

THE RAMBLER

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

APRIL--1935

SALT LAKE CITY--UTAH



EASTER AT THE HERMITAGE

Gathered here on our 13th Annual Easter Outing, the Wasatch Mountain Club hopes you are sharing in the rebirth of enthusiasm and appreciation of the joys of living that permeates our souls this day. All Nature is blossoming forth to express the bountifulness of its heart and the friendly feeling among the members of our Club keeps march with that awakening. Prospects are particularly pleasing for an adventurous, progressive and companionable season. May you read between the lines of this modest Rambler our sincere wish that you may share fully in the good things to come.

Board of Directors



"A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT"

'Tis indeed gratifying, my fellow Wasatchers, to note the enthusiasm displayed by the numerous heretofore inactive members. A new lease-hold of self expression seems to have animated the spirits of all who have participated in one or more of the varied fun-instilling activities during the past winter. With such a spirit prevalent among us, the Wasatch Mountain Club can do naught but gain the pinnacle of fame as the leading mountain and hiking club of the nation.

Keep it up, Ye Wasatchers, and remember our slogan is always,

"ONWARD AND UPWARD"

-Jacke Wolfe

PROGRAM

Saturday Dinner 6:30 P.M.
Dancing 9:30 to 11:30 P.M.
Surprise entertainment 11:30 P.M.
"To Beddy" 12:13 A.M.
Breakfast 8:00 to 9:00 A.M.
Games 9:00 to 11:00 A.M.
Baseball - hiking
Horseshoe pitching (prizes)

EASTER SERVICES 11:30 to 12:30 P.M.

C. C. Neslen ... Speaker
Earl Kevitch ... Violin
Louise McHugh Piano

Sunday Dinner 2:00 P.M.

CLUB CHATTER

Sammy Green's articles "Ski Trails of the Wasatch," which appeared weekly in The Tribune, during the winter months, created much interest in skiing and gave considerable publicity to the Club. A full page, illustrated article on skiing at Brighton was the high-point of the series. Let's hope we can secure more "write-ups" like these next winter.

Mother: "Pia, did you put your tongue out for the doctor when he came, as I told you to?"

Pia: "Yes, and I made faces, too!"

HOW ABOUT IT?

Now that we've had an extension telephone put in the bathroom, it always rings when we're down tending the furnace.

Well, life may begin at forty, but it's got to be the sort of a life your wife approves of.

If you think only of yourself, be not surprised if no one else thinks of you.

DO YOU KNOW - - -

That Marie Bringhurst now lives at 671 Browning Avenue, Hy. 2873-M? Ask her give her illustrated lecture on -- "Down Thayne's Canyon on a Toboggan."

That Nola and Doug Graham have set up housekeeping at 565 East 33rd South Street, Murray 247-J?

That Florence Reich (Luke to you) can be found at 132 2nd Ave., Was. 5161-J? (If a man answers, hang up.)

That Coke and Freddie Speyer, (Mr. and Mrs. is the name) are feathering a nest at 26 West 3rd North Street, Was. 8616-J? (In the best social circles, the name is pronounced "Spire", not "Spear".)

That Helen and Anson Blaker are sporting a new Ford V-8 Coupe? The insurance business must be picking up.

That Magorie Crozier has that certain feeling about operations following her recent appendectomy, but promises to be out in the hills with us soon?

That Orson Spencer set a couple of new backstroke swimming records in the recent A.A.U. meet? Perhaps that's where he developed his backward, downhill ski technic.

That Charles B. Kent (Ruth's proud papa) spent three summers with Barnum & Bailey Circus imitating the calls of the animals of farmyard and the jungle?

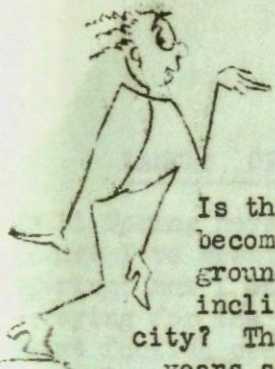
TRY THIS ON YOUR PIANO

Two tutors who tooted a flute
Tutored two other tutors to toot;
Said the two to the tutor:
"Is it harder to toot, or
To tutor two tutors to toot?"

A Chiropractor is a guy who gets paid for what an ordinary guy gets slapped for.

When men speak ill of thee, so live that nobody will believe them.

RUMINATIONS of a BACHELOR



Is the Wasatch Mountain Club becoming a happy hunting ground for the romantically inclined young females of this city? The record of the past few years seems to bear out this horrible contention. Reflect, if you will, upon the tragic quota of stalwart young mountaineers who have been lured into the fatal state of matrimony while ostensibly seeking recreation and adventure in the wilds of Utah.

Of the 27 family men listed on the Club rolls, no less than 17 of them received their fatal wounds while on Club outings; 7 had fallen by the wayside ere they joined the organization, and only 3 succumbed to the wiles of feminine charmers outside the club ranks.



Men! - The odds are against us! Time was when the wind-swept heights of the towering Wasatch peaks were sacred to the tread of masculine feet, but now traces of lipstick besmears the crests of King's Peak, Nebo, Deseret, Lone Peak and other rugged giants, while the litter from compacts is sprinkled over the face of Timpanogas and her sister mountains.

Even the circumstance of weather does not deter these amazing amazons who are out to get their man, respecting no boundaries and declaring a continual open season. Our latest casualty, Fred Speyer, was tracked down in the snow and cold of Windy Pass, even his trusty skis failing him in his flight toward freedom.



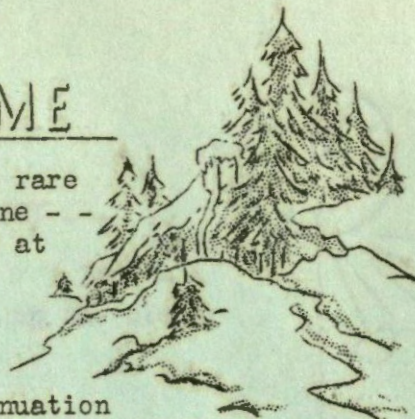
Woe is us! Our tattered banners wave feebly in the breeze and even fainter comes our battle-

CRY

of

"Liberty Forever!"

OUR HOME



Oh, what is so rare as a day in June -- and an evening at our lodge in Brighton. The highway will soon be open, allowing continuation of the summer's major building problem -- completion of the kitchen. A little concentrated effort on the part of all Club members will transform our present lodging house into a home, suitable for year-round occupancy.

Have you some furniture you would like to donate to the Lodge? If your Spring house-cleaning or refurnishing discloses some suitable, usable item of furniture, please call our Secretary, Marie Bringhurst, Hy. 2873-M, and we will arrange to transport it to Brighton.

Our Lodge is your Home! Use it more often this summer for overnight parties and vacation outings.



GEE, BUT WE'RE GLAD TO SEE YA'

Old friends are the best friends after all. It has been particularly pleasing to see the Lois and Bill Ross', Margaret and Frank Duncan', Bertha and Ted Reich', and Einar Lignell showing revived interest in the Club activities this winter. We hope the spring and summer program will be so interesting they will continue to come out and also induce some of the other veterans to return to harness.

Sammy: Woman is nothing but a rag,
a bone, and a hank of hair.
Cookie: Man is nothing but a brag,
a groan and a tank of air.

*

"Hi, Stew! We're glad to have you with us again."

LAMENT OF A NON-SKIER

Will Spring never come? Oh, the dreary hours I've spent awaiting the advent of Spring; how I have shivered and shook, praying for the warmth it will bring. What foolish creatures these mountaineers be, to play in the ice and snow, when they could be attending a lecture or some thrilling picture show. I tried this skiing business one day, on the pleading of a so-called friend; and if you had suffered as I did, I'm sure your membership would end. I don't claim to be a gymnast, and at swimming I'm quite tame, but the contortions and dives I made that day would bring Olympic fame. I never knew that a human being could go two ways at once, or that knees and toes and elbows and nose were places from which to bounce. An icy hill may give you a thrill, but to me it's a pain in the side; the gyrations I made down that slope I essayed would take a geometrician to describe. The bottom flew up with an awful thud, I felt I was surely dead; with ski poles entwined around my legs and the snow piled o'er my head. Slowly and painfully I clambered out and solemnly took a vow, that never again would I use my neck for a bloomin' downhill snow-plow. So, hurry up Spring, sweep the ice away, and make the daffodills grow; I'd never exchange one grassy hillside for all winter's glistening snow. Make haste the day when Summer's clouds play up where the eagles soar; when I can bask in the glorious sun and life is worth living once more.

NONSENSE



Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was white
as snow;
And everywhere that
Mary went,
She took a bus.

Little Miss Muffett
Sat on a tuffet,
Eating of curds and whey;
There came a great spider
That sat down beside her,
And said, "Is this seat taken?"

HICKORY - -

DICKORY - -

DOCK - -

The mouse ran up the clock;

THE

CLOCK

STRUCK

ONE!

Then we all went out to lunch.

* * *

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and pulled out a
plum
And said, "Aw, nertz" I thought this
was apple.

WHISPERS

Friend, when you stray, or sit and take
your ease
On moor or fell, or under spreading
trees;
Pray, leave no traces of your wayside
meal;
No paper bag, no scattered orange peel.
Nor daily journal littered on the grass,
Others may view these with distaste,
and pass.
Let no one say, and say it to your
shame,
That all was beauty here until you came.

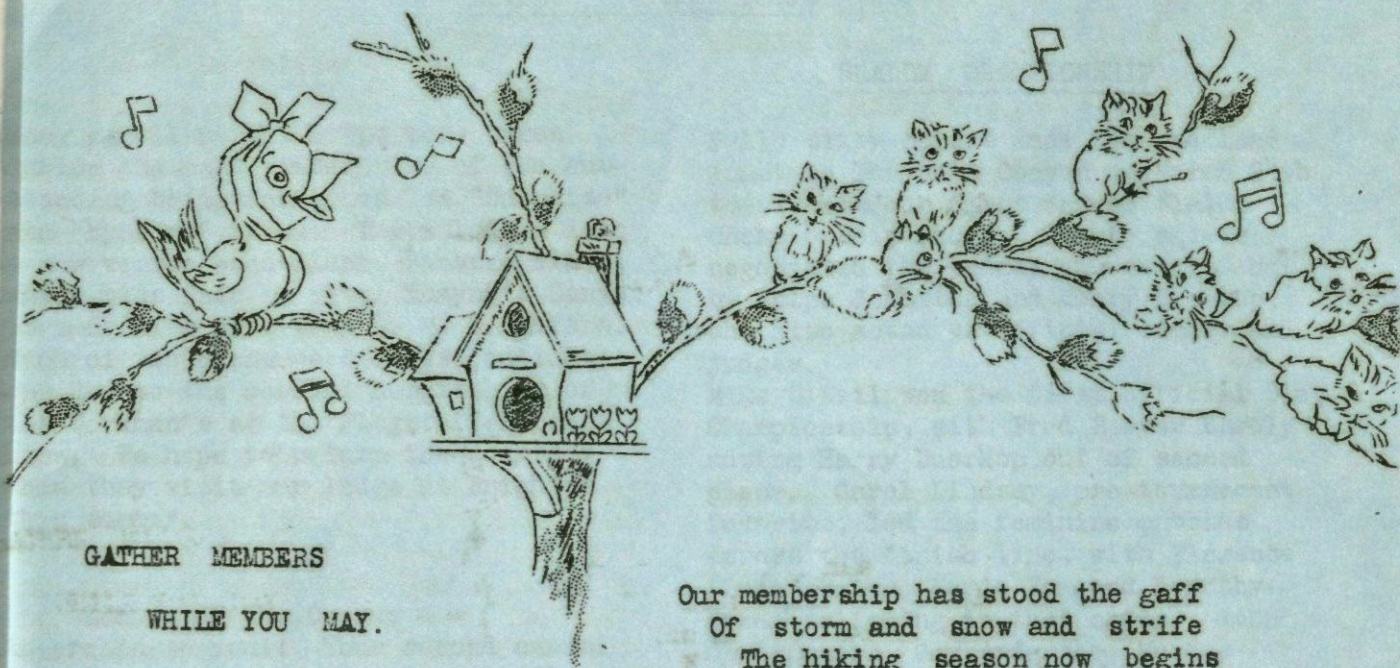
PERTINENT PARAGRAPHS

All those who have finished skiing for this season, and are desirous of storing their skis properly during the summer months, should see Chic Pfeiffer, our expert ski "fixer-upper." He also makes very serviceable camera carrying cases and leather belts.

* * *

Is there some scenic spot in Utah you would especially like to visit with the Club this Summer? Let Al Rogers know and he will do his best to arrange it. How about a trip to Bear Lake, Al?





GATHER MEMBERS

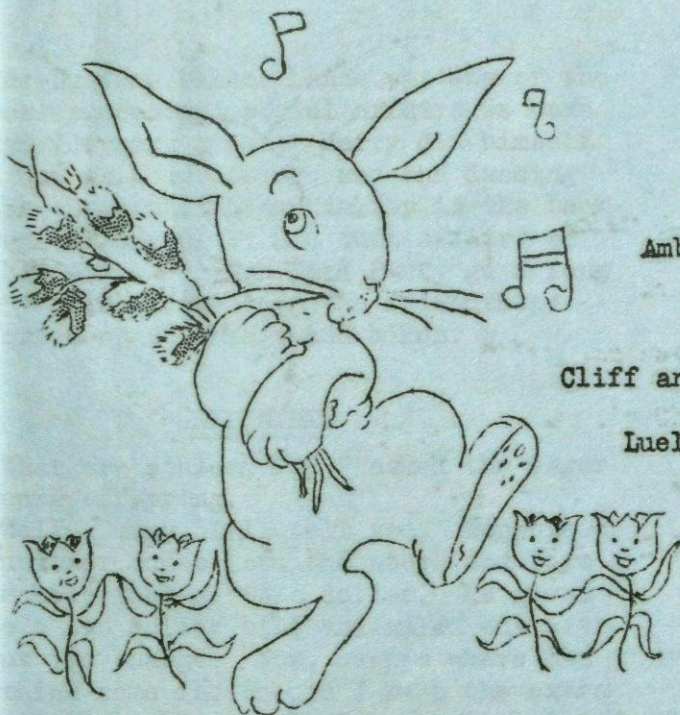
WHILE YOU MAY.

Our membership has stood the gaff
Of storm and snow and strife
The hiking season now begins
With a new lease on Life.

It's been a tough old winter
But now it's had its fling
We wish you all the EASTER joy
The pussy willows bring.

Listed below are the tenderfeet
Enrolled since the first of the year
Let's double the quota each quarter
Reap a harvest of growth and good
cheer.

Gather recruits from the byways
Be as industrious as the birds
Let's sell the glories of Wasatch
By example as well as words.



- NEW RECRUITS -

Amber Ohlin	Mansel Smith	Bob Mickle
Louise McHugh	Odell Peterson	
Cliff and Mabel Workman	John Christensen	
Luella Chadwick	Rose Cox	Max Weaver
Mardee Robinson	Orson Spencer	
Hal Haglund	Merle Gregerson	
Eleanor Lindsay		

REVIEW OF PAST TRIPS

SKIING

Many excellent ski trips were taken during the past winter, two of the outstanding being the so called "Surprise" and "Mystery" trips. These led us into a new winter wonderland. Bonanza Flats, which bids fair to rival Thayne's Canyon as a drawing card from W. M. C. skiers. Much of the pleasure of these outings was due to the cordial hospitality of the Workman's at the Flagstaff-Bonanza Mine. We hope to return the courtesy when they visit our lodge at Brighton this summer.

Ladies of the Chorus - -

An orchid to you!! Your second annual concert was even better than the first. Our Compliments to Mr. Southwick! Knowing from experience the difficulty of keeping a group of girls in line on hike or ski trip, the admirable way in which they responded to his slightest beck and call speaks volumes for the power of the baton and the man. Sing on! Charming songsters - - Chant the praises of our Club and we will respond with hearty applause for our

Ladies of the Chorus - -

The Duerkop Dinner Dance was one of the most successful social affairs we have had for many moons. Harry did himself proud as Toastmaster, and the dancing was "Hotcha". Congeniality is the backbone of our Club, and such affairs as this and the Irish Card Party go a long way toward cementing the friendships formed on ski trips and hikes.

EXPLAINED

"What are ethics, Pop?" asked the eager young offspring.

"Well, Danny, I'll tell you. Suppose a customer comes into the store and buys a necktie that costs a dollar. He gives me a two dollar bill and walks out without the change. Now, here's where the ethics come in. Should I keep the extra dollar myself or tell Hubert about it???"

SLALOM CHAMPIONSHIP

Fully sixty skiers made the overland jaunt to Thayne's Canyon on March 24th to witness our first annual Slalom Championship races. Twenty skiers negotiated the tricky course laid out by Ralph Johnston and Harry Duerkop, who also acted as official timers and judges.

Mike O'Neil won the first official Club Championship, with Fred Speyer barely nosing Harry Duerkop out of second place. Carol Lindsay, pre-tournament favorite, led the feminine entries across the finish line, with Florence (Luke) Reich, Marie Fox and Dorothy Green following in that order. John Christensen, Guy Anderson, Mardee Robinson, Sammy Green and Jacke Wolfe furnished plenty of spills and thrills to amuse the crowd during their glorious slide down the steep mountain side.

In the special open event, young Dick Kimball flashed over the course in perfect form to lead the galaxy of Utah Ski Club entries. The exhibition of these ski wizards was a revelation to everyone, and the great interest shown assures the permanency of slalom racing on the Club's winter program.

ONWARD AND UPWARD

Onward to goals while hiking
Upward to peaks on the climb
Onward to glory as members
Upward to fame that is thine
Onward the going is fearful
Upward to thrills that you'll face
Cause it's onward and upward forever,
And thanks for the use of this space.

By Whosit

SCIENCE NOTE

Frank Trottier has it figured out that by the year 2008 A.D. Life will have ceased to exist on earth. Careful calculation indicates, he says, that the Earth's surface by then will be covered to a depth of $14\frac{1}{2}$ inches of used safety razor blades.

