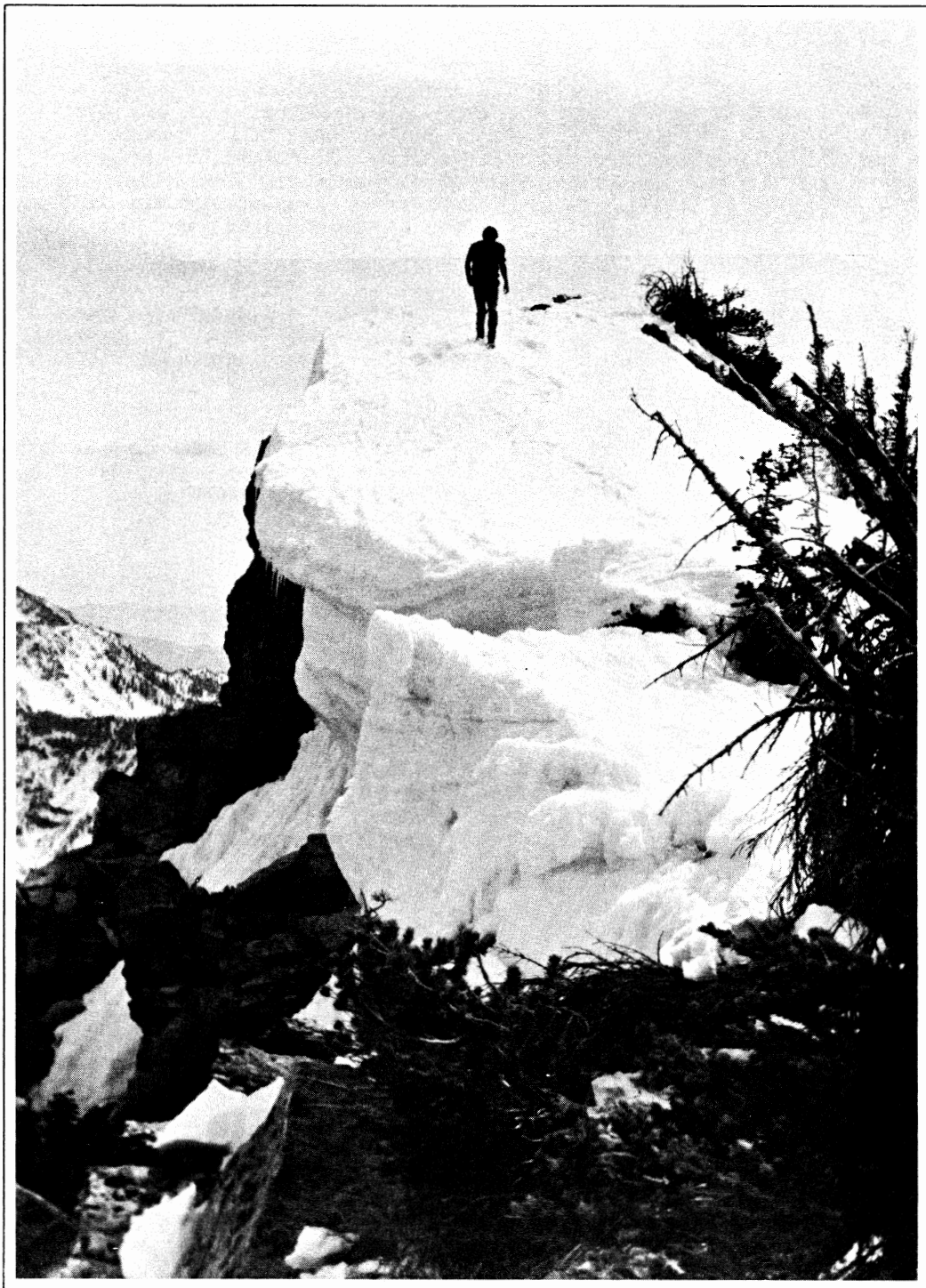


The Rambler

NOVEMBER 1972



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

club activities for nov 1972

REGISTRATION WITH TRIP LEADERS is important for ski tours since weather and snow conditions can cause cancellation or change in destination. It also aids in organizing car shuttles early enough to avoid delays. Register with the leader by some reasonable hour on the day before the tour.

RATINGS OF SKI TOURS (X,Y) describe the difficulty of the climb (X) and the skiing proficiency required to get down (Y). Both are rated from 1 to 6, in order of increasing difficulty. A detailed description of some popular tours is in the Nov. 1972 Rambler. Contact the leader if you are in doubt about your ability to do the tour.

- Nov. 4 MOUNT AIRE - Elevation 8620 - Rating 3 - a popular hike that
Sat. is well suited for families. It gets cold on mountain tops in November, so come prepared. Meet at 9:00 a.m. at The Movie. Leader: Lauren Williams, 466-9734
- Nov. 5 BIG BEACON - Elevation 7100 - Rating 3 - here is a chance to
Sun. hike up and examine that strange new thing that has appeared near the summit. Meet at Hogle Zoo at 9:00 a.m. Leader: Marty Snyder, 262-4695
- Nov. 8 ESCALANTE WILDERNESS COMMITTEE MEETING - 7:30 p.m. Business:
Wed. Ordering of the mailing list; preparation of a Christmas newsletter; future planning; progress report. Socializing afterwards. All at the Hovingh's at 721 - 2nd Ave. 359-4791.
- Nov. 10 THERE WILL BE A GENERAL REUNION of all participants - and
Fri. friends (!) of WMC river trips this year. Edit your slides and bring the better ones along with what movies you may have. This includes the teen-age trips which were the most enthusiastic of the year. Refreshments at a nominal fee will be available. Non-river runners and interested parties (including hikers, climbers, skiers of all sorts, people who like leaves, trees, rocks, snow, water, unevenness in the water and that type of thing) are most welcome. WMC lodge at Brighton 8:00 p.m. Bob Everson 487-0029, ya'all come.
- Nov. 11 SKI TOURING DAY AT THE LODGE - This is our annual early
Sat. season gathering for ski tourers and snow shoers to get properly psyched up for the season. The afternoon will be devoted to discussion of touring techniques and waxing, a

short tour leaving the lodge at 1:00 p.m., an informal ski equipment swap/sale at the lodge, and a display of the latest touring equipment by Timberline. Supper will be at 6:00 p.m. (Kay Berger's famous taco dinner for \$.75, drinks extra), followed by an evening of slides and movies (including last year's Cardiff avalanche and maybe the TV film on nordic touring starring Dave Smith). Join us for all or part of the day.

- Nov. 18 SKI TOUR TO DESOLATION LAKE - Intermediate (2.2) - This is
Sat. an easy tour that is best suited for nordic skiers, but all are welcome. The route is up Mill D North Fork, then into Desolation Lake drainage. Those who want more challenge can climb to the ridge and ski down to the Lake. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 9:00 a.m. Leader is Dwight Nicholson, 359-6178.
- Nov. 23 THANKSGIVING DINNER at the Lodge. Bring your family, table
Thurs. service, snow shoes, cranberry sauce, skis, turkey, and thanks to the lodge this year. Come early to ski or come around 10 for a short snow shoe before dinner, which is planned for one o'clock. We will run it potluck-style, so call Phil and Sally Nelson, 485-0237, to discuss the contents of your pot.
- Nov. 23-26 THANKSGIVING WEEKEND - GRAND CANYON - Come enjoy Thanksgiving
Thurs- in the magnificent Grand Canyon. This is a backpacking trip, so proper equipment is necessary and you must be in good
Sun. shape. Hopefully, the area of the trip (not yet determined) will be away from the crowds. Call the leader, Pat King, 486-9705, for information. You must register with Pat by Friday, November 17th. Don't forget to take along your turkey.
- Nov. 25 - 26 ADULT LODGE WEEKEND. Hopefully there will be enough snow for
Sat-Sun. skiers and snowshoers to take advantage of the Lodge weekend. Bring your bedding, food, eating and cooking utensils. Please register with the hosts, George and Georgia Randall 322-2360 by the 22nd.
- Nov. 22-26 SKI TOURING IN MONTANA - Dennis and Karen Caldwell are going
THANKS- touring in the Absaroka and Beartooth Mountains on Thanks-
GIVING giving weekend, and have agreed to take along a limited number of WMC members. It's a long drive, but this spectacular country offers consistent snow and numerous opportunities for skiing. Participation is by special appointment only; call 278-2100 for details.
- Nov. 27 JOINT MEETING WITH THE SIERRA CLUB - The speaker will be Bill
Mon. Cline, a conservaion-oriented forester from Ogden, who proposes that the solution to the automobile/parking lot problem in Little Cottonwood Canyon is an electric narrow gauge railroad. There is developing interest in this idea, particularly in light of the success achieved in European countries. Bill

has made a detailed study of this possibility and would like our thoughts on it. It is a vital issue to anyone interested in the future of the canyons and WMC members should certainly be informed. The meeting will be at 8:00 p.m. at the First Unitarian Church Auditorium, 569 South 1300 East.

Dec. 3 LAKE BLANCHE SKI TOUR - Advance (3.5) - this is one of the
Sun. most spectacular and challenging tours in the Wasatch
Mountains. The route is Cardiff Pass, around the bowl and
up to Cardiac Ridge, down into Lake Blanche drainage, and
possibly over into Mineral Fork to avoid the trail below
Lake Blanche. Ideal conditions are a requirement to avoid
avalanche danger and each tourer should have a cord and
probe just in case. Registration is mandatory, and prompt
departure is a must. Meet at the Mouth of Big Cottonwood
at 8:00 a.m. Leader is Gale Dick, 359-5764.

Dec. LODGE OPEN
9 - 10
Sat/Sun.

1972 the year of the 'river' rat:

A RETROSPECTIVE VIEW

Bob Everson, Boating Director

It was not what one might describe as a vintage year for river running. While most of the trips were plagued with one difficulty or another, once on the water the participants were compensated by the warm sun after a cold dousing from a rapid run or a water fight, by the campfire after a long stretch of up-river wind and flat water, by the roaring, wet exhilaration of a maneuvering a side-

curler in a number 7 or 8, or by whatever individual things turn people on to go down rivers in boats.

The early season Grand Canyon commercial trip was excellent, and enough interest has been expressed to consider future trips of a similar nature. One is hard pressed to beat the enthusiasm of the teen-age trips, a second trip being added this year to give more experience in white water. Possibly the greatest lesson learned by that group, however, was in planning the menu, and that great American staple, the hot dog, may never again appear on a WMC teen-age river trip.

All activities have their periodic problems, but these all seemed to land simultaneously on the river runners this season. Several trips were canceled because of low water, particularly in southern Utah early in the season. Then there was transportation (I force myself to overcome the self-imposed mental block established to ease the pain at the mention of this subject).

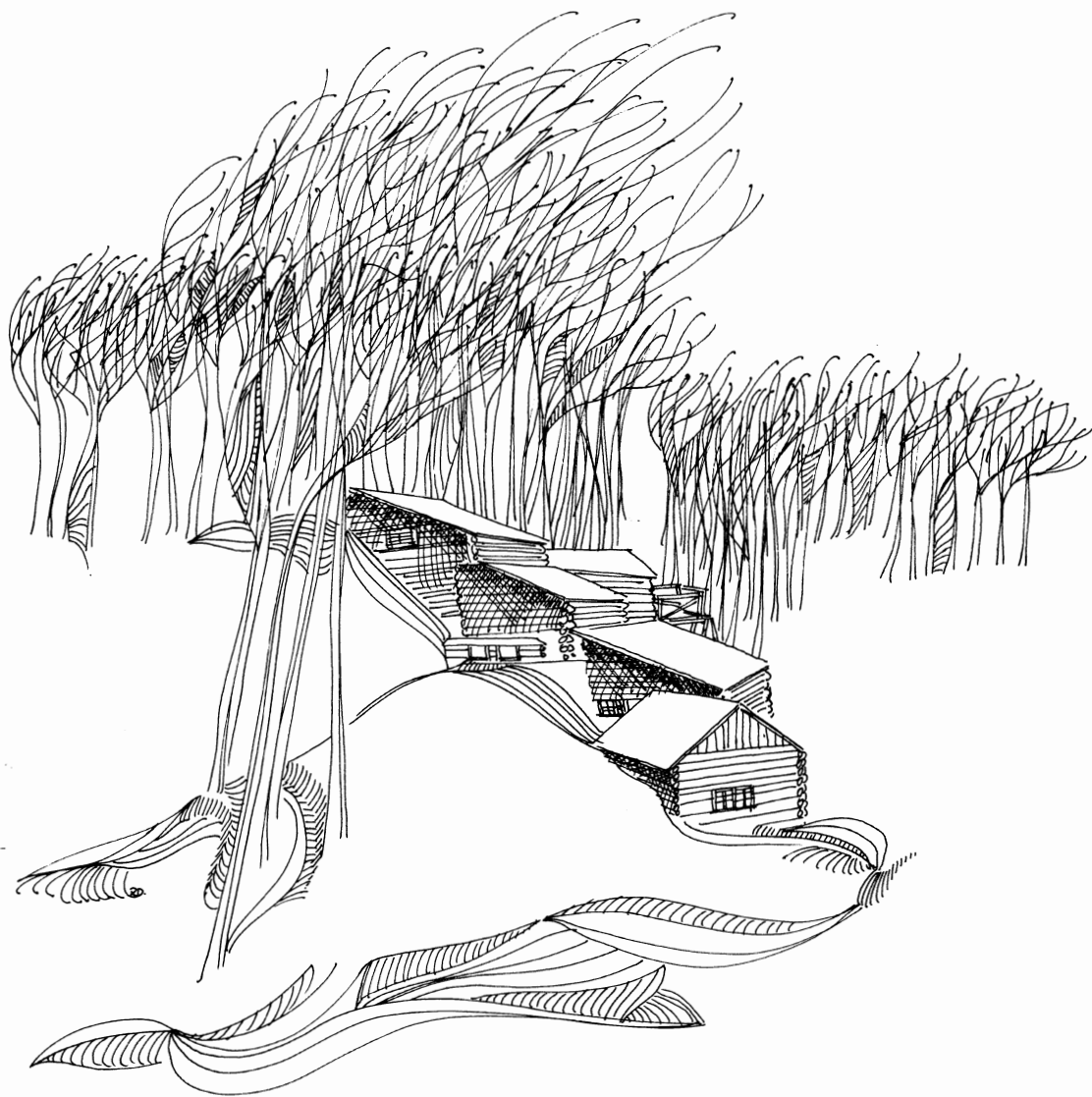
As you know our great blue and white lady of the highways - the Wasatch Cannonball, Odin's Express, and other names ascribed to her in the last few months - spent much of the summer at a small resort in Mexican Hat after suffering an attack of valve trouble. The absence of our occasionally trusty vehicle forced the exploration of other means of transportation, and that hit-and-miss experience in itself was an education worthv of several pages of copy. The net result was that along with Dan Thomas, Transportation Director, we have come up with a transportation plan which we hope to be

more reliable and in the same approximate price range as our former means of travel. Unfortunately, our old bus has fallen a casualty through its repeated relapses and growing indebtedness, and as announced at the General Membership Meeting of October 11, the Board of Directors, upon recommendation of the Boating Committee, has voted to sell the bus providing a buyer offering a reasonable price may be found.

It has been very difficult to find trip leaders and boat captains this year. The Snake River Hell's Canyon trip didn't get off the ground because a leader could not be found. By next year it is hoped that many of the experienced people who for one reason or another did not participate in boating this year will be back to lend a hand. In addition, this year's beginners and novices by next summer should be able to fill some of the more responsible niches in the boating program.

As for the 1973 season, we are planning our schedule now so as to be assured of boating permits at the desired times. In addition, we are planning beginner and intermediate trips mid and late season rather than just at the beginning, and we are collecting information on new rivers to be run. While only early in the development stage, an advanced trip from Lee's Ferry to Phantom Ranch in the Grand Canyon is being considered in the club boats for next Spring.

Your comments and expressions of interest on matters pertaining to boating activities past, present or future are invited and welcome.



leaves from the old wasatch

WASATCH MOUNTAIN PERSONALITIES

Over the years the Wasatch Mountains have been inhabited by many people who were there for a variety of reasons. Some of them appeared and disappeared in the span of a few weeks, while others remained for years. Most of them left little trace of their presence, but a few left something behind, usually names, to remind us of the person. Names, however, soon become disassociated with the face and the person behind the name soon moves in with the nameless throngs of those who have been forgotten.

One of the forgotten people was an Indian drifter who came into the Wasatch in the 1880's. Known as Indian Pete, he settled in the upper reaches of Porter Fork, up Mill Creek Canyon, began prospecting and soon had his own diggings where he hoped to find his fortune. While the mine never amounted to much, he kept working it and became part of the upper Mill Creek scene. Apparently he stayed at his mine summer and winter, for in the winter of 1888-89 he disappeared after one of the frequent snow avalanches cleared the upper slopes of Porter Fork. It was assumed he was lost in the avalanche, but no trace of him could be found until Memorial Day, 1889, when his body was found with the feet sticking up out of the snow. It was taken down to East Mill Creek where he was buried.

Indian Pete's name had a chance to be remembered when his claim was combined with others and a company was formed to work them: The Indian Pete Mining and Milling Company. While this company never assumed any more importance

in the mining community than did Indian Pete's mine, it was still in existence as late as 1912. Finally it followed its namesake and both Indian Pete and the mining company followed the ranks of the forgotten. In Little Cottonwood Canyon another man was engaged in working another mine. Unlike Indian Pete, he was not working his own mine. Because he held steady employment with a mining company he drew a little more respect from his neighbors than did the colorful character in Porter Fork. This man's name was Charles C. Collins and he was a foreman at the New Emma mine in Alta. But Collins, like every miner who lived at that time, had visions of striking it rich in his own mine, and in the summer of 1887 he resigned his position at the New Emma. By that time he may already have held his own claims in the gulch to the south of Alta. He stayed in Alta and kept his family there while he worked his claims. His wife made the news two years later when a miner at the Emma mine, William H. Wier, had his hand severed when he caught it in machinery gears. Mrs. Collins saved his life by applying a tourniquet, keeping him from bleeding to death.

Collins's story might have ended there, but there is one more tale told about him. Having an opportunity to sell his prospects, he did so, and after going through the formalities of the sale and depositing the cash he received in a Salt Lake bank, he returned to Alta to get his mining tools and take one last look around his old property. When he failed to return, his wife sent friends to look for him. They found him in the mine - dead - presumably of a heart attack.

While Charles C. Collins may have been forgotten since that time, he did leave his name behind, and to this day the area where his claims were located is known as Collin's Gulch, a name that is A Leaf From the Old Wasatch.

alexander basin and bowman fork

by Roberta Traver

There were sixteen of us--much to the amazement of the leader, for he was in "STEEP" competition with the Lone Peak Cirque Hike. (Rating 9).

Though mighty cold, the ride up Millcreek Canyon was beautiful, with the sun just touching the golden aspen trees. We started out, walking through waist-high meadows and picking a few currents, then we headed up.

The group was soon scattered all over the mountainside, with the "mountain men" taking up the lead, and the rest of us at the other end. When we reached the summit, finally, we were confronted with a strong wind and an unbelievable view (it was actually clear in the valley!) of the Great Salt Lake, and to the south, of the Big and Little Cottonwood Canyons.

After lunch, and with our packs a lot lighter, we started down into the valley on the other side. We stopped at Baker's Spring en route to the bottom, and it was barely there. Enough, though.

The rest of the way was marked by a peaceful quiet and a winding trail carpeted with fallen leaves. We came out onto the pavement at the Terraces and sat, (and I speak for myself) tired, but happy, until our rides came along.

Our fearless leader: Don Colman
Hikers: Rufus H. Hall, J. L. Traver, Dorothy Traver, Bob Wright, Joyce Sohler, John E. Riley, Elmer W. Boyd, Bill Absalom, Ann Wennhold, Geff Stevens, Kermit Earle, Lucy Hall, Emily Hall, Solomon, and me.

dromedery revisited

by John Gottman

Having missed the scheduled hike and wanting to do a "good one", Barb and I planned the Dromedery Trek. I ran into Milt at Timberline where he finally bought his new boots. He expressed an interest in going.

Barb was early for the first time but I set my alarm one hour late (too many toots the night before). I screamed up the canyon to the S-curve where Barb, who had been going the other way by the Canyon Inn, caught me. Barb hadn't seen Milt. After threats and apologies, we went up to Lake Blanche. The hike up to the peak was super. We snaked up from the NE, traversed south and up high to the east ridge. This featured some good exposed scrambling.

As we hit the peak, we saw a man reading the register. It was Milt! After lunch and discussion of our respective "horrible" (i.e., great fun) routes up, we headed down the north ridge through Broads Fork. We observed that we could have taken the west ridge to the notch below Sunrise then dropped down into Broads. The hike out was long but was made more enjoyable by Milt's flower naming and his pointing out some really tasty thimble berries. It was a fine, beautiful hike, and we celebrated appropriately by stopping at the C.I. for "pops".

Hikers: Barb Smith, Milt Hollander and John Gottman.

timpanogos

by Bill Rosqvist

Timpanogos always provides a memorable hike especially in the fall. The leaves were just beginning to turn to their blazing splendor of the season. The day was cloudless with just a touch of breeze to keep one refreshingly cool. Lunch was enjoyed on the summit where upon we split into three groups: one going down the snow field, another taking the Aspen Grove trail and the third returning down the Timpanete trail which we had ascended.

Participants: Chuck Mays, Tom Cook, George Melling, Alan Tye, Bill Rosqvist and prospective members Jim Rich, Tom Rich, George Rich, Mark Lambert and Ron Jones.

mt. aire

by Reg Swartz

The pair of feet (two pair belonging to Virginia's dog) met at the Movie under overcast skies for the hike up Mount Aire. The hike began about six miles up Mill Creek Canyon across the

road from the dam. We went north up the trail about a third mile to the Elbow Fork trail and followed it up to the ridge overlooking Mount Aire Canyon, reaching the peak around noon. The skies had cleared by then, and we had a nice view of the area including Mount Raymond which was climbed by WMC members the day before. participating were Virginia Hilliard, Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Hall, Kathleen Thody, Bert Codd, Judy Davis, Elmer Boyd and Reg Swartz.

sundile

by Bill Rosqvist

The early risers who met at 6 a.m. were rewarded very well for their efforts. The Sundial hike took the usual route to Lake Blanche; then passing around the southeast end of the lake we headed up the right side of Sundial. Several places well placiated slabs were crossed where elaborate discussions were pursued as to the course of the now long gone glaciers. Upon topping the short head wall of the Sundial cirque we found ourselves in what appeared to be one of the most remote spots in the Wasatch. The only sign of previous human passage was one very rusty tin can. A rare sight indeed considering the situation found at the lakes. As we walked through the meadow Elmer lead us to a better understanding of the flora of the Wasatch. The summit was reached at 10 a.m. where a leisurely time was spent while Gerhard took a nap. The return to civilization was prolonged for obvious reasons. Participants were Richard Wagner, Elmer Boyd, Gerhard Henschel, Alan Tye, and Bill Rosqvist.



grandeur peak

by Renu Jalota

We were camouflaged by the tall trees on Sunday morning, the 8th of October as we started at Church Fork. The blue sky peeping through the pretty fall colours; the music of the running stream along and across the trail and treading on dry rustling leaves was really a "cool" thing to put you at ease. Soon we were out and above the spender of the "fall" headed for Grandeur Peak. A leisurely hike with ample time "to stand beneath the trees, to stare so long as cows and sheep." Once on the peak we could appreciate the "Grandeur" as we looked at the mountains with splash of fall colours on one side and the valley stretched right below on the other side, like a gigantic map. Having had a 'hot' hike the cool wind was refreshing. But it also brought the feathery clouds which stole away part of our blue sky and the sun. As we had enough time to munch our brunch and chit-chat we yielded to gravity. Strolling down some of us had the fun of sampling elderberries, picking-up weeds and in the end watching the falling leaves. Nature is so beautiful even in death!

Hikers: Elmer W. Boyd, Ann McDonald, Irene Kerkoff, Fritzie Nielson, Jack Noy, Carolyn Palmer, John Riley, Ed Miller, Joyce Sohler, Beverly Wood, Gail Arno, Helen and Rick Rappaport, Cliff Bell, Yukio Kachi, Ruth Henson, Carolyn Humphrey, Dorothy Smith, Norm Viss, Coralee Hixon, Greg Smith, George Smith,

M. T. Sweeney, Dr. Praise, Yenta Kaufman, Shelley Hyde, Renu Jalota, Mary Katsanevas.

lodge wood gathering

SEPTEMBER 30
by Mel Davis

The winter's wood supply was cut, hauled, split, and stashed in record time this year as forty-five people, six trucks, and four chainsaws showed up to perform the task. The cutting crew left the mountain at one o'clock and the splitters and stashers finished about three. The scene next to the lodge resembled a colony of beavers as they bustled around, carrying the split logs to the basement store room.

The basement was filled, also one of the coal rooms, and the space on each side of the fireplace was stuffed with logs.

Furnishing trucks were Jim McCullough, Bud Reid, Dwight Nicholson, Sam Allen, Fran Flowers (jeep), and Gary Larsen. Chain saws were wielded by Dave Hanscom, Jim McCullough, Gary Larsen and Lloyd Anderson. Lunch was provided through the efforts of Elfriede Snyder and Clare Davis. Wolf Snyder directed the splitting and stashing activities. The lodge directors directing consisted mostly of pointing the direction, then getting out of the way to avoid getting trampled in the rush.

My personal thanks go to each person who responded to the call and made this a very fun and successful work party.

guide to ski tours in the wasatch

by Dave Hanscom

The difficulty of a ski tour is not easy to define. It depends to a large extent upon the condition of the snow, which varies from one day to the next (and even from one hour to the next) due to snow fall, wind velocity, air temperature and the location of the route relative to exposure to wind and sun.

It also depends upon the weather, the physical condition of the tourer, the particular route chosen, and equipment.

For Nordic skiers, correct touring technique and ability to choose the proper wax makes all the difference in the world. The only parameters that are constant on a ski tour are the vertical rise and the horizontal distance.

With these facts in mind, an attempt has been made to rate the ski tours in the Wasatch. The rating system is in the form (X,Y), where X describes the difficulty of the climb, and Y indicates the skiing proficiency required to get down. Both are rated from 1 to 6, in order of increasing difficulty. For example, Day's Fork is rated (2,4); it involves a relatively short climb of 1900 feet in 1.5 miles from Alta, but the descent includes an extremely steep bowl where avalanche danger can be quite high. These numbers are necessarily relative, and are meant only to give the tourer a general idea of the required ability level necessary under good skiing conditions.

To put the skiing proficiency part of the rating into perspective, a comparison

can be made to slopes at the ski areas. Skiers with ability to handle Main Street, Pay Day or Majestic with confidence could take tours rated 1 or 2; they should have mastered the kick turn, however, for the sections where it is the only alternative to turning in the powder. Nordic skiers should also be able to manage these tours with good snow conditions particularly the ones with long run-outs. A rating of 3 requires intermediate skiing skills, as would Collins Face, Bob's Bowl, Millicent, or Thaynes; ability to turn in unpacked snow becomes more important. The higher rated tours are for advanced skiers who can manage any slope with any snow conditions; sometimes the survival instinct helps, too.

The table on the opposite page (much of which is taken from a December 1968 RAMBLER article by Charles Keller) contains data on 35 of the most popular tours in the Wasatch. They are listed in approximate order of difficulty to assist your go/no go decision. It is suggested that you not go on a tour that is much farther down the list than the most difficult one that you have taken in the past. A skier that goes on a trip that he can't handle not only endangers and discourages himself, but he compromises the enjoyment and safety of the entire party. If in doubt, the tour leader or ski touring director will be happy to advise you.

A map of the ski touring routes in the Alta-Brighton area is available from the Wasatch National Forest office at 3070 E. 3300 S.

One final comment should be made regarding ski tours taken by individuals who

like to get out on their own. Snow conditions in the Wasatch are extremely variable, and thanks to our large accumulations, avalanche danger can be extremely high. It is advisable before going on a tour to ascertain that the snow is safe in the area, to never go

alone, and to let someone know your route and schedule. The Forest Service Alta Guard Station will provide information on weather and snow accumulation, but they cannot be responsible for deciding if you should take the tour. Your own common sense must be your guide.

DESCRIPTION	ASCENT			DESCENT		
	LIFT	DIST	VERT	DIST	VERT	RATING
Wolverine Cirque from Brighton	Mil.	.7	350	1.6	1330	(1,2)
Snake Creek Pass from Brighton	Maj.	1.0	840	1.4	1240	(1,2)
Dog Lake via Mill D N.	-	2.3	1460	2.3	1460	(2,2)
Desolation Lake via Mill D N.	-	3.3	1960	3.3	1960	(2,2)
Katherine Pass from Alta	Alb.	1.0	740	2.3	1680	(1,2)
Alta from Brighton via Twin Lakes Pass	Mil.	1.1	275	1.1	1430	(1,2)
Katherine Pass from Brighton	Maj.	1.5	1020	1.8	1440	(2,2)
Mill Creek from Park City West(to Log Haven)	-	.5	150	7.7	3300	(1,2)
Park City from Brighton via Scott's Pass	-	2.0	700	3.8	2500	(2,2)
Brighton from Park City via Scott's Pass	Gon.	1.8	400	2.0	700	(2,2)
Honeycomb from Solitude	-	3.0	1400	3.0	1400	(2,2)
White Pine Lake	-	2.7	2400	2.7	2400	(3,2)
Honeycomb from Brighton	Ev.	.6	500	2.5	2140	(2,3)
Mount Wolverine from Alta	Alb.	1.2	1205	1.8	2035	(2,3)
Silver Fork from Brighton via Twin Lakes Pass	Mil.	1.6	470	2.8	2460	(2,3)
MillCreek from Mill D N.via DogLake(to LogHaven)-	-	2.3	1460	6.4	2900	(2,3)
Cardiff Fork from Alta	-	1.0	1360	5.9	2750	(2,3)
Silver Fork from Alta	-	1.8	1610	2.8	2510	(2,3)
AmericanFork from Alta (to S.Fork Ranger Sta.)	Ger.	.3	160	12.6	4450	(1,3)
Mary Ellen Gulch from Alta (")	Ger.	.3	160	10.6	4450	(1,3)
Mineral Fork	-	2.9	1890	2.9	1890	(3,3)
Neff Canyon	-	3.2	3960	3.2	3960	(4,3)
Day's Fork from Alta	-	1.5	1890	3.5	3180	(2,4)
Major Evans from Alta(to S.Fork Ranger Sta.)	Ger.	2.9	480	7.4	4770	(2,4)
White Pine from Alta	Ger.	3.4	330	3.0	3140	(3,4)
Mount Raymond from Butler	-	3.5	3140	3.5	3140	(3,4)
Silver Lake from White Pine	-	3.4	3030	7.6	4580	(4,4)
Alpine from White Pine	-	3.7	3000	6.5	5560	(4,4)
Maybird from White Pine	-	3.4	2440	2.0	3175	(3,5)
Hogum from White Pine	-	3.6	2700	3.1	3660	(3,5)
Alexander Basin from Butler(to Log Haven)	-	3.6	3145	5.4	4140	(3,5)
White Pine from Alta via Twin Peaks	Ger.	2.4	1075	4.0	3875	(3,5)
Major Evans from Alta via Twin Peaks (to S.Fork Ranger Station)	Ger.	2.4	1075	8.1	5360	(3,5)
Mineral Fork from Alta	-	2.3	2180	3.1	4160	(3,5)
Lake Blanche from Alta	-	1.9	2060	4.3	4500	(3,5)

escalante

by Don Colman

On Friday, October 6, an even half dozen back-packers assembled more or less on time, stowed themselves and sundry gear into one station wagon and headed south. That load consisted of our leader Kermit Earle, Marilyn Bateman, Karen Weatherbee, Fran Flowers, Virginia Hilliard, and Don Colman. The highlights of that drive were: 1. The limerick contest 2. The chat with Escalante's main constable about the relative merits

of observing anything close to the speed limit 3. Seeing Stewart Roberts and Paula Mickle drive slowly by as we were still being frisked by the above mentioned police person 4. Being witness to a most heroic and masterful exhibition of driving skill as displayed by Kermit in keeping us going thru mud, goo, slime, washouts, one minor abyss, and you should pardon the expression, rocky bottoms. We finally caught Stew's Chevrolet Blazer stopped on the near side of a final and complete washout. With no delay, both cars were moved to high ground, as it was still raining hard, and had been for three days. The ground was absolutely sodden so we "camped" in the cars. A cold and sleepless night was enjoyed by all, for it was impossible to reach thru the tangle of reposed bidies to retrieve jackets, sleeping bags, or anything warm. Did you ever wake up and find a perfect size 8 Vibram print on the left half of your face?

Saturday - dawn arrived, still cold, still raining, but spirits were high. Do you believe strawberry wine at a buck a throw? Stewart was able to navigate the Blazer around, up, over, and down the washout. We then deposited eight full packs, and eight dripping wet people into one four-wheel drive "Godsend", and even get the doors closed. The road was difficult where it wasn't washed away, the rest was worse. The dangerous sections were run "solo", so that the passengers popped in and out with great regularity. We abandoned the car within a mile or so of the head of Hurrican Wash. Now our adventure could begin. The rain stopped as we prepared to plunge into the wash. The God's had been appeased. An unhurried pace brought us to Coyote Wash exactly at lunchtime. The canyon was growing both

more beautiful, and deep. The weather was turning fair. A few miles downstream we met three survivors of the scheduled Sierra Club trip, who reported some difficulty with flooding around their camp site. Another 200 yds. revealed Jacob Hamlin arch, only part of the great beauty to be found in every direction. Farther down canyon, we found our camp site, a large alcove, with a huge domed roof, well above the river, and a level sand floor. We had six inches of organic evidence that the itinerant cows favored this resting spot also. Fran and I were clearing individual sleeping spots by flipping cow dung aside with sticks. As our sticks crossed, an historic moment was met. The new and exciting game of "Poo-lo" was born. At this writing it is being considered for inclusion in the Olympic games. The rules are still a bit sketchy, pending development of a more durable type of puck. Some of us enjoyed a good meal, some merely ate. An excellent after dinner drink, apricot nectar, orange juice, shredded kumquat, and bourbon, was supplied by Karen. You could drink it, eat it, wear it, or as Virginia did, apply it to your blisters, like a poultice. We slept like babies.

Sunday A.M. - We took only lunch, water, and cameras, then headed downstream toward the Escalante. The day was perfect in every way. The lower part of Coyote Wash is just as spectacular as Zion, minus the traffic, of course. We crossed the Escalante River, then climbed up to Stevens Canyon Arch. I won't try to describe the view. The walk back up the canyon was made easier by Stewart's rich baritone exhorting Paula to get the lead out. Paula's replies were equally rich.

Our entire party reached camp a little before, exactly at, and well after dark. Hot dinner, good fire, great

conversation, and strawberry wine, still at a buck a drink. The mind boggles at the things Marilyn will be able to do with all that money. We drifted off to sleep, with flashes of distant lighting, and the scurry of small creatures, hardly making a dent in the pleasant memories of a terrific day.

Monday A.M. - We began a final game of "Poo-lo", which was called, as most of the "Poo-lo" sticks went into the breakfast fire, and Fran had been struck in the mouth with fragments of a disintegrating puck. We burned a cow chip to see if it really would work. Fran named this type of fuel "Steer-no". The aroma is fiendish. The walk out was a bit sad for we all wanted to stay. Stewart set a new record for going shoeless - from the Escalante River to the head of Hurrican Wash - a considerable feat. We drove to Boulder, Utah, bought out the local beer supply and headed for Grover, Utah. The weekend came to a spectacular close as we looked down from 9,000 feet out into a black sky, broken by brilliant evergreens, stands of leafless, stark white aspens, and an occasional burst of gold-red flame from the smaller trees, lush green meadows filled with fat, clean cattle, dozens of curious deer, and sky blue lakes surrounded us, while, far below, Cedar Breaks, Navajo Mountain, the Henry Mountains, the rocky hills of Boulder, and the entire Escalante area stretching forever away from us, tipped with all the desert sunset colors in horizontal layers, under swirling black clouds. It began to rain. Our trip was over.

Our sincere thanks to Kermit Earle for an outstanding outing. The new friends gained, and experiences shared, and the beauty we saw, will never be forgotten.



On the LONE PEAK SUMMIT, May 1972, by Charley Swift

thayne canyon trail clearing

by Dave Hanscom

The 1972 trail clearing outing was an immense success. No less than 24 enthusiastic workers turned out to help repay the Forest Service for their efforts in providing places for us to hike. We were working by 8:30 a. and done at 2:00 p., in plenty of time for beer, pop, and delicious hamburgers. (Our thanks to the women for a good cooking job!)

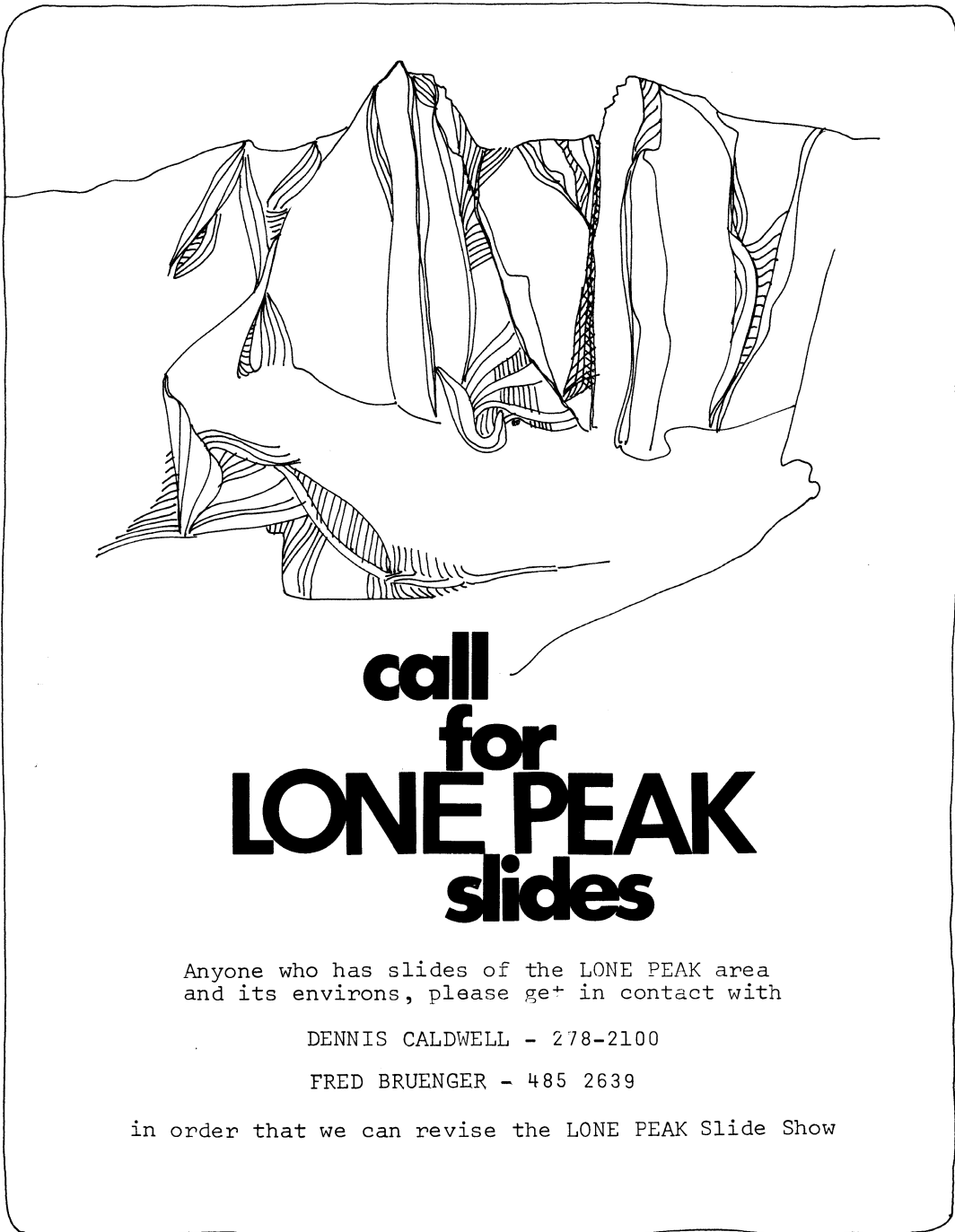
The trail up Thayne Canyon is now easy to follow all the way into Neff. Just stay in the bottom of Thayne Canyon for about two miles (just past the water hole) then turn left on the Desolation Trail. Follow that for one loop (about a quarter mile). Turn right off the Desolation Trail when it switches back to the left and go straight up the ridge. The Forest Service will try to mark these intersections next year to eliminate any confusion.

Many thanks to those who helped out. Ernie Abrams, Elmer Boyd, Jim Byrne, Don Carlton, Don Coleman, Mel Davis, Ruta Dreijmanis, Rufus Hall, Betty Hendricks, Priscilla Horton, Milt Hollander, Jim Rausch, Dwight and Joan Nicholson, John Riley, Dixon Smith (Sr. & Jr.) Joyce Sohler, Reg Swartz, Dan Thomas, Jean Torreyson, Marge Yerbury, June Zongker. (Would you believe five Board Members?!).

news from the board

by Carol Greenlee

We're hunting for new directors for the board, that's the news from the board this month. For sure, the positions which are open are Membership, Social Director, and RAMBLER Editor. The nominating committee of Claire Davis and Phil Hansen is the WE who is looking for names. If you have taken part in eight activities this year, no parties, you're eligible. (Sorry about that party bit). Call the nominating committee and tell them you're interested. Or second best, turn in names of people you think would do a good job and WE'LL check them out. WE would also like to find out those who are interested in being on the committees that the various directors have. People with interest and ideas are welcome! We need this list pretty well firmed up by the end of November, so get busy. If there are 12 positions on the Board and they all have five or more people on their committees that's 72 people in a club of 500. So count up the friends you know in the club, if you can name seven and they aren't on the Board that means it's up to you. One more plug, a paraphrase, "Since change is inevitable, take a hand in it!" Why not?



call for LONE PEAK slides

Anyone who has slides of the LONE PEAK area
and its environs, please get in contact with

DENNIS CALDWELL - 278-2100

FRED BRUENGER - 485 2639

in order that we can revise the LONE PEAK Slide Show

lone peak cirque

by Fred Bruenger

Unlike the previous Sunday, the day of the advanced Lone Peak hike, the weather for the Lone Peak Cirque assault was perfect - blue sky with a few puffs of cumuli, a pleasant temperature, a full array of beautiful fall colors and a very pleasant and congenial group of people. By 8:15 thirty-one people, about half of them non-members, had taken off in three groups with leaders Don Carlton, Jerry Powelson and Lauren Williams to visit the Cirque. The initial ascent over the Movie Road was steep and it was here that we lost a few people who had overestimated their strength. Once past the road, we followed more or less the route selected by the group during the previous weekend. This route had been cleared of the densest brush and a relatively easy path could be followed.

Once on the ridge and the junction with the Draper Trail, walking became easier - open country which was, for a while at least, on more or less level ground. It is here that one gets the first glimpse of the Cirque and the peak. A short turn and we could see Box Elder, Timp and the southern range of the Wasatch clad

in the hues of red maples and the golden color of quaking aspen, and of course there was the view down into the Utah and Salt Lake Valleys and Lakes.

Just in the trees and before the terrain becomes steep again, one can find a fairly reliable seepage with good clear, cold and tasty mountain water which most people missed. Those who found it poured out some of the city bleach and replaced it with "mountain dew". After another half hour or so of boulder hopping or other types of rock-scrambling (depending on the route one choses) we arrived at the Cirque, that magnificent amphitheater of sheer granite walls, where we spent almost two hours sunbathing, eating, drinking and, of course, waiting for those who were a little slower but had the drive to endure some difficulty and complete the hike. While waiting we watched several groups of climbers testing their skill. It was very pleasing to see that twenty-five of those who started out made it, and it is certain that quite a number of people had a very real feeling of accomplishment to be able to see the heart of our proposed wilderness area.

The return was more or less uneventful. We picked our route so that boulder hopping could be avoided, stopped briefly at the spring to refresh ourselves and then selected the shortest way down. The end of the day found most of us tired, but renewed by the time spent in our beautiful mountains and even more dedicated to preserving this beauty for future enjoyment.

pfeifferhorn

by Lorraine Seager

What a beautiful day to take a hike. Sunday, October 1, found us meeting at 7:00 a.m. (departure time 7:45) at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon, for a hike to one of the most beautiful areas in the Wasatch. Everything that was going to change had changed, and much of the foliage had withered and was ready for the snow.

On the upper ridges, near the lakes and above, the first light snow had already fallen. And as we left the lake areas, homeward bound, we saw (what was for me) the snow in flight for the first time this season. It was a beautiful, cool day, with grey skies to accompany us most of the time, perfect weather for hiking, (and being with some of the greatest people I know). And for those of us who love the weather, any kind of weather as long as it changes now and then, it was exciting just to be a part of Mother Nature; to feel her cool breezes, sniff the fresh Fall air, and to feel a sense of renewal with each step.

It was a well attended hike, probably the largest of the season. Thirty-three people came to walk the paths, scramble the rocks, and delight in viewing the remnants of

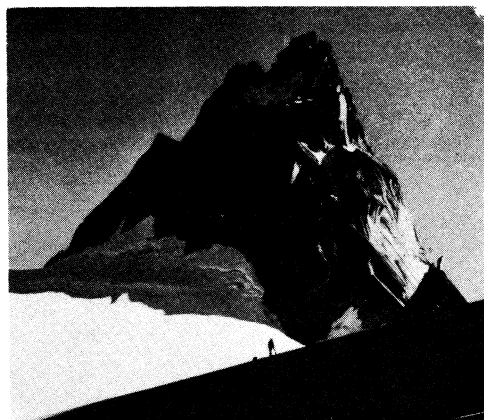
Mother Nature's Fall coat. The leader, Burt Janis, did a terrific job. He allowed the more experienced hikers to go on ahead, and being the responsible man that he is, he loaded his own pack with enough emergency supplies for everyone, plus rocks, to encourage himself to stay behind with the novices to make sure we all made it in safely. He even gave a couple of us some lessons in mountain climbing on our way down. Burt also talked a good sized group (most of which would never have made it otherwise), over a dense mass of rocks, covered with snow, near the foot of Pfeifferhorn. At the summit, which we reached about 1:15 - 1:30, he shared his many surprises, and rewarded the many novices he firmly, but gently, lead in and out of the rocks, and up the steep, often difficult (for us novices) mountains. The reward? Burt's own grape and elderberry wine, home brewed! It was a delicious treat. And, secondly, a couple of cans of fruit which many shared with an equal amount of enthusiasm.

After the long, and excitingly beautiful hike back a good sized group met at the Canyon Inn for some almost traditional beer drinking. What a fun climax to a great, great day!

Leader: Burt Janis; Group Members: Michael Maack, Debbie Hatch, David Armitage, John W. Blakely, Larry Perkins, Jim Frese, Jon Olson, Joe D. Smith, Marian Nelson, Ann McDonald, Steven V. Smith, Dennis Littler, Renu Jalota, Carol Huey, Henry Huey, Elaine Swensen, Richard Durant, Dan Frimmer, Jodi Butterfield, Ruth Henson, Fran Flowers, M. J. Sweeney, Alan Taye, Ann Winnhold, Jeff Flowers, Bruce Nibley, Lorraine Seager, Jackie Thomas, Dan Thomas, Joyce Sohler, Gary Collins and D. Prouse.

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wanted! new Rambler editor!

Anyone interested in publishing the RAMBLER please call:
Ruta Dreijmanis 272-1412 or Clare Davis 278-3174.

flagstaff peak

by Altajane Callahan

Wow, what a nice way to wake up! The hike up to Flagstaff Peak on August 20th, led by Marilyn Bateman only took about 1-1/2 hours, but it was fairly steep. Then there are those that don't quite agree! Kermit, that's you! You remember? You carried your son a good part of the way, while lots of us were huffing. Anyway, it was fun to kinda' just climb up the mountain--you see that peak? Let's go there! No real traverses, but just up we went. About midway we raided an old mining site of its fool's gold. One of us even found an antique "what's it." So on up we went! Bu this time the 'tuffies' were separated from the 'others', but we all arrived. The 'tuffies' were just about ready to return as the "others" reached the peak. Anyway at about 10:30 it was fairly chilly on Flagstaff Peak. Lunch (brunch?) was good and even two pups were well fed. I'm cold! It's chilly! Breezy, huh! So after just a short while, back down we came. Really was a nice little hike. You ought to try it some morning or any time would be great! It will only take about three hours of your time at the most. Some of you may want to run up! Thanks, Marilyn! Nice hike! The gang was all there: Karen Weatherbee, Von Parker, Marilyn Bateman, Larry James,

Kermit Earle, Kent "Hot Dog" Earle, Jack Noz, Jim Todd, Pat King, Mary J. Swceny, Altajane Callahan, Anne Miller, Cliff Miller, Kjell-ake Hamren, Virginia Hilliard, Carolyn Humphrey and March Miller.

news and notices

HITCHED

Sue Gregor and Cal Giddings were married on October 6th. Congratulations!

MOVING

The Hafty Hafterson's are moving to Reno.

HATCHED

Shirlene and Lauren Williams have a new baby.

THANKS

... to Betty Hendricks and Rose Morrison for typing this months RAMBLER.

... to Marge Yerbury for typing the address changes.

... to Monica Karlson, Georgia Randall and Jean Smith for mailing the October RAMBLER.

DEADLINE

... for the December RAMBLER is November 15th. Please have your articles and schedules TYPED and mailed or delivered to Ruta Dreijmanis, 1941 Woodside Drive, #A, Salt Lake City 84117



Cover photo:
Remnants of Winter
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

3155 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, 1973)

WASATCH MOUNTAIN CLUB, INC.

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