

# The Rambler

*Official Publication of*

THE WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

Salt Lake City, Utah

September 1969



# CLUB ACTIVITIES FOR SEPTEMBER 69

REGISTRATION INFORMATION: Registration is not required for local, one-day outings unless otherwise mentioned. However, by registering with the leader you will be notified if the trip is cancelled. All outings generally leave the meeting place within 15 minutes of the scheduled meeting time. Register for bus-boat trips\*with the leader only by sending a deposit to the address listed. Leaders cannot register anyone without a deposit.

THURSDAY EVENING SOCIALS AT STORM MTN.: In conjunction with the climbing group at Storm Mtn., the club has socials every Thursday evening of June, July, and August at the Storm Mtn. picnic ground. The Schoenbergs have kindly volunteered to provide beer and hamburgers at cost for these affairs which run from about 6 till 9. Come and watch the climbers climb and climber-watchers climber-watch.

## WANTED: PARTY PEOPLE

Party season is almost upon us; the club normally has a Western Party in September, a Halloween Party, a Christmas Party, and a Nomination Banquet in January or February. All members who would like to help plan these events, or liven things up by introducing new types of parties are implored to contact Noel de Nevers-- 363-1307 and join the partycommittee.

Sept. 4                      EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MTN.  
Thurs.

Sept. 6                      TOKEWANNA PEAK Elev. 13,175 Rating--about 13. This is strictly  
Saturday                      a reconnaissance trip to see how feasible this peak is for a one-  
day hike as it is about a 4,000 ft. climb. Tokewanna is 5 miles  
north of the main Uinta Crest on the Black Fork drainage. Meet  
at 5 a.m. at Warshaws - 33rd East and 33rd South. Leader:  
Dale Green 277-6417.

Sept. 11-14                      CATARACT CANYON RIVER TRIP. ADVANCED. Leaders: Del Wiens  
Thurs to Sun.                      (2967 Warr Rd., SLC 84109--487-2584) and Gerry Powelson  
(590 North 3rd East; American Fork, Utah 84003--1-756-3004).  
This is the exciting trip of the year and is open to those who  
have had experience on two of the following club trips: Lodore,  
Main Salmon, Middle Fork of the Salmon, or Westwater. Fee:  
about \$32.00.

Sept. 11                      EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MTN.  
Thurs.

Sept. 13                      BELL'S CANYON, THUNDER MOUNTAIN BOWL. Rating--approx. 10.0  
Saturday                      Hike, scramble, or climb--take your choice--in the expanses of  
the Thunder Mountain Bowl. Meet at the mouth of Little Cotton-  
wood Canyon at 7:00 a.m. Leaders: Harold Goodro 277-1247 and  
Dale Green 277-6417.

- Sept. 14  
Sunday  
LAKE DESOLATION FROM BRIGHTON Elev. 9,200. Rating 5.0  
No high peak to conquer, just a meandering early fall hike.  
This is a good family trip for those who have done some hiking  
this season. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at  
7:30 a.m. If any are interested in a variation or extended  
hike contact leader Milt Hollander 277-1416.
- Sept. 18  
Thurs.  
EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MTN.
- Sept. 20  
Saturday  
MT. WOLVERINE CIRQUE FROM BRIGHTON LODGE Elev. approx 10,000  
Rating approx 4.0. A moderately easy hike in a very scenic  
area. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:00 a.m.  
Leader: Shelly Hyde 363-9564
- Sept. 20, 21  
Sat. & Sun.  
The lodge will be open. A host is needed. Please call  
364-8982.
- Sept. 21  
Sunday  
PFEIFFERHORN VIA RED PINE LAKE. Elev. 11,326 Rating 10.0  
A favorite of many members because of the magnificent view  
from the summit and the beauty of Red Pine Canyon. Anyone  
wishing a pleasant 4.5 hike can stop at Red Pine Lake. Meet  
at mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 7:00 a.m. Leader:  
Charley Swift 277-2267.
- Sept. 23  
Tuesday  
It's Zion Narrows time again. This is one of the Club's most  
popular fall hikes of intermediate difficulty. For all those  
who want to go on this hike for the first time and those plan-  
ning to go to the Kolob Finger area there will be a slide show  
at Fred Bruenger's, 2590 Yermo Ave., 7:30 p.m. 485-2639  
So, look at some beautiful slides and then come along on any  
one or both of the hikes--Oct. 4-5 and Oct. 11-12.
- Sept. 25  
Thurs.  
THURSDAY EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MTN.
- Sept. 27  
Saturday  
"THAYNE" PEAK Elev. 8,656 Rating 5.0 This peak is unnamed on  
the map. It is between Porter Fork and Thayne Fork in Mill  
Creek Canyon and should be an easy, pleasant autumn color hike.  
Meet at the north end of the Olympus Shopping Center parking  
lot 39 South and Wasatch Blvd. at 8:30 a.m. Leader: Dale  
Green 277-6417
- Sept. 27  
Saturday  
WESTERN PARTY. Relive the tradition of the Olde West; revel  
in history. Join us at the WMC lodge for the Club's annual  
donning of Western garb and character. Gaming tables, enter-  
tainment, snacks, and mixers included in the admission price  
of \$1.75 (\$2.25 for non-members). Do BYOL with your nametag  
for bar service. Call 278-0230 or 277-0816 for reservations by  
Thursday, Sept. 25.

Sept. 28  
Sunday

DOG LAKE Rating approx. 4.5 Chuck has found a super-easy route from Millcreek Canyon with a grade so moderate its almost like downhill. A good family or beginner's hike. If some want the through trip out Butler's Fork contact the leader. Meet at the school at the top of 33rd South at 8:00 a.m. Leader: Chuck Mays 322-6600.

Oct. 4  
Saturday

WHITE BALDY FROM SILVER LAKE. (American Fork) Elev. 11, 321 Rating 7.5 After leaving fish-infested Silver Lake you suddenly feel you are in a wilderness area. We hike and scramble over granite most of the way to the summit. Some may wish the through trip down White Pine to see the results of the huge avalanche of last winter. Meet at Draper-Riverton Freeway Exit (turn right) at 7:00 a.m. Leader: Dick Bell 254-4555

Oct. 4, 5  
Sat. & Sun.

ZION NARROWS. Time to dig out your wading shoes for our annual slosh into Zion's back entrance. If you haven't done this one don't miss it. The magnificence of this narrow, deep, sandstone walled canyon is difficult to describe. This is an 18-mile hike from Chamberlein's Ranch down the Virgin River to the Temple of Sinawava in the main Park area. You can--if you are in shape--hike through in one day, or take your pack and stay overnight at the "cave". If there is enough interest another group may also go through Orderville Canyon. We'll leave from the Ice Plant Friday Oct. 3, 7:00 p.m. sharp!

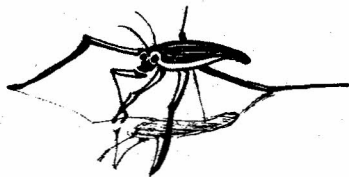
Register by Sept. 29. You are not registered until you have paid your trip fee of \$13.00 or a minimum of \$5.00. As a new arrangement anybody cancelling after Sept. 29 will loose his minimum down payment of \$5.00. Leader: Fred Bruenger 2590 Yermo Ave. 485-2639

Oct. 4,5  
or 11, 12  
Sat. Sun.

Climbing reconnaissance trip to the Ruby Mountains in Nevada. Hikers and other curiosity seekers welcome.

Oct. 11, 12  
Sat. & Sun.

KOLOB FINGERS. If you have seen Pat King's slides of the Kolob Finger and La Verkin area you will not want to miss this trip. It offers a variety of possibilities ranging from a backpack trip to Bear Trap or Willis Canyon with an overnight stay at a spring near Hop Valley to exploration of the almost-untouched Finger area and the Taylor Creeks. For information call leader Fred Bruenger 485-2639.



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# WAMPAC GREEN RIVER

by Beth Nelms

The whole trip had its auspicious beginnings under a sunny sky and an on-time departure. After a brief stop in Heber we arrived in the Park for a few hours' sleep before putting in the Yampa.

Breakfast was quite an interesting affair due to the fact that the cooking utensils were sleeping with the Natolis and MacNamaras in the campground a few miles away. However, WMC ingenuity was hauled out and tiny pancakes were adroitly flipped with two knives by Sandy Matsuura and Dottie Byrne. After the boats were inflated and all the gear stashed and the cars shuttled to the correct places, we put in the river about noon. As the Ranger was checking our permits, he revealed his extensive knowledge of his territory by cautioning us that "Warm Springs is treacherous and to watch out for Hell's Half Mile". Should someone tell him that Hell's Half Mile is in Lodore Canyon?

After a few hours of leisurely paddling along and shouting various words of encouragement to our three attending kayacks we pulled over to catch up and rest a little. Gerry Powelson decided to change boats and showed us his water-walking talents. He was doing great but that big hole was unscheduled and the walk ended a little damply when he went in right over his head.

We ran Tepee but decided to make camp just above Little Joe. After a great dinner of spaghetti and a spectacular hike up a side canyon by a few of us, we all turned in for a good night's sleep. It was delightful to sleep under the full moon away from the city noise and smells.

Saturday was christened by our running Little Joe and we dried out by drifting along enjoying the sunshine and scenery and the serenades by Gerry P. and his travelling troubadors. About noon John MacDuff proclaimed that we would be at Warm Springs in "three minutes" whereupon we would run the rapids and stop for lunch. We paddled, drifted, and paddled some more and drifted some more and nearly two hours later finally heard the roar of Warm Springs. We scouted the rapids and most of us decided to run them. There was a large group of kids on the river from East High School in Denver and they were watching our departures and progress thru the rapids. Mary Wiens lost her balance and fell out of her boat as it was being launched, and was dutifully warned by some of the kids that "it gets worse farther on!" Warm Springs was accomplished with little trouble, and we all got out, dried out, ate lunch, and prepared for a more leisurely afternoon. It was pointed out that there was one more little rapid named Maytag a little way downstream, but we all shrugged it off--Hahn't we just negotiated Warm Springs with no trouble?

The Shana Dee was proceeding nicely but proved that the preferred position for taking a big rapid is NOT sideways by flipping upside down and dunking all her passengers. It gave Cal Giddings quite a scare from 30 yards downstream to see the boat on its top and not a body in sight. Closer scrutiny revealed the entire crew intact and swimming on the up-river side. After about a mile's swim the boat was righted, the crew was ~~wrung~~ out (Marilyn Latham had been "rescued" by some of the Denver kids and threatened with kidnapping until she revealed that she was a high school math teacher which promptly produced her release ) and we proceeded to Jones Hole: The crew of the Shana Dee were most grateful for the warm fire provided by the kayackers who had arrived early to build it for us. A check was made and the only casualties were found to be a couple of shirts, a pair of sunglasses, a pipe, and one right contact lens. Ernie's guitar had suffered no wounds and he provided us with a serenade while another good dinner was prepared.

Sunday morning was easy going and the boredom of Island Park was alleviated by

a great water fight with another group on the river. In Split Mountain the Ranger had cautioned that Engleby's Rock could not be taken over the top but one boat disproved that theory by taking it over the top. Of course, not everyone made the full trip-Janette Blycher flew out midway but was retrieved wet in body, but not in spirit.

We quickly packed our gear, ate lunch in Vernal, and slept our way home to a before-sundown arrival. We were safe, sound, and sunburned. All agreed that the trip could be summed up by one comment-- "Good company, good food, and a good river run."

The participants of the trip were: Jim & Dorothy Byrne; Marilyn Latham; Beth Nelms; Janette Blycher; Jean Pilgrim; Oliver & Barbara Richards; Barbara Brown; Ed Cook; Betty Bottcher; Max Tyler; John MacDuff; Steve & Sandy Matsuura; Cal Giddings; Gary Haltmeyer; Karin Dahlgren; Max & Susan Reese; Ernie Partridge; Ellen Catmull; Stewart Ogden; Niel & Marla Natoli; Patsy & John MacNamara; George & Mary Wiens.

# TIMPANOGOS X TIMPOONAKE

by Yenta Kaufman

As we left Point of the Mountain "escaping" to the hill, the gentle, rosy-bottomed cumulous clouds turned bright gold, hardly ominous. At the ranger station there was a necessary car ferrying to accomodate the North peak hikers while the rest of us started on a trail deep in luxuriant foliage including brilliant orange paintbrush, purple lupin, waxen columbine, and many unidentified varieties of yellow flowers. (Carl and Elmer: Help!) We were enjoying the insistent bird calls and fragrance of invigorating pine

when a startled grouse waddled a few distraught steps. Then, like an airborne spotted chicken, she took to a nearby tree with a soft whirring of wings. About a mile up the trail there was a dramatic surprise across a ravine...huge cascading Scout Falls which continued in view as we made frequent switchbacks until we passed into an upland meadow. Snowfilled but strewn with an incredible array of tree trunks and branches, it appeared to have been the victim of a giant temper tantrum. Avalanches had converged from two directions, one leaving a swath of denuded trees

on one hillside, the other having rushed down a very steep, still very snowpacked couloir. This, Tom took one look at, and eyes gleaming, nostrils quivering and feet pawing, was immediately up and away on, closely followed by John and guest from New York, Dick Rose. All three soon became small figures as they traversed above. The rest of us proceeded more conventionally when the trail wasn't obliterated by snow.

When the sun finally spilled over protecting mountains, we were relieved by frequent cloud coverings, especially welcome on the steep snow traverses. Soon we reached the huge magnificent cirque, almost snow walled, except for the upper areas. Here the couloirists and northpeakers had converged, claiming to have rested an hour. (How could they? Their snow prints were still warm!) At a point some 2000 feet lower than the south peak, Dick led his group on to the north, while the rest followed Fred to the south across a ridge and rocky new trail. Switchbacks made for an easy ascent to the summit and abundant clumps of white alpine phlox relieved the stark rock. The last of us were on top by 11:30 while to the north storm clouds unleashed occasional sheets of rain.

The most knowledgeable club mountaineers claim that Timp has the most Alpine scenery in the area via either trail, both of which rate superlative. But in addition is the spectacular summit view of the verdant Heber and Provo valleys, each with its great reflecting body of water and distant muted mountains. After enjoying valley vistas of mid-summer's lush greens, we looked straight down. Two thousand feet below, Emerald Lake, still imprisoned by winter, gleamed like a teacup-sized turquoise in a solid setting of snow. Although the sun shone overhead, parkas came out of knapsacks along with lunches. Milt produced a huge container of

luscious Bing cherries with a most gracious invitation: "Please help me eat them; otherwise, I'll have a serious problem." We did, and he didn't.

The clouds looked a bit closer and menacing so Tom, Milt and Dail left for the glissading route to Emerald Lake. The rest of us rushed down the trail after Flying Fred, who was soon back in the snow offering an expert crash course in glissading using a stick in lieu of ice ax. One person had difficulty in standing very long, literally falling back on the old technique, but often flipping over into a graceless frontal glissade, not only thoroughly enjoying this inept locomotion but claiming that there's nothing like a pint of snow packed onto a navel to keep one cool! In the lower cirque we watched the "lake" trio emerge, negotiate a large cornice, then gracefully glissade on down a long snowfield to soon rejoin us. The remainder of the descent was a fast frolic. As the storm never materialized, there were frequent stops at the shady springs at lower elevations and a relaxing rest to enjoy Scout Falls.

Meanwhile, back on North Peak, they were not having the easy descent that snow and trail had offered the others, but only very difficult scree on the exposed western slopes. Dick reported that only about two pages of names were listed in the register, so it isn't climbed often. We stopped at the convenient Timp. cave refreshment stand before returning to the summer in the city of salt.

Northpeakers: Leader; Dick Bell, Bruce Christenson, Gerhard Hentschel, William King, Leroy Kuehl.

Southpeakers: Leader: Fred Bruenger, Eveline Bruenger, Milt Hollander, Dail Ogden, Dick Rose, Tom Stevenson, John Sutton, Jean Torreyson, Yenta Kaufman.

# MT. SUPERIOR

by Chuck Mays

I like rock scrambling. And I remembered that it's a rocky way from Alta to Mt. Superior. So, that's why I went on the hike of Aug. 2, 1969. But this year I took time to look around. Last year I had tried the impossible task of keeping up with Sarah "wildcat" Weller. Anyone foolish enough to try this learns that there is not time to look (or to breathe either).

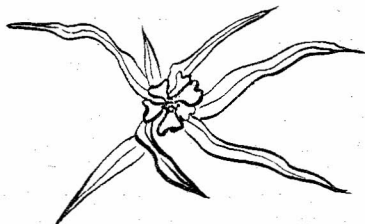
Fred Bruenger spearheaded the ascent. The hillside was alive with flowers of red, yellow, and blue. As our boots crushed the lush vegetation covering the trail, we inhaled the fresh greenish smell. The air was still. And the sun grew hot. Finally, Fred had mercy. On the ridge we briefly paused to enjoy the delightful coolness of a gentle breeze on our sweat-soaked shirts. Then we climbed westward along the rocky ridge while gazing into the milky whiteness of the setting moon.

From the peak the view was magnificent. It reminded me of an earlier time this Spring when I stood on the crest of the Zugspitze and could see simultaneously not only the mountains of Germany, but also those in Austria, Italy, and Switzerland. And I longed to be in Germany again for there is much I wish to do there when I return.

For lunch the Bruengers had blood sausage sandwiches. We others enjoyed this as a "spectator" sport. The sky changed from clear blue to overcast, while storm clouds gathered above the distant Oquirrh mountains. Half of us retraced our steps to Alta while the rest descended into Big Cottonwood Canyon via Lake Blanche. Would you believe glissading in August?

After the hike some of us gathered at the Canyon Inn for a non-official activity. Pyramid-building? When I left, the steel cylinders which made up the pyramid reached half-way to the ceiling. And as I looked at the storm roll in I was glad that none of our group had got soaked (externally, that is).

The hikers were: Dick Bell (leader) Sam Allan, David Armitage, Dick Boyd, Elmer Boyd, Fred & Eveline Bruenger, Dave Fittermann, Craig Hansen, Ruth Henson, Jerry Horton, Ted Thaxton, Danny Thomas (the real one), Bob Thompson, Jean Torreyson, and Chuck Mays.



# HAYDEN PEAK

Its a good thing someone had forewarned me, upon my first glimpse of Hayden Peak, not to say, "I'm going to climb that? ? !

A delightfully clear sky greeted 15 hikers Saturday morning, July 19 at the base of Hayden.

Dick Bell and daughter Jeanne, Rob Thompson, Gideon Pilar, Loyd McMahan, Alice Talssoner and Shelly Hyde had an early morning drive to meet at the Moosehorn Campground, while the Daurelle family, John Riley, and the Torreyson family had camped over night (a beautiful spot, try it).

Above the woods a small vertical rise gave some of us a challenge and from there on the scramble from rock to rock began.

Guess who we encountered at the saddle? Charles Keller and son, Kathy Kellitt and Larry Swanson had intercepted our group by coming up the couloir. They had camped at Butterfly Lake.

I've heard of ambrosia, but now I've tasted it. Larry carried a watermelon up in his pack. It chilled in the snow in no time at all and we all enjoyed a slice. Boy, I've never spit watermelon seeds that fell down so far!

You know everyone should see that "flag" on the Peak. The view in the multi-directions was fantastic, a cirque above timberline had evidence of tundra, in another direction only small lakes interrupted the deep green carpet of pines. As the usual gray clouds began to form overhead the scurry down began. What an exhilarating feeling to walk along that high and windy ridge.

## LAKE SOLITUDE

The morning walk to Lake Solitude on July \_\_\_ started with a total of 18 people. Some guests, some new members and some old members. Dr. Sam Thomas, from New York City, is an honorary member and spends his whole summer vacation, this year 6 weeks, hiking through our beautiful Wasatch Mountains. What a delight to meet such a vigorous, energetic gentlemen.

The group wended its way through the pleasant woods and spring flowers to the ridge, and still feeling energetic, walked on up to the peak to enjoy a glimpse into Alta. Back toward Lake Solitude we encountered some snow patches, and after a few snow balls -- some glissaded down the hill -- while others of us used a more obvious means for a fast descent! The more delightful for the cooling sensation.

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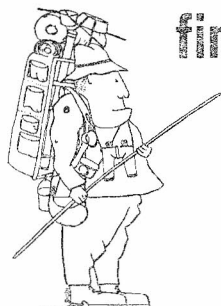
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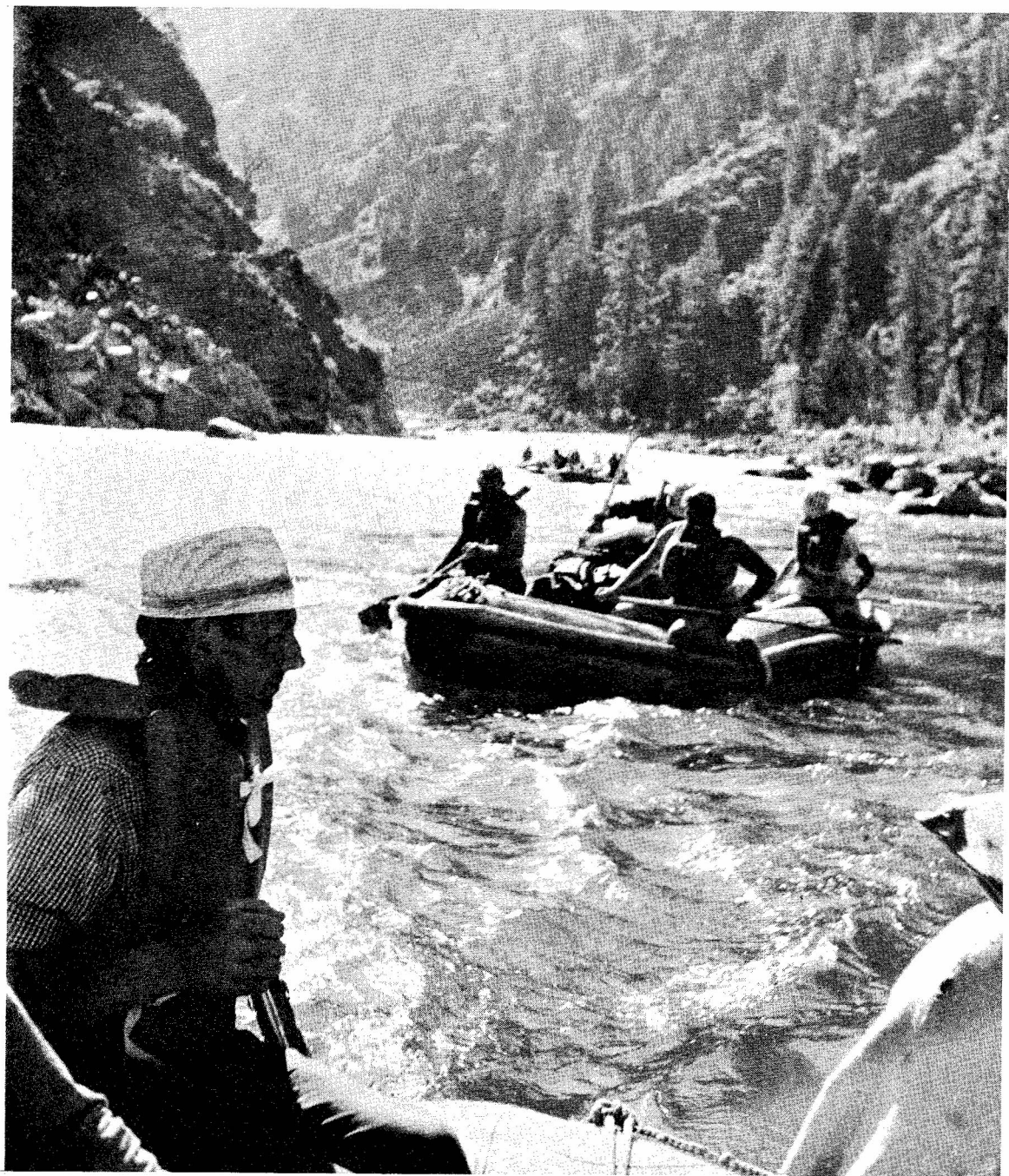
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photo of Salmon River Trip by Eveline Bruenger



# 'ODEN' ON THE SALMON

by Mary Jo Farrer

July 18 dawned bright and promising. The Salmon River was reported running high (2200 ft<sup>3</sup>/sec--everyone was enthusiastic. Arrivals at the Ice Plant were nicely timed--eh, well, we left at 7:43 p.m. which seemed to set a precedence for morning departures upon the river.

We embarked upon our journey "of no return" just above Pine Creek Rapids, a short distance down river from Shoup, Idaho. During the course of the trip we had many fine experiences and much fun. Gerry Powelson sang "Oden", the Viking song, asking for mercy as he maneuvered his boat into Salmon Falls. Everyone thought it was so appropriate that we enlightened every rapid with a rousing rendition. Nearly every town between Riggins & SLC, and a certain campsite near Red Fish lake also became victims of that ever so popular song.

We disembarked on Friday the 25th from our gallant journey about 12 mi. upriver from Riggins, Idaho, (136 mi. from Pine Creek) and went to that fair town for dinner and a couple hours of merrymaking. Then back to camp for a bright bonfire and gay singing. Bob Everson gave a stirring bongo drum rendition upon the bottoms of 2 club cooking pans.

Since we traveled fast on the river with no up-canyon winds, we spent Saturday bussing 200 mi. (much of it

gravel road & over a high mtn. pass) from Riggins thru the Sawtooths to Red Fish Lake where we spent our last nite. We arrived back at the Ice Plant Sunday at 7 p.m. which was the precise time we were trying to leave 10 days earlier.

And now, a few words on several subjects of interest.

Running Rapids: Most rapids were run successfully--a few not so successfully. That is, no boats were overturned but people were lost. I regret to announce that I was the first one overboard and that it was terribly unspectacular. The other unfortunate floater was Brian Cook. His boat captain, Bill Viavant, didn't discover a bad rock in the middle section of Triple Split Rock Rapid until it was too late. But with great skill Bill took them over the rock losing a paddle, bailing buckets, Brian, and one shoe (Bill's). That evening we had a memorable funeral service. His tombstone, an old worn-broken-&-lost paddle was inscribed with the following: "Here lies Brian Cook, his boat he forsook, his life we took. May his wife be comforted in his hour of need."

Boat Repairs: Sunday morning Gerry Powelson discovered his boat needed to be repaired. That night Bill Viavant just wouldn't believe everyone when they told him you could hear the air just whistling out of his boat as you walked by. He found it was true. Growler's lower bladder had expired. So Gerry P. patched the holes & we went on one bladder.

Campsites: We had the loveliest of camping places along the whole river. They were comprised of beautiful sand beaches, deep, clear swimming holes, gorgeous scenery and moonlit nights. The night we camped at Paradise Beach (so named by a couple of trip members) we went swimming in Long Pitch Rapids. Art Duff, who was among the adventurous souls, became fatigued in swimming out of them, but by a stroke of luck (more aptly called miraculously returned strength) he was able to reach shore safely.

It seemed that it took us 3 days to recover from the 1st night's merry-making to do anything at night. But Monday night at Paradise Beach it appeared that recovery was complete for we had lively games of charades, hopscotch, and frizby and then we went "sparking". Sparking may become a Mountain Club river tradition.

Another night we camped at Sheep Creek. Before dinner we took a walk up the creek on a delightful trail that gave us a kind of scenery completely different from that found along the river.

Water Fights: The first water fight of the trip occurred just 5 mi. north of SLC, between Roy Keir (who had been following the bus in his Bronco) and the Viavants. Result--drench! And it all happened on the bus!

At one point when Growler encountered Upset upon the river, Dick Snyder stood stunned with a very surprised look upon his face saying, "June took my bucket and Hafty's throwing water in my face!" In another waterfight Bob Everson lost his paddle to that same shifty female.

One evening one boat was a little slow pulling into camp for the night and everyone on beach was offering to help pull it on shore. As soon as it was landed water seemed to appear from nowhere and the occupants of the boat

became the objects of a furious barrage of water. Afterward when camp had been set up, handwritten invitations were received by all to join the Viavants for chips & dips & other fancy stuff under a very appropriate happy hour flag.

The last day on the river Harold Hafterson (more affectionately known as Hafty) formed a one-man boarding party to confiscate some buckets. During the piracy he split a paddle in the boat of his new residence and Gerry P. ended in the river after breaking his paddle. Somewhat successful: they got their buckets.

One last story is not about a true water fight but it did involve that hallowed medium. Two sneaky females formed a conspiracy resulting in the following action: Dick Snyder was pushed out of his boat into the river when his back was turned. Upon his return a test of strength and will took place and the inevitable happened--one of his conspirators ended up taking a short swim.

Scenery: The most fantastic wildlife was seen along the river, consisting of deer, moose, an elk with a calf, beaver, eagles, and myriads of birds and bugs and other small creatures. An old head of a big horn mountain sheep with horns of nearly a full curl was found at sheep creek by Bob Everson. It became an impressive ornament on the prow of a boat.

Jean Cook's bright green bikini was a delightful addition to the trip although she was always afraid of losing it while swimming.

And as it goes, a trip of this kind would not be complete without rain, and rain it did--right in the middle of the Viavants excellent beef stroganoff dinner. It was a regular downpour. Since I was not equipped with waterproofing I was invited into the protection of Hafty's empty tent. Upon

entering my eyes became infested with sand and I removed my contacts. When the rain had stopped I was invited to the protection of Bob's poncho. The thought of dioecious sheltering never suited my fancies and I just couldn't wait to get to that poncho. However, my exit was a most fateful experience, my fate being tent ropes, tarp flooring, and paddles. In the ensuing events I lost one contact in the sand. But the diligence of a few able hands and some cool brains found my contact. I barely had the things back in my eyes when someone noticed that Art Duff sure was fishing funny. That is, he was swimming back to shore fishing pole in hand and babbling something about "Did we know that moss was slippery after a rain?". He had lost his glasses and thoroughly soaked his Pendleton shirt in his graceful entrance into the river.

Bus: Our ever-so-endearing bus is known as the Wasatch Cannonball, but since it was as temperamental as a woman on this trip I have referred to it here as Bertha. Bertha had a new motor and we all thought she would run fine. While following the bus, Fern Reid noticed old Bertha was really missing. So, a short stop was made at Tremonton Junct. to fix the choke with a small piece of bailing wire borrowed from a poor farmer's fruit stand. On the road between Riggins and Red Fish Lake, Bertha lost a muffler--you can believe everyone heard us coming on that road. That evening, trip members found a diligent June Viavant and Dick Snyder lying there side by side under Bertha putting her back together. They were apparently successful in whatever they did under there (no one could see anything except 4 legs protruding) because when next turned on, Bertha was quiet as a



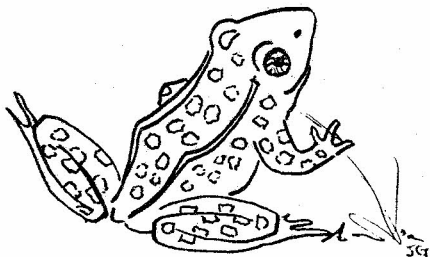
Barth Hot Springs, Salmon River Trip by Eveline Bruenger

mouse. That June is quite a mechanic and with the loving care given by strong man Dick, Bertha seemed quite satisfied--for a while. Then she got so joyous with her new engine that the drivers (Dick Snyder and Gerry P.) had to tie her down in 5th gear. Bertha seemed to think that she was carrying a hot load (and indeed she was) because periodically she would boil. She would stop and produce a spectacular roadside geyser, to the delight of passing motorists, when the radiator cap was removed, water added, and more water. I've never seen a woman with a bigger thirst who demanded more attention from her occupants.

Credits Where Credits are Due: Fern & Bud Reid acted as bus shuttlers. Fern drove the camper all night long and Dick Snyder thought it was great having a bed following the bus. Bud repaired the bus while driving it to Riggins. A superfine job from a superfine couple.

Dick Snyder was an excellent and most successful trip leader. And a special mention of everyone--we had the most fantastically delicious and delightful meals. We even had steak!

Participants: Leader; Dick Snyder; Boat Captains; Dick Snyder, Gerry Powelson, Bill Viavant, Fred Bruenger; Boaters; June Viavant, Jean & Brian Cook, Harold Hafterson, Steward Harvey, Bob Everson, Richard Parks, Art Duff, Eveline Bruenger, Walter Stevens, Mike Kessler, Don Drake, Ruth Henson, Mary Jo Farrer.



# american mountain twins

20<sup>TH</sup> JULY

In spite of the competition offered by TV coverage of the Apollo Moon Landing we had a good turnout for this hike. Pete (O'Dell) had told the leader that Dr. Sam Thomas of New York would probably meet us on the Twins as he was planning a solo climb of the Twins via Peruvian Ridge. Sure enough, when we reached the summit of Baldy, having started from the Albion Basin campground, we could see Dr. Sam sitting on the summit of East Twin. He waited, with hot tea ready, for us to reach him.

A few of the hikers chose to take it easy by remaining on Hidden Peak, the major peak along the ridge between Baldy and the East Twin.

The weather was beautiful and the diversion of hiking down Gad Valley and Peruvian Valley was too tempting to resist. Jackie Thomas, Elmer Boyd, and Dick Fast chose Gad Valley. Dr. Sam graciously offered to lead the remainder of the party down Peruvian Valley and take the drivers back up to Albion Basin to retrieve their cars.

For two reasons the hike down thru Peruvian Valley will undoubtedly be remembered by those who did it. First the wild flowers were absolutely gorgeous--and more abundant than they have been for years. Second, a small portable radio made it possible for us to listen to the momentous event when Apollo II retro'd down onto the moon's surface. All in all, a most memorable day.

Those in the Peruvian Valley party: Dr. Sam Thomas; Shelley Hyde; Lois Mansfield; Rob Thompson; Beverly, Dick, Kirk, Steve, and Boone Newson (leader)

# The Annual Beat-out Hike

by Karin Dahlgren

It is tough getting out of a warm bed before sunrise. There was, however, an impressive number of persons--14 in all--who had rejected all thoughts of comfort to get an early start of the annual beat-out hike. Scheduled meeting was at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 5 a.m. (daylight saving time .) on the morning of Sunday, June 22. The initial car-spotting operation, followed by the transportation of the crew up to the beginning of the White Pine Trail, consumed roughly an hour so the actual hiking didn't start until 6 o'clock when a soft morning light was embellishing the area and warming up the spirits. A little way up in White Pine the trail crosses a creekbed, a fact that under normal conditions doesn't cause any trouble whatsoever. This year, however, with its recordbreakingly wet month of June, the stream was very rapid and pretty deep. After some discussion we all consented to take off our boots and socks and wade thru the ice-cold water--all but tough Sam Allen who walked straight thru the stream without any hesitation, although the water almost reached his knees. This somewhat time-consuming procedure, however, had the positive feature of adding Larry and Steve Swanson to the group. When feeling had returned to our feet we took off at a good pace and were soon in Red Pine. Close to the lakes our caravan passed a couple of campers busily preparing their breakfast. Their eyes filled with horror as this almost never-ending line of people passed by. Were we all going to fish? Our negation triggered off a deep sigh of relief, and wishing us a good tour they returned to their interrupted meal.

The weather was now getting greyer and cooler and it seemed impossible to

escape from the 80% chance of precipitation predicted by the weather man.

He had, however, promised clearing up by noon which gave us some hope for the future. When we encountered some deep, steep snowfields, Harold and Ron did a much appreciated job kick-stepping, so that the rest of us could reach the ridge without much trouble. After a quick meal there in the icy wind, we took off for the Pfeifferhorn and reached the summit at 9:15.

Well done! Of all the magnificent view there was just nothing to be seen, since we were embedded in a huge, all-consuming cloud which later on even let off some snow. However, by the time we reached the bowl of Bell's Canyon it was noon and a bright sunshine fulfilled the weather man's predictions. The bowl had a snow cover just perfect for glissading, and like a bunch of wild kids we all slid downwards laughing and having a good time. Larry managed to show very eminently how a steep glissading can end up in a series of summersaults. Since we had made such good time so far, we rested for a second lunch and, although Dale told us that one ought to do Thundermountain at this stage of the game he made no serious effort to set the good example. Hiking down Bell's was delightful--lots of good glissading to start with and further down, lots of fresh and colorful vegetation to enjoy. Incidentally, the bridge across the stream down close to the mouth of the canyon needs fortifying. Burdened by my weight, one of the supporting logs left its foundation and with water up to my shoulders, I quickly ceased suffering from the afternoon heat. The closer we came to the canyon mouth, the more frequent was the talk about cold beer and when, at the record time of 3:30 we finished hiking,

there was an immediate take-off for the Canyon Inn. When the thirst was calmed, Harold the leader looked around and asked if anybody had seen Jim Wilkerson. The answer was "no" and he looked slightly upset. Twenty minutes later, however, Jim joined us after having had to walk part of the way from the mouth of Bell's to his parking place in Little Cottonwood Canyon. Ted Thaxton on his way home had shortened the involuntary hike and given him a ride to his destination.

Down at the Inn the group was later

joined by Dave George and company, whom we had met up on the ridge earlier in the day. They had included even Thundermountain in their hike, and were very pleased with their day, just as were the rest of us.

Leader: Harold Goodro

Hikers: Sam Allen; Ronn and Nann Carpenter; Karin Dahlgren; David and Steven Daurelle; Dale Green; Renny Jackson; Chuck Mays; John Riley; Larry and Steve Swanson; Ted Thaxton; Max Townsend and Jim Wilkerson.

# BRIGHTON RIDGE RUN

by Tricia Swift

At 7:00 a.m. nine eager ridge runners chomped at the bit at the Big Cottonwood parking lot waiting for Dale Green who had been heard several times to avow his intention to jog around Brighton this morning of August 9.

But to no avail--perhaps he'd slept thru his alarm? Giving up on Dale, leader Charley Swift, Harold Goodro, Leroy Kuehl, Rob Thompson, Bill Hughes, Dave Smith, Dan Thomas, Ted Thaxton, myself (the lone female) and Freia made for the Lodge parking lot and thence the ridge. Beautiful weather, flowers, views, and trail all the way. An abundance of litter petered out after about a mile.

Around the back of the second or so hump on the ridge we watched a large buck spring down the slope alarmed by our intrusion into his territory. Up and down, up and down (pant, pant) we went. When we took a break on our fourth summit, Sunset Peak, who should we find hard on our heels but Dale Green who insisted, and rightly so, that the Brighton Ridge Run does not necessitate a 7 a.m. start.

Nevertheless, by the time we got to Catherine Pass, the sun was HOT and the cool of the early morning long gone. Harold's comments of last month notwithstanding, Charley and I had thoughts of "there they go and I must follow them for I am their leader" on the way up Tuscarora and Wolverine.

Lunch on Wolverine at 11:30? Not a chance with our Peruvian mountaineers both eager to get down. Hoping to see martens and the other side of Millicent, we scampered down Wolverine's fields of knee-high lupines and then up to Millie's boulderstrewn ridge. A pause at the summit (pant, pant) to scratch our names in the register, and then more bouldering down the ridge to where Harold had seen the martens last year. We saw lots of high explosive fragments, but no martens--perhaps they've been driven out by the avalanche control efforts?

Lake Mary, usually an eyesore, was lovely with the water level at the full mark and although some of us were tempted to stop for lunch, it being 12:30, only Leroy succumbed. Swifts and Dave Smith were the next to go down with hunger pains--in shady pines be-

neath the dam. When we got down Dale was well on his way to Nevada and all others on their way elsewhere, and Harold was just arising from a feast on Watris' hamburgers. There they go-- (pant, pant)!

# STORM

## VIA FERGUSON CANYON

by Dick Bell

Susan called about the hike and I assured her it was just a pleasant walk thru the woods and that it would be a good outing for Alberto, her guest from Italy.

Well, as the hike began, the first pitch was a sixty-foot crack up a massive granite block. It was just too much to pass by. This route dumped us out in the middle of the oak brush where we scattered in all directions. Each was sure he had the best way.

After endless hours of bushwhacking, ripping of clothes and frantic yelling in attempts to locate each other, we somehow managed to re-group back at the creek. A beautiful sight.

The ragged but determined group pushed on to overcome many hardships till the glorious summit was reached by all. All, that is, except for the leader who was later located over on the wrong mountain.

Things we will remember about this trip are: the brush; the good trails that suddenly end; the brush; BVD's showing thru ripped trousers; and a feminine voice yelling "Alberto! Where the hell are you?"

# MOONLIGHT GRANDEUR PEAK

by Grace Ormsby

Friday, July 25th, 18 eager people met with their leader Dick Bell for the hike up Grandeur Peak from Church Fork by moonlight. No one will be surprised to hear that a moonlight hike is both fun and unusual--just the tonic for summer doldrums. Cooler temperatures greeted us as we entered the canyon and delicious cascades of cool water rushed by us as we started up Church Fork. The mountain shaded the trail as it wound its way to the ridge overlooking the Salt Lake Valley.

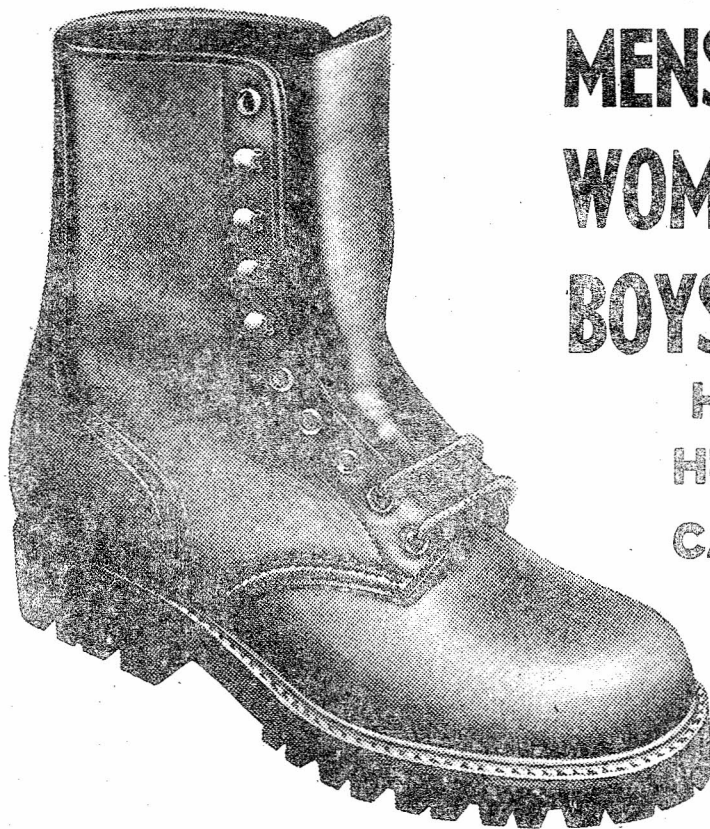
The summit was soon reached, names entered in the log, snacks and beer brought out amid much oohing and aahing over the fiery orange sunset. We noticed with surprise how many little ponds and streams of water were present to reflect the evening light within the city. Then before our eyes the city changed to a blanket of lights as the sky slowly darkened. Six of our group were delayed by car difficulty, but were nearing the top as the rest began the descent.

The moon hid itself at first behind low clouds to make coming down the peak more interesting. In spite of some stumbling on roots and rocks and much hilarity, everyone followed the leader and arrived at the bottom in good shape. The moonlight and shadows changed the mountain's appearance vastly, and that, plus a good-humored group, made for a delightful experience.

Members and their guests were: LeRoy Kuehl; Barbara Kuehl; Chuck Mays; Faye Wechter, Stuart Wechter; Brad Hoffman; Meriel Tatro; Ron Tupper; Shelley Hyde; Robert Thompson; Dave Torreyson, Jean Torreyson; George Edison; Carol Edison; Elmer Boyd; Sam Allen; Grace and Patty Ormsby; and Leader, Dick Bell.

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# news & notices

The office of the sheriff has sent thanks to all those who aided in the search for Richard Smith this last June.

Thanks to August Rambler mailers Tricia Swift, Deeny Black (her sister from the wicked east), Linda Rathbun and Sally Nelson.

Thanks to Jane Daurelle for typing the entire September Rambler.

## RAMBLER DEADLINE

...is still the 15th of the month preceding publication, e.g. Sept. 15th for the ~~October~~ issue. Please mail or deliver contributions--TYPED-- to Sally Nelson, 1218 Harvard Ave., SLC, 84105. As the board peruses its mail only once every two weeks, those articles sent to Club Hdq. often get to me late, and therefore must wait for a later issue. P.S. I like photos and ink drawings, too,

---

Cover photo of Salmon River Trip by Eveline Bruenger

Wasatch Mountain Club business is conducted only on the first and third Wednesdays of each month. At that time, and only at that time, is the mail opened, new membership applications voted on, dues payments recorded, address changes made, lodge rentals approved, and all other business requiring board action conducted. All board members cannot attend all board meetings and although an effort is made to fill in during a member's absence, some business is held for action until the next meeting.

### WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB

2959 Highland Drive, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106 Phone: 363-7150

### APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

To the Board of Directors:

I hereby apply for membership in the Wasatch Mountain Club. I enclose the \$2.00 entrance fee and \$3.00 dues (spouse, \$1.50). Out of state membership dues are \$1.50 (spouse, \$.75). The club event I have attended is \_\_\_\_\_ on \_\_\_\_\_ (date). I agree to abide by all the rules and regulations of the Club as specified in the constitution and by-laws and as determined by the Board of Directors.

Name (Printed) \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

(If spouse membership please include name of spouse (printed) \_\_\_\_\_

and signature \_\_\_\_\_

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

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Recommended by:

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Director: \_\_\_\_\_

(Effective 1 September thru 31 December, 1969).

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