

# **T H E R A M B L E R**



*Published by*

**WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB**

**1945**

*In Memoriam*

LEE WHITE — Italy

JOHN HANSON — France

## THE RAMBLER

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### FORECAST

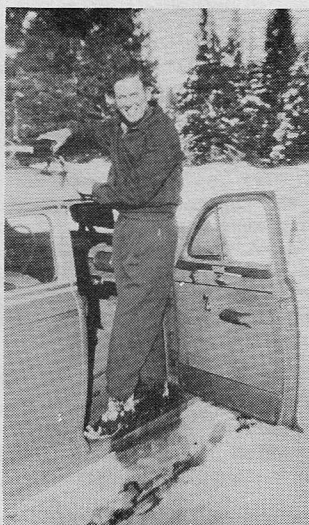
We are truly on the threshold of new and renewed activities in our Nation, our City, our daily life, and last, but by no means least, in our Club.

It is easy to predict the Brighton, Alta, and Provo Areas and the Ogden Basin filled to capacity and overflowing with skiers. Beginners' hills, restricted areas for experts and professionals, toboggan runs, ice skating rinks, hot-dog stands, new hotels and cabins—all flood-lighted and open every night in the week, but limited to those with reservations Saturday and Sunday—ski trains to Sun Valley and ski 'planes to Canada and the Coast are but some of the conditions we shall come to know as commonplace.

But what of our Lodge at Brighton? Our capacity at present is limited to fifty or sixty people for both overnight accommodations and meals.

Our membership this past year has grown by one-third, and there is yet no let-up in sight of the new applicants.

We are on the verge of having to limit all scheduled trips to the Lodge to those who register by the date deadline. The "last-minute-decision member" will simply await his or her turn on the next trip.



President Stanley A. Murdock

This is but one of the many new problems that confront us, but we shall meet them all with equanimity.

New horizons again are beckoning us, and once more we shall enjoy the conviviality of two or three busloads of singing members on their way to climb unexplored mountains.

Our members hold records and prizes in ski races, swimming meets, tennis tournaments, bowling leagues, and many other fields, but let us not forget the fundamental principles of our Club which are so well stated in the Preamble to our Constitution, which I quote in part:

"Its purposes shall be to promote the physical and spiritual well being of its members and of others by outdoor activities; 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; to advertise the natural resources and scenic beauties of the State of Utah; and to encourage preservation of forests, flowers, and natural scenery as well as wild animal and bird life."

To this end, let us, both old and new members alike, resolve to whole-heartedly bend our efforts so that the Wasatch Mountain Club in the coming years may exemplify the finest that is American.

*Stanley Murdock*  
President



## WAYNE WONDERLAND TRIP

Among recent outstanding trips taken by the Ski and Mountain Corps and attended by WMC'ers was the week's outing in Utah's Wayne Wonderland the latter part of July and the first part of August, 1945.

Those who participated in this marvelous exploration were Jacke Wolfe, Orson Spencer, Dr. J. W. Sugden, Lyman Moore, Norma Whitehead, Janet Christensen, Ardelle Carlson, Norma Sugden, and Wally Wyman, with Steve MacDonald being in charge. Ray and Mrs. Watrous were along for part of the time.

A notebook kept by the various persons as time permitted is replete with events and humor which crammed the outing full of fun. For instance, Jacke notes:

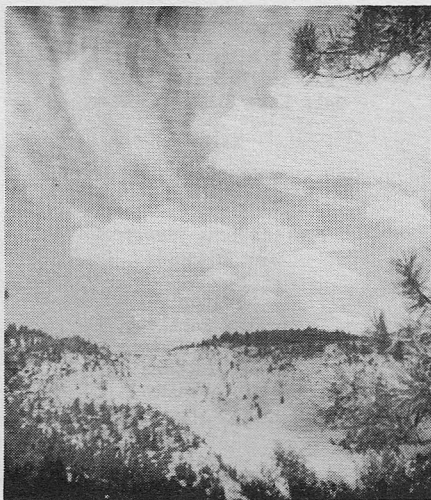
"With millions of trees in the area, our campsite has no trees, so poles need to be cut. . . Then came the rain, but the only things it dampened were the bedding and our necks. Good humor was maintained thru-out."

Norma Whitehead was inspired to compose poetry"--

"There was a young man from Orem  
Who had some new pants and he wore 'em  
He stooped and he laughed,  
And felt a big draft,  
And knew right away that he'd tore 'em."



"Dog Lake Campsite"



"Boulder Mountain"

This apparently must have made a big hit, for it is followed by this sad confession:

"There was a young man in Salem  
Who gave me some letters to mail 'em.  
I slipped on some butter  
And fell in the gutter,  
The letters--I never did mail 'em."

Wally, not to be outdone, followed suit with this masterpiece:

"There was a young lady on Boulder  
With a compass that somebody sold her.  
She got lost in a fog  
And fell in a bog.  
Now her corpse is decidedly colder."

Writing of one of the many hikes, Steve MacDonald says:

"We started with high hopes for fishing, swimming, hiking, and beautiful scenery, . . . Because of the absence of identification points and heavy overcast with light but persistent rain, it was necessary to travel entirely by compass. Without question, this is the easiest place to get lost in I have ever had the pleasure of seeing. . . We turned the map over to Janet Christensen and Norma Whitehead and told them to lead us home, thinking that they would get us hopelessly lost."

Why, Steve! What a thought, or was it a hope?) The fact of the matter is that they took us directly to camp without deviating from the shortest route or loss of time. They also were excellent leaders in that they didn't allow any of the tired members to fall too far behind and become separated from the group."

(continued on page 3)





"Bridge Crosses 800 foot gap"

#### WAYNE WONDERLAND TRIP (Continued)

Swimming and fishing in "fishless lakes" and "horseplay without horses", as one of the chroniclers put it (although horseback trips were included in the itinerary), increased the memories of the affair.

The spectacular, thousand-foot gash in the earth, known as "Hell's Backbone", over which a narrow but sturdy bridge has been constructed, the towering pinnacles of Grand Wash, the ever-changing loveliness of the cloud patterns will long be remembered by these outdoor enthusiasts.

Space will not permit a full account to be published here of this glorious event, but judging from the reports of the breath-taking scenery and the hours crowded with fun and interest, it is to be hoped that the Wasatch Mountain Club will soon plan a vacation trip into that primitive and colorful section of Utah.



"Mt. Fremont (Wind Rivers)"

#### JUNIOR MEMBERS

Lest anyone be worried unduly that the Wasatch Mountain Club stands in danger of dying out, take a look at this list of new arrivals:

Lt. and Mrs. James Mulkern's son, James Mickel, arrived on June 18, 1945, weighing seven pounds and four ounces.

Thomas J. Storer came in June to stay with Mr. and Mrs. E. J. Storer. (In case you don't know, Mrs. Storer we knew as Grace Petersen.)

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. McGrew (Juanita Wright to us) call their heir Jay Hall McGrew.



"A Lodge Party"

Ford and Renee Holmes are also proud of their new arrival, while O'Dell and Edith Petersen are happy with theirs.

The Orson Spencers, too, have a new member, David Orson.

Ray Watrous, Harry Ohn, and Paul Fredrickson are all proud daddies who like to tell of their infants' precociousness.

The Ed Grand-Pres, will boast of their young son, too, who, they insist, will soon be singing them to sleep with the Ski Song.

## HILARIOUS TWENTY-FOURTH AT THE LODGE

By LaRene Freckleton

Our gay party was to leave the city for Brighton at precisely 8:00 P.M., so right on the dot of 9:00 P.M., we started out.

Yes, we were off for an exciting Twenty-fourth of July weekend at the Lodge. In the coolness of the evening--a welcome relief from the heat of the city--we motored to Brighton. Upon our arrival, the first thing that took our attention was the coy moon, tickling the tops of the evergreens, and casting a romantic aura over all.

Next, we draped ourselves over the juke box, and wondered why the music sounded as if it had been squeezed out slowly and in agonized degrees. To be truthful, though, we "slope-dopes" really had a super-duper time listening to the music and dancing to it in the manner best adapted to our age, personality, height, and pet corn.

The movies shown a little later were thoroughly enjoyed. Refreshments were then served, and I was greatly surprised and delighted to receive two helpings. Of what? Why, K-Rations, of course. The Club, as you know, is economizing wherever possible in order to be able to buy sky hooks for those skiers who might fall down some time (not that we are likely to--oh, no!) and would appreciate something to hold on to.

Since by this time we had dined sumptuously and had exercised aplenty, and inasmuch as it was almost morning, we went to bed. In about an hour, came the dawn, and some of us adventurous souls headed for the tennis court, armed with brooms to sweep the heavy dew from the pavement. A fast game was immediately in progress.

Breakfast was next on the list. Temporarily forgetful of the sky hooks and the need for economy, we splurged and had hot pancakes, sausage, eggs, toast, and cocoa.

With renewed vigor, we gathered ourselves together and sprinted up a mountain. (Only one? I would swear we climbed at least two dozen.) When we returned to the Lodge, we found people playing pingpong, stroking the ivories, or just resting.

In a short time, a feast was put on the table, and we all sat down and proceeded to make it disappear. Dinner was followed by a game of horseshoes and a spot of tennis for added flavor.

Some good, old-fashioned dances executed in traditional Mountain Club style, sped time on its way. As the evening wore out, so did our feet, and with weariness in our

bones, we at last crawled into the cars, lay panting with exhaustion, and wondered when the next trip would be.

Such is the chronicle of a typical outing at Brighton.



A Wolfe in Nude's Clothing

Gene Moench, annoyed because he had to wait several months for an order, wired the manufacturer: "Cancel order immediately." Back came the response: "Regret cannot cancel immediately. You must take your turn."

Guy Anderson: I'll have to have a raise in salary--three other companies are after me.  
Boss: Is that so? Who are they?

Guy: The light company, the 'phone company, and the gas company.

"Eat half as much, sleep twice as much, drink three times as much, laugh four times as much, and you will live to a ripe old age." (And Meredith Page agrees!)"

Dave: Where've you been?

Wally: In a phone booth talking to my girl, but someone wanted to use the phone, so we had to get out.



## LAZY SUN TAN TRIP

By Ardelle Carlson

Balmy spring days in Salt Lake gave us the bright idea that we should go to Brighton and get ourselves a good sun tan. The idea may have been bright, but the day chosen, May 27, was anything but that. Jacke Wolfe was the only one prepared for the snow we had to wade through—he brought both long and short skis. The rest of us trudged through a foot and a half of snow all the way from the winter parking lot to the Lodge.

Though the sun was thoroughly hidden by a dense cover of black clouds, we were still determined to get a suntan. So, to avoid having to rest on the chilly, wet snow, we dragged out benches and sleeping bags from the Lodge and parked them on the west side for use as "sunbath tables". Crazy things the Mountain Clubbers do! We all nearly froze to death, it was so cold, and not a solitary sunbeam penetrated the clouds to warm us, let alone give us the much-desired glow. But we wouldn't give in until our teeth stopped chattering and rigor mortis nearly set in.

What had been planned by some of the gang to be a picnic for the whole family, turned out to be a soaking wet experience for some of the minor members of the Club. The small Thomases, Pete's and Jacke's young hopefuls, and Bonnie Jean Kamp, to mention a few, had more fun than a three-ring circus playing in the snow, much to their parents' dismay.

In spite of the fact that the written version makes the affair seem a cold one, it was a successful trip, and Pete's and Jacke's antics on their short skis back of the Lodge afforded us all enough amusement to make up for the lack of a sun tan.

\* \* \*

### LAST, BUT NOT LEAST, (or) When It's Springtime in the Wasatch

By O'Dell "Pete" Petersen

For a long time, Orson Spencer and I had known that eventually we must climb Delson Peak to complete our ascents of all the peaks in the Wasatch Range.

Delson Peak is a dry, puny, uninteresting bump when compared with other Wasatch summits. However, it must be climbed, so when the Club canceled its scheduled trip to Mt. Olympus on June 10 because of heavy rains, Orson and I took the opportunity to climb Delson Peak.

Without much enthusiasm or interest, we left the Wasatch Boulevard and began to fight our way through the dense underbrush toward Delson's summit. The skies were overcast, and rain was expected—but not in the torrents which did deluge us. Sure enough, the RAINS CAME when we were but half-way up, not hard at first, mind you, just a gentle, soft drizzle.

When we were three-fourths of the way, it was no longer a gentle rain. The skies grew darker, and the distant rumble of thunder was heard. However, since this was such an inconsequential mountain—hardly worthy of the name—we didn't even dream of turning back. So, plowing through dense, dripping underbrush, we hastened toward the summit.

Although our watches showed high noon, it was as black as night. Rocks and trees were barely discernible twenty feet in front of us, except when vivid flashes of lightning illuminated the whole mountainside. To add to our discomfort, the wind started to blow, and in a few minutes a gale banked clouds around us and the remaining few hundred feet of the summit.

Climbing practically blind, with visibility zero, we trudged, or rather, swam on. Suddenly Orson shouted, "We've reached the summit!" as he stumbled over a small rock cairn. We had reached our goal, but there was no shelter from the rain. We crawled off the ridge to lessen the danger of being struck by lightning. Definitely convinced that the second deluge had come and soaking wet and gasping for breath in the terrific wind, we huddled together face down on the ground.

Fifteen minutes later and badly in need of artificial respiration, we decided to make a dash for a lower elevation. Half crawling and half walking, we stumbled down. As we reached lower ground, the rain began to lessen, and we gladly realized that most of the storm was behind us.

The sun's rays felt warm and cheerful to us when it finally burst upon us fifteen minutes later. Although we were in great danger of developing pneumonia as a result of being drenched, we had finally completed the ascents of all the Wasatch peaks!

\* \* \*

Jacke Wolfe at Brighton, talking about his sheep-herding activities on his vacation: "I've eaten so many sheep, I'm growing wool on my arms and legs."

Gertrude, wonderingly: "Oh, just a wolf in sheep's clothing?"



## SUNDIAL

By Phyllis Steorts

Did we hike to Lake Blanche? Say, did we ever! Let's see, it was Sunday, August 12, and everyone was momentarily expecting the final declaration of peace. Thirty-five of us hied ourselves away to Maxfield's Lodge for breakfast before tackling the hike which we were assured was a very easy one. (Have you ever heard that before?)

During breakfast, which was freely interspersed with the usual brand of Mountain Club repartee, Leader Jacke Wolfe explained how the Club had adopted the Sundial as the prototype of its emblem. Also, he made several rash statements about the ring his son Danny had sent him from Egypt, the last one being, "I will gladly pay for anyone's breakfast who can put this ring together for me", at the end of which speech, Steve MacDonald calmly handed over to him the ring "put together"! At various times during the day, Jacke was seen slipping 75¢, the cost of breakfast, to various other members who had solved the ring's secret.

Now for the hike, itself: On every good hike, there are always at least three groups of hikers, and this one was no exception. Our fast group was led by Steve MacDonald; the middle one was headed by Wynne Thomas; and the slow group followed Jacke Wolfe. I was in a group by myself at the end. As had been explained to us beforehand, even the slowest hiker should make the hike in three hours, and I did! It is believed that Gertrude Heinecke set the record on that trail: She had Pa Parry right behind her all the way with his hat full to the brim with cold water. (Of course, any unbiased onlooker would have said Gertrude had it coming to her after she practically dunked Pa in the icy stream when we stopped on the bridge.) Anyhow, Gertrude was at the top to greet us all, and Pa was not more than ten feet away, still carrying water in his hat.

Although the weather was cool and pleasant for hiking when we started, it turned cold when we got to the lake, and soon we who weren't climbing the "Sundial in the Clouds" were huddled around a fire and eating our lunches. It tried extremely hard to rain, but succeeded in shedding a very few tears, only.

Laziness prevailed, and scarcely any of the many hikers who had boasted earlier in the day that they were going swimming, actually did! Jenny Hall accompanied the rest of us on her mountain flute while we warbled a little. As the sun reappeared, most of us stretched out on the flat rocks and took a snooze until "yoo hoos" and "heys" from the climbers awakened us. Incidentally, I

have it on good authority that they were misled and climbed the wrong peak. Fog and scrambled directions from the leader (who-should-have-known-better-and-I-won't-mention-his-name) sent the group on the wrong trail.

After a short trip around Lake Blanche and side-long glances at the other two (the men had threatened to go swimming in one of them, and, not being able to tell which was which and being modest, too, I just peeked at them—the lakes, not the men—out of the corner of my good eye), we started down the trail.

Three miles are three miles except when you go downhill on the return leg of a hike at which time they seem more like thirty. At first, where it was steep and rocky, we walked, then rested, then walked and rested some more. After a while, we were really tired and just wanted to reach the bridge again, so we walked and walked and did not rest any more.

Soon, however, Paul Gregerson developed a blister on his big toe, and his section of the group rendered him first aid. Later he wondered which was worse, the blister or the treatment.

What seemed to be miles later, when we were beginning to notice nothing but dirt and rocks beneath our feet and the wobbliness of our knees, we recognized the tree which we recalled had been half-way up the ascent. Down, down, down we went, wondering if the trail actually had a beginning and why we'd ever started the hike in the first place. Then, all of a sudden—hoo-ray!—there was The Start! The stream, the bridge, and Pa still after Gertrude. We took new heart and also a deep breath. In a final burst of energy, we marched non-challantly onto the road showing no signs of fatigue! "Wonderful hike!" "Could turn around right now and go back!" "Tired—I?" "It was nothing!"—KALUNK! (That last was the noise I made as I fainted.) Easy hike, my eye! Next year, though, when the Club makes its annual trek to the Sundial, I bet I'm the first one to the lake, and without the impetus of a hat full of cold water, too! (I hope.)

\* \* \*

Fred and Rose Wolf left Salt Lake to try their luck in Alaska. We wish them luck, but hope to see them back again soon.

Harry Fardellos, after spending some time in the Army, delighted us all by coming home with his honorable discharge in his pocket.



Scott's Peak from Lake Mary Trail

by S. Dean Green



## A WORD ON MEMBERSHIP

By Jacke Wolfe

Inasmuch as I am the Membership Director of the Wasatch Mountain Club, I wish to express the Club's policy in obtaining new members. During the years we have been in existence, we have been fortunate in having members of fine character. It is our utmost desire to maintain this policy, and we hope that all of you, as members, will keep this in mind when considering a person as a prospective member.

As Membership Director, I have had the good fortune of presenting more than fifty new members during the current year. We could have added more names to our roster, but it has been the policy of the Club not to sacrifice quality for quantity. It would be an easy matter to let undesirable persons get in and turn the Lodge--our big asset--into a cheap entertainment center.

In order to safeguard all our interests, we adhere to a strict policy toward prospective members. Anyone may apply for membership by contacting members of the Club, or prospective members may be asked by members to join, but before they are accepted, they must participate on a trip with the Club as a paying guest. This has a dual purpose: It affords the members an opportunity to acquaint themselves with the applicant, and it gives the prospective member a chance to determine if he is in sympathy with the ideals of the Club.

At a regular board meeting, when the Membership Director presents an application, signed by onemember and at least one Director, it must be unanimously and favorably voted upon. Thereafter, when the applicant pays the regular dues, he becomes a full-fledged member.

This policy has proved its value in the past, and there is little likelihood that it will be changed, for it helps maintain the high standards set for membership in the Club.

## BILL BANCROFT

Quiet and unobtrusive, Bill Bancroft deserves the sincere thanks of the Club, not alone for his faithful attendance on trips and his many hours of labor on work parties at Brighton, but for many countless other things.

For instance, in the "good old days", when ski trips to the Lodge were for a comparatively rugged few, and water for meals

was a problem, Bill, though not then bitten with the ski bug, gave the Commissary Department a much appreciated gift of water buckets and several dozen dishtowels, all labeled with the initials "WMC".

His generosity and kindness have manifested themselves in so many ways we can't begin to enumerate them all, but we think it only right to comment on his recent monetary contribution to be used to pay for completing the porch entrance to the Lodge.

The world could use more people of his caliber: Ones who see things to be done and do them without being asked. All we can say is, "Thanks, Bill; we're glad you like us so much."

## A PLEA FROM THE COMMISSARY

By Ray Watrous

I find the Commissary Department a very uninteresting subject to write about, but I would like to state a few problems which confront the Commissary Director.

I am sure the membership, as a whole, does not realize the importance of early registration for trips. As an example, for the trip of September twenty-third, registration closed at 4:00 o'clock Friday. At that time, there were thirteen registered for the party. It takes considerable time to plan the necessary amounts of food for the various meals, and it is for this reason that registration should be closed at the time specified. However, Saturday the twenty-second, although registration had been officially closed the night before, I was notified that five more had signed up, making a total of eighteen. So, I took a chance and planned for twenty on Saturday night and twenty-five on Sunday. Thirty-two people showed up. Luckily, we did get by. This situation occurs every trip without our fail.

Another sad situation that seems to come up very often is that many of our members do not seem to know that when the Club has a scheduled trip to the Lodge, no one is allowed to prepare individual meals in the kitchen at any time, nor are they even supposed to enter the kitchen without the permission of the cook, unless they are on the work committee.

One thing we can be thankful for: With the probable discontinuance of the ration-point system, we most likely will be able to look forward to a few steak dinners and a little more variety in our meals.

I sincerely wish to thank the members for their cooperation.





### BRIGHTON LODGE

By Wynne Thomas

It was with wonderful foresight that the Club members planned for the future of the Club when they built the Lodge way back in 1929. The beautiful site at the head of Big Cottonwood Canyon was chosen as the home of the Club, and when there were sufficient funds, the Lodge was commenced, the the main room being built first.

About 1937, the kitchen was added, and improvements have been underway ever since, construction being slowed up only at times when it was impossible to get material and transportation.

The construction of the porch across the front of the building has been our most recent project of any size. Further tentative plans, which must have the prior approval of the Forest Service before any work is begun on them, call for the erection of a patio or open-air porch on the west side of the Lodge.

The past winter and summer have seen much activity at the Lodge. Many members, prevented by war-time travel restrictions from vacationing elsewhere, have used the Lodge almost continuously, and the scheduled Club trips there have been well attended.

It is anticipated that the demand for the Lodge this winter will be increased to such an extent that it may become necessary to limit registration on Club trips. Many factors contribute to this anticipated increase in attendance on Lodge trips: More transportation will be available; three ski tows will be operating at Brighton; and many of our members will be returning from the Armed Services.

In preparation for the heavy use of the Lodge this coming season, much work has been accomplished there. A large supply of fuel oil and coal has been stored, and wood has been gathered. The main floor has been sanded and oiled, which will protect it against the snow which is always tramped in during the winter. Oiling and sanding the floor has also put it in fine condition for dance purposes.

Wintertime is always so enjoyable at our home in Brighton, that many of us can hardly wait until the snow is deep again. Surely, too much thanks cannot be given to Dr. Earl Lambert, "Pa" Parry, Roy Erickson, Frank Duncan, Frank Trotter, Bill Ross, S. Dean Green, and others whose names are synonymous with hard work and a fraternal spirit.

### BOTANY

I have been asked to write a line  
About the spruce, the fir and pine,  
The cedar, aspen, oak, and birch,  
And balsam taller than a church;  
About the flowers in the dell,  
The paint brush bright—the shy bluebell;  
The countless scores of lovely flowers,  
Just naming them takes hours and hours.

But if some day you feel inclined,  
You may go hunting and you'll find  
Monkey flowers by a brook,  
Pink elephants in shady nook,  
Cattails and Duckweed in the pond,  
While Lady's Slippers grow beyond.  
Quaker Bonnets and mauve Monkshood.  
All growing in the shady wood.

Discreet daisies that never tell  
For they can keep a secret well.  
Or, you may find the Ice Plant small,  
The Fireweed standing bright and tall,  
Or Silverweed or Drops of Gold—  
Ah, here is wealth for you untold.  
So many wonders you will see,  
All part of Nature's mystery.

- Gertrude Heinecke

### CONGRATULATIONS, DOROTHY GREEN

After spending eleven months in the Pacific Theater of Operations with the WAC, Dorothy Green has been spending considerable time in and around Salt Lake this summer. She is the first woman in the P.T.O. to be promoted to the rank of Warrant Officer. Asked about her plans for the future, Dot said she hopes to be sent to Tokyo, or to Europe, if the Army has need of her services. Dorothy wears a bronze star on her campaign ribbon which indicates she took part in the Leyte operations.

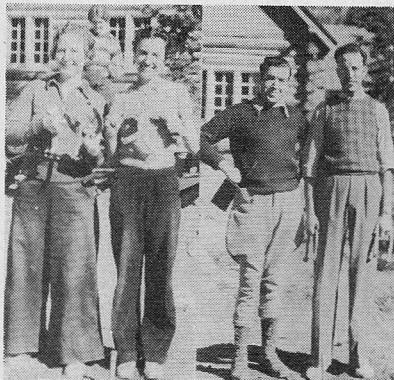
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We Had "Mellerdrammers"?



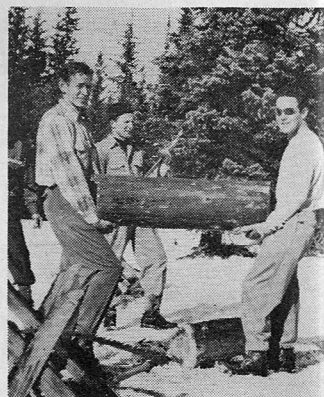
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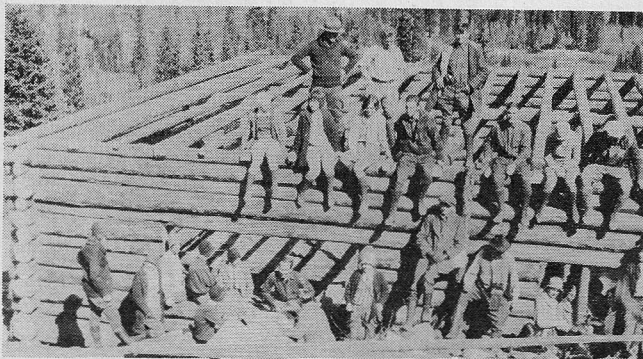
Van, Luke, Sammy, and Al  
Were Horseshoe Champions?



Kay Beck was I.A.S. Ski Queen?



We all Ge



The Lodge Looked Like This?



---Or Th



# member When —



ghton the Hard Way?



hered Wood?



6?



We had a Championship Baseball Nine?



We First Climbed  
The Grand Teton?



We Marked the Park City-  
Brighton Trail?



--And This?



THE OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS  
of the  
WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB  
1944-1945

Stanley A. Murdock	President
Ray Watrous	Vice-President and Commissary
Janet Christensen	Secretary
Janet Roberts	Treasurer
Stephen L. MacDonald	Trips and Outings
Joel Cobia	Transportation
William Kamp	Publicity
Jacke Wolfe	Membership
Wynne Thomas	Lodge
Paul Frederickson	Recreation
Bart Mitchell	Publications

(The following also served as Directors during this year: O'Dell Petersen, Vice-President and Publications; Harold Goodro, Trips and Outings; Fred Wolf, Lodge; and Charles Morton, Recreation.)

SOS FROM THE ENTERTAINMENT DEPARTMENT

By Paul C. Frederickson

The Entertainment Director of the Wasatch Mountain Club is ceaselessly looking for the type of entertainment everyone will enjoy. This, of course, calls for a wide variety.

The membership of this Club, I'm sure, has an untold number of its members with "hidden talent"—such as the possession of colored slide pictures, motion pictures, musical ability on different instruments, comic readings, and spontaneous art work, to mention a few.

If our treasury could stand it, we could hire professional entertainment—but that wouldn't be appreciated half as much as one or more of us taking our turn at entertaining.

A remarkable group of seventy-nine slide pictures of Southern Utah was shown by Dr. Sugden Saturday evening, September 22. Was something said about "professional entertainment"? We had it that night "for free". They were perfect!

Through the "grapevine", there is a rumor Steve MacDonald can draw a picture of real interest fast enough to keep an audience spellbound.

Your present Entertainment Director could, no doubt, name many more persons, if he had the privilege of meeting and knowing all of you. As an alternative, if there is any-

thing you can do, or if you know of the ability of some other club member, please drop a note to the Entertainment Director, in care of club headquarters.

Don't you try to be the judge of your talent. You can help us all have more fun, if you'll share it with us.

TRANSPORTATION OUTLOOK

By Joel Cobia

Of all the years of the Club's existence, probably the last two have been the most difficult, for, with war-time restrictions on gasoline and tires, and with bus transportation frozen for military needs, it has been an extremely hard task to provide ways and means of following our usual activities.

However, although our outings have been greatly curtailed, the Club has managed to function to a remarkable extent and has been instrumental in keeping up the morale on the "home front" and also giving outings to many in the armed services while they have been stationed in this part of the Country.

Too much credit cannot be given to those who have willingly used their cars and their precious gasoline and tires to make these trips possible and to keep the Club on an active basis.

Now, we are contemplating the chartering of the big buses again. Their use will aid in bringing the membership more closely together and in making the trips more enjoyable.



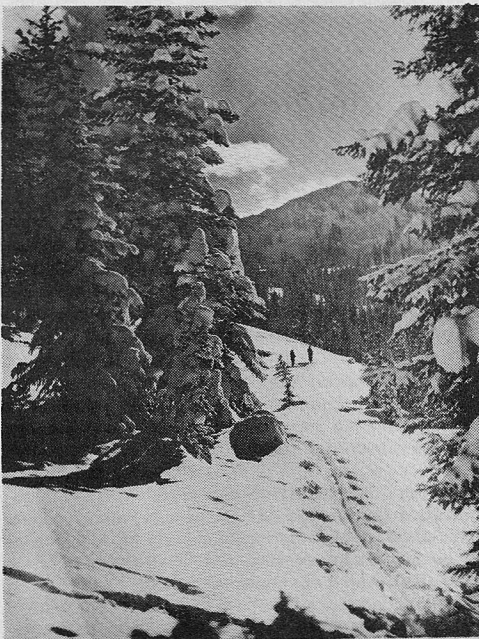
Member at Work

### LANGLAUF

In a thrilling contest marked as usual by at least one of the entrants' getting off the course and becoming lost, Orson Spencer, heretofore recognized for his Antelope to Black Rock swim records, gained new honors for himself when he pushed through the finish line in good form to win the Club's annual cross-country race, held early last Spring at Brighton.

Close behind him, in second place, came Fred Wolf, and O'Dell (Pete) Petersen finished third.

This race, which has come to be a traditional event in intermountain ski circles, is always looked forward to with tremendous enthusiasm, many of the contestants spending weeks beforehand getting in trim for it. It has done much to direct skiers' attention to Brighton and the possibilities it possesses of becoming one of the West's outstanding ski areas.



"On the Ski Trail"



"Albion Pass"

### SKI AND MOUNTAIN CORPS

As the Club's war-time activities are brought thankfully to a close, it is essential that some mention be made of the Ski and Mountain Corps of the Utah Council of Defense, for although it was not officially a part of the Wasatch Mountain Club, yet many of our members made up the dependable and original nucleus of the organization, which was composed of both men and women.

It was first projected as a rescue group and envisioned such emergencies as snow slides, airplane disasters in the mountains or snow at isolated points which could be reached by only experienced skiers or mountaineers, and similar types of work.

Organized at the suggestion of Mr. M. A. Strand, local and national ski officer, it was under the direction of Wasatch Mountain Club's C. R. ("Pa") Parry, who was Commander of the Salt Lake District. The Ski and Mountain Corps was approved as a part of the Civilian Defense organization of Utah in July, 1942.

The Corps aided in searches for several missing people, in airplane hunts, and also in fire patrol activities in the Wasatch Forest.

The training and experience gained by those who have been active members in this organization should prove of inestimable value from mountaineering and skiing standpoints.

As of October 1, the Corps as a Defense unit was disbanded, but will continue to function as the Utah Mountain Patrol, probably under the supervision of the State Highway Patrol. It will be composed of about twelve men.



# Ramblings

By Janet Christensen

Phil Miner, second lieutenant of the Air Transport Command who is now stationed in China, has recently been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross. Phil also wears two battle stars on his campaign ribbons and has the Air Medal. He has been overseas since October 21, 1944.

T/Sgt. Bob Cunningham joined the Army and has been seeing America first. Assigned to the statistical unit of the Air Corps, Bob has seen service in various parts of these United States. Information concerning his present whereabouts and his possible future Army service are not available as this issue is being prepared.

Sgt. Louise Wormdahl and Corp. Katherine Rauch of the Marine Corps Women's Reserve are anticipating an early discharge from their military duties. Louise now has more than the required number of points, but at present is classed as essential military personnel. She is stationed at San Francisco. Kay still lacks a few points, but will probably be discharged soon. She now is at Santa Ana, California.

Returning in the near future to Salt Lake from Springfield, Illinois, will be Mister Al Rogers who received his commission as a second lieutenant in the United States Army while in Australia. Al was among the very first group of men to receive commissions outside of the United States. He was on the first convoy which went to Australia after Pearl Harbor. Before he returned to this country in January of this year, Al was promoted to first lieutenant and has since been stationed in the United States. His honorable discharge, which is anticipated momentarily, has been long and greatly merited.

Vern Haugland, Associated Press reporter whose book "Letter from New Guinea" has received wide and favorable attention, was one of the first war correspondents to visit Hiroshima, scene of our first atomic bombing. His account of the trip and the devastation wrought by the bomb was quoted on many of the news broadcasts at the time.

Evangeline Cunningham, a former director of the Wasatch Mountain Club, is the incumbent president of the Federal Girls' Club, a group of women in Salt Lake employed by the Federal Government. That group's activities so far this year under her able direction have been outstanding.

Tom Degles, a second lieutenant in the new Transportation Corps, is now in Manila where he has been for the last several months. Tom was a member of the Mountain Troops until they were disbanded, and his assignment with the Transportation Corps should give him much interesting and varied experience.

Grace Drake, who was Commissary Director a few years ago, is now corresponding secretary of the National Secretaries Association, a recently organized group in Salt Lake City. This group has been regularly visiting some of the patients at Bushnell Hospital, thereby affording themselves and the men many hours of pleasure.

Prexy Stan Murdock has been hobbling around on a broken foot. His account of how he broke it is a good one; someday, though, we may know the real story.

Irene Geurts decided she was tired of the state of single bliss and yielded to the pleas of Ray who is just discharged from the Army. From here on in, she answers to the name of Mrs. R. W. Menefee.

Ardelle Carlson, too, broke her ankle while on her vacation with the ski corps this summer. Seems to us we remember she broke her leg skiing a few years ago. Too much is too much of such a thing.

Dorothy Davies and Elaine Okland decided they would like a change of scenery and are now in New York to study designing.

Bob Fugal has been released from the Navy. He says he is looking forward to trying out his skis with the Club this winter. In fact he has already been helping the fellows work on the ski tow.

Harold Goodro is holding his own in Radar training for Uncle Sam's Navy. He is at present in Del Monte, California, but wants to be back in the Wasatch Mountains.

It is understood that Melvin Henshaw is on his way home to be discharged from the Navy. We shall surely be glad to see him.

Art Johanson will be teaching us to ski again soon. That will seem like old times. He expects to be discharged from the Army before there is sufficient snow for skiing.

Capt. Ray McGuire was home on furlough about a month ago and surprised and pleased the club members by spending one of his weekends at Brighton with us. He reported that the Club had not changed a bit.

Gene Moench has also been home on leave and said that during his training he swore he would never hike again, but may change his mind about this when he gets home and won't have to take any orders from anyone but Elly.



## TRIPS AND OUTINGS

By Stephen L. MacDonald



"Superman" (Stan) Holds up Timpanogas

Planning a well-rounded schedule of outings for our Club in ordinary years is a difficult proposition because of the wealth of scenes and locations abounding in close proximity to Salt Lake City.

During the past several years, however, gasoline and tire rationing have limited our activities to a few trips, and those, of necessity, have had to be close to home.

With the cooperation of the various members of the Club who have saved their gasoline allotments for the Club's use, and the activities of the Ski and Mountain Corps, it has been possible to schedule trips and outings which, although not so numerous as in past years, have at least given the Club and its guests opportunities of enjoying brief respites from the work and worry occasioned by our war-time existence.

During the winter seasons, the always popular ski trips to Alta and Brighton have been well attended; and during the summers, close-in hikes and Lodge trips have broken the monotony of our steady work-grind.

Typical of the Lodge trips was that of June 23-24 which, in addition to being a work-trip, featured one of Pa Parry's unpredictable hikes which started out over a proven trail and ended up following a pipeline over a stream, through brush, snow, and things we couldn't recognize. It was a good trip for the rugged and insane.

Bowling, horseback riding, and parties at the beach also helped provide variety to the program. One of these was the Black Rock party of July 11 planned by Lee Steorts. Lois Gilner on that occasion demonstrated the proper way to approach a watermelon, and Carmen Cobia inspired the group in song around the campfire. A few people even went swimming.

With the end of gasoline rationing and the lifting of restrictions on the use of commercial buses, the outlook for renewed and increased activities of the Club has taken on a brighter hue. Future plans for the Club should encompass vacation trips to places such as the Arches Monument, Wayne Wonderland, the Southern Utah Canyons, and places of outstanding attraction in other nearby States, in addition to excursions to such interesting sites as China Town, Granddaddy Lakes, Puffer's Lake, the High Uintahs, and American Fork Twin Peaks, to mention a few. The list of desirable hikes and outings is inexhaustible. The great problem will be choosing the comparatively few which even an enlarged schedule can include.

## LODGE LIBRARY

It has been the wish of many that we might have at the Lodge a library of good reading material to peruse of an evening or during inclement weather.

The Board has appointed Ed. Grand-Pre (the builder of our porch recliners) to study the matter and design a bookcase in keeping with the main lodge room.

The donation of books and magazine subscriptions will be accepted by the Secretary. It is requested that all books be of recent printing. The subject matter, as a suggestion, should range from novels and war tales to botany, mineralogy, and astronomy.

Magazine subscriptions should be addressed to the Club at 224 South State Street. Books will be accepted by any of the Board members.

A suitable stamp will be made to mark all books and magazines given the Club as being the property of the Wasatch Mountain Club, and the name of the donor will also be shown.

## ALPINE SKI TRIP

By Norma Whitehead

After our stop at the meeting place in Orem and a few beers, malts, or cokes, we went on to Ray's cabin. We found he had several of his friends from Provo with him and there was a half-hearted poker game in session--nothing like the one after we arrived--and fine dance music.

We tried to do a Virginia Reel, but it wasn't too successful; so, as usual, Pete and Norm started a real poker game. As we don't all like poker (or can't afford it), we spontaneously began to play follow-the-leader, with Steve MacDonald and me being the leaders.

Naturally, everything was made as difficult as possible. The log across the stream looked like a good tree to go around. Pa Parry nearly got wet--and so did the rest of us. After walking through the woods, under low branches of pine trees, and cat-walking on narrow logs across the stream, we came to a tree stump, and all of us climbed on all at once. Hal Cutler was the last one up. He got the center which, of course, made it hard for the rest of us to stay on at all.

After a few songs, we headed over to the mountainside where there was snow. Skiing on it in our big ski boots was delightful. 'Course, Wally Wyman took an outstanding spill, going in head first, but on him it looked good. The rest of us didn't do so well either.

Then Pa led us. We crawled on our tummies to clear low branches and in between trees growing close together. This was a difficult task for Hal, especially the two which made a "V" at the bottom and had a wire around them about three feet from the ground. About here was where Lyman Moore nearly had his facial features changed. He shouldn't go to bed so early and hide away under a large pine tree without some kind of parking lights. Surely he has been with us long enough to know that anything can happen and usually does.

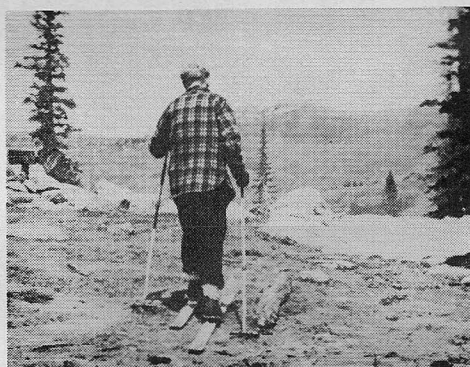
Exhausted, we finally went back to the cabin. There was a gorgeous moon, so all but the sissies slept outside.

In the morning, after breakfast, we each washed our own dishes and then lugged our skis over to the snow and headed for Mount Timpanogas. The majority of us climbed to the falls and then up to a ridge where we stopped to rest. One of Pete's skis slipped away and swooshed down the mountain. Ray, Lyman, and several of Ray's friends went up higher to a valley and skied down from there but the rest of us slid down from the ridge.

Pete looked real sharp coming down on his lone ski. The snow was very wet and soggy, but the day and the scenery were good.

We all took a sunbath after we returned to the cabin. Some important characters in the sun were Fred and Rose Wolf, LaRene Freckleton, Ruth Millius, Joel Cobia, Wally, Pete and Pinky, Dave Schlain, Lyman, Steve, Norm, and others.

The perfect day ended with a wonderful ride home with sunshine and springtime on the road and snow-capped mountains as a contrast for scenery.



(Picture by Neal Hansen)  
The Optimist

## BOUNTIFUL PEAK

By Dave Schlain and Steve MacDonald

The weasel, Joel Cobia's unique vehicle, got a work-out on this trip, and so did all who participated in it. Planned as an outing of the Civilian Defense group, it was made by eighteen people--Grace Moore was the only girl. Cars were used to provide transportation, and the weasel was taken along in a trailer.

When the snow was reached, a long rope was attached to the weasel, and it was used to tow the skiers. In several places, however, where a steep slope was traversed, the skiers had to hold the weasel on the side of the hill with ropes to keep it from rolling over, and in other places they had to push it up the sharp grades. At still other places, the weasel went through the brush, and the skiers got the brush-off.

The trip was novel and exciting for all, and, in spite of the weasel, they had a ride of almost a mile back.

(Ed. note: It is the earnest hope of all members that this famous contraption can be kept at Brighton this winter to facilitate packing food and other supplies in to the Lodge from the parking lot. Its use last winter was of great help to all who had to tote equipment or food to the Lodge.)



## THE BRIGHTON SKI TOW

By Joel Cobia

Begun August 16, 1944, the Club's ski tow on the Great Western slopes was ready for use last winter. The tow, a thousand-foot cable, reaches practically to the top of the mountain famous as the site for Club races at Brighton. It is powered by electric motors and was of great assistance to the Club members last winter. The tow is for the use of Club members and their guests, only.

Assisting me on the tow committee have been Ray Watrous, O'Dell Petersen, Bill C Kamp, Harry Ohrn, Wynne Thomas, Steve MacDonald, Paul Frederickson, Wallace Wyman, Jacke Wolfe, Chic Morton, and Harold Goodro. We have been aided by many other willing helpers from time to time.

Contributions to help defray the cost of the tow, which is valued at \$3,000 00, including estimated charges for labor, have been made by the following people:

John L. Anderson  
John Argentos  
Mrs. R. W. Bartlett  
Beverly Beck  
Bill Bancroft  
Carl Bauer  
Janet Christensen  
Joel Cobia  
"Cooks Union"  
Tom Degles  
Harry Fardellos  
Harold Goodro  
Glenn Green  
Robert Haedt  
Gertrude Heinecke  
H. A. Hilton  
Geraldine Irving  
L. C. Karriek  
Bill Lavender  
Marilyn Madsen  
Wenonah McGhan  
Ray McGuire  
Irene Geurts Menefee  
Evelyn Millard

Phil Miner  
Bart Mitchell  
Eugene Moench  
Dorothy Montor  
Charles Morton  
James Mulkern  
Stanley Murdock  
Norman Osborne  
C. R. Parry  
O'Dell Petersen  
Janet Roberts  
David Schlain  
Adrian Segil  
Emily Segil  
Orson Spencer  
Lee Steorts  
William Stillman  
"Suds Sippers"  
George Van House  
Ray Watrous  
Fred Wolf  
Jacke Wolfe  
Wallace Wyman  
Mrs. N. T. Zeigler

In addition, two parties at the Lodge brought in further revenue.

This fall has been the occasion of several special ski tow trips to make improvements in the cable guides and motor house. These changes have necessitated additional expenditures.

Those who have not had the opportunity to contribute to the Ski Tow Fund may do so by contacting any Board member.

The names of all additional donors will be listed in our next "Rambler".

The ski tow committee wish to thank all those who have aided in any way with this project.



The Pessimist

### NEW CLUB MEDALLION

There has long been a need for a Club insignia to identify us among large gatherings of skiers or hikers.

The Board is considering a washable, embroidered silk medallion to be sewed on the left sleeve, four inches from the shoulder seam, of shirts, jackets, and parkas.

The design will be similar to that of the metal pins which were used some years ago, and will embody the Sundial, the Club's emblem.

The reason for selecting the cloth medallion is that by ordering them in large quantities, their cost will be nominal, and all members may purchase one or several to use on their various sports attire.

For further information, ask any Board member after November 1, at which time it is expected these medallions will be available.

1944-1945 MEMBERSHIP LIST (REVISED)

Name	Address	Zone No.	Telephone No.
Allen, Mary Rose *	1328 Allen Park Drive		6-1925
Anderson, Guy	755 Tenth Avenue	(3)	3-8947
Anderson, John L.	2465 Monroe Blvd. - Ogden, Utah	(7)	
Anderson, Nephi L.	3716 South 23 East	(7)	7-3990
Argentos, John	133 South Main Street	(1)	
Axelrad, Bernard *	605 South 13 East Street	(2)	3-1194
Bancroft, W. E.	1177 Whitlock Avenue	(5)	6-6425
Bartlett, Loretta	125 South 3 East	(2)	4-2392
Bartlett, Mrs. R. W.	125 South 3 East	(2)	4-2392
Bauer, Carl	316 Third Avenue	(3)	5-6036
Beck, Beverly	1065 South 11 East	(5)	5-6706
Bowdidge, Jetta	3064 Highland Drive	(7)	7-0186
Bromley, Francis C.	973 Garfield Avenue	(5)	6-1042
Burke, Edwin E.	460 Redondo Avenue	(5)	7-0718
Carlson, Ardelle	1001 Lincoln	(5)	3-9881
Carlson, Martin	315 Park Avenue - Park City, Utah		163-J
Casto, Lew	2623 Casto Lane	(7)	
Cathcart, Betty	51 Vissing Place	(4)	3-3524
Christensen, Janet	440 South 9 West	(4)	4-9835
Circuit, Paul	505 First Avenue	(3)	4-8232
Cline, Ruth	156 "I" Street	(3)	3-6172
Cobia, Joel	523 Browning Avenue	(5)	6-0190
Conrad, Virginia	316 South 4 East	(2)	3-7960
Cox, Geraldine (Lt.) *	WAC L-915013 Officers Mail Section Ivory Field, Denver, Colorado		
Cunningham, Robert (Sgt.) *	575 East 2 South	(2)	4-7914
Cunningham, Van	2314 South 8 East	(5)	6-3318
Cutler, H. G.	1326 Harrison Avenue		6-6263
Davies, Dorothy	545 West 111 Street, Apt. E-6 New York City, New York		
Dawson, Kirby S.	1424 South 14 East	(5)	6-2822
Degles, Thomas (Lt.) *	4574 Highland Drive	(7)	Hol. 29-W
Diehl, Margaret	46 South 7 East	(2)	4-1690
Dorton, Virginia	162 "I" Street	(3)	3-9306
Drake, Grace	440 East 3 South - Apt. 40	(2)	
Duerkop, Harry	2236 Kenilworth Avenue Los Angeles, 26, California		
Duncan, Frank M.	480 East 3 South	(2)	3-1468
Dutcher, Woodrow	609 Redondo Avenue	(5)	6-6682
Erickson, Ruth E.	306 East 3 South	(2)	5-3711
Fardellos, Harry			
Ford, F. W.	1129 East 7 South	(5)	5-3134
Fox, Leo *	80 "P" Street	(3)	5-1917
Freckleton, LaRene	1542 West 8 South	(4)	4-7029
Frederickson, Paul C.	2019 McClelland Street	(5)	7-6435
Fugal, Robert			
Gardiner, Wm. Stewart *	S/K 2c ACE SPD Navy 230 Fleet Post Office San Francisco, California		
Gilner, Lois	934 Park Row	(5)	3-9306
Gordon, Verona	1205 East South Temple		4-4230
Gordon, Mrs. Donna	Bountiful, Utah		693-W
Goodro, Harold *	2350 East 48 South	(7)	Hol. 314-J
Grand-Pre, Edgar V.	3004 South State	(5)	
Grantier, R. K.	210 Kearns Building	(1)	6-7723
Green, Dorothy (W.O.) *	224 Iowa Street		
Green, Glen	1365 South Main	(5)	
Green, Jack H.	2621 Alden		7-4247
Green, S. Dean	2515 Beverly Street	(5)	6-8896



Haedt, Robert *	U. S. N. R. Naval Ordnance Depot Canton, Ohio		
Hall, Genevieve *	A. A. Reg. Hospital - Kearns, Utah c/o The American Red Cross	( 5-7571 (Ex. 600	
Hales, Irene *	SP (T) 2C Naval Air Station Livermore, California		
Haugland, Vern *	c/o Associated Press - Herald-Express Building Los Angeles, California		
Heinecke, Gertrude	49 South 4 East Street - Apt. 107	(2)	4-7124
Henshaw, Melvin *	963 West 2 North		
Hilton, Herman A. *	c/o Ralph H. Hilton, 725 Thirteenth Avenue Oakland, California		
Hintze, Avon	2276 South 22 East		6-4771
Hollenbeck, Henry C. *	Air Transport Squadron Five, U. S. Naval Air Station Seattle, Washington		
Iverson, Mrs. H. G.	7990 S. W. Valley View Court Portland (1), Oregon		
Jensen, Betty Jean (Ens.) *	(NC) U. S. Naval Hospital Oceanside, California		
Jensen, Donald M. *	122 First Avenue	(3)	4-4846
Jensen, Dott	1627 East 3350 South		6-3850
Jensen, Virginia	1068 Yale Avenue	(5)	4-9761
Johansen, Art *			
Johns, Emery F.	1144 East 8 South	(5)	4-2632
Johnson, Phyllis	530 East 1 South	(2)	3-6068
Johnston, Joe	2035 Hubbard Avenue	(5)	5-3774
Joufflas, Sophia (Ens.) *	(NC) U. S. Naval Hospital Oceanside, California		
Kamp, William C.	3631 South West Temple	(5)	Mur. 173-J
Kemp, Opal	391 North Main	(3)	
Kolbezen, Martin *			
Kolby, L. A.	657 Downingtown Avenue	(5)	7-3005
Koziol, F. C.	766 Douglas Street	(2)	3-2379
Lambert, Dr. E. W.	1175 Laird Avenue	(5)	6-1872
Larson, E. N.			
Labrum, Willard *	6412 South 9 East	(7)	
Lamont, Ira A., Jr.	2411 Walker's Lane	(7)	
Lamoreau, Warwick C.	1087 South 11 East		5-1289
Laughlin, James	6053 South 23 East		Hol. 54
Lignell, Einar	1764 South 3 East	(5)	6-3755
Linklater, Betty V.	480 "F" Street		4-4192
Lund, Orin L. *	1221 North First Street Phoenix, Arizona		
McGhan, Wenonah	655 Downingtown Avenue	(5)	6-3297
McGuire, Ray (Capt.) *			
MacDonald, Stephen L.	72 "M" Street	(3)	4-9380
Madsen, Marilyn	1267 Crystal Avenue	(5)	
Manning, Nellie May	60 South 8 East	(2)	5-6095
Mason, William			
Meacham, Eddie J. *	2029 Westminster Avenue	(5)	7-4726
Menefee, Mrs. R. W.	228 Canyon Road	(3)	4-3301
Mikals, Julia M. (Lt.) *	M882 PT Sq. M. 420th AAF, BU March Field, California		
Milius, Ruth	869 Kensington Avenue	(5)	6-2260
Miner, Phil (Lt.) *	825 East 17 South	(5)	6-2988
Mitchell, Bart	534 Columbus Street	(3)	5-1984
Mitchell, J. Clayton	534 Columbus Street	(3)	5-1984
Moench, D. Eugene *	858 Logan Avenue	(5)	6-5050
Morton, Charles B.	766 East 6 South	(2)	5-1581
Murdock, Stanley A.	64 White Place	(5)	7-2212
Mulkern, James (Lt.) *	814 First Avenue		

Neilson, N. P.	563 Eighth Avenue	(3)	5-7843
Nelson, J. Emer	2965 South State	(5)	
Nenow, Mrs. Arthur	520 Lowell Avenue		5-2224
Neslen, Clarence C. (Col.)*	313 Third Avenue	(3)	4-3731
Netolicky, Dr. *			
Newman, Bert *			
Ohrn, Harry	2027 McClelland Street		7-6435
Okland, Elaine	545 West 111 Street, Apt. E6 New York City, New York		
Olmstead, Roland M.	1680 East 3350 South		6-2237
O'Niell, Mike	440 Eleventh Avenue	(3)	4-4875
Osborne, Norman	1168 East 6 South	(5)	3-7061
Paddock, Johnny	Rt. 1 - Box 619 - Provo, Utah		
Page, Meredith	Riverton, Utah		
Parry, Clarence R.	248 South Main	(1)	6-4373
Petersen, O'Dell	866 Pacific Avenue	(4)	5-7216
Rauch, Adeline	567 Tenth Avenue	(3)	5-5005
Rauch, Katherine L. (Corp.)*	M.C.W.R. AWRB-10, Bks 268 MCAS El Toro - Santa Ana, California		
Richards, Julia E.	1240 East South Temple		4-3100
Rogers, A. W. (Lt.) *	1395 East 3010 South		
Roberts, Janet	1403 East 9 South	(5)	4-2976
Ross, William J.	1319 Sherman Avenue	(3)	6-3476
Schlain, David	465 Eighth Avenue	(3)	5-7306
Segil, Adrian *	1347 Fillmore Street	(5)	6-3101
Segil, Emilie	1347 Fillmore Street	(5)	6-3101
Shane, James *			
Sorenson, Marion	747 North 2 West		5-1548
Spencer, Orson	25 "Q" Street	(3)	4-9183
Stirland, Mrs. Gwen	3030 Connor Street		
Steorts, Lee D. *	435 University Street		6-2505
Styles, Marion	132 South Main		4-8342
Talbot, Margene	Box 215 - Farmington, Utah		119-W
Tangren, W. C.	468 "L" Street	(3)	3-8263
Thomas, Jack	352 Post Street	(4)	3-2186
Thomas, Wynne	126 "K" Street	(3)	3-5155
Tobin, Mary	471 Garfield Avenue	(5)	6-1451
Trottier, Frank	1444 East 17 South	(5)	6-7426
Unseld, George P.	534 Columbus	(3)	
Van Derck, Patricia	351 "L" Street	(3)	5-3087
Van House, George (Lt.) *	1039 Pleasant Street Oak Park, Illinois		
Watrous, Ray	1720 Redondo Avenue	(5)	6-5477
Weenig, Fred M. *	413 Seventh Avenue	(3)	
White, Ken L.	774 Roosevelt Avenue		7-0877
White, Lloyd G. *	U.S.C.G. Unit 338 c/o Fleet Post Office San Francisco, California		
Whitehead, Norma	749 Logan Avenue	(5)	6-7055
Wolf, Fred	c/o General Delivery - Juneau, Alaska		
Wolfe, Hubert	1476 Michigan Avenue	(5)	4-1357
Wolfe, Jacke	1197 Driggs Avenue		6-3785
Wormdahl, Louise (Sgt.)*	851 California Street - Apt. 25 San Francisco, 25, California		
Wullstein, LeRoy H.	454 Tenth Avenue	(3)	3-9479
Wyman, Wallace	1111 East 4 South	(2)	4-5461
Yergensen, Delbert M. *	Monroe, Utah		
Ziegler, Mrs. N. T.	454 Tenth Avenue	(3)	3-9479
Zumwalt, Fred M.	2850 Dearborn Street		6-0269

\* Currently in military service





## *Jacke Wolfe*

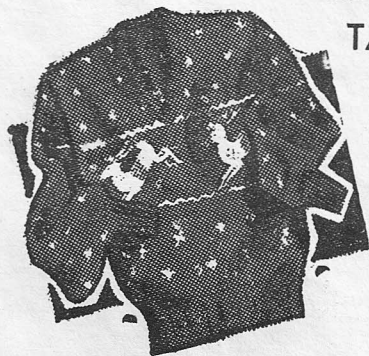
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**225 EDISON STREET**

## *Jacke Wolfe* **OUTDOOR SPORTS SKI SHOP**

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