On that momentous day, we decided to climb up through the backdoor of the San Bernardino mountains on the "short-cut" from Stouffville. We expected to join our friends at Big Bear Lake sometime in the afternoon. Instead, we learned about mountains! Up to here, alpine climbs through the Rockies had given us no concern at all, and we were beginning to smile a little at our ill-meaning friends who seemed to consider mountains a dangerous venture. But the grade on this road really had us slowed early to a halt—and we arrived at the top only after dark. All the way after the first thousand feet, it was a matter of going half a mile and stopping to get up the engine hood and add water to a sizzling radiator. Now this wasn't too hard to take while there still had plenty of water. But here came a time when the available supply in our containers was at a low ebb, and we were scarcely half-way up. So yours truly climbed cautiously on, with one eye on the road and the other on the temperature gauge. As soon as it hit the danger line, a quick turn under the engine collected the overflow. Then it was a matter of waiting 15 or 20 minutes for the water still in the engine to cool down—starting up the car occasionally to change the cooled water in the radiator for the hot-so-cool water in the engine. Happily, we reached the top, before the water supply had to be augmented with our only part of milk.

The next problem, was to find a way about upstairs in the dark. This wasn't too funny either, anyone who has ever tried it will readily agree. The entire area is a Forest Reserve, and the roads wander all over the place following former bush trails. About 9 o'clock we finally located the Mill Creek road, which incidentally was either near a mill nor a creek. The grade on this road was quite keeping with the main road up, with the added advantage of snow lying around in places and a dash of ice here and there. Up we went nevertheless, and on a particularly steep ascent not more than two lengths long, we stopped. What was wrong? Well, among other things, the clutch had no more power. It was kaput! And here we were, under the stars on a mountain side, with no lights at all back to help us back down, even if we had wanted to back down, which we didn't! So, we angled the trailer into the side of the road and put on the brakes.

By this time our evening was entirely spoiled. I walked about a mile to the nearest light, and managed to call a triple A garage. All the way back under the stars I thanked my lucky ones that I had been wise enough to join the Ontario Motor League. About an hour later, help came in the form of a jeep. We all played around for while, and soon we were delivered the rest of the way up the mountain on the doorstep of the friends we came to see.

All that happened on Monday. Aside from having to have a new clutch facing installed, we enjoyed the next couple of days very much. Big Bear is justly the pride and joy of the Southern Californians. It is much like our Haliburton, only much higher up and without the myriad lakes and streams. There are cottages and summer homes, as well as many square miles of pine-covered forest. Big Bear City is a highly developed vacation town where you can buy anything from a haircut to a new car.

On Thursday morning, very early, we started out along the Rim of the World drive on our way down to San Bernardino. This was a real highlight. The scenery was really magnificent. In places, you could see all the way to the plains below, and see San Bernardino spread out like a map on the table. For quite sometime, we were above the clouds—and one particular view included blue sky, cloud banks, mountains, desert, with of course the town below—and to one side what looked like a heavy, overhanging mist over to the West. We were later to know that this was the "smog" with which L.A. is sometimes plagued. The drive is certainly well-named. And the road-builders have made the most of every natural formation, placing "look-out" pull-offs at the best vantage points all the way. We topped at most of these, and frequently took pictures. We have seen nothing before or since, that compares with this "Rim of World" drive.

About noon, we drove into San Bernardino. What a contrast! Where we had come from was cold, rugged, and covered with tall pines and other evergreens. Here, at last, we found palm trees, orange groves, warm breezes, farm land, and many tropical shrubs and flowers we had never seen before. What a difference a few thousand feet in altitude makes! We looked back up, hoping to see the outline of the mountains we had just descended but couldn't see anything but a little mist. Probably on a clear day, we could have taken some wonderful shots from down below. In San Bernardino, we visited with friends again, and were soon on our way to L.A. which we reached as the sun was setting. I maybe should mention that we stopped to investigate a field of low-growing shrubs all in neat rows. We found they were raisin-grapes, so we had samples and were still munching grapes as we pulled into L.A.

We had previously been coached on how to dodge the L.A. traffic and get to Inglewood by the easiest route. So it wasn't too long before we reached our destination, found a trailer camp, and prepared a meal. After dark, we called around to the address we gave our friends, and picked up oodles of letters, which we still hadn't finished reading at 1 a.m. It was sure nice to hear from home. I must admit we hadn't given things Canadian much thought during the past five weeks. And as well as a flood of letters, we had a flood of memories.

First morning in Los Angeles, we set out to find the Eastman-Kodak plant located in Hollywood about twelve miles to the North. Driving was all through the different suburbs of Los Angeles proper, and we got a great kick out of the palm-lined streets of California style homes.

With our films delivered to Kodak, (and promised ready for next Tues.) we decided to go and look for the ocean. So off we went down Sunset Boulevard and soon had our first look at the broad Pacific. We were at Santa Monica in the Palisades park, so we spread our lunch before going on down to the beach. This is a truly beautiful spot, overlooking the bright-hued buildings of Santa Monica Beach which line the seashore. From the shade of the huge palms at the top of the bluffs, we watched the rolling breakers glistening in the sun. Needless to say, we were soon on our way down to the lower highway near ocean level.

The kiddies particularly enjoyed the rest of the afternoon. At first they were a bit nervous of the noisy breakers and the way the water comes and goes. But after a few experiments, they gained confidence, and had a lot of fun romping around. We went gathering sea-shells too, which was another new experience. And then the sun went down. The air, which had previously been quite warm now became quite cool. We were glad to put on our coats on the way home, and were minded of what one of our L.A. friends had said. It was to the effect that "California is the only place in the world where you can go to sleep under a rose-bush in full-bloom, and freeze to death." Well—it wasn't quite that bad, but we got the idea. This time of the year at least, they seem to have the four seasons as we know them, each 24 hours. So we learned to always carry coats with us, as well as bathing suits.

Now, rather than recite a day-by-day round-up of where we went and what we did in L.A. I think it will be better if I pick out certain of the more interesting highlights and leave out the unimportant details.

At Redondo Beach, which we found exceptionally intriguing. It was the first place of its kind we had ever visited and saw fish on the hoof, as it were. There were tanks of live lobsters, edible crabs, and at one place they were selling live octopus (or should I say octopi?). The price was 75c per lb. and we saw one customer with a 3 1/2 lb. writhing octopus, which the fish-dealer had difficulty with wrapping up in newspaper. As it was handed over the counter, I wondered whether the fellow was buying it for a pet, or whether he intended to kill it and cook it. Ugh! We bought ourselves a lobster which was boiled for us while we waited. Then we had the fish-man explain which parts were edible. There were many other kinds of fish, all strangers to us. And shell-fish of various sorts as well as "abalone" steaks. We searched in vain for "fish & chips" which we thought would have been a "natural" in such a place. The smell of salt-plus-fish at this beside-the-sea fish market is really distinctive. (Don't change this spelling please!) I should also have mentioned that the entire market is located out on a long pier, and at the far end you can buy bait, rent a line, and fish yourself—if you have a licence.



Many lovely animals and lovely riders were seen at the Royal again this year, as indicated in this picture showing a popular contestant and her mount.



Proud of their cattle are the Eastons of Gormley. Four children seen with Dandy Boy are, front: Sylvia and Joe Jr., rear: Allen and Jocelyn. All raise shorthorns.

Uxbridge Jr. Farmers Guests of Kiwanians

On Tuesday, Nov. 22, some 35 Junior Farmers and Club members from Uxbridge, Scugog and Sandford districts, were guests of the Riverdale Kiwanis Club, at a noon luncheon at the Broadview Y.M.C.A., Toronto.

The Riverdale Kiwanis Club has shown considerable interest in Ontario Junior Farmer work in Ontario County and this year has assisted greatly in sponsoring 4 projects by contributing to the prize monies. They provided money to purchase grain for the Scott Boys Grain Club, and also money for the enrolment fees for representatives of the Uxbridge Junior Farmers at the District Junior Farmer Camp, and 2 representatives to the Provincial Junior Farmer Camp.

At the luncheon, the prize money was presented to the winners in the Girls Garden Club. The winners in this project were as follows: Betty Meyers, Zephyr; Bonnie Garrow, Port Perry; Jean Samells, R.R.3 Port Perry; Norine Risebrough, R.R.1 Uxbridge; Marion Smalley, R.R.1 Uxbridge; Marion Reynolds, Uxbridge.

Another project sponsored by the Riverdale Kiwanis Club, was the "Clean Farm Contest." The Contestants undertake to clean up weeds and brush on the home farm. Twenty-three Junior Farmers completed this project. Mr. Ryerson Beare, County Weed Inspector, was the Judge. The contestants have been classified into groups according to the extent of improvement that was made in weed and brush control on their home farm. The first four boys in the contest were awarded prize money at the Kiwanis Luncheon. The results of the contest are as follows:

Group 1—Laurence Evans, Norman Meek, Don Pelletier, Douglas Hart.

Group 2—Clarkson Arnold, Allan Ball, Ray Doble, Comrie Ward.

Group 3—Lloyd Parish, Ted Croxall, Gordon Harrison, Lloyd Ball, Melbourne Smith, Wm. Alsop.

Group 4—Ray Kennedy, Elgin Monkman, Maustyn McKnight, Ronald Duckworth, Alvin Gibson, Bert Pearson, Ross Weller, Larry Dobie, George Lawson.

After the luncheon, a group singing was led by Ted Croxall, Uxbridge Junior Farmers. Miss Doris Risebrough, Uxbridge, gave a very interesting address entitled "Youth, and its Responsibilities," which was very much enjoyed by everyone.

After the dinner, the boys and girls visited the Royal Winter Fair where an enjoyable and educational afternoon was spent viewing the exhibits.

Hold your hat. The 50-mile train trip from London to Brighton was televised, and shown in four minutes.

Ceylon's first warship is a mine-sweeper.

Enquiry revealed that the fee for fishing is \$3.00 per year—for natives—and \$25.00 per year for rank outsiders like us. So we will continue to get our fish second-hand.

Nothing Under 14 Inches May Be Cut on Bushland If in Two Acres or More

On Friday the York County Council passed a bylaw regulating and restricting the cutting of trees on wood lots of two acres or more. A similar bylaw has been in force in half a dozen or more other counties, with more restricting clauses than appears in the York bylaw. Main feature of the new legislation is that it forbids cutting trees in the county having a diameter of less than 14 inches measured a foot and a half from the ground.

In cutting or removing trees persons who carelessly cause unnecessary harm or damage to any young trees and seed trees are subject to prosecution and liable to a fine up to \$500.

Nothing in the bylaw, however, shall interfere with the right of the occupant of land to cut trees thereon for his own consumption on the said land.

Interfere with any rights or powers conferred upon a Municipality by the Municipal Act:

Interfere with the rights or powers of the Hydro Electric Power Commission of Ontario or of any other Board or Commission which is performing its functions for or on behalf of the Government of Ontario.

Apply to trees growing upon any highway or upon any unopened road allowance; or

Apply to trees growing in any woodlot having an area not exceeding two acres, but nothing in this by-law shall be deemed to permit subdivision of a woodlot.

Interfere with the cutting of dead, broken, stunted, fire-damaged, diseased or insect-infested trees or other trees that should be removed to improve growing conditions (such as thinning and improvement cuttings).

Interfere with the cutting of Christmas trees when grown as a crop for Christmas tree purposes.

Interfere with the cutting of Hawthorn, Choke Cherry, Red or Pin Cherry, Poplar, Ironwood or Manitoba Maple, Wild Apple, Black Locust, Cedar, Tamarack, White Birch and Willow Trees.

Keep Poultry Drinking Water SAFE with HTH-15. This Chlorine germ killer helps stop the spread of disease and the formation of slime. For Colds: Dust HTH-15 over the heads of birds. The only "floating powder", dry Chlorine In-holant; HTH-15 settles slowly, prolongs treatment. at your nearest dealer

EVERYBODY'S BUSINESS by Don Graham

Benjamin Franklin, famous for his great achievements in many fields, was also vitally interested in character development. For his own self-improvement he created a checklist of qualities, and virtues, which represented an ideal toward which to strive. Here are a few selections from his list: "Silence. Speak to benefit others or yourself." "Order. Organize your equipment and your time." "Resolution. Plan and execute without fail." "Industry. Waste neither time nor effort." "Sincerity. Avoid deceit. Think and act justly." But Franklin went one important step further. Realizing that it is humanly impossible to improve oneself a dozen ways at once, he concentrated on one virtue at a time. Each week he would practice that virtue to the best of his ability. Then he would proceed to another, until he had completed the list. Following this policy helped make Franklin one of the great men of history. It may help you. "Frugality. Avoid needless expense. Waste nothing." This was another of Franklin's objectives. So I am sure that, had life insurance existed in his day, he would have taken advantage of this systematic method of saving for his old age.

Barbara Brent's BUYS AND WHYS A WEEKLY INFORMATION SERVICE. MONTREAL — The festive season just around the corner means extra baking for all those wonderful occasions when friends drop in to wish "Good Cheer". And of course, chocolate cakes, cookies and candies are sure to be popular! For full-flavoured, real chocolate flavour I heartily recommend BAKER'S UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE. Only the choicest cacao beans are used in Baker's Chocolate — and they are skillfully roasted to the peak of flavour, then milled to glorious satinsmooth perfection. Nothing is added... nothing is removed... that's why Baker's Chocolate has been a favourite in so many homes for almost 190 years. It's Not Too Late to send for your free copy of Pauline Harvey's Christmas cook book! Such a good idea to have a Christmas recipes on hand for your family's and friends' delight! And Pauline Harvey's "Christmas Cooking with Five Roses Flour" is brim full of recipes like Plum Pudding with Fruit Sauce — Mince Meat Tarts — Fruit Cake! NOW'S the time to write for it — simply drop a note to Pauline Harvey, P.O. Box 6400, Montreal, P.Q. — for your free copy! Are You Tired From Head To Toe after a busy day of Christmas shopping? It's no wonder the thought of cooking a big dinner for your family just doesn't appeal to you! That's why HEINZ OVEN-BAKED BEANS are more than a taste-treat! These busy, busy December days! They're a boon-n-blessing to us foot-weary shoppers! We simply haven't time to prepare fussy suppers—but it's so very easy to prepare delicious ones when Heinz Oven-Baked Beans are the main dish. There are four kinds now, so you're bound to strike a favourite. Heinz Baked Beans with Pork, Beans in Tomato Sauce, Red Kidney Beans and Boston Style Beans in Molasses Sauce. Try all four!... you'll like them all! Light, Tender, Perfectly Leavened... these Cheese Tea Biscuits are ample reason why so many women depend on CALUMET BAKING POWDERS "double-action" to give superb quality to all their baking. CHEESE TEA BISCUITS: 2 cups sifted flour, 2 teaspoons Calumet Baking Powder, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter or other shortening, 1 cup grated Canadian cheese, 3/4 cup milk (about). Sift flour once, measure, add baking powder and salt; sift again. Cut in shortening and cheese. Add milk gradually until soft dough is formed. Turn out immediately on slightly floured board; knead 30 seconds, or enough to shape. Roll 1/2 inch thick, cut with floured 1 3/4 inch biscuit cutter. Bake on ungreased baking sheet in hot oven (450 deg. F.) 12 to 15 minutes. Makes 24 biscuits.