

PUBLISHED BY *Wasatch Mountain Club*

1948

THE
Rambler



ALPINE ROSE LODGE



beckons you to
**BEAUTIFUL
BRIGHTON**

- 7 MONTH'S SKIING
- YEAR 'ROUND BEAUTY
- OPEN THE YEAR AROUND
- REASONABLE RATES

WE'VE MADE SOME CHANGES!

The old Ski Shack has been made into a boys' dorm, and a modern new cafe now adjoins the lodge. Meals or snacks served a la carte in cafe anytime of the day.

DORM RATES

Without bedding (bring your sleeping bag).....\$1.50
With bedding\$2.50

LODGE RATES

Rooms, European plan.....\$3.50
Rooms, American plan.....\$7.00



HENRY FLORENCE, Mgr.

Tel. Brighton 4

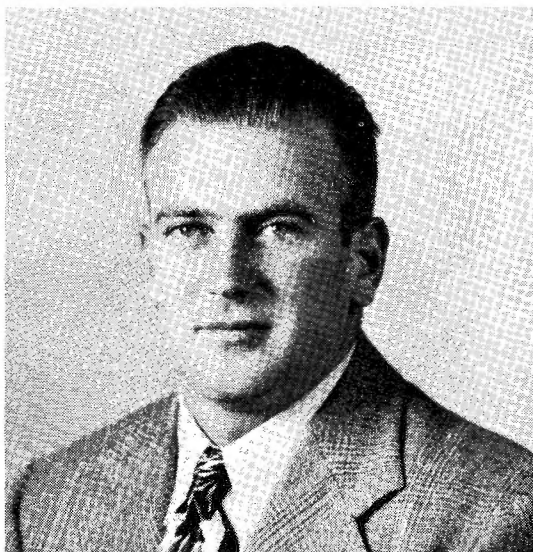


Wasatch Mountain Club Lodge

THE RAMBLER

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WE HAVE MORE FUN THAN PEOPLE

JIM SHANE President

What! Who could it be—this noisy busload of happy people? Sounds like fun—where could they be going?

These might be the thoughts of a hitch-hiker, for instance, who chanced to see us on the way to our Brighton retreat.

Yes, it is fun—this association with the Wasatch Mountain Club. We play, joke, sing and meet people on the bus; and then upon arrival at our destination we branch out into many diversified activities—forgetting completely our work-during-the-week world below.

We take these trips weekly, sometimes to our lodge and sometimes to other places of interest. In any event, we always have fun—good, clean outdoor fun.

One little, but actually quite serious, point is that as many people as we have room for are not partaking of these fruits. Why? Could the spark plugs of yesterday be burnt out today, or have they found a so-called better deal?

These could not possibly be the reasons, so whatever they may be, let's eliminate them and come out to breathe the cool, invigorating clean air and let your glad-to-be-alive enthusiasm show.

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"The way to take this is to spiral."

PURPOSE OF THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

Preamble to the Constitution of the Wasatch Mountain Club: Our purpose shall be to encourage outdoor recreation; to unite the energy, interests, and knowledge of students, explorers and lovers of the mountains of Utah; to collect and disseminate information regarding the Rocky Mountains in behalf of science, literature and art; to explore and picture the scenic wonders of this and surrounding states; to help in advertising the natural resources and scenic beauties of the State of Utah; to encourage preservation of forests, flowers and natural scenery as well as wild animal and bird life.

ACTIVITIES

The Club's activities include hiking, skiing, rock climbing, ice skating, boating, tennis, dancing, tumbling, swimming and sundry others. All trips and outings are conducted in good taste, with leaders or guides appointed on overnight events. Firearms and liquor are prohibited, and proper regard for the enjoyment and comfort of others, as well as preservation of natural features and public property is observed.

MEMBERSHIP

All persons over 18 years of age and interested in club activities are eligible for membership. The entrance fee is \$5.00, annual dues \$5.00.

It is necessary, however, before applying for membership to attend two scheduled activities within a period of two months to determine whether you like the club and to let the club members get acquainted with you.

ORGANIZATION

The eleven members of the Board of Directors are elected annually by the members, and the directors then elect their officers. The five members of the Board of Trustees are elected, one annually for a term of four years.

The directors and trustees work in their jobs voluntarily. No member receives any payment for his work other than the pleasure he or she derives from it and the friendships that are formed and grow among congenial people who work together for a common cause.

REGISTRATION

The members and guests who wish to come on a club trip must register at either Wolfe's Outdoor Sports by filling out completely both the upper and lower portions of the registration cards—and one card per person!!! This must be accomplished before 5 p.m. on the Friday preceding the weekend of the designated trip, or other time specified.

It is essential to the transportation and commissary directors respectively that you indicate your transportation plans and the number of meals you will attend. A successful trip cannot be planned unless this information is indicated on each and everyone's card.

We again urge the importance of registering before the deadline. With the increased facilities at Brighton and our ever growing membership, it is not too fantastic to predict that someday soon we will have to limit the number of registrants for each trip. So get in the habit now before it's too late. It is not only the wise thing to do, but it shows consideration to the board members and leaders who are doing their best to see that you have a good time.

MEMBERSHIP

It is not the duty of the Membership Director exclusively to bring in new members for the WMC.

Each and everyone of you can help the club and the Membership Director by bringing your friends who are interested in our activities. When you bring your friends on a trip, introduce



them around so they can get acquainted and join in on the fun, and check occasionally to make sure they aren't sitting in a corner by themselves.

After your guests have been on one of our trips and are interested in joining the club, the Membership Director should be notified and he will see that they are supplied with all necessary information as to the procedure to follow.

Let's all be Membership Directors next year.

PUBLICITY

By JACK WOLF

What is a publicity man? Is he a fellow who can take a mediocre product and glamorize it and sell it to the public? Yes, that's a publicity man! He, of course, can shout by print or radio or sky-writing, the merits of a good product and keep the public interested and earn his salt in so doing.



BUT WE IN THIS CLUB, ALL OF US, should be and can be publicity minded. So, let's look at what we have to sell: a silver platter trip of transportation, eats, lodging at a fraction of the cost the individuals could arrange it for themselves, comradeships and fun unsurpassed with groups of feds and males.

You as individuals can shout this to the world from the housetops or hilltops. Sell your friends and emanate your own enthusiasm, and soon the club will have to enlarge its physical assets in order to accommodate the 500 members that it is possible to enroll in this area.

We have a lodge at Brighton, the center of skiing America, with an investment of thousands of dollars, built with the brawn and brains of members and friends this past 25 years, of which you are a shareholder as equal as the rest of us.

Publicity you say!!! If the Wasatch Mountain Club's Publicity Director is needed, it's you its members who have made it so by failing in your part to shout. So let's all be publicity minded—it's fun, it's worthwhile and it pays dividends toward a fuller and better life.

TRANSPORTATION

By MIDGE PARKS

A conveyance for carrying — singly, doubly or loads. 'Tis something that has always been and will always be a necessity to mankind. No one age of man has lived without some form of conveyance to lighten his burden in work and comfort his more leisurely hours.



In this day when living is so great, one soon learns he is dependent on all types of conveyances to carry him to and from all he does, be it work or pleasure. He travels via "ankle express" begrudgingly if on a crowded bus, speeds if in his own car, dips his wings if in a plane and thinks of others as landlubbers when at sea.

Comes days of relaxation no matter the weather—the Great Outdoors still beckons to all. Oh! to go someplace and how to get there!

The fun of all seasons is going places with others—seeing, doing and being together. The best way of accomplishing this is traveling by bus. Being relaxed and travel worry gone, you can enjoy all the fun.

Those of you who have not been on a bus trip with your club cannot know what fun you have missed. Be sure you make the next bus trip a *must* on your list and you will get better acquainted with your fellow club members. SEE YOU ON A BUS!

MIRROR LAKE

By JANET ROBERTS

A busload of bags and baggage and clean faces climbed aboard the bus bound for a glorious 4th and 5th of July at Mirror Lake. Nothing out of the ordinary happened—that is, until the axle broke! Everyone had gotten acquainted via the bus p.a. sys-



tem under the guidance of our genial "street reporter" Ed Orlob. Doc Jenkins told us all about the wild beasts we might see, and Midge Parks warned us about the wolves, what! no wolfesses! After Ed's introduction, it was decided that there being a surplus of Dave's and Janet's, we all might just as well go by those names. It made remembering names easy for the rest of the trip.

We stopped at the Kamas Drug and General Merchandise, and everyone was beginning to think about how the sleeping bag would feel when—crack, the axle broke! Midge hitchhiked to Mirror Lake to phone Salt Lake for a new axle while the rest of us sat around a bonfire and toasted marshmallows and chewed the rag. A few of us took 40 winks—those whose sleeping bags weren't under the groceries. At 5 a.m. we arrived at our destination where the fishermen were busy swoshing their faces at the pump, after a good night's sleep.

Trip leaders June Rasmussen and Chick Morton had set up camp earlier in the day. Finding them was a problem—which tents was the question. Midge, running and yelling came to our rescue.

After about 12 minutes of good sound sleep it was time for breakfast, after which new life took hold. Take your choice—fishing, sleeping, painting or hiking. Some felt a little tired when they first started to hike, but with our customary vim and vigor a crowd of us reached the top of Hayden's peak.



Janet Christensen was No. 1 girl to reach the top while Jim Shane and Harold Goodro went from Hayden's to climb Mt. Agassi, too. There were small lakes, large lakes, blue lakes, green lakes, brown lakes, round lakes, long lakes, crescent lakes; in fact lakes everywhere, each with its own separate beauty.

After feasting on the beauty we feasted on our lunch which included apple and apricot sherbet. Snow mixed with baby food is excellent—everyone on the hike will testify. Then some of us started to walk toward camp. Faces red and caked with dust, muscles aching, feet hot and dragging, but alas no rides—hitchhiking nil. After the thumbs got tired, pants legs were rolled up. Were we to fall by the wayside? Finally some kind soul took pity on us and drove us back to camp. Those who went to Mt. Baldy the next day had the same luck.

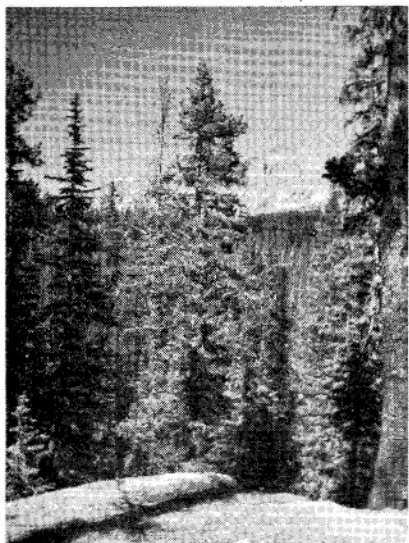


For the fishermen the day was full of fishing and fun and fish. Yes, fish! Chick Morton and Steve MacDonald caught enough

fish for everyone's breakfast next morning. That is, all except Stevè, who had bread and jam. Not even a smell of his own fish (singular)—he'll learn to sleep late.



Those who didn't hike Mt. Baldy the second day or go fishing sat around the lake and either went swimming or watched the other brave souls swim. June did her bit to entertain the crowd by playing rover into the lake during the game catch. The water was icy but refreshing—a conductor of duck bumps. George Unseld spent the day sketching Mt. Baldy.



Coming home was uneventful (no broken axle) but fun. We stopped to view the waterfall, admired the beauty, passed cars in a cloud of dust. Leo threatened to plant spuds in his ears. We arrived home a busload of dirty but smiling faces.

DUTIES OF A TRIP LEADER

For the benefit of those who don't know and for the review of those who have forgotten, we list below a few helpful hints for leaders to follow in order to make their particular trip an outstanding one:

1. The registration card stubs must be picked up at both places of registration (Wolfe's Sportsman's Headquarters and Jack Wolfe's Outdoor Sports) with the trip leader's report after the scheduled deadline.

2. Notify Transportation Director as to the number requiring transportation. If a bus is scheduled, it is up to the leader to plan the route and make arrangements to be sure that all persons are picked up at designated spots along the route.

3. Notify the Commissary Director as to the number registered for each meal.

4. Be responsible for opening of the lodge either by opening it yourself or arranging to have the first group going up take the key. Keys can be obtained at Wolfe's Sportsmen Headquarters.

5. Work list must be made out upon arrival at the lodge and everyone notified of his detail. Meal times should be posted on the bulletin board.

6. Most important of all, the trip leader is responsible for making his trip a success. If leader on an overnight at the lodge, he can do this by planning a program by himself or by contacting the Entertainment Director for assistance in this connection. If leader on a hike, he should familiarize himself with the trail or country and set a pace suitable to all hikers.

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

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

9. Trip report, stubs, keys and money collected should be turned in to the cashier's desk at Wolfe's Sportsmen Headquarters and receipt obtained for money.

Mt. Millicent Scenic Ski Lift



**Located in the Heart of Beautiful Brighton in Big Cottonwood Canyon
YEAR ROUND OPERATION FOR SUMMER AND WINTER ENJOYMENT**

Slopes available for all classes of skiers
— from beginners to experts.

* * *

Short cut to America's most scenic
cross country ski touring.

* * *

Scientifically engineered for top speed
and performance.

The gateway to scenic views you'll
never forget.

* * *

Breathtaking views while you ride up
4,000 feet in absolute safety and com-
fort.

* * *

Take the new modern way to go fishing
at your favorite mountain lake.

BRIGHTON RECREATIONS INC.

TOURING HUTS IN THE WASATCH RANGE

By STEVE MACDONALD

Over a year ago the WMC undertook to inspire the Intermountain Ski Association towards bettering facilities for the average skier. Fortunately, the ISA's president F. L. Montmorency, was enthusiastic about winter touring and established the Hut Committee with the object in mind to raise funds to erect huts in the Wasatch Range.

As it turned out, the Hut Committee was composed almost 100 per cent of WMC members who have dreamed many years of the reality of winter touring huts, and they went at the project with a determination to establish at least one hut during the 1948 summer.

Briefly the events and hard work of the Committee produced the following results:

(1) A \$5,000 donation from Salt Lake County for erection of three huts.

(2) Site development by members of the Committee and interested parties.

(3) Development of plans for both pre-fabricated huts and log cabins.

(4) Approval of the Forest Service, State and City Boards of Health, and the City Water Department.

(5) Surveys and obtainments of leases from mining companies owning property on which huts are to be located.

(6) Purchase of materials and assembly at a central dispatch point.

(7) Building of temporary roads (mostly donated by Salt Lake County).

(8) Transporting of materials to site.

(9) Obtaining contractors willing to erect the huts at a very nominal fee.

The following is yet to be accomplished:

(1) Erect the huts.

(2) Obtain leases on some conflicting ground.

(3) Obtain labor for some finishing.

(4) Transport and install bunks and lockers (also donated by Salt Lake County)

(5) Set up managing organization within the WMC.

MORAL: Never attempt to erect 3 huts on \$5,000.

The three sites are located (1) near Albion Pass approximately halfway between Point Supreme and Devil's Castle on the ridge, this one scheduled for completion first; (2) southwest of Scott's Pass; (3) on the ridge between Brighton and Heber at the head of Snake Creek.

It is the earnest hope of the Hut Committee that the facilities so generously donated will be used frequently and with care. The structures being the property of the ISA and donated primarily by Salt Lake County are available to any and all who wish to use them under the regulations set up by the managing group of the WMC.

Work on hut development has progressed steadily week after week since November of 1947, many members spending as much as 10 or 12 hours a week for several months at a time. They are listed below and deserve sincerest appreciation from all of us:

Jack Major
Mary Major
Jim Shane
Cutler Miller
Lucy Brossard
Doug Elkins
Hap Kimball
Tom Matthews
Steve MacDonald
Dick Saville
Leo Fox
Jack Sugden
Stu Gardner
Wally Wyman
O'dell Petersen
Bill Kamp
LeRoy Peterson
Gene Moench
Leonard Skold
Norma Sugden
Lee Irvine
Orson Spencer

"THIS 'N THAT"

June Rasmussen and Elfriede Shane

Did you get a load of old Doc Bernard J. Axelrad starting to set up a practice at the Hardtimer's Party?

Always willing to cooperate and a cheerful companion on any trip is Carl Bauer.

Glad to hear that Bob Bolman is back from his B.S. work in Washington (Bureau of Standards, that is) and will be with us come skiing season.

Mighty photogenic is Janet Christensen, our perfect secretary, who is frequently in the headlines for WMC mountaineering activities.

Open letter to Harold Goodro, president of the "Wasatch Climbing Club": when's the house warming at your mansion????

Thanks to Leola Cummins and Henri Flesher for the swell entertainment at the Hardtimer's party.

Jimmy Floor, be careful how you go swimming at Brighton next time. Tsk.

Goodbye and hello to Orson and Phyllis Spencer who left us earlier this year for California and who are planning to be with us again. Hurry home.

New address for Georgia and Luzel Wilde and daughter who have recently moved to Woods Cross.

Up and coming tycoon is Ray Watrous who says "never go in business for yourself" (while he is figuring out how to start another one).

By the grapevine we learned that Mr. and Mrs. Ray McQuire, former members, are the parents of a new baby girl.

We wonder if Thelma how-thirsty-can-you-get Bagnell ever dried out from her dive into the creek after the Mt. Olympus hike?

Conspicuous by their absence are Carl and Helen Chindgren who have made their home in Wyoming.

We'll miss Lucy Brossard, one of our most active members this year, who has gone to South America for two years. We'll save your place, Lucy.

Wouldn't the boys have been embarrassed if they had thrown "Coke" Cox into Mirror Lake and discovered she really didn't have a bathing suit on under her levies!!

Those who enjoy the new box seats and cabinets at the lodge will thank Doug Elkins for his hard work and willingness to make the lodge a place we can be justly proud of.

Hal Cutler set a mighty good stride on the Red Pine Alpine Hike. A good example for you youngsters to follow.

Congratulations to Don Hafen and Marge Lyon on their recent marriage.

Little Mr. Cupid certainly made a killing in the Wolfe family this year, namely, Jacke, Danny and Lenore who all married people of the opposite sex.

We have Wynne Thomas to thank for many of the lodge improvements. Thru his untiring efforts, we can look forward to many comforts next season.

Also among those missing is Stan Murdock who has joined the WMC's house-buiders union this season.

Thanks to all the girls who under the expert leadership of Wenonah McGhan made the lovely new drapes for the lodge. Come and see for yourself what an asset they are.

Vote for the best leaders of the year goes to Midge Parks and O'dell Petersen who put the Idaho trip over with a bang. A good example for all prospective leaders to follow.

Bill Pitzak, our ping pong expert, is a good match for any challenger. He says he'll play anyone who doesn't use a paddle.

We understand from good authority that Dick Saville can always find his way to the waterhole in the wintertime without a compass.

According to the lift operators, Elfriede Shane holds the official record for the most number of rides in one day on the Brighton Scenic Ski Lift.

We hear that Stu and Na Gardner's new son is already helping build their lodge at Brighton.

Two of our members have recently joined forces. Congratulations to Gertrude Heinicke and Rudy Kohler who are now Mr. and Mrs.

An avid camera fan is Alene Jones who can always be seen snapping pix on our trips. So be sure and smile pretty.

Betty Linklater's student activities have kept her from coming on our trips lately. Hope it doesn't last.

How many of you can tell which is Afton and which is Glenna Mahoney??? Glenna is the one with decorated third finger left hand. Whom is the gent??

Em Segil's stunning clothes are the envy of all the girls and her skiing, too.

We really miss Bruce "What's up, doc" Parsons who pops up now and then between quarters at USC. (Don't we, Shorty?)

We're mighty proud of "Flash" Rasmussen who came in second in the Annual Timp Glacier Giant Slalom July 24. Nice racing, June.

Surprise! Dave Schlain didn't get lost on a single hike this season. But we are sorry to say we are losing him to the U. of Maryland for the next two years. Goodbye and good luck, Dave.

Longest hike of the year: Get Jim Shane to tell you about his trip from American Fork Canyon over the top of Timp into Provo Canyon.

Leo "Slimboards" Fox does some beautiful capers in deep powder. On purpose, too.

Hard luck girl of the year: Irene Geurts who is slowly recovering from her long siege of illness this summer.

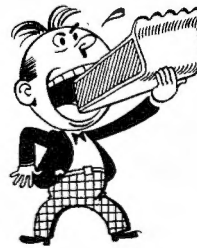
Steve "not a drop of blood" MacDonald, is it true that you have 14 different colors in your house?

To Chick Morton whose magnetic charm proved so powerful that the girls literally leaped at him on the Idaho trip. They've been leaping ever since.

One sleeping bag missing. If anyone has an extra one, it belongs to George Unseld who lost it at Mirror Lake.

FEEDIN' FOLKS IS FUN

By ELFRIEDE SHANE



During my experience as Commissary Director for the past season, I have discovered a secret formula which I will pass on to you:

$X = \text{Mountain clubbers are always hungry.}$

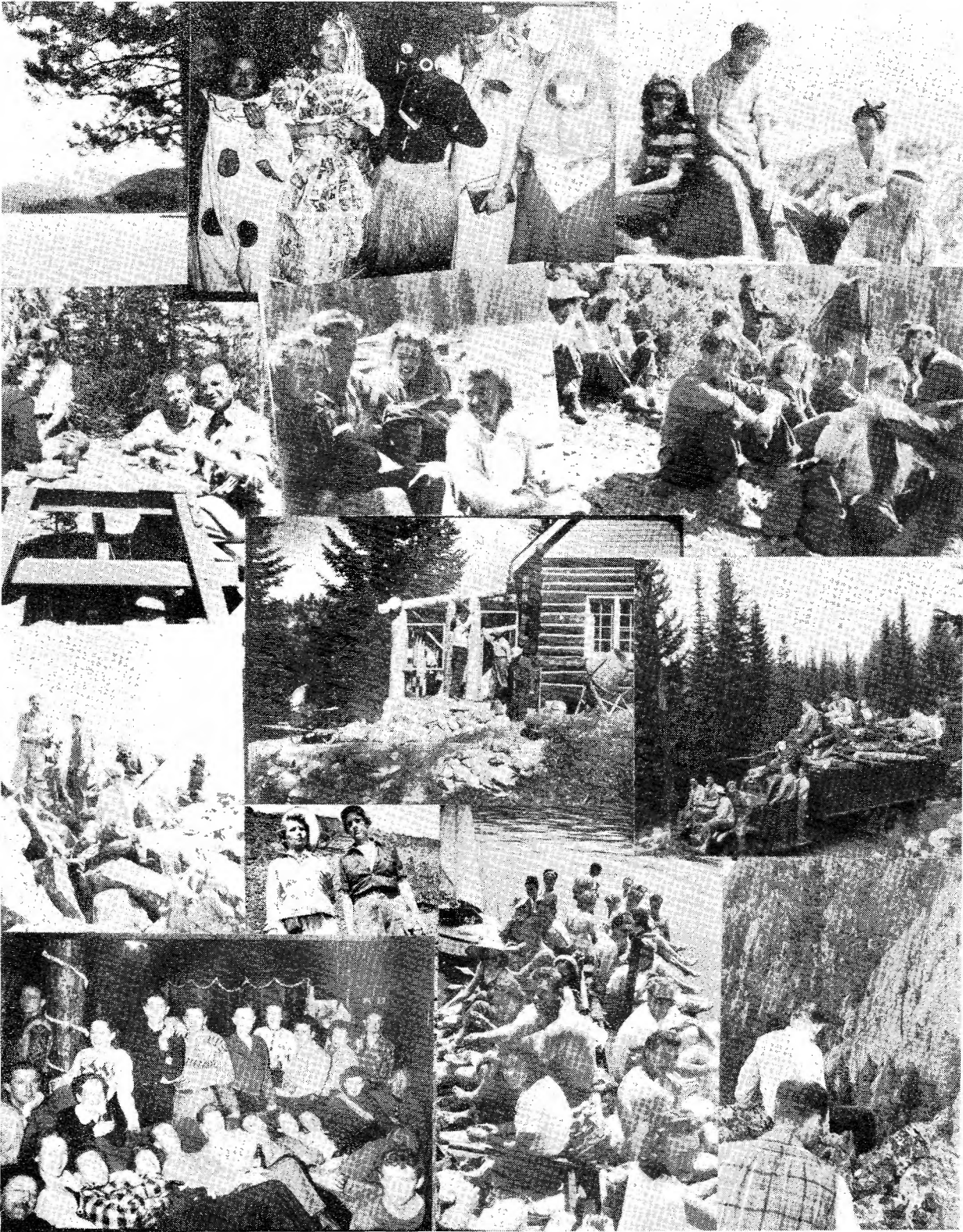
$Y = \text{People who are hungry will eat anything.}$

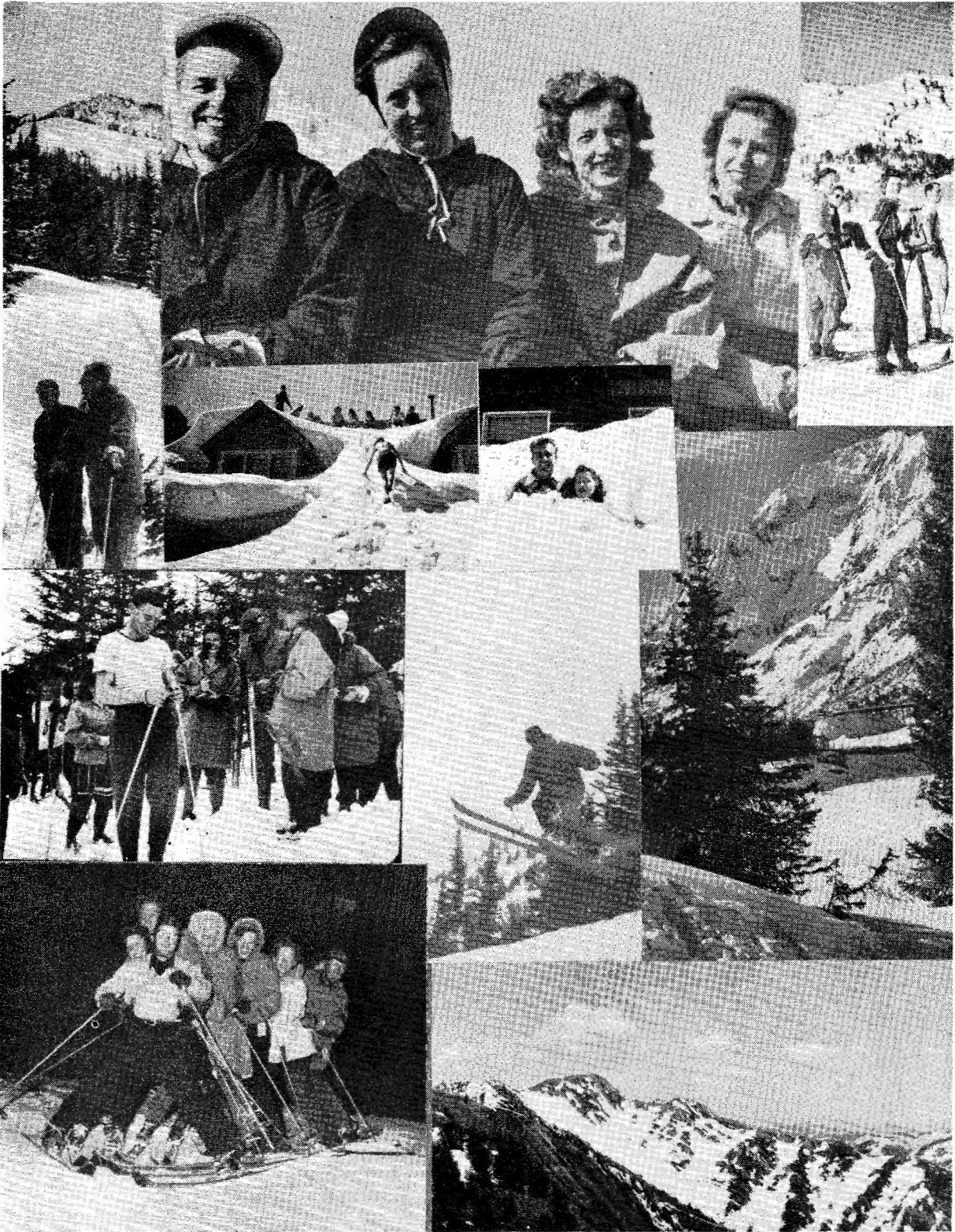
$X + Y = \text{Mountain clubbers will eat anything.}$

Therein lies the solution to all the problems of WMC Commissary Director.

Just like any other job, the one of Commissary Director can become simple, routine and an interesting one if a few elementary plans are made in advance. All that is necessary is a guide for proportions and a little imagination to provide a variety of food throughout the year. This can be done by anyone who eats. Believe me, the field is unlimited.

We have been especially fortunate this year in having as a cook Mrs. Zella Thomas, who cheerfully and expertly provided plenty of delicious food for all, and on several occasions saved the day with her "extras" when a much larger turnout than registration indicated showed up.





FIRST ASCENTS

By HAROLD GOODRO

Some serious climbing was first in our minds as five of us left the main group camped at Island Lake, and moved our tents and equipment about three miles up, into Titcomb Basin at the very foot of the towering peaks.



The club was on their annual vacation trip into the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming. This range of mountains more closely resembles the Alps of Switzerland than any other range in this country. There are huge glaciers and many perpetual snow fields. Base camp at Island Lake is 110,000 feet elevation, and our advance camp was 10,300 feet. Although it was August, the temperature dropped below freezing every night.

We were up bright and early Tuesday morning, shivering around a small campfire. It was decided that Elfriede Shane, Janet Chirstensen and Wally Wyman would climb up the snow fields at the end of the basin and venture on to one of the 12,000 foot passes, while Jim Shane and I tried our luck at climbing the Pinnacles and west face of Mount Helen.

We arrived at the base of Mount Helen after about an hour's scramble over wet slippery grass and rock slides. We started up a snowfield, kicking steps in the snow as we climbed. It became much steeper as it narrowed into a gully and we were forced to put on our crampons (iron spikes on bottom of our shoes) and start using our ice axes. Jim and I took turns chopping steps in the ice until 500 feet higher up, when we finally got onto some good climbing rock. After climbing another 1,000 feet over a ser-

ies of rock terraces and steps, we came to the foot of the first pinnacle. We tied ourselves into the rope and started up the sheer south side. We had some trouble finding the route that would yield to us but we finally made the top. This was a knife edge about 30 feet long with a drop of 3,000 feet on each side. We only stayed long enough to make sure we were first to have made the climb, and to leave our names in a can among the rocks. We then climbed back down to the base of the pinnacle and started for the next one.

This was about 600 feet above us (straight, that is). The rope was a necessity as first Jim and then I, would belay each other as we tried each section of cliff. There were several places where we had to pull ourselves up over overhanging spots, using our arms alone. To make it easier, it started hailing and a cold wind blew steadily. We finally made the top, found that it was another first ascent and after leaving our names we scrambled down again. Before us now stood the west face of the final peak which soars up to 13,800 feet.

This we found was a little easier going, although the knowledge of what a slip would mean made us cautious. We made the top at about 3 p.m. and after eating our lunch and taking a swim in a glacier lake, we checked the register and found that our climb up the west face was also a "first." We climbed down the east side of the peak, which is the usual route, hiked across Mount Helen glacier over a saddle, down a huge talus slope and back to camp where we found the other three members of our group waiting for us.

Here's hoping we'll be back next year to challenge the high places again.

P.S. We took colored movies of the whole climb only to find later that the indicator on the camera had been moved and the film was used before we started. It's things like this that make people drown themselves.

* * *



IN MEMORIAM



The Wasatch Mountain Club has lost a dear friend and ardent supporter. Wally Wyman, Membership Director for the 1947-48 season and one of our most active members, was killed in a motorcycle accident on Sunday, August 29 in Gary, Indiana, where he had gone on a bus-

iness trip.

His varied activities in this area included a senior membership in the National Ski Patrol and membership in the Utah Mountain Patrol, in addition to his interest in the W M C.

Those of us who knew him will miss him deeply and think of him often. His cheerfulness and willingness to pitch in and do more than his share will make us long remember him as one of our finest members.

SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

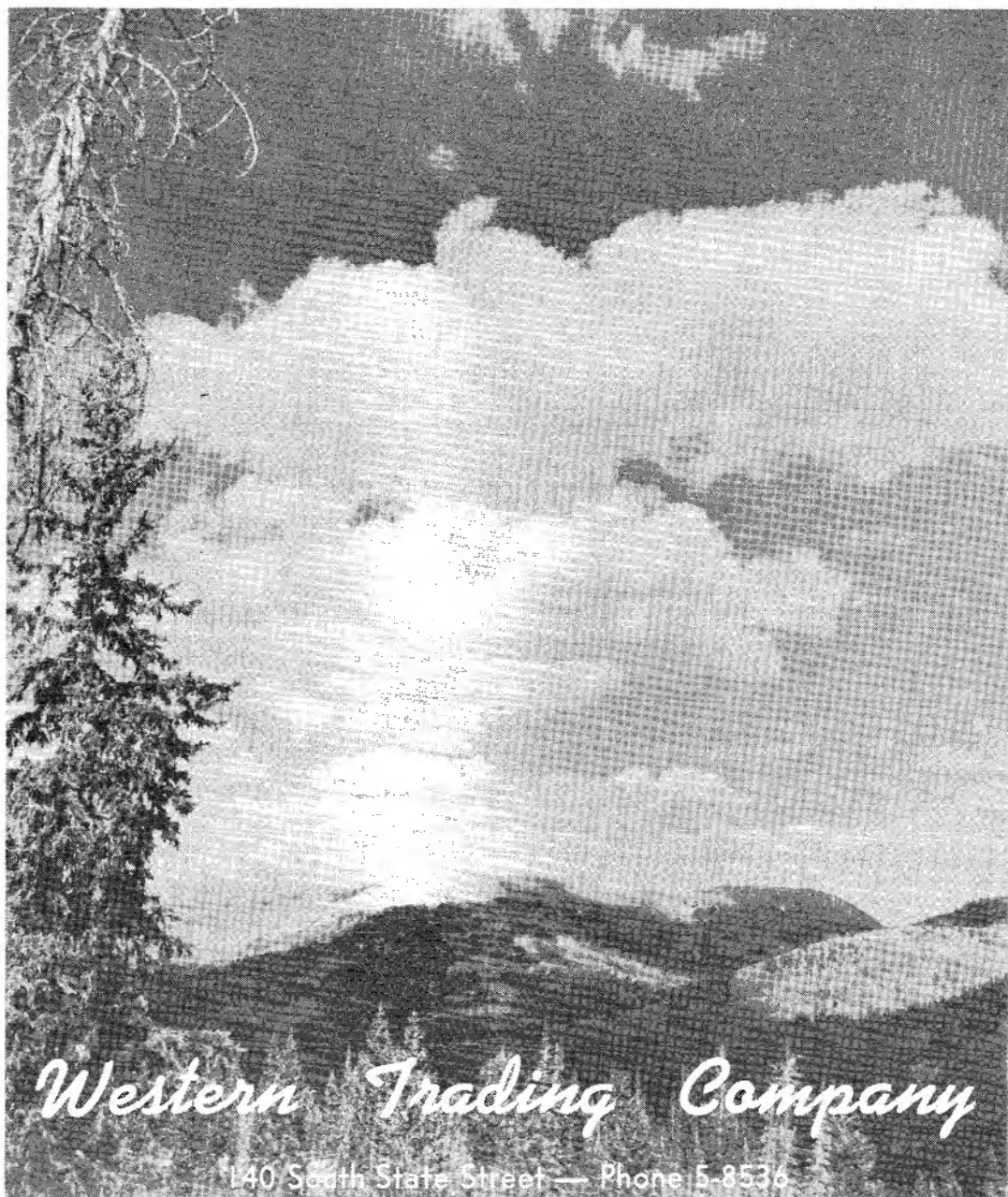
For many years, in fact since the W M C lodge was built, it has not been furnished to any degree. This year a number of girls talked over the possibilities of furnishing the lodge, and as a result enough money was secured to purchase drapery material and to construct two cabinets and box seats at the east end of the lodge. Through the efforts of the committee, we now have the draw draperies hung, and it has indeed shown a great improvement. If any of the members have not seen them, we want each of you to make a special effort to visit the lodge soon and note its new and elegant appearance.

We are now working on the cabinets and box seats for the east end of the lodge. The cabinets were made with the aid of a designer and long hours of work on the part of one member. We need additional help to complete the box seats which will be used to store miscellaneous items. When the lids are closed, with a brightly colored pad they may be used for seating.

The committee would like to complete its plans for refurnishing the lodge. Plans are to purchase a few additional pieces of second-hand oak furniture, like some we now have at the lodge. When this can be done, we will have the seats reupholstered and reconditioned. Then, if we can secure the cooperation of enough members, not just one or two but a majority, we can refinish the oak furniture, thus making the lodge lighter and more cheerful.

Pages can be written on what the lodge needs and what should be done to it if we are to continue to use it as we have done during the past years. We need money to recondition the floor in the main lodge or have it covered. Springs and mattresses need replacing. We need a new juke box or radio. We need more equipment for the kitchen to handle the ever-increasing use of same. We need pingpong tables for playing the game and serving meals. We need additional folding chairs to accommodate the crowds. We need new lighting fixtures.

The ever-increasing improvements to make Brighton a winter and summer resort means additional use of our lodge by the members. We sincerely need money and cooperation from those members who expect to use the lodge. Check the prices for skiing or hiking trips in other sections of the country and note what inexpensive facilities we have. Let us make the lodge a real place to enjoy after a strenuous day of hiking or skiing.



We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the members of the Wasatch Mountain Club for their patronage to us during the past years, and in return we would like to do something for you for the coming year. Any member of the Wasatch Mountain Club that makes a purchase from us during the coming year who can present his membership card (the Wasatch Mountain Club) automatically receives a 10 per cent discount. This offer is also good for any member of his or her immediate family, such as, husband, wife or children.

We are sure that you are well aware of the full stock that we carry at all times, of merchandise that you need and use on your jaunts through "nature's gigantic salon of beauty." So, remember, for all of your needs see Western Trading, 140 South State Street, Phone 5-8536.

TRIBAL REPORT

From the God of Indian Summer

Sunset Outpost, Brighton

Nature of Report: Are these Indians Indians — or, who's who are these Indians.

Introduction: Upon receiving notice of the coming tribal dances, I saw that the Kickapoo and Shivwit tribes were listed for "Games" at the Wasatch Indian Club. As I was unfamiliar with these tribes, I decided to cover the ceremonies personally.

I am handing in my report at this time, as I found that these Indians had strange and unconventional customs with which I was totally unfamiliar. I found these customs very interesting; however, certain outstanding peculiarities, unlike thoes of our Indians of the "Associated Redskins of the Intermountain Local 400" left doubts in my mind as to the authenticity of the Shivwit and Kickapoo tribes.

The Following information on customs and rituals is hereby submitted as evidence as o the activities of said Kickapoo and Shivwit tribe May 15 and 16, 1948:

Musical Blankets: A tribal activity wherein chanting and yelling maiden and braves dance around on floor and at a given signal fight each other for chosen seats on musical blankets.

Big Game Ceremonial Hunt: Setting: winter hunting grounds dancing in flames from big fire surrounded by village of teepees. An altar is at head of village. At foot of village and at entrance gates are the tribal banners from which the contests begin and end.

Nature of Game: A runner is dispatched from each tribe simultaneously. He is to travel on cross country course, where he is to receive ability war colors from teepee keepers to sanction his having passed through the course and performed the teepee-to-teepee feats.

Feats:

Between "Teepee Pine" and "Teepee Bough" - a feat to test for agility, balance and strength in climbing the cliff dwelling ladder. In the case of two braves meeting on opposite sides of ladder simultaneously, the weaker must yield right-of-way to stronger brave.

At Altar Between "Teepee Bough" and "Teepee Cone" - is ceremonial feat to test for accuracy and patience in shooting bow and arrow in buffalo heart target.

Between "Teepee Cone" and "Teepee Needles" - is feat to test for coolness of head and seat in subterranean ice cave camouflaged to trap unsuspecting game. Two braves meeting in cave must also decide who is to yield right-of-way. Speed and endurance are necessary for all problems.



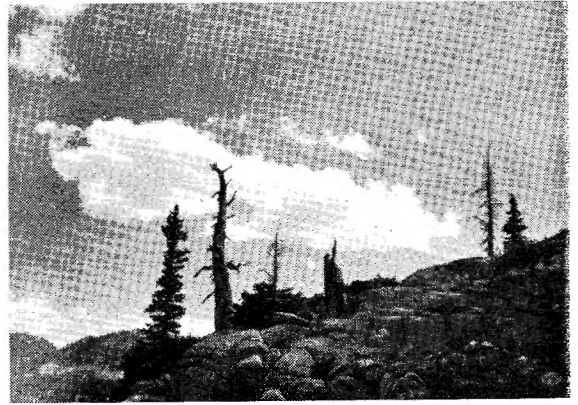
Ritual of Laughing Water: An ancient ritual claimed to have been handed down from generation to generation. This game symbolizes the handing down of necessities of life by passing jugs from Indian to Indian. The tribes are lined up in a line from the Indian well to the big tent. Speed and accuracy are tested here by filling up teepee jugs for tribe's water supply.

Awards: The presentation of awards is symbolic of market day where each Indian brings a wrapped offering. The tribes are lined up and the bartering begins as each Indian gets one chance to exchange gifts with another Indian.

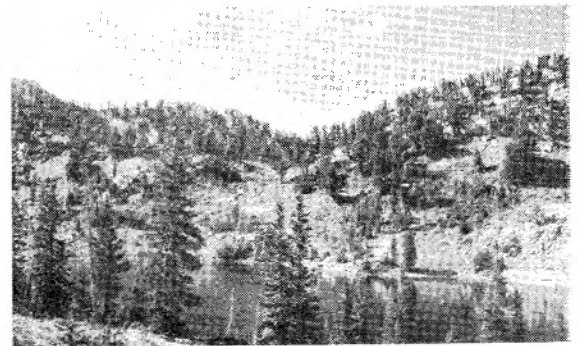
Gourmet: Food customs seem to be derived from ancient flower eating to present meat wishers who must settle for strange burned marshmallows as of from the milkweed and chocolate as if from the depths of the earth and graham crackers as from the wheat of the fields. The corn, the potato, the chicken were combined to produce a feast the following day, which is set aside completely for feasting and resting after the games.

Summer Camping Grounds: were located and occupied by the bravest of the brave who show daring by defying the Gods of the Avalanche by sleeping on Great White Slipped Mountain on the green pine boughs as if from the Shivwit ceremonial banner among great trees uprooted with the earth, red as if from the Kickapoo banner.

As I left these fine healthy red or blue blooded Americans on the Great White Avalanche, I hoped once again to look in on these ancient tribal people, these last of the true athletes. In the meantime, I have much tribal tree tracing to do.



Fulfillment R. Peddersen



Twin Lake R. Peddersen

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT



Remember the raves from the girls who went to Sun Valley "Learn to Ski" week last year? They really had a wonderful time and also learned to ski.

This year we are planning to go again and to make it a club trip. The date is January 16 through January 22. So, all you members who have been thinking about going, make up your minds right now and write to the Reservation Clerk, Challenger Inn, Sun Valley, Idaho, and put in your request for reservations. The Reservation Clerk will furnish you with complete details.

Remember, he who hesitates gets left behind. So don't delay, do it now. See you there! !

MOUNTAIN CLIMBING BY BUS

Midge Parks

With a big luxury bus loaded with excellent camping gear, a complete commissary and an A-1 bus driver, 32 jovial club members left Salt Lake May 28, 1948 on the year's first spring trip to see parts of Idaho.

We were just about 20 minutes off schedule but the fun enroute by far topped our tardy departure. Having inter-communication was great — each and everyone participated in a first nighter's program and thusly became well acquainted.

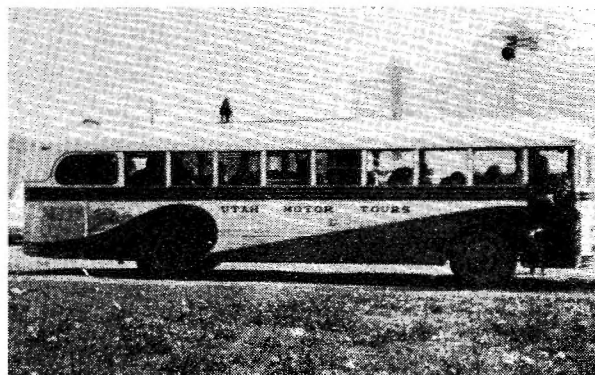
At 3 a.m. below a bright star-studded sky, we almost had to steal 3 or 4 hours of much needed sleep just so we could rise early, eat a nourishing breakfast, break camp and be on our way to see all the wonders of the Craters of the Moon country.

We climbed to the top crest of the big Crater and to most all the Spatter Cones, explored tunnels and caverns and walked over hollow sounding walks that once were hot and boiling, frothing rivers of lava.



Leaving the Craters we headed for Red Fish Lake crossing several swollen streams over weakened bridges one of which was washed out just five days after we had crossed over.

After a short stop at Mackay we rode on into Challis where we ate a late snack. Then on to Stanley where it had rained, making a number of soft spots in the dirt road. Our bus sat down in one of these and refused to go until we all got out, did a little coaxing and pushing and fixed a short



boardwalk for it to cross a puddle of mud. Who said a bus can't be a queen and WMC'ers Sir Walter Raleigh?

Some of the natives at Stanley told us we couldn't make it to Red Fish Lake no to Ketchum via Galena Pass. Being told we couldn't do it was all we needed. We did make it and set up camp to have a delicious steak dinner. For hours we had singing and story-telling around a big bonfire, until a little rain began to fall.

And so to bed. A few who slept just outside their tents or on top were a bit damp in the morning, but it didn't dampen anyone's spirit — just their appetites.

This day was filled to the brim — a few rugged people took a quick swim in the glacier cold lake, others hiked to the top of the ridges, some went boating, a few meandered thither and yon through the forest and others enjoyed loafing at the beautiful lodge.

Leaving Red Fish Lake in a rainstorm over slick, slim, muddy roads — traveling about 2 MPH all the way, making only 3 sitzmarks in order to execute the sharp switch-back turns with narry an inch to spare



— we conquered Galena Summit! !

We all said "Thanks" to Max, our driver, for our survival and safe arrival at Ketchum where we'd hoped to have a nice swim at Sun Valley and even had permission from the assistant manager but were denied the pleasure by the manager. However, some were lucky enough to shower even though they didn't get the soap rinsed off.

Tonight being our last night, we dressed in our camping best and dined at the Alpine Cafe where they arranged a large table with fine glass, china, silver, real napkins and candles — one table for the 32 of us.

After dinner we gave the town a good inspection, glanced again at Sun Valley and then returned to the Alpine Cafe. Then we remembered we had no campsite selected — it's late — looks a little like storm. Larry, the bartender heard us talking and offered us the entire dining room for the night. We took a vote and unanimously accepted his hospitality. If you've never seen a luxurious dining room turned into a mountaineer's dormitory, you have missed much. Just see how soft rugged people get when they get near home.

We were awakened the next morning by the tinkle of dishes, soft footsteps. The cafe help had been warned that guests were sleeping in the dining room and not to disturb them. One by one we were up and dressed in in the luxurious dressing rooms, complete with hot water.

Homeward bound we stopped near Shoshone and went through the Ice Caves. What do you do with stale ice?

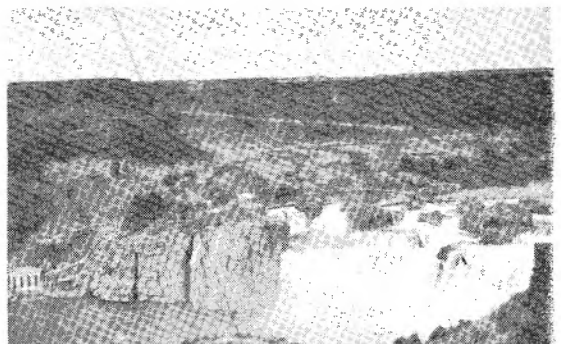


Orson

We stopped to see the Shoshone Falls and quenched our thirst — then on our way to Twin Falls. No one will forget the bathing beauty who trekked across the Rim to Rim Bridge — dancing, bowing and graciously posing for the many camera hounds. Ever some of the Idaho Hiway Patrol enjoyed it. Who has more fun than the Wasatch Mountain Club?

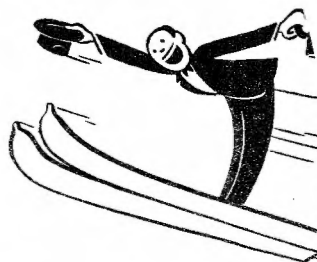
After Twin Falls we drove into Burley where we prepared and ate our last outdoor meal at the Burley Golf Club.

Then again we loaded into the bus — it's dark outside — not much noise inside — people are mellowed down — could be they are weary. On the home stretch miles flew by fast as law permitted. We arrived in Brigham City at 1:30 a.m., stopped just long enough to stretch. It's a beautiful clear night — traffic is light — the bus knew it way home and quick.



SIDESHOW, 1948

Bill Floor



When you think of a circus you imagine big tents, sawdust on the ground and wild beasts. The WMC Ski Circus last April 10 & 11, 1948, had

plenty of the latter (apologies to June Rasmussen). A circus is usually held in the hot grips of summer, but the WMC being an unusual organization, hold their circuses in the winter. So, what's unusual about that?

This year's ski circus was held not on an ordinary April day, when the sun shone brightly, the snow powdery and the air has that tangy pull which invites one to frolic and play — no, this day was one where only the strong survived (apologies to Jim Shane and Harold Goodro) It was a day where fog, snow, sleet, cold winds and all other miscellaneous discomforts nature could provide besieged us, not to mention that feeling you get from no curfew the night before.

The Circus was full of contests, one being the costume affair. Many who had brought along entertaining but brief costumes decided it was too cold to strip down. Our illustrious president, Jim Shane, and his illustrious wife, Elfriede, braved the tempest and came decked out stripped down like P-38's (more rudder on Jim). For their stunning (or is it stunned) attire they each took grand prize. Others who wore costumes were Janet Christensen, Norma Sugden, Jacke Wolfe and Janet Roberts.

The main event was The Race — not an ordinary race, but a ski race and not an ordinary ski race. On the small practice slope east of the lodge Jim Shane and Harold Goodro set up the maze. We skied uphill — downhill — across hill — around gates — over fences — under fences — thru tunnels — and even over a stepladder

and a bench. All this you had to do with a balloon tied around your waist. Pop it, and you were out! Some of the highlights of the race were when Jacke Wolfe started in the wrong direction, Janet Roberts got hung up on the ladder, Bill Pitzak got tangled up in the last gate, Jim Floor who was out to win cut his head, and "yours truly" lost a ski when I flipped over the ladder (those cheap safety bindings Jacke Wolfe sold me) If it hadn't been for this little tragedy I undoubtedly would have won the race, because it is a well known fact that I am the best skier on the hill.

In spite of all nature's efforts to cross us up, we really had a grand time. The race winners were: Men's division Junior Bounous, Jim Shane and Jim Floor; Women's division Janet Christensen, Maxine Overland and Norma Sugden first, second and third place respectively.

All winners were presented their awards plus kissing French General Style a la Jacke Wolfe who acted as emcee at the feast held after the events of the day.



Wild Beast Mentioned in Paragraph 1.



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Utah Transportation Co., Inc.

**59 West South Temple
Phone 4-8438**

★ **ALTA BUS LINE**

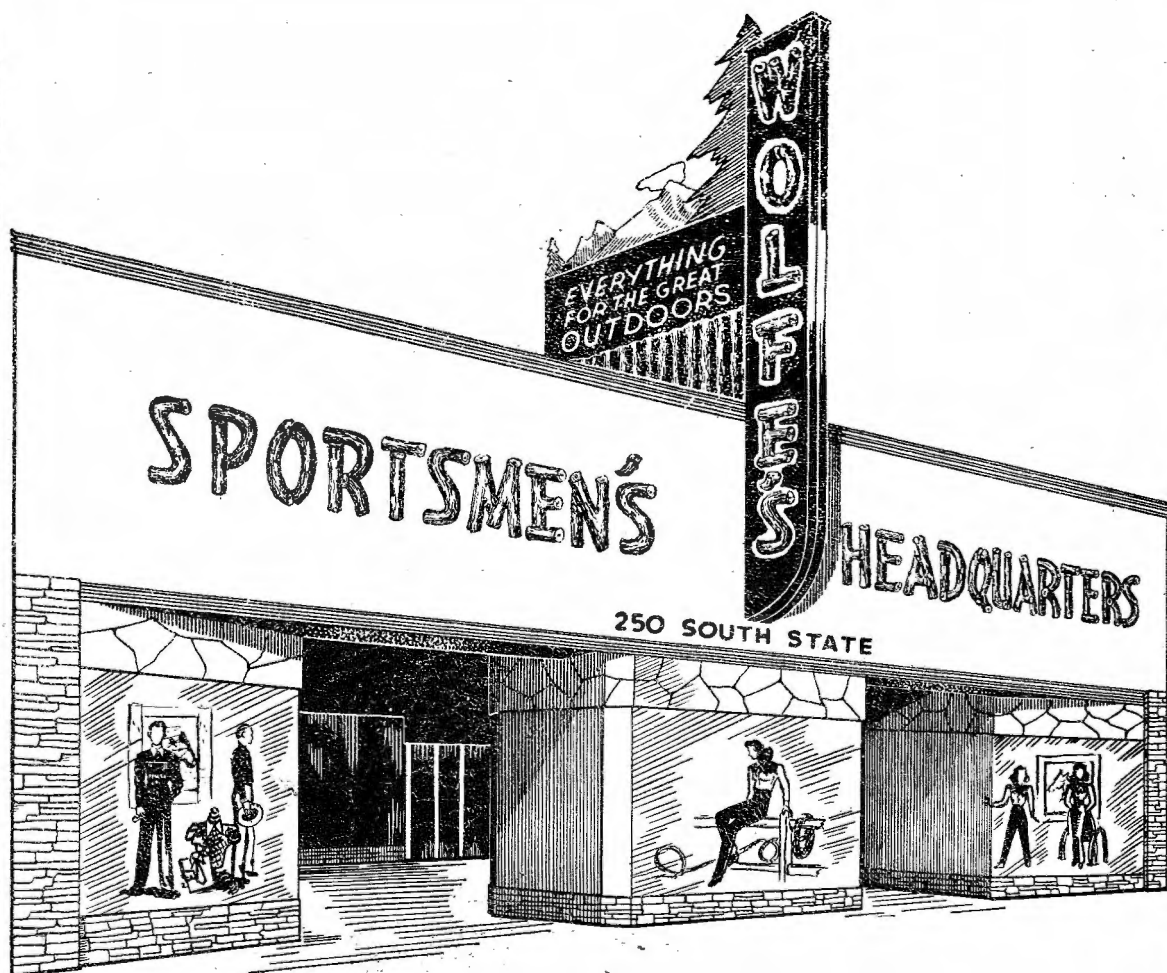
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