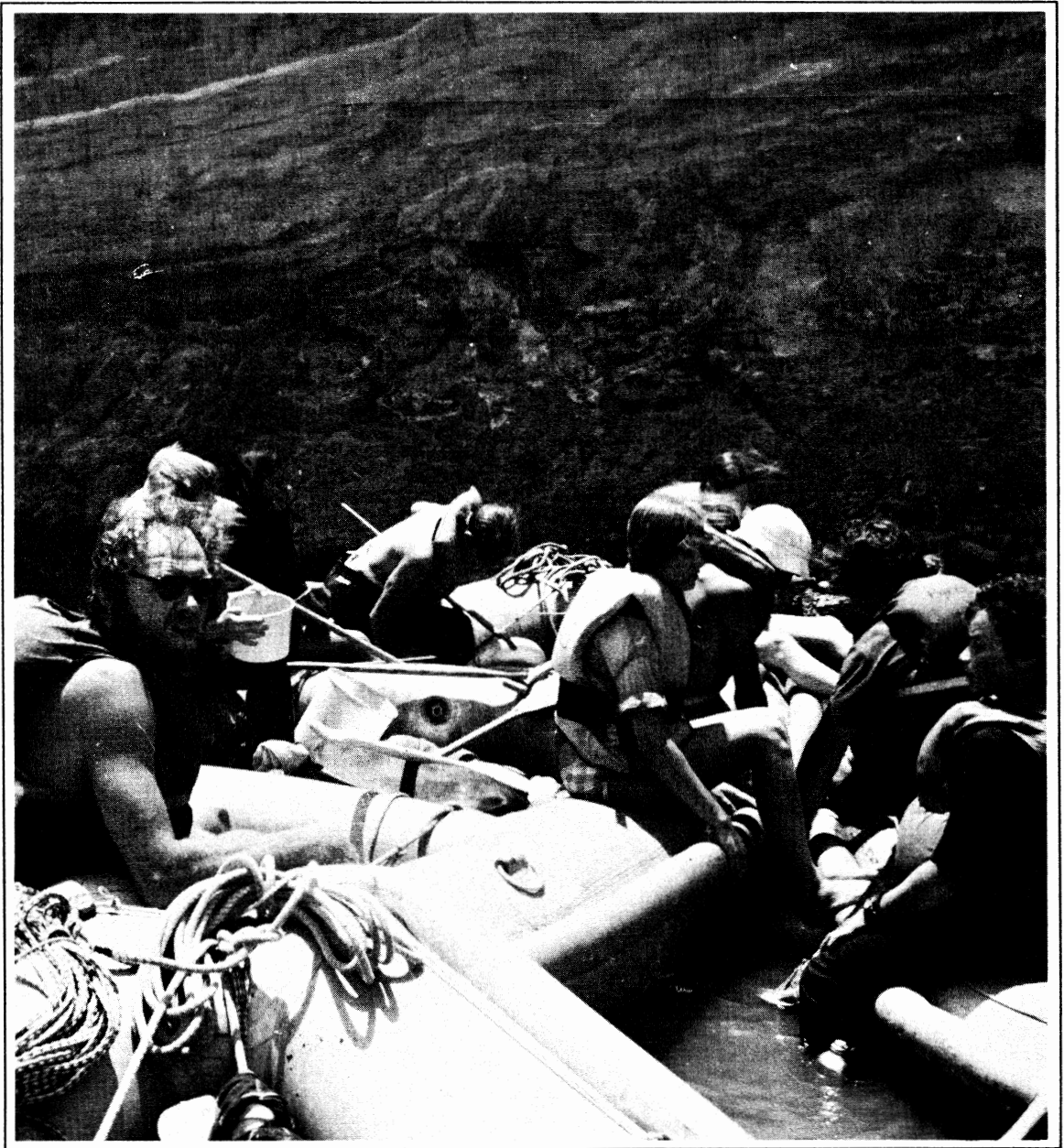


# The Rambler

SEPTEMBER 1971



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

# club activities for sept 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.

Sept 2      EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN  
Thurs.

Sept 3-6      MOUNTAINEERING HIGH CAMP -- The location for our last regularly scheduled High Camp is to be determined by preference of the participants. Call Dave Smith 466-2101 to register and make your preference known. Possibilities include (but are not limited to) the Tetons, Wind Rivers, Deep Creeks, and Zions.

Sept 4      MT. MAJESTIC MOONLIGHT HIKE - Elevation 10,721 - Rating 4.5  
Sat.      Full moon really came at the right time. As days become shorter, we depend more and more on our Satell(gh)t. Mt Majestic, alias Clayton Peak, will be our destination this time. Come out for a cool "Late" Summernight's Dream. Sited for everybody. Meet at the Lodge. Time: 6:30 p.m.  
Leader:

Sept 4      LAKE SOLITUDE - You can't have it any easier. Let's have a  
Sat.      nice and pleasant Saturday morning. Families and friends are welcome. Meet at the Brighton Store. Time 9:00 a.m.  
Leader:

Sept 4-5      CANYONLANDS JEEP TRIP - Attention Jeepers! All owners of a  
Sat-Sun      four-wheel drive vehicle who will be available over Labor Day are asked to help organize a trip into the Salt Creek

area of Canyonlands National Park. Every driver is asked to provide room for at least one other Club Member besides those he wants to take along anyway. This will give some members a chance to see that beautiful area even if he doesn't have a jeepster-friend. For details call Fred Bruenger, 485-2639, on or before Tuesday, August 31st.

- Sept 5      TANNERS GULCH TO SUNRISE - Elevation 11,200 - Rating 10.5  
Sun.      This approach is very steep and somewhat exposed. The route can be taken only in dry weather. The view from the summit is one of the most spectacular in the Wasatch. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon. Time: 7:00 a.m.  
Leader:
- Sept 4-6    JACKSON SNAKE BEGINNER AND FAMILY RIVER TRIP -- Two days on  
Sat-Mon    the river and one day of hiking in the most scenic country around. Leader ? (Call Jim Byrne 582-5631 for details)  
Fee: \$23.
- Sept. 5      FAMILY TRIP TO BALD MOUNTAIN (UINTA RANGE) - This is the  
Sun.      middle of a three-day weekend and traffic should not be too heavy. Since the trailhead is already at an elevation of 10,400 feet, the ascent to the peak is relatively short and easy (except for the thin air you are breathing). Driving time will be about 2 hours one way. Please register with the leader by Friday, Sept. 3 to get details. Leader:
- Sept. 6      WOLVERINE AND TUSCARORA - Elevation approximately 10,800 -  
Labor      Rating 6 - Going up past Twin Lakes, we will ascent Wolverine  
Day      and then describe a triangle over Tuscarora and Millicent. for anybody who likes boulderhopping, this will be a fine exercise and pleasant hike. Those who don't like Millicent's boulders could go down past Lakes Martha and Mary. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon. Time 7:45 a.m. -  
Leader: David Daurelle, 278-5025.
- Sept. 9      EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN  
Thurs.
- Sept 11      TIMPANOGOS - Elevation 11,750 - Rating 11 -- At any time of  
Sat.      year, this is one of the finest hikes in the Wasatch. A round trip is being offered, the approach from Aspen Grove (a little shorter, but steeper) and the Timponeki trail (longer but very scenic). No matter which trail you prefer, a visit to the "Sleeping Beauty" is always an "Affair to Remember." Be aware that this is an advanced hike that requires a fair amount of endurance. Meet at the Alpine turn-off, U. S. Highway 91. Time: 6:00 a.m. Register with Kermit Earle, 299-1526.
- Sept. 11    STAR SESSION ON MT. MAJESTIC - Look up to the sky! How many  
Sat.      Constellations can you identify and how many of the brighter stars can you name? Chuck Mays will give you a field-trip-type astronomy lecture. The setting will be our favorite Mt. Majestic. Meet at the lodge at 7:00 p.m. Then plan to have

supper in Clayton's. By the time you have tended your stomach it will be dark enough to begin the lecture. EVERY-ONE MUST CARRY A FLASHLIGHT

- Sept. 11 Sat. TEENAGER'S HIKE TO MT. SUPERIOR - Similar to the teenager's river trip, the hike is designed for your boys (age 12 or older) and girls (age 14 or older) and not for the parents. The rating of this hike is not very high, but believe me, I have seen many an adult who could not manage. There is plenty of challenge involved and in addition to endurance you need a bit of guts to get over some of those knife edges. Adequate footwear is required; you cannot go along in sneakers. Depending on the number of participants, we will break up into smaller groups, each with a qualified leader. To arrange the transportation, the following suggestion is made. Your parents bring you up to the starting point and then drive around and have a leisurely hike up to Lake Blanche, where we shall meet them later on. The hike depends on good weather. Please register with Fred Bruenger (485-2639) on either Tuesday, Sept. 7 or Wednesday, Sept. 8. Meeting place arranged.
- Sept 15 Wed. ESCALANTE COMMITTEE WORK PARTY -- At the Hovingh's 721 2nd Avenue, Salt Lake City at 7:30 p.m.
- Sept 16 Thurs. EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN
- Sept. 16-19 Thurs-Sun. CATARACT CANYON - Advance River Trip - To qualify for Cataract you must have done at least one other "advanced" river trip with the Mountain Club. This year we plan to make Spanish Bottoms in one long day, thus leaving two full days to savour the rapids and explore the side canyons. Trip fee not set as yet but will be roughly comparable (that is, a tad more) to that for Desolation Canyon, this year (\$25). Register with Leader Dick Snyder by 8:00 p.m. on Thursday the 9th (278-7617). Work party at 7:00 p.m. on Tuesday the 14th.
- Sept 18 Sat. MT. SUPERIOR AND MONTE CHRISTO - Elevation 11,132 - Rating 7 (from Alta). The coolness of early fall should be just right for this club favorite. Although the physical effort in reaching Superior may not be very great, there is a good deal of exposure involved which makes this hike difficult for all those who suffer from bathophobia. Both routes are bind planned, there turn over Cardiff pass to Alta, or the longer return via Lake Blanche. If there is enough interest, an approach via Lake Blanche can be made (thus eliminating a long shuttle). No youngsters, no non-members, please. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon. Time 7:00 a.m. Leader: Lyman Lewis, 277-6816.
- Sept 18 Sat. BOX ELDER PEAK - Elevation 11, 101 - Rating 9 -- For some odd reason, this hike has not been as popular in the past as it

deserves. There is no great difficulty in reaching the summit and the view over to Timp and all the major peaks of the Alta to Long-Peak area is rewarding. Beautiful fall colors and the weirdly folded formations seen on nearby peaks should contribute to a most enjoyable hike. Meet at the Alpine turnoff on Highway 91. Time 7:00 a.m. Leader: Lauren Williams, 466-9734

Sept 19 BIG BLACK MOUNTAIN AND GRANDVIEW PEAK - Elevation 9,410 -  
Sun. Rating 10.5 -- This will be a relatively long hike through the most beautiful fall colors one can envision. Care will be taken that we pick the shortest route possible. The inclusion of Grandview Peak will make this an activity which is well suited for the advanced and enduring hiker. Meet at Pete's shop. Time: 7:00 a.m. Leader: Carl Bauer, 355-6036.

Sept 19 SILVERFORK CANYON - Rating 3 -- This is an easy hike for  
Sun. early fall, quite scenic (especially when the fall colors start to "Brighton" up the landscape) and well suited for everybody. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon. Time 9:00 a.m. Leader: Shelly Hyde, 363-9564.

Sept 19 ALTA-BRIGHTON-ALTA -- A hike in the low intermediate range  
Sun. leading from Albion Basin to Catherine Pass and back to Alta. Bring your friends for a pleasant Sunday walk. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon. Time: 8:45 a.m. Leader: Michael Maack, 466-2268

Sept MT. NEBO NORTH - Elevation 11,928 - Rating 9 -- This is the  
18-19 highest peak in the Wasatch Range. You can cheat a little  
Sat-Sun and drive your car up to an elevation of about 9,000 feet. Driving distance will be approximately 170 miles roundtrip. Nebo at this time of the year is known for its beautiful fall colors. Departure will be on Sat. Sept. 18th about 4:30 p.m. For further details call the leader: Dick Bell, 254-4555.

Sept LODGE OPEN HOUSE -- Pete and Margo Hovingh are hosting this  
18-19 month's lodge weekend. Families are welcome, please call  
Sat-Sun. for plans - 395-4792.

Sept 23 EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN  
Thurs.

Sept 25 MILLCREEK TO THAYNE PEAK - Elevation 8,656 - Rating 5 --  
Sat. Don't look for the name on your map. The summit is between Porter Fork and Thayne Canyon. Come out for an easy autumn hike and enjoy yourself. (Remember: Tomorrow is work party at the lodge.) Meet at the "Movie" 3900 South and Wasatch Blvd. Time: 8:30 a.m. Leader: Burton Janis, 278-7291.

Sept 25 RED PINE AND/OR PFEIFFERHORN - Elevation 11,326 - Rating 10  
Sat. The leisurely hiker may stop at one of the Red Pine Lakes and the more advanced people will once more try to reach this

club favorite. With no snow on the upper ridges exposure may be considerable. It is tentatively planned to descend via Maybird Gulch. Truly, in favorable weather conditions, the Pfeifferhorn is one of the most scenic spots in the Wasatch. Register by Thursday Sept. 23rd.) (Remember: Tomorrow is work party at the lodge.) Leader: Dixon Smith, 277-6334. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 7:30 a.m.

Sept 25     SNAKE CREEK PASS - This is a foliage trip easy enough for  
Sat.        everyone, but especially planned for Gerry-packing parents and  
             wee ones. Bring lunch, for the pace will be easy and we'll  
             spend time enjoying the view. All children welcome. Pleasant  
             weather is a must. We'll meet at the WMC Lodge at 9:30.  
             Leader: Tricia Swift, 277-2267.

Sept 25     BICYCLE TRIP - From Coalville around Echo Reservoir on the  
Sat.        old U. S. 189 or any other suggestions welcome. Register  
             with Leader: Jackie Thomas, 273-0394.

Sept. 26     NO HIKES, WORK PARTY AT THE LODGE Sun.
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Sept 27     SIERRA CLUB CHAPTER MEETING 8 P.M. 569 South 13th East.  
Mon.        Professor Owen Olpin of the U of U College of Law will speak  
             on the topic of Environmental Law. The main emphasis will  
             be on the legislation dealing with environmental impact  
             studies, the EPA, and what can be done to help ensure com-  
             pliance with the law.

Sept 30     EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN  
Thurs.

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 (Foothil Blvd.). Time 9:00 a.m. Leader:  
             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 Sept. 29 with Pat King, 486-9705.

Oct. 3      BROADS FORK AND POSSIBLY THE TWINS - Elevation (Twins) 11,320  
Sun.      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. 10      MT. OLYMPUS SOUTH AND NORTH

Oct. 16      PILOT PEAK

Oct. 16      WESTERN PARTY

Oct. 23-25      NOTCH PEAK

Oct. 23-25      KOLOB FINGERS

THANKSGIVING:    ARE YOU IN SHAPE  
                         FOR THE GRAND CANYON?

NOTE: Due to the fact that many club members were on vacation at the time of this write up, a number of hikes are listed without leaders. Hopefully, leaders will be available at the time of the scheduled activity. If you really need more information, please call Fred Bruenger, 485-2639.

## news and notices

### THANKS

... Kay Berger and Rose Morrison for typing this months issue.  
... to Roy, Marilyn, Kathleen Keir, Linda and George Rathburn for mailing the August RAMBLER

### DEADLINE

For the October RAMBLER is September 13th. NOTE NEW DEADLINE DATE

FOR OCTOBER RAMBLER. Please have your articles and schedules TYPED and mailed or delivered to Ruta Dreijmanis, 5396 Willow Lane, Apt. #C, Murray, Utah 84107 -- 262-1693

**sept13**      October  
RAMBLER  
deadline



One of the more notable points of interest in Big Cottonwood Canyon around the turn of the century was the Maxfield Mine. Located about a quarter mile below the mining community of Argenta, it was difficult to miss, for the canyon road passed through a narrow defile between the mountainside on the north and the massive mine dump and ore bins on the south then ducked under the covered tramway running between the mine and the dump. Timbers to be used in the mine usually were piled along the road to confine the traffic on one side, just as the four-story boarding and pump house, black smith shop, and machine shop confined it on the other side. Quite aside from its dominating the canyon scene, the Maxfield mine was somewhat legendary, for it yielded ore of tremendous wealth and was, at the turn of the century, the only major producing mine in Big Cottonwood Canyon..

The mine was discovered in 1872, making it one of the oldest in Utah. At that time John

Maxfield was operating a saw-mill he had built at Mill A Fork. His sons, John and Robert, discovered mineral deposits up in the fork and filed claims. They sold the mine, however, before it was significantly developed. Its location high in the fork made ore hauling difficult, so the owners ran a tunnel much lower, but still well above the bottom of the canyon. Later a main working tunnel was drilled a few feet above the canyon road, a tunnel that was used throughout the life of the mine.

The ore bodies developed in the mine ranged from the winding, narrow Corkscrew fissure to the 18 to 24 foot wide Alligator fissure. When the ore was depleted at the tunnel level, several shafts were drilled to tap the fissures at greater depth, but before much depth was gained, water was encountered and the shafts were flooded. The flow was greater than could be handled with the pumps and limited power available at the time.



Another shaft was sunk some distance away in an attempt to reach the ore body, but avoid the water course. This venture, too, failed, for it struck water in such volume that the whole workings were flooded before the mine cars, tools, and pumps could be removed. Although many attempts were made to check the flow and salvage the mine, water pured from the main tunnel for many years.

In 1915 the mine was sold again and the new owners were successful in their attempt to place it back into operation. But their success had a precarious edge, for whenever the pumps stopped for any reason - electrical power failure was a common occurrence in the canyon the water level rose and often work had to stop inside the mine. So serious was the water problem that the Company announced in 1916 that it would drill a drain tunnel from the mouth of MillCreek Canyon to their workings, a tunnel passing 6,500 feet below the crest of the mountains, and 2,000 feet below the Big Cottonwood road at the mine. Of course the tunnel never went beyond the planning stage, and eventually the water reclaimed the mine.

Since that time most of the visual remains of the Maxfield mine have vanished. During the widening of the highway in the early 1960's the last remains of the dump were scattered and the tunnel mouth itself was almost obliterated. If one looks carefully, its remains are still there, just below Mill A Fork. And water still pours from it just as it did seventy years ago - a reminder of the past...a leaf from the Old Wasatch.

by Oliver Richards

## box elder

A sturdy, but small, group drove into American Fork Canyon to the Campground on Deer Creek. We were glad to leave the crowded confines of the campground and start up the trail. The first 2,000 feet are enveloped by foliage and view is limited (plus the day was hot and dry, typical of late July) Soon our steady trekkers broke into the open at the saddle overlooking the deep cut in the terrain at Wide Hollow. Taking the high trail we soon came into view of Box Elder Peak, our goal. After a fairly short climb to another saddle, we were directly south of the peak and had a glorious view of the Salt Lake Valley on a clear day with the absence of Kennecott fallout (strike time). Two more breaths of air and onward up the scree slope to the peak which was reached 2 3/4 hours after our start. Some pictures, lunch, and eye-strain occupied our long stop at the top. From this peak the entire Little Cottonwood Range and Mt. Timpanogos are clearly visible.

We returned to the saddle and George decided to return by the same route we approached. The rest of us took the ridge route to the peak south of the saddle, descended the southwest ridge to the trail which skirts the peak. This longer return route gave us some new sights of the area before it joined the other trail again. Soon we were back into the heat and enclosed area of the lower trail. Our group included LeRoy Kuehl, Fred & Eveline Bruenger, George Sears and Oliver Richards.

# ladies' hike

## TO LAKE DESOLATION

It was a beautiful day without a cloud in the sky and nice warm temperatures. Six hardy hikers started off from the Guardmen's Pass road up to Scotts Pass and walked the ridge line between Park City and Brighton. About noon we reached Lake Desolation and had lunch and cooled our feet. We started back and met a couple of trail bikes, a group on horseback and a herd of sheep. The two dogs we had along with us gave the sheep a pleasant run. Got off the trail about 5 p.m..

Hikers: Helen Chindgrin, Dorothy Smith, Barbara Brower, Liz Choules, Avon Murdock and Monica Karlson. Dogs: Petunia and Loki.

# mt. olympus north and south

by LeRoy Kuehl

We seem, on the average, to have about twice the participation on club hikes as 5 years ago, and Mt. Olympus was no exception. No fewer than 21 members and guests turned out to clamber up the steep north side of Salt Lake City's own "Mountain of the Gods". Except for one individual who

turned back very early, all who started completed the circuit.

More often than not, club hikes - particularly those with many participants end up with people scattered from the top to the bottom of the mountain. This we tried to avoid by forming, at the start of the trip, a "fast" group and a "slow" group, with separate leaders. It soon became apparent that there were slow hikers in the "fast" group and vice versa, in short order we were, in traditional Mountain Club fashion, distributed more or less randomly over the side of the mountain.

Between 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. everyone arrived at, and departed from the South Peak. Most got there by scrambling, others led by Harold Goodro, took a climbing route. Some went over the North Peak, others did not. The view of the valley from the peak was unusually clear, a fringe benefit of the strike at Kennecott. The day was hot and those of us who were not in too great a hurry spent a pleasant half hour at the stream which crosses the bottom section of the South Trail before walking the last mile to the cars.

Participating members: Gary Adams, Fred Bruenger, Karen Carlston, Harold Goodro, Hal Gribble, Davy Hanscom, Pat King, LeRoy Kuehl, Lyman Lewis, Michael Maack, John Riley, Dixon Smith, Mary Jo Sweeney, John Wagner, Richard Wagner, Lauren Williams, and Marge Yerbury, guests were: Jim Bever, Tom Grover, Mike Hearn and Tanya Thomas.

# split mtn.

by Dan Sternberg

Our trip began uneventfully in the midst of a downpour. We arrived at Split Mtn. around 1 a.m. thanks to the excellent bus driving done by Jim and Gary. Sleeping bags were strewn helter-skelter in the bramble bush, and everyone retired for the evening under a bright, clear moon which illuminated all of the local scenery.

Saturday began with breakfast at 7 a.m., supplied by Kay, Tanya, Jack & Bonnie. Carma, by the way, did a masterful job of organizing all of the communal meals.

After all the equipment had been transferred to a Wilkins Transportation bus for the trip to Echo Park, we all settled in for what seemed like a ride in a glorified school bus. As the bus bounced along Chuck was seen to be studiously pondering over a book on canyons and rivers. The bus driver skillfully handled the bus on the dirt road to Echo Park which looked like it was squeezed out of a toothpaste tube while all of our hearts were in our mouths. We finally arrived at the river and had all of the boats launched by about noon. The first set of water fights commenced promptly, when Jim's

boat launched an attack on Gary's boat. It took a while for crew members to coordinate strategies, but soon everyone learned how to soak people in a hostile boat. After a leisurely lunch, a few uneventful rapids, and many drenching water fights, we camped for the evening at Rainbow Park. An exquisite dinner of steaks and salad was enjoyed by all, compliments of Carma, Dave, Chuck, Jean & Susan Chaplin. Beverages were cooled by dry ice and were shared by all. The campfire, for the first time in WMC recorded history, outlasted the rafters!

After a wind-sand storm Saturday night, people staggered out of their collapsed tents and sandbags and headed for a rousing breakfast of pancakes, ham, juice and coffee - but no tomatoe soup! Carol, George, Lynne, Steve and Tod all contributed to breakfast, while Jim was responsible for flapping the jacks. During breakfast, Kay triastically described the canyons to us, while Haftey was energetically bounding around, cleaning grills, packing boats, and studying anticlines. Boats were launched around 10 a.m. with an initial wave of disappointment, since the river had gone down about 2 feet overnight! The trip began with an off-key song to "Odin" led by Kay. Moonshine rapids gave a bit of a ride, and the notorious SOB rapids seemed more like ripples. Schoolboy was a bit of a challenge, with some waves about 2 feet high. Most of the rafters were a bit let down by the small rapids, and everyone sensed some massive

water-fights coming up to relieve the tension. At about that time, a flotilla of Outward Bound boats appeared upstream. Since they had 4 boats and we had 4 boats the thought of inter-organization combat on the open rivers would be fun, when challenged, each of them, outward bounders accepted with a raised bucket. Seeing that we had 3 buckets to a boat, and they had 6 men in each of their boats, there was some premonition of defeat. WMC attacked the first of the Outward Bound Boats, but Outward Bound ganged up on Haftey's boat. A member of Haftey's boat was temporarily kidnapped by the Outward Bounder but Haftey came to the rescue, to no avail. Susan made good her escape by bounding one of their party outward into the water as she jumped into the river. Meanwhile, other skirmishes and bucket-swipings were occurring between Outward Bound and WMC up and down the river, through the rapids and over the rocks. The battle ended decisively, with WMC carrying a bit more water than Outward Bound. As it turned out the Outward Bound boats were filled with executive personnel of Outward Bound, as well as some reporters from national magazines interested in Outward Bound.

Our last few miles to Split Mountain were uneventful except for the beautiful scenery and a noticeable lack of water fighting. We packed up, stopped briefly at Dinosaur Monument, and returned to the Ice Plant, in the rain, about 10 p.m.. In all, a good trip with plenty of worthwhile scenery between the water fights.

The participants with comments on the trip - were:

Rand McCullough-Jack was a great captain. An intellectual trip with intelligent people really stimulating; Susan Belden-Oh boy, what fun!; Kirk McCullough-Groovey people, lots of water; Susan Chaplin-Relaxing; Harold Haftey Hafterson-Tomatoe Soup?; Jean Torreyson-It was neat to find somebody else to pick on besides each other. That's unity; Dave Crowther-Great!; Carma Crowther-It was a real pleasant trip; Jan Jennings-It was marvelous; Tod Jennings-Great; Kay Mandel Ditto Tod. I really dug our cultural interchange with Outward Bound; Gary Connor- I liked it because there was no water fighting; George Edison- I think the leadership on the trip was fantastic; Carole Edison-I enjoyed it very much, one of the wetter smoother trips. The bus didn't break down, the captain was on time, we had a place to stay each night. Everything was just fine. Steve Romney-If anything, it was wet. Prune toes is what I really want to say; Lynne Romney-Sunburn; Bonnie Barr-interesting that the water fighting ability of people exceeded their paddling ability; Jack Campbell-A very leisurely, pleasant trip; Chuck Miles-No water fighting except on dull stretches of the trip; Tanya Thomas-We showed our true mettle when our 4 boats ganged up on one Outward Bound boat; Dan Sternberg-The captain deserves more than one round of applause; Jim McCullough (trip leader) it was terrific, such a hardworking group, with 4 well balanced boats. We're ready for Cataract!

# conservation comments 1971

by Shep Bloom

The General Membership meeting of July 14th was attended by about 70 souls, as well as most members of the Conservation Committee and the Board of Directors. One of the reasons we called such a meeting was to provide the opportunity for individuals to indicate any disagreement with the activities of the Conservation Committee. It appears that there are no such objections. We also passed all resolutions presented (see June Rambler). Among other things, this means that the Club will not enter any litigation without the consent of the General Membership, obtained at a General Membership meeting.

Our attempts to keep the Rainbow Bridge case in Washington have failed, and the case is now officially being handled in Utah. Owen Olpin and our own Jim Lee will handle the case, Judge Ritter presiding. We are lucky to have such qualified lawyers handling the case. The quality of our legal counsel and the legal validity of our position make us confident (but not certain) of victory.

We all owe a debt of gratitude to Senator Moss for his efforts in obtaining passage (in the Senate) of the bills on Glen Canyon Recreation Area, Capital Reef National Monument, Arches National Monument and Canyonlands National Park. The provisions for wilderness study and inclusion of parts of the Escalante area are particularly pleasant for us to acknowledge. Please do not hesitate to write a letter of thanks to Senator Moss. It is also important (urgent) for us to write letters to Rep. Lloyd, requesting that he accomplish in the House what Senator Moss did in the Senate. Pete Hovingh tells me that we could be most certain of getting the desired action from the House by getting them to (a) Hold field hearings on Glen Canyon Recreation Area in Salt Lake City, (b) Schedule a site visit to the Glen Canyon Recreation Area, and (c) Schedule hearings on the Glen Canyon Recreation Area in Washington as soon as possible. The delay which is now occurring in the House could result in our not getting these bills passed. I hope that's not what Representative Lloyd wants.

The addresses are:

The Honorable Sherman P. Lloyd  
Representative, Second  
Congressional District (Utah)  
1116 Longworth Building  
Washington, D. C. 20515

The Honorable Frank E. Moss  
United States Senate, Utah  
Senate Office Building  
Washington, D. C. 20510

YOUR LETTERS DO COUNT.  
MAKE YOUR VOICE HEARD.

# main salmon river



photo by Bob Everson

July 17 - 25 1971  
by Joan Snyder

The Wasatch Cannon Ball was off to a grinding start by 7:30 p.m. Our first stop was in North Salt Lake at a weighing station to see if everyone had been good and brought only 70 pounds or less of gear. We were overweight a little, but with 26 people, 3 kayaks and a C1 plus food and gear for 8 days it didn't seem too bad.

Next stop was dinner in Pocatello. There we celebrated Linda Turnes' birthday with the traditional Happy Birthday and 2 donuts equally divided between 26 people! When we returned to the bus a rather large dent was observed in the left rear. After some detective work it was decided that a hit-and-run trailer truck had done the damage. On into the night we sped...

## SATURDAY

We rode through a very silent town called Salmon at 5 a.m., dozed for an hour or so in a drive-in parking lot outside of town, then staggered back into town for breakfast. Salmon was charming. We all took advantage of the food and beer available, while Gayle Campbell was busy haunting the antique shops. It seems that there was a wicker rocking chair for sale that was just too good a buy and so a rocker was added to our cargo!

We put in at Shoup at 2:30 while eating a hurried lunch. One mile down river we got a taste of what the main Salmon was to be like with 4,400 cubic feet per second of water. Jim Byrne went over in Pine Creek Rapids and Dick Snyder's boat with little or no air flopped through the rapid like a wet noodle dumping Marian Nelson out. Dick rather belatedly ordered his boat pumped up. Then at Dutch Creek Rapids Judy Rausch fell out for the first time, Alice Tassainer fell out and broke her paddle Stew Harvey went out and Dottie Byrne gashed her knee.

Our first camp was between Dutch Oven Creek and Cove Creek on a beautiful beach interspersed with large granite boulders. It had been an exciting afternoon.

#### SUNDAY

We got an early start. The was was fairly calm but plentiful. We stopped at Ram's Head Lodge in mid-morning for coke, beer and cherry picking. Then on to lunch at Long Tom Rapids. Long Tom consisted of two long rapids with beautiful large standing waves. A good ride with no problems.

After Long Tom we began to gain considerable respect and awe for the many unnamed little insignificant rapids indicated and not indicated on our maps. At Proctor Creek an enormous hole followed by a huge wave folded Mike Gallegher's boat in half and flipped Jack Campbell out. Farther on another unnamed rapid produced a hole large enough to throw Linda and Stew out. Shortly after leaving the road a stretch of water (no rapids indicated on the map) contained a huge hole and standing waves in which Bob Everson's boat nearly capsized tossing Dick Fredricks and Isabelle Baudelaire into the drink.

Gun Barrel Rapid was next and everyone was certain it would be rough (since it had a name)! It was a breeze in the high water!

We camped shortly after Gun Barrel and everyone seemed



photo by Ken McCarthy

to be rather glad to be ashore except for the kayakers and Roger Turnes with his C1 who were always eager to practice rolls, eddy turns, etc..

#### MONDAY by Marian Nelson

This was a good day on the river. Plenty of rapids with great rides. We had the privilege of seeing a black bear and her three cubs. It began to cloud up and get chilly so our arrival at Barth Hot Springs was warmly received. The famous bathtub located there was completely submerged and could not be found.

Rain was threatening as we reached our campsite at Bruin Creek. There was talk of a sacrifice, perhaps a crew member to propitiate the Gods, J. Dewell threatened to write "Odin is a fink" in the sand. After much deliberation both plans were abandoned. It didn't rain, the gods were probably satisfied with gifts from Bob Anderson's beer leg (3 cans of Coors and a piece of cheese).

Campside words of wisdom:  
Jack Campbell: "You can really tell a lean meal when you drink your own dishwater".  
Roger Turnes: "This was the best day I've had on the river".

#### TUESDAY

We traveled only 12 miles today. Some nice rapids, but water is calm. Gayle and Judy fell out of Snyder's boat when it almost capsized in Split Rock Rapids. At Big Mallard we met a flotilla of teen-agers on 30 foot pontoon boats. Passengers were rowed downriver by muscular boatmen and one man casually cast his fishing line into the water as his boat came out of the rapids. A lovely girl kayaker with the group created a sensation. Jim Byrne went over in Big Mallard and then ran it 3 more times just for practice.

We camped at Big Mallard after some hassle about where to stop, Bob Everson announced the beginning of a dictatorship.

Campside words of wisdom:  
Dotty Byrne & Judy Rausch: "The pledge to the cocktail flag. We pledge allegiance to our flag and for all it stands, to good spirits, cheer and alcohol for all".  
Roger T.: "This is the best day I've had on the river".

#### WEDENSDAY

We only traveled 6 miles, about 2 miles down river. Everson's boat capsized in a stretch of water with enormous standing waves that was unmarked on the map. Crew Members baptized were Judy R. (3rd time) June Zongker, Gale C., Marian Nelson, and B b Anderson. Captain Bob E. was embarrassed and tried to turn the boat over quickly, but everyone had noticed. As we gathered about the fire it rained briefly and heavily.

Campside words of wisdom:  
Dick Snyder: "Ch' wah... Ch'wah...Ch'wah".  
The Lone Roger: "This is the best day I've had on the river".

#### THURSDAY by Gayle Campbell

Odin relented and sent us clear sunny weather. After our dunking yesterday we tied in without a grumble, and Capt. Everson probably never had a more willing crew. There were only a few practice grabs at the chicken line and some trepidation through the first few rapids but we relaxed as the day wore on. Ludwig rapid just before Mackay Bar was a fine run with lovely 6 foot waves!

Mackay bar proved to be one of the highlights of the trip! It had been some time since we had been confronted with a bathroom!

#### FRIDAY

After an early stop to patch Stew's boat we floated through a series of interesting rapids, we camped for lunch at Bemis Bar. After "Stew's Chicken Supreme" we instituted a game of tug-of-war, which our side won of course.





Without unduly alarming the rest of us, our captains had been concerned about reports of Chittam Rapids, which had dumped 2 kayakers and a commercial pontoon boat; and Vinegar Creek rated by Jones at 9.

#### SATURDAY

Chittam was indeed something to see. My quaking must have disturbed the rattlesnake on whose rock I happened to be standing, he slithered out and hissed - needless to say I abandoned his rock!

After a long look at the rapid Bob Everson exchanged a couple of punys on his boat (Sue Gregor & I) for Cal Giddings and Jack Campbell. When we saw Jack get bounced - everyone paddled for their lives. The captains reconsidered and decided on all-male crews. Thus it was that some ran the rapids 3 times, and the women's lib section turned to photography. For a grand finale

the rapids at Partridge Creek Bridge couldn't be beat. Twelve foot standing waves that went on and on. We were anxious to get into Riggins and taste fresh food and cold beer. That night at the \$3.00 smorgasboard they lost money for sure as everyone heaped their tray with salad, turkey & prime rib. Some of us even remembered to use our napkins.

Some say this trip set an all time record with 18 people exiting from their boat (not including water fights) for various lengths of time; four cases of poison ivy, including Bob Everson;s which kept him from being tossed into the river at the end of the trip as traditionally befalls trip leaders; and a record number of sand-flea and mosquito bites.

There were certain side benefits too, Marian Nelson decided that paddling was good for her midriff, and Dick Fredericks declared the trip a success; he had packed a toothbrush and a bar of soap, and hadn't used either!

In parting, the scenery was beautiful, the water was beautiful and so were the people

Leader: Bob Everson

Captains: Bob Everson, Mike Gallagher, Stew Harvey, Dick Snyder.

Kayaks: Jim Byrne, J. Dewell, Cal Giddings

Canoe (Cl): Roger Turnes

Boaters: Bob Anderson, Isabelle Baudelaire, Pat Beudelaire, Dotty Byrne, Gayle Campbell, Jack Campbell, Dick Fredricks, Sue Gregor, Kay Mandel, Ken McCarty, Marian Nelson, Hal Pitter, Judy Rausch, Tim Rausch, Joan Snyder, Alice Tassainer, Linda Turnes, and June Zonker.

# northside canal kayak practice

August 7th and 8th

by Jane Daurelle

Onto a barren, dusty, sweltering field in the middle of nowhere 20 souls eventually straggled throughout the weekend. As the last carload reached camp on Sunday afternoon, several had already left and more were leaving. In other words, it was a very casual affair. However, the intensity of the raging current and opportunity for learning more than offset the unperfect campsite, and it was a tremendous way to discover many techniques which one does not necessarily have the opportunity to learn while on a trip. Bouquets of extra kayak paddles should be sent to those men who stand by hour after hour and teach us how to handle our various craft and then patiently fish our bodies out time after time. Heads bobbed; kayaks tried to escape; paddles floated; a dead steer drifted by; mosquitoes danced at sundown; Roger hurt his hand...but eddy turns were learned (or at least we

were exposed to what they should be); the technique of floating down rapids wearing life jackets was worked on; paddle braces were worried over; more confidence in riding white-water was achieved. As you can see, the opportunities offset the defects in the campsite.

There was an unintentional spice of adventure added by the unfortunate presence of a waterfall composed of extremely sharp lava rock downstream a short way, making it rather mandatory to leave the river by a certain point. This definitely added a pressure factor. When my kayak flipped me out the first time, the only thought in my head was the waterfall and contrary to all teaching, I pushed my paddle and kayak aside to be unencumbered in swimming out. Then, remembering the price I had paid for my new kayak, I retrieved it! Cal headed downstream and rescued my paddle, and Cliff came charging over to assist. I was still in the throes of trying to control my unreasonable panic, when a very embarrassing situation occurred. As I reached out to hang onto Cliff's kayak, I discovered that I was standing on the ground. Tee Hee.

That evening we sat around the campfire swatting mosquitoes as Shep sang us some very interesting ballads while playing his banjo. John Dewell and Steve Giddings sang "Snoopy & The Red Baron" after which it seemed fitting to name my new red kayak "The Red Baron". The best way to summarize Northside Canal is to pen Cal Gidding's original creation of genius, and thereby close this chronicle, to wit:

On Northside Canal,  
canal of my dreams.  
Two big eddies,  
and no latrines.

Rushing warm water,  
splashing big waves.  
Fluttering currents,  
like bats out of caves.

The banks they are cheat grass,  
the summers are dry.  
Shep's stove to the ground,  
and the fire it does fly!

Down burns the cheat grass,  
down burns the sage brush.  
Without sprigs of sage brush,  
the potty stops make you blush.

Kayakers come,  
kayakers go.  
The water is great,  
the scenery, oh no!

They play in the waves,  
they play in the eddy.  
For the skimo roll,  
they now think they're ready.

Over he goes,  
paddle in position.  
What is he doing?  
He's not going fish'un.

The weeds grab his paddle,  
the wave grabs his boat!  
Unless we toss the innertube,  
there will be no hope.

Hand over hand,  
he comes up the rope.  
Curses, he says,  
an impossible moat.

by cal giddings

Participants: Jay & John  
Dewell; Alice Tassainer; Dick  
& Rob Snyder; Cal and Steve  
Giddings; Sue Gregor; Doug  
McIlrath; Ruth Henson; Fran  
Flowers; Roger, Linda & Shane  
Turnes; Jane, Ray, Lynn and  
Sharon Daurelle; Shep Bloom.

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# zion narrows

by Diane Orr

At 1:30 a.m. Friday night, we arrived at the Zion National Park Campground. Exhausted, we crawled into our bags. Three hours later I met Fred Bruenger. In spite of the pre-dawn chill and lingering darkness he cheerfully bade us good morning. No one was fooled - Anticipating a dip in the Virgin River, we stuffed our belongings into plastic bags. (Tip for future Narrows' visitors - "leak proof garbage bags" have breathing slits!).

The Narrows trip begins and ends with water - blue-brown and creamy. At the beginning, the Virgin River is as exciting as an irrigation ditch. At the end, the river is full of racing riffles and pools. The rangeland alongside the river shrinks, the gorge deepens and finally the Virgin snakes through the Narrows.

When we reached the Narrows, we were weary and wet most everyone's pack rubbed wrong someplace. Yet we were awed. Light hangs around the top of the canyon, the river winds amid shadows and reflections.

We waded the Virgin holding hands with the idea at least one person in the chain would have his balance. The converse of our theory proved equally true - at least one person never had his balance!

We pursued several tributaries up Kolob and Goose Creek Canyons. The hardiest hikers, Gerhardt,

Randy, Fred and Eveline reported finding pristine pools and a waterfall. The ladders, whose reports I can personally verify, reported seeing tadpoles, dragonflies and one fair sized fish which Steve Mark almost pocketed. The entire group seized and photographed (and man handled) a horsehair worm. Ask Don Carlton of the significance of such worms.

After three days in nature's tub I doubt anyone hurried home to bathe.

# family packtrip

Millcreek to  
Big Cottonwood

by Peter Pruess

It was pouring so hard that we had to put on our ponchos to get the few feet from the front door to the car. What a way to start a trip, but unbelievably the rain stopped as we got near Millcreek Canyon. We dried our ponchos on the hood of the car before putting them away. Then at 6:30 everybody set off from the Terraces. The rain, which conveniently had fallen earlier here, gave the air that special freshness which makes you want to inhale deeply even if you are not going uphill with a pack on your back, like we were. The trail followed a creek for about a mile. During this mile we tasted wild onion seeds, service berries, yarrow yellow monkeyflower and thimble berries. The children added green licorice for variety. A small snake with part of its tail missing was caught

and admired by everybody before we let it go again. Leaving the creek, some switchbacks soon brought us to White Fir Pass where we rested and voted to go on to the top of "Hidden Knoll: where our leader knew of some secret campsite with superb view. We reached the top of the knoll about 8:45 and set up camp in the rapidly waning daylight. Now and then lightning could be seen across the Salt Lake Valley. Susy and I had eaten our dinner before leaving home but others were seen cooking by the illumination of flashlights.

It seems to be in the nature of us humans to complain about the things that are wrong but we seldom give praise for what is right. In this instance the virtual absence of annoying insects was fully appreciated as well as the absence of rain which was doubly unusual as it rained both in Brighton and in Salt Lake but not where we were, so we slept in front of our tent instead of in it. The 3 mothers had a lively discussion which lasted late into the night. Apparently they had fairly divided opinions on whatever they were discussing, if you can divide 3 people's opinions fairly that is.

In the morning I watched a hummingbird from my sleeping bag before getting up and cooking cereal. While Chris, Susy and I stayed around camp, everybody else explored the ridge for possible future campsites. It is amazing how very few level spots we encountered on the whole trip. As we descended from "Hidden Knoll" to the regular trail, a deer was spotted. After we were all on the trail again, Liz

carefully camouflaged our tracks leading up "Hidden Knoll" to keep it hidden. The profusion of wildflowers continued to amaze us. We were walking through a veritable garden of wild geraniums, paintbrushes in different colors and scarlet gilia interspersed with columbines. The blossoms of the geraniums seemed to be unusually large and beautifully veined. At a little meadow we discovered some fossils and porcupine quills. There was talk of using the latter in martinis while someone else wanted to use his as pins on the family bulletin board. In the interest of conservation I hope these ideas don't gain widespread acceptance or I fear for the survival of the porcupine.

About 12:45 we reached Baker Spring and stirred up various flavors of kool-aid for lunch. Also a peculiarly shaped, homegrown cucumber was shared. Dorothy noticed the loss of a pair of levis but 2 hikers said they had seen them a ways down the trail and were going to take them back to her truck for her. So far the trail had been commendably free of litter but at the spring that unfortunately was not true.

After lunch we all inspected the old miner's cabin just above the spring. Then we ascended a spur toward Gobblers Knob and left timberline below us. We continued to be amazed at the variety and beauty of the country the trail took us through. As we followed the side of Gobblers Knob at about 9,200 feet we passed through a huge area growing with mint and called it "Mint Meadow Traverse". Just

after crossing the divided, which marked the halfway point, mileage wise, of our trip, we encountered two motorcycles digging up the trail. Fortunately they were the only ones we saw on the trip.

Now we could see the road to Brighton far below us. Some lightning across the canyon urged us to get off the ridge we were on and soon we were switchbacking down. The descent to the road at Butler Fork was very steep and we were glad we did not have to go up that way, it was hard enough going down. At 5:15 we reached the road where Lew Coules was kindly waiting to take us back to our cars in Millcreek Canyon. All the children, including the two six year olds, Jenny and Chris, had carried their own packs bravely for 7 miles, that's quite an accomplishment!

A special thanks to Liz Choules for organizing and leading this trip (please, let's have some more like it) and to her husband Lew for ferrying us back to our cars and to all the children for being such very good hikers. Participants: Miriam and Stephany Bloom; Liz (leader) and Jenny Choules; Dorothy, Brian and Chris Miles; and Peter and Susy Pruess.

## mt. raymond

MOONLIGHT HIKE July 9th

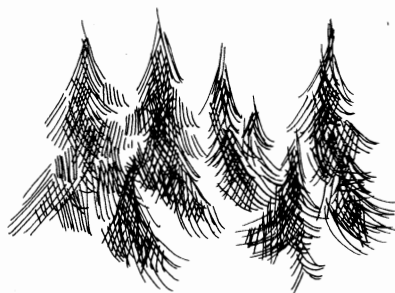
By 7 p.m. we were away and started up the Baker Spring

Trail. As we spontaneously split into 3 sections, the gunghoers, the middle contingent, and the take it easiers. The Raymond area is very lush at this time of year with a predominance of bluebells and Indian Paintbrush. In the Mill A basin, the gunghoers took a steep grassy slope up the side of the east ridge of Raymond. The M.C.'s met this group at the summit just as the old red fireball was dipping below the horizon. A beautiful sight. We decided not to tarry as we wanted to get off the ridge before dark. On the way down, the M.C.'s met the take it easiers coming up the ridge. Mike Treshaw lost his glasses and his progress had been hampered. However, he seemed to make good time on the way down. The T.I.E's decided to turn around and not try for the summit as darkness was almost upon them. One of the summitteers had slipped on the way down and cut his hand. A makeshift bandage quickly stopped the bleeding and we continued. On the saddle, Beverly lost one of her contact lens' and on the way down we momentarily got on the wrong trail at the junction. The moon finally made an appearance at 11:15 p.m. and beautiful it was as the huge yellow ball came up over the mountain ridge to the east. It did not light our path much but was very enjoyable anyway.

Ye, who survived: Mike Treshaw; John Agie; Beverly Eichwald; Greg Hauck; Gus Hanniball; Wade Hanniball; Ross Pearson; Gene Roble; Doug Taylor; Kermit Earle; Fran Flowers; Bob Morse; Lou Choules; and Lyman Lewis the leader.

# lodge work party sept. 26!

Cover photo of  
Teenage River Trip  
by Mark Holiday



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)

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