



Rambler

1947

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Wasatch Mountain Club Lodge

THE RAMBLER

Published by the Wasatch Mountain Club

1947



STEVE

SCHEDULE OF EVENTS FOR THE 1947 FEDERATION CONVENTION AT BRIGHTON

- Aug. 30 (Saturday)
Noon to Dinner—Get acquainted.
Dinner.
Informal Party.
Taps.
- Aug. 31 (Sunday)
8:30 Breakfast.
9:30 Meeting.
1:00 to 6:00 Hikes (Lunches will be packed.)
Lake Mary (Mt. Majestic) 1-3 P.M.
Twin Lakes 3:30 to 6 P.M.
Devils Castle Ridge Rock Climb
1:00 to 6:00 P.M.
6:30 Dinner.
8:00 Program.
- Sept. 1. (Monday)
9:00 Breakfast.
10-11:00 Meeting.
Farewell until next year.

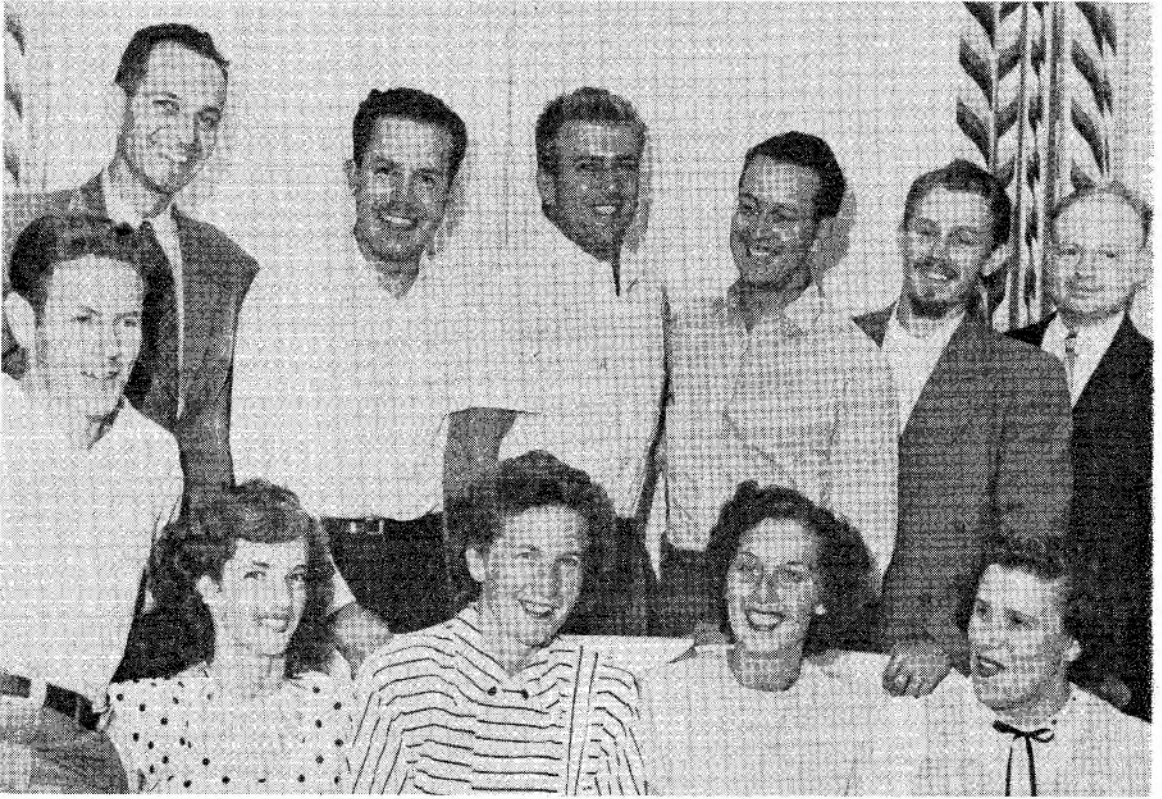
A note to the Visiting Firemen

In behalf of the Wasatch Mountain Club, I would like to extend our heartiest greetings to the visiting delegates and friends of the Western Federation of Outdoor Clubs. One presumes the primary personal reason for attending such a convention is for the enjoyment of the outdoors and association with friends of similar tastes. So aside from a little serious mental exercise to prolong these pleasures, our earnest hope is that you will make many new friends and enjoy our kind of outdoor life. If you leave without having had a good time, you had better come back because you must have missed something. If you leave having had a good time, you had better come back and visit the many friends you left behind.

Stephen L. MacDonald
President

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OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS of the WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

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Harold Goodro <i>Trips and Outings</i>	Janet Christensen <i>Secretary</i>	Florine Rands <i>Treasurer</i>	Phyllis Steorts <i>Publicity</i>	Midge Parks <i>Transportation</i>	
Not Present —		Orson D. Spencer <i>Recreation</i>	Loretta Bartlett <i>Librarian & Historian</i>		

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.

Publication Staff

Editor

Bruce J. Parsons

Assistant Editor

Thelma Bagnell

Advertising

Stanley Murdock

Photographers

Irene Guertz

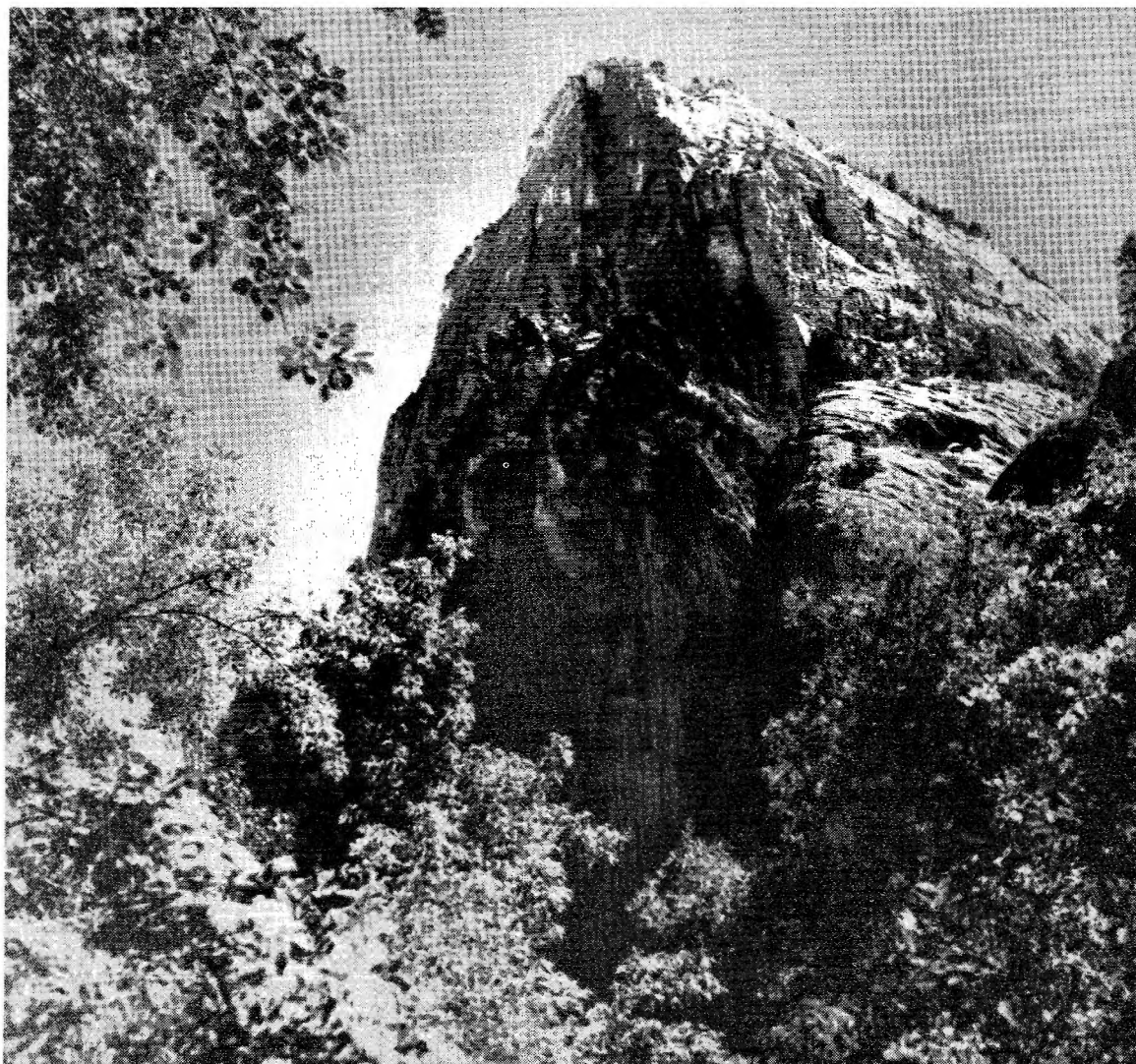
Midge Parks

George Van House

Cover

Arrangement, Stephen L. MacDonald

Photo, Irene Geurts



THE GREAT WHITE THRONE

Magestic pinnacle of God-wrought stone,
What secrets you have kept since time was known!

Night, a blackened panther, creeps across your face
A lexicon of loneliness in that bleak space.
Morning gallops like a stallion with a streaming mane
To bring you slanting sun, the sighing rain.
Winds nudge your rugged shoulder as the seasons speed,
And moonlight silvers chasm with a miser's greed.

You are a challenge to man's puny strength,
Yet man has walked the distance of your sober length!

BEATRICE RORDAME PARSONS

RAMBLING IN UTAH

By MIDGE PARKS

Twenty-six Wasatch Mountain Clubbers, including cooks, pot washers, pot watchers, fire makers, wood choppers, sunners, sinners, singers, snorers, outdoor sleepers, indoor sleepers, deep sleepers, camp-cot sleepers, drop-seat sleepers and anti-sleep specialists, departed from Salt Lake City, (by bus,) May 29, 1947, for a week-end of free, frolicking fun to the wonders and warmth of Zion National Park.

The first stop was Riverton, where two pages, (Maurine and Meredith) were picked up and stuffed into the bus. Next stop was at Nephi, once again to sit up, stand up, fresh up and fill up.

At 4:30 A. M. we stopped at Cedar City for coffee and . . . Each one felt more relaxed, refreshed and all primed for the remainder of the going.

We arrived at Zion about 8 A.M. Our driver took us to our camp-site and himself to the Lodge for sleep and quiet.

The exclamations as to the beauty of the scenery were many and all were anxious to get going. Base camp was set up, breakfast prepared and eaten, lunches made, and we were on our way to Hidden Canyon.

Climbing the trail, up and further up we admired the view with awe and more exclamations. We rested at intervals, then ascended higher, finally eating lunch atop a small peak overlooking the floor of the canyon.

After lunch we crossed, by rope, an alluvial fan, thus to continue our trek to the end of the trail and from there up the wadi where walls of sandstone were barely a double-arms stretch apart. We continued on until we were about two-thirds of the way to the Great White Throne. The going down was much easier and quicker.

The first sight of Weeping Rock beckoned all to come and enjoy the shade and coolness that it offers a weary hiker. A tired, dusty, thirsty, hungry, but happy group meandered back to camp.



All Aboard

Showered, with old faces renewed, as to the gals, and shaved, as to the masculine set, we were ready to enjoy a real steak dinner. Afterwards, in our mountain best, we rambled over to the Lodge to be First Nighters at the opening of the season's entertainment.

After the program, the dancing began. We tackled a few, listened a bit, and then wended our way back to tuck tired bodies into bassinets. (Chick Morton found that wood-ticks were in season.)

The pleasant odor of bacon and coffee awoke us to another day. After breakfast the bus called for us and we browsed about the museum, learning a lot about dinosaur bones. We then went to the Temple of Sinawava and hiked up the narrows to the end of the trail. Some of the gang, including Orson Spencer, Steve MacDonald and June Rasmussen just had to splash about in the Virgin River.

Leisurely hikes were made to the two Emerald Pools, Lady Mountain and Angel's Landing. As evening approached, we dressed for dinner at the Lodge. Did we relax in style!— no smoke to dodge, no dishes to wash.



What's Cookin' ?

After dinner we strolled around the grounds, wrote post-cards and looked at the sunset. Then we enjoyed another program and some more dancing. Later, Emilie Segil wrangled with Spike, the Wrangler, and suddenly, she, Adrian and Midge were out on a moonlight horse-back ride.

The next morning after breakfast, we broke camp and loaded our equipment on the bus. At the gate we were met by the Lone Ranger. All he wanted was \$10.00,—Park fee. We got in for nothing, but you never can tell what it'll cost to get out.

From Zion we drove through the Mt. Carmel Highway, viewing the big windows in the tunnels. Entering Bryce we were met by a ranger. This time it cost us \$11.00 in advance. Word, evidently, travels fast!

Our trip through Bryce was short and quick. Seeing Fairyland brought shouts of joy from Janet Christensen and Floreen Rands. At Sunrise Point, Irene Geurts was interested in some good camera angles. Some of the more daring climbed to the top of the Natural Bridge.

After lunch we grudgingly entered our bus and began the trip home. Before we were very far along the way Ruby's Inn was in sight and we made a must stop on our list. Jack Nixon did his bit at the piano there. We drove on and on, over the rolling mountains, through Circleville, Marysvale, and the Big Rock Candy Mtns.

At last we came to our journey's end. Salt Lake City seemed mighty big and populated after being out in the great out-of-doors. As each one awoke and saw the city lights, he began thinking how good it would be to take a bath or shower, then into his own little bed with its white sheets arise the next morning to eat Mother's cooking.

* * *



Muscle-man, Segil

INVALIDS

On the invalid list this past year, we have had Wally Wyman who has had more than a little trouble with his back. Dick Saville underwent an appendectomy that knocked him out of spring season of skiing. Irene Guertz was laid up temporarily because of an auto accident that occurred on the way home from a Snow Basin trip.

UP, UP, AND UP

BRUCE PARSONS

Mount Olympus has once again been conquered by the more ambitious members of the W. M. C.

The meeting place for the gang was the plaza in Sugarhouse at 6:00 A. M., July 27,— rather an absurd hour to get up on a Sunday.

The party was off with Goodro's 19??? station wagon in the lead leaving Phyllis Steorts stranded against the curb in her car.

We arrived at the beginning of the trail at 7:00 A. M. and were off to a pleasant journey. About 8:00, with tongues hanging out, we were told of a cool, clear stream dead ahead. (Leaders Lee and Harold made up a good story.) Rounding the last bend, there lay the beautiful clear stream — nothing but dry rocks! After beating up the leaders, we sat down for a rest.

Here the party split up — rock climbers one way, trail climbers the other. Harold Lee, Pete, Janet Christensen, Thelma (Shorty) Bagnell and I headed for the rocks. We walked up stream a short distance and at last found a small spring!

Every one kneeled down for a short prayer, or was it to tank up on water? We finally reached the open spaces and the rocks. The other party could be seen wending its way up the side of the mountain. We did a little rock scrambling and then came to a beautiful "hi-way." After a little elevation had been gained, Lee, Pete and Harold started to roll rocks. We reached the pitches about 11:00 and here we roped up.

Shorty and the fried chicken were between Lee and Pete. (Ask Pete how the chicken tasted.) I was secured between Harold and Janet. This was my first ascent with the aid of a rope. The rope doesn't make it easier, but it certainly gives you a sense of security.

After climbing over two pitches, we removed the ropes and did some more rock scrambling. At 12:30 we reached the other party. They had been waiting half-an-hour.

Lee, Shorty, Janet and I went to the cave and put the names of the climbers and the time of the climb in the secret vault, (tin can in a crevice.) Pete and Harold helped the other party to scale the rocks to the summit.

The view was magnificent. The valley lay below like a checkered carpet, twin peaks rose to the south in towering splendor, and range after range of variegated mountains rolled away to the east.

Everyone proceeded to a nice soft rock where he ate lunch. While most of us sat around eating dry sandwiches, our friends, —or so they called themselves— Harold, Pete and Janet Christensen ate delicious fruit cocktail and drank cool tomato juice. They were really roughing it! And those sandwiches tasted drier than ever going down parched throats. So did the fried chicken!

Lunch dispensed with, everyone sat around and gazed through Doc's binoculars, (war surplus, of course.) Mr. Archer Carpenter, of weather-bureau fame, took a few colored shots with his camera, while his daughter took forty winks. Betty Linklater sat in the cool shade of her king-size straw hat and Janet Roberts sat and dreamed of cool, cold water.

Before long the order came to get on the way, prompted by our desire for a little H₂O. Down the trail we went, with a lot more speed than we had climbed. Going down is the hardest part of the trip; Knees give out, feet get hot, toes get blisters, and corns get h.....!

At 3:30 P. M. a tired, thirsty gang arrived at the first water hole, (a slight trickle from a spring.) With Leo Fox playing "water boy," everyone got all he could drink. I proceeded to dig a small hole to soak my feet in, but Harold thought Thelma looked better sitting in it.

Once again we set out, cooler and more refreshed. (Thelma a little wetter!) We arrived at the base at 4:30, a tired hungry gang. Each one of us took a solemn oath never to climb Mount Olympus again — Until next year.

Cruise of the "Theo Judah"

GEORGE R. VAN HOUSE

It couldn't have been the Wasatch Mountain Club because there are no mountains of any consequence around the Salt Lake County Yacht Harbor on Great Salt Lake and because mountain clubbers aren't astir early enough on Sunday morning to meet at 6 a.m., but the thirty-four sleepy-eyed salts on the dock the morning of July 13, would have looked more familiar in ski or hiking togs.



Pull Harder Stevel

The sea scout cutter "Theo Judah" lay a few hundred yards offshore looking like a miniature Noah's ark. We were shuttled aboard in three trips by the scouts' small sailing sloop, "Mitzi", which was then tied astern and towed the rest of the way. All hands found places atop the cabin and the deck and we chugged away, heading northward. A merciful light layer of clouds hid the sun, slowing the inevitable sunburns, and making a delightful morning for such a trip.

Mountain clubbers in various states of undress sprawled atop the cabin enjoying the sun and breeze until lunch time when we anchored off White Rock near the nor-

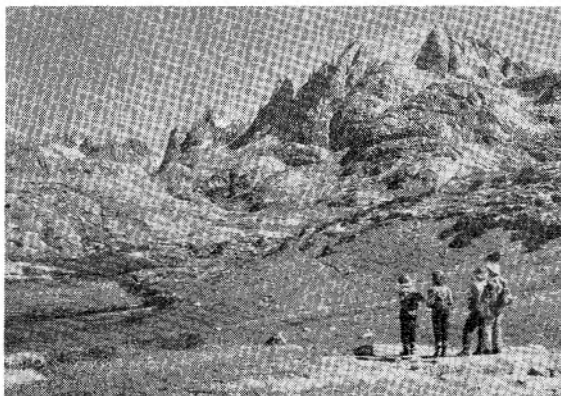
thern tip of Antelope Island. After a short visit to the rock and a brief swim, all hands enjoyed lunch and the return trip began. One group, headed by leader Steve MacDonald, decided to sail back in the small sloop while "Theo Judah" made a larger arc out into the lake, nearing Carrington and Stansbury islands before heading back towards port. Several hours later the "Mitzi" was overtaken, its auxiliary outboard motor trying desperately to supplement the reluctant breeze. Most of its "crew" elected to stay aboard. All deserters were promptly replaced, and the little sloop gradually dropped back into the wake of the larger boat.

The sun was sinking by the time both boats were anchored at the boat harbor, but glowing complexions of many of the party testified that its work was "well done."



Land, Ahoy!

Ignoring the "day after", all hands agreed that it had been one of the most relaxing and enjoyable trips in many a sun and were grateful to Skipper Paul "Mickey" Circuit, his scouts, and to Steve for a taste of salt water sailing too rarely enjoyed by Salt Lakers. No one, however, was heard planning water skiing on our briny shallows, but then, Orson Spencer wasn't there.



THE MOUNTAIN

His feet are in the Meadow
His head is in the sky,
I'd like to look behind him
If I could just get by!

—BEATRICE R. PARSONS

O'Dell Petersen: "Just look at me. Two years ago, I was a broken-down sot, fit only to lie in the gutter. And what do you think wrought this change in me?"

Janet Roberts: "What change?"

* * *

Dick Saville: "Will glasses help my eyes?"

Optometrist: "No, not if you drink out of them."

* * *

One falsey to another falsey: "Honesty is not always the bust policy."

* * *

A couple of chips off the old block were in the mountains hunting. The one carrying the gun, saw some grouse and carefully took aim.

Jack Wolfe (shouting): "Dan, my boy, don't shoot, the gun ain't loaded."

Dan: "I've got to. The bird won't wait till I load it."

* * *

WANTED! MEMBERS

Attention everyone! The W. M. C. is on the trail of ski enthusiasts, hardy mountain climbers and lodge sitters. They are wanted for a lifetime term in the W. M. C. Please notify any club officer immediately of the whereabouts of any person answering this description.

* * *

SIDE LINES

What about a baby beauty contest for those babies who have arrived since last edition? George and Mary Van House have a daughter, Harold and Helen Goodro have a new son, and Elly and Gene Moench have a daughter; all of which would make excellent candidates. Just ask the parents if you don't believe me.

* * *

We have a genius in our midst. It isn't everybody who can get a straight "A" in all his studies as Betsy Jones has done.

* * *

Lodge trips aren't the same without Stu and Na Gardner. We wish we would see more of them, but we see them working diligently on their property quite often.

* * *

A motorcycle accident near Wendover July 14 brought an untimely death to one mountain clubber and injured another. Roland Olmstead was killed and Orson Spencer suffered cuts and bruises when a sudden gust of wind upset their motorcycle. They were enroute to Wendover where they expected to transact business.

* * *

Jim Shane: "Hello, old man, haven't seen you for some time."

Lee Steorts: "I've been in bed for seven weeks."

Jim: "Oh, that's too bad. Flu, I suppose?"

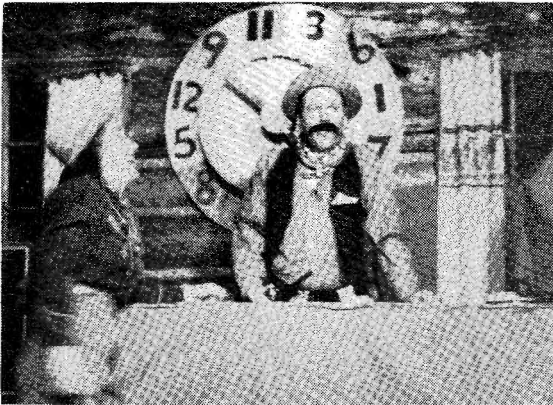
Lee: "Yes, and crashed."

HARD-TIMER'S BALL

By JUNE RASMUSSEN

Come one, come all, and enjoy an evening at the Wasatch Mountain Club Casino. The crowd flocked in and the games began. Black-jack, the roulette wheel, darts, hit-n-miss, poker, and dancing continued through the evening. Janet Christensen was tearing her hair out trying to collect the money, and pinning identification tags on everyone.

Beer, coke and sandwiches were served at the bar. Stan Murdock looked very natural in his mustache and hat. Where do you spend your free nights Stan? Hmrrrrrrrr? Wally Wyman was having fun robbing people on the wheel, and Lee Steorts was dealing black jack.



Stan at the Wheel

Ray Watrous brought the records and the record machine for the dancing and went money-mad counting the total after the crowd left. There were many guests that came and lost their money just as fast as the club members. Several members were yelling, "swing your partner round and round," while the folks danced into the night. It started to snow, but that didn't ruin the morale, and the fun continued until two and three in the morning. After most of the

gang had left, Harold took the girls out for a quick look at the moon, (which wasn't there). Tsk, tsk.



Poker Session

Up bright and early the next morning to clean the lodge. Bottles were here and there, and a chain was formed to move them down to the basement. Throughout the day, there were walks taken into town, hikes to Lake Mary, and rock climbing. A wonderful meal was served before returning home. I'm sure we will all agree, that the Hard-Timer's Ball was loads of fun.

ATTENTION ALL COOKS

The garbage disposal problem is one of great concern to all members. (Especially to those who have to clean up, come summer.)

This winter we plan to have a delux garbage can, (thanks to lodge director Doug Elkins), but it will not hold all the garbage unless it is handled properly.

Here are a few rules in connection with garbage disposal:

1. Remove both ends from all cans and smash flat.
2. See that all milk cans are empty.
3. Burn all wet and dry garbage in the kitchen stove or the furnace.
4. If there is any garbage left, it may be thrown in the garbage can.

THE FEDERATION OF WESTERN OUTDOOR CLUBS

By ED. J. HUGHES

Early in the year of 1931, the Mazama Club of Portland, Oregon, and second oldest incorporated mountain club in the United States, decided to build a new lodge on the south slopes of Mt. Hood, Oregon, and immediate steps were instituted on a building program. Invitations were sent out to mountaineering and outdoor clubs of the Pacific States requesting them to send engraved rocks giving the name and monogram of the club enscribed thereon, the same to be built in the big fireplace that decorates the large assembly room of the lodge.

As this building progressed, invitations were again sent out to most of the outdoor and mountaineering clubs of the Pacific States to attend the dedication of this Mazama Lodge, November 1, 1931, and assist in the dedication of this beautiful fireplace, and formally presenting the Mazamas the beautifully engraved stones that the respective clubs contributed from various localities.

As these ceremonies progressed it gradually dawned on everyone that here was the first gathering of Western-out-of-door lovers, twenty-four clubs being represented. Spontaneously the idea grew that some sort of an organization should be formed to perpetuate the interests of those represented, an impromptu meeting was quickly called which resulted in the adoption of a resolution. It designated the Mazamas to take the initiative to getting the new organization under way. A temporary central committee was named with L. A. Nelson as chairman and Margaret Lynch as secretary. After a lot of voluminous correspondence and hard work on the part of the central committee a date was set for May 1, 1932 at the Mazama Club Rooms in Portland, Oregon as the place of meeting.

Another meeting was called in which sixteen clubs were represented and a set of by-laws and constitution were adopted, but subject to their adoption at the first annual meeting to be held Labor Day, 1932 at the Mazama Lodge on Mt. Hood. At this later meeting the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs was officially promulgated and a set of officers elected, with L. A. Nelson as its first president; Paul J. Thiess, correspondence sec.; Aaron Glasgow, sec-treas.; with Oregon, California, Washington, and Utah each a vice president.

The member clubs of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs are located in the states of California, Montana, Oregon, Utah and Washington. In these five states there are located eleven national parks and eighteen national monuments. All of these national parks are most outstanding in their various fields and variegated scenery.

The Federation has always worked very closely with the Forest Service. At the annual convention in Salt Lake City this year, several matters will be brought before the convention pertaining to some national parks, monuments, and forest wilderness areas.

Since the end of World War II, the pressure has been put on the commercial interests that vitally affect our complete setup of conservation and wildlife. As we go along, it will become even greater, so it now behooves all true friends and believers in the protection of the Great-Out-Doors movement to join some active organization and help save these priceless gems for perpetuity, and for ourselves to enjoy as well.

* * *

Teacher: "How many sexes are there?"

Blain Hebdon: "Three."

Teacher: "What are they?"

Blain: "The male sex, the female sex, and the insects."

MIRROR LAKE TRIP

By TOM DEGLES

'Midst the taunts from the "know alls" and the "doubting Thomases", a small adventurous group of W. M. C. pioneers began the trek into the "impassable wilds" of the back-country above Kamas, Utah, in search of the "extremely hard to get to" area around Mirror Lake in the world famed Uintah Mountains.

The group, composed of 13 highly trained, hardy mountain explorers, left Salt Lake on July 3rd at 10:00 p.m. and drove madly to Mirror Lake at an average speed of 30 miles per hour, finding only one bad spot on the entire road (contrary to Kozy's office reports). We made camp and enjoyed three days of mosquito-free camping.



Mountain Beauty Parlor

The whole group composed of Tom Degles, leader, June Rasmussen, assistant leader, Pete and Pinky Petersen, Harold Goodro, Janet Christensen, Midge Parks, Ed Orlob, Betty Linklater, Jetta Bowridge, Al-



Summit Bound

bina Newman, Leo Fox and Marilyn Murphy, climbed Bald Mountain, Pete and Harold climbed Reid Peak; and Pete, Harold and Tom made the first 1947 climb up rocky Hayden's Peak.

We had fine eats, campfire singing each night, gay repartee with high "spirits", plus "sleeping in" until 10:00 a.m. each day in our cozy down bags and mountain tents.

Orson Spencer and Steve MacDonald came up for breakfast and dinner on Sunday. The former gave a hilarious demonstration on "how not to eat it."

We had a great trip and are looking forward to the next one.

* * *

Orson Spencer's Great Salt Lake swimming feats are chronicled by Dale L. Morgan in his new book, "The Great Salt Lake", latest of the American Lakes Series. Orson was a perennial winner of the event in the 30's and still holds the record for both the Antelope Island-Saltair swim at 2 hours and 20 minutes and the Antelope Island-Black Rock swim at 3:40:52.

* * *

Open letter to Bruce Parsons: Is that beard really necessary? Of course, on you it looks good.

* * *

WORK TRIP INFO

"Work trip," that's a phrase we have all heard, but only a few have known the significance of. To some it means . . . "Guess I'll stay home from the lodge today. I don't feel like working, and besides somebody else will do my share." To others it means . . . "Guess I better go again or no one will be there to do any work."

Now this is a poor setup for any cooperative club when only a few do the work and everyone gets the benefits.

This year has been no exception. Everytime a work trip has been called, only a few (the same ones everytime) show up. If we could get only half of our club members to show up on each trip, there would be seventy strong backs to do the job, now being done by fifteen or twenty.

As you all know, we are now in the process of building a new front entrance on the lodge. The job is going slow and will not get finished this year unless there is better cooperation by the members.

To show your pride in yourself and your lodge, come out to the next work trip.

* * *

It has been proposed that the club institute a new policy in regard to work trips. In the future, each club member will be required to participate in at least half of all the work trips scheduled. Failure to do so will result in an increase of dues for that year. No set amount of money has yet been suggested. This seems like a very good idea, for if the members do not wish to do their share of the work, outside help will have to be employed. Think this over and give us your opinion.



"Doin' our bit"

This is a word of praise for those boys and girls who have spent their holidays at labor for the lodge. Wood cutters like Blaine Hebdon and Richard Reynolds are always welcome. Hope to see you boys often. The new entrance has started to take shape, thanks to muscle men like Jim Shane. We will really appreciate it this winter.

* * *



"Just did ours"

Police: "Did you get the number of that car that knocked you down?"

Albena Newman: "No, but the lady driving it had on a three-piece tweed suit, lined with Canton crepe, and she wore a periwinkle hat trimmed with artificial cherries."

* * *

ROAMING THE WASATCH

By O'DELL PETERSEN

"Mountaineering is a game. Second only to the greatest game of all men's games—life."

Here in Utah especially in the vicinity of Salt Lake, we are indeed doubly blessed with this great heritage.

The Wasatch range or as geologists refer to it "the fault" begins in the north with Mt. Logan and ends abruptly with Mt. Nebo, 11,888 feet, to the south. Between these two peaks rise 180 miles of mountain grandeur.

If you like easy trail hikes, you will find hundreds of trails leading to lakes, waterfalls, and from one pine clad canyon to another. Or perhaps you're more ambitious and prefer a good stiff climb up one of our many rugged peaks. Then of course there will always be a few more daring, or should we say, "a little tetchd in the head", who like rock climbing. Well, we have a rock climbing section in our club, and we'd like your company on one of our rock climbs. Let's not forget the fishermen; there's always a few of these in every club. Every stream in every canyon is well stocked with trout.

Because these mountains were formed by a great fault, they rise spectacularly from the floor of the valley. The highest crest of the range is the summit of nationally famous Mt. Timpanogos. It rises 12,008 feet above sea level, 8,000 feet of this rises straight up from the valley.

Mt. Timpanogos derives its name from an Indian word meaning "sleeping lady". With a little imagination and study one can actually see the profile of a lady. Two well kept trails lead to the summit, and a road winds up to Aspen Grove at an elevation of 7,000 feet. From here the trail leads almost effortlessly up the remaining 5,000



feet. Most climbs of this peak are started around midnight so that the climber can be on the summit at sunrise. The descent takes you over the famous Timp Glacier reputed to be the southern-most glacier in the United States. The glacier is generally smooth, and one can glissade down its slopes to beautiful Emerald Lake.

Thirty miles north rises the 11,251 foot Lone Peak needle, a world of sheer granite precipices. Lone Peak is not as accessible as Timpanogos, but is really a challenge to a mountaineer.

Beautiful Bell Canyon affords the best trail and is the most common route. Though not the shortest, it is the easiest. The summit of Lone Peak is really spectacular, being very small, only about ten people may be on its pinnacle at the same time. The sheerest and most exposed face of the entire range is found on this peak. The west face has a vertical drop of 1,000 feet.

Between Lone Peak and Mt. Olympus, we have at least fifty summits that rise above 11,000 ft.

Besides all these summits to lure the adventurous, we have an equal number of beautiful canyons. Among these are Provo Canyon with its famous Bridal Veil Falls, the Yosemite of Utah and Little Cottonwood Canyon site of the best ski area in the whole country — Alta. Big Cottonwood Canyon, with the Alpine Village of Brighton and

the location of our Wasatch Club, Ogden Canyon with its beautiful Pine View Reservoir, and Logan Canyon, one of the most verdent canyons in the whole range.

The U. S. Forest Service has developed numerous camp sites and picnic areas in all of these canyons, and everyday one can find hundreds of people enjoying these facilities.

From the Wasatch Mt. Club Lodge at Brighton, radiate a number of interesting trails each leading to a beautiful lake or a towering granite peak.

Eight miles below Brighton in the same canyon, a trail branches up a fork known as Mill B South Fork. At the end of this easy trail lie three lakes, Lake Blanche, Lake Lillian, and Lake Florence, named after the three daughters of the discoverer. These lakes are rimmed by towering peaks, one being the Sun Dial, the emblem of the Wasatch Mt. Club.

For those who would rather do their hiking via the automobile, an interesting one day trip can be started by driving to American Fork Canyon, and stopping first at famous Timpanogos Cave with its deep caverns and underground lakes. Then continue the drive over the scenic Alpine Loop. This road goes over the top of the divide from American Fork Canyon to Aspen Grove in the North Fork of the Provo Canyon. Usually this drive is continued up Provo Canyon to Heber Valley. Here the Schneider Hot Pots are located, where a refreshing swim and good food can be obtained.

Leaving Heber, you enter into Parley's Canyon with its Mt. Dell Reservoir. Continuing down the canyon you arrive at the mouth just before the sun is setting, unfolding before you a scene of beauty you will never forget.

These and many more interesting hikes and trips will be yours when you roam the Wasatch.

Editor's note: Reprinted from Western Federation of Outdoor Clubs Magazine.

DUTIES OF A TRIP LEADER

If you are one of those fortunate beings who has been selected to be a trip leader, (they couldn't find anyone else to do the damn job) here are a few helpful hints.

1. Trip cards must be picked up at Wolfe's after 5:00 on last registration day.

2. Transportation director must be notified and given the names of people who need transportation.

3. Commissary director must be notified as to the number of people for each meal.

4. Key must be obtained from Wolfe's and the lodge opened.

5. Work list must be made out upon arrival at the lodge and everyone should be notified of his detail.

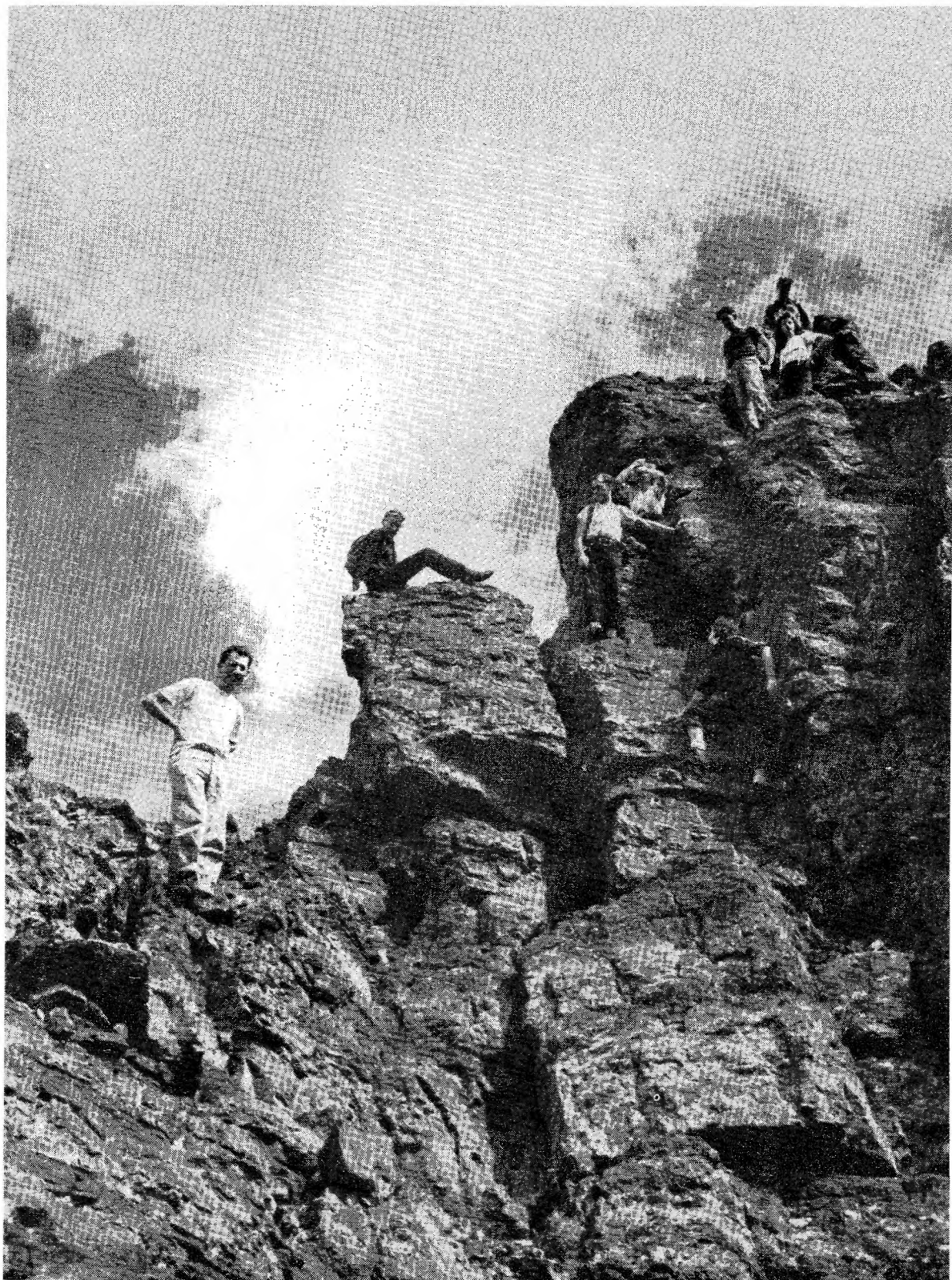
6. Trip report should be made out and money collected.

7. The leader must be the last one to leave the lodge and he must check to see that the fires are out, the windows are locked, the lights are off and the lodge is locked.

8. Trip report, keys and money collected shall be turned in at the cashier's desk at Wolfe's and receipt obtained for money.

RESIGNATIONS

The 1946-47 Board of Directors served through most of the club year without a casualty, but late months has brought two changes of membership. In June, Wally Wyman resigned as Transportation Director in order to undergo an operation and was replaced by Midge Parks who was the fourth Transportation Director in slightly over a year, the others being Norm Osborne and George Van House. The second Director to leave the board was George, who resigned as Publications Director and moved to Verdeland Park at Layton. Bruce Parsons was named to succeed him.



ROCK CLIMBING WITH THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

By JANET CHRISTENSEN

Several years ago, a few of the members of the Wasatch Mountain Club formed a Mountaineering section headed by Fritz Thackwell. The purpose of this group was to learn and put into practice the essentials of true mountaineering. Certain tests were required in order to belong to this group and the club added several very valuable members.

Rock climbing was a new angle for the W. M. C., but O'Dell Petersen had been in San Francisco watching the Sierra Club perform and had a lot of new ideas. Fritz Thackwell knew something of the sport, and they also gleaned some ideas watching Bert Jensen perform on the rocks.

The war interfered with our mountaineers, some of them being called into service, and the group was more or less disbanded. Many of this group entered the Civilian Defense Ski and Mountain Corps, where they took courses in map reading, snow conditions, radio, first aid, etc.

The group still went rock climbing every Thursday night as they had done in the past. Sometimes they would travel to "Pete's rock" on the Wasatch Boulevard. This rock is a fairly good sized rock with a variety of good climbs. Various routes have been designated and numbered. The easy route used for beginners is known as No. 3. Numbers 5, 6, and 7, are fairly good climbs. No. 1 has the reputation of appearing the hardest as it is an overhang, but even one or two of we girls have made this one. The greatest reputation of them all is held by No. 13, a climb with few hand-holds and a slight overhang. Several of the fellows, Pete, Jim, Harold and Steve have made this climb with a top belay, but only Harold has been able to make a piton climb with a bottom belay — so this is still quite a challenge to the better climbers.

Maybe we had better give you laymen some idea of what belay and piton mean. You all know, of course, that rock climbers use rope. The rope is not used as a direct aid in climbing, and one does not hang onto the rope to be pulled up, but it is used as a safety measure in case of a fall. Other equipment consists of pitons which are pieces of iron about six inches long with an eye in the end about one inch in diameter. The piton is used to drive into the cracks of rocks for aid in making difficult ascents. Into the eye of the piton is placed a carabiner which is an oblong ring about four inches long in which there is a snap or catch. The rope passes through the carabiner which is attached to the piton which is driven into the crack of the rock.

Three men make a good climbing team. The leader and end man use bowlines for tying the rope and the middle man uses the butterfly knot. The lead man then starts out driving in a piton when he comes to a likely place, to this he attaches a carabiner and threads his rope, and the lead man cannot fall any further than the length of his rope below his last piton. Each man is belayed in this fashion until the top is reached. The rope also can be used in descending the cliff by using it around the body to rapell, which is a fast safe way of coming down a difficult place. This technique came in handy a few weeks ago when a group of us were climbing in Storm Mountain Picnic area.

Needless to say, we are still rock climbing. This summer we have had a fairly good crowd out at the rock on Thursday nights, and if you haven't yet tried it, do come and join in the fun.

* * *

Harold Goodro: "Lady, what are you doing in my bed?"

Helen: "Well, I like your bed. And I like your neighborhood, and I like your house. And furthermore, it's about time you remembered that I'm your wife."

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"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.—Reprint.

ATTENTION

Additional copies of the Rambler may be obtained from the Magazine Shop at 38 West 2nd South for 25 cents.

PRIVATE PARTIES

The lodge is available for unscheduled trips and it is a very easy matter to arrange for it. Any member wishing to obtain the lodge for a private party must contact one of the board members and arrange for a date. If there are no more than four guests per each member, the lodge may be obtained without permission of the Board of Directors. If there are more than four guests per each member, the trip must have the sanction of the whole board, and if permission is granted, one of the board members must be present.

Members using the lodge on unscheduled trips must obey the following rules:

Keys—Keys will be given to members upon presentation of their membership cards at Wolfe's Department Store. Members must also sign for keys. Keys must be returned to Wolfe's as soon as possible upon returning from the lodge.

Registration—Members and their guests will sign the register immediately upon entering the lodge.

Non-Members—No member shall entertain more than four guests without permission from the Board of Directors.

Fee—Each member will pay 50 cents per day (non-members 75 cents) for the privilege of using the lodge. A minimum fee of three dollars per day shall be paid. The money shall be turned in at Wolf's when the keys are returned.

A GLIMPSE OF THE PAST

By LORETTA BARTLETT

Skiing, in spite of the early dyed-in-the-wool hiking enthusiasts, has always been dear to the Mountaineers. Old photographs bear witness to this. True, the costumes, compared with today's streamlined outfits, were peculiar-looking and impractical; but the people attired in tight-fitting hiking breeches, woolly sweaters and stocking-caps which collected incredible amounts of snow, high-top hiking boots, and extra long skis held on solely by toe-straps, loved the sport as much and probably more than do any of today's devotees. It took a real enthusiast to gleefully face the prospect of a hike from Park City to Brighton using just such equipment, and with all one's bedding and food strapped to one's back. In "the good ol' days", it took three days to make the round trip Park City-Brighton jaunt, and the feminine contingent was not allowed to tackle it because of its strenuousness.

Interest in skiing by the mass of people was given its big impetus in the Salt Lake Valley when Charles Pfeiffer and Glen Stewart representing the Wasatch Mountain Club, E. D. Nordquist and Clyde Jones on behalf of the Utah Ski Club, and Miss Sylvia Burt faculty representative for the University of Utah Hiking Club; met November 21, 1932, and agreed to run joint trips to Ecker's Hill. "Doc" Inglesby, then running the Bingham Stage Lines, cooperated by agreeing to furnish buses at a reasonable cost so that everyone interested could ski at least weekly without suffering undue financial hardship. (The round-trip fare was 50c apiece.) The first trip under the combined sponsorship of the three groups was run an early Sunday in January, 1933. Ecker's Hill was chosen as the site so that the Utah Ski Club members, interested mainly in jumping, could work and practice

on their hill if they desired, while the remainder of the group could practice skiing and take cross-country jaunts.

At that time, waxing of skis was unthought of (paraffin over a highly varnished finish was the approved treatment for running surfaces); but when the toe-strap was replaced with a leather harness and some of the members began to learn about controlling their skis and to teach the art to others, skiing really came to its own.

It was then decided to open the Club's lodge at Brighton for the winter season. Until then, it had been used three or four times during the year, and then only in summer. Stocks of food were stored for winter use, and the Commissary Director one fall trip, put everyone to work gathering elderberries which were made into jam or used on hotcakes at lodge breakfasts.

Until the winter season of 1939, only summer hikes were recognized if one wanted to become a qualified Mountaineer. But January 15, 1939, the first qualifying ski trip was run. It was a trip against time from Brighton to the Forest Service Lodge at Alta. Vern Haugland, who later became a noted War Correspondent, and Ray McGuire led the way. Those who first qualified, officially, on a ski trip, according to the trip leader's reports, included Kathryn Beck, Edith (Christensen) Petersen, Vern Haugland, James Mulkern, Phil Miner, Ray McGuire, O'Dell Petersen, Chick Pfeiffer, Ann Stafford, and George Van House. A. Romney and Beverly Beck, non-members, also satisfactorily completed the trip.

Safe and controlled skiing has been the watchword of the Mountain Club skiers, and the Club can be justifiably proud of its low percentage of accidents, as well as the fact that several of its members are mainstays of the Ski Patrol, an unselfish group who look after all unfortunate skiers who suffer mishaps while skiing.



SKI CIRCUS

By BRUCE PARSONS

Come in! Come over! Come see the wonders of the ages all gathered together under one Big Top of sun and sky on the Great Western Slope. The ski slope, that is!

On Sunday, April 12, there were gathered together on the ski slope at Brighton, the largest conglomeration of people and things that have ever been seen. This was the Ski Circus.

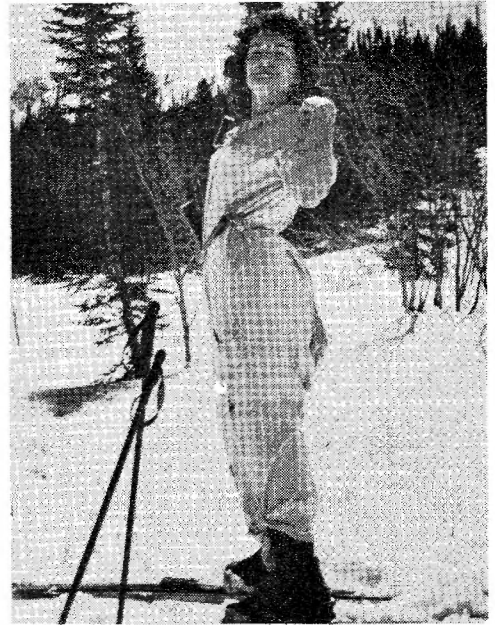
First event of the schedule was the downhill Obstacle race. It was a colorful event, for each contestant had to carry a toy balloon down the trickery course and through a barrel without breaking it. The race was run without casualty, except for Wally (Hangover) Wyman who lost his skis and had to cross the finish line on a dead run. Winners were Steve MacDonald for the men and Janet Christensen for the women. Elfriede Shane might have won if her drop-seat hadn't come undone. She had to stop to make repairs!



The Winner

Second event—prize for the best costume. Jim (hubba-hubba) Shane won hands down.

Climaxing event — sculpturing contest. Wally Wyman and Dave Schlain won first place for their alluring model of a nude young lady. (Model June always wears her bathing suit when she poses.) Second place was taken by the Timp. Ski Club, with an upright model of June. Last, and I do mean LAST, was Harold and Steve's masterpiece of a "rooster at half mast."



Droop Shape & Drop Seat

Circus band — we have to thank Ray Watrous for music all through the day. (That's a very nice P. A. system, Ray.)

Circus eats? Of course! The entire affair was climaxed by a huge banquet. Jim Shane and Johnney, the cook, are the best clowns we know when it comes to cooking a swell meal. Let's give 'em a big hand!

* * *

It was a good thing for Shortie (Thelma Bagnell) one Sunday at Brighton that she was wearing her ankle-length snow bunny parka. You couldn't even tell that her pants were split from here to there.

"THE LANGLAUF"

By ED ORLOB

For some years the W. M. C. has prided itself in planning and producing the Langlauf. This year of 1947 was no exception, for though it presented a smaller than usual group, it was of a truly high caliber.

The course, a $5\frac{1}{2}$ mile stretch through the wonderland of Brighton, wound through the pines well below Silver Lake. Here the trail doubled back, but not without a good bit of climbing to give the field a workout. Before long the "Langlaufers" found themselves high above Silver Lake and through a twisting trail, with the finish of the figure 8 course at the lodge.

Our club found a choice group of runners "chafing at the bit," ready to get it over with. Among this group were performers such as Junior Bournos of the Timp. Mtn. Club and Corey Engen of Snow Basin. Our own club gave us Harold Goodro and Orson Spencer. Also right in there with good performances were Jack Walker from Utah Ski Club and Jim Laughlin from the Alta Ski Club. There were others, not in the prize picture, but to whom praise should be given for being good sports. Frank Hurst from Timp. Mtn. Club, Wm. H. Wilson of the "U" and John Wolfer from Snow Basin, stayed in there to finish.

Spectators seldom hear of the officials who labor so diligently in order that the race may be a success. A really fine job was done by Jacke Wolfe, who for some years has been the race chairman and a distinct credit to W. M. C. His co-workers were Pa Parry (God bless'im) and Stan ("the hat") Murdock as timers. As recorders, Midge Parks and Janet Christensen turned in a "tres bon" bit of "copy work" and kept the gallery entertained with their banter.



Langlauf Winner, Corey Engen

The boys went to the post about 11:00 a.m. with grim determination of "I'm a gonna do it or bust" and they didn't bust anything but records. First man in was Corey Engen who ran the course in 29:32 which was remarkable for the $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Junior Bournos, the '46 champ was 2nd with 33:56. Some 3 minutes behind Jr. was Harold (pappy) Goodro. We should pause here to give H. G. a hand for he ran that race only a few hours after Helen presented him with a son Jerry Goodro.

This day was crowned with one of those excellent dinners at which the awards were made by the "old man of the mountains" Jacke Wolfe. The contestants were the guests and they had done a fine job and deserve any and all compliments.

So the sun set on another W. M. C. Langlauf with all of us discussing how to make future races even more a contest of the true ability of the "Langlaufer."

WINTER ROUND-UP

By ELFRIEDE SHANE

While the following schedule does not include all of the ski trips taken this past season, it does present a brief summary of those considered as highlights. There were numerous "Sunday Only" outings and several overnight trips where everybody just took things easy and spent Sunday leisurely skiing.

SKI HOP PARTY

November 16 and 17

This was our first big party of the year — the starter-offer of the winter season. It almost ended in disaster for our fifty participants, however, because our regularly scheduled cook failed to put in an appearance; but due to the teamwork of Mary Van House, Elfriede Shane and Phyllis Spencer, Sunday dinner went off as planned. Saturday night we danced polkas and schottisches until 4 a.m., and Virginia-reeled to the guitar music of Nelson Poe. The snow condition Sunday was perfect, and all in all the Ski Hop Party was an excellent beginning for the year.

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY

December 31 and January 1

As in former years the Wasatch Mt. Club New Year's party was a highly successful one (and I do mean highly). A great deal of time and effort was spent by leaders Wynne and Gerry Thomas in decorating the lodge to create a fittin' festive atmosphere. A variety of interesting games were played, including Truth or Consequences which resulted in some very hilarious consequences. Marion Stiles was given the consequence of shaving Dave Schlain, or was it Dave that was given the consequence of letting Marion shave him? Stan Murdock, the master salesman, was blindfolded and given the duty of selling a com-



Confident, aren't they!

bination dishwasher and washing machine, which much to our amusement turned out to be his girlfriend, Avon Hintze. Lee Steorts got called on one of his bluffs and was asked to identify all the girls he had kissed at the party. Was he surprised when he discovered that "all the girls he kissed" were his own wife, Phyllis. In spite of that morning-after feeling, the party was a huge success and will be looked forward to next year.

GIANT SLALOM RACE

January 11 and 12

It has been proven that club races are very popular; to those who participate they provide a standard of comparison with one's fellow skiers, and to those who spectate they provide some darn good entertainment. This particular race was especially exciting. The course ran from the foot of Mt. Majestic down the length of Great Western Hill. The snow condition was excellent, although it was a little chilly and the sun refused to shine. Approximately seventeen contestants entered the men's division and about eight entered the women's. Lee Steorts finished first in the men's division and Michael Ann Healy came through with a flashy finish to take first place in the women's race. Let's hope that this trip will be repeated annually.

Overnight To Timpangos

January 18 and 19

The Timpanogos Club played host to the W. M. C. over this weekend. Those who went down to Provo spent the night at Ray Stewart's cabin and skied on Ray's hill all day Sunday.

SNOW BASIN

January 26

A busload of enthusiastic skiers traveled to Snow Basin and skied like mad all day. The snow condition was perfect, although storm clouds threatened. From the general reaction it looks as if at least one annual trip will be scheduled to Snow Basin next year.



Strenuous Skiing

LODGE OVERNIGHT

February 1 and 2

This trip set a new high in attendance for the year. Altogether there were more than eighty people at the lodge, half of whom were guests from West High Ski Club. An inter-club race was held Sunday between the Timp Ski Club and the W. M. C.'s, and as usual the competition between Harold Goodro and Junior Bournos made it an exciting race to watch. Harold came through to win the men's division and Betsy Sugden won the women's race. The Timp. Club's appearance at our lodge is always an assurance of an especially good trip.

RED PINE, ALPINE

February 8 and 9

For years this has been one of our most popular cross country trips, and this was no exception. Nineteen eager hikers made the day-long trip up Red Pine Canyon and skied down the other side to the town of Alpine. The constantly changing conditions made the skiing very difficult to handle, but all nineteen made it all the way and in the end said they were glad they did it.

LODGE OVERNIGHT

March 8 and 9

For many people this trip offered the first opportunity to do some moonlight cross country, and no one was disappointed. It was one of the more outstanding outings of the year. The snow conditions were perfect, the pace set by Steve MacDonald was just right, and the views by moonlight were breathtaking. We all agreed that this must be done more often,—anyway more than once a year.

* * *

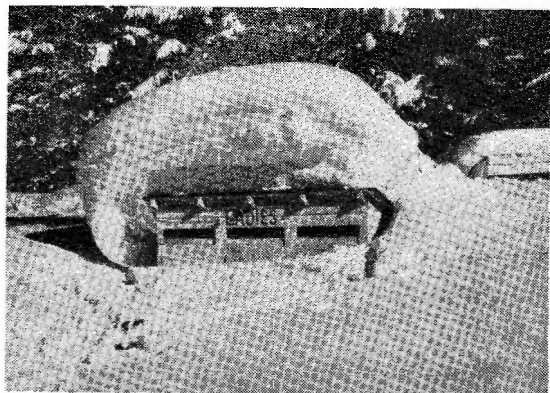
Butch: "How old are you?"

Jim: "I dunno exactly. I'm either seven or eight."

Butch: "Do you dream of women?"

Jim: "No".

Butch: "You're seven. I'm eight."



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Degles, Thomas	4580 Highland Drive	Hol. 29-W
Diehl, Margaret	1737 South Fifth East	7-7849
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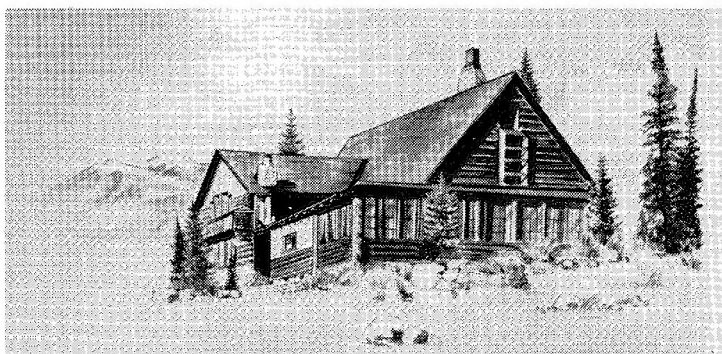
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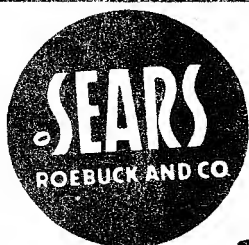
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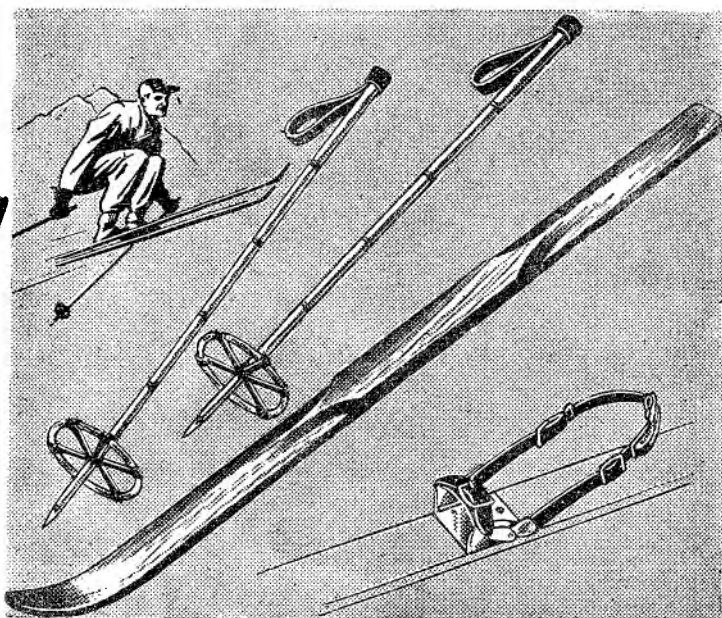
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