

丁時春
WASATCH MOUNTAIN
CLUB

Edited by the
WASATCH MOUNTAIN
CLUB

Easter Sunday
April 16, 1933.

THE HERMITAGE
IN UMBER

SATURDAY PROGRAM

Supper at 6:30 in charge of
Grace Drake, Lila Canavan
Leta Hallmark, Bernita Owen

8:30 Games. Leaders:

1. Chas. Pfeiffer
Pia Mottes
Pa Parry
Bernita Owen

Followed by program:

2. Community Singing, led by
Virginia Rushton
 - a. Howdy (2)
 - b. Tuck Me To Sleep (11)
3. Easter Fashion Show, directed by
Florence Reich
4. "Ski People", composed and read by
Carol Lindsay
5. "Pink Elephants", directed by
Nola Jorgensen

Cast:

Reader.....Leone Chambers
Actress.....Cora Brewer
Elephants..Edith Cook
Leta Hallmark
Leona Holt
Irintha Simmons
Mabel Wasch

Boa Constrictor..Virginia Rushton
Monkey.....Grace Drake
Billy Goat..Nola Jorgensen
Beetle.....Marie Robbins
Alligator..Marian Marstella
Cuckoo.....Doris Jones
Cow.....Lila Canavan
Whip-poor-will..Eloise Olsen

6. Community Singing
 - a. Pep (13)
 - b. Marching Thru Georgia (10)

7. "Polite But Firm", directed by
Marian Marstella.

Cast:

Jonathan Osgood--Van Cunningham
Miss Pringle-----Irintha Simmons
Mr. Whiffle-----Pia Mottes

8. Dancing in dining room.

SUNDAY PROGRAM

"Doxology"...sung by congregation
Doris Jones, accompanist.

Girls Chorus..directed by
Virginia Rushton

- a. "My Task"
- b. "Calm As The Night"
Cora Brewer
Edith Cook,
Nola Jorgensen,
Marie Robbins,
Marian Marstella
Leone Chambers
Leta Hallmark
Irintha Simmons
Grace Drake
Doris Jones
Lila Canavan
Eloise Olsen
Leona Holt
Mabel Wasch
Loretta Bartlett, accompanist.

Tenor Solo... Ed G. McKenna
a. Handel's Largo
b. Hills of Gruzia

Violin Solo...Ernst Morris
a. Love Sends A Little Gift
of Roses
b. Romance . A. Rubenstein
Phyllis Cook, accompanist

Soprano Solo..Virginia Rushton
a. Hosanna
b. Hail King Eternal
Loretta Bartlett, accompanist

Address... ..Dr. Adam S. Bennion
Subject: Jesus As An Outdoor
Man.

Remarks by our new president..
Edith Cook

"Rock of Ages" .Congregation

The Lord's Prayer, repeated by
the Congregation.

Easter dinner will be served at
3:00 P. M.
Harry Duerkop...Toastmaster.

Autographs

Autograph Dinner

vegetable salad

boiled potatoes

hot rolls

apple pie

coffee

Autograph Dinner

vegetable salad

boiled potatoes

hot rolls

hot green beans

apple pie

Autograph Dinner

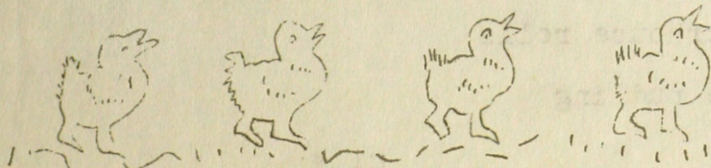
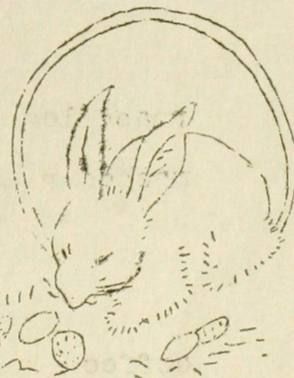
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THE WASATCH RAINIER

Official Publication of the Wasatch Mountain Club
Salt Lake City, Utah

EDITORIAL

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Sylvia Rurt	Ralph Johnston
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Dorothy Green	

EDITORIAL

"ONWARD AND UPWARD"

Just a word about our ex-president, Glen Stewart, who was sure that the club would go "Onward and Upward".

He gave his time, knowledge and experience to the club to make this year a big one. As you all know, he was transferred to Denver and his place has been capably filled by Miss Edith Cook. He did not wish to leave at this time as he had looked into the future and had foreseen many interesting activities for the club.

L. C.

Here is a message from Glen. He writes--

"I take this opportunity to hope that you all have as much fun from now until Xmas as I have had from Xmas until now! And I will ask that you give "Cookie" your hearty support and cooperation in her new job as President of the Wasatch Mountain Club. She can handle the job nicely, and the Club will benefit from her management, but she needs YOUR support, for this is YOUR CLUB."

Glen Stewart.

BEHIND THE SCREENS

When you stepped into the Eastman Kodak store and purchased a ticket for this Easter trip to the Hermitage did you stop to think of some of the work this trip entails?

Early in the year Pa Parry, Trips and Outings Director, finds out the exact date of Easter and after determining such details as leaders, costs, etc., notifies Elmer Thorum, Director of Publication. Elmer, with the help of some very capable assistants, writes up the schedule card and sees that each member receives a copy. Dorothy Green, Director of Entertainment and Recreation, is planning the program. There must be some entertainment for every hour of the trip. This means games, stunts, choruses and an inspiring speaker for the Services. Grace Drake, Chairman of a splendid Commissary Committee, plans the menus and sees that you get all you can eat. The meals must be inexpensive and well-balanced, and served in an appetizing manner. To see that everybody is comfortably loaded and that everyone gets acquainted and has an enjoyable time is Harry Duerkop's responsibility as Director of Membership and Reception. Loretta Bartlett, our capable Secretary takes care of all the necessary business transactions that are done by mail. Sammy Green, Director of Club Property and Lodge, and as leader of the trip must see that the Hermitage is ready for occupancy. In the meantime, Guy Anderson, Treasurer, is carefully checking all expenditures and writing checks to cover same. Last but not least, we have to get our guests there and Chic Pfeiffer, a Director of Transportation assumes this responsibility.

Fellow-members, your Board of Directors is in earnest. We are interested in making this the most successful year in the History of the W. H. C. We need your support! We need your cooperation! And we need YOU! Will you help?

TEAM WORK

The world is full of problems,
There's much to cause distress;
We all are bowed beneath the cares
That daily round us press;
There's only one solution,
'Tis simply stated, thus:
"A little less of you or me,
A little more of us."

The rule of each one for himself
Most foolish is to follow;
It brings no savor to the game,
Its victories are hollow.
But the other plan has never failed
To bring satisfaction, plus:
"A little less of you or me,
A little more of us."

A Flake of snow is very small;
'Tis lost to sight quite quickly,
But many flakes, combined, will fill
The roads and pathways thickly.
United we can face the fight,
Without distress or fuss;
"A little less of you or me,
A little more of us."

--William T. Card.

A WORD FROM THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE

Welcome to our first two new members for the year 1933. We have had the pleasure of meeting Ida Berlin at our Washington's Birthday Party, and we look forward to becoming better acquainted on Spring Hikes. Thanks to you, Rose Jarvis, for bringing the club to your friends.

Claude Banks has already become one of us. His enthusiastic participation in Club events makes him a real booster. We will soon have you on our membership committee, Claude. Coke: We appreciate and like your friends. Invite more of them into the Club.

OUR MEMBERSHIP SLOGAN

W Every member get a member. We particularly want our new members to realize that their friends are invited to join in the Club activities. And so we ask you, Claude Banks and Ida Berlin, as new members, to introduce us to any friend that would enjoy our pleasures. We feel that they would appreciate an invitation from you.

HOWDY FOLKS

The friendly congenial atmosphere that pervades all the club functions is a big reason why folks want to see more of us. We prize our ability to make friends and so we urge each member to get acquainted with the newcomer and to help make him one of us. Let's have your biggest and best smile for our guests.

The lobbying season is under way. If you see any black eyes or broken arms you will know there was merely a friendly dispute between two or three of the new Captains for the membership drive. If an enthusiastic start is any indication of the finish this year's campaign will be a raring one.

The contest begins on the Lake Blanche trip, April 23. We're all on some team so UP AND AT 'EM! EVERYBODY! The captains are Eloise Olsen, Carol Lindsay, Douglas Graham and Ralph Johnston. And if you don't think your captain is very good, get about six members yourself and see if you can make him feel cheap.

The Chalet will soon be opened at Brighton. I think there are a few members that, if they do not like to hike, could come up and join us there. How about it Delamar Fairbanks, Elizabeth Crawford Dr. Sprunt, and Lucian Kellog? We should be glad to see you.

Let's give George Waters and his Eastman Kodak crew three Ralls for the courtesy they have extended to the club members. We appreciate it.

Another one that should be given a big hand is Doc Inglesby--we're with you Doc.

BIG "SUGGESTION" CONTEST

Sponsored by "The Wasatch Rambler"

ASTOUNDING PRIZES

Gather 'round, boys and girls, and hear all about the big Rambler "Suggestion" contest. You don't have to be able to think of slogans, work Jig-Saw Puzzles or save cigar labels to enter this club-wide contest to discover new ideas for interesting trips. Just dig out of that moldy cell in your brain that dandy plan you have stowed away about an expedition you wish the club would take. Even the dullest of us are budding geniuses when it comes to thinking of places we'd like to go and things we'd like to do. Polish up that dusty inspiration and write a little article on "A Trip I Would Like the Club to Take and Why." You may use not more than 250 words. Deliver your suggestion essay to Elmer Thorum or Leone Chambers not later than June 1.

Now, here's the BIG PRIZE offer. If the trip you describe has not been taken by the club in the past two years, and is so good that we schedule it for this year you will be permitted to go on that particular trip free. AND the six best articles will be published in the next issue of "The Wasatch Rambler."

Okay, editor! Here they come pouring in. Everybody is chuck full of suggestions for trips.

STATISTICS

Here is some information for those who like to deal in figures and also to give you a general idea of the activities of the club during the course of last year. These figures represent the culmination of the year's labor and as it took the combined effort of your entire board everyone of them takes a great deal of pride in the bit he or she contributed.

All of the events in 1932-33 which were handled through the facilities of the Transportation department, 25 of the 33 were run in buses (29 large ones 7 small ones); 7 in private cars; and one free. We traveled a total of about 2600 miles in machines, and we hiked about 160 miles. Of those who attended these events, there were 541 members, and 44 visitors in buses; 184 members and 84 visitors in private cars. In addition, there were 98 members and 105 visitors who attended, in the course of the year (including the free trip,) without any charge what-so-ever.

Please keep this in mind: After transportation is paid, all our overhead, including lodge maintenance improvement, etc., is taken care of out of what is left, this being practically our sole source of income.

The afore-mentioned buses cost us \$730 (in our own interests let us pray for a long and prosperous life for Doc Inglesby) all other transportation costing the club \$26.60. The income from the bus events was \$1060 and from private cars \$155. The overhead of the whole organization was figured at a little over \$9 per trip.

We hope, boys and girls, that after a little figuring on your part, we will have made clearer the meaning of the expression, "This is a non-profit organization," and that regardless of what we do, our efforts are futile without the wholehearted cooperation of the entire membership along such lines as these figures and our experience in compiling them may dictate to really make this an outstanding year, as we have every reason to believe it will be from the activities of the first two months in this year.

The possibility of a dearth of humorous material for the Rambler recalls two of the biggest jokes in the club. One of them, we have all heard--the Dollar story as told by Pa. The other is a director's special and is good for a laugh anytime. Have you ever heard; "Next time let's get started on time". "After this let's start on time". "Why don't we get started?" blah, blah, etc., ad infinitum. Ever heard it? Funny isn't it? Why, should it be? What does it indicate? Let's pause for a station announcement and think it over.

Why are we kept waiting???? Why don't we start on time?? Well, the bus is a few minutes late sometimes--the leader doesn't get organized soon enough; or we go out of the way to pick someone up. All of us have been a few minutes late at one time or another but there are no persistent violators although directors seem to develop the habit very easily. It can't be pinned down to any one thing.

It seems to be akin to a declining morale, a deadliner of club spirit; we can't do anything about it--"I guess"--of course, no one member, department or group can. We seem to be laboring under the delusion that a few stringent rules rigidly enforced might correct it. "We've got enough rules, we've lost the spirit of the thing. If each one of us will just try (you know we don't try), just try to be on time--be there only two minutes before time and follow that one simple injunction on your registration card. Report to the leader--a good time can be assured to all and at no one else's expense.

Everyone who has led a trip will tell you that the toughest part of the whole affair is from the time he arrives at the bus depot until the bus is under way.

There are certain things he has to get done. A few of these are: check arrivals--collect money--procure bus--see to it that visitors are introduced--check on pick ups--call late arrivals--hang banners on bus.

In all this confusion here is the leader weaving through the crowd and as people hail him he goes down his list and checks them, then someone is late, he has arrived at that conclusion by picking one name and then hiking a mile shouting "is so and so here," "has anyone seen my little so and so", someone hollers, "no", and someone says "yes", "where"--"well I thought I saw him a moment ago, "well try and find him, etc." In the meantime everything else is waiting on that one thing.

Now imagine yourself arriving about five minutes before leaving time; the leader is sitting just inside the bus door; you present your card; you are ready to go; now, you climb in, or if there is some little item you have to dash across the street for, say so. The leader then knows where you are; or if there is something the leader wants you to do he doesn't have to chase all over the lot to find you. We're off, with no fuss or difficulty. One thing more: if everyone who reads this will attempt to adhere to this plan those who are not aware of what the score is will, however, have your example to go by and so do away with the necessity of continuous explanation. Come on gang, let's give ourselves a break. Be ready to report to your leader a few minutes before starting time--and do it.

COMMITTEE ON LODGE AND PROPERTY

(Sammy Dean Green, Director)

The Lodge Committee recognizes the following outstanding problems for 1933, in regard to our Chalet at Brighton, and begs your hearty cooperation in overcoming them:--

- (a) Cilling the logs.
- (b) Painting the gables and outside of window frames.
- (c) Strengthening the foundations.
- (d) Continuing the landscaping work, concentrating on removing dirt from rear of building to make space for kitchen.
- (e) Encouraging more frequent use of the Chalet by Club members, on vacation trips and week-end outings. We recommend at least one official club trip to the Chalet every month during the season.

THE CHALET IS FOR YOUR USE!

MAKE THE MOST OF IT!

HOW THEY DO CHANGE

Eleanor Wight was heard to remark that the club had entirely changed the personality of Anson Blaker. When he came here eight months ago, he was quiet, shy and gentle. Now ask the girls about that!

And did you folks know that none other than our own illustrious past president, Guy Anderson, joined our organization because he liked our girls? Will surprises never cease?

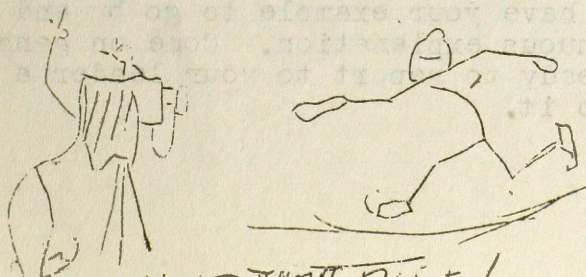
They tell me that when Chic Pfeiffer joined several years back, he was the type that would blush at the clear gaze of a Wasatch girl. My! Oh! Iethinks, the club likes to get its men bashful and turn them out otherwise.

GIRL'S ESSAY ON BOYS

Boys are men that have not got as big as their papas, and girls are women that will be ladies by and by. Man was made before women. When God looked at Adam he said to himself: "Well, I think I can do better if I try again." And he made Eve. God liked Eve so much better than Adam that there have been more women than men.

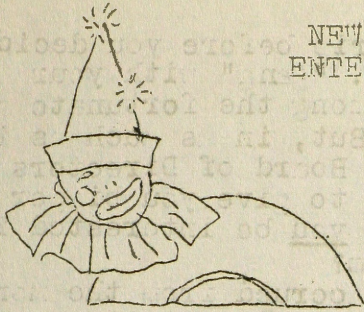
Boys are a trouble. They wear out everything but soap. If I had my way, half the world would be girls and the rest dolls. My papa is so nice that I think he must have been a little girl when he was a little boy.

Man was made, and on the seventh day he rested. Women was then made, and she has never rested since.



Sammy Green, the club photographer, trying to disguise himself.

NEWS FLASHES FROM THE
ENTERTAINMENT DEPARTMENT



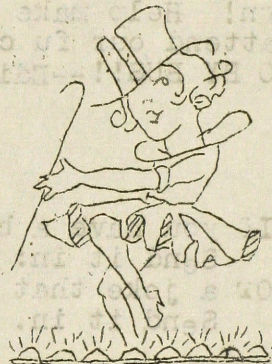
It is our aim to give everyone in the club a chance to strut their stuff at least once during the year and if you have not already been asked, you will be, so be prepared.

Make it known to the entertainment committee what you like most in the way of dances, parties, etc. If you have a bright idea, let it shine and sooner or later we will see it. Your suggestions and criticisms are always welcome.

- - - - -

We are always on the lookout for talent of any kind--in the club or out. If any of you can play the piano or any instrument, sing, dance, read, etc., please don't be bashful about it, but give us a hint. And if you accidentally discover that someone is interested in something particular, just whisper it in my ear, will you?

With your help we can make the coming year the biggest and best we have ever had in the way of entertainment, but without it we will be a flop--so let's not be a flop. You help me and I'll help you and let's make everybody happy!



- - - - -

SONG (Tune: We'll bite!)

As I was walking down the street a bill-board met my eye;
The advertisements on it would make you laugh or cry.
The rain had come the night before and washed it well away,
And what was left upon it would make that bill-board say----

Come, smoke your Coca Cola, Tomato Catsup cigarettes,
See Lillian Russel wrestle with a box of Oysterettes,
Pork and Beans will meet tonight in a finished fight,
Hear Chauncey Lepeir lecture on Sapolio tonight.

Bay rum is good for horses. We have the best in town.
Castoria cures the measles; you pay five dollars down.
Teeth extracted without pain for only half a dime.
Our overcoats on sale tonight; a little out of time.

Use brown shoe polish on your nose; it takes away the shine.
Use dental floss between your toes and Blue-Jay Plaster's fine.
Unceada Biscuit for your dog; you'll never need another.
Our cedar chests are made of logs and can't be beat by mother.

OUR PROBLEM.

Do you ever look at the price of a trip before you decide whether or not you will honor the W. M. C. "gang" with your presence? If you do not, you are still among the fortunate and may Lady Luck continue to smile on you. But, in as much as this is an important item to the majority, the Board of Directors is confronted with the problem of being able to give you bigger and better trips at reasonable prices. Would you be interested in knowing how you can help solve the problem?

Without doubt our biggest income is accrued from the money paid by club members and their friends for transportation expenses. It is a well known fact that any expense apportioned among a large number of people is always less burdensome to the individual than if the same expense is shared by a few. Now, let us apply this to the W. M. C. transportation problem. THE MORE PEOPLE WHO ATTEND CLUB FUNCTIONS IN THE SCHEDULED BUSES, THE LOWER THE PRICE OF THE TRIP WILL BE!

And in addition to lowering the price, the trip becomes more enjoyable. From the very beginning a spirit of sociability permeates the atmosphere and the bus actually "rollicks" with new songs, new stories, and laughter. Here is the opportune place to renew old acquaintances. Here new faces are recognized and lasting friendships made. If you doubt this ask anyone who patronizes the bus in preference to the private car.

Fellow club members, will you help us? Be loyal to your organization! Help make it easier for other club members and friends to attend our functions! Help make it easier for yourself!! ALWAYS GO BY BUS!!--Edith Cook.

SEND IT IN

1.

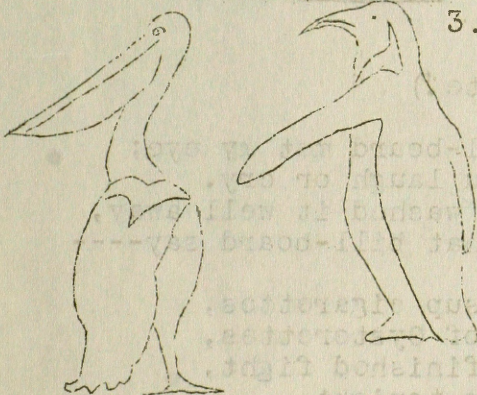
If you have a bit of news,
Send it in:
Or a joke that will amuse,
Send it in.

2.

A story that is true,
An incident that's new,
We want to hear from you--
Send it in.

3.

Never mind about the style
If the news is worth the while,
It may help or cause a smile,
SEND IT IN!!



We hear that Pia Mottes is a little confused as to the difference between Penguins and Pelicans. Will this help you?

We hear that on the evening Stew left for Denver Cookie counted the silver ware. I Wonder. What's Become of-----

NOTICE: Auerbachs, Kitchens, Z.C...I. and Wolfes carry special equipment for Wasatch Mountain Club members. How about finding out about the new WASATCH MOUNTAINEER boot and the jacket and trousers that are especially designed.

TAIL-LIGHT TOBOGGANING
Impressions of a Tenderfoot

"Odd name," I thought to myself. "Probably they mean we tie our skis to the tail-light of a car. Oh well, I'll try anything once."

"Here you can use these", says Stew and hands me a bundle of something like a frozen slicker. I tied the bundle on and followed the rest up Mt. Olympus. This happened one Sunday in March. After climbing for three hours I was informed we were at the foot of our objective. "Up there above that cloud," says Stew with a pointing wave of his hand indicating a few short thousand feet up, heavenward.

"Oh", says I.

I trudged to the brink of a snow cone to find Stew undressing or dressing--I wasn't sure which. To my astonishment I discovered that my bundle was a pair of oilskin overalls which I was to put on backwards and--well, that word "Tail-light" somehow plopped me right on top of the head. I looked over again, noting particularly the trees and the last point of vision after which the line of imagination landed some fifteen "umps" below on most anything.

"Aren't those trees a little close together, Stew?" I braved to suggest.

"That trees? Oh yes, but just ride your heels and elbows and guide around them."

"Oh", says I.

The oilskins were frozen and, once on, would not permit me to bend over. Stew had to strap the legs (that's to keep the snow that gets in at the top from coming out the bottoms). He stepped to the edge and with a "Follow me", he jumped over feet first, tail-light, and no toboggan. He disappeared and murmuring a silent prayer to the God of W M C (Will Mercy Come) I followed. As luck would have it three trees went by unscratched and unharmed and, as I congratulated myself, I hit that "last point of vision". I recovered to hear Stew ask, "Why the cowboy chaps?", and to my amazement my skins were ripped from bottom to top.

We tobogganed on--hill after hill--each one more fun, and in a few minutes we had descended what had taken us hours to climb. As I carefully removed the ragged and torn oilskins, I mentioned to Stew that "It's a swell substitute for skiing", and I'm still trying to discover the true interpretation of "Tail-light".

We couldn't resist giving you this definition of Tail-light tobogganing. We wonder if it is by Webster.

"Tail-light Tobogganing is a sport which, when not indulged in, prevents your internal organs from becoming deranged, maintains a uniform and comfortable thickness of cloth in the seat of your pants, and keeps you fit physically, mentally and morales all in one piece."

We wonder how Walter Ochse is progressing. Here's hoping you will be with us soon, Walter.

THE SKI PEOPLE

(With apologies to Longfellow for seeming to
usurp his Hiawatha)

By the shores of mountain waters,
In among the hills of Brighton,
Roam a rash and robust people,
Roam the Wasatch Mountain Club folk.
Wear they bright and screaming raiment;
Jackets blue and trousers scarlet;
Red and blue and green and yellow.
Wear they clumsy boots and mittens.
Walk they forth on skis of cedar;
Rove about upon the snowslides,
Wander up and down the mountains.
Climb they up the steepest canyons,
Fight the wind and snow on hilltops,
Flooding onward, seeming tireless,
Till they gain high elevation.

Mock they windy peaks and passes,
Venture forth upon the ridges;
Tear they headlong down the gulches,
Ripping branches from the tree-tops,
Tearing great holes in their trousers,
Losing skis upon the hillsides,
Missing old trails, finding new ones,
Hurting knees and spraining ankles,
Falling foremost in the snowdrifts,
Making mighty excavations.

And this people, lean and hardy,
Eat like many thousand vultures:
Beans and corn and bread and bacon.
Limb from limb they tear young chicken;
Food destroy in such a fashion
That, when they are at the table,
They become a silent people.

And when in their camp they gather,
Cluster they about their fire,
Swapping stories most astounding
Of their feats upon the mountains;
Telling of their many hardships,
How they braved the mountain fastness
Overcoming great obstructions;
Telling of their great achievements,
Exploits of amazing wonder,
Bragging far into the night-time.
Every new tale shames the former.

- - - - -

At geology class Professor Marsell was drawing a map and naming
the plateaus in Utah. He came to one and said:

"This one has an Indian name--Avapa."

Grace Drake pipes up with:

"It sounds like Italian to me."

Trips taken since January 1933

JANUARY

- 1st Brighton --- Ski Tournament---Pfeiffer
- 8th Ecker Hill and Thayne's Canyon---Burt, Nordquist, Stewart.
- 15th Two-Mile Canyon---Mottes, Spencer.
- 22nd Ecker Hill to Toll Canyon---Chambers, Rasmussen.
- 29th Ontario Lakes---Stewart, Wight.

FEBRUARY

- 5th Ecker Hill to Lamb's Canyon---Burt, Parry, Stewart.
- 11th Brighton---Thorun, Lindsay.
- 12th Ecker Hill---Pfeiffer.
- 12th Ecker Hill and Ontario Lakes---Pfeiffer, Thorne.
- 22nd Ski Tournament.
- 26th Ski Tournament.

MARCH

- 5th Butterfield Canyon--Wolfe, Blaker.
- 11th Brighton---G. Anderson.
- 19th Peterson's Canyon---Parry.
- 26th Everyone's trip. All went where they wanted.

NINE MAKE SPEED RECORDS

We hear that in 1923 on the annual winter trip to Brighton the club members were a long time getting there. Of course, we have to take into consideration the fact that they were carrying food and bedding. They left after noon one day reaching the Comstock mine about five o'clock. Leaving again at nine-thirty in the morning they arrived at Brighton at two-fifteen. Some grind. Now, without packs, the skiers do the round trip in one day with good weather conditions. The members who have accomplished this have been Pia Mottes, Leone Chambers, Glen Stewart, Chick Pfeiffer. The non-members: Ralph Johnston, Charles Bean, Ernie Morris, Elmer Davy and Vern Parkhurst. Let's all do it next year, what do you say?

CASUALTY LIST

Sylvia Burt--ankle (twisted but workable)
 Chick Pfeiffer--ankle (a very swell job)
 Pia Mottes--ribs (two of 'em)
 Jack Wolfe--nose (bent but not broken)
 Loretta Bartlett--(see "Butterfield Canyon" trip)
 Ethel Hornsby--toes (you'll learn to go out in the cold)
 Dave Simms--nose (slightly frosted)
 Scads of broken skis and sunburned chins.

BRIGHTON---NEW YEAR'S DAY

December 30, 1933

On Friday, December 30, the New Year's trip to Brighton was officially called off. However, there were a few of the club members who were exceedingly anxious to make the trip and the result was that a number of impromptu parties were organized Friday night to make the trip from Park City to Brighton. The first of these parties, consisting of Sylvia Burt and Elmer Davy, left the Silver King Mine Saturday morning and arrived at The Balsams Inn at about six-thirty. The second party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Guy Wight, Eleanor Wight and Elmer Thorum, left the mine at three-thirty and arrived at Brighton at one-thirty, New Year's morning. The third party, Florence Reich, Carol Lindsay, Glen Stewart and Guy Anderson, left the Silver King at five and reached The Balsams at two-thirty in the morning.

Darkness overtook the second and third parties before the divide near the head of Thayne's Canyon was reached and the crossing over this divide at night, all admitted, was a wonderful experience to have toted away into the past. With a sky overcast with clouds, the darkness of the night was more pronounced. But--that which was most exhausting was a stinging wind, whipping across the divide, sweeping snow and sand from one side of the ridge to the other. Truly, the only thing that enabled these two parties to cross over the divide that night was their grim determination and courage.

A short time after crossing over the divide the two parties were in communication, but they became separated and each was trying to find the short trail to Brighton. Neither was at all successful. The second party came out one mile below Brighton, while the third party came out two miles below. However, there was considerable rejoicing when everyone reached The Balsam's Inn.

A fourth party consisting of Dean Green, Jack Wolfe, Jack Paradise, Orson Spencer, Anson Blaker and Harry Duerkop left the Silver King Mine Sunday at eleven o'clock and the last of this party reached the Balsam Inn at about seven. This party also came out about two miles below Brighton. Practically everyone in this party complained of having kept too late hours the night before.

Monday morning found the entire party in excellent spirits. The weather outlook was not promising. With a strong wind blowing and a light snow falling, it certainly looked as though the party would have trouble in returning over Scott's Pass. So, without much ado, the first of the party began leaving early. It turned out to be one of the big surprises of this trip--the easy return trip to Park City.

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THE BACK-SEAT DRIVER

There was a terrible crash as the train struck the car. A few seconds later, Mr. and Mrs. crawled out of the wreckage. Mrs. opened her mouth to say something, but her husband stopped her.

"Don't say a word," he snapped. "I got my end of the car across. You were driving the back seat and if you let it get hit, it's no fault of mine."

TWO-MILE CANYON
January 15, 1933

We were late in getting started but the gang was good natured about it. We sang old-time tunes and told jokes all the way up the canyon.

On reaching the summit we bumped into a blizzard. The wind was whistling and the snow blowing in all directions but in spite of all this we piled out at Rasmussen's Ranch one hour and a half later in keen spirits ready for anything.

After a short rest the entire group started out for Two-Mile Canyon. Practically everyone made the head of the canyon and got a swell ride down. It snowed all day long.

About 3 o'clock we returned to Rasmussen's where piping hot coffee and sandwiches awaited us. After filling up and resting a bit, we pulled out for home at 5:30 o'clock. All had a good time in spite of the bad weather.

TOLL CANYON TO ECKER HILL
January 22, 1933

Leaving late Sunday, January 22, 1933, the bus proceeded in the usual way to Parley's Canyon, picking up more people than there was room for in the bus. This did not matter to many of us because "the more the merrier". The day was not one of the pleasantest, as the sky was overcast and the sun was having a difficult time of it. Reaching Rasmussen's, we unloaded and got under way. This trip was scheduled for Lamb's Canyon. Because of the inclement weather the plans were changed, causing the leaders, Larry Rasmussen and Nord Nordquist to make haste in order that they might reach the bus before it got under way for the ride to Lamb's Canyon. About three o'clock the sun came out and everyone was disappointed because, after all, the trip to Lamb's Canyon could have been undertaken. Toll Canyon is not a very good canyon to ski down. However, if you go up Toll Canyon and come down by way of Two-Mile Canyon, this trip would be very enjoyable and not hard on anyone. Ask one who knows.

Elmer Thorum, Director of Publications, left town because of the illness of his brother. We hope everything will be O.K.

We hear that Doc. Pfouts has triplets--lion cubs. They are growing fast and will soon be out of control.

LOST: A member and also a director--Ray Arnold,

LAST MINUTE NEWS: Eleanor Wight and Kirby Dawson are planning to get married Easter Sunday at the St. Paul's Episcopal Church.

THAYNE'S CANYON
January 8, 1933

This trip was inspired by the glorious ride down Thayne's Canyon enjoyed on the return from Brighton a week ago. So the great minds of the club got together and figured out a new way whereby this wonderful skiing canyon could be made on a one-day trip.

After dropping about half its load at Ecker Hill, the bus continued to Larry's Service Station in Park City. There we transferred ourselves and our property to a large coal truck and were transported up the steep winding road to the Silver King Mine. Here there was much hurried roping of skis, fastening of knapsacks and taking of pictures.

Our route took us right up to the Silver King Ridge and along the ridge almost to the head of Thayne Canyon to the old Comstock Mine. We came upon the Comstock from all directions; some were lucky enough to hit the right level; some had to slide down a steep slope to it; some appeared from below and Harry Duerkop, Orson Spencer and Elmer Thorum even went around onto Scott's Pass.

We explored the old Comstock Mine building, built a fire and ate our lunches. Jean Neal gave us a beautiful exhibition of a swan dive when she came down the slope to the mine.

The ride down the canyon was wonderful. We howled for the sheer joy of it. The last of the party said we might have been a bunch of prospectors for the number of excavations in the trail. Queer? Some of us must have fallen.

All arrived at Joe's Lunch within about a half hour, where our bus picked us up, then the crowd at Ecker Hill, and we were homeward bound.

HILLS

I never loved your plains!	So let me hold my way,
Your gentle valleys,	By nothing halted
Your drowsy country lanes	Until at close of day
And bleached alleys.	I stand, exalted.

I want my hills! -- the trail	High on my hills of dreams
That scorns the hollow	Dear hills that know me
Up, up the ragged shale	And then, how fair will seem
Where few will follow.	The lands below me.

Up, over wooded crest	How pure at vesper-time,
And mossy boulder	The far bells chiming--
With strong thigh, heaving chest,	God, give me hills to climb,
And swinging shoulder.	And strength for climbing.

The geology classes are very interesting. Come join us some Monday evening. We are sure that Margaret Block, Florence Curtis, Girzy Channel and C. C. Nelson would enjoy them. Mr. Marsell will not be with us long so come out and get acquainted.

RASMUSSEN'S TO LAMB'S CANYON

February 5, 1933

If it's a ski trip we'll all be there--and we were there, sixty strong, at the Semloh Hotel, Sunday morning, February 5, ready for a trip into the snow-clad mountains to participate in another hilarious day of skiing. One bus and several private cars, all loaded beyond capacity, left the Semloh Hotel at eight-thirty, accompanied by the shouts and cheers characteristic of Wasatch Mountain Club outings.

However, ere reaching the outskirts of the city, the bus began spitting and finally

But, since members are and have everyone repairs bus was



and fuming under its load stopped, refusing to go on Wasatch Mountain Club all "yolly good fellows" more patience than Job, enjoyed himself while were being made, and the soon under way again.

Meanwhile, the private car passengers reached Rasmussen's and, being unable to ski (the skis were all on the bus), proceeded to find other amusement to keep themselves occupied until the skis arrived, so that, when the bus came steaming in, its passengers were greeted some distance down the canyon by a crowd of romping, rollicking snowmen.

And again, we were sixty ski enthusiasts anxious to get into harness and commence (or continue) our fun for the day.

Because of the delay of the bus the trip to Ontario Lakes was postponed, but our ever alert leaders had made hurried plans for a trip to Lamb's Canyon instead. The greatest number of us remained at Ecker Hill to try to improve our "technique" and the girls are enthusiastic over their progress, however slight it may be. Someday we will be gracefully gliding down the long slopes with ease and great confidence, knowing that we can pick ourselves up out of any kind of a spill.

Eighteen people made the long, slow grind to the top and were repaid with a speedy descent to the bottom of Lamb's Canyon and to the waiting bus, where again pals and comrades met and exchanged experiences of the day and sang the old familiar songs. Soon the sixty weary, but never-the-less happy, skiers were returned to the city.

"SKIS"

I think that I shall never see
A stick so tricky as a ski.
Steer the darn thing as I will
It always rides me to a spill.
It lies all quiet till I'm on,
Then, without notice, we are gone.

Down, down, we run; I'm filled with glee.
Gosh! I'm sunk! Here comes a tree.
It's got me telemarked--I'm back for more,
Those are my waxed ones by the door.
Only God can make a tree,
But who in hell first made a Ski? (Bert Harwell)

* ONTARIO LAKES TRIP
January 29, 1933****

Acclaimed by the "Old Guard" and newcomers alike as "the best trip of the year." Forty-eight members and guests of the Wasatch Mountain Club, the Utah Ski Club, and the University of Utah Ski Club followed guide, Dr. Guy Wight, and leader, Glen Stewart, in a cross-country ski trip to the Ontario Lakes district Sunday, January 29, 1933.

From advance notices this trip promised to be strenuous--a real test of stamina and skiing ability. In spite of the difficulties encountered, twenty-eight of the thirty-six who continued on to Park City made a complete ten-mile circuit. However, some way or other Ontario Lakes were not reached that day. A week of almost continuous snow had laid a heavy blanket on the ground, covering to an average depth of six feet. Masses of snow hung on all of the trees rendering this trip, from a scenic standpoint alone, one to be remembered.

As the north slope of Bonanza Flats had been swept bare, the leaders were forced to change the return route from Little Bell Canyon to Empire Canyon. None of the thrills were lost, however, by this enforced change, the slope of the canyon and the snow conditions combining to furnish a fast but safe ride.

Dr. Wight was the only one who had explored this territory before but the club members liked the trip so well that a duplicate was scheduled later on in the season.

AMERICA AT LAST BRINGS FORTH
RIVAL FOR KOLSTAD

Probably few members of the Wasatch Mountain Club realize that they have in their midst a woman who will some day unquestionably be the world's champion woman ski jumper. The eyes of the world were, this past season, turned upon Jean Neal as the most likely answer to America's prayer for a woman champion. It is unofficially reported that during February of this year Miss Neal made a jump of two feet without even sitting down on her skis. Nord Wordquist is loud in his praise of her amazing form. Miss Neal admitted having been nearly photographed with Miss Johanne Kolstad but she modestly fought off press photographers and even Miss Kolstad herself. Friends of Miss Neal are urging her to consider challenging Miss Kolstad to a meet next winter.

We have not seen Jean Hurst, Mildred Hurd, Harry Fardellos, Charles Garnick out on trips for quite a while. Now that the hiking sea son is here we hope we will see you soon.

How about climbing some mountains this year Chick Geurts?

MY TRIP TO BUTTERFIELD CANYON
March 5, 1933

"Did I go on the Bingham to Lark ski trip? I'll say I did. And how! Why? It must have been an early attack of Spring Fever that caused such an unprecedented burst of energy on my part. Anyhow, we started out in a bus comfortably filled with twenty-seven other homo sapiens whose chief subjects of conversation seemed to be 'No more money in the bank' and 'Brother, can you cash a check?' However, such an epochal event as a national bank holiday melted into insignificance upon our arrival at Bingham when the stupendous task of climbing to the tunnel began. I should have decided to turn back right then and there--or, better still, have stayed home and worked a jig saw puzzle.

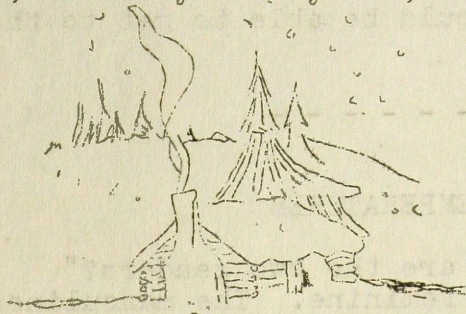
"At last, by dint of hard exercise I finally reached the mouth of the tunnel and then more fun began. Two and a half miles of it--mud--boots--splosh--splash--boots--more splash. In the midst of it my flashlight had to go out. After it was fixed, Jack Wolfe gave a divine example of perfect form, diving into the pipes on the side-lines, skis and all. Graceful? Oh, my!

"Daylight was soon sighted and we then began another climb. Who said it was only three-fourths of a mile long? When I last reached the top I found that most everybody else was just getting ready to start down.

"Hubert Wolfe broke the trail down and, incidentally, one ski endeavored to do an 'Alf Engen' over the tops of innumerable shrubs and trees. Determined to profit by his example, I kept my ropes on. This being too slow I changed my mind and did away with them but--after my sixtieth continuation of my first fall, back went the ropes and I started on my way with many misgivings.

"Have you ever pushed along with only yourself for company, on snow so hard and slick you could scarcely make a dent in it, and nobody anywhere near you to encourage you and then you come across a four-foot snow-covered brooklet that looked wider than the Mississippi? Isn't it a most appalling feeling, after you have again kicked off the skis and started gingerly across what appeared to be a firm footing only to have your foot slip and become stuck fast in a treacherous little shrub with a nice, icy bath waiting only a couple of feet below you? That's fun! I finally became 'unstuck' and proceeded on, feeling very much alone and oh, so sorry for myself, when a clearing hove into view, where several of the crowd were waiting. Oh, joy of joys! I hadn't been forgotten, after all.

"After
on me, my
trip was
despite
I had,
My one
when I



Elmer and Ernest took pity
progress the rest of the
really enjoyable and,
the number of landings
they were happy ones.
regret is that just
was learning how to

stand up the bus loomed before us and there we were, ready to start back to Salt Lake."

BRIGHTON---LINCOLN'S BIRTHDAY
February 12, 1933

All day Saturday, from early morning until late at night, groups of from two to eight left Park City in high spirits of anticipation of an interesting trip over Scott's Pass, and down into Brighton. Sammy Green carried a movie camera which was put to work immediately and shots were taken all along the trail. Before we got to the Pass there was a real blizzard, but, with such good leaders as Dr. Pfouts and Sammy Green, we could not get lost and took all the short cuts. Yes, Dr. Pfouts came all the way from Payson to enjoy the holiday with the old gang.

The evening was spent--well, I'd hate to tell on some of the fellows. The rest of us exchanged yarns about our experiences along the trail. The most impressive one might have been quite tragic, but turned out to be rather humorous. It was very dark as there was no moon. Jack Paradise was tired and having a hard time keeping his balance until finally, in falling, he lost a ski. Elmer and Ernest came to his rescue by giving him one of their skis. Then, tying Elmer's right leg to Ernie's left leg, they came down on three skies. They insist that they were able to get along nicely so long as they could refrain from laughter, but that occupation proved fatal to their equilibrium. The greatest regret is that it was dark and a kodak could not be used. The missing ski was recovered on the journey home the next day. By midnight Saturday, fifty-four had arrived at The Balsams Inn. Mrs. Davis had spent the afternoon and night in the kitchen preparing lovely dinners for each group as they arrived hungry and tired.

The hills at Brighton were peppered with skiers all Sunday morning. More movies and more spills; one proving quite serious--Sammy fell and threw one knee out and wrenched the other. Everyone was glad that Dr. Lambert and Dr. Pfouts were on the trip and close at hand at the time of the accident. They set the injured knee and brought Sammy back to The Balsams on a toboggan.

After a big turkey dinner all but nine of the group boarded skis for the return trip over the pass and down Thayne's Canyon. Sammy was made comfortable for the night and received so much attention that Dave decided to try his luck and throw his hip out.

Monday morning after a big breakfast Sammy's knees were bandaged and he stood on skis and the caravan left for their long journey down the canyon. Ten inches of snow had fallen during the night. We were surely glad to be able to rest, get warm and indulge in light refreshments at the Maxfield Mine. There we learned that the cars would be able to get to the second power house to pick us up.

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TEMPERATURES

Teacher: "Willie, what are the two genders?"

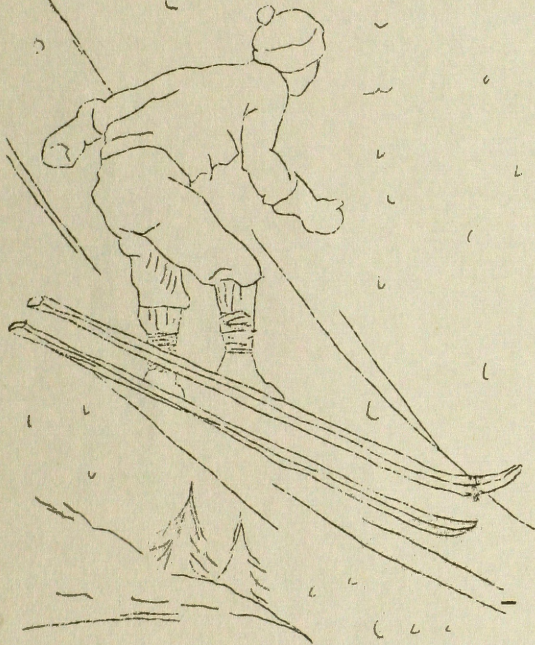
Willie: "Masculine and feminine. The masculines are divided into temperate and intemperate and the feminine into frigid and torrid."

PETERSON'S CANYON

March 19, 1933

What! You have not heard of the "Old Biagamy Trail" to Millcreek Canyon? Then I must tell you at once for your education is sadly neglected. In the days of polygamy, a gentleman by the name of Peterson took upon himself the support of two wives. To keep peace in the family, one set up housekeeping at the mouth of Millcreek Canyon and the other over the range of mountains at Snyderville. It came to pass that the law was changed so one man could have but one wife, but Peterson was an exception to this law and kept both his fair women (just like a man to want more than his share.) When the officers tried to catch him in Snyderville he rode over the range to Millcreek and when they bothered him in Millcreek he came back to Snyderville. These trips became so frequent that he had quite a trail blazed up Three Mile or Peterson Canyon and over the ridge of Millcreek.

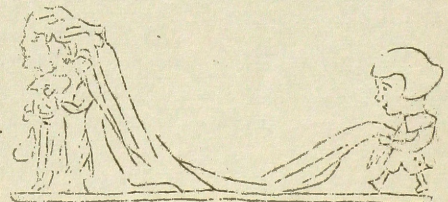
It was over this historic trail that ten famous skiers tried their skill one bright and shining Sunday morn. History again was made for five of these were women and five were men. Spring was in the air--birds chirped, brooklets broke through their winter coats of snow and bubbled merrily along in the sunshine, trees were trying to burst forth into bud and a general comforting laziness spread o'er the group. (Rule #9 was still adhered to for the morals committee was present.)



The interesting climb to the top was interrupted only when lunch was served and the thrill of the winding, swift ride to the starting point was still to come. Far too quickly (for there were few falls) did this trip come to the finish.

Not only were the regrets shown for the end of a successful trip but also for the dramatic ending of a most successful skiing season. May others follow!!!

We hear that Gene West has finally changed the name of Miss Opal Williams, formerly of Salt Lake, to Mrs. E. K. West. We suspect that it happened quite a while ago but was kept in the dark. How about it Gene? Anyway, we wish you all the happiness in the world. They are residing in San Francisco at 20 Franklin.



By the way, have you put your skis away properly--blocking, etc.? Don't forget that you have to do this if you expect anything out of your skis next year. AND your boots, trousers, hiking equipment etc. probably need fixing. Look them over and get busy.