



1946

The

Rambler

PUBLISHED
BY

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

STOP AT
THE
BALSAM INN

WHEN YOU
SKI AT BRIGHTON



LODGINGS
MEALS

BEER — SANDWICHES — SOFT DRINKS
CIGARS CIGARETTES

OPEN ALL YEAR



PAUL G. DAVIS
Owner



Wasatch Mountain Club Lodge

THE RAMBLER

Published by the Wasatch Mountain Club

1946

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OUR CLUB

The Wasatch Mountain Club is a non-profit co-operative club, organized for the purpose of encouraging outdoor recreation; to unite the energy, interest, and knowledge of students and 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 wonders of this and surrounding states and to help in advertising the natural resources and scenic beauties of the State of Utah; to encourage preservation of forest flowers and natural scenery as well as wild animal and bird life.

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1945 - 1946**

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year.

A CHALLENGE

By STANLEY A. MURDOCK

The Wasatch Mountain Club has a record and tradition of civic service, state wide travels, mountain heights scaled and local Brighton hospitality.

Today we are on the threshold of new opportunities challenging our attention and requiring our active participation as clubs and as individuals accepting committee leadership.

First within our fiscal year is our Fall Fashion Ski Show of Intermountain Ski Association fame. This will require our selecting and promoting a beauty queen through the wholehearted support and attendance of our membership.

Next the full facilities of our Lodge through the winter months must be maintained at a high level for the benefit of our members and their guests. Likewise the Ski Tow must be operated in an efficient and hazardless manner.

With the coming of spring the Utah Centennial must be the focal point of our club's itinerary so that we can best serve the visiting strangers within our midst, perhaps even to being a Guide Service to the many mountain scenic trails.

In the fall our role shall be that of host to the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, our Lodge their headquarters for the Sixteenth Annual convention. Already it is estimated that 200 delegates will attend from the 25 clubs. Our program and entertainment for them will require the combined efforts of our club's personnel.

During the calendar year of 1945, 510,000 people visited the canyon areas adjacent to Salt Lake City. Of this total, 267,000 were in Big Cottonwood Canyon, 152,000 in Mill Creek Canyon, and 35,000 in Little Cottonwood Canyon.

These are war time attendance figures and the current year of 1946 will see a total of around one million people. Already the four day period over the 4th of July of this year saw 41,069 persons in Big Cottonwood Canyon, and 8,134 in Little Cottonwood Canyon.

Such figures as these bring home the popularity of Big Cottonwood Canyon in summer and proportionately the increasing growth of the winter needs for greater housing facilities, larger parking areas, pure drinking water and proper sewage for the Brighton area.

All these things are contingent upon an adequate sewage system to insure the normal growth and health of the Brighton area.

As an outstanding organization and a gravely concerned club, this need must be brought to the attention of the proper authorities in our county by the Wasatch Mountain Club members and officers.

These things are our problems and our opportunities. How shall we act?

(signed) Stanley A. Murdock

MOUNTAIN CLUBS IN MOUNTAIN RECREATION

By F. C. KOZIOL

Supervisor of Wasatch National Forest

Guided leadership, organized and directed enthusiasm, high level dependability, membership representing the true lovers of the mountains, and all that they embrace in nature's masterpieces; the mountain clubs of the west today can form the core of the future conservation pattern of the great forested recreation area of the west.

Among the well known western mountain clubs, Utah's Wasatch Mountain Club is one of the best. Well established, well known and respected, always strong and active, it has been the pillar of summer and winter mountaineering throughout the Intermountain region. Its broad perspectives and long range viewpoints in its selected field of mountain recreation have been a revelation to many a mountaineer and forester who have watched the administration of its programs and the execution of its plans from season to season and from year to year. The Wasatch Mountain Club is an active and progressive institution and one that will add wealth and permanency to the mountain recreational resources of Utah.

It is a wholesome and inspiring experience to be able to work with such an excellent group of people as the membership of the Wasatch Mountain Club. There is vigorous leadership, consistent forward progress, unselfishness and always alertness as to methods and means whereby the enjoyment of the mountains can be brought to more people summer and winter at a moderate cost.

By precept and example the Wasatch Mountain Club has been a great missionary and motivating force. Its activities have set a

splendid example. Unfortunately it has not publicized all of its fine work sufficiently. Perhaps the membership committee squelches too much publicity, fearfully thinking of the possible results. After all, the club must be one of a limited membership.

Forest Service people feel that mountain clubs have an important function to perform in many fields of mountain recreation.

First we believe they should set the pattern of organized leadership. Next they can set the example as to traditional habits and dependability in mountain recreation travel and practices. Vandalism by irresponsible individuals on improvements and properties within the mountain areas of the west are too numerous and costly and must be curtailed. Mountain clubs can help in this through an educational program.

Another thing mountain clubs should assume as one of their responsibilities, is the preaching of safe practices in mountain travel, both winter and summer. I believe the Wasatch Mountain Club has gone far ahead in this. Also in this respect mountain clubs should help plan and install systems of cabins and shelters for emergency as well as regular use. In Utah we are far behind other areas in this respect.

The Wasatch Mountain Club has set an excellent example for cooperation with the Wasatch National Forest. It has been helpful in fire prevention, in planning and suggesting improvements, in offering assistance in many projects, and in keeping its fine Brighton Lodge in top condition.

Mountain clubs can render a great service to mountaineering and mountain recreation in a score of ways not only to its active members but also to the general public.

These great mountains of ours are public properties. Their full use and enjoyment for recreational purposes to improve the American way of life is still a vision of the future—the mountain clubs of today with their democratic pattern of organizational government can help to bring the richness of the mountains to the valley people.

* * *

The Stork Club

Louise and Tom Degles are happy to announce their first born heir is a son, Robert, born February 18th. Since the event they have celebrated by taking an extended tour of the northwest and Canada. And as a result they have some very fine colored slides that we would like to see at the first opportunity.

Not to be outdone by the above, Cleo and Bill Kamp hurriedly announced the birth of a second heir, a son, William Paul, (Billy to all his Mountain Club aunts and uncles) born August 15th. Bill says, "if you think we took many colored pictures of Bonnie Jean, I'm getting film wholesale now."

The Fred Weenigs proudly announce the birth of a baby girl born in August. Fred was our Club's delegate to the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs held this year at Mendocino Woodlands, California, and he almost had to race from his wife's bedside to make the meetings August 31 through September 2. Fred will make a full report on the Convention to the Club very soon.

* * *

"Something New"

Extension Membership and New Rules on Reinstatement

By GEO. VAN HOUSE

Mountain Club members who leave the Salt Lake area may now maintain an Extension Membership in the club for \$1.50 a year. A new By-Law passed by the Board of Directors at its regular meeting August 7 allows members who move their place of residence to a point more than 50 miles from Salt Lake City to maintain their membership and receive all regular club publications. They may exercise full membership privileges while visiting this area with the exception of voting, and must revert to a regular membership within 60 days after returning to this community.

Another By-Law passed at the same meeting allows reinstatement of former members by a favorable vote of the Board of Directors upon payment of \$2.00 reinstatement fee. They formerly were required to pay the full \$5.00 initiation fee required of new members.

The Extension Membership was instituted because a large number of members have left the vicinity in the last few years and dropped from membership, but have expressed a desire to keep in touch with their friends in the club and receive club publications if they could do so for a nominal amount. The \$1.50 yearly covers the cost of the publications and it was felt this amount was sufficient in view of the fact that the extension members are unable to make regular use of their lodge and membership privileges.

The \$2.00 reinstatement fee applies to all persons who have allowed their membership to lapse, including those who fail to pay their regular dues before the expiration of the grace period, January 1. It was believed this By-Law would make it easier for former members to return to the club and would be sufficient penalty for delinquency in payment of dues to minimize a headache which besets the club secretary every January because of members who fail to pay their dues on time.

SNOW BASIN

By VAL OSBORNE

At the Intermountain Amateur Ski Meet held at Ogden's Snow Basin on February 3rd, Wasatch Mountain Club was represented by Lee Steorts and Carl Chindgren. Lee placed second in class B, gliding over the finish line just five tenths of a second behind Earl Miller of Timpanogas.

W. M. C. was well represented that day by forty skiers who came to cheer our representatives and also to try out the famed mile-long chair lift. That was really a breathtaking moment when you reached the top of the lift. A chilling wind tore at your parka as you gazed out across the vast terrain of ice-blue mountains. And then your eyes turned to the ski hill, or rather, mountain, before you, and the beginner really lost his breath. Cars and people below looked lilliputian. But for experts such as Bill Kamp, Janet, Irene, and LaRene, this smooth windswept course was a thrill to ride. Some of these people rode the lift a dozen times or more. Ray, Mel, Stu, and Sid played a fast game of "follow the leader" down the mile long slope. It took thirteen minutes to ride to the top and only two minutes plus for the dexterous to come down. Orson Spencer and Wynne Thomas claimed they beat the record by seconds, but they had no definite proof so it can be considered propaganda.

When the lift finally stopped, the zealous skiers came back to the bus with ruddy faces and windblown hair. Georgia Hansen was given an ovation for being the best lift rider of the day. She was smart. She bought a round trip ticket.

* * *

Let's advertise our club. Wear your Club Emblems. Anyone wishing Club Emblems contact any board member.

TIMPANOGAS CAVE TRIP

By MARY VAN HOUSE

For most of the Mountain Club members, the Timpanogas Cave tour was perhaps just the first spring trip of the year and the renewal of an old favorite, but for me it was my first outing with the Club. I looked forward to the trip with a feeling of anticipation mixed with just a little fear it might be too difficult for me. George had assured me it was "easy" but I wasn't too sure what his idea of "easy" was, especially when he reminded me that the vertical climb of 1200 feet was almost exactly equivalent to climbing to the top of the Empire State Building in my home city of New York, without benefit of elevators.

I was first impressed with the friendliness and fellowship shown by the 25 or so members in the bus. It seemed a very short time from the departure from Salt Lake City until we arrived at the Timpanogas Ranger Station. In a few minutes we were on the trail. At first it seemed a little steep but soon I became so interested in the view I forgot the effort and was surprised at how quickly we gained elevation.

Although our guide through the cave expressed disappointment that Dr. Marsell could not be present to add to our and his geologic knowledge to the cave, he showed us many parts of the magnificently beautiful cave that are not ordinarily shown to visitors, so many in fact that the party behind us caught up with us.

The trail seemed much steeper going down but soon we were back at the ranger station sipping cokes, after which we ate our lunches in the picnic grounds. After lunch

several of the fellows—I think it was Jim Shane, Lee Steorts, Steve MacDonald, and Harold Goodro—entertained us with some "acrobatics," jumping from rock to rock in the swollen stream while all the camera enthusiasts waited with ready lenses, with the ill-concealed hope somebody would fall in. Of course, it really wasn't Jim Shane's fault that a tree limb broke while he was swinging across, but he took credit for the season's first unintentional bath.

We were back in Salt Lake by mid-afternoon but it seemed the hike was only a warmup for many of the members, so the day was climaxed by an impromptu tennis party at the Victory courts. My first outing with the club was a huge success.



Timpanogas Trip

* * *

Woman of the Week

For her outstanding war work, Mrs. N. T. Ziegler was elected by radio station KALL as Woman of the Week last March. A fifteen minute radio program was given in her honor and Colonial Flower House presented her with a lovely orchid. Mrs. Ziegler gave countless hours of her time to the USO, Russian War Relief, and for a year, aided in keeping open an information booth for service men.

* * *

"TERMITE TO YOU OR FICTION OVER FACT"

By LARENE FRECKLETON

Champ, Champ, Crunch, Crunch,—ho-hum,—who's got an extra toothpick—I just ate my last one. Ya know, it's kinda nice being the only termite in the club lodge. I have a ten course dinner three times a week and pot luck the rest so as to conserve and keep in good standing with my hosts, the Wasatch Mountain Club.

Yes indeed, I often make sacrifices, as for instance the night of Hallowe'en, I had dedicated the big, fat tender center beam of the lodge to my dinner and had just started on the first course when I was rudely interrupted by a hammer beating its hard head against the dessert section. It seems as though people had arrived to make the lodge fancy for the Hallowe'en party. Decorations were being strung from rafter to rafter and horrible skeletons were rubbing elbows in the shadows. Who am I, said me to myself, to interrupt the fun,—so for fear of collapsing the prettily decorated rafter, I ambled over to a corner to watch the fun.

Suddenly the door burst open and in danced a dozen chilly breezes with a crowd of people in tow. Oh, what characters they were, all in bright colors and costumes that made me bat my long shiny eye lashes. And to top it off they wore masks which concealed their faces—yes—very, very flattering.

However, they couldn't deceive me for long and I soon discovered their true identity. There was a dashing Spanish cavalier and his beautiful senorita who, I soon learned, were Norm and Val Osborne. Such a crowd, and oh yes, surely that couple over there was Steve and Elizabeth MacDonald. I kept peering around and very soon I learned the identity of Paul and Dorothy Frederickson, and also Jerry and Wynne Thomas. And goodness me, there's an idiot, or on second thought could it be Ray Wat-

rous—just look at that long shaggy black hair hanging down in his vacant staring eyes.

I decided to trade in my perch by the chilly doorway for a birdseye view, so I strolled to the top of the pillar by the fireplace and gazed in utter fascination at the sprightly reflections that were playing on the bald head of George Ade, an English guest. Sprawled nearby in an easy chair was Jack Wolfe, whispering sweet somethings to Georgia, while Roland Olmstead was practicing a very tempting hula in his new grass skirt.

However, I was soon disturbed by a loud noise and left the warm and comfortable fireside to see what the racket was all about. Tut, tut, a big bad pirate had just come in and shot two or three ladies. Sad world that it was—a few tears escaped and fell on the part of Norma Whitehead that was white. I blinked the other eye and a couple of tears landed on her darker half—no, not her husband but the negro half of her costume. The tears stopped, however, when I heard the roguish pirate, Stan Murdock, swear his gun was not loaded and saw him offered first prize for his costume.

The merry crowd then tackled the intricate trick of placing a tail on a donkey—heaven knows why—good riddance I'd say. Just then Ardelle and Janet caught sight of those very, very "shapely" ladies, Orson and Chick, and interested them in a vigorous square dance.

About then I felt the need of a pick me up. I slid down the pole on which Adrian Segil's shoulder blades were resting and rushed into "Joe's Joint," for some "Turpentine on Tap."

And there I was
And there I am
Champ, Champ
Crunch, Crunch
and
Gurgle, Gurgle

* * *

SKIING LESSONS

By FLOREEN RANDS

To enjoy skiing you've got to put skis on and ski yourself. A few who are talented pick up skiing with no effort at all, but for the most of us we just dream of skimming down the mountain with no trouble at all, and only realize we had better take lessons after we have taken a few dozen headers into the snow.

You know of people who have skied for a number of years, but haven't progressed in the art. You see some of the Army personnel who yell "Timber" and then schuss it, and everyone clears a path. It all adds up to taking lessons. There are some of us who wouldn't ever be good skiers, but there is no doubt that we can improve with teaching and practice. Even the professionals practice the snowplow turn before racing. And most of the colleges give lessons in skiing now.

Art Johansen is credited with the improvement in skiing of most of the Wasatch Club members. He gives freely of his knowledge of the technical points, and is so patient and encouraging. Every Sunday morning at ten Art is out on the practice hill willing to give his time and talent to improve us who hope to be able to come down a fairly steep hill without diving into the snow. It seems so simple the way Art does it, but so difficult when you try to do it yourself.



The Ski Class

Skiing is a sport enjoyed by all ages. It appeals to grandparents who can enjoy their leisurely cross country stroll on skis, as much as to the kids getting a thrill out of their first downhill run. And whatever form skiing takes, it is inevitable that getting out in the sun and fresh air for exercise in the winter months, which are generally spent too much indoors, has a very beneficial effect on the health and physique of the participants. Then, too, you get a glimpse of the winter fairyland; blue skies, tall green pines, and the glistening snow.

Take lessons and enjoy skiing to its utmost.

* * *

Yet to be Patented

Orson Spencer would like some skis with tips on both ends so that he could go forward or backward with equal ease. Saves turning, he claims.

* * *

Norma Whitehead's contribution to science would be a small parachute that would open by pressing a button. When she gained too much speed, this would slowly bring her to earth again with no sitzmarks resulting.

* * *

Norman Osborne thinks a jet propelled rocket affixed to him would be nice for going up the ski slopes. Imagine the interest a skier would create by doing stem christies *UP* the hill.

* * *

A REPORT FROM THE LODGE DIRECTOR

By WILLIAM THOMAS

The war is over, peace again. Now the members are using their beautiful and spacious lodge at Brighton in ever increasing numbers. We are expecting, this coming winter season greater turnouts than ever before. It is understood that the road commission will keep the road open near our lodge when the chair-lifts are built at Brighton. However, they will not be completed this year, but are supposed to be ready for the next ski season.

In view of the fact that the lodge will be accessible during the winter months to non-skiers as well as skiers, and in anticipation of the large turnouts expected, we are installing a furnace in the basement.

A really big job started one evening at board meeting when Ray Watrous said he had an old furnace that the club could have if they wanted it. Well, we wanted it so we went to look it over and noticed he had another furnace with a blower also. He said we might get it for a small price and it was through his efforts that we did get it.

Now we had a furnace but we needed space under the lodge to install it. And, as many members remember only too well, to get more room under the lodge isn't easy. But, as usual, the club had just the right members for such a job, the members in the "bureau of mines!" Doug Elkins brought all of the tools necessary for removing the dirt and rocks, a pick for Henry Snedden, and a shovel for Dave Schlain. With Wally Wyman and Marion Beck's help, the basement was completed.

But that wasn't all that was needed to install the furnace, a chimney had to be built.

It just happened that our old friend, Ebbe, paid us a visit at the right time. He arrived, newly married, and on his honeymoon, but that didn't stop him from building the chimney for us. However, he had to leave before he had it quite completed, so with the help of Carl Bauer and Ed. Burke, the chimney was finished. Paul Fredrickson said he should build the cold air duct as he was the skinny one to crawl under the lodge. However, I think his son, Ronny, did the real close work for him.

The lodge has needed painting for quite some time but we didn't have a ladder that would reach the gables. Stan found a good extension ladder which he brought up to the lodge on his ski rack. The ladder will remain at the lodge for future work of this nature. Stan said he was too large to be on such a tall ladder and needed someone like Lee Steorts to paint, so Lee it was that painted the lodge, with "Pa" Parry and Naomi Gardiner doing their share also. The building and "Pa" were both well painted. Stan found a ladder just his size and with the help of George Van House, oiled the logs, which were badly in need of it.

Pete has been doing a splendid job recovering some of the chairs and rockers. Roy Rands is building us a new ping pong table, which is very much needed.

As the season comes to a close, and all of this work has been completed, I, as lodge director, am very happy to know so much *can*, and has been accomplished, and deeply appreciate the help each member put forth on these different jobs.

* * *

A Little Corn

"This means a good deal to me," said Poker Pete as he stacked the cards.

* * *

DOWNHILL YACHTING

By STU GARDINER

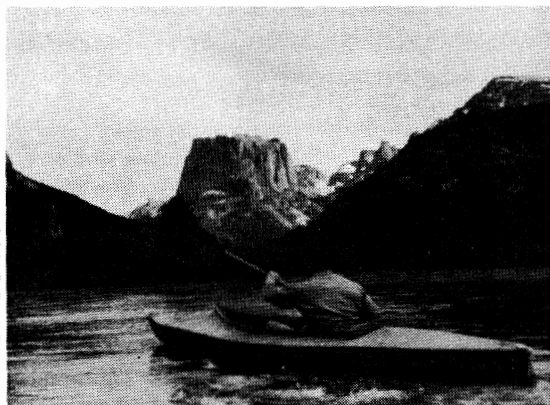
Rapidly disappearing corn snow and rising mountain streams are the signs that it is time for the "Skier-River Rats" to store away the hickories and dust off the bags containing their collapsible "Yachts." White water boating is a logical complementary sport for the skiing mountaineer.

After the snow has melted from the higher peaks, it can still give one some thrilling rides through canyon gorges. The courage and timing developed on the ski slopes during the winter months will prove of great value in running a foldboat down a white water schuss or through a water slalom studded with granite "gates".

But the pleasures of downhill-yachting are not confined to the thrills and spills of running rapids. The endless panorama of mountain scenery as seen from a boat drifting effortlessly with the current brings a peace and contentment that pushes the troubles of a harried world out of one's thoughts completely. The suspense of wondering what new adventure lies around each bend of the stream keeps one keyed to a mild pitch of excitement. Perhaps it will be a rough, rocky stretch to test ones skill with the paddle—or a doe with fawn at the water's edge watching with startled eyes, wondering what sort of a strange creature comes so quietly down the stream.

The fisherman finds a new thrill in fly fishing from the smoothly drifting boat, working the bucktails in under grassy banks or seeing a trout rise to a perfect float with a dry fly; and the hunter will never forget the sport of jump shooting during the duck hunting season. A brace of mallards rising noisily from the stream as one coasts around the bend offers an elusive target.

The Wasatch mountains offer some interesting downstream cruises—the most popular being various stretches of the Provo and



Foldboating on Green Lakes

Weber rivers. Farther from home streams of all types and sizes can be found to furnish the sport desired. If it is smooth riding, try the Snake river below Moran or the Madison and Yellowstone rivers in the Park. Something a little faster and more exciting can be found in the white waters of the Hoback, Snake river narrows, Shoshone, Wind River, Crystal, Roaring Fork, Madison below Hebgon Lake, headwaters of the Colorado and many others. Or, if it is adventure one wants, tackle a wilderness trip on the Green, Colorado and San Juan rivers in Utah or the Middle Fork and "River of No Return" (Salmon) in the primitive area of central Idaho. All of these streams and hundreds more flow through virgin territory in our Rocky Mountains offering a new and exciting way to enjoy the grandeur of our mountain scenery.

And so you Hikers, Skiers and Mountaineers—try a "rubber tub" downhill cruise to round out your enjoyment of Mountain Ramblings.

* * *

A TRIP TO REMEMBER

By MEL HENSHAW

The eleven members, including four of our more courageous gals, will not soon forget the trip to the Wind Rivers over Decoration Day and week end.

Not knowing just what to expect at such an early date in such a remote area, preparations were made for most any conditions. Everything from bathing suits and dancing slippers to skis and ice axes were loaded on the chartered bus in which we were to travel to Burris, the beginning of the pack-in trail.

There we were met by Floyd (Snowshoe) Wilson, the guide and operator of the base camps for which we were bound. We traded the comfort of our bus for a truck and headed up Dry Creek Canyon, along a road which was nothing more than two tire tracks running through the sage.

After a few miles you suddenly find that the truck is climbing up and up over the smooth rolling hills and you are beginning to strain your neck for a sight of the mighty mountains, but all you can see are hills and sky.

Oh, Oh! look at that sky, blacker'n h---. Here it comes, yes sir, a 'good ol' January snowstorm and here it is nearly June. A few more miles of this and a few more inches of snow and sure enough we're stuck. So it is all out for the "trek in that won't strain the softest city slicker", according to the propaganda pamphlet. Believing this and being true mountaineers, ahem, we declined having the pack mules carry our pack sacks in, (foolish people).

Leaving our skis for the mules to bring in we shouldered our packs and lit out towards a huge rounded snow covered peak we could see in the distance. Five miles later it was still in the distance when we encountered a welcome sight, a tent, a fire, and a pile of beds and mattresses. This is it, we thought,

but no, we learned from a hoss wrangler that this was just a supply dump and only about halfway to our camp, and that rounded snow covered mountain was "Horse Ridge", over 11,500 high, which stood between us and our destination.

Pushing on and up we soon learned that we would have been wiser to have let the mules have our packs and had taken our skis with us as we were plowing through huge snowfields. Struggle, struggle, puff, puff, up and up and still not even a glimpse of the mighty Wind Rivers. Suddenly the storm lifted just at the top of Horse Ridge and there they are, huge towering pinnacles rising up to 13,875 feet, each separated from the other by glaciers which swoop down and drop out of sight into the Dinwoody River below.



The Wind River Range

This inspiring sight gives us new life and we push on a couple of miles to the camp located on the edge of a lake. The next day was clear and mild and was spent skiing, resting, and photographing the peaks, and hiking to many lakes to find one free of ice in which to fish.

The third day found us on our way out when another heavy snowstorm struck us. Three of the fellows walked all the way back to Burris, 23 miles between breakfast and lunch.

The route home was over Togwotee Pass where elk and moose were sighted and then on to Jackson for the night life. The Tetons were viewed and photoed the following morning and then we were on our way home.

It was a wonderful exploration trip for all of us and much valuable information was gained for planning future trips to this area, a place where all good mountaineers should go.

* * *

LONE PEAK

July 20 - 21st

By LEE STEORTS

This little article is written for the benefit of all of you "mountaineers" who were unable to come along with us when we made our ascent of the "pinnacle of the Wasatch Mountains"—Lone Peak. The climb started about 8:30 P.M. Saturday night at the mouth of the beautiful Bell's Canyon. Loaded down with packs that consisted of enough food for three meals and our sleeping bags, we started up the canyon using flashlights to pick our way up the trail. It seems that someone had not overlooked the possibility of an extreme thirst on the return trip and had therefore purchased a case of beer that we succeeded in getting about halfway up the canyon be-

fore we hid it in the stream to cool. We climbed until about 12:00 at which time we reached the meadows and decided to spend the night there. After a quick midnight snack we all turned in. At 4:30 A.M. we were up again and ready to continue. We left our packs at the meadows and climbed the rest of the way to the summit without the additional weight that we had carried the night before.

We reached the top about 9:30, enjoyed the marvelous view for about an hour, signed our names in the registry book that had been placed there by the Wasatch Mountain Club and then started on our way down.

Perhaps I had better mention the near-catastrophe that occurred on the way up. A falling rock that was dislodged by one of the climbers in front of Janet Christensen, struck her a glancing blow on the arm and came very near to breaking it. After several of us had practiced our first aid on her she was feeling much better and ready for the trip down. Ask Janet to show you the scars someday.

The trip down was a lot of fun and was punctuated by the usual amount of horseplay, swimming in small lakes and reservoirs, and of course we had the usual water fight that ended in a general free-for-all in the stream.

When we got back to the cars at the mouth of the canyon we were all still pretty wet from our recent "rassel in the Krik" but it was decided that this was one of the best climbs we had been on and that we were surely glad that we had come. We'll be looking forward to the same climb next year and we'll be expecting you to come along.

* * *



WOLF CREEK TRIP

By ELFREIDE SHANE

Our party consisting of Betty Linklater, Janet Christensen, Virginia Jensen and her guest, Harold Goodro, Orson Spencer, Danny Wolfe and his guest, Harold Cutler, Jim Shane and myself, left Salt Lake City on July 6 for a weekend camping trip at Wolf Creek Divide and the Duchesne River. The weather was perfect—ceiling zero, visibility unlimited.

We arrived at the Wolf Creek Divide Camp shortly before dark and immediately picked out a good campsite. Then we gorged on a delicious supper, which was cooked on Leader Jim Shane's newly acquired GI model pocket stove—a definite asset to any camping trip.

While Orson and Jim were preparing our beds for the night, the rest of us sat around the fire and did a little harmonizing (?) inspired by Janet and Virginia. To us we sounded pretty good; however, we didn't go around and get any opinions from our neighbor campers.

The "master bedroom" was the stage for the debut of a new method of sleeping on camping trips. Jim and Orson, bless their little hearts, had strung up hammocks for us to sleep in—that is, for those who wanted to sleep in hammocks. Betty and I slept in one, feet to feet, and Orson and Jim each had one to themselves. The rest of our party used the old, reliable "sleeping-bag-on-the-ground" system. And so to bed.

But we were not to sleep peacefully 'til morning — oh, no! It had been arranged before the trip that Steve MacDonald would join us about three in the morning and bring with him whoever else couldn't come before that time. Just when we were enjoying our soundest hours of slumber he came chugging through the wilderness accompanied by Georgia Hansen.

Under slight protest Steve and Georgia consented to sleep in hammocks, and this my dear readers, is where the party suffered a slight drop. Sweet, kind, considerate Orson insisted on giving Steve a demonstration on the strength of a hammock and sat on the one Betty and I were sleeping in. Down we went with a thud and spent the rest of the night sleeping on the ground. It never felt quite so hard.

Morning finally came, however, and after a scrumptious breakfast of fruit juice, fried eggs and ham, french toast and coffee, we packed our belongings, hopped into our cars and took off for the Duchesne River about 20 miles away. Being familiar with the terrain, Hal Cutler broke trail for us. When we got there Hal went off fishing and the rest of us started off on a hike to work up an appetite for dinner. We had just made a good start when it began to rain, but we kept right on going. Orson provided us with our afternoon's entertainment by belly-flopping down the rapids on his air mattress. After we were thoroughly soaked we sought shelter under an overhanging ledge of rocks. We sat there and debated on whether to go back the way we came or to chop down a few trees and throw them across the river where we were. Jim, obligingly went down and pulled up a couple of trees and threw them across the river to make a bridge for us.

It was still raining when we got back to our camp ground but we made a roof with our hammocks and thus prepared our dinner under it. And what a supper—slightly backwards though it was. The watermelon looked so good that Orson and Steve couldn't control themselves so we had our dessert first and the main course for dessert.

By this time we were all ready to go back home. We gathered up our belongings and turned our little caravan in the direction of Salt Lake City. It was unanimously agreed that the Wolf Creek trip was a success despite the weather—or was it because of it?

* * *

LET'S GO FISHING

By RAY WATROUS

Every member in our club has one trait in common and that is, love of the out of doors. We joined this club because it fosters all types of activities that may be enjoyed in our great outdoor world, and affords us the opportunity of more fully participating in the activities of our choice. The activities offered are many and varied and while we have love in our hearts for all of them, still, as a rule, there will be one that we especially like. Perhaps your favorite sport is skiing, or mountain climbing, hunting, swimming, archery, or photography, etc. For myself, though I love them all, fishing happens to be my specialty and the one I enjoy most.

Fishing, just to fish, is not all that makes a man like this sport, but there is the hiking, the over night camping, the scenery, the anticipation, the good fellowship, and the achievement of making a fish bite when others can't. Fishing is like skiing. You must have the proper equipment, and know your equipment for there is as much difference between lake fishing, stream fishing, and river fishing as there is in ski jumping, slalom, and cross country.

It would be very difficult to describe the feeling I get when wading up the middle of a high mountain stream fly fishing, with the sun high, insects humming in tune with the music of the stream, wild flowers and ferns on either side of the stream, pines, aspen, tagalder, and many other trees and shrubs to gaze at as you wander up the stream; an occasional deer, a beaver, a mink, an otter, dozens of squirrels and possibly a bear once in a blue moon to give you that extra thrill. Then there is the big one that you never seem to land. You all know the story, "the leader broke", "I left my net home," etc. And then there is the big one that you do land that gives you something to talk about



for the next year or two until you luckily land another one.

Fishing the lakes also has a special thrill. The long hike up to them, the scenery such as trails up the glacier paths, the pines and the mountain peaks, the grassy meadows you find to be so abundant in the lake country, the pastel colors of the high altitude flowers, the magnificent view you get as you cross over the saddle, that generally comes just before you drop down to your favorite lake. Then there is the lake and the wonderful feeling that you always get when you take off your pack and get ready to fish.

Now, fishing the lakes is quite the deal. You wade out as far as you can then you begin to cast a fly. You cast and cast and you change flies and change them till a school of fish swims by. Then the fun begins. Sometimes you catch one and sometimes you will catch several before the school goes by but no matter what the catch you will always swear that it was the certain fly that did it, and you can't wait until you get back to town to buy a dozen of them.

River fishing is a sport all of its own. You will generally find river fishing best in the early mornings or late evenings. Dry flies

are very effective on rivers, but to get the big ones you should use minnows, spinners, or streamer flies. To get your best results you will also find that the later the season the better the fishing. As a rule, the rivers, at least the larger ones, do not take you into as beautiful country as you will find in streams and lakes but your catch will generally make up for it.

There is only one qualification that a man must have to become a good fisherman and that is, the art of "tilting the truth".

* * *



Red Pine-Alpine Trip

Another shipment of Club patches has just been received. They are worn on the left sleeve below the shoulder. You may secure them at "Pa" Parry's or Jacke Wolfe's new store for 50c each.

* * *

Harold Goodro is going to shed some light on skiing as he is installing several new flood lights as soon as he can get his hands on the necessary wire.

* * *

PLEASE !

1. Sign up on time for all trips. The deadline for signing is set for a definite purpose—in order that the Leader, the Commissary Director, and the Transportation Director, may make necessary arrangements. They are devoting their time for your enjoyment. Please consider them. It may be necessary at times to refuse late registrations, especially on "heavy" week ends. Sign up early, if possible. A heavy early registration helps to insure a successful trip.

2. In signing up, fill out the card completely, especially indicating whether or not you need transportation. And remember we'll need to know whether you wish to go Saturday night or Sunday morning, if there is a choice. Your address and telephone number also may be necessary for the Leader and Transportation Director.

3. Be on time for the trips. Remember that if you're early, you're wasting your own time. If you're late, you're wasting *everybody's* time.

4. Pay at Wolfe's. It's a burden on the leader to expect him to collect and carry all the money, especially on well-attended trips.

5. Take your turn as Leader and on Committees. Ours is a co-operative club and some members spend many hours on the club. You'll get more satisfaction and fun out of knowing you're carrying your share of the load.

* * *



SKI CIRCUS AT BRIGHTON

By VAL OSBORNE

"Ladies and Gentlemen! The Wasatch Mountain Club proudly presents, for your pleasure, a three ring Ski Circus, performed for you by the most daring, the most brilliant skiers of the world", sang out Prexy Murdock at Brighton on April 14th. He then introduced Ringmaster Ray Watrous and his understudy Janet Christensen. Ray then took over the whip.

In the main ring an obstacle race was held. The racers crawled through a barrel (skis still attached), back-tracked up the hill, and bent low under a willow bower. There was a hilarious finish when contestants had to take off their skis, don an assortment of apparel such as girdles, coveralls, night-gowns, and long red flannels, and loped through the finish line with skis over their shoulders. A minor detail of the race was carrying a balloon intact to the finish.

From the cast of twenty, Lee Steorts finished in first place. Harold Goodro had a little difficulty going through the barrel and

came in second with Mel Henshaw puffing right behind him.

Janet Christensen, in the role of a mechanic, made the best time in the womens' race, followed by Phyllis Steorts, (the girdle was really a hurdle). Marilyn Alder, in a luscious flowered house coat, came in third.

Another feature of the show was exhibition skiing by members of the club. Art Johansen and Bill Kamp, instructors at Brighton, demonstrated stem turns as they should be done. Stem Christie turns were gracefully done by Lee Steorts and Steve MacDonald. Harold Goodro and Lee displayed their skill on the Christie. Art and Don encored with a beautiful run using all the ski turns. One of the old timers, Jack Wolfe, did a solo run, showing that he keeps up on skiing technique. Ski jumping on a small scale was executed by Jim Shane, Bob Fugal, Ed Orlob, and Harold. No broken bones resulted.

Next, into the spotlight swooped three women skiers of the club. Irene Geurts, Phyllis Steorts, and Helen Goodro exhibited such grace and skill as has never been seen on Great Western.



Women Contestants

Bob Fugal as the Tumbling Clown, (try that on your sawed-off boards sometime) and Lee Steorts (there's that name again) as the Caballero on stilts with skis attached, received top billing as the specialty acts.

All the circus lacked was the animals, and there was even a reasonable facsimile of those when the consolation prizes, cases of beer, were given to Dave Schlain and Helen Goodro.

* * *



Our Ski Circus Clown



Prexy and Trip Leaders

Mrs. Meredith Page: "Do you realize, dear, that it was 20 years ago today that we became engaged?"

Meridith Page: (absentmindedly) "20 years! Bless my soul! You should have reminded me before. It's certainly high time we got married."

* * *

TRIP TO JACKSON HOLE

**Lee & Phyllis Steorts
and Carl Chindgren**

By PHYLLIS STEORTS

With another issue of the RAMBLER about to go to press, I find myself waiting until the last minute to write my article about "Our Trip to Jackson Hole".

Last February, I believe it was about the 16th and 17th, we hied ourselves away to the Jackson Hole Country for the annual Tri-State Ski Race to be held that Saturday and Sunday. Of course, we were all very excited about the trip, as neither Carl, Lee, nor myself had ever been there before. Our enthusiasm was dampened only once when we entered the Hoback Canyon territory at about midnight. It probably has been colder up there, but if it has, I'm glad I wasn't there at the time. Our car actually froze up while we were driving and to top it off, there wasn't a gas station, house, or even a light in sight, and as we were all dressed very lightly (it was warm and sunny when we left Salt Lake) we hated to get out and walk umpteen miles until we came to a sign of civilization. However, after much peering through the darkness, we did finally see a light glimmer through the fog and were able to get some hot water for the radiator. From then on we had to travel much slower but finally reached our destination at 3:00 a.m.

We were promptly made comfortable at the Jackson Hole Lodge and after a wonderfully restful night, were awakened by the dazzling sun on the brilliant white snow. Eager to get up on the hill and look the downhill course over, we hurriedly ate breakfast and walked three short blocks to the base of the hill and the ski tow. It was cold, but it was a beautiful invigorating day for the race.

After carefully examining the course, we found, all too soon, that we were past the starting line and halfway down the slope—

with our hearts in our throats. The course was run twice by the men and then the girls ran a shortened course, also twice. The whole town seemed to turn out and after the race it was but a short distance to the Cowboy Bar, where the crowd began to congregate for the big "Days of Forty-Niners" celebration to be held that night.

If you have ever been to Jackson Hole on a Saturday Night, you can just about double the gaiety and fun and you get the effect of the Celebration we attended. The people are all gracious and friendly and at once you mingle with the crowd with a feeling of comradeship. Ah yes . . . it was wonderful, but Sunday morning and the Slalom Event arrived soon, so we retired comparatively early.

The Slalom was run in much the same manner and a Speaker System had been installed at the foot of the hill for the benefit of the crowd which consisted of babies in baby buggies on sleigh runners and everyone else clad in warm ski clothes. Everyone was on skis or snowshoes. Refreshments were also served during the whole event.

However, it ended all too soon, and we left immediately after the race for home and work Monday morning. We had a beautiful ride over the Teton Pass and the weather was sunny all the way home, leaving us with a pleasant desire to return to Jackson Hole again this winter . . . Wanta go?

* * *



Our Winners, Lee and Phyllis

WANTED: BOOKS FOR OUR LIBRARY AT THE LODGE

By LORETTA BARTLETT

First step toward a long-felt need, the small, though excellent, nucleus of what is hoped will one day be a fine collection of books and periodicals is now actually in place at the Lodge. Thanks to Phyllis and Lee Steorts, it already contains quite a number of current Book-of-the-Month-Club books. Orson Spencer has given us a year's subscription to *Life Magazine*. Other donors include Mrs. R. W. Bartlett, Stanley A. Murdock, and non-member, Mrs. Keen Polk.

It is urged that when consideration is given to possible subject matters, attention be given to material in which the club is particularly interested, such as mountaineering and skiing guides, stories of famous mountain climbs and like topics. The books and magazines should be given to the Club's Librarian so that proper recognition and recording may be made of the gift. All contributions are gratefully accepted.

Wanted, too, though in a different connection are pictures (labeled as to name and date of trip), written accounts of interesting anecdotes or reports of trips the Club has taken, and any printed matter the Club has ever issued, such as schedule cards, year-books, and mimeographed papers. These are earnestly asked for in order that a complete history of the Club may be chronicled. It matters not how long ago or how recently the episode may have occurred.

The Club has been an important factor in exploring the lesser known parts of this and surrounding States, and too much emphasis

cannot be placed on the importance of making and continuing a written record of its activities.

This is a huge undertaking, but, it is felt, a worthy one, and every Club member—present and past—is sincerely urged to help with it. All anecdotes, information, and pictures should be sent to the Club's Historian.

* * *

Nora Zeigler made a special donation for the purchase of a 40 foot extension ladder. Already it has proven its worth as it has been used to paint the high ends of the lodge and to erect the new furnace chimney.

* * *

We've missed the Grand-Pres this summer but they've both been busy with redecorating their home and young Jimmy. Jimmy threatens to walk to Brighton by himself if they don't take him up soon. Ed contributed his share to the Library by remodeling the bookcase and varnishing it.

* * *

An inside paint job was done by Prof. Neilson who disappeared inside Devel's Castle early in the morning and didn't see any Wasatch scenery as he emerged after dark.

* * *

Harold Goodro to the headwaiter: "Do you serve fish here?"

Headwaiter, "Certainly, we cater to everyone."

* * *

“Outdoorsman’s” HEADQUARTERS

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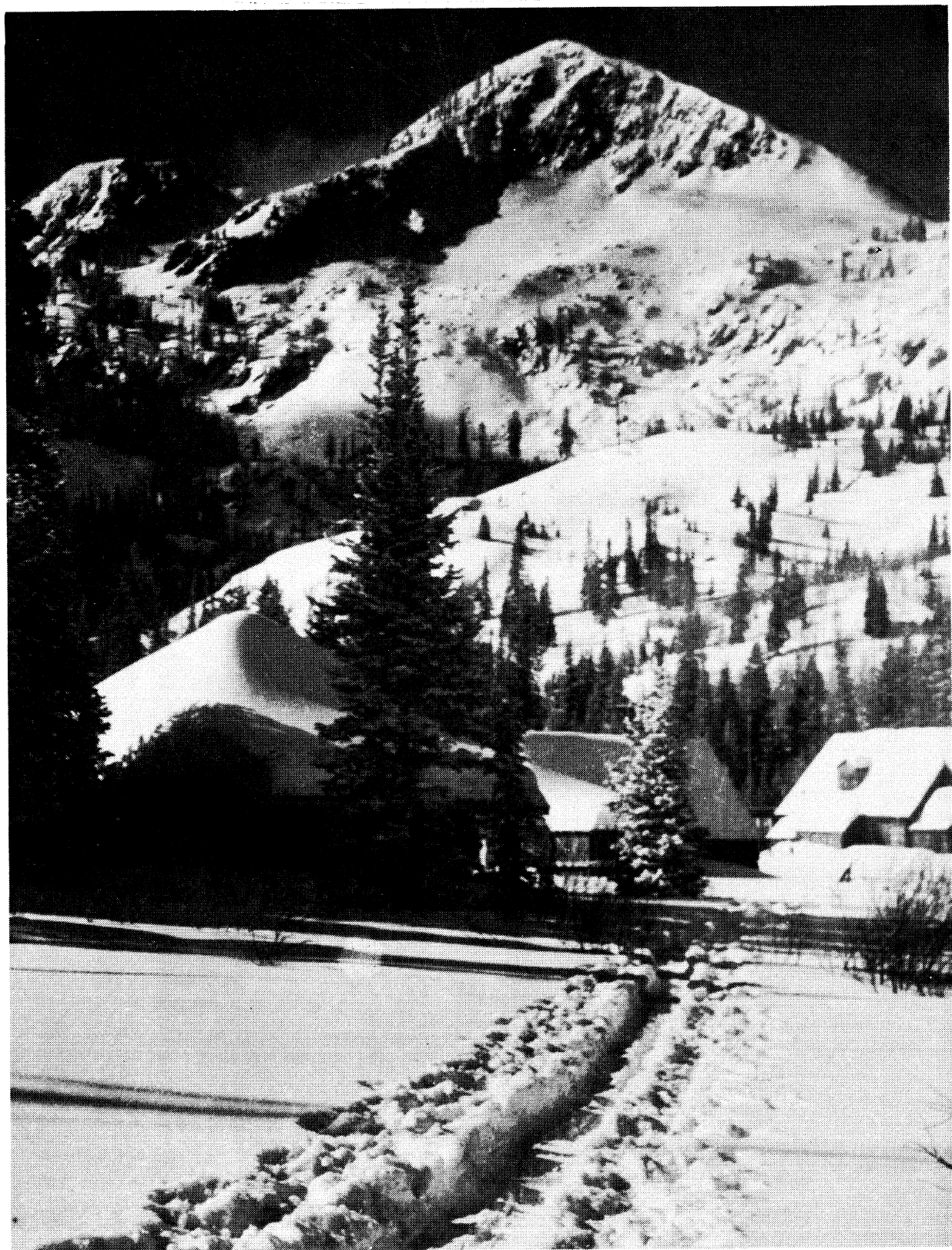
- ★ SKI EQUIPMENT
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AND OTHER ITEMS FOR THE
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DOIN' WHAT COMES NATURALLY

By JANET CHRISTENSEN

That's what we called our vacation trip to Southern Utah and that is just what we did. Carl Bauer, Steve MacDonald, Betsy Sugden, Norma Sugden, Midge Parks, Orson Spencer and myself left Sugden's Saturday, August 10th at 4:15 p.m., after having spent about two hours packing Steve's and Orson's cars with bedding and enough food and clothing to last for eight days.

Our first stop was Riverton, where we picked up Meredith Page. Now our party was complete and we were off for a glorious week. Our next stop was at Park Roshe for a short swim. The pool was unique in the fact that it had a partition in the center. On one side was cold water and on the other side warm water. Under the circumstances, follow-the-leader and ring-around-the-rosie were considered very suitable games.

At Nephi our appetites caught up with us so we stopped for steak dinners (hamburger to you). After dinner, what should we find but an open-air dance hall where all the Nephites were enjoying a bit of jive. We had a faint notion that they enjoyed just as much as we did watching Orson "horsing around." We were the last ones to leave the dance and what should Orson, Steve, Betsy and Norma find but a haystack which like a mountain had to be climbed. Carl, Meredith, Midge, and I stayed with the cars to do a bit of harmonizing. My—but it was fun. Not knowing where else to spend the night, we drove up to the Mount Nebo Camp Ground and after having a glass of grapefruit juice found ourselves thankful for our warm sleeping bags.

Sunday morning, August 11th—We were up at 9:30, had our breakfast, broke camp and were on our way. At Manti we stopped to see the L.D.S. Temple and admire the begonias. Orson and Steve thought it might be a good idea to do some rock climbing on

the walls but were content to take movies and Kodachromes instead. Again, we were hungry and stopped to have root beer floats. At two o'clock we stopped at the Palisades for a swim. The water was wonderful except for the seaweed that grasped at our feet. That problem was solved by taking water fins and air mattresses into the water. Our lunch of sandwiches, tomatoes and cheese was very welcome after the strenuous exercise. At Richfield we stopped to see Midge's family and were invited to stay for some peaches and cream and accepted an invitation to stop in on the way home for some homemade pie. Then on we went to the dairy to buy some milk for dinner, stopping at Teasdale where we knew there was a good hayloft in which we could spend the night. Mr. Dalley, the forest ranger, remembered us from last year and was very hospitable.



Some of the Gang

Bright and early Monday morning we arose, packed our belongings and spent the next hour or so hoeing weeds in the yard in appreciation of Mr. Dalley's hospitality. From there we drove a couple of miles to a little stream and camping spot called "Fish Creek." Here we breakfasted and had an exhausting game of baseball using a milk bottle for a bat. The rain clouds began to gather so we climbed into the cars, and headed for Fruita and the Wayne Wonder-

land. In order to arrive at our destination we had to drive down a road which during damp or rainy weather is a creek bed. The water was very red and muddy and we had trouble at times convincing ourselves that we were really on the road but finally came to dry ground. Now, we decided, was the time to eat our watermelon. It had stopped raining and we were in a very scenic spot. We ate every bit of the melon—Orson even ate the rinds. Into our cars again for another half mile and then out to do a bit of exploring up a small canyon. In this canyon we found a mountain of green modeling clay with which we molded earrings, noses, etc. and then proceeded up the canyon where Steve, Orson, Bets and Sug climbed a cliff to do some further exploring. Rubber-soled shoes and a rope of belts were used to ascend the cliff. The rest of us not having the proper equipment were unable to go. At dusk we were again traveling, this time for Mr. Mulford's place in Fruita where we camped for the night. If you have never seen Fruita in the moonlight—we advise you to put it on your list of musts.

Tuesday, August 13th at noon just as we were finishing breakfast, Mr. Mulford arrived with the five horses we had arranged for the night before—that was all he could round up for us on such short notice and we thought we could take turns. After crossing the river numerous times we arrived at our old swimming hole at the base of huge sandstone cliffs. Carl, Midge, Meredith, Bets and Orson proceeded from here to the Natural Bridge up one of the side hills taking four of the horses with them. Having seen the bridge before, Steve, Sug and I stayed behind to do a bit of water coloring but received a bit too much water from the ensuing rain storm and took shelter under a big rock to have lunch and a welcome siesta. We awoke to find Steve returning from a trip further up the canyon and the rest of the party arriving back from the bridge. Our swim over the rapids in the Dirty Devil was worth the wait and so was the dinner we

prepared back at camp. Six-thirty found us on our way back to Teasdale where we again found Mr. Dalley's hayloft very comfortable.



Fruita Natural Bridge

Wednesday, August 14th—At the crack of dawn we were abruptly awakened by Orson telling us we had to be on our way. Little Donkey Point caught Orson's eye and with a little persuasion we all thought it a good idea to climb a mountain (even a small one) before breakfast. After breakfast at Fish Creek we drove thru a forest of beautiful Ponderosa pines to Boulder Mountain where we camped for the rest of the day. Some of us went walking, some fishing and others took naps. The end of the day found us with five fish and several very promising water colors. After having made our beds on the other side of the creek we had dinner and spent the rest of the rainy evening listening to a fantastic fairy tale—Orson Spencer style with ad-libs from the rest of the group. The skies cleared and we were able to lay under the stars the rest of the night.

Thursday, August 15th—Arose about six o'clock, had breakfast and drove to Boulder City where we stopped at the store to purchase hair ribbons, rope, etc., and then proceeded to Escalante over a very scenic road. After lunch we decided to explore a very deep gorge using the recently purchased rope for climbing around on the sandstone cliffs. More beautiful scenery including a gorgeous

sunset just before arriving at Bryce. We could not wait to see the canyon and in spite of the prevailing darkness walked down the trail towards Wall Street and then back to our cars to find a likely camping spot. This included firewood, campstove and table. Feeling very civilized after having had dinner and showers, we decided it would be romantic to see Bryce by moonlight. This moonlight excursion ended up as all excursions do — watching the moon — only this time it was the craters on the moon thru Carl's binoculars.

Friday, August 16th—There was Orson again insisting that we should arise to see Bryce by sunrise. Hurriedly we drove to Fairyland from where we hiked to Boat Mountain, a spot a bit off the beaten track but well worth seeing. At breakfast everyone wondered why they could eat no more than two or three of the delicious pancakes and found the reason when Steve admitted he had used seventeen eggs and a good helping of spam in them . . . some cook. Our appetites satisfied, we were off to see more of Bryce . . . Lookout Point and the Natural Bridge were first on the list. Ask Norma how her picture of the bridge turned out. She had quite a discussion with a camera fiend as to light readings, etc, and then shot the picture as she had intended in the first place. At Bryce lodge we stopped for malted milks and priced Navajo rugs and trinkets in the novelty shop. Leaving the park we stopped at Ruby's Inn for gas, mailing post cards and exploring the lodge. An old fashioned hoedown led by Meredith resulted and then we were off to Zion thru the Mount Carmel highway and tunnel. The Great White Throne loomed up in the moonlight as we were seeking camp. A lecture by the forest ranger on National Parks and Monuments ended our day.

Saturday Morning, August 17th—After breakfasting we were on our merry way to Hidden Canyon armed with lunch, rope and rubber-soled shoes. Weeping Rock proved true to its name and really wept for us and

then on we went up the trail where we parted company with Carl who decided to climb to the East Rim. Finding a small ledge we decided to do a bit of rapelling (ask Pete for the definition). Norma and Bets having never experienced this sport before were a bit on the frightened side but ended up asking for more. Steps had been cut out of the solid rock and as we proceeded up the mountain to our delight they led to a very novel little hidden canyon cute enough to suit anyone's fancy. From here we could easily see how difficult it would be to climb the Great White Throne. Zion has a beautiful swimming pool we just could not resist, spending a couple of hours playing in the water with the fins and mattresses. This being our last night, we decided it would be fitting to have dinner at the Zion lodge where there was plenty of good old atmosphere including dinner music, and a radio program using local talent. The day ended with a dance at the Cedar City open-air dance hall and we retired for the night at the apartment of Midge's sister.

Sunday Morning, August 18th—This was our last day and everyone seemed sorry to see our trip end. We were, however, looking forward to that homemade pie that Midge's mother was preparing for us. At Richfield, what should we find but a delicious lunch of fried chicken, salad, punch, pickles, bread, cookies and gooseberry pie. Needless to say it was welcome.

The schedule stated "You can have more fun, but not in 8 days and not for \$35.00." We believe that is true. Our trip cost us \$25.00 and as you can see we had as much fun as one could crowd into 8 days. A postcard just received from Orson reads "Have you recovered from the Utah Trip? I have barely recovered and here we are doing N.Y.C. and Montreal . . . having lots of fun. Sometime the club should come back here. Couldn't we have fun doing what comes naturally with you and I as leaders." Sounds good to me, Orson.

Where do you put that food, Janet?—ED.

* * *

LAKE DESOLATION HIKE

By HAROLD GOODRO

The gang met the morning of September 8 in Sugar House. The eleven members consisted of Betty Linklater, Gertrude Heinicke, Carl and Helen Chindgren, Jim Shane, Dave Schlain, Steve McDonald, Hal Cutler, Bob Fugal, George Van House, and myself.

We started out almost on schedule. The two cars drove up Mill Creek Canyon, accompanied by "Suicide" Fugal on his motorcycle. His driving reminds us a lot of his skiing—very acrobatic. We drove to the end of the road, then left the cars and started out at a merry pace up the trail, with Betty trying to pass the leaders.

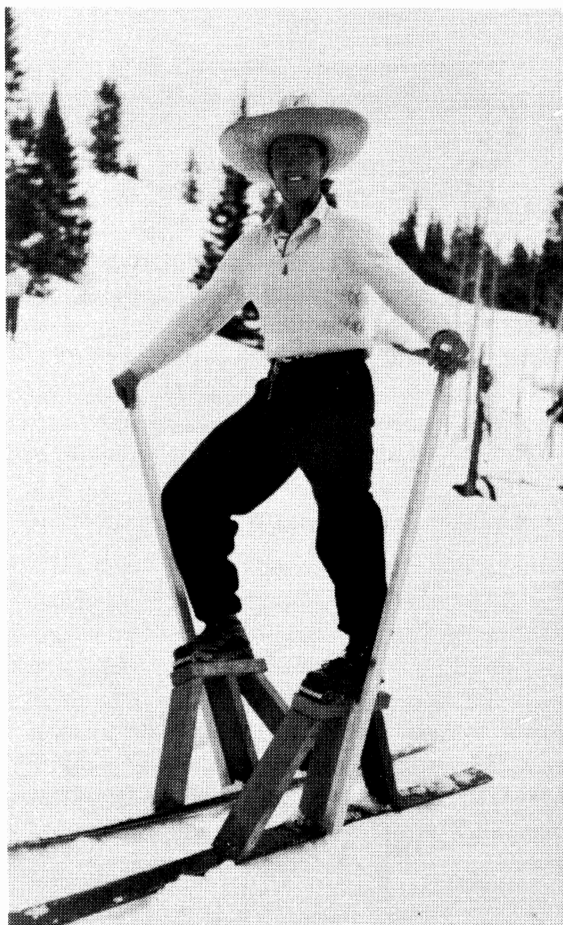
Very soon we arrived at Dog Lake where we threaded our way through a herd of sheep. We then left the trail to take a short-cut through the woods. Here we all argued as to who was lost and why. We came out on the upper trail all right and all were surprised. As we rested for a few minutes, we were joined by Bill Kamp who trotted up. He apparently forgot his trousers and left them at home, but then he looks cute in shorts anyway, with those "Front Row Chorus" legs.

We then proceeded to take the wrong fork in a trail and got lost. Bill led us over several ridges and through some scratchy brush till we found the lake. Some wild gooseberry bushes were found and we all stuffed ourselves with the sweet fruit. A sudden snowstorm came up and as there was no shelter we shivered our way through it. On the edge of Lake Desolation we built a large fire and huddled close until a flying ember landed on Dave's trousers and burned a hole through them. After that, we all backed further away. It seems like the calamities always happen to Dave.

After eating our lunches we started the return trip as it had started snowing again. We had to talk Jim and Steve out of going swimming, which wasn't too hard. In the poor visibility we missed the trail again and went on quite a hike before getting on the trail again. As we neared the cars we crossed the creek several times, each time having a water fight. We also had the chance to closely examine several Beaver dams and houses.

Even though the weather had not been too good, we all decided it had been a good hike, and looked forward to the next trip.

* * *



"No foolin'. We saw 'im do it."

TO THE SUMMIT OF THE GRAND TETON

By O'DELL PETERSEN

It was a stormy night when we reached Jackson, Wyoming, and we began to wonder if we would again be turning back from making an ascent of this peak, which for three years, because of bad weather, had defeated us. However, on reaching Jenny Lake in the Teton National Park, the storm had abated and the skies were beginning to clear. Camp was made and by the time we were ready to retire, the storm had passed entirely and the famous Wyoming stars were shining brightly.

We slept late next morning, being tired from our long journey and even though the ground was hard we really enjoyed it as one does any time he sleeps in the open. After loafing over a late breakfast, we began the task of packing for our climb to base camp. Included in our load, among other things, were—3 mountain tents, 6 sleeping bags, 2 100-ft. lengths of rope, 2 ice axes, crampons, pitons, carabiners, flashlights, primus stove, first aid supplies, grub for two days, canteens, and numerous other supplies to be carried by the six climbers—Janet Christensen, Jim Shane, Harold Goodro, Lee Steorts, Wally Wyman and myself.

Base camp was reached over a good trail, and by nightfall we were all bedded down and ready for an attempt at the summit in the morning. It was still dark when Jim woke us at 3:00 a.m. Our hopes were high as the stars still studded the skies and unless a sudden storm were to come, we were in for a perfect day of climbing. Breakfast over and our rucksacks packed, we were at last ready for the long awaited ascent.

There was no trail from here on and the early morning light found us winding our way up a rather precipitous slope and, after a half hour of hard climbing, we came to

Paul Petzold's camp at the edge of the timber line. Continuing up, the route now took up over huge lateral moraines formed by the middle Teton glacier. It was getting quite light now and we found ourselves dwarfed by the mighty peaks that were towering all around us and giving us an idea just how high we were going to have to climb before we would place our feet on the 13,766 foot summit of the Grand Teton.



On the Summit of Grand Teton Peak

We stayed on the moraine, which after two hours of hard climbing took us to the foot of a rock wall which we had to scale before we were to reach the top of a huge saddle and from where the real climbing was to begin. Reaching this saddle we were rewarded by a magnificent panorama of beautiful Cascade Canyon, with its many lakes and glacial fields. Here, we first caught sight of another group of climbers who were on their way to the summit of the Grand.

At 12,000 feet the climbing was getting harder and we began to realize that this Grand Teton is quite a mountain to climb. However, faint heart never climbed high mountain. Another hour of climbing up a steep couloir brought us up to the famous belly roll and the cooning place which have made the Owen route up this mountain so popular. We decided to rope together as

new snow and ice on the mountain made it extremely dangerous. Also, we were to climb on the most exposed part of the peak.

The famous cooning place is a foot wide ledge on a very exposed part of the north face, where one slip means a 3,000 foot fall onto the Grand Teton glacier. We had no trouble here and were soon at the chinning place where we literally had to chin ourselves in order to get us over the next pitch of the climb, while our feet hung over 3,000 feet of nothingness. However, our many hours of practice on the rocks in the Wasatch were really serving a purpose and though the other party in head of us were experiencing difficulty, we encountered nothing that gave us any trouble. The only difference was the fact that one had so far to fall in case of a slip, which of course wouldn't be any more fatal than a 200-foot fall, but the depth was there and it's rather hard to ignore.

There was no sun on this side of the peak and a cold wind, with the ice and snow under our feet, made us shiver and shake as we waited for the other party to advance so we could climb. Two hours we shivered before we finally found a place where we could pass them. From here it was just a short scramble to the top of our much desired goal.



Teton Trip Group

One is indeed well rewarded for all his work and shivering by the wonderful view that is his from the summit of this wonderful mountain.

* * *

The rock climbing section of the Wasatch Mountain Club plan many more interesting climbs and trips, so plan to join us on our rock climbing practices which we have every Thursday night. Rock climbing, done correctly, is really safe. Call any of the above climbers for information.

* * *

During Stu Gardiner's stay at Adak in the service of his country, on one occasion he happened to run across Fred Wolf who is now living in Alaska and they began comparing notes on the cold northern country.

Said Fred: "It was so cold where we were that the candle froze and we couldn't blow it out."

Stu, not to be outdone, replied, "That's nothing. Where we were the words came out of our mouths in pieces of ice and we had to fry them to see what we were talking about."

* * *

It is reported that large damage suits are being filed against the club by a non-union group of workers. Among the known claimants are "Pa" Parry, Betty Linklater, Avon Hintze, and Floreen Rands who in their zeal of painting the lodge, covered themselves and their clothes with paint and varnish.

* * *

Club News

By JANET CHRISTENSEN

Ray McGuire is now married and living in Rochester, New York. Add Ruth Cline, Betty Cathcart and Norma Whitehead to your list of new brides.

Wallace Wyman's story of Carl Chindgren's recent marriage is worth repeating. It goes this way. Carl and Wally attended one of our lodge parties at Brighton. Helen was there. Carl followed her to Idaho a week or so later and they were married within a couple of weeks. Sounds like that old story of love at first sight.

Jacke Wolfe has finally been able to secure a new location and has just recently opened up a sports shop. The store is located between State and Main on Second South. We wish Jacke all the luck he deserves.

Val and Norm Osborne have pulled up stakes and moved to Idaho Falls where Norm is managing the shoe repair department in Falks Department Store. We were sorry to see them leave Salt Lake but wish them success in their new venture.

Need any shoe repairing done? O'Dell Petersen is now established in a shop of his own at 866 Pacific Avenue. Everyone knows what nice work Pete does on ski and hiking boots.

Phyllis and Orson Spencer have been enjoying an extended trip in the East and Canada. Due to Orson's ambition to become a good insurance salesman, he won a trip back to New York. Also, he is president of the TOP Club in the intermountain territory. Good work, Orson.

We are anxiously looking forward to the completion of Ray Watrous and Mel Henshaw's ski lift at Emigration summit. It will be fun skiing at night to Strauss waltzes.

List among WMC travelers—Harry and Alta Duerkop who were in Salt Lake a few weeks ago; Beverly Beck who is back east studying; Julia Mikals is in California; Marjorie Williamson in Florida, and Jenny Hall in Hawaii. We understand that Guy Anderson is leaving very soon for Hawaii.

Pete claims that climbing up trails in a jeep is much faster than on your feet. It seems that Eddie Meacham had a jeep along on a recent trip in which they climbed almost to the top of the trail.

Bob Fugal and his "suicide wagon" came to an abrupt stop a few weeks ago when Bob ran into a car with his motorcycle and spent a couple of days in the hospital. We understand it was nothing serious, but please, Bob, be more careful.

The razing of the old Politz Candy store on Second South and Main made it necessary for Irene Geurts to secure a new location for her Magazine Shop. She had a tough time of it for a while but now is situated in a nice new shop in the Atlas Building. We know this will be as successful as the old location for her.

In a recent article on Archery, Dean Green was referred to as the "Fairy Godfather of Utah Archery." We are mighty proud to see you in the news, Dean, but wish you and Cookie could manage to come on some of our trips. We missed you this year on the Lake Blanche hike. How about it?

Lee and Phyllis Steorts won quite a reputation for themselves when they came home from the Tri-State meet at Jackson, Wyoming, last February with first honors. Lee took first place in the combined slalom and downhill events and Phyllis won the women's tri-state slalom. They are planning to participate again this year and we wish them luck.

Lee, as you probably know, won second place in the Class B downhill event at Snow Basin last year and also won the obstacle race at the WMC's ski circus.

A year ago last May, Fred and Rose Wolf left the good old Wasatch Mountains for a bit of pioneering in Alaska. They write that prices are high but they understand that we are having a bit of the same trouble. We wish they could be here with us for the coming ski season. They are missed at our lodge parties and we believe that even Alaska can't beat Utah for good skiing.

Bernie Axelrad writes from Korea that he has been commanding a company having 160 boys to worry about. "Imagine me at 21 years being called 'The Old Man' — a condition which exists that should be funny enough for *The Rambler*."

From a news clipping we note that an Air Medal for service in India-China division has been awarded to Captain Philip S. Miner for meritorious service as pilot. We understand that Phil is staying in the Air Corps and is due for another stretch overseas. Let us hear how you are doing, Phil.

On August 17th, Wenonah McGhan became the bride of Francis Covery. They are at present living in Salt Lake and expect to make their home here. We are looking forward to having them ski with us this year.

E. N. Ebbe, member at large, who resides in Utah summers and travels extensively winters in Nevada and California, returned this summer with a lovely Sierra Club bride from California. They spent some time at the lodge and the rest traveling through Yellowstone.

Carmen Cobia has left our midst as she was married to Captain Reid J. DeArmond on August 10th. They will make their home at Hamilton Field, California.

* * *

"Edicutes"

Avon Hintze had just entered the lodge after depositing her skis at the entrance. Dave Schlain arose and offered her his chair.

"Thanks very much, Dave," replied Avon "but I've been skiing all afternoon and I'm tired of sitting down."



Bill Kamp's 1946-47 Ski Outfit



Entrants in the Intermountain Amateur Cross Country Ski Meet

On Sunday, March 17th, the Intermountain Amateur Cross Country Ski Meet was held at Brighton, with eleven entrants contending for top honors.

The race was sponsored by our Wasatch Mountain Club and was under the direction of Jacke Wolfe.

Junior Bournos of the Mt. Timpanogos Ski club ran the tough four and three-quarter mile course in 45 minutes and 28 seconds to capture the first prize. Second place went to Earl Miller with a time of 49 minutes and 13 seconds. Our own Carl Chindgren copped third place honors with a time of 50 minutes and 3' seconds.

Prizes were awarded the winners at a dinner held at the Lodge after the race.

* * *

Marilyn Madsen, in great distress, "I've broken my glasses. Do I have to be examined all over again,"

"No," sighed the optician, "just your eyes."

* * *

THANKS TO THE FOREST SERVICE

We all take things as a matter of course without realizing to whom we are indebted for our many pleasures and privileges. We can't overlook the wonderful job that has been done by the Forest Service in the past few years in the development of our forests and their cooperation with our recreational centers.

Special mention should also be given to F. C. Koziol, Mr. Tangren and the boys at the Forestry Department who made our new signs for us for the Lodge building and at the roadside near our ski lift and ski house. The lettering is well indented and the signs are oiled so that they should last for many years.

* * *

Gene Moench's young daughter approached her father and said, "Daddy, what is your birth stone,"

"A grindstone, my dear," sighed Gene.

THE FUNNY SILLY MOUNTAINEERS

By J. L. ANDERSON

The Mountaineer? Yes, he does seem queer.
What makes him tick?
What makes him steer toward misty peak
and tall cliff sheer?

What makes him ever upward toil
While other people sanely moil
In marts of trade, or muck around with hoe
and spade,

Or idly swelter in the shade?
What driving power the heights to gain
That spurs him on with might and main
To strain endurance into pain?
What strange enchantment seals his gaze
On ridge and peak in deep blue haze?
What urge, what charm, what beck,
what call
Can thus allure and thus enthrall?

Perhaps this human clod of clods
Communes with Goddesses and Gods,
Those deities that dwell on high
On peaks and spires that pierce the sky.
Perhaps some phantom points the way
And seeks to guide his steps astray.
Perhaps some siren with flaxen tress
Allures with hint of love's caress.
Perhaps — perhaps, but why surmise
For this would not be fair or wise.

The facts are these: —
The mountain yields him boundless peace
And from his routine grind, surcease.
To him each thrilling alpine scene
Becomes a symphony, a dream.
On every hand in outline bold
Is grandeur only the strong behold.
The open space, the vast array
Of crags and peaks, a grand display,
Some towering near some far away
That seem to almost fade from view
Into the firmament of blue.

The mountains with their vistas grand
Are his to view and understand.
With mountain lore at his command,

Each distant crag, each scarp, each fold
Tell him their story, eons old,
And sometimes whisper where they hold
Treasure and wealth in mass untold.
And when his time for to turn up his toes
And lay himself down for that last long
repose,
Will he fain there tarry till Gabriel blows?
Who knows?
Yes, the mountaineer is strangely queer,
But I insist, he has no peer,
No human equal, far or near.

* * *

A recent visitor in Salt Lake City was Vern Haugland, the genial war correspondent, recently returned from the Far East. He was enroute to his family home at Butte, Mont., for a visit before reporting in Washington, D. C., for a new assignment with the Associated Press Bureau there.

Vern was one of the club's more active members during the 1937-1939 seasons, and through his enthusiasm, brought in many new members. After leaving Salt Lake he became a War Correspondent and landed in Australia with the first wave of American troops. He was attached to General McArthur's headquarters.

The toss of a coin won Vern the right to be the first correspondent in New Guinea, but enroute from Australia, his plane was lost in a storm and the crew was forced to bail out. Vern wandered through the rugged Owen Stanley mountains for six weeks, during which time he was given up for lost, but finally reached a native village, where he was found in a delirious condition. General McArthur visited his bedside and presented him with the silver Star. Vern wrote an account of his experiences which was published as "Letter from New Guinea."

After his experience Vern was soon back in harness and scored another first as one of the first party of correspondents to view the ruins of Hiroshima after the first atom bomb blast.

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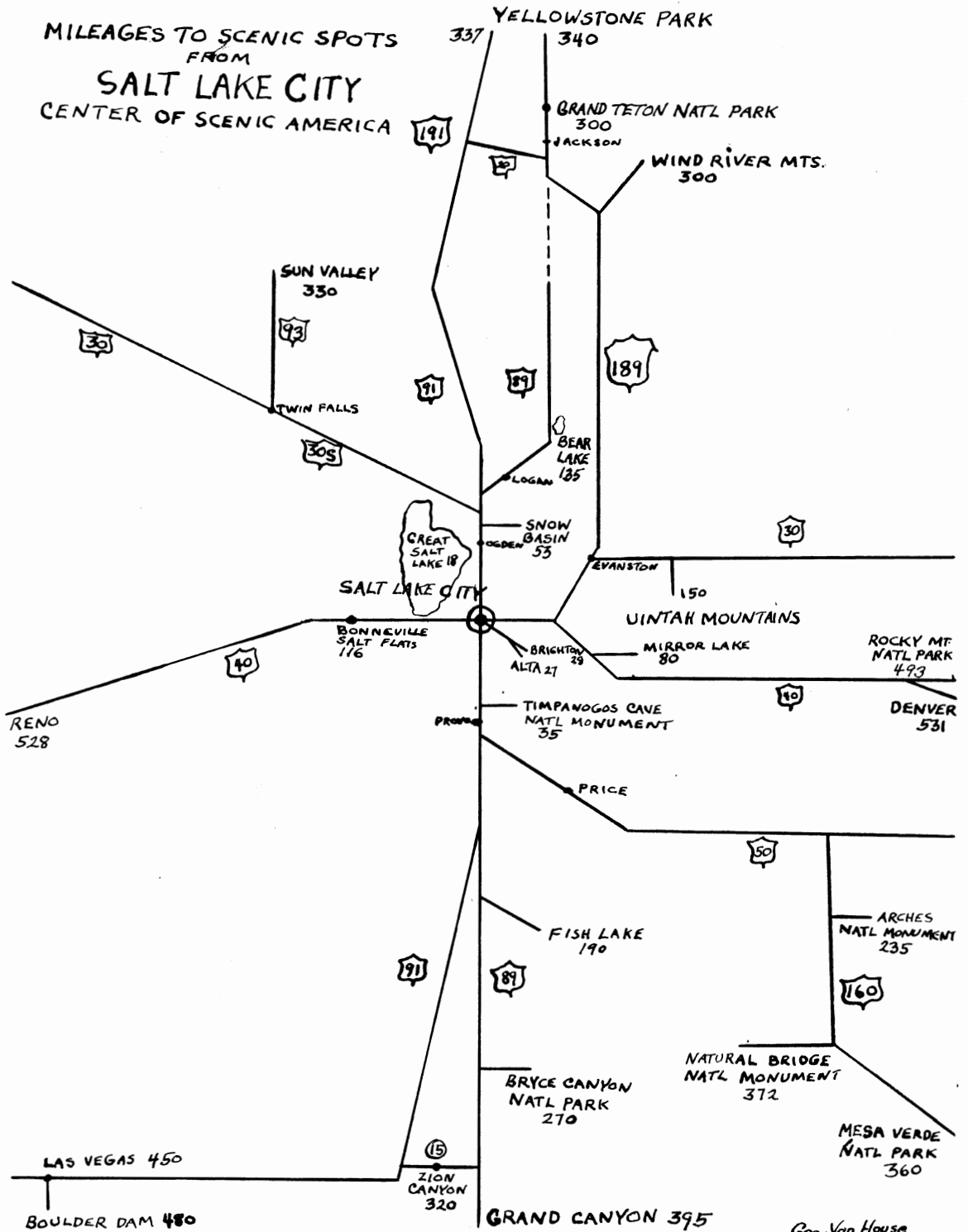
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UTAH MOUNTAIN PATROL

The Utah Mountain Patrol, formerly the Ski and Mountain Corp, under the direction of Clarence R. Parry, is still going strong. Scheduled field trips and training courses are being held regularly for the advancement and benefit of this organization.

The purpose of this group is to be prepared to offer assistance during emergencies of various kinds, and they have been commended often for helping out at such times. In addition to helping others they themselves have benefited by the training and experience gained.

While this group is in no way affiliated with the Wasatch Mountain Club, still we are interested in their progress because so many of their members are members of our Club.

One of their most recent trips was a Sunday "jeeping" trip up Peruvian Gulch, and thence to the ridge, which turned out to be one of the most interesting field trips of the year.

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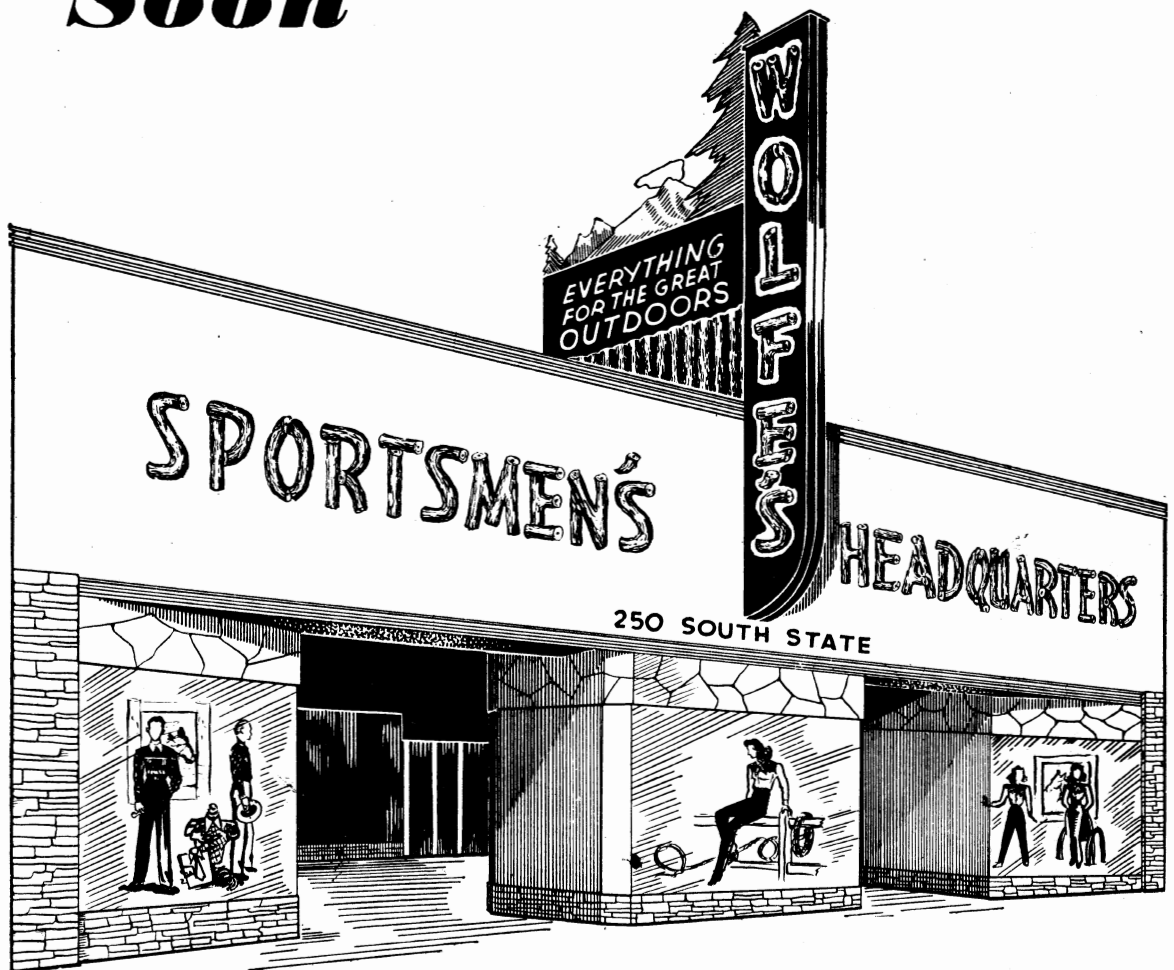
GOOD SKIING MEANS - - -
PROPER EQUIPMENT
SPECIALIZED FITTING
SPECIALIZED ASSEMBLY
SPECIALIZED ADVICE

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