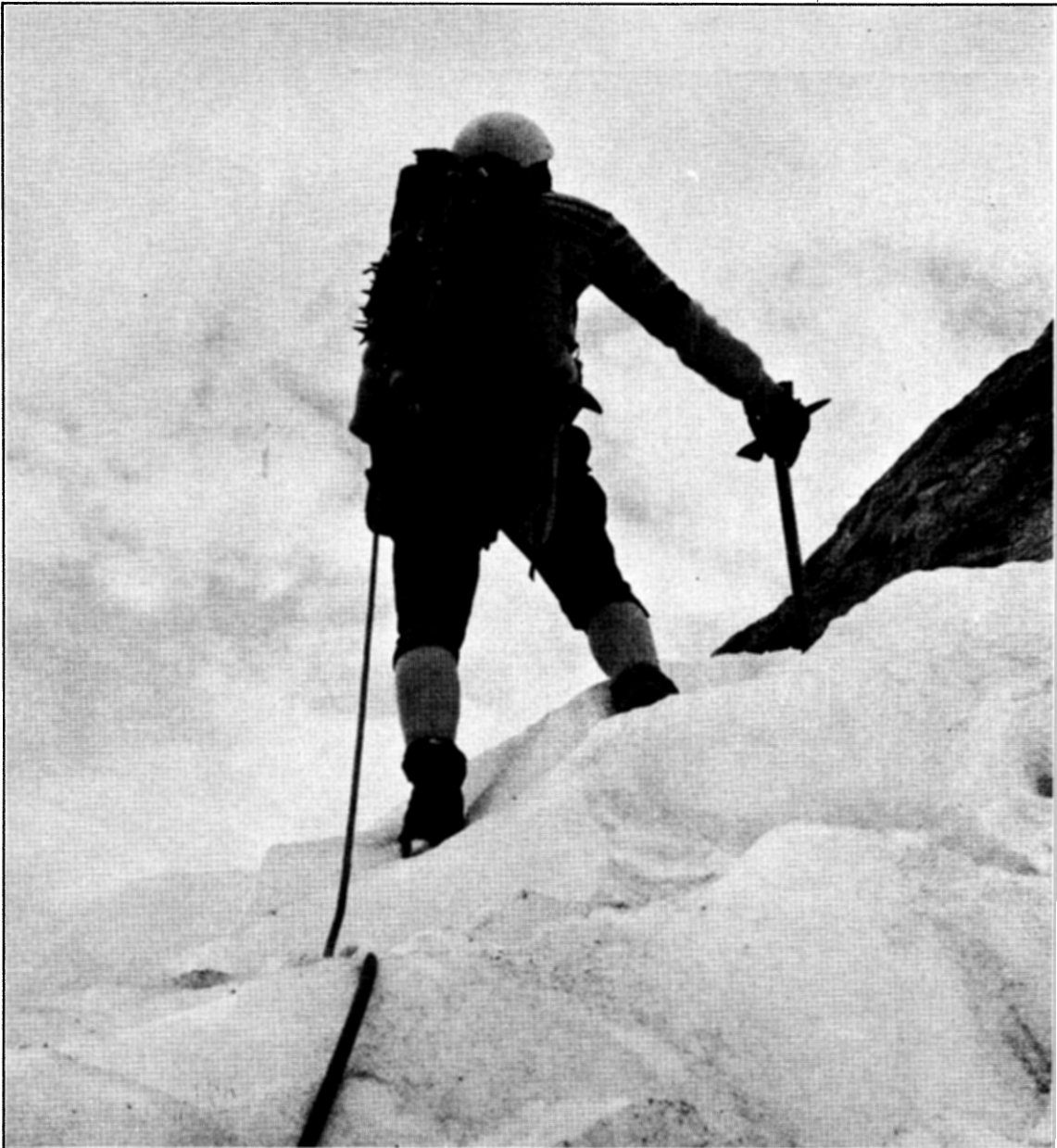


The Rambler

OCTOBER 1971



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

club activities for Oct 1971

REGISTRATION INFORMATION: Registration is generally not required for members participating in easy or intermediate hiking (Rating below 7.0). Unless specifically stated, advanced hikes (Rating above 7.0) require registration

with the leader. Adequate equipment is an absolute must. You cannot participate in these events if you have not shown your ability on other hiking activities and if you do not have adequate and well broken in boots with good Vibram type soles and suitable protective clothing. Special equipment like an ice axe etc. may also be specified and you are required to be able to handle such equipment. Remember that these restrictions are set for your own safety and that of your fellow members. For rules regarding participation of children consult the May Rambler. Register for bus trips with the leader only by sending a deposit to the address listed. Leaders cannot register anyone without a deposit.

For bus trip cancellations less than a week prior to the trip, the Club must retain a \$5.00 registration fee.

- Oct. 1 SUPREME COURT JUSTICE WILLIAM O. DOUGLAS, noted jurist and
Fri. conservationist, will be presented by the Utah Civil Liberties
 Union on Friday, October 1st at the University of Utah Union
 Ballroom. Dinner will be at 7:00 p.m. and the address at
 8:00 p.m. Tickets (dinner \$6, address only \$2) will be avail-
 able at the University of Utah Student Health Service (581-
 6432). Dinner reservations must be made by September 29th.

- Oct. 2 GRANDEUR PEAK, MOONLIGHT HIKE -- This is the last moonlight
Sat. hike of the season and Grandeur has almost become the tradi-
 tional destination. Let's get out into the clear autumn air
 and say our farewell to this season's "Claire de Lune"
 activities. Meet at the "Movie". Time: 6:00 p.m. Leader:
 Jean Torreyson.

- Oct. 2 LITTLE DELL CANYON - Rating 4 -- After a short drive up Par-
Sat. leys Canyon, we will set out for an easy hike through aspen
 and maple country. This "pleasant little valley" is not on
 the regular club hiking list and offers something new to all
 who want to pump their lungs full of fresh air. Meet at the
 K-Mart Parking lot (Foothill Blvd.) Time: 9:00 a.m. Lead-
 er: Dale Green, 277-6417

- Oct 2-3 DRUID ARCH, CANYONLANDS -- This is a two day trip involving
Sat-Sun a driving distance of about 620 miles. Druid Arch can be
 reached from the Squaw Spring Campground via a seven mile
 trail leading through typical Canyonlands country. Since

the trail to Chessler Park is on the same route, a side trip into this beautiful, pinnacled area is considered also. Plan this as an overnight backpack trip. Daytime temperatures should be just about right. Nights will be cool to cold. There is some water along the way from a dripping spring, but it might be better for you to carry your own. We will meet Saturday morning at the Squaw Spring Campground. Register by September 29 with Pat King, 486-9705.

- Oct. 3 BROADS FORK AND POSSIBLY THE TWINS - Elevation (Twins) 11,320
Sunday Rating (Twins) 10.5 -- If the wishes of the skiers have not yet "precipitated" we may reach the Twins once more and say "Farewell" for this season. In case the weather conditions are unfavorable or you are simply planning to take it easy, Broads Fork (we will stop above the swamp) will be the destination. Register for the Twins. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon. Time: 8:00 a.m. Leader: Elmer Boyd, 298-5537
- Oct. 7 EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK
Thurs.
- Oct. 9 PARK CITY RIDGE, Rating 7.5 -- We will start from the end of
Sat. the paved road in Millcreek Canyon and hike first towards Lake Desolation and then gain the ridge. Hiking along the ridge can be extended to suit special conditions. This area should be very beautiful with its many patches of aspen and is highly recommended for everybody who loves the golden colors of autumn. Meet at the end of Mill Creek Road (No shuttle involved). Time: 9:00 a.m. Leader: Sam Allen, 486-6834.
- Oct. 9 OSTLER PEAK (UINTA MOUNTAINS) -- For the last time during
Sat. this year's season, we offer a real workout. Destination is Ostler Peak or, for those who would like to avoid boulder hopping to the peak, Amethyst Lake is a very scenic place. Hiking distance from the end of the Stillwater Canyon Road is less than 10 miles (one way). Since there is some driving involved, we have to start early. Meet at the K-Mart Shopping Center, Foothill Blvd. Time: 5:30 a.m. Leader: Dennis Caldwell, 278-2100.
- Oct. 10 MILL D NORTH TO MILLCREEK - Rating 5 -- We will cover a ter-
Sunday rain similar to that of the Park City Ridge but the distance will be shorter and less effort is required. Bring your family and friends to say goodbye to the Indian Summer. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon. Time 8:00 a.m. Leader: Elmer Boyd, 298-5537.
- Oct. 10 MT. OLYMPUS NORTH AND SOUTH -- The hiking season draws to a
Sunday close; so let's finish it right. What would be better than a concerted assault on our old favorite Mt. Olympus. Both routes are considered, South via Tolcats Canyon and North (be aware of exposure) via the leader's back yard. Meet at

the "Movie", 3900 So. Wasatch Blvd. Time: 8:00 a.m. You must register for the North route. Leader: Dixon Smith, 277-6334

Oct. 13 ESCALANTE COMMITTEE WORK PARTY -- At the Hovingh's 721 2nd
Wed. Avenue, Salt Lake City at 7:30 p.m.

Oct. 14 EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK
Thurs.

Oct. 16 WESTERN PARTY -- The accent is south-of-the-border for this
Sat. traditional shindig. Come in costume and plan on an evening of dancing, gambling, partying, and surprises. Your hostesses will be Carol Greenly, Marilyn Kier, and Denna Wright. Call Judy Allen by October 14, phone 278-0230, for details and reservations. Price: \$2.50/person includes music, 4 drinks, snacks, and lodge fee. Pay at the door, please.

Oct. 16 MILL B NORTH TO MT. RAYMOND - Rating 8.5 - Elevation 10,241
Sat. The trail begins past the S-curve in Big Cottonwood Canyon. This route is a little shorter than the approach from Butler Fork but an additional 1000 feet of elevation has to be gained. The peak can either be reached by a direct and very steep route or you can bypass on the south and east to take the trail past Maxfield and Mill A Basin and scramble up to the summit from the North. Both ways are equally beautiful during the time of Fall Colors. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood. Time: 8:00 a.m. Leader: Phil Nelson, 485-0237

Oct. PILOT PEAK - Rating 6.5 -- This significant peak across the
16-17 Nevada border served as a beacon during the time "when the
Sat-Sun West was won". Wagon trains crossing the Salt Desert could also find good water on its far slopes. There is some dirt-road driving involved but the terrain is not difficult. The view from the peak across the desert is outstanding. On clear days, you may also see the Sierra Nevada in the distance. For details call Pete Hovingh, 359-4791.

Oct. 17 MT. AIRE - Rating - Elevation 8621 -- For the last time
Sun this season we will enjoy the Fall Colors. Leader for this easy hike will be a real gentleman who invites everybody to come along. Leader: Bob Cook, 364-7084. Meet at the "Movie" 3900 So. Wasatch Blvd. Time: 9:00 a.m.

Oct. 18 SIERRA CLUB DINNER AND CHAPTER MEETING - Zion Lutheran Church,
Mon. 1070 Foothill Drive. Refreshments will be served at 5:45 and dinner at 6:30. At 8:00 Jack McLellan will present a slide show on the Escalante Canyons and Dave Raskin will report on his trip to Washington, D. C. and the current outlook for House action on the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area bill. The price of dinner is \$1.50 for adults, \$1.00 for students, and \$4.00 for a family; \$.50 will be deducted for those who bring food for 6 (salad, dessert, or bread and butter). Reservations should be made by Monday, Oct. 11 by those who

wish to bring food and by Friday, Oct. 15 for everyone else. For reservations call June Wickham, 328-1972 (days); Diane Dial, 277-9263 (evenings); Claudia Birkinshaw, 278-9230 (eve); April Neilson, 485-9085 (eve.).

Oct. 21 EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK
Thurs.

Oct. LODGE OPEN HOUSE -- Dagney and Ron Healey are hosting an
23-24 adult lodge weekend this month. They will be there Saturday
Sat-Sun and Sunday, so as an alternative to deer hunting, bring up
 your 6-packs (or whatever) and enjoy some adult company with
 Ron and Dagney. Please call 359-4211.

Oct. 23 NOTCH PEAK - Elevation 9655 - Rating 6 -- Deer season is
Sat. upon us and it is better to stay out of the woods. Let's
 escape to the Desert. We will leave Hi-Way 6-50 and travel
 for some distance on a dirt road. Starting from Miller's
 Cove on the south-east side of the peak, we should reach
 this spectacular summit shortly after noon. Don't be sur-
 prised to see the north side of the peak drop almost verti-
 cally for 2700 feet. By the way, if you are looking for
 Bristle Cone Pine, you can find those there. Meet at Al-
 bertson's Shopping Center, 4816 Redwood Road. Time: 6:30
 a.m. Leader: Carl Bauer, 355-6036.

Oct. 24 CAVE EXPLORING TRIP -- A particularly nice cave in Nevada
Sunday has been picked to avoid the annual deer hunter's shoot-
 out in the hills. No special equipment or skills are needed
 but the leader feels strongly that your safety and enjoyment
 will be greatly enhanced by wearing a hard hat and head lamp.
 These are available for rent. Minimum age - 15 years. Call
 the leader for details. Meet at 7:00 a.m. corner of 21st
 South and Redwood Road. Transportation charge \$4.00. One
 way driving time is about 3 hours. Leader: Dale Green,
 277-6417. (Note: due to a complete lack of interest, the
 caving seminar scheduled for October is cancelled).

Oct. KOLOB FINGERS AND LA VERKIN AREA -- We will have a chance
23-25 again to escape the mad hunters and spend a (long) weekend
Sat-Mon in a real paradise. This trip can be arranged as a back-
 pack outing or you can simply explore the Finger area.
 There is plenty to do, or if you want to take it easy, you
 may sit down and rest under golden cottonwoods and red
 cliffs. If you have not seen the "Country in the Sky" in
 its ornate autumn hues you have not seen true Fall colors.
 Please register early. (Deadline is Wednesday, Oct. 20)
 with Fred Bruenger, 485-2639

Oct. 28 EVENING CLIMBING AT PETE'S ROCK
Thurs.

Thanksgiving GRAND CANYON

This year's annual Grand Canyon Hike will be different. If you have built up some strength and endurance (you don't have to be a +10 hiker), you are invited to come along. The main trails at this week end are usually populated and look like Main Street. Not for you! We are planning a relatively easy trip down the Grandview Trail, then across Horseshoe Mesa, where you can explore some of the old mines or some caves in the Redwall Formation. The evening should find you in the cottonwood area which has good water. The next day can be spent leisurely or exploring and you can walk around Horseshoe Mesa and back out on Saturday. This is a truly fine trip and you should take advantage of this opportunity.

A second group will take an advanced hike down the Hance Trail, cross the Tonto Plateau (hopefully without any major confrontation with wild burros) and meet the Grandview group on Horseshoe Mesa. The Hance Trail is only and without any exception for the endurant and experienced hiker. No non-members and no teenagers on this route. To give you an idea what the Hance Trail is, I would like to quote a paragraph from the booklet on "Inner Canyon Hiking"

"The Hance Route (Red Canyon) is only 7 or 8 miles to the river but requires more time and effort than the Tanner's twelve. This is no doubt the most perverse of South Rim trails due to repeated efforts necessary to relocate the route. If nothing else, the Hance is a fine exercise in close use of a topographic map. The trail, or what remains of it, is characterized by an inability to see what lies ahead, total disappearance of the way every few hundred feet, and a seemingly illogical route of travel. The trail veers to the right, doubles around corners, and plunges abruptly downward in the most unexpected places."

Leader: Fred Bruenger, 485-2639.

news and notices

THANKS

... to Jane Daurelle and Rose Morrison for typing this months issue.

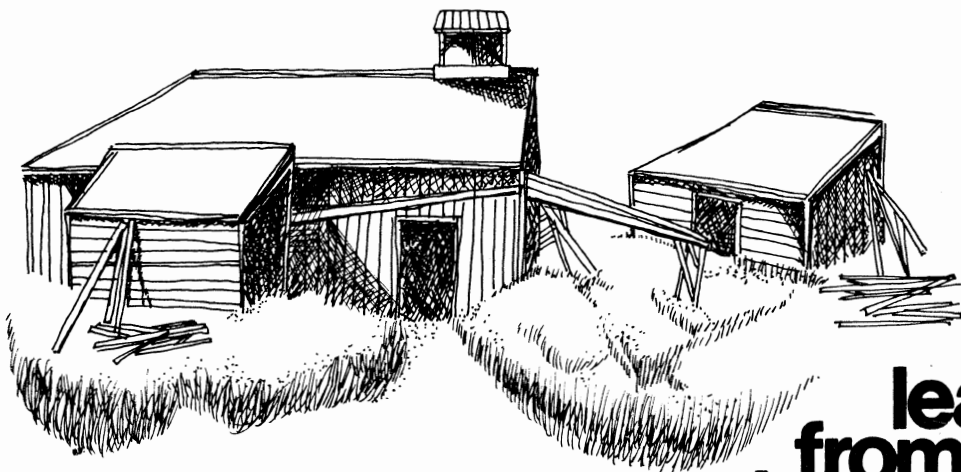
... to Margo, Peter and William Hovingh, Linda and George Rathburn for mailing the September RAMBLER.

DEADLINE

for the November RAMBLER is October 15th. Please have your articles and schedules TYPED and mailed or delivered to Ruta Dreijmanis, 5396 Willow Lane, Apt. #C, Murray, Utah 84107 - 262-1693.



View of KARSTEN'S RIDGE by John Sutton, a member of a party of six to reach the summit of Mt. McKinley in Alaska on July 9, 1971.



A Little Cottonwood Community

leaves from the old wasatch

In the early 1870's, the best and probably only route to Alta, using available public transportation, took one from SLC to Sandy on the Utah Southern Railroad, then by stage into Little Cottonwood Canyon and up to the mining community. Leaving the Salt Lake depot at 7 a.m., the traveler could expect to be in Alta, if all went well, by mid-afternoon. With so many hours spent enroute, it is not surprising that small towns along the route assumed major importance. One such settlement was Granite City.

Originally located just outside the canyon, Granite City was moved to the mouth of the canyon when the granite quarries were opened. Two smelters, The Davenport and The Flagstaff, were located nearby, giving added reason for a town at that location. When the Wasatch & Jordan Valley Railroad was built from Sandy to Wasatch Station at the lower end of the canyon, the town also housed railroad workers. In keeping with the general trend of mining and railroad towns, Granite City was a rough and raw little town that gave a visitor little reason to return.

About 50 buildings made up the town but they were reported to be a conglomerate of shanties, tents, stables, and even dugouts. One hotel run by a John

Redding was said to be a good place to get a square meal. The name 'Granite' came from the surrounding cliffs, and from them alone, for nothing as solid as granite found its way into the town's buildings. The location, however, was extraordinarily scenic; as one Salt Lake Herald correspondent reported, "Nature has done an immense amount for this townsite, but its founders spoiled it by building the place." With horse stables and saloons being in abundance, the streets were paved with a delightful compound of manure mixed with "slush thrown from the saloons".

The railroad reached Granite City in the spring of 1873, then pushed on into the canyon. Reports of a new rival community at the end of the track threatened to end, or at least challenge, the importance of the little town. Another reporter suggested that if that happened, the Granite City inhabitants could couple up their town in an hour and move it up canyon in an evening.

The rival town did spring up when Wasatch Station became the little community of Wasatch, claiming most of the quarry and railroad workers into its population. The two smelters ceased operation by 1875, and the little community of Granite City sank into the oblivion of its own mud and

smell. Wasatch, while never growing into an organized town of any size, did become a very popular vacationing spot, visited by many Salt Lake residents during the summer months for many years thereafter. Even today, Wasatch Resort survives, a faint shadow of those former settlements, a reminder of the past... a Leaf from the Old Wasatch.

the selkirks in canada

by Harold Goodro

For an exciting two weeks in the Canadian Rockies, eight of our active members joined the Iowa Mountaineers in their annual summer camp. Dave Allen, Dave Smith, Gary Larsen, Max Townsend, and myself served as climbing leaders for the group of 78 people. Janet Christensen, Gerhard Henschel, and Dale Green were along to enjoy a "deluxe" type of mountaineer camp. Some of the most beautiful peaks of the area were climbed, while camp life was made more satisfying with food prepared by professional cooks that was so good you "hated to put it down". Forest fires burning in all directions (some out of control) produced smoke that made good photography impossible, and day and night raids by bears who stole food, ripped packs and tents, and became a real nuisance, added interest to say the least. The Rangers who trapped and hauled away the bears in cages were our daily visitors. Some bears were shot out of trees with tranquilizer guns and fell at our feet before being taken away.

We had but one rainy day in two weeks of very warm weather, and one might say that the camp was a huge success, due no doubt to the presence of that many WMC members!

sunset peak

August 30, 1971

by Bob Cook

The group assembled at the WMC Lodge at 9 a.m. The day was fine in every respect, and after waiting $\frac{1}{2}$ hour for some people who had called but didn't make it, we proceeded up the Lake Mary trail thence on to Lakes Martha and Catherine, through a really beautiful display of flowers.

As this was a short hike and leisurely we were most surprised to reach the American Fork divide before 12:30 p.m. Some of our group stopped here, for reasons later to be explained, and the rest continued on to Sunset Peak where we had lunch, good conversations and a beautiful view in all directions.

Among those present were two rather new comers to Utah, who were making this walk to qualify for membership in the WMC. They are the Gelmans, Marty & Sheila, and their two daughters Sheila and Stephanie. Stephanie, age $1\frac{1}{2}$, and Sheila, age $3\frac{1}{2}$, made the hike to the American Fork divide, Stephanie of course riding papoose style on her Father's back, and Sheila walking a good deal, and being carried by her Mother part of the way. The two little girls were as good as gold, and charming too. Stephanie was either asleep or smiling all the way. Welcome to the Gelmans who are great people, and who already love our mountains. They are a great addition to our area.

Others present: Jayne James, Margaret Strickland, Jack Noy, Russel Patterson, and John Gibbs, the latter being a young guest of the Gelman's.

Our return was down the same way as we ascended, through the woods and past the lakes and back to the Lodge. A few stopped here for a cold drink, a little socializing, and relaxation. It was a good day in all respects.

escalante controversy sharpens

by David Raskin

The effort to obtain inclusion of the Escalante Wilderness in the Glen Canyon National Recreation Area (GCNRA) is reaching a critical stage. Congressman Lloyd has called for field hearings on HR8214 in Southern Utah and Salt Lake City. At the same time, he publicly opposed inclusion of the Escalante in the GCNRA and endorsed the construction of the proposed Trans-Escalante Highway from Bullfrog Basin to Canyon City.

On Sept. 9 the Salt Lake Tribune printed a lengthy editorial strongly endorsing Mr. Lloyd's position and accusing our side of locking up the land for a few to enjoy at the expense of the general public, the local residents, the poor, the young, and the old. The Tribune, as well as Mr. Lloyd, claims that the BLM should continue to administer those lands on a "multiple-use" basis and that administration by the National Park Service would ruin the cattleman, prevent construction of any roads, and keep the tourists out.

We have met with Mr. Lloyd and with the Editors of the Tribune in efforts to make the facts known. Obviously, we have had little effect on Mr. Lloyd's opinions. We hope that the Tribune will seek complete information in the future rather than simply paraphrasing Mr. Lloyd in their editorials.

At this time it is extremely important that we make special efforts to bring the facts to the people and to government officials. We feel that we are on the verge of making a major breakthrough in terms of a fair representation of our views and proposals, and we need a maximum of local support

in order to make our efforts successful. Our recent appeal for letters to Mr. Lloyd brought a disappointing response from Utah residents; at least half of the letters came from out-of-state supporters. We strongly urge you to write letters at this time and also send in letters to the editors of our newspapers.

Your letter to Congressman Lloyd (in your own words) should 1) Urge inclusion of the Escalante Canyons in the GCNRA and provide for wilderness study within 2 years as specified in Senator Moss' bill S.27 which was passed by the Senate. 2) Point out that the Senate bill also contains provisions for road studies and continuation of grazing, mining, and other commercial developments. You should clearly point out that the Senate version would not interfere with any ongoing commercial activities in the GCNRA. No roads would be closed, and current access to the area is excellent along existing roads, many of which should be improved by up-grading and paving. This makes it obvious that Senator Moss' bill is truly a multiple-use approach which would benefit all legitimate interests.

3) State your support for the necessity of field hearings in Salt Lake City and Southern Utah so that all points of view may be heard and a careful, comprehensive land-use plan can be worked out for the area. This is what S.27 would do if it were passed by the House. 4) State your strong opposition to the Trans-Escalante Highway proposed by the Utah State Highway Dept. and state your endorsement of the Canyon Country Parkway System proposed by the Escalante Wilderness Committee.

Send your letter to Hon. Sherman P. Lloyd, Longworth House Office Bldg., Wash. D.C. 20515. If you do not live in his district, send your letter to Hon. Gunn McKay, same address, and send a copy to Lloyd. Everyone should also send copies to Hon. Wayne N. Aspinall, same address, and Senator Frank E. Moss, Senate Office Bldg., Wash. D.C. 20510.

It is extremely important that you write as soon as possible and send the copies as requested. The Escalante

Wilderness Committee and the Sierra Club (local and national) have intensified their efforts to save the Escalante by sending people to Washington, preparing mailins, publicizing and distributing the new Sierra Club book Slickrock, and visiting State and Federal officials. A strong and continuous stream of letters in support of those activities is a crucial factor which will ensure the eventual success of our efforts. Without such support the task will be even more difficult.

ladies' hike

August 17, 1971

by kay berger

There were 11 of us, if you want to count a baby and a dog! We started off for Mt. Aire with a dark sky and the possibility of rain which fortunately never occurred.

This was really a pleasant hike, great conversation, and new people. The hike was new to all of us, as none had been to Mt. Aire before including the leader (sort of, that is). Phil had taken me to the area so I would have some idea where I was going. I wasn't really concerned since I had Chookla with me, and he has done Mt. Aire before. Besides, he always finds his way back down! Since we had no idea how long the hike was going to take, we timed ourselves, figuring three hours was plenty - if we didn't reach the top by 11:30 a.m. we would turn around. To our surprise we were up and back in less than 2½ hours. The scenery was outstanding.

HIKERS: Billie Grandy & her children Kim, Jody, & Jeff; Shirlene Williams; Fay Krebs, who is new to Utah; Karen Weatherbee, also new to the area; Kay Berger with Jennifer in the Gerry-Carrier; 'speedy' Robin, and of course, Chookla, the trail blazer.

mt majestic

MOONLIGHT HIKE

by Monica Karlson

You should have been at the WMC Lodge on Sept. 4th, at 6:30. That was the meeting place of the most delightful moonlight hike of the season! Thirteen fun-loving people followed Chuck Mays up the clear trail.

On the trail we discussed the flora we saw or thought we saw. (We were all amateur botanists except for Dave, who knew what a Nettleleaf Horsemint was). We also posed for pictures for a budding photographer with a new camera.

Snake Creek Pass was literally crawling with people by the time we got there but they were the "friendly sort" and we enjoyed their company and campfire. The view of Timp was spectacular as always.

Before we knew it, we had scampered up Clayton Peak and were enjoying the silhouetted mountains of the West. Stewart, (the Marlboro Man) passed out "tenacious grapes", which turned out to be the tip of his little finger! Yeah! Chuck reviewed the heavenly constellations and planets with relaxed authority.

We walked down the moonlighted and flashlighted path listening to the stories of Stewart. Ask him to tell you about the little dog that knew karate. At 11 p.m. we reached the bottom, disappeared to our cars, and later reunited at the good ol' Canyon Inn.

LEADER: Chuck Mays

HIKERS: Donna Hauck; Ron & Mary Welch; Bob Morse; Monical Karlson; Stewart Roberts; Virginia Hilliard; Ron & Donna Smith; Elvin Fahrnia; Marilyn Batemen; Dave Daurelle; & Carolyn Humphrey.

conservation at home?

by Harold
Goodro

As the saying goes, "Why go fox hunting in the woods when the fox is raiding your chicken coop?" I have read with interest the accounts of our Conservation Committee and their unceasing efforts to preserve the scenic beauties of Southern Utah, several hundred miles away, while the entire Wasatch Range, so dear to most of us, is being pillaged, exploited, torn apart, and commercialized. Snowbird Ski Area has scraped extensive wooded slopes to the dirt, bulldozed the top from a mountain to build a restaurant and tramway terminal, and has now applied for permits to extend down canyon to include White Pine. They also have permits to extend down the American Fork side to that road. Meanwhile, Red Butte Canyon, that most sacred of spots, will be opened to hunting this fall, another large subdivision has been approved in Albion Basin, three more subdivisions in Brighton including two on both sides of Silver Lake (within three blocks of our lodge), one of the most beautiful areas that was left in Big Cottonwood Canyon -- and a permanent sheep camp has been built in Mill"A" Basin, that no one seems to be able to do anything about. Forest Service officials admit to holding large areas of land at Alta for commercial speculation, and also state that we will probably lose the entire Wasatch Front to expanding residential and commercial interests within five years' time.

The County Commissioners have a good idea to stop expansion, but like Nixon's Freeze, it comes too little and too late. All projects that have been approved or applied for will be allowed to continue even if the zoning restrictions become law. Most foot trails in the Wasatch would be impassable if it were not for the efforts of the WMC workers, and motorcycles and tote-goats roar daily in all areas

through our wild flowers and meadows. The powered depredations are completely unchecked by the feeble "no-no" signs placed by the Forest Service.

Isn't it time we looked in the "hen house" to see what's going on in our own back yard?

american fork twins

by Anne Goss

The group gathered at the base of Little Cottonwood Canyon at a bright and early 7:30 a.m.!! Groups paired off and we drove up into Albion Basin. The idea of returning by way of Gad Valley was discussed and Hector (Ross Pierson) and Fran Flowers volunteered to take a care and hike up by way of Gad Valley. The rest headed for Mt. Baldy, all arriving at the summit without too much difficulty. We all signed the register and cast out sights on our ultimate goal, the American Fork Twins. Obstructing our view somewhat was a bit of manmade environment, the Snowbird tram station atop Hidden Peak. As we approached the tram station, we were impressed with its enormity, but let down by man's ability to scar the natural environment with concrete and steel. Between Hidden Peak and the base of American Fork Twins we encountered a bit of rock scrambling. After a final rigorous climb to our destination all were ready to enjoy the view, the companionship, and lunch.

All except our two volunteers who we finally sighted on a nearby ridge. They caught up to us quickly and had just enough time to get a mouthful of sandwich before all of us decided it was time to descend as thunderheads were forming in the distance. The descent was taken through Gad Valley and all arrived at the base safely, including Dale Gardner who made the entire hike in a pair of well-worn and "holy" sneakers. The group, led by Lyman Lewis, included: Fran Flowers, Lauren Williams, John Sutton, Don Colman, Kermit Earler, Dale Gardner, Peter & Anne Goss, Becky Nebly, and Ross Pierson.

discount map sale

tanners gulch to sunrise

New USGS Maps 7½' 1:24,000; 15'
1: 62,500; 30' 1: 125,000; AMS
1: 250,000 & Special Maps are offered
for sale at approx. 70% regular price or
50% new price increase amount. De-
pending on map series, this saves
15-20¢/map current price, and saves
40-45¢/map over new anticipated price
effect 1 January 72.

7½, 15, & 30 minute series maps
cost 35¢ each compared to 50¢ current
price & 75¢ scheduled price.

AMS 1:250,000 series maps cost 55¢
each compared to 75¢ current price
and \$1.00 scheduled price.

Special Maps cost 70% of their
current list price. Min. order is
\$1.05. There is no tax.

For example: The 14 1:250,000
maps covering the entire state of Utah
cost \$7.70 compared to \$10.50 current
price & \$14.00 new price. (These may
be ordered as "The 14 Utah maps").

Regular series & special maps
(Nat'l Parks, Recreation Areas, etc.)
may be ordered for any of the eleven
western states plus Alaska. Index
maps for these states may be obtained
free at SLC Federal Bldg., Rm 8102.
All maps will come with green woodland
overprint, unless large orders request
otherwise, and unfolded.

Map order should list State, Series,
& Map Name, such as (Utah: 7½', Cedar
City) &/or (Utah: 15', Cedar City).
State info is omitted on AMS series
such as- (AMS 1: 250,000: Vernal,
Grand Junction etc).

Send order with check to:

MAPS

Mr. Clyde F. Gillette
3419 El Serrito Drive
Salt Lake City, Utah 84109
to arrive NLT 21 OCT.

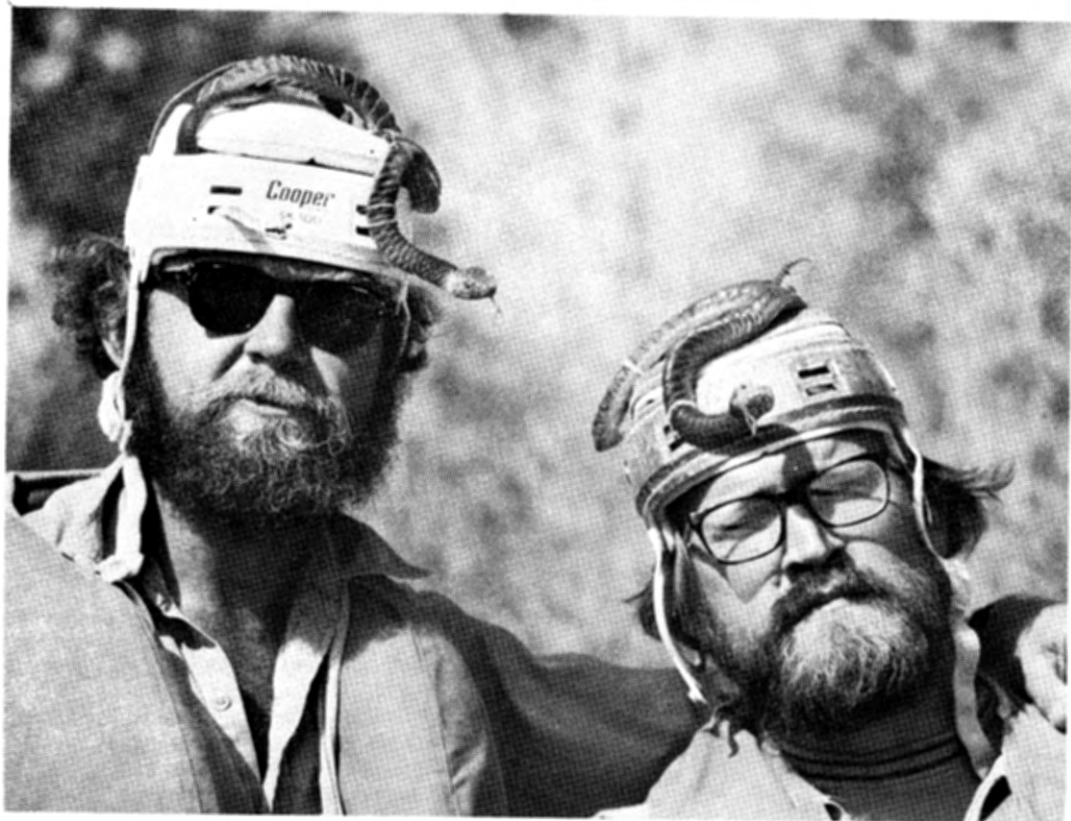
Maps may be picked up Sun. Nov. 21 from
7:00 a.m. through 5:00 p.m. at 3419 S. El
Serrito Dr. (3425 E) SE corner of inter-
section.

By David Armitage

On a cool, clear morning with a full
moon just setting to the west, ten hardy
souls and five people met at the mouth
of Little Cottonwood Canyon for an "out-
standing" hike. After everyone had put
on sweaters and windbreakers, we began
this summer hike. The usually dry
Tanners Gulch had quite a healthy stream
flowing in it, which called for more
zig-zagging than expected. About half-
way up the ridge the sun finally made
itself known with a temperature rise of
approximately 20 degrees. With the cool
day suddenly becoming warm, we stopped
and removed our warm clothing. Upon
reaching the saddle between Sunrise and
Dromedary, we were greeted by the re-
mains of the season's first snow. The
summit was reached quickly, and we
stopped for a long, leisurely lunch.
Even after a long lunch, most of the day
remained ahead of us and we continued
west along the ridge, stopping shortly
at the "Folly", long enough to wrap a
knee and knock a few rocks off the
cairn. On reaching the saddle by Twin
Peaks, Caine asked if anyone was inter-
ested in going up Twins. Two hardy
souls answered the call, the rest start-
ed down Broad's Fork.

Soon the five of us were back to-
gether and we started down the fork to
the Big Cottonwood road. Not having
a car waiting for us, we had to hitch
hike back to the cars. We quickly got
a ride to the mouth of Big Cottonwood
but it was only through the efforts
of Hector that we were finally able to
get a ride back to the cars we had left
at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Can-
yon. Being back where we had started
and having done no work, we ended our
"outstanding" hike.

PARTICIPANTS: LEADER: Caine
Alder. OTHERS: David Armitage; Hector
and Anne and Peter Goss.



westwater

photo by Bob Everson

by Sally Clark

Twenty-nine hardy souls took off on the night of Friday, August 20, headed for Westwater on the Colorado. SIX pit stops, one weigh in, and one wrong turn later we disembarked at 2 a.m. and started looking for a dry spot to put our sleeping bags. We luckily missed a terrific thunderstorm in that area earlier.

Saturday at 6 a.m. started very very slowly with Mike Gallagher (our esteemed leader) making round after round trying to get the late starters up. Only six hours later, after a terrific breakfast, we were loaded and packed and ready to hit the beautiful Colorado River. Wow! Talk about muddy! The thundershower the night before washed all the dirt, debris, and garbage into the river for miles around. Smelly too! (Note for future leaders on the Colorado--check with the local authorities in the county before running the river in that area. The local sheriff likes to know all who put into the river in his jurisdiction).

We had all the usual fun water fights in between the rapids. Those who know Mike Gallagher's reputation for being a fierce competitor in water fighting all had a surprise in store for them. Mike was unusually docile, with only an occasional burst of fierceness! He was taking his leadership responsibilities quite seriously and at times even acted with dignity and decorum.

The real, real biggy of the day was Skull rapid. Those had had run it previously had all the newcomers well psyched out, and consequently, we were all terrified. After two hours of high altitude scouting and high level meetings with the captains, Mike finally gave the go-ahead. Three boats went down, and much to every one's surprise made it without mishap. The next two came down with Danny Thomas' raft (nick-

named "That Smutty Raft") doing a spectacular about-face and going through Skull backwards. The fifth raft went through like a pro.

After exciting Skull came four miles of gruelling paddling that lasted far into the night. We had a midnight supper and a few hardy souls stayed up and partied til three thirty in the morning.

Sunday morning, 6 a.m., bright sunshine and bad hangovers! The prevailing spirit was one of fun and excitement. We were all looking forward to the same 17-mile stretch of river with much less terror and trepidation. In fact, Mike had to keep reminding us not to be over-confident. Of course, we were, and consequently Danny Thomas' raft hung up and almost tipped over on one of the largest rocks in the rapids.

The second run on Skull was not as superbly done as the first. We were not as frightened and a tad over confident. As a result, Bob Everson nearly went over on the wrong side of skull and into the whirlpool bath. Dick Snyder, not to break his three-year record, went through Skull backwards.

The rest of the trip was beautiful, relaxing, but uneventful. We were packed and loaded on the bus by 8 p.m. that night. The back of the bus held up all the old traditions, while the front just put up!

We had a "gourmet" Mexican stop in Green River and headed back to reality. Arrived in SLC about 3 a.m., pooped, but happy. All agreed it was one of the best and most fun river trips ever.

CAPTAINS: Bob Everson, Dick Snyder, Danny Thomas, Mike Gallagher, and George Rathbun.

RIVER RATS: Mike Gallagher, Mike Armstrong, Jack Campbell, Barbara Brower, Cayle Campbell, Sally Clark, Jan Jennings, Ruta Dreijmanis, Ruth Henson, Hafty Hafterson, Arie Hindbo, Dave Wilcox, Dennis Webb, Richard Parks, Bonnie Barr, Susan Chaplin, Dan Sternberg, Dave & Margo Raskin, Barry Quinn, Bob Nelson, Judy & Bill Smith, Pat Beudelaire, & Jim McCullough

trail clearing

by Fred Bruenger

Earlier this season I asked for your help in assisting the Forest Service in the maintenance of trails in the Wasatch. All that we asked was a few hours of light work in return for the many hours of enjoyment which you could find in hiking. There were a few occasions when the trip-leader showed up with a pair of clippers and nobody objected to using them for a short time. Trails such as Mt. Aire and Grandeur were brought back into shape this way and a large section of the Ferguson Canyon-Storm Mountain Trail was cleared. Incidentally, a lot more work was done on the Ferguson Canyon Trail that Sunday morning than was intended, just because people were willing to work. Then came the first test, the clearing of the upper end of Mill B South. About 30 people were called and enough people committed themselves to make this a relatively easy job. The only ones who showed up were the leader and his wife, who worked all day; but they got the job done without any complaint.

In August there was the "hiker's weekend", a Saturday with no hiking activities other than just trail clearing. Target was the Neff's Canyon Trail. Since the trail had almost completely disappeared, we went out with people from the Forest Service directed by Ray Lindquist and spent a day rerouting the upper section. Then a committee was set up and about 130 people, all of whom had participated in hikes earlier in the season, were called. The response was not overly enthusiastic, but about 30 people promised to come, which made us quite happy. In addition, there were two club members who offered their services without being called. When the time came, about 2/3 of those who had committed themselves didn't show up; however, one couple that had not made a commitment found the time to come to work. I was really ashamed that

out of such a large and often enthusiastic group of Mountain-Clubbers no more than 10 members kept their promises. We take time to enjoy hiking, shouldn't there be a little time set aside to work? All we asked was a small token of appreciation.

Nevertheless, the morning did not become an exercise in futility. Those who showed up really went to work and a nice and passable trail now exists up to the ridge into Green Canyon. From there another 1/4 mile has to be cleared to make the connection into Thayne Canyon. At about mid-time we enjoyed lunch with free beer and grape juice at an ice-cold spring near the saddle of Neff's Canyon. Nobody complained about the job, which, with so few workers, turned out harder than anticipated. Anyway, the job was done and we also had fun. But one thing is certain; it would have been a lot more fun if you, too, had been along.

Our special thanks to the work crew: Dennis Caldwell, Lauren Williams, Shirlene Williams, Tom Jeulson, Carol Jeulson, Fred Bruenger, Dixon Smith, Bob Cook, Don Carlton, June Zonker, David Hanscom, John Wagner, Jean Torreyson, Shelly Hyde, Elmer Boyd, Andy Schoenberg, Michael Maack.

mt moran

by Harold Goodro

Everything pointed to a great trip. Even the weather reports for the weekend sounded promising. The group that had signed up consisted of strong climbers who were very eager. Every phase fell neatly in place. The entire 15 were all at the sign-out place at Jenny Lake at the appointed time. Our friends Bob Irvine and Bill Conrod were the Rangers on duty at the time and helped facilitate our getting under way. (They also implied a promise to talk other climbers out of attempting Moran that weekend, so we could have the

mountain to ourselves). We were allowed to park our cars at String Lake which helped immensely.

Getting under way with our heavy packs right on schedule, the group split at Leigh Lake, part going around the North (longer) side, part going around the South (rougher) side, hoping to meet at the base of the mountain. The trail hadn't changed much in the eight years intervening since my last trip with the exception of 247 more fallen trees and two mud holes which Karen and Hal found to be bottomless. Arriving at the stream, which was a raging torrent, much time was lost looking for a bridge or fallen tree to cross on. Finally, most of us took our boots off and waded the icy current, freezing our feet and legs blue during the slow process. As we dried off and kneaded our limbs back to life, who should come paddling to shore but Ruta, who wanted to know if she could help. Needless to say, many derisive comments floated over the lake's calm surface.

Re-uniting with the others, the long, very steep way up a stream bed to a high camp got under way. The trail was non-existent, the footing got more precarious, the packs got heavier, the perspiration got sweatier, as we labored up, up, up. How morale soared as we finally reached that beautiful spot in the last pine trees on the shoulder of the mountain which was to be our home for two nights. The view from this high camp is indescribable in its grandeur and we lingered long before starting the evening tasks of camp making. Soon a dozen different food odors drifted from tent to tent as the small stoves sputtered and hissed. It seemed as though all fifteen had different food desires that first evening. Early to bed was the order, but 4 a.m. came all too soon, and once again the little stoves did their duty with the accompaniment of much grumbling.

Under way at 5 a.m., Harold led the way up the Drizzlepuss in the early dawn. The rapelle down the overhang to the notch was bypassed on easy ledges (with much exposure) and with protection from the ropes. Here,

Jackie, becoming bored, added to the excitement by pulling a rock off onto the top of her head. Soon we were climbing the East Face of the mountain with five ropes of three climbers each. This part was the greatest, with over 2,000 ft. of easy but stimulating climbing to the summit. Some route variations were accomplished by the different rope leaders, which added to the pleasure of a perfect day. The silence on the top was broken only by sighs of appreciation and the mad clicking of cameras. All too soon the downclimb had to be started. Harold's rope led the way to the two exciting rapelles, which he rigged and then had to test (like the book says). Then the sky was darkening as the afternoon thunderheads formed. Soon a few drops of rain, then hailstones pelted us on our way. As we climbed back up over the Drizzlepuss, the storm left us and soon life was rosy again. The way down to high camp went rapidly, with several glissades and much boulder hopping. Another evening at high camp followed, more enjoyable than ever, filled as we were with the knowledge that we had climbed our mountain. It had been a long day (16 hours) but super rewarding.

Next morning, a leisurely breakfast followed by a late start down from a camp spot we hated to leave, soon had us stumbling and staggering down the mountain, with packs that seemed heavier than before. As we strolled around the lake, fish could be seen lazily drifting in the shallows. Most were back at the cars by noon, to immediately make large amounts of Tang to gulp down parched throats while waiting for the stragglers. A swim in String Lake refreshed us for the drive home. It was truly a great trip with a great group.

The rope leaders were: Steve Adamson; Dixon Smith; Max Townsend; Marge Yerbury; Hal Gribble; and Harold Goodro. The climbers were Jackie Thomas; Lauren Williams; Melvin Hansen; Renny Jackson; Gary Adams; John Riley; Lyman Lewis; Karen Carlson; and Dick Wagner.

instant avalanche probe

by Andy Schoenberg

PHASE TWO

ATTENTION SKI TOURERS!

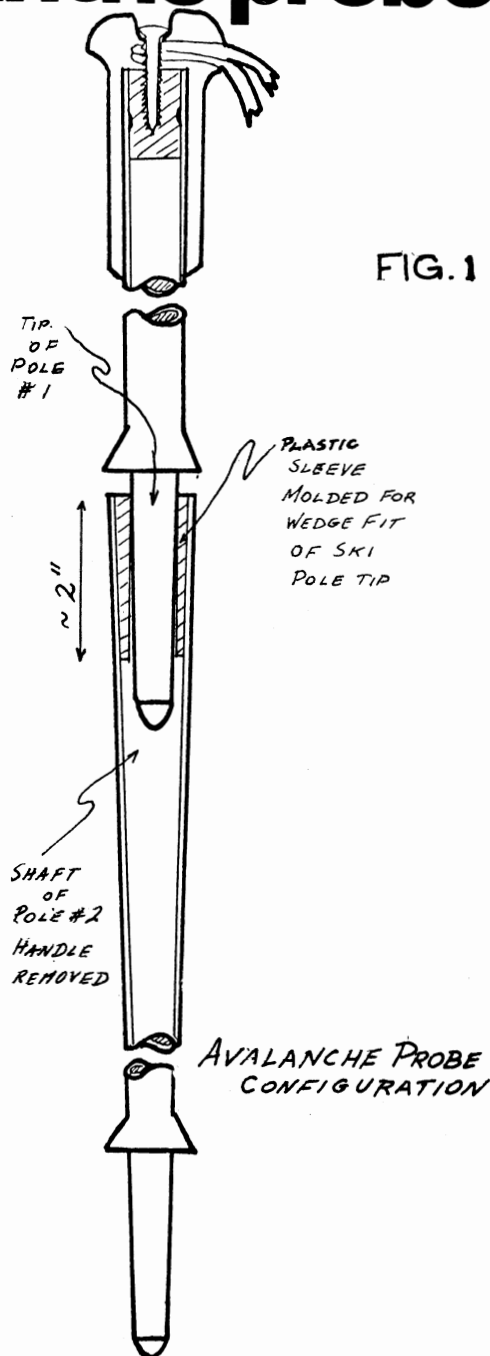
A simple modification allows you to convert your ski poles into a 10-ft. avalanche probe...in 30 seconds.

Simply remove the baskets of both poles and the handle of one. Then stick the tip of one pole into the top of the other.

An Italian Avalanche Research Institute, established by the relatives of an avalanche victim, came up with the idea to use ski poles for avalanche probes. Dennis Caldwell obtained a few prototype models of the device, which included a screwdriver and mechanical latch for removing the baskets and sticking the poles together to make one long probe. One of the handles comes off to release an avalanche cord. After two years, the Italians are apparently still working on perfecting all the features of the poles. When finally marketed, these should be useful marvels of engineering, but very expensive. In the meantime, the conversion that will be described here is relatively simple and inexpensive, and can probably be done on your present ski poles. The club rules say that you should carry an avalanche probe on ski tours that are exposed to hazard (this includes most of the interesting tours in the Wasatch). Unfortunately, this rule is not well followed, since the Club-owned probes are heavy, difficult to pack, and hard to assemble.

All these problems are eliminated with the "Instant Avalanche Probe." So as a part of the preparation for the coming ski season, get out your ski poles and start converting.

First, check if the baskets slip off the tip. Many models of rubber baskets are simply press-fit onto the tip (some Scott and A/T models for example). Wet the tip, then step on the basket with both feet and pull forcefully on the ski pole. If you can remove the baskets in your living room it will be easy in snow.



NORMAL SKI CONFIGURATION

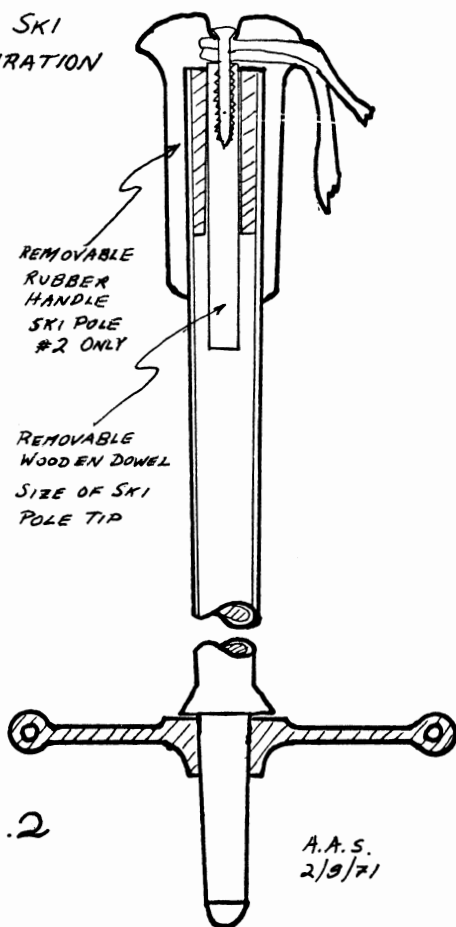


FIG. 2

Next, remove the handle from one of the poles. This requires taking out the screw at the top of the pole which generally secures the handle and wrist straps to a wooden or plastic plug glued into the top of the pole. If the handle does slip off with reasonable effort, the pole is probably suitable for the avalanche probe modification.

Study Fig. 1 and Fig. 2 first. Fig. 1 shows the two ski poles with the baskets removed in the avalanche probe configuration. Fig. 2 shows the pole with the modified handle in the normal skiing mode. Only this latter pole needs to be worked on.

Remove the old plug by drilling it

down into the pole. This plug must now be replaced by a sleeve such that the tip of pole #1 will firmly wedge into it. In last March's Rambler, a method of making this sleeve by drilling out a wooden plug was described. This works alright, but you may have problems with the wood swelling or shrinking with moisture changes and getting the proper drill size, thus preventing proper mating of the parts. A better method is to form a plastic or epoxy sleeve conforming exactly to the tip of your pole. Black plastic filler commonly used for automotive repairs is best. Clean out the inside surface of the pole so that the plastic will bond to it. Mix up enough of the plastic paste to fill the top of pole #2 for 2-3". Cover the tip of pole #1 with a thin layer of vaseline or grease. Place the two poles end-to-end on a flat surface so that the tip of pole #1 is approx. centered with respect to the tube of pole #2. Carefully advance pole #1 about 2" into pole #2, displacing the soft plastic to form the desired sleeve. (Leave at least an inch to the basket stop). Leave the poles in this position until the plastic has set to workable firmness.

Carefully withdraw the tip of pole #1 from the hole. Next, take a $\frac{3}{8}$ " dowel or drill and pass it into the sleeve as far as possible, thus making it open at both ends shown in the figures. Let the plastic harden for a day.

Lastly, take a $\frac{3}{8}$ " dowel about 5" long. Tap one end to fit the size of the wood screw securing the handle strap. Stick the dowel into the removed handle and fasten it to the handle as shown in Fig. 2. Mount the handle on skipole #2 and make sure that the dowel fits freely into the molded sleeve. As the dowel gets wet during skiing it will have a tendency to expand and bind in the sleeve. To prevent this, sand the dowel down so that there is plenty of clearance.

Test your poles out in the snow the first chance you get. You should be able to convert to the avalanche configuration in about 30 seconds.

mt timpanogos

by Stewart Roberts and Marilyn Eateman

We met in the 6:00 a.m. darkness beyond the "point of the mountain", then drove through the darkness and breaking light of day of the American Fork Canyon, stirring up a cougar along the way. Leaving one car at the Timponeke trail head, we drove on to Aspen Grove. Seventeen of us shuffled about in the cool morning air while Jean hastily downed tea, crackers, and a hard-boiled egg in anticipation of her later "Humpty-Dumpty" antics.

Under the worthy leadership of Oberfuhrer Herr Captain Kermit Earle, we snapped to, and leaving behind the parking area and central privy, we struck out up the mountain trail, "maintaining near pristine conditions in the scenic area."

We kept a steady pace up an appreciable incline. Soon we were all awake enough to wish we had eaten a larger breakfast. Going up the mountain, our group was frequently lead by Virginia Mountain-Goat. We discovered the mixed blessing of the pause to take a picture then finding ourselves 30 paces behind the group, hustled even more to catch up. After 2 hours 15 minutes of steady climbing upward for 5.9 miles, we reached Emerald Lake at an elevation of approximately 10,400. Situated atop a near vertical incline above us, we could see a small metal cubical on the top of Mt. Timpanogos. We wondered if Emerald Lake itself were not achievement enough! We stopped, rested, and ate lunch.

Thirty minutes later we were again upward bound following a narrow trail, crossing a boulder field, and winding up to the saddle--a brief rest. Then from the saddle up to the top of Timpanogos we followed the narrow, switch-back trail up the western face and tried not to keep running into ourselves. We were well above the timber line on a mountain of pure rock (not necessarily

solid!). The trail received the greatest scrutiny at points of narrowing, steep ascent, switchbacks, and sheer fall-offs. We reached the top at 11:15 and signed the guest book inside the metal cubical atop the 11,750 ft. Mt. Timpanogos. As clouds moved in from the west, we roosted in crevices in vertical rock on the mountain top. We stopped, rested, and ate lunch. The scenery was fantastic. Looking westward one could see the Provo Valley and Utah Lake; and to the east lay mountains and Heber valley. Emerald Lake was directly below.

Heading south toward the glacier, we were interrupted by a brief hail shower at 13 minutes after noon. We followed the trail as it curved around to the "glacier." Here about 15 boys and girls from another group were helped down a 15' embankment having "dead-ended" on the wrong trail above the glacier.

The glacier was somewhat disenchanted due to the fact that it had melted. What snow remained was not without hazard. We alternately slid or stumbled down the 250 yard snow bank beginning the slide in a sitting position in a well-dug "rump trough" headed downhill. Because of the near-vertical grade, exposed rocks could not always be avoided, and made their presence felt. Eh, Marilyn? Then across a boulder field to Emerald Lake once again. We stopped, rested, and ate lunch.

In trooped the wounded. Jean Humpty-Dumpty limped in concealing a ripped patch in the bottom of her Levis by circling the group. Seems she tripped up top, fell, and greeted a bunch of rocks. She was dispatched into the head for aseptic dressing of the wound.

At 2:00 p.m. we headed down the mountain leaving behind the rocky monument to "a sleeping maiden", forsaking her for evergreen and meadowed trails thru the timber of lower elevations. One could see the valley below and anticipate with weary legs out destination. But at the end of each valley was another mountain slope descending into the next valley below, etc. etc. etc.

We hiked into our destination at the

Timponeki trail head at 4:00 p.m. covering the 17-mile hike in 8 3/4 hours, including stops. Our thanks to Kermit Earle for a well-planned hike. The hearty hikers were:

Marilyn Bateman; Kermit Earle; Virginia Hilliard; Milt Hollander; Jess May, Jr.; Robert A. Nash; Dail Ogden; Ross Pearson; Stewart Roberts; Oscar Robison; Bill & Veronica Rosquist; Carl Schwenk; Jean Torreyson; Kolene Weaver; Beatha Weber; Michelle Weber; Lauren Williams; Shirlene Williams.

yampa

by Judy Smith

Marga Raskin Barbara Gilson

Leaving the ice plant on time at 6:40 June 17, everyone aboard, all packed, we were on our way. There was lots of lively chatter, goodie-munching, reading, and even a little sleeping. In Jensen we picked up our shuttle driver and were warned to stock up on mosquito repellent, as the varmints were out in force. We arrived at Deerlodge Creek around 1 a.m. and everyone sleepily but hastily unloaded the bus and bedded down for the night. We were awakened around 6 a.m. by Jack Campbell hustling firewood and Arie preparing our breakfast of juice, rolls, and coffee. Our boats were pumped up, and we got on the river shortly (4 hours) thereafter.

The Yamp was high, almost overflowing its banks, fast, lots of white water. We had a delightful morning - hit a few standing waves - had some water fights, and were surprised to see Dan and Roberta fall out of their raft. After lunch we came upon our first big thrill - Tepee Rapids - everyone agreed they looked exciting. We scouted it, and everyone safely ran it. Beyond Tepee was another good rapid which we didn't scout - so we couldn't avoid hitting the holes. Some agreed that it was more challenging than Tepee. We were off the river at 4 and into an early "Happy Hour". Various elegant Hors'

d'oeuvres were shared and a variety of drinks before our 3-course dinner of Onion Soup, French Bread, Chef Salad, Spaghetti, and Cake. Reminiscing about our day's adventure around the glowing coals of the fire brought the curtain down on a perfect day.

The morning of the second day was playfully spent staging one brilliant waterfight campaign after another. It was as a prelude to the more serious activity later in the day. After lunch as the rafts neared Warm Springs, veteran crew members expectantly looked and listened for sights of the infamous raft-eating rapid. Soon the water became ominously still, portending a mighty rapid. At last all heard the unmistakable low, powerful rumble made by the stretch of at least 100 yards of man-sized standing waves leading to a roaring hole.

Danny, recalling with vivid imagery his raft's dumping of the year before, was determined not to be gobbled up again by the angry rapid. He and his gallant crew succeeded in thrusting their raft safely through the crashing waves. The second raft, captained by Mike, encountered bad luck soon after entering the big waves. The bow was unexpectedly thrust to the left and from that moment its fate was sealed. The doomed crew members, paddling with all their might, felt the raft being sucked into the gaping maw of the big hole. The boat was bent double as if it were a fat silver sandwich, slapping the stalwart captain in the face. The crews of the remaining two rafts, stationed along the rocky shoreline, watched with stunned amazement as the bright orange vitamin-rich filling squirted from the "sandwich" and bobbed down the swift river. With this, the raft flipped up into the air, did a half gainer, and landed upside down.

Perhaps the raft-swallowing rapid was now satiated, because the remaining two rafts captained by Jim and Bob were able to successfully complete the roller-coaster ride down Warm Springs. It may be worth noting that both this and last year's ill-fated rafts were the number

two boats, and both carried the coffee pots aboard.

It was late in the afternoon as we entered Whirlpool Canyon, whose waters gaily swirled, spun, and eddied as they rushed through this narrow, high-walled section of the Green. Halfway through Whirlpool we recognized the sandstone cliffs marking Jones Hole. We pulled in for supper and an unusually exuberant Happy Hour which extended long into the night.

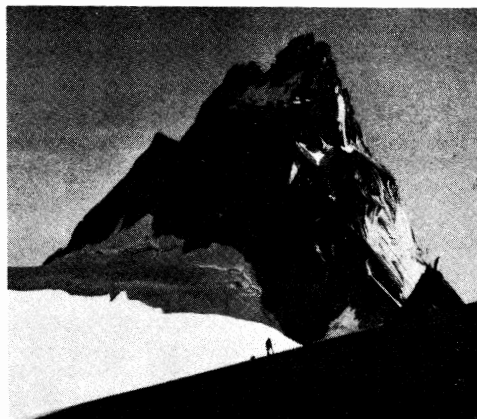
What possible excitement could our fearless river runners expect from the third day to follow the thrills and spills of the second? You guessed it! Water fights! Before the morning chill had left the river, all four boats were engaged in a series of alliances and counteralliances in a 3-hour long battle. The calm of Island Park proved to be the ideal setting for this comedy. Even the pacifists of the first and second days turned into activists as people were pulled from their boats and rinsed in the Green River. At several times I think more people were in the water than in the boats. Rumor has it our Captain Courageous lost his hat and all bailing buckets during this fight.

But the third day was not all calm water. The river had to offer some white water for us to exercise our prowess at running rapids. After a short lunch stop we encountered School Boy and S.O.B. rapids. Now, which comes first? Only the river knows for sure, but I remember trying very hard to miss a big rock stuck in the middle and a threatening overhanging cliff. Fortunately, we suffered no casualties through this stretch of river.

We left the river early in the day, unloaded and packed up the boats, and had plenty of time for a quick excursion through the diggings of Dinosaur National Monument. Vernal supplied us with a very subdued, but good meal after which the weary group traveled back to Zion to arrive (believe it or not) before dark. Everyone returned home full of tall river tales of myth and moral of the famed Warm Springs rapids.

SIERRA DESIGN-CMI NORTH FACE - LOWA GALIBIER-VOYAGEUR CHOUINARD - KELTY DOLT

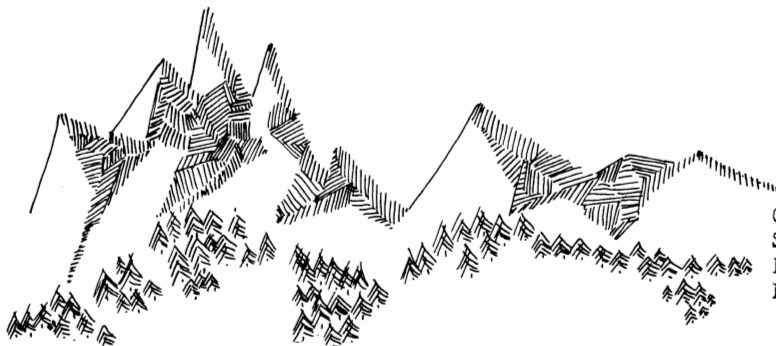
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COVER PHOTO:
Steve Swanson on the
East Ridge of the Grand.
Photo by Larry Swanson.

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, 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 \$4.00 entrance fee and \$3.00 dues (spouse \$1.50). I have attended 2 outings (hikes, ski tours, cave trips, camping trips, rock-hound trips, work parties) and am genuinely interested in the out-of-doors. (Please note that social events (lodge parties, ski socials, etc.) are not included in the definition of outings.) 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 (print)_____	Outings attended: Date
_____	1. _____
Signature _____	2. _____
(If spouse membership please print name of spouse) _____	Recommended by: _____
Address _____	Member: _____
City _____ State _____	Director: _____
Zip _____ Phone _____	(Please note: you must have above signatures before your application can be presented to the Board of Directors.)
	(Effective September 1 to January 1, 1972)

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, INC.

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