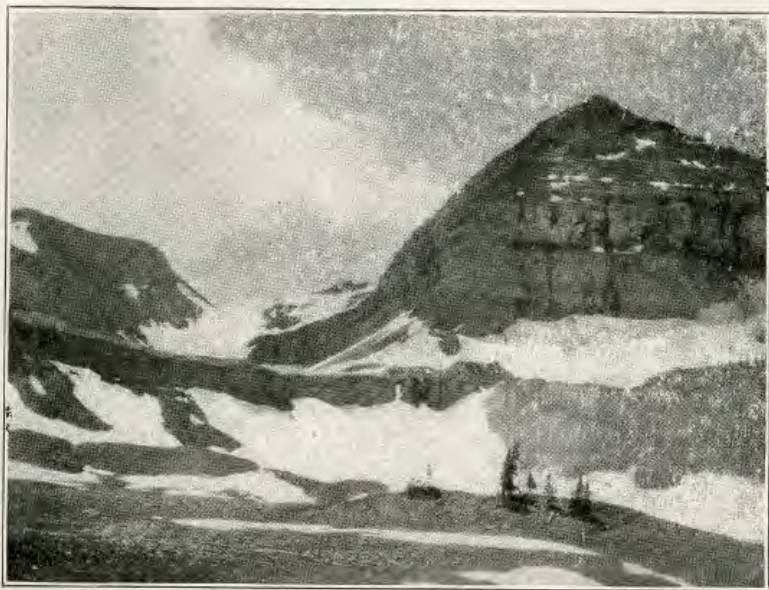


The Wasatch Rambler

VOLUME 1, No. 5



Timpanogos Peak and Glacier from American Fork.

HOPKINS PHOTO

LOOK TO THIS DAY!

For it is Life, the very Life of Life
In its brief course lie all the Verities and
Realities of our existence;
The Bliss of Growth;
The Glory of Action;
The Splendor of Beauty;
For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And Tomorrow is only a Vision;
But Today well lived makes every
Yesterday a Dream of Happiness, and
Every Tomorrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well, therefore, to this Day!

"Salute to the Day," given by Dr. L. D. Pfouts of Payson, Utah, at Easter services at the Hermitage, Ogden Canyon, April 1, 1923.

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271 COMMUNITY BUILDING

THE UPS AND DOWNS OF THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB.

(Compiled from reports from Dr. Shafer, Winnifred Pinborough, Luella Hunter and Gertrude Summer.)

"Weather never discourages a real Utahn. When it snows, it's good for skiing and coasting; when it freezes, it's good for skating; when it rains, it's good for the crops, and when it shines, it's good for everybody. If winter makes the valleys too cold, a Utahn goes to the sheltered mountains, gets his blood into circulation, and warms up; if summer makes the heat of the valleys unbearable, he goes to the sheltered mountains and cools off. Nothing could be more lovely than the variety of climate and scenery afforded by our State.

Now, the Wasatch Mountain Club is producing the real Utahn and if anyone has any idea that its members have been hibernating during this winter, just take note of some of the things they have made to happen.

Since the memorable trip to Pinecrest—the last trip covered by the Year Book—the Club has been together many, many times, and the spirit of sociability and enterprise has grown.

There have been three meetings: at the Hawthorne Ward in January, Dr. J. E. Broaddus woke us up to Utah's possibilities with pictures of its natural wonders and a discourse on its attractions; at the Twentieth Ward, in February, Dr. Ralph Woolley entertained us with views and a discussion of an adventuresome trip by boat down the Green River, and we learned more of Utah's attractions; in March, the Telephone Company gave us an entertaining and instructive program at the Telephone building, and incidentally increased our respect for the telephone system as a whole.

Whenever there has been a good offering at the Salt Lake Theatre, the bunch has "hiked" to the gallery in a body and from that elevation have watched the actors below. High places appeal to us. Whenever regular schedules were lacking, we have "splashed" together at Beck's Hot Springs. In the regular round of activities, we have coasted and skied at the track completed this winter and have now established Utah as a winter pleasure ground.

Washington's birthday began a series of trips. On that day, some of our boys started on a skiing trip to Brighton via Park City and the less intrepid stopped at Altus—otherwise known as the Summit—for skiing and coasting. These people who can ski feet-first can crow if they wish, but we Wasatch people—girls in particular—can ski on our heads and call it fun. The following Sunday, we were guests of the Forest Reserve people at American Fork Canyon, and they led us over a snowy trail to Timpanogas Cave. The cave looked familiar, as usual, but was vastly changed. Since then, there has been a trip to North Mill Creek via Bountiful. On this occasion, we encountered a conductor on the Centerville car who “acted up” and delayed us considerably, but didn't spoil our good time. He let his car swallow our skis but maintained that the toboggans were entirely too much for good digestion, so we had to wait for a good natured conductor to come along. He came, and we both skied and tobogganed that day.

The trip to Altus was repeated with a larger number participating, and a later trip to the Wasatch Resort in Little Cottonwood Canyon is well-remembered.

With this activity going on, it will be conceded that the Wasatch Mountain Club has *not* been hibernating this winter, and, as a grand climax to the season's activities, came the trip to the Hermitage—March 31st and April 1st. 130 people participated, and unanimously agreed that the Hermitage was entirely adequate and an ideal place to spend a week-end. The Bamberger and Ogden Valley Railroads transported them. Saturday was passed in games, dancing, singing and various amusements—not to forget eating. Sunday was occupied with many activities, but most notable, the Easter services, and it is desired to record briefly the proceedings of that service in this issue.

To quote Mayor Neslen, who addressed us that morning: “It is only fitting and proper that we pause in our merrymaking occasionally to turn our thoughts for a few moments to things of a religious nature, especially on a day so full of significance to all the Christian world.”

The exercises took place Sunday morning and consisted of community singing, a Salute to the Day, by Dr. Pfouts of Payson, short talks by Mayor Francis of Ogden and Mayor Neslen of Salt Lake, and a soprano solo entitled “All for You,” by Ruth Jensen.

The subject treated by Mayor Francis was "Making the World Better," and his discourse portrayed a spirit of helpfulness and friendliness that won our hearts and friendship. Mayor Francis stayed with us a good part of the day and we enjoyed his visit, and admired his cordial, congenial spirit and friendliness.

Mayor Neslen's talk was beautiful and most appropriate. Quoting from Bryant's "Thanatopsis," he spoke of the wholesomeness of continual contact with the beautiful and majestic in Nature, where it is impossible for man to harbor evil thoughts and be in harmony with his surroundings. His text was the Bible quotation: "Man is that he might have Joy." The underlying thought of his address was that satisfying and lasting joy are found only in service and helpfulness. He explained and illustrated the fact that the really successful person is not the one who makes material gains at the expense of his neighbor's ignorance, nor the man who receives general acclamation and applause. Such things give only a passing thrill. They do not beget real joy. Lasting joy is a result of unselfish service and the really successful man is oftentimes unknown and unrecognized.

As a beautiful and fitting closing to his discourse, he gave the poem entitled "A Morning Prayer," by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, which follows:

Oh Lord! Let me today
Do something that will take
A little sadness from the worlds' vast store;
And may I be so favored

As to make of joy's too scanty sum a little more.
Let me not hurt by any selfish deed or thoughtless word
The heart of foe or friend,
Nor would I pass unseeing, worthy need;
Or sin by silence when I should defend.

However meager be my earthly wealth;
Let me give something that will aid my kind.
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped as I pass for some troubled heart to find.

And may I tonight look back across the span,
Twixt dawn and dark,
And to my conscience say,
"Because of some good deed to beast or man
The world is better that I lived today."

MUSICAL NOTES.

And now comes the orchestra!

Could there possibly be a more interesting addition to the club than the excellent orchestra that has been in evidence on two occasions now—once at our March meeting, again at Hermitage and Vivian Park.

Congratulations and thanks, friends! It's great to think we have people like you to help the Wasatch Club to grow and we hope you will feel encouraged to keep on with the good work.

Agnes Lawson has written us another song to the tune of Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean.

If you long for friendship and good health,
If you seek more of Nature to know,
If you want to share in her great wealth,
Then come where the sweet breezes blow,
Then come, fill your lungs with the fresh air,
Then come, store your brain with real truth,
Then come, fill your heart with true gladness,
Then come, join our gay band of youth!

O, come where the mountains are calling,
Come out where the sky's clear above,
Come out where the grandeur's appalling,
Come out where there's beauty to love.
O, come out and join in the frolic,
Amid flowering tree and shrub.
Come, romp with the spirit of freedom,
O, come join the great Mountain Club.

Chorus—

Three cheers for our great Mountain Club,
Three cheers for our great Mountain Club,
May its name ever be among the greatest
The Wasatch Mountain Club!

And also a new yell:

Oh, we are the sons of the mountains,
And we've something to tell to you,
We don't give a "shh"
For the hill or the vale
That we can't go tearing through.

—*Lew Stearns.*



130 MEMBERS AT THE HERMITAGE

GEO. CARRIGAN PHOTO

What would a Hike be without---

Fat Atkins' joyful clatter,
Art Lorenze—fixing matters,
Nell Lorenze—jolly mixer,
Jerry, Oriental Slicker,
Dan Derby's catching smile,
Ann Derby's laugh worth while,
Bill Allen's anecdotes,
Harold Schroeder's funny jokes,
Louis Stearne's harmony,
Alvin Lowe's industry,
Harriett—always blamed for pranks,
Maude, who in the same class ranks,
Doris, Gertrude, Katherine, too,
Always spring something new,
Doc and Leon taking pictures,
Hikers posing till they're fixtures,
Leona Webb's dash and pep,
Hikers trying to keep in step,
Pa Parry's "Rambling" ways,
Amott and the Uke he plays,
Einar Lignell—always working,
Willing Hercules—n'er shirking,
Brownie and his tenor voice,
All who sing and make the noise,
Doctor Shafer's poor weak heart,
Irene Nicholls, good old sport,
Guardian of Morals—Doctor Lambert,
Byron White, Wasatch Vamper,
Esselbach—Bill Hart's double,

Claude—Leon Stoney's little brother,
 Laura Cooke—gloom dispeller,
 That nice Burton girl named Helen,
 Sophie Glarum's sociability,
 Arletta Tuckett's contagious glee,
 Margaret Russell's innocence,
 Orpha Tysom's common sense,
 Bill Latimer—the lady's friend,
 Lee Webb who keeps the dough to spend,
 The Wasatch slogan "When do we eat."
 Cheerful faces—lagging feet,
 The whole darned bunch—all names don't rhyme,
 But all who are with us for a time.

—Mary Pack.

Billy Wilson trusts us more than our Commissary Man does. Billy turned over the keys of the Hermitage to us and said heartily, "Make yourselves t' home, folks!" and we did. Alvin locked the doors to the kitchen and said ominously, "Make yourselves scarce, folks!" — and we did!

Discovered at the Hermitage—a scientific fact! That larks keep up all night.

Now is there anyone who hasn't heard that story about the Dollar?



OH HELEN, HOW COULD YOU?

ANNUAL WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY SKIING TRIP FROM PARK CITY TO BRIGHTON.

(By "Lew" Stearns.)

Four glorious winter days, lots of pep, and the beauty of deep snow and pine trees formed a beautiful setting for the Club's annual mid-winter ski trip from Park City to Brighton.

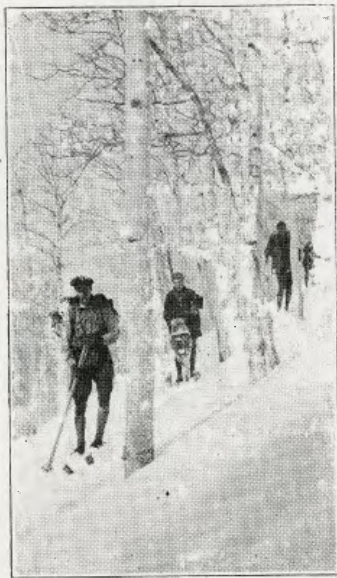
The party, numbering eighteen, left Park City shortly after noon, traveling up Silver Gulch to the Silver King Coalition mine, where skis were blocked and the real work began. Hot summer could not have made the perspiration come out any more than did the exertion we went through going up that slope, for it was real work. Reaching the divide, we had a glorious drop down through the pines and aspens on the East wall of Thayne's Canyon, and arrived at the Comstock mine about five o'clock, tired and ready for "chow," which little thing we did very shortly. Nothing happened to excite us that night except Al Anderson dreaming of a lion fight and let the gang know about it in wild yells.

Starting at nine-thirty, the summit was soon reached, and we dropped down to Gile's cabin, where Lew had to borrow some pants—don't ask him why. Continuing on, we reached the City cabin at Brighton about two-fifteen and after more food. The surrounding hills became the hunting grounds for scene-thirsty "Kodakers."

The skiing was ideal—about seven feet of snow and those long hills, certainly furnished us thrills of no little variety or number.

One cannot really appreciate the wonders of nature when she is asleep beneath her blanket of snow, until he has enjoyed a view such as we had at Brighton. Little cabins cuddled down in the white softness as if to hide from the chill of the winds whistling tunes in the tall, dark pines, which stand in great relief against the glistening hills. The high peaks, jutting up like sparkling jewels into the azure of the winter sky—it's wonderful, that's all!

But time passed all too quickly and we arose on Sunday morning to find our journey home was to be made in the flurry of a snow-storm. Start was made about ten-thirty o'clock, and with a stop at Community Flat for lunch we got back to the "Li'l ol' village" about six-thirty, tired and sunburned aplenty, but all feeling the thrill of a trip into our mountains in winter.



"If you would really know a man, go out with him into the open, out into the wild, away from the haunts of men; note his response to the elements, to nature, and the reaction of a few hardships upon him," is logic often quoted. We, of the Wasatch Mountain Club, claim we know our Mayor Neslen better than most anyone does, and you can just bet, we're proud of him!

Don't get jealous, Ogden, when these Wasatch Mountain Club girls speak of "Our Frank." We found your mayor such a congenial spirit that we're resolved to claim him for our own.

Hurrah for the cooks and dishwashers who officiate at our favorite indoor—and outdoor—sport!

Spring is here!

We know it because—

The sun was shining today.

Maud has her little Ford out.

SHOCK ABSORBERS.

Leona has a new spring coat for state occasions.

Art has a new tie.

Hikes are coming "frequenter."

And the bunch is speeding up.

—o—

Leon introduced Vida Bidgood the other day as the oldest member of the Club. No wonder she won't speak to him any more.

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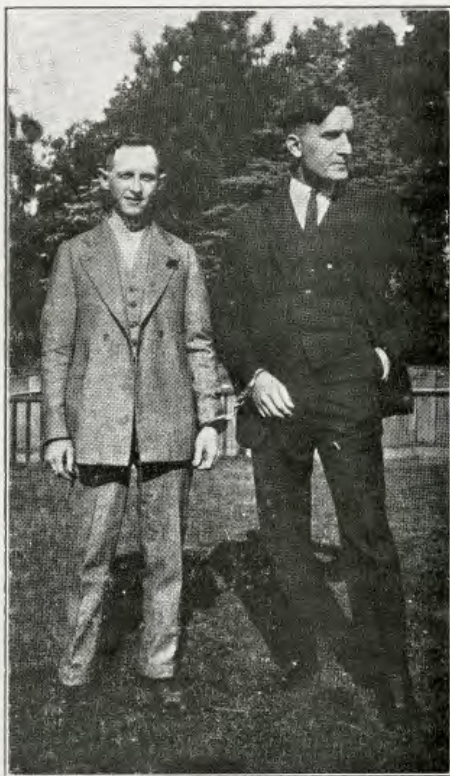
Reynolds Gordon and Min tried walking from the Hermitage to Ogden the other day and thought they had slipped one over on the bunch when they arrived 50 minutes ahead of time (they got picked up in an automobile, folks). They became so interested in Tom Mix at "The Cozy," however, that the 50 minutes slipped by and the train wouldn't wait, so the bunch arrived in Salt Lake 60 minutes ahead of them. Ha! Ha!

Ethel Farrell's a sweet girl all right, but she's a punk cook. Ralph Lambert didn't say so, but somebody saw him trying to eat a steak she cooked and Folks—he bent his fork trying to pick it up!

Incidentally, Mayor Francis has voiced the sentiment that Ogden should have a Wasatch Mountain Club. Why not establish a branch, we echo? It seems that the time is now opportune to extend our Club and make it a State organization. We would gladly welcome you, Ogden, as the first to our ranks.

Weather reports from Beeveedee Radio Station: Dry and warmer.

(Bill, it seems, is working on a new Receiving Machine calculated to receive more sound waves and less snow-balls and "Spring's offering.")

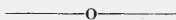


THE MORNING AFTER THE NIGHT BEFORE

Who thought up that snappy April Fool Joke? We all think it was a poser.

During all the ages that nature has worked upon her Utah masterpiece, never once has she used a dull chisel or an imperfect brush.

No wonder our membership has increased. But to accomplish our aim, it must increase still further. From now on we especially solicit as members people who are interested in Utah and the great outdoors. Particularly do we solicit the membership of travelers, authors, artists, scientists, etc., for we feel that the benefits will be mutual.



We believe that we have as members of our Club the finest young people in Salt Lake City. We, however, are not going to limit the membership to Salt Lake, as our Club will soon branch out over the whole State.

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Wasatch Mountain Club has come to mean high morality. Each trip is properly chaperoned, although with the type of members we have it is not really necessary. We desire and shall insist on keeping our organization free of undesirables.

It has been unanimously agreed that the dinner served Sunday afternoon at the Hermitage by members of the Wasatch Club was the best thing that has ever been accomplished in this way by the Club. Credit is due the Commissary Department, Alvin Lowe and the cooks for the splendid management, and to the orchestra, whose music made the affair doubly a treat.

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Nell: “Oh, Mayor, Mayor! It’s all off! It’s all off!”
Mayor Neslen (in great agitation): “Where, why? What’s all off!”

Nell: “Dr. Pfouts’ hair”

—o—

Gene—during Community Singing “contest”: “Now, in the best known musical circles “f” stands for “Forte.” What does “ff” stand for?

Aurora (without hesitation): “Eighty.”

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