

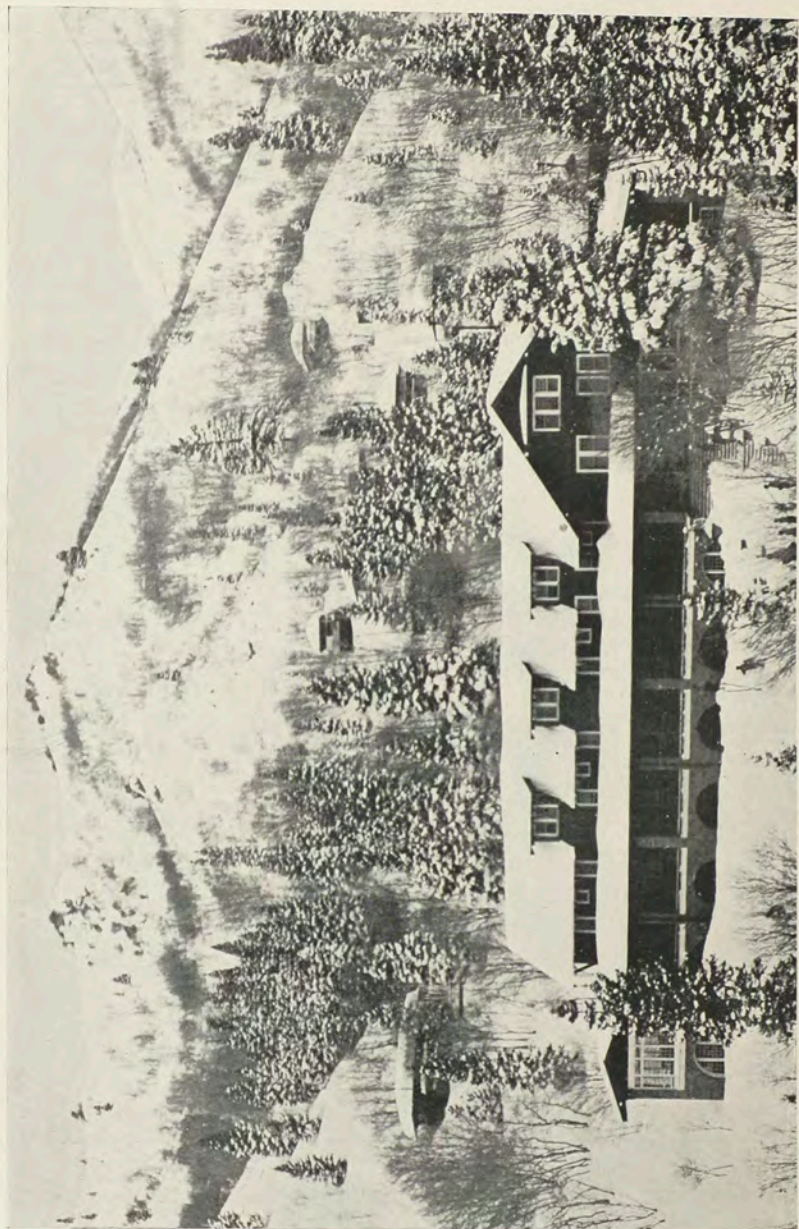
Pinecrest Edition  
OF THE  
**WASATCH  
RAMBLER**  
1926



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PINECREST INN—EMIGRATION CANYON



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# THE WASATCH RAMBLER

Issued Bi-Monthly by

**The Wasatch Mountain Club, Inc.**

Organized May 13, 1920

Address: 271 Community Building, 47 E. Broadway, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Telephone: Wasatch 6296

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Elwood B. Stockman.....	Vice-President	E. W. Jones.....	Treasurer
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## RAMBLER

Edited by

L. P. STONEY

GERALD THORNE

Assistants—Chas. Geurts, Merle Jackson, Girzy Channel, Mary Kletting, Margaret Block

Published in the interest of the Rocky Mountain Region

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## Pinecrest For New Years

What excuse do we have for living, if any? I will tell you. — We live for happiness. And if you stop to think, that is reason aplenty. Everything we try for or strive for has some happiness as an object.

The greatest happiness comes from service. Therefore, the Wasatch Mountain Club Board of Directors is going to be the happiest gang on earth about the first of the year, because they are going to give us the greatest New Years party we have ever had, and I call that service. What is more, they are going to give us something to live for and look forward to; the greatest two days of happiness we have ever had. New Years at Pinecrest.

Pinecrest Inn; a million miles from purgatory, three thousand miles from New York, fourteen miles from Salt Lake City, and a ski jump from paradise; three feet of snow, one mile of slippery slide, five hundred yards of serpentine, two hundred cords of music, two hundred dancing feet, one hundred smiling faces, ten thousand pounds of food, and one hundred hungry happy souls. Oh boy! What a joy! Let's go! There sure is something to live for.

There are so many pleasant surprises for this trip. For one, the price, only five dollars. Think what that includes; transportation up there and back, and no walking except up the

hotel steps; hotel accommodations, which will, I understand, include heated bedrooms for the ladies; all your meals, and you know what wonderful meals we have; dancing galore, with all the side dishes, serpentine, horns, paper caps, etc; skiing and tabogganing to your heart's content; games when you tire of the thrill of the slide; and last but not least, the association and friendship of a hundred clean, healthy, hearty, out-door enthusiasts like yourself. All for five dollars. You lose money and the time of your life by staying home.

Next surprise, you may bring your friends. Here is how. Registration will open to Club members only on December 1st, and remain open until December 15th. From December 15th to 20th your invited friends may register. These friends must be invited by a member of the Club who is going on the trip. Cards for such friends may be obtained from Stoney, 271 Community Building, and must be signed by a member who has registered for the trip and a member of the Board of Directors. This means you may take your friends, provided you go, and it also means you must register before the 15th or there may not be room for you, as accommodations will be limited and the member will have no preference over the guest between the 15th and 20th, at which latter date registration will absolutely and positively close.

If there is snow enough for bobsleighs, we will leave from the East Side High School at seven a. m., January 1st; otherwise from the Salt Lake Theatre at the same hour. Watch for announcement. Be on time, for it is a long walk if you miss the bus.

All you have to bring is: Flashlight, two blankets, toilet articles, skis, and all your pep. Do not bring suitcase; roll your baggage in your blankets. Dress warm and in hiking costume only, with boot or golashes.

Remember now:

Pinecrest Inn,  
Saturday and Sunday, January  
1st and 2nd.

Registration for members only,  
December 1st to 15th.

Registration open to all Decem-  
ber 15th to 20th.

Price—Members, \$5.00; visitors,  
\$6.00. At least one-half must be  
paid at time of registration.

Come one, come all, come short,  
come tall. Pinecrest for New Years.  
Let's go!

### ATTENTION MEMBERS

Through the courtesy of the Owl Drug company we are allowed to register there. They receive nothing for this service which requires considerable time of their employees. For this reason the Board of Directors request that members do not ask to see the registration cards **unless they intend to register**. Recently some members have had the nerve to ask to see the cards four or five times and then fail to register. Such a thing is unnecessary—if you wish to know if "he" or "she" is going, call up and get the information direct from the one in whom you are interested.

Esselbach: "On our Deseret Peak trip, I pulled my revolver from my pocket, it roared and there lay a dead coyote before us."

Charles Garnick: "How long had it been dead?"

Anna Jones: "Mrs. Hopkins how did you cure Doc of his antique craze?"

Mrs. Hopkins: "Oh, I bought him a 1913 model Ford for a Christmas present."

Verda Hoffenbeck: "Cora there seemed to be something funny with you all evening."

Cora Larson: "I know, but he had trouble with his car and he could not go home any earlier."



## Reveiw of Trips

### WOLF CREEK

Labor Day and Community Camp trip had become almost synonymous to some of us, so it was somewhat of a surprise when a trip to Wolf Creek was announced for Labor Day. However, when we were told of the beauties and pleasures in store for us we decided to take a chance, and it was certainly a wise decision.

The bus which left Salt Lake at three o'clock, made a short stop at Kamas, and then the real scenery began. The road wound higher and higher up the mountains, among the pines, with the cool breezes upon us, which before long became almost too cool. Every now and then some one would burst into song and Jerry Pack kept up a lively accompaniment on his guitar.

Darkness had fallen by the time we reached our destination, but we soon heard friendly calls and Doc Lambert, Dan Derby and some of the rest, who had driven up in their own cars, appeared and guided us to the campsite and one or two very weak bonfires. Tents were soon pitched, a big fire built, and after the usual cry of "when do we eat?" had been appeased, we gathered around the fire and an impromptu program was rendered. Everyone was called upon and the talent displayed was remarkable. Shortly after midnight the bus which had left town in the evening arrived, and its occupants lost little time in getting to the fire, as the air by that time was decidedly cold. Anyone who had any doubts about it lost them before morning.

The next morning a hike was started in order that we might limber up, and upon our return the usual ball game began, followed by the also usual riot. It has been suggested that anyone who contemplates umpiring a game of ball played by the Wasatch

Mountain Club take out a very heavy insurance policy, as his or her relations are apt to get the benefit of it. The ball game ended, just how the spectators could not quite decide, but end it finally did and lunch was next in order.

In the afternoon a few of the crowd who considered themselves fishermen, set out for a try at it. They returned sometime later with plenty of alibis but no fish, much to the disappointment of those who had been told they might hope for a few bites.

That evening another program was rendered and included rodeo stunts given by some of the men from the sheep camp, and after the program Doc Lambert and Bob Baker entertained those present by reading their character by their faces.

The following morning, after another extremely chilly night, Jack Marshall was heard to remark that we certainly had hit a cold place as the fires had been going constantly for two nights and a day and it wasn't warm yet.

The sightseeing trip planned by our drivers will long be remembered. We were a little dubious at first, but after a well planned advertising campaign, almost everyone surrendered, and we started on the outstanding event of the trip. Wonders such as are seldom seen on land or sea were called to our attention by the announcers, Dan Derby for one bus and Bob Baker for the other; and if sometimes we were unable to see the marvelous things described it must have been because of our own lack of imagination. We visited a sawmill and then came upon the palisades. No imagination was needed here—only a sense of appreciation. Someone who had seen the Palisades of the Hudson stated that these were their equal; and they certainly left nothing to be desired.

When we returned to camp there was just enough time to eat whatever happened to have been left from the previous meals and we started down the canyon; and another Labor Day trip had become a memory, but a most delightful one.

GIRZY CHANNEL.

### MYSTERY TRIP

September 11. Ah! Mystery—and you should have seen the inquisitive crowd that turned out with their bathing suits and towels under their arms!

After leaving the theatre, Lou took one bunch for a nice ride out towards Saltair among the garbage dumps and roughest roads on earth, due to Kenneth not being able to locate Redwood road. Later we met the other bus at Taylorsville, then all proceeded south-east. After riding for a while on a dark country road, the bus stopped and we were requested to get out and walk. Knowing that Doug was a capable leader we started out, but before long we found ourselves tangled in bushes, climbing fences, walking poles, sinking in mud and wading the creek. If we had only taken our golashes or put on our bathing suits, we would have wound up in better condition. Our towels certainly came in handy as the trip turned out to be a watermelon and cantaloupe bust.

After a few hours of fun mingling with spooks, playing games and eating, we all turned homeward. Just where this all took place is still a mystery to a lot of us.

VENDLA JOHNSON.

### MAPLE CANYON

Saturday evening, September 18th, three dozen happy Wasatch Mountain Club enthusiasts "set sail" by Bing-ham bus for Maple Canyon, the hitherto unexplored beauty spot in San Pete County, near Moroni. The official Club bulletin had promised a unique and picturesque trip but mere words failed to prepare us for the

overpowering beauty of the autumn-tinted, giant walled canyons.

After a few hours' sleep on the comfortable straw beds prepared for us by Mr. Willis Draper, we started our investigation of Box Canyon. This deep canyon apparently had no outlet to the upper plateau, but a dozen of the more daring climbers, aided by ropes and spikes, did climb the seventy foot water-fall cliff and found that the upper valley beauty made the strenuous effort infinitely worth while. Above and below this formidable barrier, the rugged gray conglomerate walls rose precipitously for hundreds of feet. Surprise valleys, deep caves and fantastic formations awaited us at every turn. In many places great slabs of rock had caught between the narrow walls and formed perfect roofs, while in other places, great boulders seemingly blocked the narrow path. The canyon is so narrow in many places that we could span it with our arms. The entire rugged beauty of the lower canyon so closely resembles the giant pinnacles of Zion, and the intricate carvings of the upper slopes are so like delicate Bryce, that one need not visit these two famous Utah beauty spots of both grandeur and delicacy. Maple Canyon holds both.

After lunch our trail led through woodlands, bright in fiery maple colors, up through the pines to the Natural Bridge. This perfect formation lies almost hidden below a fern covered cliff at the base of the hidden lake, and closely resembles the Fruita Bridge in Wayne County, except that not even the "mountain goats" of the club have been able to reach the top of the Moroni bridge. From here the trail led still up and up, through dense oak to a great cave—said to have been the rendezvous of early thieves. Its hidden location and inaccessibility made this interesting bit of history seem entirely probable. VERA WINTEROWD.



## WHITE PINE

If you had passed the Salt Lake Theatre at about 7 o'clock on the morning of September 26 you would have seen about twenty hikers all "a rarin" to go, on supposedly a "4-mile hike," but if you have ever been hiking with the W. M. club before, you will not believe everything you hear. Before we got back we had hiked nearer ten miles (the first four miles was just to put us in condition).

Practically all the way up Little Cottonwood and back we walked the rails, and many acted as if they had had quite a bit of experience in this kind of walking.

When we arrived at the top about 1 o'clock, we beheld a lake that I believe even surpassed Dog Lake in size, and those who have been on both trips I am sure will agree with me.

Coming down we lost a couple of girls. Doug seemed determined to let no one get in front of him, and the result was a race all the way down the canyon. Doug should have been twins so that he could have acted as both rear and forward guard, then the girls would not have been lost.

It was a wonderful day for a hike, and the Autumn colors were at their best. Coming down the canyon we enjoyed a most beautiful sunset, and although everybody was glad to get back to the bus, it was a trip we will never forget.

LOIS MILLER.

## MUTUAL DELL TO

### PLEASANT GROVE

On October 17th about 50 hikers started out for a stroll from Mutual Dell to Pleasant Grove. Rear Admiral Pa Parry was rather lonesome for a time, but before long his company proved to be very popular. It was a delightful autumn hike through the beautiful fall-colored forests around the north end of Timpanogos. Someone must have known we were coming as there was a well made trail especially on the Pleasant Grove side.

We met the bus at Pleasant Grove. Everyone was enjoying the ride home when suddenly the bus stopped. Lou and Ralph thought a piece of barb wire fence would fix it, but didn't succeed so it was Ralph's luck to walk a mile for gas after which we proceeded home O. K.

Our motto—If the car won't go, try using gas.

## PINECREST

No regular trip was scheduled in advance for Oct. 24th, so fifteen club members took the opportunity to visit Pinecrest and lay out plans for the big New Year's party.

We left club headquarters early that morning and enjoyed a nice ride up Emigration Canyon, filled our lungs with so much fresh air that when we started playing ball it seemed almost impossible to quit.

About 1 o'clock, after everyone was nearly worn out, we took possession of the hotel and cooked one never-to-be-forgotten dinner. Plates were laid for fourteen grown-ups, one for the caretaker who did not appear, two small children, G. C. and M. M., who had to have high chairs, one dog and one cat. The most polite one of all was the cat, who ate her share without a word and then left the room. The two children were very unruly and only through the fatherly care given to them by Vern Christensen were they kept fairly quiet.

After dinner we enjoyed an hour washing dirty dishes and then made an inspection of the hotel. The dinner appeared to have furnished additional strength, for all returned later to the ball grounds, some trying to play horseshoes, some one thing and some another—but all finally wound up by playing ball again.

Darkness soon overtook us and in about forty-five minutes later we were all home. The next day many a groan was heard as the result of stiff joints and sore muscles but all asked, "When are we going again?"

## FOREST LAKE

Oct. 3rd a trip to Forest Lake was scheduled, but the members spent the day with their friends and failed to register, making it impossible to have the trip.

## MOUNT OLYMPUS

The hour was eight that beautiful Sabbath morn when thirty-four heathens gloriously started out to worship at the shrine of Mount Olympus under the gallant leadership of the noble Sir Ralph—thrice knighted for his commissary achievements.

Leaving the Inglesby chariot at the mouth of Telcrats Canyon we gaily tripped up the mountain-side with but one detour when Honest Jerry and Leonine Doug explored for water.

We reached the summit with but few casualties—Jerry's mountain sickness, a jagged gash in Doug's trousers and Dave's outburst in song—far better had the pages remained as blank as the verse.

The view—superb, marvelous, wonderful—ask any of us.

Galloping down the mountain side on our Charley horses we reached the highway by the light of the stars, having no flashlights with us. And at the Salt Lake Theatre steps Doris' romance began and our wonderful day ended.

HELGA JOHNSON.

## HALLOWE'EN

### —BANG—

That's the way all the parties go off, but this one on October 30th was louder than ever. It is one of the most anticipated and looked forward to events of the year, both by outsiders as well as club members, as was shown by the large attendance.

The Chamber of Commerce banquet hall was literally turned into a fairyland. The Jewish, Irish, English, Dutch, Tramp, Cavemen, Pirates and Clowns, all together in one mad whirl, tripping the light fantastic to the jazzy

tunes furnished by the Society Syn-copators.

Several novelty dances were featured, and during intermission, Miss Inez Whipple gave an Irish dance, accompanied by Padrewski II. (Bill Allen) on the piano.

Prizes were awarded to Mr. and Mrs. Arvil Atkins, for the best costumes, Indian and Squaw. Kenneth Freshwater, most original (The Tramp), and Mrs. Jack Baldwin, funniest. (Nancy.)

Refreshments consisting of the proverbial "donut" and cider were served.

HAZEL SMITH.

## TIMPANOGOS SPECIAL

The first snow of the season enticed eleven club members into climbing Timpanogos, November 7. Leaving town at five, we reached Timpanookie at seven. Above us towered the peak—white and forbidding in the chill morning air—so different from the flower-bedecked mountain of July.

Within an hour clouds had obscured the summit and fine, powdery snow was falling, giving a charming touch of winter to all about us. As we cleared the shoulder we found a roaring wind that drove the snow in blinding clouds that left us gasping for breath. After an hour of heavy trail we reached the saddle and received a pleasant surprise—the wind died down just when we expected it to be the fiercest. But it soon broke again, and at times almost carried us from the trail.

At eleven-fifty we reached the summit, where the icy blasts drove the snow swirling about the peak until we could see less than a hundred feet. After taking one picture of the frost covered group shivering about the flag pole we scurried for shelter down the windswept slopes to the big lunch Ralph and Doug had prepared the previous night. And never a peppier bunch returned from Timpanogos than we with the frostbitten ears and fingers and memories of the second winter Timp climb ever attempted by the club.



## TIMPANOGOS CAVE

Wondering how cold it was going to be but remembering our extra sweaters and coats, we started for Timpanogos Cave on November 14 at 8:30 a. m., and as usual Jennie and Douglas betting on the rain—perhaps they have changed it to snow now. About ten miles out it started to snow, but only the driver knew, for the gang were having an inside party and were truly entertaining themselves. Upon arriving, to our delight we discovered the sky was blue, while old Mother Earth was covered with glistening snow, the tall evergreen pines proudly held their branches aloft, and like so many sentinels guarded us. It was a perfect day, everyone agreed. The ranger, Mr. Halliday, opened his home to us. We had music and were entertained royally. The hike to the cave was wonderfully beautiful, in places the snow was knee deep, here and there were bare spots where jagged rocks protected the trail. The time going was all too short for everyone, and they all agreed that it beats the hot summer trip. Cold? Oh, no; we shed our sweaters and coats just after starting up the trail.

Our trip through the Cave showed us many things we had not seen before, as we took plenty of time. Our guide the ranger knew the Cave thoroughly, and therefore was able to show and tell us everything of interest. Those who had had enough hiking for that day decided to go down with the ranger, the others decided to go to Hansen's Cave. Coming down was even more fun than going up, and was so much quicker, toboggans cannot compare with it. After eating everything eatable, Johnny and Jennie finished feeding the deer, Ralph L. showed his spirits by mopping the floors, and we started for home, everyone agreeing that YOU should not miss the next winter hike to Timpanogos Cave.

DORIS GUHIN.

## PINECREST THE SECOND

Headed for Pinecrest, twelve members left the Salt Lake Theatre in the Covered Wagon, Sunday, November 21. The object being to take some of the supplies up for the New Year trip.

On arriving at Pinecrest, we found another club using the kitchen so a hike to the Girl Reserve's cabin was next on the program. Snow fights proved to be the main outdoor feature.

The "CRY" was heard first as a question, then—! Dinner over and dishes washed, the crowd had the usual indoor entertainment which concluded with a "story" by Elwood in which a mosquito was the victim of cruel murder.

As a result of this trip, regardless of a possible heavy snow, the commissary can at least guarantee jam and coffee to help satisfy the old cry, "When do we eat?"

## CAPTAIN KIDD'S

### TREASURE HUNT

On Nov. 27, an outing different from anything we have given yet, was conducted, which proved to be a huge success.

A party of fifty left the Salt Lake Theatre at 7:30 p. m. in the Bingham buses. A little later they were stopped by a signal light at the old paper mill. On examining the light they found instructions ordering them to walk up the road, where they would see another light with more instructions, and so on. About two hours were spent in following maps and lights up and down hill, through brush, creeks and, best of all, rain. At several points they found treasures such as all day suckers, salted peanuts, etc. About thirty they arrived at Green's cabin, where a nice meal of chili, pie and coffee awaited them. The balance of the evening was spent in dancing, with Bill Allen at the piano.

### AIN'T NATURE GRAND?

Oh, Billy Pep loved Nature,  
And he liked it all first hand,  
He never went to books  
To find the facts about the land,  
But he'd climb the highest mountains  
On the tallest peaks he'd stand,  
And he'd drink the clear pure mountain air,  
And breath, "Aint Nature Grand!"

Oh, what a wonderful, wonderful thing,  
To feel the joy that the open brings,  
To have the cool breeze stir your hair,  
To gaze on the marvels everywhere!  
The happiest man in all the land  
Is the man who breathes "Aint Nature  
Grand!"

When the Wasatch Club went hiking,  
Billy Pep was always there,  
He climbed up Timpanogos,  
And he climbed up everywhere.  
He'd sprain his ankles and knock his shins,  
Get soaked by the rain—but land!  
He didn't care. He'd just gaze 'round  
And sigh "Aint Nature Grand!"

One day when Bill went hiking,  
Around 'bout early dawn,  
He stood too near a precipice,  
But he didn't stand there long;  
As he fell, he saw stars shooting,  
Heard the harps of the Heavenly Band,  
And he groaned aloud in ecstasy  
"Aint Nature Grand!"

—Mary Pack.

Wallie Williams: "La Vern, how many trips have you been with the club this year?"

La Vern Bueter: "Well, I don't know; let's see—how many dances has the club given?"

Jim Burdette: "Doc, this soup of yours is certainly good."

Dr. Pfouts: "I imagine so—you sure sound like it."

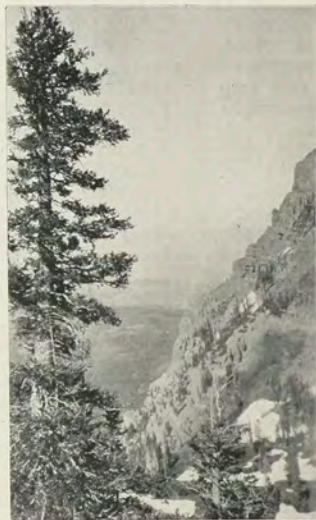
Marian Marstella: "Harry, will you take a walk with me this evening?"

Harry Nelson: "Why? What for?"

Marian: "Oh, my doctor told me to take exercises every evening with dumb-bells."

Sidney Smith had the Geology class out examining his mine, and said: "Some day I expect to have the world at my feet."

Ray Marsell: "Goodness sake, what have you been doing all this time? Standing on your head?"





## My Most Interesting Trip

Being asked to give an account of my most interesting trip really leaves me at a loss because every trip, to me, has been one of much interest and the enjoyment that has come through association with the types of men and women that belong to our Club has always been a source of pleasure. What a group of really fine characters belong to this organization! What a fine feeling of fellowship exists and what a genuineness is displayed by our members!

In my experience with you I have had nothing but thrills and no disappointments. I have but one regret and that is that I can't mingle with you more often.

As for the trips, I will close my eyes and choose between them.

A number of years ago the Club undertook a trip from Park City to Brighton in the month of June. I had gone through the procedure of registering and was assigned to a truck with about sixteen other people. Among them was a Dutchman and a long-legged individual by the name of Bill Allen. Everything was going all right. The night was chilly when we reached the summit of Parley's Canyon and Mr. Allen felt that it was necessary to get some exercise. Of course, no one was opposed to him getting warm, but when he kept insisting on placing his number twelve boot in the Dutchman's face, there arose from somewhere near the Dutchman's corner, a murmur that sounded like somebody being called "Roughneck."

With merry hearts we reached Summit County and entered her foremost city with songs and shouting, much to the dislike of her early-to-bed inhabitants.

About eleven o'clock our captain and leader, his highness, Sir Einar

Lignell, gave the password "forward" and all obeyed. Now, as a daytime leader, Einar is excellent, but lacking the cat-like instinct of seeing at night, he was greatly handicapped. A man doesn't mind being lost once, but being lost three times the same night is once too many. So, Einar's advice to us was "When you get home, study the stars."

I thought I would assist a young lady, so she handed me a package containing two dozen eggs. She remarked that the eggs should have been deviled, but by the time we were within two miles of Comstock the eggs had passed through every process necessary for deviling.

I was in perfect condition until within a short distance of the Comstock, something happened to my pins. They refused to function. Now, no matter how good a man may be, when his propelling force is out of order his time is slower than any snail. We all reached the Comstock safely and received a royal welcome by the group that had left earlier in the day. It was then three a. m.

Our beds were all prepared and I wish to thank personally (if I can ever find them) the parties that selected my sleeping quarters. If ever a person had the opportunity to carry out Einar's advice I did that morning. I took stock of every star in the sky. Looking towards the east about four o'clock I beheld an object that appeared to be a rising mountain. Fearing it was a dream, I looked once more and found it was only a woman. She appeared to be in deep distress and when asked what the trouble was, she complained of losing her belt and elected me to help her find the same. Being no hand to play blind-man's bluff in the dark, I assured her that all was well and when old Sol showed

himself in the morning her belt would be found. I never said a truer thing. It had served as a pillow for eight members nestled in the community bed!

On the morrow the bedding detail was assembled and from the pained expression on the faces of this group I feel it would be an injustice to dwell on this subject.

Now for the summit with Mayor Neslen leading and Doc Hopkins doing his stuff. The caravan was proceeding nicely when one of our good lady members became fatigued. So, with the Mayor on one wing and Doc on the other they started homeward while the rest continued onward.

Although it was June 8 there was more snow at Brighton than has ever been there since. The drying of clothing took place on the board balcony of the Balsam Hotel, with plenty of water to drink.

And thus ends this chapter of the canter from Park City to Brighton by moonlight on a cloudy night.

—BILL LATIMER.

### NOTICE OF WINTER OUTINGS

Trips will be scheduled during December, January and February according to weather and snow conditions. Watch the newspapers, card in Owl Drug, or call headquarters, Wasatch 6296, for information.

Larry Taylor (over phone): "Dear I am very busy and won't be home until late tonight."

Afton: "Oh, that's all right if I can depend on it."

Doug Peck: "I kissed Jennie in a quiet spot last night."

Elva Sorenson: "That is the only way you can keep that spot quiet."

After climbing Timpanogos on the November trip, Harriet Ellsworth remarked that she got along better with just a stick than she did the year before with the aid of Lew Stearns.

If these golf widows think that they are neglected by their husbands, they should just try being the wife of a director of the Wasatch Mountain Club.





## General Information

### WHEN WINTER COMES

The tang of wintry air felt at this time of year, the sight of the snow-clad Wasatch Mountains, the report that five feet of snow has fallen at Brighton, make us feel that the time will soon be here when we can get out the old skis, look to the bindings, smooth the running surface, examine the skii poles and get all in readiness for the King of Sports—SKIING!

To the novice, the sight of a pair of six or seven foot overgrown skates upon which he is supposed to travel, is very likely to bring a bad case of timidity or even cause complete discouragement. This is very unnecessary and like the bogey in the dark, doesn't mean anything. When one has proper equipment, a competent teacher and reasonable stamina, skiing is quickly mastered to such an extent as to make an excursion on skis a pleasure. And above all, it can take you into country of indescribable beauty, a veritable fairyland where trees are festooned in soft feathery snow and rocks and underbrush are hidden. There travel is a pleasant experience and gives a thrill and exhilaration that one cannot feel in any other season or place.

The first consideration of equipment is the skii boot. All the torture of an inquisition cannot compare with that of a frost-bitten foot and the cause is always a poor boot. Skii boots must be LARGE. This means they should accommodate two pairs of thick woolen stockings over a light pair of silk or cotton. The reason for wearing two heavy pairs is that moisture condensing inside the boot soon freezes the outer pair and if only one pair is worn the foot soon chills and frost bite surely follows. Have the boots large enough to accommodate the three pair of stockings without binding the feet and stopping blood circulation.

Low shoes and wrapped leggings are better than boots with high tops. Ladies, never mind if your feet do look large as long as they are safe from freezing. A big, warm foot looks better than a little frozen one, and feels better than it looks. Where the skii binding wears the sole of the boot it should be protected by heavy sheet metal fastened to the sole with small screws.

Loose fitting woolen clothes are best. A light wind-proof outer garment that can be carried easily, quickly put on and taken off, is almost indispensable. Always have colored glasses and wear them continually on bright days. Snow blindness comes quickly and is very painful.

Ash is the best wood for skis. Cherry and hickory are too heavy except for special purposes like jumping or racing. See that the grain is straight and free from knots. It is best to get a natural finish. Staining usually is put on to hide some defect of material or workmanship. Skis should be not more than 6 or 6½ feet long for ladies and 7 or 7½ feet for men. Measuring a skii by the upward reach of the arm will result in selecting a runner far too long for use on our mountain trails.

Skis must be firmly attached by a binding that will permit some freedom of movement. This binding should be light and easily adjusted. It should allow fairly free vertical movement of the heel of the boot but prevent lateral movement, making steering easy.

Get a good outfit, take regular exercise and be in the best possible physical condition. By that is meant, a condition that will enable you to climb to the top of Black Mountain, down into City Creek, out over the ridge and catch a car for Salt Lake City at Val Verda! If you cannot do this on bare ground there is no use trying a long skii trip, such as Park City to

Brighton. Most failures are the result of a poor physical condition.

Skiing is different, wonderful, and, if properly approached, will make every winter all too short.

Get ready—Let's Go!

DR. L. D. PFOUTS. Payson, Utah.

## SPECIAL NOTICE

Our next monthly meeting will be held in January. Dr. F. M. McHugh will lecture on "Out Door Life in Switzerland." The general meeting will be free but a small charge will be made for the dance. Details to be announced later.

SWIM—Join the club in their frolic at Becks every Thursday night after science class.

## SCIENCE CLASSES

Lectures presented in the committee room, public library, 7:30 to 9:00 p. m.

Members, their friends and the general public invited.

## FIRST AID

By Dr. D. L. Folsom.

Dec. 2. Treatments for unconsciousness—fainting, shock, heat and sunstroke, cold and frostbite.

Dec 9. Insect and snake bite; ivy poisoning and cures; foreign bodies in eye, ear, nose and throat; artificial respiration; arrest of hemorrhage.

Dec. 16. Treatment of sprains, fractures and dislocations; methods of transportation.

Jan. 6, 1927. Contents of first aid kit.

## LECTURES ON GEOLOGY

By R. E. Marsell.

Jan. 13, 1927—"Effects of Glaciation in the Wasatch and Uintah Mountains."

A discussion of the profound effects of the last glacial epoch on the topography of our mountains, and the present features that enable one to recognize the former presence of glacial ice in our canyons.

Jan. 20th, 1927. "Making the Grand Canyon."

The lessons that this stupendous chasm teaches us of the workings of Nature. An interesting chapter in the book of earth history.

Jan. 27. "Extinct Volcanos of Utah."

Distribution, type and effect of vulcanism in Utah is discussed, and the means for the recognition of past volcanic activity is presented.

Feb. 3. "Building the Mighty Wasatch."

The series of events responsible for the development of both the ancestral and present Wasatch mountains is discussed, and the principles for deciphering past earth history are presented.

Feb. 10. "Ancient Lake Bonneville."

The story of the large prehistoric freshwater lake that once filled a part of the Great Basin. Its origin, its effects on our topography, and the causes of its disappearance, are presented.

Note—Although each lecture is a separate and complete treatment of the subject by itself, a relationship exists that will warrant attendance at all the lectures.

The lectures will be accompanied by a display of slides and exhibits of appropriate diagrams, maps, and specimens.

## LECTURES ON BOTANY

By A. A. Glad.

Feb. 24. Through our own gardens to a better understanding of the out-of-doors.

March 3. Establishing an intimacy with growing plants discovering our shade trees in parks and roadways.

March 10. Shrubs of our mountains and canyons.

March 17. How to really know the wild flowers; value of out-door knowledge.

## PHOTOGRAPHY

By L. P. Stoney.

March 24 and 31 and April 7 and 14. Topics will be announced in the March Rambler.



## CLUB TATTLE

Gladys White was married to Albert West in September. They live in Los Angeles.

We regret that we will not see Albert D'Isep perform on skis this winter as he has gone to California where he was married and will make his home.

We are pleased to announce that Pauline Clinger and Marian Carver, who were injured in automobile accidents, have both recovered.

Rosalie Jorgensen is hiking again. The leg broken on Devil's Castle is as good as new.

Lester Larson has gone to Magna where he is working for the National Copper bank.

Dr. F. M. McHugh returned recently from an extended trip to Europe.

Dr. Pfouts has just completed a wonderful cabin in Payson canyon, where he will spend his spare time this winter. Mrs. Pfoutz and Bernice Dixon declare they will be on the scene, too.

Luella Hunter has gone on a mission to the Southern States. Mildred Morgan will also leave soon.

Ellen Halton has gone East for the winter to study medicine.

Still they continue: Harriett Magdiel and Ernest Capel, Gladys White and A. R. West, have been married recently.

Jimmie Hood has just returned from a six week's trip to California, where he enjoyed visits with several club members who are now living there.

We can't all swim the English Channel, but three hardy hikers of the Watsch gang are proudly boasting of their achievement in climbing Ben Lomond in one day, October 31. The climb was made from North Ogden up the sheer south slope and a real climb it was. E. Lois McCorkle, Poly Strong and Bunny Winterowd will tell you that the inspiration from the top was worth the perspiration to reach it.

Bob Baker writes that he was quite thrilled over his experience with the San Francisco earthquake.

At a directors' meeting, Stoney decided to have some fun and said to Doug Peck, "Ten cents please for checking your overcoat." Doug walked away saying, "Keep the coat."

Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Amott have a new baby at their home. Ralph, when returning from work the other day said, "I just paid the doctor \$10.00 today." Mrs. Amott: "Oh goody! goody! three more payments and the baby is ours."

Mrs. Derby: "Jack did you find a seat in the car tonight coming home?"

Jack Baldwin: "Sure I got a seat, but my wife had to stand up."

Ralph Lambert in preparing food to take to Pinecrest went in to Piggley Wiggley's and said, "I want a case of good eggs and I want them bad."

Frank Perkins: After Thanksgiving dinner: "Gee! I'm full up to my neck."

Ann Fitzgerald: "But from your neck up you are empty."

Dr. Shafer in his last trip with the Club became so lazy that he put popcorn in the hot cake batter so he would not have to flip them.

Hazel Smith (ordering lunch): "I'll take a piece of hot mince meat pie and make it a-la-mode. When the pie returned, the ice cream looked like the proverbial snowball in h-l.

Angus Simms: "Do you know what Nature's ten commandments are?"

Bill Latimer: "Sure! Thou shalt not destroy (repeated ten times).

Bill Neal: "Oh, OEnone, why do I have to struggle with such a punk job?"

OEnone Dally: "Don't be discouraged, think of the mighty oak, it was once a nut like you.

Jerry Pack: "I don't know why, but I am always breaking into song."

Beatrice Lundberg: "Try getting the key once, then you would not have to break in."

Dr. Sprunt: "Have you any scars on you?"

Art Lorenze: "No, but I have plenty of cigarettes."

Earl Lambert: "Andy here is the dollar I owe you for our game last night."

Paul Anderson: "Good, I'd forgotten yall about it."

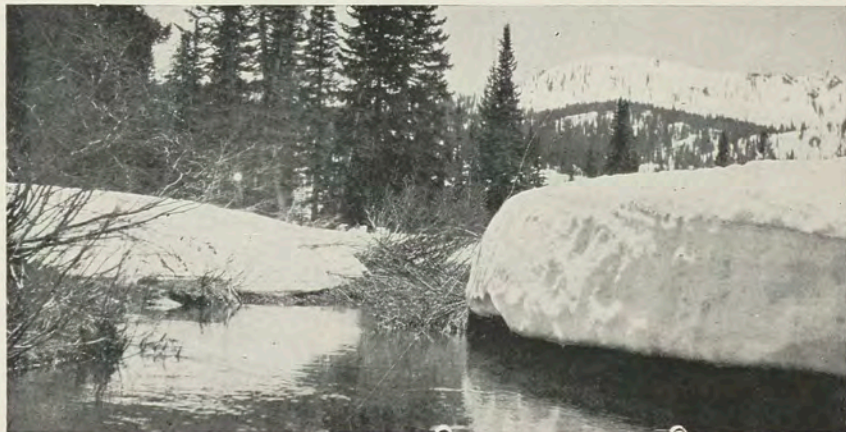
Earl: "Why didn't you say so before?"

At a recent director's meeting someone accounted for Ralph Amott's absence by saying that he was probably at a golf banquet. Not knowing that Dan Derby also played the game, Stockman remarked that when a man began playing golf he was in the second stage of degeneration. You should have seen Dan's face!

Reynolds Gordon: (bragging about his car) "Why, I haven't paid a cent for repairs on my car for over a year."

Claude Stoney: "I always knew you were tight."

Fat Atkins recently arrived late at a board meeting complaining of a broken rib. His alibi was football. But we understand Audrey is running the house and Fat had interfered.





## Educational Notes

### LAKE BONNEVILLE

Great Salt Lake is a remnant of an ancient, pre-existent freshwater lake as large as Lake Michigan. It covered an area of approximately 20,000 square miles and existed in the Quaternary Period in geological history, contemporaneous with the last Glacial Epoch. Huge icebergs launched upon its waters from the glaciers advancing from Little Cottonwood and Bell canyons.

This is evidenced by the size and position of the terminal moraine of these glaciers with reference to the old lake levels which are indicated by a series of wave-built terraces on the margins of the valley sides.

The highest lake level or terrace is called the Bonneville level, approximately 5,200 feet in elevation. The next level of real importance is a broad terrace 400 feet lower known as the Provo level. It is evident that the lake remained at this level for a greater length of time than at any other; the deltas of Provo Bench at the mouth of Provo river and others at Big Cottonwood, City creek, Emigration canyon, Boxelder canyon and Logan canyon were all formed while the lake was at, or near, the Provo level.

Fluctuations in climate have produced a series of well marked terraces of smaller size that may be seen intervening between the three major levels, the Bonneville, the Provo and the Stansbury, the latter being about 200 feet below the Provo. On the west side of the Jordan river at the Jordan Narrows ten of these levels can be seen from one point.

For a great period of time the balance between inflow and evaporation was so evenly adjusted that the level remained at the Bonneville terrace. At this time the lake had no outlet and could easily have been salt. The water completely filled the basin up to, but not over, the lowest part of its rim—

a limestone ridge lying between Oxford and Downey, Idaho. On top of this rim was an ancient water-gap filled in by superimposed alluvial fans that formed a complete dam. When an increase of water finally caused the level to rise above the gap and flow over, a channel was quickly cut through this dirt dam and the lake was drained down to the hard limestone which slowed up and practically stopped the cutting and further deepening of the outlet. This maintained the lake at a new level for a vast period of time and is now known as the Provo Level. The gap thus formed is known as Red Rock Pass and through it the Oregon Short Line railroad has built its line. Swan lake lies in a part of the gap and from it water flows south into the Bear river and north to the Portneuf river, a branch of the Snake.

Thus Lake Bonneville drained out into the Snake river until it reached the Provo Level. Then the inflow gradually decreased, the outflow ceased, and the lake dwindled until at present it occupies only about 1,750 square miles. This remnant is Great Salt Lake with a maximum depth of but about forty feet, or 1,000 feet less than that of Bonneville at its highest point.

The first man to recognize the series of lake terraces was Stansbury, in 1849-50. The lake later was named after Captain Bonneville who made the first geographic notes on the basin in 1833, but who failed to notice the former existence of the great lake that afterward was named in his honor.

Margaret Latimar: "Clara, do you know anyone who is absent minded?"

Clara Littleford: "Do I? Well I'll say! Arch Kilbourne is so absent minded he thought he left his watch home and then took it out of his pocket to see if he had time to go home and get it."



## IMPORTED AND NATIVE TREES

"I think that I shall never see  
A poem lovely as a tree."

So Joyce Kilmer mused while contemplating what might aptly be described as the noblest of growing things. They are indeed the largest of living things many of the larger types of trees attain heights and proportions undreamed of in other forms of life.

Trees are undoubtedly longer lived, proportionately, than other forms of living things, two thousand years or more is claimed as the age for the Giant Sequoias of California, while the aged Cypress tree of Mexico and a Juniper tree in Utah make even more astonishing claims for longevity.

There is much of interest in the study of trees; the shape and type of leaves; the arrangement of the leaves on the stem; the leaf scars; the shape, habits and color of the buds; the texture, color and nature of the bark; the fruit or seed vessels; the texture and nature of the wood that the tree produces; the life history of the tree, the comparative usefulness of different types of trees. All these things are worthy of our careful attention.

The Horse Chestnut tree, a native of Southeastern Europe, was introduced into this country in 1764. It adapts itself readily to the climate and soil of Utah and can be easily grown from the seeds. It is one of the most symmetrical trees grown, growing sixty to eighty feet in height and is of quite rapid growth. Because of its habits it is not best for street planting, but it makes a beautiful and suitable tree for the lawn. It has been said that this tree is always dropping something: the bud scales and flowers in the spring, the leaves throughout the summer; and the husks and nuts in the fall. But its beautiful foliage and wonderful display of flowers together with its shapely form, atones for its faults.

Note its huge palmate leaves growing opposite on the branches; its enormous sticky terminal bud, one of the distinct characteristics of the tree.

Perhaps the best tree for street planting is the Oriental Plane Tree, better known by its more common name of Sycamore. It is a beautiful tree of rapid growth and yet is a real hardwood, sturdy and of long lived habit. It is best recognized by its mottled bark. Fresh new greenish yellow bark forms under the old which splits into irregular oblong plate-like scales which peel off, exposing the inner lighter bark. Another characteristic of this tree is the ball like seed pods suspended throughout the winter on slender stems, two or more of these seed vessels sometimes being suspended on the same slender stem.

The leaf of a tree is a thing of interest. It is a little difficult at first to determine just what a leaf consists of, some leaves more closely resembling branches, and the leaflets being mistaken for leaves. A study of types and varieties of leaves offer a choice field of investigation to the student. It is very interesting at first to make a collection of the leaves of different types of trees. Always look for the leaf bud to help determine which is the true leaf. There is the great heart shaped leaf of the catalpa tree, the lance-like leaf of the narrow leaved cottonwood and of the willow, the irregular leaf of the shrub oak, the compound leaf of the boxelder and the ash, the larger more elaborate leaf of the black walnut, the nearly square leaf of the tulip tree, the enormous leaf of the lalanthus tree, and the complicated leaf of the Kentucky coffee tree. We have more than sixty-five different kinds of imported and native trees growing in and around Salt Lake City. Note the variations in types and habits and shapes of leaves as you are making your collection.

The sycamore has a large maple-







like leaf, simple but irregular. You will look in vain for the leaf bud. Perhaps you will conclude that this tree has none. Pull the leaf off and you will find that a sharply pointed bud has been concealed inside of the leaf stem.

Follow out these simple experiments and you will find your interest in trees, both imported and native trees, has been awakened to the point where you will be anxious to learn more of them.

A. A. GLAD.

### ASTRONOMY NOTES

In the September "Scientific Monthly" Dr. Stebbins, of the University of Wisconsin, gives us some little known, but interesting facts concerning certain of the stars. In measuring the light vibrations of the bright star Mizar in the middle of the handle of the Big Dipper, it was discovered that the star was both going away from and approaching the earth at the same time. This meant that it must be made up of two distinct bodies revolving about a center of gravity and yet so close together that they make their complete revolutions in twenty days and appear as one object. Many other such twin systems are now known, among them being the well known star Agol, which has long been known to have eclipses every sixty nine hours. This is due to the fact that one of the companion bodies is a dark body, giving only six per cent of the total light and in passing between us and its brighter companion, causes the eclipse.

The central regions of stars have temperatures that probably reach into the millions of degrees. What conditions may exist under those circumstances are difficult for the mind to grasp, e. g. the dimly lighted companion of the bright star Sirius has been determined to have a density that must average about fifty thousand times the density of water. Such a

weight per unit of volume is far beyond anything in direct human experience. A pint of the material would weigh twenty-five tons. A man could not even support as much as a ring of it around his finger. Things are far more exaggerated when we consider the conditions on the surface of such a star. On the earth, if one throws a ball out of the window it will fall sixteen feet the first second. On the companion of Sirius, such a hypothetical projectile would drop towards the center of the body no less than one hundred miles in the first second. In fact, we must revise all our notions of the properties of matter when we consider what may happen at a temperature of some millions of degrees.

### SUGGESTIONS TO CONTRIBUTORS

There is a wide variation in the preparation of articles submitted for The Rambler. A few are carefully written and require no corrections, while others must be completely revised or even discarded. Keep in mind the following points:

1. Think over your subject; then write and carefully revise. If necessary, rewrite two or three times. Stick to your subject.
2. Don't go to the bottom of the sea or to China for a subject. We have unlimited material right here in Utah.
3. Use no unnecessary words or phrases. Our space is limited; make every word count.
4. Be careful that your statements are correct.
5. Avoid repetition of words or thoughts.

Gert Stoney: "For gosh sake, Leon, why don't you shave? Your whiskers feel like thorns."

Leon: "What do you know about Thorne's whiskers?"



283:613

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