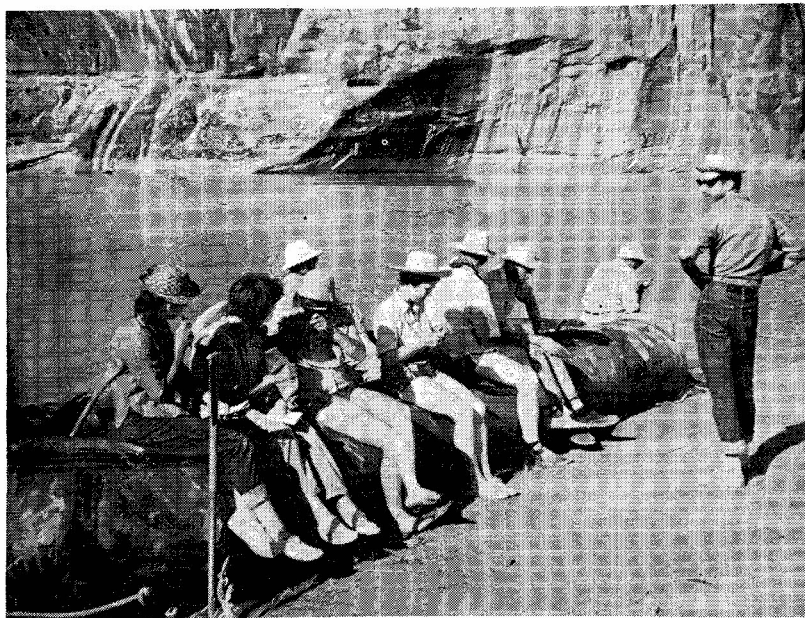


The Rambler



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

October, 1962

- October 4 ----- Rock Climbing at Pet's Rock. Although the evenings are growing shorter, Tom Stevenson has promised to keep climbing on Thursday evenings until the snow flies. Anyone interested is invited to join him. Call Tom for details, 364-5268
- October 6 Neff's Canyon to Mill Creek Canyon. This fall hike is described in the September Rambled. Dale Green will not be able to lead this hike, so John MacDuff may fill in as substitute. Register by 6 p.m. Friday, October 5. EM 3-7150.
- October 7 Rock Climbing at Willard. See Details in September Rambler. Register by 6 p.m. October 6. EM 3-7150.
- October 13 thru 15 Southern Utah No. 1. Since the fall weather is ideal for Southern Utah trips, and little else, we have scheduled two of these safaris. The date on the October trip has been moved up to avoid the general deer hunt. This trip will go into the Elk Ridge Country, just west of Monticello and just South of the proposed Canyonlands National Park. The leader, Carl Bauer, has promised us an abundance of scenery and interesting terrain. Call Carl for details and trip registration, EL 5-6036.
- October 20 Mt. Millicent. If weather permits. Start from the Lodge on Saturday morning at 9:30 a.m. Leader, Dave Sundstrom. Register by 6 p.m. Friday, EM 3-7150
- October 27 Short Saturday Hike. Our destination will depend on climate, personnel, etc. Meet with the leader, Dave Sundstrom at the Lodge at 9:30 a.m. Register by 6 p.m. Friday, EM 3-7150
- October 27 Hallowe'en Party. The Lodge at 8 p.m. The spookiest event of the year. This year will be the spookiest year yet because Clix Byrne has promised some interesting "additions to his macabre den of the unknown. (Believe us, if you have not seen this you should - - and you will never forget it.) We plan to have several physicians on hand for the faint hearted. Come in a costume if you can. Prizes will be given for the best.

An excellent meal goes along with the tentative cost of \$1.50 for members, \$2.00 for guests. Register by 6 p.m. October 26, EM 3-7150.

October 28 Mount Olympus, North Face. If the snow is not too deep, we will hike and rock-scramble up the North Face of Mount Olympus in one of our traditional autumn hikes. Our traditional leader, Harold Goodro, will meet with us at the Skaggs parking lot, 39th. South on Wasatch Blvd., at 7:30 a.m. Register by 5 p.m. Saturday, EM 3-7150

November 3,4 Southern Utah No. 2. On this trip we will visit some of Utah's lesser known National Monuments, Cedar Breaks and Capitol Reef. There will also be a short side trip into the Kodachrome Basin - Grosvenor Arch region. Several other attractions will be fitted in if time permits. Call the leader, Carl Bauer, at EL 5-6036 for details and registration.

TRIPS AND OUTINGS

A Beginner's Eye View of W.M.C. - - - Sept. 1,2,3,
By Annette Odegard

Not knowing soul #1 and arriving at the bus straight from work in a suit and high heels, it seemed a real toss-up as to whether or not the W.M.C. on the Snake River Trip and I were going to be compatible.

Shortly after the boats were launched the first day, John MacDuff, known previously as Capt. Bligh of the Panic Ship Lethargy, quickly became known as Capt. McBligh of the P.S. Bubbles (who aptly lived up to her name by her leaks constantly spewing bubbles along the water.) One bubble burst when the outer "rim" was slashed by the tree we smashed into, where Carol and Forrest were having kayak trouble.

As I'd waited the seven years I've been in Utah to go on a river trip with experts, Y'all know it comforted me endlessly to hear McBligh's command about missing a huge rock, "Steer straight for it and we'll miss it." Also, "We'll go to the left or we will go to the right." Wolf and Freda, who loaned flashlights each night to Willadean, Carol, Ann, and Annette, saved them much stumbling and trouble and were the suppliers of lemon drops and

much good humor on the boats. Freda was often full of Funnies ! This was Willadean's first river running experience and she brought along enough food to last for a crowd for a week! The next time Annette takes along a tent just to see if she can set it up, maybe she should be left behind. As the weather was so perfect, the Hilton of the Hinterlands wasn't really necessary, though was well used.

At the end of Saturday's river trip, Forrest Hatch and Howard Newson found themselves under, instead of inside, the kayak and swam the last few hundred yards pulling the kayak instead of riding in it. As Howard climbed the bank, going to El Tortuga, a big brown bear followed him, snuffling and sniffing, wondering what sort of human that was. Howard couldn't have cared less, the bear decided he was too cold to eat and veered off across the road leaving Howard to squish on alone, and those of us watching in gales of laughter.

The second day, Capt. McBligh was promoted to Admiral on the Fleet's flagship, the giant he christened Brig O'Doon, a name almost apt when it snagged! His first mate on P.S. Bubbles became captain there, quickly dubbed McGeorge when he'd make a typically ghastly, funny McBligh judgment. Sunday, a boat none too ably manned by Carol, Annette, Howard, and their Capt. McGeorge found itself in a gently swirling eddy. The third time around, Annette noticed the same cave passing for the third time; the fourth twirl, another lethargic crew member agreed; the fifth, next they decided to get out of there and finally succeeded.

I discovered that from the river you can get the best of views of the beautiful Tetons, that the best of company can be found in W.M.C. and that I hope many more new members find what a lark such a trip can be! Or, to quote Wolf's reply to Willy's telling of the rat she saw emerge from the lady's rest room, "What a-mousing experience!"

Note from the Snake River Trip - - - Sept 1,2,3,
By Ann McDonald

Twenty four mountain clubbers left the Union Bldg., Friday evening, almost on time, to join eleven others near the Tetons. We arrived at the Cabin Creek Campground in record time, a beautiful star-

studded night, but chilly at 2 a.m. An early rise, and a look at the mist covered river, and then on to Moran. A late start due to a short stop at Jackson Lodge, where we wondered at the people in high heeled shoes who only looked at the scenery through a plate glass window, and they wondered about such an unkept crew.

Onto the river....a lazy ride most of the way....beavers slapping their tails on the water before disappearing under it.... a bald eagle....horsed playing in a pasture....a huge bull moose with a enormous antler spread, and ever in the background the gorgeous Teton range. Toward the end of the day the river got a little swifter and shallower, and the sun went down, and it was chilly. We were glad to see the bridge at Moose, and gladder to see our warm bus, and even gladder to see the lights of Jackson.

Saturday night in Jackson is a little like another world....crowdsmusic....wine freely flowing....noise....old friends from Salt Lake. Some had planned to stay until the bars closed, but wiser heads prevailed and we left for camp with, surprisingly enough, everyone aboard - about 11.

Sunday - - aboard the Brig O'Doom--Capt. McBligh in command. Philosophy: the river knows best, and if we let it take us where it will, all will be well. So the Brig O'Doom jackknifed around a log catapulting its Captain, Bill Kirkpatrick and Gil Clark into the icy water. Luckily everyone had obeyed the now very strict rule that life jackets be worn at all times, so the loss was confined to one mountain boot, a pair of handknit socks, and a flask, Capt. McBligh with great presence of mind swam down river picking up equipment, and when found was completely loaded, with equipment, that is. Other wrecks of the day....Howard Newson and Forrest Hatch upset their kayaks, but all was well. As they dripped up the bank they didn't see the large brown bear following a few feet to the rear.

The rafts beached at our campgrounds having put in a grueling twelve hour day. Then time for the night life again, this time around the campfire. We really should learn the words to some of those songs. Note to those in charge: Put the song books on the bus. What was it they sang in 1923? "Rah, rah, the Wasatch Mountain Club forever?"

Monday....the ranger and an unidentified VIP dropped by to warn us to proceed no further because the rapids were dangerous. Our experienced river runners felt they probably didn't know what they were talking about, so off we went. Some very exciting moments.... rocks looming ahead with seemingly no passageway....white water....

diving down into a bottomless trough, and almost perpendicularly up the other side. One could always tell when some real excitement was around the bend by the cars parked at the side of the road high above us, and the large audience hopefully awaiting our doom. A very exciting day, with just a few moments in between frantic paddling to look at one or two trees which had turned bright scarlet, and notice the little lost lamb sittin' on a rock. An ignominious ending....the back current and wind got the better of us the last mile and a half and we had to be towed to the bridge by a motor driven boat thoughtfully rented by Bruce Christensen. The boats and the bus were loaded, and again we made record time to Salt Lake, arriving at 10:30 p.m.

The thanks of all go to leader Earl Hansen, who kept everyone happy, and to bus driver Dale Green for both driving the long and arduous drive without being able to enjoy the boat ride and for keeping the bus frequently in sight all day Sunday and Monday in case of accidents.

Those aboard were:

Connee Clementson	Jerry and Cynthia Peterson
Forrest and Carol Hatch	Gale and Ann Dick
Dale Green	Wolf and Elfrieda Snyder
Willadean Jefferies	Bill Kirkpatrick
Mel Fowler	John MacDuff (Capt McBligh)
David Chisholm	Joe and Georgia Fritz
George Smith	Ann McDonald
Earl Hansen	Bruce Christensen
John Mildon	John Harshbarger
Gil and Eva Clark	Marion Ohr
Roger Isaacson	Annette Odegard
Cal and Jen Giddings	Al Wickham
Dave Cook	Gordon Taylor
Howard Newson	Joe Gates

Mt. Majestic - - - September 15
By Pete Stifel

After several of Leader Sundstrom's "YA-HOOs" an eager group of Saturday hikers struck off through the woods behind the Lodge. Considerable rearranging was done a few minutes and several hundred yards later as children hitched rides on Dad's shoulders, packs changed hands, and extra warm clothing was shed. Frequent rests allowed the quite varied group to stay pretty well together.

Things went fine until we encountered the Lake Mary Trail and it became apparent that no one in the group was quite sure which of various peaks was actually Mt. Majestic! We were momentarily lost in our own backyard till a big sign with an arrow pointing to "Mt. Majestic", thoughtfully provided by the more knowing Forest Service for such as we, saved the day. Under a full head of steam we were off and soon reached the ridge east of the Snake Creek Hut's ashes. A considerable number of the original party had by this time returned to the Lodge.

By a good trail the summit was attained and the fall grandeur of the eastern Wasatch, Heber Valley, and the Uintas was all around. Lunch was eaten and variously shared with the lunchless, a "name that peak" quiz was conducted by Paul Pedersen, and a falcon and hawk were awfully watched (From above) as they enjoyed a noontime soar.

The hike down by the ten summiters was relatively uneventful and refreshments and general reunion were soon enjoyed. As we were about to leave, talk was overheard among those who hadn't made the top about not having been able to find the pep pills in the Lodge medicine chest!

The summiters:

Dave Sundstrom
Ernest Caldwell
Allen James
Marion Ohr
Connee Clemens
Paul Pedersen
Dorothea Pedersen
Helen Battison
Bob Wright
Pete Stifel

Those who couldn't find the pills:

George Smith plus 2 children
Maurine Ingersoll
Maxine MacDuff
Max Tyler plus 7 children
Annette Odegard plus 3 Children
Ann MacDonald plus 1 Child
Ann Barker plus 1 Child

COMMENTS OF A NEWCOMER TO THE W.M.C.

Excerpts from an article by Margaret Peggott
(We wish there had been space for the entire article.)

In November 1961 a girl, native born of England, came wandering into Utah from the West along the macadam thread which links hands with Nevada and California. As the valley came into view misgivings and uncertainty disappeared, for there behind the Valley was the "Wall". Rising on the Eastern flank with shimmering snow-capped spires outlined against a pale blue sky.

Surely such a wall must have men to meet its challenge; and the city, therefore, a club. The telephone directory yielded the Wasatch Mountain Club as a possibility and the gal from the British Isles, with hopes set high, rang them up. This is the skiing season, she was told. Only skiing meets are scheduled now.

After making her debut the following season with another group swinging in the middle of a rappel rope, stuck completely on Ship Rock well past midnight, she tried her luck again with the WMC. This time a river trip down the San Juan showed her for the first time the wonders of the great American Sandstone canyons which are breath-taking with their grandeur and beauty. As an added hors d'oeuvres to the trip, the gal was introduced to the vagaries of a bellicose SOCOTWA school bus.

We then had the opportunity to go to the Grand Tetons. At last if I could not do #1 on Pet's Rock, I might have the consolation of making the East Ridge on the Grand Teton. It is hard to describe the loneliness and uncertainty I felt when I first saw the City hugging the foothills of the Wasatch Front. This time, as I saw the soaring peaks of the Grand Teton etched with delicate tracery against a dark sky, I was not alone. There were others present who saw and felt as I did; who have grown to love these ultimate hills and valleys. An American heritage handed down from time. As I saw and climbed the Tetons, fell into the San Juan River, descended Pete's Rock I had the most precious gift of mankind. I was amongst friends, despite the distance I had travelled. All I can say to the Club is one very inadequate word for this, very inaptly put and clumsily said-- thanks!

CLUB NOTES

Cal Giddings, Gale Dick, Bruce and Bert Christensen shot all the rapids in Cataract Canyon in mid-September in our 7 man rafts. Exciting was the adjective Cal used to describe it. We Bet.

It just popped into our minds that perhaps some of our new members have not yet visited the Lodge nor know how to locate it. If you don't know where it is, perhaps these directions will help: Go up to the parking lot at the top of Brighton by the Alpine Lodge. There is a road taking off between the Alpine Lodge and the Majestic Lodge going South. It is Marked

with a sign pointing to the M.I.A. Lodge and the Wasatch Mt. Club Lodge. You circle on around to the right on the upper road and will find the Lodge soon above you on the left of the road. There is a sign pointing into the W.M.C. parking lot. Now you know where it is, we will expect to see you soon, (Especially at the Hallowe'en party.)

We have some new members:

Tom Roth	Howard Newson
1866 Garfield Avenue	6408 S. Davis Blvd
Salt Lake City IN 6-9504	Bountiful, Utah AX 5-5855

Kathleen Smedley	David J. Chisholm
4582 Stratton Drive	1827 Lincoln Lane
Salt Lake City 278-0098	Salt Lake City CR 7-2825

John M. Mildon	Ann Barker
715 E. 540 N.	5365 Cottonwood Lane
Centerville, Utah AX 5-0044	Salt Lake City

Sig Krauthamer	Willadean Jefferies
583 5th Avenue	232 E 400 N
Salt Lake City 328-3066	Centerville, Utah AX 5-7650
Ext. 2657	

Annette G. Odegard	Maureen Ingersoll
2958 S. 3435 E.	3808 S 1915 E
Salt Lake City HU 5-2917	Salt Lake City CR 7-3865

Dennis Caldwell	James B. Lee
163 M Street #3	849 E 6th S #1
Salt Lake City 364-7386	Salt Lake City EL 9-3889

Change of Address:

Al Wickham
Box 7191
Murray, Utah

Wedding news:

Now Mr. and Mrs. are Sharon Ekberg and Dick Street.
Congratulations from all of us.

From Alaska way comes news of an accomplishment of Bob Goodwin in making a first ascent on Mt. Russel in the Alaska Range as a member of the German Alpine Club expedition to Alaska. Bob states that he soon is heading south with his family for a couple of years. We hope that means this section of the country.

Sincere sympathies of Club Members go to Harold Bingham at the news of the loss of his brother Kenneth, through an accidental gunshot wound while camping in the Mirror Lake area.