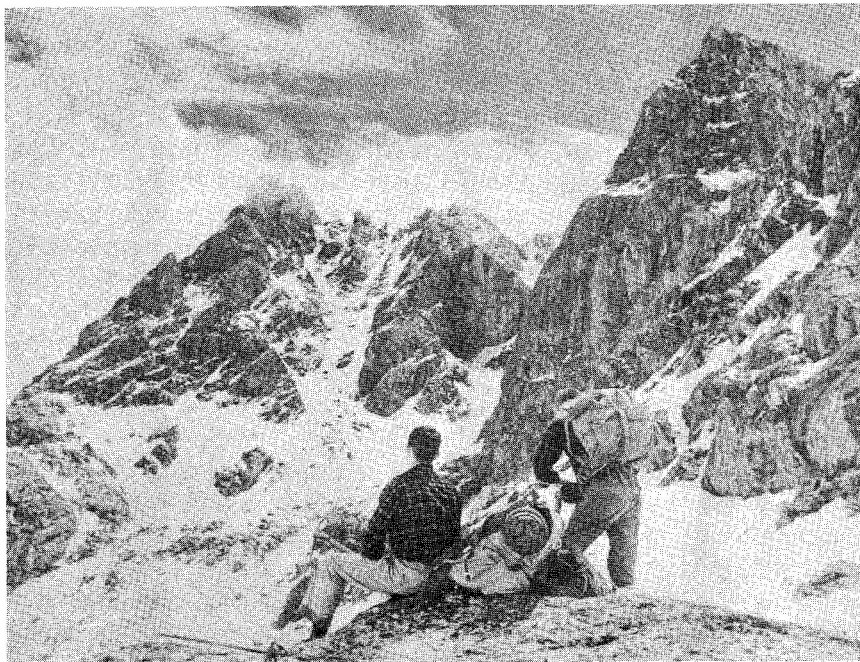


The Rambler



Official Publication of

THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

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Lodge: Brighton, Utah

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DAVE COOK, <i>Trips and Outings</i>	355-4086

TRIP SCHEDULE
October 1963

- October 3, 10, 17, 24, 31 -- Rock Climbing at Pete's Rock. Meet here at 6:30 p.m. for the usual climbing session and social hour. This activity will continue only as weather permits. If there is a question as to whether this will be held, contact one of the Leaders, Tom Stevenson or Carl Dunn.
- October 5-6 -- Zion Narrows. This hike is one of the most spectacular trips the club makes and is an experience you will always remember. Anyone planning to make the trip who hasn't gone before, be sure to check with someone who has made the hike or Leader Dale Green to get advice on what to wear and carry. Register at Headquarters by 6:00 p.m. Wednesday, October 2. Price of the trip, which includes transportation on the plush club bus, is \$10.00. To insure your place on the bus, Dale insists on cold cash in advance - otherwise you may find the bus filled.
- October 5-6 -- Lodge open. Children's weekend is usually the first weekend of the month, so bring the kids and spend Saturday night and as much of Sunday as you wish at the lodge. Leader will be Scotty Imber.
- October 5 -- Mt. Majestic from the Lodge. A short hike for a Saturday morning, the peak is within easy walking distance from the lakes east of the Lodge. (Rating 4.5, el. 10,271) Register at Headquarters by 6:00 p.m. Friday. Leader, Scotty Imber. Children are welcome.
- October 12-13 -- Mountaineering in the Tetons. This excursion will involve cold weather camping and climbing. Night-time temperatures will be below freezing, but days should be warmer. A snow storm is possible, so prepare accordingly. Some climbing may be done but the trip is designed for snow and ice practice on the Grand Teton Glacier. All interested persons must register with Tom Stevenson by 9:00 p.m. October 7. The climbing will be on Mt. Owen or Teewinot. Campers and hikers are welcome.
- October 12 -- Lodge Open. Some special surprises and unusual activities are being cooked up by the weekend host, Ray Ploch. Better join us and get in on the fun. Remember, it costs members only 50¢ to stay all night.
- October 13 -- Deseret Peak. The view from this peak in the Stansbury Mountains, about 50 miles west of Salt Lake City, takes in much of western Utah, and is quite spectacular. Leader Ron Perla will probably scale some cliffs to reach the summit,

- but one group will hike up on a trail. (Rating 8.0,
El. 11,031) Register at Headquarters by 6:00 p.m.
Saturday. Departure will be at 6:30 a.m. from
Headquarters.
- October 19 -- Lodge Open. How about spending an evening in front of
a warm fire at the Lodge. Hostess, Sarah Weller.
- October 19-29 -- Hunting Season. Everyone stay out of the woods.
- October 20 -- Geode hunting trip in the Dugway area of western Utah.
Leave from club headquarters at 6:30 a.m. The day will be
spent picking up lots (we hope) of geodes. If one of these
rocks is broken open or cut into, it contains a partly
hollow center filled with beautiful quartz crystals. Cut
and polished, a geode makes an attractive bookcase ornament.
Children are welcome on this trip. Register by 6:00 p.m.
Friday, October 18. The leader will be a friend of Dale
Green, Russell Peterson.
- October 26 -- Halloween Party. (8:00 p.m.) Here's something new and
different for our annual Halloween Party. Under the direction
of Keith and Ora Edwards and Harvey and Glenna Wood, we are
importing a genuine Munich Oktoberfest. (This is celebrated
annually to commemorate the marriage of King Ludwig of
Bavaria during which time Munich business comes to a stand-
still. Throughout the city there are parties, parades,
festivities and sumptuous feasts. In 1961, three million
liters of beer and 1,200,000 sausages were consumed.) We
probably won't do quite this well, but we will have genuine
Fest beer with a menu of Weis Wurst (white sausage), German
potato salad, sauerkraut, and the trimmings. Steve Cole's
German band will provide music for dancing appropriate to
the occasion. Bring a stein if you can and wear your
lederhosen and dirndles, if you have them. Cost will be
\$1.00 for members and \$2.00 for guests for all the food you
can eat. Beer, by the stein, Register by 6:00 p.m. Thurs.
October 24, at Club Headquarters for admittance. And be sure
to register EVERYONE who will be in your party. Persons
not registering will be required to pay double fees.
- October 26 -- Lodge Open. After all that delicious food and fun at
the party, you probably will want to take life easy and stay
up at the Lodge overnight. Hostess will be one of our new
members, Thais Smedley.
- November 3 -- Notch Peak. This peak is in the House Range, Millard
County, west of Delta, Utah. The view of this part of the
Great Basin is one of the most spectacular in the State.
We will leave at 11:00 a.m. from club headquarters on

Saturday, and camp out that night near the peak. Register by 6:00 p.m. November 1. Leaders, Carl Bauer and Ernie Katten. (Rating 6.0, el. 9,655)

November 9-11 -- Southeastern Utah (Canyonlands) trip. Leaders, Carl Bauer and Dave Cook.

November 24 -- Logan Cave. (unless we're skiing by then.)

SNAKE RIVER TRIP -- Labor Day Weekend by Sheila Mattes

Labor Day weekend's Snake River trip got off to an invigorating start as a dozen intrepid would-be river-runners woke to the re-freshing sensation of rain in their sleeping bags. Although some foolish people bounded up immediately, insisting that "we won't get any wetter on the river", the cowards among us won out and our first day was spent being decorative at the Jackson Lake Lodge and, later, keeping warm at various Jackson night spots.

After a good night's sleep, we faced Sunday's drizzle with more enthusiasm and by noon ten of us had launched our sturdy craft and bid farewell to driver, Dale Green, and Helen Bander, who stayed and kept him company. Although the river was relatively calm and the weather dreary, we were treated to some beautiful scenery, including Karl Dunn's legs and "Mae West" Powelson, The Man with the Double-Barreled Chest. Despite popular opinion, you can get wetter on the river and Helen Battison, eyes bulging, discovered that river water does interesting things to stretch pants. (Despite this minor irritation, she still came off the river looking better than the rest of us had at the start.) Some of the crew decided that going backwards into rapids was more challenging but determined paddling by dissenters usually ended with the raft going in circles instead. Marion Ohr held tight to the ropes in order to prevent repeating her performance on a previous trip--a swan dive into the icy water. But we knew we were in good hands for Dave Cook was an able captain--from the back of the raft, of course. Near the end of the trip, the sun came out at last and the soggy crew was able to better appreciate the very beautiful scenery through which we had been passing all afternoon. And we even found a few rapids.

Cold and wet as we were, we were all eager for another river trip "right soon."

Sunday night's camp, however, was wetter than ever. We huddled in damp tents as the rain came in torrents, causing Joe Gates to remark that perhaps Dale should start gathering the wild animals

two by two and putting them on the bus. Dale: "But will it float?" However, the bus was already filled with those too tired and wet to pitch camp.

Monday dawned warm and nearly clear so we all did some hiking across Jenny Lake before meeting the climbers and starting on the relatively quiet ("will someone please give June a tranquilizer?!) trip home.

Those on river: Helen Battison, Eddie Bander, Marion Ohr, Sheila Mattes, Karl Dunn, Jerry "Mae West" Powelson, Dave Cook, Mimi Winterling, George Smith, Barbara Evans. On bus: Dale Green, driver, and Helen Bander. Camped in area: Forrest and Carol Hatch, Joe Gates, Connee Clemens, Dail Ogden and family.

TETON GLACIER -- Labor Day Weekend by R.B. Schroeder

At 3:00 a.m. we arrived at the jumping-off place where we left the bus in such a hurry that some equipment was left behind. Although the sky was fairly clear and Tom's shuttling very fast, it didn't stop the rain from sprinkling our faces at 5:30 a.m. After enjoying a very good breakfast in the rain and checking in at the Ranger station, we proceeded up the Amphitheater Lake trail. Ann McDonald was lead "pack mule" with seven others following. One was left back in the climbers camp due to not being shod properly. We were met at Amphitheater Lake, after being on the trail 3 hours and 30 minutes, by a real nice, soggy camp area where it was still raining. Three tents were pitched on the northeast side of the lake. Bedtime was suggested but readily over-ruled.

A small party started out for the Teton Glacier, but due to the 100% humidity, poorness of vision, and the extremely damp clothes, the party returned to camp shortly. During dinner Ron Perla and then Pat Parmalee arrived with delightful news of a large campfire down at Surprise Lake. Needless to say, we took full advantage of this to dry our clothes while drinking tea. We found that the four fire builders were climbers and forest rangers from Montana.

Due to sickness and late sleepers, the next morning after breakfast, only seven of us left for the Teton Glacier. With Tom Stevenson as head crampon the whole day was spent on ice and snow techniques, along with rain apparel installation and removal. That day we learned we were paid a visit by Joe Gates and Connee Clemens who hiked up to the lake for the wet, cloudy view. Shortly after arriving back at camp, a large fire was started using "Little George" as one-man log and "Big Bertha" as a two-man log for heat

to dry our clothes and light to help us find our dinners. We then went to sleep-dry with full stomachs and feeling as content as a ground hog in July.

Awakening the next morning we saw for the first time Disappointment Peak covered with the warm rays of the early morning sun. This was what we needed to spur us back up on the glacier for more advanced ice and snow techniques.

On our arrival back at camp, two warm bodies (that's all) eased in and leaped out of the very cold water of Amphitheater Lake. Camp was then put back on the "pack mules". After a pleasant jaunt down to Lupine Meadows, we loaded up and caught the bus, ending a wet but very enjoyable trip up in the beautiful mountains of the Tetons.

Participants:	Ann McDonald	Ernie Katten
	Scotty Imber	Charlie Conrod
	Pat Parmalee	Bill Conrod
	June Pitkanen	Dick Schroeder
	Ron Perla	Tom Stevenson, Leader
	Dail Ogden	

MT. MILLICENT -- September 7
by Sarah Weller and Boone Newson

Those of us who came from the city arrived in time to help our leader Dave, finish his breakfast at the lodge. The climbing was easy in the cool morning airs and the view of the Brighton area was breathtaking. With the children and the "old folks" frequently exchanging leads, we soon reached the impressive boulders which cap much of Mount Millicent above the upper ski lift terminal. These big boulders slowed the kids down and made for a more fair contest between youth and "beauty."

Those who were last seen headed upward were:

Dave Sundstrom	Celia & Walter* Rockholt
Connie Sedlar (guest)	Scotty, Liesel* & Kenny* Imber
Larry Fisher (guest)	Boone & Kirk* Newson
Sarah Weller	

*Children

WESTERN GAMBLING PARTY -- September 7
by Lois and Ted Arnow

The Western Gambling Party was a roaring success. It was attended by 9,000 members and guests who enthusiastically turned over

their good hard cash to Ann McDonald and Ernie Katten in exchange for some counterfeit stuff provided by Joy Greetham and proceeded to gamble wildly at tables operated by Steve Cole, Clint Barker, and Tom Stevenson. To compensate for their losses, the crowd consumed the good food prepared by Joy Greetham, Mimi Winterling, Anita Feltis, and Lois Arnow, and virtually wiped out the liquid supply served by "Tenders" Carl Dunn, Ann Barker, and Joe Gates.

Most of the members wore authentic western toggery, but they all paled before the advance of Big Cheif Dave Cook of the Bareskin Tribe. Many of the finer costumes and faces were photographed by Polaroid and Dick Schroeder with hilarious results. The walls of the lodge were decorated with photographs by Earl Hansen depicting some of the club's more notorious characters, each one being either vividly or luridly (as befitted the subject) described in a sweet simple poem.

The entire operation was conceived through the mutual plotting of Anita Feltis and Ann McDonald and it is to their genius that the club owes another huge social success!

AMERICAN FORKS TWIN PEAKS HIKE -- September 8

It was a beautiful day as we gathered in Albion Basin to follow John MacDuff to the top of the twin peaks. He assured us it was only a 2,800 foot climb and off we went in high spirits. (It is 2,800 feet but one climbs those 2800 feet at least twice!!) We passed Secret Lake and worked our way up to the top of Bald Mountain, then along a series of ridges to the final assault which was a scramble. Of course once to the "top" we had to cross a ridge to the real top !

It hailed while we were eating lunch, then, in the hail and rain, (John claims that he always provides air-conditioning on his hikes) we all headed back without Al Whickham and Charles Keller who had descended through White Pine Canyon. Boone and Jim Lee headed back ahead of us in order to pick them up. John Mac Duff, Doc Snyder and Carl Bauer took to the valley while Mr. and Mrs. Yergenson, John and Lydia DeFord, and Ron Perla stayed on the ridge. Mr. and Mrs. Yergenson returned through Gad Valley. Thus, we each returned our own way, wet, but a little sorry it was over.

Participants:

John & Lydia DeFord
Al Wickham
Chuck Keller
Jim Lee
Carl Bauer

Delbert & Janet Yergensen
John MacDuff
Ron Perla
Boone Newson

MT. NEBO -- September 15
by Boone Newson

Our leader, Dick Bell, and Bob Demint spent a beautiful Saturday night camped at the highest point along the Nebo Scenic Loop. It was planned that we less-hardy folks would hit the road from Salt Lake at 4:30 a.m. Sunday and join the overnight group in time to begin the climb up Mt. Nebo. Twelve of us began the hike under fair skies and warm temperatures. The well-defined trail selected by Dick took us over some colorful terrain. Of particular interest was the red soil which contrasted picturesquely with the green foliage on the slopes.

We saw enough birds and animals to delight any hunter. The California deer (cows) were in evidence everywhere in the lower valleys. Bona fide deer were seen many times during the day. We startled many a grouse out of hiding, too.

Jim Lee and John Mac Duff pioneered an interesting and fruitful variation which took them first to the tip and then along the north-south ridge connecting to our intended peak. The rest of us followed the trail on a long, near-level traverse along the base of the mountain before beginning the ascent of the peak via two parallel routes--an obstacle-laden ridge and a scree-filled gully. It was along these routes that we found some interesting rock-bound fossils; and I noticed as I went up the gully on all fours that the rocks smelled very definitely of sulphure. Wilf Hansen hiked all over the mountainside just to determine where the deer are most apt to hide out come deer season.

Jim and John reached the summit first, in less than 3 hours. Others of our intrepid little band dribbled up for the next 3 hours. Cool temperatures, coupled with a brisk wind on the summit, made it feel more like an outdoor luncheon in December at Alta. We could hardly wait to get on the move again so we could get warm.

Some of the members felt like tossing Jim off the peak when he pulled out his topo maps and showed us that while we had climbed the highest peak in the Wasatch range, we were on the North Peak and not Mr. Nebo. While the others headed down, Dick and I started for Mt. Nebo, some one and a half miles to the south, with the register box he had brought along. After an interesting scramble down and up the ridge, we reached Nebo and set the register.

An interesting steel pennant of sizable proportions adorns the summit of Nebo. The letters have been formed by drilling holes through the metal plate. It reads, in effect, "Wasatch Mountain Club, Mt. Nebo, Elevation, 19,230." Does anyone recall who took this

pennant up and by what route?

This report would be incomplete without some mention of our venerable Carl Bauer--all us kids remember him for the Life Savers he hands out at the start of every hike. This was Carl's fifth ascent of Nebo and/or North Peak. He first climbed both peaks, solo, from Salt Creek, in 1937. His remarkable condition brought him to the top, as usual, among the first in 1963.

We returned home via Nephi at the end of another grand hike. In retrospect, it's hard to decide which element of our outing was the most enjoyable -- the scenery, the hike, or the companionship of nice people.

Hikers were:

Carl Bauer
Dick Bell
Bob Demint
Ron Dewaal
Wilford Hansen
Jim Lee

Gayle Lloyd
John MacDuff
Ray Ploch
Sarah Weller
Boone Newson

FARMINGTON CANYON SCENIC DRIVE -- September 21 by Elmer Boyd

Four carloads of Wasatch Mountain Club members and guests participated in this trip. After starting from the assembly point at Victory Road and Beck Street, Carl Bauer and the writer managed to lead the caravan through the narrow entrance of Farmington Canyon with only one false start.

As we climbed through Farmington Canyon and past Farmington Lake, it became apparent that we would only see mountain maple and mountain ash as evidence of fall color, but the scenery on this road is worthwhile at any time of the year. On climbing further we had the experience of passing through clouds, and this fact prevented us from seeing the magnificent view of the valley and the Great Salt Lake usually presented from the high point of 9,100 feet, near Bountiful Peak. A few miles further, a stop was made when we had emerged from the clouds. From this point we had a view of Bountiful, the Farmington Bay Bird Refuge, part of Antelope Island, and the Great Salt Lake along with a glimpse of the Stansbury Mountains, but the Oquirrh Mountains were completely obscured by clouds. Here we saw copious evidence of the expensive last-resort method for control of mountain erosion by terracing rather than by adequate control of grazing.

A stop for lunch was made at the picnic ground about half way dawn on the Bountiful end of the drive. At this time the photographers of the group were busily exposing film to the colors of mountain maple and the writer had the satisfaction of finding a fairly decent specimen of pegmatite from a nearby outcrop. One of the children found a large, ornate green caterpillar feeding on scrup oak. This specimen was soon immortalized on film by camera enthusiast Earl Hansen.

After leaving the picnic area, the descent was made down the steep switchbacks into Bountiful where the members of the caravan separated. There were:

Leader Carl Bauer
Earl Hansen and Family
Guest Ellen Robins
Guest Jeannette Russell

Guests Fred and Evelyn Bruenger
Guest Elmer Boyd

MOUNT OLYMPUS WORK PARTY -- September 21

On Saturday, September 21, 1963 a work party of one climbed Mt. Olympus. The object of the trip was to replace the book in the mailbox at the summit and clear brush from the trail. The jolly group started at 9:45 a.m. and set a new record for the climb by arriving on the summit at 5 p.m.

The old book covered one year and 4 months from May 19, 1962 to September 21, 1963. There were 455 names entered (some names appeared more than once.) Boy scouts and high school kids made up the majority of the hikers.

Comments varied in length from Ron Perla's "Stupid Rock Work" to a full page letter. Some excerpts follow:

"Can't think of a better way to lose weight."

"It took us this long because we sat down most of the way..."

"Ken Jessen, October 1, 1962 climbed via Tolecat Canyon in 1 hour and 43 minutes. Ute Alpine Club."

"(February 10, 1963) it looks like it's going to be a dry year"

"(April 14, 1963) deep snow, great difficulty, had to cut steps in snow drift. Had to dig mailbox out of snow. Anyone got a shovel?"

"(June 1, 1963) Three boy scouts and two tired old men reached the top at 3:15...."

"I think all of you should come up the way I did. I walked on my hands. But I forgot my parachute. How am I ever going to get down from here. If you have any suggestions call CR 7-4039."

"We are flashing a mirror, can anyone see it?"

"As the sun reached its peak in the majestic skies on the glorious day, the 22, in the joyous month of June, in the year of our Lord 1963, a proud figure was seen atop mighty Mt. Olympus..."

"As I was riding along the quaint country road I ran out of Petrol, so I decided to climb Mt. Olympus. I did not know they had such beautiful mountains here in the colonies. You Americans have weird tasting brook water! Don't you? Must be going now, tea time you know."

"On the way up I had a drink of that funny tasting water. I've got a splitting headache now. I think I'll see a doctor when..."

"It is very thirsty up here"

"Brought my 22 for rattlesnakes and polar bears, but only had to shoot Joe when he tried to steal my bologna sandwich."

"Nothing brilliant nothing profound except Carl has a scratch on his leg."

Those on the trip were:

Ernie Katten

P.S. There is still brush enough for one more work party if you need some exercise.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Apologies for any wrong interpretations of varying types of rather questionable penmanship of some Rambler contributors. And, sincere thanks to those who "cared enough" to TYPE their articles. "Poor typing still beats the best handwriting", quotes a weary editor.

RAMBLINGS

To help carry out the many needed improvements on our lodge, you president has formed a special committee, headed by George Smith. Committee members include Gerry Powelson, John Mildon, Carl Dunn and Leon Edwards.

This group played a vital part in our September 22 Work and log Gathering Day and will be spearheading many other important Lodge projects in the future. If they solicit your assistance, please try to cooperate.

While on the subject of the lodge, another member, and a newer one at that, has been contributing considerable know-how and labor. He is Keith Edwards who directed the chinking of the logs.

In addition, at the work party, Keith and some of his co-workers volunteered their trucks, saws and highly skilled hands. Many, many thanks to you.

* * *

At a recent overnight session at the lodge, two of our members started a fad which we hope will be highly contagious. Gerry Powelson and Dave Cook each donated \$10.00 from their personal money as a contribution to the many needed projects on the lodge. Carl Bauer later contributed a third \$10.00 and we have promises for donations of the same amount from at least five or six other members.

This is a practice carried out in many other clubs, and certainly it is a rather painless way for our club to secure funds to build up a working capital to be used for improvements to our lodge. As most of you know, a number of important repairs, etc. have been already made this year, but you also must have noted the numerous additional needs--replaced range and refrigerator, protecting our exterior logs, leaking roof, warped porch, and so on.

If you are willing to join this trend of making a contribution of \$10.00 or more, please do so. If such a contribution, can't be squeezed out of this year's budget, perhaps you will be able to donate some work hours. In any case, the Board hopes that additional contributions will come in, and due recognition will be made.

Send contributions to our treasurer, Wolf Snyder, 4272 Mackay Street.

IT'S TOUGH IN LONDON, ENGLAND:

by Peter Nailor

London does not conform to the classical definition of a desert in respect to rainfall, but in many other ways it is as strange and wonderful as the drier areas hazarded by man and photographed by LIFE. Its color is different. Most deserts seem to be red or yellow; London is black and grey. All other deserts are sparsely populated; In London solitude is a rare prize. Yet a man alone in the Sahara can be conscious of the eyes of living creatures that watch and fear him; a man in London can yearn for notice in a crowd, and he will die of loneliness rather than thirst.

London is the asphalt desert. Dangers crowd on the unwary. Drown in a flash flood in Utah; but die in the traffic flood when the light goes green in London. Starve to death in the painted desert; die of indulgence in any of a hundred seductive restaurants in London. Blanch before the hazy timelessness of the Grand Canyon; but cower under the weight of pseudo-Tudor tradition in London. Respect the innate dignity of the Navajo; be careful how you treat the natives in London.

Am I putting you O.K.? I hope not, because London is as exciting as any river trip, and nearly as wet. It is a truly fitting subject for study by the Wasatch Mountain Club. Our highways will make those goggle who laugh at the Goose Necks of the San Juan; the flora and fauna are down-right fascinating, and lots of the local habits--as you will have read--are very strange.

But--kippers, suet-pudding, madeira wine, good beer, seedy cake, roast beef, income tax, the national debt, smokeless powder, the science of skiing and the noble art of cricket were all invented hereabouts. Beat that!

New Members

Charles Conrod EL 5-2439
544 Douglas Street
Salt Lake City, Utah

Barbara Owen AM 6-1374
4272 Mackay Street
Salt Lake City, Utah

Change of Address

Leon Edwards
1964 South 9th East
Salt Lake City, Utah

John Mildon
803 North 14 West
Salt Lake City, Utah

Stanley Sattelberg
51162 Base St.
New Baltimore, Md.

Celia Rockholt
934 South 5th East
Salt Lake City, Utah

John Harshbarger
860 East 5th South #7
Salt Lake City, Utah

Bud Temple
2447 South 8th East
Salt Lake City, Utah

Clare Davis (278-3174)
4647 Idlewild Rd.
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dick Schroeder 298-9286
4324 West 3780 South
Granger, Utah