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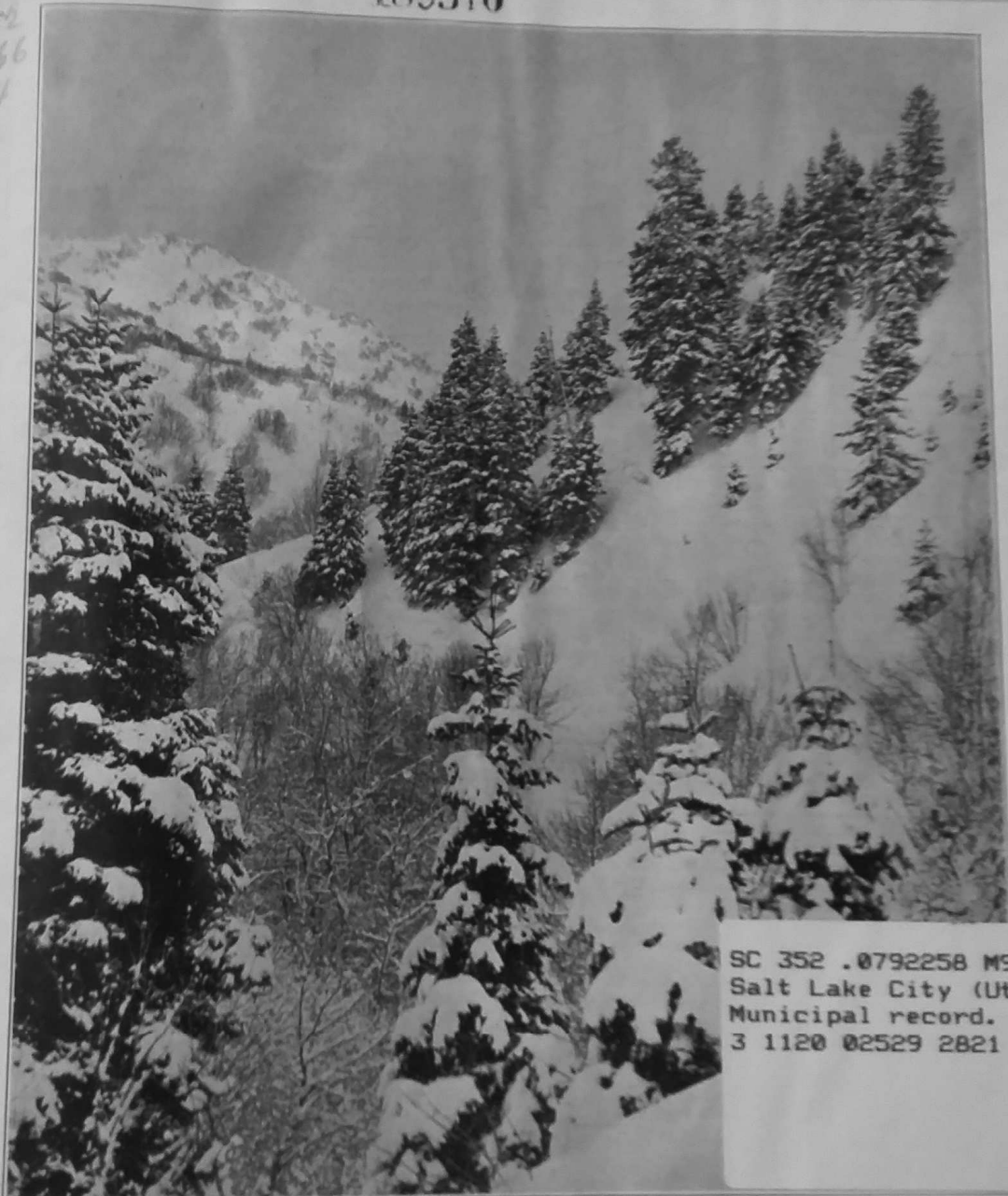
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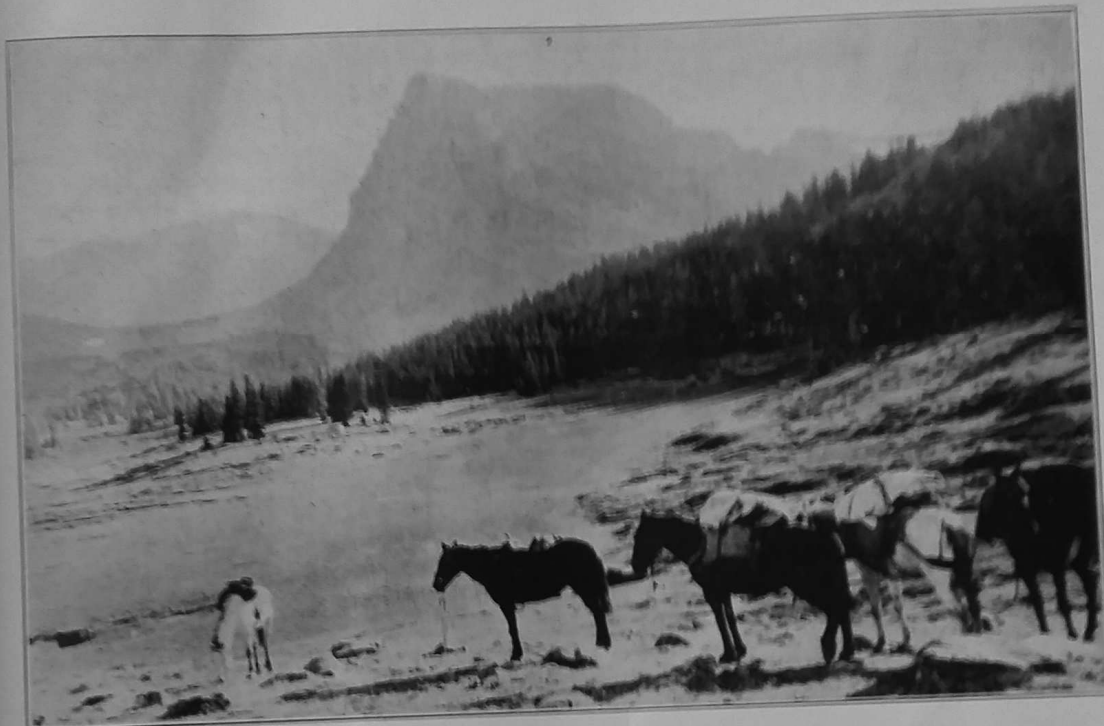
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Midst the Evergreens Where Only the Skiers May Go High Up in the Top of Emigration
Canyon Above Pinecrest Inn

(Hopkins Photo)

Health and Recreation

By Dr. W. H. Hopkins



A Wasatch Mountain Club Pack-Train En Route Over Gilbert's Pass to King's Peaks

(Hopkins Photo)

When one looks at the array of striking outdoor scenes in this edition of our Municipal Record and thinks of the trees up in the canyons, the wining trails along the tops of the ridges and the big, big mountains behind, the thought comes, "What is this all made for?" And a little spirit answers: "To Play With, My Dears."

Is that an entirely foolish answer? I say not. To play with those mountains calls for strength and more of it—endurance, hardihood. This buys health, happiness, vigor. Answer me, are these worth more to you, than wealth in the bank?

We all recognize the rapid increase in our outdoor recreations. Intertime is acknowledged by many as our most enjoyable season, and other learn that outdoors, properly dressed, has infinitely more pleasure than sticking indoors worrying out cross-word puzzles.

In years gone by, a toboggan was a curiosity and skiers unknown—today throughout the East, Salt Lake City is recognized as a center for winter sports and pastimes.

"I want to try some skis; I've never had 'em on," says a demure young miss in new hiking trousers. The young fellows, alive to the opportunity, soon have skis buckled on her feet and she is advised to start off. A shriek, a tumble, a whirl and one arm and a boot are seen moving in the cloud of snow, and soon her head shows up. Assisted up, snow brushed off, she is congratulated and wants to try it again. Well, she gets farther down the hill before the tumble starts, and it looks this time more like a Fourth of July pinwheel in colors, with sticks waving up in the air. It's hard on one's pride—this skiing business. We'd like to get some of the proudful ones on 'em.

Bobsleds and sleighbells are constantly heard up our many canyons as parties promoted

by those wise to the pleasure, wend their way up to someone's cabin where dinner's to be cooked and eaten, as the crowning event of the day, with shoveling the super amount of snow off the roof for dessert.

The pictures herein enclosed need only one thought added—that everyone on the trip was happy, joyous, warm, dry and cram full. (I guess you know what that means.) The main ambition of each one was to see what's around the corner. The dread—when they're back and it's over.

Different places have their attractions. Emigration Canyon with its Pinecrest Inn, Ogden Canyon with its Hermitage, Maxfield Lodge up Big Cottonwood, Balsom Inn at Brighton afford opportunities for house parties lasting over night. Then the steep slopes at Fort Douglas are screened up for exhibitions by expert skiers and ski jumpers. Parleys Canyon—take the train up to the summit, spending the day joyfully, sliding down the slopes to the mouth of the canyon.

Bobbed hair and red cheeks, bright eyes and many smiles are much in evidence.

Are they all boys?" inquires a newcomer,

attracted by the fun of a bunch upon the side.

"Oh, no; half of 'em are girls."

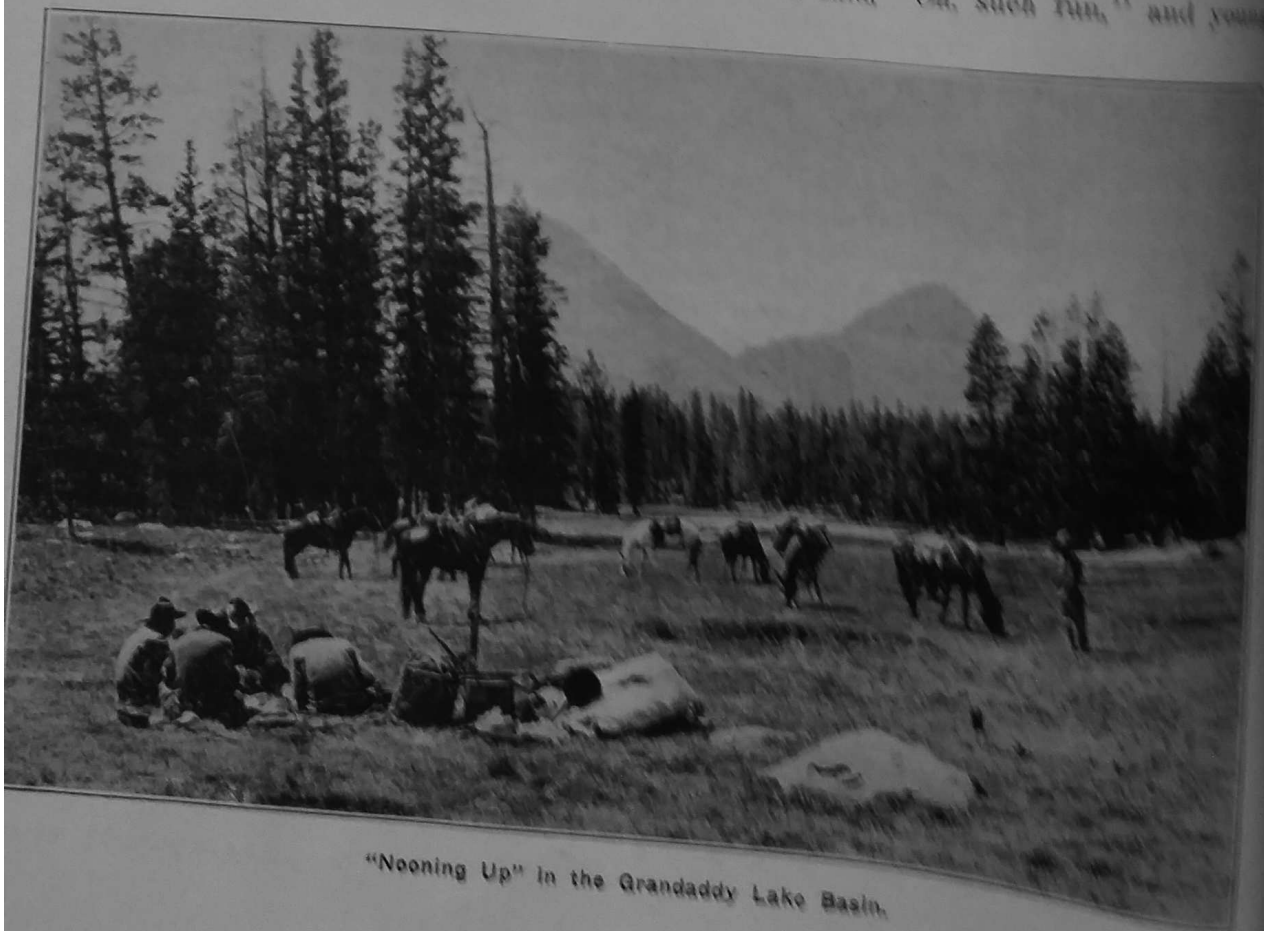
"So! How do you tell 'em apart?"

"By their boots, mostly," responds a youngster. "Any size up to 6's is a girl, and that, it's a feller. The rest of the get-up comes from the Army stores."

It takes discernment to know your companions of the Wasatch Mountain Club. You meet them, stuffed in woolen clothes in the snows. Next in trim-fits—a skating at their weekly swim. Maybe then, in address at one of their house affairs, when you are startled to recognize the welcoming smile of the same fair adventurers and struggle to get your wits quickly together to ask for the pleasure of the next dance.

One husky puts it, "I know her up on the slide as Audrey, but hange if I'd know her if I'd see 'er on the street."

I'd like to relate a little story, or fact, how the "only one" of the family wanted to go to Pinecrest in mid-winter with the bunch. Mother said she shouldn't, dad shook his head, her crowd said, "Oh, such fun," and young



"Nooning Up" in the Granddaddy Lake Basin.

(Hopkins photo)

Helen came to me in despair and asked if I didn't think she could go. Sure—sure thing, no joys in town—the fun will all be at Pinecrest, I agreed.

Telephone bells soon were ringing. Mother worried. It's Helen this and Helen that, and



"HOPKINS HIMSELF"

Over the Tops From the Dell to Emigration Canyon

mother nearly died when I cut in, "Well, she'll be sick if she don't." "Well, would I take good care of her?" "Sure, I'd throw her head first into the first snow bank."

There was a long, long pause. Then mother was advised that two warm suits of underwear, one on top of tother to wear all the time, two or three pairs of sox the same, boots well greased, one pair big mits to wear and another of the same, inside her blouse to use when the first pair gets wet,—and a wool cap,—good one.

Mother sure filled the bill, with 10 per cent added. We started up, snow getting deeper. Teams stuck, then it was everyone "out and hike." Helen looked back at me. I signalled ahead. The old hikers took the lead, breaking

a trail, while I stayed behind to lend a hand with the necessaries.

Hours later I spotted her in the joy-full lobby of the Inn, and heard her announce to a laughing group, "I'm just a suffocating," and out they all went to ride "Ol' Slippery Elm," the craziest toboggan of the lot, down the slide; all primed for a thrilling spill at the bottom.

Helen was covered with snow about all the time. Helen was an original Polar Bear. Mother woudn't have recognized her Helen.

For father and mothers, too much cannot be said of the benefits gained out of doors. Money spent on skates, skiiies and toboggans buys health, strength and happiness to build on for future needs.

To fully appreciate and enjoy our glorious outdoors and its beauties, follow the doctrine of old Josh Billings:

"Keep your feet warm
Your head cool
Your mouth shut
And your eyes open."



Following the New Scenic Trail of the U. S. Forest Service, Granddaddy Lakes District.



Over the Mountain Tops from Park City—Part Buried Miner's Cabin and on into Brighton—Half
Hidden by its Mass of Snow

(Hopkins Photo)

Instruction in Nature Study, Feature of the Wasatch Mountain Club

By R. E. Marsell



"Geology Class," Wasatch Mountain Club—R. E. Marsell of the University of Utah Giving Special Instructions About the "Tertiary Period."

(Hopkins Photo)

Although the Wasatch Mountain Club was organized primarily to encourage out-door recreation, it has attempted with considerable success to encourage an interest in a knowledge of the great outdoors by conducting classes in nature study, mountaineering, swimming, first aid, map interpretation, leadership and related subjects during the winter seasons. By conducting excursions to nearby canyons and to even more remote scenic regions, many of our local people have been afforded an opportunity to enjoy at small expense trips to places that they might not otherwise have been able to visit. These trips are handled on a large scale and are not conducted for profit, hence they are quite economical, which has no doubt contributed largely to their continued success. The same may be said of these evening classes, which are conducted along similar lines as the courses given by the Extension Department of the University of Utah, except that they are free to Club members.

Perhaps the most interesting instruction that has been offered in these classes thus far is that of the Science Committee, who for the past three years has given a course in Elementary Geology for the benefit of Club members and others interested in this fascinating subject, which is of special significance to all lovers of the out-doors. It should also be of prime importance to all Utahns, for Utah has long been considered the classic region for the study of geology. Perhaps no area of equal size has produced as much geologic literature or has enriched our knowledge of the science, and therefore of the earth, as much as Utah. Inasmuch as the ore deposits that give rise to our mining industry are intimately related to the interesting geology of the region, it might prove quite worth while for Utahns as a whole to familiarize themselves with this veritable geological museum in which they reside. Our vast resources in coal, our copper and iron, our silver and lead, our salt, gypsum, marble and similar

natural resources, all have an interesting history that is but a part of this subject of geology. Our glacial lakes that serve as reservoirs for the storage of water and as retreats for the elusive trout are examples of but one kind of geologic phenomena. Our beautiful canyons and scenic regions now coming to the prominent attention of the world at large are but classic examples of other geologic processes. A visit to any one of these scenic attractions is doubly interesting if one has become familiar in advance, or is able to interpret at the time, the origin of its singular scenic features.

It is one thing to get outdoors, and quite another thing to understand and appreciate the out-doors, and the one way to enjoy the out-doors is to become interested. Recreation and mental stimulation then go hand in hand. No desert is so drear or mountain so forbidding but what offers information and interest to one who possesses a working knowledge of the fundamental principles of geology.

One of the features of the work of this class is the study of the many features of geologic interest in the region immediately adjacent to Salt Lake City. The class is taken by auto to nearby points and there at first hand are shown the wealth of geologic phenomena that may be seen within an hours drive of the city: Evidence of a volcano in City Creek Canyon, lake beds, deltas, and shore lines of Lake Bonneville, an extinct fresh water lake, of which Great Salt Lake is the present nearly dried-up remnant; a cross section of the earth's crust exposed along the Wasatch fault displaying a greater thickness and a more complete groups of rocks than that exposed in any other single locality in the world; an abundance of fossils of marine organisms may be found in the lime-

stones near the mouth of Dry Canyon, show that this region was once the bottom of a low ocean, which has since been elevated thousands of feet above sea level; evidence of glaciers in many of our canyons, especially Little Cottonwood, which during the glacial period contained an ice mass 500 feet thick and twelve miles in length; the low hills and ridges that project out from the base of the mountains near the mouth of Little Cottonwood and other canyons are the moraines of rock debris deposited by the glaciers that occupied these canyons. These moraines have been displaced by a comparatively recent movement along the Wasatch fault which is the major earth fracture that gives rise to the steep west face of the range. Although the list could be extended indefinitely, enough has been offered to indicate that the class is being repaid for the one evening a week that they devote to this subject. The classes are held at the Salt Lake Public Library, Thursday evenings from 7:30 to 9:00. Classes in Botany and other outdoor subjects are being planned for the near future. The following quotation is from the preamble to the constitution of the Wasatch Mountain Club:

The purpose of the Wasatch Mountain Club is to encourage out-door 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, and help in advertising the natural resources and scenic beauties of the state of Utah, and to encourage preservation of forests, flowers and natural scenery as well as wild animals and bird life.





The Wasatch Mountain Club Members Receiving Weekly Instruction from R. E. Marsell of the University of Utah, on the History of Mother-Earth and How it May be Read

(English Photo)