



THE

RAMBLER

SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER, 1950

COLORADO EVENTS

SUNDAY AT BRIGHTON - November 12th, Leader Fat Van Derck. Phone 5-3087. Transportation \$1.00. Leave 9:00 a.m. Sunday morning. Dinner \$1.00. We hope to be able to ski. If not we can climb one of the many peaks above Brighton.

SKI HOP - November 19, 1950. We shall begin our ski season this year with a big party at our lodge in Brighton, our annual Ski Hop. Our Board of Directors have chosen a bevy of leaders who have a reputation of making a success of anything they tackle. It promises to be the biggest and best party of the year. Don't miss it. Leaders are: Avon and Stan Murdock, Lois Murdock, Mildred Parks and Harry Ohrn. Transportation is \$1.00. Party only \$1.25. Commissary \$2.50. The schedule says leave Saturday 8:00 p.m. That means that the party should be starting at 9:00 or 9:30. You know how much more fun it is to have the whole gang there when the party starts. Don't be late. Registration closes Thursday at 5:00 p.m. Please register early if possible. It has it's share in making the party a success.

ALTA SKIING - November 26th. Leader: Larry Rogers. Phone 9-1565. Transportation: \$1.00. Leave 9:00 a.m. The schedule says we hope we ski on this trip. It states to bring your lunch or eat at the shelter and promises that we will be linking Christies before Christmas.

"THE RAMBLER"

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Member of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

President	James R. Shane	30 South 12th East	5-7938
Vice-President & Trips & Outings	Carl E. Bauer	316 Third Avenue	5-6036
Secretary	Marilyn M. White	P. O. Box 2512	
Treasurer	Wenonah McGhan	655 Downington Ave.	6-3297
Transportation	Hans Reich	557 Sixth Avenue	5-8631
Publicity	Lois Murdock	125 "N" Street	4-4297
Publications	Matthew Noall	305 Third Avenue	3-7193
Membership	Janet Roberts	1403 East 9th South	4-2976
Commissary	Shirley Jensen	2712 Beverly Street	7-1304
Recreation & Education	Beverly Wood	1750 West North Temple	4-0260
Club Property	Harold J. Goodro	2350 E. 48th South	87-1247

TRUSTEES

Jacke Wolfe
O'Dell Petersen

Steve Macdonald
Janet Christensen

Club dues are \$5.00 per year payable on November 1st. Persons over 18 years of age are eligible for membership. Initiation fee \$5.00.

RED PINE LAKE

The group met in Sugarhouse at 8:00 a.m. Sunday morning, September 10th and shortly thereafter we were on our way to Little Cottonwood Canyon. After a short discussion between Chic Morton and O'Dell Petersen we followed Pete through a section of overgrown trail and forded Little Cottonwood creek by way of jumping from rock to far distant rock. Chic all the time maintained there was a wide road down the way that he had seen just the week before, and furthermore there was a bridge, too. Low and behold to Pete's consternation there was a road, a brand new one, on which we trudged to its end and then onto the old trail. Chic maintains that he will follow his own inclinations from now on. Pete merely bowed his head in shame stating that the road was not there the last time. It was a cool day, very good for climbing and we were up to the lake in what seemed like no time. Our leaders, Chic Morton and Lee Steorts fished in Red Pine Lake while the rest of us walked around the lake to our lunch spot. The wood was wet from recent storms but Jim Shane built us a fire just the same.

Some of the fellows were still ambitious after lunch so decided to climb the Matterhorn and then go down White Pine Canyon instead of Bell's canyon as the trip was planned. Pete and I hiked with them up to the upper basin which was surrounded by the ridge which leads to the Matterhorn, White Baldy to the South and to the East the ridge over which one goes to reach White Pine Lake. We watched as the men disappeared over the ridge in the snowstorm and then started back to the lake where we found that Jack, Marilyn, Elfrieda and Jimmy had already started down. On our way down we stopped at an old mine dump and looked for quartz crystals. We found that even after we left the mine dump we kept our eyes on the trail for more of these interesting formations. It was nearly seven o'clock when the group arrived back from the climb. They had decided they did not have time to climb the Matterhorn and so had followed the ridge to the top of White Baldy and then down the ridge into White Pine Canyon and they were all enthused about the climb they had made.

FIESTA 9/17/50

Many thanks go to our leaders Norma Stephens and Ruth Briggs for the very enjoyable Spanish Fiesta party which was held on Sunday, September 17th. Real honest to goodness authentic Spanish cookery was the fare for the day and was enjoyed by about thirty Wasatch Mountain Clubbers.

NEFF'S CANYON

By Coke Cox

Sunday, September 24th 8:00 a.m. and eighteen ambitious and energetic Mountain Clubers started up Neff's Canyon. The weather was ideal....clear and crisp. The scarlet and gold leaves added to the beauty of the mountains leaving nothing to be desired.

On the trail we met two friendly people on horseback, and their mention of a water trough past the basin spurred us on up the canyon. From the water trough it was a short? hike to the saddle.

After a short rest we took a "leisurely stroll" up a nearby peak (sans rock climbing). There we ate our lunch (all of us except Dick Saville) and enjoyed the beautiful view over the mountains to the north, down into Big Cottonwood and over Salt Lake Valley.

Adding interest to our trip were Hans and Elsy Reich, their friends, Kurt Rosenfeld (Kurt had only been in America three weeks) and Roger Darrell from California. Dr. Basoe from the County Hospital in pediatrics told Jim Shane all about babies. Alfred and Lottie Goodwin were climbing up the trail like seasoned mountaineers. Leon Gingras, Quint Wilson and Bette Krummel were also very enthusiastic climbers. Dick Saville, Orson Spencer and Carl Bauer were getting their share of sore muscles. Janet Roberts and Janet Christensen cooled off at the water trough and we all enjoyed the collapsible cup furnished by Elizabeth Larson. Last, but not least, were our leaders, Jim Shane and myself. Jim is a good trip leader and he is a good president.

I asked Jim the name of the peak, and he said it would be useless to tell us because we'd just forget it like he had. It was a very delightful trip and enjoyed by all. Sunday, September 24th, 4:00 p.m. and eighteen tired, bedraggled Mountain Clubers returned to the city.

LAKE DESOLATION

By Janet Roberts

"No precipitation" was the promise. Lake Desolation was the goal for some of the die-hards and their friends led by O'Dell Petersen, one of the hardest of die-hards.

As we rode up the canyon, heads bobbed from window to window to see and exclaim over a new patch of brilliant color, and in spots the red and gold ground carpet was covered with white. The costumes

for the occasion were very varied. Betty Krummel arrived in saddle oxfords and rubbers. The Reichs wore ski boots, the two Janets wore ski pants against suspected wet brush, and there were many army ski parkas in evidence. Carl as usual took care of the unprepared young girls by supplying a pair of leggings, very fetching looking too---No-- no toeless sandals! Can you imagine a W.H.C. hike near a creek without a water fight? Everyone was most careful not to wet their toes and believe it or not, there wasn't a single stone thrown.

As we started out little Jimmy, prodded by papa Jim, led the parade, but it wasn't long before one by one we stopped by the side of the trail to discard jackets and sweaters. It was a glorious day. We were all warm, yet the air was crisp and invigorating and the scenery was magnificent. We stopped at Dog Lake to let the unbelievers hear the dogs bark (Pete and Orson Spencer supplying sound effects), then down the hill and on to Lake Desolation.

At the lake we stopped to eat and as we sat bundled up in all the clothing we had to keep our gained warmth in, we watched the clouds settle down over the distant peaks and then all around us. We were in our first blizzard of the year. Gold leaves on the trees and ground and white stuff in the air. We ate on. Jim and Alfred Goodwin gave a nice demonstration on their small Primis stoves as they had soup in no time, and Elfrieda passed a steaming cup of coffee round the circle to warm the gullets. Because of the growing intensity of the storm it was decided best to go back by way of Dog Lake instead of going up to the ridge and down the other fork of Mill Creek. It looked like a running proposition and the last one down to the cars was to be the wettest. We started down on the run, spread out over the meadow, when suddenly the clouds rolled back and the earth and foliage gleamed in the sun, a wet brilliance of gold, green and white reflected to their highest magnitude by the sun. Carl led us a merry skip over the mountain meadow as we bounced and sung playing follow-the-leader. It was good to be alive. We walked through a trail carpeted with gold coin which was declared forbidden to pilfer.

Dog Lake brought more howls and suddenly more clouds and snow. Everyone agreed it was beautiful as we watched fall die and winter take over spreading her white down over the golden satin of fall.

Pete, who did not go all the way to the lake, had a huge fire burning for us when we arrived back at the cars and all agreed it was one of the most delightfully carefree hikes of the year.

WORK TRIPS

Our wood gathering trip this year was as usual very successful. Paul Black, Lois Snyder and Lee Fetzner were leaders and the basement is now full of pine and aspen. Dinner was served to forty-five members. Many thanks to Leon Stanley for the use of his power saw. It made our wood gathering much easier. This was one of the fun trips this year.

We have had several lodge clean-up trips this summer. The last one was on October 22nd with Gloria Grant leading the group in doing "Odd Jobs". We have even had work trips to the Huts to ready them for the winter. The University of Utah helped with this project.

The roof has been repaired again with the help of Jim Shane and Sig Zilonka led the project of spraying the logs with oil.

This is your Rambler. We hope you like it. It is our idea to publish one of these every two monthsh to keep members posted on Club news. Any suggestions members have are welcome. We would very much like to have a published account of every trip since the new Board took over in May but do not have the space. Many of the trips have been very successful and well worth remembering....Mount Olympus, Mount Nebo, Mount Timpanogas, our trip to Colorado, Ophir and Mercur, Provo Peaks, Green Lakes to mention a few.

NEW MEMBERS

We welcome the following new members into the Club. They have become members since the new Board took office in May:

Elsie Haeme

Tim Grogen

Olaug Passoe

Alfred Goodwin

Lyndall Spry

Rodger Dorrell

Paul Black

Elizabeth Larson

George Fujimoto

There have been so many changes that we will not try to list changes of address in this Rambler. As soon as the dues are in the Board will publish a roster and from there on we will try to list any changes of address in the Rambler. If you have moved please see that the secretary receives your new address and telephone number.

There have been a number of changes in Board Members this year. We regreted very much losing Joe Hilbers who was our Lodge Director and Vice-President until he left Salt Lake to return to his home in San Francisco. We will miss Joe and know that he will miss the Wasatch Mountain Club, skiing and hiking.

Sig Zilonka was drafted into the army on September 20th. He writes from Fort Riley, Kansas that he really misses the Club and all of his friends. Sig was Publicity Director until Joe Hilbers resigned from the Board at which time Sig became Lodge Director. We hope that it will not be too long before Sig is back with us again.

O'Dell Petersen was the Utah Vice-President of the Federation of Western Outdoor Clubs, an office which he held from September 1st, 1949 to September 1st, 1950. Harold Goodro has been elected to serve in this capacity for the coming year.

LET'S TALK ABOUT.....

Weddings! Weddings! Weddings! Our best wishes go to: Avon Hintze and Stan Murdock, Beverly Allen and Lee Wood, Marilyn Murphey and Jack White, Thelma Bagnell and Bruce Parsons.

Pete counting steps down Red Pine and paying off to the one who guessed the closest.

Sig Zilonka and Tim Grogen being drafted.

Matt Noall and Marnie Herches being engaged.

Bob Goodwin falling off a mountain way up there in Alaska.

Hans Reich, Matt Noall and George Fujimoto climbing the Grand Teton.

Wedding Bells pending for Chic Morton.

Our trip to the bird refuge where we saw the terns hatching.

The wonderful movie, "The Mountain" which we saw in the Tetons.

Lois Snyder and Lee Fetzner being engaged.

The new paint job on the kitchen woodwork at the lodge. (Thank you girls).

The new tile job around the sink. (Thank you Paul Black).

Midge's new perfume.

Our wonderful vacation trip to the Tetons and Yellowstone.

Our new climbing ropes that Matt brought back from Seattle.

The new addition to the Orson Spencer family

Sig (prodded by Gloria) taking pictures of the bears in Yellowstone.

Uncle George painting the Maroon Bells.