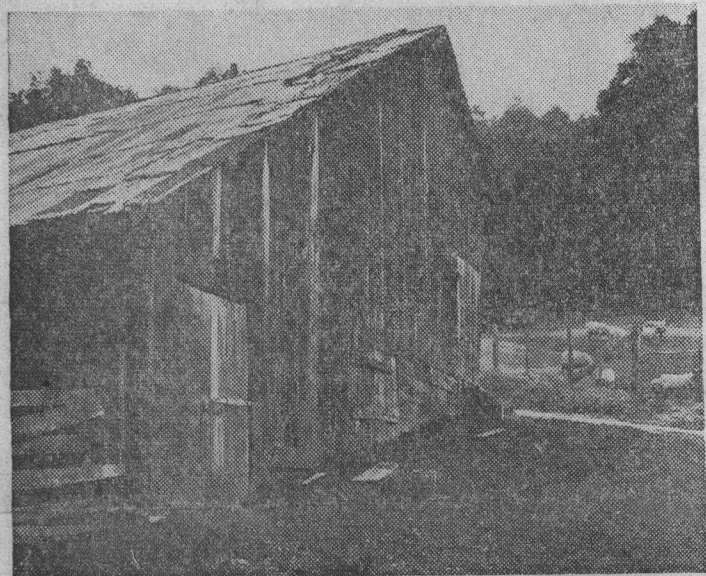
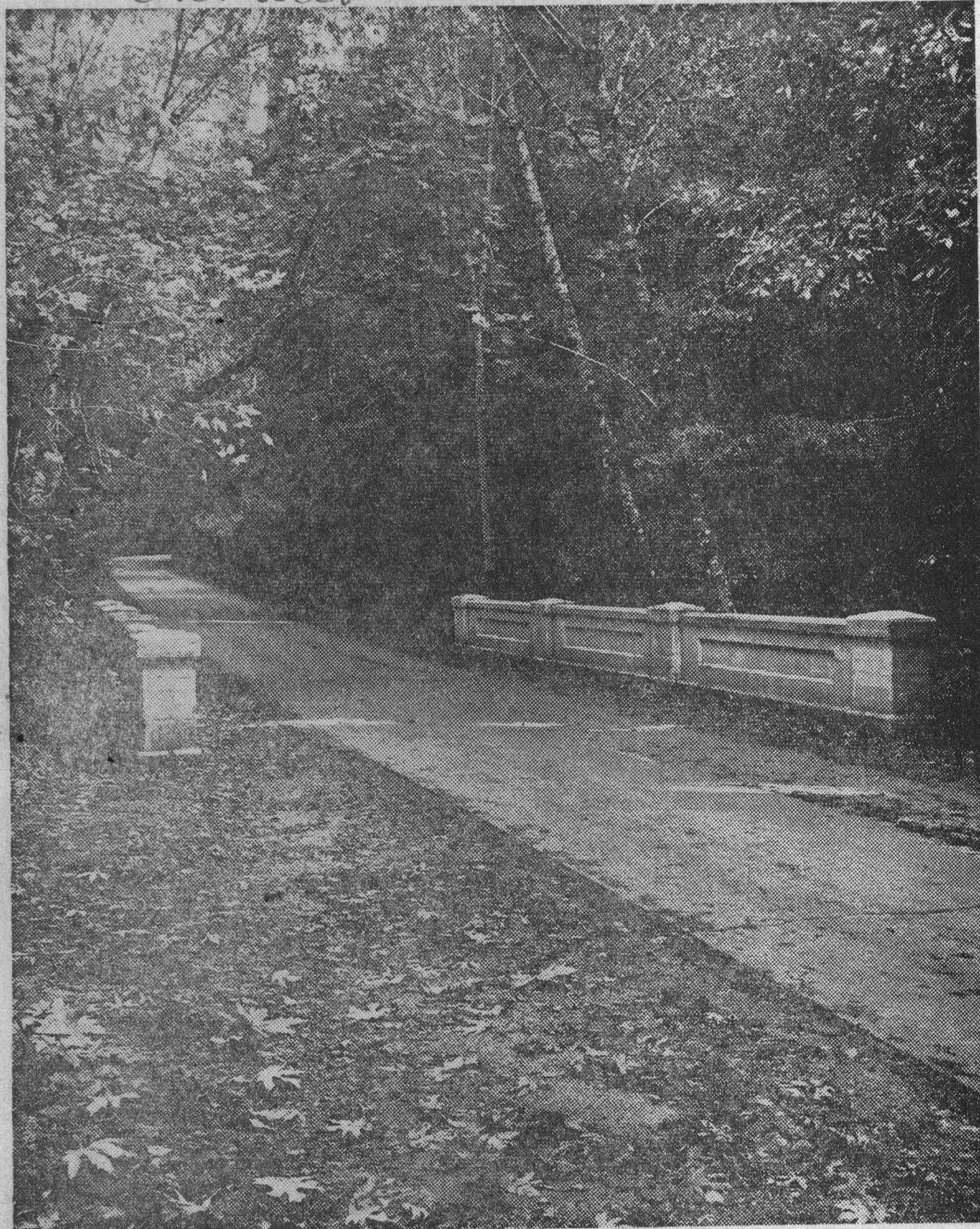


# Glenwood Drive—Suggested For 'Lookers'

Glenwood



AUTUMN LEAVES, in California's own subtle hues, may be seen at their height right now along the old Glenwood drive north of Scotts Valley. The quiet countryside also features glimpses of occasional habitation, such as a much-used but friendly-looking barn, and, by looking back over the fields you can see the old hotel which was a big booming resort in the 1890s when the railroad ran through here.



## You'll Find California's Own Special Fall Colors And Learn A Bit About County's History

By MARGARET KOCH

Along Bean Creak the maples are turning butter yellow.

Their gold is scattered lavishly underfoot. It collects in curled-up piles at the edge of the old cement highway.

For years this quiet section of highway north of Scotts Valley was the main bumper-to-bumper thoroughfare between Santa Cruz and Los Gatos.

In summer the Model Ts chugged over it and boiled. In winter they chugged over it in a blast of raindrops.

Known as the "military highway," the twisty cement road was put through in 1916 and paved several years later. The cement was reinforced above and beyond the call of duty to enable soldiers and heavy "big berthas" guns to move between San Francisco and Monterey presidios.

It's an old-fashioned, narrow ribbon of cement today, designed for "lookers" instead of "speeders." But if you are interested in driving slowly under an arch of maple branches that meet overhead (it's like a leafy tunnel in spots) then this road is for you.

Turn onto Glenwood drive at Ye Old Danish inn at the northern end of Scotts Valley. Thirty years ago only five houses were visible in the whole valley from this point. Cows and horses grazed where subdivisions are springing up today.

Past the Santa Cruz Dairy farm (it was originally the home farm of the Edwin Scott family for whom the valley was named) is Canham road, named for another early-day family.

At the top of "sand hill" the old one-room Sand Hill school house stood until it burned in the late '30s.

Beyond sand hill the road winds along the mountain side with views to the west out over the county's green ridges . . .

Redwood, oak, bay, buckeye, a scattering of fir, and madrone with its ever-peeling thin red bark . . . right now the clusters of madrone berries are turning red. Later there will be the California Christmas berry — toyon — with its sharp, saw-toothed leaves.

Easterners always say the one thing they miss out here is the great splurge of fall color. But California's fall color is there — it's just different — subtle — found in tracteries of pink and red poison oak leaves or shades of yellow tinging into burnt orange. You have to look for it.

At the site of the old town of Glenwood there's a state historical monument to the Charles C. Martin family, members of which built the resort hotel, a winery, lumber mill, store and gave property for the school. By looking back over the fields you can catch a glimpse of the old hotel which was a booming resort in the 1890s when the Southern Pacific railroad ran through here. It is now the private property of St. Mary of the Palms of Mission San Jose.

Continuing north on the old highway you will pass the remains of the old Glenwood school house (originally named Martin school) and wind up out of the valley to a high point overlooking Highway 17.

Slightly north of the junction of the two roads, on Highway 17, is a wide parking area known to natives even before the main highway was built, as Inspiration Point.

On clear days the magnificent view stretches out over Santa Cruz county foothills below, across Monterey Bay and even to the toy-size towns on the opposite shore. And when it IS that clear the natives have a prediction: "Rain within three days."

The homeward journey back down Highway 17 will be spectacular too — but much speedier.

The most wonderful

*Dinner Parties*

you will ever serve..

