

The Rambler

Official Publication of
THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB
Salt Lake City, Utah
October 1966

Register for all trips at Club Headquarters, 363-7150

- Oct 6
Thurs. CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK -- Practice up climbing, down climbing, side-ways climbing. All climbers, non-climbers and in-betweens are welcome.
- Oct 9
Sun. WOOD GATHERING PARTY -- The roar and warmth of this coming winter's fires in the lodge fireplace are directly proportional to the success of this weekend's wood gathering party. Lots of helping hands are needed to keep pace with our able chainsaw operators. To be included for lunch, register by 6:00 pm Oct. 7, and be on hand by 9:00 am Sun. to WORK!
- Oct 13
Thurs. CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK -- Upper belays on all sorts of holds, easy to Class 7 (Look that class up in Freedom of the Hills).
- Oct 15 & 16
Sat. & Sun. CANYONLANDS -- Leave Fri. at 6:30 pm. Depending on the group and vehicles, the destination within Canyonlands will remain open. Numerous possibilities exist - Indian Canyon, Druid Arch, Chesler Park, and others. Many people testify to the indescribable beauty of the Park; they keep returning and wishing to return! Leader: Carl Bauer (355-6036). Register by 6:00 pm Thurs. Oct 13.
- Oct 16
Sun. BICYCLE TRIP -- Sailing season is essentially over, the hikers are in Canyonlands, skiing has not begun. This means that there should be many persons in Salt Lake without anything to do. How about a bicycle trip? Register with Ellen Catmull (359-6505) by Sat. noon, Oct 15.
- Oct 20
Thurs. CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK -- Bring your climbing togs and your keep-warm clothes and a girl or boy friend or a big, friendly dog. Enjoy the cool fall evening.
- Oct 22
Sat. HUNTING SEASON -- STAY OUT OF THE WOODS. Hunters please note: Deer ARE NOT wearing red, orange, or "alert yellow" this year. Getting smart, aren't they?
- 23 Oct
Sun. BICYCLE TRIP -- Time to lubricate bicycles and joints. The only safe activity for this weekend is bicycling. Give it a try! Register with Ellen Catmull (359-6505) by Sat. noon, Oct 22.
- Oct 27
Thurs. CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK -- The days are getting mighty short. Come early for fun.
- Oct 29
Sat. HALLOWEEN PARTY -- Annual old-fashioned Halloween costume ball at WMC Lodge. Prizes for costumes in various categories. Light lunch will be served at 8:30 pm. BYOL & M (Mix). Register and pay before 5:00 pm Oct. 27. \$1.50 for members, \$2.00 for non-members. A 50¢ penalty will be charged for registering late. It's easier to park in Majestic lot, since lodge lot is small.



Oct 30
Sun.

M T. M A J E S T I C -- From the WMC Lodge. One last effort will be made to hike to this peak before the wishes of the skiers precipitate. Meet at lodge at 9:00 am. Register by noon Sat., Oct 29. El. 10,721. Rating, 4.5.

Nov 5 & 6
Sat. & Sun.

W I D E O P E N S P A C E S O F D E L T A -- Two trips are being planned this weekend to Delta. The first group will leave Sat. morning at 6:15 am and hike up Notch Peak (El. 9,655; rating, 6.0) that afternoon. Leader will be Carl Bauer (355-6036). The second group will leave later in the morning for the region south of Delta. This second trip will be of geological interest, locating Labradorite, obsidian, and pumice. Leader will be Elmer Boyd (298-5537). Sat. afternoon late both groups will join and eventually camp in the wide open spaces near Black Rock. Register by noon Fri., Nov 4.

CONSERVATION NOTES

by Bill Viavant

HEARINGS ON THE HIGH UINTA WILDERNESS will be held on Wed., Oct 12, from 9:00 am until 5:00 pm (or later) in a basement conference room in the Federal Building.

We urge any club member who has been in the Uintas recently to come to these hearings, even as just a spectator, but preferably come prepared to give a five minute testimonial in support of the Wilderness Area classification. The Forest Service is recommending a reasonable extension of the existing Primitive Area, and we would like to support them as well as urge that additional areas be added on the northern boundary to better protect the present area. We also would like to see the area north of Moon Lake restored to the proposed Wilderness Area.

Malin Foster is trying to coordinate the supporting testimony, so that, if possible, it is spread throughout the day. Please contact Malin at the following numbers if you can help:

8:30 am - 5:00 pm, 322-6773

6:00 pm - 7:30 pm, 355-3513

8:00 pm - 11:00 pm, 363-1511, Ext. 440.

Anybody who can spend a day hiking on trails which approach the new boundaries please contact Bill Viavant (364-9684) or Del Wiens (487-2584). We hope to go on both the next two weekends -- Oct 1 & 2 and Oct 8 & 9.

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View from Dead Horse Point, Canyonlands

by Fred Bruenger

A NIGHT ON STORM MOUNTAIN

by Hercule Chamois

Storm Mountain, and the bald practice cliffs above its wooded picnic grove, are regarded by local climbers as quite benign. This is a mistake. The rocks are not to be taken casually, nor is the picnic area any picnic. You disdain my warning, do you? Then learn how I rescue a club rope, with at one end Madame Buttercup, whose name strikes fear into the heart of the Wasatch, and her son, Hiccup. But of all, I rescue the rope, 120 ft. of length, and worthy to serve the club for at least two more years. Replacement cost, by the catalog, is \$20.

As I see Buttercup promenading on a low ledge, I shout, "What are you doing there?"

"I'm climbing."

"Alone?"

"Hiccup is with me. But come join us. Help us look for a piton crack."

"Have you a rope?"

"We have a club rope."

Mon Dieu!

"Wait," I call, "I'll go back to the car for my gear and my rope. Sang de la Madonne!"

On my return, I accept their upper belay in order to reach the ledge. Yes, cracks are indeed scarce enough to vindicate their forty-minute search. The three of us now search together.

"You know," she wondered, "if we have this much trouble placing an anchor down here, what will it be like up there?"

"Who was going to lead?" I inquired, looking between the two of them. "Is that all the hardware you have?" For she had three carabiners and a handful of T.Q's piton-thinnings.

"Oh, I have lots more in my pack," she assured me. "So much less nuisance than dangling at my waist. When I need a pin, I just take my pack off, set it in front of me, and pick one that will fit."

Still wearing her pack, she leaned over to try a knife blade on the floor of the ledge. Noise came forth like a whole tray of silverware: Cling-Clatter-Clatter!

Now a rockfall sweeps out a pattern like that of a shotgun, about two or three feet in diameter, depending on how much the rock tumbles and ricochets. But her discharge of pitons raked the full extent of the face like a broadside from the Frigate U.S.S. Constitution. Any traffic below would have been hulled and dismasted, to say the least. Grace a Dieu, there was no navigation down on the dry creek bed. She began to giggle.

"Buttercup, that was bad news!" I lamented.

Hiccup wondered how we could find all that hardware, after our descent, in the dark. But meanwhile I had managed to place a good anchor pin.

"I have been up this route many times before," she assured. "How do you feel about my leading?"

"Please, if we are to continue the climb, I will lead," I insisted, "for I am Hercule Chamois."

"On belay!" she chirped. Perhaps it was her sense of timing that had stilled the expected argument. I remembered how she had driven a vertical knife blade into a dihedral and found that the eye, flush against the wall, would not accept a carabiner.

"Climbing!" I led up to the next belay position, anchored, and brought them up. As she returned my hardware, she dropped a pin. She crawled out to the edge, reached over to get it, and lost another pin out of her big-mouthed knapsack. Ping! Pang! Silence . . . "Piton!" she called Pong!

She belayed me back down to drive out a piton that Hiccup could not get. But Hiccup was dancing the Allen Cakewalk on our narrow ledge, with none available to belay him to the modest patch of trees on the ledge above. Propelled by some deity in his abdomen, he went on up, and none could stop him. Mon Dieu, how does it happen that the leader climbs down to pull his own pin, belayed by the second, while the third leads up on his own? Mais, il faut vivre. One must live.



"Buttercup, how many in our party?" I ask....

"Don't put in any more protection than you absolutely need," she calls, as I lead on up, "or we'll be here all night."

As I pass the clump of trees, I am thinking on the relationship of man to nature.

At last I reach the top of the roped climb and belay them both up. Buttercup goes on past and hands me her son's rope. There are three strands. "How many in our party?" I ask, for earlier there had been youngsters climbing on both sides of us, unroped.

"They're all his. Something happened." So I draw in three ropes with my left, and hold three ropes with my right. Soon I am drawing in one rope with my left and holding three with my right. I look up at her inquiringly.

"Don't ask me," she shrugged. (But then, which two can I let go of?) Her son appears beside us.

As we scrambled over and out, she wished aloud that she had brought her fanny-pack, instead of that knapsack, for all those pitons. Anyway, she told me, my guide services had earned me a dinner invitation. Now, a bachelor always accepts dinner invitations.

"If I had not come on the scene," I asked, "would you have made the climb, or turned back?" She hinted she would have gone on, as the route was an easy one. She had been up it four times.

She and her boy wondered when they would ever find all those pitons below. As we tenderly coiled the club rope, I consoled her with the suggestion that most of those pitons were better off lost. We coiled my rope and then went stumbling down the descent trail, behind the erratically bobbing beam of my headlight.

After she had lit out for home, her husband, Shaving Cup, pulled into the darkened parking lot in search of her party, and not seeing her car, drove off again. I followed him down the canyon and into his driveway, ready to collect that meal. The humor of his reaction to my narrative was somewhat qualified.

When all were together again, the kids insisted on showing me their spider collection, including a genuine black widow. They told me of their attempted seance the night before, where they had picked out the spirit of Eugene L. H-----, the departed grandfather of one of their friends, and "We were gonna git him! But all we could think of was J.F.K. instead." They babbled on about wolfbane and vampires.

Meanwhile, Buttercup sat around tired but victorious. Hiccup thought the afternoon and evening were as funny as I did. I asked Shaving Cup which he thought more dangerous, his wife going climbing, or his kids studying witchcraft. He would have to think about it, he said.

But as for me, their guide, in the company of Madame Buttercup I had learned a new respect for Night on Storm Mountain. In the background, I could hear the sombre music of Moussorgsky.

TERRACE TO ELBOW FORK

By Betty Whitehead

A beautiful Sunday morning -- a good group of congenial people -- a leisurely hike -- part stroll, part bushwacking scrub oak -- made up the well planned hike from Terrace to Elbow Fork on August 21. Cars were shuttled, and for awhile it seemed like there were more cars (one with keys locked inside) than hikers. The highlight of the trip, to this writer, was the interest and appreciation shown by guests and visitors from other states who were constant admirers of the grandeur and views of the Mountains we sometimes take for granted.

Trip leaders: Bob and Marie Demint;
Hikers: Orson Spencer, James Maurice, Grace Ormsby, Connie Sedler, Elmer Boyd, Art and Betty Whitehead, Ed Alexander, Vivian Higginbotham, Sarah Weller, Marie Goldschmidt, Jan Orosz, Mary Adams, Don and Donna Stringfellow, Arie Terpsta.

DOWN THE SALMON OR "6½ DAYS WITH A WET REAR END"

by Marie Shields, Nick Strickland, and Dick Snyder

The trip was scheduled to go with a minimum of 16. After much anxiety as to whether it would go or not, 16 river runners were lined up, some from as far away as Colorado and California.

Gary Powelson, our solitary bus driver, drove until 4:00 am, and then we had the usual one hour of sleep in a cow pasture. Those who were wary of the hazards in a cow pasture slept in the bus.

At Salmon, the bus drank down 95 gallons of gasoline and Dave said sternly, "Take 20 minutes for breakfast." We all groaned and he relented (as he had intended to do all along) and said, "Take three hours." The long lay over was because we were to meet Max at noon to give him the bus.

After really "doing" Salmon it was on to North Fork for us. The bus had been difficult to start. Near North Fork these symptoms worsened and it refused to start at all. Doctor Dave Cook crawled under the patient and conducted some witchcraft after which there was noticeable improvement and we were on our way. The boats were launched about 2:00 pm just west of North Fork at a place appropriately called "Dead Water." Max Tyler took the bus around to Riggins. We all wondered if he would ever get there. That first day we made a grand seven miles and camped on a rocky sand bar.

Sunday we were launched by 8:00 am. We made a short rest stop about noon at the city of Shoup (population six humans and three dogs), then departed downriver with the city's entire stock of beer and cigarettes. The first rapid of any consequence was just beyond Shoup--no casualties. That night we camped on an island where we all tried hard to find a soft rock. It would have done credit to any fakir. Here some traitors were observed washing in the river with soap.

Monday passed without excitement, except that Gerry's boat hit an egg-sized rock and he fell out. His comments were not repeatable. That night we managed to locate a soft sandy beach for camp. This night, as with all others, some very interesting menus were prepared. A "happy hour" was always observed immediately after landing.

The first really exciting rapids came Tuesday. The most memorable was Salmon Falls. Midway down this one Ann decided to swim the rest of the way. Luckily she had her life jacket on and soon bobbed to the surface. We made camp near Long Pitch rapid. Here a very well endowed likeness of Ann was sculptured from sand. Ann said there was only one thing wrong with it, its mouth was closed. With much hilarity, mock funeral services were held for the statue.

Wednesday was the best day for rapids (or the worst depending on your point of view.) Just ask Dave about Big Mallard. Several of us had near misses and Dave's boat was not the only one to take on a few hundred gallons of water. We discovered what John MacDuff aptly describes as "a washing machine hidden behind big rocks." After Big Mallard, other rapids came in quick succession including Little Mallard and Growler. Actually, the latter was only a puppy.

Thursday was a quiet day punctuated only by a few water fights instigated by Del Wiens and his orchard raiding crew (most of us took our food with us). If we had not paddled (at least some of us) we surely would have gone upstream as our friend the upstream wind was blowing.

On Friday we all successfully navigated a rapid rated as number 9 (??), thanks to semaphore signals of Gerry; needless to say nobody else on the trip had ever been in the Navy. A smaller rapid, Carey Falls, claimed our third person overboard, John Staples. Everyone was pretty tired and all of us except one boat put ashore about 3:00 pm. The other gung-ho crew attempted to paddle the 15-20 miles to Riggins. Gerry had a

better idea and hitched a ride to get the bus. On his return he crossed a narrow bridge with millimeters to spare. Three boats were loaded at French creek and the gung-ho crew was rescued five miles down river at an ideal landing (from the bottom of the canyon.)

The entire trip was made through dry hills and canyon walls covered with Douglas fir, Ponderosa pine, and mountain mahogany. The season this year had been extremely dry and no rain fell the entire time on the river. The river was low and quite warm and the only fish caught were squaw fish and perch. The water was clear in contrast to the southern rivers the club has run.

Friday night was spent rejoicing in the legal bars of Riggins where some of us saw fit to dance with the local belles. At closing time the sleeping bags were rolled out in the city park by permission of the local gendarme.

On the return trip we discovered a relief driver, Dick Snyder, who drove us from Mountain Home, Idaho to a booming city (in 1900) on the state line. We arrived in Salt Lake at 9:30 pm Saturday and immediately called a doctor to treat the abscessed leg of our only major casualty.

Gourmet of the Wilds awards went to Ann Ruhmann's group for fried egg plant and to Carol and Del Wiens for smoked Japanese oysters. Some very fancy mixed drinks were also observed.

Some comments heard during the trip were:

Ann: "Well, I wouldn't have fallen in if I had been holding on."

Phil: "I Don't know how it's possible to be so uncomfortable."

John: Before going over Carey Falls and in the process of removing his child size life jacket-capacity 45-60 lbs, "It's a piece of cake." After going over, "I was just sitting there and the next thing I knew I was looking up at the bottom of the boat."

Nick: "It should be renamed the Squaw Fish River."

Walt: After landing on Friday, "I don't know about anyone else but I'm not paddling another inch."

The crew: Dave Cook, Nick Strickland, Dick Snyder, Ann Ruhmann, Phil Wennhold, Marie Shields, Del and Carol Wiens, Fred and Evelyn Bruenger, John Staples, Clark Tanner, Walt Stevens, Jackie Thomas, Jack Berkshire, and Gerry Powelson.

LETTER FROM JUNE AND AL WICKHAM, Now living in California:

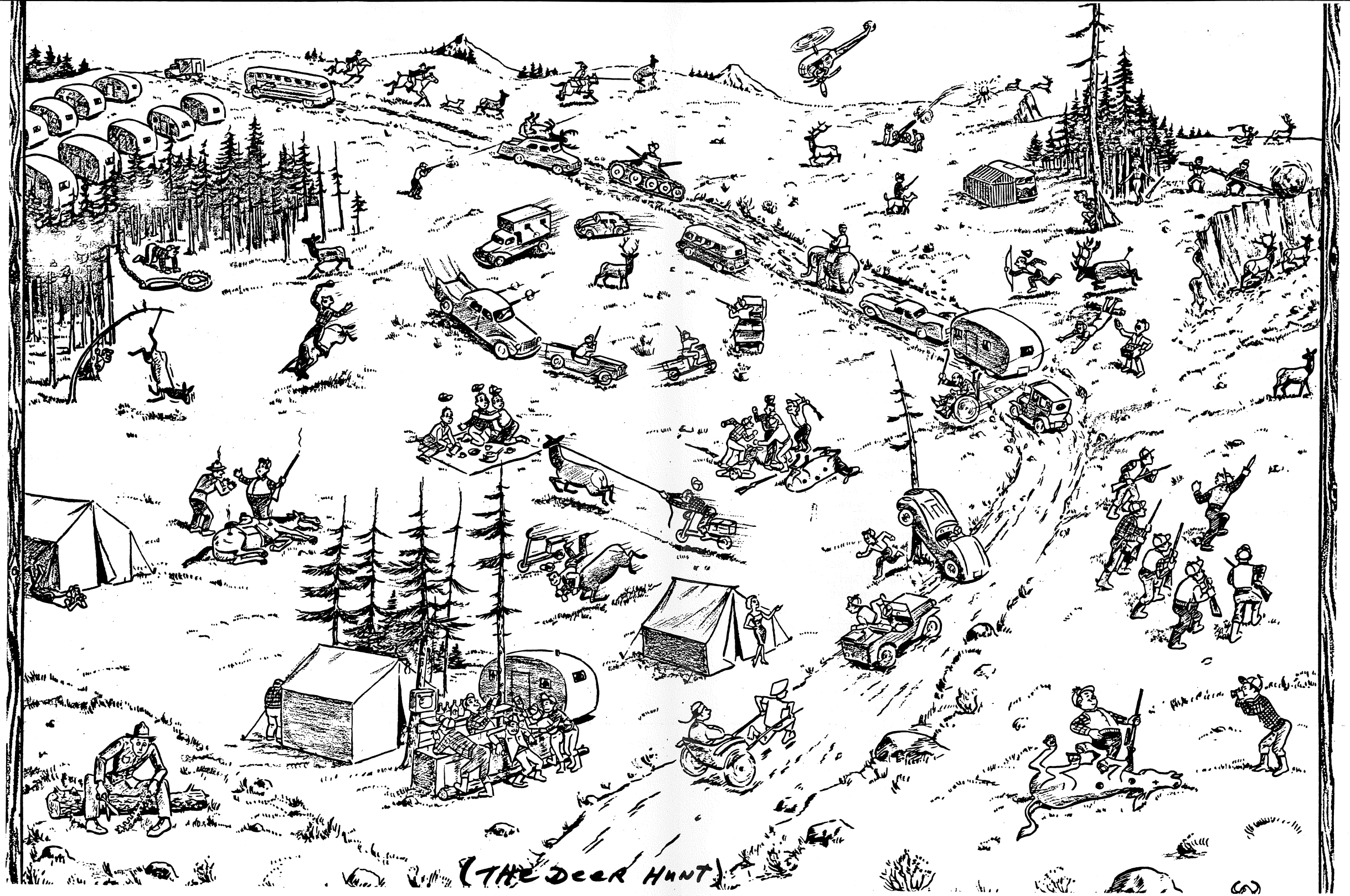
"Please RUSH us two of your bargain bumper stickers - SAVE GRAND CANYON. --

"We hope all members of the Wasatch Mountain Club are aroused enough over these damn dams to do something. In Utah, where it is so easy to do all outdoor activities, it is also easy to forget to do conservation work. In California you need only look around and your mind screams out for action.

"Are you aware of the National Park Service Director George Hartzog's proposal to open up half of Point Reyes National Seashore to "controlled" private development? (Meaning private residences and apartments, golf courses, riding academies, oyster canning). This is pastoral country, not wilderness country, and the dairy ranches do not at all detract from the peacefulness of the area. But houses and apartments? On a national seashore? Senator Thomas Kuchel (R-Calif.) and Congressman Don Clausen (R.-Crescent City, Calif.) have an alternative plan which would raise the expenditure ceiling for Point Reyes acquisition to \$44.5 and allow the Park Service to spend the money for permanent, outright purchase. The original \$14 million for purchasing the land has already been spent.

"Here's to many trips down the Grand Canyon of the Colorado,

June and Al Wickham



A LOOK AHEAD INTO THE SKI TOURING SEASON

By Charles Keller

Ski touring is the club's major winter activity, and one of the finest activities offered during any part of the year. During no other season do the Wasatch offer the beauty that is found in the winter. Somehow, mountains without snow seem incomplete. But the very element that brings the beauty also causes unimaginable difficulties to those who would attempt to hike or climb on foot. And so the use of skis or snowshoes becomes necessary. The Wasatch Mountains, however, present such a tremendous vertical dimension that snowshoes are inadequate on most trails. Skis are the only way.

The club has always had an avid ski touring group. Unfortunately, the club also has many avid skiers who may have had an interest in touring, but never tried it because they've heard some horrible stories about touring, or felt they didn't ski well enough, or didn't know how to get started, or any number of other reasons. This year an attempt will be made to introduce the latter group to touring by offering two separate, but not independent touring programs. The Intermediate to Advanced program will take in all the classic tours we have enjoyed in years past, while the Basic to Intermediate program will cater to those who are just beginning to tour, or those who feel they do not have the stamina or skiing ability for the longer tours. Although the touring season is still several months away, all skiers who have been missing this greatest of winter sports should think about starting this season, and begin by making some preparations. From past experience, we've found three questions are nearly always asked:-

1. Can I ski well enough?
2. What equipment do I need?
3. Isn't it dangerous?

In attempting to answer these questions, we may be able to help you decide whether this will be the best year in your skiing experience. It can be if you'll only try.

Can I ski well enough? There are two basic reasons for ski touring. One is to fulfill the simple desire to see the untouched and undisturbed winter mountain scenery. If the routes are carefully selected, this can be done without requiring any skiing ability, save that of being able to walk. Snowshoes may even suffice. The other reason is to enjoy the ultimate in challenging skiing, pitting your skiing ability against anything and everything the mountains and nature have to offer. Needless to say, your skiing ability must be considerable for this advanced-type of touring. But somewhere between these two extremes are many ski tours for all people. Before trying a tour, you should be able to handle your skis well enough to walk, traverse a fairly steep slope, make a kick turn on a slope, sideslip or do an uphill christie, and make a couple of connected turns. Snowplow turns are acceptable, but stem christies (or better) are preferable. If you can do these simple maneuvers, you are ready to try some beginner's ski tours. It is not necessary to be able to ski powder. You'll find yourself in lots of loose and, perhaps, deep snow, but there you'll find it is no disgrace to descend via the kick turn, traverse method. Other people will be doing the same thing. You will learn not to fear loose snow, or any of the many other varied snow conditions you will encounter. Touring won't teach you to ski, but if you can ski, it will make a better skier of you.

What equipment do I need? The ski equipment you normally use for lift skiing can also be used for touring. The only additional equipment that is absolutely essential is a pair of climbers. This season climbers will be mandatory for all Wasatch Mountain Club tours; leaders will not be obligated to take or be responsible for those skiers showing up without climbers. Don't object to this rule; this one simple piece of equipment is what takes the hard work out of touring. The lack of climbers can turn an otherwise simple and easy trip into an exhausting nightmare,



Cardiac Ridge--Typical of Scenery on Wasatch Ski Tours

by Alexis Kelner

insuring that the victim will never again return for another tour; he will be condemned to the lift lines forever.

Climbers are strips of plush or seal-skin fitted to the underside of the ski and held there by canvas straps and loops. They enable the skier to walk up incredibly steep slopes without slipping back. While they cannot be bought just anywhere, a quick check through Salt Lake sporting goods stores has shown that they are readily available. Wolfe's advises they will carry new synthetic (plush) climbers at \$14.95 a pair. Zinik's will carry sealskins; they are better than plush, but also a bit more expensive. Western Trading has surplus plush climbers at \$3.98 a pair, and advises that they will give a discount to club members. The Mountaineer has new synthetic (plush) climbers at \$12.95 a pair. Timberline Sports has the excellent Vinersa climbers at \$15.00 a pair, and will order any other type you may desire. Climbers can also be found at some of the ski areas, as well as mail order houses. The Seattle Co-op, for instance, has both sealskin and surplus plush climbers. One word of caution if you buy surplus climbers; many of them have been in storage over long periods of time, and have deteriorated and tear easily. They should either be reinforced with webbing or canvas, or backed up by a second pair. Climbers come in different sizes, so be sure you buy a pair that fit your skis, or be prepared to cut them down.

Although you can tour with any kind of ski bindings, cable heel fittings are most convenient. By adding an extra set of held down fittings near the ball of the foot, the cables can be released from their rear hooks to give the heel freedom to rise slightly. This makes touring much easier on the feet and legs. However, most toe bindings will need the help of a touring attachment to keep the toe in place. Marker has two types available. The Budget Tour Attachment sells for \$2.95 and will work with any kind of toe piece. The Stirrup Tour

Attachment is by far the best if you use a Marker toe piece; it sells for \$6.95. Many skiers find the Miller toe piece can be used without a touring attachment even when the cables are released, although the ski will feel very loose on the foot.

Additional equipment might include a small hiking rucksack or kidney "fanny" pack to carry your climbers, lunch and camera (you'll only take one tour without your camera). As you progress to longer tours, you may want to add other items such as first aid kit, flashlight, avalanche cord, spare gloves, etc...Incidentally, gloves with liners are more convenient than mittens, since they give you the ability to remove climbers at the top of your climb without having to remove your gloves. (It takes a long time to get those fingers warm again.)

Isn't it dangerous? This seems to be the primary concern of most potential ski tourers. They are, of course, thinking about the avalanche danger. There can be no denial that the avalanche is an every present threat, but it is not to be feared, only respected. With the most basic precautions, the danger of the avalanche can be minimized. For further information on avalanche formation, prevention and rescue, the reader is referred to The ABC of Avalanche Safety by LaChapelle, (\$.75), the Forest Service Booklet, Snow Avalanches (USGPO, \$.75), or the Manual of Ski Mountaineering, edited by David Brower (\$3.75), all available in local climbing shops and book shops.

Without question the greatest danger in ski touring comes from the human element. Lack of preparation, inadequate equipment, overestimating one's own stamina or ability, ignoring obvious danger signs, carelessness or even neglect; any one of these can lead to difficult and dangerous situations. It must be remembered that winter is the least forgiving of all seasons; what might be a minor incident in the summertime could easily turn out to be catastrophic in the winter. In ski touring there is no

substitute for lots of good, common sense, and no excuse for leaving home without it. Of course, common sense must be supported with some factual knowledge and experience; you can get that on the Basic to Intermediate ski tours. The matter of safety will be discussed repeatedly in Rambler articles throughout the season. Meanwhile, look ahead into the ski touring season; start planning now to participate in this, the best of all winter sports.



Ski Touring in the Wasatch
by Alexis Kelner

Timberline Sports Inc.

FOR SKIING

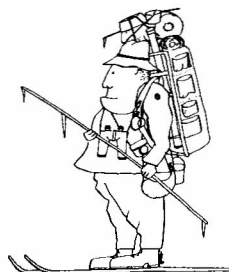
Ski parkas – Down
Dacron
Shells
Knickers & Socks
Accessories

-- TOURING

Climbing skins
Snowshoes & Packs
Down clothing

-- AFTER

Down booties
After ski shoes



2959 HIGHLAND DR
M-F 12-7, SAT 10-6

MOUNTAINEERING RAMBLINGS

by Dave Allen

This past month has been quite active, with club members climbing in many varied areas. In late August-early September Bill Conrod and Lenny Nelson visited Yosemite Valley. The climbs they did are too numerous to mention--all are some of the shorter Yosemite classics, such as Washington Column and the Salathe' route on Half Dome. They comment that Little Cottonwood Canyon climbs are great practice for the longer Yosemite climbs.

Bill and George Lowe put up a new route on West Bell, just to the right of the Beckey-Ream route. They say the pitches range from F6 to F8, and consist of face climbing, laybacking, and jamming. George and Ed Anderson also put up a grade IV on Middle Bell, between the Ellsworth-McQuarrie route and the Ream-Wilson route.

The club trip on the Grand Teton was successful. Twelve made the summit in good time via the Exum route on a beautiful, clear day. Camping was facilitated by being able to rent the hut at the Lower Saddle. Climbers were: R. Perla, P. Anderson, C. McClintock, J. McLellan, M. McKenzie, D. Holland, D. Allen, M. King, P. King, G. Kingsford, M. Townsend, and J. Daurelle.

The climbing on Labor Day was best described as relaxing. Climbs were one-day affairs. Some climbs done were: Nez Perce East Ridge by D. Allen and S. Swedlund, NW couloirs by R. Perla and party; Symmetry SW ridge by R. Weber and J. Reid; Baxters by Weber, Reid, D. Leining, P. Anderson, and others. Lowe, after much searching for a suitable partner, did the south buttress of Mt. Moran.

The experience climb of Sundial was a success, being climbed by two routes. Climbers were T. Stevenson, J. Daurelle, D. Leining, S. Swanson, J. McLellan, the King brothers, and D. Holland.

The above is just a brief potpourri of climbs among many. As fall goes on the climbs go lower - mainly into Little Cottonwood Canyon and Bell's Canyon.

Most of these climbs are severe, so proceed with care! Mountaineering is fun; stay alive to enjoy it.

The following were approved by the Senior Committee on Mountaineering as Mountaineers (or leaders, as noted): Steve Swanson (leader), Ron Weber (leader), William Conrod, Court Richards, Max Townsend, Sam Thomas (belated recognition).

BOULDERS OF LITTLE COTTONWOOD CANYON

by Dave Allen

Some may ask -- why a guide to boulders? Gemstones, yes. Mountains, yes. But why boulders? However, to the climber, the boulder has meaning. A good boulder or two is a valuable aid in the development of a climber's footwork. Moves are practiced that extend (and often over-extend) the climber's ability, preparing him for the crux pitch on a big climb. A rope should be used for an upper belay on the larger boulders.

Below is a brief guide to some of the boulders: (Refer to the map for location.)

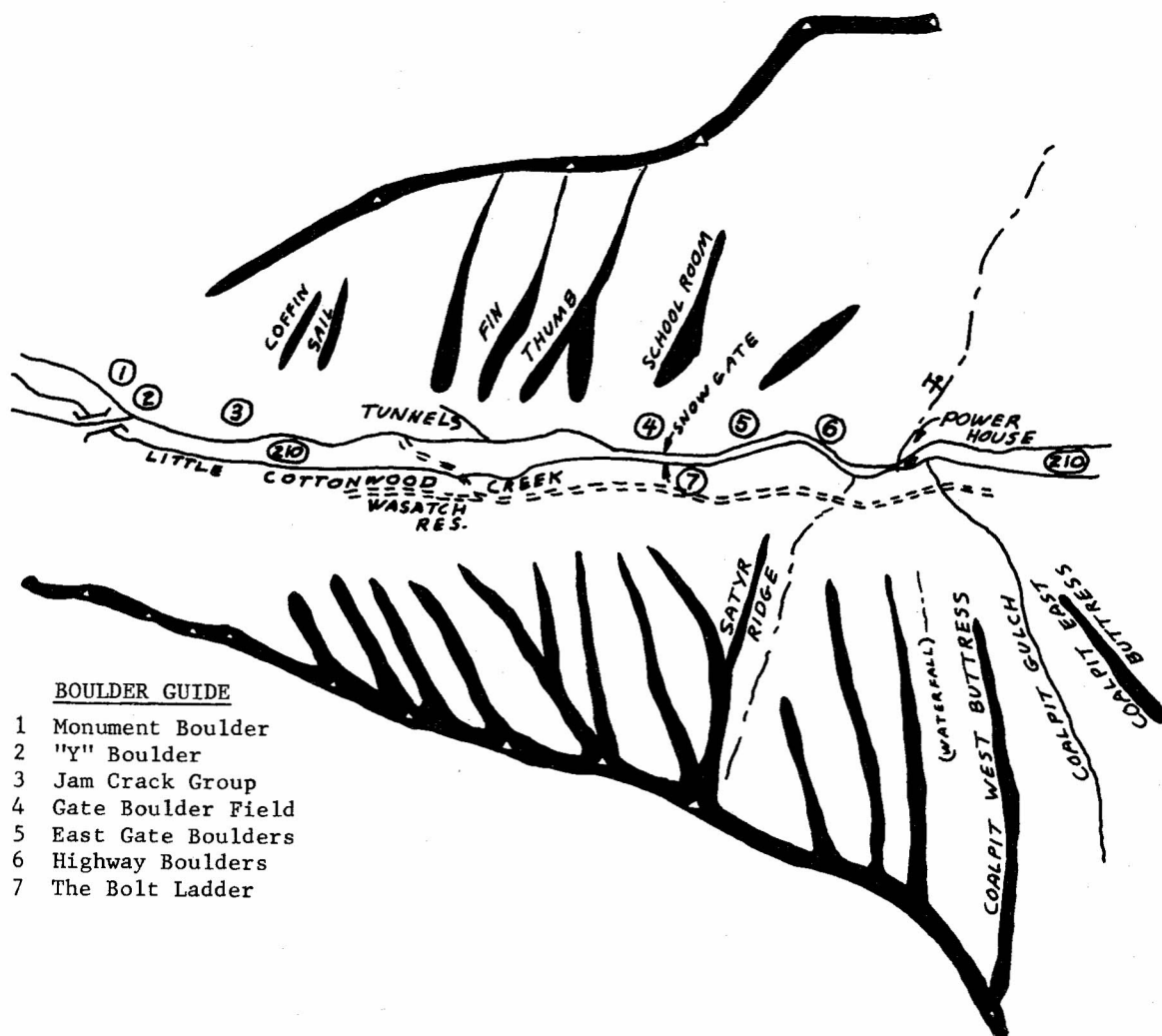
1. Monument Boulder: Consists of one monument and one boulder. Mantle practice on the monument. The boulder offers friction and mantle practice.
2. Y-Boulder: Two boulders. The east boulder has severe mantle practice on the road side and a hanging hand traverse on the east side.
3. Jam Crack Boulder: Located north of pipeline about 200 yds. or so east of Y-Boulder. The center jam crack is about 25 ft. high. The face offers delicate face climbing. Other boulders closer to the road in this group offer good friction, balance, etc.
4. Gate Boulder Field: This group of boulders offers a wide variety of practice. Face climbing on fine holds on the Big Boulder. Just north is an awkward chimney, then a layback-mantle route.

5. East Gate Boulders: Group of four main boulders. West boulder offers good friction. The two boulders about 100 yds. east have a good counter-force traverse, a friction traverse, and a hand traverse.

6. Highway Boulders: Two boulders, one on each side of highway just down from powerhouse, offer friction, balance, jam, layback, and mantle practice.

7. Bolt Ladder: On south side of creek. Park at gate and cross creek on pipeline. Go south on road past picnic shelter 50 yds. East side has friction route. West and north sides have delicate face climbing. South side has bolt ladder (hangers in place) up center and direct aid crack on left.

Note: ALL BOULDERS EXCEPT THOSE RIGHT ON THE HIGHWAY ARE ON PRIVATE PROPERTY.



BOULDER GUIDE

- 1 Monument Boulder
- 2 "Y" Boulder
- 3 Jam Crack Group
- 4 Gate Boulder Field
- 5 East Gate Boulders
- 6 Highway Boulders
- 7 The Bolt Ladder

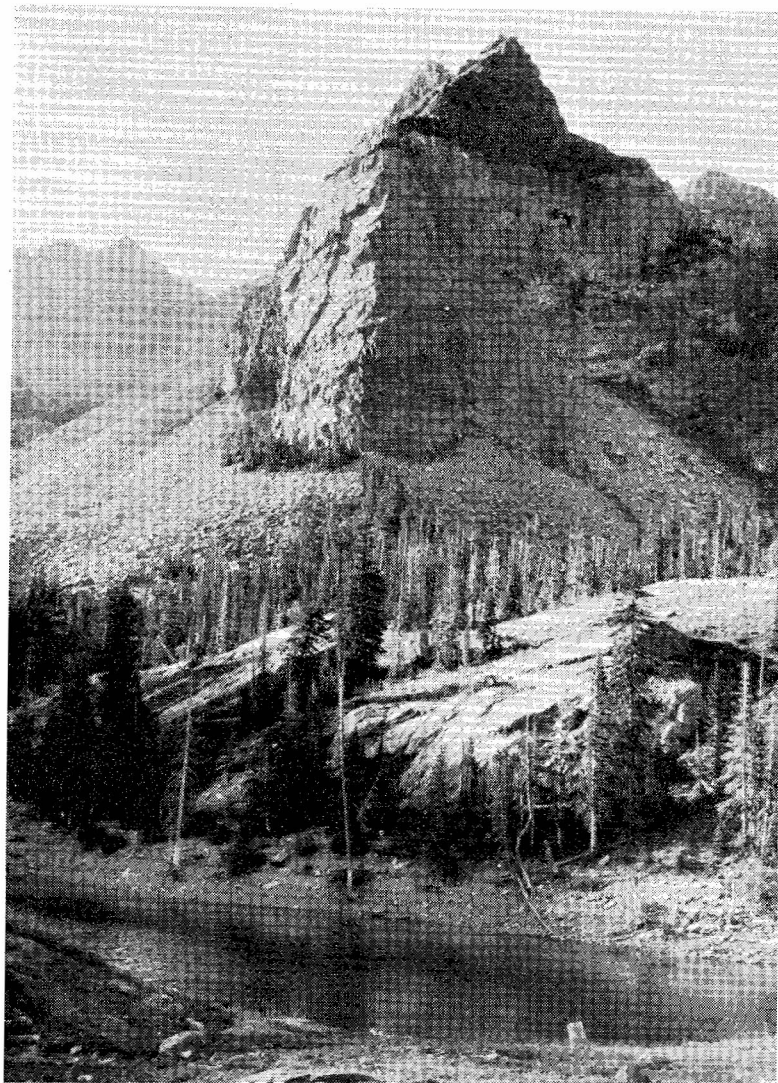
Map by Dave Allen

LAKE BLANCHE - July 30, 1966

by Art Whitehead

A small but eager group of hikers gathered together at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon on a Saturday morning ready to take advantage of the cool, clear mountain air of the Lake Blanche area.

We were a well-organized little band, even had our own chaplain in the person of Hugh Gillilan, minister of the First Unitarian Church.



We drove up the canyon to where the trail starts at the south fork of Mill B. We started up the trail, and making good time, arrived at Blanche within two hours. The rear section of the group made it an hour later. The water at Lake Blanche was low so we moved on to the second lake, Lillian. We decided on a nice spot for lunch. After lunch some of the group relaxed on the smooth rocks around the lake and some in it. After about an hour Mary Fisher (who is always on the

go) thought she would like to see the view from the top on Sundial, that big rock overlooking Lake Blanche. I told her I would join her, never having been up there myself. I then started looking for more climbers. When I asked, "Who would like to join us?", I either got blank looks or negative nods of the heads or more emphatic replies like Hugh's, "What! Climb all the way up there? You must be out of your head!" From that I assumed he didn't care to go.

We did get a party of four together and scrambled up and around the southeast side of Sundial. It was well worth the effort, and we were rewarded with a fine view of the three lakes and surrounding areas.

After a few minutes we started down and back to the city.

Hikers: Eugene Kucera
Mary Fisher
Janet Christensen
Hugh Gillilan
Yvonne Dehm
Guy Amundson
Art Whitehead, leader

Lake Blanche and the Sundial
by Art Whitehead

HIKING RAMBLINGS

by Pete Hovingh

There have been many walks this summer that the hiking director did not anticipate, but . . . other people showed up at the meeting place! All of these walks have been rewarding and left the "glad I went" feeling afterwards, though sometimes along with a few aches and pains. The first of these walks (10 July) was RED PINE-PFEIFFERHORN-BELL'S CANYON (also attended by Harold Goodro, Pat King, Mike King, Phyllis Anderson, and Max Townsend). Although there were rain, one thunder, and a corresponding lightning on Lightning Ridge, thanks to the persuasive powers of Harold Goodro, the thunder, lightning, and rain were stopped; and the descent of Bell's Canyon was made without further cause to worry (except some thought the walk was rather long).

A shorter walk (17 July) found several at SNAKE CREEK PASS, where, instead of climbing Mt. Majestic, we turned the other direction and followed the ridge, finally descending to Lake Martha.

Sarah Weller, her nephew, and Sharon Winburn also came along on the AMERICAN

FORK TWINS-WHITE PINE CANYON trip (23 July), falling and stumbling through the fragrant patches of lupine enroute. Sarah, having left her nephew at the bottom of the Twins, returned to Albion Basin through a heavy rainstorm. The remainder of the party continued to White Pine Canyon and the long, relentless walk down the road to the auto -- without a drop of rain. Guess someone needed a bath!

Labor Day weekend brought us to the DEVIL'S CASTLE (4 Sept.). It was a quick walk, although the ascent seemed to take all morning (also attended by Boone Newsom, Elmer Boyd, Ann Ruhmann, Orson Spencer, and Mary Fisher). The next day (5 Sept.) we labored up AMERICAN FORK TWINS via Baldy Mountain and the ridge (also attended by Elmer Boyd, Earl Mason, and Bob Mealiff). Several hours were spent sleeping at the top, and the return route brought us through a short gentle rain and snow.

All of these walks were enjoyable. If you do not know what to do and you find yourself not doing it -- take a walk!

NEW MEMBERS

Sheehan, Wm. & Norita	2880 S. 15th E., SLC, Utah 84106	484-7253
Mathews, Alvin C.	570 N. 1st W., SLC, Utah 84103	
Callahan, Thomas	2212 Lakeline Circle, SLC, Utah 84109	487-6314
Goldschmied, Fabio & Marie	3151 Teton Drive, SLC, Utah 84109	467-1815
Wadsworth, Leslie	127 S. 150 E., North Salt Lake, Utah	359-1408
Richards, Court	1355 Kristie Lane, SLC, Utah 84108	
Stringfellow, D. B.	537 E. 1200 N., Bountiful, Utah 84010	295-3656
Cassaday, Marva J.	1971 Douglas St., SLC, Utah 84105	466-5097
MacKenzie, Michael V. Jr.	1546 S. 15th E., SLC, Utah 84105	467-0408
Hanly, E. W.	2110 E. 6200 S., SLC, Utah 84121	278-3236
Hills, Lorin P.	257 S. 11th E., SLC, Utah 84102	328-1903
Lewis, F. Lyman	4205 Neptune Dr., SLC, Utah 84117	277-6816
Whisner, William N.	1164 E. South Temple, SLC, Utah 84102	322-7302
Mansfield, Lois	74 "O" Street, #4, SLC, Utah 84103	363-7094
Mason, Earl	6910 Greenfield Way, SLC, Utah 84121	278-0738
Dehm, Yvonne G.	3540 Oakview Dr., SLC, Utah 84117	277-9017
Jacobson, Jim & Ann	1125 E. 2nd S., #2, SLC, Utah 84102	322-2232
Collins, Ann L.	125 S. 11th E., #1, SLC, Utah 84102	

EUGENE KINGSFORD, 4458 S. 100 W., Ogden, Utah, was left off the membership list. Sorry, Gene!

PHYLLIS ANDERSON is our new Publicity Director, replacing ROBB RUSSON, who resigned.

WESTERN PARTY WONDERFUL, says everyone I've talked to about it. SARAH WELLER and LOUISE HOLLANDER, and all others who worked so hard to put on the party, should get a heck of a big pat on the back. Hope to have a write-up on the party next month.

Club Headquarters: 425 S. 8th W., Salt Lake City, Utah 84104
Telephone: 363-7150 Lodge at Brighton, Utah

DIRECTORS

CHARLIE KELLER, President487-7137
TOM STEVENSON, Vice President.....364-5268
BARBARA EVANS, Secretary.....484-7333
MAX TYLER, Treasurer.....277-3865
DAVE COOK, Boating.....355-4086
BILL VIAVANT, Conservation and Trails.....364-9684
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ROGER JACKSON, Lodge.....322-0751
DALE GREEN, Membership.....277-6417
DAVE ALLEN, Mountaineering.....278-0230
JACK McLELLAN, Publications.....277-7214
PHYLLIS ANDERSON, Publicity.....322-2310
GEORGE SMITH, Transportation.....484-9873

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, Inc.
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 dues (spouse, \$1.50).
The club 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: _____