January 2010

The Newsletter of the Historical Society of the Crescenta Valley

Issue 66

CURRENT HSCV INFORMATION

Supervisor Michael Antonovich, part of our Local History

Supervisor Michael D. Antonovich has been the Los Angeles County Supervisor for the 5th District for nearly 30 years now, and has had an unmatched career of public service. He is powerful and influential, representing over 2 million residents covering an area of 2000 square miles.

Supervisor Antonovich will give us an overview of his own life, from his beginnings as a history and government teacher back in the '60s, to his election to the State Assembly in the '70s, and into the present as County Supervisor. Mike Antonovich's life has been one of constant and dedicated public service, and he will talk about that lifelong commitment and it's origins with his 5th grade teacher.

The Supervisor has been a particular friend to our area, where he and his staff are familiar faces in the community. The Supervisor is a big fan of our local history, and is in fact an honorary member of the Historical Society. But more important, he has MADE local history, and has been a key player in developing our area into the gem it has is today.

Come and hear the dynamic history of a modern historical figure, in his own words and in person.

Join us on Monday, January 18th, 7:00 p.m. At the **Center For Spiritual Living**

(formerly known as the La Crescenta Church of Religious Science) Located on the corner of Dunsmore and Santa Carlotta

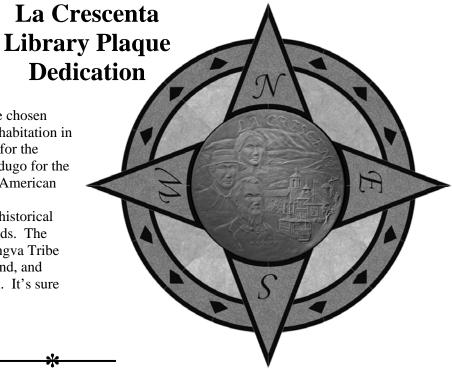


We're inviting you and the community to celebrate the dedication of the La Crescenta Library History Plaque! We all worked hard for this beautiful tribute to our heritage, and we've worked out a special tribute ceremony to mark the occasion of its dedication.

We have some special guests that should make this tribute particularly memorable. On the plaque we have chosen three individuals to represent the three ages on human habitation in the Crescenta Valley: The Tongva shaman Toypurina for the thousands of years of Indian occupancy, Don Jose Verdugo for the Spanish era, and Dr. Benjamin Briggs to represent the American period.

We will have the direct descendants of those three historical figures at the ceremony greet you and to say a few words. The Tongva Dancers will be there, and the Chief of the Tongva Tribe will perform a sage blessing. There will be food on hand, and plenty of friends and community members to chat with. It's sure to be an event you won't want to miss!

Date: **Friday January 29**th, 5 to 7PM Place: **La Crescenta Library**





After the dedication we invite you to continue the celebration on January 29th. Starting at **7:30 p.m. at La Crescenta Presbyterian Church**, 2902 Montrose Ave., enjoy **The Baroque Bash**, an evening of professionally performed classical music, brought to you by the Crescenta Valley Arts Council.



By Sharon Weisman

Voluntarism is the spirit for 2010. The more-than-needed crowd that showed up for the new **La Crescenta County Library** volunteer training late last year has set the tone. Once the new facility opens later this month, the eager bunch can begin fulfilling their volunteer wishes.

The Crescenta Valley Weekly reports an outpouring of support for the family of hit and run victim **Joo Lee**. What a sad way for the year to begin, tempered just a bit by the way the neighbors step in with help and comfort.

Glendale's Commission on the Status of Women has named 2010 "The Year of the Volunteer" and will highlight up to three local organizations with opportunities for volunteers at each month's commission meeting.

The commission usually meets the second Monday of the month starting at 6:30 pm in the **Glendale Council Chambers** and can be viewed on **GTV 6**(**Charter Cable**) and on the city's website, http://www.ci.glendale.ca.us/GTV6_online_video.asp

There will be a need for many volunteers around the **Crescenta Valley** as several old issues heat up.

Caltrans has announced a series of meetings to present the results of their SR-710 Tunnel Technical Study. The first is January 20 from 6 to 8 pm at Wilson Middle School, 1221 Monterey Road, Glendale, 91206. The other meeting dates and locations are available from http://www.710tunnelstudy.info/.

While it appears these meetings are designed to sell the public on the idea of this project and are not to solicit public comment, there may be opportunities for concerned community members to ask probing questions to bring all the unwanted ramifications to light. Please consider attending one or more of this series to help the efforts to redirect the transportation budget into more sustainable solutions.

While we're waiting for **LA Planning Department** staff to analyze our comments

on the Verdugo Hills Golf Course Draft EIR, VOICE continues fund raising in support of preservation. Leading off the 2010 fund raising campaign La Cabanita Mexican Restaurant is sponsoring an event on Tuesday, January 19th, between 10AM - 10PM. Stop in for lunch or dinner and La Cabanita will donate 15% of your check (before tip) to community efforts to save the Verdugo Hills Golf Course. Be sure to put your receipt in the 'Save the Golf Course' box and please thank the proprietors of La Cabanita for their support of the VHGC. This is an easy one. You just volunteer to eat!

The North Glendale Community Plan stakeholder input is being analyzed by Glendale's planning staff. Per the city's website, the next community meetings are tentatively scheduled for February 17, 2010 and/or February 22, 2010 from 7-9:00 pm. at Clark Magnet High School, located at 4747 New York Ave. Those who already served on the AdvisoryCommittee and all others interested in shaping the direction of development in the Glendale portion of the valley should plan to attend. Community support will also be needed as the specific zoning and ordinance changes work their way through various

commissions and boards. Sometimes showing up is more than half the battle. Those who are following the Glendale Unified Schools funding crisis are aware that one solution seemingly favored by the administration and the teachers is a retirement incentive expected to result in a number of veteran teachers leaving the profession early. While their replacements will be less expensive they'll be equally well educated and maybe a bit more energetic. Unfortunately they'll also be less experienced, will have fewer support resources, and have to deal with larger class sizes. This is another area where community volunteers might be able to step in. Please consider your talents and availability and check with your local PTA about their needs. You don't have to have children in school to join, only a desire to contribute.

It looks like there will be opportunities in political campaigns, too, as more locals announce for the **Assembly District 43** race to replace **Paul Krekorian** who was recently installed on the **LA City Council.**

Let's all volunteer to do one more thing – drive very carefully at all times – in honor of **Mr. Lee**.

Members Remember... by Jim Walton, HSCV member

Just doing a little reminiscing of when 7 inches of snow fell in La Crescenta in January 1949. It will be 61 years ago and I still see some of these folks.



When seven inches of snow fell in January 1949 a few seniors from Glendale High met on Foothill Blvd. in La Crescenta to play hooky from school and celebrate by building a Snow Woman. From left to right: Kid?, Jerry Barrone, Wayne Howeth, Jim Walton, Laverne Henderson, Kid?, Barbara Kalman, Girl?, Rita Jones, Girl?, Richard Loft, Bob Newsome, Terry Williams, Ray Henderson, On top of Snow Woman - Lee Schiefelbein.

pg. 14



taken when one feels "let down" or languid is frequently the means of saving one from an illness.

Among those most dependable are:

Mathies' Malt Tonic-15c or \$1.50 per dozen,

Liquid Bread-30c or \$3.25 per dozen. Mission Malt Tonic-20c or \$2.00 a case.

Malt Nutrine Anheuser Busch-\$2.25 a case.

Johann Hoff's Malt, with Iron-35c a bottle, or \$3.75 a case.

Bass' Auk's Head—20c a bottle: \$2.25 per dozen.

Guinness Auk's Head—20c each; \$2.25 a dozen.

To Those Preferring Wine

We can recommend the fine quality of LA CRESCENTA WINES.

CLARET-At 25c and 40c a bottle. BURGUNDY-40c and 70c a bottle. PORT AND SHERRY-Large bottles, 75c.

H.JEVNE C

Cor. Broadway and 6th St.

208-210 South Spring **Both Stores:**

Phones: Sunset Broadway Home 10651 4900

CRESCENTA

The first Public Meeting at the new settlement

Correspondence of the Times

CRESCENTA, April 2— Crescenta is making history, and it is not too soon to begin to print

The first public meeting ever held in Crescenta was convened on Sunday, March 29, 1885— Palm Sunday—the Sunday next before Easter. The object of the meeting was to inaugurate public worship and to organize a Sunday school; the precise hour of it was 2 p.m.; the spot of it, the basement of the residence building for the Rev. S. L. Ward.

The religious services were conducted by the Rev. S. L. Ward and the Rev. O. C. Weller. But there was no sermon. Each of the two ministers, with commendable modesty and exemplary selfdenial, resisted the temptation of becoming formal homilist in Crescenta.

The Sunday school was organized by electing A. J. Spencer Superintendent, E. E. White Assistant Superintendent, C. White Merrell Secretary, and Mrs. Dr. B. B. Briggs treasurer.

The Rev. S. L. Ward welcomed the people to his prospective home,

invited them to continue to meet there, published the engagement of the Rev. Mr. Beach to preach Easter Sunday, and invite the Rev. O. C. Weller to dismiss the assembly with the benediction.

After dismission, a spontaneous "social" of a few minutes gave an opportunity for new settlers to become better acquainted with each other. Everyone present seemed to be surprised at the respectable numerical proportions of the assembly.

J. H. Shields

Crescenta Canyada!

HEALTHFUL AND BEAUTIFUL SPOT!

Fine Climate! Fine Soil!

PURE WATER AND PLENTY OF IT

Only 11 Miles North of Los Angeles.

Crescenta Canyada

Is a Tract of 2500 Acres of Land,

Situated near the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains, above the Verdugo Canon, and known as

FROSTLESS, WARM BRUSH LAND.

It is now being subdivided into 10-acre lots, each of which will have a water right from a series of reservoirs now being made on the tract.

The Land will be Sold on Easy Terms.

With one quarter cash down. A cract of 40 acres has been laid out as a town site, with a park and fountain. As a situation for invalids it is one of the finest in the world. Mount San Francisco Maria protects it from winds from the sea and the Sierra Madre from the north wind.

Special inducements will be given to parties who will put up

A Hotel for Tourists and Invalids on the Tract.

A good hotel would be filled all the year.

Inquire at the office of T. E. ROWAN, 114 NORTH SPRING STREET.

Mr. A. E. Briggs will take pleasure in showing the land and giving all information the same.

HEART OF THE MOUNTAINS YIELDS UP LOST BALLOONISTS, ALL SOUND

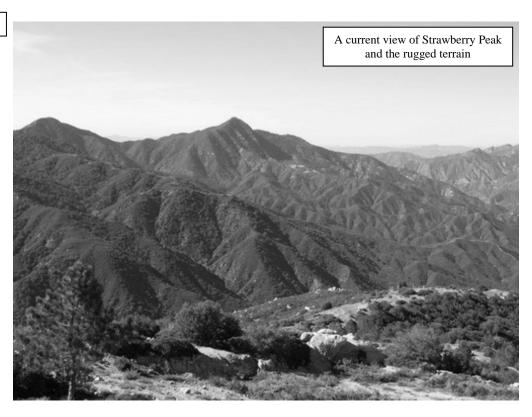
By John S. Daggett

On the verge of collapse, hope all but gone, the six balloonists, who ascended in the America from Tournament Park, Pasadena, Saturday afternoon at 3 o'clock, found themselves, after 21 hours of terrific struggling through snow drifts, along precipices and across raging torrents, at Colby's Springs Camp, on the north side of Strawberry Peak, half a mile from where they had first descended.

After a rest of a day, while blizzards raged on the mountainside, the party proceeded to Switzer's camp, eleven miles, arriving at 2:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. They immediately opened communication with the outside world, notifying the Pasadena Board of Trade and the newspapers of their safety. They were lost practically only twenty-one hours, but knowing nothing of this, hundreds of men were exploring all the canons for miles about, until seventy-two hours after their departure, they were heard from, and the searchers called in. In the party were Capt. A. E. Muelier, Sydney Gray, L. C. Gilliam, Harold A. Parker, Edward Dobschutz and Richard C. Halsted. A Times man was the first to greet them on the home stretch.

The balloonists' adventure bristled with danger, and was romantic, dramatic, thrilling. A dash with an explosive gas bag over mountain flames, a fearful plunge far down through a rift in the clouds, a landing on the verge of an abyss, with death but a few feet away, a terrible struggle through the snow and brush of a vast wilderness, to then unknown, a moment when six lives depended on a solitary match—these are incidents of the voyage and the resultant experiences.

Interest had reached a tense pitch and the most heroic measures for relief were in contemplation when the message conveying the good news of the missing men's safety was received.



THE WORD

A flash came over the telephone from Switzer's, "All safe and ready to come home." Twenty rough-clad men packed in a little office, vented a ringing shout of joy that stirred the center of Pasadena. That was enough. It was the one word that had been awaited seventy-two hours(... unreadable ...).

It was more than me (..unreadable..)et which drove a pair of (...unreadable..)he Flanks of a good an(...unreadable...)ed into the saddle in t(...unreadable...) I Might be the first t(...unreadable...)ost balloonists. As I rod(...unreadable..)ged canon at the head of (...unreadable...) Seco it was a real pleasure(..unreadable..)resh hoof prints in the sand, as again and again the turbulent stream was forded. Four cabins were passed. The cañon became rougher, the repeated fording more dangerous, and the long shadows of afternoon crept across the rough trail. It was interesting, riding on and up into the heart of the mountains expecting at each turn to see a living friend who had been supposedly dead.

"TIMES" MAN GREETS FIRST

I rounded a granite shoulder and saw three men splashing, plunging through a whirlpool of the torrent. I forgot that I was just a newspaper man there to get the story of Mueller's daring pilotage of a balloon through a raging I have known Land for several years, and I have known him as a man of iron. I had banked on him to win when I first learned of the loss of the balloon. I knew others in that stormswept basket. I knew that one of them had a wife and a baby sleepless at home, and that the wife in all her terror was thinking of a bitter future. Who did not feel the strain of this tension in hearts that were torn with anguish? To see Lane again was the snapping of the string.

"HAPPY." SAYS MUELLER
"You are happy, so am I," said Capt.
Mueller, as he planted his staff in the sand and took both my hands. "I know that we have troubled many hearts, but we have done all that any man could do under such hardships."

Only on the basis of a favor to me for newspaper purposes could I persuade tired Sydney Gray to ride my animal. "I am soaked to my waist, why should you splash through the stream?" he asked. "Oh, you want the captain's story."

It is necessary to ford that stream at an average of every 300 feet. Capt. Mueller laughed when I plunged in ahead of him. "And you do this to hear what I have to say?" he asked. "Why, it is soon told. I do not like the sensation; I am not looking for notoriety."

continued...

WHY NOT AT ALTADENA

"Why did you not land in Altadena?" I plunged at the heart of the thing, knowing that thousands had asked again and again that very question.

"Ah, it was impossible. I have learned many things, some things that the Weather Bureau should know. As we approached the mountains I expected to encounter a current of air going either east or west. I had been told that the currents split against the mountains, turning along the range. It was not so. With the suction of a cyclone, like a feather we were swept upward toward the mountain peaks. To have tried to land then would have been certain death. We would have been dashed to pieces. I was taken by surprise. No man could have acted quickly enough to have avoided the rush of wind that possessed us. No man would have dared to."

"We held a council of war. The gentlemen told me that to go over the mountain ranges to a point where we could land in safety near a supply station might mean a hundred miles. I threw out seven sacks of sand, seeking an upper air current that would carry us back over the San Gabriel Valley. We passed through three distinct strata of air currents, each higher one being colder than the one beneath. We passed through three strata of snow clouds, reaching a height of more than 13,000 feet. All of these currents were sweeping northward, and I had but two and one-half sacks of ballast left."

"'We must land as soon as possible,' I shouted to the men, 'and we must first find out where we are.' The clouds were so dense that we could hardly tell which direction the earth was in. I pulled the valve cord and watched my barometer. I could hear the men gasp, catching their breath. We dropped three thousand feet in less than a minute. Through a rift in the lower fog I saw a ragged peak, barren save for a scorched pine tree. In all that panorama beneath us it was the one spot big enough to hold the basket of the balloon."

"To see, to judge, to do—all in an instant: that was the necessity. The men responded to my wild shouts like steep springs released. When we were within 300 feet of the mountain I commanded and everything was thrown overboard;

the valve was pulled wide; the balloon was sucked inward to its apex, forming an almost perfect parachute, and the car luffed almost to stillness, then settled upon the rock within ten feet of a precipice reaching hundreds of feet below. I tell you, I say for sure, that was the most miraculous landing I have ever heard of. It was the closest call of my life."

CHANCE OF A THOUSAND

"Ah, we went down like a hawk. I thought of the big black bird as we shot. It was the one chance in a thousand to save those men. You see the ballast was gone, and I could only drift on and on, farther away from life to certain death. I know that I did right, and no man flinched at my perilous decision. I am happy it was so."

Resorts.

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The TIMES FREE INFORMATION.AND RESORT BUREAU is for the accommodation of those seeking recreation, rest and recuperation among seashore and mountain resorts. Particulars are furnished regarding Hotels and Private Boardinghouses; their attractions, rates, etc. Photographs, circulars and transportation literature are kept on hand for inspection and distribution. Times readers can obtain here, in a few minutes, information that would take a week and in many instances longer to procure if they were compelled to write for it.

Ye Alpine Tavern

Situated on Mt. Lowe. A mile above the sea. American plan, \$300 per day, \$15.00 per week. Choice of rooms in hotel or cottages. No consumptives or invalids taken. Telephone Passenger Dept., Pacific Electric Ry., or Times Free Information Bureau, for further information.

Before You Leave

Southern California Visit

Pasadena's Fireproof

Hotel Green

Rates Reasonable

Excellent Cuisine

Service Leaves Nothing To Be Desired

Finest Cafe In Pasadena

J. H. HOLMES, Manager

Ads from Los Angeles Times, March 17, 1909

Did you see the balloons yesterday? If not, come over today and enjoy Pasadena's First Carnival of Sports (March 17-20.) Today's events. The atmosphere to be Knabenshued at 2 p.m. Mrs. Knabenshue, borne by a "Fairy," to be aerially chased in the game of "Tag: you're it." Outwest Riding Club's fancy equestrianisms. "Jake" De Rosier, the motorcycle thriller, grandstand stunts of Speed and Daring. European Concert Band's Concert. Special Luncheon at

The Hotel Maryland

The Hotel Grill-Room

(Opened II a. m. Tili Midnight)

For Knabenshuers, Balloonists, Autoists, Airshippers, Dirigibilists, Aircraftsmen, Visitors and the would-be Ferristical Aerialists who went up, up, up, yesterday.

D. M. LINNARD, Manager.

FIRE AND ICE FOR VOYAGERS

PERILS OF SAILING, WILD DROP THROUGH AIR

Graphic Account by Capt. Mueller of the Flight Over Blazing Brush, and the Terrors That Followed Beyond—Plunge on Edge of Precipice. Coming Out.

By Joseph D. Minster.

Capt. Mueller, who has had various harrowing experiences, in detailing the flight and the further adventure of the party last evening, placed this adventure at the head of them all. Many criticisms were laid on him on account of the flight across the range when descent seemed possible on the Pasadena side of the San Gabriel range. All of these, Mueller's story and that of the other members of the party eradicate.

"When we left Pasadena at just 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon, the wind carried us rapidly toward the foothills. Arriving near Sierra Madre where we were last seen by the people camping at that point, we were about to descend when attention was called to the raging fires in the brush below us, which would have meant immediate destruction on account of an explosion in the gas of the bag. Dropping all possible ballast, we shot to an altitude of 13,000 feet, and were carried immediately by a very strong current across the first range of mountains. We passed through a terrific snow blizzard and hailstorm in the clouds and finally when it seemed as though the balloon would be split by the impact of the hail, we soared above it."

PLUNGED THROUGH RIFT

"For just a minute after, we descried through a rift in the clouds, the side of a mountain about 400 feet below, and pulling the valve rope we descended through the clouds at the speed of nearly 2000 feet a minute. Throwing out all the ballast possible, the rapid descent was stayed within a hundred feet of the earth and from there we settled slowly and without perceptible motion. When our basket began to touch the top of the trees I pulled the rip cord, and in a second our basket dropped to the ground, within three yards of a precipice hundreds of feet down. Had we fallen into the rift we would never have been able to tell the story.

Our drop made so easily that there was no perceptible jar, and it was only a few minutes before we had tied the trail rope around a giant pine, and were floundering through the snow to the shelter of a group of pined farther ahead. Here providence certainly came to our rescue."

SALVATION IN A MATCH

"After repeated search through all the pockets of every single man in the crowd, a solitary match was found between the lining and the goods of the vest of Edwin Dabschutz, and on that match we based our hope and earned our salvation. Gathering a great heap of brush and using all the cigarette papers and shavings available, the match was struck, blazed forth brightly for a moment, sputtered and was just threatening to go out when the papers caught and kindled the oily branches of the fir boughs. After that we felt safe at least for the night. Our blaze lit up the mountainside for miles above and below, but with our continued halloos it brought no return.

Our food supply was practically untouched, but badly smashed and damaged by the buffeting it had received. Realizing at that time that we were in for it, every precaution was taken to save as much as possible, and our meal after landing was very frugal."

TERRIBLE JOURNEY DOWN

"With the break of dawn on Sunday, in the hurrying gusts of snow and the continued fall of the temperature, we began our search for a trail, and finally stumbled on one a short distance down the mountainside. On this we started our journey. It was a fearful one, measured by narrow margins of dangerous falls into the hidden rifts and gullies of the mountain.

After hours of traveling, we arrived at Tejunga Cañon and on the advice of Sydney Cray, an experienced mountaineer, who had tramped through the mountains, we followed the course of the Tejunga River. Here we were forced to ford innumerable times, and finally came to a narrow rift in the cañon, where the river dropped abruptly away, several hundred feet down, and where it was absolutely impossible to proceed an inch farther.

Our only hope lay in a return journey and a climb over the peak, which we afterwards found to be Strawberry. For miles and miles it seemed to us, but in reality, only five or six, we traveled backward, retracing our own steps, recrossing again the icy fords, which at times were so deep that drowning was imminent."

HALSTED GIVES OUT

"About half way back the first member of the party gave out, his physical strength completely exhausted. It was Richard C. Halsted. We called a halt and rested half an hour, and then with Halsted in the center of the party, we pushed on, the journey growing more tiresome and fatiguing at every step. It was about noon when we finally arrived again at the place where we had camped. Here we stopped for another rest, and then went ahead to the balloon, which we pulled into a heap and covered with the basket as best we might among the snowdrifts, fearing at the time that we might be forced to seek shelter under it.

Proceeding farther, we descried the top of the ridge just a short distance ahead, and as fast as we could travel we rushed onward. Our pace was accelerated by the hope of being able to see for miles, perhaps. We reached the summit, and looking only forward, to our dismay we realized that we were still above the clouds, and could make little headway toward safety in that direction. Turning to view our ascent, one of the party descried, just to a side of the trail, a house."

FORGETTING THE PAIN

"Unable to restrain our feelings, we let out a yell, and, forgetting our every ache and pain, we slid, scrambled and rolled pellmell over the snow toward the place. Our approach was so noisy and unexpected that it brought out Mr. and Mrs. Colby, bareheaded. They could not imagine where we had come from at this season of the year, and out of the terrific storm, but without preliminary questions we were welcomed to the hospitality of the place.

Our arrival at Colby's camp was at about 1:30 in the afternoon, and was at a most opportune time, for despair had begun to write itself in great letters before us. The fire burning in the hearth was soon made a roaring blaze, before which we stretch ourselves, thawing out our benumbed limbs and frozen clothing. While we were doing this, Mrs. Colby busied herself with the preparation of a repast."

BEST MEAL IN LIFETIME

"Our first meal was perhaps the best that any of us have ever tasted in our lives. The larder of the camp had apparently been ransacked by Mrs. Colby, and all the delicacies in the store were set before us. While we ate, the storm increased in fury, and we made ready to spend at least the night in our more than adequate shelter.

continued...

The morning brought no changes, and the snow and wind came down in unabated fury. It was an absolute impossibility to proceed farther or to communicate in any way with the outside world. The nearest habitation which had communication by telephone with the outside was Switzer's camp.

We waited, therefore, until yesterday morning, when the fury of the elements had abated, and when with a clear sky we were able to discern the faint outlines of the trail buried under from three to six feet of hardly packed snow."

DOWN TO SWITZER'S

"Leaving the cheery camp, and with Mr. Colby for a guide a part of the way, we started for Switzer's at about 6:30 o'clock. The journey to that camp was a mere trifle compared with our first wandering, fortified as we were with a hearty repast and a sure knowledge of the path. It was just 2:30 o'clock when we arrived at Switzer's, having traversed a distance of about eleven miles.

From down there the Arroyo Seco was one of the hard parts of the journey. The creek, at present a turbulent stream on account of the rains of the past few days, winds back and forth, from side to side of the canon, and we were forced to wade across just seventy-four times until we arrived at the machines.

To say that we are thankful is putting it in very mild terms. Our escapade is one that will never be forgotten by any member in the party, and our belief in a Divine Providence has certainly been strengthened wonderfully within the past seventy-two hours."

Capt. Mueller, clothed in heavy corduroy coat and trousers, his high walking boots, a cap and a pair of heavy gauntlets, was perhaps the best prepared man for the ordeal. Coming down the cañon of the Arroyo, carrying a staff of very large dimensions, the bulking form of the captain seemed only in place with the magnificent surroundings. His swinging step betokened little fatigue, and he stated that had it been essential, with life perhaps depending on it, he could have retraced the entire nineteen miles.

For the members of his party Mueller could only express the fondest appreciation. "On our entire trip, there was never a dissenting voice, and it was to this fact, as much as to the general hardihood of all, that we were able to come out of our adventure safely and without the slightest injury."

HE FINDS ADVENTURE

The first member of the party, perhaps a quarter of a mile in advance of all but Sydney Cray, was L. C. Gilliam, soldier of fortune, and for the past four years a resident of the Hotel Maryland, Pasadena. It was the desire for adventure, the same desire that led Gilliam in earlier years into the interior of Mexico among the wild Indian tribes, and through mining camps and early settlements throughout the West, that led him to take the balloon ride.

His swinging gait had succeeded in placing him yards in advance of the horses which bore three of the members of the party. He was clothed only in an ordinary business suit and a felt hat, and, although 52 years of age, he regarded the entire trip in the light of one of the best times of his life.

"We were certainly in for it after landing, and a realization of the fact helped us wonderfully in keeping up our courage. It was a case of strive and live, or give up and die, and we preferred to live. And say! Of all the leaders, Capt. Mueller is one of the best I have ever seen. Throughout the entire difficulty, he never showed a trace of fear, and his quips and humorous remarks and more to enliven us throughout our troubles than we can even realize at the present moment."

NO MORE RIGHT AWAY

"Would you take another balloon trip?" was queried.

"Not right away," he laughingly remarked. "Tempting fate leads to only one end, and I have seen that end several times in other cases. No. I would not care to repeat the journey right away. The flying itself was splendid, the after-effects, however, out-balancing the pleasure."

An automobile, occupied by Manager Linnard of the Maryland and other friends, had driven into the cañon to await the arrival of Gilliam. He and his companion, Cray, who was silent and thankful, were bundled into the machine and driven immediately to the hotel where they could find dry clothing, they being wet from wading in the creek and almost chilled to the marrow from icy water.

Halsted, Parker and Dobschutz, the three other members of the party, had been supplied with horses by the forest rangers and were forced several times to stoop along the way to tell their story to friends who, hearing of the return of the balloonists, had rushed up the cañon on horses and met them half way.

All of them appeared in tiptop condition. Dobschutz, who had left home without informing his wife of his intended trip, was worried on her account and could only jump into a waiting automobile without telling of his trip.

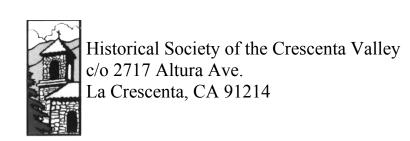
On the way home, while the automobile speeded over the bumps of a rather bumpy country road, Dobschutz related the story of his experiences. It was practically the same as that of Mueller, and he, like the other members of the party, could only speak in words of praise for the leader. Dobschutz could only dwell on the hope that he had not caused his wife too much worry, and then, turning back to the trip, relate the story of the finding of a match within the lining of his coat. "We had been instructed to leave matches and other inflammable articles on the ground, and following out our instructions we found ourselves in the midst of a snowstorm with the thermometer hovering somewhere around zero and without visible means of lighting a fire. After repeated search, the single match, that had slipped through a tiny hole in my pocket, came to light and perhaps proved our salvation; for if we had been forced to remain through the night without a fire we would never have gone as far as we did."

HURRAH FOR DOBSCHUTZ

When within a block of home, neighbors on the sidewalks recognized Dobschutz and a loud hurrah went up, which was the only warning his wife received. With the neighbors in his train he stepped upon the porch, and at the door walked into the arms of a weeping wife.

One of the figures prominent at the entrance of the cañon, his face wreathed in smiles, was the father of Richard Halsted, the only other married man in the party. The greeting of the two can better be imagined than described. A party of Pasadena Elks also waited on Halsted, who at one time was Exalted Ruler of the Pasadena society. Refusing to leave the rangers, Halsted remained on his mount and drove into town to his home, where his mother, his wife and an infant baby awaited him.

Parker, the remaining member of the party, appeared the most debonair of all. He greeted his friends with a smile and promised them all a full description of his adventure at some later date. He was taken in the automobile of one of his Elk friends to his home, where his mother and father met him.



Historical Society of the Crescenta Valley Presents:

Supervisor Antonovich, part of our local History

Monday, January 18th, 7:00 PM At the Center for Spiritual Living

(Formerly known as the La Crescenta Church of Religious Science) Located on the corner of Dunsmore and Santa Carlotta

Please check your mailing label for accuracy.

Remember:

2009 MEMBERSHIPS RUN FROM MARCH 2009 TO MARCH 2010

<u>THANK YOU</u> TO ALL OUR MEMBERS FOR YOUR CONTINUED SUPPORT!

Questions or changes? Call Pam: (818) 957-2968

We're always interested...

We love to hear your recollections about Crescenta Valley from times past. Share your stories with us, please! Let us share your memories with our members.

Mail: 2717 Altura Ave.

La Crescenta, CA 91214 e-mail: lawlermom@yahoo.com



Photo: www.micheletaras.com/Scenic/Scenic.htm

Travel back in time to...1909

Our January Newsletter will feature articles and ads from 1909 *Los Angeles Times*

(beginning with page 3)