



Dave McCoy skiing McGee Mountain, late 1930s.

*You don't have to be a winner,
just a lover of what you're doing.*

-DAVE MCCOY



The Carringtons clearing the pavement on Conway Summit, 1931. Young Woody Carrington stands on top of the snowbank.



Movie crew and the dog team at Mammoth, 1920s.

Tex Cushion and his Dog Team

In the 1920s, a film company brought a team of sled dogs to Mammoth for use in a movie called *Retreat from Napoleon*. Without completing the movie, they left the dogs with Lloyd Summers at his hotel. When Tex Cushion wanted to purchase the dogs but didn't have the money, Dr. Rey provided the funds. Tex and Ruth Cushion then built the Winter Patrol Station as their permanent home and used their dog teams to provide winter transportation.



Tex Cushion and one of his favorite dogs, Como.



Mt. Mammoth, later called Mammoth Mountain, in the late 1930s.

SKI CLUB PROPOSED

Organization of a ski club was suggested by Will Vaughn, in addressing Bishop Rotary last Friday... Mr. Vaughn was one of the organizers and for several years the president of the Big Pines Ski Club in Los Angeles County. He saw the sport develop there from a mere handful of participants until last winter when there were at times as many as a thousand taking part. Each of his two sons has won the California intercollegiate ski pentathlon.

He and his son Bill went to Mammoth Lakes last February, and report many wonderful experiences, among others skiing to the top of Mammoth Mountain and swooping down again in the heart of winter. They expect to spend the coming winter in that vicinity.

Mr. Vaughn and his son furnished the program for the Rotary club meeting, appearing in accepted ski costumes. They demonstrated the correct manner of wearing skis, the equipment necessary, making turns, climbing, etc. Many members were interested and ten or more signified a wish to join the proposed club. Mr. Vaughn offered his services in assisting the purpose. He has skied at most of the organized runs in the western states and says that the skiing at Mammoth Lakes is not to be excelled in America. With the probability of the roads being kept open through the winter, there will be good opportunity to enjoy the leading winter sport.

—Inyo Register, October 25, 1934

Mammoth, “The Place to Be”

Ever since I first came to Independence in 1928 when I was twelve years old, I knew I wanted to return and make it my home. So when I graduated from high school in 1935, I worked my way from Washington to California, planning to be in Independence by fall. On Labor Day weekend, I caught a ride with a man in Bridgeport who offered to drive me all the way to Bishop if I didn't mind making a few stops along the way. One of those stops was Mammoth Lakes. He dropped me off on the edge of town and told me if a quicker ride came along, I should take it. I waited for 30 minutes and not a single car came by. But while I was sitting in the warm sun, my plans shifted. I got a feeling this was the place I was going to be, even though I didn't know how or why.

—DAVE MCCOY