

NOVEMBER 1965

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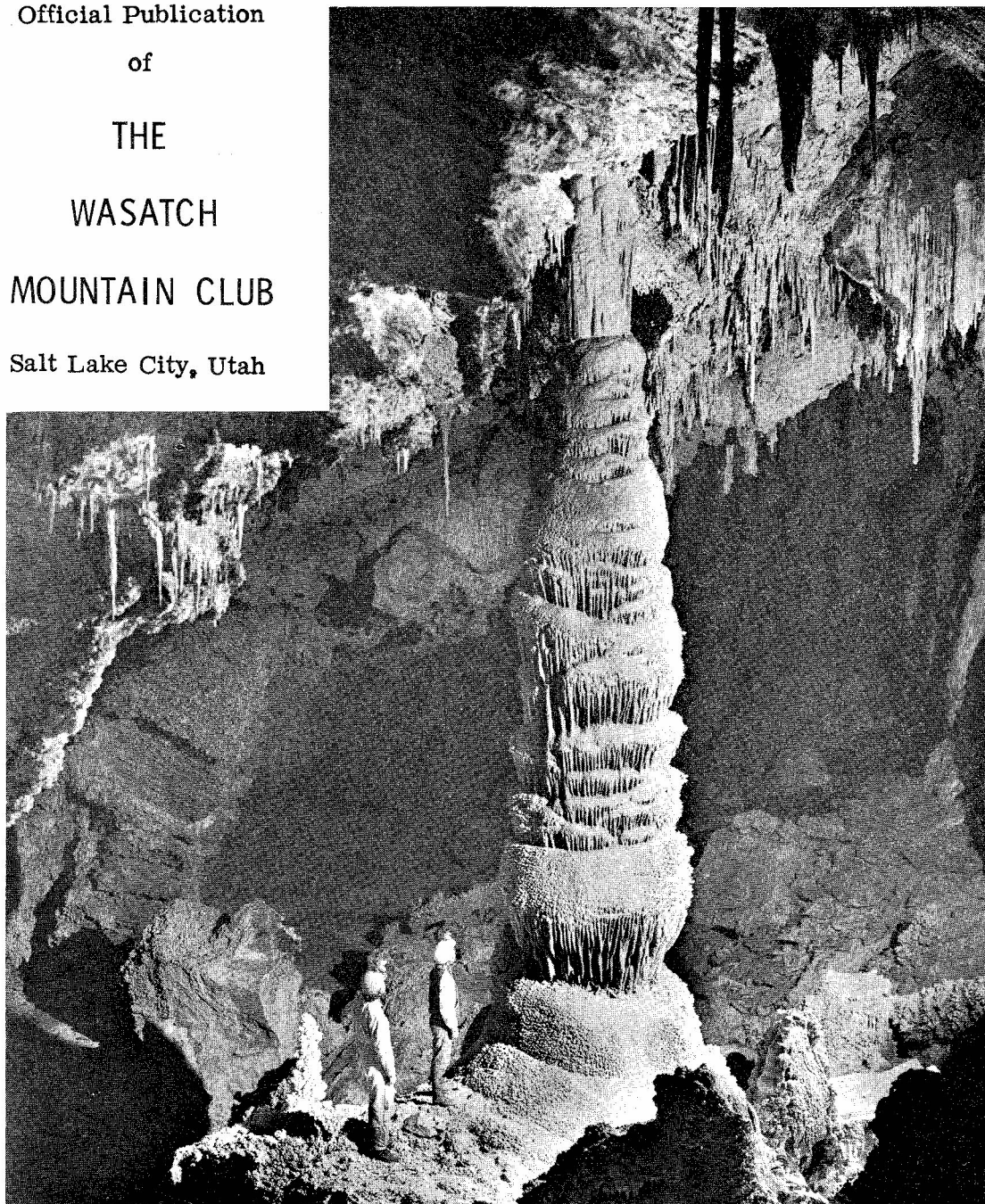
THE

WASATCH

MOUNTAIN CLUB

Salt Lake City, Utah

# The Rambler



## CLUB ACTIVITIES FOR NOVEMBER 1965

Register for all trips at Club Headquarters, 363-7150

Nov 13 & 14  
Sat. & Sun.

**KOLOB BACKPACK TRIP** -- A two day backpack trip into the Kolob section of Zion Park. The trip will begin Saturday morning at Kolob Reservoir, outside the east border of the park. (See map on opposite page.) After offering a spectacular view of Kolob's canyons and buttes, the trail drops nearly 3,000 feet into the Willis and LaVerkin Creek canyons, and passes through the LaVerkin Narrows before reaching the campsite below Gregory Butte. Kolob Arch will be visited the same day and side canyons near the arch can be explored until dark. On Sunday morning we'll take the trail down LaVerkin Creek, then up Timber Creek, over Lee's Pass and out Taylor Creek, passing seven of the famed Kolob "Fingers" on the way.

Saturday's distance is about seven miles with 3,000 feet elevation change (down). Sunday's distance is about eight miles with an 800 foot rise over Lee's Pass. There is a spring at the campsite, but carry water for each day's hiking. The LaVerkin has water in it, but there is no need to get wet feet. NOTE: If you'd like to spend the weekend in this part of Utah, but don't care to make the backpack trip, we'll need drivers to drive all cars from Kolob Reservoir to Taylor Creek. There are many interesting short hikes in the area. If interested, call C. L. Keller at HU7-7137.

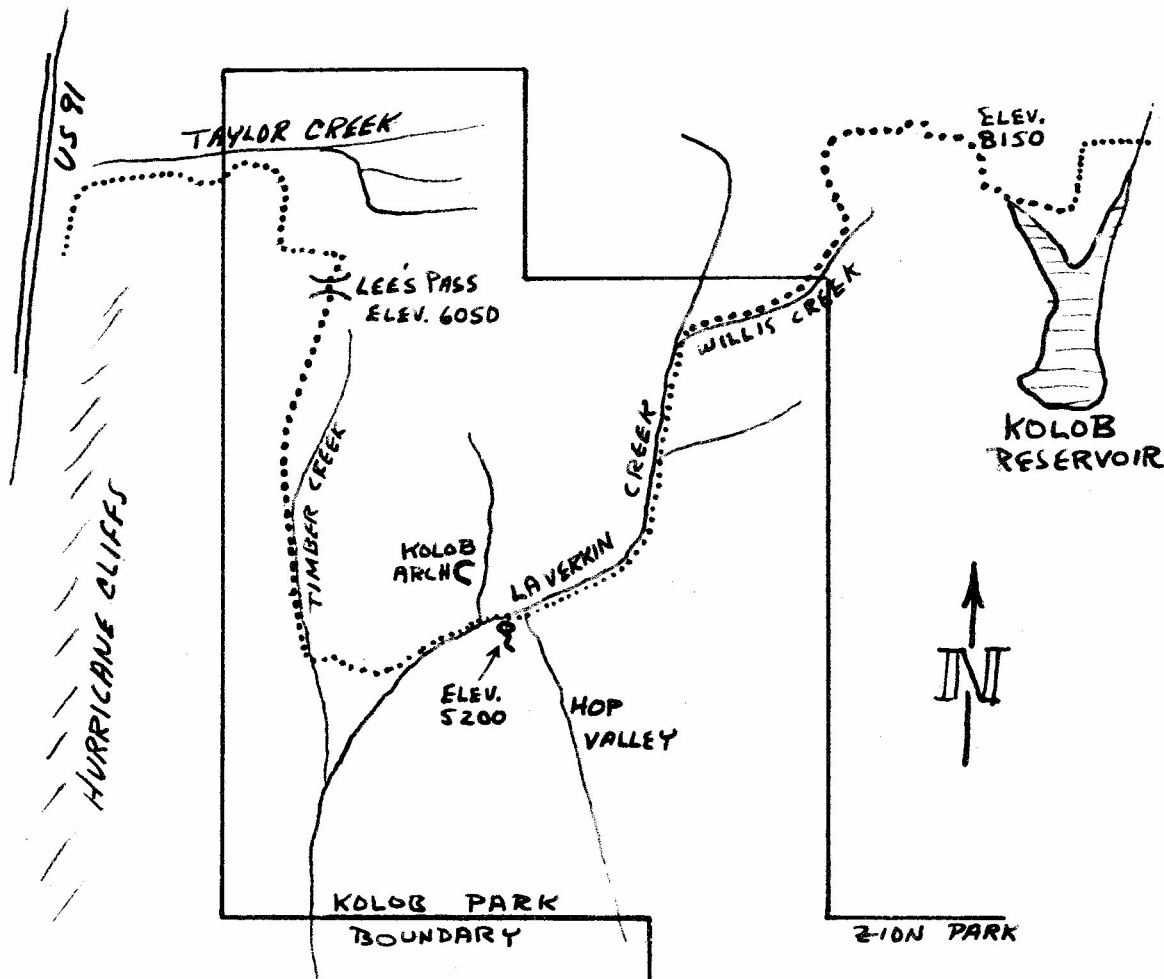
Register before Wednesday evening, Nov 10. Let us know if you can drive. The road is just too steep and winding in places to take the bus.

Nov 20  
Sat.

**WINTER CAMPING** -- Camp Saturday night in Albion Basin. Meet at the Snow Pine Lodge parking area at Alta, at 3:00 pm. Bring all your cold weather gear (tent, down-filled items, etc.) Leader: Tom Stevenson. Register by 6:00 pm Nov 19.

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COVER PHOTO, by Alexis Kelner, was taken in Whipple Cave, near Ely, Nevada. There are many such caves in the Nevada and Utah area, some half explored and some virtually unexplored. If you would like to see more caving action in the club (we have some excellent speleologists), give the Rambler Editor a call or card. (277-7214, 2459 E. 6600 S.)



AREA TO BE COVERED DURING KOLOB BACKPACK TRIP.  
 TRAIL IS INDICATED BY DOTTED LINE. SEE TRIP  
 DESCRIPTION ON OPPOSITE PAGE.

### MOUNTAINEERING RAMBLINGS

by Tom Stevenson

Dave Allen was recently approved as a new member of the Senior Committee on Mountaineering. The other committee members are Harold Goodro, Karl Dunn, Bob Wright, and Dail Ogden.

I just heard from Forrest Hatch, who requested that the following message be passed on to all members of the club: "Because Carol and I left on such short notice, it was impossible to say a proper goodby to everyone. We would like to thank all of you for your kindness and companionship; we will enjoy many fond memories of the WMC and its members. Have a good ski season--". Forrest and Carol are now living at 625 Newcomer, in Richland, Washington.

(Please note that the following discussion reflects only my own views and not those of the Board of Directors. I am hopeful, however, that others on the Board and many club members share my feelings.)

Well, the general membership has survived another general membership meeting. The bright spot, of course, was Harold Goodro's slide show of his Andean Expedition. What an experience that would be, even just to see those mountains!

The sad part of the meeting was the way the proposed new constitution was received, and especially that junior membership was defeated, even with all the controls that would have been imposed. It is unfortunate that age should be considered such an important factor in determining the maturity of an individual. Many young people of 16 or 17 are much more mature than some people in their late 20's or even 30's---- Certainly the club has survived for years without junior members, and could continue to do so. Man could have survived without the wheel, electricity, and coca-cola, too---- So-called progress can be good, or bad. No determination can or should be made until the tool, or procedure, in this case, is tried.

Just what in the world are people afraid of? Most members of the great Wasatch Mountain Club have literally risked their life at some time or other by running rapids, climbing sheer cliffs, squeezing through small underground passages, or crossing avalanche slopes--- all this done with a happy, excited laugh, a couple of gleeful swear words, and a "Boy, that was fun"---but somehow the gently muttered words of "junior membership" turn these adventuring heroes into frightened old ladies.

Yes, indeed---let's all close our eyes and turn a deaf ear to these youngsters; maybe they'll go away if we ignore them long enough. Yes, they'll go away. Into the world of the Tote-Gote, dry-brush cigarette flipper, and wilderness area beer-can leaver. Here we have a chance to mold a few of the topnotch young people into expert outdoorsmen and conservationists, and a bunch of frightened little old men and ladies blow the whole deal.

Yes, just what are you afraid of from these young people----- that they won't mind their teachers (us)? Or that they may rappel on a clothesline sling? (They might, if we don't teach them different.) Or that they might snatch a can of beer instead of soda, and run to their mommies with tales of how we are delinquentizing them? Or are you afraid of their enthusiasm and energy, the only thing that makes our club grow and prosper---



Yes, maybe we should keep the club restricted to us older, wiser, mature and supreme beings. What this world needs is a good old-people's outdoor club--- Why follow in the footsteps of clubs larger (wonder why they're larger) and more progressive (young people tend to get things done) than ourselves. But when all of you are sitting on your duff reminiscing about all your wonderful escapades, bite your tongue when you start to say, "When I was a youngster"---



#### "SAY THERE, WHY DO YOU SMOKE A PIPE?"

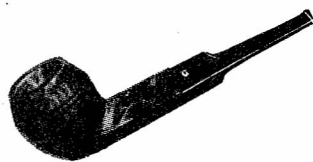
Many of us in the club seem to be pipe smokers. Perhaps the following, obtained from Jim Mate, owner of Jim Mate Pipe and Tobacco Shop in San Francisco (he makes a dandy tobacco), will serve to maintain our image --- and answer the above question.

"Bad men want their women to be like  
Cigarettes, slender and firm, all in a  
Row to be selected at will, set aflame,  
Discarded, only to select another.

Fastidious men want their women to be  
Like a cigar. More expensive, they  
Make a better appearance, last longer, and if  
The brand is good are used until the end.

The good man wants his women to be like  
His pipe . . . something he becomes  
Attached to, knocks gently but lovingly . . .  
And takes great care of always.

A man will give you a cigarette,  
Offer you a cigar,  
But he never shares his pipe."



## NEFF'S CANYON TO THAYNE CANYON

by Bob Demint

In spite of the heavy unseasonal snowfall, a group of ten eager hikers gathered for the trip. After several attempts at finding his way through the maze of dead-end streets in the Olympus Hills subdivisions the leader finally stumbled on the trail-head. About half-way up, the trail became obscured with undergrowth and fresh snow so it was decided to proceed upstream in an attempt to relocate the trail. Of course we found ourselves boxed in and had to resort to a short rock scramble and some bushwhacking to relocate our lost trail. We stopped at the Forest Service heliport for lunch while three of the braver of the group led by Nick Strickland crossed over into Thayne Canyon for the return trip.

Hikers were: LeRoy Kuehl, Vic Dirnfeld, Jan Orosz, Bob Demint, Leader, and prospective members Bob Malin, Jane A. Kesler, Dorothy Yarbrough, Niels Hansen, Nick Strickland, Edwin S. Robinson.

From Western Outdoor Quarterly:

### **Bridger Wilderness Maps**

The U. S. Forest Service has just issued a series of new maps for the Bridger Wilderness (Bridger National Forest) in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming. The maps are especially designed for wilderness travelers. Trails are shown in detail, with their condition indicated as "primary" or "secondary." Distances and travel times are given for most major trails, and elevation is shown at various trail junctions and major lakes.

Five maps cover the entire 384,000-acre wilderness area, each covering the area usually visited from one of the five principal wilderness entrances. A descriptive text is included with each map. A packet of all five maps is available for those needing coverage of the entire wilderness. The maps may be obtained from the Bridger National Forest at Kemmerer, Wyoming; the Ranger Station at Pinedale; or the Forest Service's Intermountain Regional Office at Ogden, Utah.

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The answer to,

"Why do men

climb

mountains"---



## JACKSON, SNAKE RIVER TRIP

by Clare Davis

Our September 4 - 6 trip started off in great style as Max Tyler wheeled the bus out of the gas station prior to the start of the excursion, and the axle broke. A truck was hastily rented and boats plus gear and equipment were shoved aboard. Passengers were assigned to various private cars and off we went.

Upon arrival at the group campground at Colter Bay in the wee hours, our tent city rapidly sprang into existence. As the weather was a little questionable, nearly everyone had a tent or some type of shelter. By the light of flashlight beams, we could even see a hammock swinging in the night breeze with John Neilsen tucked away in it.

The first day on the river was beautiful, with the Tetons showing to great advantage under blue sky. A cool wind was the only adverse condition and that was largely ignored. Boat captains for the trip were appointed, each one more or less supervising his crew as the need arose. Captains Dave Cook, Mel Davis, and Bob Wright had fairly stable crews. However, Gerry Powelson and Max Tyler took turns in their boat as it proved to be one that required more or less supervision at odd times. The crew (Sarah Weller, Add Eddins, and Chuck Cronenwett) was not large enough to seem troublesome, but it proved to be one that solved any threatening situation by going through it backwards. Then there was that epic landing when Add grabbed the rope which led to the life saver, rather than the boat, leaped ashore taking Sarah's pants with him and found himself standing there forelornly with rope in hand as the boat continued downstream. (Sarah had two pairs of pants, if you are wondering.)

The second day was given to all types of hikes. Often our trails crossed on the mountains or in the general store. Roger and Benita Jackson arrived this day and were found eating lunch on a viewpoint overlooking the lake. Bill and June Viavant took one of the boats, and while the rest of us were trying our legs ashore, took their family down the river.

The third day started out with breakfast activities about camp, during which Chuck Cronenwett attempted to open his package of Quaker's Oats bottom side up. As he attempted to pull what he thought was the lid, the oats were quietly piling up on the ground in front of him. Not one to miss out on a good breakfast, he gathered up the mound of oats as neatly as possible, and shared his warm breakfast with Sarah. "Don't be silly, Sarah," he said, "those dark things in the oats are raisins." On the river, it was a wet day for most of us as water washed aboard every once in a while. Bob and Lisa Wright, however, looked dry and comfortable in their bright orange rainproof jackets and trousers. We were out in good time at the Marina where most of

the fellows made good use of a stack of barrels behind which they changed into dry clothes. The females endured their damp apparel until they arrived at the cheese factory. There they changed into something more comfortable, if not more alluring. After consuming large amounts of hamburgers, homemade pie, ice cream, and chunks of cheese, we headed home. Oh, yes! We did make it into town on Saturday night for dinner, the Pink Garter, the Wort Hotel Bar, and some big yawns before going back to the tent city.

Members of the flotilla: Dave Cook, Lynn Roseman, Max Tyler, John Neilsen, Vic Dirnfeld, Evelyn Brunger, Fred Brunger, Paul Schettler, Joan Miller, Karen Hegsted, Sarah Weller, Wilford LeCheminant, Pat Caywood, Clarice Caywood, Dick Leining, Add Eddins, Mel Davis, Clare Davis, Bob Wright, Lisa Wright, Gerry Powelson, Ron Meyer, Chuck Cronenwett, Johnnie Jones, Dick Corbitt, Theola Ogden, Dail Ogden, June and Bill Viavant and family, Roger Jackson, and Benita Jackson.

FOLK DANCING \* \* \* \* \* FOLK DANCING \* \* \* \* \* FOLK DANCING

Folk dancing has begun again at Marwadel Dance Studio. It is to be held Thursday evenings: 7:00 to 8:30 pm for the high school group, and 8:30 to 10:30 pm for the "old" folks. Singles and couples welcome. Cost is 75¢ per person per evening. Contact Celia Rockholt for more information.

RED PINE - WHITE PINE - PFIFFERHORN

by Ron Perla

On September 26th, a large group of color-hungry mountaineers invaded Little Cottonwood Canyon. Under the command of leader George Smith, the first wave attacked the trail to Red Pine Lake. In the distance could be seen the enemy scrub oak already bowing before the onslaught of fall. On either side of the trail appeared weakened columns of aspen. The group advanced. Spirits were high. Suddenly an appalling message was passed down through the ranks. Kennecott Copper Company was considering the possibility of opening a second front in Little Cottonwood Canyon, a monstrous Moly mine. Morale sunk to an all time low. With long faces the group pressed on. Then someone shouted, "Let's climb while we can". This was the signal for wide spread mutiny which culminated in a grand schism at Red Pine Lake. The Loyalist faction followed George Smith to White Pine Lake. The Republicans followed Fidel Dick to the Little Matterhorn. (The last message received from the rebels mentioned some recent delightful entries in the Little Matterhorn summit register.)

The forces included: Ann Carter, Ann McDonald, Vic Dirnfeld, Dale Green, Mary Egan, Dick Justesen, Robert and Roberta Couch, John MacBligh, Gale Dick, Nick Strickland, Fritz Luty, Leon Edwards, Charles Keller, Boone Newson, Phil Stillman, Sarah Weller, Leroy Keuhl, and Ron Perla.



## DO YOU REALLY NEED THAT SMOKE?

by Jack McLellan

At various times during the past few months, several people have complained about cigarette smoke bothering them on the bus, to and from a trip. Now this is a rather touchy subject, since the smoker will at once get his or her feathers up, and prepare to stand off the herds of prudes, chronic complainers, and religious fanatics; BUT--most of our complainers weren't any of those.

It is true that smoking is allowed on most transcontinental buses, but they have rather extensive air conditioning and purifying systems. Somebody else's smoke, in close quarters, can be very annoying--and even downright discomforting and nauseating. Some are bothered more than others, particularly hay fever and asthma sufferers, and pregnant women. If you've ever been bothered by any of these or like ailments, you know what I mean.

Would it be asking too much of you cigarette smokers to light one up as infrequently as possible, maybe even to the point of abstaining between stops? Or if your nervous systems won't take that, at least have the courtesy to ask your neighbors, side, front, and back, if smoke bothers them--or perhaps try to sit toward the back, or crack the window a bit, weather permitting--believe me, you'd have the admiration, appreciation, and respect of the whole crew!

The above comments also apply to pipe smokers. As for cigar smokers----he (she) who has the disregard for others and the audacity to light up a stogie in the rather confining space a bus necessarily has, is in danger of becoming violently ill, from having said stogie shoved down his (her) own throat----

## GOOD BUY ON USED CAMPING EQUIPMENT -----

The following equipment must be sold soon. Contact V. Mills, 2982 E. 3135 S., phone 485-2058, to inspect items and discuss price.

---One Seattle Quilt 4-lb Dacron sleeping bag, with two Army blankets and a rubber-lined carrying bag ---- Two heavy-duty canvas duffel bags, and one rubber-lined equipment bag ---- Two Army surplus pack boards, three miscellaneous fishing bags, two fishing poles with four reels, one fish net, one pair rubber hip boots, one pair 10" rubber boots, and one canteen ---- Two air mattresses and one large canvas ground cloth ---- One Bernz-O-Matic two-burner gas camping stove with 3.2 gallon portable gas tank ---- One Coleman Snow-Lite cooler ---- One pup-tent (two-man size) with poles, and one folding Army cot.

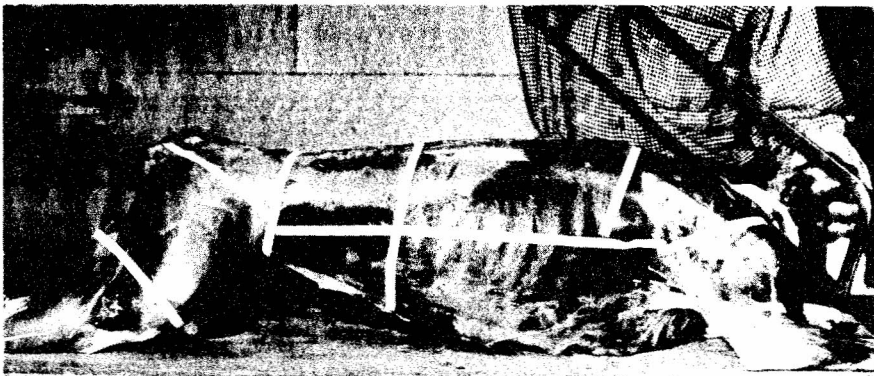
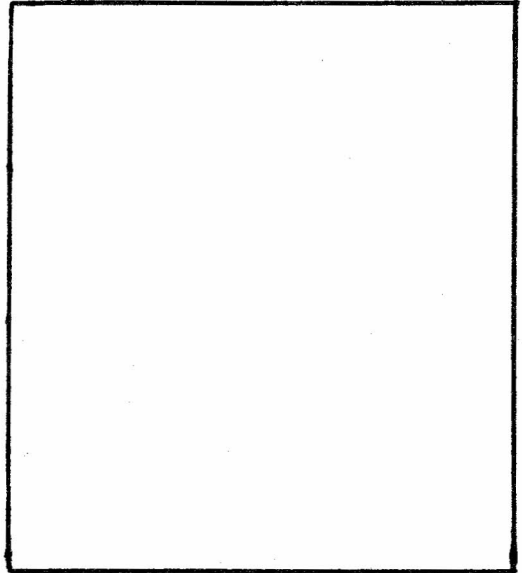


"Keep that rifle steady, fella--  
Gradually squeeze the trigger--  
Aim right behind my front leg--  
Why are you shaking, fella, huh?"

# DO IT YOURSELF

\*\*\*\*\* CARTOON \*\*\*\*\*

DRAW A PICTURE OF A HAPPY UTAH  
HUNTER DRIVING HOME WITH TWO  
CALIFORNIA HUNTERS, ONE STRAPPED  
TO EACH FENDER----



"All right, all right; I promise never to ride  
my Tote-Gote in a wilderness area again---"

## MOUNT AIRE HIKE

by Ralph Hathaway

I wonder how many members of the WMC realize that in a pasture neighboring the Roper yards of the Southern Pacific Railroad, near 21st South and 8th West, live a couple dozen creatures known as Cattleos? Well, one Sunday recently, following a Saturday hike up Mount Aire with twelve other members and prospective members of our club, I took my family out to have a look at the Cattleos. The curiosity which led me to the Roper yards on Sunday was whetted by conversations with fellow hikers on that Saturday hike. One of our group is employed out there, and as we lunched in the sun at the top, he spoke a length about these interesting hybrids: products of a union between a buffalo cow and a domestic bull. (The reverse cross is risky, I am told, because the calf's bison-like shoulders are too broad for an ordinary cow to deliver.) The Cattleo is still an experiment, of the sort that husbandmen make in efforts to establish improved breeds. We wish it special good luck though, for perhaps it will give our decimated buffalos something more to do than pose for tourist's cameras.

The point of all this is that the hike up Mount Aire on October 2 was enriching in more ways than one. The group that met at the Red Carpet had a magnificent autumn day and an easy enough hike to allow lots of good conversation. We made it up in two hours, moving easily at first through the massive evergreens along Elbow Fork, through glades of deep grass bordered by aspens in yellow foliage, up to the saddle west of our goal. From that point to the top there was a switchback trail through badly overgrown oak, and closer to the top, mountain mahogany. About half way up we left the obscure trail in favor of some bushwacking, later to find the trail and follow it to the top. The views on the way up were unusually colorful because of the autumn hues and the snows on the peaks to the south. From the top we faced eastward and identified several peaks in the Uintas. The luncheon events were livened by Nicky, my dog, as he demonstrated an enthusiasm for eating the pineapple that was intended as part of Dick Justesen's menu. After more than an hour we moved off the top and walked back to the cars, stopping only for a twenty-minute breather in the wonderful forest near the bottom.

Our group was, as usual, interesting and personable. Jim Mundorff started late and caught us as we reached the top. He did a generous thing in reproducing the Mount Aire region from the USGS topo map, and distributing copies to the hikers. Dick Justesen, whom I understand was a member thirty-five years ago, gave us many interesting facts about land titles and owners in the area, as well as an informative discussion on health insurance, public and private. Bob Demint fought

the offending scrub oak with pruning shears, and was in general a reassuring leader. His wife, Marie, demonstrated, as only a southern woman can, how to exert oneself and still look as cool and lovely as a mint julep. Wolf Snyder gave us a way of telling edible from poisonous mushrooms ('though he implied it was only 95% dependable!). Someday, perhaps, we will be lucky enough to see Marion Ohr's color slides taken that day. She looked like an expert with her camera. James Maurice, in his distinguished Texas accent, regaled us with stories of Arizona. Those who talked less reached the top first (they were younger, too), so Mike and Jan Gallagher, and Phil and Marjorie Lord were there first to greet the slower ones. The group was rounded off by Morton Donner, who will soon be known better by the skiers in our club.

By the way, we weren't able to find the Cattleos. Perhaps I can get more information on the next hike.

#### MT. MILLICENT

by Marian Nelson

Those of us who wanted to climb Mt. Millicent in Brighton on August 8 met at the Wasatch Mountain Club Lodge at 10 a.m. Ann McDonald, sporting a new pair of swede boots, had volunteered to lead the group from the rear, and made it clear that those who went with her would be meandering up the mountain. That sounded good to about half the group. The gung-ho half was led by John McDuff who took his bunch heaven-knows-where up and down the peaks. They were first to the top of the mountain and first back to the lodge. We saw their names on the register in the mail-box at the top of Mt. Millicent (John McDuff, Scotty Imber, Keven Hansen, Jackie Thomas, Ann Rhumann, James Ford, Dick Lenz, Phil Stillman, Pat and Clarrie Caywood, Dick Nielson and Earl Hansen.)

Our group set a lively, rapid, snail's pace up the trail. We checked out a patch of large mushrooms and James Maurice told us some people dried them to eat later. Dale Green complained about helicopters disturbing the silence, and then he zoomed off up the mountain some place to get some exercise. Marian Ohr, Dick and Marian Nelson, Dave Cook and Leon Edwards, with that kindly monster Oota, admired wildflowers, clouds and scenery. Brown-legged Dave Sundstrom caught up with us and so did Vic Dirnfeld. Two-gun Bill Ormsby (in cowboy hat and with water bottle and lunch in a plastic bag on his hips) took little Patty with him, but didn't make it the whole distance. We met Grace Ormsby on our way down. June Ford, Joan Mueller, Karen Hogshead and Jackie Thomas signed up with the group but we didn't see them.

It was a great hike. I was so stiff the next day I could hardly make it down and up the steps to Ann's bookstore.

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## THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

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Telephone 363-7150

Lodge at Brighton, Utah

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Don't look now, but that's Santa Claus peeking over your shoulder. And he's filling his happy pack at Cottonwood Books full of wonderful things for good little Mountain Club members. If you want something really nice to put under the Christmas Tree, better shop and put in your orders early, because merchandise selection is predicted to disappear fast this year.

The number one item for wilderness lovers is the Sierra Club Exhibition Format Series ... a great collection of beautiful books on the outdoors world. There's "Grand Canyon" ... containing the finest photographs ever made of the canyon (more than one hundred photographs in color.) Price is \$25.00--not cheap, but neither is bacon these days. "The Last Redwoods" ... photographs and story of a vanishing scenic resource which displays magnificently in words and photographs the most spectacular of trees and the unique lush forest in which they grow. It is excitingly illustrated by the photographs of Philip Hyde. The latest in the series, "Everest", may also be ordered.

Since they say that one photograph is worth one hundred words, the lovely art work done by Alexis Kelner's camera should be compared to a whole book. Alexis has caught the beauty and wonder of the mountains on film in his Wilderness Series to put you right in the mountains. As you all know, Alexis is one of our most famous club photographers and Ann has persuaded him to make these pictures available for Christmas. Buy early, since the supply is limited.

For the children, Cottonwood Books has the Beatrix Potter "Peter Rabbit" Series ... each charming little book just the right size for small hands. You may buy the bookshelf for the complete set if you wish ... and round out the room with Peter Rabbit prints.

Need stocking stuffers? Then a trip past the nicely stuffed shelves in Cottonwood Books, lower Cottonwood Mall, should provide you with endless variety. There's "Happiness is a Rat Fink" ... "A Friend is Someone who Loves You" ... "Happiness is a Dry Martini" ... "How to Be Your Own Astrologer" ... endless books on how to cope with children ... and the entire series of Nancy Drew to make any little girl simply wild on Christmas morning. (For special people, Ann and Leon will make up a fancy packet of "The Drinking Man's Diet" together with "Basic Handbook for Alcoholics Anonymous." This would be a thoughtful gift for any number of people.)

Ann and Leon will also take special orders on any book in print. In fact, they'll be delighted to help you find any book, even if you can't remember the title, the author's name, or what it is about. The happy proprietors of Cottonwood Books cheerfully and smilingly help customers like that every day. Makes bookselling interesting.

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB  
425 South 8th West  
Salt Lake City, Utah 84104

RETURN REQUESTED

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, INC.

Application for Membership

To Board of Directors:

I hereby apply for membership in the Wasatch Mountain Club.  
I enclose \$2.00 entrance fee and \$3.00 half-year dues. A scheduled  
event I have attended is \_\_\_\_\_  
on \_\_\_\_\_ (approx. date). I agree to abide by all  
rules and regulations of the club.

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Recommended by: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Member: \_\_\_\_\_

City: \_\_\_\_\_

State: \_\_\_\_\_

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Zip Code: \_\_\_\_\_ Phone: \_\_\_\_\_