

The Wasatch Rambler

1924-1925



"Onward and Upward"

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Incorporated

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Editorial



LN PUBLISHING this 1924-1925 Rambler, the Editorial Staff has tried to give to you in a material way that which will preserve for each one the Club memories he holds dear. In the ranks of the Wasatch Mountain Club associations are found and friendships made, which in the years to come, will prove to be invaluable. What could be finer than to turn to the pages of this book, and renew all the happy hours we have spent together! Then, too, for those who are not members, we want to present the Club as we are—an organization of enthusiastic lovers of the great outdoors, always loyal to our State and boosting her wonderful scenery. If we can realize that through the medium of the Rambler we have helped to preserve the memories of happy hours for each of our members and at the same time show to the public our good fellowship and spirit, then our purpose has indeed been fulfilled.



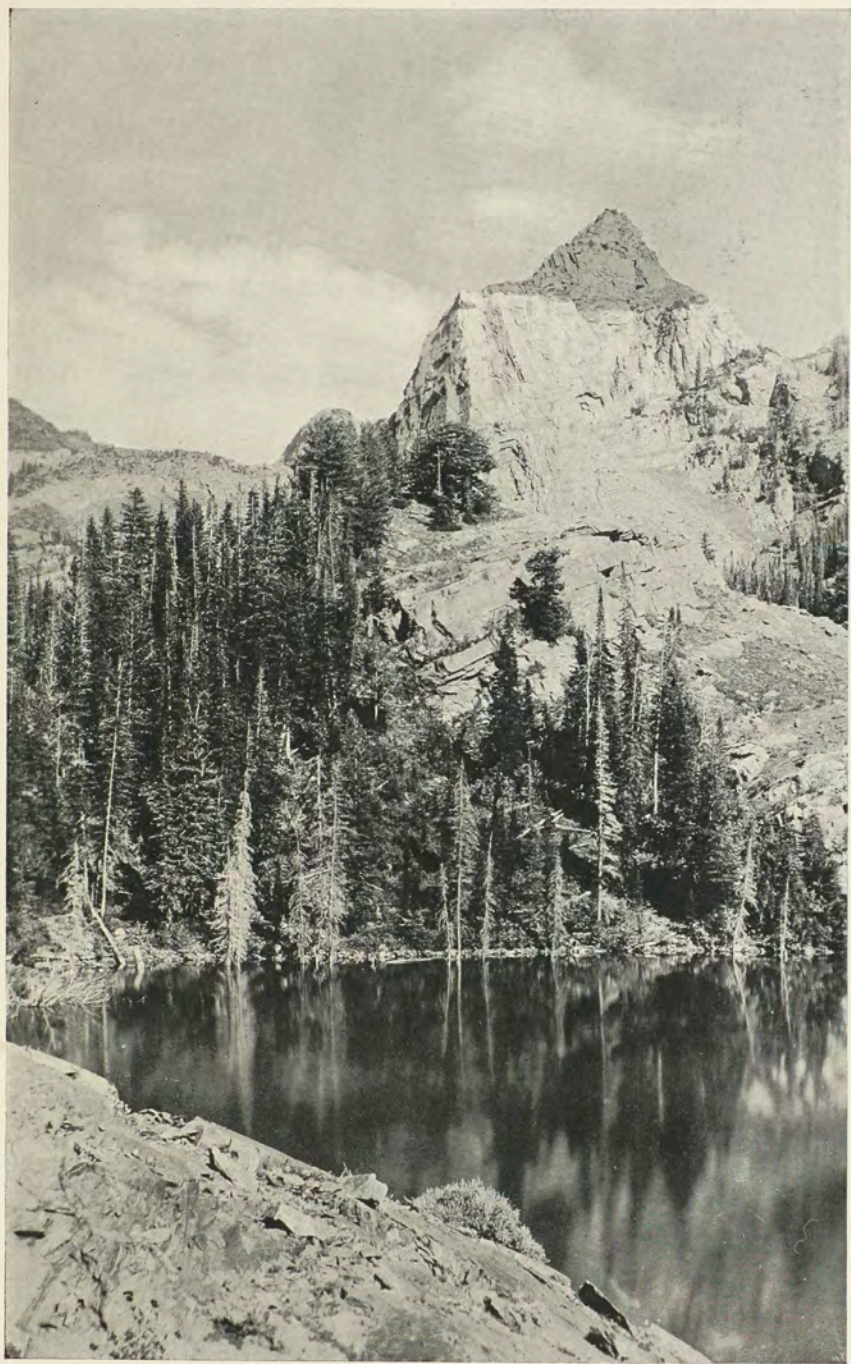
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LAKE FLORENCE AND THE GREAT SUN DIAL. MILL "B" FORK, BIG COTTONWOOD CANYON

LOOKING NORTHEAST FROM HEAD OF GLACIER ON MT. TIMPANOGOS. AMERICAN FORK CANYON IN CENTER FROM LEFT TO RIGHT

PHOTO COURTESY GEORGE K. LEWIS



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Learn How to Live Today

*Set eyes upon the mountain peak,
But keep your feet upon the road;
Dare any eminence to seek,
Despising not the daily load.
Cerulean the light that lies
Upon the granite hills of gray;
Look not so much to azure skies,
You see no primrose by the way.*

*Set eyes upon the eagle's flight,
Yet hear the warble of a thrush;
Strain not so madly for the height
You hear no music in the hush.
Above you stand the mighty throng
Who now Parnassus' nectar sip;
But give a comrade here a song
And learn the joy of fellowship.*

*Set eyes upon the mountain peak,
But keep your feet upon the road;
A word of courage to the weak,
A hand to share another's load.
Give comfort to the thirsty soul
That walks beside you on the way—
With still Tomorrow for your goal,
Learn how to live Today today.*

—DOUGLAS MALLOCH.

Pinecrest, 1924-1925

By ALTA OVERMEYER



HERE has been poetry and poetry written about snow capped peaks and mountain canyons, but who can estimate the poetic thoughts that flit through the minds or the majestic feelings that stir the hearts of the most prosaic as they traverse quiet, snow-filled canyons and gaze upon stately and aged pines. No one can know what another feels as he enters the snow clad mountains in winter, but surely in the heart of each there must dwell a reverence, and awe of the Maker of mankind, as he witnesses these mysteries of nature. In the subconsciousness of every member of the Wasatch Mountain Club, who has ever had a desire to visit Pinecrest in winter, there must dwell these feelings, but it is probably his great love for the out of doors and the thoughts of the fun in store that urge him to make the trip.

It was a jolly and carefree bunch that gathered one by one at Dr. Shafer's home on Wilson avenue on the afternoon of Dec. 31. Mulligan was in his best outing mood and indicated it by having us line up on the front porch and have our pictures snapped. Peggy had on so many clothes she actually looked fat. Feno and Ralph had already assumed the roles of kings and it didn't take us long to assume the part of their humble servants. With longing stomachs, we even watched Feno eat a meat pie, but never uttered a word. Imagine this from a gang whose favorite cry is "when do we eat?" and you can imagine how utterly we realized our inferior positions.

There were stacks and stacks of food, bread, rolls, apples, canned goods of every description, and a pan of some peculiar looking stuff that Ralph said was chili. When everything was loaded and we were ready to start Feno's mother called us in and we were treated to all we could eat of fruit cake and coffee. At one o'clock we were off amid a merry tingle of bells and a shower of snowballs, the last a contribution of a host of small spectators. Later we had occasion to look upon that departure with a feeling of sadness, for it was the last time on that trip that we were to see Feno with a clean shaven chin. Within a short time he became a splendid example of a caveman. No wonder he had such a host of feminine admirers. We proceeded out 17th South and at 11th East picked up our famous Hercules and a little later the incomparable Lew.

As we left the smoky city farther and farther behind, our cares dropped one by one from our shoulders. Our minds and beings became infused with the glory of living and we laughed with the utter abandonment of joy. The keen, pure air sent the blood bounding through our veins, and brought the color to our cheeks. Gradually we entered the mountain fastness, and began to sense the quietness of the white, soft-carpeted canyon, a feeling that uplifts the worst of us and sends us back to our prosaic lives better equipped to meet the adversi-

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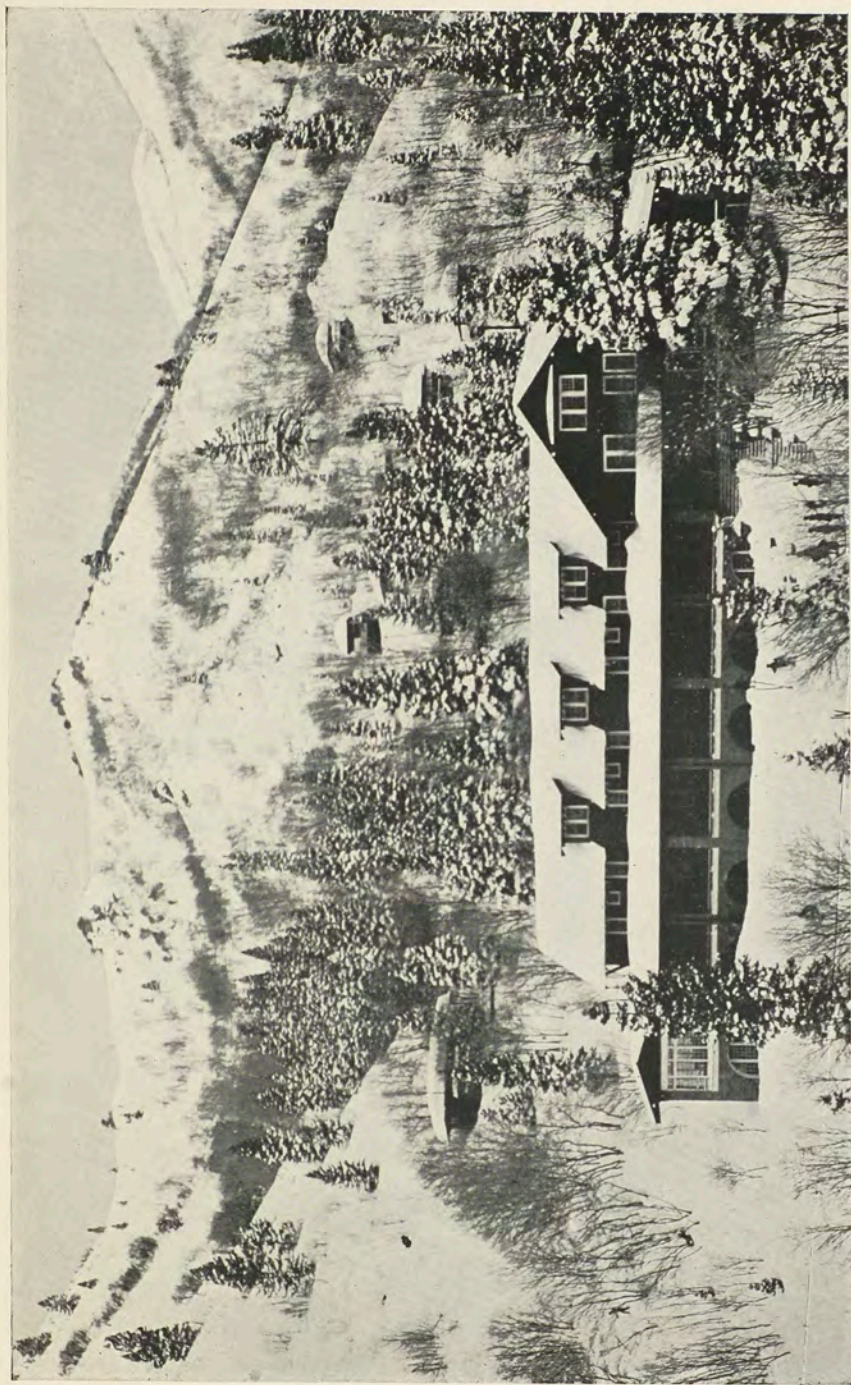
ties of life and to enjoy its kindnesses. Those of us who have lived in our eastern cities and know the limitations of the out doors back there, can best understand Arthur Chapman's poem "Out Where the West Begins," and know that here life is well worth living.

On the back of the second bob were fastened three toboggans. Most of us took a turn at one time or another performing acrobatic stunts on them. Before the trip was half over Mulligan decided to try his hand at driving the four horse team and for one who is accustomed to pulling teeth he did remarkably well. Peggy was riding on the bob ahead and had taken off her cap to fix her hair a little. Mulligan, trying to be funny, asked her if she was trying to get them all in one place. Lew was sufficiently awake to tell him that he, at least, had the advantage over Peggy, because he could chase his out in the open.

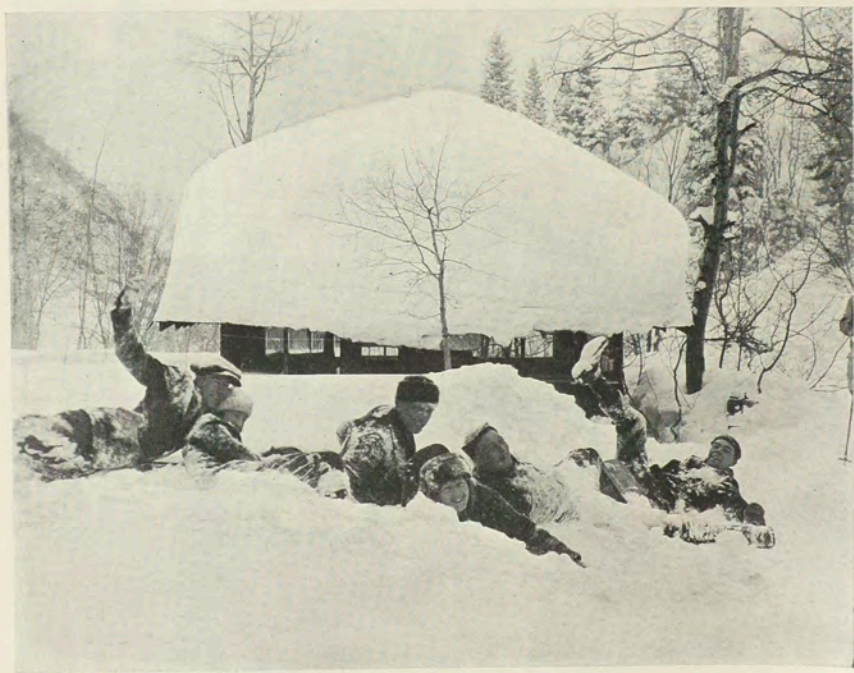
As it began to grow dark, we began to notice the change in temperature. Our feet got colder and colder, the horses had to rest more and more often, Pinecrest seemed to get farther and farther away, and thoughts of a hot supper and a blazing fire became keener and keener. Just as dusk was deepening into darkness we reached our destination. Nothing could have filled our hearts with greater joy than the picture of that famous hotel in its setting of white clad pine trees, and half buried in snow. The thing of greatest consequence was supper, and we take off our hats to the most popular and best appreciated persons present, our cooks. If any one not present thinks we subsisted on dry bread and coffee they don't understand the kind of cooks we had. The chief entertainment of the evening, to which we could not turn a deaf ear, were the squaks and groans of Harris' radio. Some of us managed to reach a stage where we were only partially conscious of these delightful noises and delighted ourselves describing the minister's cat and taking everything across the desert with us from devils to gypsy queens, the latter one of Doc. Hopkins' selections. We let the old year pass our without uttering even a squeek and then went to bed.

The first thing that smote upon our consciousness next morning was someone howling "last call for breakfast." It really was the first, but we didn't find that out until later. Probably those of you who know Feno best have never seen him shimmy, but he shimmied so violently while beating the pancake batter that he knocked the bottom right out of the jar it was in. Ralph's boots got a nice coating, and all we had was one pancake apiece. Then we all got to work—even Harris. Ham, Harriet and Gert trimmed everything they could find with green and red crepe paper, and hung around "Welcome 1925" signs. Mulligan became a charming chamber maid and with Freshie as an assistant, swept and dusted one room after another. Lew became chief bell boy, and had quite a task making keys fit. About noon the big gang arrived. Things seemed more natural to hear Fat's voice mingled with the hue and cry.

That night we were treated to another radio concert. Several selections were played complimentary to the Wasatch Mountain Club; also a mean joke was played, at least Harris thought so. Ham had been appointed chief of the first aid and it seems as though Harris was



PINECREST INN IN WINTER GARB. EMIGRATION CANYON



WINTER SCENES IN EMIGRATION CANYON

the first victim. You should have seen the pitiful expression on his face as Ham, Peggy and Ralph led him off. I don't know the exact story, but it seems as though the poor fellow shivered an endless time in a dark room, while his trousers lay hidden away. He probably can tell you the whole story.

One of the chief pastimes of the evening was the highly scientific game of Donkey, which many of us played with zest; that is, except Ed and Harriet. Vern suggested that the penalty be an apple rolling with the nose. As Ed and Harriet drew nearer and nearer to becoming the proverbial ass, the tension grew greater and greater, and then Harriet, with her prodigious nose, came off the victor. All things considered, she accomplished the rolling quite successfully. No other things of interest having happened, we all retired.

There was only one thing to mar the perfection of the trip and that was the absence of "Chick" Geurts. All who knew him missed him keenly. Somehow it didn't seem natural not to hear his infectious laughter, so we tried to make it up by writing to him. There were perhaps a dozen letters or more written, Feno's probably taking the prize as to length and topics of interest.

Friday morning came the same cry "last call for breakfast," but we were wise by this time and turned over for another nap. It wasn't possible, however, to ignore that repeated roar for long, so one by one we arose. The mush and coffee tasted delicious and in a measure prepared us for the forenoon in the open. Many of us had our first experience on skis that morning. Iva and I were companions in misery. We struggled heroically on with a never-say-die expression on our faces. Earl tripped gayly past on his skis, while we gazed upon his skill with admiration and longing in our souls. After about two hours we reached the others, who were on their way back. The return for me was a rapid series of tumbles in the snow. I wasn't able to sit down with any degree of comfort for a day or two. Iva took a graceful spill, then with horror, watched her skis glide silently into the creek about ten feet below. Fat played the Good Samaritan and recovered them for her. Snow covered and sore, with the exception of Hilmer, Lew, Bernice and the rest of the experts, we reached the Inn, and never before did creamed peas on toast taste like fruit cocktail, plank steak, chicken salad, chocolate ice cream and angel food cake, but they did, only a little more appetizing.

The afternoon was practically a repetition of the morning. That night came the real treat in the way of entertainment. Vern, Peggy and Feno had the box seat, but the rest of us managed to catch an occasional glimpse. The program opened with a clever Hawaiian dance by Al Campbell, followed by a reading by ditto. Then the curtain was hung for a minute and when it dropped many a feminine heart turned a hand spring or two. Peggy gasped audibly, for there was Lew, as a handsome young daredevil, perched upon a step ladder. As his voice swelled into the sad strains of "You Made Me What I Am Today," I am sure there were tears sparkling in many an eye. Then Audry jazzed in and the masculine hearts took their turn at gymnastics. She was clad

in a checkered skirt, dark blouse and white tam. The applause which followed the conclusion of the play was deafening. This was followed by a reading by Mulligan from *Ballads of the Cheekako*, by Robert W. Service. Lew sang several songs, which we truly enjoyed. The last number on the program was the characterization of two flappers at a movie, acted by Al and Virginia Campbell. We felt a little sorry for Al when she powdered her nose. Everyone choked sympathetically. At the close of the program, Iva took charge and lead the group in games. Those who saw Mulligan balance that pie tin on his head will never forget the sight. The thing seemed alive as it slipped and turned on the shiny surface, but Mullian kept manfully going and made the trip without mishap. Just as the games were beginning to grow a little monotonous the next gang put in its appearance, with Bill Allen and Jackie leading. After soup was served we were all glad to seek our beds.

The next morning and the same cry "last call for breakfast." It seems as though the members of the commissary could have changed the wording a little, but we had to get up to see if it really was the last call. There was many a boot lacing contest in front of the fireplace each morning. All that was lacking was a referee and a silver loving cup. Ralph brought the chili in to show it to some hungry citizen, stubbed his toe and sent the pan skidding over the floor. It was recovered in an undamaged state. One of the mysteries of the trip was the disappearance of "Earl," Al Campbell's dog. Everyone had begun to take quite an interest in him, when suddenly he came up missing. Suspicion pointed to Dr. Pfouts. The next day the mulligan was particularly appetizing, but the mystery of the disappearance of "Earl" is still unsolved. Then there was a tragedy. Angelica got rolled in the snow. In the afternoon Bill Allen entertained us by reading several selections from *Ballads of the Cheekako*. One especially dramatic one was the *Ballad of the Brand*. In order to increase interest he substituted Feno for Philo. It was the story of a brawny blacksmith, Tellus, his wife, and her lover Philo, or Feno. The next day the story was dramatized.

About seven o'clock, without warning, Einar led in the last gang, which had left Salt Lake about three thirty. While we were eating our chili, with keen relish, old Santa Claus put in his appearance. Gene was delighted to receive a doll. Feno received the baseball bat a little too late to be of much service to him, because by that time he had the bunch pretty well trained. Pa Parry was quite speechless with joy when he saw that his package contained a compass. There is no danger of him ever again being lost in the wilds in a fog. There was something for each. After supper the lobby and dining room were cleared and the dance was on. Paper caps appeared from nowhere and soon everyone was dancing in a tangle of serpentine. Bill Allen furnished the jazz and the whirl of the dancers progressed. About midnight Fat lead the whole gang in a snake dance. A few of the weary ones had dropped on the floor in front of the fireplace and couldn't be induced to move. It was a day never to be forgotten at Pinecrest.

One of the most pleasant features of the trip was the food. Everything was well cooked and served. The best of all were the baked apples stuffed with nuts and raisins, and covered with whipped cream. Roast pork, fried parsnips, French toast, everything showed that our cooks were of the best and ever we will sing their praises.

Sunday morning and the same cry "last call for breakfast." The only one who successfully slept through that call was Gert Sommers, which she did each morning. After breakfast nearly every one went out to enjoy the open. Harry Nelson experienced the greatest tragedy when he took a tumble and busted his skis. When they cracked he thought it was his head. We are glad to have him still in our midst. Just before lunch there was a game of Donkey in progress. Bill Allen had named the penalty as a dramatization of the Ballad of the Brand. Bill Jones, Elma Johnson and Harry Nelson became the donkeys, and therefore, had the honor of being the actors. Bill, as Philo, or Feno, the lover, "handsome as an Apollo and fair as an Adonis," was certainly all that a lover should be, and Harry, as Tellus the blacksmith, bounding up the hill as a lovesick boy, showed marked dramatic ability. The play progressed, Philo was beaten by the mighty Tellus, and the lovely, fair, young wife was forced to brand her lover on the forehead and each "soft cheek." It was heart-rending.

At lunch some of us sampled for the first time, and some tasted again, Dr. Pfouts' famous mulligan. It was the acme of perfection. Peggy says she taught him how to make it. Some couldn't tell how many bowls of it they ate for they lost count. Not long after lunch the sleighs were packed one by one, and began their trip back to Salt Lake. To the mind of each, in the dim days of the future, when the trip to Pinecrest has become only a memory, there will come the picture of that hotel, in its setting of snow, there will ring in the ears the merry, carefree laughter, mingled with familiar voices. Always it will be a memory to keep and treasure. The fun wasn't quite over for those who returned in the same bob with Bill Allen. He told us marvelous stories of Rosie, who was a peach, and Rebecca, who was a fine oil can, and of a modest little pansy, and a little cloudlet. It was about eight o'clock when we arrived at the high school. Another trip to Pinecrest passed into history.



Goodfellowship and sociability is always prevalent with the Wasatch Mountain Club, and as such, extends a welcome to all lovers of nature and seekers of healthful outdoor recreation.



To Leon P. Stoney we are indebted as usual for the selection and preparation of the photographic material in this book.

Easter at the Hermitage



O, I don't like Salt Lake," I told them. "You don't know a thing about Salt Lake," snapped the Husky Hiker. She worked in the same office as I and she had won the name Husky Hiker by her enthusiasm over trips afoot into the mountains. "You travel a little path from your room to the office and from the office to the library, and you know a few streets and buildings, and a few people perhaps, so you presume to pass judgment on Salt Lake."

"Is that so?" I retorted. "I suppose you think I'd broaden my point of view if I'd get out in the mountains some cold winter day and wallow around in six feet of snow."

"It wouldn't hurt you," she agreed calmly, and I suppose I flushed. Her tone made me a little angry.

"You really should go out with us some time, though, Mr. Mann," she urged. "And then Salt Lake would mean as much to you as it does to all of these out-of-doors people. Why Salt Lake is the doorway to the most glorious country in the land if one but knew it."

I smiled.

"Yeh. And I suppose the Wasatch Mountain Club is the key that opens the door, eh?" I supplied, knowing well from past experience what her next argument was to be.

"Well, it opened the door for me," she challenged, and then she was off again on the subject of this club to which she belonged. This time she even tried to sell me a membership.

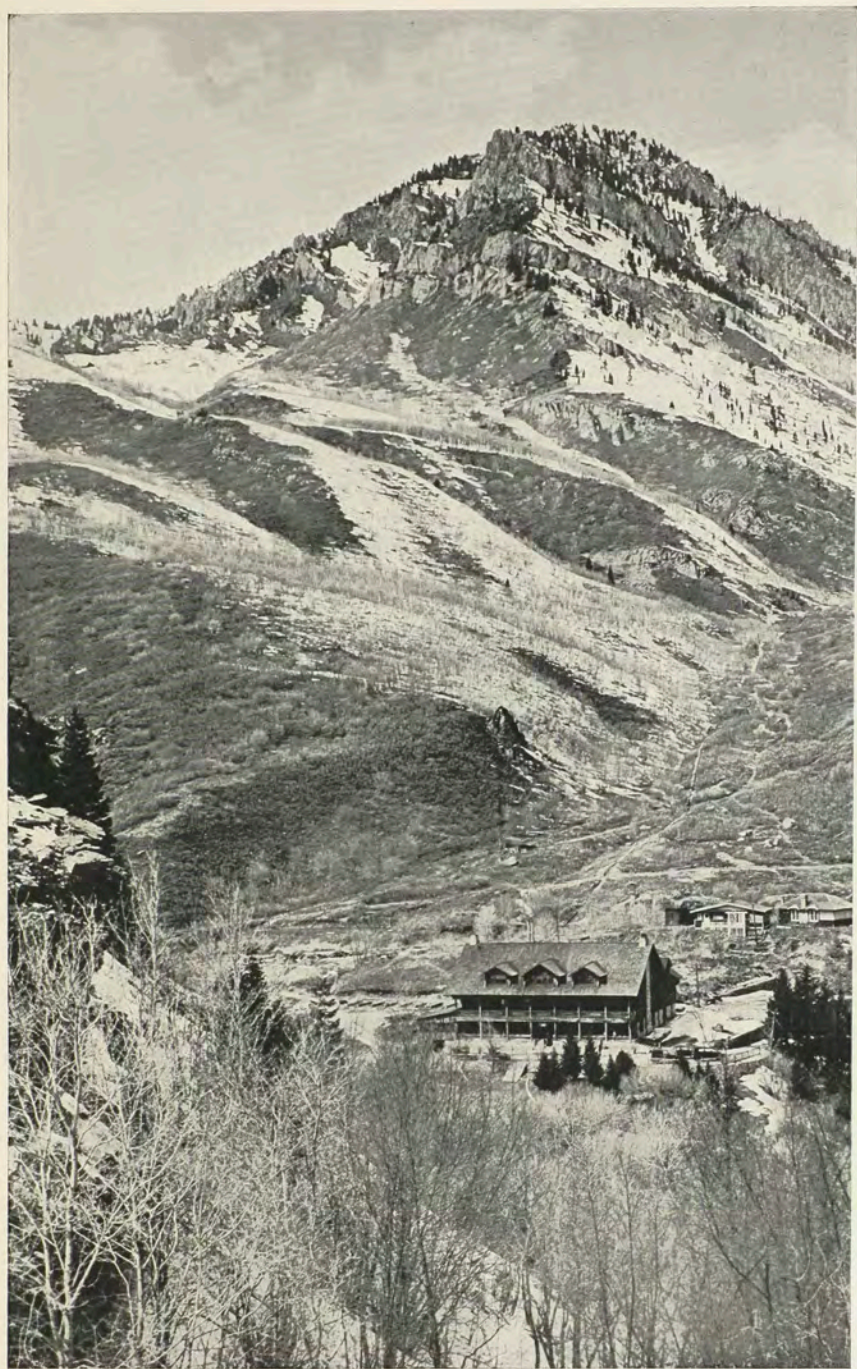
And she did.



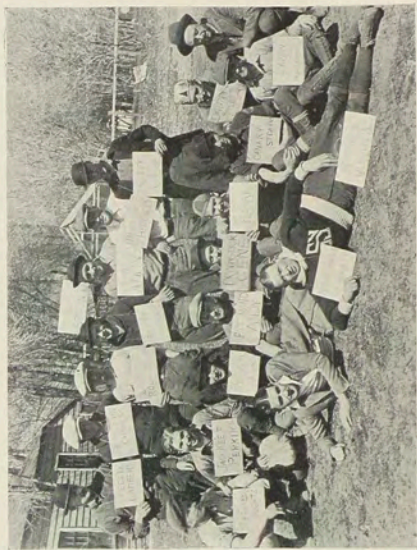
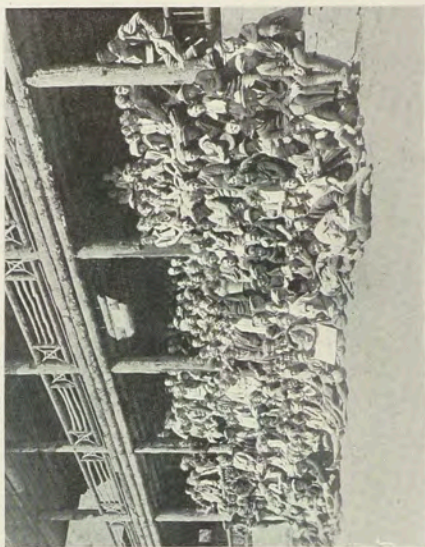
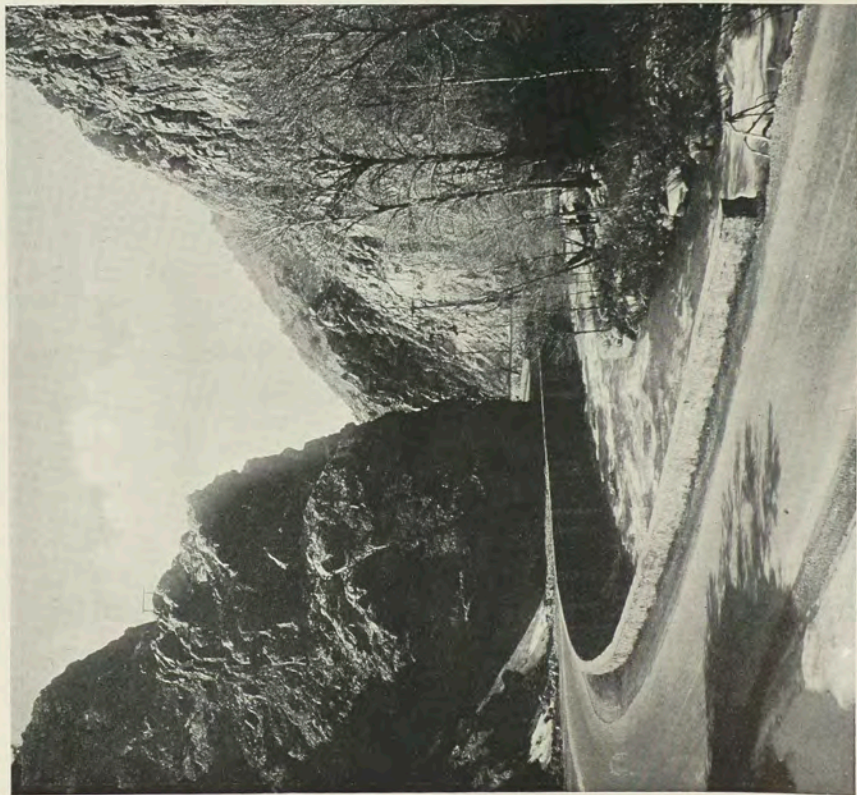
That was in 1924. The first trip I took with the club was to the Hermitage Inn in Ogden Canyon over Easter Sunday. The Husky Hiker seemed to have some doubts as to my powers of endurance so she suggested this as "an easy trip." The Easter trip, I learned, was an annual event with the club, and, in 1923, the Hermitage had been established as the place of meeting.

In 1924, Easter Sunday fell on April 20th. On Saturday, April 19th, according to schedule, I was at the Interurban depot in Salt Lake, substantially dressed in khaki and equipped with a roll of bedding. The place buzzed with greetings and the chatter of young folks, all attired as I. It seemed as if all Salt Lake was bound for camping.

I hesitated on the edge of the crowd. Everyone seemed to know everyone—I was a stranger. But just then I spied the Husky Hiker. She introduced me informally to a group and it surprised and pleased me to see that I was readily accepted. I lost my feeling of strangeness in their pleased greeting and was soon talking and chatting with them all.



HERMITAGE HOTEL, OGDEN CANYON



LEFT—THE NARROWS, OGDEN CANYON. UPPER RIGHT—WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB GROUP AT THE HERMITAGE. LOWER RIGHT—THE "SHEPHERDERS" AND THE "SONS OF CAIN."

"It all rests with you now," the Husky Hiker told me. "If you're game and observe standards, you're already established. Otherwise, of course, you'd gradually find yourself dropped."

Before dusk, all the noise and laughter from the Interurban depot in Salt Lake had been transferred via the Bamberger Electric and the Ogden railway to the mountains above Ogden, Utah.

I can't forget the feeling that came to me as we approached the mountains. This was my first real experience close up to mountains, and as we entered the canyon I was filled with a sort of reverential awe. When I stepped from the train into the open at the Hermitage, a sense of man's insignificance came to me more forcibly than ever before. We were like pigmies as we stood in the canyon with high mountains rising like impressive guardians on either side of us. My next reaction was a sense of pleasure and freedom that crowded out the superficialities of everyday life. I found myself mixing gratefully with the happy crowd and involuntarily mingling my laughter with theirs, while a phrase from the Bible, "Let the mountains shout for joy," occurred to me. The mountains were literally throbbing with joy that night. They caught up the echoes from the canyon and tossed them along from ridge to ridge until the whole universe seemed pulsing with happy laughter.

The Inn was large and rustic, but when I saw the crowds pouring from the electric cars, I wondered if, after all, it was large enough to hold the Mountain Club. I, myself, was promptly assigned a corner on the floor in a room upstairs (the beds were reserved for the ladies, as should be) and I observed the Inn had many corners, so I considered the problem settled. I dispatched my roll of bedding and hurried down to the lower floor again, where things appeared already to be happening. The Inn seemed to have expanded, for the crowd was all housed.

The Easter trip for 1924 apexed anything the club had before attempted, I understood, and I have seen nothing to quite equal it since. There were 225 registered, and on Sunday, that number was augmented by 25 who dropped in for the Easter services and for dinner afterward.

For me, the crowd soon began to radiate personalities. Instead of a group, merely, I began to see individuals. "Doc," "Pa," "Gene," "Fat," "Dan," "Chick," "Leon,"—I soon was able to single out many of the older members whose names were frequently heard. These were all working, and there was much work to be done. The matter of housing and feeding 250 people is no small item, but the work seemed to be part of the game and those who were busiest appeared to be enjoying life the most. Among the steady workers, I mention particularly one, Doc Shafer. He was leader of the trip and in charge of the commissary, and he was entirely O. K.

I heard someone remark that the Wasatch Mountain Club slogan should be "When do we eat?" and someone else said that was a stale joke. But I was ready to adopt it as my slogan without reservation. The mountain air did things to my appetite and the dinner bell was like

the peal of sweet music to me. The only reason I wasn't ashamed of myself when I sat down to a table was that 249 people seemed to be keeping pace with me.

But eating, while the big item, wasn't the only thing that counted. Things kept happening in a splendidly informal way from the moment we arrived. A big ball was announced and we hurried off in the direction pointed; it was a big ball all right—a big rubber one—and the huskies kept it bouncing in front of the Inn until dark came down from the mountains and obscured its outlines. Music sounded. We hurried into the Inn. The club's own orchestra, with "Pa" Parry in charge, handed out delicious snatches of harmony and jazz that shook the dust from our hiking boots and set them off into rhythmic pacing. A fish pond attracted a crowd. I got a bag of marbles for my nickel and there were others young enough to enjoy a game with me. A trumpet call sounded. The dancers fell back against the wall to make way for a dignified procession. Eleven fellows, with stiff, flat derbies pulled low over solemn faces, stalked by. Fat Atkins announced them. They were the "Sons of Cain." He ceremoniously undid a pretentious scroll and in a loud voice announced a ball game for the morrow between the "Sons of Cain" and the "Sheepherders," prophesying, of course, overwhelming defeat for the "Sheepherders." But later the "Sheepherders" filed in to soft rumbly music, with measured tread, heads bowed and bared, and handkerchiefs in action. They wept over an effigy of the "Sons of Cain" they carried on a bier. Then they sang—and the audience wept. They had many verses to the tune of "It Ain't Gonna Rain no More," and each individual "Son of Cain" was dealt with and disposed of without mercy. Came next a dramatic production—"Christopher Columbus" brought down to modern times. Gene Amott, president of the club, played the role of Chris, Arvil (Arvilla for the occasion) Atkins was Queen Isabella, and Bill Jones played the part of the dignitary, King Ferdy. The costumes were ingeniously gotten up from hiking paraphernalia. The play? Well, I believe it was an epoch in the dramatic history of the club. Of course the evening ended with everybody singing "The End of a Perfect Day," and then some of us hit the hay and some the boards. Quiet settled over the Hermitage. The echoes died down in the canyon, and the mountains—tall, impressive guardians—watched quietly above us as we slept.

I liked the Easter services that were conducted the next morning. I was won by the idea of this pleasure-loving group turning thus to more sober phases of life. And they accepted this feature of the program with the same eagerness with which they had accepted the jollity of the night before. The members of the Club represent many faiths, so the services were non-sectarial. They were opened with a simple prayer, spoken by one of the members, giving thanks for the out-of-doors, for the beauty of nature, and for the opportunities that lay before us to enjoy them. Then followed a few appropriate songs by the congregation, a violin solo by Miss Reynolds, and Professor Runzler of the University of Utah was announced with a lecture on "The Passion Play."

Professor Runzler had been many times to Oberammergau, the little village in Bavaria where every ten years, in fulfillment of a vow taken in 1633 in gratitude for deliverance from a plague, the people of the village present a play portraying the life and suffering of the Saviour. Professor Runzler had collected many pictures which he had adapted to the screen, and while he told appealingly the story of the people of Oberammergau, and of the "Passion Play," pictures illustrating his theme were thrown on the screen. What he told us was full of interest, and to the prayer closing the session was added thanks for the inspiration received from the story of the people of Oberammergau.

After the services I was drafted. I had my initiation to K. P. and while cheers rolled up the canyon, announcing that the "Sons of Cain" and the "Sheepherders" were mixing in the promised ball game, I helped change the dining room from a meeting room to an eating room and then helped apply the masher to barrels of potatoes while around me pork chops were frying, salad was in the making and dainties were being prepared.

The dinner bell sounded and life buzzed fast around the Inn once more. The ball game had been a great struggle, we cooks learned, and the "Sons of Cain" came out victorious. They told the story of the ball game over the dinner tables, while dishes rattled and the orchestra, coaxed into postponing their own dinners, played snappy airs.

All good things must come to a close. It was dark as we rode back on the train to Salt Lake and I sat close to the window, tired, but happily tired, and thought over this new phase of life that had come to me. It had been a great experience. I felt somehow I had gained a new point of view and a new understanding of my fellows and of life. I was going with the club again.

Back at the interurban depot in Salt Lake, the Husky Hiker, herself a little dusty and tired looking, edged over to me.

"Well, Mr. Mann," she teased. "How do you like Salt Lake?"

"I like it," I told her.



Gert—Are you fond of hens?

L. P.—Oh, is your mother going to live with us?

Lew—What would you say if I kissed you on the mouth?

Alice—I wouldn't be in a position to speak.

Verda—I make my living with my head.

Gene—Pretty soft!

Angus—A kiss is the language of love.

Harriet—Well, why don't you say something?

The Cruise of the Prairie Schooner or Fourteen Days in Southern Utah

An intimate revelation of the secrets of the trip

by

A MEMBER OF THE PARTY

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Bill (Wm.) Latimer	High Mogul, Chief Dishwasher, Etc.
Alma Buck	Assistant Ditto
Louis Monter	Lou, or "Our Driver"
Fred Umplebee	Major Hoople, Doctor, The Dancing Fool, etc.
Theodore Sperry	Ted
Charles Guertz	Charlie, Chick
Arthur Thomas	Brother Thomas, or Art
Mr. Stevens	Uncle Steve
Isabel	The Isabel of the Buck Sisters
Dorothy Monter	Miss Darchy
Mary Hinneman	Miss Mary, or "The Silent Woman"
Letitia Flint	Tish
Josephine Sherman	Jo
Fanny Draper	Fanny of the Land Office
Luella Hunter	Luellie

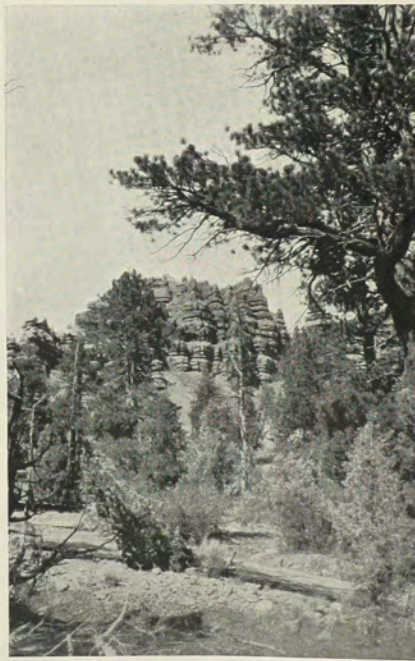
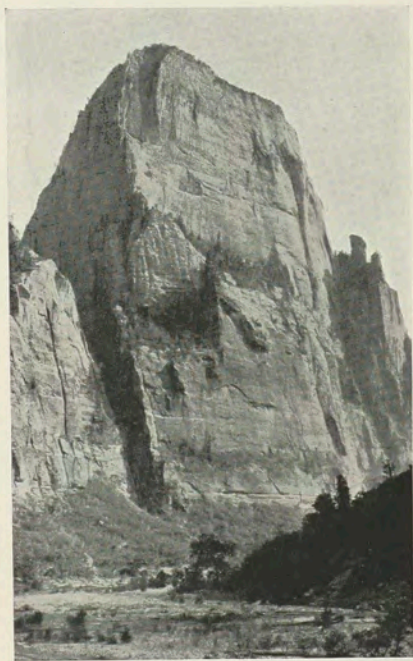
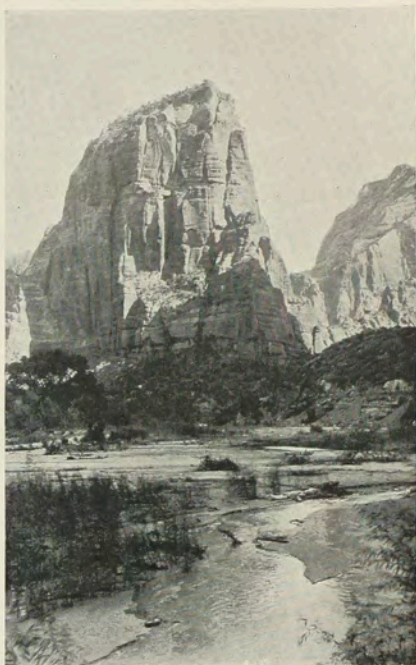
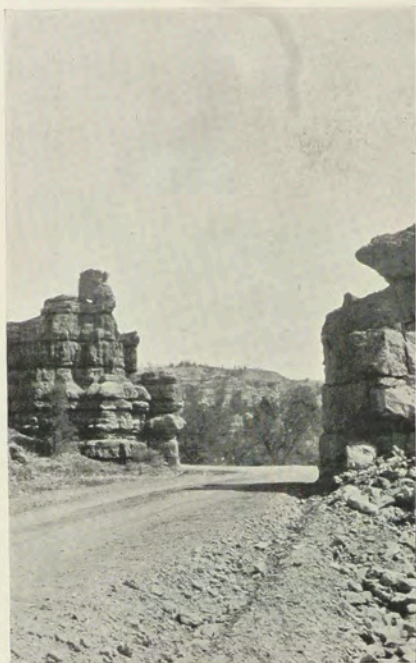
TO begin at the beginning—in the month of June, in the year 1924, a party of fifteen hardy pioneers, or their representatives, met in the office of Dr. Feno Shaffer, and after a serious discussion of some length, decided to investigate the rumor that there existed in southern Utah, a place called Bryce Canyon, and another place called Zion National Park, and even decided to venture down into Arizona to look into the theory propounded by wise scientists, that there was an immense crack in the earth, called the Grand Canyon. Deciding to emulate Columbus, they were determined to go on, and on, and on until they finally did come to this Grand Canyon.

In order to reach these places other than on foot, it was decided to charter the motor driven prairie schooner "Wasatch Mountain Club," with its driver, Lou Monter. This decision was reached after considering Lou's qualifications as a driver, and also his ability to "rouse them out in the mornings."

And so it was that on the fifteenth day of June, 1924, a small, but determined party set out from the Salt Lake Theater, Salt Lake City, Utah, to see Bryce, Fish Lake, the Kaibab Forest, Grand Canyon, and Zion National Park, or bust. As is customary, the party did not start on time. It was revealed later that the delay was caused by Laughing Chick Guertz, who, after reading the latest men's journals on "What Men Should Wear for the Occasion," had purchased a corduroy suit. (Chick had decided that if his record were to go down in



WASATCH GROUP ON SOUTHERN UTAH TRIP "THE CRUISE OF THE PRAIRIE SCHOONER."



SCENES IN SOUTHERN UTAH'S SCENIC WONDERLAND. UPPER LEFT—ENTRANCE TO RED CANYON. UPPER RIGHT—ANGEL'S LANDING, ZION NATIONAL PARK. LOWER LEFT—THE GREAT WHITE THRONE, ZION NATIONAL PARK. LOWER RIGHT—SCENE IN RED CANYON ON THE ROAD TO BRYCE

history, he wanted to be properly attired for the occasion.) The corduroy breeches were all right—in fact, they were very beautiful—but not on Chick, as he discovered on the morning of departure. They were rather close fitting. Yes, Chick managed to patch his old trousers before starting out.

DO STRAWBERRIES GROW IN NEPHI?

Lou Monter says they do, and promised a strawberry bust for lunch. However, the scouting party, which brought back ice cream, reported that there were six strawberries growing in the city of Nephi. These were on exhibition, but were not for sale. But Leader Bill rose nobly to the occasion, and to distract the attention of his group from their sorrows, gave a very interesting performance of sword swallowing by eating his ice cream with the butcher knife.

WILL THE SANDS OF THE DESERT GROW COLD?

We are very doubtful. Our driver, Lou, a member of the Skeptics Society, managed a blowout somewhere out on the desert, where the hot winds were blowing, in order to give each member the opportunity of testing out the theory. By the time the tire was changed, it was decided that the sands would not grow cold.

WOULD CHICK MAKE A GOOD ANGEL?

We don't think so. His efforts to fly are sincere enough, but he is lacking in technique, as evidenced by his flying leap for the truck as it was leaving Gunnison. But we agree with Chick that it is better to have tried and failed, thereby attracting attention, than to have been left behind.

DO YOU LIKE FROG'S LEGS IN EMBRYO?

"Over the ocean wave,
Water six inches deep,
The pollywog wagged his tail,
And tears ran down his cheek."

But really, the Burrville reservoir is a nice place. The moonlight on the water is very beautiful, and it is a veritable love ground for the moon-eyed frogs and skaters.

In the dark we noticed that our water had a peculiar flavor, but not until morning did we discover that we had been drinking pollywogs, and other denizens of the swamp.

But the tent poles here need especial mention. They were probably designed in the Inquisition Period, because of the many prongs sticking out of them. However, they did not fall, so all the girls lived safely through the night.

HOW CAN ONE FISH BECOME TWO?

Our driver, Lou, who turned out to be a fisher of fish, is willing to go before the court and swear that he caught only one fish out of Fish Lake. Major Hoople thinks, however, that he can throw some light on the subject, but is rather reticent about giving his discovery to the world.

Chick wants to know why bob-cats do not have tails. He does not think they have, but he was running too fast to make sure of this fact.

IS BILL A JUSTICE OF THE PEACE?

He said that he was—vested with full authority to marry, etc. And to prove his authority he grabbed off two disinterested, self-respective members of the party and forced them to answer in the affirmative, the questions in the marriage ceremony.

It was at this celebration that Major Hoople first proved his ability as a dancer. Only at one other time did he improve upon the act that he offered at this evening's entertainment. His dialogue between dances was especially excellent. When he uttered such phrases as "And you always take down your hair with your left hand—" he had the entire party bubbling with uncontrollable mirth.

THE BRYCE CANYON FLOOD.

We had been warned that there was danger of drowning in the numerous lakes and sparkling streams that added to the charm of Bryce. It was also reported that there was a wonderful spring in the bottom of Bryce. It seems, however, that the report about the flood waters of Bryce was a base lie, or something lowdown. So far as our party of investigators was able to determine, Bryce was as dry as the Eighteenth Amendment was intended to be.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA GLEE CLUB ENTERTAINS AT PANGUITCH.

At least that was the name under which Major Hoople announced the party to the natives of Panguitch. But before starting the evening's entertainment, it was found advisable to institute a general clean-up. Most of the party retired to the barber shop, and practically all those who weren't shaved were shorn. Alma, in her nervousness at having her hair cut, and being unaccustomed to the barber's chairs—but visualize the scene:

A native of Panguitch in the one barber chair, all lathered up, and a barber shaving him, and our fair Alma in the next chair, white towel around her neck, ready to be shorn. At the approach of the barber, gleaming shears in hand, Alma turns pale, and gives a lunge as if to escape. With the unexpected movement of its occupant, the chair swings around, Alma kicks the first named barber, who in turn narrowly misses cutting the throat of the man who is being shaved. The native of Panguitch thinks that woman are all right in their places, but those places aren't barbers' chairs.

In spite of the publicity given the affair, only two customers came to the evening performance of the Glee Club of the University of Arizona, held in the public camping grounds, near the church, and the court house. And even this small audience (girls) seemed unappreciative and inclined to run away. Chick was anxious to show them a good time though. He even fell down because of his eagerness to get to dance with one of them.

Those of the party who knew him admit that in spite of the discouragement of so small an audience, it was on this occasion that Fred reached the crowning point of his career. It was at this time that he introduced his two newest dances, "The Swallow's Farewell," and the "Dying Swan." His program was varied. His imitation of the grafanola record "The Little Wooden Whistle" could scarcely be detected

from the original. And his dumb choir practice, conducted with the large cooking spoon for a baton, could not be excelled by any of the great masters of the world. The entertainment was brought to an end by the departure of the visiting girls, whom Fred followed.

The morning broke, cold and freezing. Darkness reigned in the hearts of every one, for it was on this morn that Chick parted from the company on his long long hike of sixty-three miles to Cedar City.

This dreadful cold—this piercing cold—stayed with us until we reached Alton, where Bill put us through the "daily dozen," and lifted our spirits, as well as our arms, thereby warming us up.

ON TO THE GRAND CANYON!

Well, yes, the Grand Canyon is there, just where it should be, and the desert and the Kaibab Forest are just to the north of it.

DID JOSEPHINE RIDE OR WALK TO THE BOTTOM OF THE CANYON?

The guide explained that it was customary for tourists to ride burros down to the bottom of the Grand Canyon, but in the case of Josephine it would perhaps be better to give her something taller, such as a horse, so that she would not have to walk all the way, astraddle of an animal. All three of our venturesome ladies, Mary, Tish, and Jo, came back from the bottom of the canyon to boast to those of us who did not go that they had had three baths and two good meals at the Phantom Ranch. Well, we're glad that we didn't go. To have to take one bath would have been bad enough, but three baths . . . !

WHAT WAS THE SECRET OF UNCLE STEVE'S BRIEF CASE?

Ask Alma and Bill, they don't know, in spite of their clever strategy to find out. By this time the unsatisfied curiosity of the party had caused Bill to resort to the ruse of sending Uncle Steve for water, while he (Bill), and Alma made an attempt to solve the secret of the brief case. The secret was not solved—the brief case was locked, and even when they peeked through the cracks, they discovered that the manuscript was written in German.

Inspired by Uncle Steve's courageous example, our reckless Ted bravely decided to try to reach the bottom by going straight down the side. After slipping and falling in a bramble bush, which held him from going over a cliff, he decided to return to camp.

Encouraged by the several honeymooning couples who were cooing in camps near ours, Bill proceeded to take up a discussion of "The Philosophy of Love." The discussion was handled very intelligently and systematically, following the outline of Elinor's (Glynn was the last name) book by the same name. Each member of the party was assigned a subject to discuss. Some very interesting facts were brought out.

The following morn brought a trip to the cliff dwellings, just underneath the rim of the canyon. Well, they were ruins, and so were we by the time we got back to camp. But Dorothy got some lovely pine cones and nice big rocks to carry home. (We wonder—has anyone warned Lou not to start a fight with Dorothy—now that she has this large supply of ammunition?)

DO WE LOVE THE COWBOYS AT JACOB'S LAKE?

The lady members of the party thought that they would, until they saw them close up. Fifteen unshaven, unwashed, uncombed cowboys is quite a dose to spring all at once on romantically minded girls, expecting to see the cowboys of Zane Grey's novels. It has been explained by those who wished to defend the cowboys, that on a round-up the riders scarcely have time to eat, and no time at all to shave. However, the biscuit shooter did look like he had just escaped from jail. All in all, the reception given them was so freezing that it was deemed almost advisable to take hot baths to counteract the chill some of the party might have taken.

IT'S A LONG, LONG WALK TO HURRICANE!

But the Dust Eaters' Convention convenes in the middle of the desert and subsists on sand and desert sunshine, of which there is plenty.

We don't know whether it was because we were "nice girls," and Lou was a sheik, or what, but we do know that he turned us out to walk, ten miles from Hurricane, in the worst desert of all. Bill stayed with Lou to try to reason with him, but we don't know just how successful Bill would have been if other circumstances hadn't arisen.

DO THEY NEED A BRIDGE ACROSS THE VIRGIN RIVER IN ZION NATIONAL PARK?

Fred favors the suggestion. He says that his interpretive dancing does not call for tripping through the water in the Virgin River on a cool, moonlit evening.

But Bill, ah, he was the hero of the hour. By using his keen, analytical mind, he figured out a method by which the ladies could cross dry-shod. He even offered to let Fred try it, but Fred was somewhat distrustful, not without cause we should say. And you ask, "What was this method?" It was none other than crossing the river on Bill's back. Oh, yes, Bill is even better than Sir Walter Raleigh.

WHAT HAPPENED TO THE EARLY MORNING HIKE TO THE RIM OF ZION?

It seems that it was lost in the snores that were prevailing in the camp until about nine a. m. Well, anyhow, horseback rides were indulged in during the afternoon and evening hours. Tish, Mary, and Jo know. They got lost in the dark.

Fred also demonstrated that if he wasn't a hiker, he was at least a fortune teller—Ask Uncle Steve.

WHO BROUGHT THE GOAT AROUND THE CORNER OF THE TENT?

Some say that Uncle Steve did the dastardly deed. Who can say? Is it not slander to accuse him of trying to turn a goat into a tent full of sleeping girls? But who knows who did it? Certainly not Luellie.

And thus ends the tale of the cruise of the motor driven prairie schooner. All members of the party were returned to their homes—well, no—not quite in the same condition as when they left them, but happy nevertheless. The official report of the investigating party states emphatically that Bryce, Zion, and the Grand Canyon are in their respective places—that the story is no myth—and that nothing makes Bill mad.

The Granddaddy Lakes Trip

By LELAND D. HARRIS



N Wednesday evening, July 23, at 7:30 p. m., thirty members of the Wasatch Mountain Club, after having a sunset photo of the group taken in front of the Salt Lake Theater, left for Granddaddy Lakes. We had luggage packed high on the two trucks used which were Lou Monter's, and one belonging to the Bingham Stage line, driven by Mose Evans. All were thrilled as we departed at thought of the long expedition that greeted us. Before we go too far on our trip, I will give you an introduction to the crowd, beginning with the ladies: Enone Dalley, Gertrude Sommers, Harriet Magdiel, LaVerne Beuter, Gladys Thompson, Joan Fendeis, Josephine Cunningham, Elizabeth Crawford, Marjorie Iverson, Mrs. Nettie M. Graves, Zelda Kirkham, Leona Billings, Bertha Barney, Doris McCrea, Melva Chipman and Lucile Neal; while the rest were, Bill Neal, Bill Jones, Bill "Doc" Sprunt, R. J. Gordon, Hilmer Forslund, Ross Ramsey, A. M. Mortimer, Lowry Bennett, Charles Garnick, Harry Earl, Frank Hayward, Joe Robison, F. M. Wichman and Leland Harris.

Our trucks stayed close together until we began climbing a hill in Parleys Canyon when a large touring car coming down full speed, right in the middle of the road, with its rear door open, struck our truck, tearing the door off the touring car and pulling several packs from the truck, at the same time scattering their contents everywhere. It took some time to gather things up and get started again.

When we arrived at the dividing roads near Park City, we turned to the left, as we didn't see Monter's truck anywhere. We drove for a distance of about two miles and found ourselves on a lonely road and noticed numerous cars across the canyon, but we found no bridge to cross the river, so returned to Park City crossroads again, and finally found a road to the right a few feet away, which led us back to the main highway again.

When we arrived at Kamas, Monter's truck was waiting for us and from that time on we kept ahead. On coming to Wolf Creek Canyon, the road was a little rough and Leona Billings, who was sitting between Lee Harris and the truck driver, had to hold on somewhere, so later she was accused of putting her arm around Mose Evans, the driver.

Most everyone was asleep by now, as it was the wee small hours of the morning, and no one spoke. Those who stayed awake enjoyed the wonderful scenery, by the light of the bright moon, of the deep canyons, with their streams of glistening water. We arrived at Frank Savage's Ranch at 3:30 a. m. Thursday, and most everyone made their little "white" bed on the ground and had a few winks of sleep before daylight.

When morning arrived, we divided into small groups and prepared something to eat, and while frying eggs, Gladys Thompson took a hand and say but she could fry them! The way she tossed them in the pan to turn them over would make the man on the package of "Albers" Flapjack Pancake flour blush with shame. At 9:15 we left Savage's Ranch for a 10 mile hike to the lakes, up Hades Canyon,, and it was a good thing for us that we left our packs for the horses to bring later, else we might have given that trail another name.

It was six miles to Granddaddy Lake and there were so many who would stop to rest that Lee must have decided to be the first to get there and get an eye-full of the beautiful scenery that was to come. At the crest of the ridge where one got their first glimpse of the lake, were chalk marks "Arrived here 11:55 a. m." This place, high in the Uintah Mountains, 10,500 feet above sea level and about 110 miles from Salt Lake City, was beyond description, as one would become transfixed by the grandeur and scenic beauty that presented itself. You will see a thunderstorm come up in a few minutes and disappear as quickly and the sun come out and laugh about the little rain that just had passed away.

We had lunch on the shore of another beautiful body of water, Island Lake, and here we could see Mt. Agassiz and Bald Mountain. We had to wait half an hour for the sun to come out to get a good picture, but it was worth it.

Again our journey began—three and one-half miles toward Fish Lakes one, two and three, until along about 6 p. m. our destination was at Fish Lake number three. Hungry but not sore footed or ill, we made camp, but had to wait for the grub to arrive. In the meantime a dozen fellows went over beyond a little hill for a swim, as the sandy beach looked so inviting and the water so warm. These lakes were over a mile higher than the Great Salt Lake, and it was surprising where the warm water came from. We didn't stay in the water long, as we hurried back to camp to help unpack Frank's 14 horses, laden with blankets and food.

After supper we sat around the campfire and made use of the portable phonograph we had brought along.

On Friday morning, Gordon, Ramsey, Mortimer, Miss Barney, Chipman and Thompson set out for Mt. Agassiz. The rest stayed around camp and indulged in some swimming, fishing, etc. Mr. Wichman and Bennett proved that they could catch fish and we had them nearly every meal. Lee tore his trousers when he sat down and Doc Sprunt applied first aid—sticking plaster. Along about 9:30 in the evening as we sat around the campfire, a suggestion was made that a party be made up to go in search of Gordon and group, who had not returned from Mt. Agassiz. As Gordon had mentioned returning via the Four Lakes Basin, it was thought they were lost. A searching party was made up of Lee Harris, Bill Jones, Joe Robison, Doc Sprunt and Frank Hayward, and they set out to find the lost party, with lantern, pistol, flashlight and bugle. After going two and a half miles a light was seen and all of our signals were given. Finally the bugle brought

an answer from the distance and it took some little time before the strays got to our light.

While returning to camp we learned that Gladys Thompson was the first of the girls to reach the top of "Mt. Agony," as they named it. Six of we fellows decided that we would leave secretly next morning without any women folks, so we went to sleep, such as it was, with that in mind.

Saturday morning at 4:45 o'clock, Lee Harris, Bill Jones, Joe Robison, Doc "Bill" Sprunt, Bill Neal and Frank Hayward left camp for the peak about 5 miles distant, and after a three hour jaunt breakfast was served beside a babbling brook at the foot of the peak. The climb began in earnest up the east slope. When we arrived at what was thought to be the top, it was only a jumping off place for one thousand feet straight down, and we amused ourselves by pushing large boulders over the cliff to the great chasm before us. As they reached the bottom great clouds of dust arose, which reminded one of a forest fire.

From Mt. Agassiz could be seen the headwaters of the Bear, Weber, Provo and Duchesne rivers, fed by hundreds of small lakes. Truly, the eye beheld a wonderful sight. The Wasatch Mountains eighty miles to the west, Uintahs on the east and scores of small lakes dotting the forested region.

After registering our names and placing them in a cocoa can in the rock pile, descent began at 10:00 a. m. and in going over the cliffs on the west side of the peak, Bill Jones lacerated his hand very badly and that gave "Doc" Sprunt a chance for first aid. Camp was reached at 12:30 p. m. When we returned we had a trout dinner "au jus". The afternoon was spent indulging in water sports as swimming and riding the surf on a log for the more venturesome acuquatics. A special act was put on by nine of the "agoniers" who represented different characters such as "Barney Google" by Doris McCrea, "Spark Plug" by Leona Billings, "Rudy" Lucile Neal, "Robinson Crusoe" Lee Harris, "Jiggs" Frank Hayward, "Maggie" Harriet Magdiel, and the rest—Bill Neal, Bill Sprunt and Bertha Barney, I don't remember what they did besides laugh like the rest of us. Of course there was also a flock of mermaids there too, who made for the water when someone insisted on taking pictures. However, the sandy beach lent so much enchantment that the afternoon was spent with much pleasure to everyone but Doris McCrea, who stood for three hours waist deep in the lake trying to fish, jerking the line every time a fish looked at the baitless hook, until Lee took her rod and landed a good sized fry. It took six people to prepare that fish for supper and everyone seemed very delighted to be on "K. P."

The next morning we pulled stakes, cleaned up camp and set out for Savage's Ranch at 7:00 a. m., making the return in 3 hours and 50 minutes. It is only 13 miles to hike, but the scenery up there is worth going a hundred miles to see. It began to rain on our return to Savage's, and we packed up to leave about 4:00 o'clock. It was not long before we found the roads so slippery that every once in a while we enjoyed a thrill and especially Gert Sommers, who took the part of a

siren, notifying us when to jump. It wasn't long before Monter's truck slid off the grade and the husky Wasatchers—men, of course—put their shoulders to the wheel and pushed him back on the road. In the meantime the Wasatch hikers were trying their skill at walking when it was advisable. Pretty soon Monter's truck hit a hole over a culvert, but the huskies lifted him out and we were on our way again.

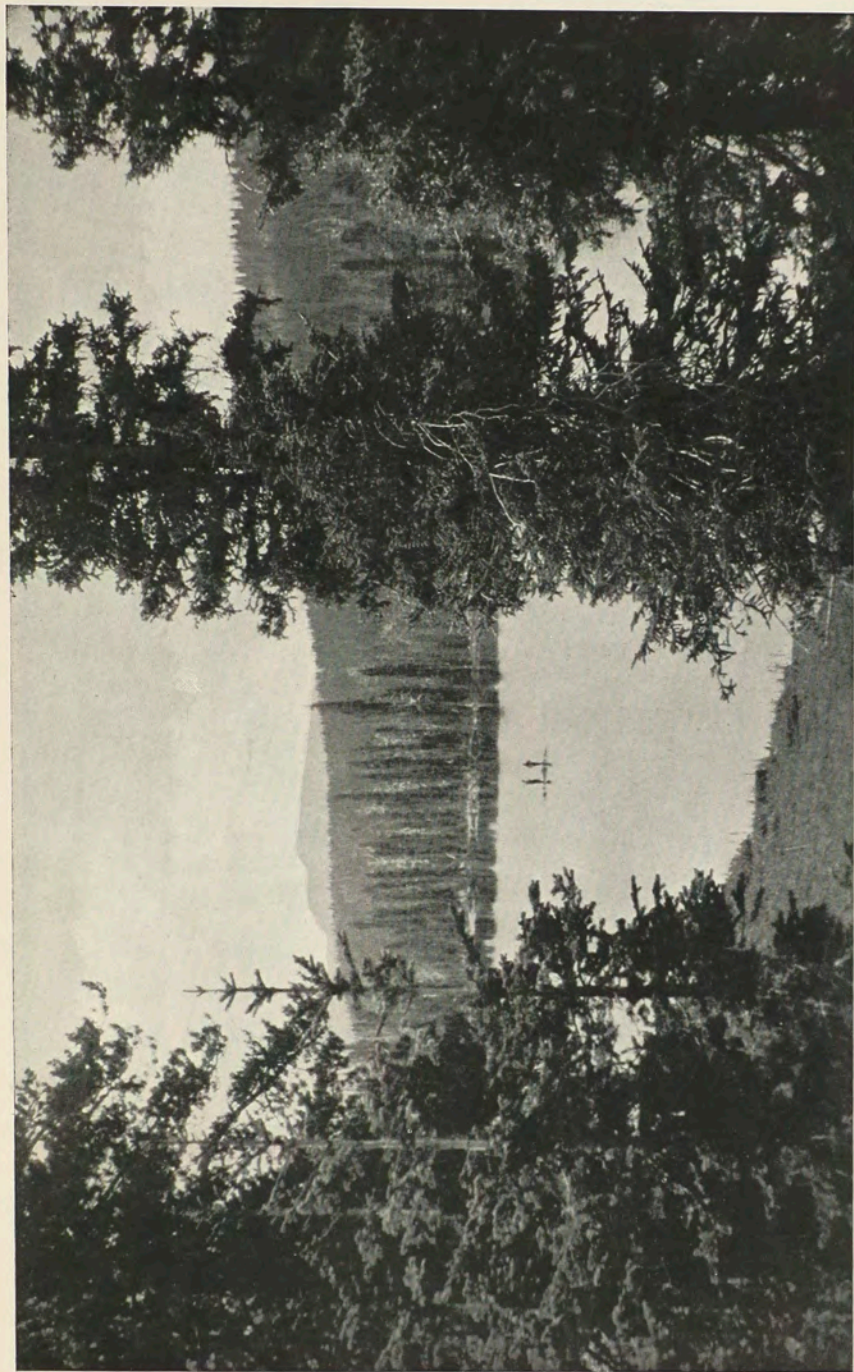
Then a man came along in his fine automobile and was much displeased because he couldn't pass us on the narrow, slippery road, but we let him pass, and later on found him stuck in the mud off the road where all Hades couldn't loosen him, but, again the Wasatchers came to the rescue. This was at the summit of Wolf Creek and going down someone suggested that they should not sing so much of the popular song varieties, as it was Sunday and religious songs should be encouraged. Well, everything went alright. We stopped at Camp Killcare, at the mouth of the canyon, for some lunch at 10:00 o'clock, and then set out for Kamas and with the intention of having a real meal at Park City.

About two miles from the canyon found our truck upside down over a small river, all crawling out from our wet reception of six inches of water. It happened too quick to tell how the slippery road caused the truck to skid. Everyone crawled out unscathed with the exception of some woman, who was crying for someone to lift the truck off of her, and when a flashlight was found, it was discovered that Bertha Barney was across Nettie Graves, which made everyone forget the accident and begin singing the same song they were before the spill, which was "Why Did I Kiss That Girl." Leona Billings accuses Lee, who was in the stream salvaging the accessories, that he handed her a bouquet of flowers, the one she had gathered a few hours before and had spilled in the stream.

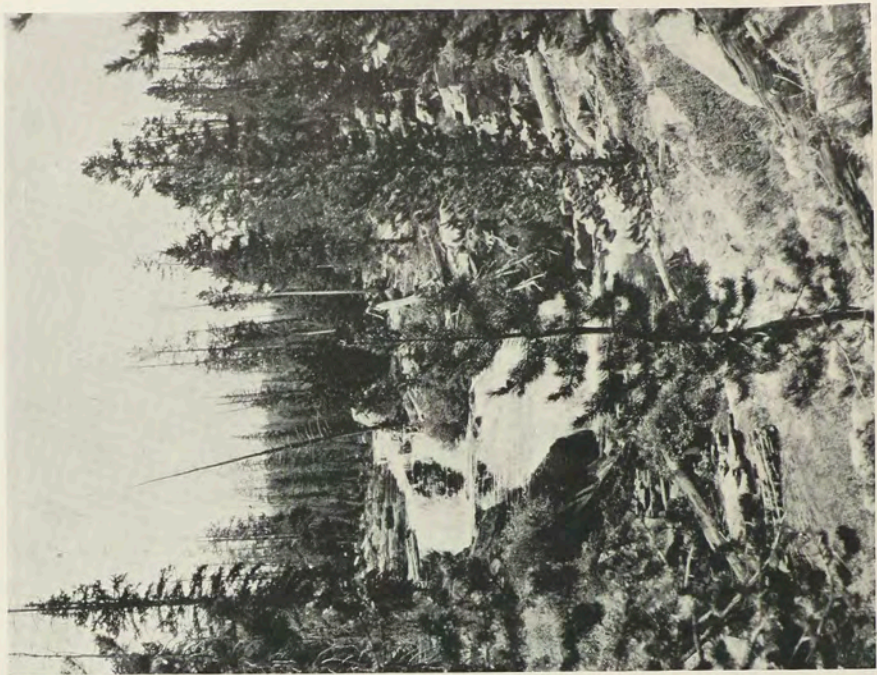
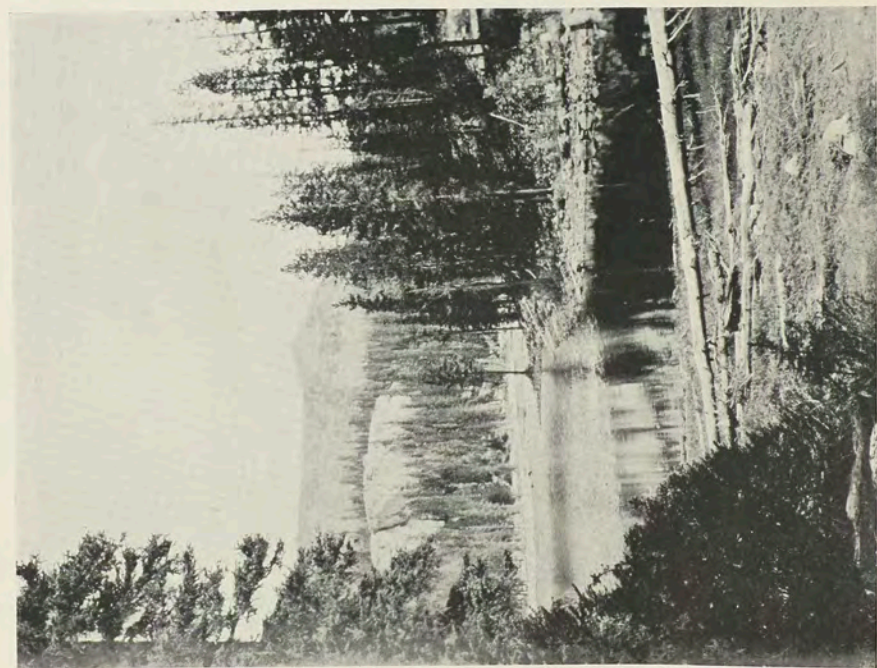
A fire was built of wet sagebrush, and soon a Ford came along and took some of the refugees to Kamas, and Joe Robison had the pleasure of sleeping in the power plant nearby, after he telephoned in the S. O. S. call. While Wichman and Bennett remained with the ship till it was righted, some slept in little white beds in the Kamas Hotel. We learned that Monter waited at Park City two hours, then, thinking we had taken another road, he went on.

Next morning being Monday, after having breakfast, we departed for Salt Lake in a special truck, sent from the Bingham lines. The old truck went home on her own power. We toured via Oakley and Peoa, and were glad to get back to Salt Lake by noon and gladder still that Mose Evans, at the helm, took us to our homes, light hearted, happy, and full of thrills. It is believed that this trip had more thrills, whether good or bad, than any other trip the Wasatch Mountain Club has taken up to this time.

Let us hope that the Agonizers from Mount Agony won't forget this trip, but will tell their friends of the wonders and scenic beauty that abounds in the Granddaddy Lakes region, and that next year our club will erect a cabin up there for the enjoyment of all for many summers to come.



FISH LAKE NO. 2. HEAD OF ROCK CREEK NEAR GRANDDADDY LAKE



LEFT—STAR LAKE, RIGHT—FALLS, HEADWATERS OF THE PROVO RIVER

The Trip to King's Peaks

By ANGUS M. SIMMS



WE were seven—not a large party as Wasatch trips go, but for our purpose it was about right, and our purpose was to climb Kings Peaks and place a club registration box on the summit. Eliminating government survey workers, there have been very few people who have “gazed on naked grandeur” from the summit of these, the highest peaks in the state of Utah.

Originally we were scheduled for two weeks at Granddaddy Lakes, but what Wasatch man can stay for two weeks at any one place, no matter how beautiful? We felt the call of the big spaces farther east and wanted to put the “Indian” sign on Kings, it being one hundred and forty miles away by road and government trail. That was a real objective, a thing to conquer and achieve! And in the month prior to our trip a victory seemed very doubtful, due to the difficulty of securing registrations. As yet no club trip had been taken to the peaks, hence it was essentially a pioneering jaunt. For this reason we consulted Dr. J. E. Broadbuss, the authority, and were not only assured that the trip was feasible, but that we were going into twenty-five hundred square miles of mountain and lake country which could rightly lay claim to a place of honor among America's foremost beauty spots.

With the assistance of Walter G. Mann of the U. S. Forest Service, who kindly furnished maps and advice about trails, and the help of the food experts of the club, L. P. Stoney and Dr. F. Shafer, we finally came to a decision on the transportation and amount of food to be taken, two major problems. There would be no grocery stores to call on after leaving Kamas, so the grub pile finally amounted to three hundred and fifty pounds. We always had a pleasing response to that old club war cry “When do we eat?” A week before our departure we made a visit to Morgan Park, ranger at Kamas, and there met Wm. W. Lewis, who became our guide and friend. Arrangements were completed for hiring twelve horses.

Another pleasant preliminary affair took place at Saltair, in company with Governor Charles R. Mabey and Mayor C. C. Neslen, who filled a bottle with Great Salt Lake water, which was carried to the Peaks. An appropriate record of this was taken in the form of moving pictures, the camera man being Jim Cummings.

On Saturday, August 16th, we gathered at L. P. Stoney's office: Kenneth V. Laird, Clifford Bletzaker, Fred Burr, Dr. W. H. Hopkins, James M. Cummings and Angus M. Simms. The Oldsmobile truck of Troop 47, driven by Kay Stevenson, was ready, and by 4 p. m. we were off. The drive through Parleys Canyon was livened up by a car going off the road soon after passing us. There was no one hurt, but we left a very scared and appreciative trio of Eastern tourists, after we helped them back to safety.

The moon was coming up when we reached Kamas. Morgan Park was there to give us the final word that we would meet our guide at the Soapstone Ranger station. This was not to be, however, for after a fruitless search until one o'clock Sunday morning, we gave up and turned in. When daylight came Bill Lewis rode in on his black charger "Prince Pat." The mountain of luggage and grub was finally balanced on the five pack animals, who answered to the names: "Flossie," "Pet," "Tubbie," "Queen," and (we say it sadly) "Slim Jim" or "Essence of Hell." The saddle horses were "Doll," "Just Jim," "Steel," "Net," "Lazarus Neversweat," and "Black Ginger." Thanks to the preliminary practice we felt no ill effects after the close of the fifteen mile trip the first day, settling down at Star Lake camp, just west of Bald Mountain, at the headwaters of the Provo river. That night we had a real thrill when we tuned in on Los Angeles with our radio set and the musical program and Sunday sermon came out of the loud speaker as though they were standing beside us.

Monday found us climbing old "Baldy" from the summit of which we could see over forty lakes. Just below us were the headwaters of the Bear, Weber, Duchesne and Provo rivers. The following day we really got under way, and traveled northward to Haydens Crossing. During the afternoon a kind sheepherder donated a hind quarter of lamb to the cause, a very welcome addition to our larder.

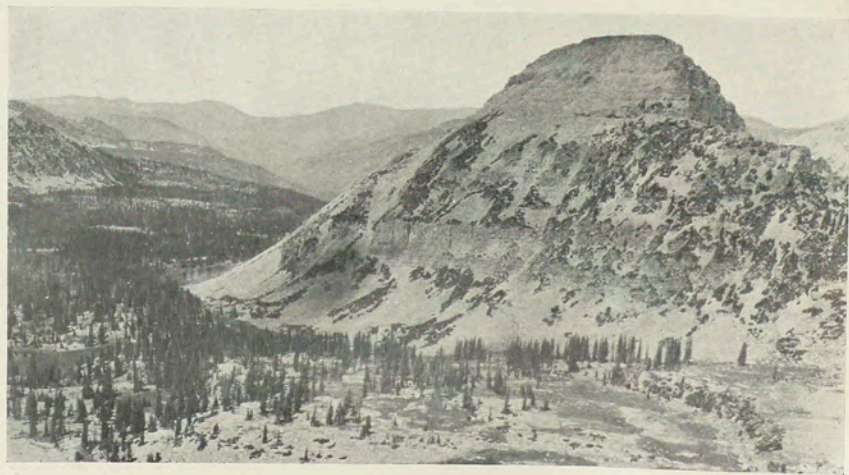
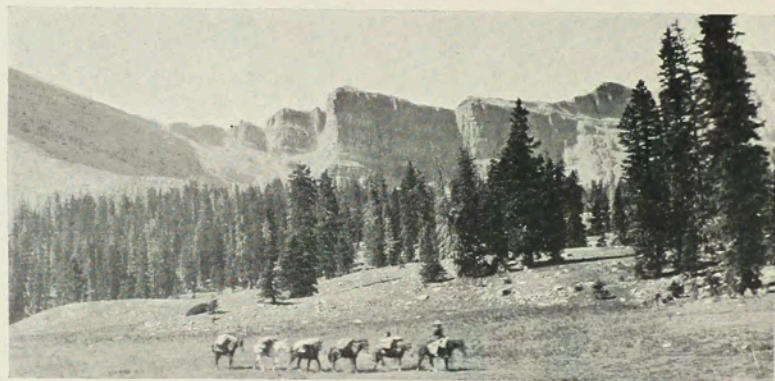
Wednesday, August 20 dawned cloudy, and by six o'clock the snow was coming down heavily. Nothing daunted, we were up and away in regulation order. Nor did Doc Hopkins miss his morning plunge in Haydens Creek. At noon we were welcomed at Olson's sheep camp, and glad to get around a stove for the day was cold. We had had our ups and downs, having climbed over Dead Man's Pass and four other mountain passes and covered twenty-three miles, our biggest day. That night we camped on the East Fork of Blacks Fork and in the morning found that the water had frozen in the bucket. Incidentally the coyotes had serenaded us.

The following day we were given our first glimpse of our objective—the Peaks. For two days we had drunk in the beauty of the snowy peaks on the divide to the south, as well as the green carpet of pines in the valleys and the sight of the Peaks came as a climax. Just before dropping down to the Henrys Lake basin, we climbed the eleven thousand foot pass and spread out before us lay a panorama of rugged peaks, chief of which was Gilbert Peak and the peaks immediately north of Kings, which partly hide them, while in the valley lay six lakes among the pines. Here there was fishing aplenty.

Friday we were called upon to negotiate our highest passes—Mt. Gilbert, 11,850 feet, and Andersons Pass, 12,600 feet. The trail is cut from the bare mountain side and a mile long with its zig zags. Here we got a real thrill, for "Essence of Hell" pushed little gray "Belle" half off the trail. It was a tense moment as Doc had the load rope tied to his saddle horn. It was over in a jiffy though, when the gray scrambled back to a more secure footing. The drop is not sheer, but once started there would be no stopping.



BALD MOUNTAIN (ELEV. 11,970 FT.) AT HEAD OF PROVO, WEBER, DUCHESNE AND BEAR RIVERS.
MIRROR LAKE AND HAYDEN PEAK IN DISTANCE



UPPER—RED CASTLE. UINTAH MOUNTAINS. CENTER—DEAD HORSE PASS, HEAD OF BLACK'S FORK, UINTAH MOUNTAINS. LOWER—REID'S PEAK, UINTAH MOUNTAINS, WEBER CANYON IN MIDDLE DISTANCE

Saturday, the 23rd, we headed back to Andersons Pass and Kings Peaks, the hikers on horseback till we reached the pass. Then with the movie camera we started our hike, and by noon reached the first peak in a few flurries of snow that kept us cool. Within half an hour we had dropped down to a saddle and up again to the highest peak (13,498 feet). The bottle of Great Salt Lake water, encased in the club registration box, was brought forth and with a few appropriate words delivered from the top of the rock cairn. The water was poured out, and the moving picture sequel to the Saltair trip was finished. We had achieved our purpose.

Now that the Peaks had been subdued, we decided to play around a little, and Sunday found us visiting the Red Castle country. The fishing on the headwaters of Smith's Fork was fast and furious until a catch of fifty was made. Jim carried the bag for the sportsmen—Laird, Cliff and Bill—while Doc and Fred made a sortie to the west end of the castles in search of the wily picture. That night Jim found the bread supply running low, so he made biscuits in our special reflecting oven. (Honestly, girls, Jim is a wizard when it comes to baking either biscuits or cake—ask Bill Lewis.)

Leaving the camp at the headwaters of the Yellowstone Fork of Lake Fork, we continued our journey westward, occasionally finding it necessary to scan the maps to get our bearings. These were the topographic maps of the U. S. Geological survey, the Coalville, Hayden Peak and Gilbert Peak quadrangles. These maps give the detail of every hundred feet of territory, and were of invaluable assistance. The day at Kings was cloudy and the view partly obscured, but upon reaching Porcupine Pass and Red Knob Pass, both of which are over 12,000 feet high, we were rewarded with a view of range on range of peaks which would be hard to beat. From Red Knob we descended a thousand feet in a short time, to a camp in the pines. To the south lay Dead Horse Pass, which gets its name from an ill-fated party which lost a few horses a few years ago. The gruesome skeletons still remain. At the start we rode, but half way up the mountain walking looked so much better that we dismounted and led the horses. When it was over we breathed easier. That afternoon found us at Rockysee Pass, well deserving of the name. Then down to the Fish or Kidney Lakes to a camp which is only eight miles from the far-famed Granddaddy Lakes.

Wednesday, August 27th, was set for a trip to Granddaddy Lake. We traveled across country and reached the beautiful Granddaddy Lake in the early afternoon. It well merited a longer visit, but covering the "Sky Line Trail" as our route is called, in two weeks to the tune of two hundred miles, would not permit a longer stay. That night we had another thrill. Cliff was up in a pine tree thirty feet above Mother Earth, stringing the antenna for the radio. Laird was on the ground, and when there was a lull he called out, "Oh, Cliff"—no answer. Again he called and this time there was a sleepy response, and Laird yelled "Hey, wake up, you're not in bed." In a minute Cliff was on the ground, very serious in contrast with our smiles, for he had actually fallen asleep.

Thursday stood out for two things—the limit catch of fish and the loaves of bread and the layer cake made by Jim and Bill. Friday came, and we headed for home, once more over the Rock Creek trail. Pines and more pines, passing Mirror Lake, over Bald Mountain Pass, and settled down again at our first camp—Star Lake. Within a mile was a telephone, and we ordered the “taxi” to meet us the next day. Saturday was the *grand finale* and to the season and to the trip, with its wealth of inspiration and beauty, each man gave a silent rendition of Tosti’s “Goodbye.” The canyon of the upper Provo was changing color; we seemed to have started in the summer and returned in the fall.

The truck met us in the early afternoon and the sad parting with our mounts was finally over. Within a few hours we had passed through Kamas, and learned that Morgan Park was away fighting the first forest fire on his section. Then home.

You Wasatch Mountaineers know that it is difficult to tell about even a portion of the good times on a trip, much less the beauty of the scenery. Suffice to say “Dr. Broadus was right.” When we return from the Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, Zion Canyon or the Yellowstone, we tell others to “go and see it.” So it is with the Kings Peaks country. The trip is a good one and ranks with the best.

Our guide, Bill Lewis, was absolutely essential to the success of the trip, for it had its dangers and its responsibilities. He fulfilled his part cheerfully and efficiently. We earnestly hope that the trip will be scheduled each year and that its fame will generally spread as “the all-outdoor trip on the Sky Line Trail.”

We also acknowledge our indebtedness to Dana Parkinson, Supervisor of the U. S. Forest Service, whose vision and energy has made this trail system possible.



The Smell of the Bacon

(With apologies to Robert W. Service)

*I wanted a cold and I sought it;
I threw up my job and I struck,
Was it business or pleasure—I fought it;
And hurled my duds into a truck.
I wanted a cold and I caught it;
Came out with daisy this fall,
Yet, pack-train life's not what I thought it,
And somehow the cold isn't all.*

*No! There's the cake, (Have you seen it?)
It's the cussedest cake that I've tried.
From the frost-bitten egg-whites that screen it
To the confounded raspberries inside.
Some say Bill was tired when he made it;
Some say it's a fine cake to shun;
Maybe, but there's some as would trade it
For no cake on earth, and I'm one.*

*You come to get fed—damned good reason;
But you feel like a starved owl at first;
For the grub there the boys never season,
And the cooking is worse than the worst.
But the smell of the bacon is winning,
And twists you from foe to a friend;
We had bacon, right from the beginning,
And we had the darned stuff to the end.*

*I've gulped many a mighty-mouthed swallow
Until chuck full of mush to the brim,
And I've eased up the feeling so hollow,
With the cooking of Angus and Jim.
With their hashed-up mulligan streaming,
With the spuds tumbling out neck and crop.
And the macaroni served steaming,
With a big piece of cheese piled on top!*

*The fires, the wood smoke that blinds you;
The dutch oven, tight as a drum.
The hot-handled fry-pan that finds you;
And biscuits that bludgeon you dumb.
The hands, full of cuts, burns and blister, y
The grate—at precarious slant.
The hash that's enshrouded in mystery,
I've bade them goodbye, but I can't.*

*Here's a land where the puddings are nameless,
And the stews all contain God knows what.
Where the cooks claim they're guileless and blameless,
But the boys think they ought to be shot.
Here are hardboiled eggs nobody gobbles.
Here is Jello that will not keep still.
Here's a land full of pine trees, and cobbles,
And I want to go back there with Bill.*

*There's King's Peak, and it's haunting and haunting.
It is luring me back, so to speak.
But it isn't the peak that I'm wanting,
So much as just finding the Peak.
It's the land where the crackers and mustard,
And the hard pumpernickel has lease,
And the rice puddings minus the custard,
And the smell of the bacon brings peace.*

JAMES M. CUMMINGS.

August, 1924.

The Trip to Yellowstone

By MRS. J. D. DERBY



NE Sunday morning, August third, fifty members of the Wasatch Mountain Club gathered at the Salt Lake Theater where two Bingham stages and Monty's faithful "Olds" were waiting to convey them to one of the most beautiful spots in America—Yellowstone Park. After Leon Stoney, our club photographer, had "shot" the happy group they were ready to start on their way with J. D. Derby (Dan), general leader, Doc Feno Shafer in charge of bus number two, Miss Merl Jackson in charge of bus number three, and Mrs. J. D. Derby, chaperone.

The first day was spent in getting acquainted and with such a congenial party, all formality was soon dropped and those who started out as Mr. or Miss were later known only by their first name or *nom de plume*.

At Logan, the first stop, all enjoyed a delicious chicken dinner and were ready to go on to Pocatello where tents were pitched for the first night's rest (?).

To those unfamiliar with camp life, Pocatello was no mid-summer night's dream, but rather a nightmare. The whistles stopped only long enough for the bells to ring, and someone's pet kitten had strayed from home and insisted on visiting all the tents, creeping over toes and faces before it was finally located. But after a refreshing shower at the camp's bath house and a hearty breakfast, cooked on gas stoves, it wasn't so bad and everyone started off in good spirits. The next stop was Rigby.

Here an excellent dinner was served at the hotel and voted by all to be the best and most generous served any place for fifty cents. Music was furnished by Venus on the piano and Babe Ruth on the bugle.

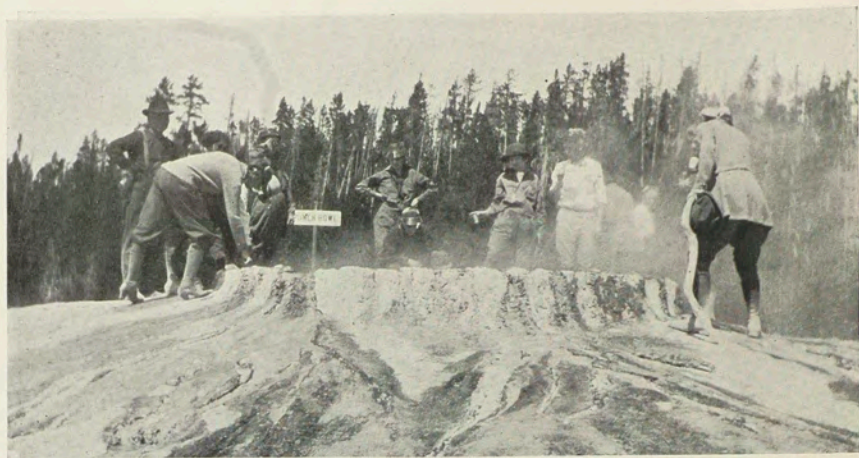
Then came Driggs, which town was virtually thrown open to the party, but spirits were somewhat dampened for a while when a young boy, who had been entertaining with some rodeo stunts was thrown from his horse and hurt so seriously that he later died.

All were up bright and early, as usual, and ready to start the next morning. Short stops were made along the way to allow the party to enjoy interesting sights, or to admire the beauty of the surrounding country. As King Albert once said of our country, on a trip across the continent, "There is so much of it." Babe Ruth was rather disconcerted to find that there was no display of admiration or cheers given when the party passed through the town of her nativity. The party regrets its oversight, but in its admiration of a Holstein it failed to notice the town in the background.

Many small, but interesting towns were visited, stops being made to purchase tent pegs which seemed to please Doc Shafer, as he had forgotten to supply the commissary with tooth picks.



FALLS ON YELLOWSTONE RIVER. YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK



SCENES IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

Then came the Jackson Hole country and that never to be forgotten drive over the Teton Pass. Those unfamiliar with mountain driving insisted at the time, contrary to all rules, that the heart lay in the pit of the stomach. But with perfect confidence in such skillful drivers as Mr. Miller, Monty, and Ture, the tension was soon lessened and all were able to enjoy the beauty of the surrounding country, especially Jenny Lake, where camp was prepared for the night.

Jenny Lake is just a beautiful, soft, velvety-looking lake, set up in the mountains, and fed by glaciers, as those who took their morning plunge will testify. With snow-capped Teton Peak (Elevation 13,747 feet) in the distance, and the sunset reflecting its pastel shades over sky and water, it was hard to break away from this place. But the length of the trip ahead made it necessary to start the next day for the park, which was reached on Wednesday.

The first glimpse of a geyser was had at the Thumb. It was rather a creepy sensation at first—walking on that hollow crust, expecting a rush of boiling mud or water to break through at any moment. But fear was easily banished and it soon became easy to walk right up to "Dragon's Den." And then we found the cute little boiling pot, set down on the edge of the cold lake, where people have caught fish and thrown them into the pot to boil.

The attention of the party was then drawn, for a while, to their first sight of the Yellowstone busses and "Dude" passengers. Most of these tourists were from the East, and drew considerable comment from the Wasatch Mountain Club party. No doubt they had their own ideas of the way the Wasatch Mountain Club looked, but when one of the "Gearjammers" said, "I hear you are an Easterner, Mrs. Derby," she looked over the green veiled, begoggled, high-heeled ladies, and then back at her own well-clad, high-booted, nifty looking crowd, and answered, "No, I was."

It was a beautiful drive through the park from the Thumb to Lake Camp, where tents were pitched for the night. After a shower and dinner "eaten in style" at the Wiley camp, the party was in fine spirits to enjoy a program at the Community Camp, followed by a dance. At a somewhat later hour, all retired to their feather (?) beds.

It was at breakfast the next morning that Doc Shafer was crowned "The Shimmy Flap-Jack King."

Mr. Allbright, superintendent of Yellowstone National Park, paid a visit to the camp and told how interested he was in the Wasatch Mountain Club, and how much the Forestry Service appreciated and depended on just such work as that accomplished by the Wasatch and similar mountain clubs. He told Dan Derby, the leader, to use his, Mr. Allbright's, name as a pass word to any of the rangers and that they would gladly assist the club in any way, should occasion arise. This was very much appreciated, especially at Mammoth Camp.

After a delicious breakfast which included a plentiful supply of fish, caught in Yellowstone Lake by LaVere and his dad, camp was broken and everyone was in readiness to journey on, with the exception of Tory, who was missing. After an investigation he was found

with his back to a tree, doing a contortionist act. When Merl asked him if he was troubled with flees he answered, "No, I wear silk underwear and the silk worms bite."

Elmer administered first aid, and the party was able to start to Canyon Camp, having paid a visit in the meantime to the mud geysers, which, by the way, left a rather weird sensation.

Canyon is a wonderful surprise to those who have heard of nothing but geysers in connection with Yellowstone. The first night at this place was spent in the Wiley Camp, where an invitation was extended to the club to assist in the program. Several vocal selections were rendered. The quality and harmony of these were so good that many encores were requested. The program was given around a huge bonfire. A clever, one-act, Indian play, much in keeping with the setting, was enacted. After enjoying a dance at the pavillion, the party was ready to return to camp, but not to retire.

Mr. Miller and Maurice had arrived in camp ahead of the others and a nice, warm fire burned, where some gathered to tell stories, while another group discussed the next day's menu, which, for some unknown reason, included mulligan. Still another group retired to a tent where a fashion show, for ladies only, was held. Of course the latest word from Paris was given out as a part of the show.

But gradually quiet settled over camp, and the still night was broken only by a soft, low melody, sung by a few who still lingered to watch the last flickering embers. Although it was mid-summer, Canyon Camp was very cold that night, and the next morning the water in the buckets was frozen over.

Voices were heard from the pup tent and were recognized as those of Maurice and Morley. Said Maurice, "I'm glad I brought my heavy underwear, it surely was cold." And from Morely, "Oh, I didn't mind. I wear the same kind all year around."

After breakfast all started on a sight-seeing trip to the canyon—all but Dizzy and Venus, who claimed it was much more romantic to view Artists' Point in the moonlight.

The trip was made through the Community Center, past the ranger station, over the Chittenden Bridge, around the Canyon Hotel, then on through winding paths to Inspiration Point from which the canyon drops in all its glory and splendor. From there we followed Uncle Tom's trail to the foot of the Lower Falls, reached by a 494 foot stairway. Here the full beauty of the falls could be appreciated. In its drop of 308 feet it forms a shining mass of silver, tinted here and there an emerald green. Then it rushes on in pure white foam.

The Del Fords took a photo of the group. Then up the 494 foot stairway the party went again, (or was it 4,000 going up?) and around more beautiful trails to Artists' Point, from which could be seen a nest where an eagle was feeding her two little ones; then back to Wiley's, where the cars were waiting to convey the party back to camp. All were hungry enough to enjoy a good dinner.

In the afternoon a visit was made to the fish hatcheries. After supper another pleasant evening was spent at the community fire and

program, but all retired early to be prepared for an early start the next morning, for Mammoth.

Mammoth Camp, it was discovered, is a wonderful place to be going from. It's one redeeming feature is the hot springs which were appreciated to the fullest extent. 'Twas here that Mary and Dizzy were marked down to ninety-eight cents and placed on the remnant shelf. Doc Shafer said he had given up everything but the last hope. Spirits were raised somewhat by an enjoyable dance at the hotel.

On leaving Mammoth, a visit was made to Fort Yellowstone, where the superintendent's office, museum, and all information concerning the park are to be found. Short stops were also made to see the buffalo herd and several caves and terraces—while some made a fearless visit to the Devil's Kitchen.

The trip was then continued on to the Hoodoos, where the road makes an abrupt turn, passing between great blocks of limestone, or "The Silver Gate," and then on to one of the most picturesque drives in the park. Here rocky walls rise from 200 to 300 feet above the roadway, and have a yellow coloring which gives them the name of the "Golden Gate."

A short stop at Apollinaris Spring gave all an opportunity to refresh themselves with this delicious water. Angelina vows that only the addition of a lemon would make this the most wonderful drink she has ever tasted.

A drive over the only glass road in the world soon brought the Norris Geyser Basin into view. The majority of the geysers here were in eruption and the beauty of all was appreciated, especially that of the Whirligig. Next came the Mammoth Paint Pots, and then the more quiet, beautifully colored pools, such as the Turquoise, Sapphire, Jewel, Silver, and the Black Pearl, which is thickly studded with small black pearls, about a quarter of an inch in size. Then we saw the beautiful Morning Glory Spring. There is still a question as to whether or not Edna ever did see it.

Next we came to the Upper Geyser Basin and Old Faithful Camp, where a stay of three days was necessary to enjoy the numerous attractions. Just as the party approached, Old Faithful Geyser, which projects a column of water and steam 150 feet, was doing its prettiest.

Old Faithful Camp is the most popular one in the park. Spacious shady camp sites were soon selected, the fragrance of which still lingers in the memory of those located nearest the bears' dining quarters.

All were rather tired, so they took advantage of the delicatessen store, where ready-cooked, hot food was procured for supper. Later all dolled up and made for the Wiley Pavilion where the fame of our vocal talent had preceeded us, and all were again invited to participate in the program which was rendered in turn by Gearjammers, Sagebrushers, Savages, Pearl Divers, etc., after which a dance was held.

It is still a matter of conjecture why the male members of the party picked out this particular camp to display their acquirements as tonsorial artists.

The next morning all were ready for the hiking tour to the wonderful geyserland. The Upper Geyser Basin contains twenty-six geysers and more than 400 hot springs. Clouds of vapor hang, shroud-like, above it, the earth trembles and is filled with strange rumblings. There is no vegetable life and the air is heavy with sulphurous fumes, and, as Mr. Charles T. Whitmore said, "Could Dante have seen this region, he might have added another terror to his Inferno."

The Giant Geyser, the highest geyser in the world, plays 250 feet high. Grotto Geyser is the most extraordinary formation in the park. It erupts alternately with the Rocket. The Riverside Geyser plays across the river 100 feet. The formation is made up of two craters, on a chimney-like mound.

The various other geysers visited that day were too numerous to mention, but were thoroughly enjoyed—particularly the Punch Bowl, the Tea Kettle, and the Ear, which is not only formed like an ear, but has the lobe pierced for the tiny geyser earring. While at the Handkerchief Pool, Mildred complained that while she was satisfied with the washing, the handkerchief had come back unironed. Barney told her to take it over to the Iron Springs.

After a day spent in this interesting manner, all returned to camp, very hungry for the dinner which was soon prepared. That evening was declared "open" and all enjoyed the privilege of the limit hour, which is supposed to be eleven o'clock in the park.

Old Faithful is a beauty in the moonlight, and while waiting for the eleven o'clock play of this geyser, games were entered into and enjoyed as only those who love the beauty and freedom of the great outdoors can enjoy such games. At eleven o'clock Old Faithful was again at its best, and all were loath to leave, but with the ever watchful Rangers on guard, were compelled to do so. They went to camp where all were told to sleep as long as they desired the next morning.

Most of the party took advantage of this and spent the next day resting, or browsing around the Old Faithful Circle. Old Faithful Inn is the most extensive log structure yet devised by man. The rough blocks of stone, forming the foundation, still appear as natural as when they were found at the base of the cliff of the mountains. The Hamilton Curio Store is patterned in architecture after Old Faithful Inn. Many enjoyed calling on the bears, while others strolled through the Wiley Camp, or took advantage of the hot baths and laundry.

Camp was broken Thursday and everyone prepared for the homeward journey. Inasmuch as the party desired to reach home by Saturday, few stops were made. Stops were made at Rigby, Idaho Falls, and at Malad.

At four o'clock Saturday afternoon the cars pulled in with everyone overjoyed with their wonderful trip and all eager for the next one.



J. Hood—Could I interest you in an auto?

Marion—Sure, come around in one sometime.

Labor Day at Community Camp

By C. R. AMOTT



ALL the summer outings of the Wasatch Mountain Club, perhaps none are so thoroughly enjoyed as those held the first of September, at Community Camp, in Big Cottonwood Canyon. The place chosen for this outing is about fifteen miles from the city at the mouth of Day's Fork, in Cottonwood Canyon. During the summer months the camp is operated by the Utah Outdoor Association as a recreation and rest spot for those who seek to escape the heat of the city, but by Labor Day the summer campers are nearly all gone and the camp is turned over to the Club for its annual three-day jollification. Excellent camping facilities are offered. The tents, many of which have board floors, and all of which are equipped with stoves and beds, are set in a grove of quaking aspen and evergreens, through which run several small, clear, cold, mountain streams. The camp site is not all wooded, however, and ample space is afforded on the flat for whatever kind of group activity may be desired. To the north and south rise the ridges forming the canyon walls, the south wall being pierced by Day's Fork, the scene of some mining activity in the past and not entirely neglected now, due the to fact that just west of this point, up what is known as Mill B South Fork, is located the rich mining property of the Cardiff Mining and Milling Company.

Each year, for the past several years, has witnessed a rousing good time on this outing, but that of last year is voted by all as being particularly enjoyable, as was evidenced by the reluctance with which each prepared for the return to the city on Monday afternoon.

The general exodus from town to the camp occurs Saturday afternoon, transportation being provided by the large passenger busses of the Bingham Stage Lines, and let it be said here that so comfortably appointed are these automobiles, and so carefully handled by their drivers, that one is scarcely aware that he has left the pavement and is riding over uneven, rocky, canyon roads.

Upon arrival at the camp each member of the party is assigned to a tent, the girls on one side of the campground and the boys on the other. About 125 make the trip and by careful planning beforehand, the assignment to tents is accomplished to the satisfaction of all.

Picture if you can a scene more inviting than the approach of night at this beaty spot in the heart of the mountains. The light of day disappears and a lazy twilight steals through the grove. To the east and west there is no view but that of timber—tall trees and sprawling underbrush, their trunks and branches making grotesque forms against the darkening cloud of night. To the north and south the canyon walls rise massive and awesome, but withal affording a sense of security by their very strength. Directly overhead the stars are beginning to appear.

Except for an occasional shout from some member of the camp, or the scampering of a squirrel near at hand, no sound disturbs and one is lost in silent reverie of the beauty and charm of the evening hour out of doors. But a foreign odor assails the senses—not pungent as of the pine, nor yet to be identified with any of the other forms of plant life at hand. Upon bringing our thoughts to earth we are aware that coffee is ready to be served and a glance at the tents, showing with startling whiteness through the dusk—from each a lazy curl of thin smoke ascending slowly—reminds us suddenly that the realization of our favorite slogan “When Do We Eat?” is at hand and we proceed to the duty with more zeal than good judgment.

Supper over, a bonfire is lighted on the slope and the campers gather around. President ‘Gene strikes a chord on the banjo-“uke” and we are off on a song festival that lasts long and waxes powerful. Particularly conspicuous in the frolic is the impromptu musical sketch put over by Bill Allen and his harmony three or four. Bill’s songs stressing the vocations, avocations, and particular characteristics of the celebrities present are well received.

Eventually the logs burn low and the evening chill begins to force its attentions on us, and our thoughts turn to our bunks and the question of their possible comfort, and whether, deceived by the heat in town, we have brought sufficient bedding, and loathe to longer remain in doubt, we set off to satisfy our curiosity and gain what rest we may for what promises to be a strenuous tomorrow.

“With the rising of the sun the camp is astir,” should be the proper commencement of this paragraph—but to remain truthful it cannot be so chronicled. Eventually, however, all are up, and after breakfast a party sets out for Brighton, up the canyon. Another group of a dozen or so strikes off up Day’s Fork and the balance decide to enjoy to the fullest the peace and quiet of the half deserted camp. Both hiking parties are out all day. The Day’s Fork party crosses the pass at the head of the Fork, at about 10,500 feet elevation and descending into Mill B Fork, where they visit the Cardiff Mine, going back through the mine tunnel, under the pass over which they have but an hour before crossed.

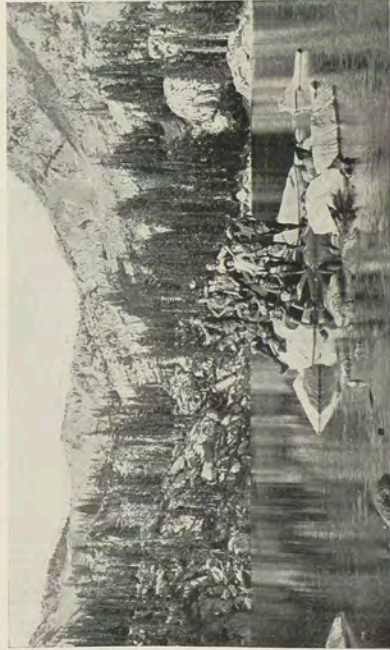
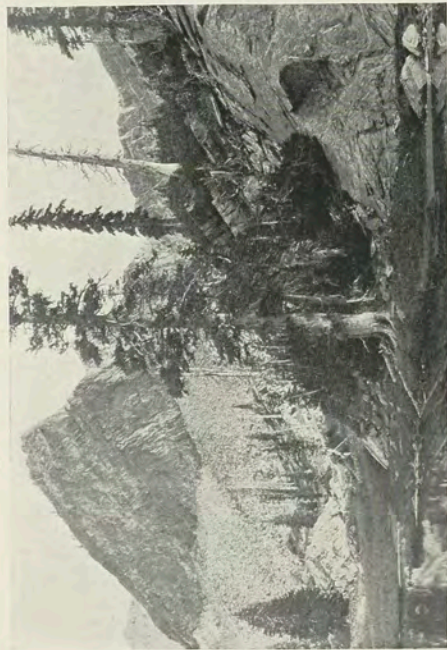
The Brighton party follows the mountain side up and back and are rewarded for this effort by the scenic wonders opened to their view along the entire trip.

By supper time the entire party is reunited and at dark another bonfire jubilee commences. Tonight, in addition to the community singing a special program is presented by Arville Atkins. Fat’s ideas are novel. His support by members of the party is spontaneous and whole hearted and the audience is kept in a continuous state of hilarity. The program consists of everything from ballet dancing to boxing contests, with plenty of humor, tragedy, pathos and mirth, running from the ridiculous to the sublime.

Preparations toward seeking the solace of sleep are not in evidence so early tonight as several of the party discovered last night that a September night in Big Cottonwood is a cool affair and there being no



SCENES AT COMMUNITY CAMP, BIG COTTONWOOD CANYON



UPPER LEFT—IRON MOUNTAIN. UPPER RIGHT—WASATCH GROUP ON TOP OF IRON MOUNTAIN. LOWER LEFT—PITTSBURG LAKE NEAR BRIGHTON-AMERICAN
FORK DIVIDE. LOWER RIGHT—ON THE BARE GRANITE NEAR BRIGHTON

extra bedding in the camp, the welcome warmth of the glowing logs is enjoyed as long as possible. At length even the most reluctant disperse, and the dreamless sleep of the weary pervades the camp.

Monday—the last day in camp—is the day of the big ball game. The boys are chosen in three teams. Doc Lambert's and 'Gene's team win the toss to play first and the battle is on. From the manner in which some of the boys mishandle the indoor baseball used in the game it is evident that all are not aspirants for baseball honors and yet more than a little dexterity is demonstrated, and except for the "umps" the game is thoroughly enjoyed by all. These poor creatures—I say creatures because they pass into and out of the game as shadows in the night—seem to have vision at absolute variance to the rest of the crowd. If the things they see actually happen no mortal dare attempt to describe the events of this struggle.

The second game repeats the heartaches and thrills, the boneheads and brilliance of the first and when the dust has cleared away from this fray the girls favor with a brand of game seldom witnessed by mortals. Rules and regulations are strictly disregarded, capacity of breath and suppleness of tongue are the deciding factors. As a result, neither side wins and the game ends along about the fourth inning with everyone exhausted and the umpire a nervous wreck.

At about four in the afternoon preparations are made for the return to town. Packs are made and stored away on the busses—business of eating waxes powerful in order that no excess baggage be carried back and soon all are on the way—a hearty, happy, tired crowd, all voting the outing a huge success. All refreshed in mind and body—better prepared to tackle the obligations and responsibilities of life, more alive to its joys and appreciative of its beauties.



Boots—Hello, Andy, whatcha doing?

Andy—Nothing, what are you doing?

Boots—Nothing. Let's have a smoke.

Andy—Sure, I hate to be idle.

Do you still go with that little blonde you went with last winter?

Ralph—She's married now.

Answer me!

FORMAL

Marian—Is this your James Knife?

Pete—You mean my Jack Knife.

Marian—No, I don't know it well enough to call it Jack.

A. A. A.—I wonder if I'll drink in the next world?

A. N.—I don't know, but it's a cinch that you'll smoke.

Memories of 17 in '24

By ROSE CLEMENTS

Dedicated to the Wasatch Mountain Club, through whose efforts and work we are enabled to take the trip to Southern Utah and Northern Arizona and view the beauties of our state. May the future hold nothing in store for them but success and a generous reward for their efforts.

TIME: 8:00 A. M., Sept. 7, 1924.

PLACE: Salt Lake Theater.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE: The cream of the Wasatch Mountain Club, numbering seventeen. See list below.

OBJECTIVE: Southern Utah and Northern Arizona.

MODE OF CONVEYANCE: Oldsmobile Speed Wagon, hereafter referred to as "The Covered Wagon," and a Chevrolet touring car to be known in this document as the "Royal Coach."



HE occupants of the Covered Wagon were as follows: Lou Monter, Chiffonier; Jerry Crowley, the Irish Duke; Jennie Crockett, the Cross Red Nurse; Constance Simms, the Silent; George Anna Ball, the Efficient; Edith Shelley, the Official Pace Setter; Ralph Finch, the Heart Breaker; George Maycock, the Bishop; Ambrose Maycock, "Amby"; W. H. Onyon, "Bill, the Friendly"; Margaret Warkentin, "Mag, the Fickle," and Rose Clements, "Pip."

The occupants of the Royal Coach were Einar Lignell, Leader and King; Melva Chipman, the Duchess; Nell Ostby, the Princess; Claude Stoney, Dual Part—King's Jester and Royal Footman; and Larry Taylor, Poet Laureate.

The party was scheduled to start at 7:00 A. M., but due to Dr. Hopkins, in the guise of L. P. Stoney, having to photograph the gang we were one hour late. We finally got away, however, and proceeded without mishap to Payson where Dr. and Mrs. Pfouts, assisted by the Misses Dixon and Daniels, treated the travelers to a feast of watermelons and cantaloupes. After being submerged for about thirty minutes all ears were dried out and farewells to the Payson Wasatchers were made and we were on our way once more.

Nephi was chosen as the town in which to hold our first banquet. The Royal Family cooked a fine mess of jam sandwiches which were enjoyed by seventeen Wasatchers and 92,007 flies. After locating our lost Irish Duke, a hurried retreat was made from this fly-infested burg and we rolled merrily or otherwise to Richfield. Our first trouble with the Duke was encountered here. The boy, turned Sheik, had to

be continually pried loose from bevvies of winsome Shebas. Little Winnie seemed to cause him the most trouble, as she could not be located at the times when most needed.

N. B.—See picture of beautiful boquet of roses to Jeremiah from Winnie.

A sumptuous supper of soup, sardines and jam sandwiches was prepared by the Royal Family and eaten in the dark. It was necessary to wait until dark so the bunch couldn't see what they were eating. Spring clip clothes pins should have been fastened on everybody's nose as sardines can't be hidden by darkness alone. Other such tempting meals were served throughout the journey. Although a few clouds threatened to drip water on us, most everybody slept out in the open. "Pip" and "Silent" were the first ones to locate relatives in the Southland and spent the night buried deep in a feather tick. They enjoyed their sleep so much that our departure was delayed about an hour while waiting for them to get up. The penalty inflicted upon them for this delay was K. P. at the following meal.

An early forenoon stop was made at Monroe Hot Springs, as the King wanted to be sure he was taking a clean bunch to Bryce. A week later he had ceased to be so particular. Although there were only two roads out of Monroe we picked the wrong one. The Covered Wagon had to double back and go through Marysville Canyon but the Royal Coach continued on through the barren hills and pulled into Marysville first. Lunch was eaten at the town's only cafe, and the party headed for Bryce as rapidly as possible. Heavy rains were encountered during the afternoon which were not on the schedule, but had to be suffered willingly. A heavy washout on the line was met with. There were two nighties, Pa's red flannels, three * * * However, we got by it safely and pulled into Panguitch where we had to provision for our stay in Bryce Canyon. The meager stock of eatables the town had to offer was evident in the meals that followed. The Royal Coach made a short stop at Ruby's Resort, a few miles from Bryce. The Poet and Princess almost didn't get to Bryce, as the King left them at Ruby's. The Poet had to wait until the Princess kissed the pups goodbye. It was a sad farewell. They weren't missed for a half mile.

We arrived at Bryce late Monday afternoon. One look at this beauty spot of our Utah more than repaid us for our trip. Artists and authors have found it impossible to describe this handiwork of nature so it is useless for me to make the attempt. Few words were spoken but much looking was done.

Extensive song practice was held at Bryce the first night there in honor of Jerry's first birthday on the trip. The rest of the campers left at once for parts unknown. The main result of this outburst of joy was Jennie losing her voice and Rose developing the pip. Slin's Loanament came to Rose's aid in combating the pip but no remedy could be found for the Cross Red Nurse. Due to wet grounds, tents had to be rented. These were not equipped with running hot water, but practically all other hotel accommodations were enjoyed.

The following morning an enjoyable hike was made into Bryce Canyon. We were all disappointed that weather conditions were so unfavorable as to make it impossible for our staff of photographers to secure pictures of the formations. However, the sun came out in the afternoon and many enjoyable hours were spent in viewing God's Wonderland from the rim.

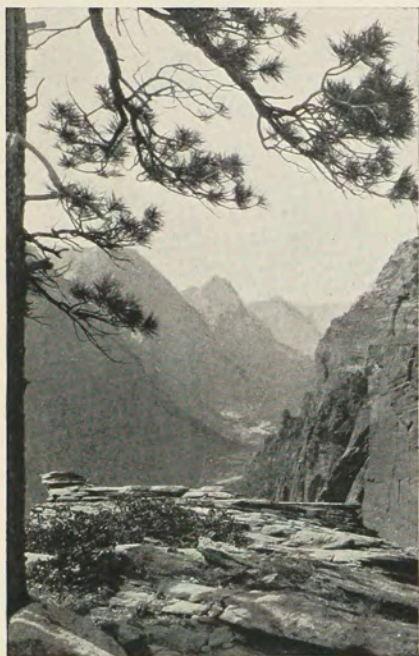
That evening, the Irish Duke was host at a birthday party at the Bryce Hotel in honor of the heart breaker's sixteenth birthday. Lots of dancing but no refreshments. During the height of the hilarity, an unnamed foursome was enjoying the beauties of the Temple of Osiris by moonlight from the foot of the trail. That night quite a heavy mist descended upon us. The waves rose high but no one was washed out of the tents. The boys relieved the monotony of the storm for the girls by throwing bottles and shoes at their tent. Many there were that went therein. The Irish Duke also put on a free vaudeville show, presenting his interpretation of "The Dance of the Seven Veils," with six of them in the laundry. The Cross Red Nurse was the only spectator, and she left before the act was finished.

Strong rivalry began at this place between the Duke and the Poet for the hand of Mag, the Fickle. The Duke led for a number of engagements, but the Poet held the record for the longest, being engaged to her for seven hours at one time. The author has information from a reliable source that at about this time a young man whose first name is Willis was at the American Theater, inquiring of Murdock the Mystic if his lady love was true to him. The boy really needs the aid of three or four Murdocks.

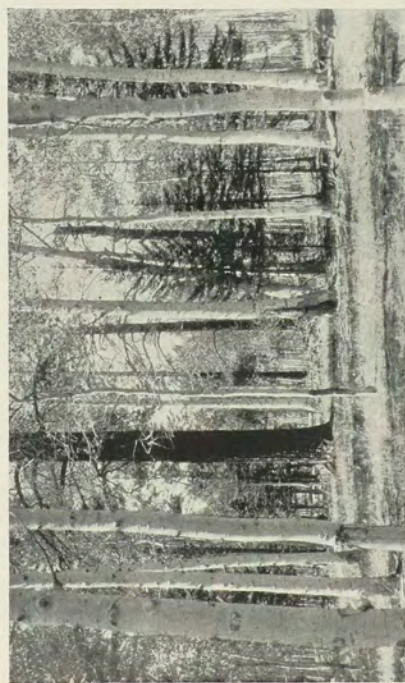
The following day, which was Wednesday, we left Bryce Canyon, much to our regret, to make the trip to Kanab. All walked through about three miles of Red Canyon and enjoyed the bright red coloring of this scenic spot. Many beautiful pictures were taken along the way.

A luncheon of sage hen and cheese sandwiches was eaten at the Hotel at Alton. After leaving Hatch the strength of the previous night's storm could be seen by the condition of the road from there to Johnson. The entire club went in for bridge building on the way, there being four bridge heads washed out. We also played "Good Samaritan" to a young caravan of cars by pushing them through the mud. Included in this caravan was Riley M. Beckstead, Chief of Detectives, so our future safety was from this point assured.

Entry into Kanab was made quite late. Due to weather conditions and shortage of water, supper was eaten at the Hotel. Sleeping quarters ranged from homes of relatives to the Hotel and a vacant house. No one was sorry to leave this town the following morning when we started for Grand Canyon. The King so enjoyed the desert south of Fredonia that he spent most of the forenoon driving back and forth across it. However, he usually bought a tire at the Fredonia end of the trip. Nell started out to take pictures of the tire troubles, but ran out of films early in the game. The ride through Kaibab Forest was indeed enjoyable, several white tail squirrels and countless numbers of deer being seen. We pulled into camp at Bright Angel Point late



SCENES ON THE SOUTHERN UTAH TRIP '17 IN '24" UPPER LEFT—INCOMPARABLE ZION. UPPER RIGHT—ON THE RIM OF THE GRAND CANYON AND A GROUP ON THE TRAIL TO ANGEL'S LANDING. LOWER—THE START FROM THE SALT LAKE THEATRE



UPPER LEFT—SCENE IN THE KAIBAB FOREST. UPPER RIGHT—THE LABYRINTH, BRYCE CANYON. LOWER LEFT—GRAND CANYON FROM BRIGHT ANGEL POINT. BRIGHT ANGEL CREEK IN LOWER CENTER. LOWER RIGHT—PUFFER'S LAKE EAST OF BEAVER

Thursday evening and it was here that the water situation became acute. The folks at home have spent the better part of the summer kicking because they hadn't enough water to take care of their lawns. But we even lacked water to wash, and as the boys hadn't learned the art of cleaning up with face cream they were out of luck. Due to our short stay at Grand Canyon and our inability to view its splendors from the bottom, many were disappointed with it. We made our stay at this place short, and on Friday afternoon journeyed back to V. T. Park. The "Duke" put on a dance at V. T. Park in celebration of "Pip's" birthday. The balance of the night was spent in community sleeping in the ballroom. The entire company was lulled to sleep by the strains of a snoring serenade staged by the Princess and the Duchess. It was everyone's opinion that this night was the coldest of the trip. The Bishop suffered very much but managed to survive.

The following forenoon a pilgrimage was made to the North rim of the Canyon. The walk through the forest was enjoyable, although a few had that tired look when they got back. The Bishop had steak sandwiches ready for the gang, which was indeed thoughtful of the old dear.

It was at V. T. Park that the Duke appropriated a nine-gallon hat and turned cowboy. After his spectacular riding feats he ate most of his meals standing up. However, under the expert medical attention of the remaining two musketeers, he recovered as rapidly as could be expected. A few of the girls also proved to be expert riders. Apparently they suffered no after effects.

Saturday afternoon, a return trip was made through the Forest to Kanab. Mag's curiosity was continually getting the better of her. She kept wanting to know the origin of everything. We are sorry we cannot let everyone in on this, but it is a joke for the seventeen only. However, you might ask the Duke about it.

Saturday night was spent at Kanab. This stop was not scheduled, but it was thought best to make it to enable the party to see and enjoy the natural beauties of that charming little city, as the first time we stopped there the weather was such that we were all unappreciative of this wonderland. At latest reports seventeen of us still fail to appreciate it.

On Sunday we decamped and started our way across the seventy-five miles of desert land separating us from Hurricane. All hands stopped at Pipe Springs and inspected the Fort. Although National Defense Day was one day past, it was thought best to do this.

In honor of the Duke's second birthday on the trip, a number of watermelons and cantaloupes were appropriated from the patch at this place, but the King's conscience got the better of him and he left a dollar bill under the door, with a note of explanation. We stopped a few miles out on the desert to eat the melons, but they were all green. The King immediately drove back to get his dollar, but it was too far under the door to be reached. The Royal Family took sidetrip No. 27 and went through Short Creek, Arizona, much to their regret. The

coach got stuck in the creek and the princess had to take off her shoes and stockings and push it out. The big event of the trip was the bath at Laverkin Hot Springs at the end of that Sunday's ride across the desert. From the looks of the hikers before the bath and of the pool after the bath, it was the first they had ever taken.

The stay at Hurricane was cut short due to the fact that the Washington County flies were holding a convention on the public camp grounds. Having been there first, they claimed the right to the grounds. It was not disputed. However, we were there long enough for everyone to fill up on real Dixie fruit. At present, few of us are able to look a grape in the face. A community slumber party was arranged in the old tithing hay shed Sunday night. The following morning we drove into Zion Canyon. However, before reaching that point, the Royal Family took sidetrip No. 42, to the Gustaveson Oil Wells & Refinery. This was due mostly to the King reading the wrong sign along the road. The Duke had another birthday at Zion Canyon the first night there. The stringed orchestra from the Road Camp furnished excellent music. Liquid refreshments were served six or seven times. Randall Jones, of Cedar City, and a party of Union Pacific Railroad officials, were guests of honor. About forty were present.

The following morning, which was Tuesday, the club made a trip to Angel's Landing and had the distinction of being the first party to make the top. The ascent and descent were quite perilous, it being necessary in several places to use ropes to get up and down the cliffs. All but three of our party made the top. We were accompanied by guides and officials of the Union Pacific Railroad. At the top we built a mound of stones and placed the skull of poor Yorik in it. We all registered on a sheet of paper and left it in the skull. That afternoon a swimming party was held at Emerald Pool. The Duke made a big hit by appearing in a charming blue and white costume which its Paris creators have so aptly named "Neptune's Daughter's Swimming Tights." We were all very sorry to leave Zion Canyon, which we found it necessary to do on Wednesday, as the longer one stays in this steep-walled multicolored canyon, the better it is liked. The sixty-six miles from Zion to Cedar was spent in eating grapes and almonds, there being no scenery to look at. Up to this time so much Dixie fruit had been inhaled that it was really impossible to get any of the girls near the scales. Those who really didn't need the weight put on from five to ten pounds. We were all greatly relieved to note that Rose was beginning to recover from the pip and the odor of Slin's Loanament was no more.

Our best camping spot on the trip was found at the tourist camp at Cedar City. The citizens were so glad to see us that they put on a moving picture show and an open air dance. The Duke retaliated by having another birthday. He dolled up in civies and vamped all the girls in town. There was much disappointment, more on the part of some than others, over not being able to see Cedar Breaks while being so close to it, but the condition of the roads would not warrant the trip. On Thursday, a cold windy ride was had from Cedar to Beaver. In

the afternoon we all drove up to Puffer Lake and Otter Lake. Some fishing was attempted here, but the only fish to lose their lives were two who laughed themselves to death at Claude's trying to catch them with dried sardines for bait. The lakes lie at an altitude of about 10,000 feet and are reached by a twenty mile drive through a picturesque canyon. The aspen trees had turned to deep yellow and red and interspersed with the green of the pines made the drive one of the most beautiful of the whole trip. The King and the Poet had their first night of real sleep at Beaver, parking themselves in a hay mow filled with alfalfa. Thursday night, most of the gang attended the show at Beaver. Due to the Duke's extensive horseback riding he put in a very painful evening on the hard seats afforded by the theater. The following morning he was so disgusted with life that he attempted a bull fight but the bull was color blind and thought Pip's red sweater was green. The ride from Beaver to Payson on Friday was very cold. The Royal Coach developed a tired feeling and had to be tapped on the vacuum tank every half mile. The Royal Footman assumed the duties of the official tapper. Later, it was discovered that the trouble was in the gas tank.

We arrived at Payson about eight o'clock in the evening and were met by Dr. and Mrs. Pfouts, who arranged a swimming party for us, at the Hot Springs two miles from town. It was in this town that the Bishop finally located relatives, being about the last one to find a haven of rest on the trip. The King and Poet were again lucky in finding sleeping quarters, spending the night in Dr. Pfouts' radio room, being lulled to sleep by a concert from Los Angeles. At the camp grounds a heavy rainstorm ensued, and the Duke, garbed in "Silent's" bathrobe, played a motherly part in leaving his snug bed to rescue the "tres diablos" from the storm by covering them with a tent. It is evident from the photographer's skill at this point that the Duke assumed a deep maternal responsibility for their care and protection from the storm, and this act of thoughtfulness will never be forgotten in the history of the many interesting events that occurred during the entire tour of the Southern Utah Seventeen.

The following morning turned out to be Saturday, September 20, the day which had been pursuing us for two weeks, and in spite of all efforts made by the three musk steers to stay out another day or two, we were forced to drive home. The hardest part of the trip was parting with our comrades of the two enjoyable weeks. However, friendships such as were made on that trip are not ended with parting and we look forward to many pleasant trips together in the future with our Wasatch Mountain Club.



The editorial staff of the "Rambler" would consider their task far from complete if they failed to express their appreciation for the assistance rendered them by so many of the members whose contributions are largely responsible for the excellent record of Wasatch achievement contained herein.

Moonlight Hike to Mt. Timpanogos

By LARRY TAYLOR



EVERY year the Wasatch Mountain Club has played an important part in the annual climb of Mt. Timpanogos, a larger number of club members turning out each year. Combined with the trip this year was the dedication of the new out-door camp in American Fork Canyon, in which it was the clubs pleasure to take an active part. The dedicatory exercises for the new camp, which will be known as "Timpanookie," were held Saturday afternoon, July 19th, and were enthusiastically attended. Dr. J. E. Broadbuss had charge of the ceremonies. The program included talks by Mayor C. Clarence Neslen of Salt Lake City, and Dana Parkinson of the U. S. Forest Service, which organization is responsible for the construction of the camp. There were also dances by the pupils of the Christensen's Dancing Studio, and a vocal solo by Lewis Stearns. All participated in community singing, led by A. A. Atkins.

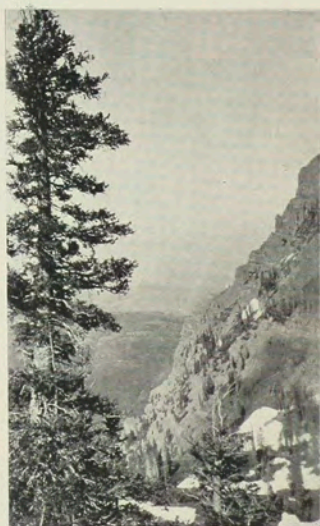
The Wasatch forces present at the exercises were increased by three truck loads of members, who, through stress of work, were unable to leave Salt Lake before 7:00 p. m. About eleven o'clock this bunch, numbering one hundred and sixty-three, under the leadership of Dr. Shafer, left Aspen Grove headed for the peak of the Queen of the Wasatch. A more beautiful night for the trip could not have been chosen, as a full moon rose almost simultaneously with the starting of the hike and bathed the mountains with light.

A happier crowd could not be found than the one which started the seven mile walk that ends at the foot of the glacier. To a great many it was the first trip up "Timp" and many were the exclamations of wonder and delight as each bend in the trail presented newer and more beautiful views. Numerous water falls of varying heights provided the hikers with that greatest of all drinks—pure mountain water. Towering peaks, resembling huge castles and fortresses, soon surrounded us, lending, in the soft white moonlight, an air of enchantment to the trip. To most of us the arrival at Emerald Lake, at the foot of the glacier, came all too soon. Here all was changed. We stepped from a summer paradise into December weather.

The barren shoulder of the mountain on which we gathered to wait for stragglers was swept by a bitter wind. The huge fire helped but very little to furnish warmth. However, the spirit of good fellowship, always so prevalent among the club members, prevented any discouragement and kept up the high spirits of everyone until the arrival of the leader, who loudly announced his approach about an hour after the arrival of everyone else. While "Doc" slings a mean skillet, and is real handy in many other ways, he had to admit his inability to keep more than one hiker warm at a time. It was soon deemed advisable to start the ascent of the glacier, and here one meets the real test of endurance and perseverance. While it is only about a quarter of a mile to



LOOKING NORTH ALONG THE CREST OF MT. TIMPANOGOS



UPPER LEFT—SUMMIT OF MT. TIMPANOGOS (ELEV. 12,008 FT.) UPPER RIGHT—ON THE TRAIL TO TIMPANOGOS. LEFT CENTER—BRIDAL VEIL FALLS. RIGHT CENTER—EMERALD LAKE. LOWER LEFT—EMERALD LAKE AND SO-CALLED GLACIER. LOWER RIGHT—ON THE TRAIL ABOVE ASPEN GROVE

the top of the icy slope, it is necessary to walk from two to four miles, depending on one's ability to keep one or more feet on the ground.

Many there were who stopped to laugh at the hapless plight of others who were losing the precious distance they had gained by laborious effort. And just as many there were who a moment or so later found themselves in the same predicament. While there wasn't much choice in the matter, many seemed to prefer the back of their neck to any other part of their anatomy to slide on. However, as there must be an end to everything, the top of the glacier was finally reached.

Then came the last long mile to the pole that marks the highest point of Timpanogos. A cold wind whistled around us right merrily but was almost drowned out by the honking of noses. "Fat" was rescued from a precarious position on the edge of a dizzy precipice where he had fallen in an exhausted condition due to his extensive efforts to keep his proboscis in that condition which society demands.

The first few to reach the top were well rewarded for their efforts by the beauty of the sunrise as viewed from the peak. To the east lay ridge after ridge with numberless peaks bathed in the first rays of the morning sun. To the west the valley still slept in shadow, with fields of grain, roads and towns, all reflecting the handiwork of man. Just this view alone makes one feel well repaid for the time and effort expended in reaching the top.

However, the lack of heating facilities soon caused a general exodus in the direction of the camp fire at Emerald Lake. Some started down the American Fork side and doubled back across the snow field at the base of the cliff. Others made a more rapid descent by way of the glacier, giving themselves the thrill of a life time.

Those of us who were present at the camp fire at 9 a. m. had the pleasure of watching our able chairman of the science committee, Mr "Vern" Christensen, give a demonstration on preparing chili con carne for consumption. No one present seemed to agree with his idea of mixing the finished article with ashes but then, everyone to his own taste.

The return to Aspen Grove was an enjoyable hike even if we were tired from our night's walk and loss of sleep. The trail led above slopes covered with many kinds of flowers, beautiful in their variety of form and color.

About the only activity at Aspen Grove was the spinning of yarns regarding the speed and endurance maintained by the various individuals the night before. "Doc" Shafer, for some reason, was very quiet on this subject. "Pa" Parry took a picture of a truck load of hikers using most of the afternoon which must have resulted in a wonderful picture as "Pa" has never permitted any one to see it.

But the hike was over and as fast as the busses could be filled, they left with their load of happy but tired hikers for home—and rest.

Yes, Timpanogos is a great old mountain. Every year it sends out the age-old challenge to ascend its rugged heights, and once on top, seemingly with the world beneath you, no one can ever forget the sensation of joy and satisfaction at being there.

The Trip to Red Pine Lake

By IVA TANNER



IN the late afternoon of July twenty-sixth, a merry car of hikers made its way up the dusty, winding road in Little Cottonwood Canyon. Many times they were called upon to get out and boost or hie themselves to the top of a too-steep hill, which they did with their usual good nature. Tanner's Flat was reached at sunset; and before much time had elapsed, everyone was lending a hand in hauling into camp all available dead trees and stumps to feed the camp fires that were already sending up blue spirals of smoke to greet the sky.

Before long, beds could be found sprawled in various parts of camp. Some were on the sand by the river. Others were made closer to the road under the trees. Everyone thought himself fortunate in locating his own particular spot.

This task done, odors of baked beans and coffee began to penetrate the air. Merrily flew the can-openers and cheery was the chatter of knife, fork and tin camp dish as each mess of chow added its fragrance to stimulate already ravenous appetites.

After the customary soups, mixed with a few witty stories around the camp fire, everyone retired to sleep under the same silver-dotted blue roof.

Next morning after the routine of cooking and cleaning camp were finished, everyone reinforced with a good lunch, started for the lake. The scenery along the way was marvelous. When not busy eating wild raspberries or going into ecstasies over the wild flowers, the hikers were being spellbound by the view down the canyon. Through its U-shaped mouth was the Salt Lake valley cut into squares and triangles of brown, green and gold.

Up and up the party climbed, beside a waterfall, until its source was reached. There, surrounded by great, bare shafts of rock, in a setting of dark, gnarled fir trees, scarlet Indian paint brush, and dainty columbine, lay Red Pine, a crystal lake mirroring the blue sky and the white clouds in its motionless surface. So the time flew all too fast to the part of dusty voyagers, entranced by the gorgeous colors, the vastness and the cool water.

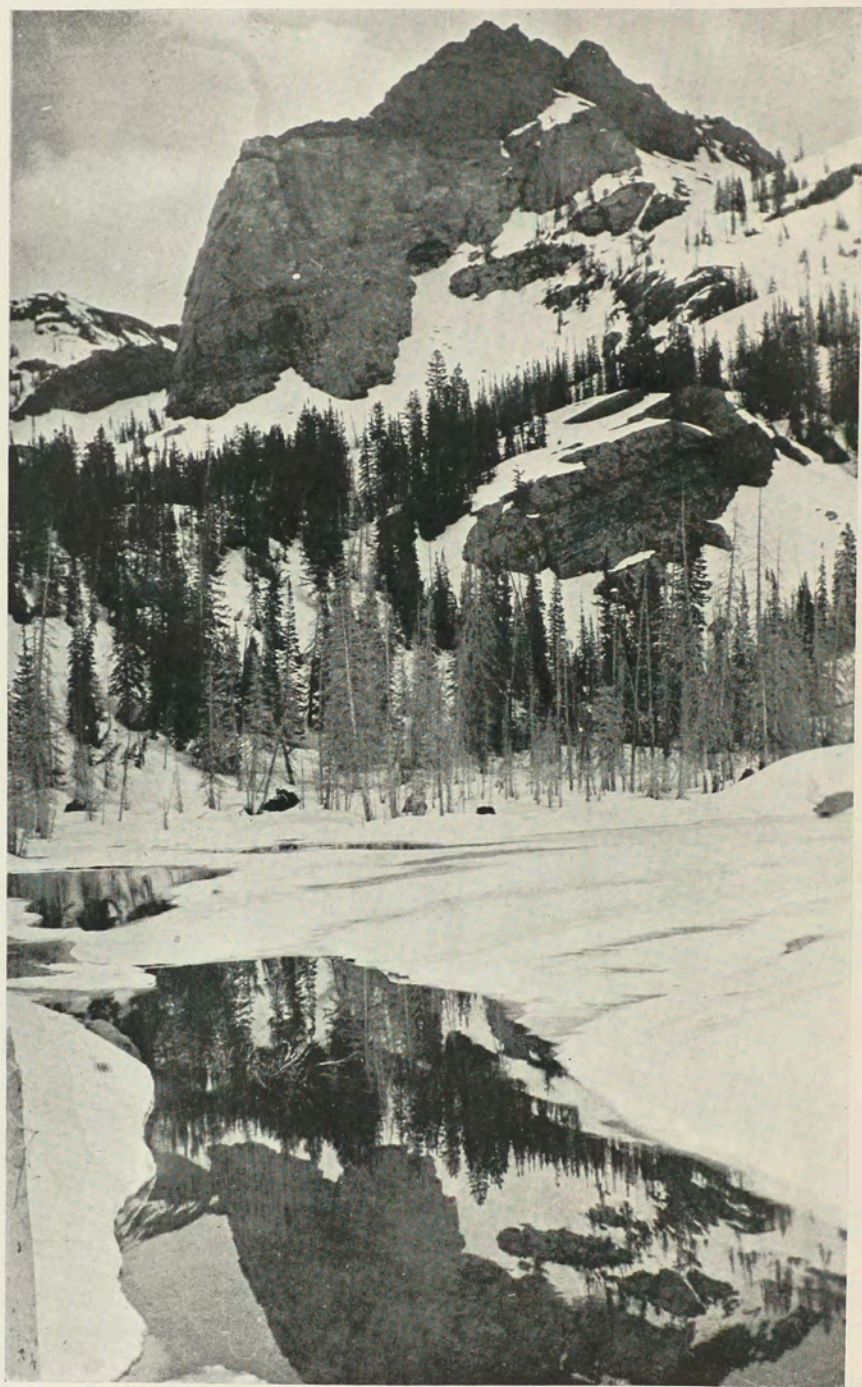
*"For poems were made by fools like me,
But only God can make a tree."*



Ralph Lambert, at a greasy spoon counter, got a ham sandwich without ham and handed it back, saying, "Here, buddy, shuffle 'em again; I got the Joker."



WASATCH GROUP ON RAYMOND PEAK, ON THE DIVIDE BETWEEN MILL CREEK AND BIG COTTONWOOD



WINTER SCENERY AT LILLIAN
LAKE LILLIAN IN EARLY SPRINGTIME

Bridge Building Trip to Mill "B" Fork

By CHARLES ("CHICK") GUERTS



T WAS a bright sunny morning on May 25, when "The Toilers," forty-two in number, gathered at the Salt Lake Theatre, bringing with them enough enthusiasm to erect a bridge over Utah Lake. A free-for-all scramble was made for seats in the two cars provided and when the dust cleared it was found that seven of the slower members were fortunate to obtain a seat on the curbing, so another car was ordered. The foodstuffs and bridge materials had been previously loaded, so with a joyous shout we were off.

The ride through Big Cottonwood Canyon to the Lake Blanche trail was a merry one, the pleasing songs and laughter of this amiable crowd, proclaiming their arrival. It was about one-half mile to the bridge site, and each person, including the girls, without request removed the entire load from the cars to the new location.

Then the work began! It was truly a splendid sight to see such a display of pep and teamwork, the fellows fairly outdoing each other in their tasks. The first important detail was to construct a solid and firm foundation upon which the bridge stringers were to be anchored. The brush and dead wood were cleared away from both banks of the stream and boulders and large rocks were laid, forming a secure wall on either side. Next was the problem of procuring suitable timber for bridge stringers. A giant quaking aspen had been hewn at the bottom of a steep incline and the complete man-power of the party was enlisted to drag this huge log into place across the embankments. This job was quite arduous, but with the aid of the crowbar and several thick ropes, the first stringer was finally "laid to rest." But what was that tantalizing aroma assailing our nostrils? It was the delicious luncheon Ralph and his fair assistants had been preparing. The exercise had created appetites that ravenous bears can seldom boast of, and without exception we did justice to that meal. Another large aspen tree had been located directly across the creek and we experienced little trouble in placing it on the foundation, six feet from the first timber. Meanwhile the girls had decided to hike up the trail to the lakes. The men were then divided into two groups, the first squad proceeding to saw off seven-foot saplings, four inches in diameter, from a clump of birch wood, while the remainder nailed the pieces to the stringers. A guard rail was fastened on each side and lengths of steel cable were used to safely moor the bridge. The slits were filled in with gravel and the path, approaching and leading from the bridge, was leveled and properly graded.

The work was then finished and we viewed with pride and satisfaction, the fruits of our labors. The bridge is a quaint, but most substantial and serviceable structure and surely reflects the progressive

and helpful spirit of the Wasatch Mountain Club and the one hundred per cent co-operation of its members. Too much credit cannot be given to Gerald Thorne and Elwood Stockman, who so capably planned and supervised the work.

The girls had returned and as the sun, in colorful splendor, commenced to sink beyond the towering mountain ridge above us, casting shadows here and there, a sponsor was chosen and amid a hushed silence, the bridge was fittingly christened "Thornstock." Then the cheers rang out until the woods resounded with the echoes. It was indeed with regret that it was necessary to bid these delightful surroundings *au revoir* but we were all happy and grateful for the privilege of being on this wonderful, harmonious trip, where actual work was a great pleasure.



Dr. ? will now give us a little selection entitled, "Grandpa wind up your beard, mother's going to serve the soup."

A modern girl in a modern flat has very little room to complain.

The two genders are divided into masculine and feminine; the masculine is further separated into temperate and intemperate, and the feminine into frigid and torrid.



Lamb's Canyon to Big Cottonwood

By "VERN" CHRISTENSEN



ON SUNDAY, September 7th, we left the Salt Lake Theatre at 6:30 a. m. for Lambs Canyon. The bus, driven by "Fat" of the Bingham Stage Company, took us to within one mile of the head of the canyon by 8:45. From there we followed the bottom of the canyon up to the lake and onto the divide just west of Murdocks Peak. From this saddle we got a wonderful view of the canyons and mountains to the north and south of us: Mt. Ogden, Twin, Dromedary, Iron Mountain and Reids Peak.

From this saddle we dropped into the head of Mill Creek Canyon and followed it down to the mouth of Little Water, where we ate lunch. From here we followed a good trail to Dog Lake on the Cottonwood divide and then dropped down Mill D North Fork to Community Camp. We arrived there at about 4 p. m. and left for town at 5.

The total distance traveled was as follows: By bus, 45 miles; hiked, 8 miles. The weather was ideal, not very hot in the sun, cool in the shade. The canyons, although dry, were beautiful and wild.



WASATCH GROUP IN LAMB'S CANYON



SCENES IN LAMB'S CANYON

Field Day at Saratoga Springs

By DR. E. W. LAMBERT



HIS was the first trip of its kind that the club had made, and from what I heard and from what I saw, it was a howling success. I am sure we should make this athletic carnival, or field day, an annual event. There were on this trip approximately one hundred people, and I know that every one of them will recall the occasion with delight.

Do you remember the wonderful ride early Sunday morning in those big motor pullmans? How, when we arrived, we gathered in a big group, and were assigned to play for Cornell, Stanford, Yale, Columbia, Annapolis, or Harvard. Each team had the same number of boys and girls. Do you remember some of those original yells and a few of those wise cracks by Harry Nelson. Then the game of Danish Ball (great stuff), some of the girls couldn't even hit the infield and a foul ball was the safest hit. Stanford beat Cornell, Columbia beat Yale, and Annapolis beat Harvard. Then came the shot put for the fellows, when Fat Atkins tried to show how strong he was and made the great heave, but was disqualified. Yes, and he was a Stanford man same as I. Audrey Neilson, in the ball throw, showed good form, and may try out for out-fielder on the Sons of Cain team this year (if Fat will let her). Then the broad jump (the men *also* jumped, veiled joke). There were three girls on the Stanford team who jumped negative three feet, and one fellow managed to leap a foot and a half. However, Gene Amott's Columbians, jumping true to form, only managed to beat us two feet. We must not forget the horse relay. I was one of the horses, the original Spark Plug. My jockey had a couple of hat pins for spurs, and believe me we took the lead and kept it. Two of the horses fell at the second jump and threw their mounts, jockeys probably overweight, or horses not accustomed to suporting such fair burdens.

Bill Sprunt won the obstacle race with ease, after running twice as far as he needed to run in a position that would have done justice to a contortionist. In the same kind of race for the girls, we saw some pretty tumbles, in spite of the fact that most of these girls had had previous experience in hobble skirts, and should have shown some keen form in the sacks. The foot race, every one wearing boots, was a run away for us, we took first and second in the men's run. The girls showed some neat heels in this event also. I might jokingly say we have some fast steppers in our club.

The crowning feature, the event that had all others sunk, was the water jousting contest. This event, if filmed, might have been called "Blood and Mud." Fat and Frank furnished the blood, and the spectators the mud. The jousters made a neat picture walking out the pier in bathing suits and knee boots. We finally had to call off this event as

the boats would not be tipped over, and the contestants became too vicious. This resulted in a draw, but I personally feel Stanford should have gotten something for drawing first blood.

Now we come to the event in which we all could show our form. Cornell, Gene Amott's team, took almost everything in the swims. I entered in every event, and got a long drink of sulphur water for my efforts. In the fancy diving I did a beautiful plunk-splash dive in a manner all my own, but the judges failed to appreciate my form.

The beauty contest was a riot. Jerry Crowley as Madam Yale was a most charming vamp, with that "come on" look in his eyes, and that "I don't care" shoulder movement; and there were others, Senorita Bushwaw, Stanford's queen; Queen Ann, Annie Apolis, and Geraldine of Harvard. Flat hips, hot lips, bow legs, bare shoulders, flat feet, beautiful, long muscle-knotted arms, gowns that would make the modiste gasp and pass out—all the original stuff was there, and as Iva Tanner said, "made out of our own heads, too." In the spot light these masculine women or effeminate men were daringly and becomingly dressed. The score was then announced, Columbia 59, first; Stanford 35, second; Cornell, 15, third. The prizes were then awarded to Gene Amott's team, and we hit for home, tired and happy after a day of real sport, filled with almost too much action.



A wife is a person you can teach to drive a car without hugging her.

Fat—Now we'll all rise and sing, "I've thrown away my night gown so when I walk in my sleep folks won't think I'm a member of the K. K. K."

Judge—Guilty or not guilty?

Feno—Not guilty.

Judge—Have you ever been in jail?

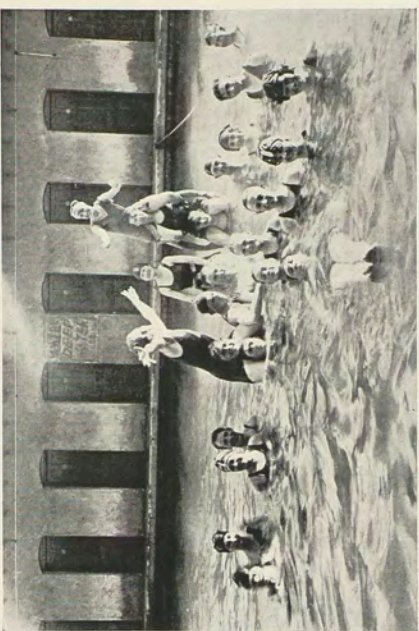
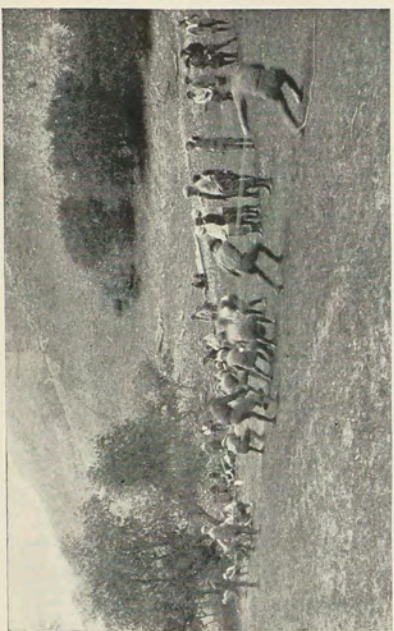
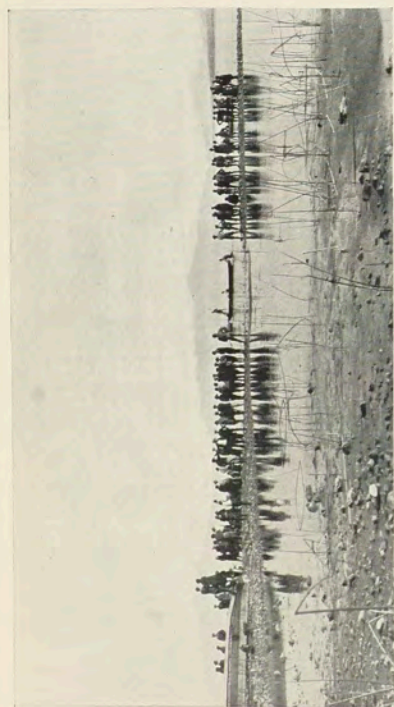
Feno—No, I never was drunk before.

I hear they have given up poker at the girls' dormitory.
Why?

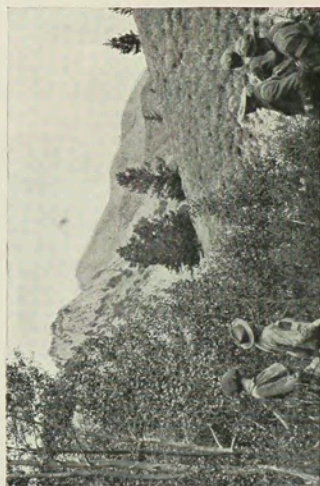
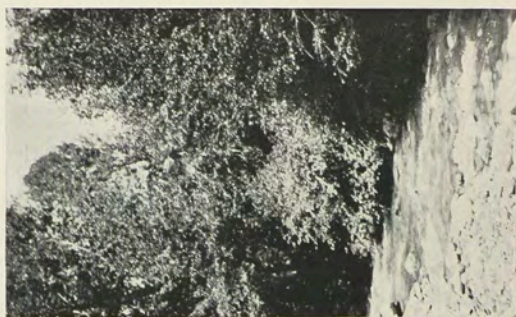
They catch cold so easily.

Mr. Marsell—What is a volcano?

Member of Geology Class—It is a mountain with a hole in the top and if you look inside you can see the creator smoking.



SCENES AT SARATOGA SPRINGS. FIELD DAY



SCENES IN THE STANSBURY MOUNTAINS. UPPER LEFT—DIVIDE AND HEADWATERS OF SOUTH WILLOW CANYON. LOWER LEFT—ALTA OVERMEYER ON MT. DESERT. LOWER RIGHT—ENCIRCLING MORaine AT HEAD OF SOUTH WILLOW CREEK

South Willow Canyon Trip

By ALTA OVERMEYER



THE modern western stage may look the acme of comfort to the casual observer, but to him who has had the experience of a seemingly interminable journey or two, it expresses something vastly different. To him it expresses aching backs, cramped muscles, grumbling fellow passengers, jolted bones, and stiff joints together with a few flat tires and an occasional broken axle.

At six-thirty the usual crowd began to gather at the regular meeting place so that by the time I had put in my appearance about twelve others had already arrived. With the exception of a new pair of boots the crowd looked the same as usual. Bill had the same roll of bedding and the same knapsack and was wearing the same shirt and smile. Fat, Pa Parry, Audrey, Doc Lambert, Ethel and many of the other regulars were already there and about three minutes to seven the big, comfortable stage rolled up to the curb. By seven all the bedding, knapsacks, tooth brushes, and the coffee pot had been securely arranged in the baggage carrier and the crowd, some twenty-seven had crowded into the stage. Three or four others, who were left on the curb accepted the invitation to ride in a private car, whose owner had decided to make the trip. By seven-ten o'clock we were ready to start with one exception, Andy had not arrived. At about seven-thirty he strolled up, fresh from a game of Mah Jong, at which he had lost thirty-seven cents, and looking quite dapper in his white collar and dark green coat. Two seconds later we were off.

We drove south from the city until we were some few miles from Murray, at which point we turned west. About dusk we passed thru Magna, turning north. A little after dark we passed thru Garfield and rounded the north point of the Oquirrh Mountains. As we continued in a southwesterly direction across Tooele Valley, the comfortable stage began to feel a trifle less comfortable, at which time the deduction of a passenger or two would have been expedient as well as desirable. Gene furnished diversion by valiently strumming popular airs on his faithful ukelele, while Fat occasionally burst forth into the sweet strains of "Hinky Dinky Parlez Vous." About nine we passed thru Grantsville, where we very effectually rendered "Wasatch Will Shine Tonight." About a half hour later we arrived at the power house, where we all got out to stretch our cramped legs. A little later we continued our journey, feeling comfortable once more, for camp was only some five miles farther along. Thoughts of camp after fifty miles of riding are pleasant thoughts indeed.

More than minor discomforts was to be our lot that night. We had proceeded about a mile when we came to a stretch of gravel, and by the way that driver threshed that stage around he had but a dim con-

ception of the ways of differentials, gears, etc. The deed was done and there we were four miles from camp with a gear or something vaguely suggestive of gears "busted." If you think there was any consternation shown you don't know that crowd. Even Anly forgot Mah Jong and turned his thoughts to the hike ahead. Most of the bedding and packs were put in the private car, which went on ahead to the spot that had been picked for camp. Don't think anybody grumbled about the four-mile hike ahead. I don't know about the others, but I know I hiked faster that night than I ever had before in my life. My eyes soon became accustomed to the dark and as I proceeded I stumbled less and less. Four miles up a narrow canyon road in the middle of the night isn't the easiest thing in the world to accomplish. Several of the fellows, puffing like locomotives, passed me up but I kept going. Once I sat down to rest, but the thoughts of mountain lions and bears were too vivid to afford me any degree of relaxation so I continued on. After four miles of hiking and fifty minutes of time I reached camp. The fire was crackling and the coffee boiling and everyone seemed happy. By twelve-fifteen all had arrived and soon we were settled for the night.

The sun was well up in the heavens before the camp was astir. Yes, the members of the Wasatch Mountain Club like to sleep as well as the members of any other club. Pa Parry was just finishing his breakfast when I was ready to start mine. On trips like this each furnishes and cooks his own breakfast. You should have seen Andy's eye that morning. Some kindly spider had paid him a visit during the night, leaving his eye to resemble a puff ball. The prospective event of the day was the climb to Mt. Deseret, but would you believe it, only eight of that hiking crowd made the attempt. I don't know whether it was a credit to me or not but I was the only girl so inclined.

Maybe it was nine o'clock when we started and maybe it was later but we started, our able geologist, hammer in hand, being one of the number. Since we knew we had the whole day before us we proceeded slowly and incidentally heard a lot about the geological formations and even saw some fossils of corals, long extinct. It is surprising to know how much of our country was formerly under water. Our guide was an exceptional fellow, who really seemed to know the country, and who was able to furnish us with some accurate geographical information.

After we had hiked about an hour we came suddenly out of the narrow canyon we had been following, and Mt. Deseret, the highest peak in the Stansbury Mountains, came into view. With its long jagged top and bare perpendicular face it seemed impossible. Still we were members of the Wasatch Mountain Club and had a reputation to live up to. Three of the fellows who had gone on ahead, climbed straight up the face of that peak. As I have said, our guide knew his business and explained to us how foolhardy that would be, so we decided to approach the peak from its southern extremity.

After an interminable climb, fraught with more or less danger and a little hard work we arrived at our goal, the summit of Mt.

Deseret, the highest peak in the Stansbury range (Elev. 10,300 ft.). The others had already come and gone for it was four o'clock—seven long hours struggling to reach the top of a mountain, but to those who have accomplished this stunt, be the peak ever so insignificant, the reward is more than satisfying.

The view from the top of this peak was superb. For me that view was something to be classed as an entirely new and novel experience. The range, on whose highest point we were standing has its northern beginning in Stansbury Island, which isn't an island after all, but a sort of neck jutting out into Great Salt Lake, and extends some thirty-five miles almost directly south. Unfortunately the day was a trifle hazy and we were not able to see the Lucin cut-off, across the lake. To the west, just at our feet, lay Skull Valley, simmering hot in the August sun. This white, dreary waste presented no sign of life except the small square of green, designating Orr's Ranch and a similar square a few miles further north, designating the place, where some Hawaiians, converts to the Mormon church, had once struggled for existence. This desolate country is crisscrossed with roads and across the southern end passes the Lincoln highway. West of Skull Valley lay the Cedar Mountains, a low desert range, and beyond stretched the great white waste of the Great American Desert. This was my first glimpse, yet viewed from a distance it still seemed to draw and fascinate.

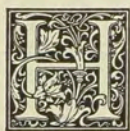
The view to the east was more familiar. We gazed across the fertile acres of Tooele Valley, dotted here and there by sprawling towns, past the higher range of the Oquirrh, and over Salt Lake Valley to the beautiful Wasatch Range. I was easily able to distinguish the Twins, the rugged Lone Peak, the majestic Timpanogos and the three humps of Nebo. To the south the whole landscape merged into mountains and more mountains.

When we had gazed and gazed until we knew that the sun was beginning to hang low we decided to make the descent. I have never descended a mountain in such a pell mell manner and in such haste. In two hours I was back to camp. The "private car," loaded with bedding, was waiting, all the others having walked on ahead. I couldn't have walked that four miles back to the stage for I had developed a dozen blisters, more or less, during that rushing descent. We arrived at the stage before any of the others, who, one by one, came straggling in. By dark all had arrived but our geologist and the guide. We waited and waited and grew grumpier and grumpier and still they didn't come. We all had visions of Ray walking slowly and calmly along chipping a rock here and a rock there by majestic sweeps of his hammer. When he finally arrived we were so happy to be off that we forgot all our anger and impatience.

At Grantsville we stopped and ate entirely too many ice cream cones, Fat leading us all by a margin of seven. At Garfield we picked up the disabled stage that had brought us out the previous night. From there the drive was long and tedious. We arrived back in town just in time to catch the line up, and another wonderful "Wasatch" trip had become history.

Farmington Canyon After the Flood

By CENONE DALLEY



HIKING over old trails is always fascinating. But a hike over known territory whose old trails have been obliterated by a devastating flood, which poured down a steep canyon, sweeping before it boulders half the size of a house and burying them beneath great piles of debris, miles distant from their point of origin—such a hike holds many surprises rarely encountered even by members of the Wasatch Mountain Club, who are used to thrilling adventures.

It was to see Farmington Canyon as it had been left by the flood of August 22, 1923, that the Club trip of May 11, 1924, was planned. Most of the thirty-five members who made this trip had been to Farmington Canyon a year before, so the second visit made possible some intensely interesting comparisons.

In two trucks and two private cars, our party, led by F. J. Ritter and the writer, left the Salt Lake Theatre corner at 8:15 a. m. and were at the power plant in Farmington Canyon by 9 o'clock.

Changes wrought by the flood had been apparent long before we reached the power plant, but from there on, while hiking up the canyon, we were startled to note how great had been the damage done—all within an hour or so!

It is strange and yet terrible what a great volume of water can do in so short a time. On the occasion of our previous trip, the canyon was all green with vegetation, the trail was good and hiking was easy. After the flood we could find none of the land marks which had been located in or near the bottom of the canyon, while here and there it seemed half of the mountain had been sliced off and washed away. Again there would be a big boulder, probably twenty or thirty feet in diameter, standing as if in midair, the dirt having been washed away from all sides of it. Had the torrent lasted even a little while longer, many more of this kind obviously would have been undermined and gone crashing down the canyon as a great number of others had done.

The previous year the trail was in the bottom of the canyon and for some distance ran quite close to the stream. This year a new trail had been made which was much farther up the side of the mountain. Even though this trail did not go very far, it was greatly appreciated. When we left it we were obliged to cross back and forth over the stream. If the stream was not too wide we would make a bridge out of logs. To do this some of the fellows would have to stand on either end of the logs, holding them from going with the current, in order that the rest of us might get over. Again it would be necessary to scramble down embankments, many of which were almost perpendicular.

During the hike we were accompanied by Mr. Crawford of the Farmington Mining Company, who showed us every courtesy, even turning over to us the cabin of the Mining Company.

We decided not to try to go any farther than the cabin, as some of the places were almost impassable beyond that point. A few did go farther, but the others stayed in camp. Mr. Crawford willingly answered the numerous questions put to him regarding the property of the Farmington Mining Company, showed us caves, property markings and trails, and took those who wished to go through the mine opposite the cabin on Whipple Creek, as well as to other tunnels and properties of the Company.

Up to this time things were very peaceful in camp, even very quiet for a few minutes, a condition which we knew couldn't last. Something was coming, we felt sure.

In this feeling, as early events proved, we were not mistaken. Several members of the party were sitting in the cabin chatting, when Vern Christensen and Arville Atkins casually walked in—almost too casually! Then, of a sudden these "cavemen" headed for a certain girl (whose name we dare not publish), picked her up bodily, one holding her shoulders, the other her feet. Two big huskies after one little girl! But they did not get her without a good fight.

No one knew what was coming—especially the girl. Out the door they ran, and straight down to the creek, where the wriggling, fighting lassie got what the boys called a ducking. She calls it more than that.

Upon inquiry she found that this was in payment for a good soaking she had given Arville in the same stream the year previous. This grudge had been tucked away and saved, with interest added at a high rate. At last they were even!

Immediately after this Dave Alder, as usual, started entertaining the girls. Whether or not his act was planned or the result of accident, we cannot say; but it was none the less successful.

Dave was crossing the creek on a log, when—so unusual for him!—he lost his balance! (We rather think it was deliberate, because Dave has hiked enough to be able to walk across a log without falling off.) He fell astride the log and, in order to hold on, locked his feet together and held on with his hands.

This only added to his predicament. The current was too strong for him, and came against his legs with so much force that he was turned completely upside down.

Poor Dave had to borrow the bedroom of the cabin, undress, go to bed, and have the fellows hang his clothes out to dry. These were strewn around on bushes and trees and some even hung on top of the cabin. Dave was somewhat cooled down by the time he was able to dress and join the crowd.

Instead of going back the same way we came, we went over the top of a mountain from which we had a wonderful view of the canyon. It was 5:30 when we reached the busses which were waiting for us at the power house.

On the homeward drive, we sang and jollied as usual, and now and again stopped at a drug store, mainly for ice cream cones. We were back in Salt Lake at 7 o'clock.

Box Elder Canyon Trip

By MARY PACK



SUNDAY, October 12, 1924, the Wasatch Mountain Club conducted a trip into Box Elder Canyon—just out of Brigham City—with Gerald Thorne as leader. Newspapers and schedule cards announced that the trip would be started at 5 a. m. and the members would climb some high peak in Box Elder Canyon, which they would name. A few tardy members delayed the schedule and weather conditions altered the objective, but notwithstanding, the trip was a tremendous success.

Nineteen people were registered for the trip but when noses were counted at the Salt Lake Theatre, after the cars had accomplished their early morning "picking up" tour, only sixteen were on hand. Afton Williams and the Campbells—Alice and Virginia—were missing. Frantic telephoning from the police department revealed the fact that they had merely overslept but were then awake so a car was sent out to bring the truants in. Decision hasn't been rendered as yet as to whether oversleeping is a legitimate excuse for a hiker, but the tardy ones were forgiven on this one occasion, though not forgotten. They will probably hear much of this matter in the future.

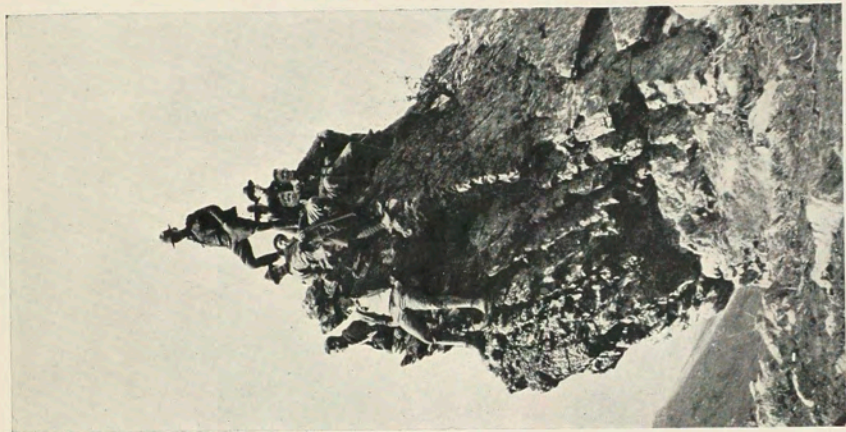
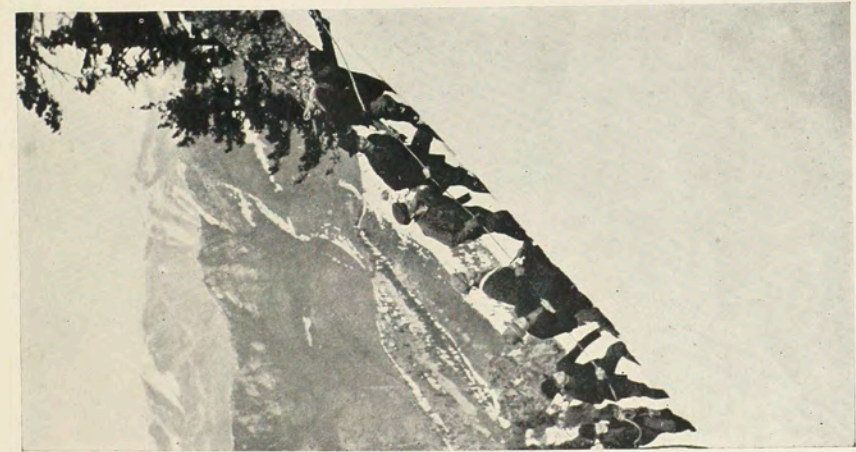
In spite of delays, it was still early when a Bingham stage, with the entire party—thirteen boys and six girls—and not one of them sleepy then, rolled on its way. There was much laughter, much song and many good jokes were told. All of them would bear recording too, but the writer never could remember jokes.

The hikers started out in a stiff breeze, heavily wrapped in coats and shawls and even blankets, but before they had progressed far, they were carrying most of their wraps in a roll, and by the time they reached the top, the weather had cleared beautifully.

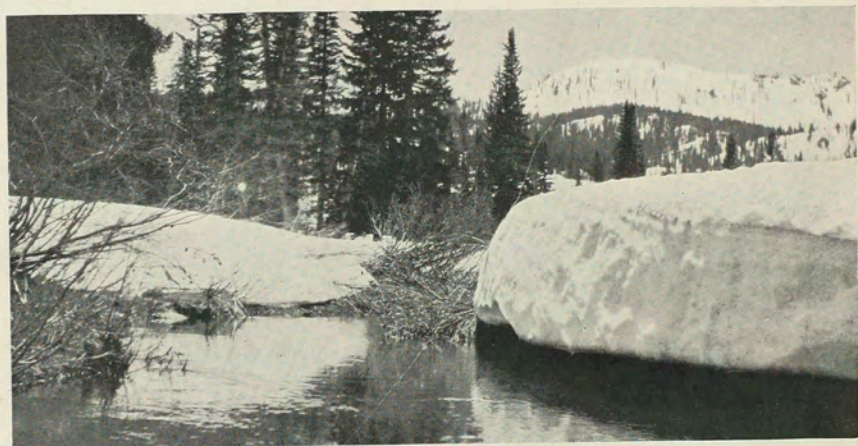
The mountain climbed was exceptionally interesting from a geological standpoint. The writer leaves it to members of the Science Committee, who were along to locate this mountain, describe its upheaved rocky surface and tell about numerous and various fossils congregated there. It was a geologist's paradise without a doubt and those whom Ray Marsell has been training went along with their noses to the ground, exclaiming delightedly ever and anon over some newly discovered evidence of prehistoric life. They packed their pockets and their shirts with heavy specimens cut from the mountain side, and trailed home wearing the satisfied smile of discoverers.

When did they eat? Well, just all the time. Breakfast at home, refreshments en route, more breakfast at Brigham City, lunch at the mountain peak, more lunch at stage, more lunch at Brigham City, more lunch en route. It was the hungriest bunch that ever ventured out on a hike.

All in all the trip on October 12th was a most wonderful and successful local trip.



SCENES ON MT. OLYMPUS TRIP



WINTER SCENES AT BRIGHTON

The Ski Trip in Parley's Canyon

By ALTA OVERMEYER

Harry Lauder has made himself famous with a song that goes something like this:

*Oh! It's nice to get up in the morning
When the sun begins to shine,
At four or five or six o'clock,
In the good old summer time.
But when the day is dreary (meaning cold and wintry)
And it's murky over head,
Oh! it's nice to get up in the morning
But it's nicer to lie in your bed.*



ACH Sunday as winter turns the morning dark, cold and wintry, this sentiment is echoed in a hundred million human hearts, more or less, in this old United States, and it isn't a feeble echo either. The feel of a pillow under one's head is infinitely more comforting and peaceful than the feel of one's feet on the floor, be it carpeted, hardwood or splintered. Surely there must be a strong urge in one's being to make them forego this ecstasy of the soul and spur them on to don boots and trousers, snatch a cup of coffee and be off. There is probably only one urge strong enough and that is the call of the great out-doors, the call of the white snowy hills in winter. On the morning of Jan. 18 this call was answered by fifty members of the Wasatch Mountain Club—answered with pep, force and enthusiasm. One by one they arrived, then in twos and threes, swinging blithely up to the D. & R. G. station at Sugar House. Sleep had surely been cruelly banished, for all eyes seemed bright and sparkling, so especially bright were one pair of eyes that a young lady asked, "Who is that young fellow over there with those gorgeous, glorious blue eyes?" Now being a woman, I am more or less on the look out and quick to see masculine optics thus described. For that reason I had long decided there was only one young man in the club whom I thought possessed eyes of this description, and, as every one knows who he is, it is useless to name him. However, there seems to be another, for as the young lady pointed him out I had to answer "Paul Anderson" and not "Frank Perkins." It certainly proves conclusively that the early morning light has a brightening effect on blue eyes.

There were a few new faces that morning, but generally speaking they were the old standbys, and up to their old stunt of going on a trip without having registered. Considering that it has happened so many times before, Einar was to be congratulated on remaining his usual amiable, sunny self. Once he did so forget himself as to batter his

forehead on some one's skis. About 8:45 the Park City express, consisting of engine, tender, baggage car, smoker and one coach, roared up. In two minutes the skis were loaded, all had found seats and we were ready and anxious to be off. Before the engineer could open the throttle, some raised a staying hand, all seemed to sense a feeling of vacantness as though some thing or somebody were missing. Then it dawned on the consciousness of all that Fat had not arrived. As he had the toboggans, there was nothing to do but to wait. We would probably have waited anyway because no outing could be truly successful without him. That last sentence may have a ring of sarcasm but the writer feels none and means sincerely the thought expressed. We could not understand the reason for his non-appearance. Now if it had been Andy we could have blamed Mah Jong, but Fat, we just couldn't understand. Some had visions of his body horribly mangled under street car wheels, and some felt he was heeding the words of Harry Lauder's song. Then a shout went up for up the street roared a Ford Coupe in a cloud of dust—that is, an imaginary cloud of dust. The car cracked the whip with the toboggans tied on behind two or three times, then came to a halt. Some tried to blame Audry for the delay and Fat blamed the toboggans, but the real reason will ever remain a mystery.

For a few minutes the newspaper was the most popular thing aboard the train. The majority were anxious to read the latest doings of Skee-zix. Bill Onyon tried not to show the feverish desire that was burning his soul, the longing that fired his being. Not until he had seen the bowling score of eighty-five opposite his name was his infinite yearning satisfied. The "train peddler" had a flourishing business in candies and peanuts, manufactured expressly for breakfast food. Those who tried it became convinced that salted peanuts and after dinner mints are just the thing to satisfy the early morning appetite. After hunger was appeased, the thoughts of the more enterprising turned to song. The "jersey cow, and the hired man," "Pa's beard" and Charley's adventures in "Tingle-ling-a-ling" were soon disposed of. Then Pete was persuaded upon to sing. Only the most hard-hearted were able to restrain the sparkle of tear drops, in fact, I doubt if there was an unmoistened eye present, so effectively did Pete render that touching and heart-rending little ballad entitled. "Whoa, Mule, Whoa."

In the meantime the train was slowly making its way up Parleys Canyon. How strange, unfamiliar and unreal the canyon looked. Some unseen hand had stripped the trees of all their summer foliage, and the little stream in the creek bed seemed chilly and uninviting; and over all, covering the utter bareness, nature had spread its soft blanket of snow, adding an ethereal whiteness, a serenity found only in the great open, away from the petty strife and incessant clamor of mankind. The great reservoir at Mountain Dell lay still and unresisting in the icy clutch of winter. Up and up the train struggled through the white stillness, until doubling back on itself the whole canyon and ridges spread out in a pearly panorama, glistening in the

morning sun. Ridge after ridge of white stretched away in a snowy vista as far as the eye could see. Surely some fanciful fairy had touched her wand to the brown bareness and in a twinkling created all this quiet beauty.

About ten o'clock we crawled through a black tunnel and out again into the sunshine, to come to a halt at the Summit, our destination. Considering the number of skis present, they were unloaded in an incredibly short time. Although all seemed anxious to be off through the unbroken snow, they stopped long enough to pose for their pictures. Out door people, fortunately, have the characteristic of not objecting to pose. No matter how impatient they are to be off, they are usually not loathe to pause long enough to give the photographer a chance. The pictures disposed of, one by one we buckled on our skis and glided away across the virgin snow. Nothing brings greater joy to the heart of the ski addict than to make his own track through the fresh snow. Several of us left the larger crowd behind and glided softly away down the canyon. No sound broke the utter stillness as we slipped quietly along. Our cares, one by one, dropped from us, the disappointments and heartaches seemed far away, the petty gaieties of life receded into shadows, and the ceaseless toil of mankind was forgotten. Peace seemed softly to have entered our souls, as though the hand of God rested lightly on our heads in benediction. Long hills, we took, speeding swiftly down, our skis singing through the snow, the wind cutting our cheeks.

About twelve o'clock all returned to the station, which was a box car, fitted up as a dining room, sitting room and kitchen, a sort of three in one affair. Ralph had the coffee boiling, the delightful aroma filling the air. Ham had enough lunch to feed at least four, that is she thought she had. She didn't know, however, that she had a starving Armenian, in the person of Pete Chartrand, to feed. Not only did Ham give him three-fourths of her lunch, but all present showered food upon him. Actual count showed he ate eleven sandwiches, two dozen olives, three pickles, five pieces of celery, two hard boiled eggs, two pieces of cake, thirteen cookies, three Hershey bars, five oranges and an apple. After lunch had been consumed eight or ten banded together and bombarded Gene with orange peel. Some shots were so well aimed that they took him behind the ear, in front, in the eye and under the chin. Realizing the dignity of his position, he remained his usual sunny self, accepting the plump of the peels on his face with manly fortitude.

After lunch we posed before the camera once more, then the majority were off again. Doc Hopkins managed to collect some ten or fifteen girls to pose with him for a picture. How Doc does manage to be photographed always with a large group of girls has long been a mystery to many a young man in the club. They consider themselves lucky to be photographed in the presence of one fair one—but fifteen! The mystery is still waiting to be solved. The antics displayed by the different skiers on the hillsides were original and varied. Ham delighted others by backward somersaults of unusual character. Some

how she managed to keep her feet better in the air than under her. It seemed rather queer but certainly the idea was firmly implanted in her mind, because her feet scorned to touch the snow. Ralph Finch took several graceful nose dives into the feathery snow, which were refreshing, not only to himself, but to the watchers as well. I asked some one how a pigeon-toed person could ski, and they told me to watch Willie. I did, but I am still in ignorance as to just how it is done. The capers of the toboggans were equally amusing. Ralph Lambert took the prize of the day for successfully burying himself in a snow drift. Pete ran him a close second, but then we can understand why Pete should sink down into the soft, downy snow.

These spills, however, were not confined to the novice, for it seems as though our expert, whose name should end in "son," but doesn't, being simply "Stearns," shared them. Now, it seems as though Lew thought he really was a native of the snow bound lands of Europe and exhibited his skill accordingly. Some how he misjudged a jump or miscalculated a turn and down he went into an ignominious heap in the snow and snap went one of his skis. Not a great mishap, perhaps, but a tragedy none the less.

At a little after three our express put in its appearance again. It is to be doubted that the conductor really was as calm as he seemed, for those fifty people kept straggling up until the train was delayed twenty minutes, more or less. The delay, however, this time, could not be attributed to toboggans. Finally all the skis were loaded and the train began to crawl cautiously along the ridge and down the canyon. All too soon Sugar House was reached, and the end was written to one more episode in Wasatch Mountain Club history.



Be dressed for the trip. This applies to the women especially. First of all, have suitable footwear; boots or shoes with heavy soles and hobnails are preferable.

Preserve the flowers and the trees.

Put out the campfires.

Leave your camp in better shape than you found it.

Our Club

By EUGENE D. AMOTT



SUCCESS may be measured by a good past, a satisfactory present, and a prospective future. When making a panoramic picture of the Mountain Club's history, activities, and plans, I am entirely convinced that we have won, are winning, and will continue to hold, the title of Success as the first, middle and last name of our club.

Our present activities are so many and so absorb the time of the members, that I have often wondered if it would not be worth while to recall a little of our pleasant past and link up with our outings those club members and committees who are responsible for our many enjoyable times; and then to set forth some of our hopes for the future.

How could we get along without a Wasatch Mountain Club? Now think, if I am not asking too much, of what the Club really means to you and me, and what it will soon mean to all lovers of the Great Out of Doors in Utah. Did you ever go out in the canyons before joining the club? I suppose that perhaps you did, and so did I, but I am inclined to think that all of our little parties were conducted along the same lines; i. e., drive your own wagon, walk, or hire some means of transportation; select some nice place to go and when you get there find that place, not gone, but taken, and then hustle for the next best; arrange your own menu and have to cook the food yourself; after all that devise some style of entertainment, other than sitting and looking and laughing at each other. Really, that's about all you would feel like doing after making preparations for such a party.

In the by-gone days did it ever occur to you that some day all you would have to do would be go to the Owl Drug store, sign your name, and pay about half the price you usually paid for such a trip, and in addition to having all the unpleasant work properly done, find that there has been plenty of entertainment arranged. All there is to do is go, enjoy yourself, and have the satisfaction that you are associating with the best of environment.

The Club is now starting on its fifth year, and when we consider that since the Spring of 1920 with a mere handful of people—13 to be exact—the organization has grown and passed the 500 mark with only one membership drive, it can easily be seen that this Club is growing on its merits and not out of curiosity of outsiders.

The past years of our activity have brought around some drastic changes in the handling of trips and affording means of transportation. For example, in the beginning the Board of Directors consisted of eight members, who conducted the club's business. At that time our open meetings, during the winter season, were held in the Telephone building. Right next door to the police station—a very safe place to hold meetings. The average attendance was between 60 and

80, which was a very good percentage. The little platform that was used for a stage, or footstool for the entertainers to stand on, so that they could be seen by all, brings back some comical recollections. It was here that the Quartet "The Club's Own." Lew Stearns, Clyde Brown, Harry Lewis, and Gene Amott, rendered its first and last numbers as a means of entertainment, and also where Arville Atkins delivered a lecture on some club slides, when to the surprise of everybody, including Arville, a picture was thrown on the screen of our lecturer, in pink pajamas, frolicing in the snows of Brighton. This picture ended the lecture because our lecturer flew the coop. Meetings of the winter season are now patronized by 250 to 300 people, and are held in attractive halls which afford many more conveniences. The programs are of a more professional type as a general rule.

Do you recall the days of the J. & M. or the B. & O. trucks? Some of our members will. Yes, we used to ride in freight, or coal "hacks" and moving vans. Sit on bare boards with no back rests and in case of rain or snow—well, it just rained or snowed and we would sit there, in those topless trucks and wait for it to stop; but did we have fun? Well, I should say we did! There was no glass to break on those vehicles, and all classes of games, from "Old Maid" to foot ball were indulged in, while going to and from the canyons. When the first Bingham bus was used, nobody wanted to ride in it because they were afraid of breaking the glass windows. But times have changed and the transportation committee is now on the watch for the most comfortable means of conveyance.

The governing board of the club now consists of fifteen members, each with his particular duties in relation to every trip. Just to watch the functioning of the Board, let us take a big trip, the Hermitage at Easter for example, and see how it is put over.

One month before the trip takes place, Gerald Thorne of the Outings Committee makes up the schedule cards giving all the particulars, which is his part of the work. Bill Jones, recording secretary, sends the cards out, and from this time until the date of the trip all other committees are active. Dr. Shafer lines up his menu and submits it for aproval of the Board two weeks before the goods are purchased. Arville Atkins must have an outline of the entertainment and arrange for the program. Doc Lambert outlines athletic activities to fit in with the entertainment. Einar Lignell and "Lynn" Stoney must make a trip to the Hermitage, report what will have to be done before the crowd can be received. The reception, and science committees, Dan Derby and Vern Christensen, plan their part of the days program and see to it that the new members are made to feel at home and that the scientific interests of the country are brought to the attention of all. During this period of preparation Clarence Parry is busy keeping the papers informed of what we are doing, and last but not least all this time the president and corresponding secretary, Gene Amott and Ethel Farrell, are helping all committees and seeing that nothing is overlooked. So it is with every trip—each man doing his part, and when all parts are put together a well planned smooth-running trip is the

result and all of this work is just for the convenience of the club members.

The past winter season has been one of unusual activity. Through the efforts of Ray Marsell and Vern Christensen, classes have been conducted in geology and leadership. These classes have been well attended. Every member of the club should take advantage of an opportunity to learn of the geology of this intermountain country, and to read field maps, signals, and have a general knowledge of forestry, astronomy and first aid. All these subjects were taken up in these classes and it is the plan of the directors to again offer this opportunity next fall.

The athletic field has been entered and it is with great pleasure that we recall the outcome of the basketball team and the bowling teams. The first year of basketball awarded the club with first place and last year our team won second place in the Commercial League. All of our players are club members and it is for their interest that the team is entered. The bowling has proven of interest for both ladies and men alike, and it is to Dr. Lambert and Dan Derby that we extend thanks for this work.

We are now at the close of the most successful year in the club's history along dramatic lines, and this activity has been the source of much entertainment. It is the intention of the board to continue in this field and we extend the gratitude of the club to Miss Pauline Clinger, Alice Billings, Jackie Collett, Lewis Stearns, Arville Atkins and Spencer Young, director, for their work in the past season.

In the future it is the hope of the board to enter into many other fields of activity which will attract the members and keep them enthused and interested. The treasurer is now handling all trips on a budget system, trying to economize and thereby make the trips as cheap as possible, and still set aside funds for the building of a lodge in one of the near-by canyons, as soon as this fund justifies such a venture.

Your board of directors is in earnest! This Wasatch Mountain Club is here to STAY, because it is the only active outdoor club, playing up the natural scenic wonders of the intermountain country, and while it is recognized by the city and state officials as an asset to the city and state, it is up to the club members to continue to push, and work for the interest of their organization, if we are to reach the goal that we have set out for, "An active Mountain Club, recognized by all, with a membership of clean, upright people, interested in the wonders of the great out of doors."

The board of directors hopes its work has met with approval, and asks for your continued support.



Always be on time. A fifteen minutes wait for one means an aggregate of ten hours for a party of forty.

Reviewing the Year's Social Activities

By HARRIET MAGDIEL



ANY of the most cherished memories of real fun with the club center not exactly about the hiking part of trips, but are linked closely with the so-called social activities at home and on the trail. Reviewing this phase of the club's activities for the past year, there can be seen many of the brightest spots in the year's memory of each member—the times when the strain of "get to the top" took second place to just plain enjoyment.

Beginning with the Leap Year Dance at the Merry Gardens—yes, that was a great party for the fellows—and perhaps the girls, too. Quite the different thing, wasn't it, to have the ladies purchase the tickets and provide such an evening full of fun—even if they were taken home first, afterward.

Then came the Easter trip to the Hermitage. That trip was a grand success, and, considering the great crowd to take care of, things certainly ran along smoothly. Only one thing was absent—it was April Fool's day and there were no tricks. Perhaps the thought was about the Easter part of the day, and through the beautiful little service on that Sunday morning, the real significance of Easter was brought home to every one present.

Following the schedule, Vivian Park in Provo Canyon surely did provide its share of real sport. Paul Newmyer and Fred Darville as the leader and assistant kept things on the go every minute—who could help but enjoy themselves. A certain pair, "Jackie" and "Ham" came into the whirl of things on this trip, and have been at the center ever since. No professional baseball team ever provided more thrills than did the two teams that clashed that morning. Many of the girls could easily have passed for youths in the period of voice change, after prolonged cheers from the side lines.

Just about the time the strawberries were tip-top, Pinecrest Inn in Emigration Canyon was the scene of a real "strawberry bust." The "bust" part of the name must have referred to the condition arrived at when as many of the delicious berries were eaten as this happy bunch got away with. However, no casualties were reported.

Then Ethel, Oral and Cora were named the leaders of a "corn-roast" to be held in Mill Creek Canyon, about the middle of August. The night was ideal—no bigger moon ever smiled on a happy party than beamed down across those rugged peaks, and the air was just right to give to everyone that little dose of "pep" which always makes for a good time. That corn was good—no one could deny it, because so much was consumed. How could it have been resisted anyway after an hour full of games and frolics in its appetizing odor? Fun of all kinds kept every one on the jump until taps sounded and the busses rolled down the canyon from a real time.

Much can be said about the swimming and geology classes conducted by two of the club members. Mr. Darville initiated many a cautious maid to the intricacies of the water life, while Mr. Ray Marsell showed them the difference between a dike and a laccolith, or a stock and a batholith. But through the strict business part of these classes, an atmosphere of real friendship grew which will long be remembered.

Of course every year must have its watermelon bust, so "Nowhere" proved to be the destination and the Reid sisters the guides. Evidently starting with no destination, one was soon found, and every one got somewhere after all—some even up to their ears in the horde of luscious melons.

With the coming of fall, the regular monthly business meetings began. These meetings are the places where the friendships, begun on the trips, find their consummation. A meeting is a place where everyone gets together and has a real evening, talking over the trips already taken and planning for those to come, meeting new friends and renewing old acquaintanceships. For those who see "Monthly Business Meeting" on the schedule card and stay away because of the "business" part of it, some advice should be given. Although some business is taken care of, the meetings are primarily for the pleasure of the members and their friends, unless some special business is scheduled, when the membership only is invited to attend. Such programs are planned as will give to all something of interest and enjoyment. Judging from the attendance in the past, this desire on the part of the directors has indeed been fulfilled.

The real elite event of the year was the Hallowe'en Masquerade Ball. This year the McCune home was chosen as the gathering place for the merry costumed party. Jackie Collette and Alice Billings carried away the honors for the best couple in grand style. Dan Derby was picked as the best costumed man and his wife certainly was a scream in her "Sis Hopkins" attire. Arville Atkins and Audrey Nielson were outstanding in the part of a pair of Bowery toughs and looked and acted their part, while Lew Stearns vamped romantically in a real sheik attire. No better masquerade party ever held so much fun for all in attendance as did this club party on the witches' night.

Near the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon is an old log house known as Green's Cabin. It is a big affair and the lower floor is just right for dancing, so a rollicking party joined here in showing Pauline Clinger and Phoebe McKinnon one last grand time before their departure for the Pacific coast. No doubt many memories of the happiest of times will be carried by these two on their journey. May they return and join us again some day.

Then when snow and cold had barred the canyons except for the skier or snowshoe artist, something novel came along in the shape of a progressive dinner party under the management of "Marions, Inc." Cars carried the crowd from the theater to the home of Judge Stephens, where the first course was served, then over to Gertrude Sommers' for the soup course, and back down to the Roberts Hotel for the main

dinner. Real cabaret style, dancing between courses and Melba Marker, one of the club's own artists danced entrancingly. The remainder of the evening was spent in having a fine social time, the kind when mountains are forgotten for a while and folks are just natural.

Some folks hibernate when the snow and wintry blasts transform the beautiful Indian summer into a barren winter atmosphere. Not so with this club. The tradition has been to be at Pinecrest for the celebration of the entry of the new year. For five years over a hundred hikers have battled snow and cold to get to the hotel for the big winter trip of the season. The '24-'25 party was a great success. There was just enough snow to have plenty in case of falls, of which there were many, and the right kind of a crowd was along to enjoy it. Two new enthusiasts were created in the persons of Lois McCorkle and "Bunny" Winterowd—they can't stay away from the gang now. The Payson bunch surely kept things on the go and Lew Stearns and his gang of skiiers provided thrills galore. Eats—yes, there were plenty, and Doc Shafer saw to it that everyone had their fill. Radio music and the battered piano vied for first place. Who won was not decided, but a few groans were finally heard from the loud speaker. Pinecrest is an ideal place for a winter outing. May the club hold long to its tradition of an annual winter hike to its inviting comforts.

With Spring coming on, the Thespians decided to have a play, so work toward the production of "The Thirteenth Chair," was started. When show night came, a performance was given which ranked closely to the professional, in acting and general atmosphere. The dramatic club under the able direction of Mr. Spencer Young had indeed scored a triumph, and needless to say, set a precedent which will no doubt be lived up to next year.

Could a year hold many more such real good times and have them stand out, each so vividly, so long to be remembered! Such is just the usual run of the social gatherings in the yearly calendar of the Wasatch Mountain Club. Its members love nature, love the spirit which pervades the big out-doors, love clean, good fun, and love each other—these are indeed the basis of that success that has crowned every effort in our activities. May the future hold for new and old members of the club the same spirit of companionship and good cheer that the past has so amply provided.



Wear your Club pins and arm bands. For sale at 271 Community building.

Call at Club headquarters, 271 Community Market building, for bulletins, application blanks, extra trip cards, and other literature of the Club. For Club information call Wasatch 6296.

Our Progressive Dinner

By DR. E. W. LAMBERT



AT, Dance and be Merry—For a week, sixty members of the club had gone without lunch so that they might be in the best of condition for the progressive dinner party on the evening of December sixth. This group of hungry fun seekers gathered at the Salt Lake Theater at 7:30 p. m. I was one of the early arrivals, and observed that there were several in the crowd who had apparently overtrained, for as the time slipped by, and the Marians had not arrived to turn the crowd in upon the first course, these several were seen to be pacing back and forth knashing their teeth. Einar Lignell and Fat Atkins became absolutely vicious. Paul Anderson and Harry Nelson were in such a condition that they had to wear suspenders and were too weak to do any pacing. We fear that these boys had decided to profiteer on the party, each one of them must have saved \$5.00 on food during the week, and since the party only cost \$1.50 they made a clear profit of \$3.50. Dr. Pfouts and myself are going to bring this up at the next board meeting as we understand that this is supposed to be a non-profit organization.

At last we were off, crowding into private cars and dashing through a foot and a half of snow to 1218 Third ave., where we were met by a smiling angel with grey hair, whom we found was Marian's grandmother. A perfect picture greeted our eye, a huge fire in the grate and cocktails on the table. We soon had erased the latter, and suffering from galloping consumption (eat and run) we dashed out into the storm to untangle the cars from the snow banks in front of the house and were off to the soup course. This first course was an appetizer, and although it was delicious it was an aggravation in its official capacity, and in spite of the fact that I was the first to leave I was the last to arrive for the second course, which shows how hunger will drive men to recklessness.

This course at Gertrude Sommers was what might be called the musical prelude, and some of the musicians were exceedingly skillful. The liquid notes were warming and took the keen edge off our appetites, and gave us an opportunity to again approach without danger those of the party who previously were the most vicious. Harry and Paul had gained strength enough to warble a few weak notes. We then toured over to the Roberts Hotel where our master chef, Dr. Feno Shafer, and his able, comely assistants had prepared for us the last three courses. We arrived ahead of schedule and were forced to wait for the entire party to assemble before entering the dining room. In the meantime we played the piano and sang, but the singing was rather choppy, due to the fact that the hungry singers were biting their notes. Someone of the more desperate tried to take a bite out of the piano. We are not going to mention any names, but from the scar we know that he had two teeth that almost met.

Then Gene Amott arrived. Gene, underestimating our fair Marians and their co-workers, had taken no chances and told us he had just come from a banquet given at the Hotel Utah. Nevertheless, he found his place at one of the tables, and the way he devoured everything that was placed before him I am inclined to believe he acted as usher or checked hats at the said banquet.

The dinner was delicious, the service splendid, the music delightful, and the congenial atmosphere wonderful.

Between the salad and desert we were entertained by one of our own talented members, Miss Melba Marker, who is to be congratulated on her grace and ability. She danced beautifully.

After the final course the tables were cleared by Dr. Shafer and his able assistants, and we danced. Shafer sure knows how to pick good looking, pleasing, and efficient helpers from the club register, and these members are to be congratulated for they contributed much to the success of the party, Marian Wing and Marian Carver, who managed and planned and led the party, are two managers who do things right. We give them a vote of thanks and hope we may have more such parties.



Eight thousand, three hundred and ninety-two (8,392) people transported in five years with but one serious accident—a real record for the transportation department. Credit for this splendid record must be given largely to careful “Lou” and to Dr. Inglesby and his corps of efficient and courteous drivers. Good work “Mose” and “Fat”! We’re for you!



The Board of Directors of the Wasatch Mountain Club and the Editor of this 1924-1925 Rambler, wish to thank heartily each one who has in any way contributed toward the publishing of this book. It is the splendid spirit of co-operation which all have shown that has enabled the editorial staff to give you this new Rambler. Again, we thank you.

The Knight's Enlightenment



T was a gathering of the Knights of the Wasatch. "It appears to me," says Gene Amott, "that many of the old enthusiasts are now using their legs for nothing but kicking. I would like a job on the side lines this year myself. I believe I would find it easier to criticize than to work." "Yes," drawled the Wasatch Sage, "but I have never seen anything but eggs come from sitting around cackling and they are generally too hard or too soft and neither improves with age. It has become the popular conception, you must remember, that legs are now used only by dancers and chorus girls."

"Well, isn't it possible that the slump is due to the fact that many of our old steadies are now married?" excused Fat with an eye to the future. "You see, as Andy was saying the other night, a modest pair often develop into a full house."

"Humph, not in my hands," grunts Shafer, "You're off on the wrong foot. Let's hear what the Sage has to say—I got to get home and work out a menu so these hungry birds won't exceed the feed limit."

With a grateful smile the Sage continued. "You will, I am sure, excuse me if I wax poetic. I am full tonight with the joy of living and if my words sound a little soft you will know it is because they are not over done.

"Somewhere I have read, 'Life has loveliness to sell; buy it and never count the cost.' Although it may cost the investment of many hours and much effort to be an active member and worker in the club, I am sure it is a splendid investment with interest mounting and accumulating constantly. Who can look from the top of a mighty mountain, over the valleys and hills, and not be paid with interest for the time and effort it took to reach there? Who can scent the pine trees in the rain; see the mountain flowers undefiled; hear the music of rushing water, see their silvery falls; drink of the heart of a crystal spring; breathe the clear, cool air; thrill with joy of the pioneer; sleep beneath a canopy of blue sky alive with diamond stars; sweat from joyful effort; eat because of a gnawing hunger; learn to laugh without an effort; enjoy the saying and hearing of kind and encouraging things; to feel the warmth of hearing or telling a good story; to feel the power that comes from hiding your ills or aches; to meet, to make, to keep friends and enjoy the companionship of many, to live longer, to feel vigor and strength, to enjoy health—these are the returns for the small investment of a little time and a little effort. We live in deeds, in thought, in feelings and he lives most who thinks most, feels most and acts best. The member of our club who renigs, who incubates himself, who does not help, cheats only himself."

After which the following motion was passed: That henceforth we will consider it an honor and a pleasure to do with a smile any task assigned to us and to participate in as many activities as it is possible for us to do.

Signed, THE KNIGHTS OF THE WASATCH.

Decoration Day at Vivian Park

By DR. L. D. PFOUTS



NETY-NINE people belonging to the Wasatch Mountain Club left Salt Lake City on the afternoon of May 29th at 3 and 7 p. m. in Bingham stages, Monter's truck and in private cars. As usual, on such outings the commissary department was the first department to arrive and under the guidance of Dr. Shafer and Ralph Lambert a satisfying and bounteous supper awaited all upon arrival at Vivian Park.

The assignment of cabins and directing all to their quarters was taken care of by L. D. Stearns and Ajax Morley. Aside from one or two falling in the river, no mishaps were recorded.

The orchestra started a tantalizing bit of jazz and everyone journeyed to the pavilion. What a pleasure to see everyone on the floor enjoying that good fellowship which is so characteristic of these club gatherings. Here friendships are formed which are among our chief treasures, and the pictures which are hung on Memories Walls become more dear as the years roll on.

Someone chanced to look out and the stars had come out from behind the clouds. A huge pile of logs were soon ablaze and the glen resounded with good old Wasatch songs for an hour or more, then one by one deserted the dying fire for that land of dreams, where each was lulled to sleep by the gentle murmur of the mountain stream nearby.

The leaders, in conference in regard to the activities of the coming morning, were the last ones to leave the glowing embers and seek some needed rest. I often wonder if we all appreciate enough the careful planning and the real work that is done for us to carry out a successful Wasatch Club outing such as Pinecrest, Hermitage, Vivian Park, or Community Camp? First the plans for transportation costs, commissary, proper distribution of members for comfortable rest, preparation and serving of meals, music and entertainment, hikes and trips. These things which are in the background and upon which so much of the success depends, are all performed by those who work quietly but very efficiently.

The morning of May 30th dawned clear and damp. Breakfast over and then a carefree program was entered upon by everyone. Some boating on the little lake, some pitching horseshoes, some playing ball and others hiking to the mountains, taking pictures of many beautiful scenes and all the while the sparkle of dew on the bushes and rocks reminded one of a giant diamond field. Wonderful pines far up on the mountain side clinging to a crevice in the rocky wall, underbrush where shy little birds hide from the eye of the trampler, little animals scurrying to their homes, tiny little flowers in shady nooks. What a world of

interest is presented to the lover of nature on one of these early spring excursions.

Ray Marsell led a party along the canyon road explaining the geology of the region. His work is adding immeasurably to everyone's interest and knowledge of Utah geology. He who goes forth to the hills under his guidance will come back with lasting benefits.

Vivian Park is the real introduction to Nature for many new members and each year sees more and more taking advantage of it. The feeling of a well spent outing is bound to stay with one for days. Altogether the trip of 1924 was one grand success from beginning to end. It is difficult to portray the real spirit of it in a printed page—somehow what I mean is expressed by these lines by Harrison Merril—

“Did you ever get a smell of the sage?

You didn't? Ah! but you've missed—

You'll get it not from the printed page

No more than you'll get from the gilded cage

The song of the lark—sun kissed.”

Go with the club and you will sense how true it is—a description pales into insignificance when one is privileged to be on a real Wasatch Outing such as Vivian Park.



The Tide of Life

God of the granite and the rose!

Soul of the sparrow and the bee!

The mighty tide of being flows

Through countless channels, Lord, from Thee.

It leaps to life in grass and flowers,

Through every grade of being runs,

Till from Creation's radiant towers

Its glory flames in stars and suns.

God of the granite and the rose!

Soul of the sparrow and the bee!

The mighty tide of being flows

Through all Thy creatures back to Thee.

Thus round and round the circle runs,

A mighty sea without a shore,

While men and angels, stars and suns,

Unite to praise Thee evermore.

—LIZZIE DOTEN.

An Evening at Bright Angel Point



YOU often hear it stated that a scientific interest and attitude of mind often lessens ones ability to appreciate the scenic splendor and innate beauty of nature. That this is not necessarily true is shown by the following description of an evening at Bright Angel Point by Capt. C. E. Dutton, a geologist, who was one of the earliest scientific investigators to study and describe the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River.*

"Throughout the afternoon the prospect has been gradually growing clearer. The haze has relaxed its steely glare and has changed to a veil of transparent blue. Slowly the myriads of details have come out and the walls are flecked with lines of minute tracery, forming a diaper of light and shade. Stronger and sharper becomes the relief of each projection. The promontories come forth from the opposite wall. The sinuous lines of stratification which once seemed meaningless, distorted, and even chaotic, now range themselves into a true perspective of graceful curves, threading the scallop edges of the strata. The colossal buttes expand in every dimension. Their narrow wings, which once were folded together and flattened against each other, open out, disclosing between them vast alcoves illumined with Rembrandt lights tinged with the pale refined blue of the ever-present haze. A thousand forms, hitherto unseen or obscure, start up within the abyss, and stand forth in strength and animation. All things seem to grow in beauty, power and dimensions. What was grand before has become majestic, the majestic becomes sublime, ever expanding and developing, the sublime passes beyond the reach of our faculties and becomes transcendent. The colors have come back. Inherently rich and strong, though not superlative under ordinary lights, they now begin to display an adventitious brilliancy. The western sky is all aflame. The scattered banks of cloud and wavy cirrus have caught the waning splendor, and shine with orange and crimson. Broad slant beams of yellow light, shot through the glory-rifts, fall on turret and tower, on pinacled crest and winding ledge, suffusing them with a radiance less fulsome, but akin to that which flames in the western clouds. The summit band is brilliant yellow; the next below is pale rose. But the grand expanse within is a deep, luminous, resplendent red. The climax has now come. The blaze of sunlight poured over an illimitable surface of glowing red is flung back into the gulf, and, co-mingling with the rich blue haze, turns it into a sea of purple of most imperial hue—so rich, so strong, so pure that it makes the heart ache and the throat tighten. However vast the magnitudes, however majestic the forms, or sumptuous the decoration, it is in these kingly colors that the highest glory of the Grand Canyon is revealed.

At length the sun sinks and the colors cease to burn. The abyss lapses back into repose. But its glory mounts upward and diffuses it-

*C. E. Dutton. "Tertiary History of the Grand Canyon District," U. S. G. Survey Mon. 2, 1882.

self in the sky above. Long streamers of rosy light, rayed out from the west, cross the firmament and converge again in the east, ending in a pale rosy arch, which rises like a low aurora just above the eastern horizon. Below it is the dead gray shadow of the world. Higher and higher climbs the arch, followed by the darkening pall of gray, and as it ascends it fades and disappears, leaving no color except the after-glow of the western clouds and the lusterless red of the chasm below. Within the abyss the darkness gathers. Gradually the shades deepen and ascend, hiding the opposite wall and enveloping the great temples. For a few moments the summits of these majestic piles seem to float upon a sea of blackness, then vanish in the darkness, and, wrapped in the impenetrable mantle of the night, they await the glory of the coming dawn."



When You Camp, Try These^①

It is easy to tell the malaria mosquito from harmless ones. If the skeeter parks on the wall or tent and stands with his back parallel to it, like a house fly, no cause for worry—except the bite. The skeeter that totes malaria germs fastens himself to a wall at an angle of 90 degrees, with his tail straight out, in the position of a nail driven straight into the surface on which he stands.

In camping you're careful not to open a can of food and leave it standing in the tin. It's emptied at once, to prevent poisoning. But many people turn around and leave tinned food standing in a tin pie-pan or iron skillet into which they have been transferred from the tin can. This is dangerous. Food standing in unsealed metal container is apt to become poisonous by chemical action. Grease kept in a metal container is safe.

A camper should always carry a waterproof package of matches. You can make your own by pouring melted parafine over ordinary matches so that the whole cools into a solid waterproof block. Boil drinking water in a strange country. Even springs are not always safe. If a horse refuses to drink water, it is dangerous for you. Don't trust a dog's instinct. A dog doesn't know good water from bad. A horse usually does.

If you get lost and come to a creek or river, follow it. Almost sure to lead you to houses. Downstream is usually the best way to follow. Canadian National railways booklet for campers says: "If thirsty and without water, put a small stone or a button under your tongue. It will keep your mouth moist."

^①Editorial appearing in the Salt Lake Telegram, Tuesday evening, August 5, 1924. With the kind permission of the editor we are reprinting for the timely information it contains.

Outdoor Things Worth Knowing

By R. E. MARSELL



IF ONE may believe all the "fish stories" related in the foregoing pages of the "Rambler," and if there is any modicum of truth in the "whoppers" related around Wasatch camp fires, it is quite evident even to the most casual observer that a large percentage of Club members are ardent disciples of Isaac Walton, the piscatorial god, or else they are plain prevaricators of the garden variety type. Be that as it may, it is not to these experts that the following pertinent remarks are addressed but rather to those who are still somewhat unsophisticated in the ways of the wily trout.

Things to Remember About Trout Fishing

Trout do not feed early in cold weather.

Trout always lie with their heads upstream or against the current. Big fish keep to the pools and eddies except at night. Small fish love the riffles. When snow-water is running into the stream you might as well stay home. Imitate the flies on the water as much as possible. Arrange your cast so that one fly will be on the surface and one fly sunken.

Never work your flies against the current—let them follow the natural direction. *Keep out of sight* all you can. Keep the sun in front of you. Don't overcast your water—fish close to you at first.

When you "strike" a fish don't yank—a sharp twitch of the rod is enough. Don't hold hard in rough water—play your fish with an easy bend of the rod and you will save the big ones.

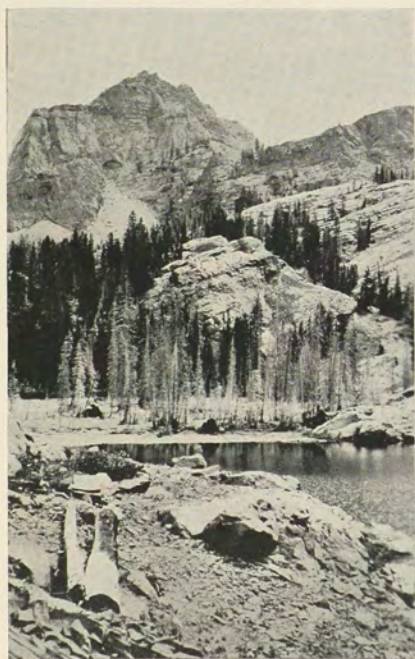
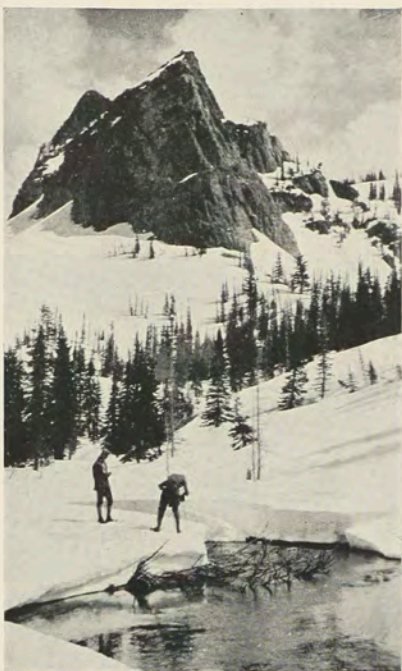
When you have a fish on, work downstream with him to a pool or backwater. Keep a taut line and an up-pull all you can. Fish upstream or with the wind wherever possible. Cast your flies lightly, allowing them to strike the water first and not the line or leader and hold your line out of water all you can. To do this check your cast before it has fully extended and it will cause the flies to strike first. When landing a fish, net him from behind.

If you get a "rise" from a good fish and miss him, wait a few minutes before casting again. It is a waste of time to fish quiet pools when the sun is bright unless the surface is rippled by a breeze.

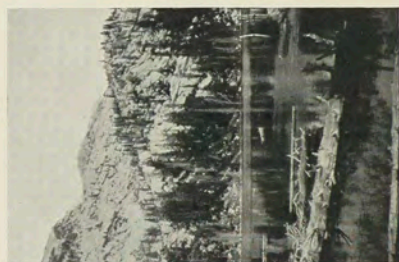
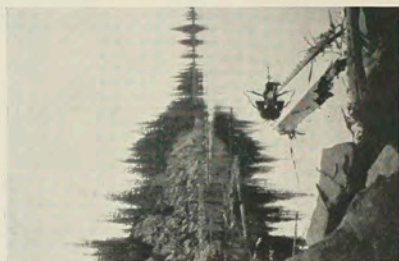
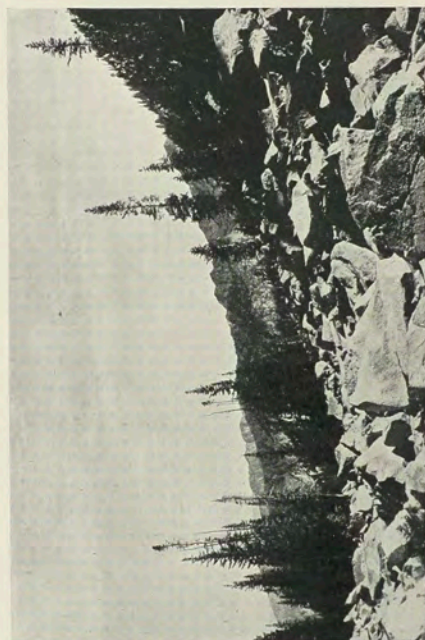
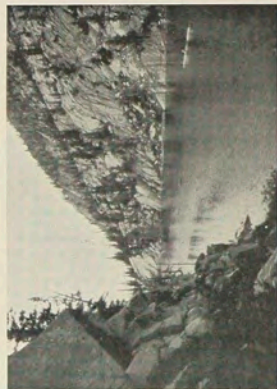
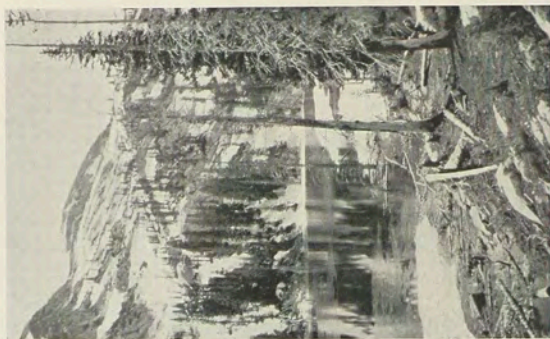
If you find the fish taking one particular fly well, put another of the same kind on your cast. Kill your fish as soon as captured by breaking his neck.

How to Cast the Fly.

Of the various methods for taking fish, fly fishing with artificial flies is the sport "par excellence," and learners should strive to master



SCENES IN MILL "B" FORK AND AROUND LAKE BLANCHE



SCENES ON BELLS CANYON AND LONE PEAK TRIP. UPPER LEFT—WASATCH GROUP ON LONE PEAK

the art as soon as possible. Careful attention to the following general rules, plus patient practice will soon develop expertness.

Hold the rod firmly but easily, with the thumb pointing in line with the rod. Pull a little line from the reel and begin casting easily—*don't thrash*. Bring the rod back over your shoulder with the top inclined a little to the right. Keep your elbow close to your side. Never let the rod go very far behind—a little past the vertical is about right.

Let the rod go forward until it is nearly parallel with the water. Make the forward cast with an easy sweeping motion—*don't whip the rod*. Try to cast so that the flies will fall lightly and the line straight.

To make the back cast, pull in any slack line with the left hand and begin the cast slowly but accelerate the motion until it ends with a sharp backward movement of the wrist—*almost* a jerk. Stay the motion of the rod by holding it nearly vertical and wait for the line to straighten out behind—be sure to wait, for if you start forward too soon or too sharply you will “crack the whip” and snap the flies off—poor economy with flies at three to five dollars per dozen.

A little practice will teach you how long to wait between casts—a good way is to wait until you feel the pull of the line against your rod tip. *Don't* worry about casting a long line—30 or 40 feet is enough for most fishing. Remember that the rod should do most of the work and *use only your wrist and forearm*. See that your line matches your rod—too heavy a line strains the rod and too light a line will not cast at all.

It is just as easy to cast with the left arm as the right. Learn to use both and by so doing you may alternate, resting your arm and adding materially to your pleasure.



When buying your outing equipment remember that you can secure the following discounts by presenting your club card:

Spalding Bros.	10%-20%
Federal Army and Navy Store.....	15%
Western Arms	10%
Z. C. M. I. Sporting Goods Dept.	10%
Army & Navy Store, Second South	5%-10%
Long Life Shoe Co., Russell & Buckhect Boots.....	10%-15%

Leave your camp in better shape than you found it.

Always bring a cup, knife, spoon, plate and canteen.

Get acquainted with new members and visitors and make them welcome.

Rock Formations in Southern Utah and Northern Arizona

The following table should prove a handy reference for those interested in comprehending something of the marvelous section of the earth's crust exposed in the Grand Canyon and Plateau region of southern Utah and northern Arizona. The strata are shown in the order in which they were laid down, and the location in the Geologic Column of the scenic spectacles is indicated. For chronological sequence the table should be read from the bottom up, beginning with the oldest known rocks of the earth's crust, the Archean, exposed in the bottom of the Granite Gorge of the Grand Canyon up to the relatively recent basalt overlying the Pink Cliff formation in the Plateau region. (Compiled from various publications of the U. S. Geol. Survey, and unpublished studies by Willis T. Lee.)

PART I. From the Grand Canyon Rim to the Basalt overlying the Pink Cliff.

Formation	Approx. Thickness (Feet)	Geologic Age	Description
Basalt		Tertiary	Sheets of dark lava, lying unconformably upon the Pink Cliff below. Associated cinder cones.
Pink Cliff	800	Lower Tertiary (Eocene)	Bryce Canyon and Cedar Breaks { Pink marly limestones, sandstones and conglomerates. Laid down in fresh water lake.
Cretaceous	3000	Upper Cretaceous ...	
McElmo Formation.	800	Lower Cretaceous (?)	Variegated shales and platy limestones with minor sandstone.
	500	Jurassic	Greenish-gray, drab, shales; brown marine limestone; gray gypsum beds.
White Cliff	2500	Jurassic	Zion Canyon { Massive cross-bedded sandstone, white above and red below, the boundary between the colored parts varying from the middle to the top.
and Red Cliff or Vermillion Cliff			
Chinle Formation...	600	Upper Triassic	Mauve sandstone above; purple and red shales below; contains some fossil wood.①
Shinarump Conglomerate	100	Upper Triassic	Brown sandstone and lenticular conglomerate of quartz pebbles, quartzite, and fossil wood in abundance.
Moenkopi Formation	1600	Lower Triassic	Purple, yellowish-gray, red and brown sandstones in a mass of red shales; minor limestone and gypsum. (Called the "Belted Shales.")
Kaibab Limestone (see table Part II opposite)			

① Petrified wood.

PART II. From the Granite Gorge to the Grand Canyon Rim.①

Formation	Approx. Thickness (Feet)	Geologic Age	Description
Kaibab Limestone ..	800	Permian	Gray crystalline limestone, cherty and highly fossiliferous. (Well exposed at Bright Angel Point.) Forms rim of the Canyon.
Coconino Sandstone.	300	Permian	Pale buff cross-bedded sandstone, forms a sheer cliff and may be traced as a prominent light colored band just under the rim of the Canyon.
Hermit Shale	275	Permian	Brick-red sandy shale and friable sandstone. Plant remains in lower portion.
Supai Formation....	1000	Pennsylvanian	Alternating red shale and red and brown sandstone; a few thin beds of limestone.
Redwall Limestone.	600	Mississippian	Hard bluish-gray massive limestone forming the greatest cliff in the walls of the Canyon. It appears red from the wash of the red Supai shales above.
Temple Butte Limestone	50	Upper Devonian	Purplish dolomitic limestone; conglomeratic in part.
②Missing Strata		Silurian Ordovician	Grand Canyon If sediments accumulated in this region during Ordovician and Silurian time they have since been entirely removed by erosion, for the Devonian and Mississippian limestones lie unconformably upon the Cambrian below.
Tonto Group Mauv Limestone..	500	Upper Cambrian	
Bright Angel Shale.....	400	Middle Cambrian	Thin-bedded, mottled and ribboned limestone.
Tapeats Sandstone.....	300	Middle Cambrian	Thin-bedded green and buff micaceous shale with two beds of brown sandstone forming small cliffs in the middle. Forms the broad green floor of the Tonto platform.
Unkar Group and Chuar Group, also called Grand Can- yon Series		Algonkian	Massive chocolate colored to brown cross-bedded sandstone; forms a sheer cliff well exposed at brink of Granite Gorge and in lower portion of Bright Angel Creek.
Granite Gorge Complex	1200	Archean	Greenish sandstones, fine quartzites and bright red shales, once over 13,000 feet thick; were folded and eroded to a level plain before the Cambrian sediments were deposited.
			Schists and gneisses, the metamorphosed equivalents of previously existing sedimentary and igneous rocks. Pegmatite and diabase abundant.

①For detailed section of the canyon wall see "A Section of the Paleozoic Formations of the Grand Canyon at the Bass Trail" by L. F. Noble: U. S. Geol. Survey P. P. 131-B, 1922.

②For a brief review of the Geologic history of Southern Utah and Northern Arizona see "The Wasatch Rambler" 1923-1924, an article entitled "Scenic Wonders of Southern Utah and Their Origin" by R. E. Marsell.

Prominent Peaks in Utah

① (Qualifying)

Name	Location	Elevation
Abajo Pk.	Elk Mountains	11,445
Agassiz, Mt.	Uintah Mountains	12,460
② Bald Mt.	Uintah Mountains	11,970
Baldy, Mt.	Tushar Mountains	12,000
Belknap Pk.	Tushar Mountains	12,200
Brian Head	Markagunt Plateau	11,000
④ ② Deseret Pk.	Stansbury Mountains	10,300
EMMONS, MT.	Uintah Mountains	13,428
Fish Lake Mt.	Fish Lake Plateau	11,578
GILBERT PK.	Uintah Mountains	13,422
Hayden Pk.	Uintah Mountains	12,500
Ibapah Pk.	Deep Creek Mountains	12,101
② KINGS PKS.	Uintah Mountains	13,498
Lamotte Pk.	Uintah Mountains	12,750
Leidy Pk.	Uintah Mountains	12,013
② Lone Pk.	Wasatch Mountains	11,500
LOVENIA, MT.	Uintah Mountains	13,250
④ Lowe Pk.	Oquirrh Mountains	10,572
Marsh Pk.	Uintah Mountains	12,219
② Nebo, Mt.	Wasatch Mountains	11,887
④ ② Ogden, Mt.	Wasatch Mountains	9,592
PEALE, MT.	La Sal Mountains	13,089
Provo Pks.	Wasatch Mountains	11,000
④ ② Raymond Pk.	Wasatch Mountains	10,750
RED CASTLE	Uintah Mountains	13,134
③ Sunset Pk.	Wasatch Mountains	10,650
② Timpanogos, Mt.	Wasatch Mountains	12,008
TOKEWANNA PK.	Uintah Mountains	13,200
② Twin Pks.	Wasatch Mountains	11,500
④ Tuscarora	Wasatch Mountains	10,656
Watson, Mt.	Uintah Mountains	11,500
WILSON PK.	Uintah Mountains	13,095
③ Wolverine, Mt.	Wasatch Mountains	10,795

①The qualified member is one who has made one climb of eleven thousand feet altitude as a member or guest on an authorized trip of the club.—Constitution and By-Laws.

②Indicates that registration boxes have been placed on peak by Club.

③Sunset, Tuscarora, and Wolverine must all be climbed on one trip to qualify.

④Certain peaks other than elevations 11,000 feet or over may be also designated by the Board of Directors as qualifying peaks where the climb is equally arduous. Other qualifying trips not given above are: Ski trip to Brighton from Park City (qualifies women only); Brighton to American Fork over Devils Castle; Brighton to Lake Blanche; Ben Lomen.

Trips of the Club, 1924

Date of Trip	Name of Trip	Leader	Participants
Dec. 30, 1923	Pinecrest	L. P. Stoney	107
Jan. 13, 1924	Mountain Dell	C. R. Parry	33
Jan. 27	Summit—Parley's Canyon	Dr. E. W. Lambert	48
Feb. 22	Park City to Brighton	Dr. W. H. Hopkins	5
Mar. 18	Wasatka Hot Springs	Arletta Tuckett	35
Mar. 24	Timpanogos Cave	E. W. Jones	29
April 6	Wasatch, Little Cottonwood	Dr. E. W. Lambert	25
April 19-20	Hermitage, Ogden Canyon	Dr. Feno Shaffer	225
May 4	Geology Trip	Ray E. Marsell	40
May 11	Farmington Canyon	F. J. Ritter	41
May 18	Raymond Peak	Fred Burr	113
May 25	Mill B Canyon	Elwood Stockman	47
May 29-30	Vivian Park, Provo Canyon	Paul Newmyer	100
June 8	Killians to Mountain Dell	Claude Stoney	44
June 15	Hobble Creek, Springville	Dr. L. D. Pfouts	86
June 15	Southern Utah	Wm. Latimer	14
June 22	Deer Creek and Alpine Canyon	L. P. Stoney	69
June 25	Municipal Baths	Fred T. Darvill	28
June 28	Pinecrest Strawberry "Bust"	Jos. E. Richards	99
July 2	Wasatka Hot Springs	Fred T. Darvill	26
July 3-6	Bells Canyon and Lone Peak	L. P. Stoney	21
July 12	Lake Blanche	Dr. J. E. Broadbudd	137
July 19-20	Mt. Timpanogos	Dr. Feno Shafer	163
July 23-27	Granddaddy Lake	R. J. Gordon	30
July 26-27	Red Pine Lake	A. A. Atkins	21
Aug. 3	American Fork to Brighton	R. J. Gordon	23
Aug. 3-15	Yellowstone Park	J. D. Derby, Dr. Feno Shafer and Merle Jackson	45
Aug. 9-10	South Willow Canyon, Stansbury Mtns....	Dr. E. W. Lambert	25
Aug. 14	Mill Creek (corn roast)	Ethel Farrell	57
Aug. 16-17	Twin Peaks	Charles Guertz	19
Aug. 24	Hardscrabble Canyon	Hilmer Forslund	27
Aug. 30-Sept. 2	Community Camp	Dr. Feno Shafer	99
Sept. 7	Lambs Canyon to Big Cottonwood.....	Vern Christensen	22
Sept. 7-20	Southern Utah	Einar Lignell	15
Sept. 13-14	Bear Fork, American Fork Canyon.....	C. R. Parry	10
Sept. 20	Watermelon "Bust"	Misses Reid	65
Sept. 28	Field Day, Saratoga Springs	Amott, Newmyer and Clinger...	89
Oct. 12	Brigham City	Gerald Thorne	19
Oct. 19	Pinecrest to City Creek	Ralph Finch	23
Oct. 26	Cedar Fort to Butterfield Canyon.....	R. E. Marsell	28
Nov. 8	Brighton	Herbert Stockman	18
Nov. 22	Greens Cabin	Sophie Glarum	75
Nov. 30	Bingham Metals Tunnel to Tooele.....	Dr. Folsom	42
Dec. 6	Progressive dinner party.....	Marion Wing and Marion Carver	58

Rules and Regulations

1. That all members agree to abide by the Rules and Regulations of the Club.
2. That all members will be governed by the leaders and those in charge while on trips.
3. That none will conduct themselves in a manner unbecoming to a lady or gentleman,
4. That no person shall be allowed to leave the party except by permission of the leader.
5. Each person shall retire at the time scheduled for retiring, which time shall be set by those in charge.
6. That all persons while on trips will at all times be in communication with those in charge of the trip.
7. That the members of the Club shall respect the rights of other citizens by refraining from all unnecessary noise when congregating for trips, especially on Sundays, when passing Churches or other public gatherings.
8. That gambling in any form will not be permitted while on trips.
9. That intoxicating liquors will not be permitted to be carried or used while on trips.
10. That no person will be permitted to carry or use firearms while on trips, except by permission of the Committee on Trips and Outings.
11. That the Club will not at any time tolerate the so-called petting parties.
12. That the Club will not be responsible for accidents or loss of personal belongings while on trips.
13. That all members of this Club will at all times refrain from mutilating or destroying wild plant or animal life and at all times help in the preservation of all public or private structures.
14. That only members of this Club shall be permitted to go on overnight trips, except by invitation of two or more members of the Board.
15. That all overnight trips shall be properly chaperoned.
16. That any person or persons, members or otherwise, violating any of the above rulings shall be deprived of the Club privileges for such length of time as the Board of Directors may determine.
17. That all persons while on trips will at all times remember the Golden Rule.

Membership Dues \$3.00, Due January 1; Delinquent, March 1.

A Bit of Wasatch Mountain Club History

The Club's record of growth as shown below is certainly a most enviable one. In a short five-year span it has become a potent factor in the civic life of Salt Lake City, and one should be proud to be a member of such an organization, which from an humble beginning has experienced already such a large measure of success and accomplishment.

Club organized May 13, 1920, with 13 members as follows:

*Leon P. Stoney	Lorris Holdaway	James DeBrie
*Claude Stoney	Lewis Casto	George Ringwood
*Rollo Bidgood	Ivan Jensen	*Vernon Townley
*Robert Smith	Frank DeBrie	Lewis Villet
Sylvan Dunn		

*Present members

RECORD OF GROWTH

Year	Total Members	Number of trips	Total on Trips
1920	8	13	275
1921	21	45	1150
1922	36	225	2300
1923	42	328	2322
1924	44	580	2345
	<hr/> 151		<hr/> 8,392

ORGANIZATION RECORD

1920	President	Leon P. Stoney
	Secretary	Claude Stoney
	Treasurer	Lewis Casto
1921	President	Leon P. Stoney
	Vice-President	Einar Lignell
	Secretary	Fred Stevens
	Treasurer	Lewis Casto
1922	President	Leon P. Stoney
	Vice-President	Einar Lignell
	Secretary	A. A. Atkins
	Treasurer	L. E. Webb
1923	President	Einar Lignell
	Vice-President	Dr. E. W. Lambert
	Secretary	A. A. Atkins
	Treasurer	Frank I. Perkins

DIRECTORS

C. R. Parry	L. P. Stoney	Dr. Feno Shafer
E. D. Amott	Vernon Christensen	
1924	President	E. D. Amott
	Vice-President	C. R. Parry
	Secretary	E. W. Jones
	Corresponding Secretary	Ethel Farrell
	Treasurer	J. D. Derby

DIRECTORS

L. P. Stoney	Vernon Christensen	Dr. L. D. Pfouts
Einar Lignell	R. E. Marsell	Gerald Thorne
Dr. E. W. Lambert	A. A. Atkins	Paul L. Newmyer
Dr. Feno Shafer		

Constitution and By-Laws of the Wasatch Mountain Club, Inc.

PREAMBLE

The name of this club shall be THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, INC. Its purpose shall be to encourage out-door recreation; to unite the energy, interests and knowledge of students, explorers and lovers of the mountains of Utah; to collect, disseminate information regarding the Rocky Mountains in behalf of science, literature and art; to explore and picture the scenic wonders of this and surrounding states, and to help in advertising the natural resources and scenic beauties of the State of Utah; to encourage preservation of forests, flowers and natural scenery as well as wild animal and bird life.

CONSTITUTION

The officers of this club shall consist of a president, vice-president, secretary, corresponding secretary, and treasurer, together with ten (10) additional members, and they shall constitute the Board of Directors.

The Board of Directors shall be elected at the annual business meeting which shall be held on the last Friday in February of each year. Of the fifteen (15) Board members elected, at least five shall have served on the previous Board.

The general membership shall elect the fifteen (15) Board members, who by ballot among themselves shall in turn elect of their members the president, vice-president, treasurer, secretary and recording secretary.

The qualification of all duly elected officers shall be by a majority of votes cast, which shall be attested by those in charge of election.

No one but a qualified member shall be a member of the Board of Directors.

It shall be the duty of the Board of Directors to control all activities of the club. Business of the club shall be divided under the following acting committees, for presentation and recommendation, as to the action of the Board, and a member of the Board of Directors shall be the chairman of each committee, nominated by the president and elected by the Board:—

1. Committee on Trips and Outings.
2. Committee on Transportation.
3. Committee on Advertising.
4. Committee on Publicity.
5. Committee on Membership.
6. Committee on Receptions.

7. Committee on Club History.
8. Committee on Commissary.
9. Committee on Entertainment.
10. Committee on Photography.
11. Committee on Science.
12. Committee on Athletics.
13. Committee on Club Property.

The president, recording secretary and treasurer shall not be the chairman of any of the above committees.

COMMITTEE ON TRIPS AND OUTINGS

Chairman Gerald Thorne, 1404 So. 7th East, Hy. 4551W.

It shall be the duty of this committee to plan and suggest all trips, hikes and outings, etc., arrange routes, find out possible camp sites and accommodations; to appoint leaders, to edit schedule cards.

COMMITTEE ON ADVERTISING

Chairman C. R. Parry, Keith Emporium, W. 3052

It shall be the duty of this committee to do all advertising, such as public announcements, newspaper articles of all activities, banners, emblems, insignias, etc.

COMMITTEE ON TRANSPORTATION

Chairman Einar Lignell, 1764 So. 4th East, Hy. 3200

It shall be the duty of this committee to arrange for and employ transportation, and to have charge of all transportation during the trip, also to keep a financial statement of the trip.

COMMITTEE ON PUBLICATION

Chairman Lewis D. Stearns, 1203 East 17th So., Hy. 1438

It shall be the duty of this committee to compile and edit all club publications, such as "The Rambler," etc.

COMMITTEE ON CLUB HISTORY

Chairman Dr. L. D. Pfouts, Payson, Utah

It shall be the duty of the chairman of this committee to act as historian. The historian must keep:

A written record of each trip with some pictures whenever possible. The record must contain the following data:

- Name of trip
- Date of trip
- Number of miles by transportation (approximate)
- Method of transportation
- Number of miles hiked (approximate)
- Number of members on trip
- Number of non-members on trip
- Charge to members
- Charge to non-members
- Weather conditions

Number reaching destination
Advisability of returning
Injuries incurred on trip
Number of meals furnished by club
Remarks.

COMMITTEE ON MEMBERSHIP

Chairman Elwood B. Stockman, 355 E. 9th So., Hy. 3871J

It shall be the duty of this committee to keep a record of members and non-members on hikes, recording same. It shall be its duty to increase membership and shall make requests and recommendations as to the action of the other committees with this in mind.

COMMITTEE ON RECEPTION

Chairman J. D. Derby, 269 N St., Was. 3519R

It shall be the duty of this committee to arrange for matrons and patrons of trips, obtain a list of all non-members on trips, making them acquainted. It shall be the duty of this committee to prevent cliques and see that a congenial and friendly spirit shall exist at all times. This committee shall have charge of sleeping arrangements on all trips.

COMMITTEE ON COMMISSARY

Chairman Dr. Feno Shafer, Desert Bank Bldg., Was. 2260

It shall be the duty of this committee to have charge of all meals and the purchasing of materials for same, arranging menus and meal assignments.

COMMITTEE ON ENTERTAINMENT

Chairman . . Eugene D. Amott, Tracy Loan & Trust Co., Was. 650

It shall be the duty of this committee to arrange all entertainment programs, have charge of and conduct a dramatic department, a musical department, songs, yells, lectures, etc.

COMMITTEE ON PHOTOGRAPHY

Chairman L. P. Stoney, 271 Community Bldg., Was. 6296

It shall be the duty of this committee to take and have charge of all pictures, slides, etc., furnishing same on demand for work of other committees. It shall operate under, and in conjunction with the publicity committee in obtaining pictures to be used in that department. It shall also instruct in photography.

COMMITTEE ON SCIENCE AND CONSERVATION

Chairman Vernon Christensen, 1175 So. 8th E., Hy. 537W.

It shall be the duty of this committee to make maps, topographical readings, and records of routes and trips, act as informants on physiography, natural history, mineralogy, and biology, to instruct in same. This committee shall have charge of conservation of our natural scenery and flowers, animals, etc., and recommend such work along this line as it desires. It shall also have charge of relief and first aid work.

COMMITTEE ON ATHLETICS

ChairmanA. A. Atkins, 829 5th Ave., Was. 3760W

It shall be the duty of this committee to instruct in and have charge of such activities as baseball, basketball, soccerball, football, tennis, swimming, skating, hockey, skiing, tobogganing, track events or any other sport which the club might desire to foster. The chairman of this committee shall elect managers and captains of such teams and encourage members to take active part in them.

COMMITTEE ON CLUB PROPERTY

ChairmanL. P. Stoney, 271 Community Bldg., Was. 6296

It shall be the duty of this committee to have charge of all club property. It shall have a list of the same and keep it in good condition and have it at all times accessible and ready for use. It shall recommend purchases of equipment and purchase same on permission of the board.

The president shall have the power to appoint special committees, if the occasion arises.

It shall be the duty of the president of the club to act as chairman of the Board; to preside at all meetings, and to handle all matters that may properly come under the supervision of the president.

It shall be the duty of the vice-president to act in the absence or disability of the president.

It shall be the duty of the treasurer to receive, to keep a record of, and to distribute under the direction of the Board, all funds; to make a written financial statement on demand; to make a financial report of each trip.

It shall be the duty of the secretary to keep an accurate membership list, to attend to mailing of all announcements, and to collect the dues.

It shall be the duty of the corresponding secretary to take minutes of all meetings, and to attend to all club correspondence.

The membership shall consist of two classes—regular and qualified.

The qualified member is one who has made one climb of eleven thousand feet altitude, as a member or guest on an authorized trip of the club.

A quorum of this Club shall consist of twelve or more members, including two officers.

A quorum of the Board of Directors shall consist of a majority of its members.

The entrance fee for membership in this Club shall be and is Two Dollars (\$2.00), which fee, together with \$3.00 for the first year's dues, must be paid at time of application.

The annual dues of this club shall be and are Three Dollars (3.00) per annum, the fiscal year ending January 1st of each year. From January 1st to March 1st shall be a period of grace, during which time full membership privileges will be allowed pending receipt of dues. Members not having their dues in by March 1st shall be automatically

dropped from the roll and shall be required to again make the regular application for membership.

No one shall become a member of this club who is not passed favorably upon by a majority of the board and who has not deposited the required fee and complied with the proper requirements, which requirements shall be that the applicant must sign the regular application blank supplied by the club. This application must be signed by at least two members of the club in good standing, one of whom shall be a member of the board. The applicant shall then be on a period of probation for not to exceed sixty (60) days, during which time the applicant will enjoy full membership privileges and must attend at least one scheduled trip or satisfy the Board as to his qualities for membership. He must also agree to abide by the rules and regulations of the club, which rules and regulations shall be drawn by the Board.

In case of vacancy occurring in the Board of Directors, the president shall have the power to appoint, subject to the approval of the Board, his successor. No business shall be transacted which demands the approval of the Board except at a regular or special meeting of the Board. Should it become necessary that the membership of any member be no longer desired, such membership may be made null and void by the unanimous action of the Board.

Should it so happen that any officer or director be considered undesirable or inactive any longer, such officer may be deprived of his office by the unanimous action of the remaining officers.

The meetings of the club and Board shall be conducted as far as possible, according to the Roberts' Rules of Order.

The books of the club shall be open for the inspection of any member at all reasonable times.

No member or officer shall receive any compensation whatsoever for his services to the club, unless it is to recompense him for actual money expended by him at the direction of the Board.

All records, accounts, etc., shall be the property of the Wasatch Mountain Club, Inc., and each officer or director shall turn in the same to his successor upon demand.

THIS CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS of the Wasatch Mountain Club, Inc., is subject to amendment, but only by a unanimous vote of the Board of Directors.

We, the undersigned Board members, hereby accept the above and foregoing instrument as the Constitution and By-Laws by which The Wasatch Mountain Club, Inc., shall be governed.

L. P. STONEY	A. A. ATKINS	DR. L. D. PFOUTS
EINAR LIGNELL	VERNON CHRISTENSEN	E. W. JONES
EUGENE D. AMOTT	DR. F. SHAFER	GERALD THORNE
CLARENCE R. PARRY	J. D. DERBY	LEWIS D. STEARNS
DR. E. W. LAMBERT	MISS ETHEL FARRELL	E. B. STOCKMAN

Dated April 1st, 1925, Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB
STATEMENT OF CASH RECEIPTS AND DISBURSEMENTS
JUNE 1, 1924, TO JANUARY 31, 1925

June 1, 1924, Balance National Copper Bank.....\$438.87

RECEIPTS

Registration for Trips	\$6,710.55	
Membership Dues and Entrance Fees.....	613.00	
Miscellaneous—Sale of Club Pins, Emblems, Text Books, etc.	186.65	\$7,510.20
Total Receipts		\$7,9.9.07

DISBURSEMENTS

Trips

Transportation	\$4,128.70	
Food	1,606.50	
Advertising	155.55	
Rentals of Buildings, Halls, Entertainment, etc.....	410.01	
Club Property, Camp Equipment, etc.....	504.41	
Petty Cash Fund, L. P. Stoney	10.00	\$6.815.17

Incidental Expenses Not Chargeable to Trips

Rent and Telephone	\$ 131.49	
Postage, Envelopes, Special Notices, etc.....	165.88	
Printing Schedule Cards, Registration Cards, etc.....	369.68	667.05

Special Fund

Savings Account, Tracy Loan and Trust Co., representing entrance fee of \$2.00 on each member admitted to the Club since June 1st, 1924.....	178.00
Total Disbursements	\$7,660.22
January 31st, 1925, Balance National Copper Bank.....	228.85
	\$7,949.07

FIXED ASSETS

Inventory of Club Property inc. Camp Equipment, Toboggan, etc....	\$545.00
Furniture and Fixtures	75.00
Toboggan Slide	200.00

DEFERRED CHARGES

Groceries in Store Room	\$ 20.00
Envelopes and Stationery	50.00

Membership List

- Ainge J H, 41 N State
 Aiston Louis M, 150 E S T
 Alder Dave, 128 E S S
 Alder Paul H, 175 W S T
 Allen Dr Geo A, 401 Judge Bldg
 Allen George V, 1506 S 9 E
 Allen William, 1070 S 9 E
 Amott C R, 1144 Sherman av
 Amott Eugene D, 1024 Bryan av
 Anderson Blanche, 502 Boston Bldg
 Anderson Christa, 1056 Yale av
 Anderson Lucille, 1222 Windsor
 Anderson Paul A, 859 2 av
 Anderson Walter, Midvale
 Anstee Ardene, 363 Wall
 Armstrong Catherine, 577 S 5 E
 Armstrong Zetha, 318 Hampton av
 Atkins Arville, 829 5 av.
 Backman Arletta, 210 7 E
 Badger Carl A, 995 Lincoln
 Ball George Anna, 379 1 av
 Barkley Sarah E, 3552 S 13 E
 Barnard Blanch, 2198 Lincoln
 Barnes Rilla, 226 E 3 S
 Barney Bertha A, 556 S 5 E
 Barrow F L, Missoula, Mont.
 Barton Hazel, 50 Bryan av
 Bassett Leona, 24 D
 Bassett Paul, 659 E 9 S
 Battey Leslie J, 69 N State
 Becker George, 368 Montclair ct.
 Beless Edith, 707 2 av
 Beless Ruth O, 707 2 av
 Bennett Grace, 219 Kearns Bldg.
 Bennett Hazel, 649 N 1 W
 Bennett Lowrie, 74 K
 Bentine M L, 1350 Emerson av
 Bentz Dr Allan D, 1141 S 8 E
 Bergman Afton, 932 Logan av
 Bergman Vera, 707 Logan av
 Bergstrom Blanche, 955 E 9 S
 Berry Mary J, 624 4 av
 Berryman Mildred J, 615 E 9 S
 Bertagnole Emma, 1978 E 17 S
 Beyers Mrs Eva, 6 Uintah apt
 Bidgood Rollo, 824 E 4 S
 Bidgood Viola, 824 E 4 S
 Bielby Katherine, L D S Hosp
 Billings Alice, 849 S 6 E
 Billings Leona, 701 Cont Bk B
 Birkins Mrs J, 40 Lemon pl
 Bishop, Lester F, 28 Hillside av
 Blackler Olive, 556 Thorn pl
 Bland Harry G, 1675 Golden Gate
 av, Los Angeles, Calif.
 Blumenthal Virginia, 831 Mc-
 Clelland av
 Boyce E B, 1 Belvedere apt
 Boynton, Alice, 273 S 4 E
 Brinton Vivian, 3 Mechem apt
 Broaddus Dr J E, 384 K
 Broberg Charles W, 1261 Yale av
 Brooks V E, 550 Grant
 Brown Cora, 359 Garfield av
 Brown Elsie F, 52 Fairmont apt
 Brown, Francis F, 52 Fairmont apt
 Brown Jack L, 809 Jefferson
 Brown Jessie, 1176 S 8 E
 Brown Mildred L, 664 4 av
 Buck Alma E, 1150 E 8 S
 Buck Isabel, 1169 3 av
 Bueter LaVern, 822 S 4 E
 Buffington Blanche, 855 S 11 E
 Burch D S, 69 N State
 Burdett James, 2767 S 7 E
 Burghardt Maud, 737 E S T
 Burns Mary, 3578 S 27 E
 Burns Norma, 3578 S 27 E
 Burr C Fred, 486 G
 Burton Helen, 503 E 1 S
 Busath Lamar P, 1040 Logan av
 Calderwood Mildred, 321 N Main
 Cameron Marguerite, 187 B
 Campbell Alice C, 40 S 5 E
 Campbell Edward J, 1167 Douglas
 Campbell Katherine, 2634 Park
 Campbell Martha, 2634 Park
 Campbell Rhea, 178 I
 Campbell Virginia, 40 S 5 E
 Campion Audrey, 647 Browning av
 Captain Mrs Ruth, 215 S 3 E
 Cardall Frances, 135 Goltz
 Cardall Priscilla, 135 Goltz
 Carlisle Almeda, 844 E 1 S
 Carr Chas L, 217 S 3 E
 Carr Gladys G, 216 Fern av
 Carrigan Geo H, 1379 E 21 S
 Carver Marian, 618 4 av
 Chamberlain Dorothy, 719 Harri-
 son av
 Channel Girzy B, 614 3 av
 Channel Mary, 614 3 av
 Chapman Edith M, 615 E 9 S
 Chartrand James P, 355 E 6 S
 Chase Dr Ray V, Emergency Hosp
 McGill Nev
 Cherry Winona, 355 Douglas
 Chipman Melva 25 E S T
 Christensen Eugenia R, 220 Weight
 pl
 Christenbury H J, 57 S 5 E
 Christensen Vernon E, 1175 S 8 E
 Cikaylo George, 1246 S 5 E
 Clark G Wayne, 259 N 8 W

- Clements Rose, 827 Sherman av
 Clinger Pauline, 1282 Calif st, San Francisco Calif
 Coffin Edwin C Jr, 1327 E 6 S
 Collette Jackie, 909 Deseret Bk B
 Canroy May, 877 E 2 S
 Cook Laura B, 324 A
 Cooley Otis B, 602 7 av
 Cooper A W, 69 N State
 Cowan Edna, 175 G
 Cowburn R H, 424 S 2 W
 Cox George W, 169 E 2 S
 Crawford Elizabeth L, 1310 E 2 S
 Criddle Estella E, Kaysville
 Crichton Robert E, 153 S 13 E
 Crockett Jennie, 379 1 av
 Crockett Verda, 20 Apricot av
 Crockwell Walter H, 281 7 av
 Crosgrave Rozella, Sandy
 Crowley Jeremiah, Central Tr Co
 Crowther George, 138 N 8 W
 Cruse Jennie, 218 N 2 W
 Cummings Jas M, 408 S 12 E
 Cunningham Josephine, 403 Richmond apt
 Cushing M F, Sandy
 Cushing R H, Sandy
 Cutler Cliff, 173 Dowington av
 Dalby Fern, 138 P
 Dalglish Dr R C, 1554 Princeton av
 Dalley Oenone, 1637 Emerson av
 Dalley Theon, 1637 Emerson av
 Dalton M Margaret, 131 S 4 E
 Daniels Dona, Payson
 Darvill Fred T, 376 S State
 Darvill Daisie L, 1920 S 13 E
 Dastrup Mrs Katie Slight, Sunset Color Works
 Davey Chas E, 1240 S 8 W
 Davison Barbara 1448 Harrison
 Deal Bertha M, 555 S 5 E
 Derby Mrs J Dan, 269 N
 Derby J Daniel, 269 N
 De Spain Cleo, 27 N State
 D'Isep Albert, Payson
 Dixon Bernice, Payson
 Dixon Chas H, Payson
 Dorius Spencer, 203 Hubbard av
 Douglas May, 4167 S State
 Douglas Emm, 4167 S State
 Dowdell Trella, 535 S 3 E
 Drake Wm F, Gen'l Del. El Monte, Calif.
 Draper Fanny, 88 R
 Droubay Beatrice, 1207 S 11 E
 Duffin Florence, 358 Douglas av
 Duffin Spencer, 358 Douglas
 Duncan F M, Utah Fuel Co
 Dundas Ray, 255 Kensington av
 Dunlap James M, 1428 Michigan av
 Dyer H C, 1054 S 8 E
 Earl Harry P, 1110 E 2 S
 Eberly Lawrence E, 963 E 8 S
 Ehlers Elizabeth, 1048 Ramona av
 Ellison Edward A, 1209 Indiana av
 Ensign Ruth, 421 6 av
 Erdman Elizabeth, 478 H
 Erickson Alex G, 274 S 12 E
 Esselbach R H, 847 S Main
 Everson Alta M, 446 E 3 S
 Faber Albert C W, 1995 McClelland
 Farrell Ethel, Hillcrest apt
 Farrell Lola, 8 Hillcrest apt
 Fayter June, 4046 Hyland drive
 Fehr Laura, 2189 S 7 E
 Fellows Gladys, 2609 Park
 Fernstrom R Lee, 1255 Parkway
 Finch Ralph E, Belvedere apt
 Findeis Joan, 672 N Redwood rd
 Finkelstein Raymond, 74 S. Walcott av
 Finlayson Glen A, 999 S 9 E
 Fisher Irene, 1719 S 7 E
 Fitzgerald Ann, Chief Con Mng Co
 Flacks Grace, 351 Westminster av
 Flint Letitia, Moxum hotel
 Flowers Mrs E Lawson, 120 L
 Folsom Dr Lee, 1332 Lincoln
 Fordellos Harry, Little Hotel
 Forslund C Clifford, 826 Chase av
 Forslund Hilmer R, 826 Chase av
 Forsman Oscar, 264 Keysor pl
 Francom Afton L, Woods Cross
 Freitag Albert, 314 1 av
 Freshwater Kenneth, 427 E 8 S
 Freshwater Melba, 427 E 8 S
 Frisbee Maurine, 328 S 9 E
 Fry Lola I, 350 E S T
 Fullmer Benjamin, 548 S 1 W
 Fullmer Myrtle, 548 S 1 W
 Gardner Persis, 605 Covey apt
 Ganahl Richard E, 664 S 12 E
 Garn D Milton, 1125 Kensington av
 Garnick Charles, 1017 E 3 S
 Gates Isabelle, 1538 Emerson av
 Geue Fred A, 6 Swallow apt
 Geurts Charles, 1060 Pierpont av
 Geurts Kathryn, 1060 Pierpont av
 Gibson Florence, 865 Harrison av
 Gibson Helen, 1898 S 9 E
 Gillette Harry Ellsworth, 1957 S 4 E
 Gill Douglas, 274 L
 Gillie Shirley, 439 4 av
 Glarum Sophie, Edison Elec Co
 Goaslind Ione, 463 6 av
 Gold Elmina R, 2400 Redwood rd
 Gordon Reynolds J, 315 Ness B
 Gowans Marjorie, 172 U
 Graham Mrs Elizabeth B, 3552 S 13 E
 Graves Nettie M, 180 E S T
 Gray D J, 139 H

- Gray Vera, 1342 E 3 S
 Green Valeria, 2584 Park
 Gregerson Lyle, 314 S 4 E
 Grill Rose, 1435 S 5 E
 Gross Joseph, 315 Newhouse B
 Groves Vaughn F, 1186 Lake
 Guhlin Doris R, 1602 S Main
 Guillet Kathleen, Garfield
 Haas Rose, 3 Louise apt
 Hall Mary H, 187 B
 Halvorsen Orvilla, 745 S 6 E
 Halsett Rodney E, S L Dental Lab
 Hamilton Thelma F, 539 S 1 W
 Hammer Clarence, 130 Fremont av
 Hansen Margaret, 410 S 6 E
 Hansen M F, 410 S 6 E
 Harrington Aurora, 620 E 2 S
 Harris Leland D, 173 J
 Hawkes Thomas F, 265 W 2 S
 Hayward Frank H, 101 1 av
 Henneman Mary, Hotel Roberts
 Herman Myrtle, 1650 Bryan av
 Hester Walter, Boulder. Colo.
 Hicks Mae, 173 W 6 S
 Hill LaVillie, Granger
 Hiller Walter S, 266 Herbert av
 Hills Lewis B, 425 E 1 S
 Hinckley Beulah, Kensington apt
 Hix Gladys, 147 3 av
 Hix Marguerite, 437 3 av
 Hixson Kenneth, 3543 S 27 E
 Hollenbeck Beulah, 34 Kensington
 apt
 Holmes Lillian, 243 E S T
 Holz Ella, 359 Herbert av
 Holz Gertrude, 359 Herbert av
 Hood James H, 265 5 av
 Hopfenbeck Verda, 818 1 av
 Hopkins Sybil, 418 Belvedere apt
 Hopkins Dr W H, 1255 Kensington
 av
 Houghton L J, 674 1 av
 Houghton Mildred, 223 K
 Howard Erma C, 836 E 1 S
 Howard Dr Gordon M, Duchesne
 Hudson Eda, 338 Hollywood av
 Hunter Luella, 983 S 2 W
 Hunter Lyman, 983 S 2 W
 Hunting Raymond W, E 7 & Han-
 cock Portland Ore
 Hurd Mildred H, 1809 S 17 E
 Hurley William, 467 S 13 E
 Inglesby Dr A L, 415 1 av
 Ingram Merle, 424 6 av
 Iverson L M, 722 2 av
 Iverson Marjorie M, 772 2 av
 Jackson I A, 2321 Windsor av
 Jackson Julayne, 447 E 1 S
 Jackson Merle, 39 S & 21 E
 Jacques H R, Arthur club, Garfield
 Jenkins A D, 810 S 6 E
 Jensen H S, Walker Bros Bank
 Jensen J Leo, Murray
 Jensen Katherine, 460 E 8 S
 Jensen Lewis, 460 E 8 S
 Jensen Vera, 1467 Emerson av
 Johnson Elma, 1105 E 2 S
 Johnson Esther, 937 McClelland av
 Johnson Reynold, 124 Herbert av
 Johnson Violet, 937 McClelland av
 Jones Anna E, 955 E 2 S
 Jones Dr D Arthur, 454 N 5 W
 Jones E W, 955 E 2 S
 Jones H G, 475 3 av
 Jones Mae, 475 3 av
 Jones Mame, 4 Grayton apt
 Jorgensen Helen, 516 S W T
 Jorgensen Rosalia, 516 S W T
 Kaufman Joe, Upstairs Clothes
 Shop
 Kaufman Wm W, 32 Kensington
 apt
 Kay Laura, 1102 S 9 E
 Kearney Zelma, 217 Belmont av
 Kelly Howard B, 759 E 6 S
 Kennedy Mildred, 271 W 5 S
 Kent Alton Jack, 1215 McClelland
 Kershaw Walter, 922 E 2 S
 Kilburn Arch, 321 E 5 S
 Kirkham Zelda, 1165 Gilmer drive
 Kirkwood Vera, 58 S 12 E
 Knight Frank W, 2 Adams av
 Laird Kenneth V, 120 Canyon rd
 Lambert Dr E W, 401 Judge B
 Lambert Mrs E W, Jensen apt
 Lambert LeRoy W, 1445 Oak, Oak-
 land, Calif
 Lambert Ralph S, 1379 Lincoln av
 Landrigan Cora, 171 S 5 E
 Larsen E M, Sandy
 Larson Cora, 583 Benbow av Mur'y
 Larson Lester O, 562 E 13 S
 Larson Mrs Stella, 616 Wall
 Larson Vera, 562 E 13 S
 Latimer Wm H, 1358 S 8 W
 Laubengar Pauline, 4 Marquette
 apt, 965 Geary, San Francisco
 Lawson Agnes, 133 M
 Layton Maud, 802 Belvedere apt
 Leech F L, 717 Kearns B
 Lees Lowell, 537 N 5 W
 Lehman Bettie, 1212 S 13 E
 Leon Sylvan B, 441 Douglas av
 Lerch Charles W, 57 S 7 E
 LeRoy J N, 216 E 1 S
 Lerwill Ruth, 343 S 6 E
 LeSieur Cevan, 537 S 7 E
 LeSieur Zora, 537 S 7 E
 Lewis Ed, 863 E 6 S
 Lewis Harry, 8 Elise apt
 Lignell Einar, 1764 S 3 E
 Linneback Caroline, 2429 Green

- Littleford Clara, 3226 S 9 E
 Littleford Mellic, 3226 S 9 E
 Long Betty, 731 2 E
 Lorenze A A
 Loury Hyrum D, 1108 E 2 S
 Love Josephine H, 671 Redondo av
 Lovesy W H, 1321 Yale av
 Lowe A B, 479 S Main
 Lowry LaDell, 1108 E 2 S
 Lund Elvera, 270 W 3 S
 Lundberg Beatrice, 478 H
 Lustig Francis, 69 N State
 Lynch Fannie, 467 D
 Lynch Phyllis, 467 D
 McCorkle E Lois, 314 Plaza apt
 Ogden
 McDonald Angela, 230 S 3 E
 MacDonald F C, 754 Lake
 McDonell Helen, 617 Bryan av
 McEntee Francis C, Cache Jct
 McIntyre Ethel, 306 E Broadway
 McHugh Dr F M, 669 9 av
 McKeever G L, 561 E 6 S
 McKinnon Phoebe, c/o Fletcher-
 Lucas Inv Co
 McRae Doris, 543 E Capitol
 Mabey Dave, Bountiful
 Magdiel Harriet, 600 W Canyon rd
 Mangum Eugene F, 506 N 2 W
 Manning Nellie M, 416 E 1 S
 Marker Melba, 1124 Garfield av
 Marsell Ray E, 764 McClelland av
 Marstella Margaret, 532 E 4 S
 Maycock Ambrose, 179 D
 Maycock George E, 179 D
 Mayfield Hilda, 53 N State
 Mehary Helen E, 230 S 3 E
 Messinger Vivian, 1978 S 4 E
 Metz Sadie, Craig apt
 Meyer Marguerite, 273 S 4 E
 Mickelson Ella, 467 S 13 E
 Milkoff Morris, Holliday
 Miller E I, 724 Richards
 Miller Isador, 152 S 3 E
 Miller Leon, 152 S 3 E
 Miller Merlin, 1027 Belmont av
 Miller P A, 337 S 12 E
 Miller Sherman, 403 S 4 E
 Miller Walter, Stratford Hotel
 Mitchell Gladys, Midvale
 Mitchell Kenneth, Midvale
 Mix Tom, Los Angeles Calif
 Moebest Mrs Wm, 918 E 1 S
 Monter Dorothy E, 3203 S State
 Monter Louis J, 3203 S State
 Montgomery John 60 E 1 S
 Montgomery William, Blackfoot Id
 Moore E W, 1539 S Main
 Morgan Mildred, 3502 S 7 E
 Morley Clarence 816 2 av
 Mortenson H C, 384 Harrison av
 Mortimer Andy M, 984 S 1 W
 Mulkern Minnie, 131 3 av
 Muse Marguerite, Western Arms &
 Sport Goods
 Myais Ed, 143 S 4 E
 Neal Lucille, 528 Center
 Neal Nora, P O Box 596
 Neal W W 528 Center
 Nieleman Ada, 660 S 6 E
 Nieleman Ruby, 660 S 6 E
 Nelson Mrs B, 845 Westminster av
 Nelson Carroll E, 280 B
 Nelson Ella, 1052 W 2 N
 Nelson Harry T, 461 Williams av
 Neuslein J F, 654 3 av
 Neslen Mayor C C, 313 3 av
 Newman Gerald T, 1123 S 3 E
 Newmyer Paul L, Int Bg & Loan
 Nichols Irene, 1199 Chrystal av
 Nielson Audrey, 32 E Bryan av
 Nielson Ethel K, 318 1 av
 Nielson Glen, 209 Douglas av
 Nisbet Dolly, 2030 S 9 E
 North Izetta, Murray R D 4
 Nuslein Fred G, 654 3 av
 O'Brien Frank E, Western Opt Co
 Olson Eva, 1149 S 3 E
 Olson G R, 658 E 3 S
 Onyon W H, 130 1 av
 Ostby Nellie V, 235 Dubei av
 Ottinger George M, 222 I
 Overmeyer Alta, 711 Post st.,
 San Francisco, Calif
 Pack Louise, 1840 Lincoln
 Pack Mary, 1840 Lincoln
 Pack Mignon, 225 Kelsey av
 Pack Rowena, 225 Kelsey av
 Paradise J, 435 S 5 E
 Paris Blaine L, Portland Ore
 Parry Clarence, 1409 E 21 S
 Paul W J, 53 E 1 S
 Pearson Ed, 917 S State
 Pearson Elmer, 69 N State
 Pearson Emil S, 917 S State
 Pearson Gussie, 917 S State
 Peck Douglas, 978 1 av
 Penrose Eva, 437 Sego av
 Penrose Marie, 1102 S 9 E
 Penrose E Ray, Richmond apt
 Penrose Vaughn J, 1102 S 9 E
 Penrose Wallace H, 1102 S 9 E
 Perkins Frank I, 522 N 5 W
 Perkins Paul, 664 E 1 S
 Peterson Christine, 924 W 2 N
 Peterson Marian, 3168 Hyland dr
 Pettus Lydia J, 131 1 av
 Pfouts Daisy F, Payson
 Pfouts Dr L D, Payson
 Phelps E R, 568 I
 Phillips Norma, 761 E 4 S
 Phillips Ruth L, 169 B

- Pickering June, 451 S 7 E
 Pinborough Winifred, 281 J
 Pixton Thelma, 27 N State
 Poole Audrey, 264 N State
 Porter D K, 1160 E 13 S
 Powers Ray E, 322 E 7 S
 Pratt Dean P, 529 Center
 Price Walter E, 1347 S 9 E
 Prime Olive, 160 1 av
 Pugh Emil J, Crane Co
 Quick Orvilla, 930 2 av
 Quigley John N, 557 E 9 S
 Rassmussen Ella N, 922 Jefferson
 Ream Beulah, L D S Hosp
 Reeve Dr George B, 860 Calif, San Francisco Calif
 Reid Elva, 483 6 av
 Reid Margaret, 483 6 av
 Reid Regina, 483 6 av
 Reuben Edward, Murray
 Reynolds Edmer, 329 4 av
 Richards Jos E, 145 N State
 Riley Margaret, 213 Colfax av
 Risser Jos C, L D S Hosp
 Ritter Frederick J, 620 7 av
 Robbins Marie, 1160 S 11 E
 Robbins Minnie, Walker Bros Bk
 Roberts Prof Eugene, 1561 25 Ogden
 Robertson Arch, 3225 S 17 E
 Robinson Florence, 753 S 5 E
 Robison Joseph S, Standardville
 Rodenbeck Edna, 3906 S 9 E
 Roe John, Mutual Typesetting Co
 Rogers Willard, 556 Grant
 Rooklidge Marian, Rowland Hall Annex
 Rosenkrantz W R, 2323 S 7 E
 Rowley B E, 60 E 1 S
 Runzler W T, 1128 E 4 S
 Sampson J Henry, 321 E 45 S
 Saville Geneve, 340 C
 Sawyer J Dick, 1327 E 2 S
 Scheid Karl A, Alta Club
 Scholes Ruth, 69 N State
 Schroder Harold, 803 Walker bk
 Seyforth Dona, 818 S 11 E
 Shafer Dr Feno, 904 Deseret Bk B
 Sharp Ethelyn, 650 E 3 S
 Sharp Gertrude, 650 E 3 S
 Shelley Edith, 106 Richmond apt
 Sherman Josephine W, 111 E S T
 Sherrod Carrie, 884 3 av
 Shingleton Esther, 276 N 6 W
 Simon Sylvan, 27 University
 Simms Angus M, 223 Colfax av
 Simms Constance J, 223 Colfax av
 Smith H A, 420 Ness B
 Smith Hazel J, 1127 S 3 E
 Smith Lucille Mary, 155 Lincoln
 Smith Myrtle, Information Bureau
 Smith Robert, 625 5 av
 Smith Sydney, 214 S 8 E
 Smurthwaite Phyllis, 1521 Garfield av
 Smurthwaite Una, 1521 Garfield av
 Sommers Gertrude, 555 S 10 E
 Sommers Margaret, 555 S 10 E
 Sorenson Elva, 379 1 av
 Sperry Theodore A, 622 Sperry ct
 Sprunt Dr William H, 410 Clift B
 Staab Pauline, 665 S 9 E
 Staines Lillian, 461 2 av
 Stearns Lewis D, 1203 E 17 S
 Steffensen Othy, 942 Lake
 Stephens William, 131 1 av
 Stevenson Alex, Ogden Country Club, Ogden
 Stewart I Daniel, 740 E 3 S
 Stingly Myrtle, 387 D
 Stockdale Blanche A, 621 6 av
 Stockman Elwood B, 355 E 9 S
 Stockman Herbert G, 355 E 9 S
 Stocker J C, 447 N 8 W
 Stoney Claude, 465 2 av
 Stoney Leon P, 465 2 av
 Stoney Lois, 465 2 av
 Stoney Oral, 465 2 av
 Stringer Adah W, 845 Harrison av
 Stuart Frances, 255 E 5 S
 Stuart Helen, 255 E 5 S
 Styles Dorothy, 350 E S T
 Styles Marian, 350 E S T
 Sullivan Edna, 307 North, Healdsburg, Calif.
 Sumpter Opal, 1105 E 2 S
 Swaner Clyde M, 159 Dooley ct.
 Tadge Phillip A, 762 E 6 S
 Tanner Iva, 304 Herbert av
 Tatroe Peggy, 120 N Main
 Taylor L C, 352 E 4 S
 Taylor Leon, Lehi
 Taylor Marcella, 524 B
 Taylor Ruben, Arthur Club Garf'd
 Taysum Rachel, 114 L
 Thomas Arthur, 56 N 1 W
 Thomas Delight, 1124 S 9 E
 Thompson Gladys, 1309 17 N W, Washington D C
 Thomsen Elvera, 524 W 6 S
 Thorne Gerald, 1404 S 7 E
 Townley Vern, 920 McClelland
 Tuckett Arletta, 1282 Calif San Francisco Calif
 Tyler Iris, 301 2 av
 Tyndale Dr W R, University Club
 Utermann Auguste, Alma, Kan.
 Umpleby Fred, Alta Club
 Van Dyke Milton W, 1224 Lake
 Vernham Lulu, J C Penney Co.
 Vernon Nathan F, 409 McIntyre B
 Viko Dr L E, 637 E 3 S

Vincent Ruth A, 863 S 3 E	White Myra, 826 Coatsville av
Vought Norman, Woodruff apt	Whitmore Geneve, 133 A
Walker Dorothy J, 1340 S 4 E	Wichman Frank M, 301 S 10 E
Walker Mrs E G, 921 2 av	Wilkes Lenora, 407 7 av
Wallin A G, 3749 2 E	Wilkes Julia, 407 7 av
Warkentin Margaret, 1132 Bueno av	Wilkes Marian, 403 7 av
Warren Bernice, 553 S 9 E	Williams Afton, 1391 McClelland av
Waters George L, 421 10 av	Williams Edith, 312 E 5 S
Watson Elma, 1164 Windsor	Williams J Wallace, 10 E B'way
Wayne Byron H, 608 Belvedere apt	Williams Ruth, 310 S 3 E
Webb Leland M, 845 Bryan av	Williamson Mary, 353 6 av
Webb Leona, 1506 S 9 E	Wilson Dorothea V, 917 Park Row
Webster Ruth, 128 N Main	Wilson James L, 45 M
Wegicheider Loretta, 2509 Hyland	Wilson James N, 45 M
Weight Nellie, 437 3 av	Wilton Harriet, 129 G
Weiler Katherine, 36 E 7 S	Wing Marian, 128 I
drive	Winterrowd Vera F, 616 Walnut st.
Wensslaw George D, 210 E 3 S	Waterloo, Iowa
Wentzel Bertha K, 1200 Linwood	Wolfe N, 211 4 av
bld.	Woodruff, Phyllis, 449 S 2 E
Westwood W H, Taylor Richards	Wood Virginia, 588 E 13 S
Motor Co	Woolley Wm M, 453 5 av
Wettstein Mina, 161 M	Worthen Clara, 212 S 9 E
White Byron L, 826 Coatsville av	Wright Estel L, 706 Clift B
White Fayth, 56 Bryan av	Young T A, 1358 S W T
White Gertrude, 826 Coatsville av	Yount C A, 1211 Laird av
White Gladys A, 59 Woodruff apt	Zelley Mrs W E, 136 Edith av
White Mabel, 826 Coatsville av	Zoret Anna, 20 S 9 E



For Your Information

The property of the Club belongs to you as a member as well as to anyone else, and you are privileged to use the camp and sporting equipment on any scheduled trip of the Club. The damage or loss of Club property is therefore a personal matter of concern for every Club member. Club property can not be loaned for private use.

It is manifestly impossible for the Club to accept responsibility for accidents or for articles lost on trips. Positively no money can be refunded.

The Club reserves the right to refuse participation on any trip by refunding the cost to anyone not conducting themselves in a proper manner.

When registering always state the time you desire to leave if more than one leaving time is scheduled. This will greatly facilitate the work of the transportation committee, who thank you in advance for this forethought on your part.

Lost articles should be taken to and recovered from the Club headquarters at 271 Community Market building.

Pictures of all the trips of the Club may be secured from Club headquarters at 271 Community Market building at standard prices.

In order to receive your Club mail promptly, any change in address should be reported immediately to Elwood B. Stockman, Wasatch 109 or Hyland 3871-J.

Bill J.—Why do you suppose it's so difficult for me to make you understand?

Alta—I can't think.

E. W. J.—That's the reason.

Chick—Dad must think I'm a lollypop cause he licks me all the time.

Mr. Marsell—What is ground water?

Member of Geology Class—Cracked ice.

Two men by the wayside sat,
And both bemoaned their lot;
One because he'd buried his wife,
The other because he had not.

Say, where do you pick up your girls?

Jerry—In the skating rink.

And why in the skating rink?

Jerry—That's the best place they fall for me.

Andy—What animal approaches nearest to man?

F. I. P.—The flea.

Bill—What is your definition of garlic?

Dave—Vegetable Limberger.

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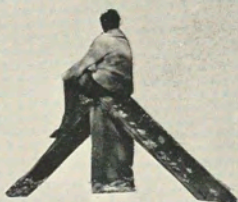
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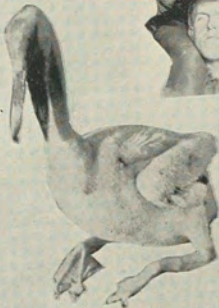
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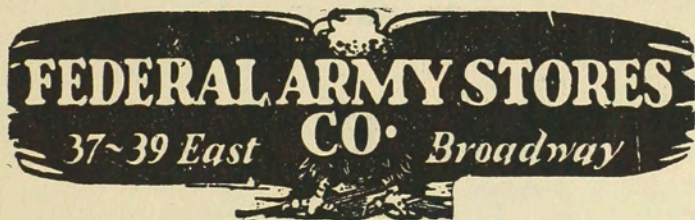
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HIKING SUPPLIES



Discount to All Wasatch Club Members

She—Meet me tomorrow night at seven o'clock at the usual place.
Boots—All right, and what time will you be there?

Pa—What is a vacuum?

Clarence—Well, er, I can't describe it, but I have it in my head.

Nan—While I was at the zoo the chimpanzee hurt his wrist.

Dan—Sort of a monkey wrench, wasn't it?

Jackie—It's raining.

Bill—Let it rain.

Jack—I was going to.

Boss—Why did you leave your last place?

Cora L.—I was caught kissing the boss.

B.—You can start to work in the morning.

"Mar"—What is your favorite instrument?

Chick—A plate of soup.

Einar—I've not only studied but I've traveled a lot.

Doc—Did you ever go through Algebra?

E. L.—Yes, but I went through the place at night, so I didn't get to see much.

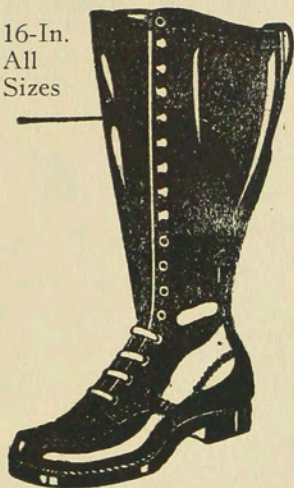
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TRACY LOAN AND TRUST COMPANY
INSURANCE DEPARTMENT
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All
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Just by trying on a pair you'll see in a minute why "Buckhect Boots" are so generally recognized by "outdoor men" as the best all-around Hiking Boots.

Perfect fit—for your legs and instep, with ample toe room for long hikes. Double soles and leather lined vamps.

These are some of the "extras" of good shoemaking which are built into Buckhect's.

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For the hiker, the best boots are those that are comfortable, durable, and have good traction. The boots shown in this advertisement are designed for hiking and are made of high-quality leather. They have a sturdy sole and a comfortable fit. The boots are available in various sizes and colors. They are a great choice for anyone who loves hiking.



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Price \$2.85 to \$10.50

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