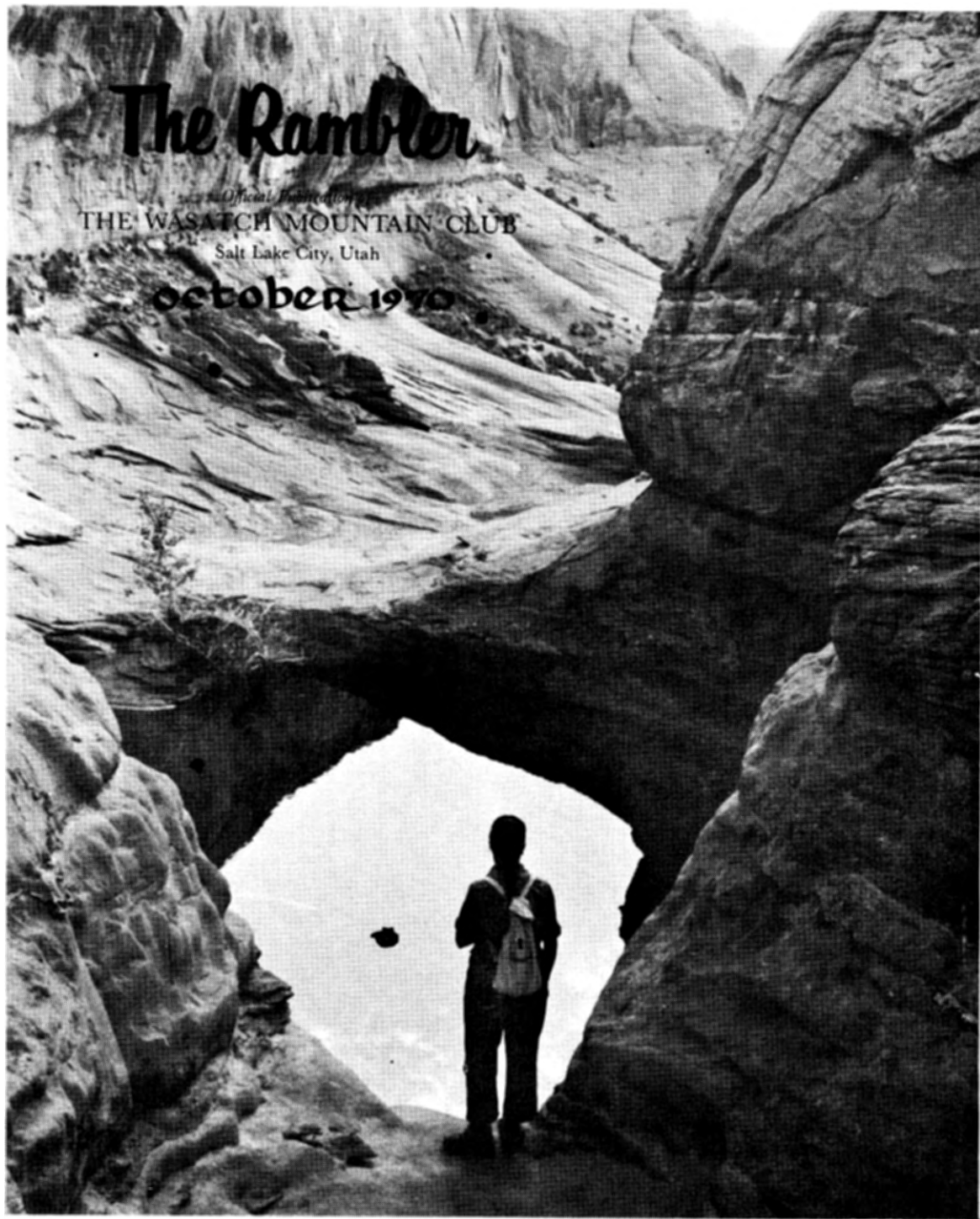


The Rambler

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

October 1970



club activities OCTOBER 1970

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.

Oct 1 Evening climbing at Storm Mountain. This will be the last session of the Thurs. season at Storm Mountain.

Oct 3 REYNOLDS PEAK via MILL D NORTH - Rating 4.5
Sat. Adverse weather conditions in the spring interfered with this hike in May. May the rain gods be asleep this time. Before reaching Dog Lake we will turn and make an easy ascent to the peak. The return trip can be taken over the same route or if you prefer, down into Butler Fork. This trip is suited for the less vigorous hiker and for youngsters having a little hiking experience. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 9 a.m.. Leader: Liz Choules 355-0383

Oct 4 WOOD GATHERING AT THE W.M.C. LODGE
Sun. You supply the muscle and we will supply the fuel...eats and refreshments on us. For those of you that missed the work party (in August) you can make up for that by helping to gather our wood supply for the lodge. Men, women and kiddies are all very welcome and NEEDED! Call Phil Berger 322-1873 for details.

Oct 8 Evening climbing at Pete's Rock. Socializing at the Canyon Inn afterward Thurs.

Oct 10 BIG BLACK MOUNTAIN - Rating 6.5
Sat. This hike was scheduled for late spring but cancelled because of fresh snow. The approach to Big Black, however, should be even more beautiful in the fall. Carl Bauer (355-6036) will be your leader. Meet at 8:30 a.m. at Pete's Shop, 425 South 8th West.

Oct 10 SUNDIAL
Sat. This is the first of three week-end climbs scheduled for October. It is recognized that bad weather may cancel some or all of them, but - nothing ventured, nothing gained. We don't want any rank beginners, but inexperienced climbers are welcome. Register with Dave Allen 278-0230

Oct 10 WINE TASTING PARTY
Sat. Le vin est tres ban, n'est-ce-pas? Allons! - Here is a chance to share your favorite wine, and savour the flavour of others. Bring your own wine and wine glass. TIME: 8:30 p.m. PLACE: WMC LODGE overnigheters are welcome. Hosts - Marilyn and Roy Keir (364-7527) Cover charge for use of lodge is 50¢. Snacks will be served.

Cover photo of WMC oasis in the Escalante by Carol Wiens

- Oct 11 BOATING WORK PARTY
 Sun. After a successful boating season its time to retire the boats for the winter. The roof on the boat storage room needs repair and the boats must be dried and loosely folded. If you went on a club trip this year we hope to see you out for this season closer at noon at the Ice Plant. Drinks are provided.
- Oct 11 BIKE RIDING
 Sun. In and around quiet areas of Holladay, meet at the Holladay Shopping Center at 9 a.m.. If interested call Margaret Strickland 359-3176
- Oct 11 LADIES HIKE - CITY CREEK CANYON
 Sun. Ladies hikes have become quite popular. This is the last chance ladies, so "stamp out men". Send your friends, husbands or other partners off somewhere else-, like Lone Peak for instance - and have a good time. Meet at the parking lot east of the Capitol Building at 8:30 a.m. leader is June Zongker.
- Oct 11 LONE PEAK via CORNER CANYON - Rating 11.5
 Sun. Hopefully, weather conditions will permit another ascent to this most beautiful peak in the heart of the Wasatch "wilderness area" (hopefully). Meet at the south east corner of 19400 South and 9th East at 6:30 a.m. You must register with Fred Bruenger 485-2639.
- Oct 15 Evening climbing at Pete's Rock.
 Thurs.
- Oct 16 GENERAL MEMBERSHIP MEETING
 Fri. We will meet at the WMC LODGE at 8 p.m. for our general membership meeting. What do the board of directors discuss at their meeting? Come find out what has been happening. Members here is your big chance to meet the board of directors and ask them questions afterwards. Charles Lesley will show slides of Alaska. Beer, wine and pop will be sold along with snacks which are on the house.
- Oct 17-18 DESERT ROCKHOUND AND HIKING TRIP
 Sat. Sun. We will look for trilobites in the Antelope Springs area, go to Clear Lake and finally look for obsidian and indian artifacts at Black Rock. Your leader for this excursion will be Elmer Boyd. Hikers will go to Natch Peak under Carl Bauer's direction. Both trips can be combined. Meet at the Draper Riverton freeway exit at 8:30 a.m., Saturday. Bring food and water for 2 days. You must register with Elmer Boyd 298-5537.
- Oct 18 LOGAN CAVE
 Sun. "Seven Hunters and a Cow" - time has come upon us again and we have to stay out of the woods and either go underground or emigrate into more quiet areas. Logan Cave will provide complete cover and you don't have to wear red either. The cave is interesting enough so that even those who have seen it before will find it worthwhile to repeat their excursion. Meet at the Valley Music Hall parking lot (north end). You must register with your Spelunking oldtime leader, Earl Hansen. Work(328-8066 Ext. 4391) or Home(266-5752).

- Oct 18 MONTE CRISTO - A moderate climb
 Sun. Up this neighbor of Superior Peak. Once again, inexperienced climbers are welcome. Register with Dave Allen (278-0320) or Max Townsend (363-2269)..
- Oct 22 Evening climbing at Pete's Rock - traverse to the Canyon Inn if weather
 Thurs. is inclement.
- Oct 24-25 KOLOB FINGERS AND LA VERKIN
 Sat. Sun. Here is your chance to get away from the flying bullets on the last hunting weekend. The only gate to this section of the peak will be locked. By courtesy of the Park Headquarters we will be able to go past the gate. This is one of the most beautiful and still remote areas of Zion. It's natural scenic attraction should be enhanced by the brightest fall colors you can dream of. It is a photographers paradise. Activities can be geared to anybody's condition and taste. If you can manage at all, come out. Trip is dependent on at least 15 participants. If there is enough interest, we shall take the bus for a mere \$12! The bus has performed very well lately and can thus give you a rest before and after the trip. Register with Fred Bruenger (485-2639) by Oct. 22nd.
- Oct 25 NORTH RIDGE OF PFIEFERHORN.
 Sun. A little snow adds to the interest of this climb, provided that it is already on the ground and not blowing in our faces. Register with Dave Allen (278-0320) or Max Townsend (363-2269).
- Oct 29 Evening climbing at Pete's Rock (weather permitting) This will be the
 Thurs. last of the evening climbing sessions of the year. Also, it's time to switch to our winter quarters, the La Hacienda for socializing.
- Oct 31 MT. WOLVERINE - Elevation 10,795 - Rating 4.5
 Sat. If the hopes of skiers have not yet precipitated, this last weekend of planned hikes should take you into this most scenic area above the WMC Lodge. The hike provides a view toward Alta and Brighton and a different return route through the Cirque for added interest. Meet at the lodge at 9 a.m.. Leader ???
- Oct 31 OKTOBERFEST
 Sat. Because of the favourable comments of last years Oktoberfest it has been decided to repeat this festivity. New comers will be delighted with the Bavarian theme which includes Musik, bier, bratwurst, sauerkraut and Kartoffelsalat. Don folk costume if you have it. Party starts at 8:30 p.m. at the lodge, cost - \$2.25 (members) which includes food and beverage for reservations call Lillian Leining 364-8982.
- Nov 1 MOUNT OLYMPUS NORTH AND SOUTH
 Sun. If the weather permits, this trip will wind up our hiking activities in the Wasatch for this season. So let's finish it right. The north route is for the more experienced hiker since it involves considerable exposure. The route over Tolcats Canyon should - at the end of a vigorous hiking season - be no problem. You have to register for Olympus North with the leader. Meet at the Olympus Hills shopping center at 8 a.m.. Register with leader, Dixon Smith 277-6334.

Nov 7 SKI TOURING SOCIAL

Sat. Plus exhibits and demonstrations of camping and skiing equipment by leading companies. Watch for more details in November's Rambler.

Nov 26-27-28-29 SALT TRAIL AND GORGE OF THE LITTLE COLORADO RIVER

Thanksgiving The approach to the Salt Trail is over some 30 miles of dirt road in the Navajo Reservation west of Echo Cliffs. The Little Colorado can be reached after 7 miles of hiking down this very steep, ill defined, rugged and often quite exposed route. The river here, provided there has been no flooding recently, has a milky-green appearance and provides with its many travertine ledges a very beautiful and contrasting picture against the red wall. A number of side canyons will be explored and a trip to Sipapu (the place where the souls of the ancestors of the Hopi Indians entered the earth) will be possible. You have to be in TOP physical condition to make this trip, but if you are, this backpack trip will be very rewarding. All drinking water has to be carried. Please do not try to register if you have not participated in at least 3 hikes rated 9 or higher during the last few months. Leader Fred Bruenger 485-2639.



by Phil Berger

here to all.

We had such a great turn out for our last work party we actually ran out of food! Since so many workers did not remember to sign in I will just give a big THANK YOU

My last big request this year - PLEASE COME OCTOBER 4th (thats on Sunday) to help cut and haul wood. The last log was burned Labor Day weekend. HELP!!

planned parenthood association of utah

Planned parenthood has about 60 paid members now and is slowly getting off the ground toward affiliation with the national organization. Our big project just finished was having a booth at the Utah State Fair. We are taking over three clinics and need volunteers to work in them. Call Marion Vogel (363-9414). We also need a newsletter editor and writers. A Problem Pregnancy Counseling Service is being headed by Rev. Gerald Case who can be reached at 298-7992.

Fill out the coupon below for information or to join the association.

NAME _____ PHONE _____
ADDRESS _____ ZIP _____

Send to Planned Parenthood Association of Utah
2420 Stringham Avenue
Salt Lake City, Utah 84109

*application pending for affiliation with Planned Parenthood Federation of America Inc..

NEFF'S CANYON TO THAYNES

by Oliver Richards

After leaving two cars in Millcreek Canyon, 11 hikers left the Olympus Cove area for the hike up Neff's Canyon on a clear hot summer morning. The meadow at the top of the canyon was reached without event but from there to the pass the trail is impossible to find. Arlene, Michael and Lloyd decided to take the high road on the ridge line to the pass while the rest of us floundered about until the trail was found halfway across the bowl. From there to the pass it was easy going. A leisurely lunch enabled the regrouped force to enjoy the view on both sides of the pass.

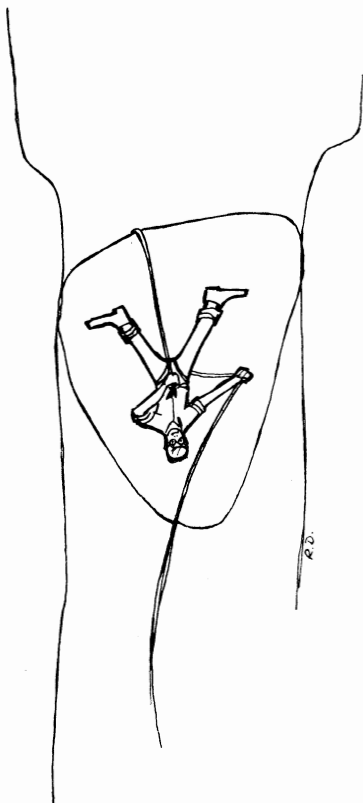
The trail into Thayne's Canyon rapidly dissipated into nothingness again. The entire group was beating the brush as we took the most direct route down the canyon through lush greenery. Eventually we literally stumbled across the trail and then enjoyed the view in descent to the Box Elder picnic area. Since the trail is so hard to find in this direction, I think we all agreed that it may be best to take this hike in the future in the opposite direction. Our ranks included; Larry Kremer, Ruth Henson, Ann Wennhold, Lloyd McMahan, Guillermo Pilar and guests, Michael Maaack, Jean Smith and Mickie, Arlene Van Dyke, Sharon Arnold and Lynn Landnesser; led by Oliver Richards.

PARUNWEAP CANYON

by Ruta Dreijmanis

On Friday, September 4th, 14 hardy souls met at the Ice Plant, disregarding the blowing sands and forecast of rain to venture to Zion National Park to explore the Parunuweap Canyon. Bud Reid and Jim Byrne, our expert drivers, steered the WMC bus through high winds on to our destination. We arrived with the rain and decided to spend what was left of the

night in the bus. During the night our group had grown by 6, 2 from Arizona and 4 more from Salt Lake City. The rain let off by breakfast time. Breakfast in the campground was highlighted by storm clouds gathering again on the surrounding mountains like giants devouring the peaks. Again the rain came. Our leader, Fred Bruenger, after consulting with the park authorities, decided to wait and see what would develop later. With the strong rains the park displayed



its grandeur in picturesque waterfalls, varying from just a small white line against the rock to torrents of water gushing out of the canyon walls.

After lunch the rain stopped and definite clearing was noticeable. To the joy of us all, it was decided to go into the canyon. We left the bus and hiked across the plateau into Poverty Wash. A new log jam had developed in a narrow part causing a drop of about 30 feet. Out of the riverbed and up on the side we scrambled to find a new route around. Across rock, roots and brush we found our way back into the riverbed. To our excitement, fresh cold water was found with

lush green vegetation complimenting the red rock walls. But, oh how cold the water was an unheard of novelty.

Up and down rocks, through narrow canyons we went. A good worn Levi shows its teeth, as proven by Joy Fast, with this strenuous exercise. The water level crept up to one's "cut-offs" - oh, how cold! As the sun got lower, intensifying the red rock to brilliant orange, we spotted a brown-grey ocean. Yes, it was the East fork of the Virgin! The water was extremely high and muddy. Twenty wet, cold and tired bodies invaded a slanted ledge and set up camp. With millions of stars above and the roar of the river below, one was lulled to sleep - disregarding the slow sliding of one's sleeping bag toward the water.

Daylight and the blowing of Gerry Powelson's emergency whistle aroused us to a new day and further adventure. The river had gone down a foot or better and the decision to go on was made. The estimated time to reach the falls was 2 to 3 hours. Into the cold water we went - from the ankle to the knee to the waist - determined only by one's height and which pool was missed in the process. The magnificence of the canyon lifted our spirits to singing and yodeling. Narrow passages with red rock walls reaching upward to the intense blue fall sky often hid the ray of the sun and the sky.

Our first obstacle came upon us suddenly. Large boulders blocked our passage. Taking off our packs we scrambled up and passing packs forward, slid into the cold, muddy water. The first indoctrination was the hardest. To help us over an unclimbable boulder a body rappel was constructed with Jim Byrne holding the rope and shaking like an Aspen leaf due to the cold. Dick Bell assisted us on to the next rock. On one of our swimming journeys, (6 in total) the old saying

"chivalry is not dead" was rejuvenated by Gerry P. with his gallant gesture of carrying Joy F. on his shoulders. When our 2 to 3 hour estimated period had elapsed and still no sign of the waterfalls we stopped for lunch to warm ourselves and marvel at the beautiful rock formations around us. After a short rest, on we went to our obstacle course encountering muddy water from wall to wall and no way to go but swim. To our entertainment, Stew Harvey reciprocated Joy F. and appeared with a ripped pant leg.

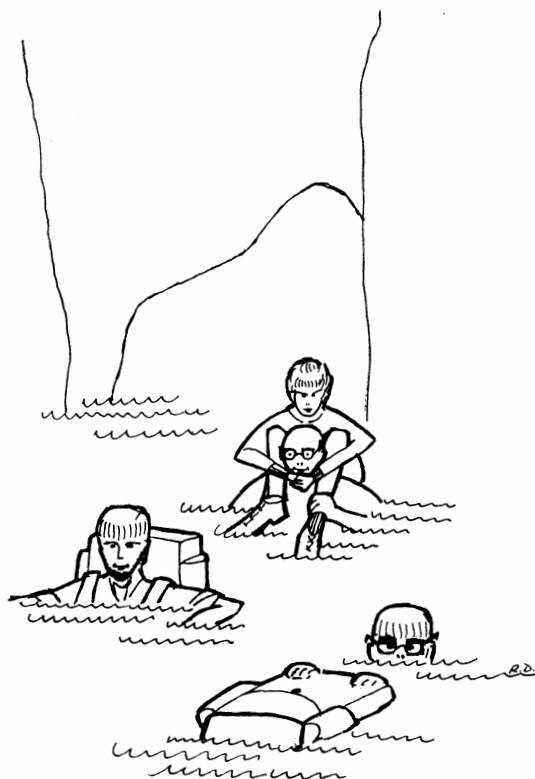
Finally we came to the highlight of the trip - the waterfalls and the rappel. Preparations began. Gerry P. strung a safety line to assist us to the ledge on the side of the waterfalls. Dick Bell set up the rappel and Jim B. a safety rope around the edge of the cliff to speed up operations. Dixon Smith took the job of helping lower "the short people" onto the rappel rock. The rope and depth of water of the river below as tested by Gerry P.. All set in working order, the hardy souls given moral encouragement by Dick B. at the top proceeded down into the river bed. What a ride! A new way of rappeling was demonstrated by Stew H. when he lost his footing on top and was hanging upside-down later to regain the right position. Slowly and carefully all 20 of us collected in the riverbed. A success!

Collecting our packs, we climbed up on the left side of the canyon to explore a way through the boulder field that stood in front of us. For 3 hours we scrambled over large boulders into deep pools and up again. After an exhausting but exciting day we set up camp in a sunny warm field. This area was 3 times as large as the one the night before and without a slope. A happy "Happy Hour" was observed with a camp-fire discussion of the experiences of the day.

At daybreak we were awakened by Fred's call and a serenade of Stew H.. With high spirits and a fast pace we faced the day. An early morning song was heard from the wild life and human intruders of the Parunuweap Canyon. The canyon began to widen pushing waterfalls and springs further and further from our reach. Indian cliff dwellings were seen on the right side of the canyon wall calling for a "Wyler's" stop and some picture taking.

Proceeding further we encountered civilization with an old Pioneer house high above the plateau displaying 3 definite apartments said to be for "his wives".

Upon reaching the hot dusty dirt road the long legs of Jim B. and Joseph Linton were shifted into a faster



gear leaving behind a red cloud of dust. They were on the way to retrieve the bus! Out we hiked, in small groups, each to its own pace determined by the amount of strength left. Parunuweap - the Roaring Water Canyon - a truly well-named natural wonder.

Participating: Fred and Eveline Bruenger (leader); Jim and Dotty Byrne; Dick Bell; Fred Plut; Bill

Drake; Stew Harvey; Gerry Powelson; Bud Reid; Dixon and Marty Smith; Margaret Malm (California); Dick and Joy Fast (Arizona); Pat King, Claire Reese, Jerry Seitz, Joseph Linton and Ruta Dreijmanis.

(ed. note: The following weekend, Clyde Gillette completed a solo traverse through Parunuweap Canyon, the first he knows of.)

WESTWATER CANYON TRIP WATER ZONE LIVE

by June Zongker

What turned out to be a very hairy experience had a rather ordinary beginning. We gathered at the ice plant, packed our gear in our faithful bus, said our goodbyes, and headed for Westwater Canyon, leaving the driving to our capable and sacrificing drivers - Bob Everson and Dick Snyder. (They sacrificed during the drive, but had their own party upon arrival.)

After a few hours sleep and a breakfast we loaded in the bus and made our way through a ranch and onto the shore of the mighty, muddy Colorado! We leisurely readied the boats, swam in the river, practiced throwing the life ring, and a few other miscellaneous activities while we waited for the shuttlers to come back. Somewhat

before noon they were back and we were off!

After a lunch stop with the usual small excursions up the canyon, we were ready to go. Cal explained that it was not possible to scout any of the rapids; so just do what you could when you could, then bail out afterwards. We climbed into our rafts and headed for the water, agreeing to stop above Skull Rapid.

Skull Rapid is the only named rapid on the map; one wonders why Powell didn't name some of the other ones. Before rendezvousing above Skull, we all had some good rides through them. When we finally met above Skull, about all we could do was listen to the roar. Some climbed up the rocks and got a glimpse of the first drop and that was enough to start the adrenaline! Our instructions were to skim to the

right of the rock on the left and then get to the left, unless you wanted to go into a gigantic hole that was produced by the water crashing over Skull Rock. We skimmed the rock at the beginning of the rapid alright, but we started going broadside and by the time we hit the big hole at the bottom, we were broadside and whoom! We were under!!!

Judy E. surfaced under the boat, gasped for air, gave a big push and hoped she saw daylight the next time she surfaced. She did. She was rescued by Snyder and his gang, who had made it through Skull in fine shape, backwards. Meanwhile others, swept downstream, were ably rescued by some skillful life ring tossing. Just ask Dave how beautiful a life ring is when you finally surface after spending an eternity down under!!! Meanwhile and unknown to my fellow crew members who were rescued downstream, I had surfaced behind the boat and was carried into a gentle whirlpool on the right at the foot of the rapid. As Bob E.'s boat came right side up through Skull they spied my swimming suit, but could not get into the cove.

Deciding that I'd had enough water for awhile, I crawled out on a pile of rocks and watched the Rathbun raft and Ernie P. with his kayak come through Skull on a beautiful run. All were safe, but they were on the left bank and I was stuck on the far right.

Cal went down river and assured everyone that I was alive, but in a rather awkward spot for rescue. George and his crew came within a foot of getting across the main current into the cove. Ernie came plunging through and tried to tow me out into the main current behind his kayak, but we didn't succeed. The only way out was to climb; so I scrambled up the rock until I found a place to get back down to the river where Dick Snyder and his crew were waiting with our

boat.

Eventually and with quite a bit of apprehension we all rejoined Bonecrusher and rode out the remaining rapids, staying clear of the holes. There was one captain, however, who polled his crew and elected to go through the big stuff on the right. They did and lost their captain, Stu.

We finished up the canyon by paddling, quite a few people taking turns in the kayaks, and landed, a very tired bunch.

While the men loaded the boats in the truck, a delicious supper, complete with escargot was served by some of the leaders of Women's Lib.

After a quick swish of the cooking pots, we loaded up again and headed for a camping spot nearer the beginning of the canyon where most of us bedded down early. A big moon came up; the coyotes and few snorers howled around us.

Other animals heard, seen, or felt on the trip were foxes, eagles, squirrels, blue heron, geese, horse, a "Bud-drinking" litter bug, and mosquitoes.

Sunday morning we awoke and at least some of us wondered if we really wanted to go through it again. It is one thing to go down a mean river when you don't know what to expect, and another thing to go down when you know what is there. However, our growling stomachs soon got our attention and we forgot about the day ahead and filled up on ham and pancakes. I don't know how many pancakes we put away but Trauta could probably tell you. If you start with George you automatically jump to number 14!!!

This time we didn't swish out the pots, because we had run out of water. We got off to an early start, shortly before noon, with 4 rafts and 2 kayakers. Some had elected to shuttle

and would be waiting with cold drinks when we arrived down river.

Life was rather uneventful until we were just ready to get back into the rafts after lunch; then a sudden swissssh, changed that. Bonecrusher had burst her second and last bladder! What a letdown!!!

After the excitement most everyone settled down for a nap on the sand while a select few patched her up. The lower leak was impossible to fix in a short time, so they patched up the leak on the top, pumped her up, and prayed. It stayed up for 3 minutes, so it was decided she was river-worthy. At 3, we embarked with all hands on the paddles, except for the crew in the "Percolator" (alias Bonecrusher); they had a few hands on the pump.

By the time we grouped above Skull, we had rescued Ernie P. a couple of times. This was really a switch from yesterday when he ran the entire canyon beautifully and right side up. Ken McCarty had been saved from a dunking by Susan M. going through one rapid he was 90% out; she grabbed the other 10% and got him back to the chicken line and safety.

Again with Skull ringing in our ears, our captains finalized the route we would take, and we maneuvered out into the current. Out of the blue and in unison came the warmest tribute to Odin, our faithful river god! Bob E. plunged through first. All boats got through well the second day, although Dick's boat came out brim full of water with 2 men missing - quickly rescued by their teammates.

At this point Bob E.'s boat was the only boat that had made a perfect run, losing no one either day, but that record was changed in the rapid after Skull. The rest of us made it through that one in-a-fashion. Stu's "Percolator" folded up like a book,

but when it opened after the rapid, all were still inside. Dick's boat was taking the rapid to the left to avoid the big holes, when we got caught in a strong current that carried us up onto the jutting canyon wall. All leaning to the left, we avoided being capsized, but as Mike G. pushed us off the rock face, he stayed with the rock. Looking up, he saw George's boat caught in the same current, coming uncontrollably toward him. Mike quickly dove into the water, surfacing on the other side. All he could say after we got him into the boats was something about swimming under both _____ boats!!

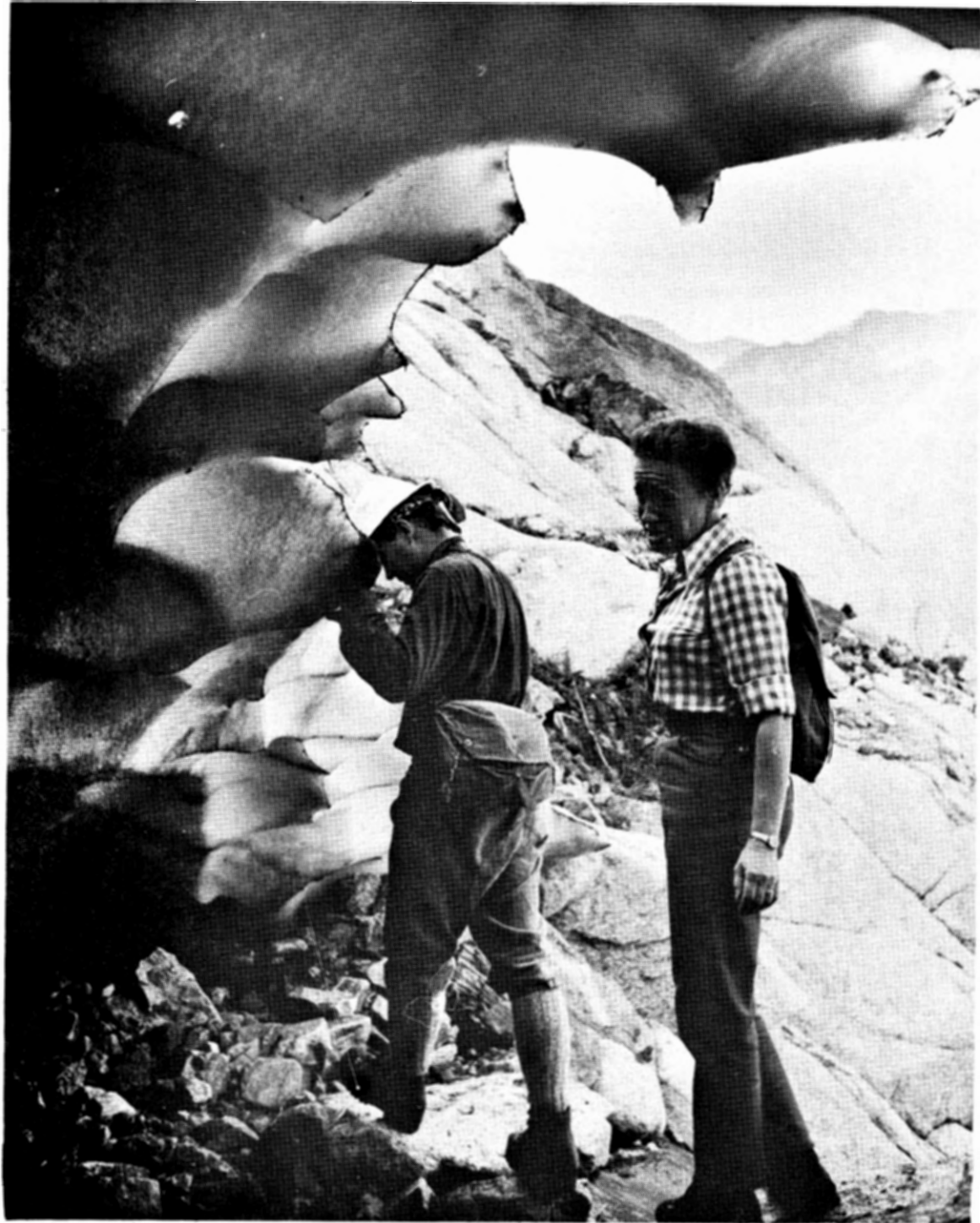
We were all safe; and the dangers were over. All that lay ahead was smooth water, which meant paddling. Odin must have heard our groans as a refreshing canyon breeze quickened to help push us through. What impetus Odin didn't furnish; the ice cold beer and pop waiting at the end did!!! A refreshing end to an exhilarating trip!

A special thanks to our leaders, Cal Giddings and Lloyd McMahon and to Diane Kunze, who not only organized the food crews, but cooked a lot of the food and ended up washing all the dirty pots.

Captains: Stu Harvey, Lloyd McMahon, Bob Everson, George Rathbun and Dick Snyder.

Rafters: Ruth Henson, Trauta and Hank Dehm, Diane Munger, Carol Greenlee, Dina Kunze, Sally Combes, Janet and David Mansker (California), Kay Mandel, Sue Mickelsen, Sue Gregor, Judy Ehling (California), Carol Jeulson, Bert Codd (California), Jay Dewell, Stu Ogden, Ken McCarty, Dick Fredricks (California), Art Lepley, Mike Gallager, Roy Keir, Tom Leublin, Mike Omana, Bob Anderson.

Kayakers: John Knex (Edinburgh), Ernie Partridge and Cal Giddings.



TWIN PEAKS VIA LISA FALLS

by Irja Huhta

Again a lovely sunny Sunday morning at the "Y" in Little Cottonwood Canyon. The old rule was again proved, "the newer the member in the WMC the earlier he-she arrives"

At 7:30 a.m. a 10 member group, 2 women and 8 men, started off. Caine and Cliff took the lead, then literally ran up the canyon. The rest of us did our best in following. Everybody had to agree with Cliff, who by the way has named the falls after his daughter Lisa, that this canyon is one of the most beautiful ones with its cool stream, grey and red cliffs and green trees here and there. Sooner than expected we hit snow - and a lot of it too. Frank was bitterly regretting that he left his iceaxe in the car, but as nobody else had one either, why worry. There was a refreshingly cool rest sitting on the rocks inside a large snow cave and drinking the water, which was dripping from the ceiling. Luckily enough we left the cave just some 5 minutes before it collapsed with Caine and Fred still on it!! The sharp eyed and quick footed bachelors Jess and Frank spotted an object "of unknown origin" on the other side of the canyon. In no time at all they join-

ed us one sleepingbag richer. (Frank what happened to that bag?)

After 4.5 hours of good hard work there we were on "the top of the world" as it seemed. The remarkably brave Linda in her brand new, blister giving hiking boots forgot her pain and tiredness and enjoyed her lunch in this clear high air as much as anybody else. The descent was nice and easy down Broadfork as we were listening to Cliff's theories about life, etc..

Some 8.5 hours after the start we were in Big Cottonwood Canyon enjoying the more than welcome refreshments of different "brands". They were kept nicely cool in Fred's car in an ice-box and sure were a success. This was not enough for Frank though as he walked straight into the stream despite the fact that swimming was not allowed there!

Thank you Caine Alder and everybody else for a very nice hike. Special thanks to Dixon for your never ending supply of "violets".

Hikers were: Caine Alder, Cliff Acsoy, Dixon Smith, Frank Atwood, Irja Huhta, Jim Smith, Bob Cook, Linda Daniels, Jess May and Fred Bruenger.

KING'S PEAK in one day...

by Chuck Mays

This hike has a rating of 24. Blessed by the excellent weather which Fern

Reid predicted for August 22, 1970, Fred and Eveline Bruenger and I made the 32 mile trip in 15 hours. Part of the way we were joined by Don Bendix, who turned back at Anderson

Pass because of blisters.

Starting at Henry's Fork Campground at 6 a.m., we covered the first 12 miles to Gunsight Pass in 4 hours. From there up, the terrain and the altitude slowed our progress. Descending from Gunsight Pass we kept close to the base of the talus slopes to our right, and despite the loss of a few hundred feet elevation, I believe this route superior to either rock-climbing up westward from Gunsight, or up the scree gully directly north of King's peak. (Last year we had climbed both of these alternate routes.)

Above 12,000 feet, I felt the altitude. Every other step required a giant lungful of empty air. But no mountain sickness this time. I donated no blood before this trip. We snailed upward averaging less than an inch of altitude per pace, or so it seemed. At Anderson Pass we saw the dark storm clouds moving in, so we quickened our climb. The

highest peak in Utah was ours at 1:30 p.m., 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours after our departure from the campground. King's Peak now contains a plaque giving the new official elevation of 13,528 feet.

Fred had advised me against bringing pure water, so I had brought a special kind of "impure" water, like TUM-water. It contains energy and fills one with spirit, especially at the oxygen-starved altitudes. So we opened a can of this special water and toasted the King, the peak that is. Leaving cement and water for John Riley's crew to secure the WMC's mailbox the next day, we left, and none too soon, for the first crash of thunder came within a half hour after our departure. Pausing for Irish tea at John Riley's base camp, we returned to the campground at 9 p.m.. (If you know Irish coffee you know Irish tea.) It was a good hike, an exhausting hike and one that we shall remember and hopefully repeat.

and in two days...

by Danny Thomas

We backpackers awoke as those other guys were departing. After a refreshing drink from the stream and a warm breakfast, we were on our way. John Riley's pace carried us 2 miles beyond Dollar Lake before anyone even thought of eating lunch, so with thunderheads gathering, this is where we made camp.

Our site overlooked a small lake to one side and a valley holding 1,000 head of sheep on the other. (How's that water taste now?) We were visited by 3 horse-packers who graciously donated a can of "Oly" to a worthy cause. Toward evening, Eveline, Fred and Chuck arrived. They sampled some of Dean's tea, then headed on down the trail. We campers had time for supper, a sunset

hike and a chance to enjoy a sky too full of stars to believe.

Lite of dawn (and Gus Hanniball) awoke us and we were on the trail at 6:30. Our "mission" was to cement in the WMC mailbox. Reaching the summit was anti-climatic compared to "packing the cement mixer" up the last 500 feet. When we had at last secured the box with the help of Wade and Dean's masonry work, we had our chance to view the surroundings.

Heading down we met 4 outward bound girls. We discussed the outstanding aspects of one of their members for quite some time. The Uintas lived up to their reputation with a few light showers but we were back at the cars by supper time. The end of a great day.

WASATCH FRONT MASTER PLAN

TRAIL STUDY GUIDE

NAME OF TRAIL: _____ Date studied: _____

Type of trail: 1. Ungraded and essentially unmaintained
(circle one) 2. Graded and maintained
3. For motorized vehicles

Condition of trail: good so-so poor that's a trail?

Observations:

Use by trail bikes _____

Is a natural barrier feasible for prohibiting motorized vehicles? _____

where? _____ Erosion or deterioration of trail _____

Can it be corrected? _____ Litter along trail: _____

Should litter barrels be placed by the

trail? _____ Wildlife observed: _____

Trail markers: _____

Should markers be added in any location: _____ Where? _____

Is the parking adequate for the amount of trail use? _____ Is there water along

the trail? _____ Polluted? _____ Are there any hazards for hikers? _____

COMMENTS: _____

(over)

CAMPSITES AND PICNIC AREAS

15

THE BLACK FIN OF MT. MORAN

by Max Townsend

On August 16-17, 1970, Dave Boyd and myself climbed the Black Fin on Mt. Moran. Our climb can best be described as a "successful fiasco". We made several mistakes but managed to recover (more or less) from all of them. We did not make the summit, but we did successfully negotiate the most significant part of the climb.

I definitely recommend this climb as being a worthwhile and enjoyable one. The most difficult leads are at the beginning of the climb and from then on there is considerable freedom of choice as to how hard and long you wish to make the route. I offer the comments listed below so that others who may want to do the climb can benefit from our mistakes (and laugh with us at some of our blunders). My description of the route is not complete, but it can be used as a supplement to Ortenburger's Guide.

The hike from String Lakes to the base of the climb in Leigh Canyon will take about 4 hours. The earlier you are on the trail, the better.

We consumed quite a lot of time on the 4 leads above the second grassy ledge. The easiest going is obtained by staying as far right as possible. We veered to the left at the start and ran into some tough sledding.

An alternate way of getting to the bottom of the first tower from the edge of the bowl is to follow the stream up to near the base of the waterfall. Cross the stream, and two or three easy friction leads will take you to the bottom of the

first tower.

We bivouacked at the base of the waterfall. It is a beautiful spot for a bivvy, but it is too far down. Unless the hour is quite late, it is best to push on to the spot near the third tower.

Both the second and third towers can be by-passed by scrambling up the gully on the left side of the fin. If this method is used, it takes only about 3 hours to get from the waterfall to the third tower bivouac spot.

We ascended the fourth tower by means of a difficult crack on the right. There must be an easier way! Perhaps on the left side of the tower, or this tower can probably also be by-passed by staying in the gully on the left.

The traverse along the south ridge to the base of the summit plateau is not difficult but it is time consuming. Consequently, we decided to start descending without doing the final leads to the summit.

There are at least 3 gullies running westward off the south ridge. The correct one to descend is the one farthest north. In an incredible display of stupidity we descended the one that leads down near where the Black Fin joins the south ridge. We most heartily do not recommend it. It is rotten and dirty and will require 2 or 3 rappels.

We reached Leigh Canyon at about 10 p.m., and after thrashing around in the brush for awhile settled down for another bivvy. Dave was only 3 hours late for work the next day. The next climb we do on this mountain should go somewhat more smoothly, courtesy of the jammed rappell rope that we sacrificed to appease the gods who watch over Mt. Moran.

FAMILY FEDERAL AUG 15-16

by Joan Snyder

Have you ever raced a Kangaroo Rat down a desert dirt road for 10 miles at 5 miles per hour because you followed a sign with an arrow that you didn't have to and because your bus was locked in first gear...and the rat won? Have you ever floated down stream for 6 hours and traveled only 5 miles because the headwinds were horrendous and because it's so much more fun to swim and have water fights than to paddle... and because 4 small children do not add up to one man power? Have you ever seen a flock of ducks, 2 herrons, a red-tailed hawk, a flock of vultures, numerous jumping fish, a merganser and 2 deer all in a couple of miles on the Colorado... because you were ahead of the other boats and because you were quiet? Have you ever felt happy after being deluged with muddy water when you were all warm and dry... because of the joyous, beaming faces of 2 little girls who had done the dirty deed? Have you ever seen an aurora borealis and an eclipse of the moon at the same time... because you paid Odin the proper respects?

The family trip on the Colorado from Cisco to Moab (actually, we didn't quite make it to Moab) turned out to be a leisurely float trip during which the kids had a ball learning about boats, water and how to be aggressive with a bucket. As a matter of fact, no one was safe at rest stops where the shore line erupted into a mountain of water spray.

Early Saturday morning our 3 master mechanics: Fred Bruenger, Bob Everson and Dick Snyder, managed to

get the "Odin Express Bus" out of first gear (we had visions of a 68 hour trip home) and everyone was relieved. We got off to a late start on the river (about 11 a.m.) and arrived at our lunch-stop destination at about 5 p.m. where kayakers and shuttlers had been anxiously waiting for us. Here we took on some extra manpower and the extra muscle plus some adults eager to reach camp and "happy hour", enabled the boats to accomplish the last 3 miles in about 45 minutes. At camp (just below Dewey Bridge) there was more swimming, plenty of food and "happy hour" extended into the wee hours for some of us (the pretext being that we were waiting to see the moon eclipse - it didn't) with Bob Everson's "G" harmonica tuned up and (you guessed it) Bob Everson's "hot apple" brandy.

Sunday morning we were off fairly early, and made good time to our destination 8 miles downstream at the big gravel bar in Professor Valley. We arrived there at about 2 p.m. after a short lunch-stop. There were still plenty of water fights and it seemed to take a very long time to clean and deflate boats and get everything hauled up the hill and loaded onto the truck. It was finally accomplished however, and we were all happy for the dinner stop at Moab.

There were a lot of tired kiddies on the trip home and just about everyone who could find a seat slept. There were a few moments of reverence in the smog-free desert air though, when the eclipse of the moon and the aurora borealis put on a most spec-

tacular show for us. It was so impressive that everyone climbed out of the bus and after standing in awe for a few minutes, we burst into one final musical tribute to Odin for a good and safe trip. Thanks, Ruth for a job well done!

Trip members were: Ruth Henson (leader) and son Greg; George and Carol, Paul and Arthur Edison; Carma, Robert, David and Joseph Norberg; Peggy and Bill, Colin, Nathaniel and Sarah Brace; Dick and

Joan, Carol and Rob Snyder; Marilyn and Kathleen Keir; Bob and Jim Lee; Susan Mickelsen and Margaret Hawkins; Dick, Kim and Karol Fredericks; Gail and Tracy Campbell; Evah Rhinehart; Dick and Geoffrey Zeamer; Jean and Peter Sunderland; Tom Luebben; and Bob Everson.

P. S. The leader wishes to give special thanks to Dick and Joan Snyder, Bob Everson and Carma Norberg for their hard work and helpful spirits throughout the weekend. -ed.



by Kathy Fjeldsted

On September 11th the moon worshippers met to make their pilgrimage to Grandeur Peak, where wine and bewitching moonbeams cast their magic power and we fell under the spell the Goddess Diana spins so well. Glowing lights from the valley floor heightened the festive Bacchanalian ritual. To soon, High Priest Oscar Robison called for us to depart and guided our descent into the canyon below where all was dark and still. Moon worshippers were: Dale Green, Marian Nelson, Herb and Hilda Rosenstock, Kermit Earle, Margaret Strickland, Jackie Thomas, Oscar and Phyllis Robison, Yenta Kaufman, June Zongker, Elmer Boyd, Kathy and Boyd Fjeldsted, Larry and Margie Kremer, Charles and Genny Schmidt, Charley Lesley, Fred and Eveline Bruenger.

ladies' hike

by Ruth Holland

The women's liberation movement has not yet reached its zenith in the Wasatch Mountain Club. The ladies hike August 16th attracted only 5 human and 2 canine females for a walk up the Mineral Fork trail. The morning was cool, the pace comfortable, and the conversation of necessity was girl talk.

We enjoyed ripe raspberries along the way and wondered why the stream looked so rusty. We stopped at the mine, decided that it was our destination, and returned by noon. On the way back, we saw a bat swooping around near the stream. When we approached, it hung briefly on an aspen so we could see its beady eyes and reddish brown coat. Then it started swooping around again and diving at us, we left in an orderly fashion, but fast.

Our small group that day consisted of the leader Grace Ormsby, visitors Monica Karlson and Londa Smith, Patty Ormsby, recorder Ruth Holland and canine representatives Kartika Porter and Foo Foo Ormsby.

MIRROR LAKE TO MOON LAKE WILKINS CREEK

by Ken McCarty

Saturday morning 5 optimistic backpackers gathered at the Mirror Lake Campground. The rains of the previous evening had stopped, so with leader Peter's assurances that the Weather Bureau reported clearing in the afternoon, we started up the trail. Rain soon forced us to don our foul weather apparel. But, the rain did not last long; at the lunch stop it turned to snow. We passed a number of parties of fishermen packing out (sneakers are not the best footgear for this weather). At Pidgeon Milk Spring we paused while the "Hawks" and "Doves" debated the sanity of continuing the hike in the deepening snow before crossing Rocky Sea Pass. With the knowledge that we could always take Rock Creek to lower elevation if the going got too bad, Peter, Gerhard, and the author decided to push on while Dave and Kermit took the rational approach and turned back to Mirror Lake. The views from the summit were somewhat Obscured (visibility about 15 feet), but spirits brightened when we entered Rock Creek Basin. The beautiful lakes and snow covered trees promised a field day for cameras if the weather ever cleared. After the engineering feat of crossing Rock Creek in high water and the steep climb on the other side, a sheltering clump of trees invited us to camp for the night. We soon found how wet snow can make firewood. With the aid of waterproof matches, fire starter, lighter fluid and three sets of lungs, the point where more wood dried than burned was reached. An expanding area of blue sky gave us a view of our beautiful surroundings and promised a better day Sunday. Melted snow provided the water for

our dinner. The 6 to 8 inches of new powder that greeted us next morning was not received with enthusiasm as we had not packed skis. The frozen clothes that also greeted us completed

the picture of a Himalayan expedition. Breakfast that morning was limited since it was snowing hard. We had no desire to repeat the fire-building routine, but a can of sterno did provide sufficient heat for hot water for our meager fare. By mutual consent we decided to head down Rock Creek rather than hazard the snow covered pass. After traveling a mile through the powdery stuff, we reached the Rock Creek Trail. We found that we were being preceded by some bovine hikers. A few miles down the trail, we caught up with our four-footed trail blazers. Apparently they did not trust the hump-backed monsters, since they quickened their pace on viewing us. On the way down there was ample opportunity to practice stream-crossing techniques. We reached civilization at Rock Creek Lodge and were immediately invited to a barbeque by the owners. We were still faced by one little problem: Our transportation was at Moon Lake and Mirror Lake, and we were in between. Some friends of Gerhard happened to be there and offered to take him to his camper at Mirror Lake the next day. Sam (last name unknown) was going back to Duchesne and offered (was conned into) to take us to where we could phone as the Lodge phone was temporarily out-two years. After a windy ride in the back of Sam's pickup to Mountain Home which had a phone and little else, Sam told us we were 12 miles from Moon Lake and asked if we wanted to get off. Since it was late, cold and windy, we used

persuasion and a \$10 bill to convince Sam to take us to Moon Lake. Peter's car was one of the most welcome sights of the trip. Fate's final blow was to Sam; he had a flat tire on the way back after letting us off. I

think we will all agree that this was a trip we will remember.

Participants: Peter Pruess, Leader; David Boid, Kermit Earle, Gerhard Henschel and Ken McCarty.

MT. RAYMOND HIKE AUG 16

by A. Schoenberg

Sixteen hikers and one back rider (baby Erik Nelson) set out to climb Mt. Raymond on this cloudless Sunday morning. Led by Oscar Robison, we chose to do the circuit route - up Butler Fork and down Mill B emerging at Hidden Falls by the S curve. This variation was particularly enjoyable because of the great contrast in scenery between the ascending and descending routes. The Butler trail leads through cottonwood and aspen groves and is hemmed in by lush vegetation, 6 foot high mustard plants, stinging nettles, and a great variety of flowers (red, white, blue and yellow ones according to the Dale Green classification). A steep series of switchbacks leads to a ridge overlooking Mill A basin with the steep Eastern face of Mt. Raymond straight ahead and Gobblers Knob on the right. The old trail continues down into the Basin and a sheepherders camp with 2 hungry looking dogs, as Jackie Thomas, who had started late, found out. The new trail turns abruptly right, avoiding any loss of altitude, and continues almost level along the south west slope of Gobblers Knob. It merges with the new Desolation Lake trail that is not yet marked on the U.S. geological map.

At the saddle between Raymond and

Gobblers Knob the group split.

Six hikers: Sam Allan, John Riley, Dixon and Marty Smith, Frank Atwood and Chuck Mays decided to do Gobblers Knob first. The rest of us continued up the steep rocky ridge to Raymond Peak.

The view from the top was a real reward for the effort. Twin Peaks dominates the view south. Salt Lake valley, 5,000 feet below, could be seen on either side of the ridge leading to Mt. Olympus. That, and the view of Millcreek canyon on the north and the Brighton area to the east, all combined to give that pleasure which drives most of us back for more of the mountains.

After a lunch break - during which the Gobbler climbers and Jackie Thomas caught up, the entire company started down towards Hidden Falls 4,000 feet below. The descent was very long and hot. But we still enjoyed the 3 hours along rugged ridges past tall douglas firs and spectacular Twin Peaks never out of sight for very long. At the bottom a quick shuttle to pick up the cars and then a friendly meeting at the Canyon Inn for cold beer and pretzels - Great - even little Erik was there. Participants not already mentioned: Kathy Fjeldsted, Nena Larsen, Bob Cook, Lloyd McMahan, Phil and Sally Nelson, Phil Ryan, Andy Schoenberg and Danny Thomas.

PELLEFERN HORN VIA RED PINE CANYON

by Sam Allan

Some are longer, some tougher, some higher but for sheer enjoyment there are few hikes that give more than the old p-horn on a balmy summers morn. You don't get it without effort though. There's the long walk from the mouth of White Pine to Red Pine Lake, the muscle limbering push to the ridge, the scramble over knife-edged granite blocks that split the rain drops between Little Cottonwood and Alpine Canyons and, finally, there's the steep haul up loose soil on the south face to the summit. Then the world of the Wasatch is around you. To the west white clouds peel over Thunder Mountain; to the north are the variegated ledges of Dromedary; to the south lies Box Elder peak and Timpanogos; to the east, in the great distance, are the Uintahs. This is the heart of the Wasatch. Up here is beauty, inspiration, romance and adventure. Behind are the mundane cares and vicissitudes of life. So you stay on the summit for an hour. Maybe two. You read the register and marvel that WMC-ers

(Dahlgren and Hollander) were up here last February. You sip your tea and lemon. Then, reluctantly, you saddle up and leave.

You don't retrace your steps, since by common consent the group takes a different route to the bottom. You descend the scree and follow the crest of a moraine that rises and falls and zigs and zags like a sea serpent's tail down the Maybird Gulch. At the lakes you refill your canteen and proceed eastwardly over the ridge, then drop into Red Pine Canyon where fastidious Fran bathes, fully clothed, in the icy waters. You would like to tarry, but, like Robert Frost "there are promises to keep, and miles to go before you sleep" so you leave it, for another year perhaps, and a different group of equally enjoyable souls.

Delighting in the adventure on August 22nd were Ted Thaxton, Jean Torreyson, Fran Flowers, Ann Wennhold, Shelly Hyde, and leader Sam Allan. On the summit we were joined by John Wagner and his companion from Erie, Pa., Greg Leopold.

NEWS AND NOTICES

THANKS

...to George and Linda Rathbun and June Zongker for mailing the September Rambler.

...to Kay Berger for typing this month's issue.

HATCHED

Alison Irwin Swift on August 22nd by Charley and Tricia

Catherine Renee Leining on September 11th by Lillian and Dick.

HITCHED

Estelle TaFoya and Gordon Steck on August 7th. They are now living in Tempe, Arizona.

PUBLISHED

by Jack Petajan in the October 1970 ALASKA magazine: "How to live with cold".

DEADLINE

...for the November Rambler is Oct. 15. Please have your TYPED articles to me by then. Sally Nelson, 1218 Harvard Ave. SLC, UT 84105. 485-0237.

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To the Board of Directors:

I hereby apply for membership in the Wasatch Mountain Club. I enclose the \$4.00 entrance fee and \$3.00 dues (spouse \$1.50). Out of state membership dues are \$1.50 (spouse 75¢). 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.

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Signature _____

(If spouse membership please print name of spouse) _____

and signature _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Zip _____ Phone _____

Event attended: _____

_____ on (date) _____

Recommended by (please obtain signatures of a member and a director):

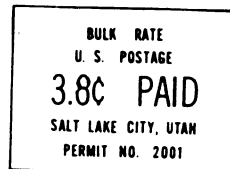
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