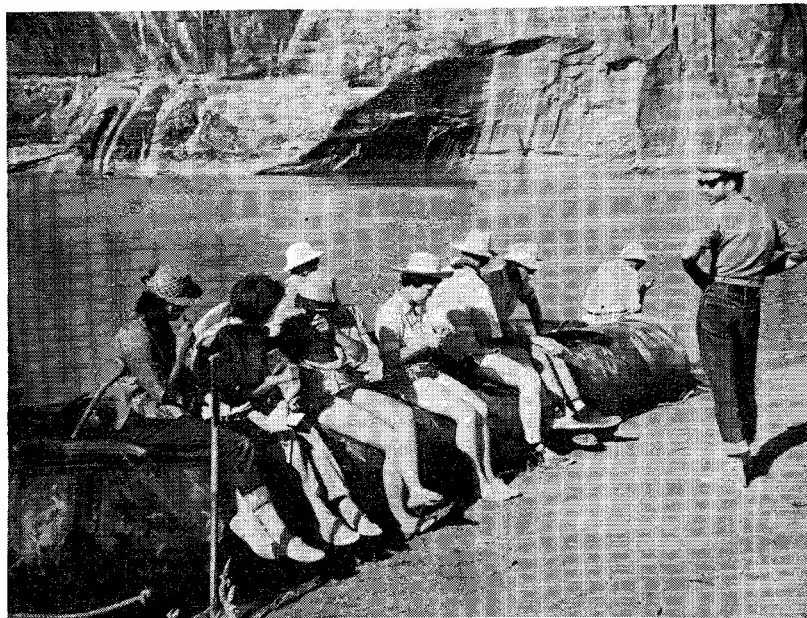


aug
1962

The Rambler



Official Publication of

THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

Club Headquarters: 425 South 8th West, Salt Lake City, Utah

Lodge: Brighton, Utah

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TRIP SCHEDULE

August, 1962

- August 4,5 Silver Lake Flats. Camping and hiking in this delightful part of American Fork Canyon. Leader, Austin Wahrhaftig. Register 6 p.m., August 3, at EM 3-7150. See July Rambler for additional details.
- August 6 Swimming Party, at the Crestwood Swimming Club. Refreshing way to shed the summer heat. The pool is reserved for us so be sure to come. A snack bar if you would like refreshments. Leader, Clare Davis. Bring quests. \$1.00 per person. Bring suit & towel. (To get there, go south on 13th East to Creek Road about 7200 South, turn East to Caballero Drive, then North and follow the road on around to left.)
- August 9 Rock Climbing at Storm Mountain. Tom Stevenson, Leader.
- August 12 Mt. Raymond. This peak, near Mt. Olympus, is often skipped in favor of her more accessible neighbor. If anything, the hike to Mt. Raymond is more scenic. Meet with the leader, Dale Green, at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 7:30 a.m. Register at EM 3-7150 by 5 p.m. Saturday, August 11.
- August 16 Rock Climbing at Storm Mountain.
- August 18,19 Uintah Mountains. Camping and sight seeing in the Utah's highest mountains. Call leader, John MacDuff, for details. Register by 6 p.m. Friday, August 17 at EM 3-7150.
- August 23 Rock Climbing at Storm Mountain.
- August 26 Water Skiing. Boyd Sorensen has graciously offered one or more boats plus equipment for a day of water skiing at Echo Reservoir. We should return the generosity by being careful with equipment and boats. Meet at mouth of Parley's Canyon (Stillman's Bridge) at 8 a.m. Cost is \$1.00 plus transportation. Register by 6 p.m. Wednesday (note the day) so that if extra boats or equipment are needed, Boyd will have time to locate them. Leader Bob Wright.

August 30

Rock Climbing at Storm Mountain.

September 1,2,3 Snake River. While we River Rats love the muddy desert rivers, it is a nice change to float on this clear, sparkling water with (at least the first day) the Tetons looming above in scenic grandeur. Add to this the exciting rapids of the Grand Canyon of the Snake on the third day and you have one of our best river trips. The trips cost, \$15, should be paid a week in advance. Registration limited to one bus load. Register by Friday, August 24, at EM 3-7150. Leader, Earl Hansen.

September 9

Lone Peak. The hike to Lone Peak is long, since this is one of the most inaccessible peaks in the Wasatch. Elevation gain by foot is something over 6,000 feet up Bell's Canyon (we may choose an alternate but not easier route.) Please don't try this trip if you have not been on one or two long hikes (Twin Peaks, Timpanogos, etc.) already this year. We have had too many incidents in past years in pulling exhausted climbers off this peak after dark. If you are in good condition, this is one of the Wasatch spectaculars. Leader to be announced. Register by 5 p.m. Saturday, EM 3-7150.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

September 22,23 Zion Narrows. Our annual hike through one of the most spectacular gorges in the world. Details in next Rambler.

October 20,21

22

Southern Utah. A tour to the remote scenic areas of the State.

ENJOY OUR LODGE WEEKENDS WHICH WILL CONTINUE
THROUGH AUGUST.

TRIPS AND OUTINGS

Log of the S.S. Lethargy Red Canyon Trip - June 30-July 1
by Clix Byrne

The following is a brief account of the voyage of the "S.S. Lethargy" led by our intrepid captain, John MacDuff Bligh. (I was not sure of the meaning of the word, 'intrepid'. The dictionary says; 'Unshaken in the presence of danger; fearless and bold; dauntless; daring; Also characterized by unfaltering courage')...That's our Captain! Among various other epithets, he was called, 'Captian Bligh' for short. or 'Walrus-puss'.

Although the "Lethargy" or "Santa Anna" leaked copiously, she was kept afloat by alternate spasms of pumping and half-hearted bailing by Mona and her cup (and Clix's straw hat) Mona didn't mind the bailing so much...simply, it was difficult to eat and bail at the same time. She had an enormous bag of food always within her reach and consumed everything from shredded wheat rejects, spiced gum drops, fried chicken and health food bars (generously given by Earl) .

At various times the Lethargy infected the captian and crew with the spirit of its name and they just "...let nature take its course." Once in a while, a shout from the captain, "Head for the rocks" or "Lets get Earl wet" would rouse the crew into frantic paddling. Usually the course of the Lethargy through rapids was sideways or backwards, but she kept her crew more or less afloat and at least one member dry as a bone (Earl).

Various 'shaggy-dog stories' of the Captain caused muffled, mutinous threats from the crew.

As our flotsam floundered and spun merrily down the river, crews of other ship-shape crafts gave us faintly disdainful glances. Insinuations that we had a drunken captain and sunstruck crew were ignored.

Our voyage ended in the desertion of the captain as he leaped overboard and a wild mud fight between Clix and Harold.

Green River Trip No. One

by Connee Clemens

Eager runners for the first Green River Trip started gathering Friday night, June 29, about 7:00 p.m. The trip began with much apprehension evidenced by many comments and speculations on bus "breakdowns" and great silent gaps in conversation when the huge vehicle encountered any steep spots on the highway. All was well and the only stop was in Evanston for a midnight meal. The bus surged on arriving at our destination in time to allow its weary riders a few minutes to crawl into their sleeping bags before hints of light began to appear in the sky. Not more than two hours later, motivated by the roar of many big trucks passing on the nearby highway (all offering friendly blasts on their horns) and further encouraged by warm sunlight and hungry mosquitos, the campers quickly started "moving". Breakfasts were consumed, gear packed in water proof bags, and boats pumped up. About this time Gale, Bruce and Cal joined the crowd after their early morning drive over with the kayaks.

Early in the day the weather was extremely warm, but gradually the sky clouded and light rain fell. The weather remained questionable until after camp was set up in Carter's Canyon that afternoon. It was a lovely camp setting with rushing streams of cold water on two sides emptying into the Green. After a dry night the campers breakfasted, and the same crews reorganized and took to the water with the kayaks leading the way to watch for any danger areas. Again the scenery was picturesque and frequently tempted the amateur photographers. The weather was ideal, and the waters were quite exciting with a variety of rapids and spots of quiet. The small boats took things rather casually, getting excited only when they feared they might miss the worst area on the river. The big boat navigated by Carl lead the way and stopped to scout a predicted "very large" falls. At this stopping point there was a hilarious mud fight in waist-deep goo and the boats rowed ahead to face the falls which was all of 6 inches--at least 10 feet lower than expected. The unloading spot also was muddy and in addition offered a steep bank of rocky terrain between the shore and the bus.

The trip home included another dinner stop at Evanston and the pleased crew arrived back at the university before 11:00 p.m. Sunday night. The satisfaction from the trip was so great, several were considering making the trip a second time on the following weekend. (continued--over)

Those making the trip were:

Wolf & Elfriede Snyder
Paul Didisheim
Dennis Huffman
George Smith
Earl Hansen
Dale Green
Dave Cook
Al Goodwin
Clix Byrne
Harold Bingham
John Harshbarger
Max Tyler
Bob Wright
Pennee Fowkes
Dick Street
Shari Ekberg
Scott E. Imber
Mona Moeller

Arlene West
Carl Bauer
Laird Crocker
Mel Fowler
Ann Rhumann
Phil Wennhold
Ron Perla
John McDuff
Ann McDonald
Dave Sundstrom
Connee Clemens

And Kayakers:

Rosalyn Stewart
Cal Giddings
Gale Dick
Bruce Christensen
Alexix Kelners

Keg Party - July 3

by Clem, a Lodge-mouse

I had just curled up in my corner after locating all the Sundstrom traps, when a "thump, thrump, bump" shook the whole lodge. Seems it was president Green bringing in a 15 gallon keg of Coors. After some moments of indecision, he walked by and banged it down onto the porch. About that time some other characters joined him, so I knew it was going to be a party night. They helped pack the keg in snow and I nearly squeaked out loud thinking what reaction this big now mound would bring from the fellows who had worked so hard the week before shoveling all that ice and snow off the proch.

Things quieted down for awhile and some of the folks got together to talk about bills, budgets, rules -- all dull business. Finally, though, more people started coming in. Some of them had their own mugs. One was a real optimist--he had a coffee pot (saw him use it

later, too.) More party goers kept arriving and the keg managed to easily keep up with the demands. Everyone seemed quite pre-occupied, so I decided that it was safe to walk around. Gosh, there were stacks of bread and all the fixings for sandwiches, even quite a supply of soft drinks. Ouch! How well I remember what happened next. The phonograph had been going, but someone put on a polka record and it seemed to have the beckon note for dancing. In the process, one swinger smashed down on my tail. There must have been 40 in all who stopped in sometime during the evening and gradually, about midnight, the crowd began thinning out. By shortly after 1:00 a.m. about all who were left were those planning to stay overnight and that's about all I remember.

Red Pine - Pfeifferhorn -- July 7
by Carl Bauer

Our Red Pine - Pfeifferhorn itinerary had a strong appeal for a large, choice group was "straining at the traces" when the "leader" arrived. With almost as many cars, and all willing to be driven, reducing the caravan to a size compatible with available parking space was our first problem.

"Sorting" our trail from the desecration of road building goons was the second. Ski touring -- our more recent ventures into this region, had left us poorly prepared to "stomach" this devastation.

The crossing of White Pine Creek, now swollen with the run-off of a good water year, was, albeit cautiously, taken in stride. The trips feasibility for family outings was quickly proven by a quartet of young Thackers and Segals who reached the lake with enthusiasm and vigor to spare. From here most of the group continued up talus and snow fields to the south rim of the cirque. Then followed an exhilarating traverse to the west, and the climax of our adventure, the ascent of the Pfeifferhorn.

Some Maintained a lively interest in geological features, while others gave priority to the identification of surrounding peaks. An awareness which began with the thrush and white-crowned sparrow of the lower canyon was now occupied

with the rosy finch and the swallow; the tangy odor of horsemint had been subtly superseded by the heady aroma of anise, and the perfection of the columbine was dimmed by the modesty of the Alpine buttercup.

Still our exotic world knew disappointment. Connie Clemens, who was detained by car trouble (not the Volkswagen's fault), still valiantly attempted to overtake us, was thrown off course by the desecrators road, and visited White Pine Lake instead.

The Red Piners:

Mary and Howard Segal
and 2 children
Angi Thacker
and 2 children
Lora Lynn Brady
Phil Lord
Mona Moeller
Ted Arnow
Ron Perla
Dave Sundstrom
Robert Wright
Alexix Kelner

Helen Battison
Dorthea Pederson
Paul Pederson
Mary Macey
Scott Imber
Dr. William Kirkpatrick
Terry Merkel
Bill Peterson
Ray Plock
Boone Newson
Carl Bauer

A Bus Report

by Dale Green

As you may have read in last month's Rambler, our first trip with the bus was less than a 100% success. Also, the Treasurer's ledger shows that this year's Board of Directors have spent nearly as much on the bus in two months as is ordinarily spent on the entire club in a year. Since this represents a considerable amount of member's time and money, a short explanation is due.

Before we bought the bus it was towed to a bus garage (refusing to start because the timing was off) where a mechanic checked it over and gave the opinion that \$200 would put it on tip-top shape. He recommended a local garage for the job. Herein starts the tale. After many delays, the bus was repaired but the bill came to \$325. Soon after the bus got out of the garage, it was taken on its

first test run. Even though empty, it could hardly chug over Parley's Canyon Summit. The next day, the mechanics from Salt Lake found the ignition timing off again. This was repaired, according to them.

The timing slipped about 10 times on our way to and from the first San Juan River trip. Another retime job was necessary. In addition, the clutch was slipping so badly on the way back that it was impossible to continue after reaching Orem. Again the timing adjustment was "repaired" and the clutch relined. The price was \$305 until Dail Ogden talked them down to \$275. (They had charged us \$30 to adjust the timing! They also had the gall to call the bank and tell them to reserve \$300, before we had even written the check. This caused one of our other checks to bounce. The bank has since apologized.)

The bus was again taken out for a trial run and in a few hours was parked at the side of the road, unable to move. At the suggestion of another mechanic, the bus was towed to a different garage. Here we were elated to find two mechanics who were specialists on this type engine. Also the head mechanic was an old WMC'er who used to drive the Club's bus back in the 20's. He was very sympathetic to our problems. Their inspection revealed that the idler wheel, which automatically adjusts the tension on the timing chain wasn't working and hadn't been for some time. This, and several other repairs, cost \$160.

Thirty brave, loyal Mountain Clubbers boarded the bus about three hours after we got it out of the garage to go to Red Canyon, 250 miles away. Many of these people were on the first trip to the San Juan and were still willing to risk riding the bus again. The bus performed perfectly! The next weekend, the same trip was run again without incident. Over the 24th of July holidays we ran over 800 miles to the Tetons and back with no troubles.

The bad timing chain tension adjustment has been the major source of our troubles and expense. The last three trips give a legitimate reason to believe this has been fixed. Buses, such as ours, are made to run several hundreds of thousands of miles. It is doubtful we will put much more than 5,000 miles a year on ours. Yet this amount, if our trips are successful, can add appreciably to our treasury. Despite all of our expenses to date, it is surprising that

we still have over \$600 in the bank.

The Board realizes that we cannot have successful trips if we depend on old time Club members to come out on the same old trips year after year. Our success will lie in our ability to schedule new and different events and to continue to attract an influx of new members. Our financial future looks rosy if we have a good turnout for our bus trips.

Safety A'River
by Carl Bauer

Boating safety, it seems, is for the mossbacks, and since river running has become one of our most popular activities, a fogey will naturally purvey the expletives concerning it. Happily for our expeditions, accidents aren't commonplace, and when peril has threatened, good fortune was also in attendance. Yet, to rely upon the constancy of such a companionship is to court ultimate disaster.

Lest we forget, none of us are numbered among the experts, but some of their ways may become the rules for the tyro. From meager association a few suggestions are offered.

The fledgling voyager may under the wary eye of a veteran, feel compelled to even sleep in his life jacket; and his chances of eliminating drowning as the cause of his ultimate repose are materially enhanced. For placid drifting, the jacket may be loosely draped, provided it is still securely fastened about the waist, as a precaution in case the boat is suddenly jarred by a snag or submerged rock.

The attributes of our type of boat do not include kayak-like ease of maneuvering. However, hazardous situations become less so if powerful team paddling is always in reserve, and confusion such as results from turning the boat end for end, is avoided.

It follows that early detection of unsafe conditions is essential; and that the craft be in a position (usually midstream) affording choice of the best channel. When in doubt, land if possible and reconnoiter for the safest route through very rough water. Obviously, the landing rope must be carefully coiled for immediate use. For extreme conditions, including fast current, life preserver throwers

should be stationed on shore at strategic points. A strong underhand throw is more accurate than a wild "roundhouse", and should be aimed for the upstream side beyond the target.

In moving around bends, work to midstream or the inside where shallows and less frequently encountered obstacles are easily avoided. The outside edge with its stronger current and chop, may combine overhanging ledges and trees with undertows in a form of Russian "roulette". Large submerged boulders and their downstream "boils" are hazardous for even our largest boats, especially if caught broadside; while smaller craft are not infrequently trapped and swamped. With collision impending, leg stowing inboard and secure handholds are the first order of business. An obstacle even less pleasant to contemplate is a log jam, where the river submerges, and the alternative may involve being skewered on broken branches. Here anticipation comes into its own.

To close our rough water dirge on a happier note that brings ecstasy to the soul of San Juaner, we include sand waves. These occur near midchannel as a rollicking series of regular size, form and spacing; which the "management" has been unable to provide on any other river.

Life truly begins with river running, and lest it end with it also,

WEAR YOUR LIFE JACKET ! ! !

BOARD ACTIONS

1. Approved purchase of liability insurance on the Lodge, covering members, guests, and renters.
2. Approved the formation of a rescue team to be used to aid Club members or others, if officially requested.

CLUB NEWS

River Rats are reminded that the Club does not provide life preservers. You must bring your own, and all life preservers must be Coast Guard approved.

Club patches for your parkas are available at Club Headquarters, 425 South 8th West, for 50¢ apiece. No member should be without one.

The Berghans Equipment Co., 618 South 12th East, an agency for Holubar, has the best selection of climbing gear in Utah for sale at 5% discount from the regular catalog prices to Club Members (and you don't have to pay postage on those heavy iron items." Approximately twenty different types of pitons are stocked along with hammers, carabiners, ropes, etc. The Berghans is owned and operated by several members of the Mountain Club and the Ute Alpine Club. The best time to drop by is after 5 p.m. The phone number is EM 4-7657.

Bruce Christensen entered a down river race (in his Kayak) in mid July. It was a five mile course down the Green River in hand propelled craft. There were thirty entrants and Bruce placed first. Besides the achievement of winning he came up with a prize of \$25.

Alexis Kelners had a leading article printed in the latest Summit magazine. It was entitled "Winter in the Wind River Range." It featured some of his outstanding pictures taken while on the expedition last Christmas.

The Gary Larsens are still living down in Mississippi. They have a house on the beach and swim often in the breakers. They like it, but are a little homesick for the West. They have been visited by their parents who also took in the Mardi Gras while there.

Bob and Dordy Wright plan to be back with us in September. While in Arizona they collected three horses and may ride back into town in the saddle. We'll be glad to welcome them back.

The Road to Brighton is now open for traffic for one hour at noon. This should make it a little more convenient to visit the Lodge on our open weekends. The road is still open before 8:30 a.m. and after 5:30 p.m.

If you received an unpaid dues notice, and should not have, please accept our apologies. Somehow the latest list of paid up members was delayed in the mail for eight days and did not reach us before the notice went out. Dues are now overdue, and the reinstatement fee goes into effect.

Enclosed is the latest membership list as of July 20, 1962. Many cross checks were made in order to have the list as accurate as possible. Please contact our Secretary, Connee Clemens, if there is some mistake in your name, address, or telephone number.

New Members:

Dan Lynch
618 South 12th East
Salt Lake City EM 4-7657

Ted Arnow
1064 Hillview Drive
Salt Lake City 262-1862

Lee Sutton
Saltair
Utah

Reinstatement:

John Rose
1863 Hubbard
Salt Lake City 355-7306