

The Rambler

SEPTEMBER 1972



CLIFF JUMPING AT THE MOUNTAIN RIVER

club activities for sept 1972

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. 1-5
Fri.- Sun.

HELL'S CANYON OF THE SNAKE RIVER. An intermediate-advanced river trip that borders Oregon, Washington and Idaho. The journey begins below Hell's Canyon Dam and ends below the confluence of the Grande Ronde River. A magnificent ninety mile trip which requires endurance. The rafter must be prepared for rain since one frequently finds rain in this area. Fee: approximately \$40. Leader: Cal Giddings. Please mail \$5.00 registration to Susan Gregor at 3440 South 5th East, Apt. 31, Salt Lake City, Utah 84106. Phone: 467-6097.

Sept. 2 - 4

LODGE OPEN HOUSE - The lodge will be open if someone wants to use it. No one could be found to host the weekend, prior to the RAMBLER deadline. If you want it, please call Mel Davis at 278-3174.

Sept.
2,3 and 4

LABOR DAY WEEKEND. WHEELER PEAK - Elevation 13,063 Rating about 8. Wheeler is Nevada's finest peak. Situated near Lehman Caves, it features a glacier, a tremendous cirque, ancient Bristlecone pines, and a good trail to the summit. We should have time to climb the peak and then do some side trips, such as, visiting the glacier or touring the caves. Meet at 8:30 a.m. Saturday at the upper campground near the trail head. Please register with the leader, Pat King. Phone: 486-9705.

Sept.
2,3 and 4

ZION TRIP will be rescheduled sometime later in the fall.

- Sept. 3
Sunday
GRANDVIEW PEAK - Elevation 9,410 Rating 10.5. Although not very high, this is one of the remotest peaks in the Wasatch. It is located at the head of City Creek Canyon, and features unusual views of the high peaks to the south. Meet at Pete's Shoe Shop on 8th West at about 425 South, just south of the Arcade Theater. Time: 7:30 a.m. Leader: Carl Bauer. Phone: 355-6036.
- Sept. 4
Monday
HAYDEN PEAK - Elevation 12,475 Rating 5. This is the fear-some looking peak near Mirror Lake in the Uintas. Fortunately, it turns out to be a pleasant hike with some exposure and be made. g. Meet at the K-Mart parking lot on Foot-hill Blvd. and Parley's Way. Time: 6:00 a.m. Leader: Charles Keller. Phone: 467-3960. Please register with the leader; if you would like to go up the night before, state your preference as the leader would like to do that too.
- Sept. 7
Thurs.
EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN
- Sept. 9-10
Saturday
and
Sunday
ANTELOPE ISLAND FAMILY CAMP. Enjoy a weekend at the Great Salt Lake, where swimming, camping and hiking are available. This is a family trip so kids are especially welcome. Registration is required. For details call Liz Choules at 363-9966.
- Sept. 9
Saturday
LAKE BLANCHE - Rating 5. This all-time club favorite leads up a good trail to the beautiful alpine area of Lake Blanche. Hopefully, the wildflowers will put on a good show. Meet at the mouth of Big Cottonwood Canyon at 8:30 a.m. Leader: Ray Daurelle. Phone: 278-5025.
- Sept. 10
Sunday
LONE PEAK - Elevation 11,252 Rating 11. Since Corner Canyon is closed, we will start at the Movie Road. This hike is intended for the experienced, strong and endurant hiker only. There will be some trail clearing involved as we go through the oak brush on the lower section, but plenty of time will be allowed to make the peak. If you are not in the required condition, please take the Lone Peak Cirque hike on September 17. The leader would like all participants to wear bright, bright clothing. Registration for this hike is a MUST. Meet at the Draper Crossroads, 12300 South and 7th East at 6:00 a.m. Leader: Fred Bruenger. Register by Friday, Sept. 8. Phone: 485-2639.
- Sept. 9-14
Sat.-Thurs.
TETON WILDERNESS. This long backpacking trip will go into the wilderness near Jackson, Wyoming. This area, near the headwaters of the Snake, should provide quite an experience, with good fishing and plenty of wildlife. The weather may co-operate with a beautiful Indian summer. Although 15 miles may be hiked on some days, there won't be much up and down. Still, you should be in shape. The proper backpacking equipment is necessary. Register with the leader no later than the 6th of Sept. Leader: Sam Allan. Phone: 486-6834.

- Sept. 14 EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN
Thurs.
- Sept. 14-17 CATARACT CANYON - Advanced river trip. Seasoned river rats
Thurs.-Sun. with at least one advanced trip under their belts (or life
 jackets) should plan on finishing up the river season with
 this exciting trip. Whether or not this trip goes depends
 on enough volunteers for trip leader and boat captains. Step
 forward please! Approximate fee \$30.00. For more informa-
 tion contact Bob Everson. Phone: 487-0029.
- Sept. 16 TIMPANOGOS - Elevation 11,750 Rating 12. This glorious
 mountain is always worth repeating. This time the ascent
 will be made via the Timponeke Trail. Meet at the Trail
 Head Ranger Station. Time: 7:00 a.m. Leader: Bill
 Rosquist. Phone: 485-5681.
- Sept. 17 ALEXANDER BASIN and BOWMAN FORK - Rating: Moderate
Sunday This hike will visit the lush area between Gobblers Knob
 and Mill Creek Canyon. Alexander Basin is a high valley
 just under Gobblers Knob, so a climb to the summit may
 be included. Meet at 8:00 a.m. at The Movie. Leader: Don
 Coleman. Phone: 486-7796.
- Sept. 17 LONE PEAK CIRQUE HIKE - Rating 9. You do not have to be
Sunday in absolutely top notch condition for this hike, but some
 endurance and good boots are required. Since the Lone
 Peak Wilderness Proposal was made, many people have re-
 quested information about Lone Peak and expressed their
 desire to hike either to the cirque or climb the peak.
- Here is your chance. The effort will be approximately
 the same as a Mount Olympus hike. Lone Peak Cirque is
 one of the most striking features of the whole Wasatch,
 an amphitheater enclosed by 700 foot granite walls that
 may give you the feeling of being in a huge cathedral.
 You may be tired after this hike, but we are sure you
 will go back to that wonderful place.
- If you have friends who are interested in the Lone Peak
 Wilderness and who like to hike, invite them to come along.
 Bring your older children if you wish. We will break up
 into small groups; there will be no big crowd with which
 you have to hike. A qualified leader will accompany each
 group. WEAR SOMETHING BRIGHT.
- No registration is required. Meet at 8:00 a.m. Place:
 Draper Crossroads, 12300 South 7th East.
- Sept. 21 EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN
Thurs.
- Sept. 22 BUTTERFIELD PEAK - Rating 4. Moonlight Hike. This is
Friday an easy hike on the west side of the valley. The late

evening and moonlight views should be very impressive. Romantic too. Meet on the west side of Albertson's parking lot at 4800 South Redwood Road. Time: 6:30 p.m. Leader: Karen Carlston. Phone: 484-1552.

Sept. 23
Saturday ANNUAL WESTERN PARTY. Come join your friends for our annual celebration at a traditional western party at the Lodge. For reservations, call Marian Nelson. Phone: 262-7748.

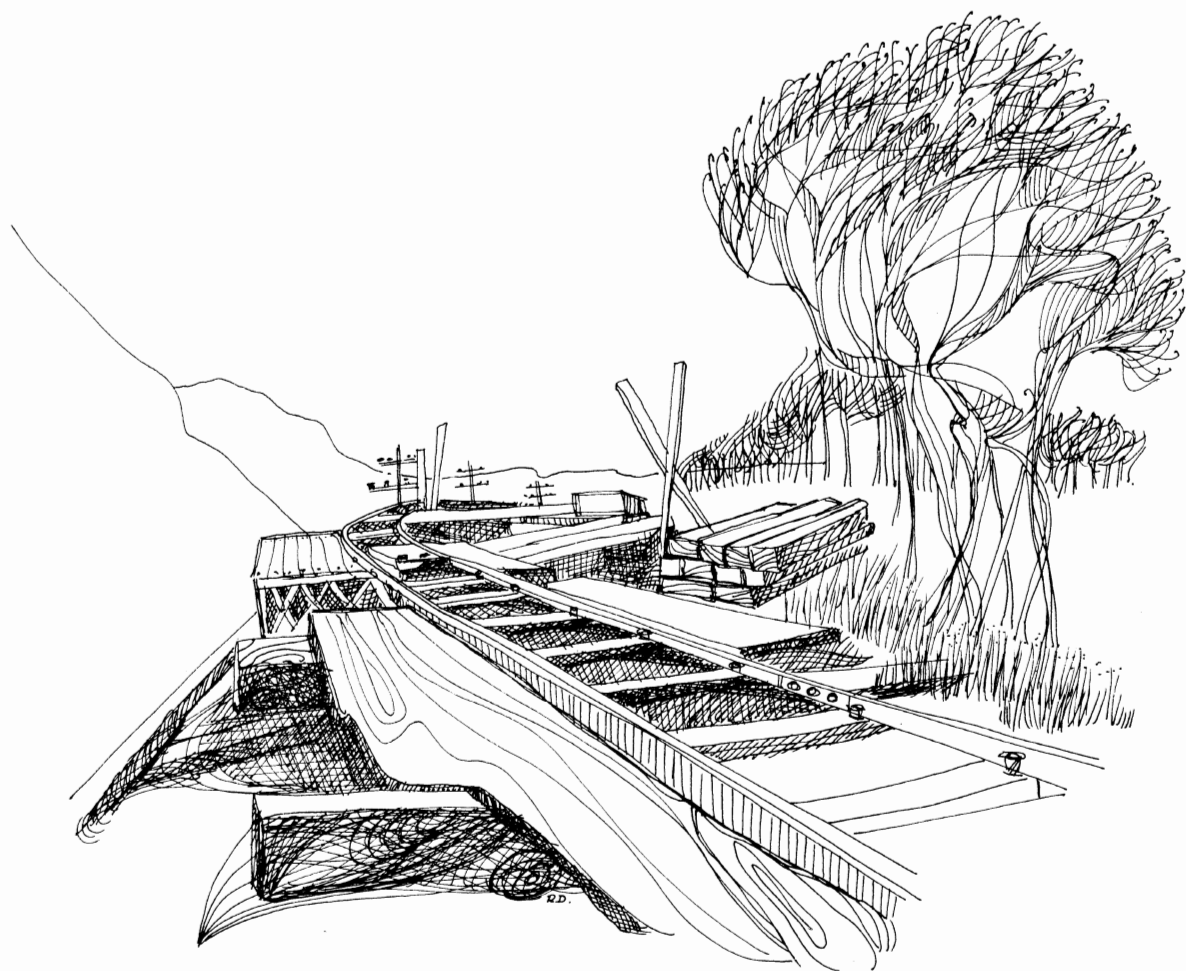
Sept. 23
Saturday BOX ELDER PEAK - Elevation 11,101 Rating 9. This is an excellent hike to enjoy the fall colors, provided they are out. The view towards Timp and to the Lone Peak area is rewarding. The drive is a bit long, so meet at 6:00 a.m. at the Prudential parking lot at 3300 South State. Leader: Charlie Swift. Phone: 277-2267.

Sept. 24
Sunday THAYNES CANYON - NEFFS CANYON TRAIL CLEAN-UP. Okay, all you hikers, the time has come to pay back the mountains for all the pleasure they have given us. This trail has been the scene of some previous work parties, and with a good turnout we can finish it up. The work is not hard, it consists mainly of clipping bushes. Tools will be provided, as well as refreshment afterwards in the picnic grounds. Meet at The Movie at 8:00 a.m. Taskmaster: Dave Hanscom. Phone: 487-6065.

Sept. 28
Thurs. EVENING CLIMBING AT STORM MOUNTAIN

Sept. 30
Saturday LODGE WOOD GATHERING PARTY. The time has again arrived to fill the lodge basement with logs to ensure a steady supply for the hungry fireplace upstairs on those many winter nights to come. Trucks, jeeps with trailers, and chainsaws needed along with many willing hands to saw, load, unload, and carry logs. Start at 8:30 a.m. Lunch and cold drinks furnished. Please register with Mel Davis. Phone: 278-3174.

Oct. 1
Sunday PFEIFFERHORN - Elevation 11,326 Rating 10. The Pfeifferhorn is located in one of the most scenic spots in the Wasatch. A lot of distance is covered on a high ridge, so come prepared in case of harsh weather. There is some exposure and mild scrambling. The route leads past Red Pine Lake, where the less ambitious can stop and enjoy themselves while the hardy persons go to the peak. Meet at the mouth of Little Cottonwood Canyon at 7:00 a.m. Leader: Burt Janis. Phone: 278-7291.



leaves from the old wasatch

MILL CREEK NAMES

When one learns of the number of mills that were built along Mill Creek, there can be little question of how the stream got its name. And the name, Mill Creek, certainly was given to the creek itself and, in time, migrated upstream to claim the canyon too.

John Neff was probably the first to build a mill on Mill Creek near his home along today's 27th East Street. He got his timber from the canyon between Mill Creek and Mount Olympus, and left his name behind to identify Neff's Canyon. Shortly thereafter, the Gardner brothers, Archibald and Robert, built a mill along the creek, probably not too far from Neff's mill. While not as well remembered as Neff, the Gardner brothers were very active mill builders and, over the years, were responsible for many of the mills in Mill Creek Canyon, and one or two in Big Cottonwood Canyon as well. They also built the first canal of importance in Utah, a two and one-half mile millrace along the Jordan River, later to become part of the North Jordan Canal. One of their early mills in Mill Creek Canyon was a sash saw mill at Elbow Fork, where lumber was cut to make table tops. They built a circular saw mill farther up the canyon, probably at Wilson Fork. Known as the Upper Gardner Mill, it was later owned by David Brinton and James Hanker. Brinton also had a hand in building the mill in Mill B South Fork in Big Cottonwood Canyon about 1872.

Just below the Upper Gardner Mill was a circular saw mill built by Alva Alexander and his sons, Henry and Alva. It used both water and timber from the basin known to this day as Alexander Basin.

Porter Fork got its name from Chauncey Porter who built a saw mill at the mouth of that fork. Being a good location, it was not long without another mill after Porter's burned down.

The Church Fork - Thayne Canyon area also was popular for mills. Jack Hill and Daniel Brian ran one that was supposed to have been built by Archibald Gardner for a Mr. Thayne. While Thayne's given name is lost, his surname remained to claim the canyon his mill occupied.

Another whose given name is lost is Mr. North, who took timber out of the first canyon to the south of Neff's Canyon, leaving his surname there to claim the location as North's Fork.

Today, the many mills are gone. Even their sites have vanished in the passing years. An exception is the mill site near the present day Log Haven, another popular spot occupied by more than one mill over the years. Either Alexander or the Gardner's built a circular saw mill there and sold it to Hyrum Rose, who also built a shingle mill nearby.

The mills, being on the ground like many Leaves From the Old Wasatch, were reclaimed by nature. But the names, like other Leaves From the Old Wasatch, are still drifting on the winds of time, waiting for us to notice, to wonder, to remember.

weber river

by Yenta Kaufman

We all converged on Henefer before 9 o'clock. After introducing the canoe and kayaks (what, power steering and back up lights?) and a short consultation, Hafty suggested putting in at Morgan to run the 11 miles to Mountain Green, mentioning a dam, some barbed wire and weirs. Two out of three isn't bad, but what's a weir (didn't he hear?) but before I could make myself clear we were in the brisk current. This upland gem of sun drenched valley sparkled in early summer ripeness as we floated past weatherbeaten fences restraining lush pastures nourishing sleep cows interrupted at their milk making as they stared, too astonished to chew. And horses, blazing eyed, panicked at full gallop to the furthest edges of their worlds, quivering at the passing of these huge fish which had caught people. Gently waving cottonwoods and willows shared the riverbanks with a profusion of tall, undulating grasses, harboring an extravagant variety of birds registering their June joy, sharp and clear over the insistence of the stream sounds. The fragrance of wild flowers intruded subtly from meadows nestling at the feet of the proud snowy-headed mountains guarding the valley, all under the cleanest clearest sky. The day was brilliant. We drifted, euphoric.

But what is that loud noise? That, my dear, is a weir . . . another type of dam-

informal. If you are Hafty and John you skillfully maneuver it in your canoe, but kayakers portaged, and portaged and portaged except Nancy who had been to kayaking school in Colorado and down Cataract Canyon and ran several in great style. The high muddy bands made landing difficult and we were grateful for the abundant "grab" grass to cling to. Hafty and John, those gentlemen canoeists reeled us up and over again and again, slithering about but never growing weary. A fallen tree blocking the entire river provided a portage and lunch stop, conveniently at one of the few "beach" areas. In the afternoon the river mood changed, growing surly and attempting to divide and conquer us. But Hafty guided us thru proper channels, warning of obstacles, including the kayak eating trees, whose friendly waves turned to hostile snatches and grabs, reaching far out over swift currents. The gentle water sounds grew gutteral and ominous as glowering clouds boiled over the mountain and winds whipped up the river sprinkling just enough rain to motivate full steam ahead, especially with thunder spicing up the scene. Arriving at Mountain Green the world was all sunshine again and a young fisherman yelled in glee as Benita pulled ashore near him, "Look, look, I just caught a mermaid!"

Hafty and John had thoughtfully prearranged a car ferry and besides the superb job of riding herd on us Hafty provided beer for all. With great restraint, when another trip was suggested, he didn't ask "your bathtub or

mine?" A blueperfect day, people and tripwise. Many thanks, Hafty, for making it possible. Canoe: Hafty Hafterson, (leader) John Herbert. Kayaks: Bob Kassow, Nancy Kassow, Benita Jackson, Cris Andrus, Yenta Kaufman.

thayne's canyon

by Martha Velick

mineral fork

by Patti Ormsby

On Sunday July 2, a small group (13 people and one dog) went on a short pleasant hike, led by Grace Ormsby, to the cirque up Mineral Fork.

We planned on it being a teenage hike but there was only one teenager on it, which figures, as teenagers don't like to get up early.

At nine o'clock we met and started the hike. It was a very beautiful day. The weather was nice, flowers were out, and not too many flies or mosquitoes.

We stopped for lunch at the mine. Below the mine the water ran red, but above the mine the water was perfect.

At the cirque we stopped to rest for a while. When we started again we decided to slide down in the snow, but that didn't work too well and one girl got cut and bruised.

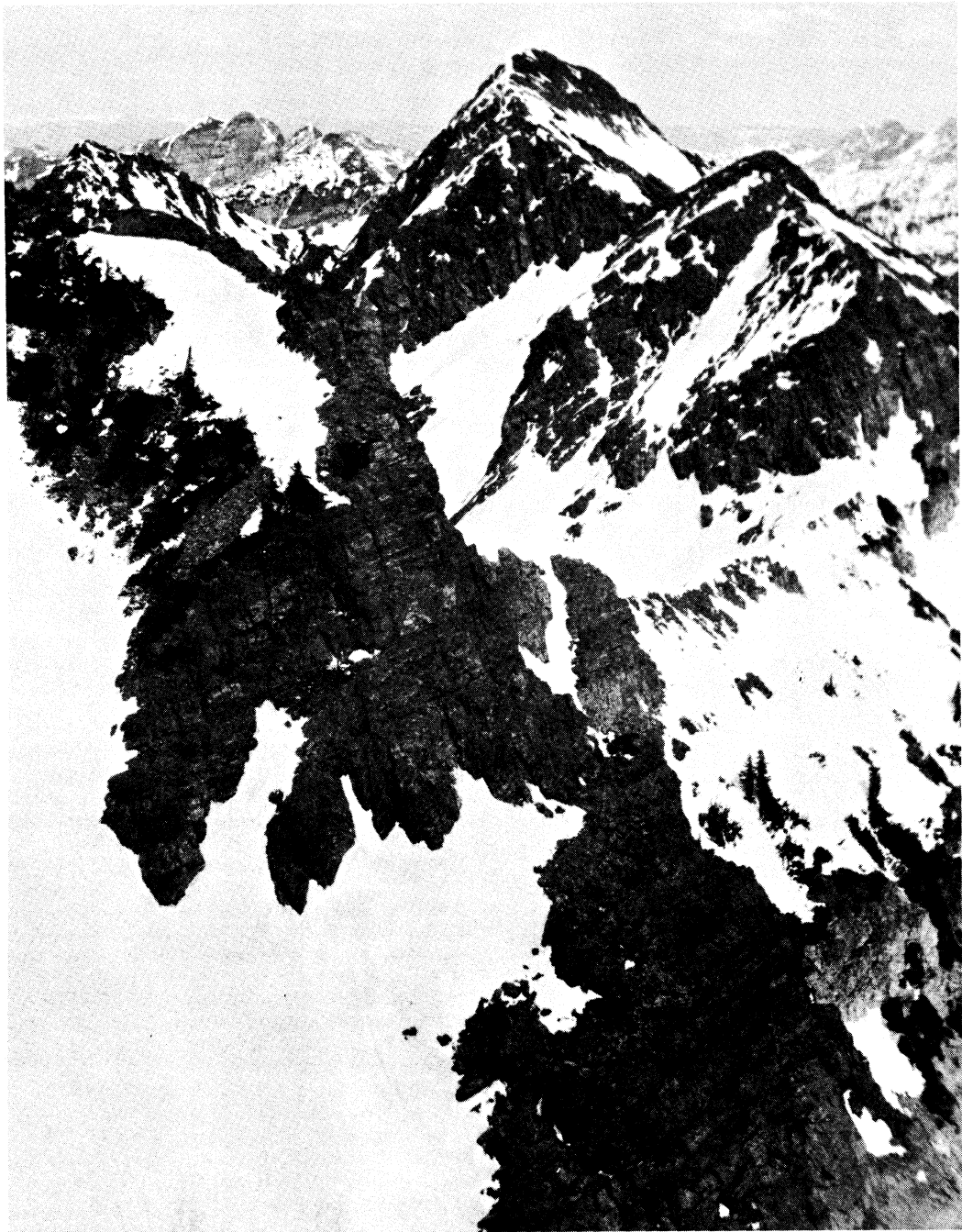
All in all it was a good hike, and I think we all enjoyed it.

On the hike were Jack Noy, Martha Velick, Elmer Boyd, Philip Nelson, Sally Nelson, Erik Nelson, Alex Nelson, Martha Nelson, Jeanne Durrer, Bob Krebs, Shelley Hyde, Patti Ormsby, and leader Grace Ormsby.

Seventeen Wasatch Mountain climbers started up Thayne's Canyon at around 8:30 on Sunday morning. Even though the incline was steep, many of that 17 were not phased in the least. In fact a steady driving pace was kept. Of course there were a few who were trailing along not even within sight of the others and they were trying hard not to get lost. The insect life was abundant as we climbed up towards the ridge but they weren't biting too much. Most of the climb was not very conducive to sunburn. It was like going up through a tunnel for a while, the vegetation was so dense. John Riley, our very capable leader, made sure that none of us got lost. As soon as the stragglers reached the beautiful ridge the rest were ready to go on up to the spring for lunch. So we all continued on towards the spring where the Marden's big dog, Jackson, promptly started swimming in the trough. On the whole, the trip was very scenic. Mt. Olympus was breathtakingly beautiful from this particular hike. Oh yes, and the Marden's dog, when he got out of his bathtub, sprayed us all with delightfully cool water.

Leader: John Riley

Participants: Irwin & Gerri Abrams, Elmer Boyd, Fred and Eveline Bruenger, Jean Dougherty, Carol Greenlee, Gerhard Henschel, Burton Jania, Donald and Doti Marden and Son, Jack Noy, Oscar Robison, Ellen Smith, Martha Velick.



hikathon

In mid June, Rod Dixon came to a WMC Board of Director's Meeting with a request. He needed help in organizing a "Hikathon" to raise money for Virginia Tanner's Creative Dance Theater at the University of Utah. Her studio was to be moved, and sufficient funds were not available for the whole job. Rod felt that a project similar to the "walkathons" and "bikathons" had a good chance for success. With some skepticism, your Board agreed to help.

After some thought, it was decided that a mass assault on a Wasatch peak or trail would be conducive neither to a large turnout nor to the general safety of those not experienced in mountain walking. Negotiations with Snowbird resulted in an arrangement to use their facility for the event, which would include dancing demonstrations at the bottom, a tram ride to the top, and a hike down.

The CDT Hikathon took place on July 15 at 2:00 p.m. Participation was modest (although Mayor Garn and TV 5 Weatherman, Bob Weldy, were there), but the hikathon proved to be a pleasant afternoon for those present.

The role of the club was to provide assistance to the hikers in case of problems and guidance when disrespect for the ecology was observed. Neither was necessary, but we appreciate the help of Carl Ehrman, The Hollander's, the Robison's, and the Ream's, for responding to my request for help that day. It certainly was above and beyond the call of duty, but we felt that the club could use some good public relations with our increased involvement in conservation issues.

in memorial

Margaret Zaratian, a former Wasatch Mountain Club Member, died on July 1, when she fell 1,000 feet while hiking with her husband, John, in Montana.

The poem below, sent to a friend by Margaret in March, is so typical of Margaret Zaratian:

MAGIC WORDS TO FEEL BETTER
by Nakasuk

Sea Gull
Who flaps his wings
Over my head
 in the blue air

You Gull up there
 dive down
 come here
Take me with you
 in the air!

Wings flash by
 My Minds eye
And I'm up there sailing
 in the cool air
 a-a-a-a-ah,
 in the air.

Margaret Zaratian was indeed a very special person.

box elder peak

by Richard Wagner



As I drove up to the meeting place, it seemed that the popularity of other Wasatch Club hikes was spreading south to Box Elder Peak. There were cars parked all over the place, with ten people going on the hike. After years of neglect, there was actually a sizeable group going up the mountain.

We got organized (or disorganized)

quickly, and drove up American Fork Canyon to the trailhead and got started before any of the thousands of people in the campground were awake. Our two cross country runners took off and weren't seen again until we met them on the summit. In typical Wasatch Club style, the rest of the hikers were soon spread all over the mountainside helped by the occasional vanishing tricks the trail pulled on us.

After regrouping most of our forces in a high meadow, we trooped on and finally escaped from the hot, still air beneath the trees. Once on the open slopes, we were greeted by cool breezes and a washed out trail. With everyone pioneering different routes, we scrambled up to the saddle, and up the scree slopes to the summit where we met our two cross country runners. They were trying to get some sleep while waiting for the rest of us. Everyone declared that the view of the Lone Peak Wilderness was worth all the effort, and we spent a long time on the summit eating our lunches and enjoying the views of Lone Peak and Timponogos, and ignoring the haze in the valleys below us.

We finally decided to return to civilization, but took the long way down, across the south summit and down a long winding trail. But all good things must come to an end, and we knew our hike was over when we heard the roaring of motorcycles as we approached the campground.

Leader: Richard Wagner
Cross country runners: Mark Wagner, Tom Gardner
Hikers: Michael Maack, Bill Hughes, Roland Ure, Jim Ure, Fran Flowers, Clint Bowman, Carol Bowman, and Hal, the dog.

teenage rivertrip

COLORADO TEENAGE RIVERTRIP
by Robin and Mike Hughes

Being relieved as if we were really going to make it to Moab, our new bus and driver, Charlie Bennett, had us there earlier than we had planned. That night we settled on the rocky and sandy sandbars getting a good night's sleep. When we awoke the next morning, we discovered our food plan was not what we expected. With enough grenola for an army and one can of beans for twenty-five people, we soon realized this was going to be a long two days. The cooks seemed to have enough brownies for everyone but by the time dinner came around, someone (like the cooks) had eaten them. Nevertheless, we didn't starve--we did have hotdogs but lacked buns and catsup. We soon decided to live on our hotdogs, grenola, apple sauce and the one can of beans mainly because we didn't have much choice. Filled with joy about the food menu, our leader, Bob Anderson, got us on our way down river where we finally had our first water fight

which cooled everyone off. As we were making our way down river, one of our captains, Jimmy "Cliff" Byrne decided to stop and do a little mountain climbing. When he and his platoon of cliff dwellers got to the top, they decided the best way down was to jump. Everyone found this fun and for two days we stopped at almost every cliff in sight. To add a little excitement to the trip, Jeff Stevens and Jim Ure entertained us with their high-flying flips. Some of us found out that the best way to land first with a life vest on was feet first. Take my word, head first just doesn't work.

As Sunday evening came, we realized our second annual teenage river trip was coming to an end. We landed just above Dewey Bridge and loaded our bus for home. Our trip home was kind of funny, most of us sat around and watched a group of Old Maid players teach Jeff Stevens how to play. We soon stopped at a drive-in and loaded up on food for our long trip home. We ended up at the ice-plant at 7:00 p.m., just as Bob Anderson had predicted. We all said good-bye and hoped to see everyone next August for another great teenage river trip.

We want to give our special thanks to our trip leader, Bob Anderson; his captain, Jan, and our boat captains, Jim "Cliff" Byrne, Pat Baudelaire, and Ken McCarty, and also a big thanks to our driver, Charlie Bennett. See you in August, Charlie--love the back seat.

River runners were: Shannon and Rourke James, Robin and Mike Hughes, Robin and Billy Mardin Rice, Rory Andrus, Stanton Stevens, Ross Greenlee, Bill and Brad Mardin, Jime Ure, Kime and Jeff Stevens, Janet and Mark Hall, Cristey Toohey, Shauna and Linda Clark, Allen Steinhart, and Robin Rice.

desolation canyon

by Virginia Hilliard

On the evening of June 30 twenty-four people gathered to load a brand new Lewis Bros. bus with the river running equipment; surely there would be no bus problems this time! We made it almost to the mouth of Parley's Canyon before the first breakdown. After a stop at Current Creek we sang our way to Ouray where we unloaded the bus about 12:30. The mosquitos sang us to sleep and stayed for breakfast the next morning.

We were up very early to a good quick breakfast. The boats were lashed together and a motor put on the back for a long lazy day of sunning, sleeping and sight seeing. During the day there were Great Blue Heron, a rookery and deer along the river as the scenery changed from desert to canyon country. It was a quiet first day with water fights and swimming to keep cool. Camp was made early enough for a good supper and a walk up a side canyon.

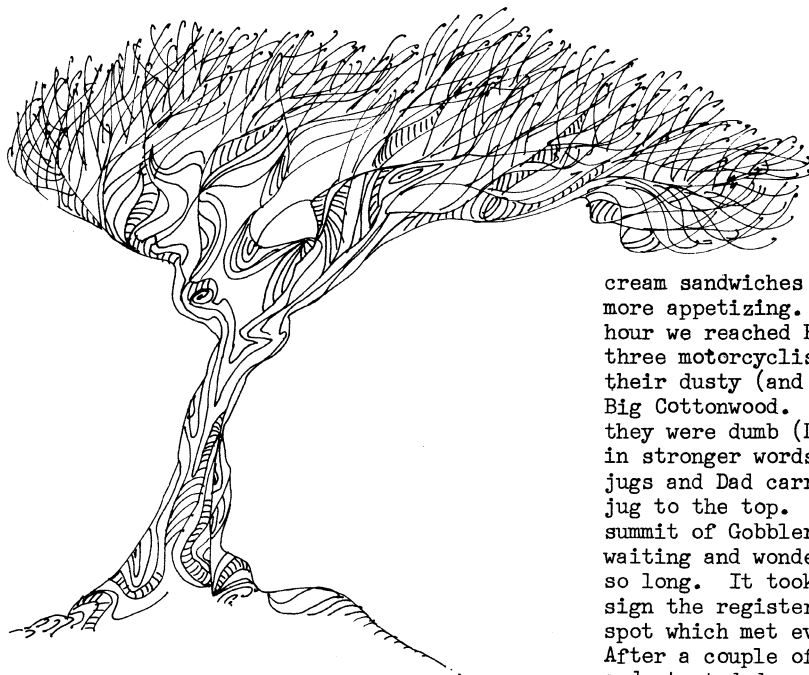
The second day found us paddling and trying out some easy rapids as the canyon got deeper and more colorful. That evening we made camp at the deserted Coal Creek Ranch with a very nice sandy beach. After a rest and supper, that everyone enjoyed, some went to bed and some took advantage of the beach for a good

swim before turning in.

Monday the canyon became deeper and the scenery more spectacular. Stu Ogden managed to find a nasty hole in one of the easy rapids and nearly filled his boat with water. We had to watch our scotch friend Jonny Walker who couldn't keep from falling in when the water was calm. The two big rapids, Coal Creek and Rattlesnake were scouted and all boats came through without mishap - almost. Unexpected rocks dumped two people just as we were landing for the night below Rattlesnake.

The last day was short with good rapids. We made the take out point where the bus was waiting about 1 p.m. This was not the same bus but just as reliable. We broke down twice between Green River and Price but with the help of a big truck pushing to get us started we made it to Price. After supper at Price we started off again only to be stopped again half way up Soldier Summit. We finally got to the ice plant at 8:30.

Our thanks to Admiral Ken McCarty and the captains: Don Carlton, Don Fox, Stu Ogden and Bob Weatherbee. Paddlers: Ruth Henson, Ruta Dreijmanis, June Zongker, Carolyn Humphrey, Carol and George Edison, Georgia and George Randall, Kay Millar, Virginia Hilliard, Marilyn Bateman, Janet Mansker, Alberta and Terry Godd, Mike Liebergesell, John Walker, Tom and Ruth Gallagher.

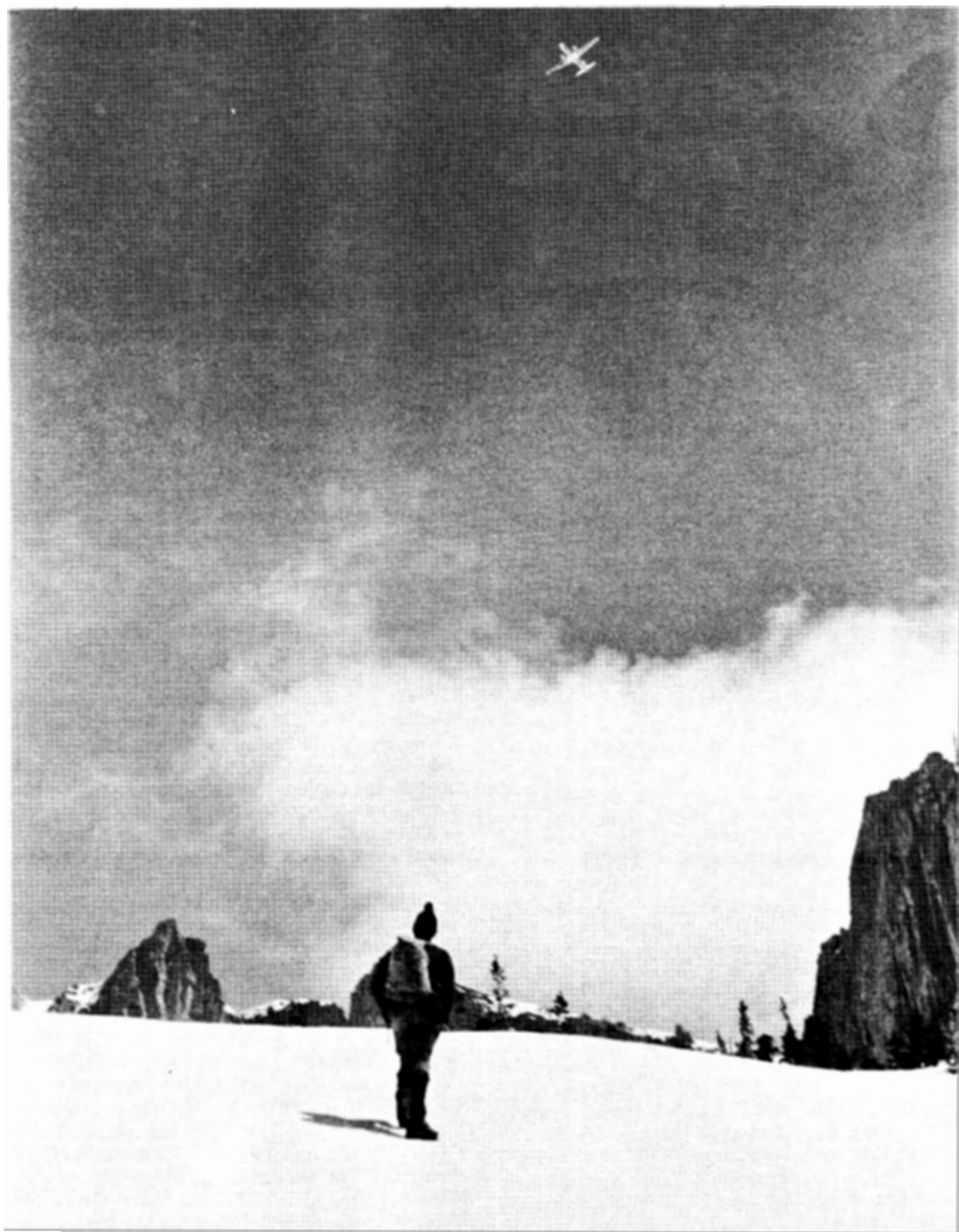


gobbler's knob overnight

by Michael Treshow, Jr.

It was a very nice day, July 15, when three kids and 5 adults took off through the oaks and firs. Everyone stayed together until about 1:00 p.m., when we stopped at White Fir Pass for lunch. Jenny Choules broke out her cat-food for the squirrels and birds, but there were no takers. Her pineapple

cream sandwiches were only slightly more appetizing. After another hour we reached Baker Spring where three motorcyclists were resting from their dusty (and illegal) trip from Big Cottonwood. Everyone thought they were dumb (Don expressed it in stronger words). We filled our jugs and Dad carried Becky's gallon jug to the top. When we reached the summit of Gobbler's Becky was there waiting and wondering what took us so long. It took almost as long to sign the register and find a level spot which met everyone's standards. After a couple of hours we gave up and started down the ridge toward a meadow over by Butler's. We got a little way down the ridge and found it was too steep, so headed over toward the shoulder of Mt. Raymond. There we found a grassy place off the main trail. We sampled some freeze-dried ice cream which was good, but it wasn't long before the grown-ups were asking about freeze-dried wine. After dinner, Becky, Don, and Mike C. took off for Mt. Raymond to watch the sunset, but it set before they got very far. Anyway, there was a beautiful view of the sunset across the city and the lake right from our camp. In the morning Liz, Mike C., and I took off to find a spring. When we got back 2½ hours later we found we'd taken the long way and everyone was ready to start down. We got scattered out more going down than up, but after a few hours we all met by Hidden Falls, ready to try it again. Packers were: Mike Treshow Sr. and Jr., Don Colman, Mike Colman, Becky Nibley, Atajane Callahan, Jenny Choules, and Liz Choules (leader).



avalanche canyon

by Ray Daurelle

As everyone was preparing for the trip, they met at the Thursday climbing at Storm Mountain, to find that Dave Smith (the leader), would not be on the trip. It was then that I made the mistake--I asked who would lead the trip, and found myself standing in a large circle of people having everyone staring at me with an evil grin on each face.

Our group met Saturday morning at the Jenny Lake Ranger Station and started out around Taggart Lake for five miles of swamp, bushwacking, and talus. As we neared the top of our seven-hour ordeal, we found a beautiful view through some huge dead trees of a ten-foot cornice running past Shoshoko Falls under Mount Wister. We camped on top of this cornice at Lake Taminah, and in the morning, one-third of the group decided to carry out the long plans. (That's two people.) The rest of the group made a nearly successful attempt at the South Teton by way of the south ridge, and hiked over to the top of Cascade Canyon.

So we split forces, and with morning came a lot of beautiful, small veiled clouds, some of which blocked off our view and sense of

direction on our way up a first ascent of a two-thousand foot couloir, in which Brad left the bottom of his ice ax in the hard snow.

We hit Cloudveil Dome by noon, and continued on to Spalding Peak. Along this ridge, one could spit two thousand feet down on his left side and throw a rock the same distance on the other side.

Half way up Spalding Peak, I looked twenty feet up to see Brad come flying through the air into view and drop out of sight behind a ridge unroped. NOW--from the top of this peak you can see three 5-foot grass ledges. Brad just happened to land on the bottom of the three, or that would have been just about it for Brad!

Shakily, we continued over the two Gilky Towers, around the Ice Cream Cone and over the South.

Then we goofed again, and proceeded down a large couloir instead of the West Ridge, but we made it with a little luck and a lot of sweat as the thing dropped steeper and steeper out of sight all the way down.

The next day Lauren, Gary, and Barbara leaving for the cars, Brad and I took a leisurely stroll up onto Veiled Peak, which gives fantastic views of Buck, Wister, the South, and Alaska Basin. During this time, John explored some of the climbing possibilities not far from camp, then we all met back at camp for an afternoon doze in the sun (which I would rather not have mentioned).

With the third day came our sad departure and the last five miles of swamp, bushwacking, and talus, but it was a beautiful trip and was all well worth it.

Leader: Ray Daurelle; members: Brad Rich, John Gottman, Barbara Smith, Lauren Williams, Gary Adams.



news and notices

lodge weekend

RIVER BAGS Wanted

Wanted: Two full size River Bags in good condition. Please call Karen or Bob Weatherbee at 582-6799 after 6:00 p.m.

HIKING BOOTS For Sale

Good condition - One pair of Raichle size 6 Hiking Boots. Good for a lady with a regular shoe size of 7 1/2 to 8. \$10.00 Call Monica at 484-0219.

THANKS...

...Betty Hendricks, Don Carlton and friends for typing this months RAMBLER.

...Monica Karlson and Jean Smith for mailing the August RAMBLER.

DEADLINE

For the October RAMBLER is Sept. 15th. Please have your articles and schedules typed and mailed or delivered to Ruta Dreijmanis, 1941 Woodside Drive, #A, Salt Lake City 84117.

This year, as in the past, some members and their friends turned out to celebrate July 4th at the Lodge. Many groups left the area early to go climbing while others remained behind to enjoy the Pot-Luck Dinner. With little Eric Nelson's flag flying high and sparklers for the youngsters to light, we all felt the spirit of the 4th. A talented banjo player, providing us with a few tunes, brought the day's activities to an end.

Names of those wandering in or around the Lodge:

People:	Andrade	Leining
	Fowler	Nelson
	Hansom	Smith
	Healy	Snyder
	Janis	Swift
		Wawersich

Dogs:	Love
	Jackson
	Krista

- About 20 children -

This outing is an enjoyable way to spend the 4th with your family. Come and join us next year.

yampa green

by Sharon McDermott

Aboard a "luxurious" Lewis Brothers' bus, twenty-four of us left the ice plant at 7:30 p.m. for Deerlodge Park Campground in Colorado. After several rest and coffee breaks (mainly for the benefit of the bus driver), we arrived at river side around 2 a.m., unloaded the bus and prepared for the night under the sprinkling sky.

A short, short night and great breakfast later, we began preparing the rafts, only to discover a weakness in Stu Harvey's boat. (A mechanical weakness, not human). After two patches and drying time (which was hampered by showers), we were on our way down the Yampa with Admiral Jim McCullough and captains Stu, Dan Thomas, and Dan Lovejoy. The river was "much lower than last year"; we could see wet shore line about thirty inches above the water. We lunched on a sandy beach where we found the first of many opaque yellow flowers perched atop the prickly pear cacti. We went on to meet our first major rapid, Tepee Rapids, and then paddled through a brisk up-canyon breeze to Little and Big Joe Rapids and our campground, Harding's Hole. We celebrated our arrival with, of course, a Happy Hour while Isabelle

and Pat prepared our dinner of steaks, corn on the cob, salad, and rice pudding. The song and story hours were long and dampened only by the rain.

First up the next morning was Dan Thomas who was trying to dry his sleeping bag and catch a few minutes of warm sleep as he stood by his fire. The wind had helped the rain sneak in and visit those without tents during the night. After drying out in the warm morning, we arrived at Current Creek at 2:00 p.m., where we were to meet our bus. (Just in time as Stu's raft blew its patch while being unloaded). However, another group from Salt Lake claimed that the waiting bus was theirs (the bus driver just knew he was to pick up a group from Salt Lake at 2:00 p.m., and take them to Salt Lake; he didn't know which group). So, being good sports, we elected to enjoy the scenery at Current Creek a bit longer until Dan and Jim got us fixed up with a new bus--Dinosaur Land Touring Bus--which we loaded and went on to Vernal for dinner. We continued on toward Salt Lake, met our rescue Lewis Bros. bus and, after transferring the equipment, made it home by midnight.

The Group Members: Pat and Isabelle Baudelaire, Dan Thomas, Don Carlton, Steve and Tanya Maurer, Jan Jennings, Ruth Henson, Bob and Karen Weatherbee, Jayne James, Dan Lovejoy, Bob Cook, Rocky and Sharon McDermott, Stu Ogden, Pat Bybee, Jim McCullough, Tom and Jan Boynton, Stu Harvey, Sally and Gordy Olsen, Rock James.



WESTWATER - 1971 by Bonnie Barr

westwater

by Becky Fugate

In spite of some problems with Lewis Bros. Stages, the Westwater trip was just great! This year we did it a little differently. We took two days to run it, and that turned it into a pretty casual affair. As a matter of fact, we were feeling so casual by Sunday afternoon that I think we could have taken another day if we hadn't run out of beer!

We left Salt Lake about 7:00, July 14, and just as we were pulling out of the ice plant, the bar was being set up on the bus. Several hours later, we made a stop in Green River to eat and have a quick one at Ray's Bar. I thought it was rather strange that there weren't any people on the streets. Actually, the streets were deserted because everyone was at Ray's for their semi-annual roast pig beer bust! Naturally, we joined in the festivities. For a while it looked like Westwater Canyon had lost out to Green River hospitality, roast pig and free beer!

A few more hours down the road we met George Rathbun, who had driven from Albuquerque to meet us. He guided us to our camp spot where we put the boats in the next morning. Dee Holiday and his crew were also camped there.

After a very early breakfast of crunchy granola and a few delays, we got on the river at about 10:30. (Why doesn't everybody just sleep in?) There followed water fights and pillaging of beer legs for the next 8-10 miles. We camped at what had previously been a lunch stop. It was

really a pretty short day on the river, but we had lots of fun. Before the boats were even unloaded, we had what must have been the longest water fight ever recorded, a real water fighter's water fight. No one was spared! Things finally quieted down enough for lunch and an afternoon nap, a little hiking and swimming, and some general relaxing. Some of us hiked to the Little Dolores Canyon, about 2 miles, and chatted with the Dee Holiday group camped there. The hikers got back to camp just in time for happy hour (and just in time to raise the flag!), which lasted right through a great stroganoff dinner. All the cooks did a tremendous job this trip!

Just as the moon became visible down the canyon (in fact, perhaps it was the moon that caused it) a splinter group of skinny dippers broke off for an evening organic swim (as it has come to be known)! They reported that the water temperature was just fine!

The next morning we got started about 9:30 after some scrambled eggs with sour cream and orange juice. There were some good rapids down to Skull. Skull itself was a big surprise -- there were 7 other boats there! We decided we might as well make it our lunch stop while we waited in line. Skull was a little low this year, and it made it pretty tricky to get around the rocks. Everybody made it through all right, and we didn't lose anybody in June Zongker's favorite whirlpool! There were more good rapids after Skull,

and then a pretty casual afternoon of paddling and swimming until we got to the pump house take out. There was also a line of boats there waiting to take out. We were greeted with the news that Lewis Bros. had rented our bus to someone else, and there was only one limousine waiting for us. The other one they had sent had broken down in Green River on the way out, and they had called Salt Lake to send out another one. Somehow 20 of us and our gear all fit into the one limousine. Dee Holiday had agreed to take our boats back to Salt Lake for us. We certainly appreciated his help. Just outside of Green River we met the other limousine and did some shuffling and resettling. The bus hassle made it a long trip home; we arrived in SLC at 2:30 a.m., July 17!

Trip Leaders: Bob Andersen - organization; Bob Everson - river.

Participants: Bob Anderson, Jan Goodwin, Bob Everson, John Linstrum, Becky Fugate, Marilyn Bates, Dennis Webb, Karen and Bob Weatherbee, Meg and Mike Armstrong, George Rathbun, Dave Parry, Pat Baudelaire, Ken McCarty, Sally and Gordon Olson, Jane and Rock James, Bob Cook. Bureau of Land Management people: Marv and Mary Lynn Jensen, Bill Civish, Gene Day.

Boat Captains: Pat Baudelaire, Mike Armstrong, Bob Weatherbee and Bob Andersen.

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COVER PHOTO:
Teenage River Trip
by Ken McCarty

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.

3155 Highland Drive/Salt Lake City/Utah 84106

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