

JANUARY 1966

Official Publication
of

THE
WASATCH
MOUNTAIN CLUB

Salt Lake City, Utah

The Rambler



CLUB ACTIVITIES FOR JANUARY 1966

FOR ALL SKI TOURS: Call Alexis Kelner (359-5387) or Club Headquarters at least a day before a trip to register, and to obtain information on meeting place, leader, and transportation.

- Jan 2 **ALTA-CARDIFF PASS-MILL D** -- A beginner-intermediate tour to shape up those muscles for harder tours. Climbers necessary. Register as indicated above.
- Jan 8 **BRIGHTON-PARK CITY-BRIGHTON**-- One of the club's easier trips; all beginners welcome. Tour starts from WMC lodge at 9:00 am.
- Jan 9 **BRIGHTON TO HONEYCOMB FORK** -- This is an excellent beginners and childrens ski tour, so everyone please come. The only climbing involved is a few hundred yards right above the Milliscent Lift, but extreme beginners and children should bring climbers. Leader, Carl Bauer. Register as indicated above.
- Jan 9 **FIRST AFTER SKI SOCIAL** -- At Ed and Sharron Schneiders, 4618 Highland Drive (277-9451). Come right after skiing, about 5:00 pm or so. (If you haven't been skiing, come anyway. Nobody will know the difference.) We usually have something like hamburgers or chili, beer, etc. Sometimes we are surprised. Remember the marvellous Christmas dinner we had? Food and drinks are at cost.
- Jan 15 **PERUVIAN GULCH** -- Enjoy a half-day of skiing at Alta on the slopes, then devote the rest of the day to a climb of Peruvian Peak from the rear (via Germania Hut). We will return via Peruvian Gulch. The tour will start at noon sharp from the top of Germania Lift. Bring climbers. Register as indicated above.
- Jan 15 **WMC-NIGHT AT PARK CITY** -- Meet after skiing at the Treasure Mountain lift building, then do the town with your friends.

COVER PHOTO: Tom and mimi Stevenson and Bill Conrod in front of Germania ski hut.

Jan 16
Sun.

ALTA TO DAY'S FORK -- A first-time trip for the club. Last year several members did this trip on their own, and they recommend it with great enthusiasm. The tour is basically the same as the Cardiff Pass trip, except Flagstaff Peak must be climbed to gain access to the canyon east of Mill D. Bring climbers and several lunches. Register as indicated above.

Jan 16
Sun.

SNOWSHOE HIKE -- Meet at the Brighton Village Store at 10:00 am for an easy trip along the Lake Solitude Trail. This trek is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ -miles round trip, and elevation change is only 200 feet or so. If enough people are interested, more snowshoeing trips will be scheduled. Leader, Dave Sundstrom. Register by 6:00 pm Jan 15.

Jan 21
Fri.

NOMINATION DINNER -- At the Organ Loft, 3331 Edison St. (140 E.). Social hour, 7:30 to 8:30 pm. Mix and ice are provided--BYOL. Dinner at 8:30 pm. Delicious roast beef and all the trimmings, all for only \$3.25! Wear your best clothes (at least a tie and coat, gents) and surprise your friends who have seen you in nothing but river clothes before. We will have dancing until midnight. Oh yes--we'll nominate people for the Board of Directors. So come out in force to nominate the people who will run your club next year, as you would like it to be run. Register by Tuesday, Jan 18 at 6:00 pm.

Jan 22
Sat.

BRIGHTON-MT. WOLVERINE-BRIGHTON -- An excellent beginners trip. We leave from the WMC lodge at 10:00 am (or be at base of Milliscent Lift at 10:15 am). Very little climbing is involved on this trip, but climbers would still be useful on the short uphill stretches. Register as indicated above.

Jan 23
Sun.

ALTA TO LAKE BLANCHE -- Last year an early trip to Lake Blanche proved very successful, so we'll try it again this year. Bring climbers and at least two lunches. This trip is not recommended for beginners, but anyone who can descend safely a steep, winding and narrow trail for three miles is welcome. Register as indicated above.

- Jan 29
Sat. **ALTA TO GAD VALLEY** -- Another half-day tour. After skiing delightful powder for half-a-day, meet at the top of Germania Lift at noon sharp for a trip down Gad Valley. Bring climbers. Register as above.
- Jan 30
Sun. **ALTA TO MAJOR EVANS GULCH** -- For intermediate and advanced skiers only. The tour involves climbing American Fork Twins and descending a steep bowl into Major Evans Gulch of American Fork Canyon. Bring several lunches, climbers, and lots of warm clothing to deflect the wind on the Twins' summit. Meet at base of Alta Lift (Wildcat) at 9:30 am. Register as indicated above.
- Jan 30
Sun. **AFTER SKI SOCIAL** -- At Clint and Ann Barkers, 5347 Cottonwood Lane.
- Feb 5
Sat. **BRIGHTON TO SNAKE CREEK PASS** -- A rank beginners trip that will be led by a beginner. Register as indicated above.
- Feb 6
Sun. **ALTA TO WHITE PINE CANYON** -- Another trip that requires climbing American Fork Twins. Tour leaves the bottom terminal of the Wildcat Lift at 9:30 am. Register as indicated above.
- Feb 13 **AFTER SKI SOCIAL** -- At Scotty Imber's.
- Feb 16 **ELECTION MEETING** -- Vote in your Board of Directors.
- Feb 27 **AFTER SKI SOCIAL** -- At Joan and Charlie Kellers.

DO YOU HAVE "CABIN FEVER"?

Depressed by mid-winter darkness? Tired of staring at four walls and a TV tube? Ever wonder what other people do on Thursday nights? So do several other club members. That's why they meet every Thursday night throughout the year to rub and bend elbows, and gossip about who isn't there. Other entertainment depends on the talents of the participants. We currently meet at "La Hacienda", 2651 Parleys Way, about 8:30 pm. Buy or bring only your own refreshments; "La Hac" serves only soft drinks and beer. If you are hesitant about coming out, call Dale Green (277-6417) anytime.

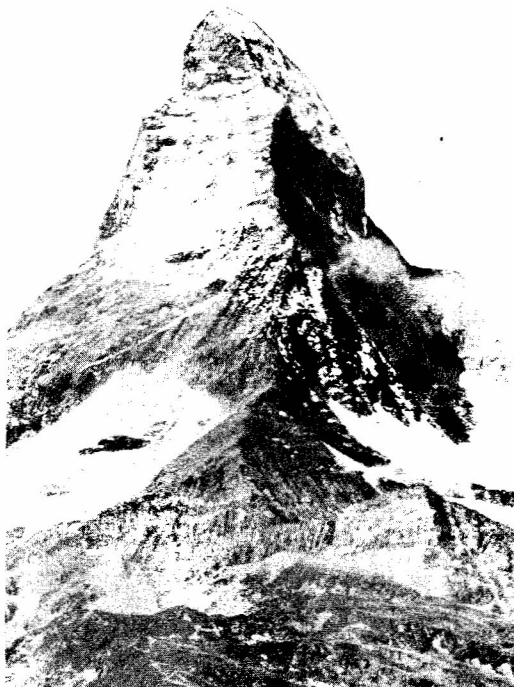
WILL YOU RUN FOR THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS?

by Dale Green

We will elect a new Board of Directors in the middle of February. The names on the ballot are nominated by (1) the nominating committee, (2) from the floor at the nomination dinner, and (3) from the floor at the election meeting itself. Fourteen members-at-large are elected. These fourteen will chose a President, Vice President, Secretary, and Treasurer from their number. The President then assigns the other board positions with the exception of Mountaineering Director, who is elected directly.

To be eligible for nomination, you must have attended at least eight outdoor activities. Long hikes, backpacking and overnight camping count as two or three trips. Lift skiing or practice rock climbing do not count.

If you want to run, but are not called by the nomination committee (it's extremely difficult to contact everyone), by the 20th of January, please call Dale Green (277-6417) or have someone nominate you at one of the two above events. Don't hesitate to run if you feel you aren't qualified. I don't mean to slight anyone, of course, but several jobs on the board require only a desire to do something worthwhile for the club, and a willingness to work.



For the Matterhorn

(Upon hearing the news that the party of climbers marking the anniversary of the first ascent included a woman in curlers.)

Oh Matterhorn,
Great Matterhorn:
You reared magnificently yestermorn;
Your peaks aflame with alpenglow;
Your Edelweiss bravissimo!
And alpenhorns did gaily blow!

Now, up your side the party went.
To celebrate was its intent
The first ascent (and then descent)
Of zealous climbers, glory bent.

I ask, with not a trace of laughter,
Where on earth was she going
after?

—JACQUELINE T. BRADLEY.

KOLOB BACKPACK TRIP

by C. L. Keller

During the past few months there had been a lot of discussion about the Kolob backpack trip, so we expected quite a few people to turn out for it, but we were astounded at the final registration of twenty-nine club members. And all of them showed up for the trip in spite of Friday's threatening weather. Transportation promised to be a problem, especially since Dale Green and I drove to the Kolob Plateau several weeks ago and found all roads to the Kolob Reservoir too steep for the club bus. Fortunately, Bill Viavant registered his "Black Maria", which was able to carry about a dozen people.

Twenty-seven of the group met in Cedar City on Saturday morning, November 13th, after spending the night among the juniper trees (or was it the city dump?) north of town. Jan Orosz showed his enthusiasm for the trip by driving all night, traveling from Denver to Cedar City. Bob and Marie Demint had driven south a day earlier and were already in Kolob. After breakfast, two cars and the Viavant bus climbed to the Kolob Plateau over a road that offered a spectacular view of Cedar City and its valley. Three eager hikers, determined to make the trip in a single day, drove to Taylor Creek on Route 91 and made the trip backwards, thereby solving our car shuttling problem. (Many thanks, Ron, Dennis, and Ross.)

The twenty-four remaining hikers started at Kolob Reservoir about 10:30 Saturday morning, and within ten minutes, in strict accordance to club operating rules, were scattered all over the Spillsbury Land and Cattle Company's grazing land on the Kolob terrace. By carefully following the road shown on the map, all save two hikers managed to arrive at the head of LaVerkin Canyon, but they should have been at Willis Creek Canyon (the map was wrong, honestly!). The other two hikers, carrying three packs, managed to arrive at the edge of LaVerkin Canyon without following the road. In a bit of confusion, strongly resembling an old Keystone Cops movie, the whereabouts of all concerned was ascertained and the trip continued by way of Willis Creek, without adding more than a couple miles to the total trip distance.

The two wayward hikers at the edge of the LaVerkin Canyon, June Viavant and the leader, now joined by Carl Bauer who was happy to find his pack, slid down the steep slopes into the LaVerkin creek-bed and walked downstream to meet the others at the confluence of the Willis and the LaVerkin. From that point the trip was organized and orderly, punctuated only by a side trip into Beartrap Canyon to see the waterfall. The last hikers plodded into camp

just as the day died. In spite of valiant attempts at group singing, and some delightful solos by Dick Leining who had packed his banjo along, all hikers tumbled into their sleeping bags very early.

Sunday morning dawned cloudy and threatening. A quick trip to Kolob Arch and its interesting side canyon was enjoyed by most of the hikers immediately after breakfast. We then hiked down the LaVerkin to the corral where the Demints were rumored to have spent the night, but they had left and we never saw them. A short climb and descent brought us into Timber Creek where the threatening weather turned into rainy weather. Wet, cold, muddy and miserable, but happy, hikers slogged up Timber Creek, enjoying the views of the Kolob fingers when the clouds and mist parted enough to show them. At times three or four could be seen, the more distant ones appearing in hazy outline.

The trail to Lee's Pass was slippery, and the Taylor Creek road was sticky. Shoes got heavier and hikers grew taller until the accumulation of mud underfoot collapsed and the sequence began again. In spite of the weather, all arrived at the cars in good spirits and enthusiastically told one another how much fun they had just had.

You've probably heard the rumor about a Kolob hiker who, lacking a dry pair of pants, appeared in a Cedar City cafe late Sunday afternoon wearing a pair of thermal underwear! Don't believe it; Vic would never do a thing like that. Or would he?

The hikers: Bill and June Viavant, Gale and Ann Dick, Ann McDonald, Ron Perla, Dennis Caldwell, Nick Strickland, Dick Nielson, Jackie Thomas, Gene Woodruff, Dordy Wright, Laurel Wright, Dan Clinkenbeard, Dick Leining, Ed and Sharron Schneider, Vic Dirnfeld, Dail Ogden, Noreen Weber, Jan Orosz, Jerry Powelson, Scotty Imber, Carl Bauer, Ross Pearson, and Charles and Joan Keller. Also in Kolob, but not with the above group, were Bob and Marie Demint.

HAVE YOU REALLY CLIMBED KINGS PEAK?

by Dale Green

Maybe you had better read this before you answer "yes". The old Gilbert Peak quadrangle map shows "Kings Peaks" as the highest point in Utah, consisting of a 13,496-foot peak on the north, and a 13,498-foot peak on the south. The Wasatch Mountain Club has maintained a register on the south peak since 1924. However, a new survey shows the correct elevation as 13,528 feet for the north peak, and 13,512 feet for the south peak. This means we have been climbing the wrong peak all these years! The U. S. Geological Survey is naming the north peak "Kings Peak", the common usage name for the mountain, dropping the plural "Peaks".

NAMES -- ADDRESSES -- ZIP CODES -- PHONE NUMBERS

Do we have your correct address, zip code, and phone number? If we don't, or you even think we might not have the above, PLEASE call the editor at 277-7214, or send a card to 2459 E. 6600 S., SLC 84121.

WE ARE MAILING THE RAMBLER BY THIRD CLASS MAIL. THE POST OFFICE WILL NOT FORWARD IT TO YOUR NEW ADDRESS. THEY RETURN IT TO CLUB HQ., AT A COST OF 8¢ PER COPY, WHICH PETE AT CLUB HQ. HAS BEEN PAYING, AND HE WILL NOT LET THE CLUB REIMBURSE HIM.

If you know of somebody who has moved recently, do him, the club, and Pete a favor by asking him if he has notified the Rambler editor of his new address, zip code, and phone number. Thanks!

FIRST SNOW CAMPING TRIP

by Mimi Stevenson

On Saturday, November 20th, four hardy souls met at Alta for the first snow camp-out of the season. After a leisurely ride up Neversweat lift, we descended into Albion Basin. The first half of the cross-country trip on skis was very enjoyable. After we fastened on our climbers and proceeded, the route took on the appearance of an obstacle course. Our goal was the base of Devil's Castle. With much huffing and puffing, mostly by me, we all arrived in good order. The tent went up and the Primus stoves were put into action.

By 8:00 pm we all were in our sleeping bags, discussing the merits of our equipment. I, having carried in a 37-pound pack, cautiously advanced the idea of Sherpa porters, or at least a para-drop, for future trips of this kind. We all dozed off for what turned out to be an 11-hour sleep! After breakfast the next morning, we packed up and skied out over some fine new powder snow. By noon we were at home. A trip of this kind is recommended to all. Campers were Alfred Goodwin, Steve Swanson, and Tom and Mimi Stevenson.

BEACON HILL

by Pete Hovingh

November 14, 1965. A windy cloudy day; a day, should it have rained or snowed, one would sleep in until noon. I was hoping that anyone who intended to hike in that weather would have slept until noon. But several people decided to meet at "This is The Place", more or less out of curiosity to see if anyone else would show up. And since many people showed up, the hike went up the hill and down the hill. It was an invigorating hike.

Hikers were Mary Fisher, Lucile Hoelscher, Elmer, David, and Diana Boyd, Karen Kerns, John MacDuff, Sarah Weller, and Pete Hovingh.

Editor's note: Thanks, Pete, for a refreshing new approach to writing up "The Beacon"!

Even though New Year's Resolutions may be considered impractical in these days of constant and hectic change, perhaps we should at least review the purpose of the Wasatch Mountain Club, and realize what our responsibilities are, both as individuals and as a club, throughout the year. The Preamble to the Constitution best describes just why our club was formed in the first place, and what the original members expected of all future members.

PREAMBLE: "The name of the club shall be Wasatch Mountain Club, Inc. It is a non-profit corporation, organized and with headquarters at Salt Lake County, State of Utah. Its purpose shall be:

- To promote the physical and spiritual well-being of its members and of others by outdoor activities;
- To unite the energy, interests and knowledge of students, explorers, and lovers of the mountains of Utah;
- To collect and disseminate information regarding the Rocky Mountains in behalf of science, literature and art;
- To explore and picture the scenic wonders of this and surrounding states;
- To advertise the natural resources and scenic beauties of the State of Utah; and
- To encourage preservation of forests, flowers, and natural scenery as well as wild animal and bird life."

Let us not forget these meaningful words in the months to come.

The special avalanche film presented by Jerry Horton of the Wasatch National Forest (and a member of the Wasatch Mountain Club) showed some spectacular avalanche shots and gave some worthwhile advice to the ski tourers and winter mountaineers of the club. After the movie, Jerry discussed the contributory factors that cause avalanches, what to do if caught in one, and what to do, as a survivor, to aid in the rescue of someone caught in an avalanche. You who missed this movie and Jerry's interesting discussion afterwards missed some mighty fine entertainment and instruction in avalanche problems. Thank you very much Jerry; we who were there certainly appreciated the film and your discussion.

Dues are nearly due. Don't forget that as a result of last year's Constitutional changes dues become due March 1st. Not the 30th of March, either. The 1st. Please send in your money promptly, and fill up our poor old empty piggy bank.

Years ago when Bob and I first looked into Grand Canyon, we got the impression of a dry, uninhabitable wasteland. The Bright Angel trail appeared to be dry and forbidding, devoid of life. It was hot summertime and people were crawling out barely alive. But now we know that Grand Canyon has a tremendous repertoire of strange and beautiful scenery and that a successful trip is contingent upon the previous conditioning of the hiker and the state of the weather. We hit it just right this time; not too hot, and not too cold. But we were absolutely unprepared for the gorgeous panorama the skies afforded us. Fantastic luck was with the camera artists.

As a bonus surprise, we were treated to a constant changing of the atmosphere. Going down was summertime with warm, wonderful sunshine enhanced by lazy, wafting breezes. At the bottom we went bathing in the river, tepid and wide at this point, and strewn with large boulders to hide behind. We didn't have bathing suits. Our poor burning feet healed, we stretched out on the warm sand and had our lunch.

That night it was black and dark and oh, how it rained! The stream dashing past our camp made it sound like it was raining in torrents. We snuggled around a spooky candle and talked and sang.

Next morning was beautiful springtime, sunshiny and with a brisk breeze fanning us as we walked along on a ledge above the river. Brief snatches of childhood memories tugged at the edge of my conscious mind, melding the past with the present, dream-like. Some other time, some other place, we've been touched by the beauty of a new, clean morning as we walked along a beautiful river with a trance-provoking breeze in our faces.

On the winding Bright Angel trail out, we looked back and were treated to a sight which I'm sure few people have ever seen--the slowly roiling clouds changing the vistas into one magnificent panorama after another. Walking along this trail and facing the canyon, we had the impression of being in a huge amphitheater and as we turned to look into the canyon, a live show, strange and unbelievable, unfolded before us. Now and then a regal, castle-like projection seemed to rise out of the heavens, mystically lighted and detached from the earth.

As we approached the rim, mist began to fall, then a little snow, and wonders of wonders, we stepped out of the canyon into a fairy-land of snowladen flora with trees bent to the ground.

At one of the lookouts on the rim, our camera artists got the thrill of their lives. Standing on the colorful snow-patched rim, unbelievable portraits were garnered. Clouds boiling in and out of weird structures made a scene reminiscent of Michelangelo's macabre depiction of Dante's "Inferno".

Isn't it true that strange essences created by the changing of the atmosphere can sometimes endow one with a new, though fleeting experience of the soul?

Participants were Vic Dirnfeld, Won Pyo Chang, Carl Bauer, John MacDuff, Mel and Clare Davis, Gerry Powelson, Mike Gallagher, Bill and Ruth Ohlsen, Clint and Ann Barker, Joan Keller, Aroop Mangalik, Leroy Kuel, Jan Orosz, Sarah Weller, Virginia Parmalee, Betty Bottcher, Gerry Horton, Scotty Imber, John Connor, Boone Newson, Max Tyler, June Viavant, and Bob and Marie Demint. Bob Demint was leader. Nick Strickland and party joined us at the bottom of the canyon.



HELP NEEDED TO PUT TOGETHER AND MAIL RAMBLER

Do you have a couple hours each month you could spare to help out your poor old Rambler editor? I need about 4 or 5 people at the end of each month to help me collate, address, staple, and stamp the club magazine. We usually meet at my place, 2459 E. 6600 S.; beer, soft drinks, and cookies or something are usually on hand. If you would like to help, call me (277-7214). We talk and sing, too.

WHAT WE DO AT NIGHT ON THESE TRIPS

by Marie Demint

Now that we've covered the immortal aspects of our Grand Canyon trip, let us peruse the mortal. Some people are just absolutely Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes. Or Ferdinand, now smelling the daisies, now running amuck.

We spent parts of four nights on this trip. There was the night on the bus going down; the night at the bottom; the night in cabins on the rim, so unexpected; and the night on the bus coming home, which some of us probably don't recall.

The night going down on the bus was uneventful, as is usual, with people curled up and pretending to be asleep, not disturbing each other---an attitude smacking of artificiality. By morning, having reverted to their primitive natures, somebody will probably pick somebody up and throw him out of the bus for blocking the aisle.

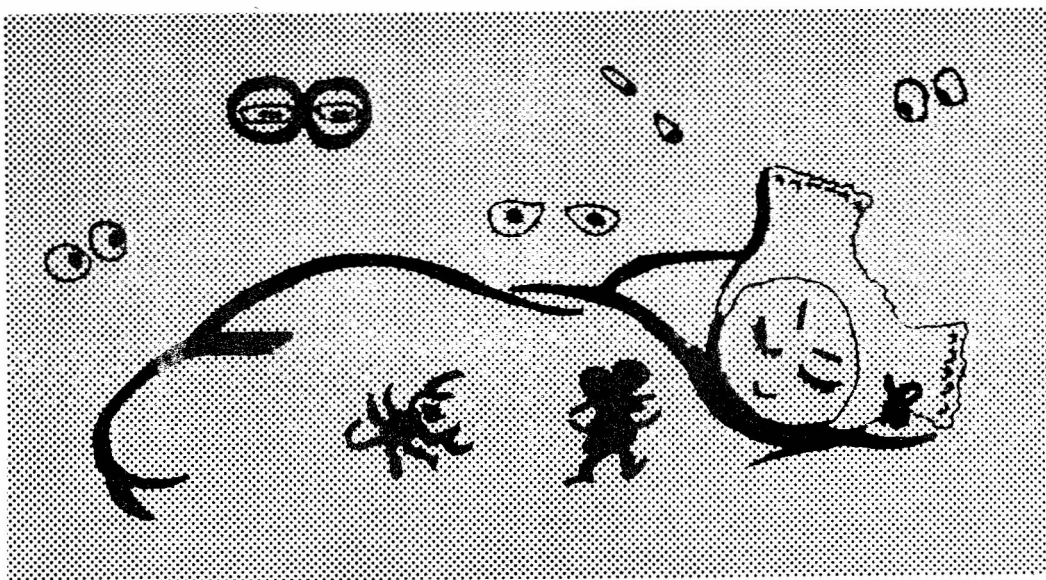
The night at the bottom of the canyon was so dark and stormy that people who strayed from camp had to be guided home with shouts and beams of arcing light. When Bob, John Conner, and I finally floundered into camp, we found some of the group huddled under a shelter around one tiny, faltering candle. "Why the funny candle?" we asked. "There are large mice creeping all around," they said, just to get rid of me, I thought.

The shelter has three compartments, and each compartment has room for four people in sleeping bags. Counting three extras, who showed up, we had about thirty people. Some spent the night on porches of a couple of buildings. John Connor, Vic, Aroop, Leroy, Bob, and I filled on compartment, Roop at the foot and Leroy on a rock shelf at our heads. We sang for awhile. Vic and I sang for more than a while, I to keep up my courage. Ferocious mice were sneaking about and scorpions were probably hiding in our sleeping bags. Something large and dark sailed past my ear--a boot. So much for the songfest.

Just as we were drifting off to sleep, the rain began to blow in, threatening to drown Roop, so we reached down and dragged him up into our row, now making it a cozy arrangement. In the pitch dark, looking for a nightcap to protect my head, I found an extra pair of drawers, will-suited for the purpose. Next morning I could take them off my head while it was still dark. Then it occurred to me that I would have a problem getting dressed in the morning so I plotted to do this before dawn and surprise everybody by crawling from my cocoon fully clothed. Just before dawn, as I sneaked out of my sack and began putting on my jeans, Bob shot up and yelled, "HUH? WHAT'S GOING ON?" "I'm getting dressed", I whispered. "For what? What time is it?", he shouted. We got an early start on our trip out that morning.

We spent the next night in cabins on the rim, and I'm here to tell you it was a jamboree. We had intended spending the night in the canyon at Indian Gardens, but the storm clouds chased us out. Some of the men who had already walked in and out, came back down and generously helped the girls with their packs. To provide us with shelter from the unpromising weather, John MacDuff managed to arrange for accommodations in a few cabins. I mean a very few and I think it would be prudent to close the subject right here. I WILL say that after scurrying around throwing our packs wherever we could, we found ourselves strangely assorted. The cafeteria nearby was a convenient trysting place for us. I'm sure we wore out our welcome there but "toujours gai, toujours gai", or something.

The night going home was in another world. Bodies tired and limply arranged, this time we surely slept. This excepting the bridge players (yes, bridge players), who were encamped in the space in the center of the bus where boats are sometimes stashed. Shouts of anguish and bitterness were mere lullabies to the heedless slumberers. It is ever thus on the return trips. Beaten to a frazzle, you can get comfortable and sleep anywhere. We arrived home early around nine or nine-thirty that night, just as we were wishing it could go on endlessly.



Marie Demint

MORE ON JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP

In accordance with accepted editorial practices, which dictate that all aspects of a controversial subject must be covered, the following letters-to-the-editor are presented. All letters or articles pertaining to junior membership sent to the editor will be published, whether they be pro, con, or indifferent. Please jot down your opinions and recommendations and mail them in. YOUR OPINION IS IMPORTANT, BECAUSE YOU ARE THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB.

Junior Membership Comments, from Wolf H. Snyder

My congratulations to Jack McLellan as editor of The Rambler; as far as I know our monthly publication has never been better, nor more attractive. Yet, the editorial in the November 1965 issue makes me, as a club member, feel obliged to answer the rather far-fetched ridicule heaped by that editorial on the membership for voting down the idea of junior club membership.

The club has always been for adults. In the past, young people have grown up and become members. Why is it that now suddenly, with such an abundance of activities available for young folks, especially in this valley in connection with the L.D.S. Church, our youths are going to the dogs, become careless smokers and drunks, just because a score of them can not be junior members of the W.M.C.?

I advise that those, with sufficient free time and who feel such great need for training youth, help in the Explorer Scout program. The small number that was proposed for junior membership would be just about right for a troop. But, do not insist that the W.M.C. itself go into scouting, this is not its purpose.

Club members are not "afraid of young people". On many trips, young folks have been along, even younger than the 16 years of age that was proposed for junior members. Those young folks have generally been a joy. So let them keep coming as guests. There is no need for the W.M.C. to add confusion to the Club Constitution by creating all kinds of subgrade memberships. When the young folks have attained the established qualifications, they will be full members and, we hope, also leaders - not second-grade members.

Junior Membership Comments, from Clare Davis

Having attended the general membership meeting and been counted with the majority vote against the Junior Membership proposal I now join the majority in being categorized as afraid of young people, a frightened oldster, and a duff sitter - per comments

in the last Editoramblerizing column. Such comments, aside from being out of place, stem from an emotionalism which should not enter into a consideration of Junior Membership. I would like to outline a few reasons which for myself, and probably other majority members, were sufficient to prompt a vote against such a program:

1. The supporters of Junior Membership did not propose a concrete program. Beyond emotional pleas no program was specifically outlined and no names of people who would be willing to set up, supervise, and operate specific activities were submitted.
2. I have served on the Board of Directors too long in the past not to remember a Director struggling along with his particular assignment and not receiving much support from members in general. The possibility of the Junior Membership package being handed to a Board Member and then support vanishing is entirely too real.
3. Youngsters of club members do have ample opportunity to be included in enough activities to create a healthy interest in the outdoors. Within the present framework of the club there is no restriction prohibiting parents of these youngsters, or interested persons, to plan organized activities including hikes, lodge weekends, swimming parties, ice-skating events, skiing outings, and camping expeditions.
4. During the meeting one objection was raised to the effect that we would be assuming the role of baby-sitters. There is merit in this comment. It would be another obligation of parents being assumed by an organization.
5. Lastly, it is not a sin to desire to belong to an adult organization. There are many groups geared exclusively to bring outdoor activities and appreciation of nature to youngsters: Boy Scouts, Explorers, Girl Scouts, Campfire Girls, summer camps operated by YMCA, YWCA, and others. Let us not be brash enough to say that we could do better. Also let us not say that we are neglectful in leaving organized activities to such groups.

It is fine for anyone to be disappointed if a project in which he is interested is not accepted. However, when the majority clearly indicates its will in a Democratic manner by discussion and ballot the decision has been made. Additional comments are unnecessary.

MORE Junior Membership Comments, by Jack McLellan

By golly, there are people in the WMC interested in what the club does, other than the Board of Directors. Considering the small number of voting members who generally turn out to pull the strings of our relatively active club, I was quite surprised at the response my November editorial received. I have been roundly complimented and soundly cussed the past few weeks, by many people.

Yes, my editorial on junior membership was emotional, it did ridicule, and it was sarcastic. But it did accomplish what I intended -- to arouse some interest in the subject so that more people in the true majority of the club, the "ho-hum, that's nice, who cares, you do the work, who's Dale Green" majority, would rise up on their haunches and howl a bit. Maybe even to the point of going from apathy to action; perhaps even to coming to vote at the next general membership meeting!

Because of some comments received, I am convinced that a great deal of confusion and misconception exists about just what the proposed junior membership is. So here are the provisions as described in the July and September 1965 issues of The Rambler:

Age limit, 16 and 17; dues, \$4.00/year; entrance fee, \$2.00--

Must attend three outings before applying for membership--

Six-month probationary period-- Must be sponsored during the probationary period by a member who has belonged to the

club for at least one year, and who is over 21 years old--

Must participate in one service function either before joining or during the six-month probationary period--

Eligible to vote, receive The Rambler and a WMC patch--

Attendance on some trips and parties would be controlled, as is presently done for the 18 - 20 age group--

Total junior membership would be limited to ten percent of total club membership--

All other responsibilities and benefits associated with regular membership would apply to junior members--

So there it is -- nothing more, nothing less. Very little extra work for board members, no "special assignments". No "concrete program" to be "specifically outlined". No "specific activities" to "set up, supervise, or operate".

JUNIOR MEMBERSHIP IS NOTHING MORE THAN AN EXTENSION OF THE LOWER AGE LIMIT OF THE CLUB FROM 18 TO 16, WITH ENOUGH CONTROLS IMPOSED TO INSURE THAT ONLY THE CREAM-OF-THE-CROP, THOSE YOUNG PEOPLE SERIOUSLY INTERESTED IN OUR OUTDOOR ACTIVITIES, WOULD BE ALLOWED IN THE CLUB, AND EVEN THEN IN VERY LIMITED NUMBERS.

No legal problems would exist for 16 and 17 year olds than now exist for the 18 to 20 age group. As for the idea that we would be baby-sitting with 16 and 17 year olds---come on now, let's be serious. Most kids go into the baby-sitting business themselves when they're 12 or 13. Unless by babysitting you mean directing the efforts of people toward appreciation and conservation of the outdoors. Seems like there's something in the Preamble to the Constitution about that.

Let's give a serious thought to these other groups mentioned by Wolf and Clare--Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, church groups, Campfire Girls, YMCA, YWCA, and others. Very worthwhile organizations they are; and many of our members are presently working with these organizations. But because of the very nature of these groups, they must prescribe a "mass education" approach. An over-all training of many different crafts is provided for the average youngster; what about the young person who truly wants to learn the cold, hard facts of advanced hiking, camping, river-running, and mountain climbing without the uniform, regimentation, and other training not associated with these activities (or perhaps the summer camp that he goes to and loses all interest in, because he knows more than the instructor).

The type of young person we want may well be or have been a member or "graduate" of this type education. But now he is ready for more. He has all the ribbons and now wants to get into the real world of the outdoors. Or perhaps our young person hadn't been able to join, or hadn't wanted to, but has a true desire to take part in outdoor activities and conservation--which we all profess to have.

What I'm trying to say is that we could provide an important transition between those fine groups and individuals and an "adult" appreciation of the outdoors. And I will be brash enough to say that for our particular type of activities we can do better than the youth organizations mentioned, as excellent as they are. We do have a responsibility to these particular young people. Not all youngsters. Just the best.

There is a selfish motive involved, too, as far as the club is concerned. As I said in my editorial, we have a chance to mold a few of these topnotch young people into expert outdoorsmen and conservationists. The type of people we want and need for future club leaders.

Just got a card from Al and June Wickham, who have a new baby girl. Jennifer Lynn arrived October 23, 1965, and weighed 7 lbs. 10½ oz.

At 8:00 am, on October 10, 1965, eight WMC members were waiting at Clark's Cafeteria parking lot, behind the Capitol building, eager to be on the trail. They piled onto a tired old truck and into a young Mustang for the 50-mile trip to Snow Basin ski area up Ogden Canyon. The hike started from Wildcat Picnic Area just west of the parking lot, and followed one of the Snow Basin ski trails southwest up the ridge between the Wildcat ski lift and Chicken Spring Creek to the bottom of the upper Ogden basin ski lift. (See Snow Basin and Ogden 7.5-minute series topographic maps.)

Here, after a brief pause at the springs so conveniently placed, the group split up. One party of Sunday-driver types chose to follow the jeep road which parallels the upper ski lift to its end and then goes by way of several switchbacks to the saddle just south of Mt. Ogden. The other party consisted of Vic Dirnfeld and Art Whitehead, who chose to take the more direct and steeper route to the saddle. From the saddle overlooking the city of Ogden and north end of Great Salt Lake, the trail turned north and climbed upward through loose rock and interesting conglomerate formations to the top of the peak.

The view from the top was magnificent, with Ben Lomond and Willard Peaks to the north, Pineview reservoir and the fields around Huntsville spread out to the northeast, Weber Valley to the southeast, leading highway 30 toward Echo Junction, and DeMoisey Peak and the formation known as The Needles practically in the shadow of Mt. Ogden to the south. We'll never tell how long the hike took, but it covered about three miles one way, with a vertical rise of 3,000 feet to an altitude of 9572 feet for a trip rating of about 6.0.

The trip back had its element of suspense when Mary Egan discovered that her Mustang required gasoline as well as oats to operate. Those making the trip were Betty Bottcher, Marie and Bob Demint, Vic Dirnfeld, Mary Egan, Leroy Kuehl, Art Whitehead, and Laird Crocker.



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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 \$6.00 annual dues. The 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: _____ Director: _____

State: _____

Zip Code: _____ Phone: _____