

## FANTASTIC VIEW FROM AIR

# It Couldn't Be True -- But There's the Snow

[The following description of the snowbound Southland as it appears from the air was written by The Times aviation writer after a flight over Los Angeles and environs yesterday.]

BY MARVIN MILES

From the air—a fairyland of sugar and silver filigree . . .

Snow-robed Southern California where the twain not only met but merged in startling winter beauty. West had become East!

Unbelievable patterns floated beneath the wing—patterns of the East, perhaps; of Ohio or North Dakota or Minnesota.

Hardly the Southland.

### Valley of Sifted Flour

Yet there was San Fernando Valley nestled in a landscape of sifted flour . . . the usually somber Hollywood hills garbed in frigid frosting . . . Silver Lake etched in cotton . . . Pasadena, whitewashed, gleaming . . . the Rose Bowl a dishpan full of milk . . .

It couldn't be true, but it was.

Fantastic was the word.

Gone were the colored rooftops. The shingles and the tile had succumbed to the sifting flakes of winter. Gone was the green of the lawns now covered with myriad bed sheets.

Streets and trees offered the only real contrast—except for an occasional swimming pool, the streets were dark paths crisscrossing the white floor; the trees bending under their powdery burden.

### Palm Trees Look Sad

Palm trees were the saddest. Snow on palms is almost grotesque—and the fronds drooped low and lower under the affront which they knew not how to meet.

In giant sweeps, the "unusual" weather painted marshmallow across the land, up and over the hills and into the mountains where dark-bellied clouds guarded their most overwhelming conquest.

And along the roads moved many a car with a glistening white top, testifying to a night spent in the open.

In the shadows of the clouds and the buildings, the snow lay defiant, but in the flashes of sunshine it seemed to sparkle with resignation.

Cemeteries and golf links over-

whelmed their surrounding areas like vast pools of cream, and occasionally scrawling automobile tracks wrote insane doodles in the snow.

Southern California's homes seem to nestle closer, as if for warmth, under the white blanket, and hillside houses blended with the drifts, almost indistinguishable from aloft.

A look around the horizon brought into quick focus the clean brilliance of the firebreaks, the fancy topping on towering gas tanks, the snow-matching plumes of smoke from a factory or two, the delicate Siamese silverwork wrought on leafless groves, the telephone poles in lonely company front.

And a close look could pick out youngsters by the hundreds and their elders, too—trudging tracks across the cold crust in snow fights or in the building of snow men.

And amidst the white swirls of January, in the valley, only one sight broke harshly into the shimmering scene—a house aflame, sending up billows of greasy smoke to shatter the illusion.

To the Easterner, it probably would have been no fairy land from the air, this Southland in snow.

But to a Southern Californian . . . !