



The Rambler

Official Publication of
THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

Salt Lake City, Utah

November 1968

CLUB ACTIVITIES FOR NOVEMBER 1968

Nov 2, 3
Sat., Sun.

SAN RAPHAEL SWELL - BUCKHORN WASH --
A pleasant drive among various sections of the San Raphael Swell. Some hiking is planned in the San Raphael Canyon to Buckhorn Wash on Saturday. A half-day hike is scheduled for the Dirty Devil narrows on Sunday morning. Some will be camping at the Wedge Overlook on Friday night. For more details, consult Pete Hovingh (days, 322-1565, ext. 245) for meeting time and transportation.

Nov 3
Sun.

PFEIFFERHORN VIA RED PINE LAKE --
Elevation, 11,326; rating, 10.0. This hike was scheduled in August but was canceled then because of bad weather. Imagine! Snow in August! If the ski season has not opened by this time, Harold Goodro (277-1247) will be the leader. Bring food, water, and warm clothing. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 7:30 a.m.

Nov 7
Thurs

EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK --
For the diehards. For the rest of you, come to the Hacienda and whoop it up.

Nov 10
Sun.

FERGUSON CANYON TO STORM MOUNTAIN --
Elevation, 9,524; rating, 9.0. This is another wonderful conditioning hike for the coming ski season. However, it requires intermediate ability. Some brush will be encountered so wear adequate clothing. Bring lunch and water and meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 a.m. Leader: John Riley (485-2567).

Nov 17
Sun.

NEW MEMBER SOCIAL -- Come to Bill and June Viavant's, 676 South 12th East, 7:30 p.m., to meet other new and prospective members, to find out about various Club activities, and to ask questions about the equipment needed. Primary emphasis at this party will be on hiking and backpacking. The December social will concentrate on ski touring; climbing and river-running will be highlighted in the spring. Snacks will be provided, buy your own beer or soft drinks. Register by Friday, November 15, by calling 364-9684 (Viavants).

NO ACTIVITIES
LISTED UNTIL

Nov 28 - Dec 1
Thurs - Sun.

TETON SKI TOURING -- Anyone interested in some scenic touring in the Tetons over Thanksgiving contact Dennis Caldwell (278-2100; office, 322-7664).

Dec 6
Fri

SKI TOURING SOCIAL -- At 7:30 p.m. This will be a good chance for the experienced and beginning enthusiasts for this sport to make new acquaintances and renew old ones on this eve of the 1968-1969 touring season.

On hand will be an assortment of touring equipment, a few color slides, and refreshments, along with plenty of free advice. Host: Dennis Caldwell, 4822 Fortuna Way (on what's left of Wasatch Blvd).

Dec 7
Sat.

BEGINNERS' SKI TOUR TO SNAKE CREEK PASS -- This is a short tour which starts from the top of the Mt. Majestic lift. The country around Brighton is quite charming and the terrain is relatively easy to negotiate. It will be an excellent opportunity to try out touring equipment and techniques. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 9:00 a.m. Leader: Milt Hollander (277-1416).

COVER PHOTO - of Carl Schwenk, just before he turned to fix a baleful eye on photographer Bob Bucher, at Alta last winter.

Mel Davis
Credit is due to ~~Gale Dick~~ for the photograph in last month's issue of the winners of the hippie awards.

THE RAMBLER MAILBAG --- Roy Keir

The Rambler mailing party for the October issue included editor Pat Dow, Susan Mickelsen, ace floater Karen Hancock, and Al Erdahl of the Sheriff's Jeep Posse. Many thanks. And some belated extra appreciation for Vivian Higginbotham, who held this job so long (with help from Ken and Grover).

We also owe a vote of thanks to Ellen Catmull, Barbara Brown, and Max Townsend for a major rework of the mailing list, supplying zipcodes, reducing duplications, updating obsolete addresses, and so on. There have been the inevitable casualties, but the one we are sorriest for is, you guessed it, Vivian.

Any other casualties? Don't kick, scream, fold, staple, or mutilate. Write a friendly letter or note, even a postcard will do, to Barbara Brown, giving your new zipcode, address, and the WMC password. And for pete's sake don't forget to include any change in phone number. This item is most often neglected.

(Editor's note: Bill Conrod dropped me this note about some WMCers who have earned some recognition for themselves and for the Club.)

Gale Dick, Dennis Caldwell, Alexis Kelner, and Bill Isherwood are in photos of mine published in the October issue of Western Ski Time magazine. Gale is

shown on the cover page with the Pfeifferhorn in the background. The Mountain Club's name is mentioned in the short article on Utah ski touring.

CLUB NEWS

by Dale Green

Hospitalized-Charlie Keller for spinal surgery.

Award-A \$5,000 Fellowship in Bio-engineering to Andy Schoenberg.

Engaged-Diana Hooten to Andy Schoenberg. Andy proposed on top of Mount Olympus.

New Babies-

Sharon & Dave Cook-boy-Daron

Ann & Phil Wennhold-girl--

Velma & George Smith-boy-David

Bud & Fern Reid-girl-Marsha

Deaths-O'Dell Peterson's father died July 30th.

Angie Thacker died recently. Angie and her husband Jack were active 4-5 years ago. Jack died 2 years ago.

Scotty Imber's father passed away recently.

CHURCH BUTTRESS

by Dave Allen

Church Buttress, named after the L.D.S. microfilm archives within it, is the first of the really large buttresses on the north side of the Little Cottonwood Canyon. Because of the archives located here, the church authorities are very sensitive about trespassing, particularly climbing. Consequently, the routes are described below for historical recording. The detail should be sufficient to locate the routes. We hope that most climbers

will respect the Church authorities' wishes on no trespassing since they do not protest about discreet passages on the other buttresses. (Fin excepted).

1. Tension Trap II F6 A1

First ascent by Larry Evans, Rich Ream, and Court Richards on April 6, 1964. The route starts on the smooth slab above the cement plant (west of the tunnels). Ascend the central crack system, following cracks that lead to the right (east) crack in the overhang. After nailing the overhang, follow the dominant crack for two more leads to the end of the climb.

1.1 Variation II F8 This variant allowed the first face ascent of the route by G. Lowe and W. Conrod. Very small hand holds on the left, or west, crack in the overhang allow the overhang to be passed. Some delicate laybacking and crystal traverses allow the regaining of the main route.

2. The McQuarrie Route III F8 A2

First ascent by George Low and Bill Conrod on 10/28/67. The route ascends thin cracks from the west tunnel of the microfilm storage vaults to the major crack system that soars up and right. This crack system was followed for four leads of continuous difficulty to the end of the climb. Descent was made by rappelling into the east couloir.

3. The Frolic I F5

First ascent by Dave Allen and Joel Bown on 10/28/67. The route starts from the east tunnel; ascend cracks and downsloping ledges (F5) up and west (left) for two leads. Scramble up an easy crack, then east on broad ledges for about 100 feet. Climb a moderate F5 jam crack, then ascend an F4 crack system to the end of the climb. Descend by rappelling into the east couloir.



I always did prefer gin on the rocks!

DAVIS GULCH

by Gale Dick

Davis Gulch is an adventure and a beautiful one. Drive down the Hole in the Rock road for

Davis Gulch is an adventure and a beautiful one. Drive down the Hole in the Rock road to the 50-mile point and walk from your car a little to the north-east. Soon you will find yourself, as we did, in a little gully that almost immediately becomes a slot. This slot is the ultimate Narrows. If it got any narrower, you couldn't go through it at all. It's no place for clothes that you care about or for shorts (as Jack McLellan now knows). What the rest of us lost from our pants Jack lost from his knees and shins. The slot is frequently so narrow that a pack must be removed and wrestled along before or behind. The footing is a narrowing crack, and the slot is usually not vertical so that you have to slide and grunt along between sloping grindstones. Variety is offered by the drop-offs, which involve chimneying down or simply dropping from a smooth (often bloodstained) chockstone into a pool of unknown depth. When the water comes to your armpits, you, at least, have the fun of watching the one behind you find this out for himself. There is a delicious element of suspense if you're not first in line since you can't see the coming difficulties - you can only hear the shrieks and groans. One finds his fantasy wandering toward flash-floods and estimates of how long he could maintain the chimney position a few feet above a boiling torrent. At one point I became uncomfortably aware of a dull, continuous roar. It wasn't a jet but rather the sound of eight packs rubbing along the slot walls. Unless you knew that June Viavant had, in fact, gone through, you would hesitate to get yourself into the

unreasonable, increasingly awkward predicament of the slot. It's about a mile long, is lots of strenuous fun, and is not to be recommended for the whole family. Packs are a considerable nuisance, but we didn't need a rope.

After the slot, the canyon widens out into a classic red sandstone paradise, and it's one of the best. We found water seeps and a stream in October of a wet year. There are two spectacular arches, a superb cavernous, inverted amphitheater, pictographs, and moqui steps. Glen Canyon isn't utterly dead: it's alive and in hiding in the side canyons of the Escalante. We walked to Lake Powell (Lake Cess-Powell according to Jack), the only dreary part of the canyon.

We found two different routes out that avoid reascending the slot. They climb opposite sides of the canyon near each other. The simpler of the two starts from an old corral on the northwest side of the canyon, a short way above a prominent rock wall on the northwest side of the canyon colored white from seeps in it. The other route had been discovered from the top by Nick Strickland and starts up across decayed moqui steps opposite this wall.

The walk back to 50-mile point across the Navajo sandstone petrified dunes is easy and full of surprises. Japanese gardens on islands of sand in rock hollows, great trays of polished pebbles set out evenly spaced as if for sale, a chain of 10 evenly spaced potholes like a negative necklace, a lovely narrow wash with scalloped walls that make it into a serpentine of machined perfection.

The combination of slot, canyon, and desert plateau makes this trip unusually satisfying. Go and see for yourself what all the fuss is about concerning a proposed Escalante wilderness area. Davis

Gulch will convert you. Let's not throw this region away as Glen Canyon was thrown away.

Those making the trip were June Viavant, Jack McLellan, Dick Snyder, Nick Strickland, David Daurelle, Hafty Hafterson, Jeremy Curtoys, and Gale Dick.

Concerning the Height of Mt Timpanogos

by Herbert Z. Lund

When I was a child, the height of Mt. Timpanogos was given as 11,987 feet. Later, to our immense pride, the maps listed the height as 12,000 feet. Now I read the startling news in the Rambler that the height is only 11,750 feet. The variation cannot be dismissed without an inquiry.

The immediate reaction of the scoffer may be as follows:

1. The members of the Wasatch Mountain Club do not know how to read their topographical maps; the figure 11,750 feet applies to the toe, not the thorax of the princess.

2. The map-maker is from Nephi, and would seize any opportunity to belittle Mt. Timpanogos and exalt Mt. Nebo.

3. Whereas the height of Mt. Whitney in California is expressed to the thousandths of a foot, triangulation in Utah, a more primitive state, still has a 2-per cent error.

4. Smog

5. The annual BYU hike is wearing the mountain down.

The scoffer is wrong for the following reasons:

1. Map reading is part of the qualifications of every member of the Wasatch Mountain Club, and, barring typographical errors on the topographical outlines, no misinterpretation could occur. Otherwise, why do so many climbers return safe and alive?

2. We accept that there is a friendly rivalry among the cities along the Wasatch Front, but no one would stoop to counterfeiting maps.

3. Triangulation in Utah is developed to a high degree. Even when I was a student at the University of Utah back in the 1920's, they were speaking freely of sines, cosines, and tangents, and I understand that in recent years the same is true at BYU.

4. There is an occasional morning when Timpanogas is clearly visible from the Point of the Mountain. Furthermore, even without the blessing of impending legislation, fogcutters are readily available.

5. The attenuation of a mountain from foot traffic is very slow. Incidentally, a more rapid form of erosion is caused by attempts to throw rocks into Emerald Lake from the summit.

I believe that there is an underlying significance to the expressed variation of the height of Mt. Timpanogos that has, until now, escaped detection. Let us accept the figures given as authentic, and accept that they apply to the thoracic part of the mountain. There is revealed a phenomenon simulating respiration and greatly enhancing the similarity of Timpanogos to a reclining princess. In fact, one can easily calculate the vital capacity of the princess, which, according to my arithmetic, comes out as 3,125,000 cubic feet.

The princess is not dead----she merely sleeps.

The Zion Narrows - Sept 28 - OR Where Was the WMC?

by Ann McDonald

Having been thwarted by rain on my last trip down to the Zion Narrows with the Wasatch Mountain Club in October, 1966, I decided that I would try to rendezvous with the Club on their trip this year. The fact that I am now temporarily removed from Utah heightened my desire to go.

The notice in the September Rambler was quite clear: weekend of Sept. 28 and 29-Zion Narrows trip.

So, I made my plans and recruited Pierre Natali, an Italian physician fresh over from Rome who is working in the lab here in La Jolla. We left La Jolla at approximately 2:30 p.m. on Friday and, after a brief stop in Las Vegas, arrived at the North Fork of the Virgin River at Chamberlin Ranch at around 2:00 a.m. The night was cold and crisp and nary a cloud was in the sky to mar the beauty of the milky way. This was, indeed, a pleasant change from Southern California. Sleeping bags were quickly unfurled, put down beside the fence, and crawled into. In what seemed like a few minutes, but must have been around 3 hours, I was awakened by headlights coming down the road. Two cars went by down the road toward the river. I found out later, when the two cars returned, that these were boy scouts getting an early start on the Narrows trip.

About an hour later, I got up and the first thing I noticed was that many

of the trees had turned color and were exhibiting full autumn foliage. This phenomenon persisted for most of the trek, but as we neared and entered the park itself, the foliage had not yet turned. The colors were really a welcome change from the almost monotonous sameness of the flora in Southern California. I then became aware that we were not alone at our camp site. The Yergensens had camped here also and assured us that the Club was on their way, and that two groups would be descending the river--one to go through in 1 day, and one to go thru in 2 days--and that there would be cars on the other end to shuttle people back. Well, by 8:30 a.m. no one else had showed up, and Pierre and I decided to leave my car there and get going down the river.

After we had been on the trail for about an hour, high clouds started drifting in from the north; and within another hour the sky was completely overcast with very high clouds. Needless to say, this caused me some concern, but the sun broke through occasionally, and there never seemed to be any real threat of rain. However, we did tighten up our pace a bit and by 12:00 noon we were at the confluence of the North Fork of the Virgin River and Deep Creek. We tarried a while here, had lunch,

poured the sand out of our shoes, and surveyed the canyon, the sky, and a large carrot on a rock left by a previous party. The canyons were really magnificent, and my only regret is that we were not able to make the trip in a more leisurely manner. By 2:30 p.m. we had overtaken the boy scouts, and at 3:30 p.m., we entered the Temple of Sinawava. Our total time for the hike was about 7 hours. At no time did we experience any difficulties, but on one occasion, I stepped into a silt bed that sucked my leg in above the knee. I extracted myself rapidly and kept a sharp eye out for similar hazards.

Now that we had gotten through the Narrows, the next big problem was traversing the 30 or so miles back to the car. We had passed a ranger naturalist on the paved trail to the Narrows as we were hiking out, and when he returned, we accosted him with our plight. He took us to the visitor center and called the chief ranger, who gave me the names of several people who might drive us back to the North Fork. In the meantime, Barbara Lund, a full-time ranger naturalist at the park, was listening to our sad story about how the Wasatch Club pooped out on us, and she offered to take us back to the car when she came off duty. Evidently, her sympathy and good will was nurtured by a recent similar experience when she and another hiker were stranded about 40 miles from civilization, having forgotten to bring along the car keys. In this instance, a fisher-

man was the angel of mercy. Fortunately, this experience was still fresh enough in her mind to allow her to commiserate with us and offer us aid. We got back to the car around 7:00 p.m. and noticed three or four cars parked at the end of the road along with our car. The Yergensen's car was there, but all the others had Nevada license plates. I'd still like to know what happened to the WMC.

That night we went into Springville, and had a great trout dinner at Grandma's. Late that night a small thunderstorm went through, but nothing like the one that occurred on the trip 2 years ago. By morning the sky was overcast, but the sun broke through frequently. We hiked around the park a bit, looked at every Utah car for a familiar face, and left about noon for California. The trip home was interrupted by a side trip and tour of Hoover Dam. This tour was complete with the most intense statistical bombardment I've ever heard. For several hours thereafter, my head was swimming with thoughts of millions of tons of concrete, millions of acre-feet of water, and millions of kilowatt hours, etc. Conspicuous by its absence was mention of evaporation or rate of silt deposit. Oh well, so goes the mind of a conservationist.

At any rate, it was a fine trip, but I did miss seeing some WMC friends. Hope to see some of you when I come up for skiing this winter.

FOR SALE

Two almost new (used only part of last winter) snow tires in excellent condition. Size 700 x 13 (Volvo). Will sell for best offer. T. Q. Stevenson, 486-8612

MYSTERY OF BOUNTIFUL PEAK

The story you are about to read is true. One name has been omitted to protect the guilty.

The date is hazy, but about 1960, a company of Utah National Guardsmen held summer encampment in a lightly wooded area below the east face of Bountiful Peak in Utah. The event is noteworthy because Harold Goodro, known to most of you as a mountain climber par excellent, was First Sergeant in that company. The event is also noteworthy because Bountiful Peak was climbed by a member of that company, but not by Harold Goodro. Therein lies the tale.

The Guardsmen labored up Farmington Canyon in their trucks, cut deep ruts in the creek as they crossed it to a campsite, erected elaborate latrines, and patronized faithfully a trailer full of refreshments parked near the creek. It is not recorded whether the level of the creek rose or fell during those two weeks. Occasionally a figure tottered from the officers' tent to the latrines, but, for the most part, Sergeant Goodro, impeccably attired in starched fatigues, directed the doughboys. Life in camp settled down to a bearable, if not happy, routine. Because the site was remote, departures could be controlled and attendance remained quite stable.

--Except for one doughboy. Him we must call Private X. To begin with, he disliked the smelly tent in which the fighting men slept nose to toes. His affinity for fresh air by the second night had led him to a spot under a distant pine, where he pitched his sleeping bag. Imagine the feelings of this nature lover the following morning, when he awoke to peer

into the eyes of two curious deer. Through this event his infatuation with nature became all-consuming. Is it any wonder that the rattle of distant pans did not stir in him any great appetite for the breakfast served by mess cooks?

Instead of trying to sneak past the watchful eye of Goodro, Private X resolved to explore the creek to its source. He stored his sleeping bag out of sight, detoured around the camp as though it bore the plague, and hiked uphill along the creek bank.

Anyone who has explored the area can vouch for the thickness of the underbrush as the walls close in about the creek. But our protagonist pressed on, unmindful of scratches, scraped knees, and empty stomach. At last the creek disappeared into a snowfield, and Private X found himself looking up toward Bountiful Peak.

Infatuation - some call it incest - with nature is not so easily cooled as when one is attached to a mere mortal. When our hero saw the peak, his course of action was obvious. As he clawed and slipped his way up through the snowbanks, his eyes were glazed with rapture. The view upward was merely exhilarating; the view downward was glorifying. Below him was the camp, and Goodro's men, now ant size, were performing the everyday menial tasks incumbent on an army in the field. It would make a good story to say that our hero was buzzed by a spotter airplane or a helicopter, but no such disturbance intruded on his lofty pursuit. Instead, he was the victim of the most awful kind of tragedy. He became hungry. The higher he climbed, the hungrier he got. If an Arctic Circle had been as close as the mess tent, he'd never have made it halfway up the peak. With the mess tent as the focal point of his salvation, he made it most of the way to the top, from which we may deduce that the available food had almost equal powers of repulsion and attraction. At any rate, the hero turned back somewhat short of his objective, unrequited infatuation his fate.

The Company's morning report for that particular day does not list any parties absent without leave. We cannot suppose that Private X was issued permission to climb the mountain in the middle of a combat zone or that he slipped through the impregnable camp security. We have to suppose that if his expedition took place

at all, it was part of a secret mission undertaken with the consent of Sergeant Goodro. Consequently, we are left with a mystery on our hands because Sergeant Goodro has left no record of having sent anyone to the top of Bountiful Peak. We can only speculate as to the purpose of this dangerous mission.



she decided she had had enough exercise for the morning to put off the last drowsiness of Friday night, and turned back.

In the area east of Raymond, our pleasant hike was disturbed somewhat by several hunters with gasoline bikes noisily puttering along the trail. Arriving at the saddle above the spring, Mary, Sandy, and Bill waited while the remaining hikers tackled the short, but rewarding, summit of Raymond. On the way, we encountered Charlie Keller, ex-president of the Club, back in town for several months, and also one of our eagerest climbers Sara Weller. Charlie had slept out at the spring overnight, and Sara had been ahead of us on the trail in the morning.

MT. RAYMOND and BAKER SPRING

by Lyman Lewis

After spotting several cars up Millcreek Canyon, we drove up Big Cottonwood to the start of the Baker Spring trail. Six stalwart hikers eagerly jockeyed for position as we started out on a beautiful, but brisk, Saturday morning. In one hour we had surmounted the Mill A Ridge Overlook. At this point, Barbara's cheerful chatter faded into the background as

After lunch at the spring and a pleasant walk down the north slope enjoying all the autumn foliage, we met John Mildon, who had come up the trail to thoughtfully lead us by a shortcut to his cabin. There we were joined by his wife, Helen, and Louise Hollander. We all enjoyed refreshments, a pleasant chat, and shortly broke up.

The hikers were Sandy Windstrom, Mary Thomas, Bill Pilar, Ted Thaxton, Barbara Heath, Chuck Mays, Charlie Keller, Sara Weller, Lyman Lewis, and host and hostess John and Helen Mildon.

Mid-August Blizzard Run

by LeRoy Kuehl

On the grey morning of August 18, six indefatigable Mountain Club members, mostly dropouts from the defunct King's Peak and Pfeifferhorn trips, met to try their luck on the American Fork Twins. The trail leading up out of Albion Basin was mud-covered from several days of rain and snow; long crystals of ice floated in the turbid puddles along the way. Shortly, we were walking through patches of snow

which, as we approached the summit of Baldy, coalesced to one unbroken white sheet, drifted in places to a depth of a foot or more. A strong wind near the summit caused us to pause and break out our parkas, caps, and gloves. The peaks surrounding us were now overhung with black, threatening cloud masses through which an occasional shaft of light made its way. As we reached the summit of Baldy, snow flurries had begun to swirl around us, driven by the ever-increasing wind. After signing the register, we six defatigable Mountain Clubbers abandoned our original goal and made our way back down Baldy in a mid-August snow-storm of mounting intensity. On the hike were Jim Baggott, Fred & Eveline Bruenger, Shelly Hyde, LeRoy Kuehl, and John Riley. We were joined for part of the return trip by Milt Hollander and his son.



OPPORTUNITY TO JOIN USSA (presumably the United States Ski Association)

For only \$3.00, WMC members can join USSA and enjoy over \$200.00 worth of benefits, to wit:

FREE SKI LIFT PASSES - good anytime at Mt. Empire, Eagle Rock, Clear Creek, Brian Head except December 23 - January 2; good anytime beginning Easter at Park City and Alta; buy one and get one free at Pine Basin, Timp Haven except weekends, holidays, and Christmas week.

50-PERCENT DISCOUNT ON A DAY PASS - good anytime at Taylor Mt., Bear Gulch; good anytime beginning January 2 at Park City West; good except weekends and holidays beginning January 2 at Skyline Ski Area, Pomerelle Ski Area, and Snow King; good anytime beginning January 5 at Jackson Hole; good anytime except weekends, holidays, and Christmas week at Brighton Ski Bowl and Beaver Mt.; \$1.50 discount on a day pass beginning January 2, except weekends and holidays, at Snow Basin. (How about a bunch of you skiers joining and getting up a bus trip to these resorts at

the appropriate time. You could retire the bonded indebtedness of the bus!)

WESTERN SKI TIME MAGAZINE - seven issues, starting in October, for the special reduced price of \$1.00.

REDUCED PRICES ON SKI LESSONS - at three resorts at special times only.

FREE MOVIES - at the Orpheum, Ogden; Sunset Drivein, Pocatello; Lyric, Towne, Ute, Highland, Redwood, Valley Vu, Auditorium, OR Geneve, Salt Lake City.

FREE PIZZA - at Pizza Inn, SLC; Restaurant Capri, SLC; Ye Olde Pizza House and Inn, Ogden.

DISCOUNTS - at Trail Sports Center, Hollywood Beauty College, Morgan Jewelers, Wolfe's - all in SLC; various other stores in Idaho and Utah; and your big opportunity to get an \$11.75 Ramada Inn room for only \$7.00.

For these tremendous bargains - all for only \$3.00 - or for more information, send money and name, address, and zip code to your membership director, 676 South 12 East SLC 84102.

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CONSERVATION

by June Viavant

Five members of the conservation committee spent a week during September conducting a survey of the area that the Club is proposing for wilderness preservation. We covered the entire periphery of the proposed area by car and hiked or backpacked into it at seven different points. With customary WMC enthusiasm, we raced around, seeing the country all day long and finished off most of the days cooking and eating by flashlight. We also held endless discussions about conservation (subject: relative merits of burying or burning toilet paper; conclusion: someone had to invent TP that disintegrates within 30 days.) We also laid plans for publishing a brochure that has been absorbing all our spare time since then. It should be ready for distribution by late November. Jack McLellan has done most of the work on this.

We are shortly going to be in need of steady and occasional volunteers (primarily on Thursday nights) to help

with mailings, to write letters, to help build a display, to staff a speaker's bureau, to help raise money - you name your particular talent and we'll use it! If you can help, let any of us know: June Viavant, 364-9684; Jack McLellan, 277-7214; Nick Strickland, 364-1568; or Dick Snyder, 322-2310.

Also, we are trying to collect as much information as possible about the entire Escalante-Water Pocket Fold area: access, ecology, sources of water, roads, mineral development, etc. If you have been on any of the back roads, hiked into the area, or anticipate going there, please phone June Viavant (364-9684) and participate in our ongoing wilderness survey.

Finally, those of you with anywhere from \$1.00 to \$1,000 to spare, please make a special Escalante contribution to the WMC Conservation Fund (care of headquarters, 425 South 8th West, or c/o our treasurer, Max Tyler, 3808 South 1915 East, SLC 84106.



But Hector, I don't think you appreciate my problem!

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WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

425 South 8th West, Salt Lake City, Utah 84104 Phone: 363-7150

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: _____ (date). I agree to abide by all rules and regulations of the club as specified in the constitution and by-laws and as determined by the Board of Directors.

Name (printed) _____ Recommended by

Signature _____ Member:

(If spouse membership, please include name of _____

spouse (printed) _____ Director:

and signature _____.)

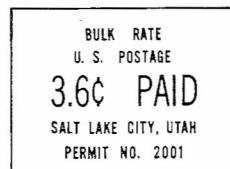
Address _____

City _____ State _____ (Effective 1 Sept

Zip Code _____ Phone _____ through 31 Dec 68)

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

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RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED



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