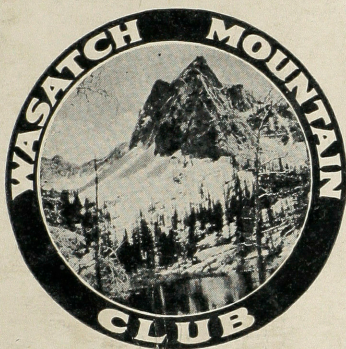
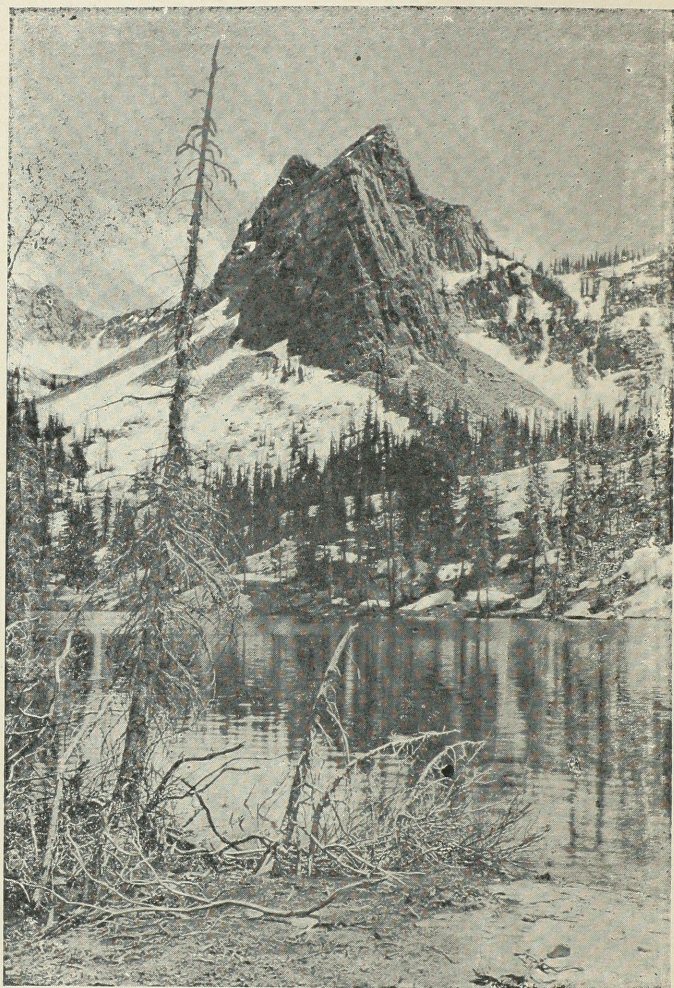


The
Wasatch Rambler

YEAR BOOK, 1929



published by the
WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, Inc.
in the interests of the
ROCKY MOUNTAIN REGION



THE GREAT SUN DIAL AND LAKE BLANCHE
BIG COTTONWOOD CANYON.--WASATCH MOUNTAINS

THE WASATCH RAMBLER

Official Publication of the Wasatch Mountain Club
Year Book 1929

Editor in Chief: Margaret Block
W. J. Ross, Asst. Editor Girzy Channel, Asst. Editor
Guy Anderson, Asst. Editor

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Preamble to the Constitution of the Wasatch Mountain Club

Our 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 and 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.

"OUR CLUB"

The Past—

Nine years ago thirteen outdoor lovers organized the Wasatch Mountain Club and a whole volume could be written on the activities and accomplishments of this organization since that time. Probably I can best sum them into one paragraph by saying:

Thousands of people have been shown the beauties of nature in Utah and surrounding states. Clean outdoor recreation has been developed. Friendships have been formed that will be everlasting and happy memories will live through the years to come.

Much credit is due to those whose plans and efforts have made this possible.

The Present—

During the present year we have been very successful in carrying on this good work. A large number of varied trips were well attended. A very good spirit has existed among our members and I am sure that those who have been active have received considerable enjoyment.

We have started the biggest undertaking in the history of the club—the erection of a lodge at Brighton. This has long been a dream of our organization and is soon to become a reality. A site has been secured and the foundation and log-work completed this year. Plans have also been formed to carry the lodge on to completion, which we hope will be next year.

The Future—

The past has been successful, indications for the future are brighter, as we will not only have our socials and trips to look forward to but an added attraction in our mountain home in one of Utah's most beautiful spots.

There are more opportunities in this club than ever before

for nature lovers, those who want outdoor recreation and clean fellowship.

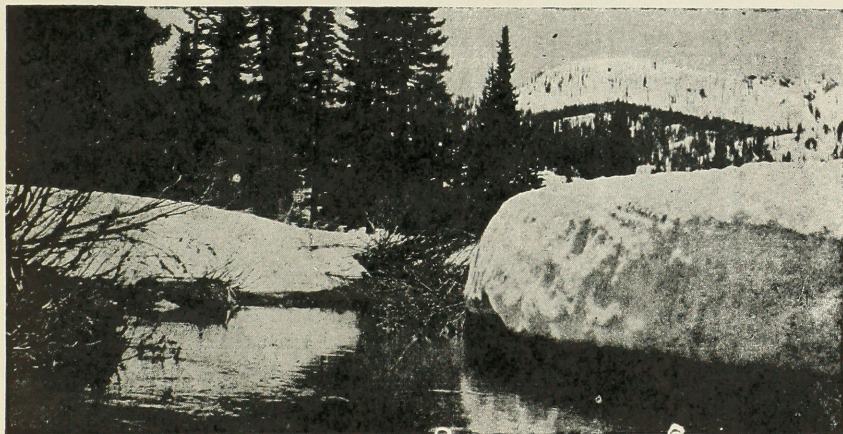
We must continue to carry on all the ideals that have long been our foundation for success and, with our new lodge as a center of attraction, accomplish even more in the future.

Brighton has long been known as an ideal recreation spot. The drive up Big Cottonwood alone is inspiring. There are numerous trails, lakes and mountain peaks easily accessible for our enjoyment. With a permanent lodge for headquarters, we will be able to enjoy all these more fully and also extend our activities into the winter.

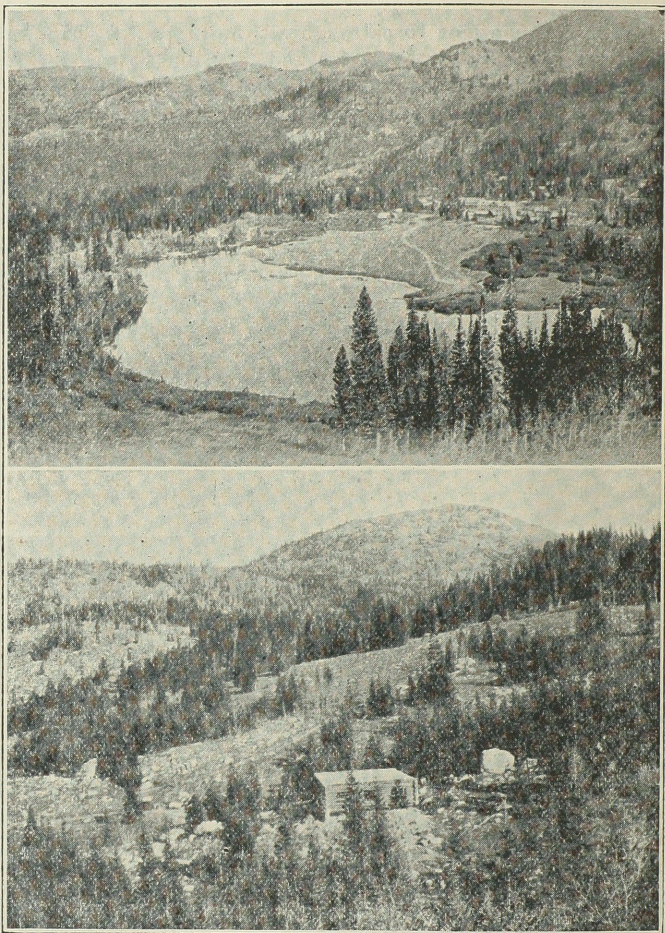
The members who have supported this club in the past, I am sure have been well rewarded—and new members too, will find that they will be richly repaid for, as has been said:

“All those who love nature, she loves in turn, and will richly reward, not perhaps with good things, as they are commonly called, but with the best things of the world—Not with money and titles, horses and carriages, but with bright and happy thoughts, contentment and peace of mind.”

—Roy V. Erickson.



WINTER SCENE AT BRIGHTON



UPPER--VIEW OF BRIGHTON AND SILVER LAKE
LOWER--LODGE SITE AT BRIGHTON

OUR LODGE

"If you can do a thing, or think you can, begin it;
Boldness has virtue, power, victory in it."

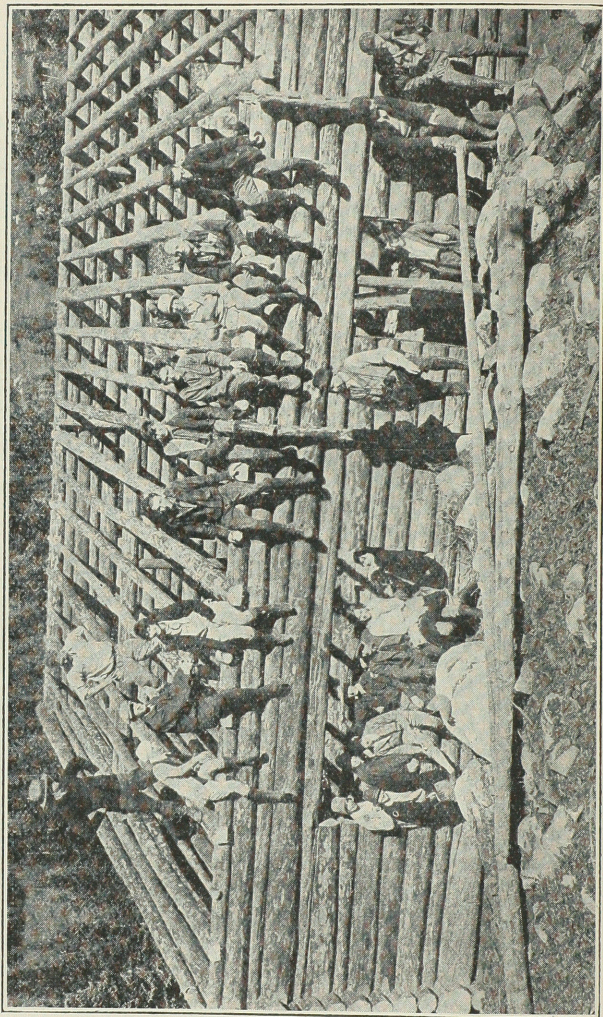
The essence of this short verse (at least approximately quoted) should enable all of us to visualize the completed Club Lodge at Brighton, for it engendered in the Lodge Committee last summer the courage to proceed with construction to the present state of excellent log-work. It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful mountain setting for our home, and it is the prime site of this select region of scenic grandeur. It possesses the requisites of accessibility, good water, sufficient fuel, and centralization in a widespread mountainous territory.

Unquestionably, Brighton is and will continue to be the preferable local retreat of its kind. A well maintained summer road through Big Cottonwood Canyon is assured, if only through the existence of two upper reservoirs and a contemplated third one a few miles below the Resort; and it is not improbable that Brighton will develop into a real locale for winter sports, with automobile travel thereto all year. In any event **all of us** can reach it during snowtime via bobsleds and skis. Yet it is far enough removed to be protected against vandalism.

To make our clubhouse a reality in 1930 will require unity of zealous purpose by the whole membership. We must cooperate next year in club activities in their entirety. Much physical aid by some and some monetary assistance by many will facilitate construction and minimize the burden on the few members who are particularly fostering the Big Project, a Wasatch Mountain Club Lodge. The problem of financing construction will be solved on some equitable unsevere basis, and the corporal effect needed to decrease greatly the labor expense of building will demand the concerted support of a crowd of enthusiastic W. M. C. huskies. Much skilled or technical labor has already been pledged gratis by certain members.

The material consideration of our lodge-to-be is far from negligible, for we will cherish its shelter and warmth; but the salient aspect for us is an intangible one. This home will be our definite hospitable rendezvous, with ~~the~~ **the** latchstring ever out to members, where harmony and camaraderie will obtain. Without the spirit of the thing it is merely a structure, a much reduced asset on which an impaired value is realizable.

Picture our carefree throng at a lodge breakfast some early July morn, then strung along the flower-fringed trail



CLUB MEMBERS AT LODGE SITE SEPT. 29.

to Alta Divide headed for a brief stop at the old but active mining camp beyond, on the head of Little Cottonwood Canyon for lunch and rest on the shore of granite-framed Lake Minnie, then the not too perilous traverse of Devil's Castle, around the ragged ridge to Catherine Divide, and down through the evergreens mirrored by Lakes Catherine, Phoebe and Mary to a feast prepared by the K. P's. who "cut cards and lost." Or imagine yourself amid the wondrous adornment of snow-filigreed trees, which intersperse the otherwise unbroken and spotless white glistening in a clear winter sun. Week-end hiking parties to numerous scenic objectives will be in order, with headquarters at our lodge. And full-length vacation trips may be inexpensively enjoyed when proper supervision of clubhouse activities has been perfected.

It pays to advertise and a trade name is desirable. We have all heard of the Anzacs, Wacs, and many kin, so out of the "way Mac," for I hereby personally christen you Wasatch Wasatch Mountain Clubbers, WAMACS. We are proud of the name and proud of our lodge-to-be; and it too should carry a suitable appellation. Wake the dormant gray matter, energize the old "think-tank," originate the right name for the right place; and we'll emblazon the winning name on some high anterior "place de la grace" and donate to its creator a proper prize.

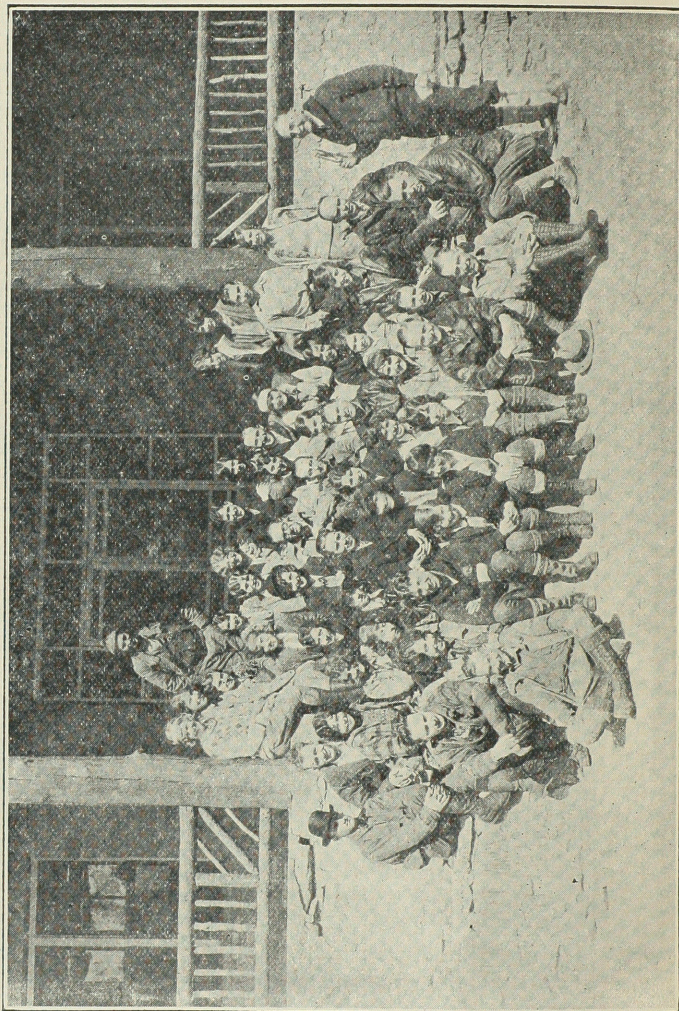
With apologies to Apollo and Homer:

The dawn's caressing of our lodge inspires
Poetic mention of its loveliness;
As smoky proof of inner cheery fires
Denotes that soon will come the call to mess.

Its rustic massiveness is welcoming;
Adjacent trees and rocks enhance the scene;
It seems to say, "Good-fellowship's the thing,
Let all partake of nature's happy mien."

A languorous thought it could not be:
We'll all enjoy it more if work we must,
For our own handiwork we then can see.
"The Wasatch Mountain Club's Abode or Bust."

Frank M. Duncan,
Chairman of Lodge Committee.



WASATCH CLUB AT THE HERMITAGE IN OGDEN CANYON 1929

EASTER TRIP

Saturday, March 30, 2:30 P. M., the day before Easter and again we're on our way to the Hermitage in Ogden Canyon, the lodge of many thrills, and if I might mention, also many chills. But who cares about that?

The bus arrived in due time with its load of merry makers. The lodge which a few moments before seemed a haven of rest, was now awhirl with youth and laughter and no place for a nervous person. Rooms were assigned to everyone. Soon all had prepared their places of rest and were back down stairs enjoying the warmth from the cheery fire places. A few hours were spent in playing games and cards, and all the while more merry makers were arriving in private cars.

Ding-a-ling! This must have been the dinner bell for everyone made a mad scramble for the dining room. Should we blame the canyon atmosphere for our appetites? Personally I think this would be a good idea.

After dinner, games and dancing were enjoyed far into the wee hours of the morning. The fish pond also proved to be an attraction. "Early to bed and early to rise," doesn't seem to be the slogan for this gang. It seemed like only an hour or two in the land of dreams when we were awakened by the familiar phrase, "Last call for breakfast." The aroma of link sausages, eggs, and coffee was enough to lure the sleepest person out of bed.

After breakfast all assembled for the Easter services. Appropriate songs were sung and Attorney Hugh Brown of Salt Lake gave a splendid talk that was an inspiration to all.

After the services some of the crowd made hikes up nearby canyons, some played ball, while others enjoyed themselves in and about the lodge.

Two o'clock P. M. and again we eat. After lunch all the bedding was rolled and packed back into the bus. Then "All aboard for home," which meant the end of another never-to-be-forgotten trip.

—By Florence Reich.

MESA VERDE VACATION TRIP

The annual vacation trip for 1929 was scheduled for the Devil's Garden and Natural Bridges in southeastern Utah, and Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado. Members who took the trip were Ralph Lambert, the leader; Maude Newman, Chick Guerts, Mildred Hurd, Frank Duncan, Pauline Jedlik and Edythe Benbrooks.

The Devil's Garden, north of Moab is an amphitheatre comparable to the Cedar Breaks in everything but coloring. The territory covered on this trip has rarely been visited by anybody but prospectors, in spite of its fantastic beauty and interesting geological formations. Many of the formations are distinguished by a beautiful reddish color.

Pioneer Day was spent in Blanding watching Indian contests and taking pictures. The next day an effort was made to visit the Natural Bridges. The trip was too torturous for the bus and as only one small car was available for immediate use in Blanding that part of the trip was given up, much to everybody's disappointment.

Mesa Verde Park was the most interesting part of the trip. There are some two thousand ruins of cliff dwellings which have been discovered and explored and according to the Park superintendent there are hundreds more not yet discovered.

In the short time spent in the Park visits were made to Spruce Tree House, Square Tower House, Sun Temple, Balcony House and Cliff Palace. There has been no reconstruction done in any of the cliff dwellings but in some cases work has been done to prevent further disintegration. Tourists, in their silk gowns and high heeled shoes and many with extensive waist lines furnish much amusement as they climbed ladders and stone steps and crawled through holes which were an essential part of some of the trails along the cliffs.

The plan was to return by way of western Colorado but the rainy season had started and frequent landslides made the

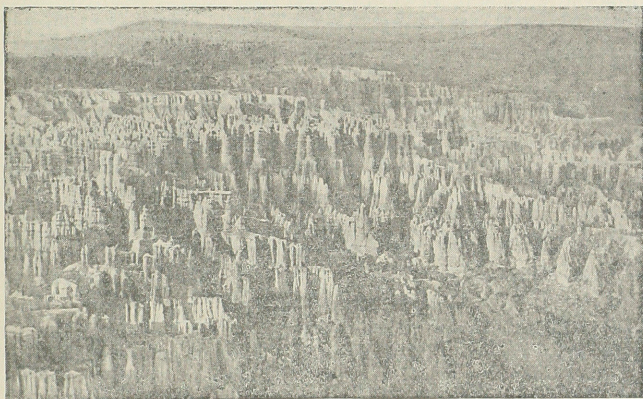
"million dollar highway" look like a bent nickel. There was plenty of mud on the way home and consequently much, much pushing.

A boat ride at twilight on the Colorado River near Moab afforded a glimpse of beauty to be long remembered.

The last big event of an unusually interesting trip was a visit to the Utah Fuel Company's tipple at Castle Gate.

And another successful vacation trip goes down in the annals of Wasatch Club history.

—Edythe Benbrooks.



FORMATION IN BRYCE CANYON

MT. TIMPANOGOS

As has been customary for years, the Wasatch Mountain Club held its annual moonlight hike to Mt. Timpanogos on August 17th and 18th, under the leadership of Chas. Guerts and F. A. Trottier. A crowd of 19 happy hikers met at the Semloh Hotel and after acquaintances were made with visitors on the trip, everyone piled into the busses to travel to the base of "Timp."

After trying to camp at Altamont and being requested to make our presence known elsewhere, we finally reached Camp Timpanookie, from whence the ascent of the peak was begun.

As usual on a hike of this kind, the gang was strung out all along the trail but everyone reached the summit. The first of the party arrived at 2 A. M., the rest reaching the top about 5 or 6 A. M.

After viewing the marvelous sunrise from the top of Timpanogos, everyone proclaimed it well worth the climb, in spite of the cold. The descent was then started over the glacier towards Aspen Grove which was reached in time for lunch. Then we all piled in the busses, a tired but happy bunch and started for home.

—Ralph Lambert.

Owen Walton was at a party recently where the guests were playing a game which involved drawing something which each wished to be. Many drew senators, yacht-owning millionaires, golf champions and what-not but Owen only sat and scratched his head. "What's the matter? Don't you want to be anything except what you are?" asked the hostess. "Oh yes," said Owen plaintively, "I want to be married but I don't know how to draw it."

MIRROR LAKE TRIP

July 23-34

Style by Pepys Words by Stewart

Ceased work at midday and betook myself off with eighteen or nineteen other hikers in an old Bingham Bus bound for Mirror Lake. Found that crowds in five or six private cars had preceded us to establish squatter's rights on any available camp sites.

Crowding in front, battling in back seats. Pa Parry and other timid souls chose to ride atop the bus to view the scenery, which was really beautiful as the sun set.

Approached the lake after dark. The myriad lights of a summer resort proved to be the bonfires of hundreds of campers. And so to bed. A great rumbling and shaking of the earth during the night proved to be the stentorian snoring of Fat, the driver.

Observations: Grace Nickerson buried in much bedding inside a car, while her boy friends, Andy, Guy and Jerry slept among the dew drops. Booted feet sticking out of the bus—someone evidently too long to tuck in their feet for the night. A fellow sleeping with a stocking cap pulled down over his ears, while his bare feet sticking out of bed were pink with cold.

Next morning. A quick wash in the cold lake water and a hurried breakfast. Pfeiffer, Stewart and a dog started up the back of Baldy. Dog got disgusted and left the fellows to go on alone—together. Clarence Walk first up the trail in about twenty-six minutes; Van Cunningham a close second—believe it or not! Rest came stringing in. Afraid to sit around on rock because of sheep ticks. Wrecking crew tore up the hill top and threw it overboard so they could watch the pieces go bounding down the mountain side. Much work done. Many rocks heaved over. Many pictures taken. And so down the other side to Tryol Lake.

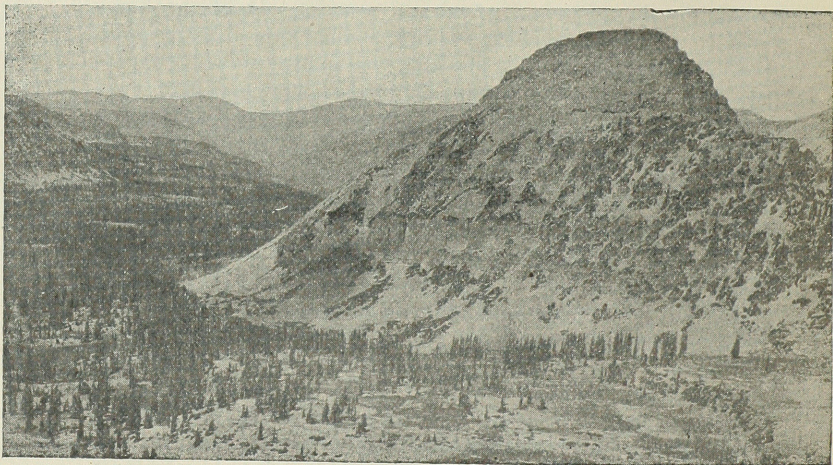
Much competition between Knights Freshwater and Stewart to assist Lady Guinevere (Norma Johnson) in her descent over the ledges. Beautiful hike through grass and trees and past many intriguing little lakes to Tryol. Prettiest lake: the little one nearly covered with water lilies in bloom.

Arrived at the dam across Tryol Lake at midday. Hot, dusty, tired and hungry—and no lunch in sight! Visions of Fat asleep at some other lake—and the chow with him! Frank Trotter got all wrought up and went after him. Salvation and Celebration! They showed up presently and we ate.

Dave Christensen and others rowed in his canoe. Girls swam, sun shone, mosquitos stung, flies bit. And how they bit. Some slept, some hiked or just fooled around till time to go. Then we were off in mid-afternoon with a crew on the upper deck for the return voyage.

An epoch in our history: First we ran out of gas. Then a shock absorber broke, making it nearly impossible to control the bus. Many thrills in going around the curves! Finally Fat did a flying dive at the hillside rather than jump into the canyon. A rapid inventory, no bones broken. Bus retired from active service, thereby ushering in the new era of traveling in first class busses.

Arrived home late at night. Tired. Dusty. Happy. And so to bed.



REID'S PEAK, UINTAH MOUNTAINS. WEBER CANYON IN MIDDLE DISTANCE

COMMUNITY CAMP

Saturday, Sunday, Labor Day, and all to be spent at Community Camp—Oh! Boy! The afternoon contingent arrived at camp somewhere around 5 o'clock and immediately scattered in every direction to find the most suitable tents. When order was finally restored, everyone settled down to making beds, chopping wood or carrying off someone else's, and preparing dinner.

Cooky had thoughtfully brought along some Christmas candles to ward off the rapidly descending darkness. These naturally called for a Christmas party. A tree was chosen close by and everything imaginable was employed in the embellishment thereof from Frank's carrot tops to pop bottle caps. Invitations were broadcast: "Your presents is requested—refreshments served." There was a splendid attendance.

A ball game was slated on Sunday morning's program and it started out noisily but before long menacing clouds loosed their burden and the team ran for cover. The downpour eased a bit and the valiant players came creeping out from their shelters and the game was once more underway only again to be met with a deluge that looked long-winded so the game was "called" on account of rain.

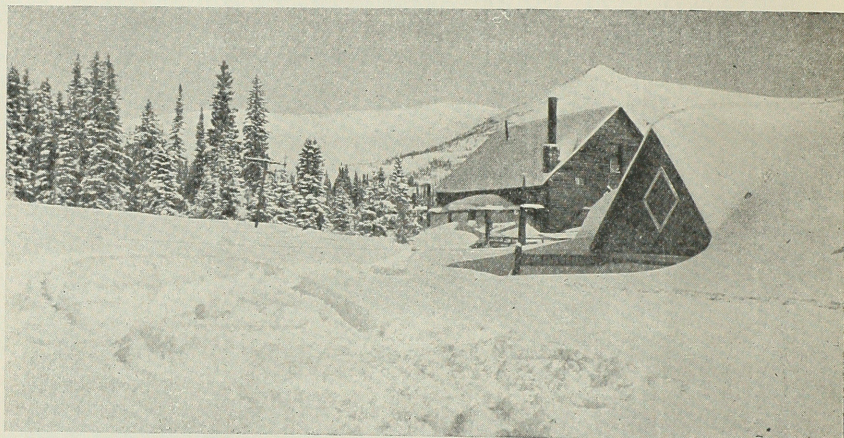
If you ever want your dishes washed and you don't care what kind of treatment they get or how they look or the house looks afterwards, get Ralph Lambert and Ted Reich to show you how dishes are done ala catch-as-catch-can.

After dinner came the program at the bonfire. Did you ever see Mr. Esselbach do the Spanish Tango in a blanket? You should. And you don't know what you missed if you didn't tune in on station B-O-W W-O-W, W-O-O-F, G-R-R with Roy West announcing. It was great stuff. Fat Atkins was hard put to it to find club scandal enough to feed Doc Lambert's "Dotts Goodt, Dotts Badt." Another clever skit—"I B AB, I B LC, etc.—Remember? These and many other splendid performances

comprised our program with a community singing adding the finishing touch.

And then it rained—all night and all the next morning so there wasn't much to do but eat and play cards until time to start for home. Did the storm ruin our holiday? It did not. There never was a storm that could dampen the spirits of the Wasatch gang.

—E. Cunningham.



WINTER SCENE AT BRIGHTON

The young farmers were boasting about the size of the vegetables they had grown. Finally, one of them turned to Ted Reich.

"What was the biggest thing you raised this year, Ted?"

"A squash."

"Well, how big was it?"

"I never measured it," said Ted, "but I'm using the seeds for snowshoes."

REVIEW OF HIKES OF 1929

Compiled by Guy Anderson

The Wasatch Mountain Club is not only a hiking club for those who want to hike and see our beautiful canyons in the summer time, but it is an all year club functioning at all seasons of the year. We live with the entire year. Each month of the year has some preferable time for the enjoyment of some outdoor sport or activity and the Wasatch Mountain Club members certainly take advantage of the opportunity, whether it is the season of wintry snows and ice or the intoxicating sweetness of Spring and Fall, it makes little difference.

Skiing Trips

Last January and February we took advantage of the deep snows up Parleys Canyon to stage three of the best ski trips taken by any club. The scenes of activity were Bullock's Farm and the Summit. As everyone on these trips will verify, a wonderful time was had by all, skiing, ski-jumping (or falling if you prefer) and tobogganing throughout the bright sunshine of a cold winter Sunday.

Park City to Brighton

On February 22nd, sixteen husky hikers, including five of the indifferent sex, left Salt Lake for Brighton, via Park City, a slight detour. Motor trouble caused a one hour delay. At last, after storming Park City Petes for coffee and sinkers, and a few of the ladies sightseeing the city, we started for Brighton soon leaving the last outpost, the Silver King Mine, in the background. Then there were three gorgeous days amidst the deep snows of the Wasatch Mountains surrounding Brighton. Three days of real outdoor sport, skiing, tobogganing and snow fights. Also indoor sports such as eating, bridge, sluff, games, dancing and a little, very little, sleep. The end came all too quickly but we had a last memorable ski ride down Big Cottonwood Canyon before arriving in the City.

Ridge of City Creek

The first of our spring hikes was lead by Bill Ross along the south ridge of City Creek Canyon. A total of 60 ardent hikers attended. The trip lead up the sunny slopes of the south ridges and then down through the snow dirfts to the reservoir in City Creek, when lunch was eaten, prior to the return hike down the canyon, which was attended by numerous snowfigths.

Rose Canyon to Herriman

This was one of our few hikes amongst the Oquirrh Mountains. The trip was lead by Ray Marsell, who explained in his capable manner the geological features and peculiarities of the country, particularly around the old volcanoes near Herriman.

City Creek Canyon

This trip featured the debating department of the club. Originally scheduled for Slate Canyon we spent May 5th in the snowstorms, rainstorms and beautiful summer weather on the north ridge of City Creek. During the numerous storms of the trip, and absence of the regular leader the arguments were long and loud as to just where they should or were going. After much debate, good and otherwise, the members finally found their way back to the city and pronounced it a very good trip.

Neff Canyon

One of the favorite trips because there was no charge. Also it was May 19th, warm, birds singing their sweet songs, beautiful spring flowers in the canyon, and the leader was A. A. Atkins, which is no small amount. The outstanding feature of this trip was that Delsa Birch won first honors of being the first member to plunge into a mountain stream in 1929. She was quickly fished out by Sir Walter Raleigh Owen Walton and caused him to miss out on part of the hike. However, there seems to be other "goings-on" arisen from this event and it is possible Owen didn't miss so much after all.

Little Willow Canyon

Many club members like a variety of things to do on our trips and the opportunity was afforded them on the Decoration Day trip to Little Willow Canyon, east of Draper. The trip was lead by two capable leaders, Florence Reich and Andy Anderson. Everything was done to make it a successful day. There was a hike up the canyon. Picnic lunch for everyone. Card games galore. Music from a portable phonograph. Tug of war, tree climbing events, and several members, among others Ted Reich, Ralph Lambert, etc., had impromptu baths in the cool waters of the creek. The big event of the day was the ball game. The field was on somewhat of a slope, approximately a 45 degree slope to be exact, the creek made a good backstop after Guy Anderson's hat gave out, and Girzy Channel, Lois Ross and Mary Erickson, scorekeepers, lost track of the multitude of scores so the game was a draw. It was the club's best Decoration outing and everyone who was there is looking forward to our next trip to Little Willow Canyon.

Kaysville Lakes

One of our new club trips. The gang left Salt Lake at 7:30 A. M., arriving in Kaysville at 8:30 and by 9:00 A. M. the hike was on. This was quite a hike, the lakes being very inconveniently located on the tops of the mountains. The paths turned out to be cow trails leading through deep underbrush and up steep mountain sides. The first group reached the lakes at noon, but it was still winter at the lakes so a great time was had snow-fighting and sliding. Some who did not reach the lakes had a wonderful time in the little canyon below the lakes. And last, everyone enjoyed the marvelous sunset over Great Salt Lake as seen from this beautiful little canyon.

Twin Peaks

On July 7th, we made our hardest hike of the season—a qualifying trip up Twin Peaks. Our party of 30 camped at Mill B Flat in Big Cottonwood Canyon Saturday night and started the climb of Twin Peaks at 6 A. M. Sunday, via Broads Fork.

Those who gained the top did so by way of the west wall of the canyon, while those who remained in the canyon encountered much snow. Those on the ridge found the going hazardous but not as hard as in the canyon. The first man reached the top about ten and by one P. M. a total of thirteen had attained the top of the peaks, among whom was Horace Sykes of the Washington Alpine Club. Mr. Sykes was quite enthused over our wonderful canyons and mountains so close to the city. About 3 P. M. a few more reached the top, the rest of the party failed to make it, but offered many and sundry reasons and alibis, for not doing so—some of which were quite ingenuous. Everyone was back at Mill B Flat ready for the return journey by 6 P. M. and the trip was pronounced a success by everyone including C. R. (Pa) Parry.

—Chas. Pfeiffer.

Indian Petes Mine

One of our most unique trips. It was a beautiful moonlight night and a gang of Wasatchers struck out by bus at twelve o'clock midnight for Indian Petes Mine—somewhere in Mill Creek. The leader was Florence Reich, and the reason for this was quite simple, the fact being that she was the only one who knew (or ever will know for that matter) where said Indian Petes Mine was located. The party arrived at 3 A. M. and spent the rest of the night in various ways. After breakfast was served the Atkins, Lambert and Reich Transportation Company was formed, but soon was in financial distress as the resources of the patrons of the line turned out to be quite low. The gang returned about noon Sunday and all turned in for a well earned sleep after a strenuous time.

Rock Canyon

Some hike! One bright summer Sunday, a bunch of hikers boarded busses (?) for Rock Canyon near Provo. The enthusiastic party climbed the ridge of this beautiful canyon and then came down via Vivian Park. After this short (?) hike the party started for home and therein lies a tale. The bus broke down—and among other things one Ralph Lambert and Clarence Walk

(who sure lived up to his name) hiked in to Salt Lake from Provo (at least such was their story). The rest of the party, after receiving help from Salt Lake, finally reached home about the same time as the milkman. However, it was a wonderful time, and the happy gang made the best of their misfortune as only the Wasatch bunch can.

Watermelon Bust

On the evening of August 3rd, the Wasatch Mountain Club held their annual watermelon party in Mill Creek Canyon. The night was dark and weather was threatening the usual rain of "cats and dogs," but 33 reliable hikers were there. After the lighting of the bonfire, Girzy Channel and Anna Jones organized the crowd and all were busy playing games. About 10:30, Ralph Lambert and his crew announced melon and after about 6 or 7 rounds apiece, we all retired to the bonfire and had one of our famous songfests. The party was interspersed with a number called "Come Climb a Tree with Me," with appropriate gestures and no casualties by Glen Stewart and Ralph. After which the gang headed homeward, tired but happy. —Anna Jones.

Bells Canyon

On August 11th, the club took one of its regular trips to pretty little Bells Canyon. Very able leadership was furnished by Harry Fardellos, who led the adventure seeking right wing of the party to the dam lake or lake dam (whichever you prefer), and Edith Benbrooks who furnished amusement for the homeguards who remained at the meadows. The trip was a complete success, even for "Fighting Nell" who made her debut on this occasion.

Brighton Lodge

About 60 or more hikers assembled September 29th, for the journey to our new lodge at Brighton. Very neat and trim they were when we entered the busses but what came out was a heterogeneous mass—Glen had the characteristics of an oriental, Frank showed the results of trying to be peacemaker and others were in more or less better condition. Frank Duncan gave a short talk regarding the club lodge. The gang swarmed all over the partially completed building and then hiked to many of the beautiful places of interest around Brighton.

—Lucy McComb.

Mill Creek Canyon

One stormy morning in September, Frank Duncan was aroused from bed by the phone and a sweet young feminine voice inquired of him if we were going on the trip. We can't print Frank's answer but it was so forceful that Ralph had to get on the job and reassure everyone that there would be a trip. A good time was had by all at the Elbow, playing games and hiking. A swim at Becks topped off a successful trip for all.

Farmington Canyon

On October 20, 24 ardent hikers turned out on a beautiful day for a hike up Farmington Canyon. A large fire was built at lunch time and some of the more durable hikers continued on up the canyon, but most of them couldn't see it that way after eating lunch. It was one of the most successful fall trips the club has ever taken. The scenery and colorings of the leaves in this little canyon were beautiful.

Mill B Fork Canyon

On the tenth of November, 20 members took this little hike up this beautiful branch of Big Cottonwood Canyon. It was an ideal day for a hike—the air was clear but had a decided twang of autumn. Our party divided, and one group under the leadership of Margaret Drake climbed the right fork and the group guided by Pa Parry, explored the left fork. The snow and ice we encountered on the way made our midday fire and lunch seem better than ever.

—Margaret Drake.

Lambs Canyon

On December 15th, which is the latest the club has ever made a hike, 5 old faithfuls met and took a hike up Lambs Canyon. The lakes were frozen over but a good time was had floundering in the snow at the head of the canyon. The hike going up the canyon was delightful as any one of the following participants will vouch: Dean Green, leader; Van Cuninghame, Lucy McComb, Frank Trottier, Chick Pfeiffer.

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES—1929

Although the Wasatch Mountain Club was organized primarily for hiking and enjoying the scenic beauties of the State, there have been a number of social events during the past year which have helped to promote good-fellowship among the members.

The first one during 1929 was a special meeting held in the interest of a drive for new members. A program was rendered and the progress of the various teams in the membership drive was announced.

On March 22nd the members and their friends assembled at Keeley's No. 5 store for dinner. Evangeline Cunningham was the honored guest of the evening, as her team had secured the most new members during the drive. The dinner was followed by a program.

Several times during the summer the club members met at Saltair and Lagoon for dancing.

The Hallowe'en dance, which is the big annual social event, was held this year in Memorial House in City Creek Canyon, October 31st. Florence Reich was in charge of the arrangements. Ken Mauss' orchestra furnished the snappy music that helped to make the evening a success. Prizes were won by Loretta Bartlett, representing a butterfly; Frank Duncan who lost a few pounds for the evening and posed as a skeleton; and Mr. and Mrs. C. R. (Pa) Parry, who went back to childhood days for inspiration and were pronounced the best couple. Incidentally, the Parrys weren't recognized by their fellow members and upon presentation of the prize they were asked their names.

A business meeting was held November 18th, in the K. P. Hall for the purpose of making nominations for the Board of Directors for 1930. After the business meeting, dramatic readings were given. Frank Duncan told of the work that had been done on the Lodge in Brighton and the plans for completing the structure. Slides and films of various trips were shown.

The annual election of the board of directors was held in the K. P. Hall Dec. 9th and was followed by a program and dance.

—Girzy Channel.

Books in the Public Library of Interest to W. M. C. Members

Western Flower Guide.....	Saunders, C. F.
Rocky Mountain Flowers.....	Clements, F. E.
Western Forest Trees.....	Berry, J. B.
Human Side of Trees.....	Dixon, Royal
Western Bird Guide.....	Reed
Mountain Climbing.....	Collins, F. A.
Skiing.....	Poulsen, Ornulf
Through the Heart of the Scenic West.....	Alter, J. C.
Seven Wonderlands of the American West.....	Murphy, T. D.
Call of the Mountains.....	Jefferies, LeRoy
Seeing the Far West.....	Faris, J. T.
Tenting Tonight: A chronical of sports and adventure in Glacier Park.....	Reinhart, M. R.
Stories in Stone: Telling of some of the wonderlands of Western America and some of the curious incidents in the history of geology	Lee, W.T.

Ralph L. (at cafe)—Zoup, waiter. Bring me zoup.

Waiter—I don't know what you're talking about.

Ralph—You know what hash is? Well, zoup is looser.

Lucy McComb had been telling her class of small pupils a few facts about ancient history. She concluded, "And, children, don't forget that all this happened two thousand years ago."

For a moment the children sat in awed silence, then a small boy spoke. "Gee, teacher, you've got a swell memory!"

Roy E. (reading newspaper)—I see they have found Columbus's bones.

Mary—Mercy, I didn't know Columbus was a gambling man."

Landlady: "And what's wrong now?"

Glen Stewart: "I just wanted to say that I think you get too much mileage out of this roller-towel."

**Statement of Income and Profit and Loss for the Period
January 1, through December 15, 1929**

Income from:

Dues	\$406.00	
Entrance Fees.....	110.00	
Trips—net	423.61	
Interest on Sinking Fund.....	29.95	\$ 969.56

Expenses:

Expenses and Supplies.....	149.79	
Stationery and Printing.....	37.40	
Store Room—Rent.....	60.00	
Donations (Flowers, Prizes, etc.).....	24.95	
Advertising	20.96	
Meetings and Dinners	44.50	
Dances	23.16	
Rent on Land	15.00	\$ 375.76

NET INCOME FROM OPERATIONS..... 593.80

Profit and Loss Charges:

Minor Adjustments Applicable to Prior Period	7.55
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SURPLUS FOR THE PERIOD..... \$ 586.25

SURPLUS AT BEGINNING OF PERIOD..... \$1,523.99

SURPLUS AT END OF PERIOD..... \$2,110.24

Balance Sheet at December 15, 1929

ASSETS

Bank	\$ 163.84	
Sinking Fund (Tracy Loan and Trust Company Deposit).....	953.59	
Commissary Stock, etc.....	24.76	
Property:		
Camping Equipment, etc.....	\$140.90	
Furniture and Fixtures.....	26.00	166.90

Club Lodge.....	801.15
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TOTAL ASSETS	\$2,110.24
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LIABILITIES

Surplus, per Operating Statement above.....	\$2,110.24
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TOTAL LIABILITIES	\$2,110.24
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Nephi L. Anderson.
Treasurer.

Girzy Channel recommends the following coming attractions:

- "Torn Assunder"—A ripping show.
- "The Last Car"—Don't miss this.
- "The Thunderbolt"—A crashing hit.
- "Your Neighbor's Business"—Something to think about.
- "Her Weight In Gold"—On a hugh scale.
- "The Strangler"—Will hold you breathless.
- "The Toothache"—Will make you roar.
- "The Riddle of the Ages"— Will keep you guessing.
- "The Substitute Wife"—Held over from last week.
- "Secrets of Surgery"—At cut rates.
- "The Human Heart"—It beats them all.
- "The Sledgehammer"—A smashing success.

POME

The bear went over the mountain,
To see what he could see;
But—
187 signboards,
17 auto camps,
56 filling stations,
76 hot dog stands,
11 garages, and
11,987 unshaven tourists
Was all that he could see.

Oh ho! for pack and trail
That leads through verdant dale;
Through forest deep and cool;
To brook and sylvan pool;
And higher still it goes
To peaks with winter snows
That shout aloud to me:
Come see that which I see.
I stand atop at last
And see God's work so vast:
The forest green and mountain stream
Like molten silver all agleam.
Yes, give me pack and trail
With many a peak to scale
From morning light till shades of night
Enclose the vale from depth to height.
Oh ho! Oh ho! Oh ho! Oh ho!
Oh ho! Oh ho! Oh ho! Oh ho!
Oh ho! for pack and trail,
Oh ho! for pack and trail.

Stranger: "Can you tell me where is a good place to stop at?"

Frank Trottier: "Just before the 'at.'"

In reaching for the shortest poem on record we came across one entitled "The Antiquity of Microbes." In unexpurgated form it follows in full:

Adam

Had 'em

Arvil Atkins was pinched for speeding. After he had reported to headquarters and had paid his fine, the judge rebuked him for what he had said to the policeman.

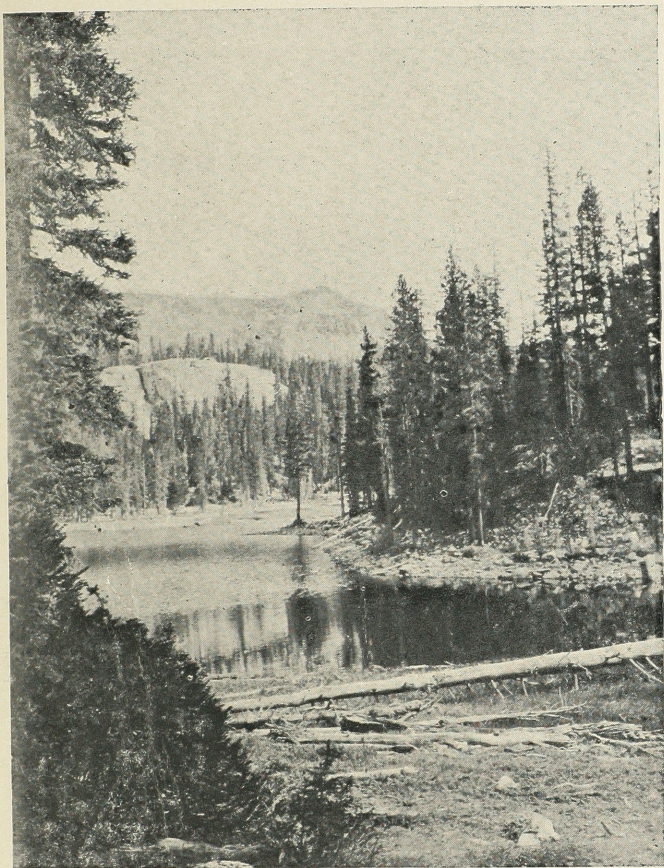
"Then I musn't call a policeman an ass?"

"Certainly not," replied the judge, "you must not insult the police."

"But you wouldn't mind if I called an ass a policeman, would you?"

"Why, no, if it gives you any satisfaction," replied his honor with a smile.

Arvil turned to the man who had arrested him and smiled sweetly. "Good day, policeman."



STAR LAKE

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